

INSTINCT

"Pilot"

Written by
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Secret Hideout
James Patterson Entertainment

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INSTINCT

"Pilot"

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT

REVISED PAGES

YELLOW REVISIONS - 3/15/17

FULL.

PINK REVISIONS - 3/10/17

FULL.

BLUE REVISIONS - 3/9/17

FULL.

INSTINCT

"Pilot"

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT

CAST LIST

DR. DYLAN REINHART.....Alan Cumming
DET. LIZZIE NEEDHAM.....Bojana Novakovic

ANDY.....Daniel Ings
JULIAN COUSINS.....Naveen Andrews
LIEUTENANT MONICA FORD.....Khandi Alexander
MAYOR MYERS.....Sarita Choudhury
JOAN ROSS.....Whoopi Goldberg
DINO MORETTI.....Casey Cott
JUDGE BROOKS.....Dakin Matthews
DAN.....Daniel London
EDWARD.....Ben Edelman
DETECTIVE TOM.....Mark Evans
DETECTIVE HARRIS.....Michael B. Silver
ELLIOT THE CLERK.....Marcus Ho
MR. MORETTI.....Vincenzo Amato
SOCIAL WORKER SHEILA.....Judith Ivey
DOUG THE MEDICAL EXAMINER.....Andrew Polk
ADA.....Gregory Abbey
HOTEL MANAGER.....Prema Cruz
HOSTESS.....Rayna Starr
COP.....Aaron Morton
COURT OFFICER.....Guiseppe Jones
STUDENT 1.....Veladya Chapman
STUDENT 2.....Jose Gamo
MEDICAL INVESTIGATOR.....David Carranza
DRIVING STUDENT.....Justine Rappaport
EMT 1.....Richard Prioleau
DR. CAITLIN GLENROY.....Lauri Landry

INSTINCT

"Pilot"

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT

SET LIST

INTERIORS

APARTMENT

CAR

COURTHOUSE

HALLWAY

CLASSROOM, UNIVERSITY

DYLAN AND ANDY'S APT.

LIVING ROOM

OFFICE

HOTEL

HOTEL ROOM

LOBBY

JUDGE BROOKS'S CHAMBERS

ANTE-ROOM

JUDGE BROOKS'S HOUSE

LAFAYETTE

LIZZIE'S HOUSE

MEDICAL SUPPLY OFFICE, THE BRONX

MORGUE

PIZZERIA

PRECINCT

SWANN PARK BOOKS, 6th AVENUE

STEVE'S SURF SHACK

TOWNHOUSE

LIBRARY

WHITE LINES

MEN'S ROOM

EXTERIORS

COURTHOUSE

HOTEL ALLEY

I-95

JUDGE BROOKS'S HOUSE

MEDICAL SUPPLY OFFICE, THE BRONX

OFF-BROADWAY THEATRE

STREET

TOWNHOUSE

UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

CAR

TEASER

WE HEAR THE BASSLINE FROM GRANDMASTER FLASH'S "WHITE LINES."

1 INT. WHITE LINES - NIGHT (N1) 1

It's "Rob Lowe Night" at this downtown nightclub. Dress as a Rob Lowe character, or a co-star, and you're in free.

Amid the pulsating house music, WE FIND DINO MORETTI, 22, looking like Rob Lowe in *St. Elmo's Fire*, grinding and kissing a Demi Moore. Demi starts dancing provocatively with a Kim Catrall, and Dino decides it's time to head elsewhere.

2 INT. MEN'S ROOM, WHITE LINES - NIGHT (N1) 2

Dino enters the men's room, he's approached by a MAN wearing Ray-Bans and a shoulder length blonde wig obscuring his face.

MAN

Pulp?

DINO

Pulp? What is it?

MAN

Find out. In here.

He moves to the end stall. Dino follows, any fear subdued by the rush of the unknown. The Man shuts the door and locks it.

DINO

Who are you supposed to be?

MAN

Michael Caine.

DINO

Who?

MAN

Never mind.

The Man opens his palm to reveal a small syringe; the liquid loaded in the barrel is a BRIGHT ORANGE.

DINO

Sorry, I don't do needles.

(CONTINUED)

2

MAN

This doesn't go in your veins. It's like a B-twelve shot, only much, much better. It's the ultimate jolt of adrenaline. Trust me.

The Man jams the syringe into his upper arm, pressing the plunger. As the orange liquid disappears, the Man throws his head back, his face laced with euphoria. Sold.

DINO

How much?

MAN

First one's on me.

The Man hands over another syringe, and watches as Dino plunges the needle into his upper arm. But instead of euphoria, Dino's knees buckle as he stumbles backward, banging his head against the stall. He tries to steady himself but feels agony in every muscle. As quick as it came, it stops. Dino would do anything to get it back.

Something's wrong. He tries to move, speak. Dino is paralyzed. The Man removes another syringe. Bigger.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'm not much for religion, Dino.

Dino looks at the Man, how do you know my name? He stares at the long needle. The liquid in this syringe is CLEAR.

MAN (CONT'D)

But I do like what the Bible says about right and wrong. And you are a sinner.

(the needle edges closer)

Get ready, this is going to sting.

And as the Man raises the syringe, getting ready to plunge it into Dino, WE TILT down to see Dino's now motionless feet. The Man's hand dips into frame, resting a PLAYING CARD, the JACK OF DIAMONDS, against Dino's sneaker...

3

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY (D2)

3

An on-campus parking lot with one open spot. A Mini Cooper is about to pull in, but the STUDENT driving is busy chatting on his phone, so from the opposite direction a Ford Crown Victoria impatiently accelerates into the spot. The Mini Cooper honks. The WOMAN driving the Ford waves a "thank you."

4 INT. CLASSROOM, UNIVERSITY - DAY (D2) 4

Standing room only. Many of the female students, and some of the men, gaze longingly at DR. DYLAN REINHART (an Alan Cumming type: dapper, old-school clothes, new-school approach) who stands at the front of the packed class, in total control.

This is his world, a safe one, just the way Dylan likes it.

DYLAN

Welcome to Abnormal Behavioral Analysis, more commonly referred to as Intro to Psychopaths. My name is Professor Dylan Reinhart, and yes, my mother was a huge Bob Dylan fan. Are there any questions so far?

5 INT. CAR, UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY (D2) 5

We are inside the Ford with ELIZABETH "LIZZIE" NEEDHAM, 35, foxy, in a savvy way, and foxy in a foxy way, though completely uninterested in her foxiness.

Lizzie dials a number on her cell and we hear an outgoing message play on her car speaker, a man's VOICE, charming...

MAN (O.S.)

Leave a message and I *might* get back to you.

Lizzie hangs up. She has no visible reaction. She kicks off her sneakers and slips on flats, takes off her sunglasses. And then opens her glove compartment and removes a gun.

6 INT. CLASSROOM, UNIVERSITY - DAY (D2) 6

Back in class, Dylan surveys his new students...

DYLAN

Alright. Can I get a volunteer?

A bunch of hands shoot up, but Dylan ignores them, and points to EDWARD, 20, uneasy, whose hand is definitely not up.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You. The scared looking one.
(off an anxious Edward)
Yes, you. Come up here. Now.

Edward ambles hesitantly to the front of the class.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN (CONT'D)
What's your name?

EDWARD
Edward.

DYLAN
Okay, Edward, I'll give you an "A"
in this course if you punch me as
hard as you can in my stomach.

Dylan lifts his arms up. Edward sweats, not taking a chance
if Dylan is serious or not. Dylan turns to his class...

DYLAN (CONT'D)
What if I told Edward I would fail
him if he *didn't* punch me, would
that change anything?

A collective "Nooooo" echoes throughout the class.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
And what if I handed Edward a
suitcase filled with a million
dollars and said he can keep it if
he hits me. What does he do now?

STUDENT 1
Smack him!

STUDENT 2
If he doesn't, I will!

DYLAN
Exactly. So, what does this tell us
about human behavior? It's context
driven. Meaning, depending on the
circumstances, we can be motivated
to do almost anything. And I just
offered Edward a million new
circumstances.

Lizzie, forever in a hurry, tries to go down the path but her
way is blocked by three STUDENTS slowly walking and texting.
Lizzie attempts to get around them, but there's no opening,
and she grows increasingly frustrated, until she yells...

LIZZIE
HEY!

The Students, scared, stop, and turn. Lizzie seizes the moment, smiles, and slips between them, proceeding forward.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
Smiley-face-emoji very much!

8 INT. CLASSROOM, UNIVERSITY - DAY (D2) 8

Dylan continues his lesson, Edward still at his side.

DYLAN
Normal behavior, therefore, is when we collectively believe the circumstances justify the behavior. Abnormal behavior is when we don't. But can we ever really judge behavior simply by the behavior itself? Aren't we all capable of behaving abnormally?

With that, Dylan turns and punches Edward in the stomach. One hundred jaws drop.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Welcome to Abnormal Behavior.

9 LATER (D2) 9

As the students file out of the class, Dylan collects his things, heads out. Lizzie waits for him by the exit.

LIZZIE
While I may not be up on all the laws in Pennsylvania, I'm pretty sure punching a student isn't legal.

DYLAN
That student isn't in this class, he's a drama major. And I didn't touch him, it was a performance to prove a point. But given that you're a detective, you should've figured that out.

Lizzie's speechless, trying to figure out...

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Your I-don't-care-how-I-look pantsuit, humdrum flats, complete absence of make-up, oh, and slight dip in your posture favoring your right side, probably from the Sig P226 holstered to your hip.

(CONTINUED)

Lizzie's now self-conscious *and* pissed off.

LIZZIE

Elizabeth Needham. NYPD. You look different from your picture.

DYLAN

What picture?

LIZZIE

The one in *People* magazine, from a couple of years ago, being one of their 25 most intriguing people. Must've Photoshopped it. A lot.

Dylan's now equally pissed off and self-conscious.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

I'd like to talk with you.

DYLAN

I need lunch and I've got a meeting. How about tomorrow?

LIZZIE

I think someone may want to kill you, so you tell me.

INT. PIZZERIA - DAY (D2)

A jammed joint. Dylan enjoys a white clam pizza, using his knife and fork to eat it, while Lizzie uses her hands, eyeing his system in disbelief, as if he's debasing the pizza. She looks down at a folder.

LIZZIE

So...Dr. Dylan Reinhart...
...Penn undergrad...PhD in psychology, Stanford...three year research fellowship, University of Cambridge...then another PhD, this time from MIT, statistics, taught at American University in Cairo...

(off Dylan, annoyed)

Does my looking into your background bother you?

DYLAN

What bothers me is that you still haven't said who wants to kill me.

LIZZIE

Dino Moretti, a twenty-two year old, was found dead in a night club in the Meatpacking District, from a massive heart attack and all the tell-tale signs of a drug OD. Self-inflicted may have been the report were it not for a playing card by his foot. The jack of diamonds. We have no leads, no witnesses. While it may be a random killing, I have a feeling there will be more murders. Which is why I'm here. Before Dino died, the killer sent your book to the homicide division.

Dylan keeps eating, barely reacting.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

As the famous expert in criminal psychopathology, I was hoping you may have some ideas. Don't they call you Professor Psychopath?

DYLAN

While I may have a fascination with psychopaths, it doesn't mean I am one.

LIZZIE

Judging by the way you eat your pizza I'm not so sure.

DYLAN

Using a knife and fork slows the process down and allows you to focus more on the pizza itself. You should try it sometime.

LIZZIE

Sure, right after I catch whoever killed this kid.

(then)

Along with your book there was also a bookmark.

Lizzie pulls out an evidence bag containing a single playing card, the KING OF CLUBS. Dylan studies the card.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

The master of high knowledge card.
In cartomancy, the king of clubs is
said to be one who has great power,
but one who is not aware of this.

Lizzie takes out another evidence bag, this one has the jack
of diamonds card.

LIZZIE

Your best-selling criminal theory
book was about playing cards, this
killer's using them.

DYLAN

My book is not about playing cards,
gambling was the central motif. The
compulsion for risk vs. the need
for control. Two competing ideas
psychopaths, and serial killers,
share with us all.

Dylan studies the two cards inside their bags.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

When did my book and this arrive?

LIZZIE

The day before Dino was killed.

DYLAN

So this king is sent to the police
before the kid is killed, a jack of
diamonds is left at the kid's feet
at the crime scene. You may be
right, the killer is talking back
to my book, or to me, and I also
think you're right about more
victims to come.

LIZZIE

We're hoping your expertise can
help us figure out who the killer
is, and how your book connects,
before anyone else gets hurt,
including you.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

I'm meeting this afternoon with the
victim's father. If you want to
join me.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Sorry. I've got a meeting with my editor about my next book.

LIZZIE

Right, those who can't do... Hey, maybe you can write about it while the next victim gets killed.

She drops her card, walks away. Dylan calls after her...

DYLAN

That thing about not really hitting the student, that stays between us.

OFF Dylan, we see her parting shot left a wound.

11 EXT. I-95 - DAY (D2) 11

Dylan zips down the highway on his Ducati 1000, heading from New Haven to Manhattan. His interaction with Lizzie on his mind. His eyes dart up as he passes a giant billboard on the side of the road, a picture of an attractive WOMAN. The copy reads, "Re-Elect Mayor Karen Myers - Tough on Crime."

12 INT. SWANN PARK BOOKS, 6TH AVENUE - DAY (D2) 12

Dylan enters the tidy office of JOAN ROSS, 45, his book editor. A Whoopi Goldberg type.

JOAN

You look fat.

DYLAN

Nice to see you too.

Joan grabs a manuscript.

JOAN

It's flat, all very... theoretical.

DYLAN

I am discussing theories.

JOAN

And I'm getting sleepy. Where's the pizzazz, the heart. Your last book was alive, a blending of behavioral and statistical analysis with the potential to change our thinking on everything from electoral politics to baseball batting averages.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOAN (CONT'D)

You made being a freak cool. You still could be the next Malcolm Gladwell.

DYLAN

But fatter.

JOAN

You used to be a man of action. Now you're "tweed jacket" guy? You need a break from teaching. Focus on getting this book, and yourself, in better shape. I want dangerous Dylan back, sexy Dylan.

DYLAN

I might sue you for harassment.

JOAN

You think *that* was harassment? I've just gotten started.

Joan points to a framed *People* magazine; we see the two year old picture of Dylan, he does look vibrant, younger.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Bring back *this* guy. He was hot.

DYLAN

Funny you should say that, a cop came to my class today. A kid was killed, and the killer sent my book as a clue. She wants my help.

JOAN

Yes! That's fantastic!

(then)

Not the dead kid part, but you getting involved in something like that could be the exact thing to get your mojo back.

DYLAN

My mojo retired to Boca.

JOAN

When you finished your first book you had just left your other life. It was still fresh in your blood. That kind of mojo doesn't disappear after only three years. It's still inside you. If you lose some weight you might find it.

(CONTINUED)

Dylan knows what "life" she means, it's hard for him to hear.

DYLAN
You know I made a promise.

JOAN
You also signed a two book contract, which is technically more binding than a spousal promise.

DYLAN
You tell Andy that.

JOAN
Andy doesn't want you not doing what you're born to do. What kind of a life, or book, is that?

A vast downtown eatery, currently empty. As waiters and busboys set up the dining room, Lizzie sits with MR. MORETTI, 50, heartbroken.

MR. MORETTI
Clear Springs, Phoenix House, Betty Ford. Dino was in and out so much they gave him a robe with his name on it. And then it was right back to the clubs.

LIZZIE
Was he dealing?

MR. MORETTI
Dino didn't deal. He is, was, a bright kid, straight A's.

LIZZIE
Anyone you can think of who may have held a grudge?

MR. MORETTI
No. Everyone loved Dino.

DYLAN (O.C.)
Well, not *everyone*.

They turn to see Dylan approaching, Lizzie's surprised.

LIZZIE
Mr. Moretti, this is Dr. Reinhart, he's... working with me on the case.

MR. MORETTI

Dr. Reinhart, you think my son was murdered?

LIZZIE

We're considering all possibilities as we await the toxicology report.

DYLAN

Mr. Moretti, I don't know if your son knew the killer, but I'm certain the killer knew your son.

Lizzie kicks Dylan under the table, hard. Ow.

LIZZIE

We're not sure there *is* a killer, or that he knew your son.

DYLAN

Detective Needham and I agree to disagree. Am I right in assuming your son didn't just patronize White Lines, but many clubs?

MR. MORETTI

All the clubs courted Dino, he was treated like royalty all over the city.

Dylan now knows his premise is correct.

14 EXT. STREET - DAY (D2) 14

As Dylan and Lizzie walk to her car...

LIZZIE

From now on you don't float your theories to anyone but me, got it?

DYLAN

Has anyone told you you're bossy?

LIZZIE

I'm not bossy, I'm your boss. You can't tell a grieving father you're certain of something if you're not.

DYLAN

Mr. Moretti said Dino was like royalty at the clubs. The king of clubs.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

That playing card the killer sent was a clue about who was next on his list. The jack of diamonds is too. He's our next victim. Now we have to figure out who he is.

Lizzie takes this in, realizing Dylan's right.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

It's okay, you don't have to admit I was right.

He smiles, knowing. She ignores him, climbs into her car.

LIZZIE

By the way, Moretti never heard of your book.

DYLAN

His loss. I hope you told him that.

LIZZIE

I never read it either. My boss made me reach out to you.

DYLAN

So glad you did your homework. Expect a signed copy for Christmas.

LIZZIE

Can't wait. I'm going to get a list of anyone who went into the club the night Dino was killed. Maybe it'll help point us to who the jack is, before the killer gets to him.

DYLAN

Where's your partner? Aren't you supposed to have a partner?

LIZZIE

I have a bad history with partners.

DYLAN

Meaning?

LIZZIE

The last one nearly lost a tooth when he tried to stick his tongue down my throat. Need a lift?

Dylan motions to his Ducati.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

No. It's my one-year wedding anniversary.

LIZZIE

So what made you change your mind and show up?

DYLAN

If I told you that I wouldn't be intriguing.

This gets a smile out of her, the first one we've seen from Lizzie, and as she guns the engine and accelerates...

15 INT. STEVE'S SURF SHACK - NIGHT (N2) 15

Just like being in Waikiki. Dylan gets a hug from the lei-wearing HOSTESS...

HOSTESS

Hey, Dylan. Take one of these!

She proceeds to place a lei around Dylan. He heads to the bar, perches himself in front of the BARTENDER, ANDY.

DYLAN

Aloha.

ANDY

I've got to teach you another Hawaiian word.

ANDY (CONT'D)

And I'm sorry I had to work on our anniversary, and especially after I made such a big deal about us preparing for our interview.

DYLAN

I knew I was marrying a graduate of Columbia Law, out-of-work actor. I've got no one but myself to blame.

ANDY

That makes me feel much better. How was your day?

DYLAN

(quickly untruthful)
Ah, the humdrum life of academia.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(then)
Do you think of me as a professor?

ANDY
That is what you do.

DYLAN
That's not what I asked.

ANDY
Oh no. Do not have an existential
crisis in Steve's Surf Shack.

DYLAN
I'm not.
(then)
Would you say I've put on weight?

ANDY
Oh, no. What's going on?

DYLAN
Nothing.
(then)
Joan hates my new book. She called
it flat and heartless.

ANDY
I'm sorry. Double Dark and Stormy
coming up.

DYLAN
Mahalo.

As Andy heads off, Dylan takes out his manuscript, a red pen,
and reading glasses. He opens his book when he gets a text,
"Another victim, another playing card. ARE YOU IN?"

Dylan pushes the phone away, goes back to his book. Beat. He
grabs his phone, re-reads the text. To write or investigate?

16 EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT (N2) 16

Dylan arrives to find Lizzie inside the crime scene tape. She
eyes the lei around his neck. He quickly removes it.

17 INT. LIBRARY, TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT (N2) 17

A middle-aged MAN lays dead in a pool of blood, his bespoke
suit slashed countless times with a knife.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

You have to really dislike someone to stab them that many times.

LIZZIE

John Condon. His wife found him about thirty minutes ago. Says she was out to dinner with friends. Condon was an entrepreneur who...

A "TWO OF HEARTS" playing card rests beside a barely-smoked Montecristo #2 cigar. DETECTIVE TOM, 27, nervous, clean-cut, everything he says is a question, moves for a closer look.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

DON'T TOUCH THAT! In fact, keep your hands off of everything.

Tom jumps back, terrified of Lizzie. Dylan reacts to Lizzie's harshness, while Tom seems used to it.

DETECTIVE TOM

Sorry, Detective Needham?

Dylan's attention fixes on a humidor, he studies it closely.

LIZZIE

I remember reading about Condon. He ran a ponzi scheme, some business based on a spiritual quest. I think his company's name was...

DYLAN

...Hourglass, and he's definitely our jack of diamonds.

LIZZIE

Based on what?

Dylan leads Lizzie to the humidor and shows a diamond "gem" carved into the top (unlike one from a playing card).

DYLAN

When two diamonds are placed together to form the shape of an hourglass, the resulting symbol can be identified as a depiction of enlightenment and ultimate truth. Though it seems *Condon's* spiritual quest was money.

(then)

Oh and his friends called him Jack.

(CONTINUED)

There's a photo inscribed "To Jack." Lizzie is now on board.

LIZZIE

So you were right, the killer *is* announcing who his next victim is. He sends us a clue about Dino with the king, leaves a clue about Condon with the jack. And now a clue with the two of hearts about who's next.

Dylan shows an excitement we've yet to see from him...

DYLAN

And we get to unravel the mystery, figure out the rules of his game.

LIZZIE

We better figure it out before he gets to leave any more cards.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

18 OMITTED 18

19 OMITTED 19

20 INT. LIVING ROOM, DYLAN AND ANDY'S APT. - DAY (D3) 20

The doorbell rings. Andy goes to it as Dylan hurries in, wearing a cardigan, slippers, while palming a cup of tea.

ANDY

You look like Mr. Rogers.

DYLAN

That's what I was going for.

Andy opens the door to SOCIAL WORKER SHEILA, 60, buoyant.

ANDY

Hi, I'm Andy. And this is Dylan.

Despite her cheerful smile she looks surprised when she sees the other parent is also a man. Dylan clocks this.

SOCIAL WORKER SHEILA

What a lovely home! May I come in?

21 INT. LIVING ROOM, DYLAN AND ANDY'S APT. - DAY (D3) 21

We join them mid-interview. Dylan eyes Sheila looking at them, feeling judged, even when there's no reason to.

SOCIAL WORKER SHEILA

So Andy, what parenting skills do you feel you currently have?

ANDY

For a newborn we've been practicing feedings, sleep routine, bonding, swaddling. As the baby gets older, the importance of self-discipline, expectations, behavior modeling.

SOCIAL WORKER SHEILA

Dylan, what do you believe a child needs to know about their birth family? And thoughts on maintaining birth parent connections?

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

We plan on telling our child about his or her birth family when it's age appropriate. And if he or she wants to reach out to the family, we wouldn't stand in the way.

SOCIAL WORKER SHEILA

I see your electrical outlets aren't covered.

Andy looks to Dylan, who realizes he forgot to do it. She notes this, then spots a photo of Dylan and Andy hugging.

SOCIAL WORKER SHEILA (CONT'D)

What a gorgeous frame.

(then)

And what about teaching the child about normal families?

DYLAN

Normal? Do you know any normal families? Because I sure don't.

Andy eyes Dylan, "keep it together." Sheila feels bad.

SOCIAL WORKER SHEILA

I'm sorry, you're absolutely right, I meant more traditional. Moving on, what impact do you see adoption having on your significant relationships, especially the relationship with your...

DYLAN

The word you're searching for is "husband." We're both husbands, but in a "traditional" way.

ANDY

Dylan.

(back to Sheila)

Please understand that we have fought extra hard to adopt a baby, we will care extra hard when we do adopt one, and we will love our baby extra hard every day of their life. We just want a family.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

You won't find a human being on this planet who would make a better parent than Andy, I think that's pretty much all you need to know.

SOCIAL WORKER SHEILA

Then it seems we are through.

Andy closes his eyes, shit.

22 LATER (D3) 22

Social Worker Sheila is gone. Andy's disappointed.

ANDY

Do you not want a baby?

DYLAN

How could you ask me that?

ANDY

How many times did I ask you to cover the outlets? And then you were openly hostile to her.

DYLAN

She was openly judgmental!

Dylan's phone PINGS with a text. He ignores it.

ANDY

Please. She made a mistake. You misinterpreted it, then jumped all over her.

(then)

I love you defending us, and what we're doing, but fight that fight anywhere but with the one person whose stamp of approval we need.

DYLAN

That bigot wouldn't have given her approval no matter what we said.

His phone PINGS again. Now he checks it, annoying Andy.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

The Mayor wants to see me.

ANDY

The Mayor of New York City? Why?

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN
(quickly untruthful)
Something to do with my book.

ANDY
Be sure to ridicule her too.

23 EXT. STREET - DAY (D3) 23

LIEUTENANT MONICA FORD, 50, Squad Commander of Manhattan South Homicide, unleashes on Lizzie.

LIEUTENANT FORD
I don't like to be called in front
of the Mayor. Especially this
Mayor. I'm not a fan.

LIZZIE
I know, and I apologize.

Behind them MAYOR KAREN MYERS, 50, smiles as she speaks to the press.

LIEUTENANT FORD
And what about Professor Psycho?
Where is he?

LIZZIE
Dr. Reinhart should be here any
minute.

LIEUTENANT FORD
You sure you can handle this case?

LIZZIE
Want a list of the ways I'm sure?

LIEUTENANT FORD
How's this for a list? The guys you
refuse to partner with. Sumner,
Miller, Gomez...

LIZZIE
Lazy, stupid, smug...

LIEUTENANT FORD
Ever think maybe it's you? This
isn't a detective buffet, you don't
get to pick the partner you want.

(beat)
I just, well, feel for you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIEUTENANT FORD (CONT'D)
You had a setback, but if you can't
bounce back in your personal life
you better do it here.

Dylan arrives...

LIZZIE
Lieutenant Ford this is Dr. Dylan
Reinhart.

DYLAN
Pleasure.

LIEUTENANT FORD
Uh-huh. Here we go.

The Mayor and her entourage approach.

LIEUTENANT FORD (CONT'D)
Nobody speak unless spoken to.

Mayor Myers arrives, her smile gone.

MAYOR MYERS
Let me tell you, there will not be
a serial killer in my city.

LIEUTENANT FORD
Detective Needham and I were just
saying the same thing.

DYLAN
Is this like if we say it enough it
will be true? Because there *is* a
serial killer in your city.

Lieutenant Ford glares at him.

MAYOR MYERS
Dr. Reinhart, I am a big fan of
your work, and your belief in the
power of symbols. Given the
killer's copycat use of the playing
card, which is the structure of
your book...

DYLAN
Motif.

MAYOR MYERS
...I know you can help us solve
this case, protect the innocent,
and catch this butcher.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

I'd like nothing more. And I know Lizzie, Detective Needham, and I will get him. Right, Lizzie?

Dylan's adrenaline starts to pump. The Mayor turns to Lizzie.

MAYOR MYERS

Detective? At a loss for words?

LIZZIE

Madam Mayor, the tox confirmed the club kid OD-ed on whatever the killer gave him, but the track mark in his arm wasn't in a vein. The medical examiner said other than the needle mark in Dino's arm, the only unusual thing he found was a minor contusion on his left eye.

DYLAN

What about the eye? In Sharia-controlled areas of Saudi Arabia right hands are cut off as punishment for theft. In Iran they stone you for adultery. And in the Bible it's an eye for an eye.

MAYOR MYERS

I'm not following.

DYLAN

Revenge. Check Dino's eye, it may be where the OD was administered.

LIZZIE

When heroin addicts run out of veins, they sometimes put the needle into their eye for a hit.
(off the Mayor, confused)
All we had to go on, up to now, were the cards, but if the suspect killed Dino for revenge, and also Condon for revenge, and the anger of stabbing someone so many times certainly suggests it could be...

DYLAN

Then we have a possible motive that connects our two murders, and we are one step closer to solving the case, and *not* having a serial killer in your city.

(CONTINUED)

Dylan's excitement rises. While Lizzie's pissed, the Mayor, intrigued, turns to Lieutenant Ford.

MAYOR MYERS
Have the M.E. check his eye. And
all of you keep your mouths shut.

LIEUTENANT FORD
Yes, your Honor.

The Mayor gets into her SUV, and her motorcade pulls off. Lt. Ford walks away. Lizzie turns to Dylan.

LIZZIE
What is it about floating theories
you don't understand?

DYLAN
Oh, boy.

Lizzie walks away, leaving Dylan behind.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Where are we going? Detective?
(chasing after her)
If we're going to be working
together I'd like a gun.

24 OMITTED 24
25 OMITTED 25
26 INT. MORGUE - DAY (D3) 26

Dylan and Lizzie are with DOUG, 26, stout, know-it-all.

DOUG THE MEDICAL EXAMINER
The kid's eye contusion was caused
by an injection into the soft
tissue of the eye socket.

Dylan looks to Lizzie, "told you." Doug strides over to a body and lifts the sheet revealing John Condon.

DOUG THE MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)
And this dude died from multiple
stab wounds.

LIZZIE
How many?

DOUG THE MEDICAL EXAMINER
Waaay too many to count.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Yeah, counting must get exhausting.
Three hundred and fifty two.

(off Doug, confused)

That's how many dimples there are
on a Titleist Pro V1 golf ball.
Four thousand, six hundred and
eight. That's the number of words
in the U.S. Constitution.

LIZZIE

(joining the fun)

Seven and a half million. That's
how many Americans are currently
out of work. Care to add one to
that number?

Point taken. Dylan smiles, approves.

DOUG THE MEDICAL EXAMINER

I'll call you when I'm done.

LIZZIE

You'll do it now, we'll wait.

As Doug begins the tedious task of counting behind them...

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

So what is it with all these facts?
You're like a walking Wikipedia.

DYLAN

Sorry, I can't help it. I've got a
phonographic memory.

LIZZIE

You mean *photographic*.

DYLAN

No. When I read something it stays
in my mind. But I don't see it, I
hear it. Usually in my father's
voice. Growing up I was a prodigy
on the piano. Chopin, Mozart,
Lennon, if I heard it once I could
play it. Or sing it. I have perfect
pitch. I can tell you if you blow
your nose in G, or if the wind
whistles in D.

(beat)

I didn't have too many friends.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE
(feigning shock)
Noooo.
(then)
Do you still play?

DYLAN
Not so much.

LIZZIE
Why'd you stop?

Doug calls from over Condon's body...

DOUG THE MEDICAL EXAMINER
Fifty-two stab wounds.

DYLAN
Fifty-two. Like a deck of cards.
He's deliberate, brutal,
fascinating.

LIZZIE
And he's got forty-nine cards left
in his deck. That's forty-nine more
bodies, and a lot more carnage, if
we're not careful.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

27 INT. CAR - NIGHT (N3)

27

Lizzie drives, Dylan rides shotgun.

DYLAN

Every worthwhile serial killer has a nickname, you okay if we call our guy the Dealer?

LIZZIE

I couldn't care less what we call him, as long as we catch him before he gets to the two of hearts.

(then)

So Dino and Condon aren't friends, or related, nothing suggests they ever met. Revenge alone isn't going to help us find the two of hearts.

DYLAN

The two of hearts is called the "sweetheart" card. It represents people who love love. Idealists. And they're also usually the ones who get hit the hardest when real life crashes down on their ideals. So, a young couple who got married?

LIZZIE

Or divorced.

DYLAN

A matchmaker?

LIZZIE

Or a marriage counselor?

DYLAN

A real romantic. Your boyfriend's a lucky guy. Want to get a drink? I know a place makes a mean Old Fashioned.

LIZZIE

Perfect drink for someone like you.

DYLAN

Someone like me?

LIZZIE

You know, a professor...

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN
So you like an Alabama Slammer?
(crickets)
Slammer. Prison. You're a...cop.

LIZZIE
I like Talisker 18. My dad owned a
bar, I practically grew up in it.
Until he died, alcohol poisoning. I
was the lucky girl who found him.

DYLAN
That must have been hard.

LIZZIE
What's hard is trying to catch a
psychopathic serial killer. Let's
get a drink after we do that.

Lizzie's not interested in being analyzed.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
So if your theory about revenge is
right, what's the Dealer avenging?

DYLAN
Almost all serial killers choose
their victims one of two ways,
randomly, or very, very carefully.
When the victims are unrelated, it
becomes about the act itself,
killing. But when there's a link...

Lizzie begins to quote Dylan, surprising him.

LIZZIE
"...it's more about the result,
death. If the victims are being
judged you have to ask why does the
killer pick these victims? What
flips the switch from having
feelings about people to murdering
them?"

Dylan looks confused and impressed. Lizzie concedes...

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
I've read *Freaks* three times. My
boss didn't make me reach out to
you, it was my idea. I didn't want
to inflate your ego any more. But
now I see that's not possible. Go
ahead, say something snarky.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN
No snark. Glad you liked it.

A moment ensues, mutual respect. Then back to business.

LIZZIE
A club kid and a businessman. So
what flipped the switch?

DYLAN
(checks his watch)
Oh, I lost track of time. Andy had
a show tonight, we're supposed to
go out after. Can you drop me off?

28 INT. CAR - NIGHT (N3) 28

They slow towards an off-Broadway theatre...

LIZZIE
Which one is she?

DYLAN
Oh, she's the one who's about six
feet, dimples, and a man.

LIZZIE
You're gay? Why didn't you tell me?

DYLAN
Why would I?

LIZZIE
Good point.

DYLAN
Come say hi. You okay if I
introduce you as Lizzie?

LIZZIE
He doesn't know you're working with
me.

DYLAN
How is it you can deduce that, but
not that I'm gay?

LIZZIE
You should tell him.

29 EXT. OFF-BROADWAY THEATRE - NIGHT (N3) 29

Dylan leads Lizzie towards Andy.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN
Hey, so sorry. Will explain later.
(then)
Andy, this is my friend Lizzie.
Lizzie, meet Andy.

LIZZIE
Nice to meet you.

ANDY
And you. Wanna grab a bite with us?

LIZZIE
I'd love to, but I promised Gary
I'd be home early, and I'm not.

As Dylan and Andy head away, Lizzie climbs back into her car.
Lizzie dials a number on her cell and we hear the same
outgoing message play on her car speaker.

MAN (O.S.)
Leave a message and I *might* get
back to you.

Again he doesn't pick up. Lizzie hangs up. Starts her engine.

30 INT. DYLAN AND ANDY'S APT. - NIGHT (N3) 30

Dylan and Andy sit together, mid-conversation.

ANDY
I thought we didn't have any
secrets.

DYLAN
I should have told you. About
Lizzie, about the killer using my
book. I didn't want to scare you.

ANDY
Then don't give me a reason to be
scared, especially as we are trying
to start a family.

DYLAN
I called to get another interview,
but it's not looking good.

ANDY
Did you call because you want to
adopt a baby, or because you know
how much I want to?

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN
Does it matter?

ANDY
What could possibly matter more?
We're starting a family, and I'm
not sure your heart is in it.

DYLAN
It is. I promise.

Dylan takes Andy's hand.

31 INT. LIZZIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N3) 31

Lizzie opens her front door, turns on the light...

LIZZIE
Gary?

We think she's calling her boyfriend, but instead an old, mutt of a DOG scurries up to her. Lizzie gets down and gives him all kinds of love. She picks him up, carries him to the kitchen, pours herself a drink, and downs it. And another. The "tough woman" mask slips down. She opens her Dealer case files and goes back to work.

32 INT. OFFICE, DYLAN AND ANDY'S APT. - NIGHT (N3) 32

Dylan looks at his body. He does pull ups. Crunches. Push ups. Pushing himself. Finding the will again, loving it. Then suddenly he stops. His eyes locked on something, thinking. We see what he sees; an uncovered wall outlet.

Dylan stands, goes to a drawer, takes out his gun.

33 EXT. STREET - MORNING (D4) 33

Lizzie and Dylan talk to the ADA, 40, tired.

LIZZIE
Do you know if any victims of
Condon's profiteering ever
threatened his life? Someone who
might seek revenge?

ADA
Some generic hate mail, but nothing
specific, and nothing we felt
needed investigation.

DYLAN

If it was pretty clear that Condon was guilty, why was he let off?

ADA

We got the wrong judge. Judge Brooks is one of those by the book guys, used an arcane interpretation of the law to clear Condon. You should speak with him.

34 INT. ANTE-ROOM, JUDGE BROOKS'S CHAMBERS - DAY (D4) 34

U.S. Court of Appeals, Second Circuit. Dylan and Lizzie wait outside the Judge's chambers. The Judge's secretary, DAN, 50, poised, sits behind a desk piled orderly with files, papers.

DAN

Judge Brooks will see you now.

35 INT. JUDGE BROOKS'S CHAMBERS - DAY (D4) 35

JUDGE BROOKS, 70, talks to Dylan and Lizzie, while two CLERKS, CLAIRE, 20s, preppy, ELLIOT, 35, overworked, work.

JUDGE BROOKS

I didn't like Condon, or what he did, the guy was an upper echelon crook, but the law is the law.

LIZZIE

So you think he was guilty?

JUDGE BROOKS

My personal opinion doesn't matter. That's not why I'm here.

Dylan spots his book amongst hundreds on the Judge's shelves.

DYLAN

You read my book.

Dylan pulls it from the bookcase, holds up the spine so Brooks can see the title, *Freaks*. Brooks can't place it.

JUDGE BROOKS

Didn't even know it was there.

ELLIOT THE CLERK

I thought you'd enjoy it, Sir.

JUDGE BROOKS

Thanks, Elliot. What's it about?

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN
Abnormal behavior.

JUDGE BROOKS
I always found that term to be a
bit redundant.

DYLAN LIZZIE
Me too. Me too.

Dan, Brooks's secretary, enters.

DAN
Judge Brooks, you've got Millard in
five minutes, and then the hearing
for People vs. Barbaro.

Dan lingers, gazing at Dylan and Lizzie...

DAN (CONT'D)
This is my way of saying it's time
for you both to go.

They get the message and stand.

JUDGE BROOKS
Don't worry, he does the same thing
to me. I'd forget to eat lunch
without him.

36 INT. HALLWAY, COURTHOUSE - DAY (D4) 36

As Dylan and Lizzie head down the hall...

LIZZIE
So Condon's guilty but gets off. No
known people who'd want to hurt
him. A grieving wife. It may not be
revenge, which means we may not
have our connection with Dino. And
even less of an idea of how to
pinpoint the two of hearts.

DYLAN
I wanna go see a friend who may be
able to help.

LIZZIE
Great, I'll drive.

DYLAN
Alone. He works under cover.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE
Um, I'm a cop.

DYLAN
Um, he isn't.

LIZZIE
So you get to come everywhere with
me, but I can't go with you?

Dylan smiles.

A commercial neighborhood filled with single level
warehouses. Dylan presses a buzzer. It buzzes him in. He
enters a normal looking office, except for the fact that it's
completely empty. This is no medical supply company.

Dylan enters a space: one seamless projection screen capable
of carrying a live feed from any Internet, satellite, or LAN-
based camera. A MAN, his back to us, calls out...

MAN (O.C.)
And I thought you had retired?

The Man turns to smile at Dylan, very happy to see him. This
is JULIAN COUSINS, 35, British.

JULIAN
Look at you, so academic-y.

DYLAN
Why does that sound like an insult?

The old friends hug.

The men drink espresso, mid-conversation...

JULIAN
You think it's someone who found
out you're CIA?

DYLAN
Was CIA.

JULIAN
Potato, potato. Don't make it
personal.

DYLAN

I'm saying it's possible.

JULIAN

Because he used a theme from your book.

DYLAN

Motif.

JULIAN

Maybe he's a fan of your writing.

DYLAN

Whatever.

JULIAN

Maybe when your case is over you'll return to your calling. World's gotten scarier since you left.

DYLAN

(ignores him)

I'll take anything you can get on the victims.

JULIAN

It's a shame. You were the best operative I've ever worked with.

DYLAN

I bet you say that to all your old colleagues.

JULIAN

No, integrity, loyalty, adrenaline junkie, balls, you had it all.

DYLAN

Until I realized I didn't.

JULIAN

No room for relationships in our business. That's why I'm single.

DYLAN

You're single because no woman in her right mind would marry you.

JULIAN

That too.

Dylan gets a text from Lizzie: "We found our two of hearts."

39 INT. LOBBY, HOTEL - DAY (D4) 39

There's press outside. Dylan enters, finds Lizzie talking to Detective Tom.

LIZZIE

Nobody comes or goes. Canvas the building.

Tom nods vigorously. Lizzie goes to Dylan, catches him up.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

The couple checked in under the name Smith, not their first time. Always Thursdays. Room service waiter discovered them. Their door was open, and they were shot at point blank range.

DYLAN

Gotta be an affair. No married couple has sex in a hotel room in the middle of the afternoon.

LIZZIE

They had their cell phones, we're dumping the phones now.

As they board an elevator...

40 INT. HOTEL ROOM, HOTEL - DAY (D4) 40

OPEN on the QUEEN OF HEARTS PLAYING CARD, REVEAL it's wedged between the rear cheeks of a dead WOMAN, who's mid-coitus with a dead MAN. Dylan and Lizzie study the victims as two MEDICAL INVESTIGATORS work the scene.

DYLAN

Do you think the Dealer really killed them while they were having sex? Or did he force them into this position? Power and control.

LIZZIE

The blood splatter on the wall suggests they were in bed.

DYLAN

He's enjoying himself, as demonstrated by the playing card wedged, of all places, between Mrs. Smith's, um, cheeks. Glad I'm not bagging it.

(CONTINUED)

One of the Medical Investigators glares at Dylan.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Queen of hearts. Mother of higher
love. Powerful and successful.

DETECTIVE HARRIS, 40s, cool, pops into the hotel room. He and
Lizzie exchange a look that is not lost on Dylan.

DETECTIVE HARRIS
Detective Needham, can we...?

Lizzie proceeds to Detective Harris. We're with Dylan,
watching them, unable to hear what's being said. And the same
Medical Investigator calls to Dylan.

MEDICAL INVESTIGATOR
Wasn't the queen of hearts in *Alice
in Wonderland*?

DYLAN
(focussed on Lizzie)
Yup. The antagonist. Foul-tempered,
quick to order death sentences, her
famous line "Off with their heads."

But whatever Lizzie and Harris are saying grows intimate.
Detective Harris gently cups Lizzie's cheek with his hand,
which is when Lizzie, like the old Ronda Rousey, slugs Harris
in the gut, he doubles over, and she then uppercuts his jaw.

Lizzie calmly heads towards the hall, Dylan follows.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
What was that?

LIZZIE
That was Jim, my last partner. Aka
the wandering tongue. Apparently
he's got deep feelings for me.

DYLAN
I'd love to see how you treat
someone who can't stand you.

They get on the elevator.

The elevator doors open, and Dylan and Lizzie exit and walk
across the lobby, his phone PINGS. He stops, reads it.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Turns out our innocent young Dino got pulled in for dealing drugs.

LIZZIE

Your friend works fast. Who is he?

DYLAN

Dino got his mom to make a call, which got Dino free.

LIZZIE

I'll follow up with the mom. And don't think I didn't notice you evading my question about your friend. That's all he got?

DYLAN

He's working on more, give him a little time.

LIZZIE

Explains why Dino was royalty at all the clubs. But not how he's connected to the Smiths or Condon, or...

Dylan notices that Lizzie's distracted, she senses something.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

GET DOWN!

Lizzie yanks Dylan down to the ground, hard. GUNSHOTS ring out, and bullets whiz by from the mezzanine.

People SCREAM. Chaos reigns in the lobby. The bullets continue to fly as Lizzie, holding Dylan down, orders him...

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

This way!

She pulls him behind a couch, they kneel as gunshots fire. Lizzie grabs her semi-automatic, stands, and fires back.

Dylan watches, surprised at how recklessly fearless she is.

DYLAN

A gun would be a really useful thing to have right about now.

Suddenly the bullets stop. Lizzie controls the room...

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE
Nobody move.
(to the cops)
Shooter's on the mezzanine.

Lizzie realizes the shooter's on the run, and as the other cops move towards the mezzanine, she looks to Dylan.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
Stay here.

Lizzie disappears, out the back exit. Dylan follows.

As Dylan emerges outside he finds Lizzie, furious...

LIZZIE
Sonofabitch got away.

DYLAN
No one else got injured. He was
creating a diversion. If he wanted
to hit one of us he would have.

Lizzie's not even listening to him, her mind elsewhere.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
You did everything you could.

Lizzie starts to kick a garbage dumpster. Hard. Harder.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Hey. Stop. Stop it.

But she won't. She punches it. Again. Harder. Whatever's upsetting her is clearly more than the Dealer getting away.

LIZZIE
It's not... fair.

Finally Dylan grabs her, to stop her from hurting herself.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

43 INT. LOBBY, HOTEL - DAY (D4)

43

Lizzie waits in the lobby, having regained her composure. Dylan heads over with a coffee for her.

LIZZIE

Just what I need, more caffeine.

DYLAN

Given how much energy you just expended, antagonizing your adenosine receptors is not a bad thing.

LIZZIE

Please don't make coffee boring.
(then, frustrated)
Why would the Dealer stay at the scene? Was he trapped? Targeting us?

DYLAN

Maybe he wants us to stay away.

The HOTEL MANAGER, an attractive, overly hip 30 year old woman approaches. She hands over a sheet of paper.

HOTEL MANAGER

Here are the credit card receipts. Thirty-two guests paid with cash.

LIZZIE

That's a lot, no?

HOTEL MANAGER

Not for us. A good portion of our guests choose to pay in cash.

LIZZIE

Where's your surveillance footage?

HOTEL MANAGER

Sorry, we removed our cameras. Our hotel is a luxury rendezvous spot, often celebrities...

DYLAN

By "rendezvous spot" you mean a nice, clean place to get laid?

(CONTINUED)

HOTEL MANAGER
We protect our clients' privacy.

LIZZIE
How's that working out for your
clients?

44 EXT. STREET - DAY (D4) 44

As Dylan and Lizzie leave the hotel...

DYLAN
So the Dealer knew the Smiths were
cheating...

LIZZIE
We're really sticking with "the
Dealer?"

DYLAN
It's descriptive, and short.

LIZZIE
So's "the perp." Writer.

DYLAN
So the *Dealer* knew the Smiths were
cheating, and in a place he
couldn't be filmed. I'd say a
jealous spouse...

LIZZIE
(skeptical)
Who also knew Dino and Condon?

DYLAN
Which is why I didn't say it.
(then)
Dino dealt, Condon stole, the
"Smiths" cheated. There's something
that jumps out that they all have
in common, they're all lawbreakers,
criminals... douches.

LIZZIE
If that's his beef he'll have to
kill half of New York.
(she realizes something)
There's something else they may all
have in common.

45 INT. PRECINCT - DAY (D4) 45

Lizzie's at her desk, Dylan beside her, when a DETECTIVE hands her a piece of paper, ADLIBS something. She reads it.

LIZZIE

Keith Millard, aka Mr. Smith, was arrested seven years ago for driving while intoxicated.

(beat)

Jennifer Scott, aka Mrs. Smith, arrested for credit card fraud.

DYLAN

So they all committed crimes. But Condon wasn't found guilty.

LIZZIE

Neither was Mr. or Mrs. Smith. Let me try Dino.

She types in Dino's name.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Huh. Nothing. Sealed.

DYLAN

You can't access sealed documents?

LIZZIE

That's why they're sealed.

DYLAN

That's why I have friends.

46 INT. OFFICE, DYLAN AND ANDY'S APT. - DAY (D4) 46

Basically one big bulletin board, every inch covered with facts about the Dealer's victims. And a baby grand piano.

Lizzie gazes at the walls, it takes her a moment to process everything he has up.

LIZZIE

How'd you get these? These court documents are privileged.

DYLAN

So is my friend, who just sent these.

Dylan's searching through various new and unopened files.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE
I'm finally starting to understand
why you're so intriguing. FBI? Or
CIA?

Dylan pauses, deciding whether to confide in her...

DYLAN
Door number 2.

LIZZIE
Case officer?

DYLAN
And paramilitary.

LIZZIE
So you're a tough guy.

DYLAN
Was a tough guy.

LIZZIE
Retired?

DYLAN
In '14.

LIZZIE
Why?

DYLAN
I had other responsibilities.

Lizzie gets it. Dylan finds the file...

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Dino Moretti. Arrested at sixteen
for selling dope. A day before the
trial the charges were expunged and
the records sealed.
(then)
All arrested, none convicted.

LIZZIE
And not because they were
necessarily innocent. Condon and
the Smiths' cases involved
technicalities or loopholes their
lawyers exploited.

DYLAN

So the law said the victims weren't guilty, and the Dealer thinks differently.

LIZZIE

Or he *knows* differently. Judge Brooks.

DYLAN

Yup. Check and see if Brooks presided over the other cases.

LIZZIE

(checking)

Mr. Smith, Brooks. Mrs. Smith, Brooks.

DYLAN

Dino, Judge Gerald Brooks.

47 INT. JUDGE BROOKS'S CHAMBERS - DAY (D4) 47

Judge Brooks sits behind his desk, facing Dylan and Lizzie.

JUDGE BROOKS

Needless to say I'm distressed to learn I am the link. But I would not change even one of my rulings. The law can't protect the innocent without sometimes helping the guilty.

LIZZIE

So you believe all the victims were guilty, even though you made trial decisions that helped them go free?

JUDGE BROOKS

I make trial decisions based on the law, not on what my gut tells me. Nothing I do on the bench is personal.

DYLAN

Someone out there disagrees with you, and he's taking it personally.

JUDGE BROOKS

Then I hope for all our sakes you catch him expeditiously.

They both watch the Judge, hoping for something more.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE BROOKS (CONT'D)
You're not considering me?

LIZZIE
As a victim or a suspect?

The same two Clerks enter, carrying stacks of papers.

DYLAN
Does the queen of hearts ring any
bells regarding a past case?

JUDGE BROOKS
I once had a man who thought he was
the Prince of Wales, otherwise I
haven't had any royalty before me.
But I will give it thought. Elliot,
anyone come to mind?

Elliot, the clerk, looks to Brooks.

ELLIOT THE CLERK
No, sir. But I can print up
summaries of all your cases.

JUDGE BROOKS
Much appreciated.
(to Dylan and Lizzie)
Be prepared, it may take awhile.

48 INT. HALLWAY, COURTHOUSE - NIGHT (N4) 48

They exit Brooks's chambers with 18 years worth of summaries.

LIZZIE
You think Brooks's our man?

DYLAN
Would make him more of a sociopath.
But he could be on the list.

LIZZIE
I'm ordering a detail for him. And
I'm going to have them run
background on Brooks's clerks.
They're usually fresh out of law
school.

DYLAN
That clerk, Elliot, seemed old
enough to have been there for the
seven year span of these cases.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE
And he read your book.

DYLAN
It's 10pm. I haven't eaten since
this morning. Andy's got the dinner
shift. You want to call Gary?

She's about to tell him...but not yet.

LIZZIE
No, he'll be fine.

49 INT. HALLWAY, COURTHOUSE - NIGHT (N4) 49

Dylan and Lizzie sit on a bench in the hallway, with vending
machine sodas and snacks beside them.

DYLAN
You must have a lot of pull to get
us this table.

LIZZIE
You're not the only one with
privileged friends. So who's the
queen of hearts? The writer of a
romance novel?

DYLAN
A prostitute?

LIZZIE
A drag queen?

DYLAN
Any chance it's you?

LIZZIE
First of all, why would my saying
drag queen lead you to me? And
second, I've never been treated
like a queen, and my colleagues
don't think I have a heart, so, no.

Dylan holds his bag of reduced-fat popcorn upside down, to
get every last kernel. As they flip through Brooks's cases...

DYLAN
If you've never been treated like a
queen, why are you with Gary?
(off Lizzie's silence)
Right. None of my business. I'm
sure he's a wonderful guy.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

One question, though, will Gary mind that you're out to a fancy meal with another man? Is Gary bigger than me? That's two questions.

Suddenly Lizzie's eyes water, tears stream down her cheeks.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Whoa. Sorry. I didn't mean to upset you. Did you guys have a fight?

Lizzie makes the choice to trust him.

LIZZIE

Gary's not my boyfriend, he's my dog, and I have to put him down. I know it's stupid and crazy for me to be here crying about this, given what we're dealing with at work...

DYLAN

No. I've had dogs, when they die it's heartbreaking.

LIZZIE

Charlie and I rescued him.
(off Dylan, unsure)
My old partner, and my fiancé. He was shot and killed in the line of duty a year ago. In front of me.

DYLAN

I'm sorry.

LIZZIE

Gary's all I have left of him... I don't want him to disappear. It's not fair.

Dylan, and we, see a side of Lizzie she hides from the world; vulnerability, softness, emotion.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

It's like every day my heart's growing colder. Maybe I'm one of your psychopaths, or freaks.

(then)

I didn't mean to unload on you.

Lizzie pulls herself together, puts the wall back up.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

It's okay.

Lizzie realizes something...

LIZZIE

Heart.

DYLAN

You're mourning. Give it time.

She starts flipping through Brooks's cases.

LIZZIE

No, I saw a doctor Brooks had in his court, a famous cardiologist.

She finds it. Reads.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Charged with vehicular manslaughter and found not guilty. Brooks disallowed the testimony of the key witness for the prosecution due to some absurd precedent brought by the defense.

DYLAN

She's gotta be our queen.

Bingo. Lizzie grabs her cell...

LIZZIE

Get someone over to the home of Dr. Caitlin Glenroy.

50 OMITTED 50

51 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT (N4) 51

Dylan and Lizzie move into an apartment. They're met by Tom, the young, nervous detective.

DETECTIVE TOM

Victim is deceased. She's dead. It's pretty bad.

LIZZIE

I got it.

Dylan and Lizzie see Dr. Glenroy's body. There's a defibrillator paddle under her right clavicle, the other paddle on her left rib cage.

(CONTINUED)

The outlines of the paddles are singed onto her chest, her skin crinkled and warped. The portable defibrillator lays beside the couch.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
We must have just missed him.

DYLAN
Which playing card did he leave?

DETECTIVE TOM
Um... there wasn't one.

Suddenly a GASP comes from Glenroy's body, shocking them. And us. She's alive. Dylan races to her...

LIZZIE
I thought you said she was dead.

DETECTIVE TOM
She looked dead. I thought...

Dylan's got his finger on her carotid artery.

DYLAN
She's still warm, no pulse. The shock must have knocked her out, but it didn't kill her. Not yet at least.

Her head tilts to the side, cause she's limp, so Dylan adjusts her head, turns it 45 degrees, so it's in line with her body and then he lifts her chin to open her airway.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
I'll start compressions.

LIZZIE
I'll give the breaths.

As Dylan begins chest compressions, Lizzie blows air into the doctor. They're keeping her alive when the EMTs rush in.

DYLAN
We found her in agonal respiration, and no pulse. We started CPR.

The EMTs take over, see the paddles and grab them.

EMT 1
Clear.

They proceed to shock her back, Dylan and Lizzie watch.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE
You think the Dealer screwed up?

DYLAN
I think he thought she was dead. He
wasn't expecting anyone to show up.
But why no card? He didn't forget.

LIZZIE
Is he done? Has his plan changed?

They're frustrated. Lizzie gets a text, reads it.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
Both clerks check out. No priors.

But Dylan's attention is elsewhere, watching the EMTs logroll
a now very much alive, though still unconscious, Dr. Glenroy
onto their stretcher, revealing the joker card.

DYLAN
The court jester.

Lizzie turns, sees it.

LIZZIE
He's after Judge Brooks.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

53 EXT. JUDGE BROOKS'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N4)

53

They screech to a halt to find everything calm. Dylan and Lizzie emerge from her car, go to a COP on detail...

LIZZIE
Everything okay?

COP
The Judge hasn't left the premises.

DYLAN
And no one's in there?

COP
Just the Judge and his wife.

Lizzie and Dylan exchange a look. Lizzie tries the door, it's locked. She knocks. Nothing. Knocks again. She reaches down her right ankle, removes a .38 5-shot Chief Smith and Wesson from her shin holster. Offers it to Dylan.

LIZZIE
You wanted a gun?

DYLAN
That's okay, I already have one.

Dylan removes his own pistol from inside his jacket. Lizzie glares, kicks the door. It doesn't open.

LIZZIE
Do you plan on just watching?

DYLAN
I was afraid kicking down the door for you would be disempowering. But we can do it together. On three, okay? One, two, and...

As they barge into the door, it suddenly opens from the inside, and they tumble onto the foyer floor.

54 INT. JUDGE BROOKS'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N4)

54

They find Judge Brooks, alive and well, peering down at them. The TV blasts. They scramble to their feet.

LIZZIE
Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE BROOKS
I should be asking you that.

Dylan and Lizzie try to figure out what's going on.

DYLAN
Is your clerk here, the guy?

JUDGE BROOKS
Elliot? Why would he be here? He's usually still at the office. Hardest working clerk I ever had.

Maybe Elliot's not the killer, maybe he's the next victim.

DYLAN
Court jester.

55 EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT (N4) 55

Dylan and Lizzie pull up.

LIZZIE
Why kill a clerk?

DYLAN
He's been with Brooks for these cases, maybe he had a role in finding the loopholes for Brooks.

LIZZIE
To know that it'd have to be someone who has been on the inside with them the whole time.

As they climb out of the car...

56 INT. HALLWAY, COURTHOUSE - NIGHT (N4) 56

They turn the corner, towards Brooks's chambers.

57 INT. ANTE-ROOM, JUDGE BROOKS'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT (N4) 57

Dylan and Lizzie push into the ante-room, it's dark. They stop outside the door to Brooks's chambers, which is shut. But light seeps out under the bottom of the door.

They both draw their guns. Lizzie counts to three with her fingers. One, two, and... Dylan throws open the door.

58 INT. JUDGE BROOKS'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT (N4) 58

Elliot the Clerk sits behind Brooks's desk. Very nervous.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE

Elliot. Are you okay?

Dylan feels something behind them, they turn to find **Dan**, Brooks's secretary, pointing a GUN at Elliot. Eerily calm.

DAN

You're right on time. Dr. Reinhart, I thought it would be fitting for you to witness the final part of the plan you helped inspire. But first, please put down the guns.

Both Lizzie and Dylan do as told. Dylan sizes him up.

DYLAN

Listen, I get it, all the years, the endless hours, and hard work you put in to help bring justice, I know what you're feeling.

DAN

Gratitude?

Not what Dylan, or Lizzie, expected to hear.

DAN (CONT'D)

Yes, I was outraged by the victims' verdicts. But reading your book made me realize I could do something about it.

DYLAN

And you have. And now it can end.

LIZZIE

Elliot didn't do anything. Let him go.

DAN

Elliot did the legwork for Judge Brooks to find those obscure cases, the shady loopholes, and precedents to get the criminals off.

ELLIOT THE CLERK

(pleading)

Dan, I was just doing my job.

DAN

The collaborator's favorite excuse. It doesn't make you any less guilty than Dino, Condon, any of them.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

But he didn't have control of it.
Unlike the criminals. And you.

(Dan's listening)

You restored what is right, those
who deserved to be punished have
been. Justice has been done.

Lizzie's edging closer to Dan. Elliot notices.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

But if you kill Elliot then you're
as guilty as they are. Doing wrong
because you can.

Dan considers. He may be right. Elliot, seeing his moment,
runs for the door. Dan trains his gun, FIRES. Lizzie lunges
in front of Elliot and gets hit. She drops to the floor.

Dan tries again to shoot Elliot, but Dylan leaps across the
room and pile drives Dan to the floor. In a few efficient,
and violently powerful moves, Dylan disarms Dan and recovers
the gun. No question Dylan's had serious combat training. He
rushes to Lizzie, who's fading, bleeding.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Hang on, Lizzie.
(to Elliot)
Are you okay?

Elliot, trembling with fear, nods his head.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Then call 911. Now!

Dylan rips a case from a throw pillow and applies direct
pressure to Lizzie's wound. He's done this before. A COURT
OFFICER bursts in, spots Dan, who's knocked out, cuffs him.

COURT OFFICER

Paramedics are on their way.

But Dylan won't wait. He scoops Lizzie up and carries her out
of the office, down a flight of stairs, and onto the street.

59 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (N4) 59

Dylan carries Lizzie past squad cars, towards an approaching
ambulance, trying to get to it as quickly as he can. As the
ambulance brakes, Dylan rushes towards it. EMTs jump out and
take Lizzie from Dylan, lay her on a stretcher.

(CONTINUED)

59

DYLAN

She took a bullet in the chest,
she's short of breath, could be a
tension pneumothorax.

And as they get to work on Lizzie, Dylan takes a step back
and watches, helpless, afraid.

60 OMITTED 60

61 OMITTED 61

62 INT. LIZZIE'S HOUSE - DAY (D5) 62

Lizzie, looking like the last place she should be is out of
the hospital, opens the front door for Dylan.

DYLAN

Well, you look terrible. I can see
why they released you.

LIZZIE

Expecting I-don't-care-how-I-look
pantsuit and humdrum flats?

She notices he's holding a box of pizza, with a knife and
fork on top. Lizzie laughs...

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

They didn't exactly release me.

DYLAN

How are you holding up?

LIZZIE

Was a through and through. I'm
fine, just a little sore, well, a
lot sore, but I wasn't about to
leave Gary alone any longer.

(then)

Thank you. You saved my life.

DYLAN

You were brave. Stupid but brave.

LIZZIE

That's what I want on my tombstone.

DYLAN

Almost got it. It was like you were
okay getting killed. Like you
didn't care.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE

Spare me the psychobabble. How's
Dan the Dealer?

DYLAN

Asked for an autograph.

Lizzie starts to laugh. Tries to stop.

LIZZIE

I know, it's not funny. At all.
(still laughing)
I'm sorry. At least you're having
an impact on your readers? Isn't
that what every writer wants?

DYLAN

Shut up. Now.

Lizzie takes a bite of pizza, feeds some to Gary too.

LIZZIE

Want some?

DYLAN

I'm trying to lay off the carbs.
(then)
I'm going to be a dad.
(then)
One day.
(then)
Soon I hope.

LIZZIE

That's fantastic.

Dylan beams. Lizzie looks at Dylan, turns serious.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Ever since Charlie died I've blamed
myself. I was unequal to the most
important task I was given,
protecting him, and I convinced
myself it's my fate to come up
short, like my dad did.

DYLAN

You didn't come up short at the
courthouse. You saved that clerk's
life.

LIZZIE

I haven't trusted anyone since Charlie, so... If the teaching thing gets boring, maybe you want to... you know? I could use a partner in any form I can get.

(then)

You should have been a cop.

DYLAN

I should have been a lot of things.

LIZZIE

There's still time.

Dylan considers it.

DYLAN

I guess this could be the perfect opportunity, you know, those who can't do, and all. Plus I've got a deadline on my next book, and apparently I need some new ideas because my old ones are missing pizzazz and heart.

LIZZIE

You're not going to believe this. They fished a body out of the Hudson last night, and *its* heart was missing.

As their partnership begins, we leave Dylan and Lizzie, and crane out of her house and into the New York City sky.

The buildings ascend, while an infinite number of crimes are soon to be committed down below...

END OF PILOT