

# WEEEKI WACHEE

#211

"UNEXPECTED"

written by

ANGELO SHRINE

## CREATED BY

Angelo Shrine

## STARRING

Jeffrey DeMunn ..... LONDON LOVINGFOSS  
Christine Cavanaugh . CAIRO CHIRIS  
Diana-Maria Riva .... GALENA GLASER / JANUS CARDEA  
Tony Cox ..... YALGOO YALBANY  
Jay Leggett ..... PRAGUE POLKY  
Ravi Kapoor ..... EUNGH TWEETY  
and Loretta Devine as SINGAPORE SLARP

## GUEST STARRING

Bill Hader ..... DONNIE FLUID  
Brian George ..... MOLACH BACCHUS  
George Gaynes ..... FREDDY WETTE  
with William B. Davis as FATHER OWENDORF  
and Linda Hunt as JUDGE TELLEY KOILS

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**INT. CAIRO'S OFFICE - MORNING**

ANGLE: the desk phone on Cairo's desk, which RINGS loudly.

TILT UP, to see CAIRO CHIRIS rush frantically into her office. She throws away her briefcase and grabs the phone.

CAIRO

Hello?

SCRATCHY VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

I have information on the death of Saragains Montgomery.

CAIRO

What? Who is this?

SCRATCHY VOICE (O.C.)

Why is it you're more interested in myself than in my information?

CAIRO

(demandingly)

Who is this?!

SCRATCHY VOICE (O.C.)

(quickly)

Janus Cardea. At your service.

Cairo rolls her eyes and slouches down in disgust.

CAIRO

Dear God....

CUT TO:

**EXT. SWAMP SHACK - LATER**

It's daytime outside the swamp shack, as Cairo arrives, looking up at the "Janus Airboats" sign. Still rolling her eyes, she steps into the shack without knocking.

**INT. JANUS AIRBOATS SHACK - CONTINUOUS**

Inside, all the lights are off. JANUS CARDEA sits in the corner, sitting atop a bail of hay, his legs dangling over.

JANUS

Come in... so I can see you.

CAIRO

I'm in far enough. The reason you  
can't see me is because you keep it  
as dark as a colon in here.

She reaches to the side and flips on the light.

JANUS

No! Turn it off!

Janus instantly shoots his arms up to his face, hiding his  
slimy features from view. Cairo shuts off the light.

JANUS (CONT'D)

I'm hideous....

CAIRO

I just want to see.

She flips it on again. He hides his face.

JANUS

Off! Turn it off!

CAIRO

Fine.

She goes for the fake out, pretending to shut off the lights.  
He lowers his arms, then realizes.

JANUS

Hey!

CAIRO

No doubt you've got human-sized  
alligators in here ready to take me  
down and make me mother to their  
kin, like what happened to poor  
Carlene Fibers.

JANUS

Nonsense. I'm alone here. Always  
alone....

CAIRO

What kind of information do you  
have, Janus?

JANUS

I believe I know who did it....

CAIRO

Really?

JANUS

The night of the murder, a feller  
dressed dark tried to cross my  
swamp, to escape W'eeek'i W'ach'ee.

His pronunciation of "Weeki Wachee" is unlike any other.

JANUS (CONT'D)

Feller fell into the water marsh,  
panicked, then ran back to town. He  
fits yer description of the dark  
man found at the scene.

CAIRO

Interesting. Do you -- Do you  
happen to know who it was?

A smile comes across the putrid face of Janus Cardea.

JANUS

Yes. I do....

CUT TO:

**INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSEHOLD - SAME**

GALENA GLASER sits across from the parents of the dead girl --  
MR. and MRS. MONTGOMERY. Tears well in their eyes.

GALENA

There was never anybody suspicious  
hanging around the house? Saragains  
didn't have any friends that caused  
a raise in your eyebrow?

MRS. MONTGOMERY

No. No, I'm sorry.

Galena glares at Mrs. Montgomery.

GALENA

Sorry. I wasn't talking to you. I  
was talking to her biological  
parent, if you don't mind.

MRS. MONTGOMERY

Hey! Just because I'm a step-mom  
doesn't mean I don't care for my  
children.

GALENA

Step-children. And just because I disagree with everything you said, Ms. Second-Rate-Mother, doesn't mean I consider you a suspect.

The woman is shocked, and she starts to CRY.

GALENA (CONT'D)

Now, real parent, you never noticed any of her friends as being odd?

MR. MONTGOMERY

There was someone, I suppose.

GALENA

Who?

MR. MONTGOMERY

There was just something strange about him.

GALENA

I need a name.

CUT TO:

**INT. WETTE LIBRARY - SAME**

PRAGUE POLKY sits next to FREDDY WETTE at the computer in the darkened library. Freddy MUMBLES as he speaks.

FREDDY

Philosophy?

PRAGUE

Yes. Philosophy. We need to know the name of anyone who's checked out books on philosophy in the past two months, preferably books on soul-weighting philosophy.

FREDDY

(typing)

No. No soul-weighing.

PRAGUE

Drat.

FREDDY

Aha. Here. Well, there are quite a few names here, Prague.

PRAGUE  
 (struggling to hear)  
 Quite a few names, you say? I'll  
 need that entire list.

FREDDY  
 Sure thing. Wait.

PRAGUE  
 What is it?

FREDDY  
 This one guy -- he's checked out  
 almost all of them.

PRAGUE  
 Really? Who? Who was it?

CUT TO:

**INT. HAIR-CUTTERS - DAY**

YALGOO YALBANY stands next to MOLACH BACCHUS, watching as the  
 barber gives himself a haircut.

YALGOO  
 Any information you have, Molach.  
 Anything at all.

MOLACH  
 You know, a-Yalgoo, I have-a always  
 liked you. You treat a man with  
 respect, even when that man hasn't  
 always a-been the brightest sheen  
 of scissors.

Yalgoo nods slightly, appreciative.

MOLACH (CONT'D)  
 There is a-something that struck me  
 with your a-story.

YALGOO  
 Which part?

MOLACH  
 The a-part about the fruits.

YALGOO  
 The banana smell of the killer.

MOLACH

Yes. I have a customer. Whenever he a-comes in to Molach's Hair-Cutters, he a-smells just like the yellow fruit-vegetable.

YALGOO

(intrigued)  
Really?

MOLACH

That's a-right.

YALGOO

Who? Who is it? Who smells like bananas?

CUT TO:

**BLACK.**

Then, camera switches to a FOUR-BOX:

UPPER-LEFT reveals Janus Cardea in his shack;

UPPER-RIGHT reveals Mr. Montgomery in his house;

LOWER-LEFT reveals Freddy Wette in his library;

LOWER-RIGHT reveals Molach Bacchus in his barbershop.

ALL FOUR

Donnie Fluid.

CUT TO:

**INT. PRECINCT - DAY**

Cairo, Galena, Prague, and Yalgoo are all talking excitedly to LONDON LOVINGFOSS, who stands in his office doorway.

ALL

Donnie Fluid.... He killed her....  
Christmas Killer.... Ice Parade....

LONDON

(holding out his arms)  
Whoa, whoa! One at a time! In my office. Cairo, you first.

YALGOO

Yeah, so you can sex her.

London turns quickly to Yalgoo, fire in his eyes.

Suddenly, EUNGH rushes up the staircase, holding a piece of paper in his hand.

EUNGH

I find out! I find out the killer!

They all turn to him. Eungh steps up, out of breath.

LONDON

Now, what's this?

EUNGH

(holding up the paper)

I do research. I take information  
and I research information. I find  
killer!

CAIRO

Who? Who'd you find?

EUNGH

Killer of ice girl is....

Eungh forgets. He quickly peeks at the paper.

EUNGH (CONT'D)

Everett Golombia!

Everyone rolls their eyes in annoyance.

EUNGH (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

Off Eungh's confusion, holding up the piece of paper --

CUT TO:

**MAIN TITLES**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**INT. LONDON'S OFFICE - DAY**

London leans against his desk, arms crossed. Cairo sits on the couch, drinking one of Singapore's odd drinks.

CAIRO

As you know, we all went out this morning investigating different leads. And when we got back here, we were shocked to discover that everything led to the same man.

LONDON

Donnie Fluid.

CAIRO

Yes.

LONDON

See, now here's where I'm confused. Isn't he dead?

CAIRO

What? No. No.

LONDON

Yes. He died last fall. Father Owendorf was accused of drowning him.

VIOLENT FLASHBACK. We see FATHER OWENDORF, almost in a trance, holding a man's head under the water. There's a brief struggle, with water splashing everywhere. RETURN.

CAIRO

No, Father Owendorf was charged with the death of Nigel Gimmeywhokus. Donnie Fluid is the child toucher who everyone confused for Nigel Gimmeywhokus.

LONDON

Oh.

CAIRO

Yes.

LONDON

So Donnie Fluid is the alive one,  
and you all think it was he who  
killed that girl.

CAIRO

Yes.

LONDON

All right. That's good enough for  
me. We'll pull him in.

CAIRO

Actually, no.

LONDON

No what?

CAIRO

If there's one thing I am, it's --  
well, you know.

LONDON

Slutty?

CAIRO

London, I'm evolving. I learn from  
past mistakes and I correct them as  
I go.

LONDON

Good. That's a good quality.

CAIRO

This case... this murder. I'm going  
to do everything I possibly can to  
avoid another Colombia fiasco.

LONDON

Okay. Meaning?

CAIRO

Meaning I don't want to pull him in  
until I'm positive he's our guy.

LONDON

Well, what'll make you positive? A  
signed confession?

CAIRO

Spoken is good enough for me.

London CHUCKLES maniacally.

LONDON  
 You think you're going to get a  
 spoken confession from this...  
 Christmas Killer?

CAIRO  
 Yes.

LONDON  
 How?

Cairo stands. On her way out, she kisses London on the lips.

CAIRO  
 I'll call you when I have it.

She exits, walking past the officers standing in the  
 precinct. London walks to his door.

GALENA  
 London, what are we going to do?  
 Pull him in for questioning?

London watches Cairo descend the staircase, deep in thought.

LONDON  
 No.

YALGOO & PRAGUE  
 What?!

LONDON  
 Cairo's going to work Fluid, try to  
 get a confession first. Something  
 about evolving. Get back to work.

London shuts the door. Frantic, Galena pulls Prague and  
 Yalgoo away from the door.

GALENA  
 Okay, what was that?

YALGOO  
 I don't know. I don't like it.

PRAGUE  
 Cairo's reputation was tainted with  
 the way Colombia went down.

GALENA  
 Well, I'm sorry. Call me angry.  
 Call me hormonal.  
 (MORE)

GALENA (CONT'D)

But Cairo's reputation isn't as important as the safety of this town.

PRAGUE

I agree.

YALGOO

You think Fluid will kill again?

GALENA

(duh)

My stomach knows he'll kill again.

Galena shakes her pregnant belly.

GALENA (CONT'D)

We need to get this man, and get him now. Pull his good-for-nothin' off the streets. The streets aren't safe with him out there.

PRAGUE

I'm sorry. Good-for-nothin' is an adjective and you forgot to follow with a noun.

GALENA

It was implied, Prague. Why waste time saying words that are implied, you hole.

PRAGUE

Well, okay.

YALGOO

When I spoke with Molach, he told me he sees Fluid walking to work every day just before ten.

GALENA

(checking watch)

It's just about nine-thirty.

YALGOO

Right. His house will be empty.

GALENA

All right, then. Let's go get a search warrant and go crazy.

Yalgoo and Prague exchange a look.

PRAGUE  
Say something.

YALGOO  
No.

PRAGUE  
Come on....

GALENA  
(overhearing)  
Say what?

YALGOO  
Um, oh, you were listening.

GALENA  
(checking watch)  
Come on, what is it?

PRAGUE  
Well, we were talking the other  
day, about you....

YALGOO  
And we think it would be... good  
and smart... if you refrained from  
stepping into the field.

GALENA  
Into the field?

YALGOO  
Good and smart.

GALENA  
What are you talking about?

PRAGUE  
Those are some big stairs there,  
Galena.

YALGOO  
That's number one. Number two, you  
should really be resting.

PRAGUE  
And number three --

EUNGH (O.S.)  
(from nowhere)  
Four, five, six!

PRAGUE

-- it's too dangerous out there for you, and your sweet little unborn.

GALENA

I don't really believe what I'm hearing. You two are ridiculous. Let's go.

As she tries to walk past, Prague sticks out his hand and blocks the path, holding her chest.

GALENA (CONT'D)

Let me through!

PRAGUE

No.

GALENA

(through gritted teeth)  
Prague, let me through.

YALGOO

You're just going to be sitting today. Answering the phones.

GALENA

Oh, come on. Guys. Guys...?

Yalgoo walks around and grabs her seat. He wheels it to her backside and Prague pushes her down.

PRAGUE

You'll thank us. You really will.

GALENA

You know, I'm only pregnant. You're fat, and you're blind. If someone out there is targeting disabled officers, none of us are safe.

PRAGUE

Thanks. We'll remember that as we're out in the field.

Galena gives them the silent treatment as she kicks her feet along the floor, pushing herself to her desk.

PRAGUE (CONT'D)

Come on, Yalgoo.

They walk away from her, past the front desk. Prague slaps Eungh's back roughly and the man wakes with a start.

PRAGUE (CONT'D)

Tweety-man. You're coming with us  
for a bit.

EUNGH

Oh! Is this a birthday party?

Galena watches them leave, still feeling betrayed.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALPHA CAR - DAY**

The car is parked next to the courthouse. Prague is the driver, with Yalgoo in the passenger seat and Eungh in the back.

PRAGUE

Okay. Now, do you understand and  
accept this mission?

EUNGH

Oh yes. I can do!

YALGOO

Repeat it back to us.

EUNGH

Go in building, avoiding Cairo-  
girl. Talk to judge and get warrant  
for search of house.

PRAGUE

Whose house?

EUNGH

Um....

YALGOO & PRAGUE

Donnie Fluid.

EUNGH

Yes. That it.

PRAGUE

Now, what happens if Cairo sees  
you?

EUNGH

Tell her I am being bailiff again.

YALGOO

Good.

Eungh gets out of the car.

EUNGH

Here I go!

Eungh smiles and begins walking up the courthouse stairs.

Prague puts the car in gear and pulls away from the road. Yalgoo is a bit confused.

YALGOO

Okay. You want to tell me what that was about?

PRAGUE

I'm just covering our bases.

YALGOO

With the search warrant?

PRAGUE

Yes.

YALGOO

But... why are we leaving him?

PRAGUE

We don't have time to get a search warrant, especially with no notice to the judge. We'll go to Fluid's house, find whatever we need, and get out as fast as we can. By the time we come back here, Eungh should have finally spit out the words in the correct syntactical form and gotten the warrant.

YALGOO

Makes sense.

(aside)

Do you think Donnie Fluid's the guy?

PRAGUE

Who else could it be?

CUT TO:

**EXT. ALPHA CAR - DAY**

The car speeds ahead down the road. PAN AROUND, to reveal a young man, dressed in black with a grocery store uniform.

This is DONNIE FLUID. He's wearing a nametag that says "HI, My Name is Donnie."

Donnie tilts his head as the car drives away. He just stares at it intently -- very creepy.

CUT TO:

**INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY**

SINGAPORE SLARP comes bounding down the hall, on her way to Cairo's. She sees Eungh sitting on a bench outside the judges' back hallway, and tries to avoid making eye contact.

EUNGH  
Singapore!

SINGAPORE  
(doesn't stop walking)  
Uh-huh.

EUNGH  
I'm not here for warrant. I am a bailiff.

SINGAPORE  
(turning a corner)  
Uh-huh.

Eungh relaxes dramatically, rubbing his forehead.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAIRO'S OFFICE - DAY**

Cairo is talking on the phone while trying to get her things together. She's wearing teen girl clothes.

CAIRO  
Thank you so much, sir. Weeki  
Wachee thanks you.

She hangs up, to see Singapore in her doorway.

CAIRO (CONT'D)  
Oh, great! Perfect timing.

SINGAPORE  
Was that Fisherman Bob at the market?

CAIRO

Yeah. He said that Donnie Fluid just came in for work.

SINGAPORE

Great. So we're going to do it?

Cairo throws her a plastic bag full of clothes.

SINGAPORE (CONT'D)

Before we go, can I just know what's going on? All of the details, everything.

CAIRO

Yeah, sure. It'll all be in the papers tomorrow anyway, after the arrest.

Cairo sits in her chair. As she speaks, Singapore changes out of her waitress uniform and into the young girl clothes.

CAIRO (CONT'D)

The night before the Ice Parade, a man -- let's call him Donnie Fluid -- took Saragains Montgomery up to the frozen shack owned by Pauline Fisker. He stabbed her, weighed her dead body on an electronic scale, and then ran through the woods to safety, as witnessed by Eungh Tweety.

Singapore makes disgusted faces at the mentioning of Pauline and Eungh.

CAIRO (CONT'D)

Now, no knife was found, no murder weapon at all. We were at a loss, with no leads. It wasn't until watching your Ice Parade that London made his big revelation. Fluid had stabbed her with an icicle, which then melted upon contact with her warm blood.

SINGAPORE

Amazing. I mean, not "amazing," but... the boy's got some balls.

CAIRO

Four different leads this morning  
all led us to Donnie Fluid. He's  
our man.

SINGAPORE

Do you really think we're going to  
get a confession this morning?

Cairo stands next to Singapore. They're both fully-dressed in  
their glittery '80s outfits.

CAIRO

Girl, how can we not?

CUT TO:

**INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY**

The noseless JUDGE TELLEY KOILS sits to her desk. There are  
three empty desks in the room for the other three town  
judges. Eungh sits comfortably in the chair.

JUDGE KOILS

Mr. Tweety. What can I do for you  
this morning?

EUNGH

Hedoh. Um... hmmm. Oh. Oh, yes.

JUDGE KOILS

Well?

Eungh takes a deep, long breath, as he tries desperately to  
remember why he's there. Then -- it hits him.

EUNGH

I am here again to be bailiff.

Judge Koils licks her lips.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FLUID HOUSE - DAY**

Establishing. Alpha Car is parked. The front door of the  
rundown house is wide open.

**INT. FLUID HOUSE**

Yalgoo and Prague are inside, rummaging around the nearly-  
empty house.

PRAGUE  
Find anything?

YALGOO  
No. And honestly, I don't know what  
I'm looking for.

PRAGUE  
Evidence.

YALGOO  
(staring at him)  
Can you be more vague?

Suddenly, the phone RINGS. They JUMP UP and stare at each other awkwardly.

It rings again, and they rush over. Prague takes out his pad, ready to write. Soon, the answering machine comes on.

DONNIE (O.C.)  
Hey, this is Donnie. I'm not here.

The machine BEEPS.

PAULINE FISHER (O.C.)  
Donnie Fluid? Come on, punk, answer the phone. This is Pauline Fisker. I've been hearing rumors today, boy, that the police might be fingering you for the death of that girl in my cabin. If I find out it was you, I'm gonna come over there personally and teach you a lesson. What gives you the gall to kill a girl in somebody else's cabin? You better be praying tonight, punk.

The phone CLICKS. Prague puts his pad away in disappointment.

PRAGUE  
(growling)  
I hate that woman.

YALGOO  
Every town needs its snob.

PRAGUE  
But we have London....

Something behind Prague catches Yalgoo's eyes. He squints, then opens his eyes. Squints, then opens.

PRAGUE (CONT'D)

What?

YALGOO

Is that a garbage bag in the corner?

PRAGUE

Yeah.

YALGOO

Why is there a garbage bag in the corner?

They walk to the bag and pick it up.

PRAGUE

There's clothes or something in here.

Prague unties the top and pulls out a second garbage bag.

YALGOO

Double bags? Interesting.

After opening the second bag, Prague pulls out some clothes. BLACK CLOTHES, drenched with ice and snow.

PRAGUE

(CSI-like)

Someone's been playing in the snow.

They stare at each other, a touch excited.

CUT TO:

**INT. MARKET - DAY**

Cairo and Singapore talk briefly to FISHERMAN BOB, who owns the market, from our FAR-AWAY VIEW. Bob points to the check stand, where Donnie Fluid is checking groceries.

They walk toward Donnie, and toward camera. Cairo stops briefly in the frozen food aisle and grabs a bag of ice and some popsicles. She hands the ice to Singapore, then they step in line.

DONNIE

Good morning, ladies. Paper, plastic, or carry-out?

CAIRO

Hmm. What do you think... Starla?

Cairo twirls her hair, as Singapore nonchalantly hooks up the "Lane Closed" sign. Donnie doesn't notice.

SINGAPORE  
(thick southern accent)  
I dunno. This ice is awful cold-  
like.

CAIRO  
It sure is. Brrrrr.

DONNIE  
(gruff demeanor)  
How old are you guys?

Cairo looks at Singapore. It isn't working.

SINGAPORE  
You know, I've been hearing some  
stories.

CAIRO  
What kinds of stories?

SINGAPORE  
About that girl who died.

CAIRO  
Oh, poor Saragains.

Cairo and Singapore continue acting like teenagers, as Donnie rings up the ice and popsicles, pretending not to care.

DONNIE  
What'd you hear?

SINGAPORE  
Oh, nothing. Just that they're  
probably not going to catch the  
guy.

CAIRO  
Yeah. I heard they don't even know  
how she died. They can't find the  
weapon.

DONNIE  
I heard she committed suicide. Poor  
girl.

Cairo steps dead in her tracks. She's terribly offended.

CAIRO

Suicide?

DONNIE

I mean, she didn't have anything to live for, did she?

Cairo's about to lose it, but keeps the anger contained.

SINGAPORE

Why don't you calm down, Starla?

DONNIE

Wait.

(to Singapore)

I thought your name was Starla

SINGAPORE

It -- It is, yeah. Her name is, uh, Charla. C-H.

CAIRO

That's right. Charla.

(kicking Singapore)

You know what, Sssstarla?

SINGAPORE

What?

CAIRO

I'd really want to meet the guy who killed her.

SINGAPORE

You would? Why's that?

CAIRO

Cause he's my type of guy, he is.

SINGAPORE

Charla, I thought you got out of that business.

CAIRO

Nope. Still in it.

DONNIE

What business is that?

CAIRO

Ever heard of Weeki Wachee's squirrelly whore? Sleeps with guys and watches them die?

DONNIE  
Yeah, I think so.

Cairo licks her lips. She reaches across the counter and delicately touches his hand.

CAIRO  
I'm kind of like that. I'm...  
intimate with men who have  
committed bad crimes.

Donnie swallows. Singapore eyes her, out of character.

CAIRO (CONT'D)  
I'll see you later, Donnie.

She leaves, shaking her butt as she walks.

SINGAPORE  
So, Donnie. How about, instead of  
paying for this stuff, I give you  
her address instead?

Donnie nods slightly. Singapore grabs a pen out of Donnie's breast pocket, and then writes an address on his hand.

DONNIE  
Um, thank you. When is she home?

SINGAPORE  
When do you get off?

Donnie looks down, embarrassed by her choice of words.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MARKET - LATER**

Cairo stands outside, waiting. Singapore approaches.

CAIRO  
Well?

SINGAPORE  
Is that how you got London?

CAIRO  
Singapore?

SINGAPORE  
He's meeting you at four, tonight.

CAIRO

We're going to get him. No mistakes  
this time. We're going to get him.

CUT TO:

**INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY**

Judge Koils sits at her desk, alone in the dark office, busy  
at work. Eungh is long gone.

PAN OVER to the shelf behind her. There's a stack of blank  
"Search Warrants" waiting to be filled out....

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

A clock on the wall reads just past four O'clock. Cairo lies out on a large bed, still dressed in her teen clothes. London stands next to her, holding her hand.

LONDON  
Be careful.

CAIRO  
I know.

LONDON  
Be very careful.

CAIRO  
I said I will, London.  
(tightens shirt)  
Stupid tightness.

LONDON  
Do you want me to do this?

CAIRO  
No, I want you to leave! Don't you  
have some investigating to do?

Singapore, out of her costume, suddenly rushes to them.

SINGAPORE  
He's coming!

CAIRO  
Oh geez. Oh geez....

SINGAPORE  
London, come on! To the closet with  
us!

LONDON  
(kisses Cairo)  
Good luck. Get that confession.

CAIRO  
Whatever it takes.

LONDON  
(quickly)  
Not whatever. Not whatever.

Singapore pulls him away. Just as they walk deeper into the cluttered warehouse, there's a KNOCK on the large metal door.

CAIRO

Come!

Donnie steps into the warehouse timidly. He doesn't see her.

DONNIE

Hello?

Cairo EXHALES softly, then raises an arm and waves at Donnie.

CAIRO

Over here. I didn't think you'd come....

DONNIE

You thought wrong.

CAIRO

So. Does this mean what I think it means? You being here.

DONNIE

What do you think it means?

CAIRO

Well, you know, how I said that I'm only intimate with men who've committed crimes.

On "intimate," she grabs his hand delicately. Donnie looks around, suspiciously.

DONNIE

Where's your friend?

CAIRO

(thinking he means London)  
I, uh, I'm alone, what friend?

DONNIE

Starla. With you today.

CAIRO

Oh. Oh, her. We're not that close. She's more like my helper, really. She arranges all this.

(quick beat)

And she, uh, sucks my toes.

DONNIE  
I see. Good friend.

CAIRO  
Yeah. So did you kill her?

Donnie is shocked.

IN THE CLOSET, London and Singapore lower their heads in embarrassment, then raise them as they wait for an answer.

CAIRO (CONT'D)  
Saragains. Did you stab her? And weigh her? Cause I'm, uh, obsessed with men who weigh their victims.

Donnie stares at her, as if she's just said the strangest thing he's ever heard.

DONNIE  
Maybe I killed her, and maybe I didn't. But I'm here, aren't I?

CAIRO  
Right.

DONNIE  
And in the end, if I did kill her, maybe it was meant to be. I mean, Chancellor Burleson predicted this, didn't he?

CAIRO  
(through gritted teeth)  
That's right.

DONNIE  
So, what I'm curious to know is... are you serious on your offer?

Cairo forces herself to lick her lips.

CAIRO  
You know it. And I'm only serious with murderers. Is that you?

DONNIE  
I'm having a hard time believing you, Charla. Last time I checked, you were still with London.

Cairo gulps. She's caught!

IN THE CLOSET, London curses under his breath.

SINGAPORE

He knows. He's known the whole time!

LONDON

Get ready....

IN THE WAREHOUSE, Cairo sits up oddly in the bed.

CAIRO

I don't know what you're talking about, s--sweetie.

DONNIE

What's your IQ, Ms. Chiris? Cause I'm a freaking genius.

Cairo breaks completely out of character. She stands out of bed and, never taking her eyes off him, motions to London and Singapore. They quickly jump out of the closet.

CAIRO

London! Come on!  
(to Donnie)  
You're going down, Mr. Fluid.  
Forever.

DONNIE

(sees them approaching)  
What's this?

LONDON

Why, you're a genius, Mr. Fluid.  
Surely you recognize this as your  
welcoming committee.

DONNIE

(trying to stay calm)  
I said nothing. I confessed to  
nothing.

CAIRO

Yeah? Maybe. But we have evidence.

SINGAPORE

Why'd you kill her? Huh? Why'd you  
kill her?!

Singapore pushes her finger repetitively into his chest as London tries to handcuff him.

DONNIE

(monotone)

Why Singapore, I don't know what you're talking about.

CAIRO

Take him away, London. Question him at the precinct.

LONDON

Good job, hon.

He kisses her on the cheek, and then escorts Donnie away.

When they're alone, Cairo and Singapore both lie down on the bed, and BREATHE a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

**INT. LONDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

London stands in silence, staring into the COFFEE ROOM through the one-way mirror. Hands behind his back, he observes Yalgoo giving Donnie Fluid a polygraph test.

FADE TO:

**INT. LONDON'S OFFICE - LATER**

London now sits at his desk. Yalgoo stands beside him, showing him the results from the polygraph.

LONDON

Well?

YALGOO

He passed.

LONDON

What?!

(beat)

Wait, he passed, that means he did it?

YALGOO

No, he passed as in every question I asked him regarding the murder, he told the truth.

LONDON

And that truth is...?

YALGOO

Innocence.

LONDON

Are you kidding me?

YALGOO

Donnie Fluid did not kill Saragains  
Montgomery.

LONDON

No. I know this is the guy.  
(bit of hope)  
You trust these things?

YALGOO

I've been around polygraphs all my  
life. They work.

LONDON

But isn't there that margin of  
error? Isn't that why they're not  
admissible in court?

YALGOO

Of course there's a margin of  
error. There's a margin of error  
in... pickle jar opening. But if  
you've got someone good behind the  
machine, someone who knows the ins  
and outs of every flinch of the  
needle, it'll work every time. And  
I know the flinches.

Huffing, London goes for the phone. Yalgoo doesn't exit.

LONDON

You can leave now.

YALGOO

Actually, there's something else.

LONDON

What?

YALGOO

Fluid... lied about everything  
else.

LONDON

What?

YALGOO

Well, like I said, he passed on all the questions I asked regarding the death of the woman.

LONDON

Then what's "everything else"?

YALGOO

His name, his address, his birth city.... He lied about it all.

LONDON

What?

YALGOO

I -- I don't know. I can't explain it.

LONDON

So, basically what you're telling me is that we have a guy in custody who did not kill a woman, but who's lying about the color of his shirt?

Silence as the men stare at each other. Distraught, London falls back into his chair.

LONDON (CONT'D)

When -- When -- When... will I ever understand this town?

Angry, he jumps out of his chair and steps into the precinct, Yalgoo following behind.

**INT. PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS**

Galena, Prague, and Eungh look up at London and Yalgoo.

GALENA

Hey, how'd it go?

LONDON

Horrible! The polygraph didn't work. What evidence did you find at the house? Is it credible?

PRAGUE

A bag of clothes in a garbage bag.

YALGOO

Two garbage bags.

EUNGH  
 (happily)  
 I have clothes.

PRAGUE  
 They were sitting aside in the living room like they were going to be thrown out. Dark clothing, shirt and pants.

LONDON  
 Good work. Give them to Tweety. See if he recognizes them from that night.

PRAGUE  
 Um.... Um, we can't.

LONDON  
 What?

PRAGUE  
 We can't do that.

LONDON  
 Surely you're capable.

GALENA  
 They sent the clothes away, London. To our guy in Miami, to process for blood splattering.

LONDON  
 Oh. Uh, good job, I guess. Any results yet?

YALGOO  
 Not yet. We're waiting.

LONDON  
 Okay. We'll hold Fluid until then. In the meantime, I'll need that search warrant for processing.

Prague gestures to Eungh. They all turn to him, waiting.

EUNGH  
 What?

YALGOO  
 London needs the search warrant.

EUNGH

Oh. Can we go back to courthouse?

PRAGUE

You left it at the courthouse?

EUNGH

I sorry. I forget to get.

YALGOO

What?

EUNGH

So many complications. I just forget. But at least I remember that I forget, huh?

London takes two steps forward toward his three officers, POUNDING his feet on the floor.

LONDON

You failed to obtain a search warrant?

(long beat)

Answer me!

YALGOO

Um. Fluid -- Fluid had just gone to work. We were in a hurry....

LONDON

So you got a warrant first, right?

PRAGUE

Right. We dropped off Eungh at the courthouse, and then we left.

LONDON

Who's we?

PRAGUE

Yalgoo and I.

LONDON

You two left Tweety at the courthouse?

YALGOO

(elbowing London)

Wouldn't you?

LONDON

Not if he had the search warrant!

EUNGH  
But I did not have.

London walks in a tight circle.

LONDON  
When you two broke into the house --  
yes or no -- did you have the  
search warrant in your hands?

YALGOO  
Not at that time, no.

LONDON  
After?

YALGOO  
Still not, no.

London nearly explodes!

LONDON  
GOOD GOD!

London stands there for the longest time. Finally, he storms into the coffee room. Seconds later, he steps out, dragging Donnie Fluid roughly by the collar.

DONNIE  
Hey! Hey, what --

LONDON  
-- Get out of here! Go on! But  
we'll be coming back for you real  
soon....

Donnie rushes down the staircase as fast as he can. Silence takes over the precinct. Finally, Galena turns to the cowering Yalgoo and Prague, holding her stomach.

GALENA  
Sucks to be you guys.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DODO BUILDING - MORNING**

Establishing shot.

**INT. SINGAPORE'S DINER**

London steps into the diner fresh for the morning. He's about to ascend the staircase, when --

GALENA (O.C.)

London!

He turns and sees Galena, Yalgoo, and Prague sitting in a booth. He looks up the staircase, then to her, back and forth. Finally, he starts walking up the staircase.

GALENA (CONT'D)

Hey! London!

London EXHALES, then huffs back to the booth.

LONDON

What are you three doing down here?  
There's no break. Especially for  
you losers.

GALENA

Tweety got a call a couple minutes  
ago. He didn't know from whom.  
We're supposed to meet someone down  
here.

PRAGUE

About the case.

LONDON

Really? Well maybe it's Father Time  
with his reversal machine.

YALGOO

Well, I seriously doubt that.

LONDON

(in his face)

Not even rookies make the mistake  
you made.

PRAGUE

Look, it was my idea, all right?

GALENA

No, I'm sure I'm the one to blame.

LONDON

Look! As far as I'm concerned,  
you're all screwed. That was your  
last chance. Any of you messes up  
again, you're fired, you're out of  
here. I'll be watching you....

The door OPENS off-camera. London slowly looks over. He's shocked to see Judge Koils enter.

LONDON (CONT'D)  
What's she doing here?

YALGOO  
(squinting)  
Who is it?

PRAGUE  
Judge Koils.

GALENA  
I'm intrigued....

JUDGE KOILS  
(noticing them)  
Officers. London, please sit down.

London sighs, then begrudgingly sits in an adjacent booth.

JUDGE KOILS (CONT'D)  
The word is you had Donnie Fluid  
yesterday. But you had to lose him.

LONDON  
Yes. Technicality.

GALENA  
Plus, he passed the polygraph.

JUDGE KOILS  
Screw the polygraph! Polygraphs can  
be faked. Blood splattering on  
clothing cannot be. The results are  
in. The blood matches Saragains  
Montgomery's. He did it.

The officers all react to the news. London glares at them.

LONDON  
Too bad we'll have to throw out  
that clothing, isn't it?

JUDGE KOILS  
Hold up right there, Chief. When  
Officer Tweety came to me  
yesterday, I assumed it was for a  
search warrant, to investigate the  
young Donnie Fluid.  
(off their expressions)  
I have a police scanner. It keeps  
me up to date with all of your  
goings-on.

PRAGUE

She does. I've seen it.

JUDGE KOILS

No. You haven't seen it. I've told you about it, is all.

Singapore walks over from the counter.

SINGAPORE

Hi. Uh, excuse me, Judge. Can I get you anything?

JUDGE KOILS

No. Oh, wait. I do feel a little naked without my gavel. Could you maybe...?

SINGAPORE

No. Sorry, no. Unless gavel is slang for ice water.

London starts TAPPING rudely on the table.

LONDON

You're here because...?

JUDGE KOILS

Right. When Tweety did not ask me for the warrant, I decided... to write one up on my own.

London's face nearly falls.

LONDON

You had better not be kidding me.

JUDGE KOILS

(winking)  
Koils doesn't kid.

GALENA

If you don't mind me asking... based on what?

JUDGE KOILS

Why I don't kid?

GALENA

Why you wrote the search warrant.

JUDGE KOILS

My boyfriend, Patrick Oreo --

YALGOO  
 -- The mailman?

JUDGE KOILS  
 Sorry?

YALGOO  
 (mockingly)  
 You're dating the mailman?!

JUDGE KOILS  
 Yes. Who are you dating?

Yalgoo looks down. London CHUCKLES maniacally.

JUDGE KOILS (CONT'D)  
 Anyway, Freddy Wette and Molach  
 Bacchus both told my Patrick that  
 they gave the same name to the  
 police. One Donnie Fluid.

Judge Koils pulls the SEARCH WARRANT out of her pocket. It almost causes London's eyes to sparkle.

LONDON  
 This warrant was tendered before  
 the search?

JUDGE KOILS  
 Yes.  
 (deadest)  
 You get this boy, London. You hear  
 me? You get him....

Judge Koils grabs a celery stick off Prague's plate and POUNDS it on the table like a gavel.

London is completely reinvigorated. He looks over to Yalgoo and Prague and nods, up and down. A simple nod.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**EXT. HAIR-CUTTERS - NIGHT**

Alpha Car pulls up along the street, outside the barbershop.

**INT. ALPHA CAR**

Prague and Yalgoo are inside, in the midst of a stakeout.

PRAGUE

Here? Why here?

YALGOO

Because he'll expect us at his house. He won't expect us here.

PRAGUE

And what makes you think Fluid's even going to be here?

YALGOO

Molach says that Donnie Fluid passes by the barbershop all the time. What we're going to do, Prague, is what's known as a sting operation. You call him up. Pretend to be Fisherman Bob, and tell him to come back to work.

PRAGUE

How do I be Fisherman Bob?

YALGOO

Just... pretend you're holding a pole.

PRAGUE

Okay, what are you going to do?

YALGOO

We're going to wait in Hair-Cutters for him to walk by, then we'll make our move.

Prague nods. He picks up the C.B. radio.

CUT TO:

**INT. COFFEE ROOM - NIGHT**

Angelic loud MUSIC begins to play in the background.

London and Cairo sit in the darkened coffee room, waiting for information. They're sipping coffee.

CAIRO  
Something Fluid said disturbed me.

LONDON  
Only one thing?

CAIRO  
His suggestion that he killed Saragains merely as a fulfillment of Chancellor Burleson's forecast.

LONDON  
(intently)  
That's why you and I are here. To stop it....

Cairo smiles. She rubs London's arm.

CAIRO  
Are you feeling better now?

LONDON  
Much better. Though I still hate them, more than ever.

CAIRO  
What about Galena? What was her role in all of this?

IN LONDON'S OFFICE, Galena steps inside. She sets a folder on London's desk and is about to leave, when --

LONDON (O.S.)  
Officer Glaser? Please.

Hearing her name, Galena turns to the one-way glass.

LONDON (CONT'D)  
Since becoming pregnant, all Glaser does is sit there all day.

Galena is quite saddened by this. She SIGHS, then exits the office quietly.

IN THE COFFEE ROOM, London shrugs.

LONDON (CONT'D)  
But she's still the best I have.

CAIRO  
 (sighing)  
 What's taking so long? Why don't  
 they just get him?

**INT. PRECINCT - SAME**

Galena sits at her desk, still sad. Eungh walks to one of the jail cells and unlocks it. The door CREAKS open.

LONDON (O.S.)  
 They'll get him. Trust me.

Eungh stands at attention, waiting for Donnie Fluid.

CUT TO:

**INT. HAIR-CUTTERS - NIGHT**

The music hits its CRESCENDO.

Yalgoo steps into the Hair-Cutters. He looks around the darkened, empty shop.

YALGOO  
 Hello! Molach?  
 (no answer)  
 It's Yalgoo, Molach! We need to use  
 this location! Hello?

Yalgoo squints into the dark shop. Seeing nobody, he turns back to the door, where Prague steps inside.

YALGOO (CONT'D)  
 He's not here.

PRAGUE  
 And Fluid wasn't home either. We  
 need to --

Prague stops dead in his tracks. He stares past Yalgoo, to the floor.

YALGOO  
 What?

PRAGUE  
 Oh... my... God.

Prague grabs Yalgoo's shoulders and turns the smaller officer around, forcing his head to the ground.

And that's when Yalgoo sees it. MOLACH BACCHUS lies on the ground, bloody, on a scale!

YALGOO  
Oh! Molach!

Yalgoo rushes to his friend, frantic, as Prague pulls out the C.B. radio. Molach's cutting SHEERS stick out of his chest!

YALGOO (CONT'D)  
Oh my God. Oh, Molach!

Yalgoo lightly slaps Molach's cheeks. Seconds pass, then --  
-- Molach's eyes open! He's barely alive.

MOLACH  
Yalgoo...?

YALGOO  
Yes. He's alive! Yes!

MOLACH  
It -- It --

YALGOO  
-- Molach, what happened?!

MOLACH  
It... was-a Donnie Fluid.

Yalgoo looks up to Prague. They're in shock. Prague screams into his C.B. radio.

PRAGUE  
Hello, yes! Khora, this is Prague.  
Send an ambulance here now! I'm at  
Molach Bacchus's Hair-Cutters on B  
Street. Yes. Now!

On the floor, Molach struggles to raise a bloody hand up toward Yalgoo's face.

MOLACH  
You were always a good a-friend to  
me, Yalgoo....

YALGOO  
(frantically)  
Listen to me. You're going to be  
okay. We're getting help.

MOLACH  
Yalgoo. I'm a-done. Just listen.

YALGOO  
No.

MOLACH  
Listen! I need to say this.... Last  
year....

Yalgoo rubs Molach's face, listening. Molach CHOKES on blood.

YALGOO  
What? What is it?

MOLACH  
... I killed... Nancy Golombia.

Yalgoo is completely shocked. And as he stares into Molach's yellow eyes, he knows he's telling the truth.

YALGOO  
But I was... following orders,  
from... the Grandmaster....

Molach chokes one more time, then falls back. Dead.

YALGOO (CONT'D)  
What? No! Molach! Molach....

PRAGUE  
Did he just say...?

Yalgoo, teary-eyed, looks up to Prague, as they come to realize what it was they just learned....

CUT TO:

**INT. FLUID HOUSE - NIGHT**

The door BURSTS open with a bang!

London, Galena, Eungh, and Cairo rush into the house. They're all frantic, searching for Donnie.

LONDON  
Donnie Fluid! Come out right now  
with your hands up!

PRAGUE (O.S.)  
(from afar)  
London! Over here!

London and Cairo rush through the hallway to meet up with Prague and Yalgoo.

They're all shocked to see Donnie Fluid. He's sitting cross-legged on his bed, covered in BLOOD. Electronic scales and philosophy books cover the top of the bed.

When London sees him, fire flashes in his eyes. He crosses the room and picks up the young, frail man.

LONDON  
Get up! Come on.

YALGOO  
Kill him! Kill him now!

London ignores him. He puts handcuffs on Donnie, who doesn't fight back. In fact, he smirks slightly.

DONNIE  
I bet you wish you hadn't let me go  
the first time....

They're all offended. Yalgoo kicks Donnie in the shins! He starts going crazy, kicking and flailing his arms and legs.

YALGOO  
Darn you, darn you, darn you!

CAIRO  
Hey!

GALENA  
Yalgoo!

Cairo picks up the tiny officer and holds him against her chest. But he's still flailing around!

LONDON  
Donnie Fluid, you are under arrest  
for the murders of Saragains  
Montgomery and Molach "Pete"  
Bacchus. You have the right to  
remain silent. Anything you say--

DONNIE  
-- Yeah, yeah, yeah.

CAIRO  
(still holding Yalgoo)  
Is there something you'd like to  
add, Mr. Fluid?

DONNIE

Get me a lawyer. The best you have.  
I'm tired of innocent people going  
to jail, aren't you?

Then, in the most creepy way possible, he looks Cairo up and down, and says:

DONNIE (CONT'D)

How much do you weigh?

LONDON

Hey!

London WHACKS Donnie on the side of the head! He pushes Donnie into Prague. Cairo lets go of Yalgoo.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Get him out of here.

EUNGH

Right away, Boss.

Prague, Galena, Eungh, and Yalgoo escort Fluid out of the room. When they're gone, London turns to Cairo.

LONDON

We let him go....

CAIRO

Don't think about that. We caught a  
killer, London. Donnie Fluid, the  
Christmas Killer, is ours.

LONDON

Yeah....

London brushes her off, then walks out.

FADE TO:

**INT. CHURCH - LATER**

A silent scene. The church doors CREAK open, and London slowly enters. He walks to the front, past all the empty rooms of pews, his feet ECHOING loudly in silence.

LONDON

Father?

FATHER OWENDORF looks up from his Bible.

OWENDORF

Oh. London. What brings you here  
this late, my son?

LONDON

We've caught him. The murderer of  
that girl, Montgomery, and now the  
town barber, Bacchus.

(beat)

And Bacchus's dying declaration was  
that he killed Nancy Golombia. I  
still can't -- I still don't  
believe any of this is happening.

OWENDORF

Oh, Molach.... The poor soul.

(sadly)

Who did you arrest? Who is the  
Christmas Killer?

London stares at him for the longest time.

LONDON

Donnie Fluid.

Owendorf is speechless. He MOANS quietly, then walks away  
from London, hugging his robe tightly around his body.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Father....

ANGLE: Owendorf stands in the foreground, with London in his  
background, both facing the camera.

LONDON (CONT'D)

When you drowned Nigel Gimmeywhokus  
last fall, you thought you were  
killing Donnie Fluid, didn't you?

Silence in the church. London takes another step forward.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Was it because Fluid was a known  
child toucher? Or did you somehow  
see... all of this coming...?

Father Owendorf doesn't respond. He simply shuts his eyes.

As he does so, we FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF #211 "UNEXPECTED"**