

# HAVEN GOTTA CLUE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SALOON - DAY

We see an old-fashioned SALOON from the early days in Haven, New Mexico. The double doors to the left have a huge sign that reads, "CASINO." The sign above the double doors to the right reads, "RESTAURANT." The SALOON contains just three barstools and three small tables with two chairs each.

BARRY GOLD (60; gentlemanly proprietor in a bar apron) enters from the restaurant carrying a tub of ice. He always has an unlit cigar in his mouth. He walks behind the bar, dumps the ice in a container we can't see, and WIPES down the bar. He HEARS something and looks up. He addresses the audience.

BARRY

Howdy folks. Welcome to Haven, New Mexico. Funny story. The settlers here, including my great, great grandpa, pronounced it Haven with a short "a", and all you outsiders pronounce it Haven with a long "a." Even the dumb ol' settlers were smart enough to know this dump of a ghost town weren't no Hay-ven. I'm Barry Gold, owner of the historic Gold's Casino, Saloon, Hotel, and Restaurant, which also makes me the bartender, bottle washer, and janitor. Funny story. Name used to be Goldstein, but my Pops had it shortened to Gold, and he had the balls to name me Barry.

(laughs)

You folks are probably here for the CSI Convention, and I'm glad to have the business, mind ya, but I get a little nervous with all you detectives around. Pops was associated with some pretty sketchy fellas back in the day.

(pointing as he talks)

Long as you lose your paychecks in the casino, and tip big in the restaurant, we'll get along just fine. Doors upstairs in the hotel are all open. Funny story. Used to be a brothel. Ladies made more money than the settlers! Keys are in the rooms. Half the locks don't work anymore anyway. If you can't trust a cop, who can ya trust?

(MORE)

BARRY

Go on, now! Check yourselves in.  
And stop by for a drink or six,  
will ya? Nothin' more boring than a  
sober detective. Enjoy your little  
conference. Go on now!

Sheriff ELLIE MAY LYONS (30, pretty, curvy, long-haired  
blonde in full uniform) saunters in from the restaurant. She  
has a holster, but no pistol. She SMILES.

ELLIE

Lunch was tolerable, Barry.

BARRY

Tolerable, Ellie May?

ELLIE

Your new cook gave me the choice  
between the beef and the cow. We're  
in New Mexico, all right.

BARRY

So what'd ya order?

ELLIE

Didn't order the tofu and chow mein  
plate, or the ptomaine platter as  
your cook called it. Looked awful.

BARRY

So what'd you order?

ELLIE

Hard to say?

BARRY

Hard to say what you ordered?

ELLIE

No. Beef and cow are easy to say.  
Hard to say what it was when it got  
to my table. Have to chew on it for  
a while. Burro maybe? Mule?

BARRY

Hope all those detectives don't  
mind the food.

ELLIE

I hope they don't put crime scene  
tape around your cook. He could  
kill somebody.

BARRY

Shhh. Quiet. They'll hear you.

ELLIE

Biggest weekend of the year for you. I'm excited for you.

(Ellie faces the audience)

Ten detective teams from all across America, right here in Haven, the heart, or at least the armpit, of New Mexico.

BARRY

That young fella from New York you were sweet on last year is showing up again!

Ellie turns to Barry, excited.

ELLIE

Detective Frank Redman?

BARRY

That's him.

ELLIE

His tramp of a partner showing up?

BARRY

Believe so.

ELLIE

Single or double room?

BARRY

Single.

Ellie goes into a RAGE. She acts out her descriptions.

ELLIE

Don't tell me nothing is going on with all these so-called partners! I watch them CSI TV shows. Always a tall, single, Chip-n-Dales male model with a sexy, skinny as a rail Barbie in a tight V-neck sweater, always bending over the bodies showing more cleavage than the Grand Canyon!

(yells)

Cops don't wear stiletto heels on the job! Sorry!

BARRY  
That's just TV. Don't burst your  
pipes!

Ellie continues on her RAGE.

ELLIE  
And all that...  
(beat)  
Sexual tension! Will they or won't  
they sleep together? Who cares?  
Solve the damn crime and go home to  
your spouses and kids!

Barry wipes down the bar.

BARRY  
(mumbles)  
You need to find a nice man, settle  
down, and have youngins'.

Ellie ignores Barry and continues.

ELLIE  
And those very "partners" show up  
here once a year, leaving their  
spouses and kids behind, drinking  
and carousing, and doing God knows  
what in those single rooms  
upstairs!

BARRY  
Shhh! They'll hear you.

ELLIE  
Every one of your upstairs rooms is  
a crime scene! Like the old days,  
but worse! They're cops for  
Christ's sakes!

BARRY  
It's one weekend. They share their  
latest crime-solving gadgets and  
lab tricks, they spend good money  
here, and then they go home.

ELLIE  
To their unsuspecting spouses and  
kids!  
(yells)  
It's disgusting!

Detective THURMAN SLATE (55, debonair, tailored black suit, shiny purple shirt, bolo tie, and cowboy hat) SAUNTERS in from the casino. His sexy partner, BEATRICE (BEA) WHITE (26; a skinny, blonde Valley Girl in black pants; white, tight, V-neck blouse; black stiletto heels), follows him in like a puppy. They sit on two of the barstools. Bea has a HOLSTER BULGE at her hip.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

It's disgusting how much we look forward to the Crime Scene Investigators Convention every year! I'm Sheriff Ellie Lyons. I remember you two from last year!

BARRY

Howdy folks. I'm Barry, the owner. Think I remember you from last year, too.

THURMAN

Bury the owner? Good idea. I'm Detective Thurman Slate. This is my young, impressionable partner, Beatrice White. CSI-LA.

Thurman shakes hands with Barry and Ellie. Beatrice (Bea) flirts with Barry. Ellie notices Bea's stiletto heels and ROLLS her eyes in disgust.

BEA

Call me, Bea. Like, I love handsome men behind bars.

THURMAN

Behind bars, in the streets, dark alleys, you name it.

BEA

(blushes)

Thurman, don't like to say those things. They'll like believe you.

BARRY

What can I get ya, Detective?

THURMAN

Call me Thurman, my good man. I'd like your finest bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon. Napa Valley. Select year, if you have it.

BARRY

I'll see what we carry. This late  
in the wine season, who knows? And  
for you, Bea?

BEA

Vodka martini, stirred, not like  
shaken.

BARRY

No olives, light and white, like  
last year?

BEA

You remember little 'ol me from  
last year? Like my first month on  
the job, and everybody gave me like  
such a hard time for using the word  
like so much, but I cut down by  
putting a like quarter jar on my  
desk, and every time I said like I  
put a quarter in it.

ELLIE

(mumbles)

Like, you should be pretty rich by  
now.

BEA

Sheriff Ellie, you're so funny,  
like last year. Great to be back in  
Hay-ven.

Ellie and Barry ROLL their eyes in disgust.

BARRY

Martini! Comin' right up!

He makes the martini first, stirring it slowly. He delivers  
it, and Bea chugs it quickly.

THURMAN

Bea and I thoroughly enjoyed the  
conference last year.

ELLIE

I'll bet all you partners did.

Ellie shakes Bea's hand.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Bea, what soft hands you have.

THURMAN

Too soft, if you ask me.

BEA

Last year, I learned lots of like new detective tricks.

ELLIE

Tricks?

BEA

Ya know, how different like maggots in the eyes can determine time of death.

THURMAN

Bea, I've taught that for years in my night class at U.C.L.A. Where have you been?

BEA

That class of yours is for like cheerleaders, Hollywood script writers, and other types of maggots.

Barry brings Thurman a tall glass of red wine.

BARRY

Try this!

Thurman sips and rolls the wine around his mouth, while swirling the wine in the glass. Very professional!

THURMAN

It's not repulsive.

Ellie ROLLS her eyes in disgust.

BARRY

Box wine. Very good month.

Barry looks disgusted at first, but takes a bigger sip. Ellie CHUCKLES.

BEA

Don't mind Thurman, Barry. After several more glasses, he'll be like bragging about your wine. I'll have another, Barry. Like delicious!

Barry makes another martini, as Thurman pontificates.

THURMAN

I assume they'll ask me to present my latest theories on genetic fingerprints. Perhaps lead the discussion on nanotechnology, or the latest satellite tracking innovations from my friends in the FBI. I once taught an entire course...

BEA

(interrupts)

On like post-mortem urination. Who gives a crap? Am I like, right?

Thurman ignored Bea as Barry delivers the martini to Bea. Both SMILE. Thurman turns to Ellie with an inquisitive look.

THURMAN

Sheriff Ellie May Lyons.

ELLIE

That's me.

THURMAN

Last year, as I recall, you had quite a night in this very saloon.

ELLIE

Hmmm. I don't seem to...

THURMAN

(interrupting)

Remember dancing in a colorful Hawaiian shirt to the demon rock 'n roll playing on someone's smartphone connected to a speaker, a *Bose SoundDock*, I believe?

ELLIE

You have an incredible memory, Detective.

THURMAN

Call me, Thurman. Any chance of seeing you dance again, Sheriff?

ELLIE

I don't think so, Thurman. I have to be going. Welcome back to Haven, but if you'll excuse me, I was just about to drive over to the big City to pick up some brake fluid for my Jeep.

Ellie heads toward the casino doors when Detectives FRANK REDMAN (35, tall, powerful, tough-guy; grey suit, bright crimson-red shirt, grey Fedora) STROLLS in with DIANE IRELAND (38; skinny, busty blonde in black pants, tight emerald-green V-neck sweater, and matching stiletto heels) enter the bar from the casino, laughing and giggling. Ellie's heart flutters as she sees Frank. Diane wears a TASER.

FRANK

What? Why do I love this town? It never changes! Is that the same pretty sheriff as last year? I'm Detective Frank Redman. Remember me? CSI New York?

DIANE

What am I, chopped liver? I'm Detective Diane Ireland, Frank's partner. Don't forget it!

Ellie moves to shake hands with Frank. Thurman turns to gawk at Diane, while Diane arches he back and sticks out her chest for Barry and Thurman. Ellie and Frank shake hands for a long time.

ELLIE

(bashful)

I sort of remember you, Detective Redman.

FRANK

What? Call me Frank. I brought the Sony SoundDock again if you save me a dance.

ELLIE

I seem to recall something...

Ellie notices Diane's stiletto heels, and ROLLS her eyes in disgust.

DIANE

(sees Thurman)

If it isn't the famous Detective Thurman Slate! CSI-LA! Nobody shot your wet-behind-the-rears partner yet?

Bea SCOWLS at Diane.

THURMAN

Detective Ireland, nice to see you again.

(MORE)

THURMAN (CONT'D)

I see you can't seem to shake that  
Neanderthal you're assigned to.

Frank SCOWLS at Thurman. Ellie finally stops shaking Frank's hands. Ellie is oblivious to all the scowling.

BARRY

What can I get you, Detective  
Ireland?

DIANE

What? You remember me. Call me,  
Diane. Margarita, no salt, extra  
limes. Love green!

BARRY

Coming right up. And you, Detective  
Redman?

FRANK

It's Frank. CSI-NY Remember? Barry  
Gold, isn't it? I'll have a  
Manhattan, of course.

BARRY

That's right. Extra cherries!

FRANK

You got love red! Am I right?

ELLIE

Looks like everyone's ready for a  
nice, relaxing weekend. I'll check  
in on ya when I get back to Haven  
from the big city. If you need an  
old-fashioned town sheriff to  
remind you what real crime-fighting  
is all about, don't hesitate to  
call. You know the number!

ALL

9-1-1!

Ellie GLANCES back as she exits to see Diane hitting on  
Thurman, Bea FLIRTING with all the males, and Barry failing  
to get Diane's attention. As Ellie exits, Frank turns and  
glances in her direction, but she doesn't see it.

LATER

Alone, Barry WIPES down the bar as Frank saunters in from the  
restaurant.

BARRY  
Howdy, Frank. Enjoyin' your  
conference?

FRANK  
(laughing)  
What was in that Manhattan you made  
me? You want I should go to sleep  
at the conference?

BARRY  
Cup of coffee?

FRANK  
What? I'd love one. Thanks, Barry.

Barry pours Frank a hot cup of coffee. Frank sits on the  
center barstool.

BARRY  
Milk or sugar?

FRANK  
No thanks. Ya see, you're a  
straight shooter, Barry. You didn't  
offer cream to sound uppity?

BARRY  
Don't get cream up here.

FRANK  
See? I appreciate honest answers in  
my business.

BARRY  
You're used to being the center of  
attention.

FRANK  
What makes you say that?

BARRY  
You left a group of twenty  
colleagues to sit with me.

FRANK  
Yeah, so?

BARRY  
And you took the center barstool.

FRANK  
Geez, maybe you should be the  
detective?

BARRY  
I see things, like everyone.

FRANK  
You remembered people's drinks from  
a conference a year ago?

BARRY  
You remembered my name. And,  
Ellie's name. And her dancing.

FRANK  
Touche!

BARRY  
She's like a daughter to me. Her  
dad and me went to high school  
together.

Barry looks away.

FRANK  
Something happened, didn't it?

BARRY  
Yeah. Somethin' happened.

FRANK  
Mind telling me?

BARRY  
Ellie was nine or ten when her  
parents got killed by a drunk  
driver.

Frank's chin falls to his chest.

FRANK  
What? I'm so sorry.

BARRY  
Small town. Everybody knows  
everybody. But Ellie figured out  
who did it. Preacher's son.

FRANK  
How'd she know?

BARRY  
Went door to door, looking everyone  
in the eye.

FRANK  
Oh my God. What?

BARRY

Everybody in town. The preacher's son confessed on the spot.

FRANK

Is that courage, or what?

BARRY

Wanted to be a cop ever since. Lived with her aunt. High school. Community college. Police academy. Worked in our kitchen by day and bar at night. Never had time for herself. Still don't.

FRANK

Never married?

BARRY

And never left the state. Far as I know.

FRANK

Does she love her sheriff's job or these backwater towns more? What keeps her here in Hay-ven?

BARRY

It's Haven. Good questions. She loves watching those CSI shows on TV, and tells me all about what isn't real.

FRANK

My colleagues find them amusing too. They're entertainment, not reality.

BARRY

I know, but she takes it personal. Like lying. She hates lying.

FRANK

You don't drink, do you, Barry?

BARRY

You couldn't either after what happened to Ellie!

FRANK

Does the Sheriff drink?

BARRY

I make her coffee or Shirley  
Temples during the day, and she  
goes hog wild on Saturday night.

FRANK

Hog wild? What?

BARRY

Sprite and a dash of blue curaçao,  
probably two percent liquor. Never  
has more than two. Every Saturday  
night to be sociable.

FRANK

That's tonight!

BARRY

Never seen Ellie May so happy as I  
did last year when you brought in  
the speaker for dancing music.

FRANK

Huh? Really?

Bea STORMS in from the restaurant, with a big SMILE.

BEA

There you are, Frank. We need you.  
You're like the only one who can  
shut up Thurman.

FRANK

Be right in.

Bea, flirting, takes Frank by the arm.

BEA

We'd be ever so grateful. He's  
about to go on about tracking a  
killer using like shoe-fungi  
distributions or some such  
nonsense. He's got your partner's  
heels off! Right before cocktail  
hour. It's like an emergency.

As Bea and Frank leave arm-in-arm for the restaurant, Ellie  
comes in from the casino and sees them. They do not see  
Ellie. Barry is ducking behind the bar. Barry stands and sees  
Ellie.

BARRY

You're back!

Ellie walks to the restaurant doors, but doesn't enter.

ELLIE

Did I miss anything?

BARRY

Thurman's lecturing on foot fungi.  
Get your brake fluid?

ELLIE

Out. Expecting it in on Monday. I  
need it before then.

Ellie slowly returns to the left-most barstool.

BARRY

Whatcha gonna do?

ELLIE

I'll just have to throw open the  
doors and drag my feet.

BARRY

I mean about Bea and Diane moving  
in on that Frank fella?

Ellie fights back tears.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I...

Ellie puts her hand on Barry's arm.

ELLIE

I heard this talk last year!

BARRY

Haven is no place for a single  
girl. Fly-by-night heart thieves  
are all they are!

ELLIE

(whispers)

You're the one who told me to go  
put my one Hawaiian shirt and go  
wild last year! Some father figure!

BARRY

Wanted you to see the outside  
world.

ELLIE

These are the rock stars of the detective world in there! They have groupies!

BARRY

All I meant was...

ELLIE

(interrupts)

They're not going to leave their partners, much less their wives and kids, to live in Haven!

BARRY

I know, but...

ELLIE

The closest thing we ever had to a crime spree was when the Johnson kid kept running into the casino to steal nickels, so he could buy ice cream at the general store.

BARRY

(laughs)

You ended up buying him ice cream all summer!

ELLIE

(laughs)

Gained so much weight, he couldn't race away anymore. Case closed.

BARRY

Haven's too small a town.

ELLIE

Face it, Barry. Can't get rid of me.

BARRY

This place won't be here forever.

ELLIE

You've been sayin' that for years.

BARRY

I mean it. Can't pay the new taxes. It's over April fifteenth.

ELLIE

Somebody squeezing you again?

BARRY  
I ain't sayin'!

ELLIE  
Give me a name. I'll take care of  
it.

BARRY  
Can't buy them off with ice cream,  
if you get my drift. All I'm  
sayin'!

Diane STOMPS into the saloon from the restaurant without her  
high heels on. She's giggling! When she sees Ellie, her  
giggling stops. Ellie notices.

ELLIE  
Everything all right, Detective?

DIANE  
Everything's fine. That lunatic,  
Thurman Slate, the great L.A.  
Detective, after rubbing my calves,  
is in there analyzing some fungus  
on my heels.

ELLIE  
How?

DIANE  
Has a phone app that magnifies the  
damn things and sends the photo to  
an expert.

ELLIE  
Fascinating!

BARRY  
Get you another margarita? Extra  
limes.

DIANE  
Sure, what the hell!

ELLIE  
So how do they match up fungi  
samples?

DIANE  
Weirdo scientists ID and map  
everything these days. Thurman  
claims they can tell which seedy  
hotels in New York I've been in.

BARRY

Uh oh! I haven't waxed these floors in years.

DIANE

Good! Maybe you contaminated my evidence.

Barry hands her a margarita.

ELLIE

How come you detectives came here? Why not Las Vegas or Atlantic City?

DIANE

I asked the same question. Thurman heads our national CSI club, if you call it that.

ELLIE

He's based in L.A. Las Vegas would be closer? Easy flights in and out?

DIANE

I don't know. Ask him. I don't think it matters as long as we can all let off steam without much surveillance.

BARRY

Not much surveillance here in Haven. 'Cept in the casino.

DIANE

Shocker! No offence.

ELLIE

None taken.

DIANE

But this year, Frank also voted to come back to this two-star-at-best hotel. No offense.

BARRY

None taken.

Diana SLAMS down her margarita and GLARES at Ellie.

DIANE

You wouldn't know anything about that, would you, Miss Ellie May Country-girl?

ELLIE

It surprised us all that your group returned. Maybe it's that clean, fresh desert air?

DIANE

Or them mountains you're hiding under that uniform shirt. Bet those peaks bust loose from that Hawaiian shirt of yours tonight!

Diane turns and heads back into the restaurant.

ELLIE

Sorry if I said something to offend you.

BARRY

What was all that about?

ELLIE

Kind of an over-reaction.

The PHONE RINGS in the Saloon. Barry answers it.

BARRY

Hello?

Barry listens to a whispering voice. He turns to make it difficult for Ellie to hear.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'm not interested in participating in your political survey. Please take me off your call list. Good-bye.

Barry hangs up. Ellie is not convinced.

ELLIE

Who was that, Barry? And don't tell me survey people.

BARRY

It was just a reminder from the bank.

ELLIE

They have caller-ID. They know the number is correct. You're fooling no one.

BARRY

Just gotta make it until April  
fifteenth. Then I can retire. Sell  
the place.

ELLIE

Then what?

BARRY

I don't know. Move to Mexico. Can't  
get enough sunshine, ya know.

ELLIE

When were you going to tell me?

BARRY

After the conference. You gotta  
stay sharp in case there's trouble.

ELLIE

Right! All that crime from the  
detectives?

BARRY

Last year, they were pretty wild.

ELLIE

There were a few shenanigans in the  
hotel.

BARRY

Some right here in the saloon.

ELLIE

Really? Mexico?

BARRY

Who am I kidding? Won't be able to  
afford a shack down by the tracks.

ELLIE

I've gotta little money saved up.  
You're welcome to it.

Barry comes out from behind the bar to HUG Ellie.

BARRY

Thanks, sweetheart. Since Alma  
died, you're all the family I've  
got.

ELLIE

Me, too. I'm staying here in Haven.  
This is home!

Barry breaks the hug.

BARRY

Hold the fort down, I gotta get  
some more ice from the kitchen.

ELLIE

No problem. I got it! Like the old  
days.

BARRY

Before you were twenty-one.

ELLIE

Shhhhh!

They LAUGH. Barry grabs a grey dishwasher's tray from behind the bar and heads through the restaurant doors. Ellie RACES behind the bar and checks the number that had just been dialed. She records it on her phone and begins wiping down the bar. Thurman STROLLS into the saloon from the restaurant.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Hi, Detective Slate. I'm just  
tending bar for a minute. Can I get  
you something?

THURMAN

A glass of your finest boxed red  
wine, please.

ELLIE

Kind of hard to put on airs when  
you're in Haven.

THURMAN

You said it!

Ellie pours him a glass of red wine.

THURMAN (CONT'D)

On my tab, if you will. Can I buy  
you a drink?

ELLIE

No thanks.

THURMAN

I remember from last year. And  
Seven Up and a thimble-full of blue  
curaçao doesn't count.

ELLIE

It might have been Sprite.

THURMAN

Afraid not. Mr. Gold mentioned last year that none of the Coca-Cola products were available.

ELLIE

You do have a memory.

THURMAN

Details are my life's blood.

ELLIE

Why Haven? Why Gold's Casino?

THURMAN

Innocent question. It's not the food. Definitely not the wine.

Thurman chokes himself and laughs.

THURMAN (CONT'D)

My father came here as a boy with his father.

ELLIE

From L.A.?

THURMAN

Chicago. Had a Great Aunt in Amarillo. She loved to get out of the city. Wanted to see gators.

ELLIE

Did she ever see one?

THURMAN

God rest her soul. She should have shot it!

ELLIE

You don't carry a firearm?

THURMAN

No weapon of any kind.

ELLIE

You're that brave?

THURMAN

Or stupid. I still trust my fellow man. And woman.

ELLIE

No wedding band?

THURMAN

On and off three times. Still  
trusted 'em. My mistake. I'm a fool  
for love.

ELLIE

You dress nicely for a man with  
three alimonies.

THURMAN

Ha! Pre-nups and old family money.  
I said I was a fool, not crazy!

Barry enters with the ice from the restaurant.

BARRY

Is she taking care of you, Thurman?

THURMAN

Very well, thanks, Barry. Your  
staff is to be commended. She asks  
a lot of questions, but she knows  
her boxed wines!

ELLIE

Debonair men bring out the best in  
me.

BARRY

Okay, Ellie. I got it now.

THURMAN

(to Barry)

Just when I was growing accustomed  
to the Sheriff's approach to  
waterboarding.

BARRY

(whispers to Thurman)

Her curiosity knows no bounds.

THURMAN

Sign of great detective. I must get  
back. Nice chat!

Thurman strolls back into the restaurant. Barry whispers to  
Ellie.

BARRY

Trust him?

ELLIE

Not quite yet!

Ellie takes out her cell phone and types in a few commands.

BARRY  
Whatcha doing?

ELLIE  
Fact-checking.

BARRY  
Fact-checking?

ELLIE  
Marriage licenses are public records.

BARRY  
Divorces?

ELLIE  
Most.

BARRY  
Does he check out?

ELLIE  
Three marriages, three divorces.  
Busy man. But he checks out.

BARRY  
See, not everybody's bad.

ELLIE  
I'd like to run a little background  
on Frank...

Frank strolls in from the restaurant.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Detective Frank Redman. Just  
talking about you.

FRANK  
Are my ears burning? What?

ELLIE  
I was just playing a little of  
twenty questions with Thurman  
Slate. Quite a biography.

FRANK  
Thurman loves to pontificate. How'd  
you get him to stop?

ELLIE  
Got a bit personal.

FRANK  
(smiling)  
I see.

ELLIE  
Would you mind terribly?

FRANK  
Fire away. After another Manhattan,  
if you would be so kind, Mr. Gold.  
What was in that coffee?

BARRY  
Manhattan, comin' up, sir. Be  
gentle with him, Ellie. He's our  
guest.

ELLIE  
Curiosity is my curse.

FRANK  
I'm single. Never married.

ELLIE  
A mind-reader, too?

Barry delivers a Manhattan.

FRANK  
What? I never mentioned it last  
year? You never asked. I found that  
both curious and strangely  
alluring.

BARRY  
(whispers loudly to Ellie)  
Don't scare him off. I've got to  
race home to let Pooch out. Watch  
the bar for me, Ellie May.

FRANK  
What? I heard that. I'm right here.

Barry RACES out toward the casino, as Ellie takes her place  
behind the bar.

ELLIE  
Long story. I worked here growing  
up.

FRANK  
He's more than that to you.

ELLIE  
You detectives are so damn  
observant. This year, anyway.

FRANK  
This year?

ELLIE  
You four detective pals were all  
here last year. Why'd you come  
back?

FRANK  
Thurman and a small team of CSI-  
types pick the conference location.  
So, I had fun last year? Thanks to  
you. Is that a crime? I voted to  
return, too.

ELLIE  
Those few dances, Saturday night, a  
year ago?

FRANK  
What? You didn't think about that  
night since then?

ELLIE  
What?

FRANK  
I got to be myself. The real me.  
Hard to do in New York.

ELLIE  
Why?

FRANK  
Everybody expects you to be the  
tough guy. Enforcer.

ELLIE  
Ladies man?

FRANK  
Guess so.

ELLIE  
Guess so?

FRANK  
Okay, yeah.

Ellie turns her back on Frank.

ELLIE  
Why haven't you emailed or called  
since last year?

Frank pauses. He responds sadly.

FRANK  
The biggest mistake of my life.

Ellie pauses, but doesn't turn around.

ELLIE  
Why?

FRANK  
I'm not that tough.  
(beat)  
But if you let up for even one  
minute on the streets of New York,  
you're dead!

Ellie turns to him.

ELLIE  
Good answer.

FRANK  
Why didn't you call me?

ELLIE  
I? I?

FRANK  
You could have found my number and  
e-mail on the reservation card.  
What? You're not a detective?

ELLIE  
I? I?

FRANK  
(laughs)  
Not so easy, is it?

Ellie PACES behind the bar.

ELLIE

Small New Mexico tourist towns  
collect short-term visitors,  
passers-by on the road of life.  
After a few whiffs of desert air,  
they race back to their polluted,  
dangerous, crime-filled mega-  
cities.

FRANK

That a little cynical?

ELLIE

Is it true?

FRANK

Guess so.

ELLIE

(points)  
City mouse. Country mouse.

FRANK

(depressed)  
What, I don't get it? I get it!

Frank SLAMS down his Manhattan, drops twenty bucks and one silver dollar on the bar, and exits slowly to the restaurant. Ellie is momentarily paralyzed. As Frank disappears, Barry enters from the casino.

BARRY

Thanks, Ellie. Pooch needed that!  
Hey, a silver dollar! I collect  
these, ya know.

Barry examines the silver dollar. He sees Ellie in a catatonic state.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Ellie? What's the matter?

Ellie collapses in tears and HUGS Barry.

ELLIE

Me.

BARRY

Is he married? What does it matter?

ELLIE

Single.

BARRY

Mean?

ELLIE

Perfectly polite.

BARRY

Then what's the problem?

ELLIE

The problem is me, Barry.

(sadder)

The problem is me.

LATER

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

It's a mild Saturday night after dinner at Gold's Saloon. Thurman and Bea are at one table, while Frank and Diane are at a second table positioned less than two feet apart in the center of the bar. Barry is behind the bar, wiping the counter. Thurman is drinking red wine, Bea is drinking a martini, Frank enjoys a Manhattan, and Diane chugs down a margarita. On the bar, Frank's Sony SoundDock speaker is blaring a great dancing tune, but nobody moves. They are wearing the same clothes they wore all day.

THURMAN

Bit more fun last year.

DIANE

What? Like I want to hear that again?

FRANK

Well, it was.

BEA

I just like met all of you last year, and I like had so much fun.

FRANK

Does anybody feel like dancing?

DIANE

Another Marg, Barry?

BARRY

Coming up.

THURMAN

Barry, where's the sheriff tonight?

BARRY

Serving the fine people of the county. Where are the other CSI teams?

DIANE

Were they the smart ones, or what? They signed up for a bus trip to a nightclub and hotel in Vail.

FRANK

Back here tomorrow for brunch when the conference resumes.

BARRY

How come you four didn't join them?

THURMAN

We've been asking that question all night.

BEA

(excited)

We four did like a day-trip to Vail and Aspen last year!

THURMAN

Very nice, yes!

DIANE

I wanted to go to Vail tonight, but Frank didn't want to. Killjoy!

FRANK

I relax here.

DIANE

Right! Another wild Saturday night in Hay-ven?

Ellie walks in from the casino wearing a sleek black dress with black pumps. Her hair is beautiful, and her makeup is perfect.

BARRY

Ellie May, you look fabulous!

ELLIE

Thanks, Barry. Good evening, everyone.

Frank is speechless. Diane sees this and SCOWLS, off to the side. Ellie can't bring herself to make eye contact with Frank.

BEA

Wow, Sheriff, you like clean up nice.

ELLIE

Come on now, call me Ellie.

THURMAN

I underestimated you, Ms. Lyons.

ELLIE

How so?

THURMAN

You work and live in the tiny little pipsqueak town of Hay-ven, but you look big-city tonight!

FRANK

(gawking at Ellie)

N... N... Now it's a party!

Diane HUFFS, and goes up to the bar to fetch her margarita.

BEA

I remember last year. Some of it, anyway. You had like a wild time, Ellie.

ELLIE

Can't stay long.

FRANK

What? Just got here.

Ellie avoids looking at Frank.

THURMAN

What could be more fun than a night in Hay-ven?

ELLIE

The story involves a trade.

BEA

A trade?

ELLIE

I needed brake fluid for my Jeep before Monday. A friend from Amarillo didn't want to go to Costco alone.

(MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)

So he's bringing me a can of brake fluid, and I'm off to Costco for my friend, who's not a member.

Diane speaks up from the bar.

DIANE

(sarcastic)

Tit for Tat?

FRANK

Pretty dressed up for Costco?

ELLIE

We might get a frozen yogurt, too.

BARRY

I'm glad you're getting out for a night, but we'll miss you.

THURMAN

Can you stay for one drink?

Barry hand-delivers a blue-tinted drink.

BARRY

The regular, Ellie May.

FRANK

Your blue curaçao cocktail?

ELLIE

Yep! Gotta drive the Jeep back tonight.

BEA

Are you, like, off work tomorrow?

ELLIE

Yep, a day off. Can't wait. I may check in on ya to make sure you're all okay.

FRANK

That would be great!

DIANE

Oh, don't feel you have to bother.

Ellie can't look at Frank. She sips her drink and returns it to Barry.

ELLIE

Sorry, I couldn't stay, Barry.

BARRY  
You deserve a night off the desert.

ELLIE  
Call me if you need me.

BARRY  
Will do. We know the number!

ALL  
9-1-1!

Ellie turns and exits through the casino.

THURMAN  
Time for some serious drinking.  
Barry, another round for my  
friends.

BEA  
Like woo-hoo!

FRANK  
(sadly)  
I'll get the next round.

Diane gets in Frank's face. She PUSHES him.

DIANE  
Tit for tat, Frank? Is that it?

FRANK  
What? Leave me alone.

Barry LOOKS on. Diane PUSHES Frank again.

BEA  
(to Thurman)  
Like, what's going on?

THURMAN  
(to Bea)  
Some women like it rough.

Diane PUSHES Frank again.

DIANE  
(yells)  
You still got a hard-on for her,  
don't ya? Don't ya?

Frank STARES out at the casino.

FRANK

Have another margarita, why don't  
ya, Diane? Leave me alone!

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

It's pitch dark. Barry, in his bathrobe, wanders through the saloon. He SEES the coffee warmer light on behind the bar. He slumbers over to turn it off. He TRIPS over something and FALLS out of view, behind the bar. He SCREAMS!

LATER

Ellie enters the dark saloon from the restaurant, dressed in her white plush bathrobe, with her brightly-colored Hawaiian shirt on underneath it. She has pink fluffy slippers on. Her hair is a mess, in a bun. She carries her smartphone and iPad. She TURNS ON the light to SEE Barry sitting at the far left table. His hands cover his face. The audience can't see the body.

ELLIE

What are you doing in the dark?

Ellie RACES over and puts an arm around Barry.

BARRY

Don't touch anything, you said.

ELLIE

Didn't mean the light switch.  
Where's the body?

BARRY

Behind the bar.

ELLIE

Mind if I look?

BARRY

Go ahead. I'm too scared to move.  
Is it a man or a woman?

Ellie leaves her iPad with Barry and slowly moves behind the bar with her smartphone. She DISAPPEARS behind the bar, POKES UP, and speaks softly to Barry.

ELLIE

Dead all right. It's a man.

BARRY

Thought it might be Diane. Is it  
Frank?

ELLIE

No, why?

BARRY

They were arguing tonight.

ELLIE

It's a stranger. No pulse. Not entirely cold yet. Just happened. You must have called me right away.

BARRY

I tripped and fell on a body. It didn't move.

ELLIE

Did you check for a pulse?

BARRY

No. Too scared.

ELLIE

Next time, put two fingers by the neck...

BARRY

Not gonna be a next time. This is a sign.

(beat)

How was Costco tonight? Yesterday? You know what I mean.

ELLIE

Costco was fine. Frozen chocolate yogurt wasn't working, so we had to have vanilla.

BARRY

(nervous)

But you got your brake fluid?

ELLIE

Yes. Barry, you're talking out of nervousness, and I need to concentrate here.

BARRY

Sorry. I'll be quiet.

Ellie PUSHES a few buttons on her phone and begins speaking.

ELLIE

Sheriff Ellie May Lyons. Two-thirty-two A.M., Gold's Saloon.

(MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)

We have a black male, approximately thirty years of age, six-foot-four, two-hundred pounds. No jacket or coat. That's odd. Otherwise, nicely dressed in black slacks and a sky-blue, shiny short-sleeve shirt. His hair is nicely trimmed. His face is absolutely beautiful. No sign of blood or trauma. No visible scars. Fancy black leather shoes and socks. Looks like a fashion model.

Ellie stops recording.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Barry, I need you to look at him.

Barry slowly gets up from the chair and PEEKS his head behind the bar. He is SHAKING.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Seen this man before?

BARRY

No.

ELLIE

Never?

BARRY

Never. He looks important. Like a governor or senator.

ELLIE

He's not a guest with the CSI convention?

BARRY

Not that I know of. Some brought husbands and boyfriends when they checked in. None like that.

ELLIE

Are you one hundred percent sure?

BARRY

None were black. None were that tall. He looks like a very rich man.

ELLIE

I agree, none of the guests I saw today looked this good. Even Frank. Wow!

BARRY  
Can I go sit down?

ELLIE  
Thanks, Barry. I had to ask.

BARRY  
I understand.

Barry returns to his table and COVERS his face with his hands. Ellie speaks into her phone again.

ELLIE  
No wedding ring. I'm going to check  
for a wallet.

Ellie bends down out of sight, pops up again, and speaks into her phone as she stares at a pink business card.

BARRY  
What?

ELLIE  
No wallet, no keys, no money clip,  
no credit card, no change. There  
was a folded white handkerchief in  
the victim's back pocket, along  
with a single business card inside  
the folded handkerchief. The pink  
business card with white raised  
lettering reads, "Tinderfoot Escort  
Service."

BARRY  
Tenderfoot?

ELLIE  
No, Barry. Tinderfoot Escort.  
Prostitute. This is hush-hush.  
Don't tell anyone.

BARRY  
A man prostitute?

ELLIE  
Or he recently used one. Been in  
the countryside too long, Barry.

BARRY  
What's he doing here with all the  
cops around?

ELLIE

Good question. I'm going to find out. First, I need to call Amarillo PD and the coroner while I fetch the crime scene from my Jeep. Don't let anyone in here.

BARRY

Okay.

Ellie begins to walk out, but stops short of the restaurant doors. She turns her back to Barry.

ELLIE

What were you doing up at this hour?

BARRY

Pooch was barking, so I let him out. Sat up like fifteen minutes, but he didn't come back right away. Pooch came back. I lay down just long enough to have my nightmare. Thought I might have left the coffee pot on.

ELLIE

Your recurring nightmare.

BARRY

Yep. So I went through the back door of the restaurant like you did and checked. Done it a hundred times.

ELLIE

A thousand times. Was it on?

BARRY

(excited)

Yeah. It was finally on!

(sad)

Turned it off and tripped over the body.

ELLIE

At least the coffee pot was on this time.

BARRY

Some consolation!

Ellie begins to leave, but turns to Barry again.

ELLIE

Did you hear or see anything else  
as you crossed the street?

BARRY

Not after Pooch barked and I let  
him out. Must of chased a raccoon  
or something. Didn't come back for  
fifteen minutes. Odd.

ELLIE

No cars parked on the side of the  
street?

BARRY

There's no parking on the street.  
You know that.

Ellie scratches her head, walking out.

ELLIE

(mumbles)

How did he get here?

A few minutes later, when Ellie walks in from the restaurant  
with CRIME SCENE TAPE, she SEES Barry behind the bar making  
coffee.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? You'll  
contaminate the crime scene?

BARRY

Crime scene?

ELLIE

On that side of the bar, yes.

BARRY

We'll need coffee.  
(points down)  
He don't mind.

ELLIE

Not the point! Get out of there!

Instead, Barry steps over the body to the far side of the bar  
to throw out coffee grounds.

BARRY

You need coffee. I need coffee.

Barry tiptoes over the body again (comical) and returns to  
his table. Ellie puts the crime scene tape around the bar.

ELLIE

What am I going to do with you?

BARRY

It'll be ready in a few minutes.  
You'll thank me then. What did the  
Amarillo PD say?

ELLIE

Horrible. Mass shooting at a  
nightclub downtown. Dozen shot. Two  
hours ago. No resources available  
until morning, maybe later.

BARRY

He can't stay here!

ELLIE

Got no choice.

BARRY

You can't call somebody?

ELLIE

9-1-1?

BARRY

You know what I mean.

ELLIE

With the cutbacks, nobody has the  
staff.

BARRY

Can we cover him with tablecloths?

ELLIE

Best not to touch anything.

Ellie returns to Barry's table, her back to the bar, and she  
fires up her iPad.

BARRY

I can't let the guests in here.

ELLIE

Good idea. Put some tape across  
both sets of doors, will ya?

Barry is happy to have an assignment. He GOES WILD with the  
tape. Ellie is busy doing research and doesn't notice. We see  
Barry tiptoe behind the bar (and around the body) to get two  
cups of coffee. He delivers a cup to Ellie.

BARRY  
Coffee?

ELLIE  
Yes, please.

Ellie realizes where the coffee came from.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Will you stay out of there?

BARRY  
Milk? Sometimes coffee upsets a  
stomach this early in the morning.  
You might need milk.

ELLIE  
Fine. But don't step on him!

Barry retrieves a milk container, tiptoeing over the body  
like a pro now.

BARRY  
What did you find out?

ELLIE  
Dark Web.

BARRY  
Dark internet?

ELLIE  
Encrypted websites. Password-  
protected, multiple codes. My  
friend, Jessica Chang from my  
academy class, offered to help me.

BARRY  
Jessica? She visited once. Drank  
white wine.

ELLIE  
After we graduated, she went to  
work with the National Security  
Agency, as soon as they found out  
about her programming skills, and  
she spoke Mandarin. Never needed  
her help. She jumped at the chance.  
Child's play for her, and it's  
almost five A.M. in Arlington.

BARRY  
Back east?

Ellie adds milk to her coffee without looking up from her iPad.

ELLIE

Uh hum. She's already hacked into part of the Tinderfoot Escort site, but she has to play with secondary and tertiary codes to go further. She'll get back to me. Do you have a list of CSI conference attendees?

BARRY

In the hotel book. I'll get it.

Barry goes behind the bar, tiptoes over the body a couple of times, and returns with a ledger book.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Here ya go?

ELLIE

I need to type in a list of names for Jessica?

BARRY

I could read them if I had my reading glasses.

ELLIE

Get them, please.

Barry tiptoes across the body, gets his reading glasses, and returns. This time, Ellie catches him behind the bar.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

When are you going to get a computer?

BARRY

Never.

ELLIE

Be careful back there!

Barry carefully moves around the body and returns. He studies the book for a minute.

BARRY

I need a pencil.

ELLIE

Jesus, Barry!

BARRY

(laughs)

Jesus Barry. I thought that was my name when you worked here all those years. Many of our regulars started calling me Jesus Barry. Remember that?

Barry again tiptoes behind the bar to get a pencil and returns unnoticed. Ellie ROLLS her eyes. She knows.

ELLIE

Just check them off. I'll type them in.

Barry checks off names as Ellie types them in. Ellie's phone RINGS. Her ringtone is the Andy of Mayberry theme song.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Embarrassing! Have to change that.  
(answers her phone)  
Sheriff Lyons.

Ellie listens.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I can do that! Look for it in thirty seconds. Thanks, Lieutenant.

Ellie POPS UP, phone in hand, and races behind the bar. She disappears, but we SEE the FLASH of her camera go off three times. She stands and sends the photos off.

BARRY

What's going on?

ELLIE

Sending mug shots to the lieutenant in Amarillo. He'll load 'em into the face-recognition computer.

BARRY

Can they do that?

ELLIE

Checks drivers' licenses, criminal records, and thousands of surveillance video files in a few hours. Not minutes like those phony CSI shows on TV.

BARRY

Huh! Can they do anybody?

ELLIE

Anybody!

Barry stands and PACES.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

What?

BARRY

Nothin'.

ELLIE

What?

BARRY

Well, I got a photo of a guy.

ELLIE

Who's puttin' the squeeze on you?

BARRY

Maybe.

ELLIE

Where's the photo?

BARRY

Up at the house.

ELLIE

Go get it. The police are strapped right now with the shooting, but I may be able to ask Jessica for help.

BARRY

Ain't been here in months.

ELLIE

Get the photo. I can finish typing in names.

Barry exits clumsily through the mess of tape he put up on the restaurant doors, while Ellie types away. She suddenly STOPS.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

(mumbles)

Should I ask our four friends from L.A. and New York to help?

(beat)

I don't know.

She types away. Suddenly, she hears a KNOCK on the casino door.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Who is it?

THURMAN (O.S.)

It's Thurman.

ELLIE

I'm sorry, Thurman. There's been an accident. I don't want anyone to get involved.

THURMAN (O.S.)

An accident? Maybe I can be of assistance.

ELLIE

I'll fetch you later if I need you. It's a little after 3:30 A.M., shouldn't you be asleep?

THURMAN (O.S.)

Bea is passed out. I couldn't sleep in the chair. I smell coffee.

ELLIE

All right. Come in.

Thurman enters through a spider web of crime scene tape. He's wearing a nice, but wrinkled purple-striped shirt, black pants, and fancy leather slippers.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Don't touch anything. Sit here. I'll get you coffee.

Thurman tries to peek behind the bar, but sees only the dead man's shoes.

THURMAN

Nice Aldo shoes. Kevon, I think. A C-note and a half a pair. How was Costco?

ELLIE

Costco was fine. Frozen chocolate yogurt wasn't working, so we had to have vanilla.

THURMAN

We just drank a lot. Didn't miss much.

ELLIE

I asked you not to get involved.  
Now I have to treat you...

THURMAN

Like a suspect. I know the drill.  
Anything for coffee.

Thurman sits at the table while Ellie tiptoes behind the bar for coffee.

ELLIE

First, account for your whereabouts tonight.

THURMAN

Quite embarrassingly boring. Had a few drinks here until eleven. Bea overdid it. Again. Helped her upstairs, and she passed out.

ELLIE

Poor boy.

THURMAN

She's married and my partner.  
Wasn't going to do anything.

ELLIE

Bea can sure flirt.

THURMAN

When she drinks, especially, but that's all it is.

ELLIE

Uh-huh.

THURMAN

Really.

ELLIE

Uh-huh. So you didn't exit your room until a few minutes ago?

THURMAN

Right. With a bad back to prove it.  
How old are the chairs upstairs?

ELLIE

Beautiful woman. Why didn't you push her to one side of the bed and spoon happily all night long?

THURMAN

She threw up. All over. I cleaned up as best I could. But...

ELLIE

(interrupting)

Uh-huh.

THURMAN

(sarcastic)

You look ravishing, by the way. Is that a stolen bathrobe from the Ritz Carlton?

ELLIE

I'll ask the questions.

THURMAN

Who, or what, does your hair?

ELLIE

I raced over when Barry called.

THURMAN

Prime suspect?

ELLIE

How did you know the shoes from a two-second glance?

THURMAN

The soles have the Aldo stamp. The Kevon is one of the newest styles. Can I see the body?

ELLIE

No.

THURMAN

Please, please, please. It's what I do. Where is your staff?

ELLIE

My staff? This is Haven. I'm it. Amarillo PD is over-committed.

THURMAN

The mass shooting. I watched the news, as I held my nose because of the puke smell.

ELLIE

They'll come soon enough.

THURMAN

Your victim isn't with us. The CSI convention.

ELLIE

You know from the shoes?

THURMAN

There were two males with dress shoes today. Detective Redman, cheap knock-offs, and me.

ELLIE

You are observant. I'll give you that. Did you hear anything or see anything suspicious at any time? Cars going by? Cabs?

Ellie CATCHES herself.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Cabs! I've gotta make a call. If you'll excuse me.

Ellie takes her phone and huddles in the corner of the bar, while Thurman STRETCHES his neck, scoots his chair a little, and strains to see more of the victim. Ellie sees him.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Don't you dare!

Thurman puts his hands in the air as if surrendering. He settles down. Ellie completes her call and quickly sits back down.

THURMAN

We may deduce that the victim had no car keys, or you wouldn't have called the cab company. Can't be too many cabs here in this desert town, so checking won't take long.

ELLIE

Doesn't take long on CSI TV shows. Takes a long time in the real world. You talk too much.

THURMAN

Pink fluffy slippers. Nice touch. Have you slept in that blue Hawaiian shirt since you danced in it last year?

ELLIE

My nightgown. Desert cheque. You talk way too much.

THURMAN

Let me see the body! Please, please, please!

ELLIE

No! You've got no gloves or booties on, so you'll be spreading your DNA all over hell and back. No!

THURMAN

I'll look from far away. Please, please, please!

ELLIE

You'll do exactly as I say?

THURMAN

Yes, anything. I'm your slave!

Ellie SNEERS at Thurman for the weird comment, but guides Thurman to a spot where he can see behind the bar. He STARES, stretches to the sides, bends low, and stands back up.

THURMAN (CONT'D)

Devastatingly handsome, six-five, one-ninety-five pounds, no jacket. I don't get it. Cold here at night.

ELLIE

No ID, in fact, no wallet, money, credit cards, coins, keys, nothing.

THURMAN

Fashion model or entertainer. For sure. Did you look for scars?

ELLIE

Scars? No. I did not disrobe him. I'm following protocol here.

THURMAN

Never stopped me.

ELLIE

Have you ever seen this man before?

THURMAN

Protocol. I know. And no, never seen him.

ELLIE  
Okay, go sit down.

THURMAN  
Get his prints?

ELLIE  
What?

THURMAN  
His prints!

Ellie looks puzzled.

THURMAN (CONT'D)  
Rookie! You got a four-megapixel or better camera with HD on your phone. Snap the photos and send 'em in.

ELLIE  
Brilliant idea, Thurman. Thanks!

Ellie is inspired. She takes the photos and e-mails them to Amarillo.

THURMAN  
I've got the new fingerprint app on my phone, but the photos will work if you wait. They have to correct for contrast and light. Takes time. You have to wait.

ELLIE  
(mumbles)  
All I do is wait.

Thurman returns to the table as Barry enters through the web of crime tape from the restaurant, with a PHOTO in his hand.

THURMAN  
Morning, Barry.

BARRY  
Morning, Thurman. How's Bea?

THURMAN  
Passed out. Got sick. Sorry.

BARRY  
You open a window?

THURMAN  
Of course.

BARRY

Here, Ellie. This is the guy I told you about.

Ellie puts the photo in her bathrobe pocket.

ELLIE

We'll do this later, Barry.

BARRY

Fine by me.

THURMAN

What's the photo?

Barry looks away.

ELLIE

A family matter. Private.

THURMAN

Don't mean to pry. I'll go check on my partner.

Thurman exits, but seconds later, they hear a KNOCK at the casino door.

ELLIE

Who is it?

DIANE (O.S.)

Diane. Thurman said you got coffee?

BARRY

I'd better make a fresh pot.

Barry goes behind the bar to make more coffee.

ELLIE

Come in, Diane, but don't touch anything.

Diane enters through the mass of tape. She's wearing a tight green T-shirt (push-up bra), tight black yoga pants, and a belt with a small taser on it.

DIANE

What? Some kind of joke? All the tape?

ELLIE

No. Murder scene. Sit here, Barry will bring you coffee.

DIANE  
Murder scene? Can I see the body?

Diane looks at Barry, who is pointing down.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
You're serious?  
(looks at Ellie)  
Did I miss a costume party, too?  
How was Costco?

ELLIE  
Costco was fine. Frozen chocolate  
yogurt wasn't working, so we had to  
have vanilla.

Diane ROLLS her eyes in disgust.

DIANE  
Don't care, do I?

ELLIE  
I still have to ask you a few  
questions. What are you doing up so  
early?

DIANE  
Not early New York time! I'm a  
morning person.

Diane looks at Ellie's clothes.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
I'm guessing you're not?

Ellie ignores the snide remark.

ELLIE  
What were your whereabouts last  
night after eleven?

DIANE  
Am I a suspect?

ELLIE  
It's my job.

DIANE  
What? We had a few drinks here, and  
by eleven, we all went upstairs.

ELLIE  
We?

DIANE  
Frank and I, and Thurman and Bea.

ELLIE  
Cozy.

DIANE  
Not really. Bea was so drunk, and Frank was just a bad drunk.

ELLIE  
Bad drunk?

DIANE  
None of your business, but let's just say he wasn't interested!

ELLIE  
Oh!

DIANE  
Listen, I've been Frank's partner for three years, and this past year, it's like he doesn't see me.

ELLIE  
Doesn't see you?

DIANE  
There was a spark when we met. Maybe he's looking in another direction?  
(looks at how Ellie is dressed again)  
Can't imagine why!

ELLIE  
Did either of you leave the room between 11 P.M. and 2:30 A.M.?

DIANE  
I took a sleeping pill. Last about five hours for me. Just woke up. Loverboy's still snoozing. Can I see the body now?

ELLIE  
I'll show you where to stand.

Ellie guides Diane to the viewing point.

DIANE  
Va-va-va-voom! What? Six-five, two-forty, 35 years old. I'm hot!  
(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

No sign of trauma. You won't have a blood lab here. Half-assed coroner. You're screwed!

ELLIE

No ID. No keys. I sent face and fingerprint photos in.

DIANE

No jacket? You checked the cabs?

ELLIE

Of course.

DIANE

Gang member! I'd check for gang tats? Better yet, tat removals?

ELLIE

How?

DIANE

Around the neck. Loosen the collar. Scope the neckline.

Ellie disappears from view.

ELLIE

I should wait for the coroner from Amarillo. But...

(beat)

Damn, you're good. I'll get photos. Gang symbols were removed recently. Expensive.

DIANE

And only a few places do that well in Amarillo, I bet. Gang members are going underground. Scary. Probably got what he deserved.

ELLIE

Nice work, Detective!

DIANE

Can I go jogging now? You bore me! And for the record, I haven't given up on Frank yet!

ELLIE

One more question. Why do you always wear that TASER?

DIANE  
You may not have the same problem I  
do with men, Dearie!

Ellie looks at her poorly dressed self, then back to Diane.

ELLIE  
Don't leave town!  
(smiles, winks)  
I may need more of your help!

DIANE  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah! Right. For fashion tips,  
maybe.

Diane works her way through the web of crime tape.

BARRY  
She's difficult to like.

ELLIE  
Aren't we all!

BARRY  
What time is it?

ELLIE  
Coming up on 5 A.M.

BARRY  
Can I take a nap?

ELLIE  
Make me another pot of coffee, then  
you can go nap!

BARRY  
Thank you, Master.

ELLIE  
Ha ha!

BARRY  
Let's see, who hasn't paraded in?

ELLIE  
Bea and Frank.

BARRY  
Who is the smart money on? The  
drunk or the hunk?

ELLIE

Barry!

BARRY

Sorry.

ELLIE

The drunk. I bet Thurman woke her up, cleaned her up, and clued her in about the body.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

BARRY

I'm gonna take a nap.

ELLIE

(whispers)

Quitter!

(yells)

Come in!

Barry SNEAKS out to the restaurant, and Bea enters from the casino. Bea is completely covered up, wearing a whitish pair of sweat pants and a matching long-sleeve hoodie sweatshirt zipped all the way up so it looked like a turtleneck sweater. Ellie SEES the HOLSTER BULGE under Bea's sweatshirt.

BEA

Thurman like ran in and said you probably wanted to see me as much as I needed coffee.

ELLIE

How much did he tell you?

BEA

He said you had like a crime scene, unrelated to the bad food in the restaurant or the wine in the saloon.

Ellie LAUGHS. Bea laughs too -- a little.

ELLIE

Sit here. I'll get you coffee.

Bea watches as Ellie tiptoes around the body and gets coffee.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Rough night? One too many martinis, stirred, not shaken? You look a little shaken.

BEA  
You don't know the half of it.  
(beat)  
I smell death.

ELLIE  
Behind the bar. Barry found the  
body about 2:30 A.M.

BEA  
I meant me.  
(looks to the bar)  
Can I see it? The other body?

ELLIE  
In a minute. I have to ask, where  
were you from 11 P.M. until 2:30  
A.M.?

BEA  
Out like a lamp.

ELLIE  
The entire time.

BEA  
My husband called around midnight.

ELLIE  
Sure about the time?

BEA  
I said it was late. He said it was  
only eleven.

ELLIE  
His time in L.A.

BEA  
The call didn't go well. He knew I  
was drunk.

ELLIE  
Did he know you were sharing a room  
with Thurman?

BEA  
No. My husband and I are like  
separated. If you think I'm a  
flirt, you should see him!

ELLIE  
I didn't say...

BEA  
(interrupts, sad)  
You didn't have to.

ELLIE  
Was Thurman in the room when your  
husband called?

BEA  
It was dark, and I had thrown up  
all over the bed. He might have  
been in the chair, asleep in the  
corner, I don't know.

ELLIE  
What did you and your husband talk  
about?

BEA  
My being drunk. I cheat with a  
bottle. He cheats with a blonde  
from accounting! I said he needs to  
be castrated. He said I need A.A.  
again.

ELLIE  
Again?

BEA  
Didn't take. Rarely does. Like less  
than ten percent of the time, I  
hear. Maybe if I go ten times.

ELLIE  
(mumbles)  
Lesson there somewhere.

BEA  
Don't need a lecture from  
Pollyanna. How was Costco?

ELLIE  
Costco was fine. Frozen chocolate  
yogurt wasn't working, so we had to  
have vanilla.

BEA  
I was humoring you. Can I see your  
victim now?

ELLIE  
A couple more questions first.  
What's that you're carrying?

Bea produces a Pneumatic Tranquilizer Pistol and plops it on the table.

BEA  
Pneumatic tranquilizer pistol.  
Paranoid of dogs. Got rabies once.  
Never again.

ELLIE  
What's it shoot?

BEA  
Harmless muscle relaxer. Lasts ten minutes. Long enough for me to get away.

ELLIE  
Don't carry other weapons?

BEA  
Never did. We show up well after the crime. Always uniforms around to protect us.

ELLIE  
Careful of Barry's dog, Pooch. He's off the leash a lot.

BEA  
Hope you like arrest him then. Can I see your stiff now?

ELLIE  
Okay. I'll show you where to stand.

Ellie guides Bea to the viewer spot. Bea STARES for several minutes.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
See anything peculiar?

BEA  
Fashion shoes. Fashion pants and shirt. No jacket. Six-four, two-twenty? No more than twenty-five. Single. World's oldest profession.

Bea pauses.

ELLIE  
What?

BEA

Why hire a black gigolo in a desert town like Hay-ven? Going to stand out like a sore thumb?

ELLIE

Had no ID, no wallet, no money at all.

BEA

Could have been robbed. I would have expected a money clip, a phone, or a credit card reader. Something?

ELLIE

I didn't think about a cell phone.

BEA

Probably in his jacket. Good luck with this one. Whoever did it is long gone.

ELLIE

How do you know that?

BEA

No reason to stay in a dump like Hay-ven -- no offense.

ELLIE

None taken.

BEA

Especially after you murdered someone. Could be in Kansas or Utah by now.

ELLIE

He had gang tats removed.

BEA

Neck and like chest?

ELLIE

Neck. Didn't check his chest.

BEA

Well, let's see.

ELLIE

What?

BEA  
Undo a couple of shirt buttons.  
Let's go!

ELLIE  
I should wait for the Amarillo...

BEA  
(interrupts)  
Come on! Grow a pair!

Ellie disappears behind the bar. Bea's eyes light up.

ELLIE  
Huh! Had heart surgery!

BEA  
Geez! Makes a sex-slave job far  
more dangerous.

Ellie STANDS.

ELLIE  
I'll say. He's dead as they come.

BEA  
Funny! Can I go now? I need some  
fresh air. He's starting to stink  
like me!

ELLIE  
One more question. Why was Thurman  
in such a rush this morning?

BEA  
Huh?

ELLIE  
You said he ran into your room?

BEA  
I did? I did. He said he was  
meeting a realtor for breakfast.

ELLIE  
Realtor? He wants to move to Haven?

BEA  
Haven't got a clue. He raced off,  
like I'm gonna do now. If you're  
like done with your interrogation!

ELLIE  
I needed your help. That's all.

BEA  
Sure! If you say so.

Bea exits through the web of crime tape toward the casino, as Ellie's phone RINGS (with the Andy of Mayberry theme). Ellie HEARS Bea laughing, harder this time.

BEA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Figures!

Ellie answers her phone as Barry enters from the restaurant, carrying several freshly baked cinnamon rolls on a plate.

ELLIE  
Sheriff Lyons.

Ellie listens intently.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Jessica, I can't thank you enough.  
(beat)  
Yes, that last piece of information  
may be crucial. Please call me when  
you get it. I'll mail you some of  
my apple-cinnamon jelly tomorrow.  
(beat)  
I owe ya!

Ellie hangs up.

BARRY  
Anything important?

ELLIE  
Our body has a name. A professional  
name, anyway.

BARRY  
Yeah?

ELLIE  
Goes by the name Shaka.

BARRY  
Shaka?

ELLIE  
Famous Zulu warrior. I think the  
Tinderfoot Escort Service might  
have been a cover.

BARRY  
Or under the covers.

ELLIE

I think he's a debt collector.  
Maybe came to see you!

BARRY

What about the other guy?

ELLIE

Don't know yet, but that would  
explain traveling light. No jacket,  
no keys, no ID. He was only  
planning to be here for a few  
minutes.

BARRY

A collector with no weapon?

ELLIE

Whoever killed him could have  
disposed of it? We need to check  
cars in the parking lot and all  
around the town. That's why the  
Lieutenant didn't call back about  
the cab companies. Barry, would you  
mind looking for an unlocked car?

BARRY

Sure? Unlocked car?

ELLIE

No keys on the body, remember?

BARRY

You're a smart one, Ellie May! I'm  
on it.

ELLIE

And Barry?

BARRY

Yeah.

ELLIE

Thanks for the cinnamon rolls. I'm  
starving!

BARRY

I'll make more coffee when I get  
back.

Barry climbs out to the casino through the web of crime tape,  
as Frank KNOCKS.

BARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Just go in. Everybody else did.

ELLIE  
Come in, Frank.

Frank crawls through the web of crime tape. He is impeccably dressed in a grey suit, white shirt, and bright-red tie.

FRANK  
How'd you know it was me?

Ellie looks at the hunk, and her eyes open widely.

ELLIE  
Just a hunch. Don't touch anything.  
Crime scene. Wow! You look nice.  
Going to church?

FRANK  
I shouldn't dress for Sundays?

Frank looks at the amateur job with the crime tape.

ELLIE  
Barry helped me. Body's behind the  
bar.

Frank sits next to Ellie.

FRANK  
Can I see it?

ELLIE  
Later. Have a cinnamon roll.

FRANK  
Could use some coffee. Did you just  
get up?

Frank EYES Ellie's robe and outfit, but says nothing.

ELLIE  
I work in my bathrobe and slippers  
on Sundays. Makes me feel like a  
day off.

FRANK  
Homicide?

ELLIE  
I think so. Amarillo PD is on the  
way.

FRANK

Morning news said there was a mass shooting in Amarillo.

ELLIE

Yeah. They're pretty busy. But they'll be here soon.

FRANK

Good. He's getting ripe.

ELLIE

I didn't say it was a male. Did Diane mention it to you?

FRANK

You know as well as I do that over ninety percent of homicides are male. It's almost a given.

ELLIE

Guess so. Can I ask you a few questions before I show you the body?

FRANK

What? Am I a suspect?

(laughs)

Can I get some coffee before you put me away?

ELLIE

I'll make coffee.

Frank watches as Ellie tiptoes behind the bar.

FRANK

Are those your pink slippers? They'll contaminate your scene.

ELLIE

You said you wanted coffee.

FRANK

How was Costco?

ELLIE

Costco was fine. Frozen chocolate yogurt wasn't working, so we had to have vanilla.

Frank ignores her answer.

FRANK

Is that the Hawaiian shirt I see  
under that stolen Ritz-Carlton  
robe?

ELLIE

Why does everyone assume I stole  
the bathrobe? Cost me almost a  
hundred dollars! I liked it.

FRANK

Memorable night?

ELLIE

I'll ask the questions.

Ellie tiptoes around the body, making coffee.

FRANK

Fire away, detective.

ELLIE

You're not a suspect, silly. I may  
need your help. I've got to take  
advantage of all these CSI experts  
in town.

FRANK

That's smart of you.

ELLIE

Thanks. I thought so.

Ellie returns to the table.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

It'll take a minute to brew.

Ellie bites into a gooey cinnamon roll.

FRANK

You could get shot in N.Y. for  
eating all that sugar and fat.

Ellie ignores the comment and SMILES.

ELLIE

Where were you between 11 P.M. and  
2:30 A.M?

FRANK

My room.

ELLIE

You mean, your shared room -- with that over-sexed detective, Diane Ireland?

FRANK

Our room. Sleeping in the chair.

ELLIE

The chair? What is it with a single man sleeping in a chair?

FRANK

The chair.

ELLIE

Why didn't you reserve separate rooms? Or two queen beds? Why a single king?

FRANK

What does this have to do with the body?

ELLIE

Just curious, remember?

FRANK

Because we booked late, and the doubles were gone, okay?

ELLIE

Just asking. Loosen up, Frank. Are all you New York detectives wound up this tight?

FRANK

It's early. I'm a little cranky, I guess. So what?

ELLIE

Let me get you that coffee.

Ellie goes behind the bar and tiptoes around the body as Frank looks on.

FRANK

Every time you go back there, you contaminate the scene more. Did anybody else go back there?

ELLIE

Just Barry. Dozens of times.

Frank SHAKES his head in disgust. Ellie brings them both a cup of coffee. She takes another huge bite of the cinnamon roll.

FRANK  
Aren't you worried about calories?

ELLIE  
(with her mouth full)  
Somethin's got to kill ya, right,  
Frank?

Frank turns away.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
I heard you turned down sex last  
night?

Frank SNAPS.

FRANK  
None of your business!

Ellie takes another big bite of the cinnamon roll.

ELLIE  
She's a very attractive, single  
woman. That's all.

Frank softens.

FRANK  
Do you sleep in that Hawaiian shirt  
every night?

Ellie softens and swallows a big chunk of cinnamon roll.

ELLIE  
For a year or so.

FRANK  
Since our dance night?

Ellie turns away, sadly.

ELLIE  
Maybe.

FRANK  
Pretty cute, actually.

ELLIE  
I was just about to go home and  
change.

FRANK

I wouldn't change a thing.

ELLIE

That's my favorite line from White Christmas, where Bing Crosby says to...

Frank interrupts Ellie with a KISS firmly on her lips. At first, she is SHOCKED. Then she kisses him back. But just then, Barry comes CLAWING through the crime tape at the casino door. Ellie breaks off the kiss before Barry sees them.

BARRY

Oh, hi, Frank.

FRANK

Morning, Barry.

BARRY

Poor Ellie's been up all night.

ELLIE

I made fresh coffee, Barry. Did you find anything interesting?

Barry looks afraid to speak in front of Frank.

BARRY

Nothing interesting about a morning walk. Doctor's orders.

Frank looks suspiciously at Barry.

ELLIE

Morning walk. That's right. Barry's high blood pressure.

FRANK

I see.

Barry pulls a chair over to Ellie's table.

ELLIE

Frank, maybe you'd like to view the body?

Frank's mood turns upbeat.

FRANK

Anything to help.

Ellie GUIDES Frank to the viewing spot.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Can I get a little closer? Can't see much.

ELLIE

I'm so sorry, Frank. I don't want to contaminate the scene any more than we have to.

Barry gets up to fetch a cup of coffee, stepping over the body, while Frank STARES in disbelief.

FRANK

What if he slips and spills coffee all over?

ELLIE

Barry knows his way around a bar!

Ellie's phone RINGS. She's even more embarrassed by the Andy of Mayberry ringtone.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I'll take this in the restaurant.

Ellie answers the phone while crawling through the tape.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Sheriff Lyons, here. Just a minute.

Ellie escapes into the restaurant.

FRANK

So Barry, who else has seen the body?

BARRY

(hesitant)

Thurman, I guess.

Barry gets his coffee very slowly, almost protecting the body.

FRANK

And?

BARRY

Ms. Bea, I guess.

Barry pauses.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Maybe milk and sugar today.

FRANK  
Sugar's no good for you. Did anyone  
else see the body?

BARRY  
Ms. Diane.

FRANK  
What did they say?

BARRY  
Ms. Ellie May asked me not to  
listen, so I sang songs in my head.

FRANK  
But I know you're a great observer  
of life.

BARRY  
Thank you, Mr. Redman.

FRANK  
(correcting him)  
Detective Redman.

BARRY  
Detective Redman.

Frank LAUGHS.

FRANK  
I'm messing with you, Barry. It's  
Frank.

Barry CHUCKLES mildly, unsure if he gets the joke.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
We do that all the time in New  
York. The Big Apple. We mess with  
people to make life fun!

BARRY  
Yeah. Fun.

Barry slowly returns to a seat facing Frank. Ellie returns  
from the restaurant.

ELLIE  
Good news. Amarillo's on the way!

BARRY  
Thank God.

Ellie notices Barry is not his cheerful self.

ELLIE

Barry, everything okay?

BARRY

The body's starting to smell.

FRANK

Decomposition. Thirty-seven billion bacteria go right to work in that warm, wet environment behind the bar.

ELLIE

Think I should find a plastic tarp and cover him with ice?

FRANK

Too late now. Especially if Amarillo's on the way. What's it take? An hour?

Ellie looks away.

ELLIE

Cops drive pretty fast! Sunday morning. No traffic. Fifty minutes, tops!

FRANK

That's good.

ELLIE

What did you learn about the body?

FRANK

Clothes salesman. I'd bet my badge on it.

ELLIE

Clothes salesman?

FRANK

Fancy clothes. Probably on his way to high-class boutiques in Vail or Aspen, and took a wrong turn.

ELLIE

Suppose that's possible.

BARRY

But...

ELLIE  
(interrupts)  
But what, Barry?

FRANK  
Leave this to us, professionals,  
Barry.

BARRY  
No jacket!

ELLIE  
He's right. A clothes salesperson  
would wear the finest jacket he or  
she owned. Good work, Barry.

Frank GLARES at Barry, then Frank LAUGHS.

FRANK  
You see, Barry? You're a great  
observer. You'd make a great  
detective!

Barry SMILES.

BARRY  
Thanks, Frank.

Ellie looks confused, unsatisfied.

ELLIE  
Notice anything else about the  
victim, Frank?

FRANK  
Tell ya the truth, it's not my  
crime scene, I'm on vacation, and  
came here this morning to share  
some time with you, not some dumb  
loser. Maybe he died of natural  
causes?

ELLIE  
On this side of the bar, I would  
have said maybe. On that side of  
the bar, not a chance!

FRANK  
What? Customers on this side,  
interlopers on that side, is that  
it?

ELLIE

Plus, his feet are too close to the cash register for my money.

FRANK

Good point. I didn't notice. My mind is on vacation. What did you ask the others? Barry said they were all here earlier.

Barry looks away as Ellie GLARES at him.

ELLIE

The regular. Height, weight, age?

FRANK

Six-three, two-fifteen, twenty-eight years old.

ELLIE

Everybody guessed something pretty close.

FRANK

Trained professionals.

BARRY

I'm a bad guesser. I would have said six-foot-six, two-ten, and twenty-five years old.

FRANK

Practice pays off, Barry.

ELLIE

Interesting then, they each focused on something different: shoes, hair, skin, hair. I guess we all see things somewhat differently?

FRANK

That's why we have partners.

ELLIE

I guess so. Barry, would you mind taking another look around the casino?

BARRY

Right. For the jacket!

ELLIE

Right.

BARRY

I'm on it.

Barry BATTLES with the web of tape, as Frank looks on.  
Finally, Barry escapes.

FRANK

He means well.

(beat)

Now, about us.

ELLIE

He's worried about finances.  
Fighting retirement. Doesn't have  
much else going for him if this  
place goes under.

FRANK

I felt something more.

ELLIE

We're very close. Second father to  
me.

FRANK

What? He doesn't want to move, and  
doesn't want you to move?

ELLIE

Nailed it, Detective.

Frank moves in, and they KISS lightly.

FRANK

How did that feel?

ELLIE

I'll ask the questions. This is my  
crime scene, remember.

Ellie leans in and KISSES him harder. They HUG.

FRANK

Ever been to New York?

Ellie breaks off the hug and PACES in the Saloon.

ELLIE

Never out of New Mexico.

FRANK

No?

ELLIE

Hardly ever leave Haven, or the county, except to go to Costco.

FRANK

Ever dream about leaving Hay-ven?

Ellie STOPS, but can't face Frank.

ELLIE

I'll ask the questions.

(beat)

Ever been afraid to dream?

(beat)

Ever been afraid to love?

(beat)

Because dreams and love can be taken from you in an instant!

Frank RACES to her to comfort her.

FRANK

I know. Your parents.

Ellie turns to face him.

ELLIE

And Barry, and Haven. The town doesn't have a stoplight. The general store has one check-out line, and it's never crowded. Everybody in town is on a first-name basis!

FRANK

What? That's great.

ELLIE

It is great.

FRANK

Not much for a detective to do.

ELLIE

Or even a sheriff.

FRANK

What do you get? Six tickets a year, one domestic dispute, and three illegal discharges of a firearm?

ELLIE

You've checked the public records.  
How sweet.

FRANK

Everything's online these days.

ELLIE

I confess, I checked to see if you  
were ever married.

FRANK

You didn't believe me?

ELLIE

I guess I needed to be sure.

FRANK

Why?

Ellie turns to Frank and KISSES him hard.

ELLIE

I'll ask the questions around here.

Ellie and Frank begin to KISS passionately again, when Diane  
BURSTS in from the casino, BUSTING a few strands of crime  
tape. She's angry.

DIANE

Thought I'd find you here, Frank!

Ellie and Frank separate.

FRANK

We were just...

DIANE

(interrupts)

Like I don't know what you were  
doing?

ELLIE

I was asking for Frank's help on my  
case.

Diane gets in Ellie's face.

DIANE

Did I say I've given up on my  
partner? I thought I made that  
clear!

FRANK  
Listen, Diane...

DIANE  
(interrupts again)  
No, you listen, Frank. This is a  
quick two-day conference. Then we  
leave this dump and go home. Cases  
are piling up.  
(yells)  
Checked your messages lately?

FRANK  
I've been busy. Helping Ellie, too.

DIANE  
Who hasn't?

ELLIE  
I'm just trying to do my job.

DIANE  
Is your job stealing a partner?

ELLIE  
(angry back)  
I'm not stealing anyone!

DIANE  
Frank, partner, may I speak with  
you alone? Outside? Now?

Diane is fuming mad. She points to the casino door.

FRANK  
(mumbles weakly)  
I think we should talk. I'll be  
back, Ellie.

Diane DRAGS Frank to the casino. They break another strand of  
tape on the way out. Ellie looks confused. Barry RACES in  
from the casino, stopping to STARE at the torn crime tape.

BARRY  
What happened here?

ELLIE  
Anger management issues.  
(beat)  
Find the car?

BARRY  
No luck. Could have been stolen.

ELLIE

I suppose if he left his keys,  
wallet, phone, and jacket in the  
car, it would be long gone by now.

BARRY

Your first murder, and your first  
stolen car.

ELLIE

Coincidence?

(beat)

I think not!

Ellie becomes engrossed in her iPad.

BARRY

Whatcha thinking?

ELLIE

I gotta a body with no ID yet. No  
car for the victim. Nothing much  
from my friend Jasmine, looking  
into the Dark Web. Amarillo PD is  
still overwhelmed. I got nothin'.

BARRY

I'll make some fresh coffee. My nap  
was great. Maybe you should take a  
short nap.

Ellie stands and faces the audience.

ELLIE

I can't afford to take a nap. This  
is my first big case! Haven's not  
like those high-class CSI detective  
cities like from L.A. to New York,  
with their giant, fancy offices  
with neon turquoise and plum-  
colored lights.

BARRY

Plum-colored lights?

Ellie and Barry look around the drab saloon.

ELLIE

And tight V-neck shirts, yoga  
pants, and stiletto heels.

Ellie looks at her shirt, robe, and slippers.

BARRY  
Stiletto heels?

ELLIE  
Where every man is smarter than  
Sherlock-freakin Holmes and  
gorgeous like a male model or Chip  
'n Dale dancer.

Barry looks at himself.

BARRY  
Chip 'n Dale dancer?

ELLIE  
Look at me, Barry! I'm a small-town  
sheriff, a missing link between a  
chimpanzee and a big-city CSI  
detective.

BARRY  
I didn't say that!

ELLIE  
It's true! I've gotta face the  
facts. They're all smarter, better-  
looking, and sexier than I could  
ever be. And they solve hundreds of  
cases a year!

Barry RACES to HUG her. TEARS form in Ellie's eyes.

BARRY  
Haven needs you. We need you.  
You're perfect for us. Go home and  
rest for a couple of hours. It's  
Sunday. Your day off. Go shower and  
put on nice clothes for that Frank  
fella. The Amarillo police will be  
here soon to take care of things.  
Don't be so hard on yourself.

Ellie PUSHES back. She YELLS as she addresses the audience.

ELLIE  
Surrender!  
(beat)  
I never surrender. They're not  
going to break me! I'm just getting  
started! I found out a lot today!

Barry is overjoyed by Ellie's reaction, but she doesn't see him.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I'm just getting warmed up! Small-town chimpanzee, my ass! I'll show them. I'll show them all!

(beat)

Barry, while I freshen up, you call Thurman, Bea, Diane, and Frank. Tell them I want them all here at around 10 A.M. Tell 'em I need their help. Don't let anyone near that body! You got it?

BARRY

I got it!

ELLIE

We've got a murder to solve!

Ellie RACES out.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Barry WIPES down the bar, tiptoeing over the body, when Ellie enters from the restaurant. Ellie is still in her Hawaiian shirt, a robe over it, and pink fluffy slippers.

BARRY

I thought you were going to nap, shower, and change?

ELLIE

I was going over all my notes.

BARRY

But it's 9:30. They'll be here in half an hour.

ELLIE

I'm almost ready. Why don't you grab breakfast?

BARRY

Biscuits and gravy Sunday brunch!

ELLIE

Don't remind me.

BARRY

Made you coffee. I need to feed Pooch, too. See you at ten.

Ellie HUGS Barry.

ELLIE  
Thanks for everything, Barry.  
You're the best!

Barry exits to the restaurant. Ellie's phone RINGS with the Andy of Mayberry ringtone.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Sheriff Lyons.

She listens, then whispers into the phone..

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Sweetie. We should be able  
to have that little you-and-me time  
afterwards.

She SMILES and hangs up. She PACES and thinks. Her phone RINGS again. She whispers.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Hi, Jasmine. Did you get the photo  
I sent?

Ellie listens.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Chicago? That fits? So my friend,  
Barry, was being squeezed! Anything  
more on my victim?

Ellie listens.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Damn. Harder than we both thought.  
I'm screwed.

Ellie listens.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Do what? Stall?  
(beat)  
This isn't going to sit well, but I  
understand. Special thanks, my  
friend.

Ellie HANGS up. She HEARS a KNOCK on the casino door.

FRANK (O.S.)  
It's Frank.

ELLIE  
Is Diane with you?

FRANK (O.S.)

No.

ELLIE

(hesitant)

Come in.

Frank steps in, still impeccably dressed in his grey suit, white shirt, and bright-red tie. He STARES at Ellie's disheveled robe and slippers. Ellie sees that he disapproves.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Been too busy to change.

FRANK

Guarding a dead body?

ELLIE

When those hotshots from Amarillo get here, they'll take over the scene. I'll be asked to step aside.

FRANK

That's procedure.

ELLIE

It's wrong. It's my crime scene. My body.

Frank moves in to hug Ellie, but she resists.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I'll never get between a detective and his partner.

FRANK

Don't mind Diane.

ELLIE

She looked like she was going to bite my head off a few hours ago. Maybe zap me with that TASER of hers.

FRANK

She can be a little rough when she doesn't get her way. She's the SIO in our team.

ELLIE

SIO?

FRANK

Senior Investigating Officer. My leader.

ELLIE

You work for her! I didn't know. I assume Thurman is Bea's leader?

FRANK

Right. So what? That's all it is. A little chain of command.

ELLIE

Huh? Well, Diane scares me. Maybe you should come back to Haven alone sometime.

FRANK

Sure. Great idea. But I'm sure Diane didn't mean anything by being a little harsh.

ELLIE

A little harsh?

Ellie PARADES around in her robe and slippers.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

You think she's just super jealous of my extensive sheriff skills, dazzling good looks, and keen sense of fashion?

Frank moves in for a kiss.

FRANK

She's jealous because I have feelings for you.

ELLIE

You do when we're alone. Not so much, when she's in the room. Ever notice that, Frank?

Ellie turns away.

FRANK

Like now?

Frank GRABS Ellie for a kiss, but she spins away.

ELLIE

I'll think about it after this morning, assuming I don't get zapped!

They HEAR a KNOCK on the restaurant door.

THURMAN (O.S.)

It's Thurman. Barry, the owner, said you wanted our help at ten A.M.?

ELLIE

Come in. I can use all the help I can get.

Thurman enters, wearing a dark grey, pinstripe suit, white shirt, and dark purple bolo tie with a purple stone in the clasp. He SMILES.

THURMAN

Howdy, Sheriff, Frank. Howdy's what they say in Hay-ven, isn't it?

ELLIE

All day long.

(beat)

It's one big howdy fest in Haven.

FRANK

Never seen you so chipper, Thurman. What'd they put in those biscuits and gravy?

ELLIE

Heard you were lookin' at real estate, Thurman?

THURMAN

Investment homes. Sorta like it here. Low crime, except for the stiff behind the bar.

Bea KNOCKS on the casino door.

ELLIE

Come in.

Bea is wearing black pants and heels, with a very long-sleeve, high-neck, white shirt, with a yellow scarf around her neck. She still has a HOLSTER BULGE at her hip.

BEA  
Hi, Sheriff. Frank.  
(shrugs)  
Thurman.

ELLIE  
Good morning, Bea. Thanks for  
coming. Nice outfit. Different for  
you.

BEA  
I like to change it up.

THURMAN  
(mumbles)  
I'll say.

Bea GLARES at Thurman. Ellie notices.

Diane BURSTS in from the restaurant, breaking through the  
crime tape. She's wearing a dark-green pant suit, with a  
light-green low-cut V-neck shirt, sexy as could be, and dark-  
green heels, and, of course, her TASER.

ELLIE  
Good morning, Diane.

DIANE  
(sarcastic)  
Still look ravishing there,  
Sheriff. Let's get this over with.  
How can we help?

ELLIE  
First, thank you all for coming.

DIANE  
You wanna cut the crap and get on  
with it?

Ellie IGNORES Diane, which just makes her madder.

ELLIE  
Let's look at the body one more  
time, from the same spot. Shall we?  
If you don't mind?

Ellie guides them to the viewing spot.

DIANE  
Been there. Done that.

ELLIE

First, the good news. Everybody guessed a similar height, weight, and age of the victim. Good job, everyone.

THURMAN

We're professionals.

DIANE

Experienced.

FRANK

Well-trained.

ELLIE

But you were all over the board on other details, especially profession. Thurman thought the victim was a fashion model or entertainer. Diane thought the victim was a gang member who got what was coming to him. Bea guessed he was a gigolo. Good guess. And Frank said he was a clothes salesman.

FRANK

So hard to tell.

ELLIE

Vague stereotypes.

(laughs)

Barry thought he was a governor or senator.

They CHUCKLE.

THURMAN

Impossible without a wallet, ID, credit cards, and the like.

ELLIE

I'm just learning too. Bear with me. I don't want to look stupid when Amarillo PD takes over my crime scene.

BEA

How can we help?

ELLIE

Probable cause of death?

DIANE  
(sarcastic)  
Without an autopsy?

FRANK  
Or toxicology report?

DIANE  
Or a witness? Who the hell knows?

BEA  
Just say 'unknown.'

ELLIE  
No trauma, bruises, bullet wounds,  
or cuts. I'm puzzled.

THURMAN  
Puzzled by what?

ELLIE  
Big man going down without a fight.  
(beat)  
Anyway. Tell me about last night,  
right before you left the Saloon.  
What was the coffee pot doing on?  
Everybody was having drinks last  
night, right?

The detectives nod 'yes.'

DIANE  
We all left at the same time,  
around eleven. Barry too!

ELLIE  
Barry never has coffee at night.  
Who came back and turned on the  
coffee pot?

Thurman's and Bea's eyes widen, but Ellie doesn't see them.

FRANK  
Maybe it was left on earlier in the  
day, and nobody noticed.

ELLIE  
A red light's hard to miss. So is  
the smell of burning coffee.  
(beat)  
I don't know. Maybe the murderer  
and the victim had coffee, but  
didn't leave their cups? That  
doesn't make sense.

THURMAN

I came down around midnight and made a cup for Bea, but she was still passed out.

ELLIE

You told me earlier that you didn't leave the room between 11 and 2:30.

THURMAN

I must have forgotten. Sorry.

ELLIE

I don't like to be lied to. Remember that.

Everyone looks at each other seriously.

Barry RACES into the saloon from the restaurant, BREAKING the remaining crime tape. He's in hysterics.

BARRY

I've been robbed! I've been robbed!

Ellie RACES to Barry to comfort him.

ELLIE

What was taken?

BARRY

My silver dollars. All of them!

ELLIE

I know you collected silver dollars, but I thought you only had a few of them.

BARRY

My grandpa's, my dad's, and mine! Over ten thousand of them. Casinos used to use a lot of 'em. Maybe twenty or thirty thousand. Never counted them.

THURMAN

You didn't keep them in a safe-deposit box at the bank?

BARRY

Grandpa never trusted banks. Neither did my dad.

ELLIE

Where'd you keep them?

BARRY

In cloth bags, in a locked chest,  
in the garage, under some tools. No  
one knew but me. And Pooch.

ELLIE

Where was the key?

BARRY

Under the cash register drawer.  
Right there!

Barry POINTS behind the bar.

BEA

Maybe two people like robbed you,  
one got greedy, and one's right  
there, dead?

ELLIE

Hold on. Let me think about this.

Ellie PACES, while Barry is so shaken, he sits down.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

A robbery and a homicide in Haven  
on the same night with a CSI  
convention in town? Doesn't make  
sense!

DIANE

Maybe it's just a coincidence?

ELLIE

I don't believe in coincidences  
like this. Barry, you said Pooch  
was barking last night around 2  
A.M., so you let him out.

BARRY

Yeah.

ELLIE

And he didn't come back right way  
like he usually does.

BARRY

Ten to fifteen minutes. Very odd  
for Pooch.

Ellie PACES. She STOPS at Bea.

ELLIE

Bea, would you mind if I looked at your tranquilizer gun?

Without hesitating, Bea hands over the gun.

THURMAN

Is my partner a suspect? You don't have to do this, Bea?

BEA

I've got nothing to hide!

ELLIE

I think you might.

Bea's eyes open wide as she GLARES at Thurman. Ellie inspects the weapon. Ellie's baffled.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

How can you tell if it's been fired?

BEA

Can't.

ELLIE

Extra darts somewhere?

BEA

On my belt.

Bea lifts her shirt and checks her belt.

BEA (CONT'D)

One's missing. How did you know?

The detectives look confused.

ELLIE

Everyone, take a seat. Don't move. Got it?

DIANE

What? You don't believe we had anything to do with this? You've got sixteen other detectives at the conference having brunch right now, dozens of strangers in the casino, and a dead body.

Ellie puts the tranquilizer gun on the bar.

ELLIE

Bea, did you show your pistol to anyone else at the convention?

BEA

No. Just Barry and these three detectives last night after drinking, and you this morning.

ELLIE

Strangers wouldn't have known about it. All of you stay seated 'til Amarillo PD gets here any minute now. Humor me. Small-town girl. I want to report that you were all cooperative, so do me a favor and give Barry your weapons to put on the bar. Amarillo PD will be here any second!

Diane RELUCTANTLY hands over her TASER. Frank has nothing. Ellie's phone RINGS with the Andy of Mayberry ringtone. The detectives don't look threatened in any way.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Sheriff Lyons. Would you mind texting me that information? The line is secure. Many thanks.

Ellie hangs up.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Your bolo tie, if you don't mind, Thurman. I'll explain later.

Thurman begins to resist as a message comes into the Sheriff's phone.

THURMAN

This is highly irregular!

Ellie ignores him and reads her text message.

ELLIE

Highly irregular? A realtor in town messaged me that you were interested in commercial properties, not homes like you told me. That's twice you've lied to me.

THURMAN

I looked at lots of places.

ELLIE

Like the two antique stores on either side of the casino.

THURMAN

So?

ELLIE

Barry, were you looking for a partner to expand the casino?

BARRY

No.

THURMAN

Barry said the place wasn't doing well. I was just shopping.

ELLIE

For you, or somebody else? The mob? The first thing my realtor buddy did was check your credit score. They always do that. Your credit score is in the tank, so we can assume you were shopping for your friends, unless you were going to be coming into a large sum of money!

THURMAN

I don't have to take this...

Thurman JUMPS out of the chair. Ellie yells!

ELLIE

Sit, or I'll tell everyone your dirty little secret!

Thurman sits down. Everyone else is puzzled.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Lots of irregular things have bothered me lately. Did you realize you were the only detectives to return to Haven this year for the conference?

THURMAN

I like the area.

BEA

Had to follow my leader.

ELLIE  
Ding, Ding, Ding, Ding!

FRANK  
Wanted to see you again.

DIANE  
Followed my partner.

ELLIE  
But you're his leader, Diane. You  
knew I was here. Doesn't make  
sense.

DIANE  
Tried to get the spark back. Told  
you all this.

ELLIE  
Bea gave the only honest answer.  
You win a plastic glove!

Ellie makes a "game show" sound as she pulls a PLASTIC GLOVE  
out of her bathrobe pocket, and THROWS it to Bea.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Put it in on your trigger hand.  
Grab Diane's TASER, sit on that  
barstool, and zap any detective who  
moves.

DIANE  
That's an issued armament. I'll  
have your badge for this.

ELLIE  
Great. Maybe we'll switch jobs when  
this is over.

Frank SMILES, but Diane KICKS his ankle.

FRANK  
Ow!

ELLIE & DIANE  
Shut up, Frank!

BARRY  
What should I do, Ellie May?

THURMAN  
Guard both doors, idiot!

Barry looks at both doors and chooses to guard the restaurant doors.

BARRY  
Security cameras the other way!

ELLIE  
Thanks, Barry. Good thinking.

DIANE  
You can't hold us.

ELLIE  
(glares at Diane)  
I'll get to you in a minute. It's  
game show question time again. What  
are the phoniest parts of CSI shows  
on TV?

FRANK  
Rapid fingerprint and DNA analysis.

BEA  
Computer capabilities.

THURMAN  
The way they dress.

Ellie STARES at Diane.

ELLIE  
You mean the tight V-neck blouses  
with ample cleavage that disarm  
every male?

THURMAN  
I'm afraid so.

ELLIE  
Who could have disarmed the victim  
behind the bar?

DIANE  
You're not accusing me of...

ELLIE  
I think you were doing your  
boyfriend a favor, as I'll explain  
in a minute.

Ellie GLARES at Frank with disgust. Ellie takes off her bathrobe seductively in front of Frank. Her sheriff's uniform pants are underneath. Everyone is surprised. Ellie tosses the robe on a barstool and rolls down her pant legs.

Then she takes off her Hawaiian shirt to reveal her sheriff's uniform shirt. The detectives GASP.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Think I'll keep my pink fluffy slippers on for now. It's my day off, ya know.

FRANK

What's going on here?

ELLIE

You want my theory on what happened here last night?

Bea and Barry SHAKE their heads 'yes.'

ELLIE (CONT'D)

No? I'll tell ya, anyway.

(beat)

First, I think Frank learned of Barry's silver dollar collection last year at the bar. Tempting! Twenty or thirty thousand silver dollars are worth ten or twenty times that as rare coins.

BARRY

Really?

THURMAN

Really.

ELLIE

That's why Frank tipped Barry a silver dollar yesterday. Hoping Barry would lead him to the stash. Last night at closing, Frank saw Barry go for a key under the cash register.

BARRY

After work, I put the silver dollar in the garage. Then I came back to return the key, when everyone was upstairs.

ELLIE

Frank was watching you from the hotel window.

(in Frank's face)

You booked that specific room early, Frank, not late, like you told me. I don't like liars, Frank!

(MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)

You were happy with a single,  
because it had a view of Barry's  
house.

(in Diane's face)

Despite the single room, Frank  
wasn't interested in sex, Diane!

Diane SMIRKS and looks away. Ellie addresses the crowd.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Frank waited until just before two  
A.M., when he popped downstairs for  
Barry's key. He thought Diane had  
taken a sleeping pill, but she  
didn't. She was determined to have  
sex.

DIANE & FRANK

Ridiculous.

ELLIE

When Frank left the room to get the  
key, Diane looked out the same  
window and soon saw Frank in front  
of Barry's garage. But Barry's dog,  
Pooch, started barking, so Barry  
let him out. And Frank ran back to  
the hotel.

FRANK

Nonsense.

ELLIE

How do you get around a barking  
dog, Frank?

BEA

My missing tranquilizer dart!

ELLIE

Exactly. Diane confronted Frank,  
and they really became partners.

(beat)

Partners in crime. I guess that  
Diane thought of Bea's tranquilizer  
pistol. Few of the doors lock, but  
Frank snuck in to get the pistol,  
when he saw a scandalous sight.

THURMAN

Two consenting adults...

ELLIE

Shut up, Thurman. This was more. So much more that Thurman wasn't going to ask or tell what Frank wanted the tranquilizer gun for.

Bea looks away in disgust.

THURMAN

I deny it.

ELLIE

Of course you do, Thurman.

(beat)

Anyway, Frank and Diane go back to Barry's garage, tranquilize Pooch, and find and steal Barry's coin collection.

BARRY

What?

ELLIE

Frank was leading a double life?

BEA

He's gay?

ELLIE

No, he's a thief! And while they were in the garage, a car drove up. My victim. Bad luck. He thinks the bar closes at 2 A.M., instead of eleven. My text message said he was muscle from Chicago sent to lean on Barry.

BARRY

What happened to the other guy, whose photo I gave you?

ELLIE

Dead. So they sent this new kid.

BEA

Then what?

ELLIE

Diane and Frank think a getaway car appeared like magic out of nowhere. I guess that Diane went to meet him, flashing her cleavage, then she zapped him with her TASER.

DIANE  
More speculation. Libel.

ELLIE  
Diane, you had no way of knowing he  
had open-heart surgery, and  
probably a heart pacemaker. One  
TASER did it. I'd claim self-  
defense, or insanity, if you still  
didn't have the issue of Barry's  
stolen coins.

Ellie's phone RINGS in the Andy of Mayberry ringtone. Ellie  
answers the phone and turns to whisper. Diane motions toward  
the casino door. Bea aims the TASER.

BEA  
Don't think about it!

Ellie HANGS up.

ELLIE  
Thanks, Bea. Amarillo PD is a mile  
away, where they found a rental car  
at a highway pullout.

DIANE  
You kept telling us that Amarillo  
PD was showing up any second!

ELLIE  
My mistake.

Diane's and Frank's eyes LIGHT UP.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
If I were in the casino, I would  
bet that Frank and Diane carried my  
victim into the bar, and got his  
car keys, jacket, and ID to make my  
job a little bit tougher.

DIANE  
Good thing you're not a better.  
You're crazy.

Ellie ignores Diane and goes on.

ELLIE  
And I'd bet that the only reason  
Diane went along with Frank is  
because she always gets what she  
wants. And she wanted Frank.

FRANK

(laughs)

Total speculation. Total fiction.  
What about our kisses? And you  
kissed me, remember?

ELLIE

I had to keep you thinking that I  
was dumb 'ol backwoods sheriff from  
the swamp, or I wouldn't have  
solved this case. You three would  
have left town!

Ellie's phone RINGS with the Andy of Mayberry theme. Thurman,  
Frank, and Diane CHUCKLE nervously. This time, Ellie repeats  
key elements of the conversation as it unfolds.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Minutes out?

Diane and Frank take notice.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Lieutenant.

Diane and Frank GULP.

BARRY

Do you think they'll find my money?

ELLIE

I'm sure they will, Barry.

Barry HUGS Ellie. Diane and Frank WIGGLE in their seats.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Barry, would you mind bringing me  
uniform socks and shoes? They are  
behind the door.

Barry RACES out and quickly retrieves the socks and shoes.  
Ellie changes out of her pink fluffy slippers, lets down her  
long beautiful hair, and opens the top button of her uniform  
blouse to look even sexier.

THURMAN

Who's this lieutenant person?

ELLIE

Oh? You mean I forgot to tell you  
about my boyfriend of two months?

BARRY & FRANK

No!

ELLIE  
It's nothing official, official.

DIANE  
A mass killing in Amarillo last night, and some lieutenant is helping lil 'ol you?

ELLIE  
He's trying to impress me, I guess.

FRANK  
How?

ELLIE  
He must have searched into the wee hours of the morning to find that only three cars were rented to a man who fit the victim's crude description. Only one of those cars could be pinged in our county. He reported it stolen, the rental car followed up, and pinged it for the police.

DIANE  
(sarcastic)  
Standard procedure! Yeah. Yeah!

Ellie's phone RINGS with the Andy of Mayberry ringtone. She turns her head and answers in a businesslike tone.

ELLIE  
Sheriff Lyons.

Ellie listens.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Barry, what do you think my Lieutenant boyfriend found in that rental car?

BARRY  
My silver dollar collection!

Barry HUGS Ellie again.

ELLIE  
I'll help you pay back the money you owe, Barry. Once those people find out what happens to collectors, they won't bother you again.

BARRY

Thanks, Ellie May. You're the best.

ELLIE

I bet that rental car has lots of evidence. And maybe some fingerprints and DNA from people in this room. But unlike those phony CSI shows on TV, most fingerprints are smudged, and DNA evidence can take days or weeks to analyze. Luckily, in Haven, we've got all the time in the world.

Diane LUNGES at Ellie, but Bea ZAPS towards Diane's feet, missing on purpose. Diane sits back down.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

We have you on conspiracy to commit murder, murder one, grand theft, breaking and entering, obstruction, and misconduct. You really wanna add assault of a police officer?

THURMAN

I don't think so.

FRANK

No thanks.

DIANE

What wienies!

FRANK & THURMAN

Shut up, Diane.

ELLIE

And my text message earlier told me quite a bit about Bea. Internal Affairs from California.

Thurman, Frank, and Diane are STUNNED!

THURMAN

What?

ELLIE

Aside from not being able to hold her martinis, tell us about yourself, Bea.

BEA

Hired and planted a little over a year ago to dig up dirt on Thurman.

(MORE)

BEA (CONT'D)

Suspected of losing organized crime-related evidence to make convictions impossible.

THURMAN

I'd like to speak to my lawyer.

ELLIE

But Bea fell for Thurman. We don't have to mention that. Hence the yellow scarf. Yellow is not Bea White's color. That scarf came from the lost and found at the hotel desk. I put it there last month.

BEA

(sorrowful)

It's true.

ELLIE

Some sort of gag reflex made her throw up all over the bed last night. Is that right?

THURMAN

I don't have to listen to this!

ELLIE

You see, that slime ball, Thurman, took advantage of a drunken partner. And I'll bet there are signs of a bolo tie around her neck.

Bea CLINGS to her yellow scarf. Then she slowly takes it off to reveal a thin choke line around her neck.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Extra-long sleeve blouse, which she wasn't wearing yesterday -- women notice these things -- I bet cover marks on her wrists. Another bolo tie, Thurman?

DIANE

(disgusted)

Thurman!

THURMAN

What two consenting adults do...

Ellie POINTS a finger at Thurman, and he shuts up.

ELLIE

You big-city detectives are weird.  
But I interrupted poor Bea.  
Internal Affairs, Bea?

BEA

(embarrassed)

Yes, Internal Affairs. Wiseguys  
serve less time, and Thurman gets a  
bonus to pay off alimony. Could  
never prove it.

ELLIE

But you could press rape charges,  
and Thurman will get five years  
easy, and lose his licence.

THURMAN

Her word against mine.

ELLIE

Ours. And the marks.

BEA

Thanks, Ellie. Great idea. I never  
consented to this, you pig,  
Thurman.

ELLIE

Zap him just before my boyfriend  
shows up. I'll swear he went after  
you again.

THURMAN

You wouldn't dare!

ELLIE

Shut up, Thurman. You're a bully.  
Worse than that, you hurt my new  
friend, Bea.

Ellie's phone RINGS. This time, the Pink Panther ringtone  
sounds. All the detectives look surprised. Ellie answers her  
phone but covers the microphone to yell at the detectives.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Back to my real ringtone! Who did  
you think you were dealing with?  
Andy of Mayberry? Did you think  
this whole time, we Haven gotta  
clue?

Ellie uncovers the microphone and speaks lovingly into the  
phone.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Come on in, dear. You'll need three sets of cuffs, a rape kit, and a body bag.

THURMAN

No one will believe any of this!

Bea ZAPS Thurman, who falls to the ground flailing.

BEA

Kind a fun!

Frank LOOKS lovingly at Ellie and tries to appear sorry and sincere.

FRANK

Ellie, what about us?

ELLIE

Frank, you're a liar, a crooked cop, a murderer, and a common thief who stole from my family! Zap him, Bea!

Bea ZAPS him. He falls to the ground, flailing.

DIANE

You two are in so much trouble.

Ellie glances at Bea, who ZAPS Diane. Diane falls to the ground, flailing.

BEA

Thanks for everything, Ellie. If you want a job as a detective in a big city, I'm sure I can arrange it.

Bea HUGS Ellie.

ELLIE

Leave Haven? Never!

Barry HUGS Ellie.

BARRY

We're family here.

BEA

Call me if you change your mind!

ELLIE

Will do. We know the number!

ALL

9-1-1

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

ELLIE

Come in, Sweetheart. And, thanks  
again for the frozen yogurt last  
night.

FADE OUT.

THE END