

ANGELA

(1st SCENE)

INT. STAR ISLAND MANSION - LIVING ROOM

An opulent room with French doors that open onto a tennis court. Longworth talks to ANGELA NAYLOR, 28, to the manor born, sexy in tennis togs. She applies sunblock to her arms.

ANGELA

It's terrible what happened to Austin. But sadly, not surprising. Palm Glade Municipal is hardly the Doral.

LONGWORTH

But you still went there for lessons twice a week.

ANGELA

Practice makes perfect.

LONGWORTH

Not with your game. Austin taped your sessions on his phone. Funny, he never focused on your backswing. Just your backside.

ANGELA

That's where my power comes from.

As she massages sunblock on the back of her toned thighs.

LONGWORTH

I can see that, yeah. That zinc?

ANGELA

Austin gave it to me.

He sees her unconsciously itch a RASH on her upper thigh.

LONGWORTH

He give you poison oak too? Your rash. It's highly contagious. And highly suspicious since Austin, your now dead golf tutor, had it in the exact same spot. Any chance you were hot for teacher?

ANGELA

Please. I got it from hitting my ball into the woods.

LONGWORTH

Or scratching some other itch.

She looks at Longworth, annoyance in her eyes.

ANGELA

I'm sorry, but what gives you the right to come into my home and make lewd accusations?

LONGWORTH

My job. Oh, and this - apparently.

1 of 5
(CONTINUED)

STAR

CONTINUED:

Longworth spies a FRAMED wedding photo of Angela and Glen Kingman, grabs it off the mantle.

LONGWORTH
You're Mrs. Glen Kingman? Wow.
Talk about a "gimmie" --

ANGELA
I don't see what that has to do
with anything.

LONGWORTH
Uh, your husband lost eighty grand
to your dead golf instructor?

ANGELA
Okay. But that sort of makes him
more of a suspect than me.

LONGWORTH
She said, pointing the finger at
her rich as hell husband.

She shakes her head, grabs the photo and puts it back.

ANGELA
Look, I'm sorry he's dead. Austin
was a sweet kid --

LONGWORTH
Austin was a hustler. He knew how
to rig a game by working people's
weaknesses. Having met your
husband, I'm guessing yours is
boredom. Knowing Glen would kick
you to the curb if he ever found
out, I'm thinking you killed Austin
before he killed your marriage.

ANGELA
I wasn't sleeping with Austin. I
love my husband, detective. But I
hate golf. I suck at it. Glen
bought me lessons so we could play
with investors' wives, make it a
foursome.

LONGWORTH
He asked a *hustler* to teach his
trophy wife how to swing? Sounds
suspiciously like the makings of a
foursome already --

ANGELA
You know what, I think I've had
enough of your salacious innuendo.

LONGWORTH
Really, because I have a lot more.

A HOT WOMAN in tennis togs waves from the court.

2 of 5
(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA

Now if you don't mind? I've got a game to play.

LONGWORTH

I'm sure you do.

Angela walks outside, "air" kisses her friend. Longworth makes a call.

LONGWORTH

Daniel. Get with Manus on a warrant. I need you to dig into something for me.

(END OF 1st
SCENE)

INT. VISCAYA - SPA

Callie, Corinne and Miranda in spa robes with cotton pads between their toes. Callie hangs up her phone, frustrated.

CALLIE

The DJ doublebooked. I've got a day to find a replacement.

She starts to dial but Miranda takes her phone.

MIRANDA

I've got it.

CALLIE

Miranda --

MIRANDA

I got it, Cargill. Now lie back and drink. Doctor's orders.

Miranda starts to top off Callie's flute, realizes the bottle is empty.

MIRANDA

Now this is an emergency. Be right back.

She goes to get more, leaving the two sisters. Play the moment, a few half smiles, a little eye tag. Then --

CORINNE

I like Jim.
(off the look)
He's cute. And funny.

Callie reads a little into Corinne's assessment.

CALLIE

Yeah. He's definitely not Ray.

CORINNE

No, Callie. I mean. I like him.

Play the look between them.

3 & 5
(CONTINUED)