



DAVE SOLVES A MURDER "PILOT"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LOS ANGELES MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Rays of sun are shining through the partially closed blinds. A slightly overweight MAN (34) with a mullet is by a queen size bed changing into his clothes. A pretty (29) year old WOMAN is lounging in the bed smoking a Newport. A few empty Mike's Hard Lemonade bottles are scattered around the dingy motel room.

MAN

...You live to die and you die to live. I have one foot dangling over the fucking drop. All I'm asking for is this one chance at redemption. An opportunity to put my foot back on solid ground and make a goddamn imprint!

WOMAN

Really!? Why should I believe in you?! Why now?!

MAN

You really gonna do me like that? I'm trying to spit you some truth Woman! Do I look like I'm fucking drunk right now?

WOMAN

You sure as hell did last night! Give me one good reason why I would ever expect anything more than failure from a drunk has-been who has never put anyone-elses priorities in front of his own self deprecation!

MAN

Listen, Victoria, I loved your brother. He was my best friend and the only person who, even in my darkest fucking hour; stood by me while my entire world crumbled like a goddamn chips-ahoy!

VICTORIA

Oh, RI-ght, compare what we had to a fucking cookie. That's all I ever was to you. A cheap snack you could come home to after drinking away any last bit of dignity you had with my stupid brother! At that stupid bar!

MAN

Hey! Don't bring Flinger's into this! Flinger's is a grade A establishment! And your brother was a saint!

VICTORIA

-Pff... Yeah maybe a grade A establishment for disgraced Private Investigators! Oh look at me I'm DAVE WOODS it's so hard being me - spying on cheating spouses for an overpaid hourly wage! Wah!! Wah!! I have to go drink away my sorrows! Wah!

DAVE

First you insult my sacred stomping ground, now you metaphorically defecate on not only my good name but your very

DAVE (CONT' D)

own brothers! Very mature
Victoria. Very mature!

VICTORIA

-And somehow magically you think
you can just walk back into my
life and solve my brother's
murder! Newsflash Dave. Your not
a real detective! And having a
degree in "Investigative
Research" from University of
Phoenix Online is a fucking
joke!

DAVE

Oh yeah! Well, well this so
called joke had you cummin' an
screaming all night. So...

VICTORIA

-By all night you mean that five
minutes I let you play with my
tits before you prematurely
ejaculated!

DAVE

Not cool Victoria! Not cool! You
know how excited I get after
three Mike's Hard Lemonades!

VICTORIA

Get out of my Motel Room!

DAVE

Gladly!

VICTORIA

Now!

Victoria throws an empty Mike's Hard Lemonade bottle - nailing Dave in the back of the head as he opens the door to leave.

DAVE

Jesus fucking Christ.

Dave steps out of the motel room, slamming the door behind him.

EXT. LOS ANGELES MOTEL - MORNING

Dave adorns a pair of cheetah print sunglasses and lights up a cigarette. He starts walking down the balcony isle of the two story motel.

DAVE (V.O)

Man fuck Victoria! She can be a real see you next Tuesday kinda gal. None of that shit she said about my donk is true. She loves my cock. It's kinda like how an obese retard loves micky dee's. That's how she feels about my dick! Anyways I aint' here to bitch about my ex-wife who I still penetrate on a weekly basis... My name is DAVE WOODS, and I'm a private investigator.

SUPER: DAVE SOLVES A MURDER

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Dave gets into a dented up VW Rabbit and takes off.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - MORNING

Dave driving his piece of shit VW Rabbit down sunset.

DAVE (V.O)

Yesterday a lifeless corpse by the name of Rick Levy washed up onto the shore of Venice Beach.

Rick was my best friend. The greatest drinking buddy slash cocaine sniffing compadre a man could ask for... LAPD don't give two shits about Rick or how he died. So it's up to me to solve this heinous crime. And nothing I mean nothing will distract me from finding my friends killer!

Dave poorly parks his shitty VW Rabbit in front of a depressing looking dive bar with a palm tree themed sign reading "Flinger's".

INT. VW RABBIT - MORNING

The cars interior is dirty. Bits of trash stick out of every available crevice. Noticeable amounts of empty Mike's Hard Lemonade bottles fill the passenger side floor space. A small photo of a goofy looking bald man is duct taped to the dashboard.

Dave peels the photo off of the dashboard.

DAVE

Miss you amigo. Don't you worry
I'm gonna avenge the shit out you
buddy.

A single tear falls down his cheek. He slaps the photo back onto the duct tape and wipes his eyes. An almost empty bottle of Mike's Hard Lemonade sits in the vehicles cup-holder. Dave grabs the bottle.

DAVE (CONT'D)

This one's for you Rick.

Dave, bottle in hand, turns it upside-down out of the drivers side window. A bunch of cigarette butts and a tiny bit of alcohol falls out the neck of the bottle. He shakes the bottle but it is clogged with cigarette butts.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Ah fuck it.

Dave carelessly chucks the bottle out of the window.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - MORNING

A KID (11) is in the backseat of a moving mini-van with his head out of the window. Suddenly the Kid is struck in the head with a bottle. The kid makes that crazy face kids make right before they are about to cry.

INT. FLINGERS BAR - MORNING

Dave swings open the front door, allowing natural light to pour into the bar. The few patrons inside cover there eyes with there hands.

DAVE

Gentleman I come back a changed man! A man with a mission from god...

BAR PATRON

-Close the fucking door!

DAVE

Oh shit, sorry about that George.

Dave closes the door. Bringing the bar back to its usual dark/depressing atmosphere.

DAVE (CONT'D)

As I was saying: I'm on a mission
to avenge Rick Levy! Really?
Nothing? ...Nobody cares why I
aint' been here for the last two
god-damn weeks?

Dave walks over to the bar, and seats himself in an empty stool.
A slender BARTENDER (40) with a greasy mustache approaches Dave.

BARTENDER

Back on the wagon again aye'
Dave?

DAVE

Yep, don't you worry KEN, I'm
back in full effect.

KEN

Now that's what I like to hear!
Bar just wasn't the same without
you. Take it your having the
usual?

DAVE

Yep... No limes too.

Ken grabs four Mike's Hard Lemonade bottles, undoes the caps
and places them on the bar. An OLD MAN (83) sitting a few bar
stools down glances over at Dave.

OLD MAN

Pussy.

DAVE

Not today George. Not today! I
am not in the mood to fight your
old ass.

GEORGE

Because you know you'd lose,
pussy!

DAVE

I oughta!!!

GEORGE

-You oughta what?! Lose! Like
you lost your wife! Ha ha ha!

DAVE

I'm gonna fucking kill you!!!

Dave rushes over to George's bar stool. Ken hops over the bar
and forces himself between them.

KEN

Guys! Guys! Guys! Calm down!
This is not the Flinger's way!
You know that! We can't be
turning on each-other. You
regulars gotta stick together!
For Christ sake you've both
fucked each-others wives
before. And if that ain't a
brotherly bond then I don't know
what is!

GEORGE

(Indistinguishable grunt noise)
Grntt...

DAVE

I hate to say it but he is right
George. We are cock brothers.
Around here that means
somethin'.

Dave extends his hand out for a shake.

GEORGE

(Indistinguishable grunt noise)
Grntt...

KEN

Come on now George.

GEORGE

(Indistinguishable grunt noise)
Grntt...

George begrudgingly shakes Dave's hand.

KEN

Alright. Y'all are good?

DAVE

Were good.

Dave and George return to there bar stools. Ken walks back behind the bar.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Anyways listen Ken I came here
today for a reason.

Ken makes eye signals towards the Mike's bottles.

DAVE (CONT'D)

No, well yeah but not just the
Mike's. Look amigo I'm going
deep into this Rick Levy case.
I mean deep investigative shit.

KEN

Really?

DAVE

Yeah really! He was the greatest man to ever step foot in this bar!

KEN

-I mean Rick was an alright guy I guess. I don't know about greatest ma...

DAVE

Greatest man to ever step foot in this bar! Don't make me say it again Ken.

KEN

Okay, okay jeez. Well have you got any leads or anything?

DAVE

So far the only thing I've learned from the Coroner's report is that his blood tested positive for Cocaine.

KEN

But wasn't Rick always high on coke?

DAVE

Typically, yes, god bless his little heart... But anyways what I'm getting at is he always bought his shit here, so I'm wondering if maybe you know who was the last guy to sell it to him?

KEN

Well lemme think, that's a hard one I mean there's more then one guy that comes in here trying to sell that shit.

DAVE

Think man think! Rick would only get the finest quality nose candy, he was picky like that.

KEN

Oh shit. Timmy.

DAVE

What?

KEN

Timmy man, the little black dude comes in here always wearing a track suit. Complains a lot about his grandma stealing his coco-butter.

DAVE

Not ringing any bells.

KEN

Well anyways he sells the best quality powder around this part of town. He's actually a really nice funny guy. He was telling me this joke the other da-.

DAVE

-Focus Ken focus! This Timmy character is probly the one who off'd Ricky! I need to find him.
Do you know where he stays?

KEN

Well I'm not sure where he lives
but I heard he's working
downtown now in some store.

DAVE

Can you take me there?

KEN

Yeah sure. I'm off in like ten
minutes. I walked here though.
My cars back at the apartment.

DAVE

I'll drive.

OVER BLACK:

SUPER: TEN MINUTES LATER

INT. VW RABBIT - DAY

Dave is wasted behind the wheel of the car flooring it down the wrong side of a busy LA street. Ken is sitting shotgun and in full panic mode. Onward cars are veering off to the side, narrowly missing head on collisions.

KEN

Dude what the fuck is wrong with you! Pull over the fucking car! God-dammit Dave! Pull the fuck over!

DAVE

No can do compadre. Were gonna get that bastard..

KEN

Jesus Fuck-!!! Pull the fuck over! I swear to god I will 86' you from Flinger's for life!

DAVE

We almost there?

KEN

Pull the fuck over Dave I'm fucking serious!

DAVE

Your names not serious... Your names Ken.

KEN

Dude I hate you so much right now! What is wrong with you!

Dave grabs a Mike's Hard Lemonade from in-between his legs and brings it to his lips. Ken rips the bottle out of Dave's hand and throws it out the window.

INT. MERCEDEZ BENZ - DAY

A HOT GIRL (24) has pop music blasting from her car stereo. She is in the middle of doing her make-up when suddenly a Mike's Hard Lemonade bottle smashes into her windshield.

HOT GIRL

Ah!!!

Hot girl swerves into building totaling her car and smearing make-up all over her face.

INT. VERIZON WIRELESS STORE - DAY

A handsome African American man (33) whose name tag reads "TIMMY" is helping an attractive female CUSTOMER (20's) pick out a new cell phone.

TIMMY

...Here we have the ultra-sleek,
ultra-thin,

TIMMY (CONT'D)

ultra-dare-I-say-it durable
mo-effin' phone in the world.

This is a Verizon "V" mini
Android. This baby is so fresh
to the market the only other
people who own it are the Kaplan
Twins.

CUSTOMER

Really? I'm an Insta-Model so I
need the highest quality cam for
my Insta.

TIMMY

Damn girl I thought you was a
model?! Whats your handle?

CUSTOMER

I'm "at Cali dash slut six nine
six..."

Timmy glances out the store front window and sees Dave drive
his car over the sidewalk divider crushing the Verizon wireless
cardboard cut-out sales-sign, landing crookedly parked in front
of the store.

TIMMY

-Hold up girl..What the fuck!?
Run-over my god-damn sign!

Timmy rushes out the front door.

CUSTOMER

Um... Okay.

INT. VW RABBIT - DAY

KEN

Oh my god! Holy shit!

Ken grabs the keys out of the ignition.

KEN (CONT'D)

Dude, that was not cool! No more
driving for you!

DAVE

Alright, alright I'm sorry man
just got a little carried away
in the heat of the...

TIMMY

(Slamming his hands on the hood
of the car)
My mother-fucking sign man! What
the fuck man! The hell is wrong
with you!

Dave instantly notices Timmy's name tag and bolts out of the
car.

EXT. VERIZON WIRELESS PARKING LOT - DAY

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Who the hell taught you how to
drive man!?

DAVE

Funny you should ask! I'll tell
you who! Rick fucking Levy! You
murderer!

Dave slams Timmy's head into hood of the car, holding his hands behind his back. Through the windshield Timmy sees Ken sitting in the passenger seat.

TIMMY

Ken?! Get this mo-fucka' off me
man! What the hell's going on!?

Ken rushes out of the car and pulls Dave off of Timmy.

KEN

Jesus Christ Dave! Calm down!
Let the man explain himself!

TIMMY

Explain myself?! You run over my
damn sign! That sign was my
financial livelihood!

DAVE

Admit that you murdered Rick
Levy!

TIMMY

Rick Levy? Rick was my boy! He
was the sweetest man to have ever
walked this planet. Man I'd
shoot my own grandmother before
I'd harm that saint.

DAVE

How do I know your telling the
truth?!

TIMMY

Your crazy man! You run over my
sign an now your interrogating
me! Fine ask me a damn question!

DAVE

Rick's favorite song!

TIMMY

Old Town Road - Lil Nas X.

DAVE

Dance move!

TIMMY

The mother-fucking robot!

DAVE

Animal!

TIMMY

Wiener dog!

DAVE

Favorite drink.

TIMMY

Mike's Hard God-damn Lemonade!...
hold the limes.

DAVE

Shit, he's clean. Passed all the
tests. You really knew Rick?

TIMMY

Yeah man Rick was my boy, rest
in peace.

DAVE

Look Timmy I'm really sorry about all this confusion. My name's Dave; I'm a private investigator. Rick was my best friend. I'm just trying to find out what really happened.

KEN

Yeah man sorry about all this shit. I just thought maybe you were the last guy who...

Tired of being ignored, the CUSTOMER exits the Verizon Wireless store.

KEN (CONT'd)

sold Rick coke...

TIMMY

Shh!! Keep your damn voice down with that shit... Bye sweetie! I'll follow you on Instagram!

The Customer walks out of hearing distance.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Man I'm out the game now. I'm legit these days. Got my own store. Mo-fuckin' name tag. I even HAD a cardboard cut-out!

KEN

So we cool man?

TIMMY

Cool!? None of this shits COOL
man! Look at my damn sign!

DAVE

So you weren't the last one to
sell Rick anything?

TIM

Sell him something? No! Rick was
my boy alright I would never
accept a cent from him. Now
listen up - the night before his
body turned up me and Rick were
out partying alright. We partied
pretty hard that night, I GAVE
him some of my best snow as a
GIFT. We were cruising around in
my car getting high n' shit. But
Rick wasn't acting right. There
was something off about him. I
couldn't quite put my finger on
it. It was like he was distracted
or somethin'. Anyways he asks me
to pull over an let him out. I
ask him - why? He tells me he's
got a date. So I figure he's
probably just nervous about his
date. So I pullover and he gets
out; that was last time I saw the
man.

DAVE

Shit. Do you know who this woman
is?

TIMMY

-Hold up a second, you said your
name was Dave right?

DAVE

Yeah, so?

TIMMY

I swear I know you from
somewhere.

DAVE

Do you watch channel two after
4AM?

TIMMY

University of phoenix alumni
commercial?

Dave nods his head proudly.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

No way! No fucking way man! Dude
I graduated from U-Of-P with a
degree in management! Shit only
took me two weeks.

DAVE

Investigative research degree.
Six days.

TIMMY

No shit. Yo we cut from the same cloth! U-Of-P baby! Shake my hand. It's an honor to meet a fellow U-Of-P graduate. My brotha!

DAVE

The pleasure is all mine. Management degree, Very impressive...

KEN

Oh my god. Have you ever seen a mom buy her son a trophy even though he didn't make the team?

DAVE & TIMMY

What??

KEN

Never-mind. Look, Timmy, do you know anything about this woman Rick was going to meet?

TIMMY

Na. But he did leave this in my car.

Timmy reaches into his pocket and withdraws a ripped piece of paper with a phone number on it.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

I haven't had the nerve to try calling it. Shi-it, I'm not trying to wind up in a body-bag.

DAVE

You mind if we take that?

TIMMY

Hell yes I mind! This right here is the last bit of Rick I got. I aint' givin' that shit up... Go on pull out your phone I'll give you the number. Ready. The number is three-one-zero,-four...

DAVE

Shit!

Dave's cell phone slips out of his hands and breaks on the pavement.

DAVE (CONT'D)

God-damn-it!

TIMMY

Is that a Cricket Wireless phone?

DAVE

Yeah.

TIMMY

Oh my god. Lemme' show you something.

INT. VERIZON WIRELESS STORE - DAY

TIMMY

...Here we have the ultra-sleek,
ultra-thin,
ultra-dare-I-say-it durable
mo-effin' phone in the world.
This is a Verizon "V" mini
Android. This baby is so fresh
to the market the only other
person who owns one is Jimmy
Buffett.

KEN

Buffett? Really? We'll take two
of those.

Ken hands Timmy his credit card and Timmy slides it through the machine. Timmy punches in some keys on the computer and hands back the credit card along with the phones.

TIMMY

...Alrighty, these bad boys are
activated and good to go. Ready
for that number now? It is:
three-one-zero-four-five-four
-six-six-six-six.

DAVE

Thanks Timmy.

Ken and Dave turn and begin to walk towards the door.

TIMMY

Y'all boys take care now!

Ken and Dave exit the store. Timmy looks down at the sales receipt for two Verizon "V" phones totaling out to two thousand dollars.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Jimmy cracker-ass Buffett. God
I'm good.

EXT. VERIZON WIRELESS PARKING LOT - DAY

KEN

Where to now?

DAVE

Only one place left to go before
we call that number. I believe
you know what I'm referring to.

KEN & DAVE

The Dojo.

Ken gets into into the VW Rabbit and starts the car. Dave hops in the passenger side and they take off.

INT/EXT. VW RABBIT/LA STREETS - DAY AND NIGHT

The day transitions into night as the two friends cruise down the city streets of LA. Dave sips on a Mike's Hard Lemonade watching the city go by.

FADE OUT.

