

DICK MOOVE

Written by

Rob Hackney

rob@solarstorm.net.au  
0478 632 936

INT. DICK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Open on a collection of 10 half full coffee mugs on a dirty floor rug. Some cups are clearly older than the others, based on their curdling and mold levels.

A hand lands in one of them. Splash.

Pulling out, we see that the hand belongs to DICK MOOVE, an unkempt, smelly-looking man in his 30's, sleeping in his clothes, boots and sunglasses.

A mobile phone rings somewhere.

Dick sits up slightly, looking around, before dozing off again.

The phone stops ringing, then starts again.

He sits up, slapping the sunglasses from his own face, before patting down his pockets. He finds the phone, answering it.

DICK  
(growling)  
Mooooo... (coughs)

When he tries to speak, his voice is pure rasp. It takes him a moment to pressure clear the phlegm from his throat.

DICK  
Moove Detection. You suspect them,  
we detect them.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
I'm leaving for my apartment in the  
city now. I hope you're watching  
the house.

DICK  
Of course I'm watching the fucking  
house, lady. I've been here in my  
car all day, just watching him.  
Watching this house I'm outside of.  
From the relative obscurity of my  
car, as per my recent, ah... advice  
to you.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
What's he doing now?

DICK

He... is... (pretends to look, craning neck) yelling at your neighbour's dog?

WOMAN (V.O.)

What? None of my neighbours have dogs. I've never known him to yell at *any* animal.

DICK

Seriously? None? That sounds like you're making this shit up as you go along. I don't trust a lot of what you're saying, Rosaline.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Richard, I'm beginning to have my doubts about this. I hope you're going to give me what I paid you for. I'm a shrewd businesswoman, you know.

Dick rolls over the bed, picking up one of the coffee cups.

DICK

Of course.

He takes a sip, spit-taking.

DICK

Sorry about that, one of those fire spitting buskers just came up to my window and did like a fiery display, spitting fire fucking *everywhere* in my housecar.

He tries another cup, sipping it, spitting instantly, nearly vomiting.

WOMAN (V.O.)

What was that?

DICK

He seems unwell, I think he swallowed some... of the petrol. He's nearly vomiting now. Fucking asshole. (shouts) Stop vomiting on my car bro!

WOMAN (V.O.)

I will let you go.

He tries a third cup. This one stays down. He finishes it.

DICK  
(swallowing)  
Yeah man. Talk soon.

He hangs up.

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Dick exits his house, getting into a shitty car in the driveway, leaving the door open. He takes a few deep breaths here, feeling dizzy.

In the afternoon sun, the level of dust and dirt caked onto the windscreen is such that he can't see out of it.

He pulls the windscreen squirter but the wipers just grind against the windshield, dry.

Dick lights a joint. He squints at the empty wiper fluid warning on his dash, tapping it.

DICK  
Cunt.

Dick leans over the rubbish-covered passenger seat (it's all fast food containers, chocolate bar wrappers, and milkshake cups), picking up an empty coke bottle. He goes again, getting an empty flavoured-water bottle. On the third try he comes back with a paper coffee cup. He swishes it around, making an "okay then" face.

Dick reaches around through the open door to pour old black coffee on the windshield, activating the wipers with his free hand. It's... sort of effective. About what you would expect.

INT. DICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Dick now sits across the road from the house he was supposed to be watching earlier, watching a MAN in his fifties move about inside the lit windows. The guy seems to be preparing for a night out.

Dick eats a cheeseburger out of its wrapper, then fishes around in his pocket for a small vial of cocaine, which he takes a bump of, chewing the mouthful of burger much faster. He sips a milkshake incredibly quick, tapping his leg in time with a beat that only he hears.

WIN appears at the passenger side window, leaning in.

WIN  
Hey man. Can I get in?

Dick shakes his head.

Win opens the door, brushing the collection of rubbish onto the floor, his feet stomping it down as he climbs in.

Win nods at the burger.

WIN  
Nice cheeseburger.

Dick frowns.

DICK  
Thanks.

WIN  
Can I have it?

DICK  
(offended)  
No?

They sit in silence a moment while Dick quickly stuffs the rest of the burger into his mouth all at once and struggles to breathe through his nose while chewing it all.

DICK  
(swallowing)  
Did you talk to the new lead?

Win nods.

WIN  
Yeah. The guy is legit, I saw his wallet, it has hooker tokens sticking out.

DICK  
What do you mean, like those strip club tipping dollars?

WIN  
No that's just what I call money now. It's like an insight into my character.

DICK  
Oh so like fifty dollar notes and stuff?

WIN  
Yeah. He seemed to have exactly fifty dollars.

DICK  
But you call them hooker tokens.

Win nods.

DICK  
(getting it)  
Because you spend all your money on  
hookers.

WIN  
Right.

DICK  
That's funny.

WIN  
Thanks. I've been doing stand up  
comedy at an open mic.

DICK  
Really? What do you talk about?

WIN  
Just my dog and stuff. Things he  
thinks about, expressions he gets  
on his face.

Dick frowns, consciously choosing not to pursue it further.

DICK  
So the guy has money then.

WIN  
At least fifty dollars, I'm  
certain. Unless he's spending it  
right now.

DICK  
That's promising.

Win leans over, looking at the house window.

WIN  
Is this guy gonna cheat tonight or  
what?

DICK  
I hope so. His wife will think I  
never came here if I tell her he  
didn't.

WIN

Craig said his dinner break at work is only half an hour. I can stay here and watch the house.

DICK

Who's Craig?

WIN

The new client. With the money. Tipping dollars. Fuck. Hooker dollars.

DICK

Why do you spend all your money on hookers?

WIN

What else am I gonna do?

Dick shrugs, disinterested.

DICK

Masturbate.

Win shakes his head.

WIN

Too much grip strength bro.

DICK

What?

WIN

In my forearms.

Win holds up his arms, making a gripping motion.

WIN

Have you ever seen how they make a sausage? It's like that in reverse. I can't calibrate.

Dick sits quietly a moment, processing.

Dick picks up an SLR camera with a telephoto lens, handing it to Win.

DICK

I stole this off someone without stealing the manual, so I haven't been able to use it. If you figure it out, I will give you a bonus-- no, I will...

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)  
say some nice shit about you, or to  
you. Context-dependent.

Win looks at it a moment, pulling out his phone while Dick  
gets out of the car.

WIN  
Why don't you just download a PDF  
of the manual from the manufacturer  
website?

Dick leans back in, frowning, looking at him a long moment.

DICK  
Fuck you. Go fuck yourself. Good  
work. See you later.

Dick slams the door shut then leaves.

EXT. PICNIC TABLE - NIGHT

Dick sits opposite CRAIG, who eats a sandwich out of glad  
wrap, wearing a short sleeve collared shirt and tie.

CRAIG  
I know it sounds like a weird  
youtube video or something.

DICK  
I'm blocked from Youtube after a  
court ruling. Fucking feminists. I  
can't really go into it, I signed  
an NDA. Seriously though. Fuck  
those specific feminists I can't  
talk about. Not all of them, I'm  
not like that. Just the ones who  
brought the action against me. Fuck  
them. Some of them I would. One in  
particular. She blocked me on  
social media though. Anyway. Tell  
me about your housemate Stu.

CRAIG  
No his name is Steve. The guy's  
literally an alien. Not always.  
Like he was replaced by one. Some  
time since we moved in together.

Dick leans forward.

DICK  
This is pretty fucking cool. I  
might write a book about this case.  
(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

It'll be like one of those X-Files novels.

Craig frowns.

CRAIG

The X-Files was a show I think.

DICK

No they had novels. Licensed ones, like Star Trek and Babylon Five.

CRAIG

My housemate hates that show.

DICK

Babylon Five? Fuck him.

CRAIG

No the X-Files. He said it's pretty unrealistic.

DICK

So that's what made you think he's an alien now.

CRAIG

No he says weird shit too.

DICK

Like what?

Craig thinks.

CRAIG

Um, he seemed really disgusted that everyone drinks milk from cows. Like he didn't realise that's where it was from before.

Dick slowly nods.

DICK

Bit weird, isn't it?

Craig nods too.

CRAIG

Hey I have to go back to work, but come by my house later. I finish at eleven, he's usually up then too.

DICK

Okay, don't tell him you're hiring me as a private investigator to investigate him being a potential alien.

Craig shrugs as he stands, tossing his glad wrap and crusts away on the picnic table.

CRAIG

Why would I tell him that?

DICK

Cool. Just making sure. Don't tell him my full title is Dick Moove: Detective At Law.

They walk together to the park exit.

CRAIG

I didn't even know it was until you just said it now.

DICK

Tell him my name is Richard. That's what people call me outside of work. Although I *am* always on the job. Or asleep. I'm on a job now even.

CRAIG

Wow, really? My job? Like already?

DICK

No someone else's.

CRAIG

Oh. Why are you here?

DICK

My partner's handling it.

CRAIG

Is he good?

DICK

(thinks)  
Ehh, about average.

CRAIG

Are you good?

DICK  
(hesitates)  
Yep.

CRAIG  
Shouldn't you ask me for a deposit  
or something?

DICK  
I already did.

CRAIG  
Oh sorry, how much was it?

DICK  
One fifty dollar note, or two  
twenties, a five, and whatever  
change you have from buying that  
sandwich.

Craig pulls a fifty out of his wallet, holding it up  
triumphantly before handing it over.

CRAIG  
(weirdly happy)  
I brought that sandwich from home!

DICK  
Brilliant.

INT. DICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Dick gets back into the driver side next to Win, who watches  
the house through the camera lens.

DICK  
Anything?

WIN  
I think he's the Dutch soccer  
league.

Dick's phone rings. He answers it.

DICK  
Moove Detection. Oh hi Trev. Yes  
mate. Tomorrow five PM in the north  
corner of the reserve. You bring  
all your own equipment, targets,  
and the signed waiver. Cheers bud.

He hangs up. Win seems curious.

WIN

What was that?

DICK

I'm giving archery lessons on the side, to make some extra cash. I did my budget recently and it turns out I'm getting my head kicked in, financially.

WIN

Oh okay, when did you learn it?

Dick looks at him.

DICK

Managing a household budget? What a weird thing to ask.

WIN

No archery.

DICK

Oh. I don't know anything about archery. They don't know that until they pay for the lesson of course. Each new student is another funny story to tell, and seventy-five more drug tokens in my wallet.

WIN

Wait, did you just steal my hooker tokens bit and replace it with drugs to fit you?

DICK

I feel like that meme has evolved organically between our inner social circle.

WIN

Do any students ever come back a second time?

DICK

No one has so far. Most of them just leave after a few minutes seeming disappointed.

WIN

Do you even show them how to shoot a bow?

DICK  
Straight up.

WIN  
Huh?

DICK  
I just tell them to shoot it directly up in the air. Some of them do it and then they know. Some of them realise right away, no one who knows anything about archery would ever say to do that.

WIN  
Holy shit.

DICK  
Pretty smart right? No one else has thought of it, that I can tell.

WIN  
Maybe you should write a book dude.

DICK  
I know, I'm writing one. About aliens. It's called X-Files, colon, The Replaced. Or if I can't get the rights, "In the tradition of TV's The X-Files, Moove Detection presents: The Stu File, Rise of Steve".

WIN  
Nice. I love those X-Files novels. You know they made a TV show based on that.

A car pulls up in the driveway of the house. Win begins taking photos.

DICK  
This is probably the thing.

They watch as a YOUNG WOMAN gets out of the car, going to the door, ringing the doorbell. The man answers, letting her in. Win takes pictures of it all.

Through the bedroom window, Win snaps them taking off each other's clothes. She goes down to her knees, disappearing beneath the window, while the guy tilts his head back and closes his eyes.

Dick and Win high-five.

EXT. CRAIG AND STEVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick's car is parked in the driveway of a modest suburban home.

INT. CRAIG AND STEVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick and Win sit together on one small couch, watching STEVE and Craig play X-Box together.

Dick very casually watches Steve out of the corner of his eye, paying close attention to the inhumanly fast button mashing going on.

STEVE

Where do you know these guys from  
bro?

CRAIG

Uni.

DICK

My drug dealer.

WIN

A sex club.

Steve pauses the game, turning slowly to stare at Win, then Dick.

STEVE

Did he tell you guys I'm an alien?

Dick and Win share a quick glance.

STEVE

He tells everyone that. It's not  
true.

Craig frowns.

CRAIG

Who did I tell that you're an  
alien?

STEVE

Pete and Liam man. They told me  
right after.

CRAIG

(remembering)

Oh shit you're right. That was the  
first time I took ecstasy.

WIN  
I guess that blows our whole  
investigation.

DICK  
Not necessarily. I'd still like to  
remain on the case.

WIN  
How's that going to work? He knows--

Dick elbows Win, who overreacts, rolling around on the couch,  
crying out in pain.

WIN  
Ow! What did you do that for?

STEVE  
(to Craig)  
He tried to subtly elbow his friend  
and probably fucked up his kidney.

CRAIG  
It's okay, I can keep paying. You  
don't need to trick me into it or  
anything.

Win recovers like a downed soccer player, rubbing his hip a  
little before sitting up.

WIN  
I'm okay.

DICK  
I just feel like I should look into  
it for you thoroughly. For both of  
you. Maybe you are an alien Steve.  
What if they replaced you and you  
don't even know it?

Steve slowly nods.

STEVE  
Fair enough. I'm pretty sure he's  
just confused with me looking a bit  
different after I changed  
hairdresser.

DICK  
(to Steve)  
Do you have any gaps in your memory  
from the last few years?

Steve thinks.

STEVE

No, but I remember a lot of things  
that never happened to me.

Dick frowns.

DICK

Like what?

STEVE

Normal human stuff really.

Craig shoots Dick a quick glance.

INT. DICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving away, Dick scowls at Win.

DICK

There is *no book deal* if you fuck  
this up for us dude.

Dick pulls over at an intersection.

DICK

Alright get the fuck out. I'm going  
to see the old lady.

INT. ROSALINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Standing in a nice CBD apartment with a view, Dick shows  
ROSALINE--the woman on the phone earlier, in her 50's with a  
sexy kind of feminine powerful aura--photos of her husband  
getting the blowjob, using the camera's LCD screen.

DICK

So ah, as you can see, your husband  
is clearly meeting this young lady  
for, what we could best determine  
as investigators to be a, I guess  
the professional term would be a  
blow-jay or a bee-jewelled.

She stares at him a moment.

ROSALINE

That's it?

Dick seems confused.

DICK  
Mouth-sex? I don't really have any  
other ones. Fellatius?

ROSALINE  
Did they have intercourse or not,  
Richard?

Dick keeps clicking through the photos, reaching the end,  
before clicking through to some random creep shots of women's  
asses and cleavage in public.

DICK  
Whoops. That's just for another  
case I'm working on... please  
forget you saw anything. Client  
confidentiality is paramount to us  
at Moove Detection. Me especially.

She stares at him for a long moment.

DICK  
(thinking)  
You asked a question somewhere in  
there didn't you?

ROSALINE  
Did they fuck, or did they *not*  
fuck?

Dick thinks, taking a long breath.

DICK  
I... guess.

She keeps staring.

DICK  
We assume they did. I mean, that's  
what happens after the big  
blejowski right? Isn't that enough  
on its own?

She tsks, shaking her head as she paces the open plan room.

ROSALINE  
Of course not, Richard. We've had a  
semi-open marriage for years. It  
needs to be full-blown vaginal  
intercourse to count as infidelity.

DICK  
Oh. Okay. Weird. Well I guess I  
can... try again. Tomorrow?

She sighs.

ROSALINE

One more chance at this, Richard. I  
can't keep paying you for failure.  
I'm a very well-regarded  
businesswoman.

INT. DICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Dick drives slowly past Craig and Steve's house again, just scoping out the area. He pulls over opposite the house, seeming to sense something strange.

Dick leans forward, looking up at the roof. There he sees Steve, standing alone on its precarious tiled apex, staring up at the night sky.

Dick frowns.

Steve's attention slowly drifts from the sky, down to the street, to meet Dick's surprised gaze.

Steve nods, emotionless.

Dick throws up a quick, awkward wave, then floors it, peeling out of the street.

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick pulls into his driveway, slowly getting out of the car with a bottle of scotch and a loaf of bread.

INT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick stands at the fridge, taking a large ice cube from the freezer, putting it into a scotch glass, before refilling the tray.

He pours scotch over the big cube, sipping it.

Dick thinks for a moment, sighing, before snatching his keys, going back out.

INT. DICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Dick pulls up opposite the husband's house again, grabbing the SLR camera before getting out of the car.

EXT. ROSALINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick stoops as he runs quietly up the driveway, pressing himself against the house beneath the window they watched before.

He twists around and pulls himself up slowly to look through it, seeing no one inside.

Dick creeps quietly to the next window, seeing nothing there either.

From off camera, toward the back of the house, he hears a woman giggle.

Dick sneaks toward the back fence, climbing over it, landing softly in the back yard.

He sneaks along the edge of the house, tripping on the garden pathway, silently stumbling, smashing the camera on a rock.

DICK  
(whispering)  
Fucking mothercuntshit!

The woman giggles again, from just around the next corner. He can hear a man murmuring also now, and the bubbling of a spa. There's also the sound of wet flesh slapping and squelching.

When he peaks around the corner wall, Dick can see the man and young woman from earlier, now in the spa, both of them facing him with the man stood behind her thrusting sexually, bending her over.

Dick pulls out his phone, recording video, using the digital zoom to get both their faces quite clearly, and a good ten seconds of the action.

The guy suddenly stops, standing upright, looking around. Dick shrinks back, worrying he's been seen.

YOUNG WOMAN  
What's wrong?

The guy grabs a remote control from beside the spa, pressing play.

HUSBAND  
The music stopped.

As romantic music spools up to fill audio on the outdoor stereo, the husband continues pounding away at her from behind while Dick films, unzipping his pants with one free hand.

INT. ROSALINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rosaline answers her apartment door in a night gown that she clutches closed more tightly at her chest, looking half asleep and annoyed.

Dick shows her the footage on his phone, nodding with tired satisfaction.

ROSALINE  
Are they having anal sex?

Dick's face slackens.

DICK  
Anal doesn't even count?

Rosaline slams the door shut in his face.

Dick sits down with his back against it, beginning to watch the footage, still playing on his phone. Dick squints.

DICK  
Are they having anal? This guy's  
like a sex lawyer.

After a quick scan of the surrounding area, he unzips himself again.

INT. DICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Dick drives back past Craig and Steve's house, going the other direction this time. He slows to a crawl as he passes the house, seeing one window flashing green, then red, in a strange pulsing pattern.

Dick stops the car, watching a moment, frowning. A silhouette appears behind the blind there.

Dick floors it, peeling out of the street once more.

INT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick arrives home again, tossing his stuff on the floor, returning to his glass of now-diluted scotch.

He throws the liquid in the sink, refilling it with ice and scotch, sitting in the small house's one armchair to sip it.

He pulls the sunglasses from his shirt pocket and puts them on, leaning back to fall asleep as he struggles to continue sipping the drink, fighting fatigue.

Fade out.

INT. DICK'S HOUSE - DAWN

Dick awakes to the sun pouring unnaturally in through a different set of windows than normal, with someone pounding on his front door.

Dick gets up shakily, staggering to the door slowly.

He opens it to reveal Steve.

STEVE  
Bro. Craig is missing.

DICK  
Who?

STEVE  
My housemate.

Dick stares at him blankly.

STEVE  
He hired you to investigate if I was replaced by an alien.

DICK  
Ahh yep.

They stand in silence a moment.

DICK  
Where is he sorry?

Steve shrugs.

STEVE  
I don't know. He want missing. He's not in his bed.

DICK  
So you're hiring me to track him down?

STEVE  
I guess? Didn't he already hire you?

DICK  
That was for a different case.

STEVE

How much do you cost?

DICK

How much do you have on you?

Roll credits.