BOSCH

Episode One

"Under Color Of Law"

Based on the novels by Michael Connelly

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FADE IN:

EXT. U.S. DISTRICT COURT/DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

That peculiar mix of the magisterial and marginal that is downtown L.A.: lawyers, judges, law enforcement personnel and business executives, cheek by jowl with the homeless, the mentally ill, felons, ex-felons; para-legals and illegals.

Christmas. Holiday decorations on the lamp posts and nearby buildings. In front of the federal building, a 20-foot tinseled Christmas tree that has seen better days.

On the steps of the plaza TWO CAMERAMEN are setting up their tripods, videocameras and a microphone tree. No cameras allowed in federal court, so the stand ups will be outside.

Detective HARRY BOSCH -- early forties, tough, wounded -- stands by the statue of blindfolded Lady Justice, smoking. His eyes track an ATTRACTIVE BLONDE as she hustles up the steps and through the heavy glass doors. He shoots his butt into the trash can and follows her in.

INT. COURTROOM 4/U.S. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

Bosch sits at one of the tables next to Assistant City Attorney RODNEY BELK. The Blonde he followed into the courthouse sits at the other table: SUNNY “MONEY” CHANDLER, mid-thirties, killer eyes, killer legs, exceptionally good at what she does. Next to her sits ROSA FLORES, middle-aged.

A FULL JURY seated in the box. In the public gallery, several reporters, including NATE TYLER from the L.A. Times and TV reporter GLORIA NEWSOME, as well as a SKETCH ARTIST poised to capture the personalities of the case.

Judge ALVIN KEYES, sixties, Southern and courtly, enters from chambers and takes the bench.

BAILIFF
All rise. The United States District Court for the Central District of California, Judge Alvin M. Keyes presiding, is now in session. All persons having business before the court, draw near and you shall be heard. Be seated.

Everyone settles, including the Judge.

KEYES
In the matter of Flores versus Bosch, are we ready for opening statements?

CHANDLER
Yes, Your Honor, the plaintiffs are ready to proceed.

Belk stands, all 250 pounds of him.

BELK
Your Honor, the defense is ready.

Bosch is a defendant here.

KEYES
Very well then.

KEYES turns his Atticus Finch attentions to the JURY.

KEYES (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for being on time this morning. We will begin our trial today with opening statements from the attorneys for both sides. These statements are not to be construed as anything like actual evidence. The attorneys, being attorneys, may make some highfalutin' allegations, but just because they say it, doesn't make it true.

Polite smiles and chuckles from the JURY.

KEYES (CONT'D)
It will be up to you to decide if what the lawyers allege in these statements is in fact proven during the course of this trial. The plaintiffs always go first. Ms. Chandler, you have the floor.

Chandler stands and moves to a lectern that stands off the corner of the jury box. She smiles and begins, making eye contact with each of the jurors in turn.

CHANDLER
The judge is quite right when he tells you that the statement I'm about to make is only a blueprint, a road map, if you will, of the case I will be presenting on behalf of my clients, Rosa Flores and her daughter Elena. I would like to take you down that road a piece --

She shoots a quick glance in Keyes' direction, to see if that bit of folksy landed. Bosch glances at Belk and rolls his eyes at Chandler's homespun approach.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
This is not a criminal case. You may believe that what happened to my clients' husband and father *was* criminal, but in this courtroom we are trying a civil matter. It involves the fatal shooting of a man named Roberto Flores. A loving husband and father.

She glances at Rosa at the plaintiff's table and then behind her to the gallery and ELENA FLORES, fourteen, sitting tearfully in the front row.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
Most of all, this case is about a police officer, who wasn't satisfied with his job and the vast powers that come with it. He also wanted *your* job, ladies and gentlemen of the jury. And Judge Keyes' job. In fact, he wanted the state of California's job, the job of administering verdicts and sentences, especially carrying out executions. He wanted it all. This case is about that officer, Detective Harry Bosch, sitting at the defendant's table.

As she turns to look at him all eyes go to Bosch --

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ALLEY/PICO UNION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Raining. Dark. As Chandler narrates, Bosch raises his gun and aims.

ROBERTO FLORES kneels in a puddle, arms up and spread wide.

CHANDLER (V.O.)
In acting under the color of law, Detective Bosch shot and killed Roberto Flores on the evening of November 12th, 2010.

Bosch fires twice. The bullets tear into his chest.

CHANDLER (V.O. CONT'D)
Shot twice through the heart. We will prove that Roberto Flores was unarmed.

Flores falls backward into the puddle, his empty hands splashing in the alley rainwater.

CHANDLER (V.O. CONT'D) (CONT'D)
We will prove that he offered no resistance, he offered no threat. We will prove that Detective Bosch killed an innocent man...

CLOSE ON

Bosch, rain dripping off his face, looking at what he's done.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM 4/U.S. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

Chandler pauses and stares at the jury, selling it. Bosch watches intently, already frustrated by her story.

CHANDLER
Ladies and gentlemen, we look up to our police. We all depend on them, in matters of life and death. Most of them -- the vast majority -- do a thankless job and do it well. What we are talking about here is a rogue cop, a killer cop, a cop who epitomizes the worst traditions of the Los Angeles Police Department, the bad old LAPD of Rampart and Rodney King. A cop who one night four years ago took it upon himself to be judge, jury and executioner. Detective Bosch shot dead a man *he* thought was a killer. But there was no legal basis for that belief.
(MORE)

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
Mr. Flores had not been arrested or charged with any crime. He had never been arrested or charged with any crime. Roberto Flores had no criminal record. He was unarmed that night. There was no reason for Detective Bosch to consider him a suspect, to stalk him that night, to kill him in cold-blood. The justice Detective Bosch decided Roberto Flores deserved that rainy night lasted only a few seconds. Just the time it took Detective Bosch to point his satin-finished nine millimeter Smith and Wesson and pull the trigger. Twice.

Bosch follows the eyes of several jurors, leans forward past Belk to see Rosa Flores crying quietly at the plaintiff's table. He sits back, barely masking his contempt.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, the LAPD and the District Attorney took no action against Detective Bosch. They rubber-stamped his reckless and criminal behavior. But thanks to you, Roberto Flores will have his day in court. And you will be able to right the great wrong done to him and his family.

Bosch shakes his head. Belk turns and gives a look: don't react. He puts his hand on his arm -- Bosch brushes it off.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
The German philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, said, 'Whoever fights monsters should take care that in doing so he does not become a monster himself. For when you look into the abyss, the abyss looks into you.'
(then)
Ladies and gentlemen, that is what this case is about. Detective Harry Bosch has looked into the abyss. And on the night Roberto Flores was murdered, the abyss looked into him.

As all eyes go to Bosch,

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ALLEY/PICO UNION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Bosch holds his dripping weapon, his unblinking stare.

CHANDLER (V.O.)
The darkness engulfed him, and he fell. Detective Bosch became that which he was sworn to fight. A monster...

Bosch walks over and looks down at Flores. By his reaction, not what he expected. Off Flores, eyes wide open, unseeing --

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM 4/U.S. DISTRICT COURT -- DAY

Chandler looks at each juror, in turn, and then says:

CHANDLER
Thank you.

As she takes her seat, Bosch exhales. He tracks Chandler back to her table and catches the daughter, Elena, in the first row, staring daggers at him. Unnerved, he turns away like a guilty man.

KEYES
We are going to take a brief recess before we hear from Mr. Belk.

BAILIFF
All rise...

As KEYES stands, everyone else follows --

EXT. U.S. DISTRICT COURT/DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

A HOMELESS MAN roots in the ash can for butts, mumbling to himself, as Bosch smokes by the statue, watching Gloria Newsome tape a standup report on Chandler's opening. Her words drift across the plaza...

NEWSOME
...the wrongful death civil suit of veteran homicide detective Harry Bosch opened today in federal court in downtown Los Angeles. Bosch is being sued by the family of Roberto Flores, a man Bosch believed to be the serial killer known as the Dollmaker.
(MORE)

NEWSOME (CONT'D)
The family contends Flores was not the Dollmaker, and that he was unarmed the night Bosch shot and killed him. The Dollmaker case was never solved. Although Bosch was cleared by the LAPD, questions remain about exactly what happened that night...

BOSCH
(under his breath)
Christ sake --

He looks over as the Homeless Man abruptly stops mumbling, looks up at someone's approach and walks quickly away. Bosch turns; it's Chandler, lighting a smoke of her own.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
You scared him off.

CHANDLER
He knows me.
(off his look)
He used to be a lawyer. He's embarrassed for me to see him like he is now.

BOSCH
What happened to him?

CHANDLER
Long story. Ask Bulk. Maybe he'll tell you.

BOSCH
Bulk?

CHANDLER
He calls me Money, doesn't he?

Bosch shrugs, doesn't deny it.

I can call him Bulk.

BOSCH
Because he's fat?

CHANDLER
Because he doesn't know what it's like to have to win in order to eat.

BOSCH
You don't look like you've missed too many meals. Sleek and sassy.

CHANDLER
At least I know what it's like to win. Bulk works for the city, he doesn't have know how to win. He just has to know how to settle. Speaking of which. Can I ask you something -- just you and me here? Why *didn't* the city settle this case? It could've all gone away for a couple hundred grand. They do it every week.

BOSCH
I wouldn't let them. I told 'em I'd go out and get my own lawyer if they tried to settle.

He looks over to Newsome, who is interviewing a CITIZEN.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
And raise a shit storm with the media.

CHANDLER
That jury gets two weeks of watching the widow and the daughter crying their eyes out every day? They'll make that two hundred K a drop in the bucket.
(off his shrug)
You do know if they award punitive damages, the city doesn't cover you, right? That comes out of your pocket. You have that kind of money squirreled away, Detective? You crooked *and* brutal?

Bosch takes a long drag, exhales, looks right at her.

BOSCH
Your client's husband was a rapist and a murderer.

CHANDLER
Not proved.

BOSCH
She had to know. But she looked the other way. Turned a blind eye.

CHANDLER
I'd like to see you prove that, too. I'd like to see you prove anything. Other than the one uncontestible fact of this case -- that you killed Roberto Flores.

BOSCH
And I'd do it again.

CHANDLER
I know you would, Detective. I know you would. That's why we're here. To stop you from doing it again. To someone else.
(stubs out cigarette)
I'm on. Stick around. You might learn something.

She heads toward the cameras. Bosch watches her go. As she greets Newsome, HEAR Belk's opening --

BELK (V.O.)
...The law gives a police officer the right to use deadly force if he believes he is in danger.

INT. COURTROOM 4/U.S. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

Off the Courtroom Artist's SKETCH of Belk at the lectern PAN up to Belk, half way through his opening statement. Bosch sits at the defense table, staring straight ahead, unable to look at his lawyer, who he and everyone else knows is second tier talent compared to Chandler.

BELK
Which is what Detective Bosch believed. That his life was in danger. A dark rainy night, an ill-lit street, crime-ridden neighborhood, a dedicated detective in hot pursuit of a serial killer.

CHANDLER
(on her feet)
Objection. An unproven characterization, your honor.

KEYES
Which is exactly what this trial is for, Ms. Chandler.
(MORE)

KEYES (CONT'D)
I did not allow Mr. Belk to interrupt your opening, which, I might add, was replete with unproven characterizations of Detective Bosch.

CHANDLER
Yes, your honor. I apologize.

She sits. Belk continues, a little thrown by the interruption.

BELK
A police officer in threatening, possibly dangerous circumstances, trying to apprehend a suspect, is allowed, under the law, to use deadly force when he believes his own life is in jeopardy. The facts of this case will show that Mr. Flores ignored Detective Bosch's repeated commands to stop moving and put up his hands. He ignored repeated commands to keep his hands in plain sight --

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ALLEY/PICO UNION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Bosch, confronting Flores in the middle of the rain-slick alley, his gun is pointed directly at Flores' chest.

BELK (V.O.)
Ms. Chandler quoted Nietzsche. Let me quote Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*. When Detective Bosch encountered Roberto Flores on that dark, rainy street three years ago, he entered what Sun Tzu called The Dying Ground.

Flores' right hand goes inside his rain coat.

Bosch yells at him to stop and put up his hands. Flores draws a gun and brings it up in a two-handed grip.

BELK (V.O.)
At that point Detective Bosch had to fight or perish, shoot or be shot. To second guess his actions now is impossible -- and unfair. We weren't there.

Bosch fires two shots to the chest before Flores can get off a shot.

BELK
We didn't have to make that split-second, life and death decision.

Flores goes down in a puddle. Bosch lowers his gun and stares at what he has done. Rain drips off his face.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM 4/U.S. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

Back to Belk.

BELK
Detective Bosch reacted as he should have, just as all his training and experience taught him to -- with deadly force. Mr. Flores had only himself to blame. His death was a result of choices he made that night. Detective Bosch acted properly, under the color of law...
(pause)
Thank you.

Belk shuffles over and sits. Bosch glances at the jury. They seem unmoved, blase. Keyes shuffles papers.

KEYES
Ladies and gentlemen, I think that's enough for today. We are going to take the weekend, to separate opening statements from the start of the plaintiff's case.

The courtroom starts to stir, relieved.

KEYES (CONT'D)
Please remember the court's admonishment to avoid reading or listening or watching any media reports on this trial. I wish you all a good weekend. Thank you all very much.

BAILIFF
All rise.

The judge leaves the bench and the jury shuffles through the rear door to the assembly room. Tyler, Newsome and the other media types exit, Chandler and the Flores family in tow. Belk leans back.

BELK
What do you think?

Bosch pushes his chair back and gets up.

BOSCH
I think she ate your lunch.

He leaves Belk in a pool of his own flop sweat.

INT./EXT. BOSCH'S SEDAN/HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Bosch, behind the wheel, smoking, listening to jazz radio -- something with momentum. Freddie Hubbard's *Hub Cap*.

Hollywood Boulevard is decked out in candy canes and tinsel on the light posts and glittery Christmas scenes strung above every intersection. Xmas in Tinsel Town.

He turns into the Hollywood Station parking lot.

INT. BACK HALLWAY/HOLLYWOOD STATION - DAY

Bosch goes past A COUPLE OF CUSTODIES cuffed to a bench -- one of them a drunken Santa Claus, his red hat askew. He looks up at Bosch with blood-shot eyes.

BOSCH
...tis the season.

He steps through back door of the detective bureau.

INT. BULLPEN/DETECTIVE BUREAU/HOLLYWOOD STATION - CONTINUOUS

Late afternoon, holiday Friday, half empty. Holiday decs on the walls and a few desk-top Christmas trees. But it all looks old and dusty and straight out of a box that is pulled from storage every December 1st. The usual squad room clutter: file cabinets, counters, desks, every flat surface awash in files and paperwork. A FEMALE DETECTIVE at a desk in a pod under a sign that says CRIMES AGAINST PERSONS is wearing a Santa Claus hat.

Bosch goes to a December deployment board nd runs his finger along the date boxes until he gets to the weekend. He stops his finger under the names JOHNSON and MOORE.

He turns and sees JOHNSON and MOORE, both overweight and middle-aged, putting on their suit jackets, on their way out. Bosch walks over, taking an envelope out of his coat pocket.

BOSCH
Crate and Barrel, just the two guys I want to see.

JOHNSON
Bosch. Thought you were on trial.

BOSCH
Recessed for the weekend. I'm playing Santa Claus, Barrel. Look at what I got.

Hands Moore the envelope. He pulls out two tickets.

MOORE
Lakers-Celtics? Saturday night. You shittin' me?

Johnson grabs the tickets and gives them back to Bosch.

JOHNSON
We're up this weekend.

BOSCH
I'll take your rotation.

Bosch hands the tickets back to Moore.

JOHNSON
What's the catch, Bosch?

BOSCH
No catch. I just need the work. This trial, you know? I've been sitting on my ass all week. Bored outa my mind. Jury selection? Jesus.

JOHNSON
You're taking the whole weekend? Every shit call that comes in?

BOSCH
That's right.

JOHNSON
Gotta be a catch.

MOORE
What's Edgar say about that?

BOSCH
I'll worry about J. Edgar. You want 'em or not?

He reaches. Moore clutches them tight.

MOORE
Hell yes.

Bosch smiles.

INT. BOSCH'S DESK/ BULLPEN/DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY

Bosch slides behind his desk which is neat and orderly, stacked on both sides with files. The desk is glass-topped and beneath the glass are several PHOTOS of different women and a few children -- victims in cases he's still working, that he won't forget.

There is a coffee mug full of pens -- on the side is the beret-wearing skull insignia of the U.S. Army Special Forces.

On the wall next to the desk is a bulletin board cluttered with various reports and messages. A yellowed printout in large block letters: GET OFF YOUR ASS AND GO KNOCK ON DOORS.Partially hidden is an old photo of five Special Forces soldiers in front of a cave entrance in Afghanistan. Bosch is in the photo. Noticeable on their helmets are infrared goggles -- they're tunnel rats. O ne of the men holds up a hand drawn sign that says:

1st BN. 5th SFG -- GHOST RECON -- TORA BORA 9/11/02

There is also a 5 dollar bill pinned to the board with a Post-It with an arrow pointing to the bill and saying "IAD plant."

Bosch starts looking through a stack of phone messages, pointedly ignoring his partner, JERRY EDGAR a/k/a J. Edgar(mid-30s, BLACK, stylish), who sits at a desk pushed up to his own so they face each other. He sneers, tosses them in the trash.

EDGAR
Been calling all week.

BOSCH
I'm not talking to them.

EDGAR
Harry, why'd you do a thing like that with Crate and Barrel and not check with me? I got plans, man.
(MORE)

EDGAR (CONT'D)
I'm taking my kid to Cirque du Soleil tomorrow.

Bosch finally looks at him.

BOSCH
I got it covered. Chances are it'll be a dry weekend. A couple naturals, maybe a good decomp if I'm lucky.

EDGAR
Yeah, well, what if you pull a legit 1-8-7? What do you do then?

BOSCH
I handle it until after circular soil.

EDGAR
Cirque du Soleil.

BOSCH
Whatever.

EDGAR
Man, you've got to get a life. Most guys would love a little time on the DL.

BOSCH
Yeah, I know.

BILLETS (O.S.)
Harry Bosch.

Bosch turns and looks toward the lieutenant's office on the other side of the squad room. LT. GRACE BILLETS, 45, stands in the doorway, signalling Bosch over.

EDGAR
Bullets is going to kick your ass.

BOSCH
What'd I do?

EDGAR
You're here.

Bosch walks over. Enters --

INT. LT. BILLETS' OFFICE - DAY

Billets, 45, all business, closes the door. The desk has a sign with her name on it, PHOTOS of her teen daughter. She knows the detectives call her Bullets -- and likes it.

BILLETS
What're you doing here, Harry?

BOSCH
We're recessed for the weekend. I thought I'd come by to check my messages, you know?

BILLETS
No, I don't know. You're off the rotation and, technically, on inactive status until there's a verdict. So go home. Now.

BOSCH
I was just about to leave.

He starts to, she stops him. Tough veneer, but push comes to shove, she's got Bosch's back.

BILLETS
How'd opening statements go?

BOSCH
The real fun starts Monday.

BILLETS
How's Belk doing?

BOSCH
About what you'd expect. She's the majors. He's Double A, maybe, on his best day. And he'll never hit a big league curve ball. To save his life.

BILLETS
Just remember, nobody knows what you know. Nobody else was there. The whole world likes to second guess a decision you had to make in three seconds.

BOSCH
Thanks, L-T.

As he leaves --

INT. BOSCH'S HOUSE/CAHUENGA PASS - NIGHT

CAMERA moves through his neat, austere house. The dining room table is a work table, stacked with files. The living room is basic: no personal photos, just a print of Hopper's Nighthawks over the functional couch. A rarely used pre-flat screen tube TV. No Christmas decorations, no indoor plants. A perfect place for a man whose whole life is his work, and whose work is a sacred mission. The only touch of extravagance is the stereo -- no expense spared here. Frank Morgan's *Lullaby*, Bosch's melancholy signature song wafts outside to the deck. The sliding door is open and the camera follows the sax solo outside to --

EXT. REAR DECK/BOSCH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bosch, with a beer, a cigarette in his mouth, gazing out over his city at the lights below, listening to the music.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ALLEY/PICO UNION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Bosch and Edgar move down the alley, carrying their weapons ready. Dumpsters, abandoned cars, debris, graffiti on every wall.

They come to a crossing street. They pause and look at each other. Bosch signals to Edgar, motioning him to go down the street while he stays in the alley. They separate.

Bosch continues down the alley alone. Ten steps and suddenly Flores stands up from behind a dumpster. He raises his hands and steps into the middle of the alley.

Bosch yells at him to get on his knees and raise his hands. Flores complies, drops to his knees in a puddle. (*To this point, this matches what Chandler described in her opening statement*.)

Bosch raises his gun --

EXT. ALLEY/PICO UNION - NIGHT - LATER (FLASHBACK)

The rain has stopped. A BODY, covered by a body bag, lies where he fell, in a puddle of black water. Camera PANS across the tableau of a crime scene cluster fuck: patrol cars; UNIFORMS; SID INVESTIGATORS and PHOTOGRAPHERS; POLICE BRASS; stops on Lt. HARVEY POUNDS, Bosch's task force supervisor, a fifty-ish, sneaky, ambitious bureaucrat.

Pounds confers with other SUITS, members of the Officer Involved Shooting team.

SID investigators' cameras FLASH off the rain slick surfaces.

Bosch is to one side, putting his weapon into an evidence bag held open by an OIS SUIT.

Edgar stands by, looking a little shell-shocked, talking to yet ANOTHER SUIT, who is noticeably *not* taking notes.

Black sedan pulls up and Deputy Chief IRVIN IRVING emerges from the back seat. Sixty, tall, lean, shaven head, Irving draws all eyes -- the man in charge of any scene he's at.

Pounds breaks off in mid sentence with his minions and goes over to Irving.

Irving ignores him, zeroes in on Bosch, strides right by Pounds, comes to a stop in front of Bosch. They regard each other with mutual contempt.

IRVING
Bosch.

BOSCH
Chief.

IRVING
In God's name, Bosch, another one?
What the fuck happened?

Off Bosch, who just looks at him --

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. BOSCH'S HOUSE - REAR DECK - NIGHT

Bosch stares out into the night, seeing only the memory of that rainy night in that forlorn alley. What did happen?

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY

Establishing. Aerial shot. A perfect, clear, sunny day. Bosch's car, traveling west, cruising the crest of the Santa Monica Mountains, Bebop on the radio. To the north, the Valley and the San Gabriel Mountains. To the south, the Los Angeles basin. On the far horizon, Santa Monica Bay, the Pacific, and Catalina. Harry Bosch is going to work.

EXT. LAKE HOLLYWOOD OVERLOOK/MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY

Crime scene activity, clustered around a not-new Toyota, doors flung open.

Coroner's white-with-a-blue-stripe van, BODY CREW and INVESTIGATOR; couple patrol cars, some UNIFORMS, SID. An SID PHOTOGRAPHER photographs the BODY.

Bosch pulls up, gets out. Met by a UNIFORM. They walk as Bosch pulls on latex gloves. Off Bosch's look, "Well?":

UNIFORM
White female. Gunshot wound to the chest. Ran the plates. Belongs to a Linda Foster, thirty-four, Studio City. Assuming it’s her...

BOSCH
No purse?

UNIFORM
No purse in plain sight.

BOSCH
Search the car?

UNIFORM
Waiting on you. Thinking it might be a robbery. Didn’t wanna touch anything.

BOSCH
Thank you for not fucking up the scene.

At the car, Bosch, gloves on, leans in, examines DEAD WOMAN slumped over the wheel, long hair covering her face. Bosch, telling not asking the YOUNG MALE CORONER INVESTIGATOR:

BOSCH (CONT’D)
I’m gonna move the body.

He reclines the seat, then almost tenderly moves the Dead Woman to an upright sitting position, one hand on the back of her head. He brushes the hair out of her face: she’s pretty, early thirties. A small red wound over her heart. BOSCH notes powder burns on her blouse. He examines her right hand, lifts it to his nose, inhales, gently puts it down. Does the same with the left hand. Looks under her feet, feels under the driver's seat, shifts position, leans over her body, feels down in the space between seats. Under the passenger seat, he finds something: a small caliber handgun.

He sniffs the barrel, stands, turns, hands gun to SID Tech. Strips off his gloves. Catches Uniform's eye.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
Suicide.

UNIFORM
Whoa.

BOSCH
Swab her left hand to confirm gunshot residue. Send me the report.

Bosch turns back, contemplates Dead Woman, then looks out at the City of Angels. Incomparable view, incomparable day.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Who wouldn't wanna live on a day like this?

On Bosch, gazing at the last thing she ever saw, wondering why here, what was she thinking when she pulled the trigger --

EXT. WONDERLAND AVENUE - DAY

DR. GUYOT, elderly, walking his yellow lab, CALAMITY, on this glorious day, up the hill. Gorgeous. Flowers in December. Stops at the end of the street, leans down --

DR. GUYOT
You gonna be good?

He lets her off the leash. She's off like a shot, up the hill, and into the woods. As Dr. G trudges after her --

EXT. LAKE HOLLYWOOD OVERLOOK/MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY

Bosch stands next to his car filling out reports, using the hood as a desk. The Uniform saunters over.

UNIFORM
Suicide, huh?

BOSCH
Yep.

UNIFORM
Beautiful girl like that... I mean, why?

Without looking up Bosch points at the Hollywood sign which is very close on the next mountain ridge.

BOSCH
That's why.

Bosch goes back to writing while the Uniform looks up at the sign and contemplates what Bosch just said.

EXT. WONDERLAND AVENUE - DAY

DR. GUYOT, at the edge of the woods, leash in hand, whistling for his dog. He whistles. He calls.

DR. GUYOT
Calamity? Here, girl. Come on, girl. Come, dammit. Calamity? *Calamity Jane*?

A rustle in the brush, and Calamity emerges from the woods.

DR. GUYOT (CONT'D)
Good girl. Come.

She trots toward him, a dark piece of driftwood in her mouth.

DR. GUYOT (CONT'D)
Come. Bring it here.

He reaches down to take it from her.

DR. GUYOT (CONT'D)
Give it to me. Leave it. Leave it. Calamity --

She growls and bares her teeth. Dr. Guyot frowns, leans in, takes a closer look.

DR. GUYOT (CONT'D)
What do you have there, girl?

Calamity growls again, guarding her prize --

INT. BOSCH'S SEDAN - LAKE HOLLYWOOD OVERLOOK - DAY

Late afternoon. Getting dark. BOSCH, behind wheel, checks car clock: 4:20. He watches through the windshield as the BODY CREW removes the dead woman from her car and puts her on a stretcher, then covers her with a green blanket. As they open the back of the van and start loading her in, his cell phone rings and he answers.

BOSCH
Bosch.

SGT. MANKIEWICZ (ON PHONE)
Bosch, how come every time I call Crate and Barrel you answer the phone?

BOSCH
Because I'm taking their calls, Mank. I told you that.

SGT. MANKIEWICZ (ON PHONE)
Oh, yeah, you did.

INTERCUT:

INT. SERGEANT'S DESK/HOLLYWOOD STATION - DAY

Sgt. MANKIEWICZ, late forties, short, wiry, sardonic, on phone.

SGT. MANKIEWICZ
So how are things up there?

BOSCH
Suicide and I'm about to clear. What've you got?

SGT. MANKIEWICZ
A bone run --
(off Bosch's groan)
And before you jump all over my ass hear me out.

BOSCH
I'm not jumping on anybody's ass.

SGT. MANKIEWICZ
Good to know. What I got is a citizen up in Laurel Canyon had a dog came home from a romp in the woods with a bone. And the guy says it's human.

BOSCH
They all say that.

SGT. MANKIEWICZ
You're right, you're right. Ninety-nine outta a hundred, you're right. Coyote, deer, whatever. But this guy's a doctor, Harry.

BOSCH
Chiropractor?

SGT. MANKIEWICZ
M.D., smart ass. And he says...

Bosch watches the Coroner's van pull away as Mankiewicz searches his notes.

SGT. MANKIEWICZ (CONT'D)
It's... a humerus. An upper arm bone. From a kid.

That gets Bosch's attention.

SGT. MANKIEWICZ (CONT'D)
And get this, Harry. It's got a fracture.

Bosch straightens in his seat, unconsciously grips the wheel.

BOSCH
Fracture.

SGT. MANKIEWICZ
Clearly visible just above the uh, medial epicondyle, whatever that is. So Harry Bosch, who is taking Crate and Barrel's calls today, think you could humor us and go check out this humerus?

Silence. Bosch lost in thought --

SGT. MANKIEWICZ (CONT'D)
Sorry. Couldn't resist.

BOSCH
Yeah, hilarious, Mank. Give me the address.

As Bosch turns on the ignition --

INT. BOSCH'S SEDAN/LAUREL CANYON - DAY

Cruising the canyon, listening to 88.1, the Long Beach jazz and blues station, Buddy Guy's cover of "Mustang Sally".

Bosch turns onto Wonderland Avenue --

INT. BOSCH'S SEDAN/WONDERLAND AVENUE/LAUREL CANYON - DAY

Bosch, driving up the steep, winding street, to dead-end traffic circle, pulls up behind a patrol car, cuts engine.

EXT. DR. GUYOT'S HOUSE/WONDERLAND AVENUE - DAY

Bosch looks up at steep wooded hillside. Gauges the light, looks at watch, mutters to himself, heads for --

EXT. FRONT DOOR/DR. GUYOT'S HOUSE - DAY

The door is opened by a strikingly attractive officer in her mid-thirties, JULIA BRASHER. She makes the uniform look good. Bosch shows his badge, steps in --

INT. HOME OFFICE/DR. GUYOT'S HOUSE - DAY

Bosch enters, Brasher behind. Guyot, at his desk, Calamity curled at his feet, a large book -- Gray's Anatomy -- open in front of him, an open shoebox next to that, with an Officer, JULIUS EDGEWOOD, black, mid-thirties. Guyot, wearing latex gloves, is comparing something in the book to what's in the shoebox. Bosch nods at EDGEWOOD.

EDGEWOOD
Detective Bosch. Dr. Guyot. He found the bone.

DR. GUYOT
To be accurate, my dog found it. I just called it in.

Bosch steps over to the desk, leans in to look at the dark yellow-brown object in the box.

BOSCH
This it?

DR. GUYOT
I was just showing the officer.

Guyot spins the book around: taps an illustration of a bone, posterior and anterior views -- and a small sketch of a skeleton with the humerus bone of both arms highlighted.

DR. GUYOT (CONT'D)
Those highlighted areas -- that's the humerus. If we compare it to the recovered specimen --

Guyot lifts the bone out and compares it to the illustration:

DR. GUYOT (CONT'D)
Medial epicondyle, greater and lesser tubercle, it's all there.
(looks at Bosch)
This is a child's bone, Detective. from the upper arm, as you can plainly see here.

Bosch notes the slight tremor in Guyot's hand.

BOSCH
Are you retired, Doctor?

DR. GUYOT
Doesn't mean I don't know a human bone when I see one.

BOSCH
I'm not questioning your expertise. You say it's human, I believe you, okay? I'm just trying to get the lay of the land here.

Guyot nods, mollified, reaches down and scratches Calamity.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
Did you see where he found it?

DR. GUYOT
She.

BOSCH
Sorry.

DR. GUYOT
I didn't. Way up the hill somewhere in the woods.

BOSCH
Yellow lab, right? What's her name?

BRASHER
Calamity.

Bosch gives her a look, she steps back. To Edgewood:

BOSCH
You guys can clear. I can take it from here.

Edgewood gets the message, glances at Brasher, nods yes.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
And keep this off the air. Don't want the media hyenas sniffing this out.

EDGEWOOD
Copy that.

They exit. Bosch turns back to Guyot, pulls on a glove.

BOSCH
You told the sergeant that the bone had a fracture --

Guyot runs a finger along a vertical striation.

DR. GUYOT
See the striation? That's a break line, Detective. A healed fracture.

BOSCH
Healed?

DR. GUYOT
Broken and mended. Ante-mortem.

He holds the bone out to Bosch and he takes it. While he's studying the break line --

DR. GUYOT (CONT'D)
It's a vertical fracture. That usually comes from severe twisting of the limb.

BOSCH
Rotation break.

DR. GUYOT
Rarely accidental.

Bosch looks over the bone at Guyot.

BOSCH
I know.

Off Bosch --

EXT. BOSCH'S SEDAN/DR. GUYOT'S HOUSE/WONDERLAND AVENUE - DAY

Bosch, one foot on the bumper, trunk open, lacing work boots. Brasher gets out of the patrol car and approaches.

BRASHER
Going up to look?

BOSCH
I'm gonna a try. Got maybe a half hour of daylight left. Probably be out here again tomorrow.

BRASHER
(extends hand)
Julia Brasher. I'm new in the division.

BOSCH
Harry Bosch.

BRASHER
I know. I've heard of you.

BOSCH
I deny everything.

BRASHER
(smiles, then)
Sorry about butting in with the doctor. You were trying to establish rapport.

BOSCH
Don't worry about it.

Their eyes meet. The moment's broken as Dr. Guyot comes out with Calamity on a leash and Brasher turns at the sound. Bosch glances down into the trunk, sees his flashlight, checks if Brasher's watching, covers it with an oil rag. He grabs a roll of crime scene tape and a digital camera, slams the trunk closed, turns to her.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
Listen, it's going to get dark up there and I forgot my flashlight --

BRASHER
Use mine.

She smiles, slides hers off her belt and gives it to him.

BOSCH
You sure?

BRASHER
Sure.

DR. GUYOT
Ready.

BRASHER
I'll go up with you.

Bosch nods, pleased. She signals Edgewood in the car, points up hill. But Edgewood pulls the car up, lowering his window.

EDGEWOOD
Just got a hot shot, partner.
Double D.

BRASHER
I hate domestic disputes.

BOSCH
(dryly)
Me, too. Especially when they turn into homicides.

BRASHER
Maybe next time.

He starts to hand her back her flashlight, she demurs --

BRASHER (CONT'D)
I've got an extra in the car. You can just get it back to me. Good luck.

BOSCH
You too. Be careful.

She jumps in the car and it takes off. Bosch steps over to the doctor and his dog.

DR. GUYOT
An attractive woman.

BOSCH
Okay, Doctor. I don't think I'm going to be able to climb *and* hold the dog. Unleash her and I'll do my best to keep up.

DR. GUYOT
Hah. Fat chance.
(unhooking the leash)
Go get the bone, girl. Go get it!

Calamity's gone like a shot. Guyot smirks an *I told you so* look as Bosch turns on the flashlight and starts uphill --

EXT. WOODS/LAUREL CANYON - DAY

The sun isn't down yet but the woods are dark. Bosch climbs slowly, grabbing branches to pull himself up. He can hear Calamity crashing through the brush way up ahead, Guyot CALLING and WHISTLING somewhere down below.

EXT. WOODS/LAUREL CANYON - DAY

Bosch comes to a level area where the trees are thinner. He sees the dog by a stand of acacia trees, but it takes off. Bosch walks over and starts scanning the ground with the light. Finds a place where the earth has been dug up, disturbed. With his foot he stirs the loose dirt, uncovering a batch of small brown twigs. Then he realizes they aren't twigs at all.

He kneels, shines light. Dawns on him what he's looking at: SMALL DELICATE BONES, scattered in the newly disturbed dirt.

He stands, begins taking pictures, close on the bones first. He steps back and takes a wider shot of the area. He puts down the camera and starts marking off the area with the crime scene tape --

EXT. CRIME SCENE/WOODS/LAUREL CANYON - DAY

Bosch has finished taping off the area. Almost dark. BOSCH starts back downhill, cutting pieces of tape with a penknife and tying them to branches to mark his path --

EXT. WOODS/WONDERLAND AVENUE/LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

Bosch makes his way downhill. He loses his footing, FALLS heavily, sliding into a tree trunk, ribs first.

He lies still for a moment, then groans, feels his side. Hurts to breathe. As he struggles painfully to his feet --

EXT. DEAD END/WONDERLAND AVENUE/LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

Guyot, with a neighbor, VICTOR ULRICH, as he puts the leash on a panting Calamity --

DR. GUYOT
I don’t whistle as well as I used to. And when she can’t hear me, she doesn’t come.

ULRICH
Can't whistle. Never have. Genetic.

DR. GUYOT
Oh come on, anyone can whistle --

ULRICH
Not me.

Bosch emerges from the woods, shirt torn and bloody, face scratched. He is favoring his ribs on one side.

DR. GUYOT
My goodness.

BOSCH
I fell.

DR. GUYOT
I should take a look at that.

BOSCH
I'm okay, Doc.

He looks at Ulrich: who the fuck are you?

ULRICH
Victor Ulrich. I live over here. Just came out to see what was going on.

BOSCH
Nothing. There's a crime scene up there. I need both of you to steer clear of it, not tell anyone. Doctor, don't let your dog off leash the next few days.
(off their nods)
Mr. Ulrich, I'm sure we'll want to talk to you tomorrow.

ULRICH
I work at home. Just ring the bell.

Bosch heads to his car, favoring his side. Guyot follows.

DR. GUYOT
You're walking like you broke a rib, Detective. Maybe more than one.

BOSCH
Nothing you can do for a broken rib.

As Dr. Guyot catches up --

INT. STUDY/DR. GUYOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Guyot has painted the deep chest scratch with Mercurochrome. Taping Bosch's ribs --

BOSCH
Didn't know they still made Mercurochrome.

DR. GUYOT
I'm old school. I wish I could write you something for the pain but since I retired --

BOSCH
(wincing)
Don't worry about it, Doc. I'll deal with it.

Guyot finishes, starts putting his stuff away.

DR. GUYOT
You said there's a crime scene up there?

Bosch weighs what to say, then:

BOSCH
I think so. I found more bones.

DR. GUYOT
Ah.

BOSCH
First I thought they were twigs. Then I realized I was looking at a hand.

DR. GUYOT
A child's hand.

BOSCH
A child's hand.

Off Bosch, pondering the implications --

EXT. TERESA CORAZON'S HOUSE/HANCOCK PARK - NIGHT

Bosch cruises down a street of mansions. All decked out with expensive, tasteful holiday lights and displays.

He pulls into the turn around circle in front of a large Spanish-style mansion. Only white Christmas lights here.

He gets out of the car with the shoebox and his camera.

EXT. FRONT DOOR/TERESA CORAZON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door is opened. TERESA CORAZON, 40, attractive, Latina. Dressed for a Saturday night out. She contemplates Bosch a moment as she fastens an earring. Less than thrilled.

CORAZON
Bosch. As I live and breathe.

BOSCH
Teresa.

CORAZON
I'm on my way out.

BOSCH
Five minutes. It's important.

She looks put out. Finally she steps back, opening the door all the way. She looks past Bosch as he enters.

CORAZON
Is that the same city junker that used to leave oil spots all over my beautiful brick drive-way?

Bosch looks back at his city car.

BOSCH
Nah, I traded that junker in for a newer one.

As he steps in --

INT. LIVING ROOM/CORAZON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BOSCH waits, "admiring" the tastefully flocked all-white Christmas tree hung solely with blue lights and ornaments. He holds the shoebox under one arm. He shifts it to his other arm and it aggravates his ribs. He winces at the pain, just as Corazon enters, carrying his camera.

CORAZON
I left Bill Golliher a message. Are you okay?

BOSCH
Fine. Teresa, I need to get this thing going first thing tomorrow.

CORAZON
Relax. He'll head up the dig as soon as it's light. And I'll be there myself with a full crew.

BOSCH
I want to keep this low profile.
(off her look)
I'm not sure we need *the* Los Angeles County Medical Examiner. On a Sunday. I don't even know if it's a crime scene yet. Don't you have better things to do?

CORAZON
Tomorrow? No.

BOSCH
Suit yourself. But just you. Not the video guy. I don't want this on your cable access show.

CORAZON
My show greatly subsidizes the work of my office. None of the video footage is shown until a case is completely closed. And it certainly won't end up on the local six o'clock news. Okay? Satisfied?
(re: the camera)
What moron took these?

BOSCH
That would be me.

CORAZON
I can't tell anything from these. Have you ever heard of using a flash?
(re shoebox)
Give me a glove.

Bosch pulls a latex glove from his coat pocket. She snaps it on and reaches into the box. She lifts the bone out and holds it up to the light, giving it a cursory once over.

CORAZON (CONT'D)
It's the humerus. The upper arm.

BOSCH
That's what the doctor said.

CORAZON
Good for him, he knows his stuff.
(putting bone back)
I'd say a child of about ten, but don't hold me to that yet.

She peels off the glove and stuffs it into the breast pocket of Bosch's coat. It sticks up like a pocket square.

BOSCH
How long do you think it's been in the ground?

She moves to the door: Time to go.

CORAZON
Dr. Golliher will have to make that determination.

BOSCH
Do you mind trying him again? I could run this by his house --

CORAZON
(totally put out now)
I left him a message and I'm late as it is to the county commission Christmas party. You may not have to make nice with other human beings, but I do. You have your confirmation the bone is human. The gory details will come tomorrow at the site.

She opens the door.

CORAZON (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Bosch. I really wish you would lose my address.

As Bosch steps out --

EXT. CORAZON'S HOUSE/TURNAROUND CIRCLE - NIGHT

Bosch pulls away, leaving a nice oil leak on the driveway's perfectly ordered rows of bricks.

INT. BULLPEN/HOLLYWOOD STATION/DETECTIVE BUREAU - NIGHT

The squad room is deserted except for Bosch. Christmas Muzak PLAYS from the public lobby. He's at his desk, working the computer, scanning through missing person reports from the 80s, looking for anything that might connect to the bones up on the hillside. The shoebox is at his elbow.

In the background we see Billets enter the squad room with her TEENAGE DAUGHTER. She sees Bosch, then points to a chair in the waiting area. The girl sits down and Billets strides through the squad room toward Bosch.

BILLETS
Bosch.

BOSCH
Lieutenant.

BILLETS
Why haven't you been answering your cell?

BOSCH
It died about an hour ago.

Voice low so her daughter won't hear her, but she's pissed.

BILLETS
Well, mine didn't die. I come out of the movie, and I have messages from everybody from the watch commander to the M.E.'s Office telling me about some bone case you're working in Laurel frigging Canyon. Which is funny because I didn't assign you to any bone case.

BOSCH
I was going to call you.
(re screen)
I just wanted to check through the missing persons reports first.

Off Billets: NOT the right answer.

BILLETS
In my office. Now.

Bosch gets up, picks up the shoebox and follows her into:

INT. LT. BILLETS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BILLETS
Close the door.

Bosch does as told. Billets sits behind her desk, Bosch stands, holding the box.

Billet's daughter watches through the glass window of her mother's office. Which barely muffles what is said/yelled..

BILLETS (CONT'D)
First of all, I want to know who gave you permission to take Johnson and Moore's rotation.

BOSCH
They had Lakers tickets so I offered to --

BILLETS
You *gave* them the Lakers tickets.

BOSCH
I guess I did.

BILLETS
And you've been taking their calls all day?

BOSCH
There was only one call out before the bone run. A suicide and I already papered it. It's on my desk.

BILLETS
That doesn't make me feel any better. You traded with Johnson and Moore without my knowledge or approval. Now you've caught this bone case and we both know what kind of time it will entail. And you're in court Monday morning. Harry, do you have any idea how fucked up this is?

Bosch glances out at Billets' daughter and then back.

BILLETS (CONT'D)
She's heard it before. Do you understand what I'm saying to you?

BOSCH
I do, but I can handle it.

BILLETS
Don't tell me that. You're on the *in*-active list. You're the defendant in a high profile civil rights suit. And you expect me to let you just run with this?

BOSCH
Look, first of all, we don't know what we have up there. It looks like a shallow grave, yes, but this thing could be decades old.

BILLETS
That's why on Monday it goes to the cold case unit.

BOSCH
(forcefully)
No, it stays with me. I caught it, I keep it.
(persuading)
It's a hobby case, Lieutenant. We excavate the site tomorrow and then we evaluate. It's going to take time and I might be finished with this trial before we even get a report back from the forensic pathologist. So I keep it and work it below the radar. We don't even put it out to the press.

Billets bites back on her words and just shakes her head.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
Look, I *need* the work. This is the work that I do. You know that.

BILLETS
I know that when the captain sees the reports with your name on them he's going to start shitting blood.

BOSCH
Don't worry about the captain. I'll put Edgar's name on everything. If the captain says anything, just say you have Edgar working it while I'm in court.

BILLETS
Have you talked to Edgar about this?

BOSCH
Not yet, but I will.

BILLETS
Harry, Harry, Harry.

Bosch puts the shoebox down so she can see the bone.

BOSCH
Just take a look at it.

She does. Then glances past Bosch and through the glass at her daughter, texting on her phone. Sighs. Then, softer:

BILLETS
Do your best, Harry. I'll run interference where I can. Find out what this is.

He nods. Off Bosch's look, the mission in his eyes --

INT. BOSCH'S SEDAN/MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

Bosch, driving home, his hand holding the shoe box steady on the seat next to him. As the radio PLAYS Ben Webster's version of "Bye Bye Blackbird" --

EXT. DECK/BOSCH'S HOUSE/WOODROW WILSON DRIVE - NIGHT

MUSIC continues from the stereo inside, Art Pepper, "My Funny Valentine". Bosch, leaning on the rail, drinking a beer, smoking. He shifts his weight gingerly. Looking out from his cantilevered deck at the lights below, brooding --

INT. LIVING ROOM/BOSCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC continues. Dexter Gordon, "Round Midnight." Bosch, in the dark, sleeping on the couch, SHOEBOX on the coffee table. On the wall above the couch CLOSE on the framed print of Edward Hopper's *Nighthawks*, a frozen moment of loneliness.

Gordon's tenor mixes with the SOUND of a POLICE CHOPPER passing overhead in the night. As the CHOPPER'S SEARCHLIGHT sweeps across the hillside --

INT. TUNNEL/TORA BORA - DAY

Bosch, in uniform, full gear, alone, making his way cautiously down a pitch black tunnel, infra-red goggles, sweeping it with his high-tech light. Distantly, the SOUND of a CHOPPER from the world above.

Sees a faint cold purple white GLOW at a bend in the tunnel. Switches off his own light. Holds up his hand. He can see it in front of him. Puts his hand down, moves slowly toward the GLOW, steps into the bend, around the corner, into --

INT. CAVE/TORA BORA - DAY

Full of lost light. He removes his goggles. In front of him is a clear plastic DESK. Something laid out on the surface. He moves closer.

SMALL BROWN BONES, perfectly assembled: a child's skeletal hand, GLOWING in the lost light.

Bosch crouches, crawls under the desk, lies on his back. Looks up. He's directly under the CHILD'S HAND.

On Bosch, staring up. As it dawns on him what he's looking at, he's flooded with emotion, his eyes fill with tears --

INT. LIVING ROOM/BOSCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

His eyes pop open. Off Bosch, wiping his eyes, trying to extricate himself from his dream to the SOUND of the POLICE CHOPPER making a pass, its SEARCHLIGHT sweeping the night --

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT. STAGING AREA/WONDERDLAND AVENUE/LAUREL CANYON - DAY

A police helicopter circles high above Laurel Canyon.

PAN down to the turn around circle as a Toyota Prius pulls up behind several official vehicles parked at the cul de sac.

Brasher gets out of the Prius. She's in off-duty clothes but has her badge hanging around her neck. She holds it up to a uniform officer posted at the bottom of the hill. He lets her pass and she starts climbing the hill. A series of ropes have been strung tree to tree and portable stairways put in place here and there to make climbing the hillside easier.

TOP OF THE HILL

Bosch stands with Edgar, holding a crudely drawn chart of the hilltop that is dissected into squares, directing a small group of YOUNG POLICE CADETS on how he wants them to conduct a surface search of the area.

BOSCH
We spread an arms distance apart in one line and we move *slowly* across each quadrant on the map... Slowly, got it. Take your time...

In background Teresa Corazon and her excavation team: DR. WILLIAM GOLLIHER and KATHI KOHL, plus ASSISTANTS, are conducting an excavation of the site Bosch discovered the night before. There is a VIDEOGRAPHER recording their efforts, always sure to keep Corazon in the frame.

Bosch sees Brasher make it to the top of the climb. He hands Edgar the chart.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
You get them going. Good luck.

Bosch walks over to Brasher, curious but pleased to see her.

BRASHER
I heard you needed volunteers. I offer my services.

BOSCH
Thanks, we could use you.

BRASHER
Have you found more bones?

Bosch walks her toward the coroner's excavation team.

BOSCH
Yeah. Looks like most of the remains are in this spot.

BRASHER
So it's a homicide?

BOSCH
It's definitely a grave. I cant think of a lot of legit reasons why somebody would bury a body up here.

The coroner's dig is covered by a makeshift canopy. The perimeter of the grave has been dug out and Golliher -- 50s, ponytail, Hawaiian shirt, cargo shorts -- is using small digging instruments and brushes to slowly reveal the bones. It looks like an anthropological dig.

Corazon is not getting dirty herself, preferring to stand outside the tape and direct. She's wearing a ton of makeup for the camera.

Golliher lifts a sizable bone from the dirt, brushes it off and hands it up to Kohl.

GOLLIHER
Left femur -- mark it in B-twelve.

Kohl takes the bone to a folding table where all the bones are being placed after retrieval. She then charts the find on a sheet on a clipboard that holds a sketch of the burial sight. Bosch and Brasher step over and look at the table. Bones from the ribs, spine, arms, hands, hips and now the femur (thigh bone) arranged on the table. Kohl puts down the chart and Brasher takes a look at it, reading the top line:

BRASHER
City of bones?

CORAZON (O.C.)
That's what we call it.

The coroner has stepped over, her Videographer in tow.

CORAZON (CONT'D)
We break the site into a grid like blocks of a city. We know exactly which bone was found where.

The camera is now on Bosch. He puts a hand over the lens.

BOSCH
Get that off me. You can film your boss, but not me.

VIDEOGRAPHER
Just don't touch the lens.

BOSCH
Then don't point it at me.

CORAZON
Earl, let's take a break.

She walks off, Videographer trails her like a dog. Bosch watches him go, turns back to the chart.

BOSCH
City of bones. "In every murder is the tale of a city."

BRASHER
Who said that?

BOSCH
I don't know. Somebody.

BRASHER
You think it's true?

Bosch doesn't answer. The moment is broken by:

GOLLIHER (O.S.)
Detective Bosch.

Bosch looks over. Golliher is at the dig site, holding something up with a tool.

Bosch steps over, pulling a plastic evidence bag from his back pocket. Golliher drops a quarter into it.

GOLLIHER (CONT'D)
Nineteen ninety. Found it by the left wing of the pelvis -- it was probably in our young victim's pocket. That puts us inside twenty-five years.

BOSCH
That's a good marker.

GOLLIHER
Two other things I want to emphasize preliminarily. Grave depth and location terrain. They tell us something about what happened here.

BOSCH
Tell us what?

GOLLIHER
A contradiction. We are talking about a very shallow grave which suggests panic, poor planning. But by the same token, the remote location, the difficult terrain...

BOSCH
Tells us the opposite. Like the place was chosen. Ahead of time.

Golliher nods, then turns back to his work.

BRASHER
Detective, how do you want me to help?

Bosch points off at Edgar.

BOSCH
That's my partner. Go see him. We're searching the entire hillside. Animals may have gotten into the grave and scattered the bones over time.

BRASHER
You got it.

BOSCH
And call me Harry.

She nods and smiles. Bosch watches her go off toward Edgar.

EXT. HILLSIDE CRIME SCENE - LATER

A second folding table now and the dig team has added scraps of deteriorated clothing, the elastic band from a boy's pair of underwear and a backpack that appears largely intact.

Bosch is looking at the assembly with Golliher, who is taking a break, eating yogurt out of a plastic container.

GOLLIHER
Haines underwear. That and the pelvis assembly confirm we have a male here.

Bosch studies what remains of a life on the tables.

There is a sharp WHISTLE. Bosch looks across the hilltop and sees Edgar and Brasher standing together in the knee-high brush. Edgar is signalling them over with both hands. Brasher looks a little dazed. They've found something.

EXT. HILLSIDE CRIME SCENE/TALL BRUSH - MOMENTS LATER

Bosch and Golliher walk up and Edgar steps back.

EDGAR
Brasher found it.

BOSCH looks down. A CHILD'S SKULL, half-buried in the soil, hollow eyes looking up at him.

He looks up, finds BRASHER. She looks back at him, sobered.

Golliher kneels down next to the skull. He bends down to study it from all angles. He then puts his hand on the top of it, his finger tracing a triangle pattern in the bone.

Corazon, her videographer and a STILL PHOTOGRAPHER join the group. Golliher describes what he's seeing.

GOLLIHER
The cranium shows clear evidence of fracture lines and surgical healing, which again indicates we're dealing with relatively contemporary bones. Can we get this photographed so I can collect it?

The videographer and still photographer move in as Golliher stands and steps back. He turns to Bosch and confides:

GOLLIHER (CONT'D)
There was a surgery ante mortem. So there will be records -- somewhere. Hospital records. You may be able to get your identification that way.

Bosch nods. Golliher returns to the skull. Kneeling down he carefully extracts it from the soil. From his back pocket he pulls a paint brush and uses it to carefully brush the dirt off the skull.

GOLLIHER (CONT'D)
We're missing the lower mandible. No teeth on the upper.

He turns the skull and pauses when his brushwork reveals a fracture at the rear base of the skull.

GOLLIHER (CONT'D)
Star fracture on the occipital...

Bosch squats down next to him to look.

BOSCH
Blunt force trauma?

GOLLIHER
That's the most likely explanation.

BOSCH
Homicide.

GOLLIHER
Homicide.

Bosch looks up at the somber faces of those gathered around them in a circle. The videographer has his camera on him but Bosch no longer cares. He's a man on a mission.

EXT. HILLSIDE CRIME SCENE - LATER

Tables and canopy are gone. Bones have been collected and packed for transport to the Coroner's Office. Corazon and her videographer are gone. Golliher and Kohl and their Assistants are carefully going down the makeshift stairs carrying bone boxes in two hands.

Bosch, Edgar and Brasher remain behind. To Edgar:

BOSCH
City services will leave the ropes and the stairs in place for the next two days, in case the DA wants us to come back for more photos or to survey the hillside. You check with a deputy in major crimes tomorrow.

EDGAR
You got it.

BOSCH
I'll be in court.

EDGAR
I'll let you know.

Bosch notices movement in the acacia trees at the edge of the clearing twenty yards away. He lowers his voice.

BOSCH
(looking at Brasher)
Don't look, but there's somebody in the trees about twenty yards off your six.
(off their nods)
I'm going to go off to the left to take a leak. You guys head toward the ropes like we're calling it a day. I'll get in behind him and grab him or flush him toward you.

EDGAR
Sounds like a plan.

BOSCH
(louder)
I'll meet you down there.

They separate. Bosch goes into the woods. Slips behind a thick tree to relieve himself. But then he peeks around the other side to get a line on the man hiding in the trees.

Bosch gets a bead on him and starts moving quickly through the brush, but his footfalls announce his movement.

The MAN alerts, then starts moving away.

The chase is on. Bosch runs through the heavy brush.

A branch hits him in the side and he groans as it rakes across his wounded ribs. He keeps going and is gaining on the Runner.

Edgar comes out of nowhere and tackles the fleeing figure.

Bosch catches up, holding his side. Edgar and the Runner are rolling around in the brush.

THE RUNNER
Wait, wait. Hold it.

Edgar straddles him and pins him face down. Wincing, Bosch leans in for a closer look.

BOSCH
Fuck.

EDGAR
You know this guy?

BOSCH
He's a reporter. He was in court Friday.

As Brasher joins them --

TYLER
I'm Nate Tyler from the Times. My press pass is in my back pocket.

EDGAR
Are you fucking kidding me?

Bosch taps Edgar on the shoulder. Edgar releases Tyler and stands, brushing himself off.

BOSCH
Get up.

TYLER
Okay.

BOSCH
Get the fuck up.

He stands and starts brushing himself off.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
What are you doing up here?

TYLER
Trying to find out what's going on up here. It's my job.

BOSCH
How'd you know about this? Who told you?

TYLER
No one.

Edgar pokes him hard in the shoulder.

EDGAR
Bullshit.

BOSCH
Corazon. Had to be Corazon. She hasn't had a headline in a couple days, and she's horny.

TYLER
Look, I don't talk about sources. Are you arresting me? If so, for what?

EDGAR
How about for being an all around douche?
(to the others)
That's a crime, isn't it?

BOSCH
Where I come from.

Brasher's clocking all this, enjoying it.

TYLER
As far as I know, and I do know, because I checked, this land is part of the Santa Monica Conservancy. Public property.
(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)
I have as much right to be here as you do.

EDGAR
And I have the right to put my foot up your ass. You're messing with a crime scene, kid.

TYLER
I'm reporting on a criminal investigation --

BOSCH
You can't write about this.

TYLER
Why the fuck not?

EDGAR
You write about this and whoever did this, they'll know we're coming. You can't.

TYLER
The public has a right to know.

Edgar's about to lose it with this guy.

BOSCH
You were in court Friday. You're covering the trial and now you're covering this? Motherfucker. You're covering me.

Tyler shrugs. But his smirk gives it away. Bosch moves in, gets in Tyler's face.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
A hit piece? You're doing a hit piece on me?

TYLER
You're my assignment, Detective. The trial, the case, your career.

EDGAR
A fucking smear.

TYLER
A fair and balanced story about a cop. Who has, shall we say, something of a checkered past.

Bosch moves in closer. Tyler raises his hands.

Bosch holds his stare on him for a long moment.

BOSCH
You still can't write about this. Not yet. My partner's right. It's too early. You'll fuck it up.

TYLER
My editor doesn't even know I'm here today. I can hold the story back. When it breaks, when you get the guy, I get the story first. I want a day's jump on everybody else. That's all.

Edgar and Bosch trade looks: what choice do they have?

BOSCH
We'll take it. Deal.

Tyler reaches into his pocket and pulls out a business card. He hands it to Bosch.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
We'll be in touch.

Tyler nods, starts toward the stairs they've rigged.

EDGAR
Where the fuck do you think you're going?

TYLER
I'm gonna use the stairs --

EDGAR
How'd you get up here? Not that way.

TYLER
Through the woods, but --

BOSCH
Then go back the way you came.

TYLER
You're kidding, right?

EDGAR
Those stairs are police property, asshole. Authorized personnel only. So get the fuck outta here.

Tyler trudges disconsolately back down the hill the hard way.

Bosch watches, then drops the business card into the brush.

BOSCH
Fuck him.

Brasher laughs.

EDGAR
So, we outta here? I got boocoo things to do.

BOSCH
We're out of here.

EDGAR
Later then.
(to Brasher)
Good work today, Boot.

BRASHER
Thanks.

They watch Edgar head to the stairs. Brasher looks at Bosch.

BRASHER (CONT'D)
So I guess that's it then?

Bosch looks at her, trying to read between the lines.

BOSCH
I still owe you a flashlight.

BRASHER
Yeah, you do.

Off her sexy smile --

INT. MUSSO AND FRANK'S/THE BAR - NIGHT

Late, deserted. One GUY, who bares a strange resemblance to Michael Connelly, sits alone at the end of the bar, drinking a martini, texting on his phone. The scene resembles the Nighthawks painting in Bosch's apartment.

Bosch and Brasher at the bar, washing down steak dinners with signature martinis with the side car carafes on ice.

BOSCH
So, you said you were new in Hollywood Division. Where were you before?

BRASHER
The academy.
(off him)
I know. I'm old.

BOSCH
I didn't say that. But I was wondering why Edgar called you a boot -- you don't seem like a rookie.

BRASHER
Got the cop bug late. Took me a while to figure out what I wanted to do with my life.

BOSCH
So this is it, huh? Dream come true?

BRASHER
For now.

BOSCH
Right, who could resist all of this? It's so glamorous. Police work. You do your job, you almost get yourself killed, and then they drag you into court and make you look like you're Ted Bundy or something. When the other guy -- he really was Ted Bundy.

BRASHER
Are you worried? About the trial?

BOSCH
Not worried about what I did. I know what I did was right. Just worried about what the jury will think I did. Anyway, fuck it.

He takes a bite. It's obvious he's on his second martini.

BRASHER
I know the risks, but I think it's one of the last noble callings.

BOSCH
Police work?

BRASHER
Homicide. It's what I want to do.

Bosch reaches his glass over and clicks it off of hers. Then takes a big gulp, pours in more from the side car.

BOSCH
Homicide's dull. It's after the fact. Doesn't come with any of the street adrenaline you get every day.

BRASHER
You're just being nice because you think I'll be stuck in a black and white the rest of my career.

Bosch shakes his head.

BOSCH
No, not at all. Hey, who made the big find up there on the hill today? You did. You've got what it takes.

BRASHER
Now you're just being drunk but nice.

BOSCH
I'm serious about patrol. High speed freeway chases. Always on the news.

BRASHER
True. Low speed ones, too.

BOSCH
Parking tickets, rousting the homeless. Herding the tranny hookers across the city line into West Hollywood so the Sheriff has to deal with 'em. Nothing says excitement like tranny hooker patrol.

BRASHER
No, nothing does.

BOSCH
Unless it's the end of watch, washing the puke outta the back of your shamu. I mean, how can homicide compete with that?

BRASHER
Nobody told me you were funny. The Harry Bosch nobody knows.

BOSCH
I don't get enough credit.

BRASHER
But seriously. About what you do? That's what I wanna do. Taking the bad guys out of the mix. You take some truly evil people off the board.

BOSCH
Sometimes. When we get lucky.

BRASHER
I think there's more to it than luck. And it counts. You know what I mean? What you do. It counts.

A red jacketed waiter comes down the bar.

WAITER
Harry, last call. You want me to back you up?

Bosch and Brasher turn to look at each other at the same time. The moment of decision.

INT. BEDROOM/BOSCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bosch and Brasher make love urgently, their moves matched by the jazz from the living room stereo -- the Sonny Rollins and Branford Marsalis duet of *For All We Know*. Like the two saxophones, they move in competing but complementary rhythms.

Bosch's ribs hurt. He makes wincing sounds and she pauses --

BRASHER
I'm sorry. Am I hurting you?

BOSCH
In a good way.

BRASHER
Should I stop?

In response he kisses her fiercely. As they resume --

INT. BEDROOM/BOSCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They lay side by side in the dark. Bosch reaches up to the lamp on the side table and turns it on. The action stresses his ribs, and she sees the purple blossoms on his side. The music changes -- Frank Morgan's *You Must Believe in Spring.* Re: ribs and bruises.

BRASHER
Oh my god, you poor thing.

She gently touches his side.

BOSCH
Homicide -- a contact sport.

Brasher reaches up to Bosch's shoulder and touches a scar.

BRASHER
Must be. Is that from a bullet?

BOSCH
Yeah.

BRASHER
From the war or here?

BOSCH
The street. A classic shoot-don't shoot situation. I didn't think he would shoot. I guessed wrong.

BRASHER
How long were you out?

BOSCH
About four months. No permanent damage. Bullet hit the bone and flattened out. That was it. I broke my arm when I was a kid. That still gives me trouble.

Brasher's eyes are scanning the room. She gets up, totally relaxed about being naked in front of Bosch. She goes to the bureau. There is a jar half full of bullet casings. She lifts it, shakes it. Looks over at him -- he's not explaining it. She puts it back down, grabs Bosch's shirt off the floor and goes into the bathroom.

BRASHER (O.C.)
What are the bullet casings for?

BOSCH
Oh... nothing really.

The toilet flushes and Brasher comes out, now seductively wearing Bosch's shirt. She gets in bed and climbs on top of Bosch. She leans over and turns out the lamp.

INT. BOSCH'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's much later. Brasher is asleep, her hand on Bosch's chest. He's awake, his eyes open in the dark, looking at a distant memory.

INT. FOSTER HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

BLACK AND WHITE, jumpy IMAGES distorted by a FISH-EYE LENS: TWELVE-YEAR-OLD HARRY running down a hallway, pursued by an ANGRY ADULT MALE with a baseball bat.

Trapped at the end of the hallway by a blank wall, TWELVE-YEAR-OLD HARRY turns to face his pursuer. The ANGRY ADULT MALE raises the bat to strike, and TWELVE-YEAR-OLD HARRY raises his forearm to fend off the blow --

INT. BOSCH'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bosch comes out of the memory -- too painful to stay there. Brasher is still sound asleep.

He slowly gets up and gently puts her hand down on a pillow. He starts to get dressed in the dark.

EXT. WONDERLAND AVENUE CUL DE SAC/LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

Bosch's car is parked under the lone street light. We see the beam of a flashlight making its way up the wooded hillside.

EXT. HILLTOP CRIME SCENE/LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

Bosch turns off the flashlight. The moonlight is bright enough. He is squatting at the spot where they found the skull of the murder victim. Bosch picks up a handful of dirt, lets it run through his fingers. Another handful. He sifts through the dirt, getting a feel for what happened here so long ago, communing with the soul of the dead boy, whoever he may be. He mutters to himself. Making him a promise.

The nearby brush rustles. Bosch flicks on the flashlight:

A COYOTE

It looks at Bosch, curious. Bosch watches it. Maybe the coyote disturbed the grave and brought him the case. The coyote turns and disappears into the brush.

Bosch turns off the light.

Off Bosch at the burial ground, alone in the night --

EXT. U.S. DISTRICT COURT/DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Bosch is once again at the statue having a smoke before court begins. He watches a steady parade of MEDIA and TRIAL JUNKIES entering the courthouse.

He sees Tyler go in.

Then he sees Rosa and Elena Flores being escorted by Money Chandler. Elena is the only one to glance Bosch's way. She quickly looks away.

The Homeless Man from the other day shuffles up, muttering to himself, sounding like he says something about the "Concrete Blonde" just before he kisses two fingers, then reaches up and touches them to the butt of the statue of Lady Justice. He then goes to the ash can, finding the pickings thin.

HOMELESS MAN
I hate Mondays.

Bosch walks over and throws his butt into the can, then hands the homeless man his half full pack of cigarettes.

BOSCH
You and me both, brother.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

As Bosch approaches Courtroom 4 he sees Lt. Pounds on a bench sitting next to CHASTAIN, an IAD investigator who will be a witness in a latter episode. Bosch despises both.

BOSCH
Our fearless leader and Internal Affairs. Must be my day. Here to put the good word in for me, fellas?

POUNDS
Detective, you made your bed. Don't blame others.

Bosch shakes his head and turns toward the courtroom door.

CHASTAIN
Hey Bosch. Just so you know. Money Chandler didn't have to subpoena me. I'd be here for you anyway.

Bosch doesn't dignify that with a reply. He continues down the hall to the courtroom door, where he meets Dep. Chief Irving coming out.

IRVING
Detective Bosch, they're looking for you in there.

BOSCH
As ready as I'll ever be. You've been subpoenaed along with them?

IRVING
I'm only here to show my support for you.

Bosch looks at him and almost laughs. Irving picks up on it.

IRVING (CONT'D)
You're wrong. You have to understand something, Detective. I may not like the way you work, but my primary objective is to protect the reputation of the Los Angeles Police Department. We don't wash our laundry in public, especially not in federal court.

Bosch nods as though considering Irving's words carefully.

BOSCH
Good to know, Chief.

He goes in.

INT. COURTROOM 4/U.S. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

All parties are in place and ready to start the trial. Bosch sits staring, preparing himself for the onslaught of testimony that will depict him as a wanton killer.

KEYES
Very well, Ms. Chandler, you can call your first witness.

Chandler goes to the lectern.

CHANDLER
Your Honor, the plaintiffs call the defendant to the witness stand. Detective Harry Bosch.

Bosch wasn't expecting this. Confused, he looks at Belk.

BOSCH
She can do this?

BELK
Yes, she can.

BOSCH
She's got Pounds and Chastain waiting out in the hallway.

BELK
She'll get to them. After she's done with you.

BOSCH
I'm not ready. I thought I'd come last -- after everybody else.

KEYES
Detective Bosch, please take the witness stand.

Bosch pushes back his chair, whispers to Belk.

BOSCH
You can't stop this?

BELK
No.

BOSCH
What if I take the Fifth?

BELK
If you refuse to answer one single question in front of this jury you will lose the case. A refusal is the same as a lie.

KEYES
Detective Bosch?

Bosch gets up and goes to the witness stand, passing a very pleased looking Chandler. He is sworn in by the court clerk.

CLERK
Do you swear or affirm that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

BOSCH
I do.

CLERK
Please take a seat and say and spell your full name for the record.

BOSCH
(he does, then)
Hieronymus Bosch. H-I-E-R-O-N-Y-M-U-S B-O-S-C-H.

KEYES
Ms. Chandler.

CHANDLER
Thank you, Your Honor.
(to Bosch)
Detective Bosch, you go by Harry for short, correct?

BOSCH
Correct.

CHANDLER
Do you prefer that I call you that or Hieronymus?

BOSCH
Detective's fine.

CHANDLER
Detective then. Can you tell the jury, please, how many people you have killed?

Sucker punched. Bosch stares at Chandler. Chandler stares at Bosch. The jury stares at Bosch. Out in the gallery all eyes are on Bosch. He moves his stare from Chandler and looks out and clocks Rosa Flores, Tyler, Irving. He sees a new face staring at him: FBI AGENT LILLY, late thirties, who examines Bosch with intense interest. Bosch doesn't know who the mystery man is but he recognizes him as law enforcement.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
Detective? Do you understand the question?

Bosch breaks his eye lock with Lilly and turns his gaze back to Chandler.

BOSCH
Yes.

CHANDLER
Then please answer it. How many people have you killed?

BOSCH
I don't know.

A whispered buzz goes thru the court room. Chandler milks the moment for as long as possible.

CHANDLER
Let me remind you, Detective, you are under oath. You have killed people, haven't you?

BOSCH
Yes.

Bosch hesitates, thinking.

CHANDLER
Detective Bosch. Please tell the court how many people you have killed.

BOSCH
I don't know.

CHANDLER
You don't know how many people you've killed?

BOSCH
Not exactly. No.

PAN across the jurors' faces as they take the measure of a man who doesn't know how many people he has killed.

CLOSE on Bosch. He knows he has given Chandler what she wanted -- affirmation that he is a stone cold killer who doesn't even keep count. He looks like a man who has lost the case with the very first question.

FADE TO BLACK.

END EPISODE ONE