

**CHIEFS**

Pilot Episode

By David Hudgins

CBS  
Sony Pictures Television  
CBS TV Studios  
Carol Mendelsohn Productions

2<sup>nd</sup> REVISED NETWORK DRAFT  
January 25, 2018

Copyright © 2018  
SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC.  
All Rights Reserved  
No portion of this script may be performed, or reproduced by any  
means, or quoted, or published in any medium without prior consent  
of SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC.

\* 10202 West Washington Boulevard \* Culver City, CA 90232 \*

TEASER

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - NIGHT

Dark, empty, looming. Outside a tunnel entrance, three LAPD RADIO CARS are on scene, lights flashing. An LAPD SUBURBAN pulls up, followed by a BEVERLY HILLS SUV and a SANTA MONICA RADIO CAR. A woman gets out of each one. Police Chiefs. All in uniform. And all just roused from their beds in the middle of the night. As the women converge, and start hurrying toward the tunnel into the stadium, meet:

Los Angeles Chief **KENDRA DOWNES** (Black, 52). LAPD lifer, divorced mother of two, tough, strong, empathetic. A people person who gets shit done. Mama Bear with a badge.

Beverly Hills Chief **CANDACE KRAUSE** (White, 45). Smart, sexy, sarcastic. Knows her job is about politics and image, and handles it with confidence. Can easily make a grown man cry.

Santa Monica Chief **VICKY BLOCK** (Hispanic, 34). Native Texan, cop's cop, newest to the job. A bull in a china shop who's stubborn and uncompromising. But you'd pick her in a fight.

These three are friends, and normally they'd be gabbing away. But not now. They walk in silence, their faces concerned.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - FIELD LEVEL TUNNEL - NIGHT

Our Chiefs head through the bowels of the stadium toward the playing field, their footsteps echoing. They pass an LAPD OFFICER dry-heaving in a trash can. Then another OFFICER, conferring with a STADIUM WORKER who's on his walkie-talkie.

KENDRA

We need the lights on.

LAPD OFFICER

Almost there, Chief.

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT

Our Chiefs emerge from the tunnel, and as they head across the grass: THRUM. THRUM THRUM THRUM. The STADIUM LIGHTS KICK ON, illuminating a third LAPD OFFICER who's staring numbly at the PITCHER'S MOUND. The Chiefs walk up, he turns and steps aside, and we see on the mound:

The body of a MALE VICTIM.

Or at least what's left of it.

It's been chopped into three parts: head, torso, and legs. There's a HANDWRITTEN NOTE pinned to a stick in the torso. It reads:

*"Dear Ladies, One, two, three strikes you're out."*

It's gruesome. Personal. Chilling. Would scare the shit out of most people, but not these three. As they stand there, framed in the lights of Dodger Stadium:

CANDACE

He knows we're getting close.

CUT TO BLACK.

**CHYRON: TEN MONTHS EARLIER**

EXT. FOLTZ JUSTICE CENTER - DAY (D1)

Establishing. The main criminal courthouse in downtown L.A.

LOS ANGELES JUDGE

Ladies and gentlemen, it's been a long day. We'll stop now and resume with this witness tomorrow at 9. We're adjourned.

INT. FOLTZ JUSTICE CENTER - SECURE HOLDING AREA - DAY

The side door of a COURTROOM opens. Los Angeles County Sheriff's Deputies GOMEZ and HALL lead an inmate out who was just testifying: **MARIO CAMPOS**. Hispanic, 22, sports a gang tattoo and a CHEAP SUIT. They uncuff him, deposit him in the changing area, toss him his orange jail jumps.

DEPUTY HALL

Hustle up. Transport's waiting, and you're the last customer.

INT. SANTA MONICA CITY HALL - COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY (D1)

Swearing-in ceremony. Vicky stands proudly with her hand on a Bible held by Santa Monica Mayor **MIKE FINE** (50s, crunchy). Formerly a Captain in the Austin Police Department, Vicky's about to become Santa Monica's new Chief. A semi-circle of DIGNITARIES observes. SPECTATORS look on. Judge JENNIFER CHIANG (Asian, 40s) is concluding the oath of office.

JUDGE CHIANG

And that I will faithfully perform these duties to the best of my ability...

VICKY

And that I will faithfully perform these duties to the best of my ability...

JUDGE CHIANG

So help me God.

VICKY

So help me God.

APPLAUSE. Judge Chiang smiles and shakes Vicky's hand as Mayor Fine takes the podium.

MAYOR FINE

I'd now like to ask Vicky's husband Dieter and daughter Olivia to come forward. She's asked them to do the honors today.

Vicky's family steps out. **DIETER** is Belgian, 38, works as a software consultant. **OLIVIA** is 15, an only child who is stubborn like her mom and free-spirited like her dad. Mayor Fine hands them a BADGE, and Olivia pins it on her mother.

MAYOR FINE (CONT'D)

Try not to stab her. You'll be her first arrest.

Laughter. Olivia finishes, steps back with Dieter.

MAYOR FINE (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, it's my honor to officially introduce the new Police Chief of the City of Santa Monica, Vicky Block.

EVEN LOUDER APPLAUSE. As Vicky beams, she looks over and sees... Candace and Kendra. Front row. Clapping for her.

INT. FOLTZ JUSTICE CENTER - SECURE HOLDING AREA - DAY

Campos is down to his pants and undershirt. Subtly observing as Deputy Gomez confers with a TRANSPORT DEPUTY near the stairway exit. The conversation ends, and the Transport Deputy clomps down the stairs, leaving the door ajar. Gomez comes back over.

DEPUTY GOMEZ

You seen my phone? I swear I just had it.

As Gomez heads back toward the courtroom, Campos notices that Deputy Hall is distracted, watching his partner re-enter the courtroom. Suddenly, Campos lunges at Hall, SLAMMING HIM AGAINST THE WALL. In a flash, Campos grabs his GUN, shoves him to the floor, and TAKES OFF FOR THE STAIRS--

DEPUTY HALL  
Gomez! GOMEZ!

Gomez returns, wide-eyed, gets a shot off as Campos flees--

INT. FOLTZ JUSTICE CENTER - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Campos flies down the stairs. Gomez chases, gets off two more shots, wings Campos. Campos screams in pain, keeps running. Gomez TRIPS, TUMBLES BRUTALLY into a wall--

On the 2nd floor landing, Campos avoids the sally port below and slams through an EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR into--

INT. FOLTZ JUSTICE CENTER - UTILITY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Campos sprints, looking back, desperate. Gomez chases, as Campos CRASHES THROUGH A WINDOW out onto the ROOF. Gomez barges through the window, RIPPING HIS JACKET on a shard, as Campos weaves among LARGE A/C UNITS belching steam. It's cat and mouse as Gomez chases and Campos darts, getting closer and closer to the edge of the roof. Gomez finally thinks he has him trapped near a corner unit:

DEPUTY GOMEZ  
Campos! Come out with your hands up!  
(nothing)  
Campos! You hear me?

Weapon raised, heart pounding, Gomez breaches. But there's no one there. Campos is gone. In the wind. *Fuck.*

INT. SANTA MONICA CITY HALL - COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DUSK

Post-ceremony mingling. Vicky has made it a point to seek out Candace and Kendra. She's honored they're here.

VICKY  
It's nice meeting you. Is this protocol around here? Chiefs attending other Chiefs' swearing in?

CANDACE  
No, we just wanted to be here. You know the last time Santa Monica, Beverly Hills and L.A. all had a female chief? Never.

KENDRA  
You're part of the tribe now. There's not a lot of us, so we gotta stick together.

CANDACE

We also have gifts. Little tradition we do for newcomers. Mine first.

Candace excitedly grabs the GIFT she brought as Kendra smiles. These two know each other well. Vicky unwraps it.

VICKY

What is... is this a defibrillator?

KENDRA

Yep, cause this job can literally give you a heart attack. Ask your predecessor. If he'd had one, he might still be Chief.

Vicky isn't sure whether to laugh or gasp. The former Chief retired because of heart issues. It's irreverent for sure.

CANDACE

Oh come on, it's not like Bob died. He was three months from retirement anyway.

KENDRA

Mine's not as exciting, but I hope it helps.

She hands Vicky THREE SEALED ENVELOPES.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

You ever get in trouble, open one of these. You'll know which one.

VICKY

Thanks, ladies. I think.

Candace notices the COWBOY BOOTS Vicky is wearing.

CANDACE

Can I make one tiny suggestion? I'd lose the footwear if I were you.

VICKY

You don't like my boots?

CANDACE

Great for Texas, but here? Definitely off-brand.

Laughter, and as they enjoy the moment, **SGT. SILAS COX** comes barreling up. He's Kendra's ever-present aide.

SILAS

Chief! We got a situation downtown. Inmate escaped at the courthouse.

KENDRA  
Congratulations. I gotta go.

That's the job. Turns on a dime. Kendra bolts, and we go:

INT. FOLTZ JUSTICE CENTER - 3RD FLOOR - 20 MINUTES LATER

All business, Kendra bombs out of the elevator followed by Silas and two LAPD UNIFORMS. SPECTATORS mill about, spooked.

KENDRA  
Get these people in Courtroom 3 and put one of our guys in there. Other one at the elevators. No one goes in or out.

Silas peels off as Kendra uses her ACCESS CARD to enter:

INT. FOLTZ JUSTICE CENTER - SECURE HOLDING - CONTINUOUS

Where it's a frenetic scene. Radios crackling, LASD K-9 units working the stairway, PARAMEDICS tending to the cuts on Deputy Hall's head. Kendra spots LA County Sheriff **PRESTON POLK**. He's 60s, shaved head, an old school law and order type. He and Kendra have a prickly relationship.

In theory, LASD and LAPD are partner agencies, but there's always been a rivalry between them. (LASD wears green, LAPD wears blue. Sheriffs call LAPD "number two in blue".) Plus, courthouse security is the Sheriff Department's job, and they've just had an escape. So there's tension as Kendra approaches. Polk knows she won't be happy.

KENDRA  
Sheriff. Please tell me it wasn't Campos.

SHERIFF POLK  
It was.

KENDRA  
What happened?

SHERIFF POLK  
He jumped my Deputy and took his gun. Partner got off one shot here and two more in the stairwell. Hit him at least once.

KENDRA  
Transport see him?

SHERIFF POLK

No, he never made it to the sally port.  
Busted through a window and jumped onto  
the roof.

KENDRA

The roof? So where the hell did he go?

SHERIFF POLK

It's a fluid situation, Chief. We got  
cameras all over this place. We're on it.

Kendra backs off a bit, glancing at injured Deputy Hall. As  
pissed as she is, she always looks out for fellow cops.

KENDRA

You alright?

DEPUTY HALL

I'll be fine.

The secure door bangs open and Silas rushes up--

SILAS

Central just called in a carjacking at  
Temple and Grand. Woman got away but she  
said it was an Hispanic male with a gun.  
Blood on his shirt.

SHERIFF POLK

That's my guy.

KENDRA

*Our* guy.

Polk glares. He thinks he's gonna be running this show but  
Kendra's got a vested interest, too. She plants her flag.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

Courthouse security is your jurisdiction,  
but he's out there attacking my citizens  
now. We're working this together.

Kendra heads for the door. Polk's right behind her.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE - BACK PATIO - NIGHT

Charity fundraiser at a private home. Candace goes to a lot  
of these. It's how you build community in Beverly Hills.  
The crowd is eclectic-- trophy wives, CEOs, plastic surgeons.  
Candace stands by a heat lamp checking emails, a knockout in  
her COCKTAIL DRESS. A man at the bar watches her: **ENRIZIO**.  
He's 50, dashing, Italian. He grabs two wines, heads over.



ENRIZIO

You look like you know as many people here as I do.

CANDACE

Actually, I know pretty much everybody. I'm just out of small talk.

ENRIZIO

I'm Enrizio.

CANDACE

Candace. And I can't drink. Assuming that's for me.

ENRIZIO

Sounds like there's a story there.

CANDACE

Not a good one.

He puts her glass down. Clearly not going anywhere. Candace decides to engage. He's cute, and it beats talking shop.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

So what brings you here tonight? Other than free food and raising money for a good cause blah blah blah.

ENRIZIO

The location. All I had to do was come downstairs.

CANDACE

This is your place?

ENRIZIO

Yeah. I just moved here from New York. Lily's an old friend, and when she said she needed a venue for tonight, I said sure. My mom died of breast cancer too.

CANDACE

Right... I didn't mean that earlier by the way. The blah blah blah thing.

ENRIZIO

(smiling)

It's okay. So what do you do?

Just then, Candace's CELL RINGS. She looks. Furrows.

CANDACE  
I need to take this.  
(turns, answers)  
Hello?... Where?... I'll be right out.  
(hangs up, turns back)  
It was nice meeting you.

She takes off. Enrizio watches her go. Then:

INT. BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE - FOYER - SECONDS LATER

Candace's heels click-clack on the marble floors as she hurries for the front door and Enrizio chases after her.

ENRIZIO  
That wasn't very subtle.

CANDACE  
What's that?

ENRIZIO  
Faking a phone call to get out of our conversation.

CANDACE  
It's just a work thing. Don't take it personally.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE - FRONT DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

They emerge out front, Enrizio still pursuing her--

ENRIZIO  
Are you coming back? I'd really like to get your number.

CANDACE  
No time.

ENRIZIO  
What's so important that you can't-- whoa. You're a cop?

Candace has reached her SUV. Police Special. Logo and lights. Parked right out front by the valets who know her.

CANDACE  
You could say that.

Candace gets in, cranks the engine. Thinks for a second. Then lowers the window, hands Enrizio her business card.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Hope the party goes well.

She hits the lights, blips the siren, pulls away. Enrizio reads the card: Police Chief of Beverly Hills. He's smitten.

INT. LAPD DOWNTOWN - 7TH FLOOR SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

A full room: LAPD's Gang Unit, Detective Squad, Patrol. A MUG SHOT of Mario Campos is up on a screen. Kendra has the floor, flanked by her MEDIA OFFICER and **CLEM BRYANT**. He's African-American, 50s, built like a tank. Works for Sheriff Polk in his Special Enforcement Bureau, chasing down bail jumpers and serving high-risk warrants. Also doing manhunts for escapees. He's here to be the Sheriff Department's rep for this meeting. The urgency in the room is palpable.

KENDRA

Fugitive's name is Mario Campos. Hispanic, 26, known runner for the Ochenta Saints. He's got multiple drug offenses, a couple burglaries, and a history of assault so consider him armed and dangerous. What'd we arrest him for, Detective?

Angle on **DET. JOHN KEELE** (white, late 50s). Grizzled, cranky, brilliant. He and Kendra go way back.

DET. KEELE

Battery of a peace officer.

KENDRA

Like I said. And how long did it take to flip him?

DET. KEELE

Six months, give or take.

KENDRA

Six months. We invested a lot of time and money in this guy. He gave up shot-callers in L'Eme mafia and today was his first time testifying for the state. Did the DA's office show?

A hand goes up in the back. **EMILY OZOLS**, a young ADA.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

How many more cases where he's the star witness?

ADA OZOLS

Three right now.

KENDRA

So there you go. That's at least four career criminals who stand to go free if we can't find this guy.

GANG UNIT OFFICER

Or L'Eme finds him first.

KENDRA

Which was my next point. Where's gang unit on this?

GANG UNIT OFFICER

Reaching out, but not expecting much. Guy's a known snitch. Greenlit. He won't last out there long.

LAPD PATROL SERGEANT

(eyeing Clem)

What's the protocol with Sheriff's department?

DET. KEELE

Goes like this: we catch the bad guys, they let 'em go free.

Snickers, but Clem doesn't react. Used to this rivalry shit.

KENDRA

They're taking lead, but it's a joint operation. Captain Bryant's here as their liaison. You wanna say anything?

Kendra steps back, but Clem stays put. The man doesn't need a podium.

CLEM

Suspect snatched a purse when he jacked the vehicle, so we're monitoring bank cards. Also, the tip line's coming to us, but if you find this guy first, we expect a call. He doesn't care what color your uniform is. And I know you don't want another Dorner.

KENDRA

Alright. Mug shot's on the wire and social media, we're doing a joint press conference at what... 6?

(Media Officer nods)

Six p.m.

(MORE)

KENDRA (CONT'D)

This guy is a serious public safety threat, people. He's armed, he's desperate, he's got a big target on his back. Go find him.

EXT. FRANKLIN CANYON DRIVE - NIGHT

Crime scene. A dark stretch of road lit only by the lights of the gathered Beverly Hills RADIO CARS. Candace stands by her car, the bag she always carries with her open, swapping out her heels for flats. **DET. SINDAAL RAVI** fills her in. He's Pakistani, 40s, earnest. Hasn't seen many murders.

DET. RAVI

Kids were up here partying. Heard some shots. They got spooked and were heading back down when they found the guy in the street. Caucasian male, 50s. Wearing an expensive suit.

CANDACE

Any ID?

DET. RAVI

No. Wallet and cell phone are gone.

CANDACE

So he's up here alone taking a walk at night? In his fancy suit?

DET. RAVI

I know, it's weird. We're checking for tire tracks.

Candace zips her Chief jacket over her cocktail dress and walks, noting the TWO KIDS who found the body by their car.

CANDACE

I want statements from those witnesses. Whatever they were smoking, tell 'em it's okay.

They reach the perimeter of radio cars. The gathered OFFICERS stop talking and make way.

BEVERLY HILLS PATROLMAN

Chief. How are you?

CANDACE

Freezing. And I didn't get shrimp toast.

Candace steps through to the victim. He's curled on his side, facing away from us, BLOOD staining his suit.

DET. RAVI

Two bullet wounds that I can see, not much  
blood. Must've been over pretty quick.

Candace moves around to the other side and kneels. Looks at  
the victim's face. A beat, as she exhales, and then stands.

DET. RAVI (CONT'D)

What?

CANDACE

I know him. That's Nate Hoffman.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING (DAY 2)

Vicky and Dieter are having morning sex. It's passionate and hot and inspired. They finish, and roll over. Satiated.

DIETER  
That was amazing.

VICKY  
(smiling)  
It didn't suck.

DIETER  
I *like* the new Chief.

As he nuzzles her neck, Vicky laughing, her CELL RINGS. She rolls over, sits up, and answers.

VICKY  
Hello?

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - 15 MINUTES LATER

Santa Monica Radio Cars parked on Airport Boulevard near the perimeter fence surrounding the runway. OFFICERS talk with a MALE JOGGER who looks upset. Vicky huddles against the morning chill, heading for a brushy hill with **DET. OMAR VASQUEZ**. He's Hispanic, 30s, the cream of Santa Monica's detective crop. Smart, decent, professional.

DET. VASQUEZ  
Jogger stopped for a pee break and found her. Young female, 20s. Tossed to the side of the road like a piece of trash.

They duck under crime scene tape and climb the hill to some bushes. On the ground is the **NUDE BODY** of a young white female. Her mouth is DUCT-TAPED, she has LIGATURES from strangulation, and TINY CUTS are pockmarked across her back. Vicky stares. She's seen her share of crime scenes, but this is hard to take. The girl's lifeless eyes stare blankly.

VICKY  
Awful. Always makes me feel for the parents. You got kids?

DET. VASQUEZ  
Yeah. Boy and a girl.

VICKY

Then you get it.

Another beat as Vicky takes it in. Then:

VICKY (CONT'D)

Let's clear a path for the Coroner.

DET. VASQUEZ

You're staying?

(off her look)

It's fine, I just-- last Chief never really stuck around for crime scene.

VICKY

I'm not him.

As Vasquez will soon discover.

INT. KENDRA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Kendra, in uniform, makes breakfast with her sons **DION** and **RICKY**. Dion's 18, a senior with an after-school job and goals in life. Ricky's a freshman, all attitude, going through some issues right now. The LOCAL NEWS is on, replaying Kendra and Polk's PRESS CONFERENCE on the manhunt.

Clem enters from a bedroom hallway, exhausted and wearing his Sheriff Deputy's vest. He and Kendra are dating.

KENDRA

Hey. Did you sleep?

CLEM

Maybe an hour. Gonna be double-shifting til we catch this guy. Any news?

KENDRA

No, just a bunch of kooks calling the tip line. Lady in Covina swears she saw Campos buying diapers at Costco.

CLEM

Yeah, that happens.

Clem heads for the fridge, just as Ricky is pulling milk out. Ricky lets the door close pointedly. He doesn't like Clem, because he's not his dad. It's tense. Clem lets it go, eyes the skillet on the stove.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Aw hell, your ham and eggs? I ain't got time to eat.



KENDRA

I know you don't. Here.

She hands him a wrapped sandwich and coffee, ready to go.

CLEM

You're gonna spoil me, woman. Thank you.

He gives her a kiss, and a playful tap on the rear. The boys are watching, and Ricky's not so on board with the PDA.

RICKY

So this is for real? He's living here now?

DION

Shut up, Ricky.

RICKY

Does dad know?

KENDRA

Last time I checked, I didn't need his permission. Or yours.

Ricky glares. Gets up, grabs his backpack, walks out. A beat, and Dion gets up too. Avoids eye contact with Clem.

DION

I got work tonight Ma, don't wait up.

Now he exits, leaving Clem and Kendra alone. Awkward.

CLEM

I thought you told them.

KENDRA

I did, he's just being dramatic. It's what teenagers do.

CLEM

I don't want this to be a problem, Kendra.

KENDRA

It's not. He just needs some time, that's all. He'll come around.

CLEM

Okay. I'm following your lead.

He kisses her again, grabs his GUN BELT off the counter, and leaves. Kendra sighs. A lot on her plate to figure out right now. As she gets up and starts rinsing dishes, the next local news report on TV catches her attention.

LOCAL CBS ANCHOR (ON TV)  
... found murdered last night by the  
Franklin Canyon Reservoir in Beverly  
Hills. The victim has been identified as  
Nate Hoffman, a prominent attorney...

Kendra hits mute, and dials up Candace on her cell phone.

CANDACE (PRELAP)  
Hello?

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS P.D. - SAME TIME (INTERCUT)

Candace heading for the entrance, showered and in uniform.

KENDRA  
Just saw it on TV. You up all night?

CANDACE  
Yeah. Had to knock on the wife's door at  
oh-four-hundred and tell her the news.

KENDRA  
That's never fun.

CANDACE  
Nope, especially when you know her. And  
now we've got security footage she needs  
to see, so I had to ask her to come in.  
How about you? Getting along with the  
Sheriff?

KENDRA  
Trying to. He's a pain in the ass, but  
that's nothing new.

CANDACE  
Shit, the press is here. I gotta go.

Candace hangs up as a SCRUM OF REPORTERS descends on her.

KCAL REPORTER RONNIE  
Chief! Can you tell us about the victim?  
How was he killed?

CANDACE  
Way too early, guys. Sgt. Marks will let  
you know when we schedule a press  
briefing.

KCAL REPORTER RONNIE  
Come on, can you at least give me--

CANDACE

You'll get first question, Ronnie. Bonus for that excellent tie selection today.

She disappears inside.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS P.D. - BULLPEN - A BIT LATER

Candace and Ravi with the attorney's widow **BARBARA HOFFMAN** (white, 50s). She's strong, self-aware, but still on edge and grieving. ON A MONITOR, security footage plays. It shows Nate Hoffman exiting his office garage in his BMW, with a YOUNG WOMAN in the passenger seat. She has dirty blonde hair and wears a DENIM JACKET. Ravi pauses the video when they reach the exit gate, the best close-up they have.

BARBARA HOFFMAN

That's him and that's his car, but I don't know the girl.

CANDACE

You sure? Could it be somebody who worked in his office?

BARBARA HOFFMAN

Dressed like that? No way. She's probably just some...

DET. RAVI

What?

Barbara looks at them. Tortured by the unfortunate truth of her marriage. Which makes her feel ashamed.

BARBARA HOFFMAN

My husband was a good man, but he wasn't exactly faithful. And I knew about it. I know what that makes me look like.

CANDACE

Barbara. No one's judging you here. We just want to find who did this to Nate.

BARBARA HOFFMAN

Well it seems pretty obvious, doesn't it? That shiksa was the last person he was with, you should be looking for her!

CANDACE

We are. I have a BOLO out on the car and my detectives are canvassing witnesses. I just needed to know if you knew her.

A beat. Barbara suddenly feels bad for her outburst.

BARBARA HOFFMAN

I'm sorry. I just can't believe this is happening. My daughter's on a plane from Seattle and she's got so many questions. I don't even know where to start...

She starts to cry as Candace motions a UNIFORM to come over.

CANDACE

Barbara, look at me. I got this. Go and be with your family. I'll call you as soon as we know anything, I promise.

Barbara nods and gathers herself. The uniform escorts her out, as Candace stares at the monitor, thinking.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

So if the girl's sleeping with him, why kill him?

DET. RAVI

Maybe they got in a fight. Or maybe she's a pro and she ripped him off.

CANDACE

Or maybe--- wait. Roll the video back.

Ravi rewinds. We get to a spot where the girl, just in the car, reaches over and tucks Hoffman's collar under his coat.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

There. See that? It's intimate, and sweet. These two weren't fighting.

Candace quickly moves to a computer and starts typing away.

DET. RAVI

What are you doing?

CANDACE

If she's not a suspect then maybe she's a victim. Just like him. Look at this.

An entry has popped up on a database of recent homicides.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

0600 this morning. Caucasian female decedent in her 20s found by Santa Monica PD at 1816 Airport Boulevard.

(Candace hits print)

C'mon. We're going to see the new Chief.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - WEST L.A. - DAY

A DOOR SLAMS as an LAPD OFFICER walks toward a vehicle parked askew in a far corner. A BMW. Looks like the one we saw in the security footage. The officer approaches and sees--

BLOOD SMEARS on the driver's side door. The window above it shattered, glass on the seats inside. He checks the rear. Damage to the bumper, traces of RED PAINT, and an indentation above the license plate frame-- which is EMPTY. He returns to the driver side windshield. Shines his MAG LIGHT on it.

LAPD OFFICER (INTO HIS MIC)  
Dispatch this is Pico 22. I need you to  
check a VIN for me...

INT. RUN-DOWN HOME - HARVARD PARK - DAY

Tense in here. Kendra is with Sheriff Polk as he questions **ALMA CAMPOS**, mother of the escaped inmate. She's 50s, weary, and already agitated as Polk presses her aggressively.

ALMA  
I already told you. I haven't seen him,  
and I don't know where he went.

SHERIFF POLK  
So where were you all night, Mrs. Campos?

ALMA  
Working. I'm the night janitor at Triton  
Battery over on Crenshaw.

SHERIFF POLK  
Did he come see you there?

ALMA  
Sir, are you even listening? No. I don't  
know where Mario is and you need to quit  
getting up on me like this.

SHERIFF POLK  
I'm not quitting anything. You're aware  
harboring a fugitive is a felony?

ALMA  
There's nobody here! Look around!

SHERIFF POLK  
So is aiding and abetting, so let me be  
very clear: if you hear from your son and  
don't contact me immediately, I will throw  
you in jail. For a very long time.

(MORE)

SHERIFF POLK (CONT'D)

Understand?

(throws a pad down)

I need a list. Names, numbers and addresses of any family or friends where he might go. You've got fifteen minutes.

Polk huffs out as Kendra looks at Alma. She's upset, and Kendra feels for her. Kendra's not like Polk. Her style of policing is to connect with people and empathize. It's just her nature. She moves over to Alma. Genuinely concerned.

KENDRA

I'm sorry about that. He's just doing his job. In his own way.

ALMA

Why is he threatening me? I haven't done anything.

KENDRA

I know. This is hard, Alma. I've got two boys myself, I know what it's like to be a mother.

ALMA

(beat, emotional)

He's not a bad kid. He just got in with the wrong people, and I couldn't help.

KENDRA

I'm sure he loves you. And you love him too, and you don't wanna see him get hurt, right? He's scared right now. And when boys get scared, they come to their mamas. That's all this is about.

Kendra pulls out her card, writes on it, hands it over.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

That's my personal cell. If you hear from Mario, I want you to call me. Any time, day or night, and I promise-- I'll make sure he gets brought in safely. Okay? You have my word.

INT. SANTA MONICA PD - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Amid a few unpacked boxes (Vicky hasn't fully moved in yet), Candace, Vicky and Vasquez compare a still from the security footage to a photo of the female airport victim. It matches.

CANDACE

It's definitely her. Any ID yet?

VICKY

No. Investigators are still on scene,  
we're looking into missing persons.

Ravi enters at a clip, pocketing his phone--

DET. RAVI

Got a hit on Hoffman's BMW. LAPD found it  
abandoned at a strip mall on Pico.

DET. VASQUEZ

They assign a detective yet?

CANDACE

(cell already out)  
Screw that, I'm calling Chief Downes.

VICKY

Isn't she in the middle of a manhunt?

CANDACE

She'll answer, it's how we roll. Gimme  
your phone. I'm gonna put in her contact  
info for you. You need to have it.

Vicky hands her phone over. As Candace enters the info, her  
own phone cradled to her ear, she looks at Vicky.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Hell of a first day, huh?

INT. LAPD DOWNTOWN - KENDRA'S OFFICE - DAY

Imposing, historic, yet homey. Kendra is a gatherer in many  
ways, and the room reflects it. Shit everywhere. Photos,  
knick-knacks, Dodgers memorabilia, file boxes, dry cleaning,  
etc. To some a mess, but to Kendra just right. She sits  
with Candace and Vicky at a table along with Keele, Vasquez  
and Ravi. The men are arguing over the dead girl's photo.

DET. VASQUEZ

Of course it's a dump job! Open space,  
found nude, cuts on her back from where  
she landed in the brush. Bet money the  
sexual assault kit's positive.

DET. KEELE

Abrasions could have been sustained at the  
airport. While he was attacking her.

DET. RAVI

Didn't happen at the airport. His jogger  
would have seen it, or heard something.

DET. KEELE

Why? He make an appointment to witness a rape?

Detective--

KENDRA

DET. RAVI

You know what--

\*  
\*

DET. VASQUEZ

You're being a prick. You know that girl could just as easily have been assaulted in the car in West L.A.

DET. KEELE

Then why drive all the way to Santa Monica to dump her?

DET. VASQUEZ

So geniuses like you would ask that very question!

CANDACE

Guys! Enough! Can you give us the room please?

Jaws drop. It's like she just asked them to crap a diamond.

DET. VASQUEZ

You're kicking us out?

DET. RAVI

What'd we do?

\*  
\*

CANDACE

No no, no arguing. Just go. Out.

A beat, and they rise and shuffle out. Not happy about it.

KENDRA

Good god. It's like herding cats.

VICKY

Yep. Business as usual.

CANDACE

Can we be real? They're good detectives, but they're never gonna cooperate. All they're gonna do is swing their dicks and try to compete with each other and drive us all crazy, so forget business as usual. I say we take advantage of this. Us. We work together, we communicate, we set an example. Run this case top-down, hands on. Show them how women get things done.

Kendra and Vicky exchange a look. Music to their ears.



KENDRA  
No arguments here.

VICKY  
I'm on board with that.

CANDACE  
(energized)  
Let's do a reset here. See this damage to the back bumper of the BMW? It's not there in the security footage. What if it was a bump and rob? Killer rear-ends them, Hoffman gets out--

KENDRA  
-- gets shot and falls against the driver's side door. Explains the blood.

CANDACE  
Question is the girl. Why not shoot her?

KENDRA  
Cause he wanted her pristine. So he could take her somewhere and do his thing before he killed her. We need to find where.

VICKY  
Maybe we should check county crime reports for similar m.o.'s. We had a serial killer in Texas once that--

KENDRA  
This isn't a serial killer case.

CANDACE  
She's right. Victims were together, it was one crime.

VICKY  
I don't know, I saw this girl. Something just seemed off about it.

CANDACE  
Chief. We don't get murders in Beverly Hills, and people are already spooked enough. We start throwing those words around, and the media hears it?

KENDRA  
They'll put the whole city in a panic. That's how it works around here, trust us.

Vicky considers the point as Kendra sits forward.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

Here's what we're gonna do. I'll send Keele to the strip mall to look for witnesses who might have seen somebody ditch the BMW. You get your detectives to dig into victimology. Who was this girl, and why she was in that car.

CANDACE

That's good. I'll go to Hoffman's law firm, interview his partner. See how many clients he's made mad in the last year. Sound like a plan?

It's agreed. As Kendra gets up and heads for her desk, Vicky's CELL BUZZES. Three times in a row, FAST.

VICKY

Shit. Active shooter alert.

CANDACE

Where?

KENDRA

(off her own phone)  
Santa Monica High School. Is that where your daughter goes?

Vicky's already out the door.

EXT. SANTA MONICA HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Two juniors, DAN and PABLO, sit glumly. On the desk is what looks exactly like an AK-47. The PRINCIPAL is here too, and through a window, we see Olivia and other STUDENTS outside watching as Vicky berates the boys. She's furious.

VICKY

How could you possibly think it was a good idea to bring this to school?

DAN

It's club day. We wanna start a paintball team and we were just--

VICKY

Look at that thing! How would my officers ever know it's not a real weapon? You had a dozen cops out there thinking they were dealing with an active shooter. You're lucky you didn't get yourselves killed!

As the boys stare at the floor, feeling terrible, we go:

EXT. SANTA MONICA HIGH SCHOOL QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky bangs out the door, followed by Olivia. STUDENTS are everywhere, buzzing about the false alarm. Many of them turn to watch Olivia and her mom. Olivia feels their eyes.

OLIVIA  
Are you arresting them?

VICKY  
I would if I could. For being complete dumbasses. Don't walk on my gun side.

OLIVIA  
What?

VICKY  
I told you. It's my thing.

Vicky switches Olivia to her left hip, keeps going.

OLIVIA  
Can you please stop embarrassing me? It's bad enough you're in uniform.

VICKY  
Well I'm sorry I can't wear yoga pants like the other moms. Do you know those guys over there? Slinging dope?

Cop eyes. Olivia hadn't noticed but looks over and sees FOUR BOYS exchanging items in a huddle. It does look suspicious.

OLIVIA  
Mom, there's like a billion people that go here. They're not doing anything.

VICKY  
Wait here.

OLIVIA  
What? Mom, please don't--

Olivia is mortified as Vicky angles over to the group. They see her coming. SKETCHY KID puts something in his pocket and as Vicky walks up to him, other STUDENTS watch and gather.

VICKY  
Can I see some ID please?

SKETCHY KID  
What for?

VICKY

I saw you put something in your pocket.

SKETCHY KID

No I didn't. You're tripping.

Oh shit. Cell phones come out, as kids start TAKING VIDEO.

VICKY

Sir, I'm gonna ask you one more time.

SKETCHY KID

Why you hassling me? Why's this cop  
hassling me? I didn't do anything!

CROWD

Leave him alone!/Put him in jail!

Egging the situation on, like kids do. Vicky's had enough.

VICKY

Alright, turn around.

As Vicky reaches for him, he slaps her hand away, and she loses her balance. In an instant, her instincts and training kick in, and she prones him out hard on the pavement, knee in his back, handcuffs out as he struggles and screams--

VICKY (CONT'D)

Stop resisting!

SKETCHY KID

Get off me!

VICKY

I said stop resisting!

As the crowd yells, videos record, and Olivia looks on...

SMASH TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT HQ - DOWNTOWN L.A. - SAME DAY (D2)

Nerve center of the manhunt. TVs play news coverage, a MAP has pin locations in it, Deputies work the tip lines. Polk and Kendra are focused, studying a CELL PHONE PHOTO a citizen sent in: Hispanic Male in a hoodie, exiting a subway train.

SHERIFF POLK

Lady said he was acting funny, wouldn't make eye contact. Took this as he was getting off the train.

KENDRA

That's Campos for sure. Where was this?

SHERIFF POLK

Sylmar Metro. I got a team on the way. Looking for the carjacked vehicle.

KENDRA

(thinking)

Wait. I think I know where he's going.

She hurries toward a nearby computer, Polk following.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

Remember the girlfriend who came to visit him in jail? The mom said her name was--

SHERIFF POLK

Tina Suarez, but we already checked. ICE deported her to Mexico three days ago.

KENDRA

Yeah, but Campos wouldn't know that.

She types. An entry and PHOTO on Tina Suarez comes up.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

Look. Last known address 83 Desmond in Pacoima. That's two miles from Sylmar.

SHERIFF POLK

Worth a shot.

KENDRA

It's more than a shot, Sheriff. Get your people over there, set up a perimeter.

(off his look)

What?

SHERIFF POLK

I don't need you to tell me how to do my job.

KENDRA

Then consider it a polite suggestion.

A tense beat, and Polk walks off, just as Silas appears.

SILAS

Keele called with an update on the Hoffman case. Witness saw a red Ford Explorer leaving the strip mall around the time the BMW was abandoned.

KENDRA

We get a plate number?

SILAS

No, but he's pulling CCTV and traffic cam footage. Says he'll keep you posted.

(then, delicately)

Also... Donnell called. Twice. Says it's urgent and you won't answer your cell.

ON Kendra. Donnell is her ex-husband. And it's true she's been avoiding his calls. She exhales. Time to deal with it.

INT. TWIN TOWERS JAIL - VISITORS AREA - DAY

Kendra sits with **DONNELL DOWNES**. He's African-American, 40s. Has a certain appeal Kendra once saw, but a hustler patina. In her uniform, Kendra sticks out sorely from other VISITORS.

DONNELL

I'm two years sober in a week and I got good behavior. Counselor says I got a real chance, especially if you testify.

KENDRA

We've been down this road, Donnell.

DONNELL

This is different. I got a parole plan, a line on a job with my brother--

KENDRA

You said the same thing last time! And I spoke for you, and what happened? Six months later you were right back in here. I'm not reliving that nightmare. People talking about me, my reputation taking a hit. I've worked too hard.

DONNELL  
I miss my boys, K.

KENDRA  
No sir. Don't play that with me.

DONNELL  
I need to see them.

KENDRA  
Well maybe they don't need to see you.

A beat. That hurts, but it's how Kendra feels. She gets up.

DONNELL  
Kendra, please--

KENDRA  
I'm not doing it. Goodbye.

She walks out as people stare. God she hates it in here.

EXT. PENMAR GOLF COURSE - MAINTENANCE SHED - DAY

Santa Monica Radio Cars on scene. Vicky walks with Vasquez toward a DUMPSTER as a private jet roars overhead, taking off from nearby Santa Monica airport.

DET. VASQUEZ  
Worker found it in the dumpster. Thought it was suspicious and called it in.

They kneel at a tarp laid out with evidence: a purse and women's clothing. A CRIME TECH is taking PHOTOS of it. There's a DENIM JACKET - same one we saw in the security footage - plus a skirt and a pair of boots.

VICKY  
No underwear? Bra?

DET. VASQUEZ  
Not that we could find.

VICKY  
What's with this?

She eyes a BLOUSE. MUDDY SMEARS and TINY HOLES on back.

CRIME TECH  
Not sure. Could be blood, feces maybe. We also found glass. Tiny little shards, embedded in the fibers.

Vicky turns to the PURSE. Laid out next to it are a pack of cigarettes, a lighter, and a BAGGIE OF COCAINE.

VICKY

Drugs were in the purse?

DET. VASQUEZ

Yeah, wallet too. That's where I found this.

Vasquez (gloves on) grabs a NEVADA DRIVERS LICENSE off the tarp and hands it to Vicky. PHOTO shows our dead girl: "Wolf, Kerry E." Las Vegas address.

VICKY

Vegas. Poor girl should have stayed there.

(then, standing)

Send the clothes to the crime lab. And have him print photos for me A-SAP.

DET. VASQUEZ

Roger that.

Vicky steps away. Pulls out her phone and finds the entry for Kendra that Candace put in. She hits dial, and we go:

INT. CANTER'S DELI - DAY

Candace and Kendra's regular spot where they meet in the middle. They're at a booth in back, fueling up on coffee and pie and listening intently as Vicky updates them on the evidence PHOTOS she's spread out over the table.

VICKY

Her name's Kelly Wolf. Vegas address. Their PD's busted her a few times for possession and she has a warrant.

CANDACE

Lemme guess, solicitation?

VICKY

No, theft. She worked the Bellagio looking for whales but kept stiffing the casino on her tabs. Also found an ounce of coke in her purse.

CANDACE

So she meets Hoffman on a bender, he brings her home to continue the party?



VICKY

(showing them)

Also found a gas bill. She had a condo in Ocean Park. Rent was being paid by Hoffman. These two had a thing.

KENDRA

Maybe she pissed off the wrong people in Vegas. They sent someone here to settle up, Hoffman was just collateral damage.

CANDACE

Possible, except Hoffman was definitely threatened. His law partner told me he had a case two years ago for Bijan Razi.

KENDRA

Course he did. That jackass has sued everybody in the damn city.

CANDACE

No, he was *defending* him. A woman who worked for him sued for sexual harassment and Hoffman dragged her through the mud. Past sexual history, psych records, whole nine yards. Boyfriend was furious. Said he was gonna make Hoffman pay.

KENDRA

You get his name?

CANDACE

Yeah, a Randy Liston. My detective's tracking down an address.

A WAITRESS walks up, addresses Vicky.

WAITRESS

Get you anything?

VICKY

I'm good. Not really a fan of the afternoon sugar bomb.

CANDACE

Don't judge. This stuff is like crack.

The waitress puts the check on the table and walks off. Kendra looks at Vicky.

KENDRA

How's your daughter by the way? I heard it was a false alarm.

VICKY

She's fine, thank God. If that had happened in Texas? Probably woulda been 30 kids with real guns ready to play hero.

KENDRA

Open carry, yee-haw.

CANDACE

(gets a text)

Here it is. Address for Randy Liston in Venice. I need to go.

KENDRA

Me too. Sheriff's got a stakeout going in Pacoima. Nothing so far, but I need to check in.

As they get up, Candace slides the check over to Vicky.

CANDACE

Another little tradition we have. Newbie gets the tab.

KENDRA

Tip well. We come here a lot.

They walk out, leaving Vicky at the table. A beat, then:

VICKY

I don't even like pie.

INT. SANTA MONICA PD - VICKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Vicky enters, and she's startled to see Mayor Fine waiting for her. He's holding his cell phone. Looks upset.

MAYOR FINE

You wanna tell me what the hell you were thinking?

VICKY

Excuse me?

MAYOR FINE

Have you been online in the last hour?

VICKY

No, I've been working a murder case. Why?

MAYOR FINE

You're trending. Not in a good way.

He pulls out his cell and shows her. The twitter hashtag is #SMChief. Also #PoliceBrutality, #NotMySantaMonica, etc. They scroll through videos of Vicky taking down Sketchy. Also memes making fun of her and various posts saying "Fire Her Now" and "THIS WAS A CHILD!" Vicky can't believe it.

VICKY

This is ridiculous. Don't these people have anything better to do?

MAYOR FINE

Let me tell you what I'm dealing with right now. I've got councilmen calling, the city attorney, news media--

VICKY

Why? I didn't do anything wrong. The guy resisted and I took him down.

MAYOR FINE

He was a kid! With a bunch of other kids! This isn't how we do things around here.

VICKY

You don't arrest people for dealing drugs?

MAYOR FINE

You proned him out on the pavement! In front of the whole goddamn school! You are the face of this department now, Vicky. You really think this is the way to build bridges and earn trust? On your very first day?

Vicky just looks at him. At a loss.

MAYOR FINE (CONT'D)

I want a copy of the arrest report. I need to get out in front of this. If that's even still possible.

He storms out, and we're off Vicky. WTF just happened?

EXT. RANDY LISTON'S HOUSE - VENICE - DUSK

Candace and Ravi stand watching **RANDY LISTON** sand a deck on his back porch. The guy is 40s, white, rough-looking. His DOG barks angrily from inside the house. Which is a dump.

CANDACE

Mr. Liston. Can you stop working please?  
And talk to us?

He tosses his hand-sander aside. Turns.

LISTON

You want me to say I'm sorry he's dead?  
Cause I'm not.

CANDACE

You didn't like Mr. Hoffman.

LISTON

Understatement.

CANDACE

You even threatened him after he won the  
lawsuit. Said you were gonna make him  
pay.

LISTON

Yeah, I said that. But I didn't kill him.  
That's what you're asking, right?

CANDACE

Where were you last night?

LISTON

Here. Watching TV.

DET. RAVI

Anybody with you who can verify that?

LISTON

No. Normally it'd be me and Tina, but  
that ship's sailed now, hasn't it?  
(a beat, reading them)  
You don't even know.

CANDACE

Why don't you tell us.

LISTON

My girlfriend killed herself three months  
ago. Hoffman ruined her life and she  
couldn't take it anymore. Gun goes in her  
mouth, bullet goes through her brain. Her  
mom found her in the bathtub.

CANDACE

(beat, then)  
We'd like to get a DNA swab from you.

LISTON

Not interested.

CANDACE

If you didn't kill Mr. Hoffman, it can help us clear you as a suspect.

LISTON

Why would I wanna help you? Far as I'm concerned I hope you never find who killed that bastard. Let his family suffer just like I have. Are we done?

CANDACE

For now. Have a good night.

INT. LAPD DOWNTOWN - KENDRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Keele sits with Kendra as she looks at stills from CCTV footage. They show a RED FORD EXPLORER with tinted windows. Driver not visible, but the license plate is. This is the vehicle a witness saw leaving when the BMW was abandoned.

DET. KEELE

Gas station camera shows him leaving the strip mall at 11:15, then red light cam catches him on Wilshire three minutes later. Plates were registered to a Donna Grusin in Lancaster, but when I went to see her, it was a bust. Said the car was her husband's and must have been stolen.

KENDRA

You believe her?

DET. KEELE

Considering she's 85, her husband's dead, and she didn't even know it was gone, yeah. I believe her.

KENDRA

Notify SMV and get tech services to clean these up. Let's get 'em on the wire.

As Keele hoists himself up to go, Silas charges in--

SILAS

Chief! Sheriffs found Campos.

KENDRA

At the girlfriend's?

SILAS

No. 10-55 at his mom's house.

Kendra quickly checks her phone: no missed calls.

KENDRA  
Dammit. Why didn't she call me?

EXT. RUN-DOWN HOME - HARVARD PARK - NIGHT

Barricade situation. NIGHT SUN shines on the house from a CHOPPER, LASD TACTICAL ASSAULT deploying like an Army, K-9 units at the ready. Kendra talks urgently with Polk and Clem behind a blockade of vehicles. She's the only LAPD here.

SHERIFF POLK  
Stakeout team saw him jump the back fence.  
Got inside before they could get to him.

KENDRA  
Is the mom in there?

CLEM  
Yeah. We've been calling for twenty  
minutes but she doesn't answer.

Kendra sees an ENTRY TEAM mount the porch. Doesn't like where this is going.

KENDRA  
Sheriff. We need this man alive.

SHERIFF POLK  
He's got a hostage and we have a protocol.

KENDRA  
Lemme talk to him. He's not gonna hurt  
his mom.

SHERIFF POLK  
How do you know?

KENDRA  
Because I just do! Where's the hailer?

She hurries away to look for it, as Polk looks at Clem:

SHERIFF POLK  
Don't let her interfere.  
(off Clem's look)  
She's your girlfriend, isn't she? Go!

Inappropriate, but nerves are up. Clem takes off--

CLEM  
Kendra! You need to back off here. Let  
us do our thing.

KENDRA

You're gonna try this with me *now*? I don't care what your boss says. You make entry and Campos is dead. We need to at least try to talk to him.

Suddenly, a GUNSHOT FROM INSIDE. Next part HAPPENS FAST:

Clem slams his visor down and bolts as the entry team RAMS THE DOOR, FLASH BANGS GO OFF, and they disappear inside--

IN THE REAR, the back door slams open, an HISPANIC GUY runs out, and sprints for the fence as SHOTS ARE FIRED--

OUT FRONT, a DEPUTY emerges and hauls for the side alley, Clem joining him, as another DEPUTY appears in the door--

TACTICAL DEPUTY

Clear! Get rescue in here!

IN THE SIDE ALLEY, Clem sees the suspect running for the street, yells at him to freeze, the guy keeps going--

ON KENDRA, rushing into the house, where ALMA CAMPOS lies on the living room floor, shot in the stomach--

KENDRA

Alma, stay with me. We're getting help.

BACK OUTSIDE, Clem running hard, eyes darting in the dark. He spots movement under an outdoor garage, has the suspect trapped, the suspect's PISTOL comes up--

INSIDE AGAIN, as PARAMEDICS rush in to help Alma. Kendra's holding her hand, hears a BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE OUTSIDE--

ON KENDRA, running toward the outdoor garage where Clem and TACTICAL DEPUTIES are standing around a body lying on the ground. Polk's coming the other way and they both approach. The group steps apart as we see: the HISPANIC MALE, dead. His face is inked with a L'Eme tattoo, the gang after Campos.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

It's not him. He's L'Eme mafia, looking to make a hit.

(to Polk)

Campos is still out there.

SMASH TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

INT. BEVERLY HILLS PD - CANDACE'S OFFICE - MORNING (DAY 3)

In contrast to Kendra's office: spartan, stark, clean. The CRIME LAB REPORTS are in, and Kendra and Vicky flip through them as Candace takes notes and listens on the phone.

VICKY

Sexual assault kit's positive.

KENDRA

Yeah, and we got the same blood at all three crime scenes. Coke in the systems of both victims...

CANDACE

I got it. Thanks for your help.

Candace hangs up, excited. Vicky and Kendra come over as she lays out an evidence photo of the female victim's blouse.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Check this out. This blouse the female victim was wearing, that's not blood. It's actually sludge with asbestos in it. Crim says it had to be wet to make this pattern. We've also got the glass shards so maybe our victim's lying on her back--

VICKY

In sludge at some construction site.

CANDACE

Exactly. Or house or remodel or wherever it is they get rid of asbestos these days. Point is, it's a class 9 hazardous material, so you gotta have a licensed contractor to remove it. And a permit.

KENDRA

(with her)

We send the guys to LABD. Have 'em check demo permits for the last three days and see what fits our grid. Could lead us to where the girl was killed.

CANDACE

Right, but not Detective Keele. I need him to go the courthouse. Get a warrant for Randy Liston's cell records.



VICKY

Your guy from last night?

CANDACE

Yeah. Man's a liar, I can feel it.

SGT. RHONDA MARKS appears at the door. Candace's PR officer.

SGT. RHONDA MARKS

Ladies. They're ready for you.

CANDACE

Five minutes to call our detectives.  
Anyone need hair and makeup?

Vicky looks at Kendra.

KENDRA

She's kidding. They don't actually have  
that here.

(then, not so sure)

Do you?

INT. BEVERLY HILLS P.D. - BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

Press conference. Candace, Kendra and Vicky at the podium in a packed room. A POSTER is on display with blown-up PHOTOS of the stolen red Ford Explorer and its license plate.

KENDRA

... and we have reason to believe this  
vehicle may have been used in both  
homicides. We're asking for the public's  
help in finding it.

KCAL REPORTER RONNIE

Can you give us the name of the female  
victim?

KENDRA

We're not releasing that at this time  
pending notification of next of kin.

KCAL REPORTER RONNIE

Was she from Beverly Hills? Is that how  
she knew Mr. Hoffman?

CANDACE

We can't discuss that right now. Kay.

FEMALE REPORTER KAY

Do you have any suspects?

CANDACE

Again, our investigation is ongoing, and it would be premature to--

FEMALE REPORTER KAY

People are concerned, Chief. There's reports this woman may have been raped.

KENDRA

We understand the concern, Kay, and I can assure you our three departments are working together to solve these cases as quickly as possible. When it's appropriate to release more information, we will.

KCAL REPORTER RONNIE

Question for Chief Block. There's been a lot of controversy about the arrest of a student you made yesterday--

CANDACE

That's off topic, Ronnie.

KCAL REPORTER RONNIE

-- and the Mirror is reporting there may be a review board meeting. Any comment?

CANDACE

I really don't think this is the appropriate time or place for that.

VICKY

I'd like to respond.

Candace looks at her. Not a good idea. But Vicky steps in.

VICKY (CONT'D)

I came up through patrol, and even though I have these four stars now, at the end of the day I'm still a cop. I saw suspicious activity, I questioned the suspect, and he refused to provide identification.

KCAL REPORTER RONNIE

It was an 18-year old kid.

VICKY

That *kid* was an adult who resisted arrest. I've seen the videos and comments on social media and they're disgusting. If the Mayor wants to call some meeting to second-guess me, that's his prerogative. But I won't apologize for doing my job.

(MORE)

VICKY (CONT'D)

Especially to a bunch of snowflakes who need to get a job instead of wasting their time online.

A double-down worthy of Trump. As reporters scribble away:

CANDACE (PRELAP)

I tried to give you an out.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS PD - HALLWAY - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

Candace, Vicky and Kendra walking briskly together--

VICKY

I didn't need an out.

CANDACE

Rule number one for press conferences?  
Never make news.

KENDRA

Those snowflakes are your community, Chief. You're supposed to be earning their trust, not pissing them off.

CANDACE

Not to mention calling out your boss.

KENDRA

She'll learn. "My number one priority is the safety of our citizens."

CANDACE

"It was an unfortunate incident, but I'm glad I was there to enforce the law."

VICKY

Guys, come on. It wasn't that bad.

Candace and Kendra look at each other: it kinda was.

KENDRA

You say so...

CANDACE

Just trying to help...

They reach the lobby and stop. Silas is waiting.

KENDRA

Alright, I'm headed downtown. I'll let you know when Keele gets that warrant.

(then, to Vicky)

(MORE)

KENDRA (CONT'D)

I were you? I'd avoid the press on your way out.

Vicky eye-rolls as Kendra leaves. Candace gives her a chuck on the shoulder and heads for her office. Off Vicky...

INT. LASD RADIO CAR (MOVING) - DAY

POV through the windshield as we follow a BLACK LEXUS.

LASD DISPATCH

Unit 9, be advised. Subject vehicle is reported stolen, over.

BLIP-BLIP goes the siren. A beat, and the Lexus pulls over. The nervous driver glances back at us in his rearview: it's Mario Campos. As the DEPUTY reaches for his door... SCREECH! Campos takes off. The Deputy slams it in gear--

LASD DEPUTY

Unit 9, I've got a runner. Black Lexus, westbound Sunland at Fenwick.

Campos flies through a light, whips it up an entrance ramp--

LASD DEPUTY (CONT'D)

Unit 9, subject now northbound on the 210.

As the Deputy guns it up the ramp in pursuit, WE GO:

INT. LAPD CHIEF'S SUBURBAN (MOVING) - DAY

Silas driving fast, Kendra next to him monitoring the chase on a live feed on a LAPTOP. The radio crackles with chatter as a REPORTER narrates TV COVERAGE from a CHOPPER.

LIVE FEED ON LAPTOP

... a high-speed pursuit that began an hour ago on the 210 in Tujunga and has now moved on to surface streets...

KENDRA

They need to pit him--

LIVE FEED ON LAPTOP

Deputies believe the driver is Mario Campos who escaped from-- hang on, cul-de-sac here, they might-- yes. Pit maneuver and the suspect's vehicle is stopped! A very dangerous situation here--

KENDRA  
(to Silas)  
Let's go. Let's go let's go!

EXT. CUL DE SAC - RESIDENTIAL AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Kendra approaches the scene with an LASD LIEUTENANT--

LASD LIEUTENANT  
He's armed and suicidal. Won't obey  
commands.

KENDRA  
Sheriff Polk on the way?

LASD LIEUTENANT  
Any minute.

Kendra arrives to see Campos sitting in the Lexus, surrounded by LASD RADIO CARS. Deputies aim SHOTGUNS, K-9 units stand by, CHOPPERS circle overhead. Incredibly tense as Campos holds a PISTOL under his chin. Terrified, crying, desperate.

KENDRA  
Mario! I'm Chief Downes with the LAPD. I  
want to talk to you.

CAMPOS  
Ain't nothing to talk about! Just shoot  
me or I'll do it myself!

KENDRA  
Don't do that, Mario. No one wants to  
hurt you. We need to get rid of that gun  
so you and I can talk.

He cocks the pistol, as the Deputies bear down.

KENDRA (CONT'D)  
Listen to me: your mom's okay. She's in  
the hospital but she's okay and she wants  
to see you. You wanna see your mom?

CAMPOS  
Don't matter what I want, I'm a dead man!

KENDRA  
No you're not. I told her I'd bring you  
in safe and I always keep my word, Mario.  
We'll put you in protective custody. I'll  
take you to see her and you can talk to  
her. I know you love her, so just put the  
gun down and let's end this.

He looks over, and Kendra senses she's on a good track. She glances left and right, assessing fields of fire, and makes a decision. She steps forward, palms extended--

LASD LIEUTENANT  
Chief! What are you--

KENDRA  
I'm coming at you clean, Mario. I want you to take that gun, do not point it this way, and throw it out the passenger side window. You can do it. Come on.

Mario looks at her. Hand trembling, tears flowing hard.

KENDRA (CONT'D)  
No one has to die today, Mario. Your mom needs you. We need you. Don't do this.

ANGLES: Deputies gripping triggers. Dogs barking. Kendra looking right at Mario. A beat, and he tosses the pistol.

KENDRA (CONT'D)  
Good. We're halfway there. Now I want--

The car door opens. Kendra swiftly draws her weapon--

LASD DEPUTY  
He's moving!

LASD LIEUTENANT  
Hands in the air!

KENDRA  
Hold your fire!

Campos exits the vehicle, and we see he's holding a KNIFE. A BLOODY BANDAGE on his arm. Kendra aims right at his head--

KENDRA (CONT'D)  
Drop it, Mario! Drop the knife and get down on your knees!

Kendra locks eyes with him as he agonizes. Finally, he drops the knife and collapses to his knees. Kendra motions and the Deputies descend and quickly take him into custody. As Kendra stares at him, her own hands trembling now...

INT. COMMERCIAL OFFICE BUILDING - SANTA MONICA - DAY

Ground floor under renovation. Work going on in the open half, the other cordoned off with plastic sheeting and caution tape. Vasquez leads Candace and Vicky past CRIME SCENE TECHS who are busy working and setting up.

DET. VASQUEZ

Key was the wet sludge. They only water down big commercial jobs with multi-day permits and this is the third place we checked. Foreman said no one's been back here for a week. Watch your step.

Vasquez parts a seal in the plastic curtain and our group steps inside. The floor is covered in plastic tarps, with piles of crusty sludge atop them. Wooden planks crisscross the borders between the tarps like a maze of highways.

A LARGE BULLPEN AREA is central, bordered by OFFICES lining the perimeter with windows to the outside. Ravi is waiting for them in a far corner near an open interior door.

DET. VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

It's over here.

They head to where Ravi is and peer inside a windowless concrete utility room. A steel emergency-exit type door is open to the outside, and the twilight illuminates:

SMUDGE MARKS on the floor. BLOOD DRIPS. DARK BURN MARKS enfiling up the wall above the nub of a SPENT CANDLE.

DET. VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

We got blood, sludge. Burn marks on the wall from a candle.

CANDACE

Jesus...

Ravi points up: a broken light fixture in the ceiling.

VICKY

That's where the glass came from.

CANDACE

What's that?

ANGLE ON: a THICK BAND OF SILK, with a stretch of WHITE LACE attached to it, lying near the open exterior door.

DET. RAVI

Torn fabric, like from a veil or something. Found it snagged on the doorjamb.

DET. VASQUEZ

Check this out.

Vasquez leads them to the exterior door. Outside, TIRE TRACKS in dirt. A TECH taking PHOTOS off a tripod.

DET. VASQUEZ (CONT'D)  
CSI says track width and wheel base are  
consistent with a Ford Explorer.

Off Candace and Vicky. They've found their murder scene.

INT. KENDRA'S HOUSE - DUSK

Home after a crazy day, Kendra just wants to relax. Instead,  
she finds herself refereeing a fight between Ricky and Dion.

DION  
You're lying!

RICKY  
No I'm not!

KENDRA  
Ricky. Your brother worked hard for that  
money. Did you steal it?

His face reads pure guilt.

DION  
You little shit!

Dion loses it and attacks him, fists flying--

KENDRA  
Hey! Stop it!

Hearing the commotion, Clem comes in, dressed in workout  
clothes. He slings his gym bag down, and gets forcefully  
between the boys and stops them from pummeling each other.

CLEM  
You hear your mother? Cut it out!

RICKY  
Stay out of it! This ain't your business!

KENDRA  
Ricky, enough! This is not how we do in  
this family.

RICKY  
Oh you wanna talk about family, Ma? For  
real? Then why aren't you helping Dad?

KENDRA  
What are you talking about?



RICKY

He called me! Said he asked you to help with his parole hearing and you said no!

KENDRA

This has nothing to do with your father.

RICKY

Yes it does! You always say look for the good in people, but you won't even do it with dad. It's like you want him in jail!

Ricky flees to his bedroom and SLAMS THE DOOR. A loaded beat as Dion fumes. He grabs his jacket off a hook--

DION

He's paying me back. Every damn penny.

-- and exits out front. Kendra slumps to a chair. Clem takes a beat, watching her.

CLEM

We need to get that boy under control.

KENDRA

Clemson. There's no "we" here. I'm gonna handle it. Just go to the gym.

CLEM

(coming over)

Listen to me: you're afraid Ricky's gonna become his dad, I get that. What he needs right now is a role model. And I'm standing right here. Let me in. Let me help. You don't have to do this alone.

Off Kendra.

EXT. BOUCHON BEVERLY HILLS - DUSK

Fancy cafe near Candace's office. She sits with Enrizio at an outdoor table. She's agreed to meet him for a quick coffee. But has her cell phone on the table. Ever-present.

CANDACE

They're from San Francisco. My dad's a judge, and my mom's a prosecutor. I did law school too, but it didn't take. Detective squad was more my bag.

ENRIZIO

You were a detective?

CANDACE

Yeah, for a while. I had to do seven years with Child Protective Services first - because God forbid a woman starts anywhere else - and then I made Captain, and they offered me the Chief's job.

ENRIZIO

You like it?

CANDACE

Most of the time. The 24/7 part is hard. You're never really off the clock.

ENRIZIO

And you can't have wine.

CANDACE

No, there's workarounds for that.

(laughter, then)

Other thing, Beverly Hills is a small town. Everybody knows the Chief. Like that guy over there staring at us.

ANGLE: a MAN, 60s and irascible-looking, glaring at Candace.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Jon Segal, local gadfly a/k/a entitled asshole. Right now he's thinking, my tax dollars pay her salary, why's she having coffee when she should be out there looking for a murderer? Normally he'd come over and say it to my face.

ENRIZIO

Why doesn't he?

CANDACE

Cause I'm with a man. He's too chicken.

ENRIZIO

Plus you'd rip him a new one.

CANDACE

That too.

ENRIZIO

(grins, then)

So this is going pretty well for a safety date. How'm I doing on taking you to a real dinner?

Just then, Candace's CELL RINGS. She quickly checks it.

CANDACE

One sec.

(into phone)

Chief Krause... Yeah... Okay. Give me half an hour.

She hangs up, and looks at Enrizio.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Just got a break in my case.

ENRIZIO

It's okay, go. I know the drill.

Candace gets up, makes it about ten feet, then stops and turns:

CANDACE

Mexican. But the good kind, like Broken Spanish downtown. Just FYI.

Now she goes.

INT. O'BRIEN'S PUB - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

Vasquez and Ravi enter. A few MALE PATRONS watch soccer on a TV at the bar. They approach one of them.

DET. VASQUEZ

Randy Liston?

(he turns, badge comes out)

Detective Vasquez, Santa Monica PD. Can you stand up please?

LISTON

What for?

DET. VASQUEZ

You're under arrest for murder and sexual assault. Turn around, spread your legs.

As they cuff him--

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

**ACT FOUR**

INT. SANTA MONICA PD - BASEMENT HOLDING - NIGHT (D3)

Kendra, Candace and Vicky watch a MONITOR showing a live feed from an adjacent INTERVIEW ROOM. In it, a TECH swabs Randy Liston's mouth for DNA as Ravi and Vasquez question him.

DET. RAVI

You lied, Randy. Said you were home all night. Your cell phone says otherwise.

DET. VASQUEZ

Pinged a tower at 11:06 pm. Two blocks from where the girl was killed.

DET. RAVI

Also pinged it three times the day before. Like you were casing the location. Is that what you were doing?

RANDY LISTON

I told you. I didn't kill anybody.

He just glares at them.

KENDRA

He's pissed.

VICKY

Yep.

Ravi slides a DMV record with a PHOTO of a truck across.

DET. RAVI

Let's cut to it. We know you drive a 2012 GMC pickup. Similar wheelbase to what we've been looking for. We're impounding that vehicle right now.

DET. VASQUEZ

We've also got DNA from the killer on both victims. It matches that swab we just took and you're in serious trouble. Enhancements, special circumstances. D.A.'s gonna go to town.

DET. RAVI

We know you threatened Hoffman, and we know why. Thing we can't figure is the girl. What was that? Wrong place, wrong time?

DET. VASQUEZ

Tell us what happened, Randy. You cooperate, maybe we can talk to the DA. Once you're downtown we can't help you.

For the first time, a slight crack in Randy's facade. Like he's thinking about it. A tense beat, then:

RANDY LISTON

I want a lawyer.

Kendra, Candace and Vicky look at each other.

CANDACE

Imagine that.

INT. CHEZ JAY RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LATER)

Lively and packed. Our three Chiefs share mid-meal, in an upbeat mood as they unwind.

CANDACE

His name's Enrizio. He's Italian, and he just moved here from New York. I kinda like him.

KENDRA

Fantastic. How long til you cross him off the list?

CANDACE

Oh hush.

KENDRA

(to Vicky)

Every boyfriend gets a background check. Crim records, bankruptcies, credit reports. She even hired a private investigator once. Which one was that?

CANDACE

Alan Pratt. And I didn't hire anybody, I had one of my investigators do it.

KENDRA

Turns out he never graduated from UCLA. Which apparently was a dealbreaker.

VICKY

I get that, it's a cop thing. Wasn't about the diploma, it was about the lie.

CANDACE

Right?

VICKY

I'm the same way. I actually keep samples of my daughter's DNA in the freezer in case she ever gets kidnapped.

CANDACE

Okay that is so not the same.  
(laughter)  
Meanwhile, Kendra over here--

KENDRA

Here we go--

CANDACE

-- is a total badass single mom raising two boys who captures escaped cons on live TV and dates a Sheriff's Deputy without any sense of irony.

KENDRA

I get the irony. He calls me number two in blue. And you left out the divorced part.

CANDACE

That was on purpose.

KENDRA

My ex-husband's in jail.

VICKY

Seriously?

KENDRA

Yep, the gift that keeps on giving. He actually asked me if I'd testify at his parole hearing yesterday.

CANDACE

Oh god, again? Please tell me you said no.

KENDRA

Course I did. The man's an addict. Lies to me, deals drugs out of my house, and now he wants me to get up and say what a great guy he is? I don't think so.

VICKY

How do your kids feel about that?

KENDRA

It's none of their business.

VICKY

Why? He may be a bad husband, but he's still their father.

A valid point, and it lands on Kendra. A beat, and Candace turns to Vicky. Redirects the conversation.

CANDACE

So how's the Mayor? Did he say anything about the press conference?

VICKY

Not to me.

KENDRA

(seems odd)  
Really?

VICKY

Yeah, they've gone radio silent over there. I guess it might come up in the review board hearing.

CANDACE

They're actually doing a hearing?

VICKY

Yeah. Tomorrow afternoon.

KENDRA

What are you gonna say?

VICKY

Nothing. I'm not included.

Candace and Kendra look at each other. It's mentor time.

KENDRA

Girl, you don't need an invitation. You know what Sheriff Polk told me one time? "My job's harder because I'm up for reelection every four years". And you know what I said back? I'm up for reelection every day. Out there proving myself, because that's how it is for a woman. You have to go. Bust the door down if you have to because that's how this job works.

As that lands on Vicky, Kendra's CELL VIBRATES on the table. Candace glances over, sees the caller ID.

CANDACE

County Hospital. What's that about?

KENDRA

Got a promise I need to keep.  
(steps away to answer)  
Chief Downes.

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL - PATIENT FLOOR - NIGHT

Kendra, holding a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS, escorts Campos down a hallway. He's in leg irons and handcuffs and PEOPLE are staring. Two LASD DEPUTIES follow. Not thrilled this is happening, but Kendra doesn't care. They stop at a room. Kendra uncuffs Campos' hands, hands him the flowers. She opens the door, and there's Alma Campos. She looks at her son. He looks back. Overcome, unable to move.

KENDRA

It's okay. Go see your mother.

Campos shuffles in, puts the flowers down. His mom smiles, touched by the gesture. Mario sits by the bed.

CAMPOS

*Lo siento. Lo siento por todo...*

Alma pulls him close, tears now flowing for both. As Kendra stands there, watching the reunion, FADE TO:

INT. KENDRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SATURDAY MORNING (DAY 4)

Ricky still in his bed. Kendra sitting across from him.

KENDRA

I've been thinking about what you said,  
and I changed my mind. I'm gonna help  
your father.

(beat)

He's a complicated man, Ricky. I'm Chief  
of Police, and when I vouch for people it  
has to mean something. But I'm gonna do  
it, because it's the right thing to do. I  
just want you to know, if he gets out?  
There's no guarantees. Change is hard for  
people. Especially him.

RICKY

I know. I just wanted you to try, that's  
all.



KENDRA

I will, but this is a two-way street. I need you to shape up, lose the attitude, and start showing me more respect. I'm not perfect, but I'm your mother. And I'm tired of you being so angry.

(then)

You know Clem has a gym, right?

RICKY

Why?

INT. BRYANT FIGHT & FITNESS - DAY (LATER)

A BOXING GYM for at-risk youth. Boys SPARRING in rings, working bags and weights, as HIP HOP BLASTS from speakers. Clem is in the ring with Ricky, wearing focus mitts, dancing and moving as Ricky pounds away, covered in sweat.

CLEM

Come on... hand action, left, right, left... good, there you go, good...

Ricky's not exactly a skilled pugilist, but you can see the release he's feeling. REVEAL: Kendra watching. Clem glances over, and they share a look. She let him in. It's great.

INT. SANTA MONICA CITY HALL - DAY

Vicky, in uniform, stands outside the closed door of the Review Board hearing. She looks at an ENVELOPE Kendra gave her: "*Open After Your First Mistake.*" She opens it. The message inside reads: "*You mess up, fess up. Otherwise give 'em hell.*" She smiles, tucks it away, opens the door. Mayor Fine sits with COUNCILMEN and CITIZEN REPS around a table.

MAYOR FINE

Vicky... is something wrong?

VICKY

It's Chief Block and everything's fine. I'd like to say something.

The men all look at each other. Vicky lays it out.

VICKY (CONT'D)

You need me in this job. I've seen things in the last few days that make me crazy. Shift schedules done by hand, unauthorized overtime, investigators who don't get along with their detectives.

(MORE)

VICKY (CONT'D)

It's sloppy, it's inefficient, and sometimes it takes an outsider to see it.

MAYOR FINE

I think maybe--

VICKY

I'd like to finish. What I said in that press conference was inappropriate, and I apologize. I know you have a job to do but so do I. My arrest of that suspect was by the book, and if it was one of my officers? They'd have my full support. Because that's how I operate.

(beat)

I stand by my actions one hundred percent. Not that anyone asked.

As that hangs there, Vicky looking right at them, we go:

INT. VICKY'S HOUSE - DUSK

Vicky enters and walks into the DEN. Dieter stands, expectant, as Olivia comes out of her bedroom.

VICKY

No unreasonable use of force and no action recommended. Although apparently I need to mend some fences in the community.

DIETER

I knew it. That's so great...

(hugs her then)

We should celebrate. Go to dinner.

OLIVIA

Anywhere but Santa Monica.

VICKY

How about Austin?

As they laugh, Vicky's cell rings. Caller ID: Kendra.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Hey Chief. What's up?

INT. TWIN TOWERS JAIL - NIGHT

Randy Liston asleep in his bunk. A JAIL GUARD approaches.

JAIL GUARD

Liston. Hey!

The guard opens the door. Tosses him a bag of clothes.

JAIL GUARD (CONT'D)  
Get changed. You're getting out.

INT. LAPD DOWNTOWN - CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Vicky, Kendra, and Candace. The mood is somber frustration as Vicky reads a crime lab report.

KENDRA  
I can save you the trouble. DNA's not his  
and the tire tracks don't match.

VICKY  
Wow. I really thought it was him...

CANDACE  
We all did. Good thing the review board  
went well 'cause we're back to square one  
on this thing.

Just then, Kendra's land line beeps as Silas enters--

SILAS  
Chief. Detective Keele for you on line  
two.

KENDRA  
Tell him we saw the report. We already  
know.

SILAS  
It's not about that. He said to  
interrupt.

Looks are exchanged. Kendra leans over, and puts him on  
speaker as Vicky and Candace edge closer.

KENDRA  
Detective. You're on speaker and  
everyone's here.

KEELE (V.O.)  
Well, the good news is, we found the  
Explorer.

KENDRA  
(sitting up, wary)  
What's the bad news?

EXT. HOUSE - BOYLE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

LAFD FIRE TRUCKS and LAPD RADIO CARS line the street. Keele leads our 3 Chiefs and Ravi and Vasquez through the maze of fire hoses up a steep driveway. Next to the house, the RED FORD EXPLORER is still smoldering from being set ablaze. Our team clocks it as Keele leads them up the front porch steps. Everybody processing, nobody talking, as we go:

INT. HOUSE - BOYLE HEIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

The modest living room is a shambles-- chairs overturned, broken lamps, etc. They move past that, creaking the floorboards in a narrow hallway, and enter a BEDROOM.

It's not pretty.

TIED TO A CHAIR against a wall is an HISPANIC MALE, head slumped over, dead from a BULLET HOLE in his chest. Clumps of hair are missing from his head.

ON THE BED is an HISPANIC FEMALE. Nude. Mouth duct-taped. She has ligatures on her neck from being strangled. ON THE HEADBOARD behind her, a strand of WHITE VEIL DANGLES, next to a makeshift altar of three spent CANDLES, the wax having dripped down the bedside table onto the floor.

Kendra moves over to the bed to look closer at the girl. Candace and Vicky join her. Finally, Kendra turns to Vicky:

KENDRA  
You were right.

They've got a serial killer on their hands.

CLOSE ON our three Chiefs' faces. Resolute. Determined. Unafraid. These three are going to be spending a lot more time together as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT.