THE GLADES

SUNNY WITH A CHANCE OF HOMICIDE.

A&E Real Life. Drama.
THE GLADES

SUNNY WITH A CHANCE OF HOMICIDE.
THE GLADES
New Original Drama Series
SUN 10/9C | JULY 11

A&E | Real Life. Drama.
INTRODUCTION

Jim Longworth is an attractive and brilliant Chicago homicide detective with a reputation for being difficult. When his captain wrongfully accuses him of sleeping with his wife and shoots him, he is exiled and forced to relocate. He lands in the sleepy, middle-of-nowhere town of Palm Glade, outside of Florida's Everglades, where sunshine and golf are plentiful and crime is seemingly at a minimum. But Longworth soon finds out this town isn't quite as idyllic as he originally thought, when murders keep piling up. Each case pulls Longworth off the golf course and reluctantly into his element as one of the sharpest homicide detectives to wear a badge. Between practicing his short game, trying to get a date with Callie - a quick-witted, beautiful medical student with a twelve-year-old son and a husband in prison - and trying to solve countless homicide cases, Longworth's transition to his new surroundings is a bit more difficult than expected. He realizes the skies in this new town are sunny with a chance of homicide.
THE GLADES

Executive Producer......Gary Randall
Executive Producer......Clifton Campbell
Co-Executive Producer...Lori-Etta Taub
Director Peter..........O'Fallon

CAST

Jim Longworth..........MATT PASSMORE
Callie Cargill.........KIELE SANCHEZ
Carlos Sanchez.........CARLOS GOMEZ
Jeff Cargill...........URIAH SHELTON
Daniel Green...........JORDAN WALL
Erin Williams.........ABBY PIVARONAS
Mike Ogletree..........JOHN CARROLL LYNCH
Justin Brussard.......MICHAEL SEAN ROARK
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PALM GLADE 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 Palm Glade, 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 RED SUV

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

INT. RED SUV - MORNING

Inside, a man and a girl, asleep. Not cuddling, hardly even touching. Oh, and the girl - she's not wearing pants. Just an oversized man'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, JUSTIN, is a good looking kid of 22, with an athletic build. The girl, ERIN, is 16. 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 Justin. 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 dashboard cluttered with beer cans for his smokes. She stirs but does not wake.

Justin 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

Justin 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 SUV, to see that the girl has not moved. The cigarette is 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.

JUSTIN

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. RED SUV - MORNING

Erin wakes to the sound of his RETCHING. She sits up, sees Justin at the edge of the creek -- events of the night quickly returning to her, but a different night from the clarity in her eyes, causing her to reach for something around her neck - a locket that apparently is missing.
Her eyes dart around the car’s interior, looking for, then finding the LOCKET on the floor. She grabs it, opens it up -

Whoever’s photo is inside, giving her pause. She stares at it with sad purpose. Then closes it, looping it around her neck as she fumbles around the dash of the car for her watch, checking the time.

ERIN
Shit.

She stands on the horn.

ERIN
Justin! Shit.

The HORN sends Justin 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.

LONGWORTH (V.O.)
Hi, you’ve reached Jim Longworth...

INT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL VEHICLE - DAY
MIKE OGLETREE listens to the outgoing message on his cell as he throws his vehicle into park, eyes fixed on something through the windshield --

LONGWORTH (V.O.)
I’m either out seeking justice - or trying to break eighty - leave me a message...

OGLETREE
Damn it, Jim. Answer the phone...

Ogletree disconnects, getting out of the car as he dials another number --

EXT. FDLE - PALM GLADE SUBSTATION - DAY
Stepping to the wall where "Okeechobee Southerners are Sub-Human” has been spray-painted, as the phone on the other end begins to RING...

EXT. BELLEAIR COUNTRY CLUB - DAY
JIM LONGWORTH over a ball on the fourteenth fairway as his playing partner CARLOS’ phone rings. He checks the ID --

CARLOS
Now he’s calling me.

LONGWORTH
Don’t answer it.

Carlos flips open his cell phone. INTERCUT as necessary.

CARLOS
Hello?

OGLETREE
Carlos - is he with you...

CARLOS
Yeah, yeah, he’s right here.

Carlos hands the phone to Longworth.

LONGWORTH
You must’ve heard. I’m four over at the turn...birdied three, seven and ten with a lip out at eleven...

OGLETREE
Yeah that’s great. Look, we got a situation...

LONGWORTH
-- yeah we do. I’m four holes away from breaking eighty for the first time in my life.
OGLETREE
A woman's body was found in Fisheating creek.

LONGWORTH
Well she's not gonna be any deader an hour from now.

Ogletree staring at the graffiti on the wall.

OGLETREE
And this message - tag or whatever - has been popping up all over town. I think they might be connected.

LONGWORTH
Who found the body?

OGLETREE
Some underaged kid and her boyfriend. Fell asleep in the swamp last night...

LONGWORTH
How underaged we talking?

OGLETREE
I dunno, sixteen, seventeen.

LONGWORTH
What was she doing; was she doin' the guy?

OGLETREE
I didn't ask her that.

LONGWORTH
Well what the hell did you ask?

OGLETREE
Nothing, I'm still trying to find her parents...

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.

OGLETREE
Jim...

Longworth hangs up. Ogletree, frustrated, annoyed, as he disconnects and lumbers inside the Sub-Station.

LONGWORTH
Call your wife and open your office.

CARLOS
It's Sunday; my office is closed.

LONGWORTH
I just opened it.

Longworth waves a HISPANIC GROUNDSKEEPER over.

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

The groundskeeper 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:

INT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Longworth waits for a burrito to reheat 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! Damn it.
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 weekend, 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. Justin Brussard. Twenty-two...
(beat)
I sent him home.

LONGWORTH
Why?

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

Longworth heads off, Ogletree calling out after him --

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. Introducing himself --

LONGWORTH
Jim Longworth.

She looks at him.

ERIN
You a cop?

LONGWORTH
(nods)
Lieutenant. 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 takes out all the magic.

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. PALM GLADE 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 9-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 9-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 GRACE 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 wincing for the effort.

LONGWORTH
Callie, is it?

She looks at him. He nods to her name tag -- how he knows this.
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 Belleair, 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 pants back.

She leaves. He smiles, eyes trailing her as she goes. Off which --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

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 ongoing 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.

LONGWORTH
(re: the files)
I got Missing Person files from Orlando, Ocala, Tampa, Miami. Nothing promising. I'm waiting for Jacksonville and Naples.

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

LONGWORTH
Maybe she was visiting a relative.

OGLETREE
Dressed like that, I don't think so.

LONGWORTH
What's wrong with the way she was dressed?

OGLETREE
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.

INT. FLORIDA DEPARTMENT OF LAW ENFORCEMENT - LAB
Carlos over a microscope, Longworth poring over a victim protocol.

CARLOS
The club manager called. He's getting complaints that you've cordoned off an area around your ball on the fourteenth fairway.

LONGWORTH
I want to finish the round.

CARLOS
It's going to 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.

CARLOS
Esophageal abrasions? What's that, like heartburn? What would cause that?

CARLOS
Acid reflux. Spicy food. You.
LONGWORTH
How spicy?
CARLOS
Spicy. Habanero spicy.
LONGWORTH
What's that test called again?
CARLOS
What test?
LONGWORTH
Barnucleous or something.
CARLOS
(annoyed by the obvious)
A skin graft, to determine race. She's white.
LONGWORTH
And tan. Any way to determine if her tan was natural, or the result of a tanning booth?
CARLOS
No. Both are caused from exposure to UV rays...
LONGWORTH
Exposed evenly from a tanning bed - or mottled, like a native?
Carlos looks up at him, annoyed but sees his point.
CARLOS
Fine. I'll do a barnucleous.
Carlos goes back to his eyepiece.
LONGWORTH
You know if she had any kids?
CARLOS
Pelvic density suggests not.
LONGWORTH
But you'll run a test to determine anyway.
(off his look)
If she's anything like my mom, she and my sister talk five times a day and they hate each other.
CARLOS
Whatever the hell that means.
LONGWORTH
It means I think it's time I found a woman's perspective.
Carlos looks up from his eyepiece at that -- to see that he is gone.

INT. TAMPA GRACE MEDICAL CENTER - DAY
Longworth is having his wound re-dressed by a NURSE, when CALLIE walks by, bag over her shoulder, clearly on her way to the parking lot.
Longworth nods thanks to the nurse, hurries off to follow.
Falling in step with Callie as she hurries through the lobby.
LONGWORTH
Hey. I was hoping I would catch you.
CALLIE
Already not sure how I feel about that.
LONGWORTH
I'd like to run something by you.

CALLIE
Look, I just stopped by to pick up my check...

LONGWORTH
See, I have this theory. Two theories, actually. I need someone like yourself to kind of walk it through with me.

CALLIE
Don't you have co-workers for that kind of thing?

LONGWORTH
I do, yeah, a lot of co-workers...

She stops at the automatic doors leading out to the parking lot to fish out her keys --

LONGWORTH
-- and a partner I guess, I mean, technically speaking. He heads up the local Highway Patrol. Nice enough guy, great wife. They have me over to 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 perspective.

CALLIE
Who's a health care professional.

When a car HORN sounds, coming from a KIA SORRENTO, parked under the entrance overhang.

CALLIE
Look, I really can't do this right now...

LONGWORTH
The new Sorrento. Nice. Who's that waiting for you?

Meaning the BOY in the front seat, obviously the horn honker.

CALLIE
That's my husband.

LONGWORTH
Your husband is twelve?

CALLIE
Okay, he's my son.

He looks annoyed.

CALLIE
He's twelve.

LONGWORTH
So there's a husband somewhere.

CALLIE
Somewhere.

Vagueness, Longworth clocks, when her son honks again.

LONGWORTH
Then maybe a drink, later. Which sounds a lot like a date, but it's not.

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

LONGWORTH
After that.

CALLIE
After that I go to bed.

LONGWORTH
Breakfast then, my treat, wherever you want.
She gives him a look, he smiles. Then the horn again.

CALLIE
Okay, look. I'll feed my son and at least get him pretending to do his homework. You can stop by around eight, I'll give you thirty minutes.

LONGWORTH
Eight o'clock, thirty minutes, pretending to do his homework.

She gives him a look, grins despite herself and heads off.

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

LONGWORTH
Got a minute for some questions?

Justin glances up briefly. Continues to set up chairs.

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

LONGWORTH
Actually, now is what I meant.

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

EXT. THE DON CESAR - BEACH - DAY
Justin sits with Longworth at the beach side cafe. Parasails, turquoise water and half-naked tourists in every direction.

JUSTIN
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.

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

LONGWORTH
I don't know that.

JUSTIN
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.

JUSTIN
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.

JUSTIN
The legal age is sixteen. She looked it up or something, went online.
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?

JUSTIN
Her first time, that's hilarious.

LONGWORTH
She indicated to me that it was.

JUSTIN
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's with everyone and that question? It's how a police investigation works. That's what we do, 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.

JUSTIN
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?

JUSTIN
Because he was my brother.

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

JUSTIN
Yeah, he's dead. Got clipped on his motorcycle by a tourist on State Road 301. At Interlake and 301, where the light is now. Put that friggin' light up right after it happened, like some friggin' reminder to me, so that every time I drive by I get to remember how he got mangled by some minivan driving asswipe from friggin' Maine.

LONGWORTH
Well at least you've worked through it.

JUSTIN
Longworth 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.

JUSTIN
Why?

LONGWORTH
I'm pretty sure we just covered that.

Longworth gets up and leaves. Off Justin...

EXT. HIGHWAY INTERSECTION - S.R. 301 - 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. State Road 301 and Interlake Boulevard. A car HORN blasts -- some idiot behind his idling car, pissed to be waiting behind a light that's turned green.  

FADE OUT: 

END OF ACT TWO
EXT. RANDALL’S - BAR - NIGHT
Shoe-horned into the middle of downtown Tampa Bay.

INT. RANDALL’S - BAR - NIGHT
The place busy with a nighttime 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
Justin. Was it Lane?

OGLETREE
Lane? Maybe. Yeah. Why?

LONGWORTH
There's a shrine for him at the light at State Road 301 and Interlake. When was that accident that killed him?

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

LONGWORTH
To the day?

OGLETREE
Maybe. About that.
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 sister's - 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 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 SOUTH FLORIDA - DAY
Longworth with DANIEL GREEN, 23, grad student in Herpetology, who looks at the alligator tooth in a plastic baggie --

GREEN
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?

GREEN
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. CALLIE'S HOUSE - BACK PORCH LANAI - NIGHT
Longworth and Callie. The case file on a table between them as she studies a crime photo of the DRESS the vic wore --

CALLIE
J.T. Landers? Never heard of it.
LONGWORTH
It's a regional clothing chain operating out of the Southwest.
I'm not much on the fashion habits of women, but does that look like something you'd order online?

CALLIE
Depends. Was I exceedingly drunk?

He grins as she sets the photo down.

LONGWORTH
The victim also had high levels of capsicum in her stomach from eating spicy foods.

CALLIE
Like Southwest spicy?

LONGWORTH
And trace amounts of tricresyl phosphate in her lungs, a neurotoxin found in motor oil that humans get by breathing recycled air, like on most commercial airline flights.

CALLIE
So you're thinking she's a tourist.

LONGWORTH
Tourist, in town on business. Although I'm trying to avoid thinking anything specific just yet.

CALLIE
That would explain why she hasn't been reported missing. Traveling alone, family back in Phoenix...
(off his look)
-- not to suggest anything specific. Is she a mom? If she is, I'm sure one of her kids is trying to get a hold of her.

LONGWORTH
See, I said the same thing to my guy, and he said I was nuts.

CALLIE
Oh, you have a guy?

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

Callie is mildly amused despite her best efforts.

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

LONGWORTH
More or less. Got a little money for it. Not a fortune as it turns out, but thanks to a rash of short sells, enough to land comfortably. But trust me, if it ever gets too busy or too dangerous, I'm out of here.
(off her grin)
Do you have a beer or something?

CALLIE
Because I find you mildly amusing?

LONGWORTH
Or, because I'm thirsty.

CALLIE
Look. 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...
Longworth, stealing a quick look to the ring on her finger.

CALLIE
Yeah sorry, I wash my hands about a million times a shift, so...
(hence no ring earlier)
-- and Jeff likes to dialogue with his father about my activities.

LONGWORTH
Where is he?

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

LONGWORTH
I meant his father. The man you're technically still married to?

Callie takes a beat.

CALLIE
Raiford.
That's a really bad prison in Florida.

LONGWORTH
Impressive.

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

Then, from inside the house --

JEFF (O.S.)
What?

CALLIE
Homework.

JEFF
I finished.

CALLIE
All of it?

JEFF
What part of finished is confusing to you?
She looks at Longworth. That's my son. As Jeff joins them.

JEFF
What are you guys talking about?

CALLIE
Like you haven't been listening.

JEFF
Is that the woman you guys found?
(snatching up one of the photos)
Cool. What happened to her head?

CALLIE
Okay, these are going bye-bye.
She snatches up the photos, stuffs them in 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. Now say good night and go finish your homework.

A look from Mom cinching it. Jeff shrugging his apology.

CALLIE
Sorry about the beer.

Longworth gives him a smile, and Jeff returns inside. After a beat, when she's sure he's gone --

CALLIE
Armed Robbery. My husband.

LONGWORTH
I wasn't going to ask.

CALLIE
Now is there anything else, or can we say good night?

LONGWORTH
When did you lose your virginity?

CALLIE
Okay, look at the time.

LONGWORTH
I wasn't going to ask.

CALLIE
Now is there anything else, or can we say good night?

LONGWORTH
When did you lose your virginity?

CALLIE
Okay, look at the time.

LONGWORTH
No, I'm serious. One of my suspects may or may not have used hers to wrap some guy around her finger. Now, I've heard rumors about you people...

(off her look)
-- is it possible to "lose your virginity" to more than one guy in order to manipulate him?

CALLIE
Sure. I lost mine three or four times.

LONGWORTH
Really? And we just fall for that?

CALLIE
Every time. And are you sure he wasn't using her?

LONGWORTH
Not entirely. But you haven't seen this girl. And he was pretty hammered.

CALLIE
So you've never been so drunk you couldn't quite piece together an evening you'd rather forget?

LONGWORTH
Never.

(off her look, beat)
And he did lose his brother to a motorcycle accident with a tourist.

CALLIE
Ugh, I remember that. That shrine. Totally freaks Jeff out.

(beat)
Revenge is a pretty strong motive.

LONGWORTH
But whose? I mean, was he setting the girl up as his alibi? Or was she using her sexuality against him. Lying about her virginity.

CALLIE
How old is she?

LONGWORTH
Sixteen.

CALLIE
Oh yeah, I'd go with lying. And if the question is, do we lie to guys to get you to think we're giving you something special so we can manipulate the hell out of you? Yeah. We do that, too.

Off Longworth, letting that sink in.

EXT. PALM GLADE PRESERVE - FISHEATING CREEK - DAY
The surface teeming with bouncing, buzzing, annoying insects.

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

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

LONGWORTH
Not bad from just one tooth.

GREEN
Go you one better, caiman aren't indigenous. Probably someone's pet who let it loose when she got too big. Won't be the only gator 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 --

GREEN (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 --

Green recoiling from the report from Longworth's gun.

LONGWORTH
That's the one, right?

Green stares at Longworth in disbelief. Stunned.

GREEN
That animal is protected.

LONGWORTH
Then how come I had such a clear shot?

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

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. LAB - DAY

A ten-foot CAIMAN lies on top of a surgical table. Daniel Green 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
Unorthodox? Try nuts. I'm not autopsing an alligator, get that thing off my table.

LONGWORTH
Caiman. Then let the kid do it.

CARLOS
Right, and Chain of Evidence 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 Green is over the caiman, gestures along a section of the reptile's belly marked with red, as they step up.

GREEN
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.

GREEN
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.

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

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

GREEN
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 Green identifies as Carlos pulls out, dropping it into a blue container --

GREEN
-- 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.

GREEN
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 jawbone.

GREEN
Oh man. Sweet...a jawbone.
Carlos, half amazed, half annoyed.

INT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL - OFFICE - 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 ones 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 jawbone.
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 Southerners 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.

INT. ROBBIE’S RAW BAR - DAY
Justin 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.
Justin looks at him for a beat, then goes back to eating.

LONGWORTH
Your brother.

JUSTIN
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.

JUSTIN
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.

JUSTIN
He could be that.

LONGWORTH
Which can put some people off.

Justin 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 asswipes 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?

Justin, 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 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 loose 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?

Justin looks up. Stares a beat.

JUSTIN
Okay.

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

JUSTIN
She's not my girlfriend.
LONGWORTH

Not your girlfriend.

JUSTIN

We're just hanging out.

LONGWORTH

Hanging out with a sixteen-year-old.

JUSTIN

I mean. We just. We were both...

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

Justin stops, not sure where he stands here.

JUSTIN

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.

(beat)

Sorry, kid.

Longworth gets up and leaves. Off Justin --

INT. OGLETREE’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (OR EXTERIOR SPIGOT)

Ogletree tending to something at the sink, on his cell phone.

OGLETREE

Well yeah, he was drunk. That's not exactly news.

INT. LONGWORTH’S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Longworth driving, on his cell phone. INTERCUT as necessary.

LONGWORTH

Slept on a blanket by the creek most of the night. Barely remembers trying before passing out completely. And sure as hell can't account for Erin's whereabouts.

OGLETREE

Bet he remembers tagging half the damn county.

(beat)

I've got calls in to all the major airlines, checking passenger lists on flights from Flagstaff, Phoenix, Albuquerque...

LONGWORTH

I could've done that...

OGLETREE

I said I'd handle it.

Said a little emphatically, which Longworth notes...

LONGWORTH

And the entire school was tagged. So we should probably check to see if any of their female teachers or employees have failed to show up for work. Eliminate by profile...

OGLETREE

Oh, we do profiles now.

LONGWORTH

Approximate height, weight, age. No children.

Ogletree annoyed at being told how to do his job.

OGLETREE

Not my first picnic, you know. Still say she'll turn out to be a tourist.

LONGWORTH
Bad cop work sticking to one theory, mi amigo.

When ARF ARF ARF and we WIDEN to see Ogletree lowering the fresh bowl of water he just filled to a yappy piece of shit white Maltese.

**LONGWORTH**

Did you bring your dog to work?

**OGLETREE**

Nah, swung by the house. Promised the wife I’d look after it. Last thing I need is to come home to the neighbors pounding on the door that the damn thing barked all day.

(beat)

I’ll check with the school and get back to you.

And Ogletree hangs up. Off Longworth...

**EXT. FISHEATING CREEK - SERIES OF DISSOLVES - DAY**

Longworth with his 9-iron, sifting through the detritus of a local hangout - beer and soda cans, crumpled packs of cigarettes, cigarette butts, condoms, lotto scratchers, a Slushie cup and straw.

When he sees something near the bank of the creek. Steps for it, stopping and kneeling closer to get a better look.

An area of WET MUCK, FLAT and TACKY from the SOLES of FLAT, HEAVY SHOES. He looks at the bottom of his Vans, checking its TREAD and PRINTS in the muck against the prints left by the flat-soled shoes.

He looks back around, listening, turning things over. Sees and then moves for something back by the weeds. Picks it up.

A SALES RECEIPT, from a local package store named Darby's. Which he looks at. Over which --

**LONGWORTH (V.O.)**

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

**INT. DARBY’S PACKAGE STORE - DAY**

Longworth talking to the genius CLERK behind the counter.

**LONGWORTH**

She buy anything else?

The CLERK stuck on his photo of hot Erin, doesn't respond.

**LONGWORTH**

Beer, whisky, maybe offer to have sex with you?

That gets his attention.

**CLERK**

What?

**LONGWORTH**

Did she buy anything else? Maybe came in with someone?

**CLERK**

No. She came alone. Our ATM was down, she asked where the nearest one was. I told her across town.

**LONGWORTH**

Notice anything odd or suspicious about her behavior?

**CLERK**

Seemed kind of pissed off about something. A little wired for two o'clock in the morning...

The clerk stuck on the photo.

**LONGWORTH**

You can keep that if you want?

**CLERK**

Really?
Longworth looks at him like “no you can't keep it,” snatches it back, then leaves with his purchases.

**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 cigarette, blows smoke. Goes back to his buddies.

**INT. TAMPA GRACE MEDICAL CENTER - DAY**
Longworth with Callie, at her desk. Callie applies iodine tincture to his wound, distracted by work, studies...

**CALLIE**
The girl bought lotto tickets?

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

She re-dresses his wound as he contemplates their meaning.

**LONGWORTH**
He was drunk and passed out - she had to do something...
(beat)
Jeff doesn't drink those does he?

**CALLIE**
Lives on 'em.

**LONGWORTH**
You know what's in that stuff?

**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 textbook. 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 Justin - 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.

She goes 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. 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, when his cell phone rings. He moves off to answer it.

LONGWORTH
Hey. What do you got?

EXT. FDLE SUB-STATION - DAY
Graffiti on the wall, Ogletree on his cell --

OGLETREE
The high school hasn't reported any of their regular female teachers missing. However...

INT. HOSPITAL - CLOSE ON LONGWORT - DAY
Longworth on his cell. INTERCUT as Longworth cuts him off --

LONGWORTH
She doesn't have to be a regular employee, she could be --

OGLETREE
Damn it, Jim, for once would you just let me finish my thought.

LONGWORTH
Sorry.

OGLETREE
But there was a substitute teacher scheduled to teach last week who never showed up, and hasn't been heard from since.

LONGWORTH
Does this substitute teacher have a name?

OGLETREE
Yeah, Salazar. Gina Salazar.
(waiting for his attaboy)
Jim? Jim?

Ogletree realizing Longworth has hung up.
A low GROWL takes us down to find the Maltese, at the end of a leash --

OGLETREE
Hate you too, you little shit.

Summing up their relationship as he hurries the dog along to do its business.

EXT. INTERSECTION - S.R. 301 AND INTERLAKE BLVD. - NIGHT
We are CLOSE on the LOCKET, opened now to reveal the person inside. LANE Broussard, Justin's older brother. Held gently in the palm of a soft hand. Then lowered to reveal --
The Shrine to Lane, his photo ringed by flowers, candles, and booze bottles; messages from those who love and miss him. But none more than --
ERIN, who sits alone, cross-legged at the base of the shrine. 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
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
    The night he was killed, he was coming to see me. 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 Justin 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.

She looks at him. Doesn't know what that means.

    LONGWORTH
    You used Justin 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 Justin 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 Justin.

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 Gina 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. FISHEATING CREEK - DAY
Longworth tracking along the edge of the creek. Stomping tall weeds, his eyes searching the uneven earth distressed by clumps of grass and cragged by cypress knee. Then stops.
Kneeling to the wet earth, and another area of MUCK made FLAT and TACKY by the SOLES of HEAVY, flat soled SHOES.
He rises, moves on ahead as we DISSOLVE through...

EXT. FISHEATING CREEK - ELSEWHERE - DAY
Longworth tramps through the weeds, seeing something in the creek. He bends to lift it out of the water.
A brand new, unopened bottle of Calvin Klein for Men. He studies the bottle, and its meaning. Sniffs it. Deciding --

LONGWORTH
I guess that's better than Pizza Hut.
When interest in his find is broken by a whoop of excitement coming from the bank across the creek.

JEFF
Hey. I got one.
Jeff on the shore, reeling in his catch.

LONGWORTH
I'm impressed.
(watching the kid's joy)
What kind of fish is that?

JEFF
Shiner.

LONGWORTH
I thought you said fishing was for losers?
Jeff grins at the fish, unhooks it --

JEFF
Aren't I contaminating a crime scene?

LONGWORTH
You're helping me interview witnesses.

JEFF
He doesn't look like he saw anything.

LONGWORTH
Thank him for his time and send him on his way.
Which he does, when Longworth's cell phone rings. He checks the caller I.D., answers it --

LONGWORTH
What'd you find out?
(listens a beat)
Yeah, okay. Thanks. Sorry about working you on a Sunday.
He hangs up. A little quiet. Over which --

OGLETREE (V.O.)
So the teacher's not missing?

EXT. OGLETREE HOUSE - Backyard - BARBEQUE - DAY
Ogletree at the grill, Longworth nearby, a beer in hand.

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

Yeah. Sometimes they do that.

Beat. Longworth hoists his beer to their Sunday ritual.

Thanks for keeping our streak alive.

It's just burgers.

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

We got the jawbone. I'll stay on it.

Ogletree clearly feeling underappreciated.

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.

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.

I guess I know that.

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.

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

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

I'm just trying to work in.

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.

What are you doing?

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

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

Ogletree takes a beat.

Look, I appreciate you telling me how you feel. I know you and Janice 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.

LONGWORTH

When's Janice coming home?

OGLETREE

She didn't say.

LONGWORTH

She didn't say.

(beat)

She must be really 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 as his partner disappears inside.

INT. OGLETREE HOUSE - 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 - Backyard - 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 his gun on him.

OGLETREE

Wasn't one in your vehicle, I looked.

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

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

Well that, and your shoes.

OGLETREE

My shoes?

Which we look down to see. Clunky, flat soled FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL issued shoes.

LONGWORTH

Which were all over the crime scene -- to say nothing of the M.E.'s report, which confirmed not only the victim's natural Florida tan, but also that she'd never had children...

(off the dog barking)

-- no doubt settling for a dog...which you hate, but cared for anyway so the neighbors
wouldn't get suspicious...

OGLETREE

Jim.

LONGWORTH

-- then of course there's the capscicum we found in her stomach - evidence that she'd recently eaten spicy Southwestern food - and the fact that just hours before she was killed, she'd been on a commercial flight - wearing a dress she bought while visiting her sister...

OGLETREE

Jim.

LONGWORTH

-- I mean, to be perfectly honest, amigo, when you stop and think about it, you were so incredibly bad at this...

OGLETREE

I said okay!

LONGWORTH

I feel kind of stupid it took me so long.

A long beat. Neither man moves, as Longworth brings it home.

LONGWORTH

Your wife didn't go to her sister's because you had a fight, Mike. She flew back from Albuquerque to tell you that she was leaving you...
(a sad beat, then)
And you had a fight.

A fight that led to murder, which Ogletree is not denying.

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 trying 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. Sick and tired of hearing me bitch about you every night. I don't know. Maybe I should've given her kids. Got so bad I didn't know where I wanted to be. I didn't want to 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 backyard has quietly been crept up on by DOZENS of Kevlar-suited, Highway Patrol Personnel. Guns trained on him.

A long beat. Ogletree's shoulders slump slightly.

**EXT. BELLEAIR 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. BELLEAIR 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 hole.

**EXT. BELLEAIR COUNTRY CLUB - EIGHTEENTH GREEN - DAY**

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, addresses and then hits it, blading it a little. The ball rolls twelve feet past the cup.

EXT. BELLEAIR 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 longnecks.

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 Ray 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
I don't get Jeff back from his Grandma's until morning. How 'bout that first date we never had?

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 screwed.

LONGWORTH

So you want to be my partner?

THE END...
Photography from the Set

Matt Passmore as Jim Longworth at The Glades photo shoot.

Kiele Sanchez as Callie Cargill visits Longworth’s house.

Longworth hopes to break 80.
Longworth visits the crime scene.

Callie and Longworth share a beer.

Longworth shoots the gator as Daniel, a grad student in herpetology, looks on.
Wranglers pose their gator.

Longworth badges suspect, Justin.

Matt Passmore takes five to enjoy the view of the water between takes.
Longworth surveys the crime scene, of course with his putter.

Longworth with suspect, Erin.

Ogletree by his vehicle.
Lead Matt Passmore, Executive Producer Gary Randall, and A&E Executive Scott Vila on the set.

Callie Cargill.
Table of Contents

Cover
Contents
Introduction
Credits
Act 1
Act 2
Act 3
Act 4
Act 5
Photos