

Solved

Episode 1

"Pilot"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE FUN PARK - NIGHT

The Haunted House attraction of the fun park is creepy and dark. SHRIEKS and EVIL LAUGHTER run in a loop, ringing out through the misty atmosphere as we pan through. Cobwebs overhang everything, illuminated in the fake lightening as it lights the room momentarily.

A pair of SWINGING FEET come into view. As we pan upwards, the limp body of PAIGE DAVEY (20) swings in a NOOSE. Her open eyes are fixed and staring into space. Dressed as witch, she looks at home in the haunted house.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE FUN PARK - LATER

The lights have now been turned on, the sound effects turned off in the haunted house. Paige, still swinging, is now surrounded by POLICE and CSU technicians.

TWO DETECTIVES stand nearby, interviewing an inconsolable TEENAGER dressed as a zombie.

The medical examiner LUKE FORRESTER (unimpressed, grumpy, 40s) and his ASSISTANT carefully release Paige from her noose and lower her into the waiting BODY BAG.

Paige is zipped up and wheeled off past the detectives and teenager.

CUT TO:

INT. SNEAKY DETECTIVE AGENCY - DAY

SIERRA LEWIS, a savvy, no nonsense, women in her late twenties sits in the Sneaky Detective Agency. The place is messy with stacks of files all over the floor and various random photographs sticky taped to the walls.

Sierra sits facing her laptop, practically tearing her hair out. She is surrounded by RED ENVELOPES, overdue notices. She picks one up and stares, looks at her computer and groans.

The telephone RINGS. Sierra stares at it, almost in fear.

SIERRA

Please don't be a debt collector. Be a new client. Please please please.

It continues to ring, she eventually picks it up with a grimace.

SIERRA (Cont'd)

Sneaky Detective Agency, how can I help you?

There is a pause, Sierra hits her forehead with the palm of her hand. It's not a new client.

SIERRA (Cont'd)

I know I'm late paying your invoice, but I will. I'm just waiting on a client to pay and then I'll settle my account... I know, I'm sorry... I know it's late... Two days, thank you for your patience.

Sierra SLAMS the phone down and throws the nearest letter over her shoulder in frustration.

SIERRA (Cont'd)

This sucks.

As she's calming down, the telephone RINGS again. She goes through the same emotions, crosses her fingers, and picks up.

SIERRA (Cont'd)
Good Morning, Sneaky Detective
Agency. How can I help you?

A look of relief floods Sierra's whole body. She rustles through the bills to find a pen and paper.

SIERRA (Cont'd)
I can certainly help you with that.
What's the address?... Excellent,
I'll be right there.

She hangs up, rips off the piece of paper, and practically runs out of the office.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Sierra's car pulls up in the street. Her sharp breaking indicates that she was in a hurry to get there.

Another car pulls up behind her vehicle. Sierra takes a moment to look and is instantly angry. She waits impatiently for the occupant to get out.

JAMES GABLE, a smouldering man in his 30s, steps out confidently. He is equally annoyed as he realises Sierra is the woman waiting for him.

JAMES

What are you doing here Sierra?

SIERRA

I got here first. I've got dibs on this case. You need to leave James.

JAMES

I was engaged by my client. If anyone is leaving, it should be you.

SIERRA

I was invited here too.

JAMES

I guess we'll be working together.

SIERRA

We both know that I am far better at investigations than you are. So perhaps to save yourself some embarrassment, you should leave.

JAMES

And miss out on all this fun? I don't think so. Maybe we should let the client decide.

They give each other looks to kill, waiting for one to give in and move first.

Sierra turns and walks hurriedly to the front stoop of the house. James hastens after her. They jostle and push each other the entire way.

Reaching the door first, Sierra rings the DOORBELL, giving James a triumphant look.

The door opens as HENRY DAVEY (50s) stands there. They all smile politely.

HENRY

You'd better come in.

He moves aside to allow them to enter.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sierra and James are ushered into the living room and are invited to sit down. Henry sits on the sofa across from them.

Within seconds, WINIFRED DAVEY (50s, upset) joins them. The two private investigators stand to shake her hand momentarily. They are all seated again.

WINIFRED

Thank you for coming so quickly.

SIERRA

It's my pleasure. How can I be of assistance? You mentioned a murder on the telephone?

WINIFRED

Our daughter Paige.

Winifred picks up a PHOTO from the coffee table and hands it across. In the photo Paige is smiling and is a vibrant young woman. The opposite of what we saw previously in the noose.

JAMES

She was murdered?

WINIFRED

Of course she was.

JAMES

Isn't this a matter for the police?

Winifred erupts in a round of sobbing. Henry puts his arms around his wife.

HENRY

The police have ruled it a suicide.

WINIFRED

She would never have done that. She just wouldn't. A mother knows her daughter. Paige had everything to live for.

SIERRA

What made the police think it was a suicide?

HENRY

She was by herself and the door was locked from the inside. They said there was nothing to indicate any foul play.

JAMES

Do you have anything except your suspicions? Did Paige have any enemies?

WINIFRED

A mother knows her daughter.

Sierra and James exchange a glance, wondering whether they are both wasting their time.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVEY HOUSE - PAIGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

James, Sierra, and Henry enter Paige's bedroom. It's girly but dolls have been replaced with text books.

HENRY

Take as much time as you need.

SIERRA

Thank you Mr Davey.

Henry nods and leaves the two private investigators, closing the door behind him.

JAMES

We're wasting our time. They've just lost their daughter and are looking to place blame. They're delusional.

Sierra has already found Paige's COMPUTER and is reading through the contents.

SIERRA

You can always leave. Be my guest.

JAMES

You believe them?

SIERRA

I don't disbelieve them. Who knows what happened to their daughter? If they want to pay two independent private investigators to find out, who am I to argue?

JAMES

They look like they can afford it at least.

SIERRA

Answers are priceless.

JAMES

Noble.

Sierra gives him an 'I don't care' look. He starts poking around, flicking through books and opening drawers.

SIERRA

Paige didn't kill herself. There is a case here.

JAMES

How can you be so sure? Your female intuition playing up again?

SIERRA

Ha, funny. Paige had plans for next weekend. Big plans. She wouldn't have made them if she was planning on topping herself in the meantime.

James joins Sierra at the computer, reading over her shoulder. Sierra notices and turns the screen away, trying to shield it from him.

JAMES

Maybe she was trying to cover, throw people off the scent.

SIERRA

Not these kind of plans. I'm going to solve this murder and I am going to do it way before you.

Sierra closes the computer and stands, ready to get started.

JAMES

Oh yeah? Well, I know I can solve it faster. Perpetrator, motive, opportunity, and evidence. All wrapped up in a neat bundle for the police.

SIERRA

Now who's delusional?

JAMES

Just stay out of the way of my real investigation.

SIERRA

Whatever you need to believe.

They have a stare off before running towards the door like it was a race.

CUT TO:

INT. THORNE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

BLAKE THORNE (20s) sits with Sierra at his kitchen table. He's sombre, appropriately sad at his girlfriend's passing.

SIERRA

I'm sorry about your girlfriend Mr Thorne.

BLAKE

Me too, call me Blake. I'm still trying to believe it. You said you were a private investigator? What for?

SIERRA

Paige's parents don't think she would have harmed herself. What do you think? Was she capable of it?

Blake thinks it over, he stares into his coffee long enough to make Sierra nervous.

SIERRA (Cont'd)

Blake?

BLAKE

Sorry, it's just... Paige was amazing, so smart and beautiful. But she had her problems too, you know?

SIERRA

What kind of problems?

BLAKE

At the University. She never told me the full story, but there were people there she didn't get along with. They were bullying her.

SIERRA

Was she depressed? Scared?

BLAKE

I don't know. You should speak with her best friend Cassie. She might know more than me. I tried to keep Paige's mind off her problems, Cass was the sounding board.

SIERRA

Would you write down Cassie's contact details for me?