

Marty & Hester
"Pilot: Death Comes to Dukes!"

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ACT ONE

INT. DUKE'S BAR, SEATTLE, WA - NIGHT

FADE IN on a half dozen on-duty police officers mingling around a dingy bar. The body of ROSEMARY MURPHY, a pretty young waitress, lays on the floor.

HESTER PALMER, late 20's, proper and sophisticated, sits at the bar. CHIEF, mid-40's, blustery and loud, enters.

CHIEF

I need the fingerprint team in here
stat!

Several rats scamper across the floor.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

And someone please throw down some
mousetraps!

HESTER

Uh, Chief?

CHIEF

This here's a live scene, ma'am,
and every minute in polite
conversation is a minute wasted.

HESTER

I'm supposed to be here. I'm Dr.
Hester Palmer. From Boston?

CHIEF

Ah, yes! The psychologist!
(To the Police team.)
Everyone, this is Dr. Hester
Palmer. She'll be consulting us on
future homicide investigations.
Let's give her a warm Seattle
welcome!

A chorus of unenthusiastic 'Hello's' come from the officers
as rats continue to scurry underfoot.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

I asked for mousetraps, people!

Hester approaches the body as DETECTIVE SHELBY, scrawny and
unpleasant, starts laying down mousetraps.

HESTER

I assume this is the victim?

CHIEF

Yes, Rosemary Murphy. She was a waitress here, strangled when she was closing up shop. There was another waitress on duty, but she was occupied elsewhere at the time of the murder.

HESTER

What about the owner?

CHIEF

We're holding him for questioning.

The front door creaks open and Officer MARTY CRANE, early 20's, handsome and mischievous, tries to sneak in unnoticed.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Crane! Glad you could join us!

MARTY

Sorry, Chief, I was-

CHIEF

(Interrupting.)

Enough excuses. I've got half a mind to-

Detective Shelby interrupts as he pulls the Chief aside, whispering to him.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Really. Really? Really!

The Chief and Shelby leave in a hurry. Marty straightens his tie and tries to act suave as he approaches Hester.

HESTER

This is one fashionable waitress. That's a Christian Dior cocktail dress. And look at the indentations on her neck. Some kind of chain?

MARTY

Chain's too heavy. Small indents like this, probably a necklace. Jewels, maybe. Or...

HESTER

...pearls?

MARTY
 (As if diagnosing a car
 problem.)
 That'd do it.

Hester extends her hand to Marty.

HESTER
 I'm Dr. Hester Palmer. Are you in
 homicide?

Marty hesitates before taking her hand.

MARTY
 Uh...Marty Crane.
 (He looks at the ground.)
 Did you see this blood?

HESTER
 I didn't! And it doesn't look like
 it came from the neck wound...

The Chief strolls back into the bar.

HESTER (CONT'D)
 Chief! It appears the victim was
 strangled by a pearl necklace.
 Detective Crane and I-

CHIEF
 (Interpreting.)
 Detective Crane? Who's Detective
 Crane? I know an Officer Crane
 who's lucky to still have a job!

Hester turns to Marty, betrayed.

HESTER
 You told me you were a detective!

MARTY
 I never said I was a detective. I
 just didn't say I wasn't.
 (To Chief)
 Besides, she's right. It looks like
 this woman was strangled by-

CHIEF
 (Interrupting.)
 Pearls, yes. And we found those
 pearls in the pocket of the man who
 killed her, the man who owns this
 bar. Your old pal Duke.

MARTY

Duke?! He's no killer!

CHIEF

Evidence says otherwise.

MARTY

But how do you explain the blood?

CHIEF

It's a murder. There's blood. Seems straightforward to me.

Detective Shelby pulls DUKE, mid-20's, a lovable scumbag, out of the back room in cuffs. Duke pitches a fit.

DUKE

I know my rights! I have the right to remain silent!

SHELBY

Yeah, and I suggest you use it.

DUKE

(Duke spots Marty.)
Marty, you gotta fix this!

Duke is pulled out of his bar.

CHIEF

Crane, you're on cleanup duty. Everyone else, let's go, case closed.

HESTER

(Dismissively.)
See you around, Officer Crane.

The police leave Marty alone. A rat scurries onto frame.

MARTY

Ah, rats.

The rat gets loudly snapped by a mousetrap.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM

Duke sits nervously in a cramped Interrogation Room. He lights up as Marty solemnly enters.

DUKE

Marty! You gotta get me outta here, I'm not made for jail.

(MORE)

DUKE (CONT'D)

They make you sleep in the same room where you poop! Like a horse!

MARTY

I'm doing all I can Duke, but you gotta realize this looks bad.

The door opens as Hester enters the room, all business.

HESTER

(To Duke.)

If it isn't Duke. I was just at your bar and I'll be washing the stench out of my clothes for weeks.

(To Marty.)

Officer Crane. A moment?

Marty nods at Duke before joining Hester in a corner.

HESTER (CONT'D)

This is your best friend. How is your presence here not a conflict of interest?

MARTY

Nobody's interested enough to be conflicted.

HESTER

I was asked to evaluate his psychological state and I can't do that with you in the room.

MARTY

Except you have to. Police Handbook, Section D, states, 'Civilians may only interrogate a suspect with police supervision.'

HESTER

(To Marty.)

I'll have this up with the Chief later.

(To Duke.)

Now, I just need to get a sense of your mental state. Is Duke your first or last name?

DUKE

Can't tell you, it's part of my mystique.

Hester sits down opposite Duke and takes notes.

HESTER
(To herself.)
Uses misdirection to mask true
feelings...

DUKE
No, I don't!

HESTER
(To herself.)
Clearly in denial...

DUKE
This is the worst day of my life!

HESTER
(To herself.)
Prone to hyperbole...

DUKE
Prone to innocence! I'm the victim
here!

MARTY
What do you mean?

DUKE
Rosemary had been taking money from
my bar for months! You saw her! I
didn't pay her nearly enough to
dress that fancy. I barely paid her
at all!

HESTER
But you did steal her pearls.

DUKE
No, I found a dead body with pearls
scattered around it. If something's
scattered on my floor, it's legally
mine. Them's sailor rules.

HESTER
Then where were you the night of
the crime, Duke?

DUKE
I was...with a friend. Then I came
back to the bar and found her.

HESTER
Would you care to tell us your
friend's name?

DUKE

I would not care to divulge that information at this time.

HESTER

Is there any information you can divulge?

DUKE

Yeah. If you let me go, I could show you how grateful I am with some kissin'.

HESTER

Officer Miller?

The door opens and OFFICER MILLER pops his head in.

HESTER (CONT'D)

Take this man back to his cell.
He's being vile and obscene.

Duke is lifted from the chair and escorted forcefully from the room.

DUKE

(As he's pulled out.)
Fix this, Marty! Fix this!

Miller and Duke leave.

HESTER

He's hiding something...but his eye contact, his body language...he's telling the truth, he didn't do it.

MARTY

I knew you'd believe me! But if we want to get to the bottom of this, some old-fashioned police work is in order. Let's go to Duke's.

HESTER

Duke's is still open?

MARTY

His customers gotta go somewhere. I know I could use a drink.

HESTER

As could I. How extensive is their wine list?

MARTY
Ah, jeez.

INT. DUKE'S BAR - AFTERNOON

Marty and Hester enter and are greeted by NANCY, a waitress, early 30's, working class and tough.

NANCY
Marty!

MARTY
Hey, Nance.

NANCY
Getcha a drink?

MARTY
Ballantine, please.

NANCY
Something for you, miss...?

HESTER
Sherry, please.

NANCY
Alright, Miss Sherry, you want something to drink?

HESTER
A glass of water is fine. In your cleanest glass.

Nancy serves the drinks. Hester's glass is not clean.

MARTY
Nance, you were working last night when Rosemary was killed, right?

NANCY
Keep it down! I don't want this place getting a bad reputation!

At that moment, a dozen rats run into the bar, squeaking.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Oh no, the rats are back!

Nancy leaps over the bar and begins to sweep them away.

NANCY (CONT'D)

These vermin got a big nest behind the wall. We plastered some drywall over it a few days ago, but last night they somehow chewed their way through. Took me an hour to wrangle 'em into the alley. I come back in and there lay Rosemary.

HESTER

Was there anyone else here who could corroborate your story?

NANCY

One of Rosemary's old regulars was still here when I left, but he was gone when I came back. William something? Big man, shock of white hair, bushy mutton chops, always wears a three piece suit and shiny new shoes...

HESTER

Wait a minute. Pass me today's Seattle Chronicle.

Nancy obliges. Hester flips through quickly and stops triumphantly at a page, holding it up to Nancy.

HESTER (CONT'D)

Is this him?

NANCY

Whoa, hey, that is him! Who is he?

HESTER

William Fitzgerald, publisher and editor-in-chief of the Seattle Chronicle. Our families used to summer together, his daughter Evelyn and I used to be inseparable.

NANCY

Yeah, he came in all the time, always asked for Rosemary. He was in love with her. Left her these crazy tips. Flowers, clothes, he even gave her this big jewel encrusted egg. What poor chicken had to eat jewels to poop that thing out, huh?

A brief silence as Hester can't begin to comprehend such ignorance. Marty clears his throat.

MARTY

Uh, Hester, think you could pull a few strings and get us in to see this guy?

HESTER

(Smugly.)

Was Marie Curie the first woman to teach at the University of Paris...?

MARTY

Uh...

HESTER

Yes, you dummy, the answer's yes. Let's go!

Hester grabs Marty's hand and the two run off. After a beat, BARRY, a barfly, sidles over to drink Marty's leftover beer.

ACT TWO

INT. WILLIAM FITZGERALD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

WILLIAM FITZGERALD, late 50's, precisely as described by Nancy, is working at a huge desk in a lovely office with his daughter EVELYN, late 20's, sophisticated. A SECRETARY pokes her head into the room.

SECRETARY

Mr. Fitzgerald, Miss Fitzgerald, some people are here to see you. They say it's urgent.

WILLIAM

Tell them to make an appointment.

Hester, beaming, barges in with Marty in tow.

HESTER

Since when do I need an appointment to see old family friends!

William instantly warms as he stands and embraces Hester. Evelyn coolly raises from her chair.

WILLIAM

Now, this vision of intellect and
sophistication can't be Niles
Palmer's precocious daughter!

EVELYN

Why, Hester, I haven't since seen
you since...

HESTER & EVELYN (CONT'D)

(At the same time.)

The Ochre Point Regatta!

They giggle in a haughty, obviously fake way.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

And who's your friend?

MARTY

Ah. Officer Marty Crane.

William shakes his hand enthusiastically.

WILLIAM

Please, make yourself comfortable.

He motions to a fainting couch. Hester sits down effortlessly
while Marty settles into an uncomfortable position.

HESTER

Evelyn, do you work here?

EVELYN

Yes! I'm the Vice President of
Publishing!

HESTER

(Faux pleasant.)

Nepotism at it's finest.

EVELYN

(Faux pleasant.)

And you look wonderful! Even if
that is last season's Chanel...

HESTER

(Faux pleasant.)

And your elbow length gloves don't
look ridiculous at all!

EVELYN

(Faux pleasant.)

We should catch up sometime! Lunch?

HESTER
 (Faux pleasant.)
 Let's.

HESTER & EVELYN (CONT'D)
 (Faux pleasant.)
 Then it's settled!

They again giggle in a haughty, obviously fake way.

WILLIAM
 So what brings you two in today?

MARTY
 We're investigating the murder of a young woman that occurred at a bar called Duke's. You were I.D.'d as a regular customer.

WILLIAM
 Yes, I often frequented Dukes. I stumbled upon it one day after busting a Union meeting. I fell in love with the place. It was so nice to go where nobody knew my name.

HESTER
 Were you familiar with the victim, Rosemary Murphy?

WILLIAM
 Yes. She knew who I was, yet she still treated me like an average commoner.

HESTER
 There must be more to it than that. It sounds like you and she were very close, Mr. Fitzgerald.

EVELYN
 If you're suggesting anything improper Hester, I strongly suggest you reconsider.

HESTER
 (Getting angrier)
 Evelyn, a dive bar waitress who was friendly with your father all of a sudden found herself inundated with valuable clothes, jewels and gifts. Seems like an odd coincidence!

MARTY

(Through gritted teeth.)
Hester!

EVELYN

I beg your pardon, my father is a
happily married man!

HESTER

Everyone in our circles knows the
tawdry stories of your family!

William stands and slams his hands on the desk.

WILLIAM

Enough! Evelyn, Please show Officer
Crane and...Dr. Palmer out.

INT. POLICE STATION

Marty and Hester storm into the Police Station as a handful
of officers work quietly in the background.

MARTY

You can't just go yelling
accusations at civilians like
that!

HESTER

He wasn't telling us everything! I
wanted to knock him off balance,
get him to show some emotion!

MARTY

It's not a bad strategy, but if
we're gonna be partners, you gotta
clue me in on these things.

HESTER

(Tickled.)
Partners? Is that what we are now?

MARTY

Don't go getting intrigued on me.
This is a one-shot deal. I don't
want a partner. If I'm ever going
to make Detective, I need to be
able to handle cases on my own.

HESTER

Collaboration isn't a weakness,
Martin.

(MORE)

HESTER (CONT'D)

Oftentimes, outside viewpoints allow us to achieve greater clarity.

MARTY

Sounds like a bunch of egghead nonsense to me.

HESTER

And you sound like a simpleton who can't even tie his own shoes to me.

MARTY

Hey, I resent that. I'll have you know I don't just tie my shoes, I double-knot 'em.

Lt. Shelby notices Marty and Hester as he walks by.

SHELBY

Hey! The Chief wants to see you two right away.

Lt. Shelby continues on as they look nervously at each other.

HESTER

You think he's giving us a raise?

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE.

The Chief towers over Hester and Marty, who are seated nervously in front of him.

CHIEF

(Furious.)

You finally went too far, Crane! Strike one was your constant tardiness. Strike two was that childish prank that ended with Lt. Shelby waking up in the morgue, and strike three was harassing the richest man in town with nothing but a head full of conjecture! And for what? This case is closed! We have our man!

MARTY

Duke didn't do it!

CHIEF

And the millionaire who donated a fleet of new squad cars did?

HESTER

Chief, please. Officer Crane's right. This case doesn't add up.

CHIEF

I'd watch your words very carefully, Dr. Palmer. You might not have struck out, but you've got a full count.

HESTER

I don't know what that means.

CHIEF

It's bad. Now. Crane. I always thought that there was a great detective under all your goofing off. But the Fitzgeralds' filed a formal complaint. I'm afraid-

MARTY

(Frantic, interrupting.)
Chief, don't do this, please!

CHIEF

-I have to-

HESTER

(Desperate, interrupting.)
What about Duke's missing money!
What about the blood on the floor!

CHIEF

-ask you to turn in your badge and gun. And your handcuffs, and your billy club, and your keys to the station, and your keys to the cells, and your hat, and your tie clip.

Marty begrudgingly gives up every item the Chief requests.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Now, both of you. Get out of my office.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY

Marty and Hester both skulk down the long, empty hallway.

MARTY

Congratulations! Your big yap managed to ruin my entire career.

HESTER

You think your life is ruined? I received a stern reprimand! I've never been reprimanded, stern or otherwise!

MARTY

I'll be sure to mull over your horrible misfortune with all of my new free time!

HESTER

I didn't make you a bad policeman. You've been doing a fine job of that yourself!

MARTY

You're blaming this on me? You're the one who flew off the handle!

HESTER

In my line of work, we call this psychological projection. Instead of taking the blame for your own bad behavior, you insist on lashing out at everyone around you.

MARTY

Tell you what. Why don't you go ahead and use that brain of yours to solve this murder yourself? And why don't you do it someplace where I never have to hear your smart mouth ever again?

HESTER

Sounds like a capital idea.

They reach an elevator. Marty presses the button and the doors pull open.

MARTY

Wonderful. See you around, Hest.

EXT. MONTAGE: STREETS OF NOIR SEATTLE

Marty walks out of the Police Station and into the city.

MARTY (V.O.)

All of my life I wanted to be a Detective. Now that dream's over, all thanks to some harebrained dame from Boston.

Marty walks through Seattle. Shots of his travels cut together like a bad dream.

MARTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 As I walked the dark gray streets
 of Seattle, I kept turning over the
 clues in my head. Nothing made
 sense, so I went to the only place
 that did.

Marty approaches the exterior of Duke's.

MARTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And here I am, back at Duke's, not
 looking for clues as Seattle P.D.,
 but shooting pool as a Johnny
 Plainclothes.

Inside Duke's, we reveal that Marty has been saying this whole monologue out loud to no one. Nancy stands awkwardly behind him.

NANCY
 Uh, Marty. Who are you talking to?

MARTY
 Oh, um. Barry.

Barry sits asleep in the corner of the pool room. He stirs, belches, then settles back into slumber.

NANCY
 Uh-oh. Don't look now, but Miss
 Sherry is back.

Hester approaches.

HESTER
 Hello, Nancy.
 (Coldly.)
 Martin.

MARTY
 Hester. How long has it been...

HESTER
 About ninety minutes.

MARTY
 Nance, can I get a Ballentine?
 (nodding to Hester)
 Y'know what, make it two.

Nancy pulls out the drinks and leaves.

HESTER

My, doesn't Duke's looks nice.

MARTY

Yeah, Nancy's really classing up the place. She got this pool table, cleaned out the draft lines, even got cushions for the stools!

Marty racks up the billiard balls.

MARTY (CONT'D)

What are you doing down here?

HESTER

I'm questioning a suspect.

MARTY

Who, Nancy?

HESTER

You, actually. Duke said he was "with a friend" at the time of the murder. Then it dawned on me. You're the only friend he has.

MARTY

Duke's not Mr. Popular, so what?

Marty breaks.

HESTER

So you're his alibi! And if you haven't come forward, you two must have been up to something unsavory that night. Maybe something illegal! Maybe something murder! Admit it Martin, you hated Rosemary for stealing your friends money, so you two killed her!

MARTY

(Angry, confident.)

No, no! We just broke into her apartment!

(Realizes his mistake.)

Ah, jeez...

HESTER

I want the full story. Now.

MARTY

Fine. Duke thought Rosemary was stealing from him.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

He asked me to help break into her place to find some evidence, how could I say no?

HESTER

But that's breaking and entering!

MARTY

I know, but Duke saved my ass in Korea. He took a bullet for me, and if he hadn't taken that Korean's last bullet, I would have gotten shot for sure. We didn't kill her.

HESTER

(Wryly.)

I never thought you did. But I knew you were hiding something and the best way to get to it was assaulting your sense of honor.

MARTY

Promise you won't tell the Chief?

HESTER

Of course I'm going to tell the Chief! The real killer needs to be caught and Duke needs to go free! Why haven't you said anything?

MARTY

Because I want my job back, and that'll never happen with this on my record! That's why I'm investigating the murder on my own. If I can crack it, the Chief might give me my job back, maybe even promote me to Detective!

HESTER

But you're playing pool!

MARTY

Well, I'm stuck. But if I had a partner with your particular skills...

HESTER

You said you didn't want a partner.

MARTY

And you changed my mind. Partners?

HESTER
What the hell. I'll drink to that.
(She sips her beer.)
Oh, this is unacceptable.

MARTY
It's an acquired taste.

INT. ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marty and Hester find their way to Rosemary's door in a run-down apartment hallway. Hester tries to open it.

HESTER
Rats. Rosemary's door is locked.

MARTY
I don't know what you're talking about. As far as I remember, when we got here, the door...

Marty briefly picks the lock before swinging the door open.

MARTY (CONT'D)
...was wide open!

They enter a small and modest apartment, full of beautiful pieces of art, jewelry, clothes, etc.

HESTER
Most of her things must be from Fitzgerald. Beautiful sculptures, hand woven tapestries...all dropped atop ugly, tasteless-

MARTY
(Interrupting.)
Would you look at this chair! Holy cow!

Marty makes his way to a ratty recliner and plops down. His face is full of joy as he pulls the reclining lever.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Look, it reclines and everything!

HESTER
You're sitting in the crime scene.

MARTY
No, I'm immersing myself in the evidence.

Marty's elbow accidentally bumps open a compartment in the arm of the chair, revealing a cup-holder.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Oh my gosh, the evidence even has a cup-holder!

HESTER

That chair is by far the most hideous thing I've ever seen, and I've been in the audience at an execution.

MARTY

It's a little rough around the edges, sure, but it's got character.

Marty fishes in the cup-holder and pulls out a Faberge egg.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Not like this diamond-covered egg she was keeping in here. Jeez, what poor chicken had to eat jewels to poop this thing out?

HESTER

(Hester is suddenly in awe.)

Martin. If I'm correct, and I nearly always am, you're holding an original Faberge egg. Be careful, it's worth more than the hand you're holding it with.

Marty brings it to his ear and shakes it, producing a rattling sound.

MARTY

There's something inside.

HESTER

That's impossible, Faberge eggs are always hollow.

MARTY

Well then. Guess this ain't a Faberge egg.

Marty smashes the egg to the ground and pulls a diamond ring from the shattered pieces.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Look, it's engraved: "You'll always be in my heart. Love, William." I don't know much about marriage, but this seems like as engaging a ring as I've ever seen.

Hester snatches the ring.

HESTER

This is it, our smoking gun! We can take this to Fitzgerald and force him to tell us what he knows.

MARTY

Great! Let's go to his office!

HESTER

He won't be there.

MARTY

How do you know?

HESTER

Because tonight, anybody who's anybody will be at the opera.

ACT THREE

INT. OPERA BOX - NIGHT

Hester is seated with perfect posture, wearing an elegant dress. Marty stumbles in wearing a tux.

HESTER

My, Martin! You cut quite a figure in a tuxedo.

MARTY

Thank you! And you look lovely.

HESTER

Oh, I know.

The musicians tune up quickly. The crowd hushes and the lights dim.

MARTY

Think they'll play any Sinatra?

HESTER

No, it's Mozart.

MARTY

Not even 'My Funny Valentine'?

HESTER

(Tickled.)

There's no talking once the lights go down! You're being a very uncouth date.

MARTY

Hey, just because we're both dressed to the nines and sharing a romantic opera doesn't make this a date.

(Beat.)

Besides, if it was, I'd take you someplace a lot more fun than this.

HESTER

Is that right?

MARTY

A classy gal like you? We'd go for a starlit walk through Kerry Park. I'd bring along a bottle of brandy and make a toast to fine company.

HESTER

This evening's been so revelatory. You look great in a tux and you've got quite a romantic side. I hope we're able to snag the murderer while we're on this roll.

MARTY

Speaking of, I think I see Fitzgerald.

Marty points to a box on the opposite wall as Hester brings a pair of opera glasses to her eyes. She confirms the two are there.

HESTER

We'll have to wait until intermission to corner them. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the opera!

MARTY

(Under his breath.)

Should've brought a bottle of brandy in here for this..

INT. OPERA HALL: LOBBY - NIGHT

Marty and Hester walk into an ornate lobby. Marty looks like he's just woken up from a nap while Hester is electric.

HESTER

I've never heard a more moving
'Amico, ecco il momento'. I'm
breathless.

MARTY

Well, catch your breath soon. Look
who's at the bar.

Edward and Evelyn Fitzgerald stand in the lobby bar. Marty and Hester elbow their way to them.

HESTER

(Faux-polite.)
Oh, Evelyn! You look absolutely
stunning! Elbow-length gloves at
the opera! How expected!

EVELYN

(Faux-polite.)
I'd say nice to see you, Hester,
but that would be a lie. What are
you two doing here?

MARTY

Just having a date night at the
theater. Normal night, I mean. No
date.

EVELYN

How nice. Now, if you'll excuse me,
I suddenly have the urge to leave.

Evelyn exits gracefully while Hester bolts after her with no grace at all. Marty is horrified to be stuck with William.

MARTY

So, ah. Listen, Mr. Fitzgerald. I'm
sorry about all this trouble.

WILLIAM

Now see here, Crane. My family
doesn't appreciate your unwarranted
attention. I keep no secrets from
the police.

MARTY

What about this?

Marty pulls the ring from his pocket. William is aghast.

WILLIAM

Where did you get that...?

MARTY

Does it matter? The Chief will be pretty interested to find out that you had a much more intimate relationship with Rosemary than you let on.

WILLIAM

Alright, Crane, you got me.

(He sighs.)

Thankfully, this will be a weight off my shoulders. You see-

EVELYN (O.S.)

(Interrupting.)

Father!

Evelyn storms in. William looks defeated.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Stop talking this instant!

Hester catches up, panting.

HESTER

(Out of breath.)

Sorry, Martin, she can sprint like a stallion when she's mad.

EVELYN

If you've said nothing, you've already said too much.

HESTER

(Grabs the ring from Marty.)

Then how about we let this ring do the talking!

EVELYN

(Her voice getting louder.)

What on Earth-

HESTER

(Her voice getting louder.)

We have proof!

(MORE)

HESTER (CONT'D)
 Proof of an illicit affair! Proof
 we can take to your mother, the
 press, the police!

WILLIAM
 (Shouting.)
 Opera voices, please!

EVELYN
 (Her voice back to a
 normal volume.)
 You two pariahs will do anything to
 cause a scene. I hate to disappoint
 you, but my father has an alibi. He
 left Duke's almost an hour before
 the murder. I drove him home.

HESTER
 A likely story.

EVELYN
 You can verify it with our doorman.
 Fenwick keeps excellent records.

MARTY
 This is the first I've heard of an
 alibi.

EVELYN
 I brought it up with the police
 this morning. Oh, that's right. You
 no longer work for the police.

William, head heavy, looks from Marty and Hester to Evelyn,
 then down at the ground. The intermission chimes ring twice.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
 Let's go, Father. The final act
 will be starting soon.

Evelyn escorts her father up the stairs.

MARTY
 (Realizes it's over.)
 Should we go back in?

HESTER
 I'm in no mood for Mozart.

They make their way to the lobby bar.

HESTER (CONT'D)
 What clues are we missing?

MARTY

Maybe we just have the wrong angle. Those gifts he gave her, they were intimate, but they weren't...

HESTER

They weren't what?

MARTY

(Nervous.)

...sexual.

HESTER

Oh, Martin, grow up. It's a fine word to say. Sexual. The gifts weren't sexual.

Marty squirms.

HESTER (CONT'D)

You're right, of course. They were entirely chaste, even the clothing was proper. There was no lingerie-

MARTY

(Interrupting.)

Hester, c'mon, we're in public!

HESTER

And Nancy said William and Rosemary were often seen together at Duke's. But she never mentioned if they were handsy. Or necking. Or taking a turn at Bushy Park.

MARTY

So we have a...sexual affair that's not sexual...

(The solution is dawning on him.)

Does this mean...

HESTER

(The solution is also dawning on her.)

I think it does...

The two look at each other with knowing smiles. Their excitement is soon interrupted by the Chief and a dozen policeman, who make their way through the Opera Hall lobby.

CHIEF
 Couldn't stop harassing the
 Fitzgeralds, eh Crane?

MARTY
 Go ahead, Chief, do your worst.

The Chief cuffs Marty, as Shelby cuffs Hester.

CHIEF
 You're both under arrest.

HESTER
 You just had to ask him to do his
 worst, didn't you?

INT. POLICE STATION: HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Duke sits alone in his cell. The door opens, and Marty and Hester are unceremoniously thrown in along with him.

DUKE
 What are you two doing here?

MARTY
 It's a long story.

CHIEF (O.S.)
 One more coming in!

The cell door opens, and Nancy is thrown in with them.

DUKE
 Nancy! What are you doing here?

NANCY
 Oh, they brought me in for routine
 questioning and I accidentally
 confessed to stealing money from
 the bar.

DUKE
 That was you?!

NANCY
 Yes, you numbskull! The bar was
 falling apart so I started stealing
 to pay for all the improvements. I
 don't know how you never noticed.
 I'm not very subtle.

DUKE
 And I'm not very perceptive.

The Chief enters, holding the cell door open.

CHIEF
One more coming in.

MARTY
Chief, we have other cells! Can't
you spread us out a little?

William Fitzgerald stumbles into the holding cell.

WILLIAM
I requested this one, young man!

HESTER
Mr. Fitzgerald! Are you drunk?

WILLIAM
Very much so. After you came
wagging your fingers at me, it was
all I could do to focus on my
beloved opera. I got so
consternated, I left during Annio's
Aria and drank all the surrounding
wine bars dry. But I could never
escape my secret. I've already set
this revelation as the top headline
for tomorrow's paper: I, William
Atherberry Fitzgerald...have a
daughter.

CHIEF
Yes, I know. I already called her
to pick you up.

WILLIAM
No, not Evelyn...poor, sweet
Rosemary Murphy.

Everyone except Marty and Hester gasp.

MARTY
That's why you kept going back to
the bar, leaving her all those nice
gifts. You weren't trying to woo
her, you were trying to take care
of her.

WILLIAM
I'd met her mother at the local
dressage club. We were intimate,
often in plain view of the horses.
And there in the hay our Rosemary
was conceived.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Or so I found out when her mother sent me a letter last year, just before she died.

HESTER

Did Rosemary know?

WILLIAM

I was going to tell her the night she...the night she...

DUKE

...was brutally murdered?

WILLIAM

(He begins to cry big crocodile tears.)

Evelyn coolly enters the holding area with a look of disdain.

HESTER

(To Evelyn.)

Oh, Evelyn! So good of you to arrive!

MARTY

We're glad you're here. Saves us the trouble of having to come arrest you.

EVELYN

Aren't you on the wrong side of those bars to arrest anyone?

HESTER

Au contraire. Chief, that woman ...is a murderer!

EVELYN

And how, pray tell, am I murderer?

MARTY

We believe most of your story. You came to pick up your father at Duke's, you took him back home and spoke with your wonderful doorman Fenwick.

HESTER

But then you went back.

EVELYN

Why would I go back to that rat-infested cesspool?

HESTER

You had to take care of some family business. You knew Rosemary was your half sister, and your father was working up the nerve to make a less-than-desirable revelation.

WILLIAM

Evie, what are they saying? You knew about Rosemary?

EVELYN

Surely not. And even if I had, you have no proof.

MARTY

That's not entirely true. It was the smallest detail that gave you away. A few drops of blood, a hole in the drywall...

HESTER

And an unusual slavishness to your elbow-length gloves. Think you can take them off for us, Evelyn?

EVELYN

The contents of a woman's gloves are her business.

CHIEF

I'm afraid, for reasons I don't fully comprehend, I have to insist.

EVELYN

...fine.

Evelyn pulls off her gloves, revealing her forearms are covered in dozens of little bite marks.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I have a few unsightly scratches from grabbing the wrong end of a fondue fork. What does that prove?

MARTY

Those look more like tiny little bite marks, from the tiny little teeth of some angry little rats.

HESTER

Nancy said she had fixed the rat problem. So how did such a big hole open in brand new drywall?

MARTY

You made that hole so the rats could escape, luring Nancy away while you killed Rosemary. Looks to me like they might've nipped you a few times as a thank you.

MARTY (CONT'D)

As your little rat bites dripped blood on Duke's floor, you snuck up behind poor Rosemary and strangled her with her own pearls.

WILLIAM

How could you! She was family!

EVELYN

She had no right to think of herself as family, Father! She was trash! And while this is normally a job for the staff, I decided this time, I'd take the trash out myself.

HESTER

You always thought you were better than everyone, Evelyn. But I've learned that being better than everyone gets you nowhere. You have to be open to new ways of thinking and open to new sorts of people.

Hester and Marty share a warm smile.

CHIEF

Miss Fitzgerald, please come with me. The rest of you are free to go!

INT. DUKES - NIGHT

The bar is full of celebrating patrons, including several police officers.

DUKE

Marty, I can't thank you enough for clearing my name.

MARTY

I don't deserve all the credit. It was really Hester who put it all together.

DUKE

Well, thanks to both of you!

NANCY

While you're at it, can you arrest Duke for something? Cockfighting's illegal, right? Come around here on a Saturday, and -

DUKE

(Interrupting.)

A round of drinks, on the house, to keep your waitress nice and occupied!

The crowd cheers as the Chief makes his way to Marty and Hester.

CHIEF

Crane, you came through on this one.

MARTY

Thanks, Chief.

CHIEF

In light of recent events, the Seattle P.D. has seen fit to welcome you back. With a promotion!

MARTY

You mean...?

CHIEF

Starting Monday, you'll no longer be a beat cop. You'll be... on Mounted patrol!

MARTY

(Deflated.)

Oh.

CHIEF

Protecting Seattle on horseback, galloping through the parks. Get ready for some saddle sores!

MARTY

Thanks, I guess.

The Chief leaves to flirt with Nancy. Hester puts a reassuring hand on Marty's shoulder.

HESTER

It might not be Detective, but it's one step closer.

MARTY

Or, y'know. One hoof.

HESTER

That's the spirit. Here's to Mounted Patrolman Martin Crane.

MARTY

And his esteemed partner Dr. Hester Palmer. Cheers.

They clink their drinks together.

HESTER

You know, Seattle has started to grow on me. I'm even finding this dingy old bar has its charms.

MARTY

Speaking of charms, now that this is over how about we take that starlit stroll through Kerry Park? I stole a bottle of brandy from behind the bar...

HESTER

Tempting offer, Patrolman, but I'm afraid I have to pass.

As she turns Marty down, LELAND BARTON, mid-20's, dashing and sophisticated, steps into Duke's. He waves to Hester.

HESTER (CONT'D)

(to Leland.)

Coming, Leland!

(to Marty.)

See you around...partner.

Hester kisses Marty on the cheek as she leaves with Leland. He holds his hand to her kiss in quiet awe before smiling wide and returning to the party.

FADE OUT.

THE END.