HOKE

Pilot by
Scott Frank

From the novel by
Charles Willeford

8-4-13
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 ancient “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, clutching the 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.

They drive for a moment. Then--

HOKE
Not always.
(off her look)
They don’t always 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
Looks like an OD for sure.

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

HOKE
That’s very helpful, Hannigan. Let’s go into the dining area, and we’ll see what other helpful information you can tell us.

FOLLOW Hoke and the two women back to the dining room where Hoke sits down at the table, takes a limp packet of Kools from his jacket pocket, looks around and puts it back.

HOKE (CONT’D)
Who found him?

Ellita leans in the doorway behind the cop, watching, staring at the young cop as she clutches her handbag with both hands.

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

Hoke looks up from his notebook, watches as Hannigan twists the strap on her purse, hanging onto it...

HOKE
Father?

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

HOKE
And where is Mrs. Hickey?

HANNIGAN
She’s next door with a neighbor. Mrs. Koontz.

(then)
And the dead guy’s name is Gerry Hickey. Gerald. With a G.
HOKE
(writing)
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.

Again, Hoke looks up at her.

HANNIGAN (CONT’D)
Mrs. Koontz might have called him.

HOKE
How old are you, Hannigan?

HANNIGAN
Twenty-four.

HOKE
How long have you been a police officer?

HANNIGAN
Since I graduated from Miami Dade.

HOKE
Don’t be evasive.

HANNIGAN
Two years. Almost two years.

HOKE
Uh-huh. Do me a favor, unlash that death grip you got on your purse and dump the contents on the table.

HANNIGAN
Excuse me?

HOKE
You heard me.

HANNIGAN
You have no right to--

HOKE
Do it.
She looks at Ellita, but Ellita’s expression doesn’t change. Hannigan knows she’s stuck. With a shrug, she empties the handbag onto the table.

She and Ellita watch as Hoke pokes through the contents with his ballpoint, separating items.

Tucked between a Mastercard and Hannigan’s voter registration card, in a plasticine card case, are TWO, TIGHTLY FOLDED, ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. Hoke looks at a very nervous Hannigan.

HANNIGAN
That’s my money. I won it at Jai Alai last night.

HOKE
Joey win, too?

HANNIGAN
Yes. He did. We went together.

HOKE
(stands)
Put your stuff back in the purse.

Ellita’s already walking to the front door. She whistles.

ELLITA
Hey! Garcia!

Ellita motions for Garcia to come inside, moves away from the door as he jogs up the steps. Hoke gets up to meet him, fans the two hundreds and waves them at the young cop...

HOKE
Let me see your share, Garcia.

HANNIGAN
He wants to see our Jai alai winnings!

HOKE
Come on. Gimme your wallet.

Hoke wags his fingers and the cop hands it over. Hoke opens it, finds EIGHT ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS folded into a tight square behind the cop’s driver’s license.

HOKE (CONT’D)
That’s what you call an even split, Garcia? Eight for you, and only two for Hannigan.

GARCIA
Well, I found it, not Hannigan.
HOKE
In the room?

GARCIA
On the dresser. I didn’t touch nothing else.

HOKE
Thank you for that. You don’t think Mrs. Hickey would miss a thousand bucks?

GARCIA
We figured the two of us could just deny it.

HOKE
Sure. The way you did with me. Ever been interrogated by an Internal Affairs Investigator? What am I saying-- of course not. You’re standing here. (waves him away) Go next door and get Mrs. Hickey.

Garcia stands there. Really? I’m free?

HOKE (CONT’D)
Go.

Garcia can’t believe his luck. Hoke turns to the other cop.

HOKE (CONT’D)
Okay, Hannigan, Sanchez and I are going to do some actual police work. And while we’re doing that, we can’t watch the silverware and you, too, so go back to your car and listen to the radio.

INT. BEDROOM – SAME

Hoke and Ellita re enter the room.

ELLITA
How’d you know?

HOKE
The way she was holding onto that purse, I thought she was gonna rip the damn strap off.

Ellita nods, pulling on a pair of gloves, turns her attention to the body.
ELLITA
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 and 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, the woman 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 woman a moment, then--

    HOKE (CONT’D)
    Why don’t you and Officer Garcia get Mrs. Hickey back inside.
    (MORE)
HOKE (CONT'D)
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. THE OPEN SEA - DAY

Somewhere between Cuba and Key West. A FISHING TRAWLER ("Lady Mary") labors under the weight of a hundred people on board.

Men, women, and children are packed into every conceivable space. Even the metal yardarms used to hoist the nets have men sitting on them out over the water.

In the stern, a Cuban man, ARMANDO ZUNIGA -- fifties, the rumpled, faded, clothing of a peasant, a straw hat pulled down low over his face, smokes, eyes locked on the sea.

And while he’s dressed like a mere peasant, there’s something darker about the man. The eyes? The scars? Everything.

Around him, fellow Cubans crane their necks for any kind of space, for air or to vomit into the churning ocean.

Zuniga turns away. A SMALL BOY stares up at him. Zuniga smiles at him. Now the boy’s FATHER grabs the kid by the hand, starts barking at him in Spanish for disappearing.

ZUNIGA
(Spanish)
He’s alright. He’s a good boy.

The harried Father looks at Zuniga, is about to say something along the lines of mind your own business, but stops, narrows his gaze at Armando. He knows him. And not in a good way.

Zuniga senses this and turns away now, back to the sea, but can feel the man still looking at him.

Zuniga casually pushes away from the rail, starts making his way through the crowd towards the front of the boat.

The man quickly deposits his son with his wife and other children, now follows Zuniga. Zuniga doesn’t look back.

MAN
Z!

Zuniga ignores him, keeps pushing through the crowd, making his way forward.

MAN (CONT'D)
Z! I know that’s you!

And now Zuniga turns around and lets the guy come forward.
Zuniga lets him get right close, the guy poking him in the chest with a finger, getting ready to speak when his mouth stops mid word, frozen in a kind of “O” as he looks down...

Zuniga’s hand wrapped around the handle of a switchblade buried in the man’s stomach, the man’s blood roaring all around it. He whispers in his ear...

ZUNIGA

Yes, I remember you.

Zuniga gently turns the man towards the rail...

ZUNIGA (CONT’D)

Here, my friend, some fresh air will make you feel better...

People, thinking the man is sick, make way as Zuniga brings him to the rail, the man, unable to hold on and FALLING OFF THE FISHING BOAT...

A commotion now as people scream and try to find a way to help the man overboard while Zuniga makes his way forward into the PILOT HOUSE...

INT. PILOT HOUSE - SAME

As the “CAPTAIN” (just a Cuban fisherman really) begins to turn the boat around...

ZUNIGA

Keep your course.

CAPTAIN

Who the hell are you? Get out--

Zuniga draws his knife.

ZUNIGA

Do not turn this boat around.

EXT. LADY MARY - SAME

Zuniga comes down the stairs, says to the men heading up...

ZUNIGA

Something’s happened to the Captain!

They push past him up the stairs and now Zuniga quickly heads down through a hatch and opens a door revealing the ENGINE. He PULLS A FUEL LINE FREE, spilling GASOLINE everywhere. Zuniga steps back as the engine sputters and then quits.
He LIGHTS A MATCH. Sees THE LITTLE BOY looking at him from the confused crowd. Zuniga smiles at him reassuringly.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - LADY MARY - LONG SHOT

The stalled boat bobbing in the swells. People on board panicking. AN EXPLOSION and the stern is now ENGULFED IN FLAMES. People jumping or thrown off...

And now, right in IMMEDIATE F.G. Zuniga pops up. HIS BODY WRAPPED WITH SEVERAL LIFE JACKETS. He glances back at the burning vessel and starts swimming, ignoring the screams a hundred yards behind him.

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?
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--

HOKE
You need to move, Hoke.

BROWNLEY
On the Hickey thing? It’s an OD. What’s the rush?

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

BROWNLEY
What for?

HOKE
You read the chief’s report?

BROWNLEY
Does anyone read that shit?

HOKE
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--

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 he 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.

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.
(MORE)
MR. FERGUSON (CONT’D)
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)
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 couple weeks.

HOKE (V.O.)
Nothing else?

MS. WESTPHAL
Not at present. What’s the problem out there anyway? You’re the fifth sitter to pass.

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.

HOKE (CONT’D)
The dog?

HOKE (CONT’D)
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.

EXT. BISCAYNE BAY - NIGHT

A POWER BOAT streaks through the dark towards the beach. It stops fifty yards out.

INT. POWER BOAT - SAME

Two HISPANIC MEN move to the back of the boat to where Zuniga lies on the floor under a blanket. Shivering. SUBTITLED--

MAN #1
Welcome to America.

Zuniga sits up, takes in the necklace of lights on Miami Beach.

ZUNIGA
You were paid to take me ashore.

MAN #1
This is as far as we go.

Zuniga looks at the two of them. Both armed. Knows that at another time, they would pay for their insolence. But now, Zuniga just hauls himself to his feet, sits on the rail of the boat...

He looks back at the two men, both impatient to get out of there, then looks off at the shore and JUMPS INTO THE BLACK OCEAN. Starts swimming for shore. The power boat now moving back out to sea behind him.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

As Zuniga tries to stand up in the surf, collapses. He gets to his knees. Sees A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS FLASH from the road across the sand. He hauls himself up.
EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rosalie, in jeans and a leather jacket, leans against a BENTLEY convertible, smoking, watching Zuniga make his way over. She flicks away her smoke as he now climbs the low fence and makes his way over. Soaking wet.

ROSALIE

Ola, Armando.

They consider each other a moment, then KISS, he pushes her up against the car, waking up now. She laughs, pulls away.

ROSALIE (CONT’D)

You smell like fish.

EXT. HICKEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Hoke gets out of the car and heads for 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 that Gerry had a thousand, but not twenty-five thousand. But then the thousand wasn’t there either. That’s when they started dumping the drawers out on the floor.

HOKE
I have the thousand right here.

He hands her the envelope.

LORETTA
Oh-- thank you.

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.
(MORE)
Then, after they were divorced, Marcella left town and 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
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 puts down the Coke, stands.

HOKE
Well. I guess that’s it.

She seems disappointed. Sad almost.

LORETTA
Suppose those two men come back?

HOKE
(hands her his card)
If they come back, call me.

She looks at the envelope, passes it back to him.

LORETTA
Can you hold this for me tonight, and give it to me tomorrow in the shop?

HOKE
Sure. I’ll hold it for you. Where do you work?

LORETTA
I have my own shop. The Bouquetique, a flower and gift shop in the Gables, on Miracle Mile.

HOKE
Did you make the name up yourself?
LORETTA
It’s a combination of bouquet and boutique.

HOKE
I suspected that. I like it.

She smiles at him with those sad blue eyes and he has to turn away, starts for the door. She looks at his card...

LORETTA
The Eldorado? That’s in South Beach, isn’t it?

HOKE
Yeah, just off Alton Road.
(off her look)
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.

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?

Hoke stands there, dazed.

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 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, peeling it off...

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. The girls were given a choice, and they said they’d rather live with you for the next few months.

HOKE

Bullshit.

PATSY (PHONE)

It’s about time you took some responsibility for your girls. 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. I’ll see them in Vero Beach when spring training starts up again.

HOKE

(looking around)

I can’t, Patsy. Not right now. I’m sorry.

PATSY

Hoke. They’re coming. I’ve already bought their bus tickets. They’ll be there on the--

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.

HOKE
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
What does that mean?

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.

(MORE)
HOKE (CONT'D)
(then)
Or a woman for that matter.

HENDERSON
You got one?

HOKE
You never know.

Henderson gets up, 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. (MORE)
HOKE (CONT'D)
I won’t mention it in my report, so Mr. Bennett can pay off the inspectors.
(starts to go, pauses)
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.

**EXT. GUARD SHACK – SAME**

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.

(MORE)
HOKE (CONT’D)
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.

(MORE)
Words to the effect that a dead policeman was on his way to see me.

Did he tell you his name?

Ramon Navarroe. Wasn’t he the actor who was killed by a hustler a few years ago?

He’s dead, but I don’t remember the circumstances. I’m Sergeant Moseley and this is Sergeant Sánchez.

Sit down. Would you like a drink?

Hoke nods, sits down in the other leather chair.

A Tab.

I’m fine. Thanks.

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

Two Tabs.

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

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

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--

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.

An inaccurate portrait.
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 any 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.

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.

Hickey gives her a look.

**HOKE**
How’d you find out?

**HICKEY**
Mrs. Koontz, the next-door neighbor, told me. I didn’t believe her at first, but then when I questioned Gerry he admitted it right away. You know what he said?

(MORE)
I didn’t think you’d mind, Mr. Hickey.

Your son called you Mr. Hickey?

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

Yours wasn’t exactly a loving relationship then?

He got plenty of love from Loretta.

Did you know Gerry was on the spike?

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

Yes. So I’ve heard.

But it’s not like one can always see the signs. He was a good kid.

A good kid with two separate arrests for joyriding in cars.

No charges were filed.

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.

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. 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.

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.

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.)
Florida DMV says Gerry sold his car
to one Floyd 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 Floyd 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. Floyd was a client.
ELLITA
(reading the file)
Three years back, Floyd 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 Floyd gets popped for some felony weight narcotics and Harold Hickey 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. FLOYD BUNYON’S CAMP – EVERGLADES – DAY

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

Floyd 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 Floyd crouches down and starts SHOOTING AT SOMETHING UNDERNEATH THE TRUCK.

HOKE
The hell’s he shooting at?

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

Hoke waits for Floyd 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 Floyd who now sees him, squints past him at Ellita.

EXT. FLOYD BUNYON’S CAMP - SAME

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

HOKE
It’s empty, Floyd.
(badges him)
Sergeant Moseley. Miami PD.

FLOYD
(eyes the badge)
That don’t look real.

HOKE
I promise you, it’s real.

FLOYD
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.

FLOYD
What about it?

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

FLOYD
Porcupines.
HOKE

Excuse me?

FLOYD

They chew through the brake lines.

HOKE

That’s a new one.

(walks over to the truck)

Where’d you get it?

FLOYD

I bought it.

HOKE

From?

Floyd 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?

FLOYD

Why don’t you ask Gerry?

HOKE

I would, but he OD’d yesterday.

Floyd just nods.

HOKE (CONT’D)

You don’t look surprised.

FLOYD

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

Floyd looks at the truck, then--

FLOYD (CONT’D)

He owed me money. Fifty grand.

HOKE

For heroin?

FLOYD

For weed.

HOKE

That’s a lot of weed. Especially for a guy prefers junk.
FLOYD
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?

FLOYD
For a time.

HOKE
Doing what exactly?

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

HOKE
And took the truck.

FLOYD
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.

FLOYD
What for?

Floyd starts for the trailer.

INT. AIRSTREAM - DAY

As Hoke follows Floyd into the dark space.

FLOYD
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?
FLOYD
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 TASES HIM.

Floyd 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--

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

WOMAN/GAREEN
Aw, he’s okay.

Floyd crouches down beside Hoke.

FLOYD
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...

FLOYD
My phone number?

HOKE
...was in... Gerry’s wallet...

FLOYD
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. Floyd. 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--

FLOYD
(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.

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

FLOYD
Man lives in a fancy hotel. Can’t be no cop.

Hoke once more starts crawling for the door...

GAREEN
Block the door, Floyd--

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

FLOYD
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 Floyd 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 Floyd, 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**

As The Hooded Figure now enters the hotel...

**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...
EXT. ELDORADO HOTEL - NIGHT

FLASHES in the upstairs window. SHOUTS. SCREAMS. Then a moment later, Gareen comes bolting out the front door.

The naked Hoke comes out a moment later, stands there in the gale. 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.

INT. ELDORADO HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

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

AN ELDERLY FEMALE RESIDENT 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.

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.

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 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.

Henderson exchanges a look with the other guys, then--

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.

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. 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. FLOYD 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 looks out the window at the greenhouse...

INT. GREENHOUSE - SAME

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

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

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

--The wall of plastic beside Hoke explodes, gets him looking to where a now wigless Gareen fires at him with a shotgun from one row over. All she’s got on her head is a hairnet.
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 Floyd’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 look for his badge.

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)
Your phone’s disconnected.

HOKE
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.

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.

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.

ELLITA
Marielitos. From Cuba.

HENDERSON
Probably went down in the weather.

HOKE
I don’t know, some of these bodies look burned.

ELLITA
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, Deputy--
(reads his tag)
--Swanson. You rolled up first?

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

HOKE
Because the bodies were all on our side?

DEPUTY
That’s right.

HOKE
But 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 turns, starts walking away. The Deputy calls after him--

DEPUTY (CONT’D)
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.

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.

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. Looks up 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