

SAWGRASS WARS

"Blood in the Water"
Two-Hour Television Pilot

Written by

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Based on the Sawgrass Wars novella series
by Kurt Weichert

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FADE IN:

INT. THE DEEP CUT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT - 2025

A modern studio surrounded by darkness. Deep blue LED light.
Two microphones beneath an electric neon sign:

THE DEEP CUT

A PRODUCER counts down with her fingers.

Three.

Two.

One.

The red light comes on.

The HOST, early 40s, sits behind a table covered with notes,
photographs, and a newly published book titled BLOOD IN THE
WATER.

Across from him sits JOHNNY MALONE, 70s.

Gray hair. Weathered face. Calm, dangerous eyes. A snake
tattoo circles his right arm beneath a rolled shirt sleeve.

A man who survived Vietnam, the Everglades, and everyone who
ever underestimated him.

HOST

My guest tonight was once called
the most wanted man never charged
with a crime.

Johnny smiles slightly.

HOST (CONT'D)

He was a smuggler, an accountant, a
federal informant, and the
suspected architect of the collapse
of one of Florida's largest
criminal organizations.

The Host holds up BLOOD IN THE WATER.

HOST (CONT'D)

Then he vanished.

Johnny leans toward the microphone.

JOHNNY

I didn't vanish.

HOST

Nobody knew where you were.

JOHNNY

That's not the same thing.

The Host laughs, already enjoying himself.

HOST

Johnny Malone, welcome to The Deep Cut.

JOHNNY

Glad to be anywhere that doesn't have bars on the windows.

HOST

Your book is already a bestseller. You're signing copies in bookstores after spending decades avoiding public attention.

JOHNNY

Life's funny. You spend half of it hiding from the government, then somebody asks you to pose for a picture at Barnes and Noble.

HOST

People have been telling stories about you for more than thirty years. Drug smuggler. Fugitive. Federal informant. Florida legend.

JOHNNY

People in Florida will believe anything if you tell it to them near an alligator.

HOST

How much of the legend is true?

JOHNNY

Enough to keep the lawyers busy.

HOST

Were you ever caught?

Johnny considers the word.

JOHNNY

They caught up with me.

HOST

What's the difference?

JOHNNY

Catching up with a man means you found him.

Johnny leans closer.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Catching him means you got to keep him.

HOST

But you made a deal with the federal government.

JOHNNY

I gave them Bo Dawber's empire.

HOST

And what did they give you?

JOHNNY

A head start.

HOST

Is that how you escaped prosecution?

JOHNNY

That's the official story.

HOST

And the unofficial story?

Johnny looks toward the camera. The amusement leaves his eyes.

JOHNNY

The unofficial story begins in a place called Dawber County.

The Host opens the book to a marked page.

HOST

Before we get there, I have to ask about the five million dollars.

Johnny settles back in his chair.

JOHNNY

Everybody does.

HOST

Federal investigators said it disappeared before the takedown. Some believed you buried it in the Everglades.

JOHNNY

People bury things they expect to stay put.

HOST

Did you hide it?

JOHNNY

That's what people say.

HOST

Where did it go?

JOHNNY

Everybody asks where it went. Nobody asks why it had to disappear.

HOST

All right. Why?

Johnny's expression grows distant.

JOHNNY

Because by then, we weren't hiding money from the government.

A beat.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

We were hiding it from each other.

HOST

Who is we?

JOHNNY

That's a long story.

HOST

We've got time.

JOHNNY

You might want to check with your sponsors.

The Host smiles.

HOST

Where does the story really begin?

Johnny looks beyond the studio lights, seeing something that happened more than half a century ago.

JOHNNY

Vietnam.

The distant THUMP of helicopter blades begins.

HOST

What happened there?

JOHNNY

Four boys from Dawber County went
to war together.

The helicopter blades grow LOUDER.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

We came home believing we could
never lose.

The sound of the rotors becomes deafening.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HILL 861 - VIETNAM - DAY

SUPER: VIETNAM, 1968

A BULLET cracks through the bamboo.

The bullet passes inches above KENNY GREGORY'S head.

He buries his face beneath tangled bamboo roots. Blood pools
warm against his stomach -- his or someone else's.

All around him, a MARINE PATROL dies on the hillside.

Enemy fire RIPS through the bamboo. Splinters rain across
Kenny's helmet. His M16 is pinned uselessly beneath him.

A PHOSPHORUS GRENADE lands beside a YOUNG MARINE.

WHITE FIRE.

The Marine stumbles through the smoke, his face burning away.
His astonished scream cuts through the gunfire.

He falls.

Kenny starts toward him.

Rounds hammer the dirt between them. Kenny drops back into the shallow depression.

KENNY

Goddamn it.

Twenty feet ahead, another WOUNDED MARINE lies on his side. Eighteen years old. Both hands pressed against his belly. A photograph of his high-school sweetheart is tucked inside his helmet.

Blood pumps between his fingers.

He looks at Kenny. His lips form two silent words.

Help me.

A YOUNG NORTH VIETNAMESE SOLDIER emerges behind him. Palm fronds woven into his uniform. Old tire rubber beneath his shoes. A fixed bayonet on his rifle.

Kenny tightens his grip on the M16.

The soldier stands over the wounded Marine.

The Marine finds Kenny's eyes again.

Please.

Kenny could rise and shoot. He could also expose himself to the soldiers moving through the brush.

He does not move.

The bayonet drives into the Marine's chest.

His body convulses. The terror leaves his face.

Kenny remains frozen in the mud.

The young soldier searches the body. Ammunition. Cigarettes. A bloodstained letter.

He discovers a half-eaten HERSHEY BAR melted inside its wrapper.

The soldier smells it, smiles, and takes two hurried bites.

For one moment, he is only a hungry child.

Then he turns toward Kenny.

Kenny stops breathing.

The soldier approaches.

One step.

Another.

Kenny eases a finger inside the trigger guard. Mud clogs the barrel.

The soldier stops directly above him.

Kenny sees the chipped rubber beneath his shoes. Smells sweat, smoke, and chocolate on his breath.

The soldier lowers his rifle, unfastens his trousers, and URINATES into the depression.

It splashes across Kenny's helmet, neck, and hands, mixing with the blood and mud.

Murderous rage burns through him.

Still, he does not move.

The soldier finishes and disappears into the bamboo, calling to the others.

Kenny finally releases his breath.

Disciplined bursts from AMERICAN RIFLES erupt farther down the hill.

The enemy answers.

The hillside EXPLODES.

Machine-gun fire chews through bamboo. HELICOPTERS thunder overhead, door gunners pouring rounds into the jungle.

Dirt, leaves, and shattered wood collapse over Kenny.

A sharpened length of bamboo spins through the air and BURIES itself in his left thigh.

Kenny screams.

He grabs the shaft but stops himself from pulling it free.

Another explosion lifts the ground.

The battle moves farther up the hill.

Through the smoke -- ENGLISH VOICES.

MARINES secure what remains of the patrol. Someone calls for a corpsman. Another counts bodies.

Kenny tries to answer. Only a wet cough escapes.

A MARINE steps through the smoke and stops beside the bayoneted boy.

His sleeves are torn away, exposing a snake tattoo around his right arm. Marlboro Reds sit beneath the leather band of a helmet marked SORRY, CHARLIE.

A cigarette hangs from the corner of his mouth.

This is Johnny Malone, 20s, restless and unnervingly calm amid death.

JOHNNY

Found one! KIA!

Johnny surveys the ruined hillside.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Kenny Gregory!

Kenny coughs.

Johnny spins, rifle raised.

Another cough.

Johnny lowers the weapon and runs to him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Kenny?

He falls to his knees and tears through the bamboo with his bare hands. Kenny's eyes appear beneath the debris.

Johnny grins.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You are one sorry sight, Sporty.

Kenny tries to laugh. He coughs instead.

Johnny clears the bamboo and pulls him upright. Pain tears through Kenny's leg.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Easy. I've got you.

Kenny sags against him. Johnny takes in the blood, mud, and urine covering his friend.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You've really been through the shit.

KENNY

You don't know the half of it.

JOHNNY

Corpsman! I've got one alive!

Johnny gives him a canteen. Kenny drinks too fast, chokes, and spits water across Johnny's shirt.

Johnny looks down at the stain.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Good to see you, too.

KENNY

I knew you'd come.

Johnny's smile turns serious.

JOHNNY

Dawber County boys stick together.

SANCHEZ (O.S.)

We're moving out! Malone, on the double!

SERGEANT RODRIGO SANCHEZ emerges through the bamboo, rifle ready. Lean, hard-eyed, and unsurprised by trouble.

JOHNNY

Gregory's alive.

SANCHEZ

I can see that.

JOHNNY

He needs a corpsman.

SANCHEZ

We all need something. What we have is six enemy battalions moving around this hill.

KENNY

Six battalions?

SANCHEZ

That's what intelligence says.

KENNY

Two thousand men.

Sanchez gives him a humorless smile.

SANCHEZ

They breached the southwestern
perimeter so be prepared for more
brutal close-quarters combat.

Johnny slips Kenny's arm over his shoulders.

JOHNNY

Welcome to Vietnam.

American rifles open up toward the tree line.

Sanchez grabs the field radio.

SANCHEZ

Scully, where the hell are you?

SCULLY (RADIO)

Looking for a place to land that
isn't occupied by the North
Vietnamese Army.

SANCHEZ

Find one.

SCULLY (RADIO)

You want fast or you want possible?

JOHNNY

With Scully, those are usually the
same thing.

SANCHEZ

He commandeered a medevac bird. I'm
beginning to understand why.

JOHNNY

How far to the landing zone?

SANCHEZ

Farther than I want to carry
Gregory's ass.

KENNY

I can walk.

Kenny puts weight on his wounded leg and nearly collapses. Johnny catches him.

JOHNNY

That was convincing.

Something moves beside Kenny's boot.

Johnny draws his combat knife and drives it into the mud.

A YELLOW COBRA twists around the blade, jaws opening and closing.

Johnny flings it into the brush.

KENNY

How did you see that?

JOHNNY

I didn't.

KENNY

You just stabbed the ground?

JOHNNY

Had a feeling.

KENNY

You're crazier than Timmy.

JOHNNY

No one is crazier than Timmy.

A rifle CLICKS beyond them.

Johnny's expression changes.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Down!

The jungle ERUPTS.

SANCHEZ

Contact right!

Marines return fire.

Johnny lowers Kenny behind a fallen tree and pulls a grenade from his web belt.

JOHNNY

They'll hit us from the middle
next.

KENNY

How do you know?

JOHNNY

They think we're as dumb as they
are.

Johnny pulls the pin and throws.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Frag out!

The explosion rips through the vegetation.

An enemy soldier charges from the brush. Sanchez cuts him
down with a burst.

More soldiers break through the bamboo.

Kenny raises his M16 and fires. One falls.

Another enemy soldier reaches him and seizes his fatigues.
They fall together.

Kenny's wounded leg strikes the ground. The bamboo shaft
shifts inside the wound.

White pain blinds him.

The soldier wraps both hands around Kenny's throat.

Kenny punches him in the ribs, then the jaw. He rolls his
weight and throws the man sideways.

A knife flashes.

Kenny catches the soldier's wrist. The blade hovers inches
above his face.

Then Kenny recognizes him.

The same young soldier. Melted chocolate still smeared at the
corner of his mouth.

The blade descends.

A PISTOL FIRES.

The young soldier goes limp and collapses over Kenny.

Johnny stands behind him, an old COLT .45 extended in both hands.

Kenny shoves the body aside. The boy lands on his back, eyes open to the sky. Surprise remains on his young face.

Kenny stares.

Johnny grabs him beneath the arms.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Don't look at him.

KENNY

I watched him kill one of ours.

JOHNNY

And now he's dead. Keep moving.

Sanchez appears through the smoke.

SANCHEZ

Timmy! How are we looking behind us?

TIMMY DAWBER emerges from the bamboo, covered in blood. His eyes are wild. His combat knife is red to the handle.

TIMMY

Situation unchanged. Still fucked up in the rear, but I think I discouraged them.

KENNY

Good Lord, Timmy. How bad are you hit?

Timmy looks down as though noticing the blood for the first time.

TIMMY

This ain't mine.

KENNY

What happened?

TIMMY

Ran out of ammunition.

He raises the knife.

For one terrible moment, Kenny does not recognize his childhood friend.

Something new stares through Timmy's eyes.

SANCHEZ

I swear, you four Dawber County boys are going to get my entire squad killed.

JOHNNY

Hasn't happened yet, Sergeant.

A distant ROTOR BEAT pulses beyond the hill.

SANCHEZ

New landing zone. Scully's bringing the bird in for Gregory and the other wounded.

Timmy moves to one side of Kenny. Johnny takes the other. Together, they lift him.

KENNY

You boys don't have to carry me.

TIMMY

Wasn't asking permission.

Sanchez moves ahead, firing short bursts. The remaining Marines close around the wounded and push toward the landing zone.

Rounds snap through the trees behind them.

Johnny tightens his grip.

JOHNNY

We ain't dying in this soup today, Ken.

EXT. HILL 861 - MAKESHIFT LANDING ZONE - CONTINUOUS

A battered MEDEVAC HELICOPTER drops through the smoke. Enemy rounds punch through its metal skin.

At the controls, THOMAS SCULLY fights to hold the wounded aircraft steady.

SCULLY

Move your asses! I can't park here!

Sanchez waves the Marines forward.

Johnny and Timmy carry Kenny to the open door.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

Get him aboard!

KENNY

You stole a medevac helicopter?

SCULLY

Borrowed it.

JOHNNY

From who?

SCULLY

Fellow who objected is welcome to
come get it.

Johnny and Timmy shove Kenny inside, then climb aboard.
Sanchez follows with the remaining Marines.

The helicopter claws its way through the smoke.

INT. MEDEVAC HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The four friends look at one another.

Kenny is wounded.

Johnny is watchful.

Scully is exhilarated.

Timmy stares at the blood on his knife.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE:

SAWGRASS WARS

INT. THE DEEP CUT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT - 2025

The main title disappears from a monitor behind Johnny.

The Host studies the four young Marines frozen on the screen.

HOST

You came home decorated veterans.
How did four war heroes become
smugglers?

JOHNNY

We came home to a county without jobs, money, or much hope.

HOST

So you became criminals?

JOHNNY

We supported the local fishermen.

HOST

With cocaine?

JOHNNY

Eventually.

Johnny smiles.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

At first, we were just trying to keep Dawber County alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAWBER CIVIC CENTER - DAY - 1969

A hand-painted banner stretches across the entrance:

WELCOME HOME, TIMMY DAWBER!

Pickup trucks fill a dirt parking lot. American flags flutter from their beds. A high-school marching band struggles through the Marine Corps Hymn.

Half of Dawber County has come to welcome home its favorite son.

The other half has come because BOCEPHUS DAWBER expects them to.

BO DAWBER, late 40s, stands on a temporary platform shaking hands like a man already campaigning for an office he has not decided to hold.

Beside him, SHERIFF BUCK DAWBER, early 30s, watches the county road.

Unlike Bo, Buck is not performing.

BUCK

They're late.

BO

It's Timmy. He was born late.

BUCK

Mama said the doctor was late.

BO

Mama blamed the doctor for
everything that boy did.

Buck sees a military bus turn onto the road.

BUCK

There they are.

The crowd surges toward the entrance.

BO

Get them behind the rope.

BUCK

He's our brother, Bo. Not the
governor.

BO

Governor never filled a ballpark in
Dawber County.

The bus groans to a stop.

The doors fold open.

Timmy Dawber, mid-20s, steps down in Marine dress blues.

Handsome. Athletic. Every inch the hero printed on the
banners.

Except for his eyes.

They move constantly -- rooftops, windows, hands, shadows.

The crowd ERUPTS.

A string of FIRECRACKERS detonates near the parking lot.

Timmy drops into a combat crouch, one hand reaching for a
weapon that is not there.

The applause falters.

Scully steps off behind him and places himself between Timmy
and the crowd.

SCULLY
Firecrackers, Tim.

Timmy sees children waving flags. Embarrassment replaces alarm.

TIMMY
I know what they are.

SCULLY
Sure you do.

Sergeant Rodrigo Sanchez exits next, carrying his own duffel and Timmy's.

SANCHEZ
You people always greet veterans
with explosives?

SCULLY
Only the ones we like.

Buck pushes through the crowd, arms wide.

BUCK
Timmy!

Timmy manages a smile.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Come here, baby brother.

Buck wraps him in a fierce embrace.

For a moment, Timmy rests his head on Buck's shoulder.

His arms hang limp at his sides.

BUCK (CONT'D)
I missed you.

Timmy closes his eyes.

BUCK (CONT'D)
I'm proud of you.

TIMMY
Good to see you, Buck.

Buck releases him and examines his face.

BUCK
You all right?

TIMMY

Long ride.

Bo reaches them with a LOCAL PHOTOGRAPHER close behind.

BO

Make room. Let me see him.

Bo grips Timmy by both shoulders.

BO (CONT'D)

Look at you.

TIMMY

Hello, Bo.

BO

County's been counting the days.

TIMMY

I noticed.

Bo turns Timmy toward the banner.

BO

Lester, get the three of us. Dawber
brothers together again.

The Photographer raises his camera.

Bo locks an arm around Timmy. The flash attachment begins to
charge with a high electronic WHINE.

Timmy hears something else.

A mortar descending through jungle darkness.

The flash FIRES.

Timmy knocks Bo's arm away and shoves through the crowd.

BO (CONT'D)

Timmy!

Timmy keeps walking toward the Civic Center.

The crowd murmurs.

Bo's public smile remains fixed.

BO (CONT'D)

Long trip. Let him get a drink.

The crowd accepts the explanation because Bo gave it to them.

Bo turns to Scully.

BO (CONT'D)

What the hell is wrong with him?

SCULLY

Nothing a brass band and three hundred strangers can't fix.

BO

I'm asking you a question.

SCULLY

He's shell-shocked.

BO

He looks fine.

SCULLY

That's because you're looking at him.

Sanchez steps between them before the exchange goes farther.

SANCHEZ

Timmy was in some bad places. Give him time to remember he isn't there anymore.

BO

And you are?

SANCHEZ

Rodrigo Sanchez. I was their sergeant.

BO

Their sergeant or his keeper?

SANCHEZ

Today? Friend.

Bo does not care for the answer.

BUCK

Timmy wrote about Sanchez. He got all four of them off that hill.

SANCHEZ

They got themselves off. I mostly yelled.

BUCK

Then you're welcome in Dawber
County.

Bo looks toward the entrance where Timmy disappeared.

BO

We'll see.

INT. DAWBER CIVIC CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Long tables sag beneath fried fish, hush puppies, collard
greens, and pies donated by half the county.

At the far end, a temporary bar does brisk business.

Timmy stands alone beside it, staring into a glass of
bourbon.

JOHNNY MALONE approaches in civilian clothes. The snake
tattoo remains visible beneath his short sleeve.

JOHNNY

You planning to drink that or
interrogate it?

Timmy looks up.

The first genuine smile of the day.

TIMMY

Johnny.

They embrace.

Unlike with his brothers, Timmy holds on.

JOHNNY

Good to have you home.

TIMMY

Good to be somewhere the trees
don't shoot back.

KENNY GREGORY limps toward them with a cane. His left leg has
healed badly but his smile has not suffered.

KENNY

Make room for the decorated
wounded.

TIMMY

You still carrying that stick?

KENNY

Women are sympathetic to a man with
a limp.

JOHNNY

They'd be more sympathetic if you
stopped telling them how you got
it.

KENNY

The truth is impressive.

JOHNNY

You cried until the morphine
arrived.

KENNY

That's the part I leave out.

Scully reaches them and takes a glass from the bar.

SCULLY

I got him through the door.
Somebody else's turn to keep him
civilized.

The four childhood friends stand together for the first time
since Vietnam.

Kenny raises his glass.

KENNY

To Hill 861.

Timmy's smile fades.

Johnny lowers Kenny's glass.

JOHNNY

To getting off it.

They drink.

Sanchez joins them with five fresh shots.

SANCHEZ

To never seeing any of you again
after tomorrow.

SCULLY

You'd miss us.

SANCHEZ

I'd miss knowing where the trouble
was.

He distributes the drinks.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

To the four craziest white boys in
the United States Marine Corps.

JOHNNY

Scully's only part Irish.

SCULLY

That still counts.

They drink.

Across the room, Bo watches them from beside ATTICUS SHELTON,
late 30s.

Atticus wears a dark suit that cannot disguise the violence
in him. He says nothing. He does not need to.

People unconsciously leave an open space around him.

BO

There's Johnny Malone.

ATTICUS

I see him.

BO

Timmy always listened to him.

ATTICUS

Timmy listened to all three of
them.

BO

He'll remember who his family is.

ATTICUS

Maybe.

Bo looks at him.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

War changes the order of things.

BO

This isn't a war.

ATTICUS

Then why'd you bring me?

Atticus drinks his beer, eyes never leaving Johnny.

AT THE BAR

Kenny surveys the thinning celebration.

KENNY

Somehow all four of us made it out
of Vietnam alive.

SCULLY

Now what the hell are we supposed
to do back here?

KENNY

I'm going back to Widow's Walk.

TIMMY

Your daddy still running the
marina?

KENNY

If you call watching it sink
running it.

JOHNNY

How many boats?

KENNY

Forty slips. Twelve boats that can
make the Gulf. Maybe eight that'll
make it back.

SCULLY

Good odds.

KENNY

What about you?

SCULLY

Flying.

JOHNNY

Who hired you?

SCULLY

Nobody yet.

KENNY

Civilian aviation hear about the
helicopter?

SCULLY

The Marine Corps described it as unauthorized relocation.

SANCHEZ

The pilot described it as theft.

SCULLY

He got it back.

SANCHEZ

Missing one door.

SCULLY

The door was damaged when I found it.

Johnny turns to Timmy.

JOHNNY

What about the big leagues?

Timmy drinks.

TIMMY

Scout called Buck. Says I can try out in the spring.

KENNY

You could still make it.

TIMMY

Maybe.

His tone ends the subject.

SCULLY

And you, Malone?

JOHNNY

Finished my accounting degree while you boys were learning which end of the rifle makes the noise.

KENNY

You were on the same hill.

JOHNNY

I studied between firefights.

SANCHEZ

He did. Most disturbing thing I ever saw over there.

JOHNNY

I can keep books for Bo and every fisherman in the county. Problem is, none of them have anything left to count.

Kenny gestures toward the room.

KENNY

Tell them, Malone.

JOHNNY

Tell them what?

KENNY

The plan. The one you've been bothering me about since you got home.

Timmy leans closer.

TIMMY

Johnny has a plan?

SCULLY

God help us.

JOHNNY

The county still has boats. Kenny has the marina. Scully can fly anything with an engine. Timmy knows every fisherman between here and Flamingo.

SANCHEZ

What do you have?

JOHNNY

A calculator.

Sanchez waits.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

And enough sense to know the boats aren't the problem. The problem is everything gets sold through middlemen in Fort Myers and Miami. They set the price. By the time the fishermen get paid, everybody else has taken a piece.

KENNY

So we become the middlemen.

JOHNNY

We form a cooperative. Buy the catch directly. Truck it south ourselves. Scully flies the expensive product when we need it there fresh.

SCULLY

With what airplane?

JOHNNY

The one we're going to buy.

KENNY

With what money?

JOHNNY

The money we're going to make.

TIMMY

That's a circle, Johnny.

JOHNNY

It's only a circle if you don't know where to enter.

Sanchez studies him with new interest.

SANCHEZ

You have buyers?

JOHNNY

Not yet.

SANCHEZ

My brother works the docks in Miami. Hotels, restaurants, produce markets. He knows who buys and who pays.

JOHNNY

Your mother's family still in Colombia?

SANCHEZ

Most of them.

JOHNNY

Still in the shipping business?

SANCHEZ

Coffee.

Johnny holds his gaze.

JOHNNY

For now.

Sanchez realizes Johnny remembers more of their conversations in Vietnam than he expected.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Would he take a meeting?

SANCHEZ

Maybe.

JOHNNY

What does maybe cost?

SANCHEZ

Dinner.

JOHNNY

We can afford dinner.

KENNY

Can we?

Johnny looks around the bar.

JOHNNY

Bo's paying.

Kenny laughs.

KENNY

Now it sounds like a criminal enterprise.

Bo arrives behind them.

BO

What's funny?

The laughter dies.

JOHNNY

Kenny's buying dinner.

KENNY

Johnny's a liar.

BO

That isn't news.

Bo puts a hand on Timmy's shoulder.

BO (CONT'D)

Come on. There are people waiting to meet you.

TIMMY

I've met enough people.

BO

County commissioners. Business owners. Men who can help you.

TIMMY

Help me do what?

BO

Whatever you want. Deputy sheriff. County job. You can work with me.

Timmy removes Bo's hand.

TIMMY

I just got home.

BO

That's why we're making plans.

TIMMY

You're making plans.

An uncomfortable beat.

Buck joins them, carrying Timmy's dress cap.

BUCK

You dropped this outside.

TIMMY

Keep it.

BUCK

It won't fit me.

TIMMY

Nothing fits you with that head.

Buck laughs. The tension breaks for everyone except Bo.

BUCK

Let him have a drink, Bo.

BO

He's had a drink.

BUCK

Then let him have another. He spent the last two years getting shot at for free.

BO

Tomorrow morning, we talk.

TIMMY

About what?

BO

Your future.

TIMMY

I already had one of those.

Timmy drains his glass and walks toward a side exit.

Scully follows.

Bo catches Scully's arm.

BO

Where's he going?

SCULLY

Away from you.

Bo releases him slowly.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

You asked.

Scully follows Timmy outside.

Bo turns to Johnny.

BO

You keep filling his head with ideas, Malone?

JOHNNY

Timmy came home with a head full of things. None of them came from me.

BO

He's a Dawber.

JOHNNY

He was a Dawber before Vietnam.

BO

And after.

JOHNNY

Then maybe give him a day to
remember what that means.

Atticus watches from across the room.

Bo steps close enough that only Johnny hears him.

BO

This county remembers exactly what
Dawber means.

JOHNNY

That's what worries me.

Buck moves between them.

BUCK

Not today.

Bo looks at his brother, then back at Johnny.

BO

Enjoy the party.

Bo walks away.

Kenny releases a breath.

KENNY

You trying to get killed on Timmy's
first day home?

JOHNNY

Bo doesn't kill accountants.

SANCHEZ

Everybody kills accountants
eventually.

EXT. DAWBER CIVIC CENTER - REAR STEPS - LATE AFTERNOON

Timmy sits alone on the concrete steps, tie loosened. The
celebration continues behind him.

Scully leans against the wall nearby, giving him space.

Johnny, Kenny, and Sanchez emerge.

Timmy looks toward the distant sawgrass.

TIMMY

It's too quiet here.

KENNY

Band's still playing.

TIMMY

Not that kind of quiet.

Johnny sits beside him.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Over there, you knew what every
sound meant. Incoming. Outgoing.
Helicopter. Mortar. Somebody dying.

JOHNNY

You'll get used to this again.

TIMMY

What if I don't?

No one offers him a lie.

Buck steps through the door carrying two bourbons. He gives
one to Timmy and sits on his other side.

BUCK

Then we get used to you.

Timmy looks at him.

Buck raises his glass.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Welcome home, baby brother.

Timmy touches his glass to Buck's.

TIMMY

Good to be home.

But he does not sound certain.

Behind the Civic Center, fishing boats sit motionless along a
narrow canal.

Johnny studies them.

JOHNNY

How many families own those boats?

BUCK

Most of them don't own much
anymore.

JOHNNY

They know the water. We know how to move things. Kenny has a marina. Scully can fly. Sanchez has buyers in Miami.

BUCK

Buyers for what?

JOHNNY

Fish.

BUCK

Fish.

JOHNNY

For now.

Buck studies him.

KENNY

He wants to build a cooperative.

BUCK

And Bo?

JOHNNY

What about him?

BUCK

Nothing moves through Dawber County without Bo knowing.

JOHNNY

Then we'll tell him when there's something worth knowing.

SANCHEZ

That answer going to get us killed?

SCULLY

Not today.

TIMMY

Tomorrow's open.

For the first time, all five men laugh.

Johnny rises and looks down at his four brothers-in-arms.

JOHNNY

Tomorrow we look at Kenny's boats.

KENNY

They're my daddy's boats.

JOHNNY

Tomorrow we convince him they're yours.

SCULLY

And after that?

Johnny looks toward the Gulf beyond the sawgrass.

JOHNNY

After that, we put Dawber County back to work.

Across the parking lot, Bo stands beside Atticus, watching them.

ATTICUS

Your brother made his choice.

BO

Timmy's confused.

ATTICUS

He looked clear to me.

BO

He'll come around.

ATTICUS

And Malone?

Bo watches Johnny lead the others toward the idle fishing boats.

BO

Malone will learn whose county he's standing in.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. THE DEEP CUT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT - 2025

The Host turns another page in Johnny's book.

HOST

You said you started as fishermen.

JOHNNY

We did. Honest work.

A beat.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Mostly.

HOST

What changed?

JOHNNY

The government decided a man with a boat, a mortgage, and three children could catch two fish a day.

HOST

Two fish?

JOHNNY

The National Park Service phased-out commercial fishing operations in the Everglades.

HOST

That is not a lot fish.

JOHNNY

Wouldn't cover the ice it took to bring them home.

HOST

So the boats stopped going out.

JOHNNY

The fishing boats did.

HOST

What kind went out instead?

Johnny looks at him.

JOHNNY

The kind that didn't come home with fish.

CUT TO:

EXT. WIDOW'S WALK MARINA - DAY

SUPER: DAWBER COUNTY, 1976

Seven years have changed the marina.

New docks. A repaired bait shop. Fresh paint on the fuel pumps. Dozens of commercial boats bearing the same small emblem:

DAWBER COUNTY FISHERMEN'S COOPERATIVE

But none of the boats are moving.

A FEDERAL OFFICER nails a regulation notice beside the bait-shop door.

COMMERCIAL HARVEST PROHIBITED IN PROTECTED WATERS.

DAILY BAG LIMIT: TWO FISH PER PERSON.

Fishermen crowd around him, furious.

FISHERMAN

Two fish won't pay for the fuel.

FISHERMAN #2

Won't pay for the damn ice.

FEDERAL OFFICER

I don't write the regulations.

FISHERMAN

No. You just nail them to our wall.

Kenny Gregory, now walking without a cane but still carrying a slight limp, pushes through the crowd.

KENNY

Everybody calm down.

FISHERMAN #2

Easy for you to say. Your family owns the marina.

KENNY

My family owns the mortgage on the marina.

The fisherman opens a cooler and holds up two small trout.

FISHERMAN #2

This is what I'm allowed to bring home. Twenty years on the water, and this is what they say my work is worth.

He throws the fish onto the dock at the Federal Officer's feet.

The Officer leaves the notice on the wall and starts back toward his vehicle.

FEDERAL OFFICER

It takes effect Monday. After that,
violations mean confiscation of the
catch, the gear, and the vessel.

The fishermen erupt again.

At the end of the dock, JOHNNY watches forty boats strain against their lines.

Beside him, TIMMY stares at the Federal Officer with the same expression he once reserved for enemy soldiers.

TIMMY

We could keep fishing.

JOHNNY

Then they'll take the boats.

TIMMY

Only if they catch us.

JOHNNY

That isn't a business plan.

TIMMY

Neither is two fish.

Scully approaches in grease-stained coveralls.

SCULLY

Airport called. Cooperative
canceled the air-freight contract.

JOHNNY

I canceled it.

SCULLY

You might've mentioned that before
I rebuilt the port engine.

JOHNNY

No catch means nothing to fly.

SCULLY

I can fly other things.

Johnny looks from Scully to the idle boats.

That thought lands.

INT. WIDOW'S WALK BAIT SHOP - LATER

Past-due fuel accounts, boat payments, and foreclosure notices cover the counter.

Johnny works an adding machine. The paper ribbon spills onto the floor.

Kenny locks the door behind the last fisherman.

Timmy paces near the window. Scully sits on a bait freezer. Rodrigo Sanchez studies the regulation notice.

KENNY

How bad?

JOHNNY

We can pay the crews for two more weeks.

KENNY

And after that?

JOHNNY

We close.

TIMMY

No.

JOHNNY

Numbers don't care how you feel, Tim.

TIMMY

Those people trusted us.

JOHNNY

I know.

TIMMY

Then find another number.

Johnny looks through the window at the idle fleet.

JOHNNY

I may have one.

Sanchez recognizes the look.

SANCHEZ

No.

KENNY

He hasn't said anything.

SANCHEZ

I know that look. He had it before
he talked Scully into stealing a
helicopter.

SCULLY

I did not require much persuasion.

JOHNNY

You told me your family shipped
coffee.

SANCHEZ

They did then.

JOHNNY

And now?

Sanchez recognizes where this is going.

SANCHEZ

Cocaine.

The room grows quiet.

KENNY

How much cocaine?

SANCHEZ

More than they can move.

JOHNNY

We have boats they won't let us
use.

SANCHEZ

Those two problems don't belong
together.

JOHNNY

They do now.

TIMMY

We're not drug dealers.

JOHNNY

No. We're transportation.

KENNY

That's the kind of distinction that
sounds better before sentencing.

Johnny sweeps the unpaid bills across the counter.

JOHNNY

We have boats that aren't allowed to fish. We have pilots with nothing to fly. We have docks, trucks, and men who know every channel between here and the Keys.

SANCHEZ

They need airplanes.

JOHNNY

We have Scully.

SCULLY

Finally, a convincing argument.

SANCHEZ

They need isolated places to unload.

JOHNNY

We have Kenny's marina.

KENNY

My father is going to love this.

SANCHEZ

They need men who won't panic when somebody starts shooting.

Johnny looks toward Timmy.

JOHNNY

We have those too.

TIMMY

Don't volunteer me before you ask.

JOHNNY

I'm asking.

TIMMY

No cocaine gets sold in Dawber County.

JOHNNY

Agreed.

TIMMY

It comes through the Gulf, crosses our docks, and keeps moving.

JOHNNY

That would be the operation.

TIMMY

And the fishermen?

JOHNNY

They crew the boats. We pay them more than they made fishing.

KENNY

You think carrying cocaine makes us innocent because we don't sell it here?

JOHNNY

No.

Johnny looks through the window at the boats and the families gathering beside them.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I think it keeps these people alive.

Sanchez studies Johnny for a long moment.

SANCHEZ

This why you brought me home with you?

JOHNNY

I brought you because you saved our lives.

SANCHEZ

That wasn't my question.

JOHNNY

I listened when you talked.

SANCHEZ

You knew my family moved contraband.

JOHNNY

I knew they could move things across borders. I didn't know we'd need them.

SANCHEZ

But you thought we might.

Johnny does not answer.

That is answer enough.

Sanchez picks up the telephone.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

One shipment.

KENNY

One?

SANCHEZ

We find out what it pays. We find out what it costs. Then we decide whether there is a second.

TIMMY

And if it goes wrong?

SCULLY

We go back to fishing.

KENNY

Two fish at a time.

Sanchez dials an international number from memory.

The others watch.

A MAN answers in Spanish.

Sanchez closes his eyes at the sound of the familiar voice.

SANCHEZ

(in Spanish)

Mateo. It's Rodrigo.

He looks at Johnny.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

I found your boats.

EXT. WIDOW'S WALK MARINA - SUNSET

The fishermen drift away from the regulation notice.

The fleet remains tied to the docks.

Johnny steps outside and looks across the silent marina.

The boats are finished carrying fish.

They are about to make Dawber County rich.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - NIGHT - 1976

Black water beneath a moonless sky.

Three commercial fishing boats run without navigation lights, spread across the Gulf in a wide triangle.

The boats that once carried grouper and stone crab now carry extra fuel, marine radios, and men who have not forgotten Vietnam.

Johnny stands at the helm of the lead boat, watching a luminous compass.

Sanchez works the radio beside him.

Kenny pilots the second boat.

Timmy rides alone in the third, running parallel several miles east. A twelve-gauge shotgun rests against his console.

JOHNNY

Where is he?

SANCHEZ

He'll be here.

JOHNNY

That's what Scully said before Hill 861.

SANCHEZ

He came then too.

Johnny checks his watch.

JOHNNY

Two minutes late.

SANCHEZ

Maybe cocaine makes the airplane heavier.

A faint ENGINE DRONE emerges from the darkness.

Johnny looks up.

A twin-engine BEECHCRAFT tears across the water barely fifty feet above the waves.

INT. BEECHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Scully fights the controls as the overloaded aircraft shudders around him.

Behind the cockpit, waterproof bundles are stacked from floor to ceiling.

A COLOMBIAN CO-PILOT checks the altimeter and crosses himself.

CO-PILOT

Too low.

SCULLY

That means the radar can't see us.

CO-PILOT

Neither can the ocean.

SCULLY

Ocean knows where it is.

Scully switches radio channels.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

Widow, this is Sorry Charlie.
Anybody down there sober enough to
work?

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - JOHNNY'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez grabs the microphone.

SANCHEZ

Sorry Charlie, you're late.

SCULLY (RADIO)

I flew around Cuba. Seemed rude to
go through it.

JOHNNY

Tell him to make the drop.

SANCHEZ

Begin on marker one. Southwest
heading. Two-mile line.

INT. BEECHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Scully reaches the first marker.

SCULLY

Open it!

The Co-pilot pulls a release.

The cargo door slides open.

Wind SCREAMS through the cabin.

The first waterproof bundle drops into darkness.

Then another.

And another.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - CONTINUOUS

Bundles strike the water in a long staggered line.

Johnny throttles forward.

JOHNNY

Let's go to work.

The three boats converge.

Kenny's crew hooks the first bundles with gaffs and drags them aboard.

Timmy circles beyond them, scanning the horizon.

TIMMY (RADIO)

Lights northeast.

Johnny looks toward the horizon.

A white searchlight sweeps across the water.

SANCHEZ

Coast Guard.

JOHNNY

Scully, abort the drop.

INT. BEECHCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Half the bundles remain aboard.

SCULLY

Door closed! We're coming around!

The Co-pilot fights the cargo door.

CO-PILOT

It is stuck!

SCULLY

Then stop admiring it and kick it!

The Co-pilot kicks the door until it slams shut.

Scully banks sharply and disappears west.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - CONTINUOUS

The searchlight grows brighter.

Several floating bundles remain between the boats.

KENNY (RADIO)

We leave now, we lose half the
load.

JOHNNY

We stay, we lose the boats.

TIMMY (RADIO)

Keep loading.

JOHNNY

Timmy--

TIMMY (RADIO)

I said keep loading.

Timmy turns his boat toward the approaching light.

JOHNNY

What the hell is he doing?

SANCHEZ

Buying us time.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - TIMMY'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Timmy switches on his navigation lights and deck lamps.

He throws two fishing lines overboard, opens a cooler, and
scatters beer cans around the deck.

The COAST GUARD CUTTER approaches.

A loudspeaker crackles.

COAST GUARD (O.S.)
Fishing vessel, reduce speed and
prepare to be boarded.

Timmy slows and takes a beer from the cooler.

He spits into the water, perfectly calm.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - JOHNNY'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Johnny watches the cutter stop beside Timmy.

JOHNNY
He'll kill them if they find the
shotgun.

SANCHEZ
Then we'd better finish before they
do.

The crews pull the final bundles aboard.

KENNY (RADIO)
Last one!

JOHNNY
Run dark. Route three.

The two loaded boats switch off their lights and vanish
toward the mangroves.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - TIMMY'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

A COAST GUARD OFFICER stands aboard Timmy's boat, examining
the empty fish box.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
Where's your catch?

TIMMY
Government says I'm only allowed
two.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
I don't see two.

TIMMY
Fish heard about the regulation.

The Officer looks at the beer cans.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
You been drinking?

TIMMY
Not successfully.

The Officer opens a storage locker.

Empty nets. Rope. Life jackets.

The shotgun lies beneath the console, hidden by Timmy's boot.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
What are you doing this far
offshore?

TIMMY
Trying to remember why I came home
from Vietnam.

The Officer stares at him, then signals his crew.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
Go home soldier.

TIMMY
That was the plan.

The cutter pulls away.

Timmy waits until its searchlight disappears.

Then he starts his engine and follows his friends home.

EXT. WIDOW'S WALK MARINA - BEFORE DAWN

The loaded boats glide into the ruined end of the marina.

Kenny opens an abandoned boathouse. Men roll fish carts onto the dock.

Each waterproof bundle disappears beneath crushed ice and an upper layer of legal fish.

Johnny counts every package as it passes.

JOHNNY
Forty-six. Forty-seven.

SANCHEZ
We're missing one.

Kenny looks toward the dark water.

KENNY

Million dollars floating around the Gulf?

JOHNNY

Not a million. Two hundred thousand.

KENNY

I feel better.

An engine approaches.

Every man freezes.

Timmy's boat emerges from the darkness.

Johnny releases his breath.

Timmy steps onto the dock carrying the missing bundle.

TIMMY

Somebody lose something?

KENNY

Where'd you find it?

TIMMY

Caught it on my fishing line.

JOHNNY

Coast Guard see it?

TIMMY

They weren't having any luck either.

Timmy hands Johnny the bundle.

JOHNNY

You took a hell of a chance.

TIMMY

So did you.

Headlights appear beyond the bait shop.

Three sugar trucks back toward the loading dock.

VINCENT DEL VECCHIO, early 30s, steps from the first cab in a tailored shirt and expensive shoes unsuited for a fish dock.

New Jersey polish over old Mafia blood.

Vincent embraces Kenny.

VINCENT
Brother-in-law.

KENNY
You made good time.

VINCENT
Your wife told my wife to make sure
you didn't get killed.

KENNY
Which Battenberg daughter is
scarier?

VINCENT
Depends which one is awake.

Vincent looks at Johnny.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
This Malone?

KENNY
This is Malone.

Johnny and Vincent shake hands.

VINCENT
My friends in Jersey are expecting
a sample.

JOHNNY
Your friends bought the entire
shipment.

VINCENT
They haven't seen it.

JOHNNY
Neither had we until an hour ago.

Vincent smiles.

VINCENT
Kenny said you had nerve.

JOHNNY
Kenny confuses nerve with poor
judgment.

KENNY

In Dawber County, they're the same thing.

The men load the hidden bundles into false compartments beneath sacks of BATTENBERG SUGAR.

VINCENT

Forbee sees these trucks, we're all dead.

KENNY

Forbee hasn't looked inside one of his own trucks since Roosevelt.

VINCENT

He looks at his money.

JOHNNY

Then we'll give him something pleasant to look at.

EXT. BATTENBERG SUGAR PLANTATION - MORNING

The trucks roll between endless walls of sugarcane.

At an isolated warehouse, Jersey men transfer the cocaine into unmarked tractor-trailers.

Vincent opens a metal case filled with cash.

Johnny checks the first stack, then closes it.

VINCENT

You aren't going to count it?

JOHNNY

I already know what it weighs.

Vincent studies him.

VINCENT

We're going to do good business.

JOHNNY

We're going to do business once.

VINCENT

Sure.

Vincent smiles like every criminal who has ever heard that promise.

INT. MALONE'S ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY

Cash covers two long tables.

Johnny feeds numbers into an adding machine while Sanchez stacks bundled currency.

Scully sleeps on a couch. Kenny drinks coffee. Timmy watches through the blinds.

KENNY

How much?

JOHNNY

Ten million.

No one speaks.

SCULLY

I'm awake now.

TIMMY

From one shipment?

JOHNNY

After Vincent's people take their distribution costs.

KENNY

How much did the fishermen make?

JOHNNY

More last night than they made all year.

Sanchez opens a hidden door behind a shelving unit.

Behind it: a reinforced storage room.

Johnny points to six million dollars.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

That goes inside.

SANCHEZ

And the other four?

JOHNNY

Stays where it can be seen.

KENNY

Seen by who?

JOHNNY

Whoever comes asking.

TIMMY

You expecting somebody?

Johnny looks toward the window.

A black Cadillac stops outside.

JOHNNY

Eventually.

Bo exits the Cadillac with Atticus Shelton and FORBEE
BATTENBERG, 60s, a sugar patriarch in a cream-colored suit.

Kenny looks at Johnny.

KENNY

That eventually came quick.

Johnny closes the hidden door. Sanchez moves a bookcase in
front of it.

SCULLY

Back door?

JOHNNY

Then we'd look guilty.

TIMMY

We are guilty.

JOHNNY

They don't know that yet.

The office door opens without a knock.

Bo, Atticus, and Forbee enter.

They stop at the sight of four million dollars.

Johnny remains behind his desk.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Gentlemen. It isn't tax season, so
I assume you're here to set up an
LLC.

Sanchez chuckles.

Atticus does not.

ATTICUS

Shut up, Malone.

FORBEE

You running dope through my sugar plantation, boy?

JOHNNY

Come on, Forbee. Your granddaddy smuggled rum during Prohibition. That's what brought your family here from the Virgin Islands. We all know the stories.

FORBEE

That was different.

JOHNNY

It usually is when your family does it.

Bo steps toward Johnny.

BO

You brought cocaine into my county.

JOHNNY

You're not wrong.

BO

So you admit it?

JOHNNY

We didn't sell it here. It passed through.

BO

I ought to let Atticus kill you right now.

Sanchez rises.

Johnny signals him to remain still.

JOHNNY

Easy, Sanchez. This is how Dawber County does business.

Bo looks at the money.

BO

How long?

JOHNNY

One shipment. Trial run.

FORBEE

You used my trucks.

JOHNNY

Vincent used your trucks.

FORBEE

That Jersey son of a bitch married into my family. He doesn't own it.

JOHNNY

Neither did your granddaddy when he started.

Forbee steps forward. Atticus stops him with one hand.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I let Vincent use the Battenberg trucks because I knew word would reach you.

BO

You wanted us to find out?

JOHNNY

I knew you wouldn't approve until you saw the numbers.

Johnny gestures to the cash.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Four million dollars. One night.

Bo tries not to react.

He fails.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I put fishermen back to work. Scully's flying. Kenny's marina is open. Men who were losing their homes paid their mortgages this morning.

Johnny looks at Bo and Forbee.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

And I've seen both your books. You two are bleeding money.

FORBEE

Watch your mouth.

JOHNNY

I'm offering to stop the bleeding.

BO

This happens again, it happens through me.

JOHNNY

We take the risks. We built the route. Fifty-fifty after expenses.

BO

Sixty percent.

JOHNNY

Of the profit?

BO

Of the take.

JOHNNY

That's robbery.

BO

No. Robbery is when I take all of it and let Atticus feed you to something.

Atticus looks at Johnny.

FORBEE

We might prefer that arrangement.

BO

Sixty percent. Starting now.

Johnny considers the four million dollars Bo can see.

Then the six million he cannot.

JOHNNY

Deal.

Bo points at the cash.

BO

Two million four hundred thousand. Count it again. We'll be back in two hours.

JOHNNY
It'll be waiting.

BO
And Malone?

JOHNNY
Yes?

BO
Nothing moves through Dawber County
without me knowing.

Johnny smiles.

JOHNNY
Now I know.

Bo, Forbee, and Atticus leave.

The Cadillac pulls away.

Silence.

Then Kenny begins to laugh.

SCULLY
What did we just agree to?

JOHNNY
Bo gets sixty percent of everything
we report.

TIMMY
And what do we report?

Johnny moves the bookcase and opens the hidden door.

Six million dollars waits in darkness.

JOHNNY
Four million.

SANCHEZ
They'll never know we pulled ten.

JOHNNY
Not if you boys learn to keep your
mouths shut.

KENNY
You invited Scully.

SCULLY

I am exceptionally discreet.

TIMMY

You stole a helicopter in front of
an entire company of Marines.

SCULLY

And none of them know where it is
now.

Johnny begins moving the hidden money deeper into the room.

JOHNNY

Bo thinks he owns sixty percent of
our operation.

He closes the steel door.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What he owns is sixty percent of
the story we tell him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DEEP CUT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT - 2025

The Host closes Johnny's book halfway.

HOST

The operation continued for fifteen
years?

JOHNNY

More or less.

HOST

No major problems?

JOHNNY

I wouldn't say that.

HOST

What happened?

Johnny's expression hardens.

JOHNNY

Mack Donnelly happened.

HOST

The undercover DEA agent.

JOHNNY

We didn't know that then. To us,
Mack was a businessman from Texas.
Smart. Ambitious. Always had a new
venture that needed somebody else's
money.

HOST

And Bo trusted him?

JOHNNY

Bo liked anybody who made him feel
smarter than he was. Mack helped
him build legitimate companies.
Real estate. Construction.
Transportation.

HOST

He became part of Bo's inner
circle.

JOHNNY

Close enough to see the books.

HOST

Your two sets of books.

JOHNNY

One showed Bo the numbers he
expected. The other told the truth.

HOST

Mack discovered you were skimming.

JOHNNY

He knew the reported shipments
didn't match what was moving
through the county.

HOST

What did Bo do?

JOHNNY

Demanded every dollar he believed
we owed him. We denied there was
anything to pay.

HOST

Did he believe you?

JOHNNY

No. Sanchez and I made Bo richer
than he ever dreamed of being.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

All he had to do was collect his money and let us work.

HOST

But that wasn't enough.

JOHNNY

Not after he learned somebody in his county had more than he did.

HOST

Was Sanchez worried?

JOHNNY

By then, Sanchez wanted Bo to know.

HOST

Why?

JOHNNY

Because Sanchez believed Bo killed Timmy.

The Host stops.

HOST

Wait. Timmy Dawber killed himself.

Johnny holds his gaze.

JOHNNY

That's what Bo told everybody.

HOST

You're saying Bo murdered his own brother?

JOHNNY

I'm saying Timmy came home from Vietnam broken. Bo spent twenty years trying to turn those broken pieces into something he could control.

HOST

What finally happened between them?

JOHNNY

Scully sat down in the wrong poker game.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL PALM LOUNGE - NIGHT - SPRING 1991

A concrete roadside bar where the county road meets the Everglades. No royal palms. Rusted roof. Broken windows. An air conditioner that rattles without cooling anything.

SCULLY sits at a card table beneath cigarette smoke.

A pile of cash sits in the center. None of it belongs to him.

Across from him sit three DEL VECCHIO MEN. FRANKIE CARUSO, a made man with thick hands and a diamond pinkie ring, gathers the final pot.

FRANKIE

You're done.

SCULLY

I was getting warm.

FRANKIE

You're getting broke.

SCULLY

Same feeling if you do it right.

FRANKIE

You owe me twenty-two thousand.

Scully checks his pockets. He produces matches, an aircraft key, and sixty-three cents.

SCULLY

Good news. I can get you as far as Belize.

FRANKIE

You said Kenny Gregory would cover your losses.

SCULLY

Kenny says a lot of things when he's sober.

DEL VECCHIO MAN

You vouched for him.

Scully points toward the bar.

TIMMY sits alone with bourbon. An old field jacket despite the heat. Hair below his collar. A scar from his mouth to his jaw.

SCULLY

He did.

Timmy raises his glass.

TIMMY

Leave me out of it.

SCULLY

See? Practically a guarantee.

Frankie pushes back his chair.

FRANKIE

Pay me.

SCULLY

Double or nothing. One hand.

FRANKIE

You have nothing to bet.

SCULLY

I have a plane.

FRANKIE

The plane belongs to Malone.

SCULLY

He lets me fly it.

FRANKIE

That isn't ownership.

SCULLY

Depends who has the key.

Frankie snatches it from his fingers.

FRANKIE

Debt reduced.

SCULLY

Give it back.

FRANKIE

Pay me.

SCULLY

You came from New Jersey dressed
like a funeral director and
expected people not to notice
you're compensating for something.

One of Frankie's men laughs.

Frankie HITS Scully across the face. Scully crashes into the table.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

I suppose double or nothing is off.

Frankie hits him again.

Timmy stands.

TIMMY

Let him go.

FRANKIE

Sit down.

TIMMY

He's my friend.

FRANKIE

He owes me money.

TIMMY

Kenny will pay.

FRANKIE

Then Kenny can collect his body.

Frankie draws back his foot.

Timmy strikes first. The punch BREAKS Frankie's nose.

One man reaches beneath his jacket. Timmy twists his pistol free and FIRES twice into his chest.

The third man draws. Scully tackles him into the wall.

Frankie crawls toward the fallen pistol. Timmy steps on his hand.

TIMMY

Don't.

FRANKIE

Vincent Del Vecchio will kill every
Dawber in this county.

Timmy presses the pistol to his forehead.

Scully grabs Timmy's arm.

SCULLY

It's done.

FRANKIE

You crazy swamp bastard.

Frankie spits blood onto Timmy's boot.

Timmy FIRES.

The surviving Del Vecchio man runs through the rear door.

SCULLY

He'll tell them.

TIMMY

Good.

Scully looks at the bodies.

SCULLY

This wasn't supposed to happen.

TIMMY

He shouldn't have hit you.

INT. ROYAL PALM LOUNGE - LATER

Kenny enters and surveys the bodies.

KENNY

Jesus Christ.

SCULLY

Before you get angry, the game got out of hand.

KENNY

Those men came under my protection. Vincent is my brother-in-law.

SCULLY

I know.

KENNY

He sent them to inspect the new route.

Timmy pours another drink.

TIMMY

They shouldn't have hit Scully.

ENGINES approach.

BO enters with ATTICUS and two DEPUTIES.

BO
What did you do?

TIMMY
What needed doing.

Bo SLAPS him.

BO
You started a war because somebody
punched your friend?

TIMMY
He threatened our family.

BO
You're the one threatening this
family!

SCULLY
It was my fault.

BO
Everything is your fault. You
brought him to the recruiter. You
brought him into your war. Now
three men are dead and their boss
controls half our distribution.

TIMMY
He didn't let me do anything.

BO
You're coming with me.

TIMMY
You don't give me orders anymore.

Even Atticus reacts.

BO
You embarrassed me tonight.

TIMMY
You've been embarrassing this
family for years.

Bo smiles without warmth.

BO

Get in the car, little brother.

Scully touches Timmy's arm.

SCULLY

Go home. Sleep it off.

For one fleeting moment, the madness clears.

TIMMY

Take care of Eileen.

SCULLY

Why?

TIMMY

Just do it.

Timmy follows Bo and Atticus outside.

Scully watches the taillights disappear.

INT. WIDOW'S WALK MARINA - OFFICE - PRE-DAWN

Kenny grips a telephone. Vincent's angry voice bleeds through the receiver.

KENNY

Your men drew weapons over a card debt. I'll repay the debt. Their families get two hundred thousand each. You get another five percent on transportation.

He listens.

KENNY (CONT'D)

No more blood, Vincent.

A long beat.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Then we have peace.

EXT. TIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY - THREE DAYS LATER

An ambulance waits outside. Deputies carry a covered body toward it.

Bo speaks quietly with a deputy.

Scully watches behind the line. Johnny and Sanchez stand with him.

Buck approaches, devastated.

JOHNNY

What happened?

BUCK

Found him in the bedroom. Gun in his hand.

SANCHEZ

Who found him?

Buck looks toward Bo.

BUCK

Bo did.

SANCHEZ

You believe that?

BUCK

Don't do this here.

JOHNNY

Was there a note?

BUCK

No.

SANCHEZ

Timmy didn't kill himself.

BUCK

Medical examiner says he did.

SANCHEZ

Medical examiner says whatever Bo tells him.

Bo looks toward them.

Johnny pulls Sanchez away.

JOHNNY

Not here.

SANCHEZ

He killed his own brother.

JOHNNY
And he'll kill you if you say it
loud enough.

EXT. WIDOW'S WALK MARINA - NIGHT - THREE DAYS LATER

The marina is closed. Dock lights dark.

INT. WIDOW'S WALK MARINA - KENNY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Scully holds six-year-old EILEEN tightly. Sanchez watches the window.

EILEEN
When are you coming home?

SCULLY
Soon.

EILEEN
You said that last time.

SCULLY
I mean it now.

EILEEN
You always mean it.

Six-year-old ALEX appears in the doorway.

ALEX
I came for my glove.

SCULLY
You don't have a glove here.

ALEX
I might.

A boat engine sounds outside, then stops.

SANCHEZ
No lights.

KENNY enters from the marina.

KENNY
Could be fishermen.

SANCHEZ
We're closed.

The first BULLET SHATTERS the window.

Sanchez throws Kenny down. Scully drags both children behind the desk.

MEN rush along the dock.

Sanchez fires through the window. One attacker falls into the water.

Kenny pulls a shotgun from beneath his desk.

KENNY

How many?

SANCHEZ

Five.

SCULLY

Six. One near the fuel pumps.

The man near the pumps FIRES. A gasoline can ERUPTS.

Flames roll across the dock.

Scully pushes both children into a storage closet.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

Stay here.

EILEEN

Daddy.

SCULLY

I'll come back.

EILEEN

You promise?

Scully kisses her forehead.

SCULLY

I promise.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Gunfire shakes the walls. Smoke curls beneath the door.

Eileen covers her ears. Alex holds her hand.

The door opens.

A WOUNDED ATTACKER seizes Eileen and drags her into the office, pistol against her head.

Alex crawls after them.

INT. KENNY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Scully and Sanchez lower their weapons.

WOUNDED ATTACKER
You're coming with me.

SCULLY
I'll come. Let her go.

The attacker backs toward the dock.

Alex sees Kenny's shotgun beneath the desk. He drags it toward himself with both hands.

The attacker sees him and turns the pistol.

Alex FIRES.

The blast throws the attacker backward.

Eileen slips free.

For several seconds, only the burning dock makes a sound.

Kenny enters and sees his son beside the dead man.

ALEX
I didn't let him take her.

Kenny drops to his knees and pulls Alex close.

KENNY
No. You didn't.

EXT. WIDOW'S WALK MARINA - PRE-DAWN

Five bodies lie beneath tarps. The sixth attacker has vanished into the swamp.

Johnny examines bullet holes and blood.

JOHNNY
This doesn't end.

SANCHEZ
Kenny's talking to Vincent again.

JOHNNY
Vincent didn't order this. That
makes it worse.

Johnny looks toward Scully.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
He has to die.

SCULLY
Excuse me?

JOHNNY
By noon, Scully needs to be dead.

SANCHEZ
We give them a body?

Johnny looks at the tarps.

JOHNNY
No face. Burned aircraft.

SCULLY
What about Eileen?

JOHNNY
She stays with Bubs and Millie.

SCULLY
No.

JOHNNY
You take her, she spends her life
running. She's your daughter.
That's why you leave her.

Scully looks at Eileen sleeping inside.

SCULLY
Where do I go?

JOHNNY
South America. The cartel at first.
After that, somebody always needs a
plane flown somewhere it shouldn't
go.

SANCHEZ
The CIA still owes him.

SCULLY
The CIA never pays its debts.

JOHNNY

Neither do you. You'll understand each other.

SCULLY

When do I come back?

Johnny cannot promise him anything.

JOHNNY

When coming home won't get your daughter killed.

EXT. ABANDONED AIRSTRIIP - DAY

A small plane rests at the edge of a sawgrass field.

Johnny and Sanchez place the body of a dead attacker in the pilot's seat. Scully's scorched wallet and identification go into the man's pocket.

Scully removes his wedding ring.

SCULLY

Eileen gave me this after her mother died.

JOHNNY

Then keep it.

SANCHEZ

They'll expect to find it.

Johnny removes the ring from Scully's hand.

JOHNNY

I'll get it back to you someday.

Scully looks at the dead man wearing his identity.

SCULLY

You sure this works?

JOHNNY

No.

SANCHEZ

Good news. If it doesn't, you won't have long to worry.

They roll the plane down the field, wedge the throttle, and release it.

The empty aircraft gathers speed, lifts briefly, then crashes into the sawgrass.

It EXPLODES.

Black smoke rolls into the sky.

EXT. REMOTE CANAL - LATER

A floatplane idles beside a hidden dock.

Scully embraces Johnny, then Sanchez.

SCULLY
Tell Eileen I love her.

JOHNNY
She already knows.

SCULLY
Tell her again.

Johnny nods.

SCULLY (CONT'D)
And Timmy?

Sanchez looks toward the smoke still visible on the horizon.

SANCHEZ
We'll find out what Bo did.

SCULLY
Don't find out the way Timmy did.

Scully boards the floatplane.

It accelerates down the canal and climbs over the Everglades.

Johnny and Sanchez watch until their friend disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DEEP CUT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT - 2025

HOST
Did Bo kill Timmy?

JOHNNY
I never found proof that would hold up in court.

HOST

That isn't what I asked.

Johnny looks directly at him.

JOHNNY

Yes.

HOST

And Scully?

JOHNNY

The official report said he died in an aircraft accident.

HOST

The official report.

JOHNNY

Official reports were very useful in Dawber County.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: DAWBER COUNTY, 1991

EXT. DAWBER COUNTY SWAMPS - BOAT - DAY

Johnny Malone reduces the engine to an idle as Gethsemane Baptist Church disappears behind the cypress trees.

Kenny Gregory sits near the bow with three black duffel bags between his boots. Each is wrapped in waterproof canvas, sealed in heavy plastic, and bound with enough duct tape to survive a hurricane.

Johnny watches the tree line.

JOHNNY

Check the ridge.

Kenny raises binoculars and studies the high ground beyond the mangroves.

KENNY

All clear.

JOHNNY

You sure?

KENNY

You want to check?

JOHNNY

I trust you.

KENNY

That's a first.

Johnny smiles around the cigarette hanging from his lips.

The boat enters a narrow channel surrounded by sawgrass.
Cypress knees rise from the dark water like old bones.
Insects swarm above the surface.

Nothing distinguishes this place from a thousand other hidden corners of the Everglades.

That is why Johnny chose it.

Kenny checks the bags again.

KENNY (CONT'D)

We good?

JOHNNY

Relax. This ain't Vietnam.

KENNY

Last time you told me that,
somebody shot at us.

JOHNNY

People shoot at us everywhere.

KENNY

Comforting.

Johnny offers him a cigarette. Kenny shakes his head.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Not now.

JOHNNY

Suit yourself.

Johnny lifts the first duffel.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Separate but close. If somebody
finds one, we don't want him
finding the rest.

KENNY

You really think Bo knows?

JOHNNY

Not yet.

KENNY

What about Mack?

Johnny looks toward the ridge.

JOHNNY

Mack knows the reported numbers
don't match the volume moving
through the county.

KENNY

Then stop skimming.

JOHNNY

If we stop now, Bo asks why.

KENNY

What does Sanchez say?

JOHNNY

We move the reserve before Mack
finishes his audit.

KENNY

And after that?

JOHNNY

We prepare for the day Bo discovers
the truth.

Kenny stares at him.

KENNY

You're talking about war.

JOHNNY

I'm talking about insurance.

Johnny throws the first duffel overboard.

It hits the water and floats. Air bubbles escape from beneath
the plastic. The weight pulls it under.

Kenny opens a small notebook.

KENNY

Bearing?

Johnny checks his compass. Kenny records the number beside a
drawing of the channel.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Depth?

JOHNNY

Twelve feet.

KENNY

Current?

JOHNNY

Almost nothing.

KENNY

Landmark?

Johnny points to a cypress with two trunks twisted around each other.

JOHNNY

The Widow.

Kenny sketches it.

Johnny hands him the second duffel.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Farther east.

Kenny strains under the weight.

KENNY

You put bricks in this one?

JOHNNY

Hundred-dollar bills get heavy.

Kenny swings the bag and releases it.

A MASSIVE ALLIGATOR ERUPTS from the water.

Its jaws clamp around the canvas strap.

Kenny falls backward and snatches an UZI from beneath his seat.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Don't shoot!

The Uzi FIRES.

Rounds strike the water. One grazes the armored ridge above the alligator's eye.

The animal twists. Water crashes over the boat. Its tail SMASHES the hull and sends Johnny into the console.

The alligator disappears with the duffel caught in its jaws.

Johnny seizes the Uzi and forces the barrel upward.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

KENNY

It had the money!

JOHNNY

That was Smiley.

Kenny stares at the boiling water.

KENNY

That was Smiley?

JOHNNY

Yes.

KENNY

How am I supposed to recognize an alligator?

JOHNNY

He's missing two teeth on the left side.

KENNY

I was looking at the rest of them.

Johnny scans the surface.

The torn strap appears twenty feet away.

JOHNNY

He let it go.

KENNY

You sure?

JOHNNY

Smiley doesn't eat luggage.

KENNY

You know him personally?

JOHNNY

We have an understanding.

The duffel surfaces near a stand of cypress knees, then sinks into deeper water.

Johnny checks the compass.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Mark it.

KENNY

You want to leave it there?

JOHNNY

It's separated but close.

KENNY

You planned that?

JOHNNY

Of course.

Kenny stares at him. Johnny lights another cigarette.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Insurance requires flexibility.

Kenny records the bearing.

The third duffel goes overboard without incident.

When they finish, Kenny reviews the notebook: bearings, depths, distances, channels, and crude drawings of natural landmarks.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Make a second copy.

KENNY

Why?

JOHNNY

If something happens to one of us.

KENNY

What happens to the copies?

JOHNNY

You keep the coded map. I'll leave recovery instructions with Bubs.

KENNY

Bubs doesn't want anything to do with the money.

JOHNNY

He won't spend it on himself.

KENNY

He might burn it.

JOHNNY

Bubs won't burn five million dollars.

KENNY

He burned a liquor store once.

JOHNNY

That was different.

KENNY

He called it a temple of wickedness.

JOHNNY

It was also uninsured.

Kenny closes the notebook.

KENNY

What do you want Bubs to do with the money?

JOHNNY

If the organization collapses, he uses it for the families. Mortgages, lawyers, medical bills -- whatever people need.

KENNY

You think it's coming apart?

Johnny looks toward the water where the bags vanished.

JOHNNY

Mack knows something. Bo suspects everybody. Sanchez thinks we're being watched.

KENNY

We can trust Sanchez.

JOHNNY

With my life.

KENNY

Bo doesn't.

JOHNNY

Bo doesn't trust his own shadow
unless it pays him.

Kenny returns the notebook to his shirt pocket.

KENNY

This is about Timmy, isn't it?

Johnny's humor disappears.

JOHNNY

It's about what happened to him.

KENNY

Sanchez thinks Bo killed him.

JOHNNY

So do I.

KENNY

You have proof?

JOHNNY

No.

KENNY

Then what do we have?

Johnny starts the engine.

JOHNNY

A dead brother, five million
dollars in the swamp, and too many
men lying to one another.

The boat leaves the hidden channel.

Behind them, Smiley surfaces.

One dark eye watches them go.

EXT. WIDOW'S WALK MARINA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Johnny opens two beers and gives one to Kenny.

They cross the dock toward a battered FORD BRONCO near the
old bait shop. Kenny's shirt has dried stiff with sweat and
swamp water.

JOHNNY

Pop the back.

Johnny unlocks the Bronco. Kenny loads the empty cooler and tosses his bottle toward a trash barrel.

It misses and shatters on the road.

Headlights sweep across the marina.

A PATROL CAR enters sideways and blocks the Bronco.

Sheriff Buck Dawber steps out.

His oldest son, BUCKY DAWBER JR., exits the passenger side. Mid-twenties, broad through the shoulders, wearing a reserve deputy's uniform and an oversized pistol.

He has spent his entire life waiting for permission to become his father.

Buck approaches slowly.

BUCK

What're you boys up to?

Johnny drinks his beer.

JOHNNY

Taking care of business.

BUCK

That so?

JOHNNY

Yes.

BUCK

I wasn't told about any shipments tonight.

KENNY

Wasn't a shipment. Just a check-in.

Buck looks toward the dark water.

BUCK

You fishing now?

JOHNNY

Jones McNeely called in a lost package. We followed up.

BUCK

Jonesey's been in Georgia all week.

JOHNNY
Just got around to it.

Buck closes the distance.

BUCK
You're full of shit.

Johnny smiles. Buck does not.

BUCK (CONT'D)
What did you dump out there?

JOHNNY
Nothing.

BUCKY
You know he's running side action,
Pa.

Kenny laughs.

KENNY
What's it to you?

Bucky steps forward.

BUCKY
What'd you say?

KENNY
You heard me.

Buck plants a hand on his son's chest.

BUCK
Not while you're wearing the
uniform. Internal Affairs has been
sniffing around.

BUCKY
But he's always riding me.

Buck shoves him toward the patrol car.

BUCK
How do you get a donkey's
attention?

Bucky glares at Kenny.

BUCK (CONT'D)
You beat it with a stick.

Kenny laughs again.

KENNY

Listen to your daddy.

Buck turns and PUNCHES Kenny before Johnny sees it coming.

Kenny slams against the Bronco.

Buck draws his nightstick and strikes Kenny across the ribs.

Kenny falls.

The nightstick rises and falls.

Johnny takes one step forward.

Bucky draws his pistol.

BUCKY

Don't.

Buck hits Kenny across the back. Kenny tries to rise.

Another blow drops him.

BUCKY (CONT'D)

Get him, Pa!

Johnny stares at the pistol aimed at his chest.

JOHNNY

Buck!

The nightstick stops.

Buck stands above Kenny, breathing hard.

BUCK

You got something to say?

JOHNNY

You're going to kill him.

Buck looks at the blood running from Kenny's mouth.

BUCK

Nah. I won't kill him.

He taps the nightstick against his leg.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Maybe put him in a coma.

Johnny's hands curl into fists.

Buck sees it.

For one dangerous moment, both men consider what happens if Johnny moves.

Buck smiles.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Tell Bo what you dumped.

JOHNNY
We didn't dump anything.

Buck strikes Kenny one final time.

BUCK
Then next time I won't stop.

He returns to the patrol car. Bucky keeps his pistol on Johnny until Buck climbs inside.

Bucky follows his father.

The patrol car backs away.

Johnny kneels beside Kenny.

JOHNNY
You conscious?

KENNY
Unfortunately.

JOHNNY
Anything broken?

KENNY
Pride.

JOHNNY
That was cracked already.

Kenny laughs, then groans. Johnny helps him sit against the Bronco.

KENNY
You should've let me shoot him.

JOHNNY
With what?

Kenny pulls a pistol from beneath his shirt.

Johnny stares.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You had that the entire time?

KENNY

Bucky had the angle.

JOHNNY

You would've killed the sheriff and his son.

KENNY

They were beating me.

JOHNNY

And Bo would've killed everyone we know.

Kenny returns the pistol to his waistband.

KENNY

You think Buck tells him?

JOHNNY

Yes.

KENNY

Then Bo will search the swamp.

JOHNNY

He won't find anything.

KENNY

He'll search Gethsemane.

JOHNNY

Bubs won't tell him.

KENNY

Bubs doesn't know yet.

Johnny looks toward the distant church steeple.

JOHNNY

He will tomorrow.

Kenny wipes blood from his mouth.

KENNY

You sure about trusting him?

JOHNNY

No.

KENNY

You sure about anything?

Johnny helps him into the Bronco.

JOHNNY

I'm sure Smiley has terrible
timing.

Kenny laughs through the pain.

Johnny closes the door and looks toward the swamp.

Far beyond the marina, something large moves through the
black water.

CUT TO:

INT. DAWBER HOLDINGS - MAKESHIFT OFFICE - NIGHT - 1991

MACK DONNELLY sits alone beneath a desk lamp, surrounded by
ledgers, shipping manifests, and payment records.

Mack compares two sets of records.

One ledger lists a shipment at four million dollars.

A corresponding payment record shows nearly ten.

He checks another shipment.

The same discrepancy.

False invoices. Phantom expenses. Money routed through shell
companies and overseas accounts. Mack circles the missing six
million dollars and writes two names beside it:

MALONE. SANCHEZ.

He closes the ledger and takes his evidence to Bo.

INT. BO DAWBER'S OFFICE - LATER

Bo studies Mack's calculations.

Atticus waits near the door.

BO

You're certain?

MACK

The volume doesn't match the revenue. Either Johnny lost six million dollars on every major shipment or he never reported it.

BO

How long?

MACK

Years.

Bo closes the folder.

MACK (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

BO

Collect what's mine.

MACK

You asked me to examine the books. That's all I did.

BO

And you did real good, Mack.

Mack looks toward Atticus.

MACK

Nobody needs to get hurt.

BO

Nobody said they did.

Mack leaves.

Bo waits until the door closes.

BO (CONT'D)

Sanchez has always been the problem.

ATTICUS

What about Malone?

BO

Johnny understands money. Sanchez only understands loyalty.

ATTICUS

Want me to handle it?

Bo looks away.

BO
I don't want to hear his name
again.

EXT. ABANDONED CITRUS PACKING HOUSE - NIGHT

A car moves through rows of dead citrus trees.

Its headlights sweep across a collapsing packing house at the edge of the Everglades.

The car stops.

Atticus opens the trunk.

Rodrigo Sanchez lies inside, unconscious. Blood runs from a wound above his ear. His wrists are bound behind him.

Atticus seizes him by the collar and drags him onto the ground.

Sanchez awakens as his shoulder strikes the dirt.

He looks at Atticus.

Then the empty road.

SANCHEZ
Bo never had the courage to do his
own killing.

ATTICUS
Bo never liked you.

SANCHEZ
He liked the money.

Atticus drags him toward an abandoned automobile beside the packing house.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
How much does Bo think we took?

ATTICUS
Enough.

SANCHEZ
That means Mack found the books.

Atticus stops.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Texas businessman, my ass.

ATTICUS

You always did talk too much.

SANCHEZ

Johnny knows.

ATTICUS

Johnny suspects everybody.

SANCHEZ

He'll know Bo sent you.

ATTICUS

Knowing and proving are different things.

Atticus forces Sanchez against the automobile.

On the hood waits a knife, a revolver, and a small metal can filled with gasoline.

Sanchez sees them.

SANCHEZ

Alligator pit?

ATTICUS

Nope. Not this time.

SANCHEZ

Cartel execution.

ATTICUS

That's the idea.

SANCHEZ

Nobody's going to believe it.

ATTICUS

Most people believe whatever lets them sleep.

Sanchez studies him.

SANCHEZ

That's how Bo got away with Timmy.

Atticus says nothing.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Bo murdered his own baby brother.

ATTICUS

Kind of.

Sanchez waits.

Atticus picks up the revolver.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)
I shot Timmy myself.

For the first time, Sanchez is stunned.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)
Didn't seem right making Bo kill
his own brother.

SANCHEZ
You think that makes Bo innocent?

ATTICUS
No.

Atticus checks the cylinder.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)
Makes me loyal.

SANCHEZ
Bo ordered it.

ATTICUS
Bo said Timmy had become a danger
to the family.

SANCHEZ
Timmy was the family.

Atticus's expression does not change.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Johnny will burn everything Bo
built.

ATTICUS
Then I expect I'll have to kill
Johnny too.

SANCHEZ
You should've started with him.

Atticus raises the revolver.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
You haven't seen what Johnny does
when somebody kills his brother.

ATTICUS

I'm about to.

Sanchez straightens as much as his restraints allow.

He refuses to kneel.

SANCHEZ

Do it looking at me.

Atticus looks directly into his eyes.

He FIRES three times into Sanchez's chest.

Sanchez collapses against the automobile.

Still breathing.

Atticus approaches.

Sanchez looks up at him.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Timmy wasn't afraid of you.

Atticus places the revolver behind Sanchez's ear.

ATTICUS

Neither were you.

He FIRES.

Silence returns to the packing house.

Atticus kneels beside the body.

He uses the knife to carve a Colombian cartel symbol above Sanchez's heart.

He removes Sanchez's hands to prevent immediate identification.

Then he pours gasoline through the abandoned automobile.

Atticus lights a cigarette.

He takes one drag before throwing it through the open window.

The interior ERUPTS.

Atticus stands over Sanchez's body as flames illuminate the dead citrus grove.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

Bo was right about one thing.

He watches the fire spread.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

You boys never knew when to stop.

Atticus walks into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. FESTIVAL BACKSTAGE TRAILER - NIGHT

Music rattles the plywood walls.

Bo Dawber stands three feet from Johnny Malone.

Johnny is drunk, furious, and grieving.

JOHNNY

I know it was you who murdered
Sanchez.

The accusation lands harder than the music.

Bo barely reacts.

BO

Your buddies in the cartel did
that, Johnny. Sent a message. To
you.

JOHNNY

Bullshit.

BO

I warned you what would happen.

KENNY

Johnny, I've been with Bo all week.
He ain't said a word about Sanchez.

JOHNNY

He didn't need to. He's got the
Sheltons. The Brodys. Bo gets
things done without saying a word.

BO

You stole from me. You've been
skimming from our business.

JOHNNY

Our business? You sat here
collecting sixty percent while
Sanchez and I took every risk.

BO

It was my county.

JOHNNY

You didn't own it.

BO

I owned enough to keep you alive.

Bo steps closer.

BO (CONT'D)

Give me every dollar you owe.
Otherwise, I tell the Colombians
you went renegade with their money.

Johnny's smile vanishes.

BO (CONT'D)

Then they come for your wife and
that little boy of yours.

Johnny's fists close.

MACK

This isn't worth it, friend. Sleep
it off.

Johnny turns to Mack.

JOHNNY

You think you could've stood in my
foxhole? Any of you? Or Sanchez's?
You boys ain't got nothing on us.

BO

Empty threats and loose talk.
That's all you are now.
Get us our money or the Colombians
finish what they started.

Kenny rests a hand on Johnny's shoulder.

KENNY

Go home. I'll check on you
tomorrow.

Johnny looks at his oldest friend. Anger. Grief. Beneath both
-- farewell.

JOHNNY

Nah, Ken. We've been asleep for a decade.

He looks toward the stage.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Not anymore. You'll see, buddy.

BO

Get him out of here.

Mack guides Johnny toward the rear exit. Johnny allows it.

BO (CONT'D)

My cut by the end of the week. Then get out of my county. Do that and your family stays safe.

Johnny stops at the door.

BO (CONT'D)

Kenny and his boys work for me now.

Johnny looks back at Kenny.

The band strikes its final chord.

BO (CONT'D)

Sounds like the music's coming to an end.

JOHNNY

That's one way of putting it.

KENNY

Let me take you home.

JOHNNY

I'm out, Ken. You won't see me for a while.

KENNY

We've got to stick together.

BO

Let him go. Your buddy's lost it.

Johnny gives Mack one final look.

No drunkenness remains. Only calculation.

He disappears into the darkness.

Mack starts after him. Bo catches his shoulder.

BO (CONT'D)

Let him go.

MERLE SHELTON bursts through the curtain, boots covered in mud.

MERLE

The Coast Guard ordered every
Dawber County boat back to port.
Feds blocked the county road.
Nobody's getting in or out.

SIRENS rise outside. Dozens.

MERLE (CONT'D)

There's a goddamn army out there.

EXT. DAWBER COUNTY FESTIVAL - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Bo stands under white floodlights as the crowd scatters.

FEDERAL AGENTS flood the grounds in DEA, FBI, and CUSTOMS jackets. COAST GUARD personnel seal the marina. HELICOPTERS rake the fields with spotlights.

OSCAR FUENTES stands below the stage, pistol aimed at Bo.

OSCAR

Interlock your fingers behind your
head!

Bo raises one hand. The other drifts toward the pistol beneath his shirt.

Kenny emerges backstage.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Freeze!

KENNY

Easy, pal. I'm a lover, not a
fighter.

Kenny sees Bo's hand creeping toward the gun.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Bo, don't.

Mack crosses behind Bo and presses a pistol to his head.

MACK

Don't even try it.

Bo freezes.

BO

What?

MACK

DEA, prick. You and all your boys
are under arrest.

For the first time, Bocephus Dawber looks completely
surprised.

Oscar climbs onto the stage.

OSCAR

You did real good, Mack.

MACK

Thanks, Oz.

Agents drag men from tents, trucks, boats, and beer stands.

Mack searches for Johnny.

Gone.

MACK (CONT'D)

Johnny Malone was here. He slipped
out the back.

OSCAR

Malone is no longer your concern.

MACK

He's the brains behind the entire
operation.

OSCAR

Bo Dawber is the target.

MACK

Johnny built the network.
Negotiated with the Colombians.
Moved the money.

OSCAR

Mack.

MACK

He's the whole goddamn machine.

Oscar presses handcuffs into Mack's hand.

OSCAR
Cuff Mr. Gregory.

Mack faces Kenny.

KENNY
You?

MACK
Give me your hands.

KENNY
You're a Fed?

MACK
Turn around, Ken.

KENNY
All those years at Widow's Walk.
You sat at my table. My boys
trusted you.

MACK
I know.

KENNY
Did Johnny know?

Mack hesitates.

MACK
I don't know.

Kenny slowly turns and places his hands behind his back.

KENNY
I thought you were my friend.

Mack closes the cuffs.

MACK
I was.

Agents lead Kenny away.

MACK (CONT'D)
Did Johnny call this in?

OSCAR
No.

MACK

Then why isn't he on the arrest list?

OSCAR

Someone tipped the Bureau. The order came from above. Johnny Malone is not ours.

Mack understands.

Johnny had already made his deal.

MACK

You let him walk.

OSCAR

I'm following orders.

MACK

He traded all of them for protection.

OSCAR

Tonight we ended one of the largest smuggling networks in Florida history. Try remembering that.

Bo kneels on the stage, watching Mack with dark amusement.

MACK

You think this is funny?

BO

You spent years crawling through the mud with us, and the one man you wanted walked right past you.

MACK

Shut up.

BO

You never understood Johnny. He was always going to leave you holding an empty bag.

Agents raise Bo.

BO (CONT'D)

You'll never find that money without me.

Mack PUNCHES him in the stomach.

Oscar hauls Mack back.

OSCAR

Don't you dare! He was handcuffed.

The transport doors SLAM behind Bo and Kenny.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Your assignment is over. Go to Miami. Shower, see a doctor, and sit through a debrief.

MACK

Johnny has the money.

OSCAR

Another team will handle Johnny.

MACK

You know that isn't happening.

OSCAR

Get your head straight. Don't ruin this for all of us.

Mack stares toward the dark road where Johnny disappeared.

MACK

Yeah. Fine.

EXT. DAWBER COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

Mack does not return to Miami.

His vehicle passes the federal convoy and turns onto a shell road leading deeper into Dawber County.

CUT TO BLACK.

MONTAGE - JOHNNY'S SAFE HOUSES

An abandoned bait shop near the county line. Empty.

A hunting cabin behind cypress trees. Empty.

An old fish camp beside a drainage canal, half hidden by sawgrass.

END MONTAGE

EXT. OLD FISH CAMP - BEFORE DAWN

A rusted pickup sits in the yard. One light burns inside.

Mack parks well short and approaches on foot, pistol in hand.

He climbs the porch and tests the door.

Unlocked.

INT. OLD FISH CAMP - CONTINUOUS

An open whiskey bottle. Two glasses.

Blood on the floor.

Not much. Enough to show someone was hurt.

ATTICUS (O.S.)

Mack.

Mack turns.

A knife FLASHES before he can raise the pistol.

The blade opens his upper arm.

Atticus Shelton attacks again.

Nearly twenty years older than Mack, Atticus is still built like a man who spent his life lifting engines, hauling nets, and hurting people with his bare hands.

Atticus slashes.

Mack catches his wrist with both hands. The knife stops inches from his throat.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

You goddamn traitor.

Mack drives a knee into his stomach.

Atticus smashes his forehead into Mack's face and hurls him through the screen door.

EXT. OLD FISH CAMP - CONTINUOUS

They crash through the porch railing into the yard.

Mack's pistol flies into darkness.

Atticus follows him down. A boot crushes Mack's ribs.

ATTICUS

First time Bo brought you around, I
told him no outsiders.

Mack kicks Atticus's knee and scrambles toward the pickup.

Atticus catches him and SLAMS him across the hood.

The knife rises.

Mack grabs the whiskey bottle from the truck bed and swings
backward.

Glass SHATTERS across Atticus's face.

Mack drives the jagged bottle toward his throat.

Atticus blocks it, catches Mack's wounded arm, and TWISTS.

Pain drops Mack to one knee.

Atticus strikes his jaw. Mack falls into an old fence.

Rotten boards snap as Atticus tackles him through.

They roll through mud and splintered wood.

Atticus draws a revolver.

Mack's fingers close on a rock. He throws it.

It strikes above Atticus's eye.

The revolver FIRES. The bullet passes close enough for Mack
to feel it against his cheek.

Mack lunges.

They tumble into the drainage ditch.

EXT. DRAINAGE DITCH - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Atticus forces Mack's head beneath the surface.

Mack strikes blindly. His wounded arm begins to fail.

His hand strikes metal beneath the mud.

His pistol.

Mack closes his fingers around it, drives the barrel into Atticus's abdomen, and FIRES.

The gunshot is dull underwater.

Atticus releases him.

EXT. OLD FISH CAMP - DRAINAGE DITCH - CONTINUOUS

Mack crawls onto the gravel, coughing canal water. Blood streams down his arm.

Atticus makes it several feet before collapsing beside the road.

Dawn begins to lighten the sky.

Mack forces himself up. His pistol trembles as he approaches.

The bullet entered low in Atticus's abdomen. He remains conscious.

ATTICUS

I knew you couldn't be trusted.

MACK

That's all true.

ATTICUS

DEA rat bastard.

MACK

That too.

Atticus coughs blood.

ATTICUS

Do your bosses know about the men
you brought me?

Mack says nothing.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

Do they know about the two men Bo
made you kill yourself?

MACK

I left that part out of my reports.

ATTICUS

Figured.

MACK

I had to make Bo believe me.

ATTICUS

No. You wanted him to believe you.
There's a difference.

FLASH CUTS - MACK'S BURIED PAST

Atticus forces Mack to kill a man to prove his loyalty.

A second man faces Mack's gun -- Mack's own idea because
refusing twice would expose him.

Two bodies disappear into Dawber County ground.

BACK TO SCENE

ATTICUS

You came looking for Malone.

MACK

Where did he go?

ATTICUS

He beat you again.

MACK

Where is he?

ATTICUS

Gone. You still don't understand
him. Johnny don't run from men. He
makes men run after him.

Mack points the pistol at his chest.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

You scared?

MACK

Truth is, you scared the shit out
of me from the first day I met you.

Atticus nods approvingly.

ATTICUS

Only a fool wasn't afraid of me.

MACK

Johnny wasn't.

ATTICUS

Johnny Malone's a different kind of fool.

MACK

Sanchez wasn't afraid either.

The humor leaves Atticus.

ATTICUS

No. He wasn't.

MACK

You killed him.

ATTICUS

Bo wanted him dead.

MACK

Sanchez knew what happened to Timmy.

ATTICUS

He knew before he died.

MACK

You told him?

ATTICUS

Didn't see any harm. Dead men keep secrets.

Atticus tries to sit up. The wound stops him.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

You better kill me now, boy.

MACK

Why?

ATTICUS

If you take me in, I'll tell them everything. Every man you handed over. Every crime you helped us commit. Those two bodies you put in the ground yourself.

MACK

I know.

ATTICUS

And if I get out, I'll find you.

MACK

I know.

ATTICUS

I'll find your family too.

Mack's finger settles on the trigger.

The shot in the ditch was self-defense.

Whatever comes next will not be.

Atticus sees the decision.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

Go on, then.

Mack raises the pistol.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

You got lucky once.

MACK

I did.

ATTICUS

You won't get lucky twice.

MACK

That's why I can't take you in.

Atticus smiles -- the same smile men saw before disappearing into the swamp.

Mack FIRES.

The first bullet strikes Atticus in the chest.

Mack fires again.

And again.

He continues until the pistol CLICKS empty.

The shots roll across the sawgrass and disappear into the coming morning.

Mack stands over the body, covered in mud, blood, and broken glass.

INT. DEA FIELD OFFICE - LATER

Mack sits alone before a blank incident report.

He begins to type:

AGENT DONNELLY WAS AMBUSHED WHILE PURSUING A FLEEING SUSPECT.

ATTICUS SHELTON ATTACKED WITH A KNIFE AND DISCHARGED A REVOLVER.

AGENT DONNELLY RETURNED FIRE IN SELF-DEFENSE.

Mack stops typing.

The report will not mention the men he delivered to Atticus.

It will not mention the two men he killed for Bo.

It will not mention that Atticus was wounded and helpless when Mack emptied the magazine into him.

Mack has survived the most feared man in Dawber County.

It does not feel like winning.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. THE DEEP CUT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT - 2025

The Host sits quietly.

HOST

Bo and Kenny went to prison. Timmy and Sanchez were dead. Scully disappeared. Mack killed Atticus.

JOHNNY

That was the end of it.

HOST

The end of the Sawgrass Wars?

JOHNNY

The end of our war.

HOST

What came next?

Johnny looks at the book between them.

JOHNNY

We left behind three boys who thought our mistakes belonged to them.

HOST

Alex Gregory. Billy Dawber. And
your son, Bones.

JOHNNY

They inherited our names, our
enemies...

A slight smile.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

...and none of our good sense.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHWEST FLORIDA COAST - DAY

SUPER: DAWBER COUNTY, FLORIDA -- 2003

A battered blue skiff coughs its way along the coast beneath
a punishing sun.

BILLY DAWBER, 17, pilots the smoking outboard.

ALEX GREGORY, 17, sunburned and broke, studies expensive
waterfront homes.

At the bow, BONES MALONE, 17, fishes with a red deep-sea rod.
A black Metallica shirt stretches across his massive
shoulders.

The rod belonged to his father.

So did the COLT .45 tucked into his shorts -- the same pistol
Johnny carried on Hill 861.

BILLY

The white place.

A three-story house stands at a canal entrance. A center-
console boat rests on a lift.

ALEX

Too exposed.

BILLY

Nobody's coming.

ALEX

That's what you said last time.

BILLY

We got away last time.

ALEX

Almost doesn't count. That should be printed on the Dawber County seal.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Catch anything?

BONES

Not yet.

ALEX

You know we're not out here to fish.

BONES

I'm out here to fish.

ALEX

We're supposed to make money.

BONES

You complained about stealing motors the whole way.

ALEX

Because stealing motors is stupid.

BONES

Then why'd you come?

ALEX

To stop you two from getting caught.

BILLY

You planned the last three jobs.

A metallic WHINE rises.

Bones's reel spins into a blur. The rod bends toward the water.

BONES

Got one!

ALEX

Of course you do.

BONES

This is a big one. Marlin big.

ALEX

There aren't marlin this close to shore.

BONES

There is now.

Bones braces and pulls.

BONES (CONT'D)

Slow us down!

Billy eases off and swings away from the house.

ALEX

What are you doing?

BILLY

I want to see what he caught.

ALEX

He caught seaweed.

BONES

Seaweed doesn't pull.

ALEX

A tire, then.

The expensive motor recedes behind them.

Alex starts laughing.

BILLY

What's funny?

ALEX

This. It's a metaphor for our lives.

BONES

How?

ALEX

We're broke. We have no future. We finally try to make money, using the dumbest plan possible, and Bones drags us away because he thinks he caught a marlin.

BONES

I have a real fish.

ALEX

You don't know what you have.

BONES

I know it's big.

ALEX

What will you do with it?

BONES

Put it on my wall.

ALEX

Which wall? Your mother's trailer barely has room for you.

Bones's grin disappears.

BILLY

Alex.

ALEX

We need a real plan.

BONES

This fish is coming into the boat.

Something large rolls beneath the surface.

BILLY

There!

Billy grabs the line. Alex reluctantly grips it with pliers.

A blunt gray head breaks the surface.

A black eye. Serrated teeth.

A SIX-FOOT BULL SHARK twists beside the skiff, snapping inches from Billy's arm.

ALEX

Cut it!

BONES

Wait!

ALEX

It almost took Billy's arm.

BONES

We can get it in.

ALEX

It'll have us.

The shark SLAMS the skiff.

Alex reaches for the line.

A PISTOL FIRES beside his head.

The concussion knocks him backward.

Bones stands with Johnny's Colt extended over the water.

The shark hangs dead from the line. Blood spreads around it.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You shot at me.

BONES

I shot the shark.

ALEX

The bullet passed my hand!

BONES

I knew where you were.

The rod slips from Bones's arm, strikes the gunwale, and disappears.

The dead shark sinks after it.

The three boys watch until both vanish.

ALEX

All that and you lost everything.

BONES

Yeah. It's a metaphor.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - LATER

The sun descends. Another wasted day. Nothing to show for it.

ALEX

We can't keep doing this.

BILLY

You have a better idea?

ALEX

We find Johnny Malone's money.

Bones goes still.

BILLY

That again? It's a Dawber County story.

ALEX

So is Smiley, but that gator ate Bobby Boone.

BILLY

That doesn't prove Bobby found money.

ALEX

No. But I found what he was using to look for it.

BILLY

What?

ALEX

A hand-drawn map. Swamps, fishing holes, old landing sites. Most of it is coded.

BONES

What makes you think it leads to money?

ALEX

I recognize my father's writing. The rest is Johnny's.

BONES

Leave my daddy out of it.

ALEX

We can't.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You said Johnny was alive.

BONES

I said I didn't believe he was dead.

ALEX

What about Ed Dantes?

Bones looks back sharply.

BILLY

Who's that?

ALEX

Ask him.

BONES

You went through my room?

ALEX

Postcards from all over the world.
Same handwriting. Then a birthday
card from Miami telling you to
visit before you turn eighteen.

BILLY

Is that true?

Bones says nothing.

ALEX

Your father is alive. You know how
to reach him, and you've let us rot
while he sits on millions.

BONES

My daddy doesn't owe you anything.

ALEX

Maybe not. But he owes you.

The words stop Bones.

ALEX (CONT'D)

He left you and your mother here to
take the blame. If he's alive, he
owes you an explanation.

EXT. WIDOW'S WALK MARINA - SUNSET

The ruined marina leans over the water, too tired to fall. At
the far end stands the boathouse where Alex lives alone.

Billy guides the skiff into a usable slip.

ALEX

We find Johnny, we find the money.
Then none of us has to stay here.

Bones approaches Alex.

For one moment, Alex thinks he has won.

Bones PUNCHES him in the left eye.

Alex crashes onto the dock.

BONES

Stay out of my room. Stay out of my family. And don't tell me what my daddy owes me.

Bones walks away.

BILLY

You knew that was coming.

ALEX

Doesn't make it right.

BILLY

No. Makes it Bones.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Forget the money, Al. It'll get us killed.

ALEX

So will stealing boat motors if Bones keeps bringing a gun.

BILLY

Put some ice on your face.

ALEX

The ice is all over the dock.

BILLY

Then use a beer.

Billy pushes away in the skiff.

INT. WIDOW'S WALK BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Alex spreads the hand-drawn map beneath a bare bulb.

Swamps. Fishing holes. Forgotten landing sites. Two styles of handwriting.

He places an old letter from Kenny beside the first set of notations.

A match.

He places one of the postcards signed ED DANTES beside the second.

Another match.

Kenny Gregory and Johnny Malone created the map together.

Alex picks up the telephone and dials.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Reform Prison visitation services.

ALEX
I need to arrange a visit with an
inmate.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Please state the inmate's name.

Alex looks at a photograph of Kenny, Johnny, Timmy, and
Scully in Vietnam.

ALEX
Kenny Gregory.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DEEP CUT PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT - 2025

HOST
Was the map real?

Johnny smiles.

JOHNNY
You're going to need another
episode.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT