HOKE

Pilot by

Scott Frank

From the novel by

Charles Willeford

7-19-13

BLACK

RADIO
Hurricane Bob has officially been downgraded to a tropical storm, but he's still gonna bring us winds of up to sixty miles an hour in parts of the city...

FADE IN ON A CLOSE-UP OF EDDIE

The "night man" at the Eldorado hotel. Asleep. SPIN OUR POV to reveal that Eddie's head rests on the counter. The NEWS crackles from a radio behind the desk.

RADIO
...So batten down the hatches, stock up on candles and beer.

BOOM UP NOW TO THE MIRROR BEHIND THE FRONT DESK, REFLECTING THE GLASS FRONT DOOR, PALM TREES LEANING AWAY FROM THE WIND.

RADIO (CONT'D)
In other news, the FBI issued its list of the ten most crime ridden cities in America... And for 1985, Miami is once again in first place!

The front door opens and A FIGURE IN A DARK RAIN HOOD slips inside.

RADIO (CONT'D)
West Palm and Fort Lauderdale took fifth and eighth place. Well done!

PANNING AWAY FROM THE MIRROR NOW, losing the figure for a moment to show the rest of the raggedy-assed lobby of the Eldorado. Empty now. CONTINUE PANNING AROUND...

RADIO (CONT'D)
Miami also had the nation's highest murder rate. About a third of which are, no shock, drug related.

...And pick up the FIGURE, face hidden in the rain gear, moving to the desk...

RADIO (CONT'D)
The DEA estimates that 70% of all marijuana and cocaine imported into the US now passes through South Florida.

The figure leans over the counter and grabs EDDIE'S KEYRING from his belt, the old night man snoring obliviously.

RADIO (CONT'D)
And at 12 billion a year, it turns out that drugs are now our number one industry, ahead of real estate and tourism.

The figure then heads for the stairs and starts up...

RADIO (CONT'D)
Way to go South Florida!

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

LOOKING DOWN as the figure quietly moves up the stairs, carefully stepping around an ABANDONED WALKER...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

AS THE FIGURE'S RAIN HOOD APPEARS IN THE SQUARE WINDOW IN THE DOOR. Now PULLING AWAY as the figure opens the door and moves up the hallway. WE KEEP LOW, SO WE DON'T SEE ANY FACE, JUST A GLOVED HAND PULLING A NICKEL PLATED .45 FROM A COAT POCKET.

The Figure stops at a door. Jangles EDDIE'S KEY RING...

INT. ELDORADO HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Dark. A man sleeps in immediate f.g., back to the door. Which now opens, spilling light from the hallway into the room bit by bit, illuminating first the GLASS WITH THE FALSE TEETH ON THE NIGHTSTAND. AND THEN THE BADGE. AND THEN THE CUFFS, AND finally, THE GUN NESTLED IN ITS CLIP-ON HOLSTER...

The now silhouetted figure in the doorway raises the .45 and FIRES ONE OFF AT THE BED. That big gun loud as fuck in here.

HOKE MOSELEY sits up into the light, feels the near sting of a second shot on his cheek and rolls off the bed frantically reaching for his own .38 as he goes...

More shots from the door chop up the room, Hoke waits for a break, fires over the top of the bed, hitting the figure in the arm, jerking the figure backwards before it takes off...

Hoke clambers over the bed for the door...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

FROM BEHIND as the figure, a blur, sprints back down the hall for the stairwell. And now, HOKE bolts from the room and we get our first look at him. A couple of things we might notice about Hoke as we go:

1) He's in his forties. Mustached. Maybe not in the best shape of his life. And, except for his socks...

2) He's buck naked.

The intruder throws a wild shot over his shoulder and Hoke presses his bare ass into a doorway.

The door opens. AN ELDERLY WOMAN takes one look at the naked Hoke, the gun in his hand, and SCREAMS.

HOKE
It's all right, Mrs. Bergman! Go back to bed!

Another door across the hall opens and an ELDERLY GENT sticks his head out as the intruder continues to fire --

HOKE (CONT'D)
CLOSE YOUR GODDAMN DOOR!

Hoke pushes away from the wall just as the intruder hits the stairwell. Hoke follows after him...

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Once more FROM ABOVE as the Intruder bolts down the stairs two at a time, leaping over the DISCARDED WALKER. Hoke hits the stairs and pursues. Dodging shots that now zing his way, nearly breaking his neck as he falls over the fucking walker.

INT. ELDORADO HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

As the intruder bursts from the stairwell. Bolts across the silent lobby, past the still-sleeping Eddie and out the door.

Hoke stumbles out of the stairwell a moment later and slips and slides across the lobby. Runs out the front door...

EXT. ELDORADO HOTEL - SAME

...and emerges straight into A GALE. Hoke hit full force by the rain and the wind which, as advertised, is 60 miles an hour and now pummeling South Beach.

Hoke steps into the street searching for his attacker when he steps on something. He bends down and picks up A RED WIG. The HAIR now soaking wet. He turns back to the hotel and sees--

THE LOBBY now full of assorted BLUE HAIRS in their robes and pajamas crowded at the glass doors, staring out slack-jawed at Hoke, now naked and clinging dripping wig, trying not to blow away as we--

CUT TO BLACK

"HOKE"

And then SUPER: **"TWO DAYS EARLIER"**

EXT. GREEN LAKES HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

As a battered Bonneville makes it's way past brightly painted cookie-cutter houses built sometime back in the fifties...

HOKE (V.O.)
If you're gonna be a cop in Miami, you gotta know CRAP.

INT. HOKE'S CAR - DAY

Hoke's at the wheel, dressed in a yellow poplin leisure suit. Beside him is his partner, ELLITA SANCHEZ. She's in her early thirties, Cuban, pretty when she smiles which isn't often. In dark shades, she stares out the window as Hoke yammers--

HOKE
You know what I'm talking about, right?

She turns and looks at him with a flat expression.

HOKE (CONT'D)
CRAP? It's the acronym for finding your way around.
(then)
C stands for courts. *R* for roads. *A* for--

ELLITA
--Avenues. And *P* for places. They all run north and south. I was a dispatcher for seven years. I know CRAP.

The drive for a moment. Then--

HOKE
Not always.
(off her look)
They don't <u>always</u> run north and south.

He nods, *See? You don't know everything.*

HOKE (CONT'D)
Sometimes they loop around in semi circles or wild arabesques.

ELLITA
Arabesques. Good to know. Take the next right.

He smiles as he slows down for a speed bump.

HOKE
Sleeping Policemen.
(off her look)
The speed bumps. That's what we used to call them.

She nods. *Ah*.

HOKE (CONT'D)
They built this area in the mid fifties for Korean war vets with five hundred dollars saved for a down payment. These were all $10,000 houses then. Today, you wanna buy a house in Green Lakes, it'll cost you ninety grand.

Ellita just stares out the window as he drones on.

HOKE (CONT'D)
You're close enough to Hialeah for shopping but far enough away to avoid the Latin influx.

Okay, now she looks at him.

ELLITA
What about the blacks?

HOKE
Still too expensive.

ELLITA
(points)
That's it, right there.

EXT. HICKEY HOUSE - DAY

A Miami PD Blue & White is parked out front of the well kept house. A muscular, Latin OFFICER leans against a ficus tree, smoking a cigarette and chatting up two TEENAGE GIRLS.

The girls, in tank tops and shorts, straddle a pair of bikes.

But now as Hoke pulls up behind the blue & white, the Officer comes off the tree flicking away his smoke to meet them. The girls checking out Ellita as she gets out, the gun on her hip. Without looking at them--

ELLITA
Beat it.

HOKE
(to the officer)
Moseley. Homicide. Where's your hat...

(MORE)

HOKE (CONT'D)
(glances at the officers nameplate)
...Garcia?

OFFICER/GARCIA
In the car.

HOKE
Put it on. You're under arms. You're supposed to be covered.

Hoke looks around as Garcia reaches into his car, grabs his hat and puts it on. It looks two sizes too small resting on his abundance of black curly hair. Hoke ignores it--

HOKE (CONT'D)
Where's the decedent?

INT. HICKEY HOUSE - SAME

OFFICER HANNIGAN, a blonde woman in her early twenties with purple eye makeup and coral lipstick opens the door as Hoke and Ellita step onto the porch. She's clutching her purse.

HOKE
Don't you have a hat either?

Hoke pushes past her. She trails after him...

HANNIGAN
It's in the car. But Sergeant Roberts said it was optional, whether we wore hats or not.

HOKE
It's not an option. Any time you're wearing a sidearm, you'll keep your head covered.

Hoke moves down the hall, takes in the house. Antique white rattan. Fresh flowers everywhere.

HOKE (CONT'D)
If you want me to, I'll explain the reasons why to Sergeant Roberts.

HANNIGAN
I'd rather you didn't.

HOKE
And next time, leave your purse in your locker-- you're in uniform, for Christ's sake.

HANNIGAN
Yes, sergeant.

ELLITA
Where are we going?

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

A YOUNG MALE, teeth bared in a frozen grin, lies on a narrow cot. He's naked, save the urine-stained blue boxers. His arms hug his sides, fingers extended, like the hands of a skinny soldier lying at attention.

HANNIGAN
Was DOA when we got here.

Hoke peers into the room a moment, looks around, then--

HOKE
Who found him?

HANNIGAN
The mother, Mrs. Hickey -- Loretta Hickey -- discovered the body and called it in.

HOKE
Father?

HANNIGAN
Mrs. Hickey's divorced, lives here alone with her son.

HOKE
And where <u>is</u> Mrs. Hickey?

HANNIGAN
Next door with the neighbor.
(then)
The dead guy's name is Gerry Hickey. Gerald. With a *G*.

HOKE
Was.

HANNIGAN
Excuse me?

HOKE
The dead guy's name *was* Gerry Hickey. Has the father been notified?

HANNIGAN
I don't know. Joey-- I mean, Officer Garcia -- didn't notify anyone, and me neither.

Ellita pulls on a pair of gloves, looks at the Hannigan still standing there.

ELLITA
We're all good, thanks.

Ellita turns her attention to the body.

ELLITA (CONT'D)
Malnourished male. About eighteen or nineteen. Habitual user.

Hoke looks at the card table beside the bed. The bag of white powder, the Bic lighter, bent spoon, hypodermic needle.

HOKE
You think?

Hoke stares at the body as Ellita continues cataloguing and bagging evidence. He stares at the rictus, that weird smile the dead guy is giving him, can't turn away. Ellita's VOICE DRONING INTO NOTHING, until...

ELLITA
Hoke? Hoke? HOKE.

Hoke looks at her. *What?*

ELLITA (CONT'D)
Where'd you go?

Hoke realizes he's now sitting on the bed with the corpse. Embarrassed, he quickly stands up, starts out of the room.

HOKE
Just another dead junkie. I'm gonna go talk to the mother.

ELLITA
You see the marks on his neck?

HOKE
(walking out)
Yeah. Sure. Six of them.

ELLITA
They could be from somebody's thumb.

HOKE
Or Gerry Hickey was aptly named.

ELLITA
Who'd go near this guy?

HOKE
Another junkie.

ELLITA
(inspects his arms)
These are old tracks.

HOKE
(turns to go)
Check his balls.

ELLITA
Should I put my hat on while I look?

He gives her a look, walks out. She pulls down the dead guy's shorts, stares.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Hoke, now sweating, sticks his head in here, looks at the bed, unmade, something sexy about the room. Woman's room. Hoke quickly crosses to the bathroom...

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Hoke enters, takes in all of the make up and brushes and such. Picks up a brush, pulls out a long strand of hair. Somehow he's entranced by that, but then drops the brush, opens the medicine cabinet, starts rifling vials...

He finds something intriguing, opens it, pops a few of the pills into his palm...

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Hoke enters, this room glances about-- the clean space, like the bed and the brush, somehow attractive to him. He opens the fridge and pulls out a bottle of Gatorade.

He's drinking it down when he sees a bottle of VODKA standing atop the fridge. He glances down the hall, adds a few fingers of the alcohol to the Gatorade. Drinks it down.

EXT. HICKEY HOUSE - DAY

Hoke steps outside, takes out a pack of Kools. He pulls one out, breaks the smoke in half and returns the other half to the pack, shaking the entire time.

He then lights up. Closes his eyes. Tries to steady himself in the hot Miami sun...

A WOMAN LAUGHS OVER and Hoke turns--

EXT. HICKEY HOUSE - DAY

Hoke looks over at the house next door as Officer Garcia emerges... hanging onto a struggling, giggling WOMAN.

Hoke moves closer, can see that the woman has a great figure, *a really great figure*, she's taller than Garcia, wears a pair of green cotton hip-huggers and a yellow terrycloth halter, exposing a nice white midriff... Hoke stares--

She stops giggling, suddenly raises her arms above her head and slides through Garcia's encircling arms to the grass.

Hoke walks over and crouches down in front of LORETTA HICKEY now sitting on the grass, legs spread, sobbing.

HOKE
Mrs. Hickey?

Her hair hangs in her face, but when she looks up at Hoke, smiling, *he can't move*. He takes in her red face, streaked with tears. The cornflower blue eyes. And he's gone.

WOMAN'S VOICE
It's all my fault...

He turns as a short, matronly woman, MRS. KOONTZ, in red shorts and a T-shirt stands in the doorway.

HOKE
And you are, ma'am?

MRS. KOONTZ
Mrs. Robert Koontz. Ellen.

HOKE
What's all your fault, Mrs. Koontz?

Mrs. Koontz nods to the woman sitting at Hoke's feet.

MRS. KOONTZ
Lorrie --Mrs. Hickey-- was very upset when she found Gerry dead.

Hoke looks at Loretta, sitting there with her head ducked.

MRS. KOONTZ (CONT'D)
She came over here. So I thought it would be a good idea to give her a drink. You know, to calm her down a little. So before I called nine eleven, I poured her a glass of Wild Turkey. A big glass.

Mrs. Koontz giggles, then puts her fingers to her mouth.

MRS. KOONTZ (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I really am.

HOKE
Don’t be. The world would look better if everybody drank a glass of Wild Turkey in the morning.

Hoke looks at the drunk a woman a moment, then--

HOKE (CONT'D)
Why don’t you and Officer Garcia get Mrs. Hickey back inside. Put her to bed, and tell her I’ll be back this evening.

Hoke watches them escort her back to the house. Loretta pausing to look back at Hoke and give him a big drunken smile.

EXT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Hoke’s rusted Bonneville loops into the parking lot, passing a group of younger OFFICERS having a smoke, pausing their conversation to watch Hoke maneuver into a space nearby.

As Hoke and Ellita walk to the building, the Officers make a big show of adjusting their hats. Hoke flips them off--

HOKE
Hilarious.

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

As Hoke follows Ellita off the elevator--

HOKE
I’ll be right there.

--and is immediately intercepted by BILL HENDERSON, a giant detective, well over six feet.

HENDERSON
What the hell, Hoke?

HOKE
I know.

HENDERSON
I miss you.

HOKE
I miss you, too. How’s Gonzales?

HENDERSON
A Goddamn infant.

Henderson looks across the room at a baby-faced cop. TEDDY GONZALES. Shakes his head.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)
Stepped on a DB yesterday. We get to a scene, he walks in the door, first thing, steps right on the body. Front of all the techs.

HOKE
He didn't see it?

HENDERSON
I don't know. I didn't ask. Was too embarrassed. How's Sanchez?

HOKE
Cuban and all that goes with it. If she'd just do what I tell her, we'd be fine.

HENDERSON
Amen.

HOKE
Get used to it, Bill. Gonzalez and Sanchez. They're the future now.

HENDERSON
Muchos gracias, Affirmative Action.

HOKE
Affirmative, my ass.

They start to move off. Henderson starts to move off, turns back...

HENDERSON
Oh-- the Major's looking for you.

INT. MAJOR BROWNLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

MAJOR BROWNLEY -- 50's, trim, mustache, black -- lights a cigar as Hoke knocks.

BROWNLEY
You may enter.

HOKE
DOA's at the morgue. Coroner's gonna work him up by tomorrow.

Brownley just puffs on the stogie.

HOKE (CONT'D)
Willie, am I being punished for something?

BROWNLEY
How do you mean, *punished*?

HOKE
This is Miami. There's a dead body every five minutes. All kinds. In all sorts of places. But for some reason, I keep getting the losers. The junkies and the suicides. Or worse, the junkie suicides. It's a waste of my experience, don't you think?

BROWNLEY
Quite the opposite. I'm using your experience to train Sanchez. And I don't think she's ready for more.

HOKE
Henderson and I were a good team--

BROWNLEY
Put the old guys with the young guys. Way it's always been done.

HOKE
Feels more like you're putting the white guys with the other guys.

Brownley draws on his cigar. Lets that one go. Looks at Hoke through a voluminous exhale.

HOKE (CONT'D)
Willie, please. I'm bored out of my skull. I need to do what I do. I'm losing my mind.

BROWNLEY
Being bored's got nothing to do with why you're your losing your mind, Hoke.

Hoke looks at him. Brownley shakes his head.

BROWNLEY (CONT'D)
You must be the last man in Miami wearing a leisure suit. Where'd you find it anyway?

HOKE
There was a close-out in the fashion district. I got this blue poplin and a yellow one just like it for only fifty bucks on a two-for-one sale.

BROWNLEY
You wear that to court?

HOKE
I've got an old blue serge I wear to court. I like the extra pockets, and with a leisure suit, you don't have to wear a tie. It's simpler.

Brownley just nods, then--

BROWNLEY
You need to move, Hoke.

HOKE
On the Hickey thing? It's an OD. What's the rush?

BROWNLEY
I mean that you need to move out of the Eldorado Hotel.

HOKE
What for?

BROWNLEY
(tosses him a file)
You read the chief's report?

HOKE
Does anyone read that shit?

BROWNLEY
I'll summarize: There's no cops living in the city anymore. They live in Kendall or South Miami or North Miami or West Miami, but no cops live in Miami.

HOKE
Are we talking about white cops?

BROWNLEY
Who else?

HOKE
It's too expensive.

BROWNLEY
It's too Latin.

HOKE
Only in Little Havana.

BROWNLEY
Point is, Miami cops are supposed to carry their badges and weapons at all times, be ready to make an off-hours arrest or assist an officer in trouble.
(MORE)

BROWNLEY (CONT'D)
But with so many living out of town, there's few actually available for any of that. So the new chief's decided that if all cops were to live in city limits, there'd be a marked drop in the crime rate.

HOKE
That's maybe the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

BROWNLEY
Maybe so, but it's always been the rule, just no one's ever actually enforced it. Until now.

HOKE
You're gonna lose a lotta good cops. They bought houses. They got kids in school. They'll just get jobs in Kendall or West Miami, or wherever they live.

BROWNLEY
Like you said, it's a dumb rule, and I have no intention of abiding. That's why I need you to get out of the Eldorado as soon as possible.

HOKE
I don't understand.

BROWNLEY
Next to Coral Gables, South Beach probably has the highest crime rate in Dade County. Sooner or later, in that shitty neighborhood, you're gonna get mixed up in a shooting or something and have to make an arrest. Then we're all of sudden playing tag with jurisdiction and then the Chief gets a phone call. And then I get a phone call.

HOKE
The Eldorado's a quiet place. It's mostly old Jews on Social Security.

BROWNLEY
And Mariel refugees.

HOKE
Only five left now. I got rid of the troublemakers.

BROWNLEY
Still, Hoke, you get caught up in something over there, you ruin it for the rest of us.

HOKE
I've got a Miami address. Officially my mail goes to Bill Henderson's house.

BROWNLEY
But I know you're still living in the Eldorado.

HOKE
It'll take some time to find a new place.

He makes a big show out of returning to his paperwork...

BROWNLEY
You got two weeks or you'll be suspended without pay until you're back in the city.

INT. HOKE & ELLITA'S OFFICE - DAY

A gloomy Hoke sits down at the desk adjacent to Ellita's as she hangs up her phone.

ELLITA
Assistant M.E. thinks it's an OD, but not for the record.

HOKE
You look surprised.

ELLITA
Something's bothering me.

HOKE
All your experience working the switchboard?

She looks away as e takes out his FALSE TEETH sets them on the desk, massages his jaw.

ELLITA
I sent for Hickey's file. Should have a printout any minute.

HOKE
(puts them back)
He's got a jacket?

ELLITA
According to the computer. He's been busted a few times, yeah.

Hoke picks up a Baggie containing items from Hickey's room.

HOKE
Send the tinfoil and the powder to the lab. The roach too, if you want -- or take it home and smoke it.

ELLITA
I don't smoke pot, Sergeant.

Ellita puts the roach in her purse. Hoke grabs Hickey's wallet, starts calling off what's inside.

HOKE
One driver's license. Expired. One black and white photo of a mongrel with a ball in its mouth. One gift coupon for a McDonald's quarter-pounder. Expired. One Visa credit card in Gerald Hickey's name. Expired. One phone number written on a gum wrapper--

Hoke reaches for the phone. Dials. A MAN with a weird drawl picks up.

MAN (PHONE)
Yeah?

HOKE
To whom am I speaking?

MAN
Well, gee, I don't know. To who the fuck are you?

HOKE
Is Gerry Hickey available?

And now the man starts laughing and hangs up. Hoke looks at the phone, slides the gum wrapper with the number over to Ellita.

HOKE (CONT'D)
--find out where that is. I'll be back in an hour.

She just nods as he gets up. He pauses at the door. Looks at Ellita a minute as she puts on some fresh lipstick.

HOKE (CONT'D)
You live in Miami?

ELLITA
Yeah.

HOKE
Apartment?

ELLITA
House.

HOKE
You have your own house?

ELLITA
I rent a room. Why?

HOKE
Never mind.

EXT. SAFE 'N SURE HOME-SITTING SERVICE - DAY

As Hoke pulls up to the storefront in a Coconut Grove mall.

MS. WESTPHAL (V.O.)
At least you're a WASP, Sergeant.

INT. SAFE 'N SURE HOME-SITTING SERVICE - SAME

Hoke sits across from MS. WESTPHAL, the lady rocking a pair of Gloria Vanderbilt jeans, black U-necked T-shirt with the word MACHO across the middle in block white letters. No bra.

MS. WESTPHAL
I've got more Latin house sitters now than I can use, but try to find a WASP sitter right now, forget it.
(hands him the paperwork)
There's a thousand-dollar security bond, and if you don't have a thousand dollars--

HOKE
--I don't have a thousand dollars.

MS. WESTPHAL
--I can get you a bond for a hundred in cash.

HOKE
I can raise that much.

MS. WESTPHAL
I get paid fifteen dollars a day for my services. The sitter gets five dollars a day, or seventy-five dollars every two weeks.

HOKE
Cash?

MS. WESTPHAL
Please-- if there's anything I hate it's fooling around with all that withholding tax and minimum-wage bullshit paperwork.

HOKE
Saves the government time, too.

MS. WESTPHAL
Exactly. Now what do you know of house plants?

HOKE
I've never owned one.

MS. WESTPHAL
That's an important duty. You have to take care of the house plants. But the owners usually leave detailed instructions, so all you have to do is follow them.

HOKE
I can do that.

MS. WESTPHAL
What about dogs and cats?

HOKE
Cats are okay. My ex had one. But I've never owned a dog.

MS. WESTPHAL
Well, this place I'm sending you to has a dog that goes with it. You'll have to feed and water the dog as well as the house plants.

HOKE
Shouldn't be too hard.

MS. WESTPHAL
The last five people I've sent out there turned the place down. I don't understand what the problem is. None of them would say why they backed out.
(hands him a card)
But you, being a cop and all, should be able to handle a dog.

EXT. FERGUSON HOUSE - DAY

Hoke pulls into the gravel drive and continues down to the house hidden behind a grove of Palmettos. A MAN and his DOG -- a bushy, black-and-burnt-orange AIREDALE -- come out of the house.

The moment Hoke gets out of the car, the dog, slavering, grips Hoke's right leg tightly with his forelegs, digs his wet jowls into Hoke's crotch and begins to dry-hump Hoke's leg in a well-practiced, determined rhythm.

HOKE
Down boy-- Mr. Ferguson?

MR. FERGUSON, a man in his early forties wearing a heavy grey cardigan despite the ninety degree temperature, takes out his pipe and calmly lights it, oblivious.

HOKE (CONT'D)
(trying to shake the dog loose)
Ms. Westphal sent me out about the house-sitting job.

MR. FERGUSON
(gets his pipe going, then)
She called me. Come on inside.

Mr. Ferguson starts for the door. Hook manages to kick the amorous Airedale viciously enough to dislodge him.

INT. FERGUSON HOUSE - SAME

As the dog darts ahead and goes through the door before Hoke can shut it. The moment Hoke does close it, the animal is on him again, his forelegs clamped like a vise around Hoke's thigh. Hoke takes out his pistol. Cocks it.

HOKE
Sir, if you don't get this animal off me, I'm gonna shoot it in the head.

MR. FERGUSON
No need to do that.
(then)
Rex! On the table, boy!

The dog releases Hoke's leg and immediately jumps to a chair, then onto the kitchen table amongst the dirty dishes from Mr. Ferguson's lunch.

MR. FERGUSON (CONT'D)
Good boy.

Mr. Ferguson calmly reaches between the dog's legs--

MR. FERGUSON (CONT'D)
Old Rex gets horny living here without a mate, but if you jack him off once or twice a day, he stays mighty quiet. That's a boy...

Hoke can't believe his fucking eyes. But Mr. Ferguson continues talking as he jacks off the dog--

MR. FERGUSON (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go up and stay with my mama in Fitzgerald, Georgia. She's dying of cancer, the doctors only give her six or seven months to live.

HOKE
(not sure where to look)
That's uh, terrible...

MR. FERGUSON
I don't think it'll be that long, but however long it takes, I'm gonna stay with her. She's all alone up there, with no friends, so I have to go up whether I want to or not. But.. a man only has one mama you know?

HOKE
Uh-huh...

Hoke winces as the dog climaxes and Mr. Ferguson wipes the table with a paper napkin and Rex jumps to the chair, then to the floor and collapses in a corduroy bed in the corner.

MR. FERGUSON
You wanna see the rest of the house?

HOKE
No. Not really.

MR. FERGUSON
I got a pool out back. Rex likes to dive for rocks. You can throw one into the deep end and he'll dive right in and bring it back to you. Labrador retrievers do that, but not many Airedales.

HOKE
Yeah. Well--
(starts for the door)
(MORE)

HOKE (CONT'D)
I've got another appointment. Mrs. Westphal will call you later.

MR. FERGUSON
You gonna sit my house for me?

HOKE
I don't think so. I've still got a couple options.

MR. FERGUSON
That's too bad. Rex liked you a lot. I could tell.

EXT. FERGUSON HOUSE - DAY

As Hoke gets the hell out of there--

HOKE (V.O.)
Have you got another house?

INT. SAFE 'N SURE HOME-SITTING SERVICE - DAY

Ms. Westphal on the phone, dries her wet nails in front of a fan.

MS. WESTPHAL
I've got a place on Grove Isle, but it's only for a week.

HOKE (V.O.)
Nothing else?

MS. WESTPHAL
Not at present. What's the problem out there anyway?

EXT. GAS STATION - PAY PHONE - DAY

Hoke, boiling, tugs at his sweat-stained shirt...

HOKE
Well, I think part of the problem may be that you have to jerk the dog off every day.

MS. WESTPHAL (PHONE)
The dog?

HOKE
It seems that Mr. Ferguson owns a concupiscent Airedale.

INTERCUTTING HOKE & MS. WESTPHAL

MS. WESTPHAL
What kind of Airedale?

HOKE
Sex-crazed. He humps your leg and won't let go until you jack him off.

MS. WESTPHAL
How long does it take?

HOKE
Less than a minute. Closer to thirty seconds than a minute.

MS. WESTPHAL
What's the big deal then, Sergeant? I used to jerk guys off in junior high. If you didn't, you never got a second date.

Hoke looks at the phone.

MS. WESTPHAL (CONT'D)
It seems to me that getting a lovely home to live in, free, and five dollars a day besides, should be worth a minute of your time every day.

HOKE
Not to me it isn't. If it ever got out in the division that I--
(then)
Look, I'm just not interested.

MS. WESTPHAL
Hang on. Let's think about this...
(then)
I'll tell you what. It'll only take me ten minutes to get over there. Why don't you take the house, and then when the dog starts humping your leg you can call me and I'll drive over and handle it for you.

HOKE
You've got nothing else?

MS. WESTPHAL
Not in Miami. I'll call you if that changes, but you should've told me you didn't like dogs. It would've saved a trip out to Mr. Ferguson's house.

HOKE
Yeah, well, until I met Rex, I didn't know that I didn't like dogs.

EXT. GREEN LAKES HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

As Hoke pulls up in front of the Hickey house. He starts up the walk to the front door when--

WOMAN'S VOICE
That's far enough.

Loretta Hickey standing on the other side of the screen.

HOKE
It's Sergeant Moseley, Mrs. Hickey. We met this morning?

She's cleaned up since we last saw her. She wears a thin silk robe. She doesn't recognize him--

LORETTA
Show me some ID.

Hoke holds up his badge. She studies it a good long while with those bold blue eyes, then finally opens the screen.

LORETTA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Sergeant. Come in.
(leading him inside)
I thought it might be those two men coming back.

HOKE
(follows her in)
What two men?

LORETTA
They said they were friends of Gerry's, but I'd never seen them before. They just walked right in, started looking in Gerry's room.

She sits down on the couch, Hoke looks down the hall.

HOKE
What did they want?

LORETTA
They asked me if Gerry had left a package for them, and I told them no. Then one of them asked me if the police had found twenty-five thousand dollars in the room.

HOKE
What'd you tell them?

LORETTA
I told them no. That's when they started dumping the drawers out on the floor.

Hoke peers into the room, sees the mess on the floor.

HOKE
What did they look like, these men?

LORETTA
(as Hoke sits down)
Both were in their mid twenties. Very well-dressed with blow-dry hair -- like Brickell Avenue or Kendall types. One of them was wearing a silk suit and the other had on a linen jacket. The one in the suit had black loafers. The other one wore brown and white shoes.

HOKE
(sitting down)
The man with the black shoes did all the talking, right?

LORETTA
How'd you know that?

HOKE
I didn't. But guys who wear two-tone shoes have an ambivalent personality and are indecisive.

LORETTA
Wow. I never knew that.

Hoke looks at her. She's genuinely interested. She shifts her position and Hoke becomes keenly aware that she's not wearing a bra or possibly anything else underneath. He gets out his notebook. Clears his throat.

HOKE
What else did they say about the twenty-five thousand?

LORETTA
Just that Gerry was supposed to deliver it to them yesterday, but he didn't show up.

HOKE
Did you see their car?

LORETTA
It was a convertible. The top was down. It was light green, an apple green.

HOKE
You have an eye for detail, Mrs. Hickey. You get the license?

LORETTA
No, that I missed. I was talking to Mrs. Ames who'd just come over with a Key Lime pie.

HOKE
Key Lime pie? How was it?

She looks at Hoke, smiles.

LORETTA
Would you like a piece?

HOKE
I really shouldn't. But a beer would be okay.

LORETTA
I've got Vodka, and a six-pack of Cokes, but no beer.

HOKE
Make it a Coke, then.
(follows her)
I usually drink beer or bourbon, but I can drink almost anything, except for Mr. Pibb.

Hoke looks at the table, now piled high with food from the neighbors... baked ham, two cheesecakes, two Key lime pies, baked beans, etc.

LORETTA
You ever see so much food?

Hoke sees her smiling at him from the kitchen.

LORETTA (CONT'D)
I've had two ham sandwiches already.

HOKE
That's natural. Death makes a person hungry.
(then)
Tell me, Mrs. Hickey--

LORETTA
--Loretta.
(hands him a coke)
But everybody calls me Lorrie.

HOKE
Tell me, Lorrie, how long had your son been a junkie?

LORETTA
Gerry isn't my son.

HOKE
He's not?

LORETTA
No. Gerry's my ex-husband's son. Only Gerry wasn't his natural son either. He was my ex-husband's adopted son by his ex wife's first husband.

HOKE
Come again?

LORETTA
See, Harold, my ex-husband, adopted Gerry when he married Marcella, his first wife, because she had custody of Gerry from her first marriage. Then, after they were divorced, Marcella left town Harold had to keep Gerry because Gerry was now his legal responsibility. Then Harold married me about a year later, when Gerry turned sixteen. But I never adopted Gerry, so I wasn't his legal stepmother or anything like that. He just came with Harold and this house.

HOKE
You may not believe me, but I can actually follow you. I run into a lot more complicated families than yours in Miami.

LORETTA
I bet.

HOKE
So if he wasn't your son, why was Gerry living here?

LORETTA
I always got along with Gerry better than Harold ever did, but Harold was responsible for him legally. So he gave me an extra two hundred a month in our agreement if I let Gerry stay here with me.

HOKE
Even though Gerry's been in trouble before.

LORETTA
His father always got him out of it. He's a lawyer.

HOKE
Yeah, so I'm told. I'm gonna see him tomorrow.

She nods. An awkward moment. Hoke puts down the Coke, stands.

HOKE (CONT'D)
Well. I guess that's it.

She seems disappointed. Sad almost.

LORETTA
Suppose those two men come back?

HOKE
If they come back, call me.

LORETTA
(looks at his card)
The Eldorado? That's in South Beach, isn't it?

HOKE
Yeah, just off Alton Road, next to the Vizcaya Hotel, place they just condemned.

LORETTA
How can you possibly live in such a terrible place? If you don't mind my asking?

HOKE
I live there free, I'm the house security.
(then)
When I got my divorce, my wife got the house, the car, the furniture, the children, the weed eater, my tankful of guppies -- the same old story.

LORETTA
You're not married now, then?

HOKE
No.

He sees her looking at him with those blue eyes and heads for the door.

EXT. PORCH - SAME

As they walk out together.

HOKE
Thanks again for your time. And even though Gerry wasn't your kid, I'm sorry for your loss.

She just nods. Another awkward moment. Hoke looks down at a large grey stone beside the front door.

HOKE (CONT'D)
Wow...

He bends down, picks it up, opens the flat part of the stone by sliding it to one side, revealing her SPARE KEY.

HOKE (CONT'D)
This is the phoniest fake stone I've seen. Where'd you get it?

LORETTA
I ordered it from a catalog. It's supposed to be granite. It looks real to me.

HOKE
Yeah, but we don't have any granite in south Florida. We've got gravel, and we've got oolite, but not any granite.

LORETTA
Oh. I see.

HOKE
A burglar who spotted this would know that it's a fake.
(hands it to her)
You should keep it inside. Leave your key with a neighbor instead.

LORETTA
Thank you. I'll do that.

Another awkward moment, he finally extends his hand.

HOKE
I'll be in touch.

As he starts down the walk.

LORETTA
Maybe you'll come over for dinner one night. Help me finish off all this food.
(smiles)
That's not against the rules is it?

Takes him a moment to recover from her smile. Then--

HOKE
No.

EXT. ELDORADO HOTEL - NIGHT

Hoke pulls the Bonneville around back. He gets out, starts to go in the back door, frowns, walks back and closes the lid on the dumpster. He takes out his notebook, makes a note.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Hoke rides up. He looks down at the WALKER sitting unattended in the corner. Someone left it on the elevator. He takes out his notebook, makes another note. The doors open and TWO RATS scurry down the hall away from him. Another note.

INT. HOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hoke enters, recoils from the trapped heat, moves to the air conditioner under the window. It starts up with a rattle and a clank, but hangs in.

He parts the purple velvet draperies, looks out, definitely not the South Beach we know today.

He starts peeling off his clothes, moves past the brass bed and nightstand. Hoke opens his closet. Another blue leisure suit like the one he's got on along with his old uniforms.

Hoke takes down the blue suit and goes into the bathroom. He starts the shower, hangs up the suit on the back of the door to steam out the wrinkles, gets in the shower.

A moment later his hand reaches out from behind the curtain, and sets his DENTURES down on the counter.

INT. SHOWER - SAME

Hoke stands there lets the water wash over him. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. He opens his eyes.

INT. HOKE'S ROOM - SAME

Hoke, wrapped in a towel, goes to the door, peers through the peep hole--

HOKE'S POV - CLEAVAGE

Someone in a low cut top on the other side of the door.

Hoke steps back, opens the door to reveal Loretta Hickey standing there in a cotton blouse and those tight pants.

LORETTA
I'm not bothering you, am I Sergeant?

HOKE
Uh, no. Come in--

Hoke steps back stumbles on the chair and loses hold of the towel. Stands there now naked and dripping in the middle of his shitty hotel room. She smiles at him.

LORETTA
Woops.

She steps to him, reaching down as she kisses him and we--

CUT TO THE SHOWER

Hoke joylessly jacking off. And now THE PHONE RINGS.

HOKE
Goddammit.

CUT BACK TO LORETTA

Unbuttoning her blouse now...

CUT BACK TO HOKE

In the shower, trying to stay focussed. BUT THAT FUCKING PHONE KEEPS RINGING. He finally throws back the curtain--

HOKE
GODDAMMIT!

INT. HOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

As he bursts from the bathroom and grabs the phone.

HOKE
What?

GIRL'S VOICE
Hi, Daddy.

Hoke stands there a moment, dripping on the floor.

HOKE
Sue Ellen?

GIRL'S VOICE
Aileen.

HOKE
Aileen-- Right. How are you? It's been a while.

AILEEN (PHONE)
I'm fine, Daddy. Can we come live with you?

HOKE
Excuse me?

AILEEN (PHONE)
Mom's marrying Curly Peterson and moving to California. So me and Sue Ellen wanna come live with you.

Hoke says nothing.

AILEEN (PHONE) (CONT'D)
Can we?

HOKE
Put your mother on the phone.

AILEEN (PHONE)
Okay. Bye, Daddy.

Hoke waits. Muffled shout for Aileen's mother. He breaks a Kool in half and lights up. Then--

PATSY (PHONE)
Hoke?

HOKE
Pretty lousy, Patsy, even for you to use our daughters like that.

PATSY (PHONE)
I've had the girls for ten wonderful years, and now it's your turn.

HOKE
Who's Curly Peterson?

PATSY (PHONE)
He plays for the Dodgers. He's back in California now and I'm going out there to join him.

PATSY (PHONE) (CONT'D)
They came to Vero Beach for Spring Training.

HOKE
And you, what, hung out?

PATSY (PHONE)
(ignores that)
We're getting married at the end of the season. The girls were given a choice, and they said they'd rather live with you instead of me and Curly.

HOKE
Bullshit.

PATSY (PHONE)
It's about time you took some responsibility for your girls, Hoke, and even though I'll miss them and love them, they want me to have my share of happiness and I know you do, too.

HOKE
What position does this Curly what's his name play?

PATSY (PHONE)
You can have them for the next few months and I'll see them in Glendale at Christmas or if they don't want to come out here, I'll see them in Vero Beach when spring training starts up again.

Hoke says nothing.

PATSY (CONT'D)
Whatever else you were, you were responsible. I think our girls will be safe with you.

HOKE
(looking around)
I can't, Patsy. Not right now. I'm sorry.

And he hangs up. Unplugs the phone.

EXT. ELDORADO HOTEL - ROOF - NIGHT

There was a bar up here at one time. But now it's just Hoke and Henderson sitting in rusted lawn chairs drinking beer out of the can, looking out across the bay at the Miami skyline.

HENDERSON
Who the hell's Curly Peterson?

HOKE
I don't follow baseball.
(then)
I can't keep living like this. I get thirty-four grand a year. Half of that, basically every other paycheck, goes to Patsy and the girls. That leaves seventeen grand. But I still gotta pay income tax on the thirty-four out of that seventeen. Plus money for my pension plan, PBA dues, Social Security and everything else.
(as he breaks one in half)
I can barely afford cigarettes. I'm getting crushed, Bill. The other day...

Hoke stops. Lights up. Henderson turns to him.

HENDERSON
The other day *what*?

HOKE
I lost a minute.

HENDERSON
You what?

HOKE
I'm at the scene. Looking at an OD. Next thing you know, my partner's asking me where I went.

HENDERSON
You spaced out.

HOKE
No. This was different. I don't know where I was. It's like my brain just... turned off.

HENDERSON
It's the pressure. That's all. This Curly Peterson probably makes some money. Maybe he'll throw in.

HOKE
And maybe I'll grow an ear on my forehead.
(looks around)
Be nice to have a place I'm not embarrassed to bring my kids to.
(then)
Or a woman for that matter.

HENDERSON
You got one?

HOKE
You never know.

Henderson looks out across the bay.

HENDERSON
What's the difference between syphilis, gonorrhea, and a condo on Key Biscayne?

HOKE
You can get rid of syphilis and gonorrhea.

Henderson chuckles at the old joke.

HOKE (CONT'D)
What made you think of that one?

HENDERSON
I don't know. I guess I just wanted to see if I still laugh at that shit.
(then)
See you tomorrow, Hoke.

He leaves Hoke to sit there alone, open another beer.

INT. ELDORADO HOTEL - LOBBY - MORNING

As Hoke steps off the elevator, strides past "Guests" playing cards or just staring off. EDDIE, 70, the night man, looks up from a magazine as Hoke slams his hand down on the desk.

HOKE
Tell Emilio to put some rat traps around the dumpster and to keep the lid down. I spotted two Norways in the corridor.

EDDIE
That's because these old ladies put their garbage out in the hallways instead of taking it down.

HOKE
Just have Emilio set the traps. The last thing you want is one of these biddies getting bitten by a rat. I won't mention it in my report, so Mr. Bennett can pay off the inspectors.
(starts to go, pauses)
(MORE)

HOKE (CONT'D)
And the plug on my air conditioner was pulled out again. It took two hours for that beat up piece of shit to cool off the suite.

EDDIE
Mr. Bennett sends me around to pull out the plugs when nobody's home. He says if no one's in the room, it just wastes energy.

HOKE
That rule doesn't apply to me. I disconnected my phone upstairs, so from now on when I get a call, tell whoever it is that I'm not here and I'll have to call back.

Hoke starts out. Eddie calls after him.

EDDIE
What about the hurricane?

HOKE
What about it?

EDDIE
Some of them get scared. Guy before you used to put out a memo, with tips and things, leave it under everyone's door.

Hoke glances at the elderly residents sitting around the lobby, thinks a moment, then

HOKE
You still have one of those memos?

EDDIE
Somewhere.

HOKE
Post it by the elevator.

EXT. HALLANDALE MERCURY CLUB - DAY

A GOOD WIND BLOWS as Hoke and Ellita drive up to the SECURITY GATE fronting a community of low-rise apartment complexes and a private Marina. A YOUNG GUARD steps out of the booth with a clipboard in one hand, cup of coffee in the other.

GUARD
I help you?

Hoke takes one look at the powder blue uniform and smiles.

HOKE
Ramon Novarro to see Mr. Harold Hickey.

Ellita looks at Hoke. The guard juggles the clipboard and the coffee cup so that he can write the ridiculous name down, now walks to the front of the car to write down Hoke's plate.

HOKE (CONT'D)
He's got a holster, but no gun.

ELLITA
Would you arm that guy?

And now the guy walks back to the window.

GUARD
Apartment 406.

The guard raises the gate arm and Hoke drives through, parks in a visitor space. He takes in the growing WIND, then...

HOKE
I'll meet you there.

Ellita watches as Hoke gets out of the car and walks back to the guard shack taking out his badge as he goes.

ELLITA
Jesus...

Hoke knocks on the window with his badge, startles the young guard.

HOKE
Son, how do you know my name's Ramon Novarro?

GUARD
What?

HOKE
I said, how do you know my name's Ramon Novarro? You didn't ask me for any ID. You didn't look very hard to see if I or the woman I was with was armed either.

Hoke pulls his .38 and shows it to the confused guard, then slips it back in its holster.

HOKE (CONT'D)
In fact, you don't know who I am or who I'm going to see. All you know is that Harold Hickey has an apartment here and you knew that much before I drove up to the gate.

The guard doesn't know what to say, just looks stupidly back at Hoke.

HOKE (CONT'D)
Had you bothered to call Mr. Hickey and tell him that a Mr. Ramon Novarro was here to see him, He might've told you that Novarro is dead, and has been dead for several years.
(then)
How much they pay you, three sixty-five an hour?

GUARD
No, sir. Four dollars.

HOKE
For what you aren't doing, that's a good sum.

Hoke then walks back to where Ellita waits for him--

ELLITA
Feel better now?

HOKE
Which one's Hickey?

She points towards a unit and they head that way. A DOORBELL OVER...

EXT. HAROLD HICKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A FILIPINO HOUSEBOY -- actually a wizened guy of sixty or so in pink linen trousers and a gray silk house jacket over a white shirt and bow tie -- opens the door.

He leads Hoke and Ellita down the hallway past the nice living room and into--

HAROLD HICKEY'S HOME OFFICE

The man himself getting up from a black leather armchair, shutting off the TV. HICKEY wears a purple velour running suit and a pair of white rabbit-fur slippers. He's fifty, wears his hair long, in a "Prince Valliant" cut.

HICKEY
I just got a strange call from the gate guard. Words to the effect that a dead policeman was on his way to see me.

HOKE
Did he tell you his name?

HICKEY
Ramon Navarro. Wasn't he the actor who was killed by a hustler a few years ago?

HOKE
He's dead, but I don't remember the circumstances. I'm Sergeant Moseley and this Sergeant Sanchez.

HICKEY
Sit down. Would you like a drink?

Hoke nods, sits down in the other leather chair.

HOKE
A Tab.

ELLITA
I'm fine. Thanks.

As usual, Ellita remains standing, watching as Hickey nods to the Houseboy...

HICKEY
Two Tabs.

Hoke looks out at the empty patio, brick wall beyond.

HOKE
Not much of a view from here with the wall right there.

HICKEY
I didn't buy the place for the view. I bought it because I could finally afford to live in a place like this.

Hoke gives him a look, glances around the office--

HOKE
Your name was familiar to me, took me a while to place it, but then I remembered you were one of the drug lawyers profiled in the paper a few months back.

HICKEY
An inaccurate portrait. I don't really represent drug dealers. I mean, sure, I handle drug cases once in a while, just like any other lawyer, but I specialize in taxes.

Ellita steps back as the houseboy brings in two cans of Tab, each one wrapped neatly in a brown paper towel secured by a rubber band. Hoke takes one.

HOKE
Can you tell me, Mr. Hickey, what kind of relationship did you have with your son?

HICKEY
We didn't have <u>any</u> relationship, at least not the sort you mean. Jerry wasn't even my real son. But I suppose you know that already.

HOKE
Your wife told me.

HICKEY
Ex-wife. Did Loretta also tell you how she happened to become my ex-wife?

HOKE
No. But I didn't ask.

HICKEY
I found out she was fucking Gerry. That's how.

Ellita looks at Hoke who hesitates mid sip-- *What?*

HICKEY (CONT'D)
He was seventeen at the time. I don't know how long it had been going on, but as soon as I found out about it, I moved out. I didn't really care. It was a good excuse to get a divorce -- she couldn't fight me about something like that in court -- and a good way to be done with Gerry. Was a good deal all the way around.

ELLITA
Except, maybe, for Gerry.

They both look at her.

HOKE
How'd you find out? It's none of my business, but I'm curious.

HICKEY
Mrs. Koontz, the next-door neighbor, told me.
(MORE)

HICKEY (CONT'D)
I didn't believe her at first, but then when I questioned Gerry he admitted it right away. You know what he said? *I didn't think you'd mind, Mr. Hickey*.

HOKE
Your son called you *Mr. Hickey?*

HICKEY
Most of the time, yes. I didn't want him to call me 'Dad' because he wasn't my real son.

HOKE
Yours wasn't exactly a loving relationship then?

HICKEY
He got plenty of love from Loretta.

HOKE
Did you know that Gerry was on the spike?

HICKEY
Of course. I recognized the signs right away. I advised Gerry to get off the drugs at once. I told him I'd pay for counseling. But he claimed he could handle it.

HOKE
And that was that?

HICKEY
A lot of young people are into dope down here, you know.

HOKE
Yes. So I've heard.

HICKEY
But it's not like one can always see the signs.

ELLITA
Gerry had two separate arrests for joyriding in cars.

Hoke looks at Ellita. Hickey smiles.

HICKEY
No charges were filed.

ELLITA
Yeah--
(to Hoke)
Gerry was a passenger each time and stated he didn't know the car -- in each incident -- was stolen.
(to Hickey)
There was another arrest when a woman claimed Gerry had exposed himself to her while standing on her front lawn.

HICKEY
That was misdemeanor reduced to public nuisance when--

ELLITA
--Gerry claimed he'd merely stopped to urinate on the woman's lawn. Although the incident happened at 3pm. Charge dismissed. You were his lawyer.

HICKEY
So?

ELLITA
He was arrested a month later for smoking marijuana with two other juveniles in Peacock Park, Coconut Grove. Charge reduced to loitering. No charge filed. Released into father's custody.

HICKEY
I don't see what this--

ELLITA
Two more pick-ups for "loitering" in Coconut Grove. No Charges filed. Released into father's custody. Then he was picked up in a Coral Gables parking lot. A glasscutter was confiscated. Gerry claimed he found the tool on the street and, no, he didn't know what the tool was used for. No charges filed--

HICKEY
Quite a memory you've got there, Officer.

ELLITA
Picked up three months later in a Sears Parking Lot, this time for shoplifting.
(MORE)

ELLITA (CONT'D)
Subject's father paid for the item--
a brass lamp, complete with
parchment shade, with a bald eagle
painted on it. No charges filed.
Released to father's custody.

She looks at Hickey.

ELLITA (CONT'D)
You helped your son walk from seven
arrests. Four of those for dope.
Exactly what kind of *sign* did you
need?

Despite himself, Hoke is impressed with Ellita who just looks back at Hickey.

HICKEY
OK, so I was a shitty father. I
didn't kill him.

Now they both just look back at him.

HICKEY (CONT'D)
What could I do? Gerry could get
drugs anywhere in the city in five
minutes, so long as he had the
money.

HOKE
Which you gave him.

HICKEY
I gave him a small allowance after
he quit school. That was it.

HOKE
How small?

HICKEY
I never wrote him a check for more
than a hundred dollars at a time.

HOKE
You happen to know where he might
have gotten his hands on twenty-
five thousand?

HICKEY
Not from me. As far as I know, the
most money he ever had was when he
sold the truck I was stupid enough
to buy him. But junkie that he was,
Gerry only got a few grand for it.

HOKE
Who'd he sell it to?

Hickey hesitates. Looks at Hoke. Uncomfortable.

HOKE (CONT'D)
Client of yours?

HICKEY
I'd rather not say.

Hoke and Ellita exchange looks.

HOKE
You're a lawyer, so I don't have to tell you what happens, you withhold material information--

HICKEY
--I know and I'd rather go to jail.

EXT. EVERGLADES HIGHWAY - DAY

Hoke's car makes its way into the vast swamp. The sky getting darker by the minute...

ELLITA (V.O.)
So Florida DMV says Gerry sold his car to one Boyd Bunyon.

INT. HOKE'S CAR - SAME

Ellita looks over a file while Hoke drives.

ELLITA
A.K.A. "Little Paul."

Ellita looks at a crazy-assed mug shot of one BOYD BUNYON--shaved head, gaping black eyes, flared nostrils and thin lips. She shows him the photo as he drives.

HOKE
Handsome devil. What planet's he from?

ELLITA
West Virginia. Moved down here in seventy-eight, when, legend has it, he broke into Cleveland Moore's yacht and stole some magic seeds.

HOKE
You know that name? Cleveland Moore? You should.
(then)
Big time drug lawyer. Defended all of the A Team until a busboy found his head in a dumpster outside a hotel in Hialeah.

ELLITA
And the rest of him?

HOKE
Somewhere in the Gulf Stream would be my guess.

ELLITA
So what was the lawyer doing with the seeds?

HOKE
Payment in trade most likely. Boyd was a client and Moore probably -- and stupidly -- told Boyd about them.

ELLITA
(reading the file)
I see here that three years back, Boyd got popped for statutory rape, possession with intent and cruelty to animals.

HOKE
There's a combination you don't often see.

ELLITA
Okay. So Boyd gets popped for some felony weight narcotics and Harold Hickey, tax attorney, defends him.

HOKE
Having inherited all of Cleveland Moore's clients.

ELLITA
And somehow, Gerry Hickey ends up selling his truck to this asshole.
(looks out the window)
It's a small world after all.

EXT. BOYD BUNYON'S CAMP - EVERGLADES - DAY

A NEW RED PICK-UP TRUCK sits outside battered airstream in the middle of nowhere. Beyond the trailer, nestled in the swamp grass, is a GREENHOUSE.

BOYD BUNYON comes out of the trailer in a cammo T-Shirt, rubber boots and nothing else.

WIDEN TO REVEAL OUR POV IS FROM INSIDE HOKE'S CAR

Parked out of sight in the trees, Hoke and Ellita watch the half naked man now head for the pick-up. One or two thick raindrops now hit the windshield.

HOKE
What kinda man goes bottomless?

ELLITA
I was wondering more about the gun in his hand.

And now Boyd crouches down and starts SHOOTING AT SOMETHING UNDERNEATH THE TRUCK.

HOKE
The hell's he shooting at?

Boyd walks around to the other side of the truck, bends over and starts firing away. Ellita winces at the sight of Boyd's dirty bare ass...

ELLITA
Jesus...

Hoke waits for Boyd to empty his clip, watches as a small CRITTER of some kind skitters off to safety, then--

HOKE
Stay in the car.
(starts to get out)
This is no place for a woman.

ELLITA
Are you serious?

HOKE
That's an order, Sanchez. It's for your own safety.

She can't believe it, watches as Hoke walks up the dirt drive towards Boyd who now sees him, squints past him at Ellita.

EXT. BOYD BUNYON'S CAMP - SAME

Boyd glances at the gun in his hand as Hoke approaches.

HOKE
It's empty, Boyd.
(badges him)
Sergeant Moseley. Miami PD.

BOYD
(eyes the badge)
That don't look real.

HOKE
I promise you, it's real.

BOYD
You got a warrant?

HOKE
A warrant? For what? I'm not here to search the premises. Whatever you got growing in that greenhouse out back is the DEA's problem. I just wanna ask you some questions about your truck.

BOYD
What about it?

HOKE
First, why don't you tell me what were you shooting at.

BOYD
Porcupines.

HOKE
Excuse me?

BOYD
They chew through the brake lines.

HOKE
That's a new one.
(walks over to the truck)
Where'd you get it?

BOYD
I bought it.

HOKE
From?

Boyd just looks at him.

HOKE (CONT'D)
I'll help you this one time-- You bought the truck from Gerry Hickey.
(then)
What'd you give him for it?

BOYD
Why don't you ask Gerry?

HOKE
I would, but he OD'd yesterday.

Boyd just nods.

HOKE (CONT'D)
You don't look surprised.

BOYD
He was a junkie. They don't usually die of old age.

Boyd looks at the truck, then--

BOYD (CONT'D)
He owed me money. Fifty grand.

HOKE
For heroin?

BOYD
For weed.

HOKE
That's a lot of weed. Especially for a guy, prefers junk.

BOYD
We had a fire out here, was on his watch. I lost half a crop.
(shrugs)
Somebody had to pay.
(then)
My pig died in that fire.

HOKE
Gerry worked for you?

BOYD
For a time.

HOKE
Doing what exactly?

BOYD
Errands and such. But after the fire, I cut him loose.

HOKE
And took the truck.

BOYD
He gave it to me. Fair and square. I got the pink slip in the trailer, you wanna see it.

HOKE
I do. And while we're inside maybe you can put some trousers on.

BOYD
What for?

Boyd starts for the trailer.

INT. AIRSTREAM - DAY

As Hoke follows Boyd into the dark space.

BOYD
Slip's around here somewheres...

Hoke takes in the filthy trailer. Dishes in the sink. Clothes strewn about. A STUFFED SNAKE MOUNTED ON THE WALL. Hoke opens drawers, casually searches the place--

HOKE
A couple guys in suits came looking for Gerry day he died, said he owed them some money. Was that different money than the money he owed you?

BOYD
Do I look like someone, deals with guys in suits?

HOKE
Sooner or later, we all gotta deal with guys in suits.

Hoke opens a closet to peek inside, is startled to see A DOG-EYED WOMAN WITH RED FRIZZED HAIR looking back at him. Now she TASERS HIM.

Boyd looks over as Hoke loses his teeth and goes down to the floor shaking.

The woman steps out. She goes at least two hundred pounds, wears a cotton shift and rubber boots. She zaps him again--

BOYD
Jesus Marvin Christ, Gareen, you gonna fry his brain.

WOMAN/GAREEN
Aw, he's okay.

Boyd crouches down beside Hoke.

BOYD
How'd you find me, sunshine? That truck's registered to my cousin in Fort Walton Beach. Did that little pricker Harold Hickey talk to you?

HOKE
(shaking)
...your phone number...

BOYD
My phone number?

HOKE
...was in... Gerry's wallet...

BOYD
You know what? I'm sorry that stupid moron OD'd. I wish I'd killed him myself.

GAREEN
(staring at Hoke)
He saw the hot house BB. He can't leave.

Hoke is crawling for the door. She steps over Hoke and picks up his teeth. Looks at Hoke.

GAREEN (CONT'D)
Lose somethin', Gummy?

She puts the HIS FAKE CHOPPERS OVER HERS. Smiles--

GAREEN (CONT'D)
Hey. Boyd. How do I look?

Hoke is reaching for the door when Gareen tasers Hoke again, sending him back down to the floor. She then straddles, him lifts up his shirt, starts to pull down his pants--

GAREEN (CONT'D)
(Hoke's teeth in her mouth)
Let's see if Gummy's wearin' a wire.

She gets his pants down, flips Hoke over onto his stomach. Hoke's BADGE falls out of his pocket.

GAREEN (CONT'D)
I'm gonna bite him... see if maybe he'll tell me who sent him here...

HOKE
Don't--

BOYD
(looking at the badge)
I think this is real...

GAREEN
I bet it was those damn Spellmans-- Malcolm and his lot. Was it, Gummy?

She leans down and bites him on the ass. Hoke cries out which Gareen finds hysterical.

Boyd looks at one of the cards Hoke carries listing his address as The Eldorado...

BOYD
Man lives in a fancy hotel. Can't be no cop.

Hoke once more starts crawling for the door...

GAREEN
Block the door, Boyd--

She grabs a PLASTIC BAG full of leftovers out of the refrigerator, dumps the contents on the counter...

BOYD
What if he really is a--

GAREEN
--He saw the hothouse. Now block the Goddamn door!

She pulls the bag over Hoke's head as Boyd moves to the door, but is knocked onto the table as THE DOOR'S KICKED OPEN--

Gareen squints against the glare as Ellita puts her gun to her huge head--

ELLITA
You're under arrest.

GAREEN
(genuine)
For what?

Ellita takes in the scene as Hoke sits up, pulls the bag off his head--

ELLITA
For... whatever you're doing.
(to Hoke)
You okay?

Hoke hauls himself to his feet--

HOKE
I'm fine.

He snatches his gun from Boyd, starts for the door.

ELLITA
Want me to call for back up?

HOKE
No.

ELLITA
You gonna just--

HOKE
-Yes. Let's go. Now.

EXT. TRAILER - SAME

The wind is whipping up as Hoke hurries for the car, Ellita chasing after him.

ELLITA
Hoke?

HOKE
(turns on her)
I told you to wait in the Goddamn car.

She's stunned. He gets in.

INT. CAR - SAME

They sit there a moment. Neither says anything. Hoke just stares out at the rain pelting the windshield. Finally--

HOKE
Whatever you saw--

ELLITA
--I didn't see anything.

He looks at her, grateful. Nods.

ELLITA (CONT'D)
You left your teeth in there.

He touches his mouth-- Shit-- She starts to get out.

ELLITA (CONT'D)
Wait here.

HOKE
Leave 'em.

He opens the glove box, reaches in and pulls out a SPARE set. They're all messed up, but he wipes them on his shirt, jams them in his mouth.

HOKE (CONT'D)
Let's just go.

EXT. ELDORADO HOTEL - NIGHT

The weather is getting worse as Hoke pulls up around back. He pulls the lid down on the dumpster, a rat jumping out at him.

HOKE
Shit--

Frustrated, he kicks at the rat, then kicks at the dumpster, is nearly blown over by the gale.

INT. HOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hoke drops his back-up dentures in the plastic glass full of Polident by the bed.

He takes out his gun, sets it down beside his teeth. Reaches for his badge, pats his pockets and quickly realizes that he doesn't have it.

HOKE
Shit--

He moves to the window and looks down at the street. The palm trees now bending way over in the wind. No fucking way he can drive back out to the swamp, not in this weather.

He turns, stands there looking at his beat up self in the mirror. He turns away, looks at the "suite." It's a mess. Laundry piles up in a corner. An open can of Dinty Moore, spoon sticking out, sits on the hotplate.

He falls onto the bed. Alone. Depressed.

EXT. ELDORADO HOTEL - NIGHT

The storm rages through the decaying neighborhood. HEADLIGHTS appear as a familiar PICK UP TRUCK crawls through the weather to the hotel. The passenger door opens and THE HOODED FIGURE (from our opening) gets out, crosses to the hotel.

INT. ELDORADO HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

Eddie sleeps with his head on the counter. Radio on behind the desk...

RADIO
In other news, the FBI issued its list of the ten most crime ridden cities in America... And for 1985, Miami is once again in first place!

The Hooded Figure now enters the hotel...

RADIO (CONT'D)
West Palm and Fort Lauderdale took fifth and eighth place. Well done!

The figure quickly crossing the empty lobby.

RADIO (CONT'D)
Miami also had the nation's highest murder rate. About a third of which are, no shock, drug related.

As the figure moves to the desk...

RADIO (CONT'D)
The DEA estimates that 70% of all marijuana and cocaine imported into the US now passes through South Florida.

The Hooded Figure leans over the counter and grabs EDDIE'S KEY RING from his belt.

RADIO (CONT'D)
And at 12 billion a year, it turns out that drugs are now our number one industry, ahead of real estate and tourism.

The figure then heads for the stairs and starts up...

RADIO (CONT'D)
Way to go South Florida!

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

As the Hooded Figure steps around the ABANDONED WALKER...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

This time, as the rain hood appears in the square window in the door, we PUSH IN AND SEE GAREEN'S FACE on the other side of the door.

Gareen opens the door and starts moving up the hallway. She reaches into her pocket with a rubber-gloved hand and pulls out that big nickel .45.

She stops at Hoke's door. Fumbles with EDDIE'S KEY RING...

INT. HOKE'S ROOM - SAME

Hoke lies there in the dark. THE SOUND OF JANGLING KEYS outside. A KEY IN THE LOCK. His eyes open as...

The door swings open and Gareen fires blindly at the bed.

Hoke already sitting up, nearly getting hit with a second shot as he reaches for his own gun, Gareen all the while shooting up the room...

Hoke gets one off, hits Gareen, knocks her back against the other wall of the hallway before she stakes off running...

Hoke bolts for the door...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

As the naked Hoke bursts out after Gareen, the two exchanging gunfire in the hallway. The ELDERLY WOMAN sticking her head out--

HOKE
It's all right, Mrs. Bergman! Go back to bed!

The door across the hall opens and the ELDERLY GENT sticks his head out as Gareen continues to fire --

HOKE (CONT'D)
CLOSE YOUR GODDAMN DOOR!

Hoke pushes away from the wall just as Gareen hits the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

From Gareen looking up to Hoke as he hits the stairs, takes fire-- nearly crashing over the discarded walker...

INT. ELDORADO HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

Gareen bursts from the stairwell. Bolts across the silent lobby, past the still-sleeping Eddie and out the door.

Hoke stumbles out of the stairwell a moment later and slips and slides across the lobby. Runs out the front door...

EXT. ELDORADO HOTEL - SAME

...and emerges straight into A GALE. Hoke hit full force by the rain and the wind. He HEARS A CAR TAKE OFF, but doesn't see anything. He looks wildly this way and that--

He looks down as he steps on something, bends down and picks up that RED WIG. The HAIR now soaking wet, looking like some dead animal. Albeit a bright red one. Hoke turns around...

...faces the old crowd in the doorway.

INT. ELDORADO HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Calm. Eddie mops some water up near the front door as Hoke, dressed in his yellow leisure suit, enters the lobby and causes the lounging Blue Hairs to sit up.

One ELDERLY FEMALE RESIDENT takes quickly looks away as Hoke walks past, while two GENTS look up from their checkers game to stare. Hoke ignores it all, heads for the payphone...

HOKE (V.O.)
I'm now willing to take a short-term sitters job, even if it's only for a couple of weeks.

INT. SAFE 'N SURE HOME-SITTING SERVICE - SAME

Ms. Westphal on the phone, applying her morning make-up--

MS. WESTPHAL
Well, sadly, the storm has screwed us both.

INTERCUTTING HOKE & MS. WESTPHAL

HOKE
What about that apartment on Grove Isle?

MS. WESTPHAL
That's gone. All I've got is a garage apartment on Tangerine Lane in the black Grove. It'll be available next Friday for twenty-one days. It's owned by a Barbadian sculptor who's going up to New York for a one man show. He uses his garage under his apartment as his studio and doesn't want his tools and things unguarded.

HOKE
That's right in the middle of the black Grove, isn't it?

MS. WESTPHAL
Not exactly in the middle. It's off Douglas a few blocks. But you're a policeman, and you've got a gun, so it shouldn't bother you to live in a black neighborhood.

HOKE
I think I told you I couldn't be there much in the daytime, except for weekends.

MS. WESTPHAL
That's okay. The man who lives in the front house is home during the day.

HOKE
That's a pretty funky neighborhood.

MS. WESTPHAL
Listen, Sergeant, I think you're a little too finicky for this kind of work. Perhaps you should look for another agency--

HOKE
--No, no. I'll take it. I'd just like to see it first.

MS. WESTPHAL
There's no dog, if that's what's bothering you. But if you don't want it, I can easily get a black house-sitter for a furnished apartment like this one.

HOKE
I'll take it. I'll drop by next week for the key.

MS. WESTPHAL
Don't forget to bring your hundred dollars for the bond.

Shit. Hoke opens his wallet, looks at the lonely bill inside.

HOKE
If you could give me my hundred-and-five-dollar salary in advance, you could just hang onto the bond and pay me five dollars.

MS. WESTPHAL
You're very droll, Sergeant.

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

As Hoke steps off the elevator. Sees Henderson and several of the other guys looking at him funny.

HOKE
What is it?

HENDERSON
Curly Peterson.
(off Hoke's look)
Ball player Pasty shacked up with.

Henderson grabs a the Sports Section from the *Herald* off the desk, the other guys sitting back to watch Hoke.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)
Turns out he's a local boy, played second base in double A for the Jacksonville Suns.

He shows Hoke a photo of the A PLAYER SLIDING IN AT SECOND. THE BIG BLONDE SECOND BASEMAN nailing him--

HENDERSON (CONT'D)
Was on his way up to the Marlins, when the Dodgers grabbed him in a trade.

HOKE
Huh. Looks young. And Patsy never liked blondes. Grew up around too many beach bums.

HENDERSON
Guy at the bag's Phil Hay. Peterson's the runner.

And Hoke looks again at the runner sliding in the dust. It's blurry from the motion, but Hoke can still clearly see that THE GUY'S BLACK.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Hoke.

The other guys all look at him like he lost a loved one. Dazed, Hoke just heads for his office.

INT. HOKE & ELLITA'S OFFICE - SAME

Ellita's hanging up the phone as Hoke comes in, sits...

ELLITA
We got a body in a trunk out in a tomato field.

Hoke looks at her.

ELLITA (CONT'D)
Whoever did it, set the car on fire, and then it sat for a month, so there's not gonna be much--

HOKE
--I don't want it.

Hoke looks out at the room, the other detectives still staring at him like he's got Cancer.

HOKE (CONT'D)
--Let one of them have it.

ELLITA
We're up.

HOKE
Fine. Then you ride out there. I don't give a shit. It's a loser.
(MORE)

HOKE (CONT'D)
A week from now the shooter will get shot by someone else. Let the oven clean itself. I’m done.

ELLITA
We gotta take the good ones with the bad ones.

HOKE
They’re all bad.

Hoke sits there a moment, looks at the Sports Section still in his hands, looks at Curly, looks up at Henderson and the other guys, looks at Ellita putting on her lipstick...

ELLITA
Hoke?

Hoke blinks. Looks at her.

ELLITA (CONT’D)
You were staring.

That’s it. He tosses the paper in the trash, gets to his feet.

HOKE
I’m taking some comp time. I’ll see you tomorrow.

EXT. BOYD BUNYON’S CAMP - EVERGLADES - NIGHT

As Hoke rolls up in his car. He gets out, quietly closes the door and heads for the trailer. THE GREENHOUSE IS ALL LIT UP.

INT. TRAILER - SAME

Hoke kicks the door off its hinges and comes inside gun first. But no one’s inside.

He searches the place, knocking shit off the shelves, opening drawers until he looks at the wall and sees what he’s looking for... HIS FALSE TEETH IN THE MOUTH OF THE STUFFED SNAKE.

He moves to the sink to rinse them off, but the water’s shut off. So he wipes them on his shirt and puts them back in his mouth. Looks out the window at the greenhouse...

INT. GREENHOUSE - SAME

Boyd is busy wrapping the plants in burlap, clearly getting ready to get the hell out of there. He looks up at Hoke--

BOYD
Sunshine, I were you, I’d turn right around and--

Gets that much out when Hoke shoots him. Blows him right off her feet. Hoke is stepping over his dead ass, when--

--The wall of plastic beside Hoke explodes, gets him looking to where a now wig-less Gareen fires at him with a shotgun from one row over. All she's got on her head is a hairnet giving her a weird bald look.

Hoke ducks for the second blast, but then stands up and puts Gareen down with two quick shots.

Hoke waits for a moment, listens to the quiet, then walks over and looks down at Gareen, the "woman" now sporting a rather dark 5 O'clock shadow. So Boyd's companion is more "Gary" than "Gareen."

HOKE
(thoughtful)
Huh.

Hoke pulls the wig out of his coat and then takes out his Zippo and fires up the polyester hair.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Hoke walks back to his car, THE GREENHOUSE ERUPTING IN FLAMES BEHIND HIM. He takes out a cool, breaks it in half, lights up and watches as the TRAILER NOW GOES UP AS WELL. He sits there smoking, watching it all burn.

He pulls his recovered badge from his pocket, considers it a moment, then THROWS IT INTO THE SWAMP.

He stands there a moment. Feeling better. Sort of. Shit. He reaches into the car, grabs a flashlight from the glove box and quickly goes into the swamp to retrieve it.

INT. ELDORADO HOTEL - DAWN

As Hoke enters, filthy, and with that bounce in his step that one only gets from drinking all night.

ELLITA (O.S.)
Where you been?

He turns to see Ellita waiting in an old loveseat.

ELLITA (CONT'D)
I've been paging you for the last hour. Your phone's disconnected.
(then)
Where you been?

HOKE
I was just...
(stops, starts again)
(MORE)

HOKE (CONT'D)
Look, Sanchez, I know I haven't been myself--
(off her look)
Well, I've been myself, but--

ELLITA
(stands up)
Forget it. I don't really care.

HOKE
I'm trying to say that I'm fine now, alright? I'm good. I feel great.

ELLITA
You look great.

HOKE
You don't have to worry about me.

ELLITA
Not why I'm here. We gotta get out to Haulover Beach. Like right now.

HOKE
There a body out there?

ELLITA
Not just one.

EXT. HAULOVER BEACH - DAWN

A major CRIME SCENE. Coroner's vans, blue & whites, UNIFORMED COPS keeping GAWKERS off the beach.

EXT. HAULOVER BEACH - SAME

Hoke gets out of his car, joins Ellita as Henderson ducks the tape to meet them, pulling his gloves off.

HENDERSON
Jogger found them. Called it in. Sheriffs came out, but handed it over to us. The County line's just right there.

But now he stops cold when he sees them. The charred corpses all along the water line, some are bunched together. TEDDY, the young cop stands off to one side heaving.

HOKE
Jesus. How many of them are there?

HENDERSON
Nearly a dozen so far. Divers are looking for more in the surf.
(MORE)

HENDERSON (CONT'D)
Looks like a boat caught fire out there somewhere and sunk.

HOKE
(looking at the bodies)
A boat full of men and women, some children...

ELLITA
Marielitos. From Cuba.

HENDERSON
From the looks of ‘em, they’ve only been in the water a day or two. So whatever happened, it couldn’t have been that far out to show up this fast.

HOKE
(looking out to sea)
Unless the storm washed them ashore.

ELLITA
(stops at a body)
This one looks like it crawled a bit.

Hoke looks over. *What?* He crouches down, examines the charred corpse and shakes his head.

HOKE
Or was dragged.

He looks off, sees a DEPUTY SHERIFF leaning against his car, muscle bound arms folded, watching. Hoke walks over to him...

HOKE (CONT’D)
Excuse me, Deptuty--
(reads his tag)
--Swanson. You rolled up first?

DEPUTY
Yeah. I got out, took a look and then called MPD.

HOKE
Because the bodies were all on our side?

DEPUTY
That’s right.

HOKE
But a one or two were actually on your side, right?

DEPUTY
Excuse me?

HOKE
And then you dragged them over to our side.

DEPUTY
They were like you see ‘em.

HOKE
Hey, Swanson? Bullshit.

Hoke turns and starts walking away. The Deputy calls after him--

DEPUTY
It was a big storm! Maybe the ocean picked ‘em up and moved ‘em!

VOICE
Sergeant?

Hoke turns to where a CORONER’S ATTENDANT leans over a BODY.

CORONER’S ATTENDANT
One’s still alive.

Hoke hurries over with Ellita. They crouch down, see that one of the corpses seems to be clinging to a SMALLER FIGURE. Protecting it. The small figure isn’t burned, just filthy.

ELLITA
It’s a kid...

HOKE
Get a medic-- NOW.
(to the child)
Can you hear me, little one?

Ellita gets on her rover, but Hoke can see this boy’s in trouble.

He scoops him up, runs with the boy in his arms towards his car parked at the road, Ellita running behind him now. Hoke lays the child down on the back seat.

He looks at Ellita, a big smile on his face. She has to smile back at him.

ELLITA
I know, it’s a miracle, right?

HOKE
What?

ELLITA
The kid.

HOKE
Oh. Yeah--

He looks out at the beach, at all of those bodies.

HOKE (CONT'D)
A Miracle.
(to Ellita)
Take him to the hospital.

ELLITA
Me? What about--

HOKE
I'll see you later.

Ellita quickly gets in the car, drives off to reveal Hoke sprinting back to the crime scene, barking orders. We now--

CUT TO BLACK