

The Story Girl

by

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CAST:

Jimmy Heart - Tough noir detective  
Story Girl - Sexy gal who turns Jimmy on his head  
Husband - Story girl's husband  
Man - A man needing detective services

NOTES:

- 3 ppl, 2 male 1 female, double husband/man
- Genders do matter in this script

SCENE - The offices of a private eye

001 MUSIC: Noir detective style

JIMMY HEART

(NARRATES) So there I was, a long lonely night in the middle of a life full of 'em. Not lookin' for trouble, but sure expecting trouble to find me. And it didn't take her long to walk in through the door.

002 SFX: Door jingles

003 SFX: high heels walk in.

JIMMY HEART

(NARRATES) And she was smokin'. Five five, curly blonde hair and a body that shouldda had a road sign on it: Dangerous Curves ahead. Eyes that would knock you off balance, and a set of lips that would finish the job.

STORY GIRL

Is this the office of Jimmy Heart?

JIMMY HEART

Sure is, precious, what brings you to a dump like this on such a fine night?

STORY GIRL

(WEEPY) Is my husband, Jimmy, I'm worried about him.

JIMMY HEART

Pull up a seat --

004 SFX: Seat pulled across wooden floor

JIMMY HEART

Take a drink?

STORY GIRL

Not my spirit.

JIMMY HEART  
Mind if I... ?

STORY GIRL  
Help yourself.

005 SFX: Rocks glass, flick of lighter

JIMMY HEART  
(SIPS) Alright, well down to  
business. What's he done to  
you, sweetheart?

STORY GIRL  
It's not what he's done to me but,  
what's been done to him.

JIMMY HEART  
So... He in trouble with the police?

STORY GIRL  
That's not it.

JIMMY HEART  
The mob then?

STORY GIRL  
That's not it either.

JIMMY HEART  
He someone's patsy? Oh - oh - maybe he  
became the fall guy? Someone set him  
up and then someone else took him down.

STORY GIRL  
Yeah, that sounds about right.

JIMMY HEART  
(GETTING INTIMATE) So, how do you think  
I can help you?

STORY GIRL  
(LEANS IN, HUSKILY) Well, Jimmy, you  
could sure help me...

JIMMY HEART

Yeah...?

STORY GIRL

By getting the hell to the ground!

006 SFX: Crack! Smack of head on desk

JIMMY HEART

Oh Jesus, lay off darling!

STORY GIRL

Don't you 'darling' me you half-wit  
cigar-chewing mask of machismo! I saw  
how things went down with my sister and  
I'm still sore.

JIMMY HEART

(GROANS) What? You don't mean -  
miss...

STORY GIRL

Miss Shaughnessy, yes. She was a  
little weepy but a good girl. Now me,  
on the other hand. I'm a bad girl.  
And I'm sick of getting written up into  
stories where the girl like me is stuck  
with a hunk of stale white bread for a  
husband and I'm DEFINITELY sick of you.

JIMMY HEART

And what do you think you're gonna do  
to Jimmy Heart, angel?

STORY GIRL

I'm not an angel, Mr. Heart. I'm the  
other kind. And soon we're gonna have  
another kind of story. Now, say  
goodbye to sunshine, Jimmy.

007 sfx: Smack! Jimmy gets the lights  
knocked outta him

001 MUSIC: OUT

SCENE - The backseat of a car.

JIMMY HEART

(NARRATES) When I came to, I was hog-tied in the backseat of an 80s Lincoln. Pistol gone, just me in my skivvies and fifty pounds of rope. Next to me a poor sod in the same condition.

JIMMY HEART

(DIALOGUE) Who are you?

HUSBAND

(MUFFLED) Imhrr huffssbaeeend.

JIMMY HEART

Guess she liked what you had to say even less than what I did.

008 SFX: rolls down car window.

STORY GIRL

Hey Jimmy?

JIMMY HEART

Yeah story girl?

STORY GIRL

It's my story now.

009 SFX: car engine turns on, transmission shifts, car starts rolling forward.

STORY GIRL

(NARRATES) My poor husband got in trouble with the mob and turned to a loud-mouth fast talking private eye. Private eye thought he knew what was going on but he found himself disarmed and in a heap of trouble.

STORY GIRL (CONT)

Wits seemed to serve Jimmy Heart pretty good for a while, but his gums were in a little too good shape from him flapping them so much. So on this occasion, him and the hubby were in too deep. Way too deep.

010 SFX: Sploosh! Car sinks in the water

011 MUSIC: Return to noir detective music

STORY GIRL:

(NARRATES) There's no room for good girls in detective stories. At least, not the way the boys write them. I was trying to work myself into a different kind of story...

(BEAT) He was six-two, handsome, with the body size of a dump truck and the intellect to match.

002 SFX: Door jingles, opens

MAN:

(NERVOUS) Hey, uhm... Is this the office of the story girl?

STORY GIRL:

Sure is, precious, take a seat and tell me your sob story.

003 SFX: Chair pulled up.

STORY GIRL:

Mind if I take a drink?

MAN:

Suit yourself.

STORY GIRL:

Thanks... I think it's going to be a long night