

Pussy Wrangler
Case of the double d

By

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EXT./INT. Parking lot Night - 3 am

Open in the parking lot of the strip club "Sugar Cookie." Mersh is the sole customer standing in front of a food truck looking at the menu on the side of the truck.

Royce
You always do this. Look over the menu and end up getting the same ole thing.

Mersh
Well... like I've always said, you make the best pulled pork this side of the pan handle.

Royce
The usual then?

Mersh
The usual.

Mersh flips up his lighter to light the cigarette in this mouth.

Royce
Here you go.

Royce hands Mersh a bag and a Mexican coke.

Mersh
Thanks brother, I'll see you tomorrow.

Mersh walks back across the large lot that is pretty much vacant. As he gets close to the door he notices the rhythmic alternating red and blue light flooding from an alley. He takes a final drag on his cigarette and heads toward the light. Walking down the alley he comes upon a cop car, doors open, lights on, no cops in sight. He pauses and looks around before hearing a retching sound. He sees two figures hunched over in a dark corner.

Mersh
Are you guys ok?

Two wild eyed female cops whirl around at the sound of his voice, drawing their guns in the process.

Cop 1
Get back! Get back motherfucker!

Mersh
Hey, hey take it easy. You might wanna check and make sure that's your taser.

Cop 1
Shut the fuck up and step back.

Mersh raised his hands, holding his coke and barbecue bag. He noticed the outline of a body tucked in the shadows of a corner of the alley. Cop 2 began to retch again causing her to lower her weapon. Cop 1 warily looked at Mersh.

Mersh

I work here and was just getting my lunch. I just came to see if one of my girls was involved.

Cop 1 holstered her gun and began to comfort Cop 2 who threw up. Mersh put his hands down.

Mersh

Is she gonna be ok?

Cop 1

It's her first dead body, too bad it had to be a bad one.

Mersh looked over at the outline of the body.

Mersh

Can I see if it's one of ours?

Cop 1 nodded and pulled out her flashlight. She pushed the button and bright light filled the previously dark corner of the alley. Mersh stood up straight as the light revealed the body of a young woman. The top of her sequined dress had been pulled down toward her waist leaving her topless. Mersh and Cop 1 approached to look at the body.

Mersh

Damn... that's Crystal, she had great tits.

Crystal's mutilated corpse lay at their feet.

Cop 1

Some sick bastard probably cut them off for a trophy.

Mersh

That's some real crime TV shit right here.

Two more squad cars pulled up adding four more cops to the scene. Mersh began to walk back down the alley.

Cop 1

Hey, I'm going to need a statement.

Mersh

I'll be in the Sugar Cookie.

Mersh heads back down the alley. Into the front entrance of the Sugar Cookie. Past the empty bar. Through the empty empty main floor and down the hallway. At the end of the hallway, on the left was the managers door. Mersh could hear the sounds of the girls cashing out for the night with the manager. He turned to the right and pulled out a key to unlock the heavy oak door. He didn't have a sign on the door because he thought it silly. A Hollywood trope. He set his food and drink on the desk, threw his keys down and pulled out his gun, a sig 365. After locking the gun in the desk he slumped into his padded chair.

Voice over

It had been a good while since I'd been at a crime scene. I didn't much care for them then and these years later I feel pretty much the same. I used to be one of the best narcotics officers in Florida, and that's saying something. I guess I was just good at thinking like a drug dealer, maybe too good. Me and the boys found ourselves in some real trials of conscience type situations, which wasn't too difficult for me since I didn't have a conscience. Hell, that's how I bought this place. Wrapped it up nice and tight in a blind trust so nobody's the wiser. I essentially rent this room here from myself as an office to do P.I. work, but I ain't too keen on rustling up clients. The scenery is nice, food is great, and the trust keeps me paid.

Miss Kitty, the head manager of the strip club opens the office door. She's an older woman in her sixties originally from a ranch town in Texas. Mersh spins around in his chair slowly eating a pulled pork sandwich.

Miss Kitty

You in trouble? The cops are here and want to speak with you.

Mersh

Nah, but you're gonna need a new headliner. Crystal's dead.

Miss Kitty looks at Mersh in shock and follows him out to the bar where the police are waiting.

Cop 1

Here he is Sarge, the guy I told you about.

Sarge

You work here?

Mersh

Yes

Sarge

You identified the body as being one of your employees?

Mersh

No, not exactly. She would be one of Miss Kitties employees. She runs the strip club, I just work in the back

Sarge

I see. Miss Kitty can you identify this individual as one of your employees?

Sarge holds up his phone with the headshot of the body. Miss Kitty puts her hand over her mouth.

Miss Kitty

Yes, that's Crystal. She was my best girl, my show pony. What happened?

Sarge

Well ma'am that's what we aim to find out. Would you give us access to her employee records? That would go a long way to get this investigation started.

Miss Kitty

Of course, I have them right back here in my office.

The police leave and Mersh returns to his sandwich. Soon there's a knock at his door and then it opens. Miss Kitty and some of the other girls file into Mersh's office.

Miss Kitty

Did you hear what that savage did to Crystal?! Both of her tits cut clean off!

Mersh

They were some nice tits too.

Miss Kitty

She wasn't my headliner for nothing! The face of an angel with the perkier natural double d's god ever cared to grace this great state of Florida with. Mersh the girls are scared.

Mersh continues to eat his sandwich.

Miss Kitty

You and I both know those cops don't give two squirts over some dead stripper in an alley, but goddam it she was one of us. You were some hot shot cop right? That's why you're a private detective now... well get to detecting.

Mersh

I'm sure the police are already hunting down her boyfriend or sugar daddy or whatever. 80% of killers are close relationships. I'm sure it will be solved before the weeks end.

Miss Kitty

Well then it should be all the more simple for you to just follow up with the police in a weeks time only to discover the case is closed. The news will bring all of us ladies here a great relief.

Mersh looked around the room at all of the women who had crowded into his office.

Mersh

Goddam it Miss Kitty.

EXT. 3am Parking lot

Mersh is standing in front of the food truck looking over the menu.

Royce
Well...

Mersh
How's the spicy sausage?

Royce
It's pretty good.

Mersh stares at the menu.

Royce
The usual?

Mersh
Sounds good, no need to gamble when it's a sure thing.

Mersh shakes a cigarette out of the box and puts it in his mouth. He flips open his lighter and takes a drag. The sound of meat searing can be heard from the griddle as Royce flips the pulled pork.

Royce from inside the food truck
So they ever figure out what happened to that stripper last week?

Mersh
I dunno. Miss Kitty has really been leaning on me to pay a visit to the station and see if they've closed the case. The girls think there's some kind of goddam Jack the Ripper lurking around every corner.

Royce
Oh damn! You gonna poke the hornets nest? I can't imagine they're going to be happy to see you.

Mersh
Ya well Miss Kitty doesn't know anything about that.

Royce hands Mersh a bag and a Mexican coke.

INT. Mersh's office 7am

An alarm clock goes off. Mersh rustles from his leather couch in his boxers and wife beater. He reaches for a cigarette, his slacks hang on a hanger in the corner.

Mersh
Fucking sunshine, I hate sunshine.

Dressed, he walks out though the empty club. The bars backlights emit a soft blue glow through the darkness. He unlocks the door to the front foyer and then approaches the front

door. He unlocks it and pushes it open. Warm bright light floods into the foyer blinding him for a moment.

Mersh
Fucking sunshine.

EXT - Morning. Mersh pulls up to the police station in his late model Buick Regal. He parks along street, under the trees and exits with coffee in hand. He makes his way into the building and up to the information desk.

Voice over
It's been well over a decade since I've set foot in this bureaucratic hell hole. I've made my fair share of enemies on both sides of the badge, but I know something that most don't. Leverage is what moves mountains, not friendship.

Female administrative officer
How can I help you?

Mersh
I'm here to see Officer Pesi.

Female officer
I'm seeing a Detective Pesi, is that who you're looking for?

Mersh
That's him.

Female officer
One moment, I'll see if he's at his desk, please have a seat in the lounge.

Mersh makes his way over to a row of seats by the entrance and sits down. He stares out of the wall of glass as the station comes to life in the early morning.

Detective Pesi
Son of a bitch, look who finally washed back up on the shores of civilization.

Mersh
Well damn, if it isn't "Detective" Pesi! Not so bad for a narco. Look at you, a tie and everything.

Detective Pesi
Ya well, it turns out it's hard to be a family man while doing blow off a strippers ass. You're looking good in your slacks and sports coat, How you been?

Mersh
Well speaking of strippers ass, I got a little favor to ask. I had a friend of mine who got killed last week. The family wanted me to come in and see how the case was going.

Detective Pesi
Sure, sure, here's my number. Text me the info and I'll look into it when I have a minute.

Mersh enters the number in his phone and begins texting the relevant information.

Detective Pesi
Oh shit, keep your head down. It's Chowder.

A man in uniform walks through the door. Detective Pesi attempts to move his body to shield Mersh from view. Mersh looks around Pesi to catch a peek of the man.

Mersh
Fucking Chowder.

Detective Pesi
It's Captain Chowder now.

Mersh
No shit?! He always was an ass kissing company man.

Detective Pesi
There's no doubt that his star is on the rise. I'll keep you posted, you better get the fuck out of here.

Mersh
Thanks bro. Good to see ya.

Mersh walks out of the station past oncoming police officers and lights a cigarette. He walks back to his car parked under trees.

Mersh
Welp, my day is done. Time for a nap.

He roars off in his Buick Regal leaving a thin trail of smoke through the open window.

INT. Mersh's office.

Mersh is asleep on his couch in his boxers and wife beater. The door bursts open startling Mersh awake.

Destiny, a busty blonde 22 year old in a skimpy outfit walks in with the door closing behind her.

Destiny in a whisper
Mersh are you awake?

Mersh
Gurgle hmph... what? Ya.

He sits up and reaches for a box of cigarettes. Destiny flips on the lights and plops down on the couch next to Mersh.

Destiny
Well?

Mersh grunts as he puts a cigarette in his mouth.

Destiny
Notice anything different about me?

Mersh
Oh ya, your hair looks nice.

Destiny
No silly, not my hair, but I am having a great hair night.

Mersh
Darlin, I was at the police station all day, can you cut me a break?

Destiny
Giggles, my chest silly! How do my new implants look?

She arches her back presenting her double d chest contained by a lacy bra.

Mersh
Nice, that's an investment that'll pay off.

Disappointed by his response, Destiny moves on to the reason for her visit.

Destiny
Miss Kitty is awfully anxious to hear about Crystals case. Did they catch her killer?

Mersh
Do me a favor and hand me my pants.

Destiny
Oh honey, I'm not shy. I've always had a little thing for you, I'm sure you've noticed.

Mersh

That's great and all, but ignorer to answer that question I need my phone. My phone is in my pants and my pants are on the hanger. Can you hand me my pants.

Destiny giggles and retrieves his pants. Mersh pulls out his phone and checks to see if Detective Pesi has sent him any information.

Destiny breaks the silence.

Destiny
Well?

Mersh stands up and puts his pants on before slipping into his house shoes. He opens his door and walks out with Destiny soon following.

Mersh walks down the hall finding the managers office door open and walks in. Miss Kitty is seated at her desk speaking with a few of the girls.

Miss Kitty
Well look what the cat dragged in.

Mersh
Better late than never.

Miss Kitty
Don't give me that, I've been on pins and needles over here. The girls are freaking out! That killer could be in the audience at any given time.

Mersh
Let's not go crazy. You've got security, the girls are fine. I've been working with my contact at the police station and they're telling me they are investigating her boyfriend. He's got a long rap sheet and they are checking his alibi.

Miss Kitty
That's it? Jesus, I could've googled that myself.

Mersh
Fine, you want to go down to the police station and take over? By all means!

Miss Kitty
C'mon Mersh, you know how I get. I'm sorry... you're right. Why don't you tell Sugar at the bar to pour you a few drinks on the house later.

Mersh
Well I'm not one to turn down Red Breast...

Miss Kitty
Jameson

Mersh
Two Red Breast

Miss Kitty
Fine

INT Sugar Cookie Bar and club - later that night

Mersh is sitting at the bar nursing a rocks glass with a heavy pour of Red Breast Whisky. The bar tender, Sugar, is an attractive young woman of Caribbean descent. She is dressed in a skin tight pair of faded blue jeans and tight white deep v neck shirt.

Mersh
Dammit Sugar, you know I'm in love with you right?

Sugar
We both know you just love the way I pour... heavy. The only way I know.

Mersh
Well I can't argue with that. It's not often you find a useful woman, but no it's not that.

Sugar
Oh, you're trouble...

Mersh
The worst kind darlin. In your last days, when the excitement of your beauty has long since faded, you'll think of me and giggle.

Sugar puts her head down and giggles.

Sugar
Well now, I'm intrigued.

Mersh
I had better shut up then, lest I ruin the intrigue.

Sugar giggles as she moves to preparing cocktails for the waitresses and other customers.

The Sugar Cookie is packed and Mersh turns on his barstool to watch the crowd. The first dance of the headliner for the evening kicks off as the DJ starts the music. Mersh watches as Destiny parades out in a feathered costume like a cabaret dancer. She dances her peekaboo style cabaret number before dropping the feathers and hurling herself onto the stripper pole. The music comes to a crescendo as she flies around the pole like a comic book super hero. The music ends as she falls to her knees arms raised waiving her fingers. The cheers from the crowd reach a deafening level as they shower her with money.

Voice over
Damn, those tits really did pay off.

The energy of the club returns to normal as the stage lights dim.

Mersh
How bout another pour Sugar?

Sugar leans over the bar as she pours. Her deep v neck white shirt skimming across the bar top. She looks up over her brow at Mersh to catch him looking at her cleavage. She smiles. He shrugs his shoulders and smiles.

There's a sudden scream from somewhere on the floor and Mersh spins on his barstool to see.

Yelling
It's him!

Mersh watches as the large security guards run into the commotion. Other girls begin to scream and run away from the hall leading to the dancers dressing room. A fight breaks out and Mersh finds himself standing, trying to get a better view. The fight disappears into the strippers dressing room. Mersh follows, drink in hand. He arrives to find three very large bouncers pinning a man to the ground.

Miss Kitty rushes into the dressing room.

Miss Kitty
What in the sam hell is going on in here!

Head Bouncer
The girls all screamed and said they saw the killer. This guy tried to run and then fight.

The man pinned on the ground was wearing dark clothes with a dark hoodie that covered his head.

Miss Kitty
Oh my god! Mersh, you hear that?!

Mersh
Hey buddy, I want to make something exceedingly clear to you right now. You have three Pit Bulls sitting right on top of you just waiting for the command to tear you to pieces. I'm going to ask you a few questions. I suggest you comply. Will you do so?

Man on the ground
Yes

Mersh
Are you armed? I'll strip you naked if I have to.

Man on ground
Yes, knife in my boot.

One of the bouncers pulled his boots off and retrieved the knife.

Mersh
Anything else?

Man on ground
No

Mersh
If we pat you down are we goin to find any surprises?

Man on ground
No

Mersh
If we let you sit in a chair are you going to behave?

Man on ground
Yes

Mersh nodded at the head bouncer who then lifted the man while the other two patted him down. After finding satisfaction that he was no longer a threat they sat him down in a chair. Some of the girls had gathered around behind them. One of the bouncers pulled his hood down to reveal the face of a young Japanese man with a long bush mullet.

Mersh
Mind telling me who you are and why you've got the girls so worked up?

Destiny
That's Crystal's boyfriend!

The women gasp as the men fall silent.

Mersh
You're Crystal's boyfriend? What's your name?

Ian
We had a complicated relationship... Ian, ya.

Mersh
Well Ian, I'm guessing you are going to tell me you didn't kill her?

Ian
Crystal? No! Why would I kill her!?

Mersh
That's what we are all trying to figure out. Now you've gone and rustled the feathers of all these hens... so why exactly are you here?

Miss Kitty
The perverted prick is stalking another set of tits to steal.

The crowd of women shriek in horror as they grab their tits.

Mersh looks Ian over to see him wearing prada sneakers, designer jeans, designer hoodie, Rolex watch, etc.

Mersh
No... No I don't think Ian needs to steal. Ian, why are you here?

Ian
Crystal had some mementos that we shared and are very personal to me. I'm was hoping to retrieve her spare set of keys in her locker.

Mersh
Really? As her boyfriend, you didn't have a set of keys?

Ian
Like I said, we had a complicated relationship.

Mersh

Miss Kitty, take one of the bouncers with you, get the bolt cutters and bring me the contents of Crystal's locker.

Miss Kitty

Shouldn't we just call the cops and let them arrest him.

Mersh

Goddam it Kitty, let me do my job.

Miss Kitty points at a bouncer who retrieves a pair of bolt cutters. They both go over to Crystal's locker and he cuts the lock. Miss Kitty empties the contents and returns to Mersh, spilling the contents out on a table.

Miss Kitty

A make up bag, cell phone, clothes, a gym bag.

Mersh

Go ahead. Get what you came for and you can go.

Miss Kitty

Mersh! You can't do that!

Mersh

Dammit woman, I'm working.

Ian snatches the gym bag.

Mersh

If that's it, you can go.

Ian nods and rises to go. He pauses a moment before grabbing the makeup bag and then turns to leave.

Mersh

Ah Ah Ah... just a moment.

The large bouncer's huge hand engulfs Ian's shoulder as he stops him in his tracks.

Mersh

The makeup bag.

The bouncer snatches the bag and hands it to Mersh. Mersh unzips the bag and begins to go through its contents. He tosses tubes of lipstick, blush, brushes on the table. Next he tosses a small bag of cocaine, a set of keys, and a thumb drive.

Mersh

Are you after the make up? Judging by your clothes, you've got plenty of money to buy coke. So that leaves the keys and thumb drive. Did you kill her to get access to something? To what I wonder?

Ian sits in silence.

Mersh
What does she have that you want?

Ian
I didn't kill her!

Mersh
Then who did?

Ian sits in silence

Mersh
What are you after? What do these keys open?

Ian
They're her house keys.

Mersh
What's her address?

Ian sits in silence

Mersh
Miss Kitty... the address?

Miss Kitty
Good god Mersh, you know I'm not one to pry!

Mersh
Miss Kitty don't you have to 1099 these women?! What's the address?

Miss Kitty
For fucks sake Mersh, do I look like a goodam hall monitor to you? If they don't provide me with an address I just use the address of the Sugar Cookie.

Mersh
Any of you ladies ever been to her house?

No one responds. Mersh grabs the phone, keys, and thumb drive from the table.

Mersh - to the bouncers
Throw this motherfucker out.

EXT. parking lot - 3am

Mersh stands in front of the food truck looking at the menu.

Mersh
Are the smoked ribs beef or pork?

Royce
I have both.

Mersh
Which one is better?

Royce
Well that depends. Pork has a sweet taste and combined with the spicy barbecue sauce creates a nice bright flavor. The beef is rich and hearty along with a sweet barbecue sauce. Both are excellent.

Mersh
Wow... both sound really great. I think... I'll just have the pulled pork sandwich.

Royce
The usual then.

Mersh lights up a cigarette as Royce heats up the pulled pork.

Royce
How's it going with that dead girl?

Mersh
Found the boyfriend but I don't think he did it. I got the sense that they were into something serious judging by the amount of money he was wearing.

Royce
No shit? Like drugs?

Mersh
I don't think it's drugs. He came across more like a spoiled rich boy rather than a hardened drug dealer. To make as much money as his wardrobe suggests would mean he'd already be a killer if he were in the drug game.

Royce
Cam girls? Prostitution?

Mersh
That would be a better fit considering his association with Crystal.

Royce
So what's next?

Mersh
Well the boyfriend came round looking for the contents in her locker. I found keys and a thumb drive, not sure if he was after one or the other.

Royce
What did he say when you pressed him?

Mersh
I didn't.

Royce
Well that don't sound like the Mersh I know.

Mersh
I've got another way. Plus he won't be far, I've got something he wants. I just don't know what it is yet.

Royce hands Mersh a bag and a Mexican Coke.

Royce
Now that's the Mersh I know.

INT - 7am Mersh's office

Alarm clock goes off. Mersh's eye snaps open. He reaches for a cigarette.

Mersh
Fucking sunshine.

He pushes the front door open and bright light floods in transitioning to a white out.

EXT - morning Mersh is driving in his car.

Mersh pulls out his phone while smoking a cigarette and driving. He dials and the other end picks up.

Mersh
Hey, I've got something but I need a favor. I need you to help me get into the morgue. I'm heading over there now. Great... I'll meet you there.

Mersh pulls up to the morgue and sits in his Regal drinking coffee and smoking a cigarette.

A black and white police car pulls into the parking lot of the morgue.

INT - Morgue morning.

Mersh enters the building to find Pesi waiting on him.

Pesi
Still got the Regal I see.

Mersh
Once you find a sure thing, it's hard to change.

Pesi
So why do you have me down here at the morgue this early in the morning?

Mersh
I need access to the body of the dead stripper and I figure the morning would limit my chances of running into anyone who'd still have a beef with me.

They begin walking down a hall of the morgue. Pesi flashes his badge and both men continue toward the refrigerated rooms. After entering one they come across one of the clinical assistants.

Pesi
We are looking for the body of a stripper killed about a week ago. Tits cut off.

Assistant
Oh ya, she's right over here.

He pulls out the drawer exposing a white body bag and unzips it. Mersh steps forward.

Mersh
That's her.

He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out an iPhone. He touches the surface and places the phone in front of her face. The phone unlocks and Mersh chuckles.

Pesi
So that's it?

Mersh
Well I could've asked you to give this to your tech guy to see if he could crack the password, but then that would've taken days and you would've owed him a favor. I prefer to limit the amount people I owe favors to.

Pesi chuckles.

Mersh
Besides, I'd rather not risk running into Captain Chowder.

Pesi
Good call. Keep me posted on what you find and I expect to cash in on these favors!

EXT/INT - morning, Mersh driving in his Regal.

Phone to ear smoking on a cig with the window down.

Phone
Ring... Ring... Hewoah...

Mersh
Who is this?

Phone
Charlie

Mersh
Charlie is your dad there?

Charlie
Ya

Mersh
Can you get him for me?

Charlie
Dad, there's a man on the phone.

Phone rustles.

Phone
Ya, who's this?

Mersh
Are you busy, I need a minute.

Phone

Like right now?! I'm in the middle of guitar lessons. I've got students over.

Mersh

Awe C'mon, it'll just be a minute.

Phone

I can give you ten minutes max.

Mersh

Ehh! Virgy coming through in the clutch. I got one stop to make and then I'm there.

Mersh pulls into the parking lot of a donut shop and walks in.

Cashier

What can I get for you today?

Mersh looks over the giant assortment of donuts.

Mersh

I'll take two dozen. Give me half dozen glazed, a few of those chocolate bars, a few cinnamon swirls, half dozen with sprinkles and then fill the rest with whatever else is popular.

The cashier fills four boxes of donuts.

Cashier

Anything else?

Mersh

Ya, you had better give me about a dozen of those little boxes of milk.

Cashier

Wow you must really be throwing a party.

Mersh

Ah well you know, it's how I got to be the favorite uncle.

EXT/INT - Morning.

Mersh pulls up to a residence and parks outside. He puts out his cigarette in the ashtray before exiting the car carrying 4 boxes of donuts and a bag filled with milk. He can hear the sound of guitars being played from the sidewalk.

Mersh rings the doorbell and steps back from the screen door.

He hears the voices of children on the inside

Children
Dad it's Mersh. Mersh is at the door. Mersh is here!

Virgy opens the screen door.

Virgy
What the hell dude!?

Mersh has a big smile.

Mersh
Ah well you know. I couldn't come over without spoiling the little rug rats!

Charlie
What did you bring Mersh.

Mersh
Do you guys like donuts?!

All four of the kids
Yay! Donuts! Donuts! Donuts!

Virgy
What the fuck dude! That amount of sugar this early?! You know my wife's gonna kill me right?!

Mersh
Ah well so they'll have a little sugar high and then take a nap, what's the big deal.

Virgy
This coming from a guy who doesn't even own a goddamn goldfish. What about my students? I got six in the other room.

Mersh
C'mon bro, when have I ever been short at a party?!

Virgy calls his students in and everyone jumps in to feast on the donuts. The four kids are under 8. Big spread of the donuts, kids eating, pint boxes of milk. A real happy scene in the kitchen.

Virgy
Aight man what you got? I ain't tryin to rush you but my students parents will be here in about 45 minutes.

Mersh

Well I got this iPhone from a case I'm working. It belonged to the murder victim.

Mersh pulls out the phone.

Virgy

Cmon man, if you are going to ask me to crack the password there ain't no way! That's some NSA level encryption shit right there.

Mersh taps his finger on the screen and holds it up to his face.

Mersh

Bam! Cracked it myself. What I need you to do is to help me find out where she lived based on her phone. There's gotta be some email or something in here with her address. I just need you to find it.

Virgy looks at him in shock.

Virgy

So you're telling me you've got NSA level hacker skills but can't check the phones location history?

Mersh

Location history?

Virgy takes the phone. And beings scrolling through.

Virgy

I'm accessing her location history and checking the locations when she's probably asleep.

Mersh

She was a stripper so keep that in mind.

Charlie

Dad what's a stripper.

Virgy

Goddammit Mersh. All right I'm pretty sure this is the address. I'm going to put it in a new note in the notes app.

Mersh

Thanks Virgy, you're a life saver.

Mersh retrieves the phone and turns to leave.

Virgy

What the hell man! You've gotta take all of these donuts with you and the boxes. The wife's got us on one of those no sugar woo woo diets. She'll flip out if she knows I mainlined refined sugar into her babies!

Mersh turns around and grabs two donuts.

Mersh
For the road.

He walks out the door, one donut in the mouth and one in hand.

Virgy
Goddam it Mersh!

INT - at the Sugar Cookie bar during the rush

Mersh sits down at the bar. Sugar places down a napkin.

Sugar
What'll it be sailor? Red Breast?

Mersh
Oh no, too rich for my blood. Give me a Jameson on the rocks, hold the rocks but bring the sugar.

Sugar giggles.

Miss Kitty
Here he is, sitting at the bar. Well I guess the murderer is behind bars and the case solved. Why don't you spin me a yarn of how it all went down? Shug... I'll take a red breast, neat.

Mersh
Awe c'mon Miss Kitty, I'm working it. Why you gotta bust my balls?

Miss Kitty
If I don't keep you in line, who will? So where are we?

Mersh
I'm following a promising thread. Turns out Crystal might have been into some serious shit.

Miss Kitty
Oh really? This is getting juicy, what was she into.

Mersh
I'm not sure, but I'll know more tomorrow. I'm going by her house to follow a hunch.

Crystal approaches.

Destiny
Mersh did you see my dance?

Mersh
No... sorry I missed it.

Miss Kitty
So tomorrow then? You'll know more tomorrow?

Mersh
Yes.

Destiny
About what?

Miss Kitty
Our famous P.I. is hot on the tracks of Crystal's murderer. He's picked up the scent and it won't be long now.

Destiny
Oh really?!

Mersh nods.

Mersh
That's right, and Miss Kitty has put up a bottle of Red Breast as my reward.

Miss Kitty
Oh have I now? If that'll motivate you, I agree.

Destiny
Well I know a pair of breasts he can have right now if he wants.

Destiny leans over to place her arms around Mersh. Sugar watches from the other end of the bar.

Mersh chugs the rest of his whiskey.

Mersh
My workday isn't finished yet. I've got a dinner meeting.

EXT - parking lot 1 am

Mersh stands in front of the menu at the food truck.

Mersh

You know, I've always been tempted by the brisket. Is it any good?

Royce

Well I did go to Texas to learn the secrets of the chuck wagon. Of course it's good. A meat so rich and succulent, smoked over post oak for hours. I dare you to find a better one outside of Texas.

Mersh

Hot damn, I do believe your pitches are getting better!

Royce

So you'll take the brisket then?

Mersh

No, the pulled pork.

Royce laughs and turns to prepare the food.

Mersh

What are you up to tomorrow? I'm gonna need someone to watch my back?

Royce

Oh ya? Like old times?

Mersh

I wouldn't say that, but I'm not exactly sure what I'm walking in to.

Royce hands over the bag and the Mexican coke.

Royce

Well you are my best customer. What kind of businessman would I be if I didn't look out for my best customer?

INT/EXT - Mersh's office - 10am

The alarm goes off and Mersh sits up. He reaches for his box of cigarettes and lights one. He stands up and slides into a fresh pair of slacks. He grabs the keys, thumb drive, and Crystal's phone.

He walks out through the empty bar, it's darkness kept at bay only by the soft blue backlight of the bar. He unlocks the front door.

Mersh
Fucking sunshine.

Mersh pushes against the front door and is soon enveloped by the bright warm light of the day.

White out.

He slides the key into the ignition and the Regal roars to life. He drives along with the window down and a wisp of smoke trailing behind. Mersh pulls up to building of condominiums and parks. He exits his car and flicks away the cigarette butt.

INT - condominium lobby.

Mersh enters the condominium lobby and heads for the elevator. Judging by her pictures he guesses she lives on the top floor. Using one of the keys he activates the elevator. He exits the elevator and walks up to door with the eastern facing condo. The key slides in and he hears the lock yield to the pressure of his hand.

After entering the condo he walks to the kitchen and places Crystal's phone on the counter. Opening the refrigerator, he looks over the food only to find expensive condiments and white wine. He walks across the living room to find a dry bar, nicely stocked. Picking up a few of the bottles he smiles to find Red Breast whisky.

Mersh
Nice

He pours himself a double and turns on the TV before plopping down on the couch. Time passes and he pours himself another.

The lock on the front door emits a faint click before the knob slowly turns. The door opens slightly and an eyeball peers into the crack.

Unaware, Mersh sits far across the condo with his back to the front door watching TV. A figure slips into the condo and moves quickly toward the couch.

A gun slides into view and moves toward Mersh's head.

Click

Mersh
It's about time!

Mersh turns around to see Ian standing there holding a gun on him.

Ian
Surprise!

Mersh
Oh shit... look at you with a gun and everything.

Ian
You think you're so smart? I had my own set of keys the whole time!

Mersh
I guess you got the drop on me. Now what?

Ian
I knew you'd end up here sooner or later. All I had to do was track Crystals phone to know when.

Mersh
Damn, I guess I never really stood a chance. So now you'll kill me.

Ian
Not if you play your cards right.

Mersh
Thank god.

Ian
Stand up!

Mersh stands and Ian comes over to pat him down. Taking his phone.

Ian
No gun?

Mersh
Well shit, I didn't think I'd need one.

Ian
Go! Walk to the back bedroom.

Mersh walks ahead and the two enter the bedroom.

Ian
Stand there in the corner. Don't move or I will air you out.

Mersh
Shit cowboy, I wouldn't want that!

Mersh walks to the corner and stands watching Ian with his hands up. In one hand he still holds his glass of whisky. Periodically taking a drink.

Ian walks over to the bed and touches a hidden switch on the headboard. An audible click can be heard and the end of the bed slowly raises, revealing a hidden safe.

Mersh
I would've never found that.

Ian smirks as he unlocks the safe, then pulls out a laptop. He pushes a switch next to the safe and the bed returns to its original position. He places the laptop into his messenger bag.

Ian then turns to Mersh pointing the gun at him. Mersh takes a sip of whisky.

Ian
Give me the key.

Mersh
I thought you said you had a copy of the keys.

Ian
You don't know shit about technology do you?

Mersh
Not a damn thing.

Ian
Give me the thumb drive.

Mersh
Oh that... It's in my car. I didn't know what it was.

Ian
Let's get it. Remember, I've got a gun on you.

Mersh
How could I forget.

The two cross through the living room.

Mersh
Can I at least have the bottle of Red Breast.

Ian nods. Mersh picks up the bottle and slides it into his jacket pocket.

Mersh
Nice.

EXT - The front of the condominium

Mersh and Ian emerge from the lobby of the condominium and make their way over to Mersh's car. The street is bustling with people.

As they make their way over the crosswalk there is a loud thud.

Ian falls to the ground at Royces feet.

Mersh
Well you took your sweet time. I thought we would make it all the way to the car.

Royce
What are you talking about? My timing was perfect.

Mersh
Let's pick him up, I'll grab the bag.

Royce
He never saw it coming.

Mersh
Poor sonofabitch.

Royce - yelling at onlookers
Sorry, he just had too much to drink!

Mersh
Let's get him back up to the condo.

INT. Outside the elevator on the top floor

Elevator
Ding

The doors open. Mersh and Royce carry Ian out of the elevator.

Royce
Not gonna lie, I hit leg day pretty hard yesterday and I'm a little sore.

Mersh
Oh ya? You back to workin out?

Mersh fumbles for the keys to unlock the front door of the condo.

Royce
Ya, It feels good and Marie really likes it.

Mersh
You have been looking a thinner in the face and I did notice your shoulders are bigger.

They carry Ian into the condo and dump him on the couch.

Royce
Thanks bro.

A bit fluffy cat peaks around the corner of one of the curtains.

Royce
Uh oh, what are we going to do about that?

Mersh
What, the cat? It'll be fine, let's go.

Royce
When did you say the stripper got killed.

Mersh
Over a week ago, why?

Royce
Well that cat's gotta be fucking starving. We can't leave it here, it'll eat this guys face off before he wakes up.

Mersh
All right fine, you can take em.

Royce
I'm not taking it, Marie would kill me.

Mersh
All right fine. I'll take him. I'll find a shelter or something. Just another thing I need to do.

Mersh grabs the cat and they exit the condo and walk into the elevator.

Royce
Uh oh... It's gonna be one cat Mersh.

Mersh
Shut up

The elevator doors close.

EXT - Mersh driving his car.

On the phone, smoking a cigarette. Cat is roaming freely through the car.

Mersh

Hey Pesi, I got that dead strippers boyfriend knocked out cold at a condo on the west side. I'll text you the address. Send a few cars over there to arrest him. I don't think he's the murderer but he's definitely into some deep shit.

Pesi

I'll have a few black and whites check it out.

Cat

Hisses at Mersh

Mersh

Shuddup!

Pesi

What?

Mersh

No, not you... this cat. You can get him on breaking and entering. I put his gun in the freezer ice box. There's also a hidden safe under the bed. Might be more shit I didn't find.

Pesi

I'll let them know.

Mersh

All right... talk to you later.

Mersh dials another number on his phone. The cat's going nuts in the back seat.

Mersh

Will you calm down back there! Hey, Vergie it's me. I need you to come by the office.

Virgy

I could probably break away later on, but you know my wife doesn't want me around that strip club.

Mersh

Ya, ya, later is fine. Tell her you're going out to pick up dinner.

Vergie

Are you crazy! Do you know how much dinner for six costs at a restaurant now a days?!

Mersh

Ya, all right, I'll order you something. Hey also, what do cats eat?... Hello?!... The prick hung up on me.

The cat's paw darts forward from the back seat scratching Mersh on the neck.

Mersh

Ahhhh! You fucking little bastard! I should throw your ass right out the window.

He touches his neck and looks at the blood on his finger.

Mersh yells
Now sit the fuck down and behave!

Mersh dials another number on his phone.

Royce
Bro, I haven't even gotten home from helping you with the last favor. What could you possibly want now?

Mersh
Ah c'mon, is that any way to treat your best customer?! I need to place an order.

Royce
For real?

Mersh
Ya. I need dinner for six. There are four kids and the wife is one of those clean food types. Also, what do cats eat?

Royce
What the fuck bro, is this like Jeopardy now? Catfood.

Mersh
Bring some of that too.

Royce
I'm not some damn pet store, I run a food truck!

Mersh
You'll figure it out, just bill me.

Royce
Asshole

Mersh pushes down the gas and the Regal roars down the highway.

INT - Mersh's office later that night - 8pm

There's a knock at Mersh's office door.

Mersh
Come in.

Virgy walks in to see Mersh sitting at his desk fumbling with a laptop.

Mersh
Hey you want a beer or something?

Virgy
Sure, I'll take a beer.

Mersh pulls a bottle of beer from his mini fridge, pops the cap and hands it to Virgy.

Virgy sits down on the couch.

The cat hisses and a paw shoots out from one of the cracks between cushions, swatting with claws extended.

Virgy
Jesus Christ!

Virgy jumps up in surprise.

Virgy
What the hell man?

Mersh
It won't be here long. I'm gonna find it a home or shelter or something.

There's a knock at the door.

Mersh
Come on.

Royce walks in carrying a large box with both hands. Bags of food are inside. The aroma of delicious food fills the room

Royce
Hey Virgy.

Virgy
Damn that smells good!

Mersh
That's your dinner.

Royce

I've got 4 kids meals with chicken tenders, curly fries and fresh orange mango juice. I've got one barbecue chicken salad with a side of watermelon salad. For you I've got a barbecue brisket sandwich with potato wedges and two Mexican cokes.

Virgy

High pitched manic laughter

Mersh

Easy, easy... you're gonna scare the cat.

Virgy

Don't even try to sit on the couch, that pussy will shred you.

Royce

Mersh sure has a type doesn't he.

Mersh

Aye oh... can we focus on what's important please instead of deriding my sex life? Virgy I can't make heads or tails of this laptop, see what you can do.

Virgy takes a seat and opens the laptop.

Virgy

Sorry Mersh. This is some heavy duty encryption. I can't even turn it on without the key.

Mersh looks at Royce.

Mersh

Oh shit. The boyfriend called this a key.

He hands the thumb drive to Virgy. Virgy plugs in the thumb drive and the laptop changes screens.

Virgy

Holy shit, that was it.

Mersh

Can you find out what's so special about this laptop.

Virgy

Well first of all, the banking info is nuts. There must be over ten accounts here that are well over six figures each. One or two look to have seven figures.

Virgy types more.

Virgy

There's all kinds of pictures and videos, the dirty kind.

Virgy pulls one up.

Virgy

Not the best porn I've seen. The chick is pretty hot but that dude is old.

Royce
Isn't that the police chief?

Mersh
Mother fucker!

Mersh pulls out his phone and dials.

Mersh
Pesi! Did you arrest that guy from earlier? At the condo?

Pesi
Well, about that... I radioed for four officers to go to the given address and they found the suspect. The officers said he tried to attack them and they shot him. He's dead.

Mersh
Attack them? With what? The gun was in the freezer, I emptied the mag.

Pesi
I dunno. They got IA and everyone else over there now doing an investigation.

Mersh
Thanks.

Mersh puts his phone away.

Virgy
Holy shit...

Mersh
What

Virgy
Look at this...

He pulls up more video.

Mersh
Doesn't seem like there is much going on in that vid.

Virgy
That's not a video my dude.

Royce
That's a live stream!

Virgy
And there are hundreds of em!

Mersh sits down on the couch. The cat hisses, but he ignores it.

Mersh
Holy shit... what have we found?!

Virgy

I'm also guessing that whoever's network this is, at some point they will know this laptop is back online... and they'll come looking for it.

Mersh in a panic

Turn it off, Turn it off!

He leans back into the couch in dazed and in disbelief. The cat hisses.

Royce

Oh I almost forgot.

Royce reaches into the box and pulls out a small bag.

Royce

I brought a chunk of tuna.

He hands it to Mersh who pulls it out and then folds the bag like a plate. He sets the tuna on the bag on the floor in the middle of the guys. The cat sticks it's head out and looks around nervously. It jumps down to the floor and hisses before approaching the tuna to eat.

Royce

One cat Mersh.

Virgy

Giggles maniacally.

INT. - At the bar, Sugar Cookie, 2am.

Mersh is sitting at the bar drinking. Miss Kitty approaches.

Miss Kitty
Well, have you found Crystal's killer yet?

Mersh drinks the rest of his whisky and motions for another pour.

Mersh
Well... Miss Kitty, I will tell you this. I now have all of the evidence. It's just a matter of time.

Miss Kitty
You stumbled upon something didn't you?

Mersh
Oh ya! Something huge.

Miss Kitty
Oh that's great. Do the police know?

Mersh
Well... no...

Destiny walks up.

Destiny
Do the police know what?

Miss Kitty
Mersh cracked the case, it's only a matter of time now and Crystal's killer will be brought to justice.

Destiny
I thought her boyfriend did it.

Mersh
Nah... he didn't do it. Doesn't much matter though, he's dead.

Miss Kitty
Oh my gawd! Was it the same killer?

Mersh
No, it was the cops this time

Destiny
Mersh you look sad, do you need me to cheer you up?

Mersh
I'm just shocked by what I found.

Destiny pulls Mersh's head toward her and tries to kiss him.

Mersh
Cut it out Destiny.

He takes a big gulp of whisky. Destiny notices.

Destiny
Mersh, I'll get you another.

Miss Kitty
Keep me posted. I want to know when you catch that bastard.

Mersh nods.

Destiny fidgets with Mersh's drink, emptying a vial of clear liquid into it. She brings it back to him and slides it into his hand.

Mersh
Thanks, I gotta take a piss.

He gets up and takes his drink with him taking a sip along the way.

Mersh
Fucking gross, of course she would get the cheap well whisky.

Mersh finishes in the bathroom and pours the drink out. He pops in his office and takes out the bottle of Red Breast that he got from the condo. He gives himself a heavy pour and takes a sip.

Mersh
Ah... that's better!

He returns to the bar.

Destiny
There he is!

Mersh
Yay...

Destiny
How's your drink?

Mersh smiles and raises his glass.

Destiny
Yay! How you feeling now?

Mersh
Not gonna lie... I got a good buzz going.

Sugar comes over.

Sugar
You doing ok Mersh? You got a funny look on your face.

Destiny
Leave Mershy alone... he's just now starting to feel better.

Sugar
Bitch I will knock those fake ass tits right off that flat ass frame of yours!

Mersh
I'm all right, it was just a really heavy day.

Sugar
Well if you need me just nod.

Mersh raises his glass.

Destiny
Cmon Mershy... finish your drink and lets go have some fun.

Mersh is clearly and suddenly drunk. Destiny helps him drink the rest of his whisky with her hand pushing his glass up.

Mersh
Oh shit... it's been a minute since I've been this fucked up.

Destiny
Don't worry Mershy, I'll take care of you.

Destiny helps him down off the stool. Sugar gives her a dirty look from the other side of the bar as she makes cocktails.

Mersh
Oh shit

Mersh loses his balance and Destiny hugs him to help him walk.

Destiny
How bout you come back to my place and let me take care of you.

Mersh
I could go for some pancakes.

Sugar watches them leave.

INT. - Crystal's townhouse. 3am

Crystal helps Mersh in through the front door and plops him down on her couch.

Mersh

Blue berry pancakes with a side of sausage. Make sure the syrup is warm. I hate cold syrup on hot pancakes.

Destiny

Ok Mersh, whatever you want. I'm just going to slip into something a little more comfortable.

Destiny disappears into her bedroom.

Mersh

Damn... the service here is pretty slow. I guess It's up to me to whip the kitchen in shape.

Mersh gets up and stumbles over to the kitchen and makes his way tot he refrigerator.

He opens the fridge and fumbles around looking for pancake ingredients. All he finds are mason jars filled with body parts. He leans in constantly losing balance and picks up a large mason jar in confusion. He stands up and lifts it to his eye line. Inside the mason jar are two large breasts.

He stumbles back, closing the fridge, jar in hand. Trying to make sense of what he has seen he stumbles into the next room looking for Destiny.

Mersh

Destiny??

He flicks the light switch. The light reveals a room with a huge pentagram made from wax, laid out on the concrete floor. The carpet had been removed. In the corner a shrine of brass instruments and candelabras. Bowls filled with liquid resembling blood with parts within them. Skulls arranged around the shrine along with sensors to burn different incense. On the wall are splatters of blood and other dried liquids. Words were written in Latin and English in a wild way. Several pictures of Crystal were pinned to the wall with dried blood over them. Pins were pushed through her eyes and her breasts were cut out.

Through the fog of drunkenness, Mersh realized that Destiny was in fact the murderer.

He stood in shock only to be snapped back to reality by the sound of the large mason jar shattering against the concrete floor.

Destiny - from the other room

Mersh, wheeerrre arrrrrre youuuuu?

Destiny steps into the sacrificial room through the doorway across from Mersh. She stands in the pentagram dressed in a black latex bodysuit with her hair tied back. She stands in cloven heels. Heavy white makeup has been applied to her face and black makeup has darkened the sockets of her eyes. Her lips are painted bright red and in her hand she holds a long sacrificial dagger with a gentle wavy blade.

Mersh
I thought we were getting pancakes?

Destiny
Laughs. No, no pancakes.

Mersh
How bout a blowjob then?

Destiny
Are you kidding?! You're a disgusting pig! Why would I ever touch you?

Mersh
Awe, I thought we had something special.

Destiny
Laughing... You're right about that. You became special the moment you offered your life essence to me.

Mersh
Now this is where you lose me.

Destiny
No matter, you'll be unconscious soon. That drink I gave you had enough rohypnol in it to knock out an elephant.

Mersh staggers.

Destiny
I desire to be queen of the Sugar Cookie, I desire to be worshiped. With Lilith's dagger I cut the power from she who stood in my way and took it for myself.

Mersh
She did have a great set of tits.

Destiny
Is that why you wouldn't let it go?

Mersh
No... No... I was promised a bottle of Red Breast.

Destiny
Laughing uncontrollably... You're going to lose your life over a bottle of cheap whisky!

Mersh
Bitch... that's where you're wrong. I don't drink cheap whisky!

Destiny's eyes widen. She lunges forward thrusting the dagger at Mersh who lurches drunkenly back into the kitchen. Destiny pursues quickly, her face twisted with wild rage. Mersh grabs a knife from a wood block holding kitchen knives. He whirls around holding up a steak knife. His knife is dwarfed by the dagger. Destiny smiles.

Destiny

Tell me fat man, how did you know it was me. What evidence did you find, what mistake did I make that left me exposed.

Mersh

The tits in the mason jar made me wonder. The pictures and blood on the wall pretty much cinched it though.

Destiny

Laughs... So you're just a dumb, lucky bastard!

Mersh

You say that like it's a bad thing.

Rage flashes across Destiny's face and she charges Mersh wielding her dagger wildly. Mersh drops the steak knife and turns away from her blow. He grabs the meat cleaver from the wood block turning back around. Another wild slash nearly separates Mersh's nose from his face before piercing the metal refrigerator door. Destiny struggles momentarily trying to free the lodged blade. Mersh wields the heavy cleaver in a broad arc, his eyes focused on the back of Destiny's neck.

The crunch of bone and a soft whimper flee from the kitchen. Destiny's lifeless body falls to the floor, blood pumping like a fountain.

Mersh steadies himself and catches his breath. He pulls out a cigarette and takes a long drag after lighting.

Mersh

You're not the first bitch who's tried to kill me while I'm drunk, but I will say you by far... by far... have the best costume.

EXT. - Destny's townhouse

Open outside with cop cars parked everywhere. Police tape cordoning off the area.

Mersh sits on the back of an ambulance being tended to by a paramedic. Wiping the blood from his face, looking for wounds. Mersh sits smoking. The paramedic places a huge bandage on the cut on his neck.

Pesi walks up.

Pesi

We've found body parts from over twenty bodies in there so far. We'll have to get them back to the coroner before we'll know for sure. They've all been kept in formaldehyde so they're preserved remarkable well. She must be part of a group, I don't see how one woman could've done this all by herself.

Mersh nods.

Pesi

Are you still drunk? Is that how she was able to cut you on your neck?

Mersh

My neck? Nah, that was my cat.

Pesi

When did you get a cat?

INT. - Sugar cookie, afternoon.

Open outside the Sugar Cookie in the afternoon. Mersh unlocks the front door and steps inside, bag in hand. He appears from the light and is enveloped in darkness as we walks into the club. The soft blue light once again cleanses the room. There is a light coming from the back. He walks through the club and down the hall to the managers office where Miss Kitty sits working alone.

Mersh
Well I've gotta say... that was the hardest bottle of Red Breast that I've ever had to earn.

Miss Kitty
So you found the murderer?

Mersh
Indeed

Miss Kitty
Well, who was it?

Mersh
I'll tell you but I've gotta do something real quick.

INT. - Mersh's office.

The door opens. Mersh walks in and sits on the couch. The cat hisses.

Mersh
I know, I know.

Mersh pulls out two bowls and sets them on the floor. He pulls out a bag of cat food and fills one bowl. He pulls out a bottle of water and fills the other bowl.

Mersh
Now I'm new at this. Until I find you a better home, I guess you're stuck with me. I know neither of us are happy about this, but let's make the best of it.

Mersh rises from the couch and walks to the door and pauses as he opens it. He looks back to see that the cat is already eating from the bowl and smiles.

END