

IT'S A MYSTERY!

"Pilot"

Written by
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ACT ONE**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

With FLORIDIAN PALM TREES slightly swaying outside, we're TIGHT ON **KATHY REED**, 40s and sunny, smiling INTO CAMERA.

KATHY

Morning, Shelley! I just read your first chapter. I'm completely blown away! Blown away but not surprised.

(laughs)

If that makes sense.

(then)

Ever since I caught you sneaking my Agatha Christie's under your bed at eight years old, I knew. I knew that you were meant to do this. So keep going! I can't wait to read Chapter Two. Oh, and good luck with your finals! Love you! Miss you.

Kathy smiles as AN INDEX FINGER SUDDENLY COMES INTO FRAME. It presses PAUSE. This was a VIDEO OF KATHY. We PULL OUT TO reveal we're in...

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

...NEWARK, NEW JERSEY. Staring at the paused image on her PHONE is insecure writer, **SHELLEY REED**, 25. As she twists her hair into a perfectly messy bun (complete with a PENCIL), Shelley says back to Kathy's image--

SHELLEY

Miss you too, Mom.

Lightening the mood, still talking to the frozen image--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

So. Is the pencil bun too on the nose? It is, right?

(mocking)

Like, "*Ohhhhh, you must be a writer since there's a No. 2 stuck to your stupid head.*" I know, I know, stop it with the self-deprecation, Shelley. It's just...I was barely able to finish my story without you by my side, cheering me along.

She looks at her mother's smiling face. Getting emotional--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

I can't believe it's been five years. *Five.*

(grabbing her blazer)

Don't go there. Not today. Today? All you have to do is get pumped up for your big meeting. I know, music!

(back to Mom)

How about a lil' jam from our all-time favorite girl group?

Shelley smiles, throws on her EARPODS and REPLACES the image of Kathy with SPOTIFY. She presses on EXPOSÉ's "**Come Go With Me.**" The song starts up...as does Shelley's confidence. She grabs her purse and MANUSCRIPT titled, "THE LOST BAY KILLER." Clicking back on Mom's image--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Okay, Mom - here we go...

And with that, Shelley and her phone are out the door.

EXT. BUSY NEWARK STREET - DAY

Upbeat Shelley listens to Exposé, almost dancing down the street. She passes a BUS STOP featuring an UNDERWEAR AD: the shirtless **MALE MODEL**, 26, poses with a "THUMBS UP." Like she does every day, Shelley gives a "thumbs up" back to the image before moving on to chipper **FRUIT CART CARL**, 40s, selling his colorful goods.

SHELLEY

(getting out cash)

Morning, Carl.

FRUIT CART CARL

Hello, Miss Reed!

(re: outfit)

Don't you look like a professional.

SHELLEY

That's the goal, at least. The usual, please.

FRUIT CART CARL

You got it!

Carl hands her two bags of FRESH PINEAPPLE and forks.

SHELLEY

See ya, Carl.

As Shelley walks across the street, an unkempt **DRIFTER DUDE**, late 20s, stops what he's doing to focus on Shelley--

DRIFTER DUDE
(ominously)
Fate's gonna hit you. Real soon.

Optimistic, Shelley hands Drifter Dude a dollar--

SHELLEY
God, I hope so!

Shelley moves on, entering her local FEDEX OFFICE...

INT. FEDEX OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...where her hilarious gay BFF, **JIMMY SCHWARTZ**, 26, wearing a FedEx Office polo, quickly throws up his hands in a panic.

JIMMY
You're early! Close your eyes.

SHELLEY
Jimmy, I don't have time for this.
I gotta get to the city--

JIMMY
Shut it, *Shel Silverstein*. And those peepers...

SHELLEY
Fine, *Slim Jim*.

She closes them. Jimmy rushes to the counter.

JIMMY
And...open.

Jimmy's now holding a slickly produced POSTER BOARD featuring a PHOTO OF MARGOT ROBBIE in a sick leather jacket and even sicker boots. Under Margot are the words: "PROTAGONIST EVE COYNE - PRIVATE EYE." Behind the image is a DETAILED MAP of the fictitious town, LOST BAY.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Surprise.

He hands her the poster and takes his portion of pineapple.

SHELLEY
(amazed)
What is this?

JIMMY

I took that chicken scratch of a map you had of Lost Bay and gave it some lipstick, a smokey eye and a hint of blush.

SHELLEY

(she could cry)

It's incredible, Jimmy. Thank you. But you didn't have to go to all this trouble...

JIMMY

Yes, I did. Today's a huge day for you...in a lot of ways.

(then)

This is your time. To join the table with the Becca Berryhills of the world. You deserve to be heard, Shel Silverstein. So go nail it.

Shelley grabs the poster board and Jimmy's enthusiasm: she *will* nail it. Shelley takes one more look at Lost Bay and...

INT. HARPERCOLLINS - OFFICE - DAY

...now holding the poster at her desk is Shelley's posh and phony college frenemy, **BECCA BERRYHILL**, 26. Shelley nervously waits on a plush chair with all of NYC outside the window.

BECCA

This pitch board? Is *everything*, Shel.

SHELLEY

(go, Jimmy!)

Really?

BECCA

And your worldbuilding was beyond. Lost Bay felt so real.

(re: map)

From this chic clothing boutique to the quaint marina? Like, I'd totally vacay there if it weren't so murderly.

SHELLEY

(beaming)

Me, too.

BECCA

But...

SHELLEY

There's a but?

Now in business mode, Becca puts down the board and scans her IPAD, displaying Shelley's very marked-up MANUSCRIPT.

BECCA

A big one. What the hell was up with your plot?

SHELLEY

(her confidence wavering)
Oh, um, which part?

BECCA

Girl, all of it. It's supposed to be a murder mystery but I knew Crystal Song's killer was her lawyer boyfriend when her body showed up at the town's centennial on Page Three. So why did it take your sexy private eye six hundred pages to solve the case?

(as Shelley's heart drops)

I kept on reading, *thinking* the boyfriend was just a red herring - like the real killer would be a total shocker. Maybe Crystal's boozy twin sister. Or that grizzled female detective. Better yet, your protagonist Eve Coyne herself! But, nope: boyfriend. *Wah-wah*. The boyfriend is *always* the killer. Back at Sarah Lawrence, I mean, *before* you dropped out, you were a total shining star. What happened to you, girl?

Suddenly, a VERY ANGRY Shelley PUSHES everything off the desk and LUNGES at Becca, who FALLS off of her chair. Shelley GETS ON TOP of Becca and starts CHOKING her--

SHELLEY

You think you're sooo much better than me--

BECCA (O.S.)

Uh, earth to Shelley?

We're ON SHELLEY, who's BACK IN HER CHAIR, staring into space. Becca is at her desk, hair unmussed. The fight was just Shelley's creative mind at work.

BECCA (CONT'D)

I was asking how you got so lost.

SHELLEY

I - I don't know. I started writing this before my mom died. Back then, she was always encouraging me...pushing me. Building me up. And when I didn't have that anymore...things got a little stuck for me in Lost Bay...I guess. But I promised myself I'd finish it. So I finally did. Or, at least, I thought I did...

BECCA

You didn't. The Lost Bay Killer may be covered in colorful fondant and sprinkles, but it's half-baked, hon. It needs to be put back in the oven. Sorry, I'm binge-watching *The Great British Bake Off*. Anyway, the question is, are you gonna put on your big writer pants and do the hard work? Or stay at Starbucks the rest of your life?

Off Shelley, FULLY CRUSHED...

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Holding her bulky manuscript and poster board, a depressed Shelley drags her feet into work. Jimmy rushes up.

JIMMY

How'd it go?!

SHELLEY

I don't want to talk about it.

Bitter barista, **MEAN IRENE**, 25, hands Shelley her APRON.

MEAN IRENE

Your shift started six minutes ago, Shelley.

SHELLEY

(trying to keep it together)

I know...I was gonna text, but I got...I'm sorry, Irene.

MEAN IRENE

"Sorry" doesn't pay my babysitter overtime.

JIMMY

Back off, Meanie Irenie. So I'm guessing Becca Berryhill *didn't* respond to the material?

SHELLEY

(losing it)

No, she did not, okay?! It was a total train wreck! Like, screaming passengers being thrown from the freakin' caboose.

PATRONS stare at Shelley's outburst. A little tickled, Mean Irene decides to stay and watch the show. Shelley pulls out her bun and BREAKS the pencil.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

I'm sick of this bun. I'm sick of pretending to be someone I'm not. A writer? What a joke!

JIMMY

Uh, you are a writer, Shel Silverstein, hence your nickname.

SHELLEY

No, I'm not! Just a failure! I sent this thing alllll over New York and Becca was the one editor to even get back to me! Probably only because I was her designated driver freshman year!

JIMMY

Shelley, you know those other publishers can't read *unsolicited* work--

SHELLEY

I was living in a fantasy, thinking I could actually finish something without Mom here. I'm done with Lost Bay. I'm done with all of it!

Shelley goes to the trashcan and THROWS OUT HER MANUSCRIPT. She then BREAKS THE PITCH POSTER IN TWO. Jimmy looks like Shelley's just killed his first born.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 (washes hands)
 It's time for me to face reality.
 (puts on apron)
 Which is here. At Starbucks.

Concerned, Jimmy watches as Shelley moves to the register.
 She gives a monotone--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 Next.

Her DREAM GUY IN A SUIT aka "**CRUSHTOMER**," 27, approaches.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 Crushtomer...

Exposé's sexy tune "**Let Me Be The One**" begins as Crushtomer SHIMMERS. Without skipping a beat, she GRABS Crushtomer by the tie, PULLING HIM across the counter. Shelley's lips are an inch away from his as she seductively coos--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 Your usual Tall Iced Coconut Latte,
 two pumps Classic and a dash of
 cinnamon?

CRUSHTOMER
 (porny)
 You know me so well, Starbucks
 Shelley.

They KISS. It's hot. A SHRILL VOICE behind them shouts--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Hey! Move it along, ya big dumb
 Disney Prince.

The music STOPS. Shelley LOOKS AT CRUSHTOMER, who's no longer shimmering. Or on the counter. Just another Shelley fantasy.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I don't got all day to order my
 Matcha Lemonade.

Behind Crushtomer is the permanently rumpled and angry **STRAW LADY**, late 40s, carrying an old laptop in a plastic bag. Crushtomer offers Shelley a sympathetic smile as he goes.

STRAW LADY
 I can't believe you're
 discontinuing plastic straws.
 (MORE)

STRAW LADY (CONT'D)

Who the hell wants to drink out of
friggin' metal? It tastes like
blood.

Straw Lady hands her a GIANT ZIPLOC OF PENNIES. Shelley sighs as she counts the change: could her life get any worse? Nope.

Shelley hears a CACOPHONY OF HONKING outside the window: DRIFTER DUDE is now in the middle of her street! Cars barely miss him, swinging left and right. Then, a CITY BUS quickly APPROACHES HIM!

Through the window, Drifter Dude locks eyes with Shelley and WINKS. The BUS then SWERVES to avoid Drifter Dude and HEADS...STRAIGHT TOWARDS STARBUCKS! People DIVE for cover.

Shelley knows her fight or flight instincts should be kicking in, but instead, like with everything else in her life, SHE'S FROZEN IN PLACE.

JIMMY

Shelley!

THE SCENE SLOWS DOWN as the BUS CRASHES THROUGH THE GLASS. The impact causes Shelley to HIT HER HEAD on the pastry display. Shelley FALLS to the ground. The scattered pages from her manuscript DANCE ABOVE the overturned trashcan as HER EYES CLOUD. A concerned **UPS DRIVER**, 30s, rushes to Shelley's side--

UPS DRIVER

Ma'am, an ambulance is on the way.
Try to stay awake. Ma'am?

But she can't. TIGHT ON Shelley as she starts to lose consciousness; HER EYES CLOSE and EVERYTHING GOES DARK.

OVER BLACK, WE HEAR:

UPS DRIVER (V.O.)

Ma'am. Please wake up. You have to
get off. Ma'am?

We're back, CLOSE ON Shelley's lids, but now they're SMOKEY...as in MAYBE IT'S MAYBELLINE. Shelley slowly opens her eyes, finding herself in...

INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

...where she's the only passenger. There are no scrapes on the bus or her. In fact, Shelley looks fantastic, wearing a sick leather jacket and even sicker boots. Kinda like Margot Robbie on her poster. Shaking her shoulder is the UPS Driver, in a BUS DRIVER'S UNIFORM. The name "**JOHN**" is on his shirt.

BUS DRIVER JOHN
This is the last stop, ma'am.

SHELLEY
The last...stop? What?

Outside Shelley's window is a small SEASIDE TOWN with a copious amount of FOG.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
Is this...The Jersey Shore?

BUS DRIVER JOHN
We're in Lost Bay, ma'am.

SHELLEY
(laughs)
Lost Bay? Right. Did Jimmy put you up to this? Where is he? And aren't you our UPS guy at Starbucks?
(then)
Wait, I was just in Starbucks. And this bus crashed through it...

BUS DRIVER JOHN
Please, don't forget your luggage.

Confused, Shelley glances over at a YSL BACKPACK beside her.

EXT. BUS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Shelley steps off the bus with the backpack. Looking around, she sees charming local businesses: THE BRINY BREW, PLUMAGE, THE BEANSTALK and finally, **LOST BAY DRUGS!**

SHELLEY
(amazed)
Oh. My. God. He wasn't kidding.
(as the bus DRIVES OFF)
You weren't kidding! I'm in Lost Bay. I'm in my book! I must be dreaming...

Shelley then hears the faint sounds of Exposé's "**Come Go With Me**" coming from across the street: the LOST BAY MARINA is adorned with party lights. She curiously heads towards...

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Shelley comes across the entrance with a BANNER that says: HERE'S TO 100 MORE YEARS, LOST BAY!

SHELLEY
The town centennial...

She looks into the PARTY: **PREPPY TOWNSFOLK** dance to the music. An "over it" cater waiter, **TINA**, 26, holding a tray of colorful drinks, approaches Shelley.

TINA
(dryly)
Pineapple margarita?

SHELLEY
(considering...)
Can't get drunk in a dream, right?

Shelley takes the cocktail as Tina rolls her eyes and walks off. Shelley then realizes the song *isn't* a track: PERFORMING LIVE ON STAGE is 1980s' mega girl group, **EXPOSÉ!** Shelley can't believe **ANN CURLESS**, **GIOIA BRUNO** and **JEANETTE JURADO** are in front of her.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Exposé?! What are they doing here?

As the song ends, the crowd CHEERS--

ANN CURLESS
We having fun out there, Lost Bay?

GIOIA BRUNO
Now, it's time to take you to...

JEANETTE JURADO
(right at Shelley)
...the point of *no* return.

The ladies start up their hit, "**Point of No Return.**" As Shelley watches on, mesmerized, a coiffed and smiley STRAW LADY, now wearing a PATRIOTIC PANT SUIT, walks up to her.

STRAW LADY
Adorable boots. I don't think we've met. I'm Mayor Chambers. I sure hope I can count on your vote this upcoming election!

Shelley, starting to put the pieces together...

SHELLEY
You - you're the mayor?

MAYOR CHAMBERS
Sure am! What's your name?

SHELLEY
Uh...

Putting his arm around Straw Lady's waist is a cleaned-up
DRIFTER DUDE!

DRIFTER DUDE

Don't take it personally, babe.
She's not from around here.
(to Shelley)
Are you?

He WINKS at her. Shelley's wiggled out by this familiar
gesture.

DRIFTER DUDE (CONT'D)

I'm her husband Chaz, by the way.

Unnerved, Shelley turns and walks towards the water.

EXT. DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

The music continues in the distance as Shelley, all alone,
tries to catch her breath. Checking her pockets--

SHELLEY

Where's my phone? I need my
phone...

Nada. Shelley stares at her reflection in the WATER: with her
eyeshadow and leather jacket, she barely recognizes herself.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

That's fine - it's totally fine.
Breathe. Remember, Shelley: you're
just dreaming. Or, uh, in one of
your little fantasies - yes! So you
can escape your lame, mundane life.
Or maybe you're...dead.

As Shelley contemplates that, a single GLITTERY RED JIMMY
CHOO floats into frame. She looks around to see where the
pump came from. IN THE SHADOWS, Shelley spots a WOMAN lying
on the dock. She's missing a red Choo. Concerned, Shelley
goes to her. Worry turns to horror as Shelley sees it's the
face of...BECCA BERRYHILL! Getting caught up in the moment--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Becca? What - what happened...

Shelley MOVES BECCA OFF HER SIDE. The moonlight reveals
Becca's been SHOT IN THE CHEST. Her dress drips with BLOOD.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

No! Oh, god! Someone! Help! Please!
My - my friend - hurry!

A beat. MEAN IRENE, in a sequined jumpsuit, runs to the dock.

MEAN IRENE
What's wrong, honey?

SHELLEY
Irene?

JULES
Jules.
(seeing the body)
Crystal Song?!
(then)
I don't think she's breathing!

She lets out a bloodcurdling SCREAM. Shelley, gobsmacked--

SHELLEY
So, you're Jules Aspen? And
she's...Crystal...Song?

JULES
(seeing someone)
Officer! Over here! Over here!

Heading to the scene is CRUSHTOMER! But in Lost Bay, he's
OFFICER BLU. Shelley is stunned to silence.

BLU
Miss Aspen, please step back.

Blu checks Crystal's pulse. He has a grim look.

BLU (CONT'D)
(into WALKIE)
Detective Grey, we need you down at
the docks. Crystal Song's been
found. Dead.

JULES
No!!!

BLU
What happened here?

JULES
(sniffly)
I don't know...she's the one
who...I can't believe Crystal's
dead!

Blu gives Shelley the once-over. Then--

BLU
Is that blood?

SHELLEY
What?

BLU
Your hands.

Shelley slowly brings her BLOODY PALMS up: she's horrified.

SHELLEY
Real blood?

BLU
Can I take a look at your backpack?

But Shelley's head's still spinning. Blu grabs her bag and pulls out...A HANDGUN. Snapping out of it--

SHELLEY
Wait! Uh - that's not mine...I hate guns. It's not even my backpack...

Inside, Blu finds a WALLET. He stares at an ID CARD.

BLU
Sure looks like you.

He holds up the PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR'S LICENSE with SHELLEY'S FACE but the name, EVE COYNE.

SHELLEY
No...

Shelley looks again at Crushtomer/Blu, Irene/Jules, the body of Becca/Crystal, the blood on her hands and then the ID.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
(hyperventilating)
This isn't happening. This can't be happening!

Terrified, Shelley runs away.

BLU
Wait--

EXT. MARINA - MOMENTS LATER

Shelley PUSHES THROUGH the crowd, passing Mayor Chambers, Chaz and Exposé on stage. PARAMEDICS run in the other direction. Racing to the exit, Shelley SMACKS INTO SOMEONE.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Whoa - where are you off to in such a rush?

SHELLEY

Sorry...but I have to...

Wait. That voice is so familiar. Shelley looks up to find...HER MOTHER, KATHY! Heartsick, Shelley's face turns white: this is the moment she's fantasized about for years.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

(tears welling)

Mom?

But in Lost Bay, Kathy is gruff **DETECTIVE JUNE GREY**.

DET. GREY

Only to a cat. You on something, Miss? I'm Detective June Grey and I think we need to have a little chat about those bloody hands of yours. Down at the station.

She puts a firm hand on Shelley. Freaked to see her mother as Det. Grey, Shelley jerks away.

DET. GREY (CONT'D)

You wanna do it the hard way? Okay, then. You're under arrest.

SHELLEY

What?!!

Det. Grey swiftly flips her around and HANDCUFFS a beyond dumbstruck Shelley (or is she EVE COYNE now?) as "*Point Of No Return*" SWELLS.

SMASH TO TITLE: ***IT'S A MYSTERY!***

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. LOST BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - JAIL CELL - NIGHT**

A very tall **FEMALE OFFICER** tosses Shelley, her mascara running, into a dimly-lit cell.

FEMALE OFFICER

Wait. Here.

SHELLEY

But--

The Officer locks her in. A beat.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Dammit!

Shelley, taking deep breaths, starts to pace around her quarters. Talking to herself--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

None of this is real. Mom *isn't* alive again, Mean Irene *isn't* a fashion designer and Becca *isn't* dead. And this cell? *Isn't* real.

(then)

God, it smells real. No!!

Frustrated, Shelley KICKS the steel toilet and FALLS onto the bottom bunk. She starts to sob.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

How did this happen? How the hell did I get inside my book?

PEARL (O.S.)

What do you mean, you're in your book?

Suddenly, **PEARL SPERBER**, 25, FLIPS HER HEAD down from the top bunk; she's face-to-face with Shelley. Pearl, a chatterbox with AQUA-COLORED HAIR, is curiously rocking ONLY ONE LIQUID-LINED CAT EYE. Upside down, it's quite the unsettling visual. Shelley SCREAMS like when Drew Barrymore saw E.T. for the first time.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Sorry, didn't mean to scare you. Or did I?

Shelley's never seen this colorful creature before in real life.

SHELLEY

Who - who the hell are you?!

Pearl swings to the bottom bunk, joining Shelley.

PEARL

Pearl Sperber. Lost Bay's resident freak of nature.

SHELLEY

"Pearl Sperber?" But I never wrote a...I don't know you.

PEARL

Back at ya, but I'm digging those boots. YSL?

SHELLEY

You...live here? In Lost Bay?

PEARL

All my life. So! What are you in for? Talking to yourself? For being crazy with a capital CRAY?

SHELLEY

Uh...what's with the single cat eye?

Pearl, who's more than happy to talk about herself--

PEARL

Oh! You forget to pay for one liquid liner at the drugstore so they call you a klepto and throw you in the slammer. Actually, I'm kinda into it. Could be my new signature look. But let's get back to you thinking you're inside a book.

Shelley looks at Pearl. What does she have to lose?

SHELLEY

You wanna know? Really? Okay. Fine. My name is Shelley Reed. I'm a writer. Well, not anymore. Anyway, I wrote this murder mystery about Lost Bay - a *fictitious* town - where a rich woman is found dead at the centennial.

(MORE)

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

It was rejected by a publisher this afternoon who, by the way, happens to look like the victim. Then a bus crashed into my Starbucks and now I'm here, playing my protagonist. Who was never a suspect!

PEARL

Oh, wow. You're nuttier than a bag of trail mix.

BLU (O.S.)

Eve Coyne? You're up.

Blu opens their cell.

SHELLEY

Thank god.

BLU

Time to talk with Detective Grey.

PEARL

What about me, *Officer Blu Balls*?

Ignoring Pearl, Blu CUFFS Shelley. Even under these circumstances, it's titillating being this close him.

BLU

Cuffs too tight?

SHELLEY

No...uh...they're perfect.

Blu isn't sure how to respond to that one.

INT. LOST BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Shelley sits alone, chained to a table. A beat. Detective Grey then enters, holding the YSL backpack. The women stare at each other. Shelley can't take her eyes off of Mom's. She could sit here with her forever.

DET. GREY

So?

SHELLEY

You cut your hair.

DET. GREY

My hair's always been like this, Miss Coyne.

SHELLEY

Really? Okay. But. Do uh...do I look familiar to you? Like, at all?

DET. GREY

Sure ya do.

SHELLEY

(hopeful)

Really?

DET. GREY

Yes, you're the crazy woman we arrested fifteen minutes ago for fleeing a crime scene.

SHELLEY

No, I mean, before that. Are you sure I don't...ring any bells? What about Exposé. You love them, right?

DET. GREY

(getting impatient)

Are you still high? Is that why you shot Crystal Song?

SHELLEY

Look. I don't do drugs, okay? And I didn't shoot anyone. Eve Coyne never had a gun. This makes zero sense.

(talking it out)

Oh my god, she must've been framed...

DET. GREY

Why are you speaking in third person now?

SHELLEY

Because, I'm not who you think I am.

Grey opens the wallet and pulls out various CARDS.

DET. GREY

Really? Because according to this, you're Eve Coyne, a private investigator from San Francisco. You live on Russian Hill. You're a registered motorcyclist. An organ donor. And you have one more punch needed for a free frozen yogurt.

SHELLEY
All that stuff is fake!

DET. GREY
Are you saying someone planted the
gun on you? *And* gave you a brand
new identity?

SHELLEY
Yes! Well, sort of.
(then)
You have to believe me when I say,
I'm definitely *not* Eve Coyne.

DET. GREY
Who are you, then?

Shelley looks at Grey. Deciding to go for it--

SHELLEY
So. This may be hard to
believe...or even understand but...

DET. GREY
Just spit it out.

SHELLEY
Okay...I'm your--

Suddenly, Shelley's BFF JIMMY busts in with a briefcase.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
Slim Jim? Slim Jim!

Shelley tries to get up and hug him but the chains stop her.
In Lost Bay, Jimmy's slick *and* straight defense lawyer, **MACK
DOWNS**. Mack looks like he's been crying; not happy to be here
in the slightest.

MACK
(to Shelley)
Don't say another word. Your
interview with my client is over,
Detective.

DET. GREY
Client? She didn't request a
lawyer, Mack.

MACK
Well, she's getting one, anyway.

Shelley puts it together...

SHELLEY

You're Mack Downs? As in Crystal's lawyer boyfriend? Which makes you...

FLASH TO: TIGHT CLOSE UP of Becca Berryhill saying--

BECCA

The boyfriend is always the killer.

BACK ON Shelley, scared stiff that she's this close to The Lost Bay Killer.

DET. GREY

Who sent you here?

MACK

I can't divulge that information at this time. So, instead, let's talk about you arresting Miss Coyne for - what - showing signs of *temporary* erratic behavior? Because she found a body shot to death?

DET. GREY

Mack. She had the victim's blood on her hands.

SHELLEY

I was trying to help her!

MACK

Miss Coyne. Please.

(to Grey)

We both know your so-called evidence won't hold water in court, Detective. But if you're *certain* she's your killer, book her. If not, let her go with me. Now.

SHELLEY

Uh...

DET. GREY

I thought you, more than anyone, would want to know *why* this strange woman seemed to just "happen upon" your girlfriend's body.

MACK

I do want to know. But Miss Coyne is innocent until proven guilty and we're not there yet. Right?

A standoff beat. Relenting, Grey uncuffs Shelley.

SHELLEY

You don't have to do that,
really...

DET. GREY

(ignoring her)

I'm holding on to Coyne's weapon.
And since we haven't had a murder
here in thirty years, I gotta
outsource ballistics. So she better
stay in town.

MACK

Oh, she will. I'll make sure of it.
Let's go.

SHELLEY

You know, maybe I'll just spend the
night in here. I'll be safer that
way.

DET. GREY

(annoyed)

She's all yours.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOST BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Mack walks a petrified Shelley out the doors. They pass
Crystal's MISSING PERSONS POSTER.

MACK

Before you go *anywhere*, I've got
some questions. Did you know
my...Crystal?

SHELLEY

No...at least not this version.

MACK

What?

SHELLEY

Who - who wanted me out of jail?

MACK

All I can say is that it was
another client. Believe me, I don't
want to be helping you right now,
but it's my job.

(MORE)

MACK (CONT'D)
 (as Shelley moves away)
 Don't you need a ride?

SHELLEY
 Uh. You've done enough tonight.

Shelley runs off. Mack stands there, suspicious.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

In HEAVY FOG, a scared and shivering Shelley walks like a zombie past closed WHIMSICAL SHOPS.

SHELLEY
 God, incessant fog?! What a cliché,
 Shelley. Why didn't you pencil in a
 24-hour diner? I'm starving.
 (screaming to the heavens)
 And WHY am I even freakin' here?!

Shelley then stumbles upon the chic clothing boutique,
 PLUMAGE. In the window are PHOTOS OF CRYSTAL SONG, modeling
 the apparel. Shelley looks at them sadly.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 She was so full of life...

As Shelley continues down the road, the FOG PARTS, revealing
 an OLD RUNDOWN VICTORIAN. A sign out front says: WELCOME TO
 DUMMIES BED & BREAKFAST.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 (squinting)
 Dummies? I didn't create that
 place, either.

Above in NEON, the NO VACANCY magically BUZZES to VACANCY.
 With no other options...

INT. DUMMIES B&B - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Shelley opens the SQUEAKY door and wearily enters.

SHELLEY
 Hello?

She looks around: a single Tiffany lamp gives dim light to
 the dated home. An old GRANDFATHER CLOCK slowly ticks and
 tocks in the corner. Shelley approaches the FRONT DESK: a
 VENTRILOQUIST DOLL DRESSED AS A BUTLER is perched next to a
 cobwebbed BELL. Shelley reluctantly RINGS it. A beat.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 Is anyone there?

The Dummy's head TURNS, looking right at Shelley as it SAYS--

BUTLER DUMMY
 (old-timey voice)
 What am I, chopped liver?

Shelley screams and backs away. Popping up from under the desk and her dummy is--

PEARL
 Welcome to Dummies, ya dummy.
 Didn't mean to scare you. Or did I?

The clock STRIKES midnight.

SHELLEY
 You...again? How - how'd you get
 out of jail so fast?

PEARL
 I think Detective Grey's hands are
 kinda full. With, like, a murder?

SHELLEY
 (re: decor)
 People...stay here?

PEARL
 Never. My grandma Opal was part of
 the vaudeville scene back in the
 day. Thought tourists would like
 ventriloquism as much as she did.
 Turns out they don't. But, it's the
 only thing I inherited from the old
 bag, so I've grown to love the
 dummies.
 (hugging Butler Dummy)
 Like they're my very own wooden
 children.

SHELLEY
 I could use a room. Just for the
 night. 'Til I...do you have
 anything to eat?

PEARL
 About to pull out a batch of Opal's
 famous pineapple scones from the
 oven...

SHELLEY
 Pineapple?

PEARL

But. You can't stay here. I don't
wanna be murdered in my sleep by
some YSL-loving loon.

Thinking about this...

SHELLEY

Okay. What if I can prove to you
that we're inside my book?

A skeptical beat. Then, as Butler Dummy--

PEARL

What do ya say, Pearl? Should we
give Dollface here a shot? Come on,
we're both open-minded...right?
(as Pearl)
Fine.

SHELLEY

Great. I'll need a pen. And paper.

INT. DUMMIES B&B - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A FEMALE CHEF DUMMY is nearby as an impressed Pearl takes in Shelley's large CRUDE MAP of Lost Bay sprawled out on the table. In between bites of a PINEAPPLE SCONE and sips of TEA, Shelley continues to walk Pearl through her drawing.

SHELLEY

...and this is The Briny Brew,
owned by Amos Olsen. He's first-
generation American. His parents
moved from Denmark. And here's the
coffeehouse where Officer Blu does
his slam poetry--

PEARL

Wait - I don't see Dummies anywhere
on here.

SHELLEY

Well. The weird thing is? I never
wrote this place. Or...you.

PEARL

(softly)
Maybe that's why I've never felt
like I belonged.

SHELLEY

Most residents of Lost Bay seem to
look like people from my real life.

PEARL

But not me...

SHELLEY

Crystal Song for instance? She's my frenemy from college named Becca. She's also the publisher who said my story was half-baked.

PEARL

No wonder you wanted her dead...

SHELLEY

And Mack Downs is my ride-or-die best friend, Jimmy.

PEARL

I guess that's why he's your lawyer here?

SHELLEY

Yeah, except, Mack's the one who shot Crystal.

PEARL

Mack Downs? But he and Crystal seemed really in love.

SHELLEY

Well, that's what I wrote.

PEARL

But in your *alleged* book, me and Dummies didn't exist...

SHELLEY

...and Eve Coyne was never arrested. My story's crazy outta whack. Which means Mack Downs may not be The Lost Bay Killer? Becca did say he was too obvious of a choice...

(re: POLICE STATION on map)

The most screwed up thing about all of this? That jerk Detective Grey resembles my mom, Kathy. My supportive, nurturing and loving mom. Today's the fifth anniversary of her death, actually. From breast cancer.

PEARL

I'm so sorry. That must've been really tough.

SHELLEY

Not until after she passed.

(off a confused Pearl)

Mom downplayed how sick she really was. I think she was protecting me, wanted me focused on college - on writing - instead of worrying about her. She died my last week of sophomore year. I never got to say goodbye.

(lightbulb)

Oh my god.

PEARL

What?

SHELLEY

This all can't be a coincidence. That it's the five-year anniversary of my mom's death and she looks like the lead detective in my book. Maybe that's why I'm in Lost Bay, playing my heroine. I get to be with Mom again.

PEARL

And you can finally say goodbye to her. Here!

SHELLEY

And if I do that - if I can say goodbye, it's possible...

PEARL

You get to go back home.

SHELLEY

But...how can all that happen when the woman who looks like my mom thinks I'm a killer?

PEARL

I don't know. *You're* the writer...

SHELLEY

Not in Lost Bay. Here, I'm a private investigator...and I think I have to start by proving Eve Coyne's innocence...as Eve.

As the creative wheels in Shelley's brain start to spin...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. DUMMIES B&B - SHELLEY'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Shelley sleeps peacefully in Dummies' signature PINK ROOM.

PEARL (O.S.)
Wake up, Eve Coyne, PI!

Shelley rubs her eyes: Pearl is at her door, still rocking one cat eye, but also now wearing a TRENCH COAT.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Come on, it's time for us to get to work!

SHELLEY
Us?

PEARL
Every PI *does* need a sidekick, right? It's also an excuse to wear my new trench.
(rips off tag)
So, I'm down to join. If you want.

SHELLEY
That would be a big help, actually.

PEARL
So, boss, where do we start
Mission: Exonerate Eve?

SHELLEY
Well, since we can't bank on Mack Downs being The Lost Bay Killer, let's stick with the story in *this* reality. One: Crystal is dead. Two: someone put a gun in my backpack to frame me--

PEARL
Which must've been the real killer. Or someone working for him, right?

SHELLEY
Sounds likely.
(then)
The gun was on me when I first got here. I wonder if that bus driver, John, saw something shady go down before we arrived.

INT. BUS STATION - MORNING

Shelley and Pearl walk up to the counter where former cater waiter, NOW TICKET TAKER, Tina, paints her nails.

SHELLEY

Hey, weren't you a cater waiter yesterday?

TINA

(not looking up)

Thanks for reminding me that I have *multiple* minimum wage jobs.

SHELLEY

Sorry. Uh, so, we're looking for John...a bus driver from last night? He never had a last name. I mean, I don't know it.

(silence from Tina)

He drove me into town. It was around...eight PM?

More silence. Shelley looks at Pearl: *you try.*

PEARL

Tina. *Heyyyy.* It's Pearl Sperber? From Lost Bay High? Go, Dolphins!

Nothing. Pearl opens up her RAINBOW-SHAPED PURSE--

PEARL (CONT'D)

You like nail polish, right?

(re: RED POLISH)

I grabbed the *last* "Devil in a Red Dress" at Lost Bay Drugs. You want?

TINA

Red? I'm not a prostitute.

PEARL

More of a neutral gal, got it. Um.

Pearl fishes through her bag. Shelley notices it's FULL OF MAKEUP; Pearl probably stole more than one item at the drugstore...

PEARL (CONT'D)

Here.

(pulling out a BEIGE)

This one's called "Pantyhose."

TINA
 (trying to take it)
 Pretty...

SHELLEY
 Not until you tell us more about
 John.

TINA
 Wiggins. Is his last name. But he
 quit yesterday.

SHELLEY
 Really? Uh - do you know where we
 can find him?

Tina rips the bottle of polish out of Pearl's hand.

TINA
 He likes beer. Try The Briny Brew.
 Bye.

INT. THE BRINY BREW - MORNING

Shelley and Pearl enter the new-to-look-rustic brewery. Since it's ten in the morning, the bar is a total ghost town, with the exception of one already inebriated patron in the corner: **SUMMER SONG**...who also looks like BECCA BERRYHILL! The less flashy twin drinks a vodka on the rocks.

SHELLEY
 That's Summer Song! Crystal's lush
 of a twin.

Pearl seems more shocked than Shelley.

PEARL
 Yeah. I know.

SHELLEY
 Of course my frenemy is two people
 here. Or was. At least one of them
 is still alive...
 (sighs, feeling guilty)
 I should go...offer my condolences.

Pearl hangs back as Shelley approaches Summer...

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 Hey...um...Summer? I'm really
 sorry...to hear about your sister.

SUMMER

(slurring)

Guess you didn't know her then.

SHELLEY

(under her breath)

You have no idea...

Shelley, remembering her story--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Maybe you two never really saw eye to eye, but Crystal was still family. It's okay to be angry that she's gone.

SUMMER

No, Crystal was a total bitch monster to me. So, today? I'm celebrating.

(raising her glass)

"Ding-dong, the bitch monster's dead!" Cute boots.

Summer then sees Pearl by the door. Instantly turning to ice, she gulps the rest of her drink, slams down the glass and gets out of her seat. Heading to the door, without looking at Pearl--

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Move.

Pearl backs away from the door so Summer can exit. Shelley stares at Pearl, who shrugs.

PEARL

The Song family thinks they're better than everyone. Especially the aqua-haired inn owner with a bunch of dummies.

AMOS (O.S.)

What can I get you ladies?

Shelley and Pearl see **AMOS OLSEN**, the sexy brewmaster, behind the bar in a tight flannel. In The Real World, he's the UNDERWEAR MODEL from the bus stop ad! Shelley melts a little.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Hey, Pearl. Haven't seen you around lately.

(to Shelley)

And you. You look like the Bloody Mary type. Am I right?

Amos gives her a "THUMBS UP." Stricken Shelley just gives him a limp "thumbs up" back. Pearl, getting into character--

PEARL

We're not here for libation, Amos.
We're in search of John Wiggins.

AMOS

You mean Wiggy?

But Shelley just stares. Pearl nudges her.

SHELLEY

Uh, Wiggy, sure. We hear he's a regular.

AMOS

And you are...?

SHELLEY

Um...Eve Coyne. Private eye? I was hired to investigate the disappearance of Crystal Song.

PEARL

And now *murder*, Amos.

AMOS

What does Wiggy have to do with all...that?

SHELLEY

That's strictly confidential, sir.
Have you seen him lately?

Amos hesitates. Shelley then shows him her PI badge.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Can you just answer the question? I mean, please?

A beat. Then--

AMOS

Okay. Yes. He was here last night.

Shelley and Pearl look at each other: it worked!

PEARL

What time?

AMOS

I don't know. Around ten, maybe?
After the cops shut down the
centennial. He bought the whole bar
a round of tequila shots. He was
makin' it rain in here with all his
cash.

SHELLEY

Cash? How does a guy on a bus
driver's salary buy an entire
brewery drinks?

AMOS

I asked him the same thing,
actually. That's when Wiggy started
crying, saying how sorry he was
about something. He was a complete
mess. So I called him a cab. Wait.
You don't think he had anything to
do with Crystal's...death? Do you?

SHELLEY

(uneasy now)

Uh, any idea where the cab dropped
him off?

PEARL (PRELAP)

Nice move with the badge, sister!

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Shelley, holding a BAR NAPKIN with an address on it, walks
with Pearl through the rusted gates.

PEARL

Amos totally bought it! With those
bulging biceps he may seem like a
meathead, but he's so not.

SHELLEY

Yeah, looks are definitely
deceiving in Lost Bay...

They arrive at the front door of John Wiggins' BUSTED RV.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

(re: napkin)

Here it is.

Shelley knocks and the door SLOWLY OPENS.

SHELLEY
No. Not at all.

PEARL
(sees something)
I got something to cheer you up.

Pearl points her pan at a VINTAGE AIRSTREAM.

SHELLEY
How is an old Airstream gonna make
me happy, Pearl?

PEARL
Because. It's where your pseudo mom
lives.

SHELLEY
She does?

Shelley peers into the BACK WINDOW. Inside, "**THE PEOPLE'S COURT**" plays on a small TV. An OBESE CAT sits on the futon. Nearby is a HOT PLATE warming up CHILI. Feeling melancholy--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
God. What a super sad space.

PEARL (O.S.)
Uh, Eve...

<p>SHELLEY Mom never watched <i>The People's Court</i>. Only reruns of <i>Murder, She Wrote</i> and <i>Step by Step</i>...</p>	<p>PEARL (O.S.) (CONT'D) Eve Coyne...</p>
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<p>SHELLEY And she was deathly allergic to cats...</p>	<p>PEARL (O.S.) (CONT'D) Eve!</p>
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A COCKED GUN is quickly pressed against the back of Shelley's head! The gun's being held by--

DET. GREY
Aren't PIs supposed to be invisible?
(off a SPEECHLESS Shelley)
Here's a little tip from one professional to another, Coyne: snooping around the lead detective's place makes you look guilty as shit.

PEARL
We weren't snooping, Detective.

DET. GREY
(lowering her weapon)
Then what the hell were you doing?

With her realities blurred, Shelley's COMPLETELY BROKEN.

SHELLEY
Did you just...point a gun at my head? After everything we've been through?

DET. GREY
We haven't been through anything, Coyne.

SHELLEY
(devastated)
Oh my God. If you only knew. If only you'd trusted that I could handle...how bad it really was. Then I wouldn't have to be here. I wouldn't be Eve and you wouldn't be...you. Holding that...

She can no longer speak. The only thing she can do is sob.

DET. GREY
What are you talking about?
(to Pearl)
What the *hell* is she talking about?

PEARL
Nothing. We're leaving now.

DET. GREY
That's a really good idea. I'm surprised by you, Sperber. Being the local klepto is one thing. But associating with a delusional murder suspect?

Grey heads back inside her trailer and slams the door.

PEARL
Come on.

As Pearl and a completely gut-punched Shelley walk into the fog...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. THE BEANSTALK - DAY**

The coziest fairy tale-themed coffee shop ever. Tina (now a BARISTA) gives Pearl two LATTES at the counter. We then find Shelley, emotionally drained, sitting on an oversized bean bag chair. Pearl walks over and hands her a latte. The paper cup says "EVE."

PEARL

How you holding up?

SHELLEY

How do you think? My mom just aimed a gun at me.

PEARL

But she's not really your mom, Shelley.

SHELLEY

I know. I know that. But she looks like her. She sounds like her. And it kills me that I'm finally with her again, but...not.

(then)

Do you know what it's like to be around someone, who, all you wanna do is hug them, tell them that you love them, but you can't?

PEARL

(loaded)

Yeah, I do.

SHELLEY

What's the point in trying to prove my innocence to Grey now? She's probably even more convinced I'm Crystal's killer. And John Wiggins is AWOL. That big goodbye I wanted? I don't think it's happening. I could be stuck in Lost Bay forever.

Shelley watches Tina walk over to a SMALL STAGE. She sets up a MICROPHONE.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

I wonder if The Beanstalk is hiring...

PEARL

You can't give up. Eve Coyne
certainly wouldn't. And look how
much we've learned in less than a
day!

As Shelley considers this, Tina takes the mic.

TINA

(hating life)
Hey, Beanstalkers. Time for some
poetry, I guess. Officer Blu?

Blu appears from behind the curtain, wearing a BERET. He
holds a small piece of paper. Shelley's smitten--

SHELLEY

No man has ever pulled off a
beret...until now.

His face is more than serious as he gets on the mic--

BLU

I call this one, "Home."
(he begins)
*Home. What. Is. Home. Is it where
you hang your head at night? Or the
city you reside? Or the state?
Maybe your country? Or the one you
were born in?*

Shelley watches, glued. Pearl seems unimpressed.

BLU (CONT'D)

*Is home family?
(this one hits Shelley)
Is it your lover? Or the one you
secretly lust after?
(pointing to his head)
Is home this?
(touching his heart)
Or this?
(dramatic pause)
Home? It's both. Home? Is you.*

Shelley, a little teary now, is the only one to clap. Blu
looks bummed as he takes off his beret. He starts scratching
out his poem.

SHELLEY

Blu thinks he sucks.

PEARL

Because he does.

Able to relate, Shelley gets up and heads to Blu's table.

SHELLEY

Hey. Uh. Your slam was really awesome. Officer.

BLU

Really?

SHELLEY

Totally spoke to me. About home being...ourselves? I kinda needed that today. And I so get the writer's pain. I mean, in theory. To put yourself out there, your heart open, bleeding for the entire world to see. And for what? So that you can just be rejected? Be told you're worthless? A nothing?

BLU

That's exactly how I felt until...
(catching himself)
Uh, I'm actually not really supposed to be talking to you.

Shelley glances down at the name on her latte--

SHELLEY

(sinking in)
Because I'm a suspect...

Blu puts on his beret and quickly exits the store. As he does this, Shelley notices something on a nearby BULLETIN BOARD.

PEARL

(approaching Shelley)
How can that guy be your crush? The only thing crushable about Officer Blu is his face, which I now have the perfect pan for.

SHELLEY

You were so right.

PEARL

Thank you, he's beyond lame.

SHELLEY

No, when you said Eve wouldn't give up so quickly. It's not enough just to pretend to be her. I have to *think* like her, too.

(MORE)

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

I can't let my - Shelley's - emotions impact this investigation. We have to focus at the task at hand. Which is finding John Wiggins.

PEARL

There's my girl!

SHELLEY

(pulling a FLYER off board)
Crystal's candlelight vigil is tonight at City Hall. Everyone in town will be there, right? Maybe someone knows where Wiggy went.

PEARL

Brilliant!
(eyeing her)
Now we just need to find you something to wear...

INT. DUMMIES - PEARL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Various superhero and horror MOVIE POSTERS hang on the walls. As the shower RUNS in the ADJOINING BATHROOM, Shelley looks at herself in a full-length mirror: she's in a form-fitting sleeveless black dress. As she PULLS OFF the tag--

SHELLEY

(calling out)
Pearl, the Jules Aspen dress fits me like a glove. I mean, it's a bit "booby" for my taste but...

PEARL (O.S.)

What?

SHELLEY

(worried about cleavage)
The vigil's outside, right? Do you have a nice shawl or a scarf or something? To cover up with?

PEARL (O.S.)

I can't hear a word you're saying!
Be out in a sec.

Taking it upon herself, Shelley opens a nearby CLOSET. Inside are loud dresses and accessories, all with their tags on. More stolen goods? Shelley brushes that off as she looks for a shawl. She notices something HAIRY on the top shelf.

SHELLEY
 Is that a fur?
 (as she pulls it down)
 Hopefully faux...

Once the object's in her hands, Shelley realizes it's the HAIR OF A VENTRILOQUIST DUMMY. She turns the doll over: IT'S OF CRYSTAL SONG! As Shelley stares at Dummy Crystal--

PEARL
 What are you doing with that?

With wet hair, a mortified Pearl stands there in a towel. She looks so innocent without all the war-paint.

SHELLEY
 What are you doing with it? A dummy of...Crystal Song?

PEARL
 It's not what you think.

SHELLEY
 Then explain it to me.

PEARL
 I can't - it's private.

SHELLEY
 Private? Seriously?

PEARL
 Yes. Private. I've known you, like, five minutes so--

SHELLEY
 Well, in those five minutes, I've told you my whole life story, which could send me to a mental institution here.

PEARL
 Yeah, maybe you are just bonkers, after all.

SHELLEY
 Come on, Pearl. Why can't you let me in on this...thing I found in your closet?

PEARL
 It's not a *thing*. It's nothing.

SHELLEY

You heard me out, so I wanna hear you out, too. I won't judge.

PEARL

You already have!

SHELLEY

You're being totally irrational--

PEARL

You know what? Suddenly I'm not in the mood to go to a vigil.

Pearl grabs the dummy from Shelley and runs out of the room. As Shelley stands there, now without her right-hand woman, we PRELAP Exposé's "*Seasons Change.*"

EXT. LOST BAY CITY HALL - NIGHT

MOURNERS hold CANDLES as Exposé sings their emotional ballad on the steps of City Hall. Next to the band, a makeshift memorial's been set up with a modeling shot of Crystal on an easel, surrounded by flowers and stuffed animals.

We find Shelley in the borrowed dress and her leather jacket scanning the crowd. She notices suspicious behavior all around her: Mack Downs seems to be flirting with Jules Aspen. Mayor Anne and Chaz Chambers are passing out BUMPER STICKERS that say, "WITH ANNE, WE CAN!" Finally, she sees Summer Song drinking out of a flask. Shelley decides to walk over.

SHELLEY

Feel like sharing?

SUMMER

Go for it.

She hands the flask to Shelley, who takes a BIG SWIG.

SHELLEY

If you hated Crystal so much, why are you here?

SUMMER

(taking back flask)
Like you said before, she was still my sister.

As Exposé finishes up their song, the mayor takes the mic.

MAYOR CHAMBERS

Thank you, Exposé, for that touching tribute.

(MORE)

MAYOR CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)

Tonight isn't about politics.
Tonight, my mayoral opponent Ronald
Song and I have come together to
honor his daughter, the shining
jewel of Lost Bay, Crystal, gone
too soon. Ronald, will you come up
here?

FRUIT CART CARL aka **RONALD SONG** steps up.

SHELLEY

(to herself)

My pineapple guy's a real estate
mogul?

SUMMER

Daddy's your pineapple guy? What?

Ronald hugs Chambers.

RONALD

I appreciate it, Anne. All of this.

He glances at Crystal's photo and breaks down. Tears flowing--

RONALD (CONT'D)

Crystal was an exceptional person.
She treated everyone she came
across with kindness and grace.
Always looking out for the
underdogs of the world.

SUMMER

(under her breath)

Bullshit.

Summer then chugs the rest of her booze. Shelley clocks her
leave during Ronald's heartfelt speech.

RONALD

Especially children in need. Which
is why she started her foundation,
Crystal's Kids. Since I'm
determined to keep the charity
alive, I've brought with me a
donation box.

An ASSISTANT places the DONATION BOX by the steps.

RONALD (CONT'D)

I urge everyone to give, even just
a dollar. In Crystal's memory.

A few people arrive at the box. Shelley walks over with her dollar. She then notices SOMEONE IN A HOODIE step up to the box with a WAD OF CASH. It's JOHN WIGGINS!

SHELLEY
No freakin' way...

FLASH TO: TIGHT CLOSE UP of Amos--

AMOS
*That's when Wiggy started crying,
saying how sorry he was about
something.*

BACK ON Shelley, furious. She taps Wiggins on the shoulder--

SHELLEY
Remember me?

He turns, sees Shelley and tries to RUN. Letting out all her rage, Shelley TACKLES Wiggins near Mack.

BUS DRIVER JOHN
Hey!

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Don't you dare "hey!" me,
asshole! I know you got paid
to plant that gun on me. Who
gave you the orders? Was it
Mack Downs?

MACK
Me?

BUS DRIVER JOHN
They - they threatened to kill me
if I ever told!

SHELLEY
What? Who's "they?!"

Suddenly, a GUNSHOT goes off! And ANOTHER! The crowd runs in every direction. Shelley ducks for cover, locking eyes with Mack. ANGLE ON Mayor Chambers, her ear GUSHING WITH BLOOD.

Shelley sees Wiggins pushing his way through the mourners. She gets on her feet to go after him, but he's already disappeared. Off Shelley, losing her only lead. Again...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. LOST BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

WITNESSES from the vigil speak to **OFFICERS**. Shelley sits with Detective Grey.

SHELLEY

At the vigil, John Wiggins admitted he was paid to frame me for Crystal's death with that gun.

DET. GREY

Well, the only thing I've learned from witnesses is that you randomly accosted a friendly bus driver.

Mack Downs approaches them.

MACK

I heard Wiggins admit to it.

SHELLEY

You did?

DET. GREY

You did?

MACK

I also heard you accuse me of hiring him.

SHELLEY

I'm sorry about that. But someone did hire Wiggins. And whoever tried to kill the Mayor took the shot - at that exact moment - so he could escape.

DET. GREY

You're saying the assassination attempt on Mayor Chambers and Crystal's murder are linked?

SHELLEY

It can't be a coincidence that Ronald Song has a connection to both victims, right? When was the last time someone was murdered in Lost Bay, Detective?

(recalling from her book)

Wasn't it June 16th, 1989 at the Lost Bay Crab Eating Contest when winner Patty Aspen was knifed by sore loser--

DET. GREY
 --Bob Krueger. Yeah. You did your
 research...

Grey wonders if the girl isn't that crazy after all.

BLU (O.S.)
 John Wiggins is dead.

DET. GREY
 What?

Blu, hangs up his phone as he joins the group.

BLU
 Patrol found him near the old
 lighthouse. In his pickup. Shot in
 the face.

SHELLEY
 (disturbed)
 Another body?

During this, the tall Female Officer hands Detective Grey a
 REPORT. Worried and just as frustrated--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 Well, I'm sitting here, so I didn't
 do it.
 (olive branch)
 And neither did Mack.
 (then)
 Someone out there is trying to
 cover his or her tracks. Someone
 who didn't like Crystal or The
 Mayor very much.

DET. GREY
 (reading report)
 I agree.

SHELLEY
 You do?

DET. GREY
 You're free to go back to wherever
 you came from, Coyne.

SHELLEY
 Wait. "Free to go?" Because of my
 theory?

DET. GREY

No.

(holding up report)

Fresh from ballistics: your bullets weren't a match for the ones in Miss Song's chest.

(then)

Blu, connect me to patrol. I need Wiggins' body here ASAP.

BLU

Yes, ma'am.

Grey gets up. Shelley follows suit. Everything's been leading up to this moment.

SHELLEY

So, uh, I guess...this is...goodbye then?

DET. GREY

Guess so.

Shelley's eyes well with tears.

SHELLEY

Well, goodbye...Detective.

DET. GREY

Goodbye, Miss Coyne.

Shelley goes to hug her, but Grey holds her hand out for a shake. Shelley awkwardly takes it. Then, with zero fanfare, Grey heads to Blu's desk. Not exactly the goodbye Shelley was hoping for. She watches Grey get on the phone--

SHELLEY

(sotto)

Goodbye, Mom.

Shelley stands there, feeling mixed emotions that it's the end of the road for her in Lost Bay. As Mack starts to exit--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Hey, Mack? Before you go and I... can you tell me who exactly wanted me out of jail?

MACK

I would tell you. But the truth is? I have no idea. All I got was an anonymous wire transfer. And a note.

He walks off, leaving Shelley with another question mark.

EXT. LOST BAY POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

As Shelley exits, she notices Crystal's MP poster still up. She stops to look at it.

BLU (O.S.)
Miss Coyne?

Blu's holding an evidence bag with her gun.

BLU (CONT'D)
You forgot this.

SHELLEY
Oh. Thanks.

As he passes the bag, their hands touch: *electricity*.

BLU
So, I guess you're not a suspect anymore.

SHELLEY
Guess not.

BLU
Do you really have to leave Lost Bay?

SHELLEY
Yeah. I think I do.

BLU
Too bad. No one here's ever understood my poetry but...you.

He smiles. Shelley smiles back. And since she's leaving...

SHELLEY
Screw it.

Exposé's "**Let Me Be The One**" starts as Shelley KISSES Blu...with a Parisian twist. It's hot. A beat. She pulls back as the music stops. But this time, it *wasn't* all in her head.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
I've been wanting to do that for three and a half years.

Shelley walks away, proud she finally made a move with Crushtomer.

BLU
 (what?)
 Three and a half...years?

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Shelley is in the same spot where she saw Crystal's body. Taking in her final minutes of Lost Bay, she talks to her reflection in the water.

SHELLEY
 Man, being a private eye was way harder than writing one.
 (then)
 Time to do this. Okay, Shelley Reed, you got to say goodbye to Mom. You can wake up now.
 (nothing)
 Wake up!

Shelley pinches herself. A beat.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 Uh...
 (taps heels three times)
 ...there's no place like home?

Nope. Frustrated--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 Come on, wake the *F* up!

She slaps herself.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 Ouch.
 (starts to cry)
 Maybe this isn't a dream. Maybe I *am* dead. That makes sense since Mom's here. But everybody else from my life's here too...and I was the only person injured at Starbucks...

Suddenly, **THE REAL LOST BAY KILLER**, wearing A NEOPRENE MASK, appears BEHIND HER! He GRABS her by the throat! Shelley tries to scream, but she can't. She then KICKS HIM IN THE GROIN and they BOTH FALL INTO THE WATER!

As the masked murderer starts to DROWN Shelley...

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX**EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT**

The Lost Bay Killer has a TIGHT GRIP on Shelley's neck as she WRESTLES to keep her head above water. Losing her breath, Shelley's stinging eyes can only make out a blurry black mask. The killer finally overpowers Shelley and DUNKS her head under. Now FULLY SUBMERGED, Shelley starts to lose her grip on life. Then--

DET. GREY (O.S.)
Freeze! Police!

Detective Grey has her gun aimed at the killer. Not able to make a clean shot, Grey SHOOTs a bullet at a nearby boat to scare him. Indeed spooked, he lets go of Shelley and swims off. Shelley SINKS.

DET. GREY (CONT'D)
Shit!

Grey DIVES IN, landing DEEP UNDERWATER. Her leg gets CAUGHT in a THICK CLUSTER OF KELP! As Grey tries to unravel herself, she gets more tangled up. A beat of panic. Then, SHELLEY ENTERS FRAME, holding her right YSL high-heeled boot. With all the energy she has left in her, Shelley hacks away the kelp to free Grey. Shelley grabs onto Grey, bringing them back to the docks.

SHELLEY
(pulling Grey up)
I got you. I got you.

Both wet and breathless, Grey and Shelley drop down on the wooden planks. A beat.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

DET. GREY
Yeah...I'm okay.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

LIGHT AND SIRENS. A POLICE BOAT scans the water for the killer as we find Detective Grey, in a blanket, giving orders to a group of officers. Officer Blu hands her two coffees. Grey takes the cups and enters...

INT. DETECTIVE GREY'S DODGE CHARGER - CONTINUOUS

...where a shaken Shelley sits passenger, also cloaked in a blanket. Grey passes Shelley a coffee. The two women stare into space as they both take a sip in unison...almost like mother and daughter. Silence for another beat. Then--

DET. GREY

So. Uh. Thanks for, you know, doing that. With your shoe.

SHELLEY

Thank you. If you hadn't shown up, I would've been a goner.

DET. GREY

It's in my job description. To serve and protect.

SHELLEY

But why did you come to The Marina?

DET. GREY

I followed you. Not as a suspect. I had a gut feeling something was wrong. Call it a cop's intuition.

SHELLEY

(starting to cry)
More like a mom's intuition.
(catching herself)
I mean, a cat mom.

Shelley then lets it all out.

DET. GREY

Oh, shit.

SHELLEY

Sorry. It's just - I've had the craziest two of days of my life, so, it means a lot that we're...here right now. You...and me. Together.

Shelley instinctively gives Grey a HUG. Grey's eyes go wide.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Is that okay? Just for a second?

DET. GREY

Uh - it's a little strange. But so are you.

Shelley laughs and weeps at the same time. Grey doesn't know what to do, so she stiffly pats Shelley's back.

DET. GREY (CONT'D)
I'm - uh - I'm not very good at this warm and fuzzy stuff.

SHELLEY
You are, you just don't know it yet.
(then)
I'm okay. I'll let go now.

DET. GREY
(thank god)
Uh. You should probably get outta Lost Bay. Since you seem to be the killer's next target.

Knowing that closure didn't get her home--

SHELLEY
I'm not sure if it's up to me anymore. I may be here awhile.

DET. GREY
Suit yourself.

Out her window, Shelley notices Summer Song walking up to the officers with a PIZZA BOX. She passes it to Blu, who gives her a sweet kiss on the lips.

SHELLEY
Officer Blu and...Summer Song?
(crestfallen)
Didn't see that one coming.

DET. GREY
Yeah, the guy's a great cop but has terrible taste in women.
(clocking her sadness)
You know, Coyne. I have to say: I'm kinda impressed by your investigative skills.

SHELLEY
(snapping out of it)
You are?

DET. GREY
You figured out John Wiggins was the one who framed you in under 24 hours. Not bad. For a PI.

SHELLEY

Thanks...

(thinking about Pearl)

...I had a little help. Actually,
could I get a ride somewhere?

CUT TO:

EXT. DUMMIES B&B - NIGHT

Shelley, still in her blanket, exits the Charger and shuts the door. Grey drives off as Shelley stands there waving, happier than she's been in a long time. She then walks up the steps and enters...

INT. DUMMIES B&B - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

...to find a still mad Pearl, reading a comic book next to the Butler Dummy. She glances up from her page--

PEARL

You look like hell.

SHELLEY

Yeah, well, that's what happens
when The Lost Bay Killer tries to
drown you down at the docks...

PEARL

Oh my god - what?! Are - are you
okay?!

SHELLEY

Better now that I'm here.

(then)

Pearl, I'm really sorry about
earlier. I shouldn't have been so
pushy about your...doll. The last
thing I want is to lose my only
friend in Lost Bay. Someone who's
too unique to even be written.

A beat. And then, Pearl lets go.

PEARL

No, it's okay. You literally told
me everything about you - real
world and...otherwise. And I don't
think you're bonkers. So I
should've let you in on my one
secret...

From below the desk, she reveals the Crystal Dummy.

PEARL (CONT'D)

...this? It's not a dummy of
Crystal Song. It's of Summer.

SHELLEY

Summer? Why?

PEARL

Back in high school, me and Summer
were...together. Totally in love.
But when her asshole of a dad
caught us...he told Summer she had
to break it off with me. Unless she
wanted to be disowned, which meant
bye-bye trust fund. I guess money's
more powerful than love. Now,
Summer Song is a drunk. A rich
drunk, at least.

SHELLEY

(carefully)

I should probably tell you...that I
saw Summer with--

PEARL

Officer Blu? Yeah. Why do you think
I hate on him? Because he gets to
be with her. And I don't.

(then)

I made this dummy to, I don't know,
feel close to Summer again. It's
stupid.

SHELLEY

No it's not, Pearl. I totally get
it. Come here.

Shelley gives her a hug. Pearl, thankful, holds tight.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

(as she lets go)

So. I proved my innocence to
Detective Grey. And I said goodbye.

PEARL

You did?

SHELLEY

But I'm still in Lost Bay. Which
means something else is keeping me
from...getting back to Newark. I'm
starting to think it involves me
finding the *real* Lost Bay Killer.

(MORE)

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

If I figure that out, maybe my story will be complete. But I have to do the hard work here, first.

Shelley looks at the Butler and Summer dolls next to each other. She gets an idea.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Hey, do you think we could gather up all your other dummies?

PEARL

What for?

Shelley gives her a big smirk as it THUNDERS outside.

CUT TO:

INT. DUMMIES B&B - SHELLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A MASSIVE STORM is now raging out the window. We find Shelley's map of Lost Bay taped to the wall. Below it, Pearl and Shelley line up DUMMIES featuring sticky notes with the names of Lost Bay residents (JULES, AMOS, RONALD, CHAZ, MACK, DET. GREY, etc.). Note: this will become their "MURDER ROOM."

SHELLEY

(re: dummies)

Okay. All our players are here. But we'll need to fish out the suspects - figure out their motives.

(then)

God, this is gonna be a lot of work.

EXT. DUMMIES B&B - SAME TIME

Rain comes down in buckets as a PAIR OF MUDDY BOOTS arrives at the steps. A beat. A GLOVED HAND opens the FRONT DOOR: SQUEEEAK...

INT. DUMMIES B&B - SHELLEY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

PEARL

I say we start with looking at our victim herself. Understand why someone wanted her dead.

Pearl hands Shelley the Summer Dummy.

PEARL (CONT'D)

This should be Crystal Song.

(a beat)

For investigative purposes.

SHELLEY

Thank you.

Shelley scribbles "Crystal Song" on a sticky note and places it on the dummy.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Okay, Crystal. It's time to talk to us. So we can find your killer.

As we're on the dummy, a CREAKING sound begins, like someone coming up the stairs. Shelley looks at Pearl. With a whisper--

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Did you hear that?

PEARL

I turned on the "No Vacancy" sign. Do you think it's...

CREAK. CREAK. CREAK. They share a scared look. Then, LIGHTNING STRIKES OUTSIDE! The shadowy figure is now just beyond the door! A beat. The DOOR HANDLE slowly TURNS...

Panicked, Shelley grabs the "Det. Grey" Dummy for protection. She tiptoes over to the door. Pearl, mouthing, counts Shelley down: three, two, one. Shelley then SWINGS OPEN the door and CLOCKS the RAIN-COATED FIGURE with the Dummy. Shelley removes the coat's hood, revealing...

PEARL (CONT'D)

Ronald Song!

Shelley drops the Dummy as she stares at RONALD SONG, knocked out cold.

SHELLEY

Is the *real* Lost Bay Killer?

Off Shelley floored, we...

END OF PILOT EPISODE