



FUTURE TENSE

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NETWORK DRAFT
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In the 21st century, new technologies have given rise to new crimes. When conventional law enforcement fails, the investigation and prosecution of technologically advanced criminal activity falls to an elite unit known as the Techno Crimes Division...

...this is *Future Tense*.

FUTURE TENSE

Series Regulars:

Dr. Guillermo Santiago (40's): Head of Techno Crimes Division. A tall, angular Latino man with friendly eyes and an easy charm, Santiago is a caring medical doctor with a Ph.D. in Public policy. Santiago leads the Techno Crimes Division with a healer's concern for the safety and welfare of the people and a diplomat's ability to bend the law when it does not serve the real-world problems of the victims.

Agent Emma Bishop (27): A tough, intelligent woman who thrives under the almost-military discipline required to uphold her duty. Bishop is the "action hero" - the one most likely to make a tactical run at a dangerous situation - but will never take chances with her life or anyone else's. As hinted in the pilot, Bishop's drive is the result of her heroic efforts to overcome a host of personal demons.

Agent Philip Kindred (32): Bishop's partner. He would be handsome but for his disregard for appearances and incapacity for self-censorship. Kindred's apathy is exacerbated by the fact that he can be a great cop when he chooses to. Unbeknownst to his peers, Kindred is the scion of a powerful Washington family and may only be in Law Enforcement to spite his blue blood parents. When not trading barbs with Bishop, Kindred happily gambles away his trust fund: like so many in the Internet Casino-saturated mid-21st century, Kindred is a compulsive gambler.

Alice Wong (16): Santiago's assistant. Wong is a "brain baby." Her parents used genetic screening to guarantee her a genius intellect. Although Wong has been working in the corridors of power since the age of fourteen and can more than handle the adult world, she still looks, walks, and talks young - and is subject to all of the issues of adolescence. Her relationship to Santiago is as much one of employer to employee as it is a father to a daughter.

Miles Gupta (30's): Born in India, educated at Oxford, naturalized US citizen. Chief Prosecutor for Techno Crimes Division. He loves the law, loves order, and believes that the world would be a better place if everyone just behaved by the letter of the law. Gupta is a tenacious and resourceful prosecutor who takes personal umbrage when others violate the law.

FUTURE TENSE

"Thinning The Herd"

TEASER

A BURST OF STATIC RESOLVES INTO

VIDEO: GLOBAL NEWS EXCHANGE (GNX) NEWSCAST

A CHYRON under the thirty-something Paula Zahn-type news anchor reads "CINDY NEWLAND:"

CINDY NEWLAND

Today, communications company Dentacom announced it would remove two million of their toothphones from the market.

A SERIES OF WINDOWS OPEN TO SHOW: a DENTIST implanting a toothphone in a patient's mouth. An ALL GIRL JAPANESE POP GROUP singing an annoying song. A SCREAMING Toothphone SUBSCRIBER clutching his head in desperation.

CINDY NEWLAND (cont'd)

The device, which is implanted in a person's molar and plays telephone signals, music and other programming in the user's head through bone conduction, came under fire last month when a glitch forced ten thousand users to hear three uninterrupted hours of Japanese pop music.

THE WINDOWS CLOSE: And are replaced by an ominous graphic: "HOUSTON CHILD KILLER BODY COUNT: 7"

CINDY NEWLAND (cont'd)

In our top story, Houston remains a city in fear as the raped and mutilated body of another boy was found this morning. In spite of the efforts of the Houston Police, the killer, a sexual sadist who brands his victims, earning him the nickname "The Cattle Prod," remains at large.

WINDOWS OPEN TO REVEAL: An angry demonstration demanding justice. Pictures of previous victims. Candlelit vigils. A diagram of the brandings performed by the killer.

(CONTINUED)

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CINDY NEWLAND (cont'd)

When asked about today's killing,
Chief of Houston Detectives Henry
Renshaw had this to say -

A WINDOW OPENS TO REVEAL: The harried, blustering Chief of
Houston Detectives (HENRY RENSHAW, 50's), attempting to
evade the press outside his Station House.

RENSHAW

Uh - I assure you, we have an army of
profilers working overtime - this
investigation will be a model of swift
justice.

PULL OUT OF VIDEO TO REVEAL

INT. HOUSTON POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Only instead of Houston PD, it's Techno Crimes Division
SPECIAL AGENTS EMMA BISHOP (27) and PHILIP KINDRED (32)
riding as the car drives itself.

Tie loose, suit rumpled, and an apathetic sneer on his
face, Kindred watches the GNX report on his PDA, letting
out a derisive chuckle. Kindred would be handsome but for
his obvious disregard for appearances and his absolute need
to convince the world that he is just too cool to care.

Bishop on the other hand, is put together with almost-
military precision. From the angular bob of her hair to the
sharp cut of her suit - and the determined intensity with
which she studies a police file on her own PDA while
ignoring Kindred - she is a model of professionalism.

Kindred looks up from his PDA -

KINDRED

Sweet Jesus. Television's been around
over a hundred years and local 5-0s
still don't know how to lie to the
press.

Bishop responds without diverting her eyes from her PDA.

BISHOP

Isn't there an online casino open
somewhere in the world?

(CONTINUED)

KINDRED

I'm sure there is, but as long as I gotta hang with Houston PD and ride one of their crap-heaps, I might as well educate myself in their tactics. Be honest, I'm glad they're tied up with this serial killer. We can serve this idiotic warrant in peace and get the hell out of beeflover's paradise.

BISHOP

(finally looking up)

Idiotic. A disgruntled former NIH scientist buying black market equipment doesn't worry you?

ON BISHOP'S PDA

Is the warrant - including an animated picture of DR. DEAN MENLO (60's): who looks disreputable even in CGI.

KINDRED

Allegedly buying black market equipment. Guy could be making himself a sex droid for all we really know.

Kindred switches his PDA over to an online Pai-Gow game.

BISHOP

If he's doing what we think he's doing he could take anyone's DNA and read it like a book. You want some crank violating your privacy at the genetic level?

KINDRED

Who gives a rat's ass? We're the ones violating someone's privacy today.

BISHOP

I hear there's a genetic marker for compulsive gambling.

Kindred's PDA CHIRPS. He just lost his hand. Kindred throws a glare at Bishop:

KINDRED

My genetic data's locked away in a secret government census computer along with everybody else's. The only way it gets out is with my consent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP

Did you just actually express faith in the government?

KINDRED

I was expressing faith in my ability to end this conversation.

BISHOP

You're not a nice man.

KINDRED

I don't take that as an insult.

BISHOP

Mull it over. It'll kick your ass on the way home.

(to the car)

Car - switch to undercover mode.

EXT. HOUSTON PD CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The car automatically changes colors: from conspicuously labeled Police car to unmarked in the blink of an eye.

EXT. DR. MENLO'S HOUSE- MOMENTS LATER

A ratty home in a neighborhood where every house looks like it could belong to the killer from *Silence of the Lambs*.

KINDRED

Beautiful. If I heard a scream of human agony right now I wouldn't know which house to hit first.

Bishop opens the trunk to reveal a cache of weapons, as Kindred reaches in for the biggest gun of the lot:

BISHOP

Put down the hand cannon.

KINDRED

Screw the orders. I'm not going non-lethal. No way.

Bishop stares at him as she holsters her non-lethal weapon. Kindred finally gives in, grudgingly dropping the hand cannon and grabbing a much less threatening sidearm.

Kindred shoots Bishop an annoyed glare. As she closes the trunk and the two move toward the house...

INT. DR. MENLO'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Dark. Garbage strewn. Piles of taped-together newspapers and science journals tower up to the ceiling. Windows are blacked-out with newspaper and duct tape.

A series of displays and LEDs blink in the foreground. In the background, the SMASH of a door kicked in. Flashlights illuminate the dust in an adjoining hallway.

KINDRED (O.S.)

Can't we just once investigate a psychopath who likes the sun?

Bishop and Kindred turn the corner into the room. Bishop steps up toward the blinking lights and sees.

BISHOP

I think I found your sex droid.

PAN AROUND TO REVEAL

A wall of seriously sophisticated equipment. Jury-rigged and duct-taped into submission, but impressive nonetheless. Bishop lifts a small rectangular glass slide from a bench.

BISHOP (cont'd)

Crystal data storage. Cutting edge.

KINDRED

(from another lab bench)

Menlo's been a busy boy. Taking DNA samples. Mapping people's genetic structure.

BISHOP

But who's DNA...and why?

Bishop looks at a computer screen - and notices the barest hint of a reflection moving across the hallway behind them.

Bishop turns and makes a swift run out of the room.

STEADICAM - FOLLOW BISHOP AND KINDRED

Who push debris aside as they navigate the narrow corridors.

(CONTINUED)

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The sound of CRASHING glass echoes ahead of them. Bishop steps through the entrance of a room into a shaft of sunlight -

REVERSE ANGLE TO SHOW

Dr. Menlo, trying to get out through a window he just shattered with a stool. Surprised, Menlo turns -

- there's something in his hand!

KINDRED

Gun!

Kindred squeezes the trigger on his weapon - a blob of green goo POPS! out the barrel. The stuff expands in the air - becoming a sheet of sticky green ooze that pins Dr. Menlo to the wall.

Menlo SCREAMS uncontrollably, the sound muffled by the ooze covering his mouth, his eyes darting to the object in his hand. Bishop and Kindred rush over.

ON MENLO'S HAND

The flashing object BEEPS BEEPS BEEPS. Faster and faster.

KINDRED (cont'd)

Detonator.

BISHOP

Disarm it - quick.

Kindred and Bishop reach down - desperately trying to pry the detonator from Menlo's clutched hand -

- but because it is pinned to the wall by the green goo, the more Bishop and Kindred pull, the stickier and messier it gets: the detonator isn't going anywhere.

Menlo screams even louder. His eyes bug.

ON THE DETONATOR

The BEEP-BEEP-BEEP turns to one loud, shrill BEEEEEEEEEP.

(CONTINUED)

Future Tense - "Thinning The Herd"
CONTINUED: (2)

7.

BISHOP AND KINDRED

Look at each other - then run.

STEADICAM - FOLLOW BISHOP AND KINDRED

Hauling out of the house - the BEEEEEP! of the detonator hangs in the air behind them.

EXT. DR. MENLO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bishop and Kindred burst out the front door and...

BOOM!

Fire. Smoke. A shockwave knocks them off their feet.

Covered by debris, Kindred's eyes snap open - just in time to see a spear-like shard of glass drop from the sky and impale itself on the soft earth mere inches from his face.

Off his startled expression -

STATIC BURST TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. DR. MENLO'S HOUSE - DAY

Fire. Police. EMT's pull Dr. Menlo's charred body to the ambulance. Menlo is attached to a variety of high tech diagnostic and treatment devices integrated into the gurney.

Struggling to save Menlo's life, the EMTs place large patches of a slime-covered, flesh-like substance over the burns. Kindred rushes up to the EMTs:

KINDRED

He gonna pull through?

EMT

If we can replace the burned skin and muscle and implant an artificial nerve net he may just have a chance at a miserable life of excruciating pain -

KINDRED

Fair enough.

The EMT looks up from his life-saving struggle to shoot Kindred a sour look:

KINDRED (cont'd)

SOB tried to blow me up. What?

The EMT shakes his head and leaves Kindred behind.

An unmarked pulls up to the scene. Out of it barrels Detective Henry Renshaw, the harried, blustering Houston PD Chief Detective seen on GNX in the teaser. He is flanked by a younger, quiet and thoughtful subordinate, DETECTIVE JOHN MEANS (40's).

RENSHAW

What in sam-hell happened here? You said you were just serving a warrant.

KINDRED

Chief Renshaw. I was just admiring your work in television.

RENSHAW

The way I hear it they're gonna cancel the ceremony and just mail me the freakin' Emmy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENSHAW (cont'd)

(then:)

This is my partner, Detective Means.

MEANS

What Detective Renshaw is trying to say is our entire force is on the mattresses over the Cattle Prod.

RENSHAW

So will you do me a courtesy, please? Will you do me a kindness? Get whatever it is you need and get the hell out of my city without blowing anything else up, OK?

KINDRED

We'll do our best.

RENSHAW

I'd appreciate it, cause my ulcer's about to file for workman's comp.

A CRASH from the house. All eyes turn to see an axe-wielding Bishop, stepping out in a firefighter's coat. Renshaw and Means react.

Bishop hands the axe to a FIREFIGHTER, then steps up and hands Kindred a plastic bag full of shattered data crystals.

BISHOP

Most I could recover. Fragments might still be readable.

MEANS

Crystal storage? In this neighborhood? We barely just upgraded to these up at central. What was this guy up to?

KINDRED

All will be explained in our report, Detectives...

(to Bishop as they exit)

...after we figure out how to explain it to our boss.

INT. TECHNO CRIMES DIVISION (TCD) - BULLPEN - DAY

The Boss - DOCTOR GUILLERMO SANTIAGO (40's), a tall, angular Latino man with friendly eyes and an easy charm - walks through the nerve center of Techno Crimes Division: a welcoming, ergonomic space loaded with high technology.

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Like the space he commands, Santiago is a man whose casual demeanor masks great intensity and sense of purpose.

Flanking Santiago is his somewhat incongruous right hand man - a sixteen year-old girl named ALICE WONG.

Although Wong walks, talks and dresses young, it is clear that she can absolutely hold her own in the adult world - even as she fiddles with a Rubik's Cube while rattling off her morning briefing:

WONG

The cybercrimes unit is dealing with a media virus that's knocking down satellite service in the southwest. Biotech is tracking an outbreak of Mynock fever in the Everglades, and the NX group is about to complete assimilation of the RPC-16309.

SANTIAGO

Is my holo-conference on line?

Wong nods as they reach the door to Santiago's office, where they are intercepted by MILES GUPTA (30's), the only man in the office wearing a necktie... and that pretty much says everything there is to know about Miles Gupta. He is a man who would have been completely at home in the uptight, legalistic world of Victorian England.

GUPTA

Doctor Santiago -

SANTIAGO

Miles. As my chief legal counsel you strongly discourage me from taking this call. You believe that the man I'm about to talk to is disreputable and I need to avoid any appearance that I'm in bed with him.

Gupta shakes his head. He's been made.

GUPTA

And you believe that who you sleep with is no one's business but your own and I worry too much.

SANTIAGO

You're good.

GUPTA

Why do you keep ignoring my advice?

(CONTINUED)

SANTIAGO

I work in mysterious ways.

Santiago enters his office, Wong holds up the Rubik's Cube.

ALICE

I found this on your desk. What is it?

GUPTA

An antique. Been in my family for decades.

Alice gives the cube one last turn, solving it:

ALICE

And no one's solved it yet?

GUPTA

(snatching the cube)
Keep your genetically engineered brain off my stuff, okay?

INT. TCD - SANTIAGO'S OFFICE - DAY

Santiago stands off from behind his desk against FLETCHER BURNETT (50's), a well-dressed attorney.

BURNETT

They promise you anything - make you stronger, change your skin color, immunity from disease. They make it sound like plastic surgery.

SANTIAGO

The reason it's illegal to perform or solicit that kind of body enhancement is that it's dangerous. The law's not exactly vague on this.

BURNETT

My point. People are being maimed by doctors who do illegal body enhancement because they know the victims won't come out against them. If you support our victims rights group, we will put a stop to it.

Burnett slams his fist. He fritzies. He's a hologram.

SANTIAGO

It's not your ideas that bother me.
It's your motivation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Santiago pushes a button. A transparent display screen descends from the ceiling:

VIDEO IMAGE ON THE DISPLAY - A COMMERCIAL

In which Fletcher Burnett demonstrates an ATM-like machine:

BURNETT (ON SCREEN)

Have you been hurt at home, on the road or the job? With my new AI Law system, suing for personal injury is easier than ever. In most cases my state of the art arbitration processor will contact the defendant and negotiate a settlement -

(snaps his fingers)

- like that: which means cash in your hand when you need it.

A slot opens on the AI Law Machine, dispensing a wad of bills - Burnett smiles from ear to ear.

RESUME ON SANTIAGO AND BURNETT - EXCHANGING STARES

VOICE FROM THE SCREEN

Fletcher Burnett got me twenty million dollars!

BURNETT

That was unnecessary. I know how I make my money.

(after a pause)

You a family man, Santiago?

SANTIAGO

I have a son.

BURNETT

You love him?

SANTIAGO

What do you think?

BURNETT

That you should meet my boy before you decide I don't deserve your respect.

SANTIAGO

What happened to him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BURNETT

We're staying at the Plaza. I'll expect your visit.

Burnett clicks off. His image vanishes. Santiago turns to see Wong, standing at the door.

WONG

Bishop and Kindred are burning the line from Houston - sounds urgent.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM ANTEROOM - DAY

Bishop and Kindred conference with Santiago, who appears in both their PDA's simultaneously. On Kindred's PDA, Santiago shares the screen with a game of blackjack.

BISHOP

We're at the hospital, keeping a close eye on Dr. Menlo's condition.

SANTIAGO

People. You were supposed to serve the man... not blow him up.

KINDRED

Dr. Menlo blew himself up - and damn near turned us into tortilla soup in the process. If you'd let us carry real guns we wouldn't be in this mess.

SANTIAGO

You go non-lethal unless there's a clear and present danger. You don't like it, you can always resign in protest.

(off Kindred's look)

Any idea why he destroyed his lab?

KINDRED

Other than being a class A former egghead government employee nutjob?

SANTIAGO

Yes. Other than being a class A former egghead government employee nutjob.

(then)

How long until Menlo can talk?

Bishop looks back to a glass wall dividing her and Kindred from the OR - where a set of robotic hands graft new skin onto Dr. Menlo's body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BISHOP

They're sewing him into his new skin
right now. I'd say tomorrow morning -

SANTIAGO

Grill him and pouch the data crystals
to me ASAP.

KINDRED

(clicking off)

I'm so using my drop gun from now on.

Kindred slumps on a chair, resuming his game. A young
HOUSTON PD. OFFICER (WHEELER) brings them mugs of coffee.

WHEELER

I have a drop gun too. What are you
packing?

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Santiago, Wong and Gupta stride through the corridor. Gupta
makes his case to Santiago, who listens patiently:

GUPTA

Burnett's a shyster. He probably knew
you have a son and played it for a
sympathy card.

A statuesque room-service robot with a smiling face in the
vague shape of a waiter glides toward them. A screen on the
robot's chest shows images of food.

ROOM SERVICE DROID

Hello Dr. Santiago, I'm your room
service droid. Today we're featuring
Pizza Hut's triple decker sausage
stack - while you're visiting our
hotel would you like to pre-order -

Santiago sidesteps the droid to knock on a door - Gupta
follows, finishing his sentence.

GUPTA

Just remember that these people asked
for illegal body modification. This is
a buyer beware situation.

The door opens to reveal a woman in sunglasses.

SUNGLASS WOMAN

Dr. Santiago?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Santiago nods. The woman removes her sunglasses to reveal that her eyes are completely black.

SUNGLASS WOMAN (cont'd)
Doctor promised me better than 20/20 vision. Then he destroyed my eyes.

Off the looks between Santiago and Gupta.

INT. FETCHER BURNETT'S HOTEL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Santiago meets Burnett's victims' group - including a YOUNG WOMAN (DEBBY) in her late twenties who shows signs of extreme old age - white hair, excessively wrinkled skin...

BURNETT
Debby here - the doctor offered to extend her life-span. Her condition's more common than you'd imagine.

DEBBY
My doctor says I have six months left to live, that I have the body of a ninety year old.

Debby breaks down in tears. Burnett leads Santiago away as a few of the other victims comfort her.

BURNETT
By the law, these people are criminals. They live in shame because some butcher maimed them, and in fear of going to jail.

SANTIAGO
What about your son?

BURNETT
Lionel was the youngest letterman at his school, fast-tracked for college admission. Already had NBA, GBA and WBL scouts coming to look at him play.

Burnett leads Santiago, Wong and Gupta into an alcove, where his son LIONEL (17) sits on a wheelchair, his torso covered by an afghan. Lionel doesn't acknowledge anybody, he just stares out - a sad, vacant look in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURNETT (cont'd)

When he broke his arm one summer - a doctor I met through my law practice said he had a technique to make his bones harder, faster healing... Lionel, why don't you show Dr. Santiago? It's OK, son, just show him.

Lionel looks away, then opens the afghan. Santiago, Wong and Gupta react. Lionel's bones have grown uncontrollably, protruding through his skin. Lionel's ribs are a twisted constellation of white arcs breaking through his torso. Fat bone spurs branch from Lionel's fingertips. His joints are horribly swollen: the skin is broken everywhere, exposing hideous masses of bone.

BURNETT (cont'd)

When the bones grow long enough that he can't function, they have to be cut off with a saw. He has to go through that at least twice a year.

(after a moment)

I'll rot in hell for doing this to my own son...but that doctor deserves to rot in jail.

INT. SANTIAGO'S CAR - NIGHT

The vehicle drives itself. The seats in the car face inward, allowing Santiago, Wong and Gupta to conference.

CAR (BACKGROUND)

Destination, Techno Crimes Division.
ETA, ten minutes.

SANTIAGO

We need to talk to the Attorney General - negotiate an amnesty. Spare the victims from prosecution if they turn in the doctors.

(off Gupta's glare)

Still think this is a "buyer beware" situation?

GUPTA

Think I'm going to fall for a transparently rhetorical question?

(off the looks)

Someone has to take a hard-line here.

(CONTINUED)

WONG

Why? That could have been me. If the doctor who re-sequenced my DNA had messed up that badly, I'd be produce.

GUPTA

Your intelligence enhancement was done before you were conceived in accordance to FDA rules. You're legal, they tried to cheat fate.

WONG

I think Burnett's being courageous.

GUPTA

He doesn't want to go to jail for maiming his son. And let's not forget he did it to cheat at basketball. Maybe the others wanted to commit crimes, conceal their identities, defraud the government. The only way the laws have teeth is if getting enhancements is illegal for everyone.

Santiago sits back, then, after a moment:

SANTIAGO

I like the Hippocratic oath. I like to think that a doctor who agrees to perform an illegal and dangerous procedure is a worse criminal than a kid who doesn't want to break his arm playing basketball. People face this kind of temptation every day of their lives in our society, but doctors are gatekeepers. They have knowledge, power... trust.

GUPTA

So I'll be negotiating with the Attorney General for an amnesty?
(off Wong's nod)
You're not thinking like a government official.

SANTIAGO

I'm thinking like a healer.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

ALARMS sound off in the distance. Bishop and Kindred rush in as Officer Wheeler explains what's going on:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHEELER

His entire pain management system went haywire - sparking, flaming, real mess. Doctors said the synth-morph pump OD'd him like a street junkie.

Wheeler leads Bishop and Kindred to an ICU where a team of DOCTORS works on Dr. Menlo. Alarms BEEP. Monitors flatline. The holographic display above Menlo's bed glows red: the tech is high but the message is plain, Menlo's a coner.

The burned-out, still-smoking and sparking hulk of Menlo's pain management system lies on the floor by the bed. A DOCTOR looks up to Bishop and Kindred and shakes his head.

KINDRED

You didn't see anyone come in or out?

WHEELER

I was just standing guard here and the damn thing blew up.

Bishop looks down, thinks, then offers Wheeler a handshake -

BISHOP

Thank you, Officer Wheeler.

Wheeler looks down at her hand, then shakes it.

BISHOP (cont'd)

How badly did you burn your hand when you sabotaged the synth-morph pump?

Bishop's grip tightens. Wheeler winces.

WHEELER

I don't know what -

Bishop lifts Wheeler's hand, squeezes. Her thumb slides - there's a thin film of slippery ooze over his knuckles.

BISHOP

Anesthetic gel.

WHEELER

OW!

Wheeler retracts his hand in pain. Kindred breaks out the cuffs - but Wheeler grabs an IV stand and clocks Kindred across the face.

(CONTINUED)

Future Tense - "Thinning The Herd"

CONTINUED: (2)

Kindred folds over, bleeding. Wheeler hightails it down corridor. Bishop takes out her sidearm and fires. A da WHOOSHES and buries itself in Wheeler's back.

Bishop pushes a button on her weapon. The dart lights and makes an electric shock sound - Wheeler's body spasms as he falls to the floor and vomits.

Kindred approaches. Wheeler writhes as awful gurgling, flatulent sounds erupt from his out-of-control body.

KINDRED

(slapping on the cuffs)

You know, Wheeler. I hate non-lethal weapons. I'd almost rather bag a corpse than cuff some jackass who lost control over his bodily functions.

(to the cuffs)

Extra tight please.

The cuffs automatically wind around Wheeler's wrists.

KINDRED (cont'd)

You want to tell us why you killed Dr. Menlo? No? Sick him again Bishop.

Off the look of horror on Wheeler's face at the prospect of another involuntary discharge from within...

INT. TECHNO CRIMES DIVISION - DATA RECOVERY LAB - DAY

Lit by the glow of blue lasers. Wong aims a ray emitter at a data crystal fragment. The laser scans the crystal. Santiago enters:

SANTIAGO

Pop quiz -

WONG

Never failed one. Don't plan on starting.

SANTIAGO

Why would a Houston PD Officer kill a disgruntled NIH scientist?

WONG

Is this the same disgruntled NIH scientist who was using black market equipment to map people's DNA?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Santiago nods. Wong waves her hand in front of a monitor -
scrambled pictures and chunks of text clutter the screen -

WONG (cont'd)

The data crystals are in poor shape
but the lasers have been able to read
some basic information -

SANTIAGO

Don't bury the lead.

WONG

See all these people in Menlo's files?

Wong waves her hand again, reorganizing the data into a
number of files, each with a name and a photograph.

A word flashes under each picture: DECEASED.

WONG (cont'd)

At least a dozen of them were murdered
after Menlo scanned their DNA.

The causes of death appear: Drive-By Shooting, Hit-and-Run,
Hunting Accident, Self-Inflicted Knife Wound to the Spine -

SANTIAGO

Killed...but why?

WONG

Maybe Menlo didn't like what he saw.

SANTIAGO

It doesn't make sense. Our profile
says Menlo was paranoid, not violent.

WONG

Time to revise the profile. Menlo
wasn't just invading people's privacy.

(beat)

He was picking out his victims.

Santiago, watches as the computer continues to spit out
images and bios of Dr. Menlo's victims - one word appears
over and over again...DECEASED...

Off Santiago's reaction...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

STATIC BURST TRANSITION FROM BLACK INTO

VIDEO IMAGE: GNX BROADCAST - CINDY NEWLAND

Cindy Newland is small on the screen while A WINDOW SHOWS Santiago giving a speech at the steps to the TCD HQ:

SANTIAGO

As of today, Techno Crimes Division will offer amnesty to any person who has been injured in illegal body enhancement - if they turn in the physician who maimed them in exchange. We are sending a message that in a society where so much is possible, doctors should be held to the highest standards of ethics and accountability.

CINDY NEWLAND

While Dr. Santiago's announcement has stirred up controversy among religious leaders who oppose body enhancement and doctors' advocates who fear a witch hunt, at least one group approves -

SEVERAL WINDOWS OPEN TO SHOW: Athletes - huge musclemen lifting small cars, a long-jumper with peculiarly long legs, a sprinter with bizarrely oversized thigh muscles...

CINDY NEWLAND (cont'd)

The organizers of the annual Body Enhancement Olympics, held this year in the Ukraine, one of twenty eight nations without restrictions on body modification are applauding the move. Igor Smedchuk, head of the Enhanced Olympics Committee has this to say -

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: IGOR SMEDCHUK - a slick Eastern European sports promoter:

SMEDCHUK

This is a wonderful first step toward legalization of all body enhancement in the United States.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMEDCHUK (cont'd)

Improving yourself is a natural evolutionary step for humanity - in this year's Body Enhancement Olympics we will have the first long distance runner with an eight-chambered heart.

ALL WINDOWS CLOSE: And are replaced by an ominous graphic that reads "HOUSTON CHILD KILLER BODY COUNT: 8."

CINDY NEWLAND

And in Houston, tragedy, fear, panic. The body count rises to eight as the Cattle Prod Killer strikes again...

STATIC BURST TRANSITION INTO

INT. TCD - SANTIAGO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where he squares off against holographic projections of Detectives Renshaw and Means.

RENSHAW

I have a perv raping and murdering kids. The whole city's in lockdown, the press is staging a deathwatch and every crank in town is jamming my switchboard - the last thing I need is your agents arresting my officers.

SANTIAGO

Officer Wheeler killed a suspect and attacked two of my men. Doesn't that give you any pause?

RENSHAW

It gives me pause all over the damn place - but your people are guests here, I don't want them using my resources to investigate my own force.

MEANS

What Detective Renshaw's trying to say is we would like this investigation handed over to our IA Division.

SANTIAGO

This may be the first time in recorded history that a detective has requested an intervention from his own Internal Affairs. What's going on down there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENSHAW

What's going on is I want to keep this in the family and out of the hands of your egghead police.

SANTIAGO

You want to dispense your own brand of home-fried Texas justice on Officer Wheeler - be my guest - after I get the information I need.

Santiago hits a switch. The detectives vanish.

INT. HOUSTON PD - INTERROGATION CHAMBER - DAY

Bishop and Kindred (the cut on his face from the IV stand bandaged) grill a cleaned-up and defiant Officer Wheeler.

WHEELER

I don't know how many more ways I can say it. I burned my hand this morning on the exhaust pipe on my Hog - and that's how I got the burn on my hand.

Bishop looks at her watch -

ON THE WATCH

- is a display monitoring Wheeler's vital signs: a miniaturized polygraph. The display reads:

CONFIDENCE 10%.

Bishop looks up at Kindred:

BISHOP

He's lying.

WHEELER

That polygraph thingee happens to be illegal in this state.

KINDRED

So's the internal combustion engine on your Harley... and beating up suspects with a pillow case full of baseballs.

Wheeler smiles, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHEELER

So you read my service record. So what? By the time I'm done suing for wrongful prosecution, excessive use of force, coercion -

BISHOP

Dr. Menlo was a very bad man. Did you know what he was up to? Is that why you killed him?

WHEELER

Unless you dig up some witnesses or those missing hospital security cameras. I'd say you're making some mighty big assumptions here.

KINDRED

I like you better when your were smeared in your own feces.

WHEELER

And I'd like to acquaint you with a little concept of criminal law known as "the right to remain silent."

Wheeler sits back on his chair. Bishop looks at her watch - the display reads:

100% CONFIDENCE

Off her resigned look -

INT. TCD - BULLPEN - DAY

Santiago rushes through with Gupta -

GUPTA

It's going to be a legal nightmare. Ever since you announced the Body Enhancement amnesty, every physician's lobby in the country has been calling you the twenty-first century's answer to Joe McCarthy.

SANTIAGO

As a non-smoking Puerto Rican liberal who's been arrested at a sit-in, I take the comparison badly. You're my head prosecutor, make sure the doctors who get turned in get a fair shot to clear their name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alice approaches, carrying a large, flexible video screen.

GUPTA

A sit-in? What were you, a zygote?

SANTIAGO

It was retro week in college, they wanted us to experience what our great-grandparents did back in the nineteen-sixties. Why am I telling you this?

ALICE

You've always had a thing about your age.

(off Santiago's look)

Bad news and worse news. Screen on.

The screen complies with a video image split into a constellation of windows, all showing separate DNA maps.

WONG

Dr. Menlo's DNA samples - see anything peculiar?

SANTIAGO

All these DNA samples indicate a propensity toward violent crime, antisocial behavior, sexual deviance -

GUPTA

So Menlo was collecting genetic samples from criminals?

WONG

Proto-criminals. All of them had the genes for violence, poor impulse control, sexual perversion... but none of them had committed any serious felonies yet - only gateway crimes - assaults, burglaries - and they'd all paid their debt to society.

GUPTA

But Menlo still felt the need to do vigilante justice on them?

WONG

It's more like "pre-gilante" justice. Killing them before they did the really serious crimes.

SANTIAGO

What's the worse news?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WONG

Menlo was monitoring a lot of people. I confirmed fifteen murders, but I found hundreds of genetic profiles in the other data crystals - it's who's who of Houston's petty underworld.

SANTIAGO

(a light bulb)

Of course. Why didn't I see it?

(off the looks)

Menlo doesn't have a motive. None of our intel indicates he's a violent person, but somehow he gets a comprehensive list of criminals, runs genetic tests, finds out which ones are really dangerous, then they get killed and the murders are never solved. Now who has the wherewithal to commit and cover up fifteen murders?

GUPTA

Someone who'd benefit from thinning the herd of lethal criminals.

WONG

Houston PD.

As the terrible realization sinks in...

SANTIAGO

That's why Wheeler killed him.

INT. HOUSTON PD - INTERROGATION - ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Wheeler can be seen through the one-way glass. Flanked by a POLICE LAWYER (GUERIN), Renshaw and Means berate Kindred:

MEANS

This gentleman is Ron Guerin, attorney for the Police Union. You don't talk to Wheeler without him in the room -

GUERIN

Unless you have an arrest or charges, I suggest you release my client now.

KINDRED

(points to his bandage)

Maybe I oughta book him for assault - you know, while we figure out why he decided to commit murder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENSHAW

You savor this you smug son of a bitch, 'cause it's the end of your sorry ass career.

KINDRED

Well, now that you've decided to bring my mother into this -

But the comeback is ruined when Bishop enters, carrying a portable holographic emitter:

BISHOP

Dr. Santiago has a few questions he'd like to ask Wheeler. After that we'll be happy to let him go. Shall we?

INT. HOUSTON PD - INTERROGATION CHAMBER - LATER

Guerin stands by his client. Bishop places the holo-emitter on the table and pushes a button. Santiago appears on the table - a one foot tall hologram standing on the tabletop.

SANTIAGO

You know who I am?

WHEELER

You look taller on TV.

SANTIAGO

We deciphered the data crystals from Dr. Menlo's house. We know they contain genetic data on potential criminals. We know someone's been killing criminals before they strike.

WHEELER

I'm not a Ph.D. All this you're saying is clicks and pings to me.

SANTIAGO

Menlo's files don't just list criminals. They also name Police Officers considered genetically unfit to serve on the force.

Wheeler's bravado vanishes as Santiago speaks.

SANTIAGO (cont'd)

You know, prone to violence and excessive force, sub-par intelligence.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTIAGO (cont'd)

I'm assuming these men could just be bad apples to be ripped off the tree... or maybe they're the kind of cops who'd take an assignment like killing some innocent people. Anyway, I thought you might want to know your name's on that list.

Wheeler's face quivers, with fear and betrayal:

SANTIAGO (cont'd)

Anything you need to tell me?

GUERIN

There's gonna be an investigation, you don't have to answer any of this.

SANTIAGO

Someone killed over fifteen innocent people. Now they're trying to cover it up by killing Menlo - who do you think is gonna die next to keep the secret?

Wheeler looks down - the small image on the tabletop actually stares him down - Wheeler is genuinely afraid.

GUERIN

Wheeler, I'm warning you, say a word -

But Santiago has broken Wheeler:

WHEELER

I was the trigger man. I killed five of the pre-criminals.

GUERIN

I am instructing you to exercise your right to remain silent -

WHEELER

They were bad. I saw their genetic files - they were psychs, we to stop them before they did real damage.

SANTIAGO

Who ordered the executions?

Guerin throws up his arms - this is a meltdown. Wheeler sweats. Holds his head, then points to the one-way glass:

WHEELER

Means. Detective Means.

Bishop and Kindred run out of the room.

INT. HOUSTON PD - INTERROGATION ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Renshaw and Means are gone. Gunshots REVERBERATE from beyond the entrance -

INT. HOUSTON PD - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Bishop and Kindred haul out to find Detective Renshaw - his gun drawn, holding Means down on the floor with his boot. Renshaw's other hand applies direct pressure to a fresh gunshot wound to his side.

RENSHAW

(turning to see Kindred)
I believe I owe your mother an apology
Detective Kindred.

KINDRED

She's a battle-ax. She can take it.

RENSHAW

Good. I, on the other hand, may just be bleeding to death here. You mind holding down my piece-of-crap trigger happy former partner while I get some medical attention?

KINDRED

My pleasure.

RENSHAW

You're a gentleman.

Renshaw lowers his gun and goes, but not before kicking Means in the ribs for good measure.

As Kindred ignores Means' pained GRUNT...

INT. TCD - SANTIAGO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A holographic image of Bishop appears before Santiago.

BISHOP

We just collared Detective Means.

SANTIAGO

Contact Houston IA, tell them you're taking point, then get any cop who might be part of this off the streets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bishop terminates the link and vanishes. Santiago turns to look at Wong and Gupta, sitting behind him.

WONG

How do you think Wheeler's going to feel when he finds out he wasn't on the list?

SANTIAGO

I think his conscience is going to let him live with what he did.

GUPTA

I didn't think you had it in you.

SANTIAGO

To lie to a cop?

GUPTA

To start two major political firestorms in the same week. Vigilante cops, dirty doctors, who's next?

SANTIAGO

Maybe I'm finally thinking like a government official.

GUPTA

Government officials care about self-preservation.

Santiago and Wong exchange glances as Gupta walks out of the office. Off the moment...

FACE TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

STATIC BURST TRANSITION INTO

VIDEO IMAGE: GNX NEWSCAST - CINDY NEWLAND

CINDY NEWLAND

Scandal engulfs the embattled Houston Police as Techno Crimes Division Agents and Internal Affairs officers hunt down and arrest a total of five rogue Police Officers. The charge: dealing out "pre-gilante" justice -

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: a MONTAGE of IA AGENTS, led by Bishop and Kindred, knocking down the doors of a house to arrest a POLICE OFFICER... chasing down and collaring a DETECTIVE on a busy street... pulling a third POLICE OFFICER out of a fast-food joint...

A SECOND WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: Santiago, entering TCD Headquarters, swamped by media:

SANTIAGO

We believe that the five Police Officers in custody invaded the genetic privacy of the citizens they swore to protect and used that information to judge, convict and murder over a dozen people. These "pre-gilante" cops formed their own death squad and hunted down innocents for the crime of having unacceptable DNA.

CINDY NEWLAND

But not everyone agrees with Dr. Santiago -

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: A demonstration, people hold up placards which read "FREE THE HOUSTON FIVE"

CINDY NEWLAND (cont'd)

Crowds of sympathetic demonstrators filled the streets of Houston, as Detective John Means, now suspended for his alleged participation in the "pre-gilante" police ring was transported to his indictment -

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: Means, a jacket over his cuffed hands. He speaks with his usual calm tone of voice:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEANS

All we did is take ticking time bombs off the streets. Dr. Santiago's science Gestapo is standing in the way of the future of Law Enforcement.

CINDY NEWLAND

The scandal couldn't come at a worse time for the Houston Police, who are still on the trail of the Cattle Prod Killer -

A DOUBLE WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: Two pundits, one listed as NED BURGE - CHAIRMAN, CITIZENS FOR AGGRESSIVE LAW ENFORCEMENT, the second listed as ADRIENNE GRIGGS - VICTIMS' RIGHTS ADVOCATE. The legend above the window reads: "PRE-GILANTE JUSTICE: AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME?"

BURGE

These cops ought to get medals - they made surgical strikes against evil. That could be the foundation of a new civilized society - a society without crime, suspicion, or fear. Every population needs to thin the herd - this is our chance.

GRIGGS

My son was on the Houston Five's hit list. He would have been killed if they hadn't been caught. My son will be under suspicion the rest of his life. If we don't punish these "pre-gilante" cops we will wind up in a society where people will be judged by their genetic code. There's a reason the government keeps the Genetic Census private and this is exactly it.

PULL OUT OF VIDEO TO REVEAL

- that the image is displayed on one of the lenses of the video-eyeglasses worn by CLARENCE JOHNSON (50's) - the 21st century's most aggressive and notorious defense attorney.

Although his outward style reads Johnnie Cochran, Clarence Johnson's flash, sass and mercenary demeanor is a façade for a shrewd legal mind with a private agenda.

Flanked by LACKEYS, Johnson takes long, confident strides down a marble-lined hallway toward:

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Johnson opens the doors to find himself face to face with "The Houston Five," headed by Means and Wheeler.

Johnson snaps his fingers by the temple on his glasses: the video shuts off. He stares at the cops for a beat, then.

JOHNSON

Gentlemen I'll dispense with the getting-to-know-you chit-chat. I know you fired your counsel, rejected all plea bargain agreements and that you asked for me by name.

(then)

I'd also like to add that I think you're a bunch of crypto-fascist pigs and that it's not lost on me that seventy-five percent of the people you murdered were black.

The cops look at each other and wonder: "are we really gonna trust this guy with our lives?" Means responds with his usual soft-spoken conviction.

MEANS

Will you hear us out or not?

JOHNSON

It's your nickel.

MEANS

We may not be innocent by the letter of the law, but we consider ourselves heroes, and we know there's a lot of people who feel the same way.

JOHNSON

And Santiago's Prosecutor will do everything he can to keep them off the jury.

MEANS

This is Texas. All we need for an acquittal is that you bring up the previous criminal records of the people we took out - that you show they were terrible crimes just waiting to happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNSON

That was a joke, right? Making that argument in open court is about as safe as me driving my brand-new solar-powered Maserati fifteen miles outside of this bible-belt metropolitan area.

MEANS

You want to laugh. Laugh. You think we're a bunch of crackers lynching innocents. Fine. But I've spent more time around criminals than with my wife and daughters. I know their minds. The people we killed were this far from truly heinous acts - repeat offenders out on technicalities - juveniles with expunged records so awful they'd turn you white. We picked the worst of the worst - and to show we trust the system, we got Dr. Menlo to make sure we only hit the ones who didn't have it in their wiring to stay straight. We cut out a cancer.

JOHNSON

Whether you believe that is none of my business. But you people murdered fifteen men, and had a list of future targets as long as my arm. That's bad. Even in Texas. Now, I've been thinking, and I can get you a hung jury.

WHEELER

How can you guarantee a hung jury?

JOHNSON

These are interesting times, and people are open to interesting ideas.
(he's got them now)

So we do this my way and force the state into leniency or you can die on the chair, or worse, turn on each other, make deals, and spend the best years of your lives surrounded by felons who know you hunted down their brothers like dogs.

MEANS

What do you have in mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNSON

I want your consent for the government to release your records from their Genetic Census. It's time we saw what's hidden inside your DNA.

Off the puzzled reaction in the room:

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

VIDEO IMAGE: THE COURTROOM NETWORK

Commentators LAIRD GRANGER (a young George Will type) and WENDY MARTINEZ (an attractive left-winger):

MARTINEZ

Good morning. I'm Wendy Martinez.

GRANGER

And I'm Laird Granger. The trial of the Houston Five began today with some explosive action - Clarence Johnson delivered an opening that's gonna be hell to beat.

WINDOWS OPEN TO SHOW: Headshots and profiles of Miles Gupta and Clarence Johnson, augmented by profiles, stats etc.

MARTINEZ

Johnson is good, but I wouldn't discount the Techno Crimes team, Miles Gupta is a seasoned court jockey, and Doctor Santiago has navigated the flap over his Illegal Body Enhancement amnesty with a deft touch. This is a team that knows how to win.

GRANGER

Let's go to the courtroom for a recap of the action -

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

Presided by the stentorian JUDGE HELEN CONSTANTINE (67). Santiago watches Gupta as he gives his opening remarks:

GUPTA

This was murder, pure and simple.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUPTA (cont'd)

Motivated by a cynical belief that a person's DNA determines the totality of their past, present and future. Fifteen dead, with a list of hundreds more that would have killed had the law not caught up with these men. The facts are undeniable. The motive is one which, if vindicated, will spell dire consequences for society.

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

Clarence Johnson - delivering his opening. Santiago and Gupta can be seen in the background:

JOHNSON

These are proud men. Decorated officers. The defense I am about to advance doesn't please them - but they have granted me permission to present to you an undeniable fact. Each and every one of these cops have, in their DNA, the exact same markers for violence, lack of impulse control and mental illness as the criminals they purged from society. By the end of this trial you will understand that the Houston Five are not guilty by reason of genetic predisposition.

THE IMAGE FREEZES - A WINDOW OPENS - GRANGER AND MARTINEZ:

Granger draws a "John Madden electronic crayon" circle over Santiago and Gupta.

GRANGER

You can see that the room is stunned by Mr. Johnson's defense. If ever there was a Brass-Ball-Hail-Mary pass in an American courtroom this is it.

MARTINEZ

It is a gutsy move. Now, there is precedent for a plea of "not guilty by reason of genetic predisposition" - but only for individuals, never in a case involving so many defendants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRANGER

Johnson's never been a wilting flower. The man takes risks and that was only the beginning - let's go back to the courtroom for his explosive follow-up:

THE IMAGE OF JOHNSON UNFREEZES:

JOHNSON

That police officers genetically predisposed toward paranoia and transgressive behavior were allowed to rise in the hierarchy unchecked, untreated and undiagnosed is the fault of the Houston Police Department - not the defendants. That our advanced society failed to detect the potential violence in these men and offer treatment is the real crime.

THE WINDOW SHOWCASING GRANGER AND MARTINEZ EXPANDS TO OVERTAKE THE SCREEN

GRANGER

No doubt about it, Clarence Johnson just took control of this trial -

STATIC BURST TRANSITION INTO

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Johnson exits the courtroom and is swamped by media. Santiago follows and sidesteps the mob to intercept Johnson and pull him into a restricted area.

SANTIAGO

Let me guess, you want to destroy genetic privacy, open the door to institutionalized gene-based prejudice, paralyze every police department in the country with liability claims?

JOHNSON

That's a lovely sentiment - for someone mired in mid-20th century liberal humanism.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTIAGO

Your argument was used to promote racial oppression less than a hundred years ago.

JOHNSON

You need to take a neurotransmitter, get some sun, ponder if maybe I just like getting a big boss like you all worked up like this.

SANTIAGO

What need are you feeding here?

JOHNSON

Evolution.

SANTIAGO

Discrimination.

Johnson's tone turns deadly serious:

JOHNSON

As long as it's finally done right.
(off Santiago's stare)
Don't give me that condescending stare. We open up the gene pool, next thing you know, black kids don't wind up in jail just because of the color of their skin - and white kids don't get leniency because their parents have privilege. Today could be the start of a truly fair society.

SANTIAGO

And when the system comes after you?

JOHNSON

I've already had my DNA tested. I suggest you do the same.
(turning to go)
'cause I know I can make the cut.

Johnson smiles and exits into the arms of the waiting, and adoring media. Off Santiago's frustration...

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

Santiago watches as Gupta questions Means:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUPTA

You kept extensive DNA profiles of the criminals you executed and those you were about to execute - why?

MEANS

As Mr. Johnson has already established I'm borderline obsessive compulsive -

Santiago rolls his eyes, levels a stare at Johnson, who lets a smile escape his lips. As Gupta continues, Wong enters the courtroom and hands Santiago what appears to be a business card-sized piece of translucent plastic.

WONG

(a whisper)

This was just delivered for you...

GUPTA

(to Means)

Really? So when you were designing your conspiracy, you stopped and said to yourself, "as an obsessive-compulsive I'd better over-document everything." I think you knew your actions were bad, and you were trying to rationalize them.

MEANS

That doesn't make what we did right or rational, does it?

Santiago looks at the piece of plastic - the following words appear as if on a computer screen:

I KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE CATTLE PROD KILLER

A chill runs down Santiago's spine. Trying to keep his composure, Santiago exits the courtroom in a hurry.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Santiago rushes down toward a private office:

SANTIAGO

When did we get this? Who sent it?

WONG

Can't say. Don't know. Someone dropped it off at your hotel. I'm having the security cameras checked as we speak.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONG (cont'd)
(pointing to the office)
The videophones are rigged up in here.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bishop and Kindred wait inside, manning a number of portable videotelephones and monitoring devices.

Santiago grabs one of the videotels and swipes the card through a slot on the side.

The videotel lights up with an image, a MAN in sunglasses, his face very close to the lens so as to be difficult to make out his exact features.

MAN
Terminate your trace or I'm hanging up
and melting this phone.

Santiago makes a "cut" signal. A nasty look crosses Kindred's face as he pushes a button on his console, cutting off the trace. Santiago levels a stare at the man:

SANTIAGO
Who are you?

MAN
A respected doctor and pillar of the
community who is about to get thrown
in jail because of your amnesty
program for my so-called victims. I
have a wife, a house, a kid, and a
swimming pool. Now I want a deal.

SANTIAGO
How do I know you're for real?

MAN
I've been doing body enhancement for
years. The money's good and I have a
reputation. I've never been the
butcher your PR makes me out to be.

SANTIAGO
Why do you need to make a deal then?

MAN
One patient out of a hundred doesn't
get what they want and I'm screwed - I
had a better success rate than all the
surgeons in the entire country!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTIAGO

I'm not impressed.

MAN

A man came to me about a year ago. Wanted a few enhancements. Night vision. Fingerprint removal...and a couple of really creepy sex things I'd rather not discuss. Suffice it to say that some of the mutilations on the victims are compatible with the alterations I made on the guy.

SANTIAGO

Eight children have already died, why didn't you come forward -

MAN

You know how many active missing children cases there are in Houston? Any one of them could be in the hands of that pervert right now. You can lecture me, or give me immunity.

Off Santiago, knowing he has no choice but to cut a deal:

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. HOUSTON PD - STAGING AREA - NIGHT

Bishop and Kindred lead a strike team into two unmarked black window SUVs and a civilian van.

EXT. HOUSTON STREETS - NIGHT

The team barrels through the streets, SIRENS BLARING.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Kindred drives, Bishop sits at a tactical station, speaks into a mic:

BISHOP

We're almost there. Fall back.

EXT. AN UPPER MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The SUVs slow down and peel away. The van glides through toward a large home at the end of a cul-de-sac -

ON BISHOP

BISHOP

We have the house in sight. Deploying tactical drones.

ON THE ROOF OF THE VAN

Three small hovercraft fly soundlessly into the night - they divide and take strategic positions around the house.

ON BISHOP

BISHOP (cont'd)

Tactical drones are out, I have lidar, magnetic resonance and heat imaging -

Bishop's console lights up, receiving data from each of the three drones to triangulate a three-dimensional holographic representation of the house. The distinct figure of a human being can be seen in the second story of the house -

BISHOP (cont'd)

I have one occupant, body type male mesomorph on the second story and - oh god. Faint life signs in the basement - I think it's a child...

EXT. UPPER MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE - NIGHT

The SUVs take positions. Armed officers pour out and seal the perimeter.

The van pulls up to the front of the house. Kindred steps out nonchalantly, carrying a flower box. He reaches for the doorbell, then -

KINDRED

(into his headset)
We in position?

BISHOP

The perimeter is sealed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KINDRED

Then screw the flowers.

Kindred opens the box and pulls out a pneumatic battering ram. He pushes a button and WHAM! The door blasts clean off its hinges.

INT. UPPER MIDDLE CLASS HOME - CORRIDOR/STAIRS - NIGHT

Armed men rush in. Kindred and his team go up the stairs - the CATTLE PROD KILLER steps out of a bedroom - pulling out a gun the moment he sees the rushing police.

Kindred fires his weapon. A glob of green goo closes the distance between him and the Cattle Prod Killer. The killer SLAMS against a wall - stuck.

Kindred rushes up, and grabs the killer by the face, holding his mouth shut:

KINDRED

You know what I'm gonna be thinking when they put you in a hole for the rest of your life? Thank god I have a nonlethal weapon.

(into his headset)

Bishop?

EXT. UPPER MIDDLE CLASS HOME - NIGHT

Flanked by several Armed Officers, Bishop exits the house, carrying a shaking, weeping BOY bundled in a blanket.

BISHOP

(into her headset)

I have the boy, Kindred. He's alive, repeat, he's alive.

As Bishop holds the boy in her arms, and an ambulance pulls up to the house, sirens BLARING. Off the moment -

INT. HOUSTON PD - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Wong races to meet Santiago as he congratulates Bishop and Kindred. Breathless, Wong almost slams into Santiago:

SANTIAGO

Alice. What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONG

I just found something really bad in
Dr. Menlo's files.

(catching her breath)

The Cattle Prod Killer was on the
list. He was the next one up for
execution.

Santiago, Bishop and Kindred react to this disturbing
surprise - the moment hangs over them for a second, then:

KINDRED

Great. Those sons of bitches could
have stopped the murder spree long
before we did.

Off Santiago, hating the fact that Kindred is right...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

VIDEO IMAGE: GNX NEWSCAST - CINDY NEWLAND

CINDY NEWLAND

In a shocking development, the Cattle Prod Killer has been unmasked as a highly-paid software designer living in a large suburban house -

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: A photo of the Cattle Prod Killer - accompanied by a text box containing personal information.

CINDY NEWLAND (cont'd)

- but the grisly details of his crimes have taken a back seat to the revelation that he was scheduled for termination by the rogue cops now known as the "Houston Five"

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOP: Ned Burge, Chairman, Citizens for Aggressive Law Enforcement:

BURGE

I think that the Houston Five just got a one-way ticket to vindication-town. They would have found this despicable child-molesting creep and hunted him down like a dog. God knows how many kids would have been saved if they'd been allowed to do what they did -

CINDY NEWLAND

Today, Houston Mayor Hollis Doolittle met with the families of the victims of the Cattle Prod Killer -

ANOTHER WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: HOUSTON'S MAYOR, stepping up to address a gathering media:

MAYOR DOOLITTLE

When I see all of this grief, I can understand wishing that the "pre-gilantes" had gotten the killer before he committed his heinous acts. Whatever the outcome of the trial of the Houston Five, It's time for us to study some form of "pre-gilante-ism" as a means of law enforcement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CINDY NEWLAND

The Mayor is not alone - today, ten thousand demonstrators marched through downtown Houston, calling for the release of the Houston Five.

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: A crowd of DEMONSTRATORS, chanting and holding placards which read "FREE THE HOUSTON FIVE."

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

VIDEO IMAGE: THE COURTROOM NETWORK - LAIRD GRANGER AND WENDY MARTINEZ INTERVIEW CLARENCE JOHNSON

JOHNSON

These developments don't change my legal strategy - I'm still proving these cops had genetic defects that led them to violence. If the capture of the Cattle Prod causes people to think about a more open policy toward the Secret Genetic Census, then maybe we can avoid the presence of such dangerous officers in the police forces of the future.

MARTINEZ

And if the ground-swell of public sympathy results in a hung jury or an acquittal for your clients?

JOHNSON

From your lips to god's ears, Wendy.

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Gupta, Santiago, Johnson square off against a very crabby Judge Constantine.

GUPTA

Ten thousand people chanting "free the Houston Five" is prejudicial, and that's not the tip of the iceberg. The media has already caused enough jury contamination to warrant a mistrial.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNSON

That's a load of bull. I would never introduce the capture of the Cattle Prod. It doesn't support my case.

JUDGE CONSTANTINE

I agree with Mr. Gupta. The knowledge that these cops might have taken out the Houston child killer could guarantee an acquittal no matter what defense you mount. I'm ordering the jury sequestered... and by the way, Mr. Johnson - the rules regarding your ability to discuss this case in the media may have been shamefully relaxed since I was a young Judge, but if you want to stay in my good graces, you'll shut the hell up.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Gupta, Santiago and Wong hold a war council. Bishop stands behind Santiago, waiting for her turn to speak.

GUPTA

Sequestering the jury's barely a victory. The insta-polls indicate a majority of Texans view these cops as heroes. Sequestered or not, I don't think the jury's sympathy is gonna fall on the side of reason. We may have screwed ourselves on this trial the moment we caught the Cattle Prod Killer.

SANTIAGO

That's why I want you to talk to Agent Bishop. There's something she's confided in me that you ought to hear.

BISHOP

You need to bring me into the trial.

GUPTA

In what capacity?

BISHOP

Expert witness.

Off Gupta's quizzical look -

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Gupta questions Bishop on the stand:

GUPTA

How exactly did your genetic make up become part of the public record?

BISHOP

I took a bullet in the head during an assignment several years ago. They implanted an experimental chip in my brain to compensate for the neural damage. By law they had to make my record public. I willingly gave up my privacy to undergo a procedure which would allow me to keep my job.

GUPTA

Can you describe your genetic record?

BISHOP

It shows a propensity to violence. Clinical depression. Poor impulse control. A predisposition to obsessive-compulsive and addictive behavior.

GUPTA

Have you ever committed a crime? Been cited for excessive use of violence? Been addicted to alcohol or drugs?

BISHOP

No.

GUPTA

In fact, in spite of your genetic record, you have several commendations for distinguished service and courage above and beyond the call of duty.

BISHOP

That is correct.

GUPTA

No further questions.

JOHNSON

(stands)

Agent Bishop, have you sought treatment for your depressive or violent tendencies?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BISHOP

I've taken drugs and psychological treatment on an ongoing basis.

JOHNSON

So your foreknowledge of your genetic predispositions has in fact allowed you to overcome your deficiencies.

BISHOP

Yes.

JOHNSON

Aren't you proving my point then? That if the Houston Five had been genetically screened before they were hired, the issues that led them to commit their criminal acts might have been identified and treated.

BISHOP

Frankly, I neither know nor care about your point.

JOHNSON

I see what you mean by "poor impulse control." No further -

Gupta shoots to his feet:

GUPTA

Agent Bishop - what did you do three nights ago?

BISHOP

I was on the team that collared the Cattle Prod Killer.

GUPTA

In fact, you rescued a child from the basement of the killer's home. Can you tell us what you saw there?

Bishop's expression hardens, she doesn't want to discuss this. As she speaks, the effect of the things she saw are clear in the increasingly faltering sound of her voice:

BISHOP

The boy can't have been older than five. He was naked. Emaciated. Strapped to a table. The place was like a dungeon. Dark. Humid.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP (cont'd)

There was child pornography everywhere and cattle prods and brands hanging from iron hooks in the ceiling. One of the brands was in a cooling bucket, still smoking. The child had a fresh burn on his chest -

GUPTA

And seconds after, you sat next to the killer in a police van. Did it even occur to you to just pull out your gun and shoot the bastard?

BISHOP

My only thought was that in prison, he'll spend a lifetime experiencing what he put those kids through.

As Bishop turns a grim, determined glare toward Johnson:

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

VIDEO IMAGE: GNX NEWSCAST - CINDY NEWLAND

CINDY NEWLAND

Houston has become the point of critical mass for a controversy that has now reached the halls of power in the nation's capital.

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: Ned Burge, waving a sheet of paper.

BURGE

This is a petition, signed by three thousand state and local leaders, as well as every member of the families of the Cattle Prod Killer victims, demanding that the Government open the Genetic Census to identify and monitor future criminals.

A SECOND WINDOW OPENS: To show SENATOR REBECCA BENSON (R) NORTH CAROLINA:

SENATOR BENSON

I intend on initiating immediate hearings into the feasibility of opening the government's Secret Genetic Census.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENATOR BENSON (cont'd)

I think people are more than willing to sacrifice a little of their privacy to insure that a murder spree like that of the Cattle Prod Killer never takes place again.

A THIRD WINDOW OPENS: To show Santiago - addressing the press outside the courthouse.

SANTIAGO

The moment the verdict is read, I will be on a hypersonic plane to Washington to do everything I can to defeat the initiative to open the Genetic Census. In addition to the endless potential for abuse of power, opening the Genetic Census would be the first step toward creating a segregated society based on genetic discrimination.

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

The jury files in - the JURY FOREPERSON hand the verdict to the BAILIFF. Judge Constantine reads it, hands it back.

JUDGE CONSTANTINE

In the matter of the people versus Officers Means, Wheeler, Thompson, Jones and Hardy, what say you?

JURY FOREPERSON

On fifteen counts of first degree murder assisted by controlled technology, we find the defendants guilty.

Santiago shakes hands with Gupta. Bishop sighs in relief. As the Houston Five exchange disgruntled glances with Clarence Johnson...

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

THE COURTROOM NETWORK: LAIRD GRANGER INTERVIEWS CLARENCE JOHNSON

JOHNSON

Our defeat is not an end but a beginning.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNSON (cont'd)

We have released a genie that will never go back in the bottle. The people of this country support the use of the Government's Genetic Census for the sake of public safety - it is their right as taxpayers. I hope Dr. Santiago realizes this as he prepares to testify in Washington. This is the future and he's standing in the way.

INT. SENATE HEARING CHAMBER - DAY

Press everywhere. A panel of avuncular Senators (some things never change) headed by the stentorian Rebecca Benson, listens to Santiago's testimony.

SANTIAGO

The consequences of opening the Secret Genetic Census go beyond anything we can imagine. The threat to privacy, to individual freedom - the dangers are endless.

(shuffling some papers)

Let me give you an example. I obtained these records through the Freedom of Information act, and I found out some very interesting things.

(beat)

Imagine if the people of this nation knew that in the Senate, where so many of their fates are decided, twenty members are clinical depressives at an ongoing risk of suicide.

The Senators look at each other. The press scans their faces, trying to figure out who is who. The room grows quieter, the atmosphere of discomfort growing unbearable -

SANTIAGO (cont'd)

Imagine if the people knew that over ninety percent of their chosen representatives are genetically predisposed to alcohol, nicotine and drug addiction, that seventy-five are high-risk for degenerative brain disease and may be suffering early onset symptoms during their terms - that at least five have pathological tendencies toward violence and sexual deviance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENATOR BENSON

Dr. Santiago, may I ask exactly where you got your information?

SANTIAGO

I requisitioned medical records from all of the Senators in office at the dawn of the Second World War.

A sigh of relief goes across the room...

SANTIAGO (cont'd)

Of course, these statistics are based on hundred year-old medical records. Information based on genetic screening would be far, far more accurate.

Benson leans forward on her mic, clearly annoyed by the example Santiago has chosen to make his point:

SENATOR BENSON

This stunt of yours notwithstanding, opening the Genetic Census would bring to the world clarity and certainty.

(beat)

The Genetic Census could have been used to stop the deaths of the Houston child killer's victims. How can you live with yourself knowing such knowledge is available but unused? Would you really prefer questions to answers?

SANTIAGO

In exchange for personal freedom, a world without a class system based on genetic haves and have-nots, where I am judged by my actions and character as opposed to a chart of potentials and statistics... I'd be more than happy to learn to love the questions.

Off the tense stare between Santiago and Senator Benson...

INT. SENATE CORRIDOR - DAY

Santiago, Bishop, Kindred, and Gupta stand beyond the cordoned-off media.

SANTIAGO

I want to congratulate you all for your fine work.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTIAGO (cont'd)

It's not every day you catch a serial
killer and convict on fifteen counts
of first degree murder -
(then to Bishop)
- and turn yourself inside out for the
whole world to see.

Kindred puts his hand on Bishop's shoulder, but before
anything can be said, Wong enters the scene. -

WONG

The vote's in. The committee is about
to make their recommendation.

SANTIAGO

And it's not every day our entire
world could change completely in a
heartbeat.

The five exchange worried glances, then, as they turn
toward the corridor into the chamber -

CUT TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE