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# Get a Clue

By Alana Sanko

- Hey, sunshine.

- Morning, Jen.

- Awake yet?

- Now I am.

- Hey.

- Hi.

So, what's your outfit du jour?

I've narrowed it

down to two. Ready?

Hmm. Don't care much for that one.

Okay...

There's this timeless ensemble.

Now, that I could borrow.

It's trs cute.

- You think?

- Most definitely. Okay, my turn.

Oh, three words. Fab-u-lous!

- Thanks, Jen.

- See you. You know where.

As always.

I don't get it, Dad.

If you don't like that paper,

why do you read it every day?

Because I'm a reporter, Taylor.

I'm curious.

Besides, it's important to keep

your eye on competition.

The Daily Examiner is a competitor

to The New York Times?

- I know it's hard to believe, but true.

- I read it religiously.

Is it crispy, Gilda, the way I like it?

- Like charcoal briquettes.

- Great. Thank you.

Would you pass the bacon?

Turn your high beams off

before you force me to do it for you.

Can you get along

while I'm out of town?

I can try, but it's been my

experience that she can't.

I assure you, can't and won't

are two very different things.

- This is your article in the paper.

- What?

Yuck, it's a gooey love picture.

I can't believe it.

I submitted this to the  
Junior Journalist column weeks ago,

- and they actually ran it.

- You've been selected. Wonderful.

Oh, it is, honey.

They ran your photo.

I used Taylor's spy camera. It  
shoots pictures from around the corner.

- What's the article about, Lex?

- You used my camera?

It's just a story about Miss Dawson  
and her friendship with Mr. Walker.

They're teachers at Millington.

Ah, sounds like  
a human interest piece.

Yeah, definitely human interest.

Gossip.

Hello? Yes, she'll be right down.

We'll celebrate when I get back.

We'll go shopping on  
Madison Avenue. The two of us.

Sounds like fun. I better go.

Ma, why don't you  
take Lexy with you?

I wish I could  
take you all with me.

Well, it's time to leave.

I trust that everything's gonna  
run smoothly while I'm away.

Doesn't it always?

You have a successful trip.

- Bye, girls.

- Bye, Mom. Love you.

Be good in school.

Cool.

Yeah.

No way.

- Hey, Lexy.

- Hey, Lexy.

- Hi, Lexy.

- Hey.

What's up?

Congratulations, Lexy. It's so exciting. The Daily Examiner!

Mr. Walker and Miss Dawson?

No way.

- Who knew?

- What a scandal.

You shine, Lexy.

Thanks, guys.

- Hey.

- Hi.

- Hey, Lex.

- Hey.

Oh, my gosh,

there's Mr. Walker.

I don't know what Miss Dawson sees in him.

And that hideous green coat.

Hi, Mr. Walker.

Oh... Lexy.

Hi. Um... so I'll e-mail that to you right away, Jack.

Thank you.

Mr. Walker.

That's Miss Stern,  
the control freak admissions officer.

May I speak with you a moment?

Uh, certainly, uh, Miss Stern.

Um, I'll see you both in class.

That was, uh, some article.

Oh, you saw it?

Yeah. Hedda Hopper  
had nothing on you.

Hedda who?

You call yourself a writer.

You should know.

She was the most famous  
gossip columnist ever.

I am not a gossip columnist.

I give advice. The article in The Daily  
Examiner is a human interest piece.

Right. Sure it is.

Ew.

All right,

so what's your secret?

If I told you, it wouldn't  
be a secret, would it, Gabe?

How'd you get that shot of Mr. Walker?

He won't allow his picture in yearbook.

You know what they say: "A good  
reporter is always on the job. "

- Hi, Gabe.

- Hey, Jennifer.

Bye, Gabe.

How excited are you about getting  
your article in The Daily Examiner?

- Everyone's talking about it.

- Jack Downey just trashed it.

Of course he did.

He's so jealous.

- You think?

- Come on.

You snapped an amazing picture  
of your teacher's good side,  
then you wrote a killer article  
about their secret romance,  
and it ran in

a major New York newspaper.

Think about it.

The editor of the school paper  
is upstaged by

a member of his own staff.

- He's dying over this.

- You're so right, Jen. Thanks.

- What are friends for?

- So true.

Do you think Miss Dawson  
saw the picture?

I don't know.

It's hard to tell.

May I have your attention, please?

Hello!

As you know, it's Career Week,  
and we're very honored  
to have the participation  
of so many talented parents.

I want your complete  
attention when they present.

Now, our first speaker  
is a 12-year veteran of the CIA,  
with 10 years as  
a covert operations officer.  
Everyone, let's give  
a big round of applause for  
Mrs. Sommerville.  
Thank you, Miss Dawson.  
The life of a CIA operations officer  
can be a very exciting one.  
You get to travel the world,  
explore different cultures,  
meet lots of interesting people.  
But it's a lonely life,  
filled with empty hotel rooms  
and late-night meals  
in two-bit diners.  
You begin to miss your cat.  
I could write one too.  
Jack, could you  
come look at these mock-ups?  
Ugh, I think my brain is in  
meltdown. Can we go home yet?  
What will people in this school  
do without me? Listen to this.  
"Dear Lexy, my friend  
and I had a fight.  
We made up, but the mean  
things she said still hurt.  
What should I do?  
Signed, Bummed Out. "  
This is a bummer. What will  
you prescribe, Dr. Gold?  
Well, she has to be honest  
and tell her how she feels.  
- That's what I'd do with you.  
- And I with you.  
Then, she should reward  
herself for speaking out  
by picking up a cute  
jelly roll handbag.  
Excellent advice.  
She'll feel better in no time.  
Definitely.

Okay, everyone,  
time for our weekly meeting.  
Now, our first order of business,  
as most of you are already aware...  
Lexy Gold was honored today  
by The Daily Examiner,  
which published  
an article and photograph  
she submitted to their  
Junior Journalism section.  
Let's give her a round of applause.

- All right.

- Yeah.

Your editor, Jack Downey,  
would now like to say a few words.

I would?

Uh, I mean, yeah, I would.

Thank you, Mr. Goldblum. Uh...

I guess I'd just like to say  
that we're all proud  
when one of our own is able to make  
their way onto a more visible platform.  
Especially a colleague from one  
of our, well, softer news areas.  
So, congratulations, Lexy.  
Today The Daily Examiner,  
tomorrow The Post.

- Yeah, congratulations.

- Yeah.

- Goddess on the mountaintop.

- Thanks, Jen.

I'm gonna need your copy  
if you want to make the next issue.

- This story's kind of old news.

- You know what, Jack?

I actually owe you a thank you.

It was because you  
wouldn't run my story  
that I sent it to The Daily  
Examiner in the first place.

Ooh.

Gertrude, you startled me.

I need to talk to you.

What more

is there to say?  
I just don't understand.  
Don't talk so loud, okay?  
L- I... I never...  
I never meant to hurt you.  
Oh, really?  
Then what did you mean to do?  
What changed?  
We made all those plans.  
Orlando, I love you.  
Okay, well, I don't love you.  
That's what's changed.  
Can you understand that?  
I guess I'm gonna have to try.  
I'm sorry I ever met you.  
If you think I'll continue  
to pass you in these halls,  
you're sadly mistaken.  
One of us has to leave Millington,  
and I assure you  
it's not going to be me.  
- Hi, Miss Dawson.  
- Hi, Lexy.  
Hey, you.  
About ready for bed?  
Yeah. I just have to finish  
answering mail for my column.  
There just aren't  
enough hours in the day.  
Sorry I missed dinner.  
The press conference  
I was covering ran long.  
The mayor was asking state  
legislators to increase aid  
to city schools, and let's just  
say things didn't go very well.  
It's okay, Dad.  
That sounds pretty important.  
Well, not as important as you.  
Bedtime.  
- And how was your day?  
- It was okay.  
Hmm. I, um...  
...read your article.



Nice job. It's well written.

You've got a good theme.

I'd call it a heartwarming  
piece of journalism.

- Really?

- Absolutely.

Dad, have you ever  
written something that,  
I don't know, caused  
something else to happen?

Sure. That's what journalism  
is all about, and you'll get there.

This is good work, Lex.

You should be proud.

I'm proud.

I'm really proud. I just...

I want to write a hard news  
piece, you know? Like you do.

You don't start with hard news. You work  
your way up to it. That's what I did.

How?

Well, let's see. I was  
working at The Mercury Herald  
in the classifieds  
when I got a lead on something.

I did a little investigation  
on my own and discovered  
a toxic waste dump was hidden  
underneath the local burger joint.

So I pitched the story to the editor,  
and made the front page of The Herald.

After that, they made me staff writer.

Wow.

There's stories all around you, Lex.

You just have to keep  
your eyes open,  
and when you get a hunch  
about something, investigate it.

- I think I can do that.

- I know you can do that.

You'll be amazed what hard work,  
imagination  
and a little luck will bring you.

- Good night.

- Hugs and kisses, Dad.

Hugs and kisses, my sweet girl.

...in or around the vehicle.

As you can see behind me,  
the vehicle is a light-colored sedan.

Anyone who may have  
seen what happened...

- How you doin', man?

- Good. Thanks.

Lexy, sweetie, wake up.

Huh? Dad, what time is it?

Honey, I've got something to  
tell you and it's not very easy.

I just got a call from one  
of the editors at the paper,  
and apparently your  
teacher, Mr. Walker...

He's missing.

Wait. What happened?

There isn't much information yet,  
but they did find his car in the  
East River early this morning.

Oh, my gosh.

And Mr. Walker?

He hasn't been found yet.

There's a lot of speculation,  
but things don't look very good.

This is gonna be a tough day  
for you. Why don't you get ready,  
and I'll walk you to school.

Wow. I can't...

I can't believe this.

Jen! Jen, wake up!

- Huh?

- Mr. Walker... he's missing.

He's what?

News of Mr. Walker's  
bizarre disappearance  
spread faster than word  
of a Barney's Warehouse sale.  
All I know is, if he set foot  
into that toxic river,  
he's gonna need a serious head-to-toe  
hydro-exfoliation body wrap.

Even the fish refuse to live there.  
Jeez, there's a lot  
of cameras here.  
I hope they get my good side.  
The good thing about being  
in mourning is black is always in.  
I know. Whoever thought of that  
was so far ahead of their time.  
I can't believe all the coverage  
Mr. Walker's getting.  
Who would have thought  
he was so popular?  
Miss Stern's outfit  
is to die for, literally.  
Isn't it strange that the day after my  
article runs, he just disappears?  
Yeah. It's a real shame.  
A shame? It's too weird.  
All right, Lexy,  
so what's the scoop on Mr. Walker?  
- What?  
- Come on.  
I know you have the inside story.  
Where is he?  
I have no idea, but you're  
really starting to bug me.  
Well, as you all know, we've had  
a bit of a crisis in our school.  
Mr. Walk...  
Mr. Walker...  
Nonetheless, classes will  
continue for the time being.  
Now, our next  
guest speaker is here.  
He is a small-business owner  
who is  
an award-winning taxidermist.  
Everyone, Mr. Greenblatt.  
Poor Miss Dawson.  
The man she loves is missing,  
and even worse, yesterday  
he told her to take a hike.  
She must be wiggin'.  
A deep-tissue massage

at the Peacock Spa  
would do her wonders.  
Now, if at all possible,  
wrap your fish in a wet towel.  
- Then...  
- Excuse me, Miss Dawson.  
Is Lexy Gold here?  
Me?  
- Ah. Alexandra Gold?  
- Am I in trouble for something?  
No, no. I was wondering if  
I could ask you a few questions.  
I'm Detective Potter.  
Please sit down.  
How do I know you're  
really a detective?  
Oh.  
Now, I understand you write  
a gossip column  
for the school newspaper?  
It's an advice column.  
You may have special  
knowledge about a relationship  
between Mr. Walker  
and Miss Dawson. Is that correct?  
Oh.  
Before I go any further,  
I just want to say congratulations  
on your article  
in yesterday's Daily Examiner.  
- It was most impressive.  
- Oh, you saw it?  
Oh, yes. What a great photo.  
Did you take it?  
Yes, I did. Thank you.  
You know, up until my article  
ran, I was the only one  
who knew how in love  
Mr. Walker and Miss Dawson were.  
Well, I told  
my best friend Jennifer.  
And then yesterday...  
- What happened yesterday?  
- Well, they broke up.

Actually, he broke up with her.

Miss Dawson was really upset.

- You witnessed this?

- Well, they were arguing,  
and she said one of them  
would have to leave Millington,  
and it wasn't gonna be her.

You know,

she might be a big help.

I'll be in touch

if I have any further questions.

Um, Detective Potter, sir,

has anyone ever told you you'd  
look better without the knobs?

Uh... no.

Well, I really think

you should consider it.

Uh, that'll be all, Miss Gold.

Thank you for your time.

The pleasure was mine.

Miss Dawson. I'm Detective Potter.

Please have a seat.

Did you find him?

No, not yet.

So who are you

eavesdropping on this time?

Shh. There's a detective  
in there with Miss Dawson.

I have it

from more than one source

that you and Mr. Walker

had romantic ties.

- Is that true?

- Yes, it is.

When'd you last see Mr. Walker?

Um...

- Well, yesterday afternoon.

- Mm-hmm.

Did he seem angry?

Was he upset?

He was perfectly fine.

Really? I learned from one  
of your students that you had  
an altercation

with Mr. Walker yesterday  
and threatened him  
if he did not leave this school.  
Is that accurate?  
Would you mind coming downtown  
with me for further questioning?  
Think I'd better contact my lawyer.  
Oh, no. That detective thinks  
that Miss Dawson has something  
to do with Mr. Walker's disappearance,  
and it's my fault.  
Don't flatter yourself. She's the  
lead suspect, without your big mouth.  
The only thing she is guilty of is  
loving him. That's definitely a crime.  
Why can't you tell it like it is?  
She threatened him. We both heard it.  
She didn't. She said this school  
wasn't big enough for the two of them.  
Besides, she's too petite to murder.  
Well, didn't you ever  
hear of Lizzie Borden?  
I think I've heard of Dizzie Borden.  
Look, I don't believe  
Miss Dawson killed Mr. Walker.  
So who did?  
I don't know. Who said he  
was murdered? There's no body.  
They found his car,  
but no Mr. Walker.  
Anything could've happened.  
He could've been taken hostage.  
Okay, Nancy Drew, I think you  
been sleuthing around a little too long.  
I'm gonna get to the bottom of this,  
and it's gonna front-page news.  
You don't know the first thing  
about Walker.  
I'm the only one who knows him,  
much less cares about him.  
You know, you're right.  
As much as it pains me  
to say this, Jack,  
I think we should team up

and investigate this together.

- What's the point of that?

- Two heads are better than one.

If you help me, I know we can crack this case wide open.

Are you serious?

If you care about Walker, you have a funny way of showing it.

Are you just gonna sit back and do nothing?

Oh, man. How can someone so selfish make me feel so guilty?

It's a gift.

Okay, but you gotta promise not to tell anyone, right?

Relax. Who am I gonna tell?

- Oh, I knew it.

- Knew what?

- That you liked him.

- Come on. This is strictly business.

I told Jack I'd call tomorrow with the time we'd meet.

You've got his number?

Mm-hmm. Cute.

So, Jen, what do you know about Jack?

Not much. I'm not interested, but you should be.

- What?

- Get a clue. He likes you.

That's why he treats you like a reject from the outlet mall.

- Thanks.

- Oh, come on, I think he's kinda cute.

He's tall, mysterious. Just your type.

That's not possible, Jen.

I don't have a type.

Hey, Dad.

Hey, honey. How was school?

Okay.

So, have you heard any news about Mr. Walker?

They won't tell us anything at school.

I did hear they sent  
more divers to investigate  
the area where  
they retrieved his car,  
but I don't think they're gonna  
find much. There's a strong current.  
If you were covering this story,  
where would you start?  
Well, a good reporter always starts  
by looking into the subject's  
background for information.  
What kind?  
Anything out of the ordinary,  
'cause sometimes when  
you compile a lot of facts,  
- it leads to answers.  
- That sounds like detective work.  
Good reporters are like detectives.  
But they can't rely on police alone.  
They've gotta do  
their own investigation.  
- Yeah. That really makes sense.  
- Hmm. No, wait a minute.  
I can see your wheels turning.  
Mr. Walker's disappearance  
is not a human interest piece.  
It's a serious case.  
Which means I don't  
want you to get involved.  
Come on, Dad. I was just curious.  
Don't worry. Hakuna Matata.  
- Who goes there?  
- Who do you think?  
Be nice or get lost.  
May I please come in?  
What do you want?  
Oh, nothing, really.  
I just thought with Mom gone,  
I'd check on you, see how you're  
doing. You know, because I care.  
- What do you think, I'm an idiot?  
- Well, actually...  
I like what you've  
done with the place.



But what's all this junk for?  
It's not junk. It's important stuff.  
This is important?  
It's a stealth listening device.  
It means secret.  
Listen through here.  
Put it on your ear.  
- Hey!  
- Ow!  
Pretty cool, huh? And this is my  
favorite. A wrist walkie-talkie.  
You've gotta have it for hands-free  
agent-to-agent communication.  
Where do you get all  
this stuff from, anyway?  
- The corner spy shop.  
- Never heard of it.  
It's right across the street  
from where Ma takes Pilates.  
This stuff is amazing.  
- Hey!  
- Look, silly.  
Hey, that's cool.  
How'd you figure that out?  
My dorky sister has  
something like it at home.  
Can I help you guys?  
Uh, yes. We're lookin'  
for some spy equipment.  
You've come to the right place.  
Let me show you something.  
Rear-view glasses. Cool.  
What's up with this?  
Well, I was in the neighborhood,  
and I just thought I'd stop by.  
- What's he doing here?  
- Who?  
Oh, him?  
Yeah, that would be  
the "he" I'm referring to.  
There's actually  
a really good reason why...  
Hear me out, Lexy. Look,  
it's only a matter of time

before Dan Rather and Diane Sawyer show up to cover Mr. Walker's disappearance, but... I'm gonna have the exclusive story. You're gonna have the story? It's my story. Hey, what's goin' on? What are they doin' here? Yeah, what are you guys doing here? In about two seconds, you both are gonna worship me. Are you ready? Gabe lives across the street from Miss Dawson. And your point is? Well, if we watch her for a few days and nothing suspicious takes place, maybe we can clear her name. Or prove she had something to do with Walker's disappearance. Exactly. Cool camera. Make yourselves at home, guys. I'll get the menu book, and we can order some lunch. Wow. So this is how the other half lives. Okay, so, um, what's next, Lex? Okay, our mission is to identify any suspicious activity or clues that might tell us what happened to Walker. All right. Even though we have this equipment, nothing can substitute for eyes, ears and intuition. That's right. I think we should divide and conquer. Good idea. I propose that Jennifer and I go to Walker's house to search for clues while you two go to Gabe's and keep watch over Dawson's place. - Did you get Walker's address?

- Yeah, it's in Carroll Gardens.  
That's in Brooklyn.  
Brooklyn? I am not  
schlepping out to Brooklyn.  
Jennifer, a good spy does not  
question her assignment.  
So what?  
I'm not a good spy. I'll live.  
I guess I'm going with you.  
Oh, I was afraid of that.  
- What are you doing?  
- What does it look like I'm doing?  
Calling a car.  
You crazy? The big game's tonight.  
Traffic's gonna be bumper-to-bumper.  
Showing up in a  
big hunkin' Richmobile,  
we'll stick out  
like two sore thumbs.  
I say the subway's the only way to go.  
Darn! You made me  
dial the wrong number.  
Right. I made you  
dial the wrong number.  
You've never been on  
the subway, have you?  
Please! Of course I have.  
I take it all the time.  
Uh-huh. So let's go.  
Lexy!  
Jen, come on up.  
Okay, this is so not a photo op.  
Okay, come on. Let's go.  
Hold on, I'm just making  
some technical adjustments.  
All right.  
Okay.  
Wow, this is some library.  
Huh? Oh, yeah, it's my,  
uh, lifetime collection.  
"Gabe's Birth"?  
You mean, you even  
have that on tape?  
Oh, yeah. My dad just

got me started really young,  
- and I've been recording things since.  
- Impressive.  
Okay.  
Everything's about set up.  
- And... action.  
- Oh, this is so exciting.  
Maybe she's not home.  
Yeah, yeah, you...  
You just have to sit  
and wait and... yeah.  
Yes, I made it.  
I can't wait to tell Jennifer.  
Wow.  
How interesting.  
What a riot. I mean, who knew?  
Okay. It's this way.  
Uh, actually, it's this way.  
Pardon me, but do you see  
this paper in my hands?  
It's called a map,  
and according to it,  
- Mr. Walker's house is that way.  
- Right.  
Well, you know, first of all...  
Here you go. And second  
of all, it's that way.  
I've been there before.  
Look! She's home.  
I love this exercise tape!  
Are you crazy?  
She might be a murderer.  
I feel like a store mannequin.  
You mean like a dummy on display.  
Uh, excuse us, sir.  
Hey, didn't that man's coat  
look like the one  
that Mr. Walker used to wear?  
I don't know. I didn't notice.  
I'm sure that was  
Mr. Walker's coat.  
How many of those hideous green frocks  
could there be in one city?  
Yeah, at the beginning

of the school year,  
I came here to pick up Mr. Walker's  
old computer. He was giving it to me.  
That's it right there.  
I'll call you later.

- Oh, my gosh. Look!  
- It's Miss Stern.  
I'm surprised she  
doesn't have a nosebleed  
from being south of 14th Street.

- Funny, you don't have a nosebleed.  
- Ha-ha.

What's Miss Stern  
doing at Mr. Walker's?  
Wait a minute. I did see them  
having a weird conversation  
the day before he disappeared.

- Yeah?  
- Well, that's sort of suspicious.  
Suspicious of what?  
I don't know.  
I'm just pointing it out.  
Let's, uh, check out Mr. Walker's.  
Should we go in?  
Well, we, uh, came all  
the way over here, didn't we?  
It's as if he were just here.  
You know, I really like  
this sleuthing thing.  
I think I could be pretty good at it.  
Uh, okay, I'm scared. Let's go.  
Whoa, we just got here.  
Let's look around a bit.  
Right.  
Look at this. "N.P."  
I wonder what that stands for.  
Gabe, look! Gabe.  
Who is that?  
Mr. Goldblum?  
Detective Meany.  
And you two are  
on private property.  
Do you realize  
that's against the law?

- No. No, sir.  
- No, we didn't. Of course not.  
It is. Now who are you,  
and what are you doing here?  
I'm Lexy Gold  
and this is Jack Downey.  
We're students of Mr. Walker's.  
Is he alive, sir?  
That's... police business,  
but if you know anything  
about his disappearance,  
I suggest you tell me now.  
Oh, w-we don't...  
we don't know anything, sir.  
Are you absolutely  
positive about that?  
Of course we're  
absolutely positive about that.  
Hmm.  
Do you have the time?  
Yeah, it's, uh...  
It's half past 3:00.  
How long have you been doing  
this? You know, police work?  
Did you say it's half past 3:00?  
'Cause we're late for dinner.  
It's a little early  
for dinner, isn't it, Jack?  
Well, did you know that it's better  
to eat big meals early in the day?  
- It's good for your digestive system.  
- No. I didn't know that.  
So, uh, we gotta get  
all the way across town...  
Uh, so, we-we got to go.  
Well, I guess we'll be  
seeing you, detective.  
Right. Uh, so, we-we  
gotta go. Uh, goodbye.  
Have you completely lost your mind?  
I've never seen this side of  
you. You're scared, aren't you?  
I'm not scared. I didn't wanna upset  
the detective. He seemed kinda strange.

- That's because he was not a detective.

- What? And you know this because?

Because a New York detective  
could never afford  
a platinum watch, a Pumoni suit  
and alligator boots.

Huh? A private detective  
can have wealthy clients  
and tons of money,  
especially in New York.

Maybe, maybe not.

Besides, how can you tell  
a Pumoni suit from across the room?

Trust me, I can spot  
a knockoff from a mile away.

And that was the real thing.

Same with the watch. The best.

Platinum band, 18-carat accents  
and mother-of-pearl dials

that allow you to check  
any two time zones simultaneously.

It's the ultimate in chic. Just call it  
my New York sensibility hard at work.

Wow, who'd of thought that your  
insane obsession with material objects

- would come in handy?

- I'll take that as a compliment.

Hey, do you think that  
Miss Stern and this Meany guy  
are in on something together?

I don't know, but let's  
run a check on him.

Good idea. We'll go back to my house.

Nah, we're going to my place.

It's right here.

You live in Brooklyn?

Why didn't you say so?

No one ever asked. Everyone  
assumes if you go to Millington,  
you have a doorman and  
a summer house and all that.

We don't.

I'm at Millington on a scholarship.

Really?

Hi, Mrs. Jenrette.

- Hi, Jack.

- Yeah, really.

Look, Brooklyn's not fancy  
like the Upper East Side, okay?  
I like it here. Everybody's cool.

I bet you don't know  
your neighbors, right?

We don't have neighbors,  
we own the whole floor.

But I did meet the people below us  
when I overflowed the bathtub once.

Right. Overflowed  
the bathtub. Come on.

Hey, Ma, I'm home!

Hello.

What's your mom doing home  
in the middle of the day?  
She's an emergency-room nurse.  
She works the night shift.  
She's got the days off.

Really?

Something smells amazing.  
Yeah, she's a great cook.

- She cooks?

- Yeah. Come on.

- Hello.

- Hi, Ma.

Uh, this is my friend  
Lexy from school.

Hello, Lexy.

Nice to meet you.

You, too, Mrs. Downey.

I'm running behind.

Would you do the dishes later?

Yeah, sure, Ma.

Would you like a lemon square?

Mmm.

- This is delicious.

- Thank you.

So, what are  
you two working on?

- Uh, it's just a...

- School project.



A school project. Right.

So we'll be upstairs.

Oh, all right.

- Okay.

- Nice to meet you, Lexy.

You, too.

That's my brother.

- You have a brother?

- Yeah, that's Todd.

- Does he live here?

- Nah.

- Where is he?

- He's in the navy.

Oh, really?

Yeah. He's, uh,

stationed in Hawaii.

It's so wonderful there.

The Grand Makiki is to die for.

I had the best facial ever,

last time I was there.

What's your favorite island?

I wouldn't know.

I've never been to Hawaii.

Oh.

Todd and I used to share  
this room before he went away.

- You must miss him.

- Yeah, I do.

So where's your dad?

Well, he-he died  
a couple years ago.

Oh, my gosh.

I'm so sorry, Jack.

No, it's okay. Well,  
he was sick for a long time,  
but we took  
good care of him.

Must've been really hard.

It, uh... It was really okay.

I loved my dad.

Yeah, uh, let's  
check out Meany, huh?

Here.

So, what are all

these trophies for?

I like to bowl.

I hear that you have to wear shoes  
that other people have worn.

Real bowlers have their own shoes.

I'm not sure, but I think they have  
their own socks and underwear too.

But that's the really good bowlers.

Is this the computer  
that Mr. Walker gave you?

- Mm-hmm.

- I can see why. It's ancient.

It looks like there's  
a Charles Meany licensed  
as a New York State  
private detective.

Well, there could be  
more than one Charles Meany,  
or he could be lying.

Or this could be  
the Charles Meany we met today.

It could be.

- That's not possible.

- What's not possible?

I have an e-mail.

Oh, yes, that is a surprise,  
but you must have some friends.

Who's it from?

It's from Mr. Walker.

What? Wait a minute.

Hold on. What is that?

It's a letter of  
recommendation he promised  
for my Millington  
scholarship renewal.

This is so weird. The letter  
was dated four days ago,  
but it wasn't sent until yesterday.

How does  
a dead man send e-mail?

- Lexy, I just thought of something.

- What?

- Well, this was Mr. Walker's computer.

- Yeah.

Look at this.

"Nicholas Petrossian. " N.P.

The initials on the briefcase  
at Mr. Walker's house.

Lexy's paging us to meet her  
back at her place.

And watching Miss Dawson  
was getting so good.

Okay, I'd better leave the camera  
running so we can check it out later.

Let's see if anything happens.

Whoa, so Mr. Walker's real  
name is Nicholas Petrossian?

Well, you can't blame him  
for changing a name like that.

- Hey, you think I could change my name?

- Sure, why not?

Okay, you guys,  
let's review today's developments.

Now, we saw Miss Stern  
leave Mr. Walker...

Petrossian's apartment in Brooklyn,  
where a dubious detective  
claimed to be "on the case. "

Goldblum was in  
Miss Dawson's apartment.

And some homeless guy in Brooklyn  
was wearing Mr. Walker's jacket.

That is so bizarre.

Oh, what was Miss Stern wearing?

It was hard to tell.

Excuse me. Who cares?

- Can we continue?

- Whatever.

- Go right ahead.

- Okay.

We don't know why Miss Stern  
was at Mr. Walker's apartment.

Let's not forget she had an argument  
with Mr. Walker before he disappeared.

- Yeah.

- Totally fishy.

My thought exactly, Jen.

Now, this detective, it was...

Well, what's wrong with him?

Well, nothing really.

He was just sort of creepy,  
and he dressed way too  
flashy to be a detective.

Cameron Diaz dressed pretty  
flashy in Charlie's Angels.

Jen...

Okay. It looks like

Mr. Goldblum is somehow, uh...

...involved with Miss Dawson?

But yesterday,

Mr. Walker broke her heart.

- And then she threatened him.

- Juicy, isn't it?

Maybe Goldblum and Dawson  
conspired to get rid of Walker.

What's their motive?

Because he was at Dawson's house...

With his arm around her.

Mm-hmm.

He was jealous.

But how do we explain  
this homeless guy?

I don't know, but there  
can't be more than one

hideous Aussie coat

like that in New York City.

Maybe the guy just found it.

- No way.

- What you got here, Jack?

I ran a search on Petrossian, and  
this came up in The Arizona Dispatch.

"Nicholas Petrossian, a banker,  
mysteriously disappeared,  
and he may be dead.

Recently, he was charged  
with fraud and embezzlement. "

"Petrossian is survived by his  
mother who resides in Brighton Beach. "

I say we pay her a visit.

Sure. I'll work on  
getting her address.

You should have seen my outfit. It was

so cute that everyone stared at me.  
I wore these adorable  
black Capri pants  
with this leopard-print T-shirt  
and these chunky shoes...  
Hmm. Maybe I've  
underestimated Jack all this time.  
I mean, there's a lot more  
to him than I thought.  
It must be hard for him to go  
to school so far from home.  
And with his brother gone  
and his dad...  
I don't know what I'd do without my dad.  
But his mom's really sweet.  
I'd call them your classic  
Mary-Janes, with thick soles,  
a Velcro strap and square toes.  
Your basic Prada knockoffs.  
He always seems to be alone.  
I wonder who his best friend is.  
I really like  
spending time with Jack.  
Oop! Oh, my gosh!  
What am I saying?  
- I got it.  
- What?  
Mrs. Petrossian's address.  
Are you serious?  
How'd you do that?  
I used a little Brooklyn common  
sense. I checked the phone book.  
- No way.  
- Way.  
Yeah, she was listed  
in the white pages.  
I think we should  
go after school.  
- Okay.  
- All right.  
- I knew it.  
- What?  
Come on, Jen. This is work.  
- You mean, it's working.

- What's working?  
You so like Jack.  
Can't you just admit it?  
That's it right over there.  
Oh, how cute!  
They have a wishing well.  
Hi. Sorry to bother you, ma'am.  
We're looking for the mother  
of a Nicholas Petrossian.  
There's no one here by that name.  
It's not a name you forget.  
Maybe if you give it thought...  
I'm sorry.

- Let 'em in.  
- What are you thinking?  
- They're okay, Mom.  
- Don't do this.

Mr. Walker!

Come on.  
Would you care for something?  
The eel is wonderful.  
Very fresh. I'd say it was  
swimming around this morning.  
Oh, no, thank you.

- Hmm?  
- I just ate.

Okay.

Yeah.

That's a stunning  
pendant you're wearing.  
Oh, yeah? Well, thank you.  
Years ago, I found it in  
a little junk shop outside Reno.  
I bought it with  
the nickels I won on the slots.  
I can't believe  
you're alive, Mr. Walker.  
We were thinking the worst.  
Yeah, what's going on,  
Mr. Walker?  
Well, it's complicated.  
I tried to talk him out of this,  
but he's just as  
stubborn as his father was.

You don't want  
to get me started.

- Thank you, Mom.

- Yeah.

Do you wanna fill us in on  
the fraud and embezzlement  
you were charged with in '87?

We found out about that.

I shouldn't be surprised.

You've always done your homework.

But I'm not guilty. I was framed.

Oh, you can say that again.

Back in the '80s,

I was a young, eager banker in Arizona,  
working hard, trying to claw  
my way up the corporate ladder.

I had just landed a really big,  
important account,

and everyone started taking  
notice, especially Granville.

I was on top of the world.

Gentlemen!

Who's Granville?

Oh, he was my boss.

I never liked that man.

Mother, please.

Aces!

Well, it was  
short-lived, anyway.

Very soon after,  
somebody stole \$ 10 million  
out of that new account  
and put it into  
a foreign account in my name.

I was framed for the theft.

Why didn't you withdraw  
and turn it to the police?

Well, I immediately went to do  
that, but the account was empty.

And you never found out  
who framed you?

No. Lots of people  
had access to the account.

What about the money?

No idea where it went?  
Not a clue.  
I sure wish I did, though.  
How does \$10 million  
just disappear?  
I knew that the police  
would soon show up, so I ran,  
but someone came after me  
and stalked me for months,  
leaving me  
threatening messages,  
accusing me of robbing  
the foreign account.  
Someday,  
the person who did this  
is gonna get a piece of my mind.  
He's gonna regret  
the day he was born.  
It was a nightmare.  
I had to take drastic action,  
and I faked my own death  
in order to shake off my pursuer.  
Nicholas Petrossian was kaput.  
And you created a whole new you.  
Yeah.  
Uh, Orlando Walker was a teacher  
who had died the year  
before I came to town.  
When I acquired his identity,  
I became a teacher too.  
And I loved it, you know?  
I settled into my new life and...  
...things went back to normal.  
- Then I met Miss Dawson.  
- Oh, she's the bee's knees.  
- Egg salad?  
- Pumpernickel.  
My favorite!  
I went head over heels.  
And everything was going great  
until Lexy's article  
appeared in the newspaper.  
Oh, my gosh. You were found  
because of my picture.



I'm so sorry, Mr. Walker. I never had any intentions of hurting you. I know you didn't, Lexy. Anyway, that afternoon, I felt somebody was following me. And when I got home, I found this note. It had rained and the ink smudged, so it's hard to read. "I know who you are. ...under the palm... ...lobby at... hotel, Saturday... at 2 p. m. You'll pay. If you don't pay, your girlfriend will. " You're being blackmailed, Mr. Walker. It looks like you're supposed to show up at some hotel on Saturday at 2 p. m. If you don't, something might happen to Miss Dawson. And I have to figure out what hotel that is.

- Do you know who wrote this note?  
- Whoever framed me way back when.

We can't assume anyone is innocent until we have this mystery person cornered. If we find out what lobby we're supposed to be at,

- we can find the mystery person.  
- Yes, and I need to be there so no harm comes to Miss Dawson.

Mr. Walker, you have to come out in the open. If you don't, how are you ever gonna marry Miss Dawson?

- I'd love to marry her.  
- Oh, that's so sweet!

Well, we need to find out which hotel it is, and then we can just use you as bait. What are you doing here?  
I live here, you geek. I mean,

may I please have a moment?

The suspense is killing me.

What do you want?

Out of the kindness of my heart,  
I've decided to clue you in.

Come on.

Anything on the disk?

Just air.

Let's go to work.

"I know who you are. Meet  
me under the palm in the lobby  
at the Fairmark Hotel,  
Saturday at 2 p. m. "

- The Fairmark!

- Oh, yes!

- Kids, you in there?

- Dad!

Hey, what's going on?

- Oh, hi, Dad.

- Mr. Gold.

What are you guys doing?

- Um... yeah.

- Just learning some new dance steps.

It's shuffle-ball-change,  
Taylor, not change-ball-shuffle.

- You're such an idiot.

- I know you really are.

Okay, well, uh,

I'm going to go

and prepare for

tomorrow's assignment.

- Bye, Dad!

- Love you.

Okay, let's get

ahold of Mr. Walker.

We just need to stake out  
the Fairmark at 2 p. m. Tomorrow.

Hi, Dad. Bye, Dad.

- Hold up, honey.

- What's up?

There's been some troubling  
developments concerning Mr. Walker.

"Police today have announced  
that missing schoolteacher,

Orlando Walker, may be a wanted embezzler, in hiding since 1987.

A spokesperson for the police department says that Walker faces many years of prison if convicted.

A sizable reward has been posted for information regarding Mr. Walker's whereabouts. "

- Oh, my gosh.

- I'm sorry, honey.

You can't always tell a book by its cover.

Well, does it say there if anyone knows where he is?

No. Apparently, he's still missing.

Great! I mean, I'm late.

I gotta go, Dad.

- Have a nice day. Bye, Gilda!

- Bye, dear!

- Lexy!

- Yeah?

I thought you could use these walkie-talkies.

I picked up some extras.

That's a great idea, but are you sure?

You may need them.

Thanks.

Good luck.

You know, I just may keep you.

Bye.

Okay. Are you ready?

I think those kids are up to no good.

Hmm. That looks pretty good over there.

Oh! Come on, Gabe.

**It's 2:**

Can you stand it? It's 2:00!

Okay, guys. Places.

No, not Miss Dawson.

I left her a message to lie low, but she probably didn't understand.

No. Don't do it, Mr. Walker.  
It's Mr. Goldblum!  
What?  
Or not.  
It's that homeless  
guy with Mr. Walker's coat.  
And look! Mrs. P?  
It's Miss Stern!  
Is she meeting Mr. Goldblum?  
I'm confused.  
Okay, are we on some new  
TV show with hidden cameras?  
Lexy.  
I don't care what the prizes are.  
This is getting too insane.  
- Lexy!  
- What?  
Meany!  
Petrossian.  
Granville. I...  
I can't believe it's you.  
Y- You did this to me? Why?  
I was your best employee,  
your-your toughest deal maker.  
I never did believe  
you were a dead man.  
You ruined my life. For all  
intents and purposes, I am dead.  
Well,  
I must say, for a dead man,  
you certainly seem  
to be enjoying yourself.  
Right. Enjoy living my  
life on the run. You set me up.  
Of course I did, old boy.  
You're such an easy mark.  
Why not make it easy  
on yourself now and...  
...hand it over?  
I don't have the money.  
Well, of course you don't have  
the money, you fool. Just...  
Just give me what belongs to me.  
Don't go there, Mr. Walker.

Just trap him.  
To make you go away, I'll give  
you... half of it right now.  
Half.  
Half?  
What are you  
talking about, you fool?  
Ow!  
Who sent you?  
Ow! Aah! Oh! Ow!  
- Are you okay?  
- Yeah. It's just my ankle.  
Don't let him get away! Oh!  
Okay. You two go up,  
and Jack and I will go down.  
What the...?  
There he is. Come on!  
Look out!  
Let's get out of here!  
Oh!  
Jack! Jack, I'm stuck!  
Jack!  
Come on!  
Wow. Thank you, Jack.  
Uh, come on.  
Which way do we go?  
Wait here, Jack.  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Oh, my gosh.  
Miss Dawson! Are you okay?  
Oof, talk about  
a fashion emergency.  
I receive an exclusive invitation  
for a free day at the spa,  
and this is what it gets me.  
What in the world  
is going on here?  
What are you doing here?  
Well, it's a long story.  
- But, for starters, Mr. Walker's alive.  
- What?  
Well, you're gonna flip

when you hear the details,  
but they have to wait.  
Right now, we have to 86 Granville.  
He's the guy that issued this  
oh-so-exclusive invitation.  
Oh, Miss Dawson.  
Forgive me for hosing you down  
like this, but I've gotta go.  
Oh!  
Are you okay?  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
quiet, please.  
May I have your attention?  
Thank you.  
I am pleased to introduce someone  
who has spent the last four weeks  
living undercover as a homeless  
man on the streets of Brooklyn.  
He's here today  
to tell us his story.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
city council member Gary Eikare.  
All right, Gary!  
I am proud  
to stand before you  
today as a man  
with some small insight into  
the poverty on our streets.  
Do you see this old coat?  
To some, a coat  
is merely an accessory,  
a fashion statement.  
To others, a coat  
is a form of shelter.  
A means of survival.  
This dreary old coat  
is practically the only  
offering of kindness  
I received in the past month.  
A man literally took it  
off his back... to keep me warm.  
Good job!  
That rag, a form of shelter?  
Never thought of it that way.

Well, there's  
a first time for everything.  
Hey, come on.  
Lexy.  
Ah.  
- Ma'am?  
- Oh, get me a cold one, garon.  
Right away.  
Oh!  
- Mr. Walker!  
- Have you seen Miss Dawson?  
Um... Oh, there she is.  
Hello!  
Oh.  
Aren't they just the bee's knees?  
We... We lost him.  
- What?  
- What's going on here?  
Hello. We're just  
having tea with my grandma.  
Come on, guys.  
Grandma!  
Can I get you a Napoleon?  
Oh, thank you, sweetheart.  
Hi.  
He couldn't have gotten too far.  
Now, everyone, be cool.  
Oh, wait. I have an idea.  
Jack, there he is.  
- Go! Go get him!  
- Uh...  
Aah! What's this?  
Ladies, grab your purses!  
Oh!  
Aah!  
Freeze!  
Granville Falco,  
masquerading as Detective Meany.  
What kind of an alias is that?  
Ugh, he was a meany, all right.  
We'll see how mean  
he is behind bars.  
It seems that Miss Stern  
liked Mr. Walker,

and she got jealous  
about Miss Dawson  
when she saw the picture in the paper.  
She went snooping around his place  
to see if he had  
disappeared just to avoid her.  
Meanwhile, Mr. Goldblum was  
being rejected by Miss Dawson.  
But as you can see, he soon set  
his sights on Miss Stern, and voil.  
All's well that ends well.  
Oh, boy. Mr. Walker's mom.  
Don't they look sweet together?  
We just have this teeny-weeny little  
problem about Mr. Walker's future.  
I'm pretty sure Miss Dawson would prefer  
not to be married in a prison chapel.  
I must say, Detective Potter  
looks so much better without the knobs.  
And last but not least, Dad.  
Dad?

I have waited  
years for this moment!  
I passed two kidney stones  
and a case of sciatica  
in the time it's taken me  
to see you in handcuffs.  
I'd have grandchildren by now  
if it weren't for you.  
You're under arrest for  
impersonating an officer  
and federal charges of  
embezzlement and fraud.

Good riddance.

- Someday, I'll get you, Petrossian.

- Sir, I gotta arrest you, too.

You're wanted on the same  
charge as your pal, here.

That's your man. He framed Walker.

The money disappeared  
from his Swiss account.

If you're innocent, Mr. Petrossian,  
what happened to the money?

- I wish I knew.



- Oh, babe.  
Mrs. Petrossian,  
where did you get that hideo...  
I mean, extremely  
unique bumblebee broach?  
Miss Gold, this is hardly the time.  
I'm sorry, but this  
really is very important.  
Oh, this? Well, let's see.  
I've had it since  
Reagan was in office.  
Actually, I found it.  
I had gone to the bank  
to meet my son for lunch.  
There was a paper bag on  
the floor, so I picked it up.  
Inside was the most  
magnificent piece of jewelry  
I had ever seen.  
I'm tellin'you, it would've  
cost \$25 at the flea market.  
- Look. Look what I found.  
- Oh, wow.  
We figured it must belong  
to somebody in the bank.  
But the next day,  
my poor son was on the run.  
I never had a chance  
to find the owner.  
...belongs to anybody?  
Everyone behold  
a very rare Canary diamond.  
It's so rare that  
there are less than  
30 certified Canary diamonds  
around the world.  
With its vivid color, unique  
shape and flawless condition,  
it's probably worth around...  
...\$10 million.  
This is wonderful.  
I think that Meany... Granville...  
...took the money out  
of the Swiss account.

He put it in there  
so he could take it out.  
Then he bought the diamond  
to hide the money.  
I thought you stole it, Petrossian.  
I was taking it to  
a safety deposit box,  
and then it was gone.  
- Now give it back to me!  
- Get him outta here!  
Give it back to me!  
It's mine!  
This isn't fair!  
This isn't fair.  
Give it back to me! Mine!  
You're a genius, Lexy.  
In what part of the brain  
do you store this information?  
The bauble department.  
Have you seen  
the morning paper?  
Uh, yeah.  
You made the front page.  
That's your byline.  
Yeah. I can't believe it.  
Maybe you should be one  
of my career day speakers.  
As a journalist.  
Maybe even as a detective.  
Well, my dad says they're  
both kind of the same.  
Orlando and I want to thank you.  
The police have finished  
their investigation,  
and he's a free man now.  
That's wonderful.  
Gosh, Miss Dawson, I mean,  
I just took my dad's advice.  
You'd be amazed at what  
hard work, imagination,  
and a little luck can bring you.  
Maybe we should  
invite your dad to speak.  
Yeah, that's a great idea.

I gotta go.  
I'm meeting Orlando.  
He wants to ask me something.  
Okay, I'll see you later. Bye.  
Oh, my gosh!  
Hi.  
Hi.  
Hey. Hi.  
Oh, thank you. Thank you.  
Ah, thank you, sir.  
I'll have grandchildren!  
Liking the Dalmatian  
look on Mrs. P.  
Oh, yes.  
That is a tail-wagger.  
Uh, is she going  
on the honeymoon too?  
Bye, everyone!  
Bye! Thank you!  
Bye! Goodbye! Thank you!  
Hey, Gabe. I'm sorry that Diane  
aired the story before you did.  
Yeah, it's okay.  
I got a call into Geraldo.  
So, tell me,  
what's your whole secret?  
What?  
Come on. You always  
get the inside story.  
Oh, Gabe.  
Okay. There is no secret.  
It's all about skill.  
Oh, hey, Jack.  
I heard you got your scholarship  
renewed. Congratulations.  
- Hey, Jen!  
- Hey.  
Thank you. I'm looking forward  
to going back to Millington.  
Partly because of you.  
Well, you didn't have to say that,  
but since you already did...  
You did a great job,  
Lexy, on the case.

You should be  
proud of yourself.  
I learned something totally  
important from you, Jack.  
Things aren't always  
what they appear to be.  
And that's good.  
It keeps life interesting.  
Are you starting a new  
paper handbag trend?  
Get a clue, Jack.  
I've been shopping.  
Of course.  
It's for you.  
I found them at a vintage shop,  
and I sort of customized them.  
Thank you. I like 'em.  
Well, I thought maybe  
we could go bowling sometime.  
I don't think so.  
Hey, no. That'd be fun.  
Yeah! Oh, yeah!  
All right, so what about  
the shoes that other people have worn?  
Shoes. Eww!  
I think I can survive  
wearing pre-worn shoes, guys.  
Lexy, are you crazy?  
You don't know where  
those shoes have been.  
Does the word "fungi"  
mean anything to you?  
Come on, Jen. My feet aren't  
that elite. Neither are yours.  
Get with the planet.  
New York has got to be  
the coolest city in the world.  
It has a little bit of everything.  
Be it mystery, intrigue  
or good friends, it's all here.  
And if you can't find it,  
well, then you just have to...  
...get a clue.