"J.H. WYMAN UNTITLED 2048"

Pilot

Written by

J.H. Wyman

Jan 19 2013

FIRST NETWORK DRAFT
BAD ROBOT PROD/WARNER BROS TV

"J.H. WYMAN UNTITLED 2048"

Pilot

ACT ONE

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Refined, romantic, modern. Doing decent business.

AT THE BAR

Patrons, in conversation; dinner, drinks. We HEAR:

JOHN (O.S)
... My father used to say, "If you have good news, let someone else tell 'em... if you have bad news... you tell 'em."

ACROSS THE ROOM

JOHN KENNEX (our lead, 30's) and his gorgeous wife, ANNA, at a table. She listens intently. He has a great smile.

ANNA
-- So, what-- you have bad news?

JOHN
Not for you, for Maldonado. I met with him this afternoon.

ANNA
(smiles)
Were doors slammed?

JOHN
(smiles too)
Doors were almost slammed...

ANNA
So what did you tell him, you're killing me.

JOHN
That if he insists on adding synthetics to my team I'm stepping down.

ANNA
You can't help but get in trouble at work, can you?

JOHN
No -- but I keep my trouble at the office. Anyway, it's my genetic destiny -- and I'm not nearly in the kind of trouble my dad got into -- or his dad--

ANNA
A lot of talk about family.
(then)
What did he say?

JOHN
Maldonado? Not sure, I walked out before he could fight me on it.

ANNA
Slamming the door behind you.

JOHN
I'm not gonna be forced into working with synthetics-- they retired Baker on Tuesday-- this is after Smith and Savini last month--

ANNA
I remember.

JOHN
Every day I'm surrounded by not so subtle reminders that I'm becoming the last thing I ever thought I'd be: an antique. And I'm sure there are worse things, but I can't think of anything more sickening than being replaced by one of those fucking machines. If I weren't getting results, if somehow I was letting the department down, I'd get it, but don't tell me I'm less than something that was built in a Goddamn factory. Baker and Savini and Smith are good, hard-working men who didn't deserve what they got--

ANNA
I'm pregnant.

And like driving into a freeway median at 90 MPH, John suddenly STOPS. She blushes now. Smiles --

ANNA (CONT'D)
-- I'm sorry, I couldn't keep quiet any more--

JOHN
-- this-- this is the "little thing" you wanted to talk about--?

ANNA
-- maybe not so little--

He is fucking speechless and glowing and he moves to sit beside her on the banquette.

Takes her face and kisses her. You get a sense they thought this wasn't really possible. He looks at her, stunned.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I know-- I don't know how --

JOHN
-- baby, it doesn't matter how.

He KISSES HER again -- and when he pulls back he sees she is CRYING. But tears REALLY falling. Like she's SAD --

JOHN (CONT'D)
-- what is it?

ANNA
Nothing, it's silly--

JOHN
What?

And she really looks like there's a <u>secret</u> -- something she wants to say, but finally she shakes her head and says:

ANNA
I'm just so happy...

WAITER (O.S.)
Would you like desert--?

They look up: the WAITER has arrived -- AND THIS IS WEIRD, because the Waiter's NOT HUMAN. He looks it, mostly, but he clearly has a HUMAN FACEPLATE on a MECHANICAL BEING --

JOHN
-- we're pregnant-- she's pregnant, we're gonna have a baby and he's gonna be beat-- -- or she-- is gonna be beautiful.

ANNA
-- or she. <u>She</u>.

WAITER (CONT'D)
Very good. I'll bring champagne--

Before he can walk off: MUFFLED SOUND OF GUNBLASTS -- AND THEN THE ENTIRE WINDOW AND BAR BEHIND THEM EXPLODES INWARD!

A VEHICLE -- a FUTURISTIC-LOOKING CAR -- CRASHES INTO THE RESTAURANT, THROUGH THE FLOOR-TO-CEILING WINDOW, COMING TO A SUDDEN, HORRIBLE STOP! People are SCREAMING AND RUNNING -- and Anna is shocked as John protectively covers her --

JOHN
You okay?!

-- she is fine, but there's MORE GUN BLASTS NOW -- COMING FROM OUTSIDE! SCREAMS --

JOHN (CONT'D)
Stay here.
(to the Waiter)
Watch her, please --

And he races over to the crash -- a terrified WOMAN gets out of the vehicle.

TERRIFIED WOMAN
Someone is shooting at me.

JOHN
Who?

TERRIFIED WOMAN
I don't know -- I don't know where it was coming from.

John rushes outside --

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

PEOPLE gathered, looking, frightened -- and we now see OUR SURROUNDINGS -- Los Angeles, in the year 2045. Some of what we know and see, but some wild mega-structures and a handful of speeding HOVER VEHICLES --

John sees in the intersection, a figure ON A SLEEK FUTURE MOTORBIKE -- he holds a beefy BLASTER -- and he suddenly SKIDS A 180 AND RIDES OFF -- and John runs and STOPS A PASSING CAR --

JOHN
I need your vehicle!

The driver can barely say, "What the fuck--" when John holds up his WALLET WITH A SLEEK LAPD BADGE:

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm a cop!

And the Driver gets out and John gets in and CHASES THE GUY ON THE BIKE!

EXT. LA CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Quick, thrilling shots as John chases the bike -- turning ONE hair-pin turn, then ANOTHER -

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

-- John calls on his PHONE to the station:

JOHN
This is detective John Kennex - D10 - We just had an 11-3, at East Olympic and Los Angeles Street with multiple injured. Roll paramedics and fire.

But, then A CAR APPEARS IN JOHN'S WAY -- HOLY SHIT - he avoids it --

JOHN (CONT'D)
-- Show me in pursuit - armed male, white, 30s, on motorcycle.

John turns a final corner and sees THE GUY ON THE BIKE RIDE INTO A HOVER TRANSPORTER -- a large FLYING TRUCK -- which TAKES OFF!

JOHN (CONT'D)
Crossing San Pedro and East 14th. Suspect just entered a Lifter...

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

John BLASTS out of the car, watching helplessly as the transporter disappears into the night. Just then, A COP CAR SWERVES IN -- two UNIFORMS get out.

JOHN
... I am no longer able to pursue. Heading northbound.
(showing his badge to the cops)
Roll an air ship.

One of the cops runs back to his car. John and the other cop watch the craft as it disappears into the night. John wrnkles his brow -- SOMETHING occurring to him. The Uniform Cop #1 looks at John.

UNIFORM COP
What is it?

JOHN
... Two transporters like that were just stolen by the Insyndicate two days ago.

HOLD ON JOHN -- SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT... INSYNDICATE (who? We shall find out). We PUSH IN ON JOHN as he gets a bad feeling... CUT BACK TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Many bystanders have gathered now. John comes back in -- PEOPLE STILL RUNNING ABOUT, some injured, others not -- they're helping each other.

John moves to the damaged vehicle that crashed -- looking to find the WOMAN who was driving --

JOHN
(urgent, to a witness)
Where is the woman who was driving this vehicle?

WITNESS
She ran off.

The Witness points to the shattered glass wall and the street beyond -- SHE'S GONE.

Concerned, John moves to the wrecked car and SCANS THE CAR'S LICENSE PLATE with his COMM DEVICE and beeps are HEARD -- we SEE ON HIS SCREEN - "STOLEN VEHICLE" "UNREGISTERED".

WTF? Suddenly, the ONLY thing he can think about now is getting back to Anna. And he makes it back to his table -- BUT SHE IS GONE TOO -- through the madness he calls for her --

JOHN
Anna! ... Anna!

He finds the robo-Waiter.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Where did she go?!

WAITER
She left with her friends.

JOHN
(stopping him, heart POUNDING)
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
-- Wait-- what friends? I asked you to watch her--

WAITER
Men. Two of them.

ON JOHN -- as the world begins to swirl around him -- his mind is racing -- WTF is going on here -- this whole thing is looking like a set-up. He gets on his phone.

JOHN
Dispatch, I need to track a phone signal. The number is --

DISPATCH OPERATOR
-- You know I cannot do that without a --

INT. LAPD DISPATCH - NIGHT

TWO DISPATCH OFFICERS at their posts, ONE FEMALE -- HEAR the panic in his voice.

JOHN
-- It's my wife. She's been taken against her will. I need you to track her phone.

Realizing what is going on, Becky slides to her monitor.

DISPATCH OPERATOR
John, It's Becky. Give me the number.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

John exits, pale with panic, looks around frantically -- then -- "DRINNNG" -- his cell phone beckons. CLOSE ON JOHN'S PHONE -- A small HOLOGRAM of the building in 3D appears. A blinking dot -- Anna's CELL PHONE SIGNAL sent from dispatch is visible. Which shows she's STILL THERE -- IN THE BUILDING -- BUT MOVING UP -- John looks up the face of the tall building, and we CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING - VARIOUS AREAS - NIGHT

John races through the mayhem to an elevator bank -- enters an elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR/INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

John rushes onto the top floor -- checks his phone. -- The BLIP continues -- She's on the roof -- moving laterally -- Shit. He races to a door -- BOUNDS up stairs -- and finally bursts out onto --

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

-- where he finds a FLYING VEHICLE, CLOSE, LOUD, WINDY, COMING IN FOR A ROOF LANDING -- and there, across the roof is ANNA, being grabbed by a MAN -- LONG HAIR -- DARK CLOTHES (he will be known, importantly, as LONG HAIR) -- and ANOTHER MAN who GETS INSIDE THE HOVERING VEHICLE --

JOHN
Anna!!!

LONG HAIR TURNS AND FIRES HIS BLASTER -- JOHN LEAPS OUT OF THE WAY, takes cover, his mind racing, heart pounding -- he has no weapon -- he looks back as they get in --

He RACES FOR THEM, taking cover behind whatever he can as they FORCE HER INTO THE VEHICLE, FIRING AT HIM -- but he can't lose her now -- and he RUNS FOR HER as he sees her struggling inside the vehicle -- and then ALL GOES SLOW MOTION AS HE RUNS --

And he can SEE them inside the transparent vehicle top AS THEY SHOOT HER -- BANG! BLOOD STAINS THE GLASS AS THE VEHICLE TAKES OFF AGAIN -- and JOHN JUST CAN'T STOP RUNNING, SCREAMING HER NAME -- AND HE RUNS AND THE VEHICLE FLIES OFF -- AND JOHN RUNS --

RIGHT OFF THE FUCKING EDGE OF THE BUILDING... INTO NOTHING BUT SPACE AND HE WAKES UP IN:

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- HE GASPS AWAKE. Terrified beyond words. Soaking with sweat. More and more angry with every passing beat. This is so hardly the first time he's had this dream.

He reaches over. Shakily takes a wildly TINY red pill from a SILVER MEDICINE TUBE. Puts it under his tongue. Gets out of bed.

A joyless apartment. John stands at the window. Shirtless. A body of training and battle scars. Looking out, on the verge of crying. But he can't. Like... LITERALLY can't. He is too closed up. Too lost in his loss. Too calloused by all the fucking guilt and nightmares. And we PULL BACK... REVEALING:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

... it wasn't all a dream. Here we are, a few years later in 2048. LA really is this wild place. And all that, as far as we can tell, really happened.

Needless to say, these memories haunt our main character, and Anna is dead. And in most every meaningful way, so is John. And off this, CUT TO:

EXT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

To establish.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

CAMERA MOVES in this fast-paced environment, tracking cops going about their business. SUSPECTS and LAWYERS at the booking desk waiting their turn. It's hectic. It was in 2013, imagine it now.

Much to look at here, but what's EXCEPTIONALLY COOL - Robots. (In 2048, robots are widely used in law enforcement, and the cops are used to it.) They're called MX-43s, very efficient, white clad, battle-ready Androids.

Find a 42 year-old FEMALE COP, VALERIE STAHL, who is dealing with much morning business. She's got a handful of files -- she SEES John as he walks in.

VALERIE
Are you kidding me? ... Are you kidding?

JOHN
What?

VALERIE
I came in this morning and the reports were done. Even the 10-43 you said you weren't gonna do. When did you do this?

JOHN
Last night. Couldn't sleep.

VALERIE
You're too good to me. How do you feel?

John smiles --

JOHN
Who's ever better than me?

She smiles, likes him - Very much like an older sister, not a sexual spark between them.

John almost walks into an MX-43, and John stares at him, like he wants to kill him, forcing the robot to walk around him. We get the idea that John has an unqualified disdain for these robots.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
You don't own the place, Synthetic.

They walk on.

VALERIE
(continuing to John)
You couldn't look worse.

John's sleek belt-worn communicator buzzes as they walk.

JOHN
You say that every day, at some point it loses its power.

He looks at his COMM.

VALERIE
(re: the call)
What?

JOHN
Robbery. Last night. Bio-facility.

EXT. LAPD VEHICLES GARAGE - DAY

Dozens of the future LAPD vehicles are parked -- they get into their UNMARKED CRUISER -- it looks mean.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - DAY

There are things in this car we have NEVER seen before. Cool buttons, levers, and screens, and God knows what they do, but they sure are intriguing. A really mean DOUBLE-BARREL BLASTER is locked to the dash.

Valerie gets in the passenger seat -- stops John, who sits behind the wheel, for a beat.

VALERIE
Seriously. You've <u>never</u> looked worse.

The way she says this, we can tell she is concerned for her partner. Easy back and forth gives way to legitimate concern.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
I'm worried about your health. I don't mind doing paperwork, I'd rather you sleep.

Beat... John shrugs it off --

VALERIE (CONT'D)
My brother died of a heart attack when he was 36, John. I've seen it happen. You can't be a rock forever.

He looks at her --

VALERIE (CONT'D)
You won't talk to me... I never know what's going on inside your head anymore, man. You won't let people in.

JOHN
I'm okay.

And while he doesn't convince us, we sure like him for how gently he says it. And off this, CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

Low but cool-moving HELICOPTER VIEW of a non-descript industrial park. HUGE BUILDINGS and FLYING MACHINES way off in the distance.

INT. WHITE LAB COMPLEX - DAY

We see there are a few MX-43 ROBOT COPS here with the regular cops and assisting CSIs. It's cool to watch the robots do their work.

John and Valerie enter, approach GUERRING (30), another LAPD cop.

GUERRING
(to Valerie)
You look tired.

VALERIE
Shut up.
(then)
What do we got?

He hands Valerie a report.

GUERRING
This is a private lab run by Omni, a research company working on DNA.

JOHN
Okay.

GUERRING
Three robberies in the last month. Each time they stole single-strand synthetic DNA. This time, it didn't go so well.

They come to a LONG WHITE HALLWAY -- there is BLOOD on the floor and TWO DEAD BODIES, covered with sheets.

GUERRING (CONT'D)
(re: the bodies)
Security guards. One of 'em must've got a shot off...

Guerring nods to AN OFFICE WINDOW -- John sees a cop standing with A CAUGHT THIEF, (30) DRESSED IN BLACK, who is receiving medical treatment from TWO EMS WORKERS.

GUERRING (CONT'D)
They got one of them. Took one in the leg.

Valerie looks at the report.

VALERIE
What's so special about this DNA?

GUERRING
It's programmable.

VALERIE
Programmable?

An MX-43 hears the question, and begins to respond like a, well, like a fucking annoying know-it-all robot.

MX-43
DNA programming is based on epigenetics. Epigenetics determines which genes get "turned on" and "turned off." Molecules that determine which genes --

John, bored, just walks away from the robot, not wanting to hear from that walking calculator. One thing is certain -- he STILL hates machines. He watches the EMTs talking to the Captured Thief.

VALERIE
(approaching John, still looking at the file)
Where do we start?

JOHN
(pointing to the Thief)
Let's ask him.

GUERRING
Be my guest, but he's not talking.

John smiles (a fucking TERRIFIC smile).

JOHN
Guerring! He hasn't talked to me!

He heads off, Valerie says, knowing the brutal truth --

VALERIE
He'll just charm the guy.

As she walks off, Guerring says:

GUERRING
That's why I called you guys. His charm.

INT. LAPD PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

BANGGGG! The Captured Thief SLAMS against the wall. John grabs him by the shirt and brings him up -- He jams a FILM-LIKE PAPER in his face.

JOHN
This is your booking sheet. Do you know why I have it? ... I shouldn't. Do you know why I do?

CAPTURED THIEF
No...

ANGLE ON

Valerie, watching this. She's a little unsettled. She's someone who might bend the rules, but does not break them.

John slams the Thief's head against the wall once more -- A cut opens above his eye.

JOHN
(re: the cut)
This way they know you had that when you came in.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
(then, to Valerie)
Suspect has contusion above right eye.

John walks to Valerie, hands her the sheet. She clicks her pen and begins to fill it in.

John wrenches him up -- sits across from the Thief. NO CHARM INVOLVED -

JOHN (CONT'D)
What's your name? ...
(no answer...)
Why did you steal that DNA? What's it for?
(silence)
... Why do you need programmable DNA? Are you ripping off the design, or is it something else?

The Thief says nothing -- he actually smiles -- blood on his teeth. Just then -- GUERRING enters. He has an electronic tablet and he hands it to John.

GUERRING
We picked up a car that was left parked near the lab.

John nods, looking over the tablet report. He looks up to the Thief. John smiles now.

JOHN
You left your car there?

The Thief smiles back.

CAPTURED THIEF
(it is)
Not my car.

JOHN
(looking at the tablet)
... Registration isn't real...
Insurance isn't real.

The Thief smiles again --

JOHN (CONT'D)
... But the smog violation tickets... those ARE real.

The Thief's smile drops.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Three in the last month. Issued at the same apartment building. ...I'm pretty sure, that's your real address.

The Thief can't hide he is worried that they have his address. John hands the tablet back to Guerring.

JOHN (CONT'D)
2356 Flower St.
(the irony)
You live on a street called "Flower?"

Suddenly, John reaches out and smashes the guy's head down on the table -- it's comical it happens so fast. He screams in pain --

VALERIE
(calmly, setting boundaries)
John... that's enough.

JOHN
Write down broken nose.

VALERIE
(to the Thief)
What's the DNA for? If you help us... we'll help you.

The Thief looks back, and we can SEE he is scared. But not because of John --

CAPTURED THIEF
... You just killed me. By finding my address, you just killed me. They're gonna kill me ...

This guy is now TERRIFIED.

VALERIE
Who?

Beat.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
We'll protect you.

CAPTURED THIEF
You can't protect me. They're back - you don't know.

JOHN
Who's back?

No answer, he just looks at John, tears in his eyes. John reaches out again -- about to do his thing when the guy shrinks away, finally, tearfully reveals:

CAPTURED THIEF
... The Insyndicate.

CLOSE ON JOHN

This has a huge reaction from John. He stares at the Thief like he cannot believe what just came out of his mouth.

ON VALERIE

She watches John. She has a reaction too, but hers is more about John's reaction, or rather, HOW John is dealing with this.

ON GUERRING, watching John, wondering what is wrong.

Suddenly, John gets up and.... He leaves.

Valerie sits there a beat -- Guerring looks at her, like WTF? She gets up and walks out after him.

INT. LAPD - INTERROGATION ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Valerie comes out -- she looks after John, who is already down the hall, and heading out the door.

VALERIE
... John!

He's gone. Guerring comes out --

GUERRING
What's his problem?

Valerie looks at him, realizing he doesn't know.

VALERIE
His wife died three years ago.

GUERRING
Okay --

VALERIE
The Insyndicate was behind it.

GUERRING
What is The Insyndicate?

VALERIE
They were a drug cartel, they were around three years ago. They had the market, really dark stuff. He was investigating them. ... He was getting too close and they went after his wife.

Beat.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
And when they abducted her, she was killed.
(then...)
Every division went after these guys. But, they were gone.

GUERRING
What do you mean gone?

VALERIE
Disappeared. Like they never existed.

GUERRING
How does a crime organization just disappear?

And that hangs there -- Valerie turns and looks into the INTERROGATION ROOM - we can SEE the Thief, sitting there, looking back at them. Creepy.

VALERIE
I don't know... But apparently they're back.

Guerring digests this.

INT. UNDERGROUND STRUCTURE - DAY

A greenish hue is cast over everything -- many long lab tables and equipment. Looks like a meth lab, but so much more.

STACKS OF COUNTED CASH, sitting around. A lounging ROBOTIC SEXBOT, who has a semi-removed faceplate and barely any clothing. And for the somewhat perverted viewers, it makes the future something to look forward to.

A group of WORKERS in lab coats, are at lab tables, using futuristic microscopes. It's a sort of organized black lab sweat shop. Weird as shit.

We find a man we will come to know as REINHARDT, (30s), working hard himself at a SYNTHETIC DNA SEQUENCER (he's a bad guy, but MIT drop out and smarter than anyone watching TV and certainly smarter than anyone making it).

Reinhardt is intense and always a touch distracted. He swipes his hand, and a HOLOGRAM CPU screen appears with an INCREDIBLY long sequence of numbers and equations. What they mean, we can only guess.

CORTEZ (O.S.)
Reinhardt.

Reinhardt look up, seeing one of his men approaching, dressed in the same black as the Captured Thief.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
I've just confirmed. Trevor is in police custody.

This disturbs Reinhardt, but he isn't surprised. Just tense. The SEXBOT approaches.

SEXBOT
You seem anxious, Mr. Reinh--

REINHARDT
-- Not now.

-- And she's walking off before he is finished saying it. Reinhardt makes it clear:

REINHARDT (CONT'D)
We can't have him in custody.

CORTEZ
We thought he made it out.
(but...)
He knows very little.

REINHARDT
He knows enough. And now... he knows even more.

Then:

REINHARDT (CONT'D)
We didn't come back to fail.

Cortez nods and walks off.

HOLD ON Reinhardt, upset.

He picks up one of the samples he was looking at. And whatever it is that they're making in those creepy test tubes, it holds his attention. And off this, we CUT TO:

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS/GARAGE - DAY

John is collecting himself, sitting on the curb. Valerie comes out the door, seeing him.

VALERIE
I just spoke with Captain Maldonado. He wants him brought to a safehouse.

JOHN
I'm going to check out the address on Flower St.

Beat.

VALERIE
John -- I think... Maybe you want to go talk to Balthazar.

A longer beat.

JOHN
Don't need a shrink.

Valerie holds her look - she smiles at him, but he sees she's very concerned.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I promise you, I will go.

VALERIE
When?

JOHN
Before I die. Likely <u>just</u> before.

They get to John's car.

Valerie looks at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You gotta hand it to 'em. They're creative. For five-hundred years street drugs were nothing new. Iterative differences. Then they came along and showed us what dangerous is. ... But, if they're back? ... If this is for real?

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Whoever runs it has learned a few things. And they're gonna be a step ahead of us. They already are.

John gets into his car. Valerie's concern for him is not assuaged. CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - FLOWER STREET - DAY

BOOOOM! The door is shredded. MX-43s and TACTICAL COPS enter, GUNS DRAWN, swarming the place.

It's a basic three bedroom apartment. John enters too now, gun up, and after a moment --

TACTICAL OFFICER (O.S.)
Clear! ... We're clear.

John lowers his weapon -- He looks around. The place has been cleaned out.

A WAFER-THIN, futuristic hovering TV is still here -- a cartoon (one character we will come to see from time to time throughout the series) playing for no one. It's a bit creepy.

ON JOHN -- searching the place. There are some straggles of wires and leftover shit on the floors -- and in the closet.

Nothing noteworthy, just small things left behind. Magazines. The fridge? A few packets of take-out Chinese food mustard and soy sauce.

The TACTICAL OFFICER APPROACHES.

TACTICAL OFFICER (CONT'D)
Landlord says people would come and go here a lot, but there were never any problems.

JOHN
See if you can speak to any tenants.

The Tactical officer heads off. John walks around, looking for clues -- notices... The WINDOWS HAVE BEEN HERMETICALLY SEALED. In an apartment? Weird.

CLOSE ON AN OUTLET COVER --- The outlets are loose, and John opens one -- they've been augmented. THICK WIRES leading THROUGH the wall to the balcony outside -- John tracks these -- what are they?

INT. LAPD SAFE HOUSE/DOWNTOWN BUILDING - DAY

A deserted office building floor somewhere, with a mostly blown-out city view.

The Thief is led into a holding room by TWO DETAIL COPS. TWO MX-43s are here also. Valerie watches as THE THIEF is cuffed to a chair. Valerie takes out a cell phone. She dials.

VALERIE
Stahl. D10.
(then)
He's "tucked in."

She hangs up. When she looks back at the Thief, he's looking at her. After a long beat --

CAPTURED THIEF
They're gonna find me.

The way he looks at her is spooky. She takes off her jacket and sits down with the other cops. CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - FLOWER STREET - DAY

John FINDS THE THICK BLACK WIRES COMING FROM THE INSIDE -- they run up the wall to the roof -- He climbs up...

JOHN'S POV - There are tiny grid-like cubes resting there. ANOTHER COP calls up.

ANOTHER UNIFORM
What is it?

JOHN
Solar cubes. Looks like they wanted to stay off the power grid.

ANOTHER UNIFORM
Off the power grid -- hermetically sealed windows --

JOHN
(thinking the same thing)
Yeah, some sort of lab.

Then:

A THIRD UNIFORM
John? ...Found something.

INT. BUILDING AT 233 FLOWER STREET BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON - a small drop-ceiling door in the closet, up to the air vents.

WEAPONS ARE STASHED HERE. TACTICAL AGENT #2 hands down a few weird looking grenades, a SLEEK RIFLE, and ... A BLASTER, like the one that Long Hair on the motorcycle had in the teaser -- John looks at it -- FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - MEMORY FLASH - NIGHT

-- John runs -- finds the FLYING VEHICLE, CLOSE, LOUD, WINDY, COMING IN FOR A ROOF LANDING -- across the roof is ANNA, being grabbed by LONG HAIR and ANOTHER MAN who GETS INSIDE THE HOVERING VEHICLE. As we saw before, John YELLS FOR HIS WIFE and the LONG HAIR MAN TURNS AND FIRES HIS BLASTER --

BACK TO REAL TIME

John considers the strange weapon -- haunted.

INT. LAPD SAFE HOUSE/DOWNTOWN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Valerie is looking out the window to the city beyond. Maybe thinking about John. Maybe worrying about John.

The detail cops watch the Captured Thief asleep in his chair -- But, he startles awake, as he hears a LOUD DISTANT BOOM -- like a door has been blown off its hinges from below.

UNIFORMED COP
... What was that?

Valerie reacts -- now we hear GUNSHOTS -- the safehouse is BEING RAIDED. And off this, CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING AT 233 FLOWER STREET HALLWAY - DAY

WE TRACK WITH A UNIFORM THROUGH THE HALL entering the apartment -- The Uniform comes up to John.

UNIFORM COP
The safe house has been compromised.

INT. LAPD SAFE HOUSE/DOWNTOWN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Cortez blasts through the doors, FIRING - flanked by other Insyndicate men. They're instantly FIRED BACK on by Cops -- It's INSANE!!

MX-43s take the front line, firing as they advance -- Brave - hard to take down -- strong as hell. One of the Thieves is killed by one robot.

ANOTHER INSYNDICATE THIEF raises a STRANGE GUN, like we've never seen before -- it's energy-based, like a pulse, and it blasts the MX-43s backwards into walls. Holy shit! These robots are bad-ass, but not invulnerable. The Thieves continue down the hall --

INT. LAPD SAFE HOUSE/DOWNTOWN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

VALERIE appears at the end of the hall unloading her clip as the Thieves advance towards her.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

John's car speeds through the city streets like crazy -- madness --

INT. LAPD SAFE HOUSE/DOWNTOWN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Cortez and the Insyndicate Thieves continue their fire fight through the uniformed cops, getting closer TO THE AREA WHERE THEY'RE HOLDING THE CAPTURED THIEF.

WITH THE THIEF -- Terrified. Valerie is the last line of defense, reloads as fast as she can.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - MOVING FAST - DAY

John moves through traffic -- Back in Downtown -- Almost there...

INT. LAPD SAFE HOUSE/DOWNTOWN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Valerie is hit -- HARD -- goes down. Cortez appears. He steps over Valerie -- doesn't care about her -- he's here for a reason. He approaches the trembling Thief, who is crying for his life.

CORTEZ
Hi, Trevor.

Another of the THIEVES walks up, raises a rifle, and FIRES -- BUT THE GUN FIRES A FUTURISTIC PLASTIC WRAP THAT SEALS AROUND HIS HEAD!!! RENDERING HIM UNCONSCIOUS. WILD! CUT TO:

EXT. LAPD SAFE HOUSE/DOWNTOWN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Cortez and the rest load the Captured Thief and split up into numerous vehicles - tossing aluminum CANISTERS as they escape -- HUGE EXPLOSIONS rock the area as they speed off, preventing them from being followed.

John SCREECHES HIS CAR to a stop near the explosions, gets out, and runs through them --

INT. LAPD SAFE HOUSE/DOWNTOWN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

John enters -- Finds the carnage -- AND FINDS VALERIE, WHO APPEARS TO BE DEAD -- OH NO -- NOT AGAIN!!!!!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOSPITAL - ER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

POV through a WINDOW into an operating room. We can see Valerie lying on a gurney in the distance -- many doctors around her.

CLOSE ON JOHN -- watching her.

An ER SURGEON (30s) exits, and approaches.

ER SURGEON
We're going to keep her in a coma. The next step is exo-cranial surgery, but we'll know more in a few hours.

JOHN
Thank-you.

The Surgeon leaves. If John was poleaxed before, he is just numb and getting worse. CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

TRACKING WITH ENERGY, as JOHN walks with CAPTAIN MALDONADO (50s). Maldonado did not get this job handed to him -- he's hardworking, and smart, and he got here by sheer determination.

MALDONADO
How the hell did they find the safehouse?

JOHN
I don't know.

MALDONADO
Do you know what kind of narcotic they're making with this DNA?

JOHN
No, I don't have a connection yet.

MALDONADO
Nothing more came from the apartment lab on Flower? No evidence of the stolen DNA there? No fingerprints?
(another head shake)
Okay.

They arrive at Maldonado's office -- Maldonado takes off his coat and settles in --

JOHN
I'm going to find out if Insyndicate has a renewed presence on the street. If it is drugs, maybe I can hear something about it.

Maldonado nods, looking at John - something on his mind.

MALDONADO
Are we just gonna pretend? ... We're not going to talk about this?

JOHN
About what?

MALDONADO
Technically, given your history with this group... you should be removed from this investigation.

John watches Maldonado carefully -- this COULD become an issue.

JOHN
You did that the last time, remember?

MALDONADO
You think there is a statute of limitation on policy?

John stares back. The silence is filled with troubled history.

JOHN
(being even clearer)
I sat out the last time and they got away.

Beat. We can tell that Maldonado cares a lot for John. We're talking about his WIFE here. He lost his FUCKING wife!

MALDONADO
I want you to tell me you're okay, John.

John looks back, unflinching.

JOHN
I'm okay.

The way this was said, it could mean "I'm okay, I can handle this." Or "I'm okay to track these bastards and kill every last one of them." Whatever your take, Maldonado's decision is made:

MALDONADO
Good. Take an MX with you. Any one.

Blink. Blink.

JOHN
What?

MALDONADO
You're partnering with an MX.

John looks out the glass office, where a few MX's are, like they're a side-dish he hadn't ordered.

JOHN
... I don't like machines.

MALDONADO
I know you're a hold out. But, these aren't like the first and second gen models, John. Those had problems, and issues, and were decommissioned for a reason.
(then... looking out to the MXs)
-- These machines stop cops from dying. Period.

JOHN
I do flesh and bone. Like I always have -- always will. Like my father before me did. I'll take Guerring with me if you insist I take someone --

Beat.

MALDONADO
You're taking one.

Maldonado goes through his messages on his tablet -- then, looks up - sees John still standing there.

MALDONADO (CONT'D)
(like, WTF?)
... Go get me results.

And off John, realizing he's not getting out of this shit, CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND STRUCTURE - OPEN AREA - DAY

CLOSE ON A BLURRY IMAGE as it comes into focus, REVEALING... LONG HAIR, IN CLOSE UP, looking down at us.

WIDEN to reveal HE IS CUTTING THE PLASTIC WRAP off the Captured Thief's head. When the oxygen hits him, he sucks air into his lungs.

Next -- Long Hair injects him with a metal syringe. After a moment, the Thief seems to be in EXTREME PAIN. Long Hair nods at...

Reinhardt, standing nearby, watching.

REINHARDT
(to the Thief)
You should remain calm.

The Thief looks up at him, confused, terrified.

He SEES that the SEXBOT is lounging on a chair, watching this unfold, unmoved. Creepy.

CAPTURED THIEF
(to Reinhardt, struggling to breathe)
W-what... did you do to me?

Long Hair hands Reinhardt the syringe - he silently disassembles it. And it's FUCKING SCARY and you <u>never</u> want to be in this chair.

REINHARDT
Your heart is swelling. Depending on your pulse rate, it will soon explode in your chest.

The Thief howls in pain --

REINHARDT (CONT'D)
I would calm down... remain calm... keep your heart rate down the best you can.

Reinhardt takes a chair and sets it in front of him.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)
I want to assure you... when you lie... your heart rate goes up. That's why we're doing this. So...
(beat)
Tell the truth. What did you tell the police?

Reinhardt knows he told them something, he leans in...

REINHARDT (CONT'D)
They found out where you lived. Flower Street. They showed up there.

The Captured Thief hesitates, and he experiences a SHOCK OF PAIN...

CAPTURED THIEF
... Yes.
(then...)
But, nothing else...

REINHARDT
Who are the cops that are investigating us?

And off this, we CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER [MOVING] - DAY

John drives -- annoyed beside a fucking MX-43. He hates it. The thing is humorless and cold and has all the answers with none of the charm.

John is so uncomfortable. After a beat.

JOHN
So... How does it feel to be a robot?

The MX-43 just looks at him.

Beat --

JOHN (CONT'D)
That was a joke.

The thing just looks ahead again.

JOHN (CONT'D)
... What kind of music do you like?

Another look.

MX-43
Was that another joke?

JOHN
Yeah.

John smirks -- looks back to the road. CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET/ALLY - DAY

John's car pulls into an ally.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - DAY

We can SEE through the windshield, AT THE ENTRY of a rundown building - ten or so GANG MEMBERS are gathered.

John moves to get out, and so does the MX-43, but John stops him--

JOHN
Stay in the car.

The MX-43 does as told. John heads off. As John does this, the MX scans the GANG.

MX POV - and this is wild, because we can SEE HIS FACIAL REC and data searching. Very quickly - the men are identified and their STATS AND RAP SHEETS displayed. We can ALSO see as this is going on -- various weapons are being THERMAL ID'd under their shirts.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET/ALLY - DAY

This street gang is violent. Tattoos all over them. But the tattoos seems to shimmer -- it's cool.

JOHN
(to the biggest one)
'Hola.

But, suddenly, we HEAR footsteps approaching from behind -- the MX draws its weapon, pointing it at the gang. Of course, they, in turn, raise their own weapons and we INSTANTLY have a highly-charged stand off.

John, freaked out, quickly defuses the situation.

JOHN (CONT'D)
No, no, no, no, no. Everyone calm down. Calm down! Hang on a sec!
(to the MX)
... What are you doing man? I told you to stay in the car.

MX-43
Six of these suspects are currently violating parole - they are armed. Two of them have outstanding bench warrants for felony 1s. You are in danger.

GANG MEMBER
(gun trained, scared)
I'm gonna drop this Borg. I've seen what they do. First hand. -- I'm gonna drop him.

JOHN
No, no, he's not gonna do anything here. Okay.
(to the MX)
Put your weapon down.

The MX is unmoving, and he looks mean, and we can see how they would be scary for bad guys -- Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm not in danger. Put. Your weapon. Down.

The MX lowers his weapon as told. Then, after a tense beat -- A VOICE from behind them --

PUSHER
(in Spanish)
[What's with him?]

John turns, seeing PUSHER,(20s), calmly standing there with take-out food. He's tattooed like the rest - this is who John came to see. And off this, CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET/ALLY - LATER

CLOSE ON A PIPE being lit -- something is being smoked. REVEAL it's one of the GANGBANGERS, inhaling what we can only assume is illegal drugs. The smoke is blue-tinged. And he's doing it right in front of the MX-43, who is standing off to the side now, waiting for John.

Further in the ally, John talks with Pusher alone. They have a rapport -- John works the streets and he respects the streets. Years of experience breeds trust.

Pusher walks to a box-crate and sits down with his food, he moves a BAD ASS FUTURE ASSAULT RIFLE.

PUSHER
(in Spanish with subtitles)
[You didn't see this.]

Pusher starts eating.

PUSHER (CONT'D)
(in Spanish with subtitles)
[I've heard of something twisted and weird, if that's what you're looking for.]

JOHN
(in Spanish with subtitles)
[New? This would be a new drug. Something you've never seen before. Very recent.]

Pusher nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(In Spanish with subtitles)
[I want some.]

PUSHER
I said I heard of it -- didn't say I can get it. I said I know a place that someone is trippin'. I don't know who's distributing it.
(beat)
But, it's freaky.

JOHN
... How freaky?

He just stares at John as he chews... Off this, CUT TO:

INT. DESOLATE DRUG BUILDING - DAY

MUSIC IS PLAYING from somewhere. John, the MX-43 and Pusher enter. It's dark, concrete, but a few sun streams come through the painted/boarded windows.

They make their way through the damp hallways. In side-rooms we see occasional JUNKIES, strung out...

Pusher leads them down the hall towards... A DOOR AT THE END, mostly in darkness.

They HEAR scary weird shit happening behind it -- and it's like a horror movie, the sounds of PAINFUL SCREAMING, twisting -- and they get to the door and kick it open --

And there, is a PERSON having a "TWISTED O.D." - literally.

ON A MATTRESS ON THE FLOOR -- A GUY (30s) IS THERE, WRITHING AND IN PAIN -- And as they move through the dark room towards him -- THEY SEE THAT, HORRIFYINGLY, HE IS SLOWLY MORPHING FROM ONE PERSON TO ANOTHER, THREE PEOPLE A MINUTE -- AND HE'S IN A KIND OF FUCKED UP AGONY AND IT IS TRULY AND ABSOLUTELY TERRIFYING. And off this --

EXT. DRUG HOUSE - DAY

MANY COP CARS AND EMERGENCY PERSONNEL. The writhing guy is placed in an ambulance and driven away. John, stunned, watches with the MX-43.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - [MOVING] - DAY

John and the MX-43 drive on the freeway.

JOHN
Have you seen anything like this before?

MX-43
Negative. And I have been though two-hundred and eighteen raids. I can recall every detail.

John looks at the MX-43 -- At first, he is gonna say something to the machine about how arrogant that sounds --but he's struck by something.

JOHN
You remember every detail of every case?

MX-43
Yes.

There is a beat -- something occurs to John. Then:

JOHN
How far back do you have recorded? Do you have the last time Insyndicate was here?

MX-43
I don't go back that far.

Beat.

John thinks a second, and makes a decision -- He reaches over, opens the door handle, and PUSHES THE MX-43 OUT OF THE FUCKING CAR AT 90MPH WITH HIS FOOT!!!!

The thing gets sucked out the door --

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - DAY

-- CARS SWERVE, as the robot tumbles, SPECTACULAR!!! - AS IT GETS CRUSHED, HIT, RUN OVER and SMASHED INTO OBLIVION. HOLY. FUCKING. SHIT!!!

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

John looks in the rear view mirror. That was the shortest partnership of all time.

He puts his eyes back on the road and turns on the radio. And off this, CUT TO:

INT. LAPD STORAGE FACILITY/LAB - DAY

A lab/warehouse where the LAPD robots are fixed and maintained. Tiny ROBOTIC CREATURES are here and there. This is a wild place -- machines everywhere -- parts of robots -- half-constructed MX 43s, some for parts, some in rebuild state.

This is a wonderland for LAPD technician RUDY LOM (30s), our Q, a genetic/robotic engineer. He's overworked and underpaid, dressed in a lab coat. Rudy is lonely and has no friends, at least human friends.

RUDY
Insyndicate?

John follows him around, as Rudy is unlocking and opening various storage areas.

JOHN
I believe they're responsible for a dangerous new drug on the street.

RUDY
Okay.

JOHN
There was a division-wide raid, years ago to shut them down, the last time they were doing this - some first Gen robots were used in it.

Rudy opens a walk-in freezer, he walks in and then out almost immediately -- continuing to open more storage areas.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I was thinking, they might have information - or maybe details - that could help us find these guys. Maybe some of these old models would have info in them that I can use now.

RUDY
Only one robot is left that would've been involved in those raids. He's definitely on the scrap heap -- about to be sent to LAX for menial labor. Those models do very well with re-purposing.
(then)
Funny you showed up now, this one's scheduled to finally be picked up on Thursday.

Rudy pulls open a last drawer, like a morgue, revealing:

A DRN-0167. AKA: Dorian. OUR OTHER STAR. Inert. Dead to the world, eyes opened. He looks likeable and strong - like a HUMAN, not like the MX-43s. And sorta' sad, LYING THERE, UNUSED AND BROKEN.

John stares at him -- Something strikes a chord. Then...

JOHN
Let's power him up.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LAPD STORAGE FACILITY/LAB - NIGHT

CLOSE ON DORIAN -- unconscious, lying on a slab. MACHINES and DEVICES surround his head. These are complex instruments, the likes of which, we have never seen.

Most of these connections are FUTURE GEN INFRARED devices that send/receive information through the air. But, we'll get to that.

John is sitting nearby, reading an R.E.C -- Rebuild/Enhance Catalogue -- for all intents and purposes: an instruction manual for the DRN-0167. Rudy is reaching inside one of these IR machines --

RUDY
There. This should be good now. That DF fuse was bad. This should...
(he clicks in the fuse)
... do the trick.

And he flicks a switch -- and suddenly a GREEN HOLOGRAPHIC INTERFACE appears out of nowhere -- it hovers about a foot above DORIAN -- waiting for command.

RUDY (CONT'D)
(to John)
What was the operation number for the raids? Or case file if you have it.

JOHN
Case file. 546298 Alpha.

Rudy nods, but he does something weird - he makes a pose as he punches the numbers in.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What was that?

RUDY
(re: Dorian)
He just took a picture of me. Every time his memory is accessed, there's a security function that takes a photograph of whoever is messing around in here.

John nods --

RUDY (CONT'D)
There's a camera, but you'd never find it.
(with geek pride)
I was on the software team that helped design that.

Rudy watches as the holographic interface streams millions of digits as it searches... Then a few clicks are heard as the machines near Dorian's head begin to activate -- like they're interpreting the digits.

MORE COOL SCREENS POP UP - reams of FILE INFORMATION and images. John watches this, and even for a guy who hates machines, he's intrigued.

JOHN
(walking over)
... Can you find the day of the raid?

RUDY
(nodding)
You're watching it.

Rudy points to ONE OF THE SCREENS displaying A MOVING, SINGLE CAMERA POV that we understand as Dorian's RECORDED POV - A FIRST PERSON HOLOGRAM OF THE DAY THE RAIDS ON INSYNDICATE WENT DOWN. The footage blips and surges, like it's a bit damaged.

ON JOHN

JOHN
It's corrupted.

RUDY
Who knows how long he was sitting around in a crate before he got here? And what kind of damage was done to him. For all we know, he was dropped off a forklift.

ON SCREEN: An intense gun battle plays out for us. Cops are firing, Insyndicate bad guys fire back. Dorian's gunplay is impressive. John watches as Dorian skillfully kills one, undeniably saving a cop.

IN THE LAB

John, IMPRESSED, looks down at the sleeping robot.

Then, SOMETHING ON SCREEN CATCHES JOHN'S EYE.

JOHN
... Stop. Go back.

Rudy does -- John points to futuristic equivalents of WHITE BOARDS in the Insyndicate lab that are visible on screen. And what is written on them interests John.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(pointing)
Rudy, blow this up.

Rudy BLOWS UP THE IMAGE - and we see on the boards are depictions of ...

RUDY
(realizing)
DNA strands.

John goes to his own TABLET DEVICE and accesses his own case files. He looks at something, and then back to the screen.

RUDY (CONT'D)
What is it?

John shows him his TABLET SCREEN. On it, we SEE the DNA strand that was stolen from the white lab in act one.

JOHN
That's the programmable DNA strand that Insyndicate stole from a lab yesterday.
(pointing to Dorian's recorded raid footage)
That raid was three years ago. On that board there, is the same DNA strand.

Rudy compares -- it's true.

RUDY
So...

JOHN
So whatever this drug is -- it's been in the works for a long time.
(to Rudy)
Play on.

Rudy continues the footage --

ON SCREEN, the raid plays out, ANOTHER GUNSHOT is fired at him -- and we SEE the shooter is LONG HAIR, the MAN THAT KILLED ANNA!

This bowls John over. HOLY SHIT. Seeing John's reaction -- Rudy stops again, looking at the creepy image.

RUDY
Who is that?

Beat... John stares at Long Hair -- he's in 3D Hologram, so it's like John can reach out and touch him.

JOHN
He was involved in the death of my wife.

Longgg beat. Rudy doesn't hear THAT every day. He looks at John and then back to the screen.

RUDY
What does Insyndicate have to do with your wife?

JOHN
I've been asking that question for a long time.

John looks to Rudy.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(re: Dorian)
I want more information out of this thing. Files. Video. Interviews, everything.

RUDY
I can't get any more from this region. The rest is fragmented.

John looks like someone just shit in his cereal.

JOHN
But, if the information WAS in there...

RUDY
It still might be in there. I can try and find it -- might take forever...or...

JOHN
Or what?

RUDY
Or there's a chance he might be able to remember himself and he can share it with you.

JOHN
(confused)
... "Share it with me?"

RUDY
Yeah - take him out for a beer.

Rudy smiles. John looks down at Dorian. "You gotta be kidding me." John's COMM rings --

JOHN
(answering)
This is Kennex.

INT. LAPD PRECINCT - MALDONADO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - MALDONADO'S OFFICE - DAY

Maldonado is enraged. John sits in a chair.

MALDONADO
He "fell" out of the car!?

JOHN
It was an accident. I tried to catch him.

Maldonado KNOWS it was no accident.

MALDONADO
Do you have any idea what that will cost to replace?

JOHN
No need to replace him. I <u>have</u> a robot.

MALDONADO
What are you talking about?

JOHN
A DRN-0167.

Beat.

MALDONADO
... DRN-0167s are loading baggage at the airport.

JOHN
Not this one. I've been through every file in this precinct on the Insyndicate raids -- no stone unturned -- there is <u>nothing</u>.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
Not one clue to grab onto. The robot I got, was ACTUALLY there -- He could have invaluable information that needs to be mined.

MALDONADO
There were problems with that design.

JOHN
(nodding, no problem)
I read about them.

MALDONADO
They're unreliable. DRNs were based on a platform called The Synthetic Soul program, and it had its issues. Among them, unexpected emotional responses.

JOHN
I have unexpected emotional responses. I have more issues than it does.

This was meant to be funny, but it's not to Maldonado, and it lands terribly, because this is a policeman on the edge, and he has been for a while.

MALDONADO
They were retired from service for a reason, John.

We're expecting him to keep arguing, but all he says is...

JOHN
... I need this.

The way this was said, we can tell this was from a very deep and dismal place... It's all he has.

Beat.

Maldonado nods. He'll go along with it. John sits there a moment, pleased with his win. He nods thanks, and gets up and heads for the door.

MALDONADO
John.

John turns back.

MALDONADO (CONT'D)
Valerie is still not responding.
(then)
They're going ahead with the Exo-Cranial surgery tonight. I wanted you to know.

ON JOHN, this is bad. He collects himself and leaves. Maldonado looks after John for a beat -- CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

A MONTAGE IN WHICH WE INTERCUT: Valerie in surgery -- the doctors performing exo-cranial surgery. OPENING HER CRANIUM AND REMOVING -- ENTIRELY -- HER BRAIN, USING ROBOTIC ARMS, ETC., FUTURE TECH, WITH:

INT. LAPD STORAGE FACILITY/LAB - SAME TIME

JOHN AND RUDY IN THE LAB, POWERING UP DORIAN. Rudy has problems, the Robot is not firing up -- RUDY NEEDS TO OPEN HIM AND EXCHANGE COMPLEX PARTS.

AS VALERIE'S BRAIN IS BEING OPERATED ON, AS IS HER BODY.

AND JUST AS DORIAN COMES ON LINE...

VALERIE'S SURGERY DOESN'T GO WELL... AND THE DOCTORS LOOK AT EACH OTHER, CLEARLY UNABLE TO DO ANY MORE. WHILE WE DON'T KNOW EXACTLY HER FATE, IT ISN'T GOOD AT THE MOMENT...

STAY WITH DORIAN AS -

Dorian opens his eyes and turns to John and utters his first words:

DORIAN
... Thank you.

Beat.

John ignores him.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
(once again)
Thank you.

JOHN
What does that mean?

DORIAN
I'm grateful.

JOHN
No, I know what 'thank you' means, what are you saying it for?

DORIAN
I was decommissioned in January of 2046. Redesignated for a menial-tech labor unit intended for heavy baggage handling at Los Angeles International Airport. You're Officer John Kennex, Los Angeles Police Department --

John stares at him as he talks...

JOHN
Jesus, this creeps me out.

DORIAN
-- and you're in a street uniform, indicating you're not tasked with transporting me to my re-designation.

JOHN
(to Rudy)
Do they always talk this much?

DORIAN
If I'm being put to work again, as a police officer, I'm simply expressing my gratitude.
(then)
I'm Dorian.

John stares at him, uncomfortable.

RUDY
At least he's friendly.

John, already regretting this, just walks off.

JOHN
Let's go.

Dorian to Rudy:

DORIAN
Go where?

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - [MOVING] - NIGHT

John drives, eyes straight ahead -- a little uncomfortable -- we KNOW how he feels about robots.

Dorian has a gentle way -- sincere, earnest, authentic. If he WERE human, we would admire his values.

Dorian watches the city. Then, after a moment.

DORIAN
What would you like to be addressed as?

JOHN
(curt)
Officer Kennex.

Dorian nods -- he looks out the window again.

DORIAN
Kennex is an old name. Migrated all across the world over time. And as the Kennex family spread, so did the pronunciation in different regions. In some regions, taking the pronunciation of - "Kennich", or - "Kennacks".

Dorian looks at John, who is glaring back:

JOHN
(no it's not)
That's very interesting.

Dorian realizes John doesn't care. And then, Dorian melts our hearts when he says:

DORIAN
I am very perceptive. But I can be programmed to be less so. My last partner liked to talk. If you tell me about yourself I can change to suit --

JOHN
-- Stop

Dorian does.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Don't Q9 me.

Dorian looks at him --

JOHN (CONT'D)
I read your manual. Questionnaire 9. Q9.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
You're trying to run a psychological profile on me. It's what you're programmed to do.

Dorian looks a bit surprised.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You know what I'm talking about.

DORIAN
(nods)
I know.

JOHN
So do I. I know what you're doing. So leave it at the door. Okay?

DORIAN
Okay, John.

JOHN
I don't need to be figured out. Let me ask you something -- I want to talk about Insyndicate. Tell me about them.

DORIAN
Insyndicate is an organized crime syndicate. Initial activity from Dec 2040. Involved in illegal bio-tech, illegal narcotics, human enhancement --

JOHN
(cutting him off)
-- Yeah, yeah. I know all that. Tell me about the long haired man. An Insyndicate operative. Long hair. I saw his face in your data storage. The day of the raids.

Dorian thinks about it -- But, John realizes how much work he has ahead of him, when...

DORIAN
I don't recall a long haired man.

John looks at him --

JOHN
He was in your files. Try again.

DORIAN
I don't recall a long haired man. Do you want me to continue searching for him?

John shakes his head, like "what the hell good is this Synthetic?"

And he gets that look on his face, like maybe -- just maybe he's gonna lean across and open the door on this robot too for a little pavement surf.

But, he thinks better of it --

JOHN
Please. Do. ... Search.

He sets his eyes back on the road. Dorian watches him for a moment. And off this, CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

John and Dorian walk in. They go to a glass window that separates two rooms, watching the Drug User we saw MORPHING FROM PERSON TO PERSON. He's STILL UNCONSCIOUS, but morphing, but it's getting slower now, he's coming down.

Dorian is compelled by what he sees.

JOHN
Do you know what it might be?

Dorian explains, feeling the pain of the poor guy, what could be happening --

DORIAN
Perhaps retroviral. A retrovirus is a virus that inserts its own DNA into the host's DNA. Retroviruses are a great delivery method for gene therapy and --

John's not buying this hypothesis. He waves his hand, as if wiping a page on a iPad --

JOHN
Next --

Seamless, Dorian changes gears, moves onto the next possibility.

DORIAN
-- Could be "pirate DNA" or "Occupier DNA." The drug delivers engineered strands of DNA to the bloodstream, and these strands literally take over control of cells, like pirates or an occupying army.

John finds this one interesting --

JOHN
Go on.

DORIAN
The drug would put a person's own DNA on lockdown, preventing it from working, so that the pirate DNA can take its place. Suddenly all the person's cells are taking orders from a new genetic code.

CLOSE ON JOHN as he watches the man morph again -- spooky. A NURSE (late 20s) enters.

NURSE
(to John)
I went ahead and sent his blood samples to the LAPD lab for you.

JOHN
Thank you.

Then, suddenly - A KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the glass to the next room. They turn to SEE ANOTHER NURSE standing behind the glass. She's pointing to the bed --

ANOTHER NURSE
He's awake! ... He's awake.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

John and Dorian walk into the room with the Nurse. They approach the bed, and the man's eyes weakly open.

He tries to focus on John and Dorian. His face is ever changing -- SO FREAKY!!!

JOHN
Can you hear me?

The patient looks at him for a beat, and then nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I would like to know what happened to you.
(nothing)
Can you tell us? ... What is your name?

PATIENT
(quietly terrified)
... Help me.

ON JOHN

John is FUCKED UP right now, because there is NOTHING he would rather do than help this poor soul.

JOHN
I want to help you. ... Who did this to you...
(then...)
Have you heard the name Insyndicate?

He searches John's eyes and nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What's your name? ... Can you tell me who you are...

The Patient takes a moment, his face STILL SHIFTING, and gathers enough strength to say four more weakened words in a whisper:

PATIENT
I... am a cop.

HOLD ON JOHN AND DORIAN

And off this, CUT TO BLACK:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Captain Maldonado walks down the hall in his overcoat. His face tells us he knows EXACTLY what is going on. He approaches John and Dorian, who are standing outside the Patient's hospital room.

JOHN
His name is Craig Shields. Detective from Rampart. He went missing three days ago.

Maldonado looks at Dorian.

DORIAN
(a nod)
Sir.

Maldonado doesn't respond, but looks in the room -- seeing the Patient's face slowly shifting. Even he, a thirty year veteran, can't hide his reaction. This is straight up disturbing. Period.

MALDONADO
What can he tell us?

JOHN
He says he was parked on the shoulder and the last thing he remembers is someone approached his window... A male.

MALDONADO
You're saying somebody dosed him?

JOHN
I don't know what happened.

Maldonado isn't satisfied. But he certainly is worried. CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Reinhardt walks along the rows of lab tables, watching the Lab Coated chemists working with masks and test tubes. WE CAN SEE that there has been much progress since the last time we were here.

Several crates of small silver canisters are becoming full. We TRACK WITH ONE CHEMIST who brings ANOTHER TRAY OF CANISTERS, loading them.

Then, one of Reinhardt's men, WHO WE INSTANTLY RECOGNIZE AS LONG HAIR (the man who killed Anna) comes to deliver a message. He's alive and well.

LONG HAIR
Second shift is here.

Reinhardt looks to the massive doorways -- we see a few futuristic people carriers are here, as more workers are arriving.

REINHARDT
(looking at this watch)
Have them set up. ... Give them something to eat.

Long Hair walks off. Reinhardt sits down, puts on his rubber gloves and begins working again. CUT TO:

INT. LAPD STORAGE FACILITY/LAB - NIGHT

Rudy is on the phone with John, looking at the blood sample results that the Nurse sent over.

As Rudy paces, we SEE a set of ROBOTIC EYES on a small stand on the lab table -- in the process of being worked on. The EYES FOLLOW HIM as he walks.

RUDY
I found the same programmable DNA strand in his blood that was stolen from the lab.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

John is on his phone, listening to Rudy.

RUDY
So for sure -- it's Insyndicate.

INTERCUT THE CALLERS:

JOHN
Okay, so what's happening to him?

RUDY
Still trying to figure that out, but the stolen DNA is an ingredient.

A CHIME is heard and a machine DISPLAYS AN ELECTRONIC PRINTOUT. Rudy walks over.

RUDY (CONT'D)
Whatever they dosed him with, was tailor made for him. Him specifically.

Rudy has a look at the results.

RUDY (CONT'D)
It's adhering to unique antibodies in his blood.

JOHN
What do you mean?

RUDY
(reading the results)
It seems it's clinging to elements of an inoculation he once got. It wouldn't work on anyone who didn't have it.

JOHN
An inoculation?

RUDY
(fascinated)
To protect against widespread disease, it looks like.
(then...perplexed)
I don't know what they're playing with here. Hang on.

Another printout PRESENTS ITSELF. More info. Rudy reads it -- and he stops cold.

JOHN
... Rudy?

RUDY
It's not just unique to him.
(then...)
It's unique to the entire LAPD.

ON JOHN -- this lands.

RUDY (CONT'D)
This guy is a cop. All cops get the same mandatory inoculations. LAPD inoculations are designed in LAPD labs. For our officers only. You got one. So did he.
(then)
What they did to this guy, they could do to anyone on the force.

On John realizing what this means.

JOHN
They're targeting cops.

Beat.

Just then -- A CODE BLUE - and we realize that the Patient is in trouble. Doctors rush into his room. John rushes in too, worried.

Maldonado watches as they try to save the Patient's life.

AND WE BEGIN A SLOW PUSH IN ON JOHN, as the doctors struggle, it soon becomes apparent that the Patient is dead. His face stuck in a half-way grimace between two different faces. Maldonado looks at John.

HOLD ON JOHN - a disturbed expression. CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - A TINY RED PILL BEING SHAKEN OUT OF THE SILVER pill container we saw at JOHN'S apartment.

WIDEN as John takes the pill, about to swallow it. But he drops it, and Dorian picks it up, looks at it, and hands it to him. There is a pause and John takes it. Now he swallows it.

DORIAN
You don't speak a lot. ... About yourself.

John nods.

He looks out the window, with nighttime LA looking like a city of lights.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
... I noticed that. For instance, that man died, and I'm not even sure how you feel about it.

JOHN
How do you think I feel?

DORIAN
If I told you, they would be my feelings not yours.

We expect him to respond with a wall, the same way he did with his good friend Valerie -- but --

JOHN
I feel like the world's out of control. I'm just trying to hang on.

He looks at Dorian --

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm trying... very hard to find my purpose again.

John lowers his eyes --

These are the answers Valerie didn't get. It's been a very long time since he has opened up to anyone.

DORIAN
It's okay.

John looks up -- a bit surprised to hear Dorian. The way he says it, it's calm, and sure, and catches John off guard. And we can FEEL the EMPATHY/COMPASSION PROGRAMMING THAT DORIAN HAS...

And as they sit with one another, we realize these two are bonding. Until...

John looks at Dorian -- realizing.

JOHN
You Q9'd me. I told you not to.

Beat.

DORIAN
I already had a profile on you before you asked me not to.

JOHN
Is that right.

DORIAN
You shared with me because I'm not human.
(then...)
If anything happens to me... I can be replaced. Not like those you lost.
(beat)
You protect yourself. And I understand that.

Silence.

John glares at Dorian.

His COMM RINGS.

JOHN
(answering)
Kennex.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

A CRIME SCENE is set up. John and Dorian arrive... they get out of the car.

John walks through the crime scene, coming upon the CAPTURED THIEF, dead, eyes open.

A CSI is working on him. John now walks over to the head CSI OFFICER.

CSI OFFICER
He was dumped here. Overdose. Heart attack I think. Just waiting for the ME Lifter.

The CSI notices Dorian behind John, looking at the body.

DORIAN
He was dumped here?

The CSI nods.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
(to the CSI)
Can you get me a shrapnel removal canister.

The CSI goes to his kit and finds what Dorian is looking for -- a small instrument that has a thin canister and a tube-like spout.

CSI OFFICER
I said he likely died of a heart attack, not a gunshot. There's no shrapnel to suck out of his tissue.

Dorian says nothing, he's a man inspired. He gets down carefully on his knees, and VERY GINGERLY moves the dead Thief's head sideways.

ON JOHN - wondering what he is doing.

Dorian takes the shrapnel removal canister, readies himself, and QUICKLY OPENS THE THIEF'S MOUTH, JACKS THE CANISTER INSIDE, AND PULLS THE TRIGGER, ALL AT ONCE!!!

We see that Dorian has captured AIR FROM THE THIEF'S LUNGS!

Beat.

DORIAN
(holds up the canister)
This is the last breath of air he took. ... We'll analyze it through air quality control.

Dorian hands the canister to the CSI.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
By the distinct micro attributes in this sample, we should be able to identify, within a few city blocks, where he died.

You could hear a pin drop.

And off John, fucking impressed--

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

Dorian stands by the car, waiting. John approaches. He looks at Dorian for a moment.

JOHN
That was good police work back there.

Dorian nods.

DORIAN
My cognition is coming back and will only become stronger.

Beat.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
I'm here to protect and serve for you. At all costs -- in any way possible.

John stares at him -- considering Dorian, like he knows something.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
What?

JOHN
See, I have the gift of perception too. ... I know a thing or two about psychology...
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
(then...)
I know you're trying very hard to impress me. ... You're down-playing it... but you want so bad for me to like you... to see your value.
(then...)
... So I won't see my way clear to stick you on that one-way aerobus to LAX.
(then)
... You're terrified.

There's a beat. It's LONGER than we expect -- and it's clear John hit pay dirt. This is John calling Dorian out.

DORIAN
I was programmed to be a cop. That's all I want to be. It's my purpose.
(beat)
Don't we all want to come face to face with our purpose?

John watches Dorian... It's the most HUMAN thing we've heard him say.

And although we don't REALLY understand a lot yet about what a Synthetic Soul IS... we know what was just said came from there.

HOLD ON Dorian - unsure of where he stands. A TACTICAL OFFICER walks up.

TACTICAL OFFICER
We got a carbon pollution match. San Pedro. Long Beach.

And off this, CUT TO:

EXT. ROWS OF FACTORY BUILDINGS. SAN PEDRO - NIGHT

This is an area jammed with industrial factories. John and Dorian pull up in John's car and get out - looking around.

Not much happening. And dark.

JOHN
What time is it?

DORIAN
11:40. Why?

JOHN
How many factories are burning here at quarter to twelve?

Dorian follows John's gaze, looks to the building in the middle -- a smoke twist comes up into the night's sky through the smokestacks.

John turns, seeing A THRONG OF POLICE BACKUP arriving. CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The White Lab Coats are busy at their stations making more of the drug.

Suddenly, BOOOOM! DOORS BLAST OPEN! The warehouse is flooded with TACTICAL TEAMS and their MX-43s. Everyone scatters!!!!

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN DORIAN AND JOHN AS THEY MOVE THROUGH THIS PLACE.

John blasts a few baddies -- a bullet rips past his head. He looks from where it came -- HE SEES LONG HAIR!!!! GUN RAISED AT HIM -- John dives away, as he fires again. Long Hair grabs Reinhardt and heads up the stairs. John gets to his feet -- goes after him.

Dorian is unrelenting -- bad guys are realizing outmaneuvering a robot isn't easy. He comes down on ONE BAD GUY hard and takes him out. Spins, FIRING -- taking out another.

WITH JOHN

As he communicates via radio to Dorian.

JOHN
Upstairs!!!

WITH DORIAN

He can HEAR this transmission. Dorian barely escapes a sub machine gun blast -- A THIRD MAN fires at him now BANG BANG CLICK!!! His gun jams. Bad luck, because Dorian reloads and kills the guy.

WITH JOHN

MOVING up the stairs -- looking around -- where did they go? He looks up to the next flight -- it's tense. HEARS A NOISE. SOMETHING causes him to spin -- creak in the floor! SEES the Massive Bad Guy who made the noise. John FIRES, making another corpse.

He turns, ANOTHER MAN there -- they both UNLOAD ON EACH OTHER, diving out of the way!!!!

WITH DORIAN

Gunfire all around. He's trying to raise John on the Comm --

DORIAN
Officer Kennex. I am in the east corner.... What is your 20? ... Officer Kennex.

Nothing from John -- Dorian, worried, looks up, wondering WTF is happening, CUT TO:

DORIAN HEADS UP THE STAIRS -- SEARCHING. He HEARS something. He comes to a landing and HEARS it's coming from this darkened floor.

He enters the dark area -- AND WE SEE HIS POV of THERMAL SHAPES - it's wild tech, super cool, BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE THERE. But, the NOISE continues...

Dorian, gun extended, moves to a pool of yellow light from a dim security lamp... and we see that the NOISE is the SEXBOT on the ground, malfunctioning as it has been shot. It is creepily jittering, looking up at him.

Suddenly, PPPPFT! The TIP OF DORIAN'S FUCKING EAR IS SHOT OFF from behind!!!! Dorian spins, BLASTS A BAD ASS that shot at him, killing him.

Dorian looks back at the SEXBOT and his face changes -- why? Because in the light, he can SEE that there is A GRENADE IN HER HAND!!!

But worse -- the pin is gone. BOOOOOOM!!!! The blast sends Dorian hurtling backwards through the air, SMASHING against the wall AND WE CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. UNDERGROUND STRUCTURE - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

A HUGE, BLINDING LIGHT shines in the stairwell windows. We realize it is from a HOVERCRAFT VEHICLE as it approaches the roof.

John runs up the stairs, blasting at Long Hair, who is a few flights up. He keeps looking down, firing at John, as he and Reinhardt continue up...

INT. UNDERGROUND STRUCTURE - DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Dorian manages to stand, unsure of his footing at first -- his gyros messed up.

A BAD GUY appears, moving toward where Dorian is. But when he gets there, Dorian is gone. WTF? The Bad guy looks around -- Dorian appears from the darkness, breaks his neck. This robot will not fucking quit.

DORIAN
(into Comm)
Where are you?

INT. UNDERGROUND STRUCTURE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

-- Long Hair, breathless, being pursued by John. He takes off...

John comes forward through the dark space -- oblivious, searching.

JOHN
(into his Comm)
Fourth floor.

INT. UNDERGROUND STRUCTURE - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Dorian climbs the stairs. We can see more of his THERMAL READINGS. He can SEE TWO WHITE BLOBS OF HEAT the next floor up, where John is.

DORIAN
I have you on thermal. There's someone on that floor with you.

JOHN (ON COMM)
I know. Where is he?

INTERCUT:

DORIAN
He's next to the door. To your left. Waiting for you...

But, JOHN/WE SEE a glimpse of SOMEONE hiding behind some crates to the RIGHT - Not left like Dorian says.

JOHN
There must be two people here. Is there more than one?

Dorian scans his thermo as he continues up ...

DORIAN
No!

JOHN
I can see him. He's way off to the right.

DORIAN
(insisting)
He's left.

John doesn't want to continue left like Dorian says and risk being shot by Long Hair.

He stops, thinking, WTF does he do? He chooses left. And lucky for him he did, because that's where Long Hair is, and they both fire, missing each other! Long Hair disappears into the darkness.

But John would have been killed by Long Hair if John had gone right.

John looks right, to where he thought he saw Long Hair, and we see robot parts, torsos, etc, WRAPPED IN PLASTIC. It's THIS that John saw.

EXT. FACTORY ROOF - NIGHT

John blasts out the roof door -- searching -- WIND and NOISE are insane from the hovercraft.

John SEES Reinhardt climbing into the craft -- he FIRES!!! BANG BANG BANG BANG.

LONG HAIR appears, UH OH, has John dead to rights. But, John keeps firing at the craft -- oblivious. John hits a tail rotor. The machine pitches, and spins, causing the wind to BLOW LONG HAIR RIGHT OFF THE FUCKING ROOF!!! Holy shit! He falls, LANDS HORRIFICALLY, DEAD OF COURSE.

The hovercraft, in trouble, has no choice but to set down on the roof. DORIAN BLASTS OUT THE DOOR - followed by TACTICAL COPS, MX-43s. They swarm the hovercraft.

They pull Reinhardt from the craft, push him to the ground and cuff him.

John goes to the ledge, and looks down. He sees Long Hair, the man who killed Anna, dead on the ground below. Holy shit! And off this, CUT TO:

INT. LAPD PRECINCT - TWO WAY MIRROR ROOM - NIGHT

Maldonado watches Reinhardt BEHIND THE TWO WAY GLASS. He's sitting in county orange, waiting to be interrogated.

John enters with Dorian, handing Maldonado a tablet. Maldonado gives Dorian a once over, then takes the tablet from John.

JOHN
We can't ID him.

Maldonado looks up from the tablet.

MALDONADO
Request a cellular scan.

JOHN
Already did one.

John and Maldonado look at Reinhardt.

INT. LAPD POLICE PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

John and Dorian enter. John carries a small kit.

Reinhardt watches as John sets up a SMALL ELECTRONIC DEVICE and switches it on. A green holograph screen appears with tiny bandwidth meters.

REINHARDT
(know what it is)
You don't need that.

JOHN
We'll see.

REINHARDT
I'm not gonna lie to you.

John makes an adjustment and the device is set. It must be some kind of lie detector.

JOHN
Sure about that?

REINHARDT
... As sure as I know my own name.

John looks up -- Reinhardt is fucking with him already. He knows they can't find his name.

CLOSE ON DORIAN, watching him.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)
A lawyer is on his way. I think I'm entitled to due process. ...I'm not going to talk to you. So pack up your machine... and go away.

ON JOHN and DORIAN -- they didn't expect that. Reinhardt just stares back.

BEHIND THE GLASS

ON MALDONADO - riveted.

BACK IN THE ROOM

Beat.

Reinhardt says nothing. John stares at him for a long moment -- he would love nothing more than to beat what he needs to know from this guy's skull.

JOHN
Sooner or later, we're gonna get a match for you, and we'll find out who you are. And then, you're going to unravel. We'll get answers.
(then..)
We stopped you - I'm sure someone somewhere... will be upset.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
And... if that someone asks you -- who is responsible for that? My name is John Kennex.

REINHARDT
You really think we came back just for this?

John suddenly feels off balance.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)
I know who you are.
(beat)
... I knew your wife.

Long beat.

Reinhardt just stares. John is a fraction of a hair away from ripping this guy's face off.

Just then, the door opens, and Reinhardt's LAWYER (40) arrives.

LAWYER
Let's go.

Reinhardt stands and moves to the door.

But then, he turns again -- like maybe, suddenly feeling what might be a tinge of compassion, maybe he WILL throw John a bone.

REINHARDT
I want you to ask yourself... and think.
(then...)
Do you find it strange that you never recovered a body?

... Then:

REINHARDT (CONT'D)
Anna's body?

John just stares at him -- And off this, CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - MEMORY FLASH - NIGHT

.... John YELLS FOR HIS WIFE and the LONG HAIR MAN TURNS AND FIRES HIS BLASTER -- JOHN LEAPS OUT OF THE WAY, takes cover, mind racing, heart pounding -- he has no weapon -- he looks back as they get in --

He RACES FOR THEM, taking cover behind whatever he can as they FORCE HER INTO THE VEHICLE, FIRING AT HIM -- he RUNS FOR HER as he sees her struggling inside the vehicle -- AND SEES THEM INSIDE THE TRANSPARENT VEHICLE TOP AS THEY SHOOT HER -- AND BLOOD STAINS THE GLASS AS THE VEHICLE TAKES OFF AGAIN -- ... But THIS time, when we see it, IN TRUTH, SHE IS SHOT, BUT IT ISN'T CLEAR THAT SHE IS KILLED... CUT BACK TO:

INT. LAPD POLICE PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The possibility of Anna not being dead lands on John.

Dorian watches John twist in anguish as Reinhardt is taken away.

WITH MALDONADO, also watching John. And off this concern, CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

John enters. Valerie is hooked up to machines, still in her coma.

John sets a candle by her bedside. He lights it. A nice quiet moment passes. He reaches out and touches her hand... and sits with her in silence, CUT TO:

EXT. LAPD PRECINCT - DAY

To establish.

INT. LAPD PRECINCT - MALDONADO'S OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Dorian sits on a chair, waiting. CUT TO:

INT. MALDONADO'S OFFICE - DAY

Maldonado is behind his desk, debriefing John.

MALDONADO
You did good work. They were targeting cops. Rampart lost a man, but you stopped them.

JOHN
What if she is alive?

Beat.

MALDONADO
He was messing with you from the moment you walked in. You don't know what he meant by his comment.
(then)
I know you're not going to give this up. But, my job is to bring you back, John.
(off his silence)
You can step off the ledge right now.... Or you can show up at roll call tomorrow ready to work.
(then)
Tomorrow's another case, John.

John sits there a moment, considering it. He gets up, walks to the door. He stops and turns to Maldonado.

JOHN
I'm keeping the robot.

Beat.

MALDONADO
I thought you hate machines?

EXT. LAPD PRECINCT - DAY

John and Dorian walk to the car. FUTURE LA looms large in the B.G. John stops before he gets in. Considers Dorian.

JOHN
Call me John.

Beat. Dorian nods, digesting that. John gets in the car.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - PARKED - DAY

Dorian gets in the car too.

DORIAN
Can you take me to get a new ear, John?

John looks at Dorian's shredded ear. It's hanging there, like beef jerky.

JOHN
I think we'd better. ... It's kind've disgusting.

Dorian puts on his sunglasses. Settles in.

DORIAN
Are you okay?

JOHN
... Yes.

There's a beat. Dorian nods, pleased.

DORIAN
Now, I don't want to start anything... but I just want to put it out there... -- I <u>do</u> like to drive.

And off John - CUT TO BLACK:

<u>END OF PILOT</u>