MURDER IN THE 1ST

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - AERIAL - HIGH NOON

THE CITY is laid out before us. Chinatown. Fisherman's Wharf. Russian Hill. The ocean lurks low, in the gaps.

REVEAL POV of ERICH BLOUNT (28), a tech genius and the CEO of APPLICON. He's on top of a SKYSCRAPER, at the rooftop's edge, staring down -- 48 stories to pavement.

Blount is boyish in his RAY BANS, his Italian SNEAKERS and designer T-SHIRT, almost sweet looking. But there's an anger lurking underneath, and a complex vulnerability.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
What do you think?

BLOUNT
Freaky.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Good freaky?

BLOUNT
Yeah. Freaky is good.

Reveal IVAN WEXLER (40) standing behind him, holding a HANDHELD. He's bearded, heavy set, dressed in all black -- Blount's brilliant CTO and head of R&D. Ivan watches Blount as he studies the city below like a painter.

BLOUNT (CONT'D)
The bay should be darker. This is San Fran, not the Caribbean.

Ivan eyes his handheld, then speaks to JOHN, off screen.

IVAN
John, color correct the water. Try value at 3+. Chroma at L2. Hue at P1.

A beat, then THE OCEAN AND BAY FADES TO DARKER BLUE. It's a subtle shift, disorienting. An optical illusion.

BLOUNT
Better. Let's see the birds.

A FLOCK OF BIRDS appears, racing towards us.

BLOUNT (CONT'D)
Lower their floor to five feet. More mustard. Right at us.

Ivan presses on his HANDHELD and suddenly THE BIRDS DROP LOWER, jumping across the sky like a computer glitch--

--WE'RE IN A 3-D VIRTUAL WORLD, A HOLOGRAM; a perfect recreation of reality. If it weren't for their adjustments, you would never know the difference.

Blount stares out at his creation, content.

IVAN
You look like Abraham, staring down from the mountaintop.

BLOUNT
Good. That's exactly what we're selling.--

Blount steps forward, OFF THE ROOF, INTO THE SKY -- BUT HE DOESN'T FALL. He just stands there floating.

BLOUNT (CONT'D)
--In my world, you get to play God.
(beat; turning back)
Good work, Ivan. See you on the plane.

Ivan smiles, compliments are rare. Then he nods to Blount, presses on his handheld, and SUDDENLY--

--THE SAN FRANCISCO HOLOGRAM MELTS AWAY, THE WORLD LITERALLY DISSOLVING OFF THE SCREEN, LEAVING ONLY ERICH--

EXT. SANTA FE DESERT - REALITY - DAWN

--BLOUNT STANDING ALONE IN THE DESERT.

He pulls off his sensory devices: micro EAR BUDS; a NEURAL IMPULSE PATCH on the nape of his neck; specialized RAY BANS. His dark eyes flicker with genius and doubt.

He walks to a WHITE SUV that's parked on the shoulder. The DRIVER opens the passenger door and shouts out.

SALTER
Let's go! You're late!

This is JIMMY SALTER (56), a tough former cop with a boxer's nose and Blount's head of security.

Blount gets in and slams the door. Salter fishtails onto the road, past a sign that READS: LEAVING SANTA FE.

[MOS] as we pre-lap a girl's voice from the next scene.

LOUISE (O.S.)
Mom.

CUT TO:

INT. HILDY'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

HILDY MULLIGAN (29), asleep in her bed, slowly opens her eyes to discover her daughter LOUISE (6) standing next to her, holding a phone. She speaks sleepily.

HILDY
Who is it?

LOUISE
It's dad. He said to wake you up.

Hildy slowly sits up and takes the phone from Louise. She looks at her CLOCK: 7:00 AM. She overslept.

HILDY
Go get dressed, babe. Bobby's mom will be here any minute.

Hildy waits for Louise to leave, then pushes her dirty blonde hair out of her face and moves to the window. She's wearing a Ramones t-shirt, lace boyshorts -- she's self-assured and sexy without knowing it, or caring.

HILDY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
One of the rules of divorce is that you no longer get to wake me up.
(listening)
Mike. Stop. Lawyers? Are you threatening me?
(listening, then exhales)
I get paid on Friday. I'll cut a check on Saturday. That's the best I can do.

She clicks off, dumps the phone on her bed. A beat, then A CAR HORN BLASTS, outside.

HILDY (CONT'D)
That's your ride! Put on your jacket!

Hildy pulls on a SHIRT and PANTS and we follow her out into the KITCHEN. Louise is looking in the FRIDGE: empty.

LOUISE
We're out of food.

HILDY
I like your outfit.

LOUISE
How was your date last night?

HILDY
A disaster.

Louise smiles and turns to her mom. She's mature for her age and their rapport is more friendly than parent-child.

LOUISE
What happened?

HILDY
Men always seem better on paper. I'll get groceries after work.

LOUISE
What about lunch?

HILDY
You'll have to buy it at the cafeteria.

Louise makes a disgusting face.

HILDY (CONT'D)
Relax. You'll survive. Take five bucks from my purse.

Louise finds Hildy's purse and looks inside, accidentally discovering HILDY'S SIG SAUER P239. She takes it out and turns, extending it to Hildy, trying to be helpful.

HILDY (CONT'D)
LOUISE! NO!

HILDY RIPS THE GUN OUT OF HER HAND. Louise wells up. Hildy grabs her in a hug, heart thumping, overwhelmed.

[MOS] PRE-LAPPING SOUND: HEART MONITOR BEEPING

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SF GENERAL - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON A MAN'S HANDS, as they carefully assemble a MODEL SAILBOAT, snapping pieces into place.

TERRY SEAGRAVE (43) works at a desk cluttered with tiny MODEL PARTS. He's rugged, built like a welterweight. There's mileage on his face. His eyes have seen things. But right now he's focused like a scientist on his boat.

His wife EMILY (38), watches him from the hospital bed. She's in grave physical condition, dying of cancer, but currently smiling sideways as she eyes his contraption.

EMILY
Any chance that thing ever sails?

Emily has a dry, sarcastic sense of humor -- it's her defense mechanism, and her survival technique. Terry turns to her and smiles. He didn't know she was awake.

TERRY
Superstructure's intact. Deck beams are giving me trouble. I'd say we're two nights away from a proper christening.
(beat)
How'd you sleep?

EMILY
The machines keep me up. The blinds don't close. There's no circulation in here.
(beat, deadpan)
I slept great.

Terry moves to her side and puts his hand against her face, smiling. His eyes saying, you are beautiful.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I've been having these vivid dreams, where I find myself reliving memories.
(beat)
It's probably the drugs.

Terry shrugs, then moves to the closet and puts on a fresh shirt. He lives in this room these days.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Remember the Redwoods up by Mendocino? That little State Park we went to?

TERRY
Montgomery Woods.

EMILY
(smiling)
You got naked in the Hot Springs with all those hippie pot-heads.

TERRY
When in Rome.

Emily cracks up at the memory, laughing.

EMILY
You thought there was a snake in the water, remember? You went tearing out of there, sprinted all the way to the parking lot! God, that was funny. You looked so ridiculous!

Terry forces a smile -- not that amused. Emily closes her eyes, suddenly drained. There's some distance between them, emotionally. Neither of them knows how this works.

DOCTOR SHRAKE (50) pokes his head in from the hallway. He sees Emily asleep, then indicates Terry outside.

DR. SHRAKE
Got a minute?

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

TERRY is outside Emily's room talking to their oncologist, DR. SHRAKE. A tough, stark conversation.

TERRY
What about Hopkins, the experimental injections? Let's do that.

DOCTOR SHRAKE
We crossed that bridge two months ago. It's no longer an option.

TERRY
She's a fighter, Doc. We're not going to give up.

Shrake exhales, determined to force Terry into reality.

DOCTOR SHRAKE
She has stage-4 pancreatic cancer, Terry, and it has spread to her liver and lungs. The yellowing of her skin and eyes? It's jaundice, a by-product of the accumulation of bile acids throughout her body. She can't eat. Her weight loss alone is unsustainable.
(beat)
She's dying, Terry, and she knows it. She's already lived longer than we ever thought she would. But whatever treatments we do now will just postpone the inevitable. If she's putting on a brave face, she's doing it for you.

Terry leans against the wall, fighting back emotions.

DOCTOR SHRAKE (CONT'D)
Take her home for hospice. Let her last days be about her, not about you.

Shrake pats him on the arm, then walks away.

A devastating beat as reality lands hard, like a shot to the gut. The CELL PHONE clipped to Terry's belt BUZZES, but he doesn't react; locked into a thousand-yard stare.

YOUNG UNIFORM (O.S.)
(pre-lap)
Coffee, Inspector?

CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - TENDERLOIN - MORNING

HILDY stares at a DEAD MAN in a tie-dye tee-shirt sitting on a couch in a pool of his own blood. His name is KEVIN NEYERS (50). There's a BULLET HOLE in his forehead.

YOUNG UNIFORM is next to her, holding a tray of coffees, eager to please. She doesn't look at him.

HILDY
Not necessary. I'm awake.

The room is a drug den, dilapidated, with aluminum foil on the windows. UNIFORM COPS and EMT TECHS swarm around, bagging EVIDENCE, snapping PHOTOS, DUSTING for prints.

SLUM LORD (O.S.)
I don't hear nothin'!

TERRY
That's a .44 Caliber hole in his head--

Hildy turns and eyes TERRY, partially visible in the HALLWAY. He has the SLUM LORD (40s, Chinese, broken English) cornered, and is up in his face.

TERRY (CONT'D)
--You would've heard that bullet.

SLUM LORD
This is Tenderloin. Chinese New Year. Boom boom boom! Explosions all time.

Terry shakes his head, then lets the SLUM LORD down and moves to Hildy. They look at the body, comparing notes.

HILDY
Hollow-point. Splatter marks and narrow stippling burns put the shooter at point blank.

TERRY
(eyeing the blood on the wall)
The blood's still congealing.

HILDY
Dry patterns put T.O.D. at around 2 AM.

Hildy moves to a small FRIDGE and looks inside.

HILDY (CONT'D)
He's got more groceries than I do. And enough fentanyl to kill an elephant.

She takes out a ZIP-LOCK OF MEDICAL LOLLIPOPS, shows it. Then she indicates the drug paraphernalia on the coffee table in front of NEYERS: spoons, needles, a full baggie.

HILDY (CONT'D)
Nearly a grand of product left behind.

TERRY
Guess that rules out his dealer.

HILDY
It's all laid out for us. Neat.

Terry looks at her, she's seeing something he's not.

TERRY
Go ahead.

Hildy pulls on gloves then picks up a used syringe.

HILDY
This was jabbed into his leg, right there. See the mark?
(beat, indicating)
The heroin was scattered around. There's blood on the needle, but the pump tube is clean. The syringe wasn't actually used.

TERRY
You're saying it's a decoy?

HILDY
Just another dead junkie.

TERRY
Smart.

They nod at the EMT TECHS indicating that it's safe to move the body, then move towards the window.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Surveillance cams?

HILDY
Out for a year.

TERRY
Room was set and swept. Professional.

HILDY
Mediocre. But no accident.

A uniformed cop, CAPUZZO (26), intercepts them.

CAPUZZO
You should hear this. The neighbor across the street.

Hildy and Terry nod, following Capuzzo out the front door. [MOS] as behind, NEYERS is zipped into a BODY BAG.

SUE DURHAM (O.S.)
(pre-lap)
'round 2:30 AM. Me and the wife were up late, enjoying a smoke.--

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - CRIME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

A tough city block deep in the TENDERLOIN. UNIFORMS and EMT TECH'S move around the scene. Neighbors casually watch from sidewalks and windows. Hildy and Terry are now mid-interview with SUE DURHAM (40s, butch, mixed-race).

SUE DURHAM
--Saw them sneak in, then come running right back out down the street like they saw a ghost. Couldn't a'been in there more than two, three minutes tops.
(beat)
We seen dem boys 'round before. They rip copper from abandoned buildings, tenement houses, powerlines. Sell it to metal recyclers for a couple bucks a pound.

HILDY
Do you know their names? Ages?

SUE DURHAM
We got a daughter. Fourteen next month. They younger than her, maybe twelve, thirteen. B-Hop's the black kid. Bernard Hopkins. His *hombre* is Franklin.

TERRY
Any idea where we could track them down?

SUE DURHAM
Try Boeddeker Park. That's the neighborhood hang.

HILDY
Thanks.

Sue nods, then heads back inside her home. Terry and Hildy move back towards the scene. The BODY BAG is on a stretcher, being loaded into an AMBULANCE.

An EMT TECH intercepts them, handing Terry an iPAD.

EMT TECH
We found it under the body.

Terry nods thanks. EMT Tech walks away. Hildy watches as Terry awkwardly flips the iPAD around in his hands.

HILDY
Do you know how to use it?

TERRY
Of course.

He's lying. Hildy reaches over, presses the POWER BUTTON.

HILDY
Don't hurt yourself.

Terry shoots her a sideways smile: fuck off.

ANGLE ON iPAD -- an "APPLICON" APPLICATION flickers to life, the company's RED LOGO filling the screen. [MOS]

BLOUNT (O.S.)
(pre-lap)
Our Apps are more than games, they are destinations where users go to get--

CUT TO:

EXT. SKIES OVER CALIFORNIA - DAY

Sunlight glints off a GULFSTREAM 550, as it glides over the cloud cover. Painted on the side, the APPLICON LOGO.

BLOUNT (O.S.)
--lost in alternate, utopian realities.--

CUT TO:

INT. GULFSTREAM 550 - DAY

We're in the spacious cabin of Blount's private jet. His corporate brain-trust is on board, scattered around the cabin in plush leather chairs. Blount's younger than everyone, but comfortably in charge. He holds up an iPAD.

BLOUNT
--But the experience is limited by the delivery system. The future will be dominated by the first company able to eliminate the device.

Seated across is board member SUSAN LIPTON (50, elegant).

LIPTON
How will that work, Erich?

BLOUNT
By bringing the user directly into the application. An immersive, 3-D experience allowing them to travel inside our virtual worlds.

The board members look at Blount. Blank stares. Blount eyes the hourglass figure of his stewardess CINDY (29) as she pours wine for board member PIERRE LECOURT (40).

LECOURT
I don't understand, Erich. Are we opening a theme park?

BLOUNT
That's funny.

Lipton eyes IVAN WEXLER, seated behind Erich.

LIPTON
Is there a prototype, Ivan?

IVAN
Soon. We need this final investment to get us across the line.

LECOURT
How much?

BLOUNT
Fifty million.

LIPTON
Can it wait until after the IPO?

BLOUNT
This is the tech business. It's a race.

LECOURT
Once we go public, you'll have plenty of money for R&D.

BLOUNT
Then what are we waiting for?

Blount looks at TINA MISHKIN (33), an attractive, sharply dressed, Ivy League investment banker.

TINA MISHKIN
After the Facebook debacle, it behooves us to do this roll out by the books.

BLOUNT
(teasing)
Did you just say behoove?

Next to Tina is DAVID HERTZBERG (40), Blount's slick, powerful attorney. He's wearing a $5000.00 suit.

HERTZBERG
She's saying we need to square away the Jeremy Leonard lawsuit. I agree.

TINA MISHKIN
A legal challenge to the IP of your most profitable product is a major red flag. Investors are emotional. Herd mentalities are impossible to turn around. If public opinion moves against you, it could sink any potential IPO.

There's something romantic in the way Erich looks at her.

BLOUNT
You've got a little food on your jacket, Tina. Right...there.

Blount reaches over and wipes a crumb off of Tina's breast. Tina can't help but smile, caught off guard. Cindy shoots her a disapproving look, then exits to the galley. A beat. Blount stands and looks at his team.

BLOUNT (CONT'D)
The Leonard lawsuit is a sideshow. My job is to keep this company focused on innovation. Deal with it, so I can lead.

Blount exits to the rear galley. Everyone goes back to work, chastised. Lipton eyes Tina, then shakes her head.

CUT TO:

INT. REAR GALLEY - G550 - MOMENTS LATER

Erich grabs Cindy by the arm and--

CINDY
Is something wrong?

BLOUNT
Absolutely.

--steers her into the bathroom, sliding the door shut.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spacious, full of mirrors. They share an illicit smile.

CINDY
You're crazy.

BLOUNT
Probably. But you know you love it.

She reaches for his belt, opening it. He grabs her and rips open her blouse. They start kissing, as we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT 2

FADE IN:

EXT. 850 BRYANT STREET - DAY ONE - AFTERNOON

Terry, holding the I-PAD, walks with Hildy towards 850 BRYANT STREET, a stone monolith that houses every element of the city's justice system. POLICE CRUISERS, AMBULANCES and CITY VEHICLES fly around the edges.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN LOBBY - 850 BRYANT STREET - CONTINUOUS

CITY STAFFERS and UNIFORMED COPS move in all directions, in and out of open office DOORS. Terry and Hildy enter through the main corridor, past the famous PLAQUE TO FALLEN OFFICERS, towards the ELEVATORS, getting on.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Terry and Hildy are suddenly alone. Terry eyes the iPAD, then hands it to Hildy.

TERRY
Take a look at this e-mail. The last message he sent.

Hildy looks at the I-PAD, READS: "SENT MESSAGES"

TO: ERICH BLOUNT
FROM: KEVIN NEYERS
Erich, my boy.
Help an old man out.
$50,000 by dawn, or I'll go public.
Last chance.
KN

Hildy looks at Terry, caught off guard. The doors OPEN.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Who the hell is Erich Blount?

HILDY
You're kidding, right?

CUT TO:

EXT. 4TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Hildy and Terry exit the elevator, walking towards a door labeled "ROOM 455-HOMICIDE." Hildy speaks low.

HILDY
This case just got more interesting.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 455 - HOMICIDE - MOMENTS LATER

A tight, narrow room twenty years behind the times. 12 CUBICLES. COMPUTERS. FILE BOXES stacked to the ceiling.

Terry and Hildy are mid-debrief with Lieutenant JIM KOTO (35), Japanese American, all business, with movie-star looks and a Stanford degree. Behind Koto are INSPECTORS DAVID MOLK (45), fat, smart, but lazy; and his tall partner HENRY NAVARRO (35), ambitious but not bright.

TERRY
Erich Blount. One of these Silicon Valley brats.

Hildy eyes Terry, sideways -- he's suddenly an expert.

KOTO
The CEO of Applicon. I know who he is.

HILDY
The victim sent him a threatening e-mail the night before he was killed.

TERRY
We found it on this.

Terry hands Koto the I-PAD. He turns it on.

MOLK
Junkie with an iPad, and we're still using PalmPilots.

TERRY
It's a threat. It implies an existing relationship.

KOTO
It's pretty vague.

HILDY
I agree. We have no idea if that's even Blount's e-mail address. And there's no evidence that he ever replied.

KOTO
Is there an obvious connection between Blount and the victim?

HILDY
No.

TERRY
But we're just getting started.

KOTO
Let me see the body.

Hildy hands KOTO a folder of blurry photos from the crime scene. He flips to a gruesome shot of KEVIN NEYERS.

HILDY
Kevin Neyers. Age 50.

TERRY
Twenty arrests on his record. Half a dozen convictions. Possession. Distribution. B&Es. A couple assaults.

HILDY
Not exactly a boy scout.

KOTO holds up a photo of the FENTANYL POPS.

TERRY
Fentanyl Lollipops, used for Stage 4 cancer patients. Street value around a G.

KOTO
That should narrow down the dealers.

HILDY
A neighbor said she saw two boys enter and exit the building around T.O.D.. Copper thieves. She'd seen them before.

KOTO
Find 'em.

TERRY
And we'll try to track down this Blount character and see if he got this e-mail.

KOTO
Last I heard, Jimmy Salter was running Applicon security.

TERRY
(smiles)
Salter? He was my first boss.

KOTO
Reach out to his office, but use discretion, Seagrave. Blount's got sway in this building.

NAVARRO
(conspiratorial)
He bankrolled Mayor Flowers' campaign.

TERRY
I'll be my usual charming self.

KOTO
Just let Mulligan do the talking.

Terry eyes Hildy, smiling. Molk and Navarro move back to their desks. Koto looks at Terry, speaks quietly.

KOTO (CONT'D)
How're things?

Terry just shrugs. Koto pats him on the shoulder, then walks away. Hildy looks at Terry kindly, they share eyes. They both know that 'things' are not good.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - FINANCIAL DISTRICT - AFTERNOON

Terry and Hildy walk down a busy sidewalk, through a mob of DOWNTOWN PROFESSIONALS.

TERRY
They're moving her home for hospice.

HILDY
Shouldn't you be there?

TERRY
You would think. But Emily shot that down, said I'd just get in the way. She insists I keep working.

Terry shrugs, at a loss. Confused. A beat.

TERRY (CONT'D)
I have no idea what I'm doing, Hildy. There's no manual for this.

HILDY
Just keep listening to Emily. She's a strong woman. She knows what she needs, and what you need.

They reach an intersection and stop for the light. They stare across at 101 CALIFORNIA STREET, the modern skyscraper that houses APPLICON.

HILDY's phone BUZZES. She looks at it--

PHONE TEXT READS: "YOU HAVE FOUR NEW MATCHES"

A Dating App. Hildy tries to hide it from Terry, but he sees it and smiles, eager to rib.

TERRY
Cupid calls?

HILDY
Don't start.

TERRY
It's sad to see you pimp yourself out on the Internet. You're a decent catch.

HILDY
It's 2013. This is how the world works.

TERRY
Let me see.

A beat. Hildy exhales, then hands him her phone.

HILDY
You enter your preferences. It comes back with possible matches.

The light changes. Terry studies her phone as they cross.

TERRY
Attractive, athletic build, graduate degree, high income bracket.

HILDY
(grabbing the phone)
That's enough.

TERRY
(teasing)
Firm buttocks.

HILDY
Hilarious.

TERRY
Any luck?

HILDY
Nope.

TERRY
Can I make a friendly suggestion?

HILDY
Nope.

TERRY
Try lowering your standards.

They walk past the terraced gardens, towards APPLICON'S main entrance. Hildy pushes through the doors, then turns back to Terry and smiles.

HILDY
Maybe Erich Blount is single?

Off on Terry, not amused. Touché.

CUT TO:

INT. PROGRAMMER'S BULLPEN - APPLICON OFFICES - DAY

High above, ERICH BLOUNT walks onto a floor of COMPUTER PROGRAMMERS -- Applicon's nerve center.

Everyone looks barely out of high school, dressed casually, listening to music on headphones, hacking away. One by one they notice Blount and stop working.

BLOUNT
It's gametime. Who wants a promotion?

A beat. Everyone gathers around, nervous and excited. Blount's not just the boss, but a rock star to them.

BLOUNT (CONT'D)
I need a new senior programmer. You'll be moving over to R&D: special projects. We need someone fast, loyal, original, a free thinker willing to follow orders and occasionally break rules.
(beat)
So the game is simple. One of our corporate partners has been using a bug in one of our Apps to collect UDIDs--unique device identifiers--zip codes, phone numbers, user preferences...a pretty sophisticated violation of privacy. They're storing our data on a secure database, complete with reverse track cyber forensics, the works. So, the first one who can hack around their walls and then track down our UDIDs using our preexisting digital fingerprints without setting off any alarms, wins a new job and a hundred thousand dollar raise.

Excitement in the room.

YOUNG PROGRAMMER #1
Where do we start?

YOUNG PROGRAMMER #2
Try the company's blacklist IP, idiot.
(beat, realizing; to BLOUNT)
Wait. What's the company?

BLOUNT
Bay-Bell.

Half nod and jump to work. The other half hesitates.

BLOUNT (CONT'D)
All of you still standing, you're out of the competition.

The hesitaters jump to their computers and hack away.

BLOUNT (CONT'D)
Let's remind our partners that they're vulnerable, and that they shouldn't screw with our data!

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - 101 CALIFORNIA CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Terry and Hildy wait at the MAIN DESK in the bustling, marble lobby. SUITS and PROGRAMMERS swarm to and fro. SALTER approaches them. Terry smiles at his old buddy.

TERRY
Captain Salter!

SALTER
(shaking hands)
It's just Jimmy now, Terry. Miss Mulligan.

HILDY
Nice to meet you. I've heard good things.

SALTER
You've got two minutes. Make it snappy.

They follow him towards the ELEVATOR BANK.

CUT TO:

INT. PROGRAMMER'S BULLPEN - APPLICON OFFICES - SAME

Blount walks through the programmers, admiring the chaos that he has created, as BAY-BELL DATA pours over screens.

TONIA
Got it!

An attractive young female programmer, TONIA (20) with funky blue hair, pushes back from her desk. Blount moves to her, studies her screen.

ANGLE AT THE EXIT -- Salter, Terry and Hildy appear and stand at the edge of the room, quietly watching.

Then a LOUD RING. It's Blount's CELL. He looks at it, caught off guard. Concern on his face. He answers, putting it on speaker phone.

BLOUNT (INTO PHONE)
This is Erich.

SHEPARD (O.S.)
(phone filter)
Blount! What the hell?!

BLOUNT (INTO PHONE)
Who's this?

SHEPARD (O.S.)
Bob Shepard!

SHEPARD'S voice is ferocious, you can feel his anger spilling out of the phone. Panic ripples across the room. Terry and Hildy share eyes. Blount feigns surprise.

BLOUNT (INTO PHONE)
What's wrong, Bob?

SHEPARD (O.S.)
My network's being hacked. Two million customers are about to lose phone service. It's a goddamn meltdown.

BLOUNT (INTO PHONE)
(beat, downplaying)
It's gotta be China.

SHEPARD (O.S.)
Bullshit, it's you! Your entire programming department is attacking my main frame! I've got all the IPs right here! I'm calling the FBI!

Blount looks around at his team. Terror on their faces, as they all push back from their machines.

BLOUNT (INTO PHONE)
Slow down, Bob. Let's figure this out.

SHEPARD (O.S.)
Who the hell's Tonia Kravitz?

All eyes swing to TONIA. She's nervous, sweating.

BLOUNT (INTO PHONE)
She's new. Entry level.

SHEPARD (O.S.)
Let me talk to her.

Blount indicates her over, hands her the phone. She swallows hard, totally in shock.

TONIA (INTO PHONE)
Hello. This is Tonia.

A beat. Then a sweet new tone by Shepard.

SHEPARD (O.S.)
Congratulations Tonia. Well done. You just got promoted.

Everyone computes, then GROANS. LAUGHTER. They've been had. Blount eyes Tonia, as she exhales.

BLOUNT
Nice work. That was fun.

He turns and sees Salter standing with Terry and Hildy. Salter nods, indicating him over.

CUT TO:

INT. ALCOVE - APPLICON OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

A small alcove on the other side of the elevators. BLOUNT studies a photo of KEVIN NEYERS. Salter stands by the door. HILDY and TERRY stare out the WINDOWS -- the same CITY perspective as in the opening hologram.

Blount looks at Hildy. They hold eyes for a brief second -- a flash of chemistry, which Terry catches. Blount hands Terry the photo of Neyers.

BLOUNT
It's hard to say. I meet a lot of people. Why? Who is he?

HILDY
Kevin Neyers. He was killed last night in the Tenderloin.

TERRY
Shot in the head. Point blank.

A beat, as Blount processes, blown back.

HILDY
We found an iPad in his apartment. The last e-mail he sent was two nights ago. It was to you.

Terry hands Blount a printout, which he reads.

ANGLE ON PRINTOUT, E-MAIL MESSAGE READS:

TO: ERICH BLOUNT
FROM: KEVIN NEYERS
Erich, my boy.
Help an old man out.
$50,000 by dawn, or I'll go public.
Last chance.
KN

Blount studies it.

TERRY
Do you remember getting that e-mail?

BLOUNT
No. But I'm way behind on e-mails. We had a corporate retreat in Santa Fe. I've been out of town all week.

Terry and Hildy look at Salter. He nods, confirming.

HILDY
Do you have any idea who this guy is, or what he's referencing when he says he'll go public?

BLOUNT
(shakes his head)
I get three thousand e-mails a day.

TERRY
Do they all involve blackmail?

BLOUNT
Most ask for money. Some send business proposals, others issue vague threats. It comes with the territory. We log them all. Jimmy can show you.

HILDY
Any idea how he tracked down your address?

BLOUNT
Erich at Applicon dot com. It's public, on our web site. I try to stay accessible.

TERRY
Man of the people.

Hildy and Salter shoot Terry eyes: behave.

SALTER
Okay, I think we're done.

Blount smiles at Hildy, who smiles back. There's a subtle chemistry between them. Then Blount abruptly walks off.

Salter guides Terry and Hildy back to the elevators. Hildy hands Salter her business card.

HILDY
If he remembers anything, have him give me a call. That's my cell.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - LATE AFTERNOON

Hildy drives through the city, back towards the Tenderloin. Remnants from the LUNAR PARADE line the streets. Terry stares out the window, thinking.

TERRY
That stunt with his programmers? He's a pretty good liar.

HILDY
As far as the e-mail goes, I thought he was credible.

TERRY
He was smooth.

HILDY
He was in Santa Fe.
(beat)
Why? You think he knows more?

TERRY
Guys like him always know more.

HILDY
Well I thought he was charming.

Terry shoots her suspicious eyes. She smiles, teasing.

TERRY
Let's just go find our copper thieves.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOEDDEKER PARK - SAN FRANCISCO - MAGIC HOUR

Hildy and Terry walk into a Tenderloin park. Terry is on the phone, dealing with his wife's move.

TERRY (INTO PHONE)
How many watts? I have no idea. Look, just set her up in the rear den. There should be two or three outlets on the wall. I'll be back within the hour.

He hangs up. He's angry. The pressure is getting to him.

HILDY
Go home. I can handle this.

He looks around. The park is full of addicts, drunks, and local street kids playing basketball.

TERRY
No. But let's make this quick.

They approach the court where B-HOP (12) twists past his defender, down the lane, as FRANKLIN (13) feeds him the ball for a reverse lay up. Hildy grabs a RUCKSACK on the edge of the court. Franklin and B-Hop see her, rush over.

B-HOP
YO! PUT THAT DOWN!

TERRY
(flashing his badge)
B-Hop? Franklin? We need to talk.

Hildy joins them, holding the rucksack. She opens it and dumps its contents -- FULL OF COPPER and SCRAP METAL.

HILDY
You two are in serious trouble.

TERRY
Major leagues. San Quentin.

HILDY
They'll eat you alive in there.

B-HOP
For copper?

TERRY
Try murder.

HILDY
We've got you on video.

The boys swallow hard, terrified. Franklin makes a break for it, SPRINTING. But Terry lunges after him, grabbing him by the neck and pulling him to the ground.

Hildy keeps her eye on B-HOP, but he's not going anywhere, frozen, tongue-tied, in shock. His pants are wetting from the inside. Franklin shoots him eyes.

FRANKLIN
B-Hop! What are you doin', man?

TERRY
Pissing his pants.

HILDY
You're scared because you know something about that murder.

B-HOP
We didn't kill nobody.

TERRY
Maybe. But you know who did.

A beat as the boys hesitate, looking at each other.

HILDY
Obstruction of justice on a first degree murder. Your prints at the scene. Not to mention the copper. Destruction of city property. Grand theft.

TERRY
Plenty to get you two tried as adults.

FRANKLIN
We didn't see nothing.

B-HOP
(cracking)
Tell 'em Franklin.

Franklin is stone-faced. He's not talking. Terry looks at Hildy. His eyes say, play along.

TERRY
Suit yourself.

Terry takes out his cuffs and grabs B-Hop by the ear, hard. Hildy takes Franklin by the arm.

TERRY (CONT'D)
You have the right to remain silent...

FRANKLIN
Whoa! Whoa!

HILDY
Anything you say, can and will...

B-HOP
Okay! Maybe we saw someone in there.

FRANKLIN
(to B-HOP)
Cabron! You gonna get us killed.

HILDY
What'd he look like?

B-HOP
Like one of those white bikers.

Hildy and Terry share eyes and let up some. Bingo. Franklin exhales, the cat's out of the bag.

FRANKLIN
Hells Angel. But homeless. Smelled like piss.

B-HOP
He's a dealer. Crazy. Always packing.

FRANKLIN
He's gonna kill us when he hears we ratted him out.

HILDY
What's his name?

B-HOP
Blue Big Bird.

HILDY
Blue what?

FRANKLIN
That's what we call him.

B-HOP
He has Big Bird inked on his neck. But it's blue.

Hildy and Terry hold eyes. They've got a lead. They release the two boys, who brush off.

B-HOP (CONT'D)
Yo, do I need a lawyer?

TERRY
Go on. Beat it.

They look at them, then grab their RUCKSACK and jog away. Hildy smiles, pleased with their progress.

HILDY
Blue Big Bird.

Terry's phone buzzes. He looks at the screen: EMILY

TERRY
I gotta get home.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER RICHMOND - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS pierce through the fog that shrouds a flat, middle-class neighborhood. We track an UNMARKED CRUISER as it passes, then pulls into a driveway and parks.

INT. TERRY'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Terry opens the FRONT DOOR, turns on a LIGHT. A beat, then a short, attractive Dominican woman, NURSE JOSEFINA (35), appears from the hallway.

NURSE JOSEFINA
Hi Mister Seagrave, I'm Josefina.

TERRY
The nurse?

NURSE JOSEFINA
Yes. Doctor Shrake sent me over.

Terry just stares at her. He's not ready for this.

INT. DEN - TERRY'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

EMILY is lying a hospital bed, which has been situated by the window overlooking the city. She's sweating, staring out. Terry quietly enters, stopping and staring at her. A beat. She knows he is there, but doesn't look.

EMILY
I'm not suddenly contagious.

She turns and smiles, but none of this is funny to Terry.

TERRY
I met Josefina.

EMILY
My new best friend.

TERRY
She seems nice.

EMILY
She's helping me die. She better be nice.

Terry exhales, biting his tongue. He eyes a PICTURE FRAME on the mantle above her bed--

ANGLE ON PHOTO: A younger Terry standing between Emily and Hildy, arm in arm at a picnic. A simpler time.

TERRY
Your sister called me. I told her to come over in the morning.

EMILY
Great. If cancer doesn't kill me, her stories will.

A beat. Terry's had enough.

TERRY
You gotta stop saying things like that, Emily.

EMILY
Saying what?

TERRY
Making jokes.

She turns and looks out the window, biting her tongue.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Look. I'm going to take a couple days off from work. I should be here with you.

EMILY
(cold and firm)
We've discussed this. You'd go crazy. Keep living, Terry. Go to work.

Off on Terry, exhaling. He has no idea how this works.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT 3

FADE IN:

EXT. 850 BRYANT STREET - MORNING - DAY TWO

Sun glints off the windows of 850 Bryant Street.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 455 - HOMICIDE - SAME

HILDY is working on her computer. KOTO is looking over her shoulder. NAVARRO is at his desk. They all do their best to ignore Terry, who is in a foul mood, struggling to close a stuffed, broken drawer in his desk.

He rattles it around, forcing it. Angry. Then he finally just rips the drawer out, SLAMMING IT ON THE FLOOR. It makes a loud sound, like a GUN SHOT.

Everyone stares at Terry like he's lost his mind. A beat. Terry leaves. Then Koto looks at Hildy.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - 850 BRYANT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Terry, fuming, crosses the hall and slams into the men's room, nearly breaking the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - 850 BRYANT STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Terry, at the sink, splashes water on his face, then dries himself with a paper towel. He stares into the mirror, angry, but trying to gather himself.

The door opens and Hildy enters. She looks to make sure they are alone, then moves next to Terry. A long beat. She doesn't know what to say.

TERRY
Don't tiptoe around me.

HILDY
Look, you're going through a lot. Everyone understands.

TERRY
What do they understand? Because I don't understand any of it!

HILDY
So bag it and go home. Go be with Emily.

A tough beat. He shakes his head, then turns to Hildy, lowering his guard, desperation in his eyes.

TERRY
I can't just sit there and watch her die.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 455 - HOMICIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Hildy and Terry return from the bathroom. Terry is composed now, all business. They gather around Hildy's computer again, with Koto and Navarro looking on.

ANGLE ON HILDY'S COMPUTER: Flickering with faces, as she searches the criminal database for BIG BIRD TATTOOS.

KOTO
How many Big Bird Tattoos?

HILDY
Fifteen.

NAVARRO
And who said PBS is on the ropes?

HILDY
The problem is, none of them are blue.

TERRY
Maybe we've got the wrong character.

KOTO
What else do we have?

TERRY
Not much. Neyers doesn't seem to have any living relatives. His body's still unclaimed at the morgue.

HILDY
We looked back through his record. He had a regular accomplice early on.

TERRY
A girlfriend.

KOTO
Is she worth talking to?

HILDY
She's dead. Oakland P.D. found her in an alley 25 years ago. Coroner said it was a routine O.D.. No foul play.

TERRY
But Neyers and this girl got in a lot of trouble together.

HILDY
Her parents are still around. James and Betty Harbach. We've got an address for them in Oakland. At the moment, other than Blue Big Bird, that's all we've got.

TERRY
(disagreeing)
We've got the e-mail to Blount.

HILDY
Blount claims he didn't get the e-mail. He was in Santa Fe.

A beat. MOLK enters from the break room, full of vigor.

MOLK
Just an FYI, I'm on The Master Cleanse.

NAVARRO
The what?

MOLK
The Master Cleanse. Lemons. Cayane Pepper. Don't touch my juice in the fridge.

They all look at him, then away -- to be ignored.

KOTO
Molk and Navarro, take over the search for Blue Big Bird. Narrow the field.

MOLK
Blue who?

KOTO
(to Hildy and Terry)
Take a field trip to Oakland. Talk to the girlfriend's parents. Maybe we'll get lucky.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAY BRIDGE - DAY

The UNMARKED CRUISER moves east, across the BAY BRIDGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARBACH'S HOME - OAKLAND - CONTINUOUS

A poor neighborhood in East Oakland. Hildy and Terry get out of their cruiser. They move to the porch of a dilapidated single family home with bars on the windows and doors. Tough young men watch from the street corners.

Terry watches the street, while Hildy knocks several times. The door finally opens, answered by a grouchy JAMES HARBACH (80) in sweatpants with electrocuted hair. He looks Terry and Hildy over. They flash their badges.

TERRY
Mr. Harbach? Inspector Seagrave, my partner Inspector Mulligan.

HILDY
We just need a minute of your time.

CUT TO:

INT. HARBACH'S HOME - OAKLAND - MOMENTS LATER

James Harbach triple locks the door. The house was last decorated in the 1970s. A variety of old exercise equipment. Oakland A's memorabilia. Golf on the TV.

Terry and Hildy are greeted warmly by BETTY HARBACH (70), dressed like June Cleaver.

BETTY HARBACH
Would you like some tea?

JAMES HARBACH
Make this quick. I'm watching golf.

BETTY HARBACH
I don't drink black teas, I'm allergic to tannins. But I do have green, camomile, and pomegranate.

JAMES HARBACH
Who died?

HILDY
Green tea would be nice.

TERRY
Your daughter, Sarah Harbach--

JAMES HARBACH
She died 25 years ago. You're late.

TERRY
--She had a friend named Kevin Neyers.

HILDY
He was murdered two nights ago. We found his body in the Tenderloin.

An awkward beat, as James and Betty barely flinch. Betty moves to the kitchenette, puts a pot on the stove.

JAMES HARBACH
Well if you find out who killed him, give them our congratulations.

HILDY
I know it's been a long time, but do you know of any enemies he might've had?

JAMES HARBACH
Sure. Here's a list of them.

James picks up a WHITE PAGES off the floor and tosses it to Terry. He catches the book and eyes Hildy.

BETTY HARBACH
He killed our daughter. You understand.

HILDY
I thought she died from an overdose.

BETTY HARBACH
He fed her those drugs. It's how he controlled her.

JAMES HARBACH
He was an addict. A pimp. He turned our daughter out, knocked her up, and then left her to die.

TERRY
When was the last time you saw him?

Betty and James hold a look.

JAMES HARBACH
It had been 25 years.

BETTY HARBACH
And then about 6 months ago he showed up.

JAMES HARBACH
He tried to squeeze some money out of us. I told him to get lost or I'd call the cops.

Terry takes out a piece of paper and hands it to James.

TERRY
That's the last message Kevin Neyers sent, the night before he was killed.
(James studies it.)
Do you know the man he sent it to?

Betty moves to James and looks at the e-mail. Shock reads on both of their faces, as they look at Hildy and Terry.

JAMES HARBACH
Erich Blount.

BETTY HARBACH
Our grandson. Kevin's son.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - EAST OAKLAND - MOMENTS LATER

JAMES and BETTY HARBACH slowly walk and talk with HILDY and TERRY, down an alley, towards MLK. They are wearing winter coats. James is eager to show them something.

BETTY HARBACH
When Sarah got pregnant, she came to us for advice. We knew it was Kevin's.

JAMES HARBACH
We told her to get rid of it.

BETTY HARBACH
But Sarah wanted to keep it. She moved back here to the East Bay and started going to the 12-step meetings. They meet in the basement of that church.

Betty indicates a CHURCH, visible at the corner.

JAMES HARBACH
She was good for a while. We had our daughter back. She gave birth to a boy. A beautiful boy. We were grandparents.

BETTY HARBACH
But the pressure got to her and she fell back into things with Kevin. Back into the drugs.

JAMES HARBACH
Course he didn't want that baby, couldn't even look at it for fear that it might shock him out of his drug-addled haze.

They reach MLK BLVD, near the CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

BETTY HARBACH
Once he had Sarah nice and strung out, he snuck out with our baby grandson and dumped him right over there, in the hospital parking lot. Left him in a box, like a stray cat.

JAMES HARBACH
The world's better off with Kevin dead.

They turn and move down another alley, which moves under the elevated 580 FREEWAY. Cars whiz overhead.

JAMES HARBACH (CONT'D)
They found Sarah's body right over there, under this overpass.

BETTY HARBACH
We tried to find our grandson, but by then it was too late. He was sucked into the system. We couldn't find him no matter how hard we tried.

Terry and Hildy share eyes, moved by the story.

BETTY HARBACH (CONT'D)
We lost our daughter and our grandson, our only family, right here, by our home, in the space of three city blocks.

TERRY
You ever think about moving?

JAMES HARBACH
Nah, the pain from losing a loved one, it ain't something you can run from. It's internal. It sticks with you forever.

Terry is taken aback, as thoughts of Emily suddenly take hold. Hildy notices.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Hildy and a subdued Terry finish their interview with the Harbach's over coffee at an old fashioned diner.

BETTY HARBACH
It was Erich Blount who figured out that he was our grandson. I have no idea how. But he had put it together.

JAMES HARBACH
He has money, Betty. You could find Jimmy Hoffa with his money.

HILDY
So Erich came and saw you first, before Kevin?

BETTY HARBACH
He knocked on our door about a year ago. I knew he was our grandson the moment I laid eyes on him. He has Jimmy's nose.

JAMES HARBACH
We had him in, talked to him for hours. He had a lot of questions. We told him everything, as best we could. Then he was gone. Just like that. Didn't leave us a penny. An address. Nothing. We haven't seen him since.

BETTY HARBACH
Oh I don't blame him James. He doesn't owe us anything.

JAMES HARBACH
(bitter)
A little charity wouldn't have killed him.

A beat. Terry signals for the check.

BETTY HARBACH
Can I ask...are you two married?

Hildy almost drops her coffee. Terry freezes.

BETTY HARBACH (CONT'D)
Because I see you talking with your eyes the way us married couples do.

HILDY
We're just partners.

TERRY
It's sort of the same thing.

JAMES HARBACH
But without the sex. Ha!

Hildy looks away, embarrassed.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - AFTERNOON

Hildy drives Terry across the crowded BAY BRIDGE. They are back at work, debating the investigation.

HILDY
So let's assume Neyers was Blount's biological father and he was asking for hush money, to keep the family secret. If Blount really cared, why wouldn't he just pay the guy off and be done with it?

TERRY
'cause then you're never done with it. The question is why did Blount lie to us.

HILDY
We're cops. Everybody lies to us.

TERRY
Or maybe he was involved.

HILDY
Or maybe he just didn't want us digging into his past.

TERRY
Too late for that, I guess.

HILDY
Blount's interesting. There's no doubt about it. But his involvement in Neyers' death is nothing more than a theory. He was in Santa Fe. We have zero evidence. We don't have a case.
(MORE)

HILDY (CONT'D)
Now Blue Big Bird, that's a case. We've got two witnesses placing him at the scene.

TERRY
Except we don't know that Blue Big Bird actually exists.

HILDY
Molk and Navarro will find him.

TERRY
(shoots her eyes: please)
Let's have one more conversation with Blount.

Terry DIALS A PHONE NUMBER, puts it on speakerphone.

SALTER (O.S.)
Salter.

TERRY
Jimmy, it's Terry Seagrave. Listen, I need to speak to your boss again.

SALTER (O.S.)
He's on his way to SFO. He's got a meeting in LA.

TERRY
When is he back?

SALTER (O.S.)
Listen, Terry. His lawyer's David Hertzberg. You know him?

TERRY
Pitbull. Sure.

SALTER (O.S.)
He ripped my head off for letting you speak to Blount without him. I'm on thin ice. From now on you gotta work through Hertzberg. Call his office. Set it up.

Terry clicks off, shares a look with Hildy. He looks out the front window. They are just off the BAY BRIDGE on the 101. Hildy puts on her blinker to exit downtown.

TERRY
Don't exit. Stay on the 101.

Hildy looks out the window at the SIGNS ABOVE THE FREEWAY, INDICATING THE AIRPORT, then at Terry.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SFO TARMAC - PRIVATE JET TERMINAL - DAY - DAY TWO

THE APPLICON G-500 is on the TARMAC, being gassed up and loaded with a few bags. TERRY and HILDY exit the hangar and cross the tarmac towards the plane's open door.

CUT TO:

INT. GULFSTREAM 550 - MOMENTS LATER

Terry and Hildy enter the main cabin, looking around in awe. CINDY eyes them from the rear galley, where she unloads bottles of wine and sparkling water.

CINDY
Can I help you?

HILDY
We're looking for Erich Blount.

BILL WILKERSON (40), Blount's all-American Pilot, exits from the cockpit, holding his flight log.

TERRY
Are you the pilot?

WILKERSON
That's right. Bill Wilkerson.

They flash their BADGES.

TERRY
We were told to meet Mr. Blount here. He's helping us with an investigation.

Wilkerson eyes them up and down.

WILKERSON
He'll be here any minute. Have a seat.

Terry and Hildy sit in the plush leather seats. They share eyes. The plane is spectacular and intimidating. Terry smiles at Wilkerson, on edge.

TERRY
Do you mind if I take a look at your flight log?

Wilkerson looks at him, caught off guard. He hands the FLIGHT LOG to Terry. He flips through it.

TERRY (CONT'D)
You flew into Santa Fe on Monday. It says here you were parked there until you flew back on Thursday?

WILKERSON
That's right. We were there for The Applicon Board meeting.

TERRY
So Mr. Blount was with you?

WILKERSON
Yes. It's his company. And his plane. What's this about?

HILDY
Is there any chance Blount left Santa Fe during that period?

WILKERSON
Not that I know of. We went jogging every morning. He had meetings all day with the board. Dinners and drinks at night. He was the center of attention all week. I doubt he had a moment to himself.

HERTZBERG and BLOUNT enter the plane from the TARMAC, surprised to find Hildy and Terry. An awkward beat.

HERTZBERG
What's this?

Cindy hides in the galley. Wilkerson hesitates. Blount pushes past Hertzberg, recognizing Terry and Hildy.

BLOUNT
Inspectors Mulligan and Seagrave. SFPD.

TERRY
We just have a couple of questions, Mr. Blount.

HERTZBERG
(firm, to Hildy and Terry)
I'm his attorney. We're late. Call my office. We'll set a meeting.

TERRY
(undeterred, to Blount)
It'll just take a minute. But we can have you come down to 850 Bryant Street if you prefer.

Hertzberg and Blount hold eyes. A blatant threat.

BLOUNT
I've got exactly one minute.

Hildy takes out the photo of KEVIN NEYERS, and the E-MAIL print out and hands them both to BLOUNT.

HILDY
You sure you don't recognize this man?

BLOUNT
I told you I meet a lot of people.

TERRY
Which really isn't an answer.

A beat, as Blount studies Terry's face, dead serious. Blount makes up his mind, and opens up.

BLOUNT
Okay, yes, I've seen him. His name is Kevin Neyers. Chances are he's my biological father. I'm adopted. I was curious. Jimmy Salter and I did some research. We narrowed it down to this guy. I went to meet him a couple of months ago, I thought it might have some meaning, maybe answer some existential questions. But you saw how Neyers lives. He's a junkie. Worthless. I felt bad for him. But I didn't feel any sort of biological kinship. I was disappointed, but I was also relieved. I realized that I wasn't missing anything. I am who I am. I was raised by loving, adoptive parents. I lucked out. Kevin Neyers was my sperm donor, nothing more. So I gave him some money and said goodbye. But I guess he figured out who I was, found my e-mail address and started asking for money.

HILDY
He threatened you with going public.

BLOUNT
To announce to the world that he was my father? Do you think anybody cares?

TERRY
Maybe you care.

BLOUNT
No, I don't. If anything, it's kind of funny. I mean, my dad was a junkie, a pimp and a two-bit con; and my mother was an addict and a whore. And here I am, on my private jet. Only in America, right?

TERRY
Why didn't you tell us this before?

BLOUNT
You didn't ask.

TERRY
Well then, I'd hate to make that mistake twice.
(beat, firm)
Mr. Blount, did you kill Kevin Neyers?

HERTZBERG
(reeling, furious)
That's enough! Don't answer that question Erich.

BLOUNT
Relax, David. I didn't kill Kevin Neyers. That's ridiculous, and they know it.

Blount looks at Terry and smiles -- back off.

BLOUNT (CONT'D)
Now if you'll excuse me, I have $400 million on a table in Century City. Someone's trying to take it from me. I need to go get it back.

Hildy and Terry hold a look. They're done.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - AERIAL - DAY

Blount's JET descends over CATALINA ISLAND, towards LAX.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV LIMOSUINE - DAY

Blount stares out the window, lost in his head. His mood is foul, as he looks out at BEVERLY HILLS.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE - CENTURY CITY - AFTERNOON

A bland conference room. BLOUNT and HERTZBERG are mid-negotiations, sitting across from JEREMY LEONARD (29), over-dressed in Brioni, and HANK HOWEY (51), his lawyer. The WEST HOLLYWOOD HILLS are visible out the windows.

LEONARD
The contract was signed based on misleading assumptions. It was for my services, not my proprietary IP.

BLOUNT
I bought your company. It included your services, and your proprietary IP.
(indicating)
(MORE)

BLOUNT (CONT'D)
It’s right there in the signed contract. Have you read it?

LEONARD
You misled me. You never used my services.

BLOUNT
They weren’t necessary. You should be happy. I paid you to do nothing.

LEONARD
You defrauded me, Erich! All you ever wanted was my tree game app. You turned my software into 400 million dollars of revenue! I’m entitled to a big chunk of that upside!

BLOUNT
(holds up his middle finger)
You’re entitled to this.

Hertzberg shoots Blount eyes, saying let me do this.

HERTZBERG
How much is it going to take, gentlemen?

HOWEY
200 million seems more than fair.

HERTZBERG
2 million. Cash. Or we’ll take it to court and win.

LEONARD
That’s insulting! That’s nothing!

BLOUNT
Actually, it’s exactly 2 million dollars more than nothing. More than you deserve.

LEONARD
Do you really want a messy trial, Erich? Just as you’re ramping up for an IPO?

BLOUNT
Are you threatening me?

LEONARD
You claim you’re this tech genius, this modern Edison! Wait until the world learns that you’re a fraud!

All eyes on Erich, full of rage. He leans across the table and gets in Leonard’s face. He could kill him.

BLOUNT
You get nothing, you ungrateful prick. Without me, you are nothing. Worthless.
(MORE)

BLOUNT (CONT'D)
I could find a thousand Indian programmers who could do what you did with that app. You're a gold digger, Leonard, and you happened upon a diamond. But you weren't even smart enough to recognize it. You should thank me for the pants you're wearing. Everything you have you owe to me.
(beat, ferocious)
When I'm done with you, with all the lawyer fees, you'll have nothing, which is exactly what you deserve. This is war.

Blount slams out of the room. Leonard is shell shocked. Hertzberg stands and smiles, an ice-cold professional.

HERTZBERG
Gentleman, see you in court.

CUT TO:

INT. GULFSTREAM 550 - MAIN CABIN - FLYING - DAY

BLOUNT is in a foul mood, staring out the window as they fly up the coast. HERTZBERG is seated across, eyeing him.

HERTZBERG
How about a glass of wine?

No reaction. Hertzberg motions to CINDY in the back.

BLOUNT
I want you to destroy him, David. I don't care how much it costs.

HERTZBERG
I'm happy to take your money, but you're making a mistake. Offer Leonard ten, he'll settle for twelve point five. That's chump change compared to the price of a trial.

BLOUNT
He gets nothing. Just do your job.
(beat)
Or maybe I'll find a new lawyer.

Hertzberg doesn't react, calling his bluff.

HERTZBERG
Maybe you should.

Blount shoots him eyes, then an angry smile. Cindy approaches and pours Erich a glass of wine.

Then the plane hits a sudden BUMP of turbulence and she SPILLS THE WINE all over Blount's designer t-shirt. He jumps out of his seat and pushes her back, enraged.

BLOUNT
Idiot!

CINDY
(trembling)
I'm so sorry.

BLOUNT
This t-shirt's worth more than you are! $400 bucks!

Erich's wipes his shirt, seething, staring at poor Cindy, venom in his eyes. She's stammering, frozen to the spot.

CINDY
I'll get a...club soda.

BLOUNT
Don't bother.
(beat)
Your job is to make my life easier. But you don't do that, Cindy, which makes you <u>useless</u>.

Blount pulls off his shirt and THROWS IT AT HER FACE. She catches it, fumbling, tearing up. Overwhelmed.

Blount moves to a cabinet and opens it, full of clothes. Then he realizes that Cindy is still standing there, frozen. He shoots her condescending eyes.

BLOUNT (CONT'D)
(low, ice-cold)
You're fired. Get out of my face.

Cindy rushes back into the galley, breaking down.

A beat. Then Blount exhales, shaking his head. He finds a fresh t-shirt in the cabinet and pulls it on. Then he sits back down and flips on the TV.

ANGLE ON TV: The Kardashians. Sexy and stupid.

Hertzberg looks at Blount, all business.

HERTZBERG
Feel better?

BLOUNT
(thinking, then:)
Yeah. I do.

HERTZBERG
Are you sleeping with her?

BLOUNT
(smiles)
Not anymore.

HERTZBERG
Well you can't fire her. With the lawsuit and everything that's going on...she knows too much. She could bury you.

BLOUNT
She's a flight attendant. She's nothing. And she can't talk anyway. She signed a non-disclosure agreement.

HERTZBERG
So what? Hell hath no fury like a lover scorned.
(beat)
Look, Erich, at some point you need to realize that it is far better to have your enemies inside your tent pissing out, than outside your tent pissing in.

Blount stares at the TV -- his emotions have vanished, replaced by a cool pragmatism.

BLOUNT
I'll take care of it.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - G550 - CONTINUOUS

Cindy is reeling in the bathroom, wiping away tears. She reaches into her pocket, pulls out a tin of ALTOIDS. Inside is a vial of COCAINE and pink STRAW. She taps out a line of blow on the glass wash basin -- a total pro.

CLOSE ON HER HEAD, as she lowers it, snorting--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CINDY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

--CINDY PULLS HER HEAD UP, and we're now in her apartment. She's out of uniform, in her robe, doing drugs and drinking wine. The doorbell rings. She stores the coke in a drawer, then moves out into the living area--

INT. LIVING ROOM - CINDY'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A generic, mid-80s, two-story TOWNHOUSE, decorated with a woman's touch. Cindy passes the staircase to the second floor as the bell RINGS again. She opens the front door.

Her estranged husband MARCO (34, Hispanic) is outside. He looks harmless in his chinos and eyeglasses. But the edges of tattoos are visible at his collar and cuffs.

CINDY
What are you doing here, Marco?

MARCO
I've left you a bunch of messages. You won't return my calls.

CINDY
Right. Get a clue.

MARCO
Why you gotta be that way?

CINDY
Because I don't want to see you. We're getting a divorce. That's how this works.

Marco stares at her, takes a long look.

MARCO
You're off.

CINDY
I'm what?

MARCO
You're high. I can see it in your eyes.

CINDY
You just can't handle the fact that we're done. Good bye, Marco.

MARCO
When did you relapse?

She starts to shut the door but Marco blocks it with his foot. He's tough and not to be fucked with. He tries to push past her, inside. But she blocks him, pushing him wildly. He grabs her. She scratches at him, yelling.

CINDY
Leave me alone!

Marco pulls her inside and throws her to the ground. She's reeling, scared. Marco looks around, in her purse, on the shelf...then in the bathroom, opening the drawer and finding the cocaine. He shows it to her.

MARCO
What's this?!

CINDY
I can use if I want. I can do what I want. I can sleep with whoever I want!

Marco SLAPS HER, HARD right across the face, knocking her down. He stares at her. He could kill her. But he leaves.

Cindy cries, in a heap on the floor.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. LOUISE'S BEDROOM - HILDY'S APARTMENT - DAY THREE

Hildy is sitting on Louise's bed, tucking her shirt into her jeans, then kissing her on the forehead.

HILDY
Off to school, sweet Lou Lou.

LOUISE
Mom, can I ask you a question?

HILDY
Of course, babe. What is it?

LOUISE
What happens if you get shot at work? Will I have to live with Dad?

HILDY
No one's going to shoot me, Louise.

LOUISE
Then why do you have to carry a gun?

HILDY
Because I'm a cop. We all carry guns. That's why the bad guys don't shoot us.

LOUISE
(beat; furrows her brow)
I don't like being divorced.

HILDY
Trust me, it wasn't my original plan. But when life gives us lemons...

LOUISE
...we make lemonade.

Hildy looks at Louise lovingly. A car honks.

HILDY
There's your ride.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - HILDY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The front door is open, as Louise hugs her mom, then exits with her backpack.

HILDY
Have a great day, sweetie.

LOUISE
I will! Bye!

She disappears down the stairs. Hildy closes the door.

She exhales, then picks up a few of Louise's TOYS on the floor. The TV is on low, playing THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER. She moves to turn it off, but then one of the characters catches her eye.

ANGLE ON TV: As a giant, grumpy BLUE BIRD speaks.

SAM THE EAGLE (ON TV)
"At times like these, I am proud to be an American."

A flicker in Hildy's eyes. Lightbulb.

HILDY
Blue Big Bird!

She opens up her LAPTOP, logs into the SFPD CRIMINAL DATABASE and types in three search terms.

TATTOO - NECK - SAM THE EAGLE

A beat, then a MUG SHOT and PROFILE of a man named CHRIS WALTON (38), flashes on screen. A perfect match. A long list of convictions. She dials TERRY, smiling.

HILDY (CONT'D)
(into Phone)
I found our man.

CUT TO:

EXT. VA HOMELESS CLINIC - DOWNTOWN - DAY

A crowd of HOMELESS VETS mull around outside a VA CLINIC on 3rd and Harrison, beneath a modern apartment complex. They are smoking, talking, lined up for service.

TWO UNMARKED CRUISERS idle across the busy street.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - DAY

On the onboard COMPUTER SCREEN is an image of CHRIS WALTON. Hildy and Terry scan the scene outside.

TERRY
Looks like Christmas.

HILDY
Free Methadone & Suboxone.

Terry looks to the side where a smaller group of addicts huddle in an alleyway, transacting business.

TERRY
That's our boy.

She nods, then she looks in the rearview MIRROR -- Molk and Navarro are in the cruiser behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/ALLEY - VA HOMELESS CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

WALTON'S POV -- Business done, he exits the alley, nervously looking around, head on a swivel. The BLUE EAGLE TATTOO is clearly visible on his neck.

ANGLE ACROSS -- TERRY AND HILDY exit their car, guns out. Molk and Navarro are right behind them. They cross the street from their cruiser, towards the alley. Molk and Navarro flank from both sides.

Walton, sensing their presence, suddenly bolts.

HILDY
Police! Freeze!

WALTON SPRINTS, dodging pedestrians then suddenly pivoting into an alley. Terry and Hildy give chase. Molk and Navarro get tangled up in terrified pedestrians, scattering at the sight of guns.

CLOSE ON HILDY -- She's angry, fearless, and ready to take this guy down. She chases Walton, sprinting down the alley, dodging homeless men and debris.

CLOSE ON WALTON ahead as he turns down another alley -- looking back as Hildy follows, about 15 yards behind.

ANGLE ON TERRY behind Hildy. He sees them turn the corner, but stays straight, sprinting down the first alley to flank them ahead.

ANGLE ON HILDY right behind WALTON now. He sees her and busts through an ALLEY DOOR, AND INTO--

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

--A KITCHEN, full of CHINESE COOKS. Walton jumps around the startled workers, towards the other side. He grabs a pot of NOODLES, spilling it on the floor. Countermeasure.

Hildy is through the door, right on his tail. She slips on the steaming pile of noodles, CRASHING HARD TO THE GROUND. Pain, as Walton escapes out the door, ahead.

Hildy grabs the counter top, pulling herself back up to her feet, then weaving through the COOKS, out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

WALTON runs, flailing. Hildy pushes hard, her sidearm out, sprinting after him, closing in. No sign of Terry. But Hildy's surprisingly fast with an athletic gait.

WALTON looks over his shoulder and sees that she is making progress. He pushes, picking up speed.

They spill down a HILL, towards a FOUNTAIN. Walton again LOOKS BACK, BUT THEN HE'S ATTACKED FROM THE SIDE--

TERRY TACKLES WALTON INTO THE FOUNTAIN.

Hildy watches as they flail underwater.

Terry loses his grip.

Walton has the upper hand and REACHES BACK TO STRIKE--

BUT HILDY FLIPS WALTON OVER, snapping his arm and wrestling him to submission.

She dunks his head in the water while Terry snaps HANDCUFFS around his wrists.

HILDY
You're under arrest.

WALTON
For what?

Terry reaches into Walton's pockets and pulls out a zip-lock full of FENTANYL POPS. He shows them to Hildy.

HILDY
For being an asshole.

By the time Molk and Navarro show up, gasping for air, it's all over.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - JAIL - 850 BRYANT STREET - DAY

Hildy and Terry huddle with Koto as ASSISTANT DA LOPEZ (34, Hispanic) approaches, clearly annoyed and pressed for time. Hildy hands Lopez the FILE on Chris Walton.

HILDY
How much room do I have with this guy?

ADA LOPEZ
Any pressure from the victim's family or friends?

TERRY
No. No family. No friends.

ADA LOPEZ
(reviewing the file)
Two witnesses placing him at the scene, the fentanyl, and a record a mile long.
(beat, thinking)
Tell him if he confesses to the homicide and his PTSD grades out with the Docs, we'll knock it down to Murder 2, 20 year sentence, eligible for parole in 15. I'll use the federal statutes on mental vets as a mitigating factor.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - 850 BRYANT STREET - DAY

WALTON is handcuffed, seated at a table, wearing a dry set of jail-house REDS, staring at a VIDEO CAMERA in the upper corner of the room. HILDY and TERRY enter. Hildy sits across from Walton, as Terry takes off his cuffs.

HILDY
Talk to us about Kevin Neyers.

WALTON
Who's Kevin Neyers?

HILDY
The guy you killed two nights ago.

A beat. Walton shoots her eyes and smiles.

WALTON
Sounds like I need a lawyer.

HILDY
Okay. That's your right.
(beat)
But you understand that once you lawyer up, any chance of a deal goes out the window.

WALTON
I don't need a deal. I didn't kill nobody.

TERRY
You know a man named Erich Blount?

WALTON
No.

TERRY
Were you hired by Erich Blount to kill Kevin Neyers?

WALTON
Only ones ever paid me to kill a man was the United States Army.

Hildy eyes Terry, she doesn't want to go down this road.

HILDY
Let's go back to the night you killed Kevin Neyers. Why'd you leave the fentanyl in his fridge?

WALTON
'cause you got the wrong man, understand? I didn't kill him. Now I want my lawyer.

Terry leans against the wall behind Walton. Hildy looks down at her notes, eyeing his rap sheet.

HILDY
Battery on a Person. Resisting an officer. Four DUIs. Burglary. Kidnapping. First-degree robbery: it says here you blew up an ATM? Domestic violence: you put your father in the ICU. Assault with a deadly weapon: you beat a woman with a crow bar outside of a Peet's Coffee Shop. The list goes on.
(beat, eyes Walton)
We'll charge you for the full ride: murder one, distribution, felony possession and resisting arrest. We have two eye witnesses placing you at the scene at the time of death. We have six additional witnesses that will testify that they've seen you deal drugs in that Tenement House, directly to Kevin Neyers. We've got your prints at the scene, and the Fentanyl Pops we found on your person at the time of arrest that match the prescription of the batch we found in Neyers' apartment. Even if you didn't kill him, the jury's going to take one look at your ugly mug, and all those tattoos and scars, they're going to have a cup of coffee and a donut in the jury room, then they're going to send you to San Quentin for the rest of your life...You still want an attorney?

WALTON
(beat)
What kind of a deal are we talking 'bout?

She pushes a pen and pad across the table.

HILDY
Write your confession, signed and dated, to the murder of Kevin Neyers, and we're prepared to knock your charges down to Murder 2. 25 years. No parole.

WALTON
(beat, thinking)
20, eligible for parole in 15. And no state prison. I want federal, one of these cushy FCI's I keep hearing about.

HILDY
Do I look like Travelocity? Would you like a rental car during your stay?

WALTON
FCI Herlong, up in the Sierras. Put me there at 20 and 15, and I'll confess.

HILDY
(indicating the pad)
Write it out and you've got a deal.

Walton looks at her, then picks up the pen and starts writing. Hildy stands to leave.

WALTON
(beat, shit-eating grin)
One more thing. Since I'm gonna be locked up for a while. Let me smell you, sweet thing. Come close.

Terry, behind him, SMACKS WALTON IN THE HEAD, then yanks his chair backwards, spilling him onto the floor. Hildy's frozen in the doorway, as Terry KICKS HIM in the ribs.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Terry slams out of the Interrogation Room, followed by a seething Hildy. She gets right up in his face.

HILDY
What the hell was that all about? It was over! He was writing the confession!

TERRY
He needed to learn some manners. I took him to charm school.

HILDY
(fierce and angry)
Oh and what are you, Prince Charming coming to rescue your poor little helpless female partner?

TERRY
He deserved what he got. I was just trying to help.

HILDY
If I needed your help, I would've said so.

Terry leans against the wall, surprised by her response.

HILDY (CONT'D)
Look, I understand what you're going through, but that was over the line. What if he doesn't sign that confession? What happens then?

TERRY
He'll sign. He's got no choice.

HILDY
(firm, an order)
Go home. Be with your wife. Deal with your anger. I don't want to see you again until you're under control.

Hildy walks away as Terry reels, frozen to the spot.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER RICHMOND - TERRY'S HOME - NIGHT

RAIN spills out of grey storm clouds, leaden by moonlight. HEADLIGHTS approach us. Terry's CRUISER slowly passes, parking in the driveway of his modest home.

He turns off the engine but doesn't get out. We watch through the window as he sits, lost in his thoughts.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - TERRY'S HOME - NIGHT

EMILY stares out the window at the sheets of RAIN. TERRY quietly enters. JOSEFINA is in the corner, folding hospital sheets. She smiles at Terry, then leaves.

Terry stares at his wife. She's beautiful, illuminated by the soft glow of CITY LIGHTS out the window. She can't bring herself to look at him. An everlasting beat.

EMILY
We had a good time, Digger.

Terry smiles, his heart quietly breaking.

TERRY
You haven't called me that in years.

She turns and smiles, then motions him over. He gets into the bed next to her, puts his arm around her. She rests her head on his shoulder. They stare out, into the city.

EMILY
I was just thinking about your 30th birthday.

TERRY
Roller coasters.

EMILY
There was that one we kept riding over and over again.

TERRY
The Inferno.

EMILY
(she smiles; a good memory)
You were scared.

TERRY
(feigns defensive)
You were the scared one.
(beat; then smiles, admitting)
It was pretty high.

EMILY
I'd never seen you scared before. Until then, you were just this rock. Strong. Fearless. But the Inferno broke you down.

TERRY
It was embarrassing. I was worried you were going to dump me right there.

EMILY
No, baby. That was the exact moment when I realized I loved you. That I would always love you.

A long, raw beat. They share vulnerable, loving eyes. Then Terry speaks quietly, tinged with desperation.

TERRY
I'm scared, Em.

EMILY
I know.
(beat)

Terry looks at her, then out the window, welling up.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry to be leaving you, Digger. Promise me that you'll keep on living. Live for the both of us. Cherish every sunrise, every cup of coffee. Keep laughing. Fall in love.

TERRY
I'll never love anyone the way that I love you.

EMILY
So love them differently. But don't stop loving. Don't look back. I'll be right there, making wise-cracks by your side.

He looks at her, studying her face, her eyes, desperate to remember this moment. Knowing it could be their last.

TERRY
I'm going to miss you, Em. Every minute of every day.

Tears well for both of them, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - MORNING - DAY FOUR

STAN SHAW (35), Blount's uptight Mormon co-pilot, crosses the tarmac towards the APPLICON JET. The plane is attached to a FUEL TRUCK and being loaded with CATERING.

CUT TO:

INT. COCKPIT - GULFSTREAM 550

Wilkerson presses buttons, loading in his next flight. Shaw sticks his head in. He's worried.

SHAW
I tried her home, her cell. Sent her a text. She's MIA. You sure she doesn't still think she's fired?

WILKERSON
No, I talked to her last night. She said Erich apologized. She promised me she'd be here.

SHAW
I've got a weird feeling.

They share a troubled look. Wilkerson looks at his watch.

WILKERSON
We've got a couple hours. I'll go to her house. Can you finish this up?

SHAW
Of course.

Wilkerson pushes out of the pilots seat, exiting.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - TERRY'S HOME - MORNING

Emily is asleep. Her sister KAREN (45) is sitting by her side, reading a book. Terry enters, showered and dressed, holding his phone. He looks at Karen, uncertain.

KAREN
It'll be fine, Terry. Go to work.

TERRY
You'll call me.

KAREN
I promise.

CUT TO:

EXT. CINDY'S TOWNHOUSE - MORNING - LATER

WILKERSON and CINDY'S LANDLADY (60) walk down the sidewalk towards Cindy's Condo.

WILKERSON
I knocked several times. Her car's in the driveway. She's been with me for three years and never once been late for work.

They move up the driveway, past Cindy's RED JETTA to her door. Concerned looks on their faces. Landlady knocks.

LANDLADY
Cindy!
(beat)
We should call the police.

WILKERSON
It'll take them an hour to get here. Open the door.

She knocks again. Then exhales and takes out her KEYS.

CUT TO:

INT. CINDY'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LANDLADY and WILKERSON enter. The room is dark. The shades are closed. Wilkerson turns on LIGHTS, revealing--

CINDY, LIFELESS, NAKED, sprawled at the bottom of her steep STAIRCASE. It looks like she took a brutal fall.

LANDLADY
Dear Lord!

Wilkerson rushes to Cindy, turning her head. Her eyes are open, her neck broken. Terror on his face, and certainty. Landlady leans against the wall, dizzy. Wilkerson sees a PILL BOTTLE and scattered PILLS near Cindy's body.

WILKERSON
Damnit, Cindy!

Wilkerson turns and eyes the Landlady. She's frozen.

WILKERSON (CONT'D)
Call the police!

A beat. Then she rushes, flailing, looking for a phone, then heading outside.

LANDLADY POV AS SHE OPENS THE DOOR -- BLINDING SUN FROM OUTSIDE, WHICH WE HOLD, THEN--

SEAMLESS TIME CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CINDY'S TOWNHOUSE - CRIME SCENE - DAY - LATER

--MATCH ON THE SUN, THEN PAN DOWN TO REVEAL--

A GIANT CRIME SCENE. LANDLADY'S POV now belongs to HILDY. She's standing in the same spot, staring out the door. UNIFORM COPS and EMT TECHS swarm the property. The street is lined with CRUISERS, FIRE TRUCKS, and AMBULANCES.

Hildy turns back into the Townhouse. UNIFORMS work the room, snapping photos, dusting for prints, collecting evidence. Terry is by the body with an EMT TECH (40).

EMT TECH
Best guess is, it was an accident.

TERRY
Couldn't she have been pushed?

EMT TECH
If she'd been pushed, she would have gone down the stairs head first. But she slipped backwards at the top, cracked the back of her head.
(indicating)
You can see the indentation on her skull. And there's a blood mark on the top stair. That probably knocked her out. Then she tumbled down the staircase like a rag doll, hit her leg on the rail there, which caused that contusion and twisted her around. She landed on her neck. We can't confirm cause-of-death until the autopsy and toxicology report. They'll verify her injuries, and see how many pills she took. But the lady obviously fell down the stairs.

Terry and Hildy walk towards the front door. There's tension between them, still lingering from Terry's outburst with Walton.

TERRY
Did Walton sign off on the confession?

HILDY
Yes.

TERRY
Are we okay?

HILDY
You tell me.

They stare out at the crime scene. On the front lawn, a visibly shaken WILKERSON is giving his statement to a UNIFORM COP.

WILKERSON
She'd never been late before. We knew something was wrong.

Terry grabs a FRAMED PHOTO from the ENTRY TABLE next to the door. He looks at it, then hands it to HILDY.

ANGLE ON THE PHOTO: CINDY and ERICH BLOUNT, arms around each other like lovers, standing in front of his jet.

HILDY
Two deaths.

TERRY
One common denominator.

HILDY
Coincidence?

TERRY
No such thing.

HILDY
What about Walton?

TERRY
Guess we need to circle back.

They share eyes, then stare back out at the wild scene.

HILDY
Dust off your top hat. This is going to be a circus.

Terry smiles. Then his cell phone BUZZES. He takes it out and stares at the screen. His face is suddenly white, drained of blood.

TERRY
Emily.

He stands there, frozen to the spot. Hildy pushes him.

HILDY
Go!

Terry snaps to and races out the door, to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - TERRY'S HOME - LATER

Terry stares at Emily, by her bedside. Emily's sister and Josefina are behind him. The sister indicates them out of the room, leaving Terry alone to say goodbye.

A beat. He wipes away a tear. He looks at her face, her eyes are closed. He puts his hand to her cheek, lovingly. But it's different now. Just her body. She is gone.

He reaches down, finding her hand, sliding off her wedding ring. He stares at it in his hand, grasps it tightly. He kisses her on the forehead, then stares out.

TERRY
I'm not saying goodbye.

He looks upward, as a tear streams down his face.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Don't you dare leave me.

He wipes away the tear, then puts his head down, resting it on her body, breaking down.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S HOME - NIGHT

Terry sits in front of the TV. It's on, but he's not watching it -- a thousand-yard stare.

Emily is gone. The family, the nurses, the hospital bed, it's all gone.

He stands up and moves to the table and stares at TWO BOXES full of his belongings from the hospital.

He takes out his model SAIL BOAT and carefully places it on the DINING TABLE, centering it, then straightening the thin wooden mast. He looks at his boat, sadness in his eyes, then RAGE--

HE SMASHES THE BOAT WITH HIS FISTS, over and over, breaking it into a million little pieces. He sinks to his knees, drained of emotion.

A long beat. The DOOR BELL rings, but he doesn't move.

HILDY (O.S.)
It's me. I got your message. Open up.

He slowly stands, then opens the door. Hildy is standing on the front porch with a pizza and six-pack of beer. He's too vulnerable to look her in the eyes.

HILDY (CONT'D)
Sausage, mushrooms and onions.

Terry indicates her inside. She puts the pizza and beer on the kitchen table, pushing aside the scraps of wood that used to be his MODEL BOAT. She takes off her jacket.

They stand and look at each other. She moves to him, puts her arm around him. Hugs him. He hesitates at first, then lets her, taking refuge in her embrace.

TERRY
She was this beautiful light, this flower.
(beat)
She was so much better than me.

He looks at Hildy, then lets her go. She moves to the table and cracks open two beers, handing one to him.

HILDY
To Emily.

A beat. Terry nods, then looks up and smiles. Silently saying his farewell. They clink bottles and drink, moving to the window, staring out.

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS dance across the horizon. The SFPD.

TERRY
This job. What we do. I give it everything.

HILDY
You give it too much.

TERRY
No. It's my chance, my one chance. To live right. To do good.
(beat)
But no matter how hard we try, the world isn't just. 'cause if it were, I'd be dead, and she'd get to live.

A beat. Then he looks at Hildy and smiles, grateful.

TERRY (CONT'D)
You've kept me going through this, Hildy, kept me on the rails.

She smiles, then holds up her beer bottle.

HILDY
Partners.

A beat. He smiles, then clinks her bottle with his. They stare out at the city together. Humbled. Alive.

FADE OUT.

THE END