

Staples Over Walpole

By Jimmy Gillon

Based on "Staples Over Walpole" by James Elwood

FADE IN

INT. SECRET HIDEOUT

The camera opens with a shot of two men in ponchos entering a door with suitcases. One is JORMA and the other is PACO. They look to be bad guys.

A chair in the room swivels around to reveal BARNABUS KILLERMAN, the syndicate leader. He wears a long trench coat and has long hair and a beard, looking quite evil.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: May 20, 1977

KILLERMAN
You bring the goods?

Paco and Jorma walk over to him and place the two suitcases on the ground next to him.

JORMA
Si. We have your goods, senior.

Killerman leans over to his assistant, LEONARD, who stands guard next to him.

KILLERMAN
(whispered)
What the hell did this foreigner just say to me?

LEONARD
He said "Yes. We have your goods, sir."

Killerman nods.

KILLERMAN
Good. Good.

Jorma and Paco stand in front of him, expecting more. Killerman looks confused, thinking the deal is over.

KILLERMAN (CONT'D)
Now run along.

PACO
But senior, don't we get paid?

Killerman again leans over to Leonard, expecting a translation.

LEONARD

He says "But sir, don't we get paid?"

Killerman laughs, and snaps to a few of his HENCHMEN in the background.

KILLERMAN

Sure. We'll pay you in staples.
Gentlemen.

The henchmen take out staplers, holding them like guns, and take aim on Jorma and Paco.

Jorma and Paco make a break for it, but are mowed down by staples, and Killerman laughs.

KILLERMAN (CONT'D)

Haha, but in all honesty, they did
deserve to be paid. Shame I'm in a bad
mood today.

Just then, the door in the back busts open to reveal a 70s style detective, outfitted in a polyester suit, aviator sunglasses, a mustache, and a shoulder holster. This is DUKE RAMSEY.

He lets out a war cry and enters the room with his silver, gleaming stapler extended, taking aim at Killerman.

RAMSEY

Freeze, Killerman, the gig is up...

Ramsey looks around at the henchmen in the background, all still holding staplers in his direction. Killerman is surprised.

KILLERMAN

Well if it isn't Duke Ramsey, the
greatest detective there is. What
brings you here?

Ramsey begins to look nervous, as he has about 10 staplers pointed at him.

RAMSEY

You've been running this illegal
crime syndicate monopoly
organization for too long. I'm here
to put an end to it.

Killerman laughs.

KILLERMAN

Then you couldn't have picked a better time to walk through that door. Get 'em, boys.

Killerman swivels back around in his chair, and gunshots sound in the background, but the camera only focusses on Barnabus Killerman, who laughs to himself, facing the opposite direction.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE

Commissioner IMBUSCH sits in his office chair, looking bored. The walls of his office are decorated in Rebellion newspapers, and his name tag reads "Commissioner Imbusch."

His telephone rings, and he answers it immediately.

IMBUSCH (ON TELEPHONE)

Yes. Send them in.

Mr. Imbusch looks at the door, and two detectives, now dressed in modern clothes, black suits and sunglasses, walk through the door. One is WAGNER and the other is ALVEREZ.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: May 20th, 2011

Wagner and Alvarez sit down in the chairs in front of Commissioner Imbusch's desk, and he speaks.

IMBUSCH (CONT'D)

Wagner. Alvarez. I've received disturbing reports recently. It appears that something illegal is about to go down.

Wagner and Alvarez get comfortable in the chairs.

WAGNER

How do you know?

Mr. Imbusch holds up a typed page that was on his desk. It reads: "Report - It appears something illegal is about to go down."

IMBUSCH

I connected the dots.

ALVEREZ

Do we have anything else to go on?
That's a bit vague.

Commissioner Imbusch picks up two pictures that are also on his desk, and hands one to Alvarez and one to Wagner.

IMBUSCH

We also have these.

The first picture, in Wagner's hand, shows a henchman with a blowtorch standing in front of a box that reads "Detention slips."

WAGNER

Oh my god. Do they plan on destroying
the school's detention slips?

IMBUSCH

That's what it looks like, yeah. And
we can't print any more of those.

WAGNER

But if they succeed, the poor
teachers of this school will be
defenseless. They won't be able to
give hours to anybody.

IMBUSCH

Exactly.

The second picture, in Alvarez's hand, shows another henchman standing in front of the In-House Detention room with a wire-cutter and a crowbar.

ALVEREZ

And do they also plan on breaking out
the school's criminals from the
In-House room?

IMBUSCH

Yes. And that could be dangerous.

Wagner brings up a valid point, putting his picture back on the desk.

WAGNER

But from the looks of these pictures,
these crimes have already happened.

ALVEREZ

Yeah, it's not like the bad guys just
arranged a photo shoot of themselves
just about to commit these crimes,
then left after the pictures were
taken. Right?

IMBUSCH

These men work in mysterious ways.

Alvarez puts his picture down, and Imbusch takes a folder out
from his desk, sliding it down in front of the two of them.

IMBUSCH (CONT'D)

We haven't really had any crime at
this school for a long time, since
before the two of you were born.

Wagner picks up the folder, opening it up so that Alvarez can
see. The person shown inside is Barnabus Killerman, the
syndicate leader from earlier on.

WAGNER

Who is this?

IMBUSCH

That is Barnabus Killerman. He's who
we think is behind these crimes. He'd
been hiding for a few years, but it
appears he's back.

Suddenly, the door to Imbusch's office starts gleaming, and in
steps Duke Ramsey, still looking the exact same as he did in
1977.

RAMSEY

Did somebody say Barnabus Killerman?

Ramsey gets strange looks from Wagner and Alvarez, and
Commissioner Imbusch is surprised to see he's still alive.

IMBUSCH

Duke Ramsey! You're still alive? I thought Barnabus Killerman killed you?

RAMSEY

Nope.

INT. SECRET HIDEOUT - FLASHBACK

The scene from earlier on is continued, and Barnabus Killerman swivels around in his chair again. Ramsey is just about to be shot, and we see what really happened.

The henchmen take aim, but start firing at strange angles, missing him by a long shot.

RAMSEY (V.O.)

I was almost gunned down, but his henchmen have terrible aim when it comes to killing good guys.

Ramsey slowly inches backwards, and walks out the door without losing a sweat.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - BACK TO SCENE

Ramsey is now leaning against the wall, still getting strange looks from Alvarez and Wagner. Commissioner Imbusch is in awe.

IMBUSCH

But if you survived, wouldn't you have graduated by now? Weren't you the class of 1977?

RAMSEY

Yeah, I've been living under the stairwell in the English wing this whole time.

INT. STAIRWELL UNDER ENGLISH WING - FLASHBACK

Ramsey is shown crouching down in a corner underneath the stairwell, holding a lamp, and looking a bit insane.

RAMSEY (V.O.)

You see, I was psychologically affected after almost being killed.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - BACK TO SCENE

Ramsey continues to lean against the wall, now opting to take out his prized, gleaming, silver stapler, stroking it. Wagner and Alvarez are outraged.

WAGNER

Why does he get such a cool stapler?

ALVEREZ

Yeah, ours suck.

Alvarez takes out his stapler, a tiny purple one that appears to have been purchased at a dollar store.

IMBUSCH

Back in the 70s, Duke Ramsey was the best Detective there was. How many bad guys did you catch, Ramsey?

Ramsey starts counting on his fingers.

RAMSEY

Three thousand.

Alvarez and Wagner look at him like he's crazy, but Commissioner Imbusch is liking how this is turning out, swiveling in his chair in anticipation.

IMBUSCH

I gotta admit, I was starting to worry having these two imbeciles in charge of operations, but now that we have you, we actually have a chance.

Wagner looks at Imbusch, insulted.

WAGNER

You mean he has to be our partner?

Ramsey doesn't like the sound of this either, and he stops leaning against the wall in outrage.

RAMSEY

Whoa there, commissioner. We can't have three people working on this case. Three is an even number. Only two people can work on a case. The third one always gets shot.

IMBUSCH

That's a good point.

Commissioner Imbusch starts to think deep thoughts. Wagner and Alvarez are outraged. Ramsey jumps up, having just had a brilliant idea.

RAMSEY

I've got it. You fire these two, and I go it alone. Huh?

Imbusch seriously starts considering it, but Alvarez stands up and contests it.

ALVEREZ

This guy is a moron. We certainly can have three people working the case. Wagner and I will go together, and Ramsey can go alone if he must.

RAMSEY

But we have to make some sort of contest out of this. How about the team that finds Killerman first gets the position of detective, and the team that loses gets cast off to Devil's Island.

Commissioner Imbusch stands up, going over to shake Ramsey's hand.

IMBUSCH

Glad to have you back, Ramsey. You can teach these children a thing or two about the law.

RAMSEY

I can't stand laws.

Imbusch and Ramsey stop shaking hands, and Imbusch goes back to sitting at his desk. Ramsey starts heading out the door.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

I'll be seeing you later,
Commissioner. Barnabus Killerman
goes down today.

Ramsey exits the room in a fit of energy, and Alvarez and Wagner
stare at Imbusch, wondering what just happened.

WAGNER

Isn't he going to wait for the
briefing?

IMBUSCH

He doesn't need a briefing. He
doesn't even need names, for that
matter. He can find criminals in this
school in the blink of an eye.

ALVEREZ

But do we really have to make this a
competition? I don't want to lose my
job.

IMBUSCH

Oh, disregard that. Ramsey's just a
little bit old fashioned. That's all.

INT. LIBRARY

Ramsey walks up to the front desk of the library, and slams his
hands down comfortably in front of the LIBRARIAN. She looks
startled.

RAMSEY

Agatha, I need access to the files of
every student at this school.

The librarian is confused and a bit insulted.

LIBRARIAN

We don't have student files in the
library.

Ramsey looks outraged, leaning over the desk.

RAMSEY

Listen, I don't have to show you courtesy, even decency, nor any morals at all, but when I ask for the files, I want the files.

LIBRARIAN

I told you. We don't have student files in the library.

Ramsey is getting nervous.

RAMSEY

This is ridiculous. Next you'll be telling me you don't have the access codes to the school's biological weapons.

The librarian looks at him like he's crazy.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE

Wagner and Alvarez are taking notes as Commissioner Imbusch speaks.

IMBUSCH

Now, I wouldn't be surprised if Ramsey already caught Barnabus Killerman by now, but in case he hasn't, I'm sending you two down to the basement, because that's probably where Killerman's men are right now.

Alvarez and Wagner stand up, saluting Imbusch.

WAGNER

Yes, sir.

ALVEREZ

We won't fail you.

Commissioner Imbusch salutes them back, and they both walk out the door. When they do, Imbusch laughs to himself.

IMBUSCH

The basement. Haha, nothing's ever in the basement.

INT. SECRET HIDEOUT

Barnabus Killerman is back in his swivel chair, not looking any different. He is joined by several other people, all sitting in uncomfortable looking chairs around him. The first is Leonard, his assistant. The second is CARLOS, dressed in a white vest, looking spiffy yet evil. The third is HENCHMAN A, the main henchman.

HENCHMAN A

So boss, when are we going to start doing some actual crimes? All we've been doing so far is taking pictures of us almost doing crimes. The way I see it, that really accomplishes nothing.

Killerman is silent for a moment, then shouts.

KILLERMAN

(screaming)

Carlos!

Carlos looks up, understanding immediately. He takes out a machine-stapler and pumps Henchman A full of staples, sending him to the ground. Killerman is shocked. This is not what he expected to happen.

KILLERMAN (CONT'D)

Jesus, Carlos! I just wanted you to close the door, not kill the man!

Carlos is embarrassed.

CARLOS

Sorry boss, it's just that you yelled my name. That usually means you want somebody dead.

KILLERMAN

No, if I yell at you, I want the thing I'm looking at closed. If I point at something and say "Shoot that," then I want you to use your stapler.

CARLOS

Sorry.

KILLERMAN

It's okay, just don't do it again. But anyway, that guy you just killed had a point. Why aren't we doing any crimes?

Carlos is confused now, looking off into the distance and pondering deep thoughts.

CARLOS

Not sure.

Killerman starts clapping.

KILLERMAN

Okay then, start doing some crimes. I don't care what you do, just make sure it's illegal.

CARLOS

Yes sir.

Carlos stands up and leaves the room. Killerman then turns toward Leonard, and points at Henchman A, who is lying on the ground.

KILLERMAN

Now Leonard, get this henchman out of here.

Leonard nods, and starts dragging Henchman A out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY

Ramsey walks down the hallway, holding a record player to his ear and giving anyone he passes a menacing look.

He walks up to a group of GIRLS, who look at him like he's crazy. He then takes the needle off the record player and asks the first girl, NORA, a question, still looking menacing.

RAMSEY

Hey baby, you seen anything illegal around here lately?

Ramsey thinks he is the very embodiment of cool, but the girls beg to differ. Nora scoffs at his suit jacket.

NORA

That jacket looks like it might be illegal.

The girls laugh, and Ramsey continues along, mumbling to himself.

RAMSEY

I never thought cool jackets would go out of style.

INT. BASEMENT

Wagner and Alvarez walk down the hallway. Alvarez holds his lame, cheap-looking stapler out in front of him, and Wagner holds a mere Staple-Remover.

WAGNER

You seen anything suspicious yet?

ALVEREZ

Nope, but I'm sure we're doing better than Ramsey. He's just walking around aimlessly. At least we know where the bad guys are.

WAGNER

Yeah, commissioner is wrong about him. And why does he get a cool stapler and we don't?

Alvarez opens up the ammunition compartment of his stapler, revealing it to Wagner.

ALVEREZ

Yeah, I haven't even had any staples in mine for a while now. It's basically useless.

WAGNER

Well mine isn't even really a stapler. I have to wait till I've already gotten shot to use mine.

Wagner shows Alvarez his staple remover, and Alvarez shakes his head.

Just then, a shadowy figure emerges from behind a locker and starts walking towards them.

ALVEREZ

Did you see that?!

Wagner looks up, starting to back away from the figure.

WAGNER

Don't hurt us!

The figure emerges from the shadows, and turns out to be Ramsey.

RAMSEY

I might. But anyway, I thought it might be best if we joined forces. I'm not finding anything, and some stupid kid insulted my jacket, so I'm in a bad mood.

Alvarez, still mad at Ramsey, walks threateningly toward him.

ALVEREZ

I thought you worked alone, Ramsey?

RAMSEY

Listen guys, I don't know why you made this into a stupid contest. It's unfair to me, and it goes against everything this country stands for.

Alvarez and Wagner roll their eyes, as they heard the story differently earlier on.

WAGNER

Fine, Ramsey, you can join up with us.

ALVEREZ

Yeah, I guess we're a three man team now.

Just then, a gunshot is heard, and Alvarez goes down. Ramsey looks up to see Carlos standing at the end of the hallway, and starts unloading his stapler on him. Wagner kneels down to help Alvarez.

Despite Ramsey's firing of the stapler, Carlos runs off. Ramsey then leans down, and looks at the wounded Alvarez.

RAMSEY

See? Even numbers. The third guy
always gets shot.

Wagner looks to have lost it.

WAGNER

I thought you said that Killerman's
men have bad aim when they shoot at
good guys?

RAMSEY

I meant important good guys. Alvarez
was always the third good guy. Nobody
cares about him.

Alvarez, still on the ground, is surprisingly not angry.

ALVEREZ

Ramsey's right. I don't even have a
first name. I was doomed to die.

Wagner starts to sob, but then has a brilliant idea.

WAGNER

Wait!

Wagner takes out his stapler-remover and starts to use it on
Alvarez.

He finds the stapler lodged in Alvarez's shoulder, and starts
tugging at it with the stapler remover.

After a few seconds, he gets the staple loose, and it falls to
the ground. Alvarez is cured, miraculously.

ALVEREZ

Oh my, I feel better already.

WAGNER

I guess it's a good thing I had this
staple remover, huh?

Ramsey is not quite ready to admit they have a one-up on him.
He takes out his silver stapler and shows it off to them.

RAMSEY

Yeah, No...This bad boy is still
superior.

Alvarez stands up, and feels a sense of attachment to his partners.

ALVEREZ

You guys saved my life. I feel we're connected at a deep emotional level now.

RAMSEY

I still hate you, if that helps.

Alvarez and Wagner start getting fired up to get Killerman, who almost took Alvarez's life. They start doing stretches, loosening up.

WAGNER

Okay, now where is that pig Barnabus Killerman?

ALVEREZ

Yeah, Ramsey, have any idea where he is?

Ramsey looks off into space, thinking.

INT. SECRET HIDEOUT

Carlos runs into the room, seeing Killerman and Leonard, and falls to the ground, panting.

CARLOS

They have another detective. One that can actually fire a stapler. A guy in a polyester suit.

Killerman stands up, unable to believe it.

KILLERMAN

Duke Ramsey...

Killerman starts to look afraid.

CARLOS

What is it?

KILLERMAN

Dammit. He knows where this hideout is!

CARLOS

You mean you haven't changed hideouts
since the 70s?

KILLERMAN

Didn't see the need to.

INT. BASEMENT

Ramsey continues to look off into space. Alvarez reminds him
of what he said earlier.

ALVEREZ

I said, do you have any idea where
Killerman is?

Ramsey thinks for a moment more, then shakes his head and walks
off. It's anticlimactic.

RAMSEY

Nope.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE

Commissioner Imbusch sits at his desk with his feet up on the
table reading a newspaper. Just then, a bang is heard from
outside, and two henchmen, HENCHMAN B and HENCHMAN C, walk in
the door. Imbusch folds up the newspaper in surprise.

IMBUSCH

What the...?

As if he wasn't surprised enough, Barnabus Killerman himself
walks through the door, offering his pleasantries.

KILLERMAN

Good day, Commissioner. Hope I'm not
interrupting.

Commissioner Imbusch stands up, feeling threatened.

IMBUSCH

Just what the hell do you think you're
doing here, Killerman? You know I
don't associate with evil crime
syndicate monopoly organizations!

Killerman comfortably takes a seat in one of Imbusch's office chairs.

KILLERMAN

You might if I told you why I'm here.

IMBUSCH

Why are you here?

KILLERMAN

I'm here to offer you a spot within my organization - a second in command, if you will.

Imbusch suddenly becomes hospitable.

IMBUSCH

Then make yourself comfortable. Do continue.

KILLERMAN

Commissioners don't get paid like they used to, especially in this economy. If you were to be on my payroll, your income would quadruple.

The commissioner starts to think about it.

IMBUSCH

And I'm guessing I'd have to do something in return.

Killerman leans forward, speaking frankly to Imbusch.

KILLERMAN

Yes. Take Duke Ramsey off the case. He's the only detective around here my men are ineffective against. He has a first name, for god sakes! He must be stopped.

Commissioner Imbusch thinks for a moment more, then leans forward and shakes Killerman's hand.

IMBUSCH

Deal! I'll fire him immediately.

Killerman smiles, as does Imbusch.

INT. HALLWAY

The trio of Ramsey, Wagner and Alverez walk down the hallway, still with their staplers out. A voice emanates from Ramsey's stapler, and he takes it out.

IMBUSCH (V.O.)

Ramsey, get down here. I'm very angry.

Wagner and Alverez stare in disbelief, looking at his stapler.

WAGNER

It's a phone too?

Ramsey puts the stapler away, looking superior again.

RAMSEY

Yep. Jealous, aren't we?

Ramsey walks along down the hallway toward the office, Wagner and Alverez opting to go the other way.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE

Commissioner Imbusch paces back and forth in front of his desk, fuming with anger. Ramsey is confused.

IMBUSCH

Unbelievable. Absolutely unbelievable.

RAMSEY

I'm still not sure what you're so mad about.

Commissioner Imbusch can't stay mad at Ramsey for long, as he suddenly stops pacing.

IMBUSCH

I'm not quite sure either. To be perfectly honest, Ramsey, Killerman was here.

RAMSEY

Here?

IMBUSCH

Yes, here. He offered me a job in his organization in return for throwing you off the case.

Ramsey slams his fist against the arm rest on the chair, cursing Killerman.

RAMSEY

What an idiot. So did you find out where he's hiding?

Imbusch sits at his desk, preparing to brief Ramsey.

IMBUSCH

Ramsey, he's hiding at Plympton...

Ramsey has an epiphany.

RAMSEY

Plympton?

IMBUSCH

Yeah, he's hiding in that one particular room in Plympton.

RAMSEY

Which one?

IMBUSCH

That one particular room. You know?

Ramsey has another epiphany.

RAMSEY

Son of a...

EXT. OUTSIDE PLYMPTON

Ramsey, Alvarez and Wagner lean up against the wall with staplers out, looking quite cool.

RAMSEY

You two really shouldn't have come.

WAGNER

It's our duty.

ALVEREZ

Yeah, and Killerman almost killed me.

RAMSEY

I know, but you guys could get hurt. I'm the seasoned veteran, and he's the arch-nemesis. You two aren't even involved in this.

WAGNER

We're a unit. We're brothers.

ALVEREZ

Yeah, we can get Killerman together.

Just when Ramsey appears to be learning to accept partners, he randomly runs through the door, stapler pointed in front of him.

RAMSEY

To hell with that!

INT. SECRET HIDEOUT

Killerman swivels around in his chair just in time to see Ramsey enter the room, stapler pointed directly at him. The henchmen behind the swivel chair, Henchman B and Henchman C, along with Carlos and Leonard, all take out their staplers and aim right at Ramsey.

KILLERMAN

Well if it isn't Duke Ramsey, the man who used to be the best. You're a has-been, Ramsey. You don't stand a chance.

Ramsey starts walking towards him.

RAMSEY

You're wrong. I may wear outdated clothes and have 70s motorcycle cop glasses, but justice is timeless. It's the same now as it was then, and you're on the wrong side of this stapler, Killerman.

Killerman prepares to give an emotional speech.

KILLERMAN

You know, I didn't have it easy, Ramsey. Can you imagine being named Barnabus Killerman? It doesn't exactly set you up to be a doctor or a lawyer. I had a difficult childhood.

RAMSEY

I don't care. You've messed with the wrong Dirty Harry rip off.

Ramsey starts firing at Killerman, who swivels back around in his chair. The henchmen, Carlos and Leonard all take cover behind various objects, firing ruthlessly at Ramsey.

Ramsey fires back, but realizes he's outnumbered. He dives behind a conveniently placed potted tree, and reloads his stapler.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

They're everywhere!

Ramsey looks at the door to see Wagner and Alvarez run through it.

WAGNER

Friendship power!

They're both trying to fire their "staplers," but they appear to be broken and useless. They both start looking around self-consciously.

Killerman swivels around in his chair, and looks at the two of them, giving instructions to Carlos.

KILLERMAN

Carlos, eliminate them.

Carlos takes aim with his machine-stapler.

Carlos fires, and both Wagner and Alvarez go down. Ramsey sees the whole thing, letting out the clichéd movie "No!"

RAMSEY

No!

MONTAGE - RAMSEY IN SLO-MO

-- Ramsey rises with his stapler extended.

-- Carlos starts firing at the ceiling.

-- Ramsey shoots him and he falls.

-- Leonard starts shooting at the floor.

-- Ramsey shoots him in a fancy spin move that looks to be entirely unnecessary but extremely cool.

-- Henchman B and Henchman C stand at either side of Ramsey, shooting, but he ducks down at the last minute, causing them to shoot each other. They both fall to the ground, and he rises triumphantly.

-- Ramsey stops, taking aim at Killerman, who gulps.

END MONTAGE

The smoke clears, and Ramsey and Killerman are the only ones left. Killerman looks nervous.

KILLERMAN

Are you going to shoot me, Ramsey?

Ramsey holds his stapler for a few more seconds, thinking, then lowers it.

RAMSEY

No. I'll leave you in the hands of the school's justice system. You'll find that Commissioner Imbusch is quite hard on murderers.

Killerman sneers at him.

EXT. HILL WITH GREAT VIEW - THREE DAYS LATER

Commissioner Imbusch and Ramsey valiantly look off into the distance, thinking about the great strides in justice they have just achieved.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: Three days later.

IMBUSCH

You've done it again, Ramsey.
Killerman is going to be in In-House
Detention for the rest of his life.

RAMSEY

Yeah. It's too bad about Alvarez and
Wagner, though, huh?

Commissioner Imbusch doesn't quite understand yet that Ramsey is actually being empathetic and has somewhat changed through the experience.

IMBUSCH

Yeah, I was hoping they might not
survive too, but, surprisingly,
every staple was deflected off of
random metal objects on their
clothes. They just collapsed of
shock.

Ramsey slowly looks up at him, shocked and surprised.

RAMSEY

You mean they're not dead?

Imbusch shakes his head.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Wow, in the 70s, the lame rookie
sidekicks always got killed off.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE

Ramsey enters through the door, and sees Wagner and Alvarez each lying on a bed made out of several chairs put together.

He gives them a confused look, still not understanding how they are still alive, and they both look up to see him.

RAMSEY

You're alive...?

Ramsey goes over to shake hands with them, and they explain.

WAGNER

Yeah, would you believe that every
single staple deflected off of us?

Ramsey tries to smile, shaking his head. Alvarez speaks up.

ALVEREZ

You never quite realize the power of
friendship till it's too late, huh?

Ramsey is about to correct him.

RAMSEY

Well...

Wagner has something to add.

WAGNER

Brothers.

Ramsey again wants to interrupt, now feeling like his old
self-centered self.

RAMSEY

Eh...

Alvarez, full of joy, has a point to prove, and tries to grab
Ramsey's hand. Ramsey pushes it away.

ALVEREZ

Looks like we mattered after all, huh
Ramsey?

Ramsey ruthlessly talks down to him.

RAMSEY

No. You just got lucky. You still
don't have a first name.

Alvarez and Wagner are speechless and hurt. Ramsey then corrects
himself and tries to laugh.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Haha, just kidding. I actually have
learned some profound life lessons
from you two. Let's get some ice
cream.

Ramsey smiles, and Alvarez and Wagner each jump up from their
beds, laughing and smiling.

WAGNER

Mmm, ice cream!

ALVEREZ

We'll be detective buddies from now
on, Ramsey.

The group walks away, Ramsey sinking behind. He gives a look of horror and anger at having to be involved with these two imbeciles, then suddenly changes moods and tries to reassure himself and the audience that he's changed by looking directly at the camera as he speaks.

RAMSEY (TO CAMERA)

Honestly, I have been changed by this
experience.

Ramsey then walks off with Alverez and Wagner into a conveniently placed sunset.

FADE OUT