

KHALFAN & FAHMAN
(animation)

Written by Phil Parker

Inspired by comic strip of the same name.

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EXT. CITY STREET - CBD - NIGHT

An empty road dotted with pools of light from street lamps. Shops closed for the night line the footpaths on either side. TWO CATS chase one another across the road.

A BURGLAR, dressed in black, darts from one darkened shop doorway to another, hiding in the shadows. His NERVOUS EYES looking about. He pulls a HAMMER from his belt. Tosses it --

-- at the storefront window of the ABADI JEWELRY STORE. Glass SHATTERS and TINKLES to the ground. Somewhere, a dog BARKS. A LIGHT goes on in an apartment window nearby.

The thief jumps through the broken window, into the store...

EXT. CITY STREET - OUTSKIRTS OF CBD - NIGHT

A police car patrols the empty street, keeping the peace.

INSIDE THE POLICE CAR

The driver - DETECTIVE KHALFAN (32): strong, calm and incorruptible. An ace detective. Beside him, his partner - SERGEANT FAHMAN (25): an overweight but eager young policeman who loves pastries and solving mysteries.

Fahman's eyes light up when he sees --

SGT. FAHMAN

Oh, look! Seven-Eleven's open.

Khalfan gives him a sideways glance.

DET. KHALFAN

How is baklava going to help you with your physical exam next week?

SGT. FAHMAN

Life is too short to worry about that. Anyway, God willing, any fat I eat today will be burned away the next time we chase a criminal.

DET. KHALFAN

Then how do you explain that big belly of yours?

SGT. FAHMAN

Baby fat.

Khalfan GRUNTS at his logic but, reluctantly, pulls over.

SGT. FAHMAN (CONT'D)
You want anything, sir?

DET. KHALFAN
My body is a temple.

Fahman shrugs and hurries to the store. Khalfan taps his fingers, glances at his watch. Impatient.

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)
(over radio)
Attention all units. Burglary
reported by shop owner at 1413 Bank
Street. Please respond.

Detective Khalfan grabs his radio microphone.

DET. KHALFAN
(into mic)
This is Alpha 77. We're on it.

Khalfan drops his mic and BEEPS his horn at Fahman -- who wobbles out of the shop with an armful of baklava.

EXT. ABADI'S JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

A police car is parked out front, its lights spinning, and a SMALL CROWD has gathered. Another police car arrives --

ON THE SIDEWALK

Detective Khalfan and Sgt. Fahman (who's eating baklava) exit their car and approach a POLICEWOMAN interviewing a DISTRAUGHT OLD LADY.

DET. KHALFAN
(nods to policewoman)
Lt. Mariam. What have we got?

Lieutenant Mariam (25) - independent and outspoken, she has a knack for understanding why people do what they do.

LT. MARIAM
(re distraught old lady)
Mrs. Abadi, one of the owners. She says when her store alarm went off she rushed here from her home and found the glass broken and their most valuable necklace missing. Her husband is away on a business trip.

DET. KHALFAN
 (to Mrs. Abadi)
 That's very brave of you, Aunty.

MRS. ABADI
 Please Detective, you must catch
 the thief who did this!

SGT. FAHMAN
 (mouthful of baklava)
 Any witnesses, Lieutenant?

Mariam gestures at a SECOND OLD LADY, Mrs. Hakimi. Before
 Mariam can speak, Mrs. Hakimi interrupts to get attention.

MRS. HAKIMI
 I heard their metal door in the
 back alley bang open. It woke me
 up! When I looked out, I thought I
 saw a man but my eyes are old.

Detective Khalfan absorbs this.

DET. KHALFAN
 (to Mrs. Abadi)
 And you said your husband is away?

MRS. ABADI
 Yes, but I called. He will be here
 soon. I do wish he would hurry.

Khalfan gestures to Fahman and walks to the shop front.

DET. KHALFAN
 Sergeant, with me.

Sgt. Fahman stuffs the rest of his sweet in his mouth (pastry
 flakes covering his moustache) and follows his boss.

Detective Khalfan looks inside the broken shop window and
 points at something on the floor --

DET. KHALFAN (CONT'D)
 One hammer, regular size.

Sgt. Fahman dutifully begins writing down what his boss
 dictates to him, but his fingers are slippery with grease.

Khalfan squats beside the broken glass on the sidewalk.

DET. KHALFAN (CONT'D)
 Drops of blood on the glass... that
 lead down the street.

Khalfan squints into the darkness down the long empty sidewalk. Palm trees are planted in square patches of dark soil every 20ft, but there's no other signs of life.

DET. KHALFAN (CONT'D)
Do you have employees, Mrs. Abadi?

MRS. ABADI
Ayan, but he's a good man.

DET. KHALFAN
Where does he live?

MRS. ABADI
Just down... that way...

She points in the direction the blood drops lead.

Khalfan looks at Mariam.

LT. MARIAM
(to Mrs. Abadi)
Even good men have money troubles,
Mrs. Abadi.
(to a JUNIOR COP)
Pick up Ayan and bring him here.

JUNIOR COP
Yes, Miss.

Khalfan strides into the shop. Fahman and Mariam follow.

INT. JEWELRY SHOP - NIGHT

Glass cases, filled with sparkling jewelry on black-velvet stands, line the walls behind two long counters.

Khalfan continues to point out clues while Fahman's fat, greasy fingers fumble to write them down...

DET. KHALFAN
Security cameras blacked out --
White powder on the carpet, flour I
believe -- also traces of dirt.

SGT. FAHMAN
Why'd the thief only take one
necklace? He could've bought a lot
more donuts with all of--

The RAISED VOICES of TWO OLD MEN outside distract them.
Khalfan glances at Fahman with a wry look --

DET. KHALFAN

Perhaps he, too, was interrupted.

Khalfan recognizes one of the newly arrived men outside. He's the same man that's in TWO FRAMED PHOTOS on the wall. Khalfan lifts one off to look more closely --

-- it's a younger version of that old man. He's standing proudly next to a single-engine airplane at an airfield.

The other photo on the wall -- is the old man and his wife. Big smiles. Standing next to LADY WAWA (a celebrity).

OLD MAN (O.S.)

This is outrageous!

Khalfan and Fahman turn to see MR. ABADI (60) enter in a hurry. He's trim, well-dressed, and grumpy by nature. Trailing after him is his LAWYER, his wife and Lt. Mariam.

MR. ABADI

What are you doing to capture this scoundrel, Detective?!

Detective Khalfan ignores them all and lifts the PHOTO of Mr. Abadi and Lady WaWa off the wall.

When Mr. Abadi sees this he rushes over and snatches the photo away from the detective.

When Khalfan raises an eyebrow, Mr. Abadi gets defensive.

MRS. ABADI

Why are you wasting your time snooping around my photos!

MRS. ABADI (CONT'D)

(to the LAWYER)

Tell the detective what you told us. Go on.

LAWYER

The Abadi's want to sell their shop and I was simply informing them that news of a robbery may kill their chances of a good price if you cannot find the stolen necklace. It's worth several hundred thousand US dollars.

MRS. ABADI

God help us.