

ONLY MURDERS IN THE BUILDING

Written by

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Episode One: True Crime

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OVER BLACK: WE HEAR SIRENS BLARING -- AND SMASH TO...

INT. NEW YORK PRE-WAR APARTMENT BUILDING (VARIOUS) - NIGHT

COPS SWARMING -- BLACK BOOTS POUND marble floors of a lobby -- and down long carpeted hallways -- where TENANTS PEEK OUT -- "DOORS CLOSED! STAY INSIDE!" -- DOORS SLAM SHUT -- GUNS ARE DRAWN -- as COPS APPROACH TWO APARTMENTS, ON TWO FLOORS -- where a go-ahead is given -- AND TWO DOORS ARE KICKED OPEN!

IN THE STAIRWELL -- STEVE and MARTY (whom we'll come to know) frantically run down the stairs in terrified, escape-mode.

STEVE AND MARTY

Ohmygodohmygodohmygodohmygod!!!

STEVE

We have to get her! I'm not leaving her here!

MARTY

Oh, and I would?!

STEVE

Of course you would!!

MARTY

OF COURSE I WOULD!!!

THEY RUSH OUT OF THE STAIRWELL INTO A HALLWAY WITH NO COPS -- and aim toward an apartment door at the end, slightly ajar. A GLANCE OF CONCERN BETWEEN THEM, AS THEY RUN AND BURST...

IN THE APARTMENT -- where they are immediately struck frozen by what they see -- a stylish young woman, MABEL (whom we'll come to know) IS ON THE FLOOR, COVERED IN BLOOD, HUNCHED OVER THE BLOODIED DEAD BODY OF A YOUNG MAN IN A TIE-DYED HOODIE (face unseen).

MABEL

(looking up to the guys)
It's not what you think.

STEVE AND MARTY TAKE IN THIS SHOCK as the happy, bouncy intro to Jan & Dean's cover of the classic "Manhattan" kicks up.

JAN & DEAN (RECORDING)

*We'll have Manhattan! -- the Bronx
and Staten Island, too...*

HARD CUT TO BLACK -- WHERE WORDS APPEAR: **TWO MONTHS EARLIER**

EXT. NEW YORK STREET (UPPER WEST SIDE) - MAGIC HOUR, TODAY

Jan & Dean sing about the isle of joy Manhattan can be -- as STEVE walks home -- happily energized in hat and shades, amid a diverse throng on a fall evening where the city has never felt more alive or comfortingly communal. HEAR STEVE OVER:

STEVE (V.O.)
Here's a thing I don't get --
people who worry about living in a
big city because of all the crime.

He tips his hat to a woman passerby. She pushes her glasses up, using her middle finger. Steve smiles and carries on.

STEVE (V.O.)
As any true-crime aficionado will
tell you, it's the boondocks you
need to worry about.

He stops outside a bodega to pick up red and yellow peppers. He sniffs them. Feels them. Smiles at the owner who mists the produce and nods to a sign: "You Touch It, You Buy It."

STEVE (V.O.)
I mean, let's face it: nobody ever
discovered 19 bodies buried in the
backyard of a 27-story apartment
building. Because a backyard here
is a courtyard -- and there's about
200 windows and 400 eyes with a
view of that courtyard.

He pays and, with his bag of peppers, he's on his way again.

STEVE (V.O.)
Long way around to say, there's
safety in numbers. Like the
numbers who live at... The Arcadia.

Steve rounds a corner and looks up ahead to THE ARCADIA -- gleaming in the last bit of sun -- a stunning 27-story pre-war architectural landmark apartment building.

On the street, a YOUNG COUPLE approaches Steve.

GUY ON STREET
Hey, hold up, are you... ?

Steve grins and removes his sunglasses with a flourish.

STEVE
I'm... Brazzos.

GUY ON STREET
 Oh, shit! Dude, I used to watch
 that show with my dad -- it was his
 favorite. What was that thing you
 always said?

Steve leans in, preparing to deliver his signature line, and
 WE QUICK CUT TO -- **A MOMENT FROM "BRAZZOS" (CBS, CIRCA '92)** --
 WHERE A DARK-HAIRED STEVE LEANS INTROSPECTIVELY TO CAMERA.

STEVE AS "BRAZZOS"
This sends the investigation...

BACK ON THE STREET, TODAY

STEVE
... into a whole new direction.

GUY ON STREET
 Yes! Damn -- this is so cool.
 (then, sad...)
 Dad has ALS now. He can't really
 talk or feed himself anymore.

STEVE
 Oh, I'm sor--

GUY ON STREET
 He's in hospice, but he just won't
 let go. Honestly, it'd be better
 for our whole family if he would.

Steve nods, waits... awkward.

STEVE
 Would you like a picture?

GUY ON STREET
 Oh, man -- thanks, that's so nice!

The guy then hands Steve his phone and puts an arm around his
 girl -- for Steve to take a picture of them. Mortifying.

GIRLFRIEND
 Can you do it horizontal and get
 the park behind us?

Steve takes the shot for them.

STEVE
 You tell your dad Brazzos took that
 picture.

GUY ON STREET
 I will, but he won't understand.
 (so sad)
 Not anymore. Thanks again, man!

Steve continues on his way, a little less happily, as WE NOW HEAR MABEL OVER:

MABEL (V.O.)
 New York can be a fuckin' lot...

EXT. ANOTHER NEW YORK STREET - SAME

Dua Lipa's "Don't Start Now" kicks in as MABEL (mid-20's) walks home in a knit hat with a yellow pom-pom, Beats headphones playing Dua in her ears and big white sunglasses -- to avoid all the eyes she's catching right now.

MABEL (V.O.)
 All the eyes on you, all the time.

GUY ON STREET #2
 Hey baby, where you goin' so tough?

Mabel ignores him.

MABEL (V.O.)
 2000 women report assaults here every year. So it's a place that makes you binge Dateline to find out how not to end up on Dateline. I have this recurring dream...

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT (MABEL'S DREAM)

FROM ABOVE, we see Mabel, asleep on a mattress on the floor.

MABEL (V.O.)
 I'm in bed. I wake up.

WE DROP DOWN AND PUSH IN -- and Mabel's eyes snap open.

MABEL (V.O.)
 And there's a man standing over me.

IN REVERSE -- A MASKED MAN stands over her on the mattress.

MABEL (V.O.)
 I have no idea what he wants, what he's gonna do to me -- but I know it's gonna be bad. So I Megan Rapinoe him smack in the nuts...

THWAM! She hard-kicks up and the masked man doubles over and falls to where Mabel has just lunged out of the way...

MABEL (V.O.)
... and grab my Apple pencil off my iPad.

BACK ON THE STREET

Mabel continues her walk PAST AN APPLE STORE.

MABEL (V.O.)
I'm an Apple girl. Fuck that Microsoft Android bullshit. Steve Jobs would come back from the dead and pig-fuck an Android. Anyway...

BACK TO MABEL'S BEDROOM -- AND HER DREAM

Mabel climbs atop the masked man, pinning his arms down with her knees.

MABEL (V.O.)
Sometimes, when I can't sleep... I imagine that dude standing over me.

She stabs him in the eyes repeatedly with her Apple pencil.

MABEL (V.O.)
And I imagine taking him down to the bone with that Apple pencil.

Finally, she rolls off and looks at the ceiling. WE RISE TO SEE MABEL IS NOW BACK ALONE. She shuts her eyes, peacefully.

MABEL (V.O.)
And I'm out like a light. Works every time.

BACK ON THE STREET

Mabel continues on her way.

MABEL (V.O.)
As I said, it's a lot. Don't be here if you don't like a lot.

A selection from "Annie" kicks in and WE HEAR MARTY OVER:

MARTY (V.O.)
N. Y. C. What is it about you?

EXT. ANOTHER NEW YORK STREET - SAME

MARTY, in a full-length "braided" coat that could have him mistaken for a Bergamasco Sheepdog at Westminster, speeds to catch the last seconds of a crosswalk light.

MARTY (V.O.)

Which, of course, is a line from a big hit show about an orphan. And don't we all feel like orphans here at times, struggling to find our place? I saw this brilliant dance piece on the world-wide-web recently, set to *Clair de Lune*...

QUICK CUT TO:

FOOTAGE OF A DANCE PIECE TO "CLAIR DE LUNE" -- where a male dancer bounces on a trampoline, trying to ascend a staircase.

MARTY (V.O.)

A simple premise -- of a man trying to reach the top of a staircase, and falling -- but always trying to find some new way to bounce back up again. And I thought... isn't that each of us every day in this big burg? That's life in New Yo--

HONK!!! -- BACK ON THE STREET -- Marty is now in the middle of the crosswalk, having almost been hit by a Prius.

MARTY

(yelling to the driver)

Really? Do you not see this coat?!

As Marty finishes his narration WE RISE TO TAKE IN THE BLOCK.

MARTY (V.O.)

Still, one thing is certain here -- just when it's all starting to feel the same, that's when you get hit by something you never saw coming.

THE CITY SOUNDS ENVELOP -- and we see Marty enter the place he calls home... The Arcadia.

INT. ARCADIA LOBBY - LATE DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Steve enters, clearly in a hurry, and spots Marty -- *that* guy... collecting a tall stack of packages while chatting up the doorman, LESTER.

MARTY
 ... these are all research for new shows I'm developing -- some "Off," some "Off-Off." Stay out of the theater if you want a life, Lester.

Steve pointedly slips past Marty and over to the elevators -- where one is just opening. Yes! He steps...

INT. ARCADIA ELEVATOR - LATE DAY (CONTINUOUS)

... and hits 18.

MARTY (O.S.)
 Hold that, please!

Shit. Steve repeat-hits "Door Close" but Marty hops on.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 Thanks, I have a thing that's--

STEVE
 --yeah, me too.

Marty manages, despite his boxes, to hit 15. As they wait, Marty sees it's Steve through an opening in his boxes.

MARTY
 Oh. Hello.
 (off Steve's nod)
 Filming something today?

STEVE
 I'm sorry?

MARTY
 All the makeup. I just assumed--

STEVE
 I'm not wearing makeup.

MARTY
 Oh. Okay.
 (then, with a wink)
 Me neither.

Steve hits "Door Close" but the doors are now stopped by the arm of Mabel -- who steps in (Beats, shades on) and hits 17. She slips to a back corner to scroll her phone and THEY RIDE UP IN SILENCE. Steve checks the time on his phone: 6:58.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 It's not 7 yet, is it?

STEVE AND MABEL

No./Nope.

Seems they're all in a rush -- as the elevator stops at 11. 11? Nobody hit 11. The doors open and on steps TIM (late 20's, Asian, Wall Street vibe), holding a half-full plastic garbage bag, while on a call he *continues* at full-voice.

TIM (ON PHONE)

Tim Lee, yeah... do you see anything you got in today's-- ?
(mistakenly hits Floor 12,
then hits 14)
Shoot-- sorry.

Steve and Marty want to strangle him now as the doors close.

TIM (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

You do. Okay. I don't know why this keeps happening... well, this one is very important to me... Really? I can't get it sooner? Well, how early tomorrow... ?

Finally, Tim gets off on 14. Silence. Marty looks at Mabel.

MARTY

(he can hang "millennial")
Do you like your Beats?

Mabel stares forward, unclear as to ignoring/not hearing.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I had a red pair. Loved 'em. But I left them on the train one d--

STEVE

DING!

Marty turns to Steve, who smiles, the doors are open on 15.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Man... if I ever lost *my* Beats?

Marty gives Steve a pinched look as he heads off, toting his boxes. The doors close on Mabel and a newly-pleased Steve.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As the bluegrass twang of Yo-Yo Ma's "Attaboy" kicks in (the theme to Steve's latest true-crime podcast obsession), Steve trots down his hall, checking his phone to find it's 7:00 and a new episode of **ALL IS NOT OK IN OKLAHOMA** has just dropped!

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - LATE DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Steve hurries into his bachelor abode -- dominated by a poster of himself in *BRAZZOS* -- overlooking the park on one side and the Arcadia courtyard on the other.

He puts his peppers in the fridge (where we see more eggs and peppers) then heads to a coffee table to unfold a map of Chickasha, Oklahoma he's marked up with clues and locations of suspects. He positions himself on the couch, just-so, sets his phone down and preps to hit play on his app...

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Marty runs around his "old-school London meets Moulin Rouge" place he shares with his bulldog, PETE -- setting up for optimal immersion in that same podcast.

He links his laptop to Bose speakers by his baby grand, sits in a velvet lounge and lights up a fake fireplace with one remote and uses another for those speakers. Here we go...

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT (MAIN/HALL/MASTER) - SAME

Mabel enters an almost empty eight-room expanse and passes vast rooms till reaching her bedroom, with only a big chandelier and her mattress on the floor. Mabel flops and finds her new episode of "ALL IS NOT OK..." and HITS PLAY...

INTERCUTTING NOW -- WE WATCH OUR THREE LONELY TENANTS GET HAPPILY SWEEPED AWAY TO OKLAHOMA... where farm noises mix with the voice of a podcast narrator (a la Sarah Koenig) whom we call "Tina Feynig." Ha. No. We call her... CINDA CORNING.

CINDA CORNING (PODCAST V.O.)

When Ray Butler walked me to his barn that day in Chickasha, I was thinking more about his unorthodox clothing choice for farm living...

IN STEVE'S IMAGINATION, lovely CINDA ambles to that barn with a 60-ish farmer, Ray, wearing a light blue seersucker suit.

CINDA CORNING (PODCAST V.O.) (CONT'D)

... and wasn't expecting to find anything related to the disappearance of his niece, Becky.

IN MABEL'S IMAGINATION, a 30-ish Ray wears a long black silk robe and Doc Martens.

CINDA CORNING (PODCAST V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But that all changed because of
 what was going on in the back of
 one of the cattle stalls....

IN MARTY'S IMAGINATION, a study Ray is full-frontal naked.

CINDA CORNING (PODCAST V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ... where Ray's old Lab, Bo, was
 digging at something in the dirt.

INTERCUT MORE RAPIDLY BETWEEN OUR THREE, ALL PIQUED, leaning
 forward -- what the fuck is Bo digging up?

CINDA CORNING (PODCAST V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Once he got his dug-up prize, Bo
 ran proudly to me with it dangling
 in his mouth. It took a moment to
 absorb what it was, then it became
 all too clear... Bo had found--

THWONK THWONK THWONK!! Our three jolt -- WHAT THE FUCK!?!
 IT'S THE BUILDING'S FIRE ALARM -- loud and persistent --
 which also has CUT OFF ALL MAIN POWER IN THE BUILDING.

OUR INTERCUTTING CONTINUES... as they all spring up, unable
 to hear their podcast now. In the dark, they grab up coats,
 phones... Steve his map, Marty his laptop and Pete in his
 doggie tote, Mabel her Beats, and ALL HEAD TO THEIR HALLS
 (where security lights flash) AND ELEVATORS -- WHICH ARE OUT.

INT. VARIOUS STAIRWELL SECTIONS - CONTINUOUS

Down the steps our three go, in the dark, amid other tenants.
 NOTE TO READER: This descent sequence will ultimately hold
 many critical clues pertinent to an investigation to come.

Mabel passes a YOUNG MOTHER who yells down to her 10 year-old
 son in Spanish -- she can't find her other son Marty
 spots a GREEK GUY shouting up to his brother to stay-put.

Steve is bumped by SOMEONE HEADING UP THE STAIRS WEARING A
 TYE-DYED HOODIE. Up? Why is someone going up? Confusing,
 but Steve continues down... all to that alarm.

INT. ARCADIA LOBBY - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Steve steps out of the stairwell and goes to the doorman,
 Lester, on his cell and ushering tenants outside.

LESTER
 Somebody smelled smoke -- we're
 finding out.

Steve checks his phone and his paused podcast. Gets an idea.

INT. BILLY SPRINGBORN'S - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

In a bustling bistro across from the Arcadia, Steve steps in, scans for a quieter booth -- and spots one free! Excellent.

AT STEVE'S BOOTH -- MOMENTS LATER

Steve has his Oklahoma map spread out. He presses his phone to his ear, then looks up and JOLTS to find Marty. And Pete.

MARTY
 Look who got the last booth.
 (off Steve's hesitation)
 Listen, if I've ever offended you
 during any of the many times you've
 auditioned for me--

STEVE
 I've never -- auditioned for you.

MARTY
 (a staring beat)
 Are you not Scott Bakula?

STEVE
 I am not.

MARTY
 Oh, you're the *other* one! Got it.
 (untangling his ear buds)
 I won't say a word. My favorite
 podcast just dropped a new epis--

He sees Steve's map of Chickasha and both realize together...

STEVE
 What does Bo have in his mouth?!

MARTY
 I DON'T KNOW!!

AT STEVE AND MARTY'S BOOTH -- MOMENTS LATER

Steve and Marty now sit over Marty's laptop sharing Marty's earbuds, with balled-up napkins in their other ears, riveted to what they're hearing.

MABEL (O.S.)
 Fine, fine -- let it sit empty. I
 was gonna spend "Pretty Woman"
 money here, so you know.

Marty looks up and sees Mabel -- being booted by a host from
 a "Reserved" two-top she's tried to nab in the packed place.

MABEL (CONT'D)
 (giving Julia Roberts)
 "Big mistake. Huge." Yeah, you
 didn't think I'd have that
 reference in my pocket, did you?

She spots Marty, waving her over. *Okay... elevator guys...*

MARTY
 Sit! Half the building's in here.
 I'm Marty, by the by, Marty Pepper.

STEVE
 Hi, I'm Steve.

MABEL
 Hey... I'm Mabel.

Steve bursts out laughing.

STEVE
 No, really, what's your...
 (off Mabel's stare)
 ... greaaat "old-school" name!

MARTY
 (to Mabel)
 Would you mind -- just for 40
 minutes -- not talking?

Mabel looks at the map and podcast graphic on his laptop.

MABEL
 Get out.
 (holds up her phone to
 show, she's one of them)
 What the fuck is in Bo's mouth?

STEVE AND MARTY
 BECKY'S PANTIES!!!

Mabel goes jaw-dropped and plugs her Beats in Marty's laptop.

AT STEVE, MARTY AND MABEL'S BOOTH - AN HOUR LATER

Done listening now -- this odd trio is deep in theorizing. They all eat -- with Mabel notably chowing down, from her plate and theirs.

STEVE

It is NOT Ray. Too obvious.

MABEL

Exactly.

MARTY

I'm just relieved SOMETHING of Becky Butler showed up somewhere -- I almost forgot who went missing.

MABEL

They took too long with it.

STEVE

Her diary, "*Becky had a smile that lit up the room,*" blah-blah...

MARTY

I love a good peeling of the onion but let's pace it up, people!

A good head-nod from all. Then Marty turns to Mabel...

MARTY (CONT'D)

To that point -- who are you, you fascinating creature???

(off Mabel, taken aback)

I mean, we got our places thirty years ago when The Arcadia was affordable, but you -- do your parents have a place there?

STEVE

Good god -- you don't have to answer that, Mabel. Unless you want to. Because I'm also curious.

Mabel considers this then, with a squint, she eyes Steve.

MABEL

How do I know you?

MARTY

Steve was in this old TV show called -- what was it, *Bozos*?

STEVE

Brazzos.

MABEL

Oh. Okay.

Steve waits for more. There is none.

MARTY

So... that's Steve. Formerly
recognizable--

STEVE

Kinda' beloved.

MARTY

Lifelong bachelor-- ?

STEVE

By choice.

MARTY

As for *me*... directing is my day
job, as I'm sure you know.

Mabels stares at him blankly, which Steve loves.

MARTY (CONT'D)

But my grandchildren... ? They're
my passion. I only wish I had more
time to spend with them. That's
really all we want, isn't it? More
time with the people we love?

STEVE

(apologetic, to Mabel)
I literally pass him in the
elevator once a month, just so you
know.

MARTY

And those, my dear, are our onions.
Raw and un-peeled. And yours?
Care to un-peel for us?

STEVE

Really... ?

Mabel considers these two strangers, then:

MABEL

I bet we can get back in the
building now.

(MORE)

MABEL (CONT'D)
 (going for the check)
 Can I... ?

STEVE
 Absolutely not. We've got it.

MARTY
 Absolutely.
 (then, to Steve)
 Thanks so much.

Marty grabs up Pete and exits, leaving Steve with the check.

EXT. THE ARCADIA - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

The trio exits the bistro and crosses the street to find COP CARS AND AN AMBULANCE ON ACTIVE ALERT OUTSIDE THE ARCADIA.

STEVE
 What the hell... ?

He leads them to Lester, the doorman.

LESTER
 Found someone dead.

STEVE
 What?!

LESTER
 Sounds like they offed themselves.
 14th floor. Can't let anyone in.

Lester goes and our group eyes each other. Three true crime obsessives -- and now there's been A DEATH IN THEIR BUILDING? ANGLE ON STEVE, LOOKING UP TO THE BUILDING... AND HEAR OVER:

STEVE (V.O.)
 Since The Arcadia opened in 1903, a total of 48 tenants and six non-tenants have died in the building. Most by natural causes -- three have been deemed questionable.

IN RAPID CUTS, WE FLASH ON...

- * A WOMAN, IN 1920's GARB, HANGING FROM A CHANDELIER IN 8B.
- * A MIDDLE-AGED MAN UNDER A TOPPLED REFRIGERATOR in 4D.
- * A TEENAGED GIRL with foam dripping from her mouth in 14A.

BACK WITH OUR GROUP ON THE STREET

All are stunned, and wildly curious...

MABEL

Did he say 14th Floor?

MARTY

I think-- oh god, did they jump?
DID THEY LEAP TO THEIR DEATH?

STEVE

Hey... I know a way into the back
freight elevator. Follow me?

MABEL

Yeah. But we should take it up to
13, then take the stairs.
(off the guys' "why?")
They'll have cops posted on 14.

Steve and Marty exchange an "ooh, she's good" look as they head off, trying to look casual and not sneaky at all.

INT. THE ARCADIA (STAIRWELL/HALL) - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Riding on big-time adrenaline, our three super-quietly open the stairwell door on 14 and peek down the hall. A COP walks by and they freeze! He's headed away from them, though...

This gives our trio a moment to slip out to the hall to see police activity around an apartment down the way. They tip-toe toward it, and a detective standing with his back to them -- mumbling about this "suicide."

The detective steps away, revealing to our group... A VICTIM ON THE FLOOR -- HIS FACE ANGLED OUT TOWARD THEM, CONTORTED -- HIS SKULL HAS BEEN BLOWN TO BITS BY AN AT-POINT FATAL GUNSHOT EXPOSING BRAIN AND MATTER, SOAKING IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

THIS STOPS OUR TRIO COLD. What makes the shock worse is... the victim is TIM, whom they all shared an elevator with only an hour ago. Steve starts to hyperventilate, Marty looks like he's going to projectile -- so Mabel pulls them back. They all RUN SILENTLY BACKWARDS AND PANICKED, back into... THE STAIRWELL -- where they try to collect themselves.

STEVE/MARTY

(whispering, breathless)
Ohmygodohmygodohmygodohmygod...

MARTY

It's that guy!?

STEVE
His head was-- I've seen "TV dead
bodies," but that-- have you ever?

Marty is dry-heaving. Clearly, he hasn't.

STEVE (CONT'D)
He shot himself?

MABEL
No. He didn't.

The guys look at her -- a steely resolve on her face.

MABEL (CONT'D)
We saw him, what, an hour ago? Did
he seem like he was about to do
something like that?

The guys take that in -- no, he did not -- but before they
can respond THE STAIRWELL DOOR YANKS OPEN.

STEVE AND MARTY
AHH!!!

It's DETECTIVE DONNIE WILLIAMS (straight out of THE WIRE).

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS
You associated with the deceased?

MARTY
No. We don't, um--

They all vaguely shake their heads "no."

STEVE
We're neighbors. In the building.
We live in the building.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS
Uh-huh. So you know the deceased?

MARTY
Just in passing.

STEVE
Not *his* passing.

MARTY
Yes, no, when we'd pass *by* him.

STEVE
Before he passed.

MARTY

That's right. But are you sure it's... suicide? Even in passing, he didn't seem the type.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

(sizing them up further)

Right... but you don't know him.

STEVE

Look... obviously, you're just starting your investigation, looking at all the forensics--

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

Oh, shit... What the fuck show are you all hooked on?

The trio looks appropriately called out.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I swear, if I meet one more of you true-crime nuts...

He steps into the stairwell, closing the door behind him.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Alright, listen up. You want true crime? Way back, there was complaints about a guy who'd gone missing up on 121st St. This guy had this big fat roommate who said he hadn't seen the missing guy for six days. But fatty's neighbor knew, better than anybody else, something was funky in that apartment -- said he heard those two fighting all the time. So the cops start their search, begin their work -- but this "neighbor" decides he's gonna check out that apartment when the big man's not home. So he gets in there, searches around, finds nothing -- till he looks around in the freezer where, way in the back behind some chicken wings, he pulls out a baggie that's got inside it... a goddamn toe.

STEVE

Oh, no.

MARTY

Which toe? Pinkie toe?

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

It was a middle goddamn toe. Hard to figure out which one with those--

MARTY

--cause some look like thumbs.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

Right. So he pulls out this toe -- and sees there's teeth marks on it.

MARTY

Oh, god!

STEVE

He was eating him??!

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

Fat fuck was eating him.

MABEL

Fuccccccck.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

And while the neighbor's processing this fact, guess who comes home?

STEVE

Oh, no.

MARTY

What's going to happen?

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

Big man sees this guy over by his freezer and they get into it, down to the floor -- and the neighbor's hand goes in fatty's mouth--

STEVE, MABEL AND MARTY

NO!!!

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

Lucky for that neighbor he grabbed a frying pan and he knocked that fucker out till the cops showed up.

Our trio all exhales in huge relief.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You know what that nosy neighbor learned that day? He learned to let the pros handle this shit.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

And believe it or not, he actually became a cop himself, soon after.

STEVE

Do you know this guy?

Williams holds up his hand, revealing he's missing a middle finger. Steve, Marty and Mabel look stunned.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

That's true crime. And THIS... was a suicide. Residue powder on his hand, evidence of financial stress and a voice recording he left on his phone saying he was outta here. Which is where you all need to be.

STEVE

But, what if--

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

It's not. Trust me.
(opens the door, hollers)
Hey! Kindly escort these "true-crime nuts" back outside.

Looking like they're off to detention, the three get up.

EXT. THE ARCADIA - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER)

Outside, they all watch the yellow tape come down as a body bag holding Tim rolls out, followed by Detective Williams.

STEVE

Look, we were all caught up in the podcast -- our minds were just on the track of something being fishy.

MARTY

Yeah, that's probably it.

MABEL

So, you're just going to listen to some nine-finger cop over what you know in your gut?

Something in the emotion of how she asked this hits Steve.

STEVE

No... I'm not saying that. Because if he's wrong, that means there's a killer out there -- and they may be living right here in our building.

Wow. Then Marty can't help himself...

MARTY
Sorry, I'm gonna need another read
on that.

STEVE
What?

MARTY
Take it again for me -- but hit
"killer" a little harder.

STEVE
You're a theater director, not a--
(steps back, actor reflex)
"If he's wrong, that means there's
a KILLER out there somewhere-- "

MARTY
No, sorry -- I want you to really
punch "somewhere."

STEVE
... "a killer out there SOMEWHERE."
Mmm, that feels false.

MARTY
Yeah, no, you're right. Lemme
think...

MABEL
What's happening right now?! There
may have been someone murdered and
we may have been the last people to
see him and you two are--
(then)
You know what -- forget it.

She exits. A long beat, then...

MARTY
You see how natural that was?

STEVE
Shut up.

Tom Waits' "*Little Drop of Poison*" kicks in and PLAYS OVER...

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - NIGHT (LATER)

At his stove, Steve uses those peppers we saw him buy to make an incredible omelette, displaying a chef's familiarity with this -- but he's clearly in his head.

He looks out his window at the apartments overlooking the courtyard. Is a killer out there? His omelette complete, he routinely slides it... INTO A TRASH CAN. Steve stares at that garbage... in the plastic bag. New thought.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT (SAME)

Marty talks on the phone and watches that *Clair de Lune* dance piece on his laptop.

MARTY (ON PHONE)

Because I'm literally surrounded by twelve scripts I need to read now.

(he's not)

I said I'll try, Will. You know what I'm like when I'm deciding on a new project, though...

He scrolls his "Favorites" on his laptop -- almost all are "True Crime Podcast Fan-sites." Marty gets a new thought.

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT (SAME)

Mabel's iPad is on her mattress, her screen saver displaying her photos -- selfies, artsier shots, etc... as Mabel enters from the bathroom and picks it up to resume what she was watching, **AN OLD EPISODE OF "BRAZZOS"** on YouTube. Wherein...

STEVE AS "BRAZZOS" is in a crowded elevator, eyeing a suspect at the front of the elevator who has his back to him.

CLOSE ON MABEL -- QUICK FLASH TO HER EARLIER ELEVATOR RIDE. IN MABEL'S POV she sees Tim get on, blocked by Marty's boxes... SAVE FOR A HALF-FILLED GARBAGE BAG TIM IS HOLDING.

Mabel has a realization -- as ominous "cut-to-commercial Brazzos music" plays on her iPad: "Dun, dun, dunnnnn..."

INT. ARCADIA ELEVATOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

The "Basement" button is lit as Steve, in robe and slippers, descends when -- DING! The doors open on 17 to reveal Mabel.

MABEL

The motherfuckin' garbage bag.

Steve sparks, excited. Mabel steps on and THE DOORS CLOSE.

STEVE

Why would you get on an elevator
with that?! There's a chute on
every floor. What was in there?

Mabel nods, as DING! -- the doors open on 15 -- and Marty.

MARTY

We all had the same thought?
(before they can reply)
We need to do our own podcast!

The doors close and Steve and Mabel eye each other. What?!

INT. ARCADIA (BASEMENT) - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

DING! The three get off the elevator and carefully slip
below the eyes of the security cameras.

MARTY

I'm just saying, these podcasts can
turn into franchises -- and yes,
it's early but, ooh! -- we should
be recording this moment right now.

He takes out his phone, hits record. IN MARTY'S PHONE POV --
they enter a gated pen with two garbage chutes holding all
the tenant waste, which they start sorting through -- yuck.

MARTY (CONT'D)

We should get Cinda Corning to
narrate. She's right in Brooklyn.
We wanted to use her voice for an
Off-Broadway gig I did last year
but she was interviewing the
Taliban -- so I have a connection.

STEVE

Oh, yeah? Who do you know in the
Taliban?

MABEL

Harf.
(off their looks)
That's how I laugh.

The guys nod, accepting this.

MARTY

(to Steve, working him)
Or you could narrate. The podcast.

STEVE

Oh, please.

MARTY

Actually, part of the big draw
would be you.

STEVE

Go on.

MABEL

Here it is... I found it.

The guys turn to her -- she's holding a bag.

STEVE

Are you sure?

MABEL

There's mail.

She hands Steve a piece of mail, which Steve reads.

STEVE

Tim Lee. That's him.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT (LATER)

Steve and Mabel (in plastic gloves) sift through Tim's
garbage bag like forensic scientists. Marty films them.

STEVE

You're filming this because... ?

MARTY

I'm still deciding between podcast
or docu-series.

Mabel lets out a small whimper. She's just unfolded a piece
of stationary with handwriting.

MABEL

(reading)

*If there's anyone left to care,
there's nothing for me anymore...*

MARTY

Oh, shit...

Marty lowers his phone, sits with them. Steve finds similar
balled-up stationary which he and Marty silently read over.

MABEL

*I'm so lonely. I don't want to be
this lonely anymore.*

All three of them sit back -- relating in a way to those feelings Tim expressed -- though none would admit that fact.

STEVE

That's it. That's our answer.

MARTY

So, we're done. Back to Oklahoma.

Mabel and Steve look at Marty. Yeah. This is likely the end of this burgeoning investigation and whatever it was they were feeling about this newfound connection with each other.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - THE NEXT MORNING

Steve is back to his routine -- making another red and yellow pepper omelette while on the phone with his agent.

STEVE (ON PHONE)

I read the script, but my character has no lines. Not one. And his name is "GUY IN CORNER WITH DRINK."

(pause, listens)

Wait, so they want someone who "looks like Brazzos" -- and they want me to audition for this?

Okay, whatever... fine, I'll go.

He hangs up and dumps his perfect omelette in the trash.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING

Looking particularly depressed, Marty is now wrapping those boxes of his -- supposedly filled with all that "development research" -- in little boy and girl wrapping paper.

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) - MORNING

Mabel showers. She bends over, either stretching or crying -- hard to tell which, due to the water and her wet hair.

A MOMENT LATER, Mabel towels off -- and we take note of a distinctive "Bird of Paradise" tattoo on her shoulder. She opens her medicine cabinet -- filled with prescription bottles, which she considers in a resigned way -- but then... she hears her neighbor through a vent in the top of her wall.

WOMAN THROUGH VENT (O.S)
 (to her cat, most likely)
 Be good for Mommy while she's out.

Mabel seems to have a thought. She rushes out to...

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT (FOYER) - CONTINUOUS

Mabel runs, in her towel, to her front door and looks THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE -- to see her neighbor, JAYNE (60, stout), double-locking her door. Her mind whirling, Mabel thinks...

INT./EXT - BUS/HOLLAND TUNNEL AREA - MORNING (LATER)

A somber Marty is now on a bus, with his bag of wrapped gifts -- headed out of the city, toward Jersey.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

A disgruntled Steve heads to the elevator when... DING! -- the doors open and, again, there's Mabel.

STEVE
 We've got to stop meeting like this.

MABEL
 I need your help.

STEVE
 I've... got an audition.

They trade places -- he gets in and she steps out.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 Does this have to do with... ?

Mabel nods. Steve stops the elevator door with his arm.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 Fuck them. I'm offer only.

EXT. A HOUSE IN NEW JERSEY - DAY

Marty pulls it together to give "happy" on the stoop of a suburban home, holding those wrapped packages -- as the door is opened by WILL (30's, Marty's son) to reveal Marty's excited fraternal twin 4 year-old grandkids, KATE AND LUKE.

MARTY
 Grampy's here!
 (hugs them, eyes Will)
 Hey, Will.

WILL
 Hey, Dad.

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Off the elevator, Mabel walks Steve to her apartment and fills him in on her thinking as they go...

MABEL
 So, like a month ago, I saw him --
 Tim, the dead guy -- at that
 apartment, Jayne's...
 (points down to Jayne's)
 ... asking for a package that got
 delivered to her by mistake.

STEVE
 Makes sense. They're on the A-
 line. I get mis-delivered packages
 on my C-line.

MABEL
 Do you remember him on the elevator
 saying "it happened again?"

STEVE
 (light dawning, recalling)
 And "this package was important."

MABEL
 I want to know what's in it. And I
 saw her leave a few minutes ago.

STEVE
 Did you ask her for it?

MABEL
 For a dead guy's package? Plus,
 she's mean. I have a way in.

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT (MAIN/HALL/BATHROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Mabel ushers Steve into her vast, almost empty space.

STEVE
 What the-- ? Who ARE you?

MABEL
I'm re-modeling.

She takes him past rooms, INTO HER BATHROOM and THAT VENT.

MABEL (CONT'D)
There, see? I just need a boost.

Steve looks at that small vent up near the ceiling.

STEVE
Nooo... no-no. Have you forgotten?
I'm Brazzos.

OFF MABEL, wondering how that pertains... ?

INT. MARTY'S SON'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Marty play-wrestles with his grandkids as Will enters.

MARTY
Who did a stinky?
(off the kids, laughing)
I smell a stinky on you!

WILL
Dad, you wanted to talk?

MARTY
We're in the middle of a stinky.
(then)
Oh, holy fuck, that is rancid...

Marty gets up and follows Will into another room.

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT HALLWAY (AT JAYNE'S DOOR) - DAY

Steve shows Mabel his set of "jimmy keys" which he's about to use to try and unlock Jayne's apartment door.

STEVE
Brazzos was the son of a locksmith,
so the crew gave me these "jimmy
keys" for a wrap gift. Season 5.

Mabel spots a "We Love You, From The Crew" key tag attached. She smiles and keeps lookout as he starts work on the locks.

MABEL
I watched a few of those. *Brazzos.*
(off Steve's surprise)
I like early 90's stuff.
(MORE)

MABEL (CONT'D)

Sometimes you get to see Hammer Pants. You were good. You're a good actor. Did you ever do any other shows?

STEVE

I did a few pilots. They didn't move forward.

(then)

I don't think I test well.

MABEL

(gently)

Mm. Yeah, I can see that.

STEVE

Thanks-- wait, what?

MABEL

How long have you lived here?

STEVE

(working the lock)

Twenty-eight years.

MABEL

But not always by yourself.

Steve considers, then nods "yes."

MABEL (CONT'D)

You've been alone for 28 years?!

STEVE

Shh! I... *like* alone. Alone isn't so bad.

Mabel doesn't get it. Steve works, thinks, then offers:

STEVE (CONT'D)

My father was also a Steve. I'm a Junior. It was the most consistent refrain of my childhood: how much I was like him. Heavily perfumed relatives would shout the words in my face: "you're his spitting image!" And I really was. He was left handed, I was left handed. But we both used scissors with the right hand. Both of us could pick up about any instrument, play by ear. But ask us to do basic algebra, forget it. He went grey at 48, completely white at 57.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)
 (pointing at his head)
 Like clockwork.

Mabel smiles.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 People liked him, my father. They meant it as a compliment, when they told me I was like him.
 (then)
 He was awful to my mother. He was awful in quiet, unseen ways that people didn't see. He lied, he cheated, he made her feel... small. He seemed to get pleasure out of it -- making her feel silly, making her feel unsure of herself. And I think, at a certain point, I figured... I use scissors like him, and I play instruments like him -- odds are that in a serious relationship...

A beat, then:

STEVE (CONT'D)
 Alone isn't so bad.

Mabel absorbs that. It's opened her up, enough to divulge...

MABEL
 It's my uncle's place. He asked me to re-do it for him. You can see how well that's going. First time I've been alone in like... ever? I tend to make packs wherever I go. Even when I was a kid -- I had my "Hardy Boy" pack.

STEVE
 That's *too* old a reference for you.

MABEL
 We were being "old-school" calling ourselves that. But I did read some of those books. That original series is way-racist.

STEVE
 That's the beauty of my generation.

MABEL

Anyway, me and my Hardy Boys -- there were four of us, and only two were actual boys, by the way -- we got into solving these mysteries around the-- *complex* we all lived in. This was in Singapore.

A glance from Steve -- that last bit sounded like a cover.

STEVE

So, this stuff isn't new to you.

MABEL

Well, those were *made-up* mysteries. Or, at least, most of them were...

Another curious glance from Steve, still working that lock.

STEVE

And your Hardy Boys? Where are they now?

MABEL

Things got weird... as things seem to do when I play with others.

(then)

Maybe you've got it right. Maybe it's better to go it alone.

STEVE

We're in.

He's just unlocked Jayne's apartment door.

MABEL

Yes! Good job, *Brazzos*.

She slips inside, excited, but Steve stops at the threshold.

STEVE

Whoa, hold on, this -- this is actual breaking and entering. Sorry, it just hit me.

They look at each other, then Steve impulsively steps inside. He's done it now, crossed a real line. Steve shuts the door.

INT. MARTY'S SON'S HOUSE (SUN ROOM) - DAY

Marty is in a back sun room looking out to his son's backyard with a swing set and jungle gym. Will appears stressed.

MARTY
Yard looks nice.

WILL
Thanks. The kids *live* out there.

MARTY
Sorry I missed Kit today.

WILL
(obviously lying)
Yeah, she... had a bunch of
errands.
(off Marty's knowing nod)
So, how's work?

MARTY
Good, good, very promising.

WILL
Yeah? That's great. Did you --
pick your next project?

MARTY
Ahh... I thought I had something.
Then it went away.
(adjusting, this is tough)
So, I need to, um...

Will's face drops.

MARTY (CONT'D)
You know, I never wanted to have
this be a regular thing, but I'm in
this bind, just strapped like I've--

WILL
Dad--

MARTY
Just a few grand. To help me get
through the next little window,
Will. I'm close on a few things--

WILL
That's what you said the last time.

MARTY
This would be the last time. For
sure. And I'd only need half of--

WILL
Dad, I can't give you a check --
not now. I'm sorry. The kids...
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)
and we need to put a new roof on
the place. I promised Kit I
wouldn't-- I just can't.

Will looks away. This kills him.

MARTY
(emotional)
Obviously, it's mortifying, coming
to you like this -- I'm revolted at
myself -- but...
(desperate)
Will, I can't get work. It's been
years now, you know -- and I don't
know what else to do. I really
just need a little help, son.

WILL
You have to sell the apartm--

MARTY
I can't.

WILL
Dad--

MARTY
It's all I've got. It's who I am.

WILL
(after a beat)
Well, obviously, it makes me very
sad to hear that.

MARTY
I'm sorry -- Will, I'm sorry for so
many things, but I'm just in a
rough patch and I need--

WILL
Dad.
(then, resolute)
I can't. Not again.

Marty nods. Gathers himself. Goes to a closet in the hall.

MARTY
Well, I certainly appreciate what
you've already done for me. And
don't worry -- it's just a rocky
moment, that's all.

WILL
Dad--

MARTY

(looking for his coat)
You tell Kit I send love, okay?
And tell those stinkers Grampy
loves them.

WILL

C'mon, you're staying for lunch.

MARTY

No, I should get back -- gotta dig
in, nose to the grindstone, right?
Can I have my coat, please?

Will looks at him. Fights the urge to bend. Will heads to get the coat, leaving Marty to absorb this final gut-punch.

EXT. ARCADIA ROOFTOP DECK - DAY (LATER)

Mabel now holds that package, about a foot-square --
addressed to Tim Lee -- as she and Steve exit to the roof.

STEVE

I thought it would be more of a
"hunt." Feels a bit lame it was
right on her foyer table.

Mabel looks more nervous now as she leads Steve toward a low wall at the edge of the rooftop deck, with all of Manhattan and the park around and below them. She pulls out a joint and lights it, takes a hit -- offers to Steve -- he passes.

MABEL

You should open it. I can't tell
if I want it to be nothing... or
something that means something.

Steve nods -- agreeing. Now he grabs the joint, takes a hit. Then he carefully opens the package -- and pulls out filler.

ON MABEL -- who can't see what's in the box from where she stands, but watches Steve's face as he finds what's inside.

MABEL (CONT'D)

What is it?

STEVE

What kind of guy kills himself an
hour after being desperate to get
his hands on this?

He reveals to Mabel a small box, holding AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

OFF MABEL'S EXPRESSION -- looking, with many conflicted feelings, at that ring... we go BACK TO...

EXT. MARTY'S SON'S HOUSE IN JERSEY - DAY (LATER)

Marty steps out to the front stoop, dazed, the weight of the world weighing on him. Then, he gets a text -- from Steve: **Where are you? We found something. This sends the investigation... into a whole new direction."**

THE PLAINTIVE TONES OF "CLAIR DE LUNE" BEGIN -- as Marty takes that news in. This is all he's really got right now and it brings huge relief -- so much so, that he falls... off to the side of the stoop, completely over...

... WHERE HE BOUNCES BACK UP -- in a surreal moment that harkens to that trampoline/dance video we saw in his opening narration. As soon as he's upright, Marty heads off that stoop -- back to the city with a new kick in his step.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - ANOTHER MORNING

"Clair de Lune" continues as Mabel crosses a busy crosswalk. She stops midway and lifts her face to the sun -- then falls backward, straight down to the pavement -- and IMMEDIATELY BOUNCES BACK UP. She continues on, alive with new purpose.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - DAY

Steve makes sunny-side-up eggs -- no more omelette now. He lifts the pan from the stove and, instead of dumping the eggs in the trash, he drops the whole pan down to the floor -- where it BOUNCES BACK UP INTO HIS HAND. New life. For all of them. As Steve slides the eggs on a plate, HEAR OVER:

STEVE (V.O.)
Here's a thing I don't get...
people who worry about living in a
big city because of all the crime.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM/FOYER) - ANOTHER NIGHT

Marty has set up a little podcast recording session -- and Mabel and Marty are watching Steve deliver his own written narration opening for their potential first podcast episode.

STEVE
As any true crime aficionado will
tell you, it's the boondocks you
need to worry about.

He looks to Marty to see if he likes that take.

MARTY

I don't know, it's sounds so PBS'y.
Maybe Mabel should give it a try.

MABEL

Uh-- no, thank you.

STEVE

He's already giving away my part.

He and Mabel gather their stuff and head to Marty's door.

MARTY

Actually, I have a riff on a piece
to *Clair de Lune* that could be
fabulous.

STEVE

And now my part goes to him.

MABEL

So tomorrow we lay out a time-line?

STEVE

I've also got maps, full blueprints
of each floor of The Arcadia--

MABEL

Ooh, you fancy.

MARTY

Hey, did you read about that
"mysterious death" in the park last
night? You know, we could multi-
task a bit -- silo out a second
investigation, do a second podcast?

STEVE

No! We've got to focus. Only
murders... in the building.

MABEL

Seems fair.

MARTY

(testing that out)
Only murders in the building...

Mabel and Steve go. Marty closes his door, re-energized.

INT. ARCADIA ELEVATOR - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Steve and Mabel ride up until the doors open on Mabel's floor. A shared smile, then Mabel goes. The doors close.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

DING! Steve exits the elevator and heads to his apartment as his neighbor, AZIZ (early 30's), steps out of his own.

AZIZ

Hey, how's it going?

STEVE

Good. All good.

Steve passes Aziz, who turns before heading down the hall.

AZIZ

Y'know... sometimes I can smell that omelette you make.

STEVE

Oh -- sorry, I'll turn on a fan next time.

AZIZ

No, I like it. Reminds me of Lucy. It was her favorite, right?

STEVE

Uh... I'm not--

AZIZ

Have you heard from her?

STEVE

Here and there.

AZIZ

Well, say hi next time for me.

Steve nods, heads inside his apartment.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Steve shakes off that exchange and steps to his kitchen. He turns on a glass floor lamp, then looks out his tall windows over the Arcadia courtyard. The courtyard he spoke of in his opening narration that brings a sense of security -- with all those eyes looking out for you from those other apartments.

Steve scans the activity in a few apartment windows:

* A couple lays on their bed, illuminated by only TV light, and they start to wrestle and kick, playfully pre-coital.

* A pair of Greek brothers sit at a computer studying something on the screen, arguing over what they're seeing.

* A woman sits, facing her window and a makeup mirror, obsessively plucking and shaping her eyebrows.

* A light goes on three floors up, across from Steve's place, catching his attention. Steve watches a shirtless YOUNG MAN step into the room to find A TIE-DYED HOODIE that he puts on.

CLOSE ON STEVE, wondering where he's seen that hoodie before. QUICK FLASH TO THE STAIRWELL, THE NIGHT TIM DIED: as Steve heads down the stairs with all others -- he clocks someone suspiciously HEADING UP... WEARING THAT SAME TYE-DYED HOODIE.

BACK WITH STEVE, who watches more ominously now as the young man steps to his window to look out, then down -- seeming to look directly at Steve. Steve jolts -- and quickly turns off that floor lamp, knocking it over in the process. From the dark -- Steve peeks back out, eyeing him: "I'm onto you..."

INT. MABEL'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM/BEDROOM) - NIGHT (SAME)

Mabel showers, humming an odd little discordant tune.

WE MOVE INTO HER BEDROOM and OVER TO HER IPAD -- which is in screen-saver mode and scrolling through her photos. The first photo is a close shot of that "Bird of Paradise" tattoo on Mabel's shoulder, we saw earlier...

... and the second, is a wider shot... outside a beach-side tattoo shop where Mabel is standing arm-in-arm with a handsome man who's got the same tattoo on his shoulder. WE PUSH IN TO DISCOVER THIS MAN... IS TIM LEE.

CUT TO BLACK:

CREDITS ROLL TO DANIEL JOHNSTON'S "DON'T BE SCARED."