



Scripts.com

Handsome: A Netflix Mystery Movie

By Andrea Seigel

Hi. I'm Steven Weber.
And I play the murderer...
Thanks, Lyle.
...in this Handsome mystery movie.
Enjoy this exciting multiplatform event.
Tonight, "A Lil' Dab'll Do Ya. "
As a detective, there's no greater skill
that you can hone than your intuition.
I mean, if you can't trust your gut,
you might as well be
in parking enforcement.
- Yeah, I mean, go be a meter maid.
- A meter man.
Very good, Detective Rice. Very good.
You're looking at everything
from all angles.
All right, let's take a look
at the board, shall we?
What do you see?
What does your gut tell you?
I'm looking at the boner.
That man's dick is hard.
I think
it's the classic Margaritaville theory.
The theory that states
if a middle-aged man has too much
laid-back fun, he ceases to exist.
Yeah. Anyone else got a theory?
Detective Burt Jerpis.
I know, Detective Jerpis. I hired you.
We see this guy here, sure.
But is that the whole story?
How do we know
that this guy doesn't work
at a rental car agency
at the airport, all right?
And it's his boss' last day.
Maybe that guy's name is Roger.
Roger loves to golf.
So he and all of his coworkers
dress up like Roger.
Golfers. And you wanna know
what Roger always wanted to do?
Skydivings. So they all get in the car,

they go over to the airstrip
and they get in the skydivings plane.
They get up to 20,000 feet
and they get into an argument.
Maybe it's about a girl,
maybe it's about who had the right recipe
for the veggie chili.
We don't know the answer to that yet.
But then argument breaks out
and this guy gets strangled.
He gets thrown out
of that skydivings plane.
Guess where he lands, of all places?
- Golf course. Case closed.
- You know what?
Let's not trust our guts.
I'm sorry. That's not the boner
of a man still livin'.
Handsome! We need to talk now.
Yes, Lieutenant.
Yes.
You didn't fill out
your retirement papers.
- You pulled me out here for that?
- I thought you should know.
Of course I know.
I'm the one who didn't fill 'em out.
Don't try to complicate things
with your sweet talk.
Sweet talk?
You poor, innocent kid.
You just don't get it, do you?
No.
- What were we talking about?
- I have no idea.
Believe me, I'll remember.
And when I do, you'll know, missy.
Connie!
I just remembered what it was.
We have so many leftovers
from Waikiki Wednesday,
I think you should take these home.
No, no, no, I'm good.
I'm trying to watch my weight-

Oh, no, you don't understand.
- They've got thick frosting...
- Yeah.
- ... smeared just the way you like it.
- Yeah.
And they're shaped like beach balls
that just bounce right into your mouth,
bounce right into your belly
and bounce right outta your butt. Hmm?
I'm, uh... There's no way I'm taking
these, uh, home with me.
Hmm? Hmm?
Hello, Candy. Hello.
These are not mine.
That's all I'm saying. Don't ask.
Yeah. Every day's a tough one.
Every day's a tough one,
but it's so much better
when I come home to you.
I love you. I love you so much.
You're so pretty.
Do me a favor. See those cookies?
Don't let me eat 'em.
You hear me? If I go near those cookies,
you knock my ass over, all right?
'Cause you're capable of doing that,
you big fucker.
Yeah, let's go for a walk.
Hey, Handsome,
don't pretend I'm not here.
Durante.
Stop letting your dog shit on my lawn.
- Not hers. Don't recognize it.
- Of course it's hers.
It looks like her,
curled up as a piece of shit.
Okay, look at her.
She's not even looking at it.
She knows it's not hers.
There's no caginess about her.
No recognition whatsoever.
- She's just playing it cool.
- Look into her eyes.
They're pools of pure tranquility.

You think you can read a perp
better than me?
You've lost it. You know that, right?
Happens to the best of us.
You used to investigate real crime.
Now you're chasing around
cheating husbands,
hanging outside of crappy motels
in Venice.
You know what makes this country great?
It's not that everybody's
cheating on their spouses,
because they're not.
It's that everyone unconsciously
feels cheated.
That's right. By the government,
by their bosses, by Whole Foods.
And then they transfer that suspicion
onto their loved one.
And it's that very feeling
that keeps me in such great business.
I'm thinking of buying a Ferrari.
Well, I just put 50 bucks
into my IRA account.
And in lieu of getting a Tesla,
I'm gonna retire soon-ish.
- That job really wears on a person.
- It does. It really does.
- Hey, uh, you got new neighbors.
- On the other side? When?
Are you not paying attention?
A couple of weeks ago.
Renters.
Looks like a single mom and her kid.
- Maybe the kid took the dump.
- I just saw nervous fidgeting.
That was nervous fidgeting.
That's definitely nervous fidgeting.
Of course Candy's fidgeting.
You know where I found her?
I found her abandoned
in a foreclosed house in Burbank.
Buona sera, Handsome.
Ah... Buona sera, Esta.

Hmm. Why are we wishing each other
good evening?
It is just... an okay sera. Just okay.
Well, it just started.
It could get a lot better.
Mmm. I don't think so.
I still don't know what she sees in you.
I'm guessing she likes to be depressed.
I could say the same thing about your dog.
Yeah. We're gonna go back on our walk.
I get it.
Your dog has had a tragic history.
But don't let her shit on my lawn.
Go.
- Can I help you?
- Hi. I'm your neighbor, Gene Handsome.
I thought I'd come and welcome you
to the neighborhood
by, uh, bringing you and your daughter
some cookies.
- I'm the babysitter.
- Oh! Okay, well, then,
- you can take the cookies.
- I'm not opening this door.
I commend your cautiousness.
You seem like an A-plus sitter.
But, as I said, I live next door.
I am an officer of the law.
So you really got nothin' to worry about.
I'm sorry.
I'm not comfortable opening the door.
You think I'm a creep.
Oh, my God, that's the last thing
I wanna be, is a creep.
No, no, no, that's not my intention.
That's not who I am.
I mean, you can go put them on the porch,
but I can't say anyone's gonna eat them.
I'm gonna leave them right over here,
but you gotta do me a favor.
After I go, please bring in the cookies.
'Cause later tonight,
I don't wanna see them out here,
'cause I'm afraid

I'll come over and, uh, eat one.
- Wow.
- I know. I got a problem, I...
All right, anyhow, take them in.
Thank you very much. I'll see you later.
Handsome.
Yeah.
All right, pick me up.
I gotta go. I gotta go.
I'll see you later. Make me get up.
- You know what I watched the other night?
- Huh?
Best movie I've ever seen.
I don't know if you saw it. San Andreas.
I love San Andreas.
You fuckin' kidding me?
Oh, my God. The Rock? Perfection.
The absurdity?
Best absurdity I've ever seen.
Maybe one of the best movies...
Easily the best...
What won the Oscar in 2015
that was better than San Andreas?
Best movie ever.
And all the time he spent in a boat.
He's in a boat,
but he's a helicopter pilot. I loved it.
- I loved it.
- I loved it.
What would you do if you had a partner
who didn't like how loud you talk?
I don't talk loud. You talk loud.
I don't know who talks louder between us,
you or I.
We both talk very loud...
...and I don't know
which one is the louder talker.
Good morning, everybody.
- Everybody's looking sharp.
- What do we got goin' here?
- Holy shit.
- What the fuck is this?
I can't believe it. No way.
Fleur... I think I know this girl.

- You do?

- Yeah.

That's my neighbor's sitter.

I tried giving her cookies yesterday.

- What do you mean, "tried"?

- I tried. She wouldn't take them.

She's a very cautious young lady.

She wouldn't even open the door.

- She knows the person who did this.

- Absolutely.

All right, has anyone else noticed this?

But it looks like her body's put
into the shape of the Star of David.

- Oh, man.

- Jesus.

Jesus.

Jesus.

Sir, can I quit the force forever, please?

- You wanna quit the force?

- Yeah.

Why?

'Cause we're all sitting here casually,
talking about this chopped up woman
in this yard, and it's disgusting.

We're not casually talking about the lady.

We're trying to figure out who did this.

- Sir, I have a theory.

- You do? What do you got?

Suicide.

- That's it?

- That's it.

- I deduce that that's stupid.

- Hey, easy. We're all trying here.

Sorry, Detective Burt Jerpis, sir.

I know, Jerpis. Go ahead.

What do you got?

This is a drive-by, plain and simple.

- How do you get that?

- I'll show you, sir.

Our victim was out for a walk.

A leisurely, late night walk.

Along comes our perp,

driving a late '90s Honda Accord,

purple...

That's my gut feeling.
Then this punk...
and that's what he is,
takes out a gun, shoots our victim.
What's on the gun?
A silencer. Why is there a silencer?
To keep things quiet.
Then, to cover his tracks...
he chops the body up into these pieces
and arranges them
into this religious symbol.

- Case closed.
- No, not case closed.
We don't have a bullet wound,
and we don't have a killer.
Oh...
- That's why you're the boss.
- All right, who's the king of the castle?
The house belongs to Talbert Bacorn.
- The actor?
- Yeah, yeah. I'd bend him over.
Uh, and then what?
What do you mean? I'd just bend him over.
Eat a little popcorn out his ass.
- Okay, I'll do the interview with Bacorn.
- Mmm-hmm.
- Okay. What about me?
- You take care of that.

Ah.
Guys, on the right is the home
of Talbert Bacorn,
the star of Rainbow Squad.
- Do what you gotta do.
- Done.
I'm... I'm freaking out!
Of course you're freaking out.
There's a crime scene in your front yard.
Okay. Do you think
someone is... is threatening me?
Do you think they're trying
to send me a message?
What do you think that message is?
- Do you think PETA is trying to ambush me?
- PETA?

I wore suede pants
at my premiere.
Well, I don't think
that's really their style.
Why don't you just sit down and breathe?
Do breathing exercises?
No, not formally.
Just sit down, kick back, breathe.
All right, let's go. Keep it moving.
There's nothing to see here.
They want to know if that's
a decapitated body on Mr. Talbert's lawn.
No.
She thinks we're stupid
because we don't speak English.
Why would she assume
we don't speak English?
Because we're a bus full of tourists
from Japan who don't speak English.
Is the body arranged carefully
in the shape of a Star of David?
Is the body carefully
arranged in the shape of a Star of David?
Unequivocally no.
What's a Star of David?
It's a symbol for Judaism.
Rabbi?
The Magen David is said to symbolize
the shape of King David's shield,
but there is really no support for that
claim in any early rabbinic literature.
In my opinion.
Tell me about last night.
What did you see? What happened?
You may have saw or heard something
that you're not even aware of.
Ah, so true.
An actor's senses are so finely attuned.
Like a detective's.
Mmm...
Probably a little better
than a detective's,
but a little worse than a blind man
whose fingertips are so sensitive,

he can make words out of bumps.

Back to last night...

- What went on?

- Last night, last night...

Well... I pet sit

for my next-door neighbor,

so I went next door and fed the dog.

- You pet sit?

- I do.

Are you close with the neighbor?

You love dogs?

I seize any opportunity

to add to my actor's toolbox.

Should I have the opportunity to play

a pet sitter in some future project,

I know how they'll feel.

That's a real dedication to your craft.

It's my life.

When you were over there, did you see

anybody walkin' around, coming, going?

No, nothing. It was all quiet.

Not a creature was stirring on my lawn.

Well, I really don't think

the victim would've been stirring.

So you come back from your neighbor's.

You're home. What next?

Well... I got undressed for bed,

and I watched my movie!

Yes, it was on cable.

It's an old movie of mine from 1985.

Patty-Cake. I played Emil,

the baker man's illegitimate son.

- I think I remember that one.

- Mmm.

It's an early work, but underrated.

The scene where I'm crying and chanting,

"Patty-cake, patty-cake. "

I hold up my little hands

for my father to clap them,

and he rejects me.

Still holds up.

So, you're watching the movie.

Did you hear anything?

Mmm...

No.

Okay.

Uh, if you think of anything else,
please give me a call.

Do not text me. I don't enjoy it.

So you'll send me a special police detail
for my protection?

We're gonna keep an eye on things.

Don't worry.

Oh, thank you.

I'm used to a lot of attention.

You do know it's the ex-boyfriend,
don't you?

- Lieutenant Kenda.

- Detective Handsome.

Do not worry.

I've got all the angles covered.

It's always the ex-boyfriend.

It's the old, "If I can't have you,
no one will have you. "

- You see chopped up bodies a lot?

- Not a lot, but I've seen them.

You know what that says?

"To kill you is not enough.

I want to punish you. "

Very personal. Very close.

- Have you been stretching like I said?

- Occasionally.

You need to do it more than occasionally.

Limbers you up.

Hey!

Oh, shit.

Sorry, I thought you were my sitter.

Yeah, about that...

I'm, uh, Gene Handsome,

detective with the LAPD

and, coincidentally,

your next door neighbor.

- Oh, hi. Nice to meet you.

- Hi.

- Oh, shit. Did Heather get arrested?

- Why would you say that?

Sticky fingers. Yeah, she's stolen
a few of my going-out tops,

but it's really hard
to find a good sitter.
Well, I've got some bad news.
This is so brutal.
And then to get chopped up like that?
- Yeah. It's tough.
- Oh, my God. Poor Heather.
It's terrible. And, uh,
what was your relationship with her?
Was she close to you guys?
Was she like family?
She... Eh...
She... she was the babysitter.
But, you know, nice.
She was fine.
- Oh, hey, honey.
- Hi there.
Uh, this is my daughter, Carys.
Carys, this is Detective Handsome.
Did you overhear everything that happened?
Mmm-hmm.
The angels came
and took Miss Heather to hell.
Hmm.
I don't know
where she gets that stuff.
- Kids.
- Oh, shit!
I'm so late for work
and I'm out of sick days.
- What time do you work till?
- One o'clock. Fridays are my half-day.
I'll watch her.
- Wait, are you serious?
- I'm totally serious.
I've got some questions to ask you.
Uh, we can get back to that
as soon as you come back.
- Great. Thank you so much.
- Yeah. Sure.
- That's great. You're fine.
- Yeah. Yeah.
You're great. Yeah. Okay. Good? Okay.
How about that?

Who wouldn't want a real detective
as their babysitter?
Guess you. You're the one who doesn't.
I'm really good at dancing.
You're gonna love the show
that I have planned for you.
Very exciting. I love the arts.
I'm a patron.
Of the arts.
- Take a seat on the couch.
- All right.
Get a load of me
Get a load of you
Walking down the street
And I hardly know you
It's just like we were meant to be
Holding hands with you
When we're out at night
Got a girlfriend
You say it isn't right
It isn't right
And I've got someone...
- When does it start?
- This is the pre-entertainment.
It's important to set a tone
for the audience.
And for the record,
you can't be talking to me.
Whenever I think about you
Why can't I speak
Whenever I talk about-
Hi.
- How's Carys?
- A delight.
- Really?
- She's a great kid. Yes.
- Oh, good. Great.
- Yeah.
- Is, uh, now a good time?
- Yeah. Sure. Uh-huh.
- All right. How was your day?
- Ugh, it was disgusting.
I hate teeth.
I am so sick

of looking into people's mouths.
I have this recurring nightmare where
instead of all of my teeth falling out,
I get more of them.
Just, like, more and more and more.
I get teeth fingernails
and teeth toenails.
My belly button even sprouts a tooth.
It's disgusting.
Have you thought of getting out
of the dental industry?
Yeah. Teeth are vile.
You know, both of our jobs,
we see the worst of people.
That's so true.
- Heather, your babysitter.
- Yeah.
Did she have any romantic interests?
Oh... Um, not that I'm aware of.
You know, she did mention an ex-boyfriend,
but he's back east and he's married now.
- I didn't get the sense that they talk.
- Okay, do you have any info on him?
Uh, no, just that he's married.
- That's it.
- Okay.
Um, was anybody giving her any trouble?
Did she, um, uh, have any issues
she was dealing with?
Well, I... I mentioned the, like,
klepto shenanigans.
- Mmm-hmm.
- Um...
Well, I know she had
a hard time paying bills,
- but that's pretty standard, right?
- Mmm-hmm.
I mean... so do I.
You know,
the rent on this place is ridiculous,
but we have to have a yard, so...
You know what? She did actually tell me
that sometimes when she would go out,
she would get into these, like, bar fights

with other girls when she got drunk.

About what?

Well, one time, I know it was because she made fun of a girl's highlights. Apparently, Heather told her she looked like a bale of hay from Temecula.

- That's a very specific insult.

- That is why it stuck with me.

Mmm. Did she live alone?

Oh, no, there's a roommate, Amanda.

Here, give me your pad.

Uh, Amanda would probably know more of, like, the personal crap about Heather. Most of the time, we just talked about what she gave Carys for dinner.

- That's the address.

- You don't dot your I's.

Who needs 'em?

- Heather lived here in the living room?

- Yeah.

This is all of her shit.

Um, listen, I have a guy from Tinder jogging over, so is there any way you could come back later?

Forgive me,

but for someone whose roommate just died, you don't seem very upset.

Oh, no, I'm really sad.

But also, I want this place to just go back

to being a normal one-bedroom, because this is a really awkward setup.

You two didn't get along?

No, I mean, she was fine.

Like, if you had your period and were lying down and complaining...

But, like, she could also be really rude.

What, like making fun of your highlights?

I haven't had highlights since 2014, so...

I'm not keeping track. It's all good.

- What is this used for?

- I don't know.

Uh... She was actually, like,

a very problematic roommate.
Like, I have my childhood
gymnastics trophies.
I keep them on my headboard.
She thought that was dumb.
So then when I went to the bathroom,
she called me Mary Lou Rectum.
Oh, and then one time, she told me
to tell my tits they could come out
now that my gymnastics career was over.
- She date anybody?
- Heather likes old dudes.
There was one guy she was meeting up with.
I think he was in his forties.
Old dude. Yeah,
what do you know about him?
Nothing. Uh, he didn't stay over.
He didn't spend the night.
I do not think he wanted
to be seen in public with her.
- Why's that?
- Well, that's usually really good sex.
When someone hates themselves
for stooping to fuck you, you know?
No, uh, uh, I don't. I have no idea.
- Also he bought her a lot of finery.
- Finery? What's finery?
You know, luxury clothing
for a modern woman.
Oh.
"Silky Lamb. "
Is that like a lotion version of finery?
No, I just told you.
Finery is luxury clothing
for a modern woman.
Listen, my booty call's
about to be here any second,
and he's my favorite match on Tinder,
so I can't have you fucking this up.
- Okay, thank you for being so patient.
- You're welcome. Goodbye!
Lester! Welcome back, my friend.
How was your vacation?
Had a mind to stay in Tahiti longer,

but all these bodies thought different.

Pretty gruesome. What do you think?

Well, something very interesting's going on. Come on over here.

- You see this sheen coming off her skin?

- I do.

Can you discern that

this woman is unusually greasy?

- She is.

- She is very well creamed.

- This here's a very well-creamed body.

- She seems unusually greasy.

- You don't see this often.

- That makes sense.

I was just at her apartment.

She had an extremely nice jar of lotion.

Are you sure that jar you saw said "lotion"?

When I see the word "lotion,"

I don't forget.

No, no, no, no, no.

This here's not lotion. This here's cream.

- Well, what's the difference?

- You don't know?

- I don't know.

- Well, lotion's water-based.

You apply it liberally all over your body.

But cream is oil-based.

You got to be careful with cream.

Lil' dab'll do ya.

Um, I'm sorry,

I didn't get that.

Can you repeat that for me?

Okay, listen carefully.

Lotion is water-based.

Use as much of that as you want.

Don't matter. It's water-based.

But cream, that's oil-based.

You hear me? Oil-based.

- Lil' dab'll do ya.

- Okay, so lotion, I go crazy.

- Yeah.

- Do what I want. All over.

- Now what's the story with cream again?

- Lil' dab'll do ya.

Thank you. Thank you.

Anyway, she was killed

via blunt force to the head.

You see this globe-shaped dent

here on her skull?

- Yeah.

- Well, weapon was about yea big.

- Well, what about the dismemberment?

- Well, that was all postmortem.

But what's most notable about the job is,

whoever did it was very, very sloppy.

Just jabbing here and there

till the limb come off.

Jabbing. Lil' jab'll do ya.

- Get the fuck on out of here.

- Okay.

Cell phone records, bam.

Okay, so, uh, most of these calls

are to be expected, right?

We got the job, roommate, parents,

pot dealer, pussy waxer.

But then there's a number that repeats.

Traces to an office landline registered

to an executive.

Lloyd Vanderwheel. He's in fireworks.

- Well-

- Handsome!

- Oh, shit.

- We need to talk now!

Mmm.

- Meet you in the car?

- Yeah. See you there.

So, how'd you like the cookies?

Um...

They were great. Amazing.

- Ah, really?

- Yeah.

Because truth be told,

they weren't leftovers.

I made that batch just for you.

I just want you to know that I'm here.

At the station. At your house.

Not my house. I have a family visiting

from Caracas. They're very nice.
I just don't know how they feel
about the sound of gentle lovemaking.
Or raunchy lovemaking.
Whatever. Just sounds in general.
Why did I come here to see you?
That's right.
The retirement papers. Sign 'em, Handsome.
You're not fooling anybody.
And by the way, my tubes are tied.
You gotta fix this door.
Yeah, I will.
It's a booming, sparkling morning.
Can I help you?
Yes. Detectives Handsome and Scozzari
of the LAPD.
Uh, we're here
to see one Mr. Lloyd Vanderwheel.
One moment, please. Mr. Vander...
Oh, shoot. My finger slipped.
- Mr. Vander... Oh, shoot.
- Uh, yes, Sky. What's going on?
I'm sorry.
I got excited
and I pushed the button too soon,
Mr. Vanderwheel.
- Sky, don't push the button.
- Oh, God! Go ahead. No, I...
Sky? Sky?
Hey, uh, forget about the intercom.
These detectives are here to see you.
So, uh, what's this all about?
- Do the thing.
- Yeah.
Mmm-hmm.
What...
What was that for?
Oh. Oh, this? Don't worry about it.
You look great in this shot.
Ah, then again, bet you've never taken
a shitty photo in your life, huh?
Is this about...
...the Lancaster Jazz
and Heritage Festival?

Did we go too big? Uh...

I just got caught up with, uh...

So clearly, you're familiar
with Heather Dromgoole.

- Heather?

- You were seeing her romantically?

No. No, no, no, no, no. She's...
she's an old family friend from back east.
The kid of my parents' friends.

Uh, she moved out here recently
and, um, I was helping her get set up.
Oh.

So you guys aren't a thing?

- No, I'm... I'm single.

- Oh.

- So you're single?

- Yeah. I'm single.

- He's single.

- I was asking!

Okay, she'd be calling you regularly for?
Just to get advice. Check in.
She got real lonely in LA, as one does.
I think she looked to me
like a bit of a father figure.

- Oh, yeah, Daddy?

- Yeah. That's right.

So why you asking all these questions
about Heather? Did she get arrested?
Why would you say that?

Uh, maybe blackmail.
I know she had a...
a bit of a blackmail incident
with her high school English teacher.
You know, I had a, uh, black male incident
with my sexy-ass
black high school English teacher, too.
Heather was the victim of a murder
on Thursday night.
Oh, my God! Uh...

I'm sorry.

What? I... This...

I can't believe this. Wow.
I mean...
I can't believe this,

but I can believe this.

- Excuse me?

- Huh?

You know, some people, you can't imagine anyone wanting to murder.

But Heather?

You know?

But still, it's devastating.

Jesus. God. Jesus.

Any ideas of who would be upset with her?

Uh, no. No one comes to mind.

Wow.

Mr. Vander...

Oh.

I'm... I'm sorry.

My one o'clock is here.

Um, but, hey, let me give you my card.

And, uh, you guys can give me a call if you have any, uh, more questions.

- Who's that?

- Oh, that's, uh... It's my kid, Carys.

She's the biggest sweetheart.

Anyway, here.

Yeah, just give me a call, uh, if you have any names you wanna run by me and I'll help however I can.

I... aim to please.

Oh, give me a fuckin' break.

I'm not buying the whole father-figure thing.

- Thank you very much.

- Sure. Have an explosive day.

I mean, who calls their fake dad that much?

Yeah, yeah, it's very suspicious.

You know, I just, uh...

I realized I gotta go to the bathroom, like, bad.

- It's okay, I'll wait.

- No, you know what?

Could take a while, so why don't you just go ahead, and, uh, I'll take a cab back to the station.

That's okay.

It's gonna be that long of a trip?

Yeah, uh...

- Okay, I'll just sit and meditate.

- Nah. Nah, nah, nah. You know, you go on.

I mean, like the lady said,

it's gonna be an explosive day, right?

- Interesting.

- What? What?

- Hi there.

- Why are you talking to me?

Ooh, the detective.

Just busy detecting, aren't you?

I'm Charles, Carys' friend.

We met while making fun

of the mailman's calves.

Hi, Charles, nice to meet you.

Carys, could you tell your mother

that Detective Handsome's here to see her?

Oh, we're off to check out a four-bed,

three-bath open house. So...

Oh, hi, Gene. Come on in.

Hi, um, I was driving home from work,

and I thought of something I wanted

to ask you.

- Are you hungry? Do you want some pasta?

- No, I'm good. I'm good.

Were you aware

that your ex-husband knew Heather?

- What? Lloyd was fucking Heather?

- Well, he says that he wasn't.

Oh! You know what?

I bet he got off on the fact

- that he was fucking my babysitter.

- So you definitely didn't know?

He would fuck my gardener

just to rattle me,

'cause that's just

the kind of guy that he is.

- Knock, knock.

- Oh, hey, neighbor.

Hey.

Aroma of the forest floor.

Full-bodied. Jammy finish.

- That's what's in store for you tonight.
- Wow, thank you.
- "Wow" is right.
- You two know each other? Yeah?
- Devon.
- Uh...

Yeah, we do. Handsome here has broken up quite a few of my house parties.

I affectionately like to call him Detective Buzzkill.

I wouldn't call four strippers playing with your dreidel collection a house party.

Sounds fun. Devon and I met when I was watering the flowers in this very window.

Mmm-hmm. And I was staring into her house over the fence.

- And then he waved at me.
- Oh...
- I'm a waver.
- Mmm-hmm.

Then we locked eyes and there's a moment where we were like, "We should probably have dinner together. " And we're about to do that.

Cool, cool.

Oh, Esta.

Put that accordion on my abs.

And, uh... a, uh, double cheeseburger.

Okay, and would you like to make that a meal?

You know what? Give me the single cheeseburger on its own and make the double cheeseburger a meal. Yes.

Okay, and what beverage would you like with your meal?

You know what? Fuck it.

- Chocolate milkshake.
- Okay.

I'm sorry, I know you guys are church kids. Excuse the salty talk. It's okay. Satan gets all of us sometimes. Yeah. You know, tonight's the last night

I'm gonna eat this crap.
I mean, no offense to Norm's Burger.
I don't mean that your food's crap.
It's just...
It's not good for a guy like me.
Yep, this is it.
Gonna start fresh tomorrow.
I think that's great.
You can be your best self.
I can be my best self!
- Very kind of you.
- Yeah.
Weren't you just out back there
with the other guy?
Oh, the headset's broken, so...
Yeah. Sort of like old-fashioned service.
- Uh, yeah, a bit like that.
- Okay.
Uh, \$9.57's your total.
I was ready.
Thirty-two, please.
Number 32, your order is ready.
Okay, so this is her debit.
I flagged some interesting purchases.
Uh, okay, you tell me, who the fuck spends
900 bucks in one pop at Hallmark?
Hey? Come on.
I mean, otherwise, it seems kosher.
Uh, this one is
her Victoria's Secret Angel Card.
I mean, the girl could not resist a "buy
five panties, get the sixth free" event.
And, uh, here's her PayPal.
I found something
which I think will intrigue you.
Okay? What's that?
- Did you sign off on this?
- Yeah. Why?
What the fuck?
- When did she start wearing ties to work?
- I don't know. Oh!
She's getting regular deposits
from MrFFF@aol. com.
Fireworks, Fireworks, Fireworks, huh?

He's putting \$500 a week into her account.

What's he paying her for?

I guess it must be out of the goodness of his heart, right?

Where's the, uh, cell phone records?

And they're underneath, uh, this.

And I've got them.

And okay. How about this?

Heather, Mondays at 7:30 p. m.,
is calling Lloyd.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
also calling Lloyd.

Same time. Fridays...

You ready for this?

1:

Take a guess why.

- Chits and chats at Chuckie's?

- Yes!

- Yeah.

- Yes! That sounds like fun.

Friday is the day
that Heather gets off work early.

Nora works until 1:00.

She comes home.

She says goodbye to Heather.

Heather goes out.

Who does she call? Mr. FFF.

That's right.

I think she's reporting to him.

Well, Mr. Vanderwheel,
looks like we're having a reunion.

- Hey, you.

- Hey, you.

Don't play coy with me!

I know I'm looking at two people
who did the hokeypokey yesterday.

- What?

- Bingo.

Okay, you were giving money to Heather
to spy on your ex-wife.

Uh...

What?

I see you.

Oh, I see you clearly.
And let's not waste this moment
of beautiful transparency
by watching you throw
a pile of stinky bullshit at my face.
Okay!
Okay, I planted Heather
in Nora's home to get dirt on her.
We're in the midst of a custody battle.
And Heather would tell me things
Nora would forget to do,
like get Carys her flu shot.
She told me the crap
that Nora was feeding my kid.
She told me what would stress Nora out.
Besides me and my lawyer.
Okay.
Look, I'm gonna ask you a few questions,
and, uh, Handsome over here's gonna know
if you're telling the truth or not.
Uh...
Did Heather turn on you
and threaten to give you up to your wife?
No.
No. Uh, was Heather blackmailing you
for even more money?
No.
Did you like that move I did yesterday
where I made your dick bend
all the way to the right?
I loved it.
- Bye! Have an explosive day.
- Thank you.
You can go in now.
- Talking to me?
- Yeah.
Appreciate it.
Hey, Sky, is that the, uh, book
of all your company's work?
Mmm-hmm. Sure is.
Wow, those are beautiful fireworks.
- Oh, yeah.
- Really.
Very impactful.

Could I borrow that book

for a couple of days?

Well, this is the coffee table book.

Well, you've already taken it
off the coffee table.

Yeah, you have a point.

But it'll go back over there soon.

If you remove it,

then what would I put on the coffee table?

- You don't have a second book?

- No.

We get a monthly fireworks magazine,

but it's not nice for putting out.

You could consider this an opportunity.

- An opportunity?

- Yeah.

To get a second book.

You could get a book

on fireworks, plants, carpentry.

Whatever you want. You're in charge.

It's time.

Hi, Gene.

- Nora, how're you doing?

- Good!

So, I think the mailman put one
of your letters in my slot by mistake.

Indeed they did. Thank you very much.

- Can I ask you something?

- Sure.

Is that someone you put in jail
and now they send you threats?

No. Nothing like that.

- Oh, come on. Tell me.

- No, it's not.

A while back, I was into this woman.

Her brother was in prison.

She said, "Could I look at his case?"

I did some investigating.

And there wasn't much I could do.

But I started a correspondence with him,

and I thought it was gonna be

a temporary thing,

and here I am, ten years later,

still getting letters.

So you still read his letters?
Of course! I feel bad tossing 'em.
Besides, every once in a while,
he writes some nice poetry.
What are you up to this evening?
Oh, well, I'm on my own tonight.
Just doing some online gambling.
Carys is with her dad.

- Oh.

- Mmm-hmm.

I'm always on my own.

- Well.

- Yeah.

Would you like to come in?

- Were you working late?

- Um...

No, I was just, uh,
out doing some errands.

- Hmm.

- Not a big deal.

You need another pillow?

Uh, no, I'm comfortable.

- Yeah.

- Mmm-hmm.

- How about some music?

- Oh, yeah, that'd be great.

Fantastic.

You are in luck,
'cause I just started buying 45s.
Last time I collected these,
I was a little kid.
My first 45 was "I Think I Love You"
by the Partridge Family.
Maybe that dates me. I don't know.
Well, anyhow,
this is one of my favorite songs.
Mmm-hmm, that's Elvin Bishop.

Oh...

Yeah.

- This is a good one.

- Yeah.

I must have been...

Elvin's a blues guitarist.

Blues guitarist.

His voice is very gravelly,
and so, he wrote this song
and didn't feel it was right
for his voice.
So he, uh...
He let his, uh, backup singer,
Mickey Thomas, sing the song.
And it went on to be a big hit. Big hit.
Yeah. Yeah.
I like this chair better. Yeah.
I fell in love
Mmm.
I find the wooziness of that guitar
so romantic.
Yeah.
Elvin Bishop's nickname
was Pigboy Crabshaw.
How about that? Pigboy Crabshaw!
Where's a name like that come from?
I'm sorry.
Wow.
- What's going on?
- Oh...
I'm fine.
I am a bit concerned.
You know, you're crying.
No, no, no, no, no.
It's fine. I just, um...
Wow.
That song
is just evoking something
I want so badly for myself that it aches.
For my kid.
I have this dream of owning land.
And, um,
I think about Ojai all the time.
And in my dream,
we have a couple acres. Nothing fancy.
Enough that we have those,
like, big beautiful reaching trees.
And a bunch of dogs.
And they just run through the grass
with Carys, and...
God! I love dogs so much.

And in my fantasy, I'm not, like, staring
into people's decaying mouths anymore.
I'm massaging beautiful dogs for a living.
It's my job.
And I'm spending time with my daughter.
My weird... awesome kid.
And, you know, we're just...
we're so far away
from all of the fighting, and the...
and all the lawyers,
and just all of that crap.
God.
And for some reason...
in this song, I can just...
I can really feel that.
I can feel what it would be like
to have that.
God!
That's why I'm crying.
I have the same exact dream.
- You do?
- Yeah. Exactly the same.
I dream about the open land,
the green, the trees, the dogs.
Specifically, this dog.
And, uh, not being a dog masseuse.
That's not something I'm interested in.
It's not for everybody.
But, um, you know,
I love all that.
And one thing that I don't have,
that you have, is just the family aspect.
I... I dream of having a family. Yeah.
Hmm.
Isn't it so weird
how you can miss something
that you never had?
It is.
You want some tea?
Hmm?
What do you think about a shaved pussy?
What?
Hmm.
Yeah. I'm getting up.

Huh.

Then she mumbled,

"What do you think about a shaved pussy?"

I mean, who says something like that?

Was she casually checking out my opinion?

Was she taking a poll?

Was she gauging my interest?

What is that?

Hey, look, I mean, it could've just been

a point of personal curiosity,

like, "What do you think

of this shade of lipstick?" type of thing.

That's what I'm afraid of.

Yeah. Speaking of which,

I have a very slightly achy vagina today.

I'm so sorry.

Eh, I'm walking a little funny.

I mean, look, it's only slightly.

Mr. Vanderwheel!

- You're a difficult man to get ahold of.

- His girth is nuts.

Hey.

Uh, heard from Sky that you were out here,

uh, hooking up another event,

and so, uh, I just got

a few more questions for you.

That's no problem.

Tell me about the, uh, Lalalime party.

Did I ever tell you? Uh, you know,

I fucked the founder of Lalalime once.

I got a free pair of pants out of it,

so...

- Very helpful.

- Yeah.

Yeah, right, yeah,

we did the show for that party, yeah.

And did you, uh, bring Heather?

Actually, yeah, I did.

When she found out

it was, uh, a celebrity-packed thing,

she begged to come.

Said that I could back off

on buying her expensive finery

in exchange for me bringing her

as my assistant.

Sorry, back up. "Finery"?

What's that?

I don't know.

But she talked about it all the time.

It's luxury clothing for the modern woman.

Okay. What the fuck?

So I know. Shoot me.

Hey, look, was she, uh, talking
to any particular people at this party?

Anything we should know?

I mean, she definitely was
making the rounds,

but I was so busy overseeing
the Dragon Dicks, I couldn't...

Oh, it's, uh... It's an industry nickname
for grounded fountains.

Uh, anyway, I couldn't, like,
keep an eye on her nonstop.

- There were, uh, gift bags there, correct?

- Yeah.

- From, uh, the Silky Lamb?

- What?

- Did you get one?

- Oh, no, no, no, no. No.

Those... those bags weren't for us.

Those were closely guarded.

Apparently, in these bags,
there was a lotion and a cream
that was worth 1,000 bucks.

- You say a lotion and a cream?

- Yeah.

A thousand bucks.

Can you believe that?

Lotion and a cream?

Heather tried to take a bag.

They made her give it back.

Said it was only for famous people.

- Are we good?

- We're good.

- Got all we need. Thank you.

- All right.

Thank you.

Oh, hey, uh,

so listen, I was just thinking, uh...
I think I'm gonna hang back for a second,
get more details on the party.
Nothing you need to concern yourself with,
I just wanna make sure we cover our bases.
Where is this, uh, gonna take place?
I don't see any space for that.
Oh, yeah. Well, you wouldn't, right?
So...
Handsome.
Ingredient analysis on the girl's cream
came back from the lab.
It matches a rarified brand.
Fancy-pants.
Silky Lamb?
- That's it!
- Of course it is.
- Lil' dab'll do ya.
- Indeed, Lester.
A lil' dab'll do ya. Have a good day.
Oh, my fucking back!
Ow.
My back. Ow.
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.
Yeah. I'll get you some water.
Oh, is that good!
Look at how delicious this water is!
You're gonna love it.
All right. Mmm, diggity.
All right. There you go.
This'll make you feel better. All right.
Let's get some... air for you.
Ah, there we go.
Feel better? Feels nice, right?
What we got going on?
Detective, well!
Come to check on my well-being?
Now that's service.
Yeah. I'm in the service industry.
I'm sorry, did I interrupt your swim?
Oh, no, it's fine, it's fine.
You know, there comes a point
at which one can be too fit.
I've gotta watch myself sometimes.

Yeah, as, uh, an actor,
your body is your instrument.
That's so true.
You know, when I'm performing,
I'm never just delivering a line. I'm...
vibrating.
No wonder the ladies love you so much.
My vibrating isn't something
to joke about.
Right, right.
So I just came by to make sure
that all your windows and doors are secure
and nothing could happen, you know...
Well, this is a bit, uh...
Oh, good. All right.
Yeah. Yeah. That is solid as a rock.
You are good to go.
Do you have any other doors like this
in your house?
- Why, yes! Off the balcony in my bedroom.
- Mmm.
By the way, there's no ice in there.
That's wonderful. After you.
Yeah, you wouldn't want anyone coming
in here while you're sleeping,
being vulnerable.
Oh, God, no.
My emotional vulnerability is already
at such peak level.
To think I'd also
be physically vulnerable?
Yeah. Well, you know what?
All tight. All good.
Yeah.
Well, looky-looky! How about that?
Got the Silky Lamb.
How about that?
You know, I hear great things
about the companion lotion.
Do you have that, too?
Well, the lotion I gave to a friend.
The crme is the superior product.
- The crme?
- Crme.

Tell me about the crme.
Do you see how well-moisturized I appear,
even though I just got out of the pool?
You're a very shiny individual.
I applied just a dime-sized dollop
of Silky Lamb
when I got out of bed this morning.
That's it.
No.
Yes. It's totally water-resistant.
Fucking genius! I swear by it.
A lil' dab'll do ya.
Huh?
Well, this takes over the room.
Look at that.
Oh, yes. That was a gift I received,
when I wrapped the film
Atlas Shrugged Again.
Yeah, I don't normally do
light romantic comedies,
but I felt I wanted to give back
to some of my, well, simpler fans.
Yeah, that movie.
Huh, can't all be winners.
Um, what?
Oh, please!
That movie was a piece of crap.
But, come on, that happens.
Oh, that reminds me.
Remember the last time we saw each other,
we talked about, uh,
your movie Patty-Cake?
You know, the movie you watched
the night that that monster dropped
that body off on your front lawn.
Yes, that was a terrifying evening.
I shall never forget it.
Well, I watched it because
you got me intrigued by your performance.
- And?
- Well...
Well, what?
You were a kid.
What did you know?

Well, I'm sorry.
You don't know what you're talking about.
Oh, come on. Those line readings?
Bit histrionic, don't you think?
Heavy-handed.
It's as if you were attempting to act,
as opposed to just acting.
How fucking dare you.
I was luminous!
I fucking killed it.
Those scenes hold up,
you fucking half-wit!
You've got quite a temper.
I betcha Heather Dromgoole
brought out your dark side
when she made fun of your performance
right to your face.
- Never met her.
- Oh, I think otherwise.
As a matter of fact,
I've got a half-wit theory about it.
I think you met Heather
at the Lalalime party.
I think when she was denied
a Silky Lamb gift bag,
she went looking for a celebrity.
And she found you.
She came home with you.
You two had sex to seal the deal.
And she landed that Silky Lamb lotion
as a parting gift.
She stopped by the night of the murder.
Things got sexy again.
I think you creamed Heather head to toe
before you made love to her.
After sex, you two were lounging around,
flipping through the channels.
Ooh! Oh! It's my movie.
You found your own movie!
You never pass up watching your own movie.
This is the worst thing I've ever seen.
I think Heather made fun
of your crappy performance.
Is this, like, before you took

acting classes? This thing sucks.
Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man.
She had a bad habit of that.
You know, people I talked to
said she liked to do a little ribbing.
I think she was standing about right here.
And then you got angry.
Yeah, real angry.
You shoved Heather
from a dark place of inner rage.
But I think she was very greasy.
Very slippery.
And she fell backwards into your statue,
which, of course, explains
the globe-shaped dent in her head.
A woman lay dead on your floor
because of your fragile ego.
And then you panicked.
And you went to your neighbor's garage
and you chopped her up
to make it look like it was
some sort of serial killer type thing.
Your cuts were so profoundly sloppy
because your hands were heavily creamed,
the tools slipping in and out.
And then you chopped up her body
and threw it out on your front lawn.
Like a pile of dog shit.
'Cause who's gonna suspect a killer
of dumping a body on their own front lawn?
Now here's where I was really confused.
The Star of David?
That one had me miffed.
And then, I figured it out!
You're a self-loathing Jew.
You're a self-loathing Jew.
You bastard!
- You're gonna end up dead on my lawn, too!
- Get off me!
Freeze, asshole!
- How?
- The sliding door by the pool.
But you checked the door.
You jiggled the handle!

That was a fake jiggle, my friend.
I should be an actor.
Well... I guess that explains
why my vagina was achy all morning.
Why's that?
Well, you know, it knew you were gonna
need help. It was pulsing a warning.
So that's your finely-tuned intuition?
Oh, yeah. Either that or,
you know, my pussy can't handle
more than four toes anymore.
I hope it's not that.
- I love you for so many reasons.
- Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Hey, Bacorn, nice bathrobe.
Fuck you, Joe Kenda. Fuck you!
You wouldn't like me. I just lay there.
- Lieutenant.
- Detective Handsome.
I told you it was the ex-boyfriend.
The old "If I can't have you,
no one can have you" trick.
Yeah, that's a... that's a good theory,
uh, but he's not the ex...
Well, yes, he's the ex-boyfriend.
Good one. Good theory.
What the fuck?
Hi. What is going on here?
Hi. Detective Handsome, LAPD.
- Kaley. You know...
- Hi, Kaley.
I live right there.
- You live right there.
- Yeah.
So it's your dog.
- Oh, my God, is... is my dog okay?
- Dog's good.
Oh. What is this shit going on
next to my house, man?
Uh, your neighbor, uh, murdered somebody.
This is ridiculous.
I just got back from vacation.
And here I am, coming back
to all this commotion next to my house.

Wait a second.

You're Kaley Cuoco.

- Yeah.

- Wow.

- I love saying your name.

- Oh.

- It's a delight.

- That's nice.

It rolls off the tongue. Kaley Cuoco.

Do you need any help solving this one?

- No, we're good.

- Okay.

Even though you're Kaley Cuoco
and I'd love to say, "Come on in. "

- Okay.

- It's all solved.

- All right. Great.

- He's being taken away.

This is so fucked up.

You know what... Driver!

Take me back to the airport.

- Enjoy your good looks.

- All right.

Wow.

"A Lil' Epilogue'll Do Ya. "

Wow, I am so lucky that I met you.

Honestly,

I look at your face and I just...

I don't even know

how to talk about it.

Seriously, this feeling I have is just...

bigger than anything

I could ever explain to you.

I cannot believe that you...

Miss, we're just about wrapped up inside
and ready to bail.

Great! Thank you.

You can call me Nora.

Hmm, Nora it is.

And we found this Tupperware of cookies
on the side of the washer.

You taking these with?

Oh, no, those are gross.

You can toss them out.

All right.

Hmm.

Anyway, back to what I was saying before.

I cannot believe you have done this for me. I really can't.

Well, if a person can make someone else happy, they ought to do it, right?

Right. I can tell it makes you a little uncomfortable to be thanked, so I'll stop.

We were gonna have you up once we get settled, but then I realized you would not be comfortable with that.

I don't think

I'd be uncomfortable with-

Yeah, no, I know you would hate that power dynamic.

Me, just, like, so grateful.

You, a goddamn angel.

I don't know that

I would go calling me an angel.

Yeah. And like an angel,

it's better for you

to just stay at a distance.

Observe from the clouds.

You don't want me calling you and sticking around in your life.

I know you would not be comfortable with an arrangement like that, so I'll save you from the pressure.

I'd be comfortable.

It'd be okay.

Yeah. Carys!

Honey, come here.

I want you to say thank you to Gene before we never see him again, okay?

I don't want to.

- That's okay.

- Carys.

- She doesn't have to, it's not-

- I wasn't finished.

I don't wanna thank him in words.

I'll thank him with a dance.

This is the shining youth of America.

Yes, yes, yes.

Ha!

Well, I think I should be thanking you.

That was something.

Hmm.

Goodbye, Gene.

Forever.

We're all good, Nora.

- Oh, okay.

- Mmm.

Mmm...

Mmm.

Mmm.

Ah.

- Oh, boy.

- Mmm.

Mmm.

Boy, uh...

that's, uh, not what I expected.

It is what it is. Yeah.

Au revoir, Detective.

- Yeah, later, Charles.

- Yeah. Excuse me.

Um...

- You're in... you're in my way.

- Yeah, yeah.

Yeah, come on.

Candy, over here.

- Okay.

- All right.

All right, come on, sweetie.

Let's go, come on.

Hey, Handsome!

Neighbors moving out already?

Shh.

It's okay.

Yeah, she's heading out to Ojai.

She got a couple acres

and a little farmhouse.

What's she gonna do out there?

Well, she's given up

being a dental assistant.

She's gonna go into canine massage.

She found a program there.

Two hundred hours, you're in.
It's kind of holistic. She's very excited.
Wonder what kind of money
you can make massaging dogs.
She'll be fine.
It is what it is.
Later.
Coming, Esta!
Yeah. Go ahead.