



**BAD MONKEY**

Based on the Book by  
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Adapted for Television by  
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EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN OFF THE FLORIDA KEYS - DAY

It's the hottest day in July in dead calm waters near Key West. WE START on a vibrant, blue sky, then on the bright blue ocean - you get it, it's all very, very blue. A fishing charter, the MISTY MOMMA IV, trolls along. JAMES AND LOUISA MAYBERRY (30s, newlyweds), are classic tourists. James has visible sunscreen on his nose and wraparound sunglasses that immediately i.d. him as a giant tool. Louisa is in better shape than her doughy husband, probably from spinning or some equally trendy exercise. She is bored, passing the time by regretting her decision to marry this chump. James is in the 'fishing chair' (it's a technical term). He gets excited as his line goes taut, and calls to the crew:

JAMES

Fish on!! Gametime, boys!

LOUISA

Don't screw it up this time. I want to go back to the hotel and get another massage from that hot Cuban kid. He's delicious.

JAMES

(she stands by his side)  
Christ, Lou, give me some space.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK (50s, heavy-ish, red-faced) watches as he steers the boat. A crewman, CHARLES PHINNEY (covered in 'tats', he's Tommy Lee at 25) works below with the Mayberrys, helping James pull in his 'catch'. The captain watches James and Louisa bicker. He talks to another young MATE (20s).

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

Gotta love a Honeymoon charter.  
Warms your heart.

The MATE just STARES blankly back at the Captain, lifeless.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)

(sarcastic, to MATE)  
You're fun to talk to. You've got  
a real spark.

JAMES

What-the-fucksakes??

They look to see James has reeled in a severed HUMAN ARM.

LOUISA

Oh, my God--

Louisa immediately bolts to the bow, nauseous.

JAMES

Get it off!

PHINNEY wrangles the arm, wearing fishing gloves.

PHINNEY

Yo, check it out!  
 (off James's look)  
 His finger, Dude.

The victim's hand is closed into a fist, except for the MIDDLE FINGER, gloriously extended. It's like the owner of said arm just got cut off in traffic. Phinney LAUGHS.

PHINNEY (CONT'D)

He's flipping us off.

Phinney struggles to get the hook out of the bone. It's nasty. Fitzpatrick tosses him some pliers to remove the hook.

JAMES

Maybe a shark got him, huh?  
 (oddly proud)  
 Has this ever happened before?  
 Tell the truth.  
 (gets phone out, texts)  
 I gotta tell the guys.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

You should go check on your wife.

JAMES

(pockets phone, chastised)  
 I'm never gonna hear the end of this. Louisa did NOT want to come fishing.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

Well, son, we're in the memory making business.

JAMES scurries off as we TIME CUT to Fitzpatrick on the bridge, minutes later, talking to the COAST GUARD on the radio.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)

...I got a charter. Don't make me come in early. I know this jagoff will try to skip out on paying.

COAST GUARD (O.C.)  
 You can stay at it. We got your  
 GPS, just radio us when you come in  
 and keep your eyes out for other, I  
 don't know... parts, I guess.

We rejoin the Mayberrys, as James tries to convince Louisa to stay. They are near a FISHBOX which now holds the arm.

JAMES  
 C'mon, Sugar. It's a beautiful  
 morning. Don't make me go in  
 without even catching one...

She can't help but lift the lid and look:

LOUISA  
 Is that a wedding ring? It's so  
 sad...  
 (then, can't look away)  
 It doesn't even look real.

JAMES  
 (defensive)  
 Oh, it's real. It's totally real.  
 (then, closing lid)  
 Whaddaya say? Just another hour?

Louisa considers it.

MATE  
 Fish on! Who's up?

James looks at her, hopeful, and steers her to the chair. The mate fits the rod into the gimbal. In QUICK CUTS Louisa reels in and lands a fifteen-pound blackfin tuna. She's super-pumped. James - not so much.

LOUISA  
 Whoooo! See, macho man? It's not  
 that hard.  
 (tosses PHINNEY an iPhone)  
 Here, take a picture.

JAMES  
 Hold on, get both of us together.

James hustles to the fishbox and grabs the arm.

LOUISA  
 Really, Jimmy? Really?

Captain Fitzpatrick looks down to see Louis holding her fish up by the tail, and James holding the arm up, it's MIDDLE FINGER AIMED AT THE SKY. As Phinney snaps the photo:

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK  
Another fucking day in paradise.

[A song that perfectly catches the show's tone blasts during an iconic CREDIT SEQUENCE].

EXT. YANCY'S BACKYARD, FLORIDA KEYS - LATE AFTERNOON

It's pre-sunset, but we will get to the magic hour, so calm down, artsy cinematographer types. ANDREW YANCY sits in a lawn chair in the back yard of his very modest home, sipping rum, looking out at his view of the ocean. YANCY is a BIG GUY, INTIMIDATING when he wants to be, late 30s, early 40s - my plan is to get a time machine and cast James Garner when he was 41. Yancy is a simple man with simple tastes. He is sharp and acerbic, attractive to women mostly because he doesn't realize how charming or handsome he is. (Fine, I'll play the part.) He's eternally befuddled by these same women. Yancy operates by a code. He probably couldn't put that code into words for you, but it revolves around his intolerance for injustice, and his inability to let things go. It's the reason he gets in his own way. A lot.

WHEN WE FIRST SEE YANCY, it is in a flattering/distinct SERIES OF SHOTS of him/face/profile, etc. WE WILL REPEAT this visual with another character's intro later. I pretentiously call this visual, "Portrait of a Man, Content". We hear a VOICEOVER from a character WE WILL NOT MEET UNTIL LATER, in a thick BAHAMIAN accent:

NEVILLE (V.O.)  
Lissen up, mon, and lissen for  
real, cus dis is some truth. To a  
certain type a man, HOME... Well,  
home is all dat matters.

YANCY smiles as a small white-tailed Key deer (they are real, tiny, and adorable) wanders into his yard to nibble on twigs. Right then, fellow police detective ROGELIO BURTON, (40s, Cuban) walks up. Rogelio is a sarcastic realist. He is also Yancy's best friend and oft ignored voice of reason.

ROGELIO  
Yancy, you ever answer your phone?

Yancy SHUSHES him and points to the deer. HUSHED:

ROGELIO (CONT'D)  
Check out Mr. Fluffy-face.

YANCY

Don't give him a cutesy-ass  
nickname. They don't like that.

ROGELIO

How would you know?

YANCY

Fine, I don't like it.

A giant MCMANSION is under construction next door. A tractor  
STARTS UP, scaring off the deer. Yancy looks over, pissed.

YANCY (CONT'D)

Can you believe the size of that  
dump? I'm gonna burn it down. The  
Key deer barely come by anymore.

ROGELIO

Don't burn it down.

YANCY

(still stares at house)  
If I do, I'll make sure no one's  
inside.

ROGELIO

Sonny wants you to take a quick  
road trip to Miami.

YANCY

(ignores)  
The county code is only thirty-five  
feet. That house is forty-four  
feet high. I climbed up and  
measured it myself.

ROGELIO

Sounds like something a sane person  
would do. It's the Keys, man. The  
code is for suckers.

(back on track)

You. Miami. Little police  
business. In and out.

YANCY

Can't do it, Rog. I'm suspended,  
remember?

Rogelio sighs at Yancy's stubbornness.

ROGELIO

Here's the problem. I know how  
badly you want your job back--

Yancy LOOKS OVER - it's obviously true.

ROGELIO (CONT'D)

And I've got something in the trunk of my car that the Sheriff wants you to drive to Miami. And yeah, you have your pride or whatever, so If you need to pretend for a few minutes that you're not gonna do this little bitch-errand, that's fine, but at least hook a buddy up with a drink. Is that Barbancourt?

Rogelio nods toward the bottle of rum by Yancy's chair.

YANCY

My last bottle.

Yancy drains his glass of rum and fills it, hands it to Rogelio. Rogelio sits next to him and sips it. The two friends watch the ocean. WE TIME LAPSE the fifteen minutes until MAGIC HOUR (you're welcome, DP), then:

YANCY (CONT'D)

So what's in your car?

EXT. YANCY'S FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

They stand by the OPEN trunk of Rogelio's police issued CROWN VIC. Sure, the TRUNK OPENING could be the transition shot, but whatever. Yancy's identical 'detective car' is nearby. The severed arm is bubble wrapped and packed on ice in a red igloo cooler. To make it fit, it's bent at the elbow.

YANCY

That's all they found?

ROGELIO

No, man, the head's in the passenger seat.

(back to business)

It's already been over to the coroner. He says it's a traumatic amputation.

YANCY

(peels back bubble wrap)

I would imagine so. What else did Dr. Rawlings say: Is this poor gentleman a John Doe or a JUAN Doe?

ROGELIO

He doesn't have much. He says...

And we do something that'll be a STYLISTIC MOTIF. Each character has rich backstory which we often SEE, using their own voices/recollections to help transitions. No danger of overusing this DEVICE, because we will have both options shot (can INTERCUT). We FLASHBACK to the local coroner's office:

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - YESTERDAY

DR. LEE RAWLINGS, coroner, examines the arm. As he looks up to speak, ROGELIO DUBS his line (MOTIF, remember?). It shouldn't match perfectly.

ROGELIO (O.C.)  
 ..."The Vic was a WHITE male, mid-forties, black hair". And he said that the middle finger thing was,  
 (dubs again)  
 "Probably just random rigor mortis". He still took a picture with it.

In the flashback, Rawlings does just that, using his phone to take a LAME SELFIE with the arm.

YANCY (O.C.)  
 Of course he did.

ROGELIO (O.C.)  
 A fishing charter brought the arm in yesterday. He checked our local missing persons, all three of them... No match.

In the flashback, Rawlings looks up from his computer and finally speaks for himself.

RAWLINGS  
 Sorry, Rogelio, nobody fits the description.

And we go back to:

EXT. YANCY'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

They silently sip rum, look at the arm for a long beat, then:

ROGELIO  
 Look, I'm late for my kid's soccer game.

YANCY  
 Right. Wish I could come.



Yancy closes the cooler and carries it to his porch, plopping it down. Rogelio calls over from inside his car.

ROGELIO

You sure you want to leave it out there all night?

YANCY

Who's gonna jack an arm?

ROGELIO

I don't know, raccoons? It's evidence, man.

Yancy sighs, annoyed, and grabs the cooler and heads inside as Rogelio dives off.

EXT. SMALL LOCAL KEYS POLICE STATION - NEXT MORNING

We see Yancy park, and walk into the small station. PRE-LAP dialogue from the scene inside with SHERIFF SONNY SUMMERS.

SHERIFF SONNY (O.C.)

Andrew, I can't have this arm here! Just can't. Negative publicity like this- not good for business. It'll hurt tourism. Miami, on the other hand, is the floating-human-body-parts capital of America...

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Yancy speaks to Sheriff Sonny Summers (40s, a true local Bubba). Sonny isn't smart enough to 'play' anyone, but he's savvy-ish. He cares way too much about appearances, sucks up to anyone with power, and is prone to repeating himself.

SHERIFF SONNY

...Just get the city morgue up there to take it.

YANCY

(VERY scratchy voice)  
First of all--  
(clears throat)  
Sorry, morning voice.

SHERIFF SONNY

It's noon.

YANCY

Well, you're the first human I've spoken to today.

(then, back on track)

First of all, a floating arm can't hurt tourism. Nothing will keep those fucking idiots out of the water. That beach on the Rickenbacker Causeway is filled with raw sewage. Warning signs everywhere. People are still out there swimming and kiteboarding EVERY day. Filled with shit, Sonny.

SHERIFF SONNY

This is different, okay? The clown who reeled in the damn thing already posted a pic on Facebook.

Sonny spins his LAPTOP around and we see the PICTURE again, from the boat, on FACEBOOK.

SHERIFF SONNY (CONT'D)

And some dickhead from channel 7 called up, said he heard mangled corpses are floating up in Key West harbor. I'm gonna nip this in the bud. I need that arm gonzo.

Yancy can't really hide that Sonny's stupidity exhausts him:

YANCY

What if there are no matching limbs at the morgue in Miami? I mean, the Gulf Stream flows north.

SHERIFF SONNY

Duh. I was born here.

YANCY

Factor in wind and the currents, the odds of that limb floating down here from Miami are pretty slim - unless it was paddling itself.

(Sonny isn't amused)

What if they won't take the case?

SHERIFF SONNY

Then persuade them! Bottom line: tomorrow I'm announcing that the investigation has been turned over to the authorities in Miami-Dade County. I'm counting on you

YANCY

That doesn't seem smart.

SHERIFF SONNY

I need some optimism from you,  
Detective. A little 'can-do' mojo.

Yancy searches for the answer Sonny wants, then, trying:

YANCY

Maybe the victim is a rafter,  
drowned on the cross from Havana,  
then got hit by a bull shark, maybe  
a hammerhead...

SHERIFF SONNY

There you go! Love it. Typical  
'Cuban rafter to Miami' story.

YANCY

I'll drive up there on one  
condition.  
(SINCERE plea)  
I'm dying at home. I want my desk  
back. Lift my suspension.

SHERIFF SONNY

(not really engaged)  
You know I can't lift anything  
until after your trial.

YANCY

C'mon, man! I lost my shit for ONE  
SECOND. I didn't even hurt the guy.

SHERIFF SONNY

Talk to your girlfriend. Bonnie is  
your problem. For chrissakes...

Our Motif! And we flashback to:

INT. POLICE STATION CONFERENCE ROOM - WEEKS AGO

BONNIE WITT (40s) is beautiful, and VERY put together in an  
effortless way. We will get to know her better later. She  
casually KISSES the top of Yancy's head and sits for  
questioning from the ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY (A.D.A.).

SHERIFF SONNY (O.C.)

...She's the main, goddamn witness.

A.D.A.

Mrs. Witt, are you prepared to testify that Detective Andrew Yancy assaulted your husband with a portable vacuum cleaner designed for upholstery crevices?

BONNIE

Of course.

She smiles at Yancy, shrugs "what can I do?". Back to:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Yancy and Sonny are where we left them, though Sonny is obviously done with this conversation.

SHERIFF SONNY

Of all the women you had to get involved with. Swear to God, Andrew...

YANCY

"Our love was like a streaking comet." Her words, not mine.

SHERIFF SONNY

Get that arm out of my town, Detective. Can't have it here.

Yancy LEAVES. Sonny WAVES without looking up.

EXT. 7 MILES BRIDGE, FLORIDA KEYS - DAY

Yancy drives along this stunning roadway, leaving the KEYS. Yeah, it's a great time for 'SHOW-DEFINING MUSIC'. I dig the idea of one band 'scoring' the pilot with their songs AND original score, "GRADUATE" style. The music and feel CHANGE as Yancy nears MIAMI, getting bogged down in TRAFFIC.

INT. YANCY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Yancy looks at the COOLER in the shotgun seat. He's impatient with the traffic, WEAVING dangerously in and out. BONNIE 'APPEARS' in the passenger seat, a quick fantasy-image in cut-offs. She is sucking on a YELLOW MANGO POPSICLE.

BONNIE

Andrew, you are a pathologically impatient driver, and it's terrifying me! Settle yourself!

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
 (then, re. popsicle)  
 Here, suck on this. It'll calm you  
 down.

SHE HOLDS OUT THE POPSICLE, Yancy takes it, puts it in his mouth, and sighs as he relaxes. And like that she's gone. Reacting to his mental 'drift', Yancy reaches into the cooler. He's got mango pops next to the severed arm, on ice. He grabs one, pops it in his mouth, and sighs, calming down.

EXT. MIAMI - MINUTES LATER

Yancy drives into the bustling city, passing waterways. Near a MARINA, he sees a local fisherman with a sign that reads "FRESH BLUE CRAB". Yancy looks at his cooler, and PUTS HIS BLINKER ON...

INT. MIAMI CITY MORGUE - MINUTES LATER

Yancy wanders down the hall carrying the cooler. With BOTH HANDS OCCUPIED, he HOLDS the popsicle in his mouth. He enters to see DR. ROSA CAMPESINO, (30s, CUBAN). Rosa is alternately dark and playful. She seems like a professional, serious young woman because that is how she initially presents herself. But she is also a willful, fearless soul with a great laugh and a wild side. She's just slow to warm. Yancy reacts to his first look at her - it's not a cartoon eyes-popping-out thing, but he is definitely struck.

YANCY  
 (garbled, pop in mouth)  
 How's it going?

She LOOKS HIM OVER, skeptical. We do that TIME CUT thing and jumpstart the scene when she opens the cooler and looks in.

ROSA  
 Is this a joke, Detective?

The cooler holds the arm, popsicles, and FRESH CRABS.

YANCY  
 Help yourself to a popsicle.  
 However, the crabs are off limits.

She REMOVES the arm, puts it on the AUTOPSY table and examines it. Yancy watches. Oh, and these two have immediate chemistry or the show probably doesn't work. It's awkwardly quiet so Yancy FILLS THE SILENCE. He does this.

YANCY (CONT'D)

I don't mind morgues. Especially in the summer. Always around sixty degrees in here, you know?

ROSA

(looks up)

Oh, sorry, I forgot to ask. What're your feelings on morgues?

YANCY

You being mean or funny?

ROSA

I'm being mean-funny. That's my wheelhouse. Now shhhh.

(back to exam)

This has been in the water for five to seven days.

She uses hemostats to extract a smallish, pointed tooth from one of several puncture holes in the bicep.

ROSA (CONT'D)

I'm no shark expert. You'll have to go bother a marine biologist.

She plops the tooth in Yancy's hand and goes to her laptop computer, opens some files.

YANCY

Okay, Dr....

(reads lab-coat nametag)

Rosa Campesino. I like your name.

ROSA

I feel blessed.

YANCY

Rosa hates compliments. Noted.

Quick SMILE from Rosa. Yancy registers it, then it's gone.

YANCY (CONT'D)

So, I feel like a bull shark or even a hammerhead could have--

ROSA

Uh-huh. And you brought the arm all the way from Key West because? Why not just call? We have these things called computers now. They share information, even pictures.

YANCY

My sheriff thought this particular appendage might belong to one of your victims and should hopefully stay here in Miami. Pretty please.

Rosa is all business, already LOOKING at her COMPUTER:

ROSA

I've got the county's current inventory of body parts, listed by race, gender, age: three partial torsos, two left legs, three ears, assorted toes, and one bashed skull. None belong to a black haired, white male in his forties.

YANCY

Fucknuts.

ROSA

Indeed. Maybe next time. Hey, did you notice his watch is gone? The outline, here, on his skin...

(points out pale area)

If someone took it, you never know, might make this a homicide.

YANCY

Yeah, my Sheriff is not gonna enjoy the word "homicide". How about this: maybe the shark that mangled the poor fucker likes to eat watches. Besides, if someone took his watch, wouldn't they swipe the wedding ring, too?

(points)

That looks like platinum. Big time expensive.

ROSA

Yeah, good point...

(looks closer)

The end of the humerus is hacked up pretty bad.

YANCY

Maybe he went out fishing by himself and fell into his boat's propeller.

She takes some PICTURES for files.

ROSA

That'd be a different style of wound.

YANCY

You're killing me, Rosa. Can't you keep the damn arm here? I can honestly say that I'd be your best friend forever. Please do not say what I know you are about to say.

ROSA

Sorry, not our case.

Yancy REACTS, BUMMED. She carefully puts the arm back in the cooler. She playfully GRABS A POPSICLE for herself.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Mmmm, mango. You're not a complete dummy.

YANCY

Mango's the best.

They share a look. It's the rarely seen POPSICLE FLIRTING.

ROSA

Look, just go back to Key West, advise Dr. Rawlings to pack that arm in his freezer and then wait for someone to show up looking for a missing husband.

He PICKS UP THE COOLER, and starts to head out.

YANCY

And what if nobody does? Rosa, it's a cold business when true love goes south.

ROSA

True dat.

Yancy looks back, did she really just say "True Dat"? But she's already left through the other door.

EXT. YANCY'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

It's dark as Yancy makes his way out of Miami.



INT. YANCY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The cooler again sits shotgun. Yancy talks on his cell to Rogelio. We intercut with Rogelio at another soccer game.

YANCY

I knew it. They wouldn't take the arm. Now what the hell do I do?

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Rogelio watches his young DAUGHTER play soccer while on phone. Intercut:

ROGELIO

Lose it somewhere. That's my advice.

(to daughter)

Get the ball, Natalie! The ball!

YANCY

Seriously? Just ditch it?

ROGELIO

Take 905 back through North Key Largo. There's canals back there loaded with hungry gators...

YANCY

(struggling)

Let me think about this, Rog.

ROGELIO

I really wish you wouldn't...

EXT. BACKROAD NEAR CANAL - LATER

The conversation continues (so stylistic, right?) as Yancy (no longer on phone) slows to a stop at the VERY SPOT Rogelio described. He exits his car with the cooler.

ROGELIO (O.C.)

...When has 'thinking' ever worked out for you? Sonny already gave the press statement saying the case had been turned over to Miami-Dade.

YANCY (V.O.)

I warned him.

(then, thoughtful)

What if this wasn't an accident? This doesn't feel right.

Yancy gets the arm out of the cooler, walks over to the side of the water. Maybe we even see gator eyes or water stirring.

ROGELIO (O.S.)

Come on, man. For once, do what's best for you. Ditch the fucking arm and come home...

SILENCE. Yancy contemplates throwing the arm in the water. It's an eerie moment. He LOOKS AROUND, NERVOUS. Is anyone watching...? A RACCOON DARTS OUT, SCARING THE PISS out of him. It zips across the road and is HIT BY A SPEEDING PICK UP TRUCK that hauls by; instant roadkill. Yancy gathers himself, looks at the raccoon. He then looks at the arm he has dropped over by the canal. Deciding, he grabs the cooler and moves toward his car WITHOUT THE ARM.

INT. YANCY'S MODEST HOME - THAT VERY NIGHT

Yancy is in his TINY KITCHEN boiling his fresh blue crabs (cooler nearby) seasoning them with lemon pepper and Tabasco (do it - so good) when BONNIE ENTERS with a bottle of wine.

BONNIE

I shouldn't have come.  
(then)  
That smells great.

She grabs a corkscrew to open the wine as Yancy cooks. BONNIE WITT is an enigma; you'd believe it if she said she was from rural Florida or the Upper East Side. She is very much a lady, and lady-like, loves the 'finer things', but it could be an affect. She is comfortable in her own skin, and unapologetic in every way. She's wearing shorts and a casual blouse, radiant. You'd gladly let her fuck up your life.

EXT. YANCY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The table is set on the back porch. Bonnie pours wine. Yancy RETURNS FROM the McMansion next door, hopping the fence.

BONNIE

What were you doing over there?

YANCY

Had to take care of something.

He sits and GRABS HIS WINE.

BONNIE

2009 Bordeaux, I should have decanted it for a bit.

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
 (scolding)  
 Sip it.

Yancy swallows a much-too-big mouthful.

YANCY  
 Sorry. So where's the good doctor?

BONNIE  
 Cliff's in Lauderdale. He's got a meeting tomorrow with our bankers.

YANCY  
 It must be nice to have bankers.  
 "This is our house. This is our yacht. These are our bankers..."

BONNIE  
 Don't be pedestrian, Andrew.

YANCY  
 Tell me again why he isn't divorcing you.

BONNIE  
 Cliff adores me.

YANCY  
 Even after catching us together.

BONNIE  
 (impatient)  
 Yes.

YANCY  
 On his own boat. In the tower, for chrissakes. We must have looked like a Cirque de Soleil act.

BONNIE  
 That was such a fun day... You know, until Cliff interrupted.

Bonnie kicks off her flip flops and folds her legs under her (in CLOSE-UPS), seductive. Yancy notices.

YANCY  
 When women sit that way, with your legs all folded up-- do you do it because it's comfortable or because you know it's adorable?

BONNIE  
 Little of both.

Yancy takes an exaggerated, demure SIP of wine, the way she wants him to. Bonnie smiles.

YANCY

You know, the Sheriff would lift my suspension if you got Cliff to drop the charges.

BONNIE

So that's why you invited me over tonight.

YANCY

False. I've asked you over every night this week. You keep saying "no".

BONNIE

I know, sorry.  
 (casual and frank)  
 I guess I feel like whatever THIS is...  
 (gestures to them)  
 Has reached its natural end. I'm stealing your bread.

She takes his bread to mop up butter/sauce.

YANCY

You realize a trial would be embarrassing for everyone, especially your husband, the alleged victim.

BONNIE

Alleged?? We were near a cruise ship. There were over fifty witnesses, including yours truly.

If we were to go VISUALLY to this moment, it CAN'T be graphic. We'd see a very angry Cliff, yelling violently at his wife, jerking her along. Yancy holds the aforementioned vacuum. When he reaches Cliff, the camera CUTS TO onlookers on the cruise ship catwalk. Some take their phones out to record this... I probably would. Then, Yancy, defensive:

YANCY

He called you a whore.

BONNIE

Well, I was cheating on him. And I believe he used the term "tramp", not "whore".

YANCY

Bonnie, he slapped you. Hard.

Bonnie obviously doesn't want to discuss this. She picks at her crab, ignoring Yancy.

BONNIE

These are pretty darn tasty.

(then)

Why didn't you just punch him like a normal person. Why'd you have to sodomize him with a Hoover?

YANCY

(shrugs)

You always said you thought he had a bee up his ass. Now we know. He does not.

BONNIE

(smiles, then gets up)

I suppose I should go.

YANCY

I understand, I guess.

They remain like that, in the moonlight for a bit. Her standing, him sitting, making eyes - a bittersweet goodbye?

BONNIE

But I'm a little drunk. Maybe a shower would wake me up.

She holds her hand out for Yancy. He reacts, happy, but confused as all men perpetually are...

INT. YANCY'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Yancy and Bonnie make love, the shower raining down as he holds her up. The bathmat SQUEAKS. Bonnie somehow BREAKS a soap dish off the wall.

BONNIE

(out of breath)

Sorry.

YANCY

(doesn't stop)

Don't worry about it.

INT. YANCY'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Post-shower. Yancy is shirtless. Bonnie has shorts back on but hasn't buttoned her blouse up. It's COMFORTABLE. She takes a sip of wine.

YANCY

You're really going to testify against me?

BONNIE

I'll take no joy from it, Andrew.

YANCY

The detective in me gets why Cliff wouldn't leave you. I mean, he's sixty, you're barely forty.

BONNIE

Don't try to flatter, I'm forty-four and you know it--

YANCY

But why wouldn't you leave him? The guy is a pill-pushing, dermatologist who basically doles out Percocets and Vicodins to any redneck junkie who rings the bell. You'd get plenty in the split. You could just go. Does he have something on you?

BONNIE

No more than I do on him. You should see his internet history. Total perv.

YANCY

(pointed)

Seriously, Bonnie. What's he got on you?

He has struck a nerve. Bonnie looks at him - this talk is over. She buttons up her blouse.

BONNIE

Maybe someday, Andrew...

(then, re. self)

I've made so many dumb mistakes.

Yancy decides not to press. He's sweet and SYMPATHETIC:

YANCY

We all make 'em.

BONNIE

(smiles, grateful)  
I'll talk to Cliff again tomorrow.  
Try to get him to drop everything.  
Promise.

YANCY

(sincere)  
Thank you. I like being a  
detective. And I don't like a lot  
of things.

They share a look. The realness of the moment shocks Bonnie back to being an enigma. Moving on, she grabs her glass.

BONNIE

I need some ice in my wine. You?

YANCY

I'm good.

She exits to the kitchen, and Yancy leans back, relaxed and HOPEFUL. Things might finally be turning his way. We hear the 'soon-to-be-explained' BAHAMIAN VOICEOVER.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

Dese little moments of hope, dey  
come on quick, you know? But  
believe me, dey can leave just as  
fast.

BONNIE (O.C.)

ANDREW, GOD, NO!!

Yancy's eyes SHOOT OPEN, "Oh No". He hops up to see BONNIE BOLT OUT. He glances into the kitchen to see THE FREEZER DOOR OPEN. The ARM (which he of course DID NOT THROW AWAY) is in his freezer. Yancy bolts out into his driveway.

EXT. YANCY'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie is behind the wheel of her car.

BONNIE

CHRIST, ANDREW, WHAT DID YOU DO?!?

And she peels off. FAST. Yancy stays there watching. He looks to the ocean. The camera FLIES OUT ACROSS the OCEAN, as we change from NIGHT TO DAY, still traveling OVER WATER to our next location. NEVILLE'S VOICEOVER bridges the cut.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

Then, maybe, all you got left...

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE IN ANDROS BAHAMAS - NEXT MORNING

We arrive at Neville's tiny FISHING SHACK/HOME in the BAHAMAS. He stands looking out at the water, as if the CAMERA just CONNECTED Yancy and him. CONNECTION is big. He admires his view the same way Yancy did when we first met him.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

...is you.

We meet NEVILLE STAFFORD in the EXACT SEQUENCE of SHOTS as when we first met Yancy. It is "PORTRAIT OF A MAN, CONTENT" once again. Neville (30s) in an honorable, simple fisherman. Like Yancy, he is principled, and insightful, while being simultaneously naive. He looks over admiring A CURLY TAIL LIZARD (all over the Bahamas) the same way Yancy admired the Key deer. Neville reacts with similar annoyance when the lizard is scared off by an approaching BAHAMIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL, a low-level lackey.

OFFICIAL

Mr. Stafford--

NEVILLE

Neville. Wot you want?

OFFICIAL

Neville. Can we talk a bit?

INT. NEVILLE'S MODEST HOME

Neville holds a local beer (Kalik - I've had a ton of these in the Bahamas and I came up with a slogan: the beer that tastes warm when it's cold). The official has a beer, too. The scene starts HOT as Neville processes BAD NEWS.

NEVILLE

Wot you mean I gotta leave my home?!?

OFFICIAL

We sent notices--

It might be nice to see a pile of unopened mail unless it feels too jokey/obvious.

NEVILLE

I been fishin'.

OFFICIAL

For a month?



NEVILLE

Off 'n on.

OFFICIAL

Dey're puttin' up a resort here.  
American mon, name of Christopher -  
he been buyin' up all the land.

NEVILLE

Then you can go. I'm not sellin'--

OFFICIAL

Not up to you, you got no legal  
say. You own part of dis home,  
yah, but your half-sister in Nassau  
- she's the official trustee. She  
sold already...

Neville reacts, FLOORED, the air seeps out of him.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

(meekly)

She got the notices.

NEVILLE

How could she do dis? I haven'  
talked to dat damn woman fuh years--

OFFICIAL

Easy, Mon, iss all good. You'll be  
gettin a check for 302,000 Bahamian  
- thas' haf purchase minus  
commission, bank fees, lawyers, so  
on, so forth...

NEVILLE

I got no use fuh the money.

The official LAUGHS, then, realizing:

OFFICIAL

You serious?

NEVILLE then speaks our FIRST VOICEOVER WORD FOR WORD. This repetitive device will be used again. Neville stands - even though he is slight, his conviction makes him imposing:

NEVILLE

Lissen up, mon, and lissen for  
real, cus dis is some truth. To a  
certain type a man, HOME... Well,  
home is all dat matters.

TENSION. It is broken when DRIGGS, the titular MONKEY, jumps on Neville's shoulder, grabbing at his beer. When Neville denies DRIGGS, the monkey bites onto Neville's ear.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)

Ah! No!  
 (pushes monkey off)  
 Bod Monkey! Bod!

Yeah - that's "Bad Monkey", the title, and Driggs fits the bill. He looks flat out MEAN, and is prone to baring his fangs and HISSING. Driggs wears a diaper with a hole cut out for his tail. He hisses fiercely at the official.

OFFICIAL

Jesus, where'd you get dat ugly thing?

NEVILLE

Speak kindly, or Driggs'll fuck you up. I won him inna game a dominos with an ol' mon from Fresh Creek. He owed money, so he tell me...

We flashback (using our MOTIF) to that very game.

INT. SEEDY ANDROS BAR - NIGHT

Neville has just beaten the OLDER MAN in dominos. Driggs is nearby. Neville's voice DUBS the man's voice at first.

NEVILLE (O.C.)

...Driggs is one-na the monkeys from the Johnny Depp pirate movies dey filmed out here.

Neville examines the monkey, intrigued:

NEVILLE (V.O.)

Then dat fool tell me--

The OLDER MAN speaks for himself:

OLDER MAN

You can make piles-a money off dem tourists wid dis little guy. Piles-a green, mon. We good?

Neville considers, then SHAKES ON IT.

EXT. ANDROS VILLAGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

We are in the colorful, quaint ANDROS 'TOWN CENTER'. Typical tourists are gathered around Neville and Driggs.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

Dat ol' mon was a lyin' devil plain  
and true...

And we see a QUICK CUT of DRIGGS jumping viciously on a tourist's face as Neville struggles to get him off. We then go BACK TO Neville's home.

INT. NEVILLE'S MODEST HOME - CONTINUOUS

The official mocks Driggs' diaper.

OFFICIAL

Yeah, you got took fuh a ride. Some  
pet - you can't even house-train  
the thing.

Angered, Neville SNATCHES THE BEER from the official and hands it to Driggs, who drinks from it.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE IN ANDROS BAHAMAS - MOMENTS LATER

Neville and the official look out at the surrounding shoreline. For the first time, we see the START OF SOME DEVELOPMENT. The official describes the resort, pointing out spots, still not reading the room, or Neville's mood.

OFFICIAL

...The whole resort's gonna be top  
shelf, mon. Iss gonna have a tiki  
bar, fresh water pools over dere,  
clay tennis courts, even a spa.  
Dey gon call it Curly Tail Lane.

NEVILLE

Green Beach is wot my grandfather  
always call de place.

OFFICIAL

Maybe once 'pon a time.

NEVILLE

Dis some bullshit.

Right then the OFFICIAL GETS HIT WITH BEER. Driggs flings more at him from the bottle.

OFFICIAL

Mon, you got a poymit fuh dot sick-ass monkey?

NEVILLE

Get off my land.

TIME CUT to the official peeling off in his car under the spiteful gaze of Driggs. We then FOCUS ON NEVILLE. He takes in his humble but beautiful world. He focuses one of the nearby development TRACTORS. He SCOWLS. I like constantly connecting Neville and Yancy, so I'd use a MATCH CUT of sorts. Neville gestures "in", and Driggs gets back in the house. NEVILLE THEN ENTERS his modest waterfront home as...

EXT. YANCY'S BACKYARD, FLORIDA KEYS - SAME MORNING

YANCY EXITS his modest waterfront home. He pulls out his CELL PHONE and pushes redial, then LEAVES A MESSAGE:

YANCY

(into phone)

It's me again. Look, it doesn't bother me that you think I'm capable of murdering somebody. I get that, I do. But that you think I'd hack their corpse to pieces-- this is a sign that I've failed, over our time together, to showcase my best qualities... Jeez, Bonnie, call me back.

He hangs up, and looks at the tractor next door. He SCOWLS in the SAME SHOT we saw when Neville scowled. Connection. Yancy goes to the water to HOSE OFF his little FISHING SKIFF. He takes in the destruction of nature, the LITTER left by the construction crew, and drifts back to his childhood.

EXT. EVERGLADES - YEARS AGO

A SMALL FLORIDA BLACK BEAR stumbles around, its head stuck in a plastic chips bag (you can see a 100 of these videos on-line). A RANGER'S ARM comes in and pulls the bag off. The bear scurries into the woods, rescued. The RANGER is Yancy's FATHER (40s). Ten-year-old Yancy stands nearby. Carl Hiaasen's work has an environmentalist undercurrent - it is important to me that we highlight this.

FATHER

Damn litterbugs. Andrew, Florida is one of the most beautiful states in our whole country.

(MORE)

FATHER (CONT'D)

Don't take that for granted. Don't sit idly by while a bunch of selfish fucknuts try to ruin it. Understand?

That's where Yancy got "fucknuts" from! As young Yancy nods:

TEN-YEAR-OLD YANCY

Stop the fucknuts.

EXT. YANCY'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Yancy snaps out of it, and notices a well-dressed man near a suburban, in front of the soon-to-be mansion. This is EVAN SHOOK (30s), typical greedy-slick-developer asshole. Evan slaps at bugs and speaks angrily into his cell phone then notices Yancy and approaches.

EVAN

Excuse me.

Yancy nods in a false neighborly way.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(with gravity)

There's a dead raccoon in my house.

Turns out Yancy not only kept the arm last night, he also found a use for the DEAD RACCOON/ROADKILL.

YANCY

Not good.

EVAN

Damn thing looks like it got pancaked by a truck. It's huge and it's starting to rot.

(Holds out hand to shake)

Evan Shook.

YANCY

(shakes)

Okay.

EVAN

Could you help me dump it somewhere? I called animal control, but I've got people on their way over right now to look at the place. They flew in from Dallas. I could seriously use a hand.

Yancy shuts off the hose, turns to Evan.

YANCY

Here's the thing, Evan. I want to help you, I do. But it's really bad luck to disturb a dead animal, and I can't afford any more of that.

EVAN

Bad luck? Come on.

YANCY

(nods)

Like a Voodoo curse, which is not what I need at the moment. But you can borrow my shovel.

EVAN

The whole house reeks to high hell!

YANCY

I bet it does... That's quite the Taj Mahal you're building.

Evan can't help but light up:

EVAN

Nine thousand square feet. Gotta go big, brother. Tallest house on the island, believe it or not.

YANCY

I can believe it.

Right then a TOWN CAR pulls up next door and an older couple get out, pasty and rich looking. Evan reacts.

EVAN

Oh, shit.

As EVAN RUNS frantically to intercept them, Rogelio approaches, TAKING IN THE SCENE WITH YANCY.

ROGELIO

What the hell's going on over there?

Evan HERDS the confused TEXANS back into their town car.

YANCY

The tallest house in Big Pine is not being shown today.

ROGELIO  
Huge news. Make me some lunch.

INT. YANCY'S KITCHEN

Rogelio and Yancy make sandwiches. Yancy opens his freezer to grab a handful of ice for their drinks. We CATCH A GLIMPSE of the ARM still in there, frozen over.

ROGELIO  
The reason I came, Sonny sent me.  
What'd you ever do with that arm?

Yancy casually CLOSES THE FREEZER DOOR.

YANCY  
I made it into a weathervane. It's  
on top of my roof.  
(then)  
You know I tossed it in a canal.

They exchange long looks. A standoff. Then, admitting:

YANCY (CONT'D)  
I've still got it.

ROGELIO  
Good, that's what I figured.

Rogelio IMMEDIATELY STARTS TEXTING SONNY.

ROGELIO (CONT'D)  
Dog with a bone and all that. Wow,  
you truly never listen to me.

YANCY  
How is this good? I'm breaking  
about a half dozen laws. I just  
couldn't dump it, man, the cop in  
me said "no".

ROGELIO  
It's "good" 'cause a woman came in  
to report her husband missing in a  
boating accident.

YANCY  
Took her fucking long enough.

ROGELIO  
She was in Europe. Her old man was  
heading to the Bahamas on a fishing  
trip.

(MORE)

ROGELIO (CONT'D)

The Coast Guard found debris from his boat a few miles off Marathon, so--

YANCY

Rawlings check the DNA?

ROGELIO

Yeah, she brought in some of his hair from a comb. Perfect match. Here's the kicker: she wants the fucking arm, man!

We FLASHBACK to the POLICE STATION, earlier.

INT. POLICE STATION - YESTERDAY

We see Sonny at his desk, on the phone. His smile fades.

ROGELIO (O.C.)

She called Sonny and asked for it. He practically shit his pants...

Sonny looks like he is doing JUST THAT, reacting to the call.

ROGELIO (O.C.) (CONT'D)

She wants a church service, the whole show. She wants the arm back to bury it.

SONNY NODS, agreeing with the caller, and NERVOUSLY HANGS UP:

YANCY (O.C.)

He was soooo screwed!

INT. YANCY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

When we return, Yancy uses a SCREWDRIVER to CHISEL the arm from the freezer. It's frozen in there, STUCK.

YANCY

I get major brownie points for this, right? I saved his ass from a lawsuit, ugly press - losing a dead guy's arm!

Rogelio is READING a text from SONNY.



ROGELIO

(reading text)

Sonny's gonna tell the widow you're the 'authorized custodian' of unclaimed remains, or some bullshit. Her name is Stripling. Here's her number.

(writes it down)

Meet her, give her the thing, then get the hell out of dodge.

(an order)

No talking, no questions.

(then, good-natured)

And behave, buddy. She just lost her hubby.

Yancy is exuberant, LOST IN REMOVING THE ARM FROM THE FREEZER. He says one word with each ICE CHOP and TUG.

YANCY

Get. Me. My. Desk. Back!

And the ARM IS FREE, held up triumphantly.

EXT. MINI-MALL - THAT DAY

Yancy drives up and parks near a Winn Dixie and heads in. He comes out with TWO FRESH BAGS OF ICE for the 'arm' cooler. WE HEAR A PHONE CALL OVER THIS ACTION. EVE STRIPLING'S VOICE SOUNDS YOUNG-ISH and Midwestern.

YANCY (O.C.)

Hello, is this Mrs. Stripling?

EVE (O.C.)

Yes, is this Detective Yancy?

YANCY (O.C.)

Used to be, hopefully will be again soon.

(checks himself)

....I'm sorry for your loss, Mrs. Stripling.

EVE (O.C.)

Yes, it's awful, just awful. Where's the best place to meet up?

YANCY

There's a shopping center about halfway between us. I can text you the address. It'll be easy to find me, I'll be wearing a red hat...

Yancy grabs a RED BASEBALL HAT from his car, and PUTS IT ON, waits. She's LATE, and we TIME CUT to her arrival at DUSK. EVE STRIPLING (30s) is 'roundish', and is currently wedged into clothes that are a little SNUG. She is a bit gaudy, in gold sandals and white jeans, not used to having money but probably has some now. Eve is sometimes SHARPER than you'd think. Other times, not so much. She exits her rental car, looks around, SKITTISH.

EVE

This feels like a dope deal. You are Detective Yancy, right?

YANCY

And you must be Mrs. Stripling.

EVE

Eve is fine.

(beat)

Guess I should have a look.

YANCY

You sure?

She gathers herself and NODS. Yancy lifts the cooler onto the hood and opens it. He pulls back the bubble wrapping to expose the arm. Eve sees the MIDDLE FINGER. There is one of those awkward silences. Yancy, as always, FILLS IT.

YANCY (CONT'D)

That's how they found it-- No one-- Random rigor mor-- Weird, I know--

EVE

(manages a laugh)

Maybe it was Nicky flipping off the sharks.

(then, re. RING)

That's his ring. It's definitely him.

The moment hangs there. An old GEEZER walks by pushing a grocery cart, sees them looking into the cooler.

GEEZER

You catch some fish?

YANCY

Lobsters.

GEEZER

How much you want for 'em?

YANCY  
Not for sale. Keep moving.

GEEZER  
(doesn't budge)  
Don't be a dick.

YANCY  
You know what? Help yourself to  
one. On me.

The geezer LOOKS IN THE COOLER, then quickly pushes his cart  
away, HORRIFIED. Yancy calls after him.

YANCY (CONT'D)  
Nice meeting you!

Yancy turns back to see Eve is ready to go.

EVE  
Nice meeting you, detective.

They shake hands. TIME SLOWS DOWN. YANCY QUICKLY FLASHES (or  
hears) to Rogelio saying "No talking, no questions." Yancy  
struggles but can't help himself: he doesn't let Eve leave  
and switches to DETECTIVE MODE:

YANCY  
So... Did they ever find Nick's  
boat?

EVE  
Just some cushions and spare gas  
cans. There was a fuel slick five  
miles off Sombrero Lighthouse.

YANCY  
Anybody else on board?

EVE  
(shakes "no")  
Just Nicky. He was on his way to  
Cay Sal to catch up with friends.

This time Yancy LETS A SILENCE HAPPEN, gauging her comfort  
level. A MOSQUITO lands on her cheek and casually FEASTS in  
CLOSE-UP. Yancy reaches over and brushes it away.

YANCY  
The bugs are crazy tonight, let's  
sit in the car.

EVE  
I should really get going--

YANCY

This won't take much longer--

EVE

But the Sheriff said I could just--

YANCY

Just a few questions, all routine.

YANCY HOLDS OPEN THE DOOR FOR HER. With, maybe, the slightest trepidation, she gets in. JUMP CUT:

INT. EVE'S RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

They sit talking in the front seat. The occasional PASSERBY looks in the front window as they cross by.

YANCY

When did you learn Nick was missing?

EVE

I went to Paris - birthday present from Nicky. These, too.

She turns her head to show him substantial DIAMOND EARRINGS.

YANCY

Fancy.

EVE

I didn't hear from him, but that's normal. He never calls from the islands. Cell service over there is suck-o. He was supposed to get home the Sunday after I did. When he didn't show I just figured the fishing was super good- Why aren't you writing any of this down?

YANCY

Like I said, it's just routine.

EVE

Anyway, Wednesday comes and still no Nicky, so I start calling around. The Coast Guard told me what they found. He loved that damn fishing boat. He called it "Summer's Eve", after me.

YANCY

That's also the name of-- you know what? Forget it. Lovely gesture.

EVE

Are we done?

YANCY

Almost. What did Nick do for a living?

EVE

Oh, he's retired.

YANCY

Do you have children?

EVE

Nicky has a grown daughter. She's coming down for the service... Saturday.

This seems to affect her emotionally. Eve delivers the next line in a RAW, WHISPERY VOICE.

EVE (CONT'D)

This still doesn't seem real...

We do a slight TIME CUT to Yancy standing outside her window. The car is idling. Yancy looks at EVE.

YANCY

Again, I'm sorry for your loss.

Eve NODS, still SADDENED. She drives off, shuddering and SQUEEZING HER EYES SHUT. Yancy watches, and WE HEAR him pre-lapped from the following scene.

YANCY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, it looked like she was trying very, very hard to cry.

INT. MIAMI CITY MORGUE - NEXT DAY

Yancy is talking to Rosa in the MIAMI morgue. She doesn't seem to be overjoyed that he's here. She's quite curt.

ROSA

(annoyed)

Didn't you say it was dark when she drove off?

YANCY

There were streetlights. I know  
what I saw, Rosa!

(then, turning)

Also, I could be wrong. I am  
pretty often.

Yancy expects a smile. Instead, she looks more agitated.

YANCY (CONT'D)

Why all the storm clouds? Is it  
"be pissed at the world" day?

ROSA

Spent my morning autopsying a ten  
year old girl who drowned in a  
fucking wave pool while her parents  
got shitfaced on frozen margaritas  
like ten feet away.

YANCY

(beat, then sincere)

Well, now I feel like an asshole.  
I'm sorry, Rosa, that's tough.

ROSA

If anyone ever asks, this may not  
be the healthiest gig for young  
women.

(goes to computer)

You wanted to know what the state  
has on Nick Stripling. Here you go.  
When he was twenty-four, he had a  
minor role in an insurance scam.  
Crashed cars into drivers and  
submitted phony medical claims.

YANCY

Whiplash is easy to fake. Get a  
bunch of sketchy doctors to go  
along, chiropractors, physical  
therapists - you can make some  
dough. But young Nicky's take  
would be pretty slim.

ROSA

Yeah, so what?

YANCY

I'm wondering how he had enough  
money to retire in his forties.

This lights up ROSA. IN SERIES (yeah, I'm optimistic) she is  
energized when 'on the case'. She grabs an ENLARGED photo.

ROSA

I digitally enlarged the photo of the watch outline on his wrist. It's got a unique clasped crown shield - that's a Wyler Geneve Tourbillon. Suggested price of 145,000.

Yancy looks at the picture, and WHISTLES ("Wow").

YANCY

Shoulda been a watchmaker. Though I imagine there's some training involved.

(puts photo down)

I gotta know what happened to this clown. I wish I could make myself not give a shit, you know?

ROSA

(direct)

Why'd you come all the way up here to see me again? If you need info on Stripling, why not just check state files at your station?

YANCY

I didn't come "all the way up here to see you", I was half-way when I met the widow, so I came and had dinner with a friend. And it's not a great time for me to be at my station, fishing around.

(then, owning it)

That last part is true. The first part is not.

ROSA

I checked up on you. You used to be homicide here in Miami.

YANCY

Yes, I did.

ROSA

What happened?

YANCY

Story for another time. It's fine, I like working in the Keys-- when I'm working. I'm currently suspended. Story for another time after the previous story for another time.

Rosa can't help but enjoy this a little.

YANCY (CONT'D)

Right now I'm pretty much focusing on my career, you know, climbing down the ladder as quickly as possible.

ROSA

You're crushing it.  
(then, grateful)  
Thanks for cheering me up.

The moment is real. Yancy nods, understanding, then:

YANCY

"Another time" could be now if you want to grab lunch. You hungry?

ROSA

My boyfriend is a sniper on the SWAT team.

YANCY

Say no more.  
(a gentleman)  
And thank you, Dr. Campesino for your help. I truly am grateful.

She nods, and reaches into a freezer that holds various medical supplies, pulls out a MANGO POPSICLE, and tosses it to Yancy. He catches it, and SALUTES her with it. As he heads out the voiceover BRIDGES THE CUT.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

A real mon behave like a mon shud.  
Dat's what makes 'im one. Honor.

EXT. NEVILLE'S DOCK IN ANDROS - SAME TIME

Neville ties his modest fishing skiff to his MAKESHIFT DOCK, and exits. DRIGGS hops off the boat and follows close behind. Neville sees an unoccupied tractor, obviously from the development, nearby.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

'Course, whenna mon gets pushed too hard, well...

Neville unzips and PEES IN THE TRACTOR'S GAS TANK.



NEVILLE (V.O.)

Dat all gets t'rown out wit de  
garbage.

An older Bahamian worker, WILLY (60s), walks up wearing a  
HARDHAT and eating a sandwich.

WILLY

Wot you doin'?

NEVILLE

(doesn't stop)  
Peeing in de gas tank.

WILLY

Now my tractor surely won't work.

NEVILLE

(still going)  
Yah, dats the idea. Sorry, Willy.

It becomes obvious that they KNOW EACH OTHER.

WILLY

No nevermind t'me. I get paid the  
same. Neville, where you been the  
last two, t'ree days?

NEVILLE

(zips up)  
Fishin'. Off n' on. Went to  
Nassau to scream at my half sister  
bout sellin' my house, but she up  
and moved.

WILLY

You shoul'da had someone peein' in  
the tractors over by your house  
while you were gone, son.

Neville realizes what Willy is saying and breaks into a  
SPRINT through the brush. The MUSIC swells as Neville  
arrives at the land where his HOUSE USED TO STAND. It has  
been leveled by the development tractors (it wouldn't take  
much). Neville sinks to his knees, sad and defeated. After a  
few moments, DRIGGS SHOWS, having caught up, and nuzzles up  
to Neville, almost as if he's TRYING TO COMFORT HIM.

INT. POLICE STATION, KEYS - DAY

Yancy enters and is met at the door by Rogelio. He walks  
with Yancy (STEADY CAM time) talking QUICKLY AND QUIETLY,  
explaining the situation as they head to SONNY'S OFFICE.

ROGELIO

Here's the situation.

(one quick thought)

Sonny checked in with Mrs.

Stripling to make sure the exchange went well, and she bitched about you asking all sorts of questions,

(Yancy nods)

Then the coroner in Miami blabbed that you were there sniffing around-

YANCY

(taken aback)

Rosa blabbed? That is a real kick in the nuts.

ROGELIO

And now Sonny's all pissed, like serious pissed. so here's what you're going to do...

They look in Sonny's window. He ANGRILY GESTURES for Yancy to come talk. We JUMP into the office (the MOTIF returns!)

INT. SHERIFF SONNY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Yancy sits across from Sonny's desk, taking abuse.

SHERIFF SONNY

So you just do whatever the fudge you want, is that how it works??

As Sonny talks, clearly annoyed, we hear ROGELIO from the previous scene, DUBBING some LINES. It's never exact, because Rogelio's description was just conjecture, not a memory.

ROGELIO (O.C.)

When Sonny starts tearing you a new asshole, and telling you that you're not even a cop anymore,

(Sonny does just that)

Your first thought is going to be that if that's true, then he's not your boss anymore, so why not tell him to go fuck himself. Maybe add that in every single picture of his fat son, the kid has the hollow stare of a future serial killer.

Yancy GLANCES AT ALL THE PHOTOS in QUICK CUTS. The kid fits the description. Yancy SMILES, about to open his mouth:

ROGELIO (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 But maybe because I'm your friend,  
 and I'm pretty goddam smart, maybe  
 you can take my advice and do  
 what's best for a change...

SHERIFF SONNY  
 You are not to dick around with  
 this any more, are we clear?

SILENCE. Yancy glances out the window and sees Rogelio in the bullpen. As they exchange a look, we hear Rogelio:

ROGELIO (O.C.)  
 Just once. For me?

And Yancy turns to the Sheriff.

YANCY  
 I completely understand, Sonny. My  
 bad. Won't happen again.

Sony WAS NOT EXPECTING THAT. He's derailed.

SHERIFF SONNY  
 Well... Okay then. Good. Go home.  
 Bygones, and all that. Oh, Andrew,  
 one more thing. Until things settle  
 down, when you get a chance...  
 turn in the keys to your Crown Vic,  
 and your Glock.

This hits Yancy pretty hard. He tries to stay hopeful.

YANCY  
 Just for now, though, right?

SHERIFF SONNY  
 Sure. Just for now.

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER THAT DAY

Andrew pulls up, parks, gets out of his CROWN VIC, and hands the keys to a waiting PATROLMAN. He pulls his GUN (Glock) out of his WAIST HOLSTER (IMPORTANT), HANDS IT OVER as well, RESIGNED. He then OPENS the TRUNK of the CAR and pulls out his BIKE. He hops on and starts RIDING HOME, down.

WE FOLLOW YANCY THROUGH THE QUAIN TOWN. His CELL RINGS. He answers it, swerving off the road, CRASHING. We find him on the ground DEFEATED. CLOSE UP as he speaks into the phone:

YANCY  
 (into phone)  
 I was wondering when you'd call.

EXT. YANCY'S BACKYARD - MINUTES LATER

Yancy BIKES BACK to find BONNIE sitting in a chair, sunning, TOP OFF, bra on. He hops off his bike before it stops, and walks over without breaking stride.

BONNIE  
 We're moving to Sarasota. Cliff's  
 burned out on the Keys.

YANCY  
 What about my trial?

BONNIE  
 There won't be any trial.

Yancy celebrates, exuberant.

YANCY  
 Yes! You're the best! Gimme a ride  
 to town, I want to get my gun back.

BONNIE  
 Whoa, cowboy. It's not what you  
 think... I tried my best, okay?  
 Cliff's a stubborn old prick. He  
 wants to see this through.

She puts on her top. Yancy is confused as per usual:

YANCY  
 I'm going to say something I've  
 said to you way too many times: I  
 don't understand what's happening.

Bonnie gets up, gathers her stuff.

EXT. FRONT OF YANCY'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Bonnie CALMLY STROLLS to her Range Rover as Yancy follows. IN THE BACKGROUND (I love background comedy) we see ANIMAL CONTROL guys loading a dead raccoon into their truck. EVAN SHOOK is there, exasperated. Yancy steals a look, then re-focuses on BONNIE.

YANCY  
 Just explain, is there going to be  
 a trial or not?

BONNIE

Look, there CAN'T be a trial, okay?  
You don't want a trial, because  
you'll lose, and I simply can't  
have one, Andrew. I can't. If  
certain things come out-- it'll  
ruin my life.

YANCY

For fuck's sake, what does Cliff  
have on you? Tell me, maybe I can  
help - I'm still, almost, a police  
officer, sort of. Maybe not.  
Christ, Bonnie, what did you do?

It's abundantly clear she's not going to answer.

BONNIE

You love to be the hero on the  
white horse, so here you go, big  
guy. Just take the bullet. For me.  
Make it go away somehow...

Yancy looks at her, sees her desperation is real. He is  
surprisingly sweet, and we believe him when he says:

YANCY

What can I say? I'll try.

Bonnie is about to get in her car.

BONNIE

I'm really going to miss you.

She leans in for a real kiss. Yancy OFFERS HIS CHEEK.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

And what's that all about?

YANCY

I'd say I'm in love with someone  
else, but it's probably too soon.  
"Intrigued" is a better word.

Bonnie SMILES, BEMUSED.

BONNIE

Andrew, you are full of surprises.

She gets in her car, rolls down the window.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Andrew.

YANCY  
 (sweetly)  
 Goodbye, Bonnie.

BONNIE  
 (looks at him for a beat)  
 Right now, this moment? This is  
 the most I ever wished you knew my  
 real name.

YANCY  
 Babe, for future reference, I  
 already find women so damn  
 confusing, you don't have to bother  
 with fake names.

Bonnie smiles and drives off leaving Yancy standing there. He watches her go. Yancy looks at his watch, changes gears, and purposefully enters his house. We TIME CUT to him immediately emerging from the house, now in a formal DARK SUIT. He calls over to EVAN SHOOK.

YANCY (CONT'D)  
 I can still smell the dead raccoon.  
 (sniffs)  
 Whew. Pretty powerful stuff. Never  
 really leaves, does it?

EVAN  
 (not pleased)  
 Why the hell are you all pimped  
 out? You got a date or something?

YANCY  
 Going to a funeral. Should be fun.

EXT. CEMETERY - THAT DAY

There are about fifty people gathered at NICK STRIPLING'S FUNERAL. We ACTUALLY SEE THE HEAT undulate off the bright green grass in WAVES. It's a sweaty event. Yancy observes from a distance as people show up. EVE STRIPLING is in a black dress and Veil. YANCY WATCHES a younger blonde woman, CAITLIN COX (early 20s), cross paths with EVE. They obviously don't like each other, and it shows in their body language and quick (unheard) exchange. When Eve walks away, CAITLIN animatedly whispers, ANGERED, into her husband's ear.

Yancy is not the only one taking the proceedings in from afar. He REGISTERS two clean-cut, burly, LAW-ENFORCEMENT TYPES, also watching. A silver-haired PRIEST somberly starts the proceedings. TIME CUT to the aftermath. Mourners break into groups and head for cars.

Yancy approaches the TWO FEDERAL OFFICERS he saw before. For now, they have no names. FED #1 and Fed #2 (like Dr. Seuss).

YANCY

Friends of the deceased?

They just stare back at him, all chiseled jaws and mirrored sunglasses. No response.

YANCY (CONT'D)

You must be feds. So why are you two fellas interested in the Striplings?

FED #1

Don't be an asshole.

YANCY

That's bad luck, swearing in a cemetery. Like a Voodoo curse.

The men turn to leave without engaging further, ignoring.

YANCY (CONT'D)

Or maybe it's blowing each other in a cemetery, I forget which.

Yancy enjoys his comment for a moment, SELF-SATISFIED, then turns to see EVE approaching. He clumsily hides, ducking his head, and she passes, OBLIVIOUS.

EXT. CEMETERY, GRAVESIDE - MOMENTS LATER

CAITLIN COX, Nick's daughter, is foul-mouthed and the opposite of demure. She stands shoulder to shoulder with her sturdy husband, SIMON (late 20s). Yancy walks up, casually.

YANCY

Sorry for your loss.

CAITLIN

Were you a friend of Dad's?

YANCY

I'm Detective Yancy-- I mean, I was, I-- I'm from the Keys. I was in charge of your father's remains. I just wanted to be available... In case the family has questions. That's why I'm here - if anyone asks. Here's my card.

Yancy hands her an old BUSINESS CARD. They then all look over at the cemetery attendants who hold shovels, but stare at them, NOT MOVING. It's AWKWARD, and SILENT.

CAITLIN

What the fuck?

YANCY

(explains)

They can't shovel the dirt on until all the mourners leave.

(then)

I actually don't know if that's true, I just made it up.

Caitlin SIGHS, exasperated, and walks off. The attendants start shoveling. Simon and Yancy follow. Caitlin STOPS.

CAITLIN

I do have a question. We peeked at the funeral home-- Dad's arm...

YANCY

It was random rigor mortis.

CAITLIN

What are you talking about?

YANCY

Right, they probably fixed it.

SIMON

She means the wedding ring. Tell him, sweetheart.

CAITLIN

Eve switched it out. It was platinum. Now it's yellow gold.

(with disdain)

Fourteen karat, MAYBE. Is that legal? Taking his ring?

YANCY

As his wife, she's entitled. If you're upset, why don't you ask Eve about it?

CAITLIN

Because she hates me and I hate her. She's a vicious cunt by the way.

She starts walking again. Yancy follows, pressing.



YANCY  
Oh, I had not heard.

SIMON  
Sweetheart, please.

Simon is dripping sweat. She STOPS again, turns to YANCY.

CAITLIN  
Are you still on the case, or what?

YANCY  
I was only in charge of delivering  
the remains. There is no case.  
Unless new information turns up,  
there's not much else to be done.

CAITLIN  
Told you so, Simon. Nobody cares.  
(to Yancy)  
Eve killed him, you know. She  
murdered my father.

SIMON  
Okay, that is definitely the Xanax  
talking. Time to go home, baby.

Simon pulls her away. SWEAT DRIPS FROM his nose and EARS.

YANCY  
What makes you think she killed  
him, Caitlin? Did your Dad say  
something about Eve? Was he  
unhappy?

She pulls away from Simon and turns for a last time.

CAITLIN  
How the hell would I know if he was  
happy? I haven't talked to the  
sonofabitch in years.

Yancy watches her go, then looks up to the blinding sun. He  
wipes his brow, removes his jacket - SWEAT is EVERYWHERE.

YANCY  
Jiminy Christmas, I could use a  
cold beer.

EXT. OUTDOOR BAR ON THE WATER, ANDROS - DAY

START TIGHT ON A COLD Kalik BEER BOTTLE. Then reveal that it's not Yancy drinking it, but is instead a very depressed Neville. He sits with Willy, talking.

WILLY

Sorry bout your home. Where you been sleepin'?

NEVILLE

I got a few girlfriends. Dey all tink I'm rich now cuz of de developer money.

WILLY

Chrissofer does pay--

NEVILLE

I jus want my place back...

Neville's line is the exact VOICEOVER we heard earlier.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)

A real mon behave like a mon shud. That's what makes 'im one. Honor. 'Course, whenna mon gets pushed too hard, well... Dat all gets t'rown out wit the garbage.

WILLY

(nods)  
So wot you gonna do?

NEVILLE

Sometin' nasty.

WILLY

(knowingly)  
You don't know wot, yet.

NEVILLE

Nope. Dats the problem.

WILLY

You believe in the Voo-Doo?

Neville SHRUGS, but is clearly UNEASY.

WILLY (CONT'D)

You should. Den maybe you go visit de Dragon Queen. Maybe soon.

NEVILLE

I don't like Dat, not one bit. Dat scary ol' witch is a maneater. Story says her last t'ree boyfriends, all young, healthy boys... Dey all dead.

WILLY

Dats true.

NEVILLE

Unner murky circumstances.

WILLY

Dats also true. But do-ya want this developer-mon gone or not?

Neville considers, THEN NODS with gravity.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Go on, then. Jus remember one ting. Avoid her gaze: dey say she can bewitch the strongest of men...  
(then, much lighter)  
But you'll probly be fine. She's pricey, she is. OH, and...

The rest of Willy's line bridges the cut

EXT. CONSTRUCTION HUT - NIGHT

The makeshift office says FOREMAN/OWNER on the door. Neville BREAKS THE WINDOW and climbs in...

WILLY (O.C.)

You're gonna need a piece o' the mon's clothing fuh her to make a good curse...

INT. CONSTRUCTION HUT - CONTINUOUS

Neville lands with a thud and is immediately eye to eye with an UNHAPPY GUARD DOG. Their eyes meet. Neville looks over at the shirt he's come to steal, draped over a chair. Neville GRABS the SHIRT and breaks for the door, unlocking it and shutting it behind him before the dog can get him.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION HUT - CONTINUOUS

Neville, sighs, relieved, and heads off. He hears something and turns to see the dog trying to JUMP OUT THE WINDOW.

Neville FREEZES. The dog fails twice. The third time, the dog MAKES THE SILL and flops out. Neville BOLTS. The VICIOUS DOG gives chase through the night, getting closer and closer. Neville TRIPS AND GOES DOWN. The dog comes FANGS OUT...

From nowhere DRIGGS JUMPS ON THE DOG'S FACE. After a brief skirmish, the dog sprints off. Tail between his legs.

NEVILLE

Good Monkey.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - NEXT DAY

We don't know it yet, but we are INSIDE THE MCMANSION next to YANCY's house. The scene starts in a SURREAL WAY, MUSIC PLAYING. An ALL WHITE, empty room. AN ALIEN-LOOKING MAN in a WHITE JUMPSUIT, MESH COVERING HIS UNSEEN FACE, enters the frame. We go CLOSE ON HIS FACE. He presses a JOINT AGAINST THE MESH. It glows as he inhales. After a beat, SMOKE COMES OUT OF THE MESH. The music fades, and we HEAR BUZZING. The man bends down, and comes back up with a huge, messy BEE HIVE (the 'alien' suit is a beekeeper suit). He wedges the hive on the mantle, BEES EVERYWHERE.

EXT. YANCY'S BACKYARD, FLORIDA KEYS - MORNING

The beekeeper, MIGUEL (30s) has removed his hood. He is tough, used to be trouble, but is now legit. He talks to Yancy like an old friend.

YANCY

How much do I owe you?

MIGUEL

For such a fucked up job? Three hundred, plus gas.

YANCY

I can probably swing 250.

MIGUEL

Bullshit.

(beat, then)

Okay, 250. But when the guy freaks and wants it removed, make sure he calls me.

YANCY

Miguel, who else would he call? Everybody knows you're the top bee guy from here to the Redlands.

(then)

(MORE)

YANCY (CONT'D)

The owner's a tool, name of Evan Shook. When he does call, maybe you can't get over here right away, okay amigo?

MIGUEL

Cost you another twenty. I'll throw in the rest of this joint. It's excellent weed, officer. They call it 'Trainwreck'.

Miguel holds the half-smoked joint under Yancy's nose. Yancy smells it.

YANCY

Deal.

(takes it)

Hey, can I catch a ride into town?

JUMP to Yancy putting his BIKE IN THE BACK of MIGUEL'S VAN (ads painted on the side, INSECT AND PEST REMOVAL).

MIGUEL

You need a car, man. You don't have a car, you're a little bitch.

YANCY

(gets in)

Can't argue with that.

And they DRIVE OFF.

EXT. MARINA - MINUTES LATER - LATE AFTERNOON

Captain Fitzpatrick (KEITH) - you remember him - cleans up his boat (Misty Momma IV) alone. In a WIDE shot, we see Yancy BIKE DOWN THE DOCK RAMP toward the boat. Yancy hops off his bike, parking it against a pylon. He lets go and it immediately slips, FALLING OFF THE DOCK and into the water.

YANCY

Of all the shit...

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

Ha! That sucks, Andrew.

(then)

I heard Sonny canned your ass.

YANCY

Temporarily.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

That sucks, too.

Fitzpatrick hands him a beer. Yancy pulls the SHARK TEETH Rosa removed from his pocket. Hands them to Keith.

YANCY

What kinda shark you think lost these?

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

A Bonnethead. Maybe a baby lemon.

YANCY

Not a bull shark or a hammerhead, right?

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

Not this little runt, no.

YANCY

That's what I think, too.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

Where'd that tooth come from, Andrew?

YANCY

Pulled outta that arm you snagged. And bonnetheads hang out in the shallows. Victim's boat supposedly sank in deep water.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

I've never seen a bonnethead that could twist a man's arm off.

YANCY

Nope, I don't believe it's possible.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

(beat, then)

The bigger problem is that I'm outta beer. Walk me up to the Half Shell?

We see a MARINA BAR, near by, crowded with locals. YANCY STARTS UNDRRESSING DOWN TO HIS BOXERS.

YANCY

Order me one. I'll be along shortly.

As he DIVES IN to get his BIKE.

INT. HALF SHELL RAW BAR - MORNING

This 'Half-Shell' open-air bar is kitschy. It sells T-SHIRTS that say "EAT IT RAW!", which the tourists LOVE. Yancy (wet hair) joins Captain Fitzpatrick. IT THUNDERS OUTSIDE. Keith pushes Yancy a beer.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

Storm's coming.

(then)

So Sonny's keeping you on the arm case, huh?

YANCY

Let's not advertise that, Keith.

IT STARTS TO POUR. All the people standing OUTSIDE CROWD INSIDE. TWO MORE BEERS AND OYSTERS are delivered to the table. Keith looks around, sees his old mate PHINNEY (tats, UNLIT CIGARETTE in mouth) at a table with an attractive girl. Phinney sardonically salutes, Keith nods back.

YANCY (CONT'D)

Who's the Tommy Lee impersonator?

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

He used to mate for me till a week ago. I gave him grief for not hosing off the tackle and he up an quit. Said "he didn't need my bullshit."

YANCY

What boat is he crewing on now?

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

The S.S. Jackoff.

YANCY

Gotcha. And now he's sitting with a young girl way too cute for him, buying you beer and oysters.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

Showin' off is all. He said he come into serious dough. Probably won 50 bucks on a scratcher. Now he's Mark fucking Facebook, whatever the rich guy's name is.

YANCY

Zuckerburg. Was Phinney working the day you caught the arm?

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

He was. Useless sonofabitch  
couldn't even get it unhooked.

They look over at Phinney and his girl, MADELINE (20s, naive, sweet). We go TIGHTER, and YANCY 'pops' into the booth, on Madeline's side, boxing her in. He talks across to PHINNEY.

YANCY

Thanks for the beers.

PHINNEY

They were for him, you were just there.

YANCY

Quick question, 'cause I know you're a fisherman. When I was a kid, I worked on this shitty charter. Dude used to make us buy a big, frozen fish so we could convince the idiot tourists they caught something, they'd tell a friend how great it was, you get the picture. Pretty simple, you just hook the fish when the yutz isn't looking, let him reel it in. Bingo, get the cameras out. Anyway, my question: You think you could do that scam with a human arm?

Phinney GLARES at him, then gets up and EXITS.

MADELINE

Are you a cop?

YANCY

(ignores question)

I had a good plan to make him talk to me. I just didn't think he'd leave you here.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

It's RAINING. Madeline and Yancy exit to see PHINNEY in the parking lot walking toward his car. Phinney stops to light his cigarette. It's not working. A man on a MOPED weaves through the parked cars toward Phinney, wearing a BRIGHT ORANGE PONCHO (out of place anywhere but the KEYS). This isn't 'action movie driving', no John Woo, "Black Rain" type stuff, but he still manages to get to PHINNEY, stop, AND SHOOT HIM TWICE IN THE CHEST.



YANCY AND MADELINE REACT. Yancy goes into COP-MODE, giving chase as the KILLER TAKES PHINNEY'S WALLET and drives off through the cars. Yancy SLIDES ACROSS HOODS, grimaces when he bonks his KNEE (it's not smooth) and finally CUTS OFF THE MURDERER. YANCY REACHES FOR HIS HOLSTER, finally remembering HIS GUN ISN'T THERE.

YANCY

Fucknuts.

Yancy dives out of the way as the killer SHOOTs AT HIM and drives off. Yancy hurries over to PHINNEY, reaches down, checks him. HE IS OBVIOUSLY DEAD.

We use the RAIN STOPPING AS A TIME CUT. It's now a CRIME SCENE. Yellow tape, etc. Madeline watches from afar as a paramedic POUNDS ON PHINNEY's chest. Yancy - also avoiding the limelight - sidles up to her.

YANCY (CONT'D)

(re. Chest pounding)

Unfortunately, that's just for show. He's kicked. You're gonna have to answer a bunch of questions, and I'd appreciate it if I didn't come up that much. Maybe afterwards, you and I could talk.

MADELINE

I'm going to ask again. Are you a cop?

YANCY

I'm on sabbatical.

She's really shaken. Her hands tremor.

MADELINE

You got a smoke? I'm coming apart here.

He doesn't. Yancy walks over and PICKS UP the VERY MARLBORO PHINNEY had paused to light when he got shot. He kindly offers it to her. She takes it from his hand.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Why the hell not?

And Yancy lights it for her. She smokes, in shock, as YANCY grabs his bike and moves off.

INT. YANCY'S MODEST HOME - MINUTES LATER

Yancy is a little shaken, too, as he arrives home. In quick, TIGHT cuts we see him wash his hands (there's some blood from checking Phinney), pour himself a big Rum and Coke, and search for the JOINT he bargained for, and light it. We then see YANCY on his couch, drinking, smoking. He exhales, finally RELAXING. He GRABS HIS CELL and presses the button to hear his messages.

YANCY ACTUALLY will SEE HIS MESSAGES. We will see each person, the camera moving LEFT to RIGHT as if they are circling around him...

INT. BONNIE'S PLACE - FIRST MESSAGE

Bonnie makes a drink as she talks into her cell.

BONNIE

Hey, it's me. Maybe you made me jealous, I don't know, but I've been thinking impure thoughts about you. Cliff hasn't touched me in months. He's experimenting with autoerotic asphyxiation - you know, where you beat off while faux-strangling yourself? I found him tonight passed out on the floor, blue as a jellyfish. Bad news: he's fine. He wants to get a portable defibrillator in case he screws up...

(melancholy)

You know what the greatest thing about you is, Andrew? You are the king of doing what's right in the COMPLETE wrong way.

(takes a big sip)

My past is coming for me, bubba. I need some help. Give me a call.

WE INTERCUT WITH ANDREW.

YANCY

You are trouble, woman.

He hits for the next VOICEMAIL.

INT. ROSA CAMPESINO'S KITCHEN - SECOND MESSAGE

Rosa moves around her kitchen while she talks on her cell.

ROSA

I'm so sorry if I got you in trouble. I called looking for you, and that Sonny guy pretended to be your buddy-- he's not really the Sheriff, down there, is he? Anyway, I just wanted to know how the arm thing was going. I'm, I don't know... invested I guess.

(hesitates, then dives in)

And I want to apologize for lying. I'm not dating a sniper on the SWAT team. Sorry I jerked you around-- just wasn't in the mood for lunch.

YANCY SMILES throughout the end of this. He's definitely a bit wasted. He sings a million dollar needle drop:

YANCY

Nice.

(sings)

Rosa-lita, jump a little higher,  
Senorita, come sit by my fire--

He hits the button for the last message.

INT. CAITLIN COX'S BEDROOM - THIRD MESSAGE

CAITLIN

Sorry to hassle you on a weekend, but remember what I said at the funeral? About my stepmother, that greedy, hose monster, thundercunt? She's already trying to have Dad officially declared dead so she can collect the insurance. You know you think she did it...

YANCY

I actually might--

CAITLIN

Well I've got proof, bitch. So if you want to be a big fucking hero, drop me a line.

She hangs up. Yancy smiles and TOASTS no one.

YANCY

(groggy)

Fuck you, Sonny. I solve a murder I'm gonna get. Me. My. Desk back.

As he slowly passes out, smiling, we see the RAIN HAS RETURNED in his WINDOW.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

No matter wot a mon do, we all get to a crossroad soon enough...

EXT. DRAGON QUEEN'S HOUSE, ANDROS - NIGHT

Neville stands in the rain, DRIGGS ON HIS SHOULDER. He walks up to the door, HESITATES.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

De only question, really, is whedder you gots the courage to move fuhward...

Neville takes a deep breath and KNOCKS.

DRAGON QUEEN (O.S.)

Iss open.

Neville and Driggs enter. Driggs is CHITTERING, terrified, HUGGING NEVILLE'S Leg. The DRAGON QUEEN (late 50s) is real, and as ominous as you can imagine. She wears a scarf around her head and a shell necklace. It's dark, candlelight, only.

NEVILLE

(deep breath)

I need some woo-doo on a white man.

DRAGON QUEEN

(squints)

Who dis white devil you wish to be rid of?

NEVILLE

He's a developer, goes by the name Chrissofer. My friend Willy tell me he s'pposed to be flyin' back here tonight.

He awkwardly presents her with a bottle of Bacardi rum for payment.

DRAGON QUEEN

You got any ting belongs to dis man?

He hands her the SHIRT. She takes it, smells it.

DRAGON QUEEN (CONT'D)  
I do dis ting fuh you, he might  
go'n die.

NEVILLE  
(thinks about it)  
Whatever God's will.

DRAGON QUEEN  
All right, suh.

She traces her long, EERIE fingers around the shirt.

DRAGON QUEEN (CONT'D)  
He's not a Bahamian, dis devil.

NEVILLE  
Dat's true. He from de States.

DRAGON QUEEN  
Then woo-doo must be extra strong.  
Cost more, you unnerstan. Bring me  
nodder bottle a rum.

NEVILLE  
Dot I will.

SHE MOVES CLOSER, LEANING IN.

DRAGON QUEEN  
And next time, you stay 'round to  
keep me comp'ny.

Neville as instructed, TRIES TO AVOID her intense STARE.  
After a long moment:

DRAGON QUEEN (CONT'D)  
But not tonight.

She POINTS to the DOOR. Neville HURRIES OUT.

EXT. DRAGON QUEEN'S HOUSE, ANDROS - CONTINUOUS

Neville gets on his BIKE and pedals away in the pouring RAIN,  
TERRIFIED. DRIGGS, equally SCARED, clings to Neville's ears  
to hold on, HURTING HIM.

NEVILLE  
Bod Monkey! Bod Monkey!

DRIGGS covers Neville's eyes. Neville tries to move his hands and they co CAREENING into the brush, CRASHING in the dark rain. Neville gets up from his knees, and notices an intense WIND amidst the IMPRESSIVE ENERGY OF THE STORM.

They are near the CONSTRUCTION SITE. Neville is TRANSFIXED as he sees a HELICOPTER LANDING nearby. He moves slowly toward it, expecting to finally see "CHRISTOPHER" in the flesh.

CHRISTOPHER emerges, WEARING THE BRIGHT ORANGE PONCHO. HE IS OUR MURDERER FROM a few short hours ago. CONNECTION!

THE KILLER is backlit by the lights of the site, face invisible, and he stops, STARING DIRECTLY at NEVILLE. They are a mere 20 yards apart, TAKING EACH OTHER in.

LIGHTNING CRASHES ACROSS THE SKY, and we go CLOSE on DRIGGS's angry MONKEY FACE.

AS DRIGGS HISSES and BARES his FANGS:

BLACK.