

Sugarloaf

Pilot Episode

Written by

Clifton Campbell

Network Final Draft

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SUGARLOAF STATE PRESERVE - MORNING

A blast of sky and sun. The wet smell of brine lays a heavy canopy over three-hundred year old mangroves. A place where lush green earth meets clear blue sky.

A wave of humid air pushes Spanish moss out over Fisheating Creek, a dark, handsome river that cuts through Sugarloaf, Florida. One of many Pinkberry communities that sprung up east of Tampa in the last half-decade, thanks to cheap mortgages and really bad ideas. We know how that worked out.

CREDITS over its indigenous beauty; a virtual Garden of Eden, a million years old and still in the game. Caladium the size of an elephant's ear anchor a line of flowering plants, herbaceous fern and fleshy white magnolia. Peach palm sagos, entwined in passion vine. A leggy Blue Heron picks at the mud bank. A couple of small gators drift silently among the lilies, little more than a pair of eyes, keeping an eye on everything. Such as

A TOYOTA RAV 4

Parked thirty feet from the creek. Von Dutch detailing, 20 inch rims, suggesting an owner of a certain age.

INT. TOYOTA RAV 4 - MORNING

Inside, a man and a girl, asleep. Not cuddling, hardly even touching. Oh, and the girl - she's not wearing pants. Just a throwback Buccaneer's jersey riding up high enough to see a pair of pink and blue striped panties. From GAP, if I had to guess.

The man, KERRY, is a good looking kid of 22, with an athletic build. You'd fuck him if you were her, which it appears as if she did, last night. The girl, ERIN, is 16. Without a doubt you'd fuck her - soft blonde hair, a hard and tight body. Two kids from middle-class families, exploring the nature of things. Both dead asleep ...

Until one of those heron leap off the bank with a shrieking whoop, and glides, whooping, out over the swamp.

Waking Kerry. His eyes open and we know immediately this kid did some drinking last night. Red, bleary eyes. Head pounding. He struggles for short term memory, looks over at Erin, dead asleep, vintage tee and panties - jogging some of last night back to him. He fishes around a dash board cluttered with beer cans for his smokes. She stirs but does not wake.

Kerry studies her body. More of the night returns to him in a flood of drunken memories, driving his need for fresh air.

EXT. FISHEATING CREEK - MORNING

Kerry steps out, shirtless, barefoot. He scratches at his face, rolls the kinks out of his neck and shoulders. Heads for the creek over cypress root that knob like veins along the ground.

He drops to his knees at the creek, running water over his face and through his hair. Shakes out a smoke, which he lights and inhales, deeply. He turns to look back at the RAV, to see that the girl has not moved. The cigarette making him sicker, so he flicks it into the creek, the butt dying in the black water with a *tsssst*, not far from a body. A dead one.

A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

Without a head, hands or feet, lies in the shallow mud. The better part of her right leg and shoulder bitten clean off.

KERRY

Stares at the body for a long beat. Trying to focus. He struggles through the knee-deep water to get a closer look, stopping a few yards away. The closer look sends him stumbling back for shore, where he collapses on the bank to get sick.

INT. TOYOTA RAV 4 - MORNING

Erin wakes to the sound of his RETCHING. She sits up, sees Kerry at the edge of the creek. She fumbles along the dash, finds a watch and checks the time.

ERIN

Shit.

She stands on the horn.

ERIN

Kerry! Shit.

The HORN sends Kerry into a second wave of retching.

Off which, the camera CRANES up and over the mangrove to FIND the tri-bay area of Tampa/St. Pete/Clearwater, a mile and a half west, buffeting the azure waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROBBIE'S RAW BAR - DAY

Waterfront bar and grill, off Sugarloaf Key Beach. Sunday morning crowd, bikini-tops and cut off jeans, driving hangovers away with grouper and avocado omelettes, mango margaritas, oysters on the half shell and blood orange mimosas - brunch on the west coast of Florida.

Jet skis line the marina, maybe a dozen vehicles in the parking lot, where a nondescript sedan pulls off Pinellas Highway and noses into a spot near the back kitchen door.

MIKE OGLETREE, a thick around the middle 41 year-old detective with the Florida State Police, gets out of the vehicle, groaning and clutching his lower back, moves for the back entrance when he stops, notices something on the side of the restaurant wall:

Okeechobee Southerner's are Sub-Human

... whatever the hell that means, spray painted in red paint on the side of Robbie's Bar. Ogletree fingers the paint, sniffs his fingers. Glances around the parking lot, then heads inside.

INT. ROBBIE'S RAW BAR - DAY

Ogletree steps to the counter, nodding "morning" to a few of the locals. The owner, ROBBIE RENNER, 35, sun-kissed, swimmer's bod and nobody's fool, busy shucking oysters.

OGLETREE

Robbie.

ROBBIE

Mike.

Ogletree watches her lightening-quick shucking as she fills a tray of goobers.

OGLETREE

Management shucking oysters. You got employees who can do that.

ROBBIE

Not as fast as I can. Besides. I like to get my hands dirty.

They share a brief smile. He watches her a beat, then --

OGLETREE

You mind if I --

Help himself to a to-go cup of coffee.

ROBBIE

Yeah, no, go ahead.

Ogletree moves behind the counter, pours himself coffee.

ROBBIE

You see what some jackass did to my wall out there?

OGLETREE

I did. Not quite sure I take its meaning.

ROBBIE
Means after I close up tonight, I
get to do some painting.

OGLETREE
Any idea who might have done it?

ROBBIE
Hell, you know me. I'm sure I
pissed off someone, I usually do.

OGLETREE
Same thing was painted on the
Marriott off Interlake. Another on
the airport overpass.

ROBBIE
Then I won't take it personally.

She smiles, wipes her hands on her apron to help bag his coffee
as he pulls out his cell, thumbing in a text.

ROBBIE
That why you're working on a
Sunday?

OGLETREE
Nope. We got a floater.
(off her look)
-- someone dumped a body into
Fisheating creek.

ROBBIE
That's a nice thing. Dope dealing?

OGLETREE
Naw. She didn't look like she was
into that.

ROBBIE
A "she", huh? Good-looking?

OGLETREE
I don't know. She didn't have a
head.

Ogletree hits the button to send his text, then hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALM HARBOR COUNTRY CLUB - GOLF COURSE - DAY

A lush Pete Dye gem, hugging the bay at Crystal Beach. On the
fourteenth tee, JIM LONGWORTH, fit, still boyish at thirty-nine,
addresses the ball as a cell phone clipped to his bag warbles.
His playing partner, CARLOS, checks the number.

CARLOS
It's him again.

LONGWORTH
Excuse me. I'm over the ball.

Carlos shakes his head as Longworth takes a couple of waggles then swings, sending the ball long and deep down the fairway.

LONGWORTH
God damn. Did you see that?

CARLOS
You're the only person I know who swears worse the better he plays.

LONGWORTH
Shit that was sweet.

Longworth pumps his fist, psyched, drops into the cart. He guns the shitty engine down the fairway.

EXT. PALM HARBOR COUNTRY CLUB - FAIRWAY - DAY

Longworth's ball sits up nicely in the soft Bermuda grass. Their golf cart stops and Longworth gets out, sliding a six iron out of his bag.

LONGWORTH
What am I looking at?

CARLOS
One-seventy to carry the bunker.

LONGWORTH
Shit. I'm between clubs ...

Longworth steps back from the ball, looks up to the green. He rips a little grass from the roots, tossing it into the air to check the wind. Carlos shaking his head ...

Longworth grabs a six iron, a little self-talk as he addresses the ball.

LONGWORTH
Ball below my feet - shape the ball
a little left to right ...

Longworth sets up, waggles, then steps back again.

CARLOS
Just hit the damn thing.
(re the foursome behind
them)
They're back up behind us.

LONGWORTH
They can wait.

CARLOS
They're gonna get pissed off and hit into us. Then you're gonna get pissed off and try and arrest 'em for something.

Longworth looks back where a foursome is waiting to tee off.

LONGWORTH
They don't look that tough to me.

CARLOS
My wife's gonna cut my balls off if I don't get home and help with the kids.

LONGWORTH
I'm four over at the turn, mi amigo, five holes away from breaking eighty for the first time in my life.

CARLOS
Don't speak Spanish to me, you condescending prick.

LONGWORTH
I'm bridging a cultural divide.

CARLOS
You are a cultural divide. Hit the ball.

A different cell phone warble. Carlos checks his phone ...

CARLOS
Now he's calling me.

LONGWORTH
Don't answer it.

Carlos flips open the cell phone.

CARLOS
Hello?

LONGWORTH
I'm not here.

CARLOS
Yeah, he's right here.

Carlos tosses the phone to Longworth. Longworth gives him a look, brings the cell phone to his ear.

LONGWORTH
 You must've heard. I'm four over
 at the turn. Birdied three, seven
 and ten, with a lip out at eleven.
 (listens, then)
 We'll she's not gonna be any deader
 an hour from now.

A ball bounces a few yards away, skipping past them. Carlos and Longworth look back to see the foursome behind them. Apparently tired of the bullshit, they're playing through.

LONGWORTH
 How under-aged are we talking?
 (listens, then)
 What was she doing out there, was
 she doin' the guy? Well what the
 hell did you ask?

Longworth cradles the phone as he steps to the ball. He takes a swing, sending it sailing back to the tee box, under --

LONGWORTH
 Listen, just stick her in a room
 and don't let her talk to anyone.
 I want a clean shot at her before
 her parents shut her up.

Longworth hangs up, tosses the phone back to Carlos.

LONGWORTH
 Call your wife and open your
 office.

CARLOS
 It's Sunday, my office is closed.

LONGWORTH
 I just opened it.

Longworth waves an HISPANIC GROUNDS KEEPER over.

LONGWORTH
 Excuse me. See this ball? Es yo
 bolito - se?

The grounds keeper nods as Longworth flashes his badge.

LONGWORTH
 This ball is part of a murder
 investigation. Anybody messes with
 my ball and you go to jail?
 Comprende?

The worker nods. Longworth gets in the cart with Carlos and they ride off. The worker stands there.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICE - DAY

A mid-city Sub-Station, surrounded by office buildings, and operated by the Florida Department of Law Enforcement, the defacto State Police.

A GOLF CART sits in a parking spot next to a Crown Vic and a couple of State Patrol vehicles.

INT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICE - DAY

Erin sits alone in a small office. She looks tired but not particularly anxious over events of the morning. Buoyed, perhaps, by events of the night.

INT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Longworth waits for a burrito to re-heat in the microwave. Ogletree stirs a packet of sugar into his coffee from Robbie's as he teases out details from a work in progress protocol.

OGLETREE

No scar tissue, no water in her lungs - nothing in her stomach ...

The microwave DINGS. Longworth goes for his burrito.

OGLETREE

... identity and Cause of Death inconclusive without the head -- you might wanna give that a --

LONGWORTH

Ah! Shit.

Longworth burns his hand grabbing the hot burrito.

OGLETREE

You wanna go look at the body?

LONGWORTH

She's dead. I wanna talk to the girl. Any word from her folks?

OGLETREE

Her mom is M.I.A. Apparently not unusual for a Saturday night, especially with her husband on a poker run in the Keys.

LONGWORTH
Any o' these geniuses have a
record?

OGLETREE
Law abiding, far as we know.

LONGWORTH
What about the boy?

OGLETREE
Local kid. Kerry Brussard. Twenty-
two ...
(beat)
I sent him home.

LONGWORTH
Why?

OGLETREE
He threw up on my keyboard giving
his statement.
(beat)
Got a call into the girl's folks.

LONGWORTH
Okay.

OGLETREE
She's sixteen. Can't talk to her
without a parent or guardian ...

But Longworth is already on the move ...

INT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Longworth enters, sits across from Erin as he eats his burrito.

LONGWORTH
You get anything to eat?
(silence)
You want something? Burrito or
something? Something to drink?

She shakes her head no. Longworth looks at her a beat.

LONGWORTH
Would you be more comfortable if we
waited till we located one of your
parents?

ERIN
My parents? Good luck with that.

LONGWORTH
You're okay talking to me, then?

She shrugs sure, whatever. Longworth sits across from her.

LONGWORTH
We sent your whatever he is -
boyfriend or whatever, home. He
puked on my partner's keyboard.

ERIN
He drinks too much.

LONGWORTH
He's also older than you. Did you
guys have relations?

ERIN
What do you mean? Did I screw him?

LONGWORTH
Yeah, did you screw him.

ERIN
Is that important?

LONGWORTH
Maybe.

She looks at him a beat. Not sure where he's going.

ERIN
I'm old enough to give consent.

LONGWORTH
You're sixteen. That's not old
enough. Legally.

ERIN
Are you going to arrest him?

LONGWORTH
Did he have sex with you?

ERIN
No.
(off his look)
And what's this got to do with the
woman without the head?

LONGWORTH
I don't know yet.

Erin looks at him. Digesting that.

LONGWORTH
He says you guys got out there a
little after ten o'clock and slept
out there all night? Did you see
or hear anything?

ERIN
You mean, related to the woman?

LONGWORTH
Yeah. Did you see or hear anything that might help us identify who she was. Like the person or persons who dumped her there.

ERIN
Maybe she died there.

LONGWORTH
Maybe. But we don't think so.

ERIN
What do you think happened?

LONGWORTH
I think she was killed somewhere else and dumped there so an alligator could destroy the evidence.

Erin takes a beat with that. Shakes her head no.

ERIN
I didn't hear anything.

LONGWORTH
What about this spot? Anything about it special for you two?

ERIN
No.

LONGWORTH
No special meaning?

ERIN
No. Just a place to go.

LONGWORTH
A place other people go to maybe? Young people. To party, get drunk. Try sex?

She doesn't respond, but yeah, basically.

LONGWORTH
So it's kind of a dumb place to dump a body. If someone knew that.

ERIN
Maybe it's a good place, if you're tryin' to mess with the cops.

LONGWORTH
Is that something you think about?
Messing with us for trying to keep
things safe and orderly?

ERIN
I'm just saying.

LONGWORTH
So was this your first time trying
sex?

ERIN
Trying?

LONGWORTH
Hey, I'm still trying. Don't ever
wanna get too good at a thing, it
becomes routine.

ERIN
How do you know she didn't float
there from upriver?

LONGWORTH
Doesn't figure that way,
forensically.

ERIN
Are you an expert in forensics?

LONGWORTH
I'm an expert in all things
homicidal, Erin. There isn't much
about murder I don't know. Or
can't find out. If I just keep
asking the right questions.

They stare at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUGARLOAF STATE PRESERVE - FISHEATING CREEK - AFTERNOON

Crime scene tape marks off a hundred or so square feet which
have been cordoned off to the public. A State Police Department
vehicle sits inside the area, parked along side the marsh.

We FIND Longworth, sitting on the bank, shoes and socks off,
rolling up his pant legs. A nine iron at his side, which he
picks up then wades into the water.

The water is to his mid-thigh. He tries to peer down into the
dark, brackish water as he sifts through the silt with the nine
iron, raking it across the river floor.

He snags on something, dips to fish around the bottom with his hand, holding his head just above the water line, when he suddenly lurches out of the water, staggering back and out of the way of

AN ANGRY FIVE FOOT ALLIGATOR

whipping in a near full-breech having taken a good nip out of Longworth's hand. Longworth stumbles back onto the bank, more in shock than in pain as the alligator drifts off, already losing interest in the startled lawman.

CUT TO:

INT. TAMPA BAY MEDICAL CENTER - EVENING

Longworth in a hospital gown, a bandage over his right hand, is bent over an exam table as a health care worker draws antibiotic into a syringe behind him.

LONGWORTH
Is this absolutely necessary?

The health care worker, CALLIE, a pretty thirty-two year old with a tough veneer, rubs an alcohol cotton ball on his ass.

CALLIE
You want to die of infection?

LONGWORTH
He looked pretty hygienic to me.

CALLIE
Everyone looks hygienic till the blood work comes back.

She looks for a spot on his ass to administer the shot, stops to run a finger over scar tissue in the middle of his back.

CALLIE
Either that's an exit wound or the surgeons in Chicago are all drunks.

He looks back at her, impressed she knew what it was.

LONGWORTH
My captain shot me.

CALLIE
On purpose?

LONGWORTH
He thought I was sleeping with his wife ...

She sticks him with the needle, he blanches slightly.

LONGWORTH
-- I wasn't. But I was the only
one in the department that wasn't.

She drops the gown to re-cover his ass. He holds up his
bandaged hand, testing it, squeezing it open and closed.

LONGWORTH
It feels like it's gonna hurt like
hell later on.

CALLIE
I can give you something for the
pain, but a six pack of Heineken
will do just as good. And if I do
give you something and later on you
want that Heineken ...

Meaning, not on antibiotics, as he mimics a golf grip and swing,
annoyed with the clunky bandage and winching for the effort.

LONGWORTH
How long you think I'm gonna have
to wear this thing?

CALLIE
You in some kind of hurry?

LONGWORTH
I've got a Titleist with a perfect
lie sitting on the fourteenth
fairway at Palm Harbor, waiting for
me to break eighty for the first
time in my life.

CALLIE
With that swing, I'm not surprised.

She hands him a clipboard for his signature.

CALLIE
Sign, date and initial where
indicated.

LONGWORTH
What am I signing?

CALLIE
You're releasing the medical center
from liability should you lose that
hand or die from infection due to
my incompetence.

LONGWORTH
I'm not signing that.

CALLIE
 You will if you want your clothes
 back.

She leaves. He smiles, signs the forms.

EXT. THE COVES OF SUGARLOAF - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a SIGN, announcing the master planned community, with a coral rock "cove", cascading falls and leeward view of the Gulf.

INT. THE COVES OF SUGARLOAF - LONGWORTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Longworth pours a Heineken, smiling a little as he recalls the advice, and more importantly, the woman who gave it. He cups a couple of Advil into his mouth, washing them down with the beer.

He tucks a police file under his arm, and we FOLLOW him through the sliding glass doors, to his pool and screened-in deck area.

EXT. LONGWORTH HOUSE - POOL - NIGHT

The light from his pool dances off the walls. The distant crashing of waves. He sits down, sips his beer as he studies the file. A beat, then a CAR door slams in his driveway.

Longworth rises, moves to see someone getting out of the car, holding a thermal-insulated pizza warmer.

LONGWORTH
 Back here.

The delivery person heads over, emerging from the shadows into a reflective pool of dappled light to REVEAL it's Callie ...

CALLIE
 I knew the second I saw the name on
 the order I was in trouble.

LONGWORTH
 I'm sorry. Is that a pizza you're
 delivering?

CALLIE
 Stuffed crust, sausage and extra
 cheese?

LONGWORTH
 I thought you were a nurse?

CALLIE
 I am.
 (beat)
 Eleven dollars and fifty-two cents.

LONGWORTH
I released the hospital from
liability with the understanding
that you administered health care
for a living.

CALLIE
I do. I also do this. Eleven
dollars and fifty-two cents.

LONGWORTH
Who's that waiting for you in the
car?

Longworth sees a BOY in his early teens sitting in the car.

CALLIE
That's my husband.

LONGWORTH
Your husband is twelve?

CALLIE
Okay, he's my son.

LONGWORTH
He looks annoyed.

CALLIE
He's twelve.

LONGWORTH
So there's a husband somewhere?

CALLIE
Somewhere.

She doesn't elaborate. He sets the pizza down, fishes out his
wallet. Her eyes stray. Noting his house, his pool. His view.

CALLIE
Gentle surf and fresh air. Must be
hell on sleeping.

LONGWORTH
You get used to it.

He hands her a bill, which she regards with some annoyance.

CALLIE
This is a hundred.

LONGWORTH
Right.

CALLIE
I can't change a hundred.

LONGWORTH
So keep it.

CALLIE
I can't keep this.

LONGWORTH
Why not?

CALLIE
Because it's a hundred and you've
been hitting on me since we met.

There is a beat. The two of them, hold each other's gaze in the dappled, reflective light of the pool. She hands it back.

CALLIE
Here. You owe me fifteen bucks.

LONGWORTH
You said eleven-fifty.

CALLIE
With tip. You can drop it off at
the hospital.

A beat. He takes the hundred, agreeing to the plan.

LONGWORTH
I was under the impression nurses
made good money.

CALLIE
I was under the impression cops
didn't.

He looks at her. Smiles.

CALLIE
And we make great money. It's
Medical School that's killing me.

Longworth even more impressed, as she refers to his bandaged hand and little spot of red that bleeds through the gauze.

CALLIE
Change that before you go to bed.

She leaves. He watches her get in the car, sees her son sort of glaring back at him as they head up the street.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Longworth has a roll of surgical tape, a length of which he is tearing using his teeth. He wraps the length of tape around his freshly bandaged wound, securing it tight. He holds the wounded hand with his good hand - it really is starting to throb and hurt. Despite the pain, he manages a slight grin at his injury.

CLOSE ON A BLOTCH

Revealed to be a very close, microscopic view of human flesh, viewed through a high powered microscope. The focus pulls tighter around a cluster of bright red circles, what is commonly referred to as a blood grouping.

INT. LAB - DAY

Carlos over a microscope, Longworth at his side.

CARLOS

The club manager called. He wants you to come pick up your ball.

LONGWORTH

I consulted the USGA handbook and technically, I have seventy-two hours to resume play following an injury.

CARLOS

What are you talking about? There's no rule like that.

LONGWORTH

No, but doesn't that sound like something those Nazi bastard's would have a rule about. And what crawled up Buddy's ass?

CARLOS

He's getting complaints from members that you've cordoned off an area around your ball on the fourteenth fairway.

LONGWORTH

I want to finish the round.

CARLOS

It's gonna be weeks before you can swing a club, go pick up your ball.

LONGWORTH

I'm getting medical treatment, I'll be fine by the end of the week. The most heinous crime in this County's history and I can't get one professional courtesy?

Longworth exits, Carlos shakes his head, returns to his eyepiece.

INT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL - OFFICE - DAY

Ogletree, sitting uncomfortably at his desk over a file.

LONGWORTH

That thing helping?

He turns as Longworth steps up, nodding to the back support thing strapped to the back of Ogletree's chair.

OGLETREE

No. Lose your uniform again?

Ogletree in department khakis, Longworth in street clothes. An on-going source of aggravation for Ogletree ...

LONGWORTH

I'm just saying, hit the gym once in a while, every little thing wouldn't throw your back out.

OGLETREE

Yeah, we can be workout partners. Spend even more time together.

(re the files)

I got Missing Person files from Orlando, Ocala, Tampa, Miami. Nothing promising. I'm waiting for Jacksonville and Naples.

LONGWORTH

Naples? That's like old people. She wasn't that old.

OGLETREE

Maybe she was visiting a relative.

LONGWORTH

Dressed like that, I don't think so.

OGLETREE

What's wrong with the way she was dressed?

LONGWORTH

Someone she was visiting would've called it in if she went missing, don't you think?

Ogletree looks at him blankly.

LONGWORTH

We may not have her head, compadre, but we still have ours.

Longworth heads off. Ogletree watches him head out.

EXT. TAMPA BAY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Ten stories of medical offices in the heart of downtown Tampa. Find Callie, exiting the clinic and heading for her car.

She slows when she sees Longworth leaning against her Nissan.

LONGWORTH

I hope you don't mind. I took the liberty of finding out when you took your lunch.

CALLIE

Which I have with my son.

LONGWORTH

I was hoping I could run something by you.

CALLIE

And which I'm late for.

LONGWORTH

Don't you even want to know what about?

CALLIE

Your hand hasn't fallen off so I assume it has something to do with the body you found in the creek.

LONGWORTH

See I have this theory - two theories, actually. And if you know anything about theories, you know that if you have two of 'em then basically you have shit. I need someone like yourself to kind of walk it through with me.

CALLIE
Don't you have a partner for that kind of thing?

LONGWORTH
Yeah, I do. Nice guy, very practical, wife's a hell of a cook, they have me over for dinner every Sunday. But he's not a very good cop. He's also not a health care professional. Or a woman. I need a woman's point of view.

CALLIE
Who's a health care professional.

LONGWORTH
Oh, and before I forget ...

He hands her a twenty dollar bill.

CALLIE
This is a twenty.

LONGWORTH
Right.

CALLIE
I don't have change.

LONGWORTH
So you owe me five bucks.

CALLIE
Look. When you've got the right change. Let's not keep doing this.

She hands him the twenty back and gets in her car.

CALLIE
And I really can't do this right now.

LONGWORTH
Then when you get off tonight. Say for dinner. Which sounds a lot like a date but it's not.

CALLIE
I have to feed my son and get on him about his homework.

LONGWORTH
After that. Thirty minutes.

CALLIE
After that I go to bed.

LONGWORTH
Breakfast. My treat, wherever you
want to meet.

She starts the car. Concedes an opening.

CALLIE
I'll get him fed and at least
pretending he's doing his homework.
You can stop by around eight and
I'll give you thirty minutes.
(beat)
But do me a favor. Break that.

Meaning the twenty. He watches her pull out.

EXT. THE DON CESAR - BEACH RESORT - POOL SIDE CABANA - DAY

A jewel of Deco renovation on the sugar-white sand of St. Pete
Beach.

Longworth talking to a man in a Blue Blazer, who nods him off in
a specific direction, which Longworth follows.

He approaches Kerry, wearing white shorts and cotton shirt with
epaulets, setting up cabanas and guest umbrellas for the day.

LONGWORTH
Got a minute for some questions?

Kerry glances up briefly. Continues to set up chairs.

KERRY
Can't. Got to set up for the day.

LONGWORTH
Actually, now is what I meant.

Kerry looks at Longworth, who's pulled out his badge.

EXT. THE DON CESAR - BEACH - DAY

Kerry sits with Longworth at the beach side cafe. Parasails,
turquoise water and half-naked tourists in every direction.

KERRY
I already gave that other guy my
statement.

LONGWORTH
Mixed in with chunks of whatever
you had for dinner last night. I
thought I'd do a little follow up
now that you're, presumably, less
hammered.

KERRY

I didn't have anything to do with that lady getting killed.

LONGWORTH

I don't know that.

KERRY

Why would I tell you guys she was out there if I had something to do with it?

LONGWORTH

I dunno, you're a moron? I already know you're not very bright ...

(off his look)

-- it's not murder, but rape will still get you eight years in prison, and you brought *that* to our attention.

KERRY

Rape? I didn't rape anybody.

LONGWORTH

The presumption is a sixteen year old isn't emotionally ready to consent to a sexual encounter, so legally, the presumption is a clear "no" across the board. Having sex with someone who says no, is rape.

KERRY

The legal age is sixteen. She looked it up or something, went on line.

LONGWORTH

She lied to you about that. Which I'm guessing you believed because it synced up better with your immediate needs. Any reason you can think of why she lied to you about that, like maybe it was her first time?

KERRY

Her first time, that's hilarious.

LONGWORTH

She indicated to me that it was.

KERRY

Maybe she just *indicated* that to you to mess with you. And what's that got to do with the woman without the head?

LONGWORTH

What is with everyone and that question? Don't you know how a police investigation works? We ask questions. Sometimes direct, sometimes indirect, it doesn't matter if they make sense to you, half the time they don't make sense to me.

KERRY

I know she's lying because I know for a fact a guy she did before me.

LONGWORTH

How do you know *he's* not lying?

KERRY

Because he was my brother.

LONGWORTH

What do you mean, was? Is your brother dead?

KERRY

Yeah, he's dead. Got clipped on his motorcycle by a goddamn tourist on U.S. 75. At Interlake and 75, where the goddamn light. Put that goddamn light up right after it happened, like some goddamn reminder to me, so that every time I drive by I get to goddamn remember how he got mangled by some goddamn Previa driving asshole from goddamn friggin' Maine.

LONGWORTH

Well at least you've worked through it.

Kerry glares at Longworth.

LONGWORTH

I'm gonna need to ask you a few more questions, so don't leave town without checking with me first.

KERRY

Why?

LONGWORTH

I'm pretty sure we just covered that.

Longworth gets up and leaves. Off Kerry ...

EXT. CALLIE'S HOUSE - BACK PORCH LANAI - NIGHT

Longworth and Callie sit in the screened-in lanai. The file with photos and medical protocol sit opened on a table.

CALLIE
No one's reported her missing?

LONGWORTH
Not yet, anyway.

CALLIE
How long has she been dead?

LONGWORTH
My guy is telling me two or three days.

CALLIE
You have a guy?

LONGWORTH
He's not my own personal guy. I have to share him with the county.

Callie mildly amused despite her best efforts.

CALLIE
So you were shot by your captain for not sleeping with his wife and ended up here.

LONGWORTH
More or less. Got a little money for it. Not a fortune as it turns out, but enough to set myself up in a decent, albeit foreclosure plagued Master planned community, and not have to look over my shoulder. But trust me, if it ever gets too busy, or too dangerous, I'm out of here.

CALLIE
Was that more, or less?

LONGWORTH
That was less the parts I'm keeping out because I'm trying to impress you.

CALLIE
You were fired.

LONGWORTH
Not so much fired as asked to leave
and never come back.

She gives him a look.

LONGWORTH
I don't play well with others.
Have no idea why, I've just always
done better alone. Which doesn't
work in law enforcement. You know
they actually expected me to share
my theories with other people? I
mean like everyone, like other
detectives in like other precincts
and shit. Insane.

CALLIE
Imagine the cooperation something
like that would incite.

LONGWORTH
I finally stopped fighting it.
Took a job with the FHP, well off
the bureaucratic grid.

CALLIE
Good plan.

LONGWORTH
It was till the bottom fell out.
Property taxes crashed, public
services stretched so thin my
department's being forced to "asset
share" with the entire state of
Florida. Which means sharing
jurisdiction with every police
agency within the Florida
Department of Law Enforcement and
the Office of Public Safety. Not
what I had in mind.

CALLIE
I have a question.

LONGWORTH
Shoot.

CALLIE
Are we ever gonna get around to why
you need a woman's perspective or
can I just assume I've been had?

LONGWORTH
That's a complicated question. Do
you have a beer or something?

CALLIE
I always have beer. But frankly, I don't want my son to think there's something going on here.

LONGWORTH
Can't we just tell him there's nothing going on as I sip my beer?

CALLIE
Technically, I'm still married. And Jeff likes to dialogue with his father about my activities.

LONGWORTH
Where is he?

CALLIE
He's supposed to be in his bedroom *not* doing his homework. But my guess is he's spying on us.

LONGWORTH
I meant his father, the guy you're technically still married to.

Callie takes a beat.

CALLIE
Raiford.

That's a really bad prison in Central Florida.

LONGWORTH
Impressive.

CALLIE
Yup.
(beat)
Jeff?
(then over her shoulder)
Jeff?!

Then, from out in the dark --

JEFF (O.S.)
What?

CALLIE
Homework.

JEFF (O.S.)
I finished.

CALLIE
All of it?

JEFF (O.S.)
 What part of finished is confusing
 to you?

She looks at Longworth. That's my son.

JEFF (O.S.)
 What are you two talking about?

From the darkness of the back yard emerges her son JEFF, 12, a good looking kid struggling to reconcile his parent's odd and up for grabs marital status.

CALLIE
 Like you haven't been listening.

Jeff grabs the file, and photo of the dead woman.

JEFF
 Is this that woman you guys found?

LONGWORTH
 No, that's another woman.
 (off his look)
 Yes, that's the woman we found.

JEFF
 What happened to her head?

CALLIE
 Put those back.

She takes the photo back, stuffs it back into the file.

JEFF
 Did she offer you a beer?

LONGWORTH
 No. And I even asked nicely.

JEFF
 I'll get it.

CALLIE
 He won't be here long enough. He was just about to get to the reason he came over, then leave. Now go finish your homework.

JEFF
 Oh my God, I just *told* you.

CALLIE
 For real, this time.

After a beat, and prompted by his mother's glare, Jeff disappears into the house. When she's sure he's gone ...

CALLIE
Cartage theft. My husband.

LONGWORTH
I wasn't going to ask.

CALLIE
A dock worker was shot and killed during a heist. Not by Frank, but you know how it goes. Now do you really have something you wanna run by me, or can we say good night?

LONGWORTH
When did you lose your virginity?

CALLIE
Upp. Look at the time ...

LONGWORTH
No. I'm serious. The one person who might be able to help me, may or may not have lost hers the night they found the body. I mean, I've heard rumors about you people ...
(off her look)
-- is it possible for a girl to "lose her virginity" to more than one guy?

CALLIE
Sure. I lost mine three or four times.

LONGWORTH
Really? And we just fall for that?

CALLIE
You figure yourself for an expert on hymens?

LONGWORTH
So she's lying, then.

CALLIE
Probably. How old is she?

LONGWORTH
Sixteen.

CALLIE
Oh yeah. And if the question is, do we lie to guys and let 'em think we're giving 'em something special so they'll hang around a while? Yes. We do that.

LONGWORTH

What would you say about a girl who
"gave her virginity" to a couple of
brothers?

CALLIE

As in same parents brothers? I'd
say this chick was good. Or
desperate.

LONGWORTH

For what?

CALLIE

Love.

LONGWORTH

She didn't strike me as a girl
short on self-esteem.

CALLIE

And you would know? For certain?

He looks at her. Maybe not so certain.

LONGWORTH

See? I knew talking to you was a
good idea. By the way, what kind
of girl are you?

CALLIE

In terms of what?

LONGWORTH

How far you'd go to protect a
secret? Or lie to some guy to
twist him around your finger.

She looks at him a beat.

CALLIE

My husband's in prison. Does that
answer your question?

Yes it does. Off which ...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY INTERSECTION - U.S. 75 - NIGHT

CLOSE on a TRAFFIC LIGHT, burning green in a moonless night.

ECU of the instrument, the screen filled with green. Emitting an electronic BUZZ. The light shifts from green to yellow, angle widening now to include it. Then on again to red.

The light glows, instrument swinging in a light ocean breeze.

WIDER

A vehicle, a sedan, comes to a full stop at the intersection.

INT. LONGWORTH'S CAR - NIGHT

Longworth at the wheel, annoyed he caught the light. He looks left and right, even more annoyed to realize there's no traffic in either direction.

He waits, checking his bandaged hand, squeezing and unsqueezing his grip, wincing slightly from discomfort.

He looks at the light, still red. When something at the curb of the intersection catches his eye.

A "shrine" at the base of the traffic light. Beer cans and liquor bottles, candles, notes, flowers, relatively fresh.

Longworth gets out of the car and steps to the shrine.

He kneels to read a few notes and cards, all a loving tribute to "Lane", live fast and die hard, etc.

Longworth looks up at the street signs at the intersection.

U.S. 75 and Interlake Boulevard.

A car HORN blasts -- some idiot behind his idling car, pissed to be waiting behind a light that's turned green.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANDINGS - BAR - NIGHT

Overlooking the Marina and Old Tampa Bay, ringed by the lights of downtown Tampa and West Shore Plaza, between which the Metro light-rail glides silently.

INT. LANDINGS - BAR - NIGHT

The place busy with a night time crowd. The MUSIC jazz-infused, the vibe, half drunk and sexy. Longworth enters, carrying a file. He looks around the bar, sees someone through the crowd, in the distance by the pinball machines.

He starts over, then stops when he sees Ogletree sitting alone at the bar, staring into a highball.

LONGWORTH

Hey.

OGLETREE

Oh. Hey.

LONGWORTH

What are you drinking?

OGLETREE

Bourbon.

LONGWORTH

You don't drink bourbon.

OGLETREE

Sometimes I do. Have a seat.

LONGWORTH

I'm looking for Carlos. His wife said he likes to come here for the old school pinballs.

OGLETREE

Haven't seen him.

LONGWORTH

He's right there.

Ogletree looks to where Longworth is pointing.

OGLETREE

I didn't even see him.

LONGWORTH

What was the name of that kid's brother?

OGLETREE

What kid?

LONGWORTH

Kerry. Was it Lane?

OGLETREE

Lane? Maybe. Yeah. Why?

LONGWORTH
 There's a shrine for him at the
 light at Interlake and 75. When
 was that accident that killed him?

OGLETREE
 I don't know. A year ago, maybe.

LONGWORTH
 To the day?

OGLETREE
 Maybe. About that.

LONGWORTH
 Are you okay?

OGLETREE
 Yeah. Just fighting with my wife,
 is all.

LONGWORTH
 You guys don't fight.

OGLETREE
 We don't very often. She went to
 her sisters - whatever. Big drama
 queen, right? You want a drink?

LONGWORTH
 Let me take care of this first.

OGLETREE
 Sure, sure. I'll be here.

ANGLE ON CARLOS

Slamming into a pinball machine as Longworth approaches.

LONGWORTH
 Why didn't you tell me there was a
 tooth?

CARLOS
 What are you talking about?

Longworth pulls out the Medical Exam protocol.

LONGWORTH
 It says you pulled a tooth from the
 vic.

CARLOS
 A cuspid. From the alligator.

LONGWORTH
 Why didn't you tell me?

CARLOS
What difference does it make?

LONGWORTH
Carlos, a tooth can tell us all kinds of things.

CARLOS
About the alligator.

LONGWORTH
Size, sex, migration ...

CARLOS
Of the alligator.

LONGWORTH
Digestive system, is it fast, slow, one week, two weeks?

CARLOS
Okay.

LONGWORTH
It's been three days, maybe the head is still intact.

CARLOS
Are you out of your mind? How are you gonna find the one alligator in a swamp of goddamn alligators who fed on our Jane Doe?

LONGWORTH
With the tooth.

CARLOS
No wonder your partner hates you.

LONGWORTH
Don't be so lazy, Carlos.

CARLOS
Did you just call me lazy?

LONGWORTH
When's the tox screen scheduled?

CARLOS
Tomorrow.

LONGWORTH
I want to go with you.

CARLOS
I'm not taking you to the lab with me.

LONGWORTH

Why not?

CARLOS

The last time I did that they had a problem with you.

LONGWORTH

So. Professional courtesy.

CARLOS

Professional courtesy? You told them they had their head up their ass.

LONGWORTH

They do. Or they did. I have no idea if it's a recurring problem or not. I'll keep an open mind.

Longworth heads off before Carlos can object. Carlos slugs more coins in, cajoling the pinball machine back to life.

Longworth returns to where Ogletree was sitting, his empty bourbon and a beer sit there. Money on the bar to pay for both.

LONGWORTH

Excuse me? What happened to the guy who was sitting here?

BARTENDER

Said he was tired. Beer's for you.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA - DAY

Longworth with DANIEL KIM, 23, grad student in Herpetology, who looks at the alligator tooth in a plastic baggie --

KIM

Melanosuchus, would be my guess. Genus, phylum, can't be certain without more research. But all members of the *chordata* family are territorial.

LONGWORTH

And digestion is what, long, short?

KIM

Very slow, like ten days. Let me hang on to this, do some blood work, I can probably give you size, sex, coloring. Will that help?

Longworth hands the kid his business card.

LONGWORTH

Call me.

EXT. RAIFORD FEDERAL PENITENTARY - DAY

Imposing and fortified, rising out of hard, flat sand.

INT. RAIFORD FEDERAL PENITENTARY

Longworth with COLLIER MANUS, 42, old school Florida Deputy Sheriff with a tight crew cut and fit torso tucked into a peat brown uniform which he wears like a second skin.

They move down a hall, stopping as a guard opens a locked door, allowing them to move deeper for a room at the end of the hall.

MANUS

Steppin' on some big toes lettin' you in here. You will eventually tell me how this miscreant is related to your missing Jane Doe?

LONGWORTH

Just a hunch at this point.

MANUS

None of these bad men mind an interruption in their day, but their lawyers take exception. If your visit doesn't advance your stated intention, I gotta deal with that.

They enter --

INT. RAIFORD FEDERAL PENITENTARY - OBSERVATION ROOM

Where FRANK CARGILL, 36, jump suit, sits in the dimly lit room.

MANUS

He's a true piece of shit and God don't like him much for his part in taking another man's life, but he has rights. So tell me something good and save your lying for Mister Cargill.

LONGWORTH

I'm trying to get into his wife's pants.

MANUS

Lucky for you tinnitus spared me that revelation.

Manus nods and the light in the room comes on.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Longworth sits across from Frank Cargill. Frank looking over photos of three men, holding one out he recognizes.

CARGILL

This guy, maybe. Wayne or Dwayne something. These other two ...

Cargill shrugs he doesn't know them.

LONGWORTH

This creek sound like a place Wayne or Dwayne might find himself?

CARGILL

Doesn't fish to my knowledge. Straight up law breaker.

LONGWORTH

Pretty big piece of violence.

CARGILL

Yeah, I'm not seeing it.

Cargill hands the photo back to end the conversation. Getting the sense he's being fucked with, just not sure why.

LONGWORTH

What about you?

CARGILL

I don't fish.

LONGWORTH

You've never been out there?

CARGILL

Have to be clueless or desperate to go fishing where they aren't any fish to catch.

Cargill objecting to the fishing expedition.

LONGWORTH

No fish in Fisheating creek?

CARGILL

Cane fields leached out all the niacin. Nothing but gators, crackheads and assholes lookin' for trouble.

The two men hold each others eyes.

LONGWORTH
 How's your time going, Frank?
 Got a hearing coming up?

CARGILL
 My attorney has all that.

LONGWORTH
 Any calls I can make on your
 behalf? Information maybe I can
 help bring to light in appreciation
 for your thoughts this afternoon --

CARGILL
 I didn't tell you anything. But
 thank you.

Cargill clearly doesn't want any help from the lawman.

LONGWORTH
 You sure? It wouldn't be any
 trouble. Maybe run by, check on
 the family, make sure they don't
 need anything ...

CARGILL
 If you could maybe stay the hell
 away from my family, that would be
 greatly appreciated.

INT. TAMPA BAY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

We follow Callie up the hall, then slows when she sees Longworth enter through the sliding doors. She seems happy to see him.

CALLIE
 Hey.

LONGWORTH
 Hey. Got something for you ...

He hands her some money.

LONGWORTH
 Seventeen-fifty. That's the
 original fifteen dollars plus a
 little something on top for taking
 so long.

CALLIE
 Okay.

A beat. She looks confused.

CALLIE
 Is something wrong?

LONGWORTH
I just feel bad I haven't paid you,
is all.

She figures out what he's done.

CALLIE
You went and saw Frank.

LONGWORTH
Why would you say that?

CALLIE
You're paying me. Not paying me
was how you were keeping this thing
alive.

She looks at him. He doesn't deny it.

LONGWORTH
I was curious.

CALLIE
Curious about what?

LONGWORTH
Whether or not your husband was
someone I could respect.

CALLIE
And?

INT. ORDERLY'S DAY ROOM - MINUTES LATER

They slam inside, ripping at each others clothes, clawing and kissing as they fall into a bed used by staff between shifts.

They have tremendous first time sex. Fight to keep quiet but fail miserably.

INT. ORDERLY'S DAY ROOM - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Longworth putting his shoes and socks on as she comes out of the bathroom, straightening her uniform which she just put back on.

CALLIE
You know, it wouldn't come as a
huge surprise to Frank to learn I
was seeing someone.

LONGWORTH
That would be between you and
Frank. And Jeff.

CALLIE
 No, it wouldn't. Because if we do
 this? We're gonna tell Frank or
 we're no better.

She walks out of the room. His cell phone rings.

LONGWORTH
 Yeah?

EXT. SUGARLOAF PRESERVE - FISHEATING CREEK - DAY

The surface teeming with bouncing, buzzing, annoying insects.

KIM (O.S.)
 Caiman, female, about four years
 old. Between nine and ten feet.

Longworth and Daniel Kim on the bank. Kim scanning the creek
 with a pair of binoculars.

LONGWORTH
 Not bad from just one tooth.

KIM
 Go you one better, caiman aren't
 indigenous. Probably someone's pet
 who let it lose when she got too
 big. Won't be the only croc in the
 area but she'll definitely be the
 only caiman. Wait. Here we go ...

The point of view shifts to binocular ...

A pair of eyes drifting ahead of a spine, specific markings
 which he enthusiastically describes --

KIM (O.C.)
 Broad snout, bony ridge over the
 eyes, definitely caiman. Female
 coloring, easy ten footer ...

When BAM! The lens jolts, taking us back out to
 Kim recoiling from the report from Longworth's gun.

LONGWORTH
 That's the one, right?

Kim stares at Longworth in disbelief. Stunned.

KIM
 That animal is protected.

LONGWORTH
Then how come I had such a clear
shot?

Longworth holsters his gun. Off Kim, yawning his hearing back

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. LAB - DAY

A ten-foot CAIMAN lies on top of a surgical table. Daniel Kim over it, marking an area near the stomach with a red marker.

Carlos and Longworth, off to the side, Carlos pissed there's an alligator on his table.

CARLOS
Unorthodoxed? Try nuts.

LONGWORTH
Unorthodox. There's no "ed" at the end ...

CARLOS
I'm not autopsying an alligator.

LONGWORTH
Caiman. Then let the kid do it.

CARLOS
Right, and Chain of Command goes out the window.

LONGWORTH
See, you think I'm right.

CARLOS
I think you're nuts but we've been over that already.

ANGLE ON AUTOPSY TABLE

Daniel Kim is over the caiman, gestures along a section of the reptile's belly marked with red, as they step up.

KIM
Tubal absorption runs along the length of the thorax. Anything this guy's eaten in the last ten days will be right along here.

LONGWORTH
Look at that? All marked up for you and everything.

KIM
Thanks for letting me observe, Dr. Sanchez. I really appreciate it.

CARLOS
Yeah. No problem.

Carlos shoots Longworth a look, takes a scalpel, inserts it along the marking. A tough hide requiring a great deal of effort as he saws along the cut line.

KIM
The *caiman latirostris* is pretty efficient as a predator. Eats fish, turtles ... small land creatures like raccoon, possum ... pretty much anything that ventures into it's waters, especially if it's nesting or just gave birth ...

The cut finished, Carlos inserts a gloved hand into the opening.

KIM
Their enzyme production is really low cause they have like no immune system - basically they never get sick, so it gets pretty backed up in there ...

He begins removing fleshy debris, which Kim identifies as Carlos pulls out, dropping it into a blue container --

KIM
-- catfish ... I'd say brim or perch maybe ... box turtle ...

Which Carlos drops it in, feels briefly around inside, then --

CARLOS
Okay. That's it.

KIM
No, there's more.
(off Carlos' look)
I can feel it.
(he feels, confirming)
Yeah, definitely.

Beat. Carlos looks at Longworth, runs his hand back inside.

When he feels something and stops. Adjusts his slippery grip and pulls it out. Covered in blood and partially digested.

But clearly a human jaw bone.

KIM
Oh man. Sweet ...

Carlos, half amazed, half annoyed. Longworth piles on.

LONGWORTH
 Hey, Carlos. Guess who else is
 named Carlos?

Carlos ignores him, snapping off his gloves.

LONGWORTH
 Chuck Norris.

CARLOS
 What?

LONGWORTH
 Yeah, Chuck Norris' real name is
 Carlos. Daniel taught me that.

KIM
 I love Chuck Norris.

LONGWORTH
 And his brother's name is Aaron.
 Did you ever think Chuck Norris
 would have a brother named Aaron?
 How gay is that?

CARLOS
 You did not just call me gay.

INT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL - STATION - DAY

Ogletree at his desk, annoyed and groaning over his keyboard.

LONGWORTH
 Anything popping with that?

OGLETREE
 It keeps asking me if I want to
 download a new version.

LONGWORTH
 Ignore it. Most departments work
 off Adobe three-point-nine years
 ago anyway.

OGLETREE
 Tourists, transients, illegals -
 this is Florida. Thousands of
 visitors from all over the world
 pass through this time of year ...

LONGWORTH
 Just focus on the one's who've been
 reported missing.

OGLETREE
 What if they haven't?

LONGWORTH
Family, co-workers, friends,
eventually someone calls it in.

OGLETREE
And then there's HIPPA rules ...

LONGWORTH
We have some leg work to do before
we start asking for dental records.
Pace yourself. It'll come
together.

OGLETREE
You could help.

LONGWORTH
I found the jaw bone.

Not what he wanted to hear. Longworth throws him a bone.

LONGWORTH
I saved you a trip to the high
school ...

Longworth fans open a high school yearbook showing him a page of
graduating seniors. One in particular --

LONGWORTH
Lane Brussard, class of '02, and I
quote: "Okeechobee Southerner's Are
Sub-Human". A quote that's been
popping up all over the high school
this past week.

Ogletree refusing to give it up.

OGLETREE
We still don't know what it means.

LONGWORTH
It means the one-year anniversary
of his brother being killed by a
tourist had not gone forgotten.

EXT. ROBBIE'S RAW BAR - DAY

CLOSE on red letters "Okeechobee Southerners Are Sub-human",
spray painted on the side of the building.

INT. ROBBIE'S RAW BAR - DAY

Kerry daytime drinking and having lunch. Looks up as Longworth
sits down across from him, without an invitation.

LONGWORTH
So I figured out who's been
painting on the sides of buildings
around here.

Kerry looks at him beat, then goes back to eating.

LONGWORTH
Your brother.

KERRY
That's not funny.

LONGWORTH
I don't mean your brother per se.
I mean someone who loved your
brother. Who thought he was a hero
worth remembering. Someone who
looked up to him. That's who did
it.

KERRY
He had a lot of people like that.

LONGWORTH
Yeah, I'm not hearing that. I'm
hearing he was kind of a moody
little dipshit. It's all about
him. That guy.

KERRY
He could be that.

LONGWORTH
Which can put some people off.

Kerry glances up at that, but right back down to eat.

LONGWORTH
So here's what I think is going on.
And you tell me where I've got it
wrong.

(beat)
You hate tourists. I mean, who
doesn't, right? But unlike the
rest of us, you have a really good
reason. And knowing that, I'd be
kind of an idiot not to pursue the
possibility that you lured one of
those annoying assholes into a
situation, killed her, dumped her
body in the swamp, then dragged
poor Erin into it after the fact so
she could witness you "finding" her
headless body, how's that?

Kerry head down, pushing his food around, listening.

LONGWORTH

Only that's not what happened. I mean, you might have done it, I've been wrong before. But I just don't see it. See the thing about murder? Is you really have to be able to keep it together to get away with it, and I don't know, something about the way a kid like you with no balls is able to sit here sawing away at Robbie's chicken fried steak just doesn't say to me that three nights ago you killed a woman and fed her to an alligator. And for my deal, if I have lose ends or something doesn't fit or add up? Then I really haven't eliminated anything. And murder is all about elimination. So while I could be wrong, I just don't see it. Now what I do see you doing is spray painting Okeechobee whatever the hell on the side of a few buildings so no one will forget your brother. Will you give me that?

Kerry looks up. Stares a beat.

KERRY

Okay.

LONGWORTH

Okay. Good. And was it your idea or your girlfriend's to plaster it all over the high school?

KERRY

She's not my girlfriend.

LONGWORTH

Not your girlfriend.

KERRY

We're just hanging out.

LONGWORTH

Hanging out with a sixteen year old.

KERRY

I mean. We just. We were both ... thinking about him. I was drunk. I don't know. We just wanted to remember him ...

Kerry stops, not sure where he stands here.

KERRY

She told me she checked. I thought she was telling me the truth.

Longworth lets that worry sit on his head for a beat.

LONGWORTH

She was, son. It's sixteen.

Implied in his look: someone too lazy to check, he would have caught by now, as Longworth gets up and leaves. Off Kerry

EXT. SUGARLOAF STATE PRESERVE - FISHEATING CREEK - DAY

Smoke rises in a line along the horizon. Sugar Cane fields in a control burn, wind carrying a mile-long wall of smoke over the cypress preserve.

Camera finds Longworth watching the acrid smoke drift towards him. He looks down into brown water. Insects either side of the surface thrive with the business of eating. Bubbles escape from below.

He walks the crime scene, eyes down as he stomps tall weeds and saw grass, searching through the tangle of cover vegetation.

As he walks, he sees the detritus of a local hangout - beer and soda cans, crumpled cigarette packs, cigarette butts, wrappers, condoms, lotto scratchers, a slushie cup and straw.

He stops. Listens. Eighteen-wheel truck traffic nearby. He scans the horizon. A clearing in the road.

He starts out on foot, past his sedan, for the highway.

EXT. SUGARLOAF STATE PRESERVE - U.S. 75 - DAY

Longworth traipses out of the reed, onto the busy highway. Traffic swishes past. He looks left, right. Tracks the chain stores, fast food restaurants and strip malls that line U.S 75. Eyes lock on something just up the road.

A convenience store.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MINUTES LATER

Longworth comes out, gets in his sedan. Stops. Sees Jeff and some rough looking, older kids, smoking, jacking around on the side of the building.

Jeff sees Longworth. They look at each other. Jeff takes a long drag from a Camel, blows smoke. Goes back to his buddies.

INT. TAMPA BAY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Longworth with Callie, at her desk. Callie applies iodine tincture to his wound, distracted by work, studies ...

CALLIE
She bought lotto tickets?

LONGWORTH
A blow pop, two Red Bull, a bag of corn nuts and lotto tickets.

She redresses his wound as he contemplates their meaning.

LONGWORTH
He was drunk and passed out - she had to do *something* ...

CALLIE
She did.
(meaning)
A blow pop, two Red Bull, a bag of chips and lotto tickets.

LONGWORTH
Jeff doesn't drink those does he?

CALLIE
Lives on 'em.

LONGWORTH
You know what's in that shit?

CALLIE
No. Do you?

Said busy and impatient.

LONGWORTH
They make you pee like a race horse. Two of 'em, she'd be up all night.

CALLIE
I haven't noticed Jeff doing an inordinate amount of peeing.

LONGWORTH
Am I bothering you?

CALLIE
Yes. I'm busy. Don't take it personally. I have a test on Monday.

Finished with his bandage, she returns to her text book.

LONGWORTH
You clearing me for all activities?

CALLIE
That's up to you.

Longworth testing his grip, taking practice swings.

LONGWORTH
I don't know. A sixteen year old
killer? Statistical long shot.
But she did lie about leaving.
Maybe lied to Kerry - still don't
understand why you guys do that.

CALLIE
Because we can. It's special. Or
you think so.

LONGWORTH
You don't think it's special?

CALLIE
I did at the time. Don't you
remember your first?

LONGWORTH
You were my first.

She smirks, back to her studies. Back to his practice swings.

LONGWORTH
I saw Jeff. Hanging with some
older boys.

CALLIE
I know his friends, they're okay.
Bored maybe. I'm glad he's got
friends close in age at all. Was
he smoking?

LONGWORTH
No.

CALLIE
You wouldn't tell me if he was.
You can't talk Jeff into doing
something he doesn't want to do.
If he's into something wrong, he
got there by himself. That's the
best you can hope for.

LONGWORTH
You've got to read this whole book?

CALLIE
Eventually.

LONGWORTH
Maybe I'll take him to a movie.

She looks up from her reading.

LONGWORTH
You barely have time for yourself.
I'm sure he's bored.

CALLIE
Look. Don't police my son.
Neither one of us are huge fans of
your line of work.

LONGWORTH
I guess I understand that.

She looks at him, goes back to her book.

LONGWORTH
What did you decide about Frank?

CALLIE
It's probably worse not to tell
him.

LONGWORTH
He can't hurt you.

CALLIE
My husband is not a guy to clown
around with.

LONGWORTH
He's not that tough.

CALLIE
Yeah he is.

Callie buried in her studies. His cell rings, his partner's
number and he moves off to answer it.

LONGWORTH
Hey. You come up with a name?

EXT. INTERSECTION - U.S. 75 AND INTERLAKE BLVD. - NIGHT

Erin stands over the shrine. Stares at it. When her shadow is
joined by another.

LONGWORTH (O.C.)
Sucks.

She turns to see Longworth there.

LONGWORTH
Letting someone go.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

An amber street light swarming with insects the size of your head throws light down on single car at the far end of the lot.

Erin alone in Longworth's unmarked sedan. She watches as he exits the store, walks over, hands her a pack of cigarettes he just bought through the window.

ERIN
Thanks.

LONGWORTH
Just not in the car.

She nods, pops in the lighter. Continues their conversation.

ERIN
He was coming to see me that night.
Lane. He just got off work at
Pizza Hut and I told him to meet me
here. Had to sneak out cause I was
only fifteen.

The lighter pops and she lights her cigarette, blowing smoke as she gets out of the car.

ERIN
I told him to wear his Calvin Klein
cause I didn't want him smellin'
like Pizza Hut my first time. I
was real nervous. Maybe he was
too, I don't know. Or maybe his
mind was just elsewhere.

Longworth watches the young woman smoke. Doubts his mind was elsewhere.

ERIN
I've never told Kerry this. But he
and Lane look really alike. Not in
the face, but like their hands and
the way they sit on a car and their
voice. It's weird on the phone. I
thought with Calvin Klein and
whatever, it might seem like it was
him. Like if Lane hadn't been hit
on his motorcycle that night and we
finally got to do it. I really
wanted it to be him.

LONGWORTH
He was a surrogate.

ERIN
I don't know what that means.

LONGWORTH
You used Kerry in place of his
brother.

Erin shrugs yeah I guess ...

LONGWORTH
He didn't like that. Subbing for
his brother.

ERIN
Threw a whole brand new bottle of
CK in the creek.

LONGWORTH
That why you left?

ERIN
Partly. He was too drunk by then
anyway. Tried for like fifteen
minutes. You'd think he'd stop
drinking but I think trying made
him drink more. When he passed out
I just left. Tried to stay gone a
long time. Went and got my dad his
lotto scratchers. I was mad, I
guess. Wanted Kerry to worry about
me.

She smokes.

LONGWORTH
How long were you gone?

ERIN
I don't know. Hour maybe.

LONGWORTH
So you left twice?

ERIN
No.

LONGWORTH
Then you were gone a lot longer
than an hour.

She looks at him. Smokes.

LONGWORTH
You came here just after two in the
morning. Then used the ATM at the
Bank in the strip mall at the other
end of town.

ERIN

I forgot to get my dad his scratchers and didn't have enough money cause I spent what he gave me on beer for Kerry.

LONGWORTH

Not that withdrawal, the one you made for the maximum three hundred dollars at four-thirty in the morning.

Beat.

ERIN

I went twice. I told you I was trying to make him worry about me.

LONGWORTH

If you were so mad at him why didn't you just go home?

She smokes, shrugs.

LONGWORTH

So you still have the money?

ERIN

No. It's gone. I spent it.

LONGWORTH

You remember Anna Salazar? She sometimes substitute teaches at your school.

ERIN

No.

LONGWORTH

Yeah, she served you with detention for writing Okeechobee Southerners are Sub Human over her assignment.

She smokes, shrugs.

ERIN

Okay.

LONGWORTH

She's missing.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SUGARLOAF STATE PRESERVE - FISHEATING CREEK - DAY

Longworth toes debris inside the area cordoned off by police tape. Looks out over the water.

He steps to a clearing of cattail and saw grass at the edge of the creek. A dead fish floats on the surface, rotting. Small fish and minnow, feeding off its murky residue.

He leans over the water to look closer. Sees something just past it on the creek bed, grabs a limb overhead for support and reaches in to grab it.

A full, unopened bottle of Calvin Klein for Men.

Longworth regains his balance. Looks at the impression left in the muck by the soles of his shoes. The bank nearby, tacky and matted down flat.

His interest broken by a whoop of excitement, looks over to see Jeff on the shore, a small brim wiggling at the end of a fishing line. He approaches as Jeff swings his catch out of the water.

LONGWORTH
I'm impressed. I was told there weren't any fish in this creek.

JEFF
Got lucky, I guess.

LONGWORTH
What kind of fish is that?

JEFF
Brim.

LONGWORTH
Thought you said fishing was gay?

Jeff grins at the small fish, wriggling at the end of his line.

JEFF
Aren't I contaminating a crime scene?

LONGWORTH
You're helping me interview witnesses.

Longworth nods, meaning the fish.

JEFF
He doesn't look like he saw much.

LONGWORTH
Thank him for his time and send him
on his way.

Jeff unhooks the fish, releases it back into the water.

LONGWORTH
How much do you weigh?

ANGLE ON THE CREEK

The opening in the creek, the rotting fish. Find Longworth, carrying Jeff in his arms, hefting his weight as he stomps down grass and reeds, hauling Jeff from the road to the opening in the creek.

He stands at the clearing, holding Jeff.

JEFF
Okay. This is gay.

LONGWORTH
You're supposed to be dead.

Jeff falls quiet as Longworth looks around, trying to figure out how to settle Jeff into the water without making a lot of noise.

He hefts the boy repeatedly, strains at the effort, his feet and legs shifting to accommodate their combined weight --

He steps into the creek shallows, sinks quickly to mid-thigh. Another step and he'd be in over his head. The strain of weight now transferred to his back, when his cell phone chirps.

JEFF
You're getting a call.

Longworth holding the kid, his cell chirping, he quickly sloshes back onto the shore, stands there thinking.

A different chirp, someone left him a text message. He sets Jeff down, back aching for the effort, checks the text message.

JEFF
The dental records a match?

LONGWORTH
Don't know what you're talking
about.

JEFF
Right. Sorry.

Their little secret. Longworth stretching out his aching lower back, reads then clears this message --

LONGWORTH
"Don't forget the beer".

EXT. OGLETREE HOUSE - BACK YARD

Ogletree grilling burgers. He and Longworth with beers, waving off smoke as they deal with a fresh development.

OGLETREE
So the teacher's not missing.

LONGWORTH
Ran off with some guy. Husband was pissed I even called. Told me to shove his wife's dental records up my ass.

OGLETREE
The girl still lied.

LONGWORTH
Yeah. Sometimes they do that.

Beat. Longworth hoists his beer to their Sunday ritual.

LONGWORTH
Appreciate you keeping our streak alive.

OGLETREE
It's just burgers.

LONGWORTH
Under the circumstances, I would've understood. I know I've been treating you like my secretary.

OGLETREE
We got the jaw bone. I'll stay on it.

Ogletree not happy. Back aching, clearly feeling under appreciated.

LONGWORTH
You know, you might feel better if you get out whatever it is that's bothering you.

Ogletree takes a beat. Not very good at the feelings thing.

OGLETREE

The thing is. Well. I never intended to play this card. I mean, yeah, we're partners, but technically, with seniority, I am your supervisor. Your boss.

LONGWORTH

I guess I know that.

OGLETREE

I've given you an awful lot of latitude. Too much, maybe. How else was I supposed to evaluate your worthiness? But hell, you won't even wear the uniform.

LONGWORTH

I wear the badge.
(off his look)
You know, in spirit.

OGLETREE

I've been doing a good job here for a long time.

LONGWORTH

I'm just trying to work in.

OGLETREE

I'm having trouble with that. You being here. I can't say it's fair for either one of us. Why should I feel like I'm not up to the job?

Ogletree presses the burgers. Trying to get this out.

OGLETREE

And I mean, ordinarily, in the middle of such a high stakes event, this is not an action I would ordinarily take. But I mean. Well we tried. I don't know what else to say about it. We tried.

LONGWORTH

What are you doing?

OGLETREE

I'm trying to tell you it's not working out.

LONGWORTH

I mean to the meat. You're smashing the burgers, that dries 'em out.

Ogletree takes a beat. Aggravated by the pain in his back. Which Longworth goes after ...

LONGWORTH
Something throw your back out,
Mike?

Another beat. Ogletree goes back to the burgers.

LONGWORTH
Look, I appreciate you telling me
how you feel. I know you and Janet
are fighting and I know that's not
easy for you. But you can't really
expect me to be sloppy just so you
can feel good about yourself.

Ogletree takes a beat. Smashes the burgers. Juices escape amid sizzle and flame. A long beat.

OGLETREE
Burgers are done.

But neither man moves for the burgers.

LONGWORTH
When's Janet coming home?

OGLETREE
Janice.

LONGWORTH
Janice? Really?

OGLETREE
She didn't say.

LONGWORTH
She didn't say.
(beat)
She must really be mad at you.

A long beat, during which Ogletree does not respond.

OGLETREE
I need to chop an onion.

Ogletree heads for the house. Longworth watches his partner disappear inside.

INT. OGLETREE KITCHEN - DAY

Ogletree grabs an onion and a chopping board. Opens a drawer, fishes around for a knife, then stops.

He moves to another drawer. Opens it slowly and looks inside.

EXT. OGLETREE HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Longworth has the meat off the grill, fanning off flies.

LONGWORTH
Better get to these quick.

OGLETREE
Do you even carry your service
revolver?

Longworth stops. Turns to see Ogletree with a gun on him.

OGLETREE
Wasn't one in your vehicle, I
looked.

There is a beat. Longworth getting that he's pretty fucked.

LONGWORTH
It's Sunday, Mike. What do I need
a gun for?

OGLETREE
You got my wife's dental records?
Without telling me. What kind of
cop looks into his partner without
telling him?

LONGWORTH
Your wife was missing.

Ogletree looks at him. Guess he sees his point.

LONGWORTH
So what are we going to do?

OGLETREE
I killed my wife. Mutilated the
woman I slept next to for sixteen
years, you think I won't shoot you?

LONGWORTH
I'm kind of hoping you won't.

OGLETREE
I mean, look at you, you dress like
a clown. Treat the job like an
inconvenience.

LONGWORTH
It is kind of a pain in the ass.

OGLETREE
Why should I take shit from you?

LONGWORTH

Cause I'm a better cop than you.

There is a beat. Ogletree almost laughing as he tries to find his footing.

OGLETREE

I tried, Jim. I really did.
Things didn't always suck between
us, you know.

LONGWORTH

That wasn't my intention.

OGLETREE

I meant between me and Janice.

Longworth studies his partner. The gun he hasn't shot yet.

LONGWORTH

What happened?

OGLETREE

Everything happened. I mean. I
lost my confidence. Lost my one
good thing here at home. Tired of
hearing about you every night. Got
so bad I didn't know where I wanted
to be. Didn't wanna be at home,
didn't wanna be at work. Have you
ever not wanted to be anywhere?

LONGWORTH

Here. I hate it here. But the
golf is great - and I think I might
have met someone. She has a son
and is married to a guy in prison.
So we'll have to see how that goes.

The two men look at each other. Ogletree struggling.

OGLETREE

Maybe you could give me an hour?

LONGWORTH

How's that again?

OGLETREE

So I don't have to shoot you.

Longworth looks at Ogletree.

LONGWORTH

You wouldn't get very far.

Ogletree starting to agitate. Then realizes why Longworth is being so cavalier.

His back yard has quietly been crept up on by a dozen Highway Patrol personnel. Guns trained on Ogletree.

A long beat. Ogletree's shoulders slump slightly.

EXT. PALM HARBOR COUNTRY CLUB - FAIRWAY - DAY

CLOSE on a Titleist, sitting up in the fairway as we WIDEN to find Carlos balling up the now-stripped away Crime Scene Tape.

Longworth pulls a club, sets up to strike his ball.

CARLOS
Did he say why?

LONGWORTH
Not really. He blamed me.

CARLOS
I can see him doing that.

LONGWORTH
Right. I'm so hard to work with a man killed his wife.

CARLOS
You are.

Longworth strikes the ball, nice and crisp. They watch it land softly on the green about a hundred and forty yards away.

LONGWORTH
See that? Over your rudeness, and I still punch it up there.

EXT. PALM HARBOR COUNTRY CLUB - VARIOUS - DAY

Various shots, as Longworth splits fairways and drops putts on his quest to break eighty. Sequence ends with his approach shot on eighteen landing thirty feet short of the green.

EXT. PALM HARBOR COUNTRY CLUB - EIGHTEENTH GREEN

Longworth makes a show of repairing ball marks.

CARLOS
Those aren't even yours.

LONGWORTH
They're in my line.

CARLOS
Only if you hit the sweetest shot of your entire life.

Longworth jogs back to his ball, takes a couple of practice swings, address and then hits it, blading it a little.

The ball rolls twelve feet past the cup.

EXT. PALM HARBOR COUNTRY CLUB - EIGHTEENTH GREEN - DAY

Longworth stalks his twelve-foot putt, checking it from every angle, kneeling, squinting. Then gets over his putt.

LONGWORTH

If I make this and break eighty.
You're not going to kill your wife
are you?

CARLOS

And give you the satisfaction of
arresting me?

He takes a couple of smooth, sweeping practice putts. Sets up, eyes his line, then pulls back and strokes the ball.

It sings the cup on the outside, rolls past four feet.

CARLOS

Yeah, baby.

LONGWORTH

Are you kidding me? I miss and
you're happy? You're an asshole.

CARLOS

Why am I an asshole?

LONGWORTH

I wouldn't be like Yeah baby if you
blew a chance to break eighty ...

Longworth goes to pick up his ball.

CARLOS

Whoa, whoa. What are you doing?

LONGWORTH

You're not gonna give me that?

CARLOS

It's four feet.

LONGWORTH

You won't give me that for eighty?

CARLOS

Not four feet.

LONGWORTH
Are you an asshole now?

He putts the ball. But before it hits the hole --

CALLIE (V.O.)
An eighty-one?

EXT. ROBBIE'S RAW BAR - DAY

Callie with Longworth, at the bar, sipping long necks.

CALLIE
You three putted the last hole?

LONGWORTH
Burned the edge on the outside,
rolled five feet past. He gave me
that one.

CALLIE
A *gimmie* eighty-one. Wow.

LONGWORTH
I feel okay about it. My game is
in good shape, left a few shots out
there, but that's golf. I feel
okay.

CALLIE
You watch too much Golf Channel.

Longworth noticing a guy at a booth checking Callie out.

CALLIE
Thanks for taking Jeff fishing.

LONGWORTH
Sure.

CALLIE
His father never did anything like
that.

LONGWORTH
Well he was trying to put a roof
over his family's head. You know,
by stealing things that didn't
belong to him.

CALLIE
I'm not making excuses. I knew
what he was doing. I didn't like
it, and I told him so. But I knew
what he was doing.

LONGWORTH
You could have left him.

CALLIE
I could have. But I didn't. Then I didn't have to.

LONGWORTH
You wouldn't be the first woman to divorce a man in prison.

CALLIE
Yeah, but then I'm the woman who divorced her husband in prison.

She looks at him to see if he gets that.

CALLIE
There was good in Frank once. Maybe this is bottom for him.

LONGWORTH
Odds are not in favor of that being the case.

CALLIE
Odds don't get any better if I divorce him.

Which puts her in a difficult place. A point he considers.

LONGWORTH
I should go.

CALLIE
I thought he was meeting you here.

LONGWORTH
The lucky candidate? He got here about twenty minutes ago.

Callie confused - then figures out what he did when she looks to see the guy in the booth who's been checking her out.

CALLIE
You'll never find a partner that way.

LONGWORTH
Not a good one.

As he rises to leave ...

CALLIE
It's Jeff's weekend with his grandma.

They look at each other. A beat that quickly fills with promise.

LONGWORTH
Give me an hour to see what this
joker has to offer?

She glances at the guy - who remarkably is still checking her out.

CALLIE
An hour is generous.

Longworth throws some bills down and we FOLLOW him to the booth, where he introduces himself.

LONGWORTH
Randy Cromwell?

CROMWELL
Yeah?

LONGWORTH
Jim Longworth.

The guy looks at Longworth, knows now he was checking out his lady friend.

CROMWELL
Jim. Nice to meet you.

LONGWORTH
Thanks for driving up.

CROMWELL
Yeah, I got here a little early ...

LONGWORTH
Yeah, I noticed that.

Longworth slides in on the other side. Cromwell knows he's already fucked.

LONGWORTH
So you want to be my partner?

FADE OUT.

THE END