

SIMMONS AND WOozy, NINJA DETECTIVES

by

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ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM – MIDDAY

Ninja Detectives SIMMONS and WOOZY (ninjas with LAPD badges pinned onto their chests) enter a secure crime scene amidst a dozen investigators.

SIMMONS

Should've taken the parkway.

WOOZY

(grunts and takes a swig of his flask)

SIMMONS

(to an investigator)

So, what do we have here?

INVESTIGATOR

Double homicide. Young couple. Knifed each other to death, it would seem.

SIMMONS

Yeah. It would seem. But seems don't close a case.

WOOZY

(to himself, cryptically)

Seams can close a hole, however.

(pulls out flask and drinks)

INVESTIGATOR

(looks at Woozy, pauses)

So, from the looks of it, both the man and his wife got sliced other in the femoral artery. They bled out before we could arrive.

SIMMONS

Interesting thought. Thanks kid.

(takes out wallet, starts counting dollars)

INVESTIGATOR

We don't have to pay each other for information.

SIMMONS

No?

INVESTIGATOR

We're cops, we don't –

(fed up)

Listen, the bloody knives are over there being fingerprinted if you want to take a look. There's also a frantic 911 call being transcribed in which the wife gives a graphic narrative concerning the attack. Even you guys should be able to piece this one together.

INVESTIGATOR leaves.

SIMMONS

(stares at departing investigator)

(to Woozy)

You think they really got knifed?

WOOZY

(lights a cigarette)

Doubt it.

SIMMONS

Ninja star to the base of the cerebellum. That's how I would've done it.

WOOZY

(to himself)

Hmm. Find the ninja star, find the killer.

SIMMONS

That's the name of the game!

(strikes provocative ninja pose as CAMERA ZOOMS)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT I

Initiate elaborate SIMMONS AND WOOZY, NINJA DETECTIVES theme sequence, complete with montage involving the two in a frantic car chase together, training in the dojo, laughing over ice cream sundaes and eventually giving the thumbs-up to the CAMERA in front of the American flag.

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. SIMMONS'S CONVERTIBLE

SIMMONS drives with the top down, WOOZY is in passenger seat

WOOZY

I still don't get it. The investigator at the scene said they did themselves.

SIMMONS

The couple didn't kill each other. No honor in that, Woozy. This was someone else's handiwork.

WOOZY

And I don't understand why we left the scene of the crime.

(pulls out a flask, starts drinking)

SIMMONS

(notices the flask)

Goddamnit Woozy, stop clouding your senses!

WOOZY

(wipes mouth, puts flask away)

Sorry.

SIMMONS

We left the crime scene because it was obviously compromised. All that evidence just lying around like that? The frantic 911 call logged? Conveniently absent smoke bomb residue along the corridor?

WOOZY

You're right. Doesn't add up. We may be new at this cop business but we're still plenty perceptive.

SIMMONS

My thoughts exactly. Now, I'm guessing the perp broke in using deep meditation to instantaneously dislodge all of his molecules, teleporting himself from the porch to somewhere in the living room. It'd be clean. Simple.

WOOZY

(to himself)

You would need a smoke bomb for all that.

SIMMONS

And who's the only smoke bomb pusher you know in East L.A.?

WOOZY

(eyes narrow)

Benny Maldonado.

SIMMONS

You're damn right. Hold on!

(jerks the wheel)

Car veers OFF CAMERA as we hear TIRES SCREECH and the sound of CRATES  
SPLINTERING

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM – EVENING

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR stands above the bodies of crime scene knife  
victims, INVESTIGATOR is next to him.

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR

Now, tell me what you told them.

INVESTIGATOR

(visibly panicked)

Exactly what you told me to. I-I told them about all the evidence – the 911 call – I said it was an open and shut case.

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR

Hm. That's interesting.

(leans over and runs a gloved finger through the crime victim's blood on the floor)

INVESTIGATOR

Wh-what's interesting?

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR

(preoccupied with rubbing the blood between his gloved fingers)

I wasn't aware you were only three days from retirement. It... strikes me as interesting, that this hadn't come up.

INVESTIGATOR

No. Please! I will do better next time, master, I assure you.

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR takes a silencer-equipped pistol from his inside blazer's breast pocket and shoots INVESTIGATOR through the chest. INVESTIGATOR falls over, dead. LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR places pistol back inside blazer.

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR

Pity.

(sighs)

INVESTIGATOR 2 and INVESTIGATOR 3 enter

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR

(motions to the body of INVESTIGATOR)

Remove this from my sight.

INVESTIGATOR 2 and INVESTIGATOR 3 lift the body...

INVESTIGATOR 2

Such a shame. He was three days from retirement.

INVESTIGATOR 3

Yes. Three days from retirement.

...and exit carrying it.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

INT. SMOKE BOMB LAB

The SMOKE BOMB LAB resembles a traditional meth or cocaine lab, only this lab is exclusively for smoke bomb production. Several SCIENTISTS wearing surgical masks are tending to the smoke bomb chemicals. There are also tables with bubbling beakers above Bunsen burners.

Suddenly we hear a KNOCK. The SCIENTISTS quickly look to each other, then slowly draw pistols.

EXT. SMOKE BOMB LAB – NIGHT

SIMMONS KNOCKS again at the door. WOOZY is seen drinking from his flask as he leans against the adjacent brick wall.

WOOZY

I don't think Benny's here, Simmons. We got a dead lead from that crack head. We should check Benny's usual spot on Green Street.

(drinks from flask)

SIMMONS

Stay on your guard, Woozy. Be mindful of your surroundings.

WOOZY

Yeah, yeah.

(puts flask away)

Suddenly the sound of GUNSHOTS ring out, the window next to WOOZY explodes.

WOOZY falls to the ground, protecting his head from the falling glass.

SIMMONS

(hugs the wall, away from the window)

Woozy! Woozy, you all right?

WOOZY

(groans, puts his hand to his head. takes it away and looks at it. hand is covered in blood)

CAMERA ZOOMS to SIMMONS' face. At first he looks terrified, before his eyes fill  
rage.

DISSOLVE to:

INT. SMOKE BOMB LAB

GUNSHOTS continue as SCIENTISTS fire their pistols toward the windows and door. Suddenly, SIMMONS crashes through the ceiling skylight. The SCIENTISTS leap back from the falling glass. Ninja stars fly as SCIENTISTS drop in rapid succession.

SIMMONS

(posing in ninja stance)

Its all clear, Woozy!

WOOZY enters, stumbling

WOOZY

I'm okay. Just, got some glass in my head here.

(plucks glass out of head, groans)

All right. Let's go find Benny.

SIMMONS

I don't think so. You call it in and hold up here. I'm going after Benny.

(breaks ninja stance, begins to walk toward bowels of the smoke bomb lab)

WOOZY

I told you I'm fine. I can still—

SIMMONS

Damnit, you're not fine, you're sloppy and reckless! And you're drunk! You have no honor!

(calms down)

I told you that I need you fresh. Now call for back up.

WOOZY

I know. I'm sorry. It's just so, it's so hard. To stay focused.

(collapses, begins to weep)

I mean what are we even fighting for?

SIMMONS

(rushes to Woozy, cradles him)

Hey, hey. I know you're still upset about our banishment from the clan - the public embarrassment following the subsequent disbarment from our ninja code - but I'm telling you the

conspirators responsible for our ninja exile are here, in Los Angeles. And we're going to get them, okay?

WOOZY

Oh but what if you're wrong, Simmons? What if the clan was right? Maybe we aren't true ninja.

SIMMONS

Damnit, we are not giving up. And in the meantime, as policemen, we can dispense justice upon those who have neglected it! All while searching for the conspirators of our ninja clan. We just have to learn more about how to be proper police officers. That's all.

LIGHTS are turned off. SIMMONS and WOOZY are in darkness

BENNY (VO)

Well done, Simmons and Woozy. You've discovered my smoke bomb lab and dispatched of my lowly scientists. But tell me, can you fare as well against my elite soldiers?

We hear FOOTSTEPS of SOLDIERS over the loudspeaker as BENNY laughs.

Loudspeaker clicks off.

WOOZY

Damnit, can't see a thing. We're like sitting ducks here.

SIMMONS

Then we will use our ninja abilities to stand. Like standing ducks.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE – NIGHT

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR sits in front of POLICE CHIEF'S desk. The OFFICE is menacing and dramatically lit. POLICE CHIEF is sitting behind desk. Instead of stroking a small Persian cat on his lap, a full grown Bengal tiger sits on the lap of the POLICE CHIEF. Due to the tiger's immense size, only the POLICE CHIEF'S hands are seen, stroking the tiger.

POLICE CHIEF

I don't respond well to failure, lead criminal investigator. You of all people should know this.

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR

Naturally, sir. Although I don't think I have to explain to you that Simmons and Woozy possess a near supernatural heightened sense of perception. Our attempts to spring a trap at a crime scene weren't –

POLICE CHIEF

You bring shame to this department. Instead of providing a solution you only offer ... excuses.

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR

(lowers his head)

A thousand pardons.

POLICE CHIEF

(sighs)

Our men have received Woozy's distress call from Benny Maldonado's smoke bomb facility in East Los Angeles. Well – what *sounds* like a distress call. Its mostly just Woozy asking the dispatch officer if he's using the radio correctly.

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR

Damnit. They're getting too close. If they continue inside that facility they'll be bound to find more... *sensitive* materials crucial to our cause.

POLICE CHIEF

Yes. My sentiments exactly, which is why I want your men to respond to the call, swiftly. Swiftly enough to have just missed preventing Simmons and Woozy's, shall we say, unfortunate demise.

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR

Very good sir. Perhaps we can also salvage the smoke bomb factory and Benny's life, before things get too messy.

POLICE CHIEF

I didn't say anything about salvaging Benny's life.

POLICE CHIEF smiles, then clumsily attempts to turn his chair away from the LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR. However, due to the great size of the Bengal tiger, this awkward turn becomes impossible, and the POLICE CHIEF settles for a dismissive wave of the hand.

LEAD CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR

(bows)

Farewell, chief.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT V

ACT VI

FADE IN:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

SIMMONS and WOOZY crawl along. WOOZY continues to drink, in spite of his earlier emotional outburst.

WOOZY

(swallows loudly)

Ahh.

SIMMONS

(partially turns and whispers, oblivious)

What's that, Woozy? You sense something?

WOOZY

Nope.

(discretely continues drinking heavily)

I just, I still don't see why we had to use ninja stealth to escape the soldiers, instead of using one of our other ninja abilities to fight them.

Below, murmuring is heard. SIMMONS peers through a vent.

WOOZY

Like, weapons mastery. Or Ka-Ra-Te!

SIMMONS

Quiet now Woozy! Something is going on. There's...a woman being held down there.

DISSOLVE to:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, SMOKE BOMB LAB

Two SOLDIERS are talking to each other in another language. The SOLDIERS are disinterested in the attractive young WOMAN tied down to a chair in the background, who appears to be asleep.

Suddenly, the SOLDIERS stand erect before dropping to the ground. As they fall, we see ninja stars at the base of their cerebellum and SIMMONS in a ninja pose behind them.

SIMMONS

Quickly now, Woozy. Help me with the woman.

A delayed ninja star from WOOZY is tossed, landing with a THUD in one of the dead SOLDIERS' calf. WOOZY falls out of the vent.

WOOZY

I'm all right. I got this.

(stands up, starts to work on the ropes binding the unconscious woman)

Damnit, these knots are...friggin... stubborn.

(WOOZY starts to reel and throws up OFF CAMERA, collapsing afterward)

SIMMONS

Aw, what the hell?

(lifts up his shoes, looks at the soles)

Christ, it's in the treads!

WOOZY

(moaning)

Ach! I think it was some of the smoke bomb dust that got ... in my stomach.

SIMMONS ignores WOOZY and now works the ropes' knots.

SIMMONS

I think we may have to scrap the siege for tonight, Woozy. Looks like we got some excess baggage. And we need to have a long talk about the ninja code when we get back home.

WOOZY

(arises)

(realizing he's gotten up too fast for his stomach, WOOZY doubles over)

Woo-damn, I'm gonna have one big ninja hangover in the morning.

WOOZY'S POV - UP ANGLE

We see the WOMAN is free, awake, and now holding a gun to SIMMONS' head as she uses him as a human shield.

WOMAN

You can say that again.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT VI