

Hard Boiled

By

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SCENE 1

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Black and White. Director is sitting in chair, begins monologue:

DIRECTOR

Good evening ladies and gentlemen,
I'm the Director of the film that
you're about to see. Unfortunately
I can't take full credit for
writing it, because it was
originally shot by Orson Welles - a
masterpiece which was found
underneath the prop sled "Rosebud"
in the depths of the Warner
Brother's Vault. If you haven't
seen Citizen Kane... I apologize
for ruining the ending.

(beat)

The film is in the true spirit of
old detective novels namely by
Raymond Chandler. He and Orson..
(holds up hand and crosses fingers)
Were like this. It's jam-packed
full of twists and turns around
every dark corner, and excitement
for the whole family to enjoy! I
hope you will enjoy watching it as
much as I enjoyed making it.

(Moves toward globe)

Our story begins with a washed up
detective, about to make his last
move...

(Spins globe)

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 2

FADE IN:

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DETECTIVE is sitting at his desk, dim lighting, street lights shining in between the blinds, smoking a cigarette, sweating uncontrollably. BOOM MIC visible in shot. HANDS enters. HANDS, with a silent "D", the gay, thick accented, German-Nazi crook, with two hooks for hands.

HANDS

(Hands gets on desk, crosses legs and begins to seduce Detective)
It's so nice to finally meet you,
I've heard so much about you.

DETECTIVE

From who? Rock Hudson?

HANDS

Ha-ha, you're very funny..
Detective..?
(asking his name)

DETECTIVE

(Questioningly)

Yes?

Nameplate is visible on desk, only reading "Detective."

(beat)

Hands and Detective engage in an odd stares back and forth. After a minute or two, Hands begins to stroke Detective's tie, cutting it off on accident with his right hook.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Good thing I keep a spare.
(Detective undoes clip-on tie, and puts on new tie)
What can I do ya for?
(Tries to offer Hands a drink)

HANDS

No thank you, Detective. I don't drink *haard* liquor.

DETECTIVE

Neither do I.

Shows bottle, Label reads BLEACH.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Alright now wise-guy, who are ya?

HANDS

A friend of a friend of a friend of a friend of a *common whore*! My name is Hands Merlot, with a silent "D" - and yes, just like the vine.

DETECTIVE

Well friend, what can I help ya with?

HANDS

Detective, Detective,
(slowly cutting up suit with hooks)
Detective. You and I share a common goal, we're both men, we've both loved, and we've both been VONGED!
(cuts Detective's hat in half with right hook)

DETECTIVE

"Vonged"?

HANDS

VONNNGED!
(cuts a clump of curls from Detective's hair with left hook)

DETECTIVE

Yes... I agree.

HANDS

So vill you help me find ze man who has been fucking my Charlie?

DETECTIVE

Wait, what?

HANDS

THE MAN, THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN
FUCKING MY CHARLIE!?!?!?

Hands pulls out a little box of gold coins.

HANDS (CONT'D)

It vill be vorth it to you, I vill pay you a pretty penny.
(Fumbles with box, breaks it, propels coin into Detective's eye)

DETECTIVE

Jesus!

(rubs eyes)

Sure, I'll help you, with the help
of my *Tommyeeeeee-Gun*.

(Brings out Tommy Gun out of
nowhere, Locks and Loads it)

HANDS

No, no Detective. No guns. This is
a job for a real *Dick*.

Detective looks at Hands strangely.

HANDS (CONT'D)

...A Private Eye.

DETECTIVE

Oh, well, actually this is a
plastic toy gun. They took my
license away after I shot that bald
eagle.

Detective throws the gun out the window, shattering the
glass, you hear gunfire at the street below, and a woman
screaming.

HANDS

Ve vill meet again Detective, I am
sure of it.

Hands takes out pocket flute, and having trouble holding it
up, is able to blow out one note. Just then, two bumbling
brutes come barging in the room to retrieve their beloved
Hands. Just as Hands is being carried away, he echoes:

HANDS (CONT'D)

Auf Wiedersehen Detective!

Hands exits, Detective stands. Half of Detective's clothes
fall off.

DETECTIVE

Looks like I'm back on the beat.

Just then, there's another knock on the door. A mysterious
man walks in, shrowded in darkness, face not visible.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Who're you?

MYSTERIOUS MAN

I guess you could say I serve
justice daily.

DETECTIVE

Enough with the metaphors, I have a busy schedule.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

I'll cut to the chase: I need you to spy on someone for me...

FADE OUT.

SCENE 3

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

Detective is sitting in his car casing the scene looking any signs of homosexuals. He's looking for any sign of gaydom, because he believes Hands to be gay. He can't seem to find anything anywhere. He lifts his binoculars and exclaims:

DETECTIVE

It's 1947 in Los Angeles and there's no gays anywhere! I should've gone to San Francisco.

Just then he sees two men reaching for the same newspaper accidentally bump hands.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Bingo.

CUT TO:

He puts his binoculars down to reveal to giant black painted circles around his eyes. As he marches across the street in full traffic, the black circles around his eyes have vanished. He continues to avoid cars, beeps and angry yells and begins to question two men standing buying newspapers.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

This the guy you been fucking,
Charlie?

JOHN

My name's JOHN. I don't know what
you're talking about.

DETECTIVE

That game don't work here Charlie.
You ever been to Motel 6 Charlie?
You ever been to Motel 6? Have you
seen that ugly, Charlie? Huh? No
turn-down service for you and your
boyfriend...those stale bagels in
the morning? Hmmm? Don't make me
take you there Charlie, don't make
me take you there.

JOHN

I DON'T WANNA GO THERE!

DETECTIVE

Then come with me. I'm taking you
back to Hands.

JOHN

I have a wife and kids!

A woman from the crowd notices the scuffle and approaches Detective and John. She hears the names Charlie and Hands being used. She is in fact Hands' wife CHARLIE. She begins to try and explain this to Detective, but is interrupted by Detective's swift backhand.

WOMAN

Detective I'm---

DETECTIVE

(interrupting, backhanding)
Not now!

WOMAN

(stumbling to her feet)
but...I'm...

The Detective backhands her again, knocking her unconscious. Then the Detective focuses on the other man buying a newspaper, while holding JOHN loosely.

DETECTIVE

How's it feel to be some cheap
trick? I'll be watching you. I've
got your name. I've got your face.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 (points to head)
 in here...

MAN
 I just wanted a newspaper!

DETECTIVE
 Yeah... in the ass of another man's
 lover. EXTRA! EXTRA! YOU'RE GAY!!!

Detective brings John AKA Charlie to his feet and walks him to the car. Detective coldcocks John, throws him in the car, and speeds off. The crowd is left stunned.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 4

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Detective is driving along the 101 Highway at night, smoking a cigarette, downing a Heineken and contemplating the day's events.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
 It's a long dark road back to Hands' place, and so far I've got this case wrapped around my little pinky. Pinky... Pinky... My knuckles hurt from slapping that woman back there. Reminds me of the time when my mother slapped me, and my teacher slapped me, and that nun slapped me, and that crossing guard slapped me. He was a dick. He didn't even do his job right, he told me to walk when a car was coming. I still have a piece of that bumper in my brain. Thinkin' of which, I still have to get that back bumper fixed. God I'm horny..

While Detective is driving and getting incredibly intoxicated, John laying in the back slowly wakes up from being unconscious.

He notices Detective deep in thought swerving from side to side on the road hitting every little woodland creature imaginable. He's about to scream when Detective tosses his empty beer bottle and hits him in the forehead, knocking him out once more.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Detective pulls up to Hands' mansion. He opens his driver's side door and gets out. As he opens John's door, two hundred beer bottles fall out onto the street. He drags John's body from the back of the pile to Hands' doorstep. Very lightly, with a loose hand he knocks on Hands' huge brass lion door-knockers. A very faint "meow" is heard. Detective stands around for a moment, gets a better grip on John, and knocks a little harder. A louder "meow" is heard.

Detective gets tired of waiting and knocks 3 times extremely hard. A cat is heard screaming horrendously. Hands rushes to the door.

HANDS

What is all the commotion?!

DETECTIVE

It's your knockers.

Hands looks down and sees Detective's foot on his cat's tail.

HANDS

No! You have stepped on my Pussy!
(tries to pick cat up, but claws
stab at cat, cat runs off
screaming)
DAMN YOU DEVIL CAT!

DETECTIVE

Hands, I've got Charlie.

Detective lifts lifeless body of John into the porch light.

HANDS

Who's that?

DETECTIVE

It's Charlie.

HANDS

Vy, that's not Charlie.

DETECTIVE

What?

HANDS

Charlie! My wife! That's not her.

DETECTIVE

Her?

HANDS

Yes! Her! Her!

Detective enters Hands' house with the body of John.

HANDS (CONT'D)

Come in, come in. Throw him on the couch, I will show you my Castle.

Hands shows the Detective into his house, Detective throws John on a musty old couch, they move up the stairs and into a room with pictures of Charlie giving oral sex to celebrities.

HANDS (CONT'D)

We call zis room ze blow-of-fame. This is Charlie with the late Ulysses S. Grant. And this is her with Jimmy Stewart. And Clark Gable.
(Walking, pointing out each picture) John Wayne. Howard Hughes. Bing Crosby. Louis Armstrong. F. Scott Fitzgerald. And most recently, Bette Davis...

DETECTIVE

Wow. Impressive.

HANDS

She's seen a *thing* or two in her day.
(beat)
Now you must go forth and find her real mister! The real man who is having an affair with my Charlie!

They both move down the stairs. Detective picks up John, still unconscious on the couch. Hands shows Detective to the front door, patting him on the back with his hook, making a hole in his jacket, and having trouble trying to get it out before Detective notices. Detective turns around real quick and it appears as though Hands is trying to hug him.

DETECTIVE

I don't play that game Hands, but I
promise you, I'll find whoever's
making whoopie with your honey.

To cover his mistake, Hands fake-hugs Detective, as he does
this a "bloody" rag, which is actually covered in wine, falls
to the floor. Detective notices the rag. Hands continues
hugging Detective and says:

HANDS

Oh thank you, thank you!

Once the door closes, the rag is left on the front porch.
Detective picks it up, examines it and puts the rag in his
pocket as evidence.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Detective returns to his vehicle, grunting and moaning about
not finding the right person, and dumps John in the trunk.
John's leg is hanging out the back and Detective gripes
trying to put his leg back in the trunk. Unknown to
Detective, Charlie is walking up the driveway holding her eye
and moaning slightly. She sees Detective and creeps up behind
him.

CHARLIE

HEY!

DETECTIVE

(Quickly slams trunk door on John's
leg, a muffled scream is heard) Ho-
hey who are you?

CHARLIE

I'm the girl you beat down twice,
today!

DETECTIVE

Oh, Charlie, I didn't recognize you
there... y'know... not on your kne--
I mean, what are you doing here?

CHARLIE

I LIVE HERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

DETECTIVE

Uh... I was just perusing the blow--
... pool. It's very... big. I can
tell it's had a lot of people in
it.

As Charlie steps into the light Detective notices a huge
black eye on her face and can't help but feel as though he's
met her somewhere else before this afternoon.

CHARLIE

Yeah well, I don't know who you are
or why you were looking for me, but
you're not welcome here! If my
husband sees you, he'll kill you!
I'd kill you, but I have a bone
deficiency - can't lift a goddamn
paperweight.

(beat)

DETECTIVE

Well 'til the next time then.

CHARLIE

I hope there isn't one.

Charlie walks up to the doorstep turns around for one last
look, and then accidentally steps on the cat. The cat shrieks
and Charlie jumps drops Judge's gavel. Charlie walks in the
house and closes the door. Detective walks over to the
doorstep and picks up the gavel.

DETECTIVE

Judging from this, it's a clue.

Detective slowly walks back to his car and drives off into
the distance, away from the lonely, empty mansion.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER DOCK - DAY

Detective pulls off to the side of a river at dawn to dump
the unconscious body of John. Cinder-block tied tightly to
the John's ankle.

Scene 5

EXT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective is found sleeping on his desk. The telephone rings and wakes him up.

DETECTIVE
Detective speaking...

MYSTERIOUS MAN (V.O.)

Is this Detective....

DETECTIVE
Yes.

MYSTERIOUS MAN (V.O.)

Detective....?
(inquiring name)

DETECTIVE
Yes?

ANONYMOUS VOICE
...I have some news I think you'd
like to hear.

DETECTIVE
Oh yeah...?

ANONYMOUS VOICE
Hands' wife Charlie was found dead
this morning, three hook slashes in
her chest.

DETECTIVE
Hands!

Cut TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

Detective enters Marlowe's Bar in downtown Hollywood. When inside a clock is shown, reading 11:59 A.M. As the clock strikes noon, the Detective's first drink is poured. Detective begins to speak out loud, as if it were a voice over.

DETECTIVE

I knew something fishy was going on...

(a man next to him is dressed in full fisherman attire with a fishing hook leaning up against the bar)

Hands used me! Why would a concerned husband kill his own wife? Surely the culprit was the predator she'd been seeing! But I know the real truth, Hands used me as his alibi! I'm gonna need to get a look at that dead body!

(screaming)

MERLOT WON'T GET THE BEST OF ME!
CHRIST THESE CRABS ARE KILLING ME!
I'LL NEVER USE THE TOILET AT JOE'S
CRAB SHACK AGAIN! AGAIN! AGAIN YOU
HEAR ME?!

(begins to scream uncontrollably)

BARTENDER

HEY KEEP IT DOWN! There's kids here.

(little kid in a raincoat smoking a cigarette frowns at Detective)

DETECTIVE

Was I saying that all out loud?

BARTENDER

Yeah, TMI.

DETECTIVE

TMI?

BARTENDER

Yeah you keep it up and you're SOL.

DETECTIVE

What the fuck?

(Bartender begins walking away)

BARTENDER

WTF?

DETECTIVE

(still thinking he's narrating)
That bartender was an asshole.

BARTENDER
(turns around)
What'd you say?

DETECTIVE
That bartender was a... bass bowl.

BARTENDER
What's a "bass bowl"?

DETECTIVE
That's a bowl full of bass!
(reaches into drunk fisherman's
pocket and grabs a bass and puts it
in the snack bowl on the bar)

BARTENDER
I'm gonna need to cut you off.

DETECTIVE
(Desperately) Just one more drink!
Just one more!

BARTENDER
I don't know...

DETECTIVE
Come on! Just one more.

BARTENDER
(Bartender throws drink on
Detective, big splash)
There ya go!

DETECTIVE
Thank you.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 6

INT. MORGUE - DAY

3 P.M. - Detective has gone to the morgue to look at Charlie's dead body. He knocks on the door, and the CORONER, a messy disheveled pervert who sells sexual favors to people wishing to engage in intercourse with the dead, answers the door.

CORONER
(Zips up pants)
Can I help you?

DETECTIVE
Let me see the body of Charlie
Merlot.

CORONER
Good choice! Do you have any
clearance?
(asking for bribe)

DETECTIVE
I'm Detective, I don't need
clearance.

CORONER
Oh,
(scared, suspicious)
What do you need to see?

DETECTIVE
I told you, I need to see Charlie
Merlot.

CORONER
Fine, but be quick!

DETECTIVE
I'm always quick, I'll only need
two minutes.

CORONER
Whoa, TMI.

DETECTIVE
Why does everyone keep saying that
to me!?

CUT TO:

Detective is standing over Charlie's freshly dead body. He's
looking for clues as to who killed her.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Find anything unusual? Tattoos,
strange markings?

CORONER
Just this birthmark that looks
exactly like Jack Palance, oh - and
this hook here.
(first points out birthmark, then
hands hook to Detective)

DETECTIVE
Give me a minute, will ya?

The Coroner nods his head and leaves the room; Hands begins to lament over someone who he believes he had sex with before. He flashes back to a drunken night at the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Lonely night in 1943, Detective is incredibly drunk, a strange woman approaches him, who turns out to be Hands' future wife Charlie. At this point in time, Hands is still in Germany.

CHARLIE
Hello stranger.

DETECTIVE
Can I help you?

CHARLIE
I'm just a lonely girl looking for
a good time.

DETECTIVE
Buy me a drink first.

They make googly eyes at each other and then...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlie and Detective are having sex in a small bedroom. Detective's really getting into it until he sees her strange birthmark.

DETECTIVE
Oh my God, what is that!?

CHARLIE
THE BANE OF MY EXISTANCE!

DETECTIVE
It doesn't bother me... all too
much.
(squirming)

CHARLIE
Every time a man gets close to me
he leaves because of Jack Palance!

DETECTIVE

Well that is pretty spot on.

CHARLIE

(perturbed)

Well what does it matter to you anyways!? You're just gonna leave me just like the rest of 'em.

The door to the bedroom is swinging wide open.

CHARLIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello??

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY

End Flashback. Detective realizes that he once had intercourse with this girl, and although he ran out on her, he'd always wish that he would've caught her name and told her that he was sorry.

DETECTIVE

(speaking to Charlie's body)

I'm so sorry Charlie, I'm gonna find out who did this to you.

(looks at bloody hook)

If it's the last thing I do!

The Coroner walks back in the room.

CORONER

So, what'd you think?

DETECTIVE

My conclusions were a bit premature.

FADE OUT.

INT. CAR - DAY

4 P.M. - Bloody hook in tow, Detective sets out on a personal vendetta against Hands. Hands lives way out in the country and it takes an hour or two to get to his castle mansion.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

I always remember a face, but for some reason her's was always a blur.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Maybe because I screwed her and ran, but maybe she could have been different. She was a beautiful girl down on her luck, and being down on luck is my life story. She could have been the one.

(beat)

Man that hoagie I had for lunch is doing a number on my stomach right now. But it was worth it!

(smiling)

CUT TO:

EXT. HANDS' MANSION - NIGHT

Detective pulls up to Hands' mansion and looks for a way to get inside. He steps on the cat's tail again and it screams, scurrying into the darkness. Detective heads around the back of the castle and peers in through a tiny basement window where he sees light coming in from. He looks inside and sees Hands parading around in an apron covered in wine stains, which Detective believes to be blood. Hands is fumbling around with cork screws and bottles and barrels and it appears as though he is a mass murderer packaging body parts to sell to creepy foreigners on the black market.

DETECTIVE

That old dog! I knew Hitler was still alive! He's sending him body parts for super secret experiments! Those Nazi bastards!

Hands is seen walking up the stairs. Detective is hovering outside, looking through windows with cupped hands.

DETECTIVE CONT'D

I need to make as little of noise as possible.

The Detective is then shown busting through the front door and shouting.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

It's time to pay the pied pipe Hands. This ain't gonna be no pretty scene, but I've got to apprehend him before he kills another girl!

The mansion is dark and Hands is nowhere within sight. Detective finds himself in the kitchen, and hear's a faint whistling coming from upstairs near the blow-of-fame room. He makes his way towards the stairs. As he makes his first step up the stairs, typical film noir piano begins to play. Each key matches each footstep. Detective stops and looks off to the side, the piano stops as well. He continues to walk and the piano begins to play again. Detective reaches a plateau in the steps, and opens a little door that is on the left. Inside there's an old PIANO PLAYER.

DETECTIVE

Could you please play a little more nonchalantly? You know, a little more Chopin, or Stravinsky?

PIANO PLAYER

Oh, I'm sorry - I was just playing what the Director told me to.

Detective shakes his head and leaves the room, closing the door firmly behind him. He walks up two more big steps and you hear two big piano keys hit as if the Piano Player was playing with his fists. Detective quickly turns around, opens the door, and shoots the Piano Player. The dead body hits the piano creating even more loud piano noise.

CUT TO:

INT. HANDS' MANSION. NIGHT.

Detective is reaching the top stair, towards Hands' bedroom. The scene is shown from inside Hands' room. The door swings open. The Detective's arms are still by his side as if he hadn't touched the door to open it. Hands is sitting by the fireplace in a bathrobe and slippers reading *Mein Kampf*. Hands had been crying about the death of Charlie.

HANDS

Detective! You took me by surprise...

DETECTIVE

Funny seeing you here...

HANDS

...I live here.

DETECTIVE

That's beside the point. I've come to speak with you about something else.

HANDS

And what's that?

DETECTIVE

THE DEATH OF YOUR BELOVED CHARLIE!

HANDS

Oh! Please, don't utter her name!

DETECTIVE

Why? Guilt eating away at you?

HANDS

What would I have to be guilty about?

DETECTIVE

The fact that you clawed her to death.

HANDS

How dare you accuse me of that!

DETECTIVE

What? A stone cold murder like you couldn't kill a lying, cheating, thieving, whore wife?

HANDS

Don't talk about her that way!

DETECTIVE

You've said it yourself. She was a whore!

HANDS

I know! (Begins crying) I know!

DETECTIVE

Why did you come here, Hands? Couldn't cut it as a Nazi soldier boy anymore?

HANDS

What?

DETECTIVE

I know all about you... The accent...*Mein Kampf*...That swastika tattoo on your left buttock. It doesn't take a complete idiot to figure out your past! What happened?

HANDS

Fine, I'll tell you!... Back in Germany...when I still had my hands, I worked as a shoemaker. And then Hitler came into power and changed everything. I was enrolled as an S.S. Officer. And as if you couldn't already tell...I'm a homosexual!

DETECTIVE

You are?

HANDS

Yes...I thought that's what you meant when you said you know my past.

DETECTIVE

No...I Just meant you were a Nazi.

HANDS

Oh... Well, I'm gay. That's the first time I said that out loud. Anyway, as you can see, I didn't make much on Officer. Although I am responsible for the fashion aspect of the Nazi party. The armband...that was mine. Adolf's mustache or better as the "two-finger" mustache...

Detective points at Hands as if to say, "You created that?" Hands nods with a sense of accomplishment.

HANDS (CONT'D)

As you know, if I were to be caught as a homosexual I would have been killed, so I pretended to me straight, although I was never able to sieg heil. My arm only went like this (Hands stretches his arm at a 45 degree angle, his hand pointing downward)

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. NAZI GATHERING.

1943, Hands is seen trying to sieg heil, but his hand points downward.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. BASEMENT.

The shadows of Hands and Hitler can be seen on a dirty brick wall, in dark, yellow lighting. The shadow of Hitler is seen cutting off the hands of Hands.

CUT TO:

INT. HANDS' MANSION. NIGHT.

HANDS

So Hitler cut my hands off and gave me these hooks. I soon ran away to America and met Charlie. I knew she would be the perfect cover. She didn't even know I was gay. I had to imagine Rock Hudson every night, just to get an erection. I've been here in secret ever since.

DETECTIVE

And then you killed her. I just want to know why!

HANDS

I didn't kill her!

DETECTIVE

You don't have to lie to me! It's over, Hands. I'm taking you in.

HANDS

No! I won't let you.

Detective lunges forward and grabs Hands at the wrist. Hands digs his hooks into Detective's shoulders. Detective lets out a scream.

DETECTIVE

Ain't my shootin' arm anyway!
(takes out hook and slams Hands to ground)

HANDS

NO! IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE LIKE ZIS!

DETECTIVE

You made your decision when you
KILLED CHARLIE!

While Detective and Hands are fighting, the Mysterious Man is lurking downstairs, setting explosives at intervals within the house.

Upstairs, Hands is able to overpower Detective, and pushes him through the doorway into the hall. Every slash takes off a piece of Detective's clothing. Detective is down to a t-shirt, pants, and shoes. As Detective's suit jacket falls to the floor, a judge's outfit is visible but not to Detective or Hands. Their fight spills out into the hallway. The brawl ensues.

HANDS

I've never fought such a man
before!

(slashing at Detective)

You have balls, Dick, you have
balls!

DETECTIVE

Never leave home without them.
(punches Hands in the face)

HANDS

(getting back up, nose bloody)

I DID NOT KILL CHARLIE BUT I WILL
KILL YOU!

DETECTIVE

HAH! Two lies!

Hands gets back up and pushes Detective down the stairs. Loud piano crashes are heard.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

(to Piano Player)

I thought I killed you!

Detective gets up, unharmed. Hands has disappeared from the top of the stairs, piano keys following his footsteps. Detective storms up the stairs and bursts into the pianist's room. The pianist is holding his bullet wound and is lying on the ground just reaching the piano keys.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

Detective shoots pianist again. Waits a moment, then shoots him a third time. After leaving the room, he turns in circles looking for Hands. He opens a random door. A cardboard cut-out of Hands pops out. Detective punches it, and is confused by it being made out of cardboard. Then the actual Hands comes from the side, sinking his hooks into Detective's chest.

HANDS

I fooled you!

DETECTIVE
 (gasping for air)
 How...did...you...have...time...to...
 ..whittle...that?

HANDS
 You learn to do deez things ven you
 have NO HANDS!

DETECTIVE
 (grabbing Hands' wrists)
 I'm taking you in, Hands. I know it
 was you! I have proof!

HANDS
 What proof have you?

DETECTIVE
 Reach in my pants pocket.

Hands goes to pull his hook out of Detective.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 NO! NO! I'll get it. I think your
 hook is in my lung.
 (grabs for bloody rag in pocket)
 Here! This bloody rag! I know you
 were hurting her and cleaning it
 up, but I didn't know you were
 going to KILL HER!

Hands pulls his hooks out of Detective.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 (in pain)
 Oh Jesus Christ Almighty!

HANDS
 DE-TECT-TIVE!!!

DETECTIVE
 WHAT?!

HANDS
 (exuberantly)
 ZIS IS NOT BLOOD! ZIS IS VINE!

DETECTIVE
 Sure, like I haven't seen blood
 before. I have three teenage
 daughters, try telling me I haven't
 seen bloody rags before.

HANDS

I am a vine connoisseur! I make my
own in ze basement! Follow me,
quickly -- quickly!

Hands shows Detective to the basement, and although Detective is bleeding from having hooks in his lungs, and after have fallen down the stairs - he still follows Hands because it is in his blood to be stubborn.

HANDS (CONT'D)

I make vine, not vor.

DETECTIVE

I think you mean "war."

HANDS

But you see, this clears me of any
wrong doing!

DETECTIVE

No, this clears
(gasping)
you from the bloody rag; nothing
more, nothing less.

HANDS

If I tell you who it is, you won't
believe me.

DETECTIVE

At this point, I won't believe
anything you say Hands.

HANDS

I tell you this, because it's the
only way that I can clear my name.
(beat)

DETECTIVE

Well? Out with it Hands! I am
bleeding from the lungs here!

HANDS

I hired you to find the man who has
been stalking Charlie. I thought
the clues that I left behind for
you were simple enough. The gavel,
the clothing, the law books, etc.

DETECTIVE

You know, I actually didn't find the last couple you listed, but the gavel - I shoulda seen that right away.

Just then the Mysterious Man appears at the top of the stairs, wielding a pistol.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

Yes, you should have Detective. Unfortunately for you and Hands, your luck has ran out.

HANDS

IT WAS JUDGE REINHOLD!
(pointing to the man above the stairs)

JUDGE REINHOLD

(formerly Mysterious Man)
Yes, it was me, the whole time! My laundry list of crimes goes beyond your Charlie. You know Franz Ferdinand? Zimmerman note? Hitler's suicide, well - if you can call it that. Christopher Columbus? He didn't discover America.
(points to himself)
Right here, baby. I'm planning something real big for 1963 in Dallas.

HANDS

Why would you kill ze love of my life!?

JUDGE REINHOLD

Well Hands, it's obvious that you're gay. We all knew that, even Charlie knew. We used to talk about it after sex.

DETECTIVE

I'll just be on my way then. I'm late for War of the Worlds, I hear it's a hoax.

Judge Reinhold points the gun at Detective.

JUDGE REINHOLD

You're not goin' anywhere! Because I am Judge, Jury, and Executioner, and your numbers up. Time to die.

DETECTIVE

Loofa.

HANDS

...What?

DETECTIVE

It's my favorite word. You know its a spongy you clean yourself with in the bathroom. Softer than a washrag, yet cleanlier than a hand.

JUDGE REINHOLD

Spoken like a true idiot.

DETECTIVE

Wait, wait! I never rekindled with my Dad!

Judge Reinhold shoots Detective, grazing his neck.

JUDGE REINHOLD

And as for you, yes I will frame you and ruin your somewhat good name, but I have ruled this case, and justice will be served.
(screaming the following)
I HOLD YOU IN CONTEMPT!!!

Judge Reinhold shoots Hands. But at that very moment Detective whips out his pistol and fires the fatal bullet into Judge's head.

DETECTIVE

(kneeling over Hands)
Are you alright, kid?

HANDS

No! I was shot! I am dying; had you been... a... second faster... I would not soon be dead!

DETECTIVE

Hang on, I'll call a wagon, don't you die on me!

HANDS

Put pressure on ze wound!

Detective, takes Hands' hand and applies pressure to the wound, absentmindingly forgetting that there's only hooks there, hurting him worse. Hands has about a minute to live.

HANDS (CONT'D)
NO, not my hands!

DETECTIVE
No, you are Hands, and you always
will be.

HANDS
You were a good friend to me,
Detective...?

DETECTIVE
Detective?

HANDS
I see a pink strobe light and
everyone's wearing hard bound
leather and chains! I see my
father, he is holding a cigarette!
DON'T LET HIM BURN ME WITH IT!
PLEASE DON'T LET HIM PUT IT OUT ON
ME!!!

Hands can no longer speak but sees a first aid kit on the
wall located behind Detective. He points to it.

DETECTIVE
No, shh.
(puts index finger over his mouth,
then Hands)
Be quiet now. Be with God.

Hands' head turns and he dies.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE CASTLE MANSION - NIGHT

Detective is getting bandaged up by the ambulance wagon.
Hands' body is being rolled outside by emergency medical
personnel.

DETECTIVE
(speaking to ambulance driver)
There was nothing I could do.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 7

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

We find Detective where we found him in the beginning, patting himself on the forehead, a scar left on his neck, with a handkerchief. It would appear that he has come full circle, another job accomplished.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

The Judge got what was coming to him, a bullet from my .45, but poor Hands didn't make it. And me, things are back to normal now. And as the Devil sticks his flag into the mud, I sit here, awaiting my next case.

Title "The End" appears.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 8

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Credits have rolled on the film, now a message from the original Director, Orson Welles.

ORSON WELLES

AHHHHHH!
(drinking Paul Masson champagne)
A fine liquor such as Paul Masson must be drincken at every and any occasion.

STAGEHAND

(whispering)
This isn't a champagne commercial!

ORSON WELLES

Who dat? Oh, well, if this is about that stupid movie I tried to make and never finished, Don Quixote, screw that spanish man and his horse.

STAGEHAND

(whispering)
No this is for Hard-Boiled.

ORSON WELLES

Hard Boiled? You have any eggs lying around? I'm hungry.

STAGEHAND

(whispering)
Talk about the movie!

ORSON WELLES

Oh, Hard-Boiled? The idea came to
me whilst eating a 36-egg omelet.
There, done, the end.

Orson gets up to leave, cameras still rolling, only stomach
in frame.

ORSON WELLES (CONT'D)

I hope no one ever finds that
movie. I hid it behind Rosebud.

THE END.