

SECONDS
(Pilot)

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A hotel room's being cleaned by the MAID:

- She cleans the bathtub with no desire to get all of it.
- She replaces an unopened soap with another unopened soap.
- She pulls the duvet off the bed, revealing BLOOD ON THE SHEETS. She's surprised for a moment, but pulls the sheets.

Suddenly, she hears RUNNING in the hallway. She listens for a moment, then goes back to pulling the bloody sheets off.

The bathroom door SHUTS and the Maid jumps. She's a bit frozen, then cautiously looks to the bathroom door.

MAID

Excuse me...? Sorry, I need you to
verify that this is your room.

In response, the door LOCKS. The Maid moves to it, knocking.

MAID

Excuse me! I need verification that
this is your room and then I can
come back later!

The Maid knocks again. COPS RUSH down the hallway. The Maid now becomes concerned, looking between the hall and the door.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Maid pokes her head out, seeing the cops run. Thinking, she waves them down. They see her and CHARGE BACK OVER.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TWO COPS enter the room. The Maid points to the bathroom, keeping fearfully silent. COP 1 immediately knocks on it.

COP 1

Sir? Unlock the door and put your
hands on the opposite wall.

No response. COP 2 UNHOLSTERS HIS GUN. Cop 1 shakes his head.

COP 1
You have ten seconds to comply!
(whispered to COP 2)
We can't do that.

COP 2
He can.

Cop 1 doesn't know what to do. He takes a step back. Cop 2 positions himself in front of the door.

BANG! A GUN GOES OFF in the bathroom. Cop 2 holds still, then pats around his body to make sure he's not hit. Cop 2 frowns, then KICKS IN the bathroom door. He trains his GUN FORWARD.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the bathroom's EMPTY and the shower curtain's CLOSED.

Cop 2 aims at the curtain. He reaches for it, slowly pulling, keeping his gun steadily focused on who's inside... TUG!

... NOBODY. At the head of the bathtub, one tile in the wall has a CIRCULAR FRACTURE in it with cracks protruding out.

Cop 2 is confused, looking around the bathroom: it's EMPTY. He looks back to Cop 1, then around the bathroom again.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Back by the bed, the once bloody sheets ARE NOW CLEAN.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: A digital clock counts down from SE62NDS.
SE61NDS. SE60NDS. The sound of a Margaritaville-esque alarm.

CUT TO:

INT. FAUNA'S BASEMENT APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

FAUNA GREGORY (30s) turns off the phone alarm. There are NO WINDOWS to see how bright it is out. Fauna engages the world like it's alien to her: analyzing every brick in every wall to the point of kinsman-ship with bricks.

INT. FAUNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT - LATER

Fauna, dressed in a blazer, hurries past the broken elevator.

INT. FAUNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Fauna ascends the stairs, but slows down as she approaches MR. GATES (50s), who waits at the top, by the exit.

GATES
Stairs cost 1600 to use today.

FAUNA
I get paid Friday.

GATES
Oof. Long time to spend down there.

FAUNA
The elevator's still broken.

GATES
And I can fix it with the rent you didn't pay.

FAUNA
You can't legally *charge* a tenan-

GATES
You can't legally *be* a tenant if you didn't pay rent -- and I can do anything I want to trespassers.

Fauna doesn't respond. Gates smiles, then steps aside. As Fauna moves past him, he GRABS HER ARM.

GATES
If you don't pay me Friday, these stairs start costing two grand.

Fauna loosens her arm away and heads out the door.

EXT. FAUNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

AMY BEST (30s) waits in her car as Fauna gets in the passenger seat. Amy pulls off, reading Fauna's desire for silence in deconstructing her morning.

Amy's a hard edge, but baby-proofs herself around Fauna, maybe even celebrating Fauna's introverted anti-diplomacy.

INT. AMY'S CAR - LATER

The two drive through LA in silence. By a parking lot, Fauna sees COP 3 arresting a BLACK TEENAGER.

FAUNA

Amy.

Amy saw it too and PULLS THE CAR OVER.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Amy's car pulls into the lot as Fauna rolls down the window and watches. Cop 3 immediately notices and curses to himself.

COP 3

Fits a description!

AMY

Which one?

COP 3

Like five of 'em.

AMY

Ah. Nice. Think you could've gotten him to confess to all five?

COP 3

Don't do that to me, Detective.

FAUNA

Three of your previous arrests of Black teenagers have resulted in retroactive exonerations. From the ones that could afford actual lawyers. I called them, Officer --
(yelling to Teenager)
Alex Hesk, Badge Number 16890.

The identified OFFICER HESK approaches the car, leaning in.

HESK

Can I do my job?

FAUNA

Clearly not.

HESK

(leaning closer to Fauna)
I know you were the one that recommended all that shit about me.

AMY

Were the two, actually.

Hesk looks to Amy, smiles, and nods.

HESK

We're coming for you two. The whole department. You've got weeks before Patty fries you for *something*.

AMY

We don't do anything.

HESK

And she'll fry you for *that*...
You're not cops. You're turncoats.

Hesk leaves their car, returning to the Teenager.

He takes the cuffs of the Teenager. The Teenager is worried, but hurries away. Fauna and Amy wait for the Teenager to get far enough away before Amy pulls off.

AMY

I am so impressed he knew what turncoats meant.

FAUNA

I think he's right.

AMY

Yeah, during the American Revo-

FAUNA

About the department.

Amy thinks about this, then shrugs.

AMY

If we try our best to be a people-forward cancer cells, people still treat you like cancer, and the rest of the cancer still treats you like people... We're on our own.

INT. SAN MARINO HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

A decadent hotel lobby. Fauna and Amy walk in as Cop 2 sees them and GROANS. He comes to greet them, faking a smile.

COP 2

Detectives. Okay... So it goes like this: we're with Damien, watching the Rams game in a store window. Just for two seconds. This guy's limping down the street. As he *passes* us, he shoots Damien right in the back of the shoulder blad-

AMY

Wait! What? Is Damien oka-

COP 2

He's stable. All meat -- But this guy shoots Damien on-the-go.

FAUNA

How far's the scene?

COP 2

'Bout a block down -- But, the guy hurries here, goes to a room upstairs; we're almost positive we've cornered him: he's locked in the bathroom. He fires a gun. I get into the bathroom... and he's gone.

FAUNA

So we're investigating premeditati-

COP 2

Not... gone like *dead*... *Gone*.

Fauna and Amy both don't follow.

COP 2

I thought the same thing.

AMY

Did he say anything in there?

COP 2

Just the gunshot.

FAUNA

Visual on him entering?

COP 2

Maid says not really. The door just closed and locked. Gunshot. Gone.

Fauna and Amy think about this, then head to the elevator.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - LATER

The hotel room -- which we now see as being ROOM NUMBER 543 - is a CRIME SCENE, complete with crime scene photographer flashes and yellow tape.

Fauna's in the bathroom, inspecting along the floor and walls. She looks up to the VENT: it's TINY. She looks at the TINY HOLE in the wall tile: it's a BULLET-SIZED dent.

In the bathtub, Fauna uses tweezers to pick up a BULLET. It's STILL LONG, not flattened by apparent impact with the wall.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Amy questions the Maid as Fauna comes out of the bathroom.

MAID
(re: clean sheets)
Bloody. All over. And then boom,
gunshot: it's all gone.

Amy nods as Fauna approaches.

AMY
(to Fauna)
Room was booked by a Richard King:
hotel scanned his license and
Horowitz confirms his picture
matches the shooter. Crime scene's
found too many fingerprints.

FAUNA
(to Maid)
Hi, ma'am. What's your name?

MAID
(to Amy's notebook)
Margaret Angela Westing.

FAUNA
Ms. Westing, you saw blood on the
sheets? How much blood?

MARGARET
Not too much. A period. And then
they were clean. Someone swapped
'em while none of us were looking.

FAUNA
Were any of you looking?

MARGARET
A guy with a gun was over *there*.

Fauna thinks about this.

FAUNA
Did you clean the bathroom first?

MARGARET
Always.

FAUNA

And there wasn't that little hole
in the wall when you cleaned it?

MARGARET

What, you mean the vent?

Fauna shakes her head.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Just Fauna and Amy in the room. Fauna opens up the closet:

There's a JACKET and a BRIEFCASE in it. Fauna sorts through,
wearing gloves. She grabs the briefcase.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The briefcase's on the nightstand as Fauna clicks through the
THREE-DIGIT LOCK. Amy goes through the pockets of the jacket,
pulling out its PRICE TAGS. She whistles at the cost.

AMY

From *Higgin's*... Left a new jacket.

FAUNA

But took his blood with him.

AMY

Horowitz said he had a black shirt
when he shot Damien... He goes out,
shoots a cop, hurries back here,
vanishes... hates his new jacket.

(inspecting jacket
further)

Ah... There's a hole in it. Could
be a bullet but...

(inspecting hole further)

Yep. Zero blood. This guy must've
thought of everything.

Click! Fauna's surprised. The combination was 9-8-7. She
opens the briefcase, revealing it to have a DOZEN CASH BANDS
in it but NO CASH. Amy peeks over at the case.

AMY

Well, shit. *That's* a trick.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAMIEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Fauna and Amy sit next to DAMIEN (50s), who lies in a bed
surrounded by flower bouquets, a BANDAGE over his shoulder.

DAMIEN

Exactly as Cory Samson recovered
the ball. The exact moment.

Fauna and Amy are beyond perplexed by what Damien's told
them: Amy rubs her brow in frustration; Fauna shifts.

DAMIEN

Look, EMTs were taking their sweet
time. If I'm gonna die on-duty, I'm
dying watching the Rams lose ano-

FAUNA

Describe... the difference again.

DAMIEN

Like one second, my shoulder has
this hot spoke that's grinding
against the rest of the machinery.
And then it doesn't... Just poof.

AMY

Officer Damien, this doesn't mak-

DAMIEN

I'm telling you. Poof... *Right* when
Samson recovers the ball.

INT. HOSPITAL - RADIOLOGY DEPT - LATER

Fauna stares at the x-rays as Amy questions the RADIOLOGIST.
One x-ray shows a shoulder blade WITH A BULLET in it. An x-
ray from a few hours later shows the BULLET HAS VANISHED.

RADIOLOGIST

No: a bullet doesn't just slip
elsewhere. But yeah: we checked.

Fauna compares her BAGGED BULLET from the crime scene with
the one in the x-ray: they're DIFFERENT SIZES.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALL - LATER

Fauna and Amy stand in the hall, confused.

FAUNA

Did you want to...?

AMY

Huh?

FAUNA
I can wait outside then we can talk
about the bul-

AMY
(realizing)
Shit. Yeah, I will. Yep. One sec.

Amy goes to an elevator. She takes a breath before entering.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Fauna waits on a hospital bench as Amy comes out. Amy's clearly drained. Fauna gets up and walks with her.

FAUNA
Guests from the hotel who were also
watching the game said they heard
the gunshot seconds *after* the --

AMY
Give me a sec, sorry.

Amy stops and take a breather in frustration. Fauna nods.

FAUNA
Was it nothing again?

AMY
It's literally nothing. She just
needs people to visit her and we
don't visit her so she...
(beat; sighing)
She cut off her finger again. They
put it back on, but... Honestly,
for her own good, she can't keep
doing the same finger.

FAUNA
Have you thought about just...
visiting her?

AMY
I don't negotiate with terrorists.

Amy walks to the car.

INT. AMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Fauna and Amy sit in the car. Amy looks at the BAGGED BULLET.

FAUNA

If the store got the game a few seconds later than the hotel did, it happened the same exact --

AMY

It wasn't at the same time.

FAUNA

The exact second... As soon as King fires that gun: he disappears and the bullet he left in Damien disap-

AMY

And all of that's impossible... Especially at the same secon-

FAUNA

Separately, it's impossible. At the same time makes more sense -- or less nonsense. It's coordination.

AMY

Then this is for the X-Files, not us. This is a... story of the week.

FAUNA

That bullet was fired, but not at a wall. It'd be flatter -- It'd be in the wall! *That's* a separate bullet.

AMY

So where's the one that made the hole in the wall? King took that one with him too? If the case was full of cash, why leave the bands?

FAUNA

More pressingly: how...? What if the blood on the sheets vanished at the exact same second too?

AMY

Nothing vanished. He puts a bunch of cash bands in a case. The sheets were clean and the maid was mista-

FAUNA

Ms. Westing.

AMY

-- was mistaken. Horowitz too. King went into a different room and --

FAUNA

The gunshot in the bathroom?

AMY

King had... some kind of mechanism set up to close and lock his bathroom door. Maybe a droplet of explosive gel in the wall that remote detonated.

FAUNA

Explosive gel?

AMY

I hate it, too... Let's drop it, pick up an easier case. We need to prove we're invaluable to the LAPD.

FAUNA

No! This case isn't undoable --

AMY

We don't have time to solve a weird one. We need an easy one before we're... SJWs who do nothing for the force. We need a murder, where the murderer's kooky thing is he writes down his name and address.

STATION (V.O.)

(over radio)

All available officers, respond.

AMY

But I'm tired. I want soup.

COP 4 (V.O.)

(over radio; tired too)

Holtz and Pulowski responding.

STATION (V.O.)

(over radio)

We have a 187 at 160 Edison Avenue. Suspect still at large.

AMY

Tonight you drop King, I make some soup, we get a 187 in the morning.

Fauna frowns, thinking about this.

COP 4 (V.O.)

(over radio; urgently)

Copy. On the way.

FAUNA
That's the neighborhood right by
the hotel... San Marino.

AMY
Rich people occasionally die.

COP 5 (V.O.)
(over radio)
Herman and Mendez on the way.

COP 6 (V.O.)
(over radio)
Dillon and Cook on the way.

AMY
Of course *they* want a San Marino --

FAUNA
(suddenly holding radio)
Gregory and Best on the way.

Amy's jaw drops. She cocks her head, "What?!" Beat.

FAUNA
I'll make you soup.

Amy shakes her head in frustration as they pull away.

EXT. 160 EDISON ST - NIGHT

Amy's car arrives at a MASSIVE MANSION with a dozen police cars surrounding it. Cop 4 fronts the perimeter. Fauna gets out, SLIPPING BY COP 4 as Amy hurries behind her.

COP 4
Woah, woah! Who called you two?

AMY
Health inspector.

Cop 4 doesn't stop them, but is IRKED by their being here.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Fauna enters. It's a live crime scene, with no tape or investigators yet. A few cops walk around with WEAPONS DRAWN.

COP 4 (O.C.)
(knocking on a door)
LAPD!

Fauna surveys. Amy catches up, getting HER GUN OUT.

AMY
Fauna, what the shit, man?

FAUNA
I have a hunch!

AMY
Can you please have a gun?!

Fauna jogs UPSTAIRS, weapon still holstered. Amy follows.

INT. MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Fauna looks around. Cops are searching a few rooms for the suspect. Fauna charges over to the LARGEST DOORS in the hall.

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fauna opens the ajar doors. Inside, a MAN (40s) lies DEAD, a BULLET HOLE in his FOREHEAD. Fauna quickly searches the room for footprints. Amy arrives, SCANNING WITH HER GUN.

FAUNA
These are police bootprints. The
room's been cleared.

Amy still searches under the bed: nobody. She keeps her gun ready. Fauna quickly maps out a few POTENTIAL TRAJECTORIES, then hurries to the wall, scanning for something...

AMY
(looking at body)
Holy shit.

Fauna doesn't respond, still searching the walls.

AMY
Fauna... This is *Ron Forst*.

Fauna puts gloves on, still searching the walls.

AMY
Jesus! Fauna! We need to get out of
this room! This is *Ron Forst*!

Fauna stops. She found it: feeling at it, there's a BULLET HOLE in the wall, with NO BULLET inside.

AMY
Fauna!

Fauna quickly looks around the FLOOR for bullets. Screeching outside. Amy runs to see the source: NEWS VANS.

AMY
We're leaving.

Amy grabs Fauna, DRAGGING her away.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The next day, a TV in the corner of the police station plays the LOCAL NEWS. All the cops in the station watch intently.

NEWS ANCHOR
In a shocking development, NYPD and Beijing have reported the murders of James Collar Jr. and Li Yanjun.

Fauna and Amy watch from their desks, shocked.

AMY
What the hell is going on...?

NEWS ANCHOR
Alongside LA's Ron Forst, all we can report for sure is... last night, the three wealthiest people in the world had been killed. It is still unclear the coordination between these attacks.

AMY
We shouldn't have gone in there without getting called in. If we touched something, we're done.

Behind Fauna's desk, a suspect board has been constructed. At its center: the license and picture of RICHARD KING (30s). He's well-groomed, with a chic beard and hairstyle.

News footage switches to Beijing, which shows Li was also shot in the head. Tape marks a SMALL HOLE IN THE WALL.

FAUNA
They're related...

AMY
Who?

FAUNA
The crime scenes...
(re: news story)
That was King.

AMY

What are you talking about?

FAUNA

There was a bullet hole in the wall with no bullet... How often do you see that? Ever? We saw it twice in one day. *That* was King.

AMY

You're... saying he was in New York and Beijing... and LA... because of a hole in the --

FAUNA

Not that King did all three. There's some... maybe a group connected to King --

AMY

Okay, I'm watching the news now.

FAUNA

Come on! The suspects *all* vanished! These people must have maps of vents and trap doors... and King is still at large!

AMY

Can we wallow in a massive world event happening without turning it into Scooby Doo?

FAUNA

You have to acknowledge that there are enough similarities between the crime scenes to justify comparison.

Amy tries to entertain thinking about this, then shrugs.

AMY

Even if you're only *mostly* wrong... If we link the two, we become part of the Forst case: a massively public case. Those get reporters. Eyes. If a police mishap's noticed, and it will be, the Chief is gonna pin it on us to look like she holds cops accountable. Kill two birds with one cup. We can't go near it.

Fauna thinks about this.

FAUNA

But the two are linked!

AMY

Keep it to yourself! And 'cause we didn't do it last night, if we drop the King case now, they're gonna put us on Forst anyways. Make us their safety net no matter what...

FAUNA

So... we want to keep King?

AMY

And need to prove ourselves with it. I'll see if the FBI can do a...

Amy frowns and looks to the TV as Fauna turns to it as well. On the screen, a CHINESE SPECIALIST is talking. Fauna furrows her brow, then gets up to move closer to the TV.

CHINESE SPECIALIST

(translator speaking)

The killer didn't use a firearm, but maybe some kind of cattle gun.

Amy gets up, moving to the TV as well. They listen as the Chinese Specialist shows off a CATTLE GUN.

CHINESE SPECIALIST

This would explain why Li had no bullet in his skull, and yet still no exit wound.

Fauna covers her mouth in joy. Amy sighs, biting her lip.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDED CELL - SAME TIME

RICHARD KING (30s) sits in a sterile, PADDED CELL. He's in some kind of PILLOW SUIT that only shows his face.

One of his CAPTORS enters, holding a bowl of SOUP. The Captor's face is IN THE DARK, but he sits next to King, blowing on the soup spoon, then holding it out to King.

King looks to the soup, then shakes his head, tired.

CAPTOR

(raspy voice)

It isn't just broth. There's some egg drop.

KING
You've made a mistake doing this.

CAPTOR
We didn't. You understand.

KING
One of us is wrong if I don't.

CAPTOR
You're not allowed to go crazy and
not allowed to skip your soup.

KING
Just put me in a coma already.

CAPTOR
As soon as we know how to safely.

King sighs. Then opens his mouth. Captor FEEDS HIM SOUP.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Fauna arrives at her desk. She pauses, then PICKS UP A NOTE
someone left for her. Amy sees.

AMY
Pink slip or death threat?

FAUNA
It's a... tip... on King.

Amy furrows her brow.

FAUNA
They say... they wanna meet to talk
about King.

AMY
Did we put out a notice already?

FAUNA
No... So this is from someone here.

Amy crosses her arms, thinks, then shrugs.

INT. POLICE STATION - BASEMENT - LATER

Fauna and Amy sit around in the MESSY BASEMENT. Stacks of
boxes and files everywhere.

AMY

If they wanted to just shoot us...

The two look to one another, then around the room, nodding.

The elevator hums to life. Fauna rises quickly. Amy doesn't.

Ding! The doors open and OFFICER ETHAN JENNINGS (20s) steps out. He looks between the two of them, gulping.

AMY

Officer Jennings...

ETHAN

Look... Before you say anything, I didn't wanna be a part of this, and I think what you are doing in this department is great and somebody --

FAUNA

Are you actually gonna shoot us?

Ethan's shocked by this.

ETHAN

What? No! No, I -- It's about King.

The two wait for him to talk. Beat. Fauna gestures, "Go on."

ETHAN

Uh... I shot him.

Fauna and Amy stare. Amy buries her face in her hands.

ETHAN

We were just -- I mean -- It was...

FAUNA

Your partner's Alex Hesk, right?

Ethan nods. Amy sighs into her hands.

FAUNA

Did he tell you to do it?

Ethan kind of nods, then shakes his head, "Not really."

FAUNA

When?

ETHAN

Couple days ago.

Amy's head shoots up.

AMY

Wait, what? *Before* King shot
Officer Damien.

ETHAN

Wh-... Uh... Yeah.

AMY

So King's *not*... dead? Right?

FAUNA

What happened?

ETHAN

Uh, we got a tip that... uh... He
matched a description. Thi-This guy
robbed a gun store two weeks ago.

AMY

Robbed a *gun* store?

ETHAN

Yeah. And the store owner said that
not only did he get a good look at
him, but shot him too. And he said
it was a kill shot. And King runs
out the back door, bleeding out,
the guy follows after him, but...
King's gone, the guns he stole are
gone, even King's blood trail *in*
the shop... All of it's gone.

The pair are intrigued, leaning in.

AMY

Was there a security camera?

ETHAN

The guy said, and I quote, "You
don't need cameras when you've got"
and... held two M16s like Rambo.
But... he gave us a sketch!

Ethan pulls a copy of the POLICE SKETCH from his pocket,
handing it to Fauna and Amy. It's IDENTICAL to King's license
picture, but DISHEVELED: shaggy hair and a stubble.

ETHAN

So... Alex is *related* to the shop
owner: it's literally "Hesk's Guns
and Ammo." We're spending two weeks
trying to find this one suspect.

AMY
Jesus, Hesk...

ETHAN
I don't argue with him. Then, the day before King shoots Damien, the gun store calls Alex, saying he posted the sketch on Facebook and someone spotted King in San Marino.

FAUNA
Right! That's where...

Amy shoots a QUICK GLANCE. Fauna stops.

FAUNA
... His hotel was. Yeah.

ETHAN
Uh, no, at some kind of fancy menswear store, uh...

AMY
Higgin's.

Ethan nods, surprised she knew it.

ETHAN
Yeah. We find him outside of it. Hesk is yelling at him, telling him to stop for a sec. He keeps moving. Hesk gets his gun out, and --

FAUNA
Pause. Wait... Hesk pulls his gun out because King doesn't stop?

Ethan nods, confused. Fauna quickly quells her annoyance.

ETHAN
So... Now we're chasing him through alleys. Hesk is stopping to aim, then runs again 'cause he doesn't have the shot, and as King's about to get to the street, I...

Ethan doesn't know how to say it. Amy does.

AMY
You just shoot.

Unsure how they'll respond, Ethan nods.

FAUNA
You fired on a suspect in a
populated location?!

ETHAN
It-it-it was an alley!

AMY
Fauna.

FAUNA
You attempted an extrajudicial
execution on a fleeing suspect? You
understand that you cannot d-

AMY
Fauna!

Fauna stops. Ethan's unsure if he made a mistake here.

AMY
It's all right, Ethan. He got away?

Ethan nods. Amy looks over the sketch. She thinks.

AMY
We... *noticed* this sketch in the
database. Didn't get it from you.

ETHAN
(relieved)
Thank you... Detective.

Fauna shakes her head, disappointed in both.

FAUNA
Did the blood disappear?

Ethan pretends to understand this. It's clear he doesn't.

FAUNA
When you shot him, was the blood
still in the alley?

ETHAN
Uh... Yaaaah? It was there still.
Uh, by the dumpster between Bob's
Oyster Bar and the Roots shop; we
didn't file a report, given I...
You're not gonna report me, right?

AMY
No. Hold on --

FAUNA

Amy --

AMY

We're not. Hold on, so there was blood...? Was King wearing a new jacket from Higgin's? Gray?

ETHAN

Uh, looked like it? I think, yeah.

FAUNA

Oh, so before you shot him in the back, you didn't get a great look?

AMY

Fauna...! Ethan, you screwed up. You're not gonna do it again. Next time you're pursuing a suspect, you're gonna do your best to arrest them and let a jury decide their guilt. You're not gonna play executioner. Are we clear?

Ethan nods enthusiastically. Amy nods that he can leave now.

Ethan waves in thanks, then goes back to the elevator. He presses a button. Nothing. He frantically presses it more. Eventually, the doors close. Fauna immediately spins to Amy.

FAUNA

We're corrupt cops if we don't tur-

AMY

We're no longer cops if we do. He's helping us find King. He didn't have to do that.

FAUNA

He didn't have to try to kill a suspect who wasn't presenting a cl-

AMY

Let's focus on the timeline.

FAUNA

Let's focus on the crime! We're here to figure out who makes the world a more dangerous place, and Jennings and Hesk did!

AMY

I agree, but... Trying to take them down for it is gonna get us fired.

FAUNA

Then that's the cost!

AMY

Or... we can solve this case,
improve our reputation around here,
then deal with this once we're seen
as more indispensable. Can you
afford to not have a paycheck?

Fauna fumes, shaking her head.

FAUNA

And how long do we cover for them?
How much longer before we're just
like them?

Amy doesn't respond. Fauna shrugs in defeat, looking down.
She takes a moment to collect herself, then shrugs again.

FAUNA

Robs a gun store. Shot. Gets away.

AMY

Spotted in San Marino buying a new
jacket. Shot. Gets away.

FAUNA

Yesterday morning, shoots Damien.
Returns to the hotel. Gets away.

AMY

Has some kind of crew or something
follow his every move to clean up
after his blood and bullets.

FAUNA

Including out of Damien's shoulder.

AMY

What's the fastest dry cleaning
you've ever had?

Fauna thinks about why she's asking this.

FAUNA

The jacket.

AMY

He was shot in it. And bled in the
alley, according to Ethan. They
cleaned the gun store in seconds,
the hotel sheets, the jacket --

FAUNA
But not the alley...

Amy nods.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Fauna and Amy search near the dumpster in San Marino. There's NO BLOOD anywhere.

FAUNA
So they came *back* here? Do you think we can get security footage from a business?

AMY
No. It'd be uploaded as evidence and show Ethan shooting King. We have to --

FAUNA
We don't have video from the gun store or from the hotel room: this is our only place where we can see who the hell cleans King's blood!

AMY
And it would be video evidence of Ethan committing a --

Amy gets a CALL. She fumes. She looks, frowns, and answers.

AMY
Hello?
(listening; eyes wide)
Where?!

Fauna furrows her brow.

AMY
Okay, look: we'll come up with a reason to be there, just share your location with me, okay...?! Okay!
(hanging up; to Fauna)
They're right on top of King.

FAUNA
How?!

Amy hurries to the car, Fauna following.

AMY
Hesk's nephew saw him in WeHo.
Ethan just confirmed it's him.

INT. AMY'S CAR - LATER

Amy speeds, SIREN OFF. Fauna navigates using Amy's phone.

FAUNA
Left at the light after this one.

AMY
Okay. Why are we there?

FAUNA
What? To --

AMY
If Hesk finds out Ethan helped us,
then Ethan's got as big of a target
on his back as we do, so why are we
out in West Hollywood?

FAUNA
Amy, I'm not okay with lying abou-

AMY
How far are we from the hospital?
We were visiting my mom.

FAUNA
We weren't --

AMY
How far are we?!

FAUNA
Probably ten miles!

AMY
Wherever we end up: clock a store,
and we were grabbing something for
my mom there.

FAUNA
This is gonna keep snowballing.

AMY
Better to get fired for lying than
for telling the truth.

FAUNA
I completely disagree with that.

Amy turns left. Fauna looks to the phone.

FAUNA
We're getting close to --

AMY
That's their cruiser! Come on!

Amy PULLS OVER, quickly parks the car, grabs the phone from Fauna, and JUMPS OUT. Fauna hurries after her.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - MOMENTS LATER

They run past HESK'S CRUISER, parked diagonally in front of a FLOWER SHOP. Amy pulls HER GUN OUT.

FAUNA
Hold on! Amy!

AMY
We know he's armed.

Amy looks to her phone: Ethan's in the apartment building to their right. Amy CHARGES IN. Fauna follows, unsure.

INT. WEHO APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Amy enters, looking to her phone.

FAUNA
We should call for back up --

AMY
If Hesk didn't, we can't.

Amy hurries along, Fauna having to follow.

INT. WEHO APARTMENT BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Amy and Fauna move along. Fauna inevitably UNHOLSTERS HER GUN, but keeps it trained DOWN whereas Amy's is FORWARD. Amy checks her phone, looking around. They LISTEN.

AMY
It's one of these rooms or it's --

They hear RUNNING DIRECTLY ABOVE them.

AMY
Shit!

Amy hurries to the end of the hall, SHOVING through a door.

INT. WEHO APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Amy charges UP THE STAIRS as Fauna struggles to keep up.

INT. WEHO APARTMENT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Amy BURSTS out the stairwell, seeing ETHAN ROUNDING A CORNER. Amy charges after him. Fauna's a whole hallway behind.

Amy ROUNDS THE CORNER, seeing Ethan POINTING A GUN into one of the rooms. Amy runs up to him, breathless, AIMING IN TOO.

We see HESK IN THE APARTMENT. A baby cries inside.

HESK

Get the baby quiet!

ETHAN

(whispered; breathless)

The... We lost... This door was...

Amy HURRIES PAST ETHAN, looking around the other doors. All of them are CLOSED. She keeps moving.

Behind her, Fauna arrives at Ethan, then sees Amy and rushes to CATCH UP with her.

FAUNA

(barely able to breathe)

Where's... Wh...?

Amy keeps going. Fauna practically limps. Then stops to GASP. She glances around at the DOORS: 214. 212. 210. 208. 206.

HESK (O.C.)

I said everybody on the ground!

Fauna breathes, STARING AT 210. She looks around: Amy's far down the hall, searching for open doors. Ethan's still outside the apartment Hesk's in. She turns back to 210. Beat.

Fauna KNOCKS ON 214, 212, 210, 208, and 206.

FAUNA

LAPD!

Fauna waits, her breath normalizing. Ethan and Amy both heard her: both glaring daggers at her for being loud. 212 OPENS THEIR DOOR. Then 206. The occupants worriedly peek at Fauna, who doesn't acknowledge.

Amy and Ethan stay at their ends of the hall, staring at Fauna as 214 and 208 OPEN THEIR DOORS as well. 210 STAYS CLOSED. Amy sees this, hurrying over.

Fauna and Amy wait outside 210.

AMY

LAP-

BAM! A SHOTGUN BLAST bursts through 210's door as Fauna and Amy COLLAPSE. Amy immediately FIRES INTO THE DOOR and Fauna CRAWLS AWAY frantically.

Ethan's frozen. Hesk RUSHES OUT of the apartment he was in.

HESK

What's going -- ?!

BAM! ANOTHER BLAST through the door. Hesk freezes as well.

Amy KICKS DOWN what's left of the door, MOVING IN.

INT. WEHO APARTMENT BUILDING - 210 - CONTINUOUS

Amy SWOOPS HER GUN around the apartment. It's a two bedroom at least, with zero furniture or decorations.

Amy looks to her left: the small kitchen's clear. Around the corner: the living room seems clear. MOVEMENT BEHIND HER.

Amy spins around: IT'S HESK, who's furiously confused at why she's here. A bedroom door SHUTS, then LOCKS. The two spin to AIM AT IT. Beat. They CREEP FORWARD.

Fauna arrives in the apartment, WINCING. She sees Amy and Hesk: Hesk gestures for Amy to break down this door.

Amy looks at him like he's crazy if he thinks she'll do that. Hesk thinks, neither willing to stand in front of the door.

HESK

LAPD! You're surrounded!

No response. Hesk gestures again for Amy to kick in the door.

BAM! A SHOT BLASTS through the door. Amy and Hesk GET DOWN. A MAN'S VOICE inside the bedroom SCREAMS.

Hesk FIRES A FULL MAGAZINE into the door. *Click!* He runs out.

Silence. Hesk and Amy wait.

Amy positions herself and KICKS OPEN the remains of the door.

INT. WEHO APARTMENT BUILDING - 210 - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside, a MAN IN HIS UNDERWEAR lies DEAD on the bed. Amy searches the rest of the room: the WINDOW'S OPEN.

She looks out of it: NOBODY OUT THERE. Hesk looks to the bed.

HESK

Shit.

Amy looks to the man in his underwear: HE ISN'T KING. Hesk sits on the bed and puts his head in his hands.

HESK

Shit.

Amy takes a second to breathe and understand the situation. She does.

AMY

Shit.

Fauna comes in, grimacing, seeing the body. She looks to Amy, horrified. Then Fauna grunts, FALLING DOWN.

Amy instantly RUSHES to Fauna, who reveals a growing BLOOD STAIN on the inside of her shirt.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - EVENING

Amy, Hesk, and Ethan are sitting inside the Police Chief's Office. CHIEF PENELOPE PATRICIA (50s) enters and sits at her desk. She sighs, trying to organize her rage.

PATRICIA

How's... Detective Gregory?

AMY

Caught some buck in her hip.

PATRICIA

All right... Now, tell me why the two of you were there?

AMY

I was visiting my mother in the hospital. I forgot flowers. There's a shop right there. I heard Officer Hesk shouting from across the street. I made a quick decision.

PATRICIA
What kind of shouting?

AMY
(shrugging)
"Get on the ground."

PATRICIA
(to Hesk)
Why didn't you call for back-up?

Hesk's confused. He looks to Amy, suspicious.

PATRICIA
(forceful)
Officer Hesk.

HESK
I wasn't shouting anything.

Amy frowns, looking to Hesk, then Ethan. Ethan's even more confused, but doesn't say anything.

HESK
We were tailing a suspect from a gun store robbery about two weeks ago. We followed him right to his room. This was quiet and solely intended to gather intel.

AMY
No: Detective Gregory discovered the apartment that the suspect --

HESK
That's not a fact.

AMY
Officer Jennings can confirm --

PATRICIA
Detective! That's enough! Officer Hesk: just tell me what happened.

HESK
We were gathering intel. *Quietly.* Gregory and Best show up and yell "LAPD." Both of them did. This blows our cover, the suspect fires through the door. Best returns fire *back through* the door and then --

PATRICIA

Best, you returned fire through a door in an apartment building?!

AMY

Hold on. Yes... It was a quick --

HESK

So, we enter the apartment and --

AMY

Hold on!

PATRICIA

Detective! Enough! Hesk.

HESK

And the suspect is holed up in the bedroom. He fires through the door. Best returns fire back through a door once again --

AMY

Wait! No! That's a lie!

HESK

Residents in the hall can confirm she did it through the main door; I can confirm she did it through the bedroom door. And a man, who is not our suspect, was shot and killed.

AMY

I did not shoot the guy in the --

HESK

Our suspect fled out a window with a deadly weapon and is still at large because of their intrusion.

AMY

I did not return fire in the apartment. *That* was Hesk!

HESK

Then it's her word against mine.

Patricia thinks as Amy fumes.

PATRICIA

Jennings?

Ethan looks around. He doesn't know what to say.

ETHAN

I was... outside the apartment when the shooting took place.

PATRICIA

Who fired through the hall door?

Ethan struggles to answer.

ETHAN

I can... confirm that my partner didn't fire through the hall door.

AMY

And a ballistics team can confirm that the bullet in the victim is not from my gun.

HESK

Chief, if I may... I know that the hospital her mother is at is the same one that Officer Damien is at, which is across town from where Officer Jennings and I were tailing the suspect.

Patricia looks to Amy, who doesn't say anything.

HESK

There are dozens of flower shops between that hospital and the scene of the shootout, including in the hospital. I don't buy her story.

Patricia thinks about this, then leans in towards Amy.

PATRICIA

Detective Best, I'm going to ask you one last time what you and Gregory were doing there.

Amy steals a glance at Ethan, who's terrified. Hesk notices this, peeking at Ethan suspiciously.

AMY

It's a good flower shop.

PATRICIA

Christ. Jennings: was this covert until Gregory and Best arrived?

Ethan doesn't know that to say. He gulps.

ETHAN

Y-... Yes. Yes.

Amy represses all desires to scream. Patricia shakes her head at Amy, dumbfounded and wrathful.

PATRICIA

Detective, I'm gonna be incredibly clear with you: I believe that you and Gregory have been trying to sabotage this force's ability to serve and protect. If you were intentionally trying to catch Hesk engaged in... newsworthy behavior then... that is not someone who helps this police force.

AMY

I wasn't there *trying* to --

PATRICIA

And I believe their story over yours. I believe you two, instead of catching the man who shot Officer Damien, tried to nab a more social justice-based case by *lurking* to bring down a fellow cop.

Amy can't respond out of rage.

PATRICIA

You two are a hair away from being released indefinitely.

AMY

I didn't shoot the man in the --

PATRICIA

You better not have. Because of you, this force was under insane media focus even *prior* to dealing with the biggest case this city's ever thrown at us. I don't have time to deal with you! If you two can't catch a man who attempted to assassinate an officer, what use do I have in keeping you on a payroll?

AMY

It wasn't... It wasn't an attempted *assassination*!

Patricia has to contain some rage at this statement.

PATRICIA

I'm sorry?

AMY

That's... Saying assassination is for if he tried to kill a Senator, a CEO, Selena! I'm not flubbing an assassination case! A guy popped a cop! Just say that!

Patricia is seeing a shade of red impossible to the eye.

PATRICIA

You two are a detriment to the success of this force. If I didn't have the media giving me a colonoscopy, I'd *fire* you. Now... If you two don't give me a *terrific* reason not to, and soon, it's *done*.

Amy keeps her mouth shut, biting a hole through her lip. Hesk nods. Ethan looks to the floor.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALL - NIGHT

Amy arrives at the hospital. She stops, seeing the hospital FLOWER SHOP.

INT. HOSPITAL - FAUNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Amy arrives at Fauna's room with a BOUQUET. She throws it at Fauna and the FLOWERS GO EVERYWHERE. Fauna looks around.

FAUNA

They're beautiful.

Amy collapses on a seat next to the bed, grinding her teeth.

FAUNA

You're the first to bring any.

AMY

They come with bad news, no charge.

FAUNA

Good, because I have --

AMY

Hesk told Patricia that I was the one who shot the victim today.

Fauna's a bit uncomfortable with this.

FAUNA
Were you?

AMY
(frowning)
What? No.

Fauna apologetically nods, "Right."

AMY
Ballistics is gonna report that
Hesk's gun did it.

FAUNA
Hesk... has more friends in
ballistics than we do, but --

AMY
Patricia thought we were tailing
Hesk and Jennings to catch them
doing something illegal.

FAUNA
Ethan didn't say anything?

AMY
Neither did I.

FAUNA
It clears us if you just told the
truth that Ethan was giving us his
information on our susp-

AMY
It doesn't clear us to *her*! It just
includes him!

The two sit in silence for a moment.

AMY
We're finding King or we're finding
a place that'll hire us. How does
one apply to be a cartoon henchman?
Do *they* contact *you*?

FAUNA
Is she going to bury the story on
the man that Hesk killed?

Amy shrugs, "Probably."

AMY
At the very least, claim he was the
suspect who fired on us.

FAUNA

He wasn't... He wasn't!

Fauna hands Amy a FOLDER from her nightstand. Amy opens it, revealing an x-ray of Fauna's hip. Amy doesn't get it.

FAUNA

Buckshot, right?

Amy nods, then looks to the x-ray again. She realizes.

AMY

There's nothing here.

FAUNA

It was King... And he got away.

AMY

This guy has a magic shotgun, too?

FAUNA

Dissolving bullets. What if it's made of ice and melts in us?

AMY

What about the bullet in the tub?

FAUNA

Next page.

Amy goes to the other sheet in the folder: a LAB SHEET.

FAUNA

Ballistics agreed that one had to have hit a soft target, not the wall. And... came from an LAPD gun.

Amy's shocked at this, then realizes.

AMY

Ethan's?

Fauna nods.

AMY

King pulled out the bullet that Ethan hit him with, cleaned it, and left it in the bathtub?

FAUNA

Right.

Amy can't believe this, running her fingers through her hair.

AMY

We can't go to the press anymore.

Amy hands the folder back and Fauna takes it, confused.

AMY

Not after today. If Patricia's burying the WeHo shootout, going to the press is gonna --

FAUNA

Unbury it.

AMY

Fauna --

FAUNA

An innocent person was killed.

AMY

Then choose! All right? I know you're fascinated as shit by this case! I know you wanna see it through! If you go against the Chief, we're never working on *any* force again. It is evil to not get justice for the guy Hesk shot...

Amy doesn't know how to finish the sentence. Fauna nods.

AMY

Honestly... What would even you *be* if you weren't a detective?

Fauna thinks. She leans back in her bed, looking up.

FAUNA

Volunteer at a homeless shelter.

AMY

I don't know either... If you don't have a badge, there's not much change you can make on your own.

FAUNA

Would you rather be a weak hero or an empowered villain?

Amy thinks, then shrugs.

FAUNA

We have to go to the press.

Amy is about to object, but sighs. Beat.

AMY

I'm... glad you're the way you are.

Fauna smiles. Eventually, Amy gives a weak smile back.

INT. HOSPITAL - FAUNA'S ROOM - DAY

CINDY TALIN, a REPORTER, sits by Fauna's bed as Amy leans on a wall. Talin's PHONE RECORDS from the nightstand.

TALIN

Just... *gone*?

FAUNA

Effectively. In four instances: gun store, hotel, alley, apartment.

TALIN

And... Forst's house, right?

AMY

Hold on. This is *not* an official lead on Forst's killer. We're working a separate case.

TALIN

And *those* detectives have *zero* leads. Look, ladies, finding the Trinity Killers is the biggest story in the world right now.

FAUNA

I... think King is a lead.

TALIN

On the record?

FAUNA

It's the truth... On the record.

Amy bites her lip, shaking her head.

FAUNA

Forst's bedroom had an empty hole in the wall exactly like the one in the hotel bathroom. King's bullets *disappear*. I was shot in the hip and there's no buckshot left.

Fauna hands Talin the x-ray folder.

FAUNA

Please make a copy and return this.
A theory is that he uses custom
bullets: a frozen substance molded
into a bullet; melts into *nothing*.

TALIN

(looking through folder)
Are the FBI looking for this one?

AMY

We gave them a heads-up, yeah. This
is a guy for the History Channel.

FAUNA

So far, the only people who've been
able to find him are Facebook
users, and they found him twice.

AMY

That one's off the record.

Talin looks back to Amy, frowning but nodding, "Okay."

TALIN

(to Fauna)
When did King shoot you?

Fauna takes a breath.

FAUNA

The apartment building in WeHo.

TALIN

Yesterday? We didn't get any report
an officer was shot yesterday.

Fauna looks to Amy, who just stares at the ground.

FAUNA

A fellow officer, Alex Hesk, shot
and killed a likely bystander. The
report was contained by our Chief.

Talin is shocked, then looks to Amy, who doesn't deny it.

TALIN

Is *this* anonymous?

Amy and Fauna have a staring standoff. Amy looks down first.

AMY

Nope.

Fauna smiles as Talin writes this down.

TALIN

This is a week for news... I need a lot more information. Just... every single thing that happened.

INT. HOSPITAL - FAUNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Fauna sleeps in her bed as Amy sleeps in the chair.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALL - SAME TIME

The hall is quiet. An elevator door *dings* and opens:

Out of it WALKS RICHARD KING.

He's cleaned up, a recent shave revealing a SCAR over his cheek. He carries a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE FAUNA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

King walks down the hallway, then sees Fauna's room and stops. He thinks. He moves on.

INT. HOSPITAL - BURNED MAN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

King arrives in the room of a MAN WITH SEVERE BURNS all over his body and face: completely BANDAGED. King sits next to him, waking him up. The Burned Man grunts in pain.

BURNED MAN

(raspy voice)

You need to be covering your face more than me, handsome.

KING

The story isn't gonna break until tomorrow morning. We're fine.

BURNED MAN

How much do they know?

KING

In the grand scheme of it all...? These people don't have any idea what's happened or what's coming.

King looks to Burned Man and shakes his head in exhaustion.

KING
Wish we hadn't asked you.

BURNED MAN
It was a blast.

The Burned Man chuckles, then moans in pain.

BURNED MAN
We're getting smarter. Organized.

KING
That's what scares me... This isn't
right anymore.

BURNED MAN
You're just spooked.

KING
Making bombs? Robbing and killing?
I can't do this anymore.

BURNED MAN
Then don't. Lie low. They'll send
someone more enthusiastic. Ever
been to Hawaii? Crazy rent, but
Lord knows you've got the money.

KING
I can't *watch* this anymore.

The Burned Man stares through his gauze.

BURNED MAN
Our enemies don't deserve your
mercy. They'll make you pay for it.

King stares in response. He doesn't know the answer.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE FAUNA'S ROOM - LATER

King walks back past Fauna's room, looking in again. He
stops. He puts a FLOWER in her MAILBOX. He keeps walking.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - FAUNA'S ROOM - MORNING

Amy arrives with the LA TIMES, plopping a COPY and the
mailbox FLOWER on Fauna's bed. Fauna shows off that she's
already reading on her phone. Amy nods, sits, and reads:

On the newspaper, the front page has King's license picture and sketch: "'KING' PRIMARY SUSPECT FOR TRINITY KILLING."

The pair skim, both getting CONFUSED as they get through it.

INT. HOSPITAL - FAUNA'S ROOM - LATER

The CORNER TV is on, the pair watching with frustration.

NEWS ANCHOR 2

The report by the LA Times details four incidences in which King evaded capture, the alleged fifth time being in Ron Forst's home. Any known information about this man, whose real name may not be Richard King, should be repor-

CUT TO:

INT. LA TIMES OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Talin is typing furiously when she receives a CALL. She looks at her phone and answers immediately.

TALIN

Cindy Talin.

INT. LA TIMES OFFICE / INT. HOSPITAL - FAUNA'S ROOM

Amy's the one who called, containing her anger.

AMY

There's nothing about the killing.

TALIN

All of it is about the killing.

AMY

Hesk's killing.

TALIN

Detective, there were three major news stories in there. We're starting with the Trinity Killings, soon we'll run more about how much King is an actual magician, and then we'll get into police brutality. Forst comes first.

AMY

I -- Here's Fauna. She's angrier.

FAUNA

(taking phone)

Talin, this man is dead *right now*.
He has a family and a --

TALIN

The narrative *right now* is that
cops are heroes: cops are finding
killers. If I break from that too
early, nobody'll like it because it
goes against their current hopes
for what's true. In one week, if
the cops haven't found King, they
will be maliciously incompetent
again, and that's the *perfect* time
for the Hesk story. Hopefully
you'll even have the victim's name.
Give it a sec.

FAUNA

So if we *do* catch King, cops are
great? No Hesk story?

TALIN

No. Just that we'll have to rethink
the release strategy. Look: the
point is to sell a story, not tell
one. Now, if you can get me a
reason for why the rando Hesk
killed was also a suspect in the
Trinity Killings, *then* I could --

INT. HOSPITAL - FAUNA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fauna hangs up. She **THROWS KING'S FLOWER**.

FAUNA

We have to go to another reporter.

AMY

They'll say the same thing.

FAUNA

But now there's a bonus headline
that the LA Times *refused* to run --

AMY

So will whoever we go to next. It
isn't our fault. We tried.

FAUNA

It doesn't matter what we tried if there's a family out there --

AMY

Is there? We don't know! I've been in this room with you! What if he was a loner? What if he was one of the members of this killing group?

Fauna shakes her head.

AMY

You're jumping to conclusions based on what you want to be true.

FAUNA

Hesk extrajudicially executed an unarmed civilian without cause. That's an *undeniable* conclusion.

Amy doesn't know what to say. A DOCTOR knocks at the door.

INT. AMY'S CAR - DAY

Fauna and Amy drive through the city. Amy hits a bump and Fauna winces. Fauna grabs her PAPER PHARMACY BAG.

INT. WEHO APARTMENT BUILDING - 210 - BEDROOM - LATER

There's nothing in the room except for the DRYING BLOOD ON THE WALL and ripped police tape. Fauna massages her hip. Amy kneels by where the bed used to be.

The two are in silence, thinking. Amy leans her head out the window, looking around. She brings her head back in.

AMY

One story jump.

FAUNA

And a half. The basement apartments have windows.

AMY

Grass below: land smart, keep running... or... he jumped to the fire escape by the other window, but I would've heard that.

FAUNA

There was just a shotgun blast by
your head and a man screaming.

AMY

We'll ask around the area for
security footage, if ther-

Amy gets a CALL. She looks at her phone, then WINCES. She
pauses for a moment, then answers.

AMY

Detective Amy... Best.

Fauna watches as a WOMAN on the other end SCREAMS at Amy. Amy
takes it, stone-faced. She waits for a moment of silence.

AMY

The FBI couldn't find King. We
needed his picture out there. I
don't think the cases are relat-

The woman YELLS MORE. Amy shakes her head. Amy looks to the
doorway, then her EYES GO WIDE.

Amy's FROZEN. Fauna looks to the doorway as well:

KING STANDS IN THE DOORWAY, hands on his head.

Amy immediately DROPS THE PHONE and GRABS FOR HER GUN.

AMY

Get on the ground! Get on the --

King does so as Amy RUSHES TO CUFF HIM, hands shaking. Fauna
gawks. King only STARES AT THE BLOODSTAIN on the wall.

His eyes spell a DEEP SHAME as Amy HEAVES HIM AWAY.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION - OBSERVATION - LATER

King sits at the interrogation table as Fauna and Amy
observe, in SHELL SHOCK. King just stares into the table. He
fumbles with his handcuffs.

AMY

We... need more than just cuffs. We
need... a straight jacket. A-a-a
moat. Sharks. Armed ones.

FAUNA

He's clearly not running from us.

AMY

What if he's just cocky? He made the news so he wants to do an even bigger escape? Like from *custody*?

Fauna looks closer: King is by all means morose.

FAUNA

We should get a sample of his blood before we put him anywhere.

Amy thinks, then nods. She OPENS THE INTERROGATION DOOR.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION - CONTINUOUS

King looks up as Amy and Fauna enter, sitting across from him. Fauna quickly scans through a FOLDER.

FAUNA

Okay, Mr. King... Let's begin with *if* that is your real name.

King thinks. He shrugs.

KING

Call me whatever... I can't tell you my real name... Sorry.

AMY

I don't think you get how an interrogation works.

FAUNA

Would you like a lawyer present?

AMY

Fauna.

KING

It wouldn't help... Thank you.

FAUNA

Why wouldn't it help?

King thinks. He tries to analyze these women. He can't.

KING

There are a few things I want to tell you that I *can* tell you. And there are a million things I *can't*.

FAUNA

Do you believe we can't protect you
should this group you've been a
part of try to harm you?

KING

Nobody could protect me. Cops would
just find a way to fail harder.

AMY

Thank you. What can't you tell us?

KING

Do you understand what you asked?

Fauna pulls the LICENSE PICTURE and the SKETCH from the
folder, showing both to King.

FAUNA

Are you the man in these pictures?

King looks between the two of them.

KING

So the gun store *didn't* have video?

FAUNA

That is correct.

King smirks, then weighs his answers. He decides:

KING

I didn't do any of those things.

AMY

Are you kidding?

FAUNA

Were you *not* the man that robbed
the gun store and shot Officer Da-

KING

I didn't do those things, no.

Amy smiles in response, shaking her head.

AMY

Knew the manhunt was starting... so
you turn yourself in to plead not
guilty? Get ahead?

KING

I promise you, you wouldn't have
brought me in.

FAUNA

At this moment, you're considered the prime suspect in the robbery of Hesk's Guns and Ammo, the shooting of Officer Blake Damien, resisting arrest, and potentially the murder of Ron Forst.

AMY

Oh, and the shooting of Detective Fauna Gregory.

King looks to Fauna. Maybe even showing some empathy.

KING

I'm sorry... I assure you that I didn't shoot you.

AMY

We have confirmations from multiple eye witnesses that this man --
(patting at pictures)
-- committed each of these crimes. We're getting security cam footage from WeHo that's gonna show you jumping out that window after --

KING

The security cameras aren't going to show you that.

FAUNA

Do you not show up on video?

King gawks at this, then chuckles.

KING

I don't know what you think I am.

FAUNA

What are you then?

King stops smiling. Beat.

KING

Look. I can't tell you for two reasons. The first is that to do so would put my life in danger in a way that's hard to describe... The second is that I don't know who in your force might be... I mean...

FAUNA

Working with your organization?

KING

No, we're... selective in our... membership, in a way.

AMY

Thank you. Again.

FAUNA

Can you do things that defy scientific explanation? Like vanish into thin air? Teleport? Anything?

Amy grimaces but King smiles. That was the right question. His smile fades as he thinks more and more about the answer.

KING

I don't fully understand it. How it happened... I can't explain it both for my safety and honestly as an inability to do so. But I turned myself in because you need to understand the level of danger you are all about to be in.

Beat. Fauna frowns. Amy's stays rock solid.

AMY

Are you saying this group is going to go after police officers?

KING

Police. Corporations. All of it. We have discovered a bona fide means of redistributing power to a place of pure equality.

FAUNA

Would you call yourselves a Marxist terrorist group?

KING

Calling us Marxists is like calling Dr. Frankenstein a taxidermist. We go a lot further than what people understand feasible.

AMY

Did your group commit the Trinity Killings?

KING

It's a stupid name that the press came up with, but yes.

AMY

How?

KING

I... shouldn't tell you that.

AMY

I assure you that you should.

FAUNA

Who's the next target?

King leans in, shifting in his handcuffs.

KING

This wasn't even the main event. It wasn't even a trial run. It was a sample study. That *worked*... Every month, the five wealthiest people on the planet will be killed. They can't protect themselves. They can only donate until they're safely in sixth place, while hoping the other five didn't out-donate them.

Amy is now listening quietly and intently. Fauna quickly writes notes on the back of the sketch.

KING

Also every month, the four highest polluting companies will have their headquarters and factories bombed. I promise you that you *cannot* guard these factories. The three police departments engaged in the highest levels of civilian brutality will be bombed. The two US politicians who took the most campaign donations will be assassinated.

Fauna stops writing and scans over her notes.

FAUNA

Five aristocrats, four corporations, three police departments, two politicians...

Fauna looks to King to complete it. Amy does as well.

KING

One world leader. Every month.

AMY

That's insane and bullshit.

KING

We killed the three richest people without breaking a sweat. It was horrifyingly easy.

FAUNA

How do you pick the world leader?

KING

At complete random. So nobody wants to be a leader anymore. Take the incentive away. Distribute that power back evenly to the people.

Fauna writes this down, then thinks.

FAUNA

Are you defecting from this?

King has been asking himself that question all day.

KING

There's cruelty in the world... but I won't be cruel in order to stop it. People died: the man that one of you shot. Why should we trade *his* life for a hope at catharsis?

AMY

How'd you learn about that?

FAUNA

But we're the ones who shot him, not any of you, right?

KING

If you give an authority an excuse, they will exercise power. It's hardly the cop's fault, but the fault of those who gave them the power to kill, in my opinion.

Fauna and Amy think about this. Amy doesn't know how to ingest any of this. Fauna eats it all up.

FAUNA

Can we take a sample of your blood?

King thinks about this.

KING

Do you think that would help you stop us at all?

AMY

You're defecting from this group,
right? Why do you keep saying "us"?

King doesn't know how to answer carefully enough.

KING

We can... do something... odd. It
unites us but... we're individuals.

Fauna and Amy don't understand.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

King sits in his PILLOW SUIT as the Captor arrives with SOUP.

PILLOW KING

Just give me something solid. I
swear I'm not gonna choke.

The Captor steps out into the light, revealing his face to
ALSO BE KING'S. He's clean-shaven, with no scar on his cheek
but rather a SCAR ALONG HIS NECK, like it was ONCE SLIT.

He's in a black t-shirt, letting us see that on his arm is a
TATTOO reading, "CGAA".

CAPTOR KING

We just can't risk it.

Pillow King stares in fury. He fumes. This concentrates into
a BIZARRE KING OF FOCUS.

FOOM! A SECOND KING suddenly MULTIPLES OUT OF PILLOW KING,
this Second King only wearing TATTERS of the pillow suit.

FEATHERS FALL as this Second King focuses as well. FOOM! A
THIRD KING pops out of him. FOOM! The Second creates a FOURTH
KING. Neither replicant wears any part of the pillow suit.

Captor King casually pulls out a COMBAT KNIFE as FOOM! FOOM!
The Third King makes a FIFTH KING and the Second makes a
SIXTH KING.

The Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Kings QUICKLY CHARGE on
Captor King, while the SECOND KING HANGS BACK.

Fast as lightning, Captor King darts around the Fifth King to
STAB the THIRD KING. Third King COLLAPSES, then VANISHES. As
soon as the Third does, the Fifth King VANISHES AS WELL.

The Fourth and Sixth Kings successfully GRAPPLE Captor King into a CHOKEHOLD. We can see on the Sixth King's arm is a TATTOO that only reads, "A". Captor King's face TURNS PURPLE, but he just STARES AT SECOND KING, not fighting back.

FOOM! A SECOND CAPTOR KING multiples from Captor King. This Second Captor King LUNGES at Second King, STABBING HIS BELLY.

Second King gasps THEN VANISHES. Immediately, Fourth and Sixth Kings VANISH AS WELL along with the BLOOD and FEATHERS.

Freed from the chokehold, Captor King HEAVES IN AIR.

Second Captor King helps Captor King up. Second Captor King nods, pats Captor King's back, and SLITS HIS OWN THROAT. Second Captor King COLLAPSES, gasps, then HE and HIS COMBAT KNIFE both VANISH as well.

The spotless room is just Captor King and Pillow King again: like NOTHING EVEN HAPPENED. Captor King picks up his knife, the BLADE CLEAN, and sits next to the exhausted Pillow King.

CAPTOR KING
You're... focusing too much on
quantity... not quality.
(fully catching breath)
So you're not getting any combat
practice: they are.

Captor King blows the soup spoon, holding it to Pillow King. Pillow King wallows in defeat, then begrudgingly slurps it.

CUT TO BLACK.

End of episode.