

Private Dicks
"Pilot" by
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FADE IN:

EXT. MALIBU CANYON RANCH ROAD - DUSK

The moon shines over a modified black Land Rover Defender with its door open. It's perched on a secluded hill overlooking a spacious ranch retreat. We can hear the sound of piss on leaves.

DICK (O.S.)
Aaaaah, that's the good stuff. Shake
it, sha-shake-it, shake it like a
Polaroid picture. Oh-oh.

Zipper up.

DICK (CONT'D)
Ok, now, lets take a looksee.

BINOCULARS: A wide shouldered man with a ponytail in a black kimono and orange tinted sunglasses, FRANK REGAL (40-50), is basking in the light of a television in the ranch's living room flanked by a BODYGUARD that looks like 90's era Henry Rollins and two Russian ESCORTS in bathing suits, body language reading: bored as all hell.

DICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(apeing Sting)
Oh can't you see? You belong to me.
... Goddamn its cold out here.

The sound of a car door slams amidst howling wind.

INT. LAND ROVER DEFENDER - MOMENTS LATER

DICK PORTINO (40ish), a lithe, fiery colored, blue eyed blonde in a black hat and black plain clothes sits bemusedly dejected, bathed in the blue light of his screens. There is a Star Wars sun cover (the crew inside the Millennium Falcon) on the windshield and a black curtain over the driver side window. The interior of the Defender is replete with modern DARPA approved surveillance equipment. His laptop is open displaying the images and sounds from bugs placed throughout the ranch. DICK looks at the living room feed, FRANK jeering at a fight on the television, the ESCORTS unmoved, the BODYGUARD lifeless, and rolls his eyes.

DICK
There are no uninteresting things,
just uninterested people.

DICK opens his cell phone to YouTube and clicks a link titled "Frank Regal Can't Keep Getting Away With This." A Youtuber, MISTER GG, is in front of a green screen displaying the covers of multiple direct to video **Steven Seagal-type** films starring Frank Regal.

DICK
Whoa there tiger no wonder you were
asleep when I got here.

SAM points to DICK's open laptop also with a huge amount of
tabs but from the L.A. Times to Foreign Policy to Scribd.

SAM
Nah. *That's* why I was asleep when
you got here.

DICK
Ahhh, don't be a cunt.

SAM
Meh, why don't *you* not be a cunt.

SAM goes to YouTube and puts on KCAL News

INSERT: Projector Screen: KCAL News

A breaking news graphic scurries across the screen.

CUT TO:

A helicopter hovers above a massive burn area in the Hollywood
Hills.

KCAL NEWS ANCHOR
We begin Kcal news at 10 a.m. with
breaking news out of the Hollywood
Hills, investigators still finding
clues to the fire that claimed the
lives of over 50 people weeks a-

SAM
I guess all news is breaking news
now.

DICK pulls the HDMI cord out and the screen goes blue.

DICK
WHY - do you do it?

SAM blows air.

SAM
Masochism. ... So are we gonna talk
about last night - or?

DICK
You really are masochistic.

SAM
So that's a no?

DICK
It's my day off - *our day* - off. We
haven't had one since your father
died.

A disheveled man, BOB, and his plain wife, MARCY, stand outside with a stack of papers in his hand looking pensive.

EXT. PRIVATE DICKS OFFICE - VENICE - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

BOB rushes up to their car as they exit.

BOB

I've been waiting here for an hour!

DICK

We had to bond our friend here out.
Was on the way. My apologies. Who
are you?

BOB

We talked on the phone yesterday
morning - how quickly can you get to
work? She's been missing two days.
Has us worried sick.

SAM

As soon as we have a cup of coffee.
Micah, you mind?

MICAH

Mind what?

SAM

Making some...?

MICAH

Oh. Sure. Don't mind if I do.

DICK unlocks the door and holds the door for them as SAM stifles a laugh and shakes his head as the door closes behind them.

FADE OUT.