WINGDING KILLER

By

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INT. STUDY – DAY

It is dark. DETECTIVE SLATER (58), wearing a white button-down shirt, khaki pants, and overalls, stares at a cork board under a dim light. It is filled with images of a crime scene and newspaper clippings. String is strewn across the board. In the middle is a piece of paper with a bunch of handwritten wingdings on it.

SLATER
Tomorrow is the day I retire, and yet after 25 long hard years, I still have gotten nowhere on this.

He puts a finger on the wingdings and stares hard.

SLATER (CONT’D)
What does it mean?

He closes his eyes to think.

KIMMY (O.S.)
What’s wrong grandpa?

Slater opens his eyes and turns to see his granddaughter KIMMY (10), dressed in a purple shirt and blue jeans.

SLATER
Oh sweetheart, you shouldn’t be in here.

KIMMY
Why not?

Slater gets down on his knee to talk to her.

SLATER
There’s some stuff in here you shouldn’t have to see. Why don’t you go wait in the living room and I’ll start making us supper?

Kimmy looks around Slater at the board.

KIMMY
Who’s Emily?

Slater’s face turns serious.

SLATER
What did you say?
KIMMY
Over there, that paper says stuff about a girl named Emily.

Slater looks over at the board, then back to Kimmy.

SLATER
You can read that?

Kimmy nods.

SLATER (CONT’D)
How?

KIMMY
They’re wingdings.

SLATER
What?

KIMMY
Wingdings. It’s a font, on the computer.

Slater stares at Kimmy in awe. He rushes up and looks closely at the paper on the cork board.

SLATER
Oh my god.

KIMMY
Why is Emily hiding underwater?

Slater slowly turns to look at Kimmy. They stare at each other.

THE END