

The Hot Lips Murder Mystery

by
Matthew Layden

Matthew Layden
158 Welbourn Dr
Hamilton, Ont,
L9A 3N4
Fromabasementproductions@gmail.com
905.928.3147
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FADE IN:

EXT. HOT LIPS SEX SHOP - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

Wooden police barriers cut off the onlookers and journalists who try to peek inside the shop. Numerous officers hold them off and try their best to block their view of the crime scene.

A 1945 Buick Coupe, brand new, off the line, pulls up to the shop. DETECTIVE JACOBS, late 30's, grey suit and matching trilby hat, steps out of the passenger side.

DETECTIVE COOPER, late 50's, a tad overweight, matching attire steps out of the driver's side.

Jacobs lights a cigarette and walks past the barrier, he questions OFFICER SCRIBS, mid 20's, on the scene.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

We got an I.D. on the vic?

OFFICER SCRIBS

Yes, a Candy Bows, she works here at the shop. So far no witnesses and we're still lookin' for that murder weapon.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Make yourself useful, block the photographers.

Defeated, Officer Scribs nods and moves towards the two photographers who try to get the front page shot for the local newspaper.

DETECTIVE COOPER

God damn scavengers, the lot of em.

The two detectives walk inside the shop. Cooper stops Jacobs and motions for him to throw out his cigarette. Jacobs nods, hesitantly, throws it away, beyond the police barrier.

INT. HOT LIPS SEX SHOP

Numerous outfits and sexual oriented products fill the store. Jacobs feels the fabric of a nearby outfit and smirks to himself.

One body, CANDY BOWS, early 20's. If she weren't dead, she'd win beauty pageants. The room is scattered with people from various departments of the local police.

The coroner, EDWARDS, bald, glasses and suspenders, turns to the detectives.

EDWARDS

Look what the cat dragged in.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Cut the shit Edwards, give us the details on the vic.

EDWARDS

It's pretty cut and paste. Miss Bows here, was stabbed several times, the initial stab was to the back, so the attacker surprised her from behind. She stumbled over here, blood pattern suggests she was initially stabbed by the register. She fell here, where the attacker stabbed here several more times in the chest and one final blow across the neck.

DETECTIVE COOPER

Seems like overkill to me.

EDWARDS

This guy wanted her to suffer, otherwise one clean slice across the neck would have done it.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

So this was personal.

EDWARDS

That's your call detective, I'm just tellin' ya what I see.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

(to Cooper)

You stay here, check out the body, I'll go over to the register, see what I can find.

Cooper grunts and kneels down to the body. He looks at her outfit, it matches the theme of the shop.

DETECTIVE COOPER

Why is it always the pretty ones that end up dead?

EDWARDS

I guess your wife has nothing to worry 'bout then.

Jacobs reaches the register, a pool of blood on the floor behind the counter. Footprints, outlined in blood lead to the dead body. Jacobs inspects them, they're boots. They don't belong to the dead woman in high heels.

He takes out a small note pad and makes notes.

While he writes, out of the corner of his eye he sees a doll on the floor. He walks over to it, it's out of place. A child's toy in a sex shop?

EXT. HOT LIPS SEX SHOP - BACK ALLEY

Jacobs looks around the alley, he walks to the dumpster, rummages through it.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Well look what we have here.

He takes out a handkerchief and reaches into the dumpster. He pulls out a bloody knife.

Cooper joins him.

DETECTIVE COOPER

I'm gonna take a wild guess here and say we've found out murder weapon.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Well it wasn't used for slicing bread.

He places it on the ground and takes his note pad out, he makes note of it. Another officer makes his way to the alley way.

DETECTIVE COOPER

Wrap this up for evidence.

POLICE OFFICER

Yes sir, also the shop owner just arrived.

DETECTIVE COOPER

Good, maybe we'll get some answers.

INT. HOT LIPS SEX SHOP

WARREN HUNT, late 20's, sleazy with a moustache walks into the shop. He gazes at the dead body. Edwards covers the body with a white sheet before anyone else gets a look.

WARREN

I didn't believe it when I heard, but God, it's true. She's dead.

DETECTIVE COOPER

Looks like you're gonna need to fill a position now.

Warren looks over to Cooper, gives him a disgusted look.

WARREN

Try having some respect, the woman is dead.

DETECTIVE COOPER

And I'm sure you have an alibi for your whereabouts last night?

WARREN

I'm a suspect?

DETECTIVE COOPER

Everyone's a suspect in a murder case.

Jacobs stands in the corner, he watches Warren's every move, makes note of anything of interest to him. He lets Cooper do all the talking.

WARREN

I was out drinking last night, with the gents.

DETECTIVE COOPER

What bar?

WARREN

The Blue Room, it's a jazz club on fifth.

DETECTIVE COOPER

I know where it is. You got names, addresses? These gents of yours are gonna need to confirm your story here bub.

WARREN

Of course. Gary Blackowski, Michael Bernstein and Henry Schwartz.

DETECTIVE COOPER

You better hope your Jew buddies tell me what I wanna know, or you're doin time for Candy's murder, ya hear?

Jacobs clears his throat, it signals Cooper to lay off.

DETECTIVE COOPER

What about Miss Bows here, any enemies you know of?

WARREN

Enemies? No, but she did have a fight with her boyfriend, or ex boyfriend, over the phone a few days ago. I yelled at her for taking a personal call at work.

DETECTIVE COOPER

Name?

WARREN

I think it's Jonah. I remember he came in one night, she was surprised to see him. Apparently he just got outta jail. He told her he was staying at the Bay Front Motel.

INT. BAY FRONT MOTEL - EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Jacobs stand outside of door sixty-four. The TV can be heard from the other side. The door opens. JONAH WELLS, late 20's, well groomed, stands in the doorway.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Jonah Wells?

Jonah nods.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I'm detective Jacobs, I regret to inform you that a miss -

(he flips open his note pad)

Candy Bows, was murdered last night at the -

(looks to note pad)

Hot Lips Sex Shop on 3rd Avenue. I'm going to have to ask you some questions.

Jonah is taken back, this information seems like a surprise to him, or is he a good actor? He nods again, let's Jacobs in.

INT. BAY FRONT MOTEL - ROOM SIXTY FOUR

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Where were you last night?

JONAH

I'm not going to lie. I went to see
Cindy.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

So you admit to being with the victim the
night of the murder.

JONAH

Please don't say victim, her name is
Cindy, she changed her name to Candy
because it sounds better when you work at
a sex shop. I didn't agree with it, but
what did she care?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

(annoyed)

What were you doing there?

JONAH

I wanted to see her, we had a discussion,
then I left.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

What was the discussion about? I have a
source telling me that you and Miss Bows
had a less than perfect relationship.

JONAH

(nervous)

It was about -

(beat)

Nothing, nothing important, I just wanted
to talk to her, see her. I'm in love -

(beat)

Was in love with her.

BANG. A noise from the bedroom. It grabs Jacobs'
attention. He looks to Jonah, who sweats.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Who else is in the room with you Mr.
Wells?

JONAH

No one.

BANG. Jonah's eyes dart to the bedroom, then back to
Jacobs. Jacobs grabs his gun and points it to Jonah. He
raises his hands in surrender.

Jacobs walks to the bedroom, gun pointed at Jonah. He
opens the door and looks inside.

INT. BAY FRONT MOTEL - BEDROOM

TRACY, 4, petite and blonde sits on a bike with training wheels attached. She rides around the bedroom, nicks on the dresser where she banged the bike. She looks to Jacobs, smiles and waves.

Jacobs closes the door.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

The doll. That's why you went to the shop last night, you went to take your daughter. Her daughter.

Jonah nods, he tears up.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Only she wouldn't let you take her, so you argued with her, left in a fit of rage. You couldn't take it, not seeing your daughter. She wouldn't have a man, fresh out of jail around her little girl. It enraged you, you went back later that night, using the back entrance and killed her. You stabbed her to death, all to see your little girl.

Jonah nods his head no.

JONAH

No, that's not true. We were in love. There were no arguments. I went straight to the shop when I got out. She was happy to see me, so was Tracy. I took her home with me. I would never kill Cindy.

Jacobs takes out his handcuffs.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I'm taking you down to the station.

EXT. BAY FRONT MOTEL - STREET

Jonah sits in the backseat of Jacobs' Buick Coupe, he looks out the window up the sixth floor. Tracy looks out the window, waves to Jonah. Jonah smiles.

Jacobs stands at a Gamewell Police Call Box on the side of the road. The dedicated police line calls the station.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Dispatch? Yes, I need to get in touch with Detective Cooper. I have Jonah Wells in custody regarding the 187 of Candy Bows.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Putting you through.

A few rings, then Cooper answers.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Cooper, I've got the perp in the back of my car.

DETECTIVE COOPER (O.S.)

That's good news. I went to the Blue Room Warren Hunt mentioned, got in contact with the names that were there. His story pans out. Seems pretty clear to me.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I'm on my way down to the station now, make it stick Cooper. Do me a favour will ya, send a uniform up here. Candy Bows' daughter is at the Bay Front Motel, room sixty-four.

Jacobs hangs up the phone.

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT

Cooper stands by the front desk as Jacobs walks in, with Jonah beside him, in handcuffs. Jacobs pushes Jonah over to Cooper. Cooper catches him.

DETECTIVE COOPER

You sick bastard. You destroyed something beautiful.

JONAH

I swear on my life, I didn't do it.

DETECTIVE COOPER

Lets see what the evidence says about that.

Cooper leads Jonah into an interrogation room. Jacobs brushes his hands off, a job well done.

He turns to leave, but bumps into a man on his way in. The MAN, 50's, nervous, drops his glasses. Jacobs bends over to pick them up for him.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Watch where you're goin old-timer.

MAN

Thank you, sir. Do you mind tellin' me where I can find a detective Cooper?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

He's interrogating a suspect right now in a murder case. He shouldn't be long though.

MAN

The Candy Bows murder case? That's why I'm here.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Yeah, that's the one. Who are you and what do you know about the case?

MAN

My name is Warren Hunt, I'm the Hot Lips Sex Shop owner. I wasn't able to make my way down earlier, so I was told to come by the police department.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

That's impossible, we talked to Warren Hunt earlier today at the shop.

WARREN

I hate to break it to ya, but whoever you spoke to, it wasn't me.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Skinny greasy guy, moustache, about five foot seven.

WARREN

That sounds like Tobin, yeah he works for me.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Are you sure?

WARREN

I better be, I'm the one paying his ass to work every other night. Tobin Carmine is his name.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

So you were the one at the Blue Room last night.

WARREN

Yes detective. MY friends informed me they were questioned already.

Officer Scribs makes his way around the corner.

OFFICER SCRIBS

Detective Jacobs sir, we have a size and make of those shoe prints left at the crime scene. Size twelve Acme Boots.

Jacobs runs to the interrogation room, he opens the door and peeks in.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Jonah, what size shoes you wear?

JONAH

I'm a nine.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Shit.

Jacobs runs to dispatch, a woman sits behind a desk, numerous radio equipment in front of her.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Put an all points bulletin out on Tobin Carmine, Code 3. Now. I need to know his location.

Cooper runs around the corner, catches up to Jacobs.

DETECTIVE COOPER

Mind tellin' me what all that damn shoe talk was about back there?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Hunt isn't the owner, he works there, but he isn't the owner. He lied to us. Plus the bloody shoe print belonging to the killer is a size twelve, you heard it yourself, Wells is a nine.

RADIO

Division this is 14 Adam, we got location on Tobin Carmine, he's currently at West 33rd Hills Street.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Let's roll.

INT. MOTEL - WEST 33RD HILLS STREET

Tobin packs his suitcase, he's in a hurry. He's in such a rush, he's clumsy. He throws whatever clothes he can find in the suitcase.

He flips over his mattress and takes a wad of cash.

SIRENS.

He looks out his window. Jacobs and Cooper park their car across the street. Guns drawn, they rush to the motel, side by side.

Tobin runs to his dresser, he opens the top drawer and takes out a .38 Revolver. He loads it, he's only got six shots available.

He smashes out the window, takes aim and shoots.

BANG.

EXT. MOTEL - WEST 33RD HILLS STREET

Cooper and Jacobs take cover. Jacobs lies on the ground behind a some shrubbery. Cooper behind the corner of a nearby building.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Got a visual?

Cooper peeks his head out from behind the building. A shot goes off, it takes off his trilby hat. He quickly moves back behind the wall.

DETECTIVE COOPER

Looks like second floor, 3rd room from the stairs. Don't ask me to look again.

Jacobs peeks through the shrubs, he sees Tobin in the broken window.

TOBIN

You're not gonna get me copper.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Tobin, we know you killed Candy, you
can't escape, we have the place
surrounded.

DETECTIVE COOPER
(to Jacobs)
No we don't.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(to Cooper)
He doesn't know that.

TOBIN
That bitch just let him walk back into
her life like it was nothing? I don't
think so.

He shoots again, inches away from Jacobs.

TOBIN
That bitch was mine, then she had to go
and fuck it up.

Cooper rolls his eyes.

DETECTIVE COOPER
(to Jacobs)
I'm going to die because of a love
affair? God dammit.

Cooper shoots back, two shots. They miss.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
You distract him, I'm gonna make a run
for the door.

Cooper nods, he leans out from the cover and shoots at
Tobin. Tobin ducks for cover.

Jacobs runs for the stairs. He makes it. He runs up to
the window and cowers below it.

Cooper moves back behind the wall, he reloads his gun.
Tobin notices the gunfire has stopped, he pops his head
back up and puts his arm out the window to aim at Cooper.

Cooper's left arm is exposed, from behind the wall.

Jacobs sees Tobin's arm right next to him, without
hesitation, he grabs Tobin's arm and pulls him through
the window. He knocks him out with the butt of his gun.

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Jacobs looks at Tobin through a two way mirror. Tobin sits in the interrogation room with Cooper. Cooper sits and smiles. The weapon sits on the desk in front of him.

Tobin is visibly angry.

Cooper stands up and exits the room, Jacobs greets him on the other side.

DETECTIVE COOPER

Poor schmuck was in love with her. Only problem was it looks like she was only using him for his company until lover boy got out of jail.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

And it looks like he didn't take it too kindly when Wells got out.

Cooper takes out a cigarette and lights it.

DETECTIVE COOPER

Another shit kicker goin' behind bars.

Jonah Wells walks out from behind them, he rubs his wrists, now that the cuffs are off.

TRACY (O.S.)

Daddy, daddy.

Tracy runs towards Jonah, jumps in his arms and he picks her up, smiles. He kisses her cheeks. They're happy.

Officer Scribs carries her bike with the training wheels into the station.

OFFICER SCRIBS

She demanded that she bring her new bike with her.

Jonah smiles, puts Tracy down. She runs to her bike. Jacobs puts a friendly hand on his shoulder.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I'm sorry about Miss Bows, but you've got a little girl to look after now. You can't be gettin' in trouble with the law.

Jonah looks to Tracy, she rides around the department hallway, ringing her little bell.

JONAH

I won't. I need her more than she needs me. I'm sorry for earlier. I thought if you found out I had our daughter, she'd be taken away from me. Thank you detectives. I can't thank you enough.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

It's our job. Now go, be a father.

Jonah shakes both Jacobs and Cooper's hands. He runs over to Tracy and guides her out the department on her new bike. She giggles with excitement.

Cooper and Jacobs follow out the doors, they walk to the 1945 Buick Coupe.

INT. 1945 BUICK COUPE - STREET

Cooper behind the wheel, Jacobs in the passenger side. Dispatch does off.

DISPATCH

Calling all units, calling all units, we have a 211 in progress, shots fired, repeat shots fired.

Cooper looks to Jacobs.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Let's roll.

Cooper throws on the sirens and peels out down the street.

FADE OUT.