

SPACE CASE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

The stars shine brighter from here, a nebula in the distance helps keep some kind of perspective.

NARRATOR

Space. We've spread our grubby fingers  
all the way to the outer rim now.  
Like a virus with shoes. Our reach  
forever exceeds our grasp.

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

A lone man stands in a spaceship looking out the view port at the stars.

This is LESLIE FRANK, shaggy hair and a full beard, a stoic figure among the heavens.

NARRATOR

What are you doing here, Leslie?  
You should be back home with her.

SMASH CUT:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

His WIFE lays in bed with her back to him. Her skin glows in the lamplight, warm and inviting. She turns her head toward him.

SMASH CUT:

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Leslie looks down upon the stars.

NARRATOR

Of course you had to take the job.  
You wouldn't be able to look her in  
the eye if you didn't. Kids  
murdered...

INSERT - CRIME SCENE PHOTOS

Quick snapshots of crime scene photos in rapid succession; a kids playground with police tape marking off various areas.

BACK TO LESLIE

He scans the vacuum of space.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

... another one gone missing. So they called you. Pad your account, send a private ship, sail you to Triton.

SMASH CUT:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

His wife lays in bed, her hands caress her pregnant belly.

NARRATOR

My little gumshoe. How do I protect you from the evils of men?

SMASH CUT:

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Leslie's eyes fixate on a blue sphere growing bigger as he approaches his destination.

NARRATOR

Triton. A new hideaway for the extremely wealthy. What else are you hiding?

He turns away from the window.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

A pair of boots walk through the tall grass.

They stop at the sidewalk.

Leslie Frank stands at the edge of the crime scene. He wears a suit, a freshly shaven head, and a curly mustachio.

DETECTIVE LESLIE FRANK INVESTIGATES

THE TUBE

He snaps his gloves on and checks for prints.

He scans the inside of the apparatus with his pocket laser.

He listens to the apparatus with his Echoscope. CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER from the past fills his ears.

NARRATOR

The rich have terraformed this place to their own desires. A gated moon community where they can feel safe.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

A futuristic country club with pepperings of the past. I'm more concerned with the present...and right now this place makes my skin crawl.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Work the scene, Narrator.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Krista used to eat her lunch in here, PB&Banana sandwiches. It's where they found her body, It was barely recognizable. Krista with the crusts cut off.

A LOW RUMBLE overhead.

Leslie looks up at the pink sky.

The clouds transform their shape from stringy Cirrus to puffy Cumulus and then settle.

A second pair of boots walks toward the playground from the other direction.

A STRANGER peeks from around the corner and watches the detective investigate.

THE SANDPIT

Leslie hops down into the sand with gusto. He takes a tiny granule and tastes it with the tip of his tongue.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Luke, used to build sand castles. His shiny new shoes were sticking straight out of the ground. The rest of him was scattered about like buried treasure. Space dust in the wind. X marks the spot.

THE DOUBLE SLIDE

Leslie checks the consistency of the slides, the angles, the width, the speed of each one.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The twins, Tammy and Tommy, used to race each other down these slides. Everything was a competition. The family Au Pair found them at the top...and the bottom.

The stranger peeks from his hiding spot behind a tree.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
They both lost in the end.

THE BENCH

An old doll lays on the bench like a bad memory cast aside  
and left to forget.

Leslie inspects it with the tip of his pen.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
Even so, When I think about the  
parents...If it was my own...

SMASH CUT:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A crib sits in the corner of the room, a single light shines  
on it, emptiness inside and out.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Detective Frank sits on a bench and curls his mustachio.

He jots down some notes in his notepad.

NARRATOR  
And now little Eeva Goad, missing...  
Same old story with a twist. The  
poor get poorer and the rich get  
dead.

From behind, the stranger steps out into the open.

The back of his hand has a tattoo, the front holds a gun.

He cocks it.

CLICK - CLACK!

SMASH TO BLACK:

SUPER

The plot thickens next week on... SPACE CASE!

THE END.