

Only Murders In The Building

"Helluva Town"

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NYC - DAY

The first few CHIPPER beats of Leonard Bernstein's "New York, New York" PULSE over NYC scenery.

Grand images of NYC flash on and off: The skyline from Battery Park to the Empire State Building to the new Park Avenue skyscrapers jutting into the atmosphere; Brooklyn Bridge, Times Square; Central Park, crowded streets.

Those streets narrow to become one street, BROADWAY, on the Upper West Side. The music SWELLS...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

CHARLES strolls along, approaching Westside Market on 110th and Broadway. An OLD WOMAN loses her grip on her brown paper bag and SPILLS her fruit onto the ground.

Charles GLADLY trots over to help her.

Not seeing him, she clumsily BUMPS into Charles as he grabs some fruit. He gives her a "Welcome to NYC" grin; she SMILES back, thankful for the help.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY - FLASHBACK

OLIVER is frantically running down the steps. The doors are closing in an ever-familiar NYC scene.

*But wait!* On the station platform, a GOOD SAMARITAN places his umbrella in the doors; they pop open and allow Oliver that extra second to gain entry.

Good Samaritan, still on the platform, tips his hat to a departing Oliver, who gives a thankful WAVE to his new buddy.

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

MABEL, headphones on a seemingly oblivious Millennial, strolls down the block enjoying her music.

She sees a beer DELIVERY GUY dragging a heavy hand-truck towards the door of a Walgreens. *Will no one help him?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just as he's about to falter to the weight of his load, Mabel grabs the door handle and OPENS the door for him.

Sweaty brow and all, Delivery Guy gives Mabel a big cheese SMILE. She returns the nicety, happy to help.

INT. WESTSIDE MARKET - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Charles is now shopping for his own fruit, playfully tossing apples into his reusable shopping bag.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

A PREGNANT WOMAN walks onto the train, holding a baby in her arms. Oliver immediately JUMPS up and offers his seat.

She nods, smiles and sits. Oliver BEAMS.

INT. WALGREENS - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mabel is finishing her purchase of a six pack of water. She sees the Delivery Guy waiting inside the store, still sweating through his tough day.

She removes a cold, refreshing bottle of water from her bag, SMILES, and approaches the man.

Leonard Bernstein's song is happily BOOMING through our heroes' heads...*New York, New York!!*

INT. WESTSIDE MARKET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Charles stands at the counter, having unloaded two very FULL bags in front of the register.

The CASHIER tells Charles the total. He reaches for his wallet. No, other pocket. No, other pocket. Then he realizes: NO OTHER POCKET!

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

OLD LADY is removing the cash from Charles' wallet. She shakes it upside down a few times, disappointed in the \$22 pickpocket score. She SHRUGS and tosses the wallet, credit cards and all, into the recycling can.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Pregnant Woman proceeds to unroll the HUGE BLANKET that Oliver mistook for a BABY. She covers her legs.

She then opens her coat to reveal she's NOT pregnant, but has a BOOKBAG strapped to her belly. She removes a large SANDWICH from the bag and CHOMPS away.

INT. WALGREENS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Approaching him from behind, Mabel taps the DELIVERY GUY on his shoulder, SURPRISING him with a bottle of water.

He swings around KNOCKING OVER his entire delivery, glass SHATTERING. 99 bottles of beer on the floor...

*"New York, New York"* comes to an ABRUPT stop.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - PRESENT DAY

Charles and Oliver sit in a very crowded NYC jail, LANGUISHING as the interminable wheels of justice turn.

One giant PRISONER parts the sea of humanity...

PRISONER

Yo! Everybody out the way! I gotta PISS!

Charles and Oliver both SIGH.

Bernstein, Kelly, and Sinatra were right: *New York, New York. It's a helluva town.*

**END OF COLD OPEN**

**ACT ONE**

INT. POLICE PRECINCT HALLWAY - DAY

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS walks Charles and Oliver down a corridor towards an interrogation room.

CHARLES

I don't get it. There was like a great two-day period where everything was going well.

OLIVER

Yes, indeed. The city was ours!

CHARLES

The podcast was popular. We were making progress on our case.

OLIVER

We took down Teddy Dimas, criminal mastermind. *And son.*

CHARLES

I had a girlfriend who didn't want to kill me.

OLIVER

God, I'll miss his dips.

CHARLES

And now it's all turned to -

WILLIAMS

Shit!

Williams stops abruptly at a doorway and points.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

In there.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Detective Williams sits with Charles and Oliver, DONE with them.

WILLIAMS

Can one of you explain the timeline to me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

Well -

WILLIAMS

Your first goddam podcast season is only hours old and now this bullshit?

CHARLES

We -

WILLIAMS

If I could, I'd lock up all three of you for good!

OLIVER

Wait, you mean you *can't* lock us up?

WILLIAMS

Mabel isn't going anywhere. She came in here covered in blood. Had motive and opportunity. And the murder weapon is hers. Prints all over it. Only her prints.

CHARLES

So, you're letting us go, but you're keeping the young Latina girl? Isn't that a little...

WILLIAMS

Are you trying to say that I, a woman of color, am unfairly holding a prisoner because she is a woman...of color?

CHARLES

Well, no I mean -

WILLIAMS

Is *that* what you're saying?

CHARLES

No! That's NOT what I'm saying. I'm just asking *if* -

(then, offended)

You know? You're very standoffish. You should get to know people, what's in their heart, then you wouldn't be so accusatory!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAMS

I'm a cop. I'm supposed to accuse people!

OLIVER

It's okay, it's okay.

(chuckling)

I mean, Charles here calling somebody else "standoffish" is like the pot calling the kettle -

(off Williams' look)

We should be going.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCONIA LOBBY - DAY

LESTER, the doorman, sits at the front desk. Charles and Oliver enter.

CHARLES

Good morning, Lester.

LESTER

(hesitant)

Good...morning...sir.

CHARLES

Lester? You don't think we had anything to do with Bunny, do you?

OLIVER

Lester! How could you? How preposterous!

(then, indifferent)

Did I get any mail?

LESTER

I'm sorry, sirs. Just so much going on. I...I don't think you were involved. I don't.

CHARLES

Thank you, Lester.

LESTER

But I can't say the same for Bunny's daughter. She's here in her mother's apartment.

Lester hands MAIL to both Charles and Oliver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

She thinks we killed her mother?!  
Just because Bunny was rude,  
disrespectful, embarrassed me, and  
tried to evict me -

(off Lester's look)

We should be going.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Charles and Oliver exit the elevator on Charles' floor.

CHARLES

What are you doing?

OLIVER

You're getting forgetful in your  
old age. I have no apartment. I  
doubt Bunny had time to reverse my  
eviction and all my stuff is at  
Mabel's, which is now a crime  
scene.

CHARLES

Don't you have anywhere *else* to  
go? Like a shelter?

Oliver's phone rings; he checks Caller ID and sees it's  
his son, WILLY.

INT. HALLWAY / INT. WILLY'S LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

OLIVER

Will?

WILLY

Dad! Are you okay? I heard on  
the news that you were arrested!

OLIVER

We were on the news? Really?

WILLY

Of course! "Only Murders in the  
Building" is the second most  
popular online search after you  
type in the word "only."

OLIVER

Oh, that's great! Wait - *second*?!  
What's first?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WILLY

Onlyfans.

OLIVER

I don't know what that is.

WILLY

Good.

(changing gears)

Listen, mom is going to be calling you. Please answer when she does.

OLIVER

Will, I can't...I don't have the energy to fight right now.

WILLY

It's not fighting, dad. Please. Answer her call.

OLIVER

Okay, I will.

WILLY

Can I do anything for you?

OLIVER

Not right now, son. I'm fine. Don't need a thing.

CHARLES

(yelling in b.g.)

Yes, he does! He needs a place to stay!

OLIVER

Gotta go, Will. Love you. I'll call you.

WILLY

Bye, dad.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Detective Williams now has MABEL there and is just as impatient with her as she was with Charles and Oliver.

WILLIAMS

So what was it? Pissed at this "Bunny" person? We heard she threatened to evict you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MABEL

Well, I don't live there so that'd be hard to do.

WILLIAMS

You're gonna be a wise ass with me?

MABEL

No! I'm telling you I didn't have a motive to kill her. My aunt lives there, not me.

WILLIAMS

So the motive is weak. Maybe. But you were found over her dead body, covered in her blood. And the murder weapon was a sewing needle of yours.

MABEL

Yeah, but -

WILLIAMS

A sewing needle that you had fantasized about using as a murder weapon.

MABEL

Excuse me! I did not. Lies!

Williams FROWNS in disgust. She takes out her phone and searches the podcasts.

She pushes PLAY on the very first "OMITB" broadcast where Mabel narrates her fantasy of somebody breaking into her apartment so she can KILL them.

Whoops! Mabel nervously rubs her throat.

MABEL (CONT'D)

(hoarse)

Could I maybe get something to drink?

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

INT. CHARLES' APARTMENT - LATER

The doorbell rings. Oliver, in a shiny silk robe and making himself at home, answers it to find a woman who looks EXACTLY like Bunny, only younger. This is SUNNY, Bunny's daughter.

SUNNY

Are you Charles Haden Savage?

OLIVER

I am not. I'm just a friend.  
(eyeing her)  
Do I *know* you? You look so familiar to me.

SUNNY

I don't know you.

OLIVER

Are you sure?

SUNNY

Little man, where can I find Charles Haden Savage?

Charles enters.

CHARLES

That's me.

SUNNY

I'm Sunny, Bunny's daughter.

OLIVER

Ah! That wonderful disposition.  
I should have known.

SUNNY

(to Charles)  
Is this your lover?

OLIVER

What?!

CHARLES

No, he's not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

I'm Oliver Putnam, theater director *extraordinaire*! And I'm not gay. If I was, I'd do much better than him!

CHARLES

As would I.

SUNNY

Putnam! I should've known from the robe. My mother told me *all* about you.

CHARLES

What can I do for you, Sunny? I'm really so sorry for your loss. I knew your mom for years.

SUNNY

My loss?! I didn't misplace my car keys! Some little harlot murdered my mother!

OLIVER

Harlot?!

CHARLES

That's not fair. We know Mabel.

OLIVER

Yes we do! She is not a harlot!  
(then)  
Sexpot, maybe. In the right make-up.

SUNNY

I don't care what she is! She killed my mother! And you two were involved! I'll make it my mission to find out how.

Sunny storms off.

OLIVER

This robe is magnificent. Where did you get it? Barney's?

CHARLES

It was Jan's. She left it here the day before she tried to kill me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Oliver looks down and SHRUGS. He loves the robe, regardless. He closes the door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Mabel is alone, remembering the attack that got her here.

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mabel looks on a shelf for another bottle of champagne. She hears a noise, stops. She creeps towards her living room. Noise; she stops again. She takes another two steps then, NOISE. She SWINGS around in a tie-dyed BLUR.

BACK TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Williams enters. She's carrying coffee and a bagel. Mabel snaps out of it.

WILLIAMS

Coffee is fresh. Bagel is not. It's mine from this morning that I never got to eat. Best I could do.

MABEL

God, thank you. That's so *nice* of you.

WILLIAMS

You're not gonna wanna be calling me that. I will bust you. Don't think I'm not gonna do my job just because you helped with the Kono case.

MABEL

No, of course not. I just meant the bagel and coffee. It's nice.

WILLIAMS

Don't call me that.

(then)

Eat something, goddammit.

(hands her food)

Listen, you're gonna want to get a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MABEL

But don't I get one automatically?

WILLIAMS

The public defender? You serious? He is not the dude you want. Last week, he offered to clean my gutters because he needed the money.

(then)

I don't even have gutters!

MABEL

I don't have money for a lawyer and I can't reach my aunt.

Mabel shivers.

WILLIAMS

You cold? Here.

Williams takes the Nike jacket from her chair and drapes it over Mabel's shoulders.

MABEL

Oh my God. Thanks. That's so nice.  
(off William's look)  
Nike. This jacket is so Nike.

WILLIAMS

Listen, using the PD is not a good idea. You gotta figure something out.

MABEL

Right now, it's my only option. Can I at least meet him?

Williams SIGHS; she knows where this is headed.

WILLIAMS

Okay...

She exits.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Williams sends Charles a text: **YOUR GIRL NEEDS A REAL LAWYER!**

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Charles and Oliver wait in what looks like a boardroom, a long table filling the space. This is the law office of OSCAR TANNENBAUM.

Charles receives Williams' text and answers: **WORKING ON IT.**

Oliver's phone vibrates. The Caller ID says ROBERTA, his ex, is calling. He clicks to IGNORE.

CHARLES

So how do you know this guy?

OLIVER

Oscar? He was involved in a case of mine years ago.

(remembering)

It was the rough and tumble late 80s and New York hadn't had its rebirth yet...

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Dark and quiet. A window slowly opens. A BURGLAR stealthily climbs into Oliver's living room.

He takes only a few steps when suddenly an Oliver-dressed STUNTMAN somersaults into the living room.

OLIVER (V.O.)

I used my martial arts training to subdue the thief.

Stuntman puts Burglar into a SUBMISSION HOLD.

Suddenly the real Oliver is there DIRECTING this scene as though he were in the theater. He DROPS to the floor to be face-to-face with his own stuntman:

OLIVER

(to Stuntman)

Remember, while you are a dangerous and lethal man, you must have *compassion*. This person broke into your apartment because he needs SOMETHING. Think about his motivation and that will inform yours...

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STUNTMAN  
Can I choke him now?

OLIVER  
Yes, go ahead.

Stuntman proceeds to CHOKE Burglar. Oliver stands, concluding his story.

BACK TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CHARLES  
Wait a minute. You held the burglar in a submission hold until the police arrived? You?!

OLIVER  
Yes. I used to be a dangerous man.

CHARLES  
I thought you were only a danger to 12 mer-men.

OLIVER  
Oh, that's just unfair.

TANNENBAUM enters, carrying an ENORMOUS cup of steaming coffee.

TANNENBAUM  
Oliver Putnam. Indeed.

OLIVER  
Oscar, how have you been?

TANNENBAUM  
Of bad digestion. Who is your friend?

CHARLES  
(extending a hand)  
Charles Haden Savage. Good to meet you.

Tannenbaum shakes Charles' hand for an uncomfortable length of time.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TANNENBAUM

Do I know you?

CHARLES

(fake shyness)

Oh, well...you may know me...as

(bolder)

BRAZZOS!

TANNENBAUM

What is that?

OLIVER

It was a television show.

Moderately successful.

CHARLES

Second place in the 54 plus audience demographic for the entire run of the show, thank you very much.

TANNENBAUM

No, it's not that.

Still having his hand shaken, Charles looks to Oliver for help.

OLIVER

Um, Oscar, we have a matter before us for which we need an expert HAND.

Tannenbaum, taking Oliver's cue, releases Charles' hand and sits.

TANNENBAUM

Oliver, I haven't seen you in years. Not since I represented that burglar who sued you.

CHARLES

Wait - he was the burglar's lawyer??

TANNENBAUM

Of course. Oliver here temporarily blinded my client. Totally unwarranted. If I remember correctly, you settled for a hefty bundle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER

Yes. I remember.

CHARLES

He blinded your client with his martial arts training? Oliver??

TANNENBAUM

Martial arts? He blinded him with a can of women's hairspray.

CHARLES

I knew it!

OLIVER

Okay, so I Vidal Sassooned him *before* I used a submission hold.

TANNENBAUM

I thought you tied him up with your girdle.

(then)

Anyway, I'll tell ya, I felt so guilty suing Oliver that I invested my earnings from that case in one of his shows.

OLIVER

Yes, "Matlock: The Musical." And had Andy Griffith actually signed on, we would have murdered them at the box office. As it happens, Oscar instead invested in my production of "Young Yeller."

(to Charles)

The story of young Old Yeller.

CHARLES

Ah.

OLIVER

But enough about our successes...

TANNENBAUM

I lost all of my investment with you. And then some.

OLIVER

Anyway, we have this friend. She's in trouble and we'd like to hire you to help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHARLES

She's being brought up on murder charges and we'd like to intervene before they move her to Riker's Island.

OLIVER

Can we do that?

TANNENBAUM

Sure can. Just need one thing.

CHARLES

What's that?

TANNENBAUM

A big bunch of money.

Tannenbaum sips his coffee. Something clicks.

TANNENBAUM (CONT'D)

Wait! You're the guy that held up the line at West Side Market the other day! Buddy, if you can't afford granola, you can't afford me.

Charles smiles sheepishly.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Mabel and Williams wait; the crusty remnants of Mabel's bagel sitting in the open air.

Falling through the door like Kramer on Seinfeld, comes JAMES OLSEN, NYC public defender. He is in way too good a mood, given the circumstances.

JAMES OLSEN

Oh, hello! And hello! How are you?

MABEL

I've been better.

JAMES OLSEN

HAHAHAHA. Yes, of course.

(then)

Detective Williams, nice to see you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAMS

Yeah.

Olsen removes a file from his briefcase.

JAMES OLSEN

I'm James Olsen. I'll be representing you, Mabel.

MABEL

Your name is Jimmy Olsen? Like from Superman?

This is a sore spot for ol' Jimmy. Through gritted teeth:

JAMES OLSEN

No. My name is James. Please. James. When I started my career, I worked for a real S.O.B. who would always call me "paper boy." Lots of bad memories.

MABEL

Oh. Sorry. It's just such a coincid-

Williams shakes her head "NO," for Mabel to drop it.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Forget it.

JAMES OLSEN

Okay. Now, I only got to review your case very briefly on my way over here. I had to skip dinner to get -

He EYES the leftover bagel.

JAMES OLSEN (CONT'D)

Are you going to finish that?

MABEL

Um. No.

JAMES OLSEN

Awesome!

James (not Jimmy) grabs the scraps and begins to CHOMP bagel, talking with his mouth FULL:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES OLSEN (CONT'D)  
 Okay, so I can understand how this happened. And let me tell you, I don't judge. As far as I'm concerned, nobody should be arrested for panhandling. Beggars have always been a part of city streets, am I right?

Mabel and Williams exchange a confused glance.

MABEL  
 Panhandling? I was arrested for murder!

JAMES OLSEN  
 MURDER?! Oh my -  
 (he checks folder)  
 Whoops. My mistake! My other client is a Mabel...*Martinez*.  
 (in disgust)  
 I mean, that jacket you're wearing is so *ughhhh*. I just assumed panhandling.

WILLIAMS  
 That's my jacket.

James offers a nervous smile, then CHUGS Mabel's leftover coffee.

Williams shoots Mabel an "I Told You So" look...

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY

Charles and Oliver wait their turn at a hot dog street cart. The VENDOR helps the customer in front of them.

CHARLES  
 So, any ideas?

OLIVER  
 I can't think when I'm this hungry.

Charles reaches into his breast pocket.

CHARLES  
 Here. Have a Life Saver.

OLIVER  
 Oh! Thank you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLES

What about Marcus from the building? Doesn't he work in finance?

OLIVER

Yes. Mortgage officer, I think.  
(sucks Life Saver)  
But I don't like him. He's very arrogant. Made a point to tell me last week that he solved that day's Wordle on his second try.

CHARLES

Ugh. Those people are unbearable.

OLIVER

Who the hell guesses "smelt?"

CHARLES

Oh, that one! Yeah, took me three tries. I mean, who doesn't guess "spent" first?

OLIVER

Unless we're discussing 1880s Pittsburgh, the word "smelt" doesn't exactly fly off the tongue.

(then)

Wait. *Three* tries?!

CHARLES

Yeah. Why? How many did it take you?

OLIVER

Never mind.

VENDOR

Next! What can I get you?

CHARLES

Hello. Two pretzels, please.

VENDOR

Four dollars.

Charles looks at Oliver who looks right back and simply BLINKS. Charles goes into his pocket for money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER  
(leaning in)  
Do you have any dips to accompany  
the pretzels?

VENDOR  
I have mustard.

OLIVER  
That's it?

Charles pays the vendor who gives him change.

VENDOR  
Uh...I have honey for tea. You  
can mix it and make honey mustard.

OLIVER  
What an innovator! Tip the man,  
Charles.

Charles, about to put away his change, instead gives it  
to the Vendor.

CHARLES  
Marcus is my only idea. Let's go  
before you get any hungrier.

INT. COURTOOM - DAY

Mabel waits at the defendant's desk. Williams sits in  
the gallery. The JUDGE grinds his teeth. The BAILIFF  
enters.

JUDGE  
Did you find Mr. Olsen?

BAILIFF  
Yes, sir. In the bathroom.

JUDGE  
And?

BAILIFF  
He said he needs more time.  
Something about a "bad bagel."

Mabel and Williams exchange a LOOK.

JUDGE  
Bring Ms. Mora back to holding.  
We will try this again later.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE (CONT'D)

This court has business to do,  
regardless of Mr. Olsen's  
gastrointestinal difficulties.

Williams shrugs at Mabel as she stands and is escorted  
away.

Williams then TEXTS Charles: ???

He answers: \$\$\$

INT. BANK, OFFICE - DAY

MARCUS sits in his office, clacking away at his computer.  
His secretary enters.

SECRETARY

Marcus, you have two friends here  
to see you.

MARCUS

Two friends? Who -

Oliver steps from behind the secretary for Marcus to see  
him.

OLIVER

Well, one friend and...  
(pointing at Charles)  
One acquaintance.

The secretary looks to Marcus for instruction.

MARCUS

Thanks, Sheila. I'll take it from  
here.

She exits.

OLIVER

How have you been, Marcus?

MARCUS

Uh...swell. What can I do for  
you...?

OLIVER

Oliver. You remember. SMELT?!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARCUS

Ah, yes! Wonderful word that day.  
Can be a noun, or a verb - two  
different ways!

OLIVER

Fantastic.  
(then)  
And this is Charles. You know him  
from the building.

MARCUS

No. I don't.

CHARLES

We've taken the elevator a couple  
dozen times. Remember I  
complimented you on your Merrell  
sneakers?

MARCUS

No.

OLIVER

Well, anyway. We need some help  
with a loan, Marcus. And being  
that you're in the business...

MARCUS

What kind of loan?

CHARLES

Well, we have no time to beat  
around the bush...so, we have this  
friend we need to, well, bail out  
of jail.

MARCUS

Lemme guess, the commodities  
trader in 8C. Arrested for  
embezzling 80 million. You're  
friends with him? Went to all his  
sex parties?

OLIVER

No, but let's circle back to that.  
It's our friend Mabel, she was  
arrested for murder.

MARCUS

Murder?! No way. We don't deal  
with those kinds of crimes. Can't  
affiliate my company with that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(then)

Wait - who is she accused of killing?

CHARLES

You know Bunny, the building manager at the Arconia? It -

MARCUS

How much do you need?

INT. BANK, OFFICE - LATER

Charles and Oliver are signing documents that Marcus is handing them one by one.

MARCUS

Once we got your apartments down as collateral, the papers went right through.

CHARLES

(to Oliver)

I don't understand. I thought you were penniless. How can you borrow *against* your apartment?! Your diet is 70% free dips for godssakes!

OLIVER

I own my apartment, Charles. I just can't afford the upkeep. The back taxes and the building fees I owe have decimated my cash.

CHARLES

Sell the damn thing!

OLIVER

No! No. It's the only thing I ever owned. And the only thing I ever wanted to own.

(then)

I can't believe I'm actually signing these loan papers.

CHARLES

Me neither. I've never borrowed against my property. Ever.

MARCUS

Is this Mabel worth it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLES OLIVER  
 Yes. Yes.

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY

Charles and Oliver leave the bank.

CHARLES  
 We've got to get a cab to the  
 courthouse!

OLIVER  
 Quick! Use those long egg noodle  
 arms you have and hail away!

Oliver's phone rings. Sees it's ROBERTA, his ex. This  
 time he answers.

EXT. NYC STREET / INT. ROBERTA'S UBER - DAY - INTERCUT

OLIVER  
 Hey, Roberta. I -

ROBERTA  
 You actually answered. Will  
 wonders never cease?

OLIVER  
 I'm sorry, it's just been the  
 busiest of days. We have a friend  
 in court we're trying to get to.  
 But there are NO cabs!

Roberta looks at her phone; uses GPS to locate Oliver.

ROBERTA  
 I just found you on the locator  
 thingy. I'm only two blocks away.  
 Why don't you just hop in my Uber?

OLIVER  
 Oh! That'd be a big help!

ROBERTA  
 Which corner are you on?

OLIVER  
 79th and Broadway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERTA

Yes, I can see that on the phone.  
Which corner?

OLIVER

I don't -  
(to Charles)  
She's asking me which *corner* we're  
on?

CHARLES

Oh, we're on the southwest corner.

OLIVER

(to Roberta)  
We're on the southwest corner.  
(to Charles)  
How do you know that?

CHARLES

The city is a grid. How do you *not*  
know that?

OLIVER

I'm a theater director, not  
Magellan.

ROBERTA

I'll see you in two minutes.

INT. ROBERTA'S UBER - LATER

The car pulls up to the courthouse. Charles and Oliver  
go to race out, but Roberta stops Oliver.

ROBERTA

(to Charles)  
I need him alone for two minutes.

CHARLES

Oh. Sure.

Charles nods to Oliver and then Roberta.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Thanks for the ride.

Roberta smiles; Charles exits.

OLIVER

I know, Roberta. If this is about  
the money, I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERTA  
It's not, Oliver. I...  
(beat)  
I'm moving. To Miami.

OLIVER  
You're moving?! To -

ROBERTA  
And I met someone. His name is  
Douglas. We're getting engaged.

Beat.

OLIVER  
I...I don't know what to say.

ROBERTA  
We've been broken up a while now,  
Oliver. I held off telling you  
about this because I always got  
the feeling you thought we'd end  
up back together.

Beat.

OLIVER  
I did.

ROBERTA  
We won't.

The reality sets in; Oliver looks out the window.

ROBERTA  
I'm sorry, Oliver.

INT. COURTOOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mabel sits with James Olsen. Williams is again in the gallery, though this time joined by Charles and Oliver.

JUDGE  
Mr. Olsen, I presume you're  
feeling better?

JAMES OLSEN  
Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE  
May we proceed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES OLSEN

Yes, Your Honor. My client would like to plead Guilty to all charges.

MABEL

No! No, your client does not!

JAMES OLSEN

Oh, wait. That's the other Mabel.  
(sorts papers)  
I apologize, Your Honor.

The judge rolls his eyes.

CHARLES

(to Oliver)

Where the hell is Tannenbaum?!

No response from a still-shocked Oliver.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?!

OLIVER

What? Yeah. I don't know.  
(then)  
Okay, okay, I'll improvise.

Oliver stands up, taking charge.

WILLIAMS

What are you doing?

OLIVER

Your Honor, if I may...

Oliver walks towards the front of the gallery.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I think we can all agree that the justice system is the most precious part of who we are as Americans. It is the very fabric that holds the country together. It is a unifying bond that reminds all men and women, rich or poor, who find themselves adrift in the seas of injustice that here...here, in this courtroom, you will find a beacon of decency, fairness, and incorruptibility. Here, in Atlanta, we -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE

Atlanta?!

(then to the Bailiff)

If he stands up again, arrest him!

Oliver retreats back to his seat.

CHARLES

Matlock: The Musical?

OLIVER

Best I could do.

Oscar Tannenbaum SWAGGERS into the courtroom.

TANNENBAUM

Oscar Tannenbaum for the defense,  
Your Honor. If I may...

Tannenbaum approaches Mabel and James.

JAMES OLSEN

You!

TANNENBAUM

Oh. You.

JAMES OLSEN

Subjugator! Taskmaster!

TANNENBAUM

Paperboy.

(then, to judge)

Your Honor, I am counsel for the  
accused. She is pleading Not  
Guilty and we are requesting bail.  
Miss Mora has no record,  
whatsoever.

JUDGE

I'm not sure what's happening  
here. Miss Mora, is *this* your  
attorney, Mr. Tannenbaum?

MABEL

I...I don't think I...can *afford*  
him.

TANNENBAUM

Your friends are paying me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MABEL

My...  
 (turns to Oliver and  
 Charles, who wave)  
 Friends.

TANNENBAUM

Yes. They're paying for me and  
 for your bail -  
 (turns to judge)  
 If the court sees fit to grant  
 bail, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Miss Mora, do you agree not to  
 leave the city of New York until  
 these charges have been resolved?

MABEL

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Bail is set at \$250,000.

The judge BANGS his gavel. James leans in to Mabel.

JAMES OLSEN

(passes her his card)  
 If you know anyone who needs  
 gutters cleaned...

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Williams and Mabel come from inside and meet a waiting  
 Charles and Oliver.

OLIVER

Well, here we all are.

CHARLES

Are you okay, Mabel?

MABEL

Yeah, scary experience but I'm  
 okay.

(beat)

I don't know what to say. Nobody  
 has ever done something like that  
 for me. Thank you both.

CHARLES

You're very welcome, Mabel.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

OLIVER

Yes. You're very special to us.

MABEL

Thanks, guys. And Detective,  
thank you again for your kindness.  
I'll never forget it.

Williams SIGHS loudly.

WILLIAMS

Are we in a goddam Lifetime movie,  
right now, with all this happy  
happy chipper shit?! *Here's* what  
you shouldn't forget - if we don't  
figure out who killed Bunny,  
Charles and Ollie here are going  
to be homeless and you're going to  
jail for a very long time!

Williams starts down the steps, STOPS and turns.

WILLIAMS

Night night.

She crosses off, leaving a STUNNED Charles, Oliver and  
Mabel.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**TAG**

EXT. CONNECTICUT COUNTRY HOME - DAY

A stately home complete with lush landscaping. A ladder leans against the house leading up to the roof where JAMES OLSEN works, wearing his gutter-cleaning attire.

TANNENBAUM exits the house.

TANNENBAUM

I'm going out for a few hours.

JAMES OLSEN

Okay, Mr. Tannenbaum. Hey, I'd like to thank you for the work. I really need the extra cash.

TANNENBAUM

Sure. No problem.

JAMES OLSEN

And I wanted to apologize for all those nasty things I said about you in the newspaper.

(beat)

And the terrible online comments.

TANNENBAUM

I under-

JAMES OLSEN

And for reporting you to the State Bar Association.

TANNENBAUM

I can be difficult, I know. You were a good intern, James.

James is THRILLED being called by his proper name.

JAMES OLSEN

Thanks, Mr. Tannenbaum! You have my word - these gutters will be spotless by the time you get home!

James Olsen retreats to the other corner of the roof, off-camera. A BEAT, then Tannenbaum PICKS UP the ladder, puts it under his arm and walks off.

**END OF SHOW**