

CLUB LARGESSE

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, POOL - NIGHT

A strong male Swimmer (20s) RACES across the deserted pool wearing a YELLOW SPEEDO and using the butterfly stroke. He wears swim goggles.

He turns and spins like a pro.

He swims back using the Australian Crawl, touches the side, and stops. A fluffy, white, monogrammed towel ("CL") awaits him at the side of the pool.

The swimmer looks up, breathes heavily, and begins to exit the pool as a big Man (70s; later Mr. Largesse), completely disguised in black scuba gear, mask, and swim fins, struggles to walk to the edge of the pool, swings a speargun around from behind him, and shoots the swimmer in the heart.

The Swimmer falls back into the pool and sinks below the surface. A pool of blood rises from the body.

The Man in the scuba gear disappears clumsily in the night.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB, OFFICE - MORNING

KRYSTAL JENNINGS (30s-50s), a mature, ageless beauty in a tan pantsuit with a pressed white shirt, matching heels, and costume jewelry, sits at her clean teak desk with a laptop computer. In the corner of the office is a small table with a vase filled with fake orchids.

She is on a video conference call with MR. LARGESSE'S PA (Personal Assistant; 20s-30s). The PS is an AI-generated avatar wearing a suit and tie, but the voice sounds suspiciously like that of a pompous elderly man lacking formal education. We only see the PA in a grainy composition with dark backlighting, making it impossible to get an accurate description of the man.

KRYSTAL

Yes, Sir. We've taken care of the murder victim --

MR. LARGESSE'S PA

Murder bad, unfortunate accident, good.

KRYSTAL

Yes, Sir. We've taken care of the unfortunate accident victim --

Mr. Largesse's PA always pronounces "Club Largesse" properly (Club Large-ess). The non-members and staff routinely pronounce it incorrectly as "Lar-Jessie," "Lar-Gassie," or "Large-Assie."

MR. LARGESSE'S PA
Victim, bad. Irresponsible staff member using The Club Largesse's resources. Fire him.

KRYSTAL
He's dead, Sir. And we are required by law to inform the police and the coroner under these circumstances.

MR. LARGESSE'S PA
Mr. Largesse will handle them.

KRYSTAL
Yes, Sir, but they are sending a detective to investigate.

MR. LARGESSE'S PA
The Chief of police is a friend of Mr. Largesse and hand-picked the worst detective on the force. As long as you do as you're told, there won't be an issue.

KRYSTAL
Yes, Sir.
(unconvinced)
I'm not sure this will work, Sir.

MR. LARGESSE'S PA
Do exactly as I've instructed and report to me alone, daily.
Understood?

SILENCE

MR. LARGESSE'S PA (CONT'D)
Or Mr. Largesse says you'll be back at the reception desk for a few days.
(yells)
Before you get deported to Sudan!

KRYSTAL
Yes, Sir. Got it.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, GOLF COURSE - DAY

DETECTIVE ANGEL MORALES (30s-50s) enters the security gate and marvels at "Club Largesse" with manicured grounds and an opulent Club House. She's a fish out of water in a blue pantsuit with a body camera and badge.

She finally sees Krystal waving to her to join her at a scenic spot overlooking the 18th hole.

As the Detective draws near, Krystal gets a text message: "Urgent, Stall for 5. Raul."

Detective Morales flashes her badge.

DETECTIVE

I'm Detective Angel Morales. I'm here to investigate the death of a lifeguard, Mr. Johnny Depth, at the pool last night.

KRYSTAL

Yes, a terrible accident. I am Krystal Jennings, the General Manager of the Club Lar-Jessie, the most elegant and exclusive country club in America.

Detective Morales pronounces the name of the country club correctly.

DETECTIVE

I think it's pronounced, "Largesse." It means rich.

Krystal ignores Detective Morales.

KRYSTAL

I'm sure you're anxious to dot your t's and cross your i's to get on with more pressing business --

DETECTIVE

I worked Vice for many years, where we called it crossing out your Ex's and HO's. But our coroner suggests it may have been an accident.

Krystal ignores the comment and walks ahead.

KRYSTAL

I'd like to show you the clubhouse, tennis courts, and new pickleball complex.

DETECTIVE

I'm not looking to join the country club; I need to see the crime scene.

KRYSTAL

Accident scene, yes. This way.

A cute Native American woman, MARIA (20s), wears a housekeeper's uniform and one Hearbuddy, as she walks by Krystal and the Detective, who notices the woman's name tag reads, "Barbie Dunton."

Detective Morales stops Maria.

DETECTIVE

You don't look like a Barbie.

Maria's Hearbuddy lights up.

KRYSTAL

Detective, you'll see that all our primary interaction staff have been outfitted with the latest in AI language translation devices.

Detective Morales stares at Maria's curious Hearbuddy.

HEARBUDDY (V.O.)

No pareces una muñeca Barbie.

English Subtitle: "You don't look like a Barbie doll!"

Krystal interrupts to disrupt the interview.

KRYSTAL

No matter the language spoken, the HearBuddy translator connects to our computer bank to instantly translate the text and suggest a correct response in English.

HEARBUDDY (V.O.)

Respond: You look like a GI Joe.

MARIA

You look like a GI Joe.

Detective Morales looks puzzled.

DETECTIVE

Where were you last night?

HEARBUDDY (V.O.)
¿Dónde estabas anoche, perra?

Maria is stunned and angry.

HEARBUDDY (V.O.)
None of your business, bitch!

MARIA
None of your business, bitch!

Detective Morales is horrified.

DETECTIVE
(mumbles)
My Spanish is a little rusty, but
I'll give it a shot.

She fans herself with her hands and speaks louder, but
struggles with Spanish.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
¡Estoy caliente!

Spanish Subtitle: "I'm hot, sexually aroused."

Krystal's eyes open wide in shock.

Maria shakes her head in disgust and stomps away.

Detective Morales yells at her.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
I may have more questions for you
later, Ms. Barbie Dunton.

Detective Morales looks away, confused.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
That went well. I'd like to see the
pool now.

KRYSTAL
We tried to buy our employees the
newest model of HearBuddies from
China, but they were prohibitively
expensive, so they got the ones
made in Texas, and they're working
out some bugs.

DETECTIVE
If I could see the pool now.

Krystal ignores the request and points to a tennis court.

KRYSTAL

We're replacing all our tennis courts with pickleball courts for our senior members who don't want to perspire.

DETECTIVE

The pool?

Krystal grunts and trudges toward the pool with the Detective in tow.

KRYSTAL

If I may be so bold, Detective Morales. The owner of Club Largesse would like to keep your investigation quiet.

Krystal smiles and points to the body cam hidden on her belt.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

The owner's personal assistant closely monitors our every move.

Detective Morales puts her face close to the camera lens and then smiles at Krystal.

DETECTIVE

And he or she would like this case to be quickly resolved? Kept under the radar? Out of the news? Strictly hush-hush?

KRYSTAL

Exactly. I'm glad we see eye to eye.

Detective Morales stares into the body cam lens and taps on it.

DETECTIVE

Hello in there. I inspected the body, and I have many questions. I'll need free rein to gather your security videos, and I'd like to interview club members and their guests, and all of the staff. I want justice for the victim and his family.

She stands up and glares at Krystal, who puts a finger up to her EarBud.

She pauses, listening to the PA.

KRYSTAL

Now see here, Detective Morales. You may investigate under our strict guidelines, or we'll have Chief Jackson and Judge Howard Minke demote you to a traffic cop or crossing guard. Is that clear?

DETECTIVE

I hoped you wouldn't threaten a detective or impede my investigation, Ms. Jennings. Both are felony offenses, and I'll find out whose voice it is in your left ear and bust them as an accomplice. Have I made myself clear?

Krystal listens to the voice in her left earbud.

Krystal puts on a fake smile and stomps away.

KRYSTAL

The pool is right this way, Detective.

Detective Morales smiles as she follows.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, POOL - DAY

Detective Morales is flabbergasted when she sees that the pool is the site of a class in spearfishing. The instructor is the newly hired Pool Boy, RAUL (25), a handsome Hispanic who wears a Speedo, a long-sleeve sunscreen shirt with a name tag that reads, "Bob," and a HearBuddy.

Raul listens to his HearBub for instructions before repeating them in broken English to three Hispanic "class members" who are females in skimpy bathing suits.

There are three bouquets on the side of the pool where the victim died.

One female Club member, MRS. MINKE (female, 50s) with gray hair in a ponytail, eyes, Raul, like a stalker from a lounge chair.

Detective Morales turns angrily to Krystal.

DETECTIVE

I sent instructions to close the pool and pool area. We had it taped off.

Krystal listens to her EarBud.

KRYSTAL

Johnny Depth had this spearfishing class scheduled for weeks. Someone must have removed the yellow police tape by accident.

DETECTIVE

That's called impeding an investigation.

Krystal listens to her EarBud.

KRYSTAL

That's called not unnecessarily alarming our members and our guests.

Detective Morales sees three bouquets on the side of the pool.

DETECTIVE

Is that a shrine for the victim?

Raul loads a spear onto his speargun and speaks in broken English.

RAUL

Slide spear onto shaft. Not to point speargun at nobody.

DETECTIVE

He doesn't sound like someone named Bob.

Raul pulls back the rubber strap and accidentally turns the speargun toward the Club Member in the lounge chair.

The three students are loading spears on their spearguns.

Detective Morales yells.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

No!

Detective Morales dives to push the Club Member off her lounge chair.

BOING!

The spear flies from the speargun and sticks in the lounge chair just above the detective's arm.

She turns and glares at Raul.

Another student shoots her speargun high into the air.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

All of you, put those spearguns
down and exit the pool.

The airborne spear flies past Krystal's face with an upward trajectory from the pool. Her eyes open wide in fright as she listens to her EarBud.

She turns her head from the pool and looks out in the opposite direction.

Raul listens to his HearBuddy as the Detective helps Mrs. Minke away from the patio.

RAUL

Please cancel all further speargun shooting. Remember all you signed liability wafers at Club Large Ass.

DETECTIVE

You people are insane. I want to speak to all of you.

Detective Morales screams at Krystal.

Krystal slowly turns to face the Detective.

KRYSTAL

What happened? I was looking toward the Clubhouse.

DETECTIVE

Ms. Jackson, I'll see you in your office after I cite these idiots for gross negligence and public endangerment.

Krystal stomps away.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

And I'll want your body cam video, too.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB, OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Krystal sits uncomfortably behind an elegant desk as the Detective enters with a grim face.

DETECTIVE

Are you aware that all of your staff members have Americanized name tags and no accessible forms of identification, let alone citizenship?

Krystal shrugs, perplexed.

KRYSTAL

I'm not sure what you mean.

Detective Morales produces an evidence bag that contains a bright yellow men's Speedo bathing suit with a name tag pin that reads, "Johnny Depth."

Krystal looks away sadly.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Johnny was our lifeguard and a dear friend of mine for the three weeks he worked here.

Detective Morales looks puzzled.

DETECTIVE

He worked here for three weeks and has a shrine by the pool?

KRYSTAL

He touched many lives.

DETECTIVE

Apparently.

Krystal reaches for the evidence bag.

KRYSTAL

May I keep these?

Detective Morales pulls the bag back.

DETECTIVE

No! They're evidence.

Krystal turns angry.

KRYSTAL

No! They are Suzi's keepsakes. Fond memories in the pool... hot tub... sauna...

DETECTIVE

Okay, I get the picture.

KRYSTAL
Locker room... coat closet...

DETECTIVE
I'll speak to Suzi soon.

Krystal rubs the top of her desk with her hands.

KRYSTAL
Even this desk, I hear.

DETECTIVE
Okay, that's enough. It sounds like
Johnny had a busy three weeks of
employment.
(angry)
What was his real name?

KRYSTAL
We never asked.

DETECTIVE
I bet you didn't.

Krystal nods, "No," but replies vaguely.

KRYSTAL
No, I wasn't fully aware of that
name tag situation, but I will
immediately take the matter up with
our Human Resources staff.

DETECTIVE
Could you stand up when I'm talking
to you?

KRYSTAL
It won't do any good. My body cam
quit working out by the pool. Out
of Wi-Fi range today.

DETECTIVE
Drat the luck, huh.

The Deputy smiles and points to the body cam on her belt.

Krystal's eyes open wide.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Luckily, mine was working.
(beat)
Here's what I'll need from you and
your HearBuddies!

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

One: The personnel files of everyone I met today, including you and your mysterious personal assistant. Two: all the security footage for the past week. I don't want excuses, or I'll shut down the Club completely. Understand? I'll get the warrant prepared while you gather my evidence.

INT. POLICE STATION, CHIEF'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

CHIEF DONTE JACKSON (55) sits behind a remarkably empty desk, with Detective Morales across from him looking like a scolded schoolchild.

CHIEF JACKSON

So you see, Detective Morales, I want the same outcome you do.

Detective Morales looks away, unconvinced.

DETECTIVE

Justice for the victim and the victim's family. Yes, sir.

CHIEF JACKSON

I was as shocked as anyone that the judge wouldn't sign our request for a warrant. But, demonstrating probable cause was difficult after your body cam footage showed the club held regularly scheduled speargun safety lessons at the Club.

DETECTIVE

Yes, sir --

CHIEF JACKSON

And the coroner hasn't been able to identify the victim yet. Locating the next of kin isn't possible for this John Doe.

DETECTIVE

More likely Jose Doe, given what I saw today. I wouldn't rule out human trafficking, sir.

The Chief stands in anger.

CHIEF JACKSON

Stop trash-talking the most elegant and exclusive country club in America, just to reinvigorate your struggling career! What's your case closure rate?

DETECTIVE

It can't be calculated yet, Sir.

CHIEF JACKSON

Because you haven't closed a case in almost six years. I'm wondering if you're cut out for detective work. You go back to your desk and complete your report tonight with a finding of accidental death, or you'll be a parking maid by morning.

Detective Morales stands and begins to exit.

DETECTIVE

Fine, I need to check out a few loose ends from the --

CHIEF JACKSON

You are strictly forbidden to return to that club. Is that understood?

The Chief grabs his coat and squeezes past the Detective in a rush to exit the station.

INT. POLICE STATION, DETECTIVES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Detective Morales slumps in her chair while typing her police report. She's upset as she carefully examines the coroner's report that reads, "John Doe, #3041."

DETECTIVE

This makes no sense. All the spears that were launched today at their little practice session had an upward trajectory from the pool up and out.

She stares at a drawing of the dead body with a downward trajectory of the spear entering at the heart and exiting in the lower back.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

That shot didn't come from inside the pool; it came from the edge of the pool down into the victim and at short range.

Detective Morales's phone RINGS. Caller ID says it's "Krystal Jennings."

Detective Morales turns on her body cam before answering on speaker.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Detective Morales, speaking.

KRYSTAL (V.O.)

Um... Um... Detective. You said to call you if anything came up.

DETECTIVE

What came up?

KRYSTAL

Your Chief's dinner and red wine came up. It's all over the club's restaurant.

DETECTIVE

I didn't know the Chief was a member.

KRYSTAL

Our first black African American person of color, member.

DETECTIVE

Wow.

KRYSTAL

Anyway, he died.

Detective Morales pulls her phone away and then pushes it back.

DETECTIVE

He's dead?

KRYSTAL

Yes, Ma'am, an unfortunate case of food poisoning, but we called the ambulance.

DETECTIVE
I'll be right there! Don't touch
anything!

Detective Morales hears a few words as she ends the call.

KRYSTAL (O.C.)
Too late, Ma'am.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, POOL - NIGHT

Detective Morales passes the pool area and sees yellow police tape surrounding the area.

She focuses on eight additional bouquets on the side of the pool and three lit candles.

She shakes her head in disgust as she heads to the restaurant.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB, RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Krystal waits nervously for the Detective, who stomps into the restaurant to see that a dozen white, elderly, rich couples continue to enjoy elegant meals and drinks.

Krystal sees the Detective approach and snaps her fingers in the air.

Out of nowhere, a French-looking waiter, ANTOINE (25), races to her side.

Krystal listens to her EarBud.

KRYSTAL
We're sorry for your loss,
Detective. Food poisoning is very,
very rare here.

DETECTIVE
Show me to the Chief.

Krystal calmly leads the Detective and the waiter to an isolated, dark corner of the restaurant.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Who said it was food poisoning?

KRYSTAL

The EMTs from the ambulance. They evaluated the poor man, called the coroner, and left the body for you to see.

DETECTIVE

How thoughtful!

KRYSTAL

Antoine was his waiter.

Detective Morales glares at Antoine's name tag.

DETECTIVE

Antoine?

(beat)

Antoine what?

Antoine is British, but speaks with a fake French accent.

ANTOINE

I am just Antoine, one name. Like Drake, Prince, and Beyoncé.

DETECTIVE

Beyoncé is Beyoncé Giselle Knowles-Carter.

Antoine drops the French accent. He sounds British.

ANTOINE

Yes, but who would order fine wine from a British waiter? My given name is Arthur Rigsby.

Detective Morales smiles at Antoine and then glares at Krystal.

DETECTIVE

How refreshing to have someone here tell me the truth.

Krystal's Earbud lights up, and we hear the PA whisper.

MR. LARGESSE'S PA (V.O.)

Mr. Largesse says to fire him tonight after work.

DETECTIVE

I should have guessed Arthur. Nobody here matches their name tags. What did you see tonight, Mr. Rigsby?

ANTOINE

I sat Chief Donte Jackson at his usual table.

Detective Morales glances back at the main part of the dining room, thirty feet away.

DETECTIVE

Then you moved his body out of the main section of the dining room?

ANTOINE

No. This is his usual table.

Detective Morales focuses on the white faces in the main section.

DETECTIVE

Uh-huh!
(glares at Antoine)
What was his mood?

ANTOINE

Fine. He greeted me with a fake French accent and asked me to select a fine wine for him that pairs well with our baked tilapia.

Detective Morales looks at the table to see a box of red wine.

DETECTIVE

Did anyone else order the same meal?

ANTOINE

Everyone in the kitchen.

DETECTIVE

Did any of them have food poisoning?

ANTOINE

The chef and the dishwasher had severe diarrhea when they came to work.

Krystal's Earbud lights up, and we hear the PA whisper.

MR. LARGESSE'S PA (V.O.)

Mr. Largesse says to fire Antoine now.

Krystal waves Antoine over her as the Coroner enters with a gurney and weaves through the middle of the tables to reach the Chief. The patrons wave and smile at the Coroner like a fellow member and old friend as he traverses the restaurant.

The crowd ignores the dead Chief and the Detective. They keep eating, drinking, and conversing.

Detective Morales stops the Coroner by raising her hand.

DETECTIVE

Doctor Stephans, I'm sorry, but
this may be a crime scene.

Krystal's Earbud lights up.

MR. LARGESSE'S PA (V.O.)

She's f-ing crazy! Anyone can die
from food poisoning!

(beat)

You know what to do now.

Krystal turns her back on the Detective while she examines the Chief's body.

Krystal secretly drinks a vile of Ipecac syrup and turns back to Detective Morales.

KRYSTAL

The EMTs suggested it was
accidental food poisoning.

Krystal bends over and vomits next to the Chief's body.

Antoine hands her a napkin from the table.

All the members in the restaurant glare at Krystal, who maintains her poise and yells to the crowd.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

There's nothing to see here. Go on
with your meals.

(to Antoine)

Clean this up.

(to the Detective)

See, I had the same meal as the
Chief... the blandly baked whatever
it was.

DETECTIVE

With all due respect,

(winks to Krystal)

And nobody ever means that when
they say it.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You don't look like the box wine type.

(Serious to the coroner)

I want a complete TOX report and stomach content analysis on my desk in the morning. The Chief's body is on lockdown. Got it?

The Coroner nods, "Yes."

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

And run a sample of Ms. Jennings' to see if we can identify similar harmful bacteria, viruses, parasites, or toxins.

The Coroner nods, collects the vomit sample, and loads the body onto the gurney with Antoine's help.

The Coroner weaves the gurney through the tables on the way out. Again, the patrons don't seem to notice.

Krystal listens to her EarBuds.

KRYSTAL

Free cremations are a gift from Club Largesse in the case of accidental deaths.

DETECTIVE

We're going to hold off on that cremation, Ms. Jennings, in case follow-up postmortem tests are needed. Also, I'd like Mr. Rigsby to hang around a few days. I'm sure that I'll have many more questions for him.

Krystal's EarBud lights up.

KRYSTAL

Mr. Lar-Jessie's PA says you'd better stay here tonight in the owner's suite so you can gather the evidence you need to prove the two deaths here were accidents, and nothing more.

Detective Morales is enamored by the posh surroundings.

DETECTIVE

I couldn't possibly accept your generous offer of free accommodations, regardless of the benefit of solving my cases.

Krystal leans and whispers into the Detective's ear.

KRYSTAL

We'd comp you a bottle of our finest boxed Champagne and a massage by my in-suite masseuse, Peter. You'll need to interview Peter anyway; he was Johnny's best friend.

DETECTIVE

Johnny, the dead lifeguard?

KRYSTAL

Johnny Depth.

DETECTIVE

Depth? Because he was a lifeguard?

KRYSTAL

That's him. Peter's been here for over four weeks. He knows everything.

Detective Morales looks confused.

DETECTIVE

And your new Pool Boy is named Bob?

KRYSTAL

Bob can't swim. HR sends them over. Bob, Johnny Depth, what's the difference?

DETECTIVE

They both look like Latinos.

KRYSTAL

That's profiling.

Detective Morales shakes her head, perplexed.

DETECTIVE

I would like to talk to Peter.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB, OWNER'S SUITE - NIGHT

Detective Morales lies on a deluxe massage table getting a rubdown by Pedro, whose name tag reads, "Peter." Pedro is a young, muscular Hispanic in a tight, white Under Armour shirt and very short white pants. He doesn't depend heavily on his HearBuddy translator; his English is passable.

DETECTIVE

So, Peter, how long have you worked here?

Peter massages the Detective, waiting for his translator to reply. She moans happily throughout the massage.

PETER

Quatro.

DETECTIVE

Quatro is four. Even I know that. Four what?

He waits as the AI comedy function in the translator kicks in.

PETER

Forever.

Detective Morales laughs.

DETECTIVE

It seems like that for my job, too. How well did you know Johnny the lifeguard?

He waits as the AI comedy function in the translator.

PETER

He died in pool. No good lifeguard.

DETECTIVE

(chuckles)

You're quite the comedian, Peter. What can you tell me about Krystal Jennings?

He pauses for a second and moves around the table to make eye contact with the Detective. He winks.

PETER

She hate insect but like bug.

Peter glances around the room and then nods at the veranda.

DETECTIVE

(whispers)

I get it. Thanks.

(louder)

I think I need some fresh air on
the veranda.

PETER

I bring you Champagne.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, OWNER'S SUITE, VERANDA - CONTINUOUS

Detective Morales is in a plush white bathrobe on a comfortable lounge chair overlooking the pool when Peter steps out with a glass of Champagne on a tray.

DETECTIVE

Thank you, Peter, or should I say --

Peter puts his finger to his lips, removes his HearBuddy, and shows it to the Detective.

He removes a piece of aluminum foil from his pocket, wraps his HearBuddy in it, and puts it back in his pocket.

PETER

We have mosquitoes big as
hummingbirds that carry malaria,
dengue fever, and West Nile virus,
but not as bad as bugs for health.

Detective Morales takes the glass of Champagne and swirls it like a wine-tasting event.

DETECTIVE

Where are you from --

PETER

Pedro.

DETECTIVE

How can I help you, Pedro?

PETER

Don't ask too many questions.

Detective Morales examines the Champagne.

DETECTIVE

It's not from a box.

PETER

No. Bottles cost more than Pedro's rent.

DETECTIVE

Again, Pedro. What do you want from me? You wouldn't be so honest if it might get you fired.

PETER

You smart detective. I want to be next lifeguard. You put good word to Miss Jennings?

Detective Morales sips the Champagne.

DETECTIVE

It's oaky and yet obtuse.

Peter looks perplexed.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I'm joking with you, Pedro. Did you have help with your jokes from your HearBuddy?

Peter looks away.

PETER

They make embarrassing mistakes many times, but members like it more than staff struggling with Spanish, Si?

DETECTIVE

Si? I get it. Si or see. I mistakenly told the housekeeper that I was sexually aroused when I meant to say, "I'm hot."

Peter laughs and takes a seat and laughs.

PETER

Estoy Caliente! You meet Maria Gonzales, si?

DETECTIVE

Si.

Detective Morales hands Peter the Champagne.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I don't drink. You take it.

(beat)

Wait! How old are you?

PETER

My papers say 21. But Pedro, 18.

Detective Morales rips the glass out of his hand.

DETECTIVE

18? Did Ms. Jennings give you your papers?

PETER

HR.

DETECTIVE

The mysterious Human Resources Department.

Peter stares at the pool.

PETER

My home not like this. No one's home like this.

Detective Morales looks away.

DETECTIVE

I get it.

(looks back)

Do you know anyone who would want to harm Johnny or whatever his name was?

PETER

Only here three week.

They both look down at the pool to see another bouquet being delivered to Dan's shrine.

DETECTIVE

Who is that delivering flowers?

PETER

Suzi. Receptionist who wants GM job.

DETECTIVE

She does, does she?

PETER

Everyone wants promotion but Maria.

DETECTIVE
Barbie?

PETER
Si.

LOUD Caribbean music begins to blare from the bar.

DETECTIVE
What's that?

PETER
Ice breaker night.

DETECTIVE
Ah, where members get to know each other socially. I get it.

PETER
No. Ice breaker night. Suzi goes. Krystal too. And the Club members' wives.

DETECTIVE
You're 21 according to your papers. Why don't you go?

Peter gets up nervously and begins to reenter the suite.

PETER
I go now. Remember good word for lifeguard job.

DETECTIVE
Yes, Pedro -- Peter. Will do. I hope I speak to you again soon.

PETER
I like mosquitoes. No like bugs.

DETECTIVE
Si.

Peter is gone.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
I'd better check out the Ice Breaker night and have a little chat with Suzi.

Detective Morales RACES into the suite.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB, BAR - NIGHT

A huge banner hangs over the bar: "I.C.E.-BREAKER NIGHT."

Detective Morales strolls into the bar wearing the same clothes, including her body cam. The Caribbean music is blaring.

Thirty ICE Agents (mostly male paramilitary types) with ICE vests and caps, camouflage long-sleeve shirts and fatigues, and masks or bandanas, are whooping it up at the "open" bar.

The masks and bandanas make it comically difficult for the agents to drink, but they don't remove them.

There are a dozen wild "Club Member Wives" (various ages, but all white) dancing with one or two ICE agents. A banner on the side wall reads, "Kicking it up (with a big capital "K,") sing Karaoke (with a big capital "K," and "Karouse" (with a big capital "K." Detective Morales is horrified by the banner and races up to Antoine behind the bar.

DETECTIVE

Antoine, take down that tasteless banner immediately.

ANTOINE

Why?

DETECTIVE

Carouse starts with a "C." It reflects poorly on your establishment to have misspelled words.

Antoine shrugs and takes down the banner.

ANTOINE

Huh! No one noticed.

Detective Morales sees Mrs. Minke, whom she recognizes. She's drinking heavily with three ICE agents hitting on her.

Detective Morales turns to see SUZI (late-20s), a beautiful Latina in a skinny black dress and heels, who grabs the attention of every male ICE agent and at least one female ICE agent in the bar. Maria walks in behind Suzi in a less showy outfit and leather moccasin-type shoes. Both women wear a HearBuddy and name tags on lanyards that read, "Suzi Smith" and "Barbie Dunton," respectively.

Suzi staggers to an open seat at the bar and is quickly surrounded by two male agents and a female agent.

A voice that sounds suspiciously like Mr. Largesse's PA comes over the loudspeakers between songs.

MR. LARGESSE'S PA (V.O.)
On behalf of the management, we'd like to welcome you to Club Largesse, where the drinks and appetizers are always free to the men and women of the Immigration and Customs Enforcement agency.

The agents CHEER, toast, and have trouble sipping their drinks.

MR. LARGESSE'S PA (V.O.)
Just a reminder that our female members and staff are not the free appetizers.

The agents BOO.

MR. LARGESSE'S PA (V.O.)
But the club's courtesy shuttle vans to the airport can also take some of you locals home at the end of the evening.

The agents CHEER and drink up, spilling on their vests.

Detective Morales makes her way to Suzi at the bar, where everyone, including the bartender (Antoine), is hitting on Suzi.

Detective Morales recognizes Antoine immediately.

DETECTIVE
Antoine, nice to see you again.
You're a busy guy. Do you mind if I have a little chat with Ms. Smith here?

Suzi doesn't respond, so the Detective gets in her face, as the music roars again.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Ms. Smith? Suzi Smith?

Suzi's eyes open wide as the Detective flashes her badge and whispers to her.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I'm Detective Angel Morales,
investigating two recent deaths at
the Club. Do you mind if I ask you
some questions on the patio?

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, BAR, PATIO - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE

That's some dress?

Suzi listens to her HearBuddy translator for each question.

SUZI

I got it half off.

DETECTIVE

May I have your name?

SUZI

My name is already taken. You'll
have to get your own.

DETECTIVE

Are you using the comedy option on
your AI translator like Pedro?

SUZI

Pedro! Si! Funny boy.

DETECTIVE

How well did you know Johnny the
lifeguard?

SUZI

Una noche. One naughty.

DETECTIVE

Only one night? Did you bring
flowers to Johnny the lifeguard's
shrine at the pool?

Suzi pauses.

SUZI

One long naughty.
(corrects herself)
One night.

DETECTIVE

Do you know anyone who would want
to hurt Johnny?

Suzi pauses and then shakes her head, "No."

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Is it true you would like to have
Ms. Krystal Jennings' job someday?

SUZI

Everyone blow Mr. Large-Ass wants a
big job.

Detective Morales pronounces her words correctly.

DETECTIVE

Do you mean, everyone below Mr.
Largesse wants the job?

Suzi looks away after receiving the translation.

Suzi panics and looks around.

She takes her HearBuddy out of her ear and tosses it as far
as she can.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Was someone listening to you? To
us?

Suzi nods, "Yes."

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Your English is fine, yes?

Suzi nods, "Yes," and whispers in perfect English

SUZI

You don't understand. Ninety
percent of the employees here are
undocumented.

DETECTIVE

I gathered that from the fake names
and translation devices.

SUZI

Only a few of us, the "faces" of
the organization, have the
HearBuddies. The busboys,
groundskeepers, HR staff, and
everyone else speak Spanish.

DETECTIVE

But they're learning English and
trying to fit in. Is that it?

SUZI
They are avoiding being caught by
ICE.

DETECTIVE
Aren't you worried about being
picked up?

SUZI
(smirks)
Not in this dress.

Detective Morales laughs.

DETECTIVE
Do you honestly think Johnny the
lifeguard's death was an accident?

Suzi unconvincingly shakes her head, "Yes."

SUZI
Peter wanted his job, like I want
Krystal's, but neither of us would
kill for it.

DETECTIVE
Peter? Not Pedro?

SUZI
If we are caught using an
employee's given name, we get
fired.

Suzi looks out to where she tossed her HearBuddy.

SUZI (CONT'D)
If we get caught without our
translator-slash-corporate spying
device, we get fired.

DETECTIVE
And divulging company secrets.

SUZI
Deportation, at night, with a
canvas bag over your head -- so,
we're warned.

DETECTIVE
Why are you telling me this?

SUZI

I used to live in constant fear.
Now, the Club's owner protects us
if we keep quiet.

DETECTIVE

So nobody's going to talk to me. Is
that it?

Suzi looks away.

SUZI

We can make good money and send it
home to our families, who are worse
off than you can imagine.

DETECTIVE

You'd better fetch your HearBuddy
so you don't get fired. Thanks for
speaking with me, Suzi.

Detective Morales pauses.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I didn't get your name.

Detective Morales realizes what she asked.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Ha! Your name is already taken.
I'll have to get my own.

Suzi laughs as she finds her HearBuddy, sticks it into her
ear, and heads back to the bar.

Detective Morales smirks and walks over to the pool.

Detective Morales strolls back to the bar.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB, BAR - CONTINUOUS

Detective Morales walks into a nearly deserted bar, with only
Antoine behind the bar, and Krystal and Suzi at a small table
with three chairs. Caribbean music blares unnecessarily
loudly.

Detective Morales takes the open seat.

DETECTIVE

Can we ask Antoine to lower the
music?

Krystal glares at Antoine, who looks puzzled, so she yells at him in Spanish.

KRYSTAL
¡Baja la música!

Antoine races to turn down the music.

DETECTIVE
Did the ICE agents get a call?

KRYSTAL
Word spread quickly that you were a
detective with a body cam.

Suzi looks away as Krystal listens to her EarBud.

SUZI
Sorry.

Krystal's speech sounds rehearsed and forceful.

KRYSTAL
For our hardworking men and women
in uniform, it's their one night a
week where they can let their hair
down.

DETECTIVE
Many wore dirty blue jeans and
different fatigues. None of them
had identification tags. They were
drinking the free booze heavily,
they had an arsenal of various
weapons, and I saw three assault
rifles with their safeties off.
(beat)
And you're making them out to be
the victims here?

Krystal's eyes open wide as she listens to her Earbud.

Suzi looks frightened.

Krystal stands and remains calm.

KRYSTAL
I'm tired and need to go now.

Detective Morales stands and calmly removes three 4-inch
squares of aluminum foil from her pocket.

DETECTIVE

I want to thank you for your time earlier today, but I have a few more questions for each of you, and we can answer them here or down at the police station.

Krystal and Suzi look frightened. Antoine ducks behind the bar.

Without turning to Antoine, the Detective speaks.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You too, Antoine.

Antoine slowly creeps out from behind the bar and meekly joins them.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Let's the four of us step outside, but we'll leave your Hearbuddies in here, shall we?

Antoine immediately grabs a square of aluminum foil, takes out his HearBuddy, and wraps it in the foil.

Krystal and Suzi follow suit.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Good. Let's leave these in here for now.

The three staff members glance back at their devices as they exit with the Detective.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, POOL - CONTINUOUS

Detective Morales leads them to a table at the pool.

DETECTIVE

I assume the security cameras for the pool area remain inoperable?

Krystal nods, "Yes."

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Good. You see, I'm still puzzled by the strange coincidence of two "accidental" deaths in the past 24 hours, because I don't believe in coincidences.

They take seats at the table, and the staff avoids eye contact with the Detective.

KRYSTAL

Are we under arrest?

DETECTIVE

No. No. This is an informal interview. I'm trying to piece together events and better understand how the Country Club operates.

The staff shows weak smiles. Throughout the interview, they intermittently reach up to their ears for devices that aren't there.

Detective Morales glares at Krystal.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You told me that the only security cameras that aren't functioning were the ones for this pool area, where the first accident occurred. Is that right?

Krystal nods, "Yes."

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You can answer me directly. Nobody can hear you.

KRYSTAL

(whispers)

Yes.

DETECTIVE

That's another strange coincidence.

Antoine and Suzi glance suspiciously at Krystal.

KRYSTAL

We have security camera failures after lightning storms and power outages.

DETECTIVE

I checked with the power company, and there have been no such outages recently.

Krystal reaches to her ear and then pulls her arm down.

KRYSTAL

It could be a random equipment failure.

Detective Morales smiles to ease the tension.

DETECTIVE

Yes, I suppose it could be.

(to Suzi)

It was kind of you to bring flowers for Johnny's shrine. How many bouquets were laid down before yours?

SUZI

Cinco o seis.

Krystal reprimands her.

KRYSTAL

In English, Suzi. Practice, practice, practice.

SUZI

Five of six.

DETECTIVE

I was wondering who put the first bouquet there?

They all shrug as the Detective points to the shrine.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Why at that particular spot? Maybe someone who saw something that night.

KRYSTAL

I thought it happened during the day, while members were practicing spearfishing.

DETECTIVE

That's what I assumed, too, after the coroner placed the time of death closer to noon.

The staff's eyes open wide.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I know, right? Odd time for a group activity, especially spearfishing practice.

(beat)

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I'd like you all to ask around and see if you can get me the names of everyone who places flowers at Johnny's shrine. Could he have had that many lovers in three weeks?

Suzi's eyes and Krystal's eyes open wide.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Maybe one of them can tell us Johnny's given name so we can break the news to his next of kin and provide a proper burial.

They each reach to their ears.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Next, I'm concerned about the food poisoning story for my Chief's accident. There may be something else going on here.

(glares at Krystal and Antoine)

I just can't put my finger on it.

ANTOINE

Most expensive box wine we serve. He had one glass.

DETECTIVE

Who else drank from that box?

Antoine slowly raises his hand, to Krystal's horror.

ANTOINE

I open the box. I had one large glass in the kitchen to test for freshness.

DETECTIVE

And you didn't get sick.

Antoine smiles.

ANTOINE

Not from my second glass either.

Krystal glares at him.

DETECTIVE

I'm appointing you three to be my secret deputies.

They look suspiciously at the Detective. Antoine puffs out his chest.

ANTOINE

This looks good on a resume for advancement!

Suzi and Krystal stare at Antoine.

DETECTIVE

Report to me if you find out anything new. Don't tell anyone, and I'll protect you from prosecution when arrests are made.

KRYSTAL

Arrests?

DETECTIVE

I almost guarantee it.
(break)
Meet me in the restaurant at 6 AM sharp for coffee.

ANTOINE

The restaurant is not open 'til seven.

Detective Morales gets up to leave.

DETECTIVE

They'll open for me. I know the General Manager.

The staff looks worried as the Detective marches away.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB, RESTAURANT - MORNING

Detective Morales sits at a table with a coffee cup in one hand and her smartphone in the other. There is a carafe of coffee on the table with sugar, cream, and spoons available.

Krystal joins her but remains standing and cheerful. She wears her EarBub.

KRYSTAL

Good morning, Detective.

DETECTIVE

What makes you so cheerful?

KRYSTAL

I got a call from Mr. Lar-Jessie's PA that the coroner ruled Johnny Depth's death could be an accident.

DETECTIVE

(sarcastic)

Did the coroner also rule him to be Irish?

KRYSTAL

They said he could have been swimming toward the speargun when it accidentally fired.

Detective Morales shakes her head, "No."

DETECTIVE

Accidentally shot in the dark, at midnight? No. I think someone is leaning on the Coroner.

Krystal pauses, listening to her EarBub.

KRYSTAL

(sternly)

You might be pulled off this case for accepting a bribe. The accommodations of the Owner's Suite.

DETECTIVE

I drove home last night and slept in my bed. My door cam can prove it. Now, sit down, please.

Antoine and Suzi join the table and pour coffee.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Thanks for joining us. I'm saddened to report that the toxicology report I ordered on my Chief was delayed by the owner of this club, who demanded a court order. I've requested one from a judge in another county, since our local judge is a club member here.

KRYSTAL

Can you do that?

DETECTIVE

Done. The TOX reports should be completed sometime today.

Suzi, Krystal, and Antoine glance at each other with worried looks.

Raul, in a panic, RACES into the restaurant and straight to Krystal. He wears a name tag that reads, Dan O'Malley, but sounds Hispanic. He wears a landscaper blue uniform and a HearBuddy.

RAUL

Ms. Jennings! Ms. Jennings! Date
prisa, I mean, hurry! Another --
(uses air quotes)
"Accident!"

Raul RACES out with everyone following.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Detective Morales, Raul, Krystal, Suzi, and Antoine RACE to a woman's lifeless body in the taller grass (the "rough") on the edge of a fairway.

They see that the massive lawn cutting tractor has run over the lower half of her body, and is still on top of her legs. The blood has dried on her legs, and the body smells awful.

DETECTIVE

Stand back.

The stench is so bad that the staff holds their noses.

ANTOINE

No problemo.

Detective Morales grabs her phone and makes a call.

DETECTIVE

This is Detective Angel Morales on the eighteenth fairway of the Largesse Country Club. Send the CSI team and the coroner immediately. I'll need two uniforms to take statements.

KRYSTAL

That's Mrs. Minke, the judge's wife.

Krystal has her body cam on her belt and is listening to her earbuds.

DETECTIVE

She was stalking Raul at the pool yesterday morning, she brought a bouquet to Johnny Depth's shrine in the afternoon, and she was drinking it up with the ICE agents last night.

KRYSTAL

What a terrible accident.

Detective Morales glares at Krystal.

DETECTIVE

Accident?

KRYSTAL

Obviously, she got drunk and stumbled out of the bar to the golf course and was run over by the robotic lawnmower tractor.

DETECTIVE

Robotic lawnmower tractor?

Krystal pauses.

KRYSTAL

Remote control -- like a robotic vacuum cleaner in every house.

Detective Morales gets in Krystal's face.

DETECTIVE

First, if you don't want to be arrested for impeding my investigation, remove the body cam from your belt.

Krystal removes the body cam.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Second, remove the Earbud from your ear.

Krystal the Earbud.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Third, get the freaking staff, including you, away from my crime scene.

SUZI

That was rough.

Detective Morales snaps at Suzi.

DETECTIVE

Don't tell me how to do my job.

Suzi points to the taller grass on the side of the fairway.

SUZI

No, I mean it happened in the rough, not the fairway.

DETECTIVE

Do you still have your translator set on AI comedy?

ANTOINE

You have no evidence that a crime has been committed.

Detective Morales yells at the staff.

DETECTIVE

All of you, take off your HearBuddies, and never wear them around me again.

(points to the victim)

You didn't notice that the back of her head was hit with a blunt instrument.

(points to the trees)

You didn't notice the golf club at the edge of the trees.

She points, the others look, and the Detective smiles as she strolls to the golf club.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Huh? There's blood on the head of the driver! I finally have a straightforward murder case that I have a chance at solving if I'm not distracted by the staff!

Maria/Barbie shakes her booty as she leads five Latino hunks (20s-30s) up to Krystal. The men have tight-fitting shirts and short pants.

MARIA

Ms. Jennings, the applicants for the new head groundskeeper job are here.

Detective Morales can't look away from the men, but speaks to Krystal.

DETECTIVE

I'm sure you all have work to do.

Krystal gets in the Detective's face.

KRYSTAL

We were forced to fire our Head Groundkeeper, Herb Gottlieb, after 30 years on the job because he refused to wear his HearBuddy. He spoke perfect English, but rules are rules.

DETECTIVE

That seems like a silly reason to fire someone.

Krystal smiles at the hunks and shows them her EarBud.

KRYSTAL

You smart fellows will wear a HearBuddy translator and a new name tag, won't you?

The hunks look puzzled, like they don't speak English.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, GOLF COURSE - LATER

It's a CSI scene with the Detective advising two Police Officers (30s; male and female) in Hazmat-type clear plastic suits.

DETECTIVE

We can assume that she was dead long before the lawn mower got her. Her heart had stopped hours before, or there would have been much more blood spatter from the legs.

CORONER

That's a fairway assumption, but I concur.

Detective Morales, wearing latex gloves, inspects the club, then loads the brand-new driver into an evidence bag.

DETECTIVE

Newer model. Forged Ring Construction. High-strength aluminum with a full carbon sole.

The Police Officers stop and stare at the Detective before going back to work, taking photos and mapping blood splatter patterns.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

The asymmetric Inertia Generator is designed to provide faster club head speed through advanced aerodynamics.

The Police Officers stop and stare at the Detective again before going back to work.

CORONER

That's the same driver I use.

DETECTIVE

Interesting choice of club.

CORONER

I know, right? I like the speed injected face that improves ball speed from the tee. But I'd never use it in the rough.

DETECTIVE

I meant, as a choice for a murder weapon. I could see a two- or three-iron for blunt force trauma.

CORONER

No way I'd get it on the green from here with a wood.

Detective Morales shakes her head in disgust.

DETECTIVE

Get me a TOX report, stomach contents, and TOD.

She yells at the CSI team.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I'll need you to check the clubhouse to see if anyone is missing a driver.

(beat)

I'll check on her ICE buddies with whom she was flirting at the bar.

Detective Morales turns back to the Coroner. I still need your Tox and stomach content reports for the Chief, and stomach contents for Ms. Jennings.

CORONER

I don't know if I'll have time. We tee off after lunch.

DETECTIVE

I'm closing the golf course down today. Please get me those reports.

CORONER

(sarcastic)

Yes, Ma'am.

DETECTIVE

I'm as tired as you are after three deaths in 24 hours.

CORONER

(uses air quotes)

Two of them were "accidents." This might have been, too. She goes out to hit a few balls, hits herself in the head with a golf club, falls, and gets accidentally run over by a robotic lawn mower.

Detective Morales hands the Coroner the driver in the evidence bag.

DETECTIVE

Twenty bucks says you can't hit yourself in the back of the head with enough force to crack your skull.

The Coroner smiles.

CORONER

I'll take that bet.

It's a comical scene where the Coroner can't hit himself in the back of the head no matter how hard he tries.

The Coroner angrily pulls twenty dollars out of his wallet and hands her the money.

DETECTIVE

She wasn't wearing golfing gloves, so if her fingerprints or DNA aren't on the grip, we'll know for sure, but this wasn't an "accident," and neither were the first two deaths.

The Coroner shrugs, unconvinced.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB, OFFICE - MORNING

Detective Morales strolls into Krystal's office and points to her EarBud and body cam.

The last of the hunks who applied for the head groundskeeper position exits.

Krystal is depressed, nearly catatonic.

KRYSTAL

I do my interviews for key positions in private.

DETECTIVE

How many positions did your interviews entail?

KRYSTAL

That's not funny.

Krystal looks away.

DETECTIVE

I'm sorry, it looked -- scandalous to me.

KRYSTAL

Looks are of primary importance around here, everything from the decor to the employees to the appearance of being an all-American luxury country club.

DETECTIVE

I can tell. I think you're doing a marvelous job under the circumstances.

KRYSTAL

What circumstances?

Detective Morales glances at the table in the corner with the vase of artificial orchids.

DETECTIVE

Everything is a facade. The orchids are fake. The employees' names are fake. The food, drinks, and recreational opportunities are marginal for the inflated prices you're charging members and guests.

KRYSTAL
There will be pickleball courts
constructed soon, they promised.

DETECTIVE
Not to mention three deaths in two
days.

Krystal turns angry.

KRYSTAL
Accidental deaths.

DETECTIVE
You stopped using air quotes after
seeing that last victim.

Krystal looks away.

KRYSTAL
I don't know how to break it to
him.

DETECTIVE
The judge, don't worry. That's my
responsibility.

KRYSTAL
No, I don't know what to tell my
boss.

DETECTIVE
Tell him or her the truth.

KRYSTAL
Oh, it's a him. A very rich and
powerful him. His PA is equally
powerful, maybe more so, by the
sound of his voice.

DETECTIVE
You've never met either of them?

KRYSTAL
His PA visits unannounced,
randomly, in disguise, with a body
camera on and a tablet computer in
his hands.

DETECTIVE
Weird.

KRYSTAL

He takes notes but never speaks to anyone.

DETECTIVE

He'll speak to me.

KRYSTAL

The PA? I don't think so.

DETECTIVE

No, Mr. Largesse!

Krystal's eyes open wide.

As the Detective exits the office, we SEE a tiny security camera in the vase filled with fake orchids.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB, RECEPTION DESK - CONTINUOUS

Detective Morales heads toward the exit and casually glances at the reception desk to see Suzi in a sexy dress, smiling, and salsa dancing.

Curious, the Detective stops.

DETECTIVE

Suzi, what makes you so happy after that grizzly attack on a club member?

Suzi doesn't stop dancing as she removes her HearBuddy, puts it in a drawer, and whispers to the Detective.

SUZI

After three deaths, Krystal is bound to lose her job. I would be next in line for the promotion.

DETECTIVE

And who would that be up to?

SUZI

Mr. Lar-Gassy's Personal Assistant.

Suzi suspiciously looks around.

DETECTIVE

You expect him to show up today?

SUZI

He visits unannounced after a major catastrophe.

(MORE)

SUZI (CONT'D)

Three weeks ago, all the toilets backed up in the men's locker room, and the county Health Inspector threatened to close down the whole Country Club, so the PA showed up to sue him.

DETECTIVE

Did you see this PA?

SUZI

No, he is always in disguise. But two weeks ago, when the Club ran out of Champagne, Krystal said, the PA came by to yell at the Chef.

DETECTIVE

Another major catastrophe. Good to know. I'll speak with him next.

Three elderly, white, overweight golfers walk past the reception desk. They mumble, laugh, and ignore Suzi and the Detective.

Detective Morales gets in Suzi's face.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

But there was no word of Mr. Largesse's PA showing up after the lifeguard, Johnny, got shot with a speargun, or after the Chief of Police was food poisoned?

Suzi looks baffled by the question.

SUZI

No. Why?

DETECTIVE

What type of disguises do you think he wears?

SUZI

I have no idea.

Detective Morales glances at the three golfers who are far away.

DETECTIVE

Could you describe the three men who just walked by?

Suzi glances at the golfers in the distance.

SUZI
Old, fat, white men?

DETECTIVE
Any distinctive characteristics?

SUZI
They all look alike to me.

DETECTIVE
So, if you were a Personal
Assistant who didn't want to be
noticed, how would you disguise
yourself?

Suzi shakes her head, bewildered, as Detective Morales RACES to the kitchen.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB, RESTAURANT, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Detective Morales speaks privately with the CHEF (50, Latino) in a Chef's coat, hat, white pants, and white apron with a "Club Largesse" emblem.

From a distance, we see the Detective waving her arms as she pantomimes a lifeguard swimming and getting struck in the chest by a spear.

The Chef shrugs.

Detective Morales pantomimes her Chief eating dinner and drinking wine before falling off his chair, dead, in the Chef's restaurant.

The Chef shrugs.

Detective Morales grabs a half-bottle of Champagne from a nearby counter and pours it down a sink.

The Chef gets agitated.

Detective Morales mimics a fat, elderly man walking into the kitchen and confronting the Chef. She waves the empty bottle of Champagne in the Chef's face.

The Chef has an epiphany.

He nods his head, "Yes," and stomps around like a fat, elderly man, waving his arms in disgust.

Detective Morales shakes the Chef's hand, smiles, and RACES out of the kitchen.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Krystal is packing up her desk and putting prized possessions from a desk drawer into a cardboard box. She wears her EarBud and the body cam on her belt.

Detective Morales walks in to see Krystal packing a 4" x 6" picture frame. Krystal fights back tears.

DETECTIVE

Why are you packing up?

Krystal puts a finger to her lips to request silence.

Krystal slowly points to the fake orchids on the table in the corner of the office.

She calmly removes the orchids from the vase.

Detective Morales sees a small camera embedded in the bouquet.

Krystal tosses the orchids in her trash can, yanks off her belt with the body cam on it, pulls out her EarBud, and throws them forcibly into the trash can.

She takes the trash can, walks it out of her office and down the hall, drops it, returns to her office, and slams the door.

KRYSTAL

Mr. Lar-Guess's PA will be here today. I feel it. He'll show up with ICE agents, and I'll be fired and deported.

Detective Morales ignores the mispronunciation.

DETECTIVE

How do you know?

KRYSTAL

They've been spying on me since I got promoted from the Reception Desk. They have cameras everywhere! They heard my most private conversations.

DETECTIVE

Like you and I talking earlier?

KRYSTAL

Like my interviews with each of the new Head Groundkeeper applicants.

Krystal looks away.

DETECTIVE

Could some of the videos be
offensive to younger audiences?

Krystal collapses onto her chair.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Where will you go?

Krystal reveals the framed photo to the Detective. It shows Krystal and her identical twin sister on a small farm in Mexico. One of the girls is in a plain, frumpy dress with an ankle-high hem. The other girl wears a stylish hip-high skirt, a colorful top, and tennis shoes. The girl in the stylish clothes has buck teeth and is cross-eyed.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Wow. You have a twin sister!

Krystal points to the frumpy dress.

KRYSTAL

That's me in the traditional
Mennonite dress.

DETECTIVE

I don't understand?

KRYSTAL

My pregnant mom delivered me on the Mexico side of the Rio Grande. My father held me in his arms as he helped us all across the river. Once on the American side, my mother had labor pains again, and a kind border patrol agent rushed my mom to the hospital, thinking she was dying.

DETECTIVE

Where she gave birth to your
sister.

KRYSTAL

They gave my father a two-year work permit. My sister got U.S. citizenship, and after two years, they put us all on a bus back to Mexico with nothing but the clothes on our backs.

DETECTIVE
That's awful.

KRYSTAL
No. The Mennonite community welcomed us back with open arms, and I adopted their faith and frumpy dresses, but my sister didn't.

DETECTIVE
Oh, your poor sister.

KRYSTAL
I left our community and my family soon after this photo was taken.

DETECTIVE
Seeking a better life?

KRYSTAL
Mostly money.

DETECTIVE
What about your sister?

KRYSTAL
Her teeth straightened out, her eyes uncrossed, and she became the most popular girl in the community. She lives like a queen.

DETECTIVE
Do you miss your community?

KRYSTAL
Not the dresses.

DETECTIVE
Can I ask you a few questions before you go?

KRYSTAL
Sure.

DETECTIVE
What's your real name?

KRYSTAL
Lavina Hershberger, but the kids called me Latrina.

DETECTIVE
So, you were bullied a lot.

KRYSTAL

More because I was gay, and our traditional religious community was less-than accepting of that.

DETECTIVE

So you left.

KRYSTAL

I spoke Spanish, German, and English. I took online classes from a community college in Texas and had my AA degree before sneaking across the border in my frumpy dress and a fake ID card from the Cree Nation in Quebec, Canada. I told the border guards in German and English that I could preach to them if they wanted, but I was on my way to our Mennonite community in Quebec. They let me through.

DETECTIVE

Brilliant, but you don't have official papers for the U.S.

Krystal sadly shakes her head, "No."

KRYSTAL

Mr. Lar-Gouse's PA knows that.

DETECTIVE

Have you ever met him?

KRYSTAL

No, he's always in disguise, remember?

DETECTIVE

You were hired without seeing anyone in HR.

Krystal looks away.

KRYSTAL

Mr. Large-Ass's PA is also our Human Resources department. He does his hiring on Zoom but never shows his face. We sign employment forms and a Non-Disclosure Agreement online. Our checks are made by direct deposit, after taxes are withheld.

DETECTIVE
Money you'll never get back.
(beat)
How would you like to help bust the
PA and Mr. Largesse?

Krystal doesn't hesitate.

KRYSTAL
Go down as a swinger.

DETECTIVE
It's "Go down swinging," as in
baseball.

KRYSTAL
How can I help?

DETECTIVE
I need to see the CCTV in the
restaurant for the day the toilets
overflowed in the men's room, and
the morning after the kitchen ran
out of Champagne.

Krystal calls up the days in question on her computer, and
Krystal and the Detective study the videos.

Detective Morales is interrupted by her phone RINGING. Caller
ID reads, Coroner." She answers the call. Detective Morales
has it on speaker so her body cam can record the
conversation.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Go ahead, Doctor.

CORONER (V.O.)
Is the golf course still closed?
I've got a tee time --

DETECTIVE
Do you have my corrected time of
death for John Doe, the lifeguard
they called Johnny?

CORONER (V.O.)
Midnight. You were right. Now, can
you open the golf course?

DETECTIVE
Did you send me the tox report for
the Chief?

CORONER (V.O.)

I still think the Chief died from food poisoning. The baked whatever-it-was.

DETECTIVE

Not a poison that causes vomiting?

KRYSTAL

So it wasn't the food?

CORONER (V.O.)

It was probably both. His stomach couldn't digest the baked whatever-the-fish-was. Was that Ms. Jennings?

DETECTIVE

Yes.

CORONER (V.O.)

I didn't have the funds to test Krystal's vomit for Ipecac syrup. I'm proud of her for taking precautions in that restaurant.

Detective Morales glares at Krystal, who looks away.

DETECTIVE

Krystal will be honored to get you that tee time at two PM.

CORONER (V.O.)

Thanks, and your CSI lab rats told me they only found footprints from moccasin-style shoes around the Judge's wife.

DETECTIVE

Cause of death?

CORONER (V.O.)

You're wasting your time on the driver you bagged -- It's the wrong club choice in the rough.

Detective Morales angrily ends the call.

Krystal stands excitedly.

KRYSTAL

Barbie Dunton is the only one I know who wears moccasins.

(MORE)

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

She's mostly Native American, and the Boss's PA says that she doesn't belong here, but I think she does.

Detective Morales stands in anger. (She uses air quotes.)

DETECTIVE

Her "people" were here for 15,000 to 30,000 years. Our "people" have been here for less than 500 years. We're all living on land stolen from Native Americans. To hell with your Boss's PA!

Krystal looks like a scolded schoolchild.

KRYSTAL

Sorry.

DETECTIVE

We don't have time for this! We need to find Maria.

KRYSTAL

You mean, Barbie?

DETECTIVE

No, I mean, Maria. I think she's in grave danger.

KRYSTAL

This is when she cleans the men's sauna!

Krystal leads the Detective out the door.

EXT./INT. COUNTRY CLUB, LOCKER ROOM, SAUNA - CONTINUOUS

Krystal RACES through the men's Locker Room. Three heavysset elderly white golfers (same Extras as earlier) wear towels around their waists and head to the sauna.

Krystal pushes them aside with the Detective following.

Krystal swings open the sauna door to reveal Maria in her housekeeping uniform, passed out on a bench.

KRYSTAL

Oh my God! She's dead!

Krystal lifts Maria's shoulders to cradle her as the Detective looks around to see a white rag on the floor.

Detective Morales smells the rag.

DETECTIVE
Chloroform. She was knocked out.
She'll be okay.

Maria slowly regains consciousness. Detective Morales sees their eyes meet, followed by gentle smiles.

KRYSTAL
You're okay.

DETECTIVE
Who did this to you?

MARIA
Un hombre. Alor horrible.

Krystal translates.

KRYSTAL
A man. Awful smell.

Detective Morales sees a shiny gold chain dangling from Maria's uniform pocket.

DETECTIVE
What's this?

Detective Morales pulls a beautiful gold necklace from Maria's pocket.

MARIA
No. No.

DETECTIVE
That necklace belonged to Mrs.
Minke, the judge's wife. She was
wearing it in the bar at the ICE
Breaker, but it wasn't on her neck
when we found her body.

Maria acts embarrassed as she points to her ear.

MARIA
I speak Apache, Spanish, and
English. I don't need a hair buddy.

KRYSTAL
She means, HearBuddy.

Detective Morales paces in the sauna.

DETECTIVE

So there was no one listening in,
like usual.

Detective Morales leans in closer to Maria and tries to speak Spanish.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Alguien está intentando
incriminarte por asesinato. No hay
razón para estar embarazada.

Krystal and Maria's eyes open wide.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

No reason to be embarrassed.

KRYSTAL

You told her, "Someone is trying to
frame you for murder. There is no
reason to be pregnant."

DETECTIVE

I need a HearBuddy.

KRYSTAL

What do we do to help?

DETECTIVE

We must act quickly before Mr.
Largesse's PA arrives. Can you
round up Antoine, Suzi, Raul, and
Pedro, and meet in the owner's
suite in ten minutes?

Detective Morales and Krystal help Maria out of the sauna.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB, OWNER'S SUITE - NOON

Detective Morales stands in front of a large whiteboard with four photos of the "victims" in the center of the whiteboard, including Dan O'Connor in the pool with a spear in his chest, the Police Chief on the restaurant floor, the Judge's wife on the fairway, and Maria in the sauna. Around the victims are name tags of Krystal (Lavina), Antoine (Arthur), Suzi (Consuela), Barbie (Maria), Bob (Raul), and Peter (Pedro). Under the fake names are the real ones in bigger letters.

Detective Morales speaks sadly to the group.

DETECTIVE

I've had difficulty solving murder
cases in the past.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I got a reputation for being the worst detective on the force. I think my Chief assigned me to this case, believing that I wouldn't find enough evidence to prove an actual murder had taken place.

(strong, powerful)

But this ends today! I'm going to catch a murderer!

RAUL

Why are our photos up there?

DETECTIVE

I have to rule each of you out as a person of interest.

They nod approvingly.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

That's why we need to discuss alibis for each victim. If you don't have an air-tight alibi, I have to draw a line from your name to the victim, and you remain a person of interest.

KRYSTAL

(sarcastic)

This will be fun.

Detective Morales points to Johnny Depth.

DETECTIVE

How many of you have air-tight alibis from 10 PM to 2 AM two nights ago, the night Johnny Depth was shot with a speargun?

PETER

His real name was Marco Torres.

Detective Morales calls the Coroner immediately.

DETECTIVE

You're John Doe, AKA Johnny Depth, has the given name Marco Torres. Have the uniforms run him through the system for next of kin, known criminal activity, and associates.

She ends the call as the others stare, puzzled.

Detective Morales glares at Peter.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
How do you know that, and why
didn't you tell me earlier?

PETER
I gave him a massage.
(looks away)
And he returned a favor.

Everyone is shocked.

DETECTIVE
He was gay? But all those women
brought bouquets to his shrine.

Raul raises his hand, followed by Antoine, Suzi, and Krystal.

ANTOINE
He was a good tipper.

KRYSTAL
He was a valued employee.

SUZI
(looks away)
One naughty that I'll never
remember.

DETECTIVE
You mean that's one night that
you'll never forget.

SUZI
That's what I said.

DETECTIVE
Okay, women and men brought him
flowers.

SUZI
I was the second one. The Judge's
wife was the first.

Detective Morales spins and glares at Suzi.

DETECTIVE
Why didn't you tell me that
earlier?

SUZI
You didn't ask.

DETECTIVE
Can we get back to air-tight alibis
for that night?

Detective Morales shakes her head in disgust and draws a box with a question mark in it. Next, she draws a line from that box to the Judge's wife.

Suzi points to the oversized bathtub in the suite.

SUZI
Raul, Antoine, and me were together
in the giant bathtub in this suite--
from 9 PM to 4 AM.

DETECTIVE
What?

RAUL
Maria let them in with her
housekeeper's master key.

Maria turns sadly to Krystal.

MARIA
Lo lamento.

DETECTIVE
You're mental?

KRYSTAL
No, she says, "She's sorry."

DETECTIVE
Maria?

KRYSTAL
Maria and I spent the night at my
apartment, the poor side of town.

The others stare at Krystal.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)
We talked and watched movies until
3 AM.

DETECTIVE
That leaves Pedro.

Pedro shrugs, so the Detective draws a line from Pedro to Dan O'Connor.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Still a person of interest, Pedro. How about alibis for the time the Chief of police was poisoned? Last night, 5 to 8 PM?

PEDRO

I was working my second job at the convenience store across town. Lots of video proof.

Pedro puts his arms up and cheers.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

I couldn't have killed him! Yeah me!

DETECTIVE

Good, Pedro.

KRYSTAL

I was in my office until I got the call that someone had gotten food poisoning at our restaurant. My body cam will confirm that.

Maria looks away, which everyone sees.

SUZI

I was with Maria and Antoine setting up for ICE-Breaker night.

Raul shrugs.

Detective Morales draws a line from Raul to the Chief.

DETECTIVE

Okay. Alibis for last night at midnight for the murder of the Judge's wife.

SUZI

I was with the Judge, right here.

Krystal is appalled.

KRYSTAL

Who let you in?

SUZI

The Judge has a key. That's why he was here so early the next morning. But he'll never admit it, now. ¡Está muerto!

Krystal looks around, worried.

KRYSTAL
There are cameras hidden in here!
I'm sure of it!

Suzi's eyes open wide as Krystal begins looking for cameras.

SUZI
Looks like I'll be fired soon.

DETECTIVE
Not for being a murderer.

Detective Morales gets a call back from the Police station.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
I have to take this.

She turns her head and listens, periodically staring back at the whiteboard and Krystal.

She ends the call and glares at Krystal.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Marco Torres has outstanding
warrants for human trafficking.

No response from the group.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Extortion --

Still no response from the group.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
And unpaid parking tickets.

The group grumbles and shakes their heads in disgust.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
It's irrelevant at this point.

Raul looks puzzled.

RAUL
Rear elephant?

Detective Morales looks sadly at Raul.

DETECTIVE
It meant Marco Torres couldn't have
killed The Chief, the Judge's wife,
or attacked Maria!

Detective Morales has an epiphany. She paces.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
That's it, Raul. You're a genius!
I've been looking at this all
wrong! All these murders were
committed by the same evil, twisted
murderer.

The staff looks at each other suspiciously.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
It's none of you!

The staff sighs in relief.

Detective Morales points to the whiteboard.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Who is not on the board?

KRYSTAL
Mr. Large-Ass!

DETECTIVE
He had no motive. This club is his
money-maker!

SUZI
Mr. Lar-Gassy's PA.

DETECTIVE
No! Same reason.

Detective Morales paces.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
We have to think outside the box.

KRYSTAL
Mr. Lar-Jessie's fourth wife, if
she divorces him.

DETECTIVE
I checked, she's in seclusion in
California, recovering from a
double-knee replacement.

KRYSTAL
She had surgery three days ago. She
can't walk yet.

DETECTIVE

It's not her! Who else has a motive?

PETER

Ken, in the gift shop, has a problem with ignoring DEI and a lack of vegan options in the restaurant.

DETECTIVE

Not a strong enough motive for murder.

Detective Morales has another epiphany.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

The robotic lawnmower!

SUZI

I can't shoot a speargun or drive a lawnmower in my dresses.

DETECTIVE

(to Krystal)

No! The groundskeeper whose job you're interviewing for! What happened to him?

KRYSTAL

Herb Gottlieb? He was the head groundskeeper for 30 years. The owner knew Herb, I think.

SUZI

Until he replaced Herb with the robotic lawnmower.

RAUL

It's on a program just like a home vacuum cleaner.

MARIA

It works quietly at night and never asks for a raise.

DETECTIVE

Was Herb Gottlieb upset about being replaced by a machine?

KRYSTAL

Nobody asked him. The new lawnmower took over his job, and Herb disappeared.

DETECTIVE
No severance pay?

Everyone shrugs like it doesn't matter.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
No retirement pension?

Everyone shrugs like it doesn't matter.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
No going-away cake?

Everyone grumbles angrily, and they wave their fists.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
There's a motive for murder!
(beat)
But why would he murder a
lifeguard? The human trafficker?

Silence.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Extortion?

Silence.

KRYSTAL
Herb hated people who didn't
replace their divots -- the holes
in the grass left by golf swings.

DETECTIVE
Did Johnny Depth, AKA Marco Torres,
play golf here?

KRYSTAL
He played on Staff Appreciation
Day, every fifth Wednesday of every
month.

DETECTIVE
That happens only four times a
year!

KRYSTAL
And it was cut from a full day to
two hours due to budget cuts. Herb
Gottlieb hated Johnny for never
replacing his divots.

DETECTIVE
Did he dislike the Chief?

SUZI

Like the owner, Herb didn't like
people who were --

DETECTIVE KRYSTAL
Black? Liberal.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter whether the
The judge's wife was liberal! What
did she know about Mr. Largesse?
Everyone shrugs, helpless.

PEDRO

She was liberal with her body, yes.
With her feelings towards
immigrants, no.

DETECTIVE

Irrelevant.

RAUL

Not to us.

Detective Morales paces faster and speaks to herself, while
the others stare at her, perplexed.

DETECTIVE

But why was Maria attacked and
given the gold necklace?

She angrily pulls the photos from the whiteboard and erases
all the lines.

KRYSTAL

What are you doing?

Detective Morales glares at the group in anger.

DETECTIVE

I need to talk to my Coroner, who
teed off earlier. If my guess is
correct, he'll be playing a round
with the owner of Club Largesse.

KRYSTAL

Do you mean Mr. Largesse's PA?

DETECTIVE

There is no PA. You've been distracting me and subverting me into claiming all these deaths were "accidents," and Mr. Largesse has been playing all of you to work for slave wages before your inevitable deportation.

The group looks away and avoids eye contact, in shame.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You should be ashamed of yourselves! You've been trying to mislead me this entire time. I have a receipt from a local sports store that says "Bob" purchased four spearguns the morning after the lifeguard, Marco Torres, AKA Johnny Depth, was murdered. You staged speargun training in your pool to make the murder look like an accident.

They all look away.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

None of you busybodies saw my chief murdered, yet you all swore it was food poisoning. Not once have you helped me identify a criminal around here! You people have been a major distraction.

Detective Morales holds back tears.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I get it. I'm a Latina! You're frightened of making one false move. Of being discovered. Of being disloyal to a boss who could replace you with another immigrant at a moment's notice.

They all turn back to Detective Morales, nodding in agreement.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You're living in fear of being detained or deported. I don't blame you. I could never say that I know how you feel, but I do know this.

(beat)

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You each deserve a life in which
you don't have to hide or survive,
but a life in which you can thrive.

(beat)

I may not have solved many cases in
my career, but I'm solving this one
on the eighteenth fairway!

Detective Morales stomps out of the owner's suite.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, GOLF COURSE - AFTERNOON

Detective Morales stands on the site of Mrs. Minke's murder.
Yellow police tape surrounds the robotic mower, plaster casts
of Moccasin prints, and areas of blood splatter.

She looks down the fairway and sees the Coroner. He carries
his clubs and is walking the course. He doesn't see the
Detective and swings a #3 driver, sending his golf ball right
to the next between the robotic lawnmower and the Detective.

She waits for him patiently.

DETECTIVE

I'm sorry, this is an active crime
scene. You have to stay back.

CORONER

It was an accident. There was no
crime.

DETECTIVE

Like it wasn't an accident when the
lifeguard, Marco Torres AKA Johnny
Depth, was shot with a speargun?

CORONER

It could have been an accident.

DETECTIVE

We have a receipt from a sporting
goods store --

RAUL

I bought them.

Detective Morales turns around to see Raul and Krystal.

KRYSTAL

On my orders.

Looks away.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

The owner's PA told me to stage the speargun training.

Detective Morales glares at the Coroner.

DETECTIVE

You lied about the time of death to make it appear like an accident.

MARIA

I saw murder. Big man in black diving suit and mask shoot Johnny Depth. Diving suit way too tight.

Maria turns to see Maria hugging Krystal.

DETECTIVE

The Chief's death wasn't caused by food poisoning.

The Coroner looks away.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You used to tell me how cyanide is the quicker put-him-downer.

CORONER

Yes. Very fast-acting.

DETECTIVE

It wasn't cyanide.
(beat)
And strychnine causes muscle spasms and foaming at the mouth.

ANTOINE

No foaming at the mouth.

Detective Morales turns to see that Antoine and Suzi have joined the staff.

CORONER

Okay, I saw the TOX report. It was arsenic, alright. But it could have still been an accident.

DETECTIVE

The only accident was in your case report, which said it was uncertain.

CORONER

Maybe I was uncertain about the
poison.

DETECTIVE

You were covering up for the owner
of Club Largesse because he lets
you golf with him.

SUZI

And use his Owner's Suite for evil
nights.

The Coroner glares at Suzi and yells.

CORONER

You said you'd never tell anyone.

The Owner, MR. LARGESSE (70s, short, chubby, small hands and feet) wears fancy golf attire, white golf gloves, and a pompous grin, rolls up in a golf cart with a Hispanic caddy running after him carrying an oversized bag of clubs.

Mr. Largesse exits the golf cart like a much older man. Detective Morales focuses on his small white gloves and golf shoes. His voice is the same as his fictitious Personal Assistant.

He glares at Detective Morales.

Detective Morales grins at Mr. Largesse. Her teeth SPARKLE.

DETECTIVE

I'm Detective Angel Morales. Nice
to meet you, Mr. Large-Ass.

MR. LARGESSE

It's pronounced, "Lar-jess." You
must be the worst detective in the
police department. I had you
assigned to these unfortunate
accidents.

Detective Morales and the staff use air quotes upon hearing the word "accidents."

DETECTIVE

Unfortunate "accidents?"

The owner glares at Detective Morales and the staff.

CORONER

They could have been "accidents."

Mr. Largesse glares at the Coroner.

MR. LARGESSE

When I need your help, I'll ask for it.

KRYSTAL

"Demand it" is more like it.

Mr. Largesse glares at Krystal.

MR. LARGESSE

You're fired, Miss Jennings.

Detective Morales stands between Krystal and Mr. Largesse.

DETECTIVE

You force staff to wear the HearBuddy translators.

MR. LARGESSE

For the benefit of the members.

DETECTIVE

I find that offensive for three reasons: One, the staff speaks better English than half of the police force; two, it infringes on their privacy; and three, because you are digitally eavesdropping on the members with whom they interact.

MR. LARGESSE

I see no harm --

DETECTIVE

Mr. Large-Gassy, it's unlawful to record in-person or phone conversations, and it makes you vulnerable to lawsuits for invasion of privacy. I assume you're not recording these conversations, but we'll find out. The Judge has authorized a warrant after you killed his wife.

Mr. Largesse throws his arms up, turns, and begins to walk away.

MR. LARGESSE

It's Largesse, and that's preposterous!

(MORE)

MR. LARGESSE (CONT'D)

You can't prove anything. I'll sue you for libel, meter maid.

Detective Morales stops the sweaty Hispanic caddy.

DETECTIVE

Are there two of every club in your bag? Isn't that illegal?

CORONER

It's his course! He can do anything he wants!

Detective Morales eyes the clubs carefully.

DETECTIVE

Huh. There seems to be one club missing.

MR. LARGESSE

I must have lost it.

DETECTIVE

And your tiny leather golf gloves? Did you know they leave microscopic fibers on glove grips? Inside the gloves, we'll find oils and sweat -- easy to match to DNA.

Mr. Largesse glares at his gloves. His wrists sweat like crazy.

He glares at the Detective.

MR. LARGESSE

You shouldn't mess with me. I own your Chief of Police, and that's why he assigned the worst detective on the force! You, meter maid!

DETECTIVE

You call me a meter maid one more time, and I'll, I'll -- make sure they put you in a cell with M-13 gang members.

Mr. Largesse sees that the staff are laughing.

Detective Morales glares at the staff, and they stop laughing.

CORONER

He's dead, sir. He got food poisoning from the Club restaurant.

Mr. Largesse looks confused.

KRYSTAL

I told you, Sir. I said, "I'm in the restaurant and the Chef is dead."

MR. LARGESSE

You meant the Chief? But you said, Chef. That's a simple mistake.

KRYSTAL

You advised me to carry Ipecac syrup whenever I dine in your restaurant, but that night, you or your PA ordered me to drink it, so I'd throw up, and everyone would think the Chef cooked bad food, yes?

DETECTIVE

We'll have that recording after the warrant is served, but I can't prove you poisoned the Chief.

ANTOINE

Oh, I should have mentioned. I saw Mr. Largesse in the bar having a drink with your Chief before he went in for dinner.

MR. LARGESSE

You're fired!

He points angrily at the staff.

MR. LARGESSE (CONT'D)

You're all fired.

Pedro whispers to the staff.

PEDRO

He does have tiny fingers.

DETECTIVE

And tiny shoes, which led me to Mrs. Minke's killer.

MR. LARGESSE

I didn't kill her!

Detective Morales looks to the trees and yells.

DETECTIVE

You can come out now, Herb
Gottlieb.

The staff shrugs, perplexed.

KRYSTAL

The previous groundskeeper?

HERB GOTTLIEB (60s), a short, skinny man who wears blue, groundskeeper overalls and a gray three-day beard. He has long gray hair tied in a ponytail. He wears thick glasses.

Mr. Largesse turns furious.

MR. LARGESSE

What's he doing here? I fired him
three weeks ago!

DETECTIVE

You replaced him after 30 years of
dedicated service with that robotic
lawnmower three weeks ago.

The staff grumbles a little.

KRYSTAL

Without a severance package.

The staff grumbles a little longer.

SUZI

Or a pension.

The staff grumbles a little louder.

HERB

And no cake!

The staff yell and scream, fists raised at Mr. Largesse.

Detective Morales waves her arms to gather the crowd close.

DETECTIVE

Come closer, and I'll tell you a
tale of three murders and an
attempted cover-up.

They all move in out of curiosity.

Mr. Largesse scoffs.

MR. LARGESSE

Let's hear it, Detective Sherlock Homey, or should I call you Angel Morales, just another immigrant who can't hold a job.

Detective Morales glares at Mr. Largesse, but keeps her cool.

DETECTIVE

Let me take you back to the last night of Marco Torres' short life.

Everyone but Mr. Largesse leans in closer.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Marco Torres was swimming in a tiny yellow Speedo around midnight.

MR. LARGESSE

Unauthorized use of Club resources.

DETECTIVE

When a fat man in an all-black scuba diving suit and mask...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, POOL - NIGHT

MARCO TORRES (20s), RACES across the deserted pool wearing a YELLOW SPEEDO and using the butterfly stroke. He wears swim goggles.

He turns and spins like a pro.

He swims back using the Australian Crawl, touches the side, and stops. A fluffy white linen awaits him at the side of the pool.

DETECTIVE (V.O)

Marco Torres was swimming for exercise and to keep fit for his second job.

The swimmer looks up, breathes heavily, and begins to exit the pool as a big Man (Herb in a stuffed, oversized wetsuit), completely disguised in pillow-stuffed, black scuba gear, mask, and swim fins, struggles to walk to the edge of the pool, swings a speargun around from behind him, and shoots the swimmer in the heart.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

We have a witness who saw a short,
heavysset man whip out a speargun
and shoot Mr. Torres in the heart.

The Swimmer falls back into the pool and sinks below the
surface. A pool of blood rises from the body.

The fat man in the scuba gear disappears clumsily in the
night.

END FLASHBACK

DETECTIVE

I suspect that the killer was you,
Mr. Largesse.

Everyone looks around to see Herb raising his hand.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Herb?

HERB

I'm afraid so.

(points to Mr. Largesse)

I was trying to frame Melvin. You
wouldn't believe how many pillows I
had to use to fill the wetsuit.

DETECTIVE

Herb?

(shakes her head)

You've just admitted to murder!

HERB

I have over 100 videos of Marco
Torres bringing illegal immigrants
in Club Largesse's white courtesy
airport vans to my brother.

Detective Morales glares at Mr. Largesse.

DETECTIVE

Herb is your brother?

MR. LARGESSE

Not by choice.

DETECTIVE

Human trafficking is a serious
felony, but murder, Herb?

Mr. Largesse points to Herb.

MR. LARGESSE

I never liked him. Weak. Poor.
Unmotivated. Mowed grass every day
of his life.

HERB

Marco Torres was a bad man being
protected by Melvin. The Club was
his hideout.

DETECTIVE

Then, who poisoned my Chief?

Herb points to Mr. Largesse.

MR. LARGESSE

You have no proof.

DETECTIVE

I know the Chief was on to you.
That's why he sent me to
investigate. I think you needed to
silence him, Mr. Largesse.

Everyone looks around to see Herb raising his hand.

HERB

No, me again. I was in the bar
before the Chief had dinner. He
told me it was such an honor to be
a member here that he could never
hurt Mr. Largesse. I needed the
world to know that my brother
didn't treat people of color
equally.

MR. LARGESSE

Don't listen to him. He's a
nutcase.

HERB

You made him dine in a back corner.

The Staff grumbles a little.

HERB (CONT'D)

You gave him tee times on rainy
days.

The Staff grumbles a little more.

HERB (CONT'D)

And you had Antoine serve him boxed
wine.

The Staff yell and raise their fists in anger.

DETECTIVE

Herb, you just admitted to a second murder!

HERB

I had to get my brother so mad that he would try to kill me. And he did.

(beat)

He texted me and told me to meet him right here at midnight to talk about my severance package, pension, and cake party.

DETECTIVE

Did you save that text message?

HERB

Yes, and I showed up too early, so I hid in the trees.

DETECTIVE

Mrs. Minke had gray hair in a ponytail, too. You're the same size, almost, and from the back --

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Minke strolls out to the golf course.

HERB (V.O.)

I saw her walk up about midnight. She looked like me in the dark. Long dark coat. Gray hair in a ponytail.

Sinister Mr. Largesse, wearing a dark suit and moccasins, sneaks up from behind and hits her over the head with a driver.

He inspects the body and shrugs in disappointment.

HERB (V.O.)

I think he was disappointed it wasn't me. I posted the video on my phone from the trees of Melvin, killing Mrs. Minke. I would have used a three-iron.

END FLASHBACK

CORONER

I've been saying that all along,
but does anybody listen?

DETECTIVE

Mr. Largesse wore moccasins because
they are silent and don't leave
distinct footprints, or to
implicate Maria.

Detective Morales stares at Mr. Largesse's small golf shoes.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Looks like they both wear a size 8.
(yells at Herb)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You posted the videos online?

HERB

Doesn't anyone use social media on
the dark web anymore? I posted all
the human trafficking videos of my
brother and Marco Torres, too.

Mr. Largesse is stunned and speechless.

Detective Morales has an epiphany. She yells at Herb.

DETECTIVE

But none of this was enough revenge
for you!

Raul points to Mr. Largesse.

RAUL

You should have gotten him a cake.

DETECTIVE

It was also you, Herb Gottlieb, who
attacked Maria in the sauna with
chloroform and planted Mrs. Minke's
gold necklace in her pocket.

(yells)

All to orchestrate this showdown
with your brother right here, right
now.

Everyone looks confused.

Herb calmly lifts his smartphone, stares at his brother, and
starts up the robotic lawnmower from his phone.

MR. LARGESSE

Herb, what the hell are you doing?

Everyone but Mr. Largesse stands back from the lawnmower.

The lawnmower slowly moves toward Mr. Largesse, who refuses to move.

DETECTIVE

(yells at Herb)

You ran over Mrs. Minke for a sick, twisted theatrical display.

HERB

My brother scoffs at felonies. His lawyers always get him off.

DETECTIVE

Human trafficking, murder --

HERB

And he never replaced his divots, even on the greens.

The lawnmower moves closer to Mr. Largesse.

HERB (CONT'D)

He bullied me from the start, and stole the woman I always loved, since I saw that swimsuit issue a few years ago.

MR. LARGESSE

(angry)

You can have her, Herb! She's too liberal for me.

HERB

She'll treat your staff like family. Better wages, no HearBuddies, and a path to citizenship, if they want it.

The staff cheers.

The lawnmower moves closer to Mr. Largesse. He refuses to move.

MR. LARGESSE

You haven't got the guts, Herb. You never --

Mr. Largesse grips his left arm and starts to shake. His mouth opens in fright.

CORONER

He's having a heart attack! Do something!

No one moves.

Mr. Largesse convulses for a long time before he dies.

Everyone shrugs.

The lawnmower rolls over Mr. Largesse. Blood splatters everywhere.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB, RECEPTION DESK - MORNING

SUPER: "One week later."

MRS. LARGESSE (30s), a beautiful model, wears a fashionable Hawaiian sundress and wanders around the lobby.

At the same time, Krystal, Maria, Suzi, Pedro, Raul, and Antoine whisper at the Reception Desk. Krystal (wears a name tag "Lavina, General Manager), Maria's name tag reads "Maria, GM Personal Assistant", Suzi's name tag reads "Consuela, Owner's PA", and Pedro's name tag reads "Pedro, Reception Clerk." Antoine's name tag reads, "Arthur." Raul's name tag still says, "Bob."

Everyone is in casual shorts with Hawaiian print shirts. No one wears EarBuds.

KRYSTAL

She doesn't know we were fired.
Detective Morales called to tell me that everything has been resolved to the District Attorney's satisfaction.

SUZI

Mrs. Largesse met with the Detective and the DA three times this week.

MARIA

I hope she didn't tell them everything!

PEDRO

If she did, adiós.

RAUL

Sire Nada!

ANTOINE

It's back to Canada for me.

KRYSTAL

Our Angel will protect us.

Mrs. Largesse sees the staff and walks over to them.

Krystal extends her hand for a shake, but Mrs. Largesse politely declines.

The staff smiles weakly and with apprehension.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Mrs. Largesse, welcome to your club.

MARIA

You look well, Mrs. Largesse.

MRS. LARGESSE

(laughs)

My husband was embarrassed to tell people I was getting work done.

PEDRO

Work done?

Krystal elbows Pedro, who looks away.

She lifts her dress to show her knees. Krystal and Marie gaze and smile.

MRS. LARGESSE

My husband, the serial killer, told everyone I was getting double knee replacements. He was such a liar! Detective Angel Morales filled me in.

SUZI

(worried)

She filled you in?

MRS. LARGESSE

Yes, she told me she had solid evidence that Melvin shot the lifeguard with a speargun. I agreed that was the fat bastard in a wetsuit in Maria's video.

Mrs. Largesse winks at Maria.

MRS. LARGESSE (CONT'D)
Then, the Detective told me that
Arthur saw my husband poison the
Chief of Police's drink.

Mrs. Largesse winks at Antoine.

MRS. LARGESSE (CONT'D)
Thank you for coming forward,
Arthur.
(to Krystal)
Please cancel all future ICE
Breakers, effective immediately.

KRYSTAL
Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. LARGESSE
Then the Detective told me that my
rotten human-trafficking husband
fired his brother, the head
groundkeeper, after 30 years, and
replaced him with a robotic
lawnmower.

RAUL
Not even a cake.

Mrs. Largesse glances at Raul's name tag.

MRS. LARGESSE
Thanks, Bob. The District Attorney
agreed that it was deplorable.

Herb enters the front door in his blue landscaping uniform,
but his hair is trimmed short, and he's cleanly shaved. He
walks up to Mrs. Largesse and stands a few steps behind her.

The staff's eyes open wide in disbelief.

MRS. LARGESSE (CONT'D)
I've given Herb his job back with
his old tractor mower.

Mrs. Largesse smiles at Herb.

MR. LARGESSE
Herb, you know not to use the front
entrance.

Herb takes one step back and looks down as Mrs. Largesse
addresses the staff.

MRS. LARGESSE

Herb witnessed my husband's well-deserved heart attack after brutally killing the Judge's wife the night before. Detective Morales told me all about it.

The staff looks puzzled.

Herb begins to speak, but Mrs. Largesse stops him with a stern warning.

MRS. LARGESSE (CONT'D)

Detective Morales asked you not to speak about the cases, Herb.

(to the staff)

I want us to be like one happy family here.

They all smile.

MRS. LARGESSE (CONT'D)

Not like a real family, but like one of those reality TV families that smile a lot for no apparent reason.

They all smile weakly.

MRS. LARGESSE (CONT'D)

My staff should know that I'm a dear friend of the President who has consented to pardon you for entering the country illegally.

(deeply sincere)

I told him that pardons aren't only for insurrectionists, embezzlers, and felons; I told him they are for little people like you.

The staff sighs in relief.

Detective Morales strolls in the front door and joins the group.

KRYSTAL

Welcome, Detective Morales.

DETECTIVE

It's great to see you enjoying your workplace, Mrs. Largesse.

She sees the casual dress code, new name tags, and the lack of EarBuds.

MRS. LARGESSE
Good morning, Detective, or should
I say, Chief?

DETECTIVE
(embarrassed)
That hasn't been decided yet.

Mrs. Largesse is stern.

MRS. LARGESSE
Okay, the rest of you, get back to
work! I need to show the Detective
around.

The staff looks puzzled as they disband in different
directions.

Mrs. Largesse links elbows with the Detective.

MRS. LARGESSE (CONT'D)
Do you golf, Angel? May I call you
Angel?

Detective Morales glances back at Herb with a worried look.

DETECTIVE
I enjoy a friendly game of
pickleball.

FADE OUT.

THE END