

THE SERVICE

Season 1: Operation Whiteout

Episode 1: "Exile"

written by

Jeffrey J. Marks

created by

Richard Marks & Jeffrey J. Marks

THE SERVICE
"Exile"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. COASTLINE / BERING SEA - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND, ALASKA

The sun glistens off the snow covered shoreline. The ice pack is broken up. Ice floes drift on the open sea.

Two young Eskimo boys, about eleven years old, scamper along the shore. They are YUTU and PETER. Yutu carries a wooden hiking stick with an ivory handle carved in the shape of a whale's tail.

They stop abruptly.

YUTU
Touch it.

PETER
No.

A headless walrus carcass lies on the shoreline. Waves gently PATTERN the remains.

YUTU
You are scared?

PETER
No.

YUTU
Then touch it.

PETER
Kaugpaq is to be respected.

YUTU
So you're scared?

PETER
Poke it with your stick. Unless
you're scared?

Yutu leans toward the carcass. He jabs the animal's back with the tip of the stick. The hardened skin buckles under the prod with a SUCKLING SOUND.

PETER (CONT'D)
Gross.

YUTU
How long do you think it's been
dead?

PETER
Look how disgusting the wounds are.

YUTU
The meat is rotten.

PETER
The fin looks good enough for soup.

YUTU
Is that another?

Yutu points to a large black blob down the shore.

PETER
Race you.

The boys sprint toward the carcass. Yutu gets a good start,
but Peter is faster. He passes Yutu.

Yutu swings his walking stick at Peter's legs. Peter tumbles
to the snow. Yutu leaves him behind. He stops at the walrus
carcass.

PETER (CONT'D)
Cheater.

Peter brushes himself off. He darts over to the carcass. Yutu
is quiet.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm talking to you.

Peter shoves Yutu in the back.

Yutu stumbles toward the walrus. He puts his arm out to catch
himself. He falls onto the carcass. It SUCKLES under his
weight.

YUTU
Stop!

Yutu jumps back. He drops his walking stick.

PETER
Now who's scared?

YUTU
Look.

Yutu points at something behind the carcass. Peter peers over
the 2,000 pounds of rotting flesh.

Behind the headless walrus carcass, Peter sees a human corpse. Like the rotting walrus carcasses, this Eskimo corpse is bloated and appears rotten. The face is barely recognizable as human.

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION / MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A Ferrari pulls up to a gated mansion. VALETS scramble to assist the occupants.

The driver is RAY MILLER (39). He is intelligent, suspicious, manipulative and obsessive. Ray is direct and honest, sometimes unaware that his words insult others. He is handsome, a rugged outdoor type. He wears a tuxedo.

Accompanying Ray is a gorgeous woman in an elegant dress. She is JULIE WALKER (32).

Julie is perky, vibrant, ambitious and a bit naïve. She is an Australian Customs Officer on temporary loan to the Fish and Wildlife Service. When she speaks, it is with a lovely Aussie accent.

They are ushered into the gate by the Valets.

ANGLE ON A VAN PARKED DOWN THE STREET

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Monitors, computers, and listening devices litter the surveillance van, all manned by LEO POLLOCK (32) and JOHN FREDRICKS (28).

Leo is a brilliant and imaginative man with the mind and body of a geek who prefers to think of himself as an athlete in spite of his diminutive frame.

John is friendly and generous, but secretive and scheming. He actually looks the part of an athlete, with broad shoulders and thick limbs.

On one of the myriad of screens, cameras capture Ray and Julie as they slip into the mansion.

INT. MANSION / MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Ray and Julie are greeted by a BUTLER who offers them champagne. About a dozen other guests mill around.

JULIE
No thank you, darling.

The Butler starts to meander off in search of other guests.

RAY

I'll take one.

Ray swipes a glass from the passing tray.

JULIE

What are you doing?

RAY

When else will I ever get an opportunity to try a thousand-dollar-a-bottle glass of champagne?

JULIE

Well I want one.

Julie darts after the Butler.

KOLINSKI (O.S.)

You're a lucky man.

Ray swings around to find JACK KOLINSKI (30s) standing behind him. Jack is a wiry man with dark eyes, but smartly dressed, and extremely intelligent.

KOLINSKI (CONT'D)

I'm Jack...

RAY

Our gracious host. It's truly a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Kolinski. Ray Miller.

Ray extends his hand. Kolinski eagerly accepts.

RAY (CONT'D)

I've followed your career for some time. I hope we'll have a chance to discuss some business before the night is through.

KOLINSKI

It's a party Ray Miller. We'll talk later. After we're satiated.

RAY

What's on the menu this evening?

KOLINSKI

Well, that is an exotic surprise, my friend. But I promise you will not find this particular menu available any where else, ever again. I think you'll be quite surprised.

Julie returns clutching her own champagne.

JULIE

I think we're all in for surprise
this evening.

KOLINSKI

I see you brought your own exotic
dish.

Jack takes Julie's free hand and kisses it gently. Julie
forces a smile.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Leo is watching an audio waveform on a laptop. It matches the
sounds coming from a SPEAKER in the van which is coming from
a bug or wire in the mansion. John is watching the monitors
as the final GUESTS are escorted into the mansion and their
Bentley whisked away by the Valets.

JULIE (O.S.)

You're too kind, Mr. Kolinski.

RAY (O.S.)

Julie, our generous host has
promised us an opportunity to talk
later.

JULIE (O.S.)

I'm looking forward to a very long
and productive conversation.
Perhaps Mr. Kolinski will join us
at our place.

KOLINSKI (O.S.)

I'd be honored. Now, if everyone
could please adjourn to the dining
room, we'll begin our dinner.

The computer BEEPS, and the SKYPE incoming call window
appears over the waveform.

LEO

Shit!

John whirls around and sees the caller ID: "DEPUTY CHIEF".

JOHN

I'm not here.

John slips down in his chair and swivels the back toward the
computer screen. Leo accepts the call.

DEPUTY CHIEF ED SPENCER (48) appears on the screen. He is
rugged, often dressing the part. He prefers hunting to
lobbying, and a good old-fashioned take down to the

conference room. In spite of this, or maybe because of it, he is an effective administrator.

DEPUTY SPENCER
Agent Pollock, put Agent Miller on
right away.

LEO
I can't do that, sir.

DEPUTY SPENCER
This is an unauthorized op, dammit!
Where the hell is Miller?

LEO
He's already under, Deputy.

INT. DINING ROOM / MANSION / MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The guests are all seated around a rich mahogany table. Everyone but Kolinski has a large white napkin draped over their heads.

KOLINSKI
Our starter is green turtle soup,
followed by our main course,
Siberian Tiger steaks, with foie
gras, but first, the reason for
your hoods.

RAY'S POV UNDER THE NAPKIN

A small plate with a small baked potato slides under the napkin. The potato is partly hollowed out like a little bowl that contains a bird not much larger than a thumb. It still has the head, feet and wings attached.

KOLINSKI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The ortolan bunting.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray whisks off his napkin.

KOLINSKI (CONT'D)
Mr. Miller. It is imperative to
enjoy the bunting under the hood to
ensure you capture all the aromas.

Ray whisks Julie's napkin off her head. She is holding the bunting under her nose.

Ray's glares at Julie.

JULIE

What? It smells wonderful. When else will I have the chance to capture the aroma of bunting?

Julie drops the bunting and leaps to her feet. She whisks a pair of hand cuffs out from under her dress.

RAY

Jack Kolinski you're under arrest for trafficking in endangered species.

Julie pushes Kolinski onto the table, and cuffs him.

JULIE

You'll be quite the exotic dish where your going, Black Market Jack.

INT. GAMBELL TAVERN - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Gambell, Alaska

A simple room that, with its drop ceiling and faux wood paneled walls, resembles a cheap office or modestly remodeled basement.

Simple wood tables and chairs dot the space. Nestled at the plywood bar are GEORGE NUKUSUK (21) and VLADIMIR KOZLOV, (28).

George is a Native Alaskan who wears a mix of modern and traditional garb. He is strong, in his prime, virile and completely unsatisfied. He swallows beer as if it were water.

Vladi is a Russian with a full beard and moustache. He looks like the stereotypical KGB agent remnant the old Cold War era. His signature fur hat rests on the bar. He speaks with a thick accent.

GEORGE

I'll be there. Just not right away. Another beer, Gary?

George slams the empty mug on the bar.

VLADI

I need you in Nome today.

GARY AMARRUQ (31) a Native Alaskan with a strong build, stretched skin and squinted eyes snatched up the empty mug. He's charismatic, and persuasive.

GARY

Problem, gentlemen?

VLADI
Only solutions, Gary.

Gary swaps the empty mug for a full one, and slides down the bar to serve other customers.

GARY
Good.

GEORGE
I'll be there in two days.

VLADI
Not stupid conference this year
too?

GEORGE
Vladi, I promised Dad I'd join him
for a hunt tomorrow. And yes, I be
in Nome for the conference. Then I
will help you.

VLADI
Gary's doing us a huge favor with
this job.

GEORGE
What is the job anyway?

VLADI
Not here. I'll tell you in Nome. If
you ever get there.

GEORGE
Okay. Okay. I'll skip the EWC
meeting.

Vladi flops on his hat and saunters out the front door.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Solutions.

George slams back the fresh beer.

EXT. MANSION / MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Portable lights bathe the street and house in bright light. Agents of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, including Leo and John, lead the guests from the mansion into waiting vans.

A NEWS CREW records the scene from beyond the tape line.

REPORTER
Agents from the U.S. Fish and
Wildlife Service apprehended
Jonathan "Black Market Jack"
(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Kolinski today for violations of
the Lacey Act, which prohibits the
trade of illegally taken wildlife.
Kolinsky, under FBI scrutiny for
suspected trafficking in everything
from weapons to drugs, allegedly
broadened his smuggling operation
to include exotic animals, drawing
the attention of Fish and Wildlife.

Ray exits the mansion and ducks under the crime scene tape.

The Reporter cuts Ray off.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Agent Miller...

RAY
No comment.

Ray pushes past the Reporter.

REPORTER
... The FBI tried unsuccessfully to
infiltrate Kolinski's operation.
How was Fish and Wildlife able to
do what the FBI couldn't?

Ray stops. With just a quick glance over his shoulder he
answers the question.

RAY
FBI? Since 9/11 the FBI's become
myopic.

REPORTER
Agent Miller, can you elaborate?

Ray turns around, giving the reporter his full attention.

RAY
The FBI is back on their heels in a
prevent defense.

REPORTER
Some would say it's working.

RAY
Some would be wrong.

REPORTER
Are you saying Kolinski is a
terrorist?

RAY
Where there's money criminals make
opportunity. And there's money in
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)
trafficking wildlife. Profits from
the illicit wildlife trade fund
everything from terrorism to
organized crime. I'm saying, if the
FBI director had half a brain, he'd
understand that.

Julie bolts from the mansion waving a cell phone.

JULIE
Ray, it's the chief. He's cranky.
Something about you pissing all
over the FBI's case. He wants you
on the next flight flat chat.

EXT. VILLAGE OF GAMBELL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Gambell, Alaska

This rural Native Alaskan village is nestled on the
Northwestern tip of St. Lawrence Island. It is surrounded by
the icy Bering Sea.

The main area of town is dissected by gravel roads. Old
trails connect the outer areas. A few of the roads are
mirrored by sidewalks made of wood planks.

Most of the structures form a simple grid. Only a few sit
isolated off in the distance.

Some of the houses are mere shanties, seemingly made of left
over scraps. While a few others rival suburban living in any
town.

There are traditional seal skin boats in front of some homes.
While the more modern homes are accompanied by snow mobiles
and power boats.

None of the houses boasts a car.

BEN NUKUSUK (58) is a Native Alaskan who looks every bit his
age and then some. He wears a traditional fur coat and boots.
His eyes are in perpetual squint from years on the ice.

Ben strides down the main gravel road. A JUNKIE ESKIMO snags
Ben's fur coat as he passes.

JUNKIE
A dollar please?

BEN
So you can smoke or drink it away?

JUNKIE
I need it.

BEN

You need pride, Tom Nagojut. You have let evil spirits take over your human shell. I will give you what you deserve: nothing!

JUNKIE

I hope you die, old man!

BEN

We are all dying. At least I face death standing up.

Ben continues on through the village.

EXT. GEORGE NUKUSUK'S HOUSE / VILLAGE OF GAMBELL - CONTINUOUS

Ben arrives at a small, tin roofed, somewhat dilapidated house nestled in the grid. There are electrical wires running into the house and a satellite dish hanging haphazardly on the roof.

A snowmobile is parked in front of a boat trailer. The unhitched arm is resting on the seat of the snowmobile. The trailer carries a 14 foot aluminum boat with a 6 horse outboard motor. The boat is covered by a tarp.

Ben BANGS on the door.

BEN

George! Wake up.

There is no response. Ben wanders around the side of the house. He peers into a window. He returns to the front, and tries the door. It's unlocked. Ben goes inside.

INT. GEORGE NUKUSUK'S HOUSE / VILLAGE OF GAMBELL - CONTINUOUS

The house is cluttered with junk. Open food tins litter the counter and dirty store bought clothes cover the floors. This place is in serious need of a cleaning.

A wide-screen television is accompanied by a Playstation, a stereo, and large speakers. Everything looks brand new.

BEN

George, you home?

Ben wanders around the tiny house. He disappears into the adjoining bedroom, only to reappear a moment later, still alone.

INT. OUTSIDE DEPUTY CHIEF'S OFFICE / F.W.S. O.L.E. - AFTERNOON

Superimpose: Fish and Wildlife; Office of Law Enforcement; Washington D.C.

DR. LIZ CORBIN (32) is a professional, yet plain looking woman. She wears very little makeup and a simple business suit. She could be beautiful if she wanted. She is a wildlife biologist.

She approaches the Deputy's door.

STEPHANIE JONES (24) is attractive, young, probably a bit too casual for government, but professionally attired by current business standards. She is the Deputy's secretary.

STEPHANIE

Dr. Corbin, I wouldn't ...

Her plea is interrupted by muffled shouts from within the office. Liz jerks her hand away from the door knob.

LIZ

Whoa! Who's in there with the deputy?

STEPHANIE

Miller and the chief.

INT. DEPUTY CHIEF'S OFFICE / F.W.S. O.L.E. - AFTERNOON

CHIEF RON YATES (51) is the Chief of the Service, Office of Law Enforcement. He is ambitious, calculating and determined. An attorney, he was a political appointee to the job who has never served in a law enforcement capacity.

Deputy Chief Spencer sits quietly behind his desk.

Ray Miller sits in a chair opposite the deputy. They both crane their necks, following the chief's meandering about the office.

CHIEF YATES

Goddammit Miller, you knew the bureau was investigating Kolinski on weapons and terrorism charges.

RAY

No, I didn't really. Because when I build a case it usually culminates in an arrest.

CHIEF YATES

It's not your goddamn case to build.

RAY

Four years. No arrest.

CHIEF YATES

And what the hell was that with the reporter?

RAY

The truth.

CHIEF YATES

The FBI Director is calling for your termination?

RAY

It's a good thing I don't work for the FBI.

CHIEF YATES

And, they're threatening to cancel our lab sharing agreement.

RAY

The agreement is bullshit.

DEPUTY SPENCER

It's our only option.

RAY

They bury our cases at the bottom of the pile. Even when the FBI does process our evidence, they don't have the protocols for non-human forensics.

CHIEF YATES

You have any idea what it took to get that arrangement?

RAY

I'm a little preoccupied commingling with the criminal element.

CHIEF YATES

I burned a lot of *personal* favors to get that deal in place.

RAY

It's a shame you spent personal political capital for a lousy deal that amounts to virtually no access.

CHIEF YATES

The access we have is all the access we're going to get.

RAY

May as well have none.

CHIEF YATES

Are you trying to sabotage this deal?

RAY

I wouldn't dream of it. It works out too well for the criminals.

CHIEF YATES

Ray, do you even like your job?

RAY

I like law enforcement.

CHIEF YATES

Keep it up. Maybe another agency will have you.

RAY

I don't suspect it'll be the FBI.

DEPUTY SPENCER

What are we going to do with you, Miller?

CHIEF YATES

I got a call from Adrian Craven today.

RAY

The esteemed U.S. Attorney for Alaska. What does that jackass want?

CHIEF YATES

He's got a case. Poached walrus. Get up there first thing tomorrow.

RAY

Every Spring a few walrus get poached. The field agent, Frank what's-his-name, can handle it.

CHIEF YATES

I don't care if it's one Eskimo kid pelting them with snow balls. It's your case now.

RAY

So that's it? Exiled to Alaska?

CHIEF YATES

That or unemployment.