

WRONG ARM OF THE LAW

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A fairly shabby POLICE CAR trundles along a quiet road, driving is HENRY LOVELL (50) a conspiracy theorist who has the constant appearance of vacancy. In the passenger seat we have MICHAEL (25), new to the force and a bit of a hot-head.

HENRY

I'm telling you, it's true. When have you ever seen a baby pigeon?

MICHAEL

Well, I think once, but birds are drones? They'd get wet and ruined. It's just another mad conspiracy theory, you really are insufferable with this bollocks. You're so gullible, it's a miracle you've made it this far.

HENRY

(Mildly amused)

They'd just use scotch guard on the drones. Come on, there are things beneath the surface to everything.

The RECEIVER BEEPS as DISPATCH comes through.

DISPATCH

We've had a call-in about the sound of a gunshot at 21 Axiom Close. Suspected suicide.

Henry leans over to respond and veers the car slightly. Michael shoots a glare at Henry.

HENRY

Officer Henry Lovell responding.

Henry switches the RECEIVER off and turns to Michael looking quite excited.

HENRY

A gunshot! This is it, I've been waiting years for something like this. Murder.

Michael looks at Henry in disbelief, which Henry misreads as excitement.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I know. Who'd have thought? Small town. Murder. This is huge.

Michael tuts and looks out of the window in disgust as they pull up to neat bungalow

2 INT. BUNGALOW - SAME TIME

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Henry looks around, jotting things down in his NOTEBOOK. HE crouches over a BODY with a gun wound through the temple, holding a SUICIDE NOTE and a GUN. Henry gets up and goes to the windows.

HENRY

No obvious signs of forced entry. They were good.

MICHAEL

"They" were good because it wasn't a murder.

Henry draws in a breath and squints at Michael.

HENRY

Ooh, steady now. Evidence?

Michael looks at the BODY again.

MICHAEL

Well, it's a person holding a gun, with a gunshot wound in the head

(Beat)

Holding a suicide note. Seems pretty straightforward.

Henry smiles and puts his arm around Michael. Michael tries to pull away.

HENRY

Look, you're new to the game. I see your line of thinking, but this seems a little too neat.

Michael sighs and nods reluctantly. Henry puts his notebook away.

HENRY

So, we have a...

He pauses, rolling his hand and prompting Michael to answer.

MICHAEL

A body? Holding a gun and a note?

HENRY

Good! Now, wouldn't you try to cover your tracks if you were a killer?

MICHAEL

Yes, I would, but I think all the evidence is quite clear. This is just another boring little story in another boring little town.

Henry stops in his tracks, clearly this hit home.

HENRY

I suppose you're right. I'm sorry.

Henry dejectedly looks down and puts his notebook away.

HENRY

I suppose we should read this note. There might be a special request or something. You grab the gun for evidence.

Michael grins and picks up the GUN. Henry bends down and takes the NOTE, then takes a moment to look at the face

HENRY

(Under his breath)

Poor chap. I'm sorry.

Henry stands and turns to the window to read the note. He is clearly puzzled.

HENRY

How odd. It just says-

MICHAEL

SURPRISE

Henry turns to see Michael pointing the gun at him. A single SHOT is fired. Michael wipes down the handle on the gun.

MICHAEL

You were getting too close to finding out about the birds, Henry.

Michael places the gun in Henry's hand, writes a note in Henry's notebook, lays it beside Henry then walks away.