

To Learn to Sow

Written By

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INT. HALLWAY

DETECTIVE walks down a hallway, flipping through a notebook.

VO

Briefcase. Shoes, stylish. Tie done
just well enough for people not to
notice. Looks the part, I gotta say.
(insert any other outfit props)

DETECTIVE reaches a door. He double checks his notebook, and
knocks on the door. There is no answer. As he is about to
knock again, a voice screeches behind him.

CRAZY LADY

Did they send you here? Don't listen
to what they say!

DETECTIVE

Calm down Ma'am. It's nice to meet
you.

DETECTIVE reaches his hand out for a handshake.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I'm DETECTIVE ****, and I'm just
asking around for information on an
open case.

CRAZY LADY shakes his hand intensely.

CRAZY LADY

Let me see that.

CRAZY LADY snatches the notebook out DETECTIVE's hand.

CRAZY LADY (CONT'D)

Oh! Ah. You're here for the case with
the girl! The-the-the-the girl and
that chef! You can't trust what they
tell you, y'know. It's all just labels
and lies! You trust this!

CRAZY LADY points at her head.

DETECTIVE

Sure, lady. You got anything useful?

CRAZY LADY points at the painting on the wall.

CRAZY LADY

Trust your gut. Don't listen to them!

DETECTIVE looks at the painting, confused. Suddenly, he appears inside the YARN LADY's room.

INT. YARN ROOM

Inside sits a woman with a pile of yarn on a table. The room is filled with yarn. She widens her eyes with excitement, almost animal-like.

YARN LADY

You want some yarn? I got ALL kinds of yarn. You want blue? Red! How bout purple? You could make anything you could ever want with yarn!

PEN LADY crawls under her table and pops back up with a ball of purple yarn.

DETECTIVE

No, it's okay. I don't do that stuff.

DETECTIVE takes a look around.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You do have something real nice going on around here though.

DETECTIVE gestures at the room.

YARN LADY

I mean, All I do is sew! Isn't it nice?

DETECTIVE gives her a thumbs up, and begins to walk away.

YARN LADY throws a ball of yarn at him.

DETECTIVE

Jesus-

YARN LADY throws another ball of yarn.

YARN LADY

BACK! Come.

YARN LADY calms down and thinks for a moment.

YARN LADY (CONT'D)
Do you know how to sew?

DETECTIVE
No, I was never taught how.

YARN LADY gives him a ball of yarn.

YARN LADY
You have time, don't you?

DETECTIVE stares at the yarn for a moment, before putting it in his pocket.

EXT. FOREST

DETECTIVE walks through a door into a grass field, with CHEF LADY standing opposite of him. CHEF LADY waves, handing him a sandwich. They sit in silence for a moment.

DETECTIVE
Do you know how to sew?

CHEF LADY
I dont have to, I make food. And I make it well.

DETECTIVE
How do I make food like you?

CHEF LADY
How do I do what you do?

DETECTIVE
It's what I was taught to do. And I do it well.

CHEF LADY
Then why even ask. You do what you do well.

DETECTIVE pulls out the ball of yarn.

DETECTIVE
I want to learn how to cook. And I want to learn to sew. I don't want to be a cop forever.

DETECTIVE sits on the floor and takes out a ball of yarn.