

# MURDER, SHE SPAKE

Pilot

"H Is For The Husband Did It"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. DARK BASEMENT

Sharp pained breathing. A WOMAN hides behind a purring boiler, cradling her bloody head, rocking back and forth. HEAVY FOOTSTEPS descend from the stairs. THUD. THUD. THUD.

Silence.

MAN (O.S.)

(raspy)

I see you back there. Behind the boiler.

THUD. THUD.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Don't be afraid.

THUD. THUD. THUD.

WOMAN

(panicked)

They'll find you.

THUD. THUD. THUD. THUD.

MAN (O.S.)

Who?

She SCREAMS.

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

WILL CONSTANCE (13), scrawny, sits on a bed tied up with heavy rope. He chews on it, near panic. THUD. THUD. THUD. He chews faster.

The lights pop on. MAURA HINKLE (36), a dishevelled looking woman, stands in the doorway.

MAURA

Will. Stop it. You're ruining your dental work.

WILL

(through rope)

How else should I do it?

MAURA  
(correcting)  
How else should I do it, my lovely  
and talented mentor.

WILL  
Untie me.

MAURA  
If you are going to be my intern,  
you are going to train.

WILL  
Train for what?

MAURA  
Sticky situations. Or, you know.  
Ropey ones.

WILL  
Aunt Maura. I'm tired. Untie me.

MAURA  
Sleep comes softly to the free. And  
you, sir, are bound.

RING. Maura GASPS and rushes away. Will SIGHS, pushes himself  
up, and hops out of the room.

INT. MAURA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A glass door reads "Hinkle Homicide." Maura sits behind a  
large desk, speaking into a phone. Will hops into the room.

MAURA  
(into phone)  
Uh huh. Yes. Uh huh. Muchas  
gracias, Julio.  
(hangs up)  
We have a case!

WILL  
Where?

MAURA  
Only a seven hour drive! Get your  
coat. The good one, without the  
holes.

CUT TO CREDITS.

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. GLOVERSVILLE OUTSKIRTS - DAY

A small town in the middle of nowhere. A graffiti-covered sign reads "Welcome to Gloversville, Iowa!" A car drives past.

INT. MAURA'S CAR - DAY

Will takes in the rural scenery as Maura drives. She sniffs out of her window.

MAURA

This place. It smells like death. Lucky for Gloversville, that's my favorite smell.

WILL

Please don't narrate. Or pay me. One or the other.

MAURA

Neither, stalwart young nephew.

They drive through a main street. Happy CHILDREN play.

MAURA (CONT'D)

The fragile streets of childhood, where latchkey kids may roam. Do you know who wrote that? What I just said? Shakespeare, probably. Or Tennyson, even!

WILL

Tennyson would never.

MAURA

What?

WILL

Nothing. Where are we going?

MAURA

(reading note on hand)  
The home of one Big Carl Perkiss.

WILL

WATCH THE ROAD!

Maura slams the brakes. A MAN in the road smiles, waves, and walks away. BEAT. Maura drives.

WILL (CONT'D)  
He seemed nice.

MAURA  
Too nice. There's something... too nice happening in this town.  
(looks around)  
Have you noticed the people waving?

PEOPLE indeed wave as they drive by.

MAURA (CONT'D)  
Something's rotten in Gloversville.

WILL  
That's --

MAURA  
Sir Thomas More.

EXT. BIG CARL'S HOME - DAY

Will and Maura stand at the door of the cozy looking home.

MAURA  
This time, I will do the talking.  
(knocks)  
Like several, if not all of the other times.

The door opens to BIG CARL PERKISS, a gorilla of a man. Maura sputters in fright.

BIG CARL PERKISS  
What can I do for you, Miss?  
(to Will)  
Oh, and what a cute little guy!  
How're you doing today, soldier?  
All quiet on the Western front?

MAURA  
(whispering to Will)  
He wants you to salute.

WILL  
What?

She nudges him. Will gives a half-hearted salute.

MAURA

Sir, we are here to see a Mr. Larry Burton.

BIG CARL PERKISS

Well why didn't you say so?! Just a minute.

(leans into house)

Larry! Some nice folks here to see you!

(to Maura)

Tragic thing. You know, I found one of her notes in his pocket the other day?

WILL

Her notes?

BIG CARL PERKISS

Yep, she left notes everywhere. Notes here, notes there. Their whole house is covered! Whelp, I'll get out of your hair.

WILL

Wait --

Big Carl salutes to Will, then disappears into the house. LARRY BURTON (28), meek and traumatized, takes his place, but before he can open his mouth --

MAURA

Mr. Burton. Hello. We are representatives of Hinkle Homicide, the number one private homicide detective agency. The courts ruled I can legally claim that. It is our understanding that your wife was tragically murdered last night.

LARRY BURTON

Y-y-yes. I was just with the police, and they --

MAURA

The police?! The police! I wouldn't be here if your police knew a murder from a gang of crows.

WILL

Sir, there are many benefits to a private detective agency. We can provide services that --

MAURA

I gang of crows is called a murder.

LARRY BURTON

But --

MAURA

Look, we will be investigating your poor wife's demise. We will do a wonderful job, and we will send you a bill afterward, but I promise, it will be affordable, and you will have peace of mind.

LARRY BURTON

I --

MAURA

We're on the case!

Maura bounds off the porch, leaving Larry and Will to stare at each other awkwardly.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

The SHERIFF (mustached, grizzled) stands with a fellow OFFICER.

SHERIFF

Just barged on in and took an office.

OFFICER

Who's office? My office?

SHERIFF

You don't have an office.

OFFICER

And who's fault is that?

The door swings open. Maura and Will enter.

SHERIFF

Who are you? How'd you get past reception?

MAURA

(waving badge)

Maura Hinkle, Private Eye.

OFFICER

That's a Starbucks rewards card.

MAURA

I'm on the Burton case. Catch me up.

AGENT O'BRADY (O.S.)

Maura Hinkle!

Maura whirls around to see AGENT O'BRADY (40s), a square-jawed detective.

AGENT O'BRADY (CONT'D)

We meet again.

(nods to Will)

William.

MAURA

(groan)

Tell me, O'Brady. Why does the FBI feel obliged to impede my every last investigation?

AGENT O'BRADY

Don't worry. I have no jurisdiction over your case.

SHERIFF

Who's case?

MAURA

Then why are you here?

AGENT O'BRADY

You tell me. Who is Julio Valdez? And where was it that you met him?

MAURA

How do you know my source? And for your information, we met on a dating site.

WILL

You date?

AGENT O'BRADY

And you told him about your work?

MAURA

I had to! The site is called Busy Bodies, for people too busy to date. My work is what makes me so busy.

AGENT O'BRADY  
 And he offered to find you cases.  
 A little suspicious, no?

MAURA  
 No! And it is completely platonic,  
 William, but yes, I have dated on  
 occasion. Now if you'll excuse me,  
 I have a crime scene to  
 investigate.

SHERIFF  
 Ma'am, you can't go to the crime  
 scene.

She walks off in a huff.

AGENT O'BRADY  
 Will. If you ever want to have a  
 real life again, give me a call.

MAURA (O.S.)  
 William! To me!

EXT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Will exits the station to find Maura sulking.

MAURA  
 Don't trust him, he'd probably just  
 stick you in foster care.

WILL  
 How'd you hear that?

MAURA  
 Check your shirt.

He feels his collar and pulls off a microphone.

WILL  
 I told you to stop bugging me! How  
 did you even do that?

MAURA  
 (flashing police badge)  
 The same way I got this!

WILL  
 Don't say --

MAURA  
 Prestidigitation!

INT. BURTON HOME - DAY

Police tape everywhere. Maura snoops around as Will looks through a china cabinet.

MAURA

Look for notes. Big Carl Perkiss said she left notes.

WILL

A note saying what? "I was murdered yesterday, here's who did it?"

MAURA

Ideally, yes. Or meat loaf recipes. I'm fresh out of ideas.

She spots something on the ground.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Go check that china cabinet.

Will walks off. She bends down and quietly puts a broken golf club head in her purse.

GRUFF COP (O.S.)

Hey! What the hell are you doing in here?

MAURA

(flashing badge)

I'm the new detective. Didn't Sarge tell you?

GRUFF COP (O.S.)

That's Jim's badge!

MAURA

I am Jim!

EXT. BURTON HOME - DAY

Maura and Will stand in the yard.

MAURA

He informed me that if we did not leave we would be waterboarded, and I quote, "until such time as the sun had died." Okay, I'm paraphrasing.

WILL

What now?

MAURA

Now we detect! Or, you know, ask around.

(pointing across street)

Perhaps that child knows something. Children are often my best sources, for clues and labor.

She walks away.

WILL

I'm not a child.

Will takes a step, then stops, noticing a NEIGHBOR watching him in the window of the house next door. The blinds snap shut. Will stares.

Maura interviews scared LITTLE PERKISS (5).

LITTLE PERKISS

(screaming)

HE'S A BAD MAN 'CAUSE MOMMY SAYS BAD!

MAURA

Quiet, you little wretch!

WILL

(walking towards her)

Whoa. I just got flashbacks to my fourth birthday.

MRS. PERKISS (32) runs over and picks up her child.

MRS. PERKISS

What did you do to my son?!

WILL

She didn't --

MRS. PERKISS

Did I ask you, you rotten little snoop?

Mrs. Perkiss rushes away.

MAURA

Apparently Mr. Burton is a bad man. At least, according to mommy.

WILL

The husband? He seemed all right.

MAURA

We'll see, as soon as we find those notes.

WILL

But we can't go in the crime scene.

Maura smiles.

INT. BURTON HOME - NIGHT

The taped up crime scene is quiet and dark.

CRACK. SMASH.

WILL (O.S.)

(whispering)

The door is open.

MAURA (O.S.)

(whispering)

I'm a detective not a criminal, William. Forgive my ignorance of the proper protocol for breakage and entrance.

They climb through the window and tiptoe into the living room. Maura bangs her knee on the coffee table and SCREAMS. She stops. She shushes Will.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Do a full sweep. Every drawer, every nook, even the crannies.

Maura opens her purse and pulls out a bag of chips.

WILL

What are you doing?

MAURA

I am famished. You will notice that we are on a crime scene, and dining options are limited.

Maura looks around, humming to herself. She tries to open an armoire, but it won't budge. Will watches her struggle, smiling at her pain.

He spots a glint in the moonlight under the armoire. He bends down and picks up a key. Maura gives him a sour look, eating chips at him. She grabs the key and opens the armoire. Empty.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Nothing. Oh heavens, why can't clues be handed to me? They're handed to Columbo! They're handed to Murder, She Spake!

WILL

She Wrote.

MAURA

She wrote what? A note? I know that, Will. That's what we're looking for. Pay attention.

She smacks the armoire in frustration.

MAURA (CONT'D)

We'll just have to keep looking.

A false wall in the armoire falls, revealing a note. Maura GASPS and grabs it.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Thank you, heavens, for judging me the equal of Columbo.

(reading)

Whoever may find this, please be aware. If anything happens to me, I know who will be the one to do it. I always knew he was dangerous, my...

WILL

Who?!

MAURA

There appears to be a stain.

WILL

Your greasy chip fingers smudged it!

MAURA

Do not be uncivil, William.

She takes out a pen, nods her head, and writes.

MAURA (CONT'D)

It is obvious that this is the missing word. You can still make out most of it. And with the tip I received from that tiny villain, there can be no doubt.

WILL  
Are you sure?

She gives him a bad look.

The final word, in different handwriting and ink, reads  
"husband!"

FADE OUT.

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

FLASHBACK: DARK BASEMENT

MRS. BURTON, the murdered Woman, shakes behind the boiler. Above her stands Larry Burton, wielding a 2x4.

MRS. BURTON  
Don't do this, Larry! I love you!

LARRY BURTON  
I do not care, wench.

MRS. BURTON  
You've already hit me with that 2x4, which is forensically consistent with the wounds that will be found on my corpse!

LARRY BURTON  
Quiet, you malfeasant poltroon.

MRS. BURTON  
And besides, I left a note in the armoire!

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Maura, behind bars, acts out the scene for a GUARD.

MAURA  
I said quiet, you doddering --

GUARD  
Why would she tell him where she put the note?

MAURA  
(scoffs)  
It's not an exact recreation.

A different GUARD enters, dragging the handcuffed, sobbing Larry Burton. He opens the door and shoves Larry inside.

GUARD 2  
Ms. Hinkle, you're free to go.

MAURA  
What? Oh, I mean yes, of course I am!

(MORE)

MAURA (CONT'D)  
(to Larry)  
Oh grow up!

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - BACK OFFICE - DAY

O'Brady sits behind a desk, across from Will.

AGENT O'BRADY  
She broke into a crime scene and  
stole evidence.

WILL  
And used it to solve the crime.

AGENT O'BRADY  
Fighting crime with crime. Is that  
saying?

WILL  
No.

AGENT O'BRADY  
Exactly.

Maura enters, looking hurt.

MAURA  
How dare they lock me in that dank  
confinement.

AGENT O'BRADY  
You'd still be locked up if it  
wasn't for me.

MAURA  
And why would you have me released?

AGENT O'BRADY  
You solved the crime! Of course, we  
won't know for sure until the  
autopsy, but still,  
congratulations! More importantly,  
you're no use to the FBI behind  
bars.

MAURA  
And what use am I to the FBI free?

AGENT O'BRADY  
Let's talk about your Cuban friend.  
Julio Valdez.

MAURA

Ugh. Racist. William, we're leaving.

Maura turns and sweeps a piece of paper into her purse as she exits. She looks over her shoulder and locks eyes with O'Brady. Of course he noticed.

MAURA (CONT'D)

William, I am aging gracefully, yet not getting any younger!

INT. OLD FASHIONED DINER - DAY

Will and Maura sit in a booth. She chows down pies and a milkshake.

MAURA

Of course, with Burton in jail, he can't very well pay me. But I'll collect our fee from his estate.

WILL

He didn't exactly hire us in the first place.

A pie WHIZZES past Maura's head.

MAURA

I haven't ordered seconds, yet.

She looks around. The PATRONS glare at her, WHISPERING.

WILL

They look pleased.

MAURA

What is happening in this wretched town?

A TOWNSMAN stands up.

TOWNSMAN

No, you know what? I'm gonna say it!

(to Maura)

Y'all come here from whatever podunk town and got a good man arrested. You ain't welcome here no more.

MAURA

Sir, I assure you --

A pie hits her face. She scrapes it off to find Big Carl Perkiss staring down at her.

BIG CARL PERKISS

It was you, wasn't it?

MAURA

If you mean, "you, who is the agent of peace and justice," then yes, it was I indeed.

BIG CARL PERKISS

Larry didn't kill his wife. I know that for a fact.

WILL

How?

BIG CARL PERKISS

(suddenly nervous)

I can't actually tell you.

WILL

Why not?

BIG CARL PERKISS

Because, uh...

MRS. PERKISS (O.S.)

Carl! We're leaving!

BIG CARL PERKISS

Coming honey, one second!

(to Maura)

You're the devil.

Carl walks to his wife and son, Little Perkiss, across the diner. They leave together.

WILL

That was odd.

MAURA

Suspicious, you might even say. Though this only solidifies Burton's guilt. Perhaps Big Carl is some sort of helper. An assistant. What's the word? A-a-a --

WILL

Accomplice?

MAURA

No, not that. A slave? I don't know. I've been working too hard. Let's return to the hotel.

WILL

Why don't we just go home?

MAURA

I paid for two nights in that flea ridden motel and I intend to use at least one.

Another pie hits her. Hard.

WILL

Or we can stay.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Maura lounges on a bed, an angry look on her face, holding the golf club head she stole. Will sits on a chair in the corner.

MAURA

Fine, I stole it from the crime scene. But clearly it's irrelevant. What do you mean you aren't sure?

WILL

Big Carl knows something we don't.

MAURA

How to coordinate a basketball jersey with flip flops?

WILL

And the people I interviewed --

MAURA

(shooting up)  
When did you interview people?

WILL

While you were in jail.

MAURA

Who did you interview?

WILL

Pretty much the entire town. Except --

## FLASHBACK: NEIGHBOR'S HOME

Will stands on the porch of the creepy Neighbor's home. He stares in the window. The Neighbor again stares out at him. Again, he snaps the blinds shut.

## BACK TO SCENE

MAURA

That means he likes you.

WILL

It doesn't add up.

MAURA

When have I ever been wrong?

WILL

The Quigley case.

MAURA

That was a fluke.

WILL

The Murder in the Maloney Mansion

MAURA

(deeply offended)

I had the flu!

WILL

The --

MAURA

Enough! The autopsy will confirm my conclusions tomorrow and that will be the end of it! How insolent, William. I expect better of you.

WILL

I didn't mean to --

MAURA

You know what? More rope training when we get home.

WILL

That's literal torture.

MAURA

So are your accusations.

RING. Maura picks up the phone.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Wait, no, they are figurative  
torture.

(into phone)

Maura Hinkle, private detective and  
world class beauty, but my brains  
are more important than my looks,  
how can I help you?

(beat)

WHAT?!

EXT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Larry Burton exits the building, a free man. Will and Maura  
stand nearby, watching him. Larry spots Big Carl, looks  
elated, and runs into his arms.

WILL

So. They were together the night of  
the murder.

Larry and Big Carl make out passionately.

MAURA

Doing things you should not yet  
know of, no doubt.

WILL

I'm thirteen. I've seen those  
things in movies. And on the  
Internet. And that magazine Uncle  
Joe left in our bathroom.

MAURA

Oh Joe. When will you find a good  
man?

WILL

So I was right.

MAURA

And what if he murdered his wife to  
be with that pernicious lover?

(shouting to Larry)

Larry! Would you not say your  
relationship with Big Carl would be  
easier with your wife out of the  
way?

LARRY BURTON

(hateful)

She was fine with it!

BIG CARL PERKISS  
They had an open relationship!

MRS. PERKISS (O.S.)  
But you don't!

BIG CARL PERKISS  
Oh shit.

MAURA  
(to Will)  
And don't be smug. Arrogance will  
be what gives you away.

WILL  
Gives me away?

MAURA  
On your reconnaissance mission!

She pulls out the schedule she stole from O'Brady.

MAURA (CONT'D)  
You have an autopsy to break into.

WILL  
No.

MAURA  
William.

WILL  
No.

MAURA  
William!

WILL  
No!

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

A NURSE wheels a cart with a white table cloth and tools. On the bottom shelf, hidden behind the cloth, Will lays in the fetal position.

WILL  
(muttering to self)  
"Poltroon," how dare she call me  
that, what does that even mean.

The cloth pulls away. The Nurse stares at him.

NURSE  
Umm... what are you doing?

WILL  
Going for a ride?

NURSE  
Whatever.

She puts the cloth back down and wheels the cart away.

INT. HOSPITAL AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

The Nurse wheels the cart in. A DOCTOR and DETECTIVE stand over the covered body of Mrs. Burton.

DOCTOR  
Thank you, Nurse Bradlee.

NURSE  
You should know --

DOCTOR  
Thank you, Nurse Bradlee.

NURSE  
Whatever.

She leaves. Will, in the cart, breathes heavily. The Doctor takes tools from the cart and begins work on the body.

DOCTOR  
The final trauma was performed with a wide blunt object, the 2x4 from the police report. Telling from these lacerations, she was also hit with a shoe.

DETECTIVE  
How do you know?

DOCTOR  
See the Nike symbol on her cheek?  
(points at neck)  
What's really interesting is here, you can see the vestiges of a third blunt object. There's a mystery murder weapon.

DETECTIVE  
Can you tell what it is?

DOCTOR  
I suspect it's a driver.

DETECTIVE  
A golf club?

DOCTOR  
No, a licensed man servant. Yes, a  
golf club.

WILL (O.S.)  
Huh.

DETECTIVE  
What the hell was that?

DOCTOR  
Body sound.

DETECTIVE  
Body sound?

DOCTOR  
Sometimes corpses make sound.

DETECTIVE  
Does that happen a lot?

DOCTOR  
Often enough to be freaky.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Will exits, walking quickly. A truck pulls up alongside and stops. Maura leans out of the passenger window.

MAURA  
Run, William.

WILL  
Aunt Maura? What are you doing?  
Who's car is that?

She shows him her hands. They're tied up with rope.

MAURA  
It's ironic. All that rope  
training.

A bag comes down over Will's head. He's quickly tied up and thrown into the back seat of the truck.

The creepy Neighbor gets back into the driver's seat and pulls away.

MAURA (CONT'D)

The plot thickens, young nephew!

FADE OUT.

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. NEIGHBOR'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Will, tied up in the backseat, shakes the bag off his head. He looks around. Maura HUMS to herself in the passenger seat and the Neighbor drives.

WILL

Where are you taking us?

MAURA

He doesn't talk much.

NEIGHBOR

I don't talk much.

MAURA

I suspect we're in quite a bit of trouble.

WILL

Who are you?

NEIGHBOR

I am called Odin.

MAURA

I sincerely doubt that. William, I assume he is some form of criminal.

WILL

What do you want with us?

The Neighbor GRUNTS.

MAURA

That's as much as you'll get from him.

Will chews on his ropes.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Isn't it strange? Just last week I promised you we would never again be kidnapped.

(turns around)

William. Stop it. Stop it. Think of your fillings. Stop it.

The Neighbor cranes his neck to see.

NEIGHBOR

Stop that. The ropes are good for you. Keep in the energy.

MAURA

See that, William? They keep in the energy.

WILL

(through rope)

WATCH THE ROAD!

The Neighbor turns around and YELPS. He swerves the car away from a DEER.

Will chews his ropes. He breaks through. Maura SMILES and winks at Will.

MAURA

Stop that, dear nephew! You accomplish nothing but the fraying of your enamel!

(to Neighbor)

It was you who killed Mrs. Burton, wasn't it?

NEIGHBOR

She had those eyes. Penetrating. Evil.

MAURA

I've been penetrated by evil, but you don't see me killing anybody.

Will SHUDDERS, then leans forward and quietly unties Maura. She looks down and spots the handle of a broken golf club.

Maura and Will look at each other. Will opens his door and jumps out of the car.

MAURA (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD, WILL!

She cranes her neck to see him fall safely into some bushes. The Neighbor, shocked, turns to see. Maura grabs the golf club handle and smacks him over the head. He slumps over, unconscious.

EXT. GLOVERSVILLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The truck swerves in the road, loses control, and SMASHES into a tree. In the smoking wreck, the passenger door opens and Maura crawls out, rubbing her head.

Will runs towards her. He helps her to her feet.

WILL  
Are you okay?

MAURA  
I will be fine. I merely sustained  
a rain of blows to the --

She FAINTS.

EXT. GLOVERSVILLE STREET - LATER

Maura opens her eyes. She's splayed out in the road. She heaves herself to a sitting position and looks around.

Blue and red flashes everywhere. Cop cars. Two OFFICERS push the handcuffed, bloody Neighbor into the backseat of a cruiser.

Agent O'Brady extends his hand and helps Maura to her feet.

AGENT O'BRADY  
Again?

MAURA  
I've had just about enough from  
you.

AGENT O'BRADY  
What did you do to this one?

MAURA  
He's --

AGENT O'BRADY  
Don't tell me he was hypnotized.

MAURA  
That was one time, and it was real.

AGENT O'BRADY  
Tell that to the smoldering ruins  
of the Maloney Mansion.

MAURA  
He's the murderer.

AGENT O'BRADY  
You've said that about how many  
people in this town?

MAURA  
Just the two.

AGENT O'BRADY  
(sighs)  
You and Will better come down to  
the station and explain.

FLASHBACK: BURTON HOME, KITCHEN

Mrs. Burton arranges some flowers in the kitchen.

MAURA (V.O.)  
Mrs. Burton was a pleasant women.  
Kind. Gentle. Not a bad word could  
be spoken of her, by anyone.

She looks up and out the window. The Neighbor stands in his  
backyard, staring at her.

MAURA (V.O.)  
That is, except the escaped mental  
patient who moved in next door.

AGENT O'BRADY (V.O.)  
That's conjecture.

MAURA (V.O.)  
Quiet.

Mrs. Burton leans over the kitchen table, writing a note.

MAURA (V.O.)  
She wrote notes. She was a note  
writer. She knew there was  
something wrong with her neighbor,  
and took precautions, writing a  
note to be found in the event of  
her bloody, shocking, nigh  
impossible to solve murder.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Maura, Will, O'Brady, and the Sheriff sit around a table.  
Maura eats chips.

MAURA  
She counted on a detective as  
talented as our own Maura Hinkle to  
put it all together.

SHERIFF

But the note implicated the husband.

WILL

Check it for chip grease and Aunt Maura's handwriting.

AGENT O'BRADY

(to Sheriff)

Jesus, Jeffrey. Let me see that note.

MAURA

(chewing)

Enough!

FLASHBACK: BURTON HOME, LIVING ROOM

Mrs. Burton hides the note in the armoire.

MAURA (V.O.)

She knew something would happen.  
And she knew her husband would be  
of no help.

On the couch, Larry Burton and Big Carl tickle each other.

FLASHBACK: BURTON HOME, LIVING ROOM

Mrs. Burton knits on the couch.

MAURA (V.O.)

One day, whilst Mr. Burton careened  
around public bath houses.

WILL (V.O.)

Homophobic.

MAURA (V.O.)

I found his scrapbook in the house.  
Whatever. One day, the Neighbor  
chose to strike.

The door BANGS open. The Neighbor rushes into the house,  
wielding a golf club.

SHERIFF (V.O.)

And you have proof of this?

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Maura holds up the broken golf club handle and head. She slowly and dramatically pushes them together.

MAURA

A perfect fit! As the seal becomes once more complete, so is the fate of the Neighbor sealed!

WILL

He broke the golf club on her back, then hit her with a shoe, then finally, a 2x4.

AGENT O'BRADY

Huh. Fine work, Ms. Hinkle.

MAURA

Thank you, Agent O'Brady. It would be nice if you said it more often.

AGENT O'BRADY

It would be nice if I had reason to.

SHERIFF

Where did you get the golf club?

WILL

The handle was in the Neighbor's car. And the head...

MAURA

I found it...

SHERIFF

Where?

AGENT O'BRADY

Christ, Maura. Tell me you didn't steal it from the crime scene.

SHERIFF

And wait. We haven't released the autopsy report yet. How'd you know about the shoe?

WILL

Lucky guess?

O'Brady shakes his head. He takes out a checkbook and writes.

AGENT O'BRADY

For reasons I can not explain nor comprehend, the FBI has deemed Ms. Hinkle an asset.

He hands the Sheriff a check.

SHERIFF

That will do.

MAURA

And we wouldn't break the law if your department were tightened up. Get it together, Sheriff!

WILL

Please don't push him.

SHERIFF

Tighten up?!

MAURA

Yes. You're too loose. Incompetent. Whatever you wish to call it. Why didn't you once suspect the Neighbor?

SHERIFF

He seemed like such a nice guy.

MAURA

See that? Incompetence.  
(to O'Brady)  
And you. Why did you do nothing at all?

AGENT O'BRADY

I wasn't working on the case.

MAURA

Neither was I, legally.

AGENT O'BRADY

That's why I'm here.

MAURA

Forget it.  
(stands)  
William, come. There is one more matter of business to take care of.

SHERIFF

Are you sure I can't keep her in jail for one more night?

O'Brady thinks hard.

AGENT O'BRADY

Sorry.

EXT. BIG CARL'S HOME - NIGHT

Maura and Will stand on the porch.

WILL

We really shouldn't.

Maura KNOCKS. Larry opens the door.

LARRY BURTON

What could you possibly want?

MAURA

Hello, Mr. Burton, how lovely it is that we meet again. I see that imprisonment hasn't hardened your soft, feminine features.

LARRY BURTON

Homophobic.

WILL

Really.

MAURA

What?! It was a compliment! It's not my fault he doesn't have a chin.

Big Carl and his wife appear behind Larry.

BIG CARL PERKISS

What does she want?

MAURA

(to Mrs. Perkiss)

Why are you here?

MRS. PERKISS

We worked something out. Shut the door, Larry dear.

He does.

MAURA

WAIT!

She KNOCKS and KNOCKS and KNOCKS.

MAURA (CONT'D)  
What about my money?!

LARRY BURTON (O.S.)  
(through door)  
Oh grow up!

MAURA  
You hired me fair and square!

Will puts a hand on her shoulder.

WILL  
No he didn't, and we should go.

MAURA  
You disappoint me.

WILL  
They're calling the cops.

Will points into the window, where Mrs. Perkiss speaks into a phone.

MAURA  
We should go.

INT. MAURA'S CAR - NIGHT

Maura drives down the highway, Will in the passenger's seat.

MAURA  
Another mystery solved.

WILL  
Another town we probably shouldn't  
go back to.

MAURA  
Now for some well deserved rest.  
And I'm making you a dentist  
appointment.

WILL  
Please don't.

MAURA  
That damned O'Brady. Why must he  
always impede our investigations?

WILL  
He did get us out of going to  
prison.

MAURA

And yet I feel no gratitude.

WILL

Who is that Julio guy?

MAURA

A very well trusted source.

INT. DARK HOUSE - NIGHT

JULIO VALDEZ (20s) sits at a computer in a dark bedroom, the light of the monitor shaping his silhouette. He holds a cellphone to his ear.

JULIO VALDEZ

(into phone)

Si. Si. Muchas gracias, Senor  
Castro.

He hangs up. He gets up and moves to a map of the United States on the wall. It's covered in sticky notes. He takes a pen and makes a check mark next to one that reads "Gloversville, Iowa."

He sits back down at his computer. He clicks the mouse. MEOW MEOW MEOW.

JULIO VALDEZ (CONT'D)

Yes. This is the one. The perfect  
cat video.

CUT TO BLACK.