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 sago, 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 ...
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 HORNS -- 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
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 - FISHING 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 unhook 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  
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 singes 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