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Veronica Mars

By Rob Thomas

I need your help, Veronica.
- You can't tell anyone.
- I need your help.
I need to know.
A teenaged private eye.
Trust me, I know how
dumb that sounds.
But it's not like I found a decoder
ring at the bottom of a cereal box...
and thought,
"That sounds like fun. "
I wish. That would've
been adorable.
Nope. My best friend was
murdered when I was 15.
Trying to figure out who
did it was how I coped.
My dad was sheriff at the time.
And when he went after the
most powerful man in town...
he turned us both into pariahs.
Dad lost his job and
I lost my friends.
Kids can be cruel, after all.
The cruelest was Logan Echolls,
my dead friend's boyfriend.
Like me, Logan was fueled
by rage and distrust.
He wanted to make someone pay.
It's likely those qualities
are what drew us together.
They're absolutely
what tore us apart.
After my dad was run out of office, he
got his PI license and opened an agency.
I hung out there to learn
the tricks of the trade.
There was plenty of work for both of us in
the seedy beach town of Neptune, California.
People might think of
Neptune as glamorous.
Home to movie stars and
captains of industry.
But when the class war comes,

Neptune will be ground zero.
It's a Springsteen song:
Get out while you're young.
I got out when I was 19, leaving a
trail of destruction in my wake.
I've grown up, though.
That was the old me.
Angry me. Vengeful me.
New me? People say
I'm a marshmallow.
So a year at Hearst College.
BA in Psychology from Stanford.
Near the top of your
class at Columbia Law.
You're due to take the
bar in six weeks.
A little about us:
We're a multinational firm.
Fifty lawyers in New York.
Our clients here at Truman-Mann are
primarily Fortune 500 companies.
Our job is to make sure that frivolous lawsuits
disappear before they reach the courtroom.
We're looking at a
number of candidates.
All with impressive rsums...
but none quite as unique as yours.
You were issued a private investigator's
license for your 18th birthday?
Heh. Is that something
California kids do?
My dad is a Pl. I worked for him.
It was more answering phones and
handling his travel than anything else.
Really? Before you were 20, your name
popped up on LexisNexis in 14...
Fifteen.
Fifteen separate
articles or briefs...
in cases ranging from multiple
homicides to dognapping.
You have a degree in
psychology, Miss Mars.
What do you think that

says about a person?
Compulsive, clearly.
Addictive personality.
Possible adrenaline junkie.
But that's not me anymore.
I haven't worked a case since
I transferred to Stanford.
And why is that?
The price was too high.
It ruined friendships
and relationships.
Cost me a lot of
opportunities along the way.
So your decision to
transfer wasn't related...
to a certain video of you
and another Hearst student?
- The sex tape? No need to be coy.
- Leonard.
It's fine. As lawyers, we are often
put in adversarial situations.
Opposing counsel will seek to
exploit any perceived weakness.
All I'll say about that tape, is it was made
and distributed without my knowledge.
And I'll ask you:
Do I look ruffled?
Rebuilding her life took time.
More time than you'd think.
Zhi Howes was broke. And worse,
people considered her passe.
She thought about restarting her moribund
career with a Kickstarter campaign...
but the potential for further
humiliation was daunting.
They brought up the sex tape?
I think I handled it okay. I have another
meeting tomorrow with one of the partners.
I hope we talk STDs.
- What?
- Wallace.
He keeps trying to get me to
come in for our 10-year reunion.
"Not bloody likely. "

- Hey, Piz.

- Yeah.

The Zhi Howes story.

How long is it gonna be now?

- Uh, 12 and a half minutes.

- You're killing me.

- Hi.

- Hi.

You must be the girlfriend who
we have heard so much about...
and never seen.

I am. Law school.

- Mm. - Um, I'm a really big
fan of the show, though.

Funny story. I do a pretty
wicked impression of you.

I don't think we...

I don't think it's a good idea.

Uh, we dated for months in college,
and this whole last year...

and she's only meeting my parents
for the first time next week.

She blames law school for that too. So the
fact that she hasn't met my colleagues...

Veronica?

Bonnie DeVille was found
dead in her bathtub.

Oh, that's awful.

You a fan?

I went to high school with her.

She was Carrie Bishop back then.

A long time ago

We used to be friends

But I haven't thought

of you lately at all

If ever again

A greeting I send to you

Short and sweet to the

soul is all I intend

I haven't seen or spoken

to Logan in nine years.

Veronica!

I heard he got his life together. Then,
suddenly, he's all over the gossip pages.

"Son of a movie star
dates pop star. "
"Son of a movie star
beats up paparazzi. "
"Caught on camera: Son of a movie star
threatens celebrity girlfriend's life. "
De Ville was electrocuted
in her bathtub.
Local authorities have ruled the
singer's death a homicide...
and are focusing their investigation
on ex-boyfriend, Logan Echolls.
When I was a kid, Dad stuck
a magnet on our fridge...
suggesting we accept the
things we cannot change.
I thought it was there for my
alcoholic Mom's benefit...
but it stayed up long
after Mom was gone.
Sheriff Lamb, is it true that Logan Echolls
was in the house when Bonnie died?
We found Echolls passed out
next to DeVille's body.
Sheriff, are you aware
of the video...
of Logan Echolls
threatening Bonnie?
Get out. You're not welcome here.
You get rid of him, or
you're gonna end up dead.
Kind of speaks for itself.
Can you speak to the tragedy...
the violent death of a celebrity
who seemed to have it all?
So, what's new with you?
I need your help, Veronica.
I don't really do that anymore.
Look, can you just hear me out?
He's being bombarded by lawyers
wanting to represent him.
I'm just gonna go out
there, see my dad...
and help Logan weed

out the shysters.

Well, give Logan my best.

Tell him I've gotten used to the loose bone fragments floating around my orbital socket.

You may not want to mention that violent streak to his new lawyer.

- Shut up, okay?

- Okay.

Hey there.

Hi.

Um...

You weren't planning on carrying me through the airport, were you?

Uh, no, I just met with JAG Corps, so... Fun bunch of guys.

I, um, had heard, of course...

but I couldn't fully picture it.

You should only wear

this, like, ever.

Let me?

How did you get through security?

Uh, I bought a \$49 ticket to Palm Springs. Totally worth it.

- How was your flight?

- Good.

I would've been fine

in coach. But thank you.

There's the sun. Do you ever get tired of all this amazing weather?

Yeah, and how about them Dodgers?

Look at us, falling right back into our old rhythms.

I imagine your dad is

pretty excited to see you.

I'm surprising him.

So are you gonna ask if I did it?

I wouldn't be here if

I thought you did.

Hi.

Mars Investigations.

Sorry, he's unavailable.

Can I take a message?

Hang in there, Mr. Millet. I should know something in a few days.

Uh, yes, we will take pictures...
but I'm afraid "shooting the son of a bitch"
is not a service that we currently offer.
All right, bye.
You buckled.
Oh, the magnetic pull of
Neptune High brought you back.
- Heh.
- Oh, you've got spirit, yes, you do.
Actually...
No.
- Logan. Of course.
- I'm just helping him find a lawyer.
Mm-hm.
Oh, Piz says to tell you hi.
Good man, Piz.
How'd he feel about you
coming out here to see Logan?
It's not a social call.
He understands that.
Mm-hm.
He does.
What's going on here?
Stop and frisk. Some developer
bought up all this...
now our local police are
running off the undesirables.
It's the Neptune way.
Protecting and serving
the highest bidder.
So this new Sheriff Lamb...
- ... he as big of a clown as
his little brother? - Bigger.
Lazy and barely competent like
his brother. More venal and corrupt.
Well, if it isn't the man, the myth, the
legendary pain-in-the-ass Keith Mars.
Deputy.
You catch any husbands lately
with their pants down?
You should get a slide projector
and bring it down to the station.
We'd love to see your
dirty-picture collection.

Well, you boys are so busy cleaning up
the town, how will you find the time?
What'd you get those two crime lords for?
Embezzlement? Human trafficking?
Don't know yet. But I'm sure
we'll figure something out.
I guess you probably let a lot
of things slide on your watch.
Those days are gone now.
You know what happens when you
mess with the bull, right?
You get the clichs?
Lyles!
Look what we got here!
Couple of taggers.
I'm painting my
sister's bike, bitch.
Bitch?
Who you calling a bitch?
You want some more juice, boy?
You move one more inch, I will light
you up like a Christmas tree.
Deputy.
Unless you wanna be a YouTube star by
tomorrow morning, let those boys go now.
Or I can shove that phone
right up your ass.
Well, we've seen how
tough you are with boys.
Maybe this is the day you find out
how you do with a full-grown man.
Would you look at that?
Already uploaded to the Cloud.
Well...
I think these boys have
learned a valuable lesson.
Guess we can shut it
down for the night.
Let's go.
You realize you'll make
more in your first year...
- ... than I did in the best
years of my life? - So?
So? You're destined for greatness.

Something much bigger than you
would have ever found here.

The only greatness...

inherent in these jobs

I'm interviewing for...

is the fact that they'll allow
me to pay off my student loans.

- Candygram for Mongo.

- Mongo like candy.

Hey, welcome home. Welcome home.

Mac, Wallace. You hardly
drop by at all anymore.

Hi.

- Wallace.

- Mr. Mars.

How's next year's

freshman class looking?

Words you never wanna hear
out of your dad's mouth.

- His team.

- Whatever, perv.

I've been promoted to JV
coach for next year...

so now I'm just waiting for
Coach McDonald to die.

Well, good luck with that. And, Mac,
you still with Sun Microsystems?

Actually...

Go ahead and tell them
what you been up to now.

The shame. Ooh, the shame.

Hooters waitress?

Ren-Faire juggler?

- Telemarketing.

- Hooters bar back!

- Clubbing baby seals.

- Heh.

Worse. I actually took a
job with Kane Software.

I know. I hate it. I do. I wish

I was clubbing baby seals...

but they just pay me so well.

\$10,000 Pyramid.

"Things a whore says. "

- Bud. Bud Light.

- Ooh. Thank you.

So when Logan said "jump"...

did you actually say "how high"...

or was there an understanding that

you would achieve max verticality?

Wow. Two beers. That's how long

it takes for you to get surly.

In case it slipped your mind, Piz is the

one without the baggage and the drama.

Mm. I will say this for him:

He almost never gets

charged with murder.

- Mm.

- Just one of the things I love about Piz.

No drama.

Says the drama magnet.

You know what else says

a lot about a guy?

- His choice of friends.

- Aw!

What's this? Wait a minute. No.

I specifically told the agency

"an eager-to-please brunette. "

Why is that so hard?

- Dick.

- Ah, just kidding, Ronnie. Long time.

Hey, Logan, that girl who

follows you around is here!

You get some work done?

Your boobs look bigger.

So do yours. Where's Logan?

Inside. Come on. Freaking out.

Another video from the Logan Echolls-Bonnie

DeVillie home collection just hit the Internet.

- Missionary, natch.

- Heh.

Must be nice, Dick.

Be it ever so humble.

God, how did they get this?

Is anybody else surprised that I'm the only one

in this room who does not have a sex tape?

- It could be anybody.

- It's us.

- You see us when we enter the room.

- Yeah. Worst cameraman ever.

Dumb question, but I have to ask:

Did you know you were being filmed?

Oh, that's right, we were shooting
some of our usual leg erotica.

Oh, that's gotta be
our first lawyer.

All right, then, allow me.

This footage looks like it was taken from a
tripod and it's just a couple feet from the bed.

Come on in, sir.

Carrie wouldn't be the first celebrity
who thought a sex tape might help...

- It wasn't her.

- JC Borden, Esq.

The "JC" is for "Jesus Cristo,
get a load of my Rolex. "

All right. I'm gonna be out making
the Pacific Ocean my bitch.

No murders or forbidden
love while I'm gone, okay?

And, uh, hey, stay out of the brownies
unless you wanna go on a long, strange trip.

A little free advice?

A murder suspect should avoid
proximity to narcotics.

Medicine, man. I got my card.

"Chronic depression. "

You wouldn't think, huh?

Mm. I can feel my self-worth
coming back right now.

So you've met my associate, Dick.

Okay, facts, they're
important, yes.

Lucky for us, they're not
the end-all, be-all.

This case is about so much more.

Son of a movie star accused of
electrocuting his pop star girlfriend?

It will be a circus.

And it will be won or lost in
the court of public opinion.

We've got a story to sell here.

Dad murders your girlfriend.
Mom jumps off a bridge.
Most kids, they're gonna
fold tent. But not you.
You sign up to fly jets over
Afghanistan for your country.
I say you're a goddamn hero.
Some people see that viral
video and they say:
"Oh, he's violent. He's unhinged. "
I see it, and I see Jesus throwing
the money lenders out of the temple.
Hire me. I promise you...
we will find at least one person
on that jury who sees it the same.
Who's in charge of
your social media?
- Thank you. Good night.
- Good night.
I'm guessing you lawyers have
to take lots of showers.
Hmm.
My advice?
Go with Jackson Frederick.
He's smart, direct. Kind of face I
don't think you'll want to punch.
Well, he did an admirable job of looking
like he cared if I did it or not.
Although our last contestant
did say something interesting.
She has a stylist in Malibu
who's a miracle worker?
Part of clearing you will be finding
a compelling alternative theory.
And you fly out tomorrow?
9 a. m.
Let me buy you a drink?
Yeah. Sure.
Where you wanna go?
With glowing hearts
We see thee rise
Charming drink names.
I can't decide between the Beast
with Two Backs or the Donkey Punch.

Ooh. Do you think they'd let me
order a virgin Devirginator?
I know this place sucks,
but it's karaoke night...
and there's one thing
you can count on here.
Sexual assault on a
pinball machine?
- Yeah.
- Oh, it's grain alcohol and peach schnapps.
We stand our guard for thee
All right.
Give it up for Art
Tebbel and the Mounties!
Okay. Next up we have...
Ruby Jetson.
Who is that?
That is Bonnie
DeVille's biggest fan.
We found her hiding in Carrie's
closet a couple months ago.
Holding my breath
While the moon holds me
Boo!
Sit down, you crazy bitch!
What do you expect?
They're Canadian.
Hey, Terrance. Phillip.
Like you're the Barenaked Ladies?
Shh. I think they might be.
That's the fifth Bonnie DeVille
song she's done tonight.
Well, that's what she does.
Hey, uh, this showed
up in my inbox.
Ten minutes after
Carrie was killed.
"Every ending brings a new beginning.
Now we can be together. "
My compelling alternative theory.
She sent you this?
No, it's from Bonniefan23.
But if I had to guess...
Try drowning all our

memories tonight
Confession won't save me now
- I miss her too.
- Okay.
Why'd you bring her?
That girl is certifiable.
You know, you should show
that e-mail to your lawyer.
Yeah, it's a good thing you said that.
I had it earmarked for the scrapbook.
Thank you, Veronica.
Nine years of radio silence and yet I still
kind of knew, deep down, I could count on you.
About those nine years...
Ah, bygones.
I didn't get a chance
to say before.
I'm really sorry about Carrie.
It's funny, you know?
We had a good first year.
You know, a year of being in love.
Then her shitty friends, her
self-loathing kind of destroyed that.
You think I have demons?
She was...
Last year was bad.
And I wasn't a boyfriend.
Not really.
You know, I was something
closer to a sponsor.
That's a funny thought, isn't it?
Me as a stabilizing influence.
- You're gonna get through this.
- Am I?
Oh, I guess it has
been a charmed life.
Take care of yourself, Veronica.
You too.
As far as I can see it's no big deal.
Am I missing something?
You really want to ask that question?
We're gonna move on. We have
a Bonnie De Ville update.
The star's family is pissed

off because Logan Echolls...
is still walking around a free man.
Well, the fact is, I mean, Conrad
Murray walked the streets for months.
So you're saying you think
Logan Echolls did it.
I'm saying that I wouldn't want
to be in Logan Echolls' shoes.
Can you name a single person who
thinks that kid is innocent?
I can name one.
So, what are you gonna
do about it, Veronica?
Ready to head down to the Batcave?
"Accessories"?
Was I trying to keep Dad
from looking inside?
Would labeling it "Pandora" have
seemed a little, what, I don't know...
operatic?
Haven't you spent nine years
figuring out exactly who you are?
Hasn't your life been better
since giving this up?
Getting out of Neptune?
It was an iniquitous
hellhole when you left.
And from the look of things,
it's only gotten more corrupt.
Everything you worked for
is right in from' of you.
Solid relationship...
quality job prospects...
a low-profile existence.
Or does all that just bore the
shit out of you, Veronica?
It's just a couple more days.
He needs my help.
You said you were gonna be
swamped with work anyway.
The trade deadline approaching,
this affects the league in...
Sticking around for a while?
You know, the magnetic

pull of Neptune High...
I'm heading out.
Yep.
You know what?
It's a one-time deal.
A farewell tour, if you will.
Then again, you ever
hear the one...
about the junkie who was satisfied with
just one more taste of the good stuff?
You should only wear this.
Neither have I.
That one.
Really? Not what I was expecting.
Not the big house.
It's Unit B according
to county tax records.
My guess is, it's the
garage apartment out back.
I wanna get inside.
Specifically, I wanna
get on her computer.
See if, A, she's the one who
sent you that e-mail...
and, B, if she had anything to do with
those videos from inside Carrie's house.
I think we would have
noticed her filming us.
You found her hiding
in Carrie's closet?
She could have hidden
a camera anywhere.
A stuffed animal nanny
cam, flowers always work.
My dad has a trucker hat
that's rigged with a camera.
Flowers.
That's how she got in.
We were having a party. She
came over delivering flowers.
We lost track of her in the chaos.
You think there might have been a key lying
around when you found Ruby in the closet?
She used it to break in

and electrocute Carrie?
No, it's a walled and gated
subdivision on the marina.
Lots of celebrity homeowners. Former
Mossad agents patrolling the grounds.
Why did you go over
there that night?
The tabloids say you
broke up with her...
when you found out she was
hooking up with that bozo, Sean.
Dick saw a tweet that night saying
Carrie was showing up at the 09er.
She'd been 10 weeks sober, so I texted her
saying, "You sure that's a good idea?"
She calls me back,
starts railing on me.
Later, she texts saying she's having a
moment of weakness and needed my help.
So like any good sponsor, you go?
Am I doing this now?
Fine.
I checked in at the gate.
I'd been there enough they
knew me. They just let me in.
I'd been to Carrie's
house a hundred times.
I knew her alarm code.
Everyone knew her code,
but this time it didn't work.
Carrie?
Now, the alarm goes off.
Then the phone starts ringing.
I knew it was the guard gate...
Carrie!
But I didn't know the code word.
She's not in her bedroom.
Then I see her
bathroom door's open.
I walk in and there
she is in the tub.
I reach for her.
Next thing I know I'm
being read my rights.

- You didn't see the extension cord?

- No.

All right. We should get moving.

Your car doesn't exactly blend.

Holding my breath

What are the odds? Bonnie's

first chart-topping hit...

seems to be all about drowning...

and she's found dead

in her bathtub.

I can taste all my secrets

What's the largest capacity

memory stick we own?

Aw. You wrote that on my

first Father's Day card.

I've got a 256 gig.

Can I borrow it?

Thing holds, like,

75,000 snapshots.

You must really be

reconnecting with old friends.

I shoot RAW, man.

It's a real memory hog.

Do you know what you're

doing here, honey?

The evidence paints

a clear picture.

I know Logan has his qualities,

but there's a darkness to that kid.

I know what I'm doing.

Hi there.

- Are you Mrs. Barnes?

- I am.

My name is Pam Martin.

I am a location scout

for a movie...

and the script calls for

a garage apartment.

I was hoping you might let me take a

look at yours and shoot some pictures.

What's the movie?

It's called The Silver Fox.

It's Clint Eastwood,

starring and directing.

You know, my son-in-law
does Mr. Eastwood's taxes.
What a wonderful coincidence.
It's hardly surprising there's
no record of a Ruby Jetson...
prior to her first
Neptune utility bill.
The name sounds made-up.
A way to feel one degree
closer to her idol.
Did she arrive in Neptune hoping
to pal around with Bonnie?
Become Bonnie?
Become famous by killing Bonnie?
Yahtzee.
Production.
Uh, yeah. I just got a call
from my mother-in-law...
and she says Clint Eastwood wants
to shoot a movie in her backyard.
Well, is your
mother-in-law in Neptune?
Because our location scouts
are in Neptune today.
I know for a fact Clint Eastwood
isn't shooting a movie in Neptune.
Look, I don't know what's
going on here, but...
Buried treasure.
The good old Neptune High yearbook.
I suppose this would be a collector's
item for Bonnie's biggest fan.
"D. Pugh. Don't let the bastards get
you down. Shine your light. Carrie. "
The future Bonnie De Ville herself.
So who is this "D. Pugh"?
No way.
Ruby Jetson.
Ha, ha. Like that's a valid excuse.
Man. Excuse me one sec.
Give me a minute.
- Don't you know I'm at work?
- Hey, buddy. I need a favor.
Can you get me a student's

permanent file?

You do realize that I'm a teacher now, Veronica.

An educator.

This is a position of responsibility.

So you're saying it's gonna be super-easy.

Good. I did not want to put you out.

- Veronica.

- Ugh.

It's not even a current student.

That does not make it okay.

Name's Della Pugh. She was a junior when we were seniors.

- You're the best.

- Veronica...

Shit.

Balboa County Sheriff's Department.

I.D. please, ma'am.

Perfect timing.

Can I get you to step by this window real quick?

Can you just look out?

Gorgeous profile.

- Put your hands behind your back.

- We need to see some I.D.

Okay, but pensive, like you got a big decision weighing on your mind.

Yes. Perfect.

Veronica Mars?

Deputy Sacks.

Kudos for rocking the 'stache till it came back in style.

You made bail, Veronica.

Veronica, my, how you've grown.

Seems like only yesterday you could have been tried as a minor.

Clifford.

Seeing as you spent all that time in law school, you know breaking and entering is a felony.

Come on. I learned that way before law school.

I knew the felonies before

I knew the state capitals.

You probably also know, then, that convicted felons don't take the bar exam. Sorry if I don't think you blowing up your life is a joke. Keith Mars!

Bailing his daughter out of jail. This I had to see. Sacks, get out your phone. I think we just got our Sheriff TwitPic of the Day. Seriously?

- We're just leaving, sheriff.

- So, uh, what is it?

You look fit. Not your typical junkie B&E.

- Veronica is friends with the Echolls kid.

- Of course she is.

- You must be very proud.

- You don't want to go down that path.

And what path is that?

The path where you say things regarding my daughter that I don't like.

The thing is Veronica's actually a really resourceful girl.

- Woman.

- How resourceful can she be, Sacks?

- You busted her.

- Veronica?

This is who you picked up?

Oh, my God. Hilarious, girlfriend.

I know, girlfriend. Isn't it?

This one is always playing pranks on me.

She's good. It's like George Clooney and his friends.

Have you heard the one about him crapping in his buddy's cat box?

- I love it.

- Right?

- So, what was it gonna be this time?

- I was gonna go with...

the old aluminum vibrator in your carry-on.

Ugh. Bitch.

You two are friends?

Fast friends. BFFs.

If both Miss Jetson and the court agree not to press charges, Veronica's free to go.

The court is only involved if there's an intent to commit a crime. There wasn't.

So the B&E is considered an illegal trespass, a misdemeanor...

leaving the charges entirely in the hands of the victim, I.e., Ruby, I.e., my BFF.

What she said.

So, girlfriend, what are you up to?

Where I come from, they just say "thank you. "

No, they don't. You went to Neptune High, Della Pugh.

I found you in the yearbook.

You know, at the end of my freshman year, I tried out for the dance team.

I got cut. And you were supposed to be the nice one.

So I came to you and said, "What do I need to do to make the squad?"

And you know what you said to me?

"Dance better. "

So why did you bail me out of this jam?

Because you have something that I want.

Everything in my life has led to this moment.

Did she need to be here?

I'm the designated driver.

That's the deal.

- Evening, miss.

- Just give me a sec to adjust.

I forgot my panties.

So this is happening.

You understand how much trouble I'd be in if she chooses to press charges.

I've let her draw hearts on my upper thigh for the last 10 minutes.

So, yeah, I get the stakes.

Hey, Logan, is that

your new girlfriend?

- Whoa.

- Hey.

You gonna kill this
one too, lieutenant?

- Right this way, Mr. Echolls.

- Thanks.

Thank you.

I was with them, so...

Of course Ruby chose
the 09er for her date.

When you're too old to exclude the
undesirables from your lunch table...

open a club, charge \$22 for a vodka
tonic and put up a velvet rope.

Make them think this
must be heaven.

Yo, what's up? All alone!

You drinking? You want a drink?

I'm just kidding. Heh.

Yo, see that guy over there?

That's my boy, Broyden.

And he was looking at you...

and you made him

premature in his pants.

Also, because he thinks
you're really cool.

- He's a good guy, honestly.

- Fuck off.

If you've never been heli-skiing,
you never really skied.

I've got a place up in Whistler.

I'll take you up there

with me. Fly you up.

There we go. Come on, smile.

Just one little smile. Not gonna smile?

You have a boyfriend?

Is he here? What's he do? I'm in
hedge funds. What's this guy do?

He's a hit man. He kills
people for money.

Can I get a Diet Pepsi?

He's actually looking to invest.

Do you have a card?

I just need a break.
Apparently, uh, coming to a club
alone is just asking for it.
Oh, God, are too many boys
hitting on you? Poor thing.
Do you wanna tell me why you
broke into my place, huh?
Well, Bonniefan23,
you sent an e-mail...
implying that Bonnie's death had the upside
of making Mr. Echolls here available to you.
Don't try and deny it.
I know it's true.
You were caught hiding
in Bonnie's closet.
And you have, what we in the trade
call, a "crazy-ass murderer wall. "
It's a technical term.
Most people think I'm the one
sitting at a table with a murderer.
No offense, I know you loved her,
and you took such good care of her.
I'm just saying, one of us
has an airtight alibi...
and the other was found passed
out next to Bonnie's body, so...
What's your airtight alibi?
Well, I was outside of this very club
with, like, 30 other velvet-rope rejects.
I need to take this.
I really don't think that you should
trust her. She seems kind of skeezy.
- This is Veronica.
- Veronica.
Hi, it's Gayle Buckley.
I'm so sorry to call so late.
How would you feel about coming to
work for us here at Truman-Mann?
I would feel pretty great about
that actually. Thank you.
We need you to start Monday.
Is that a problem?
Where's your date?
She got them to play

a Bonnie single.
Awake and away we go
To find it again
Well, on the bright side...
you are not on a date
with a murderer.
I do take some comfort in that.
How do you know?
Bouncer confirmed it.
Apparently she was outside the club, and
performed Medea when the news broke.
So where do we go from here?
Back to New York, I'm afraid.
I, um... I just accepted my very
first big, grown-up lawyering job.
Good for you, Veronica.
I don't envy opposing counsel.
I really wanted to see this through
with you. To find Carrie's killer.
I can ease your mind there.
- Her dad did it.
- I'm listening.
You know that new tattoo she got?
The Japanese symbol for serendipity?
That's the name of her dad's firm.
The dad she fired as her manager.
She knew he was gonna try to kill her,
she implicated him before the fact.
Her dad was in London.
I checked.

Last theory:

Something awful from Bonnie's
past has come back to haunt her.
Have you guys even
listened to her new album?
Confessional?
The whole thing is about coming clean.
She's racked with guilt.
She went to Catholic school
until the tenth grade.
And she changed her
name from Bishop.
You get what I'm saying.

Not a clue.
She boned a priest.
She was on the verge of telling the
world, the Catholic church silenced her.
What?
Sweet dreams.
I am so sorry.
And so grateful. Heh.
Don't be.
I was into it.
We're going skating next week.
Veronica, you flew across
the country to help me.
This was easy.
Um, we're going out to
dinner tomorrow night.
You should come. Me, Mac, Wallace.
My whole fan club?
No, I don't think so.
So you're not going to the
reunion either, then?
I circled that date in my calendar
10 years ago and vowed to skip it.
You need a ride to the airport?
Promised that to my dad.
I guess this is it.
We should take the long way home.
Do I get a chip for this?
Pouring the drink.
Swishing it.
Smelling it.
Leaving the bar
without taking a sip?
Is this what getting
clean feels like?
My daughter, the big-shot
New York lawyer.
You're gonna have your own office.
You have your own office.
You'll be respected.
You're respected.
- You're the George Bailey of Neptune.
- Ha.
You know the difference between

a lawyer and a prostitute?
A prostitute stops screwing
you when you're dead.
I got a million of them.
Tell me one private detective joke.
Uh...
- I thought so.
- No. Okay, smart guy.
Which one of these
goes over better?
"Dad, I'm marrying a lawyer"...
or "Dad, I'm marrying
a private dick"?
Okay, no one says "dick" anymore.
But what's the difference between a
porcupine and lawyers in a Porsche?
On a porcupine...
the pricks are on the outside.
And a howdy-do to you.
- What's up, V?
- Wow, you guys look good.
You've been to Mama
Leone's before, right?
It's laminated menus and
"I Heart Lobster" bibs.
Hey, I've got something
to show you.
Look, this is from the
talent show our senior year.
The video yearbook
advisor let me see it.
That one is Carrie Bishop. I don't
know who this other girl is.
It's Susan Knight.
Carrie's best friend.
Also dead, strangely enough.
Boating accident...
the year I left for Stanford.
Why are you showing me this?
You'll see.
Della Pugh, the girl whose
file you asked me to dig up...
Come again?
Ignore the dick.

Check this out.
Talent show the year
after we graduated.
She does the same duet, solo.
Then when people boo...
I'm gonna burn this place down!
They didn't let her
come back to school.
She had to take all her
finals as take-home tests.
But her alibi is solid.
I don't know, let's mull this over
while we're wearing lobster bibs.
Um, actually...
When Number One
Daughter was young...
her skills were sharp
like blade of sword.
Now, brain dull,
like blade of plow.
- Heh.
- What the f...?
No.
Yes, ma'am. We are
going to the reunion.
No, I'm not going.
And you can't make me.
You have to go.
We've arranged for Piz to fly in.
It's our gift to you.
Surprise.
Pirates!
Ahoy!
We're here because...
Because you're a high-powered
New York City lawyer now.
You should rub that in
these people's faces.
And because Alexis
Link said that, uh...
if we were still single in
10 years we'd get creative.
And there she is now.
Hey. As a high school

nerd success story...
it is a moral imperative that
I take my own victory lap.
Ahoy.
In a lesser known epic poem, Dante's

Inferno 2:

10 years after escaping the
nine circles, Dante returns.
You know, for old times' sake.
Have a couple shots,
catch up with the gang...
Name?
see if Lucifer's still a bitch.
- Veronica Mars.
- No way.
You look so different.
I barely recognize you.
Really? This look of disdain
isn't ringing any bells?
Let me try looking like
I think you're an asshole.
Wow.
You are still a total
loser with no class.
How not shocking.
Class is still clearly a
guiding force in your life.
- I'm shocked you even came to this.
- Is that so?
I knew you'd be here.
Tell the truth, you've been sitting
there since graduation, haven't you?
Don't worry about her.
They really should have a
bar right by the entrance.
You can do this, champ.
Oh, look who it is!
Most Likely to Blog
and Class Buzzkill.
Or was it Cutest Smile?
Best Personality. You are
just who I was looking for...
Most-Likely-to-Know-Where-

I-Can-Find-the-Bar.

Well, look no further, pilgrim.

- Gross.

- No.

- What?

- No, no, no, I just feel bad for her.

- You know what I mean?

- Oh, my God, Veronica Mars.

- Hi, Gia.

- So many mixed emotions right now.

I kind of hated you, like,
a lot, but I don't anymore.

I'm trying to remember my progress.

Blaming you for telling the world...

that my dad was a pedophile is what my
therapist calls "misplaced aggression," so...

Basically, we're totally cool.

Just so you know. Hi, by the way.

- You look great.

- Thank you.

Drop by my place while you're
in town. We have to hang.

Wait. Come to my after-party.

You have to, I mean it. And you...

Um...

You should come too, friend.

- Wow. That hair.

- Ha, ha. Gia, Gia. Stu's gonna get a plane.

Okay, I'm not screwing around.

Where's the bar in this joint?

I'll find us a table.

- Here you go.

- Thanks.

Oh-ho! No way. How random is this?

- Corny!

- Dude!

- How's it hanging, brah?

- Aw.

You know, I'm doing my deal,
taking time for what's mine.

I've been making these
duct tape wallets.

- Pulling in kasheesh selling them on Etsy.

- Wow.

Yeah. Um, I make some out of maps, if you're interested.

Um... Totally. Uh...

- You know what, I need to say hi to...

- Oh, go, go. Peace.

- Is that Weevil Navarro in slacks?

- Hey.

You're hugging me.

Please don't make me look bad in front of my wife.

- Your what?

- Yeah.

This is my wife, Jade. Heh.

- Hi, I'm Veronica.

- Oh.

- Hi. It's so nice to meet you.

- Nice to meet you too.

- And, uh, this, this is, uh...

- Sorry.

This is Valentina.

- Shut up.

- She's 3.

I'm attending tea parties at doll stores. This kid rules me.

Any Pirates in the house?

Ahoy!

That's what I'm talking about.

I hear she's the pole cardio instructor to the stars.

So hot wife, cute kid.

This is not the Weevil that I know.

And, uh, I own my own shop now.

And I haven't been on my bike since Valentina was born.

To remember those of us who are no longer around...

Well, I'll be damned.

Please turn your attention to the screen...

as we say goodbye to old friends.

Shelly.

Felix Toombs.

- Hey, Sean, how you doing, man?

- Meg Manning.

Some pretty interesting pictures you got there. You think that's funny?

Rhonda Landers.

What happened to getting creative with Alexis Link?

Carrie Bishop.

Murderer!

Susan Knight.

Okay, now I remember Susan Knight.

Oh, my God.

Logan!

"Serendipity,"

Carrie's new tattoo...

was the name of the boat they were on the night Carrie's best friend drowned.

And Carrie's new album,

Confessional?

"Try drowning all our memories tonight"?

Something happened on that boat.

- Yeah? You sound like Ruby.

- Carrie couldn't keep the secret anymore.

She was unraveling,

and whoever killed Carrie...

did it to shut her up.

So who else was on

the boat that night?

- There was Carrie, Stu Cobbler, Dick.

- Dick?

Yeah. Dick, Gia Goodman,

Luke Haldeman. That crowd.

You ever talk about what

happened that night with Carrie?

Yeah, once.

She curled up in a fetal position, didn't speak the rest of the night.

Biggest Success Story goes to...

Patti Jackson...

for starting her own line of natural hair-care products.

Hey! My people. This must

be the good-time table.

- Hey, my brother! What's going on, man?

- What's up, man?

- How are you?

- So 10-year reunion.

I want some Kylie Minogue, some Pussycat Dolls, maybe some solo Rob Thomas.

I've had a few drinks on the plane.

Shh. Where's Veronica?

The award for Coming the Longest goes to...

Veronica Mars.

Get that off. Get that off now!

- So, what brought you here tonight?

- I was gonna ask you the same.

I was kidnapped. You?

Pictures of Carrie doing lines of coke showed up on Sean Friedrich's Instagram feed today.

I knew he'd be here tonight.

I explained to him that it would be best for him if those came down and no more appeared.

Logan, you are suspected of murder.

- You have to be smart.

- Yeah.

Veronica. You need to get back inside now.

Piz is here, and he's wondering where you are.

And that is not the worst of it.

Neptune High.

What do you think so far?

It actually does sit on a Hellmouth.

- Piznarski, no.

- This is what men do, right?

- What do we do?

- Get to an exit.

Welcome to the V.C., bitch!

Veronica!

You must be so proud.

Just because you were an unpopular bitch...

you had to ruin it for everybody else.

- I'd stop there.

- Oh, would you?

What are you gonna do,

use your stun gun on me?
Don't you think that's
gotten a bit old?
Original enough for you?
This is absurd. The school district
is on the hook for the deposit.
How did this happen?
Never mind.
Hey, Mr. C. You miss me yet?
It's been 10 years of peace
and quiet, Veronica.
If you like that sort of thing.
Veronica.
It's been...
boring.
Yeah, buddy.
Wanna hit an after-party?
Oh, but I'm having
so much fun here.
- Yeah, I think I'll skedaddle.
- That's probably wise.
Hey, thanks for jumping in, Piz.
Oh, sure, sure.
Logan gonna be at this after-party?
Nope.
'Cause this is a stickup
It's time to give up
I'm takin' over tonight
So put your hands in the air
Sure, it looks like I'm having fun.
But even my alkie mom knew how to
put on a show to hide her disease.
She could PTA with the best of them,
but her mind was never far...
from that bit of liquid
courage she kept handy.
I adore these three people,
but there's a case to be solved.
So shut up and dance
There are people in this room with
information I want and don't have.
Dick at 2 o'clock.
Gia and Luke at 6.
Cobb by the buffet.

And until I get it...
they are the proverbial
flask in my purse.
I mean, all the fighting
and the dancing.
Living in an old Michael Jackson
music video, it's exhausting.
Somebody needs a tasty beverage.
- Mm-hm.
- They're making drinks with kumquats.
Would you like me to
procure one for you?
You would do that for me?
I live to serve.
Farewell, my concubine.
- And I'll take a Bud. Thanks for asking.
- And an Old Grand-Dad.
The bourbon. Not some old guy.
Words With Friends?
Some people just call it texting.
I wanna ask you about the
night Susan Knight died.
Heh. Of course you do.
It's a party.
The memorial video got me thinking.
I've never really heard what happened.
I have told this story about
10 zillion times, but okay.
We were partying on
Carrie's dad's boat.
We all got hammered,
because it turns out...
it's pretty boring partying on
a boat after about 15 minutes.
Woke up the next morning and everyone is
freaking out because they can't find Susan.
Ripped the boat apart
looking for her...
but she was gone-zo.
Last time I saw Susan, she was blowing
chunks over the side of the boat.
She must've slipped and fell off.
I heard later that she
couldn't swim for shit.

What a nightmare.
I can't imagine.
Must have been awful when you
figured out she was missing.
I had to go to therapy for
post-traumatic stress.
I still can't go on a boat.
Or smell schnapps.
It was awful. It was, uh...
We drank a shit-ton of booze...
and we all woke up, we were really
hungover, panicked out of our minds.
It was a crazy night.
Ooh, what crazy night
are we talking about?
Veronica was just asking about the
night that Susan fell overboard.
I hired a mixologist, Veronica.
Now is not the time.
And no mention? I mean...
You guys are getting married?
In three months and two days.
Son of a congressman.
He's his dad's chief
of staff now...
but he's got his eye on the prize.
Sorry to interrupt. Uh...
You're running low on ice. I'll run
over to my place and get some.
Can you bring back wine
and aspirin too, please?
Yeah.
Hey, I'm really sorry about Carrie, Gia.
I know you all were friends.
Not just friends. She was gonna
be one of my bridesmaids.
Yeah, Gia was the last person
to see her other than, uh...
you know. Ahem.
If she had just been on time for
once, she'd still be alive.
- Ha, ha.
- And you thought I wasn't listening.
See? I told you she

didn't join a cult.
Get back in your car.
You're gonna get hurt, old man.
I'm lost. Don't you get that?
The navigation led me out here.
They're gonna murder me, or worse!
- Hey, do you want some help?
- Aah!
- Hello?
- Your cab has arrived.
Your cab has arrived.
- Veronica?
- Yeah?
Cab's here. I thought I was
taking you to the airport.
Cab's for me.
Veronica's sticking around town a
little bit longer. Good to see you.
- Stosh?
- Hey.
I'm onto something, Dad. It's big.
And you were in there? All night?
Did Veronica not show you our fine
selection of couches? That baby folds out.
The walls here are thin.
But our tantric lovemaking is remarkable
for its stillness and tranquility.
She passed out. Nothing happened.
I'm gonna go get my cab.
The new job just gave me
a couple more days...
so I will be back by the time
your parents get to the city.
Okay, fair warning...
I've oversold you.
They don't think I could have landed a
creature such as the one I've described.
Don't they know their
son's a sexual sharknado?
Ha, ha. Uh, hasn't come up yet. I've been
waiting for the perfect moment, so...
- Bye.
- Bye.
Cliff just called from the hospital.

Celeste Kane shot Weevil Navarro.
She's claiming self-defense.
- Weevil just regained consciousness.
- I'm coming with you.
Celeste Kane's statement
says her car broke down...
and she was accosted by
the motorcycle gang.
She claims she was terrified.
Then she says Mr. Navarro
approached her car...
rapped on the window with a
Beretta and said, "Time to party. "
That's when she fired.
Please get this case dismissed...
before anybody believes the words
"time to party" came out of my mouth.
- Did you have a gun out, Eli?
- I haven't touched a gun in years.
Oh, police gave me this.
It's a gun reported stolen from a
house in Weevil's neighborhood.
That the police clearly
confiscated and planted on him.
Weevil's record has been
spotless for five years.
Meanwhile, this is my 11th
client in the past six months...
claiming that the sheriff's department
planted contraband on them.
You have a serial
number on that gun?
So if we're to believe
this police report...
Weevil left the reunion, dropped off his
foxy wife and his "Most Changed" trophy...
and, still wearing his
dress shirt and slacks...
teamed up with the motorcycle
gang he left a decade ago...
to harass the richest divorce
in Southern California?
Well, when you say it like that,
I start to see some holes in it.

I'm gonna talk to some of those gang kids.
See if any will come forward.
See if there's a Beretta
registered to Celeste Kane.
Veronica.
I have this. It's my case.
You already have a job.
It's in New York.
You did it, kid. You made it out.
Don't let this town take you
down like it does everyone else.
Didn't take you down.
Well, love is blind.
Dr. Newton to Physical Therapy.
Dr. Newton to Physical Therapy.
I could still get you the
names of the PCHers.
I have someone in the
sheriff's department...
who might help me if he
can work up the nerve.
The nerve? The sheriff's
department is a joke.
It's been a giant clown car
since you left office.
They're dangerous, Veronica.
Cops with swimming pools and sports cars?
They've got a good thing going.
- I want you to stay away from them.
- Yeah, okay.
- Just... I need one file from them.
- Veronica.
And don't worry, I won't even go
to get it. I'll have it delivered.
Dr. Loan, Dr. Harriet Loan.
Hey, Sacks, do you think I need to set a
Google alert for "Sheriff Daniel Lamb?"
I'm afraid I might be missing stuff
by just having "Sheriff Dan Lamb. "
- Why am I even asking you?
- You have a call on Line 1.
Martina Vasquez?
- Channel 9's Martina Vasquez?
- Yeah. She's got some questions for you.

This is Sheriff Dan Lamb.
Got a minute, sheriff?
Ha, ha. Nothing but time for
you, Miss Martina Vasquez.
What can I do for you?
You have something I'm dying
to get my hands on, sheriff.
Well, vice versa, Miss Vasquez.
I'm doing a lengthy piece
on Bonnie DeVille.
I'd love whatever you have on the
night her best friend drowned.
I understand there was
an investigation?
Yeah. We're not really in the habit
of just handing out case files.
I'm not in the habit of dating
cops, but I make exceptions.
Do you ever make exceptions?
I'll have it scanned
for you right now.
Would you say I was a good parent?
Great. Do you have a pen?
Uh...
Indeed, I do.
Detective, there is a
woman at your desk.
I told her not to wait there, but
she's not taking no for an answer.
Huh.
Excuse me, miss, can I help you?
Long time, deputy.
I'm sorry, do we know each other?
Leo, stop.
It's Veronica. We used to make out.
Which was a little sketchy...
because you worked at the sheriff's
department and I was still in high school.
No, Veronica.
From Neptune.
What can I do for you?
Um...
The Susan Knight drowning
about nine years ago.

I was just hoping to ask you
a few things about it...
because you questioned Carrie
Bishop. Do you remember?
Heh. I'm really sorry. How do
we know each other again?
- It was...?
- Veronica.
Veronica. I don't
mean to be rude...
but the first time you came around asking
me for favors, you got all dolled up.
And you brought me a pizza.
- You're a prick.
- I'm a prick?
Mm-hm. You're a prick.
I'm a prick, but also I love pizza,
and I thought, "What a gesture. "
You had that red number on,
I liked the red number.
It made me think impure thoughts.
And I feel like this is a
step backwards for us.
There it is. By the way...
I didn't know the FBI was
looking into the DeVille case.
- I'm not with the FBI.
- Are you sure?
I could've sworn that I heard
somewhere that you were with the FBI.
- Another life, maybe.
- All right, let me see it.
Not the pizza. I'm gonna get
into the pizza in a minute.
This is the whole Susan Knight
case file. How'd you get this?
Yeah, when I took Carrie's statement
that night, she was a complete wreck.
She was talking about
how it was their fault.
How they were going to hell, how they
were supposed to take care of each other.
And I tried to get
more specifics...

but Luke Haldeman Senior's
lawyer showed up...
and demanded that he speak
to all of them in private.
That's when they all, I don't know,
decided to toe the company line.
They were all drinking, they passed out.
They woke up, Susan was gone.
Yeah, no body was ever found.
Never sat right with me.
But we never had any evidence
to the contrary, so...
Someone on the Serendipity
killed Carrie.
- I would bet my life on it.
- Okay.
Gia Goodman.
Luke Haldeman.
Stu Cobbler.
Your longtime companion, Dick.
Hey, Iron Mike.
Have you seen the Instagram feed from the
reunion? Some hilarious shots from the fight.
Check out your boy, Piz.
Kapow!
Ha, ha! There's another
one back here too.
Hey, you didn't tell me
you and Piz were a thing.
My love life didn't seem relevant.
Wait, what was that?
Toya LaGrone's hoobity-boobities.
- No, back one.
- Okay.
- What?
- What, did you see a ghost or something?
This is a police
photo of the boat...
the morning after Susan
Knight disappeared off of it.
Notice anything?
- Uh, the police photo is black-and-white.
- The anchor.
- Exactly.

- I don't see an anchor.

Not in this one.

Here is where it normally goes.

Okay, so?

So my first guess is that there is no anchor, because it was used to make sure...

that Susan Knight's body sunk to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean.

California has the death penalty, Dick.

So act like you give a damn about your friend and tell me what really happened that night.

I already told you, Veronica, okay?

I don't think this has jack to do with Carrie's murder.

I wish Logan could quit you. I'm your friend. Are you listening to this?

- I need your computer.

- Yeah, well, at least you asked nicely.

Hey, you got any more of those cupcakes?

You're still here?

Why? Is your boyfriend showing up? Heh.

She's sitting at her makeup table.

That angle, that's exactly where she kept her tablet docked.

So the feed could be coming from the tablet camera.

People can do that? They can spy on you from your own tablet?

I don't know, but I know someone who would.

Nobody could be spying on you from your normal out-of-the-box tablet computer.

But it is possible.

Someone would have to modify a wireless model, install additional hardware.

It would be complicated.

There were Galaxy tablets in the gift bags at the MTV Music Awards.

Carrie was making fun of James Franco for trying to walk off with six.

Franco. You guys see that Candid Camera

video of him trying on skinny jeans?

Shit is hilarious.

Show me.

Well, I believe I have that
bookmarked right here.

Sayonara, Mac.

Let's get weird!

There may be six degrees between anyone
on the planet and Kevin Bacon...

but if you're under 30 and
living in Southern California...

you're never more than two
degrees from James Franco.

In this case, Dick to facialist...

facialist to Franco's assistant.

Then something to get that
assistant's attention.

All right, let me see if I'm
understanding this correctly.

You do not have in your possession pages
from Tolkien's original manuscript...

for the Quenta Silmarillion depicting
Beren wandering into Doriath...

and falling in love with Luthien,
the Elf king's daughter?

- I do not.

- What?

- You didn't check this out, Penny?

- Yes...

You recently attended
the MTV Movie Awards...

and I'm fairly certain that whoever
gave out the gift bags at the awards...

gave tablets that were
preloaded with spy software.

- Really? - You might have
noticed some strange videos...

of you circulating the Internet.

- How strange? Like, naked strange?

- No.

One of you trying

on skinny jeans...

and one of you in your underwear
trying to list words...

- that rhyme with orange.
- Yeah. It's so hard.
Borange. Corange. Dorange.
Well, that's not that bad.
Penny floats in and out of frame
in a few of the videos...
so I was hoping we could use her to
smoke out who's ever doing this.
Or I could just play her in drag.
Hey, Penny, give me your glasses.
Hey. So you're interested in
hidden-camera celebrity footage.
If you've got the cash, I've got some
hidden video I know you'll want to see.
Meet me at the Santa Monica Pier in
one hour by the dancing gorilla.
Good job, Pen.
Monkey's following you. Ha, ha!
Of course.
Do you work for tips?
Here's a tip. Change professions.
Vincent Van Lowe. Neptune's
second-best PI but foremost ass-hat.
- Monkeys.
- Psst.
Anyone looking for some
quality celebrity video?
Yeah, but it better be weird.
I don't want any more night vision footage
of James Franco adjusting his nuts.
We'll go back to my van.
Show me what you got.
Let's Go Back to My Van:
The Vinnie Van Lowe Story.
Think, Vinnie, 10,000
tequila sunrises ago.
Oh.
Well, if it isn't Neptune's
very own Angela Lansbury.
You've aged well.
I hear you went legit.
As it turns out, I am
too legit to quit.
I need everything you got off

Bonnie DeVille's tablet.
Oh. I know not of what you speak.
I am just a respectable businessman
trying to earn an honest dollar.
Give it to me, Vinnie.
Or I'll tell 50 Cent's security team
where they can find the guy...
who posted video of Fiddy
baking lemon cake...
while singing "Afternoon Delight. "
I can feel you acting like
you're not impressed.
You should be happy for me,
V-Mars. I found my calling.
Oh, yeah. Nip slips. Boozy
bar exits. Bad beach bodies.
Do you have any idea
what People will pay...
for a shot of a celebrity looking
stupid while eating? A lot.
I do the circuit.
I do the chi-chi stores and
I do the French preschools.
If you have more than
five IMDb credits...
you can't pick a wedgie in your backyard
without me finding out a way to get paid.
Ha, ha. I'm the reason people
know Anne Hathaway has a vagina.
Before that, they thought, yeah,
maybe, but they didn't know.
Two hundred and
fifty-six gigs. Nice.
Anyway, you'll like this. I stuffed
30 tablets into those MTV gift bags.
- You wanna know my return on investment?
- Nope. No, I don't.
You're legal now, right?
We should go out sometime.
- Yuck.
- All right.
Your loss. Hey, FYI...
uh, Bonnie DeVille? Her video
feed ends the night she dies.

It's motion-detected...
so, you know, there's not a
lot of motion postmortem.
Good seeing you, Veronica.
This isn't gonna be easy to watch.
It's all the video Vinnie
captured off the tablet camera.
- Hey.
- You're such a punk-ass bitch.
You want this...
in your face?
- No, I really don't.
- Eat up.
Speak, girl. Speak.
You can do it. Speak.
And this is the day she died.
Hey, it's Carrie.
We're going out tonight.
Gia said she was at
Carrie's house that day.
What is that?
Where are we now?
Recognize this?
She's at the 09er.
And check out the timestamp.

12:

That's when I got the text from
Carrie saying she needed my help.
Carrie didn't send you
that text. Gia did.
Right here. From Carrie's tablet.
It was Gia trying to get you
to show up at Carrie's house.
I know what happened.
Nice hat. Irony.
- How's that working out for you?
- No irony here.
Free hug. Anytime, anywhere.
Pass. Sacks said you had
something I'd be interested in.
I'm assuming it's a
signed confession.
How was Carrie's time

of death determined?
Quickly. Guards at the security
gate checked Logan in at 1:15 a. m.
Carrie's alarm went off at 1:21.
They showed up. Found

her dead at 1:

Time of death sometime

between 1:

Carrie was dead long before that.
- Gia Goodman was over there earlier.
- Guards checked her out at 3 p. m.
Many people, including Free Hugs over
here, spoke to Carrie after that.
We have phone records.
Carrie was alive when Gia left,
but Gia didn't go alone.
Her son-of-a-congressman
fianc went with her.
Probably in the trunk.
When Gia left, she simply left a
door or a window open for Luke.
He waited for his opportunity.
After he did the deed,
he grabbed Carrie's tablet...
and he changed the alarm code
all Carrie's friends knew.
He shows up at the 09er,
establishing a very public alibi.
Carrie's friends knew Logan and Carrie
were always fighting about her partying.
Gia sent a text she knew
would get Logan to show up.
I suppose they murdered
her for kicks.
I know how painfully boring
these rich kids' lives are.
They murdered Carrie because they
were convinced she was cracking.
Something terrible happened on
Carrie's dad's boat nine years ago.
Something worth killing
Carrie to keep secret.

Look at these photos.
This one was taken the morning
after Susan Knight disappeared.
No anchor. They used it
to weigh the body down.
Where'd you get these
official police photos?
Maybe she's friends
with Martina Vasquez?
I'm gonna enjoy seeing that smirk disappear
when that foreman hands down a life sentence.
Hey.
You wanna know a secret?
I don't give a shit.
I don't care if Logan
ain't the guy.
America thinks he's guilty,
and that's good enough for me.
Now get the hell out of my office.
Hey.
I, uh... I believe the captain told you
that the use of cell phones was prohibited.
Heh. I'm not on the plane.
- Yeah, I gathered.
- I really wanna be there with you.
There's just so much
going on here right now.
I just... I couldn't leave.
Sure you could.
Okay.
Could you maybe try and
understand why I chose not to?
I completely understand.
That's why I think it's
time for us to just...
Just walk away.
Wait, no, that's not what this is.
I mean, that's not what I want.
Veronica, I'm standing outside
of a hotel with my parents...
who flew to New York
mostly to meet you.
So that loyalty, or friendship...
or whatever it is that made you

have to stay in Neptune...
I wish that same feeling made
you get on the plane today.
I gotta go let my mom
off the hook, okay?
She's concerned that her blowout's
gonna flatten before you get here.
Piz, I'm...
- I'm really sor...
- Yeah. Okay.
Okay. Goodbye, Veronica.
Logan's coming over to
talk about the case.
Please be nice.
What? I'm over 21.
Truman-Mann left a message.
Apparently, they left several on
your cell but never heard back.
Okay. I'll give them
a call. Thanks.
No need. They said they're
moving on without you.
They needed someone little more "motivated"
I think it was. Or "dedicated. "
I saved the message.
The gist was they wanted someone
who cared enough to return a call.
You worked so hard for so long...
and just like that...
you're throwing it away?
For what?
This is Keith.
Just give me two minutes. Okay?
All right. Bye.
I'm gonna... I'll be right back.
Deputy.
I guess I picked the wrong
week to quit smoking.
You know, I saw this thing on, uh, YouTube
a few weeks ago, Keith. It's a funny video.
Two Nazi officers, they're looking
at the skulls on their insignias.
The piles of dead bodies.
And they have this

moment of clarity.

"Wait a minute.

We're the bad guys. "

If you were a bad guy, Jerry,
you wouldn't be here now.

Lamb, he's just a puppet.

Everyone is on the take.

That gun they planted
on the Navarro kid...

I checked that into
evidence myself.

And that's just the tip of iceberg.

And you'll testify to that fact?

We gotta move.

Mr. Mars.

Yeah, I need an ambulance.

Oh, my God.

No.

Mr. Mars, come on.

Come on, come on.

Dad! Dad!

- What happened?

- Is he hurt?

No. Open your eyes!

Open your eyes, Dad.

Wake up. It's Veronica.

Call for an ambulance, now!

Miss Mars.

Your father has some
pretty serious injuries.

He has fractures of the
ribs, skull and pelvis.

We're gonna have to
keep him in the ICU.

- When can I see him?

- It'll probably be a couple of days.

And Sacks?

The other man in the car?

I'm afraid he was DOA.

Was he a friend of yours?

Wait.

Don't go.

Okay.

The only way I'm not gonna spend

the day obsessing about my dad...

is by nailing Gia and

Luke to the wall.

Let's go make them sweat.

- Gia Goodman?

- Oh.

- Here you go.

- Thank you.

- The 21st...

- Back tonight...

Thanks, Grandma.

Hi, this is Gia.

Hey, it's Carrie.

You're such a punk-ass bitch.

Speak, girl. Speak.

Hey. Something's happening. You
need to get over here right away.

- Hey.

- I've made the call to Gia.

She immediately freaked out and
called her partner in crime.

- Have you seen Luke pick up?

- I can't actually see Luke right now.

Apparently, he had to make a pit
stop for some hot man-on-man action.

What are you talking about?

Luke is inside a West
Hollywood bathhouse.

What's he doing at...? Oh.

Hold on. Someone's at her door.

So I just got this call from
this random number and...

It's Cobb.

- It was Carrie's voice and she seemed...

- She called Cobb for help.

Why? Does she need someone
to empty her cat box?

- Shh, shh.

- Someone is just messing with you.

I mean, it's probably that
nosy bitch, Veronica Mars.

Tsk. It's called "curiosity. "

You need to relax, Gia. Just relax.

No freaking way.

Update, please.

Yeah, Gia and Cobb are totally about to do it.

Are you serious?

Gia seduced her lapdog into killing Carrie.

- Can you see them?

- No, thank God.

Ugh.

- Shit.

- What's going on?

Dad had all the good listening devices locked up.

I had to use one of the old bugs that uses FM signals.

Bandwidth at the end of the dial no one uses, 88.6.

As in "88.6 Rock Hard Rock?"

Tell me you're joking.

- Neptune's new classic rock station.

- All right. Probably okay.

The bug only transmits a hundred yards or so. I should be able to get away with it.

Was Carrie's tablet one of the big ones or the little ones?

No, it was a little white one.

There is one matching that description on Gia's table.

- She'd have to be stupid to keep it there.

- I sat behind her in Algebra.

Nothing would shock me.

Well, Carrie's was inscribed.

It was like:

"Rock you very much from the MTV Music Awards," something like that.

- Tsk. I need to get a closer look.

- Veronica.

I'm not gonna break in. I'm just gonna drop by for a hang.

She could be a murderer.

Child, please. It's Gia Goodman.

The day I can't

handle Gia Goodman...

The four minutes of sex
I could hear just fine.
The mike couldn't pick up the
last 20 minutes of pillow talk...
or whatever has gone
on in that bedroom.
Hi, kitty.
Veronica. Hi.
That look is making me think you didn't mean
it when you said "come by and hang. " Heh.
No, I meant it.
Come on in. Come in.
Oh, wow.
Do you like your little tablet?
I mean, I have the big one.
But this is so cute, isn't it?
Well, cute only gets
you so far in life.
Am I right?
All right!
I'm sorry. What?
My regularly scheduled
programming was preempted...
by the sound of you getting
your rocks off, hoss.
You really wanted that poor
girl to say your name.
What are you talking about?
- Shot clock...
- Manager's a crazy...
"Rock you very much. "
Where'd you get this?
Carrie was always
giving away her swag.
- So, what are you really doing here?
- What do you mean?
Well, I'm not stupid. I know you didn't
come by to hang out. So come on.
What's eating Veronica Mars?
Oh, yeah.
That.
I'm pretty sure you
murdered Carrie Bishop...
because she was on the verge of telling

the truth about what happened...
with Susan Knight nine years ago.
You are an insane person.
I was in the 09er.
Everyone saw me.
You're right. I misspoke.
You didn't kill her.
You used your lady parts to get
Stu Cobbler to do it for you.
Heh. Don't be gross.
I just watched you from
across the street, Gia.
I have pictures.
If I had any Facebook friends,
they'd be enjoying them already.
I'd say wait till your
fianc finds out...
but I'm gonna go ahead and
guess he's okay with it.
You are protecting his
bright future, right?
I mean, there are beards and then there
are beards that go the extra mile.
I was at the 09er. There are
witnesses. Everybody saw me.
Gia, keep up.
We're past that now.
I believe you.
I even have proof you were there.
Timestamped video.
And right about now...
it's dawning on you where
this video came from.
The camera on Carrie's tablet.
Cobb took the tablet from Carrie's
house after he killed her.
Here you are typing out the text
that'll get Logan over to Carrie's.
I think the sheriff is gonna be
very interested in this video.
Do you even remember
Cobb from high school?
Just this total
trailer-park weirdo.

Creepy guy who sat behind me in Civics
reading Guns & Camouflage or whatever...
eye-screwing me and
smelling like old sponge.
He had the good drugs, though.
That night that we went
out on Carrie's boat...
we tried to hit him
up for product...
but he insisted on
us taking him with.
We got so shit-faced it
didn't really matter.
But then Susan, as usual...
bottoms out.
She starts bawling about...
the baby that she
gave up for adoption.
She disappears below deck.
Carrie found her later and
she was barely breathing.
But Cobb says that
she'd sleep it off.
Because he'd seen it a
hundred times before.
- And you believed him.
- We were out of our skulls.
We were picturing jail time.
Lost futures. Lost fortunes.
And then Carrie went down
to check on Susan later.
She was dead.
Just full-on dead.
It was Cobb's idea...
to weigh her down with an anchor.
Then we're all sobbing and we're
trying to lift her body over the side.
Dick was sobbing.
Dick passed out before any
of this even happened.
He never knew the truth. He sells
the lie better than any of us.
But none of us even noticed...
that Cobb wasn't helping us

push Susan's body overboard.
Later, after all the
police-grilling and media stuff...
Carrie, Luke and I get e-mailed...
a camera-phone photo...
of us dumping Susan's body.
And he's owned us ever since.
We bankroll him.
We pal around with him.
You sleep with him.
Yeah, lucky me.
I'm the one he loves.
He flashes the photo any time he
thinks one of us needs a reminder.
Carrie needed a lot of reminders.
He rented the apartment
across the street...
so that he can see me
whenever he wants to.
I'm not even allowed
to have curtains.
He's probably watching
us right now.
Try to act ca...
Hang in there, Gia.
Hi. A cop has been shot.
The 400 block of
Exposition Boulevard.
Help is coming, Gia.
It's okay. Help is coming.
Help.
Gia could've really used
some curtains in here.
I hope you don't mind
a little mood music.
You'll never find
As long as you live
Someone who loves you
Tender like I do
You'll never find
No matter where you search
Someone who cares about you
The way I do
Whoa, I'm not bragging

on myself, baby
But I'm the one who loves you
And there's no one else
No one else
You'll never find
It'll take the end of all time
Someone to understand you
Like I do
But I know somehow,
someday, some way
You are
- Baby
- You're gonna miss my lovin'
When it's cold outside
You're gonna miss my lovin'
Wait for me, Veronica!
Yes, you will, baby
It's not a race.
We all know how this ends.
Ah.
Ooh, you killed the lights.
How wildly impressive.
Eenie...
meenie...
miney...
eat me.
Oh.
Shocking photo surfaces in the
Bonnie De Ville murder case.
Logan Echolls is a free man.
He's exonerated.
And instead the local sheriff has arrested Stu
Cobbler and charged him with two murders:
Bonnie DeVille and
socialite Gia Goodman.
How did you get it so wrong?
Did you ignore evidence?
Did Gia Goodman have to die?
If you think the sheriff
is squirming here...
check out the TMZ Live
exclusive video we got...
from the private investigator
working for Logan Echolls.

I don't care if Logan
ain't the guy.
America thinks he's guilty, and
that's good enough for me.
I'm betting I know exactly what
the people of Neptune want now.
- I know too. A new sheriff.
- A new sheriff. Yeah, exactly.
No, it's too early.
You'd be surprised how strongly the
armed services feels about punctuality.
You want me to get
busted for going AWOL?
What I want...
is for you to stand there...
in that effity white uniform...
with your Harvard mouth and
show me some effing courtesy.
Well, I appreciate you
keeping it PG-13 for me.
I'm delicate.
I got you off murder charges.
- I can beat an AWOL rap.
- Listen, it's 180 days, Veronica.
What's 180 days to us?
Our story is epic.
Spanning years, continents.
Lives ruined, bloodshed.
Yeah.
Come back to me.
Always.
Two solid weeks of bliss, and now
it's back to the real world.
He's a great kid.
A shoot-first point guard.
- So, what now? - But sometimes
it kills us in the transitions...
I had a ringside seat to my
mom's recovery attempts.
I know all about accepting
the things I can't change.
Veronica!
Your point guard shoots too much.
I'm with you, Fennel. Bench him.

I'm supposed to find the courage
to change the things I can.
Even if it means disappointing the
one man I can't bear to disappoint.
Gin.

Who's your daddy?
Well, my 2000-point
lead shrinks by 40.

Look at you.
Not even knowing you're being
hustled. You're the patsy.
I got the hook in now.
Logan return to duty today?

Yep.
- I'm sorry, honey.
- Yeah.

They say I'm ahead
of schedule here.
As much as I'm enjoying
this daddy-daughter time...
maybe it's time to start thinking
about heading back to New York?
You've got a life there.

Yeah.
About New York...
Let's be honest here.
If I were wise enough to know the difference
between what I can and can't change...
would I even be who I am?
Would this be what I'm doing?

Last thing, that gun
they planted on you?
A stoolie claims you
bought it from him.
He clearly fears the sheriff
more than he fears you.

Yeah. Well, we'll see what
we can do about that.

Thanks, V.
- How's it coming on the sheriff's password?
- JohnnyUtah69.

Done. I just sent you
his tax returns.
Thank you.

Dad always said this town
could wreck a person.
It's what happens when you're
playing a rigged game.
I convinced myself winning
meant getting out.
But in what world do you get to
leave the ring and declare victory?
This is where I belong.
In the fight.
It's who I am.
I've rolled around in
the mud for so long.
Wash me clean and I
don't recognize myself.
So how about I just
accept the mud...
and the tendency I have
to find myself rolling in it?
My name is Veronica...
and I'm an addict.
Hello, Veronica.
Dorange.
Yor-Eorange.
Forange.
Gorange.
Horange.
This is Logan reminding you...
if you're offered a seat
on a rocket ship...
don't ask which seat, just get on.
Sheryl Sandberg said that.
So don't leave a message,
go get on that rocket ship.
Or leave a message, your call. Your
decision will tell me a lot about you.