

TERRIERS

"Pilot"

by

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"TERRIERS"

TEASER

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

HANK DOLWORTH, 40s, lies awake. Not by choice. Lights out, head on his pillow, staring at his ceiling.

HANK

Now.

He turns to a bedside clock. 4:23. A beat. Another. 4:24. He refaces his ceiling and restarts his countdown:

HANK (CONT'D)

Fifty-nine, fifty-eight, fifty --

LATER, he channel-surfs an old Magnavox via remote. At this hour, it's infomercial after infomercial for Rascals, bladder control medications, etc.. Hank's in bed alone, a bachelor as evidenced by the upkeep of his room: clothes not put away, a ragged comforter, newspapers on the floor. At first mention of The Clapper, he turns off the TV.

LATER, he's lying perfectly still now, pillow over his eyes. Dead silence. Then: any suspicion he's actually dozed off is destroyed when he delivers a thunderous raspberry.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He ties a robe over his t-shirt and boxers as he pads into his LIVING ROOM. He stops at a pile of mail accruing below his mail slot and sifts through it with his toe. Bill, bill, overdue notice, second notice. He bends over to pick that one up and strains his back. Fuck it, he'll get it later.

He wanders into HIS KITCHEN and takes down a drinking glass. Opens his fridge and removes a carton of milk. It feels light so he shakes it and peers inside. Empty.

HANK

Super.

EXT. WORKING-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - HOURS LATER

IN A MIRROR: a small home, its driveway empty.

Hank sits slouched in the passenger seat of a '79 Ford Courier, heels dug into the dash, chewing a toothpick from breakfast, still feeling the ache in his back. His eyes shift from the vacant driveway in his sideview mirror to a high-end bed-and-bath catalogue in his lap.

Beside him, behind the wheel, sits his partner BRITT POLLACK. Britt's younger than Hank and the athlete of the two; like Hank, he's dressed for manual labor: jeans, a flannel over a t-shirt, work boots (currently off). He's absolutely motionless, head back, baseball cap tipped over closed eyes, very probably asleep.

The two are parked in shade, twenty yards from the house Hank is monitoring. Hand-painted on the side of their Courier are the words "*Gomez Bros. Pool Cleaners.*"

HANK

Loan me a thousand dollars.

A beat. Britt does not open his eyes.

BRITT

Yeah, alright.

HANK

Thinking about buying new towels.

BRITT

You want to be a dryer person?

HANK

I think maybe.

Hank checks the driveway again: still empty. Up ahead he sees a young family loading its belongings into a U-Haul, a "FOR SALE BY BANK" sign staked in their lawn.

HANK (CONT'D)

I tell you what happened to me last night?

(no response)

Did I?

BRITT

(he can't escape this)

Tell me.

HANK

I couldn't sleep. I don't know why, I didn't have a nightmare, I just couldn't. So I go down to the kitchen to get some milk. And I take the carton out of the fridge but it's empty.

BRITT

(waits for more, then:)
For a very short story, that went
on a bit.

HANK

Senility. Not only did I put the
milk back when it was empty, I
don't even remember finishing it.
Hey, scoff now but it'll happen to
you one day. You'll be driving
home one night, not thinking about
a thing, and suddenly you'll pull
up to the house you lived in
fifteen years ago.

BRITT

I'll drive all the way to Laughlin?

Hank moves to knock the cap off his partner's head but back
pain prevents him. He notices, in his sideview mirror, a
WHITE ACURA pull into the driveway.

HANK

He's here.

And Britt snaps to, opening his eyes and tipping his cap up
and adjusting his rearview mirror so he can see. A BODY-
BUILDER TYPE emerges from the Acura, gathers grocery bags
from within, then whistles out an ENGLISH BULLDOG who
obediently follows him indoors.

BRITT

Christ, who drives a white car
anymore? Besides mailmen.

HANK

He's a big guy. Remind me: how
much we getting paid for this?

BRITT

Tell you after.

That doesn't bode well. Still, the moment Body-Builder
disappears inside, Hank and Britt are out of the truck and
getting ready, Hank grabbing a pool skimmer and bucket of
chlorine from the truck's cargo hold, Britt unburdening
himself of his flannel, tugging on his boots.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Once I'm back there, gimme thirty
seconds 'fore you knock.

HANK
 (nods, then "struck")
 Hey, you know what tune popped into
 my head this morning --

BRITT
 (who knows what's coming)
 -- oh please don't --

HANK
 -- for the life of me, I can't
 remember the title of the thing --

BRITT
 (hurrying his boot on)
 -- I'm asking nicely, I'm hungover
 and I'm asking nicely --

HANK
 -- *bum* --

BRITT
 -- stop --

HANK
 -- *bum* --

BRITT
 -- quit it --

HANK
 ("Close To You")
 -- *bum, bum-bum-bum-bum-bum, bum-
 bum-bum, bum-bum-bum* --

BRITT
 -- goddammit, it's gonna be in my
 head all day now!

Hank, proud of himself, snatches the cap off his partner's
 head before Britt darts away into a neighboring yard.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Body-Builder unloads groceries, muscle powders mostly, as the
 bulldog waits for a treat that won't come. DING-DONG!

BODY-BUILDER
 Winston, stay.

AT HIS FRONT DOOR, Hank's on the front stoop, baseball-
 capped, skimmer and chlorine in his hands. He's picking wax
 out of his ear as Body-Builder answers the door.

BODY-BUILDER (CONT'D)

Yeah?

HANK

Hey, cumta clean your pool. S'okay
I go 'round back?

BODY-BUILDER

I'm sorry?

HANK

I'm the pool cleaner. You're Mr.
Ehrengard? Am I saying that okay?

BODY-BUILDER

No. I mean: my name's not
Ehrengard.

HANK

This is 411 Sierra Mar?

BODY-BUILDER

Yeah.

HANK

You don't have a pool needs
cleaning?

BODY-BUILDER

Don't have a pool.

HANK

(just stares at him)
You sure?

MEANWHILE, IN THE BACK YARD, Britt hops over a perimeter fence, landing soundlessly. He keeps low, in stealth-combat mode, as he scours the yard, then creeps toward a rear door.

BACK AT THE FRONT, Hank verifies the address on a work order.

HANK (CONT'D)

Says here 411 Sierra Mar. Can I
ask a favor? My cell just crapped
out on me, you mind if I borrow
your phone, call HQ and find out
where the hell I'm supposed to be?
It's a local call, promise.

Body-Builder glances at the truck out front: *Gomez Bros. Pool Cleaners*. Big but not bright, he shrugs what the hell.

IN HIS KITCHEN, Winston slurps at a water bowl as, outside, Britt tries a door handle, locked. He ducks down when Body-Builder enters the kitchen to fetch his cordless. Once he's gone, Britt resumes his b&e, reaching through a doggie door and extending his arm up to unlock the knob.

AT THE FRONT DOOR, Hank eyes the unkempt interior: looks like his place. Body-Builder returns with the phone; Hank dials.

HANK (CONT'D)

Thanks. Nice house, by the way.

BODY-BUILDER

It's a messy right now. Just split with the wife, it was her job to clean the place. You married?

HANK

Not that I know of.

BODY-BUILDER

Smart man. My ex, first she moves out, then all she does is bitch I won't let her take any furniture. I tell her, "You want it, you'll have to steal it."

HANK

(his call answered)

Hey, Martha, I'm here over at 411 Sierra Mar and I got a little problem...

IN THE KITCHEN, Britt searches for Winston, who's wandered into the living room. Britt tries to coax him back.

BRITT

Pssst. C'mere, boy.

Britt scours the shelves. Nabs an energy bar/pockets it. Finds dog treats. Waves one in the air for Winston's benefit but the dog's wary. He has no choice but to tip-toe into the living room to get him. Hank (still on the phone with some confused fellow he dialed at random) clocks him enter.

HANK

...sorry? 411 Sierra Madre? Well, that makes a difference. Okay, Martha, you're a peach.

Britt scoops up Winston and tiptoes back the way he came, flashing a mischievous smile at Hank, Body-Builder none the wiser. Hank hangs up and returns the phone.

HANK (CONT'D)

Thanks again.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Returning to the Courier, Hank spies that young family again, all loaded into their U-Haul now; the mother fights back tears as the father insists it's all going to be okay. Hank cringes as he gets in his truck and keys the engine.

He passes the Body-BUILDER's and stops at the next house. Britt emerges from its yard, cradling Winston. Before he can get in the truck though, Hank clamps down on the door's lock.

HANK

OK, tell me now: how much did we make for that?

BRITT

S'my dry cleaner's dog. She said anything we bring in, half-off.

(Hank groans)

C'mon, what else were we gonna do today? Cure cancer?

HANK

Maybe.

Just then Body-BUILDER hits the sidewalk behind them, looking for his dog. He spots Winston in Britt's arms and shouts:

BODY-BUILDER

HEY! THAT'S MY DOG!

No time to dawdle, Britt drops Winston through the window into his seat, then leaps himself into the cargo hold. Hank stomps the gas as Body-BUILDER gives chase, hopelessly. Britt salutes him with his own energy bar, then ducks his head through the cab's rear window and smiles.

HANK

Your dry cleaner's dog. What do you own that could possibly need dry-cleaning?

(but Britt's grin is infectious; soon Hank can't help but smile)

You donkey.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. PIE 'N' BURGER - DAY

Hank and Britt's fave greasy-spoon. The Courier's parked out front, window cracked open for Winston, pawing at the glass.

INT. PIE 'N' BURGER - DAY

Hank and Britt, regulars here, are greeted as such. Britt's on his cell as Hank finds seats at the counter.

HANK
(to another REGULAR)
Hiya, Hughie.

REGULAR
Hank. Ever hear the one about
Sammy Davis, Jr.'s favorite song?

HANK
(he has, from him)
"Please Don't Talk About Me One
Eye's Gone."
(his WAITRESS approaches)
Dottie, that a new apron?

DOTTIE
Save it. Two with everything?
Your partner want fries?

HANK
Hey, Short Straw: you want fries?

Britt, john-bound, shoots him a thumbs-up/middle-finger.

DOTTIE
That's a confusing gesture.

HANK
He's a confused man. Hughie, I
tell ya what happened to me last
night?

HUGHIE
You just sat down.

Britt enters the men's, still on his call; he stops a PATRON at the next urinal from flushing.

BRITT
-- no, that's fine, we'll keep him
here at the office until then.
(MORE)

BRITT (CONT'D)
 (hangs up; to the Patron)
 Thanks for waiting.

He proceeds into a stall to puke his guts out.

BACK WITH HANK at the counter, Hughie a captive audience --

HANK
 -- not only was the milk empty, I
 couldn't remember finishing it in
 the first place. Senility.
 (Hugh cups an ear: *huh?*)
Senility. A sign you're getting
 old. Like...

As Hank indicates "loss of hearing," he notices someone
 sitting farther down the counter getting up. He follows her
 form as she begins to pass.

HANK (CONT'D)
 Hey, lookahere.

GRETCHEN DOLWORTH, Hank's ex, stops. A few years younger
 than Hank but in much better repair. Smart, stylish, Hank
 blew it when he let her slip away (and he knows it).

GRETCHEN
 (a smile)
 Hey.

HANK
 What're you doing here?

GRETCHEN
 Working my lat's and tri's, whatya
 think I'm doing here.

HANK
 Good to see you. Say hi to Hughie.

GRETCHEN
 Hi, Hughie.

HUGHIE
 Hello, Hank's ex.

HANK
 Can you sit a second?

GRETCHEN
 Can't. Things. Though I do need
 to talk to you.

HANK

I mailed this month's alimony.
Sorry, I had to --

GRETCHEN

-- postdate the check three weeks?
I got it, don't sweat it. Things
are going that well, huh?

HANK

(eyes on Winston outside)
We just closed a major case.

Gretchen smiles, always aware when Hank's full of shit.
Then, out with her news:

GRETCHEN

I'm putting 298 up for sale.

HANK

What? You love that house...

GRETCHEN

I also love to eat. And the way
the book market's going, I gotta
choose between the two.

HANK

If you're having trouble with the
mortgage, I can...
(they both know: he can't)
You sure? You put so much work --

GRETCHEN

We both did. Yeah, I'm sure,
thanks. It's time anyway I made a
change. The first open house is
today. I thought you should know.

Hank's not only shocked, he's devastated by this: the last
monument to their marriage is to be auctioned off. But he
does his best to disguise it, throwing up his hands: *if
that's what you want, that's the way it is.*

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

Thanks for understanding. I better
run. Talk to you soon?

She kisses him on the cheek and exits. He watches her go,
still in love. Britt returns.

BRITT

Was that Gretchen? What's she doing here?

HANK

Her lat's and her tri's.
(to change the subject)
How's our client?

BRITT

Stuck at work. Office policy, she can't have pets there.

HANK

(plucking dog hair from his sleeve)
Why, I wonder.
(then, as their food arrives, he makes a decision)
Say, Dottie, could you add on an order to go? Grilled tuna on wheat, onion rings and a coke.

BRITT

We going to go see Mags?
(Hank nods/checks if he can cover this)
Dots, one more burger, too.
Protein-style, no onions.

HANK

(cash-strapped)
Who the hell for?

INT. ELEVATOR - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

ON WINSTON, chomping down his burger, fed to him by Britt. Hank stretches his back as he watches the floors climb.

HANK

You have to do that here?

BRITT

You'd rather I do it in the truck?
(point taken)
Gretchen was looking good today.
You two should give it another go?
(there's nothing Hank would like more; he dismisses it with a wave)
C'mon, you should ask her out.
Tell her that milk story.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

They exit the elevator, Britt carrying Winston, Hank the to-go bag. They approach a door: "MARGARET TYLER, ATTORNEY." Before they enter, though, Hank stops Britt.

BRITT

What?

HANK

Shh-shh-shh-shh.

He signals: listen. Britt tilts his head to hear what's going on inside when:

HANK (CONT'D)

("Close To You" again)

Bum-bum-bum, bum-bum-bum-bum-bum...

BRITT

Motherlover.

INT. MAGGIE'S LEGAL OFFICE - DAY

The to-go bag lands before MAGGIE TYLER, early 30s; she rips into and devours its contents like a lion with an early Christian. Hank and Britt sit, awed by her ravenousness.

HANK

Remember the Jaws ride at Universal?

BRITT

"Keep your hands and arms inside the tram at all times."

MAGGIE

(eating, unintelligible)

Upyoursyoumothers.

Maggie moans, sated, and leans back in her desk chair; she is eight months pregnant and looks about to pop.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Whose pooch?

BRITT

A client's.

MAGGIE

Jesus, you guys aren't taking lost dog cases now, are you? It's not gotten that bad?

BRITT

More of a search and rescue.

MAGGIE

Well, make sure it doesn't piss on the carpet, huh, it's seisel and it's new. Now: what prompts the pleasure of your company?

HANK

Other than to witness this Olympic display of gluttony? Why do you think, Mags?

MAGGIE

Cause you need a job maybe? Well, I got nothing. At least, nothing right for you.

HANK

C'mon. We're housebroken. We've got our shots. Britt just learned which fork to use with a salad course. Throw us a bone.

She takes them in, unable to deny:

MAGGIE

There is one thing. But I was gonna refer it to Baranskey and Katz.

BRITT

(scoffs)

Please. Ask Baranskey and Katz to find their dicks they'd start checking each other's asses.

That stops the conversation cold for a sec. Hank revives it:

HANK

Who's the client?

MAGGIE

Mr. L.B. Lindus of San Marino. A missing persons case, think of the novelty. It's full-freight, if you can remember what that means.

Hank and Britt sneak a glance: *full-fucking-freight!*

HANK

Sounds good.

MAGGIE

Of course it sounds good. It's actual work.

She studies them, not sure whether to let them have it.

HANK

C'mon, Mags. Who brought you the sandwich?

(then, re: Britt)

You gonna deny this smile?

Britt, prompted by Hank, smiles. Maggie relents.

MAGGIE

OK. But only because I'm a sentimental slob.

(she jots an address)

Head over right away. Leave the dog in the truck and wear a tie.

HANK

May your first child be a masculine child.

She hands over the address and they start out.

MAGGIE

Oh, there's one other thing.

BRITT

(stopping)

Uh-oh. She's got that "means business" look.

MAGGIE

Got a call yesterday. Apparently the LAPD put you on their Christmas list. Naughty side, not the nice.

HANK

Why?!

(she looks at him: *you-know-why*)

We followed the book on that! We didn't do anything illegal --

(Britt has to laugh)

-- that anyone could possibly prove!

MAGGIE

I don't have to tell you it was your old pal Gustafson who flagged you. Whatever bad blood is between you, well, it's bad. So watch yourselves. Because, as well we know, when the LAPD gets a hard-on they tend to stick it somewhere.

This weighs on Hank. They go.

BRITT

Thanks, Mags. We'll both walk a little straighter with that in mind. Call if your water breaks.

MAGGIE

Mr. Dee, Mr. Dum. Go with God.

EXT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Hank, Britt and Winston pass out-of-business storefronts on their way back to their truck.

BRITT

You gonna tell me why Gustafson's pissed at you?

HANK

It's ancient history.

BRITT

Yeah, and he's getting over it all over the place. Where to?

(Hank passes the address)

"435 Huttinger Drive, San Marino. Mr. Lawrence Bingham Lindus III." Silver-spoon sonovabitch probably has a live-in Mexican maid.

HANK

When did you get so jaundiced?

BRITT

When did you start using the word 'jaundiced'?

EXT. CALIFORNIA SPANISH MANSION - DAY

AN HISPANIC HOUSEKEEPER stands within a massive front door. Britt shoots Hank a look: *toldja*.

HOUSEKEEPER

Mr. Lindus is expecting you.

INT. CALIFORNIA SPANISH MANSION

Hank and Britt are led through the house. Hank's buttoned his shirt and wears a tie now; Britt's still in his t.

BRITT

What is it about here reminds me of your place?

HANK

Indoor plumbing.
(off Britt's appearance)
Tuck in your shirt at least, huh?

BRITT

Not wearing a belt.

EXT. CALIFORNIA SPANISH MANSION - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

The Housekeeper shows them out to a TENNIS COURT where BINGHAM LINDUS, an athletic 50, rallies against his 16-year old SON. Britt was correct only up to a point; Lindus seems about as un-stuffed-shirt as a man playing on his home tennis court can be. As our guys watch the point:

BRITT

You ever play this game?

HANK

Not professionally.

BINGHAM LINDUS

Nice, Phillip. Nice.
(spying them)
Hi: are you guys...?

HANK

Margaret Tyler sent us over.

BINGHAM LINDUS

(he approaches, hand out)
Bingham Lindus. Call me Bing.

HANK

Mr. Lindus, I'm Hank Dolworth, my partner Britt Pollack. Britt's not wearing a belt today.

BINGHAM LINDUS

I asked Esther to set out some tea.

(he gestures them to a
gazebo; back to his son)

Phil, I have to talk to these men
for a while. You wanna work on
your serve 'til I get back?

(to them)

We think he may make the junior-pro
tour next summer.

Neither Hank nor Britt knows what that means.

IN THE GAZEBO - MOMENTS LATER

Lindus pours iced tea for the three of them.

HANK

Lovely home.

BINGHAM LINDUS

Thanks. It's been in my wife's
family three generations. This
area used to be all orange groves.
Lemon?

HANK

Thank you. Will she be joining us,
your -- ?

BINGHAM LINDUS

No, Gwen passed away six years ago.
Leukemia. Consequently all this
belongs to my kids now, or a trust
representing them. Philip out on
the court and my daughter Elenore.
It's she I want to talk to you
about today. This is all
confidential, right, this
conversation?

HANK

Entirely. We're like doctors. Our
profession relies on discretion.

BINGHAM LINDUS

Otherwise you lose your licenses?

BRITT

If we had them.

That stops Lindus short. Hank, smiling, explains:

HANK

We've found from experience that abiding by state certification guidelines unduly limits our efficacy.

BINGHAM LINDUS

Meaning?

HANK

Meaning we --

BRITT

Meaning we break the law sometimes when we feel it suits our purpose.

(a look to Hank)

Tends to speed things up.

HANK

That said, rest assured, nothing you tell us leaves this gazebo.

Bingham considers them both. Then:

BINGHAM LINDUS

I need you to find my daughter.

HANK

Elenore.

BINGHAM LINDUS

None of us have seen her in two weeks. Not me, not Philip, not Esther.

HANK

She's been missing two weeks? Have you contacted the police?

BINGHAM LINDUS

She's not, sorry, she's not "missing." Ellie is, well... She's a freshman at USC, though still living here at home. This semester she fell in with a crowd at school, music types, I don't know what they call themselves. These charges started showing up on her credit card bill, from guitar stores and liquor stores. I became suspicious Ellie was being exploited by these people. So I sat her down and told her as much. She stormed out.

HANK

That was the last you saw her.

BINGHAM LINDUS

We've tried calling her cell phone, going down to campus. Nothing. Her dean says she hasn't been in any of her classes.

BRITT

You don't think she's in any "trouble"?

BINGHAM LINDUS

Not the kind you mean.

BRITT

You seem pretty sure?

BINGHAM LINDUS

I'm not a hundred percent but... How do I put this? I suspect my daughter's not that kind of girl.

Off Hank and Britt, not sure what that means --

INT. BINGHAM LINDUS'S DEN - MOMENTS LATER

ON A PHOTOGRAPH OF ELENORE, 19, brunette, cozily arm-in-arm with another GIRL, a blonde. They're at an "emo" party, a cross between goth and punk. Hank and Britt study the pic as Lindus jots down Elenore's cell, license plate, car model.

BINGHAM LINDUS

We found this hidden in her room. That's Elenore on the left. I can't say I was shocked. Ellie never showed much interest in boys in high school.

HANK

Pretty girl. We should probably take a look around her room ourselves. Might be something, an address book --

BINGHAM LINDUS

Is that necessary? I mean, I feel strange enough siccing a pair of private eyes on my daughter. Having you toss her room...

HANK

We'd be very careful.

BINGHAM LINDUS

(he holds firm: no)

Besides, we've been through it,
Philip, Esther and I. All we found
was that picture and a parking
ticket.

HANK

Of course. This is enough to get
started on anyway.

(he scratches his scalp, a
signal to Britt)

We should get going.

Britt nods: signal understood.

INT. LINDUS'S HOME - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lindus walks them out.

HANK

Any idea who this other girl in the
picture is, by the way?

BINGHAM LINDUS

I suspect that's Laura. Ellie
mentioned her a few times. Last
name Prince or Price, I can't
remember.

Britt fidget-grunts. Hank and Lindus try to ignore him.

HANK

You never met her?

BINGHAM LINDUS

No. She dropped Ellie off here
once but didn't come inside.

(off another fidget-grunt)

You alright?

BRITT

Curry for lunch. Always goes
straight through me.

Hank blanches. Lindus points the way to the john.

BINGHAM LINDUS

Down the hall, past the stairwell,
first door on the left.

BRITT

Thanks.

Hank shoots Britt a look: *you have to do that here, now?*
 Britt shoots one back: *yeah, I do,* and goes.

HANK

You don't happen to have that
 parking ticket still, do you?

BINGHAM LINDUS

Paid it.

Hank snaps his fingers: too bad.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Britt smiles at the housekeeper on his way to the bathroom.
 Soon as she's passed from sight, he darts upstairs.

INT. ELENORE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Britt enters. He canvasses a hope chest, then wanders into
 Elenore's closet.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Lindus hands an envelope to Hank.

BINGHAM LINDUS

I had this check cut as a retainer.
 Maggie Tyler didn't tell me who to
 make it out to.

HANK

I should mention, Mr. Lindus --

BINGHAM LINDUS

-- please: Bing --

HANK

-- because Elenore is not a minor,
 all we can do is find her for you.
 We can't force her to come home.

Hank at last sees the figure on the retainer: holy shit.

BINGHAM LINDUS

I thought you said you were willing
 to bend the law when necessary?

HANK
Bending the law is one thing,
kidnapping is --

BINGHAM LINDUS
I'm sorry, I was kidding.

Lindus smiles and Hank joins him, unconvinced.

BINGHAM LINDUS (CONT'D)
All I want is to talk to my
daughter. Make sure she's okay.
The sooner I can do that, the
happier we'll all be.
(as Britt returns)
Feeling better?

BRITT
Much. Nice towels in there. You
should take a look.

Hank, demurring, offers his hand to Lindus.

HANK
Mr. Lindus. We'll be in touch.

EXT. LINDUS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Hank and Britt exit, Lindus watching them from his door.

HANK
What'd you find?

BRITT
Diary under her mattress.

HANK
Let's go find this girl.

BRITT
And cash that check.

EXT. PASADENA STREET - DAY

SOME KIDS playing kickball in the street skedaddle for the
sidewalks as the *Gomez Bros.* Ford Courier rattles through.

INT. FORD COURIER - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Britt plays percussion on the steering wheel and sings as
Hank leafs through Elenore's diary. Both he and Hank feel
good, filled with the bonhomie which comes from employment;
even Winston's in a chipper mood.

BRITT

*"You've got a thing about you.
I just can't live without you.
I really want you Elenore near me."*

HANK

Full-freight for a runaway rundown.
Son. Of. A. Bitch.

BRITT

*"Your looks intoxicate me.
Even though your folks hate me.
There's no one like you Elenore
really. A-bow-bow-bow-bow."*

BOTH OF THEM

*"Elenore gee I think you're swell
and you really do me well, you're
my pride and joy -- "*

HANK

" -- etcetera." Take a left here.

BRITT

"Etcetera?" Really?

HANK

Would I lie to you? About that?
Take a left.

BRITT

What are you gonna do with the
money? Pay bills probably. I know
what I'm gonna do.

HANK

Get a new polo pony?

BRITT

Buy a really awesome hammock.
(Hank laughs)
What?

HANK

I woulda bet the farm you were
gonna say 'trampoline.' Take a
right here.

BRITT

Where we going?

HANK

Places. Take a right.

Britt turns and before he knows it --

EXT. PASADENA NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

-- they've pulled up in front of a modest craftsman home. An "Open House Today" sign is spiked in its lawn.

BRITT
This is your old place.

HANK
Yep.

BRITT
Gretchen's putting it up for sale?

HANK
That's what the sign says.

BRITT
Signs can lie.

INT. GRETCHEN'S (AND FORMERLY HANK'S) HOME - CONTINUOUS

A handful of PROSPECTIVE BUYERS roam the place as Hank and Britt enter. It's been a few years since Hank's lived here and he stops to take it in.

BRITT
Wow. She did a lot of work in here. These floors are new.
(then, bored)
Shouldn't we start looking for this girl?

Hank nods/holds up a one-sec finger as a REALTOR approaches.

REALTOR
Good afternoon, gentlemen. Any questions about the property?

HANK
(takes out their retainer)
Yeah, I have one. If I give you this check as a deposit right now, how quickly can you get all these yokels out of here?

Off Britt's reaction: hey, wait a minute --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Amidst afternoon freeway traffic, WE PICK UP Hank and Britt's Ford Courier merging onto the Harbor.

DMV EMPLOYEE ON PHONE (PRE-LAP)
DMV, how can I help you?

INT. FORD COURIER - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

HANK
Hi, I need to speak to a supervisor, please.
(he's put on hold)
Stop pouting.

At the wheel, Britt looks glum.

HANK (CONT'D)
I mean it. Makes you look effete.

BRITT
I'm not pouting. I'm fuming.

HANK
Which is worse, I'd think.

BRITT
What are you doing buying a house? You could barely afford lunch an hour ago, how are you going to pay a mortgage?! That check was half mine.

HANK
As is the deposit on the house now.

BRITT
What, I'm supposed to live with you too now? Katie would love that.

HANK
I bet she would.

DMV SUPERVISOR ON PHONE
Supervisor. How can I help you?

As Britt continues to fume, Hank drops his voice:

HANK
This is Detective Mark Gustafson,
LAPD Robbery-Homicide.
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)
 Our computers are down here,
 wondering if you could run a plate
 for me?

DMV EMPLOYEE
 I'll need an ID voucher.

Hank flips his visor to reveal a post-it with a list of LAPD
 detective names and numbers. He finds "Gustafson."

BRITT
 Are you sure you wanna --

HANK
 (he is)
 973-658-004.

DMV SUPERVISOR
 (the number checks out)
 OK, Detective Gustafson, what's the
 plate number?

As Hank reads off Elenore's plate --

EXT. HARBOR FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- the Courier pushes on toward --

EXT. AN INDUSTRIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

-- a deserted stretch south of downtown's skyscrapers.
 Littered with vacant lots and decaying brick factories.

BRITT
 ...1300...1300...When was the
 ticket issued?

HANK
 Three weeks ago. 1:53 a.m. She
 musta spent the night.
 (off Britt's look)
 Would you leave your car here
 overnight you weren't sleeping
 over?

BRITT
 If I was drunk.
 (spotting it)
 1300. Looks promising.

1300 is an abandoned factory. Might as well have tumbleweeds
 blowing past. Hank notes an adjoining, fenced parking lot.

HANK

Let's take a gander.
 (Britt doesn't budge)
 You coming?

BRITT

As a rule, I don't get outta the truck without a retainer.

Hank tosses him the diary.

HANK

Read up then. Anything about a Laura Prince or Price, crease the page. Winston, c'mon.

BRITT

Whatya need him for?

HANK

I like to work with a partner.

MOMENTS LATER, at the parking lot's fence, Hank squeezes Winston through an opening.

HANK (CONT'D)

(waving him onward)
 Go on, Winnie. Act natural.

Winston begins sniffing around the lot and Hank proceeds to the factory's entrance. He knocks, waits. Notes a spray-painted logo on the cement beneath him: "*Dirty Sanchez.*"

A VOICE WITHIN

Yeah?!

HANK

Hi! My dog's stuck in your lot!

VOICE WITHIN

What?

HANK

My dog's stuck in your lot!!

A moment passes before the door opens. A twentysomething HIPSTER stands there, none-too-happy to be disturbed.

HANK (CONT'D)

Sorry. My dog snuck through your fence.

HIPSTER

Yeah?

HANK

Yeah. Mind if I get him?

The Hipster eyes Hank, then glances around the block: all he sees is a beat-up pool cleaners truck, nobody inside.

HIPSTER

Alright.

HANK

You're a prince of the realm.

Britt, sunk down in his seat, watches as Hank enters.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY/HIPSTER DOMICILE - CONTINUOUS

The place's barren but for a threadbare couch here and a half-rotted mattress there: clearly it's a crash pad for more than just one person. The Hipster leads Hank through.

HIPSTER

What're you doing walking your dog in this neighborhood anyway?

HANK

Just driving through, Winston had to go. Tell the truth, so did I. Dummy me figured I didn't need to leash him.

(he looks around)

Sweet pad. What's the rent on a place like this?

HIPSTER

Why, you think I'm squatting?

HANK

(hands up: *whoa*)

I'm just here to get my dog.

(he spies a makeshift

RECORDING STUDIO)

Hey, you're a musician!

HIPSTER

What coulda given you that idea?

HANK

I played bass in college. You done anything I might've heard?

HIPSTER

Man, if you'd heard my stuff, then my stuff would be bullshit.

Hank's CELL RINGS.

HANK

Excuse me.
(he answers)
Hey, honey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GRETCHEN'S BOOK SHOP - DAY

The anti Barnes & Noble: small, quaint, well-appointed. Gretchen's the owner/sole employee.

GRETCHEN

My realtor just phoned to say you strolled in half an hour ago and took my house off the market. My house. What the hell are you doing?

HANK

(keeps his tone familial, for Hipster's sake)
I sensed a certain reluctance on your part this morning about selling so I took action.

As Hank chats, his eyes canvass the space. A sticker on a guitar case matches the logo outside: "*Dirty Sanchez*." The Hipster, meanwhile, heads to a door to the parking lot.

GRETCHEN

You know how hard it is to sell a home in this market?! You know how much harder it'll be when it falls out of escrow because your check bounced?

HANK

It won't bounce.

HIPSTER

(let's go)
Dude.

GRETCHEN

Not to mention how inappropriate, how wildly invasive --

HANK
 Honey, we'll talk about this later.
 (he hangs up)
 My wife. She's a pistol.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Hank gathers Winston as the Hipster unlocks the fence.

HANK
 Thanks again. Say, what's your
 name, or your band's name? I've
 got some friends in the industry,
 maybe they could help you out.

HIPSTER
 I told you, man, that's not what
 I'm about.

HANK
 I never met anyone who didn't need
 a little help getting their stuff
 out there.

HIPSTER
 (extends his hand)
 You just did.

HANK
 (takes it, doesn't let go)
 Hey, you don't happen to know a
 girl named Elenore Lindus, do you?

HIPSTER
 Man, you got your dog --

HANK
 How about a Laura Prince or Price?

That name hits a nerve. Hipster tears his hand away.

HIPSTER
 Get off my property, huh?

He means it. Hank steps onto the sidewalk and the Hipster
 slams his fence shut behind him.

HANK
 Thanks for the help.

The Hipster throws him the bird as he returns inside. Hank
 returns to the truck. Britt rises in his seat.

BRITT
Kid's a turd.

HANK
Let's see where he floats.

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER. The Hipster emerges from his place, pushing out a Vespa. He steps on, kick-starts it and is off. He doesn't notice the Ford Courier falling in a distance behind.

In the truck: Britt keeps a loose tail.

HANK (CONT'D)
(re: the diary)
You glean anything from this?

BRITT
She mentions Laura once or twice.

Hank notices: Britt has creased every page. They continue to follow the Vespa, into --

EXT. A BOHEMIAN COMMERCIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

-- where the Hipster pulls up at a COFFEEHOUSE. He dashes inside as Britt and Hank u-turn to park across the street. As they case the joint:

HANK
Whatya think? You wanna stay in the truck for this or --

BRITT
(back on the job)
Crack a window for Winston.

They're going in. Hank takes Elenore's diary with him. As they disembark, though, an LAPD PATROL CAR cruises by. The two UNIS inside clock them as they pass.

UNI 1
Is that -- ?

UNI 2
Yep.

As Britt smiles at them and mutters under his breath --

BRITT
Hello, donkeys.

-- Hank notices something tucked in the diary's back pages: A PAYCHECK STUB. The payee: "Laura Price." The payer: "JA KUEHN & ASSOC. PAYROLL CO." He pockets it.

BRITT (CONT'D)
What's that?

HANK
Pay stub for Laura Price.

He pockets it. Cops passed, they proceed to --

INT. COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

-- and it's obvious the moment they step inside how wildly out of place they are. Because this joint is emos-only. A dozen or more oddballs stare at them hostilely, hair-dyed and bobbed, ears, eyes and noses pierced.

Hank and Britt scan the place: no sign of the Hipster or anyone resembling Elenore. Hank approaches a BARISTA.

BARISTA
Can I help you?

HANK
Yeah, you serve coffee here?
(she doesn't get it)
City Health Inspectors. Doing a surprise sweep on local food service establishments in the area.

He opens Elenore's diary, as if it's his inspection notebook.

BARISTA
My manager's not here right now.

HANK
S'okay, we don't need him.

Two places Hipster could've gone: hallway to the johns or the kitchen. Britt takes the former, Hank the latter.

BRITT
I'm gonna make sure the "lavos los manos" are posted --

BARISTA
-- wait, I can't let you --

HANK

-- miss, you wanna keep that 'B'
over your coffee grinder you'll let
us take a look-see --
(to COOKS in the kitchen)
-- *perdon, hermanos.*

He spies an OFFICE DOOR and heads straight to it --

BARISTA

-- you can't go in there --

-- to find inside, a CABAL OF EMO TOUGHS, Hipster included,
huddled around a desk, discussing something very secret and
likely illegal. Because everyone shuts up fast.

HANK

Sorry to interrupt, fellas. What
is this, a band meeting?

MEANWHILE, Britt checks out the back hallway: a supply
closet, a unisex bathroom (in use) and an alarmed emergency
exit. FLUSH! The bathroom door opens and --

-- a BLONDE GIRL emerges. Britt smiles as she passes, then
stops cold. He follows her back into the coffeehouse.

BACK IN THE OFFICE, the emo-toughs are on their feet,
surrounding Hank, as the Hipster whispers to the CABAL
LEADER, informing him of Hank's appearance at his factory.

EMO TOUGH

What the hell you want, old man?!

HANK

Searching for someone. Maybe you'd
look at a picture.

As Hank flashes the photo of Elenore, he notes a set of
building blueprints pinned to a wall. Beside it, a slogan:
"GO ORGANIC! CHEMICALS KILL!"

HANK (CONT'D)

What is that, a bank?

EMO TOUGH

You a cop?

HANK

Me? No...
(he scoffs)
Used to be.

Hank's not getting any more popular in here. The Cabal Leader gives instructions to Hipster who darts out.

OUT FRONT, Britt maneuvers to get a clean look at the Blonde and at last he succeeds: it's Elenore, hair dyed.

HIPSTER

Laura.
(she turns)
We gotta go.

She exits with him. Britt debates following them, opts to get Hank instead. In the kitchen he finds him under assault, getting roughed up as emo-toughs push him out of the office.

HANK

Fellas, what the hell, I'm not trying to steal your eyeliner --

Britt makes a quick example of one emo by popping him square in the nose. As the boy goes down, Britt pulls Hank out.

BRITT

She's here.

HANK

Who? Elenore or Laura?

BRITT

I'm not sure.

EXT. COFFEEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Britt and Hank exit in time to spot Blonde Elenore climbing aboard the Hipster's Vespa.

BRITT

C'mon.

Hank and Britt hurry back to their Courier, to give chase, only to find: it's being lifted onto a TOW TRUCK. The two uni's oversee the tow job.

BRITT (CONT'D)

What the hell?!

UNI 2

One hour parking zone.

HANK

We were here five minutes!

UNI 1
Not according to our watch.

The Unis stifle smirks, obviously enjoying this.

HANK
You gotta be -- Oh, you
sonsabitches!

UNI 2
You can reclaim your vehicle at the
city impound. I'm sure it'll only
take five, six hours to process at
the most. Have a great day.

The cops go, laughing. So does the Courier, behind the tow
truck. So does, in the opposite direction, Elenore Lindus.

HANK
Shit. We had her.

BRITT
Hank. Winston was in the truck.

Hank squeezes his eyes shut: *fuuuuuuuck* --

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

WE HEAR Hopeton Lewis's rocksteady classic "Boom Shaka Laka."

KATIE NICHOLS, 20s, winsome, a heartbreaker at first, second,
and forty-fifth glance, lip-syncs the lyrics as she dumps
bargain-brand pasta into a pot of boiling water.

IN QUICK CUTS, she alternates between prepping dinner-on-a-
budget (cheap bottle of red, microwaved meatballs, salad
tossed via zip-loc bag) and studying for a vet school exam.
A KNOCK AT HER FRONT DOOR draws her away to --

EXT. HER TINY HOME - GLENDALE - NIGHT

-- where she discovers Britt on her doorstep.

KATIE
Yes?

BRITT
Sorry to disturb you, ma'am, during
the dinner hour.

KATIE
That's alright, what is it?

BRITT

I'm canvassing the neighborhood on behalf of a charity called Tomes for Tots. We collect used books from everyday folks like yourself and donate them to local private schools so that white, privileged children won't miss any opportunity or advant --

KATIE

You lose your keys?

BRITT

And Hank's truck.

At the sound of her pasta boiling over, she kisses Britt and rushes back inside, shouting over her shoulder:

KATIE

Tell your BFF I made enough for three.

Britt turns to Hank, paying off a CABBIE in the street.

BRITT

Soup's on.

HANK

Christ, please don't let her've made Italian again.

INT. KATIE'S HOME - DINING ROOM - LATER

Hank picks at his penne, hiding his disappointment, as Katie reads Elenore's diary. Britt swills a Budweiser.

KATIE

Wow. This is weird. Elenore barely ever mentions herself in here. It's all Laura, Laura, Laura.

HANK

Maybe she's in love.

KATIE

Uh-uh. This isn't love. Maybe schizophrenia but not love. Elenore is either batshit obsessed with this girl or batshit thinking she is this girl or...

HANK

Or?

Katie's stumped.

BRITT

Or she's dyeing her hair and calling herself Laura cause it's the new black. Does it matter? If she loves this girl or thinks she's her or thinks she's Foghorn Leghorn. We just have to find her and tell Daddy.

HANK

Sure. But it might help to know. Thanks, Katie. For your insight.

KATIE

Ask a vet student for a psych run-up. I like your guys' style. Now if you two don't mind, I have a mid-term in the morning.

Hank notices: there is a subtle but palpable tension between Katie and Britt tonight. He tries to break it.

HANK

On what?

KATIE

Equine dentistry.

HANK

No shit.

KATIE

Did you know that mares are twice as likely to suffer from gum disease as stallions?

HANK

That's female horses, mares?

KATIE

Hence "the old grey mare, she ain't what she used to be."

BRITT

Did you know that bears, since the very beginning of their existence, shit in the woods?

Katie exits, unamused. Britt studies the paystub Hank found in Elenore's diary earlier.

BRITT (CONT'D)

What's the plan? Find where Laura works, hope Elenore isn't far off?
(off Hank's glare)
What?

HANK

You're some terrific boyfriend, you know that?

BRITT

I didn't say anything!

HANK

Exactly. That girl loves you, you treat her like a chair.

BRITT

You think I should buy a house I can't afford, prove my love to her?

That punch lands. Hank clears his plate, snags Britt's Bud as he goes.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Hey, I wasn't done with --

HANK

Yes you were.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Katie does dishes. Hank joins her at the sink, plucking up a dish rag to help dry. She tries to stop him but he insists.

HANK

You cooked dinner. Least I could do is pretend to clean up.

KATIE

Sorry it was pasta again. "Write what you know, cook what you can't burn."

HANK

I ever tell you: back during my cop days, whenever we answered a domestic abuse call, we'd take the woman aside and offer to kick the shit outta her dude for fifty bucks. You interested?

KATIE

Fifty?

HANK

I'll give you a friend rate: forty.
(then, off her sadness)
There something going on you wanna talk about?

She shakes her head but soon can't help confess:

KATIE

I wanna have a baby.

Hank waits for more, then:

HANK

Right this very moment?

KATIE

Sooner than later.

HANK

You tell Laughing Boy this?

KATIE

Last night. He said he wasn't ready to "pull the goalie." Then went out and got hammered. He didn't say anything to you?

HANK

But I smelled it on him all day.

KATIE

You know, it's been a lot of fun living in Neverneverland with you two. But I'm gonna have to become a real person soon.

BRITT

(from the next room)
Hank! Pooch is waiting!

Hank ignores him.

HANK

Just be patient with him. I'm sure
by the time he's ninety he'll pull
his head out of his ass.

KATIE

With you as a role model?
(that stings a little)
Sorry.

HANK

Don't be.
(a kiss to her temple)
I think you'll be a spectacular
mother.

Hank exits.

HANK (CONT'D)

OK, Messy Marvin: mount up.

Britt appears in the doorway, facing Katie.

BRITT

You want anything from out in the
world?

She shakes her head, pretending nothing's wrong. He goes,
pretending to believe her.

EXT. KATIE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Britt throws the cover off a 1961 Triumph Trophy Bird.

HANK

God, I hate this thing.

BRITT

Why? Cause it's "unsafe?"

HANK

Cause it's so butch.

EXT. CITY IMPOUND LOT - NIGHT

The men arrive via motorcycle. Hank heads inside to pay the
impound fee while Britt goes in search of Winston; the moment
he spots the pup lapping at a waterbowl, he lights up.

BRITT

Winston! Where'd you go, we've
been worried sick?!

The feeling's mutual; Winston comes hurtling toward him, into his arms. Hank watches from an office window. The opening strings of Nat Cole's "Stardust" take us to --

EXT. DRY-CLEANERS (CLOSING UP) - NIGHT

-- where BRITT'S DRY-CLEANER re-unites with Winston.

DRY-CLEANER
Ooooh, my little baby! Oh, I've missed you!

Britt can't hide the fact he'll miss the animal.

BRITT
He's been a...a very good boy.

Hank waits in the reclaimed Courier, Trophy Bird in its cargo. He flips Laura Price's paystub between his fingers, lost in thought as he listens to the radio:

"...love is now the stardust of yesterday, the music of the years gone by..."

Britt gets in and Hank snaps out of his reverie.

HANK
All set?

Britt nods. Both men in too contemplative a mood to joke.

INT. FORD COURIER - MOVING - NIGHT

They drive in silence.

HANK
You know what you'd do we didn't do this for a living?

BRITT
Play for the Dodgers. I'd say Angels but I've never seen myself as an American Leaguer. Why?

HANK
(reticent at first, then:)
I've been thinking lately...about pulling the ripcord on this thing.

BRITT
Say that again non-euphemistically.

HANK

Every morning I wake up I feel it
in my knees. I'm past it.

(this amuses Britt)

I'm serious. Today in the
coffeehouse those mascara thugs
scared the shit outta me. Besides
how's this look, my running around
dognapping and chasing down lesbian
debutantes at my age? Left here.

Britt pulls the truck into an OFFICE BUILDING's parking lot.

BRITT

You are shitting me, right?

HANK

Hand to God. I'm thinking about
retiring.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICES - NIGHT

A logo reads: "JA KUEHN & ASSOC. PAYROLL CO." Hank and Britt
traverse the dark, empty office floor with flashlights.

BRITT

In this economy? To do what?

Hank hasn't thought that far ahead.

HANK

You realize you'd have the most to
gain if I did. You'd be sole
partner.

BRITT

Of what? And there's no such thing
as sole partner, there's just sole.

(then, struck)

This isn't about Katie, is it?

HANK

(it is, sort of)

What, no, of course not.

BRITT

I know she worries about money.

HANK

I'm sure she's got a lot of
concerns about you, pal, but
whether you're Fortune 500 material
or not isn't one of 'em.

At file cabinets they thumb through employee records.

BRITT

So why?

HANK

I told you --

BRITT

Why really? Don't give me that
Danny Glover I'm-too-old-for-this-
shit shit. Your knees ache, your
back's sore. OK, I weep for you.

At the office's elevator bay, a SECURITY GUARD steps onto the floor, doing his nightly rounds. He hears the murmur of our guys' voices and tracks them.

HANK

It doesn't feel like a grown man's
job anymore. I come home, I don't
feel I've earned it. And that's
okay for a while, when you're
young. But my while's up.

For the first time Britt suspects Hank might be sincere about this and it terrifies him. He comes to a file "*Price, Laura*" and hands it off.

HANK (CONT'D)

Laura Price. Employee since March
at the Gilbert Chicken Farm. Huh.
I've known a lotta things a pretty
girl'll do for a buck but never
cutting heads off chickens --

And that's when Hank gets hit in the eyes by a beam of light. He and Britt turn, squinting, to discover the Security Guard, flashlight leveled at them.

HANK (CONT'D)

Oscar, lower it a little, will ya?

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry. You guys almost done here?

Hank holds up the file: indeed they are. He reaches into his pocket for cash for Oscar.

HANK

How's the wife, by the way? Due
any day now, right?

SECURITY GUARD
I didn't tell you? It's twins.

Hank reaches back into his pocket for more cash.

EXT. CORPORATE PARK - NIGHT

Hank and Britt return to the truck.

BRITT
So when were you thinking about
doing this, getting out?

HANK
Hey, it's just something I'm
kicking around. Don't bum-rush me
out the door yet.
(sensing Britt's unease)
Something you wanna say?

BRITT
Nah. Besides your suggesting that
what we do for a living is
infantile, you haven't given any
offence.
(before Hank can speak)
I think you should quit, it's what
you're experienced at. Being a
cop, Gretchen...

Britt just crossed a line. And he knows it.

HANK
Fair enough. Let's get you home to
get shit-faced so your girlfriend
can figure out maybe it's time to
move on.
(now the other line's
crossed; both men fume)
I'm pretty zonked. Whatya say we
call it a night?

BRITT
That's a genius goddamn idea.

As both men round the Courier, separated briefly --

HANK (CONT'D)
-- jesus christ --

BRITT
-- sonovabitch --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. GILBERT CHICKEN FARMS - DAY

A facility in the sticks.

INT. GCF PLANT MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

CLEMMONS, a clip-on/combover plant manager, studies the Elenore-Laura picture. His office is adorned with western memorabilia -- cowboy art, horse paperweights, etc..

CLEMMONS

Which one am I supposed to be looking at?

BRITT

Either.

HANK

Both.

Still some residual anger between them from the night before. Hank and Britt stand across from him, by a window overlooking a giant processing room below. Off Clemmons' look --

HANK

(Texas in his voice)

One of 'em's the girl we're looking for, one is her friend. Either look familiar to you?

CLEMMONS

(he looks again)

Nope. But I do have over three hundred employees here.

HANK

Would you mind checking your records? Your payroll company J.A. Kuehn and Associates says Laura Price has been on the job here since March.

CLEMMONS

They told you that?

Hank nods. Clemmons knows that's bullshit. And Hank knows he knows. He appeals to him as a pal.

HANK

Listen all we need is a home address or phone number. My buddy here, he's Ms. Price's brother, they're estranged from birth and, well, there's an inheritance to be split.

CLEMMONS
 (not going for it)
 I'm sorry, gentlemen. Company
 policy is all employee records are
 confidential.

INT. ANTEROOM - DAY

Hank and Britt exit past a SECRETARY. Under their breath:

BRITT
 Think he's calling the cops on us?

HANK
 I would be.

Hank stops, spotting something. Britt follows his gaze to a portrait on the wall: the Gilbert Board of Directors, front and center Lawrence Bingham Lindus III.

HANK (CONT'D)
 (to the Secretary)
 'Scuse me, ma'am, that's not L.B.
 Lindus in that picture, is it?

SECRETARY
 Yes, that's Mr. Lindus.

HANK
 Dang-it-all, I haven't seen Bing in
 ages. Wha's he doin' on the board?

SECRETARY
 His family founded the company.
 Rather his wife's family. When
 Gwen Gilbert passed on, Mr. Lindus
 took over as chairman.

Our boys share a look: interesting. As they go:

BRITT
 (mocking Hank's accent)
 Y'all take care y'all.

INT. GCF PROCESSING ROOM - DAY

They pass through the hangar-sized room of WORKERS in aprons, surgical masks, hair nets and latex gloves prepping decapitated chickens. As they take in the defeathering, gutting and quartering of chickens:

BRITT

Hey, while we're here, maybe you should fill out a job application? Since you're looking for something respectable to do.

Hank just squints at him.

EXT. GIBSON CHICKEN FARMS - CONTINUOUS

They exit into sunlight. Britt notices a YOUNG MAN entering the compound, a lunch box in hand, his most distinct feature a bandaged nose. He alerts Hank.

HANK

Isn't that the kid whose face you picked a fight with yesterday?

Unfortunately, just as Hank and Britt are recognizing the EMO TOUGH, he's recognizing them. He turns and bolts.

HANK (CONT'D)

What's that about?

BRITT

(shrugs)

Kid wants to be chased.

They take off after him. The chase begins.

And almost immediately ends. Because the Emo-Tough goes straight to his beat-up Toyota in the plant parking lot and while he's digging for his keys, Britt appears --

BRITT (CONT'D)

Hey.

-- and Emo retreats the other way but Hank's standing there so he chooses a third path: over the tops of a row of parked cars, leaping from roof to roof.

On the ground Hank and Britt try to keep pace with him.

HANK

Kid, get down from there.
You're...endangering paint jobs.

The Tough slips, drops his lunch box, keeps going. On a hunch, Hank stops to retrieve it.

Ahead, another EMPLOYEE has pulled into work and the Emo-Tough leaps down, yanks him from his vehicle and gets in. As he hits the gas, the car door slams Britt in the shoulder.

BRITT

Ahhh!

The kid gets away. Britt stands there, rubbing his shoulder, watching him go. Hank joins him, lunch box in hand.

HANK

You okay?

BRITT

No. What's that?

HANK

Kid dropped it. Thought it might be important.

He opens the box: a sandwich, an apple, a Thermos.

BRITT

He got away but he's gonna miss three of the major food groups.

Hank opens the last and sniffs, then offers it to Britt.

HANK

What's that smell like to you?

BRITT

Water.

HANK

Exactly.

Hank drains the Thermos, filled with tap water, to discover several liquid-filled vials hidden inside.

CDC OFFICER (PRE-LAP)

It's an infectious strain of laryngeotrachetis.

CUT TO:

LATER and COPS have arrived. A plant HEALTH INSPECTOR informs Clemmons and the LEAD OFFICER of his findings.

LEAD OFFICER

What the hell's that?

HEALTH INSPECTOR

It's a respiratory disease in chickens. Highly communicable.
(MORE)

HEALTH INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
Usually kills 'em within four or
five days unless they're
slaughtered first.

CLEMMONS
Oh Christ.

LEAD OFFICER
And if they're slaughtered first?

HEALTH INSPECTOR
Their meat becomes poisonous.

CLEMMONS
Jesus, they were trying to infect
the flock, start a food scare.
Someone's trying to ruin us.

LEAD OFFICER
Any idea who might want to do that?

CLEMMONS
No, but I bet they do.

He points to Hank and Britt, sitting nearby, held for
questioning. They try to look as innocent as possible.

HANK
Hey, Hopalong, we're the guys
stopped the guy.

CLEMMONS
Or that's how you want it to look.
(to the Officer)
They say they're PI's but I never
saw any ID.

LEAD OFFICER
(turns to Hank and Britt)
What are your names?
(Hank mumbles them)
I'm sorry, what was that?

Hank knows they're fucked and is about to speak clearly when:

A VOICE
Hank Dolworth and Britt Pollack.

Hank cringes: he didn't know they were this fucked. That's
because DETECTIVE MARK GUSTAFSON has arrived on the scene.
Dark glasses, bull-chested, Philippe's French Dip still on
his breath. He badges the lead officer.

GUSTAFSON

Mark Gustafson, LAPD Robbery-Homicide. These are old friends. And they're detectives alright, though I doubt you'll find a license on 'em.

(to him)

Hello, Hank.

HANK

Mark. How are you?

GUSTAFSON

OK. Though someone used my name and ID yesterday to get some info out of the DMV. Funny, they have this device called Caller ID helped them figure out who'd done it.

(big smile)

Feel like going to jail?

HANK

Guess so.

INT. HOLDING TANK - CITY JAIL - DAY

Britt and Hank are in with other derelicts. Britt keeps vigil for the first knucklehead who tries to fuck with them. Off one guy's glance --

BRITT

Hey, you walk over here, I will lay you out and shit in your mouth.

No one's gonna fuck with them. Britt notices: Hank looks burdened with a thought.

BRITT (CONT'D)

You okay? You look like somebody stole your monkey.

HANK

Something about this is wrong. This job. We're in over our heads. We're a couple of scroungers, get this back, find that person. We're not bright enough for something big and this just became something big.

BRITT

Cause some kids with too much eye-liner tried to dose a bunch of chickens?

(MORE)

BRITT (CONT'D)

Last night you say you want out
cause this job's not dignified
enough, now you're wringing your
hands cause we have an actual case.
Get back on the lithium already.

GUARD (O.S.)

Dolworth! Pollack!

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOCK-UP - DAY

Hank and Britt exit alongside Bingham Lindus.

HANK

Thanks, Mr. Lindus, for the bail.

BINGHAM LINDUS

Not at all. Thank you for your
discretion at my plant, keeping
Elenore's name out of it.

Hank's distracted by Gustafson across the parking lot. He
waves -- see you soon -- as he gets in his car.

BINGHAM LINDUS (CONT'D)

Who's that?

BRITT

His old partner.

HANK

Who threw us in jail.

(back to the case)

We've seen your daughter and she's
fine. Obviously this group she's
caught up with is involved in more
than just music. Some sort of eco-
organic-terrorist cabal.

BINGHAM LINDUS

Any idea where she might be now?

BRITT

We think wherever Laura Price is.
If you could get her address from
your supervisor, sir --

Lindus produces it.

BINGHAM LINDUS

He told me who you were asking
after, so I...

(Britt and Hank are
impressed)

(MORE)

BINGHAM LINDUS (CONT'D)
 Gentlemen, obviously my daughter's
 in a far more precarious situation
 than I first imagined. If you can
 find her by the end of the day and
 get her away from this cabal, I'm
 willing to offer you triple your
 normal fee.

(off their reactions)
 You think you can do that?

In answer to that question --

CUT TO:

INT. FORD COURIER - MOVING - DAY

Britt floors it, speeding to Laura Price's address.

BRITT
 Triple our fee. One second I
 thought he was gonna can us for
 sure, the next it's triple
 overtime. Three times...that's...

HANK
 (as he check his
 voicemail, not as
 ecstatic as Britt)
 Our annual nut, in one swoop. Got
 a message from Gretchen. She wants
 to meet.

BRITT
 Is that a good thing or bad?

HANK
 Don't know.

BRITT
 (studying his partner)
 Hey. Keep your eyes on the prize
 here a little longer, huh?

Britt stomps the gas.

EXT. SILVER LAKE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Our guys pull up. At the entrance they find a directory.

BRITT
 Price. 3H. Let's go.

HANK
 She's not home.

BRITT

How do you --

HANK

Cause she's there.

He points to a CARPORT where LAURA PRICE is loading the back of an old Volvo, bumper littered with stickers to recycle/end war/impeach/save whales/go green/go vegan. Pretty most days, she's a harried wreck right now. Hank and Britt approach.

BRITT

Laura Price?

(she startles)

We catch you on moving day or are you high-tailing it outta here for another reason?

LAURA PRICE

Who are you?

HANK

Detectives. Looking for Elenore Lindus. You seen her lately? It was probably a lot like looking in a mirror.

LAURA PRICE

No. Not since she tried to have me killed.

(off their reactions)

You still wondering why I'm getting the hell out of here?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. LAURA PRICE'S APARTMENT - DAY

As Laura loads necessities into a box:

LAURA PRICE

I met Elenore at a PETA rally a few months ago. She seemed nice, committed. When she first started copying me, I was flattered. Dressing like me, adopting my causes as her own.

BRITT

Dying her hair to look like yours.

LAURA PRICE

That's when it started getting weird. Especially when I heard someone call her Laura. Found out she was introducing herself as me at rallies, starting petitions in my name --

HANK

-- getting jobs in your name?
(she's confused)
You ever been employed by Gibson Chicken Farms?

LAURA PRICE

Her dad's company? Do I look like someone who would slaughter chickens for a living?

Her place is wall-to-wall "Meat Is Murder" posters.

BRITT

When's the last time you saw Elenore?

LAURA PRICE

A week ago. She started talking about all the chemicals they put in the feed there and how it gave her mom leukemia and how she had a plan to scare people into never eating chicken again. She was preaching to the choir and even I was freaked out. I guess I didn't hide it very well. A couple days later they tried to break in here.

She indicates a door where a window panel has been broken and a lock hammered at.

BRITT
Who's they?

LAURA PRICE
Her little platoon of emo-freaks.
They're like moonies, she's got 'em
wrapped around her finger.

Hank and Britt study Laura: she seems genuine enough.

HANK
Where are you going now?

LAURA PRICE
My folks' place. They're in Cabo
for the week.

HANK
They know a good lawyer?

LAURA PRICE
Probably.

HANK
You're gonna need one. The police
are looking for you.
(before she asks)
The less you know, the better. Go
home, call a lawyer, then go with
him to turn yourself in. Got it?

She goes to her bathroom for a few final items. Britt wanders up to Hank, whispers:

BRITT
You believe her?

Hank nods. Notices a rock club flyer on the fridge. It reads "*Dirty Sanchez.*"

HANK
(calling out to her)
Hey, what's Dirty Sanchez?

BRITT
(voice low)
Ah jeez, you don't wanna --

LAURA PRICE

It's a band I used to like. Guess who's dating the lead singer these days?

Britt reads the flyer.

BRITT

Says they're playing tonight.

Hank pockets it: they have their lead.

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Gretchen Dolworth sits at an outdoor table. Hank rounds a corner, stops to tuck in his shirt before approaching.

HANK

Heya, beautiful.

Right off he sees: his charm's not gonna work for him here. Gretchen's stiff as he kisses her hello.

HANK (CONT'D)

Still pissed, huh?

GRETCHEN

No. Not at all. Thanks for meeting me. I'm not keeping you from anything, am I?

HANK

Got a few hours off. Any luck this case'll be done by tonight.

GRETCHEN

Something interesting?

HANK

If you find chicken empire heiresses with personality disorders interesting, sure.

Hank waits for a smile; none comes. But, it's true, she's not angry.

GRETCHEN

So the house...

HANK

I apologize. What I did was inappropriate.

GRETCHEN

Thank you.

HANK

It's just, I've been thinking about making some changes in my life and, well, I kinda got carried away.

GRETCHEN

Changes like?

HANK

Quitting my business.

That brings her up short, like Hank knew it would.

GRETCHEN

You serious?

HANK

As gingivitis. Gonna hand it over lock-stock to Britt.

GRETCHEN

Why? You love your work.

HANK

It's stopped being fun. Or I feel too old to find fun in it anymore. The romantic allure is gone. Maybe I just realized that, running around like an idiot, my life hasn't added up to much.

(he means that to resonate with her, and it does)

And why pull Britt down that hole with me? Anyway, I will retract my bid on the house.

GRETCHEN

No. If you were buying it for you, go ahead. It'll be easier actually than selling to someone else. I just wanted to make sure you weren't buying it for me.

HANK

(tries to laugh it off)

Buying it for you, whatya...

She steels herself to share big news. Before she can though:

HANK (CONT'D)
You're getting married again.

She nods, gingerly. He dies a little inside.

HANK (CONT'D)
When?

GRETCHEN
This summer.

HANK
Do I know him?

GRETCHEN
God, I hope not. He's an architect
downtown. Lives in Hancock Park.

HANK
How long has this been...?

GRETCHEN
About six months. You'll laugh at
me: we met online.

HANK
(all his strength to lie)
That's terrific, Gretch. Really.

Gretchen knows he's putting on a brave face.

GRETCHEN
Anyway, I'll be moving in with him
soon so I don't really need the
house. Look at the bright side:
come June, you won't have to pay
alimony.
(she rises)
Thanks for understanding, Hank.

She kisses him and goes. Hank just sits there, deflated.

EXT. ROOFTOP - KATIE'S HOUSE - DUSK

A VIEW THROUGH TREES OF A GOLF COURSE, amber light bouncing
off water, a final foursome on the 18th. Katie sits on the
roof of her house, glass of wine in hand, taking in the
sunset: this is as close as she gets to living in luxury.

Britt appears from the attic window, comes to sit beside her.

BRITT
How'd it go? The mid-term?

KATIE
Don't find out til Monday.

They watch the sunset. He borrows her wine for a sip.

BRITT
Been thinking about us getting a dog.

KATIE
(surprised)
Yeah? Any particular breed?

BRITT
Bulldog maybe, I don't know. I thought we could go to the pound this weekend, pick one out. All I know is I wanna name it after my Uncle Lassie.
(she smiles)
I know it's not a baby. But I figure it's a gateway responsibility. You up for it?

She nods. He kisses her.

BRITT (CONT'D)
Thank you.

KATIE
For?

BRITT
(shakes his head)
It'd take too long.

INT. ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC BLARES. Hipster's on stage with his band, crooning unintelligibly, his audience a nodding herd of emo's.

In the back, by the bar, is Britt, baseball-capped, trying not to look too old here. He spies across the audience --

-- Elenore Lindus, standing slightly apart from the others, grooving with the music, exchanging smiles with Hipster.

Britt exits.

EXT. ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

He joins Hank, waiting in the truck.

BRITT
 She's inside. Now can we call
 Daddy Warbucks and end this thing?

HANK
 (looks around)
 He shows up here, she's got seven,
 eight different escape routes.

BRITT
 Is that our problem?

Hank nods. Britt sighs, settles in for the wait.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

MOVING ALONG THE ROAD, the Hipster's Vespa blows past us, Elenore aboard, followed by a car filled with the rest of Dirty Sanchez and their girlfriends. Farther back Hank and Britt keep pace in their Courier.

EXT. UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE HILLS - NIGHT

The caravan pulls into the driveway of a TWO-STORY FAMILY HOME, and the emo cabal, seven strong, enter. Hank and Britt park down the street.

MOMENTS LATER, they're peering through a window. In the living room, the band's having a post-show party; in the kitchen Elenore and Hipster prepare a plate of ecstasy.

BRITT
 Can we call him now?

Hank takes out his cell and dials. No signal. He tries again. Still none.

BRITT (CONT'D)
 Oh you gotta be --

INT. FORD COURIER - MOVING SLOWLY - MOMENTS LATER

Britt keeps the truck at a creep as Hank holds his cell out the window, waiting for a signal to appear. Nothing.

HANK
 Try around that bend. Maybe if we
 get away from this hill.

EXT. COMMERCIAL BOULEVARD - MINUTES LATER

They've had to come all the way down to the flats. Hank, with signal now, talks on his cell.

HANK

412 Franklin. Yes, sir. No, she's not, there are about six other kids with her. Okay. We'll wait in front until you get there.

(he hangs up; to Britt)
He's twenty minutes out.

BRITT

(7-11 across the street)
Wanna get a Slurpee?

EXT. TWO-STORY HOME - NIGHT

Emos retreat from living room to the basement. Hank and Britt watch, parked back in front of the house. Hank once again flips through the bed-and-bath catalogue.

BRITT

So when Lindus gets here, gets his daughter, is that all she wrote?
(Hank doesn't understand)
Are you still quitting?

HANK

Why, you chomping at the bit to have me gone?

BRITT

No more than usual.

A beat. Hank remembers his coffee with Gretchen.

HANK

Ah, you're right. What the hell am I really gonna do besides this?

Britt is secretly relieved.

HANK (CONT'D)

Heard this song today.

BRITT

Please, no.

HANK

Bum-bum-bum, bum-bum --

BRITT

-- would you quit, before --

HANK

-- *bum-BUM-bum-bum-BUM --*

BRITT
-- what is that --

HANK
-- *bum-bum-BUM-bum-bum* --

BRITT
-- you're just making that up --

HANK
-- yes I am.

Britt rolls his eyes. And just then a MUFFLED GUNSHOT echoes from inside the house. Both men freeze.

CUT TO:

THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE, as Hank and Britt slip through a side gate. They peer in windows: so sign of the emos.

They come to a door, locked. Hank nods to Britt who launches his elbow through a glass panel. He unlocks it; they enter.

INT. TWO-STORY HOME

Silence inside. No movement. Passing an entry table, Britt picks up a framed photo: Laura Price and her parents.

BRITT
(whispering)
Laura Price's folks' place? The
ones in Cabo?

Our guys proceed to, through a kitchen and down to a BASEMENT REC ROOM where they find --

-- six freshly dead bodies, scattered in various poses of death throes. Hipster among them. No sign of Elenore.

The ecstasy plate lies conspicuously clean in the middle of a pool table.

BRITT (CONT'D)
Where's Elenore?

Hank spies a light coming from within a bathroom. He cracks the door open --

-- and there's a Blonde Girl slumped over, with a large hole blown out the back of her head. A revolver lies at her feet, ostensibly dropped by her. Hank tips her head back --

-- it's Laura Price.

BRITT (CONT'D)
That's --

HANK
Not Elenore.

They step back into the rec room, surrounded on all sides by corpses. They've never seen anything like it.

BRITT
Hank. This is too big for us.

SMASH CUT TO:

HUSTLING WITH HANK AND BRITT as they tear ass out of here.

BRITT (CONT'D)
...go, go, go...

As they pass the framed photo on the entry table --

HANK
...fingerprints, fingerprints...

Britt uses his t-shirt to wipe it down, then the door knob.

EXT. LAURA PRICE'S FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

As discreetly as possible they rush back to their truck.
POLICE SIRENS approach in the distance.

HANK
(noticing at last)
Vespa's gone.

They drive off before the cops arrive.

INT. FORD COURIER - MOVING - NIGHT

Hank waits for his cell to get a signal again, then dials:

HANK
Mr. Lindus? Do not come to the
address I gave you, sir. I can't
explain over this phone. Go home,
we will come to you.

He hangs up. Britt's and Hank's minds race.

BRITT
What the hell did we just step
into?

EXT. LINDUS MANSION - NIGHT

The Courier pulls up in front. Shortly after they knock, Lindus lets them in. He's taken aback by their grim faces.

INT. LINDUS MANSION - ENTRY WAY - CONTINUOUS

When Lindus has closed the door behind them:

LINDUS
Gentlemen, what's going on --

HANK
(voice low)
Sir, you need to contact a criminal attorney now. I'm afraid your daughter may be in serious trouble.

LINDUS
What kind of --

HANK
The less you know the better. Elenore was with a group of friends. Something happened. As far as I know she's unharmed. However, we don't know where she is now.

LINDUS
She's upstairs.

That stops them.

HANK
I'm sorry?

LINDUS
She returned about thirty minutes ago, when I was out coming to meet you. I came home, she apologized for disappearing like she did and went up to take a shower.
(the guys are bewildered)
If you don't believe me...
(he calls upstairs)
Ellie! Can you come down here for a moment?!

Our guys share a glance, then look up as Elenore Lindus descends the stairs, robed, fresh out of a shower, towel covering wet hair.

It's her alright, same girl they saw at the rock club, same girl who walked into Laura Price's family home tonight.

ELENORE

Hello.

LINDUS

Honey, this is Mr. Dolworth and Mr. Pollack, the men I hired to find you. I just wanted to show them that you're home safe and sound.

ELENORE

Not a scratch on me. Sorry to put everyone to so much trouble, I'm kinda embarrassed. Can I go back up now, Dad?

LINDUS

Sure, sweetie.

As she goes back up, she pulls the towel from her head. Hank and Britt clock brown locks revealed beneath.

EXT. LINDUS MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Lindus sees them out.

LINDUS

Gentlemen, I can't tell you how much I appreciate your work. I don't completely understand what happened tonight but perhaps I'm better off not knowing. Regardless we had a deal. Three times your fee for the safe return of my daughter by tonight.

(he hands them a check)

For your diligence and discretion.

He bids them a good night, disappears inside. Hank and Britt just stand there, flummoxed.

CUT TO:

Back at their truck, Britt paces as Hank thinks.

BRITT

Bullshit. No way she was here half an hour ago.

HANK

I know.

BRITT

I wanna see if there's a Vespa parked in that garage. Daddy's covering for her, you know that?

HANK

Probably.

BRITT

Hank, we might be accessories to murder. What are we going to do?

A beat, then Hank comes to a decision.

HANK

We're gonna get in the truck and drive home.

INT. COURIER - MOVING - NIGHT

HANK

We're gonna keep the check. This isn't our fight. We're gonna keep the check because it solves a myriad of problems, shut our mouths, forget this ever happened and hope to God no one saw us leaving that house.

BRITT

You sure? If Gustafson ever finds out we left that scene, he will screw us and hard. I'll go along with it because I could use the money. But if we do this, we gotta do it all the way. I don't wanna get a call from you some night saying you can't live with it. Okay?

Hank nods.

EXT. HANK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Britt drops Hank off for the night. Before he gets out, Hank offers his hand and Britt shakes it.

BRITT

Partner.

HANK

See you in the morning.

INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A QUICK MONTAGE OF HANK GETTING READY FOR BED: he undresses, brushes his teeth, splashes water on his face, turns off lights in the hallway.

INT. HIS BEDROOM - LATER

His clock reads 1:15 a.m.. He lies, head on his pillow, eyes open. Just as we met him.

Then he reaches over and grabs his cell off a bedside table and dials. After a moment:

HANK

I can't live with it.

BRITT'S VOICE

Neither can I.

END OF EPISODE