

# GRIMSBURG

"PILOT"

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&  
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COLD OPEN

**EXT. A SNOWY FOREST IN GRIMSBURG - NIGHT**

Owls **hoot**. Through snowfall and tangled branches we find a VW BUG. Taillights glowing. Windows steamy. You know what's up.

**INT. VW BUG**

Horny 16-yr-olds MARCUS and ABIGAIL suck face. She **giggles**.

ABIGAIL

You're a really good kisser. My dad  
was so wrong about you.

She goes in for more. He pulls back.

MARCUS

Wait-- Your dad doesn't like me, or he  
thought I would be a bad kisser?

A SHADOW darkens the window behind him, then moves off, but  
not before Abigail sees it.

ABIGAIL

Marcus!

MARCUS

Don't Marcus me, Abigail. I can handle  
him not liking me-- but besmirch my  
reputation as a tongue artist!?

**RURRRHMM!** ABIGAIL wipes windshield. In the high-beams: A MAN  
IN A HOODED PUFFER JACKET swings a terrifying chainsaw.

ABIGAIL

Oh my God!

MARCUS

Think I was born with these skills? I learned how to kiss by subscribing to an OnlyFans, then I had to unsubscribe after they changed their policy...

The Puffer Jacket Killer stalks forward, chainsaw **rumbling** louder and louder.

ABIGAIL

NO!

MARCUS

Yes! But then I resubscribed once they changed it back, so it's fine now. And if that's not good enough for you... I'm sorry, Abigail, but this--

**RURRMM!** The windshield detonates! Glass and hot blood splatter ABIGAIL's face! Marcus' lopped-off HEAD drops in her lap.

MARCUS' HEAD

This is goodbye.

ABIGAIL

Nooooooooooooooooo!

MARCUS'S HEAD

(STILL NOT GETTING IT) Maybe next time choose your words more carefully.

ABIGAIL

What? No, I was screaming "no" because someone just killed you.

## MARCUS'S HEAD

Ohhhh. So the whole time you were  
warning me and I was misunderstanding.

So funny. Glad we cleared that up--

His head rolls over, eyes closed. He dead. Abigail gives  
ANOTHER (but it's the same) blood-curdling **scream** that ECHOES  
as we follow back up to the OWL, who shrugs.

BLOOD-DRIP WIPE TO:

Moody cello music GROANS over creepy crime show imagery:

- A child's hand moves wooden toy blocks that become the small town of GRIMSBURG.
- Bloody footprints in white snow. A MOUSE scampers along.
- Puffy Jacket Killer drags a corpse through a forest.
- Woman's tongue rolls an ice cube, sexy.
- A hawk shrieks and dives...
- Grisly crime scene photos connected with miles of string.
- Hawk snaps up mouse in its talons!
- And a haunted DETECTIVE walks a frozen lake at sun-up, his shadow as black as his heart.

Blossoming like ice crystals across the screen:

**G R I M S B U R G**

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**INT. GRIMSBURG POLICE DEPARTMENT - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY**

The leathery old LT. JOHN KANG (60) puffs two cigarettes at once. He shakes his weary head at some CRIME SCENE PHOTOS.

LT. K.

There's just never a "right time" for  
a double teen homicide.

A **ROAR**. Police Chief PATSY STAMOS (50), a large-chested woman in crisp blue shirt and tie, **pounds** her desk so hard it SNAPS IN HALF. Her minions come in to remove the mess and replace it with a new desk. She breaks a lot of desks.

CHIEF

Dammit, Lieutenant! We need this case  
solved and your rag-tag squad of butt-  
bags isn't gonna cut it.

She glares out the window: One cop struggles to load his gun. Another picks his nose. One eats piping-hot oatmeal with his bare hands, wincing.

LT. K.

I stand by my officers, Chief.  
They're... the best we got.

CHIEF

Exactly. We need a born detective who  
knows this town inside out-- A  
brilliant, but troubled cop who feeds  
off the darkness and craps it out  
cold... Carl Carlson!

LT. K.

Sorry, but he's dead.

CHIEF

LT. K. (CONT'D)

What about Lee Waloff? Brent      Murdered. Missing.  
 Gibben? Tor Horskevic?            Cannibalized on the job.  
 "Elegant" Elliot Terts? D-Bo      Cannibalized off the job.  
 Bollers?                              Self-inflicted coma.

She opens a file cabinet drawer marked "Deceased". Hundreds of dead cops' badges POUR OUT like a slot machine jackpot.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Who else is even *left*?

She yanks open a drawer marked "Still Alive". ONE BADGE LEFT.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Marvin Flute...

**STEWART** (20), the Chief's too-perky assistant, interjects.

STEWART

Chief, you told me if you ever considered giving Flute his badge back, I was to remind you that you're the one who took it from him after (WHISPERS) *The Incident.*

CHIEF

Of course I remember (WHISPERS) *The Incident* (BACK TO LOUD), you idiot, but what choice do I have?

STEWART

I did just pass my detective exam...

CHIEF

I need you where you're most useful: reminding me of shit I already know.

(MORE)

## CHIEF (CONT'D)

Marvin Flute is our only shot at  
cracking this case. God help us all.

**EXT./INT. CRUMMY MOTEL - A NEARBY CITY - NIGHT**

Lt. K. arrives at a DOOR with bullet holes in it. The sound of **SCREAMS** and **SMASHING GLASS** inside. Lt. Kang **KNOCKS**. A bearded MAN (40) peers out with bloodshot eyes. His voice is gravel in a garbage disposal.

## MAN

If this is about the screaming, some  
whack-job stuck his head in my window  
and kept calling me a failure, but I  
took care of him.

He motions with his bloodied hand to a smashed "window" which is actually a mirror.

## LT. K

Marvin Flute, best damn detective I've  
ever known. We need you back, you  
brilliant but troubled sonofabitch.

## FLUTE

Did you forget you took my badge,  
Lieutenant? (TURNS AWAY) Now if you'll  
excuse me, I gotta get back to the only  
things I'm good at anymore -- drinking  
myself to death and painstakingly  
crafting Mid-Century Modern dollhouse  
furniture.

Flute sits at his work desk and looks through the magnifying glass at his collection of tiny furniture. He gently caresses the Eames chair with his fingertip.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

(WEIRDLY WHISPERING TO SELF) Little tiny chair in your little perfect world. Oh what I'd give to spin around on you and go "wheee." But I'm too big. I would crush you. And that would crush me.

LT. K.

What if you could get this back?

Kang holds up Flute's old BADGE. A beam of light falls on it.

FLUTE

Badgey! The key to winning back everything I lost: my life, my wife, my sanity, my abs, my receipt for the desert boots I wanted to return because they were too chunky in the toe, my--

Lt. Kang yanks it out of his hands.

LT. KANG

Nope. Not until you crack this week's bizarre unsolvable case.

Flute ponders, preparing a frozen burrito in the microwave.

FLUTE

Dare I go back to Grimsburg? A town tucked away between two mountains and cut off from the world like Jeffrey Epstein's creepy sex island. A place permanently cursed a century ago by a virgin sacrifice gone sideways.

(MORE)



## FLUTE (CONT'D)

A city so full of vice they named it  
twice, then realized that sounded dumb  
so they went back to just the one word:  
(BITES BURRITO, MOUTH FULL) Grims--  
wait, hold on-- (HOLDS UP FINGER, CHEWS  
A BUNCH, THEN) Mm. Okay. (REVERB-Y)  
Grimsburg.

**EXT. A WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY**

Lt. K's sedan blasts by a sign: "Welcome to GRIMSBURG: *Cursed since the Great Virgin Sacrifice of 1888*". An ANIMATRONIC MILKMAID is beheaded by an ANIMATRONIC FARMER with an AXE.

**INT. SEDAN - SAME TIME**

Lt. K. watches as Flute dumps a bottle of purple COUGH SYRUP into his 7-Eleven Big Gulp.

LT. K.

You got a cough, Petunia?

FLUTE

Worse. I'm alive... and I have a  
single hair in the back of my throat,  
it's been bugging me for like three  
days, it's literally the worst.

**EXT. ROADSIDE - GRIMSBURG - LATER**

Flute steps out of the sedan... and drunkenly slips in the snow. As he gets up, some YOUNGER COPS approach, snickering.

YOUNG COP

This is the great Marvin Flute? Psh.

My kid's got a better chance of  
solving this case.

FLUTE

Might be true, if he was your kid.

Young Cop **scoffs**. Flute grabs his arm, rolls up his sleeve.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

No hair on your arms or face coupled with the gynecomastia that accounts for your (HONKS COP'S TITS) ample bosom are clear signs of a hormonal imbalance that would make it impossible to sire a child. Not to mention, your broken dick.

YOUNG COP

Wait, that last part's not tru--

Flute kicks him hard in the dick and he crumples. Peppy Detective GREG SUMMERS (30s and half-cyborg, with a digital screen for a mouth) bounces over, just happy to be alive. *Ew.*

SUMMERS

There he is! The man. The myth. The

Flute. Excited to meet ya, partner--

Flute tries in vain to JAM his gun into Summer's "mouth."

FLUTE

I! Work! Alone! (THEN, CURIOUS) Why can't I get my thing in your hole?

SUMMERS

Oh, that's because it's LCD. I lost exactly 74.2% of my body in a freak merry-go-round smash-up.

(MORE)

## SUMMERS (CONT'D)

But the good folks at Grimsburg  
Cybernetics rebuilt me to be faster,  
(RUNS IN PLACE) stronger (HE FLEXES)  
and longer (SUGGESTIVELY RAISES  
EYEBROWS).

Just then we see a phallic shape growing longer... UNDERNEATH  
HIS SHIRT from his armpit down to his waist?!

## SUMMERS (CONT'D)

(SHEEPISHLY EXPLAINS) They had to move  
some stuff around after the accident.

Flute walks over to the VW BUG from the Teaser. Windshield  
bisected. Blood everywhere.

## LT. K

Found it this morni--

## FLUTE

Everyone, quiet! Crime is talking to me.

Flute scans the car, gobbling up CLUES: A bloody fingerprint.  
Change in the cupholder. Flute subtly pockets those coins.

## FLUTE (CONT'D)

The boy didn't make it.

## SUMMERS

Um, I don't think you're supposed to  
be touching the eviden--

## FLUTE

But the girl...

We punch thru FLUTE'S EYES and into the cobwebby vortex of  
his "**CRIME MIND**," a regular feature on the show. He imagines  
the forest from **THE PREVIOUS NIGHT**. Abigail RUNS towards  
camera. Flute is now running next to his VISION of her.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

(BREATHING HEAVY) She ran for her l-life.

(GASPING, WAVING OFF CAMERA) Go on. Just  
a stitch. I'll catch up.

**EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER**

Abigail makes it to the road just in time to flag down the headlights of a passing, creepy van. It slams on the brakes and she bangs on the door which slides open to reveal...

ABIGAIL

Ed Sheeran?

It is ED SHEERAN, sitting inside the surprisingly tricked-out interior, strumming a guitar.

ED SHEERAN

(RE: VAN) Keeps the fans from following  
me between shows. Need a lift, love?

He strums a chord. Abigail winces.

ABIGAIL

You know what? I'm good.

ED SHEERAN

You sure? I think you're bleed--

ABIGAIL

No, no. It's fine. I mean, I like your  
music, but I just kinda have to be in  
the right mood for it, ya know--

The KILLER grabs her from behind and drags her back into the forest, kicking and screaming.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Noooooo! (SOTTO TO KILLER) Thank you.

BACK ON FLUTE as he approaches a TREE.

FLUTE

You with the green hair! Where's the  
girl?

TREE

Bro, you're barking up the wrong tr--

Flute knees the tree in its "nuts." The tree crumples  
and points a branch.

TREE (CONT'D)

(HIGH PITCH) That way. (SOTTO) Dick.

**BACK TO PRESENT.** Flute and Summers run out to find...

**A MONOLITH OF ICE**

Nine feet tall. A haunting sight. *SOMETHING* behind its cloudy  
surface. Flute leads the men to the Ice Block and scrubs off  
the frost... MARCUS' HEAD AND BODY suspended in the icy blue!  
Flute's EYES move fast. Laser-like. Capturing every detail.  
Flute points at TWO GROOVES in the ice, leading to the shore.

FLUTE

Backhoe tracks. From the Kubota L-39  
diesel used to deliver this block of ice.  
(TOUCHES THE TRACKS) I'd know Kubota  
tracks anywhere -- it's what my dad  
slowly drove away from our family on.

SUMMERS

We find that Kubota...

FLUTE

...we find the killer.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

We find the killer...

FLUTE (CONT'D)

...we find the girl.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

We find the girl...

FLUTE (CONT'D)

(BEAT, THEN) No, that's it.

That's the end of it.

A FEMALE REPORTER approaches Flute, with her back to us.

FEMALE REPORTER

Mind if I ask you a couple of  
questions for the local news?

FLUTE

I don't talk to reporters.

FEMALE REPORTER

What about badass, axe-throwing, bear-  
attack-surviving ex-wives?

**THUNK!** An axe sticks in the ice block with a name burned into the wooden handle -- "Harmony." Flute turns to see the reporter is HARMONY, looking real good as she flips her hair.

FLUTE

Boy-oy-oy-oing.

**INT. "THE WET NOODLE" TRATTORIA - LATER**

A SIGN INSIDE READS: **THE WET NOODLE** -- "*Survivors of last year's Milkman Rampage eat free.*" PAN OVER TO Flute and Harmony sitting at a table. Flute's all romantic.

FLUTE

My love. My soul. My cemetery plotmate.

HARMONY

I'm here to talk about the case.

FLUTE

And I'm here to talk about us.

HARMONY

We'll take turns. I go first. (PEN TO PAPER) Why ice?

FLUTE

The killer feels frozen in time,  
trapped inside his teen self. My turn.  
(LEANS IN, COOL GUY) So... *what up?*

HARMONY

Nothing. My turn: Do you have any  
other leads you're looking into?

FLUTE

Maybe once the kid's body defrosts. My  
turn. (SWEET) Remember when I thought  
I swallowed a band aid and we had to  
go the ER? So dumb.

HARMONY

(SLAMS NOTEBOOK) Dammit Flute! Quit  
giving me the runaround and give me a  
scoop. I'm tired of wasting my talents  
on stupid human interest stories.

**CUTAWAY** to TV NEWS of Harmony reporting under a banner that  
reads "CrabsFest." Behind her, people scratch themselves.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

(TO CAMERA) And much like the disease  
it celebrates, CrabsFest will run for  
the next two weeks if left untreated.  
Reporting live and likely covered in  
pubic lice, I'm Harmony Flute.

**BACK TO SCENE.**

FLUTE

I wish I could help, but it's an active investigation. I caaan't.

HARMONY

Right. And I guess you also caaan't ask one question about the son you haven't seen in years?

FLUTE

I'm fairly sure he's fine. Right pal?

Flute turns to look at STAN FLUTE, (12, glasses, almost cute) who has apparently been sitting at the table the whole time.

STAN

I'm great now that you called me pal.  
(LOST IN THE MOMENT, SAVORS IT) "Pal."

HARMONY

So what's the plan, Marvin? Is this just a one off or are you moving back to skull-fudge this family full time?

STAN

I vote skull fudging.

FLUTE

I want to give it another go. Me and you. And Stan... to some degree.

STAN

That works for me.



HARMONY

You think it's that easy after what  
you did to us? You disappeared faster  
than Andrew Cuomo's political career.

ANDREW CUOMO arrives at the table dressed in a suit and tie.

ANDREW CUOMO

Ah-ah-ah, I'm not dead yet. (THEN,  
TAKES OUT NOTEPAD) Can I get you  
started with some appetizers,  
sweetheart?

Harmony waves him off and he exits. She turns to Flute:

HARMONY

When you were gone, I realized it was  
time to prove to this town that I'm  
not an extension of you, I'm my own  
person. That I'm not your apple, I'm my  
own tree. I'm not the sauce packets,  
I'm the chimichanga. I'm not a bidet  
attachment, I'm the whole weirdly  
expensive Japanese toilet. So I raised  
our son alone, built an IKEA bookshelf  
even though it says it takes two people  
and bought one of those TOTO toilets.  
Have you tried one? I meannnnnnnn...

Unable to express in words how great the TOTO is, Harmony  
uses French Mime-level space-work to pantomime her mind being  
blown. As her brain "explodes" out the right side of her  
head, her eyes roll back and her limp body crumples into the  
chair and then comically slides off O.S. in brainless bliss.  
A BEAT before she POPS UP INTO FRAME completely normal.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

I also enrolled in mime classes.

(THEN, LEANS ON TABLE) I'm a strong independent woman who doesn't need your help, except for right now when I need your help, so throw me a bone!

(POINTS) And don't even think about wiggling your eyebrows and saying "That's what I was trying to do."

FLUTE

("OFFENDED" WHILE WIGGLING EYEBROWS)

That's never crossed my mind.

HARMONY

(STANDS) Say goodbye to your dad, Stan.

Harmony exits in a huff. Stan looks up at his dad and **mouth-breathes heavily**, in joy. Flute turns to Stan, confident.

FLUTE

Don't worry, boy son, I'm gonna win your mom back faster than you can say "hereditary schizophrenia." Which you also don't need to worry about... unless you're still seeing your imaginary skeleton friend?

STAN

Nope! Therapy's working great! Bye!

Stan takes the hand of his imaginary friend MR. FLESH, a demented skeleton with flames for eyes, and they stroll off.

**INT. MORGUE - DAY**

The odd Medical Examiner WYNONA WHITECLOUD (30s) leads Flute and Summers deeper into her grim domain.

WYNONA

Glad you're back, Flute. This place's has  
been dead without you. (CHUCKLES) I'm fun.

The dead MARCUS lies on a slab, head reattached with STAPLES. A **TOOT**. Everyone looks at each other, then at the corpse.

WYNONA (CONT'D)

Body's still off-gassing, typical on a  
defrost.

FLUTE

Did you hear that? The note was a  
perfect B-Flat.

Flute presses the body's stomach. Yet another B-Flat **TOOT**.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

There's something *inside* him.

They roll the body... A shiny metal CONCERT FLUTE sticks out of the boy's anus.

WYNONA

I keep forgetting to check both sides.

SUMMERS

Wowie, a flute! The killer must be  
trying to make contact with you.

Flute pulls out the flute. They all stare at the instrument.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Good thing your name's not *Piano*.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. GRIMSBURG P.D. - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY**

Flute, Summers, and Lt. K examine the BUTT-FLUTE in its evidence bag.

SUMMERS

Seems the killer really wanted to get your attention, Flute. Is there anyone in town who might hate you?

WE SEE INTO... **FLUTE'S BRAIN:**

**PAN DOWN A POLICE LINEUP** of people who hate Flute, including Harmony, the Chief, a mailman, a baby, many bartenders and finally landing on Flute himself. **BACK TO SCENE.**

FLUTE

No one comes to mind.

The Chief storms in and stands behind her desk.

CHIEF

I need Abigail found ALIVE!

The Chief pounds the desk, again breaking it. Her lackeys come in and begin replacing it.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

This town's first casino opens tomorrow and Mayor Dilquist doesn't need the ceremonies overshadowed by a missing girl. Especially one that happens to be his daughter.

SUMMERS

Wait, Abigail Dilquist is Mayor Dilquist's daughter?! Is everyone in this town related?

REVEAL Stewart in his corner, jotting notes on his notepad.

STEWART

Actually, based on Grimsburg's small population, extreme isolation and our need to spend long periods indoors, statistically most people in this town are related.

CHIEF

Shut up, Stewart.

STEWART

Sorry, Mom.

Everyone looks incredulously at Stewart, then back at Chief.

CHIEF

What.

LT. K.

It's just, I've worked with you for twenty years, Chief. Anything else you haven't told me?

CHIEF

Fine!! I'm a Climate Change-denying Flat-Earther whose recent 23andMe says I'm 12% Sasquatch. So now that we're caught up on ME, YOU better find the Mayor's daughter or I'll personally throw the three of you off the edge of this planet!

As the guys head out--

SUMMERS

Golly, Flute, what if we're related,  
too? Brothers! ...*Sisters?*

**INT. PUFFY JACKET KILLER'S LAIR - DAY**

Abigail awakens in a gloomy stone cell. Ropes around wrists. A door **CREAKS** open and the Puffy Jacket Killer appears. A throaty VOICE MODULATOR crackles from his dark hood:

PUFFY JACKET KILLER

*Ha ha. Soon, child, all of Grimsburg  
will know the pain I have suffered--*

**KZZEEUCCHH!!** The voice modulator glitches out. The killer smacks it a few times, **ahems**.

PUFFY JACKET KILLER (CONT'D)

*All of Grimsburg will know the--*

**KZZEUCH!** Another glitch.

PUFFY JACKET KILLER (CONT'D)

*Goddammit. That's what I get for One-Click  
ordering from an unverified seller.*

**INT. SEDAN - DAY**

Flute and Summers drive through the desolate landscape as a **Katy Perry pop song** plays. Summers moves to change the radio--

SUMMERS

I'm sure you hate this stuff...

FLUTE

Yes. This one from Katy's latest album strikes me as derivative radio pop, rather than the genre-busting pure art that we saw on *One of the Boys* and *Teenage Dream*, and, arguably, on *Prism*.

(MORE)

FLUTE (CONT'D)

(OFF SUMMERS' LOOK) I'm a Katy Cat. Don't tell me you're a Swiftie?

SUMMERS

(HE IS) Nooo. So, where we going now?

FLUTE

Where everyone goes when they need answers. Or pimple cream.

The car **squeals** to a stop in front of...

**EXT. GRIMSBURG MIDDLE SCHOOL - SAME**

The light-up sign declares "Annual Father-Son Dance TONIGHT"-- then switches over to "Stepdads Not Allowed". As Flute and Summers get out of the car...

FLUTE

Thirty years ago at this school, I had the most brilliant teacher of my life. Then ten years ago, I sent him to prison for the rest of his.

**INT. GRIMSBURG MIDDLE SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER**

The detectives make their way through the halls...

FLUTE

Faced with a teacher shortage, the city ordered him to serve out the rest of his sentence working back here. Which is how the man who was once my greatest mentor has now become one of my biggest nemesises... nemesis?... nemesi? (THEN) Remind me to ask him. He'll know.

**INT. PENTOS'S CLASSROOM - SAME**

Blackboards covered in dizzying EQUATIONS, MUSICAL NOTES and CHEMISTRY COMPOUNDS. Staring out the window in an orange prison jumpsuit and the SCHOOL PARAKEET on his shoulder is--

FLUTE

(GROWLS) Dr. Pentos. How's the ankle bracelet? Itchy, I hope.

MR. RUFIS PENTOS (60s) turns and we see he is an evil super genius -- with a blinking ANKLE BRACELET -- once again ready to face off with Flute.

DR. PENTOS

Oh Marvin, how you've changed. What happened to that bright-eyed boy who once tried to solve my riddles, in vain?

FLUTE

The unrelenting cruelty of human existence. And too much screen time.

DR. PENTOS

So, have you returned to continue our little game of cat and animal that is smaller than a cat--?

**KNOCK KNOCK.** The door opens and a CONCERNED PARENT peeks in.

PARENT

Dr. Pentos?

Pentos immediately shrinks as his "teacher persona" takes over and the burden of all the annoying students, parents and administration weighs heavily on his spirit and posture. Pentos tries to push the PARENT out the door over:



PARENT (CONT'D)

MR. PENTOS

I wanted to talk about Franny's grade. My wife and I feel forcing a soft-spoken child to read aloud is a form of vocal discrimination and we'd hate to involve the principal, but--

Hiii! Of course, my office hours are-- Makes sense, but if-- Oh dear. Perhaps we can find an equitable solution after I finish up with these gentlemen. Yesss, thank you!

\*

Pentos finally gets the door shut, lets out a **SIGH** and **MUMBLES CURSES** under his breath, before turning to Flute and Summers.

DR. PENTOS

(DIABOLICAL AGAIN) Now, what deliciously dark crime do you seek help with this time, my young pupil? Murder? Kidnapping? The missing bagels from the faculty break room? (SHADY) Twasn't I.

FLUTE

(TO SUMMERS) Show him.

Summers holds up the BUTT-FLUTE. Pentos snatches it away.

DR. PENTOS

Wherever did you find her?

FLUTE

So you know whose flute this is.

DR. PENTOS

Of course! Like a hunter knowing every gun he's fired, I know every instrument that's touched my lips.

As Pentos puts it to his lips...

SUMMERS

Um, you may not want to--

Too late. Pentos blows a single, beautiful **note**.

DR. PENTOS

Interesting. Its keys have been altered to only blow a B-Flat. (THEN) Some ruffian stole it from my wall two days ago, but I have simply no idea how they got in.

Flute's eyes zap around the room-- **CLUES LEAP INTO FOCUS:**

-- a shard of glass  
 -- the busted latch on the window  
 -- the actual board game Clue

Flute moves closer to the WINDOW, grazing his finger over the glass fragments on the sill, sticking his head--

**OUT THE WINDOW**

Flute looks DOWN into the bushes and spots a round, brand-new CASINO CHIP. He pockets the clue.

**BACK IN PENTOS'S CLASSROOM**

FLUTE

Any idea who snatched it?

DR. PENTOS

Careful-- ask too many questions and the teacher gets upset. Now get back out there and see if you can pass the test.

Pentos flicks at the PLASTIC BADGE on Flute's chest. Teacher and pupil stare at each other, nose-to-nose, unflinching. So intense! Slowly, Summers creeps into frame between them.

SUMMERS

Ooh, can I play too? Somebody stare at me. C'mon! I'm really good! (HE BLINKS) Best two-out-of-three?

The schoolbell **RINGS**. The detectives start out. Pentos calls after them:

DR. PENTOS

Best of luck finding Ms. Abigail, a bright young blossom indeed, whose only crime was growing up in her father's shadow. Parents truly block out the sun, don't they Marvin?

Flute pauses a moment to take that in, exits. The Parent slips back in through the open door. Pentos shines her on.

DR. PENTOS (CONT'D)

Ah, yes. Now what can we do to make dear Franny feel less triggered?

**EXT. GRIMSBURG MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY**

Flute and Summers stride into the snow-filled parking lot.

SUMMERS

Well that was a bust. The only thing we got was goosebumps.

Flute holds up the CHIP. It reads "Grand Grimsburg Casino."

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

At two in the afternoon? (TOUCHES FLUTE'S ELBOW) Flute, if you or someone you know needs to talk...

FLUTE

It's our next lead. C'mon, let's--

A BOY SCREAMS. Flute whips around to see his son STAN getting sky-high wedgies from five TEENS near the pick-up loop.

STAN

DAD!

FLUTE

(TO BULLIES) Let him go. Now.

BOY BULLY

Or what? You gonna hit some kids?

Flute walks up to the Boy Bully, invading his personal space.

FLUTE

I don't have to hit you. Because time will. You're young now, but soon you'll look in a mirror and the only hairs you'll have left will be the ones on your balls. And they'll splash toilet water when you sit.

The Bully shudders.

SUMMERS

Jesus. Flute. Take it ea--

FLUTE

Then your ancient mother calls, she can't figure out the WiFi. But you can't help her because your kleptomaniac sister needs you to pick her up from the airport and *it's not even in the same town!*

SUMMERS

Flute! This is too dark. They're just kids!!

FLUTE

And one day, little boy, some punk teenager is gonna use a phrase you don't know, like "Thirst Trap," but you'll be too embarrassed to ask. And you'll go on living-- *without ever knowing what that phrase means.*

**SUPER:** "THIRST TRAP. *Noun.* A flirty photo posted for likes."

The Bully WEEPS. All the kids are trembling-- Summers too.

BOY BULLY

Stop. Please! We'll let him go.

The boys drop Stan, help him pick up his stuff.

FLUTE

Now get -- before I tell you about my colonoscopy.

The bullies race off. Stan jumps up and down with excitement.

STAN

Dad, you saved me! I knew you cared!

Stan SQUEEZES Flute in a big hug. Flute gives him an awkward back-pat as he looks around distracted.

FLUTE

Wasn't your mother supposed to be here to pick you up and see me save you?

STAN

She texted that she's running late.

Disappointed, Flute SIGHS and wriggles out of Stan's hug. As Flute marches to his car, Stan follows and steadily SINKS into the deepening snow.

STAN (CONT'D)

I was kinda thinking about that thing Mom said. You know, about how you always put work before us.

FLUTE

That's great, but I got work to do.

STAN

I just thought maybe you could prove to mom that you've changed... by taking me to the Annual Father-Son Dance tonight.

Flute stops in his tracks. Lightbulb.

FLUTE

Yes... If Harmony sees you in my arms, she'll want me back in hers. I'll see you tonight at the dance. And don't forget to tell your mom what I'm doing.

Flute "tousles" Stan's hair from two inches away without touching it. Stan smiles as he watches his dad go.

Joining Stan is his skeleton friend, MR. FLESH. Eyeballs aflame.

STAN

Mr. Flesh, our plan to get my parents back together is working! It all starts with the Father-Son Dance!

MR. FLESH

Uch. That dance is creepier than Armie  
 Hammer's late-night texts and I should  
 know because I've received a few --  
 HA! -- but I'm here to help.

Mr. Flesh SPINS around, wearing each costume in turn:

MR. FLESH (CONT'D)

I'll teach ya how to dance (BLACK  
 LEOTARD), how to dress (FUNKY SUIT),  
 and how to make it look like you're  
 taking your meds while secretly hiding  
 them under your tongue (SEXY NURSE  
 OUTFIT). Let's begin!

Mr. Flesh SPINS back into his leotard to show Stan some  
 cool pop-&-lock dance moves that Stan tries to imitate.  
 Mr. Flesh is good, like TikTok good. Stan less so.

**EXT. GRAND GRIMSBURG CASINO - DAY**

A LARGE, PHALLIC-SHAPED CASINO stands erect in the heart of  
 Grimsburg. Surrounded by construction fencing. A sign reads:  
*MADE POSSIBLE BY GOD'S GIFT TO GRIMSBURG: MAYOR DILQUIST.*

Flute and Summers find themselves in a dress rehearsal for  
 tomorrow's grand opening. MAYOR DILQUIST (40, leather jacket  
 with fringe) -- who radiates a fashionable spirituality even  
 when he gets caught with his hand in the till -- leads a group  
 on a tour of the new casino, featuring a giant AQUARIUM in the  
 lobby that workers are filling with water.

MAYOR DILQUIST

...and after I cut the ribbon on our  
 bodacious new casino, I hit this  
 button, and the red curtain drops on  
 the world's third largest shark tank!

(MORE)

MAYOR DILQUIST (CONT'D)

Finally, our little Grimsburg will be known for something other than our rival prisons, chicken refineries and an unusually high number of killer clowns.

Flute and Summers approach. Dilquist is delighted to see them.

MAYOR DILQUIST (CONT'D)

Marvy Marvs!!! You look radiant. Doing something new with your aura?

FLUTE

Save the good vibes for someone who can feel them. I'm here to talk about your missing daughter.

MAYOR DILQUIST

Yes, of course. Do you mind if we do it someplace else? My wife hasn't been handling it very well.

ANGLE ON Dilquist's comatose WIFE in an IRON LUNG, off to the side. Eyes open. Unblinking.

MAYOR DILQUIST (CONT'D)

Hon? I'm going to take a walk with these dudes. ("LISTENING", LAUGHS)

You're hilarious. Don't go anywhere.

**EXT. CASINO CONSTRUCTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER**

Flute and Summers take notes as Dilquist recollects.



MAYOR DILQUIST

...and that was the last time we saw her. Such a bummer Marcus died-- no matter how bad a kisser he surely was.

SUMMERS

Can anyone corroborate where you were the night of the abduction?

MAYOR DILQUIST

(TO FLUTE) I was with your ex-wife--  
Flute TACKLES him, rears back a fist.

FLUTE

I'll kill your face!

MAYOR DILQUIST

--doing an interview about the casino,  
bro!

Flute breathes a sigh of relief and helps Mayor Dilquist up.  
Summers holds the CASINO CHIP.

SUMMERS

We think someone here may be involved.  
We'd like to ask those workers a few questions.

MAYOR DILQUIST

I assure you all my guys have been  
karmically vetted-- but ask away...

The face-tattooed FOREMAN PAUL looks up from sharpening a blood-spattered HUNTING KNIFE.

FLUTE

You there. What were you doing the night those kids went missing?

PAUL

I was boostin' snowmobiles from the municipal lot. (JERKS THUMB) Ask the Second Foreman. Lulu!

Eyepatch-wearing LULU leers at a nudie mag CENTERFOLD with her one good eye.

LULU

Me? I was pawning my grandma's TV for opioids. Ask Blandings!

NIGEL BLANDINGS, a pleasant British guy in a cardigan, dainty mittens and glasses, feeds cupcakes to squirrels and bluejays. He looks up at the detectives...

NIGEL BLANDINGS

(BRITISH ACCENT) *Oh, bollocks.*

Nigel jumps off his Kubota tractor and sprints away.

FLUTE

That's a Kubota backhoe! Blandings is the Ice Block Killer! Get him!

Flute and Summers give chase.

**EXT. CEMETERY - AN EXCITING FOOTCHASE**

Blandings and the detectives plow through a FUNERAL. The ATTRACTIVE WIDOW'S BOUQUET goes flying. Male mourners go for it and dogpile. One holds the bouquet up in victory.

Flute and Summers are right on Blandings' ass when Flute gets totally distracted by a billboard for the *Action 27 News Team* which includes HARMONY, who comes to life and "speaks" to him.

HARMONY (ON BILLBOARD)

*Tonight's top story: Grimsburg's  
leading detective catches Ice Block  
Killer and wins back his badass, axe-  
throwing, bear-attack-surviving ex-  
wife who never stopped loving him.*

Flute drops out of view. **THUNK!** He's flat in an open grave, moaning. Summers peeks over the edge.

FLUTE

Why aren't you going after him!?

Summers proudly whips out his POLICE MANUAL.

SUMMERS

Page 31 clearly states (READS) "Never  
leave your partner behind." (READS  
FURTHER) "...unless you are chasing a  
suspect." Whoops.

Flute pulls himself out and looks around, but Blandings is gone. Flute ROARS into the sky. Summers continues reading.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Did you know we're required to have  
holsters?

Summers' gun is tucked into a tube sock tied around his neck.

**EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY**

Harmony and Stan walk past run-down storefronts such as:  
*Seasonal Depression Shoe Outlet -- Five Guys, One Cup --  
Like-New Clown Suits -- Culturally-Appropriated Mexican Joint.*

Outside a clothing store, Harmony checks her reflection and notices a fresh CROW'S FOOT WRINKLE. She **growls** at it and the wrinkle **whimpers**, sinks back into her smooth skin. She's pleased. Harmony and Stan head into--

**INT. FATTIES AND SHORTIES CLOTHIER - MOMENTS LATER**

Harmony holds a kid-sized SUIT in front of Stan.

STAN

I don't want anything that makes  
people notice my teeth.

HARMONY

I told you, baby: you're perfect. And  
we'll straighten 'em right out as soon  
as the Dentist of Death gets paroled  
or escapes again.

STAN

I'm so happy Dad's back to take me to  
the dance. Aren't you?

HARMONY

I am, but I don't want you to get...  
disappointed. Your father has a lot of  
baggage. And not the kind that rolls.

STAN

But you love his sexy darkness!

HARMONY

What? NO...

Flute's on a TV, giving a confident police press conference.

FLUTE (ON TV)

The inside of this killer's head is a roach-  
infested motel, swarming with nightmares  
that would drive an ordinary cop mad. Lucky  
for you: Det. Flute just booked a room.

Harmony wipes her brow with a suit, noticeably turned on.

HARMONY

(SHUDDERING) So dark.

Mr. Flesh tries on a new suit nearby, posing in a mirror.

MR. FLESH

Stanny, spill the tea -- do I look like  
Stephen Hawking in this? I'm so bad.

**INT. GRIMSBURG P.D. - EVENING**

Flute and Lt. K stare at a corkboard of complicated CLUES.

LT. K.

We scoured Blandings' place. Bupkis.

FLUTE

He's been bread-crumbing clues like he  
wanted to be found. Why ghost us now?  
(TO SELF) Could this be a "thirst trap"?

LT. K.

Kid, I told you when you joined the force:  
cops and criminals are locked in a long,  
mysterious dance. One big, cosmic, DANCE.

Flute's eyes grow wide as he checks his watch.

FLUTE

Great Tits of Satan! I gotta go!

**INT. SCHOOL GYM - EVENING - START CROSSCUT...**

A banner: "ANNUAL FATHER-SON DANCE". Various FATHERS and SONS  
dance together. By the punch-bowl, Stan holds a CORSAGE he was  
planning to give Flute. Stan checks his watch: *Where is he?*

**SEDAN:** Flute eyes his watch, guns it-- his car SLALOMS past  
terrified pedestrians on Grimsburg's icy main street. They  
breathe a sigh of relief... and get flattened by a city bus.

**SCHOOL GYM:** Stan looks down at his watch, biting his lip.

STAN

Don't be a baby, Stan. He'll be here.

**SEDAN:** Flute jumps out before the car's even stopped and goes charging through the front door of--

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME**

Flute finds Summers in the hallway-- not the school gym at all. They stand before Apt. C, door wrapped in police tape.

SUMMERS

Why'd you call me here? Didn't we already clear Blandings' apartment?

FLUTE

The flute was tuned to play B-flat. Blandings is British, and they call apartments "flats." B-flat. Flat B. In other words, Apartment B. All along, he's been leading us to...

Flute whips around and points to the letter **B** on the apartment door across the hall. Summers thinks.

SUMMERS

Leading us to... be best friends?

Flute **groans** in frustration and KICKS OPEN the door to find: BLANDINGS staring right at them-- FROZEN IN A BLOCK OF ICE!!!

**BACK AT THE SCHOOL GYM**

Fathers sons dance to an upbeat tune as a D.J. swaps vinyls.

D.J.

Time to slow it down, boys and boys.

Stan watches as other fathers and sons SLOW-DANCE, feet-on-feet. Stan drops the CORSAGE and exits, fighting back tears.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. BLANDINGS' B FLAT - NIGHT**

**Whirrr!** While Summers patiently melts a hole in Blandings' Ice Block with a HAIR-DRYER, Flute's face darkens.

FLUTE

How awful.

SUMMERS

I know, what a terrible way to go.

FLUTE

No, his taste in furniture. Who mixes  
Mid-Century Modern with Shabby Chic?

Summers finishes melting the ice and passes the PAPER NOTE from Blandings' hand to Flute.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

(READING) *"While you were chasing this  
idiot around, I was completing my  
brilliant crime."* Huh.

He scrutinizes the note--

FLUTE (CONT'D)

The top of the page is missing.

He hands the TORN NOTE to Summers, who rubs it between his fingers, appreciating the texture.

SUMMERS

Gee, it was considerate of the killer  
to use recycled paper. We should all  
be looking out for future generations  
like that.

FLUTE

"Future generations..." (BLANCHES)

Holy shit, my child-spawn!

He BOLTS for the exit.

**INT. SEDAN - OUTSIDE GRIMSBURG P.D. - NIGHT**

Flute cranks the ignition, which **sputters**. The dash has a diagnostic readout: *ENGINE DEAD. TOWN TOO COLD.*

Flute groans and looks out the window at a passing SNOWPLOW.

**EXT. HARMONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Flute rides the back of the snowplow. He leaps off, tucks-and-rolls onto Harmony's front lawn to find--

Pentos leading a near-frozen Stan, blanket wrapped around his shoulders and his teeth chattering, towards the door.

DR. PENTOS

I found him in the street outside the school. He was slow-dancing... all by himself.

Harmony rushes out of the house, a panicked mom. Mr. Flesh is hot on her heels.

HARMONY

Baby!

MR. FLESH

Stanny! I do wanna hear about this, but first I gotta jet to my Soul Cycle sesh.

Mr. Flesh runs off as Harmony embraces Stan. Pentos grins his taunting, signature GRIN.



DR. PENTOS

Such a lovely boy-- a shame his  
father's duties leave no time for  
love. *Parents truly block out the sun,  
don't they Marvin?*

FLUTE

You already said that earlier.

DR. PENTOS

I did?

Pentos surreptitiously checks his *"ALMANAC OF CREEPY PHRASES."*

DR. PENTOS (CONT'D)

Thennn... (FINDS IT, SHUTS BOOK) *You  
should be more careful with precious  
things-- they might vanish into the  
driven snow.*

Pentos pockets his Almanac, hops on a RASCAL SCOOTER covered  
in reflectors and putters off.

Harmony throws Stan inside, gives Flute a disappointed frown.

HARMONY

You stood up your son. What's next in  
the Bad Dad Olympics? Push him down the  
stairs and laugh while you eat his  
candy?

FLUTE

It's this case, flooding my soul with  
darkness. Not to mention (WHISPERS)  
*The Incident...*

HARMONY

Don't start with me about *The Incident*.

FLUTE

You're kinda supposed to whisper it--

HARMONY

I'm done whispering about what you put me through!! You spent weeks cooped up in our basement, pinning the walls with crime scene photos to figure out how they were all connected. You went through so much string you were banned from The Yarn Barn. For the first time in your life you couldn't solve a case, and you just gave up. On everything. I won't let you do that to us again.

Flute stares deep into her eyes, as if searching for the words that will make everything alright.

FLUTE

Can you run all that by me again?

I was thinking about dead bodies.

Harmony starts to shut the door...

FLUTE (CONT'D)

I'll prove to you that I can change!

HARMONY

You don't need to prove that to me.

As Harmony looks inside at a shivering Stan, Flute follows her gaze and nods -- he finally "gets it."

FLUTE

You're right. I need to prove it to myself first.

Harmony sighs: he's hopeless.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

Prove it to Lt. K.? The Chief? My dad--  
no, your dad? The town?

She SLAMS the door in Flute's face as he continues guessing.

**INT. PUFFY JACKET KILLER'S LAIR - NIGHT**

A teary-eyed, mascara-streaked Abigail clutches a LANDLINE PHONE.

ABIGAIL

Pick up, pick up!

RECORDED OPERATOR

Thank you for calling 911. All operators are busy. To skip the queue, try our new "911-Plus" premium service, now entirely commercial-free...

OFF Abigail considering this amazing offer.

**INT. GRIMSBURG P.D. - BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING**

Flute splashes his face, then looks up to see MIRROR FLUTE, his chiseled and idealized alter-ego, staring back at him.

FLUTE

I told you to leave me alone, you handsome bastard!

## MIRROR FLUTE

Well, I was in town for the *Happily Married Sober Detectives Conference* and thought I'd drop by to say: you're still a failure, and we both know what you need to do.

Flute's about to PUNCH the mirror, then sags. Mirror Flute is right. Flute shuffles off. Mirror Flute leans out after him.

## MIRROR FLUTE (CONT'D)

Forgot to wash your hands, bro.

**INT. GRIMSBURG P.D. - SAME**

Flute shambles into the Chief's office where Summers, Lt. K and Stewart are reviewing evidence. The Chief isn't in yet.

## SUMMERS

Mornin', partner! Really soft pear?

Flute pushes past and plunks his PLASTIC LOANER BADGE down on the Chief's new desk... which splits in half again. Huh.

## LT. K.

What?! You can't quit, Marvin! My bookie's gonna give me her I-told-you-so face.

## FLUTE

Our one lead has freezer-burn. My ex won't have me. And I just found out I've been paying way too much for car insurance.

## STEWART

I'd do anything to be a detective, and you're just throwing it in the trash?

FLUTE

Swish.

Stewart grabs a notepad out of the wreckage.

STEWART

At least write down your feelings on the Chief's notepad. Make a pros/cons list and then decide.

SUMMERS

*Chief's notepad...*

Summers notices the Chief's NOTEPAD... The top sheet is TORN. Summers fishes out the NOTE from Blandings' Ice Block and places it on the pad -- the tear is a perfect match!

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

(ECSTATIC) Look! The paper matches perfectly! The Chief is the killer.

Look at me! I solved a case, Flute!

Flute gives Summers a pat on the back as he turns to Lt. K.

FLUTE

See, K.? You never needed me. Nobody needs me. (BEAT) I'll be at the bar if anybody needs me, which you won't as I've clearly stated.

**INT. JINKO'S TAVERN - NIGHT**

Flute sits at the bar, points to menu: "Defeated Detective." The Bartend fills TEN SHOT GLASSES with purple COUGH SYRUP. A grim-faced Flute knocks 'em back, looks down at the floor...

Which has just transformed into a PURPLE POOL. He SINKS THROUGH THE LIQUID FLOOR into--

-- **CRUMMY MOTEL.** A swarm of BED BUGS beckon for Flute to join them in the wild bug-orgy they are having on the bed. Flute tumbles through the GOOEY PURPLE carpet--

-- **WASHINGTON HILTON, 1981.** A crewcut Secret Service Agent smiles down at the **NEWBORN BABY** in his arms.

SUPERVISOR

What're you gonna call him?

Behind them, Ronald Reagan heads to his limo. A **GUNSHOT**. He doubles over.

FLUTE'S DAD

(UNFAZED) Marvin.

The baby is swept away on a wave of **PURPLE GOO** into--

-- **MUSIC ROOM.** A class of Sixth Graders butchering "Hot Cross Buns." A FULLY-GROWN Marvin Flute sits in third chair with a tiny violin, doused in sweat as Pentos **LOOMS** over him.

DR. PENTOS

Parents truly block out the sun, don't  
they Marvin?

FLUTE

(SWEATING BUCKETS) What are you  
saying? What does that mean...!?

The **WALLS MELT** into purple goo--

-- **DELIVERY ROOM.** Harmony strains to push out baby Stan. She reaches out for Flute's hand, but he's too busy poring over a stack of **CASE FILES** as the newborn Stan **wails**.

-- **SUNNY GARDEN.** **STAN** is a literal **FLOWER**: petals all around his face and a thin green stem for a body. He happily soaks up sunlight. **FLUTE** towers over him, drowning Stan in **DARK SHADE**. Stan **withers**.

DR. PENTOS (V.O.)

...You should know what it means. You  
have been guilty of it all along. Look  
closer. Closer...!

Flute looks up at the **BLAZING SUN ABOVE HIM**--

**BACK TO TAVERN - PRESENT**

The annoyed Bartend shines a FLASHLIGHT down on Flute's face as he writhes on the filthy floor. Flute's eyes pop open.

FLUTE

It's not the Chief!

MATCH CUT TO:

**EXT. GRAND GRIMSBURG CASINO - NIGHT**

SUMMERS

It's the Chief!

The razzle-dazzle of the grand opening has come to a grinding halt. Summers points at Chief Stamos. The whole crowd GASPS.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

You're under arrest for the murders  
of... two people whose names I really  
should have remembered. I think one  
was Bandingus maybe?

CHIEF

What?! Why would I do this? I have no  
motive!

Summers shows the matching PIECES of the NOTE.

SUMMERS

I got your motive right here. (SASSY)  
Case closed.

CHIEF

I feel like you're really not grasping  
what "motive" means.

SUMMERS

...Because the paper matches. It does  
the matchy thing. And also is  
recycled. Sorry. This must be done.

Summers brings the cuffs towards the Chief's wrists--

A HAND GRABS THE CUFFS.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Flute!!

FLUTE

Chief's innocent. That notepad isn't  
hers: she told us she doesn't believe  
in Climate Change, therefore she'd  
never buy recycled.

CHIEF

Duh. It's a scam. They want us to pay  
more for something that's already been  
used? *Riiight*.

Everyone ponders this. Some nod heads.

LT. K.

So if it's not the Chief, then who?

FLUTE

The poor little boy in her shadow.

They all turn to look at Stewart, who is literally standing  
in his mother's shadow. In a puffer jacket. Hood down.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

You wanted to be a detective, but your  
mom never let you. You're not good  
enough, she said. Not smart enough.

(MORE)



FLUTE (CONT'D)

But you were -- and you'd prove it by framing her. So you plant a flute in that poor kid's butt to get me assigned to the case. You think: Marvin will put the pieces together and nail the Chief. And then, when she's no longer blocking out the sun, you get to be a detective at last.

STEWART

(BLINKS) Yeah. Pretty much exactly.

FLUTE

So where is Abigail?!

Realizing the jig is up, Stewart reaches over and slams the Mayor's oversized RED BUTTON. The CURTAIN DROPS and we see--

The HUGE AQUARIUM, surrounded by hi-tech FREEZING COILS and swirling clouds of frost. Through the GLASS we see Abigail thrash in the water. Ice crystals GROWING...

In the confusion, Stewart lunges at Summers and comes out holding his gun, tube sock holster and all!

SUMMERS

Okay, I shoulda double-knotted that.

STEWART'S POV as he SWIVELS AROUND to aim his sights at the Chief! Then swings around to Flute! Then a bored dog who pops up excited thinking he wants to play! He aims it back at the Chief, shaky fingers gripping the trigger.

*TACKLE!* Flute takes him to the ground, snaps the gun out of his hands and towers over him. *Click.* Safety OFF.

STEWART

Shoot me, Flute. Please. Do it.

(ANNOYED) Any day now.

Instead, Flute points the gun at the aquarium, aiming low on the glass. **BLAM BLAM BLAM!** Flute blasts away til he's empty. The glass **crrrrracks** and the freezing tank SHATTERS, spilling out Abigail, several sharks, and a thousand gallons of water over the slot machines-- which all SHORT OUT and fizzle. Everything's DESTROYED.

MAYOR DILQUIST

No...!! (SEES ABIGAIL, THINKS FAST)

...way, you're alive! Thank God!

As the cops cuff Stewart and drag him away:

STEWART

If only mom had paid more attention to me. (RIGHT AT FLUTE) Children never forget being forgotten.

Flute **gulps**.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Visit me in jail, won't you mommy?

The Chief shrugs. Stewart is hauled off. Everyone stares at the Chief.

CHIEF

What? He was kind of a shitty secretary. (TO FLUTE) Oh yeah, I got something that belongs to you.

She digs in her pocket, pulls out Flute's gleaming BADGE. Flute reaches for it eagerly-- then pulls his hand back.

FLUTE

Somebody I need to see, first.

**EXT. CASINO - MOMENTS LATER**

The murmuring crowd parts for a determined-looking FLUTE. He approaches... STAN. The boy looks up hopefully at his father.

FLUTE

I learned a very important lesson today, son: the only person I need to prove I've changed to, is you. Because if I don't, you'll turn into a twisted killing machine like Stewart. (OFFERS A HAND) May I?

STAN

You may.

Flute nods at the BAND-- Pentos as bandleader and the school parakeet on triangle. They start a **jazzy version of a Katy Perry tune**. Flute and Stan whirl around the bandstand. With everyone watching them, including a smiling Harmony and Mr. Flesh nervously watching his student, it's as sweet as it is odd.

**EXT. CASINO PARKING LOT - LATER**

Flute is heading out when Harmony and Stan approach.

HARMONY

You looked good... on the dance floor, that is.

FLUTE

(SMIRKS) Even a corpse has some reflexes left in him.

Harmony smiles. Flute can be pretty charming, until...

FLUTE (CONT'D)

That's why in the event of a decapitation the body will sometimes still walk around and--

HARMONY

(PUTS A FINGERS TO HIS LIPS) Listen  
Mr. Darkness, I have an interview to  
do tonight-- perhaps you could come  
by, keep an eye on Stan?

FLUTE

Two eyes. Both sober.

They smile at each other, a gentle thawing between them. As Harmony heads off, Stan hangs back.

STAN

You did it, Dad! Mom's warming up to  
you. I got an idea on how we'll get  
her to let you move back in. We can  
talk about it tonight. Maybe while we  
play catch? (COVERING) You know, as a  
cover.

FLUTE

That sounds excruciating. Can't wait.

Flute ruffles Stan's hair, this time touching it. The kid nearly melts with joy before running off to catch his mom.

As Flute clips his REAL BADGE to his wallet, his gravelly VOICEOVER carries us into the FINAL MONTAGE:

FLUTE (V.O.)

Grimsburg. I promised myself I'd never  
come back here...

**MAYORAL MANSION - NIGHT - FINAL MONTAGE**

Harmony and Dilquist MAKE OUT. HARD. Not for the first time. They step into a steamy jacuzzi... --that already has the IRON LUNG in it with Dilquist's comatose WIFE's head sticking out. Eyes open. Unblinking.

FLUTE (V.O.)

Too many bad memories, too much  
unremitting bleakness...

**CHIEF STAMOS' OFFICE**

The Chief considers a PHOTO of Stewart-- then throws it in the recycling bin and smiles. She's getting better.

FLUTE (V.O.)

But there's something about this town,  
underneath all its darkness...

**MORGUE**

Wynona has a tea party with a few propped-up CORPSES.

FLUTE (V.O.)

It's a place full of beautiful if  
tormented souls...

**SUMMERS' S HOUSE**

Summers finishes icing a cake, carries it into the bedroom. His WIFE stands in full DOMINATRIX GEAR, cracks a whip.

FLUTE (V.O.)

...living double lives...

**PENTOS' S OFFICE**

Dr. Pentos sips brandy and watches SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE.

ON THE FOOTAGE: Pentos smashes the window latch with his cane, hands the flute to Rebecca, then goes back to playing his game of Clue with the school parakeet.

FLUTE (V.O.)

...living triple lives...

BACK IN HIS OFFICE: Pentos hits a button and flashing words pop up on his computer screen: "DELETING VIDEO".

**HARMONY'S BASEMENT**

Flute digs out a CARDBOARD BOX marked "*Shhh... The Incident!*" He fights the temptation to open it, then puts it back.

FLUTE (V.O.)

Haunted by the ghosts of the past...  
and those yet to come...

**EXT. HARMONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - END MONTAGE**

Flute plays catch with Stan, who has never looked happier.

FLUTE (V.O.)

And somehow it's this place, of all  
places, where maybe I'll solve the one  
mystery I've never been able to crack--  
my family.

Flute's PHONE **rings**. "Grimsburg P.D." on the Caller ID. Flute looks between Stan and the phone. Back and forth. The phone **rings and rings** as WE DRIFT UP INTO THE SKY--

Where the school parakeet SOARS over the picturesque, snowy little town of Grimsburg, with its endless supply of secrets.

FLUTE (V.O.)

I said maybe.

The SIREN on Flute's car spins into action as he leaves his son alone in the yard, driving off to solve the next big case.

FADE TO BLACK.

END PILOT