

"LITTLE LUCY"

By

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FADE IN:

INT. JACK'S HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

A small dimly-lit office with a mahogany desk.

JACK, our private eye, sits behind that desk. He's holding a dying cigarette, looking over various photographs and scribbled notes.

A single photograph stands out from the rest. It is a little girl who is about five years old -- LUCY; sweet, innocent, and missing.

JACK (V.O)

It's just one of those nights. I've spent countless hours looking through these photos and trying to make sense of my chicken-shit handwriting...

Jack takes the final drag from his cigarette before crushing it out in the nearby ashtray. He looks over and spots the photograph of Lucy.

JACK (V.O)

It's sad, really. This girl has been missing for over a week and nobody has a clue where she might be.

(pause)

Lucy, sweet and innocent little Lucy.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLIER

MARY, our little girl's mother, sits on one end of the table smoking a cigarette. She's on the verge of crying, her hands are trembling.

JACK (V.O)

Mary, Lucy's mother, was the one who called me. I guess it's a good thing I'm the only private dick in town.

Jack sits across from her. He has a notebook placed on the table in front of him, he writes down notes.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (V.O)

She felt as if the police weren't doing a good enough job and I'd be able to help out.

(pause)

So, for the next couple of hours, I listed to her talk shit about her ex-husband, Albert, and how abusive he was. Lucy was never allowed to see him because of that.

(pause)

The next subject was school, where she was last seen. Lucy was a grade-A student, well, as much as a youngster like her could have been, and everybody around her loved her, including her teacher.

(pause)

Sure, it was all pretty thin, even anorexic, but I took what I had and went with it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BANK - LATER - DAY

Jack is sitting inside his car, parked across the street from a large building.

ALBERT, the ex-husband, exits the building yapping away on his cell phone.

JACK (V.O)

I followed up Mary's request and checked out prince Albert as soon as he left work. He's some kind of broker, but that wasn't important at all.

(pause)

I knew he wasn't the one who snatched up Lucy. He may have been a prick, but the worst thing he's ever done to that poor girl was never be there for her.

Jack takes a few photographs of Albert as he gets into his car.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - LATER - DAY

Jack exits his car and lights a cigarette. He begins towards the school.

JACK (V.O)

I decided that I'd try the school next. But, I knew it'd be another dead end.

A SCHOOL TEACHER stops Jack.

JACK (V.O)

I never even made it into the school before some teacher decided to be an asshole and told me I couldn't smoke on school grounds.

(pause)

I told him to fuck off.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MR. JONES, the teacher, is sitting at his desk. Jack sits across from him with his notebook out.

JACK (V.O)

Mr. Jones, Lucy's teacher, seemed to care more about her than her own father did. I tried to make sense out of everything he was blabbering about, but I didn't get much. He just talked about what a good student she was and how the other students really seemed to like her, especially the boys.

(pause)

You know, shit like that. It wasn't anything.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Jack is talking to the DETECTIVE in charge of the case. He talks to an INFORMANT, then a JUNKIE.

JACK (V.O)

I decided next that I'd play the game and start shaking things up a bit. I needed to know if anybody had any idea where she might have been.

(CONTINUED)

(pause)

I talked to the detective in charge of Lucy's case, only to get the whole "I can't share that information with you" speech. He's a prick anyways.

(pause)

I ended up running around town for a couple of days, beating the hell out of a few junkies. I wanted to know if any of their friends involved with sex trafficking knew anything about Lucy. But, I got nothing, as expected.

(pause)

This whole case has been dead since the start.

INT. JACK'S HOME - OFFICE - PRESENT - NIGHT

Jack lights up a fresh cigarette. He begins to gather up the items on the desk, putting them away.

JACK (V.O)

I've said it before and I'll say it again: I'm lucky to be the only private eye in town, I end up with more clients that way.

(pause)

But, in the end, I feel bad for little Lucy. She's too young to get involved with things like these, yet it was bound to be somebody.

(pause)

I did something, at least. I checked things out. It's sad though that nobody has any idea where the hell she might be. Does anybody even care?

Jack exits the office and moves downstairs. He opens the basement door to say:

JACK (V.O)

What am I saying? Obviously, some do care. It isn't like they'd guess I have her, though. I can't blame them for not knowing.

(pause)

But, one thing is for sure, is that she'll be home soon enough.

FADE OUT: