

# **BRAIN TRUST**

#101  
"Pilot"

REVISED  
10/07/10

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

**EXT. OREGON FOREST - DAY - ESTABLISHING (DAY 1)**

A beat-up CAR tears through the trees, skidding to a halt when the cover gets too thick to drive. One door opens. GLIMPSES of a MAN leaping from the driver's side, crossing, grabbing an OLDER MAN from the passenger side.

OLDER MAN

Please, please! I can pay you!

Now we're WIDE enough to see the older handcuffed man, EDGAR WEISS. Weiss is 50, in very expensive clothes.

The younger man is BILLY DOYLE. He's got a hard man's shoulders, a con man's eyes, and a .45 in his right hand.

DOYLE

Where is she?!

WEISS

I don't know what you're talking about --

Doyle bounces Weiss off the car, let's him fall. Makes a show of checking his gun. His cell RINGS. He answers.

DOYLE

(into phone)

Not now, Lou.

SMASH TO:

**INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - SAME TIME**

SERGEANT LOUIS MARKHAM is driving like a madman, lights flashing. More cop cars' sirens are implied around him. He's concerned, and it seems to be for Doyle.

MARKHAM

(into phone)

Do not do this, Billy! We're on our way --

SMASH TO:

**EXT. OREGON FOREST - CONTINUOUS**

Doyle snaps the phone shut, tosses it. Finishes checking his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Weiss is still arrogant, still thinks he can talk his way out of this.

WEISS

You've got no evidence! You can't prove anything!

DOYLE

My grandfather was a cop, this is his piece. You know what he taught me?

(beat)

Don't gotta prove what you already know.

He pulls Weiss close, brings the gun up. Ramping up, scarier and scarier --

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Weiss, I don't need evidence. There isn't gonna be a trial. I'm going to kill you, out here ...

Weiss is panicking, Doyle is serious --

DOYLE (CONT'D)

... and bury you right next to her.

CLOSE ON WEISS

as Doyle says that, MICRO-ZOOM to Weiss's eyes, he GLANCES off to one side of the clearing. Just a flicker --

Looks back. Shit, Doyle caught it. And with that, all the scary cop-crazy goes away. Doyle grins.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

Doyle hauls Weiss to his feet.

**INT. OREGON FOREST - A FEW YARDS AWAY**

Doyle manhandling Weiss through the trees.

WEISS

There's a thousand acres out here --

DOYLE

Dragging somebody through the forest is hard work. Rich guy like you, you're not used to that. Not gonna get far --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doyle sees something on the ground, tosses Weiss to one side. Starts kicking at the dirt.

He falls to his knees. There's a TARP under a thin layer of soil. He pulls it up to REVEAL the wooden top of a CRATE hidden just a few inches below ground level.

DOYLE (CONT'D)  
Just like digging a real deep hole is  
hard work.

Doyle's digging away with his bare hands, clearing the dirt. Pries open the top of the crate --

-- to REVEAL A YOUNG WOMAN, unconscious, inside the crate. He tears duct tape off of her mouth, she starts to come to.

DOYLE (CONT'D)  
Come on, come on --

Markham's car, another cruiser arrive in the clearing. Markham and two UNIFORMS leap out.

MARKHAM  
Stay where you are!

The Woman takes a deep breath, her eyes fluttering open.

Weiss staggers to his feet, breaks for Markham. Doyle pulls his gun, points it at the fleeing man.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)  
Billy! NO!

As Doyle pulls the trigger, ON the GUNSHOT --

SMASH TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

**INT. MEN'S ROOM - MORNING - THREE YEARS LATER (DAY 2)**

Doyle SNAPS awake with a jerk. He's asleep in a BATHROOM STALL, leaning his head against the wall, a bottle of BEER in his hand. He spills some BEER on his crotch as he wakes.

DOYLE  
Sonuva --

He stands, flips up the top of the toilet he's been napping on, and pours out the beer from the bottle. Exits the stall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doyle looks at his stained crotch, sighs.

CUT TO:

Moments later, as he washes his pants in the sink, standing there in a shirt, jacket, and his boxers. He crosses to the HOT-AIR HAND DRYER, starts drying his pants.

The door opens. Markham, now COMMANDER MARKHAM, stands in the doorway with a file.

MARKHAM

Doyle! I got one for you --

Markham stops, takes in the view.

DOYLE

There is an explanation.

MARKHAM

Would it matter?

DOYLE

... No.

**INT. PORTLAND POLICE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER**

On the move with Markham and Doyle past the cubicles marked with detectives' names and "Robbery", "Vice", "Major Crimes", etc. Markham hands him a file.

DOYLE

Finally. I won't let you down --  
(off the file)  
-- Missing person?

MARKHAM

Leonard Dobler, anonymous call said he missed an appointment, can't be reached. I got nobody else for it.

DOYLE

Come on, I'm better than this --

MARKHAM

Last time you cleared a case, this country had a white president.

They arrive at Doyle's cubicle. Somebody's scrawled "Minor Crimes" on a piece of paper next to his name. Someone else has appended "Very". Doyle tears it off without looking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He does, however, look at the BROWN BOX currently holding all his office supplies and personal belongings.

DOYLE  
My stuff is in a box.

MARKHAM  
You're out of favors.

DOYLE  
Why is my stuff in a box?

MARKHAM  
This case is your last chance. Put one on the board, or you're out.

Markham's gone. Doyle reads the file.

INSERT OF THE FILE shows "PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT: LOGOS FOUNDATION".

MATCH CUT TO:

**EXT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - LATER THAT MORNING - ESTABLISHING**

A sign reading "LOGOS FOUNDATION". A high-tech think tank, lots of glass and steel.

Doyle pulls up in the same car as three years ago, although now it looks even rattier. Tosses the keys to a VALET.

**INT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - LAB CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Doyle checks his notes, finds a door marked "THE FELLOWS GROUP." Walks in --

**INT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - LAB - CONTINUOUS**

-- to find PROFESSOR NELSON KIRBY is working in the shared lab. He's tending to what looks like a large ELECTROMAGNETIC GUN and a giant PLATE OF MELONS. Unlike the rest of Logos this place is quirky, cobbled together. Kirby is heavysset, wears t-shirts people with three PhD's find hilarious.

KIRBY  
Dude, great, you can help me. Hold this.

He hands a melon to Doyle, has him hold it at head height. Returns to a laptop to enter commands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE  
Leonard Dobler works here?

KIRBY  
(snorts)  
If you call statistical analysis theory  
through heuristic multi-generational  
software working.

DOYLE  
I did not get, ah, none of those words.  
Maybe the middle one.  
(off melon)  
What we doing with this?

KIRBY  
We're gonna cure world hunger once we  
solve one problem.

Kirby points the EM GUN at the melon -- and Doyle's head.

KIRBY (CONT'D)  
The melon keeps exploding.

As the WHINE of the charge builds, Doyle reacts. He's about  
to say something when PROFESSOR FRANKLIN GORDON storms in.

FRANKLIN  
The jig is up! I have caught you red-  
handed!

KIRBY  
Franklin, just thinking about you.  
What's the periodic symbol for "32-  
year-old virgin who still lives with  
his mother?"

FRANKLIN  
There is no such symbol. And don't  
change the subject, Kirby. I know  
you touched them! Behold my tiny  
evidence!

He produces a tiny METAL FIGURINE. As he does so, the EM gun  
notches up to a slightly more menacing TONE.

DOYLE  
Hey, guys. Excuse me ...

CUT TO:

**INT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME**

Find PROFESSOR MONICA ASHTON, geek-cute, a little intense, leading a group of GENERALS and POLITICIANS through the corridor. As the (closest to) normal one, she gets to interface with the clients.

MONICA

Over thirty teams working on a hundred projects makes the Logos Foundation the most trusted think tank in the service of the United States Government. My team, as you'll see, is irradiating fruit with tera-hertz electromagnetic waves.

**INT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - LAB - CONTINUOUS**

Kirby and Franklin continue to argue, ignoring the DIAL on the EM gun cycling up to RED. Doyle produces his badge with his free hand.

FRANKLIN

If you didn't touch them, explain to me why Field Marshal Von Blücher was facing north for the Battle of Waterloo!

DOYLE

This is gripping. I have some questions. Doyle, Portland P.D.

KIRBY

As much as I would love to play with your dolls, it wasn't me.

FRANKLIN

They are not dolls! They are limited-edition Napoleonic war miniatures, and you will respect them!

DOYLE

Or you could respect this. The badge.

KIRBY

Not now.

FRANKLIN

Not now.

DOYLE

Okay, we're moving to the gun.

As Doyle draws his gun --

**INT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - LAB CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Monica's doing the final pitch as they arrive at the lab.

MONICA

We'll be able to deactivate pathogenic microorganisms *before* they rot the fruit. Imagine the possibilities. Whole crop fields, pest and disease free.

She throws open the doors --

**INT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - LAB - CONTINUOUS**

-- to find Kirby and Franklin still arguing, as the EM gun FIRES, and the fruit EXPLODES in Doyle's hand.

ON MONICA AND THE VIPS

as they are HOSED DOWN with fruit fragments. A horrified beat, and the EM gun bursts into FLAME.

FRANKLIN

(noticing)

Oh, that man has a gun.

Kirby SCREAMS like a girl and faints.

**INT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - LAB CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER**

Doyle paces Monica down the corridor as she towels herself off, furious. Kirby and Franklin trail. (*NOTE: All too fast, all overlapping. This is the style when we're with the main team from now on, with Doyle and Monica often doing a separate under-conversation.*) Kirby and Franklin ad-lib argument when Monica cuts them off.

MONICA

Both of you, quiet.

(to Doyle)

The Logos Foundation is a privately funded think tank. We're professional problem-solvers. My team consists of Professor Kirby, biology, medicine, chemistry ...

(Kirby nods)

Professor Gordon is our physicist and engineer...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKLIN

(to Doyle)

No doubt you've heard of me.

DOYLE

Who hasn't.

MONICA

And I'm Professor Monica Ashton,  
neurobiology and psychology.

Doyle notices that Monica's touching each doorframe as she passes, tapping each twice.

DOYLE

Leonard Dobler's been reported missing.

MONICA

Professor Dobler is the mathematician  
on our team. One of the best.

They reach a corner, Monica pauses, her left foot taps.

KIRBY

His work on random generator formulas  
was totally awesome.

FRANKLIN

It wasn't *that* great.

MONICA

He's been working on some secret  
project, so he sometimes sleeps in  
his office.

They arrive at a door marked "LEONARD DOBLER, PhD." She tries the knob. Locked. She knocks. Doyle's about to speak, she knocks again. Precisely, three knocks, ascending tone.

DOYLE

Are you jerking me around here?

MONICA

What -- no, sorry, I'm stressed and  
... there's a reason I became a  
psychologist.

Monica takes out an RFID card and taps a PAD next to the door. Comes up RED.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Mystery solved. Leonard's inside.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA (CONT'D)

(off Doyle)

When you lock the door from the inside,  
the privacy settings override the  
electronics. We can't get in.

DOYLE

(knocking)

Professor Dobler?

KIRBY

Stand aside.

Kirby takes out a pen, bends back the clip and attempts to  
pick the physical lock. Franklin steps up to the pad.

FRANKLIN

Perhaps I can create an EM pulse to  
black out the sensor ...

DOYLE

(to Monica)

They always like this?

MONICA

Sadly, yes.

Doyle KICKS the door open with one smooth move. Steps in with  
Monica.

**INT. DOBLER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

A large, working front room, with a door to a smaller back  
room. Computer equipment, whiteboards with theorems, etc.

REVEAL Leonard Dobler in his office chair, dead. A GUN in his  
hand, a bloody HOLE in his HEAD. Kirby lets out a high-pitched  
SCREAM and faints. Again.

FRANKLIN

(beat)

We're losing out grant, aren't --

DOYLE

Shut up.

MONICA

Shut up.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

**INT. DOBLER'S OFFICE - LATER (DAY 2)**

The CORONER'S OFFICE ATTENDANTS are clearing Dobler's body out. Monica sits, sad. Franklin is impassive. Kirby is breathing in and out of a paper bag. Doyle steps to Monica.

DOYLE

Is there anyone else I should notify about the Professor's death? Any family, friends?

MONICA

It was just us. How sad is that?

One of the Attendants hands Doyle a SUICIDE NOTE in an evidence bag. He passes it to Monica.

DOYLE

Afraid it's clearly suicide. There's the note. Body temperature indicates it happened about seven p.m. last night.

(to Monica)

If you need anything, you can reach me at the number on the back of that card. Again, sorry for your loss.

MONICA

Thank you, Detective.

Doyle takes the note back, goes to leave.

FRANKLIN

"Whom".

DOYLE

Sorry?

FRANKLIN

The suicide note. It says, "to who I've caused great pain." It should say "to whom."

KIRBY

I noticed that, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKLIN

Dobler had an I.Q. of 165. He wouldn't have made that mistake.

DOYLE

Your friend was about to kill himself. He wasn't thinking.

KIRBY

He was always thinking.

MONICA

And the buttons on his shirt -- they were mis-buttoned. Leonard was extremely O.C.D., he couldn't have gone five seconds with his shirt out of line like that. The psychology doesn't make sense.

KIRBY

That hematoma on his skull looked wrong, too, like a blunt object not a bullet wound.

DOYLE

Listen, the door was locked from the inside. We had to break in. No one was seen coming or going through that corridor. The windows are four stories up, with a sheer face. Suicide is the only possible --

FRANKLIN

Silence! Do you hear that?!

Everybody stops. They can't hear a thing.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

It's a 10,000-hertz frequency pitch.

(hums)

B-flat, like the opening note of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*.

(realizing)

It's a 200-watt motor running!

DOYLE

You've got to be kidding me.

Franklin scans the room. He drops to the floor, studying a pair of small TIRE THREAD IMPRESSIONS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKLIN

This carpet has been cleaned recently  
by an automated vacuum robot.

KIRBY

Uh-oh, robots, here he goes.

Franklin's on his hands and knees, crawling around, checking  
all the blind spots in the room.

DOYLE

Get -- get up. Get. Up.

KIRBY

Don't get me wrong. We're all  
impatient for the day when we can  
upload our brains out of these disease-  
ridden meat sacks and into immortal  
pan-sexual robot bodies that will  
explore the galaxy and have solar-  
powered orgies --

MONICA

Of course.

KIRBY

-- but Franklin takes it too far.

DOYLE

(beat)

I don't want a robot body.

KIRBY

Oh, you're gonna.

FRANKLIN

AH-HA!

Franklin pulls out a ROOMBA wedged behind a cabinet.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

A Roomba 530 model, perhaps. Maybe a  
610. Fine unit, although from an  
engineering standpoint, the DC06 has  
superior maneuverability. Something  
is lodged in the intake.

Franklin pulls out his Swiss Army MULTI-TOOL and fishes inside.  
Doyle lets him do so for a second, then takes the Roomba and  
BANGS it against the desk. Franklin reacts as if Doyle struck  
a child. A plastic card with a symbol on it falls onto the  
desk. Kirby snatches it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRBY

It appears our little friend here  
accidentally vacuumed a piece of  
evidence.

Monica snatches it from him. Studies it.

MONICA

It's a key card.. With the symbol of  
the Greek God Atlas on it

Doyle snatches it from her.

DOYLE

Membership card for Atlas Gym. High-  
end sports club owned by Jake Axelrod.  
(off their blank stares)  
Former quarterback for the Redskins?  
Won the Bowl in '97?  
(more blank stares)  
Forgot who I was talking to.

MONICA

It's a clue --

DOYLE

No, it's trash.

Doyle pockets the card, starts for the door.

MONICA

I know Leonard didn't kill commit  
suicide.

DOYLE

It doesn't matter what you know. All  
that matters is what you can prove.

The pain in his voice actually stops them for a beat.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry your friend killed himself,  
but that's the end of it. You're  
wrong. Drop it.

Doyle gives Monica a nod and leaves.

KIRBY

(confused/can't compute)  
But we are never wrong ...

Doyle exits. Franklin, cradling the Roomba, is still fishing  
around in its guts with his multi-tool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A KLANK, and he retrieves a small KEY. The Fellows exchange a look.

**INT. PORTLAND POLICE PRECINCT - DOYLE'S CUBICLE - LATER**

Doyle's at his desk, working at his computer. He has some of the Dobler evidence out. Markham passes.

MARKHAM

Who said you could unpack the box?

DOYLE

I closed the case. Dobler killed himself.

Markham has a pleased moment, swallows it.

MARKHAM

Not closed until the report's on my desk.

Markham walks away. Doyle moves the mouse over to the "SEND FILE" button on the Dobler report. Hesitates. He checks the suicide note again. Frowns. Picks up the MEMBERSHIP CARD. Pockets it, and exits.

**INT. ATLAS SPORTS CLUB - LOBBY - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)**

The club is huge and multi-level. Music pumps. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE work out and mingle. It's like an exclusive nightclub. There are PICTURES of JAKE AXELROD, 50s, fit, doing all sorts of sports. Doyle approaches the HOT RECEPTIONIST at the front desk.

DOYLE

Jake Axelrod?

HOT RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, Mr. Axelrod is very busy.

DOYLE

(flashes badge)  
He'll make time.

HOT RECEPTIONIST

But ... he's already busy with the police.

**INT. AXELROD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

An upscale office suite that comes across as half exercise room, half office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doyle enters to find Monica standing by the windows overlooking the club.

DOYLE

I don't believe this. What are you doing here?

MONICA

Solving Leonard's murder. If you're not going to do anything about it, we are. The better question is, what are you doing here?

Doyle hesitates.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Do you like that, how I turned it around on you?

DOYLE

Yeah, yeah, okay.

MONICA

I want to offer our services. We are professional problem-solvers --

DOYLE

I'd put "pain in the ass" above "problem-solver" on the résumé.

MONICA

He was our friend. And it's not like we have a lot of them.

Doyle softens at her tone. Before he can respond, a DOOR on the other side of the office opens. STEAM pours through, followed by JAKE AXELROD wearing a distressingly short robe. Towelling off his hair, he crosses.

AXELROD

Pardon the sauna. This model's going in every Atlas gym in the country. I test every piece of equipment myself.

At that, a YOUNG WOMAN in a robe exits the sauna, smiles at Axelrod and departs.

DOYLE

You test every p --

MONICA

Don't.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA (CONT'D)  
(to Axelrod)  
This is Doyle, Portland P.D. I'm  
Ashton.

DOYLE  
(aside, to Monica)  
You want to get arrested, don't you--

AXELROD  
Jake Axelrod. Have a seat.

They do so, opposite Axelrod. When Axelrod sits, his legs  
uncross. Wiiiiide open.

AXELROD (CONT'D)  
What can I do for you?

CROTCH-CAM catches Doyle and Monica recoiling in horror.

**INT. ATLAS SPORTS CLUB - LOBBY - SAME TIME**

Kirby and Franklin enter the club. They are "undercover,"  
dressed in their idea of gym clothes.

Kirby is squeezed into tight shorts and a t-shirt that says  
"Let Me Hear Your Body Talk" with sign language symbols.  
Franklin wears a long-sleeve button-down with corduroys.

KIRBY  
Seriously, dude, who wears corduroy  
pants to a gym?

FRANKLIN  
You should talk. Look at your shorts.  
Everyone can see your genitalia.

KIRBY  
I believe that's the point.

He produces the KEY.

KIRBY (CONT'D)  
Okay, this make and model key match  
gym lockers. We need to get in there.

They are stopped by the Hot Receptionist.

HOT RECEPTIONIST  
I.D. cards, please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRBY  
(to Franklin)  
Let me handle this.  
(flirty, to  
Receptionist)  
Hey, what's up? My bro and I want to  
wail on our pecs, but we left our  
I.D.s back in the crib. If you could  
just let it slide this time? I'll do  
anything to get in this club.  
(beat)  
Anything.  
(beat)  
And by "anything", I mean have sex.

HOT RECEPTIONIST  
No, I got it. I still can't let you  
in without I.D.s.

Franklin spies a post-it on the Receptionist's desk that reads,  
"PowerFit System Mtg".

FRANKLIN  
We're actually here for the, um,  
PowerFit System meeting? Please?

HOT RECEPTIONIST  
Oh. The Before-After campaign?

FRANKLIN  
Yes. We are the "Before" models.

HOT RECEPTIONIST  
... We've got a lot of work to do.  
Let me call the trainer.  
(into intercom)  
Paolo, to front desk, Paolo.

KIRBY  
That really won't be necessary--

PAOLO shows up. He's big and very muscular.

PAOLO  
Hey, guys. You ready to sweat?

FRANKLIN  
Good Lord. Look at his breasts.

Kirby turns to Franklin and hands him the locker key.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRBY

Go find Leonard's locker. I'll cover  
for you.

They enter with Paolo, Franklin peeling off.

**INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Franklin cautiously enters. He stares in horror at the sight of NAKED SWEATY MEN changing, bending over, used towels everywhere. A germ nightmare. A SWEATY GUY brushes past him. He moves along the wall, horrified.

**INT. AXELROD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

AXELROD

You sure I can't get you a wheatgrass  
shot? Protein paste?

MONICA

Yummy. How about both?

Axelrod smiles and leans back to his desk to pick up his phone, revealing another view. Doyle and Monica recoil again.

DOYLE

What are you doing?

MONICA

I'm a psychologist, remember? Axelrod  
is a textbook narcissist. I'm playing  
into it so he'll be more prone to  
talk.

DOYLE

I'm the cop. Let me do the talking.

MONICA

Me me me. Maybe you're the narcissist--

Axelrod takes his seat again. Again, horrifyingly.

DOYLE

Mr. Axelrod, we have a case we need  
to close. Close... this case.  
Clooose.

He mimes with his hands "close", focusing on Axelrod's knees. Monica echoes him, also miming with her hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA

Want to make sure there's no "cover-up." Please. Cover. Up.

AXELROD

Anything to help.

Position change. Doyle can't stop himself.

DOYLE

Oh GODDdid yooouu know Leonard Dobler?  
(headshake)  
He had a membership here.

Doyle passes Axelrod the Membership Card, studiously averting his gaze.

AXELROD

Lot of people have memberships here. This is the flagship club for my new chain of gyms nationwide. Yeah, ten more gyms by the end of the year. My little empire's expanding.

MONICA

(*sotto*)  
Don't say "expanding", please.

AXELROD

Wait, this is a "friends and family" card.  
(snaps fingers)  
Dobler, geeky guy?

DOYLE

Yeah.

AXELROD

You should be talking to Sarah.

MONICA

Sarah?

AXELROD

Our nutritionist, works at our café upstairs. She got him this card. They were dating.

OFF Doyle and Monica registering this info, we --

CUT TO:

**INT. ATLAS SPORTS CLUB - FITNESS FLOOR - SAME TIME**

Kirby on a Stairmaster, Paolo training him. Kirby is drenched in sweat, in agony.

PAOLO  
C'mon! Feel the burn!

KIRBY  
Why are you doing this to me?! This is not cool!

PAOLO  
Power through! Two more minutes and we're done with the warm-up!

KIRBY  
You're a monster!!

**INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Franklin's skirted sweaty men and filthy towels over to Leonard's locker. He inserts the key.

INSIDE THE LOCKER - it's a mess. Torn papers, clothes strewn about. Someone's definitely been through it. Franklin finds an old 1980's WATCH with the mini-calculator attached.

FRANKLIN  
An original Casio DataBank with E.E.P. ROM and bit processing!

He excitedly looks around. No one cares. Franklin inspects the watch, pressing one of the buttons... CLICK! The bottom slides out to reveal a HIDDEN MINI-FLASH DRIVE.

Franklin puts the flash drive on a bench, locks the locker. Just then, a HAIRY FAT MAN wrapped in a towel walks to his locker behind Franklin. The Fat Man sits down on the flash drive, unaware.

Franklin turns to grab the drive, surprised to find a Fat Man sitting in its place. A beat.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, I need what's under your towel.

FAT MAN  
... I'm sorry, what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKLIN

What you're sitting on. I need it.

Franklin reaches for the Fat Man's towel.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

I just need it very badly --

**INT. ATLAS SPORTS CLUB - CAFE - SAME TIME**

Doyle and Monica sit opposite SARAH, the nutritionist (30s, mousy). The café has a view of the basketball courts and the ROCK-CLIMBING WALL. She wipes her tears, having just heard the news.

SARAH

I can't believe it. Leonard ...

DOYLE

And were the two of you intimate?

She nods, stifling a sob. Monica reacts.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

What?

MONICA

I didn't realize Leonard had more of a sex life than I did.

SARAH

Oh, Leonard was insatiable. Three, four times a night sometimes. He could be like an animal.

MONICA

His last name was Dobler, right?

Sarah pulls out a scrapbook entitled "Precious Memories."

SARAH

We met at Comic-Con. He liked to call me "Kekiloo." That's my Na'vi name. We were into LARPing.

DOYLE

What's that, some freaky sex thing?

MONICA

Live Role Playing? They dress up like characters from movies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

And *then* have freaky sex? That's in there at some point, right?

Sarah flips through the pages. We see photos of Leonard dressed as a blue Na'vi, Gandalf, Harry Potter.

SARAH

Working at a place like this, you begin to feel all alone, *especially* if you don't look like they do.

(holding back sobs)

But then I met Leonard. He made me feel like I wasn't the only one.

DOYLE

Did Leonard seem agitated or upset about anything recently?

SARAH

He had been acting kind of strangely. He was paranoid, thought someone might be following him.

DOYLE

Any idea who that might've been?

Sarah goes to answer but changes her mind. Shakes her head.

SARAH

No, sorry, no idea. Are we done?

**INT. ATLAS SPORTS CLUB - CAFE / STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER**

We follow Doyle and Monica as they head for the exits.

MONICA

Notice how she pushed the scrapbook away right before she answered? The liar is unconsciously trying to distance themselves from the truth. She's protecting someone.

DOYLE

Yeah, that and the engraving on the scrapbook said "Love, C.M." That's not Leonard's initials.

MONICA

Oh. That works too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

What was this "secret project" Dobler was working on?

MONICA

I don't know, it was outside the think tank. Private contract, could be military, intelligence, he worked with billion-dollar tech companies  
...

DOYLE

Lot of scary people who could want him dead.

MONICA

See, we're working together, this is great.

DOYLE

No, I'm working, you people are interfering.

They arrive in the --

**INT. ATLAS SPORTS CLUB - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

-- to find POLICE arresting Kirby and Franklin. Franklin is cradling his hand which holds the flash drive. The Fat Man from the locker room points accusingly at him.

FAT MAN

He tried to grope me!

Doyle and Monica watch. Speechless.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

**INT. PORTLAND POLICE PRECINCT - NEXT DAY (DAY 3)**

Monica's bailed out Kirby and Franklin. They all sit on a bench, their tail between their legs.

FRANKLIN

So this is a police station? I thought there'd be more prostitutes.

MONICA

You had to go out on your own, didn't you?

KIRBY

Sorry. We messed up.

MONICA

(beat)

Are you wearing my gym shorts?

KIRBY

No.

**INT. MARKHAM'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Doyle stands opposite Markham as he reviews the Fellows' arrest record.

MARKHAM

Murder?! What the hell are you talking about?

(genuinely pissed)

The coroner came back suicide.

DOYLE

I know it's murder.

MARKHAM

We know what happened the last time we followed one of your hunches --

Doyle snaps. He unconsciously mimics the Fellows when he talks.

DOYLE

(snapping)

A Baretta has a muzzle velocity of three hundred forty-seven meters-per-

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE (CONT'D)

second, generating enough force to knock Dobler out of the position we found him in. Fact, not a hunch. The surface of his head wound fits a bullet, but the fracture indicates a blunt object, fact. The victim's girlfriend is hiding something, fact.

Markham's taken aback.

MARKHAM

I'm going to call the coroner, have him take another look. If you're right --

Doyle takes the flash drive, exits.

DOYLE

If I'm right, I'll prove it.

**INT. PORTLAND POLICE PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER**

Back with the Fellows. Doyle approaches.

MONICA

Detective Doyle, we are so sorry ...

DOYLE

That thingy Franklin stole from Dobler's locker?

MONICA

The flash drive?

DOYLE

Our I.T. geeks said it's impenetrable. Can you geeks decode it?

A beat. Monica and Kirby beam, Franklin raises an eyebrow.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Yeah, let's not make a kid's party out of it. Let's go.

They leap up and fall into step as he tosses the flash drive to Monica.

**INT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - LAB - LATER THAT DAY**

Kirby's staring at some monstrous-looking CODE scrolling by on a screen. Doyle stands over him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRBY

Could you take a step back, please?  
You're looming. Not cool.

Doyle sighs, irritated. He turns to face Franklin, who studies the gun on Doyle's hip.

FRANKLIN

I am just admiring your classic Colt  
.45. You are aware they have weak  
extractor springs after repeat firings.  
I could make some modifications, if  
you'd like?

Franklin reaches out to touch it. Doyle swats his hand away.

DOYLE

You do that again, I drop you.

KIRBY

Okay, I got something. The encryption  
program is an R.S.A. algorithm 1024-  
bit key.

DOYLE

You understand the only reason I knew  
that was the end of the sentence was  
because you stopped talking. C'mon.

KIRBY

The program is impossible to crack.  
But he did leave himself a backdoor.

A complex MATHEMATICAL EQUATION appears on his screen.

FRANKLIN

Hmm. The backdoor can only be accessed  
by solving this mathematical formula.

DOYLE

But you can solve it? This isn't  
like the frickin' *Da Vinci Code*?

KIRBY

I can set the computer to analyze  
possible solutions. But that'll take  
a while.

MONICA

What do you we do in the meantime?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

We find out what Sarah the nutritionist is hiding.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AN HOUR LATER**

Doyle dumps heaps of trash on top of the big table. The Fellows look on in disgust.

KIRBY

This is so gross.

MONICA

What exactly are we looking for?

DOYLE

Don't know until we find it.

FRANKLIN

With all due respect, Detective, I have an alternate solution.

DOYLE

Oh, this I want to hear.

FRANKLIN

What I propose is that we plant a G.P.S. tracking device on the subject, possibly by hiding it in her food, which will allow us to track her within a 300-mile radius. We then spy on her using a network of stealth hover-drones.

Franklin produces a small hand-built HOVER-DRONE.

KIRBY

Good plan, Franklin. Creepy and probably illegal, but good.

FRANKLIN

I suppose you have a better idea?

KIRBY

Yes. We inject her with this.

He holds up a syringe filled with liquid.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Sodium Pentathol, street name "truth serum". I mixed it myself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRBY (CONT'D)

A 6 milligram dose directly to her  
GABAA receptor, she'll be singing  
like a canary.

FRANKLIN

Your plan is completely asinine. For  
one thing, how do you even know your  
homemade serum works?

Kirby stares at the syringe. Beat. He then stabs it into  
Franklin's arm. Franklin howls. Pauses. Then collapses.

MONICA

Kirby!! That is completely  
inappropriate!

KIRBY

Like you never wanted to do that.

DOYLE

... He has a point.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER**

Doyle and the Fellows cautiously sift through different parts  
of the garbage pile. It is messy work. Franklin is making a  
pretty pyramid out of his trash.

FRANKLIN

(stoned)

I was born with a vestigial tail.

DOYLE

Thanks for sharing, big guy.

(to Monica)

They're not all "there," are they?

MONICA

You have to understand, the guys have  
spent their lives isolated in  
classrooms and libraries. They don't  
know how to interact with people or  
function in the normal world. I mean,  
Kirby went to grad school when he was  
14. And Franklin? He can tell you  
how to build a car, but he's never  
had a driver's license. That's why  
we work at the think tank. It's the  
only place that will take us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

"Us?" Come on, you're not as bad as them.

MONICA

No, I'm worse. I'm a believer. I think it's important that we use our brains to make a difference. Use our minds to change the world.

(off Doyle's smile)

You think that's stupid.

DOYLE

I think all of you think too much. My old man was a cop. He taught me you feel your way through a problem. You try not to think.

MONICA

Is that what you do? Go off your instincts?

DOYLE

Used to.

MONICA

Why'd you stop?

Doyle hesitates.

DOYLE

Remember the Edward Weiss case?

MONICA

He was that land developer who got shot by ...

(realizing)

... a policeman?

DOYLE

Yeah. He was also an embezzler and tried to get rid of his accountant, when she wanted to go State's evidence, by faking her disappearance.

MONICA

How'd he make her disappear?

DOYLE

He buried her alive on some land he owned.

(off her)

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA

But she survived. I remember this.

DOYLE

Because I knew he was guilty. Didn't have any proof, but when he looked me in the eye, I knew. I followed a hunch to where she was, and scared him into giving her up. Then when he ran, I shot him.

Monica studies him.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

He survived, too. And unleashed every lawyer in a thousand miles on me. We had no evidence, there was never a shred of forensic proof he was involved. He settled his lawsuit with the city for ten million.

(beat)

You know what happens to the cop who costs the city ten million on a hunch?

(turns away)

I need this case. I need to be a cop again.

KIRBY

This is weird.

Doyle and Monica join him. Kirby holds up a shoe box. Inside are CHARRED FRAGMENTS OF HANDWRITTEN LETTERS.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

They're letters addressed to Sarah. She burned them.

MONICA

(struggling to read)

"... my love for you is eternal... no one can replace what we had... anywhere you go, I'll be watching you." Whoever wrote these letters is highly obsessive with severe signs of delusional disorder.

DOYLE

A stalker ex?

MONICA

Perhaps, and she was too afraid to mention him. Not uncommon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

Or maybe she's still in love with him.

(squinting at envelope)

I can't make out a name. The return address is too burnt. Back to where we started.

KIRBY

Not necessarily.

**INT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - LAB - LATER**

Kirby mixes chemicals into a beaker as Doyle and Monica watch. He lectures like a high school science teacher.

KIRBY

The appearance of the handwriting suggests it was written with a fountain pen, whose inks sometime contain ... anyone? Anyone? Iron gall.

He adds a chemical and FUMES start to rise from the beaker. Kirby places the charred envelope over the fumes.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Now, by exposing the paper to fumes of thiocyanic acid, what do you suppose will happen? The acid will ...? Anyone? Any --

DOYLE

You get punched? In the neck? For talking that way?

KIRBY

The acid will draw the iron right out of the ink, thus making the invisible ... visible.

As if by magic, faint words slowly appear on the envelope.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

(reading)  
"Carl Moss."

Doyle nods, actually impressed. Not bad.

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

Open pit, lots of activity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIND DOYLE, getting out of his car with Monica. Doyle is on his cell.

DOYLE

Got it, thanks.

(hangs up)

Moss worked as a janitor at Atlas up until a few months ago, when he was let go because of anger issues. Seems he and a coworker got in a beef and Moss threatened to bash his skull in.

MONICA

Sounds familiar.

Franklin stumbles out the back, still drugged.

FRANKLIN

My mouth tastes like batteries ... Oh look, cranes! I love cranes!

DOYLE

Why did we have to bring the space cadet?

MONICA

He's been drugged, I couldn't leave him. Especiallly with Kirby.

DOYLE

(to Franklin)

Just wait by the car, okay?

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - IN THE PIT - MOMENTS LATER**

CARL MOSS (30s, thick) drills rock with a sledgehammer. Doyle and Monica approach. In between the drilling:

DOYLE

Interesting line of work, Carl.

Doyle shows him his badge. Carl shuts off the machine.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Construction. Lots of rocks. You *do* know how Leonard Dobler was killed, right?

CARL

I don't know what you're talking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA

We read your love letters to Sarah.  
A tad obsessed, don't you think?

CARL

Hey, I've been going to therapy for  
that. That was a long time ago.

DOYLE

Then explain why we found these in  
your apartment.

Doyle holds up long-lens STALKER PHOTOS of Sarah and Leonard.

CARL

I didn't say the therapy was working.

MONICA

To be fair, therapy is not always  
efficacious.

DOYLE

You're doing that thing again.

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - TOP OF PIT - SAME TIME**

Franklin wanders over to a crew of burly WORKERS on their lunch  
break. One of them, the FOREMAN, wears a noticeable hairpiece.  
Franklin studies it.

FOREMAN

Help you with something, Poindexter?

FRANKLIN

Good Lord, what is that thing on top  
of your head?

The Workers fall quiet. Nobody brings up the hairpiece.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Wow, that is terrible. You, sir, are  
wearing a terrible toupee.

The Foreman seethes.

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - IN THE PIT - CONTINUOUS**

Carl is nervous now, sweating, as Doyle corners him.

CARL

I didn't do it, alright?! Why would  
I want to kill Dobler?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

Maybe because you were stalking your ex and he got in the way. Along with the photos, we also found a note with Dobler's address.

CARL

Look, I was following him, I admit it. But I wasn't gonna do nothing. Just give him a scare, that's all.

MONICA

Like the scare you gave your coworker about bashing his head in?

A beat, and Carl RUNS. Doyle's after him in a shot.

Carl grabs a crowbar off a rock pile, pivots and SWINGS. Doyle's on him, traps up his arm and HAMMERS his ribs. Carl breaks free, swings with the crowbar again, starts to run. Monica grabs a ROCK off a nearby pile.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Doyle!

She tosses him the rock. He winds up, throws -- and takes Carl in the shoulder just as he starts up the ladder from the pit. Carl lands in a heap. As they cross to cuff him:

DOYLE

How'd you know I'd hit him?

MONICA

Pretty easy to guess you were the jock in school.

A YELL above gets their attention. They look up to see Franklin getting bounced around by the Foreman.

As Doyle hauls Carl to his feet, Monica notices something's fallen out of his pocket. She grabs it, palms it.

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - TOP OF THE PIT - CONTINUOUS**

The Foreman has Franklin almost over the edge of the pit.

FOREMAN

You better shut your mouth!

FRANKLIN

Honestly now, show of hands.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Who here thinks this man's toupee  
looks like a rodent's nest?

The Foreman lunges just as Doyle jumps in, separating them.

DOYLE

Ignore him, he's on drugs! He doesn't  
know what he's saying!

FRANKLIN

Actually the drugs wore off a few  
minutes ago.

Beat. Doyle looks at Monica.

MONICA

It's true. He normally talks like  
this.

DOYLE

Of course he does. We're leaving.

Doyle drags Carl away to his car. Monica stares at what she  
found. An INHALER. She doesn't look happy.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

**INT. PORTLAND POLICE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - NEXT DAY (DAY 4)**

Markham leads the detectives in a ROUND OF APPLAUSE for Doyle.

MARKHAM

That's right! Takes a mutt missing persons case, turns it into a closed homicide in 48-hours. That's what I'm talking about.

Everyone disperses, some clapping Doyle on the back.

DOYLE

Thanks, Commander.

MARKHAM

You put up a couple more wins like that, you can start calling me Lou again. Unpack your stuff. I got some cases for you to look at.

Markham crosses off. Doyle takes a deep breath, lets it out. First morning without pity or scorn in a long time.

**EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE PRECINCT - LATER**

Doyle's walking across the park, heading to grab some food. Monica falls into step with him.

MONICA

I called you earlier.

DOYLE

What? Oh, hey. Busy with precinct stuff. You know, I do have a job.

Monica tosses him the INHALER.

MONICA

He's innocent.  
(off Doyle)  
"Fluticasone propionate", it's prescribed for serious asthma.

DOYLE

So? Look at the lab reports.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE (CONT'D)

(shows her)

We found quartz in the bullet wound.  
From a rock. This is good. Carl  
Moss leads a very rock-oriented life.

MONICA

So he took the rock with him to the  
office? No one premeditates homicide  
with a rock.

DOYLE

No, see, lab says he was killed  
elsewhere --

MONICA

Which is why he couldn't have done  
it. He would have had to transport  
the body up to the fourth floor of  
Logos without using the elevators.  
Impossible with his asthma.

She stops.

MONICA (CONT'D)

We have to walk the other way.

DOYLE

What?

MONICA

It's before noon and we're walking  
counter-clockwise, please.

Doyle acquiesces.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Putting aside the body transport,  
which already exonerates Moss, you  
still haven't explained how the door  
was locked from the inside, which is  
far too clever --

DOYLE

Doc, he's got motive, means, a record  
and no alibi. Grand slam.

MONICA

But you don't believe it's Moss either.  
I can tell.

Doyle doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA (CONT'D)

Leonard's killer is still out there.  
You just don't care enough to do  
anything about it.

DOYLE

We got the guy the evidence says is  
guilty. What do you want from me,  
lady?

MONICA

I want you to be ... the man we thought  
you were.

(embarrassed)

It's stupid, I know, but we dedicate  
ourselves to making the world, better.  
Making it right. I thought you were  
like us.

DOYLE

I am nothing like them. Or you.

Her phone RINGS. She answers, throws it on speaker.

KIRBY

We cracked it!

**INT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - LAB - SAME TIME**

Kirby is talking, while Franklin hovers.

KIRBY

(into phone)

It was in front of me the whole time!

FRANKLIN

(into phone)

I cracked it.

KIRBY

(into phone)

Fermat's Last Theorem, it's quite  
fascinating, you see, X to the fourth  
*minus Z* --

FRANKLIN

(into phone)

I cracked it.

**EXT. PARK - OUTSIDE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS**

MONICA  
(into phone)  
I'll be right there.

She hangs up, looks at Doyle.

DOYLE  
I do not care what is on that drive.

MONICA  
I bet the detective who saved that  
girl's life would care.

She begins to walk away.

DOYLE  
There's no reason to believe what's  
on that drive has anything -- wait,  
is this reverse psychology? I'm too  
smart for reverse psychology!

MONICA  
(without turning)  
I know.

DOYLE  
Okay, does that mean you know I know  
you'd try reverse psychology, so you  
think I wouldn't think this was ...  
goodbye!

Monica just keeps walking.

ON DOYLE

who just shakes his head, stomps out of frame, in the opposite  
direction, muttering.

A beat later, he charges back through frame, chasing her.

**INT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - LAB - LATER**

Kirby and Franklin react as Monica comes in, trailing Doyle.

DOYLE  
Just show me what kinky dress-up porn  
he has on the flash drive so I can go  
home.

Monica suppresses her smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRBY

I wish. It's just a program.

DOYLE

Like some secret research stuff you guys do?

FRANKLIN

No. A spreadsheet of all things.

Kirby pulls up a screen. We see a financial SPREAD SHEET.

DOYLE

What does this do?

KIRBY

It's a database ... that allows you to steal an enormous amount of money.

MONICA

What? No, Leonard would never do such a thing.

FRANKLIN

He might just to prove it could be done. It's quite ingenious. Leonard used one of his random generator programs to randomly charge customers of this business, whatever it is, an incremental amount more for their services at, again, random times. A penny here, a nickel there. It was so imperceptible and chaotic, no one would ever notice.

KIRBY

There's one thing in the ledger that doesn't make sense. There's an activation code linked to the transfers and all the deeper level code.

Kirby points to a whiteboard, where "02131997" is written.

FRANKLIN

Another random number, as far as we can tell. We've been factoring it out, running it through Fibonacci generators --

DOYLE

Seriously?

They look at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE (CONT'D)

You don't know what that number is?

Doyle walks up, inserts slashes. "02/13/1997".

DOYLE (CONT'D)

It's not random. It's a date.  
February 13, 1997.

(beat)

The day the Redskins won the Superbowl.

**INT. PORTLAND POLICE PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER**

Doyle and Monica question Jake Axelrod.

AXELROD

How long is this going to take?

DOYLE

You have somewhere better to be?

AXELROD

If you must know, I'm planning a party  
to announce my franchise deal. And  
you're interrupting.

DOYLE

Yeah, you may want to cancel that,  
seeing as you killed Leonard Dobler.

AXELROD

I'm sorry, what?

Doyle tosses down a business magazine. The headline article  
is "AXELROD INKS DEAL FOR NATIONWIDE CHAIN."

DOYLE

Dozens of gyms, tens of thousands of  
new customers. All prime picking for  
Leonard's little graft machine.

AXELROD

Dobler? The café girl's boyfriend?  
That's what this is about?

Doyle holds up some papers.

DOYLE

Leonard's credit report. Leonard was  
in debt. Big time. A debt that  
miraculously disappeared when he began  
working for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AXELROD

I seem to remember loaning Dobler some money, is that crime?

MONICA

You did more than loan. You offered to wipe his debt clean in exchange for designing your database. Except your "database" was just a front for what you were *really* doing -- stealing money from your customers.

DOYLE

When Leonard finished the job, you killed him to keep it quiet before making your franchise announcement, where you'd stand to make millions.

Axelrod laughs.

AXELROD

Am I missing something? I heard you already arrested a suspect.

DOYLE

Only because you pointed us to him. But you made a mistake. Carl Moss has asthma. You don't. You killed Leonard at some location where you agreed to meet, and then carried the body up to his office, where you staged it as a suicide in a locked room so no one would ask questions.

MONICA

He called in the missing persons report, too, to make sure you found the body and closed the case before the announcement went public.

AXELROD

That's a hell of a story. Did both of you come up with that together?

DOYLE

We found Leonard's program. Nice touch, making your backdoor password your Superbowl win. Nostalgic, but sloppy.

MONICA

It may not list you directly but we'll connect the dots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AXELROD

Listen, let's clear this up right now. When was Dobler killed?

DOYLE

Coroner puts time of death at about seven p.m.

AXELROD

At seven p.m. of the day in question, I was teaching a spin class in front of a hundred of my customers.

Doyle and Monica exchange worried looks.

AXELROD (CONT'D)

Now, unless you can explain how I murdered someone when I was standing in front of a hundred people, and then magically moved his body into a locked room, from which I then escaped without using the door, I think it's time to call my lawyers. Lawyers. Plural.

**INT. HOP LI'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY**

Hop Li's is a cop hangout. Monica, Kirby and Franklin are sitting at a booth, somber.

KIRBY

He's guilty, I know it.

FRANKLIN

Witnesses put Axelrod in a class between 7 and 9 when Leonard was killed. It's airtight.

MONICA

Then he's lying. We just have to prove it.

Doyle arrives, balancing drinks.

DOYLE

Well, until then, we do what all cops do when faced with an insurmountable problem.

(beat)

Drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all clink glasses and down their drinks. Beat. The Fellows all go into coughing fits.

DOYLE (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
This is gonna be an early night.

**INT. HOP LI'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - LATER**

Kirby and Franklin are now drunk, playing quarters at the booth. Monica and Doyle watch them from the counter.

DOYLE  
Okay, I was wrong. You guys can put it away.

MONICA  
We might as well. It's not like we have a day job to go back to.  
(off Doyle)  
We were spending too much time on the case, and fell behind in our research. We're out of Logos. I haven't told the professors yet. It'll destroy them.

She falls quiet. This is devastating news. He notices her take sips of two drinks to even them out. Chuckles.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
What?

DOYLE  
It's cute, that's all.  
(drinks)  
If it's any consolation, I'm about to be the cop who got the city sued by two millionaires for wrongful arrest.

MONICA  
Is that bad?

DOYLE  
It ain't good. We're finished, Doc. As of tomorrow, we're all out of jobs, and Axelrod walks.

Doyle finishes his drink, gets up.

DOYLE (CONT'D)  
Well, my buzz is gone. Call you later, we'll --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pats his coat. Something's missing. Doyle pulls his coat aside to REVEAL his gun is gone. Over at the booth, Franklin is re-assembling it. Doyle snatches the gun away from him.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

You're lucky we're in a crowded bar.

Doyle shakes his head, leaves. Monica turns to the Kirby and Franklin.

MONICA

I'm going to the bathroom. Stay here.  
And don't order more drinks.

**INT. HOP LI'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Monica comes out of the bathroom. Before Monica can pass, she hears a fight break out in the kitchen. TWO COOKS argue in Chinese over a cold plate of lo mein. One of them angrily puts the plate under a HEATING LAMP.

ON MONICA

staring at the heating lamp. Her gears turning. She looks back at the stones. Suddenly her eyes go wide ...

**INT. HOP LI'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - BOOTH - SECONDS LATER**

Kirby and Franklin are sharing a Scorpion Bowl. Monica rushes up to them.

KIRBY

We got you a straw.

MONICA

I figured out how Axelrod did it!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

**EXT. ATLAS SPORTS CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY (DAY 4)**

Trucks unload equipment and supplies for Axelrod's big party this evening. Doyle pulls up in his car, talking on his cell.

DOYLE  
(into phone)  
Okay, I'm here. Where are you?

MONICA  
In Axelrod's office.

DOYLE  
(into phone)  
What?! I thought you were going to wait for me.

MONICA  
No time. When I show you how Axelrod did it, you'll understand.

DOYLE  
(into phone)  
Whatever you do, don't move.  
(beat)  
Hello? Monica?

The phone has suddenly gone DEAD. Doyle gets out, runs.

**INT. AXELROD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Doyle cautiously enters. He hears muffled SCREAMS coming from within. He takes out his gun and creeps forward ...

REVEAL Monica, Kirby and Franklin are locked inside the sauna, their faces pressed against the window. They yell at Doyle, pointing behind him. Doyle turns around, but he's too late --

-- Axelrod smashes him over the head with an NFL trophy.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. AXELROD'S OFFICE - SAUNA - LATER THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 4)**

CLOSE ON DOYLE, as he comes to. Monica is leaning over him. She's in her underwear, hair slicked back, looking surprisingly sexy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONICA  
Feeling better, Detective?

DOYLE  
... hey, it's that dream...

WIDEN TO REVEAL the other Fellows are also in their underwear, covered in sweat.

DOYLE (CONT'D)  
AHHH!

MONICA  
Axelrod locked us in here and jammed the temperature controls.

FRANKLIN  
Very quickly the temperature will hit 220 degrees--

KIRBY  
-- and our organs fail and we lapse into a coma. Bummer, right?

Doyle checks his holster. It's empty. He curses.

DOYLE  
He took my gun.

MONICA  
This is how he did it the first time. Axelrod's alibi revolves around Leonard's time of death. But what if Leonard had been killed *earlier*, hours before Axelrod's class? And the time of death was manufactured to coincide with his alibi?

DOYLE  
How would he do that?

FLASH TO:

**INT. AXELROD'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CRIME FLASHBACK**

*A bathrobed Axelrod exits his private sauna to talk to Leonard. He hands Leonard an envelope of money.*

MONICA (V.O.)  
The night before his body was found, Leonard met with Axelrod to collect his final payment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*As Leonard counts the money, Axelrod pulls a SAUNA ROCK from his robe and SMASHES Leonard over the head with it.*

MONICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Axelrod killed Leonard with a peridotite rock from the sauna. Those were the rock shards we found on the wound. But his job was only half complete. Axelrod realized he had to get rid of the body and create an alibi. So he came up with a plan. Axelrod dumps Leonard in the sauna and leaves him. He sets the temperature controls to high.

BACK TO:

**INT. AXELROD'S OFFICE - SAUNA - RESUME SCENE**

DOYLE

Wait a sec, he "cooked" the body?

MONICA

Exactly.

KIRBY

Okay, check it out, simple biology: normal body temperature is 98.6 degrees. And a body loses heat at a rate of 1.5 degrees per hour. Time of death, as you're aware, is determined by subtracting the deceased's body temperature *from* normal body temperature, and then dividing it by 1.5.

MONICA

By elevating Leonard's initial body temperature from 98.6 to, say, 108 --

DOYLE

-- Axelrod bought himself 7 more hours. Doesn't explain how he got in and out of that locked office.

MONICA

I was still working on that part, when he caught us in here.

KIRBY

You gotta give it up, it's a great plan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKLIN

So ingenious he's planning on repeating  
it with us. We're going to die in  
here. In a matter of minutes.

**INT. ATLAS SPORTS CLUB - FITNESS FLOOR - SAME TIME**

Axelrod is doing the meet-and-greet, making sure all his last-minute preparations are in place. He checks his sports watch. It shows a TIMER counting down from FOUR MINUTES.

**INT. AXELROD'S OFFICE - SAUNA - CONTINUOUS**

Doyle SLAMS into the sauna door. It doesn't budge.

MONICA

He jammed a trophy into the handle.  
It won't open.

KIRBY

Oh man, Franklin's going to die a  
virgin. This sucks.

Doyle looks around. They're despondent.

DOYLE

What's wrong with you?  
(they react)  
Last three days all I hear about is  
how you're all geniuses. Giant brains,  
creepy future robot stuff and now ...

He ramps it up, selling it.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

... you're going to let yourselves be  
outwitted by a jock. By the guy who  
beat you up in high school --

KIRBY

And college.

DOYLE

-- and college, you're going to let  
your giant brains sweat to death in  
here because Jake Axelrod, a football  
player with a porn name, is smarter  
than you?

Monica, Kirby and Franklin exchange looks. They're furious,  
up and moving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKLIN

Oh, I do not think so.

MONICA

He's just jammed the door, all we have to do is move the trophy.

DOYLE

That's what I'm talking about!

KIRBY

What if we create an electromagnet by running alternating current through a closed loop around a metallic object?

DOYLE

Only really followed about half that, but I like the attitude!

MONICA

Detective, that light, we need the wiring!

Doyle muscles open one of the light fixtures, strips out the wires.

KIRBY

Going off Ampere's Law of magnetic fields, the electromagnet should be able to shift the obstruction from the inside.

FRANKLIN

All that's missing is a steel core to wrap the coil around.

DOYLE

Use this.

Doyle tosses over his police BADGE. Franklin winds the wires' ends around the badge's metal fastener, creating a COIL.

FRANKLIN

Time to power up. Professor Kirby?

Kirby stands on the bench and with his shoe, SMASHES the overhead light. The room goes into darkness. Kirby plugs his end of the wire into the exposed lightbulb socket.

Suddenly the coil in Franklin's hand comes alive and becomes MAGNETIZED. Franklin attaches it to the steel baseplate on the door. He wiggles it.

**INT. AXELROD'S OFFICE - OUTSIDE SAUNA DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

The trophy trembles ... it begins to turn and then falls back.

**INT. AXELROD'S OFFICE - SAUNA - CONTINUOUS**

Franklin diligently moves the coil, sweat pouring over his eyes. The heat is unbearable. Monica eyes the thermometer.

MONICA

Hurry ... it's reaching 210...

**INT. AXELROD'S OFFICE - OUTSIDE SAUNA DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

The trophy vibrates ... Slowly begins to shift again ...

CLICK! It falls, and the door swings open. Doyle and the Fellows spill out onto the floor, gasping for air.

Doyle looks over at the Fellows with newfound respect.

DOYLE

That'll do, geeks. That'll do.

KIRBY

What's our next move?

DOYLE

For you, pants. Make that a priority.

Doyle's up and moving.

**INT. ATLAS SPORTS CLUB - CAFE - MOMENTS LATER**

A big party is underway. A large CROWD mingles and watches BIKINI GIRLS and BODYBUILDERS pose on the stage.

By the entrance, Doyle and the Fellows show up, still partially undressed and covered in sweat. They scan the crowd.

MONICA

There's Axelrod!

She points up to where Axelrod waits in the wings.

DOYLE

Stay here. He might still have my gun.

Doyle goes into the crowd.

ON AXELROD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

checking his watch. "0:00." His problems are dead. He smiles, and --

-- sees Doyle approaching in the far background. Axelrod takes off running in the opposite direction.

Doyle see this and pushes through the crowd, giving chase. The Fellows do the same.

Axelrod reaches the end of the café balcony. Without a moment's hesitation he LEAPS --

-- grabbing onto the rock wall. He starts climbing.

Doyle reaches the same drop-off. He's not going to make that jump. He instead DROPS to the floor, runs through an access door. Behind him, Monica, Franklin and Kirby rush for the stairs.

**INT. ROCK WALL INFRASTRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS**

Doyle begins to shimmy up the beams supporting the rock wall.

**INT. ATLAS SPORTS CLUB - ROCK WALL FACE - CONTINUOUS**

Axelrod's making great time, heading for the joint where the wall reaches the ceiling. There are windows and grates up there.

**INT. ROCK WALL INFRASTRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS**

Doyle slips, almost falls. Regains his grip and powers on up.

**EXT. ATLAS SPORTS CLUB - ROOF - MOMENTS LATER**

Monica, Kirby and Franklin run out onto the roof from access stairs. They look around, it's empty.

FRANKLIN

Maybe he didn't come up here after  
all --

Axelrod steps out from behind an exhaust fan and grabs Monica from behind. He holds Doyle's gun to her head. Franklin recoils, Kirby screams.

The roof door bursts open and Doyle appears.

MONICA

You found us!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE  
I heard Kirby scream.

KIRBY  
Yeah.

AXELROD  
You're crazy. You're, you're trying  
to frame me to save your career!

DOYLE  
No, see, I get how you moved Dobler  
in and out of the locked room now.  
The windows.  
(to Monica)  
He tries every piece of equipment in  
the gym. Including, like we just  
saw, the climbing wall.

FLASH TO:

**EXT. LOGOS FOUNDATION - ROOF - NIGHT - CRIME FLASHBACK**

*Axelrod dumps Dobler's body, wrapped in a duffel bag, on the  
roof. He looks over the edge, drops a belaying line.*

DOYLE (V.O.)  
He got Dobler up to the roof, where  
there are no cameras, and brought him  
in through the windows.

FLASH TO:

**INT. DOBLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CRIME FLASHBACK**

*Axelrod poses Dobler in his suicide. Rushes to the window.*

DOYLE (V.O.)  
Then he free-climbed back up to the  
roof and disappeared.

**EXT. ATLAS SPORTS CLUB - ROOF - RESUME SCENE**

AXELROD  
You can't prove any of that. You  
didn't find any fingerprints in the  
office.

DOYLE  
Nope. But what happens when I dust  
the edge of the roof? Where you  
grabbed it to climb back up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A moment. Axelrod points the gun back at Monica.

MONICA

He won't shoot. His God Complex might have pushed him over the edge to commit one murder, but he won't commit two. He's a narcissist, not a serial killer.

Axelrod cocks the gun with steady resolve.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Okay, I was wrong, he's a psychopath. He's going to do it.

DOYLE

I don't think so.

MONICA

Doyle, what are you doing?!

AXELROD

You calling my bluff? Try me.

Doyle keeps walking.

AXELROD (CONT'D)

You're killing her!

Doyle is just a few feet away now. Axelrod pushes Monica to the ground and aims at Doyle. He fires --

CLICK! The gun jams. In one swift move, Doyle snatches it, but Axelrod grabs his wrist and SPINS him. Doyle stumbles on the slick roof, over the edge -- and GRABS, just barely holding on.

Axelrod runs for the door. He's free and clear -- until Kirby LEAPS onto his back. Axelrod claws at him, half-pulling him off. Franklin dives for his leg.

Doyle's almost back on the roof, scrabbling for a handhold.

Monica jumps, takes Kirby's place on Axelrod's neck. The massive football player is like an adult with toddlers clinging to him, but he's still moving. He shakes them off as he gets to the door, turns -- and Doyle beats the high holy hell out of him. Three brutal, cheap shots, putting him down.

Panting, Doyle sits down next to the also-exhausted Fellows.

MONICA

The gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doyle shows them the gun -- and then takes a small piece of metal from his pocket.

DOYLE

The next time you take my gun apart, Franklin? Remember to put the recoil pin back in.

FRANKLIN

Is that what that was?

KIRBY

How could you not know that?

FRANKLIN

We were in a tavern, it was dark, I'd had a few libations ...

As they argue, Doyle throws Monica a wink. She smiles. In the distance, sirens sound.

**INT. PORTLAND POLICE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - ANOTHER DAY (D8)**

Doyle's heading for his desk

MARKHAM (O.S.)

Doyle!

He catches up.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

DOYLE

My desk --

MARKHAM

That's not your desk anymore. You just busted a multimillion dollar interstate fraud. You're the golden boy.

DOYLE

Seriously?

MARKHAM

You got an office now.

DOYLE

You're serious. You're not kidding me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARKHAM

Welcome back to major crimes, partner.

Doyle and Markham bro-hug.

DOYLE

Yes. YES.

MARKHAM

And I already got your first red ball. That guy who runs the beauty pageant, Paul Ellis? Was found dead with water in his lungs.

DOYLE

He drowned?

MARKHAM

Yeah. But he was on a plane at the time.

Doyle reacts.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)

The press is gonna be all over this. I need my best guys. I'm assigning you and your team.

DOYLE

I will not let you down ... I'm sorry, my team?

MARKHAM

Drowned on a plane, Doyle. Impossible crime. Just like that thing at the think tank.

DOYLE

Oh no.

MARKHAM

The Mayor heard what you and the eggheads did at Atlas. He was impressed and thought it might be a good idea --

DOYLE

Do not do this to me.

MARKHAM

-- if we brought them in full time. Turns out they're available!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE  
I'm having a nightmare, this is a  
nightmare, right?

Markham nods over Doyle's shoulder. Doyle turns as TECHNO  
MUSIC comes up and we ...

CUT TO:

**SEXY SLO-MO HERO SHOT OF MONICA, KIRBY AND FRANKLIN**

as they walk towards us. They are decked out in slick CSI  
suits and shades. Except, of course, their suits don't fit  
right, the shades are askew, Kirby stumbles.

OFF Doyle's open-mouthed stare, realizing he's screwed, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW