

# A Very Thorough Murder

A Screen Adaptation of the Role-Playing Public Radio Campaign

by Alex Wickersham

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

**This script is a work in progress submitted for the RPPR Arc Dream Fan Creation Contest. This portion of the script covers the first of the three A Very Thorough Murder game sessions. The author, who has like work and stuff, intends to finish a full-length screenplay of A Very Thorough Murder independently of this contest, but was unable to do so before the end of this contest, and didn't really want to subject the judges to that high of a word count anyway. Enjoy.**

EXT. JOE BILBY'S OFFICE, NIGHT

From BLACK, a GUNSHOT is heard, and the flash illuminates the drawn curtains from the inside of a house being used as a real estate office. Pause on BLACK. DOGS BARKING.

FADE IN:

INT. JOE BILBY'S OFFICE, NIGHT

Fade in on feet that spasm slightly before resting. Camera pans up along the BODY of JOE BILBY, coming to reveal strewn papers and office supplies, a pool of blood, JOE BILBY's bloody shirt and his bloody hands from holding the wound, and finally JOE BILBY's deceased face with a bullet wound. The camera opens up to reveal the whole scene, lit from below by a fallen desk lamp, and BOBBY BARNABY, DR. CONNELLY, and JAMES HAVERSHAM standing over the corpse. BARNABY, a physically fit country boy just under 30 and wearing a sheriff's deputy uniform, is holding a PISTOL. HAVERSHAM, an artist in his mid-30s in informal clothing, is still, his face white with shock. CONNELLY, a thin man with glasses in his 40s wearing medical scrubs, is nervously pacing in a panic. BARNABY has blood splatter on his uniform, and both DR. CONNELLY and HAVERSHAM have a significant amount of blood on their hands, forearms, and bodies. DR. CONNELLY has taken a punch and has a split lip.

DR. CONNELLY

(with possibly a bit of ad-libbing)

Oh, fuck, you shot him. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, you shot him. You shot him.

BARNABY

I did.

DR. CONNELLY

Oh, fuck, oh, fuck, you shot him. He's dead, you shot him, and you shot him and now he's dead. Oh, shit, fuck! We are so fucked. We are fucked, my friend.

BARNABY

All right, Dr. Connelly, I'm gonna need you to calm down now. It'll be all right, just calm down.

DR. CONNELLY

No, it will not be all right! Holy fuck, you fucking shot him, how the hell is anything going to be all right? Why did you shoot him? We just came here to scare him! Why the hell did you shoot him?

BARNABY

It was a mercy killing. You saw what was happening, I couldn't just leave him like that, bleeding out and screaming. I had to put him out of his misery.

DR. CONNELLY

I was trying to save his life! I was trying to stop the bleeding! We just came here to scare him.

BARNABY

Well, he looked pretty scared to me.

DR. CONNELLY

Oh, God, oh, fuck, Christ, oh god... (continues)

BARNABY

All right, Doctor, what's done is done, we just need to get our story straight. We just came here to talk, and things got heated, a fight broke out, I saw him reach for his waistband...

DR. CONNELLY

Then how the hell are you going to explain the stab wounds in his ribs?

BARNABY

Well, we can just say he attacked Haversham and he defended himself with whatever he had around.

DR. CONNELLY

An ice pick?

BARNABY

Well, yeah. We'll say it was on his desk, and Haversham... Haversham? Are you OK? You don't look so good.

HAVERSHAM

(sickly)

I... I had a brief flirtation with ice sculpting.

BARNABY

I bet Bilby had a gun. Let me just check his desk.

BARNABY begins opening desk drawers, as HAVERSHAM watches in shock and DR. CONNELLY continues to PROTEST (ad lib). The desk is damaged, and the bottom drawer catches. With a CRASH, BARNABY forces it open, and stacks of BILLS tied with rubber bands come pouring out of a false bottom. Pause.

BARNABY

OK, screw the self-defense, let's just get rid of the evidence.

BARNABY heads to the KITCHEN and RUMMAGING sounds are heard.

DR. CONNELLY

What are you talking about? We are not taking that money!  
I don't need it.

BARNABY

(off)

I do. I need it bad.

DR. CONNELLY

Are you kidding me? You don't need that money. There's nothing you could possibly need money for badly enough to take that money, I'm serious.

BARNABY

No, I'm serious. I need it.

HAVERSHAM

(sickly, slowly)

Maybe we should just set everything on fire.

BARNABY

Nonsense. Doc, you're the coroner, this will be easy, just take care of the evidence while I bag up this cash.

DR. CONNELLY

Are you crazy? This place is covered with evidence. This place is covered with our fingerprints, our hair, fibers from our clothes, possibly some of my blood, everything.

HAVERSHAM

Can they find DNA evidence in vomit?

DR. CONNELLY

Maybe, yes, sometimes, if it's fresh.

HAVERSHAM

Well, then we're gonna have to clean this up, too.

HAVERSHAM vomits. BARNABY looks over, but continues filling the bag. DR. CONNELLY attends to HAVERSHAM and leads him to the BATHROOM. They begin scrubbing their hands and faces, and BARNABY walks in with the bag of money.

BARNABY

Well, Haversham, I'm starting to think that fire thing is a good idea.

HAVERSHAM

(panting)

Told ya. Let's do it.

BARNABY

First I need to find something to put all this money in.

DR. CONNELLY

I wonder why he had all that money in his desk. He must've been into some kind of embezzlement or something.

HAVERSHAM

(shouting, pointing at BILBY's body)

Dude, who cares about embezzlement? Corpse! We have a corpse!

DOGS BARKING. HAVERSHAM, BARNABY, and DR. CONNELLY fall silent for a moment.

BARNABY

All right, we've got to get out of here. I'll grab some trash bags. You two get your hands cleaned up.

Cut between HAVERSHAM and DR. CONNELLY in the BATHROOM, and BARNABY OUTSIDE. HAVERSHAM and DR. CONNELLY are scrubbing blood from their hands and forearms, and DR. CONNELLY finds a bottle of bleach, pours it over their hands, pours it on the sink, and starts pouring it all over the crime scene. As he does, he finds some PAPERS on Bilby's desk. He grabs them and puts them in his bag. BARNABY opens the trunk of his car, throws in the trash bag full of cash, and pulls out a gas can and a tarp. He closes the trunk, lays the tarp over the backseat of the car, and takes the gas can inside. He knocks the desk over onto the body and starts pouring gasoline all over it. A CELL PHONE RINGS on Bilby's desk. Barnaby takes it and tosses it on the pile. BARNABY lights a match and holds it over the pile.

BARNABY

You boys about ready to go?

DR. CONNELLY

Come on, James, let's get out of here.

BARNABY

I'm sorry you weren't willing to hear us out, Mr. Bilby. I'm sure we could've come to a more amenable arrangement than this.

BARNABY throws the match onto the gasoline-soaked wood and papers.

FADE TO:

EXT. BARNABY'S YARD, NIGHT

Pan out from a fire in a metal barrel, which has clearly been frequently used. DR. CONNELLY and HAVERSHAM are standing around it in their underwear, still with blood on forearms, faces, and hair. BARNABY enters the scene recently showered and wearing a bathrobe.

BARNABY

All right, your turn, James. I didn't have too much on me, so it didn't take me too long. Hope that fire's keeping you warm enough out here.

HAVERSHAM

Nice and toasty.

BARNABY

Well, the water's nice and warm, too, although I'm not sure there'll be enough hot water for all three of us. Sorry about that, Doc.

DR. CONNELLY

I have bigger things to worry about right now than a cold shower.

HAVERSHAM

Well, I'll try to hurry. Look, this blood is all hard and coagulated now. I hope I can get it off without waxing all my arm hairs off.

HAVERSHAM laughs and walks toward the house.

DR. CONNELLY

Why did you have a tarp in your car? Did you plan on killing him? Did you and James plan this together?

BARNABY

Oh, come on, Doc. I had that tarp in the car because I take the dogs out to the lake, and they get all muddy.

DR. CONNELLY

(suspicious)

Well, I guess it's a lucky thing it happened to be in there, otherwise there would be blood all over your car right now.

BARNABY

All right, look, Doc, we all agreed to prepare for the worst when we went in to talk to Bilby. We all brought a change of clothes in case we got in a fight, because we knew we might get some blood on us if it came down to it.

DR. CONNELLY

Yes, we knew we might get SOME blood on us, not all the blood in Joe Bilby's body. I never agreed to this. We were just going to scare him.

BARNABY

Well, it's not my fault you started strangling him with his tie until he fell over and hit his head on his desk. When his eyes started bulging out, I'm sure he was real scared, that even scared me a little bit. You could've killed him right there.

DR. CONNELLY

OK, I might've gotten a little bit mad, and I might've lost control, and I might've gone too far, but I'm not the one who stabbed him with an ice pick or shot him in the face.

BARNABY

No, but you escalated the situation. Like you said, we were there to scare him. You scare people with a threat, you make sure they understand you could be doing something worse to them than what you're doing. You almost killed him from the get-go. I'm a cop, I know how this works. If you show someone that you're in control, they'll usually give in. If you make them think they're about to die, they fight like a rabid dog. When you can't breathe, that fight or flight reaction kicks in, you made him panic. So maybe you should stop trying to find someone else to blame and wrap your head around the fact that you're just as guilty as me and James. We're in this together, whether we like it or not.

Awkward silence.

DR. CONNELLY

What are you going to do with the gun?



BARNABY

I'm going to switch out the barrel.

DR. CONNELLY

You have a spare gun barrel?

BARNABY

I do.

DR. CONNELLY

Just in case?

BARNABY

That's right.

DR. CONNELLY

(defeated)

OK, give me the old barrel and the ice pick. I'll take them to the crematorium and stick them in the furnace and run a maintenance cycle. I pulled some papers off of Bilby's desk, but I can throw those in there too.

BARNABY

No, don't burn those, hold onto them. Pile of cash like that, it looks like old Joe was even more dirty than we thought. I want to know where that money came from.

DR. CONNELLY

What's the point? He's dead now, we just need to make sure there's no evidence pointing to us.

BARNABY

Call it curiosity... or insurance. If we know what kind of shady dealings he's been involved with, and what kind of shady dealers he's been associated with, that means if anyone points to us, we can point at someone else, change the story, find someone else to blame.

DR. CONNELLY

All right, I'll keep them safe.

BARNABY

So when you burn the ice pick and the gun barrel, how are you going to explain the melted metal in the furnace?

DR. CONNELLY

I'll pull them out afterward, same thing we do with hip replacements. It might melt the ice pick, but probably not the gun barrel, but it should damage the rifling enough to make sure it can't be matched to the bullet. Then I'll just drop the metal in the junkyard.

BARNABY takes a swig from a bottle of whiskey and hands it to DR. CONNELLY.

CUT TO:

INT. BARNABY'S HOUSE, NIGHT

HAVERSHAM has just finished in the shower. He towels himself dry, lets out a long sigh, and wraps the towel around his waist. He steps out and opens the bathroom door.

HAVERSHAM

(shouting)

Hey, thanks, Bobby. I feel so much better now. I really needed that. Your turn, Dr. Connelly.

POPPY is heard GRUNTING awake from sleep, followed by a crash as he falls out of bed, possibly slightly visible through the doorway in another part of the house, with the sound of a metal BEDPAN falling and spiraling before resting on the ground.

POPPY

(shouting)

Bobby! Bobby! Bobby!

HAVERSHAM

He's outside.

POPPY

I heard something, Bobby! Help, Bobby! I can't find my MedicAlive bracelet, Bobby. I... Help me, Bobby, I can't reach it. Bobby!

HAVERSHAM approaches POPPY's room. POPPY is old and infirm. He is on the floor in a tangle of sheets reaching for a MedicAlive bracelet on a bedside table.

HAVERSHAM

OK, Mr. Barnaby, it's all right. Let me just help you up...

POPPY whips a gun out from under his pillow and points it at HAVERSHAM. HAVERSHAM raises his hands and jumps back out of the doorway, putting a wall between him and POPPY.

POPPY

What? Who are you? Get out of my house! You're not allowed to be in my home! Get out of here! I fought for this country, you yellow little shit! I still got some fight left in me, you just try me! Bobby! Help!

HAVERSHAM peeks around the doorway just in time to see POPPY repeatedly pressing on the MedicAlive bracelet emergency button. He takes advantage of the fact that his attention is diverted to this task to run past the door. POPPY quickly whips the gun back towards him, but too late to get a shot off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARNABY'S YARD, NIGHT

HAVERSHAM runs out. BARNABY and DR. CONNELLY are still standing in front of the fire.

HAVERSHAM

Hey, Bobby, there's an old guy in here, looks like he fell out of bed, and he's waving a gun at me threatening to fight a war against me or something. Maybe you should come in here and take care of it.

BARNABY

Oh, Poppy. Yeah, his eyesight ain't so good no more, and in this light, your eyes do look a little slanty.

HAVERSHAM

Whoa! Uh... yeah, he was pressing the button on that MedicAlive bracelet thing, and uh, I think that means we're gonna have some ambulances coming here, and that can't be good right now.

BARNABY

Well, shit. I wonder if the battery on that thing's still working. All right. Don't either of you come in until I get that gun out of his hands.

TRACK OR CUT TO:

INT. BARNABY'S HOUSE, NIGHT

BARNABY

Poppy, just calm down, now.

POPPY

Bobby? There's a man in the house, Bobby, get your gun!

BARNABY

No, no, Poppy, it's all right, he's a friend of mine. I'm coming in, it's me, Bobby, so put the gun away.

POPPY

Who is that? What's he doing here at this time of night?

BARNABY

It's our poker night. The game went on a little long.

POPPY

Oh, it's poker night already? Oh, OK. I fell out of bed. Goddamn, can't even get up out of bed no more. Why didn't you come? I've been calling for you.

BARNABY

Sorry, Poppy, I didn't hear you. I was outside burning some trash. Did you push the button on that bracelet thing?

POPPY

Yeah. Yeah, I pressed it, they're coming. The lady just called. She sounded pretty. You're going to have to call and tell them everything's OK. I thought we were getting robbed or something.

BARNABY

I'll call her up.

POPPY

OK. I fouled myself, I'm sorry, son. I'm sorry, you shouldn't have to do this.

BARNABY

It's fine, Poppy, don't you worry, we'll get you taken care of. One thing at a time. I'll just call them real quick and then I'll help you right out.

BARNABY leaves the room looking at the back of the bracelet and returns with a cell phone and starts marking the number. As he's waiting on the phone, POPPY is struggling to untangle himself from the sheets in a pathetic display.

RECORDING

You have reached MedicAlive Technical Support Services.  
Your call is very important to us. Please hold for the next available representative.

"The Girl from Ipanema" plays on the phone as BARNABY frets and attempts to help POPPY with one hand, the other hand holding the phone firmly to his ear.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARNABY'S YARD, NIGHT

"The Girl from Ipanema" continues to play. HAVERSHAM is pulling clothing out of a bag and getting dressed during this scene. DR. CONNELLY mostly stares at the fire, still in his underwear and covered in blood, drinking whiskey from a bottle.

HAVERSHAM

I hate having a shower and then putting on the same underwear. I just do not feel clean after that. Actually, should I even keep these? I mean, they look clean, but could there be like, microscopic traces of blood that could be picked up with an electron microscope or something on these?

DR. CONNELLY

Well, we don't have an electron microscope, not that you would need one, but yes, there very well could be.

HAVERSHAM

Well, looks like I'm going commando. Don't look, or do, whatever, I don't care.

HAVERSHAM tosses his underwear onto the fire. He removes his towel, cleverly hidden behind the fire barrel or something, and starts getting dressed.

DR. CONNELLY

You're in a surprisingly good mood.

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, I don't know what happened, when that whole thing went down, I just couldn't hold it in, but I threw up, got it all out, had a nice shower, it was, uh, kind of cathartic. I'm feeling squeaky clean now, and to be honest, I'm kind of glad that fucker's dead.

DR. CONNELLY

Oh, really? Great. I guess that's why you started stabbing him with an ice pick.

HAVERSHAM

No, you started strangling him and he started attacking you, he landed one right in your face and I just reacted. If anything, I was trying to help you out, man.

DR. CONNELLY

You stabbed him over and over and over again. You just kept stabbing him.

HAVERSHAM

Well, I don't know! I don't see the point of getting into a discussion here about who stabbed who and how many times they did it. It was a heat of the moment sort of situation, you jumped on him, he started fighting back...

DR. CONNELLY

And you decided to murder him.

HAVERSHAM

Or maybe I just had your back. You're welcome, by the way.

DR. CONNELLY

I think you just wanted him dead.

HAVERSHAM

(laughs)

Well, hey, you don't know what's going on in my head, man, so you just go ahead and think whatever you want.

HAVERSHAM, now dressed, sits in a lawn chair by the fire. Awkward pause.

HAVERSHAM

You should probably, uh, clean up that blood you've got all over yourself.

DR. CONNELLY

Bobby's father is awake. I can't just walk in there like this. I'll have to wait for him to come out and let me know when the coast is clear.

CUT TO:

INT. BARNABY'S HOUSE, NIGHT

BARNABY still holding the phone. The music stops. The technical support rep, JASON, may have a vaguely foreign accent.

BARNABY

Hello? Hello, anyone there?

JASON

Hello and thank you for calling MedicAlive Technical Support. My name is Jason. How can I help you today?

BARNABY

Hi, this is Bobby Barnaby, and my Poppy pressed the button on his MedicAlive bracelet, but he just heard something in the house and got scared, but it weren't nothin'. So we don't need any ambulances or anything tonight, and I'm real sorry about that, can you go ahead and cancel that for me?

JASON

That's all right, sir, thank you for letting us know. Did your father just press the button or did that happen a while ago? Have you gotten a confirmation call?

BARNABY

Yes, he got the call and he confirmed already.

JASON

OK, sir, if the button has been pressed and the confirmation call has been answered or we have failed to communicate with the customer, then it sounds like the call has already been made to emergency services and they are on the way.

BARNABY

OK, is there any way to cancel that?

JASON

Yes, we can attempt to communicate with them and let them know the report was made in error, but this is the technical support line, I'll have to transfer you to another department. They'll need your name, if you're a registered caretaker, or they'll have to talk to your father, and they'll need the registration number on the back of the bracelet, as well as his full name, address, and Social Security number.



I'll go ahead and transfer you if there isn't anything else you need from me, sir.

BARNABY

(sighs)

No, that's fine, don't bother, I'll just call the local dispatch and let 'em know myself. Thank you.

JASON

Thank you very much, sir, and if you don't mind answering a few questions, there will be a brief survey at the end of this call so you can rate your customer service experience today. Have a good day, sir.

BARNABY hangs up the phone and dials another number. He starts walking towards the door and exits to the YARD. The phone rings, and CONNIE answers.

CONNIE

Sheriff's office, how can I help you?

BARNABY

Hi, Connie, this is Bobby Barnaby.

CONNIE

Bobby! I was just about to call you. What are you doing up this hour?

BARNABY

Well, Poppy took a fall, and he said that he pushed his little panic button, and I wanted to find out if it actually went through this time. Is there an ambulance headed out to my place?

CONNIE

Yeah, there is.

BARNABY

Well, can you cancel it for me? We don't need 'em. I got him back to bed, everything's going to be all right here.

CONNIE

Well, I'll try to call them, they should be there real soon, though. But we need you downtown, there's a fire.

SIRENS are heard in the distance. DR. CONNELLY cringes in reaction. BARNABY mouths "get in there", pointing toward the house. As BARNABY continues the phone call, DR. CONNELLY starts walking toward the front door, and BARNABY stops him.

BARNABY

Oh my God, a fire?

CONNIE

Yeah, real big fire, we need you on traffic duty.

BARNABY

All right, I'll be there just as soon as I can put my pants on.

CONNIE

Yeah, I'll try to call the boys and let them know you don't need that ambulance, but you hurry up and get dressed and get down there. 442 Oak Street.

BARNABY

OK, I'm on it. Talk to you later, Connie.

BARNABY hangs up.

BARNABY

Doc, get in the house, they're almost here.

DR. CONNELLY

But your dad will see me. Maybe I should just wait out here.

HAVERSHAM

By the fire? Right, they won't want to come check out the fire that's happening. I'm sure they won't come around back here where the fire is and find you covered in blood.

DR. CONNELLY

So what the hell am I supposed to do?

BARNABY

My bedroom window's open. Jump in there and get to the bathroom, but be quiet about it.

DR. CONNELLY

Goddammit.

FOLLOW TO:

INT. BARNABY'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Camera follows as DR. CONNELLY goes to the window. It's at an awkward height and he's clearly not used to B&E. He starts to hoist himself up, but he's afraid of getting blood on the window. He turns around and starts pulling himself in backwards, and as flashing ambulance lights become visible, he scrambles in backside first. He's about to leave the room, then hides behind the bedroom door as he hears a knock on the front door.

POPPY

Bobby! Who's at the door, Bobby?

CUT TO:

EXT. BARNABY'S YARD, NIGHT

Two paramedics have arrived. LEM is at the front door, and JEFF is looking around back toward the fire. JEFF motions to LEM to follow him around the back. BARNABY steps up and leads them around the back, where HAVERSHAM is by the fire sitting in a lawn chair drinking a beer.

BARNABY

We're back here, boys.

JEFF

Hey, Bobby, what's going on? I heard you lived out here, so we came as quick as we could, I figured this was your place.

BARNABY

Thanks, uh, Jeff, right? You usually ride with Jimmy Santos?

JEFF

Yeah, that's right. What's going on?

BARNABY

It was just my Poppy, he fell out of bed and got a little scared, but it's all right, I got it taken care of. Nothing to worry about, sorry about that.

JEFF

All right, well, we'll just go ahead and check on him real quick while we're here.

BARNABY

Oh, I don't think that'll be necessary. You guys came quick. I tried to call Connie and let you know it was a false alarm. You guys can just head on back now, no problems here.

HAVERSHAM

Oh, hey, guys! How's it going?

JEFF

Oh, I didn't know you had company.

BARNABY

Yeah, it's poker night.

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, it's like a charity event from you to me, thanks again for all your money.

BARNABY

Well, I'm gonna have to get going here in a minute and earn some more money for you, I just got called in to work.

HAVERSHAM

Aw, say it ain't so!

BARNABY

Yeah, they said there's something going on downtown.

HAVERSHAM

Well, all right, Commissioner, you go deal with the Joker or whatever.

JEFF

Well, we'll get out of your hair real quick, but we do need to check on your old man while we're here. Lem, you go on in and take care of him, I'm gonna have a word with Bobby here.

BARNABY

You don't have to do that if you don't want to, he's in one of his moods tonight.

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, he's gonna call you something.

LEM

Oh, it's part of the job, I'm used to it.

BARNABY

OK. Well, just so you know, he had some of them Percocets earlier, and there's a bit of a mess in there.

LEM

Oh, don't you worry about that, I've seen my fair share of shit on this job. I'll just go check on him and help get him cleaned up.

BARNABY

(conspicuously loudly)

Front door's open!

LEM exits.

JEFF

And what, it's just you two? Were you playing two-man poker?

BARNABY

No, we had a third, but he's left about, oh, a half-hour ago, was it?

HAVERSHAM

(laughs)

I'm kind of shit-faced, I'm not sure.

BARNABY

James here was kind enough to stay and help me get everything cleaned up. We decided to just go ahead and burn the trash now -- we don't get pickup out here, you know -- and give him a chance to sober up a bit before he heads home.

JEFF

All right. Hey, so you heard about that call downtown, uh, I'd like to have a word with you about that, if you don't mind. Little shop talk.

BARNABY

Oh, sure.

CUT TO:

INT. BARNABY'S HOUSE, NIGHT

DR. CONNELLY is working up the courage to sneak past POPPY's bedroom door to get to the bathroom when he hears the FRONT DOOR OPENING and mutters under his breath and quickly sneaks back into BARNABY's bedroom. After LEM enters the bedroom, putting on gloves (with possibly an ad-libbed greeting), DR. CONNELLY quickly sneaks past the door and into the bathroom and swings the door almost all the way shut. After he runs past, LEM turns around and looks confused for a moment before turning back to his work. DR. CONNELLY quietly closes and locks the door and puts his ear against it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARNABY'S YARD, NIGHT

BARNABY and JEFF go off to the side to talk privately.

JEFF

OK, Bobby, I don't really know what's going on downtown any more than you, I just got the call myself.

BARNABY

Well, they said there was a situation, they need me to come down and direct traffic...

JEFF

Yeah, we'll get out of your hair, we need to get down there too, but look, Bobby, I ride in the ambulance with Jimmy Santos all the time, and you know how this kind of a job can be, you see a lot of shit together, it's a high-stress environment, and you really get to trust each other, you feel like you can talk to each other about everything. It's like that with your partner in a police cruiser too, right?

BARNABY

Uh, yeah, it can be, sure.

JEFF

Do you know what I'm getting at, Bobby?

BARNABY

I think I might, yeah.

JEFF

Yeah, so Jimmy talks to me, and I know you two have been seeing each other a bit lately. And look, I don't know what kind of situation you're in or if this is... I don't know, maybe something that he'd be a little upset to hear about, but I'm not here to judge you or anything. I'm not like some of the other folks in town, I think what a man does in his own home is his own business, Bobby, but your dad, he's not... of that generation. I mean, he's losing it, the dementia's setting in, and if you're going to be... getting

together with someone like this, maybe you should just go to a hotel or something, that way you won't scare your father half to death and we won't have to come out here like this answering false alarms.

BARNABY

Look, Jeff, I appreciate the advice, but I've got a right to be happy and I've got to be here for him. If I go to a hotel or something, who's going to be here to take care of him? I can't just leave him alone all night, and I can't find a home caregiver for him that he doesn't find something wrong with. The last lady we got through the Medicare quit because he kept calling her a Mexican, now, what am I supposed to do? And anyway, it's not like that, James is just a poker buddy.

Awkward pause. JEFF's radio comes on.

CONNIE

Unit 1, this is Dispatch, copy?

JEFF

All right, all right, none of my business. Just try to be a little more careful, all right? (presses button on radio) Hey Connie, what's up, precious?

CONNIE

Sheriff wants you to pick up the pace a bit. Actually, what he wanted me to tell you was, "If you boys are done pussyfooting around, would you mind getting your... tushies over to this... gosh darned... fire."

JEFF

All right, Connie, we'll be right there.

CUT TO:

INT. BARNABY'S HOUSE, NIGHT



DR. CONNELLY has his ear to the door, and FOOTSTEPS are heard. The DOOR HANDLE JIGGLES, and then POUNDING against the door is heard. DR. CONNELLY's eyes grow wide, and as the scene progresses, he frantically tiptoes over to the shower and tries to slowly and quietly draw the shower curtain, sits in the bathtub, shaking or rocking or otherwise visibly terrified.

LEM

What the fuck... What the hell? Bobby! What did you lock the bathroom for? You got somebody in here?

BARNABY

Uh, yeah, no, don't use that bathroom. That bathroom's out of commission. Real mess in there. Leave that bathroom alone.

LEM

What the hell do you want me to do with this bedpan? You've got shit all over the place!

BARNABY

Use Poppy's bathroom. His bathroom's by his room. That one works, use that one.

LEM

Oh, OK. All right.

JEFF

Lem, come on, man, wrap it up. We've got to get to the fire downtown. Just leave that there, Bobby can take care of it.

BARNABY

Yeah, no problem. You guys go ahead, I'll take care of this, and then I'll get in uniform and get right down there.

LEM and JEFF get in the ambulance and leave, turning on the siren.

BARNABY

Thanks again for coming out. All right, Poppy, they're gone, it's all over, let's get cleaned up.

BARNABY says this at the bathroom door loudly so DR. CONNELLY can hear, and DR. CONNELLY turns on the water in the shower and sighs in temporary relief. As he starts scrubbing, fade from the water running on DR. CONNELLY's bloody body to fire hoses blasting at a house in flames.

FADE TO:

EXT. JOE BILBY'S OFFICE, NIGHT

Bilby's realty office is engulfed in flames. Everything but the big sign out front with his smiling face on it in a blue blazer is burning. BARNABY walks up to DENNY, a heavy-set middle-aged sheriff, who is shouting at the firemen.

DENNY

Get it out! I want this fire out now! Come on, get your asses in gear!

FIREMAN

(approaches)

Sheriff! We found a body inside.

BARNABY

I came as quick as I could, Sheriff Denny, I had to take care of my Poppy.

DENNY

(extends his palm toward Barnaby, shushing him)

What do you mean, you found a dead body?

FIREMAN

Yeah, way dead, burnt to a crisp. Adult by the size, that's all we can tell.

DENNY

Son of a bitch!

FIREMAN

The rest of the house is all clear. We're just gonna let it burn out and focus on making sure the fire doesn't spread.

DENNY

The hell you are, goddammit! You get that fire out right now. Hustle. Do your job!

FIREMAN

It's too dangerous. I'm not sending anyone in there. The house could fall right down on our heads, or there could be a gas explosion. I'm not putting my men at risk for this. It's going to be a smoldering pile of shit either way. There's nothing to save here.

DENNY

Nothing to save here? There's your ass to save here, because I'm gonna fuck you so hard if you don't get in there and get this fire out. I want it out! Put it out now! I don't care what it takes! Get it the fuck out!

FIREMAN

(sighs)

All right, I'll do what I can.

DENNY

You damn well better.

FIREMAN

Yeah, whatever you say, man.

DENNY

You better not be fucking with me, you volunteer piece of shit! Get this fire out now! Now! Get it out, motherfucker, now!

FIREMAN runs back to the other firemen.

DENNY

(to BARNABY)

Goddamn volunteer firefighters. We need to get some fucking professionals. Bobby, I need you directing traffic to the south. Keep the looky-loos away. We need to get this

fire out right away, I don't want any neighbors or press or anyone sticking their noses in here.

BARNABY

I'm on it, sir.

FADE TO:

Montage. Dawn is breaking, and each scene has more sunlight than the last. DR. CONNELLY closing the furnace and sitting down to read the files he took from BILBY's desk. BARNABY directing traffic and waving onlookers back with the burning house in the background. HAVERSHAM drinking by the garbage fire. DR. CONNELLY, wearing surgical gloves, throwing the remains of the gun barrel and ice pick over the fence into the junkyard. BARNABY returning home to find HAVERSHAM asleep on the lawn chair, covering him with a blanket, and entering the house. DR. CONNELLY slipping into bed next to his wife, ASHLEY, who blinks awake, grabs the alarm clock and looks at the time, sighs, and rolls over.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER, DAY

HAVERSHAM and BARNABY are sitting at a table eating breakfast. They both have coffee, and BARNABY has eggs on toast with bacon, and HAVERSHAM has pancakes and sausage.

BARNABY

So the reason we're seeing so much more cocaine on the streets than we used to is the pricing backlash.

HAVERSHAM

Huh.

BARNABY

See, in the 80s and 90s, cocaine was in all the movies and TV shows as this sort of rich man's drug, like you've got to be a stockbroker to be able to use it, and your average druggie was just like, "I can't afford that." So people stopped buying it, and lo and behold, supply and demand, now it's really cheap.

HAVERSHAM

Really?

BARNABY

Yeah, and now the younger folks who weren't around for the 90s are starting to realize they can just get coked out of their gourds for cheap. I saw a lot of it when I was a campus cop over in Clearwater.

DR. CONNELLY enters and goes to the bar.

DR. CONNELLY

Hey, just need a coffee and a bran muffin to go.

DOREEN

All right, honey.

DR. CONNELLY approaches BARNABY and HAVERSHAM.

DR. CONNELLY

Oh, hey, good morning, Deputy Barnaby.

BARNABY

Good morning, Doc.

HAVERSHAM

Slept well, I imagine.

DR. CONNELLY

Yeah, great. Hey, I have that report you wanted here.

DR. CONNELLY passes BARNABY the papers from BILBY's desk.

BARNABY

Oh, right, thanks, Doc.

DR. CONNELLY leans in and whispers.

DR. CONNELLY

I want nothing more to do with any of this. I have a family. Don't ever speak to me again. OK? (back to normal voice)

All right, can't stick around and chat, I'm in a bit of a rush this morning, got a body coming in, I'm sure you've heard, Barnaby.

HAVERSHAM'S cell phone rings. He starts pulling it out.

BARNABY

Yeah, luckily we're kind of waiting on you, so I've got time to finish breakfast. I'm sure I'll see you there.

DR. CONNELLY pays for his coffee, thanks DOREEN, walks out with it.

HAVERSHAM

Hang on a second, Bobby, this is my sister, gotta take this. Hey, Julie, what's up?

JULIE

(over the phone, very agitated)

Uh, OK, just don't freak out, all right?

HAVERSHAM

OK.

JULIE

All right, I know I'm supposed to be at school right now, and I know you're going to bitch me out about this, but this is an emergency, OK? I need you to be cool for like three seconds.

HAVERSHAM

Proceed.

JULIE

All right, I ditched school, OK? And I wouldn't tell you about it, but somebody through a brick through the window, and it totally wasn't one of my friends, and it's not like a joke or anything, and... seriously, like don't be a tool about this, because I'm really scared and I really just want you to come home right now. I mean, you were out all night, and I didn't ask what you were doing, so like yeah, I

skipped first period because Miss Tenley's a bitch. I get it, I'm not supposed to do that, but I couldn't deal with her shit today, so YOLO, I left, but I mean, there's a brick, and I'm really scared...

HAVERSHAM

Julie, Julie, calm down. I'm on my way.

JULIE

OK. All right.

HAVERSHAM

And no, I'm not going to be a bitch about this, I promise. You're not in trouble, it's OK. I'll be right there.

JULIE

(in tears)

OK.

BEEP.

BARNABY

Sounds like you've got some trouble there.

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, it's my little sister, gotta go take care of her. What can you do? I'm not really that much more mature than she is, I just have to pretend to be. Uh, we got a broken window, looks like there was a brick.

BARNABY

You want me to go down there with you and check it out?

HAVERSHAM

No, no, no. I show up with a sheriff's deputy, she's going to think I'm totally being cool about this. I don't want to scare her any more than she already is.

BARNABY

Yeah, you've got a point there.

HAVERSHAM drops some money on the table and gets up.

HAVERSHAM

Yep, gotta go. I'll see you around.

CUT TO:

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, DAY

DENNY and DR. CONNELLY are standing by an examination table with a burned corpse, partially skeletal. DR. CONNELLY is wearing surgical gloves and doing a preliminary examination of the body.

DR. CONNELLY

OK, I assume we don't have a positive ID?

DENNY

Well, not officially, but presumably we're looking at Joe Bilby here.

DR. CONNELLY

(writing on a clipboard)

All right, well, we're obviously going to have to go by dental records on this one. I'll get the jaw X-rays in a jiffy, but for now, we've got a John Doe. So what do we know so far?

DENNY

Well, we've got a hell of a case here, Dr. Connelly. Looks like a clear murder, the perp tried to cover it up with arson, and if this is Bilby, given his standing in the community, most likely motive we're looking for is monetary. I'm going to be honest with you, Dr. Connelly, this is the kind of case that makes careers. You do a good job on this, this is the kind of case that can send a man to Tulsa, with all that lab equipment you keep asking for and a pay raise to boot. So now's your time to shine, Doc, I need to know who did this. Make it happen.



DR. CONNELLY

(poking and prodding and taking notes)

Well, I heard this man was a son of a bitch, but to do this to someone, goddamn.

DENNY

You think he was a son of a bitch? What makes you say that? I didn't really know the man myself.

DR. CONNELLY

No, just what I've heard around town.

DENNY

Oh, so you don't have anything personally against him, nothing he did to you or a family member of yours or something?

DR. CONNELLY

Oh, no, nothing like that, just the word around town.

DENNY

So who'd you hear that from? What have you heard, what's the story?

DR. CONNELLY

Oh, I don't really know, Sheriff. Small town gossip, you know how it is. You can't believe half of what you hear in a town like this anyway.

DENNY

(suspicious)

I see.

DR. CONNELLY

OK, well, I'll get those X-rays and get a positive ID, and we'll see what comes up in the autopsy and the toxicology, but I think I can tell you just about everything I'm going to be able to tell you right now. I mean, you can see the obvious bullet wound here, but with all this damage from the fire, I'm not going to be able to tell you what caliber it

was until we can find the bullet, and I promise you it's not in here. (lifts up the head to show the exit wound) There's some scoring on the ribs here, so it looks like he's been stabbed as well, multiple times, but figuring out with what isn't going to be easy. Most of the flesh is just burned away, so we're not going to find any superficial injuries, bruises, defensive wounds, anything like that, so getting a good picture of what happened in what order is going to be next to impossible, I'm afraid. All I can tell you is it looks like someone went in there, went at him with a knife and who knows what else, finished the job with a gun, set the place on fire, and ran.

DENNY stares at DR. CONNELLY, and starts shouting.

DENNY

Well, thank you, Dr. Obvious. That's the best you can do? We already know that! (kicks examination table, almost knocking the body over) Goddammit, I'm surrounded by a bunch of fucking amateurs! Fuck! Get to work.

DENNY storms off.

CUT TO:

INT. HAVERSHAM'S HOUSE, DAY

A modest but relatively clean home, except for the broken window. JULIE, a 15-year-old middle-class high school student, is on the couch with a piece of paper in her hand. As the door opens, she stuffs the paper under the couch cushions.

HAVERSHAM

Julie? Julie, hey, are you OK?

JULIE

Yeah.

HAVERSHAM

Hey, didn't we used to have a window here?

JULIE

Yeah, not anymore. So I don't know what happened, maybe it was like a hate crime, because we're Catholic, you know?

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, maybe. It'd probably be the first time someone threw a brick in someone's window for being Catholic in about the last 30 years, but if they're gonna do it, this'll be the town they do it in.

JULIE

Yeah, this town sucks. Maybe I should've gone to LA with you instead of staying here.

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, well, we decided to stay here so you could finish high school with your friends.

JULIE

Yeah, we did... they suck too. Hey, maybe it was an accident, like it was on the street and a truck was passing by or something?

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, could be, I've heard a truck tire can send a pretty significant object flying. (looks down at the brick) Yeah, look at that thing, I'm just glad you weren't in front of the window when it happened.

HAVERSHAM spots a rubber band on the floor.

HAVERSHAM

So was there anything else, or was it just the brick by itself?

JULIE

No, no, nothing else, just the brick, there was just a brick here, and a bunch of broken glass, that's all.

HAVERSHAM

Julie, you remember what I said, you can always trust me, whatever's going on you can tell me?

JULIE

Oh, my God. Yeah, you're not Mom and Dad, I know, all right?

HAVERSHAM

That's right, I'm not. I wish we still had Mom and Dad, but we don't, and now I'm taking care of you, but I'm still your brother, you can tell me stuff. (picks up rubber band) Now is there something you're not telling me?

JULIE

All right, you have to promise you won't get mad at me.

HAVERSHAM

I promise I won't get mad at you. What was on the brick?

JULIE

Seriously, you have to promise. A lot of shit gets promised to me, like if you're a good person, God will take care of you, or if you're nice to people, they'll be nice to you, or if you just try hard, you'll always get good grades. None of that shit is true, nothing anyone ever promises me is true. So seriously, James, I'll show it to you, but you have to promise me, no matter what you read, you won't get mad at me, and you have to mean it.

HAVERSHAM

(sighs)

Julie, I promise. Whatever it is, I'm on your side.

JULIE hands HAVERSHAM the note, which reads, "WE KNOW YOU DID IT, AND WE KNOW YOU HAVE IT." HAVERSHAM covers his mouth.

HAVERSHAM

OK. Um, I'm not mad, see? You didn't need to hide this from me.

JULIE

Look, he said he didn't have a girlfriend, OK? He said he didn't have a girlfriend, and I went and got tested, and I don't have anything, and I don't care what they're saying about me at school, but that bitch, Tila, I am not taking it. I am not taking it! This is just out of hand. I mean, seriously, they threw a brick through the window? Who does that? This is crazy, she's just crazy. This isn't reality TV, this is real life. (starts crying) He said he didn't have a girlfriend, I didn't do anything wrong, it was his fault, and I don't have anything, and I...

HAVERSHAM

(visibly shaken and failing his attempt to hide it)

Hey, hey, OK, Julie, it's OK. You're right, you didn't do anything wrong, and she's just, wow, that is crazy, throwing a brick through the window, that's... that is just nuts. But, uh, you just, you know, you turn the other... you know, just don't lower yourself to her level, you know? It's, uh, it's OK, it'll all be OK. Don't worry, everything's OK.

HAVERSHAM nervously hugs JULIE, who cries on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILBY'S OFFICE, DAY

Police officers are sifting through the ruins of the house looking for evidence. SMITH, a deputy in his 30s or 40s with sunglasses and a face like one of Mussolini's blackshirts, is interviewing MABEL, Bilby's secretary. BARNABY, in uniform with gloves on, approaches during their conversation.

SMITH

And when was the last time you saw Ms. Humble?

MABEL

Oh, well, I don't know off the top of my head, I'd have to think about it. I never thought she'd do something like this,

of course, but I was always suspicious of that harlot. And I know you're not supposed to talk like that about her, what with what happened to her husband and all, but I don't care, she was a harlot and I always knew that... I'm sorry, did you need something, officer?

BARNABY

Oh, I'm just with Deputy Smith here...

SMITH

Barnaby, I got this.

BARNABY

Oh, sure, sure.

SMITH

This is Joe Bilby's secretary, Mabel, and in case you can't tell, she was just about to tell me something.

BARNABY

I didn't mean to interrupt, I just wanted to let you know, we haven't found that bullet yet, and I'm starting to think maybe we're looking in the wrong place, maybe the body was moved after he was killed or something. Sorry, didn't mean to intrude.

SMITH

One moment, Mabel. (pulls BARNABY aside) OK, I appreciate the update, but this is my case, and I'm gonna need you to stop contributing ideas and start following directions, OK? You're awful ambitious for a rookie. I know you were looking into Joe Bilby before he died, and I told you before and I'm gonna tell you one more time, all that hippie-dippy tenants' rights and consumer protection crap you were on about with him is a civil matter. That's none of our business, and I don't need you around speaking ill of the dead right now. What you need to worry about is potheads, illegal immigrants, and drunken redskins coming in off the rez. And what I need to worry about is solving this murder. So you just get back to bagging and tagging,

and then just make your rounds and leave this one to the pros, OK? You understand me, rookie?

BARNABY

Yeah, I got it.

SMITH pats BARNABY on the shoulder. BARNABY walks back over to the crime scene. SMITH turns back to MABEL.

SMITH

Sorry about that, Ma'am. You were saying?

The camera follows BARNABY, whose phone beeps to indicate an incoming text. He pulls off his glove and checks it. The message is from HAVERSHAM, and it reads, "When u get a break 4 lunch, come meet me at the dinner. My treat! Get the Doc to come along. cyu then!"

CUT TO:

INT. DINER, DAY

BARNABY walks in to find HAVERSHAM sitting at a booth, drinking a shaky cup of coffee with a few empty cups next to it. BARNABY sits across from him.

BARNABY

Hey there, James. You doing all right? You look a little nervous.

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, little bit. You want to get some food? I should probably get some food in me. That'd be good. So, uh, brick through the window, came with this note.

HAVERSHAM tosses the note across the table to BARNABY.

BARNABY

Oh, my goodness.

HAVERSHAM

Yeah. Apparently my little sister's turning into a woman, and some of her little friends at school are engaging in a little good old-fashioned slut-shaming.

BARNABY

Oh, I'm so sorry. That's awful.

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, apparently if you don't put out, you're a frigid bitch, and if you do, you're a filthy whore. I'm sure glad I'm not a woman sometimes. Bunch of fuckin' Neanderthals in this town, I'm tellin' ya.

DOREEN approaches.

DOREEN

Tell me about it. You want another coffee?

BARNABY

Hey Doreen, maybe you should switch him to decaf.

DOREEN

Sure thing. You need anything, sugar?

BARNABY

Well, I'd like a coffee... regular... and an egg salad sandwich. How about you, James?

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, that sounds good, give me one of those too.

DOREEN

All righty. Silas, two clucklefruit purees, and put on a pot of unleaded for me.

DR. CONNELLY comes in.

BARNABY

Oh, hey, over here, Doc. Come sit with us.



DR. CONNELLY

Oh, hey, guys.

DOREEN

How about you, what would you like?

BARNABY

We're having egg salad sandwiches.

DR. CONNELLY

Oh, uh, yeah, that sounds good.

DOREEN

Coffee?

DR. CONNELLY

Sure.

DOREEN

Silas, make it three.

DOREEN leaves.

DR. CONNELLY

(sits down)

OK, what is it? I told you I didn't want to meet with you.

BARNABY hands DR. CONNELLY the note.

BARNABY

Is that a good enough reason? That came on a brick through Haversham's window.

DR. CONNELLY

OK, looks like your basic printer paper, written in ball-point pen, handwriting analysis will be pretty difficult because they actually wrote it on the brick, that's why it looks kind of shaky.

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, my sister is pretty sure one of her friends threw that.

DR. CONNELLY

Well, they've got two sentences separated by "and" and a comma, that's better grammar than you usually see from a high school kid who throws bricks through people's windows.

BARNABY

So how's the investigation going? Were you able to identify that body?

DR. CONNELLY

Yeah, dental records show it's Joe Bilby. It's official, the Sheriff's got the ID on the victim now.

BARNABY

Yeah, Sheriff Denny seems pretty eager to get to the bottom of this. I've never seen him file the paperwork on a case so fast, not even when that meth lab blew up a few months back. I don't think I've ever seen him this determined to solve a case, to be honest with you.

DR. CONNELLY

Yeah, I noticed that too, he was very... proactive about it in my lab earlier.

BARNABY

So what was in them documents you showed me earlier? Let's take a quick look at those.

BARNABY pulls out the documents and lays them out on the table.

DR. CONNELLY

Well, they're public records concerning property deeds. Apparently there was some sort of market research going on. They're mostly on properties -- trailers, actually -- owned by an Elizabeth Scanlon.

BARNABY

Scanlon as in the Scanlons Scanlon?

DR. CONNELLY

Couldn't tell you for sure, but the properties are trailers, so could be.

HAVERSHAM

Who are the Scanlons?

BARNABY

The Scanlons are that clan of crazy rednecks have their own trailer park on the edge of town. Near as I can tell, they make all their money selling weed and spend it all on guns. I spend a lot of time dealing with the Scanlons.

DR. CONNELLY

I've had the pleasure of meeting quite a few of them myself, when they come to identify each other's bodies.

BARNABY

Well, they breed like jackrabbits, they have a few Scanlons to spare.

DR. CONNELLY

Other than that, there's a property that used to belong to someone named Coyote Heart back in the 70s. I don't know who that is, but he or she probably has something to do with the reservation.

BARNABY

So what do you suppose he was doing there in the middle of the night looking up old records from the 70s?

DR. CONNELLY

Well, it's suspicious to say the least.

BARNABY

I think we should look into it. Remember what I said, Doc, about how we might need to create another narrative if we

had fingers pointing at us? Well, I think it's time we dug up some dirt to sling on someone else, right quick.

DR. CONNELLY

OK, I don't know how I can help with that.

BARNABY

I've got the afternoon on patrol, I can head down to the reservation and see if I can dig up any info on Coyote Heart to start off with. James, you can come with me.

HAVERSHAM

(chuckles)

Uh, heh, I'm uh, not a cop or anything. I'm pretty sure I'm not supposed to investigate stuff.

BARNABY

Don't you worry about that. I ain't going down to the rez in uniform anyway.

HAVERSHAM

Oh, that's, uh, comforting.

DR. CONNELLY

I have an autopsy to do this afternoon.

BARNABY

Oh, and Doc, Deputy Smith was talking to Joe Bilby's secretary. She was saying something about Ms. Humble. Sounded like she was referring to Deputy Humble's widow, you know, the one who was killed before I came on the job.

DR. CONNELLY

Yeah, you took his place. Believe me, I remember that.

BARNABY

I haven't heard too much about that, what's the story there?

A FLASHBACK scene might be useful here.

DR. CONNELLY

Mark Humble? I did the autopsy. He was found tied to a barbed-wire fence. His forehead was slashed and his eyes were drenched in his own blood, and he was covered in bruises and lacerations. And then they cut his belly open and spilled his intestines all over the dirt road. They never figured out who did it, but they figured he probably happened to stop someone on the road who was running for a Mexican drug cartel. Bad luck.

BARNABY

Huh. Well, Bilby's secretary seemed to think his widow was mixed up with this somehow.

HAVERSHAM

(laughs)

Wow. Cool story, Doc. Real nice eating lunch with you guys. Oh, and here comes our food, great. That's just great. Thank you.

DOREEN serves coffee and plates of egg salad sandwiches. The sandwiches are stuffed full of egg salad, and some of it is slipping out like guts from a slit belly.

CUT TO:

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE, DAY

DR. CONNELLY is removing stained surgical gloves. He throws them away and starts scrubbing his hands. He finishes up and goes to his computer. He opens up an archaic DOS system and searches his records for Mark Humble. He finds the record, an open murder case where the victim died of blood loss, and checks the record of the contents of the pockets on the corpse when it came in. There are a few various and sundry items listed, including 43 cents in change, and a wallet with a picture of his wife, a deacon card for the Harisi First Baptist Church, and a business card for Joe Bilby's Real Estate business. The camera zooms in on that and shoves that clue right into the audience's face, and then DR. CONNELLY exits out of that and starts a new record for Joseph Bilby.

EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE PARKING LOT, DAY

DR. CONNELLY is leaving his office and approaching his car, but HUNTER and RHYS BOY 1 are there waiting leaning against the car.

DR. CONNELLY

Hello... may I help you?

HUNTER

Hey, are you Dr. Connelly?

DR. CONNELLY

Uh, I am, yes, Dr. Connelly, the county coroner. How can I help you?

HUNTER

Do you know Richie, Richie Connelly? Is he a cousin of yours?

DR. CONNELLY

And who may I ask are you?

HUNTER

Do you know Richie? Richie told me I could come and talk to you. See, I have this spot on my arm here, and I don't know if it's anything to worry about, and you know, I ain't going in for no Obamacare, but I was just wondering if you could maybe take a look at it.

DR. CONNELLY

I'm sorry, I'm a coroner, I don't really practice that kind of medicine, you know? Like I always say when anyone asks me for medical advice, come see me when you're dead. (nervous laugh) You should just go on in to the clinic, that entrance right over there, there's a dermatologist, Dr. Jenner, does a great job.

HUNTER

Look, I can't really afford to go in to see a doctor for something that might not be □othing', you know? I don't even know if I should be worried, but you know, I got kids and everything, I don't want to worry about them, but

money's pretty tight, you know? I mean, what's it look like to you, is it just like a spot, no big deal, or is it something I need to be worried about?

DR. CONNELLY

I'm sorry, that's really not my field of expertise, I can't help you out with that. I really need to be on my way now.

HUNTER

So you don't know Richie, then?

DR. CONNELLY

Would you mind? (motions for them to get off the car)

RHYS BOY 1

Come on, man. Mr. Moneybags here ain't interested in your problems. You ain't got money, he don't give a shit if you've got the fuckin' cancer. You might as well just go drink yourself to death and then it won't even matter anyway. Let him get back to his yacht.

DR. CONNELLY

Look, I'm not a dermatologist, I don't know anything about identifying skin lesions. You're really better off without my advice. Now could you please get off my car?

HUNTER

Oh, is this your car, Doc? I am sorry, I didn't mean to hold you up here.

DR. CONNELLY

Well, I'm glad we've come to an understanding. Excuse me.

The RHYS BOYS step aside.

RHYS BOY 1

Yeah, you go right ahead, Doc.

DR. CONNELLY approaches the car, then thinks better of it, starts fumbling around and checking different pockets.

DR. CONNELLY

Oh, silly me, I think I left my keys in the office.

HUNTER

Oh, OK. You sure you can't give me a little examination while you're in there, Doc?

DR. CONNELLY

Sorry.

DR. CONNELLY enters the building and closes and locks the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY, DAY, BARNABY'S CAR

BARNABY, in plain clothes, is driving and HAVERSHAM is in the passenger's seat as they drive down a desert highway. They pass by a sign, "Now Leaving Harisi". HAVERSHAM has a big gas station soda.

HAVERSHAM

So, uh, you know, uh, when your dad freaked out last night and called an ambulance and then that paramedic pulled you aside for a little private chat like 10 feet away from me?

BARNABY

Yeah. What of it?

HAVERSHAM

Well, I heard all of that conversation. So, yeah.

BARNABY

Any particular reason you decided to listen in on that private conversation there, Haversham?

HAVERSHAM



Well, he said he wanted to talk to you about the fire that, you know, we set, so I thought maybe it concerned me. So yeah, sorry about that, but you can maybe understand how I thought it made sense to listen in on that.

BARNABY

Well, I guess I can see your point. So OK, you listened in, and now you know. Is that about it?

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, that's about it, just thought you should know I heard it.

Awkward silence. HAVERSHAM slurps his soda.

HAVERSHAM

So, uh, it must be a little weird being in that... situation, working with all those super-macho 'roid ragers on a power trip down at the Sheriff's office.

BARNABY

Little bit, yeah. They don't know, of course. And I'm not eager for them to find out.

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, I guess that might be bad, right?

BARNABY

Yeah, like the ending of Brokeback Mountain bad.

HAVERSHAM

Great movie.

BARNABY

It's all right.

HAVERSHAM

Yeah, so how'd you get into this line of work?

BARNABY

I don't know, overcompensation maybe? Or maybe it's just what I'm good at. I mean, I'm used to getting into fights, and my Poppy taught me to shoot. Seems like a natural career choice.

HAVERSHAM

Yeah. I guess I can see that. So, uh, that paramedic guy thinks that you and I are, uh, were, uh, getting together last night.

BARNABY

Well, I told him we weren't, but I think he thinks we were. You got a problem with that?

HAVERSHAM

Oh, no, no, no! Not at all! (laughs) Hey, at this point, I'll take just about any alibi I can get, am I right? I mean, I don't... I'm not... it's fine. That's just fine, no problem at all.

BARNABY

Yeah. All right, that's good.

HAVERSHAM

I'm just picturing us in a courtroom later, and the judge is like, "I will dismiss this case if the defendants will prove their innocence by having sex together. Please be disrobed in my chambers in five minutes."

BARNABY gives HAVERSHAM a sideways glance, then turns his eyes back onto the road. After a short pause, BARNABY snickers.

BARNABY

Yeah, you wish.

CUT TO:

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE, DAY

DR. CONNELLY is in front of the security monitor watching the RHYS BOYS loitering by his car. He calls CONNIE on his cell phone.

CONNIE

Sheriff's office, how can I help you?

DR. CONNELLY

Hi, Connie, this is Dr. Connelly. Funny thing, I've got a couple of guys hanging out by my car who are harassing me and not letting me leave.

CONNIE

Oh, OK, uh, where're you at?

DR. CONNELLY

I'm down here at my office, at the morgue. I'm looking at them on the security camera here, they're still just hanging out there. Could I get a deputy down here?

CONNIE

Sure, I'll send someone right down.

DR. CONNELLY

Great, thanks, I appreciate it.

CONNIE

No problem, Doctor.

DR. CONNELLY ends the call and looks at the monitors. The monitor shows the RHYS BOYS leaning on the car smoking. The image is low-resolution with a very low framerate, just a few frames per second, causing the figures to move in a jilted and broken manner. RHYS BOY 1 pulls out a phone and starts talking on it, starting to appear somewhat agitated as the conversation progresses. He hangs up the phone and lights another cigarette. HUNTER and RHYS BOY 1 exchange a few words, and RHYS BOY 1 puts out his cigarette and walks out of frame. A truck pulls up alongside the car, and RHYS BOY 1 reaches out the window to hand a baseball bat to HUNTER. HUNTER goes to the far side of the car from the camera and smashes the window.

DR. CONNELLY

You motherfucker! Shit!

Then he gets up in front of the car and holds the baseball bat between his arm and his side to free his hands, unzips, and pees into the car through the broken window.

DR. CONNELLY

Jesus, they're not even housebroken. What the fuck, man?

HUNTER zips up and gets in the truck. The truck pulls away, clearly showing the license plate. DR. CONNELLY writes down the license plate number.

DR. CONNELLY

Got you know, motherfucker.

DR. CONNELLY pulls out his phone and makes a call to his wife, ASHLEY.

ASHLEY

Hey, honey, what's up? I was just about to call you.

DR. CONNELLY

Hey, sweetie, I was wondering if you could come and pick me up from work today, my car's been broken into and vandalized.

ASHLEY

Oh my god, are you serious?

DR. CONNELLY

Yeah. It's, uh, in working condition and everything, but it looks like they used it as a toilet. It was weird, these two guys came up to me claiming they knew my cousin Richie, asking for some free medical help, and when I told them I wasn't that kind of doctor, I don't know, they didn't like it I guess.

ASHLEY

Jeez, that's crazy. But you're OK, though?

DR. CONNELLY

Yeah, they're gone now. I got their license plate, and the security cameras picked up their faces and everything.

ASHLEY

OK, I'll come over and pick you up.

DR. CONNELLY

Oh, don't come just yet, I'm still waiting on someone to come take a report from the sheriff's office, so I'll let you know when I'm ready to go, don't worry about it just yet.

ASHLEY

Oh, well, the Sheriff was just here.

DR. CONNELLY

Really? What did he want?

ASHLEY

Well, he said there was a fire over at that asshole Joe Bilby's realty office and he said they suspected it was arson, so he started asking a bunch of questions about Richie, I guess he heard about Joe evicting him and taking all his stuff, so I guess he thought maybe he had something to do with it. But you know, he's been in Tulsa since he got that job, and he's back on his feet now, so he seemed pretty satisfied that he could be ruled out, which was a relief. He said it was just routine. But then you ran into those guys asking about him, that's really weird.

DR. CONNELLY

Well, it wasn't just an arson, Joe Bilby is dead.

ASHLEY

Oh my god, really?

DR. CONNELLY

Yeah, I just did the autopsy. Somebody killed him and then burned his place down.

ASHLEY

Well, thank god Richie wasn't here, I mean, I hope they don't think he could've been involved.

DR. CONNELLY

Yeah, I don't think he's the only one Joe Bilby ever screwed over, so I don't think we need to worry too much about that.

ASHLEY

Well, I'll take Cindy down to soccer and then I'll be right there, OK?

DR. CONNELLY

Yeah, it's fine, take your time. Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP FORK MUSCOGEE RESERVATION, DAY

BARNABY's car is passing through the largely unpaved roads of the reservation. Establishing shots show the place is impoverished, with stray dogs, poor Muscogees, trailers, RVs, old converted buses and vans, and more liquor stores than grocery stores or shops or houses. The car pulls up to a trailer and parks, and BARNABY and HAVERSHAM get out, looking around as if they were in an alien landscape.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, DAY

BARNABY enters the trailer, followed by HAVERSHAM. There's a small room with a SECRETARY. The interior of the trailer is set up as an office, old but well kept, with 70s furniture and Muscogee decorations.

SECRETARY

Hello there, what can I do for you?

BARNABY

Hi, is Mr. Rohen available?

SECRETARY

May I ask who's calling?

BARNABY

I'm Bobby Barnaby, I'm a sheriff's deputy over in Harisi. I just wanted to talk to the superintendent of tribal affairs here about an open case we're investigating. A name came up, and we were just hoping to have a minute of his time, see if he's heard of him.

SECRETARY

OK. (presses intercom button) Roy, two fellas from Dog to see you.

ROHEN

(over intercom)

OK, send them right in.

BARNABY

I'm sorry, from Dog?

SECRETARY

Yeah, that's what the name of your town means. Story goes they hired a Muscogee tracker, Bear Tooth, when they were scouting the land out here, and when they decided on a spot to settle, they asked him for a Muscogee word for beautiful. So he told them Harisi, which means Dog.

BARNABY

(nods and laughs)

Yeah, that's a good one.

HAVERSHAM

(shakes his head)

Yeah, we are stupid white people.

SECRETARY

OK, then. You can go on in now, right through there.

HAVERSHAM and BARNABY enter ROHEN's office. ROHEN is a middle-aged bureaucrat dressed in office clothing with vaguely Native American undertones.

ROHEN

Gentlemen, what can I do for you? You're the new deputy, Barnaby, right? I heard you were Mark Humble's replacement. Good to meet you.

BARNABY

Yeah, good to finally meet you as well.

ROHEN

Yeah, it's a damn shame about Officer Humble. He was a good man. We coordinated on a couple of things, working on cleaning up that meth corridor. I was very sad to hear what happened to him.

BARNABY

Yeah, tragic.

ROHEN

And you are?

BARNABY

Oh, this is Mr. Haversham, he's a local artist over in, uh, Dog. He's thinking about maybe getting into some composite sketch work. I just happened to have him with me, didn't have a chance to drop him off. We're not going to be talking about anything too sensitive, we don't suspect anyone around here was involved in anything, so I hope you don't mind I invited him in instead of just waiting out in the car. It's nice and hot out there.

ROHEN

Oh, uh, sure, that's fine, of course.

HAVERSHAM

Thanks a lot. Good to meet you.

ROHEN

So what's going on, Officer Barnaby?

BARNABY



Well, we're looking into a death. There was a fellow who died over in Harisi... Dog... overnight, and there was a name that came up over the course of the investigation. Do you happen to know a man... well, I don't know, I guess it could be a woman... do you know someone named Coyote Heart?

ROHEN

(clear recognition)

Oh, where'd you hear that name?

BARNABY

Well, I'm not really at liberty to say at this point in the investigation, I can't give away too much information, but it was in some public records that were involved in the case.

ROHEN

Well, Coyote Heart is a bit of a local legend around here. I don't really believe the stories myself, but the word is that Coyote Heart... well, that is the name of a man I grew up with here on the reservation back in the day. He was very into the native rights movement back in the 60s, and you know, we all appreciated the work he and others like him did back then, even if he was a little bit on the militant side. He did get off the rez for a while, and that just made it worse, he didn't adjust too well to living with the white man. I mean, it's a common story on the rez, you get a guy without a family, without a wife, like that, and he gets to drinking, and he just sort of fades away, and I'm sure that's what happened really, but legend has it that all the weed in Harisi County and all of Oklahoma and all of the Bible Belt, depending on who you ask, comes straight from Coyote Heart's fields. They say he cleaned himself up, and then he got rich selling weed to the white man, and he's living it up in the Deep Fork Wildlife Refuge. Now, you ask people where on the refuge, nobody ever knows, and that doesn't pass the smell test for me, living on federal land like that and not getting caught, so I think it's all bullshit. It's just an Indian makes good for himself fantasy,

sort of a Robin Hood character, but the truth is I'm sure all the weed around here just comes in from Mexico and Canada. It's just people making excuses for their bad behavior and telling kids stories, that's all it is. But you asked about Coyote Heart, that's what I know about Coyote Heart.

BARNABY

So Coyote's probably gone?

ROHEN

Personally, I haven't seen him since the 80s. To think that he's on U.S. government property growing massive amounts of weed right under their noses, I highly doubt it. I'm more inclined to think he's drunk himself to death and got himself buried as a John Doe somewhere, I'm sad to say.

BARNABY

Mr. Rohen, I'm not here about weed. I don't know or care about anyone growing or selling weed here on the reservation, and I'd have no legal authority to do anything about it if I did. I just need to know how his name came up in connection with a dead body.

ROHEN

How did it come up?

BARNABY

I told you there's a limit to what I'm at liberty to divulge, Mr. Rohen.

ROHEN

Listen, I've told you everything I know, and I've always been happy to work with Harisi law enforcement to deal with any issues that come up across our borders. But without knowing what's going on over there, there's not much I can do to help you out.

BARNABY

(pause)

All right, fine. You didn't hear it from me, but the man who died was Joe Bilby, and he was very thoroughly murdered by someone he clearly did something to piss off, and then his body was burned along with his office. So I'm not here for ghost stories about living legends or to bust anyone for weed. I need to know what Bilby was up to that got him into so much trouble.

ROHEN

(pause)

All right, fair enough, I see what you're saying. So Joe Bilby's dead, huh? Well, I might know a thing or two about old Joe, but you've got to promise me you didn't hear any of this from me, all right?

BARNABY

My lips are sealed.

ROHEN

I mean it, now. Don't forget you're in a different country when you're here on the reservation, and we've got our own politics and our own way of doing things. I need to know you'll keep this under wraps.

BARNABY

Like I said, this is not my jurisdiction, and what happens here is none of my business.

ROHEN

All right, well, Joe Bilby's not an unknown name around here. I've heard from more than one person who decided to try and get off the rez, because, you know, it's not exactly the nicest place to live, the nicest place to grow up, the nicest place to give your kids an education, the nicest place to get a job. But a lot of them didn't get farther than Harisi before Joe Bilby screwed them out of their money, their property, their deposit, their credit, anything he could get his hands on. He's got a lot of rental properties, and he's had a lot of disputes, a lot of evictions, and a lot of help

from the local court system. You know the Harisi DA, Kelby Virtue, right?

BARNABY

Well, Bilby always seemed slippery to me, the kind of man who could walk through a corkscrew and not touch the sides. But I'm still new enough on the force I haven't really gotten to know the district attorney, I'm afraid.

ROHEN

Well, whenever Joe Bilby comes up with some bullshit excuse to evict one of our people and take all their possessions and all kinds of fees and bury them in a pile of debts they'll never be able to pay off, Kelby Virtue always seems to have his back, taking his sweet time talking about landlords' rights and the importance of upholding contracts and stuff like that... almost as if he didn't have any drunk drivers or meth dealers to prosecute in that little town of yours.

BARNABY

Huh. Yeah, well, I can assure you we have plenty of those.

ROHEN

Yeah, I'm sure you do. But you don't seem to be doing too much about it... some of the more, uh, mixed-blooded members of the tribe have done a little investigative journalism over in Harisi. I've got some public records here that show that apart from helping Joe Bilby out screwing over his renters and running a lucrative little speed trap on the highway, just about the only cases you see in Harisi are against inanimate objects.

BARNABY

Now, that is interesting.

ROHEN pulls out some documents.

ROHEN

Yeah, have a look at some of these. Virtue in State of Oklahoma v. 3,608 dollars, or Virtue representing State of Oklahoma v. Blue 2003 Buick LeSabre. He does a lot of suing against things. Call it a Native American inability to understand the concepts of possession and materialism, but it seems a little bit odd to me.

BARNABY

Yeah, that's civil forfeiture law right there.

ROHEN

Uh-huh.

HAVERSHAM

Uh, I think I've heard of that, but I'm not a cop or whatever. That's when the cops confiscate something suspicious, right?

BARNABY

Yeah, pretty much. It's easier to make a case against an inanimate object. A person is innocent until proven guilty, but an inanimate object doesn't have that right. So the object is presumed guilty, and the burden of proof is on the object instead of the state. We've been doing it since the 80s, when a lot of big-time drug dealers would be able to get out of any charges because they had good lawyers or bribed judges. So say you catch someone with a plane full of cash. You know what they're doing with the plane full of cash, but you might not be able to prove that in court, so you confiscate it, and you bring up a case against the plane and against the cash. You don't get the drug trafficker, but you put a wrench in the works.

ROHEN

Yeah, but the Sheriff and his deputies aren't using this against big drug cartels, they're using this against just about everyone they can get their hands on. I've had a lot of folks, sober folks, here in the tribe have their cars stolen because Sheriff Denny thought he smelled marijuana. Look at the dates on those.

BARNABY

What about them? Huh, looks like they were doing this just about every day.

ROHEN

Yeah, almost as if they were doing it full-time, almost as if that was their job.

BARNABY

State of Oklahoma v. 219 Oak Street. That'd be a house, right?

ROHEN

Yeah. And when the Sheriff's Department auctioned that off after they took possession of it, I wonder who bought it.

BARNABY

Would you mind if I took a copy of this with me?

ROHEN

Oh, you go right ahead. I've got many copies of this. And they're widely, widely distributed.

BARNABY

Good thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE PARKING LOT, DAY

SMITH pulls up, and DR. CONNELLY steps outside.

DR. CONNELLY

Hey, Deputy Smith.

SMITH

Hey, what seems to be the disturbance here?

DR. CONNELLY

Took your sweet time about getting here. Is there some big crime going on somewhere?

SMITH

Uh, yeah, in case you haven't heard, there's been a murder, Doc. I was talking to some witnesses.

DR. CONNELLY

Well, there were two very suspicious subjects here bothering me, asking about some free medical care, acting really pushy, acting really aggressive, and then while I was waiting for you, they decided to vandalize my vehicle on top of it.

SMITH

Did they take anything?

DR. CONNELLY

Not that I've noticed, but I do have their license plate number and security camera footage of their faces.

SMITH

Sounds like some teens. Teens are the only ones that break something and don't steal it. Some entitled little brats, I'm sure.

DR. CONNELLY

I'm almost certain they weren't teenagers.

SMITH

Well, when you get scared, you start thinking someone looks larger and more threatening than they really are.

DR. CONNELLY

Well, I'd appreciate it if you could run the license plate to find out who they were, or even if the car was stolen, at least that would be a lead you could work on.

SMITH

Oh, you were outside when they got in the car? You saw their plates?

DR. CONNELLY

No, I pulled it off the security footage.

SMITH

Oh, that'll be too grainy, no way that'll be admissible in court.

DR. CONNELLY

Deputy Smith, I don't have the best eyesight in the world, and I could see that license plate number clear as day. You haven't even looked at it. You're not bullshitting me, are you?

SMITH

Now, I would never do such a thing, Dr. Connelly. I'm an officer of the law, just like you do your own small part to uphold the law. You know, like finding the man who killed a good upstanding local citizen like Joe Bilby, that's what you should be working on full-time, not calling and bothering us over some kids and their shenanigans.

DR. CONNELLY

I am working on the case. I did the autopsy today. I'm doing all I can to help out here, I don't know what you expect from me.

SMITH

Well, a man with your training, a man with your skill, if you can't find any good information that can help lead to a sloppy amateur killer like this, that would lead a man to be suspicious. You understand what I mean, Dr. Connelly? Right suspicious.

DR. CONNELLY

Look, don't tell me how to do my job, pistol jockey. I'm doing my part. You're the one who's wasting time right now giving me shit about this. Now these weren't some



dumb kids playing around, these were grown-ass men and they meant business, so if you'd just do your job and take a report and deal with these ruffians, I'd really appreciate it.

SMITH

All right, ruffians, can't have ruffians running around. Let's see what we've got here.

SMITH pulls out a notebook and examines the car, bending over to look at the glass. The shot cuts to the security camera footage, showing that he disappears behind the car as he bends down to examine it.

DR. CONNELLY

Thank you. They knocked out the window with a baseball bat, and then...

SMITH

Hey, what's this here? Looks like they left something for you.

DR. CONNELLY

Yeah, they left a urine sample, I guess in addition to free medical care they wanted a drug test as well.

SMITH

No, not the piss, it looks like there's a message down here under the car, have a look at this.

DR. CONNELLY gets on one knee and looks down under the car. SMITH grabs him by the back of the head and smashes his face into the urine and broken glass and concrete. He leans in to his ear.

SMITH

Listen, city boy. You need to learn something right now: you're part of the problem, or you're part of the solution. A good man's dead, and we need to know who killed him, and you're either with us or against us. You got the message, boy?

DR. CONNELLY

Loud and clear.

SMITH

Great, I'm glad we're on the same page. We really want this case solved, and we're counting on you to help, so if you know anything, you'd best be telling us. I'd hate to see anything happen to that wife of yours. She's real pretty. Gotta watch out for them ruffians.

SMITH pushes DR. CONNELLY's head, scraping his face across the pavement and grating it against the broken glass. Image cuts to security camera footage, which shows SMITH getting up, saying something to DR. CONNELLY, tipping his hat, and getting in his car and driving off. DR. CONNELLY then stands up with his hands over his face and heads into the building.

**END OF SESSION 1**