

FLORIDA MAN

Episode 102:

"The Realest Goddamned Place on Earth"

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SMASH FROM BLACK:

INT. SPEEDING POLICE CAR - NIGHT

A wild-eyed and grinning TWEAKER HOWLS at the top of his lungs with total and reckless joy as he tears down the road in a stolen cop car, LIGHTS and SIREN blaring.

TWEAKER
WHOOO-HOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

SLAM TO:

INT. TV STATION - LOCAL TV NEWS SHOW (ON TV)

Anchor KAITLYNN FOX reads a story.

KAITLYNN FOX
A Central Florida man is in custody after leading police last night on a wild chase.

EXT. DOG TRACK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT (ON TV)

B-ROLL FOOTAGE of the dog track, and patrons.

KAITLYNN FOX (V.O.)
Officers were called to the Sanford-Orlando Kennel Club because of an altercation in the parking lot.

A YOUNG MAN PATRON talks to an o.s. reporter.

YOUNG MAN PATRON (ON CAMERA)
...Yeah we'd come to the dog track because it's my birthday and then my girlfriend saw my new tattoo that says Caroline, except her name is Karlyn, Caroline is her sister, which cannot be the first time that's happened, but she started punching on me and I don't think I should be blamed just because you don't have to pass a spelling test to get a tattoo license.

INT. TV STATION - LOCAL TV NEWS SHOW (ON TV)

KAITLYNN FOX

Witnesses say that while officers were handling the disturbance, a man got into their idling police car and sped away.

EXT. DOG TRACK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT (ON TV)

A woman is interviewed by a reporter.

WOMAN (ON CAMERA)

We came out and he said hey you know what I'm gonna do, and I said what, and he said I'm gonna steal that police car, and that's one thing I love about him is he always keeps his promises.

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD INTERSECTION - NIGHT (ON TV)

B-ROLL FOOTAGE, but nothing to see here except some broken glass on the road.

KAITLYNN FOX (V.O.)

Police chased the suspect to this intersection, where he collided with a speeding ambulance -- and then stole the ambulance, and kept on going.

SLAM TO:

INT. SPEEDING AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The Tweaker HOWLS with delight as he tears down the road in a stolen ambulance, LIGHTS and SIREN blaring.

TWEAKER

WHOOO-HOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

TITLE CARD:

FLORIDA MAN

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

MIKE VALENTINE stands at the edge of the surf, staring blankly out at the black Atlantic Ocean. The tongues of waves roll up the sand and across Mike's shoes and socks and the cuffs of his pants. A JOGGER passes behind Mike.

JOGGER
Careful. There's sharks at night.

The jogger jogs on. Mike just stares out, speaks to no one.

MIKE
There's sharks all the time.

He looks at his hand, notices the BLOOD on it, from Delly. He bends down and watches a wave wash off the blood.

Finally, he takes his cell phone from his pocket and makes a call. Beat. The other end picks up.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey.
(beat)
I placed a bet.

INTERCUT:

INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

A man, RENARD, was asleep in bed. His wife sleeps next to him as he talks on the phone.

RENARD
(into phone)
You're supposed to call your sponsor before you bet.

MIKE
If I'd hit, I'd be free and clear.

RENARD
Oh, well that's different. Can you make good on what you owe?

OFF MIKE --

QUICK FLASH -- Delly in the bungalow bed in her own blood -- gunshot wounds -- dead eyes half open.

BACK TO MIKE

MIKE

No.

RENARD

So you need to find some other way to make restitution.

MIKE

Might not be possible. I'm thinking I just take off.

RENARD

I like that plan. Walk me through it.

MIKE

I just don't go back.

RENARD

Could work. It's a big planet. And if you gamble again -- sorry, I'm not thinking right, when you gamble again, you could just keep running for years.

MIKE

I'm not going to gamble again.

RENARD

My mistake. You called me at three in the morning to say you're cured. Okay, just tell me when you've landed somewhere, I need to know where to send your cake.

MIKE

Okay, fuck you.

RENARD

Mike. If you don't pay your debts, you carry their weight everywhere you go. Make restitution. Find a way.

Renard hangs up. Mike looks out at the ocean. From his pocket he takes the GOLD COIN he found in Delly's purse. Looks at it... and is about to toss it far out into the waves. But he doesn't. He can't.

INT. PALM'S MOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a SHOT GLASS with an alligator on it. It's on Mike's dresser, and we're where we left Mike at the end of

Ep. 101. Air conditioner humming under the window, the gold coin spinning into frame and stopping by the shot glass. Mike slowly dials a number on his phone. Beat, then --

MIKE
(into phone)
Moss?
(beat)
I have news.

INTERCUT:

INT. MOSS'S BEDROOM - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

MOSS YANKOV sits on the edge of his bed in the dark.

MOSS
(into phone)
About what, about Delly?

MIKE
Yeah.

MOSS
You have her?

MIKE
Not at the moment.

MOSS
But you saw her?

MIKE
Yes.

MOSS
And? She see you?

OFF MIKE --

QUICK FLASH -- *Delly in the bed, dead eyes half open.*

BACK TO MIKE

MIKE
No.

MOSS
(impatient)
So you woke me up to, what, report a sighting, like she's Big Foot? You said you had news. News is something new.

Pause. Is Mike going to come clean?

MIKE

I have her phone.

He picks up her phone from the dresser.

MOSS

What?

MIKE

If I can get into it I can find out what she's up to but I need the code.

MOSS

I don't give a shit what she's up to, just get her back here.

MIKE

What's that gonna do if you don't know why she's here, who's she's been talking to?

MOSS

(frowns; alert)

Why? Is she talking to someone?

MIKE

I don't know, that's why I want to get into her phone.

MOSS

What, like a guy?

MIKE

I just said I don't know.

MOSS

Is she fucking around on me, Mike?

MIKE

No. I can promise you that.

MOSS

(starting to seethe)

Get into her phone and find out.

MIKE

It needs her face to unlock it. You know her passcode?

MOSS

No. Try "Moss."

Mike rolls his eyes.

MIKE

Sure. But in case it's not...

MOSS

I don't know! Jesus Christ, you're
the detective, fucking detect!

Moss hangs up, upset. He grabs the jar of Vicks Vap-o-Rub
by his bed, and inhales deeply.

EXT. SALT-AIR BUNGALOWS - EARLY MORNING

Mike sits in his rental car, and from a distance watches
Bungalow #9, where just last night Delly was killed.
Delly's car is there. And also a COP CAR. Mike can't go
in. Shit. OFF MIKE looking at the bungalow --

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - PHILADELPHIA - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

*Better days -- Mike and Delly having sex. It's going very
well, and after a noisy finish... they lie there for a
moment, catching their breaths. Not looking at each other;
it's kind of awkward, it being their first time. After a
beat, Mike gets up, goes into the bathroom.*

*Delly finds her purse on the floor by the bed, pulls some
cigarettes out, and starts to flick a lighter.*

MIKE (O.S.)

Can you not smoke?

DELLY

(beat)

In general?

MIKE (O.S.)

In here. The smell gets in things.

*Beat. Delly shrugs, doesn't light up. She looks around the
bedroom: it's clean, uncluttered. Sees a shelf.*

DELLY

You've got books.

MIKE (O.S.)

In case I ever learn to read.

DELLY

You laugh. Most of Moss' guys
couldn't read a stop sign.

Mike comes out of the bathroom.

MIKE

It's why I'm not gonna be working
for him long.

DELLY

Yeah? And what makes you think
your fortunes are due for a turn?

MIKE

I don't gamble anymore.

That makes Delly smile wryly -- her point being Moss'
girlfriend is lounging here in Mike's bed, and all.

DELLY

No?

Mike gets it. But --

MIKE

This was a mistake.

DELLY

(shrugs)
Title of my biography.

MIKE

It's not going to happen again.

Never taking her eyes off him, she lights her cigarette.
Takes a drag. Gives a little sexy smile.

DELLY

Wanna bet?

OFF MIKE, smiling despite himself -- he likes this woman --

EXT. SALT-AIR BUNGALOWS - **RESUME**

After a long beat, Mike drives away.

INT. BUNGALOW #9 - SAME

OFFICER ANDY BOONE is with an older lady, MRS. KUHNBACH,
sharp-witted and the owner of this spray of cottages, in the
bedroom where we last saw Delly dead.

ANDY

You sure it was this cottage.

MRS. KUHLBACH

Yes. The shots came from over here.

WIDER SHOT REVEALS that the room is clean. Spotless. Not a crime scene.

ANDY

Because sound is funny at night.
Maybe it was one of the others?

MRS. KUHLBACH

(dryly)

Maybe. I've only owned this property for 20 years, could be I'm still getting my bearings.

Andy ignores her sarcasm, looks around -- small suitcase, some toiletries. That's it. Nothing out of sorts.

EXT. BUNGALOW #9 - MOMENTS LATER

Officer Andy and Mrs. Kuhlbach come out of the bungalow.

ANDY

You won't mind if I look around in the others? Just to ease my mind.

MRS. KUHLBACH

(knock yourself out)

That's what we offer here, peace of mind. But I know what I saw. Gunshots, ambulance came, took that poor girl away.

ANDY

And no one's been in there since.

MRS. KUHLBACH

I wouldn't know, I waited in my house because there was a man with a gun out here and the police were taking their sweet time.

Andy looks over at Mrs. Kuhlbach's cottage. There's a cheap SECURITY CAMERA mounted on a post beside its porch.

ANDY

That camera on your place. Was it recording?

INT. MRS. KUHLBACH'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

A very tasteful cottage. Good art on the walls -- no seashore prints or driftwood lamps. Mrs. Kuhlbach is at her old computer. Her large CAT keeps trying for her attention.

MRS. KUHLBACH
(clicking on screen)
My son usually walks me through how to do this on the phone, he lives up in Atlanta now. Still with that Cathy of his, but I don't think they're happy. Here we go.

ON HER COMPUTER SCREEN we see the black-and-white RECORDING.

MRS. KUHLBACH (CONT'D)
I know exactly when the shots were because I looked at the clock, so he should be coming on here any minute.

Then, ON THE RECORDING, her CAT'S FACE looms into the lens. And just as we begin to glimpse a MAN enter frame... the cat bats the camera down so it points at the ground.

All we see is the MAN'S FEET as he leaves. Andy sighs.

ANDY
You saw the man, yourself?

MRS. KUHLBACH
Not ten feet away.

ANDY
If I get a police sketch artist in, you think you could talk to them?

MRS. KUHLBACH
My son says I could talk the bark off a pine tree.
(beat)
That's a yes.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

Mike is beside a bank of newspaper vending machines. He's bought a local Coronado newspaper and the *Orlando Sentinel*, and is tearing through them, scanning, quickly turning pages, looking for a story about the murder last night. He stops. Nothing here. Shit. He tosses them in the trash.

EXT. FAMILY RESORT NEAR DISNEY WORLD - MORNING

North Carolina SHERIFF'S DEPUTY KETCHER, the guy whose gun Mike stole in Ep. 101, is at the crowded hotel pool with his wife (LINDA) scrambling to snag lounge chairs for his family. As he quickly tosses a book onto a chair just before another dad gets there --

LINDA

I don't think the kids want to swim today.

KETCHER

Sure they do. What kids don't want to swim?

LINDA

The crazy kind that want to go to Disney World.

KETCHER

It'll be there tomorrow.

LINDA

You just don't want to go into the park without your gun.

KETCHER

That's not true.

LINDA

They sell pop-guns in Frontierland if that'll get you through a day.

KETCHER

(defensive)

I have an obligation to carry a sidearm off-duty. Turns out only residents can buy a handgun in this state, but there's a gun show tomorrow and they don't care who they sell to. They're the last piece of America in this whole country.

He spots an empty lounge chair a few rows away and shoots his towel like a basketball so it lands on the chair just before a mom gets to it. He shrugs at her -- snooze you lose.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

Meanwhile, up in Philadelphia, newly-minted DETECTIVE IRIS is at her desk, studying some papers. Her eyes light up and she rolls her chair backwards to DETECTIVE DUNNEY'S desk.

IRIS

Dunney, look. I got a hit on Gil Franco's car off a traffic cam the night he was last seen. Heading East out of Philly.

DUNNEY

And?

IRIS

(get it?)

Toward Moss Yankov's house.

DUNNEY

Or Chicago, or the Vancouver Aquarium, or the Yukon Territories. Iris -- you ever heard of "confirmation bias?"

IRIS

Did I take a Psychology class in college, you mean? Yeah.

DUNNEY

'Cause you're gonna get this tossed out of court. "Detective, did you pursue other avenues of inquiry into the gruesome death and dismemberment of the victim, or did you target my client Moss Yankov from the very beginning?"

IRIS

I explored all lines of inquiry, Counselor, and please stop looking down my shirt.

DUNNEY

I wasn't!

IRIS

The lawyer was. He's an asshole.

DUNNEY

I'm just trying to help, okay, you're not in Homicide --

IRIS

(looks around, amused)
Really? Because the door says
"Homicide" on it.

DUNNEY

You're working a homicide but
you're not in Homicide.

IRIS

(giving him shit)
So when I catch the guy, do I have
to just let him go? That'll suck.
How do I get into your Homicide
Club? Do I kill someone? I might
as well, you guys could never solve
it.

DUNNEY

(hands up, he gives)
Okay, fine, do what you want.

IRIS

(letting him up)
Yes, Dunney, thank you for caring,
but I'm looking at everything.
(opens a file)
I just got Gil's financials. He
was flat broke. I'm going through
his insurance, seeing if anyone
benefits, wife, business partner...

DUNNEY

And look at credit cards, see if
there's a girlfriend he pissed off.

IRIS

If he had a girlfriend with a bone
saw, that might be on him.

As she looks through the file --

DUNNEY

(defensive)
And I never look at my female
colleagues anywhere I'm not
supposed to. I'm very careful
about that.

IRIS

You're a prince among men, Dunney.
(spots something in file)
Okay, so I guess Gil wasn't too
broke. He had a boat.

She looks at three PHOTOS paper-clipped to an insurance file -- pics of a private FISHING BOAT.

DUNNEY

Where? Lake house somewhere?

IRIS

No.

(beat)

Florida.

Off Iris, a little bothered by this info --

EXT. RIVERSIDE DOCKS - SONNY'S LANDING - DAY

An EXPLOSION from a HANDGUN jolts us back to Florida. An older ex-cop named BUZZ is firing from the dock, out into the Indian River. Buzz works for Sonny, is a nice guy, but has a twitchy manner and isn't entirely right in the head.

Mike walks up.

MIKE

Buzz? What're you shooting at?

BUZZ

Saw something. Manatee, maybe.

MIKE

You can't shoot manatees, Buzz.

BUZZ

(disgusted with his gun)

Not with this piece of shit.

Then he jerks his head down the dock past the restaurant to where Mike's dad SONNY is doing some work on a 40-foot fishing boat.

Mike hesitates -- doesn't want to be here -- then goes to where Sonny is at the boat. Stops. Sonny doesn't look up.

SONNY

She's not quite ready for a fishing charter, but when she is, I'll give you the Friends and Family rate.

Mike wryly looks over this "fishing boat."

MIKE

V-bottom hull, four-across Mercury 450R-V8 outboards pushing it over

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

110 miles per hour. How fast do
the fish move around here, anyway?

SONNY

(little smile)

Sometimes a man just needs to get
from here to there.

MIKE

This'll do it.

SONNY

You used to like going fast
yourself. Took you to Daytona, you
wanted to be a NASCAR driver.
Disney World, you always headed
straight to those Tomorrowland
Speedway cars, remember?

OFF MIKE --

QUICK FLASHBACK - YOUNG MIKE, 10, in one of the Tomorrowland
Speedway cars. Grinning, twisting the wheel, pedal to the
metal, his dad Sonny next to him.

BACK TO MIKE

MIKE

You hear anything about a shooting
on the beach side last night?

SONNY

Why would I?

MIKE

You have a scanner. It can't be
monitoring the Coast Guard patrols
every night.

SONNY

(shrugs)

Just the usual -- drunk and
disorderly, coke deals, college
kids jumping off balconies. Normal
night in Paradise.

MIKE

Woman was murdered. How come it's
not in the paper?

SONNY

I don't work for the paper.

MIKE

No, but nothing happens in this town without you knowing about it.

SONNY

Maybe it was suicide. That wouldn't be in the paper.

MIKE

Two bullet holes says it probably wasn't.

SONNY

Maybe you just want to know if you were you spotted there.

MIKE

And where would that be?

SONNY

Those bungalows.

He looks at Mike. Beat.

MIKE

Okay, so you're following me.

SONNY

Me personally, no. I can't stay up late.

MIKE

Why have me followed?

SONNY

Keep you safe? That's what fathers do.

MIKE

That's what fathers do. You want to see if there's money to be had.

SONNY

Is there?

MIKE

No.

SONNY

Then what? You were looking for a woman, now she's dead. Why do you need to know the circumstances?

MIKE

Hoping it might help ease my
client's inevitable disappointment.

SONNY

Well. Sorry I wasn't able to ease
yours.

Beat. Mike turns to go.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Your sister says you and Iris split
up.

Mike stops. Now what?

SONNY (CONT'D)

I liked her.
(beat)
Shame.

Beat, then Mike turns and goes.

INT. HOSPITAL - FRONT DESK - DAY

Mike is trying to charm his way past a FRONT DESK NURSE in
the lobby. She's not having it.

FRONT DESK NURSE

Because you're not family.

MIKE

It's not a family matter, it's an
insurance matter. If I see she was
brought to the morgue, I can record
her as deceased and move on.

FRONT DESK NURSE

Do you have a court order?

MIKE

No, because I'm not asking to
exhume her body, I'm asking to see
it. But I can tell you're busy, so
just let me back and I'll look
around.

FRONT DESK NURSE

It's not a pet rescue. There's no
browsing.

Mike's not getting back there. He nods. Thanks.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

In the hospital parking lot, Mike is in his little rental car. He sits, frustrated, deciding what his next move is. Beat. Then he unzips his pants and pulls them down below his knees. He unwraps the BANDAGE from around his shark-bit leg, exposing the recent stitches. With a fingernail he picks at one end of a stitch, freeing it so he can grab it.

He braces himself... takes a deep breath... and pulls the stitches out. Like a zipper. As he grits his teeth against a scream and the blood starts to run, we --

SLAM TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - E.R. EXAM ROOM - DAY

Mike is getting re-bandaged by a female P.A. after getting the wound closed up again.

P.A.

Leg'll be little numb from the shot, but hopefully these hold up better than the first ones.

(checking his chart)

Temperature's good so no infection. Any chills, shortness of breath?

MIKE

(smiles)

Only when you came in.

P.A.

Ooh, good one. Is there more, or can we go ring shopping now?

She hands him his very bloody pants.

P.A. (CONT'D)

Might want to try some baking soda and lemon.

(eyeing hopeless staining)

Or a mall.

She leaves him with the pants, and exits. Mike hops up to put his pants on -- nearly collapses from his leg being numb -- and is struggling into the pants when his sister PATSY enters. She has a SECURITY PASS on a lanyard around her neck and wears a top with the logo of RiverSticks Senior Care Centers.

PATSY

Mike...? Oops!
(hides her eyes)
Sorry. Knock-knock.

MIKE

Patsy? What are you doing here?

PATSY

I was out shopping at the Hospice store and they called me from the ER and said you were back here again.

MIKE

There's a Hospice Store?

PATSY

Well not a whole store but there's always a section. Dying's the number one industry in Florida, living is way down the list. So what'd you do to yourself?

MIKE

Nothing, just pulled my stitches out.

PATSY

How'd you do that?

MIKE

Slipped.

PATSY

Slipped on what?

MIKE

I don't know, a piece of paper.

PATSY

What kind of paper?

MIKE

(exasperated)

An advertising circular from the Sunday Orlando Sentinel, I don't know, Patsy, why does that matter?

PATSY

Well I'm sorry, I'm a visual person!

MIKE

Can I borrow your pass?

PATSY

No. Why?

MIKE

Just give it, I'll bring it back.

PATSY

No. Tell me why you need it.

Pause. Okay, he'll tell her.

MIKE

I need to get into the morgue.

Beat. Patsy waits. Gives a gesture like, say more. Mike takes Delly's phone out of his pocket.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That woman I was looking for?
She's dead. Clues to why might be
on her phone, but I need her face
to unlock it.

Beat.

PATSY

Isn't that something the police
should handle?

MIKE

Probably.

Beat. Patsy is deciding whether to involve herself in whatever this is. Finally:

PATSY

(re phone)

The eyes have to be open for it to
work.

MIKE

I know that. Why do you?

PATSY

Podcast.

Mike holds his hand out for her pass.

PATSY (CONT'D)

It says Patsy.

MIKE

There's guys named Patsy.

Patsy takes the pass from around her neck, and is handing it to Mike -- when she pulls it back.

PATSY

I need something back, though.

MIKE

Okay what?

PATSY

Need you talk to my daughter.

MIKE

About what?

PATSY

Being a pill.

MIKE

She's fourteen.

PATSY

Being a b-i-t-c-h, then. Won't do her homework, lies about it, on the internet to god-knows-who and keeps hiding her phone. I'm worried, and maybe a cop talk from Uncle Mike could get her head out of her butt.

MIKE

Deal.

Patsy hands over the pass.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

There's a SIGN near the elevators saying where departments are. Mike approaches down the hall, swipes a CLIPBOARD AND CHART from a bin outside a room, steps onto the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

An ORDERLY is in there as Mike steps in and pushes a button for the basement. The orderly looks at Mike's pass. Beat.

MIKE

There's guys named Patsy.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike approaches the morgue. A MORGUE ATTENDANT comes out, heads down the hall. Mike takes Delly's phone out of his pocket... and enters the morgue.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

There are a couple of covered BODIES on gurneys, and one on a table. In QUICK CUTS Mike lifts the sheets from their faces to check. Old person. Old person. Old person. No Delly.

He sees DRAWERS on one wall. He opens a couple -- empty. Opens another -- and sees a FEMALE covered with a sheet, the same hair as Delly's spilling out from under it. OFF MIKE --

QUICK FLASH -- *Delly in Mike's bed, holding a cigarette and smiling at him teasingly.*

BACK TO SCENE

Mike takes a breath and pulls back the sheet.

It's not her. Then he hears --

MORGUE ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Help you?

Mike turns and sees the Attendant there, frowning. Mike holds up Delly's phone and smiles.

MIKE

Nope! Found it.

He closes the drawer. The attendant sees the huge amount of dried blood soaking Mike's pants. Mike notices. Solemnly --

MIKE (CONT'D)

Some days make you wonder why you even became a doctor. Hug your kids tonight.

He pats the Attendant's shoulder as he exits.

INT. CORONADO POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Kuhlback tries to give good description of the man she saw last night to a POLICE SKETCH ARTIST, but is frustrated.

MRS. KUHLBACH
(as artist sketches)
No, his forehead was more... it was wider... yes, that's closer, and the nose... it's better but not so much pointy as... no. I'm sorry, do you mind?

She holds her hands out for the sketch pad. The artist hesitates, then hands her the pad and the pencil. Mrs. Kuhlbach starts sketching quickly.

MRS. KUHLBACH (CONT'D)
See, the nose was stronger, wider but not pudgy...

SKETCH ARTIST
Wait, you can draw?

MRS. KUHLBACH
I should think so, I taught art at Rollins College for thirty years.

As she keeps drawing expertly, like a master, the sketch artist leans in and watches.

SKETCH ARTIST
Oh I like the lips, I can never do lips.

INT. GATORS TAIL LOUNGE - DAY

The bar he staked out last night. Mike enters and goes to the beach-bum BARTENDER who Mike spoke to last night, as he preps for the coming rush.

MIKE
Hi there. I was in last night?

BARTENDER
Lost and found is up front, if it's drug paraphernalia we're not allowed to return it.

MIKE
JoAnne was here, too.

BARTENDER
Okay. What about her?

MIKE
She's dead.

The Bartender stops stacking glasses and stares at him.

BARTENDER
She was just alive.

MIKE
That's generally the order of it.

BARTENDER
How was she killed?

MIKE
Why do you assume she was?

BARTENDER
I mean... it's Florida.

MIKE
(yeah, good point)
She left with a guy. You know him?

BARTENDER
No. I've seen her with him,
though... maybe one other time?
Both times he made me say all the
beers we have. We have twenty-one
beers. Then he got a Bud Light.

MIKE
Other people she hung out with?

BARTENDER
Don't know. Just friendly. Always
asking everyone about themselves,
where they're from, or what line of
work they're in...

Mike is distracted, now, looking past the Bartender to a TV
on mute.

MIKE
Turn that up.

ON THE TV is the same NEWS REPORT we saw at the top of the
episode, about the stolen cop car and stolen ambulance. As
the Bartender TURNS UP THE SOUND we see ON THE TV --

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT (ON TV)

We're at a part of the report where B-ROLL FOOTAGE circles
an ambulance, its doors open, its side smashed in.

KAITLYNN FOX (V.O.)

...Police pursued the suspect in the stolen ambulance to this spot, where they were finally able to force him off the road and take him into custody.

INT. LOCAL TV STATION (ON TV)

KAITLYNN FOX

The ambulance driver, who we've now learned is Jason Monroe of Sanford, was thrown from his vehicle when the police car collided with it, and tonight he's in the hospital. Police say he has yet to regain consciousness.

Onscreen is a SMILING PHOTO of the AMBULANCE DRIVER.

It's the same guy Delly went home with last night.

OFF MIKE, staring --

INT. KINKO'S - AFTERNOON

At a computer station, Mike designs a business card.

EXT. KINKO'S - AFTERNOON

Mike leaves Kinko's, tosses all the business cards but one into a recycling bin.

EXT. TV STATION/INT. MIKE'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Mike sits in his car in the station parking lot, parked next to an empty space marked KAITLYNN FOX on a sign. He's watching a VIDEO on his phone -- the same news report we just saw, of the stolen cop car and ambulance -- and studying the part where the CAMERA CIRCLES the abandoned ambulance. We can see the back of the rig is open -- but the shot cuts just before we can see inside it.

Mike glances into his SIDE-VIEW MIRROR, and sees a new MERCEDES coming. He waits a beat... then times opening his driver's door so it blocks the space beside him and Kaitlynn Fox has to stop short to keep from hitting him.

Mike gets out, pretending not to notice her, and Kaitlynn has to lean out of her window to call to him.

KAITLYNN FOX

Excuse me?

Mike looks embarrassed, and very sorry, and gallantly waves her into her space. When Kaitlynn gets out --

MIKE

So sorry about that.

KAITLYNN FOX

(cheerful)

S'okay.

MIKE

(recognizing her)

Oh. You're...

Kaitlynn nods to her name on her parking space.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yes! Sorry.

(as Kaitlynn starts away)

Actually -- you may be why I'm here. I'm Mike, I'm down from D.C.

He hands her his business card.

KAITLYNN FOX

(reading card)

U.S. Department of Transportation.

MIKE

Specifically, Highway Traffic Safety Administration.

KAITLYNN FOX

(off card, amused)

More specifically, the Emergency Transport Services Division.

MIKE

(sheepish smile)

Your taxes at work. I'm down here as part of an investigation into ambulance companies that skirt federal guidelines regulating the transport of persons on the nation's highways, and I saw your report last night on the crash?

KAITLYNN FOX

Oh yeah, that poor driver.

MIKE

Yes. And I was hoping we could share information, and find a way to help each other out.

KAITLYNN FOX

(intrigued)

Well, I'm almost late for the six o'clock, but I get dinner after...

Mike smiles; the flirting energy between them is high.

MIKE

Sure, that sounds --

(then, remembering)

Actually, I have dinner plans. Breakfast tomorrow?

KAITLYNN FOX

Perfect.

Big smile, then she hurries into the station.

EXT. MOSS' BACK YARD - EVENING

Moss is sitting in a garden chair, drinking a lemonade and brooding. JIMMY, his main guy, sits in another chair, going over business from a notebook.

JIMMY

Collections are down a little but that's probably because Mike's not here. Guy's got a touch.

MOSS

What happened to the *Caryopteris*?

JIMMY

The what?

Moss is staring at a hedge of BLUEBEARD PLANT across the yard.

MOSS

My mother planted that. I pay a guy to take care of the yard, and the *Caryopteris* looks like shit.

JIMMY

I think it looks okay.

MOSS

It's FUCKING LEGGY!

JIMMY

(nervous)

Okay. Yeah. I see that, now.

(back to his notes)

So the line has moved on the
Phillies game --

MOSS

Did Delly fuck around on me?

JIMMY

(beat)

What?

MOSS

Did. Delly --

JIMMY

I don't know. How would I know?

MOSS

You never saw anything?

JIMMY

No. What would I see, I'm never
with Delly. Mike's the only one
who drove her.

Long pause. Moss goes back to staring forward. Takes that
in.

MOSS

Mike's the only one who drove her.

INT. PATSY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Patsy is making dinner and watching a little TV in the
kitchen, as her husband DEACON and daughter TYLER (14) have
a huge loud argument in the other room.

TYLER

I did turn it in! Everyone says
she's crazy, it's not just me.

DEACON

Tyler, come on, why don't you just
do your homework?

TYLER

Because it's stupid! 99% of
everything we learn in school is
useless.

DEACON

And 99% of life is doing things we don't want to do, so what?

TYLER

Name me one thing you remember from school.

DEACON

What?

TYLER

See? You can't.

DEACON

Not on the spot...

TYLER

Because it's useless.

DEACON

(blurts)

April 23.

TYLER

What?

DEACON

William Shakespeare, born and died on his birthday, April 23. Ha.

TYLER

Wow, that has to be so helpful to you on your surveying jobs.

PATSY

(enough)

Oh my god y'all please be quiet, I am trying to hear the news!

ON THE TV

On the 6:00 broadcast, Kaitlynn Fox reads the news.

KAITLYNN FOX (ON TV)

Coming up at the ten o'clock hour we'll have more on the unfolding story of that liquor store robbery in Kissimmee that ended very badly.

WE SEE grainy b/w CCTV FOOTAGE of two men approach a liquor store counter as Kaitlynn describes --

KAITLYNN FOX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The two men who threatened the owner with a World War Two hand grenade got more bang than they bargained for, when the owner fought back with a samurai sword.

On the CCTV FOOTAGE we see the clerk take out a SAMURAI SWORD and brandish it -- but then one of the robbers takes out a HANDGUN and shoots the store owner dead.

BACK TO THE LIVE NEWS, Kaitlynn's male CO-ANCHOR chuckles.

CO-ANCHOR (ON TV)

What's that expression, Kaitlynn?
"Never bring a sword to a hand grenade fight?"

SLAM TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The liquor store SHOOTER is running fast, alone now and winded. We hear SIRENS in the distance. He passes a large POND, and flings his gun far out into it and keeps running.

We FOLLOW THE GUN, where it disappears into weeds and lily pads in the middle of the pond. No splash, though. A beat, then a large ALLIGATOR swims lazily out of the weeds, oblivious to the handgun on its back.

INT. PATSY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyler storms up to Patsy, who's setting the table.

TYLER

Mom! Tell Dad what the counselor said about homework.

PATSY

That she might benefit from incentives.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Patsy goes to answer it.

TYLER

(to Deacon)
I want a conure.

DEACON

What's a conure?

PATSY
It's like a parrot.

DEACON
No. No parrots.

Patsy opens the door, and Mike is there with a six-pack of beer. He hands Patsy's HOSPITAL PASS to her, as he enters.

TYLER
Mom, why can't I have a conure?

DEACON
Because they're loud and you won't feed it.

TYLER
I will so!

DEACON
Really? Why don't we go ask Paul Bunyan?

PATSY
Are y'all just not going to say hi to Mike?

DEACON
Hey, Mike. Wanna go dig up a hamster?

Deacon exits toward the back yard.

TYLER
Mom!

PATSY
Deacon, do not dig up Paul Bunyan!

DEACON (O.S.)
Come on, Tyler, you can help.

Tyler storms out following her dad.

TYLER (O.S.)
I was eight years old!

Pause.

PATSY
I might've married too young, huh?
Sorry, that wasn't nice. I
shouldn't talk bad about Deacon,
(MORE)

PATSY (CONT'D)
he's the father of my child
probably.
(cheery)
Want a beer?

She takes the beer and goes to the kitchen.

EXT. PATSY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

It's after dinner. Tyler is sitting on the trampoline, looking at her phone and then up to the sky. Mike comes out. Patsy can be seen THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW doing dishes and trying to pretend like she's not trying to hear.

MIKE
Hey. Whatcha doing?

TYLER
I have an app that tracks the Space Station.

MIKE
You can see the Space Station?

TYLER
Yeah. In a couple of minutes.

Mike climbs up on the trampoline and sits.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I guess Mom told you to talk to me?

MIKE
Just to check in.

TYLER
You don't need to. A cop came and spoke to our school and said don't do drugs and it changed everything.

MIKE
(smiles)
She's just worried. Lotta things out there for kids to get into.

TYLER
And let me guess, Mom was perfect when she was my age.

MIKE
(beat; with some guilt)
I don't know. I was gone by then.
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

(beat)

But she and I, we had your grandpa to keep us straight. I remember the first time I got in trouble, and not even bad trouble, he took me right down to the police station with him and made me sit in lock-up for an hour and said if I don't watch it this is where I'll end up. Scared me so much, I became a cop.

Beat.

TYLER

Good thing he didn't take you to Sea World. You might've become a dolphin.

Beat. Then Mike laughs. Beat.

MIKE

Okay, but is everything okay?

TYLER

It's fine. I mean, it sucks. But in a normal way.

MIKE

Okay. Good. I've just seen a lot of kids that were fine and then weren't. Not just kids. You can be on one path, then you look up and --

TYLER

(off her phone)

It's here.

She hops up, and looks up at the sky. Mike follows her gaze... and THERE IT IS. The Space Station, a bright dot, moving steadily against the stars. Mike is a little awed.

MIKE

Wow.

TYLER

Right?

MIKE

There's people in there.

TYLER

I know. They're in constant free-fall.

They watch the Space Station as it arcs across the heavens.

MIKE
I know the feeling.

He sees Tyler give a tiny, private wave to the Space Station. It's sweet. Beat.

TYLER
I'm gonna go watch The Bachelor.

She climbs down from the trampoline, heads inside.

MIKE
Don't do drugs.

TYLER
Got it.

INT. CORONADO POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Officer Andy's leaving work for the day, and passes the POLICE CLERK by the front desk.

POLICE CLERK
Hey Andy, what do you want done with that sketch-artist drawing?

ANDY
Right. Just put it on my desk, Jenny, I'll deal with it tomorrow.

He exits. The police clerk picks up a SKETCH, takes it back to Andy's desk. She walks away but we STAY ON the sketch... and PUSH IN until we see: it's a skilled pencil drawing, detailed and full of life as a DaVinci portrait study.

And it's clearly a sketch of Mike. Holding a gun.

EXT. PALM'S MOTEL - POOL - NIGHT

Mike sits alone and sips a bourbon from a plastic cup. Looking out at the ocean. His thoughts ranging.

QUICK FLASHBACK, the BEACH, a nice memory of Mike at 10, fishing in the surf. With Sonny. He's happy.

The breeze is warm and sticky tonight, and it bumps the pool gate open and closed. Somewhere down the beach, WIND CHIMES tinkle, and OFF MIKE --

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

Mike and Delly in bed again, after sex. Mike is bothered. Delly takes some gum from her purse, opens it.

MIKE

No cigarette?

DELLY

Didn't want you to have to bring out the potpourri.

MIKE

We really can't do this again.

DELLY

Here he goes.

MIKE

No, I mean it. I'm trying to do the right thing, and I keep doing the wrong one.

DELLY

No shit -- those are the actual instructions for how people like us ended up with Moss Yankov.

MIKE

Hey -- I haven't "ended up" anywhere. I'm getting out. You choose to stay.

DELLY

If I may, Your Lordship? Fuck you. We got here the exact same way: Moss offered something we needed, we took it, and now we're paying it back.

MIKE

(beat; that's true)
Yeah. But not forever.

OFF DELLY, already contemplating her future --

DELLY

No. Not forever.

EXT. PALM'S MOTEL - POOL - **RESUME**

As Mike looks out at the dark ocean...

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Over the ocean the sun comes up, the sky pink and already hot in a breezeless Central Florida day.

EXT. POND - MORNING

A KID (13) is walking on the bank of a pond carrying fishing tackle -- and stops when he sees, in the mud beside some mashed-down grass, a GUN. The handgun from last night's liquor store robbery/murder. Sunning itself next to the gun is the big ALLIGATOR it landed on when it was tossed.

Staying clear of the gator, the kid takes his fishing rod and casts a hook toward the gun for a couple of tries. Then he manages to hook it -- but wait, he's hooked the trigger. Uh-oh. He jerks the hook once... twice... shit please stop... then finally the hook slips off the trigger and catches the trigger guard. Whew. The kid reels the gun in.

INT. CORONADO POLICE STATION - MORNING

Officer Andy comes in, back at work. Drops his bag next to Mrs. Kuhlbach's SKETCH on his desk, but doesn't notice it. WE HOLD as he goes to the break room to put his lunch in the fridge.

ANDY (O.S.)

Jenny, why is there makeup in the refrigerator again?

POLICE CLERK (O.S.)

I've gotta deliver it to a client later, the company says don't let it get hot because the secret active ingredients will get runny.

Andy returns to his desk. He's about to sit -- when he sees the sketch. He picks it up. Stares at it.

That's Mike Valentine.

INT. PALM'S MOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - MORNING

Mike is on the bed, laptop open, trying to open the WEBPAGE for the local newspaper. It's sooooo slow. Mike sighs.

EXT. PALM'S MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Mike comes out of his room, nodding to a Cuban woman going into another room to clean, as he passes -- this is CLARA.

INT. PALM'S MOTEL - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Cuban owner of the motel, BENNY, is behind the counter when Mike enters. Benny grins broadly.

BENNY

Mr. Mike! It is very hot today, no? How is your leg?

MIKE

The wi-fi sucks, Benny.

BENNY

(indignant on Mike's behalf)
Yes. You would think a big hotel like the Marriott down the beach could offer a stronger signal.

MIKE

Or you could get your own wi-fi.

BENNY

I prefer to pass my savings on in the form of lower rates. It allows us to serve a certain market, between a business hotel and...

MIKE

Homelessness.

BENNY

(shrugs; yeah)
By the pool is better.

EXT. PALM'S MOTEL - POOL - DAY

On his laptop, Mike searches the web for any sign of Delly's murder. Still nothing. The only other person out here is Benny's 9-year-old Cuban son SANTIAGO, swimming in the pool.

SANTIAGO

Mister! Watch me! I can hold my
breath a really long time!

Santiago takes a breath, sinks underwater as Mike's CELL
PHONE RINGS. He checks: Iris. He hesitates. Then answers.

MIKE

(into phone)

Iris. Hey.

INTERCUT:

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Iris is on her cell phone at her desk.

IRIS

Know what I'm looking at right now?

MIKE

I'm hoping it's Dunney's fat Irish
corpse.

We see she's holding a SNAPSHOT PHOTO from Gil's file.

IRIS

Picture of Gil Franco's boat. Guess
where.

MIKE

No idea.

IRIS

Florida.

Beat. Mike knows this means something, just not what.

MIKE

Okay.

IRIS

How far is Port Orange from you?

MIKE

Not very.

IRIS

So you see why I'm calling. You
knew Gil, Gil had a boat, in
Florida, right where you are now.

MIKE

Iris, I don't know what you --

Santiago pops up from underwater.

SANTIAGO

Did you see? Mister! I bet I can hold my breath longer than you!

MIKE

Sorry, I can't gamble.

SANTIAGO

Come on, you're no fun!

MIKE

Tell me about it.

IRIS

Who is that?

MIKE

(into phone)
Motel owner's kid.

SANTIAGO

Come on! Bet me! Bet me! Bet me!

MIKE

(just to make him shut up)
Fine! Go.

Mike takes a deep breath and holds it. Santiago takes a deep breath and sinks underwater. Pause.

IRIS

Mike? Are you holding your breath?

Mike lets his breath out.

MIKE

Sorry. I don't know what the boat means, Iris. Right now I don't know what anything means.

In the station, we SEE DETECTIVE DUNNEY, passing not far away, overhearing Iris on the phone. Iris doesn't see him, as she lowers her voice.

IRIS

Mike, why are you in Florida?

MIKE

Business.

IRIS
Moss Yankov business?

MIKE
Not Gil Franco business. But send
me a picture of the boat if you
want and I'll tell you what I find.

IRIS
(sharp laugh)
Let you investigate?

MIKE
I'm here.

IRIS
I can't even rule you out as a
suspect.

MIKE
You can and you know it.

Pause, as Iris grapples. Finally --

IRIS
You wouldn't fuck me on this,
right? I mean it, Mike, you fuck
me over I will bring you down.

MIKE
Nice, you remember our wedding vows.

IRIS
(beat)
Fine. Same email?

MIKE
Same email.

IRIS
Wow. The last Hotmail user. Do
they ever call and ask if you're
dead yet so they can go home?

Now Mike remembers Santiago, and peers into the pool. Uh-
oh. Santiago's down there, and not moving. Shit!

MIKE
(into phone)
Gotta go.

Mike hangs up, tosses his cell phone and dives in, grabbing
the unconscious boy, and as he's pulling him up, CLARA
arrives and sees what's happening.

CLARA
(in Spanish)
Santiago! Santiago no! Benito!

MIKE
He's fine! Can no one swim around
here?

Santiago is coughing so he's not dead, but Clara grabs the long POLE off the wall, the one for snagging people out of the pool, and starts trying to hook Santiago with it and yelling in Spanish while Mike's trying to drag the boy to the side, and Clara poking at them is making things worse.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Can you -- don't jab --

Benny arrives, takes the pole from Clara.

CLARA
(in Spanish)
*[This asshole was watching our son
drown --!]*

BENNY
Clara, please, speak English --

MIKE
He said he could hold his breath.

CLARA
(in Spanish)
*[The man was just sitting there, I
saw him from inside!]*

MIKE
Honestly, he's not great at it.

CLARA
(in Spanish)
*[I don't want him around our
child!]*

BENNY
Speak English, we agreed!

Clara has Santiago now, and the boy's fine, just winded.

MIKE
I told him, I said I can't
gamble...

CLARA
(in Spanish, to Benny)
*[At home, the neighbors watched out
for the children. Here they watch
them die.]*

MIKE
...but he wanted to bet.

Clara wraps Santiago in a towel and leads the boy away.

CLARA
(glaring fiercely at Mike)
[I have my eye on you!]

She glares at Mike as she leaves with Santiago. Beat.
Benny looks at Mike.

MIKE
And I mean, technically, he won.

INT. SONNY'S BAR - DAY

Sonny's opening up for the day, when Officer Andy comes in.

ANDY
Chief.

SONNY
Andy. Breakfast?

ANDY
No, thanks. I wanted to ask what
you know about your son's
involvement in a shooting two
nights ago.

SONNY
Nothing. Coffee, at least?

Andy shows Sonny the police sketch.

ANDY
This guy was seen at the Salt-Air
Bungalows that night. Around the
time of gunshots. That's Mike.

Sonny takes the sketch, which is a near-perfect image of
Mike, and studies it a while. Then he hands it back.

SONNY
That's not him.

ANDY

Of course it is.

SONNY

Andy, I had a better likeness done of Mike by a pot-smoking caricature artist at Six Flags on his 7th birthday. Whoever did this one should have given the guy a hobby, at least -- stuck a tennis racket in his hand or something.

ANDY

Instead, he stuck in a gun. The facts are that a few days ago you had me look for a woman, and now a woman matching that same description was staying at a bungalow where shots were heard and Mike was seen there with a gun.

SONNY

So someone saw Mike kill a woman?

ANDY

Not saw him, no --

SONNY

Standing over the body?

ANDY

(admitting)

No.

SONNY

Prints? Evidence of a struggle?

ANDY

The scene was cleaned up by the time I arrived...

SONNY

You I.D. the victim yet?

ANDY

(uncomfortable)

As of yet, no, because we --

He stops.

SONNY

You what?

ANDY

Don't have a body. Exactly.

Long beat.

SONNY

So to clarify: a woman isn't dead,
and Mike is under investigation for
not killing her.

Andy is a little embarrassed, but still mad.

ANDY

I don't know exactly what happened
yet, no. But I will. And Chief --
(dead serious)
You know I'm loyal to you, and will
always be grateful. To a point.

Beat. Sonny smiles.

SONNY

Thanks for coming by, Andy.

Beat, then Andy goes. Sonny watches him leave. Then his
smile drops, and with a look of concern, he calls to the
back --

SONNY (CONT'D)

Buzz! Find Ray-Ray!

INT. PANCAKE HOUSE - DAY

Mike and Kaitlynn Fox have breakfast. Kaitlynn is mid-
talking.

KAITLYNN FOX

I love the "people" part of news.
People are insane. Like -- right
now, out on State Road 50, there's
someone killing prostitutes. And
the same people upset about that
are the ones that last year wanted
the prostitutes off State Road 50.
I say take the win.

MIKE

Yeah, that's... a good point.

KAITLYNN FOX

Right? I'm negotiating to get a
segment at the end of the news
where I do opinions. I'm calling
(MORE)

KAITLYNN FOX (CONT'D)
it "Crazy Like a Fox." And I want to do investigative pieces. Coming out of Gainesville that was the plan, but everyone kept steering me to on-air because of how I look. I finally just gave in. It's a lot harder for attractive people to get ahead than you might think.

MIKE
I bet, but then this is a perfect opportunity. I'd like to see the raw footage from where that stolen ambulance stopped.

KAITLYNN FOX
Oh, that'd be from a freelancer. One of those night-crawler guys who are there even before the cops are?

MIKE
So the scene was fresh?

KAITLYNN FOX
Yeah. We cover all of Central Florida, and we'd need a camera on every living person to catch all the crazy shit that happens here.
(realizing, mortified)
Oh! I mean stuff.
(glances around, nervous)
No one heard, right? It's a bad habit. I even cussed in church, once.

MIKE
I'm sure Jesus is more forgiving than the internet.

KAITLYNN FOX
Do you go?

MIKE
On the internet?

KAITLYNN FOX
Church.

MIKE
Of course. Not as often I'd like, but, "wherever two or more are gathered in his name," right?

KAITLYNN FOX

(she likes that)

That's true.

(a little flirty)

And hey, there's two of us right here.

MIKE

Yes, there are.

(beat)

So. If you can get me a copy of the footage, I'll make sure you get the investigation story first.

KAITLYNN FOX

I believe I can make that work.

She smiles. They clink coffee mugs to seal it.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Iris is getting something from the fridge, when Dunney enters to get coffee. They're alone. Beat.

DUNNEY

So how's Mike?

IRIS

How's Mike?

DUNNEY

Yeah. Enjoying Florida?

IRIS

You have something to say, Dunney?

DUNNEY

Do you? Were you ever gonna mention that your ex-husband is involved in this Gil Franco murder?

IRIS

He's not.

DUNNEY

So what was that on the phone?

IRIS

That was me "pursuing all avenues of inquiry," remember?

DUNNEY

Don't get defensive, I'm just trying to look out for you, here.

IRIS

(teeth gritted, tongue held)
I know. Thank you.

DUNNEY

'Cause if there's still feelings for Mike --

IRIS

You're the one who said to use him --

DUNNEY

That's before it was a murder.

IRIS

Mike didn't kill anyone.

DUNNEY

Because you know him so well.

IRIS

Yeah -- I do. And this is why I didn't say anything, because you hate Mike, and I knew you'd start looking for some way to jam him on this.

(eye-to-eye)

"Confirmation bias." Am I saying it right?

Pissed, she exits.

INT. GUN SHOW - DAY

In a huge exhibition space, hundreds of vendors sell firearms and products at rows of tables. So many guns -- like if the FBI confiscated all the guns from everyone else in the whole world and put them here on these tables.

Deputy Ketcher is frustrated. He talks to a VENDOR at a table near the back of the massive expo.

KETCHER

So you're saying no. I'm standing here with cash in hand, legal United States tender, and you will not sell me one of the many guns you have.

VENDOR

I'll sell you all you want, you just can't walk out of here with 'em. You can have 'em shipped --

KETCHER

(overlapping)

-- to my home state, yes, I've heard it up and down every row in this place.

VENDOR

Then you might start to think it's true.

KETCHER

(getting fed up)

So jus to clarify -- a tourist can't buy a gun, only the people who want to shoot a tourist.

VENDOR

It is a growing market segment.

KETCHER

(blowing up)

Goddammit, how is it possible I stumbled onto the only law-abiding gun show in America?! This is Florida, there's there's more guns than cockroaches, every gang-banger can get his hands on one, but god forbid you sell one to a cop!

Everything stops dead all around him. Then the vendors all start to put their wares away and quickly close up early.

VENDOR

You have a good day, Officer.

EXT. RIVERSIDE DOCKS - DAY

Sonny talks with his employee and former police associate RAY-RAY, alone near the boats. Ray-Ray looks like a cop that had a LOT of abuse claims against him in his day.

SONNY

Your man in Philly PD find out what Mike's into?

RAY-RAY

Said he does work for a mobster
named Yankov. No other job, far as
he knows.

SONNY

Yank-off? Like --

He makes a masturbating gesture.

RAY-RAY

I guess.

SONNY

That'll toughen a kid up, for sure.

RAY-RAY

His dad was a dangerous fucker.
The kid, jury's still out. Shallow
end of the gene pool, maybe.

SONNY

(pondering)

Ray-Ray, back on the job, when you
went into a suspect's back yard and
there was a dog -- German Shepherd,
mastiff, pit bull, lab, Pomeranian --
which one of those was most likely
to bite your leg?

RAY-RAY

Fucking Pomeranian, every time.

SONNY

The one with something to prove.

Beat. Ray-ray walks away, leaving Sonny with a furrowed
brow. OFF SONNY --

EXT. BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

*Same scene as in Mike's earlier quick flashback, continued.
Mike at 10, fishing with Sonny in the surf near sundown,
hauling in fish for dinner. Mike reels in a whitefish, and
swings it in, flopping on the line.*

YOUNG MIKE

Dad! Look!

SONNY

Okay, clean it and get your line
back in the water while they're
running.

There on the sand, Mike lays out the fish and with a knife cleanly slices open the fish's belly --

-- and out falls a GOLD COIN.

Mike freezes, and picks it up.

YOUNG MIKE

Dad...?

Mike looks at the coin -- the same as the one in Delly's purse, same as the one on a chain around the old metal-detector guy's neck (Ep. 101). Small, 1648, Spanish. Sonny comes close, looking in disbelief.

SONNY

Well, I'll be damned... You know what that is, son?

YOUNG MIKE

Gold?

SONNY

Pirate gold. All the way from the past and into your hand. That has to be the luckiest thing I've ever seen in my life.

As Mike tilts and turns the gold coin to examine it, the sunlight plays off it and into Mike's eyes.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Yeah, you must have been born under a lucky star. Means you're gonna go far, boy -- nothing can stop you.

As Sonny puts his hands on his boy's shoulder, and squeezes.

EXT. RIVERSIDE DOCKS - **RESUME**

Off Sonny, bothered...

EXT. GUN SHOW - AFTERNOON

Deputy Ketcher, frustrated, exits the gun show, heads to his car in the emptying parking lot. Then he hears --

KID'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mister.

Ketcher looks, and at the corner of the building sees the 13-year-old KID we met earlier at the pond, waving him over. A beat, and Ketcher crosses over.

KETCHER
What's up?

The kid opens a backpack and shows Ketcher the GUN he found by the pond.

KID
Wanna buy it?

KETCHER
You trying to sell me a stolen
weapon, son?

KID
Huh-uh. It's my dad's and he told
me to sell it because his medicine
has gotten so expensive.

Pause. Ketcher knows that's bullshit. But.

KETCHER
Damn drug companies. Right?

He takes out his wallet and prepares to buy a murder weapon.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE STATION - EVENING

It's the end of the day. Dunney is heading out. He sees Iris still at her desk, staring at PICTURES she taped up of Gil's boat.

DUNNEY
Gil Franco's?

IRIS
(nods, pointing)
First two pictures, it's riding at
the waterline where it should be.
Third picture -- way lower.

DUNNEY
Hauling something.

IRIS
Yep. Love to know what.

Pause. Dunney works himself up to ask, trying to act casual...

DUNNEY

So hey, you wanna go to Nicky's?
(clarifying quickly)
Not with me. Everyone. Everyone's
going. You know. It's Nicky's.

Iris knows she needs to nip this in the bud.

IRIS

Yeah, I can't, I'm seeing that guy
later.

DUNNEY

What guy?

IRIS

With the the nightclub?

DUNNEY

Again? I thought that was just
like --

IRIS

Nope. Seeing him.

Pause. Dunney nods, starts to go, turns back to speak --

IRIS (CONT'D)

(cutting him off)
Not every thought has to be
expressed, you know.

DUNNEY

What I was saying before, about
Mike --

IRIS

Like this one, for example.

DUNNEY

You know what the "fallacy of sunk
costs" is?

IRIS

If I let you tell me, can I work in
peace?

DUNNEY

It's where a person is willing to
keep investing in something even
after they know it's not worth it,
just because of everything they've
already put into it.

(MORE)

DUNNEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

This is your first murder.
Everything has to be played exactly
straight. No matter how it lands.

Pause.

IRIS

Noted.

Beat. Dunney nods goodnight, heads out.

INT. PALM'S MOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - EVENING

Mike gets a NEW EMAIL -- from Kaitlynn Fox. *"Thanks for coffee!!! Call me if you need something!!!"*

She's attached a FILE, marked "AmbulanceRaw." But the video won't open because the damn wi-fi is so slow. Mike sighs, and heads out with his laptop, closing the door behind him.

INT. SALT-AIR BUNGALOWS - BUNGALOW #9 - NIGHT

Officer Andy stands in the empty bungalow where Delly was killed... or where Mrs. Kuhlbach said she was killed.

A SERIES OF SHOTS -- Andy looking for anything amiss.

He checks the trash can.

He pulls out the sink stopper and runs his finger in the drain.

He looks through the closet.

He pulls up the sheet and looks at the mattress.

EXT. PALM'S MOTEL - POOL - NIGHT

ON MIKE'S LAPTOP, Mike plays the now-downloaded VIDEO from Kaitlynn. It's the raw footage of the AMBULANCE SCENE, as cops load the Tweaker into the cruiser, and then the camera comes to the ambulance. It comes all around the ambulance, and then -- unlike in the aired footage -- it doesn't stop before it peeks into the open back of the ambulance.

The rig is empty. No Delly.

Before Mike can really process this... a SHADOW falls over the table and Mike looks up to see -- Sonny.

SONNY

The Mexican guy up front said you were here.

MIKE

He's Cuban.

SONNY

(shrugs)

These days...

Beat. Mike waits.

MIKE

So?

SONNY

The police know you were at the bungalows.

MIKE

Because you told them?

SONNY

They have a sketch. It misses some of that superior look in the eyes, but it's a fair likeness.

MIKE

She was dead when I got there.

SONNY

Good. Practice that.

MIKE

And you came to warn me, why?

SONNY

I have some influence with the law. You might need interference run.

MIKE

In return for?

SONNY

Knowing what you've got going on down here.

MIKE

I told you there's no money.

SONNY

And I know you're not on a fucking scavenger hunt.

MIKE

You just can't imagine a world
where someone does anything --

SONNY

(losing patience)

No one. Comes here. For NOTHING!
If you don't get that, you are out
of your depth, boy. Always were.

MIKE

Well, no one dives lower than you.

SONNY

You know why you liked those little
cars in Tomorrowland? They were on
tracks. They told you where to go,
and where not to, but this is not
Disney World and Florida has no
tracks. It's not some place of
high and righteous ideals and
Liberty Bell morals, this is the
reallest goddamned place on Earth,
and without my help you are gonna
drive yourself into a ditch!

MIKE

Help? You're not helping, you're
shaking me down for protection!

SONNY

The cops know you were there. This
guy in Philly, you think he'll have
your back?

MIKE

You had someone there, too. Was it
Ray-Ray? Maybe Ray-Ray did it.

SONNY

Ray-Ray's not a killer.

MIKE

Ray-Ray is very definitely a killer.

SONNY

Couple of justifiable discharges of
his service weapon, and I'm not
here to talk about Ray-Ray, you are
the one Andy's after. I don't care
how well the crime scene was
cleaned up after, there is always
evidence --

MIKE

Stop.

SONNY

What?

MIKE

The scene was cleaned up?

SONNY

It's what Andy said. Clean when he got there.

Pause. Mike looks at the COMPUTER SCREEN where the open-backed ambulance is frozen. His brain-tumblers are turning now.

MIKE

She wasn't in the morgue. Because she was never in the ambulance.

Mike CONTINUES over --

INT. SALT-AIR BUNGALOWS - BUNGALOW #9 - NIGHT

Officer Andy finally gives up finding anything useful here and heads for the door --

MIKE (V.O.)

She was never in the ambulance because the killer disposed of the body. Cleaned up the scene.

(beat)

It was a professional job.

Andy stops, spotting something. Crouching down, he peers at the bottom of the doorjamb, where he sees --

Blood. A single drop. As he puts on gloves, takes out a collection kit, and prepares to scrape the spot into a baggie --

EXT. PALM'S MOTEL - NIGHT

Mike stalks back to his room, talking on the phone, furious, seething, but trying to keep it together.

MIKE

(into phone)

Hey Moss? You still want news?

INTERCUT:

EXT. MOSS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

While Moss talks on the phone, he uses hedge clippers to hack at the offending stalks of the *Caryopteris* hedge.

MOSS
Yeah, what?

MIKE
Because I'm not sure it is news.

MOSS
What are you talking about?

MIKE
She's dead.

MOSS
(a gut-punch)
Dead?

MIKE
Now act surprised.

MOSS
(reeling)
What are you saying, Mike, Delly's
dead?

MIKE
Professional job. A hit.

MOSS
Who?

MIKE
You tell me. There's no mobsters
in Coronado Beach, but there sure
as hell are in Philadelphia.

MOSS
Me?! Fuck you! That's TWO TIMES
we talked now that you said I
killed someone!

MIKE
And two times you didn't answer.

MOSS
What does "fuck you" mean in your
language?! I didn't kill her,
maybe you killed her!

MIKE

Why would I kill her, she was my
way out of debt!

MOSS

Why would I kill her, I loved her!

Mike reaches his room, and sees the door's not shut all the
way. Mike stops, slowly pushes the door open...

MOSS (V.O. ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Mike? Hey!

INT. PALM'S MOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and sitting on the bed is DELLY. Alive. Sipping from a
miniature Dewars bottle. And pointing Mike's GUN at him.

MIKE

(beat; into phone)
Call you back.

He hangs up on Moss. Keeping an eye on Delly, Mike enters
and closes the door behind him.

DELLY

I opened the mini-bar. Sorry.

MIKE

You look good, for a dead lady.

Beat. Then Mike snatches Delly's gun away quickly and
easily, and tosses it on a chair. His cell phone BUZZES.
It's Moss. Delly nods at the phone.

DELLY

Your choice. Cash me in now and
walk away...

And she holds up the GOLD COIN she took off Mike's dresser.
Gives that little half-smile that gets him every time.

DELLY (CONT'D)

Or let it ride.

The light bounces back, golden, from the coin in her hand.
Off Mike --

JUMP TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 102