

FIRST CALL

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

This would normally be a quaint, single level suburban home if it weren't for the fact that there's crime scene tape hung everywhere. A couple of police cars are parked on the street.

A young police detective named HANSON, 28, walks up the front steps of the house. The front door has been left open, the window of which has been smashed in.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

An elderly man's body lies in the center of the room. Multiple stab wounds are visible. An older police detective named OSBORN, 54, stands over it. The victim's WIFE, 78, sits on the couch, sobbing uncontrollably.

Hanson walks in and stands next to Osborn. Hanson tries his hardest not to look at the body.

OSBORN

Where the hell have you been? The call went out twenty minutes ago.

HANSON

Sorry 'bout that. Had to get my desk in order. And have you seen that chick at the front desk? I --

OSBORN

Cut it out. You're at a crime scene. Act like it.

HANSON

Right, right, sorry. So, what have we got?

OSBORN

(Pointing at the body)

What does it look like, smartass?

Hanson looks down and nearly throws up, covering his mouth with his hands.

OSBORN

(Off his reaction)

Don't worry rook, you'll get used to it. I've seen way worse.

HANSON

You'd better watch your language, there's a lady --

OSBORN

You think I didn't know that, dumbass?

HANSON

Sorry, sorry. Has anyone talked to her?

OSBORN

Look, kid, we don't have much time. We got a few minutes before the coroner gets here.

HANSON

I know, I just want to know if anyone talked to her.

OSBORN

The guys in the black-and-white unit did, but they didn't get so much as peep from her.

HANSON

Maybe I can give it a try?

OSBORN

Knock yourself out, but don't say I didn't warn you.

Hanson walks over to the woman, who is still sobbing away. Osborn continues to study the room and the body.

HANSON

Miss? I'm Detective Hanson with the police department. I'd just like to know if --

WIFE

(Practically wailing)

He's gone... Gone...

HANSON

Yes, I know, and I'm terribly sorry for your loss. Would you mind answering --

WIFE

(Through tears)

I told the officers earlier that I'm not in the mood to answer questions, now please leave me the hell alone!

HANSON

Miss, I just --

WIFE

(Screaming)

I said leave me alone!

And just like that, she's back to sobbing into her hands. She gets up from the couch and goes to the kitchen. Hanson walks back to his previous position beside Osborn.

HANSON

Quite a mouth on that woman, let me tell you.

OSBORN

Told ya. Could see that coming a mile away.

HANSON

Sir, the body?

OSBORN

Yeah. Look at it. I count fifteen stab wounds and a shot to the head. Son-of-a-bitch didn't stand a chance.

HANSON

Do we have a time of death?

OSBORN

Kid, this ain't like television. That's the coroner's call to make.

HANSON

Yes, but you must have some idea.

OSBORN

Well, I don't. Too bad.

HANSON

(Indicating)

He must have died right here, there's a pool of blood under him.

OSBORN

No shit, Sherlock. I figured that out before you got your sorry ass here.

HANSON

Right, right. Sorry.

OSBORN

Look, kid, you got a lot to learn. They made you my partner for a reason, you know. Get it together.

HANSON

Yes, sir. Why is there a gunshot wound to the head if the perp got fifteen stabs in?

OSBORN

What a dumb question. Guess I shouldn't expect anything less from rooks like you. But anyway, the perp wanted to make sure the

(MORE)

OSBORN (cont'd)
son-of-a-bitch was dead after he
stabbed him.

HANSON
Makes sense.

OSBORN
Let me ask you a question. How did
the perp get in?

Hanson looks toward the front door he entered the house
through and points at it.

HANSON
Through there. The window is
smashed in from the outside.
There's glass in the front hallway.

OSBORN
(Condescending)
Very good. I think I just may have
faith in you after all.

HANSON
I try my best. They never talked
about this at the academy.

OSBORN
Talked about what?

HANSON
About all this. Murders and killing
and...

Hanson's voice trails off.

OSBORN
Look, kid, there's a ton of things
the academy doesn't prepare you
for. This happens to be one of 'em.

HANSON
I never expected my first call to
be something like this. Just my
damn luck.

OSBORN
Know the feeling kid, but you gotta
shrug it off. We have a job to do.

Hanson looks back down at the body, once again looking ill
at ease.

HANSON
Boy, do I regret having lunch
before I got here.

OSBORN

I coulda told you that. Alright
Sherlock, what else do you see?

HANSON

I can tell he was holding something
in his hand, but the perp must have
been quick.

Hanson points at the front door window.

HANSON

The perp was probably expecting a
smash-and-grab type job, but what
he wasn't expecting was the victim
to be here. I wonder what this poor
bastard was doing down here in the
middle of the night.

OSBORN

We won't know until the guys at the
station can make that woman squeal.
As it stands right now, it'd be
easier to pull a nail out of
concrete.

HANSON

Well, do we have enough to write up
a report?

OSBORN

Listen kid, all we got is a cause
of death and maybe an M.O. for the
perp thanks to you. I --

Osborn's cell phone begins ringing. After a couple of
seconds, he takes it out from a holster on his belt and
answers it.

OSBORN

(into phone)

Yeah? Ok. Hey, why did you give me
such a dumbass partner? Yes, I
understand. Ok, we'll be there in a
few.

Osborn hangs up and puts the phone back in the holster.

HANSON

Who was that?

OSBORN

The chief. Says the coroner's a
couple of minutes away and we need
to wrap up here.

HANSON

Agreed, I'm not sure how long my
stomach can hold out.

OSBORN

Now to answer your question, I think we have enough for an initial report. Not much, but enough. Guess you've proved yourself, for now.

HANSON

Glad to hear it.

At that moment, the sound of a vehicle pulling up to the curb is heard outside. Osborn looks out the window.

OSBORN

Coroner's here, let's go.

Osborn and Hanson move toward the front door.

OSBORN

I was easy on you this time. Don't expect the same next time out. Got it?

HANSON

Got it.

Both men walk out the front door, but not before Hanson takes one last look at the body, the same look of disgust crossing his face once again.

FADE TO BLACK