

TEASER

INT. MORELLI'S HOUSEBOAT, PANACEA, FLORIDA - NIGHT

In a dimly lit room, murky water sloshes outside the window. We don't see yet that we're on a houseboat - just a window view of the water. MORELLI, 35, wearing a tropical polo shirt, lounges in a beat-up easy chair, smoking a joint and talking on his phone.

MORELLI
(speaking into phone)
Yeah, Ma, I'm settling in great.

He stands up, the floor wobbles ever so slightly and he rights himself, and an observant viewer might begin to notice that this is a floating bachelor pad. He takes a microwave dinner out of a mini-fridge.

MORELLI (CONT'D)
(speaking into phone)
Don't worry about me. This is just
a temporary gig anyway. Gotta let
the heat die down, and I'll be back
in Miami before you know it.

He puts the dinner into his microwave, turns it on, and the power blows.

MORELLI (CONT'D)
Shit.
(beat)
No, Ma, I said "that's it," because
you're absolutely right.

He strides out onto the deck.

EXT. MORELLI'S HOUSEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

It's now unmistakable that he's living in a houseboat docked at a marina next to other boats.

MORELLI
(speaking into phone)
No, Ma, I still haven't met my
neighbors.

He looks to the boat next to him on the port side. There is a MAN with a headlamp cleaning an opossum with a big knife. The man looks up at Morelli, and he quickly looks away.

MORELLI (CONT'D)
I'm sure they make a great
casserole, but I'm trying to keep a
low profile.

He finds and opens a panel on the boat. Sparks fly and a
bunch of wires fall out. He messes with them.

MORELLI (CONT'D)
(speaking into phone)
No Ma, it's a very safe
neighborhood. I'm just not going to
be here very long, why get attached
to anyone?

He sighs as he stands up. Something big floats in the water
on the starboard side. He hasn't noticed yet.

MORELLI (CONT'D)
(speaking into phone)
I'll make an effort the next time I
see one of them. Don't worry about
me, I'll be fine. Nothing happens
up here. I gotta go. Love you too.

He hangs up and puts his phone in his pocket. He looks out
over the water and notices a corpse floating by his boat. He
stares at it. Glancing at the camera, he composes himself.

MORELLI (CONT'D)
(to camera)
I know what you're thinking, and I
stand by what I said.

He looks at the body again, then immediately looks away.

MORELLI (CONT'D)
(to camera)
He could have come from anywhere.

He glances at the body once more and dry heaves. He turns
away, gets his phone back out, and dials 911.

END TEASER