

DEAD INSIDE

"I SEE DEAD PERSON(S)"

Pilot

by

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CAA
Myman Greenspan

Doozer
WBTV
CW

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PORTLAND, OREGON - DAWN

Fog hangs over the weirdest city in the Pacific Northwest. Stumptown, Beervana, Bridge City. Land of vegan donuts and man buns. Over this, A VOICE:

EMMY (V.O.)
Put it down, NOW!

SMASH TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - DAWN

Our hero, OFFICER EMMY GATES, 26, aims her weapon at a perp offscreen. Emmy doesn't look like much (story of her life), but what she lacks in confidence she makes up for with pluck, irreverence, and unfailing snark.

Also, the cop uniform helps. Her gaze narrows.

EMMY
Sir, I am not going to ask you
again. Put. Down. The microbrew.

WIDER TO SEE -- Emmy's gun is a TASER; her perp, a 6'5 drunk HIPSTER armed with a beer and sense of entitlement.

HIPSTER
What laws am I breaking, huh? I'm
not bothering anybody.

EMMY
Public intoxication, disorderly
conduct, wearing flannel without
irony.

HIPSTER
This shirt is functional.

EMMY
Hey, I get it: you think because
you have craft liquid courage in
your veins that the rules don't
apply to you. You're a tall, good-
looking white guy, the rules have
never applied to you. But you know
what *does* apply, to everyone?
Electricity. So if you don't
comply with my orders, right now, I
will tase you.

Hipster takes a defiant swig.

HIPSTER
You don't have to get so emotional.

EMMY
Wow. Okay.

POP! Emmy fires the Taser, its wired probes striking Hipster's chest. Face frozen in surprise, he drops.

INT./EXT. EMMY'S POLICE CRUISER - MORNING

Back door opens. The now-handcuffed Hipster glowers at Emmy.

HIPSTER
I want my phone call.

EMMY
Yeah, well, I want equal pay and career advancement, but here we are. Watch your head.

He gets in. She shuts the door, pulls out her phone. Dials.

INT./EXT. ZACH'S MUSTANG - INTERCUT

EMMY'S FACE appears on a phone mounted to the dash. A hand swipes to answer it and we meet -- DETECTIVE ZACH GATES, 30, annoyingly perfect, roguishly overconfident, as he stick-shifts an all-black '69 MUSTANG.

ZACH
Emmy --

EMMY
Guess who arrested a 250lb d-bag without backup?

ZACH
Actually, sis, I can't really talk right now...

He cranks the wheel and we REVEAL -- he's in the middle of a high speed car chase. His partner DETECTIVE WENDELL BROOKS, 33, cautious, courtly, rides shotgun as they peel after a fleeing FORD ESCAPE. 80mph through morning traffic.

EMMY
Why, what're you up to?

The Escape runs a red, cars swerve -- Zach weaves through the bottleneck. Wendell white-knuckles the door.

WENDELL

Could you please focus on driving
and call her back??

ZACH

I gotta go, Wendell's uptight.

EMMY

(suddenly self-conscious)
Wendell's there? Oh uh, Wendell,
hi, heyyy, how --

Zach hangs up, floors it. Emmy looks at her phone, nervous.

EMMY

It's fine. That was fine.

EXT. PORTLAND POLICE DEPARTMENT (PPD) - ESTABLISHING

A busy metropolitan police department in downtown Portland.

JAYLA (PRELAP)

Portland Police Department...

INT. PPD - RECEPTION - MORNING

JAYLA HARRIS, 25, motormouthed regardless of her level of
caffeination (current level: high), mans the phones as she
scrolls Instagram on her cell. Uh-huhing as she listens.

Emmy enters with Hipster, and Jayla sits up, suddenly alert.

JAYLA

Uh-huh, sure. Hold please.
(holds, gapes at Emmy)
Oh-Em-Gee. He's like a drunk Paul
Bunyan.

EMMY

Right? I didn't know they made
vegans this big. *Jayla.*

Jayla stops, mid-selfie with Hipster. Emmy shakes her head no.

JAYLA

You're the enemy of fun.

EMMY

I don't want my BFF to get fired
'cause she's addicted to the 'gram.

JAYLA

You realize once I'm insta-famous,
I'm quitting this job.

EMMY
You have 1200 followers.

JAYLA
Yeah, but they're dedicated.

Across the lobby, an ELEVATOR opens and CHIEF MELODY VARGAS, 40s, acerbic, emerges. Jayla spots her, lowers her voice.

JAYLA
Chief Vargas, incoming. No way she doesn't give you props for this one.

EMMY
That would require her to notice me.

Vargas strides towards them, typing into her phone. She glances up -- face brightens.

VARGAS
Gates, spectacular work. Way to show initiative.

EMMY
... Really? *Thank you*, Chief --

But Vargas strides right past her. Emmy spins to see -- ZACH entering with WENDELL and the car chase SUSPECT. As Vargas greets him, Emmy frowns, looks at the wall beside her --

SUSPECT'S FACE stares back from a poster: PPD'S MOST WANTED. She deflates. Looks back at Zach. Hipster follows her gaze.

HIPSTER
Who's that guy?

EMMY
(sigh)
My brother.

People crowd around Zach, leaving Emmy alone in the b.g. Forgotten. Ignored. *Invisible*.

EMMY (V.O.)
It's always been this way...

CUT TO:

-- A FAMILY PHOTO of KID ZACH, 9, with MOM and DAD (we clock a DETECTIVE BADGE on Dad's belt). A perfect, happy family.

EMMY (V.O.)
Growing up, Zach was the poster child of our family... and I was the weird photobomb in the back.

REVEAL -- KID EMMY, 5, sitting awkwardly behind them, holding a TEDDY BEAR that looks like Sherlock Holmes. An INSTAGRAM STICKER appears over her head: IT ME.

EMMY (V.O.)
He was good at everything...

-- IN CLASS, Kid Zach raises his hand to answer a question.

EMMY (V.O.)
School...

-- ON A FIELD, Kid Zach throws a perfect spiraled football.

EMMY (V.O.)
Sports...

-- AT DINNER, Kid Zach devours an enormous plate of pasta.

EMMY (V.O.)
Metabolizing carbohydrates...

He slurps up a long spaghetti strand and grins at us. A slightly chubby Kid Emmy picks at a salad.

EMMY (V.O.)
I had talents, too. Like reading
and sarcasm. But it didn't matter.

-- AT A HALLOWEEN PARTY, Kid Emmy wears a cute Sherlock Holmes costume as she plays with FRIENDS. Kid Zach arrives, dressed in a white sheet with eye-holes cut out, and her friends drop everything to fawn over him. Emmy sinks.

EMMY (V.O.)
As long as my perfect brother was
around, I was invisible. Still am.

CUT BACK TO:

THE PRESENT

CLOSE ON EMMY -- seated on a bench, telling her story to Hipster as she watches Zach, Vargas, and Wendell from afar.

EMMY
The irony is... Zach never cared
about being a cop. He did it
'cause it's what our dad wanted.
Unlike me, who's dreamed of making
detective since I read my first
Arthur Conan Doyle...

WITH ZACH -- as Vargas proudly claps him on the back.

VARGAS

This is the biggest win the department's had all year.

ZACH

Just doin' my job, Chief. And I can't take all the credit, Wendell was there, too.

WENDELL

(deadpan)

Thank you, Zach.

BACK WITH EMMY -- as she shakes her head.

EMMY

But of course, *he's* the rock-star detective and *I'm* stuck arresting people who smell like a frat house floor. No offense...

She turns to Hipster and we REVEAL -- he's passed out cold.

Sigh. She returns her attention to her brother.

EMMY

Whatever. It's not like it bothers me or anything. I'm dead inside.

SMASH TO TITLES: DEAD INSIDE

EXT. PPD - EVENING

Now dressed in civilian clothes, Emmy sits on the steps of the station, a backpack over her shoulders. Zach rolls up in his Mustang, impossibly cool in a bomber jacket and aviators.

ZACH

Hey, kiddo, you have a nice day at school?

EMMY

You know that's a car, not a fighter jet, right?

INT./EXT. ZACH'S MUSTANG - LATER

Zach drives. The song *This Is How You Remind Me* BUMPS on the radio. Emmy reaches to shut it off -- he bats her hand away.

EMMY

Please. I can't with the Nickelback.

ZACH

Get your own car if you want to pick the music.

EMMY

Okay, moneybags. Some of us are still on a patrol salary.

ZACH

I heard about the guy you arrested today. Sounds big.

EMMY

He had at least 120lbs on your guy.

ZACH

My guy stabbed 3 people.

EMMY

I wasn't competing.

ZACH

Neither was I.

A dishonest beat. Mercifully, the song ends.

EMMY

You know, it's kinda hard for me to get noticed when you're like the cop version of Captain America.

ZACH

I've always seen myself as more of a Superman guy...
(off her look)
C'mon, it's been what, 2 years?

EMMY

3. I've been a cop for 3 years. You made detective after 18 months.

ZACH

Everyone's path is different.

EMMY

Really? 'Cause it seems like the same path, only mine is longer.

He pulls to a stop in front of Emmy's APARTMENT -- an old Tudor revival. He softens.

ZACH

Hey. You're gonna get that badge, Em. It's just a matter of time.

He's trying, and she knows it. Even with all the rivalry and resentment, these two love each other. She nods.

EMMY
Thanks for the ride.

ZACH
Love ya, sis.

EMMY
You're fine, I guess.

They share a smile. She gets out and Zach drives off.

INT. EMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sleuthing decor and old PI movie posters decorate the walls. Now clad in PJs, Emmy opens her fridge, grabs an old takeout container, sniffs it. *Good enough.*

THWMP. She plops on the couch with takeout and a book: "TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED: HOW TO INTERVIEW WITNESSES." Her black cat, NOIR, jumps up next to her, and she settles in to read.

She can't focus. She eyes a PHOTO on the mantle -- of her and Zach at her academy graduation. OFF Emmy, thinking...

EMMY (PRELAP)
He doesn't get it.

INT. PPD - LOBBY - DAY

Back in blues, Emmy sits on Jayla's desk, mid-vent.

EMMY
People think the reason I got this job is because of Zach, and those are the ones who know my name.
(to a PASSING OFFICER)
Hey, Jimmy.

PASSING OFFICER
(no clue)
Heyyy...

EMMY
See? I'm invisible here.

JAYLA
Well there's an obvious solution: if you can't have the life you want here, just fake it on The Internet.

Across the lobby, a nervous woman, CRISTINA, 28, enters the station. She tries to flag down a DETECTIVE, but he walks past her. Tries ANOTHER, but he ignores her, too. *She's invisible.* Emmy sees it happen. Moved, she crosses.

EMMY

Miss? Do you need some help?

CRISTINA

Oh, I... I was hoping to speak to a detective, but... I'm sorry, I think I better go --

Emmy delicately touches her arm, stops her.

EMMY

Hey, it's okay -- my brother's a detective. Whatever's going on... you can trust him.

Cristina nods, eyes darting anxiously around the room.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Zach leans against the back wall of the COURTROOM when his CELLPHONE vibrates. CALLER ID: EMMY. He answers, whispers:

ZACH

Hey, Em, just a sec.

He presses the phone to his chest, watching -- A SENTENCING HEARING, as the prosecutor, KAI CHUNG, 33, envy-inducing alpha female, argues before JUDGE KINDER, 50s, bleeding heart. REPORTERS record on cellphone CAMERAS.

KAI

Therefore it's the state's position that while this is Mr. Ni's first DUI, the severity of the property damage warrants a max sentence.

JUDGE KINDER

Thank you, Ms. Chung, your points are well made. However...

(grandstanding)

We're living in a world sorely lacking in compassion. I believe a second chance will rehabilitate Mr. Ni more than prison time. Court recommends 180 hours of community service and mandatory addiction treatment.

Gavel BANGS, MURMURS in the room. Zach slips outside.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ZACH
 Emmy, what's up?

INT. PPD - INTERCUT

Emmy glances at Cristina -- clutching a purse in her lap --
 clocks a DAILY PLANNER wedged inside.

EMMY
 There's someone here who needs to
 talk to you. Cristina Diaz. Not
 sure what it's about, but she seems
 spooked. Where are you?

ZACH
 With Kai --

The doors to the courtroom open, and Kai stomps over, fuming.

KAI
 I swear to god, ever since people
 started putting Judge Kinder's
 "Kind Sentences" on YouTube, he's
 playing to the cameras.

She kisses Zach hello. Oh. They're together.

EMMY
 Tell her I say hi.

ZACH
 Emmy says hi. And she loves you.

EMMY
 No I didn't.

KAI
 No she didn't.

ZACH
 (to Emmy)
 Have Ms. Diaz meet me in 10.

He hangs up, ending the INTERCUT. We stay with him and Kai.

ZACH
 I'm sorry about the case.

KAI
 Thanks.

ZACH
 You around tonight? I thought we
 could stay in and... reconnect.

KAI
You mean have sex.

ZACH
Reconnect sounds classier.

She smirks, checks her phone.

KAI
I have to prepare briefings for the
DA tonight, but if you can be home
in a half hour, I've got a window.

ZACH
You're so hot when you schedule.

INT. PPD - BULLPEN - DAY

Zach hurries into his cubicle to grab his belongings,
striding right past Cristina Diaz.

CRISTINA
Detective Gates...? I'm Cristina,
your sister said to meet you here?

Zach stops. *Shit.*

ZACH
Right, Ms. Diaz. Can I help you?

He doesn't sit. He stands there, bag slung over his
shoulder, ready to get to Kai. Cristina shifts, timid.

CRISTINA
I... this may sound paranoid... but
I think I'm in danger.

ZACH
Someone's threatening you?

CRISTINA
In... a way. He wants me to do
something and... I can't. *I won't.*

ZACH
Who's he?

CRISTINA
I... do I have to say?

ZACH
You gotta give me something.

She wavers, trying to summon courage. He shifts, impatient.

ZACH

Look, there's no need to rush
yourself. Why don't you go home,
think about it, and come back when
you're ready to talk.

He strides off, leaving Cristina alone in his wake.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - TIMELAPSE

Sky goes from day to night to morning again over the city
that never sleeps. Because of all the coffee.

INT./EXT. EMMY'S POLICE CRUISER - MORNING

PICK UP Emmy driving through downtown. She sings to herself.

EMMY

*This is how you remind me I'm bored
outta my mind, damn you Zach for
getting this dumb song stuck in --*

DISPATCH (VIA RADIO)

All units, we've got an 11-44 at
First Presbyterian Church

Oh thank god. Emmy snatches her radio.

EMMY

Copy that, Dispatch, 139 responding.

EXT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - MORNING

COPS and PARAMEDICS on the scene, DEAD BODY on the steps.
Emmy parks and gets out, nods at a PERIMETER COP.

EMMY

What happened?

PERIMETER COP

Some junkie overdosed.

Emmy ducks under caution tape, approaches the body... and
that's when she sees her. CRISTINA DIAZ, eyes fixed, DEAD.
Rubber tube on her arm, syringes on the ground. Emmy gasps.

INT. PPD - HALLWAY - DAY

Through glass windows, the CORONER preps Cristina's body.
Emmy watches, cellphone to her ear. We hear a VOICEMAIL:

ZACH (V.O.)

Hey, it's Zach. Leave a message.

She hangs up. Looks back at Cristina.

EXT. PPD - EVENING

Emmy waits on the steps, brooding. Zach's Mustang rolls up.

INT./EXT. ZACH'S MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER

Zach drives; Emmy rides.

EMMY

Where were you today? I must've called like 20 times.

ZACH

14, actually. Which is a completely reasonable amount.

EMMY

They classified Cristina's death as an OD. Does that make sense to you, given what she said yesterday?
(he doesn't answer)
Zach?

ZACH

She wouldn't talk to me.

EMMY

What? Did you at least try?

ZACH

Yes, Emmy, it's my job.

Something about his voice. *Defensive.* She realizes --

EMMY

Oh my god. You blew her off.

ZACH

I did not --

EMMY

You did. Of course you did. She was just an invisible woman. Where's the glory in that?

ZACH

Why didn't you handle this, if you cared so much?

EMMY

I can't, Zach, I'm not a detective.

ZACH

So that's what this is about.

EMMY

Do you practice being that smug, or does it come naturally?

ZACH

You love to use me as an excuse, Emmy, but the only person holding you back is you. You wanna make detective? Stop cracking jokes and pretending not to care. *Step up.*

EMMY

Like you stepped up for Cristina Diaz?

DISPATCH (VIA RADIO)

Detective Gates, we've got a Code 3 10-16 at 11939 SE Ash, one block from your 20. Are you in service?

For a beat neither of them move... then Zach grabs the radio.

ZACH

10-4. Detective Gates en route.

EXT. 11939 SE ASH ST. - NIGHT

A shady house in a shady neighborhood. The front door hangs open, windows dark. Zach and Emmy get out of the Mustang.

ZACH

You wanna come in or do you have some excuses to make first?

EMMY

No, you go ahead, there might be some glory in there.

Pissed, he spins to the house, disappears through the door --

KA-BOOOOOM! The building EXPLODES. The shockwave BLOWS Emmy back, body landing with a CRUNCH. Her eyelids flutter, consciousness slipping. We RAMP DOWN...

Rising up over her body -- above the street and the flaming wreckage -- higher and higher as our view BLAZES WHITE...

DISSOLVING INTO the humming white light of florescents.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Emmy comes to in a hospital bed. Flowers and Get Well Soon balloons swim in her vision. She sees her DAD, FRANK, 50s, retired due to chronic back pain, dozing in a nearby chair.

EMMY

Dad?

FRANK

(startles, gets up)

Emmy. Thank god.

EMMY

What happened...? Where's Zach?

Before Frank can answer, Emmy's mom ALICE, 50s, grown-up mean-girl, enters with coffee. She sees Emmy -- glares at Frank.

ALICE

She's awake and you didn't tell me?

FRANK

Could we not? For just one day?

Alice goes to Emmy, on the other side of the bed from Frank. They're divorced, no longer the happy couple from the teaser.

ALICE

How're you feeling, honey?

EMMY

Where's Zach?

Alice falters. Emmy looks at Frank, panic rising.

FRANK

He... he didn't make it, Emmy.
He's gone.

Shattered, Emmy and her family embrace... as MUSIC ramps up:

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Emmy watches NEWS on her room's TV. Zach's FACE onscreen:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Detective Gates was killed when a
meth lab exploded last night --

-- Visitors visit. Jayla. Kai. Wendell. Vargas. One by one, with grief and condolences. Emmy lies there. Numb.

-- Alice and Frank help Emmy check out of the hospital.

-- Emmy enters her apartment, greeted by Noir. Her eyes fall on the PHOTO of she and Zach at graduation. Emotions rise.

-- Back in uniform, Emmy arrives at the PPD. Jayla meets her.

JAYLA

Emmy... what're you doing back so soon? It hasn't even been a week.

EMMY

I need to stay busy.

-- Emmy works at a desk, doing mindless paper-pushing. People stop by to offer condolences. She tries to smile.

-- End of day, Emmy sits on the front steps of the station. Waiting for a brother she knows won't come.

END MONTAGE.

INT. EMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Freezer door opens. Emmy grabs a pint of ice cream, pops the top. Noir gazes at her.

EMMY

Wanna help me eat my feelings?

Emmy offers her cat a lick of ice-cream when suddenly -- all the lights in the apartment FLICKER. That's weird...

O.S., the SPEAKERS in the other room POP on and a SONG starts to play: *This is How You Remind Me*. Noir HISSES, darts away.

EMMY

What the f --

JUMP CUT

Emmy's gun pokes out from the kitchen as Nickelback BLASTS from the Bose. She creeps forward... spins around the corner.

EMMY

Freeze, Portland PD!

Emmy stops dead. Standing there, in all his glory... ZACH.

ZACH

Emmy?

EMMY

Zach?

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. EMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Back where we left off. Emmy gapes, Zach gapes, much gaping.

EMMY
How...? What're you...?

ZACH
You can hear me? Can you see me?

EMMY
Oh my god... it's really you.

Emmy rushes to embrace him -- walks right through him. *What the...?* She reaches out a hand. It passes through him.

ZACH
I think I'm a ghost, Emmy.
(off her look)
I know, it sounds dumb out loud,
but I died in that explosion and
then I was... back. Only no one
else can see or hear me --

EMMY
Wait. I'm not the first person you
visited?
(before he can answer)
You know what, nevermind.

ZACH
I'm so sorry for what I said, Em. I
thought I'd never get to apologize.

EMMY
No, I should apologize. I was
being such a bi...

Her sentence trails off as she catches her reflection in the TV. Zach isn't there. She's all alone. Talking to no one.

EMMY
Oh, no... no no no, this is crazy.
I'm hallucinating --

ZACH
Emmy, no, stay with me --

EMMY
This isn't happening. *You're not
real.*

ZACH
I'll prove it. Watch.

He moves towards Noir, hiding under the couch. Noir HISSES.

ZACH
Would she do that if I wasn't
really here?

EMMY
*She's a cat, she's always freaking
out about stuff that isn't there!*

ZACH
Okay... then I'll show you
something. It's at my apartment,
something that'll prove I'm real.

EMMY
Hard pass. Not a fan of padded
rooms.

ZACH
Please, Emmy. I know it's
insane... but I need you to believe
me. You're all I've got.

OFF Emmy, heart strings pulled...

EXT. KAI & ZACH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

DOOR OPENS to reveal Kai, eyes puffy from crying. Emmy (and Zach) stare back.

KAI
Emmy?

EMMY
Yep, just me. No one else here.
(off Kai's confusion)
I'm looking for something Zach left
me. In his office.

KAI
What is it?

EMMY
I don't know, he won't tell me --
wouldn't tell me.
(smiles, covering)
Sorry. I'm still not used to it.

KAI
I don't think I ever will be.

Tears well. Zach watches, overcome. Emmy rolls her eyes.

EMMY
God, couldn't you at least be an
ugly crier?

ZACH
Emmy.

KAI
Why do you have to do that? Try to
make a joke out of everything.

EMMY
I'm serious, it would make me feel
better about myself.

Kai sighs, goes inside -- giving Zach and Emmy a beat alone.

ZACH
Her boyfriend of 5 years just died.
Try to be nice?

EMMY
Sure thing, Figment Of My
Imagination.

INT. KAI & ZACH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Chic and modern, filled with condolence BOUQUETS. We clock
several identical arrangements: FORGET-ME-NOTS, tied with a
white ribbon. As Emmy (and Zach) enter --

EMMY
Thanks, Kai, I'll just be a minute.

As they head down the hallway --

KAI
Hey, Emmy? I know it hasn't always
been easy for you to share your
brother with me, but I loved him.
You know that, don't you?

ZACH
Tell her I loved her, too. Tell
her I don't want her to cry.

EMMY
Yeah, he was... really into you.

ZACH
You're the worst.

KAI

It doesn't matter now, but... we were talking about getting married.

EMMY

Huh, he never mentioned that...

Emmy stares directly at Zach. To avoid her gaze, he walks straight through the wall and disappears. *WHAT.*

KAI

My point is: as hard as this is for you, it's hard for me, too. We need to be there for each other. It's what Zach would've wanted.

Zach pokes his head back through the wall.

ZACH

Found it.

EMMY

(to Kai, distracted)

Uh... can we talk about this later? I'd kinda like to be alone.

KAI

Right. Okay. I should go for a run anyway. Exercise helps with depression.

Kai walks off. Emmy arches a brow at Zach.

EMMY

Married?

ZACH

You may want to save the 'tude for what I'm about to show you.

EMMY

That's okay, I never run out.

INT. KAI & ZACH'S APARTMENT - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Zach directs Emmy to a shoebox in the back of the closet. She retrieves it, opens the box to reveal -- A TEDDY BEAR dressed like Sherlock Holmes -- the same one we saw in that family photo in A1. Emmy looks up, betrayed.

EMMY

You stole Holmes? All these years I thought it was that bitch Amy Taylor in 1st grade! I pushed her off the jungle gym and everything!

ZACH

I know, I'm sorry, it was a mistake.
I took him as a joke, to tease
you... but then you were devastated
and Mom and Dad flipped out, and I
was so afraid of what everyone would
think that I just... hid him.

EMMY

For 20 years?

Zach nods. Emmy is stunned into silence. Which is rare.

ZACH

So do you believe me now? A
hallucination couldn't have known
any of that.

She knows he's right. She pads towards him, entranced...

EMMY

How did this happen?

ZACH

I don't know.

EMMY

Why can I see you?

ZACH

I don't know.

EMMY

Can you touch stuff?

ZACH

No.

EMMY

But you can walk through stuff.

ZACH

Apparently.

EMMY

How come you don't sink through the
floor?

ZACH

I don't know, Emmy, I didn't get a
manual. Watch this:

(sits in a chair)

I'm sitting in this chair, right?

(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)

Now look what happens when I try to
turn around and pick it up.

He gets up, turns around -- swims his arm through the chair.

EMMY

Weird.

ZACH

I know. We have to figure out how
to fix this.

EMMY

Fix what?

ZACH

Me. I should be in heaven, having
a beer with Ghandi or Kurt Cobain.

EMMY

You think Cobain's in heaven? What
with the --
(mimes shooting herself)

ZACH

Emmy.

EMMY

Fine. You wanna move on? You have
to solve your unfinished business.
(off his look)
Have you never seen a ghost movie?
The dead person always has
unfinished business keeping them
here.

ZACH

You're basing this on *The Sixth
Sense*?

EMMY

All ghost movies ever, it's a trope.
Do you think you were murdered?
That's what happened to Swayze.

ZACH

No, I remember everything, the meth
lab, the fire. It was an accident.

EMMY

Okay... then what else could be
keeping you here?

OFF Zach, as he puts it together... we JUMP CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: CRIME SCENE PHOTOS FROM CRISTINA DIAZ'S DEATH.

We're still in Zach's home office as Emmy studies the photos.

ZACH

You were right. I blew her off.
And I felt really guilty about it.
So I started investigating, but I
didn't get to finish 'cause I died.

EMMY

What do you mean, investigating?

ZACH

Woman comes in asking for help,
then turns up dead the next day?
There are no coincidences that big.
Of course I looked into it.

EMMY

Why didn't you say something?

ZACH

I'd already messed up. She was
dead. I didn't want to admit it.

Just like with Holmes. Emmy studies Zach. Seeing him anew.

ZACH

This has gotta be it. I have to
solve what happened to Cristina to
move on... and I need your help.

EMMY

Me?

ZACH

I can't do anything, I'm useless.

EMMY

Um, same. Beat cop, remember?

ZACH

Who's always wanted to be a
detective. This is your chance,
Emmy. It's time to step up and
take the wheel.

Emmy considers, unsure...

INT./EXT. ZACH'S MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER

GGNK-GGNK. Emmy tries to start the engine of Zach's Mustang
as she (literally) takes the wheel. Zach looks miserable.

ZACH
Clutch! Push in the clutch!

Emmy obeys, and the car VROOMS to life, MUSIC BLASTING. She punches off the radio, GRINDS into gear. He winces.

EMMY
Catch me up on the case.

ZACH
I ran Cristina's name in the system
-- clutch when you brake --

EMMY
Stop side-seat driving.

ZACH
She had a record: 1 felony drug
charge and a parole violation a
week ago. Kai's office handled it,
so I asked her about it...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - COMMISSARY - DAY

PICK UP Zach and Kai at a table. Kai flips through a file.

KAI
It was her 1st violation. Judge
Kinder let her off with a warning.

ZACH
She have any family I can talk to?

KAI
Doesn't look like it... but she did
attend regular NA meetings as part
of her parole. Hey, Judge --

Kai flags down Judge Kinder, striding by with 2 other JUDGES.

KAI
What's the name of that NA group
you send everyone to?

JUDGE KINDER
Here and Now. Why?

ZACH
One of your parolees, Cristina
Diaz, was found dead this morning.
Official cause is an OD, but I'm
looking into it. You remember her?

JUDGE KINDER

*Not off-hand, I'll have to check
her file. But if she was in Here
and Now, there'll be someone there
who knew her. They get very close.*

Zach nods his thanks, and we RETURN TO:

ZACH'S MUSTANG

Emmy stares.

EMMY

That's it? That's all you did?

ZACH

Well, I asked the M.E. to do a full
autopsy to make sure there was
nothing suspicious about her death,
but I didn't get the results back
because, oh right, I DIED FIRST.

EMMY

Are you going to use that as an
excuse for everything?

ZACH

Start with the M.E. We need the
results of the autopsy.

INT. PPD - MORGUE - MORNING

The Medical Examiner, DEV GREWAL, 30s, kind of a dick, gives Emmy a dickish look. (Zach hovers beside her, unseen.)

DEV

Who died and made you detective?

EMMY

That's... insensitive.

DEV

This was classified as an OD 5 days
ago. Why's a meter maid asking for
autopsy results?

ZACH

Tell him Wendell sent you.

EMMY

First of all, I work drunk duty,
not parking tickets --
(off Zach's stern look)
And Detective Brooks sent me.

DEV

Why?

ZACH

Because he's an uptight Boy Scout who follows up on everything.

EMMY

Because he's thorough.

DEV

Then he should have no problem getting it himself.

Dev turns his back on her. Zach thinks...

ZACH

Tell him if he doesn't cooperate, you'll show his wife the pictures I took of him at his bachelor party.

Emmy gives Zach a look -- *seriously?* He nods.

INT. PPD - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Emmy (and Zach) exit the morgue, REPORT in hand. She reads:

EMMY

She died from a massive overdose of opiates... but hair analysis shows that before this, she hadn't used drugs for at least 9 months.

(looks up at him)

Cristina didn't OD. Whoever killed her wants it to *look* like she did.

ZACH

It's a working theory.

EMMY

So what now?

ZACH

I don't know... we can't keep blackmailing people every time we need something.

EMMY

Why not? It was fun.

ZACH

We're gonna need help from a detective. Let's go to Wendell.

EMMY

What? No. *No way* --

ZACH

Why? He's always been nice to you.

EMMY

I know, that's the problem. I... I kinda... like him.

Zach stares.

ZACH

What are you, 14? My soul depends on it.

EMMY

Ugh. Fine.

INT. PPD - BULLPEN - DAY

A KNOCK on Wendell's cubicle. He sees Emmy (but not Zach).

WENDELL

Emmy.

They hug. He's stiff and polite; Emmy is swoony.

ZACH

Come on. Are you smelling him?

She is. Wendell lets go.

WENDELL

How're you holding up?

EMMY

I'm okay. It's been... weird.

WENDELL

Anything I can do to help?

EMMY

Yeah, actually... Zach was working a case when he died, and I feel like he'd want me to finish it.

(offering the file)

Cristina Diaz. Suspected OD, but according to her autopsy, she was drug-free for at least 9 months.

WENDELL

Lots of users relapse.

EMMY

I met her; she had a planner in her purse. This girl was getting her life together, *making plans* --

ZACH

Play to his sense of honor. He has a hard on for chivalry.

EMMY

She came to us for help, Wendell. Said she was in danger. Like a... *damsel in distress*.

WENDELL

I'm sorry, but that's not enough to justify an investigation.

ZACH

Say you're doing it for me.

EMMY

Please? For my brother?

He shakes his head, goes back to work. Emmy thinks, then:

EMMY

Screw Zach. Do it for me.

Zach -- and Wendell -- give her a surprised look.

EMMY

I know you never liked him. So don't do it to help him, help me. I... felt something for this girl, I need closure. *Please, Wendell*.

Wendell studies her. Zach scoffs.

ZACH

That's not gonna work, he loved me.

WENDELL

Okay. I'll help. But not for him.

Zach's jaw drops. Emmy gives her brother an apologetic look, offers Wendell the file. OFF Zach, reeling...

ZACH

But... everyone liked me...

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. PPD - MORGUE - DAY

A freezer drawer slides out, revealing CRISTINA DIAZ'S BODY. REVERSE TO Wendell and Emmy. He withdraws an iPhone from an EVIDENCE BAG, furls back the sheet to expose her RIGHT HAND.

WENDELL

Before we talk to anyone else about Cristina, we have to see what she can tell us about herself...

He uses Cristina's THUMB to unlock the iPhone.

WENDELL

These days, our phones know us better than most people do.

EMMY

Wow... that's deep.

ZACH (O.S.)

Stop it. That's not deep.

REVEAL ZACH seated on an autopsy table, arms crossed bitterly.

ZACH

I wonder if his phone knows he's a two-faced liar.

EMMY

Hey, Wendell -- you ever known someone who found out one person on Earth didn't like them and they freaked out, and you were like *oh my god*, welcome to being a human?

WENDELL

Uh, yeah... not sure why we're talking about that.

ZACH

Is it the stuck-up part of him that you like? Or the humorlessness?

WENDELL

Look at this... she posted it the night she died.

Wendell shows Emmy the phone -- on it, an INSTAGRAM POST, #foodporn of a decadent BURGER and basket of FRIES.

WENDELL

Doesn't seem like someone who's
about to OD.

Emmy takes the phone, zooms in -- on the TISSUE LINER inside
the basket of fries. The restaurant's name is printed on it:

EMMY

The Larder...

INT. PPD - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Emmy trails Wendell down the hall.

EMMY

The restaurant will have cameras,
we have to pull the footage --

WENDELL

I will go and pull the footage.

EMMY

Divide and conquer, great idea.
I'll go talk to her NA Group.

WENDELL

Emmy, no.
(stops, turns to her)
You're a beat cop; if you're caught
working this case, you could get
fired. Let me do my job. Okay?

Sigh. Nod. As Wendell heads off -- Zach steps up, smug.

ZACH

Not so hot now, is he?

EMMY

I like how protective he is. Don't
you think he'd make a good dad?

Zach gags. Wendell gets in the ELEVATOR, calls out:

WENDELL

Emmy, I mean it. Don't go off and
play detective.

She gives him a big THUMBS UP. As the elevator doors close,
we HARD CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

No longer in uniform, Emmy strides up (with Zach) in a
blazer, practicing how to flip open his DETECTIVE BADGE.

EMMY
Detective Gates, Portland PD!

ZACH
You sound too excited.

She stops at the doors, turns to him.

EMMY
How do I look? Detective-y?

He shakes his head, at a loss. Steeling herself, she enters.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

A banner on the wall reads: NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS, HERE & NOW. GROUP MEMBERS wait in line to have their COURT CARDS signed (attendance sheets for parolees) by the HOST, GORDON, 40s, cool-professor vibe. Emmy (and Zach) talk to him as he works.

EMMY
What was Cristina like?

GORDON
Very committed. Worked the steps, never missed a meeting... I sponsored her myself.

A woman with lavender hair, ANA, hands over her Court Card.

ANA
If you'd sponsored me, I'd probably kill myself, too.

A TATTED GUY behind her chuckles. Gordon gives them both an impatient look, extends a hand for Tatted's card.

ZACH
Ask if Cristina was seeing anyone.

EMMY
Cristina was in court a week before she died due to a parole violation. Do you know what happened there?

Zach frowns -- *that's not what he said to do.*

GORDON
One of our members fell off the wagon that day. She skipped a meeting with her parole officer to help out.

ZACH
Now ask if she was seeing anyone.

EMMY
Which member?

GORDON
Can't say. Anonymous, remember?

ZACH
EMMY, c'mon, ask if she was --

EMMY
Oh my god, I got this!

Gordon stares at her. *Shit.* That looked crazy.

EMMY
Sorry, I... talk to myself, it's totally normal. Why would Cristina risk jail-time to help an addict?

GORDON
She was close to this group. No family, boyfriend... these people were all she had in the world.

Emmy gives Zach a look -- *See?? No boyfriend.*

EMMY
I'd like a list of all your members.

GORDON
I told you, I can't reveal that.

He signs another Court Card. Emmy eyes it, an idea forming.

EMMY
How many people in the group are court-ordered to be here?

Gordon meets her gaze. Displeased. Emmy smiles.

INT. PPD - BULLPEN - DAY

As Emmy (and Zach) walk through the bullpen --

EMMY
They're all on parole, which means the court has a record of every member. *We need that list.* How do I get Wendell to pull it without him being, like, super mad at me?

ZACH
What're you asking me for? "You got this."

EMMY

Seriously? You get ignored *once*
and you're butt-hurt?

ZACH

It's hard, alright? Not being the
one doing it.

Emmy softens. Oh. *He misses this.* Before she can react,
they turn the corner into Zach's cubicle to find -- ALICE and
FRANK cleaning out Zach's desk.

EMMY

Mom? Dad? What're you doing here?

ALICE

Chief Vargas called us to collect
your brother's things.

EMMY

I could've done that.

FRANK

Your mom wanted to split everything
evenly. Just like my pension.

ALICE

I'm sorry, are you paying for the
funeral on Saturday or am I?

FRANK

Pretty sure it's your new husband.

ALICE

Fine, you pay for it. If you
hadn't pushed Zach to be a cop --

FRANK

Good, blame me. That's familiar.

That does it; they start shouting at each other. Emmy stands
there, overwhelmed in the face of real, hard emotions.
Zach's eyes dart between their parents with increasing alarm.

ZACH

Emmy, *say something.* Not a joke,
you have to be real for once.
C'mon, I'm not here to do it --

Instead... Emmy flees.

INT. PPD - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emmy hurries into the BATHROOM, locks the door behind her.

ZACH (O.S.)

Emmy!

EMMY

Leave me alone!

Zach walks right through the wall.

EMMY

DUDE. BOUNDARIES.

ZACH

You can't spend your life avoiding every emotion you don't like --

Emmy takes off her shirt.

ZACH

Jesus, Emmy, what the --

EMMY

GET OUT OR I'M GETTING NAKED!

She threatens to undo her bra -- he disappears through the wall. She leans against it, relieved to be alone. A beat.

ZACH (O.S.)

Emmy...? Are you okay?

EMMY

Remember when they first divorced? We heard them fighting over custody one night... arguing about who would take you and who would take me. I pretended not to care... but you marched downstairs and threatened to quit sports if they split us up.

(then)

You always know the right thing to say, what to do. I'm not like that.

ZACH (O.S.)

How do you know, Emmy? You've never had to try.

Another beat. Emotions well.

EMMY

Why couldn't I have been the one who died? It would've been easier for everyone.

ZACH (O.S.)

Not for me.

She takes that in. Her phone BEEPS. She checks it... sits up.

EMMY

It's Wendell. He found something.

EXT. PPD - IMPOUND LOT - DAY

Emmy (and Zach) follow Wendell through parked cars.

WENDELL

Security cameras at the restaurant showed Cristina get into the passenger seat of a brown Toyota Corolla at 10:02PM the night of the murder. I ran the plates, car was stolen. Turns out impound picked it up a few days ago.

They arrive at a brown COROLLA. Wendell offers Emmy a pair of gloves as Zach gets in. Suddenly, A SCREAM!

SMASH TO:

INT./EXT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

QUICK, STYLIZED SHOTS. Tilt-shifted, rack-focused, lightning fast snippets of a MURDER -- gloved hands -- hair pulled -- a struggle -- bubbles in a syringe -- a nail breaks --

All around, a ROAR of sound -- SCREAMS, GRUNTS, GASPING for air, then tinny MUSIC, like listening through water. Finally, a needle dips into a vein, and we RAMP DOWN to see:

CRISTINA DIAZ. Falling still.

SMASH BACK TO:

THE PRESENT

As Zach GASPS. Emmy sits beside him, face etched with fear.

EMMY

Zach?? What's wrong??

ZACH

I saw it happen...
(off her look)
Cristina Diaz was murdered in this car.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. PPD - IMPOUND LOT - DAY

Wendell paces on his phone as Emmy (and Zach) huddle by the Toyota, talking in low, trying-to-be-inconspicuous voices.

EMMY

Did you see who killed her?

ZACH

No, it was... jumbled. In pieces.
Like... an echo of the murder.

EMMY

Cool. I haven't seen that in a
ghost movie before.

ZACH

Not cool, Emmy, *awful*. That car is
haunted.

EMMY

So is my life.

WENDELL

(hanging up the phone)
Okay. I called in a favor,
forensics will sweep the car.

EMMY

When do we tell Vargas?

WENDELL

Tell her what? Right now, all we
have is a hunch on a case that was
classified as an OD.

EMMY

But the car --

WENDELL

Proves nothing yet.

ZACH

He's right.

EMMY

Whose side are you on?

WENDELL

... Excuse me?

EMMY

(oops)

I just mean... hunches matter.

WENDELL

But they don't build cases.
Evidence does.

He walks off. Emmy watches him go, turns on her brother.

EMMY

We *know* Cristina was murdered in
that car.

ZACH

How're you gonna explain that to
Vargas? *My ghost brother told me?*

EMMY

You must've seen something that
could help us identify the killer.

ZACH

I told you, it wasn't like that.
It was... chaotic. *Violent.*

All at once, it dawns on her.

EMMY

You're a witness.
(off his look)
Sit. I want you to tell me what
happened.

ZACH

C'mon. Really?

She stares. He relents, sits on the hood of a nearby car.

ZACH

Okay... there was a struggle...
gloved hands... a needle...
(shakes his head)
This is a waste.

EMMY

Fine, forget what you saw. Tell me
what you heard.

Zach sighs, thinks... A MEMORY of the SOUNDS RAMPS UP --
SCREAMS, GRUNTS, GASPING, then that tinny MUSIC...

ZACH

Music.... there was music, on the
radio. Like:

He sings: *duh-duh-dududadada*. A beat.

EMMY

What am I supposed to do with that?

ZACH

I dunno, Emmy, this was your idea.

EMMY

Do you recognize the song? Are there any words?

ZACH

No, just those notes on repeat: *duh-duh-dududadada, duh-duh-dududadada*. It sounds... muffled.

She thinks, then... it clicks.

EMMY

Like it's in someone's pocket.

(looks up at him)

It's not the radio. It's a ringtone.

EXT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Emmy takes the front steps two at a time. Zach pursues her.

ZACH

What're you doing?

EMMY

The only people Cristina knew in the city were that NA group. If we pull the court cards, we can check their ringtones and eliminate suspects -- but we both know Wendell won't go for that without an explanation.

ZACH

So you're planning to ask Kai?

EMMY

Not exactly.

INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - KAI'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Kai peers at Emmy (but not Zach) over her computer.

EMMY

Hey, Kai... I want to apologize. For the other day. And all the days, really.

(MORE)

EMMY (CONT'D)

You were nice and I wasn't, because you're perfect and I'm not and I've always hated that... but you're right. We need to be there for each other. I'm sorry.

Kai sits back, surprised by her sincerity.

KAI

I've been trying to have a relationship with you for years, Emmy. Zach used to tell me to be patient, that you'd come around eventually... I wish he didn't have to die for that to happen.

A beat.

EMMY

So you, uh... you wanna, like, go get a coffee...?

KAI

Yeah. That sounds nice.

EMMY

Great. I'm just gonna pee, I'll meet you outside.

Kai nods, walks off. Emmy waits until she's out of view... sits at Kai's computer. Zach shakes his head in disbelief.

ZACH

Are you only capable of emotions when you want something?

EMMY

Like you never do that?
(whiny Zach voice)
Boohoo, I'm a ghost, help me solve my case.

He squints at her. Emmy opens up the database on the computer, searches HERE AND NOW. Dozens of hits -- NAMES OF PAROLEES, with MUGSHOTS and CONTACT INFO. CTRL-P.

As the printer spits out the list, we narrow in on the MUGSHOT of one of the members: a guy with PRISON MUSCLES.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- PRISON MUSCLES works as a DOG GROOMER, brushing the coat of a poodle. His CELLPHONE RINGS, a GANGSTA RAP ringtone, and we WIDEN TO REVEAL: Zach is there, watching him.

-- CUT TO Emmy, parked outside the GROOMING SHOP, phone to her ear. Zach emerges from the shop, shakes his head. *Not him.* Emmy hangs up, crosses PRISON MUSCLES off the list.

-- ANA, the lavender-haired woman from the NA Group, rides the BUS, oblivious that ZACH is seated beside her. Her CELL RINGS, an old ROTARY ringtone. Zach looks out the window --

-- AT EMMY, driving the Mustang beside the bus. Zach shakes his head -- *not her* -- as an ENORMOUS WOMAN waddles towards the "empty seat" where Zach is. Her wide ass sits on him.

-- TATTED GUY from the NA Group works the register of a PIZZA SHACK... right beside ZACH. On cue, Tatted's CELL RINGS, and we hear it: *duh-duh-dududadada, duh-duh-dududadada.* Tinny music on repeat, just like the vision. Zach's eyes go wide.

END MONTAGE.

INT./EXT. MUSTANG - AT THE SAME TIME

Emmy surveils the PIZZA SHACK. Zach ghosts into the car.

ZACH

It's him.

EMMY

What?

ZACH

His ringtone is what I heard in the vision. *I think he killed Cristina.*

Bingo. Emmy checks the list, sees Tatted's MUGSHOT and NAME:

EMMY

Edgar Isaacs...

Edgar exits the Shack with a stack of pizza boxes for delivery, crosses to a BEATER CAR. Emmy starts the Mustang.

EXT. PORTLAND - VARIOUS

Emmy (and Zach) tail Edgar around the city as he delivers pizzas for cash -- to a HOUSE in Old Town -- a CONDO in Downtown -- an APARTMENT in the Warehouse District.

Then, the Beater turns down a gravel road by the water. The lights of Morrison Bridge sparkle over the Willamette River.

INT./EXT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

Emmy kills her headlights as, up ahead, Edgar's car stops. He rolls down his windows... proceeds to eat the last pizza.

EMMY

What, we're just gonna sit here and watch him eat gluten?

ZACH

You wanna be a detective? This is the job sometimes.

Her phone RINGS. She answers.

EMMY

Hello?

WENDELL (VIA PHONE)

We got the results of the sweep.

INT. PPD - INTERCUT

Wendell sits at his desk, on the phone. Late night.

WENDELL

Car was clean. No hair or blood, not even a fingerprint.

Emmy stares at Edgar's car.

WENDELL

I'm sorry, I know you want this one, but without physical evidence, I don't see anything here.

(beat)

Emmy?

She hangs up. Flips on her headlights, starts the engine.

INT./EXT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Emmy rolls up on Edgar's Beater. Zach looks unnerved.

ZACH

What're you doing??

Emmy pulls parallel to Edgar, rolls down the window.

EMMY

Edgar, hi. Remember me? You do, good. I want you to know I'm following up on the interviews I did today and I'm watching you. So tread lightly. Or don't, that would be great for me.

EDGAR

I don't know what you mean.

His expression is impossible to read.

EMMY

'Kay, well, enjoy your dinner. The food in prison sucks.

He frowns at her -- *weirdo*. He makes a U-turn, drives off.

ZACH

What the hell was that?

EMMY

Wendell's dropping the case. It's time to stir things up. Poke the hornet's nest, kick the bear --

ZACH

That's not how that goes.

EMMY

Cops do it all the time. *You* did it all the time.

ZACH

You have to be prepared for the consequences, Emmy. If this guy is the killer, he's dangerous --

HEADLIGHTS FLOOD THE CAR -- CRUNCH! Edgar's Beater T-BONES the Mustang -- sends it flying off the bank. The Mustang nose-dives into the river, begins to sink.

INT./EXT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Water floods in. Emmy is unconscious. Knocked out in the crash. Zach realizes it --

ZACH

Emmy?? Emmy!!

She doesn't respond. The Mustang begins to sink.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

Back where we left off. The Mustang takes on water as Emmy lolls against her seatbelt, out cold.

ZACH
Emmy, wake up! EMMY!

He tries to shake her, but his hands pass through her. Lunges for her door -- arms disappear through leather. He ROARS with frustration, slams his fist against the dash --

It hits the RADIO BUTTON. *What the...?* Stereo powers on, music BLASTS through the speakers --

Emmy's eyes snap open. She sees what's happening -- punches off her seatbelt -- rolls down the window. River rushes in.

She swims.

EXT. WATERFRONT -- NIGHT

Emmy stumbles onto the shore, soaking wet, gasping for air, grateful to be alive. She wipes her hair out of her eyes...

And sees Zach standing there. Bone dry.

ZACH
Emmy, thank god you're okay --

EMMY
Are you even a little wet?

He glances down at himself. Shrugs.

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAWN

A CRANE fishes the Mustang out of the river. The crime scene crawls with cops and emergency personnel as Zach watches from afar. He gazes at his hand that hit the radio, flexes it.

Emmy talks to Wendell from the back of an ambulance, blanket around her shoulders. He looks angry; she's sheepish.

WENDELL
So if I'm understanding correctly:
you ignored protocol, impersonated
a detective, put yourself in
danger... and you proved me wrong.

Wait... what?

WENDELL
 Congratulations. You have a
 suspect in Cristina Diaz's murder.
 (then)
 Let's get you dry.

INT./EXT. WENDELL'S CAR - LATER

Wendell drives. Emmy dons his oversized workout clothes.
 (Zach sits in the backseat.)

EMMY
 Thanks for lending me your clothes.
 They're hot -- I mean, I feel hot
 now, instead of cold, like before.

ZACH
 Smooth.

EMMY
 Anyway. Sorry again. About the
 ignoring protocol thing.

WENDELL
 I shouldn't be surprised. Your
 brother did it all the time.

ZACH
 How are you attracted to someone
 this sincere? It's excruciating.

EMMY
 Is that why you didn't like him?

WENDELL
 No, I respected that about him. It
 annoyed me, but I respected it.

EMMY
 So then what was it?

Wendell considers this.

WENDELL
 He was a good cop, but sometimes he
 put himself above helping people.

It cuts Zach to the core. Emmy eyes him in the side mirror.
 He looks away.

EMMY
 Where are we going?

WENDELL

Edgar's last known address. The one on his parole file was outdated, so we checked with his boss at the pizza place. This is where they sent his paychecks.

He turns the wheel and they see it -- 11939 SE Ash St., the place Zach died. *Or what remains of it.* Emmy and Zach gape through the window as Wendell slows to a stop. *Holy shit...*

INT. 11939 SE ASH ST. - MORNING

Emmy's shoes CRUNCH over broken glass and charred wood. Wendell gives her space as she (and Zach) pad through the wreckage. Pipes exposed, wires hanging, ash everywhere. A brick FIREPLACE rises from the ruins like a headstone.

Zach takes in the damage, shocked. Emmy shakes her head.

EMMY

The house Zach died in belonged to the same person who killed Cristina Diaz. That can't be an accident...

(then)

What if it was a trap? What if Edgar didn't just kill Cristina... what if he killed my brother, too?

INT. PPD - BULLPEN - DAY

CLOSE ON: EDGAR'S MUGSHOT on a TV at the front of the room.

VARGAS (O.S.)

Isaacs was sentenced to 15 years for trafficking narcotics, but was recently released on parole...

Vargas leads a debrief of the HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT. Emmy (and Zach) watch from the back.

VARGAS

We believe Isaacs killed Cristina Diaz, made it look like an OD, then murdered Detective Gates because he was investigating.

(points at Wendell)

Brooks: you're on Isaacs. Anywhere he's been, anyone he's talked to, I wanna know about it. Desmond, Lin: it wasn't random that Gates was called to the house on Ash St., Isaacs used a police scanner to track his movements. See if you can find where he bought it.

(MORE)

VARGAS (CONT'D)
 Hartley and Voss: work on motive.
Why would Edgar kill Cristina? Talk
 to someone who knew both of them.

Emmy gets an idea -- raises her hand. Vargas ignores it.

VARGAS
 Everyone else: find this scumbag.
 He killed one of our own. One of
 our best. Go get him.

Chairs SCRAPE, detectives CHATTER. Emmy pushes her way
 through the crowd to Vargas. (Zach follows.)

EMMY
 Chief? I'd like to go with Hartley
 and Voss. There's a woman from the
 NA Group we should talk to --

VARGAS
 Gates, did I give you an assignment?

EMMY
 ... No.

VARGAS
 That's correct. I didn't. Because
 you're not a detective. Now I'm
 gonna cut you some slack because of
 everything you've been through, but
 you're punching way above your
 weight class. You need to go home
 and let us do our job.

EMMY
 But Chief --

Vargas turns her back. Emmy spins to her brother, voice low.

EMMY
 How do I change her mind? ZACH.
 Tell me how to change her mind.

ZACH
 No.
 (off her shock)
 You're not ready for a case like
 this, Emmy. It's too dangerous.

EMMY
 Not ready? I broke this open --

ZACH
 With my help.

EMMY

Ohhhh. I see. It's you. It's always you.

ZACH

Emmy --

EMMY

You can't stand it, can you? That I might actually be good at this. Well you know what? Forget it. You're THE Zach Gates, what do you need me for? You can solve this on your own.

ZACH

Em, c'mon --

She stalks off. Zach watches her go.

EXT. JAPANESE GARDENS - AFTERNOON

A TICKET is torn in half. ANA from the NA Group works the entrance to the gardens. She takes a ticket, nods a MAN through the turnstile. Takes the next one... and sees EMMY.

ANA (PRELAP)

You're saying she didn't overdose?

EXT. JAPANESE GARDENS - ZEN GARDEN - LATER

Giant circles in sand. Emmy and Ana sit on a bench.

EMMY

We don't believe so. Do you?

ANA

I don't really care, to be honest.

EMMY

I think you do. I think you care a lot. That's why you made a joke about her death.

ANA

What're you talking about?

EMMY

I do it, too. Make jokes so I don't have to feel stuff.

ANA

I gotta get back to work.

Ana starts to stand. Emmy stops her.

EMMY

Ana... I know how hard it is to put yourself out there. You're afraid that if you let your guard down, you'll get hurt, so you crack jokes and pretend you don't care. But that's no way to live. And we owe it to Cristina, to the people we've lost, to *live*. Please, if you know why she was murdered, don't hide or make excuses. *Step up*.

Tears well in Ana's eyes.

ANA

I never wanted to get involved in this. I told her not to tell, he's so powerful... who'd believe her?

INT. PPD - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Sleeves rolled, takeout containers, after-dark coffee. The bustle of a big case. Zach drifts through the bullpen as Detectives make progress. Watching life move on without him.

INT. EMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Noir lays across FILES scattered on the dining table. Emmy works at her laptop. Zach ghosts inside. Noir darts away.

ZACH

Edgar's delivery route? Not about pizza. He was dealing drugs.

Emmy doesn't answer. Continues working.

ZACH

Can we skip the part where you try to give me the silent treatment? We both know you can't keep it up.

Still nothing. She doesn't even acknowledge he's there.

ZACH

Emmy?

He steps in front of her. She doesn't look at him. He waves a hand between her face and the laptop. Not even a blink. He waves again, fear setting in. *She can't see or hear him*.

ZACH

No. No, c'mon -- Emmy -- EMMY!

She drops the act. Looks directly at him.

EMMY
Relax. You don't have to shout.

ZACH
What the hell is wrong with you??

EMMY
That's what it's like, Zach. To be invisible. Sucks, doesn't it?

This diffuses his anger. She returns her attention to the computer. Zach sits beside her.

ZACH
I almost saw you die today, Emmy...
I'm just trying to protect you.
While I still can.

Emmy meets his gaze. The impending loss hanging over them.

ZACH
I could never live with myself if something happened to you.

EMMY
Technically you're not alive, so.

ZACH
You know what I mean. If Edgar killed me to cover up his crime, he'd be willing to kill you, too.

EMMY
He wasn't covering his crime. It was someone else's.

He frowns at this. Emmy shows him a picture of Ana.

EMMY
Remember her, from the NA Group? We talked today, and apparently Cristina told her about this pervy judge who wanted sex in exchange for a lenient sentence -- an I-get-you-off-you-get-me-off kinda thing. That's why Cristina came to us for help; she didn't want to do it. Well who do we know who's famous for handing out lenient sentences?
Judge Kinder.

(MORE)

EMMY (CONT'D)

The same judge who oversaw
Cristina's parole violation AND the
only person other than me and Kai
who knew you were looking into
Cristina's death.

(off Zach's look)

Now, I know, what does any of that
have to do with Edgar? I wondered
the same thing, which is why I'm
here watching YouTube videos
instead of taking a victory lap
around Vargas and her stupid face.
And that's how I found this --

She presses play on a YOUTUBE video on her computer: "Kind
Sentences, #47." We see JUDGE KINDER on the bench.

JUDGE KINDER (VIA COMPUTER)

We're living in a world sorely
lacking in compassion. I believe a
second chance is more likely to
rehabilitate Mr. Isaacs than prison.

VIDEO cuts to the defendant: EDGAR ISAACS. Emmy hits pause.

EMMY

It's not about compassion, Zach.
Judge Kinder is using his position
to get sex or money... or even to
kill. He wanted to sleep with
Cristina in exchange for her
freedom, and when she threatened to
go to the cops, he leveraged Edgar
to murder her. That's why you died.
Kinder had to stop an investigation
into Cristina's death, or it would
expose everything.

But Zach gapes at the computer. Emmy's face isn't the only
one reflected in the screen. There's someone behind her.

EDGAR. He lunges.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT FIVE.

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Edgar pops the trunk of his CAR, heaves a handcuffed Emmy inside. Zach hurries after them.

ZACH

Emmy!

As Edgar shuts the trunk, Zach winds up, swings a fist at his face. *Whiff*. Unfazed, Edgar gets in the car.

INT./EXT. EDGAR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Edgar starts the engine. As the car lurches forward, we glide back, through the seats and into...

THE TRUNK

Emmy lies on her side, face to face with Zach, eyes wide.

ZACH

You okay?

EMMY

Yeah, Zach. I'm awesome.

ZACH

You don't have to do that. Not with me.

It penetrates her defenses. Emotions rise.

ZACH

Listen... you're gonna get a chance to save yourself. I don't know what it'll be or when it'll happen, but you will get it... and when you do, you'll have to do something scary and brave and I won't be able to help you. But you don't need me, Emmy... you never have. You can say the right thing, do the right thing, *without me*.

She blinks, and a tear escapes.

ZACH

I'm sorry I made you feel invisible, that was my mistake. You've never been invisible to me.

The car slows to a stop, engine sputters off. Zach gets up.

EMMY
Zach...? I'm really scared.

ZACH
You got this, sis. Knock 'em dead.

He ghosts out of the car. The trunk opens.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Edgar yanks Emmy out of the trunk. She stumbles, falling to her knees on the cement... right in front of JUDGE KINDER.

JUDGE KINDER
Uncuff her.

Edgar complies, and Emmy pushes herself to her feet. Rusted brewery vats loom in the shadows. The headlights of Edgar and Kinder's cars slice the darkness. No sign of Zach.

EDGAR
Why aren't we running, man? They know about us.

Emmy reads Kinder's expression.

EMMY
No, Edgar... the police only know about you.

CRACK! A SHOT RINGS OUT. Blood blooms from a bullet hole in Edgar's chest. He crumples. Kinder turns his GLOCK on Emmy.

JUDGE KINDER
Don't move.

He keeps the gun aimed at her as he soft-steps to Edgar's lifeless body. Emmy's eyes search for Zach, but she's alone.

EMMY
How many? I'm curious. Are you a super-villain or just a creeper?

He ignores her, pilfers Edgar's PISTOL.

EMMY
How many victims had to pay for their freedom?

JUDGE KINDER
Victims? These people are criminals.

(MORE)

JUDGE KINDER (CONT'D)

They have debts that need to be paid. Most of them are grateful.

EMMY

But Cristina wasn't. She said no. That's why you had Edgar kill her.

He tucks his Glock into his pants. Levels Edgar's Pistol.

JUDGE KINDER

I'm doing you a kindness, too, you know. You get to die a hero. You single-handedly found Edgar and were shot trying to bring him in. You'll even get your picture on the wall, right next to your brother.

Kinder's finger tightens on the trigger... MUSIC BLASTS ON. The RADIO in Kinder's car BLARES to life -- just like it did in the Mustang.

Zach. Startled, Kinder spins towards the sound -- Emmy rushes him. SLAM! She tackles him center-mass, takes him to the ground. Pistol CLATTERS away.

She darts for it. Kinder grabs her ankle, pulls her down. He's on her -- straddles her -- hands on her throat. She struggles -- spots his Glock in his pants -- fumbles for it --

CRACK! Emmy shoots him. Kinder HOWLS in pain, lets go -- she GULPS air as Kinder rolls off, clutching a bullet wound in his THIGH. She climbs to her feet, steadies herself.

Zach smiles at her. Proud. She pants with relief.

EMMY

So you can touch stuff.

ZACH

So far, just radios.

Kinder GROANS. Emmy retrieves her HANDCUFFS, crosses to him.

EMMY

Don't mind me, just talking to my ghost brother.

HIGH AND WIDE as she rolls Kinder over, makes the arrest.

NEWS ANCHOR (PRELAP)

Over 30 victims have come forward since Judge Kinder's arrest...

INT. PPD - BULLPEN - DAY

Everyone watches a BREAKING NEWSCAST on TV --

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
... with allegations of sexual
abuse, extortion, bribery, and
conspiracy to commit murder.

PICK UP Emmy, watching with (Zach) and Jayla. Jayla grins.

EMMY
What?

JAYLA
That feeling when every selfie
you've ever taken with your bestie
becomes a celebrity gram.

Emmy rolls her eyes -- but she can't help it. She smiles.

VARGAS (O.S.)
Gates! Get in here!

INT. PPD - VARGAS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Emmy (and Zach) enter to find Vargas and Wendell waiting.

VARGAS
Officer Gates, did you or did you
not ignore my orders to go home and
let the detectives do their job?

EMMY
All due respect, Chief, if my
brother had done it, he'd be
getting promoted right now.

Vargas arches a brow at this. Zach looks alarmed.

ZACH
Emmy, no, she hates pushback --

EMMY
You said it yourself, Wendell: when
Zach broke the rules, you respected
it. But that's how it goes, right?
Women are bossy, men are leaders?
Women are pushy, men show
initiative? Yes, I broke the rules
to solve this case, but I *did* solve
it and I don't think I should be
penalized for that.

A smile tugs at Vargas' lips. Wendell's too.

VARGAS
Are you finished?

EMMY
I... probably should be.

VARGAS
Good. Because there's an opening for a new detective in the department, and Detective Brooks suggested I allow you to shadow and begin learning from him so you can be considered for the promotion.

EMMY
... What?

ZACH
He's a way better person than me. I would not have done that.

VARGAS
None of this can interfere with your duties as a patrol officer. But we're impressed with your work and feel you deserve a chance to prove yourself. Say thank you.

EMMY
Thank you. Thank you both so much.

WENDELL
You earned it, Emmy.

Swoon. Vargas nods for Emmy to go. As she heads off --

VARGAS
Gates...? Way to show initiative.

Emmy smiles. The PRE-LAPPED CRY of BAGPIPES brings us to...

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

A PHOTO of Zach rests on a stand next to a MICROPHONE. We find Emmy at the front of the room, taking in the crowd. She sees Frank listening to the BAGPIPE PLAYER. ALICE and her husband MALIK (we'll meet him in series) talking to KAI. VARGAS and JAYLA mingling with PPD COPS.

WENDELL enters with a bouquet of flowers. Emmy lights up, gives him a hopeful wave. He waves back... then turns and crosses to Kai. *What the...?*

Wendell touches Kai's arm, offers the bouquet: FORGET-ME-NOTS tied with a white ribbon. These are the flowers in Kai's apartment in A2. Emmy deflates as she (and we) realize:

Wendell sent the flowers. *Because he's into Kai.*

ZACH (O.S.)

Look at them. Getting along.

Emmy startles as Zach joins her. Follows his gaze -- to their PARENTS, talking amicably near the microphone.

EMMY

From this distance, you can't even tell they hate each other.

ZACH

Death humbles people.

EMMY

This is you humble?

They share a smile when suddenly, O.S. -- RAISED VOICES. ALICE and FRANK are in each other's face, fighting. *Uh oh.* We RAMP DOWN as Emmy looks between her parents. Zach frets, people stare, it's escalating, falling apart...

Then, Emmy steps up and grabs the MICROPHONE.

EMMY

Excuse me, everyone --

The SCREECH of feedback. Alice and Frank stop. Room falls silent. Zach frowns at Emmy, not sure what she's doing.

EMMY

Uh, hi. I'm Emmy, Zach's sister... which for some of you may come as a surprise. Don't feel bad, I'm used to it. My parents, the ones up here causing a scene, they actually named me Emily when I was born, but Zach couldn't pronounce that because he was 4 and adorable, so he called me Emmy, and it just... stuck. I've told that joke like a million times as proof of the way Zach cast this Earth-sized shadow over me... but right now, I'd give anything to have that shadow back.

(pauses, steeling herself)

My brother was a star detective, a loving boyfriend, a model son...

(MORE)

EMMY (CONT'D)

and he was amazing at winning those giant stuffed animals at county fairs, which he gave to me even though I didn't deserve them. Because the thing Zach was the best at was being my brother. He may not have been perfect... but he was to me. And I didn't tell him enough how much I loved him, how much I looked up to him, and how lucky I was to be his sister.

She looks at him. Emotional. Vulnerable. *Real*.

EMMY

I'm gonna miss you, Zach. And your terrible taste in music.

He smiles through the feels.

Alice touches Emmy's shoulder, moved. Frank, too. They pull her into a hug. Emmy catches Kai's gaze over their shoulder. Kai smiles softly at her. Emmy returns it.

EXT. WILLAMETTE RIVER - SUNSET

The sun sets over downtown. Emmy and Zach stand on a bridge over the river, connecting East and West Portland.

EMMY

Welp. We closed your case and eulogized your ass. Business finished. Time to say goodbye.

He studies her face. Memorizing every last detail.

ZACH

I'm proud of you, Emmy. I couldn't have solved this without you.

EMMY

I kinda wish we hadn't... I'm not ready for you to go.

A rare moment of sincerity.

ZACH

I love ya, sis.

EMMY

You're fine, I guess.

A melancholy smile. This is it. He nods, and Emmy uncaps an URN of ashes. She pours them off.

ZACH
Goodbye, Emmy.

EMMY
Bye, Zach.

Zach shuts his eyes, readies himself for the light...
Nothing happens. He cracks an eye. Looks around.

ZACH
Nothing's happening.

EMMY
Yeah, isn't there supposed to be a
light or something?

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Obvi.

What the...? Emmy and Zach spin around to see -- A HIP TEEN
GIRL with a strangle line around her neck.

HIP TEEN GIRL
You get the light highway once you
solve your unfinished business. So
you're, like, def not done.

EMMY
Wait, are you -- ?

HIP TEEN GIRL
Dead? Duh. Deceased af. You
thought he was the only one?
(off their look)
Oh, you did. That's cute.

CLOSE ON Emmy and Zach, as they realize... he's not the only
ghost in Portland.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT.