TALES OF THE GOLD MONKEY

“Shadows and Reflections”

by

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FADE IN:

Key West, Florida. A perfect tropical day. SUPER: KEY WEST 1956. Camera shows the balmy sunset scene as we hear the voice over of JAKE CUTTER. As Jake talks, the camera eventually finds him. We see him at first from the back as he sits on a stool working on some engine part. He’s at the end of a dock facing Cutter’s Goose. He’s dressed the same as he was in the series.

JAKE (v.o.)

Another day in paradise. The Florida Keys

may be a long way from Boragora, but something

about it still feels the same. If it weren’t for a few

years and a little war, I could almost swear nothing

has changed. Small island, balmy weather, a

nearby bar, and good friends.

The sound of CLACKING SHOES comes along, and we hear SARAH off camera.

SARAH (O/C)

Heloooo!

JAKE (v.o.)

Well, I guess a few things have changed.

Jake turns around and stands up.

Jake’s P.O.V. – Sarah, wearing a soft white sun dress, floats down the dock toward him. A dog, JACK, is at her feet.

SARAH

Hi there! I was looking for my husband. Maybe

You’ve seen him. Tall, handsome, owns the charter

business here. I never see him any more.

JAKE

Aw, c’mon honey, you know Corky’s on vacation. I

Have to be my own mechanic for a while. I’m almost

done.

Jack barks once for “no.”

JAKE (continuing)

Honest. Don’t listen to him. He’s worse than his

father. Let me finish up here and I’ll meet you at the

Café. Order me something good.

He sets the engine part down, then tries to wipe his greasy hands off on a rag – to no avail. So he bends over to kiss her, keeping his hands safely out to the side.

SARAH

Don’t be too long.

Sarah gives him a warm smile and walks back down the dock, Jack in tow. Jake smiles back and allows himself a moment to watch her walk off.

EXT. – CUTTER CHARTER CO.

Sarah walks up to a nice two-story building.

SARAH

(to Jack)

Do you think he’ll make it to the café by dinner?

Jack barks once.

SARAH

(laughing)

Jake’s right, you are your father’s son, aren’t you?

INT. – CUTTER CHARTER CO.

Sarah tidies up a desk, grabs her purse, and leaves, turning the sign hanging in the window to say “closed.” We follow her as she walks across the small street to a little café.

INT. – CAFÉ – DAY

Sarah and Jack walk in, where they are immediately greeted by the owner, DUNCAN. Duncan is a Scot in his mid-to-late fifties, still with quite the accent. He rushes to a table and waits to seat Sarah.

DUNCAN

Ah, the lad and lassie.

Jack barks once.

DUNCAN (continuing)

(to Jack)

Now I was referrin’ to Miss Sarah as

the lassie, my boy. No need to take offense.

(to Sarah)

Will Jake be joinin’ ya?

SARAH

Eventually. Keeping the Goose up and running

In Corky’s absence has him busier than usual.

He’ll be along.

DUNCAN

I’ll send Katie over with the usual then.

Duncan’s niece, KATIE, is already there with a tall glass of ice tea with mint sprig and a bowl of water. She’s in her mid-to-late twenties, cute, with an American accent.

KATIE

Already here!

(to Sarah)

Tea for you.

(to Jack)

Cool water for you. And…

She reaches into her apron and pulls out a bone.

KATIE

Something extra I found in the kitchen.

She puts the bowl of water and bowl down for a very happy Jack.

DUNCAN

She knows how to keep the customers

Happy, now doesn’t she? Maybe it’s about

Time I let her take over the café. I’m not

getting any younger.

KATIE

Oh, Uncle, you’re not that old.

Duncan returns to the kitchen.

KATIE (continuing)

Jake’s still being Corky?

SARAH

I’m afraid so. But the busier he is must mean

business is getting better. And Corky comes

back in a couple of days.

KATIE

So what’s he up to on his big vacation?

SARAH

Nothing much, really. We had to force him to take

time off in the first place. Then he just insisted on

staying around the islands. I think he’s catching up

on some sleep.

KATIE

Sleep, what’s that? Night business in the bar has

been getting better too. Seems like I never sleep.

And now Uncle Duncan’s talking retirement. Sheesh.

If you get tired of the charter business, feel free to

Be my co-manager!

The two laugh as Jake comes in. He’s cleaned up, but still seems a bit self-conscious about possible grease on his hands.

JAKE

(mostly to Jack)

See, told you I wouldn’t be long.

He gives Katie a quick hug and peck on the cheek, then the same for Sarah and a pat on the head for Jack as he sits down. He immediately wipes his hands on the napkin.

KATIE

(glances at her watch)

Ah, looks like beer time, huh? I’ll be right back.

JAKE

Well, I’m famished. Did you order yet?

SARAH

Nope. You got here just in time.

SHERIFF comes in and walks over to Sarah and Jake. They obviously know each other, and Jake stands up and offers his hand.

JAKE

Sheriff, how’s it going?

Sheriff smiles quickly, but there’s obviously something on his mind and his face stays serious. Both Jake and Sarah register concern.

SHERIFF

(hushed voice)

Jake, I’m afraid there’s a problem with Corky.

JAKE

Corky! What is it? Is he alright?

SHERIFF

Yeah, he’s alright. But I’ve got him down at

the station in lockup.

SARAH

Lockup!

SHERIFF

He’s under arrest for murder.

Jake’s eyes widen. Sarah drops her fork. Even Jack looks up.

JAKE

Murder! Sheriff, you’ve got to be kidding. Corky?

There must be a mistake.

SHERIFF

No mistake. Found him in bed with the dead

girl. Her blood all over him, his fingerprints on

the murder weapon. I have to hold him, at least

Until the judge gets back to town. Then we can

Talk bail.

JAKE

Tom, this is nuts.

SHERIFF

I’m sorry, Jake. (beat) Oh, and there’s another

thing. He was drunk. Or, at least he was getting

over being drunk.

JAKE

Drunk! He hasn’t had a drink in, what, two or

three years now!

SHERIFF

Looks like he had more than one last night. You

can still smell it on his breath. Jake, you know how

many times that man has fallen off the wagon.

JAKE

(defensive)

Yeah, but this time it looked like it might stick.

Besides, you know Corky. Even if he did start

drinking again, which I doubt, he still wouldn’t kill

somebody.

SHERIFF

I never would have guessed it, but in my line of work,

I’ve seen men do things I’d never have thought them

capable of before. Same as back in the war, Jake,

You should know that. And liquor can do strange

things to a person. So can love. Maybe Corky just

had a little too much of one of those things.

JAKE

Well it wasn’t love. Far as I know, he wasn’t seeing

anybody. And he always tells me when he’s even

interested in a girl.

SHERIFF

Maybe there’s a lot more you don’t know about him.

(beat)

Anyway, you can see him whenever you want.

SARAH

We’ll be right there!

INT. JAIL – NIGHT

Sarah, Jack and Jake walk into the small holding area. CORKY is sitting in a cell, his head hung low. He can hardly bear to look up and avoids eye contact with his friends.

JAKE

Corky…

CORKY

Hiya, Jake.

JAKE

What happened? Tom says you killed a woman.

I know you didn’t, so what happened?

CORKY

Thing is, Jake, I guess I did.

JAKE

(shocked)

Come on, Cork, you couldn’t have. I know you

Better than that. Tell me what really happened.

CORKY

Well, see, I can’t really remember, Jake. It’s all

Kind of a big blur.

JAKE

Try. If you’ve ever had to remember something in

Your whole life, this is it.

CORKY

I am tryin’, Jake. I’ve been digging into the back of

my brain since I got here, but I’m not finding anything.

(beat)

Jake, I know you’ve gotta be pretty sore at me about

all this.

JAKE

Corkey, I’m not sore at you. Really. I’m just

concerned.

(hushed)

Did you start drinking again?

CORKY

No! Honest, Jake, I didn’t. I don’t know how I got

drunk. Last thing I remember was I was out with

some people last night. I was drinking root beer.

You can ask them. But I don’t know what happened

later. I just know I woke up and Sheriff Tom was

there and some lady was crying, and there was

blood all over the place. It was horrible. Then they

said I did it and took me here. Jake, if I can’t

remember anything, maybe I did kill somebody.

JAKE

Corky, you didn’t kill anybody. This has got to be

some kind of mistake. I don’t know how, but it

has to be. And I’m going to get to the bottom of it.

INT. SANDY CRAB BAR – NIGHT

Jake is nursing a beer and looking worried as hell. BARTENDER leans into him.

BARTENDER

Hey, Jake, sorry to hear about Corky.

Hope everything works out.

JAKE

Yeah, so do I.

BARTENDER

He couldn’t have really killed somebody.

Could he?

JAKE

No, of course not. But I’ll be damned if I know

how he got into this mess. I’ve been wracking my

brain all day trying to figure out how to help him.

Bartender notices VINNY, Jake’s only competition for charters on the island, as he ENTERS the room

BARTENDER

Here comes someone who won’t help your

spirits any.

Vinny SITS next to Jake, who is obviously not happy to see him.

VINNY

So, Cutter, looks like you’ll be down a

mechanic a lot longer than you thought, huh?

JAKE

(annoyed)

Does everybody know?

VINNY

It’s a small island.

JAKE

Well he’s innocent, and I’m sure he’ll be

exonerated soon.

VINNY

Ha! Not the way I hear it. Sounds like

your boy’s on the way to the slammer for

life.

(mock concern)

Gosh, no mechanic. That’ll really kill your

business, huh? Good thing there’s more

than one charter company around.

JAKE

Vinny, I’m not in the mood for this right now.

Don’t you have your own planes to fly?

VINNY

Sure do. But I have more than one pilot.

And more than one mechanic. You won’t

find me slaving over engine parts. But

enjoy yourself, Cutter. And say hi to

Corky for me.

Jake looks about ready to take a swing at him but thinks better of it.

JAKE (v.o.)

Well, Vincent DelGato doesn’t like me and I

don’t like him. Rumor has it he was a smuggler

before going legit with his charter business.

And it’s no secret he’d like to see me go out of

business. But he also knows he’s got a slicker

operation. There’s room for both of us and the

business side of him knows that. I think.