

Remake

By

Gary Whitmore

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to events or places or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Copyright 2012 by Gary Whitmore

Prologue

It was a hot August night in 1972.

The sky was filled twinkling stars while the full Moon shined light across the Pacific Ocean.

The ocean liner Poseidon I was cruising the waters of the Pacific.

The waters were calm while the Poseidon I sailed east to Long Beach, California after leaving the Hawaiian docks yesterday.

Inside the Poseidon, music and laughter filled the vessel while the passengers had a glorious time during their seafaring vacation.

The main dining room of the Poseidon was packed while passengers enjoyed their evening meals cooked by some of the finest cooks the cruise line could afford.

The eating area was plush with glass chandeliers and the glass ceiling provided a beautiful view of the starry filled night with full Moon.

Carter Remake, was six years old while he sat at table number thirty with his father, John Remake, was thirty years old, his mother, Ruth Remake, was thirty years old, and his grandfather, Herman Remake, was fifty-four years old.

Little Carter was having the time of his life on his vacation out at sea. He gulped down his second

helping of chocolate ice cream while his parents and grandfather sipped coffee and ate German chocolate cake.

At a nearby table, Maggie, an overweight lady, eyed Carter and thought he was the cutest little thing she had ever seen. She gave Carter a little wave then blew him a little kiss.

Carter glanced over at Maggie and didn't know what to make of her little waves and kisses, so he glanced at the full Moon in the glass ceiling to avoid eye contact with this huge woman.

"Dad, Carter here was telling me that he wants to write movies when he grows up and wants to work for you," John told Herman who was the CEO of the *Do It Again* movie production company.

Herman smiled at his grandson.

The Remakes were born and lived in Remakewood, California that was the hub of all the movie production companies.

Herman's grandfather founded the town back in 1905 and then founded the movie studio in 1906. John Remake was the head accountant for his grandfather.

"Yeah, I want to write all sorts of new movies grandpa," Carter said while he looked at Herman with chocolate ice cream residue smeared all around his lips.

Meanwhile, out in the Pacific Ocean, the waves started growing bigger.

Back inside the Poseidon I, the vessel rocked a little, but that didn't concern the passengers, as this

had happened before during their vacation. The tables in the dining room stayed in place because they were bolted to the floor for those times when the seas got a little rough.

Back at the Remake table, Herman sipped his coffee and looked proud of his grandson who wanted to work the family business. "I would love to have Carter as a screenwriter for the studio. He can start the day after he graduates from high school," Herman said while he placed his coffee cup down on the table.

Carter had a huge grin on his face while he thought about writing brand new movies that everybody would love.

Outside the Poseidon I, a humongous tidal wave rose up from the ocean and was ready to engulf the vessel.

Inside the Poseidon I, the dining room violently shook then all eyes in the room widened in fear while the room flipped upside down.

All the dinner plates tumbled off the tables and down to the glass ceiling, which was now the floor.

Some of the passengers reacted quick and had death grips on the edges of their tables while they dangled above the glass ceiling.

Some passengers were not that quick and they fell out of their chairs then crashed through the glass ceiling splashing into the dark eerie depths of the ocean.

Carter, Herman, John and Ruth reacted quick and had death grips on the edge of their table and

dangled above the glass ceiling.

Carter watched in horror while his father's fingers finally slipped away from the edge of the table. "Ahhhh!" John screamed while he tumbled down to the glass ceiling.

Carter watched in horror while his mother's fingers finally slipped away from the edge of the table. "Ahhhh!" Ruth screamed while she tumbled down to the glass ceiling.

Carter watched in horror while his mother and father crashed through the glass ceiling and splashed into the dark eerie depths of the ocean. There were gone.

Herman was able to pull himself up to the bottom of the table. "Grab my hand, Carter," he yelled out while hundreds of horrible screams and the sounds of people crashing through the glass ceiling filled the air.

Carter dangled by one hand while he reached out to his grandfather's reaching fingertips.

"Ahhhh!" a man screamed like a little girl while he tumbled down to the glass ceiling.

"Ahhhh!" that overweight lady screamed out when she lost her grip and tumbled down to the glass ceiling.

Carter was scared to death while all the screams of people falling and crashing through the glass filled the air.

He reached out to Herman's hand and the second their fingertips touched, Carter lost his grip with his other hand and he tumbled down to the glass ceiling.

Carter watched in horror while he tumbled down, but then his eyes widened when he saw he was headed straight at that overweight lady wedged in

the glass ceiling.

Carter's eyes widened in horror while he tumbled down to the opened legs of the overweight lady where her large white panties were his landing spot.

"Ahhhh!" Carter screamed while he landed on the white crotch of the panties of the overweight lady. She spared his life from the eerie dark depths of the ocean.

Hours later, Herman was rescued from the bottom of his dining room table by some other passengers who used rope.

Other passengers scampered across the metal beams of the glass ceiling and rescued Carter from the safe haven of the large white panties.

Six months later, Carter settled into his new life living with his Uncle Wilbur and Aunt Rita in Remakewood, California. Rita was Ruth's sister and they accepted Carter with open arms and became a loving family to him. Herman was too busy running his movie studio to be bothered by raising a kid, so he was happy Ruth and Wilbur became Carter's guardians.

It was now the spring of 1984 and Carter graduated from high school.

The following week he started working as a screenwriter for Herman at the *Do It Again* Movie Production Company.

But a month had passed and Carter and Herman had numerous fights over Carter's movie fresh new screenplays. Herman adamantly refused stating that writing remakes of the old movies was

the key to the studio's success and he wasn't going to change.

The fight continued for two more weeks then Carter couldn't stand it any longer and he quit.

Herman swore that Carter would never work in the movie business during his lifetime.

Carter stepped out of the gates of his grandfather's mansion and ventured into the tinsel town of Remakewood in search of a new career.

Carter moped around Remakewood for months unable to find a job and got scared. But he didn't want to cave in to his fresh screenplay ideas so he joined the U.S. Army and went into the Military Police Corp.

Chapter 1

The years had passed and it was now June 2008 in the tinsel town of Remakewood.

Carter Remake was now forty-two years old and had been a detective for the Remakewood police department for the past twenty years. The pay wasn't that great, hence the reason he lived in Room Number 3 on the second floor of the Bates Boarding House.

It was seven that morning and Carter tossed in turned in bed while he had a nightmare. This was a reoccurring nightmare that had haunted Carter for the past three years.

The alarm clock on the bedside table blared that annoying sound everybody loathes in the morning.

Carter woke up from his nightmare dazed and scared and it took a few seconds for him to realize that that annoying sound was his alarm.

He reached and tapped the snooze button of the alarm but the alarm kept blaring. Carter got pissed and grabbed the clock; yanked it and sparks exploded out of the wall. He threw the clock where it smacked and got impeded into the drywall joining eight other alarms from previous mornings.

Carter got up and sat on the edge of the bed. He yawned and scratched the top of his head while he woke up.

He slowly stood, walked to his bathroom while he scratched his ass and went inside to get ready for work.

Carter lived in a one-room apartment in the Bates Boarding House that contained a bed, dresser, closet, lazy boy chair, a small kitchenette, and a tiny bathroom.

The room looked old, run down, and the walls were in dire need of a fresh coat of paint. The floor was messy with clothes, pizza boxes and other food containers scattered all over the place. It was a dump.

Twenty minutes later, Carter walked out of his bathroom wearing his trademark outfit, which consisted of a tee shirt, blue jeans, sneakers, and a green Army field jacket with a "Remake" name tag.

He walked over to his dresser and shoved his 9mm Glock pistol into his holster tucked under his field jacket. He grabbed his detective's gold shield and clipped it on his belt.

He grabbed a check off the dresser and shoved it into his left field jacket pocket.

He opened up the top drawer and removed a wad of cash and shoved it in his other field jacket pocket.

He looked at himself in the mirror at the dresser and thought he was the best detective in the world.

He strutted out of his apartment.

Carter walked down the hallway of the boarding house that where the old dirty wallpaper was peeling off the wall and the wooden floors creaked. And some of the wooden planks were rotten and ready for a foot to smash through.

He walked past Room 2 where a weird evil laugh echoed from inside. Carter always had the chills when he walked past that room and never saw

the occupant.

Carter creaked down the hallway to Room 1. He removed the check from his left field jacket pocket. "Here's my rent Misses Bates," he said while he knocked on the door. He waited for a response from inside her apartment.

After a few seconds, the door didn't open so Carter slid the check under the door.

"Stuck up old hag," he said while he walked down the hallway and headed to the creaky stairs.

Carter walked out of the Bates Boarding House, which resembled the Psycho house where the outside was also in dire need of numerous fresh coats of paint.

The Bates Boarding House was once a beautiful home way back in 1918 but the years took its toll on the wooden structure.

He walked down the dirty concrete steps.

He headed over to a 1975 Ford Torino with a Starsky and Hutch red with white strip paint scheme parked by the curb.

He got inside his Torino, started it up with a varoom, shoved it into drive and sped away with back tires screeching leaving a trail of white smoke.

He raced his Torino down the street, as this was his usual style for leaving for work.

It was now eight fifty that morning.

Carter lay on the couch of Doctor Ernie Schwartz his psychiatrist.

Dr. Schwartz was bald and sported a white goatee. He sat in his chair and doodled some notes down on his notepad.

"Let's see Carter, last week you mentioned

having the same repeated nightmares as a young boy on vacation with your aunt and uncle to Texas. You ran out of gas, went into a dilapidated house where a family of psychopaths with chain saws, tried to kill and eat you. Talk to me,” Dr. Schwartz said in a thick German accent.

“Well, my Aunt Rita and Uncle Wilbur adopted me after my parents were killed when the Poseidon cruise ship was tipped over by the tidal wave. They already had eleven children, but for some strange reason, Aunt Rita thought that raising kids would be cheaper by the dozen, so they adopted me,” Carter told him while he stared at the ceiling.

“Well Carter, your repeating nightmares might indicate you might be a freaking nut job afraid of new ideas,” Dr. Schwartz replied while he jotted down some more notes.

“Whew! Thanks doctor. I was starting to believe I was crazy,” Carter responded and looked relieved.

“All you need to do is stop having these repeating nightmares, have some fresh new nightmares, and you'll be fine. Just fine,” Dr. Schwartz said then stood up to indicate their session was now over.

“That's easy for you to say,” Carter responded while he got off the couch.

Dr. Schwartz held out his hand itching for his payment.

Carter reached inside his right field jacket pocket and removed the wad of cash. He dropped the cash into the doctor's waiting hand.

Doctor Schwartz's eyes lit up while he counted the wad of cash.

Carter headed to the door and left the office.

A little while later that morning, Carter raced his Torino down the streets of Remakewood. He weaved around traffic, and ran a few red lights where cars crashed into each other avoiding Carter.

Precinct 13 looked quiet where eight police cruisers were parked in front of the building.

Three police officers stood by a cruiser, which had four boxes of donuts on the trunk. They sipped their coffee from Styrofoam cups while they chatted and munched on a donut.

Carter's Torino came flying over the incline at the end of the street. Sparks shot out from the front end when it smacked back down onto the street.

Carter raced his Torino at Precinct 13 then his back tires screeched and smoked while he did a half circle turn when he got to the parked police cruisers.

The three police officers jumped up on the trunk of the cruiser to avoid being crushed by the Torino. They plopped down on the boxes of donuts, and spilled coffee on their crotches. They all cringed in pain while the boiling hot coffee soaked through their pants.

They jumped off the cruiser and danced around in excruciating pain from their hot crotches.

Carter's Torino stopped inches from the police officers and they were pissed they smashed their boxes of donuts.

Carter turned off his engine and got out of the car. He glanced at the three officers standing by the trunk of the police cruiser.

"Quit goofing off. We have criminals to catch," Carter scolded them while he strutted off to the front entrance of the Precinct.

The three officers looked at Carter and they all

gave him the one finger salute.

The donuts dropped off the butts of the officers and plopped to the street. The officers hurriedly picked up the donuts in accordance to the five second rule. They dropped the donuts back in the boxes.

Inside Precinct 13, Carter strutted through the opened office area like he was God's gift to detectives.

Two police officers walked toward Carter drinking coffee and munching on a donut. "Quit goofing off. We have criminals to catch," Carter scolded when he passed by them.

The two officers turned around and gave Carter the one finger salute.

Carter walked over and opened a glass door with "Government Corruption Dagnet" lettering and stepped inside the room.

Inside the Government Corruption Dagnet, there were hundreds of desks with detectives that were busy answering the ringing phones, and interviewing people.

There were other detectives that walked around and dropped off papers into the "In" boxes of other detective's desks. This dragnet division had a annual budget of \$4 million dollars and they were years away from stopping government corruption with our elected leaders in Washington D.C.

On one of the walls hung numerous pictures of Congressmen that were the targets of this dragnet division.

Carter always referred to Washington D.C as being the Washington District of Crooks.

Carter looked around at his detective colleagues while he walked through the bee hive of chaotic activity.

Carter looked at another wall and saw a digital sign with the “1,209,684 “Leads...0 Arrests” message that scrolled across the screen.

One of the detectives at his desk spotted Carter and shook his head in disapproval. “That loser always wears that same stupid outfit every day,” the detective muttered under his breath.

Carter walked to another wall where there was “Repeat Cases Dagnet” lettering on a glass door.

Carter opened the door and went inside his office.

Carter entered his twelve foot by twelve foot office that had a desk and two filing cabinets full of old repeat criminal cases.

On the wall by his desk, was a framed picture of Uncle Wilbur who was a retired Remakewood detective with his three brothers who were Remakewood police officers. It was Wilbur that got Carter a job in the Remakewood police department after he got his honorable discharge from the Army.

Carter walked over and sat behind his desk.

He picked up a file folder on the Ocean’s Eleven gang and started reading the facts about the heist.

Carter’s office door opened. “You did it again, Remake!” Chief Hightower, a fifty-three year old African-American midget yelled while he stormed into Carter’s office.

Carter got startled over the sound of Chief Hightower’s irritating voice. He looked around his office and didn’t see anybody. He shrugged it off and went back to reading his file folder.

“Remake! Look at me when I’m talking to you!” Chief Hightower yelled out.

Carter looked around and still didn’t see anybody. He stood up and saw Chief Hightower standing by his desk.

“Sorry Chief Hightower. I didn’t see you,” Carter replied with a smirk as he intended his response to be an attack on the Chief’s small size.

“How am I going to explain to the Mayor of Remakewood, that you wasted his tax dollars by ruining the morning donuts?” Chief Hightower yelled at Carter.

“I’m sorry sir.”

Chief Hightower jumped up, and slammed two file folders down on Carter’s desk. “Here’s more cases,” he said then walked away, stopped, turned around and looked pissed. “I’m sick of you! I hated you the first day I saw you. I said - Crap! Not another Remake! - I hated your uncle. I hated your uncle’s brothers. I hated all the Remakes that worked in Remakewood,” Chief Hightower yelled out.

Carter glanced down at the folders his boss slammed on his desk. “Sir, can I get a transfer into the Government Corruption Dagnet?”

“No!” Chief Hightower snapped back then left the office.

Carter sat down at his desk then picked up the two new case file folders. He looked at one with the Ladykillers Again folders then looked at The Italian Job Again file folders. “These cases should be easy as I already know how these cases will end,” Remake mumbled under his breath.

Carter looked extremely unhappy with his career when he heard the phones ringing and detectives talking in the Government Corruption Dagnet office.

He got up from his desk, walked over to his glass door and jealously stared at the detectives hard at work.

“I could really save America if I stopped government corruption,” Carter quietly muttered while he watched the bee hive of chaotic activity in the other room.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

