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# Wild Things: Foursome

By Howard Zemski

Champagne time.  
Carson. Carson. Carson.  
Carson. Carson. Carson.  
Where's my woman?  
Where's Rachel?  
Have fun with the boys.  
Come on, baby.  
We can play teams.  
They will be shirts.  
We will be skins.  
Take it off. Take it off.  
Take it off. Take it off.  
Take it off.  
Carson, Carson.  
You're late, dude. I thought  
for sure you'd chicken out...  
...after that pounding  
I gave you last time.  
How about you put your money  
where your mouth is?  
My money is everywhere, bitch.  
-How about 10,000?  
-Carson, what are you doing?  
I am just going to show Shane...  
...why he should stick to hustling  
flat-feet at Blue Bay Country Club.  
Where are you now? Par four?  
You're going to race, aren't you?  
He's going to race.  
-I am going to win.  
-This is like Divorce Court.  
Only hotter.  
What's it going to be then, eh?  
-Race to Bird's Point?  
-I know you drive...  
...like you're blind, but I am sure  
you can see I am entertaining.  
-I have all day to feed you your lunch.  
-The number four buoy?  
Can I talk to you for a minute?  
Sweetie, it will take 10 minutes...  
...and then we will play  
that lawn bowling game you love.  
-You guys up for some bocce?

-Yeah.

-Let's do it.

-Yeah.

It's going to be over before  
the sun hits the first layer of SPF.

-I might sit this one out.

-After all this you're going to chicken out?

Sit out, not chicken out.

I decided to take on a new skipper.

-Brandi.

-Yeah.

-You work at the race track?

-I got to pay for school somehow.

-What kind of shit are you pulling?

-Scared of a girl?

I just don't want to hear  
your excuses later on.

Don't worry about it.

Smoke this fool.

Careful with all that throttle.

Oh, yeah.

We should agree on a finish line.

You will know it's over  
when I drop an anchor.

Damn.

Shit.

Yeah.

Damn it.

Yeah.

That's what I am talking about.

How about I buy you a drink?

With all the money you just lost,  
how about I buy you one?

Stuben, are we home early?

Stuben. Stuben.

Coming.

-Yes, sir.

-Are we home early?

Few minutes. I noticed there  
wasn't much traffic on the causeway.

No, I mean from our trip.

-Should we be back next week?

-Not that I know of. No, sir.

Where does this kid get balls

big enough to do this to my property?  
Let me take care of this. Consider  
staying in Bal Harbour tonight.  
That was a pretty bold turn.  
They say fortune favors the bold.  
That's what you owe us,  
Wheetly, a fortune.  
So why are you following me again?  
You know her?  
-We grew up together.  
-Sort of.  
Her mother cleaned our house.  
That's what's great  
about this country, right?  
We all end up sharing a beer.  
Carson, you don't even know  
this girl.  
I know how she drives a boat.  
Where'd you learn that?  
My old man.  
-He a captain?  
-He was a fisherman.  
-He was a lowlife.  
-Rach, lighten up.  
You know what? Screw you  
and this Jerry Springer reject.  
Rachel. Rachel.  
Shit.  
Dude, you got me into this.  
Can you help me out?  
Fine. But you owe me. Rach.  
I want this entire house  
arrested for trespassing.  
Get off my couch.  
They were invited in, sir.  
Stuben, how much  
do I give the cops every year?  
I don't have the exact figure  
in front of me, sir...  
...but it's large.  
Well, call Captain "What's-His-Name".  
-Blanchard.  
-Tell him it's payback time.  
Let's just tow the cars. It's a lot easier

than getting the cops involved.

-Hey, you want to wait up?

-Hey, Hendricks.

What the hell are you doing  
in my home?

Carson invited me.

Stubie.

So your dad was a fisherman.

He was the best.

He had a small boat.

It was in the family for generations.

He loved the water.

So does my father.

Boats, race cars and houses.

And not so much a fan of people.

It's because they scuff his floors  
and steal his booze.

Must be why he buys so many.

Cars and houses, that is.

-Carson.

-Oh, busted. Big man's here.

Seriously.

Speak of the devil.

What's up, Pops?

If fucking up were a desirable skill,  
you would be president right now.

Well, if being an arrogant asshole  
was equally valued...

...you'd be my vice.

-This is not your frat house.

-Got the foosball table.

Come on, Carson.

What am I doing wrong here?

I don't know, Ted.

Maybe if Mom was still alive,  
she could help.

Is that why you invited

Shane Hendricks?

Just to piss me off?

Just because his dad tried

to screw you out of a lot of money...

...a long time ago... did.

He did screw me out

of a whole lot of money.

Well, it hasn't slowed you down much,  
has it?  
I am going to stay at Bal Harbour tonight.  
Poor Dad. Slumming it as usual.  
Hardly. But you will be.  
If this place isn't empty and clean  
by the time I get back in the morning...  
...I will cut you off.  
Promise.  
Stop cheating.  
Oh, yeah? How do you like that?  
-You talk a pretty good game.  
-I play a good game.  
All right.  
Look, let me show you  
how it's done, okay?  
Now, shoot.  
See?  
You beat me.  
How about a rematch?  
I don't want to embarrass myself  
all over again.  
Easy there.  
Why don't you let me win  
something for a change?  
Like what?  
A kissing contest.  
Go. Let's go, Blue Bay.  
Blue. Go.....  
Let's go, Blue Bay. It was like everybody  
could see them, and no one's paying attention.  
I am telling you, she is such a skank.  
-And you're sure he kissed her.  
-Positive.  
She's finished in Blue Bay.  
What are you going to do about him?  
-What do you want?  
-To spoil my baby.  
Why don't you give them to your whore.  
What?  
Baby, what are you talking about?  
Come on, Carson.  
I know what you did last night.  
-I got drunk.

-Oh, and you just jammed...  
...your tongue down  
some chick's throat?  
Who told you that?  
Are you kidding?  
I knew every girl there.  
-Which one of you said that?  
-I did. I saw you.  
Are you going to deny it?  
I don't know. I might have kissed her.  
I was drunk.  
Shit, baby, do you think that meant  
anything to me, one stupid kiss?  
Do you believe me?  
Because without your trust,  
I am nothing.  
I asked if you believe me.  
So are we good?  
If I find out that you did more than  
just kiss her, I will chop your nuts off.  
That's what I love about you.  
Excuse me. Sorry.  
Mr. Wheatly, the police are here...  
...and they need to talk to you.  
Let me guess,  
about your little boat race?  
Can you come with me, please?  
Excuse me, ladies.  
Officer, let me assure you...  
...whatever you heard, I was not racing  
my motorboat this weekend.  
Carson.  
Jesus. They got you here too?  
What's the charge?  
Carson, it's your father.  
What about him?  
He didn't make it.  
It's okay.  
We will get through this.  
Detective.  
Detective Walker.  
-You find him?  
-He wasn't at home.  
Answering machine said

he wouldn't be back till the 25th.

That's next week.

Yeah. I know when it is. Thanks.

Frank, what the hell  
is going on here?

This guy must be really important...

...for you to leave your cushy chair  
and your view of the heliport.

He's the ninth richest man  
in Florida.

Judging by all the pieces  
he was blown into...

...I'd say he was five of them.

This is why we don't let him  
talk to reporters.

They say that the most dangerous  
place in all of Blue Bay...

...is right between Captain Blanchard  
and a microphone.

-You got a cigarette?

-No. I quit.

Yeah, me, too. Ten years ago.

But the smell of motor oil--

My dad used to have a shop.

-I worked for him in the summers.

-Frank.

Yeah.

How soon can you wrap up?

The press is all over this.

-It depends.

-On what?

On how soon we can figure out  
what the hell this thing is.

See, it's too old to be on a car  
that new. And you see that?

That's rust.

It's not charring from an explosion.

This is an old part.

Maybe it's part of some  
special racing modification.

Hey, you got any idea why a part  
that old would be on a car this new?

Not that I know of. But I don't work  
on it, so I can't say for sure.



-Who can we ask?

-Chuck Hensler. He's Ted's mechanic.

But he and his family are out  
on vacation till the 25th.

-When is that?

-Next week.

Yeah. It's the day after the 24th.

Send it to Forensics, and we will wait  
on this Hensler fellow, okay?

Good idea.

And we pray the loss is balanced  
by thanksgiving...

...for the life that was shared with us.

Amen.

Amen.

I am sorry.

I am sorry.

Let him be alone for a second.

I will go talk to him.

Everything is going to be okay,  
Carson.

My mom will kill herself again...

...when she finds out

she has to spend eternity next to him.

Even if it is just his ashes.

Maybe they will make up in heaven.

Or fight like dogs in hell.

Carson, I know

this is an awful time, but...

...there are some things

we need to discuss when you're ready.

You mean the will?

George, can you give me

a few days?

I don't think I can right now.

Yeah. Yeah, yeah,

take as long as you need.

Just a few days is all.

Yeah, whatever.

Okay. Good. Okay.

Well, what I am about to say

may seem like a shock...

...but in time, I think

you will come to see it's a gift.

You are not going to tell me  
old man left everything...  
...to a quarterhorse named Pole Dancer.  
Knowing your father, it would have  
been a dolphin named Flipper.  
Your father put all the money in a trust  
for you and named me the executor.  
And, as per the trust rules...  
...I can take a limited amount out  
for living expenses but...  
...you won't receive  
the balance until you're 30.  
How's that possible?  
I saw the will when my mother died.  
It didn't have any of this.  
No, it didn't. But he revised it.  
You're joking, right?  
I am afraid not.  
Are you kidding me?  
Minimal expenses?  
So what does that mean?  
We will run the house  
and pay for your car insurance.  
Anything else,  
you will have to earn yourself.  
This has got to be  
a fucking joke now.  
Baby, listen, it's okay.  
We will make do.  
What about food or anything else?  
There's no way  
to get any more money.  
Sure. There's some exceptions.  
In case of a medical emergency...  
...if you want to go back to school  
or if you want to get married...  
...or if you.... married?  
Yeah, yeah.  
There is a provision in the trust...  
...that does give me a little leeway  
on distributing the funds.  
I can do as I see fit  
to promote the marriage.  
Well, I am not getting married.

Rachel. Rach.

It's not that I don't love you.

-It's just that I feel like--

-But what, Carson? You're a jerk.

You know what?

I didn't want to marry you either.

But I just wish you didn't say no so quickly.

It's like I am some sort of disgusting person or something.

-It's not that.

-Don't touch me.

You don't deserve me.

Would you put anything like this in Ted's car?

We didn't use nothing old in that car.

Shit, Ted didn't even use the same steering wheel twice.

You have a lot of girls working the pit crews?

More and more. Shane Hendricks' got a girl working for him.

And a sexy one, too.

You have no idea how this wound up underneath Ted Wheetly's hood?

-I might.

-You might.

Well, see, since I knew you was coming, I pulled some records.

The night before the crash, Ted Wheetly's car ended up...  
...in Shane Hendricks' garage.

-And that's unusual, why?

-It never happens.

-Never happens?

-Never.

Especially since Ted hated Shane and his father.

-We weren't allowed to say their name.

-Hang on. They hated each other.

-Why?

-I don't know.

-You don't know.

-Look, man, I just fix the cars, okay?  
They don't tell me the secrets.  
How did the car wind up  
in Shane's garage? Tell me that?  
Beats me. It just did.  
-Can I go in there?  
-Yes, sir.  
Got any lights in this place?  
-Quaint little garage.  
-The best that money can buy.  
-Everything in here is.  
-Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Come on, you're a smart guy.  
Tell me.  
Who could arrange for Wheetly's car  
to spend the night in a place like this?  
-Fuck.  
-Afraid you're going to lose your job?  
I will take you to jail.  
Who can arrange it?  
Shane's the only one who can do it.  
This is his space.  
How can I see what that thing sees?  
This is where we keep  
all the surveillance tapes.  
I want to see the night before  
Wheetly's car blew.  
Yes, sir.  
All right. Here we go.  
-What was that? Did you see that?  
-Yeah, let me back it up.  
Right there.  
The time code just jumped  
two hours.  
When you say the time code  
jumped two hours...  
...you mean it erased two hours?  
Possibly. This system  
does randomly erase materials--  
Hang on. Hang on a second.  
You're telling me...  
...that on this once-in-a-million  
night...  
...that I want to see,

two hours of footage...  
...this system randomly erased?  
It was possible.  
But not likely.  
Tell me something. Who other  
than the guards has access...  
...to this particular system?  
Just Shane Hendricks.  
Just Shane Hendricks.  
Yeah.  
Looks like you  
are not going to jail, my friend.  
What?  
Rach, please, come out here  
and talk to me.  
Okay. What?  
You lock yourself  
in the bedroom for six hours.  
I know. I am sorry.  
I was furious at you.  
It's not that I don't want to marry you.  
It's just that we're so young.  
We have plenty of time.  
I know. I am sorry.  
I am sorry I was acting crazy.  
I just can't help it sometimes.  
Don't do that again.  
I won't.  
Close your eyes.  
And think about what I am going to  
do to you when I get back.  
-Carson Wheetly, you're under arrest.  
-For what?  
For the rape of Brandi Cox.  
Come on, let's go.  
-Rape?  
-She's a liar.  
Yeah. Got to take him in. Let's go.  
Let's go. Come on.  
Call George.  
-Keep moving.  
-Call George.  
This way.  
Coming forward was the hardest

decision a girl like me could make.  
But I have always been a fighter...  
...and this is the most important  
fight of my life.  
Carson Wheetly raped me.  
And just because he's rich...  
...does not mean  
he can get away with it.  
And I'd also like to thank  
Linda Dobson...  
...who saw it all happen  
and had the courage to speak out.  
George, where have you been?  
I got here as soon as I could. I...  
...made a few phone calls.  
They can release you  
on bail tomorrow morning.  
George, I am innocent.  
I swear to God.  
We got drunk and kissed,  
but that's it.  
Girl would say anything  
to get her claws on Carson's money.  
I just wish we could pay her off.  
I mean, this thing could go on forever.  
-Who knows how a jury will respond?  
-Can't we use some of the money?  
George, I am fighting for my life here.  
My dad would have understood.  
Of course,  
but my hands are still tied.  
The terms are clear. They don't leave  
a lot of room for improvisation.  
Marriage, medical emergency,  
schooling.  
Well....  
I guess we have to get married.  
That's what you're saying.  
I wasn't, no. I mean, I suppose it would  
make an easier case for the payout...  
...hard to have much of a marriage  
with Carson in jail, but there's no--  
Baby, I don't want you to do  
anything you don't want to do.

I want to.  
You're my everything.  
And you're my everything, baby.  
You two deserve  
some happiness, alone.  
I will make the arrangements.  
Brandi, what would you say  
to a settlement offer?  
A part of me would say,  
'Go fuck yourself, asshole.'  
You don't know  
what I have been through.  
-And the other part?  
-The other part would say \$25 million.  
You gold-digging bitch.  
Thirty? Thirty-five?  
What number would hurt you  
as much as you hurt me, Carson?  
-Choke on it.  
-Enough.  
Okay, enough. Enough.  
We're offering 2 million.  
That's an insult. I talked to the DA.  
He is chomping  
at the bit to prosecute.  
With what? A 'he said, she said?'  
'He said, she said?'  
Linda Dobson swears she saw  
your guy getting rough with Brandi.  
Please, I got six guys  
who will swear she was so drunk...  
...she tried to make  
out with a beer keg.  
You have got a 50 percent chance.  
I am offering you a sure thing.  
Even if she settles,  
the DA can still prosecute.  
It's in your best interest  
to make sure that doesn't happen.  
Once the charges are dropped,  
we will offer....  
-We will make it 3 million.  
-I want 10.  
-In your dreams.

-Careful, Carson.

A nice butt like that, you're going to be very popular with the boys in the yard.

You have already committed perjury.

Let's stay away from extortion.

How about 5?

That's \$ 100,000. I won't even hold it against the 5 million.

-Checking in, ma'am?

-Bet your ass I am.

-Do you have any bags?

-Just this.

Jesus Christ,

you could have killed me.

Innocent until proven guilty.

You are guilty. Guilty as hell.

Just as much as you are.

How'd you get in here?

It's my father's hotel.

I have got the keys to the kingdom, thanks to you.

I could definitely get used to this.

You better.

When does the money get transferred?

A month.

Paperwork and shit.

I still can't believe the bastard changed his will.

Enough business.

Let's focus on pleasure.

I wish we could have gotten more.

That little bitch, I just wanted to smack that smile off his face.

He's not a bad guy.

He just got this crazy sense of loyalty to my old man.

And me too, I guess.

What are you complaining about?

You have got a beautiful fiancée.

A smoking-hot girlfriend.

And a bunch of running-around money. That's evil shit.

Criminal.



Almost as bad as setting  
someone up for rape.

Man, oh, man.

Shane Hendricks?

I am Detective Frank Walker.

I am investigating  
the death of Ted Wheetly.

I thought it was an accident.

Yeah, I thought it was too, but a lot  
of strange shit going on. Funny things.

Why I let the man I hate  
store his car in my garage.

-Yeah, that's one of them.

-Because Brandi Cox asked me to.

-You know Brandi Cox?

-Sure.

She worked my crew  
for six months.

Girl could strip an engine  
in five minutes.

Plus she looked good covered in oil.

What about Linda Dobson?

Do you know her too?

-From around, sure.

-You have seen her lately?

Nope.

Tell me something, Shane.

Why in the world would Brandi Cox  
want Ted Wheetly's car...

...stored in your fancy garage?

She didn't say and I didn't care.

Don't say no to a hot piece of ass  
like that. That illegal, detective?

Maybe.

I got into a lot of trouble  
when I was a kid.

Stupid things. Boosting cars,  
some pot, nothing big.

-But I did learn one thing.

-Really? What's that?

Cops are a bunch of assholes.

You can call my attorney  
if you want to talk again.

'Cops are a bunch of assholes.'

Stupid fucking hat.

-You're not the pizza guy.

-No, I am Detective Frank Walker.

I'd like to ask you  
a few questions if I might.

Sure. Want a drink?

Thanks. It's hot out here.

-That's very interesting iced tea.

-My mom's recipe.

Only thing she ever gave me.

Anyways, detective,  
what can I do for you?

I wanted to ask you few questions about  
your relationship with Shane Hendricks.

-He was my boss.

-That's it?

-Yes.

-But he wanted more?

I suppose.

And you used that to get favors.

No. Never asked him for anything.

He told me that you asked him  
to keep Ted's car in his garage.

He told me the only reason  
he agreed...

...was because  
you were such a pretty girl.

I doubt he used the words  
'pretty girl.' Actually,  
I'd put money  
on 'hot piece of ass.'

And be that the case, detective,  
and...

...I used to think this was the hottest  
piece of ass in Glade City.

But even if I did ask him,  
there's no way Shane Hendricks...

...would ever do anything  
for Wheetly.

Why is that?

Because Ted hated Shane's pops.

I hear he wanted to kill him  
over some bad deal in the Keys.

Well, I will have to look into that.

Thank you.  
Hey, one more thing.  
Do you ever talk  
to Linda Dobson at all?  
No, I haven't.  
I don't really know her.  
Right.  
Yeah.  
Well, thanks for your time.  
We need to talk.  
This better be important enough  
to ruin my updo.  
I got a little spooked, okay?  
A detective came to my house,  
I started thinking I could go to jail.  
We're in this together.  
We could all go.  
That's bullshit. Okay, you have  
a house and a brand-new Mercedes.  
I am stuck living in a shack  
with leaky pipes and water stains.  
You are set for life. If he dies,  
you inherit everything.  
You're screwing me. I can feel it.  
No, Brandi.  
That's so not true.  
I haven't seen you in days.  
Brandi, you knew  
it was going to be like this.  
Yeah, but I didn't think  
it was going to be this hard.  
I am all alone, okay?  
You're out getting married.  
Okay. This is the only way...  
...that we could get you  
some money right now.  
And then, when Carson turns 30,  
we hit the jackpot.  
Come here.  
You believe me, don't you?  
I'd like to introduce to you all...  
...Mr. and Mrs. Carson Wheatly.  
Who needs a drink?  
Happy, healthy....

Wealthy and wise.

Mrs. Wheetly.

I just wanted to say that even though we did this for practical reasons...

...I am really glad.

I love you.

Baby, I love you too.

We're going to be so happy.

What do you think we should do, now that we're married?

I don't know.

Should we open our gifts and see how many blenders we got?

I was thinking of something a little more fun.

Like wine glasses.

A margarita set?

What asshole

do you think forgot his keys?

Call the valet, dickhead.

Is this a bad time?

Are you here to arrest me again?

It's hotter than hell out here.

Do you mind if I come in and talk for a while?

What can I help you with, detective?

There's been some developments in your father's case.

When's the last time you saw Shane Hendricks?

The day before my father died.

We raced boats right outside.

Does he have something to do with this?

-I don't know, maybe.

-Did you talk to him?

Yeah, he wasn't very cooperative.

He hates cops.

You know I kind of got that.

You and he are friends, huh?

He liked to come around and piss off my dad.

And yet, you chose to hang out with him anyway, right?

We were friends since we were kids.  
We know the same people.  
Look, maybe I wanted  
to piss off my dad too.  
Was Shane sleeping  
with Brandi Cox?  
How should I know?  
I never met her before the other day.  
Oh, right. Right.  
She involved with this too?  
Damned if I know. Too early to tell.  
I wouldn't rule her out though.  
In fact, I wouldn't rule anyone out.  
You're probably anxious to get back  
with your wife. Thanks for your time.  
Oh, and you rest assured,  
young man...  
...I will find your father's killer.  
He knows.  
He doesn't know anything.  
Did you tell him what we said?  
Yeah, that Shane hated my dad,  
I told him.  
Then he asked about Brandi,  
said she was a suspect.  
A suspect?  
-Yeah, might be a suspect.  
-'Was' or "might be?"  
I don't know.  
What difference does it make?  
He's on to her.  
Carson, we knew  
he was going to suspect Brandi.  
I am pretty sure  
that Brandi won't talk.  
Pretty sure? Jesus, Rach.  
You said she was 100 percent.  
I know, I thought so.  
But now I don't know.  
I didn't want to tell you, before  
the wedding she came to me...  
...and she just started talking  
all this crazy stuff...  
...about how she wasn't happy

with our arrangement.

-She threaten you?

-This is why I didn't want to tell you.

I knew you'd get all worked up.

-Rach, did she threaten you?

-Sort of.

We got to take care of her

before Walker gets to her.

I will set it up.

Where?

Tonight at the hotel

by the Glades.

It's okay, we can do this.

I am worried about Walker.

Hey, cap, you got a minute?

Yeah. Larry, Larry, you know I can't  
comment on an ongoing investigation.

All right, yup, always a pleasure.

Why the hell isn't that Ted Wheetly  
case closed?

Well, I was waiting for Forensics  
to give me a report on that...

.....piece I found at the scene.

-And?

-It's an intake manifold valve...

...from a 1998 V10.

So?

So Ted would never let anything  
in his car that wasn't brand new.

This part in particular was recalled.

When the car hit 5000 rpm...

...there was a good chance  
that it would spark up and explode.

Maybe we should all

get out of Dodge, you know?

Head to the Islands. Wait for the  
money to land. Let things cool down.

I don't think Carson wants you  
to get a penny of his money.

-The check's being sent to me.

-I think he's scheming.

It's his birthright. He doesn't  
want a couple of silly swamp girls...

...to get their hands on it.

Okay, any suspects?  
-Shane Hendricks.  
-You're not serious.  
-I am serious.  
-Do you know who his father is?  
Yes, the new ninth richest man  
in Miami.  
When the money drops,  
you and me will bolt town.  
We will cut our losses.  
It's still \$5 million.  
-It's plenty to get by on.  
-I don't want to just get by.  
We did this so we wouldn't have to.  
So what are you thinking?  
It's like you said.  
With Carson out of the way....  
I mean, I am the sole heir to his trust.  
I don't know about this, Rachel.  
Brandi, it's a little late now  
to be getting cold feet.  
Don't you think?  
-And you want me to bring him in?  
-No, I didn't say that.  
I said he was a suspect. And no,  
I do not want to bring him in yet.  
Not until I find out what's really  
going on with Brandi Cox.  
The girl who got raped?  
How is she involved?  
Something about her working for  
Shane does not sit right with me.  
I need your help.  
Without it, we get nothing.  
When?  
We're meeting later tonight  
at the hotel by the Glades.  
It's okay. We can do this.  
This is Blue Bay, not Miami. Noise  
complaints and the occasional drunk...  
...that's about all the excitement  
we can handle.  
I won't have a homicide  
cluttering up my backyard.

-Now close it quick.  
-I am trying to do that, captain.  
Which is why I thought maybe I'd go  
down to the Keys, poke around a bit.  
If you pay for my gas?  
Here, why don't you let me  
help you with that?  
That's sweet. Hey, aren't you  
Adam Klotsen's cousin?  
-I think I have seen you before.  
-No. No, I am--  
I am looking for Darlene Cox.  
-You a cop?  
-Yeah. Up at Blue Bay.  
-What do you want with Darlene?  
-It's about her daughter Brandi.  
I am Darlene. What did she do?  
Nothing.  
I am part of the rape investigation.  
She'd been raped?  
When's the last time  
you spoke to her?  
Not since she and Rachel  
left for school.  
I just knew something bad  
would happen.  
No, no, she's....  
She's going to be fine. Do you mind  
if I ask you a few questions?  
-If you think it will help.  
-I think it will. You just said that...  
...she and Rachel  
went to school together?  
Of course they did.  
They was always together.  
It was like the two of them grew  
from the same branch or something.  
I am a little confused.  
Well, I thought that you....  
I thought you used to clean  
Rachel's estate.  
Estate? You mean  
that old trailer up on bricks?  
Hell, the only thing that would



clean that is a great big hurricane...  
...if you know what I mean.  
Yeah. I know what you,  
So you're telling me that...  
....Rachel and Brandi were best friends.  
Ever since they were girls.  
They'd go up in that cabin  
all day in the woods.  
-Doing what?  
-Just being kids, I guess.  
Brandi had a couple of old junkers  
she was working on up there.  
Thing is, Rachel filled that girl's head  
with all sorts of things.  
-What kind of things?  
-Like the two of them...  
...they was going to go find themselves  
some rich husbands.  
I don't know where  
they came up with that idea.  
And now look what happened.  
Yeah. One more question.  
Where's this old cabin  
in the woods?  
Anderson. Frank Walker. I need you  
to run a part number for me, all right?  
Yeah.  
I got a feeling it's going to come up  
as a '98 V10.  
Stick to the plan, you will be fine.  
Damn.  
I ain't seen you in a while.  
Squeeze it.  
Do it.  
Rach, now.  
Do it.  
Do you think she's going to kill me?  
Rach, now.  
You backstabbing bitch.  
I am glad.  
You have blood all over your shirt.  
Here, take it off. I will burn it.  
-Did you bring Carson's laptop?  
-Yeah. It's in the duffle bag.

Okay. How does this sound?  
'l, Carson Wheetly, admit  
to killing my father, Ted Wheetly.'  
Go on.  
'He killed my mother.  
He was a womanizer...  
...a drunk, and a violent man.'  
'He got what he deserved, just like  
this bullet will deliver what l deserve.'  
No sign of a struggle.  
No other prints.  
A note. Hell, my 2-year-old  
could have closed this one.  
So that's it?  
Crazy rich kid kills his father...  
...can't stand himself, so he comes  
down here and shoots himself?  
-That's it?  
-Open and shut.  
Yeah. Well, why did he drive  
all the way down to the swamp?  
Why didn't he just  
shoot himself at home?  
Detective, l invited you down here  
as a courtesy...  
...because, well, this is your boy, but  
as far as the Everglades City P.D.  
is concerned...  
...it's stone crab time.  
-Did you notify the next of kin?  
-She identified the body this morning.  
There you are, sir.  
Can l help you, detective?  
l am sorry for your loss.  
l didn't know condolence calls  
were part of the job.  
Must be one of the benefits  
of being the ninth richest person...  
...in the State of Florida.  
This whole thing worked out  
kind of nice for you.  
How all this worked out, isn't it?  
By nice you mean  
losing my husband?

No, no, no.

By nice I mean by you finally  
nabbing yourself a rich boy and...  
...all of his riches.

So where'd you get that?

The old cabin by your house.

The cabin where you and Brandi Cox  
plotted to find you a husband.

-So what?

-Motive.

That doesn't prove anything,  
detective. Except that I am poor...

...and that I pretended not to be  
because I was embarrassed by it.

I just wanted to find myself  
a good guy.

That a crime?

No, it's not a crime.

And actually, coming from anyone  
but you, it might be touching.

You enjoy your trip  
down memory lane.

I will see myself out.

-Hello?

-Walker came by to visit.

He had the file on Carson.

How?

-He was in the cabin.

-What?

You left that there? Are you crazy?

-We're going to get caught.

-It's just a file. Doesn't prove anything.

We have to stick to the plan.

I don't like this, Rach. I am scared.

I told you about Walker  
so you'd be prepared...

...in case he came by to see you.

I am not sure I can do this.

-I want to meet, okay? I need to.

-We can't. It's too risky.

I need to see you.

I am not fucking around.

Okay, okay.

-Calm down. Where?

-The cabin.

Are you crazy? He's been there.

I know. We can make sure there's nothing we need to get rid of.

-All right.

-One hour.

Hey.

I can't believe we used to hang out here.

Remember what else

we used to do?

Brandi, this isn't funny.

Listen, if we keep up this shit we're going to get caught.

Sit down.

Sit down.

How long since we have been here together?

I don't know. A couple of years.

Look, I need to know that you're--

You taught me

so many things, remember?

I do. Listen, I need to know you're not going to crack.

I am okay, now that I see you.

Can't I move into your house?

How do we explain that?

We will figure it out.

You're not going to let up

until I give in, are you?

You need to relax.

Nice try.

Brandi, what are you doing?

The same thing you were going to do to me. You think I am stupid.

I don't know what you're talking about.

Just put the gun down.

Problem is, I don't trust you.

You always were

such a selfish bitch.

No loyalty.

I have been thinking

and that \$5 million is plenty for me.

Call me simple.

I am going to get all the money.  
So I will give you everything,  
whatever you want.  
I want you dead.  
I can't have you blabbing  
your mouth to everyone.  
It's too bad.  
You really are a hot piece of ass.  
Rachel.  
Come on out, baby.  
Rachel.  
I don't even care about the money.  
I just want to see your pretty little face.  
No.  
No.  
Detective, a girl walked in,  
says she needs to talk to you.  
-Said it's urgent.  
-She give you a name?  
Rachel Thomas.  
Really?  
I didn't think getting you in here  
would be quite this easy.  
Brandi Cox tried to kill me.  
Detective.  
Would you excuse me for a minute?  
Hello, Brandi.  
Have I got a story for you, detective.  
When we were 16...  
...one of Ted Wheetly's companies  
came to Glade City...  
...bought up all the commercial  
fishing rights.  
Put Brandi's father out of business.  
He killed himself.  
Brandi wanted revenge.  
My father had nothing to do with this.  
I mean, yeah, he killed himself...  
...but it wasn't just because  
of Ted Wheetly.  
Even if I did blame Wheetly,  
what was I going to do about it?  
She thought she looked  
too trailer-trash...

...to nab any rich white guy  
or any of his friends.  
So she wanted me to do it for her.  
I told her straight up  
I wasn't going to help her.  
But I started reading  
all this stuff about Carson...  
...and I guess you could say  
I fell for him.  
So I came to Blue Bay to find him.  
I came to Blue Bay because I knew  
I had to get out of the Glades.  
I had a friend here.  
Well, I thought I had a friend here.  
Brandi was always jealous  
of my relationship with Carson.  
From the beginning,  
she wanted to kill his father.  
But then...  
...after she found out  
that Carson and me were in love...  
...she wanted to kill him, too.  
I thought the whole thing was funny.  
I mean, here's Rachel,  
this girl from the trailer park...  
...convincing all these rich kids  
that she was one of them.  
I was proud of her  
until I realized her plan...  
...to kill Ted Wheetly  
and take his money.  
She convinced Carson  
to kill his father.  
But it was easy  
because Carson hated his dad.  
Carson and Rachel  
came to me first.  
He blamed his dad  
for killing his mom.  
-And Carson wanted him dead.  
-Not at first.  
But Rachel worked on him.  
And in the end he did.  
And when I said no,

I wouldn't do it...  
...that's when they hooked up  
with Shane Hendricks to help them.  
I said no, but it didn't matter.  
Rachel got Shane Hendricks  
to do it.  
Why, at any time,  
didn't you go to the police?  
Detective, I am just  
a poor girl from the swamp.  
I grew up thinking that all cops  
wanted to do was just throw you in jail.  
What the hell is going on?  
I need a bulldozer  
to get through all this horseshit.  
-Neither of them's telling the truth.  
-They both are.  
-And they're both lying their asses off.  
-What do you think happened?  
I think that they preyed  
on this innocent kid Carson.  
Now he's out of the way,  
they're trying to screw each other...  
...out of the money.  
That's what I think.  
What about the other kid,  
Shane Hendricks?  
No, he's a dupe.  
These girls are much too smart  
to clue in a joker like that.  
What can you prove?  
Nothing. Absolutely nothing,  
not yet.  
I have to cut them loose.  
We can't hold them without charges.  
-I got confessions.  
-Accusations, unsubstantiated ones.  
One of those girls....  
The ninth richest girl in Florida. Yeah.  
Yeah, I know. I know, and  
she's getting away with murder.  
All right. Anybody know we got the  
ninth richest girl in Miami in custody?  
-All right, Brandi.

-I have proof.  
All this happened so fast  
that Rachel didn't get a chance to...  
...feed the evidence to the gators.  
And you know where it is.  
She made me promise not to tell,  
but I have to do the right thing.  
You really expect me  
to believe that?  
I am telling you the evidence is there.  
Everything you need to close  
the case and be the hero.  
Where?  
The cabin.  
In that cabinet is a blue gym bag.  
Inside is a hard drive with the security  
disks from Shane's garage...  
...the night of Ted's murder.  
They show Carson and Rachel...  
...breaking in and rigging the car...  
...installing a jacked-up  
part from some V10 engine.  
Rachel's shirt is in the bag, too.  
And you know what?  
It's covered in Carson's blood.  
You can find her wearing it  
in pictures at the house.  
You better have ironclad proof  
or I will sue this whole city.  
Brandi told us all  
about the blue gym bag.  
-What blue gym bag?  
-The one down at the cabin.  
The one that has  
all the security tapes and...  
...all the bloody clothes in it.  
That gym bag.  
I don't know  
what you're talking about.  
It really doesn't matter, because  
your face is all over the tapes...  
...and Carson's blood  
is all over your shirt.  
That bitch set me up.



All right, listen up.  
As some of you might...  
...already know, today is Frank's  
last day on the force.  
-All right, great.  
-All right.  
Retire while you are  
relatively young.  
That is the only advice my old man  
gave me that I ever decided to take.  
Well, we're all  
real proud of you, Frank. You...  
...persisted when most of us  
would have stopped.  
You solved the biggest homicide  
in Blue Bay's history.  
There's no better way to go out  
than when you're on top.  
Thank you, Captain.  
Frank, turn that up a minute,  
will you?  
Now, as per the trust...  
Sure thing.  
...money's passed to Wheetly blood.  
We will establish the Wheetly Business  
School at Blue Bay University.  
...and the Ted Wheetly  
Memorial Speedway.  
We will also be making a sizeable  
donation to the Cayman Reef Fund.  
Millions of dollars to a bunch of fish.  
-The whole world's gone crazy.  
-Too crazy for me.  
So tell me, Frank, what the hell  
are you going to do now anyway?  
Yup.  
Bingo.  
Do you even know  
how to drive this thing?  
How hard could it be?  
I have a couple of manuals  
in my duffel.  
The way I figure it,  
we just point this baby southeast...

...give her a little gas,  
eventually we run into an island.  
What do you say  
we get the hell out of this town?  
Aye, aye, Captain.  
What are you doing back there?  
Relax, Frank.  
Just wanted to give you a massage.  
Look, I think we need to get something  
straight right now, okay?  
I don't trust you, and you sure as hell  
shouldn't trust me.  
We're not partners,  
we're not even really friends, and...  
...as intriguing as the whole notion is,  
I don't think we should have sex.  
What I think we should do  
is get our asses to the island...  
...split the money  
and then become nothing...  
...but distant memories to one another.  
You're good with that?  
-Okay.  
-Good. Now, turn around.  
-What for?  
-Call it morbid curiosity.  
All the way.  
Not armed.  
No, but that does not necessarily  
mean that you are not dangerous.  
We both know that.  
Okay, no massage,  
no making out, no sex.  
What about beer?  
Or are you some sort of puritan?  
No, beer is good.  
You know what I can't help  
thinking?  
There's a couple of hundred million  
dollars worth of reef sharks right there.  
I have a question for you,  
young lady.  
How long were you plotting  
to kill Ted Wheetly?

Since that cocksucker  
killed my father.  
Just like Rachel said.  
Sometimes that lying bitch  
told the truth.  
So Rachel was trying  
to cheat you out of it?  
She thought she was so slick.  
Hey, one more question.  
Linda Dobson disappearing.  
I could never figure that out.  
What was that?  
No mystery. She needed money  
to move to Europe...  
...so this was just  
the easiest way to get it.  
It's always the easy answer, isn't it?  
I think we got a live one here.  
Yeah.  
We are going to be eating fish  
for dinner tonight.  
We're all whores, aren't we, Frank?  
What are you doing?  
Oh, no.  
No. No.  
No, please.  
I am a greedy bitch.  
What did you expect?  
If you see one of those rich sharks,  
maybe it will buy you a clue.  
Asshole.  
All right, easy, tiger.  
Money landed?  
Yeah, about five minutes ago  
it became final.  
Wheetly Enterprises is dissolved,  
all of its assets been dispersed.  
One of the larger recipients  
was the Cayman Reef Trust...  
...to be administered without oversight  
by its president, yours truly...  
...and his soon-to-be  
smoking-hot wife.  
So we're free to grow old...

...fat, and happy?

Oh, I don't know about that.

I have to keep you away from  
the lobster buffet, Mrs. Stuben.

Can't believe it's over,  
after all the planning.

It's, like, finally done.

Is ''dead'' done enough for you?

-It will stick?

-Whatever Walker got was good.

I will take that.

Jump on. I will give you a ride home.

Oh, sweetheart, you know  
how wobbly my sea legs are.

Come on, baby. I want you to jump on  
and drop your anchor on me.

Last one home, slave for a day?

-I might just let you win.

-I hope you do.

Watch out for that  
manifold intake valve.

We did it.

You Brandi?

-Who are you?

-I want to talk about your father.

-He's dead.

-I know.

Your father was a good man.

He didn't deserve to die.

I am the guy who's going to  
help you get even.

All right.

How?

He's just perfect, right?

I just can't believe how badly  
your father treated your mother.

She must have felt  
there was no other way out.

He's a murderer...

...and nobody is going to  
see it like that.

He will get what's coming to him.

They always do.

Bullshit.

Guy walks on water.  
You know...  
...there is something  
you can do about it.  
Like what?  
Breaking into Shane's garage  
is a piece of cake.  
There's no security, no nothing.  
-There's no security.  
-None.  
All you need to do is get his keys and...  
...let yourself in through the door.  
How do we get his keys?  
The guy's a total horn dog.  
It shouldn't be too hard.  
No... Hey, Hendricks.  
What the hell are you doing  
in my home?  
Carson invited me.  
Rachel.  
You know that whole boat race  
was my idea.  
It doesn't matter.  
He's an idiot.  
He's not that bad.  
It's just....  
He gets to have all the fun.  
You're mad at him.  
Yeah?  
So what?  
He gets nothing  
unless he gets married.  
He has no interest in that.  
What are we supposed to do,  
wait 10 years?  
Oh, yeah, right.  
Like that will help.  
He will totally cut us out.  
Well, then we need to convince him  
it's in his best interest to get married.  
Like if he needed to pay me off.  
Like if he didn't, he'd go to jail.  
All right, how?  
I could say he raped me.

You guys set me up?  
Baby, just relax.  
Listen, you're not thinking straight.  
If we don't get married,  
we don't get a penny.  
I mean this way, we get  
some of the trust every year...  
...plus we get a big payout  
up front that we can all split.  
-I mean, that's a win-win.  
-For you. I am in jail.  
You can get out real easy.  
By agreeing to get married.  
If you don't...  
...I am really afraid that Brandi's  
going to go through with those charges.  
She thinks you're going to  
cut her out when you're 30.  
What about your friend, Linda?  
-Did you tell her about Dad?  
-No, I didn't tell her a thing.  
As far as she's concerned  
it was a scam to get the estate.  
She just needed cash for,  
I don't know, her year abroad.  
George, where have you been?  
I got here as soon as I could.  
-I am a little worried.  
-About what?  
What if Walker suspects me  
for killing Rachel?  
We have been through this. You shoot  
her, you feed her to the gators.  
Plant the bag in her house  
and tip off the police. I know, baby.  
But what if Walker doesn't buy it?  
He seems smarter  
than I imagined him to be.  
Then we buy him.  
I have known Frank for a while now.  
He's as crooked as they come.  
Pretty convenient how these  
just happened to be there.  
She's a bad crook.

Well, you're worse.  
Guy lives next to the cabin, nice  
old trucker, invited me for a beer.  
He tells me he saw you  
this morning carrying that bag.  
He remembers you very well because  
he almost ran you over one day.  
Memory fits you to a tee,  
your complexion, your height.  
His memory is bulletproof.  
How would you like  
an early retirement, detective?  
We did it.  
How about you buy me a drink?  
How about I buy you  
the whole damn bar?