

Bored to Death  
"The Case of Pomeranian Guilt"  
By Eli Edelson

Spec Script

Eli Edelson  
914-310-8844  
e\_edelson@outlook.com  
© Copyright. Eli Edelson 2015

1

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, ROAD BY SHEEP MEADOW - DAY

JONATHAN AMES, 30s, short and intellectual with hipster hair, runs furiously after a pudgy investment banker guy, DANIEL UZBECKERMAN, carrying a Pomeranian dog in a satchel.

JONATHAN

Drop the pooch Uzbeckerman!

UZBECKERMAN

Go fuck yourself weirdo!

They dodge between droves of MOMS and DADS running with BABY STROLLERS. The dog obnoxiously yelps with fear.

JONATHAN

Drop your girlfriend's dog!

UZBECKERMAN

Or what?! My net worth is over fifteen million, you can't touch me!

Both of them start to get sweaty and slow, clearly not runners.

JONATHAN

Just buy your own dog then.

UZBECKERMAN

Diocletian *is* my dog!

They near a busy central park street/path. Uzbeckerman runs through one of those summer Sunday rollerblading parties with a DJ.

Jonathan struggles to follow and collides with a gigantic shirtless gay man on roller-blades, goes down hard.

Uzbeckerman suddenly slips on a pile of horseshit and the dog goes flying from the satchel. It lands right in front of an incoming horse carriage, the driver doesn't see the tiny creature.

CLOSE ON the Pomeranian's pained, existential expression. This was my destiny? This is how it ends?

It's just too horrible. We CUT AWAY as the carriage fails to stop. Screams of horror ensue...

FADE OUT.

TEXT INSERT: 2 DAYS LATER

2

INT. GEORGE ON JANE RESTAURANT BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Ames stands in a cramped stall with a faux-cigarette pipe between his fingers, pressed up against his two closest compatriots: RAY HUESTON, robust but short, absurd and bearded, and GEORGE CHRISTOPHER, a tall silver fox a la George Plimpton.

They're all high. Jonathan takes a deep hit like its medicine.

JONATHAN

(as he exhales in their faces)  
I just can't get over it. I have recurring nightmares...the hooves approaching...

Jonathan stops, has the thousand yard stare.

RAY

I don't understand how you can have recurring nightmares if it's only been two days.

GEORGE

It seems that this dog - what was it's name?

JONATHAN

(almost teary eyed)  
Diocletian.

GEORGE

What in the hell sort of name is that for a dog?

RAY

George! Diocletian was a Roman peasant, born with *nothing*, who rose through the ranks of the military and ascended to immortality in 284 AD when he became emperor. And you always say I'm the plebeian of this triumvirate!

JONATHAN

(clarifying)  
The owner who hired me is a graduate student of history.

Beat. Ray takes a pull off the pipe.

RAY

That's besides the point. The point is, Jonathan, that as a private detective you're taking on real responsibility. People entrust themselves to you, or in this case, they entrust their Pomeranian.

GEORGE

Well put Ray, I'm impressed.

RAY

Thanks George. Leah's kids are staying at her parents' so we've been having sex all week, and it's given me super powers... like a cloudy cataract has been removed from my brain.

GEORGE

I once had my cataracts removed. It was nothing like having sex.

(Stoned) beat.

Jonathan looks interminably sad. Someone flushes in the stall next to them and coughs awkwardly. Jonathan pauses, mulls something over.

JONATHAN

(to George)

Why are we smoking in the bathroom of your restaurant?

GEORGE

There's something so wonderfully nostalgic about it, gives the weed a nice edge. Remember the days when you would come to my publishing fundraisers and I'd pay you to interview those windbags?

They leave the stall, all start washing their hands for no reason.

GEORGE

Then I'd grab you and we'd sneak to the museum's bathroom and get high. Like we were in grade school!

JONATHAN

You always said I was the bad influence on you with the

(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
 marijuana. So now you admit to  
 being the instigator?

Ray starts looking around like he hears something that no  
 one else can.

GEORGE  
 I've accepted the faults of my past  
 and moved on. And so should you, my  
 dear boy. It's bad for your  
 writing. Ray may be right, about  
 the responsibility. But all the  
 best authors learned from their  
 past mistakes without ever feeling  
 remorse-

RAY  
 I think I hear someone in distress!

Ray haphazardly runs out of the bathroom.

GEORGE  
 Take Hemingway for example. He  
 ruined a dozen marriages and killed  
 over a hundred animals on a single  
 safari trip.

JONATHAN  
 But I don't care about a hundred  
 dead animals, just a single  
 Pomeranian!

GEORGE  
 Jonathan, go home. Do some writing.  
 You'll move on, trust me.

3 INT. LEAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ray walks into the charming Brooklyn abode, chest puffed and  
 eyes blazing/blazed.

RAY  
 Leah, Super Ray has returned!

LEAH, early 30s, attractive, would never wear makeup, comes  
 in.

LEAH  
 Hey you. How were George and  
 Jonathan?

RAY  
They're depressingly impotent.

LEAH  
Oh my.

He approaches like a matador.

RAY  
It's not them, it's me. I've been  
feeling unstoppable lately, like I  
can do no wrong.

LEAH  
That's great! Is it because Super  
Ray has been selling well?

RAY  
It's because of you, my sweet  
woman. You've turned me into Super  
Ray.

LEAH  
Oh beardy pie...

Ray swoops Leah up the stairs.

RAY  
When do the kids come back again?

LEAH  
Another two days.

A hint of dread sneaks across Ray's face...

CUT TO:

4 INT. JONATHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonathan, with a similar look of dread, sits at his  
computer.

A mostly empty bottle of white wine next to the keyboard. He  
speaks aloud as he tries to write something.

JONATHAN  
The villain...wore a false mustache  
as dark as his eyes...the instant  
our hero saw him in the lobby he  
knew this was the kidnapper.

Beat.

JONATHAN

And the victim? How many days could she have left before the inevitable happens?

Jonathan pauses suddenly, starts to relive the horrible moment. Sounds of the Pomeranian's annoying bark come from O.S. Jonathan downs his wine, distraught.

CLOSE ON his computer screen. He minimizes the page of writing and pulls up his email.

A message sits in his inbox: "Detective Services Wanted, Utter Discretion Necessary. Matter Urgent and Important!"

Jonathan looks even more "hangdog" now, clearly afraid to accept the responsibility of a new job.

He takes a deep breath, dials a number.

JONATHAN

Hello? Yes, it's Detective Ames. I know I'm the last person in the world you want to see right now, but I need to talk. Can I meet you near your offices?

CUT TO:

5 EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

NYU students mill about, drinking and smoking. Ames walks with MARIANNE BUCKLEY, late 30s, an attractive bookish beatnik.

JONATHAN

Professor Buckley, thank you for meeting me.

MARIANNE

Jonathan, firstly I'm not a professor. I still need to finish my thesis. And I'm not angry with you, if that's what you're worried about. It was Daniel's fault after all.

She starts to become sad at the thought.

JONATHAN

Really? Well, that is a huge relief! It's really been messing me up. Disrupting my work in fact.

MARIANNE  
Your other cases?

JONATHAN  
Yes and also my writing. You see  
I'm a published novelist as well-

MARIANNE  
(cutting him off)  
It's been the same for me. I can't  
seem to pay attention to anything  
anymore. To my students, or even at  
home with my thesis. Before this  
all happened I was days away from  
my conclusion on the Roman Empire.  
Now...

They sit by the dried-up fountain in the center of the park.

MARIANNE  
My reviewer, Professor Aubrey  
Nathaniel Joyner, is a total  
misogynist pig. Just like all the  
other men I've ever met.

Awkward beat. She realizes Jonathan might take offense

MARIANNE  
Oh, I didn't you mean you! You're  
actually quite feminine and nice.

Another awkward beat for Jonathan.

MARIANNE  
But if I can't finish by Joyner's  
latest deadline, I'm kaput.

JONATHAN  
Is this the same Professor Aubrey  
Nathaniel Joyner known for his  
extraordinary historical fiction  
novels?

MARIANNE  
"Whore and Geese" was what landed  
him at NYU. The first  
"meta-historical" novel.

JONATHAN  
I love his prose, it's very robust,  
quietly masculine-

Ray suddenly appears from nowhere and sits next to them.



JONATHAN

Ray! What are you doing here?

RAY

I felt that you were hurting,  
brother. So I decided to find you.  
Part of my new mental prowess.

JONATHAN

Really?

RAY

Yes, really. And I'm also here to  
pick up from my new dealer. My  
regular guy is on vacation in  
Bhutan.

Beat.

RAY

Well Jonathan, thank you for  
introducing us. Hi, my name is Ray  
Hueston. Pleasure to meet you.

MARIANNE

Hi. Marianne Buckley.

They shake hands.

RAY

Diocletian's owner?

Marianne starts to tear up, rushes away.

JONATHAN

New mental prowess, huh?

They rush after her.

JONATHAN

Marianne wait! I'm sorry. I really  
am. You may not blame me, but this  
whole thing is my fault. How can I  
make it up to you?

Beat. Marianne ponders.

MARIANNE

Did you say you were purchasing  
weed?

CUT TO:

6 EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT, SOON AFTER

Ray, Jonathan, and Marianne approach a mean looking hooded guy on a bench. This is the SKETCHY DEALER. Ray awkwardly sits down on the bench next to him. Jonathan and Marianne watch from nearby.

RAY

Ahem! Hi.

SKETCHY DEALER

What the fuck do you want?

RAY

I'm Ray. I was just texting you.

SKETCHY DEALER

Sixty bucks.

Ray gives him the money, the dealer gets up - leaving a Gourmet Garage plastic bag next to Ray. The group rejoins him. Ray sees the catch phrase on the bag: "SHOP LIKE A CHEF."

RAY

Shop like a stoner.

JONATHAN

Have you ever grocery shopped high?

MARIANNE

It's the only way I can be at peace in the Trader Joe's line.

Jonathan and Ray nod, fair enough.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. WEST VILLAGE, NEAR WEST 4TH - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Marianne, Jonathan and Ray all smoke a joint as they walk by Big Gay Ice Cream. Suddenly LOUIS GREENE, 40s and erudite to a fault, steps out with a cone in each hand.

LOUIS

(to Jonathan)

Of course, my one secret pleasure on my one day off and I run into you, you dreary simpleton!

Jonathan exhales a big puff of weed smoke and coughs. He tries to rebut:

JONATHAN  
(struggling to speak)  
Greene! Why don't you... just...  
eat your...cream...

Jonathan starts wheezing uncontrollably. Louis stands confused. Marianne nonchalantly takes a massive pull.

MARIANNE  
You know, I think there's something  
off about this weed. Ray, care to  
utilize your superpowers?

Without blinking Ray burns through the rest of the joint and exhales.

RAY  
There's something culinary about  
this joint. It's like I'm standing  
on a brick patio overlooking the  
Mediterranean while the master cook  
prepares my afternoon meal.

MARIANNE  
Oregano. It's been cut with  
Oregano.

Jonathan's eyes bulge out.

RAY  
(continuing the fantasy)  
And that cook, he's a little  
person. You know, like the guy  
inside R2D2. I don't know why, but  
that makes it feel all the more  
real...

Beat. Ray snaps back to reality.

RAY  
Shit, Jonathan's allergic to  
oregano.

Jonathan continues to cough and pretend to be okay.

LOUIS  
You know, sometimes the universe  
smiles on us neglected geniuses  
just long enough to remind us that  
no matter the hardship - we're  
always right.

Louis takes a bite of ice cream and trots off, humming. Jonathan attempts to catch his breath, can't. He texts on his phone and shows it to Marianne:

"Going to make it up to you. Will talk to Joyner."

Marianne smiles.

MARIANNE

You're a good man Detective Ames,  
don't give up your work because of  
this. Maybe you'll save the next  
Diocletian...

She becomes melancholy and walks off. Ray pauses.

RAY

(muttering to himself)  
There's a cook, and a beautiful  
woman Super Ray has liberated from  
a harem too..

Beat.

RAY

I need to go, I'm having a  
breakthrough for my Super Ray  
comics. How much longer will this  
Xanadu exist!?

Ray runs away. Jonathan leans up against Big Gay Ice Cream's window to steady himself.

CUT TO:

8 INT. NYC YALE CLUB - DAY

George, dressed in a good ol' boys Yale outfit, drinks cocktails with two YALE FRIENDS, 60s, even waspier looking than him. One is fat and overly tan, the other wears one hundred percent bulldog regalia.

YALE FRIEND #1

Remember when those buffoons from  
Skull & Bones tried to steal our  
oldest songbook?

YALE FRIEND #2

Bastards thought they could take  
our most prized possession. Signed  
by Cole Porter wasn't it?

George seems glazed over, distant.

YALE FRIEND #1  
The idiots were dressed all in  
black, in the middle of the day!

YALE FRIEND #2  
With little skull & bones patterns  
on their sweaters.

YALE FRIEND #1  
But it was old Georgie who saved  
the day!

George is yanked into the conversation.

GEORGE  
I'm sorry, what were we discussing?

YALE FRIEND #2  
When the skull & boners got a hold  
of our songbook, you were the  
genius who said: don't stop 'em  
yet, let's follow them back and see  
how we can get inside the  
Tomb...then, dead of night, you  
broke in through the old servant's  
entrance!

GEORGE  
It was the current servant's  
entrance actually.

YALE FRIEND #1  
Got our songbook back, and a big  
bag of marijuana too!

YALE FRIEND #2  
Jazz cigarettes for weeks...

George relives the moment, sentimental and sad. His phone  
rings. He moves away.

GEORGE  
Oh thank god you called, I was  
being consumed by a tidal wave of  
nostalgia. Which is terrible  
because drinking in the middle of  
the day is usually so fun.

Pause. He tries to listen.

GEORGE  
I'm sorry Jonathan, I don't  
understand. You sound like a cat  
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 who just imbibed helium... Oregano!  
 How terrible... you need my  
 help?... Oh I see. Be there in a  
 jiffy!

George hangs up and moseys over to the Yale friends.

GEORGE  
 (beaming, revitalized)  
 I'm sorry boys, my protege needs my  
 help. He's a private detective, his  
 current case requires a little  
 extra *muscle*...

9 INT. LEAH'S APARTMENT - DAY, SIMULTANEOUS

Ray furiously draws out a scene in his comic: Super Ray, a massively muscular version of Ray in a tight caped outfit, is in a kitchen.

Super Ray stands off against a little man in a chef's outfit holding a beautiful woman hostage with a knife. Super Ray's word bubble reads, "Unhand her Vincenzo!"

Suddenly Leah calls out from upstairs.

LEAH (O.S.)  
 Rayby, when are you coming up? I've  
 missed you today.

RAY  
 (frantic, shouting)  
 Sorry! Sorry! I just need to finish  
 this one panel.  
 (to himself)  
 Draw faster damn you, you want to  
 be jerking off with this hand  
 again!?

The doorbell rings, CHILDREN shout O.S.

LEAH(O.S.)  
 Was that the door?

RAY  
 Nope!

The doorbell rings again.

LEAH(O.S.)  
Ray, there's definitely someone at  
the door.

RAY  
Jehovah's Witnesses!

Little knocks at the door. Leah comes down the stairs.

LEAH  
The kids are back!

She opens the door and her TWO CHILDREN, a boy, 5, and girl  
7. Behind them is LEAH'S MOM.

LEAH'S MOM  
Hi sweetie. They were wonderful.

Beat.

LEAH'S MOM  
Hi Raymond, still drawing little  
stick figures for a living?

Ray looks utterly downtrodden, turns to his panel: Super Ray  
is shown whisking the buxom woman up the stairs of a  
mansion.

He lets his head fall on the desk, covering the drawing.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. GEORGE'S CAR - DAY

Jonathan and George are in George's gorgeous, old,  
burnt-orange Mercedes. They drive up Central Park West.

GEORGE  
It was terrible! My Yale friends  
couldn't talk about anything but  
the past. Like senile parakeets.

Jonathan still struggles to speak, his voice raspy and  
ridiculous.

JONATHAN  
You mean parrots?

GEORGE  
Parrots, right. Parrots of the  
past.

JONATHAN

The past is a terrible thing, I've learned.

GEORGE

Not just the past, but the inability to move away from it.

JONATHAN

I think this will be a great experience for us both. It'll revitalize you and heal me.

GEORGE

Well thank you for including me in this young man's game. I'm flattered.

JONATHAN

Yeah, of course. That, and Ray is preoccupied with Leah.

GEORGE

Ah.

JONATHAN

But this couldn't wait, this is fate! Professor Aubrey Nathaniel Joyner lives in the same building as the guy who emailed me with my next case!

GEORGE

(musing)

Stone two birds with one joint....  
What's this case anyways?

JONATHAN

I don't know, he just said it was urgent and a matter of the extra-judicial... just hope no missing dogs are involved.

11 INT. FANCY UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT - DAY, CONTINUOUS

LARRY KAHN, 30s, little and vastly narcissistic, sits atop a large chair that puts his crotch on eye-level with George & Jonathan, who sit facing him.

The apartment is huge, vastly expensive, with a wide view of Central Park behind Larry.



LARRY

(to George)

You're too old to be the dick.

(to Jonathan)

And you look like a pussy. I guess you're perfect for each other.

GEORGE

(whispers to Jonathan)

I guess we both know who the real dick here is...

LARRY

(to himself)

Craigslist. What did I expect?

As Jonathan speaks, the Oregano effect causes him to sound like a hormonal teenager.

JONATHAN

I've solved numerous cases! I have a pretty high success rate, most of the time. And I noted this problem of yours requires help outside of the law... I recently helped a crippled, heroin addicted professor find his stolen book, one of real value.

LARRY

What, so he could continue his heroin addiction?

JONATHAN

He was functional!

GEORGE

Samuel Coleridge wrote Kubla Khan in the haze of his opium addiction. Heroin addicts can be productive members of society, too.

Awkward beat, mostly awkward for Larry. George starts wandering around the apartment, looking at photos of a young Larry with his PARENTS. They look extremely wealthy and extremely apathetic.

LARRY

I suppose my case isn't so different. I smoke a ton of pot, ok?

Larry impatiently ushers Jonathan over, has Jonathan pick him up and help him down from the chair, as if it was a given. Larry leads him over to a kitchen cabinet.

Inside it, seeds and stems are sparsely strewn about. A clean outline on the surface shows where something used to be.

LARRY

Five hundred bucks worth. One day it's here, a weekend in Southampton later - it's gone! Ka-poof goddammit!

JONATHAN

I'm sorry, that must be traumatizing.

LARRY

I'm not traumatized, I'm sober!

GEORGE (O.S.)

Being sober is the most traumatizing experience there is...

Jonathan and Larry meet George in the foyer of the apartment.

LARRY

Ok so here's the deal: track down my ganja, return it to me untouched, I'll pay you three hundred bucks.

GEORGE

Deal!

JONATHAN

George, you can't accept the case for me.

LARRY

I told you, he's the dick and you're the pussy.

JONATHAN

Clearly we're both the dick, er dicks. Why do you have to define everything by gender!?

LARRY

You prefer I label things by height?

GEORGE  
Seems equally unfair.

JONATHAN  
Ok enough! I accept the case. Do you have any idea who might have taken it?

LARRY  
Who might've taken my weed? Huh. Let me think. Actually, yeah, now that you ask - I just realized it must be my cousin Vincent, totally forgot. Here's your three hundred bucks.

Larry reaches into his pocket like he's about to pay them. Jonathan seems pleasantly surprised. Larry pulls his hand out, showing them the middle finger.

LARRY  
Of course I don't have any idea who might've taken it, you shitbird! Now get out. Don't come back unless you find it.

Jonathan and George hastily exit.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. PARK SLOPE STREET - DAY

Ray walks with Leah and her two children. He's going into sex withdrawal, the shakes.

Everywhere he turns he sees attractive couples walking together. Ray tries to put his arm around Leah. He's quickly blocked by Leah's son.

They pass by a couple making out on a stoop. Ray trips on a crack in the sidewalk. He lets himself lie on the ground.

LEAH  
Ray!

Leah's children laugh. Ray struggles to get up.

LEAH  
You ok?

RAY  
I'm fine!

LEAH  
No need to be angry. Do you have  
any boo-boos?

RAY  
Leah, please.

LEAH'S SON  
Boo - boo, poo-poops.

RAY  
(to himself)  
I can't take it anymore.

LEAH'S DAUGHTER  
What'd you say Ray-bees?

RAY  
My throat's a little sore!

LEAH  
Oh no!

RAY  
Oh... yeah. I'm just feeling a  
little ill. Think I might head  
home.  
(whispers to Leah)  
My balls are receding faster than  
the economy.  
(to the kids)  
Bye bye guys!

They say goodbye and Ray immediately dials his cell.

CUT TO:

13 INT. FANCY UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

George and Jonathan stand outside a different apartment,  
knocking on the door. He keeps knocking, nothing. His phone  
rings.

JONATHAN  
Hello?

CUT TO:

14 EXT. PARK SLOPE STREET - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Ray lies on a bench with his phone, looking at the sky.

RAY

It's over, I'm returning to  
nothingness. To dust.

INTERCUT BETWEEN RAY AND JONATHAN:

JONATHAN

No more sex?

RAY

Her children swooped in like ring  
wraiths! The life has been sucked  
right out of me. She should've at  
least weaned me off her...

JONATHAN

Ray, I'm sorry I can't really talk  
right now-

RAY

I'm hovering on the edge of  
oblivion!

Beat.

RAY

Fine, I'll come to you. Anything to  
distract me.

JONATHAN

We're right near central park.

RAY

Ok, see you soon... my venting  
isn't over!

END OF INTERCUT.

15 INT. UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY, CONTINUOUS

George and Jonathan exit an elevator as an OLD LADY walks by  
with a POMERANIAN. Jonathan freezes up, Georges notes this  
and pats his back.

GEORGE

Stay strong.

JONATHAN

We can't find Joyner, I have no idea who took the weed. It's over.

GEORGE

Wait a second.

Up ahead at the lobby entrance stands PROFESSOR AUBREY NATHANIEL JOYNER, 60s, tall as George and equally suave, but more academic.

He's signing a book for an ATTRACTIVE YOUNGER WOMAN. They approach.

JONATHAN

Ahem. Professor Joyner?

JOYNER

Yes?

JONATHAN

Hi, my name is Jonathan Ames. I'm a private detective and a novelist actually, like yourself.

JOYNER

Oh really?

Joyner's clearly quite taken with the young lady's figure. He finishes his signature then writes out his number. She smiles, closes the book which reads: "THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF GONDOLIER AND SLEIGH."

YOUNG WOMAN

Thank you so much! Until I read this book I had no idea about the underground world of gondola racing. I just love you how capture the beauty of Venice.

JOYNER

It's nothing compared to your beauty.

She swoons and walks away, looking back.

JOYNER

(to George, smarmy)

The older you are the better it gets, eh?

George nods, unsure.

JONATHAN

Professor Joyner, I'm actually here  
on behalf of Marianne Buckley.  
You're her adviser?

Joyner sours.

JOYNER

What of her?

JONATHAN

I've come to ask you to give her a  
chance. She's going through a tough  
time.

JOYNER

Of course she would send a boy like  
you to plead her case.

JONATHAN

What's your problem with her? She's  
a lovely person!

JOYNER

Some women show respect and  
*interest* in their superiors, others  
don't. She's the latter: dresses  
like a wolf girl, talks like an  
adjunct from *Brown*, and writes  
about men like they're the cruel  
perpetrators of history. I have no  
use for such creatures and I'll be  
happy to be rid of her, as well as  
you for that matter. Now if you  
excuse me!

Joyner huffs past them down the street. Jonathan starts  
after him but George gently stops him.

GEORGE

The old coot isn't worth it.

Jonathan becomes melancholy again. Just then, a MAN in a  
building services uniform shoves his way between them.

MAN

Try NOT standing in the doorway  
next time.

He walks down the street. Jonathan notices something about  
him, curious.

GEORGE

What is it with this building?  
Everyone here is a total asshole!

JONATHAN

I think I know that asshole...

Jonathan tries to covertly sneak down the street after the man. George attempts to follow. In broad daylight, they look absurd.

16 EXT. PARKING GARAGE BY CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan and George turn the corner to see Joyner talking to the building services guy. Jonathan whips out a monocular scope (like a pirate).

CLOSE UP on the man's face, it's THE SKETCHY DEALER.

JONATHAN

Shit! That's the sketchy dealer who  
sold Ray the oregano weed. He must  
work in the building here.

Sure enough, the dealer takes out a giant bag of weed.

JONATHAN

Of course! Building services goes  
into an apartment and sees  
something illegal, they can take it  
if they want. No resident will  
report missing a giant bag of weed  
to the front desk.

GEORGE

He's our man! Wait, I have an idea.

George takes out his cell phone and takes photos of the transaction, damning evidence for Joyner.

JONATHAN

And I have a plan.

CUT TO:

17 INT. PARKING GARAGE BY CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Joyner hastily pays the dealer. Suddenly from inside the garage...

GEORGE (O.S.)

"Bright college years, with  
pleasure rife, the shortest,  
(MORE)



GEORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 gladdest years of life; How swiftly  
 ye are gliding by!"

The men turn in confusion. George appears, enlivened.

GEORGE  
 Joyner, we've caught you red  
 handed. And you, you rude fellow.  
 Drop the reefer.

Joyner stands frozen. The Sketchy Dealer takes the weed and high tails it towards the exit. As he nears his escape, Jonathan suddenly appears to block his exit.

WHAM! They both go down hard. The Dealer gets up, sprints towards the park. Jonathan follows close on his heels.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Jonathan follows close behind the Dealer, they turn onto 72nd street.

B) Jonathan narrowly avoids slamming into an OLD RABBI.

C) The Dealer crosses the entrance into Central Park, moments later so does Jonathan.

D) A similar chase scene to the opening sequence of the episode, Jonathan nears his target...

CUT TO:

18 INT. PARKING GARAGE BY CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Joyner and George stand off, two old foxes.

JOYNER  
 You're pathetic, you know that?

GEORGE  
 Because I help Jonathan solve  
 mysteries?

JOYNER  
 Precisely. It's like you're a boy  
 now, you've devolved. Look at me,  
 the oldest I've been and I'm only  
 now in my prime.

GEORGE  
 You may be a successful author, a  
 distinguished professor. I may be  
 (MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 silly sixty-five year old having a  
 late life crisis... but goddammit,  
 at least I'm having fun!

George suddenly takes a swing at Joyner, lands it on his jaw. They start fighting sloppily. They both start to look like wimpy boys, attempting to roughhouse.

19 EXT. CENTRAL PARK, ROAD BY SHEEP MEADOW - DAY

Jonathan is almost on top of the Sketchy Dealer, when suddenly - nightmare scenario - he realizes he's re-entered the rollerblading DJ party.

The dealer continues to run. He nears a fire-breathing performer. Jonathan is almost on him when a LARGE SHIRTLESS MAN on roller blades knocks him down.

The dealer is about to turn a corner and escape when suddenly RAY appears! He stops the dealer in his tracks.

RAY  
 You! You're the worst dealer I've  
 ever had! I mean, who cuts  
 marijuana with anything?! It's  
 practically legal these days.

SKETCHY DEALER  
 Fuck you!

Jonathan angrily slams into the dealer from behind. He goes down hard. The massive bag of weed flies into the air!

It hurls right towards the unsuspecting fire breather, impending destruction...

SLOW MOTION: Jonathan watches the bag fly, another case to end in tragic loss...

UNTIL Ray leaps forward and saves the bag from the flames. Jonathan breathes a sigh of relief and looks down, the dealer is knocked out cold.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. CENTRAL PARK WALKWAY - AFTERNOON, LATER

Ray and Jonathan walk triumphantly back towards Larry Kahn's apartment, the bag of weed hidden in a Trader Joe's bag.

JONATHAN  
You were amazing! You saved the  
weed!

RAY  
And you knocked that oregano  
sprinkling bastard out!

Beat.

RAY  
I feel great. I may not have sex  
for another two to three weeks, but  
at least I can still live a little.

Beat. Ray looks at the bag of weed.

RAY  
It's a real shame we're just gonna  
turn this back in.

Jonathan nods. They walk by a Gourmet Garage, he pauses.

JONATHAN  
I have an idea.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. FANCY UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Ray and Jonathan walk down the street smiling. George is  
there, leaning against the wall and grinning with a shiner  
on his left eye.

George sings the rest of that song (Yale's alma mater) to  
himself:

GEORGE  
"Oh, let us strive that ever  
we, May let these words our  
watch-cry be, Where'er upon life's  
sea we sail: 'For God, for Country  
and for Yale!'"

Beat. George notices their return.

GEORGE  
Boys! How'd it go?

JONATHAN  
Success.

GEORGE

As with me! Oh you should've seen it! I gave Aubrey quite a thrashing. I felt like MacDuff dueling MacBeth in his castle - boom, bam, beheaded!

RAY

(impressed)  
You decapitated him?

GEORGE

No, no! I walked him to the hospital after... And he agreed to allow Marianne to flourish. We have the pictures of his illicit purchase just in case.

JONATHAN

OK, only one thing left to do now.

22 INT. FANCY UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Jonathan knocks on a door. Larry Kahn opens up.

LARRY

You two, back already? And what's this, a third buffoon?

RAY

Oh great Zeus! I had a vision about you, the evil chef in my mansion.

LARRY

You all have two seconds to scram.

Jonathan brings forth the bag of weed.

JONATHAN

We have your Manhattan kush, Mr. Kahn.

A look of genuine surprise on Larry's face. He invites them in.

23 INT. LARRY CHARLES' APARTMENT - LATER

Larry sits on his elevated throne, feeling the bag of weed.

LARRY

Amazing, it's just as full as I remember it.

Larry takes out three hundred dollars, hands it to Jonathan. Jonathan pockets it. We see for a flash that his pockets are filled with baggies of weed!

LARRY

You know, I normally smoke alone.  
But I'm impressed. What do you say  
we all get high?

Larry pulls out a gigantic bong as tall as himself, packs it. Sniffs it for a moment.

LARRY

This weed, it smells so fresh. It  
reminds me of something...

His eyes narrow, he starts to get suspicious. Suddenly George, Jonathan, and Ray all draw a look of terror. Are they found out?

LARRY

My mother's cooking! God, it might  
have been the only thing I loved  
about that woman.

Larry finishes packing the bowl, hands it to Jonathan.

LARRY

Here you go. First round goes to  
the big dick!

We HOLD on Jonathan's terrified, Oregano-filled face as we  
fade out...

**THE END.**