

Bella and Theo: Detectives of Crime "THE DETECTIVE'S CODE
OF HONOUR"

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Production Draft

INT. DIMENSION FIVE - CONTINUOUS

FADE IN.

BELLA, detective of crime, sits alone in a dark room. Pictures flicker, ensconcing her in a flurry of colour, noise, and form. A glass of water sits on the table beside her, waiting. Bella is dressed in simple colours, distinct from her surroundings, almost a silhouette. She turns to CAMERA A and begins to talk.

BELLA

A detective works for no one but the client.

A detective may work for multiple clients, but one case shall never preclude the attention of another.

Detectives do not work for ghost, and the do not work for scale.

Detectives are independent of organisation.

A detective only opens a squeaky door they are willing to grease.

A detective's story has four parts: beginning, middle, end, and that bit where they stare out a window and ponder.

Bella takes a sip from the glass of water, and turns to CAMERA B.

BELLA

I was fourteen years young when the "Detective's Code of Honour" first touched my ears. I was a kid deserted on the street by a pappy who din't care and a momma who cared too damn much. I needed something to cling to. The other kids got sucked into the darkness: hurt, pain, and the red-white-blue flag. They became small-time hustlers, smiling assassins. Not me.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DIMENSION FIVE - CONTINUOUS

A golden horse bites a golden fist.

FADE IN.

Bella takes a sip of water, her gaze unfocused, and turns to Camera A.

BELLA

When others run, a detective walks.

When others sing, a detective talks.

Detectives are lost in shadows and found on globes.

A detective is the glass in a baby's rattle, the broken stairs leading up to studio apartment.

Every 'tec shares a line with Marlowe, Spade, and Scully.

That same line the 'tec co-signs with Moriarty, Harry Lime, Count Dracula, and Freddy Krueger.

The glass is half-empty/half-full. Bella drinks, and turns to Camera B.

BELLA

The first time I had the code recited in front of me, it didn't mean too much, just a collection of verbs, adjectives, pronouns, and proverbs, seemingly void of meaning. Anyway, in that moment I was more concerned about the shackles the dude pronouncing it was wrapping across my wrists. The more I've been in this game, the more I've seen, the more I'm able to comprehend what Ol' TJ Watkins was thinking when he first scribbled down that mess. I'm in the biz' now, case you didn't notice, no more street hassle for me. I'm a 'tec, a gumshoe, a private baller, and when it comes time to work, the grand old Code is in the back of my mind.

Take the case of the Oamaru Strangler. Nasty stuff, one of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BELLA (cont'd)
those deals you enter knowing
you'll need to take a blistering
shower by the time it's all done.
After seeing the evidence, I was
stumped. Six bodies, no one to
answer for them. Twelve paid days
in and I was feeling loose. I sat
at home and scanned my eyes over
the DCOH. It was a desperate
move, but it paid off. I felt a
click.

"Section 24-C: 'A Detective's own
research is only as valuable as
the friendships they have with
local geologists."

I called the Oamaru Rock Council
and asked them to meet me at the
Coroner's. The first few bodies
revealed nothing, but the moment
Marietta Burns, age 26, slid out
of the chiller...I saw the
rock-folks faces change. They
identified a high level of lime
in the soil caking her clavicle.
Arresting Foreman George, of the
Weston Quarry, was easy.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DIMENSION FIVE - CONTINUOUS

FADE IN.

Bella spits out a sneaky Werther's Original. Bella
addresses Camera A.

BELLA
A detective spits in the eye of
corruption and the mouth of God,
because God asked the detective
to spit in their mouth, and the
detective agreed.

A detective goes to the movies
alone but the opera accompanied.

A detective is cheap and never
hurt.

Every detective has lost a game
of five-card stud to someone.

A detective's word? Heck yes. A
detective owns their word and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BELLA (cont'd)

swears by it until the word is wrenched from their half-split fingers.

A detective hates crime, but appreciates the value of a supply and demand economy.

Bella turns to camera B and tries not to spill any water on herself while doing so.

BELLA

I thought the case was done, solved, a home run, so to speak, until a week later, when I felt another click, similar, yet climactically different, from the first. I was back at the office, skimming milk and trying to avoid catching myself smiling in the vanity mirror opposite my desk. I'd done good, I knew. No more murders, that was fer sure. The streets of Oamaru were safe. For children, for adults...but there was something, a shadow shake hovering above my conscience. The solution was off, somehow.

Pained, I lowered the Detective Code of Honour from it's privileged position on my bookshelf. It opened immediately back to section 24-C. No help. Yet, in the annotations, was a turn of phrase I'd forgotten in my excitement.

"A detective keeps their friends close, and their enemies inside their pockets."

Regional geologists were the type of friends you didn't let babysit your niece. Their inclusion in the case was a wrinkle, and it was my turn...to be the iron.

Bella finishes off the glass of water, smacking her lips in satisfaction.

BELLA

A detective is pragmatically a republican, ideologically a Democrat, and always votes independent.

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A detective's favourite movie is *Spirited Away*, but detectives don't get out to the movies much.

A detective is a nightlight, afraid of the dark because a detective knows they're the ones who eventually get unplugged.

Bella keeps talking, as her voice fades out, into nothingness.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DIMENSION FIVE - NIGHT

FADE IN.

Bella stares into Camera A.

BELLA

I stared out the window in contemplation, for ages and ages and ages and ages and ages and ages and ages and ages and ages. Across the street from the office was a park, and in the park was a man and his donkey. The donkey was eating the man's figs, and the man was laughing.

CUT TO BLACK