TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 1

An elementary school pageant. Nothing too fancy. As "Flight of the Bumblebee" plays, A DOZEN SIX YEAR-OLDS buzz about the stage in fat yellow and black striped costumes.

They're performing for a full house of smiling, blue-collar PARENTS.

It gets even cuter when a ballerina all in green tiptoes into view, waving her magic wand. This tiny GREEN FAIRY is a big-eyed heartbreaker. Absolutely adorable.

The girl's proud DAD hurries from his seat into the aisle. Grinning ear to ear, he frames his Green Fairy in the fold-out screen of his video camera, recording her solo dance.

The door at the back of a darkened auditorium opens...revealing the SILHOUETTE of a MAN.

CLOSE - THE SILHOUETTED MAN

Meet RUSS AGNEW, 40. His suit was all he could afford when he bought it fifteen years and twelve pounds ago, but it's clean and pressed. Russ clearly isn't a parent, as he doesn't give a shit what's happening onstage. He's here scanning the audience.

And all he sees are a sea of parents holding video cameras. For some reason, this pisses him off.

When he sees what he's looking for, he beelines down the aisle -- straight for the DAD, taps him on the shoulder--

The Dad turns to see Russ, who shrugs apologetically, flashes a BADGE, keeps his voice low.

RUSS
Battle Creek Police. Sir, you wanna come with me?

DAD
(concerned, confused)
W-what's going on? --

RUSS
--Does that have a digital or optical zoom?

2 EXT. STREET - BATTLE CREEK - NIGHT 2 *

We're looking at a diner from a half a block away. Except we don't know that. Because it's slightly shaky (HAND HELD) and incredibly blurry. Even a blind viewer can tell because...

TEDDY THE SNITCH (O.S.)
It's blurry.

FONT (O.S.)
Thank God we have you here; you know, with eyes and everything.

TEDDY THE SNITCH (O.S.)
It's blurry.

FONT (O.S.)
(annoyed)
It's a phone. It doesn't have an optical--

TEDDY THE SNITCH (O.S.)
It's blurry! It's useless! I'm gonna die because you guys don't have--

And we hear a SCREECH OF TIRES and pan down to REVEAL, IN FOCUS (since it's in the foreground), a 2001 Chevy Metro sliding to the curb, bumping into it, opposite the skeevy DINER. And now that we have a little more in focus, it becomes clear... This is <u>not</u> the nice part of town.

Russ jumps out and hurries toward a nearby van. Triumphant, he holds up the fancy, commandeered video camera.

3 INT. CARGO VAN - DAY 3 *

Russ piles into the driver's seat. In the passenger seat is DETECTIVE FONTANELLE WHITE, 30s. Delighted, Font turns off the camera on his phone and shoves it into his pocket.

FONT
My man Russ!

RUSS
Twenty minutes to go. We good?

FONT
Just gotta put the wire on Teddy.

Both Detectives turn and look behind, starting at:

Reverse - THE BACK OF THE VAN

A pudgy young man sits shirtless atop a milk crate in the empty cargo bay. This is TEDDY THE SNITCH, and he's nervous.

Russ crawls in back with Teddy. He wastes no time taping a microphone to the snitch's blobby, bare chest.

TEDDY THE SNITCH
This guy...I'm telling you...

RUSS
Relax, Teddy. Keep breathing.

TEDDY THE SNITCH
This guy is psycho! Big, Paul Bunyan-looking psycho, and he smokes more meth than he sells! If he gets even the faintest whiff I'm narking on him...

RUSS
Relax. It'll go like clockwork.

Teddy holds Russ's look for a moment - and decides he can trust him (for a moment).

FONT (O.S.)
Uh, Russ...?

Up front, Font is checking the operation of the video camera. Seeing footage of the cute GREEN FAIRY, he frowns confused.

FONT (CONT'D)
Where'd you get this?

RUSS
Ah. Try not to tape over that.

Russ finishes wiring Teddy, then switches on their McCarthy-era RF EQUIPMENT. He squints at it, switches it off and on again.

RUSS (CONT'D)
Font? Why isn't the red light coming on?

Font and Russ exchange a look - they both know what this means. But...

FONT
...Maybe the red light is broken...?

Russ chuckles to himself, takes a calming breath -- *what to do*? A beat, then...BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! He pounds on the equipment. Teddy's trust has understandably disappeared.

TEDDY THE SNITCH
Who sells you this crap-- Goodwill?!

Font puts a finger to his lips to shush him. Teddy won't shush.

TEDDY THE SNITCH (CONT'D)
No, dude-- first the video camera then the wire? What the hell kinda police department is this?!

RUSS
The grossly underfunded kind. And not for nothing, also the kind that busted your ass. Shut up and let me think!

Anxious silence. Font speaks low and intense to his partner.

FONT
Dealer's gonna be here in nineteen minutes. What we gonna do, Russ? We gotta be able to record this buy-- otherwise we got nothing.

RUSS
(teeth gritted, knows it's a long shot)
He calls us, puts his phone on speaker--

TEDDY THE SNITCH
--And as soon as a horn honks anywhere within a block of you guys, I get to get raped.

RUSS
You mute it--

TEDDY THE SNITCH
And leave it on the table? Tell him to speak loudly--?

RUSS
You cover it up--

TEDDY THE SNITCH
And tell him to speak louder? It's not designed for broadcasting crap people don't want broadcast. You're done! B to the O to the N-E-D! This is over! It's pathetic!

Teddy pulls his shirt on. Font turns back to Russ.

FONT
C'mon Russ. C'mon my brother...

Russ shuts his eyes, thinks for all he's worth. Now...Eureka.

RUSS
Wait. Your sister lives near here, right?
(off Font's nod)
Didn't she just have a baby?

Off Font, wondering just how this is supposed to help them:

4 INT. DOWN & OUT DINER - NIGHT 4 *

Gangbangers, tweaking crackheads, homeless guys and runaways-- this isn't exactly Denny's. We PAN this dangerous interior to land on... A BABY MONITOR, shaped like a purple teddy * bear, sitting atop a booth table. *

A hand props a MENU against it, hiding it. This is Teddy, who sits alone, simultaneously scared and pissed.

TEDDY THE SNITCH
Un...believable.

5 INT. CARGO VAN - CONTINUOS - TEDDY 5

Can be seen on the fold-out VIDEO SCREEN -- Font is zoomed * in on him, videotaping him through the distant diner window.

Beside Font sits Russ, fiddling with the volume on the OTHER HALF of the BABY MONITOR. It's plugged to a 12 VOLT ADAPTER that's in turn plugged to the CIGARETTE LIGHTER. And... *

TEDDY THE SNITCH (V.O.) *
Can you hear me? Of course you can't hear me, I'm talking to myself and * then I'm gonna get raped. *

Amazed his muttering is coming in so loud and clear, Russ and Font bump fists -- victory!

FONT
This is actually gonna work!

RUSS
Whoa, whoa -- here he comes.

Both detectives peer out the window. Across the way, one mean, Paul Bunyan-size mofo crosses the parking lot and enters the diner. This is the DEALER they've been waiting for.

Russ clicks on a MICROCASSETTE RECORDER, holds it beside the baby monitor. With bated breath, Font mans the camera.

On his little screen we see the Dealer take a seat opposite Teddy.

TEDDY THE SNITCH (V.O.)
Hey buddy, whassup? How you been?

DEALER (V.O.)
Can't complain.

TEDDY THE SNITCH (V.O.)
Yeah? Excellent. How's tricks?

Font looks askance at Russ -- *tricks*? Mr. Cool's in the house.

DEALER (V.O.)
(impatient)
You got the money?

TEDDY THE SNITCH (V.O.)
Absolutely, right here. You're welcome to coun--
(the guy grabs it)
Yeah. Go ahead and count it. That's cool.

Font gives a thumbs-up. Russ grins and nods -- they've got him dead to rights. It's all going like clockwork. *
Until...BEEP BEEP... *

RUSS *
What the hell was that? *

DEALER (V.O.) *
What the hell was that? *

RUSS and FONT FREEZE. Oh...shit. *

FONT *
(hoping not) *
...Battery low? I put in new-- *

RUSS *
<u>Our</u> batteries? *

TEDDY THE SNITCH (V.O.) *
I didn't hear anything. *

BEEP BEEP again, soft but distinct. And RUSTLING SOUNDS are heard. *

DEALER (V.O.)
What the hell?! You're wired?! *

TEDDY THE SNITCH (V.O.) *
No; someone must have left-- I mean *
what sort of idiotic cops would use-- *

WHAM! The sounds of a BEATING. *

TEDDY THE SNITCH (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
Guys. Guys. Guys. GUYS!! *

Teddy HOWLING. But Russ and Font haven't heard the last of the conversation because they are now sprinting across the parking lot.

6 INT. DOWN & OUT DINER - CONTINUOUS 6

Russ and Font burst inside, shoving through a crowd of low-lives who stand watching the Dealer as he swings Teddy by the collar, BANGING HIS HEAD off the floor like he's trying to drive a nail.

TEDDY THE SNITCH
SHOOT HIM! SHOOT HIM IN THE HEAD!

Font tackles the big man low -- Russ hit him high. They all sprawl to the floor in a big, kicking pile.

Hanging on for dear life, Russ fumbles in his pocket, pulls out a STUN GUN. It's old and worn, with duct tape around the handle. Russ james the business end in the huge man's NECK.

Nothing happens. Russ holds it up, clicks it on and off. It's not working -- which gives the Dealer the opportunity * to grab Russ by the throat.

RUSS'S POV - THE DEALER

The Clint Eastwood shot: a fist as big as a Christmas ham cocks back, then comes whistling straight us. As it HITS -- BOOM!

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

A COMPUTER MONITOR *

Fills frame. On it gets started a letter, addressed to: Ms. * Lesley Stahl "Sixty Minutes". As it types, we PULL OUT, * REVEALING-- *

The familiar but long forgotten Compaq logo, and then... *

The fact that we are looking at a big, bulky long forgotten * CRT monitor... *

We are:

7 INT. RUSS'S APARTMENT - MORNING 7

Russ sits hunched at his build-it-yourself Ikea desk, typing away on his twelve year-old computer. Judging by the bachelor decor, he lives alone and doesn't earn a hell of a lot.

As he writes, hotly determined, we hear his letter in VOICE OVER.

RUSS (V.O.)
Dear Ms. Stahl: knowing your show *
and its long history of investigating
injustice, I believe I have a story
which will intrigue your viewers.

We ARC AROUND Russ, revealing...his BLACK EYE courtesy of the Dealer. This BLACK EYE will remain throughout the episode.

8 INT./EXT. MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MORNING 8

VOICE-OVER continues over a series of SHOTS of Russ in his '01 Chevy Metro, driving to work. This MONTAGE gives us a * feel for Russ's hometown, much like the title sequence of "The Sopranos".

RUSS (V.O.)
I write to you from Battle Creek,
Michigan, a vibrant Midwestern City
of 50,000. We are famous the world
over for our contributions to
nutrition and digestive health.

Russ passes the KELLOGG CEREAL FACTORY. A huge TONY THE TIGER sign glides by -- "IT'S GRRRRRREAT!" *

9 EXT. STRIP MALL - MORNING 9

The VOICE-OVER MONTAGE continues as Russ walks into a DONUT SHOP, pausing to say hi to the TWO UNIFORM COPS who are on their way out.

RUSS (V.O.)
Sadly, our own public servants are not so well-nourished, metaphorically speaking. I am a senior detective with the Battle Creek Police. The fine men and women of my department -- heroes all -- are understaffed and underfunded. They're forced to make do with substandard and out-of-date equipment. To push the food metaphor, this is a recipe for disaster.

10 INT. DONUT SHOP - MORNING 10

The last of twelve gooey ECLAIRS get tonged into a box. Russ jokes with the big Polish COUNTER GIRL, opens his wallet to pay. Not enough cash. Russ reluctantly gives her his credit card.

RUSS (V.O.)
I've done everything I can think to do. I've petitioned the mayor, the city council-- they all claim there's no additional money for us in their budget. I find that hard to, excuse me, swallow, given certain recent expenditures for public sculpture.

11 EXT. GOVERNMENT COMPLEX - MORNING 11

A giant CORN FLAKE cast in bronze sits atop a black pedestal. We arc around it, seeing it from our moving car.

Russ drives, frowning out his window at the big corn flake. He motors into the complex, passing a sign that says "POLICE".

RUSS (V.O.)
Ms. Stahl, I urge you to bring your "Sixty Minutes" crew to Battle Creek. I say this dreading the publicity it will heap upon us. However, the safety of my fellow officers is too important.

Russ pulls into his parking space, climbs out with his box of eclairs. A sign that says "RESERVED FOR R. AGNEW" marks his space. Russ notes that the post it is on stands slightly ASKEW. He carefully straightens it, then walks toward the building.

RUSS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Yours, Detective Russell Agnew.

Off this, END MONTAGE.

12 INT. P.D. HALLWAY - MORNING 12

WORKMEN finesse a long roll of carpeting around a sharp corner. Curious, Russ steps over it, rounding into view on his way up this bland hall. His curiosity grows and his pace slows as he stares in through the floor-to-ceiling windows of an EMPTY OFFICE SUITE. More WORKMEN are inside, painting.

Wondering at this, Russ turns and enters the office DIRECTLY OPPOSITE. The sign on this door says "DETECTIVE SQUAD".

13 INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - CONTINUOUS 13

Russ enters. This bullpen is panelled with blonde wood, as if brought via time machine from the 1960's. The place is a struggle between homey and homely -- family photos and personal touches brighten the mismatched office furniture. Computers, all with CRT monitors, weigh down each desk.

There's not a lot of room in here for the DETECTIVES present. There's FUNKHAUSER, nice guy, midwest sized, eats way too much cheese, tends to tie his tie a bit short. NIBLET, nice guy, eats way too much cheese (but somehow his metabolism has let him get away with it), tends to tie his tie a bit short (because that's how Funkhauser does it), bit odd looking. And JACOCKS, nice gal. She's miserable to be lactose intolerent, her name has made her the toughest person in every room she's in (maybe it wasn't her name, but something sure has), yet she's proud of the fact that she goes all the way to Detroit to buy her clothes. The guys aren't quite sure of her sexuality - dying to know but know they'd die if they asked.

FUNKHAUSER
There he is! French Connection!

RUSS
French Connection ends with the bad guy getting away, Funkhauser.

FUNKHAUSER
(didn't know that)
I know that. But drugs, right? You know what I mean. Good bust!

Russ shakes his hand. The others call out to congratulate him: "Great job," "Nice shiner." Russ waves them off -- *no big deal*.

RUSS
Guys, I brought eclairs. Help yourselves.

The guys nod pleasantly -- *cool* -- and turn back to their work. Maybe hoping for a bigger reaction, Russ keeps it alive.

RUSS (CONT'D)
I'm putting them right here.

Russ sets the eclairs beside the "Magnum P.I."-era coffee machine. He glances at the wall behind it -- three COMMENDATION PLAQUES are hung in a neat row, all awarded to "Det. Russell Agnew." *

Russ takes a quick brush at one, flicking a speck off the brass.

HOLLY (O.S.)
Congratulations.

Russ turns to see HOLLY DALE, the office manager. She's early 30's and cute. Most definitely cute. Upon seeing Russ's black eye, her smile turns to a frown of concern.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Aw, Russ!

RUSS
It's fine. It's nothing.

HOLLY
Does it hurt?

He shakes his head -- *please*. She reaches a hand out, almost touches his face, but not quite. They stare at one another just long enough for us to know that there's mutual attraction here. Russ drops his eyes first, points to the table.

RUSS
I brought eclairs.

Holly nods pleasantly -- *cool*. Russ nods past her, turning her attention to the windows which look out onto the hallway. From here, the workmen are visible across the hall.

RUSS (CONT'D)
What's with the spare office?

HOLLY
Somebody rented it. Whoever it is, they're sure doing it up. *
(impressed) *
They got carpeting. *

Russ stares at the workers, irked.

RUSS
Not like the city couldn't have given it to us. We're crammed in here like sardines.

Holly holds up a newspaper -- "The Battle Creek Intelligencer."

HOLLY
Did you see? Nice write-up about your bust. I just wish they'd mention you and Font by name.

Russ pores over it. He hesitates just a tad too long before:

RUSS
We're cops, not movies stars.

He tucks the paper under his arm, keeping it. Giving Holly a smile, he heads for the COMMANDER'S OFFICE.

14 INT. COMMANDER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOS 14

The boss, COMMANDER GUZIEWICZ, looks more like the Maytag repairman than a cop. His office is no fancier than the bullpen it's adjacent to -- but it's got low-budget character. There is a TV, on which dances the adorable GREEN FAIRY. *

Guziewicz (pronounced "GUZZA-wits") stands staring raptly at the Green Fairy. Font sits nearby, watching her, too. Russ enters. *

RUSS
Morning.
(sees the TV)
Fast-forward -- it's after this.

GUZIEWICZ
I've seen it.
(a beat; absently)
Boy, is she a cutie.

Font nods. Guziewicz shuts off the tape, turns to Russ.

GUZIEWICZ (CONT'D)
Great job yesterday. You think * there's any truth to the guy's story? * That he's just a middle man to some * Canadian?

RUSS *
He's just trying to cut a deal. *

Russ pulls the door shut. Points to his EYE. *

RUSS (CONT'D)
And "great" jobs don't end with me *
getting punched out. *
(to Font)
How's your ribs?

Font shrugs, shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Russ grabs the broken WIRE EQUIPMENT off a table, holds it for the boss to see.

RUSS (CONT'D)
Commander, that bust -- it should've
gone by the numbers. *

Russ digs his broken STUN GUN out of his pocket, calmly places * the business end against Font's head; Font doesn't even flinch * as Russ clicks it on. POP! A tiny puff of blue SMOKE curls * out of it.

FONT *
We could shoot people instead. Is *
that what you want? We're not *
shooting enough people? *

Guziewicz has heard it all before, but patiently holds his tongue. Russ counts off on his fingers for emphasis.

RUSS
We need new equipment; new to this *
world, not just new to this precinct. *
We need the latest training. We *
need... <u>everything</u>!

Russ looks to Font for backup. *

FONT *
Or we could shoot people. I don't *
mind shooting people. *

GUZIEWICZ *
(a beat, smiling)
I got some good news this morning.

Russ and Font look to one another, surprised. Pleasantly so.

RUSS
We're getting more money?

GUZIEWICZ
No. We're getting more <u>help</u>.

Off Russ and Font, wondering what that means:

15 EXT. DETROIT FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT 15

A high-rent building towers over us. We FIND a sign in f.g: FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, DETROIT FIELD OFFICE."

16 INT. DETROIT FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT 16

The blue and gold FBI SEAL fills frame, mounted on a wall. We PAN off it to reveal... a bullpen that is everything the little Battle Creek detective squad is not.

Low, stark-white ceiling and walls stretch away to a vanishing point. Flat screens are on every desk. This looks more like the newest Ian Schrager hotel than a law enforcement facility.

No one is at their desk, however. Folks are standing around in a big group. It's an OFFICE PARTY and the last lines of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" are rising to a crescendo.

CLOSER - THE CROWD

We PRESS THROUGH these well-heeled men and women, coming upon their guest of honor. Meet... SPECIAL AGENT MILTON CHAMBERLAIN, late 30s. *

Milt is Brad Pitt, only taller. He's George Clooney, only more aw-shucks charming. He's a couple of years younger than Russ, clean-cut and perfectly-- though not overly -- groomed.

"...THAT NOBODY CAN DENY!" Gets sung at full volume, then everyone applauds. Champagne is poured. Male agents clap Milt on the back. Female agents hug hum, kiss him and practically hang off him like tinsel. Everybody adores this guy.

TINK-TINK! A champagne glass gets tapped, quieting everyone. AGENT BROMBERG, late 40s, has the floor. Heartfelt. *

AGENT BROMBERG *
I'm no good at these things. *
(beat) *
But I gotta say... Milt, you've been *
an asset to this office. You've
been an asset <u>to me</u>. A great partner *
and a great friend. I don't know
where I'd be without you... And I'm
a little scared to find out. Good
luck. To both of us.

Hear, hear. The crowd murmurs in sad agreement. Milt's turn.

MILT
Kenny... everybody. I'm no good at these things, either...

FEMALE AGENT
Milt, you're good at <u>everything!</u>

The crowd *oooohs* good-naturedly, sensing a double entendre. The cute FEMALE AGENT puts her hands to her mouth and blushes.

MILT
I...huh. Thank you, Sandy! No, seriously, I am so touched right now.

Humble, Milt shrugs and gives up. He turns to BROMBERG, offers the man his hand. Bromberg firmly shakes it...

...Then gives Milt a full-on, fatherly HUG. Everybody CLAPS.

AGENT BROMBERG
Our loss is Battle Creek's gain.

Bromberg and Milt pose for photographs, Bromberg's arm across Milt's shoulder. FLASH, FLASH, FLASH! Off this lovefest:

17 INT. BROMBERG'S OFFICE - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER 17

Bromberg enters his office and closes the door, blocking our view of the revelers in b.g. He has complete privacy now.

He breathes a ragged sigh of relief -- *thank God that's over*. Muttering to himself, as if talking about Bin Laden or Hitler:

AGENT BROMBERG
Good riddance, you miserable sack of shhh...

Before he can finish this sentence, we PRELAP--

18 INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - DAY - RING! 18

A phone RINGING. ADJUST to Russ, who sits at his desk, staring at it unhappily. He looks at his watch and, reluctantly, he answers; dreading what's coming--

RUSS
Detective Squad. Agnew speaking.

INTERCUT WITH:

19 INT. MRS. SEYMOUR'S PLACE - DAY - CONTINUOS 19

MRS. SEYMOUR, a feisty but slightly out-of-it little lady in a WHEELCHAIR is on the line. A cat or two scampers through the frame.

MRS. SEYMOUR
I want to file a complaint. Is this Russell?

Russ is listless but polite. *

RUSS
How are you today, Mrs. Seymour?

MRS. SEYMOUR
I want to file a complaint. A morality complaint.

RUSS
(prompting her)
Nice young man with the mustache?

MRS. SEYMOUR
-- There's this nice young man with a mustache who's being "*kept*" by an older man with a mustache. They live in a big mansion together and the young man gets to ride around in a fancy red sports car -- but he has to wear short shorts! Always! It's obscene.

Font wanders into frame, watching with interest. He grins.

FONT
Your girlfriend? *

RUSS
Tell you what, Mrs. Seymour -- I'll fly to Hawaii first thing tomorrow and arrest Tom Selleck.

MRS. SEYMOUR
Well, I wish you would!

Russ thanks her, gently hangs up. Noticing something o.s., he and Font drift out of frame.

Across the bullpen, the other detectives are gathered by the windows which look out onto the hall. They're staring at a blue and gold FBI SEAL being mounted on the office across the way.

FUNKHAUSER
Damn. Would you look at that. Even their seal is nicer than ours.

JACOCKS
When did two million people move to Battle Creek?

RUSS
It's just a "Resident Agency."
(off their looks)
FBI satellite office. Lou says there's over a hundred of them spread around the--

He's cut off as the others *oooh* as a rich leather SOFA gets carried into the swank new space. Font snorts.

FONT
Feds is smug-ass sonsabitches.

They all turn to Font - a little surprised by the attitude.

NIBLET
Say what?

FONT
Control freaks -- all the time gotta run the show. You watch.

Now they look to Russ, alarmed. Russ shrugs, sanguine.

RUSS
It's one guy, Font. And God knows we could use a little backup.

Font's not too sure. Commander Guziewicz appears behind them.

GUZIEWICZ
Russ? Fontanelle?

Russ and Font follow after their boss, passing Holly -- she and Russ make eye contact, smile fleetingly at one another.

Taking his star detectives aside, Guziewicz speaks privately.

GUZIEWICZ (CONT'D)
Guess who just called -- our new neighbor. He's requesting assistance from our...
(checks his note)
"Drug interdiction squad".
(dry)
I guess that's you two, right?

Off Russ and Font, intrigued:

20 EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY 20

We're back at the place where Russ bought eclairs yesterday. The Dodge Omni putters into view and parks. Russ and Font climb out, glancing around. So where is this guy?

A faint PSSST! Gets their attention. They turn to see:

THEIR POV - A CADILLAC ESCALADE

Spanking-new, shiny and black, it's parked in the distance, engine off. Milt sits at the wheel. He silently MOTIONS to us.

Russ looks to Font. They cross to Milt.

21 INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS 21

Russ climbs in front, Font in back. Font glances around distractedly at the beautiful interior of this truck -- *Damn*.

MILT
Hi. Agent Milton Chamberlain. Milt. *

RUSS
Detective Russ Agnew, Detective Fontanelle White.

MILT
(shakes their hands)
Thank you guys for coming down.

FONT
What's up?

Milt points a finger out the windshield, directing our attention to a MINIVAN parked across the lot near the donut shop. We're looking at it from the rear. A LONE FIGURE sits inside.

MILT
Drug activity. Guy in the minivan's been working the lot for the past forty minutes, climbing in one car after another. I wrote down all the plates.

Milt hands Russ a sheet of notepad paper with four or five license plate numbers on it. Russ nods -- *good catch*.

RUSS
You noticed this just driving by?

MILT *
(shrugs modestly) *
I think, even with all the great *
technology we have, if you just keep *
your eyes open, good things happen, *
right? *

Russ considers that, slightly baffled. *

RUSS *
...No. *

MILT *
Well, I was on my way to my new office *
and figured I'd pick something up
for your squad.

Milt thumbs over his shoulder into the back seat. Font sees what he's pointing at -- two BAKERY BOXES. He lifts the lid. *

FONT *
Russ, the man bought us eclairs! *

Eclairs? Russ's antennae go up -- he turns to look over the seat. Milt shrugs, gives a sheepish smile.

MILT
Little... "get to know you" thing.

Russ gives a nod, fakes a smile -- not happy, but hiding it. * Font is oblivious, his distrust of "smug-ass feds" melting away.

FONT *
Is it okay if I eat in the car? *

Milt nods his approval. *

MILT
Anyway, not really Federal *
jurisdiction but... hope I'm not *
wasting your time. *

RUSS
No, not at all. We'll grab him with
his next customer.

Milt nods, agreeing. Russ smiles, subdued -- he can't help but glance back at the ECLAIRS once more. A beat of silence.

FONT
(eating)
Dammit Milt, this is one sweet hooptie! I just wanna stick my face way down in all this fine leather, you know what I'm saying?

MILT
Thanks! It's from the motorpool.

FONT
FBI gave you this?! Russ, you hear that?

RUSS
Yes I did, Font. Very impressive.

FONT
12-way power heated seats... Tri-zone climate control, Russ. Tri-zone. That means three, Russ.
(pushes a button on head rest, thrilled)
And I got a TV back here. Perps can watch movies or whatnot.

Russ SNAP-SNAPS his fingers, getting Font's attention -- as seen through the windshield, the DEALER climbs out of his minivan.

Our view is now clear. The dealer we're watching is... TEDDY THE SNITCH! Russ groans, dismayed.

RUSS
Oh no. Look at the poor bastard.

Teddy is BRUISED, BANDAGED and wears a CERVICAL COLLAR, souvenirs of the beating he received in the TEASER. He limps to an idling car, talks up the CUSTOMER behind the wheel.

FONT
Leave it to Teddy to sell weed in front of a donut shop.
(to Milt)
Genius there's our regular snitch.

MILT
Ah. You want to leave him be?

Russ sighs dispiritedly, looks to Font.

RUSS
...I told him it'd go like clockwork...

Font understands. *

FONT
I'll go run him off.

Font heads out on foot, leaving Russ and Milt alone. Reading the situation, Milt indicates Russ's own black eye.

MILT
I take it you had some excitement.

RUSS
Little bit. No big thing.

They watch Font yell at Teddy. Russ eyes Milt, subtly assessing him: great-looking, great clothes, likeable. Trouble.

RUSS (CONT'D)
So... how long might a posting like this last for an agent such as yourself?

MILT
Hard to say -- I'll stay as long as I'm needed, certainly. I'm eager to help out.

RUSS
Huh. Shouldn't be too long then. *
I'm afraid you're gonna find Battle *
Creek very quiet. *

Russ smiles -- keeps it light and friendly. Off him:

22 EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 22

Sunrise. We're in a middle-class neighborhood of old houses. We favor one in particular -- the name on the mailbox is BRIEL.

BRIEL HOUSE - BACKYARD

An elderly woman, MARTHA BRIEL, totters about the back porch on her walker, watering her plants. Her adult son, MR. BRIEL, late 50's, stands on the lawn. He holds up a stick * and WHISTLES.

A beautiful GOLDEN RETRIEVER waits, raring to go. Mr. Briel tosses the stick into the trees bordering the back of the yard. The dog tears off after it, quickly brings it back.

MR. BRIEL
Good girl! Good girl!

The quiet of the morning, the bucolic setting, all echo Russ's last statement in the previous scene. Mr. Briel pats his dog, then throws the stick again, farther into the trees this time.

WHOOSH! The dog goes running into the woods, out of sight. Long seconds go by. Mr. Briel gives a whistle.

Nothing. No sign. Mr. Briel frowns and walks toward the treeline, glancing back at his mom. She calls the dog herself.

MARTHA BRIEL
Gidget! Gidget!

Just as we're beginning to think something terrible happened to Gidget, the underbrush rustles. Here comes the retriever, trotting happily into view with the stick in her mouth.

MR. BRIEL
There you are! Here, Gidget!

Briel's smile fades. His expression becomes confusion, then shock. Because the "stick" in Gidget's mouth turns out to be...

...A SKELETAL HUMAN ARM. The elbow to the fingertips -- rattling as the dog proudly brings it to us. Off Martha, looking on in understandable horror-- *

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

23 INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - MORNING - ECLAIRS 23

Fill frame, glistening -- only three left. A fat pink hand grabs one. It's Funkhauser, who bites it in half, then licks icing off his thumb. It's like we're watching him have sex.

FUNKHAUSER
(mouth full)
These are the best eclairs ever!

We ADJUST off Funkhauser to find... Russ sitting at his desk silently GLARING at the man. Reading Russ's sour expression sweet Holly gently speaks up on his behalf.

HOLLY
You know, Funkhauser -- Russ brought us the exact same ones the day before yesterday.

Funkhauser stares blankly, genuinely trying to remember. *

FUNKHAUSER
Mmmm. No... these are different.

Taking another bite, Funkhauser wanders over to the hall windows, where the other guys are congregated. Holly smiles at Russ, returns to her work. Russ stares after her appreciatively.

Over by the windows, Font, Guziewicz and the other detectives -- most of them eating eclairs -- gawk across the hall at:

THEIR POV - THE RESIDENT AGENCY

The little FBI office is complete. We've got a clear view into the outer office, which is so tasteful and rich it looks ready for the cover of "Architectural Digest."

The centerpiece of it all is Milt's SECRETARY, seated at her desk. This woman is the spitting image of Cindy Crawford.

Font, Guziewicz and the guys stand staring at her, transfixed. Feeling their eyes on her, the Secretary looks up from her appointment book. She gives them a friendly wave. *

REVERSE POV *

As seen from this side of the hall, the guys all dumbly wave back. They quickly disband, acting like they've got work to do. Except for Niblet, he keeps staring. * *

The Secretary glances at her watch. She rises from her Aeron chair and heads for the door to the inner office.

24 INT. MILT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOS 24

Milt stands in f.g., fists on his hips, staring into space. Behind him, his Secretary raps on his open door.

SECRETARY
Milt? It's almost nine-thirty.

MILT
I'm going.

She heads back to her desk. Milt remains here alone for another beat or two, studying his very stylish, very tasteful new office. There's not one thing wrong with it that we cans see.

Except Milt is clearly dissatisfied. With what, we're not sure.

His lips move, silently at first. We CREEP IN on him. He seems to be PSYCHING HIMSELF UP, giving himself a pep talk. We hear:

MILT (CONT'D)
Big smile, big laugh, you love it here. Big smile, big laugh, you love it here. Big smile, big --

25 INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - MINUTES LATER 25

Milt LAUGHS heartily.

MILT
I <u>love</u> it here! You kidding?

WIDE ON THE ROOM - EVERYBODY

Stands listening as Milt holds the floor. Guziewicz, Russ, Font, the other detectives and Holly -- are all present.

MILT (CONT'D)
I was brought up in a small town. This is just like coming home!

RUSS
You grew up in Michigan?

MILT
Well, Monaco. But same deal.

Russ reacts; the others don't. *

GUZIEWICZ
Well gosh, we are certainly glad to have you. Guess I should introduce you around, huh? Russ and Fontanelle you've met, then there's our two "Aarons" -- Aaron Funkhauser, Erin Jacocks. *

Milt shakes their hands in turn.

MILT
Nice to meet you, Aaron. Erin. *

JACOCKS *
They call me E. Easier to tell us apart that way. *

Milt smiles, then moves to Niblet, who eagerly sticks out his hand. *

NIBLET
I'm Niblet. Welcome aboard.

MILT
Hi. Niblet?

FONT
(to Niblet) *
Smile for the man. *

Niblet smiles wide, showing his tiny teeth and huge, pink gums.

FONT (CONT'D) *
Like niblet corn. *

MILT
Ah. Huh.

GUZIEWICZ
(moving on)
And this is Holly, our office manager.

MILT
Good to meet you, Holly.

HOLLY
Likewise. Nice to meet you.

It's not lost on Holly that this man is breathtakingly <u>handsome</u>. It's not lost on Russ that it's not lost on Holly.

Russ grows uneasy. Milt, however, is relaxed and friendly. * The tension (or lack thereof depending on perspective) is * interrupted by-- *

A PHONE RINGS -- on Russ's desk. *

GUZIEWICZ
...Russ, you gonna get that? *

Russ checks his watch and sighs. *

RUSS
It's crazy old Mrs. Seymour. She calls every day at ten -- "Magnum P.I." reruns; she thinks they're * real. *
(off his blank look)
It's complicated.

MILT
(a beat)
Here to help. I'll take it. *

Milt moves to answer the phone. Russ shrugs happily. *

RUSS
Hey, alright -- but answering that phone makes <u>you</u> the primary.

Milt gives a good-natured nod and picks up.

MILT
Detective Squad, Agent Bradley * speaking.

Milt listens for a beat, then frowns. Grabbing a pad and a pen, he quickly scribbles an address. Russ watches, confused. Clearly... it's <u>not</u> Mrs. Seymour on the other end of the line.

MILT (CONT'D)
We'll be right there.

He hangs up, turns to the others. Everyone is waiting to hear.

MILT (CONT'D)
A body was found in the woods. Sounds like a homicide.

Say <u>what</u>? Off Russ, stunned:

26 EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 26

We're in the woods behind the house, which we glimpse through the trees. Mr. Briel looks shaken. He points the way.

MILT
Thank you, Mr. Briel.

The man heads back to the house, passing Milt, Russ and Font, Funkhauser, Jacocks and Niblet. The whole gang is here.

Milt takes point. He carries a cardboard dispenser box, sets it down and reaches inside for a pair of one-size-fits-all, POWDER BLUE TYVEX BOOTIES. He pulls them on over his Cole Haan shoes.

MILT (CONT'D)
Guys, you're welcome to wear these... they'll help us keep the site uncontaminated.

The big detectives step forward to take a pair. Font, too.

JACOCKS
Check these out. High-tech!

The guys all agree, murmuring their approval as they struggle to balance on one foot, hopping in place as they pull on their booties. Russ watches warily, but does not partake. *

FONT
Feel like I'm with NASA!

Russ winces and exits frame. *

NEW ANGLE - ON THE DECK

Russ walks our way, taking his time, scanning the ground before him for evidence. We PULL BACK to reveal a dry wash, eroded by decades of rain runoff. Poking up from it is...

... A SKELETON, half buried. What's left of a rotting suit and tie is squished down around it, hardly distinguishable from the clay. One forearm is missing -- the one the dog got. A bit of desiccated skin and hair clings to the skull. This should all look as realistic and grisly as the stuff on "CSI."

Russ squats by the body. Milt joins him. They look but don't touch. Font and the others stand behind them, observing.

RUSS
Male. He's been here for years.

MILT
Decades maybe.
(to the others)
I've got a camera in that bag there if someone wants to grab it.

Funkhauser finds Milt's CAMERA -- expensive, just as we'd expect. Russ pats his own suit coat, checks the pockets. *

RUSS
Who's got the latex glove?

The other Battle Creek guys all check their pockets.

MILT
You need a latex glove?

RUSS
No, we've got one. *
(realizes that sounds *
ridiculous) *
We just, uh. Share it. *

Not trying to embarrass Russ, Milt offers him a fresh pair. *
Embarrassed nonetheless, Russ nods thanks and pulls them on. *

MILT
I've called my crime scene people in Detroit -- I figured we'd leave it to them to exhume the body.

This is gently directed at Russ, who is already probing the skeleton with his gloved finger. Russ shrugs.

RUSS
You're the primary.

Russ keeps right on probing. Behind them, Funkhauser has Milt's digital camera turned on. He stares in amazement at the screen.

FUNKHAUSER
Milt...? Is this you with Obama? *

Milt smiles and nods sheepishly. The guys crowd around to see.

MILT *
It's no biggie. It's just one of *
those photo ops. *

JACOCKS *
(no it's not) *
You're playing <u>golf</u> with the man. *

Milt shrugs modestly. Russ grits his teeth and bears this, *
keeps probing the body. He comes up with a moldy old WALLET. He WHISTLES to the others.

RUSS
Over here. Dead man's wallet.

This gets the attention of the Battle Creek guys -- mostly. Milt, however, is watching as Russ gently pries open the

ancient leather. It's like a lump of black clay. Russ eases loose a DRIVER'S LICENSE. Black and green mold has made it ILLEGIBLE.

RUSS (CONT'D)
Ah, hell. Can't make it out.

MILT
FBI lab should be able to pull that up, no sweat.

Milt smiles at Russ. Russ stares at him a beat, nods slowly -- his expression inscrutable. Russ hands over the wallet.

RUSS
Milt, you've got all the manpower you need here. You mind if Font and I take off for awhile?

Milt tries to read Russ, can't. Friendly as always, he shrugs. Off Russ, smiling back at him:

27 EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY 27

Russ steams into frame around the side of the house, walking fast and muttering to himself. Font chases after him.

RUSS
(chirpy voice)
FBI lab should be able to pull that up, no sweat! No sweat!
(normal voice, angry) *
You were right. *

FONT *
I was right? I don't think I-- *

RUSS *
He's a Fed. Smug-ass son of a-- *

FONT *
I don't think I said-- *

RUSS *
What do we get in this town, ten murders a year? Twelve if we're lucky? Guy's on the job two hours and he catches one! Primary on a murder!

FONT
You coulda answered your phone. *

RUSS
(ignoring him)
Nice juicy one, too. Get in the car.

FONT
Where we going?

RUSS
To solve it! And we're gonna do it the old-fashioned way, without laser beams and photons and whatever the hell. Common sense.
(off Font's stare)
Who buries a body in a backyard?

Font awaits the answer, deadpan.

RUSS (CONT'D)
The owner of that backyard. No stranger is gonna risk it.

FONT
Except that the owner called us.

RUSS
The current owner -- not the former owner. We find him; we find the murderer.

Font accepts that that makes sense. Except...

FONT
Don't call Milt a smug-ass, alright? Man bought us eclairs.

Russ stares hard at his partner. He looks down at Font's feet.

WIDE - RUSS AND FONT

For the first time in this scene, we see both men full-length. Font is still wearing his POWDER BLUE TYVEK BOOTIES.

RUSS
Take those off, please.

Off this:

28 INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - DAY 28

At Russ's desk. Russ is on the computer. Font sits across from him on his own old computer.

RUSS *
308 Belmont. Currently titled to one Martha Louise Briel, who bought the property in 1978. Social Security number 22514-2757.

Font quickly enters the information. Soon: *

FONT
No criminal record. Former librarian, 81 years old. It was her son who showed us the body.

Russ nods -- it *wasn't* them. A few keystrokes and-- *

RUSS
Mrs. Briel bought the house from one Kenneth R. Outlaw, who owned it from '69 to '78. 14626-1433.

Font types it in. Seeing what comes, he breaks a smile.

FONT
Kenneth Outlaw -- the aptly named. He's got a record, all right. Long one baby. Check it.

Russ rolls across in his desk chair, eagerly reads the screen.

RUSS
Narcotics possession, narcotics possession, DUI, receipt of stolen property... come on, come on, where's the good stuff?

FONT
Ooooh, there you go! Assault and battery. Times one, times two-- *

RUSS
Ho! Look at <u>that</u>.

Russ points at the screen. They both clam up, delighted. They're clearly onto something. What it is, we don't know.

RUSS (CONT'D)
(crooked smile)
And... he still lives in town.

29 EXT. SHITBALL APARTMENT HOUSE - LATE DAY 29

We're in the same bad part of town we visited in the Teaser. We ADJUST off this shabby building to find... Russ and Font staked out in front of it, sitting in Russ's parked car.

Russ yawns, rubs his eyes. Font silently mouths along to some song that's playing in his head. They've been here for hours.

FONT
That him?

Russ checks a MUG SHOT against a MAN we see walking the street -- a rangy hombre with skin like beef jerky, and mean little eyes.

Indeed -- it's the aptly named KENNY OUTLAW, mid 60s. Russ perks up, nods. Both detectives climb out of their car and intercept the man at the front door of his apartment house. They badge him. *

RUSS
Kenneth Outlaw? Battle Creek Police.
Mind if we ask you a few questions?

KENNY OUTLAW
About what?

RUSS
Friend of yours named Scott Taylor. *

Tough Kenny gets uncomfortable -- a fact not lost on our guys.

FONT
Two of you used to haul cars outta
Motown for Ford, right?

KENNY OUTLAW
Yeah, about a million years ago.
But we ain't friends.

RUSS
I guess not. You got picked up in
1977 for assaulting him. Twice. *

FONT
Beat the hell out of Mr. Taylor, *
made bail... then drove straight to
the man's hospital room and beat his
ass all over again.

RUSS
We're detectives so we're good at *
making deductions from subtle clues. *
The deduction we made was that you *
were very, very pissed at him. *

KENNY OUTLAW
You two were in knee pants when that happened. Why you asking about it now?

Russ eyeballs the big man, coolly sizing him up.

RUSS
Where would we find Scott Taylor these days?

KENNY OUTLAW
(reluctant)
Arizona. Heard he moved.

RUSS
I don't think so. We checked nationwide: Social Security, DMV. Scott Taylor is nowhere to be found. No record of him since... 1977.

FONT
It's like he dropped off the planet.

RUSS
Or into it.

Kenny looks from one detective to the other. If he's rattled, he's been lying to cops too many years to let it show.

KENNY OUTLAW
Arizona, I heard. We done?

Russ stares at him, gives the tiniest of nods -- as if to say "*For now*." Kenny heads inside his building. Russ and Font glance at one another soberly, then exit frame toward their car.

30 INT. DODGE OMNI - SECONDS LATER 30

Russ and Font climb in, shut their doors. A beat of somber silence. And then... their professional demeanor instantly evaporates. They both break into shit-eating grins.

FONT
WHOOP! THERE IT IS! --
WHOOP! THERE IT IS! --

They both do the "Crank" dance. They bump fists in victory.

FONT (CONT'D)
He did it! Absolutely did it! I could see it in his eyes!

RUSS
Without a doubt!
(Checks his watch)
So... in under two hours, we not only ID'd that body, we figured out who killed him!

FONT
Not a bad day's work, my brother.

They're ecstatic, like a couple of kids. Calming himself, Font pulls out his CELL PHONE. He dials.

FONT (CONT'D)
I'll get a couple of uniforms out here -- keep an eye on Mr. Outlaw in case he runs. I know you want to be the one to call Milt, break the good news...

RUSS
No way.
(off Font's surprise)
I want to see his smug face when he hears the news.

For him, all's right with the world. He puts the car in drive and they head off--

FONT (O.S.)
...I asked you not to call him that.

31 EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - LATE DAY 31

ANGLE CLOSE past the mailbox, with its name "Briel" -- we favor the street beyond it. Into this frame chugs Russ's car, rolling to a stop in foreground.

We see Russ and Font through the windshield. They're staring out past us slack-jawed. At what? They slowly climb out.

32 REVERSE - PAST RUSS AND FONT 32

We get our first view of the house now... and it is a <u>circus</u>. Two or three SATELLITE TRUCKS are parked here, their uplink booms extended to the sky. Vans full of REPORTERS arrive as we watch. Guys carrying VIDEO CAMERAS hump it across the lawn, trailing cable. Everybody is hurrying to the backyard.

Russ and Font look to one another -- *what the hell is this?* Intending to find out, they follow.

33 BRIEL HOUSE - BACKYARD 33

Rounding into view, Russ and Font notice a white sun tent in the distance. Under it, holding court before at least TWO DOZEN REPORTERS and a thicket of cameras, is Milt.

He's giving a PRESS CONFERENCE. Though we can't hear what he's saying from here, Milt's a natural. The reporters listen, rapt.

Bewildered, Russ squints at this like it's a mirage. Across the way, Niblet sees Russ, comes running. He's fit to burst.

NIBLET
Did you read Milt's tweet? *

RUSS
His what? *

NIBLET
You know that wallet you found? The driver's license? The FBI's got this special infrared light they shine on it that doesn't absorb, like, the wavelengths? It's amazing! And this chemical --

FONT
Yeah, science is exciting. Get to * the punch line. *

NIBLET
We ID'd the body! And you will never, ever, in a million years-- *

RUSS
Scott Taylor. *
(off his confusion)
Dead man's name is Scott Taylor. We * ID'd him, too.

Niblet makes a face -- *who are you talking about?* He shakes his head vigorously, pulls out a piece of paper and unfolds it.

Beaming, he holds up an enlarged PHOTOCOPY of a MICHIGAN DRIVER'S LICENSE, circa 1975. The photo will be familiar to many of us -- as will the name: "HOFFA, JAMES RIDDLE."

Russ and Font lean close and stare, letting it sink in. Weakly:

FONT
Y-You don't mean... that body out there..?

Oh, yes. Niblet nods slowly, grinning ear-to-ear.

NIBLET
Milt. Found. Jimmy. Hoffa. *

Huge news. Off Russ, flabbergasted -- and slightly queasy:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

34 EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATE DAY 34

The PRESS CONFERENCE is in full swing. Among the crowd of reporters stand several FBI Agents familiar to us from the Detroit field office. Also present are Commander Guziewicz, Funkhauser, Jacocks, Niblet, Font and Russ.

At the dais, Milt is silk-smooth as a network anchorman.

MILT
You probably don't need much introduction to the man. Throughout the 1960s, Jimmy Hoffa was president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters -- and a known associate of underworld figures. Mr. Hoffa was last seen in the parking lot of a Detroit restaurant on 30 July, 1975. His disappearance has been the subject of intense, worldwide speculation for three decades. That speculation ends today.

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH! Cameras whirr, reporters write furiously. Milt smiles, completely in his element.

Russ stands listening, wearing the shell-shocked expression of someone who was only one number away from winning the lottery (and his mother-in-law had the right number).

MILT (CONT'D)
Before I take questions, I want to applaud what I consider to be the backbone of this investigation: the fine members of the Battle Creek Police Department. Led by Commander Walter Guziewicz, this is an organization of men and women -- heroes all -- who epitomize the very best of local law enforcement.

And we PAN ACROSS the present members of BCPD: Guziewicz, Font and the three big detectives are all fit to pop buttons on their jackets. Everyone is thrilled, proud, excited. Until we reach...

Russ, whose resentment is simmering. "Heroes all?" That's his line! Off him standing here, left figuratively holding his dick.

35 INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - MORNING 35

It's a new day. CLOSE ON a bakery box with a note on top: "*Couldn't have done it without you guys! - Milt*." Fat pink hands open the box, revealing PASTRIES dripping icing.

FUNKHAUSER
Elephant ears! I love this guy!

Nearby, Russ sits slumped at his desk, looking like a balloon that's lost most of its air.

Font glances up from some paperwork he's doing at his own desk. Seeing Russ staring into space, he snaps his fingers, tries to get him to come to. No dice. Font looks over his shoulder and sees what Russ is staring at.

THEIR POV - THROUGH THE WINDOWS

We have a perfect view of the FBI Resident Agency across the hall. It is crowded with VIPs. Furthermore...

... Milt is visible in the doorway, talking to Holly. What could they be talking about? They're both smiling. And now, Milt touches a hand to her shoulder! What the hell is this?!

CLOSE - RUSS

Watches, feeling his day sink from crappy to profoundly crappy. Holly heads our way into the detective squad. Russ instantly drops his eyes, makes like he's busy. Witnessing it all, Font shakes his head, returns to his paperwork.

Russ peeks up at Holly as she moves about the office. Mustering his best "*I could care less*" attitude:

RUSS
So... what's up next door?

Sensing his mood, Holly also does her best to sound nonchalant.

HOLLY
Jimmy Hoffa is big news, I guess. Some guys from "Sixty Minutes" are over there talking to Milt.

Russ blinks. He doesn't say anything for a long beat. Weakly:

RUSS
Scott Pelley?

HOLLY
Lesley Stahl. Russ, your phone is ringing. *

Russ nods and answers it, completely on autopilot. Holly exits.

RUSS
Detective Squad. Agnew speaking.

A moment. Russ reacts, looks at his watch, annoyed with himself; his day taking yet another step down the crappy scale. * * *

INTERCUT WITH:

36 INT. MRS. SEYMOUR'S PLACE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 36

It's crazy old Mrs. Seymour, alone with her cats.

MRS. SEYMOUR
I see you finally caught him.

RUSS
Caught who, Mrs. Seymour? *

MRS. SEYMOUR
Jimmy Hoffa. Was that you on the television, Russell? You're quite handsome.

Russ rubs the bridge of his nose, feels a migraine coming on.

RUSS
What can I do for you today?

MRS. SEYMOUR
Jimmy Hoffa used to live next door to me. He was a very unpleasant person. He used to steal my newspaper right out of my yard!

RUSS
(not listening)
That's terrible.

MRS. SEYMOUR
Isn't it? He thought I didn't see him, but I did. He'd sneak over in his little red underpants -- the tight kind that shows contours. It was disgusting! Now that you've found him, you can prosecute him for that.

RUSS
Yes, Ma'am. We've got our best man on the case.

Russ hangs up, stares morosely across at the resident agency, where Milt can be seen joking with the "Sixty Minutes" people.

FONT *
You're wrong about him. *

Russ reacts; looks to Font... *

FONT (CONT'D)
He's just a nice guy doing his job.

RUSS *
...No one is "just" anything. *

Russ glances at his desk, finds himself staring at... the * old mug shot and police record of scary KENNETH OUTLAW. *

RUSS (CONT'D) *
(rising) *
And we've still got a crime to solve. *
Who killed Jimmy Hoffa?
(heading off) *
And what became of Scott Taylor? *

He exits. Font hurries to follow. *

37 EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 37

Here in the woods, there's a buzz of activity. FBI CRIME TECHS in blue windbreakers are just now zipping the skeletal remains into a BODY BAG. The cute FEMALE AGENT we remember from Milt's going-away party is heading this effort.

FONT (O.S.)
Hey. How you doing?

She looks up to see Russ and Font standing before her, smiling. They're both wearing their FBI-issue BLUE TYVEK BOOTIES.

RUSS
Detectives Agnew and White. Listen, just for the sake of argument... how would you guys go about searching for a second body?

FEMALE AGENT
What, out here?
(MORE)

FEMALE AGENT (CONT'D)
(off his nod)
Methane probes won't work, if we're talking about another thirty year-old grave. I'd probably try mapping sonar.

RUSS
Perfect. When can you start?

He indicates the woods around them. The woman frowns.

FEMALE AGENT
Who are you again?

Russ swallows his pride, offers his best charming smile.

RUSS
...We're working with Milt. He tells me you are scary-good.

Bingo. Off this Female Agent, now willing to do anything:

TIME CUT TO:

38 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY - LATER 38

A strange contraption fills frame -- it's a car tire laid sideways against the ground with a steel structure attached to it. A SHOTGUN SHELL gets loaded, business end down.

FEMALE AGENT
Ears! --

Wearing earplugs, the Female Agent jerks a lanyard and sets off a thunderous KA-BOOM! that raises dust on the ground. Nearby, other techs watch a map of this vibration resolve on a laptop monitor. They shake their heads -- *nothing*.

FEMALE AGENT (CONT'D)
(apologetic)
Sorry about the ancient technology. We have a saying at the agency: yesterday's technology tomorrow.

She smiles. They don't; too amazed at what they're watching.

RUSS
Yeah. Same thing here - this type of job... our shovels haven't been updated in years.

The Female Agent rolls her contraption ten feet forward and sets up to do it again. Russ and Font stand watching at the edge of the woods.

Mr. Briel approaches them from the house, keeping his fingers poised near his ears in case there's another blast.

MR. BRIEL
Detectives? Can you give a rough idea how long this is gonna go?

RUSS
I'm sorry, Mr. Briel -- it may take awhile. We do appreciate your patience.

MR. BRIEL
I actually think it's kinda neat -- I'm just worried about my Mom. Whole thing's got her so agitated.

All three turn to look. In the distance, elderly little MARTHA BRIEL stands on her back porch with her walker, watching them.

MR. BRIEL (CONT'D)
I'm trying to get her to go to my house, but she won't leave.

Russ and Font notice something else now -- MILT rounds into the backyard, headed their way with Agent Bromberg. *Oh shit*. *

FONT
(under his breath)
Tell him I said he wasn't a smug- *
ass. *
(to Mr. Briel)
Uh, maybe I should talk to her. I'm good with older women.

Getting the hell out of here, Font guides Mr. Briel toward the house, passing Milt and Bromberg along the way.

FONT (CONT'D)
Hey Milt. 'Scuze us, fellas.

Left alone, Russ gives Milt a nod. This is an awkward moment.

RUSS
Morning.

MILT
Detective Russell Agnew, Agent Nathan *
Bromberg. Nate was my partner in *
Detroit.

AGENT BROMBERG *
Nice to meet you.

Russ and Bromberg shake hands.

MILT
(to Bromberg)
Russ is senior detective with Battle Creek PD. He's a good man.

FEMALE AGENT
Ears! --

KA-BOOM! Shucking loose an empty shotgun shell, the Female Agent notices Milt is here. She's excited to see him but tries to play it cool. *

FEMALE AGENT (CONT'D)
Milt. Hi! We should have your answer for you very soon!

MILT *
Thank you very much, Sandy. *

She rolls her contraption away. Milt turns to Russ, and without changing his demeanor... *

MILT (CONT'D)
My answer to what?

Caught and uncomfortable, Russ reluctantly explains.

RUSS
I didn't want to bother you. You were busy, what with... "Sixty Minutes" and all.
(to them both)
There's a local man named Kenneth Outlaw. I think he's the one who put Mr. Hoffa here.

Milt looks to Bromberg, wary. Bromberg speaks up. *

AGENT BROMBERG *
Who killed Hoffa's never been much of a mystery. It was the Detroit mob -- we got them all under RICO years ago. *

Russ shakes his head, not buying it.

RUSS
Kenneth Outlaw is a convicted felon with a half-dozen violent offenses. He's a former Teamster, which puts him in that world.
(MORE)

RUSS (CONT'D)
And in 1975, he lived in <u>that house</u>. Hoffa vanished a full ninety miles from here. He winds up in this particular yard? *

They listen, engaged. Another KA-BOOM! Russ nods toward the crime techs at work in the distance.

RUSS (CONT'D)
And... I'm pretty sure there's a second body out here. *

MILT
(surprised)
Whose?

RUSS
A man named Scott Taylor. Outlaw's former best friend, fellow Teamster -- disappeared in '77. Maybe he knew too much. Maybe he threatened to go to the cops. *
(passionate)
I admit, I'm taking a flyer. I admit I should have called you in before using your resources. But the theory makes sense and I needed to do <u>something</u>. * * * * * *

Milt studies Russ. Clearly, Russ usurped Milt's authority -- yet throughout, Milt has come across as puzzled, not pissed. Thoughtful, not suspicious. Not insecure at all. And now:

MILT
Can't argue with that.

He heads into the woods to check on their progress. Russ is taken off-guard by Milt's complete lack of attitude.

RUSS
Milt? You're not... mad at me?

Milt pauses. He comes back... puts a HAND on Russ's shoulder (the same way he did to Holly, we'll recall).

MILT
Russ, we're partners in this. It's all about the case.

Milt smiles, walks off. Russ ponders this, seeing Milt in a different light. Behind him, Bromberg speaks ruefully.

AGENT BROMBERG *
Ohhh, you are done for.

Russ frowns -- *excuse me?* He turns to Bromberg, who keeps his voice low, his eyes on Milt in the distance.

AGENT BROMBERG (CONT'D) *
He's not human, you know. Don't even try. You can't win.

RUSS
What are you talking about?

AGENT BROMBERG *
I think you know. It took me a solid year to get him transferred out of my office. I played it so smart. I send him here... nowhere... very * first day, he finds Jimmy Hoffa.
(a beat)
I think he's the Devil.

Russ is weirded out -- and yet, he understands. This poor man is utterly beaten. Bromberg shuffles after Milt. *

Russ stares after him, uneasy. Another thunderous KA-BOOM! *

FONT (O.S.)
Russ! --

Russ snaps out of it, turns to see... Font standing on the back porch with a UNIFORM COP. Off Font, waving him over:

39 EXT. SHITBALL APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY 39

A Battle Creek POLICE CRUISER screeches to a stop, its doors flinging open -- Russ and Font climb out, having been driven here by the uniform cop. They approach a second CRUISER, parked at the curb in front of Kenny Outlaw's apartment building (someone is in the back seat of the second cruiser). *

Russ and Font join the TWO COPS who stand waiting here for them.

FIRST COP
Saw him carrying a bunch of suitcases to his car, Russ.

RUSS
Good job. Bust him out, wouldja?

The second cop opens the back door of their cruiser and helps out Kenny Outlaw, whose wrists are cuffed behind his back.

KENNY OUTLAW
What I do, guy? What's the beef?

RUSS *
Mr. Outlaw! Why you leaving town so *
sudden, man? It's no crappier today *
than it was yesterday? *

FONT *
I think he's worried we're gonna dig
something up on his friend Mr. Taylor. *
Like his arm or leg or-- *

KENNY OUTLAW
I told you! He's in Arizona!

FONT
And we told you he's <u>not</u>.
(to the cops)
Downtown. Lock his ass up.

The cop moves to put him back in the car. Outlaw blurts out:

KENNY OUTLAW
Taylor's a woman! *
(off their looks, *
embarrassed) *
Now... In Arizona! *

A beat. Russ and Font glance sidelong to one another.

FONT
Say <u>what</u>?

Outlaw <u>hates</u> having to explain this -- it's disturbing to him. But to stay out of jail, he does.

KENNY OUTLAW
Said he was... living a lie or
something. All's I tried to do was
beat some sense into him.
(shrug)
He's "Esmeralda" now. He sends me *
Christmas cards.
(shaken)
Why the hell would anyone <u>want</u> to be *
Esmeralda? *

Off Russ, with the sinking feeling he's telling the truth:

40 INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - DAY 40

CLOSE ON a FACEBOOK PAGE for a very happy (if for no apparent *
reason) "Esmeralda Stanwyk". Pretty clearly an ex-dude. *
Russ is crestfallen. *

FONT *
...Surgery December of '77; New Social *
Security number issued February of *
'78. *

Behind them, Milt enters the squad. Funkhauser, Jacocks and *
Niblet all call out to him like he's Norm from "Cheers."

THE GUYS
Milt! --

Thus alerted, Russ instantly minimizes the Facebook page. *
Font glances sidelong at him, makes himself scarce. *

Smiling and saying hi to everybody, Milt approaches Russ.

MILT
Can we have a word?

Russ nods, steps aside to where they can have some privacy.

MILT (CONT'D)
We're still searching the woods. We
haven't found your second grave yet,
but we're not giving up.

Russ sighs deeply, looks at his shoes.

RUSS
Y-Yeah. Milt, about that...

MILT
(not listening)
Russ, I want you to be co-primary
with me on this case.

Russ stops short. He can't believe what he's hearing.

RUSS
Co-primary. On the Hoffa case.

MILT
I was thinking about what I said to
you. We're partners -- or should
be. You guys live here, work here, *
work hard; I show up, pick up a *
phone... I completely lucked into
this thing.

Milt shrugs. God, is he charming. Russ listens, stunned.

MILT (CONT'D)
I wasn't sent here to take center
stage.
(MORE)

MILT (CONT'D)
You should be the public face of the investigation from now on.
(off Russ's stunned reaction)
...If you want to be.

For Russ, it's too good to be true. Which is why -- after a beat -- he smiles slyly.

RUSS
Oh, you are <u>good.</u>

Milt looks confused, doesn't understand.

RUSS (CONT'D)
This is about Kenneth Outlaw, isn't it? Not enough for you to find the body, you gotta be the guy who found the killer.

MILT
Uh... no. Russ, I...

RUSS
Tell you what, Milt -- I accept your kind offer. I'll run the press conference. And Outlaw... he's all yours.

He shakes Milt's hand. Milt looks perfectly nonplussed.

MILT
However you want to do it, Russ.

Russ smiles to himself, certain he's just beat the Devil.

41 EXT. GOVERNMENT COMPLEX - DAY 41 *

Russ leaves, feeling good about himself. Font hurries after him.

FONT
What the hell was that? You know Outlaw didn't kill nobody.

RUSS
Guy's playing me; I'm playing him.

FONT
He did something <u>nice</u>.

RUSS *
(surprised) *
Jeez, can you really be bought off *
with donuts? *

FONT *
...They were eclairs. *

RUSS *
(moving on) *
While he spends the next few days
parked in front of an old man's home,
we solve Hoffa's murder and--

FONT *
(following) *
And what if you're wrong? You got *
no doubts? You never wrong? What *
if all you just did was screw over a *
nice guy? *

Russ stops, turns back, trying to control the anger (mainly *
because he doesn't understand why he's angry)-- *

RUSS *
If he's just a nice guy... *
(searches for thoughts) *
...Then he's an idiot. He needs *
someone to teach him the world doesn't *
work that way. *

In b.g., the Female Agent exits the building and approaches. *
She heads straight for Russ, hands him a FILE FOLDER. *

FEMALE AGENT
Forensic report on the body just *
came in. Milt says you should get a *
copy. *

Oddly, she's rather subdued. *

RUSS *
Great. Thank you. *

Eager to see, Russ shares it with Font. They scan it *
together. They both see something that fills them with
dismay.

RUSS (CONT'D)
What's this mean -- "not a match?"

FEMALE AGENT
No match on dental -- not even close.
No match on height.

Font and Russ just stare; seemingly unable to process this information.

FEMALE AGENT (CONT'D)
It's not Jimmy Hoffa.

She turns and leaves. It's a huge kick in the ass. Russ looks dazed. A thought strikes him.

RUSS
Well, guess I don't need to feel guilty about screwing him over, huh?
(off Font)
Seeing as he's apparently much better at it than I am.

Off Russ, angry; and Font, thinking Russ might just be right.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

42 EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 42

A second press conference. Same tent, same reporters... except now, they're all looking very surprised. Very dissatisfied.

FEMALE REPORTER
It's not Jimmy Hoffa?

We TILT UP from a tangle of microphones to find RUSS at the dais. Most days, this would be his dream come true. Not today.

RUSS
That is correct. The remains have been identified as one Mark Paul DeShay of Pontiac, Michigan. The driver's license we found was a very artful forgery.

FEMALE REPORTER
Why would this dead person have Jimmy Hoffa's driver's license? Is somebody trying to make your department look foolish?

MALE REPORTER
If so, it worked.

CHUCKLES from the audience. Russ stands up to the heat, but we see he's miserable. Font, Guziewicz and the local * detectives stand off to the side, feeling for him. Milt is <u>not</u> present.

Russ holds up an enlargement of an old MUG SHOT for all to see.

RUSS
1974 police photo of Mark Paul DeShay. You can see he bears a definite resemblance to Mr. Hoffa. As Mr. DeShay was a convicted swindler and con man, we theorize at the time of his death he was impersonating Mr. Hoffa for the purpose of some sort of scam.
(sheepish smile)
As you can see, this whole thing was a very... understandable mistake on our part.

The reporters stare at Russ blankly. His smile fades. Agony.

MALE REPORTER
Detective, is the FBI going to take over this case?

FEMALE REPORTER
-- And could we hear once more from Agent Bradley?

Praying for this humiliation to end, Russ sees AGENT BROMBERG standing in the back. Sympathetic, the man shrugs -- *I told you so*. *

43 EXT. SHITBALL APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY 43 *

The black Escalade is parked down the block a discreet distance. Milt sits alone in his truck, watching. Seeing something of interest, he raises a pair of binoculars, peers through them.

44 BINOCULAR POV - A MINIVAN 44

Pulls to the curb in front of Kenny Outlaw's apartment building. The driver is instantly recognizable with his bruises and cervical collar -- it's TEDDY THE SNITCH. Teddy glances around nervously, then heads up the steps and knocks on Outlaw's door.

The door opens a crack. A quick exchange is made, then Teddy leaves, tucking a small Kraft bag into his coat.

45 CLOSE - MILT 45

Lowers his binoculars. He reacts, pleasantly surprised. * Then he picks up a pad and writes down a license plate number. *

46 EXT. GOVERNMENT COMPLEX - DAY 46 *

Russ pulls his Dodge Omni into its parking space, cuts the engine. He looks like his dog just died. He takes his case files and climbs out, moving like he's a hundred years old.

God, has this been a lousy week. As he starts for the office, he notices something that stops him. His SIGN, the one that says "RESERVED FOR R. AGNEW," stands TILTED AT AN ANGLE again.

Russ eases it upright. It droops the other way. Russ stares at it a beat... then KICKS the shit out of it, knocking it flat.

HOLLY (O.S.)
Russ..?

Russ turns to find Holly behind him. Oh, great.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

RUSS
Yeah. Why?

She gives him a look - seriously? She stands ready to listen. *
Russ shrugs -- *I'm perfectly fine*.

HOLLY
(a beat)
Okay.

She heads for ther building. Russ doesn't want her to go. *

RUSS
I'm just, uh...

She turns back. He tries to figure how to put it into words.

RUSS (CONT'D)
I'm just seeing things clearly.
(a beat)
I'm a small-town cop. There's winners in the world, and then there's... the rest of us.

Holly understands.

HOLLY
Milt.

RUSS
(nods)
I know I'm getting what I deserve. I tried to stick it to him. If he's just plain better than me, why should I let that..?

He trails off, looks to Holly plaintively.

RUSS (CONT'D)
<u>Is</u> he better than me?

HOLLY
Russ, I think you know how I feel about you. If you don't, you're not much of a detective.

That helps. He smiles faintly, drops his eyes.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Solve this case -- that'll make you feel good.

RUSS
It's solved. Kenneth Outlaw killed the guy. I don't know why, I don't know how; all I know is Milt gets to be the one who brings him in.

HOLLY
Except he can't even prove the man was murdered.

RUSS
Milt will smile at the guy, maybe say 'aw shucks' a couple of times and get the whole--
(realizing)
What?

HOLLY
It's in their forensic report.

Russ opens the FBI forensic report he carries, scans through it. He stands close to Holly so she can show him.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Right there.

RUSS
"Skeletal remains show no fractures. No damage consistent with bullet or knife wounds. No indications of violence."

HOLLY
See? And check out his clothes: "Jacket, trousers, undergarments exhibit no bullet or knife penetrations or blood residue."
(shrugs)
So, how did he die?

Russ considers. He notices something else now.

RUSS
Wait a minute. Undergarments...

HOLLY
What?

RUSS
His underwear. "One pair men's briefs, red cotton." Red...

He wonders at this -- why does it sound familiar? Holly watches him curiously, waiting for an answer.

He remembers -- and looks amazed. Abruptly, he KISSES Holly a quick one on the lips, so excited is he.

RUSS (CONT'D)
Little red underpants! --

He tears out of frame. Off Holly, staring after him warily:

47 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY 47

The Dodge Omni comes squealing around a corner, hauling ass.

48 INT. DODGE OMNI - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS 48

Russ steers. He slaps a BLUE POLICE LIGHT onto the dashboard. It SLIDES with every turn. Font rides shotgun, looks perplexed.

FONT
Crazy old Mrs. Seymour.

RUSS *
Check her address... *

Russ tosses him a file. Font takes a look - then checks another file; reacts, stunned. * *

RUSS (CONT'D)
She said Jimmy Hoffa used to live *
next door to her. ...She was telling *
the truth.

Russ drives, determined. The blue light on the dash goes dead. Russ SMACKS it hard, and it starts flashing again. Off this:

49 INT. MRS. SEYMOUR'S PLACE - DAY - A TV 49

Shows the title sequence of "MAGNUM, P.I." Its eighties guitar theme is cranked up LOUD. We PULL BACK from the screen to find Mrs. Seymour sitting before it in her wheelchair.

50 REVERSE - MRS. SEYMOUR 50

Stares fixedly at her show, shaking her head in disapproval. Behind her, we can see Russ and Font standing at the window, RAPPING on the glass. Mrs. Seymour has no idea they're there.

51 EXT. MRS. SEYMOUR'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS 51

We stay relatively TIGHT on this corner of the house, not yet revealing where we are. Russ gives up rapping on the glass. He glances around, shakes his head in wonder. *

Font takes Russ's place at the window, raps on it himself. *

FONT
MRS. SEYMOUR! HELLOOO!

No dice. Staring in another direction, Russ speaks softly. *

RUSS
Font. She's not the one we need to talk to.

Font turns, sees where Russ is looking. We ANGLE AROUND them both now, finally revealing the wide view.

Mrs. Seymour's house -- which we've seen before without realizing it -- is next door to the very familiar BRIEL HOUSE. Russ and Font are both staring at old MARTHA BRIEL, who stands watching them on her front porch, balanced against her walker.

Russ walks across the lawn towards the woman, Font following him. Both detectives end up at the foot of her porch steps. They gaze up at Martha, who gazes down at them.

Old Martha's eyes fill with tears. Russ speaks gently to her.

RUSS (CONT'D)
Mrs. Briel? Is there something you want to tell us?

MARTHA BRIEL
(a beat; softly)
He... he wasn't Jimmy Hoffa?

Off this woman, so full of sadness:

DISSOLVE TO:

52 EXT. SHITBALL APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY 52

We TILT DOWN from SKY, revealing where we are. As seen from a distance, the Dodge Omni slowly motors into view, parking behind the black Escalade. Russ climbs out of his car.

53 INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS 53

Russ opens the passenger door, climbs in. We PULL BACK to reveal Milt seated behind the wheel, staring out the windshield toward Kenny Outlaw's place. * *

RUSS *
Kenneth Outlaw didn't bury that body in the woods. It was Martha Briel. The librarian.

Milt turns to Russ. Russ nods, smiling faintly -- *believe it*. *

MILT *
I didn't set you up. *

RUSS *
(not even dignifying *
with an answer) *
In 1978, she's a widow, living by herself, kids are gone. One day there's a knock at the door -- it's Jimmy Hoffa. Of course it's not really, it's a con man... but he is good, and she believes him. He tells her he's on the run from the mafia. He tells her if they find him, they'll kill him. He begs her for help -- some food, a little cash, a place to sleep.

MILT *
I didn't know it wasn't Jimmy Hoffa. *
I'd like you to believe me. *

Russ shakes his head. He continues subdued. Not cocky.

RUSS
The real Hoffa's been missing for three years at this point. It's been in all the papers. Martha Briel believes this man is in danger. Out of the goodness of her heart, she puts him up for nearly a month. And she gets increasingly scared because of all these gruesome mob stories he's telling her. He says she's in danger too, just for helping him. The mafia'll kill her too if they ever find out -- so she's got this huge secret to keep.

MILT *
You don't believe me? *

RUSS *
Did you expect I would? *

MILT *
(simple) *
Yes. I don't know why you wouldn't. *

Russ isn't sure what to make of that answer. Chooses, yet again, to simply move on. *

RUSS
One morning, he drops dead of a heart attack in the middle of breakfast. She's out of her mind with fear -- "What do I do? The mob's gonna get me!" So late that night, she buries him in her backyard. And she never tells a soul. Until today.

Milt is stunned. He turns forward, staring out the windshield.

RUSS (CONT'D)
We've got nobody to arrest.

MILT
Well that doesn't make any sense.

RUSS
(was he not listening?)
...I'm pretty sure it does.

MILT
It means Mr. Outlaw was skipping town when he knew he was innocent of what you accused him of. Which means he also had to know he was guilty of something else.

Russ hadn't thought of that - but it does make sense.

MILT (CONT'D)
Are you by any chance looking for a Canadian drug boss?

Russ reacts, surprised...

RUSS
...Canadian?

MILT
Thought I saw that in a file. While I've been sitting here, eight vehicles have stopped by Mr. Outlaw's home; in each case, a male, single occupant has come to the door, made an exchange and departed.

RUSS
Outlaw's lived here since at least 1975.

MILT
I know. But look at the vehicle sitting in his driveway...

Russ looks - MICHIGAN PLATES... specifically... CAN8IAN. *
Russ is stunned. *

RUSS *
And you just... stumbled on all this? *

MILT *
Well, in fairness, you led me here. *
(beat) *
And like we discussed... if you just *
keep your eyes open, good things *
happen. *

RUSS *
(fuck me) *
...Right. *

MILT *
Shall we knock on the door? *

And Milt confidently gets out of the car. After a beat, *
Russ follows. *

MILT (CONT'D) *
This really is a small town, isn't *
it? *

RUSS *
Oh yeah. *

PRELAP MUSIC *

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. RESIDENT AGENCY - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER 54 *

The blue and gold FBI SEAL fills frame -- we rise off it to find a desk stacked with baggies full of MARIJUANA. Lots of them. FLASH-FLASH-FLASH! Lots of photos get taken, strobing the room.

This is a press conference, though a smaller one than before. MUSIC CONTINUES THROUGHOUT this scene -- characters speak, but we don't hear them. Milt smiles for the REPORTERS and * holds up an enlarged mug shot of KENNY OUTLAW, freshly arrested. Milt motions to...

... Russ and Font, standing off to the side. We can tell it's a week or so later, as Russ's black eyes from the Teaser is now completely gone. At Milt's urging, Russ and Font step forward and stand on either side of him, sharing the limelight.

Guziewicz, Funkhauser, Jacocks and Niblet are here, watching proudly. So is Holly. She smiles at Russ, who smiles back.

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH! More pictures get snapped. Milt puts his arms around Russ and Font, skooching them closer and making sure they both get in the picture.

For Russ, life is good. He's finally getting what he wanted.

FLASH! FREEZE-FRAME on the three men at the height of their triumph. This image TRANSFORMS into a NEWS PHOTO which then * CROPS DOWN on either side...

Until it's a photo of MILT ALONE, which winds up on the front page of "The Battle Creek Intelligencer." The headline reads "FBI AGENT NABS LOCAL DRUG DEALER."

We realize poor Russ is <u>never</u> going to win. Off this...

FADE TO BLACK. *

END OF SHOW