

Screenplay

ALLEYWAY

A man can be heard walking along a narrow, empty alleyway, his footsteps hitting the concrete floor. It is raining and cool jazz/blues music plays in the background.

NARRATOR

Sam Slade is an ex-ex-ex private detective-turned-lost soul, looking for redemption in a world that won't provide any. We join him on the way home from a hard day at the office...

SAM SLADE

It was a dark and stormy night. I was walking home from a good day beating up homeless people, but my mood was dark from the night and the wet rain hitting my sombrero. All I could think about was heading to my crappy dungheap of an apartment, lay on the couch and watch two rabbis doing a 69 on the Alternative History Channel...that or Fox News, depending how desperate I was.

SAM SLADE

Midnight approached like a mugger with a nailed baseball bat about to give my skull some ventilation, and I continued through the alleyway. Damn, I thought, this is one long alleyway. I could've sworn the map said the next street was 20 metres ahead. It is possible I took a wrong turn? And what are all these damn Mexicans doing here making dolls out of throwaway dog hair? In the rain? I mean, c'mon, the rain is wet.

SAM SLADE

I took a left turn out of the alleyway and in no time reached my front door. It was good to be home, amongst the cockroach infestation and my wardrobe of kinky floral dresses. Yeah, putting on lace made me feel....mmm, sexy.

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NARRATOR

Join us next week for another exciting addition of One-Man-Dramas. Coming up next, we'll join Sparticus as he muses on why other buttoholes tried to steal his thunder...