

THEY CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

"Double Jeopardy"
(formerly "Uneasy Riders")

Story by
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and
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Teleplay by
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FORCED CALL
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LOCATION BREAKDOWNS

Interiors

Snoops Brothers Office
Dorrick's Living Room
Dining Room
Upstairs Hallway
Master Bedroom

Exteriors

Urban Office Building
Dorrick's Home



CAST

Abe
Bo

Jarvis
Donald Dorrick
Doreen Dorrick
Daphne
Mrs. Rutherford
Captain Potter
Bishop Harvey
Connie Watkins

(x)



TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. URBAN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING 1

It's the kind of place you'd expect to find low rent tenants.
(Like The Taft Building in Hollywood.)

2 ANGLE ON OFFICE DOOR 2

The painted sign reads: SNOOP BROTHERS, PRIVATE DETECTIVES.
In smaller letters, The Boy's slogan reads: If We Can't Find
The Crook, There Hasn't Been A Crime.

3 INT. SNOOP BROTHERS' OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 3

Bo enters carrying two deli bags. ABE is working at a desk. Abe,
surrounded by PAPERWORK, pecks away at a simple CALCULATOR. This
is a very sparse, very simple office.

BO
Sorry it took so long, Abe-ster. I had to
go to three delis before I could find a
guy who'd make me a liverwurst and grape
jelly sandwich.

Bo starts unloading FOOD ITEMS from the deli bags. He sets the
food on the desktop where Abe is trying to work.

BO (Cont'd)
I got you a couple of submarine sandwiches,
plus a cantaloupe, and... wait'll you see
this...

Bo proudly holds up two jars of Marshmallow Whip.

BO (Cont'd)
We've each got our own jar of marshmallow
whip for dessert!

Abe regards the food binge with disgust.

ABE
Two jars?

BO
I knew you'd be thrilled.

ABE
How much?

BO
(obviously evasive)
How much for everything, or just dessert?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

ABE
Start with dessert.

BO
Fine with me, but you should save dessert
for last.

ABE
BO!!

BO
Okay, okay, take it easy. The marshmallow
whip was only three dollars.

Abe shoots him a suspicious look.

BO (Cont'd)
I had a coupon!

Abe enters three dollars into the calculator.

ABE
How much for the sandwiches?

BO
Yours or mine?

Abe shoots Bo a cold look.

BO (Cont'd)
Two-and-a-quarter each for the subs and
ten dollars for the liverwurst and jelly.

Abe starts entering the costs, then stops and explodes.

ABE
Ten dollars for one liverwurst and jelly
sandwich?!

BO
The guy behind the counter said he wouldn't
risk throwing up for a nickel less.

Abe refers to the calculator print-out tape.

\$ 3.00 ABE \$ 4.50 \$ 10.00
Three dollars, four-fifty, ten dollars...
Bo, you spent seventeen-fifty on lunch!

BO \$ 17.50
Nineteen-fifty. You forgot the cantaloupe.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

BIT Sweet
ABE
Bo, Bo, Bo. Dear fiscally irresponsible brother of mine. You are the red ink on the ledger of life.

BO
I am not! Hold it... is that good or bad?

Abe gives Bo a long, pitiful look.

ABE
We are trying to start a business here. A business, I might add, which was all your idea.

BO
I always wanted to be a detective.

Abe scoops up a pile of bills.

ABE
Fine. Then solve this one for me. How are we supposed to pay all of the bills you're running up when we still haven't had our first case?

BO
Do you think we'd qualify for a government bail-out program?

ABE
This is serious, Bo!

Abe enters each number into the calculator as he reads the damages to Bo.

ABE (Cont'd)
Telephone hook-up: \$179.95

BO
Well you can't be a detective without a phone.

ABE
Office furniture -- ~~four-seventy-five!~~ *\$ 475.00*

BO
Our clients need someplace to sit.

\$ 87.50
ABE
~~Eighty seven-fifty~~ to have our names painted on the door.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

BO

Jeez, Abe. Why do you have to be such a penny pincher?

Bo absently unwraps a stick of gum and pops it into his mouth. Abe sees him do it.

(X)

ABE

Uh-huh! One pack of chewing gum -- thirty-five cents!

BO

Hold it! Hold it! I can solve all of our money problems.

Bo grabs the calculator and throws it out the window.

ABE

Oh! That was very nice, Bo. What an adult, business-like thing to do.

BO

You're driving me nuts with that thing. We'll get clients. We'll make money. It just takes a little time.

Abe starts to speak, Bo holds up his hand to cut him off.

BO (Cont'd)

And your negative attitude isn't helping.

ABE

Bookkeepers need a negative attitude, Bo. It's in the job description.

BO

Just the same. It wouldn't hurt if you'd try to look on the bright side once in a while.

ABE

Fine. If it'll make you feel better.

Abe takes a huge breath and pastes on a big smile.

ABE (Cont'd)

(upbeat)

My oh my! What a wonderful day to be alive! What a fantastic day to be one of the world famous Snoop Brothers! What an incredible feeling it is to be young, gifted, and black!!

Bo shoots Abe a bewildered look.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

ABE (Cont'd)
Sorry, when I get this upbeat, I have a
tendency to turn into Aretha Franklin.

BO
(knowingly)
I understand.

The telephone RINGS. Bo answers it.

BO (Cont'd)
(into phone)
Snoop Brothers Private Detectives. "If
we can't find the crook, there hasn't been
a crime!"
(he listens)
Yes.
(he listens)
Yes, yes!

Abe brightens.

BO (Cont'd)
(he listens)
Not on the first date.
(he listens)
Well, okay. But only if she has a note from
her parents.

Abe is baffled.

BO (Cont'd)
(he listens)
Yes, Sir. I'm glad you agree, Sir.
(he listens)
Very well. We'll be there in two hours.

Bo hangs up the phone and nods smugly to Abe.

BO (Cont'd)
We've got a job.

ABE
Yes! Yes! Money-money-money!
(beat)
Doing what?

BO
Does it make any difference?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (5)

3

Abe considers the logic for a moment, then both boys break into a wild, high-fiving frenzy, then stop cold, put on their detective hats, and walk boldly out of the office.

Hi, Hello, How are you? FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER *ob*



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. THE DORRICK HOME - DAY - ESTABLISHING 4

It's your basic, sprawling, Tudor mansion with beautifully manicured grounds. The Boys push their Corvette up the impressive drive.

5 ANGLE ON BOYS AND CORVETTE 5

Bo alongside the car, steering as he pushes. Abe is pushing from the back of the car.

ABE

Well, I gotta hand it to you, Bo. When it comes to making a good first impression on a client, nobody does it quite like you.

BO

Don't worry about a thing. I'll tell 'em some thug shot a hole in our gas tank.

ABE

They'll never believe it.

BO

What would you rather believe, Abe? The private investigators you just hired got shot at by a thug? Or, they spent their gas money on marshmallow whip?

ABE

Okay, so maybe it'll work. Just don't make it sound too dramatic, okay? One bullet just accidentally pierced our gas tank. One tiny bullet. One tiny hole.

6 ANOTHER ANGLE 6

as The Boys stop pushing the Corvette, put on their detective hats, and head for the front door.

BO

It might've been tiny, but it had deadly poison smeared all over it.

(X)

ABE

Bo. No deadly poison!

BO

How do you know? It's my fantasy?!

7 ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

7

The Boys arrive at the door and RING the BELL. As they wait for someone to answer the door.

ABE

On second thought, Bo, lets just assume they didn't see us pushing our car up the driveway.

BO

Okay. But just in case, I'm glad we've got the bullet alibi all worked out.

ABE

Promise me you won't use that hokey alibi unless it's absolutely necessary.

BO

I promise.

ABE

And let me do the talking, I know how to deal with the rich and famous.

Just as Bo starts to protest, the door opens to reveal JARVIS, the Dorrick's butler.

JARVIS

Yes?

ABE

Mr. Dorrick?

JARVIS

(disdainful)

Hardly.

ABE

A pleasure to meet you, Mr. Hardly. Would you please tell Mr. Dorrick that The Snoop Brothers have arrived.

Jarvis gives The Boys a skeptical once over.

JARVIS

Step inside, I'll see if Mr. Dorrick is available.

BO

If he's busy, we'll settle for Mrs. Dorrick.

Jarvis shoots Bo another odd look.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

BO (Cont'd)
(mild panic)
If he wants to know why we're a little
late, tell him some thug shot a--

(X)

Abe puts his hand over Bo's mouth.

ABE
(to Jarvis)
Tell him we apologize for any inconvenience
our tardiness may have caused.

Jarvis shoots Abe a curious look.

JARVIS
Follow me, please.

Jarvis exits. Abe BOINKS himself on the forehead. Bo REACTS.

BO
Ouch! What'd you do that for?

Abe pulls on his ear and follows after Jarvis. Bo follows in pain.

8 INT. DORRICK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

8

It's an elegantly appointed formal living room. Every table top is adorned with beautiful, highly breakable art objects. The walls are lined with PAINTINGS and TAPESTRIES. Over the mantle is a portrait of an elderly couple.

DONALD DORRICK, suave, early forties, is seated on a love seat looking lovingly at his attractive, thirlyish wife, DOREEN, who is playing a gleaming white grand piano. Doreen is in a deep state of concentration, playing CHOPSTICKS. When she finishes, she exhales dramatically and folds her hands on her lap like a virtuoso.

DONALD
Amazing, Doreen. Simply amazing.

DOREEN
Do you really think so, Donald?

DONALD
Absolutely, darling. Why, I think you've learned more in these last six months with Madame Fritzen, than you learned in all the years you studied with Dr. Mauer.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

DOREEN
(delighted)
I'm so glad you think so, Donald. I must admit, I do at times feel selfish spending so much on Madame Fritzen's lessons.

(X)

DONALD
Nonsense. What's three hundred dollars a session if it produces results like that?

Doreen leaves the piano and impulsively hugs Donald. The hug turns into a steamy kiss and moderate groping.

JARVIS (o.s.)
(stage, throat clear)
Heh-heh...

9 ANGLE TO INCLUDE JARVIS, BO & ABE

9

as Doreen and Donald quickly try to regain their dignity.

JARVIS (Cont'd)
The Snoop Brothers are here to see you, Sir.

BO
But don't stop making out because of us. We'll wait over here until you're done.

DONALD
(to Jarvis)
Thank you. That will be all.

Jarvis nods and exits.

DONALD (Cont'd)
I'm Mr. Dorrick. Pleased to make your acquaintance.

BO
Let's get down to business, Mr. Dork.

DONALD
That's Dor-rick.

ABE
Sorry, Mr. Dorrick. I'm Abe. And this is my brother and fellow crime fighter, Bo.

BO
Together, we're The Snoop Brothers.
(to Mrs. Dorrick)
When I'm alone, I do more than snoop.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Donald is taken aback, but he covers his annoyance.

DONALD

This is my wife, Doreen. You may call me, Donald.

BO/ABE

(to each other)

Donald Dorrick?

DONALD

Yes, of the South Hampton Dorricks. Of course, Doreen and I made a few inquiries about your firm, before we called...

BO

You did?

ABE

Of course they did.

DONALD

Unfortunately, we didn't have much success finding any one who's heard of you.

The Boys exchange panicked looks, then Abe gets an idea.

ABE

Good. Frankly, I'd be a bit concerned if you had turned up any information. In our business, it's best to keep a low profile.

BO

Unless we're trying to impress a really tall girl.

ABE

Exactly. Unless we're...

(sotto, to Bo)

You're not help-ing...

BO

Should I use the bullet in the gas tank routine?

ABE

NO!

The Dorricks and even Abe are startled by his outburst. Abe smoothes it over by laughing nervously.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

ABE (Cont'd)

(vamping)

No...uh, Bo. No, I'm sure the Dorricks haven't blown our cover by inadvertently tipping our whereabouts to any of the many crooks we've sent to the big house.

BO

(too big)

Phew!!!

DOREEN

Exactly what cases have you handled?

BO (Cont'd)

What cases? Uh, did you hear about the women's lingerie scandal down at City Hall?

(X)

DONALD

No.

ABE

Good. We handled the cover-up on that one.

DONALD

Have you "handled" any cases we might have heard about?

The Boys go into a long huddle, then...

BO

Have you lived at this same address for the past five years?

DOREEN

Yes, we have.

The Boys go back into a huddle, then...

ABE

Are you registered voters?

DONALD

Certainly.

The Boys huddles one last time, then...

ABE

In that case, we probably haven't handled any case that you might have heard about.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

DONALD

I see...

(dramatic pause)

To tell you the truth, gentlemen...

The Boys look behind themselves for the "gentlemen."

DONALD (Cont'd)

...I was hoping to find some private investigators who just happen to specialize in undercover reconnaissance.

BO

Then rest easy, sir. I've done some of my best work under covers.

Bo winks at Doreen.

ABE

Perhaps if you told us more about the assignment, we could tell you if it falls within our vast area of expertise.

DONALD

That's fair enough, we need a couple of detectives to come to a party tomorrow evening.

BO/ABE

We can handle that.

DOREEN

And while you're at the party, we want you to keep an eye on our guests. We have reason to believe one of our friends, may be a thief.

BO

Wouldn't it be easier just to take all the lawyers off your guest list?

Abe is impressed with Bo's logic. He nods in agreement.

DONALD

I'm afraid it's not that simple. You see, the last time we threw a party, one of our guests stole a quarter of a million dollars worth of Doreen's jewelry.

DOREEN

Fortunately, they never got to the good stuff.

Bo and Abe are staggered. Their mouths fall open (in sync).

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (4)

9

ABE

You... you, keep that much jewelry around the house?

DOREEN

That's odd. The insurance investigator asked that same question.

DONALD

Actually, this entire cloak and dagger scheme is the insurance company's idea. They want us to use Doreen's jewelry as bait to catch the thief. So we're giving a party for the same guests who were here the night of the robbery.

BO

(bummed)

Sounds like a great idea. Guess you don't need us.

Bo starts to walk away dejectedly.

DONALD

Of course we need you! We want you to pose as guests.

DOREEN

To mingle with our friends and associates.

DONALD

And when one of them slips away to pilfer Doreen's jewels...

Doreen pantomimes firing a pistol.

DOREEN

(cold)

Waste him!

The Boys are startled by Doreen's cruelty.

ABE

(weakly)

We've never shot anybody before.

Donald and Doreen look at The Boys with looks of astonishment and disappointment.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (5)

9

BO

(covering)

In-side, that is! We get 'em out of the house before we plug 'em. Saves a fortune on plaster repair. And you don't have to rent one of those stupid little steam cleaners for the carpets.

DONALD

Ahhhh....

DOREEN

Shrewd.

BO

Thanks.

(to Doreen)

By the way, where's your bedroom?

DOREEN

Why?

BO

Just wondering...

ABE

My brother, crafty sleuth that he is, was merely trying to ascertain the location of the safe where you keep your jewels.

DOREEN

What do you think, Donald? Should we tell them where our jewels are hidden?

DONALD

I've got a better idea. Let them try to find the hiding place. What do you say, Snoop Brothers? Are you up to a little test of your investigative skills?

BO

Is it multiple choice?

Abe elbows himself, Bo flinches. Abe strikes a bold pose.

ABE

We gladly accept the challenge, sir!

(beat)

Stand clear. We will conduct a thorough search of the house and find said hiding place.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (6)

9

BO
If we're not back by tomorrow, start the
party without us.

The Boys exit.

10 INT. DORRICK'S DINING ROOM - DAY

10

DAPHNE, The Dorrick's gorgeous French maid, (who is dressed in an appropriately skimpy and revealing maid's uniform), is absently polishing a SILVER CANDLESTICK. She is surrounded by other tarnished SILVER. Jarvis enters carrying several more TARNISHED PIECES. Jarvis watches Daphne's half-hearted effort for a moment, then...

JARVIS
(dripping with disdain)
Do you have a particular attachment to that
candlestick? Or are you planning on
spending a solid hour polishing each and
every piece of silver?

DAPHNE
What's the use in rushing? You'll just come
up with another chore that is even more
demeaning.

(X)

JARVIS
Demeaning? My dear, Daphne. You are not
the owner of this house. You are the maid.
And I'm afraid that entails polishing the
silver, mopping the floors, buying the
groceries, and a host of other "demeaning"
tasks which you have yet to master.

DAPHNE
If that is true, why is it Mr. Dorrick
tells me I am one of the best maids he has
ever hired.

JARVIS
Because Mr. Dorrick only hires women who
can fit into that maid's uniform.

Daphne shoots Jarvis a cold look, as Bo and Abe enter. Bo takes
one good look at Daphne, then...

BO
(to Abe)
I'll frisk the maid.
(re Jarvis)
You search him.

Bo makes a beeline for Daphne.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

BO (Cont'd)
(to Daphne)
All right, on your feet. Hands against the
wall and spread 'em!

DAPHNE
(shocked)
I will not spread 'em! I do not even know
you!

BO
Are you gonna stick to that story?

DAPHNE
Yes!

BO
(bummed)
That's what I was afraid of.

Abe starts to pat down Jarvis.

JARVIS
What's the meaning of this?!

ABE
Just a precaution. We're looking for the
place where the Dorrick's hide their
jewels.

BO
(re Daphne)
And the most interesting place to look
isn't interested.

JARVIS
I can assure you, neither Daphne nor I are
concealing any of the Dorrick's jewels.

ABE/BO
Daphne?

BO
(to Daphne)
Daphne! I like that name. Is it Italian?

Daphne slaps Bo. Abe reacts.

BO
Portuguese?

She slaps Bo again. Abe reacts to the pain again.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

ABE

(to Bo)

She's French, you moron. Now stop playing twenty questions with her before she kills me!

BO

French! Abe, it's a real French maid!

ABE

I'm aware of that, Bo.

BO

(to Abe)

Who cares if you're aware of it?

(to Daphne)

Only one thing matters. Do you realize how long I've fantasized about meeting a genuine, regulation French maid in the flesh!?

(X)

DAPHNE

Your fantasies are none of my concern.

BO

Oh yeah?!

Bo whispers in her ear for a moment. Daphne lights up for a moment. She's interested. Then...

DAPHNE

(skeptical)

But where will we find a boa constrictor and a fireman's hat at this time of day?

BO

I have my sources.

Daphne smiles an evil, sensual smile, then turns to Jarvis.

DAPHNE

(to Jarvis)

I am taking my break now. I will finish the silver later.

(X)

Daphne takes Bo by the arm and starts to lead him out.

ABE

Hold it!!

Bo and Daphne stop in their tracks.

ABE (Cont'd)

(pointedly, to Bo)

Aren't you forgetting something here?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

BO
(missing the point)
She said she'd finish the silver later.
What's the big deal?

ABE
If we don't find the secret hiding place
we don't get this job. Remember?

DAPHNE
(to Abe)
That is no problem. The jewels are hidden
in a wall safe in the master bedroom.
(to Bo)
Come with me, I'll show you.

BO
(to Abe)
You tell the Dorricks we found the safe.
(beat)
I'll keep my eye on Daphne.

Bo is thrilled as he exits with Daphne. Abe is dejected. He slumps into a chair and absently polishes a carving knife.

ABE
Would you like a little friendly advice,
Jarvis?

JARVIS
Do I have a choice?

ABE
Never. I repeat, never go into business
with a relative. Especially, an over-sexed
relative.

JARVIS
Odd. That's the same advice I got from the
first detective the Dorrick's hired to
protect their jewels.

ABE
The first detective? Why'd he drop the
case?

JARVIS
He didn't exactly... "drop" the case.

ABE
Then what happened?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

JARVIS
(re knife Abe is
holding)
A pity really. He ended up with that
carving knife stuck between his shoulder
blades.

Abe pales and tosses the knife aside.

11 TIGHT ON KNIFE

11

as it sticks menacingly in the table top.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 EXT. THE DORRICK HOME - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT 12

13 INT. THE DORRICK HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME 13

In addition to the Dorricks, there is MR. and MRS. RUTHERFORD, in formal attire, BISHOP HARVEY, in his clerical robe, and CAPTAIN POTTER who resembles Commodore Schwepps complete with medals. The Guests are milling about, sipping cocktails and chatting. Bo and Abe, also in tuxedos (with plaid ties and cummerbunds?), are trying to mix in with the group. A very beautiful woman, CONNIE, stands off in a corner, observing the activity with keen interest.

(X)

(X)

Jarvis, the butler, approaches Bo and Abe.

JARVIS

May I get you anything?

ABE

You know, I could really go for a bag of pork rinds right about now.

BO

Yeah, barbecue flavored pork rinds!

JARVIS

I was referring to a beverage of some kind.

ABE/BO

Hmmm.

(X)

(X)

JARVIS

Well?

ABE/BO

A chocolate shake.

JARVIS

Surely you jest.

BO

My brother never jests on an empty stomach.

ABE

True.

Jarvis rolls his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

JARVIS
I'll see what I can do.

Mrs. Dorrick arrives, looks about furtively, then

DOREEN
(sotto, to the Boys)
Well? Is anyone acting suspicious?

BO
Yeah...

Bo points.

14 POV

14

of Bishop Harvey mingling.

BO (o.s.) (Cont'd)
That guy's got crook written all over his
face.

15 BACK TO SCENE

15

DOREEN
(indignantly)
That happens to be Bishop Harvey!

ABE
We'll remember that name.

BO
Harvey Bishop.

ABE
Bishop Harvey.

BO
I bet he plans to stash the loot under his
dress.

ABE
Clever.

BO
(to Doreen)
Do you think we should frisk him?

DOREEN
Heavens no!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

ABE

All right, but if he walks out of here jingling like an ice cream truck, don't say we didn't warn you.

DOREEN

You two are hopeless idiots!

She stomps off.

ABE

(to Bo)

Let's mingle.

BO

Good plan.

Bo starts off after Daphne who passes nearby, but Abe catches him in time.

The Boys join Captain Potter and Couple #1, the Rutherfords. Mr. Rutherford is late forties, the Mrs. is early thirties and gorgeous.

BO

(to Mrs. Rutherford)

Come here often?

MRS. RUTHERFORD

Every year. We've not met, have we?

BO

I don't think so. But you do resemble a female mud wrestler I once met named Roxy.

MRS. RUTHERFORD

(wilting)

Very amusing.

BO

I'll say. She can twist you up like a pretzel and make you like it.

CAPTAIN POTTER

I think I know her!

MRS. RUTHERFORD

(ruffled)

Really, Captain...

CAPTAIN POTTER

(to the Boys)

I'm Potter. Glad to know you.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

ABE
(intervening)
I'm Abe. And this is my brother, Bo.

BO
(to Mrs. Rutherford)
But you can call me Bo.

MRS. RUTHERFORD
Thank you. I'm Amanda Rutherford. And this
is my husband, Maurice.

ABE
(trying to be sly)
The same Maurice Rutherford convicted of
seven counts of grand larceny?

(X)

MRS. RUTHERFORD
(annoyed)
Judge Rutherford has sat on the bench for
twenty distinguished years.

BO
I'd say it's about time he got off his
butt and started doing something for a
living.

(X)

MRS. RUTHERFORD
And just what is it you gentlemen do?

BO
Good question.

ABE
Excellent question.

BO
We are very well-known in our field.

ABE
We certainly are.

MRS. RUTHERFORD
And what field is that?

BO
Good question.

ABE
Excellent question.

BO
My brother and I are into...

Bo is stuck, but Donald Dorrick arrives in the nick of time.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

DONALD

Ah, I see everyone is acquainted.

ABE

Yes, Bo and I were just telling Mrs. Rutherford what we did for a living.

DONALD

Oh?

MRS. RUTHERFORD

Yes. I'm most interested.

BO

So are we.

DONALD

Why these young men are serious investors.

MRS. RUTHERFORD

Oh? You invest in the market?

ABE

Every day. Why, we spent a fortune at the market just this morning.

Jarvis arrives with the Boys' shakes.

BO

Thank you, Jeeves.

JARVIS

The name is Jarvis.

BO

(suspiciously)

Hmmm. An alias, huh?

ABE

I'll keep an eye on him.

BO

Two more shakes...

(with a knowing wink)

Jarvis.

ABE

Better make that four.

As Jarvis leaves, Bo and Abe take long, noisy sips of their shakes.

POTTER

So, you were saying you played the market.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

ABE

Right-o. And when we're not at the market,
we're out on the yacht...uh...yachting.

BO

That's us.

(pirate-ese)

Blow me down, matey! Arrgghh! It's a gale
wind we be fightin'! Batten the hatches!
Reef the mainsail, or we'll be founderin'
on the coral! Arrgghhh! Where's me cabin
boy?! Bruce!! Bring me some grog! Wait!
Make that a chocolate shake!

The others are astounded.

ABE

(doing Jack London)

Yes, the sea sang its siren song and we
obeyed the call, setting sail, coursing
the waves toward the distant horizon,
venturing into the unknown in search of
exotic, foreign ports, the fierce
equatorial sun burning into our very souls,
warning us that, yes, man was never meant
to conquer the sea, only ebb and flow with
it's never-ceasing tides.

POTTER

Well done, mate! That's the longest
sea-yarn run-on sentence I ever heard!

Bishop Harvey arrives.

BISHOP

(jovially)

What am I missing here?

BO

Your trousers for one thing.

Abe congratulates Bo as the Others REACT appropriately.

DONALD

Bishop Harvey, meet Bo and Abe.

ABE/BO

Damn glad to meet you!

Everyone REACTS.

Daphne arrives with a tray of hors d'oeuvres. She leans toward
Bo revealing ample cleavage and smiling seductively.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (6)

15

DAPHNE
Hors d'oeuvre?

Bo reaches with both hands.

BO
I'll take two.

Donald stops him just in time.

DONALD
(to the others)
Pardon us a moment.

Donald pulls the Boys aside.

DONALD
(annoyed)
What are you two doing?!

ABE
We're conducting subtle undercover
surveillance.

BO
And we'd appreciate it if you didn't
interfere. I was about to subtly frisk
a suspect.

DONALD
I can assure you that Daphne, the maid,
is not a suspect!

BO
You're right. I'll frisk Mrs. Rutherford.

Donald stops Bo.

DONALD
Stop frisking people!

BO
Wait a minute, Mr. Dork.

(X)

DONALD
Dorrick!

BO
Whatever.

ABE
I sense you're losing confidence in us.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (7)

15

DONALD
That's not true.

ABE
(pleased)
Oh...

DONALD
I never had any confidence in you to begin with!

BO
Rest easy, Mr.....

(X)

DONALD
Dorrick.

BO
Whatever.

ABE
We are trained professionals.

DONALD
Then act like it!
(to Bo)
Understand?

BO
(to Abe)
No more frisking?

ABE
No more frisking.

BO
Bummer. That's the only reason I got into this business.

Donald rolls his eyes in disgust and walks off. Abe leads Bo to a corner where they stand on either side of a pedestal on which rests an antique urn.

ABE
Let's survey the scene.

Both Boys cup their hands to their brows and survey the scene.

ABE (Cont'd)
Is there anybody we haven't interrogated?

Bo spots Connie standing alone nearby.

16 POV 16
of Connie who is also intensely checking out the guests.
 BO (o.s.)
 I'll say!

17 BACK TO SCENE 17
 BO (Cont'd)
 Is the frisking boycott still in effect?
 ABE
 No more frisking!
 BO
 In that case, I'll just probe.
 ABE
 You have a suspect in mind?
 BO
 A hot one.
Bo points to Connie and accidentally tips the urn.

18 TIGHT ON URN 18
which rocks precariously.
 ABE (o.s.)
 I got it!

19 BACK TO SCENE 19
as Abe tries to grab the urn, but bobbles it into the air.
 BO
 I got it!

20 ANOTHER ANGLE 20
where Bo tries to grab the urn but bobbles it, tripping after
it.

21 ANGLE ON OTHER GUESTS 21
who REACT to Bo and Abe charging toward them.

22 BACK TO SCENE 22
where Bo and Abe are both trying to grab the urn but bobbling
it back and forth.
 BO
 Out of the way!!

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

ABE

Mine!

BO

Mine!

23 ANGLE ON DOREEN

23

who is horrified.

24 BACK TO SCENE

24

where the Boys are still playing hot potato with the urn.
Daphne ENTERS FRAME carrying a tray of hors d'oeuvres.

ABE/BO

Watch out!!

They crash into Daphne who falls into Mr. Rutherford's lap, her legs in the air. The hors d'oeuvres fly everywhere.

Bo and Abe fall on Daphne as the urn CRASHES loudly to the floor.

24A SMASH ZOOM TO PHOTO

24A

of Grandfather and Grandmother Dorrick on the mantle.

As the Guests gather, REACTING, Doreen rushes to the urn which is shattered beyond repair, a pile of ashes along side.

DOREEN

(to the ashes,
crestfallen)

Grandfather!

25 ANGLE ON BO AND ABE

25

still on the floor.

ABE

When are you going to learn not to use
your hands when you talk?

BO

Hey, give me time. I just learned that
drooling was impolite.

Bo looks up and REACTS.

26 BO'S POV

26

of Connie who, along with some of the other Guests is looking down at them. She sneers and walks off.

27 BACK TO SCENE

27

as Bo scrambles to his feet, pulling Abe along.

BO

Let's go.

(sotto)

I think suspect number one is about to make her move.

28 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

28

Connie sneaks down the hallway toward the bedroom.

29 ANOTHER ANGLE

29

where the Boys' heads APPEAR, observing.

BO

There she goes. What did I tell you?

ABE

Very clever of you Mr. Bo, I must admit.

BO

Thank you, Mr. Abe.

ABE

What made you notice her?

BO

First it was her incredibly long legs.

ABE

I mean, why did you suspect her?

BO

Instinct, dear brother. It takes a certain type of person to spot a criminal type.

ABE

Another criminal type?

BO

Exactly.

30 ON CONNIE

30

as she stealthily enters the bedroom.

ABE (o.s.)

Let's nab her.

BO (o.s.)

You nab her. I'll grab her.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

ABE (o.s.)
No grabbing.

BO (o.s.)
This detective business isn't living up
to its promise.

31 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

31

Connie enters the dark room and looks about.

Suddenly the room LIGHTS UP. She spins toward the door.

32 ANGLE TO INCLUDE BO AND ABE

32

who are posing like tough detectives.

ABE
(Slammer voice)
All right, sister. The jig is up.

BO
(same)
You hoid the man, doll. Don't try any funny
stuff if you know what's good for ya.

33 ANGLE ON CONNIE

33

who gracefully lifts her dress exposing her leg, higher until
she reveals a pearl-handled .25 caliber Barretta in her garter
holster. She pulls the gun and points it at the Boys.

CONNIE
Don't move. It's loaded, I'm a damn good
shot, and I shoot to kill.

34 ON BO AND ABE

34

who are mortified.

BO
In that case, may I see your leg one more
time before I die?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

35 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 35

36 TIGHT ON BO 36

BO
(threatening)
We'll give you one more chance to come
clean, lady.

37 TIGHT ON ABE 37

ABE
If I were you I'd start talking. When my
brother gets like this, there's no way I
can control him.

After a dramatic pause.

38 TIGHT ON BO 38

BO
I'm losing my patience. What's it gonna
be?

39 ANOTHER ANGLE 39

to REVEAL Bo and Abe tied-up. They are back to back. Connie is
seated nearby on the bed, her gun trained on The Boys.

CONNIE
Guys, I'd say you're not exactly holding
the upper hand.

ABE
That's true, but a skilled detective never
shows his vulnerability.

CONNIE
Under the circumstances, I think it's about
time we dropped the "skilled detective"
references, don't you?

Abe and Bo exchange a look.

BO/ABE
Maybe.

CONNIE
Good. Who are you guys?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

BO
I'm Bo.

ABE
I'm Abe.

BO/ABE
We're The Snoop Brothers.

CONNIE
(deadpan)
The snoop brothers.

BO
Yeah, have you heard of us?

CONNIE
No.

BO
We're the private detectives The Dorrick's
hired to protect their jewels.

CONNIE
Why?

ABE
Well, you see, last time they threw a party
with these same guests, somebody broke in
and--

CONNIE
I know that! I meant, why did they hire
you two?

BO
Because we're the best?

Connie shoots Bo a look.

ABE
Because we're cheap?

Connie shoots Abe a look. Bo and Abe exchange a look, then...

BO/ABE
(to each other)
Why did they hire us?

CONNIE
I don't know, but you're not exactly the
kind of detectives my insurance company
expected The Dorricks to bring in on this
case.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

ABE

Your company?

BO

Wow! You own your own insurance company?
Would you put us on your mailing list for
calendars?

CONNIE

I don't own the company, I'm head of the
special investigations unit.

As Connie unties The Boys.

CONNIE (Cont'd)

I'm Connie Watkins. Sorry I had to get
rough with you guys. But I thought you
might've been the jewel thieves.

(X)

ABE

That's the same assumption we made when
we saw you sneaking around up here.

CONNIE

Well, one thing's for certain.

BO

(bummed, to Abe)

Yeah. Looks like we won't be getting that
calendar.

Abe BONKS himself on the head. Bo REACTS.

CONNIE

We're not going to catch the jewel thief
if we're busy spying on each other.

ABE

An excellent deduction.

CONNIE

So let's work together on this. With three
of us on the look-out, we'll be sure to
catch the crook in the act.

BO

I couldn't agree more. Abe, you go
downstairs and look around. I'll stay here
in the bedroom with Connie.

ABE

No way.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

BO

Okay. You stay here and I'll take Connie into another bedroom.

CONNIE

(to Bo)

If you're so crazy about bedrooms, you stay here. Alone. Abe and I will go downstairs and keep an eye on the other guests.

BO

What happens if the crook shows up?

CONNIE

Grab him.

BO

What if it's a girl?

CONNIE

Use your imagination.

Bo thinks it over for a moment, then...

BO

Hmmmm...let's see...

(to Abe)

Tell Jarvis to bring up a bowl of whipped cream and a roll of plastic wrap.

(to Connie)

I'll cover this room. Don't worry about a thing.

Connie stares incredulously.

ABE

(to Connie, re Bo)

Don't try to figure him out. You'll get nightmares.

(beat)

Let's check-out the action downstairs.

Abe and Connie exit, leaving Bo alone in the bedroom.

Once he's alone, Bo crouches down behind a dresser, jumps out and strikes a karate pose. Then, he hides behind the door, and leaps into another daring karate pose. Then, he casually flops on the bed and stretches out to take a nap.

40 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

40

Abe and Connie are standing at a beautiful buffet table loaded with an assortment of PARTY FOOD.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

ABE

I'll stay here and pretend to be eating
the food while you look around.

CONNIE

How long do you think you can "pretend"
to eat?

Abe surveys the food.

ABE

Two, maybe three hours.

Abe quickly starts stuffing food into his mouth. Connie watches
Abe's disgusting Croutonian feeding ritual for a moment, then
walks away.

After a moment, Doreen and Donald approach Abe. They observe
his table manners with horror.

DOREEN

(to Abe, re eating)

Is this your idea of working?

Abe belches. (Not a big disgusting belch.)

DONALD

How dare you belch in front of my wife!

ABE

(innocent)

I'm sorry. I didn't know it was her turn.

DOREEN

(outraged)

Well!!!

Doreen storms off.

ABE

(to Donald)

She's really goes through wide mood swings,
doesn't she?

DONALD

(casually, honest)

You noticed, huh?

(befuddled)

Stop that! You're not here to psychoanalyze
my wife. You're here to catch a crook!

ABE

And you can't catch a crook on an empty
stomach. Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

Abe brushes Donald aside, reaches for some more food, and stuffs it into his mouth.

41 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

41

Daphne, who is now wearing a FIREMAN'S HAT, knocks on the door to the master bedroom.

DAPHNE

(whisper)

Monsieur Bo? Are you in there?

(X)

We HEAR SNORING from inside the bedroom. Daphne cautiously opens the door and looks inside.

42 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT- CONTINUOUS

42

Daphne enters to find Bo sound asleep on the bed. He is dreaming a "puppy" dream. He BARKS occasionally and moves all four "feet" like he's chasing rabbits.

BO

(groggy, dreamy)

Okay, okay! One more time and that's it.
But this time, lose the paint roller.

After a moment, Daphne smiles and kisses Bo on the forehead. He wakes up.

BO (Cont'd)

Daphne! I was just thinking about you!

DAPHNE

And I have been thinking about you all evening.

She starts a steamy embrace, but Bo cuts it short.

BO

Were you able to find a boa constrictor?

DAPHNE

No.

BO

Then I guess we won't be needing this.

He takes the fireman's hat off Daphne's head and tosses it aside.

43 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

43

Abe is still at the buffet table where Captain Potter and Mrs. Rutherford are filling their plates. As Mrs. Rutherford heaps a large load of food on her plate, Abe takes notice and winks at her.

ABE

(re plate)

I like a lady with a healthy appetite.

Mrs. Rutherford shoots Abe a look of disdain then moves on.

Captain Potter passes Abe. Potter's plate is loaded with sliced LEMONS and LIMES.

ABE (Cont'd)

(re Potter's food)

Is that all you're going to eat?

POTTER

It's all I can eat. Scurvy, you know.
Caught it sailing around Cape Horn.

ABE

(bluffing)

Ah yes, Cape Horn. I've spent many a day
trapped in the doldrums 'round the Cape.

CAPTAIN

Ah, you've rounded the Cape?

ABE

Does driftwood float?

44 INTERCUT WITH BO AND DAPHNE

44

making out furiously in the upstairs bedroom.

45 BACK TO SCENE

45

where Abe and Potter are deep in conversation. Abe is starting to emit SMOKE. He pulls at his collar as he overheats.

ABE

Whew! I think I'd better lay off the
radishes.

POTTER

Did you ever try the radishes on Fiji? Why
they're as big around as coconuts.

ABE

Wow! How big are the coconuts?

Potter is momentarily thrown, then, starts laughing.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

POTTER
(delighted)
Ah! I knew you were an old salt the minute
I set eyes on ya! Ya remind me of myself
when I was young enough to chew nails and
spit fire!

Abe is boiling over. Smoke is billowing out.

CAPTAIN (Cont'd)
Look at ya, boy! Why your boiler's stoked
and ready to steam out of port! Yes, sir!
You're a man of the sea if ever I've seen
one!

Potter grabs Abe and gives him a big, comrade's hug.

ABE
(uneasy)
Easy, Captain. I'm not that kind of sailor.

46 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

46

A SHADOWY FIGURE (the Bishop) moves stealthily along the
darkened hallway. The figure runs into a large SUIT OF ARMOR
and nearly knocks it over. While struggling to keep the armor
from falling, the figure knocks the HELMET off the armor, it
CLANKS noisily to the ground and rolls down the stairs.

47 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

47

Daphne stops making out with Bo and sits up in bed.

BO
What was that noise?

DAPHNE
How should I know? Let's worry about the
matter at "hand".

BO
Maybe I better go see what it was.

DAPHNE
I've got a better idea.

She pulls Bo back down on the bed and starts kissing him.

48 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

48

Connie is at the base of the stairway as the HELMET comes
bouncing down the stairs. She looks around to make sure no one
is watching, then sneaks cautiously up the stairs.

49 ANOTHER ANGLE

49

as Jarvis the butler carries a COVERED SILVER TRAY past Doreen.

DOREEN

Just set the food on the buffet table,
Jarvis. Our guests will serve themselves.

JARVIS

It's not for our guests, Ma'am.

Jarvis lifts the lid from the tray to reveal a LARGE GLASS BOWL
OF WHIPPED CREAM and a ROLL OF PLASTIC WRAP.

DOREEN

Whipped cream and plastic wrap? What are
you going with that?

JARVIS

One of the "detectives" requested it be
delivered to the master bedroom.

DOREEN

What on earth for?

JARVIS

I think it's better we don't ask, Ma'am.

Doreen considers the awful possibilities then turns up her nose.

DOREEN

Yessss... perhaps you're right.

50 ANGLE ON ABE AND CAPTAIN POTTER

50

Abe is SMOKING like crazy. Potter tosses a glass of champagne
in Abe's face.

(X)

(X)

ABE

Ahhhhhhhhhh..... thank you, Captain. You
saved me life!

CAPTAIN

Anytime, mate. I've never seen a man get
so agitated at the mere mention of the sea!

51 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

51

Connie, pistol in hand, approaches the door to the master
bedroom.

(X)

From behind her, we hear approaching FOOTSTEPS. She quickly
enters another bedroom and starts to slam the door.

(X)

52 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

52

We hear the DOOR SLAM. Daphne is startled, but Bo is undaunted.

DAPHNE

Amazing, Bo, that you can make love with
all of these interruptions.

BO

You call that an interruption? You oughta
try it when some girl's father is climbing
through the window with a baseball bat!

Bo gets to his feet, lifts the bedspread gallantly, then
gestures to the covers.

BO (Cont'd)

Nobody will bother us under here.

Daphne and Bo climb under the covers and start making out
again.

53 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

53

The Shadowy Figure (the Bishop) slowly turns the doorknob and
looks into the master bedroom. After a moment, the figure
disappears into the room.

54 ANOTHER ANGLE

54

as Jarvis approaches the master bedroom carrying the tray full
of whipped cream and plastic wrap. Jarvis opens the door and
enters.

55 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

55

as Jarvis enters the room, his eyes widen. He tries to back out
of the room, then BANG! BANG! -- two gunshots ring out. Jarvis
clutches his chest.

55A ANOTHER ANGLE

55A

where Bo and Daphne pop their heads up from the covers.

56 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

56

Abe, Doreen, Donald, and the other guests REACT to the GUNFIRE
coming from upstairs.

After a moment, Jarvis shakily descends the staircase, wobbles
to the center of the living room and approaches Doreen.

JARVIS

Will that be all, Ma'am?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

Jarvis keels over on the floor. Everybody lets out one very well-timed GASP, as we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

57 INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

57

The Dorricks and their Guests are seated in an improvised semi-circle. The Body of Jarvis is covered by a blanket. Bo and Abe pace in front of the others. (X)

ABE

What we have here...

BO

...is a failure to communicate.

ABE

Cool-Hand BO
Nice try, Bo. What we have here is a murder...

BO

Cold-blooded...

ABE

Ruthless.

BO

A murder committed by someone in this room. (X)

ABE

A murder we intend to solve here and now.
Let's review the facts.

Bo borrows Potter's walking stick and uses it like a pointer.

BO

Jarvis, the butler, is dead...

He whacks Jarvis' body.

ABE

The phone is dead...

BO

The carpet is ruined... (X)

ABE

The jewels are missing...

BO

We're out of mayonnaise...

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

ABE

Really?

BO

Really.

ABE

Daphne, the maid, has mysteriously disappeared...

(X)

BO

And Connie, the insurance investigator with the incredible legs and the sexy stockings and garter belt, is also sorely missed.

ABE

So where does that leave us?

BO

Without a shred of evidence.

ABE

Without a clue.

BO

Without a date for Saturday night.

ABE

Without mayonnaise!

Both Boys stroke their chin,

ABE/BO

Hmmmm.

Then suddenly,

BO (Cont'd)

I've got it!

Bo swings his stick toward the group and CRASHES an expensive-looking vase. Doreen REACTS.

(X)

BO (Cont'd)

The butler did it!

DOREEN

You idiot! The butler is dead!

BO

Ah, trying to throw me off the trail, are you? Well it won't work!

Bo swings the stick for emphasis and SMASHES another vase.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

ABE
(to the Rutherfords)
Let's assume for the time being that you
are innocent.

BO
Suuuure.

ABE
(to Mrs. Rutherford)
And for the sake of argument, let's assume
you didn't marry your husband for his
money.

BO
Suuuure.

ABE
But, to satisfy your lavish tastes, hubby
spent his entire fortune...

BO
Then he started borrowing money from a loan
shark named Guido...

ABE
His debts mounted...

BO
You became dissatisfied and had a sordid
affair with Carlos, the gardener...

ABE
Your husband knew the only way to keep you
was to raise cash fast...

BO/ABE
So!!!

Bo swings his stick and CRASHES another vase.

BO
The rest is painfully obvious, isn't it
Mrs. Rutherford?

ABE
You're gonna feel a lot better when you
make a clean breast of this.

BO
Clean both breasts and we'll all feel
better.

She rises and SLAPS Bo. Abe REACTS.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

BO (Cont'd)

All right. You clean one breast, and I'll handle the other.

She SLAPS Bo again. Abe REACTS.

MRS. RUTHERFORD

You bumbling idiots! My husband and I never left this room!

BO

Soooo, you admit having an affair with Carlos, the gardener!

MRS. RUTHERFORD

You leave Carlos out of this!

ABE

Then again, strange things happen to a man's mind at sea...

Abe spins to confront Captain Potter.

ABE (Cont'd)

Isn't that right, Captain Potter?!

POTTER

I'll say. I knew a man who was out to sea for a year -- started running around naked singing "Candy Man" in falsetto, then sat in a bathtub filled with Graham Crackers. Damnedest thing I ever saw.

The Boys REACT. Bo points his stick to Doreen.

(X)

BO

Then again, we have our congenial hostess, all smiles on the outside...

ABE

But deep within, a heart seething with hostility...

Bo swings the stick toward the heads of several guests who duck just in the nick of time.

(X)

BO

(to Doreen)

Admit it, you were having a sordid affair with Jarvis, the butler! He threatened to expose you unless you gave him the jewels. You had no alternative but to shoot him!

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (4)

57

DONALD
That's outrageous!

ABE
(skeptical)
Outrageous?

DONALD
And ridiculous!

ABE
Ridiculous?

DONALD
That's right.

BO
(to Donald)
Because, in fact, it was you who was having
the affair with Mrs. Dork!

DOREEN
You moron! We're married!

DONALD
And the name's Dorrick!

BO
(to Doreen)
Aha! You were having an affair with a
married man!

(X)

ABE
At last! We have our motive!

(X)

DOREEN
(to Bo)
The only thing you have is severe brain
damage.

(X)

(X)

ABE
Maybe, but I think he's on to something
here.

BO
Unless...

Bo spins with the stick. The Group ducks to avoid being
clobbered.

(X)

BO (Cont'd)
We take a closer look at the good Harvey
Bishop.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (5)

57

ABE

Bishop Harvey. How true. Beneath that
pious facade lurks a man tortured with...

(X)

BO

Lust! Admit it, Harvey Bishop, you were
having a sordid affair with Daphne, the
maid!

DOREEN

How dare you!

ABE

Together, you plotted to steal the gems...

BO

Then, she got greedy. She wanted all the
jewels! You objected. She tried placating
you by showing you her French lace
lingerie...

(X)

Off everyone's looks.

BO (Cont'd)

Hey, It's only a theory.

BISHOP

You dim-wit! I happen to be a man of the
cloth!

BO

Yeah? Then, why don't you make yourself
a pair of pants?

ABE

Good one, Bo-sker.

They high-five, low-five, etc. Doreen rises and stomps her foot.

DOREEN

Enough of this! I'll not have you defaming
my guests with half-baked accusations.

ABE

Half-baked? We have an eye-witness!

(to Bo)

Right?

BO

Right.

Abe nods triumphantly.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (6)

57

BO (Cont'd)

Sorta.

ABE

You were upstairs when the murder took place, weren't you?

BO

Absolutely!

ABE

Who else was there?

BO

Daphne.

ABE

Aha!

BO

But she was... uh... busy when the crime took place.

ABE

Who else was there?

BO

Jarvis the butler! What'd I tell you? The butler did it!

DOREEN

You idiot! The butler is dead!

BO

Oh, yeah. I forgot.

ABE

That only leaves one person....

BO

Me!

ABE

That's it!

The Boys shakes hands, etc.

BO

Well done, Sherlock! We solved another one.

ABE/BO

Thank you, thank you....

They stop, look at each other, then

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (7)

57

ABE

Excuse us a moment.

The huddle aside.

ABE (Cont'd)

I think we're in trouble here.

BO

As I see it, we have two choices.

ABE

Yes?

BO

We can break this case based on the available clues....

ABE

Yes, yes?

BO

Or, we can find Connie and solve it before the statute of limitations runs out.

ABE

Good idea.

58 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

58

The Boys are sneaking through the hallway carrying candles in candle-holders.

ABE

(calling out softly)

Con-nie! Oh, Con-nie!

BO

Daph-ne!

Abe stops.

ABE

I thought we were looking for Connie.

BO

We are.

ABE

Then why are you calling for Daphne?

BO

For intensely private, but obvious reasons.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

ABE

That's what I thought. Might I remind you
we are being paid to solve this case. Now
cooperate.

They continue walking.

ABE (Cont'd)

Con-nie!

As they pass the master bedroom,

VOICE (o.s.)

Pssst.

They stop.

ABE

(to Bo)

Did you hear that?

BO

You mean the pssst.

VOICE (o.s.)

Pssst.

(X)

ABE

Do you think it's Connie?

BO

Actually, I'm hoping it's a boa
constrictor.

Abe looks into the darkened room.

ABE

(calling)

Connie?

CONNIE (o.s.)

Bo?

BO

Connie?

CONNIE (o.s.)

Abe?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

Bo. BO
Bo? CONNIE (o.s.)
Abe. ABE
Abe? CONNIE (o.s.)
Connie! ABE

Connie's hands APPEAR from the doorway. She pulls Bo and Abe into the room.

59 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

59

Connie, Abe and Bo are illuminated by candlelight.

ABE
What's going on?

CONNIE
See for yourself.

She takes the candle and moves it toward the bed.

60 ANGLE TO INCLUDE DAPHNE

60

who is seated on the bed in handcuffs.

BO
Are you kidding? You started without me?!

CONNIE
What are you talking about?

ABE
You don't want to know.

CONNIE
Daphne is working with the thief. She distracted Bo while the thief broke into the safe.

BO
And I must say, it worked like a charm.

CONNIE
I caught her trying to sneak down the back stairs.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

ABE

What about Jarvis, the butler?

CONNIE

I figure the butler was unlucky. He stumbled onto the scene of the crime, and the thief shot him.

BO

Okay, so get to part where you handcuffed Daphne.

ABE

Forget about Daphne.

BO

That's easy for you to say. You never read "Madame Claire's Boudoir."

ABE

Neither did you.

BO

Maybe not, but I looked at the illustrations at least a thousand times.

CONNIE

I have a theory.

BO

The butler did it?

CONNIE

You idiot. The butler's dead.

BO

Right.

CONNIE

The Dorricks did it.

ABE

But the Dorricks never left the party.

CONNIE

No, but the Bishop did.

ABE

How do you know that?

CONNIE

The room smells of incense.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

BO
I knew the Bishop did it!

CONNIE
You thought the butler did it.

BO
Well, I still say the butler would have
done it if he wasn't dead.

ABE
That's ridiculous.

BO
That's what they said about Christopher
Columbus when he proved the earth was flat!

ABE
I give up.
(to Connie)
Are you saying the Bishop and the Dorricks
are working together?

CONNIE
Yes. The Bishop steals the jewels for the
Dorricks who collect the insurance money
then sell the stolen jewels and split the
profits with the Bishop. Get it?

BO
(rapidly)
Everything except the part about the Bishop
stealing the jewels, the Dorricks
collecting the insurance money, selling
the stolen jewels and splitting the profits
with the Bishop.

ABE
I'll explain it all to you later. In the
meantime, we'd better round up the suspects
and wrap this case up.

BO
Good idea. I'll round up Daphne.

Abe tweaks his ear and leads Bo out.

ABE
Come along, spunky.

BO
You called me spunky. Owwww.

A THUNDERCLAP, the LIGHTS go out.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (3)

60

Mommy. BO (Cont'd)

(X)
(X)



61 INT. LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

61

The Dorricks and their guests are standing in the candlelit room (X)
as Bo and Abe pace. It is storming outside. (X)

BO

You'll all be happy to know we've finally
cracked this case.

DONALD

Try amazed.

BO

Sarcasm will get you nowhere, Mr. Dork.

MRS. RUTHERFORD

All right already, who did it?

ABE

I'm glad you asked. Let's re-create the
scene of the crime.

Abe points to the wall.

ABE (Cont'd)

Let's pretend the safe is on that wall.

Bo approaches Abe and whispers in his ear. Abe SIGHS, then
points to another wall.

ABE (Cont'd)

Okay, we'll pretend the safe is on that
wall.

(to Bo)

Are you happy now?

BO

Yes, thank you.

ABE

The alleged perpetrator whom we'll call
Mr. X...

Bo whispers in Abe's ear. Abe SIGHS, then

ABE (Cont'd)

Right. Mr. or Ms. X...

Bo nods.

ABE (Cont'd)

...enters the bedroom and starts to open
the alleged safe.

Abe points to the first wall. Bo whispers in Abe's ear.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

ABE (Cont'd)

Sorry.

Abe points to the other wall.

ABE (Cont'd)

The alleged safe!

(suddenly explodes, to Bo)

What difference does it make which wall the pretend safe is on?!!

Bo shrugs. Abe regains his composure.

ABE (Cont'd)

Suddenly Jarvis, the butler, surprises Mr....

(to Bo)

...or Ms. X. He discharges his weapon and kills Jarvis who stumbles into the parlor and croaks.

Bo APPLAUDS.

BO

Bravo!

ABE

Thank you, Bo.

MRS. RUTHERFORD

Who is Mr. or Ms. X, for crying out loud?

Abe looks over the guests with dramatical effect, then spins and points to the Bishop.

ABE

None other than Bishop Harvey.

Bishop Harvey rises indignantly.

BISHOP

Ridiculous!

62 ANGLE ON THE DORRICKS

62

who look at each other nervously.

63 BACK TO SCENE

63

DOREEN

Why on earth would the Bishop steal our jewelry?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

BO
Because it's a well-known fact you and
Harvey Bishop...

ABE
Bishop Harvey...

BO
...were having a sordid love affair!

DOREEN
(loses it)
You idiot! The Bishop is my brother!

64 VARIOUS ANGLES ON GUESTS

64

who react with amazement and GASP dramatically.

65 ANGLE ON DOREEN

65

who appears very nervous. She quickly opens the window. The wind
blows in.

66 BACK TO SCENE

66

as the wind blows out the candles and the room goes DARK.

WE HEAR a GUNSHOT, followed by SCREAMS.

Candles are RE-LIT and the room LIGHTS UP. Mrs. Rutherford
SCREAMS.

(X)

67 ANGLE ON THE BISHOP

67

who is lying on the floor. Captain Potter kneels beside him and
feels his pulse.

POTTER
He's dead!

68 BACK TO SCENE

68

ABE
That's right. Because dead men don't tell
tales...

BO
Or as they say where we come from - "dead
men don't pay taxes."

ABE
Killed, no doubt, by his partner in crime.

Abe spins and points to Donald.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

BO
Donald Dork!

DOREEN
(indignantly)
Why would Donald steal his own jewelry?

ABE
To collect the insurance.

BO
Doi.

ABE
Double doi.

DONALD
Prove it.

Connie enters with Daphne.

CONNIE
Here's your proof.

BO
He was having a sordid affair with Daphne,
the french maid! And who could blame him?

CONNIE
No, you idiot! He used Daphne to distract
Bo while the Bishop stole the jewelry.

BO
Clever.

Donald opens the window. The wind blows out the candles and the
room goes DARK. A GUNSHOT followed by SCREAMS.

Candles are RE-LIT and the room LIGHTS UP. Mrs. Rutherford
SCREAMS.

69 ANGLE ON DAPHNE

69

who is lying on the floor. Captain Potter kneels beside her
and feels her pulse.

POTTER
She's dead!

DONALD
Well, it looks as if the case is finally
solved. Daphne and the Bishop were in this
together. It's all so clear now.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

ABE

Wait a minute. Who shot Daphne?

CONNIE

The same person whose name was on the insurance policy.

Bo, Abe and Connie spin toward Donald.

ABE

Donald Dorrick!

The wind, the candles go out, the room is DARK, a GUNSHOT, the SCREAMS.

The Candles are RE-LIT and the room LIGHTS UP. Mrs. Rutherford SCREAMS.

70 ANGLE ON DONALD

70

who is lying on the floor. Captain Potter kneels beside him and feels his pulse.

POTTER

He's dead!

CONNIE

Killed by the only person left to profit from the stolen jewelry...

Connie stalks the suspects.

BO

(sotto, to Abe)

Do you notice how the room is quickly running out of murder victims?

ABE

You're right.

CONNIE

(to Doreen)

The sole beneficiary of Donald's estate... Doreen Dorrick!

ABE

(to Bo)

Inanimate projection?

BO

By all means.

The wind, the candles blow out, the room goes DARK. A GUNSHOT and SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

The candles are RE-LIT and the room LIGHTS UP. Mrs. Rutherford SCREAMS.

70A ANGLE ON PHOTO PORTRAIT 70A (X)

as it FLUTTER CUTS to a Bo and Abe version of the photo. (X)

71 ANGLE ON DOREEN 71

who is lying on the floor, a gun in her hand.

72 BACK TO SCENE 72

where Connie stands, smoking gun in hand. Bo and Abe are missing.

CONNIE

No need to check her pulse, Captain. I shot her before she shot me.

She blows the SMOKE from the gun barrel.

CONNIE (Cont'd)

Case closed.

Suddenly she notices the absence of Bo and Abe.

CONNIE (Cont'd)

Where's Bo and Abe?

73 ANOTHER ANGLE 73

where WE SEE that the Boys have projected into the portrait of the Old Couple above the mantle. Their eyes are now looking toward each other.

ABE (v.o.)

Well, Bo, the murder mystery is solved.
Now what do we do?

BO (v.o.)

Charades?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

74 EXT. DOWNTOWN BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

75 INT. SNOOP BROTHERS OFFICE - SAME

75

Bo is seated, feet on the desk while Abe is calculating with the aid of an old-fashioned abacus.

ABE

Okay, if we figure in another week's office rent, meals, phone calls, meals, office supplies, meals...

Bo gets up and casually starts toward Abe.

ABE (Cont'd)

Postage, meals, our classified ad...

Bo takes the abacus away from Abe and non-chalantly tosses it out the window. Abe restrains himself with a disgusted SIGH as Bo returns to his seat, feet on the desk.

ABE (Con't)

Bo, you cannot go through life like a Croutonian Gleewok, burying your head in fertilizer every time trouble comes your way.

BO

I am not ignoring the fact that business is slow, Abe. I just have faith.

ABE

I'm glad, Bo, because faith is the only thing you'll have if we don't get another job by tomorrow.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Bo leaps to his feet.

BO

Destiny beckons.

Bo hustles to the door and opens it, REVEALING Mrs. Rutherford. She's dressed like Mary Astor in "Maltese Falcon" complete with a veil. Abe rises.

ABE

Mrs. Rutherford! How nice to see you.

Bo leads her to a chair.

BO

(Slammer)

Have a seat, gorgeous.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

MRS. RUTHERFORD
(femme fatale)
Thank you.

She sits.

BO
So, what brings you to this part of town?

MRS. RUTHERFORD
A taxi.

ABE
(also Slammer)
Gotcha.

MRS. RUTHERFORD
(desperate)
I didn't know where else to turn.

ABE
I smell trouble.

MRS. RUTHERFORD
Is it that obvious?

ABE
Forget the odor. What can we do for you?

BO
Let me guess, you're husband's having a
sordid affair!

MRS. RUTHERFORD
Why is it you always suspect people of
sordid love affairs?

BO
Wishful thinking, doll face.

She gets up and starts pacing nervously.

MRS. RUTHERFORD
I need you to locate a missing object.

BO
Did you look under the bed?

MRS. RUTHERFORD
Of course I looked under the bed!

ABE/BO
Hmmm.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

MRS. RUTHERFORD
It's a bird....

ABE
It's a plane...

BO
It's...!

MRS. RUTHERFORD
You idiots! I'm missing a valuable statue.
A statue of a bird.

ABE
(dropping the accent,
excitedly)
A falcon?!!

MRS. RUTHERFORD
A duck.

BO
(same)
A Maltese duck?!!

MRS. RUTHERFORD
A rubber duck.

BO/ABE
(to each other)
A rubber duck?

MRS. RUTHERFORD
I can't bathe without it.

BO
That explains the smell.

MRS. RUTHERFORD
Well?

ABE
We'll find that duck if it's the last thing
we ever do!

BO
We'll be at your house in one hour!

MRS. RUTHERFORD
(lustily)
Make it two hours. My husband is leaving
town. I'll be waiting in the bathtub.

She winks seductively and exits.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (3)

75

ABE
(disappointed)
I shoulda figured. She's just trying to
use us for illicit sexual reasons.

Bo comforts Abe with an arm around the shoulder.

BO
(sympathetically)
Yep. One of the hazards of the private-eye
biz.
(brightly)
Also, the number one benefit!!!

Bo grabs his coat and starts for the door.

BO (Cont'd)
Hi, hello, we'll wash you...!

ABE
You're serious?

As Bo exits.

BO (Cont'd)
Hi, hello, we'll scrub you...!

As Abe follows out.

ABE
What about the private-eye code of honor?

BO (o.s.)
Hi, hello, we'll sham-poo...!

FADE OUT.

THE END