

I/O

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COLD OPEN

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Establishing. A squat yellow brick building in the bustling heart of San Francisco's Mission. Overcaffeinated yuppies ride Scoots by, oblivious to the serious police work inside.

INT. POLICE STATION - CLASSROOM - MORNING

Fifteen **NEW DETECTIVES** (mid-20s, men and women who just got their shields) sit uncomfortably in a classroom in the bowels of the station. Detective **HOPE JONES** (late 30s, an old soul with a teenager's attitude) finishes a story at the front:

HOPE

And he says to me: "Detective, I know I shouldn't be telling you this, but I know who shot that boy." So I said "OK Dwayne, who was it?" "Well I shot him. But the good Lord is the one who killed him."

This draws a laugh from the nervous crowd. Hope smiles.

HOPE (CONT'D)

So. Why did I tell you that story?

The nervous rookies eye each other - nobody wants to break the ice. A **SMARTASS** in the back row pipes up:

SMARTASS

To remind us that some murderers are also idiots?

HOPE

Dwayne was no idiot, he just wanted a friend. You all think you're gonna be Sherlock Holmes out there, finding clues, solving mysteries. But guess what? **Sherlock Holmes isn't real**. And if he was, he'd be a shitty detective. Clues don't break cases. That special, custom fabric that only one tailor makes? Or limestone residue that only comes from one quarry? It doesn't exist. In the real world, we solve crimes by talking to people. And nobody talks to an asshole.

She looks around, searching for someone she recognizes. She spots a **YOUNG OFFICER** in the front with a buzzcut.

HOPE (CONT'D)

You worked the Davis case, right?

Buzzcut looks around, to make sure she's talking to him.

BUZZCUT

Uhh... Yes ma'am.

HOPE

You remember how I solved that one?

BUZZCUT

You um- found the murder weapon?

HOPE

I sure did. Three weeks later. When the guy who pulled the trigger told me where he left it.

A nervous laugh from the room. They assume she's kidding.

SMARTASS

He cuff himself, and sign a confession, too?

HOPE

He would've. After I spent 13 hours with him in an interrogation room and became his best goddamn friend in the world. Forget what you've seen on TV: murders aren't solved at the crime scene, or in the lab - not many, at least. Murders are solved in a tiny metal box in a police station, across the table from some scumbag who would rather be anywhere else in the world. It's not your job to bully him, or scare him, or make him feel small - the room does that for you. Your job is to win his trust.

She scans the group of eager faces, locked on her every word.

HOPE (CONT'D)

You all think like cops: criminals are the enemy. But interrogation is all about making friends.

(a beat, then:)

And then throwing those friends in jail where they belong.

OFF Hope, eyes hard, we CUT TO:

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A cute, shoebox apartment in a seedier part of the Mission. Someone clearly has taken great pains with the decor - the windowsills are lined with plants, the kitchenware all matches - the tenant is the picture of stylish modern living.

Unfortunately, that tenant - **IVY REYNOLDS** (late 20s, heavily tattooed, wannabe Lisbeth Salander) is currently **HANGING BY THE NECK FROM HER CEILING FAN**, swaying back and forth.

Hope takes in the sight. Even for a seasoned cop, it's ugly. **MICHELLE** (30s, geek-chic forensic investigator) talks to the **BEAT COP** on the scene. Hope heads for the two of them-

MICHELLE

Late start?

HOPE

Chief asked me to talk to the rookies.

MICHELLE

The "Sherlock Holmes is bullshit" speech again?

HOPE

Every year. What happened here?

The Beat Cop reads from his notes-

BEAT COP

Victim is a 29 year old female, Ivy Reynolds. Works at GroupThink-

HOPE

That place with the hoodie guy?

MICHELLE

No, you're thinking of SmashaViz. GroupThink is Roland Lesterlin's company. Data security, mostly, with an emphasis on strong crypto-

HOPE

OK, I get it. Fancy job, nice place. We got a theory of the case?

BEAT COP

Looks like a simple suicide-

Hope looks up at Ivy's body, squints, and shakes her head.

HOPE

Nah, too painful. I don't buy it.

BEAT COP

Sometimes people surprise you. My wife's uncle was healthy as a horse-

Hope heads for the bathroom as she cuts him off-

HOPE

Teenagers hang themselves. When a girl like this wants to end things, she takes a fistful of Vicodin and never wakes up. Or buys a gun.

MICHELLE

Statistically, she's right. Females 25 to 35 usually overdose or shoot themselves. This is... unusual.

Hope comes back out of the bathroom.

HOPE

Toilet seat's up. A man was here recently. Let's find a boyfriend.

MICHELLE

I'll see if I can lift a print from the underside.

She goes to work on the toilet. The Beat Cop approaches Hope-

BEAT COP

Detective, with all due respect, I've already got 2 open cases on my plate. Another UCR homicide report is going to take me all day-

HOPE

Shouldn't have been a cop if you don't like paperwork. Did you find a note?

BEAT COP

No, but-

HOPE

Then let's not be so quick to assume another human being would take her own life because it means a long night at the office.

The Beat Cop turns away, and Hope starts rummaging through Ivy's desk. She pulls out a small SAFE DEPOSIT BOX.

HOPE (CONT'D)
Michelle? Can you crack a safe?

Michelle pokes her head out from the bathroom-

MICHELLE
I'm a forensic investigator, not a
master thief...
(clocking the size of it)
Oh, that little thing? Yeah, I'll
pop it open back at the station.

BEAT COP
Don't you need a warrant for that?

HOPE
If we were looking for evidence,
sure. But I'm just trying to get a
better idea of what it was that Ivy
valued most. And I can't exactly
ask **her** about it anymore.

OFF Hope, looking back at Ivy, more questions than answers...

EXT. DOUG'S HOUSE - DAY

LEE STANWICK (early 30s, a shy, skinny hacker) stands out
front of a San Francisco Victorian straight out of Full
House, holding a brand new toaster oven in his arms.

The door opens to reveal **DOUG** (40s), Lee's older brother.
He's heavy-set but not fat - the quintessential dad bod.

DOUG
Lee! You made it! What a nice
surprise!
(re: the toaster)
Is that, uh- for Henry?

Lee holds the box up proudly and smiles.

LEE
Top of the line. Convection
cooking, HPTC-

DOUG
Lee... he's twelve.

LEE
I loved toast when I was twelve. I
still love toast.

Doug shakes his head and beckons Lee inside...

INT. DOUG'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doug's house is nice, but small, especially for a kids' party (welcome to San Francisco). He points to a table by the door.

DOUG
Presents go over there.

Lee puts the toaster down amid a bunch of WRAPPED PRESENTS. It's even more woefully out of place than he is.

DOUG (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Henry! Your uncle's here!
(to Lee)
Sorry - he's around here someplace.
I'll go find him.

Doug heads off to find his son, leaving Lee alone in the crowded room. Lee takes a few nervous steps towards the couch, but is cut off by a **SOCCER MOM** (40s, vivacious).

SOCCER MOM
Hi there! I'm Jackson's mom. You must be Doug's "genius brother."

LEE
I, um... I'm sorry, I need to-

He scurries away and sits down. Takes a deep breath.

COOL DAD (O.S.)
Lee? Is that you?

Lee looks up to find a **COOL DAD** (30s, laid back).

COOL DAD (CONT'D)
It's me, Danny Ferrenti! Man, I haven't seen you since high school.

Lee winces slightly at "high school" - not a happy time.

LEE
Hello.

COOL DAD
Doug says you made some kinda app?
The money must be outta control...

As he speaks, the sound drops out and we see things from Lee's POV - the room is a whirling mass of confusion and noise. Unfamiliar faces whisper around the edges of the room.

A gang of TWELVE YEAR OLDS comes barreling through, shrieking laughter. And in the middle of it all, Cool Dad prattles on. It's overwhelming.

LEE

I'm sorry, I really have to go.

Without waiting for a response, Lee gets up off the couch and heads straight for the stairs. He takes them quickly, opens the first door on his right and heads into-

INT. DOUG'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Doug's office. It's an old-school pad - dark wood paneling, large banker's desk, red leather executive swivel chair.

Lee closes the door behind him and takes a deep breath. He looks to Doug's desk, and notices the LAPTOP sitting open on it. He cracks the door and peeks out - the coast is clear.

Lee wanders over to the desk and sits down at the computer. A big smile crosses his face. He pulls up a WEB BROWSER-

DOUG (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Doug stands in the doorway, confusion quickly turning to disappointment...

LEE

I was- the party was just so loud,
I came to get some air...

Doug walks around and looks at Lee's screen.

DOUG

To my office? Come on Lee, get off
the damn computer. You want that
Detective to come back and haul you
off to jail?

LEE

Just 5 minutes? Just let me see
what my friends are up to-

Doug closes the laptop screen. He pulls Lee out of the chair and starts dragging him to the door.

DOUG

Why don't you come downstairs, see
some *real life* friends?

LEE

Those are your friends. Not mine.

DOUG
You know, Lee - they don't have to
be one or the other...

They exit the office and turn to the stairs...

INT. DOUG'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Lee and Doug walk down the stairs, there's a CRASH from
offscreen - Doug winces.

HENRY (O.S.)
DAD! Something broke!

Doug looks at Lee, exasperated.

DOUG
"Something broke." Like it just
happened. It's never "I broke
something." Hang tight a sec...

He leaves Lee at the bottom of the steps and runs off into
the kitchen. Lee notices the pile of gifts has been moved to
the central table - and then sees that his toaster was left
behind by the door. Another CRASH from offscreen.

Lee tries a calming ritual - counting powers of 2 to himself.

LEE
2, 4, 8, 16, 32...

DOUG (O.S.)
Henry! Get back here!

Having a panic attack and unable to take it anymore, Lee
grabs his toaster and runs for the exit...

INT./EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - DAY

Lee drives his Tesla home through the winding streets of San
Francisco, toaster riding shotgun. Inside he's still counting-

LEE
...1024, 2048, 4096, 8192...

Lee drives up to his BIG HOUSE in Pacific Heights - it's
steel and glass with sweeping views of the city. It's big
enough for a large family, but Lee lives in it alone.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lee walks in the front door, toaster in hand, still counting-

LEE

One billion, seventy three million,
seven hundred forty-one thousand,
eight hundred and twenty four.

He takes a deep breath, reaching the end. Two to the 30th.

Lee's house is sparse and open - a single couch in front of a MASSIVE TV, a desk off to the side with his laptop, a Yellow Pages, a pile of books, and a dining room table buried in an ENORMOUS STACK OF MAGAZINES.

Lee shoves the magazines aside and sets the toaster box down. He walks over to the wall, on which is mounted a LAND LINE TELEPHONE. He picks it up and hits a speed dial button-

LEE (CONT'D)

Hi Gino... Yes, it's Lee... Just
the usual, please... OK.

Lee hangs up. Deep breath. Even that was difficult for him. He pulls the toaster out of the box and sets it on the table. He walks over, fetches a screwdriver, and starts TAKING IT APART. Off Lee, engrossed in his hobby...

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

A shitty apartment on the wrong side of the tracks. **KEVIN** (30s, hippie) sits on his futon. He looks SHOCKED at the news-

KEVIN

Ivy's dead? Wha- what happened?

HOPE

That's what I'm trying to find out.

Kevin starts to tear up - he was NOT prepared for this news. Hope offers him a few Kleenex from a portable pack-

HOPE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I know it's hard to
think about anything right now, and
that's normal. But I need to ask
you a few questions, OK?

Kevin nods and takes a tissue, fighting back the tears.

HOPE (CONT'D)

How long were you and Ivy together?

KEVIN

Six months. Well, it would have
been six months next week.

HOPE

When was the last time you were in
Ivy's apartment?

KEVIN

Her place? I don't know, maybe like
a week or two ago?

HOPE

Two weeks? That's a long time - was
everything OK between you two?

KEVIN

I think so... I mean she was always
really busy with work, but-

HOPE

I get it. Relationships are hard
work. I've been there.

(a beat, then)

But there was a man in Ivy's
apartment the night she died, and
if it wasn't you...

Kevin's face registers what Hope's implying. The tears fade-

KEVIN

You think Ivy was cheating on me?

HOPE

I didn't say that. Could have been
a brother, or friend-

KEVIN

Ivy didn't have any brothers.

HOPE

Did you ever have reason to suspect
she was... unfaithful?

Kevin looks at his shoes. He's silent a moment, then admits:

KEVIN

There was this thing with her co-
worker. Marco. They were always
working on some "project" together
that she wouldn't tell me about-

HOPE

Must have made you feel a little
left out.

He nods, slow to pick up on Hope's implication...

KEVIN

Yeah... Wait, you don't think I--
Do I need to call a lawyer?

HOPE

I'm just trying to figure out what
happened. Did anyone happen to see
you last night between 7 and 11 PM?

KEVIN

Yeah, about 200. I was on a plane
back from Seattle. Hang on-

He grabs his phone, pulls up a boarding pass, and shows her-

INT. POLICE STATION - LAB - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON: A tropical beach on a phone screen. A thumb SWIPES
LEFT, and it's replaced by a glacier. Another SWIPE, a desert-

REVEAL Michelle, at her desk in the station lab - a high
school tech lab on steroids. She swipes to another vacation-

HOPE

Headed out of town?

Michelle looks up to find Hope standing over her.

MICHELLE

And miss all this? You wish. How'd
it go with the boyfriend?

HOPE

He's clean. I checked out his alibi
with the airline - he was 35,000
feet up when Ivy died. What'd you
find in the safe?

MICHELLE

Usual stuff. Birth certificate,
passport, jewelry... and this.

She holds out a USB DRIVE - Hope looks at it.

HOPE

And "this" is...

MICHELLE

I don't know. It's locked up tight.

HOPE

Can't you get it open?

Michelle gives Hope an "Are you serious?" look.

MICHELLE

If I could have, I would have. It's got this new toxic encryption tech, makes AES-256 look like kid stuff. You know those ink tags you see in department stores? It's like that, but when it pops it inks your whole drive. If I try and open it wrong it'll wipe everything it touches.

HOPE

Who even has that kinda thing? DoD?

MICHELLE

It's way too clever for government work. This came from GroupThink - it's their flagship product. Ivy was probably on the design team.

HOPE

So then somebody at GroupThink can get it open for us.

MICHELLE

I mean, they did build it...

Before she can finish, Hope is already moving for the door...

INT. GROUPTHINK OFFICES - AFTERNOON

ROLAND LESTERLIN (30s, stylish CEO with intense blue eyes) leads Hope through an open office - it's spacious, with state of the art workstations everywhere. The company's doing well.

HOPE

You know, when I came down I wasn't expecting to meet with the CEO.

ROLAND

Engineering told me you were coming in, and I wanted to help any way I could. Ivy was a... special person.

He stops, and points Hope towards an empty workstation.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

This was her desk. I.T. is running digital forensics now - we were able to help the SFPD on a stalking case last year by doing that--

HOPE

Thanks, but the computer wasn't in her safe. This flash drive was.

She pulls out the FLASH DRIVE and hands it to him.

HOPE (CONT'D)

It's got your locking technology on it. Can you get it open?

ROLAND

(examining the drive)

I'm afraid it doesn't work that way-

HOPE

Look, I know that tech companies are worried about setting the wrong precedents, but I can assure you--

ROLAND

No, it's not about the precedent - I'd do it if I could, for Ivy. But our locking mechanism is designed to be uncrackable - even by us.

HOPE

How is that possible? You built it, you can take it apart.

He takes a deep breath, tries to explain-

ROLAND

I'm not sure we can. The inverse-SHA delta-7 design utilizes a semi-randomized series of one-way hashes-
(sees her not getting it)

Remember the old days, when we had phone books? If you give me a name, I can look up the right number. But if you just give me a number? Much harder. It's a one-way function, there's no way to reverse it.

HOPE

So look through the phone book and find the number that matches. Duh.

ROLAND

Ah, to have a detective's patience. Alas, this particular phone book is longer than Wikipedia, and written in invisible ink. I'm sorry, but hacking our own locks is just not something we can do. And if we did our jobs, it's not something anybody else can do either.

He hands her back the drive. Off Hope, looking desperate...

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lee sits in front of a disassembled toaster, 5/8ths of a pepperoni pizza, and a half-empty 2-liter bottle of soda.

He pulls out a notebook and starts building a Bird-Openshaw PROGRAM MATRIX for the toaster - marking relationships along a diagonal set of numbers. He flips the page and builds a NEW matrix - labeling the two axes "INPUTS" and "OUTPUTS".

Lee folds the notebook paper so the two matrices are side-by-side... and notices something. He rips the pages out of his notebook and lays them on the table. On the fresh page, he begins a MATRIX TRANSFORMATION, elegantly scrawling out the tricky math longhand... He's interrupted by a DOOR CHIME.

EXT. LEE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Lee opens the door to find Hope standing there, forcing a smile. His face immediately sours.

LEE

What are you doing here?

HOPE

I need a favor. Can I come in?

LEE

I told you I never wanted to see you again.

HOPE

You don't mean that. Just let me in-

LEE

No! I would like you to leave now.

He tries to close the door on her, but Hope jams her foot in.

HOPE

Lee, this is serious. Open the door-

LEE

So you can betray me again? I don't think so. Go away!

HOPE

Look - I'm sorry about how things went down, OK? But remember all the fun we had? Like when you taught me about Reddit?

LEE

I thought you were my friend-

HOPE

I **am** your friend. And I'm sorry for what I did. But as your friend, I'm asking you to let me in. A girl was murdered. This is serious.

A beat. The door opens. Off Lee, begrudgingly giving in...

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lee leads Hope into his kitchen - it's full of reverse engineered and re-imagined appliances, cleverly hacked together. An alarm clock built into a coffeemaker, full color touchscreen mounted on a microwave, etc. He sits down at the table, examining the USB drive. Hope sits across from him.

HOPE

So? Do you think you can tell me what's on there?

LEE

I don't know if it's possible... but even if I could, I wouldn't.

He lays the drive on the table and slides it towards her.

HOPE

Why not?

LEE

Because you ruined my life. And I hate you.

HOPE

Lee... I was doing my job. Most people understand that what they say to me in an interrogation room-

LEE

Well I'm not "most people." I thought you were on MY side.

HOPE

I got the judge to agree to no jail time, didn't I? Aren't you glad to be home, at least?

Lee gives her a blank stare.

LEE

I have... no... internet. I might as well be in jail. All my friends are online, and I'm stuck here-

HOPE

What if I could change that? Get your online privileges reinstated, get you off probation...

Lee perks up at this - intrigued, but guarded.

LEE

You can do that?

HOPE

Crack this drive, get me something useful? That's something I can take to the Chief to get you a pardon.

LEE

And how do I know you won't just turn on me again?

HOPE

Because you're the best chance I've got. This may be an impossible task, but I've seen you do the impossible before...

Hope leans over the table, turning the charm up to eleven:

HOPE (CONT'D)

And if you do this for me, I promise you I'll do everything I can to get you back online with your friends. C'mon, don't you want to see if you can figure this out?

Lee weighs this for a moment, looking down at the drive...

LEE

Maybe. I don't know. I'm not going to do it in five minutes. It'll take time. Can I have my internet turned back on first?

HOPE

Drive first, internet later. Deal?

Lee looks straight at her - he doesn't see a better option.

LEE

Not a very good deal. But OK.

She holds her hand out to shake, but Lee just grabs the drive and walks into the living room. Off Hope, watching him go...

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**INT. HOPE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Hope walks in the door of her apartment - it's modest but clean, she doesn't spend much time here. She notices a blinking light on her LAND LINE and goes over to it. She presses play, and a MALE VOICE comes out of the speaker.

MALE VOICE

Hey Hope, it's Peter. I'm at the restaurant, are you coming? I've been trying your cell, but the mailbox is full-

BEEP! Hope presses the button to skip to the next message.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Heyyy... Peter again. Sorry to keep calling, but the waiter keeps asking me if I want to order. Will get you a glass of Pinot. Call me when you get this, OK?

BEEP! In the next message, Peter sounds a little drunk:

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Look, Hope... I really didn't want to do this over the phone, but... I don't think we should see each other anymore. You've clearly got a lot going on, I'm uhh... a busy guy too. But it's been fun. It's Peter, by the way. I drank your wine.

The message ends. The answering machine tells Hope she has "NO MORE MESSAGES" She sighs, heads for the kitchen, and pours a glass of bourbon. Off Hope, drinking deeply...

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Lee is hunched over his laptop, running commands in Terminal with the flash drive connected through a hacked USB extension router. His eyes scan the screen, and we REVERSE to see:

"hash".....subs.....to dec.....swap.....divide

EHELKHE - 1418741 - 21071681 - 16812107 - 1293239

ILZXFZF - 58FD2F2 - 93311730 - 17309331 - 1331487

Lee shakes his head and leans back in his seat. He pulls out his paper notebook and writes down a few of the alphanumeric values as MATRIX COORDINATES. He crosses them out.

He builds a quick Hex table, lining up ASCII characters with their Hex values, and uses that to build a new HEXADECIMAL MATRIX (keep in mind, he is doing all of this LONGHAND).

LEE

That's incredible...

He does a similar MATRIX TRANSFORMATION to the one we saw earlier, and goes back to the laptop. He runs a few more commands in Terminal, and the USB drive LIGHTS UP.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOPE'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Hope sits at her desk, scrolling online dating profiles on her computer. Michelle enters, and comes around to see-

MICHELLE

Something happen to Peter?

HOPE

Same thing as all the others. He wasn't worth the effort.

MICHELLE

Whatever. You'll find your man.

HOPE

I don't need a man. Men lie, men cheat, men leave. I see the things men do every day. I need a baby, before I'm too old to have one.

MICHELLE

You know you actually DO need a man to make a baby? Like scientifically-

HOPE

Yeah, or a half million dollars. And I've got neither. Did you come in here to give me biology lessons?

Michelle puts a FILE on Hope's desk.

MICHELLE

Ivy Reynolds' toilet seat prints came back from AFIS. Marco Mendoza.

HOPE

The co-worker? I left two messages for him yesterday...

(thumbing through it)

2 priors for assault and DUI? I'd say we've got ourselves a suspect. Let's bring him in for questions-

MICHELLE

Well, that's the thing. He's already here.

HOPE

What? How?

MICHELLE

Black and whites picked him up last night, drunk off his ass in Dolores Park. I figured you'd want to see him before he gets released.

HOPE

You're damn right I do - is he in interrogation now?

MICHELLE

The officer at the door is expecting you.

Hope gets up to go, but stops when her phone RINGS-

HOPE

This is Jones.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lee is in pajamas, but he looks like he hasn't slept a wink.

LEE

I did what you asked.

HOPE

Who is this? Lee?

LEE

Obviously.

HOPE

When you call someone, it's polite to start with "Hi Hope, it's Lee."

An awkward pause.

LEE

"Hi Hope, it's Lee." I-

HOPE

What's on the drive? Anything I can use in the Reynolds case?

LEE

I'm not exactly sure, but-

HOPE

See anything about a Marco Mendoza?

LEE

Not that I remember, no...

HOPE

OK, well I'm kinda in the middle of something here. I'll call you back.

LEE

No, wait! I just want to know about my internet-

HOPE

We'll talk about it later, Lee.
I've got a suspect to interview.

She hangs up before he can object. Off Lee, anxiety rising...

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A typical interrogation room - two chairs on opposite sides of a small metal table. No clock, no extraneous furniture.

In one chair sits **MARCO MENDOZA** (30s, Guatemalan coder, dyed blue hair) - he's incredibly hung over and scared to even be in here. Hope is on her feet. They've been at this a while.

HOPE

You know, when you're a cop they don't throw you in the drunk tank. They just take you home.

MARCO

Must be nice.

HOPE

You want to go home, Marco?

MARCO

Of course I do.

Hope smiles, radiating as much friendliness as she can.

HOPE

Good. I want that too.

MARCO

So... am I free to go?

HOPE

Sure! But if I were you? I'd want to get an alibi on record.

Marco begins to stand, but stops. He waits for Hope to go on-

HOPE (CONT'D)

It's up to you, but just between us? This doesn't look good.

MARCO

What do you mean?

HOPE

Getting arrested the night after Ivy died? After you were sleeping with her?

MARCO

I wasn't sleeping with Ivy!

Hope leans over the table, getting closer to her prey.

HOPE

Hey, it's OK. Fooling around isn't a crime. But lying to a detective, that's a more serious thing-

MARCO

I'm not lying! Ivy and I were just friends!

HOPE

The kind of friends that spend a lot of time together in private?

MARCO

No, not like that, just-

HOPE

Then what were you doing in her apartment on Sunday night?

Marco clams up. He's backed himself into a corner.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Come on, Marco, work with me. This is going to get a lot easier for you when I start getting the truth.

MARCO

Ivy... the last few days she was-
(reconsidering)
Never mind. It's not important.

HOPE

What was it, Marco? Was she gonna tell her boyfriend? She want money?

Marco's eyes flit down at this, then back up.

MARCO

Should I be asking for a lawyer?

Hope shrugs, her nonchalance keeping Marco on edge...

HOPE

In my experience, they just speed up the process of sending you to jail. See, you haven't been charged yet; we're just two friends having a conversation. If you bring in a lawyer, then I'll have to formally charge you, and then we won't be friends anymore. But for the next--
(checks her watch)
22 hours, we're just talking. So I want you to sit here and think, and when I come back, you're going to tell me all about the money.

With that, Hope grabs her coffee and exits, leaving Marco looking like he'd rather have any other friend in the world.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - MORNING

Lee walks into the main bullpen area of the police station, a BRIGHT ORANGE VISITOR TAG clipped to his chest.

We from Lee's POV: *a whirling mass of people, moving quickly, running into each other, brushing elbows and shoulders...*

Lee moves around the periphery, trying to avoid the bustling crowd of **OFFICERS**, **TECHS**, or **SUSPECTS**. He takes great pains to give a **SNARLING MAN** a wide berth, and backs into **OFFICER CURRY** (30s, Alpha Male), who spills coffee on his tie.

OFFICER CURRY

Hey asshole! Watch it!

LEE

Excuse me. Do you know where Hope Jones' office is?

OFFICER CURRY

Do I look like a receptionist?

LEE

No, you look like a police officer.

Officer Curry narrows his eyes- is this guy fucking with him?

OFFICER CURRY
Jones is that way.

Curry points to an office on the far side of the bullpen. Lee starts edging along the walls again, then spots Hope coming out of the interrogation room across the bullpen.

LEE
Detective Jones!

She doesn't hear him across the room, just keeps walking.

WITH HOPE as she approaches Michelle's desk. She moves briskly, with purpose - a shark who smells blood.

MICHELLE
(checking the time)
Wow, less than an hour. That might be a new record...

HOPE
He hasn't popped yet. I'm close, but I need his bank records-

MICHELLE
Bank records? That'll take a while.

HOPE
I don't have a while, I've got this guy cued up in there-

BACK WITH Lee, moving carefully towards Michelle and Hope. A **BURLY DETECTIVE** comes rumbling by, shoving his way past. Lee freezes, looking pained, but continues towards his target.

BACK WITH Hope trying to get a different answer from Michelle-

HOPE (CONT'D)
A week? That's ridiculous!

MICHELLE
I'm telling you, even on a rush job you're looking at 2, 3 days at best-

HOPE
Still not good enough-

LEE (O.S.)
Detective Jones?

Hope turns to see Lee standing behind her. She's surprised-

HOPE

Stanwick? I thought I told you we
could talk later...

LEE

Yes but I want to talk NOW.

HOPE

Well I'm busy. Sorry.

(to Michelle)

Is there any way we can get them
today? If I let Marco off the hook
in there I might not get him back.

Michelle shakes her head.

MICHELLE

It's just not possible.

LEE

If you would just hear me out-

Hope turns on him, getting angry now.

HOPE

Lee, for the last time, *not now*.

(to Michelle)

Can we get a subpoena?

MICHELLE

Bank data is one-way hashed for
security reasons, even if I had it-

LEE

Bank data? I can get you bank data.

Hope and Michelle simultaneously turn to look at him.

LEE (CONT'D)

I helped build those hashes,
they're just tricky I/O problems.

Hope looks to Michelle, then back to Lee.

HOPE

How soon can you get it?

LEE

As soon as you get me an internet
connection.

OFF Lee, enjoying his first taste of leverage...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY**

A well-appointed office. Hope sits across a large wooden desk from **CHIEF DANSBY** (50s, but already too old for this shit).

CHIEF DANSBY
The answer is no, Jones.

HOPE
But Chief, I need this-

CHIEF DANSBY
I am not giving a convicted hacker license to snoop through our files-

HOPE
He's not snooping, he's helping me. I've got a suspect in there ready to crack, but I need hard evidence to push him over the edge.

CHIEF DANSBY
And you think Stanwick can get it?

HOPE
He probably already has.

Chief Dansby looks confused for a second, then gets it:

CHIEF DANSBY
You're asking me to sign off on something you've already started?

HOPE
Time is of the essence, sir. If Marco's who I think he is, I can get him to crack with this now.

The Chief stares daggers at her, but just shakes his head.

CHIEF DANSBY
This better be good, Jones.

Off Hope, smiling convincingly, we PRE-LAP...

HOPE (PRE-LAP)
Tell me you've got something good.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOPE'S OFFICE - LATER

Hope stands over Lee's shoulder at her computer. He opens a few tabs, bank statements and transaction records.

LEE

Our deal still holds even if you don't like what the data says.

HOPE

What makes you think I'm not going to like it?

LEE

It's just - it's confusing, OK?

HOPE

You're supposed to un-confuse it. I just told the Chief you could-

LEE

I'm trying! But there are these anomalies in their bank records - large, unexpected influxes of cash.

HOPE

Going from who to who? Him to her?

LEE

No, neither! It's all deposits. All coming in, to both accounts.

HOPE

Coming from where?

LEE

NoWARE.

HOPE

Money doesn't just come out of nowhere, Lee.

LEE

No, the crypto wallet. N-O-W-A-R-E. It's a service you can use to send Bitcoin or Ether anonymously.

HOPE

You must be able to find some trace-

LEE

Oh sure, I'll just crack the blockchain hash on a *desktop* computer running *Windows NT*. I'm not a magician, I can't make data where there is no data. Why don't you ask Marco?

Hope stands up straight and walks around the office, thinking-

HOPE

No... I need to know more than he does when I go back in there. We've got to figure this out.

LEE

Then I need more info. If I knew more about them - they have some signs of a romantic relationship, for example, but I can't be sure-

HOPE

Sounds like field work. I met her boss yesterday, I'll start there...

LEE

(scoffs loudly)
Roland Lesterlin? Good luck.

Hope looks pointedly at Lee, surprised by his reaction.

HOPE

What, you two have some kinda beef?

LEE

No, he's just... Just don't ask him to code anything for you.

HOPE

There's nothing to be jealous of, you know...

LEE

I'm not jealous. I just don't like him. And neither should you.

Hope starts to gather her stuff, grinning to herself.

HOPE

Go home, Stanwick. I'll call you when I need you.
(pressing her intercom)
Bring Mendoza back to holding for the night. I want to talk to him first thing in the morning.

OFF Lee, definitely looking jealous...

INT. TAPAS BAR - EVENING

Hope sits with Roland at a small table in a fancy tapas bar. The kind of place that seems too good to be true until the check comes out. A plate of half-eaten bruschetta and two glasses of wine sit in between them.

HOPE

I hope you don't mind me taking you
up on your offer to help--

ROLAND

No, no, not at all - I welcome it.
Thanks again for meeting me here. I
know it's not very professional,
but it is my favorite bar.

HOPE

In the world?

ROLAND

Well, of the ones that I own.

Hope gives him a look - is this guy serious? Roland grins and
sips his wine.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I get one douchebag comment per
interaction, and that was it.

HOPE

You think that was your first one?

Roland's surprised - not many people give him shit back. He
kind of appreciates it.

ROLAND

Touché. So, how can I help?

HOPE

Tell me what you know about Marco
Mendoza. I need some insight into
his lifestyle...

ROLAND

Marco? A really sweet guy. Smart,
motivated... You don't think-

HOPE

Anything unusual about his
relationship with Ivy Reynolds?

ROLAND

Not really. They were working
together on a couple of projects,
but I have all my employees cross-
pollinate. Ideas are like flowers-

HOPE

(playful)
Douchebag comment alert.

ROLAND
(grinning)
Sorry. CEO-speak is hard to shake.

HOPE
Do you think Ivy and Marco might
have been... romantically involved?

Roland doesn't answer immediately. He takes a sip of his wine-

ROLAND
Look, Hope, these people were my
employees, but also my friends. I'm
not really comfortable speculating-

HOPE
Of course, I get that. But here's
the thing - Marco and Ivy were both
receiving significant amounts of
cryptocurrency before she died. If
you have any info on their personal
spending habits, or travel...

ROLAND
I really don't have any facts-

Hope reaches across the table, and touches Roland's hand.

HOPE
Trust me, I'm not trying to convict
an innocent man. But Ivy is dead,
and Marco's fingerprints were in
her apartment. So whatever you're
thinking, even if it's just a rumor-

ROLAND
Well... you know he spent a lot of
time in South America, right?

This is news to Hope, who immediately raises an eyebrow:

HOPE
For work?

ROLAND
No, not for GroupThink. He would
fly down every six weeks or so... I
assume his parents are down there,
but he never really talked about it-

HOPE
Sounds like a very... *devoted* son.

Roland looks down, choosing his words carefully.

ROLAND

Please, Detective, Marco is a friend of mine. If he didn't do this, and he hears that I told you-

HOPE

Don't worry, he won't even know that we spoke. Officially, we're just here for drinks.

(she raises her glass)

Thank you for those, by the way - you've been a wonderful host.

She smiles warmly; he does the same. OFF the glasses CLINKING-

EXT. LEE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Lee arrives home to find Doug (his brother) on his doorstep. Doug holds up a bag of TAKE-OUT FOOD.

DOUG

Dinner's a little cold. Know anyone with a good toaster?

Off Lee, not looking thrilled to have company....

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Lee and Doug dig into a heap of Chinese food at the kitchen table. Doug's plate is a jumbled mess of different dishes, while Lee's is CAREFULLY PARTITIONED, so no sauces mix.

DOUG

(mouth full)

The police, huh? You sure that's a good idea?

LEE

Why wouldn't it be?

DOUG

I don't know, it seems... dangerous. All those criminals-

LEE

It's just data.

Doug waits for Lee to expand upon this point, but he doesn't.

DOUG

You know, if you wanted to go back to work, there are a hundred companies that would kill to-

LEE

I have plenty of money.

DOUG

I know. But it's not about the money, Lee. It's about getting out there. Meeting new people, seeing-

LEE

It sounds awful.

DOUG

The world's only a scary place if you let it be, y'know.

LEE

It's not the world I'm afraid of.
It's all the **people** in it.

OFF Lee, picking idly at his food...

INT. HOPE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Hope sits at her computer, browsing the web. She's looking up FLIGHTS from San Francisco to Bolivia. She hits a few keys, and a loud INKJET PRINTER starts warming up.

While the outdated printer works back and forth, Hope opens a new search tab on her computer. Into it she types: "Roland Lesterlin" and hits ENTER.

A wave of news results, Wikipedia pages, and corporate bio pages come up, but Hope navigates to the "Images" tab. She clicks on a grinning headshot of Roland, and it fills her screen. Off Roland's face, smiling wide...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - THE NEXT MORNING

ROLAND'S FACE on the cover of WIRED Magazine. WIDEN TO REVEAL a table full of magazines and printed articles, over which Lee is hunched with a red Sharpie. He lays two articles side by side and starts marking them up vigorously.

LIBRARIAN (O.S.)

Mr. Stanwick?

Lee is jerked out of his focus by the **LIBRARIAN**, an older woman carrying a stack of printed articles.

LEE

What?!

LIBRARIAN

Sorry to bother you, but I have the articles you asked me to print-

LEE

Good. I mean, uh- thank you.

She lays the articles down, and looks over the desk. Pictures of Roland are everywhere - it's clear Lee is obsessed.

LIBRARIAN

You really like this Roland Lesterlin guy, huh?

LEE

No, I don't.

She waits for him to continue, but he turns back to his work.

LIBRARIAN

But all these articles-

Lee puts his Sharpie down, and turns to face the Librarian.

LEE

I don't **like** Roland. He's a fake coder, and a bully. And my friend - well not my "friend" exactly, but someone I know... She's talking to him and she really shouldn't be talking to him and I need to prove to her she's wrong.

The Librarian, taken aback by Lee's intensity, backs away slowly. He turns back to the articles, and picks up his pen.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOPE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hope is at her desk, talking to Michelle about Marco-

MICHELLE

The deposits can all be matched to flights one to three weeks later. All South America, all booked late.

HOPE

Good work. Any luck digging up charges on known associates?

MICHELLE

Not yet. He ran with a clean crowd.

Hope stands up, starts gathering files off the desk...

HOPE

Probably why they used him. How much longer do I have him for?

MICHELLE

Two hours. You think this is enough to crack him?

HOPE

It's gonna have to be...

Lee BURSTS into the office, a man possessed. Hope looks up-

LEE

We need to talk.

HOPE

What the hell has gotten into you?

Lee strides over and slaps the WIRED magazine down on her desk. It's open to the article about Roland. Hope looks down-

HOPE (CONT'D)

This is about Roland Lesterlin?

LEE

Yes! He doesn't even know how his own CODE works! The hashes he's describing to the press are nowhere near as efficient as the lock-

HOPE

What's your problem with Roland? Is it some kind of "who's the better hacker" contest? You already broke-

Lee boils over at this and SHOUTS:

LEE

ROLAND IS NOT A HACKER!!

Hope looks at him - unsure of what to do next. Michelle looks uncomfortable. Lee is shaking. He starts pacing around.

LEE (CONT'D)

He's like... you know those guys, they just take and take and take your work? And then they call it THEIR work? And they sell it, or they give it to teacher, or they just do WHATEVER they want with it? He's a BULLY. A bully and a fraud.

HOPE

OK - you don't like the guy. That's your god-given right. But what does any of this have to do with Marco?

LEE

The drive! The one you gave me- It's **documentation**. The first appearance of the key algorithm-

HOPE

Lee, you told me yourself that drive was a dead end-

LEE

I was wrong! It's a very ALIVE end! It's Roland's worst nightmare!

HOPE

Your personal vendetta against Roland can wait. Those deposits you got us on Marco? Michelle found flights matching all of them.

MICHELLE

Bolivia, Peru, Guatemala - all known drug havens. Marco's either a drug dealer, or he works for them.

Lee shakes his head, gives a marked-up article to Hope.

LEE

I wrote it out on the back of this. I can explain, if you just listen-

HOPE

I've gotta go talk to Marco now. I know you worked hard on this. I'm gonna see about your internet, OK?

She slips the article into her pocket and walks out.

MICHELLE

He'll break. They always do.

Off Lee, unsure...

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Hope sits across the interrogation table from Marco. He looks like he hasn't slept a wink. She's got her file laid out in front of him - airline tickets on top, pictures of Ivy below.

HOPE

Tell me again why you were in Peru seven weeks ago?

MARCO

I told you three times already, it was my cousin's wedding.

HOPE

And Bolivia? Six weeks before that?

MARCO

My uncle had a heart attack. I went to visit him in the hospital.

HOPE

How nice of you. Long trip, though.
(she leans over the table)
Look, Marco, I know you're scared. I'd be scared too. But whoever you're trying to protect? They're not worth it. The DEA-

MARCO

Those trips were to see family! I can prove it - I have pictures!

Hope leans back in her chair. She can tell he's telling the truth. She reaches into her pocket, and has an idea.

HOPE

OK. I believe you. But that means there's only one thing it could be-

She pulls the article from her pocket, and looks at Lee's writing on the back.

HOPE (CONT'D)

You want to tell me about the "Mersenne prime encryption base?"

MARCO

Where'd you get that?

HOPE

Ivy's apartment.

Marco looks at her nervously, glances at the security camera.

HOPE (CONT'D)

I know about the flash drive. And I know about the deposits. Let's talk-

The tension is too much, and Marco finally breaks-

MARCO

It never should've gone like this!
He wasn't supposed to get our names-

HOPE

But he did, and Ivy's dead. Because
of you.

MARCO

It was her idea! Ivy handled all
the talking, I just did the money.

HOPE

And what were you two selling?

MARCO

Silence! If we released that code,
he could lose everything - the
awards, the company...

Hope is a little surprised, but tries to cover it-

HOPE

Who exactly was paying you off?

Marco stalls, starting to realize he may have said too much.

MARCO

I thought you already knew?

HOPE

For the record.

Marco's eyes flit nervously to the camera, then back to Hope.

MARCO

I can't say. If he hears I gave him
up, I'm dead. He hears everything.

HOPE

Marco, we're close. Real close. But
I can't be your friend unless you
say the name.

MARCO

Roland! Roland Lesterlin killed Ivy-
(looking at the camera)
And now he's going to kill me too.

Off Marco, terrified...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. POLICE STATION - HOPE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Hope talks to Michelle and Lee in her office. Lee sits at the computer, while Hope paces and Michelle sits on the chair.

HOPE

Alright, let's say Marco's telling the truth, and Roland did kill Ivy. How do we catch this piece of shit?

LEE

You need more? You already have Marco's testimony, and my research-

HOPE

None of that will convince a jury.

MICHELLE

Why don't you just bring him in? Talk him into a confession... isn't that kinda your move?

HOPE

Roland's too lawyered up for that.

LEE

But you already know he did it.

HOPE

Yup, that and a buck fifty will get me a cup of coffee. I to put him at the crime scene, find something he wouldn't think to cover up...

LEE

Did you check the WiFi router logs?

MICHELLE

Dude. I kinda doubt he logged into her WiFi to Google "fake a suicide"-

LEE

No, he wouldn't have to log in. He just had to be in ID range, and his MAC address would get timestamped--

Michelle thinks silently for a beat. Hope looks totally lost.

HOPE

Someone wanna fill me in here?

Lee grabs her phone, and pulls up the WiFi selection page.

LEE

You know this list of WiFi networks you see your phone? We get so used to just picking the ones we know, we forget the phone even detected the others. Even our phones forget. But the *routers* don't. So if Roland was in Ivy's apartment that night--

MICHELLE

Her router would be timestamped.

HOPE

Michelle, did we check those?

MICHELLE

(shaking her head)

I was focused on physical evidence. But you can't get that router data without breaking a digital lock. None of it would be admissible without a warrant--

HOPE

Well that's not so hard. I can get us a warrant.

She starts to walk out, then realizes something. She turns--

HOPE (CONT'D)

You know Lee, you haven't asked me about your internet in like... 16 hours. That might be a record.

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Hope stands across from the Chief's withering glare.

CHIEF DANSBY

A warrant? I thought you already had a suspect in custody.

HOPE

I do. And it was interrogating him that led me to believe the router contains significant intel.

CHIEF DANSBY

How do you plan to find it?

HOPE

Stanwick said he can get it with or without a warrant, but if we want the evidence to be admissible--

CHIEF DANSBY
Lee Stanwick is a **cyber-criminal**.
His opinion in this matter is-

HOPE
About as informed as it gets?

Dansby smiles begrudgingly, seeing her point.

CHIEF DANSBY
Fine. You want another warrant, you
can ask for it yourself.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JUSTICE'S OFFICE - LATER

Hope stands before a **JUDGE** (60s, no-nonsense). He looks over the warrant she's presented him, brow furrowed.

JUDGE
Detective, this looks awfully thin.

HOPE
That's because we're dealing with a
sophisticated killer. He's
digitally covered his tracks.

JUDGE
So why would he miss this router?

HOPE
My consultant said it's a common
oversight. Not all routers keep MAC
logs, but he confirmed from photos
that the one at the scene does.

JUDGE
Still, that's hardly probable cause-

HOPE
Your Honor, with all due respect,
this is a simple digital search. If
I'm wrong, nobody will ever know.
But if I'm right, I might be able
to catch this girl's killer.

The Judge thinks for a long beat. Finally gives in.

JUDGE
You should've been a lawyer. You'd
make a hell of a lot more money.

Hope smiles winningly. Off the Judge, SIGNING THE WARRANT...

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

We're back in Ivy's apartment - the body has been taken down, but otherwise nothing has been touched. The door opens, and Hope leads Lee in. He has a laptop under his arm.

HOPE

How long is this going to take?

LEE

Not long. I prepped the file before we came based on the router model.

He heads over and opens his laptop, plugs it into the router.

LEE (CONT'D)

So all I have to do is hit Enter-
(he does, then)
Huh. That's weird.

HOPE

What's weird?

LEE

It's been totally zeroed out.

HOPE

So he covered his tracks after all?

LEE

No, no - it's JUST been zeroed out.
Your phone is the only MAC. It's
like someone knew we were coming.
Is there a digital search record?

HOPE

Sure, all warrants go in a computer-

LEE

Don't tell me the warrant computer
is connected to the internet...

HOPE

I mean, I assume-

THUNK! They hear a loud noise. Hope heads to the bedroom door-

HOPE (CONT'D)

The window's open!

EXT. IVY'S APARTMENT - ALLEY - SAME TIME

A man in a HOODIE and SKI MASK jumps off the fire escape ladder that's come crashing to the ground. He takes off-

HOPE
Stop! Police!

He looks over his shoulder to see Hope leaning out the third floor window. As she climbs out, he hustles down the alley.

WITH Hope, running down 3 stairs at a time. She jumps off the second story into a roll. She SPRINTS after the Hoodie-

HOPE (CONT'D)
I said STOP!

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

WITH Hoodie as he turns a corner. He throws down a couple trash cans in an attempt to block the alley and keeps running-

Hope comes around the corner and LEAPS over the trash cans. She races down the alley and turns the corner to see-

A WHITE VAN with full window tints and no license plate REVING TO LIFE. She draws her gun-

HOPE
STOP THE CAR! Get out with your
hands up!

The van FLOORS IT, tires burning. Hope FIRES two quick shots, SPIDERWEBBING the back window, but the van turns the corner.

Hope puts her hands on her knees. OFF her face, dejected...

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hope paces around Lee's living room, a ball of nervous energy. Lee sits on his couch watching her intently...

HOPE
What the hell are we supposed to do
now? If Roland's really gotten into
our system, can you get him out?

LEE
I can try, but... I can't do it
from the station.

HOPE
What do you mean?

LEE
I need to get online from outside.
The connection can't be compromised-

HOPE
Lee, you know I can't.

LEE
Just let me tether with your phone.

HOPE
I'm really not supposed to...

LEE
You **still** don't trust me?

Reluctantly, Hope hands over her phone.

HOPE
Don't make me regret this.

Lee grabs the phone and marches back to his bedroom. Hope, confused, follows closely behind.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lee enters his bedroom, which is dominated by a MASSIVE WORKSTATION - two large screens supported by a towering, tricked out desktop. He heads straight for it.

Hope enters just in time to see him plug her phone into the behemoth computer.

HOPE
What the hell is this?

Lee types as he speaks, laser focused on the screen-

LEE
This is my real computer. The laptop's fine for most things, but this is for my long-term projects. What's your Chief's name again?

HOPE
Dansby... why?

Lee types some more.

LEE
I'm into the SFPD Database. Roland has definitely built a backdoor. It's not particularly elegant, but it's there.

HOPE
Can you shut it?

LEE

Not without letting him know I'm here. I need to see what else he's built. This might take a while-

HOPE

What do you usually use this for?

Lee stops typing, and turns around to face her.

LEE

If I tell you, will you stop asking distracting questions?

Hope nods. Lee types, and the name DOUG STANWICK comes up.

LEE (CONT'D)

There's something in coding called a "black box problem" - it's about reverse engineering something from its inputs and outputs. Raw I/O.

Lee types some more, and the words "INPUTS" and "OUTPUTS" appear on either side of Doug's name, along with a picture.

HOPE

Doug's gained some weight...

LEE

(ignoring her)

I never really understood people. Until I started thinking they were just another black box.

A list of INPUTS appears: **34 | 1 Son | \$144K | 7300 steps/day**

LEE (CONT'D)

I figured that if I could gather enough I/O for enough people, I might just be able to reverse engineer **the human algorithm**.

OUTPUTS follow: **Weight Gain | Yelling at Son | Major Purchase**

HOPE

So... how does it work?

He clears the screen. The SFPD Database reappears.

LEE

It doesn't, yet. But it will. It has to. Now, if you want me to find out what Roland's done to your system, I need a few minutes alone.

He turns back to the computer, and starts typing furiously. Hope takes the hint and backs out the door quietly.

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - SUNSET

While Lee works, Hope explores his house. We follow her to the BALCONY - a cantilevered wonder overlooking the city.

Into the GUEST BATHROOM - a technical marvel with an in-shower TV, soft multicolored lighting, and a Japanese bidet.

Finally, Hope comes back to the KITCHEN, where she explores Lee's "liquor cabinet" - we see that it's just Peppermint Schnapps, Bailey's Irish Cream, and a MAGNUM OF CHAMPAGNE.

Hope reaches for the champagne and pulls it down - it has a note tied to it. CLOSE ON THE NOTE: *"Congratulations on your TEN MILLIONTH download!! Your friends at SinnerG"*

INT. LEE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hope enters with the Magnum under her arm.

HOPE

Never pegged you for a champagne guy. We get something to celebrate?

Lee turns around - he's not in a joking mood.

LEE

Roland is deep in your system.

HOPE

So let's get him out.

LEE

I don't think I *can* get him out. He's made copies of his backdoor on every department computer. He's not bad at building viruses, at least.

HOPE

Does he know we're watching him?

LEE

What do you mean?

HOPE

The backdoors - did you shut any, or ring bells, or whatever the hell else you do to a computer door?

LEE

I made sure I was undetected. Why?

HOPE
Because I have an idea...

Off Hope's grin, we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Hope sits across from Marco, who looks terrified.

MARCO
You want me to be BAIT?!

HOPE
No, I want to protect you.

MARCO
No. No, no, no. Roland is going to
hunt me down. I'm not waiting
around for him to come find me.

HOPE
You'll be under police protection-

MARCO
Protection? So you admit that I'm
gonna be in danger! I'm not going!

HOPE
Marco, listen to me. I'm the best
friend you've got right now. Turn
me down, you're going to prison for
blackmail... you think Roland won't
find you in there?

Marco puts his head in his hands - he's completely broken.

MARCO
I just want this to be over.

HOPE
It ends when we catch Roland. And
to do that, I need your help.

Marco looks up, and makes eye contact with Hope.

MARCO
OK. OK, fine. I'll do it.

OFF Hope, praying she can do right by her new "friend"...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chief Dansby exits his office, and locks the door behind him. He starts walking down the hallway, done for the day, when-

HOPE (O.S.)
Chief Dansby!

He turns to see Hope, jogging down the hall towards him.

HOPE (CONT'D)
I need to talk to you about the Reynolds case.

CHIEF DANSBY
Again? I thought we went over this-

HOPE
There's been a development. Mendoza was framed. He's not our guy.

CHIEF DANSBY
So cut him loose.

HOPE
I'm afraid I can't, sir. I think he'd be in danger. I'd like to put him in CalWRAP for a few days.

CHIEF DANSBY
CalWRAP? What in the world did you-- No, y'know what? I don't even wanna know. Do what you need to do. But I don't want to hear about this case again until it's closed. Got it?

He walks down the hall. Hope heads back to her office...

INT. POLICE STATION - HOPE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hope enters to find Lee sitting at her desk, ready for her.

HOPE
Chief signed off. Let's do this.

LEE
You really think this will work?

HOPE
It better, or Marco's dead.

Lee nods, and starts typing at her workstation.

LEE

I'll make the encryption weak so
Roland has no trouble cracking it-

HOPE

No, make it the usual strength. We
don't want him getting suspicious.

LEE

What should the notice say?

Hope sits down across from Lee, and starts dictating:

HOPE

Cooperating Witness 1 in the
Reynolds case to be placed under
protection at the Super 6 Motel in
Daly City. CW-1 will remain there
until his grand jury testimony in
one week. Highly Confidential.

Lee finishes typing, then hits a few more keys.

LEE

It's sent. I'll check it every 15
minutes to see when Roland uses one
of his backdoors.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOPE'S OFFICE - DAWN

As the sun rises, Lee stares at the screen while Hope flips
through papers on her chair. She looks at him, yawning-

HOPE

What's taking so long?

LEE

He's waiting for the right window.
I thought he'd try when the shifts
switched, but he missed his chance.

HOPE

When do they switch again?

LEE

When the shift officer goes to get
Marco dinner. Around 6:30PM.

Hope checks her watch, realizes how early it is...

HOPE

Alright, we'll be ready for him then. In the meantime, you should go home and get some sleep.

LEE

I'll stay here.

HOPE

Seriously, Lee, I can't have you burning out on me-

LEE

I'm not missing another chance to get this guy. I'll stay.

HOPE

Suit yourself. I'm gonna bring him some breakfast, then go take a nap.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - DRIVE THRU - MORNING

Hope pulls up to the window and hands over a few bills. The cashier gives her a bag and a cup of hot coffee. She puts the bag on the front seat, and sips the coffee.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOPE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Lee peers at the computer screen, bleary eyed. He robotically types, mechanically going through his routine. Just as he's about to finish, he notices something off.

Lee rubs his eyes and looks closer at the screen-

LEE

What is this now?

He hits a few keys, and his EYES GO WIDE...

LEE (CONT'D)

Oh no. Ohhh no.

Off Lee, typing feverishly...

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lee bursts out of Hope's office, panicking. The station is nearly empty, but he sees Officer Curry at a nearby desk.

LEE

Excuse me! Officer!

Curry gives him a long look up and down.

OFFICER CURRY
You're Jones' squint, right?

LEE
Yes. Detective Jones - you've got
to help us. She's in trouble.

OFFICER CURRY
What are you talking about?

LEE
(hyperventilating)
The Marco operation! Roland's trap,
it's set up all wrong!

OFFICER CURRY
Son, I don't have the first idea
what you're on about, but-

LEE
You've got to come! Come with me!

OFFICER CURRY
(shaking his head)
It's too early in the morning for
this. You tell Jones if she wants
my help, she can ask me herself.

Curry turns back to his computer, ignoring Lee. Lee looks
around the bullpen, losing it, and yells:

LEE
CAN ANYBODY IN HERE HELP ME??

Other than a few sidelong glances, Lee gets nothing. He races
outside, dodging through the empty bullpen-

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Lee runs across the parking lot, counting to himself.

LEE
...8, 16, 32, 64, 128...

He reaches his Tesla and gets in. It starts, and he quickly
backs out, BANGING into a police cruiser. Unfazed, Lee takes
off, out the parking lot and down the street.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Hope gets in her car outside the Daly City Super 6 Motel, an
old, run-down building off the 280. She starts the engine and
pulls out slowly, but just as as she gets to the street...

Another car CRASHES into her blindside. The impact isn't quite hard enough for airbags, but she's still shaken up.

Hope peers out her cracked windshield and sees LEE stepping out of his Tesla, no worse for the wear. He runs over to her-

HOPE

Lee? What the shit, man!

LEE

Come on, get out of the car! Roland is coming!

HOPE

What are you talking about?

LEE

He took a different way in - I was watching the backdoors and almost missed it. But he got past the security and accessed the schedule-

HOPE

Lee, calm down, I was just there. Everything is ready for tonight-

LEE

He's not coming tonight! He's coming right NOW!

This finally gets her attention, and Hope is all business-

HOPE

You're sure?

Lee nods. Hope checks her gun, and pulls it from her holster.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Alright, then. Stay out of sight.

She turns to run back to the motel, until-

LEE

Wait! You're leaving me alone?

HOPE

You'll be safe out here-

LEE

No way.

HOPE

Well it's out here alone, or in there with me, so-

LEE
I'm coming with you.

Hope starts to protest, but stops herself. Off Lee, scared...

INT. MOTEL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hope and Lee pad down the motel hallway. It's dark, dingy, and narrow. Lee stays close to Hope's back.

HOPE
It's coming up on the left... 327.

The arrive at Room 327, to find the door slightly ajar. From inside, they hear a CRASH, and Hope KICKS THE DOOR OPEN.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hope bursts into the seedy motel room and sees Roland, wearing a black hoodie and STRANGLING Marco at the edge of the bed. Marco struggles, but he's losing consciousness-

HOPE
Hands in the air!

Roland looks at her, and freezes for a moment. Then he CHARGES, using Marco as a human shield. Hope lowers her gun and sidesteps the charge, sending the two men into the wall.

Roland scrambles up and lunges at her before she can get a shot - she BLOCKS a punch with her left arm and KNEES him in the gut. He goes for her right hand, knocking the gun free-

Hope tackles Roland to the ground, and they roll up in a heap against the wall. They struggle for a moment, Roland going for the eyes while Hope tries to grab his throat. Roland sees-

HOPE'S GUN -- just a few feet away, next to the bed.

Roland tries to shove off Hope and make for the weapon, but she grabs his leg and holds him back.

He pulls and strains, almost there, inches away, until--

A SHAKING HAND reaches down and picks up the gun.

Lee straightens to his feet, weapon pointed at Roland, who puts his hands in the air and stops thrashing.

ROLAND
You wouldn't.

HOPE
He doesn't have to.

Hope grabs Roland's outstretched arms and roughly shoves them behind his back. As she's cuffing him:

HOPE (CONT'D)

Roland Lesterlin, you are under arrest for the murder of Ivy Reynolds and the attempted murder of Marco Mendoza. You have the right to remain silent, anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law-

Lee puts Hope's gun on the dresser and gets in Roland's face.

LEE

Also? You're a terrible hacker.

Roland tries to headbutt Lee to no avail. Hope pulls him away and drags him towards the door. OFF Roland, growling...

INT. POLICE STATION - HOPE'S OFFICE - LATER

Lee sits in Hope's office, contentedly reading Reddit on her computer. She comes in, a grave look on her face.

HOPE

So... I talked to the Chief.

LEE

About my internet access?

HOPE

Here's the thing. Everyone is really grateful for what you did. But he's worried about giving you unrestricted internet-

LEE

But we caught Roland! We won!

HOPE

I know, but you hacked some really sensitive information. I don't know what to say. It's giving him pause.

Lee is dumbstruck - this is terrible news.

LEE

But, but... that wasn't the deal!

HOPE

I know. And I'm sorry, but it's always been up to the Chief-

LEE

How do we change his mind?

HOPE

It's not that easy, Lee. He doesn't trust you. Trust is hard to build-

LEE

But YOU trust me, right?

HOPE

Yes. I trust you.

LEE

What makes you trust me?

HOPE

(thinks a beat, then:)

You had a chance to really cause some harm when we were going after Roland, and you didn't. You were an asset to me and we caught a killer.

LEE

So what if we did it again? What if I helped with a few more cases?

Hope pretends to be surprised by his offer.

HOPE

You would do that?

LEE

If you think it'll help convince the Chief, I'm in. As long as I can use your computer in the meantime.

HOPE

Thanks, Lee. You're a good friend.

She puts her hand on Lee's shoulder, and he doesn't flinch.

LEE

So when do we get started? I'm gonna need to install some new software on here. Can I have a key? And are you here on weekends, or...

OFF Hope, wondering what new monster she's unleashed...

END PILOT