# UNTITLED SCREENPLAY

by

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#### FADE IN

EXT. CORONORS OFFICE - DAY

Some Coronors office in LA.

INT. CORONORS OFFICE - LAB - DAY

The place where they examine bodies. Creepy.

QUINCY, an old guy with a short temper, storms inside. He's not happy as he looks at the dead body on the slab.

> QUINCY What the hell? This is not a just a dead body, anyone from here to Idaho can see that!

An Oriental Lab Assistant pops up from behind the slab.

ORIENTAL LAB ASSITANT What makes you think that Quincy?

QUINCY I know something you dont, you stupid...

ORIENTAL LAB ASSISTANT He died of heart attack. Quincy, it's clear as day.

Quincy is not happy with this. Not happy at all.

He grabs all the medical equipment he can find and TRASHES it in the room, going on some kind of rock star outburst.

QUINCY Murder! Murder! Murder!

Quincy relents. His face pulsating in anger, eyes bulging.

QUINCY I want the autopsy results.

ORIENTAL LAB ASSISTANT You did the autopsy.

# QUINCY

SHOW ME.

Oriental Lab Assistant shows some medical graph to Quincy. He analysis it. Looks up amazed.

QUINCY

You know what?

ORIENTAL LAB ASSISTANT What quincy?

QUINCY This guy died of natural causes. He died of a heart attack!

ORIENTAL LAB ASSISTANT Yes sir.

QUINCY Meet me in the bar! This calls for a celebration.

INT. BAR - DAY

Loads of people pretend to be doing something in the background.

Quincy walks in. People cheer him like a local hero.

He gets a free beer from the bartender.

BARTENDER Well done quincy. You should be a detective. You keep solving all these crimes.

QUINCY

Put a cork in it will ya. I'm a professional, something you cant even think of being even if you...

BARTENDER Cool it Q. I'm just giving you 'nuff respect.

QUINCY

I'll give you "nuff respect". See you on the slab pal. I'll show you respect when I break open your rib csge, squeeze the blood from your heart and check the state of your diseased lungs.

Bartender serves someone else. A wonderful writer named JESSICA FLETCHER.

JESSICA

You know, I can think of other places I'd much rather be than a depot that serves that kind of gentleman.

Bartender nods. She's right.

Some cop, a crazy eyed SHERIFF, turns up at the bar. Sits inbetween JESSICA and QUINCY.

SHERIFF Problem here? I hate outsiders. QUINCY

No Sheriff.

JESSICA

No Sheriff.

SHERIFF Then let's make a deal. We all meet tonight at Earls Cook House.

JESSICA I know it well.

QUINCY I dont. Where is it?

JESSICA Earls place. His cook house.

QUINCY

Ah. Gotcha.

That lame Spiderman web ( from the old cartoon) spins about as we cut to the next scene.

EXT. EARLS COOK HOUSE - DAY

Shit hole of a diner.

Jessica arrives in a car. Quincy by public bus.

They both arrive at same time. Awkward. They both go in together, best buddies now.

The PRANKSTER, a troll of the biggest kind, lingers outside. This fucking guy has a permanant annoying smile on his face. His damn eyes so wide they just annoy you. His face -- AHHG, This guy is HELL INCARNATE.

INT. EARLS COOK HOUSE - EATING AREA - NIGHT

People eat.

Yeah, its a nice place. Roses and shit everywhere. Nice music. Vibrant atmostphere if you wanan call it that.

Jessica and Quincy eat in some booth. Enjoying their luxurious meal together, talking a load of shit, smiling and having a fake fun time.

WE ZOOM IN ON QUINCY'S DIGESTIVE SYSTEM

An X-ray shot of food going down into his stomach.

BACK TO SCENE

Quincy burps. He apologizxes, cos hes a Gent.

A waiter recieves their order.

Jessica orders some scallops, or something, Quincy goes with his favourite starter: TOMATO SOUP.

INT. EARLS COOK HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

While some moronic chef orders his minions around, the Prankster strolls inside.

Adds an entire container of salt into Quincy's soup. Adds pepper, garlic and anything that looks horrid from the table into the mix.

He runs out like a jackass. Laughing his ass off.

INT. EARLS COOK HOUSE - EATING AREA - NIGHT

Jessica and Quincy get their food.

They tuck in.

Jessica's like a warthog on speed. Sucking up that salad like no tomorow.

Quincy digs his soup. Suddenly, he hates it.

QUINCY

AHHHG!

He throws the fits of all fits. An anger fit.

QUINCY Salt and pepper! Salt and pepper!

A waiter comes to the table. Takes the soup away.

WAITER I'm so sorry sir. We will send a replacement right away.

QUINCY Yes! Do that! Now! And give me some water, jesus I nearly died with that crap.

JESSICA And who would be left to investitgate your murder?

QUINCY

You.

JESSICA That's right.

QUINCY You set me up Jess.

JESSICA Oh no, don't be so silly. Quincy looks, stares in thought. He's being set up.

QUINCY You're a mass murderer. You've set all these people up, covered by some insane alibi that you're writing a book!

## JESSICA

And you are the same Quincy. You've killed people, given them fake autopsies. You've met your match now coronor.

The waiter delivers Quincy a big bowl of soup.

Quincy licks his lips. He's teasing Jessica.

QUINCY I get to examine this. You get to write about it. I prefer taste over fabrication.

## JESSICA

Enjoy it.

Quincy gazes in his soup bowl. His reflection stares back. Awesome.

From another booth, The Prankster emerges.

He's been watching and listening the whole time. He's enjoyed a starter meal, a great dinner and has the cocktail stick from the Orange Surprise gripped in his teeth.

The Prankster strikes. He dashes past the booth - PUSHES QUINCY'S HEAD in the bowl of soup for several long seconds - before running out of the establishment.

Quincy rises his head. It's covered in soup. He gasps for breath.

INT. PSYCIATRISTS OFFICE - MONTHS LATER - DAY

Quincy sits in a chair oppoiste a shrink named DR. DOLITTLE.

Cans of soup align the desktop. Quincy looks at them with hatred. He's no longer a soup fan.

DR DOLITTLE You need to relive your fear, Quincy. We can do it together.

QUINCY Get to the point.

DR DOLITTLE We need to relive your fear. QUINCY Since you put it like that...0k, let's do it.

INT. EARLS COOK HOUSE - EATING AREA - NIGHT

Quincy sits in the booth. Shaken but not stirred as he sips on a cocktail. Dr. Dolittle sits by his side.

The waiter delivers a massive bowl of soup.

Quincy shakes. Dr, Dolittle comforts him.

# DR DOLITTLE

It's ok. Eat as much as you can.

#### QUINCY

I'll give you eat. Watch me.

Quincy hits the soup bowl like a coronor to a dead body. He engulfs the bowl, loving every moment of it.

With surplus left, he lifts his head. He's cured. He's back in love with his soup.

Dr Doliittle claps proudly.

DR DOLITTLE I knew you could do it. I just knew it.

QUINCY Takes a boss to beat a boss.

ANOTHER BOWL OF SOUP ARRIVES. STEAMING HOT OXTAIL SOUP.

QUINCY I didnt order seconds.

#### DR DOLITTLE

Me niether?

WAITER On the house. An apology. We hope you revisit us many times.

Quincy cares less as the Waiter goes back to the kitchen. He's too busy tucking in. This guy loves soup.

Just as well. The Prankster reemerges from a booth. Dashes past and holds Quincy's head in the soup bowl for a good ten seconds.

Prankster runs off.

Quincy reemerges from his dunking. Face covered in oxtail.

QUINCY No. Never again. NEVER AGAIN.

Quincy defies his age. He runs towards the exit, in pursuit of the Prankster.

EXT. EARLS COOK HOUSE - NIGHT

Unable to see, and fairly blind because of oxtail soup in his face, Quincy stumbles into a HUGE VAT.

The huge vat is actually a kiddies swimming pool, but it's pumped full of oxtail soup.

Quincy squirms in the liquid.

The Prankster has escaped.

QUINCY I'll get you! One day! Ill' get you! You son of a bitch!

FADE TO OXTAIL.