

NO SHIT SHERLOCK

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - EVENING

POV entering the high class mansion living room. The gaudy decorations are only made more clear by the party guests dressed to the nines in a disarray of different levels of formal wear from a FLAPPER WOMAN to a MAN in polo and jeans.

POV WOMAN is offered a plate of finger foods by a TEEN WAITRESS. She finger dances over the plate honing in on one cheese cube, pulls back, and grabs the full tray before waving off the waitress.

She arrives at a couch where DAVID (mid 20s) is sitting. He's a good-looking guy but more so charming. He flashes an amused smile as his girlfriend CARLY (mid 20s) places the plate at the table in front of him. She's beautiful but cynical and exudes her carefree outlook on life.

DAVID

So now we're ready to party.

CARLY

Oh you know it.

At the front of the room all decked out in an outfit resembling Scarlet from the board game Clue is SAMANTHA (mid 20s) the animated loves-to-host hostess for the evening. She CLINKS her champagne glass to get everyone's attention.

SAMANTHA

Hello everyone! And thank you for coming out here for this little get together I planned. Now remember, it's important that we all stick to our characters, because it's more than just a game, it's an excuse for a party and a great way to spend a Friday night don't you think? But, with that being said, take this time to mingle and get to know each other and then we'll really get this party started!

Samantha practically skips over to sit with David and Carly while the rest of the guests resume their conversations.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

So! What's going on over here?

CARLY
 (caught off guard)
 Well hey Sam. Um David here was
 just telling me about his... job...
 as...

DAVID
 (jumping in to save her)
 A journalist actually.

SAMANTHA
 Ah well I'm sure that means you
 have the inside scoop on just about
 everything. That may just come in
 handy.

DAVID
 I guess we'll have to see won't we?

SAMANTHA
 I guess we will. And what about you
 Carly?

CARLY
 Oh! Um I am... hold on just one sec

Carly digs through her purse to find a wad of papers with
 notes on them of her character and she sifts through to find
 the one she's looking for.

CARLY (CONT'D)
 There is it! I'm an actress from
 New York. Well that's fancy look at
 me go.

ANN (mid 20s) dressed in her flapper outfit swoops in from
 behind Samantha.

ANN
 Samantha! Hey! Just wanted to thank
 you for putting this all together
 it looks amazing.

SAMANTHA
 Oh my god Ann of course! Thank you
 for coming! So I heard that you're
 the one to go to about all the hot
 gossip around here.

ANN
 Oh yes I am! Here, come with me, I
 have loads to tell you.

Ann and Samantha run off into their corner of the room chatting with delight, leaving Carly and David behind, clearly relieved.

CARLY

I swear I've never had to study for a party before this is ridiculous.

MATT (mid-20s) the man previously seen in a polo and jeans enters confidently into their conversation.

MATT

Oh tell me about it. Are you struggling with this too?

CARLY

Yes. Completely.

DAVID

Oh relax, it's fun. I told you to look over your character before we left. And you know how Samantha gets into this kind of stuff.

CARLY

Ugh don't even get me started on the projects she used to do back at school. She would literally--

A GUNSHOT is heard from the next room. Shocked SCREAMS from the guests echo the shot. David instinctively reaches for Carly.

CARLY (CONT'D)

(at the same time)

Holy shit this is legit.

SAMANTHA

(at the same time)

Oh my god what could that be?! Come on everyone let's see if we can figure this out!

Samantha excitedly leads the pack of guests out of the living room and goes straight for the bathroom.

INT. OUTSIDE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAMANTHA

Well lets see if anything's in here...

She opens the door to an empty murder-less bathroom.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Oh. Well. I guess it wasn't here--

SCREAM heard from other room. A few guests rush over to see what happened

INT. SECOND MANSION LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They find a hysterical Ann over the body of JOHN (mid 20s). There's a commotion of mixed reactions from everyone including some screams and gasps.

ANN

(crying)

It's John!! He's been shot!

DAVID

Holy shit.

SAMANTHA

(pushing through)

Alright alright now let's see here... Oh. Oh my god. John? It's not supposed to be John. Wait. Is he okay?

ANN

No Samantha he's not okay! Oh my god John! Someone do something!

MATT

Alright... haha very funny. I get it, a murder mystery party trying to make the murder seem real... really convincing guys, really I'm impressed.

Matt searches the room for a response to the joke, but everyone just stares back at him with a mix of blank and horrified expressions. Ann let's out another wail.

DAVID

I'll call 911.

CARLY

Are you fucking kidding me? Is this real right now?

Carly follows David into the hallway as he dials.

INT. MANSION HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

DAVID

(into phone)

Yes. Um. Someone's been shot.

(pause)

No we're in some mansion. It's a party.

(pause)

Okay. Thank you.

(pause)

Thank you. Bye.

CARLY

What. The fuck. Just happened.

DAVID

I have no idea. I kinda think we should get out of here.

Nodding, Carly turns to gather her things, but as she is doing so, Samantha rushes to the door and blocks off everyone who is thinking heading in the same route.

SAMANTHA

NO! No one's leaving!!

(beat to regain composure)

I mean, everyone has to be here when the police arrive. They might need our information.

Samantha looks around to all of her guests shocked expressions as they slowly start putting their things down.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Okay. Now, let's just try to relax and enjoy ourselves. I mean it is party after all!

CARLY

(under her breath)

I think she's gone insane.

DAVID

Well come on do you blame her? This whole thing is pretty insane.

CARLY

Wait. Do you think it was her?

DAVID

What? No. Are you serious?

CARLY

Come on, I mean she planned this whole "murder mystery" party. Like A) Who does that in the first place? And B) What could be a more perfect place to actually murder someone???

DAVID

I don't know Carly, let's just do what Sam said and try to relax.

CARLY

Of course that's what she said! This gives her a chance to figure out her next step!

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM

Back in the living room there is a hum of light, concerned conversation between guests overlaid by a few crying, mainly consisting of Ann's sobs. Ann is being comforted by JESSICA (mid-20s) the typical party "mom" and Matt.

ANN

I just
 (inhale)
 Don't understand
 (inhale)
 How
 (inhale)
 This could've happened.

JESSICA

I know I know I can't believe it either. I mean it's not exactly what we were expecting to walk into tonight. Well, it was a little... but no! Not like this!

MATT

Alright ladies let's relax. More importantly, there's a killer in this house and someone needs to do something about it.

JESSICA

Oh my god you're right. I mean here I was thinking what a tragedy that someone was killed, but I never even thought to think about the fact that someone killed him!

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Ann, sweetie, what did you see when you found him?

ANN

I don't know. I just walked in the room after I heard the gunshot and... there he was! On the ground! With blood all over him just... dead!!

Ann bursts out into another fit of hysterics while Jessica anxiously rubs her back not knowing quite what to do.

Getting bored, Matt gets up to find more people. As he is about to walk out of the living room, Carly and David walk in with Carly still theorizing about Samantha.

CARLY

I'm pretty sure John had this weird thing for her too but she wasn't about it. Doesn't that seem weird?

MATT

(interrupting)

Are you guys actually trying to figure this out? I feel like this is actually important.

CARLY

No shit Sherlock. Well all we really know is that we were here talking when it happened. Does Ann know anything?

MATT

Ann doesn't know shit. All she can do is cry like it's nobody's business.

CARLY

I know right. She needs to get a grip.

DAVID

You guys need to get a conscience. I'm gonna get a drink.

INT. MANSION BAR

The Teenage Waitress is just finishing making David's drink - a manhattan on the rocks. She shyly slides it towards him as he pulls out money for a substantial tip.

DAVID

Here, I think you deserve this for sticking out the night.

TEENAGE WAITRESS

(cracking a smile)

Yeah, thanks. This isn't exactly what I pictured for work tonight.

Samantha comes rushing up behind David clearly flustered but somehow maintaining the "got this under control" look about her.

SAMANTHA

David there you are!

(Acknowledging the waitress)

Jen. Keeping up the good work I presume?

Before she can get in a reply, Samantha pulls David away from the bar a few feet so she can talk to him "in private."

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I think this got a little out of hand.

DAVID

(also whispering)

Out of hand? Sam are you kidding me? I'm pretty sure don't typically actually get killed at these parties.

SAMANTHA

I know I know! I think there may have been a miscommunication.

DAVID

I swear I have never heard so many understatements in a row.

SAMANTHA

Okay I get it. I'm the worst. Now can we move on here? It's amazing that I even found you for a second without your little arm candy, maybe if you were a little more aware of what was going on around you, this wouldn't have happened.

DAVID

Oh Sam, let's not be like that. You were one who introduced us anyway. Besides, it was your idea to have this fucking party so I don't know why you're trying to put any blame on me.

Without either Samantha or David noticing, Carly enters the room again with a plate of finger foods looking for David and starts listening to their conversation.

SAMANTHA

No. The real blame comes in with you feeling the need to fall in love with my stupid college roommate after all that time of me being right there for you waiting.

DAVID

Samantha, what are you talking about?

SAMANTHA

I was the one you were supposed to fall in love with. That was the plan. But all these plans just keep getting screwed up now don't they? Just like how it should've been her in that room when that gun went off. Not John.

Carly drops her plate. Pigs in a blanket and assorted cheeses scattering everywhere.

DAVID

Carly, you need to get out of here.

CARLY

What's going on? Were you trying to have me killed?

SAMANTHA

And so what if I was?

CARLY

Oh my god. You see I knew it! I knew she was crazy! See David? Ugh I swear this is just like Tom Saporito all over again.

SAMANTHA

Tom Saporito?? Are you kidding? You could not be more typical right now bringing that up.

CARLY

Oh you wanna talk what's typical? You're the one who just planned an entire party around trying to get me killed. Like alright Samantha. We get it. You're crazy. Let's tone it down a notch though okay?

DAVID

Please guys let's just relax a bit.

Curious guests begin to creep into the room to watch.

CARLY

Okay I'm the one who needs to relax? There is literally a psychopath right here. Is anyone gonna do anything about that?

Finally, sirens are heard in the distance. Samantha's face goes white, but she quickly regains composure.

SAMANTHA

(in her hostess voice)

Alright everyone! The police are finally here and we can sort this all out. Let's just all make sure we have our things together, because who knows if we'll ever be allowed back in this place.

Samantha playfully laughs and trots her way out of the room, heading to the front door. The room stays silent for a moment, but soon guests shrug their shoulders and shuffle out of the room to follow orders.

David stands silently in a trance, staring at Carly, still in shock.

CARLY

(sighing)

Can we just go home?

She walks towards him, plants a kiss on his cheek, and rests her head on his shoulder. David, as if just starting to regain consciousness, slowly looks over to her and smiles.

DAVID

Yeah, let's get out of here. And
make sure you dump one of those
plates of food into your purse
before we head out.

CARLY

(linking her arm in his)
Oh you know it.

FADE OUT.