

DICK REGAN IN  
THE CASE OF THE MISSING CASE

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Address  
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DARKNESS

DICK REGAN (V.O.)

It started out as a case like any other in the city of lost angels. The city of contradictions. The city where I couldn't figure out if it was 1984 or 1948 or if a backward city of dyslexia was somehow forward thinking. Fashionable. Vogue. Like those big Versace shoulder pads that were so popular with all the teenage girls in their first period... It was the city where my watch broke sometime between Sunset and Hollywood Boulevard and I couldn't see straight enough to wind up the quartz even if it'd help me to find a missing bundle of nonsense when it was right in front of me the entire time.

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

In glorious BLACK AND WHITE a sulfur tipped timber stick slides down a matchbox runway and erupts into flames revealing the scruffy but not entirely unpleasant mug of our fedora adorned hero DICK REGAN, who's tied to a bedpost. His pinstriped suit is ripped open exposing his bare chest...

The match is wielded by OLGA, blond, Bavarian, bodacious and definitely not a risk for drowning... She straddles Dick and extinguishes the match on his chest.

DICK REGAN

(wincing in pain)

What the fuck?!

OLGA

(heavy bad accent)

Darlink. I know you know I don't know where the bundle is, you know? So I think you'll be lettink me know where it is or you don't know what could happen. You know what I meank?

She plucks a burnt hair off Dick's chest.

DICK REGAN (V.O.)

I knew what she meanked, or at least what she thought she meanked, but it didn't make any difference because at that point I didn't have the bundle, or even know what it was...

INT. REGAN DETECTIVE AGENCY - NIGHT

COLOR. Regan's passed out soul easily melts into the cheap veneer of his imitation wood desk as the stench of uncountable empty whiskey bottles dissolves what's left of his dignity.

As Regan laments, the color dissolves to B&W.

DICK REGAN (V.O.)

It started like one of those hangovers that just kept hanging over, like that Bradish kid in middle school who did sixth grade four times and still couldn't come up with two reasons why... but he was a master at hangman and I always fantasized about the gallows that squeezed the justice from the wicked like the trash compactor on a Deathstar or a late night in a Tokyo subway... That's how shell shock works. One day it's black or white, good or bad and everything makes sense or it doesn't and the next it's Technicolor and transexuals and orange tans in a white house... And without those decent drag shows like I used to see for a buck in the back room at Maxxi's place and honestly, like the cigar guys says, sometimes a buck is a just a buck...

Regan wakes up enough to drag on his smoke as RIGID O'SHAUGHNESSY, no description necessary, saunters in.

DICK REGAN (V.O.)

She was the type of woman you saw in all the ads in those days. The ones for those Jordache bell bottom parachute pants.

(MORE)

DICK REGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 The ones I was always worried that they wouldn't open on time and by six thousand feet you'd really be reconsidering fashion over function... She was the kind of broad that you would do anything for, if only to spend a few minutes with her... As a man of the world I knew she had one thing on her mind.

RIGID O'SHAUGHNESSY

Dick?

This throws/sobers Regan a bit.

BRIGID

Dick Regan? Private Eye?

DICK REGAN

Sorry sister, I'm just getting up... It's not usually a problem.

Regan lights a smoke, offers. Rigid passes.

RIGID O'SHAUGHNESSY

Are you Dick Regan, the private investigator?

DICK REGAN

I think so, but it's all a little fuzzy and I'm not just referring to... Have you been to Brazil? You seem well traveled Miss?

RIGID O'SHAUGHNESSY

Misses. Misses Rigid O'shaughnessy.

Rigid stares off into space for a beat, focusing on nothing in particular, as she starts to cry tears fake as alligators.

DICK REGAN

Well you better tell me what it's all about sister.

RIGID O'SHAUGHNESSY

Are you in any shape to help me find something very dear?

DICK REGAN

Honestly sister, I saw it, but Bambi wasn't one of my favorite film from last year.

Rigid stares at him as she wipes her tears.

DICK REGAN (CONT'D)

Oh it's not the... dears... I just think that *color* is a gimmick, a fad that we'll all be laughing at this time next year.

RIGID O'SHAUGHNESSY

I meant something very *dear* to me... I can't pay now, but this must be worth something and they'll be something much more valuable for when you deliver the bundle.

Rigid gives Regan a silver flask, adorned by a strange symbol. It looks like one of those stupid shirts Charlie Sheen wears, with tiger blood on it.

I/E. REGAN DIVING - NIGHT

Via our typical horrible rear screen projection, Regan navigates through the night.

DICK REGAN (V.O.)

That's when she told me all about the bundle, which really confused me because apparently it wasn't a bundle at all, but a case, like a, you know, a case that, holds things... it belonged to her recently deceased husband Shaun. Shaun O'Shaughnessy. God, no wonder he's dead. His parent's had to have hated him from the moment he was conceived... And that kind of problem solving is hard to swallow after the fact... He probably chocked to death on a double entendre... Being married to the poster girl of doubletalk'll do that to a guy. Anyway, the case apparently had some important papers in it and she would pay in full if I recovered it. Not that the silver flask she wouldn't have been enough... Apparently the last place the bundle was seen was the Rathskeller, this Hasidic bar off Fairfax, you know, right by the Farmer's Market.

Regan downs a decent hit from the flask.

INT. RATHSKELLER - NIGHT

Your typical German Biergarten, but populated by Hasidic Jews. The guys wear SS uniforms but have payots and wear Shtreimels, while the women look more or less like Olga, whom we met earlier.

Regan walks in and looks toward the bar as he notices the uniquely LA ambiance.

DICK REGAN

Jesus...

Record scratch.

DICK REGAN (CONT'D)

Actually, never mind.

Regan takes another sip from the flask as he makes his way to the bar.

DICK REGAN (V.O.)

It seemed like something strange was going on in the Rathskeller, but then again everything seemed a little strange since that hang over. In fact, I still can't remember anything before it and now that I remember, the more I drank from that flask the less I remember.

Regan sits at the bar and continues to hit the flask as he addresses the barkeep, who wears a name tag that says: HINDENBERG. Based on his high level of drunkenness, it's pretty obvious there is something besides booze in the flask going to work on Regan.

DICK REGAN

(wasted, fuzzy vision)

Hey barkeep, I'm a dick working a case, have you seen it?

You probably wouldn't have thunk it, but Hindenberg has a very high pitched effeminate voice.

HINDENBERG

(giggling)

You're not the first dick I've seen case this joint.

Behind the bar Hindenberg presses a secret button (it's red so obviously secret).

DICK REGAN  
That's good, good, because it's  
big, about this size...

Regan draws the shape of a briefcase sitting on his lap with  
a his hands. Maybe in his fucked state it's more a John  
Holmes shape.

DICK REGAN (CONT'D)  
(more than wasted)  
And it has a latch and when you  
open it magic happens...

Hindenberg erupts in abject giggles as Olga arrives dressed  
as we saw her earlier.

DICK REGAN (CONT'D)  
Can I get a, what do you serve  
here, Nazi berries? How many marks  
for a double?

Regan falls off the bar and into Olga's arms.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Regan's in the chair in a 1940's style barbershop with his  
face lathered up for a shave. We finally realize that Regan's  
VO is him telling this story to his barber BUSCEMI, because  
he looks exactly like Steve Buscemi.

DICK REGAN  
Getting away from Olga was actually  
a very pleasant experience, once I  
showed her the dragon egg trick I  
learned in that brothel on the  
Shanghai case.

Buscemi places a hot towel on Regan's face, obscuring his  
view.

BUSCEMI  
I'll be right back dick.

DICK REGAN  
(ignoring Buscemi)  
As far as Rigid O'Shaughnessy is  
concerned, well she may have  
drugged me with tiger's blood, but  
that flask was the only clue I  
needed.

(MORE)

DICK REGAN (CONT'D)

It was that symbol and once I sobered up a little, and Olga could walk again, I knew exactly where the missing case was missing at.

Dainty hands with a straight razor move to Regan's throat. Only they aren't Buscemi's, who conveniently absent. They belong to Rigid O'Shaughnessy.

DICK REGAN (CONT'D)

I knew I'd seen that symbol before, and then it hit me like a flask of light. The tiger's blood. The symbol. There's only one place he would have hid the case.

Rigid pulls back the razor.

RIGID O'SHAUGHNESSY

So you found the case?

Regan pulls off the towel...

DICK REGAN

That's right sister.

As CHARLIE SHEEN comes out of nowhere and knocks Rigid out cold with the case.

DICK REGAN (CONT'D)

Thanks Charlie.

CHARLIE SHEEN

Don't mention it. Now let's see what's in the bundle.

Charlie Sheen opens the case and pulls out a bust of Charlie Sheen. There's a note, it reads: TO CHARLIE FROM YOUR BIGGEST FAN, SHAUN O'SHAUGHNESSY.

CUT TO:

INT. BARBER SHOP - LATER

Regan's in the chair talking to Buscemi.

DICK REGAN

I guess in the end old stupid Shaun O'Shaughnessy was so old and stupid after all, though he was still dead. As for Rigid, she got what she deserved.



Flash of Rigid behind bars.

DICK REGAN (CONT'D)  
And so did Charlie.

Flash of a shelf with pictures of Charile Sheen doing Charlie Sheen shit sit next to the bust of Charlie.

DICK REGAN (CONT'D)  
As for me, I still can't tell if  
it's 1948 or 1984. Maybe it's the  
hangover, or shell shock, whatever  
you want to call it. And maybe it's  
just this damn city of lost  
angels...

FADE TO BLACK.