

SPADE
EPISODE 1: CUSHIONS

Written by

Daniel Harding

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EXT. PEDESTRIAN STREET - DAY

A DELIVERY DRIVER opens his van door and picks up a large box - he struggles to get the door closed. He walks up to a house and tries ringing the door bell with his chin, but cannot reach. He reluctantly decides to put the box down and knock.

DELIVERY DRIVER
(to himself)
Come on, come on!

The DELIVERY DRIVER looks back at his van and sees someone standing beside it.

ARSEHOLE NEIGHBOUR
Is this your van?

DELIVERY DRIVER
Yeah?

ARSEHOLE NEIGHBOUR
It's not meant to be parked here
though, is it?

DELIVERY DRIVER
I'm just-

ARSEHOLE NEIGHBOUR
I don't care what you're *just*
doing. It's blocking my view.

An anger builds up inside of the DELIVERY DRIVER - he wants to smash the guy's face in.

DELIVERY DRIVER
(under his breath)
Right. Have it your way. You
fucking asshole-

He pulls a pen from his jacket pocket and quickly scribbles something on a piece of paper.

CUT TO:

The DELIVERY DRIVER slams the van door closed and looks at the ARSEHOLE NEIGHBOUR - who folds his arm in victory, pleased with himself. The DELIVERY DRIVER then mouths "wanker" at the ARSEHOLE NEIGHBOUR, whilst making the appropriate gesture - who in turn, is shocked.

TITLE: SPADE

We hear a phone ringing OFF SCREEN.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

The ringing persists - we see that the phone has automatically labelled the call as *Potential Client*.

STACEY "BILL" SPADE is laying, sprawled out, unconscious on his bed. He looks dead to the world, but the ringing persists, it eventually wakes him up.

He leans over and grabs the phone.

BILL
Fuck. Off.

He slams the phone back down and turns over. The phone starts rings again.

BILL (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Arggggh!

He turns back over and picks up the phone.

BILL (CONT'D)
What?!

POTENTIAL CLIENT (O.S.)
(unsure)
Is that Mr Spade? Mr *Stacey* Spade?

BILL
(frustrated)
It's *Bill* Spade, yes. What do you want?

POTENTIAL CLIENT (O.S.)
I'm looking for a *Stacey* Spade. Is she there?

BILL rubs his eyes.

BILL
There's no *she* here. But I'm *Mr* Spade.

POTENTIAL CLIENT (O.S.)
Oh, is *Stacey* your wife then or something? Although it does say *Mr* on his advert. I'm confused.

BILL
She's not my wife, okay?

POTENTIAL CLIENT (O.S.)
Significant other then?

BILL
(frustrated)
No! Look, you woke me up, so can you just get on with it? What do you want?

POTENTIAL CLIENT (O.S.)
My parcel has gone missing.

BILL
Right. And...?

POTENTIAL CLIENT (O.S.)
That's it. My parcel has gone missing.

BILL
Why the fuck are you calling me for?

POTENTIAL CLIENT (O.S.)
Well, I need help finding it, don't I? I thought that'd be obvious. And this ad does say your a private *de-tect-ive*. So?

BILL rolls his eyes.

BILL
Have you tried ringing the company you ordered it from?

POTENTIAL CLIENT (O.S.)
I tried, yes.

BILL
And?!

POTENTIAL CLIENT (O.S.)
They said they don't have it.

BILL
Right.

POTENTIAL CLIENT (O.S.)
(optimistic)
So then I decided to call you! Can you help?

BILL thinks for a moment.

POTENTIAL CLIENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I've ordered several new cushions to go on the upstairs sofa. They are shaped as different animals-

BILL
No chance!

He slams the phone back down.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - SOMETIME LATER

BILL munches on a Mars Bar and takes a swig from a bottle of Iron-bru - attempting to psych himself up with the sugar.

BILL
(to himself)
Come on Bill, you can do this. They
might all be morons, but you need
the money. (mocking) Just be
polite. Say *hello*, how are you?
Nice *weather* we're having. Then
simply solve the case, so we can go-

Suddenly there is an abrupt knock on the window. BILL turns to see MAGGIE's face staring back at him - she waves.

MAGGIE
(mouthing)
Hello! Are you Stacey Spade?

BILL
What? Hold on-

BILL undoes the window with noticeable resentment.

MAGGIE
(mouthing)
Hello! Are you Stacey Spade?

BILL
You don't have to mouth it now.
Just say-

MAGGIE
Hello! Are you Stacey Spade?

BILL
I'm *Bill* Spade, yes.

MAGGIE
Oh, I was expecting Stacey.

BILL
Let's not go over this again, okay?

BILL opens the car door and steps out - almost knocking MAGGIE over.

He straightens out his jacket.

BILL (CONT'D)
(reluctantly)
I'm here to find your pillows.

MAGGIE
They're not pillows! They're
cushions.

BILL
What's the difference?

MAGGIE
(shocked)
I would never buy pillows for the
upstairs lounge. What do you take
me for?

BILL
Where do you live?

MAGGIE
This house here.

BILL and MAGGIE walk towards the house - with MAGGIE a couple of steps behind.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I've been *so* worried! They've been
missing all day. Do you think
thieves took them?

MAGGIE grabs BILL by the arm - he enjoys the close contact, allowing himself rye smile.

BILL
It's just a matter of time before I
get to the bottom of this mystery.
But first, a nice cuppa.

MAGGIE
(confused)
A nice cuppa? A cup-pa what?

BILL
Tea!- Tea, a nice cuppa tea!

MAGGIE
Oh, right. Yeah.

BILL
...Lead the way then!

MAGGIE
Right, yes.

They disappear inside the house.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER HOUSE

BILL lifts a mug of tea to his mouth and takes a slurp.

MAGGIE
Nice?

BILL
(disgusted)
PG's?

MAGGIE
Tetley's!

BILL pulls a face to suggest that the tea has a bitter taste.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I can always run out and-

BILL
No need. I bought my own.

MAGGIE
Are you gonna double dip?

BILL dunks a new teabag into his mug. After giving it some brewing time, he picks it up and dumps it on the table. He takes another slurp.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(anxious)
So, about my cushions. I'm not sure if you can tell, but I'm feeling pretty anxious about the whole thing. I hate losing a parcel!

BILL
Firstly, let's assume it's not lost, but just misplaced.

MAGGIE
Just misplaced? Yeah, I prefer that, actually. Sounds like it just need to be found. Right?

BILL

Right.

BILL pulls out a pad and pen from his jacket pocket.

BILL (CONT'D)

I've got some - *coughs* - initial questions for you to answer- do you have cats?

MAGGIE

Yes, two. (shocked) Do you think they did it?!

BILL

No, I'm just mildly allergic.

MAGGIE

That's unfortunate.

BILL

Not really. I hate cats.

MAGGIE

(shocked)
You *hate* cats?

BILL

When were you expecting the delivery to be made?

MAGGIE

(thinking)
...Today.

BILL

Did they allot a delivery time to you or...?

MAGGIE

Or?

BILL

Yes, *or*. When did they say it would be delivered?

MAGGIE

Today!

BILL

(frustrated)
Yes, but when exactly?
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

Sometimes they give you an allotted delivery time like: *your delivery driver will be with you between so and so, and so and so.*

MAGGIE

(flustered)

Oh, right, sorry! I'm just getting so confused with all these questions.

BILL

Take your time.

MAGGIE

I don't know. I mean, I did get a message to say the parcel would be with me between 9am and 1pm. Does that answer your question?

BILL

(sarcastic)

Yes, surprisingly, it does!

MAGGIE

Oh, great! Phew! Did I mention I was feeling quite anxious about the whole thing?

BILL shuffles his position on the chair.

BILL

Did you receive a missed-delivery notice?

MAGGIE

A what?

BILL

(verging on angry)

A missed-delivery notice!

MAGGIE

I don't know what that is.

BILL

It's when... It's when...

BILL looks at MAGGIE's blank face and realises it's no use explaining anything to her. Instead, he stands up and walks towards the front door.

In the letter box is a piece of paper. BILL reads it and then holds it up to MAGGIE for her to see.

MAGGIE
What's that?

BILL
It says your parcel is hidden
behind a bush.

MAGGIE
Oh gosh! What's it doing there?!

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - SOON AFTER

MAGGIE opens the front door and immediately turns to look in the bush. But the delivery is not there. BILL steps outside.

MAGGIE
It's not here! It's gone. Someone
must have taken it!

BILL looks the other way and sees the box hidden behind a bush.

BILL
Found it.

BILL reaches down to get it - he struggles to pull it out.

MAGGIE
Be careful, I wouldn't want my
cushions to break!

BILL rolls his eyes as he manages to get the box lifted out of the bush.

BILL
(sarcastic)
Now, would you like me to help you
open it?

MAGGIE
No, thank you! I should be able to
manage just fine.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SOON AFTER

BILL is undoing the box with a knife. He pulls out a cushion and hands it to MAGGIE.

MAGGIE
(over joyed)
Oh, I can't thank you enough!
You've been wonderful. How will I
ever repay you?

BILL
You can repay me by *paying* me. I've
sent you an invoice.

BILL wobbles his phone at her.

MAGGIE
What's an in-

BILL
It's a bill.

MAGGIE
Do you take cheque?

BILL
...No.

MAGGIE
Cash?

BILL
I'd prefer a bank transfer. All the
details are on there, it's really
easy.

MAGGIE
It sounds complicated.

BILL
Cash is fine.

MAGGIE
Great! I won't be a minute.

MAGGIE disappears into the kitchen whilst BILL takes a closer
look at the cushions - he lifts one out of the box so he can
take a closer look.

MAGGIE returns with a coin jar and starts counting out the
coins into BILL's hand.

He looks up at her and immediately wants to punch her - hard.

She smiles at him whilst continuing to count.

END OF EPISODE 1