

MISSING WHITE FEMALE

by

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FADE IN

OVERLAY: CASE OF THE MISSING OFFICE GIRL

INT. OFFICE - CINDY'S CUBICLE - QUITTING TIME

CINDY VIKTEAM (20s, cute) wearing a business top and skirt set and sitting among neatly organized paperwork, watches the clock TICK to exact Quitting Time 5:00:00.

Swiveling in her chair, she slips off her comfortable athletic shoes and rubs her stockinged feet, emitting a sigh of relief.

Opening a drawer, she pulls out a pair of 5" high heels, slips them on, and deposits the athletic shoes in their place.

She stands and smiles.

CINDY
Ahhh, Much better.

RING TONE

She jabs a button and presses the phone against her ear.

CINDY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey, meet you in just a couple--
(listens)
Oh, but we--
(listens)
You can't just?
(listens)
Well I'm hitting the pubs anyway.
Mr. Charming isn't going to come
looking for me.
(listens)
Yes, yes, whistle, spray, brass-
knuckles, AK-47--
(listens)
Okay, toddles.

CUBICLE ROW

The light goes out in Cindy's cubicle and she cat-walk struts out, slinging her purse over her shoulder.

At the end of the row of cubicles, she reaches for her jacket from a community coat rack.

A MALE VOICE GROWLS from a lit cubicle,

MALE VOICE

What?

Cindy freezes in place, her hand inches from her jacket.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This makes absolutely no sense,
whatsoever.

She looks at the clock which reads 5:01. She looks toward the lit cubicle. She chews her lip, fighting an urge.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What the heck are pivot tables,
anyway?

UGH, her shoulders slump and she backtracks to the cubicles.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh, Cindy, you don't have to.

CINDY (O.S.)

Yeah I do. Now let me show you how
these work...

INT. ARNOLD'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

ARNOLD LOSTIT (30s, extra average) enters his front door carrying two paper grocery bags hugged to his chest.

He fumbles with closing the door with his foot, and gives up.

He reaches a table; the bags split open just he sets them down. One bag contains groceries, the other coils of rope and a book titled "ORIENTAL RUGS AND BONDAGE."

INT. OFFICE - CUBICLE ROW

Cindy walks, again aiming for the exit. She has her purse strap in her teeth as she slips her jacket on.

The clock reads 5:09:30.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Thanks, Cindy.

CINDY

(biting strap)

Uh huh. You're welcome.

INT. ARNOLD'S APARTMENT - KITCHENETTE - MINUTES LATER

Arnold stands at a kitchenette sink in his basement apartment, pounding two chicken breasts with a tenderizing mallet.

Above the sink, through a sidewalk level window, foot traffic passes. Cindy CLICKS past in her high heels.

At the distinctive sound, Arnold drops what he's doing and, like a house cat seeing a bird, strains to see out the window.

Whipping open a cupboard, he grabs an unmarked bottle of pills and stuffs them in his pocket. He rushes out, leaving both the cupboard and apartment doors wide open.

FOOTSTEPS hurry up the outside steps.

Out the window, Arnold's feet pause before tracking the direction the high heels went.

EXT. BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Cindy walks along the street. Reaching a pub, she looks at the sign.

SIGN: TRAWLER'S BAR AND GRILLE

Shrugging to herself, she goes in.

Arnold trails behind, glances up and down the street, then follows her in.

INT. BAR AND GRILL

The dimly lit pub decor is of marine fishing with rope nets, rope knots, chains, anchors, and large catch fishing hooks.

He walks past a waitress taking a seated COUPLE'S orders.

MAN

I'll have the "sein en esclavage."

WOMAN

And I'll have the "saucisse a la forc'e."

Arnold spies Cindy at the bar.

Sitting on a high stool, her skirt slightly raised giving away a garter stocking peek, Cindy sips a drink.

Shifting his eyes, Arnold slides onto a seat beside her.

The BARKEEP steps up. His eyes pop open.

BARKEEP

Hey, Arnold. Great to see you're
out of prison.

Arnold grimaces, waving him to keep his voice low.

BARKEEP (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)

Hey everyone, look, it's Arnold
Lostit.

Arnold gives a timid response to the several "HELLOS" and
"WELCOME BACKS."

Arnold watches Cindy from the corner of his eye.

The Barkeep, television remote in hand, steps up in front of
him.

BARKEEP (CONT'D)

Let's see what's on the tube.

The Barkeep turns on the television.

The first channel is a black-and-white, film noir movie scene
with a frightened woman hurrying down a foggy gas-lamp-lit
street. She worriedly glances over her shoulder as a man's
trench coated silhouette follows her.

Arnold glances nervously at Cindy, who is checking her phone
messages.

ARNOLD

No, something else.

The Barkeep switches the television channel.

A woman cowers down into a room corner, her knuckles to her
lips, as a menacing shadow falls upon her.

Glancing at Cindy, who is checking her makeup, Arnold waves
his hand.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

No, no, not that.

The channel changes again to an old sci-fi movie with a
damsel struggling against the leather straps pinning her to a
mad scientist's laboratory table.

A spaghetti colander is strapped to her head, wired to an old photograph enlarger suspended above her like a ray gun.

Arnold eyes Cindy, who sips at her drink, examining her fingernail polish.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
No, no. Nothing, please.

The Barkeep turns off the television and goes to attend to other customers.

Arnold works up courage.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
(to Cindy)
Hey, uh, you come here--

Cindy puts up a finger to stop him, then smiles.

CINDY
Be right back, gotta pee.

Cindy gets up and heads toward the rest rooms with her purse.

Covertly looking straight ahead, Arnold gets the finger of one hand on the napkin under Cindy's drink and carefully slides it toward him.

Concealing the uncapped pill bottle in his hand, he TAPS one pill out, but SEVERAL more drop into the drink. Arnold GRIMACES.

As the drink FOAMS UP to the rim he covers it with his hand.

The drink in front of him, he moves one stool over and stares stoically forward as Cindy returns and gets into the seat he just vacated, her drink in front.

Cindy downs the drink in one GULP, then turns to Arnold.

CINDY (CONT'D)
You were say--

Her eyes glaze, then she begins to keel over.

Arnold catches her. He gets his arm under her in support.

In turning toward the door he freezes as everyone is watching him, half carrying the limp Cindy.

ARNOLD
Um...

Arnold sticks his mouth in Cindy's hair behind her head and waves her arm.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
(falsetto)
I'm okay. Really, I am.

The pub patrons turn back to each other, the conversation returning to normal.

Arnold scoops up Cindy in a bride carry and heads for the door

BARKEEP
Hey, Arnold.

Arnold turns, thumping Cindy's head into a gambling machine.

BARKEEP (CONT'D)
Don't forget--

The Barkeep has Cindy's ID from her purse.

BARKEEP (CONT'D)
Cindy Vikteam's purse.

With a STRAINED LAUGH, Arnold returns to the bar, Cindy in his arms.

The Barkeep tosses Cindy's purse onto her belly, making her GRUNT. One of Cindy's shoes falls off.

Turning again, Arnold hurries out with Cindy.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY

Missing White Female Dept

A door glass is marked in backwards lettering, ".TPED ELAMEF ETIHW GNISSIM."

INT. MWF HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

In the small squad room, three detectives are at their desks.

BLONDIE DARKER (20s, black) Enters the small detective squad room and looks around. On the glass door behind he now reads forward "MISSING WHITE FEMALE DEPT."

DET. CHALKLINER draws cartoons of police officers shooting people, making SIREN and SHOOTY-GUN sounds.

DET. SLIPPUP pages through a GIRLY MAGAZINE hidden in a case file folder.

DET. NADA has M&M-like candies separated into color groups on his desk. He moves a RED candy into the center.

DET. NADA
"Hey Red, you're on our turf, man."

Next he moves a BLUE candy into the center.

DET. NADA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
"Nuff talk, let's fight."

He rolls two different colored GAMING DICE on his desk. One die rolls a higher number than the other.

DET. NADA (CONT'D)
Ahhhhh! You killed me.

Picking up the RED candy he eats it. CRUNCH, CRUNCH.

Seeing Blondie, everyone suddenly pretends to be busy.

Det. Chalkliner pretends to be filling out a report.

Det. Slippup grabs a phone and pretends to talk.

Det. Nada sweeps the candies from his desk to rain down onto the floor, grabs a case file, and pretends to study it.

COMMANDER JACK DULLBOY (60s, all work and no play with a touch of dementia) steps from his office, noticing Blondie waiting to be recognized.

COMMANDER JACK
May I help you, miss?

BLONDIE
I'm Blondie Darker. My roommate
Cindy Vikteam didn't come home last
night.

COMMANDER JACK
Sorry, but you'll have to wait
twenty-four hours before filing a
report.

BLONDIE
But she never, doesn't come back to
the apartment.

Jack screws his face up as he works to figure out her sentence.

BLONDIE (CONT'D)
She works on Hooker Street.

COMMANDER JACK
Ah, a prostitute. Well you have to
wait seventy-two hours to file--

BLONDIE
No, she's not a prostitute. She
works at an office there.

Jack nods.

The Detectives still ignore her.

BLONDIE (CONT'D)
She's white.

Concern flushes into Jack's face.

The Detectives make SOUNDS OF CONCERN as they stand,
gathering note pads, pencils. They move with a purpose.

Det. Chalkliner loads bullets into his gun.

The Detective squad gathers around Blondie.

DET. CHALKLINER
When did you last see her?

DET. SLIPPUP
Was she provocatively dressed?

Det. Nada frowns at Det. Slippup.

DET. NADA
What's her bra-size?

COMMANDER JACK
Do you have a recent photo of her?

DET. NADA
In a swim suit.

DET. SLIPPUP
A bikini.

DET. CHALKLINER
Full length.

INT. ARNOLD'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Cindy, pillow under her head, her mouth gagged, snores softly. Her nose wiggles above a gag. Her hands come up, bound together at the wrists and tethered to her knees. Even though her hands can't reach, she makes a scratching motion with her fingers. She emits a SOUND OF RELIEF.

Her eyes pop wide open.

She is placed across the bed in her slip and bound with an inexperienced excess of rope. One foot is shoeless, the other still shod.

Letting her head fall back on the pillow, she GROANS ANGRILY.

ARNOLD'S LIVING ROOM

Arnold sits at a table reading his book "ORIENTAL RUGS AND BONDAGE." With ear buds he listens to music.

In his hands is a loose rope knot, which he checks against the book. Pulling the rope ends makes the knot come apart. He SIGHS in frustration.

Through the open doorway behind him, Cindy sits up on the bed.

ARNOLD'S BEDROOM

Cindy scoots to the edge of the bed. She gets her feet to the floor and tries to stand. She wobbles due to having only one shoe.

ARNOLD'S LIVING ROOM

Arnold nods to some unheard music as he reads; through the doorway, Cindy manages to stand.

She tries to hop, but is unsteady. Trying another hop, she loses her balance, going sideways out of sight. CRASH Items scatter across the floor.

In seconds she's back hopping again. Losing her balance again, she lands on the bed.

Aware of something, Arnold takes out his ear buds.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)
 (from ear buds)
 That was "Do Her Hard, With No
 Regard" by Shibari Chains on your
 favorite Rape Rap station.

Arnold looks to the bed.

Cindy is on the bed, still.

Everything seems to be okay as he returns his attention to
 his music and knot-tying practice.

INT. BAR AND GRILL

The Detectives are standing, police-lineup-like, shorter to
 taller, in front of the bar. Down the line, the detectives
 ask questions to the Barkeep.

DET. SLIPPUP
 Was she dressed provocatively?

BARKEEP
 Office clothes with stockings and
 garters underneath, underwire bra
 one size too small.

All the Detectives NOD, saying "Uhn ha."

It's now Det. Chalkliner's turn.

DET. CHALKLINER
 What did she have?

BARKEEP
 A red-headed slut.

DET. CHALKLINER
 (making note)
 Lesbian with another woman.

BARKEEP
 It's a drink.

They all scratch out their notes.

BARKEEP (CONT'D)
 (to Det. Nada)
 How about you?

Det. Nada looks up from a menu.

DET. NADA
Can I have the fish sandwich?

They all make agreeable SOUNDS OF HUNGER.

BARKEEP
(to Det. Slippup)
One thing though. She dropped this.

He reaches under the bar and using a napkin pulls out Cindy's high heel shoe, setting it on the bar.

Det. Slippup rubs his face in contemplation before picking up the shoe with the same bare hand. He hands it to Det. Chalkliner. The shoe works its way down the line of bare hands.

DET. CHALKLINER
(to Det. Nada)
Get this to the lab.

Det. Chalkliner takes the shoe, but sneezes onto it. He then hands it to Det. Nada.

DET. SLIPPUP
(to Det. Nada)
Get this to trace evidence.

Det. Nada pulls an evidence bag from his pocket. Struggling to unzip it with one hand, he bites the side edge of the shoe to use both hands.

INT. ARNOLD'S LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Arnold scratches his head as he looks at his ORIENTAL RUGS AND BONDAGE book.

Before him, Cindy is tied in a standing position supported from above. One foot is on the floor. Ropes crisscross her at odd angles. It is a poorly tied shibari suspension rigging.

Setting the book down, Arnold approaches her. After examining the rope work, he undoes a knot, freeing Cindy's raised foot, which swings into Arnold's groin. OUGH! He doubles over in pain.

CINDY
(gagged)
Sorry.

INT. MWF HEADQUARTERS - COMMANDER'S OFFICE - EVENING

Going through files, the Commander stops when a CRIME LAB TECH comes in and nervously closes the door.

COMMANDER JACK
Get anything from the shoe?

The Lab Tech avoids eye contact, as the TECH taps a file folder in his hand.

LAB TECH
'Fraid so.

COMMANDER JACK
How so, afraid so?

LAB TECH
We got a D-N-A match.

COMMANDER JACK
Who's the culprit?

LAB TECH
Your Detective Squad.

COMMANDER JACK
One of my detectives?

LAB TECH
No, all of your detectives.

In shock, the Commander settles back in his chair.

COMMANDER
Just when you think you know your men. And I hand picked all four of them myself.

SQUAD ROOM

Past the desks of the three detectives is one more at the far back. The desk is dusty, cobwebs on pencils in a cup, a hand written note on a tablet reads "ACME Rabbit Supply" heavily underlined. The name tag at the desk reads "Det. Alice Looker."

COMMANDER'S OFFICE

LAB TECH
But you have only three--

Det. Chalkliner sticks his head in the door.

DET. CHALKLINER
The Profiler is here.

SQUAD ROOM

The sexy profiler VALERIE VA-VA-VA-VOOM (30s, infinitely sure of herself) enters the Squad Room.

DET. NADA
(to Det. Slippup)
Hey, that's the Profiler. They say
she has a sixth sense about her.

Valerie walks to Det. Chalkliner and extends her hand to shake.

VALERIE
Commander.

Det. Chalkliner shakes his head NO.

She turns to Det. Slippup

VALERIE (CONT'D)
Ah, Commander.

Det. Slippup also shakes his head.

The Commander walks up to her. Valerie turns to him, studying him.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
Can you find the Commander for me?

The Commander looks around, then pats himself.

COMMANDER JACK
Ah, yes. Here I am. Right where I
left me.

The commander extends a welcoming handshake.

COMMANDER JACK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You're Va-Va-Va-Voom I presume.

Valerie curtsies.

The commander stands there admiring her.

VALERIE
Um, what have you got for me?

Det. Nada hands the shoe to Det. Slippup, who hands it to Det. Chalkliner, who hands it to the Commander, who hands it to the Profiler.

She examines the shoe carefully.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
Commander. Your perp is a
crossdresser with small feet.

DET. NADA
It's the victim's shoe, I believe.

The Commander hands her the case file folder.

Valerie tosses the shoe behind her.

Det. Nada picks up the shoe and pockets it.

Valerie quickly flips through several pages of the thick file folder.

VALERIE
Whoever typed this has a band aid
on the third finger of his right
hand.

Det. Slippup slowly hides the bandaged finger in his other hand.

Valerie rubs the paper between her fingers, listening.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
Whoever bought these office
supplies got them on clearance
sale, and kept the difference.

Det. Nada shifts his eyes back and forth.

COMMANDER JACK
The perp please.

She fans the corner of the pages under her nose.

VALERIE
He has an overbearing father.

All the Detectives look gloomy and NOD.

VALERIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
An absent mother and older sisters
who abused him.

The Detectives get more gloomy.

Commander Jack, stoic, listens.

VALERIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
No self esteem and difficulty
approaching the opposite sex.

Nearly in tears, the Detective Squad console each other.

Blondie comes into the squad room, but stops short when she sees the Profiler at work.

COMMANDER
Anything you can tell us about this
crime?

The Profiler stares off into infinity, seeing the unseen.

VALERIE
He trawls in his black windowless
van, inside is a dungeon on wheels.
Cruising for just the right
attractive, vulnerable, innocent-
looking slut. Finding her... he
strikes.

Blondie looks shocked.

The Detective Squad, having recovered from their gloom, have their full attention on the Profiler.

VALERIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(sultry)
Her wrists tied behind her, elbows
pinned together. A chest rope above
and below her ample bosom.

The Detective Squad begins to squirm, picking up files and clipboards to hid their crotches.

Blondie's sadness deepens.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
(sultry)
Long shapely legs. Ankles crossed
and tied, even her insteps--

DET. CHALKLINER
(baited breath)
Her knees, how about her tied
knees?

VALERIE
No, that's silly.

Det. Chalkliner looks dejected.

VALERIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Now, where was I? Oh, yes.
 (sultry)
 Her panties stuffed into her mouth,
 held there by one of her black
 silky stockings, tied tight. Her
 eyes pleading, PLEADING, for mercy--

COMMANDER
 Yes, that's all well and good, but
 how do we find her?

VALERIE
 Oh, I'm sorry. He's probably
 finished her off and disposed of
 the body by now.

The Profiler smiles sweetly, checks her watch, GASPS at the time.

Valerie exits past Blondie.

Blondie SHRUGS away her sadness.

BLONDIE
 Guess I'll go through her clothes
 and see what fits.

Blondie spins and leaves.

COMMANDER JACK
 Check all the usual dump sites.

The Squad heads for the door, having to jostle to see who goes through first.

INT. ARNOLD'S LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Arnold sits at his table, reading his Oriental Rugs and Bondage book while eating dinner.

Cindy, down to her bra, panties, garter belt, and stockings, is bound in a strappado tie. She is right behind him with her head hovering over his shoulder.

Arnold takes a bite of food, then feeds a bite to Cindy as she also reads the book over his shoulder.

He holds up a cup with a straw for her to drink from as they both study the book.

She wrinkles her nose. Arnold reaches up and rubs the itch away for her.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Dumpsters line an alley. One dumpster piled with plastic bottles is labeled "PAPER ONLY", another labeled "PLASTIC ONLY" overflows with paper. The last dumpster in the line is lettered "HOOKERS ONLY" which is thinly crossed out and the words "Soylent" is graffitied with green spray paint.

Det. Chalkliner looks into the last dumpster.

DET. SLIPPUP

Hey, there's something in here.

He climbs in, disappears for a second, then comes up holding a live blond with a ballgag in her mouth.

DET. SLIPPUP (CONT'D)

This her?

Chalkliner looks back and forth between the photo and hooker.

DET. CHALKLINER

No.

The detective drops the hooker back into the dumpster with a THUMP and "UMMPH."

The Detective holds up an Asian hooker, tied in traditional Chinese five flowers bondage with a strip of cloth tied between her teeth.

DET. SLIPPUP

How about this one?

Chalkliner double checks the photo.

DET. CHALKLINER

Ahh...nope.

The Detective drops her with another THUMP and "UMMPH," then disappears.

A SKI-MASKED MAN, WHISTLING a tune to himself, with a bound and gagged redhead slung over his shoulder in a fireman carry, rounds the bend walking toward the dumpsters.

This time, Det. Slippup in the dumpster brings up a brunette in a nurse's uniform with tape over her mouth and stethoscope still draped around her neck.

DET. SLIPPUP
Hey Chalkliner.

Det. Slippup points out the Ski-masked Man carrying the Redhead their direction.

The Ski-masked Man immediately pivots around to go back.

DET. NADA
Hey you?

The Ski-masked Man freezes, darting his eyes back and forth.

DET. CHALKLINER (CONT'D)
No, our victim's not a ginger.

DET. NADA
Maybe she changed her name.

DET. SLIPPUP
That's stupid.

DET. NADA
You're stupid.

Det. Chalkliner answers his RINGING phone.

DET. CHALKLINER
Hey, the Commander has an address
for us. Let's go.

Det. Slippup drops the Nurse with a THUMP and "UMMPH."
Hurrying across in the dumpster, each step produces a
"UMMPH," until he climbs out the other side.

As the Squad rushes away, the Ski-masked Man turns and
resumes toward the dumpsters.

Reaching the dumpster he drops the Redhead in with a "THUMP"
and "UMMPH." He begins to step away, but stops. He looks back
into the dumpster again. He makes a "WOW" WHISTLE.

He walks away from his hooker-dumpster-diving WHISTLING with
the tied-up Nurse folded over his shoulder.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE ARNOLD'S DOOR

The Detectives gather outside Arnold's Door.

DET. CHALKLINER
What's the name again?

DET. NADA
"Lostit."

DET. SLIPPUP
That was stupid of you.

DET. NADA
No, you're stupid.

DET. CHALKLINER
Quiet. Now get ready, on "nine."
One... Two...

INT. ARNOLD'S LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Arnold is suspended, trussed up in perfect Shibari bondage.

Cindy, still in bra, panties, and gartered stockings, and one shoe, steps back, nodding, admiring her work.

ARNOLD
Want to show me how you did this?

CINDY
Yeah, sure.

The door BUSTS open. The Missing White Female Squad storms in.

DET. CHALKLINER
Chill out!

DET. SLIPPUP
Cool it!

DET. NADA
Freeze!

The Squad fans out to check the apartment, leaving Cindy and Arnold alone.

Det. Chalkliner returns holstering his weapon.

DET. SLIPPUP
No M-W-F.

Det. Nada points to Cindy.

DET. NADA
What about--

DET. CHALKLINER
Ah yes, a little S-and-M play
party, I see. Cuff the dominatrix.
At least we'll have something.

Det. Slippup whips out his cuffs, turns Cindy around and
RATCHETS the cuffs on.

CINDY
Hey!

Det. Nada digs in his pocket. He takes out the shoe and puts
it on an end table near him; then his keys, and finally
produces his own cuffs and SNAPS them on Cindy's wrists too.

Det. Chalkliner takes out his own cuffs and is about to add
them to the others on her wrists.

CINDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I'm his girlfriend.

DET. CHALKLINER
(to Arnold)
That true?

Arnold blinks, shocked.

ARNOLD
Yeah, sure, absolutely, definitely,
uh huh.

With disappointment, the Detectives remove the cuffs, trying
to figure out whose cuffs are whose.

The Detectives begrudgingly depart.

Cindy pulls a key knot free, dropping Arnold to the floor
with a THUD. Rope rains down on him.

Immediately Arnold stands, brushing loose rope from him.

Det. Nada comes back in the door.

DET. NADA
(embarrassed laugh)
Forgot something.

He picks up his keys. Confused, he holds up the shoe.

CINDY
That's mine.

Det. Nada srugs, puts it down, and leaves.

Arnold picks up the shoe.

Cindy sits in a chair, holding her un-shod foot out.

Kneeling in front of her, he slips the shoe on her foot.
Perfect fit.

They smile at each other.

INT. MWF SQUAD ROOM - LATER

The Commander emerges from his office, closing the file in his hand.

COMMANDER JACK

This one's a cold case. We can't
solve them all.

Against the wall are two tables. One marked "SOLVED" which has only a few file folders, the other marked "COLD" which is piled with boxes stuffed with file folders.

The Commander tosses the file on the cold cases table.

As he walks back to his office there is a CREAK, then CRASH as the table collapses.

OVERLAY: NEXT WEEK -- CASE OF THE MISSING CHEERLEADER SQUAD

FADE OUT

END