

IRISH GOODBYE

Written by

Sean Elwood

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A woman's eyes, wide open and unblinking. Dead.

Her body, strewn across the floor of the entryway from a struggle. One arm sprawled one way, a leg kicked in the opposite direction.

A cord is wrapped around her throat.

Crime scene investigators assess the scene. They stretch police tape along the surroundings of the house, dust for fingerprints, take photos of certain areas of the murder.

Standing over the woman is GORDON HICKS, 52, the town sheriff. Rough around the edges, with scruff that needs to be shaved; salt and pepper hair tucked beneath his patrol cap.

Next to him is CHRIS BATES, 33, the deputy on call. Obviously younger-looking than Gordon, stone face, but only for show. His clean demeanor shows a more professional manner.

GORDON

Who found her?

CHRIS

Neighbor kid. Stopped by to ask for donations to the school's fundraiser. The door was open when he arrived.

GORDON

And the husband?

CHRIS

Joseph Chisholm. He's at the station being questioned right now.

GORDON

Where'd they find him?

CHRIS

At work.

GORDON

Mm.

Gordon squats down to examine the woman's body closer.

CHRIS
 Belinda Chisholm. She played the piano at the Sunday services. Was a regular at school organizations. Pretty well known in this town.

GORDON
 Any leads so far?

CHRIS
 None yet. 'cept for Joseph, at least.

GORDON
 Did he put up a fight?

CHRIS
 Don't think so. At least none, from what I could tell when they took him away from his shift.

GORDON
 Mm.

Chris watches Gordon study Belinda's body.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 Where's the lead investigator?

CHRIS
 Lemme find him. Bart's his name, if I recall.

Chris steps away, leaving Gordon to continue examining Belinda's body.

A member of the investigation crew walks by, nods to Gordon. Gordon nods back.

He looks for Chris, who steps back into the house with BART, 42, an average-looking man in his CSI attire, latex gloves, glasses.

Gordon stands.

BART
 Sheriff.

GORDON
 Bart, is it?

BART
 Yeah. Like The Simpsons.

GORDON
I wasn't going to be the one to say
it.

Bart looks down at the woman with Gordon and Chris.

BART
Obviously strangled, obviously in a
struggle. We haven't been able to
find any leads yet as far as
evidence goes.

GORDON
Her body hasn't moved since the
neighbor kid found her?

BART
No. Kid found her, called you guys,
we showed up. Now we're here.

A photographer walks by the three men, snaps a photo. Bart
points to him.

BART (CONT'D)
(to photographer)
Merrill, you got this?

The photographer nods with a thumbs up, continues his job.

Bart squats down next to Belinda's body, slowly feels around.

Gordon and Chris step away and watch him do his job.

Bart lifts Belinda's body to check beneath it, sifts through
her ruffled hair.

GORDON
I'll let you do your job, Bart. Let
me know what you find, if anything.

Bart doesn't respond as he continues to precariously feel
around and study Belinda's dead body.

Gordon and Chris walk out of the house

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Gordon and Chris stop shortly outside of the house.

CHRIS
Interesting case on your last few
days here, huh?

GORDON
Nothin' out of the usual.

CHRIS
For a small town, it is.

GORDON
Some action here, finally.

CHRIS
So, lookin' forward to the move?

GORDON
Lookin' forward to settlin' down.
Nobody likes movin', Chris.

CHRIS
I s'pose so. Goin' 'cross the
country is a big move.

GORDON
You gotta get out of town more
often, then. Try hoppin' the pond.

CHRIS
Never took ya as a traveler.

GORDON
Never said I was.

CHRIS
What's a guy like you movin' so far
away for? Ya got no family, Gordon.
No wife, no kids, no damned pets.

GORDON
Sometimes we just gotta up and
leave, ya know?

CHRIS
Bullshit.

GORDON
Whaddya think?

CHRIS
I think you got a lady somewhere.
That online shit.

GORDON
And you think I'd uproot my life
here for her?

CHRIS
Wouldn't put it past ya.

GORDON
Mm.

CHRIS
Ya leave next week, huh?

GORDON
Sure do. Maybe sooner.

Bart walks out of the house as he pulls his gloves off.

BART
Nothin'. Not until forensics takes
a look at her, at least.

GORDON
Ya think they'll find anything?

BART
Only one way to find out. No
fingerprints on the cord around her
neck, no shoe prints on the floor,
not a hair or a fleck of skin even.

CHRIS
Clean. This guy knows what he's
doin'.

BART
We'll find him. Either that, or
just wait 'til the next body shows
up.

GORDON
Pretty crass, don't ya think?

BART
Can't say I didn't warn ya.
Sometimes things slip through the
cracks. Sometimes people are
smarter than they look.

Bart checks his phone.

BART (CONT'D)
I'll let you guys do your thing.
Call me with any other information.
Especially the husband. I'd like to
see his report once they release
him.

Bart steps away.

CHRIS
Ya think he did it?

GORDON
Hm?

CHRIS
The husband. Joseph?

GORDON
I'm 'bout to head back to the
station to find out.

CHRIS
You really wanna milk this case
until you leave, huh?

GORDON
Gives me something to do.

CHRIS
Get outta town.

Chris winks. Gordon smirks.

GORDON
If you say so. If ya don't see me
again, you'll know where I went.

CHRIS
No goin' away party?

GORDON
I don't like parties.

CHRIS
Not even a goodbye get together?

GORDON
Eh.

CHRIS
One last drink?

GORDON
I don't drink anymore.

CHRIS
Now that's bullshit.

Gordon smirks, this time a bit wider.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Put in a good word for me, Gordon?

GORDON

The crew already knows what I think of ya.

CHRIS

Hopefully somethin' good.

GORDON

You'll get your limelight, Chris. You're half my age.

Chris smiles.

CHRIS

I ain't that young.

GORDON

Neither am I. You take care now, ya hear?

Gordon turns for his Sheriff's vehicle. Chris watches him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Gordon, dressed casual now, leans against his truck with a moving trailer hitched to the back of it.

He checks his watch, waits.

A man walks through the parking lot and toward him. This is JOSEPH CHISHOLM, 50, tall, well-built, and just as good-looking as Gordon.

He stops before Gordon.

JOSEPH

I knew you'd be waiting for me here.

Gordon smirks, motions him to the truck as he steps inside the driver seat.

GORDON

Get in.

Joseph gets inside of the truck.

INT. TRUCK - DAY (PARKED)

The two settle in their seats. Gordon puts the keys in ignition.

JOSEPH
You sure about this?

GORDON
As long as you played the right cards.

JOSEPH
'Course. Work has it recorded that I was late, I'm on the cameras grabbing the coffees from the shop. I told the station what we discussed.

Gordon holds up a small plastic bag.

GORDON
'cept this.

JOSEPH
What's that?

GORDON
Evidence.

CLOSE UP: inside the bag is a CUFFLINK.

INT. HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Gordon squats next to Belinda's body.

A member of the CSI crew walks by, nods to Gordon. Gordon nods back.

CLOSE UP: Gordon's hand brushes Belinda's hair out of the way to reveal the CUFFLINK. He grabs it.

Gordon stands up, cufflink hidden in hand, as Chris and Bart walk into the house.

INT. TRUCK - DAY**BACK TO SCENE**

Joseph takes the bag of cufflinks from Gordon.

JOSEPH
I was wondering where these were.

GORDON
You really gotta be more careful.

JOSEPH
Sorry, babe.

GORDON
Don't 'babe' me. We wouldn't have gotten away with this if I didn't catch that.

JOSEPH
I'm sure we coulda figured something out.

Joseph studies the cufflinks.

GORDON
You ready?

JOSEPH
Everything's packed?

GORDON
(nods)
Mm.

JOSEPH
And you did your part?

GORDON
It's all back at the station.

JOSEPH
So you're just gonna leave, just like that?

GORDON
They knew I was leavin'. No sense in stickin' around. 'Sides, I've always been a fan of the Irish goodbye.

JOSEPH
I guess now's the time more than ever, huh?

GORDON
No turnin' back.

JOSEPH
You think they'll catch us?

GORDON
They'll have to find us, first.

Joseph smiles.

Gordon smiles back, then leans in, and they kiss.

They exchange a longing glance to one another, before Gordon twists the keys in the ignition and starts the truck.

A SONG on the radio BUZZES on, and the truck pulls out of the parking lot, the trailer in tow.

They drive off into the golden sunset that hangs over the small town.

FADE OUT.