

ANGIE TRIBECA
"The Husband Did It"
written by
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COLD OPEN

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

**CHYRON: LOS ANGELES SUPERIOR COURT
PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA VS. ANGIE TRIBECA
1,782 COUNTS OF POLICE BRUTALITY**

Prosecutor FRANCES PANTS paces in front of the witness stand, where ANGIE TRIBECA sits.

PANTS

Ms. Tribeca, you have an extreme method of interrogating witnesses, do you not?

TRIBECA

I don't know what you're talking about.

PANTS

Let's look at the tape.

She holds up a remote, points it at a TV, and hits PLAY.

ON SCREEN:

TRIBECA SLAMS an old lady against a wall, holding her by the pearls, and raising her free hand in a fist.

TRIBECA

TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW!

CUT TO:

TRIBECA hoists a toddler (clutching a lollipop) by his Oshkosh suspenders.

TRIBECA (CONT'D)

TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW!

CUT TO:

TRIBECA holds a kitten in one hand, raises her other fist.

TRIBECA (CONT'D)

TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW!

BACK TO:

COURTROOM - DAY

TRIBECA
Those are isolated incidents...

PANTS
We're not done, yet.

ON SCREEN:

TRIBECA is on top of a coffin, grabbing the corpse's lapels and shaking it violently.

TRIBECA
TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW!

CUT TO:

TRIBECA holds up her own computer, shouting--

TRIBECA (CONT'D)
TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW!

CUT TO:

TRIBECA, on her hands and knees, shouting at a line of ants--

TRIBECA (CONT'D)
TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW!

CUT TO:

TRIBECA shouts at an ice cream cone--

TRIBECA (CONT'D)
TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW!

The icecream falls off the cone.

CUT TO:

TRIBECA slams her fist against a mirror, shouting at her reflection--

TRIBECA (CONT'D)
TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW!

CUT TO:

TRIBECA grabs a bespectacled man by the throat, raising a fist one more time...

TRIBECA (CONT'D)
TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW!

A WIDER shot reveals we are...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

TRIBECA in the jury box, threatening the FOREMAN.

FOREMAN
Alright! I confess! Just don't hurt
me. I did it. I killed him. Because
he stole my promotion!

Two UNIFORMED COPS arrest the foreman and take him out of the
court.

TRIBECA
(To PANTS)
See? I get results.

She gives the jury a side-eye, and they recoil in fear.

PANTS
Judge, the accused is clearly
attempting to unduly influence the
jury.

Tribeca is on the judge's bench, holding him up by the robes.

JUDGE
I'll allow it.

Tribeca smiles and lets him go.

MAIN TITLE CREDITS.

ACT ONEINT. LIEUTENANT PRITKIN ATKINS' OFFICE - DAY

LT. PRITKIN ATKINS leans out his door and shouts--

ATKINS

Tribeca! Geils! Get your asses in here!

TRIBECA (O.C.)

Sir?

REVEAL Tribeca and JAY GEILS are already standing behind him inside the office. Atkins starts, then--

ATKINS

Oh, good, you're already here. That was a long deposition and we have to get the plot moving.

GEILS

I know, and I didn't even get to give any testimony.

ATKINS

Can it, Geils! There are no small witnesses; only small officers. Tribeca, after that display in the courtroom, D.A. Pants doesn't want you out in the field for now.

TRIBECA

Aw, c'mon. I.A. dropped the charges. Isn't that right?

She glares down at an INTERNAL AFFAIRS officer, who she's pinning to the floor with her heel. He nods vigorously.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS

That's right!

ATKINS

I don't care. You're in the office until further notice. Luckily, Tanner and Hoffman have a person of interest on a murder case in the interrogation room.

GEILS

Just how interesting is this person?

ATKINS

Kinda boring, actually. He's an insurance salesman and he collects stamps.

TRIBECA

Not much to go on. Come on, Geils, let's go beat a witness.

GEILS

"Interview." We interview witnesses.

TRIBECA

Eh, tomahto, tomahto.

GEILS

You just said "tomato" twice.

TRIBECA

No, I said "tomahto."

She gives Atkins a smirk, like, "Can you believe this guy?"

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

OFFICER DJ TANNER glares across the table at EDUARDO VARGAS (30s, nerdy and unassuming). Vargas is blubbering--

VARGAS

Oh, God! I did it! I confess! I killed him!

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Tribeca and Geils watch with disgust.

TRIBECA

Definitely not our guy.

GEILS

Who just confesses like that?

VARGAS

(muffled, through mirror)
I am unquestionably guilty!

Tribeca storms out, and Geils follows her into--

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tribeca taps Tanner on the shoulder.

TRIBECA

Okay, Tanner, we'll take it from here.

TANNER

He was just conf--

GEILS

It's alright, buddy. Happens to the best of us.

He pats Tanner condescendingly on the shoulder as he guides him out. Tribeca leans over Vargas.

TRIBECA

Tell us what you know!

VARGAS

I shot him! I was so angry, I just- I grabbed my gun and I killed him!

Tribeca SLAMS her fists on the table.

TRIBECA

Damn it, quit lying to us!

GEILS

Who are you protecting?

Geils also slams his fist on the table. Unfortunately, Tribeca's hand is still there. She YELPS in pain.

GEILS (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Vargas shakes his head.

VARGAS

I'm not protecting anyone, I swear!

Tribeca pulls Geils aside.

GEILS

I think we need to change up this good cop, bad cop routine.

TRIBECA

You're right. I'll be the good cop.
 (Points at Vargas instead
 of Geils)
 He's the bad cop.

GEILS

Wait, what? I don't under--

Before he can grasp what she's suggesting, Tribeca steps away as if GEILS is a dangerous suspect.

TRIBECA

You gotta help me out. I don't know
 what he's going to do if you don't
 tell me something.

She glances nervously over her shoulder at Vargas. Vargas jumps in without missing a beat.

VARGAS

Let's throw the book at him!

GEILS

Whoa, wait-!

A book HITS him in the face.

GEILS (CONT'D)

Ow!

TRIBECA

(Whispers to Geils)
 I think it's working.

GEILS

Where did he even get a book?

As he rubs his head, Geils realizes, much to his confusion, that his hands are cuffed.

TRIBECA

Listen, if you're not going to
 cooperate, I don't know if I can
 protect you.

Vargas grabs Geils by the collar and SLAMS him into the wall.

VARGAS

Tell me where it is!

GEILS

(completely lost)
 Where what is?

Vargas thinks about it, realizes he doesn't know, either--

VARGAS
Tell me what I'm looking for, then
TELL ME WHERE IT IS!

BROOKE (O.C.)
This interview is over!

The booming voice causes everyone to FREEZE. They turn to see DONALD BROOKE, 40s, a fancy man in a fancy suit.

Vargas lets Geils go. Geils gasps for breath. Brooke comes over, holding out a comforting hand... to Vargas.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

GEILS
Is he alright?

BROOKE
I need to confer with my client.

VARGAS
Your what now?

Brooke offers a card: DONALD BROOKE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BROOKE
I'm with the Civil Liberties Union of America, and I'll be representing you.

TRIBECA
You work for the ACLU, now?

BROOKE
Oh, no, I'm not a member of that steadfast defender of our constitutional rights, including the first amendment right to parody. I'm with CLUA.
(pronounced "Kahlua")

GEILS
You know this guy?

TRIBECA
You know how I have a clearance rate of ninety-nine percent?

GEILS
Yeah?

TRIBECA
 (narrows her eyes)
 He's the one percent.

BROOKE
 Have you read this man his rights?

GEILS
 Of course we--

BROOKE
 Where are his mittens? What if he
 gets chilly?

TRIBECA
 I don't think we--

BROOKE
 And why isn't there a complimentary
 mint on his pillow?

GEILS
 He doesn't have a pillow...

BROOKE
 Get him a pillow!

Geils scurries away. BROOKE eyeballs Tribeca.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
 Well? Haven't you heard of
 attorney-client privilege?

TRIBECA
 Haven't you ever heard of... shut
 your face?

Brooke regards her blandly.

TRIBECA (CONT'D)
 I'll go, now.

She leaves. Brooke turns to Vargas.

BROOKE
 I want you to know that everything
 said in here will be inadmissible
 in court.

VARGAS
 But it's all true. I killed Aaron!
 I deserve to be punished.

BROOKE
That's also inadmissible.

VARGAS
I think I need a different lawyer.

BROOKE
All inadmissible.

Off Vargas' confused look...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tribeca and Atkins watch through the one-way mirror-- Brooke hands Vargas a lollipop.

Geils comes in from the hall, carrying an armful of bedding.

ATKINS

What in the hell do you think
you're doing?

GEILS

Complying with the suspect's eighth
amendment rights?

Behind Atkins, in the INTERROGATION ROOM, a Japanese woman in a kimono spreads a towel out on the interrogation table. Vargas climbs onto it.

ATKINS

Dammit, Geils, you're a secured-
cannon! Running around not cocked,
on an eight pound trigger, liable
not to go off unless intentionally
fired. I expect my cops to throw
out the book! And then burn it. And
throw out the ashes.

GEILS

What do you want? Shoot first, ask
questions later?

TRIBECA

We're supposed to do something
after shooting?

INTERROGATION ROOM: the masseuse walks on Vargas' spine, while Brooke buffs his nails.

ATKINS

Look at Tribeca. She plays by her
own rules. You, you play by my
rules. But my rules say, play by
your own rules!

GEILS

I'm not sure I underst--

ATKINS

I've had it! Turn in your badge!

GEILS
For what?!

ATKINS
Excessive subordination!

TRIBECA
Wait, Lieutenant.

ATKINS
What?

TRIBECA
Geils's methods may be conventional, but he gets the job done. If you want his badge, you'll have to take mine, too.

ATKINS
Don't take that respectful tone with me!
(thinks about it)
Dammit! You're good cops. But I'm putting you on notice, Geils. I expect more mayhem from you. Your cool head is rubbing off on Tribeca.

INTERROGATION ROOM: Brooke, Vargas, and the masseuse sit in a circle on the floor, meditating while candles and incense burn.

TRIBECA
Don't worry, Lieutenant. We'll solve this one.

TANNER
You know he confessed, right?

Geils puts a consoling hand on his shoulder.

GEILS
I know, they can't all be gimmes.

TRIBECA
Let's go check with forensics.

EXT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Dr. MONICA SCHOLLS slides a chess piece across a board.

DR. SCHOLLS
Check.

Tribeca clenches a fist.

TRIBECA

Damn it!

DR. SCHOLLS

I told you not to sacrifice your queen.

TRIBECA

You could try to be a little more gracious.

DR. SCHOLLS

I could try that, or you could try being better at chess.

GEILS

Ladies, can we stop playing games and get to work?

Geils surreptitiously slides a Gameboy into his back pocket, as they come over to the corpse on the exam table.

DR. SCHOLLS

Bullets recovered from the victim's body match the type used in a revolver registered to Vargas.

TRIBECA

Circumstantial.

DR. SCHOLLS

Hair fibers and skin under the victim's finger nails match Vargas' DNA.

GEILS

Who knows how that got there?

REVEAL Tanner observing from the corner.

TANNER

Several witnesses identified Vargas fleeing the scene, shouting...

(checks notes, reads dryly)

"Oh God, oh God, I killed him, I killed Aaron Bornheimer."

TRIBECA

Look, you can waste time all you want--

TANNER

I can? Thanks!

His face lights up as he pulls a chew toy from his pocket and throws it. HOFFMAN barks and chases after it.

Tribeca turns to Scholls--

TRIBECA

This is all meaningless to a jury.
I mean, have you ever even seen a
DNA?

GEILS

She's right.

DR. SCHOLLS

She's not right. She's not even
wrong.

TRIBECA

My point is, when has empirical
evidence ever convinced anyone of
anything?

TANNER

Hey, remember that time he
confessed?

GEILS

Exactly! If people just confessed
to crimes, we wouldn't need police.
We'd all be out of jobs. So it's
gotta be anyone but Vargas.

TRIBECA

Anyone?

Her eyes narrow suspiciously, looking around the room until she fixates on Scholls. She narrows her eyes, too, glaring Tanner. Tanner glares at Hoffman. Hoffman glares at the corpse.

The corpse doesn't move, but we cut to Geils as if it was glaring at him. Geils glares at ATKINS.

GEILS

Oh, Lieutenant, when did you get
here?

ATKINS

I've been here the whole time. It
was really weird how none of you
acknowledged me.

TRIBECA

Do you have any thoughts?

ATKINS

I think immigration is a more complex issue than either political party is truly willing to admit.

TRIBECA

About the case.

ATKINS

I think we need a motive why Vargas would kill this man.

GEILS

Gay panic?

DR. SCHOLLS

He means he wants you to investigate further.

TRIBECA

Right. Let's conduct some interviews.

She punches the palm of her own hand.

ATKINS

Slow down there, Tribeca. You're still on desk duty. Tanner, you're with Geils.

TANNER

What about Hoffman? We haven't done walkies, yet.

ATKINS

Don't you worry about him. I want you two to stake out Vargas' house.

INT. GEILS'S CAR - DAY

Geils watches a quiet, suburban home through a pair of binoculars. His cell phone sits on the dash--

TRIBECA

(over speakerphone)

Let me get this straight. You don't get to punch anyone?

GEILS

No. It's a stakeout.

Next to him, Tanner is cooking a steak on a portable grill.

INTERCUT:

INT. PRECINT HOUSE (GYM) - DAY

CLOSE ON Tribeca, bobbing up and down as she runs, talking on her phone.

TRIBECA

You just said you don't get to punch anyone!

TANNER

(over the phone)

No, you-- What do you think a stakeout is?

INT. GEILS'S CAR

TRIBECA

(speakerphone)

Boy, things sure have changed since my day.

GEILS

You're, like, a year older than me.

INT. INT. PRECINT HOUSE (GYM)

TRIBECA

Which is seven years to Hoffman.

In a WIDER SHOT, reveal she and Hoffman are running side-by-side on treadmills. Hoffman looks adorable with his tongue lolling.

INT. GEILS'S CAR

TANNER

Do you want yours rare or medium?

GEILS

(holds up fingers in a pinching gesture)

Just a little bit of pink.

VARGAS
I like mine well done.

TANNER & GEILS
AHHH!

They jump, suddenly realizing Vargas is behind them in the back seat.

VARGAS
Listen, I need your help. My lawyer is crazy! I keep telling him I'm guilty, but he won't believe me.

GEILS
I mean, if your lawyer won't even believe you...

In the deep background, BROOKE comes out of Vargas' house, looking around.

VARGAS
Wait, you guys think I'm innocent?

GEILS
Yeah.

TRIBECA
(over speaker)
Absolutely.

TANNER
I'm starting to come around.

Over the speakerphone, Hoffman BARKS.

GEILS
Here's a little insider cop info:
no one ever confesses.

Vargas sees Brooke out of the corner of his eye.

VARGAS
Okay, then... I didn't do it!

Brooke spots them in the car.

BROOKE
Hey! Hey, stop talking with my client! He has a right to representation!

VARGAS

(ignoring him)

I didn't discover Aaron in bed with another man, then kill him in a fit of rage! I certainly didn't shoot him with my own .44 revolver, which is locked in my gun safe (combination four-two-one-two). I'm innocent!

GEILS

(into phone)

Tribeca, I think we just had a break in the case.

As he puts the car in gear, Brooke runs up to them--

BROOKE

Stop! Stop in the name of the Sixth Amendment!

Geils hits the gas, then sticks his head out the window to shout back at Brooke--

GEILS

He's not formally in custodyyy so the Sixth Amendment doesn't applyyyy!

His voice starts to fade as they drive off. From Vargas' point of view, Brooke's voice likewise recedes--

BROOKE

The relevant caselaw is still in dispuuuuute!

He shakes his fists in the air as we...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. LIEUTENANT PRITIKIN ATKINS' OFFICE - DAY**

Vargas sits across from Atkins' desk, while Atkins, Brooke, and District Attorney Pants decide his fate. Detectives Geils and Tribeca observe from the corner.

PANTS

You expect me to prosecute a gay, Hispanic, handicapped person?

ATKINS

He's handicapped?

GEILS

Colorblind, sir. Only red/green, but it still counts.

PANTS

This much intersectionality in one suspect? Brooke will eat my lunch.

Brooke looks up from a paper lunch sack with "Francie Pants" written in marker on the front.

BROOKE

It's true.

(crosses to Vargas)

Just look at the man. Who would believe he even owns a gun?

VARGAS

I own a gun! I own several guns! I'm a card-carrying member of the NRA! I have a tattoo of the Second Amendment on my chest, right under another one that says "Sic Semper Tyrannis"!

He rips open his shirt to reveal this is the case.

GEILS

(aside, to Tribeca)

That's an obscure reference.

TRIBECA

(low)

It's okay, this's just a script. People can Google it.

BROOKE

Hot-blooded, violent Hispanic is an invidious stereotype. In a suburban district, I will white-guilt that jury so hard, they'll have to acquit. Bringing this to trial will just be a waste of everyone's time.

ATKINS

Tribeca, Geils. This is your case. What do you think we should do?

TANNER (O.C.)

Hey!

Tribeca and Geils turn away from the group to confer.

TRIBECA

Let me get just one more crack at him in the interrogation room.

She holds up a whip. Geils slowly pushes it down.

GEILS

I don't know if your usual methods will work in this case, Angie.

TRIBECA

Maybe I could just... talk to him?

GEILS

Talk? Or... "talk"?

He does finger quotes and glowers in a disapproving manner. Tribeca thinks about it for a second.

TRIBECA

The first one.

GEILS

It won't be easy. His lawyer will be there the whole time, and Brooke is the best there is.

TRIBECA

I can handle him.

She turns and stares down BROOKE, who stares right back.

In a WIDE, everyone else just stands around awkwardly, not sure what to say or do.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Vargas sits at the table. Brooke stands behind him, setting a hand on his shoulder.

BROOKE
Don't worry, we'll get you out of this.

VARGAS
You know I'm guilty, right?

BROOKE
What difference does that make?

Tribeca enters, and calmly sits down across from Vargas, folding her hands on the table.

INTERCUT:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Atkins, Geils, and Tanner watch through the one-way mirror.

ATKINS
She hasn't hit anyone yet.

GEILS
Attagirl!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

TRIBECA
So, Mr. Vargas, what was your relationship with the victim?

BROOKE
Ahem, alleged victim.

TRIBECA
Aaron Bornheimer is dead, shot six times in the chest.

BROOKE
Alleged chest.

VARGAS
Aaron was my husband.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Atkins and Geils GASP.

TANNER

Did you guys even read my notes?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

TRIBECA

Why would you want to kill your own husband?

VARGAS

Because he was cheating on me.

BROOKE

Alleged me.

VARGAS

(ignoring him)

I was so angry, I went upstairs to the gun safe, grabbed my Magnum, and shot him.

TRIBECA

Where's the murder weapon now?

VARGAS

I'm pretty sure one of your officers collected it for evidence.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

TANNER

Ahem!

He holds up a plastic baggie with a MAGNUM REVOLVER inside.

ATKINS

Shh! She's got this guy on the ropes.

GEILS

Yeah, jeez!

They turn back to--

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

TRIBECA

I only have one more question.

Suddenly, she THROWS the table aside, grabs Vargas by the lapels, and SLAMS him into the one-way mirror, cracking it.

On the other side, Atkins, Geils, and Tanner jump back.

Tribeca shouts in Vargas' face--

TRIBECA (CONT'D)

Tell me what I need to know! Why are you covering up for Brooke?!

She points an accusatory finger at Brooke. Vargas stutters, stumbling for the right words...

TRIBECA (CONT'D)

Don't even think about lying to me, or I will interrogate you so hard...

VARGAS

Okay! I admit it! I'm innocent!

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Tanner GASPS.

GEILS

(smug)

Well, now you know what it feels like.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

TRIBECA

Alright, let's start from the beginning.

VARGAS

It began on the USC campus...

The screen goes fuzzy as we FLASHBACK to:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY (1970'S)

Students in stereotypical 70's outfits pass to and fro on their way to class.

VARGAS (V.O.)
 My parents met in the fall of 1972.
 They were both math majors, and--

TRIBECA (V.O.)
 Let's skip to the conspiracy to
 commit murder.

VARGAS (V.O.)
 Oh, right, sure.

The screen goes fuzzy as we FLASHFORWARD to:

INT. VARGAS' HOUSE (BEDROOM) - DAY (2017, BUT, LIKE, A FEW WEEKS AGO)

Vargas and Brooke lie in bed, naked from the waist up.

BROOKE
 Hey, maybe we should kill your
 husband?

VARGAS
 Don't people go to jail for that?

BROOKE
 I'm not sure. I'll have one of my
 paralegals check. But don't worry,
 I have the perfect defense. All you
 have to do is confess.

VARGAS
 You may not be as good a lawyer as
 you think you are.

BROOKE
 No, you see, it's perfect. You'll
 just pretend you don't know me,
 I'll defend you as just another
 gay, Hispanic, transgender,
 handicapped man railroaded by a
 bigoted policed force.

VARGAS
 (shakes head sadly)
 We undocumentded gay, Hispanic,
 transgender, handicapped men have
 it so hard.

BROOKE
 We'll say we bonded during the
 trial.

(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)
It's a love story and a murder
mystery all wrapped up into one!
The most important thing is, you
have to convince them you fired the
gun.

TRIBECA (V.O.)
But you didn't count on one thing.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Tribeca pontificates to Vargas and Brooke.

TRIBECA
Every cop knows, when the victim is
married, the husband did it.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Atkins smiles proudly.

ATKINS
I taught her that.

GEILS
Aw, why does she get to say the
episode title?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

TRIBECA
However, in this case, the victim
was also the husband. So I knew
there had to be a twist.

BROOKE
But how did you know I did it?

TRIBECA
It had to be either you or Pants.
We didn't introduce any other
characters this week.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

ATKINS
Okay, okay, rein it in, Tribeca.
This is getting a little too meta.

Dr. Scholls suddenly bursts into the room, waving a file folder around.

DR. SCHOLLS

Hold everything! I've got important new evidence! Vargas was at the crime scene but he didn't pull the trigger!

ATKINS

Yeah, we know.

DR. SCHOLLS

But you'll never guess who it is!

TANNER

Brooke was the second killer.

GEILS

Tribeca just got them to confess the whole thing.

Scholls slowly backs out of the room.

DR. SCHOLLS

Oh, well, I... I guess you don't really need me, then.

GEILS

Aw, Scholls, don't be like that.

DR. SCHOLLS

No, it's fine. It's fine.

She shuffles out, moping. The guys share a sympathetic look.

INT. LIEUTENANT PRITIKIN ATKINS' OFFICE - LATER

Tribeca and Geils finish filling D.A. Pants in on what happened--

TRIBECA

...after that, we booked them and took them into custody. They're all yours, now.

PANTS

Well, I'd say that wraps everything up in a neat little package.

TRIBECA

Yup. My style of interrogation does work sometimes.

PANTS

There's certainly no need to investigate further.

GEILS

No, I can't say there would be.

PANTS

This obviously doesn't hint at a larger conspiracy in the legal community.

ATKINS

What an odd thing to reassure us about.

PANTS

Yes, odd. Odd, indeed. Bwa-ha. Ha-ha! HAHAHAHAAAA!

She laughs maniacally. The others join in, laughing awkwardly and looking to each other for reassurance.

Pants suddenly stops, and they cut out, too. As she heads for the door--

PANTS (CONT'D)

Welp, I'm off.

TRIBECA

See you soon!

PANTS

Sooner than you may think!

She again cackles like a villain as goes to the elevators.

GEILS

(smiling)

She's a funny gal.

The others smile and nod in agreement.

END OF EPISODE