

"Battle Creek"

PILOT

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TV Calling - For educational purposes only

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

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's a charming scene. 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 fancy CAMCORDER, videotaping her solo dance.

Behind Dad, the door at the back of the darkened auditorium opens... revealing the SILHOUETTE of a MAN.

CLOSE - THE SILHOUETTED MAN

Meet RUSS AGNEW, 40. His suit is 1980s J.C. Penney, but 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.

When he sees what he's looking for, he beelines down the aisle -- straight for the DAD. He flashes a BADGE, keeps his voice low.

RUSS

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

Dad is startled, but seeing as Russ doesn't look like a man to be argued with, he accompanies him back up the aisle. Curious parents turn in their seats to watch.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Dad and Russ exit into the bright, deserted concourse.

DAD

W-What's going on? --

RUSS

Detective Russell Agnew. Here's
my card -- I'll trade you.

Handing him his business card, Russ grabs the man's CAMCORDER.

CONTINUED:

RUSS
Police business. You'll get it
back -- just call that number!

Boom -- Russ is gone. Off bewildered Dad, looking at his card:

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT - A VHS CAMCORDER

Fills frame, big as a shoebox: "PROPERTY OF BATTLE CREEK
POLICE" is on the side. A hand whacks this bulky antique.
ADJUST to... DETECTIVE FONTANELLE WHITE, 30s. He's frustrated,
trying to get this city-issue piece of shit to work in a hurry.

Hearing a SCREECH OF TIRES, Font looks out his windshield.

EXT. DOWN & OUT DINER - CONTINUOUS

An '87 Dodge Omni comes SLIDING to the curb, bumping into it.
Russ jumps out and runs to the van, parked in the darkness
opposite a skeezy DINER. This is not the nice part of town.

INT. CARGO VAN - CONTINUOUS

Russ piles into the driver's seat. Triumphant, he holds up the
fancy, commandeered CAMCORDER. Delighted, Font lets the old one
THUD to the floor and grabs this new one.

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 them, staring 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.

CONTINUED:

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.

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

FONT

Russ? 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

Font? Why isn't the red light
coming on? Red light means it's
working, correct?

(off Font's nod)

Yeah? No red light.

Russ chuckles to himself, takes a calming breath -- what to do?
A beat, then... BAM!BAM!BAM!BAM! He POUNDS on the equipment.

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

No, dude -- first the video camera
then the wire? What the hell
kinda police department is this?!

RUSS

The grossly underfunded kind.
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.

CONTINUED: (2)

RUSS
(teeth gritted)
I know that. I am on it.

TEDDY THE SNITCH
You're on it? You're done!
B to the O to the N-E-D!
This is over! It's pathetic!

FONT
No, "pathetic" is a white man with
titties like Shirley Hemphill.

Chastened, 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:

INT. SISTER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - A BABY MONITOR

Fills frame. It's molded to look like a teddy bear. Its little
RED LIGHT glows as it sits here atop the kitchen counter.

We PULL BACK to include Fontanelle's SIS grating carrots at the
sink. She smiles, hearing the happy COOS and GURGLES of her
baby coming loud and clear through the monitor's speaker.

THUMP. An odd bumping sound broadcasts through the MONITOR,
giving Sis pause. THUMP... THUMP. Suddenly:

FONT (V.O.)
Son of a bitch! --

Eyes wide, Sis grips her knife tight and sprints out of frame.

INT. BABY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sis runs into the room, letting out a SCREECH at the sight of...
a MAN on all fours beneath the cribside table. It's Font, who
WHACKS his head sitting up.

CONTINUED:

SIS
 Fontanelle..? What in the hell
 you doing? --

FONT
 I just gotta... Hey, Sis. I just
 gotta borrow your thing here. Uh.

Font works fast, not wanting to explain. He fumbles under the table, trying to unplug the other half of the teddy bear BABY MONITOR. As he struggles, it falls over with a clunk -- and automatically starts singing a chirpy little SONG.

BABY MONITOR
*La-dee-da, da-dee-dee, I wuv
 you... Do yoooo wuv me?*

Jerk! Font yanks the plug from the wall, grabs up the monitor.

FONT
 Police business.

He splits. Off Sis staring after him, utterly confounded:

INT. DOWN & OUT DINER - NIGHT

Gangbangers, tweaking crackheads, homeless guys and runaways -- this isn't exactly Denny's. We PAN this dangerous interior to land on... the BABY MONITOR, 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.

INT. CARGO VAN - CONTINUOUS - TEDDY

Can be seen on the fold-out CAMCORDER 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 an inverter that's in turn plugged to the cigarette lighter. And lo and behold...

TEDDY THE SNITCH (V.O.)
 Can you hear me? Of course you
 can't hear me, you couple of
 freakin' lunatics. No way is this
 gonna work. I'm gonna get raped.

CONTINUED:

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... BUMP.

BABY MONITOR (V.O.)

La-dee-da, da-dee-dee, I wuv
you... Do yoooo wuv me?

Russ and Font FREEZE. Oh... shit. RUSTLING SOUNDS are heard.

DEALER (V.O.)

What the hell is this? --

TEDDY THE SNITCH (V.O.)

Guys. Guys. Guys. GUYS!! --

ACT ONE

A COMPUTER SCREEN

Fills frame. It's one of those ancient yellow monochrome jobs. On it gets started a letter, addressed to:

Mr. Mike Wallace

"Sixty Minutes"

We are:

INT. RUSS'S APARTMENT - MORNING

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 VOICEOVER.

RUSS (V.O.)

Dear Mr. Wallace: 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.

INT./EXT. MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MORNING

VOICEOVER continues over a series of SHOTS of Russ in his '87 Dodge Omni, 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 GRRRRREAT!"

RUSS (V.O.)

Sadly, our own public servants are not so well-nourished, metaphorically speaking.

EXT. STRIP MALL - MORNING

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

RUSS (V.O.)

I am 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. This is a sure recipe for disaster.

INT. DONUT SHOP - MORNING

The last of twelve gooey ECLAIRS gets 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 swallow, given certain recent expenditures for public sculpture.

EXT. GOVERNMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

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.)

Mr. Wallace, 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.

CONTINUED:

RUSS (V.O.)
Yours, Detective Russell Agnew.

Off this, END MONTAGE.

INT. P.D. HALLWAY - MORNING

WORKMEN finesse a long roll of carpeting around a sharp corner. Russ steps over it, rounding into view on his way up this bland hall. He slows, staring 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."

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

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

There's not a lot of room in here for the DETECTIVES present, who are perhaps larger than most. There's FUNKHAUSER, JACOCKS and NIBLET. Nice guys -- but they tend to tie their ties a bit short, and they look like they eat way too much cheese.

FUNKHAUSER
There he is! French Connection!

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

FUNKHAUSER
Yeah, 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
I'm putting them right here.

CONTINUED:

Russ sets the eclairs beside the "Mannix"-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, the office manager. She's early 30s, and cute. Most definitely cute. Upon seeing Russ's black eye, her smile turns to a frown of concern.

HOLLY
 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
 What's with the spare office?

HOLLY
 Somebody rented it. Whoever it is, they're sure doing it up.

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.

CONTINUED: (2)

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

RUSS
We're cops, not movie stars.

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

INT. COMMANDER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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's a Goldstar 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
Great job yesterday.

Russ shakes his head, pulls the door shut. Points to his EYE.

RUSS
You call this "great?"
(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
Commander, that bust -- it
should've gone by the numbers.
Instead, we get issued recording
gear that looks like it came out
of Maxwell Smart's shoe.

FONT
-- Out of his ass.

CONTINUED:

RUSS
And this friggin' piece of junk...

Russ digs his broken STUN GUN out of his pocket, holds it up and clicks it on. POP! A tiny puff of blue SMOKE curls out of it.

RUSS
See?! This is unacceptable!

FONT
Unacceptable. Gotta concur.

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

RUSS
We need new police equipment,
manufactured in this century.
We need the latest training.
We need... we need everything!

Russ looks to Font for backup. Font nods -- hell yeah!

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 help.

Off Russ and Font, wondering what that means:

EXT. DETROIT FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

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

INT. DETROIT FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

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.

CONTINUED:

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 BRADLEY.

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 him, kiss him, practically hang off him like tinsel. Everybody adores this guy.

TINK-TINK! A champagne glass gets tapped, quieting everyone. The boss, SPECIAL AGENT-IN-CHARGE (SAC) BROMBERG, has the floor.

SAC BROMBERG

Don't get too drunk -- we've got bad guys to catch!

The crowd laughs. Bromberg gets serious now. Heartfelt.

SAC BROMBERG

I'm no good at these things. I'd just like to say... Milt, you've been an asset to this office. You've run some major, high-profile cases, done it beautifully. More than that, you've been a true friend. Frankly, I don't know what we're going to do without you.

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

MILT

SAC Bromberg... everybody. I'm no good at these things, either...

FEMALE AGENT

Milt, you're good at everything!

The crowd ooooohs 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...

CONTINUED: (2)

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

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

SAC 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:

INT. BROMBERG'S OFFICE - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Bromberg enters his plush 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:

SAC BROMBERG
Good riddance, you miserable sack
of shhh --

Before he can finish this sentence, we PRELAP --

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - DAY - RING!

An oldfangled phone with lighted push-buttons and a six-pound handpiece fills frame, RINGING. ADJUST to Russ, who sits at his desk, staring at it unhappily. Reluctantly, he answers.

RUSS
Detective Squad. Agnew speaking.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MRS. SEYMOUR'S PLACE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Russ was clearly expecting this call. He's listless but polite.

RUSS
How are you today, Mrs. Seymour?

CONTINUED:

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
The "Magnum, P.I." Lady?

Russ nods tiredly. Into the phone:

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.

JACOBS
(to Russ)
What's it called? Resident what?

RUSS
"Resident agency." It's a little
FBI satellite office. I'm told
there's over a hundred of them
spread around the country.

CONTINUED: (2)

FUNKHAUSER

Why open one in Battle Creek?

Russ has no answer for that. The others oooh as a rich leather SOFA gets carried into the swank new space. Font snorts.

FONT

You watch -- they're gonna try and take over.

NIBLET

Say what?

FONT

Feds is smug-ass sonsabitches. Control freaks -- all the time gotta run the show. You watch.

The other guys look to Russ, alarmed. Russ shrugs, sanguine.

RUSS

It's just one guy, Font. God knows a little backup can't hurt.

Font's not too sure. Commander Guzewicz 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, Guzewicz speaks privately.

GUZIEWICZ

Guess who just called -- our new neighbor. He's requesting assistance from our drug interdiction squad.

(dry)

I guess that's you two, right?

Off Russ and Font, intrigued:

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

We're back at the place where Russ bought eclairs yesterday. The Dodge Omni puttters 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:

CONTINUED:

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.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

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

MILT

Hi. Agent Milton Bradley. 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

No, actually 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

Oh, man. Eclairs.

CONTINUED:

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.

FONT

Russ, the man bought us eclairs!

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

MILT

Anyway, this guy here... I 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

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... Northstar engine. Dammit.

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

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

RUSS

Oh no. Look at the poor bastard.

CONTINUED: (2)

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

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. They consider it.

RUSS

It's just... I told him it'd go like clockwork, and it didn't.

Russ doesn't have the heart to arrest Teddy. 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

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. I'm afraid you're gonna find Battle Creek very quiet. Nothing much ever happens here.

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

EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

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 40s, 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 this image:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - MORNING - ECLAIRS

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, trying to remember.

FUNKHAUSER

Mmm. 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 wave.

INT. FBI RESIDENT AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

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.

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

INT. MILT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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 can 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

Big smile, big laugh, you love it here. Big smile, big laugh, you love it here. Big smile, big --

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - MINUTES LATER

-- Milt LAUGHS heartily.

MILT

I love it here! You kidding?

WIDE ON THE ROOM - EVERYBODY

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

MILT

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.

GUZIEWICZ

Well gosh, we are certainly glad to have you. Guess I should introduce you around, huh? Russ and Fontanelle you've met...

(more)

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CONTINUED:

GUZIEWICZ (cont'd)
then there's our two "Jims" --
Jim Funkhauser, Jim Jacocks...

Milt shakes their hands in turn.

MILT
Nice to meet you, Jim. Jim.

Milt gets to Niblet, who eagerly sticks out his hand.

NIBLET
I'm Niblet. Welcome aboard.

MILT
Hi. Niblet?

FONT
We call him that on accounta he
got short little teeth like niblet
corn. Show the man.

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

MILT
Ah. Huh.

NIBLET
It doesn't hurt or nothing.

GUZIEWICZ
(moving on)
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 handsome.
It's not lost on Russ that it's not lost on Holly.

Russ grows uneasy. Milt, however, is relaxed and friendly.

MILT
Folks, I am at your disposal.
I'm ready to roll up my sleeves
and go to work.

GUZIEWICZ
Fantastic. Welcome, Milt!

Everyone enthusiastically CLAPS for him. Russ has to, as well.
A PHONE RINGS -- Russ's desk. Russ checks the time and sighs.

CONTINUED: (2)

GUZIEWICZ

Russ, you gonna get that?

RUSS

It's crazy old Mrs. Seymour.
She calls every day at ten --
"Magnum, P.I." is on and she
thinks it's real.

(off his blank look)

It's complicated.

MILT

(a beat)

I'll take it.

FONT

She gonna talk your ear off about
Tom Selleck and his short shorts.

Milt grins, moves to answer the phone. Russ shrugs happily.

RUSS

Hey, alright -- but answering that
phone makes you the primary.

Milt gives a good-natured nod and picks up.

MILT

Detective Squad, 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 not Mrs. Seymour on the other end of the line.

MILT

We'll be right there.

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

MILT

A body was found in the woods.
Sounds like a homicide.

Say what? Off Russ, stunned:

EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

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.

CONTINUED:

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 TYVEK BOOTIES. He pulls them on over his Cole Haan shoes.

MILT

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 big 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!

Niblet loses his balance -- CRASH! 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 squooshed 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 DIGITAL CAMERA -- expensive, just as we'd expect. Russ pats his own suit coat, checks the pockets.

CONTINUED: (2)

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. We just, uh.
Share it.

Russ gets self-conscious, realizing how ridiculous that sounds. 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
George Bush?!

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

FONT
Damn, Milt! What are you, like,
baling hay, the two of you?

MILT
Yeah, down in Crawford. Nice guy.

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.

CONTINUED: (3)

RUSS

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:

EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

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)

Ugh. You smug-ass son of a...

FONT

Russ, what is the problem?

RUSS

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

FONT

You shoulda answered your phone.

RUSS

(ignoring him)

This one's a juicy one, too -- I can tell. Get in the car.

FONT

Where we going?

CONTINUED:

RUSS

To solve it! And we're gonna do it the old-fashioned way, without FBI 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

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. And that is exactly who I wanna look up.

Font sighs and gives in. Except for:

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:

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - DAY

BAM! A big, dusty real estate DEED BOOK thuds atop Russ's desk. He flips through it, searching intently while Font watches.

RUSS

308 Belmont Avenue... 308. 3-0-8.

Holly rounds into view behind them, shadowed by two ardent young women from payroll. Holly and these PAYROLL WOMEN keep their voices conspiratorially low, but we still overhear:

CONTINUED:

FIRST PAYROLL WOMAN
Holly, come on! Is he wearing a
ring or isn't he?

HOLLY
(uncomfortable)
I seriously didn't notice!
Why ask me? You saw him, too.

SECOND PAYROLL WOMAN
Only from a distance.

FIRST PAYROLL WOMAN
But close enough! Oh. My. God.
He is drop-dead...

Holly glances at Russ, self-consciously SHUSHES the woman.

SECOND PAYROLL WOMAN
(whisper)
You think the FBI could use two
new payroll clerks?

Russ is staring darkly into space now, chewing at the inside of
his cheek. Behind him, the two payroll ladies giggle,
oblivious. Holly hurriedly exits frame -- both women follow.

FONT
Russ. Russ.

Russ snaps out of it, grimly keeps searching the book.

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

Font plops down at his own desk, quickly enters the information
into his antediluvian computer. 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*. He turns back to the deed book.

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 up, he breaks a smile.

CONTINUED: (2)

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

Oooh, there you go! Assault and
battery. Times one, times two...

RUSS

Ho! Look at that.

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

RUSS

(crooked smile)
And... he still lives in town.

EXT. SHITBALL APARTMENT HOUSE - LATE DAY

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, 60. 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?

CONTINUED:

RUSS

Friend of yours named Scott Funt.

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 '77 for assaulting him. Twice.

FONT

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

RUSS

You musta been pissed. How come?

KENNY OUTLAW

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

Russ eyeballs the big man, coolly sizing him up.

RUSS

Where would we find Scott Funt these days?

KENNY OUTLAW

(reluctant)

Arizona. Heard he moved.

RUSS

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

FONT

Back in our knee pants days. It's like he dropped off the planet.

RUSS

Or into it.

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

INT. DODGE OMNI - SECONDS LATER

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

FONT

WHOOH! THERE IT IS! --

WHOOH! THERE IT IS! --

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

FONT

He did it! Absolutely did it!
I could see it in his eyes!

RUSS

Without a doubt!

(checks his watch)

So... in just under five 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, Russ pulls out his fat gray brick of a CELL PHONE. He dials.

RUSS

Let's get a couple of uniforms out
here -- keep an eye on Mr. Outlaw
in case he runs. And then...

Russ trails off, frowning at his big cell phone. He baps it a couple of times with his palm. It's broken, of course.

RUSS

Friggin' piece of --

FONT

I'll hit the payphone.

CONTINUED:

Font climbs out. Russ yells after him.

RUSS
And then we get to go tell Special
Agent Rico Suavé!

Font smirks and shakes his head. Russ will not be chastened,
however -- for him, all's right with the world.

RUSS
I get to tell him! --

Russ smiles to himself, satisfied. Under his breath:

RUSS
This'll put us in the paper.

EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - LATE DAY

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.

REVERSE - PAST RUSS AND FONT

We get our first view of the house now... and it is a circus.
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.

BRIEL HOUSE - BACKYARD

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
We've been trying to reach you for
hours! Your phone's not working!

CONTINUED:

RUSS

Niblet. What in the hell?

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

Niblet, man -- speak English.

NIBLET

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

RUSS

Scott Funt.
(off his confusion)
Dead man's name is Scott Funt.
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

We. Found. Jimmy. Hoffa.

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

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATE DAY

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 as 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 mobsters and 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.

MILT

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.

Guziewicz, Font and the three big detectives are all fit to pop buttons on their jackets, so swelled with pride are they.

Not so Russ, whose resentment is simmering. "Heroes all?" That's his line! CREEPING IN on Russ, we see through his eyes.

RUSS'S POV - MILT

As Milt continues his apple-polishing, his dialog FADES and he goes into SLOW MOTION. Suddenly we're hearing CARLY SIMON sing:

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CONTINUED:

CARLY SIMON (V.O.)

*You're so vain, you probably think
this song is about you -- don't
you?! Don't you?! Don't you?!*

Russ snaps out of it. Off him standing here, left figuratively holding his dick:

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - MORNING

It's a new day. CLOSE ON a bakery box with a note on top: "Here's to the beginning of a beautiful friendship! --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.

CONTINUED:

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

RUSS
"Sixty Minutes II?"

HOLLY
No, "Sixty Minutes."

RUSS
Steve Kroft?

HOLLY
Mike Wallace. Russ, your phone is ringing.

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

RUSS
Detective Squad. Agnew speaking.

INTERCUT WITH:

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

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

MRS. SEYMOUR
I see you finally caught him.

RUSS
(a beat)
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.

CONTINUED:

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 show 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.

RUSS

(thinking aloud)

So they found Jimmy Hoffa.
So what?

Font looks up from his paperwork. Russ turns to him.

RUSS

What about Scott Funt? Scott Funt's still missing, right?

Font nods. Finding renewed purpose, Russ glances at his desk, staring at... the old mug shot of scary KENNETH OUTLAW.

RUSS

Damn right he is.

Off Russ, studying Outlaw's face... the mental gears turning:

EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

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?

CONTINUED:

FEMALE AGENT

What, out here?

(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

You caught me -- it's Milt's idea. He tells me you are scary-good.

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

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY - LATER

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 screen.

They shake their heads -- *nothing*. 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

It may take awhile, Mr. Briel. We do appreciate your patience.

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CONTINUED:

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

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 SAC Bromberg. Oh shit.

FONT

(under his breath)
Whoops. Looks like you got some
'splaining to do.
(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

Hey, Milt. 'Scuze us, fellas.

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

RUSS

Morning.

MILT

Detective Russell Agnew, Special
Agent-In-Charge Nathan Bromberg.
Nate was my boss in Detroit.

SAC BROMBERG

Nice to meet you.

Russ and Bromberg shake hands.

MILT

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 gets all aquiver.

CONTINUED: (2)

FEMALE AGENT

Milt. Hi! We should have your answer for you very soon!

She rolls her contraption. Milt turns to Russ, intrigued.

MILT

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 SAC Bromberg, wary. Bromberg speaks up.

SAC BROMBERG

I actually worked the Hoffa case in '75. We've pretty well known since then who did it.

MILT

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. And in 1975, he lived in that house. Hoffa vanished a full ninety miles from here. He winds up in this particular yard? Do the math.

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

RUSS

Furthermore, I'm guessing there's a second body out here.

MILT

(surprised)

Really? Whose?

CONTINUED: (3)

RUSS

A man named Scott Funt. Outlaw's former best friend and fellow Teamster -- disappeared in '77. Maybe Funt knew too much. Maybe he threatened to go to the cops, I don't know. But if Outlaw felt this yard was a safe place to plant Hoffa, why not plant Funt here, too?

(passionate)

I admit, I'm taking a huge leap. But what can it hurt to look?

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.

SAC 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.

SAC BROMBERG

He's not human, you know. Don't even try. You can't win.

RUSS

What are you talking about?

CONTINUED: (4)

SAC 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... 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, pauses.

SAC BROMBERG

You tell anyone what I said and I'll deny it.

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:

EXT. SHITBALL APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

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.

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?

FONT

Mr. Outlaw! Why you leaving town, man? Don't you love it here?

RUSS

I think he's worried we're gonna dig up his dead friend Mr. Funt.

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

KENNY OUTLAW
He's a woman now! In Arizona!

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

FONT
Say what?

Outlaw hates 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 changed his name. He's
"Esmeralda" now. He sends me
Christmas cards.
(shaken)
I swear to God, he looks like
Eleanor Roosevelt.

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

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - DAY

CLOSE ON a decrepit FAX MACHINE: an Arizona DMV record for one
"Esmeralda Stanwyk" comes chugging out, complete with photo.
Eleanor Roosevelt is right -- and with way too much eye shadow.

Russ and Font stand staring at this, crestfallen. 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 CRUMPLES the fax and trashes it.
Font glances sidelong at him, makes himself scarce.

Smiling and saying hi to everybody, Milt approaches Russ.

CONTINUED:

MILT
Can we have a word?

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

MILT
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. And frankly, I feel
guilty. I completely lucked into
this thing.

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

MILT
I wasn't sent here to take center
stage. I think you should be the
public face of the investigation
from now on.

For Russ, it's like being asked by the girls of Victoria's
Secret to judge a blowjob contest. It's too good to be true.
Which is why -- after a beat -- he smiles slyly.

RUSS
Oh, you are good.

Milt looks confused, doesn't understand.

RUSS
This is all about Kenneth Outlaw,
isn't it? You want in on that.
Admit it!

CONTINUED: (2)

MILT

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

RUSS

Yeah, yeah, whatever. Tell you what, Milt -- I accept your kind offer. I'll run the press conferences. And if you want, you can go get Outlaw all by yourself.

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.

In b.g., we see the Female Agent stick her head into the resident agency, then wander into here. She heads straight for Milt, hands him a FILE FOLDER. Oddly, she's rather subdued.

FEMALE AGENT

Forensic report on the body.

MILT

Great.

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

RUSS

What's this mean -- "not a match?"

FEMALE AGENT

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

Font and the other local guys ease closer, their ears perked up. Holly, too. Guzewicz steps out of his office, listening.

RUSS

It's not Jimmy Hoffa.

It's a huge kick in the ass for everyone. Russ looks dazed. A thought strikes him. He stares at Milt accusingly.

RUSS

You knew.

Off Milt, the very model of innocence, and Russ, glaring at him:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. BRIEL HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

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, Guzewicz and the local guys stand off to the side, feeling for him. Milt is not 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?

CONTINUED:

FEMALE REPORTER

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

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

RUSS

Agent Bradley is currently pursuing our best lead. Once he makes an arrest, I'm sure he'll be more than happy to speak to you.

Off Russ, sounding more beaten than bitter:

EXT. SHITBALL APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

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.

BINOCULAR POV - A MINIVAN

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.

CLOSE - MILT

Lowers his binocs. He snorts, pleasantly surprised. So easy.

INT. SHITBALL APARTMENT - DAY

Fat Ziplock bags of MARIJUANA -- enough for a federal charge -- line the bottom of a dresser drawer. Kenny Outlaw plops a pile of underwear atop them.

A KNOCK-KNOCK puts him on alert. Outlaw pads silently to the front door, peers through the peephole.

HIS PEEPHOLE POV - OUTSIDE

Milt is alone on the stoop. He knocks again, harder.

MILT

FBI. Mr. Outlaw, I know you're home.

CONTINUED:

Fuck. Kenny Outlaw considers his options, none of them great. From his pocket, he pulls a large BUCK KNIFE, silently opens it. He tucks it in the back of his waistband.

KENNY OUTLAW

Yeah, yeah. Hold on.

Off Kenny, unlatching his door...

EXT. GOVERNMENT COMPLEX - DAY

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

Are you okay?

RUSS

Yeah. Why?

She stands ready to listen. Russ shrugs -- *I'm perfectly fine.*

HOLLY

(a beat)

Okay.

She heads for her car. 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

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.

CONTINUED:

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

Is 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

Solve this case -- that'll make
you feel good.

RUSS

It's solved. Kenneth Outlaw
killed the guy. Milt gets to be
the one who brings him in.

HOLLY

Done deal? Open and shut?

RUSS

Open and shut? Well no, there's
loose ends to tie up. I mean,
technically, right now the FBI
can't prove it was murder.

Holly frowns, confused. Russ opens the FBI forensic report he
carries, stands close so she can read it.

RUSS

Right here: "Skeletal remains
show no fractures. No damage
consistent with bullet, bludgeon
or knife wounds. No indications
of violence."

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY
 (reading along)
 "Jacket, trousers, undergarments
 exhibit no bullet or knife
 penetrations or blood residue."
 (intrigued)
 Then how did the man die?

RUSS
 I dunno. Poisoned, maybe?

Russ shrugs, not too concerned. A beat as he notices something.

RUSS
 Undergarments. Wait a minute.

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, waiting for an answer. Russ remembers... and is amazed.

RUSS
 Little red underpants.

He stares at her, wide-eyed. Off Holly, looking at him oddly:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

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

INT. DODGE OMNI - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

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
 (nods)
 She said Jimmy Hoffa used to live
 next door to her. I actually
 think 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:

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

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.

REVERSE - MRS. SEYMOUR

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.

EXT. MRS. SEYMOUR'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

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.

RUSS

I never knew where she lived.

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 toward 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

Mrs. Briel? Is there something you want to tell us?

CONTINUED:

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

Off this woman, so full of sadness:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHITBALL APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

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.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

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

Milt isn't moving. The last time we saw him he was in danger, so of course we're wondering what the hell is up.

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

Is Milt dead? Not at all. He blinks. He turns to Russ.

MILT
 Excuse me?

Russ nods, smiling faintly -- *believe it.*

RUSS
 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
 You're kidding.

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

CONTINUED:

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

(incredulous)

So she murders this man?

RUSS

Not even close. 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

We've got nobody to arrest.

MILT

(a beat)

Outlaw. He's selling dope.
Lot of it.

Russ frowns, confused. Milt's eyes close. He sags forward a little in his seat. Russ touches his shoulder, alarmed.

RUSS

Milt..?

Fainting briefly, Milt comes to again. Russ checks him over, realizes... his folded arms cover a STAB WOUND in his side.

RUSS

God. Milt, what happened? --
(checking around)
Where's your phone? --

CONTINUED: (2)

Milt snaps wide-awake.

MILT
No! Don't call anybody. It's not
that bad.

RUSS
"Not that bad?!" Milt! --
(off his silence)
What the hell are you doing out
here?! Were you just gonna sit
here and bleed to death?!
(softer)
Why are you doing this?

MILT
(a beat)
I went in by myself. I didn't
call for backup. He got away,
I-I let him get away. I didn't
even... I didn't even...

Russ quietly puts it into words for Milt.

RUSS
... You screwed up.

Milt can't nod yes.. He's profoundly shaken. He's scared.

MILT
I can't screw up.

Russ begins to understand.

RUSS
So... nobody can know.

Milt swallows hard, looks to Russ -- for the first and only
time, we're seeing vulnerability, frailty even, in Milt's eyes.

This is Russ's big chance: to feel superior, to show the world
this "perfect" man has feet of clay. It's Russ's big chance...
and he doesn't take it.

RUSS
Alright, Milt. They won't.
(off his look)
We're going to the hospital.
We'll make something up. Can you
slide over?

Milt tries to move. Christ, it hurts. Russ helps him, works
him into the passenger seat, then runs around the truck and
jumps behind the wheel. He guns the ignition.

CONTINUED: (3)

Milt eyes Russ. He's grateful... but maybe a little wary, too. Uneasy with this. Off them, pulling out of frame...

PRELAP MUSIC -- a twangy guitar instrumental version of "You're So Vain" performed by Junior Brown. DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESIDENT AGENCY - DAY - TWO WEEKS LATER

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, healing nicely, 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 eye 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, scooching 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 BLACK AND WHITE 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 this is the old parable of the frog and the scorpion. We realize poor Russ is never going to win. Off this...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END