

The Glades - 112/S112 - Studio Draft - 8.19.2010
CONTINUED:

SCOTT

7.

CARLOS
Based on the swelling and color of his bruises, the injuries occurred sometime between midnight and two a.m.

FYI -
Not for Audit

Longworth picks up Packard's CELL PHONE that has been placed in an evidence bag. He checks the phone's call history.

LONGWORTH
His last call was at 11:03 p.m.

Longworth punches in the number from Packard's cell into his own cell.

LONGWORTH
Let's see who that was.
(on cell)
Hello, who's this? Terry Engels.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

Longworth KNOCKS on the front door of a one-of-a-kind massive home, right on the course. He gives the place the once over, looks down to see two pair of GOLF SHOES sitting by the door.

TERRY ENGELS, late 20s, answers. Longworth with his badge.

LONGWORTH
Terry Engels? Detective Longworth.
I called earlier.

TERRY
Uh, yeah, come in.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Longworth enters and spies the rich interior.

LONGWORTH
Nice place.

TERRY
Thanks, but it's not mine. It's -

SCOTT
Mine. Scott Winters...

SCOTT WINTERS, late 20s, athletic, confident and charming, steps into the entryway. Longworth knows the name.

LONGWORTH
It's you. You're Scott Winters.

SCOTT
This is Terry, my business manager.

LONGWORTH
Wow. I am a big fan of your game.
I'd kill for your touch around the green.

FYI

SCOTT

Kill, is that a joke? My friend's
dead and you're clowning with me?

LONGWORTH

Not intentionally. And yeah, sorry
about your friend. But his last
call was to Terry, so I thought I'd
start with you. How did you know
him?

TERRY

We were all friends since high
school. Doug was Scott's caddy.

LONGWORTH

You mean until he was convicted for
drugging a woman. Ecstasy, right?
What, he lacked the charm to get
into her pants the old-fashioned
way, so he slipped her something to
make the job easier.

SCOTT

I don't know why he did it. But
she got into an accident on the way
home. Ruined her career.

LONGWORTH

Her golf career. And by "her" we
are talking about Kim Nichols?
(off their puzzled looks)
Oh, I spoke to the D.A. in Doug's
trial on the way over here.

SCOTT

Doug felt terrible about that.

LONGWORTH

Not so terrible that he didn't try
to blame Terry for it.
(to Terry)
D.A. said Doug kept saying it was
you who drugged that woman. Right
up until he got a plea deal.

TERRY

That was Doug being Doug. Looking
for a way out. I didn't drug
anybody.

LONGWORTH

Or Doug was telling the truth and
he came out of prison super pissed
he did your time, and you beat him
to death when he attacked you.

TERRY

That's crazy.

LONGWORTH

What did he call you about last
night?

TERRY

He was drunk. He rambled on about old times. And he apologized for trying to blame me last year.

LONGWORTH

My experience, people don't die over an apology. Maybe the lack of one.

(then)

Where do you live?

TERRY

In a condo about two blocks down.

LONGWORTH

Did either of you see Doug last night?

TERRY

No.

SCOTT

No, but Doug called me as soon as he got out. I invited him over. He said he'd come by, but I never heard from him after that.

LONGWORTH

Where were you last night around midnight?

SCOTT

In bed. Alone.

LONGWORTH

(to Terry)

And you?

TERRY

At my house. Same.

LONGWORTH

Well unless Doug knew someone else who lived on this course, my guess is he was either attacked on his way to, or from, seeing one of you.

SCOTT

He was never here, man, I'm telling you.

(off Longworth)

Listen, I've got to get over to work with my swing coach, but if there's anything I can do to help? Seriously. Just call.

LONGWORTH

Oh, don't worry. I will.

INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATORS - DAY

Callie steps to the elevators, hits the down button. Gets a call on her cell, reads the caller ID: Raiford Correctional.

(CONTINUED)

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SCOTT
(1st SCENE)

KIM

That wasn't Scott's fault. It was a party, there were a lot of people there. I had one beer and drove home.

LONGWORTH

Except your night wasn't over.

KIM

Started feeling the effects about halfway home. Next thing I knew I was waking up in the emergency room. My golf career was over.

LONGWORTH

And you blamed Doug.

KIM

I didn't blame anyone. There was some finger-pointing, and eventually Doug confessed.

LONGWORTH

Makes sense that you'd want payback for ruining your career.

KIM

I was upset for a while, yeah. But after I got away from the game, I started to realize how indulgent and narrow my life had become. I'm not saying I'm glad the accident happened. I miss golf and I still struggle with physical therapy. But my life has purpose now. I heal these wonderful creatures and get to set them free.

LONGWORTH

Guess that accounts for something.

Then BANG. Another gunshot is heard in the distance.

LONGWORTH

But if someone ever took away my ability to play golf again? Murder would definitely be on the table.

EXT. FOUNTAIN BAY COUNTRY CLUB - FAIRWAY - DAY

Scott hits an approach shot from the fairway. It falls about three feet from the hole. With him are Longworth and Terry.

LONGWORTH

You did not just shape that ball into *this* wind from a bad lie and drop it three feet from the hole.

SCOTT

Yeah. But only to piss you off.

Play the grins, as Longworth addresses his ball.

(CONTINUED)

START

A of 13

SCOTT
You know, when I said I'd do
anything to help, I didn't think
that included a round of golf.

LONGWORTH
Just working the crime scene.

Longworth hits. The ball lands just off the putting surface.
Scott and Terry shrug out their assessment --

TERRY
I've seen worse.

As they walk toward the green.

LONGWORTH
Kind of a goal of mine to break
eighty. Shot an eighty-one
recently, but needed a gimme on the
last hole to do it.
(off their looks)
Any advice on my swing?

SCOTT
Well, your hands are too far
forward, you're opening your club
face at impact, you have zero
shoulder rotation, no rhythm, and
your hips are out of position at
the finish. Other than that, it's
flawless.

Play the grins, Longworth's cell rings. He checks caller ID.

LONGWORTH
I'll see you guys up there.

They nod, head up to the green. Longworth answers the call.

LONGWORTH
Daniel?

INT. SUBSTATION - DAY

Daniel is on the line. INTERCUT as necessary.

DANIEL
I got Doug Packard's financials.
On the week he was convicted, two-
hundred thousand dollars was
deposited into his savings from an
offshore account.

LONGWORTH
Know from who?

DANIEL
Not without a warrant. Should I
talk to Manus about that?

Longworth looks back up at the green to Terry and Scott.

LONGWORTH
Nah. I think I've got an idea who.

EXT. FOUNTAIN BAY COUNTRY CLUB - PUTTING GREEN - DAY

Terry fixing his ball mark, as Longworth approaches.

LONGWORTH
Wanna go ahead and tap out?

SCOTT
Don't mind if I do.

LONGWORTH
How 'bout a little money on it?
You know, to make it interesting.

TERRY
You're asking a professional golfer
to bet on a three-foot putt?

LONGWORTH
Fifty bucks says you blow it.

SCOTT
Sure. I'll take your money.

TERRY
I'll get in on this action, too.

Scott shrugs, sets up over the ball.

LONGWORTH
Oh by the way, that call I just
took? Found out something very
interesting about you and your pal
Doug.

Scott takes a beat, chuckles a little at Longworth's ploy.

SCOTT
I've stood over ten-foot putts with
a two million dollar purse and a
Wannamaker on the line, Detective.
You can't rattle me.

LONGWORTH
Yeah? How 'bout if we just traced
the two-hundred grand we think you
paid your former caddy to take the
fall for drugging Kim Nichols?

Scott and Terry trade looks. Scott shakes his head, lines up
to putt. And misses. Off Longworth, grinning --

END OF ACT ONE

FADE OUT:

END OF
1st SCENE

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START

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CONTINUED:

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CARLOS
No bother, what's going on?

CALLIE
First of all, I'm sorry for being
all crazy woman on you yesterday.

CARLOS
Please. I live in a house full of
Latinas. You're not even in the
ballpark.

CALLIE
And, uh. I sort of have a "law
enforcement" question to ask. I've
been trying to get in to see my
husband and they're telling me he's
been designated something called
I.C.? Do you know what that means?

He does, actually. And knows this isn't going to help.

CARLOS
Well, having had the pleasure of
overseeing crime scenes inside some
of our more inviting
penitentiaries...

(the hard part)
A prisoner who's been designated
I.C. usually means he's been
disciplined and has been moved away
from the general population, and
has had his phone privileges
suspended.

CALLIE
Usually? I mean, is there any
other reason for that designation?

CARLOS
Not that I know of.
(off her silence)
Sorry. I know that's probably not
what you wanted to hear right now.

CALLIE
Yeah, me, too. Thanks, Carlos.

Callie hangs up. A little angry. A whole lot concerned.

EXT. FOUNTAIN BAY COUNTRY CLUB - FIRST TEE BOX - DAY

Terry aims a CELL PHONE CAMERA at a smiling Scott standing
next to a smiling DAVID WARREN, pear-shaped 50 year old CEO
of Viva Power Drinks.

DAVID
My wife would kill me if I didn't
get a picture of you.

SCOTT
Make sure you get my good side.

(CONTINUE)

FV
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TERRY
Sure. Gimme a minute to find it.

They chuckle. Terry takes the picture just as Longworth walks into frame.

TERRY
Oh no --

DAVID
What's the matter?

Terry hands David his cell phone, starts to usher him away. Too late, Longworth catches up to them.

TERRY
Nothing. Thought I felt a drizzle.
We should get started --

LONGWORTH
(friendly and familiar)
Mr. Warren? David Warren. You're
the CEO of Viva Power Drinks.

DAVID
Yes, that's right. Only place I
get recognized is shareholder's
meetings and first-class business
lounges. Do I know you?

LONGWORTH
No, but they do. Jim Longworth.
I'm a detective with the FDLE.
Scott and Terry have been helping
me with the Doug Packard murder
investigation.

DAVID
(interested)
Really.

LONGWORTH
We've have some breaks in the case.

DAVID
(turns to Scott)
You didn't tell me --

TERRY
(to Longworth)
We're about to start a round.

LONGWORTH
I know. Thought I'd join you.
(turns to David)
Scott's going to beat you and Terry
has to let you win. Thought you
might appreciate a little honest
competition.

DAVID
What's your handicap?

FYI

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LONGWORTH
Still trying to break 80.
Sometimes 90.

DAVID
Works for me. Let's play.

EXT. FOUNTAIN BAY COUNTRY CLUB - VARIOUS - DAY

QUICK CUTS as the FOURSOME tees off --

-Warren carefully positions his feet, hips, elbows. Laboring to get it right. He whacks the ball, a decent shot that lands close to the green.

-Longworth plants his foot, brings the club head back... and bashes the ball. It sails high and long, and lands right in the middle of the fairway, only forty yards from the green.

-Scott addresses the ball, positions himself - it's poetry in motion. He swings and hits the ball. Beautiful. It sails even longer than Longworth's shot, and truer. It lands on the green itself, only ten feet from the hole.

-Terry addresses the ball, swings, hits - the ball slices way off to the right. But then it smacks into a tree and bounces all the way back onto the fairway. Terry steams. Longworth smiles.

EXT. FOUNTAIN BAY COUNTRY CLUB - FAIRWAY - DAY

Longworth, David, and Scott in their CARTS as Terry walks up to his ball. Terry goes to his GOLF BAG. Longworth gets out of his cart, joins Terry at his GOLF BAG, looking at his clubs.

LONGWORTH
I thought I noticed new grips.
Golf Pride XB's, huh. How they
working out for you?

TERRY
Fine. Excuse me.

Terry pulls out a PITCHING WEDGE. Longworth looks up at the green.

LONGWORTH
A wedge? Really? From a hundred
and forty out? I mean, maybe
Scott's got that shot in his bag.

SCOTT
Don't let him psych you out, Terry.
Play your game.

LONGWORTH
Well the wind *is* at you back, but
still I'd say at least a 9-iron.

DAVID
Yeah, I'm no pro, but that's what I
would use.

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

Longworth exits his car, steps up the driveway, sees a PRIUS with a "Save the Manatees" bumper sticker.

He continues for the front door, about to knock when he hears VOICES inside.

KIM
You son of a bitch! I ought to
kill you!

That's enough for Longworth. He pulls his gun, enters the house.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Longworth moves quietly through the house, following the voices, a WOMAN and a MAN arguing -

SCOTT
No. Kim, don't!

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Longworth enters to find Kim and Scott, standing in front of a wall of trophies and awards. Kim holding a bang stick on a terrified Scott --

KIM
Doug didn't drug me. You did!

SCOTT
Kim, please. Listen to me.

LONGWORTH
Hey guys.
(off their looks)
Everybody okay?

SCOTT
Tell her to put that thing down.

KIM
He deserves to die! After what he
did to me?

LONGWORTH
Maybe he does. But you don't.
(off the looks)
You're not a killer, Kim. He is.

Play the beat. Longworth holds up a hand, slowly puts his gun away, trying to keep a lid on things.

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(CONTINUED)

SCOTT
What are you doing? She's got a
gun.

LONGWORTH
Bang stick, actually. Single shot.
Not even live ammunition.
(off the look)
Still hurts like hell, though.
Wait. Is that the putter?

Longworth sees a putter off the wall. Takes it --

LONGWORTH
Valhalla, '07? A sixty-foot double
breaker to force a playoff? Man,
you had to have nerves of steel to
shake off that double bogie on
seventeen to make that putt.
That's the sign of a true
champion...

SCOTT
Are you nuts, do something!

LONGWORTH
-- or a sociopath. Which is why
you were able to kill your pal Doug
three days ago and still shoot a 4-
under par 68 yesterday.

SCOTT
I didn't kill Doug. He was one of
my best friends.

LONGWORTH
Good enough to take the rap for you
but not enough to welcome him back
into your entourage. And when he
threatened to tell your secret
about drugging Kim, you repaid him
with a 9-iron.

SCOTT
That was Terry's 9-iron, not mine.

LONGWORTH
Right, except Terry's clubs had
been re-gripped four days ago. You
and Terry had a game scheduled with
one of your sponsors, so he had the
club pro shop deliver them here to
your house - the day of the murder.
See? Delivery receipt.

He shows them the receipt Daniel gave him at the substation.

SCOTT
So maybe he came and got 'em.

LONGWORTH
Scott, seriously? You're running
out of friends to give up.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

LONGWORTH (CONT'D)

Someone to carry your bags, take care of your finances, clean up your messes?

KIM

You killed Doug! You drugged me so you could rape me, and then you killed your best friend to cover it up. Admit it. Admit it!

She jams the bang stick right into his chest.

LONGWORTH

Actually, this whole thing is kind of my fault. But that's what happens when you start digging for the truth, it all comes out. Now I can't force a confession, I'm a cop. But the person who deserves an apology, and to finally hear the truth? That's another matter.

Scott looks between Longworth and Kim with the bang stick.

SCOTT

Okay, fine. It was me. I drugged you that night. But you were just so uptight, I wanted to loosen you up, take you down a notch --

KIM

I was focused on my game! And then you killed Doug to cover it up? He did time for you!

SCOTT

He was shitfaced drunk, okay. We went out to shag balls into the lake like the old days. And he started threatening me, threatened to tell Viva, wanted more money. I went to call security and he attacked me. I hit him in self-defense.

LONGWORTH

Premeditated self-defense? Or did you take Terry's 9-iron out there knowing you'd need it to kill Doug? Then blame Terry, or Kim - so you could keep on playing the game you love --

Kim gestures at his trophies, his accolades on the pro tour.

KIM

All these trophies, these championships, you have everything! And you took everything I've ever wanted away from me!

LONGWORTH

Kim...

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She presses the bang stick into Scott's chest, wants badly to pull the trigger -

LONGWORTH

You can get past this. You're doing a hell of a job already.

(beat)

Don't let him beat you.

Longworth's hand out for the bang stick. Kim angry, emotional, disappointed. A beat, then --

She turns it on the trophies, fires it, discharging a flare of fire and smoke, trophies come tumbling down in a pile of glass and chrome.

SCOTT

You crazy bitch! You nearly killed me!

Engaged, he moves on her. Longworth grabs his arm, pinning it back behind him, and takes him to the ground to cuff him.

LONGWORTH

We're done here, Scott.

Scott relents. Longworth pulls out his cuffs. Cuffs him.

Kim letting it all come crashing down around her. Crying softly, staring at the pile of broken trophies.

LONGWORTH

Feel good to finally hear it?

(off her look)

Sorry. Stupid question.

KIM

No. I do feel better. Actually.

LONGWORTH

And for the record?

(off her look)

Sorry for the smart-ass remarks earlier. And about your game. But you really have found something remarkable to do with your life.

(off the look)

Even if they are the ugliest things I've ever seen.

She tries to smile through her emotions. Longworth gives her a look, then pushes Scott out of the den.

INT. SUBSTATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Daniel, exhausted, wheels a GURNEY filled with BOXES of neatly organized files down the hall, stopping at -

INT. SUBSTATION - MANUS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Manus works at her desk. He wheels in with the boxes.

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(CONTINUED)