

CIVIC DUTY

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FADE IN:

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Early morning light shines through the window, into a neat, minimalist bedroom. JOE, a man in his thirties, sleeps in the bed. A digital clock on the bedside table advances to 6:00 am. A low MURMUR of voices from the radio begins.

Joe sits up, pushes the covers down, and puts his feet on the floor. He's wearing boxers and a t-shirt. He stands up, revealing that he's tall and extremely muscular. He stretches, then gets down on the floor and energetically does a set of push-ups.

INT. BEE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bright, late morning light streams through a tall, narrow window, into a room filled with color and pattern. BEE, a woman in her thirties, sleeps between sheets in mismatched bright colors, all under a riotous crazy quilt bedspread. The bedroom walls are painted dark purple and almost completely covered in a collection of old oil paintings, random objects, and sculptural-looking junk.

Two rolling metal hanging racks are stuffed with interesting clothing: different colors, textures, and styles. A dress maker's dummy in the corner wears a red, old-fashioned military uniform coat, tailored to fit a woman. The sleeves are missing from the coat.

Bolts of cloth lean against the wall in a corner by a window. Next to the bolts, a sewing machine and a serger share a table. One of the red sleeves from the uniform lies under the sewing machine's needle, ready to be sewn.

An old alarm clock on the bedside table screams out a shrill BUZZ. Bee groans as she rolls over, then reaches out to turn it off.

INT. JOE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Joe's bathroom is so clean and tidy, it looks like no one ever uses it. Joe, wearing a white t-shirt and khaki uniform pants, finishes a thorough brushing of his teeth, rinses his toothbrush, and puts it back, alone, into a toothbrush holder. He takes a drink of water from a cup, rinses out his mouth, and spits water into the sink.

INT. BEE'S BATHROOM/BEDROOM - DAY

Bee's bathroom is tiny and cluttered. Makeup and beauty products cover every surface.

Bee leans over a sink, staring into a small mirror. She wears an artfully torn white t-shirt and black skinny jeans. Tattoos cover the skin of her arms and can be seen through the rips in her shirt. A tattoo of a snake winds around a large portion of one shoulder, makes a fat ring around her neck, and bares its fangs on the side of her neck. Tattoos of matching fanged snakes ring both wrists. Weird symbols are tattooed on her fingers. Her hair is severely pulled back from her face and pinned flat to her head.

Bee stares in the mirror, applying soft black pencil around her eyes. Her face is covered with ghostly white makeup. Multiple piercings decorate her lips, her nose, her ears, and her eyebrows. She puts the pencil down and picks up a lipstick. Carefully, she applies matte black lipstick to her lips and blots it.

From a hook on the back of the bathroom door, Bee takes down a short black wig. Expertly, she fits it on over her pinned-up hair. In the mirror, she arranges the asymmetrical jet black fake hair so that it adds another layer of severe, scary goth-ness to her already off-putting appearance. She takes a worn black leather jacket off another hook and pulls it on.

Bee opens the bathroom door and walks through the opening into her bedroom. She sits down on the unmade bed and pulls on worn black biker boots, completing the outfit. Bee stands up and takes a quick look at herself in a standing mirror, then walks purposefully toward a door leading to a hallway.

INT. JOE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Wearing a crisp police officer's uniform, Joe walks into the kitchen and opens the refrigerator. A newspaper cutting is attached to the fridge door with a utilitarian magnet.

THE NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

The headline reads "Decorated Police Veteran Wounded in Undercover Showdown." A picture shows Joe, lying in a hospital bed, shaking the hand of a man in a suit. In his other hand, the suited man holds a medal. Joe's nervous smile in the picture is slightly goofy, and made even more so by the ball-point pen mustache added to his face, and the speech bubble drawn from his mouth, containing the words, "Cops do it lying down."

BACK TO SCENE

Joe takes fruit out of the refrigerator, puts it by a blender on the otherwise bare counter, and closes the refrigerator door.

INT./EXT. CAR/FAST FOOD RESTAURANT DRIVE-THROUGH - DAY

Bee, in her goth get-up, drives a black New Beetle up to a fast food drive-through ordering microphone. Loud, rhythmic MUSIC blares from her car's speakers.

SERVER (O.S.)
(filtered)
May I take your order?

BEE
Can I get a sausage biscuit and a
large Diet Coke?

EXT. COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

Sipping out of her Diet Coke, Bee one-handedly steers her car into a gated parking lot and stops at the gate. Joe pulls in behind her, in an unmarked police car. Bee presses the button, then takes the ticket. The arm goes up and Bee drives into the parking lot. She looks up at a sign.

THE SIGN

On the sign, an arrow points to the left, which is closer to the building and reads "Employees only." To the right and further away from the building, "Public parking."

BACK TO SCENE

Bee turns left, down a row, and parks in a spot, clearly marked "Employees Only" against the wall of the courthouse.

Right behind her, Joe steers his car down the same row. He looks out the window at her as he slowly drives by.

JOE'S POV

Bee turns off her car and the loud MUSIC stops. She opens the door and gets out of the car.

BACK TO SCENE

Joe continues driving down the row, looking for another empty spot, as Bee walks toward the entrance of the building. No empty spots are in sight.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Inside the courthouse, Joe walks down an aisle between cubicles. TED, an older policeman in a black uniform, hurries the other way.

JOE
(without stopping)
Morning, Ted. Passed a 586 on my
way in.

TED
(turns his head but
keeps walking)
Oh, yeah? Where at?

JOE
Black Beetle in the first row, maybe
ten spots down from the corner.

TED
(walking away)
I'll call the SWAT team. Thanks.

JOE
Happy to help.

Joe turns a corner and stops at the entrance to a large cubicle. The placard attached to the wall of the cubicle says "Jane Monroe, Clerk of Court." Joe leans on the entrance.

JOE (CONT'D)
Knock, knock.

Inside the cubicle, JANE, a middle-aged woman, looks at a computer screen. Files and papers surround her, but the cubicle is neat. She's wearing a conservative blouse and skirt. She smiles as she looks up at Joe over her glasses.

JANE
(lightly)
Joe! I'm so glad you're still with
us.

JOE
Not for much longer. Once I get a
final okay from the docs, and my
transfer to homicide goes through--
(he makes a flying
away gesture)
--I'm outta here.

JANE
Say it isn't so. I feel so safe
with you in the courtroom.

JOE
I'll miss you, too. How's our day
looking?

Jane picks up a file. She opens the first one and scans it.

JANE

Oh, this is a good one. Our defendant may or may not have stolen a car and used said car in an attempt to run over not one, not two, but three police officers. All of them are fine, but just a tad bit annoyed.

JOE

(solemnly, but joking)
I'm proud to serve this fine city by standing in our courtroom. It's a pleasure to watch you help Judge Adkins dispense justice to our citizens, guilty or innocent.

JANE

And his guilt or innocence is up to the fine ladies and gentlemen of the jury, and as we're about to begin jury selection, maybe you can go let them into the courtroom.

JOE

Yes, ma'am.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A wood-panelled courtroom. JUDGE ADKINS, a middle-aged man, sits behind his bench. Jane and a COURT REPORTER sit at desks nearby. A PROSECUTOR is at one of the lawyer's tables. At the other table, a DEFENSE ATTORNEY sits with the DEFENDANT, a circumspect-appearing man in his twenties.

Thirty people, prospective jurors, sit in the courtroom's gallery. Thirteen jurors sit in the jury box. Joe, who is acting as the bailiff, stands at the bar between the gallery and the front of the courtroom.

JUDGE ADKINS

And finally, Beatrice Smoltz, you're number fourteen, please take the last seat in the second row.

Bee, sitting in the gallery near Joe, groans loudly enough for him to hear her. He looks at her impassively. The prospective jurors are a mixed bag: all races, ages, socio-economic statuses. In her black leather, tattoos, piercings, and extreme make-up, Bee stands out from the crowd. Bee rolls her eyes, stands up, and moves down the row of people, through the gate in the bar, and takes her place in the jury box.

JUDGE ADKINS (CONT'D)

I'm going to ask each of you to say your name, your occupation, and then I'd like each of you to answer the following question. Have you had any experiences with law enforcement personnel that might affect your ability to be fair and impartial during this trial?

(beat)

So we'll start at the back right, with the last juror, number fourteen. Ms. Smoltz?

Bee's black-rimmed eyes look huge in her white face. With no expression or intonation, she responds in a soft, dead voice.

BEE

My name is Beatrice Smoltz. I am a small business owner. I have no experience with the police that would affect my ability to be fair and impartial.

JUDGE ADKINS

Thank you, Ms. Smoltz. Number thirteen, Mr. Riley. You're next.

MR. RILEY sits next to Bee, but squished over in his seat, as far away from her as he can get. He's in his thirties and neatly dressed.

MR. RILEY

John Riley. I work in marketing at Google.

(beat)

First of all, I have a lot of cop friends. I'm Irish, what can I say.

Some of the people in the courtroom smile.

JUDGE ADKINS

(not smiling)

So you have close friends who are police officers?

MR. RILEY

Close? Well, good friends.

JUDGE ADKINS

Could you be unbiased, if police officers testified?

MR. RILEY

(in deep thought)

Of course, I'd want to be. But my friends, you know, it's just how I grew up.

JUDGE ADKINS

How you grew up? Do you have police officers in your family?

MR. RILEY

No.

JUDGE ADKINS

Could you be unbiased if a police officer testified?

MR. RILEY

It's hard to say.

Judge Adkins writes on a piece of paper.

JUDGE ADKINS

Thanks. Next, number twelve, Ms. Evans.

MS. EVANS is around twenty years old. She's wearing a loose sweater that leaves one shoulder completely bare, and is obviously not wearing a bra. Her frizzy brown hair was dyed blond, but about four inches of brown roots have grown out. She's chewing gum.

MS. EVANS

My name is Brittany Evans. I work at the Marina Safeway. And I forgot the other question.

A few people laugh.

JUDGE ADKINS

(patiently)

Do you have any experiences with law enforcement personnel, experiences that might make it hard for you to be fair and impartial during this trial?

MS. EVANS

My brother got beat up by the police once.

JUDGE ADKINS

I'm sorry to hear that. How long ago?

MS. EVANS

Oh, in high school. Three years ago? And he deserved it.

(more laughter)

So yes, I can be fair and impartial.

JUDGE ADKINS

Thank you. Number eleven, Mr. Thomas. Do you remember the question?

MR. THOMAS is around sixty, fleshy, leaning back in his chair with his head slightly inclined. A well-worn polo shirt stretches to cover his gut. He looks like someone who thinks he has seen it all.

MR. THOMAS

Jim Thomas. Retired firefighter. My first cousin was a policeman for twenty-eight years. He's retired now, too.

JUDGE ADKINS

So are you close? Did you grow up together?

MR. THOMAS

No, can't say that. Actually, he's married to my first cousin. That's right. Second marriage for both. But he was a cop.

JUDGE ADKINS

In San Francisco?

MR. THOMAS

Seattle P. D.

JUDGE ADKINS

Do you talk about his work, about different cases . . . ?

MR. THOMAS

Nope. Don't see them much. Went up there for vacation last year. Saw him then, but he's not much of a talker. More of the kind of guy who stands by the grill.

Joe is working hard to keep his expression blank. He breathes a long breath and looks up at the clock on the back wall.

MR. THOMAS (CONT'D)

We were there for two weeks, but we did a lot of sightseeing, out on a
(MORE)

MR. THOMAS (CONT'D)
boat ride, saw the killer whales
they got up there. And then we went
up to--

This story is obviously going to go on and on.

INT. POLICE LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe, in a t-shirt and jeans, rushes in the open door of an office and up to the desk. His hands slap down on the desk of STEVE KERENSKY, a police lieutenant. Joe leans over the desk, staring down at Steve. Steve wears a suit and tie, but the tie and collar are both fairly loose. A file is open on his desk and he's looking down at it. He looks up at Joe over his reading glasses.

JOE
You've got to get me out of there.
I can't take another voir dire.

STEVE
Nice to see you, too, Joe. A voir
what?

Joe stands up straight. He paces to the end of the office, turns around and comes back, talking to Steve as he paces.

JOE
When they pick the jury. The trials,
the motions, all the other stuff,
that's pretty interesting. But
watching people twist and turn, trying
to weasel out of jury duty . . .
it's sickening.

Steve shrugs.

STEVE
Isn't that the American dream?
Getting out of jury duty?

Joe throws himself down on a shabby couch in the corner. He shakes his head.

JOE
That's what I thought, until I watched
the process. It's, it's . . .
disgusting.

Steve sighs.

STEVE

I'd love to help you out, but after that Molino bust, you're too high viz for real undercover work. When's your transfer to homicide?

JOE

(dully)

They just pushed it back to January.

(beat)

Look, Lieutenant. I'll do anything. I'll ride a desk. I'll sharpen pencils. I'll mop the floors. Anything.

STEVE

(laughing)

Is it that bad?

JOE

Yes!

STEVE

Hmm. Well, there is something. I was just going to let it slide.

JOE

Undercover?

Steve shrugs again.

STEVE

You could say that. You won't catch the perp, it's not exciting, nothing like what you're used to, and it probably won't go anywhere.

JOE

Is it in a courtroom?

STEVE

No.

JOE

I'm there. Lay it on me.

INT. POLICE AUDIO-VISUAL OFFICE - DAY

A windowless room, cluttered with TVs and computers. PHELPS, a police officer in uniform, sits at a desk. He's controlling the keyboard and mouse for a computer on the desk. The computer's screen is paused on the fish-eye view from an ATM's security camera. A YOUNG MAN is at the ATM. A sidewalk and parked cars are visible behind him. Phelps clicks a button on the mouse. The man at the ATM presses buttons.

Joe and Steve stand behind Phelps. They watch the screen.

STEVE

Okay, here it comes.

An old woman, slightly bent over and propped up with a cane, walks slowly past the ATM on the sidewalk. The man takes cash out of the machine. He stuffs it into the pocket of his jacket and turns to walk away. The view of the sidewalk is empty for a second.

The man steps backwards into the view of the security camera. He has his hands in the air. He's flinching away from something or someone out of the camera's range. He keeps his left hand in the air, and pulls the wad of cash out of his pocket with his right and holds it out. Then he takes his wallet out of his pocket and holds that out, too. Someone takes the cash and the wallet, but the footage doesn't show who it is.

The man walks backward, his hands still up, and goes out of the camera's viewing angle in the other direction. The screen shows an empty sidewalk.

JOE

I couldn't see the perp.

STEVE

The guy at the ATM says it was the old lady.

JOE

What?

STEVE

We didn't believe it either until we saw this next one.

Phelps types on the keyboard. The screen goes blank, then shows another ATM's security camera footage. A WOMAN stands at the ATM, pressing buttons. Behind her, a sidewalk, then a parking lot with a small tree at the edge. A six-year-old BOY stands beside her. He's reaching up toward the buttons, but she's blocking him before he can touch them. In the footage, you can see the woman smiling at the boy's attempts.

Behind them, the same old woman, with the same cane, bent over at the same angle, walks by on the sidewalk.

The woman at the ATM takes money from it. She says something to the boy. She pulls the receipt out and looks at it. With the boy, she walks away. The footage shows the empty sidewalk. A few seconds pass. The woman, holding the boy's hand and dragging him along, runs past the security camera in the opposite direction.

The screen shows the empty sidewalk again.

PHELPS
I can slow that down.

JOE
To show me the mom and kid running
by in slo mo?

PHELPS
Yeah.

JOE
Not helpful. You can't see the person
who robbed them.

STEVE
You don't see the actual robbery in
either. But both victims say it was
the old lady. And I'm speculating
she was well aware of the ATM camera's
range.

JOE
Can you show me the old lady?

PHELPS
That I can do.

Phelps types on the keyboard. The old lady starts to walk slowly by. He clicks the mouse a couple of times. The shot freezes with the old lady in the center of the screen. Phelps looks up at Steve.

STEVE
Okay, Phelps. I think that's all we
needed.

PHELPS
Yes, sir.

Phelps stands up, pushes his chair in, and leaves the room, closing the door behind him. Joe leans back on a desk. He folds his arms over his chest and looks at Steve skeptically.

JOE
You've got to be kidding me. We've
got a granny on the loose robbing
people at ATMs? Did she hit them
with her cane?

STEVE
No, she straightened up and aimed a
Glock at their heads.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

And she absolutely, positively, gave them the impression that she was willing to shoot.

Joe's expression is incredulous.

JOE

The gig you've got for me . . . what is it? Undercover at a nursing home? Staking out the early bird special at Denny's?

STEVE

I can't rule out the granny's got a gun theory, but the more likely scenario is that we've got a she or a he who is disguising themselves and committing robberies. Looking back through last year's unsolved cases, we've got uniformed bus drivers and security guards involved in quick grabs. Mall cops in parking garages, robbing women coming out of high-end stores with bags full of merch.

JOE

Shots ever fired?

STEVE

Nope. Description of the weapon is always the same. Either a real Glock or a good replica. Similar MOs, same weapon. Just different costumes, all of them convincing.

JOE

So I'm guessing the descriptions are all over the map.

STEVE

Well, it's hard to blame the victims. Looks like the attacker goes to great lengths to hide his or her identity. That's the common thread. A disguise. Other than that, the takes are big, small, sometimes it's planned out, sometimes it seems like he jumps on an opportunity.

Joe nods.

JOE

Getting away with it is more important than the money.

STEVE

Yeah.

JOE

Okay. Where am I going undercover?
Mall cop? Security guard? Sign me
up.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Joe, in his police uniform, walks down a busy retail street. He looks up at the stores he passes: a coffee shop, a Chinese restaurant. He stops and looks at a well-designed storefront.

THE STOREFRONT

Inside a big display window, a male mannequin and a female mannequin stand in theatrical poses. The male wears a purple sequined dress, a long feather boa, and a tiara, and holds a prop microphone up to his blank white face. A long elaborately curled wig is on his head. The female mannequin wears a realistic-looking desert camouflage uniform. She has a helmet strapped under her chin and carries military gear on her back.

The store's facade is painted matte black with white trim. Bee Yourself, the name of the store, is painted in white and yellow above the display window along the entire width of the storefront. A fat bee is painted at one side of the name.

A glass door is on the right of the display window. Another black and yellow, handpainted sign can be seen through the glass door: "Come on in! We're buzzing!"

BACK TO SCENE

Joe pulls open the door.

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

A bell on the door JINGLES as Joe walks into the Bee Yourself costume shop, a warren of floor-to-ceiling costumes and accessories. A glass display case, full of costume jewelry, and a high counter are at the right side as you come in. A cash register is on the counter, right at the entrance.

Bee sits on a high stool, behind the counter, by the register. She wears a Raggedy Ann costume: a loose blue dress and a white apron. A red triangle is painted on her nose and a red yarn pigtailed wig is on her head. No tattoos, no piercings, no goth makeup. She's reading an old paperback novel.

Joe stops and stares at her. Somehow, he instantly recognizes her from the jury pool. Bee looks up at him and smiles welcomingly. She doesn't recognize him. She puts the book facedown on the display case.

BEE
(bright and cheery)
Can I help you?

JOE
Uh . . .

BEE
Is there any possibility you'd sell
that costume? I'd love to buy it.

Bee stands up from the stool and walks around the counter to Joe. She circles him, examining his uniform. Raggedy Ann's red-and-white striped socks and red Converse sneakers are now visible. Bee picks at the SFPD patch on his sleeve.

BEE (CONT'D)
This looks really authentic. Where
did you get it?

Joe is still stunned by her transformation.

JOE
It's not a costume.

BEE
Oh, you're a cop! Sorry. So many
people come in here in costume. I
get kinda used to it. Welcome--
(looks at his nametag)
Officer Simmons. I hate to say it,
but you're not an easy fit. The
height, the shoulders . . . but,
come with me. Let's see what we can
do.

Bee walks down an aisle between displays of little girl's princess dresses and accessories. Everything from Cinderella and Sleeping Beauty to medieval finery and miniature Kate Middleton wedding dresses. Joe follows her.

BEE (CONT'D)
There's always Chewbacca, but the
shoulders on that thing are kinda
narrow. Plus if we have a hot
Halloween, and it seems like they're
just gonna get hotter, that one's a
sweatbox.

(MORE)

BEE (CONT'D)
 (looking back at him
 and smiling)
 Your height would be perfect, though.

She continues into a superhero aisle. Superman, Batman, every comic book hero, no matter how obscure. Bee reaches to the back of a rack and pulls out a tattered pair of shorts.

BEE (CONT'D)
 (smiling)
 It's not easy bein' green. But you've totally got the bod for the Hulk--
 (looking at his nametag
 again)
 Officer Simmons.

Joe opens his mouth to speak, but his expression shows his distaste. Bee puts the shorts back and starts walking away again.

BEE (CONT'D)
 (over her shoulder)
 You're right, you're right. The Hulk is for guys who can't keep their shirts on. It's nice for a while, but it gets old.

Bee turns a corner and Joe follows her. The next aisle over is all Star Wars, every character you can imagine. Bee takes a black costume off a rack and holds it up. Joe looks at it, and then at her.

BEE (CONT'D)
 I know, I know, it's overdone, especially by the anklebiters, but you've got the height for it. It's obvious but sometimes obvious works.

Joe stares at her blankly. Bee takes the black mask off the hangar. She hangs the costume up, then holds Darth Vader's mask in front of her own face. She puts her fist in the air.

BEE (CONT'D)
 Luke! I am your father!

Bee puts the mask to the side and looks up at him. She's smiling, flirting outrageously.

BEE (CONT'D)
 You know, chicks totally dig Lord Vader. You'd be surprised.

JOE

You've got the wrong idea.

Bee's mouth drops open. She smiles in chagrin.

BEE

Oh, my god. I'm sorry. How about one of the Village People? The Indian is a classic. Or do you want something glamorous? Did you see my purple dress in the window? It's a size 22 and it's strapless, so I think it would fit. It looks smaller, but that's because I've got it cinched in the back. Do you want to try it on?

Joe takes a deep breath.

JOE

You don't recognize me?

Bee closes her mouth. Her smile fades.

BEE

I . . . do not. Do we know each other?

JOE

Sort of. You know, this is a little weird. You're not in your "girl with a snake tattoo" getup, but I recognize you. What happened to the tattoos? The piercings? Where'd they go?

BEE

(not friendly any more)
Look, I paid that ticket.
(she glances up, thinking hard)
I think I did.

JOE

Yes, I am a police officer, and no, I'm not here for a costume.

Bee wheels around and walks away from him, back towards the front of the store. Joe sighs. He clenches his teeth and follows her.

JOE (CONT'D)

Could I speak to you for a moment?
You're not in any trouble.

Bee walks behind the glass display case and sits back down on her stool. The bubbly sales pitch is gone. Joe stops on the other side of the counter and faces her.

BEE

(flatly)
What.

JOE

Are you the owner of this establishment?

Bee nods.

JOE (CONT'D)

What's your name?

BEE

Bee Smoltz.

JOE

Ms. Smoltz, I'm here to ask for your cooperation in a police matter.

Bee stares up at him, a glacially blank expression on her face.

JOE (CONT'D)

We're investigating a number of bank robberies. Also, some robberies of private citizens, all in the past six months. The suspect wears extremely convincing disguises during the commission of the crimes. We think it's very possible that he, or she, is a regular customer at your store.

BEE

(skeptically)
I'm not spying on my customers.

JOE

That's not, well, we're not asking you to spy. What we'd like to do is put a police officer on duty, here on the premises.

Bee laughs.

BEE

You're kidding.

Joe shakes his head. Bee's smile fades.

BEE (CONT'D)

No. I don't care if he's robbed every bank in the city, I don't want a cop hanging around in my store. It's bad for business.

Bee reaches under the counter and retrieves a shopping basket full of a variety of costumes and accessories. With the basket over her arm, she walks around the counter and the display case and away down an aisle.

Joe looks at her for a moment, shakes his head in exasperation, then follows her. Bee hangs a huge pair of plastic sunglasses back with the other huge sunglasses. Joe stops next to her.

BEE (CONT'D)

(not looking up)
I won't change my mind.

JOE

I wanted to give you a chance to help the citizens of San Francisco . . . voluntarily.

Bee glances at him coldly. She hangs up another pair of costume glasses.

BEE

You mean, help the banks he robbed.

JOE

No, I mean people just like yourself. He's robbed mini-marts, a couple of gas stations--

BEE

Oil companies.

JOE

Fourteen people, citizens, just like you.

The bell on the front door JINGLES. A MAN and his SON walk through the door. Smiling as they talk to each other, they head straight for the superhero section.

BEE

(in fakey alarm)
Oh, my god. There he is now! Go get him!

Joe looks at the man and his son, happily conversing, and then back at Bee.

JOE

When I saw you in the courtroom, it was pretty obvious that you didn't want to be there. And that's all right. If you don't have any respect for authority, for the rule of law, for our government, that's okay. You have every right to express your contempt in any way you want.

(beat)

You got that right from our founding fathers.

Bee stares up at him defiantly. Dramatically, she puts her hand on her heart.

BEE

(singing)

Oh, say can you see . . .

Joe shakes his head in disgust.

JOE

But you know what? It's not just that you wouldn't give eight hours of your precious time to serve your country. It's more than that.

(beat)

I think you're selfish. You're one of those people who wants all the things this country gives you, but you won't go out of your way an inch to give something back.

Bee rolls her eyes at him, turns, and walks away down the aisle. She stops at a display of boas in every color. She takes a boa out of her basket and hangs it up with the rest. Joe follows her.

JOE (CONT'D)

Do you pay your taxes? Do you return library books? Do you litter?

Bee turns to face him.

BEE

Where do you get off?

Joe closes his eyes for a moment, opens them, and takes a deep breath.

JOE

I apologize. That was uncalled for.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

(calmly)

I'm sorry that your city needs you.
Right now, with my voice, it's asking
you to do your part.

BEE

(with no hesitation)

No. I don't want a cop in my store.
It's bad for business.

JOE

Okay. I asked. Politely. I gave
you a chance to agree, to volunteer,
to do your civic duty.

Joe smiles as he takes a folded piece of paper out of his
pocket. He unfolds it and holds it up.

JOE (CONT'D)

This is when I stop asking politely.

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

Bee sits behind the counter. She holds a phone to her ear.
The piece of paper, a court order, is spread out on the
counter. Joe stands on the other side of the counter.

The bell on the door JINGLES and a WOMAN walks in the store.
She stops by Joe. She looks him up and down. He looks back
at her. She feels his shirt sleeve.

WOMAN

(to Bee)

Do you have this in my size?

Bee covers the bottom half of the phone with her hand.

BEE

(quietly, to the woman)

It's one of a kind.

WOMAN

Too bad.

With a final, flirtatious look at Joe, the woman walks away.
Joe looks back at Bee, who stares up at him stonily. The
half-smile on his face fades.

BEE

(on the phone)

So there's no appealing it? No
fighting it? No way to get out of
it?

Bee listens to the person on the phone speaking, as Joe stands there, trying not to look too triumphant.

BEE (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Okay. Thanks. Bye.

Bee presses the hang up button on the phone. She puts the handset down on the counter and looks up at Joe.

BEE (CONT'D)
She said I don't have to pay you.

JOE
She's right.

BEE
You'll do a regular forty hour week,
all the fun stuff we do every day.
You'll never be here by yourself. I
have another employee, so you'll be
with him or me at all times.

JOE
Fine.

Joe points at one of the paragraphs on the piece of paper.

JOE (CONT'D)
If you read paragraph five, you'll
see that you're not allowed to tell
anyone why I'm here. So unless you'd
like to be arrested for obstruction
of justice, this had better be our
little secret.

BEE
Unless you'd like me to call you
Officer Simmons while you're here,
maybe you could tell me your first
name.

JOE
Joe.

BEE
Joe, since you're supposed to look
like an employee, you'll need to
wear a costume. Every day that you're
here. Preferably different costumes.
I don't have many that will fit you,
so unless you come up with some on
your own, you'll have to rotate
through the ones I give you.

JOE

(taken aback)

I don't think that's a good idea. I won't wear my uniform, but I'm thinking . . . jeans and a t-shirt?

BEE

(smiling, in a
condescending way)

This is a costume shop. You're going to be undercover here, trying to look like an employee. The employees of this costume shop wear costumes. If you want to look like you work here, you'll wear a costume. If you want to look like a cop patrolling the store, you won't wear a costume. It's that simple.

A moment's hesitation from Joe.

JOE

Okay. Your shop, your rules.

BEE

Finally, we agree on something.

INT. POLICE LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Steve sits behind his desk, perusing what looks like the exact same open file on his desk. Joe walks in the office, just as quickly as he did the last time. He's wearing his uniform and carrying a paper shopping bag.

JOE

(emphatically)

I can't work with her.

Steve looks up at Joe over his glasses for a moment.

STEVE

You've worked undercover for what, six years?

JOE

This is not the same.

Joe paces around the office.

STEVE

You've worked with drug dealers, dirty cops, guys who'd stab you in the back for a pack of cigarettes. How bad can she be?

JOE

Bad. Very bad.

(beat)

She wants me to wear a costume.

Joe dumps the contents of the shopping bag onto Steve's desk, on top of the open file. A jumble of costume clothing and various plastic accessories slide out. The purple sequined dress is on the top of the pile. Steve picks up the dress, realizes what it is, and lets it fall back onto the pile.

STEVE

(trying not to smile)

I think that's your color.

JOE

(gesturing at the costumes)

It's just not . . . dignified.

STEVE

(more seriously)

Look, someone dressed as a doorman got into a building in Pacific Heights and robbed two penthouse apartments. Jewelry, cash, he even took a painting.

JOE

How'd he get the painting out?

STEVE

It was little, but it was a Picasso. He stuffed it under the doorman coat.

JOE

Did they get a description?

STEVE

No. No one even noticed him. After the burglaries were reported, we looked at the security footage and saw an extra doorman going in and out.

JOE

What about the apartments? Don't they have security?

STEVE

Yeah, and their footage shows a maid who didn't do a very good job of cleaning that day. They let her in, since they'd been notified that the regular gal was sick.

JOE

So two costumes for the same job.

STEVE

We're talking millions of dollars now. Priority on this moved up a couple notches.

JOE

There's got to be something else I could do.

STEVE

I got no leads. Please, tell me if you can think of another angle.

JOE

Trust me, I'm trying to think of something.

STEVE

Until you come up with a better idea, this is all I've got.

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

The bell on the front door JINGLES as Joe walks into the store. He's wearing a long, closed raincoat. He looks around, but no one is in sight. No customers, no employees. He walks to the end of an aisle, where a full-length mirror hangs.

In front of the mirror, Joe reaches into a pocket of the raincoat and pulls out an eye patch on an elastic strap. He stretches the elastic over his forehead, so that the eye patch is over one eye. He unbuttons the raincoat and takes it off. Underneath, he is wearing a tattered pair of shorts, a loose white shirt, and a vest. He takes a plastic knife out of another raincoat pocket and shoves it into the rope belt tied around his waist. Finally, he pulls out a bandanna and ties it around his head. He doesn't do a very good job. He looks at himself in the mirror and shrugs.

Joe doesn't realize he's being observed as Bee quietly approaches. She stops about ten feet away from him.

BEE

Ahoy, there, matey.

Joe looks over. Bee wears a red satin devil costume, complete with red knee-high boots, a red wig, a tail, and devil horns on a headband. She has a small red plastic pitchfork in one hand. The costume is not X-rated sexy, but it's enough to make Joe notice.

BEE (CONT'D)
 (looking at his feet)
 I'm not sure about the boots.

Joe looks down. His black workboots are not quite pirate-wear.

JOE
 Aren't you going to give me points
 for trying?

Bee nods as she approaches.

BEE
 Let me do the bandanna.

Joe pulls the bandanna off his head and hands it to her. She tucks her pitchfork under one arm and takes the bandanna. Joe has to stoop way down as she stands close, tying it neatly on his head, pirate-fashion. Joe is very aware of how close she is.

BEE (CONT'D)
 (stepping away)
 Argh, me hearty.

JOE
 (looking at himself
 in the mirror)
 That looks better.

BEE
 (looking at his
 reflection)
 You need a parrot for your shoulder.
 And a hoop earring.

JOE
 Which reminds me, you never told me
 what happened to all of your tattoos
 and piercings . . . ?

BEE
 Trade secret.

Bee walks toward the front counter.

BEE (CONT'D)
 So, I need you to go back in the
 storeroom, unpack all of the boxes
 on the left hand side, and then sort
 everything by size and category.

JOE
 Category?

Behind the counter, Bee hops up onto the stool.

BEE

You'll figure it out.

She points with her pitchfork toward the back of the store. Joe turns and walks down the aisle in the direction she pointed. He passes a row of small curtained-off dressing rooms against the wall on the right hand side. On the left side, he passes a room with a nearly solid bead curtain across the doorway. Over the beaded doorway, a hand-painted sign says "Adults Only! Naughty naughty!" Joe gives it a glance as he passes, heading for a closed door on the back wall whose sign reads "Employees Only!"

INT. STOREROOM - DAY

Joe uses a utility knife to cut open a big cardboard box. He's in his pirate outfit, but he's pushed the patch up on his forehead so he can see with both eyes.

Stacks of plastic-wrapped merchandise are arranged on a long table on one side of the room. He's well into his task of sorting items by size and category.

The door opens and ANDY steps into the room. Andy's in his twenties, slim and average height. He's wearing head-to-toe black: a Zorro costume. Tight black pants and boots, a loose black shirt with big sleeves, a black cape, a black mask, and a black flat-brimmed hat. A thin moustache is painted on his upper lip.

Andy pushes his mask up and smiles. He walks up to Joe, holding his right hand out to shake Joe's hand. Joe smiles back. He shifts the utility knife to his other hand and shakes Andy's hand.

ANDY

I'm Andy. Nice to meet you.

JOE

Joe. Same to you.

ANDY

I'm so glad Bee finally hired somebody else! It'll be so much easier to take a leak if there's two of us here.

JOE

(smiling)

That's looking on the bright side.

ANDY

I'm not kidding. This place is never empty and it's impossible for one person to keep track of what's going on.

(beat)

I like the pirate. It's a classic.

JOE

(taking stuff out of the box he opened)

Honestly, I feel weird wearing a costume.

Joe stacks items on the table and sorts through it as he talks to Andy.

ANDY

You'll get used to it. All part of the fun.

JOE

What's that you're wearing? Zorro? Now that's a cool costume.

Andy puts his hands on his hips and strikes a Zorro pose.

ANDY

Don't tell anybody, but it's my favorite. I'd wear it every day if Bee would let me.

JOE

She didn't give me anything cool to wear.

ANDY

Let me guess. Santa? Vader? The Hulk?

JOE

And a drag queen dress.

Andy laughs, but in a friendly way. He seems like the nicest guy in the world.

ANDY

You think she's trying to haze you. You're super-sized. Anything tight-fitting is going to be way too small for you, even in the extra large.

(beat)

I'm going to order lunch from the Chinese place. You want something?

JOE

Sure.

ANDY

Come on out and take a look at the menu.

JOE

Give me fifteen minutes to finish this box.

ANDY

Sounds good.

Andy goes back through the door, leaving it open behind him. Joe smiles as he sorts. It's nice to see a friendly face.

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

Andy and Joe sit on stools at the end of the front display case. Boxes of Chinese food are in front of them. Joe is finished, but Andy is still working on his chow mein. The store isn't crowded, but plenty of customers are dispersed throughout.

CUSTOMER #1, a casually dressed man in his forties, walks in the front door and the bell JINGLES.

ANDY

(to Customer #1)

Welcome to Bee Yourself. Let me know if I can help you find something.

Customer #1 nods, almost imperceptibly, doesn't look at Andy, and heads down an aisle towards the Star Wars section. Joe watches the guy walk away, then turns back to Andy.

JOE

Is this the normal crowd?

Andy swallows a bite of food.

ANDY

I don't think this place has ever had normal in it. Today . . . let's see, what have we got?

Andy looks around the store and thinks for a moment. With one chopstick, he points at Customer #1, who now stands at about the midpoint of the store. As Andy and Joe watch, Customer #1 closely examines a Stormtrooper mask in the Star Wars section.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Pervert. Did I just say pervert?
Oops. I meant red-blooded American
male, heading for the adults-only
section, but pretending not to be.

Joe smiles.

ANDY (CONT'D)

He may or may not buy something.
Hard to predict. Always an
interesting sale, if he can muster
up the courage.

Andy swivels his chopstick to point at five TEENAGERS, boys
and girls, in the drag queen section. They're loud and
boisterous.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Pack of high schoolers just wasting
time. They won't buy anything.
They might lift something, so keep
an eye on them. The only valuable
things in here are the rentals, so
watch 'em if they try something on.

Andy looks around. He turns the chopstick to point at
CUSTOMER #2, a young man, standing in the western section.
He holds a toy gun in one hand. He's silently talking to
himself, his mouth moving.

Joe looks at Andy questioningly.

JOE

What's his problem?

ANDY

Actor with an audition this week.
Looking for props.

Andy sits straight up and looks toward the back of the store.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Okay, here he goes. Wait for it,
wait for it . . .

Joe turns his head to look. Customer #1 stands near the
beaded doorway of the adults-only section. He looks both
ways. No one is near him. Quickly and carefully, he parts
the beaded curtain and walks in.

ANDY (CONT'D)

And he's in.

Two LITTLE GIRLS run by the front display case, turn a corner, and run down an aisle. They're shrieking merrily. They slide to a stop at the princess section and stare up at the fancy dresses and accessories. CUSTOMER #3, a harried looking woman in her late thirties, walks behind the girls and joins them in the princess section.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Future princesses of America. Mom thinks they're just killing time, but trust me, they'll buy something before they leave. Whether Mom likes it or not.

(beat)

Around Halloween, I guess that's when the normals come in. The people who only buy a costume once a year.

Andy puts his chopsticks into his empty box. He wipes his hands and face with a paper napkin.

JOE

Any regulars?

ANDY

God, yeah. Some people just love to dress crazy.

Joe raises his eyebrows and looks down at his own too-tight pirate outfit, then over at Zorro. Andy laughs.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Guilty! Maybe I'd be a regular if I wasn't working here. I'm talking about people who come in every week, asking if we've got anything new. This place'd go out of business without 'em.

Andy stands up off his stool. He gathers all the trash, pushes it into a bag, and tosses it in a trash can. Joe stands up.

JOE

Well, I guess those boxes aren't getting unpacked by themselves.

ANDY

Would you rather do that or mind the register?

JOE

Do you mind if I stay out here?

ANDY

No. Mind the store. Give a yell if
a situation arises.

Andy walks out from behind the display case and back toward
the storeroom. Joe sits down by the register and looks out
over it, at the customers.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Late afternoon on the street outside Bee Yourself.

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

Joe stands by the full-length mirror with CUSTOMER #4, a
middle-aged woman. She wears a full pink poodle skirt with
a tight white shirt. She twirls one way and then the other,
looking at the skirt in the mirror. Her expression is
critical; Joe looks bored.

CUSTOMER #4

Something isn't right. It just
doesn't look how I imagined.

JOE

(he couldn't care
less)
Looks fine to me.

Joe glances down an aisle at MARTIN, a well-groomed man in
his late twenties. Martin wears stylish clothes and glasses.
He's standing by a mannequin in a yellow and pink polka-dotted
clown outfit. Martin stares at the clown accessories, located
on an endcap right by the clown mannequin.

CUSTOMER #4

Do you have any accessories to go
with it?

JOE

(looking at Martin
and not listening to
her)
I have no idea.

Customer #4 gives Joe an irritated look, but he doesn't
notice. Andy emerges from the storeroom and closes the door
behind him. He walks straight to Joe and Customer #4. Andy
looks her up and down.

ANDY

(to Customer #4)
Do you need the accessories?
(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'd do a high pony tail. Your hair's a bit short so I'd recommend the fake one. We've got the kerchief to tie around your neck. I'm thinking pink or black. I'd probably wear pearls? We've got fake ones if you need them. On your feet, pumps? Or Keds, those'd be more comfortable. We've got bobby sox if you want a pair of those.

CUSTOMER #4

Where would I find all of that?

ANDY

Aisle four, right in the middle. If you get to the hippie stuff, you've gone too far.

CUSTOMER #4

Thanks for your help.

She gives Joe one last disgusted look, but he doesn't notice. She walks away in search of fifties accessories.

JOE

(quietly, to Andy)

Do you know that guy over there?

Shielding his hand with his body, he gestures in Martin's direction.

JOE (CONT'D)

He's been staring at the clown suit for ten minutes. I asked him if he wanted to try it on and he acted like I was crazy. Is he one of the regulars?

Andy looks over at Martin and smiles.

ANDY

(quietly)

You could say that. That's Bee's boyfriend. He's waiting for her.

The bell on the door JINGLES. Joe and Andy turn to look as Bee walks in, still in her red devil costume.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

(to Bee)

Bee, that outfit on you should be illegal.

Bee smiles and strikes a pose, holding her pitchfork out.

BEE

Thanks, Andy.

Martin brushes by Andy and Joe, on his way to Bee. Bee smiles at Martin as he approaches. He speaks to her, quietly and intently. Bee nods. Bee walks around behind the display case and up to the register.

BEE (CONT'D)

(to Andy and Joe)

Did you get the boxes unpacked?

Andy and Joe walk closer to the display case.

ANDY

Yeah. The new Egyptian stuff is killer.

Bee takes money out of the register. She turns and hands it to Martin.

MARTIN

Thanks.

Martin turns toward the door.

ANDY

Martin, have you met Joe?

Martin turns and looks at Joe, as if he's never seen him before. As if a six foot four, 250 pound man in a tight pirate costume is easy to overlook.

MARTIN

(flatly)

Nice to meet you, Joe.

JOE

(with phony enthusiasm)

Nice to meet you, too, Martin.

Bee and Andy look at Joe. Bee is irritated, but Andy thinks it is hilarious. Martin goes out the door, the bell JINGLING as he leaves.

BEE

I'm going to go check out the new Egyptian stuff.

Bee walks away down the aisle toward the back of the store. Andy looks at Joe.

ANDY

My man!

JOE

Did he just take money from her?

ANDY

Without even a kiss on the cheek.
He's got game.

JOE

What is with that?

ANDY

You've got me. She's his sugar mama,
I guess.

JOE

What does she see in him?

ANDY

Maybe it's the glasses.

They both laugh.

INT. POLICE AUDIO-VISUAL OFFICE - DAY

Joe, in a t-shirt, jeans and a jacket, sits with Phelps, who is again controlling the computer. Joe leans way back in his chair. He has a notebook balanced on his knee and a pen in his hand. He takes notes as the cop scrolls through videos. The monitor displays a far-off shot from a security camera in a mall.

PHELPS

That's the last one.

JOE

Okay. Go back and run it again, the
part where you can see him.

PHELPS

I'm going to slow it down and loop
through it until you tell me to stop.

JOE

Great.

On the monitor, a mall cop struts along the second level of a mall. He appears to be closely monitoring the situation, looking left and right, then looking over the balcony at the first floor below. The mall cop turns away and walks out of view. He never angles his face toward the security camera. Phelps clicks the mouse and runs the scene again and again.

Joe writes in his notebook.

JOE (CONT'D)

(musing)

It's the uniform, and the attitude.
The confidence. People assume he is
exactly what he appears to be, because
he acts how he's supposed to act.

(beat)

Is that all we've got?

PHELPS

That's it.

Steve walks into the room.

STEVE

Any progress?

JOE

Working on it. I'd say he's five
foot nine, 175 pounds.

STEVE

Average height, slim build. Man or
woman?

A pause.

PHELPS

(not confidently)

I'm thinking man.

JOE

Yeah, me, too. I'm not positive,
but I'm leaning that way.

Joe leans forward in the chair.

JOE (CONT'D)

(to Phelps)

Keep an eye open for any new footage,
and if you have a chance, look through
anything we've got that might be
related.

PHELPS

Costumes?

JOE

Yeah. Anything that might be a
disguise. I need to know every
costume this guy has ever worn.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Plus, if he ever makes a mistake and looks at a security camera, that'd be a big help.

PHELPS

Got it.

JOE

(to Steve)

Any recent developments?

STEVE

Nope. Our costume bandit has been lying low.

JOE

Keep me posted.

STEVE

Will do.

Joe stands up and walks toward the door. Steve goes with him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Do you have a suspect?

JOE

Maybe. Nothing to go on yet, but I've got a gut feeling.

Joe opens the door. He and Steve leave, while Phelps continues to work at the computer.

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

Joe and Bee stand at the front counter, looking down at his notebook, open on the glass display case. Joe wear a Golden State Warriors basketball uniform. The long, loose shorts fit, but the tank top is stretched across his broad chest. He's got a stretchy terrycloth sweatband around his forehead and wristbands on his wrist. A basketball is under one arm.

Bee wears Princess Leia's white dress and brown side-buns wig from *Star Wars: A New Hope*. She taps one finger on the notebook.

BEE

First of all, none of these are something you'd have to get at a costume shop. If you were creative, you could pull it all together from Goodwill, from eBay, from online stores.

JOE
You're kidding me.

BEE
No, and I'm not just trying to get
rid of you.

Joe gives her a look.

BEE (CONT'D)
That would just be a fringe benefit.

Joe looks back at the list.

JOE
What about the old lady? Are you
saying you don't sell that?

BEE
No, that's actually a popular costume.
We stock that at two price points.
There's one that we sell pretty cheap,
plus some fairly inexpensive
accessories. I've also got an old
lady as a rental. It'd cost more
than if you bought the cheap one,
but it's much more convincing. It's
for the serious costumer.

JOE
Show me the rental.

Bee walks away from the display case, just a few steps, to a long bar against the wall where the rental costumes hang. She goes to a spot a third of the way down, slides hangars away from each other, and pulls a hangar off the rack. She holds it up in front of herself.

Under a plastic bag, the costume is a tweed skirt, a blouse, and a sweater. In bags, various accessories are attached to the hangar. Glasses, sunshade sunglasses, a wig, a black vinyl purse. A bizarre looking, beige, padded object is in one large bag. Joe points at it.

JOE (CONT'D)
What is that?

Bee looks at what he's pointing to.

BEE
Oh, that's a pad. You strap it on
under the costume. It's pretty
ingenious. For extra junk in your
trunk, or to add a belly, or for
this one, I'd recommend a little bit--

She hunches her body over.

BEE (CONT'D)
--of a stoop.

JOE
It doesn't come with a cane.

BEE
(brightly)
Nope.

JOE
(forcefully)
But in every other detail, that's
identical to the old lady costume my
guy wears.

Bee wants to argue with him.

BEE
I made this! Anybody could.

JOE
Oh, come on. Anybody could not make
that costume.

Bee hangs it back up. She walks back to the front counter.
Joe follows her.

JOE (CONT'D)
How many sizes do you have?

BEE
Medium, large, and extra-large.
None of them are rented out right
now. They're all hanging on that
rack.

She points back at the rack where she hung the old lady
costume.

JOE
Any ever go missing?

Bee hesitates.

JOE (CONT'D)
Don't lie to me. I'm an officer of
the law. Even if I don't look like
it right now.

BEE
(quietly)
The large. Three years ago.

JOE

Do you know who took it?

BEE

No. I have no idea. It walked out of the store somehow.

JOE

What other costumes have walked out of this store?

BEE

Shoplifting happens all the time.

JOE

Bee, I'm asking about the quality items, not the Halloween stuff.

Bee sighs.

BEE

A doctor outfit. Scrubs, white coat, badge, stethoscope. That was two years ago.

JOE

Anything else?

BEE

I had a doorman outfit five years ago. It was the real deal, I found it at a thrift shop.

A pause.

JOE

Bee, your doorman robbed an apartment building in Pacific Heights three weeks ago.

Bee looks at him. The front door opens and the bell JINGLES. CUSTOMER #5, an average height, muscular guy in shorts and a tank top, walks through the door.

BEE

(to Customer #5)

Hi. Let me know if I can help you find anything.

Customer #5 nods at her and moves purposefully down an aisle. Joe waits until he is far enough away to be out of earshot.

JOE

From what you're telling me, I'm thinking the guy is a regular customer here.

Bee jerks her head toward Customer #5, now perusing the wig section.

BEE

What about him?

Joe glances at Customer #5 and back to Bee.

JOE

Why him?

BEE

He's in here all the time, but never says hello. He's one of those super-muscular guys, so proud of his pecs. Don't you think that's kind of--

Bee focuses on Joe in his basketball tank top. He's way more muscular than Customer #5.

BEE (CONT'D)

--well, I could be wrong.

JOE

(sarcastically)

Thanks.

(beat)

We're looking for someone who's maybe five nine, slim build. That guy's too buff.

BEE

Do you have any suspects?

JOE

I've got some ideas.

BEE

(looking on the bright side)

I guess if you caught him here, that'd be good publicity for the store.

JOE

And a criminal behind bars.

BEE

(not as interested)

I guess so.

Joe puts his basketball on the counter.

JOE

Do I really have to carry this thing around?

She sits down on the stool behind the counter. A newspaper is open on the counter and she looks down at it.

BEE

The prop makes it funnier.

JOE

I don't see you dragging R2D2 around.

BEE

Ha ha. If you'd fit into the costume, you'd be wearing it right now.

Joe hesitates for a second.

JOE

So do you have any other Princess Leia costumes? Maybe the one with the . . .

Joe gestures vaguely and then trails off.

BEE

(turning a page of
the newspaper)

The slave girl from *Return of the Jedi*? Aisle two, but I doubt it would fit you.

Joe smiles to himself. Bee doesn't look up.

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe sits on his couch in jeans and a t-shirt. He has a healthy dinner, a TV remote, his cell phone, and a bunch of papers and files spread out on his coffee table. The TV is on, and the EVENING NEWS can be heard, quietly, in the background.

Joe takes a bite of salad, balances his plate on his knee, and makes a note on a piece of paper. Something on the TV catches his ear. He puts down his pen, picks up the remote, and turns the volume up.

ON THE TV

A female NEWS ANCHOR is reading a story. A still from a security camera is displayed beside her.

It's a grainy shot, showing a security guard in a jewelry store, talking to a SALESPERSON.

NEWS ANCHOR

. . . dressed as a security guard.
The losses are estimated at fifty
thousand dollars.

The shot disappears and the camera angle re-frames on the news anchor, who smiles.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

This weekend's art festival at Fort
Mason--

BACK TO SCENE

Joe mutes the TV with his remote. His phone RINGS. He puts his plate down on the table, picks up the phone, and answers it.

JOE

(on phone)
This is Joe.

A pause.

JOE (CONT'D)

(on phone)
I saw it. I'm guessing you didn't
get any prints.

Joe listens to the person on the phone.

JOE (CONT'D)

(on phone)
That much? Yeah, but I don't think
this is about the money. It's about
the challenge. I think he gets a
rush from getting away with it.

Joe laughs at whatever the other person said.

JOE (CONT'D)

(on phone)
Okay. Let me know. Bye.

Joe hangs up the phone and puts it on the coffee table. He picks up the remote and skips back on the TV to the news story about the jewelry store robbery. He stares at the news footage from the security camera.

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

Joe is dressed in a full Santa Claus suit, with belly, beard and hat. He has a store basket on his arm. The basket is full of costume pieces and accessories, most of them wrapped in plastic. On top of the basket, a feather duster sticks out. Joe walks down an aisle, putting things from his basket back on the shelves, and straightening up the stock as he does so. He stops in front of the clown-suited mannequin and dusts it with the feather duster.

The front door JINGLES and Martin walks in. He looks around for Bee. He sees Joe.

MARTIN

Hey, uh, John. Is Bee here?

JOE

Not yet, but she should be here any minute.

Martin nods. He walks down a different aisle. Joe continues to put things away and straighten shelves, working his way into a spot where he can keep an eye on Martin. Martin wanders around the store, heading slowly toward the back. Joe follows, trying to look casual.

Joe and Martin get to the back of the store. Joe puts something from his basket onto a rack where it belongs. He hears the beaded curtain RATTLE and looks up. Martin just went into the adults-only section.

Joe is taken aback for a second. He puts his basket of stock down, takes the feather duster out, and follows Martin. The beads RATTLE as Joe goes through them.

The adults-only section is not very big, and crammed floor to ceiling with sexy costumes. A disco ball hangs from the ceiling and reflects squares of light on the room. A male mannequin on one side wears leather chaps and a tiny leather vest, and nothing else. On the other side, a female mannequin is wearing a black leather teddy and a mask. She holds a whip in one hand.

Joe looks around uneasily. Martin is facing away from him, closely examining a naughty French maid costume. Joe gives him a disgusted look, mostly covered up by his Santa beard.

Joe slowly moves closer, around the outside of the room. Martin looks over at him sharply, his expression annoyed. Joe quickly turns away from Martin and raises his feather duster as if he's dusting the displays.

Joe finds himself facing a rack of extremely small underwear. Above the rack, one of Bee's creative signs proclaims, "Hot

Pants for Women AND Men!" Joe jerks his duster back and recoils. He turns around and heads for the bead curtain, which RATTLES as he goes through it into the main part of the store.

Joe picks up his store basket and walks back to the front counter area. The front door opens and the bell JINGLES. Bee walks in, dressed in a young and sexy version of Mrs. Claus. She's got a gray wig on, and wire-rimmed glasses, but her red dress is form-fitting, and she's wearing high-heeled black boots. Bee and Joe look at each other. Bee rolls her eyes.

JOE (CONT'D)

Ho ho ho?

BEE

I should have remembered I gave you a Santa costume.

Joe gestures at his costume.

JOE

Somehow mine doesn't have the same effect.

BEE

I don't stock sexy Santa. That would just be weird.

Martin walks up behind Joe. Joe glances at him, but Martin doesn't look his way. Martin heads straight for Bee and talks to her quietly. Joe digs in his basket for something to put away. He takes a bunch of Mardi Gras beads and starts to hang them on an endcap display, where they're organized by color.

The storeroom door OPENS and CLOSES. Andy walks out of the storeroom and heads for the front. Andy wears a Jedi Knight costume, complete with a light saber hanging from his belt.

Andy stops by Joe. He looks from Joe over to Bee and Martin. Bee has moved behind the counter and is taking cash out of the register. Martin stands on the other side of the counter, facing Bee, his back to Joe and Andy.

ANDY

(to Joe, in a Santa voice)

Merrrrrry Christmas!

Joe looks at Bee, who is handing money to Martin, and then at Andy.

JOE
(quietly, to Andy)
Does he have a job?

ANDY
(just as quietly)
He's a starving artist.

JOE
What kind of art?

ANDY
He's an actor.

Joe looks at Martin. Martin puts the cash in his pocket and goes out the door. The bell JINGLES.

JOE
Has he ever been in anything?

ANDY
Nothing you've heard of. He's the struggling theater kind of actor. Right now, he's in a play. It got a great review in the *Chronicle*.

JOE
What play? Do you know the name?

Andy gives Joe a quizzical look.

ANDY
You want to go see his play?
(shakes his head)
No accounting for taste, but if you're determined to see it, ask Bee. She's got free tickets. It's one of the benefits of being the sugar mama.

JOE
I'll get my own tickets.

ANDY
If you must. It's called Down and Dirty. Or maybe it's Dirty and Down? I think it's playing at the Orpheum.

JOE
Thanks.

Andy shrugs.

ANDY
Whatever floats your sleigh, Santa.

His expression makes it clear that he thinks Joe is crazy.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

A small theater. Most of the seats are filled. The lights are down. Joe is in a seat near the aisle. He's slouched low in his seat.

Onstage, the set is an old, grimy kitchen. An ACTRESS is slumped at the kitchen table, hand to her forehead, smoking a cigarette. Martin stands behind her, wearing old-fashioned trousers and a dirty old shirt. He looks down at her in pity.

Martin's not wearing his glasses. His hair, normally brushed back, falls down into his face in an uncharacteristically unkempt way. His normally erect posture is slumped as if he's in despair.

Martin reaches out to the actress, as if he's about to touch her. His mouth opens, like he's just about to say something, for a long moment. Then he draws back. He straightens up, wheels around, and goes out a screen door and out of sight. The screen door BANGS behind him. The actress at the table looks around, then stands up.

ACTRESS

Jimmy? Jimmy, was that you? Jimmy!

The curtain comes down and the lights go on. The audience CLAPS enthusiastically. Joe finds himself clapping along with everyone else.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Act II will begin in fifteen minutes.
Refreshments are available in the
lobby.

THEATERGOER #1 and THEATERGOER #2, two middle-aged women, sit next to Joe. They begin talking to each other.

THEATERGOER #1

I'd be sad if he walked out, too.

THEATERGOER #2

Isn't he wonderful? Who is he?

Theatergoer #1 pages through her program. She reads the cast list.

THEATERGOER #1

Martin Moresby.

THEATERGOER #2

Hmm. More Martin Moresby, I say.

The two ladies chuckle.

THEATERGOER #1
How about a glass of wine?

THEATERGOER #2
Sounds good.

The two women stand up.

THEATERGOER #1
(to Joe)
Excuse me.

Joe stands up to let the two women get by.

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

At the very front of the store, Joe stands on a stepstool, hanging a creatively hand-painted sign above the door, so it would be the last thing you'd see before leaving. The sign says, "Remember: Bee Yourself!"

Joe's wearing a Hulk costume: a shirt, which is still a shirt, but just barely, and pants with big rips along the seams. His face, and the skin visible through the rips, is painted green.

Andy is behind the counter, counting money out of the cash register. Andy wears a Captain Jack Sparrow costume, with full makeup, wig, and hat.

Bee stands in front of the counter, supervising the sign hanging process. Bee wears a Statue of Liberty costume. Green flowing robes, face and skin. She has a book under one arm and carries a torch in her other hand.

BEE
A little down.

Joe slides the sign down.

BEE (CONT'D)
That looks good.

She looks at Andy. Andy looks up at the sign. He nods.

BEE (CONT'D)
Okay. Right there.

Joe pounds a nail into the wall and hangs the sign. Bee smiles in satisfaction.

BEE (CONT'D)

I'm going to the bank, and then I've got to run some errands.

Joe steps down. Andy puts money back in the register. He holds out a zippered bank pouch to Bee. Bee puts the book and the torch on the display case and takes the pouch.

ANDY

We don't have any twenties. None.

BEE

How did that happen?

Andy hesitates.

JOE

You gave them all to Martin last night, right before we closed.

Bee wheels to face Joe. Andy gives Joe a "you're gonna get it" look. Joe glances at Andy, then glares back at Bee.

The bell JINGLES as the front door opens. CUSTOMER #6, a man in his twenties, walks in. Andy goes around the counter to greet him.

ANDY

(to Customer #6)

Welcome to Bee Yourself. Are you looking for something in particular?

CUSTOMER #6

I'm actually looking for this friend of mine who works here.

ANDY

(brightly)

What's his name? Maybe I know him.

Customer #6 looks at him more closely.

CUSTOMER #6

Andy?

Andy laughs.

ANDY

Got ya!

CUSTOMER #6

I hardly recognized you!

ANDY

(laughing)

What do you expect? I work in a costume shop.

(beat)

You've got some crazy contest at work, right?

Andy leads Customer #6 further into the store. Once they're out of earshot, Bee can vent her feelings to Joe.

BEE

It is really none of your business.

Joe steps closer to Bee.

JOE

Look, Bee. I'm just saying this because . . .

(surprising himself)

. . . because I'm your friend! What kind of a boyfriend would constantly bum money off you?

Bee sighs.

BEE

He's an artist. And he's having a tough time. But I am committed to helping him.

(voice getting higher)

But why am I explaining anything to you? Butt out!

JOE

Do you know much about him? How long have you been dating?

Bee looks at him quizzically.

BEE

What is this about?

JOE

Follow the money. It's one of the oldest rules in police work.

Bee glances over at Andy and Customer #6, who are walking back to the front of the store.

BEE

(quietly)

I thought you were here investigating a series of robberies.

JOE
(just as quietly)
I am.

Andy goes behind the counter and Customer #6 puts his items down. Andy adds up the total, takes cash, and makes change. He puts the items in a Bee Yourself bag.

BEE
(to Joe)
You don't think . . .

JOE
It's possible.

BEE
You are wasting your time in here.
You should be in the basement of the
FBI, working on the X-Files.

CUSTOMER #6
Bye, Andy.

ANDY
Thanks for stopping by.

Customer #6 walks out the door and the bell JINGLES. Andy leans on the counter and watches Bee and Joe, who are standing close together, staring at each other, and obviously having an argument.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Don't you two realize that green
people should stick together?

Bee looks away. She doesn't smile, but Andy's comment broke the tension.

BEE
I'll be back in an hour or so.

Bee leaves through the front door, carrying the bank pouch. The bell JINGLES. Andy looks at Joe.

ANDY
(in an angry Hulk
voice)
The Hulk is angry.

Joe laughs.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe, in jeans, a t-shirt, and a jacket, walks across a room filled with police officer's desks.

Phelps, carrying files, walks up to him.

PHELPS

Hey, Joe.

JOE

Hi. Did you run that background?

PHELPS

Yeah.

Phelps leads Joe over to his desk. He puts the files down, leans on the edge of his desk, and faces Joe.

PHELPS (CONT'D)

Nothing. He's cleaner than any whistle you'd find in this city.

JOE

(disappointed)

Are you sure?

Phelps picks a piece of paper off the desk and checks it.

PHELPS

Martin Mayfield Moresby, born in San Francisco in 84. Stayed close to home. Private schools in town, majored in drama at Cal. No criminal record. Not even a parking ticket.

JOE

Oh, come on.

PHELPS

I don't think he owns a car, so that's not really surprising.

Joe lets out a deep breath.

JOE

What about the other thing? The drugs in hospitals?

PHELPS

That was a little more complicated. The short answer is yes, drugs go missing from hospitals. The longer answer wasn't a yes or a no.

JOE

What do you mean?

PHELPS

I asked questions about doctors, or people who looked like doctors, stealing drugs. And I didn't get a straight answer. So . . . all I can say is you'll need a court order to get more detailed information. It's just not the kind of information that a hospital wants to advertise.

JOE

What's your gut?

PHELPS

I called three major hospitals, and my suspicious nature tells me that it's happened at all three. Someone dressed up in scrubs and looking legit has stolen drugs.

JOE

Hmm.

PHELPS

But, it might not be our guy. It's a profitable gig. Probably more likely to be an inside job.

JOE

True. Oh, well. Thanks, Phelps.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Martin walks into a crowded coffee shop. He pays for a cup of coffee at the front counter, then takes it over to a table and sits down.

In a corner behind the edge of a bookshelf, Joe is slouched, as far down as possible, in an overstuffed chair. He's wearing jeans, a baseball cap, and a hoodie with the hood pulled up over his baseball cap. He holds a newspaper open in front of him. He edges the newspaper over to the side, so he can watch Martin take a sip of his coffee.

WOMAN #2, a thin, artistic-looking blond in her thirties, walks into the coffee shop. She goes straight to Martin's table. He stands up and smiles at her. They kiss, but just a greeting, nothing over the top. She sits down. Joe watches them suspiciously around his paper.

Joe's phone BUZZES in the kangaroo pocket of his hoodie. Joe lets the paper fall to his lap. He leans as far back as he can behind the edge of the bookshelf. He takes the phone out of his pocket, presses a button, and holds it to his ear.

JOE
 (into the phone)
 This is Joe.

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

Bee leans on the front counter at her store and holds the phone to her ear. She's wearing Jeannie's costume from *I Dream of Jeannie*, complete with a blond wig and a long blond ponytail.

BEE
 (into the phone)
 Are you coming in today?

INTERCUT with coffee shop.

Joe watches Martin and Woman #2, who stare into each other's eyes and lean close together. Martin says something funny and the woman smiles. She leans over and bumps her shoulder into Martin's. Joe's brow furrows.

JOE
 (into the phone)
 Why, do you miss me?

BEE
 Well, you're on the schedule. Just like any normal employee.

JOE
 I had to do some cop stuff today.

Martin and Woman #2 kiss. Not a full-on snog, but a long, lingering, romantic kiss.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Oh, man!

BEE
 What?

JOE
 Uh . . . my team just got fouled.

BEE
 What team? Who plays at ten thirty in the morning?

JOE
 Uh . . . some old repeat. I'm watching ESPN Classic.

BEE
 I thought you were doing cop stuff.

Joe grits his teeth. Martin and Woman #2's kiss goes on and on.

JOE

Look, Bee, I gotta go. I'll see you tomorrow.

BEE

(annoyed)

Fine.

Joe puts his phone back in his pocket. He picks the paper back up, hides behind it, and watches Martin.

INT./EXT. CAR/STREET - DAY

Joe sits in an unmarked police car, staking out a theater. The marquee can be seen on the front of the building. Joe wears a knitted cap and aviator sunglasses. He has his newspaper propped up again so that he's mostly hidden behind it. He glances up at the alley, next to the theater, every once in a while.

Cheerful VOICES talking loudly to each other get Joe's attention. He looks out at the street and sees MARTIN and several other ACTORS walking out of the alley. They're all smiles.

Joe looks at them over his paper. The other actors look left and right before jaywalking across the street, leaving Martin waiting alone on the sidewalk. The other actors go into a restaurant on the other side of the street.

Martin looks back at the alley. Woman #2 walks out of it, smiling at Martin. She walks straight up to him and lifts her face for him to kiss.

JOE

(quietly annoyed)

Stop it.

Martin puts his arm around Woman #2 and they walk across the street together, a happy couple. They walk into the restaurant where the rest of the people went.

Joe's phone RINGS. Joe picks it up, presses a button, and holds it to his ear.

JOE (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

This is Joe.

He listens to the other person for a long moment. His posture straightens. He leans forward, listening intently.

JOE (CONT'D)
Today? What time exactly?

A pause.

JOE (CONT'D)
That can't . . . are you sure?

A pause.

JOE (CONT'D)
A bank job. Two hours ago. How
good is the security footage . . .
are you absolutely sure it's not a
copycat?

Joe shakes his head.

JOE (CONT'D)
(resigned)
Okay. Thanks.

Joe hangs up the phone and tosses it on the seat beside him.
Still irritated, he turns on the car and drives away.

JOE (CONT'D)
You're a lying, no-good cheat, but
you're not my guy.

Joe hits the steering wheel.

JOE (CONT'D)
Damn!

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

Joe is on his knees on the floor, straightening up the cans
of spray-on hair color on a bottom shelf. Many of them are
fallen over, and he is putting all of the colors in the right
spots and standing them up straight.

Joe wears dark pants, a white shirt, a gray sweater, and a
yellow-and-black striped tie, all of which fit him well.
They're his own clothes, except for the tie. Over the
clothes, he wears a black Hogwarts robe. It's the XL, but
it looks too small on Joe. The robe has the yellow-and-black
badge of House Hufflepuff on it.

CHRISTOPHER, an unattractive, sullen, aggressive-looking kid
around twelve years old, walks down the aisle to Joe and
stands above him, looking down at him contemptuously. Joe
glances at him, but keeps working on the cans.

JOE
Can I help you?

CHRISTOPHER
Hufflepuff is for losers and total
geeks. Gryffindor rules.

Joe puts the last can in place, then looks up at the kid.

JOE
What did you say?

CHRISTOPHER
You're wearing a Hufflepuff tie, and
only total losers are in House
Hufflepuff.

Joe stands up. He looms over the kid and stares down at
him.

JOE
I've got two words for you, kid.

The kid stares up at him, not backing down a bit.

CHRISTOPHER
Oh, yeah?

JOE
Cedric. Diggory.

CUSTOMER #7, a woman in her forties, walks toward them
hurriedly. She looks at Joe suspiciously.

CUSTOMER #7
(to Christopher)
Christopher, I told you to stay with
me.

Customer #7 takes Christopher by the arm and pulls him away.
He shrugs her off. With one last dirty look for Joe, Customer
#7 walks away. Christopher follows her reluctantly.

Joe walks down the main aisle, heading towards the back. He
looks around attentively at the displays and adjusts anything
that looks awry.

CUSTOMER #8, a middle-aged woman, approaches him.

CUSTOMER #8
Excuse me. I'm looking for a hippie
costume.

She smiles sheepishly.

CUSTOMER #8 (CONT'D)
For a come-as-you-were college reunion
party.

Joe smiles back.

JOE

(smoothly, like he's
worked there forever)

Our less expensive hippie costumes,
and the accessories, are on aisle 5.
If you want something that's gonna
knock their love beads off, though,
I'd recommend one of our rental
costumes. We've got a couple of
hippie ones that would fit you, and
you will not be disappointed in their
quality and attention to detail.

CUSTOMER #8

(considering)

Let me check out the cheap stuff
first, and then I'll let you know.

JOE

Sounds good.

Customer #8 walks away toward aisle 5. Joe softly whistles
the theme from Harry Potter as he keeps going down the aisle,
straightening things up.

Joe reaches the back of the store. The adults-only section
bead curtain is just to his left. The beads RATTLE and
Customer #7 drags Christopher out of the adults-only. She
sweeps by Joe, not giving him even a glance. Christopher
gives Joe another sullen, contemptuous look. Joe smiles.

JOE (CONT'D)

(brightly)

Have a nice day!

Customer #7 and Christopher leave through the front door and
the bell JINGLES.

Joe moves towards a display near the front of the store. He
bends down to pick up items that are on the floor and hangs
them back on the lowest rack. Joe is hidden from view as
the front door bell JINGLES and Bee and Martin walk in. Bee
wears a pink ballerina costume: leotard, tights, and a big
tutu. Her hair is in a tight bun.

BEE

(upset)

There's nothing else to say, Martin.
Go ahead and leave.

MARTIN

I'm sorry! I feel terrible!
(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

But try to understand. She's staging *Death of a Salesman!* You know I've always wanted to play Biff!

BEE

And obviously you'd never get the role by auditioning. You have to sleep with her, just to make sure.

MARTIN

It's the lead! Well, almost the lead. I can't leave anything to chance!

BEE

Just go. And don't call me.

MARTIN

I'm sorry.

The bell JINGLES as he goes out the door.

Joe heard everything. He stands up and moves around the display. Customer #8 comes up to the front counter, carrying an armload of hippie accessories. Bee wipes at her eyes and walks around the counter. With a set expression on her face, she starts ringing up the purchases.

BEE

(a little shaky)
Did you find everything you needed?

CUSTOMER #8

Yes.

(to Joe)

I have some original stuff of my own at home. I haven't tried it on yet, though. If my old stuff doesn't fit, I'll be back for a rental.

JOE

Sounds good.

BEE

That'll be 47 dollars and 32 cents.

Customer #8 hands cash to Bee, who makes the change and hands it back to her. Bee puts the items in a bag and hands it to Customer #8.

CUSTOMER #8

Thanks.

BEE

You're welcome.

Customer #8 walks out the door. The bell JINGLES. Bee leans on the counter. She looks up at Joe.

BEE (CONT'D)

I guess you heard.

JOE

Yeah.

BEE

I should have known it was coming.
He's been avoiding me for weeks.

JOE

At least he didn't bum money off you
before he left.

BEE

He probably just forgot.

Bee laughs shakily. She wipes at her eyes again.

BEE (CONT'D)

Any customers in the store?

JOE

No. She was the last one.

BEE

Well, it's time to close up anyway.

Bee walks around the counter and turns the open sign over to closed. She goes back behind the counter and takes a gym bag out from underneath it.

JOE

Do you want to . . . go get a beer
or something?

Bee looks at him for a long moment.

BEE

Okay.

Bee steps to where the counter blocks anyone's view from outside. She kicks off the pink ballet flats. She pulls the tutu down and steps out of it. Unzipping the gym bag, she takes out a pair of jeans and a sweater. She pulls the jeans on over her tights and leotard, then zips them up. She pulls the sweater on over her head. Joe stares at her, amazed.

Bee takes pins out of her bun and sets them on the counter. Her hair falls down from the top of her head. She bends over at the waist and vigorously shakes her hair out, then stands back up, flipping it back. This is the first time Joe has seen her real hair in a normal, everyday style.

JOE

That's a neat trick.

BEE

Long years of practice.

Bee takes boots out of the gym bag and pulls them onto her feet. Joe looks at himself in his wizard robes.

JOE

What do I do?

BEE

Take the robe off. And stop casting spells.

Joe shrugs and takes off the robe. Bee pushes the tutu into her gym bag.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Joe and Bee sit in a booth at a quiet, casual restaurant. They've finished their meal. Two beer bottles are on the table.

BEE

So I paid my dad back, and I've been my own boss ever since. The funny thing is, ever since the store's been successful, I've been approached by directors to do costume design.

(laughing)

They didn't want me back then, but after I moved on . . .

JOE

They changed their minds.

BEE

Yeah. But this is better. I'm free to do anything I want, pretty much.

Bee sighs.

BEE (CONT'D)

Good god, look at me. Blabbing on and on. I'm sorry.

JOE

It's nice. It's like without a costume on, you can be yourself.

(beat)

That sounded bad. You look great in your costumes. But they're your armor.

BEE

Sometimes a girl needs armor. Not everyone is six four and two fifty.

Joe considers her words.

JOE

Did you really need so much armor at jury duty?

BEE

Jury duty?

JOE

The girl with the snake tattoo?

BEE

Well, it worked! I didn't have to serve.

JOE

Yeah, but . . .

BEE

But what?

(beat)

You still can't get over how I didn't want to be on a jury? Let me clue you in, Joe. Nobody wants to be on jury duty.

Joe looks at the table for a second, then back up at Bee.

JOE

I always wanted to be a cop. Do you know why?

Bee takes a sip of beer and looks at him consideringly.

BEE

Because it's fun to flash a badge and knock people's heads together?

Joe tries not to smile.

JOE

Nope.

BEE

Your dad was a cop.

JOE

No.

BEE

I give up.

JOE

I wanted to be a cop because I wanted to be one of the good guys.

Bee rolls her eyes.

BEE

Not all cops are good guys.

JOE

I know, I know. But I knew I would be. I'd protect people, help people, I'd catch the bad guys.

Bee holds her beer bottle up in a small toast.

BEE

Good for you. In all seriousness, that's great. But I'm not cut out, in any way, to be a cop. If that's what you're saying.

Joe shakes his head.

JOE

No, no. But what about doing good in other ways?

(beat)

I think we'd all be better off if people wanted to help each other out . . . just a little bit more.

Bee sighs.

BEE

By willingly volunteering for jury duty, is that what you're saying?

Joe nods, smiling.

JOE

Well, you could start by not trying so damn hard to get out of it. Baby steps.

BEE

Look, Joe, before you started volunteering at Bee Yourself, I had me and Andy. If I had to be in some trial that lasted days or weeks, it's money out of my pocket. It's not like I make enough money there to throw it away.

JOE

Most trials last less than one day. Would giving one day to your city be too much?

Bee rolls her eyes.

BEE

Okay, Uncle Sam. Next time I get called for jury duty, I'll wear my angel costume.

Joe holds out his fist and they fist bump.

JOE

You have no idea how happy you've made me. You're my first convert.

BEE

Congratulations.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Bee and Joe walk up to the front steps of an apartment building on a quiet city street. They're talking companionably. Joe carries Bee's gym bag.

BEE

Here it is.

Bee steps up onto the bottom step, so she's closer to Joe's height. They're standing very close together. Joe looks at her for a second and then leans in to kiss her. After a few moments he pulls away and looks at her.

BEE (CONT'D)

Weird? Since I just broke up with Martin?

JOE

I'm okay with it if you are.

BEE

Maybe it can just be a thank you kiss, since you carried my tutu.

JOE

I don't like thank you kisses. I prefer "you're hot" kisses.

BEE

I guess we could try one of those.

They kiss again, longer, but Bee finally pulls away.

BEE (CONT'D)

Okay. Thanks for carrying my tutu. And see you tomorrow.

Joe holds out the bag.

JOE

Here you go.

Bee goes up the stairs to the door. She uses a key to unlock it. She opens it up and goes in. Before she disappears, she waves at Joe, who still stands at the bottom of the steps. The door closes. Joe, smiling, walks away down the street.

INT. BEE YOURSELF - DAY

Bee sits on the stool behind the counter. She's dressed as Marilyn Monroe in *The Seven Year Itch*: the white dress, the curled platinum blond wig, the makeup, the hourglass figure, mostly provided by something she's wearing under the dress.

Joe walks up to the front counter from the back of the store. He wears a full Darth Vader costume with cape and mask. Bee looks up at him. She hums the Darth Vader theme. Joe pushes the mask up onto his forehead and smiles.

JOE

I wanted to . . . I don't know. I'm sorry for giving you such a lecture last night.

BEE

You don't need to apologize. It was fun. It took my mind off things.

The front door bell JINGLES as Andy, in disguise, walks in. He's wearing a curly wig under a flat driver's cap on his head. Thick glasses and a mustache cover most of his face. A button-down shirt and jeans. A shabby wool herringbone blazer, complete with leather elbow patches. He doesn't look in Joe and Bee's direction and they don't look at him.

BEE (CONT'D)
(eyes on Joe, but
speaking to the new
customer)
Welcome to Bee Yourself. Let me
know if I can help you find something.

Andy heads purposefully away down an aisle without responding.
Bee and Joe don't even look in his direction, much less
recognize him.

JOE
Okay, so . . . I guess I'll go
straighten up the love beads . . .
or something.

ANDY
(in a shrill,
unrecognizable voice)
Miss? Miss? Could you help me find
something?

Bee makes a face.

BEE
(quietly, to Joe)
Mind the store while I help Dr.
Strangelove.

She slides off the stool and around the counter. Joe takes
her place. Bee walks away toward disguised Andy.

JOE
(quietly, to himself)
Love beads?

He rolls his eyes.

CUSTOMER #9 walks up the counter and puts two items down.

JOE (CONT'D)
Did you find everything you needed?

CUSTOMER #9
Yeah, thanks.

Joe rings up the sale.

JOE
That will be twenty twenty-five.

Customer #9 pays. Joe puts the money in the register and
hands back the change. Customer #9 has picked up the items.

JOE (CONT'D)

No bag?

CUSTOMER #9

No, thanks.

JOE

All right. Thanks for stopping by.

Customer #9 leaves and the front door bell JINGLES. Joe sits down on the stool behind the counter. He looks down at the newspaper on the counter. Bee walks behind the counter and stands next to him. Joe looks at her. Bee's face is thoughtful.

BEE

Joe, can I show you something in the storeroom?

JOE

Uh, sure.

INT. STOREROOM - DAY

The storeroom is crowded with boxes and a table. Bee and Joe stand close together, in the only open space, by the closed door leading to the store.

JOE

I feel bad . . . nobody minding the store.

BEE

(distracted)

This won't take long. I may just be crazy, but I think . . .

A pause. Bee's eyes move from side to side. She bites her lip. Her mind is racing. Joe stares at her.

JOE

If you've got something you want to tell me, just go ahead. Who knows, I might be thinking the same thing, too.

Bee looks up at him hopefully.

BEE

Do you? Did you get that feeling? Sort of a weird vibe?

JOE

I wouldn't call it a weird vibe.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

I think I'd like to get to know you better. Maybe spend some more time together--

Bee's expression changes.

BEE

What are you talking about?

JOE

What are you talking about?

BEE

The guy out there. The one with the irritating voice. I think he's wearing a costume.

A pause as Joe mentally shifts gears.

JOE

Bee, people wear costumes in here all the time.

BEE

Yeah, but this guy . . . something's different about him.

JOE

What? What is it?

BEE

The whole thing. It's a variation on a 1970s college professor costume. You know.

JOE

I don't know. Tell me.

BEE

Tweedy jacket, goofy hat. But he's not that old, under the clothes and the hair. Which is definitely a wig. The hair and the mustache . . . they remind me of this set we used to stock. I think it was Groovy Hair for men, in ash blond.

JOE

(kidding)
And a groovy mustache accessory kit?

BEE

Don't doubt me. I know my costumes.

Joe nods.

JOE

You do.

BEE

And the jacket, I swear I used to sell that, too. It came with a meerschaum pipe.

JOE

What's a meerschaum?

BEE

(distracted by her own thoughts)

No, you're right, it was a calabash pipe. Like Sherlock Holmes.

JOE

I need to go out there and take a look at him.

BEE

Yeah.

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

Bee sits on the stool behind the front counter. She is trying to watch disguised Andy, but he is always behind a rack or a display, so she can never get a good look at him.

Joe walks slowly down an aisle, pretending to be straightening up the shelves, but he's really trying to approach Andy. He turns onto the aisle where Andy stands. Andy slowly turns away, rounds a corner and moves onto the next aisle. Joe can't get a good look at him, either.

CUSTOMER #10, a middle-aged man, moves into Joe's field of vision.

CUSTOMER #10

Can you help me find the party favors?

Joe focuses on Customer #10.

JOE

We don't sell kids' party favors, unless you're looking for some kind of a small costume accessory. Like the Mardi Gras beads, or a costume headband, or something like that.

CUSTOMER #10
(disappointed)
Why don't you sell party favors?

JOE
Um . . . well, I guess because this
is a costume shop. We don't have
other party supplies. No cups or
plates or balloons . . . just
costumes.

Customer #10 sighs irritatedly.

CUSTOMER #10
I guess I'll have to make another
stop.

JOE
Sorry about that.

The front door bell JINGLES. Joe looks over Customer #10's
shoulder and sees Bee pointing at the front door. Joe dodges
around Customer #10 and rushes to the front.

BEE
He just left.

Joe pushes the door open.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joe stands on the street. It's not crowded, but enough people
are walking in both directions to make it hard to immediately
pick out the disguised Andy.

Bee comes out of the store and stands beside Joe. Bee points.

BEE
There! That's him!

Joe pulls his Darth Vader mask off. He hands it to Bee and
walks quickly away in the direction Bee pointed.

Joe hurries down the sidewalk, dodging around people on the
street. He's gaining on Andy. Andy looks back over his
shoulder. All Joe sees are the glasses and mustache; Andy
is impossible to recognize. Andy sees Joe, and Andy bolts.
Joe's eyes widen as he sees Andy running away. Joe starts
running, too, his long black cape streaming out behind him.

Andy runs into a DELIVERY DRIVER, walking out of the Chinese
restaurant. Andy pushes him hard. The driver falls, spilling
bags of Chinese food all over the sidewalk. Andy runs on.
Joe nimbly threads his way through the food all over the
sidewalk.

Two more stores down, Andy grabs a postcard rack and pulls it down behind himself, then runs on. Joe vaults over the postcard rack. He's gaining on Andy.

Andy reaches a crazy intersection with five streets angling off in different directions. Straight ahead, the crosswalk crosses a one-way, three-lane street. The crosswalk is full of pedestrians walking both ways in the crosswalk. All three lanes are full of cars, pulled up to the crosswalk, waiting for the stoplight to change.

The crosswalk's walk cycle is counting down to the end: 7, 6, 5. Andy runs, pushing his way through the pedestrians. People look at him in disgust.

The last of the pedestrians Andy passes is also the slowest, an OLD LADY with a grocery-filled wheeled shopping basket. Andy kicks the shopping basket away and elbows the old lady. She hits the ground hard, right in the middle of the crosswalk. Andy speeds up and as the light changes to green, he's at the other side of the street. He races away.

Joe reaches the crosswalk as Andy gets to the other side of the street. He runs into the street. The first cars aren't moving, because their drivers see the old lady lying in front of them. Behind them, the other drivers don't see what is happening. They're HONKING again and again.

Joe looks at the old lady. He looks at Andy, running away down the block. Joe stops and kneels next to the old lady.

JOE

Are you okay, ma'am?

He takes her hands. She pulls on his hands, pulling herself up into a sitting position. As she sits up, she winces.

Bee runs into the crosswalk and stops, standing over them. Bee is carrying her white sandals, the Darth Vader mask, and a pair of metal handcuffs.

OLD LADY

It's my knee. It feels like I twisted it. I don't think I can walk.

JOE

Okay. I'm going to pick you up, just to get you out of the street.

Cars keep HONKING. Bee wheels around to face the stopped lanes of traffic, her skirt flapping out around her as if she really was Marilyn Monroe. She flips a bird at the honking drivers. Joe looks up at her.

JOE (CONT'D)
Are those from the store?

Bee holds up the handcuffs. She smiles sheepishly.

BEE
It was an impulse.

JOE
You know they're not real.

BEE
I know.

JOE
Get the groceries.

Bee picks up the scattered groceries and replaces them in the cart.

JOE (CONT'D)
(to the old lady)
Put your arms around my neck.

She puts her arms around his neck. He gently puts one arm under her legs and the other arm around her back. He lifts her and stands up, then walks to the sidewalk. Bee follows, wheeling the grocery cart. Joe sets the old lady on a bench outside a store's entrance.

JOE (CONT'D)
(to Bee)
Got anything more useful, like a phone?

Bee reaches into the depths of her stuffed bra and takes a phone out. Joe suppresses a smirk as he takes it without comment. He presses buttons on it and holds it to his ear.

JOE (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Simmons, badge number 5288, I'm going to need an ambulance at the corner of Third and Gonzalez.

Bee kneels by the old lady and talks to her.

INT. POLICE LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe sits in a chair next to Steve's desk. A piece of paper is on the desk and Steve's writing on it.

STEVE

I'm writing all this down just to make you feel like you actually accomplished something.

Joe sighs.

JOE

I know. I'm not being a good witness. But that's all I saw. Just the disguise.

STEVE

I could get a police artist in here.

Joe shakes his head.

JOE

I never got a good look at him. He made sure of that.

STEVE

Ms. Smoltz' description wasn't very helpful, either, but she did give us an itemized list of what he was wearing.

A pause.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You know, he's extremely unlikely to come back to her store.

Joe sighs.

JOE

Yeah, which puts us back to square one.

STEVE

Look on the bright side. Your caped crusader days are behind you.

Joe doesn't look happy about it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joe parks his car on a side street and gets out. He's in jeans, a t-shirt and a jacket. He walks around the car, opens the passenger door, and gets a shopping bag out. It's the bag that Bee gave him, with all the loaner costumes. He shuts the door and walks down the side street toward a larger street.

There's only one other car, an expensive, brand-new BMW, parked on the side street. Joe admires the car as he walks past it. Just before he gets to the corner, Andy, in an Indiana Jones costume, comes around the corner and they almost run into each other. Andy is startled.

JOE

(smiling)

Sorry. Didn't mean to sneak up on you.

Andy laughs.

ANDY

Too much coffee, I guess. Are you headed to work? You're out of uniform, my friend.

Joe hesitates for a second but quickly realizes that Andy means a costume, not his police uniform.

JOE

No, I'm just stopping by.

(thinks of an quick
excuse)

Picking up a paycheck. Looks like you're on your way out.

ANDY

Lunch. Maybe I'll see you tomorrow.

JOE

Yeah. Bye.

Joe continues down the street and around the corner, then down to Bee Yourself. As Joe walks, the new BMW passes him and drives away down the street. Joe doesn't notice it.

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

Bee, in a mod 60s sleeveless dress, white vinyl gogo boots, a pixie cut wig, and long black false eyelashes, sits on the stool behind the counter, reading an old paperback novel.

The door opens and the bell JINGLES. Joe walks in, carrying the shopping bag full of costumes. He sets it on the counter.

BEE

The end of an era.

JOE

Darth Vader chasing him down the street was a pretty good tip-off that the store's staked out.

BEE

I guess it wasn't very subtle.

JOE

Look on the bright side. No more cops around to scare away all the customers.

A pause.

BEE

I know I didn't want you here at first, but it worked out fine.

(beat)

So if you ever get sick of being a cop, and you need a nine to five job, give me a call.

JOE

I will.

Joe hesitates for a long moment. Then he turns and goes out the door. The bell JINGLES. Bee sighs and looks around the empty store. The bell JINGLES again. Bee looks up to see Joe in the doorway.

JOE (CONT'D)

What do you think about me calling you, even if I don't need a job?

Bee smiles.

BEE

I think I'd answer.

JOE

Okay, then. Bye.

BEE

Bye.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe, wearing his police uniform, sits at a desk. He types information into a form on a computer screen. He hits print and pages come out of a printer on the desk. He takes the print pages, lines them up by tapping them on the desk, and staples them. He puts the report flat on the desk and flips through to the last page. He signs in a signature block where it says "reporting officer."

JOE

(to himself)

I guess that's it.

He puts the report into an outbox on his desk. He leans back in his chair for a moment, thinking. He sighs in resignation. Then he sits up again, opens up another document on his computer, and starts reading it.

INT. BEE YOURSELF - DAY

Bee wears a form-fitting police officer costume, complete with a hat. Her hair is pulled back into a bun. A pair of metal handcuffs are on the display case next to where she sits on the stool behind the counter. A paperback book is in her hand.

The bell JINGLES as the front door opens and Andy walks in, carrying a large cardboard box. Andy's hair is slicked back. He's wearing a Matrix costume: sunglasses and a long black coat over black pants. Andy sets the box on the counter. He takes his sunglasses off and sets them next to the handcuffs.

ANDY

Do I smell bacon?

Bee smiles. She picks up the handcuffs and holds them out.

BEE

You better not mess with me.

ANDY

Did you borrow those from Joe?

Bee's smile fades just a little bit. She looks at him quizzically.

BEE

These aren't real. We sell them in the adults-only.

ANDY

Oh, yeah, right.

BEE

How'd you know Joe's . . .

ANDY

Oh, he let it slip one day. One long boring day at work. No big deal.

Bee looks thoughtful.

ANDY (CONT'D)

So I ran into the UPS guy outside. I think this is the box of samples from that new company.

BEE

Oh, yeah. Cool. Do you mind putting it in the storeroom? I'll go through it after lunch.

ANDY

No problem.

He hesitates for a long moment. Then his cell phone RINGS.

Andy reaches into his pants pocket and takes a phone out. He presses the button and holds it to his ear. He turns slightly away, but doesn't walk far from the counter. Bee looks at the top of the box.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hello?

A pause.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Hi, Mom. I just got to work, um, so . . . what?
(upset)
Oh, no . . . just this morning? Oh, no, Mom . . . oh, gosh, I'm so sorry . . . yeah. I'll be right there.
Bye.

Andy presses a button on the phone to hang up. He turns to Bee.

ANDY (CONT'D)

My grandmother collapsed this morning. They took her to the hospital.

BEE

Oh, no! I'm so sorry.

ANDY

I hate to spring this on you, but I need to take my mom up to Oregon.

BEE

Don't worry about it. Take as much time as you need.

ANDY

It might be a few days . . . even a week.

Bee waves her hand.

BEE

Don't worry about it. I got it here.
You go. I hope she's okay.

Andy sighs and looks at her sadly. Bee gets off her stool and walks around the counter. She gives him a hug, which he returns. They let go.

ANDY

I'll see you later.

BEE

Let me know how you're doing.

ANDY

I will.

Andy goes out the front door. The bell JINGLES. Bee picks up the big cardboard box and carries it back to the storeroom.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

In a casual restaurant, Bee and Joe are eating dinner together. Bee is in a regular dress and cardigan, no wig, no costume makeup, she looks like a normal person. Joe's in nice jeans and a shirt; he looks like he has dressed up, just a little, for the occasion.

BEE

So, until Andy gets back, I need to be there all the time. Which isn't that big a deal. But it's a little weird right now, seeing as we had three people working for a few months, and now we have just one.

(beat)

But he'll be back soon.

JOE

That's sad about his grandma.

BEE

Yeah. I feel bad for him. He's an only child, and his mom is taking it hard. But, he thinks he'll be back in another week.

A pause.

BEE (CONT'D)

Speaking of Andy, I was surprised that you had let him in on your secret identity.

JOE

My what?

Joe takes a bite.

BEE

Your copness. The undercover thing.
You told me not to tell anyone, on
pain of death, or worse.

Joe swallows. He looks at her.

JOE

I didn't tell anyone but you.

BEE

That's weird. Maybe Andy just figured
it out on his own.

JOE

Andy knows I'm a cop?

BEE

Yeah, well, I think so. He mentioned
something about it right before his
mom called about his grandmother. I
thought he said you told him.

JOE

Nope.

BEE

Maybe I misunderstood him . . .

(beat)

Oh, well. Did they ever catch the
guy?

JOE

No. And he's either been laying
low, or he called it quits. It's
been almost a month since the last
robbery.

BEE

Maybe he's seen the error of his
ways.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

In uniform, Joe sits at his desk. He pages through a file,
an intent expression on his face. He picks up the file,
stands up, and walks out of the room, carrying it.

INT. BEE YOURSELF STORE - DAY

The bell JINGLES as the door opens and Joe walks in. He's in uniform, and he's carrying the file.

Bee looks up from her stool behind the counter. She smiles when she sees Joe. Bee is wearing a Dorothy costume, from *The Wizard of Oz*. A light blue gingham dress and white apron. Her hair is in two braided pigtails, with ribbons on the ends. A wicker basket sits on the counter, with a stuffed animal Toto peeking out.

BEE

Hey. Did you come to visit me?

JOE

Bee, I never told Andy I was a cop. I thought about it all night. So, I went in to work and ran his name. It didn't come up with anything, but I did think of one more thing that you could check for me.

BEE

(skeptically)
Andy?

JOE

Bee, who gets more of a kick out of the whole costume-wearing thing?

BEE

I enjoy it, too, if you haven't noticed.

Joe holds out his hand, a stop sign.

JOE

We can probably settle this in ten minutes, if you keep your past work schedules.

BEE

Yeah. I keep them for five years. My accountant told me to.

JOE

How long has Andy worked here?

BEE

Three years.

JOE

Full-time?

BEE

Yeah. But you don't really
think . . .

JOE

When did you last hear from him?

Bee thinks about it.

BEE

Two days ago? Which is kinda weird
because I called him yesterday and
he hasn't called me back.

JOE

If you can get me Andy's work schedule
for the past year, I can check it
against a list of the incidents that
we think our guy is responsible for.

Bee nods.

BEE

I hope . . .

JOE

I know.

Bee turns to the cash register. She presses a button and the cash drawer slides open. She pulls the money tray up and retrieves a key from under it. She turns back to the counter, squats down, and uses the key to open a locked cabinet. From the cabinet, she takes a big plastic file drawer with a lid and a handle on top.

Bee stands up and lifts the plastic hanging file system onto the counter. She lifts the latch and the lid, then digs through the files until she finds the one she wants. She lifts it out and opens it up.

BEE

Where should I start?

Joe opens his file and runs his finger down a list.

JOE

The earliest one was last December,
the eighteenth, 9:30 p.m.

BEE

How soon we forget. It's like you
never even worked here. Bee Yourself
is open from ten to six, Sundays
eleven to five.

JOE
Shoot. Oh, boy. There's a bunch
that are outside store hours.

He looks further down the page.

JOE (CONT'D)
January third. Eleven fifteen a.m.

Bee flips a page.

BEE
He wasn't working.

JOE
January twenty-first. Three forty-
five in the afternoon.

BEE
Nope.

JOE
February seventh. Ten-thirty a.m.

BEE
No.

JOE
February eleventh. Five-thirty p.m.

BEE
No.

JOE
March fourth. Two forty p.m.

Bee flips a page.

BEE
No.

JOE
March twentieth. Four o'clock.

BEE
No.
(beat)
Let me see that list.

Joe turns the file around and slides it across the counter at her. He watches as she looks from the list to the work schedule, occasionally flipping a page of the schedule. Finally, she looks up at him, her face stricken.

BEE (CONT'D)

He was never here. All of them are when we were closed, or on his days off, except one. And that day, he called in sick.

JOE

When I ran his name, his address was 5B Cabrera Street. Have you ever been there?

BEE

No.

JOE

(significantly)
It's in Pacific Heights.

Bee looks surprised.

BEE

Nice neighborhood.

JOE

Yeah. What do you pay him?

BEE

Not enough for Pacific Heights, but maybe he's a trust fund baby. Maybe he inherited a Pacific Heights apartment from a rich uncle.

JOE

Bee . . .

Bee shakes her head.

BEE

It's kinda hard to believe. He's never stolen a dime from this place. He's never been late. He's only called in sick once, that time I just mentioned.

JOE

Do you think you can call him for me right now? Try to figure out where he is?

BEE

Sure.

Bee takes a cell phone out of the pocket of her apron. She presses a button and holds it to her ear. A pause.

BEE (CONT'D)
 (mouthing silently,
 to Joe)
 Voice mail.
 (into the phone)
 Andy, it's Bee again. Hope you're
 doing okay. Just checking in. Call
 me if you get a chance.

Bee presses a button on the phone and puts it back in her
 apron pocket.

BEE (CONT'D)
 Now what?

JOE
 I guess I'll go over to his place
 and see if he's there.

BEE
 I'll go with you.

JOE
 No. This is a police thing, and you
 should stay out of it.

BEE
 I'm already right in the middle of
 it.
 (beat)
 Anyway, Joe, he's in Oregon.

JOE
 How sure are you about that?

BEE
 I guess there's one way to find out.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

An empty, well-lit apartment living room. The front door to
 the apartment is at one corner. Someone outside puts keys
 into first the bolt, turning it, and then the doorknob lock.
 The door opens.

DIANE, a middle-aged, well-groomed, heavily made-up woman
 walks in, her high heels CLICKING on the hardwood floor.
 Joe, in his police uniform, and Bee, still wearing Dorothy,
 follow. Bee's wearing red glittery pumps.

Bee and Joe look around. Big windows frame a gorgeous view
 of the city and the bay. The room is tastefully decorated,
 and large by city apartment standards.

JOE

Nice.

DIANE

Top floor, a two bedroom, two bath.
And he has exquisite taste. This is
the nicest unit in the building, in
my opinion.

JOE

Can you tell me what this rents for?

DIANE

Currently, five thousand a month.

Joe and Bee look at each other.

JOE

(to Diane)

So you last saw Andy . . .

DIANE

Friday. After that, I was gone all
weekend. Visiting friends at their
place in Carmel.

JOE

How long have you lived here?

DIANE

I've lived here for twenty years and
managed the building for thirteen.

JOE

And Andy, how long has he been here?

DIANE

Hmm . . . less than a year. Maybe
six months? I remember the Morrises
were here before him. They lived
here for at least five years. Then
they had a baby, this cute little
boy, and they thought they needed
more space. They moved to Palo Alto,
right when the market dropped. Got
a great deal on a three bedroom.
Just a million five.

Joe and Bee exchange another glance.

JOE

Mind if we look around?

DIANE

Oh, go ahead, officer.

JOE

(to Bee)

I'll check out the bedrooms. Look in the drawers, everywhere, for anything.

Bee nods.

JOE (CONT'D)

(pointing to an open doorway)

Bedrooms through there?

DIANE

Yes, two bedrooms, both with ensuite bathrooms.

Joe goes through the doorway and away down the hall. Bee begins looking around the living room. She looks through the empty drawers of a bare-surfaced desk. She looks under furniture. She pages through the magazines on a shelf under the coffee table.

DIANE (CONT'D)

So are you two dating?

BEE

Well . . .

DIANE

Oh, is it complicated? Isn't that what young people say these days?

Bee walks around the seating area and into the dining room area, open to both the kitchen and the living room. Diane follows her.

BEE

I think we're just friends.

Bee opens drawers in a buffet. The top drawer has placemats and napkins, but all of the other drawers are completely empty.

DIANE

You need to reel him in, honey! A big fish like that one won't last long!

(beat)

If you don't mind me saying so, your outfit is a little different. Is that the kind of thing men go for these days? It's definitely a feminine look, but . . .

BEE

I own a costume shop. I just came from work, and I wear costumes while I'm working.

Diane looks dumfounded.

DIANE

Oh, you're Dorothy! I get it! I thought you were just wearing some weird farmgirl getup.

BEE

No, it's Dorothy.

Bee walks into the kitchen. She opens cabinets and drawers. The kitchen cabinets have all the normal utensils, pots, pans, and dishes, but Bee doesn't find anything personal. Joe walks into the kitchen area and looks at Bee.

BEE (CONT'D)

The most personal item I found was a takeout menu.

JOE

He's moved out. His clothes are gone; everything's gone.

DIANE

(annoyed)

Well. He could have told me.

JOE

(to Diane)

Did you know Andy very well?

DIANE

He was perfectly polite. Always said good morning.

(beat)

Had a lot of strange friends, though.

JOE

Do you know any of them? Would you recognize them, or do you know any names?

DIANE

God, no. Different person every week, seemed like, coming in to see Andy.

BEE

An older woman? Elderly? Walked with a cane?

DIANE

Yes, he did have an elderly woman friend. How'd you know?

Joe and Bee look at each other.

JOE

Was Andy ever with his friends, or were they alone, going up to his apartment?

DIANE

Now that you mention it, they were always coming or going. While Andy was at home. But he didn't come or go with them, if that makes any sense.

JOE

It makes sense. Diane, I'm going to give you my card. Please call me if you think of anything else, or if you see Andy.

Joe takes a business card out of his pocket and hands it to Diane. Diane takes it and looks at it.

DIANE

I will.

Joe and Bee walk back through the apartment to the front door. Diane follows them. Joe opens the door.

DIANE (CONT'D)

But I hope Andy isn't in any trouble. He really is the most polite young man. No trouble at all . . .

The door closes behind Diane, following them, still talking.

INT. BEE YOURSELF - DAY

The bell JINGLES as Joe and Bee walk back into the store.

JOE

Okay, the police are out looking for him, and I should go, too. The problem is, I don't know where, or what he's going to look like.

BEE

Look on the bright side. He might be a thousand miles away by now.

Joe gives Bee a reproving look.

JOE

I know he has a bunch of his own disguises, but he's been wearing them out in the past year, and every cop in the city has a list of them at this point.

BEE

So . . . ?

JOE

Are any of the good costumes missing? I mean the ones that could actually be a disguise.

Bee looks thoughtful.

BEE

I guess the extra-large Wonder Woman costume that took a walk doesn't count.

JOE

No, but thanks for the imagery.

Bee crosses her arms in an X across her chest.

BEE

Justice League unite!

JOE

Use your superpowers to tell me if there's something missing. Something he could be wearing right now.

Bee goes behind the counter. From underneath, she takes out a ledger, opens it up, and pages through a handwritten list in its pages. She reads for a few moments. Leaving the ledger on the counter, she walks over to the rack of rental costumes that hangs against the wall near the front counter.

BEE

First of all, he'd wear a medium men's costume, or maybe a large, or an extra-large women's.

JOE

Women's?

Bee gives him a look.

BEE
(looking through
costumes)
He's already dressed up as an old
lady. I think he's perfectly
comfortable posing as a woman, and
it would make it that much harder
for the cops to spot him.

JOE
You're right.

Bee stops.

BEE
Speaking of women.

JOE
What is it?

Bee holds a spot open on the rack.

BEE
Sexy old-fashioned librarian, size
extra large.

Bee takes a hanger off the rack and holds it out. It's a
brown tweed skirt, a pink deep V-neck blouse with a bow at
the bottom of the V, and a matching pink angora sweater.

JOE
If that's it, then it isn't missing.

BEE
This is the medium.

Bee walks over to the counter and lays it down. She flips
through the ledger.

BEE (CONT'D)
Unless I'm losing my mind, it's not
at the dry cleaners, it's not rented
out, it's not being repaired . . .
it's not here.

Joe pulls out a little notebook and a pencil.

JOE
Brown skirt.

He writes it down.

BEE
Tweed.

JOE

Pink blouse and sweater. What else?
What about a wig?

BEE

He could wear anything, really. It depends on whether you're going for sexy, or librarian, or somewhere in between.

(beat)

The glasses that I like to wear with this costume are missing. They've been gone for weeks. I thought I'd just misplaced them, but maybe someone stole them.

JOE

Someone. What do they look like?

BEE

Tortoiseshell, slight cat-eye.

JOE

Doesn't sound sexy.

BEE

You should see it in person.

A cell phone RINGS. Joe takes his cell phone out, presses a button, and holds it to his ear.

JOE

(on the phone)

This is Joe.

A pause.

JOE (CONT'D)

Yes it is. Is this Diane?

He looks at Bee. A long pause. Joe rolls his hand in the "get on with it" gesture.

JOE (CONT'D)

Yes, definitely . . . and what did you find? Yes . . . you're right . . . that could be important . . . okay . . . hold on, Diane. Why don't I drive over there and get it, right now? Then I can look at it myself. Okay . . .

(Joe rolls his eyes
at the ceiling)

Now is a great time for me.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Yes . . . okay. See you in a few minutes. Yes . . . thanks. Okay . . . bye.

Joe presses a button on the phone. He looks at Bee.

JOE (CONT'D)

Andy was a conscientious recycler. Diane found a few papers in the recycling bin outside. One of them looks like an airline itinerary.

BEE

Let's go.

JOE

From there, I'm going straight to the airport. It's kind of a police thing at this point, Bee.

BEE

Who do you think is the best person to spot a costume in a crowd?

Joe thinks.

BEE (CONT'D)

It's my superpower.

JOE

Come on.

INT. CAR - DAY

Joe and Bee climb into his car and sit down. Outside the car, on the sidewalk outside Andy's apartment building, Diane is smiling and waving. She's still talking, but the windows are rolled up so they can't hear her. Bee waves back politely as Joe turns on the car, pulls away from the curb, and drives quickly away.

Bee has a sheet of printer paper in her hand.

BEE

I guess he ran out of ink. I can't read the time or the flight number.

JOE

But we know he's at the airport.

BEE

Unless this is a red herring and he really took a bus.

Joe changes lanes and accelerates.

JOE

Stay positive, Miss Marple.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Joe pulls the car up behind two police cars in the drop-off lane at the airport. He and Bee get out of the car. He shows his badge to a uniformed cop standing nearby. Bee and Joe hurry through the automatic doors into the terminal.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

The terminal is crowded. People pulling rolling suitcases and walking in both directions. Long lines of travelers snake away from the counters. Bee and Joe look left and right. Uniformed police officers are everywhere, walking through the terminal and looking closely at people.

Phelps walks quickly up to Joe. He glances at Bee, conspicuous in her Dorothy costume, but remains expressionless.

PHELPS

We're on it out here.

JOE

What about the gates? He could be getting on a plane right now.

Phelps nods.

PHELPS

His name's not on any passenger lists. Either he's under an assumed name or he's not here.

Joe looks at Bee.

JOE

We'll go through security and look at the gates.

PHELPS

Go.

Joe walks quickly toward the security line, a slowly moving maze crowded with hundreds of people. The line inches forward as zombie-like passengers roll their luggage along toward the security screeners.

Bee follows Joe. She looks alertly at everyone she passes. Most of the people who look at her do a double take, but the majority of people don't look.

They just walk on by, focused on their destinations. Bee stops and stares, walks on, looks at other people, jogs after Joe.

At the security line, Joe squeezes around the first person.

JOE

Excuse me . . . excuse me . . .

Bee follows in his wake. She looks at everyone. The line snakes back on itself, so the people ahead of them in line see Joe, in his uniform, and Bee trailing behind. People start shuffling over to the right, and dragging their bags over, to let them pass.

Two switchbacks ahead, Bee sees WOMAN #3 in a brown skirt and a pink blouse. Her hair is a neat brown pageboy, which looks a lot like a wig.

BEE

Joe!

Joe glances back. Bee points and he looks in the direction she's pointing. Woman #3 has her back to them. Joe keeps moving.

JOE

Excuse me . . .

Bee and Joe battle their way through the line. They're slowly closing in on Woman #3, who remains oblivious. Her face is turned away from them. They move past the last two people and Joe stops beside her.

JOE (CONT'D)

Ma'am.

Woman #3 turns her head sharply towards him. Her mouth drops open at seeing a uniformed police officer talking to her in an airport. She is not Andy.

WOMAN #3

Yes?

JOE

Sorry. I just need to get by you.

Woman #3 squeezes over quickly, giving him the room to go by. Joe glances back at Bee. She shrugs.

They keep moving through the security line and finally reach SECURITY AGENT #1, a stern looking woman who is checking IDs. Joe holds up his police badge and ID. Security Agent #1 looks at it, looks at his face, and nods.

SECURITY AGENT #1

Go on.

Bee takes her driver's license out of her apron pocket and hands it to Security Agent #1. Security Agent #1 looks at her but remains impassive.

SECURITY AGENT #1 (CONT'D)

Boarding pass?

BEE

I don't have one. I'm with him.

Bee points at Joe, who has hesitated just beyond the ID screening station.

SECURITY AGENT #1

Miss, if you do not have a boarding pass, you can't go on to the gates.

BEE

I'm not getting on a plane. I'm here with the police, we're looking for someone at the airport.

Joe steps back to the station.

JOE

She's with me.

Security Agent #1 looks up at him.

SECURITY AGENT #1

Officer, I appreciate that. I have been informed that uniformed police officers will be patrolling the terminal, and that I should let them by. Unfortunately, no one has informed me that Dorothy has a pass.

JOE

Ma'am, she is the key to the search. She knows the fugitive. I'm not sure I can pick him out of the crowd, but I know she can.

Security Agent #1 purses her lips. She nods shortly.

SECURITY AGENT #1

Go on.

JOE

Thanks.

BEE

Thank you.

In front of them, the line is empty for twenty feet because of how much time they took at the ID screen. But then the maze, jammed with people, begins again.

JOE

Excuse me . . . excuse me . . .

They move through the line, looking carefully at everyone they pass.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY - DAY

Andy, dressed in a brown tweed skirt, stockings, a pink blouse, and a pink sweater, steps out of adorable brown spectator pumps and puts them in a gray plastic bin for the X-ray machine. He puts a brown leather purse in the bin with the shoes, then takes off his sweater and folds that on top.

He's wearing a blond pageboy wig, but it's a high quality wig and looks like hair. Tortoiseshell cat eye glasses are on his face. His makeup is carefully applied. His movements are carefully feminine, but not over the top. If you didn't know it was Andy, you would believe he was a woman.

SECURITY AGENT #2, a woman, stands on the other side of the metal detector gateway. She motions for Andy to walk through. Andy steps through the metal detector and she waves him on. He walks to the back side of the X-ray machine and waits for his gray bin to come out.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY LINE - DAY

Joe moves through the line of people. Bee is a few feet behind him. She looks at everyone in line as she passes. She's also looking at the line of people ahead of her, about three rows before the maze ends, and beyond that at the people moving out of one line and into four separate security stations.

For a second, she looks beyond the man to her left and at one of the four security lines. She sees Andy move through the metal detector gateway and turn to pick up his items off the X-ray machine's rolling belt.

BEE

Joe!

Joe looks back. Bee points at Andy, on the other side of the metal detector. Joe turns his head and sees Andy. He points, too.

JOE
(yelling)
Security! Stop that man!

The security agents look at Joe and then look in the direction that he's pointing. Two of them move to block MAN #2, right behind Andy. He looks at them in horror.

SECURITY AGENT #3
Sir, I'm going to have to ask you
step aside.

MAN #2
What? What is this about?

Andy quickly picks up his shoes and puts them on the floor. Stepping into them, he picks up his purse and sweater.

Joe steps over the line's cloth divider and into the next row. Bee follows him, bending over to go under the cloth divider.

JOE
Not that guy! Him! The guy in the
pink shirt.

The security agents look at Andy. Security Agent #2 steps in front of him, holding her wand out and blocking the way to the gates.

SECURITY AGENT #2
Ma'am, I'm asking you to stop right
there.

Andy shoves Security Agent #2, hard, into the side of the machine next to them. She stumbles back, off-balance. Andy runs toward the gates. Security Agent #2 pushes herself off the machine and sprints after him. She tackles Andy, who hits the ground hard, with Security Agent #2 on top of him. The tortoiseshell glasses fly off Andy's face and roll along the carpeted floor.

Joe, Bee, and the other security agents run up to them. Bee runs over to the glasses and picks them up. Joe kneels down and puts a hand on Andy's back, holding him down.

JOE
(to Security Agent #2)
Did you play football?

Security Agent #2 smiles. She gets to a knee and then stands up.

SECURITY AGENT #2

(laughing)
She's in heels. You need to wear
sensible shoes if you want to make a
clean getaway.

Bee joins their group.

BEE

Yay! We caught him!
(quietly, to Andy,
held down on the
floor)
Sorry, Andy.

Andy grunts in response.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Bee sits at the end of a row of airport chairs. She's reading
a brand new paperback book that she must have just bought in
the newsstand store nearby.

Joe and Phelps and two other uniformed cops stand and talk,
about ten feet away. Joe turns away from them and walks
over to Bee.

JOE

Well, that's it.

Bee stands up. Joe and Bee walk slowly through the terminal.

JOE (CONT'D)

Are you upset?

BEE

He never actually hurt anybody, right?

JOE

Not physically.

BEE

And he was a great employee.

JOE

You could submit a statement about
that for his trial. It might help
in his defense.

BEE

Would that be my civic duty?

JOE

Yeah, but it would also be your duty
as a friend. Win win.

BEE

Back to me. Where am I going to
find someone to replace him?

They look at each other.

JOE

Don't look at me! I have a job.

Bee and Joe walk towards the doors leading out.

FADE OUT:

THE END