

DIAGNOSIS MURDER

"A Mime is a Terrible Thing to Waste"

TEASER

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 1  
a SPORTS CAR comes screeching into the lot, pursued by a POLICE SEDAN.
- 2 ANOTHER CAR 2  
pulls out in front of the SPORTS CAR, cutting it off.
- 3 THE SPORTS CAR 3  
skids to a stop and the driver, ENRICO ESTEBAN, immediately bolts, scrambles over the hood of the car in front of him, and runs away, zig-zagging low and fast between the parked cars.
- 4 THE POLICE SEDAN 4  
Screeches to a stop behind the sports car. Steve jumps out, gun in hand, and chases after him.
- 5 THE PARKING LOT - WIDE ANGLE 5  
As Enrico weaves among the parked cars, but Steve is gaining on him. Enrico emerges from between two parked cars. An instant later, Steve charges into the lane right behind him and takes a firing stance.
- STEVE  
Stop or I'll--
- we'll never know what, because that's when a CAR BACKS OUT OF A SPACE, slamming into Steve, sending him sprawling.
- 6 ENRICO 6  
continues running, down an alley and out of sight.
- 7 BACK TO SCENE 7  
Steve is lying flat on his back, trying to focus his eyes on a WOMAN, 20s, in a VALET uniform. We will come to know her as RANDY WOLFE. She smiles down at him.

RANDY

You shouldn't stand behind a car  
when it's backing out. You could  
get hurt.

And on that good advice we, along with Steve's consciousness,

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8 INT. MIDDLE EASTERN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

8

MARK SLOAN and Steve sit at the table, examining their menus.  
Mark peers over his menu at Steve, who looks grumpy.

MARK

Are you sure you're feeling up to  
this?

STEVE

I'm always ready for a free dinner.

MARK

You may have suffered a mild  
concussion, Steve. It's normal for  
you to feel a bit woozy.

STEVE

I'm okay, Dad. It was just a  
little bump on the head -- it  
doesn't hurt half as much as  
losing Esteban.

MARK

Since when is a car thief so  
important?

STEVE

We think Esteban works for a  
supplier who funnels stolen car  
parts to a national syndicate.

(then, heated)

And we would have gotten him --if  
it wasn't for that woman.

Uh-oh, here Steve goes again. We can see from the look on

Mark's face he has been through this 15 times already.

MARK

Steve...

STEVE

I should have arrested her for assault with a deadly weapon--

MARK

Forget about it.

STEVE

--aiding and abetting a fugitive from justice, reckless endangerment --

MARK

Let it go.

STEVE

And I would have, too...

(then)

If I wasn't unconscious at the time.

MARK

Steve, it's over. There's nothing you can do about it now. So just relax, enjoy a good meal, and move on.

STEVE

You're right, Dad. I'm sorry. I'm here to unwind. Work stays at work. This is my time off.

MARK

That's the spirit.

Steve picks up the menu and glances at it.

STEVE

So, what do you recommend?

MARK

The camel milk soup is a good starter.

That's when a WAITRESS behind Steve, her face obscured from us by the TRAY of BOWLS OF SOUP she's carrying, collides with THE MAITRE'D... and her entire tray lands in STEVE'S LAP. Steve, now drenched in HOT SOUP, yelps in PAIN. The waitress, thinking fast, grabs a PITCHER OF ICE WATER and pours it in Steve's lap. Steve yelps again and stands up.

STEVE

(to Mark)

I'm not crazy about the soup. Any other recommendations?

The WAITRESS takes a napkin and tries to dab him dry but it's impossible.

WAITRESS

I'm so sorry.

Steve pushes her away.

STEVE

Never mind. You've done enough.

That's when he turns to see it's RANDY.

STEVE

You?

Randy's about to reply when the MAITRE'D starts to yell at her in FARSI. She yells back in FARSI.

STEVE

(to Mark)

It's her.

MARK

Who?

The Maitre'd storms off. Randy turns and offers her hand to Mark. She smiles.

RANDY

Randy Wolfe.

MARK

Dr. Mark Sloan. And this is my son--

STEVE

(interrupts)

We've met.

RANDY

I feel terrible about this. Let me make it up to you. Dinner is on me.

STEVE

I wish it was.

(to Mark)

This is the woman I've been telling you about.

RANDY

Really? You talked about me? That's so sweet.

(low, to Mark)  
I hope he didn't build me up too much.

MARK  
Don't worry.

RANDY  
(to Steve)  
Imagine running into each other again. Isn't it amazing?

STEVE  
And just as the swelling was going down, too.

RANDY  
You must live around here.

Steve tries to stop his Dad from answering, but he's not fast enough.

MARK  
Right across the street.

RANDY  
Well, if you ever go on vacation, give my service a call.

She hands Mark a card.

RANDY  
I'll walk your dog.  
(then)  
I'm also a pretty good handyman.  
So if you have any creaky doors,  
leaky faucets--

STEVE  
Is there any job you don't do?

RANDY  
Well, I'm not a waitress any more.  
Yarnok just fired me.

MARK  
Oh, no. This is our fault, isn't it? Let me have a talk with him...

RANDY  
That's nice of you, but don't bother. I was getting bored of the job anyway.

She yanks off her apron.

MARK

Been doing it for a while?

RANDY

Two days.

She tosses the apron on the table and flashes them her radiant smile.

RANDY

See you around.

And with that, she leaves. Mark and Steve looking after her.

STEVE

That's a chilling thought.

And we,

DISSOLVE TO:

9 EXT. 1891 BEACH WAY HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAYBREAK 9

Modern, upscale, Venice beach house or townhouse. Either way, the owner must have some bucks.

10 INT. 1891 BEACH WAY HOUSE - DAYBREAK 10

The place is homey and warm, but still pricey. Someone FUMBLES with their keys outside the door. A slow-moving BASSET HOUND ambles to the front door and waits. And then the front door opens and Randy comes in, dancing to a beat all her own.

RANDY

Hello, Thor. Did you miss me?

She dances around him, then leans down to pet him.

RANDY

Been clubbing all night. Got to dance. Only way to let go. Which reminds me...

She opens the door for the dog.

RANDY

Just don't do it on my car again.

The dog doesn't move.

RANDY

You sure?

The dog doesn't move. Randy shrugs and closes the door.

RANDY

Okay. Wish I had your bladder.

She opens the frig, pulls out a jar of peanut butter, and drags her finger through it, then licks off the gob on her fingertip.

RANDY

All I want to do now is curl up in bed, read a little Grisham, and go to sleep...which should take about two minutes. Happens every time.

As she talks, she drags her finger through the peanut butter again.

Then she finds a BOTTLE OF PILLS on the counter, shakes out a pill and smooshes it into the gob of peanut butter, which she then feeds to the dog.

RANDY

I read "War and Peace" in a week, but it's taken me four years to get through "The Pelican Brief."

The dog licks her finger clean and then follows her to:

11 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING 11

Randy enters, kicking off her shoes and pulling her shirt off over her head as she goes past the DISHEVELED BED...which is why she doesn't see THE MAN lying on the bed. We don't get a good look at him either.

She goes into the adjoining bathroom and stands in front of the mirror to brush her teeth... and that's when she sees something. She whirls around.

12 HER POV - THE BED 12

A MIME, in full-make-up and dress, lies on his back amidst the tangled sheets. There's a CARNATION in his lapel...and a KNIFE sticking out of his bloody chest.

13 BACK TO SCENE 13

Randy SCREAMS and runs out of the room, grabbing her shirt and shoes as she goes.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BEACH HOUSE - MORNING 14

There's a frantic POUNDING at the door. Mark, in pajamas and

bathrobe, stumbles groggily to answer it.

MARK

Who is it?

RANDY'S VOICE

It's Randy.

MARK

The dog walker?

Confused and still mostly asleep, Mark opens the door.

MARK

It's very thoughtful of you to stop by at...

(checks watch)

...five am, but I haven't had a dog in thirty years.

RANDY

He's dead!

Mark, still struggling to wake up, fights off a yawn.

MARK

I suppose so. We had to give him away years ago -- he was always trying to bite Steve.

RANDY

(interrupting)

I'm not here about a dog. I'm here about a mime.

MARK

You walk them, too?

STEVE

Who is it?

(sees Randy)

I'm having a nightmare.

RANDY

You have to come with me right away.

MARK

I think this has something to do with our dog.

STEVE

We don't have a dog.

RANDY

This is not about a dog. This is about murder.

That wakes Mark up a little. Not much, though.

STEVE

Who's been murdered?

RANDY

That's what I'm trying to tell you. I went back to the place I'm house-sitting, because I had to give the dog his pill --

MARK

I thought you said this wasn't about a dog.

RANDY

It's not about a dog. But that doesn't mean there isn't a dog in it.

STEVE

I'm going to bed.

RANDY

That's exactly what I said. Until I found him there.

MARK

The dog?

RANDY

The mime. You know:

She mimes "the glass cage" to demonstrate.

MARK

Oh.

RANDY

Only this mime was dead, so it was more like:

She mimes a dead mime.

STEVE

Why would there be a mime in your bed?

MARK

Apparently, she walks them.

RANDY

He's dead.

STEVE

Maybe he was just miming being

dead.

MARK

Why would anyone do that?

STEVE

Why would anyone do this?

He half-heartedly mimes the "glass cage."

RANDY

There was a knife sticking out of his chest and a pool of blood around his body.

Steve and Mark exchange a look. Maybe this is serious. At the very least, it's a pain in the butt.

STEVE

All right, what's the address?

And on his weary look, we,

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. 1891 BEACH WAY HOUSE - DAY

15

The dog BARKS FURIOUSLY at the door as Steve enters. No sooner is Steve in the door, then the dog lunges at Steve's leg, clamping his jaws on Steve's ankle.

STEVE

Ow!

Steve tries to shake the dog off. Randy grabs the dog by the collar and pulls him off.

RANDY

Down, Thor. Down!  
(then, to the dog)  
Where were you when I needed you?

MARK

(to Steve)  
Are you all right?

STEVE

No.  
(then)  
Where's the bedroom?

Randy points them in the right direction.

RANDY

That way.

Steve limps off ahead of them. Randy picks up the dog.

MARK

Has he had his shots?

Randy nods. Mark exhales, relieved, and they both follow Steve, who pauses in the bedroom doorway.

STEVE

Where did you say the mime was?

RANDY

In the bed. You can't miss it.

She steps around him to see:

16 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

16

The bed is PERFECTLY MADE with fresh sheets, pillows all fluffed and inviting. Randy steps into the room, followed by Mark and Steve.

RANDY

I'm telling you he was right  
there... a knife in his chest.

Steve goes to the bed and carefully lifts the comforter. The sheets are CLEAN and tucked in a nice, tight military corners.

STEVE

There's no blood. Everything is  
neat and clean.

Randy stares at the bed. Mark roams around the room, glancing at various objects, looking for nothing in particular. Steve glares at her.

STEVE

Are you sure you saw a mime here?

RANDY

What else could it have been?

MARK

Where were you when you saw the  
body?

She leads Mark into the bathroom and stands in front of the mirror.

RANDY

I was about to brush my teeth and  
saw his feet.

Steve joins them.

STEVE

Your eyes could have been playing tricks on you.

Mark picks through the stuff on the counter, notices the HYPOALLERGENIC SKIN CREME, SHAMPOO, etc.

RANDY

When was the last time you saw a dead mime in your bed?

STEVE

Good point. I think I better go check my bed right now.

Steve leaves. Randy chases after him.

17 EXT. 1891 BEACH WAY HOUSE - DAY

17

Steve goes to the car. Randy stands outside the door, still holding the dog.

RANDY

Wait, what about the murder?

STEVE

I admit I'm tempted, but there are too many witnesses.

Steve gets into the car and slams the door. Mark emerges from the house.

RANDY

Why won't he believe me?

MARK

Without a body, I'm afraid it's not easy.

RANDY

You believe me, don't you?

MARK

I once came home from a long shift, absolutely exhausted, and saw a rattlesnake by my bed. It wasn't until I beat it to death with my shoe that I realized it was my bathrobe sash.

(smiles)

Something like that happens to everyone. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Are you going to be okay?

She nods. Mark gets in the car and they leave. She turns to go back in the house, and that's when she notices the ADDRESS NUMBER on the house. It reads 1861. The 9 is loose. She straightens the 6 back into a 9... and then it falls back into a 6 again.

She stares at it a moment, a REALIZATION coming to her. She tosses the dog back into the house, closes the door, and dashes away.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. 1861 BEACH WAY - DAY

18

Randy marches past the Ferrari parked out front and examines the address -- 1861 -- then pounds on the door. After a moment, it's opened by slick SONNY BURNETT, 30s, in his silk bathrobe.

BURNETT

I don't vote, I never give to charity, and I have more magazines than I can read.

He starts to close the door. She pushes it open.

RANDY

What about companionship? Do you have someone sharing your bed?

He gives her a long, slow look. He likes what he sees. She barely notices, as she's trying to peer past him into the house.

BURNETT

Boy, you girls are getting pushy.  
(looks her over)  
Still, I've always been a sucker for home delivery.

He opens the door and lets her in to:

19 INT. 1861 BEACH WAY - DAY

19

It's a slickly-furnished bachelor's pad. A rich bachelor's pad.

BURNETT

I'm trying to figure out where we met before. You'd think I'd remember.

She's barely listening to him, searching the room for any clues.

RANDY

You would. We haven't.

BURNETT

So this is just a random thing?

RANDY

I think it's a case of mistaken identity.

BURNETT

Don't say that, baby. You're going to break my heart.

RANDY

Where's the bedroom?

Wow. This is moving a little fast even for Sonny. He comes up behind her and strokes her shoulder.

BURNETT

Don't you even want to know my name first?

She spots an open door and marches to it.

BURNETT

Hey, if you can't figure out what to shriek in ecstasy, don't blame me.

He follows her into:

20 INT. 1861 BEACH WAY BEDROOM - DAY

20

It's definitely the love den, complete with black satin sheets on the round bed. The sheets are mussed, but there's no mime here. Randy stares at it, disappointed, as Sonny comes up behind her.

RANDY

There's no one here.

BURNETT

No one... except you and me.

He puts his arms around her. She shrugs him off and wheels to face him.

RANDY

Where is he?

BURNETT

He?

RANDY

He was in my bed last night, and  
I know he was in yours this  
morning.

Burnett backs off, confused.

BURNETT

I don't know what kind of sick  
relationship you've got, babe, but  
I don't swing with anybody's  
boyfriend.

RANDY

Don't play coy with me, Hef.  
There's a mime out there who's  
traded in his glass cage for a  
pine box. I want to know why and  
I want to know where he is.

BURNETT

And I want to know what nut hatch  
you escaped from.

RANDY

1891. Does that mean anything to  
you?

BURNETT

I understand it was a good year  
for cognac. Is that what you've  
been drinking?

RANDY

It's my address. It's also where  
they delivered the mime. You see,  
they thought it was your house --  
my nine is loose.

BURNETT

Your nine isn't all that's loose.  
I'm calling the cops.

He goes to the phone. She looks around and spots something on  
the floor. She picks it up -- a CARNATION.

RANDY

Tell them to bring their cuffs.  
Because this carnation connects  
you directly to that dead mime.

BURNETT

No, that carnation connects me  
directly to those other carnations.

He points across the room at the VASE FULL OF CARNATIONS. Oh.

RANDY

So you want me to believe you  
don't know anything about the mime.

BURNETT

I don't care what you believe. I  
just want you out of my house.

She gives him a long, hard look, then marches to the door. She  
turns back to stare at him.

RANDY

You're in deep, pal. And it's  
getting deeper all the time.

And with that, she leaves. Burnett waits until he hears the  
front door slam, then rushes to it and slams the bolt shut.

21 EXT. BEACH - DAY

21

It's a crime scene. Amanda is with her tech folks as Steve  
comes up.

AMANDA

Gotta love California. Blue skies,  
blue water, and plenty of dead  
people.

STEVE

I'm not a specialist like you, but  
I assume there are dead people  
pretty much wherever you go.

AMANDA

Sure, but some kinds are  
definitely indigenous to  
California.

STEVE

You mean freeway snipings,  
carjackings, and liposuctions gone  
bad?

AMANDA

You get those everywhere these  
days. But the one that washed up  
last night, it's a little weird.

STEVE

How weird?

She unzips a body bag. Steve looks in and sees a DEAD MIME.

AMANDA

Bet this never happens in  
Milwaukee.

And on Steve's misery, we,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

22 TIGHT ON THE DEAD MIME 22

Still in make-up, even in death. He's lying on a morgue slab.  
We PULL BACK to discover we're:

23 INT. COMMUNITY GENERAL - PATH LAB - DAY 23

Steve, Amanda and Randy stand around the table.

STEVE

(to Randy)

Is this the dead mime you saw in  
your bed?

Amanda gives Steve a look.

STEVE

It's a long story.

RANDY

It's hard to say. They all look  
the same.

AMANDA

Okay, let's try a different  
approach. Describe the mime you  
saw.

RANDY

Dead. With a big knife in his  
chest.

AMANDA

Then this is probably your mime.  
The victim died from a stab wound,  
right in the heart.

RANDY

You found him in the water?

AMANDA

Yes, but I think...

RANDY

(interrupts)

Which means you can't back-track  
time of death through radiant body  
temperature.

Randy lifts the sheet, to Steve and Amanda's surprise, and  
examines the body. She lifts the dead man's arm and lets it  
drop.

RANDY

And the lividity indicates  
exsanguination from the entrance  
wound, therefore he was probably  
dependant at the scene.

She notices them staring at her. She shrugs.

RANDY

University of Galapagos medical  
school, class of '91. Go iguanas!

STEVE

(to Amanda)

Want to translate for me?

AMANDA

He was killed somewhere else and  
dumped in the water. But based on  
liver temperature, I can safely  
estimate his time of death was  
within the last 12 hours.

RANDY

I concur.

Amanda and Randy share the moment, two colleagues in perfect  
synch. Steve hates it.

STEVE

Thanks, Amanda.

Amanda walks away. Steve turns to Randy and takes a deep  
breath.

STEVE

Can you think of any reason  
someone would leave a dead mime in  
your bed?

RANDY

It was an accident.

STEVE

Are you saying you did this?

RANDY

No!

(then)

Why would you think that?

STEVE

Because you always have accidents.

RANDY

I do not.

STEVE

Then why do I have a bruised head,  
scalded legs, and a dog bite on my  
ankle?

RANDY

Just because you're clumsy doesn't  
mean everyone else is. Stop  
projecting.

(then)

I think the mime was killed in the  
house by mistake - it was meant  
for someone else to find.

STEVE

Who?

RANDY

Come with me.

She marches out. Steve turns to Amanda.

STEVE

Do me a favor, call my Dad. Tell  
him I'm picking him up.

AMANDA

Why?

STEVE

With her around, I never know when  
I'll need emergency medical  
attention.

(then)

Or when she will.

Steve limps out. And on Amanda's amusement, we,

CUT TO:

Steve and Randy walk past Sonny Burnett's Ferrari to the front door of 1861. Steve's about to knock when Randy grabs his arm.

RANDY

What are you doing?

STEVE

I'm knocking. It's an old custom, probably nothing you've ever heard of.

RANDY

You're giving him time to destroy the evidence.

STEVE

Evidence of what?

Randy eyes the door and notices it's ajar. Before Steve can react --

25 INT. 1861 BEACH WAY - DAY

25

Where Randy stands in the entrance.

RANDY

Okay, dirtbag, we got the place surrounded. Grab the sky and kiss the floor.

There's a FLUSHING sound from inside the house and Burnett rushes out, buckling his belt as Steve comes in behind her.

BURNETT

What the hell is --  
(sees Randy)  
You.

RANDY

That's right, pal. I'm your worst nightmare.

Steve pulls her back and goes up to Burnett.

STEVE

(to Burnett)  
Which gives you and me something in common.  
(flashes his badge)  
Steve Sloan.

BURNETT

I want to tell you right now, officer, whatever it takes to keep her behind bars, I'll do it. Press charges, testify, hell, I'll bribe

a judge.

STEVE

(to Randy)

You really know how to make an impression on a person.

She shoots him a look. Steve sighs.

STEVE

It's Detective Steve Sloan. And unfortunately, the young lady isn't under arrest.

BURNETT

She just broke into my house.

RANDY

Not in time to keep you from flushing the evidence.

BURNETT

If drinking too much coffee is a crime, then I admit I flushed the evidence and you can take me away. If it's not, I want this woman arrested right now.

STEVE

Mr. Burnett, let's try to stay calm.

BURNETT

I am calm. And I'll stay calm when I call your Internal Affairs division and explain that Detective Steve Sloan stood by and watched as a psychopath broke into my house and harassed me.

Steve pulls Burnett aside.

STEVE

I know that Randy seems, well, a little overeager. But she's been through a terrible trauma recently.

BURNETT

And who are you, her shrink?

STEVE

Professional ethics will only let me say that she's under a doctor's care.

BURNETT

(realizing)

So she is a nutcase.

STEVE

I'm trying to bring her back to reality.

BURNETT

So this whole mess...?

STEVE

Think of it as therapy.

Burnett nods, winks at Steve, and they rejoin Randy, who is snooping around.

BURNETT

What do you need to know, Detective?

Steve pulls a picture of the dead mime from his pocket and hands it to Burnett.

STEVE

Have you ever seen this man?

BURNETT

You're kidding, right? You've seen one mime, you've seen them all.

RANDY

What, you find so many dead mimes in your bed you can't tell them apart?

BURNETT

(over-enunciating)

I'm sorry if you've confused me with someone else. But there's never been a mime in this house, as far as I know, let alone in my bed.

(to Steve)

Is there anything else, Detective?

STEVE

I think that does it. Thank you for your cooperation.

He turns to go, taking Randy by the arm. She turns to yell at Burnett as Steve drags her out.

RANDY

That mime was a warning. They're coming for you next!

Steve pushes her out the front door, then gives Burnett a warm

smile.

BURNETT

Did I help?

STEVE

More than a year of electroshock.  
Thank you so much.

And he goes, leaving Burnett feeling good about himself.

26 EXT. 1861 BEACH WAY - HOUSE - DAY

26

As Steve comes out, followed by an irate Randy. They join Mark as he's emerging from his car.

MARK

How did it go?

RANDY

(to Steve)

That was it? That was the entire  
interrogation?

STEVE

I left my rubber hose at home.

RANDY

That's okay. I've got one in my  
car.

She goes to get it, but Steve drags her back.

RANDY

You obviously don't understand the  
danger that man is in.

MARK

What kind of danger?

RANDY

Isn't it obvious?

STEVE

Not on this planet.

RANDY

What does the mob do when there's  
a potential witness they don't  
want to testify?

STEVE

They kill him.

RANDY

They leave a dead pigeon.

STEVE

They do?

RANDY

What kind of cop are you?

(then)

Obviously, whatever Burnett is into is big big big. So big, a pigeon wasn't warning enough.

STEVE

I have a headache.

MARK

(to Randy)

So you think someone is afraid Burnett will talk -- so they killed a mime and left it in his bed as a warning.

RANDY

But they thought my bed was his bed because my nine slipped into a six.

STEVE

It's like an ax in my skull.

Mark is beginning to follow her reasoning.

MARK

So they moved the mime to his house.

RANDY

And then he dumped the mime in the river.

(then)

What other explanation is there?

STEVE

Now there's an argument that will impress a judge. We have no evidence to back up this ludicrous charge... but what else could it be?

RANDY

A mime is dead. If we don't do something about it, his blood is on our hands.

STEVE

Don't you mean his greasepaint?

She turns and walks off. Mark and Steve watch her go.

STEVE

Unbelievable.

MARK

Remarkable.

STEVE

You don't actually think she's right, do you?

MARK

How's your headache?

STEVE

Much better now.

There's a moment of silence between them, then:

MARK

She makes some sense.

Steve winces.

STEVE

Got any aspirin on you?

Mark reaches into his pocket and hands Steve a small packet. Steve tears open the packet and dry swallows the pills as:

MARK

I admit it's far-fetched, but we didn't believe there was a mime in her bed last night. Now we do. Her theory is at least worth considering.

STEVE

Fine, you consider it. I'm running the mime's prints and doing a background check on Chelsea & Benjamin Drew, the couple Randy is house-sitting for. There's something odd about those two.

MARK

What?

STEVE

They hired Randy, for starters. And what kind of person names a dog Thor?

MARK

You may be on to something. Do you mind if I borrow that picture?

Steve hands Mark the photo of the mime.

STEVE

What for?

Mark motions to A MIME performing on the strand.

MARK

I want to see if I can get a mime  
to talk.

STEVE

Good luck.

Steve leaves, and Mark marches to:

27 EXT. STRAND - DAY

27

TOD, 20s, a MIME, is pretending to wrestle with something on  
the other end of a make-believe rope. A SMALL CROWD is  
watching as Mark approaches.

MARK

Excuse me, I'd like to talk with  
you for a moment.

The something on the other end of the rope tugs Tod away. Mark  
hurries after him, holding out the picture.

MARK

I was wondering if you'd ever seen  
this mime before.

Some of the crowd wanders away. Tod notices, wrestles some  
more with the something and snaps:

TOD

Go away.

MARK

I'm working with the police to  
solve his murder.

TOD

You're blocking the view.

Mark turns, sees some more of the crowd leaving.

MARK

Oh, I'm sorry. This will only take  
a minute.

TOD

I'm trying to make a living here.  
Saturday is my big day.

Tod pulls back on the make believe rope, walking backwards away from him. Mark glances at the audience, thinks a moment, then takes off his jacket, and with theatrical exaggeration, rolls up his sleeves, takes a deep breath, and grabs an invisible rope of his own. He pulls hard, backing up to Tod. Together, they wrestle the unseen something, much to the delight of the crowd.

TOD

What are you doing?

MARK

Helping you hold on to the, ah, the...

TOD

Elephant.

MARK

Right.

The elephant yanks hard, pulling Mark forward. The crowd LAUGHS, drawing more people. Mark digs in his heels and pulls the rope back again. And so it goes, Mark and Tod wrestling with the elephant, and the crowd eating it up, as:

MARK

So, do you know him?

TOD

We all do. Mitch Hufflehoff. Biggest ego on the strand. Called himself the "Shields & Yarnell" of the 90s.

MARK

Was he?

TOD

He wasn't even the ampersand.

MARK

So where did he get the ego?

TOD

The women. They threw themselves at his feet.

(then)

He thought it was him. But everyone knows women can't resist a mime.

MARK

Really?

TOD

Sometimes I have to use mace. I'm

a married man.

MARK

When was the last time you saw him?

TOD

A couple days ago, in his car - he was gonna keep moving so the repo men couldn't get it.

MARK

Do you know where he lived?

TOD

That was where he lived.

MARK

Thanks. You've been very helpful. Good luck with the elephant.

Mark lets go of the rope, nearly falling, and stumbles over to his jacket... and is stunned to find it COVERED WITH LOOSE CHANGE and DOLLAR BILLS. Mark picks up his jacket leaves sheepishly, thanking people as he goes.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. 1891 BEACH WAY - DAY 28

There's a MOBILE EMERGENCY VETERINARIAN VAN parked out front as Randy walks up to the house. Worried, she rushes up to the front door, only to find it's open. She goes in to find

29 INT. 1891 BEACH WAY - DAY 29

CHELSEA DREW, 30s, rich, and lovely, scratches her itchy arms as she walks alongside her dog, who is being carried out by two EMERGENCY VETERINARIANS...one carries Thor, the other his IV.

CHELSEA

It'll be okay, Thor. The nice men will make you all better.

The paramedics go out the door just as Randy comes in.

RANDY

Mrs. Drew - what are you doing here?

CHELSEA

Saving my dog's life.

Randy nods, full of understanding.

RANDY

The connection between master and beast is very spiritual. You were a thousand miles away in Aspen, and yet you sensed Thor's suffering and rushed back here.

CHELSEA

No, I was in the kitchen, and I could hear poor Thor throwing up all over the bedroom. And if I had the slightest bit of sensitivity, I never would have hired you in the first place.

RANDY

Don't be so hard on yourself.

CHELSEA

I'm not.

RANDY

Of course you are. You're so full of guilt and remorse about abandoning Thor, your subconscious is punishing you with hives.

Suddenly self-conscious, Chelsea stops scratching.

CHELSEA

(tightly)

Is it.

RANDY

Two chapters of my doctoral dissertation in psychology were about exactly this phenomenon.

CHELSEA

And what about the phenomenon of the idiot who can't handle the simple task of giving a dog his medication?

RANDY

That really wouldn't fit into my thesis.

Chelsea takes a deep breath to keep from hurling herself at Randy's throat.

CHELSEA

You were supposed to come here two times a day to water the plants and take care of Thor.

RANDY

Which I did.

CHELSEA

But in-between those two times a day you were supposed to leave.

RANDY

You never mentioned that part.

CHELSEA

I never mentioned giving my dog an overdose of medication, either. I figured some things you could work out for yourself. It's lucky for Thor I came back early to meet with some suppliers.

RANDY

The only reason I stayed here was to give your dog extra attention.

CHELSEA

And that required moving all your possessions into my house?

RANDY

He's very needy.

CHELSEA

Right now, he's very sick. And for that, I blame you.

RANDY

If you'd like, I could take a look at him. I know a little veterinary medicine.

CHELSEA

You have five minutes to gather up your stuff and get out of here.

And on her rage, we,

CUT TO:

30 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

30

Randy sits in her CHEVETTE, which is crammed with all her worldly belongings.

There's just enough room in the car for her and a pizza box on the passenger seat. A CASSETTE CARTON, labeled "URDU MADE EASY" is on the pizza box. She listens to the tape, but keeps her eye on 1861 BEACH WAY - Burnett's house.

VOICE ON TAPE

Your camel has a very nice hump.

Randy repeats the phrase in URDU.

VOICE ON TAPE

Could you please direct me to the  
nearest water hole?

Randy repeats the phrase in Urdu as HEADLIGHTS appear behind her. She ducks down as Burnett's Ferrari passes and parks at his place.

VOICE ON TAPE

If you don't cover your face when  
you ride, you sure get a lot of  
sand in your nose.

She turns off the tape deck as she rises and peers over the dash at the house.

31 HER POV - NIGHT

31

Burnett gets out of his car. At that same moment, THREE FIGURES peel out of the shadows and surround him. They exchange heated words, but we can't hear them. Suddenly the three men start beating Burnett up, kicking and punching him.

32 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

32

Randy jumps out of the car and rushes up to the attackers.

RANDY

Leave him alone!

One of them shoots her a look over his shoulder.

THUG #1

Disappear or you're next.

Randy takes a deep breath, her voice shaky.

RANDY

Fine with me.

Thug #1 shoots a disbelieving smile at the other thugs. They turn away from Burnett, leaving him curled up and moaning on the street, and advance on Randy, who holds her ground, shifting her weight nervously, eyes darting between the men.

RANDY

If you want to run, this is your  
chance.

They surround her. Randy takes another deep breath.

RANDY

Okay.

And with that she LEAPS INTO THE AIR and does a SPIN-KICK that TAKES THE THREE MEN DOWN. She lands on her feet, ready to face her first attacker. They get to their feet and run off.

She smoothes her hair, approaches Burnett and helps him to his feet.

RANDY

You want to tell me about the mime now?

That's when they're bathed in the glow of headlights. They turn to see A CAR roaring past. Randy sees the DEALER PLATES and a FALLON EXOTIC MOTORS sticker on the bumper.

BURNETT

Stay the hell away from me.

RANDY

What do Fallon's thugs want with you?

BURNETT

Forget this ever happened or you'll be very sorry.

He drags himself back to his house. And on Randy looking after him, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

33 INT. COMMUNITY GENERAL - DOCTOR'S LOUNGE

33

Mark, Amanda, and Jesse are having coffee when Randy marches in, dragging TWO BULGING SUITCASES and talking a mile-a-minute.

RANDY

Either he's stupid or incredibly stubborn, either way he's going to get himself killed.

MARK

Who?

RANDY

You'd think the dead mime would have gotten through to him. I mean, I got the message and it wasn't even meant for me. So they were going to kill him, right there in the street.

JESSE

Who?

RANDY

Why didn't they do that to begin with? Why kill an innocent mime?

AMANDA

There's another dead mime?

RANDY

The only reason he's alive is because I was there - and he still doesn't get it.

MARK

Then the mime is alive?

RANDY

The mime is dead. Burnett is alive. And I'm nowhere.

That's when Steve comes in.

STEVE

What's going on?

MARK

I have no idea.

(to Randy)

Why don't you start at the beginning?

RANDY

Mrs. Drew came back early from Aspen. She found Thor OD'd and me still house-sitting. Poor lady worked herself up so much, she broke out in hives.

STEVE

Feeling kind of itchy myself.

AMANDA

I don't understand, weren't you supposed to be house-sitting?

RANDY

I kind of threw that in for free.  
(off Mark's look)

I was supposed to come by at 9 and 6 to give Thor his pills -- but I've kind of had a roof-over-my-head problem lately.

STEVE

Imagine that.

RANDY

All I did was give Thor some extra T.L.C.

STEVE

And an extra pill or two.

RANDY

Not on my watch. I take my job very seriously.

STEVE

Which one?

MARK

What does all this have to do with Sonny Burnett?

RANDY

I had no where else to go, so I decided to stake out his place and brush up on my Urdu.

JESSE

Ur-who?

MARK

A language spoken in Pakistan and the Muslim areas of India.

RANDY

It comes in handy if you use taxis.

STEVE

What happened at Burnett's?

RANDY

He was attacked by three thugs -- so I took them out.

JESSE

(incredulously)

You took them out.

RANDY

I'm basically a non-violent person, but those goons from Fallon Exotic Motors didn't give me any choice.

AMANDA

How do you know they worked for Fallon Exotic Motors?

RANDY

They tried to run me over with a car that had dealer plates and a Fallon Exotic Motors sticker.

STEVE

I don't know these guys, but I think I understand them.

RANDY

Good, then you better go down and make'em talk, because Burnett is too terrified to open his mouth.

MARK

Isn't Duke Fallon that car salesman on TV - the one who shoots himself out of a cannon?

STEVE

He has car dealerships in seven states.

(then, to Randy)

I don't see why he'd kill a mime and put him in anyone's bed.

RANDY

Don't you understand? Burnett has something on Fallon, and they want him to keep quiet.

STEVE

I ran a check on Burnett. The man is so clean, he's a natural disinfectant.

MARK

What about the Drews - any connection to Duke Fallon?

STEVE

None. She's an interior decorator to the stars, her husband is an architect. He's still at their vacation home in Aspen, she goes back tomorrow.

RANDY

Then we better go see Duke Fallon, shake some trees and see what falls out.

STEVE

I don't think so. Tomorrow's my  
day off and I'm sleeping in.

Steve walks away, Randy grabs him.

RANDY

What about Fallon? What about his  
thugs?

But Steve walks away, followed by Amanda and Jesse. Mark  
pulls Randy aside.

MARK

We can discuss all this in the  
morning. In the meantime, do you  
have a place to stay?

RANDY

Oh yeah, don't worry about that.

MARK

Okay. Goodnight.

Mark leaves. Randy smiles guiltily and we see she's lifted  
STEVE'S BADGE.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. FALLON EXOTIC MOTORS - DAY

34

A SALESMAN, his back to the camera, faces a nervous YOUNG  
COUPLE across his desk.

SALESMAN

The lady is right -- you don't see  
a lot of Gremlins on the road  
anymore. And you know why that is?

That's when a series of SHARP HONKS comes from across the  
showroom. The salesman turns, annoyed, and we see both from  
his face and the bruises on it he's THUG #1, aka CURT. Not  
seeing any reason for the interruption, he turns back to the  
couple.

CURT (CONT'D)

Because collectors have been  
snapping them up to put on  
display. They don't want to drive  
such a precious --

That's when the series of honks turns into one unstoping  
BLARE. Curt whirls around, sees no one is dealing with the  
problem, and gets up.

CURT

(to the couple)

Excuse me.

He walks across the showroom towards the source of the noise until he comes to a LATE MODEL SEDAN with a WOMAN BEHIND THE WHEEL. Annoyed, he leans in the window.

CURT

Is there a problem?

WOMAN

Yeah, I don't think this power window works.

She grabs his tie and yanks his head into the car, then rolls up the window until it's cutting into his neck, trapping him. It's Randy.

RANDY

Oops, my mistake.

He struggles to free himself, but the door is locked and there's no way he can get out of the window. She slides to the passenger side and gets out of the car to spot DUKE FALLON, 50s, rotund, ambling toward them across the showroom, a big smile on his face.

FALLON

Customer service is our religion, ma'am.

I'm sure whatever your problem is, we can take care of it. I'm Duke Fallon, and I'm ready to deal.

RANDY

I got an offer for you, Duke. But he wouldn't accept it.

FALLON

I'll eat a bug to make a sale. What are your terms?

RANDY

Eat this. Stop leaning on Sonny Burnett and I won't shut you down.

Fallon's smile evaporates.

FALLON

Who are you?

She quickly whips out a badge and just as quickly pockets it again.

RANDY

Stevie Sloan, LAPD. But you might know me better as the woman who

gave your goons an asphalt scalp  
massage.

Fallon glares at Curt who, if it's possible to be more  
embarrassed, is.

FALLON  
Funny, she doesn't look like a  
dozen armed ninjas to me.

Fallon turns to her again.

FALLON  
But I think Sonny got my message  
any way.

RANDY  
Think again. Next time, send a  
greeting card instead. Your  
"message" ended up in my bed first.

Fallon glances at Curt, confused.

FALLON  
You slept with her?

Randy grabs Fallon by the lapels and pulls him close.

RANDY  
Listen up, pinstripe. Burnett's  
under my personal protection now.  
Anything happens to him happens  
twice as hard to you.

And with that, she spins on her heel and storms out. Fallon  
and Curt exchange a look and we go:

35 EXT. FALLON EXOTIC MOTORS - DAY 35

As Randy charges out and marches away, oblivious to the WHITE  
VAN parked across the street. Oblivious that

36 POV - THROUGH A VIEWFINDER 36

every step she takes is being photographed.

37 INT. VAN - DAY 37

Crammed full of surveillance equipment and surveillance  
experts wearing FBI WINDBREAKERS. AGENT EFREM CONNORS, 30s,  
shares a look with his colleagues.

CONNORS  
It's all coming together now.

And on his grin, we,

CUT TO:

38 INT. COMMUNITY GENERAL - DAY

38

Amanda is at the nurse's station when Steve comes in.

STEVE

You haven't seen my badge around here, have you?

AMANDA

You lost your badge?

This is obviously a sore point for Steve. He walks past her towards the DOCTOR'S LOUNGE. Amanda follows.

STEVE

I didn't say that.  
(then)  
I've temporarily miss-placed it.

Amand nods, as if she understands.

AMANDA

My mistake.  
(then)  
What makes you think you lost it here?

STEVE

Last time I used it was on the hospital parking guy.  
(off her look)  
He's new, I didn't want to pay the five bucks.

They reach the lounge - the door is closed and the blinds are drawn. Steve opens the door to reveal:

39 INT. DOCTOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

39

Randy's stuff is everywhere - clothes, books, toiletries, artwork, and just about everything else you could collect in a lifetime. There's a swirl of sheets twined in the middle of the couch where Randy slept. Steve and Amanda share a stunned look.

AMANDA

Looks like she made herself comfortable.

STEVE

Better here than at my house.

Steve ventures into the room and starts to look around.

STEVE

Help me look around, will you? My badge has to be here some place.

They start to look around.

AMANDA

Don't you think you're being a little hard on her? She's eccentric, but she's not that bad.

Steve is about to jump down her throat when suddenly EFREM CONNORS and THREE AGENTS in FBI WINDBREAKERS storm in, flashing their IDS.

EFREM

Efrem Connors, FBI.

STEVE

What the hell...?

EFREM

You don't know what we're doing here, you don't know what we want, and you're surprised, out-raged, and innocent.

(then)

Now that we've gotten past all the boring preliminaries, you can start talking.

STEVE

About what?

EFREM

About Sonny Burnett's stolen car parts operation and the cop who does his dirty work.

Amanda and Steve share a confused look.

EFREM

Now's the time to decide if you want to be a federal witness or a federal prisoner.

STEVE

I don't know what you're talking about.

EFREM

First, you and your accomplice conspired to let car thief Enrico

Esteban escape - because he's one of Sonny's best suppliers.

STEVE  
My accomplice?

EFREM  
And when Duke Fallon pressured Burnett to stop selling parts to other car dealers, who showed up to muscle Fallon? She did.

Efrem whips out a PHOTO.

40 THE PHOTO - STEVE'S POV 40

It's RANDY, flashing Steve's badge in Fallon's face.

EFREM  
That's just the skin on the chicken.

41 EFREM 41

Hands them more photos.

42 THE PHOTOS - STEVE'S POV 42

Surveillance photos, through the window, of Steve, and Randy with Burnett; photos of Randy hitting Steve with the car and Enrico getting away, etc.

EFREM  
We've got you fast-frozen, shrink-wrapped and ready-to-serve to the Grand Jury.

43 BACK TO SCENE 43

Amanda and Steve share an uneasy look.

EFREM  
Where are the denials now, beach boy?

AMANDA  
(to Steve)  
I take back what I said.

STEVE  
(to Efrem)  
Look, you have this all wrong.

AMANDA

All Steve is trying to do is find out who killed the mime.

STEVE

I questioned Burnett because she thought he had the mime, but he didn't.

Even Steve knows how crazy this must sound. Efrem just shakes his head, disgusted.

EFREM

That's the best you can do?

RANDY (O.S.)

My client isn't saying another word.

They turn to see Randy coming through the door. Efrem sneers at her.

EFREM

Since when are you a lawyer?

RANDY

Since my gala graduation from the Deerpark School of Law, September 1994.

She finds a FRAMED LICENSE from the STATE BAR among her junk and hands it to Efrem, who hands it to an agent.

EFREM

Check this out. Now.

The agent whips out a cell phone. As the agent checks, Efrem addresses the three of them.

EFREM

If you want to spend the next ten years sleeping on a bunk bed with a stainless steel crapper for a nightstand, then keep up the act.

The agent motions to Efrem, hands him the diploma, and gives him a defeated nod. Efrem tosses the diploma on the floor.

EFREM

Testify against Burnett and I can shave the time in half.

(to Randy)

Think about it, counselor.

Efrem motions to his men and they leave. And on Amanda and Steve, glaring at Randy, we,

DISSOLVE TO:

44 EXT. COMMUNITY GENERAL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

44

45 INT. COMMUNITY GENERAL - DOCTOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

45

Randy is sitting with Mark and Steve.

RANDY

This isn't my fault.

STEVE

You stole my badge!

RANDY

Only because you weren't going to do anything about Duke Fallon.

STEVE

It's a criminal offense.

RANDY

Someone had to shake Fallon up or we'd never have found out anything.

Jesse comes in for a cup of coffee, but he can't find the coffee maker under all her stuff.

MARK

There had to be a better way, Randy.

RANDY

The important thing is I've seriously rattled Fallon.

STEVE

And me, too. Thanks to you, my career is at stake.

RANDY

Don't worry, careers are easy to come by.

STEVE

That's it, you're under arrest.

MARK

(interrupting)

Steve, Randy has a point. Now we know what's going on.

RANDY

Thank you.

MARK

And Steve is right, what you did was inexcusable. You've managed to drag my son into a nation-wide conspiracy to distribute stripped parts from stolen cars.

Jesse finds the coffee machine. Now he just has to find a cup.

RANDY

I just wanted to find out who killed that poor mime.

MARK

No one is doubting your good intentions--

STEVE

I am.

MARK

--just your results.

STEVE

So what do we do now?

MARK

The only way out of this is to break this ring ourselves.

RANDY

How are we going to do that?

Mark holds out his car keys and looks at Jesse. So do Steve and Randy. Jesse looks back at them.

JESSE

What?

And on their looks, we,

CUT TO:

46 EXT. 1861 BEACH WAY - HOUSE - DAY

46

Burnett is walking to his car as a BIG TRUCK lumbers up and comes to a stop, blocking him from leaving. JESSE hops from the cab.

JESSE

You Burnett?

BURNETT

Who's asking?

JESSE

Names are for toe-tags. I've got

your merch.

BURNETT

My what?

Jesse walks behind the truck and opens the rear doors, revealing various CAR PARTS (seats, tires, mufflers, steering wheels, etc.)

JESSE

Esteban told me you only want high-end merch, just off the show-room floor.

(then)

That's a Jeep Cherokee and a Saab, some assembly required.

BURNETT

Esteban knows never to come to my house.

JESSE

I couldn't wait - I need fast cash. I'm three weeks behind in my alimony and the judge is threatening to repo my `vette.

Burnett reaches into his pocket and pulls out a fat wad of cash. He peels off bills and stuffs them in Jesse's hand.

BURNETT

You really want to make some money?

47 EXT. STREET - DAY

47

From their hiding place, Steve is wearing a headset, aiming a shot-gun mike at the action, Randy is filming.

JESSE (V.O.)

(over head-set)

Who doesn't?

BURNETT (V.O.)

(over head-set)

This truck yours?

48 BACK TO SCENE

48

Jesse smiles.

JESSE

Let's just say I borrowed it for the long-term.

BURNETT

Follow me.

Burnett gets into his car. Jesse walks back to the truck and whispers to himself, for Steve's benefit.

JESSE

Good thing I watched a lot of  
"Miami Vice."

49 STEVE

49

Pulls off his headset and motions to Randy.

STEVE

Let's go.

They hurry off, and we,

CUT TO:

50 EXT. FALLON EXOTIC MOTORS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

50

51 INT. FALLON EXOTIC MOTORS - PARTS WAREHOUSE - DAY

51

Burnett stands in front of two trucks, backed by Jesse and another ND DRIVER. The trio waits for Fallon, who strides in carrying a BRIEFCASE, flanked by his man Curt.

FALLON

Sorry I'm late - I was just  
cutting some new spots for my  
Arizona dealerships.

(then)

I'm getting too fat to fit into  
the damn cannon.

BURNETT

It's tough being a celebrity.

Fallon motions to his man, who goes and checks the cargo in Burnett's trucks.

FALLON

We're getting so many trade-ins,  
even I'm in the garage, setting  
back odometers, switching out good  
parts for bad ones... success has  
it's price.

BURNETT

And I have mine.

FALLON

Pretty stiff one, too. I didn't  
think you were worth it, until I

found out you've got cops on your payroll. You're running a top-drawer operation - and I respect that.

BURNETT  
You ready to deal?

FALLON  
Always.

Fallon glances at Curt, who nods. Fallon offers Burnett the briefcase. Burnett takes it.

FALLON  
Guess you won't have to go to the ATM for a while.

STEVE (O.S.)  
He won't need cash where he's going.

Steve emerges from hiding, his gun drawn. Randy is right behind him, filming everything.

STEVE  
And you won't either. You're under arrest.

BURNETT  
You're making a big mistake.

STEVE  
The stolen car parts you bought from him...  
(motions to Jesse)  
were marked. We have that transaction, and this one, on tape.

FALLON  
I think he was talking about the man you didn't see.

That's when THUG #2 emerges from hiding, his gun trained on Randy.

FALLON  
By the time you shoot me, or Burnett, she's already dead.

Steve reluctantly drops his gun. Burnett scoops it up...and aims it at Fallon.

BURNETT  
You should have brought your cannon.

Before Thug #2 can do anything, Burnett's ND Driver is on him, his GUN out. Fallon smiles.

FALLON

This your idea of a big move?

BURNETT

(sadly)

Not even close.

Burnett flashes A BADGE.

BURNETT

You're under arrest, Duke. Jack Crocker, LAPD.

Burnett/Crocker turns, pissed off, to Steve.

CROCKER

Congratulations, Sloan. You just ruined three years of undercover police work.

And on Steve's surprise, we,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

52 EXT. POLICE STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY 52

53 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 53

Jesse, Steve, and Randy around the table...the door open, so we can see Efrem Connors and Jack Crocker arguing heatedly in the squadroom.

JESSE

"Sonny Burnett" - I should have known.

STEVE

I thought you said you watched a lot of "Miami Vice."

RANDY

There you go, blaming someone else for your mistakes again.

Steve is about to throttle her when Connors and Crocker bring their argument into the interrogation room.

CROCKER

--it took me two years just to get the thieves to trust me, another year to make contact with the car dealers.

RANDY

Who killed the mime?

EFREM

--we've been investigating Fallon for months as part of a nationwide probe of interstate trafficking of stolen goods. Millions of dollars and hundreds of manhours thrown away because of your rogue operation.

RANDY

Who killed the mime?

CROCKER

Fallon was just the first I was gonna bring down - but thanks to your incompetence, three years of my life have been wasted.

Randy stands up and yells:

RANDY

Who killed the mime?

They both stare at her, as if noticing her for the first time, and simultaneously reply:

CROCKER

What mime?

EFREM

What mime?

And on their looks, we,

SMASH CUT TO:

54 FALLON

54

Looking incredulously.

FALLON

What mime?

We PULL BACK to reveal we're:

55 INT. PRECINCT - ANOTHER INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

55

Steve, Efrem and Crocker confront Fallon.

CROCKER

The one you killed and meant to  
put in my bed.

STEVE

Only you got the addresses mixed  
up and stuck it in Randy Wolfe's  
instead.

Fallon starts to laugh. And laugh. And laugh. Steve glares at  
the mirror. And on the other side:

56 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

56

Randy gives Jesse a look.

RANDY

Uh-oh.

CUT TO:

57 INT. COMMUNITY GENERAL - DOCTOR'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

57

Mark, Steve, and Randy are having coffee. The place is still  
littered with her things.

RANDY

I can't believe it - we're right  
back where we started.

STEVE

With one dead mime and no answers.

MARK

You did uncover a stolen car parts  
ring and help bring a criminal to  
justice.

STEVE

I'm not sure the LAPD and the FBI  
see it that way.

RANDY

Oh.

(then)

I was kinda counting on them for  
a recommendation.

STEVE

For what?

RANDY

A job. It's not like I can have people call Mrs. Drew - I nearly killed her dog and made her break out in hives.

Something occurs to Mark. He gets up and goes to:

58 INT. COMMUNITY GENERAL - PATHOLOGY - NIGHT

58

As Mark, Steve, and Randy come in. Amanda is at her desk.

MARK

Mind if I have a look at the mime?

AMANDA

Of course not.

She goes to a morgue drawer and SLIDES OUT THE BODY. Mark lifts the sheet and examines him.

MARK

Did you find any other injuries besides the stab wound that killed him?

AMANDA

No.

MARK

Do you still have his clothes?

Amanda goes to a nearby carton. Mark pulls out the clothes, which are in sealed, clear, plastic bags.

MARK

I don't see any rips or tears on his clothes - did you?

Amanda shakes her head no.

STEVE

What's the matter, Dad - did you miss something?

MARK

Nope - nothing at all.

Mark puts the clothes back in the box and smiles.

STEVE

Then why are you smiling like that?

MARK

Tomorrow I want to take another look at Mrs. Drew's house - I think the answer to this murder

has been in front of us all along.

RANDY

What?

Mark yawns.

MARK

Well, I'm going home to bed.

Mark starts to go. Randy stops him.

RANDY

Without even giving us a hint?

MARK

Good-night.

Mark walks away. She starts to chase after him, but Steve gently stops her by taking her arm.

STEVE

Don't take it personally, he does this all the time. I think he takes perverse pleasure in leaving me completely lost.

RANDY

I can understand that.

She glances down at his hand. Self-conscious, Steve lets go of her.

STEVE

You can?

RANDY

When you're totally flustered, frustrated, and aggravated something remarkable happens.

She kisses him on the cheek and gives him a smile.

RANDY

You become very cute.

She leaves. And on Steve looking after her, flustered, frustrated and aggravated, and on Amanda's amusement, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

Someone knocks at the door. Thor barks wildly at the door as Chelsea Drew rushes up.

CHELSEA

Who is it?

MARK (O.S.)

Dr. Mark Sloan.

CHELSEA

Just a moment.

(to the dog)

Thor, that's enough.

The dog stops and she opens the door. Mark steps in cautiously.

MARK

Is it safe?

CHELSEA

It takes about six visits before  
he accepts you as friendly.

MARK

In the mean time, I'd better watch  
my ankles.

Mark shakes her free hand.

MARK

Thanks for seeing me on such short  
notice.

CHELSEA

I'm glad to help any way I can.  
Why do you need to take another  
look around?

MARK

The first time we were here, we  
didn't take Randy very seriously.

Mark starts towards the bedroom, Chelsea follows.

CHELSEA

All I asked her to do was give  
Thor his pills. What does she do?  
She moves in. Gives Thor an  
overdose. And gets us involved in  
a murder.

(then, re dog)

Next time, it's Club Doggie for  
you.

She drops Thor in the kitchen and goes into:

Mark examines the bed, which is all made, tight, trim and

perfect. Chelsea absently scratches her hand.

MARK

Were you missing a set of sheets?  
Any cutlery?

CHELSEA

No.

(then)

Don't tell me she's a thief, too.

MARK

(shakes his head)

I'm just asking the obvious  
questions. Someone must have  
ditched the bloody sheets, and the  
murder weapon had to come from  
somewhere.

(then)

Did you find anything unusual in  
the house?

CHELSEA

Besides Randy's stuff strewn over  
everything? Nothing at all.

Mark smiles knowingly. Chelsea scratches her hand.

MARK

Randy does know how to make  
herself at home.

CHELSEA

And it could have killed me - she  
left her shampoo in the shower. If  
I'd used it, we'd be seeing each  
other today in your hospital.

MARK

So that's why you've got all those  
hypoallergenic products.

CHELSEA

I have very sensitive skin.

MARK

Which is why your hand itches.

Mark motions to her scratching her hand - Chelsea wasn't even  
aware she was doing it.

CHELSEA

Must be the dog's hair.

MARK

If you were allergic to the dog's  
hair, you wouldn't have picked him

up... in fact, you wouldn't even own him.

Mark examines her hand... a RASH is already breaking out on the skin.

MARK

Actually, this is contact dermatitis from shaking my hand - I covered it in greasepaint.

CHELSEA

But I don't see anything on your hand.

MARK

That's because I removed the coloring - otherwise, it's the same make-up that a performer uses.

(then)

Which is why you're itching - just like you did the day you killed the mime.

That's when Randy walks in, holding Thor, followed by Steve.

RANDY

I knew I wasn't that hard to get along with.

Chelsea stares at Randy in surprise.

RANDY

Don't blame the dog for not warning you we came in - he knows me.

MARK

And he knew the mime - that's why there were no tears on the mime's pants or wounds on his ankle.

(then)

You said it yourself, it takes several visits before Thor relaxes.

STEVE

Which is why he wasn't going nuts around the dead body, either.

(then)

But you were still in the house that night, weren't you?

MARK

You thought Randy only showed up at nine and six, you weren't expecting her to walk in on you so early in the morning. You hid. And

as soon as she was gone, you  
ditched the body.

Chelsea sits down slowly on the edge of the bed.

CHELSEA

For a few weeks, we had... a  
fling. I thought it was over. Then  
he called me in Aspen, said he was  
in deep money trouble. If I didn't  
get him out of it right away, he'd  
tell my husband about us.

(then, to Mark)

How did you know?

MARK

You ditched the sheets and remade  
the bed perfectly... the way you  
thought it was before... the way  
it is right now.

STEVE

What you didn't know is that Randy  
was living here - and that she's  
the one who left the bed a mess.

RANDY

So who OD'd the dog?

MARK

(to Randy)

You did - accidentally.

(to Chelsea)

When you came back from Aspen, you  
gave the dog his pills out of  
habit.

(to Randy)

Of course, you didn't know that,  
so when you came home, you gave  
him an extra dose.

RANDY

(to Chelsea)

If you're so allergic to make-up,  
why get involved with a mime?

Chelsea drew shrugs, defeated.

CHELSEA

I'm a sucker for the strong,  
silent type.

And on their looks, we,

DISSOLVE TO:

There's a knock at the door. Steve opens it and groans as he sees Randy standing there.

RANDY  
Don't panic - I'm here to say  
goodbye.

STEVE  
I'm sure the doctors will be glad  
to have their lounge back.

RANDY  
Admit it, you're going to miss me.

STEVE  
But I'll always have the scars to  
remember you by.

That's when Mark comes up with a manilla envelope.

MARK  
(to Randy)  
You got some mail at the hospital.

RANDY  
I've been waiting for this.

He hands her a the ENVELOPE. She excitedly tears it open and pulls out a DIPLOMA.

MARK  
What is it?

RANDY  
It's my Applied Engineering degree.

She hands it to Mark.

MARK  
The University of Antigua.

STEVE  
Must be a nice campus.

Randy takes the diploma back and hefts her suitcase.

RANDY  
That degree is going to come in  
handy where I'm going.

STEVE  
Where's that?

RANDY  
I don't know.

(smiles)  
Which is just the way I like it.  
Thanks for everything.

She kisses Mark and Steve on the cheek and leaves. Mark looks after her.

MARK  
Isn't she great?

STEVE  
Only when she leaves.

And on Mark's look, we FADE OUT.

THE END

