

PLAY IN MY PARK

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FADE IN:

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - MORNING

The ten year old park lies in a valley between desert mountains. Southwestern suburbia tract homes surround it with expensive estates in the near foothills.

A JOGGER (40's) breathes in harmony with every sneaker step.

He jogs around the perimeter of the two-short block park providing 360 degree view.

He jogs past two tennis courts, a green way, and one baseball field.

A black raven flies overhead into the park.

He passes a DOG WALKER (60) who carries his terrier's poop bag.

He passes MEXICAN GARDENERS (30's) trimming bushes and mowing the outfield.

He turns a corner and passes a basketball court and a small skateboard park. A lone TEENAGER loses his balance rolling down a ramp.

He passes a YOGA CLASS stretching in the morning sunset.

A Park Maintenance truck passes by and pulls into the only parking lot.

The Jogger catches up near the playground where there are two jungle gyms with a myriad of slides for all ages.

A HOUSEWIFE (30's) pushes her six year old DAUGHTER on a swing.

The Jogger leaves beyond the parking lot.

The JIM CHALMERS (40), the Park Maintenance Worker, exits his truck and walks to one set of bathrooms situated in the center.

The Housewife leaves her child to join him.

JIM CHALMERS

Morning. -- Did you make the call?

HOUSEWIFE

It smells something awful. I didn't want to take my daughter in there.

The worker inspects both bathrooms as the Dog Walker joins them.

DOG WALKER
What is that smell?

His terrier sniffs around the large, enclosed swirling slide.

DAUGHTER
Mommy, watch me slide. (pause)
Hello doggy.

JIM CHALMERS
Nothing.

CAW, CAW! (O.S.)

A raven grabs their attention by squawking from atop the monkey bars.

The terrier licks a crimson pool of blood below the opening of the slide.

DAUGHTER
Momma, look!

The Daughter climbs to the top of the big slide.

Horror captures each of their faces as she disappears into the slide.

The Daughter SHRIEKS (O.S.). THUMPS of leg kicks and hand slaps are heard within the slide.

The startled raven flies away.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - LATER

Police cars block the entrances to the park. A sign reads "Park closed until further notice."

An ambulance leaves the park.

The playground is cordoned off with police tape as FORENSICS gather evidence.

POLICE gather clues. A POLICE WOMAN comforts the Housewife and Daughter at a cement picnic table.

CARY (early 30's) a handsome police officer completes his interview of Jim.

A dark sedan skids to stop in the lot.

DETECTIVE CLOVER (early 30's) exits. The attractive woman strides toward the crime scene wearing her side holster and badge on the waist of her tight slacks.

She bee-lines it directly to Cary.

CARY
You're late.

They step ear-shot away from the Worker.

CLOVER
Cut the crap. You know why I'm late. I had to get Chelsea back before eight. (pause) What is the story up to now?

He briskly walks to the crime scene.

CARY
You shouldn't be assigned this case.

CLOVER
Keep it professional officer. I'm not driving down your street.

He ducks under the crime tape, but doesn't hold it up for her.

She studies his back as she ducks underneath.

CARY
A boy, fifteen. Not I.D'd yet.
Murdered with multiple stab wounds to head, chest, and torso.

She takes a cell phone photo of the pool of blood and the dried blood smeared within the tube.

She peers into the hole.

CARY
Cut marks on arms and legs. It appears he took refuge in the slide and the killer tried numerous times to get him out. He probably tried to block the hand saw...

CLOVER
Hand saw? We have the weapon?

CARY

Yes, a handsaw like I used to cut
the palm prawns at the old house.

CLOVER

Let's interview all park
maintenance and landscapers.

CARY

Already found out it was one of the
landscapers who forgot and left it
overnight.

Clover sticks her head up the slide.

CLOVER

(muffled)
So much blood.

CARY

Had a problem.

She focuses on the Daughter being comforted.

CARY

She went down the slide and got
stuck with our John Doe Jr. We had
to compromise the scene while
getting her out. You can imagine
how hysterical she must have been.
Stuck with a smelly, bloody corpse.

She heads toward the child.

CLOVER

Hopefully, you took photos before
you contaminated the crime scene.

CARY

Reminds me... when you dropped off
Chelsea, did Brandy give you our
old vacation photos? I needed to
make space on our computer and
kindly printed some before I
deleted them for good. -- I thought
you might want to burn them.

Clover flips him off as she joins the Housewife and Daughter.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - BASEBALL FIELD - SUNSET

SOFTBALL PLAYERS wait by their cars watching the line of
POLICE comb the field for clues.

Forensics label plastic bags holding evidence. Once they seal the bag it goes into a large cooler.

CLOVER
Anything noteworthy?

FORENSIC COLLECTOR
A few cents, chewed bubble gum,
empty cans of Rock Star, a barbie
head, and a model paint brush.

Forensics dig up the pool of blood soaked sand while
TECHNICIANS dismantle the slide.

FORENSIC COLLECTOR 2
Check this out.

He extracts out a container of Vaseline petroleum jelly from
the bloody sand.

Clover and the other Collector check it out.

FORENSIC COLLECTOR 2
Hmmm. What would a fifteen year old
boy be doing with Vaseline?

CELL PHONE RINGS

Clover walks away to answer.

CLOVER
(in phone)
Detective Clover. (pause) Great
work. Where is the mother? (pause)
I see. How about the father?
(pause) Devastated I imagine.

She walks toward the car.

CLOVER
(in phone)
He must live close to here.

She spins at the homes surrounding the park. A piercing sun
reflection strikes her eye from a faraway window. She shades
her eyes and goes back to the conversation.

CLOVER
(in phone)
About two hours and we should be
finished here. I'll meet you in a
few. I'll bring back some tacos.
Hold him tight. Nice work.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - NIGHT

The park is eerily quiet as a cemetery.

A police cruiser circles the perimeter and shines a spotlight into the park.

It pulls up to Clover's sedan. Her interior dome light is on.

The POLICEMAN rolls down his window to her.

CLOVER

Officer.

POLICEMAN

Hey Clover. Working overtime on this one?

CLOVER

Can't sleep.

POLICEMAN

The park is on our hourly watch list.

CLOVER

I'll be here for the next hour. I got it covered.

POLICEMAN

Cool. Thanks.

He is about to reverse the car.

POLICEMAN

Hey Detective. About Cary and you. (pause) I don't choose sides.

CLOVER

Thanks.

He drives back on his beat.

Clover goes back to reviewing the vacation photos of the loving couple of Officer Cary and herself in front of Yosemite falls. She sets one aside and sadly reviews another of the smiling couple holding a new born baby. There is another photograph of her three year old daughter playing bongos on her then pregnant belly.

This photo is too painful to remember. She tosses them aside to the passenger seat.

She switches off the light and broods in silence.

CELL PHONE RINGS scares her.

She answers with the speaker.

CLOVER
Detective Clover.

There is a silence and then a masked voice.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)
Are you the detective in charge of
the boy's murder in the park?

She reads the displayed number of "unknown."

CLOVER
Yes, I am. (pause) Who is this?

ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)
I can help you.

CLOVER
How did you get my number?

ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)
Forget about logistics.

CLOVER
If you have a tip, we set up a
hotline, 702...

ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)
You know the park is said to be
haunted.

She scans the eerie, vacant playground.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)
Three years ago, a twelve year old
girl fell from the top bars and
died.

CLOVER
That was determined an accident.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)
Semantics Detective Clover.
However, there are those who
believe they have seen her ghost.
Find her ghost and you will find
the killer of that boy.

CLOVER
Who are you?

ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)
 Every Detective needs a sidekick.
 You seem so lonely. (pause) All
 alone.

Call hangs up.

She races out of the car and into the park. She snaps open
 the holster and shines her phone flashlight into the dark
 shadows of...

TENNIS COURTS

BASKETBALL COURT

SKATEBOARD PARK

BASEBALL FIELD

She grabs her gun in fright as a black cat scampers past her
 path near home base.

CLOVER
 No reason to tempt fate.

She backs away from the cat's path goes to sit in the dugout.

She scrolls on her phone and presses the face.

A taped interview of the murdered boy's father is heard.

CLOVER (V.O.)
 Please take a tissue.

A nose blows (O.S.)

CLOVER (V.O.)
 When did you first find Glenn
 missing?

TIM LARKIN (V.O.)
 (sobbing)
 Uh, our, my son is a handful. He is
 the reason why. (pause) Not the
 only reason, but he is why my wife
 left me. (pause) Us.

Clover stares into the dark outfield.

CLOVER (V.O.)
 You are divorced?

TIM LARKIN (V.O.)

Yes. Her easy way out. She thought it would be easier paying child support than raising her son.
(pause) He is a handful.

CLOVER (V.O.)

He was diagnosed with a disorder?

TIM LARKIN (V.O.)

Asperger Syndrome. Professionals define it as a high functioning form of autism. I would disagree.

Street lamps eerily glow and neighboring orange lights freckle the night.

TIM LARKIN (V.O.)

My grandfather was diagnosed with it. Mary always reminded me it was genetic.

CLOVER (V.O.)

When did you find him missing?

TIM LARKIN (V.O.)

This afternoon, when I came home from work. I drove past the park and saw the police. (pause) Then I searched the house. Why, when I see emergency lights, I always think the worse.

CLOVER (V.O.)

We do that to folks. You left for work in the morning and never checked on him?

TIM LARKIN (V.O.)

Detective, do you have a child?

Clover returns to her car.

CLOVER (V.O.)

A daughter.

TIM LARKIN (V.O.)

He wasn't like any child. He had unusual sleeping habits. He would always work on his science projects late into the night. He had an obsession with that park. (pause) I don't know. I saw a light coming from under his bedroom door.

(MORE)

TIM LARKIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I didn't want to bring about
 another argument.

She starts up her car.

CLOVER (V.O.)
 What about the night before?

TIM LARKIN (V.O.)
 I heard him slam the door roughly
 around ten.

She drives away from the park.

TIM LARKIN (V.O.)
 You know how difficult it is to
 raise children.

CLOVER (V.O.)
 My daughter lives with her father,
 but I understand the difficulty.

Her tail lights fade down the street.

TIM LARKIN (V.O.)
 Sorry, but with Glenn's condition,
 multiply that by ten.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PARKING LOT - MORNING

The park is bristling with Saturday activity.

TENNIS PLAYERS banter the ball between them.

YOGA CLASS stretches.

A SOFTBALL TEAM practices.

TEENAGERS skateboard.

Clover exits her car with Glenn's photograph and a hand
 recorder.

The Dog Walker assails her with the terrier in tow.

DOG WALKER
 Miss?

CLOVER
 Morning.

DOG WALKER

Yesterday was frightening, but I wanted to ask you a question, but I didn't want it to come off insensitive at the time. Just finding the boy and all.

CLOVER

Ask away because I will surely ask you a couple more questions.

DOG WALKER

Cleo licked up the boy's blood and ...Would it hurt him?

CLOVER

Ahh. Like get rabies?

The Walker nods his head in agreement.

DOG WALKER

Sorta like that.

CLOVER

I'd ask that of Cleo's veterinarian.

She holds up a photograph of Glenn.

CLOVER

Have you seen this boy in the park?

DOG WALKER

Rain Boy. All the time.

He glances over at the missing slide.

DOG WALKER

It was him?

CLOVER

Rain Boy?

DOG WALKER

I heard the skateboarders call him that. It's a play on the Dustin Hoffman character, Rain Man.

CLOVER

He had autism.

DOG WALKER

That was them, not me. The boy never hurt anybody. He made models.

(MORE)

DOG WALKER (CONT'D)

Flew models. He tried to give me a model tank at one time. He had a strong focus on building models.

"Have you seen Glenn?" MONTAGE BEGIN:

TENNIS COURT

Clover shows Glenn's photograph to the Tennis Players. They shake their heads.

BASKETBALL COURT

Clover shows a lone BASKETBALL PLAYER the photo.

BASEBALL FIELD

Clover has a circle of SOFTBALL PLAYERS answering questions.

SIDEWALK

Clover runs to catch up to a couple of POWER WALKERS.

They can't stop, so Clover joins them power walking and asking questions by showing them the photo.

MONTAGE ENDS:

YOGA CLASS

Clover is hunched over catching her breath while the Yoga Class breaks up. She is unable to speak.

The YOGA INSTRUCTOR bends Clover's back in the upright condition.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

In the upright position you get the most air into your lungs. Your diaphragm muscles are stressed now, so you bend over to use your chest muscles to breathe because they are more relaxed.

She feels the tension in Clover's back.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

You are tense...muscles knotted tight.

CLOVER

Uh, I'm...

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Don't speak. Relax.

She stretches Clover's arms toward the sky.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Stand tall, shoulders relaxed. Take deep breaths with hands overhead. There. Your first yoga. That is the mountain pose.

Clover lowers her arms.

CLOVER
Thank you. Though right now, I feel I'm climbing a mountain. I'm trying to find out if you had any contact this boy.

She shows her Glenn's photo.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Oh my god. That is the boy who was killed? Saw him almost everyday I was here. You may be tense, but that boy was intense. There was something not right about him.

CLOVER
He had autism.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
So sad. I never spoke to the kid.

Clover reveals some disappointment.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Not many people did. (pause) People are afraid when folks are different. I get crazy looks just teaching a yoga class.

CLOVER
I appreciate your time. And the introduction to yoga.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
You should join us. Half hour to forty-five can change your whole perspective on life. Start at nine.

CLOVER
Thanks.

Clover is about to leave.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Oh I forgot. Have you spoken with the flyer.

CLOVER

Flyer?

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Yes, I call him that for the lack of a better name. He flies remote control planes, helicopters, anything that flies. The boy spoke with him. Shot those damn loud rockets in the air. Try teaching yoga while missiles fire.

SKATEBOARD PARK

TEENAGE SKATEBOARDERS ride down ramps trying to perform stunts.

One Skateboarder takes a gnarly spill.

The rest point and laugh at him.

Clover joins two TEEN GIRLS who are leery of the adult.

CLOVER

Hello.

TEEN GIRL

I didn't do it.

CLOVER

It?

TEEN GIRL

Whatever IT is. Graffiti, loud music, stuffing toilets...

TEEN GIRL 2

Breaking water fountains, rippin-off nets.

TEEN GIRLS

We didn't do IT.

CLOVER

I'm Detective Clover. I'm investigating the murder of a boy.

Their demeanor changes to sadness.

TEEN GIRL

Glenn? That shit is sad. Scary.

TEEN GIRL 2

Poor kid. He was a messed up kid,
but he didn't deserve that shit.

CLOVER

Did you see him the day or night
before?

TEEN GIRL

We pow-wowed about that. Not one of
us.

TEEN GIRL 2

But he usually comes late in the
night.

TEEN GIRL

I can't believe somebody was
murdered right in this park. It
could have been any of us.

TEEN GIRL 2

I had to tell my mom I was going to
the movies. She doesn't want me
hangin around here.

TEEN GIRL

Have you caught the killer?

Other Skateboarders join them upon hearing the conversation.

TEEN BOY

She wouldn't be here if they did.

TEEN GIRL

Shut your hole.

CLOVER

We are trying to get a full picture
of what happened. Who his friends
are? Where he was last seen?

TEEN BOY 2

In the park.

TEEN BOY

Not cool.

CLOVER

If he had any enemies?

TEEN BOY 2

We kicked him out of here. (pause)
He kept getting his beat-off juice
on the ramps. Wheels slidin and
shit.

CLOVER

Vaseline?

TEEN BOY

Masturbation was on his mind.

Teen Boy 2 pretends he is stroking his dick.

TEEN BOY 2

Everywhere.

TEEN GIRL

Don't be sick.

TEEN GIRL 2

He's dead.

TEEN BOY 2

That doesn't change the shit he did
when he was alive.

CLOVER

Did he masturbate in public?

The teens look to each other for an answer.

TEEN BOY 2

We know he did. Shits everywhere. I
bet he was thinking of science when
he spunked.

TEEN GIRL

Shut your hole. (pause) He was a
science nerd. He lacked what you
call...

CLOVER

Social interactions.

TEEN GIRL 2

Yea, when he got his mind set on
something that is all he would do.

TEEN BOY

Obsessive.

TEEN BOY 2

Here. Check this out.

Teen Boy 2 takes the stage.

TEEN BOY

Dude, this is wrong.

Teen Boy 2 does his impression of Glenn. He shamelessly lowers his head making uncomfortable eye contact.

TEEN BOY 2

(speaking in monotone)

My name is Glenn. Glenn Larkin. The Solar System formed 4.6 billion years ago from the gravitational collapse of a giant molecular cloud. The vast majority of the system's mass is in the Sun, with most of the remaining mass contained in Jupiter.

He shuffles quickly around them with his head lowered.

TEEN BOY 2

The four smaller inner planets, Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars, also called the terrestrial planets, are primarily composed of rock and metal. The four outer planets, called the gas giants, are massive farts. Ur-anus is one of the outermost planets. A black hole for giant gas farts.

Teen Boy 2 goes back to his rude self and lets out a mouth-fart.

Teens can't help themselves but giggle.

Clover studies him.

TEEN GIRL

His Dad took him out of school because of assholes making fun of him.

CLOVER

Thank you for your time.

Clover is about to leave, but spins back.

CLOVER

Is the park haunted?

The teens look at each other for a quick beat.

TEENS

Hell yea.

TEEN GIRL 2

Blue orbs float around.

TEEN BOY

The girl plays at night.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

Clover eats fast food at a bench. She watches YOUNG CHILDREN playing where a child was murdered days before.

CELL PHONE RINGS

CLOVER

(in phone)

What do you got? (pause) No shit. No. Don't arrest him yet. Have him come back to the park. I'm here right now. I'll ask him a few questions and we'll do it in the parking lot when he leaves.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PARKING LOT - LATER

Jim Chalmers drives up in his personal pickup. He parks near a couple of police cruisers.

Clover meets him in the parking lot.

JIM CHALMERS

What's the problem?

He takes notice of the cop cars.

JIM CHALMERS

Did you find him?

CLOVER

I have a couple questions. I notice the bathrooms are locked at night.

JIM CHALMERS

Yes. We had a problem with fags, homos cruising late nights. They don't give a shit that kids are around. They do it right there in the bathroom. Used rubbers and jizz on the floors. (pause) Try cleaning that up in the morning.

CLOVER

Got the picture. Did you lock the rest rooms last night?

He studies her.

JIM CHALMERS

Yes, why do you ask?

CLOVER

Regularly, about what time do you do that?

JIM CHALMERS

Sundown. I try for six or seven. They do it at night.

CLOVER

Was two nights ago an anomaly? Why did you deviate and lock them at ten?

JIM CHALMERS

How did you know that? (pause) I just forgot. I came by after dinner and locked it and left. There were no cars, nobody. Why are you asking these questions? (pause) Am I suspect?

CLOVER

Your a lead for right now. And you are arrested.

She motions for the POLICE to take him away.

JIM CHALMERS

What for?

CLOVER

We ran your prints. Your prints match a convicted felon who had sex with under-aged children. Seems you disappeared and never listed yourself as a sex offender. Probably have a fake social too.

JIM CHALMERS

This is bullshit.

CLOVER

Now, the sexual deviant is working in a park environment with children surrounding him.

(MORE)

CLOVER (CONT'D)
 (pause) That, my hypocritical
 friend, is bullshit. Take him away.

JIM CHALMERS
 I didn't do it! I needed a fucking
 job. I would have never been hired.
 (pause) How do I feed my kids?

The Police quickly force handcuffs on him and lock him in the
 cruiser's rear seat.

CLOVER
 Allow him to cool down in the
 interrogation room. I'll get there
 shortly.

She walks back to her car.

CELL PHONE RINGS

CLOVER
 (in phone)
 Detective Clover.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 You have the wrong suspect.

CLOVER
 (in phone)
 I know. (pause) He's collateral
 damage.

She slowly spins around, searching for the caller in the
 park.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 The killer won't do it again.
 (pause) Unless you provoke him.

CLOVER
 (in phone)
 You seem so certain.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 It was a messy killing. Not an
 expert. Uses a left-over tree saw.
 (pause) A spontaneous, crime of
 passion.

CLOVER
 (in phone)
 Who is the murderer?

POLICEMAN

A disturbance call a mile or so
from here.

CLOVER

I haven't disturbed anyone since
lunch.

The Officer investigates the interior with his eyes.

POLICEMAN

Honestly, Cary wanted me to check
on you. Seems someone is hanging
around his neighborhood scaring the
misses.

CLOVER

The misses. She sounds an alarm and
Cary gets trigger-happy. He's so
presumptuous. (pause) Tell him I'm
working a job where he left a crime
scene half-assed.

POLICEMAN

Will do that.

He leaves past the engine hood and checks the temperature
with the back of his hand.

CLOVER

(to herself)
Fuckin cops.

The police cruiser fades off as she exits to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

The doors are unlocked and the lights have a hazy glow.

She checks the first of two stalls.

The first is clogged of course.

CLOVER

Should have arrested him after he
cleaned the toilets.

She opens the second and squats to pee.

A GIRL'S CRY (O.S.)

Clover listens intently and quickly gathers herself.

She peeks out into the darkness of the park.

A GIRL'S CRY (O.S.)

She flips her phone into a flashlight application.

She hears a pitter-patter of feet (O.S.)

She follows the noise which leads her to the...

BASEBALL FIELD

A GIRL'S CRY (O.S.)

She glimpses a white object move in the shadows of the outfield.

CLOVER

Hello!

Silence.

She sweeps her flashlight across the baseball diamond.

Eyes shine back at her.

A coyote carries a leftover fast-food bag.

Another coyote screams like a girl a few feet beyond.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - GRASSY AREA - MORNING

The Yoga Class is preparing to begin.

To the surprise of the Instructor, Clover joins them.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - GRASSY AREA - 45 MIN LATER

The Yoga Class breaks up and Clover walks back to her car.

The Jogger makes his circle of the park.

Clover jogs to catch up to him.

CLOVER

Excuse me.

The Jogger runs in place allowing her to catch up.

JOGGER

You're the detective?

CLOVER

Yes. Mind a couple of questions? Do you always run around the park?

JOGGER

Part of my morning routine. Have you found the killer?

CLOVER

Working on it. Have you seen any strangers...

JOGGER

Strange to the park?

CLOVER

Yes.

JOGGER

I'm a morning person to the park, so I'm not familiar to the usage during the afternoons.

CLOVER

Usage?

JOGGER

Work speak. I actually designed this park for the county. I'm a landscape architect. Do you mind if I keep moving before I tighten up?

They jog together around the park.

JOGGER

A lot goes into the design of a park. We try to meet the recreational and utility needs of the community. We build it and hope they come.

CLOVER

This is the perfect community park.

JOGGER

Not if someone uses it for murder.

CLOVER

That is an anomaly. Even Disneyland has had close to ten deaths.

JOGGER

The boy is the second death since it was made.

(MORE)

JOGGER (CONT'D)

A girl fell from the monkey bars three years ago. I never felt so much guilt. I went back and measured the length from the top to the bottom to make sure it met the required eighty-four inches with the proper impact absorption.

CLOVER

Accidents do happen.

JOGGER

I hope you find the killer. (pause) The only reason I run around the park is for inspiration. I like to see people using my design for its intended purpose. I only designed it for recreation, not investigations.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PICNIC TABLE - LATER

Clover reads the police report on the ghostly accident near the playground.

CHILDREN play on the monkey bars.

CLOVER

Nobody saw her fall.

She reads further.

CLOVER

She was disabled? How can a disabled child climb on the bars?

A NANNY overhears Clover talking out loud to herself.

NANNY

If their disability is mental.

CLOVER

I'm sorry?

NANNY

No, I'm sorry. I'm nosey and like riddles. Children no longer read riddles. But I must admit my true love was Mad Libs. Pick a verb, noun, or adjective. (pause) I try to teach them, but it's hard to compete with video games.

CLOVER
Your children?

NANNY
I'm the Nanny. And you are?

CLOVER
A detective.

NANNY
I see. (pause) Very sad. I felt bad bringing the children back here, but they love the park. Obviously, I kept mum and hid it from them. They're too young.

CLOVER
They are innocents.

Clover quickly goes back to the report.

CLOVER
Why would you leave a mentally disabled child alone to play?

NANNY
That's easy. Never.

CLOVER
"Mary Larkin was watching over the children."

NANNY
Plural. There was more than one. Got to watch out for that.

CLOVER
Why?

NANNY
You must not have children. (pause) When kids are together, they rough-house. Need to watch them close. Keep your eyes focused.

CLOVER
Holy shit!

NANNY
Shhh. No dirty words.

SWOOSH! A rocket shoots into the sky.

BOOM! It explodes.

BASEBALL FIELD

FLYER (late 60's), a prickly-faced, weathered gent wearing camouflaged army shorts prepares another rocket for flight.

Clover walks across the field with authority.

Flyer prepares a model helicopter for flight.

CLOVER

Excuse me. Excuse me sir.

She stands over him.

CLOVER

Model rockets are dangerous around children. Park rules prohibit their usage.

Flyer studies her for brief moment and then walks over to a duffel bag.

She glares at him.

He rummages through the bag.

CLOVER

Don't you have anything to say?
These uh, toys are dangerous.

Flyer greets her holding a throat speaking device. Due to laryngeal surgery he speaks through the device in a tone similar to her anonymous, raspy caller.

FLYER

Mind your business bitch.

Clover drops her mouth surprised and embarrassed.

FLYER

Close your mouth before you catch a dick.

CLOVER

I'm sorry.

Flyer goes back to his helicopter.

FLYER

I hope you are apologizing for yourself and not for me.

He starts up the helicopter and flies it around the field. He's a pro, performing stunts with ease.

SWOOSH! -- It flies past Clover's head.

It comes back and playfully hovers around her.

FLYER

Hold out your hands.

She holds her hands outstretched.

Flyer lands the helicopter like a baby in her palms.

The propellers come to a halt.

She comes back to him laying it on the grass.

FLYER

I won't hurt anybody with it. It's the real helicopters that cause damage and ruin peoples lives.

CLOVER

Impressive display. However, not everyone is adept at flying models as you. What about the rocket explosion?

FLYER

That was a salute for a fallen friend.

CLOVER

Glenn?

He studies her.

FLYER

Maybe. (pause) Who are you?

CLOVER

Detective Clover. I'm assigned the investigation. But I think you knew that already.

FLYER

Why would I know that? Thought you were one of those crazy-ass yoga bitches complaining about the noise. The head dike is a cancer to anything above the decibel of a whisper.

CLOVER

I thought you may be my sidekick.

FLYER

Sidekick? (pause) I'm more like a
kick-in-your-side.

CLOVER

Forget it. Tell me about Glenn.

He shakes his head.

FLYER

He was the smartest, stupid kid I
knew.

LATER

Clover and Flyer sit at a park bench. Flyer tinkers with his
helicopter.

FLYER

I shot off a couple rockets and
Glenn stared in awe. Like it was
the fucking fourth of July. He came
up to me with that awkward stupid
stare of his. (pause) I thought he
was retarded. So, I swatted him off
like an annoying bumble bee and
told him. "Come back when you make
one."

His voice amplifies to a whisper. He changes the batteries on
the device.

FLYER

I usually don't talk this long. I
think Glenn thought we shared a
disability. He liked to say he was
Luke and I was Darth Vader. Fucking
Star Wars. That's how the
government indoctrinates kids into
recruiting in the military. Star
Wars and the ROTC.

CLOVER

Glenn came back?

FLYER

He sure did. Retarded shit built
five rockets on his own. He made
Big Bertha and Big Daddy. And they
shot off higher than any I've ever
made. Personality of a tick, but a
science genius.

CLOVER

That rocket you exploded, that was
in honor of him.

FLYER

I liked the kid. (pause) I hope you
arrested his father.

Clover studies him.

CLOVER

How do you know?

FLYER

His dad couldn't handle him. You
need patience dealing with a child
like Glenn. His dad is a yuppie
scum. Running here, working there.
His dad blamed him for his divorce.
Said Glenn pushed a girl off the
jungle gym to her death. That shit
ate on poor Glenn. (pause) Glenn
said he apologized over and over to
her.

CLOVER

Did you ever see his father strike
him?

He ponders the question and shakes his head.

FLYER

Never did, but you know.

Clover spins the helicopter propeller.

FLYER

Eyes are really the windows to the
soul. Glenn never met eye contact
often, but when he did, it was
profound. He knew everything.
(pause) And nothing at the same
time.

SMACK! -- A metal bat strikes a softball (O.S.)

They glance over at the SOFTBALL PLAYERS.

CLOVER

Cancer?

Flyer picks up the helicopter and swoops it over them.

FLYER

Vietnam. (pause) I was collateral damage. I breathed in Agent Orange.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - TENNIS COURTS - AFTERNOON

TWO FEMALE TENNIS PLAYERS exchange volleys over the net.

In the background, on the other court, Clover speaks on her cellular.

CLOVER (V.O.)

Ms. Larkin thank you for calling back during this time of grief for you and your family.

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)

(choking up)

I knew this call would come. Mostly, given how my son died.

CLOVER (V.O.)

Just some quick questions.

Tennis Players face-off in a competitive match.

CLOVER (V.O.)

I understand you and your husband divorced about three years ago.

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)

Yes.

CLOVER (V.O.)

Your divorce decree states irreconcilable differences?

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)

We grew apart like most couples do.

CLOVER (V.O.)

There was no underlying reason?

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)

How do you mean?

CLOVER (V.O.)

By all accounts, by your ex-husband, I understand Glenn was a difficult child to raise.

A Player smacks an overhead smash past the other Player.

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)

Detective. I cared for Glenn for twelve to thirteen years while my hus... ex-husband worked and made something of himself. I played the stay-at-home wifey while he advanced his business.

The Tennis Player serves across the net.

CLOVER (V.O.)

The decree showed you were to pay five hundred in support until Glenn emancipated.

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)

Is that a question?

CLOVER (V.O.)

Stating what is ordered Miss Larkin.

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)

Shit. It was, is a difficult time. I knew Tim would have difficulty raising Glenn, so I had my lawyer add the child support. Tim didn't want it, but it was the best I could do, afford at the time.

A Tennis Player lobs a ball over the other's head.

CLOVER (V.O.)

Being the best you could do at the time, why did you move far-away to Idaho?

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)

What are you insinuating detective?

The Player lunges for the ball, but it bounces in the back court.

CLOVER (V.O.)

Did you have relations in Idaho?

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)

That is none of your business detective.

The Tennis Player serves again.

CLOVER (V.O.)

Could you pay the support? Records show you owed ten thousand in arrears or back child support.

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)

I did not kill Glenn so I could get out of paying for support. I'm not a killer. Surely, not a monster you are trying to make of me. Tim said you were a pitbull.

The Players volley back and forth.

CLOVER (V.O.)

Did Tim ever strike Glenn?

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)

Shit. He had issues communicating with our child like most parents do, but he never beat Glenn. Never. Ever. Is there anything else detective? I need to get to work.

The Players strain to win the last point.

CLOVER (V.O.)

Three years ago, right before your divorce, there was an accident in the park. A little girl fell off the monkey bars at the playground.

A Player performs an overhead smash at the net for the win. There is a silence as the Players catch breath.

CLOVER (V.O.)

I read the report Ms. Larkin. I know you were watching over the child, children that unfortunate afternoon.

The Players meet at the net in good sportsmanship.

CLOVER (V.O.)

It is and always be considered an accident Miss Larkin. Did Glenn push the girl off the bars?

The ladies gather their belongings and leave the courts to Clover.

She waits for an answer.

CLOVER (V.O.)
It will always be an accident. No matter how you answer.

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)
(sobs)
Yes. (pause) My son pushed a little girl to her death.

CLOVER (V.O.)
It was an accident.

MARY LARKIN (V.O.)
No Detective. No, it wasn't.
(pause) I'm sorry, I need to go.
(pause) Detective, I'm so sorry.

Call hangs up.

Clover gathers her thoughts, alone in the tennis courts.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PARKING LOT - LATER

MEXICAN GARDENERS finish the park landscaping and put tools into the bed of their truck.

Clover walks past toward her car.

The lead gardener scowls at her and speaks harshly in Spanish.

She studies him.

CLOVER
What did you say?

Another gardener tries to push the lead away.

GARDENER
He is mad because you had his brother and nephew deported.

CLOVER
Really?

Clover picks up a rake and flings it in the bed of the truck.

CLOVER
Tell him to remember his shit next time. A child is dead because of it. (pause) How do you say "fuck you" in Spanish?

GARDENER
 ichinga tu madre!

She gets in the lead's face.

CLOVER
 ichinga tu madre!

The gardener has to hold back the angry lead as Clover enters her car.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

A raven flies and lands on a new plastic slide where the last one was removed.

TAP, TAP, TAP

The raven's beak taps on the slide.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PLAYGROUND - MORNING

Clover stares at the replacement slide with CHELSEA, her five year old daughter, by her side. They carry McDonald breakfasts.

Yoga Class stretches from afar.

NANNY
 Who is this pretty young lady?

The Nanny joins them with her children.

Clover smiles while Chelsea swings around shyly.

CLOVER
 This is Chelsea, my daughter. Say "hello" dear.

CHELSEA
 This is like the third person you made me say "hello" to.

NANNY
 That's alright. You are a Princess. I think I'll call you Princess Chelsea. Do you want to play with my girls, Rita and Keri.

The girls play on the swing set.

CLOVER
We have to eat...

CHELSEA
Mommy, can I play?

Clover smiles with the Nanny.

CLOVER
Sure dear, but no monkey business.

NANNY
We'll watch over them.

Chelsea joins the other girls.

Clover lifts the bags of McDonalds.

CLOVER
Do you like pancakes?

NANNY
And sausage?

CLOVER
And sausage.

LATER

The three girls are playing tag around the playground.

Chelsea climbs up and gets ready to hide down the large slide.

Clover keeps an eye on her daughter.

Chelsea jumps in the top of the slide.

Clover waits for her to come out of the bottom.

She doesn't come out.

GIRLS
Chelsea, where are you?

Urgently, Clover runs to the slide.

She is a couple feet from the slide when Chelsea slides out giggling.

CLOVER
Chelsea!

Clover grabs her by the arm.

CLOVER
Don't do that again.

The Nanny and the Girls are worried for Chelsea.

Clover notices a police cruiser entering the parking lot.

CLOVER
We need to...

Clover surveys her car and then the park.

CLOVER
Bathroom. You need to go to the
bathroom.

Clover grips Chelsea by the hand.

CHELSEA
You're hurting me.

Clover pulls Chelsea toward the ladies room.

BATHROOM

Clover opens the last stall.

CLOVER
Do mommy a favor and sit on the
toilet and raise your feet up.

Chelsea does as her mom commands.

CHELSEA
Mommy?

CLOVER
Shhh. Keep your feet up. It'll just
be a couple of seconds.

CHELSEA
Mommy?

Clover closes the stall door and glances below the door
unable to see her daughter's feet.

Clover exits the bathroom.

PLAYGROUND

A POLICEMAN greets Clover as the Nanny gathers her children.
The Nanny keeps a leery eye on Clover.

POLICEMAN

Detective Clover. Radio said you might be here.

CLOVER

Is there any news on my case?

POLICEMAN

No, not really. (pause) Have you spoken to Cary? He has been trying to reach you.

CLOVER

I must have left my phone in the car.

POLICEMAN

Your daughter Chelsea is reported missing.

Suddenly, SWOOSH! A ROCKET BLASTS OFF.

It frightens everyone.

It flies straight up in a smoke trail and...

POPS!

POLICEMAN

I'm finally going to cite that old goat.

Chelsea flees from the bathroom in tears.

CHELSEA

MOMMY! I'm scared.

She hugs Clover's leg.

The Policeman glances at Chelsea and then to Clover.

LATER

Clover is handcuffed by the cruiser and her daughter is inside.

Cary and his WIFE (BRANDY late 20's) drive into the lot.

Cary jumps out angry.

CARY

Are you fucking nuts?!

CLOVER

She was outside playing alone. Who leaves their child alone, unattended?

CARY

In our fucking front yard.

The Policeman comes between them.

POLICEMAN

Take it down a notch. Cool off. Chelsea is watching.

They all notice her worried expression in the police car.

POLICEMAN

Are you wanting to press charges?

Their confrontation is attracting an audience of the Yoga Class, Flyer, and the Nanny.

CARY

You didn't follow the parenting agreement of the divorce. I should have you arrested.

Cary opens the door of the cruiser and hugs Chelsea.

CHELSEA

Daddy.

CARY

Go to Brandy honey.

Brandy opens the back car door for her.

Clover glares at Brandy and takes notice of a baby-bump.

CLOVER

She's pregnant?

Chelsea enters the car.

Clover glares at Cary.

CLOVER

She's pregnant?

CARY

Obviously. This isn't going away Clover. I'm taking your ass back to court. Full custody with no visitation.

POLICEMAN
Pressing charges?

Cary steps back to his car.

CARY
No Mike. Thanks for your help.
Don't need to have her fired from
paying child support.

CLOVER
She's my child too. I have rights.

Clover begins to sob.

CLOVER
Goddamn you! I'll see you in court.
I'm getting her back you piece of
shit.

The Yoga Instructor tries to comfort her, but Clover brushes her off.

CLOVER
It's wrong, so terribly wrong.

The instructor pulls her into a comforting embrace.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
It's alright officer. I'll calm her
down.

POLICEMAN
Clover, you need to stop.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Leave her alone.

The Policeman goes to his cruiser and points accusingly at Flyer.

POLICEMAN
Next time is a citation. Take your
flying crap out to the desert.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - GRASSY AREA - DAY

The Yoga Instructor comforts Clover while caressing her hands. They sit together on the grass.

CLOVER

She's pregnant. That bastard. After I had Chelsea, Cary wanted a boy so badly. (pause) I told him it was too soon, but I got pregnant again. (pause) Just for him. However, complications arose. After screening it was detected the baby had an extra chromosome. Down's syndrome.

She tries to keep her tough outer composure, but can't. She collapses, crying in the Instructor's arms.

CLOVER

He wanted me to get an abortion. But the baby was a boy just as he wanted. We argued and argued, while I held my baby boy inside me. He told me it was not a real boy. (pause) It was real.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

You did it for him?

Clover cries.

CLOVER

After I had the abortion, he never touched me again. It was like I was carrying a disease and he would get just by touching me. (pause) I went through therapy thinking it was me. That I caused our relationship to break apart.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

It was him. He caused it to break apart. Men can't handle complications. They like things easy.

CLOVER

I know now it was him, but I still love him. I keep thinking he'll come back to me and our family can be one again.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

You are deceiving yourself. You need take that power he has over you and empower yourself. You are a strong, pretty and confident, professional woman.

(MORE)

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
 You need to wrest the control from
 him and back onto you. Tell
 yourself, "I have control." Let me
 hear you say it.

CLOVER
 I have control.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - LATER

The Yoga Instructor and Clover walk around the park past TWO
 BASKETBALL PLAYERS playing one-on-one.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
 Some girlfriends, we call ourselves
 the unmarried martinis, are heading
 to happy hour later tonight. Why
 don't you join us?

CLOVER
 I don't...

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
 C'mon you need to get away from
 your job. Even Sherlock Holmes
 needed a night out. Replace your
 magnifying glass for a Margarita
 glass.

CLOVER
 Maybe for a couple of drinks.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
 Give me your number and I'll text
 you with details. Have you ever
 tried a cucumber martini? Amazing.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - SKATEBOARD PARK - NIGHT

TEENAGERS skateboard up and down the ramps listening to
 music.

They drink beer while performing awkward stunts.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - GRASSY AREA - MORNING

Clover joins the Yoga Class with darkly tinted sunglasses.

The Instructor takes the shades off Clover revealing blood-
 shot eyes.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Somebody was released for good time
last night.

The Instructor gives her a slap on her fanny.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Let's start with the mountain.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PICNIC TABLE - DAY

A CHILDREN'S T-Ball game is being played with PARENTS
watching.

Clover studies a laptop and talks on her cellular.

CLOVER
We have narrowed it to two
suspects. The Park Maintenance
Worker, Jim Chalmers and the
father, Tim Larkin. They have no
alibis and are strong enough to
have bludgeoned the kid. (pause)
Forensics found a playground full
of children's snotty DNA and
hundreds of little fingerprints.
Nothing on the saw. Nothing tying
the two to the murder weapon.
(pause) Ms. Larkin was in Idaho and
she's not providing any
incriminating evidence against her
ex-husband. (pause) There's no
history of domestic violence.
Nothing from school medical
records.

Clover stands up and stretches.

CLOVER
We need to bring them in for
questioning again. Borrow the
interrogators from Homeland who
worked with us on that wingnut
bomber. (pause) Dude spilled the
beans before he even sat down at
the table. We need a tough
interrogation.

She walks around the bench watching a KID miserably swinging
and missing a ball on a tee.

CLOVER

I got it together Captain. You have my word. (pause) It's separate. Family and work. (pause) We have a custody hearing next month. Our attorney's are fighting it out, not us. (pause) Hell Captain, I even have a date tonight.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A MALE LOVER (30's) kisses Clover in his BMW.

MALE LOVER

I haven't done this since I was in high school.

Clover and he are inebriated.

CLOVER

Is this a Delorean?

MALE LOVER

BMW.

CLOVER

Fuck it. It's a back to the future car. Let's really go back to high school and you can fuck me in the outfield.

MALE LOVER

I was county all-star in school. Pitcher.

She playfully squeezes his package.

CLOVER

When is the last time you played hard-ball?

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - OUTFIELD - NIGHT

Clothes are strewn across the grass and the Male Lover fucks Clover like a high school, horned-up virgin under the eerie glow of the outer street lamps.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PARKING LOT - LATER

Clover and the Male Lover nestle together as they walk as one to the car.

MALE LOVER

Fuck!

Clover follows his gaze to a flat tire.

MALE LOVER

Fucking flat.

Clover studies it while the Lover checks the others.

MALE LOVER

All my tires are slashed. (pause)
Fucking kids. Those tires are about
a thousand a piece.

Clover scrutinizes the park.

CLOVER

It's haunted.

MALE LOVER

What?!

CLOVER

The park. (pause) They say it's
haunted by a little girl.

MALE LOVER

I knew you were crazy.

CLOVER

It holds a secret.

MALE LOVER

Fucking kook.

He yanks out his cell phone.

MALE LOVER

How am I going to hide this from my
wife?

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - GRASSY AREA - MORNING

Yoga Instructor is teaching the class.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Now the ustrasana. The camel.

Clover gets on her knees and leans all the way touching her
back feet while arching her back.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
 (whispering)
 How was it? (pause) Did you have
 sex?

CLOVER
 Right where you stand.

She glances at the grass surrounding her.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
 Really? Here?

CLOVER
 The loser is married too.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
 OK class. Shavasana.

They all lay on their backs with their knees arched.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PICNIC TABLE - LATER

Clover wipes the sweat from her forehead as the Jogger goes
 past with a friendly wave.

CLOVER
 (to herself)
 What do you hide?

She studies her laptop as her cell phone rings. She turns on
 the speaker.

CLOVER
 Detective Clover.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 Do you know what it is "to live in
 clover?"

CLOVER
 I don't know, but I'm sure you do.
 You seem to know everything.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 Means to live a carefree life of
 ease and prosperity.

CLOVER
 Like a four leaf clover?

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 That's a shamrock for good luck.
 The idiom, to live in clover,
 refers to its usage of feeding
 clover to cattle to fatten them up.

CLOVER
 Thank you Alex Trebek. Now for the
 answer to the daily double. Who
 killed Glenn Larkin?

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 Learn from your victim and keep
 focused. You have become
 sidetracked by your own personal
 affairs.

CLOVER
 I don't have time for you.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 But you have time to fuck in center
 field?

Clover again searches beyond her perimeter and notices Tim
 Larking lurking from the far baseball field.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 Yes, Detective, you finally noticed
 your fan. Or foe? That is your job
 as an investigator, to find out.
 Now, one quick question before you
 chase him down. Did your autopsy of
 the boy show any Vaseline residue
 on your victim's privates?

She quickly goes to her laptop and checks.

She shakes her head no.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 I didn't think so.

Now she knows for certain she is being watched in real time.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 Ever goggle the different uses for
 Vaseline?

CLOVER
 I need to go. (pause) Keep an eye
 on me.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
You didn't leave much to the
imagination last night.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - BASEBALL FIELD - 5 MINUTES LATER

A CHILDREN'S T-Ball practice is on the field.

PARENTS pepper the fence.

Tim Larkin sits alone in the bleachers.

Clover steps up the metal benches and sits near him.

CLOVER
Mr. Larkin?

TIM LARKIN
Why are you doing this to me?

CLOVER
I'm doing nothing.

TIM LARKIN
My child was killed and you harass
myself and my ex-wife.

CLOVER
You are a suspect.

TIM LARKIN
I sat in your interrogation room
for hours as they demeaned me as a
parent and accused me of killing my
son. (pause) I tried my best. I may
not have mastered advanced
parenting, but I'm not a killer.

Clover studies him as he watches the children practice.

TIM LARKIN
Just charge me. If you have the
proof, the evidence, just charge me
for the murder of my son. Let's
take this to court. If you don't,
stop harassing us.

CLOVER
Did Glenn ever play baseball?

TIM LARKIN
You know he couldn't. (pause) He
wasn't like them.

CLOVER

My husband wanted me to have a boy,
so he could coach him in little
league.

TIM LARKIN

And?

CLOVER

He left me.

TIM LARKIN

Maybe your husband killed my son in
spite?

Clover glances off the punch.

TIM LARKIN

How does it feel to be accused?

WHACK! A Boy hits the ball off a tee.

CLOVER

Why did Glenn carry around
Vaseline?

Tim quickly rises.

TIM LARKIN

I don't have to answer you.

Tim steps down the bleachers to the ground.

TIM LARKIN

Charge me detective. Otherwise, I
have a son to bury tomorrow.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - GRASSY FIELD - MORNING

Yoga Class breaks up. Clover and the Instructor wrap it up.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Are we on for tonight?

CLOVER

Sure.

The Yoga Instructor performs a samba move.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

I feel like dancing. Do you mind if
we go to another bar?

CLOVER
That was some groovy steps.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
I'll teach you some samba. Ever
been to Krave?

Clover studies her.

CLOVER
That's a gay bar?

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Yes it is. A great place to get
your groove on.

Clover shakes her head.

CLOVER
It doesn't seem like a frequent
watering hole for the unmarried
martinis.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Oh, but it is. Nine o'clock and
I'll pick you up.

CLOVER
Alright.

The Instructor gathers her belongings to leave.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
It's a date.

The Instructor kisses her cheek goodbye.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Go get'em Sherlock.

Clover watches her go, confused about their relationship.

Cell phone rings and Clover answers on speaker.

CLOVER
Detective Clover.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)
Clover, I have some quick questions
before court.

Clover walks back to the parking lot.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)

I think we can flip this last occurrence around. (pause) You said he sends police to do his dirty work.

CLOVER

Dirty work?

ATTORNEY (O.S.)

We need to go in there with both barrels loaded. His attorney will. That is guaranteed. We need to counter those claims of depression and suicide after the abortion. I will spin that around on him. He forced it upon you. Since no police report was ever filed about the last episode...

CLOVER

Cary didn't make a report because he didn't want me to lose my job.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)

Do you want full custody? Do you want visitation?

CLOVER

Yes.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)

Let's get on the same page here. It's a he said, she said. You saw Chelsea being neglected and you did what any mother would do. You got breakfast for her. Took her to a park. (pause) You aren't the bad parent here.

CLOVER

But...

ATTORNEY (O.S.)

No buts sister. How bout those sliced tires from your date?

CLOVER

Cary wouldn't do that...

ATTORNEY (O.S.)

He might have. He said, she said. We cloud the judge with doubt.

(MORE)

ATTORNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Cary could have sliced those tires
in a rage.

CLOVER
He's a good father. A policeman.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)
Keep that conversation for your
daughter, not the judge. I need you
to stay afloat. Stay on this
lifeboat until we get to Shangri-La
harbor.

A police cruiser enters the parking lot.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)
Don't go overboard on me. I'm
getting your daughter back for you.

The POLICE OFFICER exits the car.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)
Eleven o'clock. Be prompt. (pause)
Here I'm telling a detective to be
prompt. Oh, wear your uniform and
badge showing at all times. Bye.

She hangs up and meets with the Police Officer.

CLOVER
Officer?

POLICE OFFICER
I was told you'd be here.

CLOVER
Did something happen?

POLICE OFFICER
Your suspect, Jim Chalmers, is now
a fugitive. A manhunt is under way.

CLOVER
Manhunt? We didn't charge him for
the murder.

The Police Officer nods while making sure he is not
overheard.

POLICE OFFICER
After he bailed-out, he went home
and shot and killed his family. He
is nowhere to be found.

Clover's eyes glaze over.

POLICE OFFICER

The park is on the watch list.
(pause) I'd wear your piece at all
times.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PICNIC TABLE - LATER

Clover sits atop the table in deep thought.

The Jogger is making his rounds of the park.

Clover takes off after him.

She runs and catches up with him.

JOGGER

Morning.

CLOVER

Hope you don't mind if I join you.
I find running clears my mind.

JOGGER

Keep pace.

They jog silently together around the park and up a
neighborhood street.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

BASKETBALL PLAYERS play a two on two game under the bright
lights.

They are sweaty from a strenuous game.

A Player dribbles and lowers his shoulder into the opposing
Player's gut.

BASKETBALL PLAYER

Foul!

BASKETBALL PLAYER 2

Foul! Bullshit! You initiated the
contact.

They toss the basketball back and forth, harder and harder.

BASKETBALL PLAYER

It's yours. Take it out then.

A police cruiser drives around the park.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - MORNING

The Dog Walker witnesses his terrier pissing on a bush.

The Yoga Instructor lays down her mat and scans the park for Clover.

A NEW PARK MAINTENANCE WORKER unlocks the bathrooms.

A police cruiser drives around the park.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - SKATEBOARD PARK - AFTERNOON

SKATEBOARDERS are back riding on the ramps.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - BASEBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

LEAGUE SOFTBALL PLAYERS enjoy a recreational game.

A police cruiser drives around the park.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - BASEBALL FIELD - LATER NIGHT

The Softball Players exchange high-fives at the end of the game.

They pull out beers from coolers and quickly hide them when a police cruiser drives around the park.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - MIDNIGHT

The park is deserted as it rests for another day.

A police cruiser drives around the park and shines a spotlight through it.

The neighborhood homes and street lamps glow a cautionary orange.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - MORNING

It is bustling with PARK WORKERS and VOLUNTEERS setting up tables and a banner which reads, "Science Fair."

BASEBALL BLEACHER

Clover reads a laptop about uses for Vaseline. She wears her holster.

CLOVER

WikiHow. Nine uses for Vaseline. May grow eyelashes longer. Shiny eye shadow. Moisturizer. Prevent chaffing. Helps heal and protect tattoos.

She doesn't notice the Yoga Instructor glaring at her from below.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

I waited for your call.

Clover studies her angry demeanor.

CLOVER

Morning.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Why didn't you join class today? Or yesterday?

CLOVER

I'm sorry, I got busy. Overloaded with work and family court. By the way, I almost won. I got shared custody. Fifty-fifty. I'm going to be able to spend more time with my daughter.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Good for you.

CLOVER

I'm really sorry. Complications arose with this case.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Excuses. I'm not stupid. I finally have the nerve to ask you for a date. And I get excuse after excuse. All you needed to do is tell me you weren't interested. (pause) I can take rejection.

CLOVER

I'm sorry. There has been a misunderstanding. Hmmm. (pause) I don't shop in your mall.

The Instructor shakes her head in bitterness.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
You are one glib bitch.

CLOVER
That didn't come out right.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
No, it didn't.

She spins and leaves.

CLOVER
Shit. What a clusterfuck.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - SCIENCE FAIR - DAY

STUDENTS (10-15yrs) exhibit their science projects to ADULTS and TEACHERS for prizes.

Clover meanders through the exhibits.

One of the female Teenage Skateboarders from an earlier scene wears a dress and hands her a ballot.

TEEN GIRL
Thanks for attending our science fair.

Clover is impressed by the teen's transformation.

CLOVER
You clean up nice.

TEEN GIRL
Thanks. I need some Brownie points to add to my college resume.

Clover reads the ballot.

CLOVER
What's this?

TEEN GIRL
You visit each amazing student's science project and write down the most kick-ass project. The winner gets a free trip to the San Diego zoo.

CLOVER
I will do that. Thank you.

TEEN GIRL

Ur-welcome.

The Teen hands a ballot to her next victim.

Clover passes by the exhibits.

WIND ENERGY - A model of a modern windmill

CRANK UP THE MUSIC - Student cranks up a radio playing rock songs.

DROUGHT RESISTENT PLANTS - Cactus compared to grass.

DNA - Mapping of a DNA strand.

Clover notices a lone STUDENT SCIENTIST (12) with an exhibit of blank paper, writing utensils, bowls of liquid, a light bulb, and a cardboard box.

Clover strolls over to him.

CLOVER

What do we have here?

The Scientist is excited to finally show his hard work.

TEEN SCIENTIST

Have you ever wanted to send a secret message, but were afraid someone would read it?

CLOVER

All the time.

TEEN SCIENTIST

Really? Same here.

He takes a Q-tip and dips it in lemon juice.

TEEN SCIENTIST

You dip a Q-tip in juice. (pause) I use lemon, but you can use orange, apple, and grape. You write your secret message on the paper and allow it to dry.

He writes a message with the wet Q-tip.

TEEN SCIENTIST

After it dries...

He pulls out a sealed envelope and hands it to her.

TEEN SCIENTIST
...you send it to a friend or
secret agent. Open it up.

Clover rips open the envelope and extracts a blank paper.

CLOVER
It's blank.

TEEN SCIENTIST
But it's not.

He flips on a light bulb on the table.

CLOVER
It's not? But, I don't see
anything.

TEEN SCIENTIST
Warm it against the light bulb.

Clover warms the blank paper against the lit bulb. Suddenly,
brown words appear on the page.

It reads, "My dog is named Boo."

CLOVER
Your dog's name is "Boo?"

TEEN SCIENTIST
(finger to mouth)
Shhh. It's our secret.

TEEN GIRL
Did you know you are showing your
experiment to a real detective?

The teen girl is behind Clover.

TEEN SCIENTIST
Really?

Clover shows him her badge.

TEEN GIRL
She could use this in her work.

TEEN SCIENTIST
Can I touch your badge?

She hands it to him. He is in awe.

TEEN SCIENTIST
So cool.

He hands it back.

TEEN SCIENTIST

I have nine different ways of
making invisible ink. Do you want
to see them?

The teen girl mischievously smiles at Clover and leaves the exhibit.

CLOVER

Sure.

LATER

A yellow banana reads, "Hi Mom" in brown bruised markings.

TEEN SCIENTIST

After an hour the writing appears
on the banana. Now, for the last
and coolest.

Clover keeps her smile, but shifts her weight from foot to foot. The Scientist sticks a Q-tip in a bowl and writes on paper.

TEEN SCIENTIST

Now pretend I put our invisible
secret message in this box. What do
you see?

Clover peeks in the dark box.

CLOVER

It's dark.

TEEN SCIENTIST

Oh.

He places the white light bulb in the hole.

TEEN SCIENTIST

Now?

She peeks again.

CLOVER

Nothing.

TEEN SCIENTIST

Ahhh...

He replaces his white bulb with a blacklight bulb.

He places the bulb in a hole in the box.

TEEN SCIENTIST
Now what do you see?

Clover peeks back in the box.

The back of the interior box reads, "You're my friend."

Clover glances back at the Scientist's coy smile.

CLOVER
You have my vote.

She writes his name on the ballot.

TEEN SCIENTIST
Cool. I used a jelly for that one.

CLOVER
Jelly?

He nods and pulls out a jar of Vaseline from his backpack.

TEEN SCIENTIST
A petro-lee-um based.

CLOVER
Vaseline?

The light bulb shines bright in her eyes.

He reads an index card.

TEEN SCIENTIST
It contains phosphors which absorb
radiation and emits it as visible
light.

CLOVER
I can kiss you.

Clover kisses the bashful Scientist on the cheek.

CLOVER
You are going to make a great
detective.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PARKING LOT - LATER

In her car, Clover has an evidence image of a model
paintbrush on her computer display as she talks on her phone.
The science fair is being broken down by Volunteer Workers.

CLOVER

Do tests on the bristles of the brush? Call me after your done. I couldn't read the label. Where was the brush found in the park?

Clover watches as a police cruiser goes by. The OFFICER nods to her.

CLOVER

Under the bleachers.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PARKING LOT - MIDNIGHT

Clover's unmarked cruiser is the lone car. A pervading haunting haze seizes the park with the eerie glow of street lamps and heavy shadows.

Clover holds a portable blacklight wand and leaves her car. Her gun is secure in her side holster.

She steps past the playground.

TAP, TAP, TAP, on metal (O.S.)

She is quick to reach for her weapon.

CAW, CAW! A raven squawks from the upper monkey bar.

Clover focuses on the slide.

CLOVER

Away. Shew!

The raven flies away with the beating of wings.

Clover gradually sneaks a peek into the bottom of the slide.

She measuredly walks toward the baseball field fence.

BASEBALL FIELD

Clover's fingers grasp the metal links of fence as she inspects the outfield.

She flips on the blacklight wand and shines it on the metal bleacher.

Nothing is captured by the blue velvet glow.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - NIGHT

From afar, the blacklight glows like a ghostly phantasm. It appears the vivid blue light is what preserves the haunting urban myth alive. Currently, she is the ghost.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Clover shines the light underneath the bleacher. Suddenly, "My dad" magically appears under the velvet glow.

She wanders it further...

"My dad won't allow me back in school."

She shines the light further.

"Kids make fun of me, but I like school. Science teachers are nice to me."

Clover pulls back on the light to capture more of the stands.

Spellbinding, Glenn's diary of writing appears on every inch of surface underneath the bleachers.

"I'm sorry I hurt you."

"Mom never talks to me anymore."

"I met this guy here from the war he talks in a funny machine like Darth Vader. You would laugh."

"He got Agent Orange. I think it's top secret."

"He's cranky, but nice to me. Not many people talk to me anymore. We fly rockets and models."

Clover wipes a tear from her eye and walks to the opposing bleacher.

She shines the light underneath and more writing magically appears.

"Dad says I should join you in heaven. He wants to hurt me like I did you. I miss you."

"Pluto is no longer a star."

"People think you haunt the park. You are no ghost. You are my angel."

"I know you read this."

"I'm sorry."

"Dad hit me hard tonight."

"Sorry, I missed you last week. Dad kept me inside to hide my puffy face."

"Have a good night. See you tomorrow."

CELL PHONE RINGS (O.S.)

Clover jumps from fright. WHACK! She smacks her head on the bleacher.

CLOVER
(in phone)
Detective Clover.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
You found the ghost.

CLOVER
(in phone)
You scared me.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
Listen to me. (pause) You are not
alone.

She flips off the blacklight.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
There is a dark male figure
entering the park from the tennis
courts. (pause) He is not there to
play.

She quickly surveys her surroundings.

CLOVER
(whispering in phone)
Call me back in three minutes.

She flips the blacklight back on and hides it underneath the bleacher.

She silently scampers away hiding behind a cement picnic table.

SNAP! She snaps open her holster.

She hears footsteps very close.

The DARK FIGURE halts.

Clover holds her breath, afraid to even move.

A GUN COCK (O.S.)

The Dark Figure creeps toward the blacklight.

The muzzle of his gun shimmers.

He aims the pistol at the light.

Suddenly, Clover's CELL PHONE RINGS from the bushes.

GUNSHOTS ignite and bullets whiz through the bushes.

SILENCE.

The ski-masked Dark Figure goes to witness his victim.

CLOVER (O.S.)
FREEZE! DROP THE GUN.

Clover aims her gun at the man's back.

CLOVER
Slowly, drop the gun.

The Dark Figure lays the pistol to the ground and slowly rises into the straight, upright position.

CLOVER
Step away from the gun.

The Dark Figure steps sideways, about ten feet from the gun.

CLOVER
Get on your stomach with hands
clenched behind your back. NOW!

He kneels and lays upon his stomach opposite of Clover.

CLOVER
Don't move or you're dead.

She snaps open her handcuffs.

She is about to reach for his hands...

He rolls into the darkness and reaches for another pistol.

She aims into the dark.

GUNSHOTS from both guns light the night.

Clover reels back taking a bullet in her shoulder.

POLICE SIRENS (O.S.) grow with intensity.

Clover keeps her aim on the ski-masked, lifeless body.

POLICEMEN jump out of their cruisers with pistols drawn.

CLOVER
OVER HERE!

She measuredly rises with her pistol aimed at her assailant with one hand and the other she grabs the blacklight wand.

Police aim their guns at her.

CLOVER
He's down. He hasn't moved.

They give the assailant a quick kick.

Clover holds the wand out to light the dead man. Drops of blood glow and splatter from Clover to the grass.

POLICEMAN
You're hit.

CLOVER
Jim Chalmers got the worse of it.

The Police shine flashlights on the masked dead man.

POLICEMAN
It can't be him.

CLOVER
It is.

POLICEMAN 2
No, Chalmers was found hanging from his parent's backyard mulberry tree hours ago.

She pulls the ski mask off the assailant and shines the blacklight on his bloody face.

POLICEMAN
Holy shit. (pause) It's Cary.

Clover is paralyzed with fear and confusion.

POLICEMAN 2
I'll call in an ambulance.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - MORNING

POLICE turn away the Yoga Class, the Dog Walker, and the Nanny with her children.

Their park is closed again with crime scene tape.

CLOVER (V.O.)
Is Chelsea alright?

POLICE CAPTAIN (V.O.)
She's under good care.

BASEBALL FIELD

The Forensic Team is back combing the shooting scene.

CLOVER (V.O.)
How did he get Chalmer's gun?

POLICE CAPTAIN (V.O.)
He was the first officer at the family murder scene. (pause) He must have planned it in the moment and hid Chalmer's gun. That was a day after your family court hearing?

CLOVER (V.O.)
Yes.

POLICE CAPTAIN (V.O.)
And you won the court case?

CLOVER (V.O.)
I wouldn't call it a win. I got shared custody.

They snap photographs of bullet casings.

POLICE CAPTAIN (V.O.)
I read the court minutes, transcripts. It was ugly on both sides.

CLOVER (V.O.)
We both took body shots.

POLICE CAPTAIN (V.O.)
It was filled with lies and accusations.

CLOVER (V.O.)
I didn't try and kill Cary.

POLICE CAPTAIN (V.O.)
I know. (pause) You are on leave
until further notice.

Forensics bag up the blacklight wand as evidence.

CLOVER (V.O.)
What about the Glenn Larkin case?

POLICE CAPTAIN (V.O.)
I'm closing it. Chalmers killed his
family. (pause) He killed that boy.

Forensics shine flashlights under the bleachers. They don't
see the writing on the walls.

CLOVER (V.O.)
Did you see Glenn's writing? His
father murdered his son just like
Chalmers did his family.

POLICE CAPTAIN (V.O.)
It's over Clover. Doesn't it have a
nice ring to it. Over Clover. Get
over it detective.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - MORNING - DAYS LATER

Clover drives her own personal car around the park perimeter
with her daughter eating an ice cream cone.

Her shoulder is still bandaged.

The Yoga Class is back to stretching.

Skateboarders still haven't mastered the ramps.

She passes the Jogger and the Dog Walker.

CLOVER (V.O.)
Who called the police?

POLICE CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Funny you should mention that. My
old boss.

Clover glances at the estate homes overlooking the park.

CLOVER (V.O.)
Your old boss?

POLICE CAPTAIN (V.O.)
 Police Chief Yates. He lives
 somewhere overlooking the park. He
 is like ninety years old. He's
 basically an invalid. I heard he
 never leaves his room. He must have
 heard the shots from his bed.
 (pause) I suppose a cop never
 retires from duty.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - DAY - TWO WEEKS LATER.

MAINTENANCE WORKERS scrub the bleachers above and below.

Clover watches from the outfield.

Chelsea is learning about rockets from Flyer.

CELL PHONE RINGS

She puts it on speaker.

CLOVER
 Detect... Hello.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 They closed your case?

Clover glances at the estates on the hill. An eye piercing
 telescope lens reflection is seen in a house window.

CLOVER
 Yes. The case cleaned up well.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 Easy to pin another murder on a
 dead killer who shot his family.

CLOVER
 Too easy. (pause) Thank you. Thank
 you for saving my life.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
 Your welcome. Are you leaving the
 force?

A rocket blasts off in the outfield.

CLOVER
 Yes. Going back to my parents in
 Florida. I need some family
 support.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
Support your police family can't
provide?

CLOVER
Exactly.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
I'll miss you playing in my park.

CLOVER
This park is for the birds.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (O.S.)
And I'm a bird watcher. Best of
luck to you Detective Clover.

CLOVER
Call me Pamela. Good bye Captain.

She hangs up the phone and salutes the Captain.

OUTFIELD

Clover joins her daughter with Flyer.

CHELSEA
Did you see that mommy?

CLOVER
I sure did. It was amazing. Maybe
in Florida, grandpa will take you
to see real rockets in Cape
Canaveral.

Flyer puts his speaking device to his throat.

FLYER
Why don't you find me the
parachute?

He points.

FLYER
It landed somewhere there.

She runs across the field past the Yoga Class.

FLYER
Does she know it happened here?

CLOVER
No. I just told her he was killed
while on duty.

FLYER
What about Glenn's father?

CLOVER
The police closed the case.

FLYER
You know it was him.

She shrugs.

FLYER
You feel it too. My government lied to me for years. Told Agent Orange didn't cause my cancer. Bullshit. I knew it. I still feel it. His father killed his own son.

CLOVER
And I killed my daughter's father.

Chelsea bounces back with the rocket and parachute.

CLOVER
You know you were likely the only friend Glenn had.

Flyer takes the rocket from Chelsea's hands.

FLYER
Thank you.

SUPER: TWO YEARS LATER

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

A LITTLE LEAGUE game breaks up.

A uniformed BOY (14) joins his MOTHER (late 30's) with a trophy in his mitt.

BOY
Where did Tim go?

MOTHER
He went to get his phone to snap a picture of you and your trophy. We are so proud of you.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tim Larkin rummages in his car searching for his phone. His door is open.

FLYER (O.S.)
Tim? Tim Larkin?

He sits up and notices Flyer with his speaking device. Flyer wears a ski-mask.

TIM LARKIN
What?!

FLYER
This is for killing my friend.

Flyer slices Tim's throat with an army knife.

Flyer wipes the blood on Tim's shirt and steals Tim's wallet.

He exits in the dark shadows.

Tim gurgles on his blood and slumps lifeless in the front seat.

CELL PHONE RINGS (O.S.)

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - MORNING

POLICE close the park at the perimeters.

CLOVER (V.O.)
Hello.

Crime scene tape circles the parking lot.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)
Pamela. (cough)

CLOVER (V.O.)
How are you Captain?

ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)
(cough) Not well. I needed to
inform you.

A glint from the telescope lens is seen viewing the crime scene.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)
Tim Larkin was murdered in the
park. (cough)

There is a silence.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)
His throat sliced open with only
one cut of a knife.

CLOVER (V.O.)
The killer was experienced. Trained
in murder.

The Jogger runs around the perimeter of the park.

ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)
(cough) Goodbye detective.

The Jogger runs past the Forensic Team, Police, and
Detectives.

He makes the rounds and runs back up the street into the
surrounding neighborhood.

A sign reads, "Park is closed until further notice."

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.