

HOKE

Pilot by  
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From the novel by  
Charles Willeford

8-4-13

**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 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 KEYS 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, unlatch 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 rumped, 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.

MAN (CONT'D)  
*Monster! Turn around! Remember me?*

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 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--

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)

LORETTA (CONT'D)

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, gonorrhoea, and a condo on  
 Key Biscayne?

HOKE  
 You can get rid of syphilis and  
 gonorrhoea.

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)

HICKEY (CONT'D)

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 is 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.

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)

HICKEY (CONT'D)  
*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 Gerry was on the  
 spike?

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. He was a good kid.

ELLITA  
 A good kid with 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. 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 TASERS 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, Garen 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 Garen 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 MPD.

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**