



UNNATURAL

by

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EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAWN

The sun-bleached concrete jungle, pulses cars through her veins. Among them--

I/E. LINCOLN SUV - DAWN

TOM LAMB (30s, kinda fat) smashes a Twix bar into his mouth at the side of the road. His PHONE lights up: ICON COURIERS. *Shit*. As he accepts the call, a muffled VOICE blasts him:

TOM LAMB (ON PHONE)
...I know, I know. Relax, I had
a... flat tire. I'm only like, five
minutes out--

Smash!!! The WINDOW EXPLODES spraying shards of glass across his face.

BANG! BANG! Bullets rip through Tom's skull as --

The BACK DOORS swing open shedding light on: A BLACK PACKAGE adorned with the symbol of a SPARROW SILHOUETTE. HANDS snatch it up as we CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. RIVER, FROGTOWN - DAWN

BENNY BRAGG (27) sketches a haunted face of a GIRL as he sits perched, overlooking the river. People underestimate Benny, because he's so earnest and skinny but his eyes sparkle with intelligence. He finishes up and walks out the Gilroy street entrance towards a rundown apartment complex, where:

WILL (O.S.)
Ten seconds.

Benny finds his brother WILL (30, means well but stinks of privilege) waiting.

WILL (CONT'D)
That's about how long it takes to
return a text. Email. Call even.
It's surprisingly easy, Benny.

BENNY BRAGG
...how's Mom?

WILL
How do you *think*? It's been months.
Where the hell have you been?

BENNY BRAGG
Taking care of myself.

Will motions to the rundown apartment building.

WILL
In style, I see.

BENNY BRAGG
It's just temporary. How'd you find me?

WILL
By being your concerned older and wiser brother. So... how ya doin' *bro*?

BENNY BRAGG
Firing on all cylinders.

WILL
Back on the meds?

BENNY BRAGG
Not exactly. Just... exercise. Discipline.

WILL
Discipline?

BENNY BRAGG
And stayin' outta stupid, Will.

They share a smile filled with history.

WILL
...are we gonna keep flirting or you going to invite me in?

BENNY BRAGG
I would, but... I got a new job and today's my first day. I can't be late.

WILL
You got a job? Like a regular job?

BENNY BRAGG
I couldn't keep *waiting around* for things to get better.

WILL
What *kind* of job?

BENNY BRAGG

It's just something easy to get back on my feet. Gimme a couple days. We'll grab coffee and I'll tell you all about it. Okay?

WILL

Hell ya you will. But let's make it a beer at least.

(then, pointedly)

You look good. Keep staying outta stupid, Benny.

BENNY BRAGG

Thanks.

(brave facing it)

This is gonna be good for me. I'm really excited.

As WE SMASH TO:

INT. PRECINCT, LAPD CENTRAL DIVISION - MORNING

Benny -- terrified -- wearing a crisp LAPD UNIFORM alongside a row of FRESH-FACED RECRUITS absorbing the mayhem of the precinct: LAPD Brass. Broken souls in cuffs. *Welcome to the jungle.*

Seasoned COPS stroll past, eyeing these kids with a mix of envy and pity. Captain ANSON RICHARDS (50s, a no-nonsense veteran) crosses to a nearby desk, finds:

NICOLE DIAZ (30). Glassell Park native. Brassy street-smarts and a right hook perps never see comin cuz of her striking looks. But right now she's studying a TRAINING MANUAL.

CAPT RICHARDS

Diaz. Academy boots just landed. I need an FTO.

NICOLE DIAZ

I've got my Detective exam in less than a week and you want me to leash a boot?

CAPT RICHARDS

Hernandez and White timed out. You're all I got left. Sorry, kid.

He drops a file with Bragg's picture and info. The new face of her discontent...

INT. CRUISER - MORNING

Sunglasses hide Diaz's icy glare as she drives. Next to her, Bragg's KNEE bounces anxiously. Diaz clocks it and Bragg stifles his nerves.

NICOLE DIAZ

Wouldn't do that if I were you.

(off his confusion)

Your leg. That buzzing inside you?

Don't ever let it go. Don't think

about *why* you're in that uniform.

Don't think about all the people

you're going to save. You think

about how you feel right now. On

edge. *Ready.* You stay focused.

Think about what you *can't* see.

What you *can't* control. Think about

that two-hundred pound meth head

hiding in a closet ready to slam an

axe through your skull because he

thinks you're a phantom.

(then, re knee)

Don't ever let that go. Just learn

to control it.

BENNY BRAGG

That something' you're supposed to

tell us on our first day -- put the

fear of God in us?

NICOLE DIAZ

Hell no. It's somethin' I wish they

told me on my first day.

They ride in silence a while -- sizing each other up with sidelong glances.

NICOLE DIAZ (CONT'D)

Your file said you grew up in

Beverly Hills - graduated from

Stanford?

BENNY BRAGG

No, I dropped out.

NICOLE DIAZ

To do *this*?

BENNY BRAGG

Guess you could say I finally found

my calling.

Diaz shoots him a look.

NICOLE DIAZ
You barely passed your fitness
exam, Bragg.

BENNY BRAGG
I left some room for improvement.

NICOLE DIAZ
Learn to run. Fast. We ride our
asses all day but when a perp bolts
on foot -- be ready. Because,
believe me, he *will* bolt. You know
your radio signals? What's a Code
Five Edward?

BENNY BRAGG
Code Five Edward notifies ASD
personnel of potential low altitude
hazards.

(then)
How long you been on patrol?

NICOLE DIAZ
Six years.

BENNY BRAGG
Where you from?

Diaz -- motions to the streets --

NICOLE DIAZ
Born and raised.

BENNY BRAGG
...and you're engaged?

Diaz shoots him a look: *how the hell did he--?*

BENNY BRAGG (CONT'D)
The impression left on your finger.
...and your phone there.

He nods to her phone that still has a browser heading:
Affording your dream wedding. She flips over the phone, as
the RADIO SQUAWKS: *All units. Code 2 on a possible 11-44 at
the corner of Pico and Orchard--*

EXT. STREET - DAY

BLUE AND RED LIGHTS blaze as Diaz and Bragg roll out the
yellow tape, shepherding back LOOKY-LOOS.

A BLACK UNMARKED FORD screams to a stop. Inside is Detective MIKE TEMPLE (40s) - razor sharp, eyes like a hawk. Temple is tough and honest which is why most people don't like him. His PHONE buzzes revealing an image of a BOY (7) on the screen.

MIKE TEMPLE (ON PHONE)
 Calvin, everything okay? ...so lamps
 break, if it was an accident, your
 mother will have to get over it.
 ...Don't worry about that guy...what
 do you mean he yells at you?

Temple stops. Breathes. Swallows back the rage.

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)
 Put your mom on the phone. ...How
 long's she been in Atlanta?!

Temple spots his partner ROSA GARCIA (30s) waiting. *Every second counts.*

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)
 Bud, I gotta go. Tell your mom to
 call me right away. I'll see you
 soon okay, pal? Love ya, champ.

He hangs up and finds Garcia as they cross under the yellow tape.

ROSA GARCIA
 Enjoy your time off?

MIKE TEMPLE
 It was delightful.

ROSA GARCIA
 Maybe you oughta get suspended more
 often.

MIKE TEMPLE
 You're wearing makeup to work now?

ROSA GARCIA
 Just to funerals, Mike. And don't
 tell me you forgot.

She hands him a FUNERAL PAMPHLET with a picture of a 55 yr. old uniformed COP that reads: *In Loving Memory of Miles Woodward.*

Temple stares at the photo -- REGRET burning through him.

ROSA GARCIA (CONT'D)
 Couldn't face it?
 (off his silence)
 You weren't the only one.

MIKE TEMPLE
 Nice service at least?

ROSA GARCIA
 The guy went crazy, what do you think?

Temple buries his regret, jams the pamphlet in this pocket as they approach the shot up, BLACK SUV from the opening.

ROSA GARCIA (CONT'D)
 Victim's name is Tom Lamb. 31 years old - lives in Burbank but the SUV's registered to a courier company he worked for called Icon.

MIKE TEMPLE
 Courier company? What were they transporting?

ROSA GARCIA
 Don't know yet. We're still trying to contact them.

MIKE TEMPLE
 (looking around)
 Street cams?

ROSA GARCIA
 Nothing in the area but we got a witness who saw two guys wearing balaclavas. One of them popped the driver, the other grabbed something from the trunk then took off, eastbound, in a red van.

MIKE TEMPLE
 They get a plate?

ROSA GARCIA
 No.

MIKE TEMPLE
 That's all we got?

ROSA GARCIA
 Witness also thinks she heard an Eastern European accent. Armenian maybe.

MIKE TEMPLE

Put out a bolo on the red van. Have uniforms canvass 5 block radius.

Now, Temple examines the victim, eyeing the precision of the gunshot wound.

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)

These guys knew what they were doing.

ROSA GARCIA

And they were picky.

Garcia points to a bounty of undelivered packages in the van.

MIKE TEMPLE

Which means this was a targeted hit. Pull a list of all recent Armenian gang-related crimes and have units patrol the area.

Meanwhile Bragg eyes something odd in the distance. He steps away from his post, examining some GREEN LIQUID on the road.

NICOLE DIAZ

What the hell are you doing? You can't just walk off the scene like that.

BENNY BRAGG

This is radiator fluid.

NICOLE DIAZ

I don't care what it is.

BENNY BRAGG

Maybe it came from the van.

NICOLE DIAZ

Or maybe it came from any radiator. Your job is to fence the tape. Get back over there.

Diaz watches him go, marvels at the kid's inexperience.

INT. CRUISER - EVENING

Diaz and Bragg's cruiser sails past the *Little Armenia* sign in East Hollywood, rolling patrol.

BENNY BRAGG

That was Mike Temple back there
wasn't it?

NICOLE DIAZ

Guy's a walking liability.

BENNY BRAGG

I heard he got suspended for
assaulting someone right?

NICOLE DIAZ

Sex offender in Echo Park.

BENNY BRAGG

And that makes *him* a liability?

Diaz takes a beat. Chooses carefully before--

NICOLE DIAZ

"I will preserve the dignity and
will respect the rights of all
people. I will act with honesty,
courtesy and--

BENNY BRAGG

(joining in)
--and regard the welfare of
others." Yea, I know the oath.

NICOLE DIAZ

Exactly. See, you know that oath
because it's fresh. Because it
still means something to you,
defines who we are and what we do
for a living. But guys like Temple
have lost sight of it. Guys like
Temple are part of the problem,
part of the reason why people doubt
and question our integrity now.

BENNY BRAGG

So why don't they just fire him?

NICOLE DIAZ

Up to me they would but... the man
brings down the numbers in a big
way. Brass look the other way.

BENNY BRAGG

He's that good?
(off her shrug)
Wait. Pull over.

NICOLE DIAZ
I'm not pulling over to argue the
merits of Mike Temple--

BENNY BRAGG
No, stop, there--

Benny angles the car's SPOTLIGHT revealing: A small trail of radiator fluid. It leads to a residential GARAGE attached to a dilapidated house.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Diaz and Bragg exit the car and approach the garage. Flashlights at the ready as BEAMS OF LIGHT discover: A RED VAN.

NICOLE DIAZ
(testing)
Call it in.

BENNY BRAGG
(shaky)
Officer 13A66. We are code 2 on a possible 480. Requesting additional units at 1717 North Normandie.

Diaz scans the rundown bungalow with boarded up windows.

NICOLE DIAZ
Place looks abandoned. They probably ditched the van.

Diaz steps up to the front door. Sees: Duct tape covering the lock. She pushes on it and the door glides open.

CLUNK! Something inside the house shatters.

NICOLE DIAZ (CONT'D)
Cover the back!

Diaz pulls her GLOCK and charges inside -- *Laser sharp. Focused.* Unlike --

Bragg who fumbles hold of his GUN -- ADRENALINE SPIKING -- as he scrambles for the back door.

INT. RUNDOWN BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Diaz storms through each room until she determines the place is empty.

NICOLE DIAZ
 (calling out)
 It's clear!

She examines the decrepit surroundings as Bragg finds her in the KITCHEN. Diaz pulls stained sheets off a countertop revealing: BLEACH CONTAINERS. RUBBER HOSES. CHEMICALS. HAZMAT SUITS...

NICOLE DIAZ (CONT'D)
 Looks like a meth lab.

Bragg eyes that BLACK PACKAGE we recognize from the opening adorned with the Sparrow. But his attention is pulled to an adjacent container labeled with BIOHAZARD WARNINGS.

BENNY BRAGG
 Oh my god--

He shutters back -- accidentally knocks loose a RUBBER HOSE connected to a beaker. *SMASH!* Glass shatters releasing a pressurized agent into the air.

Diaz and Bragg GASP for air as it BURNS their eyes. Lashes their throats like razor blades.

BENNY BRAGG (CONT'D)
 What the hell was that?!

NICOLE DIAZ
 (fighting)
 Go - get out of here.

BENNY BRAGG
 I CAN'T SEE.

Suddenly -- *THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!* Footsteps race - Above them.

NICOLE DIAZ
 They're on the roof!

An ALARM starts BLARING. A piercing REVERBERATION rips through as they fight through the chaos when--

BOOM!!!

An explosion rocks them back and everything FADES TO WHITE.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Her EYES flutter open as Diaz takes in the room. AN E.R. DOCTOR and Capt. Richards stand at her bedside as she stirs -- a mixture of pain and meds pulsing through her blood.

CAPT RICHARDS

One hell of a hornet's nest you two stirred up, Diaz.

NICOLE DIAZ

...what happened?

CAPT RICHARDS

That meth lab went up like a house of cards.

DOCTOR

You suffered a concussion and received minor burns on your arms. How'd you feel?

NICOLE DIAZ

Delightful.

CAPT RICHARDS

Sense of humor's still intact.

DOCTOR

Your vitals are stable. We'd like to run a few more tests but miraculously everything looks okay. You were incredibly lucky.

The Doctor excuses himself.

NICOLE DIAZ

(realizes)

Bragg. Is he--?

CAPT RICHARDS

He's fine. Down the hall in recovery -- thanks to Detective Temple.

NICOLE DIAZ

Temple?

CAPT RICHARDS

He was three blocks away from the house when Bragg called it in.

(MORE)

CAPT RICHARDS (CONT'D)
 Pulled both of you out before the
 walls caved in. He saved your
 lives.

Diaz takes this all in, overwhelmed.

CAPT RICHARDS (CONT'D)
 We had half the city out looking
 for that van. How the hell did you
 find it?

NICOLE DIAZ
 It was Bragg's lead.

CAPT RICHARDS
 Seriously? Chalk one up for the
 boot...

A clean-cut man named JAMES WILSON (30s) appears and rushes
 in -- overwhelmed with emotion, embracing Diaz.

JAMES
 Coley--

NICOLE DIAZ
 I'm okay babe. Just a little shake
 up.

JAMES
 When I saw that number light up on
 my phone, I just thought--

NICOLE DIAZ
 I'm fine, really...
 (then)
 Captain, this is my fiancé, James.

CAPT RICHARDS
 (thrown)
 Fiancé?

JAMES
 I've heard a lot about you Captain.

CAPT RICHARDS
 Wish I could say the same. What
 else have you been hiding from us
 Nicole?
 (before she can answer)
 I'll leave you two alone. But Diaz: I
 don't want to see you at the precinct
 tomorrow. Take some time off. Rest.
That's an order.

He leaves them.

JAMES

You know, if we're gonna be married
you're going to have to take WAY
better care of your face. You do
know how much I love it, right?

Diaz softens. Pulls James close -- at peace in his embrace.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY

Diaz completes her paperwork and hands it over to an
ADMINISTRATOR. But before leaving, asks:

NICOLE DIAZ

Can you please tell me what room
Ben Bragg's in?

ADMINISTRATOR

Mr. Bragg was discharged an hour
ago.

OFF: Diaz -- disappointed -- as James arrives with her stuff,
ready to leave.

INT. BRAGG'S APARTEMENT - NIGHT

A bedside clock reads: **4:08 AM**. Bragg lies in bed, staring
daggers at a stack of Ambien pills. Fed up, he moves over to
a computer and pulls up a PICTURE. It's Benny next to the
GIRL from his sketch, in bed together, smiling -- a *private*
moment.

Emotional, and charged at the sight of her, he reaches out to
touch her face on screen when -- the monitor SPLINTERS into a
spidery web of shards. *Whatthefuuuck?!*

Bragg looks around the room, baffled. *How did that just*
happen? And OFF his confusion, the sounds of CLAPPING HANDS
lead us to:

INT. CENTRAL DIVISION, ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

Bragg watches from the corner as UNIFORMED COPS welcome Diaz
back -- among them her friend, SHALISHA JONES (20s) wrapping
her in a hug.

SHALISHA JONES

You look pretty damn good for
gettin' blown up.

NICOLE DIAZ
Shrapnel does wonders for my skin.

She'd never admit it but Diaz relishes the attention as HARDENED VETS eye her like she's gone through some rite of passage. Then she sees:

Bragg - sitting alone. *You gotta earn this membership.* Diaz approaches him.

BENNY BRAGG
You weren't kidding about letting
my guard down.

NICOLE DIAZ
Ready for round two?

BENNY BRAGG
Depends. Can we wait for back up
this time?

Diaz smiles as we CUT TO:

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Diaz and Bragg back out on patrol.

NICOLE DIAZ
You rest?

BENNY BRAGG
(nope)
Kept seeing that house.

NICOLE DIAZ
I know the feeling. Richards told
me that van was stolen out of
Lompoc two weeks ago.

BENNY BRAGG
...and? That's all he knows?

NICOLE DIAZ
It's Temple's case.

BENNY BRAGG
So he doesn't talk to his own
Captain?

NICOLE DIAZ
Told you he was nuts.

BENNY BRAGG
I didn't see him at roll call. I
wanted to say thanks. You talk to
him to yet?

NICOLE DIAZ
No.

BENNY BRAGG
He saved your life -- you're not
even going to thank him?

NICOLE DIAZ
Course I will. Doesn't mean I gotta
chase him down though.

Benny nods - *fair enough*. But he has to ask...

BENNY BRAGG
You feel okay since that night?

NICOLE DIAZ
Yeah. ...can't sleep much though.

Bragg clocks her a look, intrigued.

BENNY BRAGG
You can't sleep?

NICOLE DIAZ
Three nights straight. Why?

But they're interrupted by some commotion on the sidewalk: A
SCRAPPY-LOOKING GUY in a heated argument with a STRUNG-OUT
WOMAN.

SCRAPPY-LOOKING GUY	STRUNG-OUT WOMAN	
--I already told you. Now get the hell away from me.	Stop lying to me! Give it back!!!	*

Diaz BLIPS the siren and pulls over. The Guy backs away but
Diaz hustles out -- on him in a flash --

STRUNG-OUT WOMAN (CONT'D)
This piece of shit stole my phone!

NICOLE DIAZ
Sir. Stand against the wall please.

The Guy continues to back up. Motions his hands towards his
pockets--

NICOLE DIAZ (CONT'D)
Hands! Where I can see 'em. Against
 the wall. Now!

As he obliges, Diaz cuts Bragg a look.

NICOLE DIAZ (CONT'D)
 Keep your eyes on their hands --
 Always. Both of 'em.
 (then)
 You steal her phone?

SCRAPPY LOOKING GUY
 No! She bat-shit crazy look at her!

Benny goes for a cursory search but Diaz waves him off --
 nods at his track marks.

NICOLE DIAZ
 Stop -- sometimes they forget to
 jacket the needles.
 (to the Woman)
 What's the number?

STRUNG-OUT WOMAN
 213-459-2847.

Diaz nods to Benny who grabs his own phone and dials as --
 The guy's pocket BUZZES. Diaz pulls out the phone and hands
 it back to the Woman.

NICOLE DIAZ
 (to the Woman)
 You wanna press charges?

SCRAPPY LOOKING GUY
 Tammy, baby, I wasn't gonna sell
 it, I swear!

She nods -- not angry -- just tired of this shit.

STRUNG-OUT WOMAN
 Idiot cares more about a score than
 his own girl's phone.
 (then)
 No. No charges, Officer. I just
 want my phone.

The Woman snatches the phone back and moves off. Diaz
 releases the Guy.

SCRAPPY LOOKING GUY
 (to Diaz)
 See? Mind your own business, bitch.

Diaz's eyes drill into this asshole. She storms up to him and--

CRASH!! The Guy suddenly topples over into a storefront, as if pushed by some force coming from Diaz.

SCRAPPY LOOKING GUY (CONT'D)

(wtf to Diaz)

What did you--?! She said no charges bitch! Get away from me!!

Diaz just stands there, bewildered, as the Guy huffs off.

BENNY BRAGG

What the hell was that?

And off Diaz's *WTF*...

EXT. HUGOS TACOS STAND - DAY

Diaz and Bragg eat tacos curbside, munching in awkward silence. Until--

BENNY BRAGG

That ever happen to you before?

NICOLE DIAZ

I didn't do anything. The guy just fell over.

BENNY BRAGG

Not from where I was standing.

NICOLE DIAZ

I didn't touch him. He must have lost his balance or something.

Diaz checks her phone. But Benny can't let it go...

BENNY BRAGG

Were you serious before? When you said you couldn't sleep?

NICOLE DIAZ

Yeah, why?

BENNY BRAGG

Neither can I. Three nights now. Not a damn wink.

NICOLE DIAZ

Seriously?

BENNY BRAGG

Yeah. And I'm not even tired. Are you?

NICOLE DIAZ

No.

BENNY BRAGG

Don't you think that's weird?
 (off her reluctance)
 And other weird things have been happening to me too. Ever since that night at the Normandie house.

NICOLE DIAZ

What kind of weird things?

BENNY BRAGG

Like...I made my own computer explode. Just by waving at it.

Nicole shoots him a look - *For real?*

BENNY BRAGG (CONT'D)

It sounds stupid but it feels like some sort of weird energy.

(think about it)

I mean, why can't either of us sleep? You don't think that's strange?

NICOLE DIAZ

Doctors said I was good. Maybe it's some kind of PTSD thing.

But it's clear Benny's holding something.

NICOLE DIAZ (CONT'D)

What?

BENNY BRAGG

I think there were Biohazard signs in that place. I didn't say anything before because--

NICOLE DIAZ

Biohazard signs? And you just didn't think to say anything?!

BENNY BRAGG

Everything happened so fast. I could've been wrong. I don't know for sure...

But now Diaz grows worried -- drops her taco and makes a call on her phone.

NICOLE DIAZ
Shalisha -- I need a favor.

Off Bragg: *What kind of favor?*

EXT. EAGLE ROCK NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Diaz and Bragg pull to the curb in this quite residential neighborhood. Bragg looks around -- at a loss.

BENNY BRAGG
As my training officer you could actually train me so I could know what the hell we're doing here?

Diaz nods to a BLACK FORD parked down the block. Inside sits: Mike Temple, motionless, staring at a house across the street where a MAN (40s) hands a BOY (7) a plate of spaghetti.

NICOLE DIAZ
Had a co-worker pull GPS off his car.

BENNY BRAGG
What's he doing?

NICOLE DIAZ
(eyes the house)
That's his kid in there.

BENNY BRAGG
He's staking out his *own kid*?

Temple clocks their cruiser in his side-view mirror, exits his car and approaches. Diaz and Temple get out to greet him.

BENNY BRAGG (CONT'D)
(extends a hand)
Detective Temple, my name's Ben. I just want to say thank--

MIKE TEMPLE
I know who you are dipshit. No Macallan?

BENNY BRAGG
Macallan?

MIKE TEMPLE

(to Diaz)

You didn't tell him I like Macallan?

NICOLE DIAZ

What can you tell us about that house on Normandie?

MIKE TEMPLE

That thanks to me you didn't *die* in it.

BENNY BRAGG

(edging in)

I wouldn't be standing here if it weren't for you. Thank you. I'll never forget what you did for me.

MIKE TEMPLE

You're welcome. I like Macallan. Single malt. 18 years.

BENNY BRAGG

(realizing)

...and the least I can do is buy you a bottle.

MIKE TEMPLE

(to Diaz)

See, now I like this kid.

(then)

Whaddya wanna know? House was in probate. Vice said it had been used as a squat den. Cook house. All types of shit.

NICOLE DIAZ

Anything else you see in there?

MIKE TEMPLE

Wasn't a whole lot of time. Why? What's got you all hot and bothered?

SMASH!! Echoes of breaking dishes swivel their attention towards the house. Inside, the Man BERATES the boy for spilling his spaghetti.

Temple marches over -- FURIOUS -- tries to bust down the front door but it's locked. The Man, DAMIAN, opens it.

DAMIAN

That judge made it pretty clear you're not welcome here Mike.

MIKE TEMPLE

You talk to my son like that again,
there's gonna be a problem.

DAMIAN

We already have a problem 'cause
your kid needs a *proper* father to
teach him some manners.

Temple steps up to him -- puts a finger in his face. *Warning him.* But Damian stands his ground.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Guess it's up to me now...

Temple slowly pushes his hand closer to Damian's face -- closer and closer until his nose presses in ever so slightly and starts bleeding. *Untouched entirely.* Damian doubles over in agony, covering his face as --

Calvin, peeks out from the hallway, concerned.

CALVIN

Dad?

But Damian slams the door shut -- leaving Temple just standing there -- shell-shocked, staring at Diaz and Bragg.

MIKE TEMPLE

What the hell just happened?

NICOLE DIAZ

I think there's something wrong
with us.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Temple listens as Diaz and Bragg finish bringing him up to speed.

NICOLE DIAZ

We just thought it was a meth lab.
But right before it exploded, we
triggered some kind of chemical
into the air.

MIKE TEMPLE

What kind of chemical?

BENNY BRAGG

No idea. But it burned like hell.

NICOLE DIAZ

...and there were Biohazard signs.

MIKE TEMPLE

It was in the *air*?

NICOLE DIAZ

Have you been sleeping?

Temple looks at these two -- unsettled at that question.

MIKE TEMPLE

No. You mean, both of you also...?

Diaz and Bragg confirm with a nod.

BENNY BRAGG

If we *were* exposed to something we
need to tell people.

NICOLE DIAZ

Tell what, and to who? That we
can't sleep? That we're on edge?
They'll just prescribe some shitty
drug. Or suspend us until we're
stable. That what you want?

BENNY BRAGG

No, I want to know what the hell is
happening!

MIKE TEMPLE

Calm down. It's probably nothing.
(then)

(MORE)

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)
 But I suggest we keep this between
 us until we know more. Agreed?

They both nod -- *Agreed.*

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)
 Good. Now, let's figure out what
 the hell was in that place.

BENNY BRAGG
 How - it all went up in flames?

Off: Temple gaming it out...

MIKE TEMPLE
 Follow me.

INT. THE BUNKER - MORNING

The basement bowels of the precinct - AKA Temple's Bunker.
 Busted desks. Boxed up files. And DUST, on *everything*.

NICOLE DIAZ
 Charming.

BENNY BRAGG
 You work down here?

MIKE TEMPLE
 (relishing)
 It's all mine. Lucky, right?

Temple leads them to a desk covered in files and stale coffee
 cups next to a MURDERBOARD detailing the courier case.

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)
 The owner of that Normandie house
 was Frank Mitchell - he died a year
 ago. Place's been in probate since
 June. Now, they ditched the van for
 a reason - Either it was a
 calculated drop-point or-

NICOLE DIAZ
 Or they were in trouble and knew it
 was abandoned. Made for a perfect
 place to switch cars and flee.

MIKE TEMPLE
 Pretty quick Diaz. Maybe you are
 ready to be a detective.
 (off her look)
 (MORE)

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)

What? You don't think I know who you are?

Temple shoots Bragg a look - puts him on the spot.

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)

And you. I knew they were desperate for recruits but Christ - how the hell did you squeak through?

(off his silence)

Seriously. Beverly Hills High? Stanford? Why in God's name are you kickin' a boot for the LAPD, son?

BENNY BRAGG

Probably the same reason you did, sir.

MIKE TEMPLE

My dad was a cop. And his dad was a cop. (waiting) So what's your answer rich boy?

Benny stands his ground silently -- doesn't have to answer this question and he knows it. Diaz rolls her eyes.

NICOLE DIAZ

Yeah, yeah, you're both very brave. Come on - what's the next move...

MIKE TEMPLE

Talk to the courier company. They got an office in West Adams.

NICOLE DIAZ

Great let's go.

MIKE TEMPLE

No, I'll go.

NICOLE DIAZ

We were the ones who found the van, Temple. If it weren't for us you wouldn't even have these guys.

She's got a point. He relents -- turns to the rookie and hands him a file.

MIKE TEMPLE

Stay here. Run background on Icon. Employees, client lists. Pull everything.

(MORE)

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)

Then track down any city permits from 1717 Normandie -- I want information on anyone connected to that house.

Off Bragg -- sacked with the grunt work as Temple and Diaz head out to:

INT. ICON COURIERS - DAY

Diaz and Temple talk to STEVE MARSHALL (30s, unkempt) behind his desk in the dispatch office.

STEVE MARSHALL

Can't believe they killed Tom -- kid didn't deserve this.

MIKE TEMPLE

What was in the SUV, what was he transporting?

STEVE MARSHALL

No idea.

Steve shows them a WAIVER from off his desk.

STEVE MARSHALL (CONT'D)

That's our business. Anything, anywhere. No questions asked. Clients pay a premium and sign a disclosure agreement.

(so...)

I got no idea what they were after.

MIKE TEMPLE

Well, someone paid for a shipment they never received that day. You have a record of that?

STEVE MARSHALL

Not without a court-order. Client information is privileged.

Privileged? Temple eyeballs this clown. Pulls out his phone -- makes a call. Steve and Diaz eye one another, confused.

MIKE TEMPLE (ON PHONE)

Garcia, you remember Tom Lamb, the kid who was shot to shit in the courier car? Get his mother on the phone for me.

NICOLE DIAZ
What are you doing?

MIKE TEMPLE
(for Steve to hear)
Updating this broken woman on her son's murder. Letting her know how *helpful* his employer, the very people responsible for his death are being.
(then, into phone)
Great. Yeah, put her through...

STEVE MARSHALL
Woa, stop. Okay. Please, just... hang up the phone.

Steve rifles through stacks of files on the desk -- finds a work-order.

STEVE MARSHALL (CONT'D)
A guy named Norman Shea. Brandt-Shea Consulting.

NICOLE DIAZ
You got an address?

STEVE MARSHALL
812 Alameda St. 8th Floor.

MIKE TEMPLE
Bless your heart.

Temple reveals the phone to Diaz -- he was never even connected. She shoots him a look: *Not Bad*.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Bragg jots down some notes off the computer, then hits PRINT. He sits back -- rubs his eyes and sips some coffee.

He turns his attention to the dormant printer -- Moves over and sees it's unplugged. He reaches back for the power cord when -- *OUCH!!* He slices his hand on the edge of a rusty CABINET DRAWER.

BENNY BRAGG
Aaah.

Pissed, he goes to close it -- but as his hand advances the drawer snaps shut by itself. *Woa*. He pulls out the drawer and tries it again. Focuses his emotions on the drawer -- pushes his hand toward it and... **the drawer moves!**

BENNY BRAGG (CONT'D)
Ho. Lee. Shiiit.

He does it again. And again. *This is fucking cool!* And again. And again. Until finally he grabs his PHONE -- starts filming it. Then, he punches in a number, calling--

INT. BRANDT SHEA OFFICE - DAY

Diaz who rejects the call and pockets the phone. She and Temple talk to HENRY BRANDT and NORMAN SHEA, well-dressed businessmen in their 40s, as CONSTRUCTION WORKERS mill about behind them, busy at work renovating the office.

MIKE TEMPLE
Bio-Patents?

HENRY BRANDT
Yeah we consult with pharmaceutical companies.

NORMAN SHEA
Couldn't believe when we heard what happened with Icon.

MIKE TEMPLE
What exactly were you transporting?

HENRY BRANDT
Cash.

NORMAN SHEA
\$13,000 to be exact.

Temple and Diaz share a look --

NICOLE DIAZ
That's it? Just cash?

NORMAN SHEA
Yeah.
(motioning to the workers)
Our contractor needed money to pay his crew. It was cheap and easy.

MIKE TEMPLE
Who else knew about the delivery?

HENRY BRANDT
(realizing)
...probably some of our staff here.

NICOLE DIAZ

Then we're gonna need to talk to them.

NORMAN SHEA

Now hold on... These are good people. High earners. They wouldn't kill someone -- not over 13K.

MIKE TEMPLE

You might be surprised. Can't think of anyone who might secretly need that kind of cash?

Brandt and Shea think it through, shaking their heads -- No.

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)

I'll need a list of all your employees.

As Temple moves off with Brandt and Shea -- Diaz clocks something in the background. A TOOLBOX with a sticker labelled: *A.J. Torosian Construction*.

NICOLE DIAZ

Torosian. ...that's an Armenian name right?

HENRY BRANDT

Yeah, I think so. Why?

Temple and Diaz share a look...

MIKE TEMPLE

We're gonna need to talk to your contractor too.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Thwack! Thwack! Temple and Diaz step in -- *WTF is that?* They advance to find Bragg, still crouched by the printer -- *Thwack! Thwack!* And they see:

His hand moves ever so slightly pushing and pulling the cabinet drawer closed without ever touching it. Thwack! Thwack!

Temple and Diaz just stare. *Speechless*. Until --

NICOLE DIAZ

How is that even...

BENNY BRAGG

I don't know. I cut my hand, went to close it and -- it just slammed shut.

(off their shock)

Cool, right?

MIKE TEMPLE

(uncomfortable)

No. It's not cool. It's...

NICOLE DIAZ

Incredible.

Their shock is cut off by Temple's BUZZING phone. He moves off, almost relieved to step away and take the call.

NICOLE DIAZ (CONT'D)

Who else knows about this?

BENNY BRAGG

No one.

NICOLE DIAZ

Probably not a bad thing.

BENNY BRAGG

It happened after I cut finger -- I got angry -- that must have something to do with it...

Diaz just stares. Dumbfounded, watching until -- Temple hangs up and moves over to the computer.

MIKE TEMPLE

That was the contractor. He fired one of his crew for mouthing off last week.

NICOLE DIAZ

Seriously?!

(motioning to Bragg)

We need to talk about *this*.

MIKE TEMPLE

No. We need to find this prick. Guy's name is Robert Barsamian. And he thinks Barsamian knew about the cash.

NICOLE DIAZ

Are you blind? Did you see what he just did?

MIKE TEMPLE

So the kid's a freak. Or it's some trick of the light - whatever - I don't give a shit.

BENNY BRAGG

I'm not a freak.

NICOLE DIAZ

You think this is some prank? Are you seriously in that much denial? Something's happening to us.

MIKE TEMPLE

Yeah, and I'm trying to find out who's responsible. Now, you wanna mess around here waving at drawers, TALKING about it, or do you want to help me?

Temple punches in Barsamian's info. A MUGSHOT of a tough-looking guy comes up.

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)

(reading)

Robert Barsamian. 26 years old. Armenian native. Lives in Glendale. Guy's got a bunch of assault charges.

NICOLE DIAZ

And, look -- he's got ties to AP.

BENNY BRAGG

AP?

NICOLE DIAZ

Armenian Power. Street gang out of East LA. They traffic in all kinds of ugly shit.

Temple stands -- makes for the exit.

BENNY BRAGG

We're really not gonna talk about this?

MIKE TEMPLE

(nope)

Saddle up, Stanford.

And OFF: Temple, already on his way out -- as we HEAR BANG! BANG! BANG! leading us to...

EXT. ROBERT BARSAMIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Temple raps on Barsamian's front door -- Diaz and Bragg flank him -- flexed hands cover their service weapons -- ready...

MIKE TEMPLE

LAPD! Robert Barsamian -- open up!

Temple eyes a crack in an open window: Milk on the counter. Judge Judy yapping on the TV. *Is someone inside? Hard to tell...*

Temple bangs again -- harder, when... the door pushes open until -- SNAP! It catches on a LOCK-CHAIN.

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)

Robert?

Temple tries to nudge inside but it's useless.

NICOLE DIAZ

Easy Temple. Not without a warrant.

MIKE TEMPLE

The TV's still on.

NICOLE DIAZ

So we build a case and come back.

MIKE TEMPLE

And give this guy a chance to hit TJ?

Temple cuts her a look. *Fuck that.* He eyes the perimeter looking for a plan B until... he turns to Bragg with an idea.

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)

Hey freak-show.

(nods to the lock chain)

Think you can pull that little parlor trick again?

NICOLE DIAZ

Wait -- no. You can't do that.

MIKE TEMPLE

Relax. We're not breaking down any doors.

NICOLE DIAZ

You're breaking the law.

MIKE TEMPLE

Exigent circumstances.

NICOLE DIAZ
Without probable cause? You bust in
it's inadmissible.

MIKE TEMPLE
Not unless something suspicious is
in plain view, *your honor*.
(then, to Bragg)
Come on, Stanford. Give it a shot.

BENNY BRAGG
I'm not so sure, Detective.

MIKE TEMPLE
Well I'm pretty damn sure I could write
your ass up for insubordination. You
want me to tell Richards how
uncooperative you've been? Now try.

Diaz checks for witnesses -- knows this is all bad. Benny
raises his hand and tries to move the lock but it's almost
comical. *Nothing happens.*

NICOLE DIAZ
Great plan.

BENNY BRAGG
See? I don't even know how it
works.

MIKE TEMPLE
(eyeing Bragg)
You're lying.

NICOLE DIAZ
We'll put a unit on his place and
come back!

BENNY BRAGG
I'm not lying!

MIKE TEMPLE
You did it before?!

BENNY BRAGG
I was upset.

So with that -- Temple pulls his Glock and *SMACK!* Whacks
Bragg over the head -- shoves the barrel in his face.

NICOLE DIAZ
Jesus Temple! You crazy?!

MIKE TEMPLE
Come on kid!

*

Bragg cowers -- WTF?! But charged with adrenaline now, he drills his attention at the lock and... the chain begins to WAVER.

It rattles and shakes against the door until -- the lock slips off the door.

The door swings open revealing BLOOD SPATTER on the back wall. Temple charges inside--

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)

LAPD!

INT. ROBERT BARSAMIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The three cops storm the apartment hallway and round the corner to see: ROBERT BARSAMIAN'S blood-soaked, lifeless body, sitting on the couch. His vacant gaze trained on Judge Judy as she barks about moral injustices.

And OFF: Our heroes...

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4INT. ROBERT BARSAMIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A FORENSIC TEAM details the apartment. Diaz, still buzzing inside, speaks to a MEDICAL EXAMINER then finds Temple.

NICOLE DIAZ

M.E. said he was shot three times.
Bled out within minutes. Based on lividity she puts time of death approximately forty-eight hours ago.

Bragg joins them, holds TWO BALACLAVAS in an evidence bag.

BENNY BRAGG

They found these in his room.

NICOLE DIAZ

Just like the witnesses saw at the carjacking.

MIKE TEMPLE

Let's run them for DNA.

BENNY BRAGG

(putting it together)
So Barsamian's partner double-crossed him for the cash?

NICOLE DIAZ

Looks that way.

But something gnaws at Temple as he examines the scene...

MIKE TEMPLE

But why kill the driver in the first place? They were wearing ski masks. Why not just hold him ransom and take off with the cash? And then to drop another body? It doesn't track.

NICOLE DIAZ

Maybe they didn't want to leave a witness.

Temple steps away but Diaz holds him back --

NICOLE DIAZ (CONT'D)

(quietly)
Hey. We need to talk about this.

MIKE TEMPLE
 You sound like my ex-wife.
 (to Bragg)
 Why do they always want to talk
 about stuff?

Diaz cuts him a look, about ready to punch him when --

BENNY BRAGG
 Wait.

Bragg points to something on the coffee table: **The Sparrow**
symbol sketched on some junk mail.

BENNY BRAGG (CONT'D)
 I've seen that symbol before -- it
 was in that house on Normandie.

NICOLE DIAZ
 What is it?

BENNY BRAGG
 I don't know -- some sort of bird.

Temple crouches down and inspects the symbol. *Intrigued...*

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Temple drives. Diaz rides shotgun. Bragg's in back. It's
 quiet. Awkward.

MIKE TEMPLE
 I'll contact next of kin. You and
 Bragg start by digging into
 Barsamian's life. Phone recs.
 Financials. Data. See if you can
 track that symbol.

Diaz stares out the window -- completely ignoring him.

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)
 And don't worry about Richards --
 I'll clear it.

NICOLE DIAZ
 You think I'm worried about
 Richards?

MIKE TEMPLE
 The guy was dead, Diaz. All I did
 was buy us some time.

NICOLE DIAZ

What if a neighbor saw? What if there were cameras? People go to jail for shit like that.

MIKE TEMPLE

Relax. It's not like anyone can prove we unlocked it.

NICOLE DIAZ

That's not the point. There are rules, Temple. You crossed a line.

Temple pulls the car over to a stop -- looks at her:

MIKE TEMPLE

Last fall James Dayson raped and murdered a seven year-old girl in Highland Park. DNA evidence proved it but some retard boot mishandled the evidence so it became my job to pin it some other way. So I broke into his house and planted that girl's necklace. Now you think that makes me some sort of criminal? I don't give a shit about Dayson. I don't care about his *rights*. I care about the girl. I care about the girls he can't touch now because I did my job and put him behind bars.

(then)

I don't break the rules, but I bend the hell out of 'em. To *Serve and Protect*. You wanna make Detective someday? It's not about passing some test. It's about protecting people. Putting *yourself* on the line. So until you're willing to do that Diaz, SHUT. THE HELL. UP.

Diaz takes that in a for a moment. Then -- LAUGHS in Temple's face.

NICOLE DIAZ

You're just old, Temple. And angry. Guys like you are part of the problem.

MIKE TEMPLE

Get out.

(off her confusion)

Get. OUT. Of the car.

Diaz finds it almost comical at this point. She steps out onto the curb as Temple speeds away.

NICOLE DIAZ
(calling after)
Part of the problem, Temple!

Bragg stares out the back window like he's been forced to abandon a friend.

BENNY BRAGG
Was that really necessary?

MIKE TEMPLE
You want to join her?

BENNY BRAGG
No.
(then)
...I want a ride home.

EXT. BRAGG'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Bragg, out of uniform, crosses out from his place back towards the river, clasping his sketchbook...

EXT. L.A. RIVER, FROGTOWN - MOMENTS LATER

He's back at his spot -- away from everything. Drawing that same girl's face. *His ritual*. Alone. Quiet. Until suddenly --

A TRIO OF DUCKLINGS emerge from the bushes -- fleeing the attack of a hasty CROW. Two of them escape but the crow latches onto the slower, meager duckling.

Benny watches as the crow attacks the helpless duckling -- stabbing her with his beak. He moves over -- something burning inside Benny as he watches and -- as his eyes drill into the crow -- he pushes the bird underneath the water.

The crow flails for its life but Benny keeps his concentration -- pinning it underwater. Longer. And longer until finally the bird surrenders and floats lifelessly to the surface -- drifting downstream...

The little duckling catches up to his family. Alive and free. And Off Benny as he watches, proud, reveling in that feeling of control...

EXT. EAGLE ROCK HOUSE - NIGHT

Temple stands outside, waiting -- then lights up with a SMILE as Calvin appears, walking out to meet him.

MIKE TEMPLE
Hop in boss.

CALVIN
Actually Dad, I'm gonna stay here tonight.

MIKE TEMPLE
It's Thai Elvis Tuesday?!

CALVIN
I'm kinda tired.

MIKE TEMPLE
Everything okay?

Calvin keeps his eyes diverted...

CALVIN
Yeah.

MIKE TEMPLE
This about the other day -- with Damian? Look, bud. It was an accident.

But Calvin looks at his Dad now, *differently*.

CALVIN
You broke his nose, Dad.

MIKE TEMPLE
(fuck)
Wait now, I didn't mean to. It was an accident - Seriously.

CALVIN
But was it because of the lamp?

MIKE TEMPLE
The lamp?

CALVIN
I didn't want you to *hurt* him, Dad.

MIKE TEMPLE
Cal, this wasn't your fault. I did this. And it was wrong. I'll talk to him, okay?

CALVIN

Okay... I'm gonna go back in.

OFF: Temple -- watching his son run away from him...

INT. DIAZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Diaz struggles to study her training manual. She punches in a final practice test answer and hits enter: **47%**.

NICOLE DIAZ

God damnit!

She swipes away the book but instead EVERYTHING -- Coffee, Pens, Laptop -- all fly off the desk.

JAMES (O.S.)

What the hell was that?

She spins around to see James standing behind her. *Shit. Did he see?* She plays it off, gathering up the stuff.

NICOLE DIAZ

Nothing. I'm sorry. I just... got frustrated.

(off his wary look)

I'm fine. Go back to sleep.

JAMES

You're not fine. And it's you that needs to sleep.

NICOLE DIAZ

I *can't* sleep.

JAMES

Still? What's going on with you?

She's holding back and he knows it.

JAMES (CONT'D)

...Nicole, did something happen at work?

NICOLE DIAZ

Something always happens, you know that.

JAMES

Babe, maybe you need to just slow down a little. I know you're stressed about this exam but...

NICOLE DIAZ

I don't need to slow down, I need to study. And I can't focus when everything's...

JAMES

When everything's *what*? Talk to me.

NICOLE DIAZ

I'll explain later. I gotta go to work.

JAMES

Now?!

She grabs her things and exits -- leaving James, mystified.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Diaz enters -- skips a beat to see Bragg toiling through files.

BENNY BRAGG

Guess what? A week ago this guy Barsamian got paid five grand from some company called Veritas Inc. Maybe that was his payoff--

NICOLE DIAZ

What are you doing here?

BENNY BRAGG

Not like I could sleep so...

NICOLE DIAZ

So you decided to dig through a dead man's financials?

BENNY BRAGG

Don't you have a fiancé at home?

NICOLE DIAZ

Yeah and *it* happened... right in front of him. I covered as best I could but...

BENNY BRAGG

I think it's an emotional trigger. Think about it. After that guy insulted you. After I cut myself or when Temple hit me.

NICOLE DIAZ
 Whatever it is... I couldn't
 control it. We need to get a handle
 on this.

As she stares at the murderboard and case files determined to
 figure this out...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Temple's at the bar, doodling that sparrow symbol on a napkin
 as he leaves a voicemail --

MIKE TEMPLE (ON PHONE)
 Naomi it's Mike. I need to talk to
 you. And Damian. About what
 happened the other day -- I didn't
 know what I was... Just, call me,
 okay?

Temple belts back a swallow of scotch as--

ROSA GARCIA (O.S.)
 Shocker. You're drinking. *Again.*

Rosa Garcia, the detective from the crime scene, sits next to
 him.

ROSA GARCIA (CONT'D)
 Hey *partner*.

MIKE TEMPLE
 Garcia. You're divorced right?

She pulls out a WEDDING RING attached to a necklace.

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)
 No shit.

ROSA GARCIA
 Twenty-three blissful years.
 ...he's kinda my bitch.

MIKE TEMPLE
 See I should've done that.

ROSA GARCIA
 Done what?

MIKE TEMPLE
 Just found some useless broad to
 look after me and screw twice a
 week.

(MORE)

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)
(then, with a smile)
Buy y'a drink?

ROSA GARCIA
You seriously need to stop talking
like this.

MIKE TEMPLE
I know. It's just not as funny
anymore.

ROSA GARCIA
It was never funny. Why are you're
working our case with these two
Unis? What the hell, Mike.

MIKE TEMPLE
It's complicated.

ROSA GARCIA
Were you even going to *tell* me
about Barsamian?

MIKE TEMPLE
Of course.

ROSA GARCIA
So, what did you find?

MIKE TEMPLE
Nothing, yet.
(then)
Unless you can make sense of *that*.

He motions to his drawing of the Sparrow.

ROSA GARCIA
That your idea of a sick joke? We
just cremated him.

Temple shoots her a confused look.

MIKE TEMPLE
Barsamian?

ROSA GARCIA
No, Woodward.

MIKE TEMPLE
Woodward?
(off her nod)
What are you talking about?

And off Temple's JOLT of confusion--

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Boom! Temple enters with a boozy crash to find Bragg scanning through documents--

MIKE TEMPLE
I got something.

Then he spots Diaz, working behind a cabinet.

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)
Oh. You're here too?
(then, realizing)
We're good right?

This man's version of an olive branch.

NICOLE DIAZ
...are you drunk?

MIKE TEMPLE
No, I'm comfortable. You're going to want to follow me. Both of you.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Temple storms through rows and rows of EVIDENCE BOXES with Diaz and Bragg in tow. He hands over Woodward's crumpled FUNERAL PAMPHLET out of his pocket from earlier.

MIKE TEMPLE
Best detective I've ever met. But about a year ago, Woodward caught a case that ate him up. Pushed him too hard.

BENNY BRAGG
What happened?

Temple lands at a shelf and pulls down a BANKER'S BOX labelled **CASE # NR190045G INVESTIGATING OFFICER: MILES WOODWARD 01/23/12** -- begins rifling through it.

MIKE TEMPLE
The brass edged him out. "Officially" he retired. People thought he went crazy. Talking about demons who could move things with their minds. Cuckoo shit. Seven months later, he killed himself.

NICOLE DIAZ
What kind of case was it?

Temple finally finds what he's looking for and shows it to them: The symbol of The Sparrow.

MIKE TEMPLE

This one.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Files cover the table as Diaz, Bragg and Temple toil through Woodward's case documents, struggling to make sense of all the scattered information.

NICOLE DIAZ

This is all just background research and random photos. There's nothing here.

BENNY BRAGG

Isn't there supposed to be an official report?

MIKE TEMPLE

Woodward must've taken it.

NICOLE DIAZ

There's no witness statements. Forensics. He took everything.

BENNY BRAGG

Not everything.

(hands them a file)

Look, this is a corporate bank statement from Veritas Inc.

MIKE TEMPLE

So?

NICOLE DIAZ

So Bragg found payments to Barsamian from Veritas.

MIKE TEMPLE

Who are they?

NICOLE DIAZ

Some kind of shell corporation out of Ohio.

(holy shit)

But look who owns part of it.

She reveals the document for Temple to see...

MIKE TEMPLE
Henry Brandt. The Bio-Tech guy.

OFF: This revelation...

INT. BRANDT SHEA OFFICE - EVENING

Diaz, Temple and Bragg return back to the construction riddled office as Norman Shea greets them.

MIKE TEMPLE
Where's Brandt?

NORMAN SHEA
(alarmed)
Back in his office. Why, what's--?

MIKE TEMPLE
Bragg, cover the exit.

Temple splinters off down the left hallway while Diaz heads off down the right side.

As they disappear into the back -- Brandt suddenly darts out from behind some unfinished drywall.

BENNY BRAGG
He's here!

Bragg explodes down the hallway, chasing after Brandt --

INT. BRANDT SHEA OFFICE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Bragg rounds the corner he sees: Brandt's halfway out the window, clamoring to escape out onto the fire escape.

Bragg wrenches him back inside but Brandt RIPS at Bragg's hair -- catches him off-guard, twisting back the rookie's skull. He unclips Bragg's GUN from its holster, jams the barrel into Bragg's face, taking him hostage.

BENNY BRAGG
(panicked)
No, no, no. Please, no.

Temple and Diaz race over -- cornering him from both sides of the hallway -- Guns trained on Brandt.

MIKE TEMPLE
Put down the gun, Henry!

HENRY BRANDT
This isn't my fault. I didn't have
a choice.

NICOLE DIAZ
Then let him go. Talk to us.

HENRY BRANDT
They forced me to do this.

MIKE TEMPLE
No one's forcing you now. You're
only making this worse.

Diaz shoots Temple a look -- *Eeeasy!*

NICOLE DIAZ
If you didn't do anything then let
us help you.

HENRY BRANDT
(paranoid)
No -- they'll find me....

MIKE TEMPLE
Who will? What did you steal?

HENRY BRANDT
They lied to me. They said no one
would get hurt once I delivered the
package.

Panicked, Brandt angles toward the window -- looks down the
fire escape, at the street eight floors below. *Calculating...*

With every moment, Bragg grows more and more TERRIFIED.

MIKE TEMPLE
Drop the gun, now!

HENRY BRANDT
You first!

MIKE TEMPLE
Not gonna happen Brandt.

NICOLE DIAZ
We can make this right. Just--

HENRY BRANDT
(wild-eyed)
You think I'm messing around here!?
I'm a dead man either way -- You
wanna test me?

Diaz relents, sets down her gun. But Temple wavers... Except now, Bragg -- starts HYPERVENTILATING -- his nerves fraying.

BENNY BRAGG
Help me, Diaz. Help me.

NICOLE DIAZ
...Benny, it's okay. Just stay calm.

Diaz cuts Temple a look -- *Do it!*

Temple eyeballs Brandt. *Shit.* ...then lowers his gun.

MIKE TEMPLE
Now. Put down the gun, Henry.

HENRY BRANDT
Not until I'm safe.
(then, and he means it)
You move. I'll kill him.

Brandt drags Bragg back towards the fire escape, but he struggles to hold him when Bragg crumbles at the knees -- paralyzed with fear. Brandt loses hold -- reaches down to pick him back up off the ground when--

Temple drills his attention and PUSHES BRANDT back into the window with some unnatural force.

NICOLE DIAZ
Temple -- Stop!

Diaz rushes forward -- desperate to save Brandt -- and using her own force: PUSHES Brandt back against Temple's will until

CRACK!!! The air THUNDERS and RIPPLES with energy as their forces COLLIDE like an exploding grenade -- now sending BOTH Bragg and Brandt CRASHING THROUGH THE SHATTERING WINDOWS.

Their bodies ricochet off the fire escape bars, toppling over into the sky, until...

Diaz launches herself out and catches hold of Bragg's leg.

Temple charges over and helps pull them both back up to safety. Then, they see Brandt's lifeless body lying on the concrete below.

And OFF: Our heroes -- eyeing the wake of their own destruction...

END OF ACT 4

ACT 5INT. BRANDT SHEA OFFICE, BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bragg, Diaz and Temple stare at Brandt's lifeless body below.

NICOLE DIAZ
You were going to kill him -- I
tried to stop it!

MIKE TEMPLE
It doesn't matter now.

NICOLE DIAZ
It matters to me.

BENNY BRAGG
What are we going to do?

NICOLE DIAZ
We have to tell people the truth.

MIKE TEMPLE
Think about that.

NICOLE DIAZ
It was self-defense, Bragg was a
hostage.

MIKE TEMPLE
So we pushed Brandt out the window?
(then)
Think about it. You can't explain
it. None of us can. That's the
truth. They'll burn us, Diaz. You
know they will.

NICOLE DIAZ
Something's wrong with us!

MIKE TEMPLE
Exactly. You really believe you'll
make Detective with a stain like
this? You're a liability now. We
all are. This comes out we will
burn. We will ALL burn for it.

NICOLE DIAZ
Then what?! What do we do?

OFF: Diaz, Bragg and Temple, wrestling with that as SIRENS
approach in the distance...

MIKE TEMPLE (PRE-LAP)
Once we were inside the office, we
confronted the suspect.

INT. CAPTAIN RICHARDS' OFFICE - DAY

Richards reads from a REPORT as Temple, flanked by Diaz and Bragg, completes the tale.

MIKE TEMPLE
We tried to reason with him but...

CAPT RICHARDS
(skeptical)
...but this guy Brandt just *jumped*
out of the window?

MIKE TEMPLE
Like it says in the report, sir.

CAPT RICHARDS
(pointedly to Diaz)
By his own volition?

Bragg and Temple eye her for a tense beat. *Will she or won't she?* Until... Diaz nods. Then, Richards closes the file.

CAPT RICHARDS (CONT'D)
Can't say I'm all that surprised.
(off their confusion)
After your run in, we took a closer
look at Brandt.

MIKE TEMPLE
You find anything?

CAPT RICHARDS
The smoking gun. Literally. Uniforms
searched his place and found a .35
stuck in his floorboard. Pre-lim
ballistics matched it to Barsamian.
Turns out this idiot was up to his
neck in gambling debts. Son of a
bitch did all this for a quick pay
off.
(off their wtf)
Unless there's something else I'm
missing..?

But Diaz, Bragg and Temple stand in solidarity - Silent.
Richards tosses the case file into a bin. Then bids them out.

CAPT RICHARDS (CONT'D)
 Good work, you three.

INT. BUNKER - LATER

Temple nods to Bragg as he cracks his fresh bottle of Macallan and pours out three drinks.

BENNY BRAGG
 ...I don't really drink.

MIKE TEMPLE
 (man up)
 Real cops *drink*, Stanford.

Benny obliges -- *clink!* Then winces at the taste of the burning Scotch. They take a moment to digest all that's happened until --

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)
 We all know this wasn't some smash and grab over a gambling debt. Brandt was leveraged by someone. Someone he was afraid of...

NICOLE DIAZ
 You think they planted that gun at his apartment?

Temple throttles back another swig...

MIKE TEMPLE
 Yup.

BENNY BRAGG
 So now what do we do?

MIKE TEMPLE
 Officially? Nothing. You'll work patrol with Diaz until she makes Detective. I'll hit my regular cases.

NICOLE DIAZ
 And unofficially?

MIKE TEMPLE
 We pick up Woodward's trail. Figure out who Brandt was working for and then...
 (realizing)
 (MORE)

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)
 ...somewhere along the line make
 sense of what's really happening to
 us.

But Diaz just stares at her empty glass, still broken a
 little on the inside.

MIKE TEMPLE (CONT'D)
 Don't you have a test to study for?

NICOLE DIAZ
 We lost control today.

MIKE TEMPLE
 (correcting)
 We rescued our fellow officer from
 harm. We did our job.

NICOLE DIAZ
 How are we supposed to protect
 people if we can't even control
 ourselves?

MIKE TEMPLE
 We bend the rules, sweetheart. Just
 like you did tonight.

NICOLE DIAZ
 We took an oath, Temple.

MIKE TEMPLE
 So quit then.
 (off her silence)
 No? Okay, good. Now shut up. You're
 actually pretty smart.

NICOLE DIAZ
 You're still pathetic.

MIKE TEMPLE
 I know. Now pull your shit
 together. We're going to have to
 learn how to live with this...

And OFF: These three -- absorbing that, staring at that
 Sparrow on the murderboard as we hear --

WILL
The LAPD?!

INT. BRAGG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Another ambush from his brother Will. Bragg was expecting this. Just not now. So soon...

BENNY BRAGG

Who told you?

WILL

It doesn't matter who told me, what did you tell *them*? How did you even apply? You're in no condition to be a police officer, Benny.

BENNY BRAGG

Actually Will, I'm in the best shape of my life.

WILL

(then, realizing)

You lied didn't you? On your application. You must have.

BENNY BRAGG

I may have left out some details.

WILL

About your depression? About your mental health? You call *this* stayin' outta stupid? I know you. And you're doing this for the wrong reasons.

(then)

Gwen is gone. This won't bring her back. Nothing will.

Will makes for the exit but Benny blocks him.

BENNY BRAGG

You can't say anything.

WILL

I can. And I will.

BENNY BRAGG

Don't. I'm warning you.

Benny's eyes drill into his brother -- and Will buckles back. Then looks at Benny -- *what was that???* And as he storms off
WE CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL DIVISION, ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

Diaz -- entrenched as she writes her Detectives exam. She's struggling -- conflicted -- the stress burning inside her.

She looks across the aisle at her fellow officers, scribbling away. Then, Diaz lasers her focus on her neighbor's exam paper and pushes the paper aside -- revealing the answers. *It's that easy.* She begins to copy them down until--

Her conscience bites back. *Not like this. Not like this.* So she puts down her pencil and walks out of the room.

C.O.

Diaz, you can't leave -- you'll forfeit the exam.

The Officers look on, baffled, and as she busts out where--

EXT. CENTRAL DIVISION PRECINCT - NIGHT

James waits in his car, some FLOWERS on the seat next to him. Diaz watches from the shadows. She can't face her fiancé. Not now. So she backs away, alone, walking into the night...

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Temple shares a MILKSHAKE with Calvin -- Order restored for now. He delights in every moment with this kid mucking it up, shooting spitballs at one another. Temple glances at the clock on the wall. *Every second counts.*

INT. CALVIN'S HOME, FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Temple returns Calvin back home to his ex-wife NAOMI (40s) who greets him with a scowl.

MIKE TEMPLE

What? He wouldn't eat his broccoli. Took some extra time to get 'er down.

NAOMI

Damian told me you assaulted him.

MIKE TEMPLE

I tried calling you--

NAOMI

When you were spying on my house?! This has to stop.

MIKE TEMPLE

So does your husband's abuse.

NAOMI

Damian doesn't abuse Calvin, he takes care of him -- hell of a lot better than you ever did.

MIKE TEMPLE

Then why's Cal calling me -- terrified about breaking a lamp?

NAOMI

He's terrified of you. And I don't blame him.

(then)

We're requesting full custody, Mike.

MIKE TEMPLE

You can't do that to me...

NAOMI

Good night Mike.

MIKE TEMPLE

Wait. Just. Let's talk about this.

NAOMI

Oh now you want to talk? It's too late for that. Now please leave.

Temple boils as Naomi shows him the door. But before he goes spots a FRAMED PICTURE of Calvin, Naomi and Damian on the mantle. His eyes drill into the image and it topples over -- SMASHING to the ground.

Naomi startles -- spins around revealing -- Calvin, watching this whole time, staring at his father. *Did he just do that?* And OFF, this moment between father and son as WE CUT TO:

INT. BRAGG'S HOME - NIGHT

Bragg, standing in front of a dresser and mirror -- staring at himself still in uniform. Then, he drops his gaze down to his service Glock. As we see the gun:

Floating in the air -- hovering just inches above the dresser. The barrel, reflected in the mirror -- aimed right back at him. He smiles almost deviously. Fascinated. Curious about the growing power of this newfound unnatural ability.

END PILOT