

ANGIE TRIBECA

"THE MEXICAN RESTAURANT CARTEL"

Written by

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Tribeca and Geils scan the customers of a coffee shop.

GEILS

Any idea what he looks like?

TRIBECA

No, but I have a pretty good sixth sense about these things.

A barista reads the cups and calls out the drinks.

BARISTA

I've got a mocha whip for Steve, Americano for Norma, and a venti caramel latte with 17 espresso shots for Gang Snitch.

GANG SNITCH, a tiny nervous guy, grabs his drink, checks over his shoulder, and heads out the door.

TRIBECA

That's our guy!

Geils heads toward Norma, then realizes his mistake.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - SAME

TRIBECA

Stop Police!

Geils throws Gang Snitch up against a chain link fence.

TRIBECA (CONT'D)

Only time someone would need 17 espresso shots in a venti caramel latte is if they're hiding something.

GANG SNITCH

Look I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just not a morning person.

GEILS

Me neither, mind if I try it?

Gang Snitch NERVOUSLY hands over the cup to Geils.

GEILS (CONT'D)

Ha! Tricked you. I am a morning person.

TRIBECA

Tell us what you know about when
the boys are going to strike again.

GANG SNITCH

I don't know anything.

Tribeca nods a "do it" sign, and Geils starts pouring out
some of the coffee.

GANG SNITCH (CONT'D)

No! Come on man! No!

TRIBECA

Talk! When is the gang planning
their next hit?

Geils pours out a little more.

GANG SNITCH

(crying)

Come on man! Stop! That cost me
like \$9!

TRIBECA

Tell us!

GANG SNITCH

Look they barely tell me anything.
This is it, I promise.

He pulls out a piece of paper from his pocket and hands it to
Tribeca.

GANG SNITCH (CONT'D)

(still crying)

It just has the time, location,
dress code, weather update, best
place to park, and restaurant
recommendations near the hit.
That's all I know.

TRIBECA

They're going to hit DeMarino's
Italian Restaurant tonight at
sunset.

GEILS

Sunset? That's the most romantic
time of day. Somebody could be
getting engaged!

TRIBECA

Lets go! We've only got about 15
minutes.

Tribeca runs off, Geils struggles to put the lid back on,
accidentally spilling more coffee.

GANG SNITCH

NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The police cruiser fishtails around a street corner with
sirens blaring. A woman pushing a stroller across the street,
narrowly jumps out of the way.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - SAME

TRIBECA

(on radio to dispatch)

The Accordion Boys are hitting
DeMarino's Italian Restaurant NOW!
Send back up. Over.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - SAME

The sun begins to set behind the Los Angeles skyscrapers.

TRIBECA

(O.S. to dispatch)

We need all departments on the
scene. SWAT flank the restaurant
from the north, DEA and FBI from
the west and east, Accounting and
Human Resources from the south.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The police cruiser barrels around another corner, taking out
a fire hydrant and a fruit stand, and then...

comes to an abrupt stop.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - SAME

TRIBECA

Oh come on!

Geils grabs the radio.

GEILS

Dispatch please notify all units
that DeMarino's only offers valet
parking. Repeat only valet parking.

PULL BACK: to see their cruiser waiting in a busy valet
parking line.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEMARINO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - 5 MINUTES LATER

Tribeca and Geils finally make it to the front of the line.

VALET

Last name?

TRIBECA

Tribeca. Keep it close.
(to Geils)
That's them!

The Notorious Accordion Boys! Five DORKY kids in bow ties and
accordions walk toward the entrance of the restaurant.

Geils spots a restaurant customer getting down on one knee to
propose to his girlfriend.

GEILS

Nooooo!!!

The Accordion Boys start playing the "Pennsylvania Polka".

A moment later, Geils, Tribeca, and the entire SWAT team
tackle them.

CUT TO:

Tribeca puts the kids in the back of a police van.

TRIBECA

You won't be able to terrorize the
city of Los Angeles again with your
terrible, terrible, horrible,
really bad music.

PULL BACK: A number of SWAT vehicles are still waiting in the
valet line.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. LT. CHET ATKINS OFFICE - DAY

Atkins talks to HIMSELF while crossing his arms sternly.

ATKINS
(unsure)
Tribeca and Geils...

He repositions his arms and stands in an even sterner manner.

ATKINS (CONT'D)
Tribeca and... No that's not right.

Fixing his stance again, he leans against a bookshelf.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME

Geils, deep in thought, throws a tennis ball to himself at his desk. Hoffman watches the ball from the desk next to him.

Tribeca reads the newspaper.

TRIBECA
(to everyone)
You see this story? I mean the
nerve of these people, where do
they get off?

No one is listening to Tribeca. They are all intently watching Geils throw the ball up and down.

TRIBECA (CONT'D)
How has no one done anything. I
just can't believe they...

Noticing Geils isn't listening, Tribeca grabs the ball and throws it over her shoulder.

All the officers dive over their desks to get it.

Hoffman calmly sits at his desk.

TRIBECA (CONT'D)
(to Geils)
Hey! Did you see this?

She throws the newspaper on his desk.

GEILS
 (reading headline)
 Murders Skyrocket in Los Angeles?

TRIBECA
 No, other side.

She flips the paper for him.

TRIBECA (CONT'D)
 They're trying to close down our
 favorite lunch spot.

GEILS
 (glumly)
 The Flaming Fajita?

TRIBECA
 Yeah, apparently some customers got
 sick, started vomiting a whole
 bunch, and now they're upset
 because they got "food poisoning".
 I mean that's just the dice you
 roll when you go there. Everyone
 knows that.

(beat)
 Thought you'd be more upset.

GEILS
 Yeah no I am. I've just got
 something on my mind.

ATKINS (O.S.)
 Tribeca and Geils get in here!

They walk to Atkins office, while the officers all watch
 Hoffman as he now has the ball.

TANNER
 Throw it to me. Throw it to me.

INT. ATKINS OFFICE - SAME

Atkins is now laying across his desk in a Playboy centerfold
 kind of way.

ATKINS
 (in a sexy voice)
 Great job you two on busting the
 Accordion Boys.

TRIBECA

Thanks Lieutenant. Guess next time you won't be so judgmental when we ask to use every cop on the force and \$3 million in seized cocaine.

She turns to high five Geils, but Geils is still stuck in his thoughts.

ATKINS

Look you did good work, but I wanted you to know the Accordion Boys posted bail earlier today.

GEILS

What? How could that happen?

TRIBECA

Where did they even get the money to post that kind of bail?

ATKINS

Apparently they had been doing chores around their house.

GEILS

This is exactly the problem Lieutenant! We waste 6 months of our lives bribing Maitre D's for the best tables and scoping out the most romantic restaurants this city has to offer, and just like that, they're let go?

(beat)

This is why I'm thinking of leaving the force and pursuing my other dream.

Atkins stands up. Geils throws an envelope on the desk.

ATKINS

What is this?

GEILS

It's an envelope with a piece of paper folded neatly into it and the piece of paper has words written on it.

Atkins reads the letter.

ATKINS

You've been accepted into Game Show Host University?

Geils is now dressed in a sparkly blazer and holding a microphone.

GEILS
 (reading a notecard in his
 hand)
 That's right Lieutenant!

Tribeca grabs the letter from Atkins.

TRIBECA
 It says here that the classes are
 offered online, that means you can
 just take the classes in your off
 time.

GEILS
 (still reading notecard)
 Oh sorry Tribeca, that's incorrect.
 Online actually means that I'll be
 required to lay around in my
 underwear while I take the class.

Tribeca is upset she missed the question.

ATKINS
 (getting serious)
 I'm not sure you know what you're
 getting into Detective. I come from
 a long line of Game Show Hosts. My
 father, my grandfather, my great-
 grandfather, my pet raccoon were
 all Game Show Hosts.

Atkins walks around the desk.

ATKINS (CONT'D)
 I used to watch my pop on his show,
 under the bright lights, in front
 of the cameras, and he would just
 come alive. It was magical.

GEILS
 That's what I want.

TRIBECA
 Yeah actually that does sound
 pretty good.

ATKINS
 The problem though is I saw the
 other side too.

(MORE)

ATKINS (CONT'D)

When a studio audience wasn't laughing at his jokes, when there was no giant wheel to spin, or lightening round questions to ask. He couldn't handle the highs and lows. Job ultimately killed him.

GEILS

What? How?

Tribeca presses a buzzer to answer the question.

TRIBECA

Teeth whitener overdose? Spray tan poisoning?

ATKINS

No. Papercuts. You handle that many notecards and you're playing with fire. It's only a matter of time, you're going to get cut.

Atkins slams his fist down on the desk.

ATKINS (CONT'D)

Damnit Geils you need to understand how serious this is. Being a Game Show Host is one of the most dangerous professions out there.

The three of them stare at each other for a long moment taking in this information.

ATKINS (CONT'D)

(carrying on)

According to the letter classes don't start till tomorrow so you still have plenty of time to decide whether you're going to leave the force or not. In the mean time I need you to investigate a murder.

TRIBECA

A murder, what is it?

ATKINS

It's when someone kills someone else illegally.

Geils looks at his notecards.

GEILS

Correct again Lieutenant!

Tribeca's upset that Atkins is getting the questions correct.

ATKINS

Last night it looks like El Jefe,
head of the Mexican Restaurant
Cartel, gave an order to carry out
a hit on Senator Roger Lavacakes.

Geils is now dressed in his normal clothes.

GEILS

How do you know it was the
Restaurant Cartel?

Atkins throws some crime scene pictures on the desk.

ATKINS

Textbook hit. They deep fried him
in a giant burrito, covered him
with queso, and put complimentary
chips and salsa next to the body.
It's the #7 on every Mexican menu.

TRIBECA

Sounds horrible.

GEILS

And delicious.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SEN ROGER LAVACAKES MANSION - LATER

Tribeca and Geils park their car and walk up the front of the
Lavacakes Mansion. The massive driveway is filled with POLICE
CRUISERS and CATERING TRUCKS.

TRIBECA

(referring to the catering
trucks)

What in the world is going on?

Geils grabs an appetizer from a caterer walking by.

GEILS

Maybe if more crime scenes were
catered I reconsider leaving the
force.

A nerdy effeminate MAN rushes over to Tribeca and Geils
carrying a briefcase and a bunch of documents.

MAN

There you are!

He ushers them toward the house.

MAN (CONT'D)

Look we're about 17 minutes behind schedule. I've updated your agendas and scheduled you VIP access to see the body. Here are some talking points as you start the investigation. Sorry it's not complete but with the murder and everything...

He hands Tribeca and Geils a massive stack of documents.

MAN (CONT'D)

Couple of quick points before you talk to the press: Senator Lavacakes is still "weighing all the evidence" on Global Warming and we're doing a thorough investigation on how that prostitute's number could have been programmed into his phone.

TRIBECA

Um, who are you?

MAN

Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry. Elliot Jefferies, Chief of Staff for Senator Lavacakes.

The stop walking.

JEFFERIES

Look I've managed all of the Senator's campaigns and day to day operations for the past decade. This is just what I do. I, I, I'm just kind of on autopilot right now. I don't know any other way.

Jefferies begins to cry.

GEILS

We're sorry for your loss.

Geils grabs an appetizer from a passing caterer and hands it to Jefferies to comfort him.

Jefferies waves it away. Geils shoves it in his mouth.

GEILS (CONT'D)
 (with mouthful of food)
 Wow! That was good. You guys have
 got to try that.

JEFFERIES
 Look today is a very sad day. I
 lost my mentor and my friend. Our
 state and our country lost a true
 leader who fought so hard to make
 the world a better place.
 (moving on)
 We certainly weren't planning on
 him being murdered as he comes up
 for re-election, but we've been
 through tougher situations.

Several delivery men walk by with large boxes of flowers.

JEFFERIES (CONT'D)
 (to delivery men)
 Is that lilac? That looks like
 periwinkle and I specifically
 ordered lilac!

Jefferies runs off to deal with the flowers.

INT. LAVACAKES LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

On one side of the room, MISTY A LA MODE-LAVACAKES (30's,
 Southern, super perky) talks to party planners and directs
 caterers.

On the other side, policeman put up crime scene tape and dust
 for prints.

Tanner is by himself taking selfies.

TRIBECA
 (to Tanner)
 Who's she?

Tanner keeps taking selfies.

TANNER
 Misty A La Mode-Lavacakes, the
 Senator's wife.

TRIBECA
 Little early to be planning a
 party, isn't it?

TANNER

Oh you can never start too early
for a big event.

TRIBECA

Whatcha got so far?

TANNER

House is decorated in a fusion of
Mediterranean and Asian influence
which they somehow pull off.
Surprisingly, they only have basic
cable and their wifi password is
password.

Tanner and Tribeca take a selfie together and walk over to
the body.

A pair of loafers stick out the end of an enormous burrito.

TANNER (CONT'D)

We sent some samples over to Dr.
Scholls. Preliminary tests show the
queso has good consistency and
tastes a lot like the kind Hoffman
brings to the annual police picnic.

DET. DAVID HOFFMAN

(barks)

Tribeca dips a chip in the queso covering the body, and eats
it.

TRIBECA

Yeah that's good...very authentic.

Just then, Misty A La Mode-Lavacakes walks up with a cocktail
in hand and wearing a "Single and Ready to Mingle" t-shirt.

Jefferies follows behind carrying a tray of margaritas.

MISTY LAVACAKES

Detectives can I interest you in a
margarita?

TRIBECA

Ma'am don't you think it's a little
early to be drinking?

MISTY LAVACAKES

Well it's 9am somewhere, am I
right?

Geils walks up in "Game Show Mode" reading notecards.

GEILS

Yes! That is correct. It is 9am
somewhere.

Misty claps excitedly. Tribeca is annoyed.

TRIBECA

It just seems a little suspicious
to be throwing a party especially
when your husband was just "burrito-
ed to death".

JEFFERIES

(whispering to the group)
Polling suggests we use the term
"wrapped tostada" as it's less
offensive to voters that eat
burritos.

The group turns their attention to two people on ladders
putting up a banner.

The banner reads: "GOURMET DINING FOR THE HOMELESS"

MISTY LAVACAKES

Little higher on the left, ya'll.

Jefferies runs off to help with the banner.

TRIBECA

You're going to feed gourmet food
to the homeless?

MISTY LAVACAKES

Oh Detective you're a hoot. Where
would we get all the food to do
that?

A large line of caterers rush in with huge trays of food
behind her.

MISTY LAVACAKES (CONT'D)

My husband was passionate about
fine dining and helping those in
need. Gourmet Dining for the
Homeless is the flagship event of
our family foundation, where we
raise money to give the homeless
the tools needed to dine in upscale
establishments. Over the years our
foundation has given out tens of
thousands of wine pairing guides
and tip calculators to those living
on the streets.

(MORE)

MISTY LAVACAKES (CONT'D)
 Roger had been planning this event
 for the past year, and I'm going to
 do all I can to carry on his
 legacy...

Misty takes a sip of her drink.

MISTY LAVACAKES (CONT'D)
 If that means getting a little
 drunk and flirting with handsome
 billionaires then so be it. We all
 grieve in different ways Detective.

TRIBECA
 I guess I just would have expected
 you to be in mourning a little
 longer ma'am.

MISTY LAVACAKES
 I was in mourning, but now it's the
 afternoon.

The hands on a clock move to 12:01.

GEILS
 That's correct again!

TRIBECA
 Ma'am this looks like a textbook
 hit from the Mexican Restaurant
 Cartel. Can you think of any reason
 the cartel would be mad at him?

MISTY LAVACAKES
 Oh golly no. Roger had great
 relationships with all the cartels.
 He did just pass legislation moving
 Taco Tuesday to Wednesday, but that
 just worked better for his
 schedule.

GEILS
 (reading notecard)
 Mrs. Lavacakes, one final question
 for you. Did your husband have any
 other enemies or anyone that you
 can think of that would want to
 kill him?

MISTY LAVACAKES
 Enemies? Ha! My husband was a
 career politician, of course he
 DIDN'T have any enemies. Everyone
 loves politicians.

She gulps down the rest of her cocktail and slams her glass at the ground. Her Southern charm is gone.

MISTY LAVACAKES (CONT'D)

(seriously pissed)

Detectives I need you to catch the bastard that did this. YOU use every resource at your disposal and you find me the S.O.B. that completely ruined my seating chart for tonight's event

(beat)

and also killed my husband.

EXT. SEN ROGER LAVACAKES MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Atkins walks up in a tuxedo, as Tribeca and Geils exit the mansion.

GEILS

Lieutenant, wasn't expecting to see you here. Trying to get me to reconsider?

ATKINS

No, was hoping they'd still have tickets to the benefit tonight.

He dusts off his tuxedo.

ATKINS (CONT'D)

I also wanted to bring you all the intel we have on the Mexican Restaurant Cartel. Looks like a guy named Sal Sanchips is one of the top guys in the cartel. He works at the Big Enchilada on Riverside Dr.

Atkins hands a folder over to Tribeca.

ATKINS (CONT'D)

We've had an agent deep undercover in the Cartel for the past year. That's everything he's given us so.

TRIBECA

(opening the folder)

There's nothing in here.

ATKINS

Yeah he's currently just a dishwasher, but we're hoping he gets a promotion soon.

TRIBECA

We're not here to eat Sanchips. We know the Mexican Restaurant Cartel was responsible for the death of Senator Roger Lavacakes.

SAL SANCHIPS

Restaurant Cartel? Senator Roger Lavacakes? I don't know anything about either of those things.

A waiter starts making guacamole next to Geils and Tribeca.

GEILS

Cut the bull Sanchips. We've done the research and know that you're a proud member of the Mexican Restaurant Cartel.

PULL BACK: A large neon sign behind Sanchips reads "Proud Member: Mexican Restaurant Cartel"

TRIBECA

Yeah and we're also not falling for you trying to upcharge us on the tableside guac.

Sanchips waves his hand and the waiter stops making the guacamole. Geils tries to dip a chip before he walks off.

SAL SANCHIPS

Ok, maybe I am in the Cartel. And maybe in the Cartel I am in charge of making life very difficult for anyone that tries to undermine the Mexican Restaurant industry.

(he runs his thumb across his throat)

And maybe Senator Roger Lavacakes originally upset a lot of very important people with Taco Wednesday.

Tribeca and Geils both lean in.

GEILS

And?

SAL SANCHIPS

And...in all honesty it's worked out great. Business is booming. Apparently Wednesdays were a lot better for everyone.

(beat)

(MORE)

SAL SANCHIPS (CONT'D)
I honestly don't know anything
about Sen. Lavacakes death.

Sanchips snaps his fingers and a bodyguard brings him a large leather book.

SAL SANCHIPS (CONT'D)
Yep, look we didn't even have a hit
scheduled for yesterday.

He hands the book back to the bodyguard.

SAL SANCHIPS (CONT'D)
(whispering to bodyguard)
We do have a busy day tomorrow
though.

TRIBECA
How could there have been a cartel
hit and you wouldn't know about it?

SAL SANCHIPS
Only one person has the power to do
that, El Jefe himself.

TRIBECA
Ok, so where do we find El Jefe?

Sanchips and his bodyguards start laughing.

SAL SANCHIPS
(mimicking Tribeca)
Where do we find El Jefe?

They all laugh hysterically, then Sanchips snaps his fingers and everyone stops.

SAL SANCHIPS (CONT'D)
Detective thank you for the laugh.
You are very funny.
(turning serious)
Nobody knows who El Jefe is or
where he is, that's what makes him
so powerful.

GEILS
So you've never met him? How does
he communicate with you?

SAL SANCHIPS
El Jefe is like no other crime boss
I've ever worked for.

(MORE)

SAL SANCHIPS (CONT'D)
 When he wants me to do something,
 he takes the time to send a
 beautiful hand written note.

Sanchips shows them a recent note written in calligraphy.

CLOSE UP: The note says "Burn down Tony's Pizza, Thanks a bunch El Jefe"

GEILS
 Wow, great penmanship.

Tribeca slams her hand down on the desk.

TRIBECA
 How do you get the note? You have
 to know more than this. Tell us
 where El Jefe is!

Tribeca stares down Sanchips.

SAL SANCHIPS
 No seriously, I don't know. He
 sends notes by carrier pigeon,
 which is pretty cool. No one knows
 who he is. He's very secretive.

A long beat.

TRIBECA
 Ok crap, I really thought you were
 going to give us more info.

GEILS
 (back in Game Show mode)
 Sorry it didn't work out for you
 this time Tribeca. But we do have a
 nice parting gift for you.

Sanchips snaps his fingers and a bodyguard hands Tribeca a coupon.

SAL SANCHIPS
 Please enjoy 20% off at one of our
 sister restaurants.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

Geils and Tribeca ride in the cruiser

TRIBECA (O.S.)
 Pull in here. I'm starving and this
 coupon is about to expire.

EXT. THE FLAMING FAJITA

Geils pulls into the drive thru of "The Flaming Fajita".

The Drive Thru worker talks with a very pronounced lisp through the intercom.

DRIVE THRU WORKER (O.S.)
Heeeyyyy! Welcome to the Flaming
Fajita, what can I get you?

GEILS
Two steak fajitas.

DRIVE THRU WORKER (O.S.)
Oh fab-u-lous! Two super de-lic-
ious steak fajitas. Oh you are just
going to love them.

TRIBECA
So when did you become so
interested in being a Game Show
host?

GEILS
I don't know. I mean ever since I
was a little kid I've just always
been fascinated with prizes,
buzzers, and sequined jackets.

The car pulls to the window and a man dressed as the
Construction Worker from the Village People greets them.

DRIVE THRU WORKER
Here's your yum yummy food.

The man hands them their fajitas on two sizzling black cast
iron plates.

The plates are boiling hot and smoking.

TRIBECA
Look I get it. I've thought of
doing other things too.

Geils and Tribeca try to juggle the plates without burning
themselves.

GEILS
Really, like what?

TRIBECA

Instead of being a Detective, I've dreamed of being a Lieutenant or a Sergeant. Something crazy like that.

The car begins to fill up with fajita smoke.

GEILS

Wow. I didn't know that. Thanks for sharing.

They share a look, but wince as the smoke gets in their eyes.

Smoke billows out of the car windows as they pull off.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

Geils and Tribeca walk down a hallway on their way to the Lab.

GEILS

(mid-conversation)

...And then in college I auditioned to be Vanna White's understudy, but just couldn't get used to walking in high heels.

They pass the Morgue as a worker rolls in a body bag. An arm with a sequined jacket hangs out of the bag.

WORKER

We got another one.

CORONER (O.S.)

Damn papercuts!

INT. POLICE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Scholls removes something from a petri dish as Geils and Tribeca walk in.

DR. SCHOLLS

Perfect time Detectives.

A clock on the wall switches from 2:23pm to "Perfect"

TRIBECA

What do you have for us Scholls?

DR. SCHOLLS

Couple things, come see.

GEILS
What about him?

Dr. Edelweiss stands perfectly still in a sound proof box.

DR. SCHOLLS
He's testing sound proof boxes,
something about his wife nagging
him all the time.

GEILS
Why would his wife nag him to stand
in a sound proof box?

They walk to the enormous queso pile that is Sen. Lavacakes.

DR. SCHOLLS
I've been analyzing the weapon from
the Senator's murder..

TRIBECA
And?

DR. SCHOLLS
It's delicious.
(beat)
I did find a couple interesting
things though on the chips and
salsa next to the body.

Scholls grabs a tortilla chip with a pair of tweezers and places it in the center of a clear box.

DR. SCHOLLS (CONT'D)
Here put these on.

She hands out protective eye wear to Tribeca and Geils, presses a button, and an incredibly bright light starts to burn in the middle of the box.

The light gets brighter and brighter and the room dims.

The power meter outside the building spins out of control.

The entire city of Los Angeles goes dark for a moment.

Finally the light in the box burns out.

TRIBECA
Good lord what was that?!

DR. EDELWEISS
That is the Chip Analyzer 5000.

Edelweiss steps straight through the box and we realize there was no glass on the sides. His hair stands straight up and eyes are wide as he wasn't wearing protection.

DR. EDELWEISS (CONT'D)

This is the most sophisticated piece of tortilla chip analysis equipment on the face of the earth. The department gave me a lot of grief for spending \$1 million on it, but look who's laughing now.

They all stare at each other very seriously.

GEILS

Okay so what does it tell us?

Scholls opens a shoot on the box and pulls out a message.

DR. SCHOLLS

(unravelling the message)
It says... the chip is stale.

DR. EDELWEISS

I knew it. Why would a murderer waste fresh chips?

TRIBECA

I don't understand.

DR. SCHOLLS

(still reading)
It also says that the chip has trace amounts of small crib maize, soya, white dari, and extra red sorghum.

GEILS

Okay...and?

DR. EDELWEISS

Those are ingredients found in high end pigeon seed.

DR. SCHOLLS

Whoever killed Sen. Lavacakes must have been dealing with pigeons right before.

DR. EDELWEISS

Or is one of those celebrity bird seed fad diets.

They all stare at each other.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Tribeca is on the radio to Tanner.

TRIBECA

Tanner, I need you and Hoffman to find everything you can on who would have a large group of carrier pigeons in the city and where they would keep them.

TANNER (V.O.)

Roger that.

Frustrated with the mess, Geils starts throwing all the trash out the window.

As the car pulls off, a Game Show host walks by, and is struck in the head by a cast iron skillet.

EXT. PREMIUM ORGANIC SMOOTHIES - LATER

Gang Snitch exits the store as Tanner and Hoffman walk up. He runs, but Tanner grabs him and quickly takes the smoothie out of his hand.

Hoffman interrogates him.

DET. DAVID HOFFMAN

Bark, bark, bark, bark, bark, bark

GANG SNITCH

Look I don't know anything about pigeons.

Tanner pours out some of his smoothie. It's thick and takes a little longer than expected.

GANG SNITCH (CONT'D)

(crying)

NOO!!! Come on man do you know how expensive wheatgrass and acai are?

DET. DAVID HOFFMAN

Bark, bark, bark, bark, bark, bark

GANG SNITCH

I promise they don't tell me anything.

Tanner pours more smoothie out. He uses the straw to help it move faster.

GANG SNITCH (CONT'D)
Okay, look this is all I know.

He pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to Tanner.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SENATOR LAVACAKES' OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Tribeca and Geils take in hive of activity in the lobby of the Senator's office.

A moving crew boxes up his belongings.

Interns pull pictures from the wall.

A janitor scrapes off the names of the Senator and Chief of Staff on the door.

TRIBECA
Wow they really move fast.

Jefferies overhears Tribeca and walks over.

JEFFERIES
Well you know what they say,
government is always super quick
and efficient.

Geils in Game Show mode looks at his notecard.

GEILS
Sorry that's wrong. According to
this you're not even close to what
"they" say about government.

TRIBECA
Mr. Jefferies we have reason to
believe that your boss was killed
by the head of the Mexican
Restaurant Cartel himself. We need
to see his calendar for the past
month. Hoping it'll give us a lead
on who he upset.

JEFFERIES
Certainly Detective.

An intern walks by with a box of pictures. Tribeca grabs one of the Senator and a group of monks.

JEFFERIES (CONT'D)
That was from the Anti-Violence
rally during our last campaign.

GEILS
What about this one?

He's holding a picture with Lavacakes and a bunch of gang
members all pointing guns at the camera.

JEFFERIES
Oh that was from the Pro-Violence
rally the next day. Lots of fun.

TRIBECA
Man that guy would do anything for
a vote.

JEFFERIES
He was one of the few Senators that
truly stood his ground. He was
extremely Pro and Anti-Violence.
(beat)
Follow me. Let's get his calendar
for you and see if there's anything
else I can help with.

INT. JEFFERIES OFFICE

They walk into Jefferies' office.

JEFFERIES
Sorry it's a little stuffy in here.

Jefferies opens a window as Tribeca's phone rings.

TRIBECA
(into phone)
Tanner whatcha got for me?

TANNER (V.O.)
(very staticky)
It's about the carrier pigeons.

TRIBECA
Hold on. I can't hear you.

INT - LAVACAKES' OFFICE LOBBY - SAME

Tribeca walks toward the lobby to get better reception.

TRIBECA

Tanner? Tanner can you hear me?

TANNER (V.O.)

Look it's about the carrier pigeons. The largest carrier pigeon base in the city is in a warehouse at 834 Pressfield Lane.

TRIBECA

Copy that. We're headed there now.

TANNER (V.O.)

No need Tribeca. The property is owned by Elliot Jefferies.

The room starts to move in slow motion.

Tribeca sees the janitor removing Jefferies name from the door. All that is left is "El JEFFE"

Tribeca drops her phone and rushes back to Jefferies office.

INT. JEFFERIES' OFFICE - SAME

Geils is in his sequined blazer.

Jefferies stands at the window feeding pigeons.

GEILS

Is that your final answer?

JEFFERIES

Yes, the stealthiest most secretive way to send a message is by carrier pigeon.

Geils pulls a notecard out of his blazer and gets a BAD papercut. Blood starts to squirt everywhere. He falls to the floor.

Tribeca races in pointing her gun at Jefferies.

TRIBECA

Freeze! YOU are El Jefe!

Tribeca is momentarily frozen.

Jefferies seizes the moment and climbs out his office window and falls into the bushes.

GEILS

Go!

Tribeca begins to run away, but...

GEILS (CONT'D)
Tribeca you're a good partner.

Tribeca begins to run away again, but...

GEILS (CONT'D)
Tribeca tell my mom that I died
doing what I love.

Tribeca tries again to run away, but...

GEILS (CONT'D)
In my will I left all my DVD's to
my sister. Can you make sure she
knows how to hold them correctly so
that she doesn't get fingerprints
all over them? Now go!

EXT. LAVACAKES OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Tribeca immediately spots Jefferies and gives chase.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - SAME

They run in and out of cars on the street. Tribeca is closing
in. She has a clear shot on him.

TRIBECA
Freeze or I'll shoot!

Jefferies keeps running. Tribeca pulls out her gun and
shoots. She misses.

Jefferies turns up a side street and Tribeca closes in again.

TRIBECA (CONT'D)
LAPD Freeze!

Jefferies is undeterred. Tribeca pulls a bazooka from her
rear holster.

She aims, fires, and completely misses. A building across the
street explodes.

Jefferies is unphased.

Jefferies starts to pull away. He turns up another side
street, and across an intersection.

A bus and car collide as they swerve to keep from hitting him. The crash blocks up the whole street. He's lost Tribeca, he's free...

When...

Further down the street, heading directly for Jefferies, are the Accordion Boys in the midst of full polka jam session.

Jefferies screams, turns around, and runs right into Tribeca.

TRIBECA (CONT'D)

You're done Jefferies. Or should I say El Jefe.

JEFFERIES

It's pronounced "El Jeff-e"

She handcuffs him.

TRIBECA

Why'd you do it?

JEFFERIES

I tried to talk him out of it but he just wouldn't listen. First he moved Taco Tuesday to Wednesday. Then he was going to use the benefit tonight to gain support for new legislation.

TRIBECA

Legislation for what?

JEFFERIES

He wanted to completely shut down restaurants immediately if they found even the smallest amount of bird droppings in the food. It's ridiculous. I can't control where my birds use the bathroom.

(starting to cry)

He was single handedly going to destroy my restaurant empire.

EXT. LAVACAKES OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Tribeca walks over to Geils who is on a gurney being treated by paramedics.

TRIBECA

They say it'll take a couple of days but you're going to make a full recovery.

GEILS

I saw my whole life pass in front of my eyes.

(beat)

Look I think I'm going to hold off on being a Game Show host for now. Lieutenant was right, it's just too dangerous.

TRIBECA

You don't have to give up on your dream. If this is really what you want to do, I'll help you. We're partners, we're in this together.

Tribeca walks off as the paramedics load Geils into the ambulance.

Then a horrible noise...The Accordion Boys!

Everyone runs away, including the paramedics.

Geils is left by himself.

GEILS

Noooooooooo!!

THE END