

THE SERVICE

Season 1: Operation Whiteout

Episode 1: "Exile"

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THE SERVICE
"Exile"

FADE IN:

COLD OPEN

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Brooklyn, New York

Dark and seedy. Crates and packing materials litter the space. A large steel cage sits in the center of the room. A Siberian Tiger paces inside.

JACK KOLINSKI (30s) carefully slips into the cage. He waves a Hot Shot Cattle Rod back and forth, blazing a path.

The tiger circles, agitated. It comes a little too close.

Jack ZAPS the tiger with the Hot Shot. The tiger WHINES. It leaps back.

Jack LAUGHS.

JACK

Dumb animal.

Jack removes a large empty metal pan. He backs out of the cage.

He picks up another identical pan brimming with raw meat. The pan is heavy. He is forced to put the prod under his arm.

Smelling food, the tiger is more brazen. He moves forward.

THUNK!

Jack drops the pan. He ZAPS the tiger with the prod. The tiger WAILS. It leaps back.

JACK (CONT'D)

I wonder if you'll fetch the same
price with fried brains?

A hand grabs the gate. CLANG. The cage door is slammed closed.

Jack swirls around to see ...

RAY MILLER (39), 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.

RAY
Kolinski, I think you're just
pissing him off.

Jack waves the Hot Shot prod with one hand while groping his
belt with the other.

RAY (CONT'D)
Looking for these?

Ray holds up a key ring.

JACK
Open the door, Ray!

The pan of meat is between Jack and the tiger. The tiger is
circling, trying to get close to the pan.

RAY
Toss out the cattle prod, I'll
throw you the keys.

JACK
This isn't funny, Ray.

The tiger GROWLS. It edges closer to the pan.

RAY
Toss it out.

The tiger lunges for the pan. Jack panics.

ZAAAAAAP!

The tiger YELPS. He backs away and paces the far side of the
cage.

Ray yanks a 10mm Glock from his shoulder holster.

RAY (CONT'D)
Zap him again, I'll shoot you
myself.

JACK
All of a sudden you're an animal
lover?

Jack tosses out the cattle prod.

RAY
Was that so hard?

JACK
Let's go. Door time.

RAY

I'll give you a sporting chance.
That's more than you gave the
tiger.

Ray tosses the keys into the cage. They land in the tray of
meat.

The tiger ROARS!

JACK

This ain't right, man!

Ray's already half way out the door. He is silhouetted black
against the bright sun.

JACK (CONT'D)

You can't leave me here, Ray!

I/E. CAR / OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse door SLAMS shut, muffling SCREAMS from inside.

JACK (O.S.)

RAY! RAAAAAAAAAY!

A nondescript sedan is parked outside the warehouse.

Ray inserts a bluetooth headset and presses the voice dial
button.

RAY

Call the office.

Ray pops open the trunk.

ANGLE ON THE TRUNK

Ray grabs a rifle, pulling it out of frame. Underneath is a
folded blue jacket inscribed with block letters reading:
"FEDERAL AGENT".

BACK TO SCENE

RAY (CONT'D)

Send my team and an ambulance to my
location.

Ray inserts a tranquilizer dart into the rifle chamber and
locks and loads the round.

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4.

Ray SLAMS the trunk closed.

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

An area around the warehouse is sequestered behind crime scene tape. AGENTS exit the warehouse with cases, bags and boxes of evidence.

Among the myriad of LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS are Ray's team:

LEO POLLOCK (32) 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 FREDRICKS (28). He is friendly and generous, but secretive and scheming. He actually looks the part of an athlete, with broad shoulders and thick limbs.

John and Leo emerge from the warehouse, pushing a small cage containing the sleeping tiger.

LEO

We finally have a case that goes beyond animal trafficking and Ray effects the take down without us.

JOHN

The whole team gets credit for the bust.

LEO

I'm not looking for credit.

TWO E.M.T.s follow them out of the warehouse. Their cargo is a gurney carrying the badly mangled Jack Kolinski. He's unconscious, but apparently alive as he's being loaded into an ambulance rather than a coroner's van.

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" Kolinski today for violations of the Lacey Act, which prohibits the
(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)
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 warehouse still clutching the rifle. He 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 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 WALKER (32) emerges from the warehouse. She is perky, vibrant, ambitious and a bit naïve. She is an Australian Customs Officer on temporary loan to the Fish and Wildlife Service. She is the fourth member of Ray's team.

She is waving a cell phone, trying to get Ray's attention. She has a thick Australian accent.

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.

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, calculated and determined. An attorney, he was a political appointee to the job who has never served in a law enforcement capacity.

DEPUTY CHIEF ED SPENCER (48) sits quietly behind his desk. 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.

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.

RAY

I also knew he was moving endangered species through his little pipeline. And the Feebs didn't have shit on him.

CHIEF YATES

They were building a case.

RAY

I'm supposed to stand idly by while "Black Market Jack" branches into the animal trade?

DEPUTY SPENCER

Yes. Or at the very least, coordinate with the FBI.

CHIEF YATES

Hell, even coordinate with your own team.

RAY

There wasn't time.

CHIEF YATES

Miller, it's bad enough you didn't follow interagency protocol, but what was that shit 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

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.

DEPUTY SPENCER

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

RAY

I'm a little preoccupied commingling with the criminal element. My ability to comprehend depravity only goes so far.

DEPUTY SPENCER

We burned a lot of favors to get this deal done.

CHIEF YATES

Personal favors.

RAY

Chief, I loathe to think that 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 agents 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? I'm exiled?

CHIEF YATES

That or unemployment.

Ray leaves the office.

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

Stephanie and Liz watch Ray saunter down the hall. Deputy Spencer pokes his head out of the office.

DEPUTY SPENCER
And, E.G., do yourself a favor.
Stay away from the FBI for a while.

LIZ
E.G.?

STEPHANIE
His initials, Raymond E.G. Miller.

LIZ
What does E.G. stand for?

Ray hears them and shouts back over his shoulder.

RAY
"Expert G-Man".

DEPUTY SPENCER
Keep it up, it'll be "Ex G-Man".

Ray disappears around the corner with a sarcastic wave to the Deputy Chief.

LIZ
What does it really stand for?

Stephanie shrugs.

STEPHANIE
Just says E.G. in his jacket.

LIZ
You looked it up?

Chief Yates emerges from the office, and barks a parting order at Stephanie.

CHIEF YATES
Call my driver. I'm headed back to
Interior.

STEPHANIE
Yes, sir.

LIZ

Afternoon, Chief.

Yates smiles at Liz. Their eyes meet, and hold a gaze just a bit too long. His sheepish grin says far more than his silence.

Stephanie focuses on her phone. Deputy Spencer ducks into his office. They prefer not to know.

STEPHANIE

(on phone)

The Chief's on his way.

Liz watches the Chief as he disappears around a corner. Then realizing she's been staring, she darts after Deputy Spencer.

LIZ

Deputy, I have the Chesapeake biological survey.

INT. BLACKHORSE PUB - NIGHT

This establishment is a classic East Coast pub. The bar is made of rich mahogany with a brass rail. Paintings of early sailors are complimented by a regiment of actual Navy boys in their whites.

Ray and Deputy Spencer are at the corner of bar. TOMMY (60s), the owner/bartender, slaps down a couple of pints and shots of whiskey.

Ray and Ed knock back the shots and chase them with a swig of beer.

DEPUTY SPENCER

The Chief is planning a run for Congress.

RAY

Perfect. Another do nothing blowhard.

DEPUTY SPENCER

Show a little respect. Yates is our top cop.

RAY

Calling Yates a cop is an insult to law enforcement everywhere.

DEPUTY SPENCER

Ray, I love ya.

RAY

It's hard enough to do my job
without having to consider the
political ramifications to Chief
Yates.

DEPUTY SPENCER

Yates and Craven went to law school
together.

RAY

I'm sure the cold will slow me down
some.

DEPUTY SPENCER

I hope not too slow. Just keep
getting results.

RAY

So I'm still your golden boy,
Spence? Come on. You know I am.

DEPUTY SPENCER

Fool's gold maybe.

RAY

Shit. I'm the best cop in any
agency.

DEPUTY SPENCER

Because I taught you everything you
know.

RAY

Detroit Homicide taught me
everything I know.

DEPUTY SPENCER

Who the hell do you think trained
that DPD bullshit outta you?

RAY

All I learned from you was how to
roll over and kiss political ass.

DEPUTY SPENCER

Since when?

Tommy plops another round in front of the guys.

TOMMY

Last Call!

RAY

Here's to being in Dutch with the
real chief.

Ray holds his shot glass up for a toast.

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD / ARLINGTON, VA - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Alexandria, Virginia

Manicured lawns, sidewalks and street lamps. The quiet street is lined with nice middle class homes.

INT. LIVING ROOM / MILLER HOUSE - NIGHT

SARA MILLER (38) is asleep on the sofa. She is cute, in fact adorable, curled up in her comfy robe. Her innocent beauty shouldn't be mistaken for vulnerability. She breathes lightly.

Just below her dangling hand, the remote control lies on the carpet. The TV is looping the DVD menu for "The Remains of the Day".

CLANK

A noise outside the window causes her to bolt up.

She looks around the room.

CLUNK

There it is again. Sara grabs a hefty coffee table book and leaps to her feet. She swings the book, testing its effectiveness as a weapon.

CREEK - The front door slides open, just a bit.

Sara spots something on the floor peeking out from under the sofa. It's the handle of a badminton racket. She tosses the book on the sofa, and lunges for the racket.

The door swings open.

Sara has the racket cocked back.

FOYER

A FIGURE slips into the foyer.

Sara rushes toward the door, bringing the racket around for a blow. The racket CRACKS as it finds the shoulder of a dark

FIGURE. Sara reels the contorted racket back around for another blow.

The figure blocks the blow with one arm, while reaching for the light switch with the other.

Illuminated in the foyer light is Ray Miller.

THUNK - Sara drops the racket. It's bent and broken.

SARA

Damn it, Ray! You scared the hell out of me.

RAY

Quiet. The kids are sleeping.

SARA

The kids! I know the kids are sleeping. I'm the one who put them to bed.

RAY

A husband can't come home?

SARA

I thought you were in New York. A phone call would have been nice.

RAY

I haven't seen you in weeks. This is the hello I get?

SARA

You're lucky I didn't find Joey's baseball bat.

Sara leans in to kiss him. She stops.

SARA (CONT'D)

You've been out drinking?

CHARLOTTE, a very old Golden Retriever, ambles over. She plops down at Ray's feet. He bends over to pet her. Her tail wags happily across the floor.

RAY

Someone's happy to see me.

SARA

Ray?

She's expecting some acknowledgement.