

G R I M S B U R G

EPISODE 102

Catlan McClelland
&
Matthew Schlissel
&
Chadd Gindin

COLD OPEN

EXT. HISTORY OF GRIMSBURG MUSEUM - DAY

FLUTE arrives at the crime scene and ducks under police tape. Then under more tape. Then he steps through three strips of tape like a wrestling ring. Then he finds TWO GIRLS double dutching with police tape and Flute jumps in. He's good.

DOUBLE DUTCH GIRLS

Flute is the mack, mack, mack.

All dressed in black, black, black.

He solves the murders, murders, murders.

*Then cries himself to sleep at night in a
dry bathtub thinking about how to win his
ex-wife back, back, back.*

Flute jumps out, slightly bothered by the specificity of that last line and heads inside as they continue spinning.

INT. GRIMSBURG MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Flute enters to find a FIRST GRADE CLASS and their chipper TOUR GUIDE looking at a statue of a 19th CENTURY MILKMAID.

TOUR GUIDE

...and with her dying breath, she cursed Grimsburg for eternity, which is why our internet is so laggy. (SEES FLUTE) Hey, it's the great Detective Flute! Would you mind saying a word to the children?

FLUTE

(TAKES A KNEE) I'll tell you what I tell all the kids I meet: I know who you are. I know where you live. So if you ever think about breaking the law, don't.

(MORE)

FLUTE (CONT'D)

Because I'm Santa Claus with a badge, but
 I can come down your chimney any damn day
 I want and I don't drink milk! And
 neither should you. Too many hormones. By
 the time I was nine, I had a mustache and
 a B-Cup. Enjoy your puberties.

The kids stare back in blank shock. Flute spots SUMMERS waving him over and exits, passing a sign that reads:
 "MURDERERS' ROW (LITERALLY)" EXHIBIT CLOSED FOR CLEANING.

INT. "MURDERERS' ROW" EXHIBIT - MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Impressive dioramas depict Grimsburg's most macabre moments.

SUMMERS

Jeff the Ripper, the Anti-Lifeguard,
 MC Stabbz (featuring DJ Khaled).

ANIMATRONIC FIGURES of JEFF literally ripping a man open, a LIFEGUARD doing chest compressions with a knife and a DJ using razor-sharp records to behead the actual DJ KHALED.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

And my new partner busted 'em all. I
 mean, how lucky can a guy who's been
 declared legally dead twice get?

Flute and Summers join LT. K at the **crime scene**: a diorama with a real DEAD BODY on a couch. WYNONA examines him.

FLUTE

(COOL DETECTIVE LINE) Looks like this
diorama has become a die--

SUMMERS

Diarrhea! (WHOOPS) Because the blood
 is splattered on the glass like--

FLUTE

Die-o-rama! Did they not put a brain in?

SUMMERS

Heard it's coming in the next update.

LT. K

Seems our suspect is a red-head based on hair we found on our victim, Hort Greedo. Won the Talent Show two years ago. (WISTFUL) Never seen a duck-trainer so beloved by his own ducks.

FLUTE

Hate to break up the party, but my Crime Mind wants to Netflix and Chill.

Flute steps into the diorama and also into his **CRIME MIND**. The recurring special place we visit each episode showcasing the many ways Flute's beautiful mind works. For this one, he sits next to the dead body as a Netflix selection screen appears before him. Flute flips past shows like *How I Met Your Murderer*, *Stranger Motives* and *This is Pus*. Flute selects *Stranger Motives* and we are...

In an episode of Stranger Things! The KIDS from the show race their bikes through the rough terrain of the forest. Riding in the middle is Flute, who looks pained on a kid-sized BMX.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

If we figure out the motive, we can catch the killer. (BOUNCED AROUND) Do these bikes have any suspension?!

MIKE

The scratches in the marble floor means the diorama was dragged into the room.

DUSTIN

(TOOTHLESS LISP) Sho the killersh
feelsh they're not being recognized!

FLUTE

What?! (HITS HUGE BUMP, STRAINED VOICE)
Yep! That ball is inside me now!

ELEVEN

(NOSE BLEEDING) And what better way to
express your displeasure with how
society recognizes talent, than by...

FLUTE

ELEVEN (CONT'D)

Killing Talent Show winners! Killing Talent Show winners!

FLUTE (CONT'D)

(RE: HER BLOODY NOSE) I appreciate the
help on the case, but coke is no joke.
Just ask John Mulaney's bastard child.

As Flute pedals off, we FLASH and are...

BACK TO SCENE.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

Wynona, have any other Talent Show
winners died recently?

Wynona is too busy sniffing Lt. K's hair, but then...

WYNONA

(SNAPS TO) Actually, the winners from
three, four, five, six and seven years
ago also died this week.

FLUTE

Looks like we got ourselves a motive.

APPLAUSE from Summers.

SUMMERS

Case closed!

FLUTE

Well, no, we still have to catch the--
never mind. Let's roll.

LT. K

So, heard you moved back home. You and
the ex-wife together-together? Friends
with bennies? Hangin' and bangin'?
Cuddle buddies? Bum chums? Peen pals?
Peoples touching neeples?

FLUTE

I wish. Harmony stuck me in the
basement and says I can't step foot in
the house. How can I prove I've changed
if she won't let me into her heart, her
bedroom... or even her bathroom.

QUICK FLASHBACK: Flute touches up a bowl of potpourri, places
it next to a dirty orange "GRIM DEPOT" bucket. This is his
toilet. The petals in the bowl wilt to dust.

BACK TO SCENE. Wynona tries to lock eyes with Lt. K, but he
does everything he can to avoid her gaze -- as usual.

WYNONA

While it's been a minute since my
Dippin' Dot's been dipped (EYES LT.)

(MORE)

WYNONA (CONT'D)

K) waiting for the right man, preferably
a man in uniform with some years under
his pumpkin orange parka...

Summers looks down to check his shirt color and frowns as she
SHUDDERS with pleasure, then turns to Flute. Back to biz.

WYNONA (CONT'D)

Have you tried telling her how you feel?

Flute considers this as Summers, who clearly has a crush on
Wynona, butts into the conversation.

SUMMERS

Great advice. I'm supes honest with my
partner. (HAND ON FLUTE'S SHOULDER)
Your pants are too tight, partner.

FLUTE

My drip is a European cut, which gives
my legs more dexterity to catch
criminals (SOTTO) and highlights my
bulge. (TO ALL) Okay, here's the plan.
We shadow last year's winner and when
Ed Sheeran shows up, we'll be there.

LT. K

Sounds good. I guess I'll go break the
bad news to Hort's family.

Lt. K opens the door to reveal **fifteen ducks in a pyramid**,
waiting for word. Lt. K shakes his head sadly. The duck
pyramid wobbles, but they recover. They're fucking pros.

END OF COLD OPEN

THIS WEEK'S RECURRING OPENING CREDITS SIGN GAG:

Welcome to Grimsburg - *I would turn around if I were you*

ACT ONE**INT. LIVING ROOM - HARMONY'S HOUSE - DAY**

FLUTE makes his case to Harmony and Stan (both off-screen).

FLUTE

I know I'm not allowed inside, but I'm
not the basket case they pulled out of
that motel. I've changed, Harm.

REVERSE SHOT of the couch where we see this is a practice speech. Instead of Harmony, there's a MOP with two water balloons tied around the middle. And for Stan, a PINEAPPLE WITH GLASSES. Flute sidles up next to "Harmony."

FLUTE (CONT'D)

And I'll keep changing, maybe into
something a little more... revealing?

Flute smiles at the mop, but the smile turns into a hot-and-heavy LIP BITE as he runs his fingers through her "hair."

FLUTE (CONT'D)

(BARKS) Stan, to your room!

Flute makes out hard with the mop -- not noticing the real HARMONY has entered, phone in hand, barely surprised by this.

HARMONY

I'm a real person, Flute, not a mop --
even though we both have full locks, a
tight body and we work better wet. (IN
PHONE) Harmony Flute. (HANGS UP) I
gave you two rules to get back in the
house: 1. Don't leave the basement...

As she redials, Harmony ushers Flute down the stairs into the dark basement.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

HARMONY

...and 2. No Vin Diesel Movie Nights.

She knowingly flips the light switch to REVEAL various guys all dressed in sleeveless shirts like VIN DIESEL.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

Fan club's over.

"VIN DIESEL" FAN #1

(PERFECT IMPRESSION) It's not a fan club, it's a family.

Agreeing grunts of "family" from the other Vins.

HARMONY

OUT!

As they obediently file out...

FLUTE

How'd you know?

HARMONY

One of your lil' bald buddies "drifted" into the hedges.

"VIN DIESEL" FAN #2

("Sorry.") Family.

FLUTE

Look, if I'm stuck down here how will you see how much I've changed and/or my new skincare regimen?

Harmony stares back at him. Has he convinced her?

HARMONY

(INTO PHONE) Harmony Flute.

She hangs up and redials again.

FLUTE

What in the Devil's anus's name are you doing?

HARMONY

I'm voting for myself to be a judge in the "Grimsburg's Got Talent Talent Show." This could be huge for me.

FLUTE

Really? It's just a local talent show.

HARMONY

Because you think like a peasant.

Harmony steps into a SPOTLIGHT to deliver one of her trademark monologues. In the darkness around her, we see FLASHBACKS and FLASHFORWARDS of the following insanity.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

I've spent my life living in shadows. When my parents adopted a grizzly cub, I stopped being Harmony, "the girl with great potential" and became "Bearic's twin sister." Then after he ate my parents, scarred me and escaped into the woods, I was "the orphan from the family who shouldn't have made that bear wear jeans." Then I married you and I became "The Great Detective Flute's wife." Now it's my turn to step out and become Harmony Flute, her own person.

(MORE)

HARMONY (CONT'D)

First, I parlay my star turn at the Talent Show into giving away koozies at the car dealership of my choosing. Then I host an "End Feline Leukemia" charity auction, get promoted to lead anchor, use that to move into politics, reform the tax code, actually end Feline Leukemia and then stand atop this town's tallest mountain, where the only shadow is mine, and finally find Bearic to get my sweet, sweet revenge!

FLUTE

(BEAT, HEARD THIS) I could help vote for--

HARMONY

I need your help like I need an air fryer -- I don't and nobody does! So from now on, new rule: no helping!

Harmony exits. Flute lasts two seconds, then breaks the rule.

FLUTE

(SULKING TEEN) Help if I want to.

TALENT SHOW HOTLINE (V.O.)

Hello. Please say the name of the Guest Judge you're voting for -- and feel free to make a selfish decision after realizing this could benefit you in a new way than you'd originally intended -- after the beep.

Off Flute getting an idea...

INT. GRIMSBURG MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Stan opens his locker to find Mr. Flesh folded up inside, holding his skull in his hands.

MR. FLESH

Check it, bro.

Mr. Flesh bounce-passes his skull off the side of the locker, it ricochets off the top, caroms off the left and back into Flesh's hand. As he continues doing this...

MR. FLESH (CONT'D)

(WHILE HEAD BOUNCING) I should be in
Dude Perfect. How was school today?

STAN

Quite good. The monkey paw was
returned, so the troll attacks
stopped. And I made this in art class.

Stan holds up a poorly made CERAMIC PICTURE FRAME holding an old photo of the Flute family back in the happy days.

MR. FLESH

Oh. Cool. No pictures of us or...?

TYGE (O.S.)

Well, well. If it isn't Stan Flute.

Stan turns to see TYGE, an emotionally available bully, and his gang behind him -- all in matching JEAN JACKETS. Tyge SNATCHES Stan's photo frame and shows it to his crew.

TYGE (CONT'D)

(LAUGHING) Did you make a picture
frame for your divorced parents to
remind them of the good ol' days?

STAN

MR. FLESH

I thought it might help. Bite his nose and swallow it!

Tyge SLAMS his hand into the locker, shutting it on Mr. Flesh. Tyge gets right in Stan's face ala Viper and Maverick.

TYGE

When you gonna get it through your thick skull, Stan?! You! Can't! Fix them!

STAN

M-m-maybe I can--

TYGE

(GRABS STAN'S LAPELS) Whatchu say?!

Thought so. We're the ones with happily married parents! Not you!

SCHOOL SECRETARY (OVER INTERCOM)

Tyge Hilden, your parents are here to give you a hug just because. Please report to the front office.

TYGE

You got lucky today, Stan. Almost as lucky as I did being born to parents who make love seem uncomplicated.

(RIGHT IN HIS FACE) I said almost.

He snaps the photo frame in half and tosses it back to Stan. As they exit, we see the logo on their jackets: "The Stable Boys." Mr. Flesh peeks out of the locker.

STAN

We gotta get The Stable Boys back.

MR. FLESH

I say you and I rip out their spines
and slurp 'em up like spaghetti, Lady
and the Tramp-style.

STAN

No. We'll prove them wrong by getting my
parents back together. We just have to
figure out how.

As they walk off, we ANGLE ON a **crack in a classroom door**,
where PENTOS watches from the shadows with great interest. As
his chuckle turns into an evil laugh, PENNY approaches.

PENNY

Uh, Dr. Pentos, can I come in or are
you concocting an evil plan?

DR. PENTOS

(CLEARS THROAT, TEACHER) Actually,
funny story, it seems a young cutup
thought it'd be a laugh to superglue
his teacher-who-can't-risk-his-parole
to a door. Might you call the janitor?
Thank you, Penny. (SHE WALKS AWAY)
Penny? He's the other way--

She's gone. As the bell RINGS and others pass...

MR. FLESH

Hannah? Han! Zeke, over here! Mila?
Vice Principal Kahn?! My man Marco!

INT. LOBBY - GRIMSBURG POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

DYNAMIC COP-SHOW-STYLE FOOTAGE in the vein of NYPD:BLUE. Phones are ringing and the frazzled DESK SERGEANT can't find the button to transfer the call he's on, and he's spilling his coffee mug on himself, and there's a dog biting his ankle. Coming around past the front desk is...

CHIEF STAMOS walk-and-talking with Lt. K, Summers, and Flute. Dialogue is ratatat as they keep making quick right turns.

CHIEF

Okay men, I'll make this fast.

FLUTE

Make it fast, would you?

CHIEF

Yes.

FLUTE

Thanks.

CHIEF

A killer's on the loose and it's bad.

FLUTE

How bad?

CHIEF

Not good. Any questions?

FLUTE

Why are we walking in a circle?

They stop and are indeed back in front of the Desk Sergeant.

CHIEF

This sting is our one shot to catch this
perp. Get ready to meet the new you.

Chief opens a door marked "STING OPERATION DISGUISES." It's a huge HANGAR with racks of COSTUMES. Nurse uniforms, mascot outfits, everything. The COSTUME CLERK stands behind a desk.

SUMMERS

You got Jake from State Farm in an XL?

As the Clerk holds up an XL red v-neck sweater, we hear the sound of the town square BELL RINGING outside.

FLUTE

They're announcing the Talent Show judges!

Flute and Summers exit. Lt. K turns to the Costumes Clerk.

LT. K

Show me your very best real-hair
stick-on muttonchops.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Harmony and her NEWS CREW point cameras up at MAYOR DILQUIST on his balcony overlooking the square. Enormous JUMBOTRON SCREENS are simulcasting CLOSE-UPS for the crowd below.

MAYOR DILQUIST

Grimsburgians, I stand above you today
to announce that our three Talent Show
judges are: Jizzy Rags! Harmony Flute,
the ex-wife of Grimsburg's Greatest
Detective! And Marvin Flute,
Grimsburg's Greatest Detective who was
once married to that woman who was
married to Marvin Flute! (THEN, CHILL)
Okay, back to Fortnite.

And like that, it's all over. Weird town. Flute spots Harmony shooting daggers at him from across the square.

FLUTE

(ELBOWS SUMMERS) Let's get outta here.

They turn around. Harmony is **somehow there** and **SLAPS** Flute.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

Ow! How did you--?

HARMONY

I made a clone for moments just like this. (WAVES TO PASSING CLONE) See ya tomorrow, Clone-ony.

CLONE-ONY

(SCIENCE NOT THERE YET) Dohkaybe.

FLUTE

Look, I voted for myself so we could spend time together. But if you're that mad, I'll tell the mayor I'm outsies.

Harmony **SLAPS** him a second time.

HARMONY

Nobody turns down the Talent Show! The intrigue as to *why* would overshadow the entire production and my monologue was pretty clear on how I feel about shadows. So you'll be there, but leave your cop crap at the station. That's one rule you can't break.

She **SLAPS** him a third time.

FLUTE

Ow! What was that for?

HARMONY

The rule of threes, because I don't break rules, only glass ceilings.

Harmony saunters off, stops and turns.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

And hearts. (STARTS, STOPS) And eggs.

(EXITS, MUMBLES) Stupid rule of threes.

EXT. THE "PRETTY GREAT LAKE OF GRIMSBURG" - DAY

The lake bubbles with toxic waste. Families picnic, kids make sand prisons, the tide comes in and disintegrates a cooler.

AT THE FOOD STANDS: Flute works a "CORN CAT ON A STICK" kiosk, sporting a very fake mustache on top of his real one.

FLUTE

(INTO RADIO) The Talent Show is my

shot to prove to Harmony I've changed.

ON THE SAND: A mountain of toys, helium balloons and snacks cover the man selling them. A face pops through. It's Lt. K! And he has the muttonchops on! He watches THE TARGET -- a man in a "Last Year's Talent Show Winner" t-shirt, popping open an umbrella that says the same.

LT. K

(INTO RADIO) You, change? Change is

for laundromats and arcades and bubble

gum machines and the tiny merry go

round in front of the supermarket and

those vibrating beds in hotels that

I've only seen in movies and--

SUMMERS (O.S.)

(IN RADIO) Can I get a better disguise?

SIDEWALK: We see Summers wearing a TOP-HAT. That's it. His entire disguise is a top-hat. He's a Robot Street Performer. A bratty LITTLE KID watches him, arms crossed.

LITTLE KID

I tipped for robot noises!

SUMMERS

It's demeaning and I'd rather not.

(OFF KID'S STARE) *Beep. Boop. Beep.*

Lt. K walks past Flute and tosses him a packet of **CopOut**.

LT. K

Back when my dead wife was my alive
wife, she hated the job too, so I
started taking CopOut. One pill shuts
off cop-brain for up to 12 hours
eliminating all hunches, instincts and
flashbacks of shooting that dog who
looked like he had a gun.

Before Flute can respond, he notices something: a RED-HEADED PERP in a hat striding towards the target... and pulling out a MASSIVE KNIFE.

FLUTE

Something's off. Look at the hideous
cut of that guy's clamdigger pants!
What kind of man still wears those
after that devastating article in *GQ*?

The Perp creeps up on the target -- right next to Lt. K!

FLUTE (CONT'D)

Lieutenant, behind you!

K swings around in his disguise and the toys knock over The Perp. K draws his weapon and points it.

LT. K

Freeze!! (REALIZES HE'S POINTING A
RUBBER SNAKE) Aw, damn.

The Perp aims the KNIFE to throw at the target, but just as the knife flies, **WHAAAAAM!** Flute tackles The Perp.

FLUTE

You're under arrest... ma'am?!

Having knocked the hat off, we see it is indeed a woman, ANNA. Flute jumps off and helps her up as Summers arrives.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

(FLUSTERED, WEIRDLY FORMAL) My apologies. We clearly made a mistake here. On your way, m'lady.

SUMMERS

What?! No! She had a knife!

So where is it? They check last year's winner -- he's fine.

FLUTE

K, you see where that knife went?

Lt. K drops his arms and the toy man disguise floats away tied to the helium balloons, REVEALING the errant knife throw landed in his chest. A splotch of blood grows.

LT. K

Aw, man. I just bought this shirt six years ago.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Lt. K is on a stretcher, **wheezing**. Summers holds his hand.

SUMMERS

I shoulda been there. I'll go with him.

LT. K

(GASPING) Please. Anyone. Else.

WYNONA

Thought you'd never ask.

Lt. K GROANS. As Wynona climbs into the ambulance, Summers is so excited by the idea of spending time with her that his robotic arms clumsily load Lt. K. in, banging him all around.

INT. FLUTE'S SEDAN - LATER

Anna is cuffed in back. Flute's like a guy trying his best to use what he sorta learned in an HR seminar on sexism.

FLUTE

You rarely hear about women in the serial killer game. (WEIRD FLUTE RAMBLE) I mean, uh, not that you can't kill, because you can. And did. Very well I may add. Everyone you killed is quite dead, so good on ya. Equality. (BEAT) I'm an ally.

ANNA

Yes, murder has long been a male dominated industry, like airline pilots or Bronies. There wasn't one woman in that exhibit. Well, that's about to change.

FLUTE

Hey, I'm all for shattering traditional female stereotypes. For starters, can we turn the A.C. off? Because I'm freezing.

Flute's phone **DINGS**. It's from Harmony. We SUPER the text:

Talent Show starts in ten min!

(SFX: NEW MESSAGE DING)

You better not be letting work interfere!

(SFX: NEW MESSAGE DING)

Are you going to Stan's parent-teacher conference tomorrow?

(SFX: NEW MESSAGE DING)

Wrong thread. That was for Clone-ony. But you better be here.

Flute bites his lip. Decisions, decisions.

INT. GRIMSBURG AUDITORIUM - LATER

Harmony practices her judging catch phrases before the show.

HARMONY

"Now that's what I call a scar turn!"

No. "My scars may be permanent, but your performance was forever!" Too

long. "You are a super scar!" Maybe...

Just then, Flute arrives a little out of breath.

FLUTE

Told you I'd be here.

HARMONY

Barely. But what should I expect from the guy who showed up to his child's birth covered in more blood than his newborn? (THEN) Who's this?

WHIP-PAN to reveal Anna, strapped to a HANDTRUCK and wearing a mask, a la Hannibal Lecter.

FLUTE

This is Anna... bell. Annabell...

Lickter. The restraints are for her own protection. She's a self-sniffer.

Anna smiles menacingly through the mask's little mouth-holes. Just then, Mayor Dilquist runs over in a panic.

MAYOR DILQUIST

Bad news. We were pranked. Our third judge isn't a real person.

(MORE)

MAYOR DILQUIST (CONT'D)

I even ran all over town asking if anyone knew where I could find Jizzy Rags. (RE: ANNA) Could she sub in?

FLUTE

Her? No, this is not her thing at all.

HARMONY

What is it that you do, Mz. Lickter?

ANNA

I'm merely an entertainment manager who discovers small town talent and grooms them for super-stardom.

Flute and Dilquist and Harmony's eyes all go WIDE, but for different reasons. Harmony ELBOWS Flute. Hard. He swallows.

FLUTE

Would you like to join us, Annabell?

ANNA

Sure, if someone could help me out of this-- (STEPPING OUT OF RESTRAINTS) Oh look, I did it myself.

Anna steps off the handtruck and takes off her mask. As she smirks at Flute, he looks very caught and very worried.

MAYOR DILQUIST

Amazeballs! Our backup judge just wasn't gonna cut it.

He motions to the JUDGE'S TABLE, where we see the IRON LUNG containing his unblinking COMATOSE WIFE. As Dilquist wheels her off, Harmony takes the left seat and Anna takes the right. They look at Flute, patting the middle seat: *join us.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GRIMSBURG AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now, your Mastermind of Ceremonies,
Grimsburg Middle's top teacher by way
of Grimsburg Prison's most experimental
work-release program, Dr. Pentos!

A full house awaits as the spotlight finds Dr. Pentos on stage wearing a tuxedo coat over his prison jumpsuit.

DR. PENTOS

What a night. I can feel a buzz in the
air-- wait, that's my ankle bracelet.

Waits for laugh. Gets none. Pentos stares off into the wings at his WRITER, who drops his pen and runs for his life.

DR. PENTOS (CONT'D)

So many familiar faces tonight. I see
Taft Hutchins, owner of the largest
hearse dealership in town. And there's
Buffalo Bill wearing a skin suit made
by Tom Ford-- I'm sorry, made of Tom
Ford. And who could forget Mark Bowers,
the lawyer who prosecuted me.

(SINISTER) I certainly have not.

Pentos stares at Bowers for a dangerous beat, then...

DR. PENTOS (CONT'D)

(ALL SMILES) Let's meet our judges!

At the JUDGES TABLE, Harmony **spins around** in her chair ala *The Voice*, but goes way too far, slows it down too late and then kicks twice more to finally spin back to facing forward.

HARMONY

I'm Harmony Flute and I know talent.
How? Because I have to look at it every
damn day in the mirror, which I taught
myself how to silver by hand after
watching a video on WikiHow.

Harmony proudly holds up the mirror she's made. It's horrible
and the reflection is incredibly distorted. Mild applause.

ANNA

I'm Annabelle and I can't wait to see
what the winner has inside of them.

A spotlight falls on Flute as he shoots her a worried look.
Anna smiles back menacingly.

HARMONY

(UNDER BREATH) Marvin!

He looks up, all eyes are on him -- *shit, he missed his cue!*

FLUTE

(THROWN, WEIRD FLUTE RAMBLE) Oh, uh, hi.
I'm Marvin Flute and I don't believe in
talent. Why? Because I can't hold it.
And if I can't hold it, I can't arrest
it. And if I can't arrest it, then it
doesn't exist, because I can arrest
anything. I put an Instant Pot in the
clink for six years. (TORTURED MEMORY)
He was out in 14 minutes.

Flute SLAMS the table with his fist, still angry about the
injustice. Crickets as everyone stares at him.

DR. PENTOS

Oh Marvin, you never fail to depress.

Time for our first act, "Two to Tango!"

Flute looks over at Anna's notepad in front of her -- "I HAVE TO KILL!" Then at Harmony's note pad. "♥ I HAVE TO KILL! ♥" He looks up to see Harmony glaring at him.

HARMONY

(SOTTO) This show isn't about you!

It's about the contestants and me

brilliantly judging them.

As the first act takes the stage, Flute rips open the packet of CopOut Lt. K gave him and secretly dry swallows one.

INT. OUT IN THE LOBBY - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Stan and Mr. Flesh wait in a line.

MR. FLESH

Here's how we get your parentals back together. We call the po-po and say there's an active shooter. The judges are ordered under the table, their hands touch, then their lips, then their gross privates. We play this right, you might get a sister we can torture. (OFF HIS LOOK) Playfully. (THEN) What's wrong?

STAN

Your ideas are a bit extreme, so I thought we could try... one of mine?

MR. FLESH

(AMUSED) Oookay. I'm all ear-sockets.

Stan points to the sign on the table they're waiting in line for: "CONVENIENT LAST-MINUTE TALENT SHOW SIGN UPS."

STAN

I'm going to sing a song.

MR. FLESH

(CACKLES) You're pulling my tibia.
Yanking my coccyx. Manhandling my
mandibles. You? Singing? A SONG?

STAN

Not a song. My parents' favorite song!
When it came on, no matter how mad they
were, everything changed. They'd send me
to my room and then I'd hear them move
furniture around. Dad would get tired,
but Mom would say, "Don't stop, don't
stop." And then once they rearranged it,
she'd ask if that's how he liked it and
he'd say, "I love that, mistress!"
Obviously, he meant "mattress." And then--

MR. FLESH

Stan, you can't do this! The Stable
Boys will tear you apart.

ANGLE ON a cool, **slo-mo** entrance Tyge holding each parents' hand. As they swing him up into the air, he stares down Stan.

STAN

Not if I tear my parents back together
first.

Stan signs up for the talent show as Flesh shakes his head.

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE - SAME TIME

A MALE DANCER finishes an erotic tango with a COYOTE and dips her. They hold hands/paws while waiting for judgement.

HARMONY

I've seen firsthand the dangers of
trying to tame wild animals, but I
gotta say, (CATCHPHRASE) call me
Scarface because you're gonna have to
"say hello to my little friend!"
(HOLDS UP SCORE CARD) It's a 9!

The crowd loves Harmony's catch phrase.

ANNA

I loved it. If you win, I would kill to
work with you. It's a 9 for me.

All eyes are on Flute, who has his HEAD DOWN as he grips his pen with all his might. What is CopOut doing to him?

FLUTE

(DARK) Dancing is the lowest discipline
of the arts. It's basically a weird way
of walking except you don't go anywhere
and your arms get tired. But guess what?

Flute lifts his head up and we see he's... smiling?!

FLUTE (CONT'D)

(BRIGHT) I don't care! Because I could
not take my eyes off you two! I love
your song choice, I love your costumes,
and I love that your love is illegal in
most states! I'm giving you a 9!

New Flute holds up a 9. Harmony and Anna each hold up a 9. The crowd goes wild! Harmony smiles at Flute. It's working!

INT. GRIMSBURG HOSPITAL - SAME

We find a worried SUMMERS and WYNONA on a bench in the hall, their eyes locked on the door of a POST-OP RECOVERY ROOM. Through the glass we see a fuzzy silhouette of Lt. K in bed.

WYNONA

K would always say, "No Wynona, I find you undesirable and I will never go on a date with you." But that's how every good romcom starts. He doesn't know you exist, until he sees you in a new light and then everything changes!

Summer thinks on this. He flips a **switch** on his body and the lights in the room all turn light pink.

SUMMERS

Like that?

WYNONA

Just like that! And you pine for so long, but something just HITS you in the head like a baseball bat and BOOM, you're doing it!

Wynona cries. Summers stares at her head. He turns his hand into a **baseball bat**.

SUMMERS

(QUIETLY TO SELF) For love.

Summers goes to hit Wynona in the head when... a DOCTOR interrupts them, devastated.

WYNONA

No, no, please don't say it.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry, but (WIPES TEARS) I need
his insurance info. (HANDS THEM FORMS)
Could you fill that in? *Theenks.*

Wynona falls back into Summer's arms and he blushes.

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE - LATER

The CROWD ruthlessly boo and hurl things at the stage. ANGLE ON IDENTICAL TWIN GIRLS doing their hula hoop routine. They start to tremble, their eyes go red and a wind from nowhere blows their hair back. Suddenly, their hula hoops BURST INTO FLAMES while they keep spinning them. The crowd roars!

FLUTE

Grimsburg has its fair share of
firestarters, but that performance was...

Flute stands and does a little calypso dance while singing:

FLUTE (CONT'D)

(LIKE THE SONG) *Hot! Hot! Hot!*

Who is this guy?! The crowd eats up Happy Flute as Harmony watches bemused. While they prep on stage for the next act...

HARMONY

Taft Hutchins wants to talk to me after
the show! Thank you!

She and Flute hug. It's a moment... especially for Anna, who sees the empty CopOut wrapper in his seat and smiles.

FLUTE

What did I do?

HARMONY

It's what you didn't do. You didn't
break the rules, so people can see me
and now my really long plan is working!

(MORE)

HARMONY (CONT'D)

You smell that, Flute? (SNIFFS, SMILES)

That's a bear sweating.

And in a FLASH we are WARPED out of the auditorium, shoot through the sky, over the river and up into...

THE WOODS, where BEARIC is putting the finishing touches on a clearing in the dense forest that he has turned into a makeshift teen boy's bedroom, but everything is made of carved wood... except for the poster of Idris Elba. Bearic's head whips around, sensing something. He knows. With no choice, he takes one last look around at the peace he's created here before putting a match to the poster, and walking away as it all goes up in flames.

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE - LATER

Stan watches from the wings as TYGE'S MOM, TYGE'S DAD and Tyge finish up their sweet talent show act on roller skates. Stan seems extra nervous as Mr. Flesh appears next to him.

MR. FLESH

Stanislavski, there's still time to
fake a brain hemorrhage. It's real
easy. Just go like--

Flesh flops down to the floor and performs a very convincing, slightly disturbing portrayal.

STAN

You never like my ideas. You're wrong
about this like you were wrong about
buying Apple Stock.

MR. FLESH

I told you, I don't like portable
music, I don't like fruit and I don't
like ideas that suck, which yours
always do, so... I guess you're right.

STAN

I always knew you were an imaginary
friend, but I never knew the "imaginary"
part also applied to our friendship.

Ouch. That one hits Mr. Flesh hard. Just then, Tyge and his
parents skate offstage and Tyge "accidentally" bumps Stan.

DR. PENTOS

Our final performance tonight, is...
Stan Flute? (QUIETLY) I think we found
our loser. Wait is this on? It is? Good.
I didn't want to have to repeat that.

Stan walks out on stage. Mr. Flesh starts to go after him and
stops. Too late. Stan's on his own out there. As he steps
into the spotlight, the crowd looks nervous for him -- except
for Tyge in the wings, who can't wait for the bloodbath.

HARMONY

Did you know he was going to do this?

FLUTE

Stan knows I don't hear a word he says.
So if he told me, then that's on him!

Stan begins to sing a cappella. It's soft, falsetto and
excruciatingly difficult to watch.

STAN

*There's always that one person,
That will always have your heart.
You never see it coming
'Cause you're blinded from the start.
Know that you're that one for me,
It's clear for everyone to see, baby...*

Stan stops. The tension is louder than the silence. Tyge grins as his parents kiss his cheeks from opposite sides.

STAN (CONT'D)

(BELTING) You will always be my boo!

BOOM! Fireworks explode as the lights come up and a full band joins in with Stan on Usher's "My Boo." The crowd goes wild, except for Tyge, who can't believe what he's seeing, which causes his happy parents to start to fight for the first time in their lives.

Harmony and Flute look at each other in shock, but that slowly turns into a hot and heavy lip bite as they give in to the music. It's working! They edge closer as Stan delivers a perfect **final note**.

STAN (CONT'D)

Myyyyyyyy... Booooo-o-o-o-o-o!

Stan goes a little diva on the vocal runs but ultimately nails it! The crowd erupts in a **standing ovation**. Pentos points at the judges' table, where Flute, Harmony and Anna hold up signs saying "10," "10," and "10."

DR. PENTOS

The winner of this year's Talent Show
is... yes... Stan Flute.

CLOSE ON ANNA as she watches Stan with a lot of interest.

INT. BACKSTAGE - LATER

The crowd mills around waiting for the award ceremony. A sullen Harmony joins Flute.

FLUTE

How'd it go with Taft?

HARMONY

Oh, he was very impressed... that I
knew you. Wanted me to charm the Great
Detective Flute into cutting the ribbon
on his new dealership this weekend.

FLUTE

Oh Harm, I'm so sorry. I already have plans. Maybe you could ask Anna?

Before Harmony can say anything, Dr. Pentos interrupts.

DR. PENTOS

Speaking of Anna, have either of you two no-longer-in-love birds seen her?

Flute looks for Anna at the judges' table -- not there. Uh-oh. Pentos picks up Stan's cardboard sword off the floor.

DR. PENTOS (CONT'D)

And look at this. (BAD GUY RIDDLE) *It seems your boy has dropped his toy, wherever could he be? Perhaps with Anna, who like a banana (TRYING TO FIND IT) is bruised... internally.* (THEN) Not my best, not my worst.

FLUTE

Uh, I think we might have a problem.

Tyge and his parents skate past.

TYGE'S MOM

Yeah, well join the club because I have a problem too. I want a divorce!

TYGE

I know this may be better for your own individual journeys, but... my jacket!

Tyge spies the other Stable Boys swinging pipes and chains, ready to get that jacket back and he takes off skating.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT**

Harmony pushes Flute outside so she can yell at him in private. She thumps his chest for emphasis:

HARMONY

I gave you one simple rule to add to the two rules I gave you earlier in addition to the rule about not helping: *don't bring your work with you*. And what do you do? You bring a killer whose M.O. is she kills Talent Show winners to the Talent Show, which our son won, and now she's kidnapped him!

FLUTE

Look, you broke some rules tonight too, but you don't see me harping on your choice of earrings. Hoops? C'mon.

HARMONY

Whatever. This is your story now. It always is. Just do your "Crime Mind" thing and find our son already.

FLUTE

Right. Good ol' trusty Crime Mind.

Flute grits teeth and we FLY THROUGH HIS EYES--

INTO FLUTE'S CRIME MIND. *But this time it's a DULL ROOM with linoleum floors, a wobbly desk-fan, and a half-dead rubber plant. FLUTE rushes to some FILING CABINETS, rips open drawer after drawer: all empty.*

FLUTE (CONT'D)

No, no, no!

Flute opens the last drawer. Inside is a CLOWN, who points at a sign on the door: "CLOSED FOR 12 HOURS. MAYBE MORE. IDK." The Clown hands him a lollipop. Flute licks it. MATCH CUT TO:

THE REAL WORLD. Flute licks the air. Harm SMACKS him awake.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

Harm, when you told me not to ruin the show, I kinda took a CopOut pill which is why my cop brain is "useless for 12 hours, or your money back."

HARMONY

For years you never listened to me, even on our honeymoon when I begged you not to infiltrate that cartel, and now you wanna give listening a twirl?

FLUTE

(NO LONGER LISTENING) Look!

Flute squats to examine a set of footprints in the snow.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

The ground is sinking in similarly sized and spaced intervals! Neat! I'm gonna pee in 'em!

HARMONY

Those are footprints, you idiot!

(LOOKS CLOSER) But judging from the size and Sketchers logo, they might be theirs. Let's do it!

FLUTE

You pee in the big ones, I'll go in the
small-- (GOT IT) Follow them. Right!

INT. SEWERS UNDER TOWN - NIGHT

A FAMILY OF RATS sits at a table working on a PUZZLE. A NOISE perks their ears up. More noise. It's go time! FATHER RAT hits a button and the table flattens into a milk carton. The lamps are kicked over -- they're cigarette butts. They get down on all fours and act like rats, except for DAUGHTER RAT.

DAUGHTER RAT

Papa, why can't we just tell them we
have brains and feel--

FATHER RAT

(ADAM SANDLER) JUST EAT THE APPLE CORE!

She does as told just as Stan and Anna arrive.

STAN

Uch, rats. Are you sure this is the way?

ANNA

Yeah, just need to figure out which
tunnel leads to the ceremony. Wait here.

As she checks and leaves Stan alone, Mr. Flesh arrives.

STAN

Come to apologize?

MR. FLESH

Apologize? I came to tell you that
lady's got more screws loose than that
steering column I loosened all the
screws on to get you out of that field
trip. Now let's get you outta here.

He starts the other way, but Stan does not follow.

STAN

You just can't stand when I succeed.

MR. FLESH

What?! I was the first person to congratulate you when you got out of that bus that mysteriously flipped into a ditch. You have to see there's something very wrong here. Like people-who-dress-their-dogs-in-streetwear wrong.

STAN

Yeah, it's you! I won! My parents are almost back together! My plan worked and nobody had to get hurt or lose their Class B commercial bus driver's license.

ANNA

C'mon. It's this one.

As Stan follows her out...

ANNA (CONT'D)

Who were you talking to?

STAN

Just a big ol' bag of nobody.

Mr. Flesh slumps and exits the other way. Daughter Rat stops eating the apple core and turns to her dad.

DAUGHTER RAT

You were right, papa. They're not ready.

EXT. MEMORY LANE - NIGHT

Flute and Harmony hit the last of the footprints as they run into a very spooky-looking suburban street, cloaked in mist.

FLUTE

I don't know about this.

HARMONY

Unfortunately, we're like women in Texas (TO CAMERA) we don't have a choice. (THEN TO FLUTE) Let's go.

As she drags Flute down the street, we PAN UP to the sign: **Memory Lane.** *Hallucinations May Appear Realer Than They Are*

LATER, they're further down the misty road looking for clues.

FLUTE

This street brings up too many memories. Literally.

HARMONY

Some say it's part of the curse on Grimsburg, trying to remind us of the mistakes from our past. Others say it's a gas line leak from the crappy infrastructure of our past. Look!

A VISION APPEARS: YOUNG HARMONY (11) holds a HAIRBRUSH like a microphone and pretends to be a reporter. YOUNG FLUTE (11) snatches the hairbrush and stomps on it. She socks him in the jaw, which spins him around and then kicks him in the ass. Down he goes. Young Flute stares up at her, entranced.

FLUTE

That's when I fell for you, literally and metaphorically.

(MORE)

FLUTE (CONT'D)

This kickass lady, literally and
metaphorically, who towered over me,
liter--

HARMONY

(CHARMED) Thanks, 3rd grade English.

FLUTE

WOAH! LOOK --

On their right, a **VISION APPEARS**: TEENAGE FLUTE AND HARMONY
are under a tree in their Halloween costumes -- Forrest Gump
and Jenny. Flute uses a knife to carve into a tree.

HARMONY

That was on Halloween when you carved our
Social Security numbers into that tree!

Inside a carved heart: 612-30-9991 + 612-72-5142 4-EVA!

FLUTE

Initials can be confusing and I needed
to make sure everybody knew I loved
you and only you, Harmony Maidenname.
My credit was destroyed, but my heart
was saved.

Another **VISION APPEARS**: a CRIMINAL with a bag of stolen
jewels stops in front of a storefront window for "Recently
Repaired Glass Figurines." Thinks he's slipped the cops, but--

EXPLODING THROUGH the glass window from the INSIDE(?) of the
store is YOUNGER FLUTE, who tackles the perp to the sidewalk,
then throws him back into the store just to break the rest of
the recently repaired glass figurines that he missed.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

Wait, but where are you?

PULL BACK to REVEAL Young Harmony watches all this from
inside her car, a police scanner on her dash.

HARMONY

I'd listen to the police scanner so I
could watch you work.

FLUTE

But... but I thought you hated my job?

HARMONY

The part I hated was when you brought
it home. When you stopped seeing me and
only saw the crimes in your mind. But
you being a great detective? I could
never hate that. It's your talent. And
it isn't just in your brain, Flute,
it's in here too.

She touches where his heart is, opening his shirt to reveal a
tattoo that says "BEING A GREAT DETECTIVE". Flute stands
straighter. He's fucking back!

FLUTE

Harm! I know how we can find Stan!

Flute grabs her hand, leads her off. But she stops short.

HARMONY

Wait-- I don't remember that.

ANOTHER VISION of Flute and Harmony driving curvy mountaintop
roads in a convertible, but as the car rounds the bend, we
see it's not Harmony -- it's a mop. As the car corners hard,
"Harmony Mop" falls into his lap. Before we can see any more
of the erotic vision, Flute yanks Harmony away.

Camera TILTS UP and we see they just crossed the intersection
of **MEMORY LANE** and **REDEMPTION AVE**.

INT. GRIMSBURG HOSPITAL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Summers and Wynona have fallen asleep waiting. A screensaver
plays on Summers' mouth. They both bolt awake as orderlies
roll out a GURNEY -- with a sheet covering the body!

Summers drops to his cybernetic knees, which **eject inflatable cushions** before he hits the floor. Wynona rises, puts a trembling hand on the sheeted corpse.

WYNONA

Lieutenant, I'll always save a place for you in my shaved deposit box. (EXPLAINS)
That's a "spank bank" for women.

ORDERLY

Thank you for explaining that. But Lt.
K's in that room--

He points to another room. Summers and Wynona enter to find Lt. K. staring at the wall.

LT. K.

(SIGHS) Why can't you people take a hint? I like to be alone. I switched rooms so you wouldn't find me. I don't want guy friends, I don't want girlfriends, I like staring at walls.

A beat. Do they finally get it? Nope. Wynona grabs her heart.

WYNONA

And then in the movie where he overcomes a tragedy and is able to be really honest with you.

Wynona sits on Lt. K's bed. Summers cuddles up next to him.

SUMMERS

Any recommendations for tragedies I could overcome?

LT. K

Summers, I recommend you leave.

Wynona's eyes sparkle.

WYNONA

I know exactly what you mean.

Lt. K groans.

INT. JINKO'S TAVERN - NIGHT

DRUNKS play DARTS. Flute leads an Harmony towards the bar.

HARMONY

This is the plan? You're getting drunk?

FLUTE

I'm not getting blotto-- you are.

He plops her onto stool, points to the blue cartoon dog on the menu: "*Booze Clues*". The BARTENDER slaps down a SHOT.

FLUTE (CONT'D)

With my Crime Mind off-line, we need
to access yours.

HARMONY

Me? No. I don't have a "Crime Mind."

FLUTE

(HOLDS HER CHIN) Sure you do. That's
how you could always tell when I used
your towel.

HARMONY

(FONDLY) It's not hard when a rectum
bleeds as much as yours does.

As they share an oddly sweet smile, Harmony gulps the shot and winces. She stares at her REFLECTION in the mirror as it swirls with the hypnotic COLORS of the **CRIME MIND**. We're in. Glassy-eyed, DETAILS fly around, but it's difficult to focus.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

I-- I can't. There's too much.

Like Swayze in *Ghost*, Flute stands behind her and seductively helps shape Harmony's crime mind, whispering in her ear.

FLUTE

Focus on what we know about Anna. She--

HARMONY

Flute! I can feel that.

Flute scoots back a little and adjusts himself.

FLUTE

Sorry. Got a little excited there.

(THEN, BACK IN IT) Anna was determined to prove that she was better, stronger and more deserving of praise than everyone thought she was.

Throughout Flute's speech, the flying details start to come together to form Anna with her back to us. Harmony walks over and yanks her by the shoulder, turning her around to face us. It's Anna... but with Harmony's face!

"HARMONY" ANNA

"This could be huge for me."

A reverse POP of white light sends us back into the bar.

HARMONY

I got it!

A distracted Flute has stabbed a toothpick through a cherry.

FLUTE

(WEIRD RAMBLE) I made a lollipop for a lizard. (LIZARD LICKS IT, THEN) Sorry. CopOut's still wearing off.

She GRABS Flute's hand and they race out of the bar.

INT. CITY HALL BALCONY - NIGHT

It's the same balcony where the Mayor announced the judges. Stan is tied up. Anna tests the ropes -- nice and tight.

ANNA

Take heart, little one. Your death
will be a huge advancement for women
murderers everywhere. Thank you for
helping us *lean in*.

She pats him on the head and exits. Mr. Flesh appears before Stan with his bony arms crossed.

STAN

Come here to gloat?

MR. FLESH

I have a better idea.

Mr. Flesh sits with his back to Stan's, and ties the ropes around himself as well.

MR. FLESH (CONT'D)

If we're gonna go down, we're gonna go
down together. Like Bonnie and Clyde.
Or Thelma and Louise. Or Mike Richards
and the outpouring of goodwill after
Alex Trebek's death.

STAN

Mr. Flesh?

MR. FLESH

Yes, Stan and Deliver?

STAN

I shoulda listened. I know my therapists say you're pretend, but you're the only real friend I've ever had.

Stan and Mr. Flesh CLASP HANDS. It's a sweet, sincere moment.

STAN (CONT'D)

Are you... crying?

MR. FLESH

What? No. Crying is for babies and soldiers coming home to their dogs videos on YouTube.

Flesh can deny it, but his flame eyeballs are sputtering.

Anna addresses the camera and we INTERCUT with it on the same JUMBOTRON in the middle of town that we saw earlier.

ANNA

Ladies and gentleman, for too long Grimsburg has refused to recognize the strides women have made in death. Sociopaths like Cyanide Cindy, Willa the Widower, Princess Die -- they all had to endure the indignity of having their grisly work overlooked in favor of men. Trapped in the shadows. Under the glass ceiling. A third metaphor. But we kill just as well as any man can and we do it walking backwards and wearing heels. Tonight that ends--

Just then, Harmony and Flute burst in, guns drawn.

FLUTE

FREEZE!

Anna sees them and hurls a knife at Harmony splitting her between the eyes. She drops. Flute catches her. WTF?!

FLUTE (CONT'D)

HARMONY!

HARMONY (O.S.)

Not so fast!

Harmony steps out of the shadows on the other side of Anna holding a gun. Anna flips to face Harmony.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

You just killed my clone, Clone-ony.

ANNA

No! But how did you find me so soon?!

HARMONY

Because I am you -- I mean without the murder part. But the forgotten and overlooked accomplishments? I knew you'd want to pull off your biggest kill someplace everyone could see it.

Anna has the knife to Stan's neck.

ANNA

You may have found me, but you can't stop me from killing the winner.

FLUTE

Maybe not, but you should know --
Stan's not the winner.

Gasps at his revelation. Where's Flute going with this?

FLUTE (CONT'D)

You see, I never played by the rules, because I thought they were there to hold us back. But sometimes they're there to prove (TO HARMONY) we're listening. And to keep people from peeing in the pool. (HOLDS UP RULE BOOK) Section 31, Statute 3B of the Talent Show rule book states that "contestants may not be related to any judge due to a conflict of interest." Therefore, our son Stan is *disqualified*.

ANNA

Then that means...

FLUTE

You're about to slit some loser kid's throat. But there is a winner: you.

HARMONY

From your star turn as a fake talent manager to being the judging table's sole voice of reason to your daring escape -- you are indeed Grimsburg's Most Talented. We see you.

ANNA

(TEARING UP) For serious? This isn't a joke to arrest me or something?

FLUTE

As serious as bloody stool. (TURNS
DARK) And because I know how serious
you take your talent, I ask -- what do
you do to Talent Show Winners, Anna?

Anna steams as she stares hard at Flute. She knows he's right
as she begrudgingly admits...

ANNA

I kill them.

Anna drops her knife, turns around and jumps through the
window. We hear her SCREAM all the way down. They look over
the side to see Anna has luckily fallen into a garbage truck
filled with pillows.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Thank god. I don't want to die anym--

Just then the trash compactor comes to life and crushes her
to death. Oh well. Just then Clone-ony joins them at the
window, the knife still in her forehead.

CLONE-ONY

(SOUNDS JUST LIKE HARMONY) Right where
she belongs -- in the trash.

HARMONY

Clone-ony! You can speak?! (REALIZING)
The knife must have fixed you! I'll
never have to go to another one of
Stan's recitals again!

Excited, she yanks the knife out of Clone-ony, who
immediately sinks to the ground, lifeless.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

Darn it. I coulda just let her wear a
big floppy hat.

INT. FLUTE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Stan holds court during dinner. Flesh is there laughing along at his stories. Pull back to REVEAL that Stan is having dinner with the Mop and his version of Flute -- a football on a tee with sunglasses and a Slim Jim mustache. Flute watches all this from the door to the basement. Harmony joins and shows him the newspaper. ANGLE ON a small article at the bottom with her picture and the headline, "**Harmony Flute, Local News Reporter and That's It, Saves Day.**"

FLUTE

You deserve it, Harm. You always have.

(THEN) I should head down to the basement.

HARMONY

(STOPS HIM) I know you're changing.

And after going into your cop brain, I know how hard that can be for you.

FLUTE

Does that mean you forgive me and we can get back together?

HARMONY

Jesus, no. If anything, after seeing what your mind is like, I'm happy you'll be down in the basement when you finally snap. (FLUTE SLUMPS) But you should at least snap on a full stomach.

They all sit for a family meal. This is all Flute wanted. VIN DIESEL FAN #1 watches all this from the basement door.

VIN DIESEL FAN #1

("This won't fucking last.") Family.

END OF EPISODE