

QUEAN

"Outside the Box"

by
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"Outside the Box"

TEASER

EXT. OAKLAND - JACK LONDON SQUARE - AFTERNOON

A quotidian East Bay evening. Colorful container ships line the pier. A few kayaks bob in the last rays of sun. A foghorn belches out a low moan, heralding the arrival of the Alameda/Oakland ferry from San Francisco.

EXT. FERRY - UPPER DECK - CONTINUOUS

A wolf pack of 5 ROWDY WHITE BOYS at the open air bar knock back their beers and burp loudly in concert with the foghorn. Obnoxious, inebriated 20 something dudes on their way home from a Giant's game; steer clear, if you know what I mean. Other commuters gather up briefcases and heft shopping bags in preparation for the brief journey's end.

EXT. FERRY - LOWER DECK - CONTINUOUS

An ELDERLY LADY crosses the deck with her arms full of parcels. The drunken boys stampede off the stairs, knocking her down in their determination to be first in line to disembark. As the ship lurches into the estuary, an arm flies out and grabs onto the rail right in front of them.

KUEHL

Excuse me.

BEATRIX KUEHL, late 20s, steadies herself against the side of the boat. Ultra-feminine but hip and decidedly alternative, she's soft-spoken but rather self-assured, warm but guarded, and actually breathtakingly pretty but you might not notice right away if you're not down with that quirky, eclectic Millennial fashion thing. Anyway, the rude drunk boys don't notice. They start to push past her. WHAM! Her vintage wingtip lace-up blocks the aisle.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

I said, you need to say excuse me
to the lady you knocked over.

The boys are dumbfounded. Except for ROWDY WHITE BOY #1, the loudest and most obnoxious of the bunch.

ROWDY WHITE BOY #1

Say what?

Kuehl directs her gaze to the lady, still struggling to reclaim the packages she dropped when they bumped her.

Other passengers also look. ROWDY WHITE BOY #2, the runt, follows Kuehl's gaze. He mutters toward the lady-

ROWDY WHITE BOY #2
S'cuse us. Sorry.

Kuehl looks askance at the one remaining package that slid across the deck. RWB #2 sheepishly retrieves and returns it to the lady. RWB #1 gives Kuehl a menacing I'm-just-gonna-stare-right-at-your-tits predatory look. Which is why we notice, on her little custom T-shirt, a drawing of a hot motorcycle, under which is written MY BIKE. She smiles at him. It's an unforgettable smile. Sweet, sexy, lit from within. The kind of smile men want to possess. She vaults over the railing and drops onto the dock below. The back of her shirt says, IS EVEN BIGGER THAN YOUR EGO.

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - REMOTE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Desolate and deserted. A pretty girl shouldn't be out here alone. Kuehl glances over her shoulder and sees the wolf pack behind her. Curses under her breath and quickens her pace.

ROWDY WHITE BOY #1
Wait up. What you runnin' from?

ROWDY WHITE BOY #2
Maybe she got some package she wants our help her with.

Kuehl is heading for her bike. Except it's not a big motorcycle. It's a piece-of-shit pink and white 1970s girl's Schwinn, chained up on a loading dock. RWB #1 guffaws.

ROWDY WHITE BOY #1
That's your bike, bitch?

Kuehl reaches into her messenger bag, but there's no way she's going to get it unlocked fast enough... Except, she takes out her iPhone. Points it at the lock and RELEASES it, DIGITALLY. In that moment, RWB #1 GRABS her.

ROWDY WHITE BOY #1 (CONT'D)
Let's go for a ride bitch.

WHOOSH! Kuehl twists out of his grip, so fast we're not really sure how, jumps onto her bike, wheelies up the dock wall, tailwhips round and DECKS him with her front tire.

KUEHL
Borrowed this. My bike's in the shop.

She bangs off the platform and rockets outta there.

I/E. GODSPEED MOTORCYCLE SHOP ETC - AFTERNOON

A cathedral of moto-worship and a Mecca for goons and gearheads. The "ETC" refers to the fact that it's also a tattoo parlor, cafe, and communal "maker space" for computer geeks. Kuehl enters, stops to talk with CAM, intense-looking hipster nerd hunched over an elaborate piece of technology.

KUEHL

Hey Cam. You still working on that meta-data tracking badge?

He demonstrates by pinning the device to her jacket like a corsage.

CAM

You put it on when you walk into a space, and you immediately get an avatar that moves around like the Marauder's map in Harry Potter.

As she walks in a circle around him, we see her avatar come to life on his screen. She looks impressed. Cam beams.

CAM (CONT'D)

If you enter your social networking data, it interfaces with all your friends so they can easily find you.

She hands it back to him.

KUEHL

You're awesome.

She ruffs his hair. He kind of purrs like a cat. It's not every day you get stroked by Beatrix Kuehl. As Cam tries to regain his composure, another guy, CHIP, summons her.

CHIP

Kuehl!

She comes over. He shows her something on his monitor. She studies it intently for a moment.

KUEHL

Do you mind...?

He moves aside. Kuehl leans over his keyboard and rewrites a few lines of code. After a moment, wondrous things appear on his screen. Chip bows to her in gratitude. Kuehl laughs and continues onto the shop floor, to a wicked looking vintage Ducati Streetfighter perched up on a lift.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

Rat, is my bike ready?

RAT, the mechanic, big mean-looking dude, hurries over when he sees Kuehl. Lowers the lift and does a proud show & tell.

RAT

I installed high compression pistons and an Andrews TW50 cam kit. She's got head studs now and high flow injectors, and I threw in a Godspeed Big Bore cylinder set even though you didn't ask for it.

He hands her an invoice. She gives it a quick once over.

KUEHL

Mind if I pay cash?

Rat turns to his business partner DAX, tattooing someone in a chair near the lift.

RAT

Yo, Dax, we accept cash from Beatrix Kuehl?

DAX

(to Kuehl, re her bike)
Why don't you let me ink one just like it across your back?

She gives him that smile and shakes her head "no."

KUEHL

Enough scars on this body.

Hands over a fat pile of 20s. Eases the bike off the lift.

EXT. GODSPEED MOTORCYCLE SHOP ETC/STREETS OF OAKLAND - SUNSET

Kuehl straddles the bike. She may look girly, but the machine obeys her. *VROOM!* Vintage Ducati. Streets of Oakland. Beatrix Kuehl. Tough. Cool. Stylish. That's our MAIN TITLE.

EXT. EAST OAKLAND - DONUT SHOP - EVENING

Kuehl commandeers her bike to a remote lot behind a donut shop in a working class ex-urb. Secures it with a digital alarm link tracking system that looks like it could blow up the whole town if it wanted to.

EXT. BONNIE COOPER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

One of many battered single family dwellings. Kuehl drops down from the far side of a crumbling cinder block wall, messenger bag strapped on, stealthy and silent. There's another fence between her and the house. On the far side is a man, GUS GREEN, kicking the front door and raging.

GREEN

Open it! You can't keep me out! You better open or I'll break a window!

Kuehl skulks, close as she can get without being seen. Plants a tiny microphone under the fence. A car squeals up. She lurks back out of sight, unpacks a digital all-in-one camcorder from her messenger bag, pops in a bluetooth ear bud. Green pounds on the door with his fist.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Bonnie!! BONNIEEEEE!

Two plainclothes cops get out of the car and approach the house. BENJAMIN DRAKE, mid 30s, tall, good-looking, military bearing, and his younger partner, LENNY SAMSON. Kuehl points her camera. She FRAMES DRAKE in her sights. SNAP! Another one. Also of Drake. SNAP! She begins video taping Drake.

DRAKE

Stand down! Oakland Police.

KUEHL'S POV: Still on Drake as he shows Green his badge, rings the bell and calls through the door.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Mrs. Cooper, this is the Oakland Police. We received a call from your neighbors about a violent altercation.

Kuehl ZOOMS CLOSE on Drake's face. A woman peers out the door. She SNAPS a photo that captures both of them but favors Drake. By now it should be apparent... Kuehl isn't focused on the domestic violence situation. For whatever reason, she is surveilling the cop! Recording Benjamin Drake's every move...

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Can you please step outside Mrs. Cooper?

The woman, BONNIE COOPER, tentatively opens the door. Green almost involuntarily lurches towards her.

LENNY

Step back sir!

DRAKE

Did he hit you? Have you been hurt?

GREEN

I never touched her!

COOPER

I'm okay..

Clearly she's not okay. Ugly bruises cover one side of her face, neck and arms. Kuehl grimaces in empathy.

DRAKE

I'm Detective Drake, Mrs. Cooper, and this is Detective Samson. Does this man live here with you?

COOPER

No.

DRAKE

You have a small son. Is he here?

Green sees the boy through the door.

GREEN

He's right there. Dylan!

Drake grabs Green's arm as he reaches for the door.

DRAKE

Lenny, get him outta here! Wait a minute. Let me see your license.

Green reaches for his wallet, opens it for Drake.

GREEN

I'm Gus Green.

DRAKE

Gus Green, now I know where you live. If you ever lay a hand on this lady or on Dylan, I'll know where to find you. Go and wait by the car with my partner while Mrs. Cooper tells me what happened.

Green calls through the door.

GREEN

I'll be back, Dylan!
(turns to Cooper)
I'll be back.

Lenny leads him to the street. Drake turns back to Cooper.

DRAKE

Did he do that to you?

She seems frightened by the question. Looks quickly over her shoulder, then back, not making eye contact.

COOPER

No.

DRAKE

Has he ever done anything like it before?

COOPER

Something fell on me. A blender. I was trying to get it down from the shelf.

DRAKE

Mrs. Cooper, you can tell me the truth.

COOPER

I told you, something fell..

DRAKE

He didn't threaten you or your son?
(Cooper shakes her head)
Do you want to file a complaint?

Again, she shakes her head "no."

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I'm going to send him home in that case.

ON Kuehl. She looks concerned.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

You understand that you're safe now? Are you sure you don't want to file a report? Because your neighbor said-

COOPER

Nothing happened. I'm fine. Me and Dylan are fine.

BACK TO Kuehl. She takes one last photo of Drake. It's of his back, walking away from Bonnie Cooper's house. She shakes her head, whispers to herself-

KUEHL
She's not safe.

She stores the photos and video in a folder on her iPhone.
Labels the folder: **DRAKE**.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BUSINESS DISTRICT - SAGE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Mid-century office building, home of **THE SAGE GROUP, A PRIVATE INVESTIGATION CORPORATION**. Kuehl approaches, dressed in another quirky ensemble. She passes a handful of Sage employees on their way to lunch - conservatively dressed mostly middle-aged folks. A guy in a BAD SUIT eyes her.

BAD SUIT
The boss should send her home and
tell her to come back wearing
something workplace appropriate.

An UPTIGHT WOMAN looks her over disapprovingly.

UPTIGHT WOMAN
I don't understand why he puts up
with it. Unless...

She purses her lips. It's obvious what she's insinuating. The others snicker. Kuehl, who heard the whole thing, smiles sweetly at them and continues into the building.

INT. SAGE - GRAYDEN ASH'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Kuehl sits in the outer office, reading a dog-eared paperback, Nicholas Ostler's EMPIRES OF THE WORD, under the watchful eye of MRS. GABLER, Executive Secretary to the CEO. She doesn't notice GRAYDEN ASH entering. Doesn't notice him leaning down to read the title of her book.

ASH
Empires of the World...

KUEHL
(glances up)
Word.

ASH
Word up, Beatrix. Whassup girl?

It was actually a sincere if slightly laughable attempt to speak in her vernacular. Kuehl smiles warmly at him.

KUEHL
It's Empires of the Word, Grayden.
It's about language and history.

ASH

Ah. I've noticed you read a lot. I think you must read a book a week.

KUEHL

Probably six or seven.

She wasn't boasting. He tries not to look too astonished.

ASH

We'll be in the conference room, Mrs. Gabler.

Mrs. Gabler makes one of those pursed-lipped, judgmental faces as they exit.

INT. SAGE - EXECUTIVE CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Long slab of a table. Audio-visual rig at one end. Kuehl sits down, looks at Ash. Straightforward and simple-

KUEHL

She thinks you're sleeping with me.

ASH

Mrs. Gabler?! Definitely not. I promise you, I don't think she even-

KUEHL

Thinks about sex? Please. Grayden.

(a beat)

Everyone else in the company thinks you're sleeping with me too. I heard a bunch of them gossiping on my way in.

He's genuinely mortified and a bit flummoxed.

ASH

I'm so sorry, Beatrix. But I don't understand why they would think...?

KUEHL

Because you don't make me abide by the same rules as them. Which I appreciate, by the way.

ASH

Well the thing is, you're one of the best investigators I've ever worked with. Do you know what I like? How you sign your research reports B Kool. K-O-O-L. It suggests to me you enjoy the work.

(MORE)

ASH (CONT'D)

(he realizes...)

In fact, one of the reasons I asked you to come see me was to discuss if you would be interested in going from freelance to full time. That would solve the problem!

KUEHL

But would I have to give up my 10 AM yoga class?

(he's again flummoxed)

I'm kidding, Grayden. Sort of. But I like being freelance. It works for me.

ASH

Okay... But you know, I don't even know how you work, how you get all of your information.

(she smiles, says nothing)

Of course, probably I'm better off not knowing... Anyway, the other reason I asked you to come in is because I want to put you on a very important new job. A prominent local firm. They've been victims of a vicious cyber attack. They don't want it to go public. It has to be handled very carefully.

KUEHL

I'd go with a tech strategy. Attach automated bots to crawlers that lurk on all their servers. And at the same time I would plant a mole and do a straight-up old-fashioned human recon.

ASH

You're the perfect person for this, Beatrix. I'd like to arrange a meeting tomorrow afternoon with-

KUEHL

I can't do it. I'm too busy with the Drake job.

ASH

The Drake job?

Kuehl pops her iPhone into a dock connected to the flatscreen and brings up the photos we saw her taking last night.

KUEHL

I haven't been to his house yet or surveilled him with his kids. I know that was one of Mrs. Drake's main concerns.

Ash is flabbergasted.

ASH

We're not taking that job, Beatrix.

KUEHL

I've already taken it.

ASH

He's a police officer. We don't make bad friends with the police.

Kuehl is calm, but very firm and resolute.

KUEHL

Doesn't a policeman's ex-wife have as much right as anyone else to prove her former spouse is a lying jerk?

ASH

Benjamin Drake is a hero. He saved a whole school full of children from a sniper attack and got a commendation from the mayor. And he's a decorated soldier. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor! You of all people-

KUEHL

That makes it worse.
(starts flipping through the photos)
This was last night. It was a domestic violence call. Look at the woman's face. Someone did that to her. You know it. He knew it. You know what your hero did? Nothing. He did nothing to make sure that woman and her child were safe.

ASH

What does that have to do with Mrs. Drake?

KUEHL

What if he did nothing because it was too close to home?

(MORE)

KUEHL (CONT'D)

It's his job to protect the women and children of this city. It says a lot if he doesn't even take care of his own.

ASH

(sighs)

I know you feel very strongly about helping people who aren't getting the help they need. Underdogs, women and children, those sorts of people... I recall from your job interview, you said cases like that you would find most compelling.

(he hesitates)

Do you mind telling me one thing? How did you find out about this? Nobody even knows Mrs. Drake came to see me. Not even my secretary..

Kuehl gives him her sweetest, most innocent smile.

KUEHL

I thought that's what you liked about me.

Ash laughs in spite of himself.

ASH

Get out of here. I've got work to do. And so have you. I guess.

Kuehl starts out. She stops in the doorway.

KUEHL

Thank you Grayden. I'll have my Drake report to you in a couple of days.

She's out. Ash looks like he's not quite sure what just happened.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONEEXT. PERALTA ELEMENTARY - AFTERNOON

Yellow Oakland Unified buses loading up and pulling out. A teacher supervises another group of kids waiting for rides. MAX, 7, and EMMA, 5, see a car pull up. Max is surprised.

MAX

It's Daddy!

ANGLE to Drake, getting out of his American-made sedan. He stops to check a text message on his phone: **"Play super quiz now! Text 61-805 and win!"** Slightly irked, he closes it.

EXT. BUSHROD PARK - COMMUNITY GARDEN - SAME TIME

Kuehl is sequestered behind some vines in the garden, phone in hand. She's the one who sent the text. A 'MICROPHONE' ICON pops onto her screen. She selects it. We hear...

DRAKE'S VOICE

Hiya princess. Hey my man.

Kuehl has just remotely turned Drake's cell phone into a surveillance microphone.

EXT. PERALTA ELEMENTARY - AS BEFORE

Drake hugs his kids hello. Emma is thrilled, but Max seems a little stressed out.

MAX

I thought Mommy was coming.

DRAKE

Today's Mommy's day, but she had a job interview so I told her I'd get you. Which makes it my lucky day.

MAX

But she was supposed to buy art supplies and bring them. I got a demerit each day for three days..

Drake is a little annoyed, but he doesn't show it to Max.

DRAKE

No worries, my man. We'll go get them right now. Okay? And I'll talk to your teacher. You won't get in trouble again.

EMMA

Mommy always forgets.

DRAKE

She never forgets the important things, sweetheart. Like how much she loves you.

He picks her up, takes Max by the hand.

EXT. BUSHROD PARK - SAME TIME

Kuehl reacts to that. It's clearly not what she expected.

DRAKE'S VOICE

Tell me about your day, Max. Did your milkweed bugs hatch?

EXT. LAURA DRAKE'S HOUSE/SURVEILLANCE PERCH - AFTERNOON

An elegant modern house in an upscale neighborhood. From another surveillance POV, we see Drake, Max and Emma sitting on the front steps, waiting. They're playing a game.

DRAKE

I spy something... khaki!

MAX

Daaad..

DRAKE

Khaki. It's light yellowish brown. We use it in the military because it camouflages easily. Emma?

EMMA

Is it that leaf?

DRAKE

Yes! And look who's home!

He gets to his feet as a fancy ass foreign car screeches into the driveway. LAURA DRAKE steps out, glamorous and a little icy. PULL BACK TO Kuehl, watching/listening from her perch. She makes a digital entry in her DRAKE file. "**laura drake 25 mins late**" We hear Laura in Kuehl's headset.

LAURA'S VOICE

The interview went longer than I expected.

Kuehl adds to her notes. "**lying. was having drinks with friends**"

ON Drake, crouching down to kiss his kids goodbye.

LAURA

Darlings, Mommy hasn't had time to stop for food so I'm going to take you out for dinner. Do you feel like Plum or Dopo?

Max and Emma clearly hate that idea. Drake stands, speaks quietly to Laura.

DRAKE

How about if I come in and whip up something from whatever you've got in the fridge. I can get Max started on his homework.

Laura gives him a supercilious look. Speaks loudly enough for the children and the neighbors to hear.

LAURA

Of course, if you don't have to rush off for some important police business that, as always, takes priority over your children.

Drake grits his teeth. Refrains from commenting on the obvious irony of yet another lie.

EXT. LAURA DRAKE'S HOUSE/SURVEILLANCE PERCH - LATER

Kuehl is packing up her things. Drake gets into his car and pulls away. Kuehl gets onto her motorcycle, eases it out from behind another car and starts to follow him.

EXT. EAST OAKLAND STREETS - EVENING

Kuehl's Ducati slips behind a delivery truck as Drake turns a corner in his sedan. She pulls off the road when she realizes where he's going. We can see from her expression that she's surprised, and maybe even impressed.

EXT. BONNIE COOPER'S HOUSE - EVENING

DYLAN COOPER, 3, mucks about in a homemade sandbox dug into the patchy grass on the side of the house. Bonnie Cooper sits on the front steps, watching him. Drake approaches.

DRAKE

Mrs. Cooper?

Bonnie Cooper looks up. First thing you notice is the fresh bruises on the other side of her face and arms.

EXT. COOPER'S HOUSE - KUEHL'S PERCH - SAME TIME

From behind the cinder block wall, Kuehl again records their conversation. Drake proceeds gently, carefully.

DRAKE

Mrs. Cooper, the person who did that to your face is a very, very bad guy and he shouldn't be walking around on the street.

COOPER

I told you, Gus didn't hit me.

DRAKE

I just wanted you to know that there are people who can help you. People with resources and-

COOPER

He was good to Dylan. He even took him to Frog Park and Fairyland and stuff. I think he liked Dylan better than he liked me.

She smiles sadly. Drake clearly doesn't believe her, but he sees she's sticking with her story.

DRAKE

Can I give you my card? In case you change your mind..

As he fishes it from his wallet, Bonnie Cooper suddenly shudders and looks over her shoulder.

ON Kuehl. She saw that, and it alarms her. She changes out the lens on her camera and starts to climb around the wall in order to get closer. We still hear Drake in her earpiece.

DRAKE'S VOICE

I gave you two numbers. One is a woman's crisis center. The other is my direct number. I want you to call one of those numbers if you ever feel you're in danger. Okay?

INT. KUEHL'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Bonnie Cooper suddenly shudders and looks over her shoulder. FREEZE FRAME, and ENLARGE. An analytical graph isolates her eyes. Another video comes up underneath, then another. ANGLE TO include Kuehl at the computer. In the upper right hand corner we see that it's 3:42 AM. OPEN WIDER to reveal her small studio apartment.

Yoga mat on the floor, tiny fridge and a portable double burner that stand in for a kitchen, piles of books stacked in every available inch of space, a desk laden with electronic equipment. On the bed, a hand-crocheted quilt and a thread-worn floppy-eared stuffed bunny evoke a now distant childhood. ANGLE TO a small table with some faded photos: *A pretty woman and a little girl (5 year old Kuehl and her mother)... 5 year old Kuehl pulling two younger boys across the yard on a cardboard box "sled"... Kuehl's mother in an air force uniform, circa 1986...* next to another very similar photo, but taken 21 years later: *Kuehl, also in an air force uniform, standing proudly in front of an EA-6B Prowler Electronic Warfare Aircraft...* CAMERA SETTLES back on Kuehl. NEW ANGLE. Face scrubbed clean, hair tied back, wearing a girlish night dress. She stares at the video of Cooper talking to Drake. Replays that one clip. FREEZES FRAME again and opens a new window on her desktop. Types in an elaborate series of passcodes. Each entry ushers her through another virtual tunnel. The last one has a VOICE PROMPT.

VOICE PROMPT
VERIFY... QUEAN...

Kuehl leans forward, lets the computer "eye" SCAN HER IRIS. A video WINDOW pops open. At first we see only black.

SHALOM'S VOICE
Sheket bevakasha. Can't you see I'm working?

An image starts to materialize. We can make out a man sitting in a chair, his back to camera.

INT. SHALOM'S SPACE - INTERCUTTING

SHALOM DIAZ propels his ergonomic chair the length of one wall, inputting into various devices as he rolls past. His space is dark and airless, like the inside of a container crate. Kuehl's voice comes from behind him.

KUEHL
Shalom, it's Quean.

SHALOM
Forgive me if I don't curtsey. My knee's been giving me trouble.

ANGLE to his knee. One of Shalom's legs is amputated mid-thigh; he has a micro-controlled prosthesis. We see his face as he spins around and rolls toward us. Mid 20s, a little pasty from lack of sun, but otherwise nice-looking. He doesn't actually look at Kuehl because he's entering code into another device.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

What are you doing awake, anyway?
It's 4 AM.

KUEHL

You're awake.

SHALOM

I don't have a day job. You haven't
seen anyone for your insomnia yet,
have you? I'm going to get cross.

KUEHL

Shalom, I need your help with
something.

SHALOM

(high camp affectation)
Now don't ignore me, cause I got no
patience for you acting like a Q-U-
E-A-N QUEAN.

KUEHL

Are you calling me a slut?

SHALOM

Honey, I didn't choose Quean as
your online code name. You're the
one who labelled yourself with an
aberrant spelling that connotes
banshee bimbo tramp trollop a/k/a
bold brazen hussy. Which I've
always taken to be your sweet way
of saying, gimme some space.

KUEHL

(laughs)
Exactly. So. I need totally secure
access to an OPD cop by the name of
Benjamin Drake. I need to be able
to communicate with him without him
being able to trace back to me.

He finally turns to look at her.

SHALOM

Is this something to do with your
mysterious super secret personal
mission that you refuse to tell me
about even though I'm your virtual
BFF?

KUEHL

No. Can you just do it?

SHALOM

Sure... open a TOR proxy, and run the SOCKS 5 protocol we installed.

(squints at her)

You look... pretty. Are you wearing lipstick or something?

KUEHL

No. Are you?

A code appears in the text box of their chat window. Shalom's fingers fly over the keys as he enters programming data.

SHALOM

I only wear lipstick when I go out dancing.

(sending it back)

There. You have an onion, a pseudo top-level domain. You can go anywhere with it with total anonymity, but I wouldn't keep it for more than a 24 hour period.

(looks at her again)

I'm curious. Why do you hide your prettiness under a bushel?

KUEHL

Shut up. Okay, I'll tell you what it's about. Watch this.

Kuehl's videos of Bonnie Cooper pop up on his screen.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

I'm surveilling this cop. For my day job. The cop was called to this woman's house on a 273D. That's Domestic Violence. I think there's something really wack going on. The cop didn't see this - he was getting his card out of his wallet - but play the clip.

Shalom plays it: Drake says, "Can I give you my card, in case you change your mind..? Cooper shudders and looks over her shoulder.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

There's nobody else in the house except her little kid - I'm 99 percent sure - but she just looked over her shoulder like someone's watching her. Do you agree?

SHALOM

Hang on. If there's a hidden surveillance camera, I should be able to ping the frequency.

He puts on headphones. Runs a program.. looks kind of like an EKG. At one point, the graph SPIKES.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

There it is.

Kuehl sends him one more image. A still photo of Bonnie Cooper sitting on the step.

KUEHL

Okay, now look at this.

She manipulates the image from her side, blowing it up until it isolates the bottom of Cooper's pants leg. It reveals a little box with a strap, just peeking out from underneath.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

What does that look like to you?

SHALOM

It looks like a very funky do-it-yourself potentially pain inducing electronic ankle monitoring device.

KUEHL

Exactly. I'm pretty sure this lady can't walk past a certain perimeter in her front yard without triggering a silent alarm.

SHALOM

That's sick.

INT. EDEN TOWNSHIP SUBSTATION (ETS) - SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

Four desks pushed together on one side of the room. Drake and his four-member Major Crimes unit, reviewing files. Drake is clearly in charge. PETE CHEN is the tech guy. ANNIE CHAVEZ prints a list from her computer and hands it around.

CHAVEZ

Here's the update. Major Crimes active cases. We've finally got this guy Burns threatening a witness; Pete and I are gonna nail him downtown this afternoon. Ben you're following up a tip on that aggravated robbery at the San Leandro Credit Union...

Lenny, the most junior member, arrives with four coffees and distributes them. Drake is checking a text message that just came in on his phone.

LENNY

(to Chavez)

I forgot to ask for low fat Chavez.
I'll go back if you want.

(to Drake)

And they didn't have any everything
bagels. I got you sesame seed.

ON Drake's phone: **"u were right abt green, he is a very very bad guy who shouldn't be walking around on the street"** Drake texts back: **"mrs cooper?"** A new message comes in: **"guess again"** Drake looks quizzical.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Ben. Sesame okay?

Lenny puts the bagel in front of him and sits at his desk.

DRAKE

(distracted)

Sure.

Drake tries to call the number the text came from. Gets a service message. Another text: **"that won't work. i sent u something on ur computer"** Drake rolls his chair back to his computer. Clicks on his email. An IM pops up on his desktop: **"not ur email. open folder drake-1 in upper left corner"**

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Who the hell is this?

LENNY

Ben. What's going on?

DRAKE

Pete, I need your help with
something. Can you come over here?

(Pete comes around)

Someone's playing games with me. He
dropped a folder onto my desktop.
And he's been sending me texts, but
I can't call him back.

He hands his phone to Pete. Pete scrolls through the messages, tries a few things.

PETE

Hm. He must be changing the SIM
card after every transmission.

DRAKE

Is it safe to open the folder?

Pete sits at Drake's desk and runs some analysis.

PETE

It looks like a bunch of JPEGs. No viruses. Yeah, I don't think they're gonna cause any damage.

DRAKE

Can you tell where they came from?

PETE

Nah, there's nothing traceable here. Guy knows what he's doing.

DRAKE

Thanks Pete.

Pete goes back to his desk. Drake opens the folder. Starts to click on the JPEGs. Kuehl has sent him her photos of Bonnie Cooper, with comments on several of the images.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Lenny...

He motions to him. Lenny comes, looks over his shoulder.

LENNY

Isn't that the lady from the 273D the other night? What was her name?

DRAKE

Bonnie Cooper.

Lenny looks at a photo of Green. It says, "**assault & battery '06, DUIs '07, '09, '09, license revoked '09**"

LENNY

Assault and battery. What is this?

DRAKE

I already knew about the A&B. It didn't convict. But look at this..

He's talking about the ankle monitor.

LENNY

Maybe Mrs. Cooper's under house arrest.

DRAKE

Check it out, but I doubt it. That thing looks kind of MacGyvered to me.

Lenny suddenly stands to attention. CAPTAIN MARVIN PETTIBONE is making his way over. A little weary and out of shape, but with an air of kindly gravitas.

LENNY

Captain Pettibone!

Pettibone ignores Lenny and the others. He puts a hand on Drake's shoulder. There's an obvious bond between these two, kind of father/son deal.

PETTIBONE

Ben, a container crate just got dredged up out of the Oakland Estuary with a Jane Doe victim cut up in pieces inside the box. I need you to get over there with your team.

EXT. OAKLAND ESTUARY - DAY

The area is cordoned off around one of those colorful container crates as police photographers document the scene. Forensic pathologist DOUG MCDONALD hovers over the body of a young woman inside the crate - late teens/early 20s, mutilated and partially dismembered, sodden and covered with seaweed and detritus. Drake and Lenny arrive and peer in.

DRAKE

How long's she been in there, Doug?

DOUG

I'd say a couple of days at most.

DRAKE

(to Lenny)

Let's run a missing persons for the last five days. Late teens, early 20s, looks to be maybe Latina or possibly Middle Eastern.

(to Doug)

What else?

DOUG

Cause of death was strangulation, not drowning. See the V? This is a ligature strangulation. Looks like she could have been suspended alive for several days.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)
(lifts her eyelids with
pincers)
There's scleral hemorrhage and
petechiae. But here's the really
interesting thing.

He turns her face to the side with his gloved hand, revealing a massive ugly mark bashed into the cheekbone underneath her left eye. A distinct, pictographic image.

DRAKE
Good god.

DOUG
It's deliberate. Say, a blow from a
fist, with a big honking knuckle
ring. That's the first thing that
comes to mind.

DRAKE
(referring to the mark)
Do you recognize that thing?

DOUG
Best guess? It's some kind of pagan
female grotesque. Fertility goddess
or something. Whatever it is, he
was branding her with his personal
signature.

Drake notices something toward the bottom of the crate.

DRAKE
What's that?

DOUG
What?

DRAKE
There's something there. Can you
lift the seaweed.

Grey uses his pincers to grasp a clump of seaweed wrapped around the girl's lower leg. As he pulls it away, we see what Drake was already perceiving- an eerily familiar looking very funky do-it-yourself potentially pain inducing electronic ankle monitoring device strapped to the dead girl's ankle!!!

Drake takes a photograph of it on his phone.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. NOVATO - BAR AND GRILL - DAY

Dark working class pub in a little town north of Oakland. Nobody in there but a bartender and a few guys mid-day boozing at the bar. Kuehl walks up behind PATTERSON, 50s, grizzled vet.

KUEHL

Excuse me. Mr. Patterson?

Patterson looks over his shoulder. He's jumpy. PTSD.

PATTERSON

Who the hell are you?

KUEHL

My name is Beatrix Kuehl.

He twitches when he hears the name. Memories flooding in. We can see that he's become profoundly uneasy.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

I need to talk to you about Yemen.
1998. Operation Prairie Hawk.

PATTERSON

Are you her daughter?

(Kuehl nods)

Look, I'm sorry about what happened. I mean, I don't know what happened to her, but I heard...

(he stands)

I wasn't in the raid.

KUEHL

But you were supposed to be. Why were you reassigned at the last minute? Mr. Patterson, I promise, I don't want to hurt you; I just want to-

Patterson bolts up, pushes his bar stool over and throws his whiskey at her and tears out the front door. Kuehl has jumped back out of the way; her reactions lightening fast. She's about to go after him when something catches her eye. ON a TV above the bar, Drake is being interviewed by a REPORTER.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

Can you turn that up please?

He does.

DRAKE (ON TV)

..still a Jane Doe so if anyone has any information, please contact the department at oakland-homicide at oakland-net-dot-com.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Detective, is it true that the killer left a signature?

DRAKE (ON TV)

I'm not at liberty to discuss that at the present time.

REPORTER (ON TV)

But if it were true, wouldn't it suggest that we might be dealing with a serial killer in our midst?

Kuehl gets out her iPHONE, starts HACKING. After a few beats, she retrieves the photo Drake took of the victim's swollen ankle strapped into a seaweed strewn ankle monitor.

DRAKE (ON TV)

I wouldn't want to speculate on that until we have much more information. But I can assure the people of Oakland that-

Kuehl dashes out the door.

EXT. GREEN RECYCLING, LLC/PORT OF OAKLAND - AFTERNOON

Drake is on his phone as he walks toward a row of garbage ships belonging to GREEN **RECYCLING, LLC**.

DRAKE (ON PHONE)

The guy's got a whole warehouse full of container crates just like the one our girl washed up in, Lenny. I already had a bad feeling about him. I'm just gonna poke around and see if I can get him talking. Let me know the second Doug comes up with anything on that ankle monitor.

ANGLE TO Green. He dumps an armful of scrap metal into a container crate that does look a lot like the one the girl's body washed up in. Turns around to find Drake standing there.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Afternoon Mr. Green. Remember me?

GREEN

What do you want?

DRAKE

I was curious whether you caught
the 4 o'clock news on K-RON.

ANGLE ACROSS THE PIER, to a Steampunk Circus unloading gear onto the dock. Kuehl, inconspicuous among them as they dress kind of similarly, hides in plain sight, listening to Drake and Green on her bluetooth.

GREEN'S VOICE

I been busy all day running my
business, so no.

BACK TO Drake and Green.

DRAKE

A body washed up in the estuary.
Young woman. Couldn't have been
more than 19 or 20.

GREEN

Floating in the water? So it could
have come from someplace else.

He smirks, like he thought of something Drake hadn't already considered.

DRAKE

Except she was packed up inside a
container crate... a lot like the
ones you use here.

GREEN

Did it have my company name on it?
My crates have the name stamped.

Drake wanders the row of crates, looking them over.

DRAKE

Most of them do. Not all.
(turns to face him)
Those are some nasty new bruises
Mrs. Cooper has on the right side
of her face.

Green is rattled. And angry.

GREEN

Maybe whoever hit her had a good
reason to hit her. She must have
asked for it.

ON Kuehl. You can tell that it's taking all of her restraint to not just charge across the pier and thrash him.

INT. KUEHL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The photo Kuehl hacked from Drake's phone is up on her monitor, alongside Kuehl's enlargement showing the fragment of Bonnie Cooper's ankle monitor. She gets up, paces. Pops in her earpiece and logs onto her phone.

INT. ETS - FORENSIC LAB/CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Kuehl's same Cooper photo is up on a screen next to a work station where Drake, Doug McDonald and a TECH ANALYST are examining the ankle monitor that was on the murder victim.

TECH ANALYST

It was an active type unit, which means that the GPS data could be collected live. Someone was monitoring her in real time.

Drake points to the Bonnie Cooper photo.

DRAKE

And what about this one? Can you tell if they were built by the same person?

DOUG

It's hard to say just from this photo. It's not a simple device. Whoever put it together would have to have had some training in electrical engineering. Oh, and I'm still working on..

(touches his face)

The mark on her face is obscure. I haven't made a match yet.

A text message comes through on Drake's cell. Drake walks INTO THE CORRIDOR to look at it. It says: **'if i cud c it i might be able to help u'** Drake stares at his phone.

DRAKE

What's going on here?

Another text comes in: **"nothing 2 worry abt"** Drake realizes, galled, that his phone is monitoring him. Kuehl sends another text. **"can u upload pic of obscure facial mark?"** He holds the phone close to his lips.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Go to hell.

He drops it on the ground and crushes it under his shoe.

INT. KUEHL'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Kuehl winces as she hears the stomp and then the static in her ear. Damn! She opens a new window on her computer. SCANS HER IRIS. A technical-looking search engine comes up on screen. She types "**gus green.**" As she waits for results, she does the same drill (iris scanning) on her iPhone. Types, "**find drake replacement phone, GPS, all zones, all devices**"

KUEHL

I'll wait, Drake. We both know you've got to pick up a new phone.

A skype call rings on her desktop. "Becky calling." Kuehl accepts it, and BECKY pops up on a video window.

BECKY (ON SKYPE)

Whassup B Kool? Bombay Bicycle Club's playing at Yoshi's.

KUEHL

I'm working tonight, Bec.

BECKY (ON SKYPE)

Web designing, or busting some cheating husband?

(Kuehl smiles, doesn't divulge)

Chip, Trish and Ricky are going.

Kuehl is clearly tempted by that. Except...

KUEHL

Ricky...?

BECKY (ON SKYPE)

He knows the B Kool deal. No obligations, no expectations.

(flashes tickets)

C'mon. We've got backstage passes.

EXT. JACK LONDON SQUARE/YOSHI'S - NIGHT

Colorful waterfront hotspot. Strains from the opening band waft out from Yoshi's. Kuehl walks with her posse toward the entrance. RICKY, completely adorable, is trying to play it cool, but is so obviously in love with her.

RICKY

So it looks like I scored the gig at Zynga.

KUEHL

As a concept artist? That's
immensely cool, Ricky.

She's sincerely happy and excited for him. Gives him a little hug. Encouraged, basking in the glow of her approval, he puts his arm around her. Her iPhone beeps. She checks it. An alert is flashing. It says DRAKE.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

There you are!

She swiftly enters some code, turns on GPS tracking. A MAP comes up, indicating that Drake is heading to Alameda.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

Crap. You don't waste any time.
(to her friends)
Guys, I'm really sorry but I'm
gonna have to bail.

ON Ricky. Crushed.

EXT/INT. ALAMEDA - GREEN'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Nasty-looking place. Kuehl picks her way gingerly over rusted out machinery. Finds a broken window. Puts on protective gloves and removes some shards of glass. Climbs in.

The place is full of more crates like the one in which the girl's body was found. Some of them have "Green LLC" stencilled on them. She takes a few more wary steps. PHWUMP! Someone drops down from the rafters and grabs her from behind in a painful vice lock.

DRAKE

Gotcha!

Kuehl cranes her neck slowly around and looks up at Drake. Faint hint of a smile in her eyes. She doesn't look like someone who's been "got."

INT. GREEN'S WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A flashlight shines in Kuehl's face. Drake has her cuffed to a crate. He looms over her, staring, mostly astonished.

DRAKE

You're just... a girl.

KUEHL

Personal remarks are rude.

He moves the light away from her eyes.

DRAKE

What's your connection to Bonnie
Cooper and Gus Green?

KUEHL

No connection.

Shines the light back in her eyes.

DRAKE

What about the dead girl in the
Oakland Estuary?

KUEHL

I have no connection to any of
them.

Drake kills the light. Pitch black. After a moment, Kuehl
speaks.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

I'm working for your ex wife.

DRAKE

(did he hear that right?)
You work for.. Laura?

KUEHL

You have a child custody hearing
coming up. She wanted to establish
negligence. And she thought you
might be.. you know.. entertaining
women around them.

Drake turns the flashlight on, takes out his keys and removes
her cuffs.

DRAKE

Get out of here.
(Kuehl doesn't move)
I said leave.

KUEHL

Mrs. Cooper's being held prisoner
in her own home by someone who
beats her up and tortures her. You
and I both think it's the same
person who murdered the girl from
the estuary.

DRAKE

You have no idea what I think.

KUEHL

Did you know Gus Green's father was an electrical engineer in Azerbaijan? Gretchko was the family name. They emigrated here in 1992. Gus and his dad went into business together, but daddy had a gambling problem and they went belly-up.

(Drake stares at her)

You were looking for something to show he'd know how to build a DIY ankle monitor. Does that help?

Clearly it does...

DRAKE

What's your deal?

KUEHL

I already told you.

DRAKE

What's your training? Are you an ex cop?

KUEHL

Shouldn't you be trying to figure out what Green's deal is? He told you Bonnie Cooper was asking for it. You need to stop him before he gives it to her.

Drake is frustrated. He turns and starts to walk out.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

Look, this warehouse is clean, but there's another one around back. It's not registered to Green, but he uses it. The question is, what does he use it for? It's the kind of place where a sicko who builds DIY torture devices could keep girls holed up.

He turns back. He can't dismiss this girl.

EXT. ALAMEDA WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MOMENTS LATER

Kuehl and Drake head around the back. Something has just occurred to Drake.

DRAKE

If you knew the warehouse was clean, that means you've been here before...

KUEHL

Yeah?

DRAKE

So I didn't lead you here?
(Kuehl shrugs)
Did you lead me here?

She doesn't answer. Points ahead to the back of a big low slung warehouse with a high, razor-wire lined fence.

KUEHL

Do you have gloves?
(before he can say no)
I brought a spare pair for you.

She gets them out of her messenger bag and tosses them to him.

EXT. GREEN'S UNREGISTERED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kuehl and Drake drop down inside the chain link and make their way around the building... right into the path of a huge GOON with a semiautomatic. He WHIPS around and aims it at them.

GOON

Hey! Stop!

That gets the attention of six other men, 50 yards beyond, unloading boxes from a couple of trucks. One of the six stands, lording over the operation. Drake spots him.

DRAKE

Is that Green..?

If it was, they can't prove it, because he JUMPS IN A VAN and SCREECHES out through an open gate. Drake draws his gun.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Police! Freeze!

The goon FIRES. Drake jumps back against the building. Kuehl dives in the other direction. As Drake leaps out and overtakes the goon, Kuehl springs onto the gate and SLAMS it shut, seconds before two more goons CRASH another car into it. Drake yanks them out and slams them against the fence and cuffs them to it.

Kuehl thrusts herself from the gate onto the hood of another waiting van that a 4th goon is running towards. He FIRES at her. She ducks, rolls off the hood and takes him to the ground with her boots. The last goon comes up from behind, swinging a heavy gauge steel chain at her head. Drake dives, tackles Kuehl out of its path, catches it on the rebound and reels in the goon. Kuehl rolls back to her feet, bleeding where her head hit the ground. She helps Drake drag the two men to the fence. Feels his eyes on her.

KUEHL

What?

DRAKE

Sorry about that. Are you alright?

Their eyes stay locked for a moment. Drake narrows his and looks at her with intensity, as if noticing for the first time, through blood and dirt, that she's beautiful. It seems to unnerve her a little bit.

EXT. GREEN'S UNREGISTERED WAREHOUSE - LATER

All five thugs are chained securely to the fence. We can now see what they were unloading - crates full of illegal weapons - grenade launchers, semi-automatic machine guns, that sort of thing. In the distance we hear police SIRENS. Kuehl looks uneasy.

KUEHL

I should probably get out of here.

DRAKE

How did my ex wife find you?

KUEHL

(hesitates)

I work for Sage. It's a-

DRAKE

Private security firm. Grayden Ash was a Mossad agent a million years ago. Decent guy.

(gestures to all the
contraband)

You realize that all of this makes your theory about Green and the estuary murder doubtful.

KUEHL

Because he traffics in illegal weapons, that makes him *less* likely to be batterer and killer of women?

DRAKE

Look, I don't even know if I'm going to be able to nail him for trafficking in illegal weapons! When I called it in I had my partner Lenny run Green down. They found him at a strip club, getting a lap dance. Two alibis are ready to swear he's been there since 9PM.

KUEHL

Charming. What about Bonnie Cooper?

DRAKE

She hasn't filed a complaint. I have no proof Green beat her up, and certainly nothing that links him to our Jane Doe estuary victim.

Kuehl sighs. Then she remembers something.

KUEHL

Wait. I noticed something earlier, when I was looking over my photos of Mrs. Cooper to see if I missed anything. There's this strange bruise mark on her shoulder, where her abuser beat her...

Drake reacts.

DRAKE

I need to see it!

KUEHL

You said on TV that the killer has a signature. Can I see that?

DRAKE

Absolutely not. It's police privileged information.

The SIRENS are deafening as a cavalcade of police vehicles blows onto the street. Kuehl turns, shouts back over her shoulder.

KUEHL

Show me yours and I'll show you mine.

And she's out the same way they came in.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SAGE - MORNING

Early, before the start of business. Ash waits out front. Drake parks a HARLEY DAVIDSON and approaches. Ash extends his hand.

ASH
Detective Drake.

DRAKE
(abrupt)
What can you tell me about Beatrix Kuehl?

Ash unlocks the front door and disarms the elaborate alarm system and double locks the door again once they're inside.

INT. SAGE - CORRIDOR/ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Ash, clearly mortified, leads Drake to the elevator.

ASH
I would like to assure you that I had no intention - absolutely none - of accepting that job under any circumstances. Ms. Kuehl has a mind of her own.

DRAKE
Apparently.

ASH
She's only worked for me for 10 months, but she was recommended by a very, very dear friend, Major Bing Sperling. He was her CO. It's because of Bing that I-

DRAKE
I knew it!

They get off the elevator.

INT. SAGE - EXECUTIVE CORRIDOR/CEO'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

They start toward Ash's office.

DRAKE
I knew she had to be military. From the way she handled herself last-
(he censors himself)
Where was she stationed?

ASH

Bing vouched for Beatrix unwaveringly and implored me to give her a chance, but he warned me never to ask her about her time in the service. She won't talk about it.

KUEHL (O.C.)

I was stationed in Al Taqaddem Iraq with the 366th Fighter Wing Squadron. I served as an EA-6B Prowler Electronic Countermeasures Officer from May '07 to January '09.

The door to the CEO suite is open. Ash turns on the light. There sits Kuehl, having somehow managed to circumvent the alarm system etc. She smiles that smile.

INT. SAGE - KUEHL'S CUBICLE - LATER

Kuehl is firing up her laptop. Drake has pulled up a chair beside her. There's a kind of electricity between them, intermittently playfully flirtatious and warily stand-offish. He watches closely as she enters a similar series of passcodes to the ones she entered to communicate with Shalom. The VOICE PROMPT says-

VOICE PROMPT

VERIFY-

She mutes it quickly before it says QUEAN. Scans her iris.

DRAKE

Did it just ask for your code name?

KUEHL

(ignores the question)

I'm going to show you the mark I was talking about on Mrs. Cooper, but I want to put it up against a photo of the killer's signature. I'm guessing we'll need to get into OPD forensic files.

DRAKE

Not happening.

(Kuehl looks at him)

The files are encrypted. They can't be accessed from an outside computer. I can't even look at them unless I'm in the squad room.

She rolls her eyes. *Please...*

KUEHL

You have email on your office computer? So what's your password? Some combination of your kids' names. Right? Max and Emma.. What is it? EMMAX something...?

He glares at her. Because of course she's right.

DRAKE

I'll type it in.

She moves aside. Pretends she's not watching, but we see her eyes dart over. Drake types fast; most ordinary people wouldn't be able to decipher...

KUEHL

EMMAX0705. A combination of their names and birth dates. Sweet. Okay, now you're in the system. That's your desktop up on my monitor.

Drake can see that it is. He sighs, gives her back her chair.

DRAKE

It's all yours. Just open Google Chrome. I'm already logged in. Forensics is on the bookmarks bar.

Kuehl shakes her head.

KUEHL

You guys really need to upgrade your security.

DRAKE

That's it right there. Case #P09-018679. Click on "scene." That brings up photographic evidence from the crime scene. "Signature" one through five. Open them.

She opens five photos depicting the "killer's signature" on the Jane Doe murder victim's face. She shudders. Closes all but the most readable one. Stares at it for a moment.

KUEHL

It's a sheela-na-gig.

DRAKE

A what?

KUEHL

These weird Celtic creatures found on a bunch of minor churches around Ireland and Britain. One interpretation is they're anti-woman. She's a slut with her legs spread open, and that's, like, a big vagina.

DRAKE

Not any vagina I've ever seen.

KUEHL

TMI, okay?

Kuehl brings up one of her own photos of Bonnie Cooper.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

Okay, this is one of the pictures of Mrs. Cooper I took the second time you went to see her. She had some new, fresh bruises on her shoulder... here.

(points)

I thought it looked like she might have been hit by something that left a mark on her, but it didn't really mean anything until I put it together with you saying the killer had a signature.

She isolates the bruise. Blows up that section of the photo next to the photo of Jane Doe's bruise/mark. The Jane Doe image is distinct. The Bonnie Cooper image is vague and diffuse.. but evocative of the same pattern of bruising.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Drake examines it intently.

DRAKE

I don't know.

(glances at Kuehl)

How come you happen to know about this Sheila thing?

She shrugs.

KUEHL

I read a lot.

(starts up a new program)

Mind if I just try something? Ever use this program with your kids?

(MORE)

KUEHL (CONT'D)

It's called "connect the dots." It finds pictures in seemingly abstract patterns.

The program does its thing until the traces on Bonnie Cooper's shoulder resolve into an image - almost identical to the "sheela-na-gig" on the murder victim's cheek.

EXT. SAGE - A LITTLE LATER

Drake is putting on his helmet, straddling his Harley, when Kuehl rides around from the back. She pulls up next to him.

KUEHL

Harley Davidson, huh?

DRAKE

The Ducati's hot, but I only do American made. Of course, I can't ride it on days when I have my kids.

She nods. She's about to take off.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Wait!

(she stops)

There's a little imbalance in our blossoming friendship. You know an awful lot about me and I still don't know very much about you.

She hesitates. Her least favorite subject.

KUEHL

Ask me questions. I'll tell you what you need to know.

DRAKE

Okay. Are you married?

(she smiles, says nothing)

Right. Do you have any family?

(still nothing)

So. What are your interests...?

What made you decide to join the military...? I see. Well then, what's your online code name?

She laughs.

KUEHL

Anything you NEED to know?

DRAKE

You're not being fair, so I'm going back to work right now to try to catch a killer. Thank you for your help. It's been invaluable.

He revs his engine and roars away. She says, talking to his fumes-

KUEHL

Life is unfair.

She revs her engine louder and roars away in the opposite direction.

INT. ETS - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Chavez meets Drake as he enters and walks with him.

CHAVEZ

The Estuary victim's name is Karen Pope. A student at Vista College. She went missing six days ago. We're still trying to reach the family, but her college roommate is on her way in to ID the body.

Pete and Doug are waiting for them at the work station. Lenny is also there, talking on the phone.

PETE

Doug has information for us.

DOUG

The mark on our girl's face is a 12th century British grotesque known as a-

DRAKE

Sheela-na-gig.

DOUG

That's right...

Chavez and Peter look at him. *How the hell did you know that?*

DRAKE

There are a few theories about them, but the one that makes the most sense to me is that it's a misogynist thing. It's a female creature that - like Doug says - is a grotesque temptress. The killer's way of saying, "She asked for it."

Doug looks impressed and maybe just a bit miffed. Lenny gets off the phone.

LENNY

That was a task force in Bend, Oregon. They called us when they heard about our Estuary girl. They've been tracking their own serial killer for seven years and there are some striking similarities. The victims were mostly college girls, and he held them prisoner, sometimes for weeks.

DRAKE

Did he use an ankle monitor?

LENNY

Not exactly. But two of the victims were found with those electronic dog collars. You know, the kind that gives your dog a shock if it tries to get out of the yard.

DRAKE

Bingo. What about the mark on her face?

LENNY

I asked them, but there was nothing like that. And there's one other detail that doesn't jive with ours. The killer supposedly lured his victims with a puppy dog. The girls would stop to admire the puppy and he would get them talking and then lure them into the woods.

DRAKE

That doesn't do anything for us.

LENNY

They had a suspect for a while - the janitor at Ave Maria College - but it didn't pan out.

INT. ETS - VISITING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Chavez hands Karen Pope's ROOMMATE a tissue as Drake fetches her a glass of water.

ROOMMATE

Karen was super serious. She was trying to pay off her student loan, which is why she took the baby sitting job for this little boy she met at Fairyland.

Drake hands her the water.

DRAKE

Did you say Fairyland?

ROOMMATE

She went there all the time. She wanted to write children's books as her second career. The little boy's father had his arm in a sling and she helped lift him into his car seat. The man told her he was looking for a smart young lady to help him look after his son a few days a week...

INT. ETS - SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lenny walks with Drake, who is in a hurry.

DRAKE

I want you to keep digging for stuff on Green. Have Pete run all of his records. Travel. Education. Aliases. Violations of any kind. I'm going back to the Alameda warehouse to see what I can find. I'll look in every single damn crate if I have to.

He exits.

EXT. GREEN'S UNREGISTERED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Same place Drake and Kuehl tangled with the 6 goons. Drake drops down over the chain link and starts charily around the side. It seems abandoned. He's about to try a window when he notices a bicycle - pink and white 1970s girl's Schwinn - perched at far side of the building. Kuehl steps around. She looks like a college girl in cutoff shorts, tights and another of her signature T-shirts. (I'M KOOL and ur not)

KUEHL

I'm pretty sure I've been over every inch of it, but you never know, I might have missed something.

DRAKE

(sighs)

I doubt it.

(frustrated)

I need something more solid on Green. Bonnie Cooper said he liked to take Dylan to Frog Park and Fairyland, which circumstantially ties him to the last place the victim was heard from alive.

KUEHL

You got an ID on the victim?!

Drake chuckles, delighted.

DRAKE

Finally, something you didn't already know.

KUEHL

It must have just happened.

Drake hesitates, then decides to share...

DRAKE

Her name was Karen Pope. She was a student at Vista College. She met this man at Fairyland. He had his arm in a sling and made like he needed help getting his little toddler into a car seat...

KUEHL

That's just like Bend Oregon. The dogs-

DRAKE

How the hell do you know about...?
(he stops himself)
Tell me how they're similar.

KUEHL

It's a well known fact that women get all weak in the knees for cute puppies and cute children. So sleazy guys out to pick up chicks have been known to borrow their friends' dogs, or even their little kids.

Drake is again impressed.

DRAKE

I had the same thought. He changed up his MO. Went from luring his victims with puppies to luring them with children.

KUEHL

He used Dylan Cooper to get Pope into his car.

DRAKE

We don't know it was Dylan. Also, the Bend killer didn't brand his victims. No sheela-na-gig.

KUEHL

Probably he thinks of himself as an artist. He's trying new materials and techniques. The arm in a sling is a nice touch. Makes him vulnerable and not threatening. He gets the girls trusting him. Charms them, gets them talking about themselves, acts all impressed and interested.

DRAKE

Only one problem. We've tried six ways to Sunday and we can't put Green anywhere near Bend Oregon.

KUEHL

I know someone who might be able to help with that.

EXT. ACORN NEIGHBORHOOD - SHALOM'S SPACE - DAY

A stretch of industrial portside wasteland, full of rusting ship parts and stacks of retired container crates. Kuehl parks her Schwinn and locks it with the iPhone security system. Walks across to a vast row of crates and locates one with an obscured digital panel mounted to the front. She enters a series of passcodes, and gets a VOICE PROMPT.

VOICE PROMPT

VERIFY... QUEAN...

She presses her eye to a tiny monitor next to the panel. Another voice follows.

SHALOM'S VOICE

Quean in the flesh? What gives?

KUEHL

Can I come in?

The door to Shalom's container crate living space unlocks digitally. Kuehl steps inside.

INT. SHALOM'S SPACE - A LITTLE LATER

Kuehl is booting up her laptop. Shalom keeps busy at his various stations, clearly uncomfortable with her presence.

SHALOM

Sorry I don't have any petits fours to offer you. I didn't expect to be entertaining.

KUEHL

I know you're not into human contact, Shalom. I'll only stay as long as I have to.

SHALOM

How dare you presume I'm human!

Kuehl signs. She opens a JPEG on her desktop.

KUEHL

Remember this woman? Bonnie Cooper.
(brings up another PHOTO,
OF GREEN)
This is her boyfriend. The one who beat her up. He's a suspect in the Oakland Estuary murder. We're trying to connect him to another series of murders that happened in Bend Oregon a few years ago.

As Kuehl talks, Shalom is inputting on his keyboard with lightening speed. Data pours onto his monitor.

SHALOM

We? Has Quean now taken to invoking the royal "we?"

A video window comes up from his search - a live TV news feed. It's Drake, talking to a bevy of reporters.

DRAKE (ON TV)

The victim has been identified. We won't be releasing her name until the family has been reached.

(MORE)

DRAKE (ON TV) (CONT'D)

We want the public to know that the killer might have been in the company of a small child, and he might have used the child initially to lure his victim, so if anyone has any information...

SHALOM

That cop.. Isn't he the one you were surveilling? Are you two a we now?

(Kuehl kind of blushes)

He's hot and hunky. Do I get a finder's fee for helping hook you up?

KUEHL

Stop. Okay?

She means it. Shalom is heedless.

SHALOM

Is that why you're so sensitive today? Awww, my little Quean. She poses as a rebel, but she's really just like all the other girls, longing for the big manly man of authority to take her in his strong loving arms.

Kuehl starts packing up her stuff. He's touched a nerve.

KUEHL

Forget it. I came here because I couldn't afford to waste time with our usual trash talk, but you're even worse in person.

She's on her way out the door and doesn't notice what he's doing on his computer.

SHALOM

And you have to smell me. Nothing on your suspect anywhere near Oregon in the last 10 years.. but I've got your lady here if you're interested. What did you say her name was...?

He has the photo of Bonnie Cooper lined up alongside another photo from a college web directory. Kuehl stops in the doorway, turns and looks.

SHALOM (CONT'D)

Because according to the website of Ave Maria College in Eugene Oregon, back in 2008 she went by the name Bobbie Sharkey.

Kuehl comes back. She's impressed.

KUEHL

How did you do that?

SHALOM

I concocted a sweet little mash up between conventional facial recognition technology and the omniscient power of the cloud. None of your maker pals over at Godspeed has done it yet? Oooh, I like being first. Does this mean I'm your virtual BFF again?

Kuehl sits down at one of Shalom's computers.

KUEHL

Do you mind? We can pretend we're not in the same physical space.

SHALOM

Depends what you're doing.

KUEHL

Sending a mass email to all of Bobbie Sharkey's classmates asking if anyone knows what became of her.

INT. ETS - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Drake is downloading to Lenny as he keeps one eye on his computer. He's obviously been communicating with Kuehl. We see him drag one of her folders into a file labelled B KOOL.

DRAKE

Her name used to be Bobbie Sharkey.

Pettibone walks over, stands and listens.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

We need to try to find out why she changed it and whether it had anything to do with Green.

PETTIBONE

Are you talking about Gus Green?
What does he have to do with the
estuary murder?

DRAKE

I'm not sure yet Captain. I just
got some new information, but it's
not clear if it's going to add up
to anything. Is something wrong?

PETTIBONE

Your friend Mr. Green has lawyered
up with a couple of muckrakers,
Mackey and Choi. They filed a
complaint. They claim you harassed
him at his place of business and
you carried out an unwarranted
search and seizure.

DRAKE

I did everything by the book,
Captain. I promise you.

PETTIBONE

I'm sure you did, Ben, but I need
you to tread carefully. These guys
have been around the block. They
could make things messy, and if
Green's your guy, that's the last
thing you want.

Pettibone pats Drake's shoulder and walks off. Drake slams
his fist against a desk.

INT. SHALOM'S SPACE - DAY

Kuehl and Shalom, both wearing headphones, talking to one
another via videochat - in other words, pretending they're
not in the same space. Kuehl has another chat videochat
window open - we see the GIRL'S FACE - and a few IM windows.
They're all on pause as she downloads to Shalom.

KUEHL

I'm IMing and talking to a couple
of her classmates. Bobbie dropped
out junior year. One girl says she
got pregnant with Mr. Conger's
baby. Mr. Conger apparently was a
professor. Seems nobody's sure what
he taught.

(Kuehl types an IM)

Asking her what he looked like and
how old he was.

Shalom is already doing his own search.

SHALOM

Nobody named Conger listed as a professor at Ave Maria. I checked back as far as '97. The database wasn't online before that... but there is a Nathan Samuel Conger who worked in the college chaplaincy from 2002 to 2009. Not much info on him. No photo.

INT. ETS - SQUAD ROOM - AFTERNOON

A detective named DONNIE is manning the anonymous tip line.

DONNIE

Hey Drake, a tip just came in from one of your fans. She wanted to talk directly to that gorgeous policeman who was on the TV news today.

DRAKE

What's the tip, Donnie?

DONNIE

As she was leaving Tilden Playground she saw a girl stop to help a man whose son fell off the swing. The man had a limp and the girl carried his kid. Then - she's not sure but she thinks he might have pushed her into the back of his car.

Drake grabs his things and jogs across the squad room.

DRAKE

Any further description of the man or the girl?

DONNIE

Short curly brown hair, wearing a plaid skirt. The girl, that is.

As Drake RUNS out, we angle back to his computer. A new file pops up on his desktop. It's labeled, Mr. Conger.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. OAKLAND STREETS - AFTERNOON

Drake is on his mobile phone as he rips across the city on his Harley, shouting over the roar of his bike.

DRAKE (ON PHONE)
I NEED YOU TO GIVE KUEHL A MESSAGE!
IT'S URGENT!

INT. SAGE - ASH'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Ash is on the other end of the line, also shouting.

ASH
LET ME REPEAT THAT DETECTIVE DRAKE.
I'M TO TELL BEATRIX TO ASAP FIND
OUT IF DYLAN COOPER- IS THAT
CORRECT? COOPER? IS HOME WITH HIS
MOTHER, AND TO TEXT YOU THE ANSWER!

EXT. EAST OAKLAND BODEGA - AFTERNOON

Kuehl exits with a container of beans and rice and is just climbing onto her Schwinn when Ash phones.

KUEHL (ON PHONE)
Hi, Grayden... On my way home,
grabbing a bite. Why?

She listens for a second (bluetooth earpiece), gives the beans and rice to a homeless guy, and rides like the wind.

EXT. BONNIE COOPER'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - A LITTLE LATER

Kuehl climbs over the cinder block wall, drops immediately to her stomach and commando crawls to the rear of the house. Hoists herself up and peers in a window. Commando crawls around, then climbs up to another window. Drops down to the ground, gets out her iPhone, texts Drake: **"dylan not at home"**

INT. GREEN'S DUPLEX - AFTERNOON

Green is on his way out in a hurry, rifling through a drawer, dropping random items - keys, Swiss army knife, etc - into a man purse. There's a hard knock. Green opens the door, and Drake pushes in and shoves him against the wall.

DRAKE
Where's Dylan? And I know he's not
at home with his mom.

GREEN

I'm late for a date!

Green struggles as Drake shoves him from room to room.

DRAKE

Where's the girl? You know I'm
gonna find her you sick bastard.

EXT. EAST OAKLAND STREETS - EARLY EVENING

Kuehl is pedaling away from Cooper's house, listening to police radio transmissions on her bluetooth. We hear what she hears: nothing relevant. As she rounds the corner, a city bus stops to let off passengers. As the bus pulls away, something catches her eye. She slows. POV: Dylan Cooper has just gotten off the bus. He's holding hands with a MAN, 50ish, kind of charmingly disheveled in a slightly worn tweed jacket.

EXT. BONNIE COOPER'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Bonnie Cooper steps outside, clearly relieved to have Dylan home. The man, NATHAN SAMUEL CONGER, is about to walk in with them when Kuehl - riding too fast - takes a spectacular fall from her bike. She lands more-or-less at the foot of Cooper's walk. Drags herself to her feet, shin all scraped and bloody. Cooper has seen it, but continues on inside. Nathan Samuel Conger rushes to help Kuehl to her feet.

NATHAN SAMUEL CONGER

Poor thing. Are you okay?

(shouts)

Bobbie! Go and get this young lady
some antiseptic and a band aide.

(taking Kuehl by the arm)

Come. Sit down on the steps. Do you
think you broke anything?

KUEHL

I'm fine. Really-

NATHAN SAMUEL CONGER

That's a bad scrape. You're
bleeding. Let's get you cleaned up.

As he leads her to the steps, Dylan toddles back out.

DYLAN

Daddy I go play in my sandbox.

Dylan goes to his sandbox. Conger smiles and clutches his back as he takes a seat next to Kuehl.

NATHAN SAMUEL CONGER

I dug the boy a sandpit. Foolish undertaking for an old Dad with a bad back, but I hadn't seen him in nearly two years. I had to take a teaching job overseas... Anyway, he loves it, which makes the minor pain worth every twinge and moan.

(offers his hand)

Nathan.

KUEHL

Beatrix.

He catches Kuehl looking at his ring. No sheela-na-gig; just a simple band. He seems almost shy as he explains-

NATHAN SAMUEL CONGER

My wedding ring. I wear it on the other hand since Bobbie and I split, but I couldn't quite bring myself to remove it altogether.

Conger smiles. He's very charming.

NATHAN SAMUEL CONGER (CONT'D)

You seem like a nice young lady. Do you go to school near here?

KUEHL

I just started at Stanford.

NATHAN SAMUEL CONGER

Oh my. A Smarty Pants.

(as if it's just occurring to him)

You know, I'm hoping Dylan's mother is going to let him begin spending time at my house soon. I'll be looking for a baby sitter to help us out a few days a week.

Cooper emerges. She hands Kuehl some antiseptic spray and band aids and stands back in the doorway. As Kuehl cleans up her leg, Conger stands and speaks to Cooper.

NATHAN SAMUEL CONGER (CONT'D)

Bobbie, this very bright young lady might be interested in baby sitting for Dylan from time to time.

Kuehl stands. Hands Cooper the antiseptic spray.

KUEHL

Thank you very much. I won't take
up any more of your time.

NATHAN SAMUEL CONGER

Can I get your contact information,
for baby sitting?

As Nathan Samuel Conger reaches into his jacket pocket for a note pad, he inadvertently exposes his BELT BUCKLE.. with a familiar big brass casting of a sheela-na-gig. Kuehl is careful not to stare at it as she scrawls the information and hands the note pad back to Conger. She conjures a smile for him. Gets back on her bike and rides off. He calls after her.

NATHAN SAMUEL CONGER (CONT'D)

You be careful now, Beatrix.

EXT. BONNIE COOPER'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - A LITTLE LATER

Kuehl is crouched behind the wall, peering through and making a phone call as she pulls on a hoodie and sweats she had stuffed in her messenger bag. Someone answers. She whispers-

KUEHL (ON PHONE)

It's not Green!

INT. GREEN'S APARTMENT - INTERCUTTING

Drake has Green handcuffed to the bar of a massive steel fitness machine with all 750 lbs. of weight attached.

DRAKE

You telephoned me!

KUEHL

Well it's kind of urgent.

DRAKE

You never reached out to me by
phone before. And your number came
up on my screen-

Kuehl notices through the crack that Conger is on the move.

KUEHL

I enabled my GPS. I need you to
track me. I don't know where to,
but I'm pretty sure a person named
Nathan Samuel Conger is the killer.
He's just leaving Bonnie Cooper's
house...

EXT/INT. OAKLAND - VARIOUS SHOTS - EVENING

> Conger heads into an underground BART station. Kuehl follows him. Lurks out of sight on the platform as a train arrives. Boards two cars behind him.

> Conger, jaunty (no sign of a bad back), trots up the stairs at another station. Stops suddenly and turns around as if he's sensed something. Kuehl carries on past him, head down.

> Conger emerges above ground and starts down the street. Kuehl slips out from behind a dumpster and resumes following.

> Kuehl is tucked into a doorway across from an ELECTRONICS STORE. Conger emerges, carrying a bag with his purchases.

> Conger enters the catacombs behind a church. Kuehl waits a few beats and, when he doesn't emerge, goes in. Starts down a dark tunnel, then hears the scuffle of Conger's shoes. Backs against the wall and presses herself into a crevice. Holds her breath as Conger walks out with a satchel, passing only inches away from her.

EXT. LAKE MERRITT WATERWAY/ABANDONED TRAIN STATION - EVENING

Derelict. Far from anywhere. Nathan Samuel Conger enters the decaying structure, still jaunty, carrying his satchel.

INT. ABANDONED TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Serpentine, with forsaken booths and corridors and columns and turnstiles and passageways leading further underground. From Kuehl's POV, we watch as Conger starts down one of them.

INT. ABANDONED TRAIN STATION - SUBGROUND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

At the far end, chained to an ancient circuit switcher, is the GIRL - short curly brown hair, plaid skirt, mouth gag. As Conger walks toward her, he takes a new DIY ankle monitor out of his satchel. He speaks in a sing song voice.

NATHAN SAMUEL CONGER

I'm going to put this on you, Miss
Smarty Pants, and we're going to
play a little game. The odds are
stacked in my favor but it will be
fun anyway.

ANGLE to Kuehl, inching closer as Conger squats down and tightens the device on the girl's leg. The girl whimpers.

NATHAN SAMUEL CONGER (CONT'D)

Tsk. You're asking for it, my dear.
And you know what happens to stupid
little whores who ask for it..?

Kuehl starts to rise when SOMETHING SOFT AND WET smacks her face. She turns. 25 feet away, behind a column, Drake is quietly tearing a piece of paper from his note pad to chew another spitball when he sees that he got her attention. He signals firmly. *Stay put! I've got this.* Kuehl glances back. Conger has his belt off. He grabs the girl's hair and is rearing back to brand her face with it. Kuehl charges at him- And we realize why Drake was telling her not to move. He winces as a STEEL TRAP catches Kuehl's bootie. Conger springs for her, swinging his belt. Kuehl catches it with one hand and yanks him to the ground. She kicks at him with her free leg. Conger crawls to his feet and runs for a nearby passageway. Drake, leaping over several more traps, catches Conger and throttles him against the wall, SMASHING his face hard into the crumbling concrete.

INT. BONNIE COOPER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Police are everywhere, shining bright lights and removing all of the surveillance equipment Nathan Samuel Conger installed. Drake sits on a chair opposite Bonnie Cooper, who is weeping quietly and stroking her sleeping toddler's head.

COOPER

I knew Gus was into some stuff that might not be legal, but he never hurt me. He was just upset when I broke up with him four weeks ago. Nathan wouldn't let me give him any kind of explanation-

DRAKE

Mrs. Cooper, I know this will be hard, but the task force in Bend, Oregon is going to want to talk to you about what happened there, too.

She bursts into tears.

COOPER

I didn't know. I just thought he was a wife beater. We lived in a caretaker's cabin on a ranch in Deschutes.. he kept me prisoner there too. He would disappear for days at a time then come home and beat me up again. I didn't care what he was doing.. I was just so relieved when he was gone.

DRAKE

I promise you, nobody will ever
blame you for what he did.

COOPER

After Dylan was born I knew I had
to get us away. One day Nathan took
us out to a diner in Bend.. there
was a trucker.. I grabbed Dylan and
ran screaming.. he pushed us into
his truck and drove away..

DRAKE

That was very brave of you.

COOPER

Me and Dylan had two and a half
years. We pretty much kept to
ourselves until I started dating
Gus. Then one day - like I told
you, four weeks ago - I came home..
and Nathan was sitting right there.

She points to the chair Drake is sitting in.

EXT. BONNIE COOPER'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Kuehl is in her hiding place, watching through the wall. The
police are digging up Dylan's sandbox. She looks grim as they
disinter a limb from the place where Dylan had been
frolicking just the other day. Drake comes up behind her.

DRAKE

That was a gruesome intuition you
had.

KUEHL

I'm sorry.

DRAKE

You have nothing to be sorry for.
You saved someone's life today.
Maybe several people's lives. And
the family of another missing girl
now will at least be able to bury
their daughter.

They stand in silence for a few painful, sad moments. Then,
out of the blue-

KUEHL

I'm not married. I have two younger
half brothers but I haven't seen
them since I was 12.

(MORE)

KUEHL (CONT'D)

I'm interested in everything, which is why I read a lot. I joined the air force because my mother served during the raid on Libya in 1986 and I wanted to follow in her footsteps.

He narrows his eyes and gives her that penetrating squint.

KUEHL (CONT'D)

You're not getting my online code name.

Drake chuckles gently. Kuehl finally makes eye contact with him. But it's a little too intense and she quickly looks away.

INT. SAGE - ASH'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Ash offers Drake a candy. Drake refuses.

DRAKE

Where is she?

ASH

I sent the message this morning but I haven't heard back from her.

There's a SCUFFLING SOUND outside on the fire escape.

ASH (CONT'D)

Hah!

He runs to the window and throws it open. Leans out.

KUEHL (O.C.)

I hope you're not sneaking a smoke out there, Grayden.

Ash bumps his head as he turns back around. Mrs. Gabler stands in the doorway, looking like she smells something nasty. Kuehl is standing behind her.

MRS. GABLER

B Kool is here.

Drake rises to his feet as Kuehl steps into the office. She seems just the slightest bit tentative and more vulnerable than we've seen her. Drake pulls out a chair for her, old school chivalrous.

INT. SAGE - ASH'S OFFICE - LATER

Mrs. Gabler returns with tea service and pours for them. Drake proceeds with a pitch he's been making.

DRAKE

What I'm saying is, with your background and skills, we could probably bypass a lot of the bureaucracy.

KUEHL

You want me to join the OPD?

DRAKE

Whatever happened in the past.. the reason you left the service.. I understand you don't want to talk about that, and I'm sure we could..

(Kuehl is laughing)

Did I say something funny?

ASH

Beatrix!

She forces herself to stop laughing. Turns to Ash.

KUEHL

Do you want me to join the OPD?

ASH

I don't want to lose you. No. But I would never try to hold you back if this is something you want to do.

(his INTERCOM buzzes)

Excuse me for a moment. That's Mrs. Gabler.

Ash goes to his desk, turns his back and picks up the phone. Drake speaks to Kuehl in a whisper.

DRAKE

Can I just say one thing?

KUEHL

What?

DRAKE

I don't know what it is you're running from, but you should come out of hiding and let the world see what an amazing person you are.

He gives her his signature intense, penetrating look.

KUEHL
Don't do that.

DRAKE
What?

KUEHL
That thing with your eyes, where
you narrow them and go all sexy and
seductive. It doesn't work on me.

But apparently it does, because she's so unnerved by it that
she gets up and starts to walk out of the office.

DRAKE
Hey, wait!

Ash gets off the phone.

ASH
Did I miss anything? Where are you
going, Beatrix?

DRAKE
Please don't go.

Kuehl stops in the doorway but doesn't turn back around.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Maybe it was a dumb idea. You
joining the force. I get that
you're very independent. You live
by your own rules. Codes. Whatever.

KUEHL
Are you planning to make a point?

DRAKE
What if I wanted your help again in
some particular situation? What if
I came to you on a case by case
basis?

She finally turns. Nods at Ash.

KUEHL
I work for him. If it's okay with
him, you can hire me through Sage.
He has to get paid for my services,
though, so he can afford to
underpay me.

She smiles sweetly. Exits.

EXT. SAGE - SUNSET

Drake and Kuehl both mount their bikes. Each one steals a look at the other, then turns away before the other catches it. They ride off in opposite directions. We GO WITH Kuehl. She gets to the intersection. Cuts a wide U-Turn... Drake is stopped at a light. Kuehl pulls up next to him. He lifts his visor.

KUEHL

There's something I wanted to say.

DRAKE

Go ahead.

KUEHL

That surveillance I did for your ex-wife.. It was supposed to make the case for her to take your kids away from you. But you could use it if you want.. to make the opposite case. You would win in court.

DRAKE

I know.

KUEHL

That woman is crazy. You should have sole custody of your kids.

DRAKE

I decided not to do that. My children love their mother in spite of her problems, and I don't want to take her away from them.

KUEHL

So you're just going to go on letting her mess with your life?

DRAKE

I'm going to go on trying to help her as best I can, and protecting my kids when she gets into one of her moods.

KUEHL

That's a lot of work for you.

DRAKE

When you bring children into the world, you become blessed with the burden of putting their needs ahead of your own.

That seems to resonate deeply with Kuehl. It also seems to sadden her.

KUEHL

Some women don't have that option.
(as if to mitigate her own
vulnerability)
Mrs. Cooper...

It's obvious to Drake that's not who she was talking about.

DRAKE

They're the ones who especially
need our help.

Said with simple compassion. Kuehl meets his gaze this time. There's such an intense connection between them. She puts her visor down and rides away.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Kuehl's Ducati winds around the precarious curves on the eerie, quiet, misty road. Hundreds of feet below, the ocean crashes against the cliffs. She takes the exit for YREKA.

EXT. YREKA - MOBILE HOME PARK - NIGHT

A tiny lane littered with doublewide trailers. Visible relics of transient lives. Kuehl parks her bike. Wanders, checking facades. She stops in front of a funky, nondescript older rig. The only distinguishing feature -a faded American flag mounted inside a dusty window. She knocks very quietly. Tap. Tap ta Tap. Tap tap. A code of some sort. After a moment, a mail slot in the door slides open. Kuehl breathes a sigh of relief.

KUEHL

You're still here.

DANIELLE (O.C.)

I'm moving on tomorrow. What are
you doing here?

KUEHL

I just wanted to tell you...
(hesitates)
I met someone. He's a cop. Ex-
military. But... I think he might
be able to help us.

DANIELLE (O.C.)

You didn't tell him anything?!

KUEHL

Of course not. Not until I'm sure I
can trust him.

A few beats of silence. The inside door opens.

DANIELLE (O.C.)

Let me look at you.

Kuehl opens the screen door. DANIELLE KUEHL stands in the dark. 40s, weary, her beauty faded but still evident, and so evocative. She stares at Beatrix for a moment. Almost a mirror image. Reaches for her, pulls her into an embrace. They hold onto one another. For dear life. Danielle whispers-

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

You can't trust him, Beatrix. They
all betray us in the end.

Kuehl looks momentarily saddened. She bucks up.

KUEHL

I'll be careful. But I'm not giving
up, Mama. I want you to know that.
We're going to prove that you
didn't do it. We're going to find
out who did.

DANIELLE

I'll reach out to you when it's
safe. You need to go.

Kuehl clings to her mother for another beat. Both women let go at once. The door closes and locks as Kuehl turns and walks swiftly and quietly away.

END OF PILOT