

Screenplay

"Hank Foley, Private Dick" by Aaron Hertzog First Draft

INT. OFFICE

HANK FOLEY, PRIVATE DICK sits behind his desk in his office, he is dressed in a shirt and tie, with an overcoat, much like a classic private detective. In walks a woman, MAMIE VON HUFF, dressed like a 50's housewife.

MAMIE VON HUFF

(breathless)

Oh, thank god you're here. I've heard you're the best.

HANK FOLEY

(kindly)

Thanks, dollface.

Hank stands and extends his hand to shake Mamie's.

HANK FOLEY

(continued)

Hank Foley, Private Dick.

MAMIE VON HUFF

Mamie Von Huff, pleased to meet you. Mr. Foley you must help me I -

HANK FOLEY

(interrupting)

Mrs. Von Huff, please. Before we start, for legal reasons only, I must insist you pay me in advance. I am sorry. My fee is one hundred dollars per day and it is non refundable.

Mamie reaches in her purse and grabs a wad of money.

MAMIE VON HUFF

Oh, well of course.

She begins to count out bills and hand them to Hank.

MAMIE VON HUFF

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten. Eleven. Twelve. Thirteen. Fourteen. Fifteen. And fifty. And twenty. And ten. And one. And two. And three. And, oh look, a two dollar bill!

(CONTINUED)

HANK FOLEY

(his demeanor changes, is now gruff)

Lets get down to business.

MAMIE VON HUFF

Well, Mr. Foley. This is a bit private and somewhat embarrassing, but...I think my husband might be cheating on me.

HANK FOLEY

Of course he is.

MAMIE VON HUFF

How do you know already?

HANK FOLEY

I can tell just by looking at you. How can I say this best? You have a...stupid fucking face.

MAMIE VON HUFF

(confused)

My...face? What an awful thing to say! I have never...

HANK FOLEY

Of course you've never heard this before. Most people walk around all day trying to be polite. But you're not paying me to be polite, are you?

MAMIE VON HUFF

I don't understand.

HANK FOLEY

Of course you don't understand. Cause you're a big dummy dumb pants too.

MAMIE VON HUFF

I am a college professor! I work in the classics department at State U.

HANK FOLEY

Let me ask you something. Do you put your dumb pants on one dumb leg at a dumb time - and when you get those dumb pants on you realize they're not dumb pants at all...but

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANK FOLEY (cont'd)  
a dumb denim jacket that you put on  
your dumb legs...because you're  
dumb?

MAMIE VON HUFF  
I don't even own a denim jacket!  
This has nothing to do with my  
request and I don't have to take  
this abuse.

HANK FOLEY  
Hey - it's your dime, lady.

MAMIE VON HUFF  
And I expect to get my money's  
worth. Now, I heard from many  
people that you're the best and I  
will get the best.

HANK FOLEY  
Oh, so you don't think I'm doing a  
good job?

MAMIE VON HUFF  
I don't think you're doing any  
job. I came in here trying to find  
out if my husband was cheating on  
me and you're just giving me grief.

HANK FOLEY  
What makes you so special? Nothin'  
that I can see. You're just an old,  
stupid faced, dummy pants who  
thinks the world owes her a favor  
just because she hired it to do a  
job.

MAMIE VON HUFF  
(angry)  
I cannot believe that...

She is interrupted by a ringing telephone.

HANK FOLEY  
You shut your mouth while I answer  
this phone call.

He picks up the phone - and immediately returns to the nice  
man he was at the beginning.

HANK FOLEY

Hello? Oh, yes, I'm actually with Mrs. Von Huff right now. Well she is lovely, just wonderful. I will not tell her that. (beat) Because I'm working. I have to go, I'm on the clock.

HANK makes cutesy noises and squeaks an "I love you" then a "no, you hang up first" then waits a beat before slamming the telephone down angrily.

MAMIE VON HUFF

What was that?

HANK FOLEY

That was none of your god damned business that's what that was! I hope your husband is cheating on you. You're nosy, you're demanding, you're insecure, and on top of that I already mentioned your stupid fucking face and your dummy dumb dumb pants.

MAMIE VON HUFF

Enough! I came here because I had nowhere else to go. My husband, who I love has been distant, he keeps weird hours and makes strange phone calls. I don't know what else to do. I have to find out if he's being unfaithful to me and you are supposed to be the best private dick in the city. Now, please, sir, will you help me.

Hank Foley looks at her for a few moments, seemingly touched by her plea. He takes a deep breath and for a moment it seems like he is going to genuinely respond until he lets out a long, drawn out mouth-fart. Afterwards, Mamie stares at him in disbelief. She does not know what to say. She gathers herself. Takes a deep breath and begins to speak.

MAMIE VON HUFF

I...

As she speaks he interrupts her with another mouth fart. She keeps starting to say something and HANK continues to interrupt her with mouth farts. Continue this as long as we like.

(CONTINUED)

MAMIE VON HUFF

That is it! You are horrible! I can't believe you! I come here for your help and you treat me like this? You are such a jerk! No, you're an asshole! No, you're a, you're a, a...

HANK FOLEY

A dick?

Mamie's face falls. The realization of her error slowly washes over her. She just paid this man to be a dick to her.

MAMIE VON HUFF

Did I just pay you a hundred dollars to act like a dick to me?

Hank shakes his head with a shit-eating grin on his face.

HANK FOLEY

Yep.

MAMIE VON HUFF

So, you can't tell me whether or not my husband's been cheating on me?

HANK FOLEY

Oh, no. You're husband's cheating on you. I've got picture proof right here.

Hank hands Mamie a minella envelope.

MAMIE VON HUFF

But...how?

HANK FOLEY

I'm Hank Foley. I'm the best.

Mamie starts to open the manilla envelope but pauses, she seems to reconsider.

MAMIE VON HUFF

Is this envelope just full of pictures of your penis?

Hank tries to hold back a smile but he can't. He's like a child caught in a lie. He is soon smiling ear to ear and squealing and nodding his head yes.

SFX: THE HANK FOLEY THEME SONG

SONG

He's Hank Foley, the Private Dick.  
Not a detective, a private dick.

BLACKOUT