

# ONLY MURDERS IN THE BUILDING

**Season Four, Episode One: Once Upon a Time in the West**

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Season Four, Episode One: Once Upon a Time in the West

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**ONLY MURDERS IN THE BUILDING**

**Season Four, Episode One: Once Upon a Time in the West**

**LOCATIONS**

EXT. ARCONIA  
EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME  
    (TERRACE)  
EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET  
EXT. HOLLYWOOD LOT  
    (ARCHWAY GATE &  
    FOUNTAIN)  
    (NEW YORK STREET)  
EXT. THE SUNSET SWAN  
    (COURTYARD)  
    (COURTYARD/SAZZ'S APT)  
  
INT. ARCONIA  
    (BASEMENT)  
    (HALLWAY OUTSIDE  
    CHARLES'S)  
    (LOBBY)  
INT. CHARLES'S APT.  
    (BEDROOM)  
    (KITCHEN)  
    (KITCHEN/FOYER)  
INT. DOWNSTAIRS BAR  
INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME  
    (HALLWAY)  
INT. HOLLYWOOD STUDIO  
    (OFFICE)  
INT. OLIVER'S APT.  
    (LIVING ROOM)  
INT. SAZZ'S APT.

**CAST LIST**

CHARLES  
OLIVER  
MABEL  
HOWARD  
BEV MELON  
EUGENE LEVY  
ZACH GALIFIANAKIS  
EVA LONGORIA  
LORETTA  
LESTER  
TAWNY  
TRINA  
MARSHALL  
SCOTT BAKULA  
EXECS  
CART VENDOR  
LADY OUT A WINDOW  
ANTHONY  
YOUNG GUY  
YOUNG GIRL  
DIRECTOR  
BARTENDER  
GUY ON STREET

FADE IN:

1 ON BLACK AND WHITE FILM LEADER, COUNTING DOWN 5, 4, 3, 2...1

CHARLES (V.O.)

Motion pictures... were created  
over 100 years ago. And ever since  
then we've had countless moving  
images emblazoned in our memories.

IT'S OLD HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE -- FROM 60 YEARS AGO -- wherein  
CHARLES, AGE 12, trots around his yard, waving at the camera.

CHARLES (V.O.)

And ever since then we've had a  
chance to ask, "Is that how I look  
when I run?"

Now MABEL, AGE 5, opens Christmas gifts -- and OLIVER, AGE 9,  
puts on a show out of his family garage. (NOTE: this will all  
be personal footage of young Steve, Selena and Marty).

CHARLES (V.O.)

If you have old home movies of  
yourself, it can be hard to relate  
to the person you're watching. Is  
that really me -- or just who I  
used to be? And is that... how I  
want to be remembered?

2 INT. OLIVER'S APT (LIVING ROOM) - LATE NIGHT (N1) 2

We're BACK AT THE OPENING NIGHT PARTY from last season, and  
everyone's long gone -- except for our three podcasters,  
CHARLES, OLIVER and MABEL, determined to wrap up last  
season's podcast as Charles concludes narrating at the mic.

CHARLES (V.O.)

But at least we *have* those images  
on screen. In that way, Ben  
Glenroy lives on, in his films, his  
TV shows, and Super Bowl commercial  
where a baby stole his chili  
bowl... Only hours ago, we solved  
his murder and closed the curtain  
on not one, but two, criminal  
Broadway producers. So, with that,  
friends in podcastland, we conclude  
yet another season of "Only Murders  
in The Building." Until next time,  
I'm Charles-Ha--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BRRVROMPPPPP!!! POWER SURGE -- the lights dip and dim.

MABEL  
--the hell?

NOW THE LIGHTS AND ELECTRICS SURGE BACK UP AGAIN.

CHARLES

Power surge. That hasn't happened  
in a while--

OLIVER

--no, not since they banned the old  
incinerator--

CHARLES

Should I re-do that last speech?  
Maybe just the end?

MABEL

(checks equipment)  
We're back up.

CHARLES

(to Oliver)  
Okay, give me an...

OLIVER

And... action!

CHARLES

(precisely, into the mic)  
--DEN SAVAGGGE.  
(then...)  
We can just splice that onto the  
"Charles Ha-- "

MABEL

Yep, I'll get out the "splicer."

Still a bit tipsy from the night, they all head to the door.

OLIVER

What a night, huh?!

Oliver opens his front door -- and Charles turns back.

CHARLES

Hey, can we all do a proper  
nightcap up at my place? Just a  
quick toast to the miracles we've  
pulled off together?

OLIVER

I do like a sentimental moment.  
Especially if the liquor is good.

MABEL

I don't. But liquor helps.

3 AT THE ELEVATORS, A MOMENT LATER -- they press "UP." 3

CHARLES

Good. I'd been saving that Malbec.  
Weird, Sazz never came back with it--

DING! The doors open and they all get on. Charles hits 14.

MABEL

--yeah, what ever happened to her?

CHARLES

Oh, who knows -- typical Sazz.  
Here one minute, gone the next.

On that ominous note, THE DOORS CLOSE.

4 INSIDE THE ELEVATOR -- Mabel checks her phone, a bit tipsy. 4

MABEL

You guys see this email from a...  
"Bev Melon" about our podcast?

CHARLES

Bev *Melon*? Must be tough having a  
last name that's a fruit. Fiona  
Apple. Darryl Strawberry.

OLIVER

Gilbert Grape.  
(off their looks)  
Something was always eating him.

5 INT. ARCONIA HALLWAY (OUTSIDE CHARLES'S) - CONTINUOUS (N1) 5

DING! The doors open and they exit.

MABEL

Okay, so what's next podcast-wise --  
Charles, you mentioned a cold case?

OLIVER

Ugh, if it were interesting, it  
wouldn't be cold!

Charles unlocks his door.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What we need is a hot, fresh, dead  
body, preferably right here or very  
near to here.

6 INT. CHARLES'S APT (FOYER/KITCHEN) - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) (N1) 6

Clueless as to what happened earlier here, they step into the foyer and Charles leads them down the hall to the kitchen.

CHARLES

It's true, we have been very lucky with people dying in our building.

MABEL

But it is kind of a flaw in our business model.

CHARLES

Oh my God-- there she is!

Charles flicks on the light. He's holding his wine bottle.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

My Malbecita. So Sazz never even made it up here?

They're all at the far end of the island, their view blocked from the floor on the opposite side -- as Charles grabs his automatic cork opener, which BUZZES. \*

CHARLES (CONT'D) \*

Pretty cool, huh? \*

MABEL

(no)  
Yeah.

OLIVER

(no)  
Yeah. It's like stepping into the Sharper Image catalog. \*

Charles holds the opener up, presses a button and POP! -- out flies the cork -- just missing Oliver's head as he dodges.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Jeezus!

CHARLES

Oops, sorry!

MABEL

(rounding the island)  
I got it--  
(then, looking down)  
Oh, shit...

ANGLE FROM BEHIND MABEL -- AS WE RISE ABOVE HER TO LOOK ONTO THE FLOOR, TO FIND **NO DEAD BODY THERE -- NO SAZZ -- NO BLOOD.** JUST A CORK AND A FEW SPLATTERED RED WINE DOTS.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Hope these spots don't stain.



Mabel grabs a towel and wipes up the wine spots, and while down there -- she spots some other red dots on the handle of Charles's broiler at the bottom of his oven. Hmm. Then--

CHARLES

It's fine, Mabel-- here we go--

Charles has poured the glasses. Mabel stands and, as they toast, WE BEGIN TO PULL BACK TOWARD THE COURTYARD WINDOWS.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Maybe a little time off will be a good thing. I mean, it's always a good thing when someone *doesn't* get murdered... right?

MABEL

Yeah. Always.

OLIVER

Absolutely. But if someone *had* to get murdered, let's all say who we hope it would be. Count of three. One... two--

MABEL

Oliver!

OLIVER

Me?!

WE PULL OUT THROUGH THE BULLET HOLE IN CHARLES'S WINDOW -- which none of them are noticing right now, as our trio happily sips. THE WIND WHISTLES THROUGH THE BULLET HOLE, and we... SWING TO MAIN TITLES! TO RETURN...

7 INT. CHARLES'S APT. (BEDROOM) - LATER THAT NIGHT (N1) 7

Charles is in bed, dozing, watching TV -- the opening scene from Sergio Leone's *Once Upon A Time In The West* -- all quiet, as a man approaches a train depot in the desert, except for "a whistling mournful tone" of a metal windmill.

8 SAME SCENE - THE NEXT MORNING (D2) 8

A faint WHISTLE is heard as Charles stirs awake. He looks at his TV, now off. What's that whistle? Now it stops. Hmm. He sits up, grabs his phone -- checks a text he sent Sazz: "**Hey, where'd you go?**" -- it has not been answered. Odd.

9 INT. CHARLES'S APT. (KITCHEN) - A MOMENT LATER (D2) 9

A teapot whistles on the stove. Charles turns off the flame, the teapot whistle dies out but that other whistling continues. Where the hell is it comi-- ? BANG BANG BANG!!!

OLIVER (O.S.)

Charles?! Open up! Open-open!

10 INT. CHARLES'S APT.(FOYER/KITCHEN) - MOMENTS LATER (D2) 10

Charles opens the door to a desperate Oliver, who bursts in.

OLIVER

DEAD! They've closed us. Death  
Rattle Dazzle-- it's all over!

Mabel enters, in an Oliver robe, and pleads with Charles.

MABEL

Help? Yes, I crashed at Oliver's.  
Yes, I'm still homeless. Yes, this  
is his *least* offensive robe.

OLIVER

I've been on the phone all morning--  
Donna and Cliff pulled their  
financing -- for bail and defense  
attorneys, stupid shit like that--

CHARLES

What about our great reviews?

OLIVER

One. One good review. Maxine's.  
The rest were middling, at best --

CHARLES

So-- we don't have to do it again?

MABEL

Charles?! Not helping.

OLIVER

Last night I was King of Broadway --  
now I'm in God's toilet. I wish I  
could drop dead right here!

He's literally standing on the spot where Sazz was shot.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Oh, and get this -- I told my sweet  
Loretta the show is over and she's  
already flying off to LA tonight.  
She's got a TV gig all lined up!

MABEL

Didn't you *tell* her to take that?

OLIVER

I didn't think she *would*! I'm  
dizzy-- the room is spinning.  
(collapsing to the floor)  
This is it, the end of the road,  
right here on Charles's floor,  
gasping as I wait for help or  
heaven. Mama? Mama, I'm cold.

CHARLES

Hey, I'm sorry about all this, but  
it could be worse. All morning  
I've been hearing a "whistling  
sound."

\*  
\*  
\*

Mabel and Oliver stop -- and stare at him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
I might have a brain tumor.

OLIVER  
Look, don't try and cheer me up.

HOWARD (O.S.)  
Guess who got a new puppy?!

They all turn to see HOWARD step in with an OLD DOG on-leash.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Everybody say hello to Gravy!

THE TRIO  
Gravy?

HOWARD  
Like the sauce. Or the train.  
Take your pick. I just adopted  
him. I went looking for a cat and  
came home with Gravy. The shelter  
won't let me adopt any more cats.  
Apparently, I'm "on a list." I've  
hired a lawyer. Anyway, Sevelyn  
loves him. They sleep in the same  
bed, right on top of each other.

MABEL  
So Sevelyn's covered in Gravy?

HOWARD  
Yes, and I eat 'em both up. Don't  
I eat you up, Gravy, don't I lap up  
my Gravy, yes I do, yes I do. You  
know, Mabel, Gravy's retired -- he  
used to be a working boy...

MABEL  
(not at all interested)  
Really? What did he do?

HOWARD  
They didn't tell me, but it got me  
thinking -- we should do a podcast  
about animals and their jobs!

MABEL  
Are you pitching me right now?

HOWARD  
The world craves your content! You  
need to be thinking about this.

MABEL

What I *need* is a place to live.  
And a real job--

HOWARD

It could be called "Animal Jobs!"  
We all know about Dalmatians, but  
did you know there's a town in the  
Hudson Valley that has a goat  
mayor?

\*  
\*  
\*

GRAVY SUDDENLY STARTS BARKING VICIOUSLY at Oliver, who's  
sitting on the "Sazz spot." Oliver clutches Charles's legs.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Whoa-- Gravy, no -- down boy!  
I've never seen him like this.

CHARLES

In the two hours you've had him?

HOWARD

I should take him for a walk.  
Mabel, think about that podcast.

MABEL

I'm pretty sure I won't!

Howard and Gravy head out. Oliver crawls on his knees.

OLIVER

My life is over. I can't live  
without the theater. It's the only  
true art form.

\*

MABEL

(glancing at her phone)  
I just got *another* email from that  
Bev Melon.

\*  
\*

CHARLES

(checking his phone)  
I did, too.

MABEL

Do you think it's real?

OLIVER

(perking, a bit curious)  
Is what real?

\*  
\*

CHARLES

It looks kind of real.

MABEL

Is it the Paramount Studios?  
(ALT: Is this a real Hollywood  
studio?)



OLIVER

What?! What are you talking about? \*

MABEL

They want to make a movie of our podcast.

OLIVER

They-- Paramount?! The pictures?!!  
(ALT: They-- are you? The pictures?!)

CHARLES

They want to fly us all out to L.A. for some meeting next week.

Oliver springs to his feet, immediately revived.

OLIVER

Hoe-dee-doe -- I am BACK, baby!  
Fuck the theater! Movies are the great American art form! Lady Showbiz is on the line! Hold please, while I conference you in to my rocket ride to the top!

CHARLES

I'm not sure I can leave...  
(off their looks)  
I'm worried about Sazz. Last night she told me she had something "sensitive" to discuss with me and--

MABEL

--oh yeah, that was weird--

CHARLES

Right? And now I keep hearing this whistling. Sazz is a whistler -- did I ever tell you that?

OLIVER

Sazz is a *whistler*? Wow, Charles. How did you manage to keep that riveting morsel to yourself?

PING! Charles has just gotten a text. He checks it.

CHARLES

Huh, look at that. It's Sazz.  
(reading Sazz's text)  
"Sorry, had to jet off last-minute to cover Bakula on-set... in L.A."

OLIVER

Well... isn't that rich? The Best Coast is calling us all, Charles, clearly. Time to pack up, bitches. We are going to the movies!!!

\*

Mabel follows Oliver out the door. Charles just stands, looking at that text from Sazz, trying to feel reassured -- but then he hears that odd whistling again. He looks around. Where is it coming from?! Again, it stops. Dammit.

\*

11 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY (DAYS LATER) (D3) 11

A fire hydrant gets popped open by young KIDS on a hot day on a brownstone-lined block of NYC. As hydrant water flies the kids scream with glee!

Now a GUY runs by the kids, chasing a yellow cab.

GUY ON STREET

Yo-yo-yo, Taxi, come on!! What's a guy gotta do?!!!!

\*

\*

A VENDOR rolls his cart by, as a LADY yells out her window.

\*

CART VENDOR

Hot Dawgs, Knishes, Polish Sausage!

LADY OUT A WINDOW

Anthony! Get your butt back in here, you! Your grandpa needs help with the microwave.

ANTHONY

Ma, c'monnnn -- I'm late already!

\*

LADY OUT A WINDOW

The Knicks can wait -- your grandpa needs his Anthony.

\*

Finally, a YOUNG COUPLE appears, strolling arm-in-arm.

YOUNG GUY

How can you not love New York?

YOUNG GIRL

I don't wanna know nobody who doesn't love New York City...

They just stand there, awkwardly.

\*

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Look up!

\*

\*

WE SWING TO A VIDEO VILLAGE AND THE DIRECTOR -- with our trio \*  
watching from behind him. \*

DIRECTOR (CONT'D) \*  
Look up! CUT! You need to look up \*  
at the sky and pretend you see \*  
Godzilla! \*

He goes to talk to the actors and WE PULL BACK AND REALIZE \*  
THIS IS A MOVIE SET ON A HOLLYWOOD BACK LOT -- and Charles, \*  
Oliver and Mabel are watching this -- all are unimpressed. \*

CHARLES \*  
Godzilla... that lizard gets *work*. \*

\*

OUR TRIO, dressed for sunny LA, head off to their meeting. \*

OLIVER \*

Okay, let's not get our hopes up about this meeting. Bev Melon probably got handed this project five minutes ago -- some higher-up at the studio heard our podcast and now they want to hear a pitch-- \*

CHARLES \*

--exactly. So let us lead here, Mabel. We've got experience -- with royalties and back-ends... \*

OLIVER \*

I once spent a hot minute around Julie Andrews' back-end.

CHARLES \*

Julie Andrews is a saint.

OLIVER \*

I went too far.

12 INT. HOLLYWOOD STUDIO (OFFICE) - DAY (LATER) (D3) 12

Oliver, Mabel and Charles are led into an office, to APPLAUSE. IN REVERSE, the trio is stunned by A LARGE GROUP OF WELL-SUITED EXECS, VARIOUS CREATIVES and BEV MELON.

BEV MELON

And here they are! Putting bodies to the voices in our airPods! Bev Melon, your persistent emailing maven. So good to meet you.

ANOTHER EXEC

Hi, Monica Bernstein-D'Angelo, VP marketing.

ANOTHER EXEC (CONT'D)

Todd Shettinger, EVP of current. Love you guys.

ANOTHER EXEC (CONT'D)

Hey, Sal Snyder-Bernsdorf, Prez of Social. Obsessed.

And the introductions pummel further, as our trio try to keep up -- shaking and smiling. \*

BEV MELON

He's prez of social 'cuz he never shuts up. Shut up, Sal! Okay, let's talk movies! \*

13 SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER (D3)

13 \*

Everyone is seated around a massive conference table, with the trio on one side, facing the film folks on the other. \*

CHARLES

This feels much further along than we thought. \*

BEV MELON

Yeah, I'm not fucking around. When I see a hot piece of adaptable IP getting circled by a bunch of horny rival studios, I go in *hard* and I *always* finish first... Plus, we just landed the most brilliant directing team -- hot off their big Grand Prix win at Cannes and their heart-wrenching and deeply, deeply viral Walmart ad campaign... \*

Deb gestures to two strange and artsy women staring at the trio: TRINA and TAWNY BROTHERS (30s). \*

BEV MELON (CONT'D)

I present, the Brothers! \*

A beat of confusion for the trio.

\*

\*

OLIVER  
I'm sorry, you're-- brothers? \*

TRINA BROTHERS  
We're-- sisters? Clearly? \*

OLIVER  
Oh, I thought I heard brothers--

TAWNY BROTHERS  
We're the Brothers Sisters. \*

BEV MELON  
Trina and Tawny Brothers. And  
identical twins, which is so neat. \*  
(they're not identical) \*  
And when they read the fabulous \*  
script that Marshall Peepope wrote-- \*

MARSHALL  
P. Pope.

Bev eyes MARSHALL (30s, bookish-cute). Embarrassed to bring this up, he has a sweet way of saying what he needs to say.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
You-- said it like Pee-pope. Like \*  
a surname, emphasizing Pee. It's \*  
initial P., then POPE. Emphasizing- \*

BEV MELON  
--why writers are better on the \*  
page. Got it. Marshall has \*  
written something so clever and so \*  
probing and the Brothers Sisters  
were just bowled over by it, as  
were we all, isn't that right?

She's asking Trina and Tawny, who ignore her and communicate in sneaky whispers between themselves -- "things meant only for them." Marshall pats his beard, then leans to the trio.

MARSHALL  
I-- was a total fanboy of your  
podcast, season one. I just tried  
to get you all down in the right  
way -- at least how I pictured you.

BEV MELON  
Oh, you're all so distinctive on  
the page! Oliver, who we all want  
to strangle and cuddle at the same  
time?

(MORE)

BEV MELON (CONT'D)

Charles, everyone's un-fun uncle  
with his little turtle face? And  
Mabel...

(MORE)



BEV MELON (CONT'D)

with your traumatized, homeless,  
jobless, mumbling millennial charm  
between these two old dudes? I  
don't need an algorithm to tell me  
this is box office gold. But our  
algorithm confirms it is, as long  
as it comes out before Christmas.

\*  
\*  
\*

TAWNY BROTHERS

I hope it tanks...

\*  
\*

TRINA BROTHERS

I want this to be our Rumble  
Fish...

\*  
\*  
\*

OLIVER

So, you're really *making* this film?

\*  
\*

BEV MELON

We have a soft greenlight -- and  
looking to harden that up today.

(checks phone)

One sec--

(picks up, into phone)

Hey, mama. Ya? Ugh. That's so  
annoying. All right just go with  
the blue. Okay, gotta go, I'm in a  
meeting. Bye. Love you.

(hangs up, explains)

I'm ordering a lamp from my friend.  
Anyway, the cast that's come  
together for this film--

MABEL

You have a cast already?

BEV MELON

Oh, do we -- and we'll get to that  
tonight, at a party for you all --  
but first, I need you to officially  
hop aboard with us!

Bev eyes two "legal reps" who slip in on either side of the  
trio to slide contracts before them for their signatures.

BEV MELON (CONT'D)

It's so sad Ben died, but we really  
want to capitalize on that before  
everyone moves on -- so we'd like  
to start shooting in three weeks,  
and your life rights are the last  
thing we need, so--

CHARLES

Gonna stop you right there, Bev.

She looks up, surprised. Charles slides an index card and pen to himself from off the center of the table.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

We-- understand the situation.  
Without us, and our life rights --  
no film. Which means we need to  
set a number, that's fair--

BEV MELON

Oh, we don't need to do numbers  
here, you can have your lawyers--

Charles has written something on the card which he folds and slides to Bev -- reaching ridiculously across the wide table he has to lay most of his body on, groaning a bit. He slides back to land in his chair to watch Bev open the card.

BEV MELON (CONT'D)

Um... It's just a "4."

She shows the card with a "4" -- and Charles gestures, "okay, then?!" Confusing everyone.

BEV MELON (CONT'D)

Four?

CHARLES

(shrugging and slurring)

Four... thou-- ?? Four... mill--  
ty? For-tee-- mill? For-tee-thou-  
mill? Four-teen mill-thou... ?

Oliver nods along, liking what Charles is doing here--

OLIVER

Or five-- ?

CHARLES

Five!

OLIVER

Five mill or five-tyyy-thou--

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Five-ty millllll-- ???

BEV MELON

Y'know, *whatever* the number, we're  
gonna make this work for you, I--

MABEL

(uneasy)

I'm sorry, can you excuse me?

BEV MELON

What? What's the matter, Mabel?

\*

MABEL

This is-- I need a moment.

Mabel gets up and trots to the door, stressing, and exits. Everyone looks concerned -- and the guys look at Bev.

CHARLES

She may want a six.

With all in the room left hanging, we... **END ACT ONE.**

14 EXT. HOLLYWOOD LOT ARCHWAY GATE & FOUNTAIN - DAY (D3) 14

Charles and Oliver trot, searching for Mabel. They pass through the gate and find her on a bench near a circular fountain at the entrance to the studio.

CHARLES

Mabel, you okay?

MABEL

Oh, just... a little overwhelmed.

OLIVER

Ah, this lot can do that to you. The magic, the genius. Reminds me of a meeting I had just over there with the great Robert Evans. He was filled with energy and ideas, and also cocaine, much of which was in a condom he'd swallowed to get past airport security.

MABEL

Uh... no. It's not *that*.  
(deep, conflicted breath)  
You heard how they described me in there? Homeless, jobless, mumbling-

OLIVER

Speak up, dear.

CHARLES

Yeah, I missed that last part.

MABEL

(nodding dryly, ha-ha...)  
I'm not saying it's completely inaccurate. It's just, if they make a big movie about *that* Mabel... what if I don't want to be that person forever? It's fine for you guys to be immortalized however they want, you're half dead--

\*

OLIVER

Half dead?!

\*

\*

MABEL

--but I've got decades in front of me to overcome a false perception.

\*

\*

CHARLES

Look, I know what you mean, Bev Melon just called me an un-fun turtle. But I'm fun, right? Aren't I fun?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Yeah... MABEL Uh-huh... OLIVER \*

CHARLES \*

Yeah! Right? \*

MABEL \*

You're definitely not fun *for* everyone... but you are for us. \*

(then...) \*

Look, I'm not saying no, I just need to think about this movie deal. Is that cool? \*

CHARLES \*

Of course. We support you no matter what you decide to do. \*

Right, Oliver? \*

OLIVER  
(forced)  
...uh huh.

Oliver and Mabel hug it out.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
(in her ear)  
The studio is throwing us a huge party tonight, I texted Loretta, she's coming, I need this, but... no pressure.

MABEL  
(re: hug)  
Oliver, you're crushing me. Ow.

OLIVER  
No pressure.

Mabel wiggles free. Charles glances at his phone.

CHARLES  
I invited Sazz to the party-- but she's back to not responding. She always gets right back to me, at least with one of her little animated emoji caricatures... \*

He scrolls cartoon emoji images of Sazz, showing them.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Look, here she is on a surfboard -- here she is as a squirrel eating a nut. And here's "Wine Time Sazz!" Sazz loves wine time...  
(then, worried)  
Why didn't she come back that night with the wine?

OLIVER  
My God, Charles! Enough with the boohoo.

Reverse on Mabel and Oliver staring back at him. \*

(MORE)

## OLIVER (CONT'D)

As this lands on Charles -- BEEP! BEEP! -- a silver 1980s Cadillac Limousine pulls around the fountain.

CHARLES

Hey, speaking about fun, here comes fun!

\*

SIDNEY (late 80s), a gaunt-faced chauffeur in a threadbare suit, struggles out of the limo and hangs on to his door.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Mabel, Oliver -- meet Sidney. He was my driver back in the *Brazzos* days. He's gonna give us a full Hollywood tour.

OLIVER

(concerned whisper)  
Is Sidney... alive?

MABEL

Charles, if you're worried about Sazz, why don't we just skip the tour... and stop by her place?

Charles glances at his phone. Still no reply.

CHARLES

Actually, her apartment complex belongs on a Hollywood tour...

OLIVER

And, frankly, the less stops the better for Sidney. He looks like he's driving his own hearse. I just have one place I need to go first!

They all climb in the car -- as Sidney, at the driver's door, WET-COUGHES VIOLENTLY TOWARDS THE PAVEMENT and gets in, too.

15 EXT. LIMO / HOLLYWOOD STUDIO LOT - DAY (D3)

15

We CRANE UP as the limo pulls out of the lot, AND HEAR: PATSY GALLANT'S 1977 non-hit (look it up): "From New York to LA."

16 EXT. LIMO / LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY (D3)

16

Patsy sings as we follow the limo with a SWEEPING DRONE SHOT as it winds its way through palm trees and sunshine -- the sunroof of the limo opens up.



17 EXT. LIMO / THE CHATEAU - DAY (D3)

17

As the limo cruises, Oliver, Mabel and Charles pop their heads out the sunroof holding IN-N-OUT bags and burgers. Soon, they arrive at... THE SUNSET SWAN, a Spanish-style apartment complex with a distinctly old-Hollywood feel.

CHARLES (V.O.)

The Sunset Swan. This place is legend.

The limo's rear window hand-cranks down. The trio peers out. Mabel and Oliver are still finishing their In-n-Out.

CHARLES

I lived here during season one of Brazzos, before Sazz took over my lease.

18 EXT. THE SUNSET SWAN (COURTYARD/SAZZ APT)- MOMENTS LATER(D3)8

Through an archway, Charles steps into a courtyard, where the door to each apartment overlooks a lush garden and ornate fountain. L.A.'s Arconia -- noirish, sexy, alluring.

CHARLES (V.O.)

It's where I first caught the true crime bug... Every star since the silent film era has either lived, died, or been resuscitated here.

WE FOLLOW CHARLES, ON HIS BACK, AND HEAR AN ODD WHISTLE. We realize, AS WE MATCH CUT: TO A QUICK FLASH OF THE OPENING OF *ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST* -- it's the "whistling tone" of that old metal windmill as a man approaches a train depot.

BACK IN THE COURTYARD, Mabel and Oliver (sipping shakes) join Charles and follow him toward the apartment doors.

CHARLES

It's really the sort of place that can only exist in Hollywood, where celebrities take short-term leases next door to eccentrics who've lived here for decades. Everyone from Scarlett Johansson to the Black Dahlia.

\*  
\*  
\*

CLOSE ON an apartment window, where A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN peers out from between the blinds, as they pass by.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

If these walls could talk... wow.

\*

MABEL

When can I move in?

OLIVER

Seriously... I'm both afraid and a  
little turned-on. \*

CHARLES \*

This is it. Sazz's place.

They've arrived at APT. 6. A big bunch of mail is sticking out of the mail slot. Not good. Oliver rings the doorbell as Charles checks the mail. Mabel peeks in a side window as Charles knocks loudly now. But no answer. He BENDS AND PEERS THROUGH THE OPEN MAIL SLOT... and scans the shadowy interior for any sign of Sazz. Something catches his eye: A VASE OF DEAD FLOWERS ON A SMALL FOYER TABLE.

OLIVER

Y'know... she could be away,  
shooting on location with Bakula?

Charles gets up, nods. Mabel and Oliver eye him, struggling.

CHARLES

It's true. No more worrying. I'm  
no un-fun turtle. Let's party.

As they head down the stairs, Mabel peers back at Apt. 6, and this place, her instincts piqued. PRELAP: POUNDING BASS

19 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - DAY (D3) 19

The trio, all dressed sharply, traverse a walkway into a stunning modern home, perched over all of Hollywood.

20 INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - A MOMENT LATER (D3) 20

The trio enters to APPLAUSE from a crowd of EXECS and CREATIVES (those we met in Act I and more). An even warmer welcome than the one they got earlier -- which now SWELLS.

OLIVER

Wow, they're laying it on thick.  
(to Mabel)  
Really trying to pressure you into  
taking that deal. Kinda icky.

MABEL

Holy shit...

Charles and Oliver look at Mabel, who points behind them at the true recipients of this ovation: EUGENE LEVY, EVA LONGORIA and ZACH GALIFIANAKIS enter, descending stairs -- in iconic trio-wear. Eugene in porkpie hat and coat, Zach in purple with scarf, Eva in marigold fur and shades. All pose for photographers at a "step and repeat wall" touting the "Only Murders" movie. Eugene grins to the stupefied trio.

EUGENE LEVY

Don't tell me. Like looking in a mirror.

\*  
\*  
\*

MABEL

More like an Instagram filter that bends time.

Bev Melon runs over to make introductions.

BEV MELON

Charles, Oliver, Mabel, I would like you to meet, well, Charles, Oliver, and Mabel.

The trio gawks at their Bizarro World doppelgängers.

CHARLES

I'm... Eugene Levy?

MABEL

I'm... Eva Longoria?

OLIVER

(grimacing)

I'm...? I want to say Tim?

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS

I'm Jack Black.

OLIVER

That's it!

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS

I'm not Jack Black.

BEV MELON

Oliver, this is Zach Galifian--

\*

OLIVER

Yes! Zach Galifragilistic, I know.

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS

Jeezus.

OLIVER

I'm sorry, I'm confused. They said they wanted "big names," I didn't realize they meant *long* names.

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS

Ha! I get it. People do this. You're trying to "Between Two Ferns" me.

OLIVER

Between the whats?

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS

Okay look, I may be no Desperate Housewife or Mr. *Schitt's*, but I happen to have starred in the second-highest grossing comedy of all fucking time.

OLIVER

(a beat, his jaw drops)  
Are you the little boy from *Home Alone*? What have they done to you...

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS

All right, I'm out.

Everyone tenses. Bev leans in to Zach, whispers:

BEV MELON  
I will greenlight your dream  
project.

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS  
Erin Brockovich, but it's me?

BEV MELON  
No.

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS  
Legally Blonde, but it's me?

BEV MELON  
No.

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS  
Spiderman, but it's me?

BEV MELON  
Fine, the Erin Brockovich one.

Zach turns on a dime.

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS  
Aaaand I'm back!  
(throwing an arm around  
Oliver's shoulders)  
So, tell me about yourself and I'll  
pretend to listen. \*  
\*

Bev Melon watches, relieved, as Zach leads Oliver off.

BEV MELON  
I'll let you all get acquainted.  
And Mabel, here when you're ready!

Mabel sighs. The trio breaks off with their counterparts.

ANGLE ON MABEL AND EVA

MABEL  
This is so flattering, the fact  
anybody would look at me and think  
of Eva Longoria. Can I just ask--

EVA LONGORIA  
--why they aged you up?

MABEL  
Yeah... cause I'm an old soul?

EVA LONGORIA

No... They did a focus group on the age gap between you and the guys -- and a word they kept hearing was "creepy." But, look at us, we're basically the same age.

\*  
\*

Mabel smiles, unsure if she's kidding.

\*

ANGLE ON OLIVER AND ZACH

OLIVER

...and you know who found him dead was Candy Bergen!

Zach looks up from his phone.

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS

Can I run something by you? I have sort of a risky take on your character. I wanna play him talented, successful, completely aware that this is the year 2024.

Oliver forces a chuckle.

## ANGLE ON CHARLES AND EUGENE

Charles is frowning at his phone -- still no reply from Sazz \*  
 -- while Eugene tries to draw him in. \*

EUGENE LEVY

I can't believe I'm gonna play you. \*  
 Brazzos was huge in Canada. I'm \*  
 the biggest fan. I actually dubbed \*  
 your voice for the French version \*  
 that aired in Quebec. \*

(in French) \*

"Cela envoie l'enquête dans une \*  
 toute nouvelle direction!" \*

(then) \*

I also did the Fonz... \*

(French accent) \*

*Euhhhh!!!* \*

CHARLES \*

(finally looking up) \*

Huh? Oh, sorry. I'm a little \*  
 distracted. I haven't heard from a \*  
 good friend in days and I'm a \*  
 little worried... \*

Eugene studies Charles, then he tries an impersonation.

EUGENE LEVY

(dour)

I haven't heard from my friend and  
 I'm a little worried.

(then)

God, nobody does a little worried  
 like you. SO much going on under  
 the surface. You're like an  
 iceberg, Charles. Above, not much.  
 Below, so deep, and so very cold.  
 But no matter what -- shrinking.

CHARLES

What? Oh, no, that's not me. I'm  
 usually way more fun! More like--  
 (breezy)

I haven't heard from my friend, but  
 I'm sure everything's totally fine.

EUGENE LEVY

Well, at our age, no one's ever  
 really totally fine -- are we?  
 Have you gotten that scan? I don't  
 know anyone who's gotten that scan  
 that hasn't found a shadow or two.  
 You know what everybody gets now?

(MORE)

EUGENE LEVY (CONT'D)

Sepsis. Sometimes when I don't  
hear from a friend, I worry about  
sepsis. But then it just turns out  
they don't want to be my friend  
anymore. Hey, maybe that's it!

\*

CHARLES

(escaping)  
Ooh, look who's here, it's...  
(indiscernible nonsense)  
Frajh Bellenmoanlyyy...

\*

\*

\*

\*

21 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - NIGHT (N3)

21

Oliver and Mabel step out to a panoramic view of L.A.  
Through the crowd, enters Loretta. Oliver can't believe his  
eyes. She's transformed, radiating L.A. glamour: her braids  
replaced by a blowout, her boho-chic now a flowing black  
jumpsuit. They cross to each other with Mabel in tow.



OLIVER

Loretta, my god, you're a vision.  
What a long, cold winter it's been  
without you.

MABEL

Oliver, she's only been gone five  
days. \*

OLIVER

A mere business week and yet, what  
business do I have to conduct  
without you by my side? \*

LORETTA

I know, I know, I'm sorry! I have  
been crazed-- Haven't been in  
touch with any-- \*

OLIVER

(interrupting) \*

Tell me everything. How's work?  
How's life? How's...  
(sour face)  
The constant sunshine?

LORETTA

(a little laugh)  
Well, work is a dream. I just love  
everyone at Norfbun.

MABEL

Sorry, Norfbun?

LORETTA

Oh, that's what we call *Grey's New  
Orleans Family Burn Unit* for short.  
Although we do have to explain it  
each time we say it. They've been  
so welcoming to me, but the hours  
are insane -- like ten out of  
twelves every day and they send the  
lines the night before, no  
rehearsal. But Dickie's been  
helping me, which, honestly, has  
been the best part. But tonight's  
not about *me*. Oh my god, a movie!  
Congratulations! Who could've  
imagined a week ago we'd *all* be  
Hollywood bound! \*

Oliver shoots Mabel an unsubtle glance.

LORETTA (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

MABEL  
I'll be at the bar.

OLIVER  
(as she goes)  
If you have trouble deciding what  
you want, just remember: MY LIFE  
DEPENDS ON IT.

22 Mabel smirks and we follow her to THE BAR, and a BARTENDER 22 \*

MABEL \*

I'll have... Umm-- \*

Eva suddenly appears next to her. \*

EVA LONGORIA \*

Give us those two bottles, a bowl \*

of limes, and... all those tiny \*

umbrellas, too. \*

Mabel tenses, still starstruck. \*

EVA LONGORIA (CONT'D) \*

So, the studio tells me you're \*

playing hardball. \*

MABEL \*

Oh, no, I just needed some time to \*

think about the whole life rights \*

thing. I'm sorry. \*

The bartender returns with the cocktail makings. \*

EVA LONGORIA \*

Don't apologize. In the script \*

you're kind of a sad sack, but here \*

you are squeezing the studio. I'm \*

just trying to understand your \*

character. \*

MABEL \*

Believe me, so am I. When we \*

started our podcast, I was in such \*

a different place -- I don't even \*

recognize that person anymore. But \*

then you hear some Hollywood woman \*

describe you and you're like, have \*

I changed at all? No place, no job \*

-- I'm in the same city as the guy \*

I've been dating and I haven't \*

called him... See? \*

Mabel shows her THREE MISSED CALLS from Tobert. \*

EVA LONGORIA \*

(Spanish pronunciation) \*

¿Tóbert? \*

MABEL \*

God, I wish that's how you \*

pronounced it. Anyway, sorry for \*

the spiel. \*

(MORE) \*

## MABEL (CONT'D)

I don't even know what I've done to  
be a character in some movie.

\*  
\*

## EVA LONGORIA

Look, I remember being your age --  
just a couple years ago, really --  
feeling like I was at a crossroads.  
I was making good money as an  
actress, but I always knew I wanted  
to direct and produce. And sell  
skin cream, ice cream, underwear,  
sports wear, beer, computers,  
tequila, and gin. So I did. I  
can't tell you whether to sell your  
life rights -- but if you do, take  
that money and build something with  
it. But stay out of tequila!  
That's mine!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

This lands. Eva grabs one of the bottles and exits, after \*  
dropping a very large tip.

23	BACK OUTSIDE	23	*
	Oliver and Loretta are still catching up, sitting before a fire pit inside an infinity pool.		* *
	LORETTA		*
	... her entire face is burned beyond recognition, but then they rush her into the Burn Unit and we do an emergency skin graft, only to reveal the donor is her ex-fiancé--		* * * * *
	OLIVER	LORETTA (CONT'D)	
	--and that's how they get back together--	-- <u>that's</u> how they get back together.	
	OLIVER (CONT'D)		*
	Oh, that's great.		*
	LORETTA		*
	Isn't it? Just so clever, and... stupid.		* *
	Oliver laughs.		*
	LORETTA (CONT'D)		*
	I do get network residuals, though.		*
	OLIVER		*
	Rawr... sexy.		*
	She looks around, then pulls him in for their first kiss since New York. They part reluctantly.		* *
	LORETTA		*
	I know it's not Broadway, but it <i>is</i> a great gig.		* *
	OLIVER		*
	Broadway... what a racket. Now, Hollywood -- Hollywood has <i>never</i> let me down... well, except when they removed my star from the Walk of Fame, because they said I had "no right to just put it there."		* * * * * *
	Loretta smiles at Oliver and touches his arm, sensing the anxiety he's trying to cover.		* *
	LORETTA		*
	I'm sorry about <i>Death Rattle</i> .		*

OLIVER

Me, too. I'm trying to channel all of that negative energy into my ulcer -- and all this positive energy into my new movie.

LORETTA

Yours? As in you're producing?  
How exciting!

OLIVER

(covering)

Well, I'm involved. Deeply, very deeply, profoundly. They need me, you know, it's my life. My life is being *brought* to life. In a sense, I've never been alive on so many levels, so, yeah, it's gonna be so good for me...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LORETTA

Yes! And having you in LA is gonna be *really* good for me.

OLIVER

Actually, I think we're shooting in New York.

LORETTA

Oh. No, of course. Why would you be-- But, I mean, now that the podcast is on hiatus and the musical is, you know... Would you consider coming this way?

Oliver hesitates. It's obvious he hadn't considered it. Loretta jumps in before he can reply.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

You know, honestly, with the hours I'm working, we'd hardly see each other.

OLIVER

No, I want to. I do. I just...

Loretta waits. Oliver has to get more real.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm watching you take off and fly away. I just... hope I can keep up with you.

LORETTA

I know, this is all so-- sudden.  
But look at us. We're both getting  
these wonderful opportunities and  
we have to jump on them! Because  
it's not like we have decades to...

(off Oliver, sad-nodding)

I love you, Oliver.

\*  
\*  
\*

Oliver brightens. Then, on an impulse, he asks:

OLIVER

Loretta, will you... ?

LORETTA

(a hanging beat)

Will -- I... ?

OLIVER

(panic, quick-reverse)

Um-- Will you let me think about  
it? Coming to LA?

LORETTA

Oh. Yeah, of *course!* Don't worry  
about it. We have *loads* of time.  
We'll figure it out.

\*  
\*  
\*

And they kiss again -- now with some added new confusion.

24 INT. DOWNSTAIRS BAR - NIGHT (N3)

24

Charles sits at the bar, eyeing several unanswered texts to Sazz -- and hears a WHISTLE. He turns and spots a woman blowing on the spout of a beer bottle. Hmm. The woman moves away to reveal someone who (from behind) looks just like Sazz, climbing a staircase to the upper floor. Charles gets up from his barstool and hurries after them.

24B INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME (HALLWAY) - MOMENTS LATER (N3) 24B

Charles catches up to the person who (from behind) looks just like Sazz.

CHARLES

Sazz!

"Sazz" turns to reveal she is actually SCOTT BAKULA.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Oh. Bakula.



SCOTT BAKULA  
 Hey, Charles. Congratulations.  
 Always nice to see another white-  
 haired white guy beat the odds.

CHARLES  
 Thanks, kind of. Hey, how's Joy?

SCOTT BAKULA  
 Great. We're having a baby.

CHARLES  
 What?

SCOTT BAKULA  
 Kidding. We use so much  
 protection. No, she's good. She  
 actually just sent me a photo...  
 (looks at phone)  
 ...but I can't show it to you.

CHARLES  
 Listen, Scott, I'm glad you're  
 here. Have you seen Sazz?

SCOTT BAKULA  
 I was gonna ask you the same thing.  
 She was supposed to double for me  
 on this pilot but she never showed.  
 We had to replace her.

Off Charles, gutted, his worst fears becoming more real.

25

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - MOMENTS LATER (N3)

25

Mabel finds Bev Melon chatting with Marshall inside.

MABEL

Do you have a minute?

BEV MELON

I've been waiting all day to have a minute with you.

MARSHALL

Mind if I observe? Research. I'm just a fly on the wall.

MABEL

I know you thought you could wow me with your presentation and your stars and I would just agree to whatever deal you put in front of me, but that's not how I do things.

MARSHALL

Jesus. That's going in the script.  
(off Bev)  
Sorry. Fly, wall.

BEV MELON

What's it gonna take?

Mabel hands her a folded napkin, which Bev opens to find written on it: "8." Marshall peers to see, then at Mabel: "Fuuuck!" Bev takes a deep breath. Mabel just smiles.

26

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - NIGHT (N3)

26

Oliver stands at the edge of the terrace. When he sees Mabel approaching, he throws a leg over the railing.

OLIVER

No pressure!

From behind her back, she pulls champagne and three flutes.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Oh, thank God. Take a raincheck,  
Reaper!

(to Mabel)

I never doubted you for a second.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MABEL

Let's go find Charles.

\*

They turn, but he's already there, looking dead serious.

CHARLES

I also have news. Not the fun  
kind.

With that bringing them back to the case, we... **END ACT TWO.**

27 EXT. THE SUNSET SWAN (COURTYARD) - NIGHT (EST.) (N3) 27

Back at Sazz's old Hollywood apartment complex, darker now, our trio quietly trots over to hover at Sazz's door -- as Charles works his jimmy keys. Mabel and Oliver stand watch.

28 INT. THE SUNSET SWAN (SAZZ'S APT.) - NIGHT (SAME) (N3) 28

The door squeaks open and the trio peers inside. The courtyard lights of The Sunset Swan make it spooky as Charles and Mabel use their phone lights to search. Oliver hits a wall switch and--

CHARLES

Don't hit the--

The lights illuminate a gallery wall -- several lit-up FRAMED X-RAY PHOTO BOXES. They go to them.

MABEL

What are these?

CHARLES

Ah, Sazz's pride and joy. Her shrine to all the broken bones she's gotten while on the job.

Mabel leans to read an engraved silver plaque under an X-ray.

MABEL

"My first big break."

CHARLES

She's had so many joints replaced with metal. Apparently, the best ones come from Bulgaria. She only gets them from there.

OLIVER

Bulgaria. I once spent a week in Bulgaria with Twiggy and Tommy Tune --never felt both so fat and short.

Suddenly, they hear A DOOR SLAM -- from inside here, or not?

CHARLES

Sazz? Are you here?

They wait, but only hear THE SOUND OF A SIREN out the window.

Spooked, they continue searching. Charles goes to a desk as \*  
BZZZ!! MABEL GETS A TEXT. \*

MABEL \*  
(checking her phone) \*  
It's Howard... \*

HOWARD'S TEXT: "**Fun nudge about my excellent podcast idea,** \*  
**"Animal Jobs."**

Up pops A PHOTO OF HIS NEW DOG: "**Gravey is ready to**  
**record!"**

Mabel types back: "Let's talk when I get back to NY. BTW, you're spelling Gravy wrong."

CHARLES

--the hell? What's all this?

Mabel and Oliver join Charles over at Sazz's desk -- where his phone light reveals some index cards with notes she seems to have written to herself: "DUDENOFF. 773440. WEST TOWER."

On others: "SICK PUP. HELGA. LONG GAME. LOOKING AT CHARLES." \*

OLIVER

"Looking at Charles?"

Charles stares at the notes, so confused by them.

CHARLES

Where *is* she?

Then "SHE'S AN ANGEL IN FLIP-FLOPS, PITTA PUTTA" -- jolts them all. Charles's ring tone on his phone. He answers.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Hello?

29 INT. CHARLES'S APT. (KITCHEN) - NIGHT (SAME) (N3) 29

LESTER stands near Charles's window, on the phone. In the B.G., the hole in the window SOFTLY WHISTLES.

LESTER

Hey Charles, it's Lester. I got your note here about changing out your glass, but I couldn't get it done today. First thing tomorrow--

30 BACK WITH CHARLES 30

CHARLES

Wait, wait -- what note, Lester?

LESTER

A note I got today at the desk saying you need your kitchen window replaced -- maybe some bird hit it, or something left a little hole?  
(holds phone near window)  
Hear that whistling?

CLOSE ON CHARLES, as he remembers waking in his apartment -- and FLASH TO HIM HEARING THAT WHISTLE. BACK WITH CHARLES:

CHARLES

Hold on, how small a hole is it?  
Like-- a bullet hole?

LESTER

Nah, it can't be--  
(he looks closer)  
Well... ?

CHARLES

Lester, don't touch that window.

Charles hangs up and looks at Oliver, his mind whirling, as BZZZ! -- Mabel gets a text back from Howard. She reads:  
**"No, it's Gravey with an "ey" because I just found out he was a cadaver dog for the police. Get it? Grave-y. That's his animal job!**

CLOSE ON MABEL, as she remembers days ago in Charles' kitchen -- AND FLASH TO HER BENDING, SEEING RED DOTS ON HIS BROILER -- THEN FLASH TO GRAVEY BARKING AT OLIVER, SEATED ON THE FLOOR. BACK WITH MABEL -- maybe the dog wasn't barking at Oliver.

MABEL

Oh, my god. You guys--

OLIVER

What?

CHARLES

We have to get back to New York.

31 EXT. LAX AIRPORT RUNWAY - (NIGHT) (STOCK FOOTAGE) 31

A red-eye whistles as it takes off to NY, and we HEAR OVER:

CHARLES (V.O.)

A great movie moment can live in your head forever.

INTERCUT WITH:

*MOMENTS OF SERGIO LEONE'S "ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST" -- BEGINNING WITH THE HAUNTING SOUND AND IMAGES OF THE WINDMILL AT THE DESERT TRAIN DEPOT AS ALL WAIT FOR A TRAIN TO ROLL IN.*

CHARLES (V.O.)

The opening of "Once Upon A Time In The West" is seven minutes of nothing but sounds and images -- and once you see it, you never forget it.

32 EXT. ARCONIA - DAWN (EST. SHOT) (D4) 32

The sun is rising at the Arconia as the early morning sounds of New York City waking up creep in, hauntingly.

33 INT. CHARLES'S APT. (KITCHEN/FOYER) - DAWN (D4) 33

THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE WINDOW GLASS we see Charles, Mabel and Oliver returning from LA to rush over to that window. They all look at the hole. A bullet hole? Very possibly.



Charles pulls his phone out of his coat pocket and pulls up his text chain with "Sazz." Charles texts: **"Who are you?"**

*BACK TO "ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST" -- a man with a wide brimmed hat tries to catch a nap but A FLY BUZZES ALL AROUND HIS HEAD, NOT LETTING HIM SLEEP.*

34 BACK WITH THE TRIO IN CHARLES'S APT. 34

They all look for a sign of a body having been on the floor. Mabel bends at the oven and looks at those little red dots on the handle to Charles's broiler -- when KNOCK! KNOCK! Mabel looks up to Oliver -- who seems to know who's at the door. She nods and Oliver goes to open up.

*BACK TO "ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST" -- A DOG ROAMS AROUND THE DEPOT, WHINING, IN SEARCH OF FOOD.*

35 BACK WITH THE TRIO IN CHARLES'S APT. 35

Oliver ushers Howard in, as he leads Gravey into the kitchen. The trio watch the dog bark and rub and roll his body on the floor. Holy shit. Everyone eyes each other. But how and why would someone move a body -- and where did they put it?

*BACK TO "ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST" -- BAM! -- THE MAN IN THE HAT CATCHES THAT BUZZING FLY BY PLACING HIS PISTOL AGAINST A DEPOT POST -- HE HOLDS IT, CAPTURED, IN HIS GUN.*

36 INT. ARCONIA HALLWAY (OUTSIDE CHARLES'S) - SAME (D4) 36

The trio and Howard follow Gravey as he sniffs his way back to the front door where he scratches. They open the door and the dog sniffs to a trash closet door, which the trio opens. INSIDE is an old trash chute with A SIGN ABOVE: **DO NOT USE, INCINERATOR OUT OF ORDER.** The dog frantically scratches its paws on the chute -- as the trio shifts from confusion to a moment they all remember, and we QUICK FLASH TO...

THE OPENING SCENE OF THIS EPISODE, as our trio recorded their final podcast of last season -- and THE POWER SURGE THAT HASN'T HAPPENED IN A WHILE -- CAUSED BY THE OLD INCINERATOR.

BACK WITH OUR TRIO, having a sickening realization, they head out of that closet as WE HEAR A LOUD TRAIN WHISTLE AND GO...

*BACK TO "ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST" -- WHERE THE TRAIN IS FINALLY ROLLING ON ITS TRACKS INTO THE STATION.*

37 INT. ARCONIA BASEMENT - DAWN - MOMENTS LATER (D4) 37

Our trio runs in and over to the old incinerator. Charles bends to the doors of it and opens them -- inside, nothing but a pile of ashes. Mabel and Oliver watch as Charles desperately starts putting his hands through the ashes.

Nothing. Until... he feels something, then another -- and he pulls out two pieces of singed metal, oddly shaped -- vaguely like the shape of a shoulder, and a knee -- joints.

So distressed, Charles blows the ash off of one of the joints -- and engraved on it in small print is the word, "**Bulgaria.**" This is Sazz. His friend. Among these ashes.

Then... PING! All jolt again. And Charles, with his hands full and covered in ash, can't get to his phone in his coat.

Oliver reaches in and pulls out the phone -- and he and Mabel stand over Charles, as they see a new text...

FROM "SAZZ" (in response to Charles's text, "Who are you?"):  
**"Not your fucking friend."**

OFF MABEL AND OLIVER'S LOOK to each other of, "Oh, no... " --

CHARLES LOOKS UP TO THEM, tearfully just absorbing the loss of his friend, but curious what that text says, AS WE--

SMASH TO BLACK.