

WINGDING KILLER

By

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INT. STUDY - DAY

It is dark. DETECTIVE SLATER (58), wearing a white button-down shirt, khaki pants, and overalls, stares at a cork board under a dim light. It is filled with images of a crime scene and newspaper clippings. String is strewn across the board. In the middle is a piece of paper with a bunch of handwritten wingdings on it.

SLATER

Tomorrow is the day I retire, and
yet after 25 long hard years, I
still have gotten nowhere on this.

He puts a finger on the wingdings and stares hard.

SLATER (CONT'D)

What does it mean?

He closes his eyes to think.

KIMMY (O.S.)

What's wrong grandpa?

Slater opens his eyes and turns to see his granddaughter KIMMY (10), dressed in a purple shirt and blue jeans.

SLATER

Oh sweetheart, you shouldn't be in
here.

KIMMY

Why not?

Slater gets down on his knee to talk to her.

SLATER

There's some stuff in here you
shouldn't have to see. Why don't
you go wait in the living room and
I'll start making us supper?

Kimmy looks around Slater at the board.

KIMMY

Who's Emily?

Slater's face turns serious.

SLATER

What did you say?

KIMMY

Over there, that paper says stuff
about a girl named Emily.

Slater looks over at the board, then back to Kimmy.

SLATER

You can read that?

Kimmy nods.

SLATER (CONT'D)

How?

KIMMY

They're wingdings.

SLATER

What?

KIMMY

Wingdings. It's a font, on the
computer.

Slater stares at Kimmy in awe. He rushes up and looks
closely at the paper on the cork board.

SLATER

Oh my god.

KIMMY

Why is Emily hiding underwater?

Slater slowly turns to look at Kimmy. They stare at each
other.

THE END