

SEX, LIES
& HANDWRITING

"Baptism"

Written by
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TEASER

1

INT. NOB HILL CAFE - MORNING

1

TODD WEST (V.O.)

(laughs)

No, seriously, Kara. I *never* expected to get together. I had to e-mail you *five* times before you responded.

As the CAMERA PANS through the well-heeled crowd to find TODD WEST (30s). Affable square-jawed venture capitalist with a Crunch Gym physique. He's with KARA DRISCOLL (30s). Blonde, piercing blue eyes, gorgeous. Her trademark effervescence tinged with a hint of wistfulness this morning...

KARA DRISCOLL

Sorry. I don't check the site much.

TODD WEST

Figured. Especially since you didn't finish your profile. I don't even know what you do.

Todd signs the check, as Kara clocks his SIGNATURE. Brushes a curl from her forehead. (*A visual cue we will become very familiar with.*) Her half-smile fading.

KARA DRISCOLL

Ah. Well, I'm a behavioral psychologist-- private practice for years-- just switched jobs-- And...
(sighs; closes her eyes)
This is pointless. The clothes. The food. I just *can't*.

TODD WEST

Sorry?

KARA DRISCOLL

Your tie-- the creases tell me you kept redoing your Windsor knot. That's a trigger warning for O-C-D.

Todd glances at his tie.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

And your order. Salad. Oatmeal. Bloody Mary? Indecision suggests an unformed sense of self.

Todd glances at his food. Yup. A veritable smorgasbord.

TODD WEST
I don't, I, um--

KARA DRISCOLL
And *there*. Over-deliberation's a
hallmark of, well, liars.

TODD WEST
This is... a joke, right?

KARA DRISCOLL
I wish. Normally, a guy as hot as
you, I'd look past the red flags
for months. But the other stuff...

TODD WEST
(reeling now)
Other stuff?

KARA DRISCOLL
(re: signed check)
Your signature slants left then
right. Up then down. That means
mood swings. *Bad* ones. And your
cursive-- the sharp angular loops.
You have *serious* anger issues. Good
news is, I can give you a name if
you want to see someone. I mean,
you *should* see someone. *Today*.

TODD WEST
(evenly)
Must be great to be so insightful.

Todd walks away. Kara reaches for his bacon. Resigned:

KARA DRISCOLL
It's good if you like breakfast.

2

EXT. NOB HILL CAFE - MORNING

2

As a subdued Todd hands his keys to the VALET.

TODD WEST
It's the Tesla.

The VALET pauses to consult with a SECOND VALET. Suddenly
(and out of character from the even-tempered guy we've met):

TODD WEST (CONT'D)
NOW!!!

Todd SLAMS his FIST through the valet box's GLASS DOOR...

3 EXT. BRAMSON MANSION - DAY

3

A palatial home along the Ocean Beach stretch of the Great Highway. Now a crime scene. Black-and-whites out front. As an out-of-breath Kara-- now in a smart pants suit-- hurries to the door... and is intercepted by a UNIFORM standing sentry.

KARA DRISCOLL
I'm Detective Driscoll.

UNIFORM
Shield?

KARA DRISCOLL
Right, sorry.

Kara pulls out her badge. Still SHRINK-WRAPPED in plastic. She hastily removes it. Nervous enthusiasm:

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
First day. I wasn't supposed to start till Monday but I got the call.

The unsmiling Uniform just stares at her.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
Which one's Castro?

The Uniform indicates, stands aside. Kara enters--

4 INT. BRAMSON MANSION - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - DAY

4

Abuzz with the usual activity and personnel that attends a murder scene. At the center of it all stands OSCAR CASTRO (40ish). Tall. Ruggedly handsome. Meticulously dressed. Permanent five o'clock shadow. Acerbic.

Kara appraises him as he commands the room, giving marching orders to techs, unis, junior detectives. This guy clearly knows what he's doing. Kara approaches--

KARA DRISCOLL
Castro, right? I'm your new--

OSCAR CASTRO
--Dr. Driscoll. Yeah, C.O. filled me in.

Kara follows Oscar. Walk-and-talk.

KARA DRISCOLL
Actually, I go by Detective now.

OSCAR CASTRO

Uh-huh.

They stop in front of a body. STEPHANIE BRAMSON (mid-30s). A pool of blood around her head. Beautiful even in death.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)

Stephanie Bramson. Hedge fund manager. One to the back of the head. No sign of forced entry. Place hasn't been tossed.

KARA DRISCOLL

Witnesses?

OSCAR CASTRO

Nope. House across the street's got an old surveillance camera pointed in this general direction. May or may not be working. We're trying to track the owner down.

KARA DRISCOLL

Husband?

OSCAR CASTRO

Insurance executive overnighing in Sacramento on business. Locals down there made the notification.

KARA DRISCOLL

Who called it in?

OSCAR CASTRO

Next-door neighbor. Agon Mirsky.

Oscar leads her over to a rattled AGON MIRSKY (40ish). Short unprepossessing shlub. Bad hair. Bathrobe and sandals. Minded by a cop out of eyeshot of the body.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)

I'm Detective Castro. This is my...
(hard to summon the words)
Tell us what happened.

AGON MIRSKY

I was doing laps in my pool.
That's when I heard it.

OSCAR CASTRO

The gunshot?

AGON MIRSKY

I didn't know what it was. But when I came over to check out this major ruckus, front door was wide open. That's when I found her.

Mirsky pinches his nostrils, blows.

AGON MIRSKY (CONT'D)

Sorry. I get water in my ears.

KARA DRISCOLL

How well did you know her?

Kara looks to Oscar. He's not looking back. *Good.* Her maiden overture went well.

AGON MIRSKY

Not well. They were workaholics. Kept to themselves. What are you doing about this?

OSCAR CASTRO

Investigating it.

AGON MIRSKY

Tax dollars I pay-- *she* paid-- I want your best people on the job. I know the police commissioner.

Mirsky blows his nose. Tries to shake water out of his ears.

OSCAR CASTRO

Glad one of us does.

Oscar and Kara move off.

KARA DRISCOLL

Didn't seem particularly interested in answering questions.

OSCAR CASTRO

They never are. We're the help.

KARA DRISCOLL

It's more than that. Average person's eyes blink 15, 20 times a minute. His were double that. It's a sign of rampant anxiety.

OSCAR CASTRO

Murder next door means his house just depreciated a million bucks.
(then, registering)

(MORE)

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)
 You actually *count* how many times
 someone's eyes blink?

Kara shrugs, heads up the spiral staircase. Off Oscar...

5 INT. BRAMSON MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 5

Oscar enters to find Kara rummaging through a closet. Oscar hangs up his cell.

OSCAR CASTRO
 Victim ran a half a billion dollar
 portfolio. Forensic accounting's
 going through her books to see if
 anything hinky jumps out.

The sound of Kara thrashing about.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)
 Crime scene's already been through.

KARA DRISCOLL
 They're not looking for what I am.

OSCAR CASTRO
 And what exactly--

KARA DRISCOLL
 A bad marriage. Which we have.

OSCAR CASTRO
 How would you--

KARA DRISCOLL
 (indicates)
 The closet-- his and hers sides.
 His is lived in. Hers has dresses
 in plastic. Shoes in boxes. It's
 storage. Means they kept separate
 bedrooms. Let's find hers.

Kara heads out, leaving Oscar in her wake, playing catch-up.

6 INT. BRAMSON MANSION - STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 6

Oscar enters as Kara triumphantly displays a SEXY RED DRESS.

KARA DRISCOLL
 She was having an affair.

OSCAR CASTRO
 Huh?

KARA DRISCOLL
Her wardrobe's conservative top to
bottom. The do-me dress is a tell.

OSCAR CASTRO
One dress doesn't mean she was
stepping out.

KARA DRISCOLL
Was is right. It was over.

Oscar. Frustrated at trying to keep up with this whirlwind.

OSCAR CASTRO
Kara. I've been hit on the head a
lot. So treat me like a German
shepherd.

KARA DRISCOLL
Good. That's the smartest breed.
See that vase?

She indicates a vase filled with wilted roses.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
Roses have been dead a few weeks.
But room's immaculate. Our vic's a
woman who didn't suffer a mess.
(hurried aside)
You say vic, right? Some cops say D-
O-A. Or decedent. But I like to
keep the nomenclature colloquial.
(Oscar rolls his eyes)
Point is, if she's keeping dead
roses, they meant something.

OSCAR CASTRO
Wait. Just 'cause--

KARA DRISCOLL
Chocolate on the dresser. Shades
drawn. She was broken-hearted.
Just not about the guy whose bed
she didn't want to share. Let's
check the cupboard.

Kara exits. Off Oscar, who *is* this woman?--

The nerve center of the "Crime Response Unit to Stop
Homicide", a/k/a CRUSH, an elite SFPD division. Nothing elite
about the environs, though. Open floor plan.

Desks piled one on top of the other. Detectives, unis, complainants, P.D.s-- most of whom we'll never meet-- mill about in a layout that enforces anonymity not camaraderie.

LIEUTENANT NANCY BALASSIE (50s, seen it all, black, high cheek bones but tired eyes, could be beautiful if she cared) walks Kara to her desk in the fishbowl.

NANCY BALASSIE
 Heard you hit the ground running.
 Any questions?

KARA DRISCOLL
 Lots.

NANCY BALASSIE
 Good. Oscar's your guy. Knows his way around here better than anyone.

KARA DRISCOLL
 (hesitant)
 Lieutenant, his last partner-- any leads yet on who killed him?

NANCY BALASSIE
 No.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Should I say something?

NANCY BALASSIE
 No.

Balassie moves off. Kara sits. Suddenly a touch self-conscious. A gum-chewing detective across the room named TROY GILMAN (40ish; aging frat boy) is looking her way, talking to his partner. They laugh. About *her*? She's not sure.

She examines the desk to her right. Neat. STACK OF FILES in one corner. Kara apes the layout. Even moves files to the corner of her desk. She relaxes a bit. Fitting in. Until...

...A male FILE CLERK with a ROLLING CART moves past, scooping up Kara's files. Kara jumps up.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Excuse me! I need those.

FILE CLERK
 Then why'd you put them where the *closed* case files go?

KARA DRISCOLL
 No one-- I mean, my bad!

Kara reaches into the cart, but her files are now commingled with everyone else's. She pulls out a random stack, drops them on her desk. The File Clerk shakes his head, moves off, crossing a passing Oscar, who raps his knuckles on her desk.

OSCAR CASTRO

Vic's husband's here.

(Kara catches up)

Ballistics says Bramson was killed by a nine millimeter. Unregistered. And that guy you just dissed is Irwin. Make nice or he'll send your paperwork to Alameda. And mine.

KARA DRISCOLL

Got it. Listen, I was hoping we could huddle up before I started.

OSCAR CASTRO

Uh-huh.

KARA DRISCOLL

A successful partnership's founded on mutual empathy. And we only met for a few seconds when I was hired.

OSCAR CASTRO

It's okay. I get the drift.

KARA DRISCOLL

What drift?

They stop outside of the Interview Room. Matter-of-fact:

OSCAR CASTRO

You're a shrink who consulted on a few cases a year. Under the radar till you helped solve the Richmond killings. Parlayed your 15 minutes into a shield. And when you're done lugging it and your identity crisis around, you'll be outta here so fast, you'll get whiplash.

(then)

You can watch. Get a feel for how I like to work.

Before Kara can object, Oscar disappears into the room, shutting the door on her. Off Kara, welcome to the job...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

8 INT. C.R.U.S.H. SQUAD - INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 8

Forlorn widower LARRY BRAMSON (mid-30s) sits at the end of the table. A sallow corporate type with a natural reticence. Gray slacks. White button-down shirt. No tie. Oscar perched nearby, file in front of him.

LARRY BRAMSON

Stephanie and I were high-school sweethearts. She used to say her dream house was a place on Ocean Beach. And we made it happen.

OSCAR CASTRO

You two getting along?

Larry pauses. Appraises Oscar for a beat. Then:

LARRY BRAMSON

Ups and downs like everyone else. The kid thing never took, so we focussed on our careers.

INTERCUT:

9 INT. C.R.U.S.H. SQUAD - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY 9

Kara watching the interview through the two-way mirror.

OSCAR CASTRO

Sir, I gotta ask the question. Was your wife having an affair?

LARRY BRAMSON

What? No!

OSCAR CASTRO

'Cause nothing was stolen. No sign of a struggle. Which suggests she could have known the assailant.

LARRY BRAMSON

Look, Stephanie wasn't like that, okay? We were in a phase, yes. But we were working it out.

Kara mutes the intercom and just *watches* for a beat.

KARA'S POV: His freshly STARCHED SHIRT. She keeps looking at it. *Analyzing* it. Kara brushes a curl from her forehead.

Then suddenly BURSTS into the interview room.

KARA DRISCOLL
You're lying!

LARRY BRAMSON
What?

KARA DRISCOLL
You weren't working anything out.
You couldn't have. Because you
loved your wife but she was in love
with someone else.

OSCAR CASTRO
'Scuse us.

Oscar grabs his files and nods to Kara. Leading her into--

10

INT. C.R.U.S.H. SQUAD - BULLPEN - DAY

10

OSCAR CASTRO
What the hell are you doing?

KARA DRISCOLL
This is just like therapy. *Never*
give a patient time to obfuscate.

OSCAR CASTRO
You see a couch in there? Tell you
what-- I wanna read an ink blot,
I'll run it past you. You wanna
game a suspect, you run it past me.

KARA DRISCOLL
Good idea. Run it past you. Oh,
wait, I can't. Because I'm out here
and you're in there.

Oscar thinks it over. She's right. He sighs.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
I have proof he's not being
straight with us.

OSCAR CASTRO
You mean like this?

He reaches into his file. Pulls out a CRIME SCENE PHOTO of
Stephanie Bramson's body. Her HAND is circled.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)
 He's wearing a wedding ring. His
 wife wasn't. No ring. Or tan line.
 Means he's carrying a torch.

KARA DRISCOLL
 (impressed)
 Yeah, that works.

OSCAR CASTRO
 Idea is to tie a guy to his story
 and *then* unload. But now you've got
 us out over our skis.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Look, I can bring him around.

OSCAR CASTRO
 With that witchcraft about red
 dresses and candy? Forget it.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Just give me a chance, okay? I blow
 it, I'll take a vow of silence.

Oscar looks at her. Not much he can say to that. As he
 reluctantly leads Kara into--

11 INT. C.R.U.S.H. SQUAD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

11

LARRY BRAMSON
 My wife is *murdered* and you treat
 me like this? I'll sue you both!

KARA DRISCOLL
 Sir, why are you sitting there?

LARRY BRAMSON
 What?

KARA DRISCOLL
 That chair-- why did you pick it?

LARRY BRAMSON
 (Huh?)
 Officer told me to take a seat.

KARA DRISCOLL
 And you chose the one farthest from
 the door so you'd have your back to
 the wall. Couldn't be surrounded.
 It's called avoidance behavior.

LARRY BRAMSON

I don't--

KARA DRISCOLL

You change before coming in? Put on a crisp white shirt.

LARRY BRAMSON

So?

KARA DRISCOLL

Because your previous shirt had a pattern, right? People who don't want to be read avoid designs. It's a deflecting mechanism.

Larry shifts uneasily in his chair. Uncomfortable now.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

Your wife takes the guest room and you can't even move her stuff out of your closet? You're keeping secrets. But that makes you look like a suspect not a grieving husband. Which we know you are.

Larry considers, then crumbles.

LARRY BRAMSON

She was cheating on me.

OSCAR CASTRO

For how long?

LARRY BRAMSON

I don't know. But a few weeks back she was in the shower. Her phone beeped. Text. Unlisted number.

(growing bitterness)

Guy said he'd meet her at Florio's. Steph comes out, checks her phone, tells me she's gotta go to the office to catch up on work.

Oscar glances at Kara. Right on the money.

KARA DRISCOLL

You confront her?

LARRY BRAMSON

No.

Larry fidgets with his ring. A broken man.

LARRY BRAMSON (CONT'D)

I said we should move to Marin.
Get a fresh start. She agreed.
Said we should put the house on the
market. But I was waiting for her
to serve me with papers.

OSCAR CASTRO

If you want to find your wife's
killer, why'd you play hard to get?

LARRY BRAMSON

Steph has friends. A mom.
(choked up)
How does dragging her name through
the mud bring her back?

12

INT. FLORIO'S - DAY

12

A crowded blue-collar North Beach Italian dive. Kara and Oscar buttonhole RUDY (50s), grizzled brick shithouse. More bouncer than maitre d'. Been there longer than the fixtures.

RUDY

Look, if this is about serving
underage kids, we proof *everyone*
now--

OSCAR CASTRO

Why don't we start with you telling
us about your clientele.

RUDY

Locals. Truckers.

OSCAR CASTRO

How about rich folk?

RUDY

Not unless they're lost.

KARA DRISCOLL

What's on your menu?

Oscar shoots a puzzled look at Kara.

RUDY

We don't got one. People come here
for the garlic clams.

Two BIKERS are facing off on the other side of the
restaurant. Shoving each other.

RUDY (CONT'D)

'Scuse me.

As Rudy hurries over to play peacemaker:

KARA DRISCOLL

It was a date, it wasn't going
anywhere.

OSCAR CASTRO

And you know this how?

KARA DRISCOLL

Do you have sex after consuming
large quantities of garlic?
(off Oscar)
Never mind.

Rudy returns. Oscar shows him a photo of Stephanie Bramson.

OSCAR CASTRO

This woman was in a few weeks ago.
You recognize her?

RUDY

Only 'cause we don't get her kind
much. She tried to order Prosecco.
Didn't look like she was getting on
with the guy she was with.

KARA DRISCOLL

Why do you say that?

RUDY

'Cause they were arguing.

OSCAR CASTRO

About what?

LUCAS

Probably the way he kept clearing
his sinuses. Annoying as hell.

Kara and Oscar share a look.

KARA DRISCOLL

Next-door neighbor.

Oscar heads out, Kara on his heels.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 INT. MIRSKY MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

13

An expensive designer aesthetic. Modernist artwork lines the walls. A panoramic view of the beach. As Oscar and Kara, who are still finding their rhythm, press an annoyed Mirsky--

OSCAR CASTRO

So you didn't think we'd be remotely interested in the fact you and Stephanie were sneaking around?

AGON MIRSKY

We weren't.

OSCAR CASTRO

Secret rendez-vous at a restaurant your kind wouldn't go anywhere near unless you were foreclosing on it.

(to Kara)

What's that sound like?

KARA DRISCOLL

Sneaking around.

AGON MIRSKY

Look, I was advising her, okay?

OSCAR CASTRO

About what?

AGON MIRSKY

Her marriage. It was on the rocks and she needed an ear.

OSCAR CASTRO

Yeah, "Dear Agon". I read your column.

AGON MIRSKY

See, I knew I'd get this reaction. We were tennis pals. We confided in each other.

OSCAR CASTRO

Or maybe what happened is she said she didn't want to see you anymore, and you took it personal.

AGON MIRSKY

We weren't involved.

OSCAR CASTRO
 Last chance to get in front of
 this, Mr. Mirsky. While we can
 still help you explain things.

AGON MIRSKY
 I think I've already done that.

KARA DRISCOLL
 (indicates a painting)
 That's a Blassie. His Berlin
 period, right?

AGON MIRSKY
 Yeah. Now you don't mind, I'm not
 interested in show and tell with
 people who accuse me of *murder*.

Oscar looks through the rear glass doors. Sees surfers
 congregated on the shore behind the house.

OSCAR CASTRO
 Don't leave town.

14 EXT. OCEAN BEACH - DAY

14

As Oscar and Kara approach the surfers.

KARA DRISCOLL
 They weren't dating, Oscar.

OSCAR CASTRO
 Hey, you're the one who said she
 was stepping out.

KARA DRISCOLL
 But not with him. They both had
 money, so she wasn't attracted to
 his success. And he's not exactly a
 pheromone machine.

OSCAR CASTRO
 So he wasn't lying about banging
 her. He's still full of it.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Do tell.

OSCAR CASTRO
 Signature on the Blassie was top
 right. He hung it upside down.
 Means he knows jack about it. Tip-
 off he's laundering money.

KARA DRISCOLL

Smart. Plus Blassie never had a Berlin period. He went from London to Oslo then settled in Taos.

OSCAR CASTRO

How do you know so much about art?

KARA DRISCOLL

What we buy. Our body language. How we write. Our behavior reveals everything.

OSCAR CASTRO

What about your behavior?

KARA DRISCOLL

Sorry?

OSCAR CASTRO

Trading money and prestige for a lousy pension and flat feet? It doesn't figure.

KARA DRISCOLL

I thought you already had me pegged.

OSCAR CASTRO

I'm piecing it together. You got a practical side too. You scoping out material for a new book? Or did your cardiologist tell you to get off your ass.

KARA DRISCOLL

Why does it matter?

OSCAR CASTRO

'Cause this is my job, not my Plan B. And I don't trust anyone riding shotgun who doesn't have the right reason for being here.

KARA DRISCOLL

Which is?

OSCAR CASTRO

You want to be a cop.

KARA DRISCOLL

Actually, what I want is to know the point of this beach crawl.

And that's that. Oscar's not getting anything out of her.

OSCAR CASTRO
These surfers-- they got a bird's-eye view of this dirtbag.

As they FIND a young woman with a clipboard and a "BAY SURFING" cap. C.J. DEVLIN (fit, freckled, attractive, composed, 27). She's huddled with her younger brother FREDDY DEVLIN (buff, taciturn, tan, 25). Our Detectives badge them.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)
This your troupe?

C.J. DEVLIN
Yeah. We're teaching a class.

OSCAR CASTRO
You usually teach it here?

FREDDY DEVLIN
(chesty)
It's a *public* beach, pal.

C.J. DEVLIN
Freddy-- get everyone back in the water, will you?

Freddy glares at our cops and move off.

OSCAR CASTRO
Friendly guy. He house-trained?

C.J. DEVLIN
My brother doesn't mean anything. Homeowners roust us. It gets old.

OSCAR CASTRO
So you're here a lot.

C.J. DEVLIN
Yeah. Break's mellow in this spot. Good for beginners.

OSCAR CASTRO
You know the guy who lives there?

C.J. DEVLIN
No.

OSCAR CASTRO
Never met him? Had any contact? I mean, if you're here a lot--

C.J DEVLIN

Sorry.

Oscar looks to Kara for help.

KARA DRISCOLL

Your pupils are dilating. Your ears are red. And your galvanic skin response is hyper-reactive. All of which suggest you're lying.

OSCAR CASTRO

What she said.

C.J. tightens, suddenly self-conscious.

KARA DRISCOLL

We just want information. We're not looking to get you involved.

C.J. appraises Kara, decides not to try her.

C.J DEVLIN

He's a dealer. Sells frank to college kids. The club crowd. Makes this a good place to troll for students.

KARA DRISCOLL

Frank?

OSCAR CASTRO

Mephedrone. Synthetic next-gen meth. Cheap and addictive.

C.J DEVLIN

I've seen cops around here most of the day. Is he in trouble?

OSCAR CASTRO

Not yet.

As Oscar and Kara move off--

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)

That stuff you pointed out-- those really indicators of lying?

KARA DRISCOLL

Yup. And of spending a lot of time in the water. Or eating Thai food.

Oscar nods. It's as much of a compliment as he's going to pay Kara now, and she knows it.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

What's next?

OSCAR CASTRO

We need to find out how big a player Mirsky is. I got a connect.

15 INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY 15

Oscar and Kara pull up to a street in the barrio.

OSCAR CASTRO

Guy's a little touchy about strangers. If we spook him--

KARA DRISCOLL

Yes, I'll stay in the car.

16 EXT. OAKLAND BARRIO - DAY 16

A bad neighborhood. Latino bangers on street corners shoot the shit. Oscar's a fish out of water, and the calls of "five-oh" tell us locals make them immediately. Oscar approaches RAFA (late 30s). A wary, coiled, tatted-up chieftain. Smart enough to have chosen a different path. But he didn't.

RAFA

Get lost.

Oscar slaps Rafa on the shoulder. A little too loud:

OSCAR CASTRO

Rafa, my man. I owe you a beer.

Rafa darkens. Shrugs Oscar's hand off his shoulder.

INTERCUT:

17 INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY 17

Kara can't hear anything, but she studies them. Standing there. *Together*. She brushes a curl from her forehead.

OSCAR CASTRO

I need the 4-1-1 on an Agon Mirsky.

RAFA

Trust fund *puta*.

OSCAR CASTRO

He a player?

RAFA

Nah, he fell into it. Pays over the odds but still makes bank 'cause demand's through the roof.

OSCAR CASTRO

You do business?

RAFA

Not with that *payaso*. Heard he dumped two fifty Gs of frank this week. At a big loss.

OSCAR CASTRO

Why?

RAFA

D-E-A's cracking down. Lotta busts. Amateurs running scared, trying to ditch their product.

Oscar nods. Moves off. Returns to the car.

OSCAR CASTRO

Mirsky just liquidated his stash. Quarter million worth.

KARA DRISCOLL

Is that your brother?

(off Oscar's glare)

A cop talking to anyone, he's the alpha male. Squares up to the guy. But you were side-by-side. Means there's an intimacy. And since smart cops cut their crews loose when they join the force...

Oscar's cell rings. He takes a call, happy to move on.

OSCAR CASTRO

Castro. Yeah, thanks.

(hangs up)

Bramson's fund was flat but legit. She withdrew a two fifty grand management fee last week.

KARA DRISCOLL

Think she was Mirsky's buyer?

OSCAR CASTRO

Nah. She's a crook, she's white collar. That's why you run a fund.

KARA DRISCOLL

So she sniffs out Mirsky's flush and talks him into investing. She knows he's dealing, she's got leverage to fleece him.

OSCAR CASTRO

And he takes exception. But you make that weasel for a killer?

KARA DRISCOLL

Drug dealers-- you have that transgressive strain in your personality, murder's just a few steps down the continuum.

OSCAR CASTRO

What about our jealous husband? Alibis, but coulda set up a hit.

KARA DRISCOLL

He's drawn to insurance because he needs to manage risk. If his craving for order had been upended by his wife's betrayal...

OSCAR CASTRO

So two suspects. We dig into both. Night shift'll keep tabs. Let us know if anything jumps off.

Oscar keys the ignition. Kara can't help herself:

KARA DRISCOLL

Look, your brother-- not trying to meddle here. Just saying you must be seriously conflicted and--

OSCAR CASTRO

Let it go.

Kara nods. And the two drive off in uncomfortable silence.

18

INT. KARA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM/FOYER - NIGHT

18

A beautiful Pacific Heights apartment with sweeping 360 degree views of San Francisco.

KARA DRISCOLL (O.S.)

You want it. I *know* you want it. Show mommy how much you want it.

Under which, the CAMERA FINDS shelves stuffed with BOOKS, PANNING from volumes on art to philosophy to behavioral psychology to psychopathology to the criminal mind to serial killers. Until the CAMERA finally FINDS... the PERSIAN CATS. Two of them. Kara sets out saucers filled with milk.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
One for Sigmund. One for Carl.

Kara picks up a glass of red wine.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
One for Kara.

But her cell MEOWS. She answers it.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
Hello?... Wait, what? Las Vegas?
No, I've never been to a strip club
named Bouncy's... *Three grand?!...*
Of course, I'm disputing it.

Kara hangs up, shaking her head in frustration. As she reaches for her wine, her cell MEOWS again. She answers it.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
Look, I've never been-- Oh, Oscar.
Sorry... On my way.

19 EXT. KARA'S CONDO - NIGHT

19

As Kara hurries out, her neighbor's door flies open. Bespectacled HARRY GRUBMAN (60s). A pushy, fleshy retiree lying in wait.

HARRY GRUBMAN
Kara, we need to talk.

KARA DRISCOLL
Not a good time, Mr. Grubman.

HARRY GRUBMAN
Do you notice anything interesting
about my windowsill?

KARA DRISCOLL
It's a window. There's a sill.
Look, can we skip the passive-
aggression and just cut to--

HARRY GRUBMAN
My Jerusalem tulips. They're not
there. *Why* are they not there?

Harry strolls over to Kara's windowsill. Two pots of Jerusalem tulips enjoying pride of place. With a flourish:

HARRY GRUBMAN (CONT'D)
Busted, missy!

KARA DRISCOLL
 I swear, I didn't...

As Harry grabs the pots and moves them.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
 Is it possible that *maybe* you weren't wearing your glasses and--

HARRY GRUBMAN
 Don't you *dare*. It's larceny is what it is. And if it happens again, I call the police!

Harry bangs into his apartment, slams the door. Kara sighs.

KARA DRISCOLL
 I *am* the police.

20

INT. C.R.U.S.H. SQUAD - BULLPEN - NIGHT

20

The squad packed with the night shift. Kara hurries in to find workaholic Oscar hunkered over his computer.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Sorry, traffic was--

OSCAR CASTRO
 Uh-huh.
 (then)
 Deleted voicemail from the vic's cell. Five thirty this morning.

Oscar punches a key on his computer. Plays a voicemail.

AGON MIRSKY (ON RECORDING)
 (agitated)
Stephanie, Agon. Nobody screws me over. Nobody!

KARA DRISCOLL
 That's what I call a threat.

OSCAR CASTRO
 No-- that's what I call a warrant.

And Oscar heads out, Kara on his heels...

21 EXT. MIRSKY MANSION - NIGHT 21

Oscar and Kara approach Mirsky's door. Knock.

OSCAR CASTRO
Murder police, Mr. Mirsky.

KARA DRISCOLL
Car's in the driveway.

They knock again. Nothing.

Kara points to the door-- *slightly* AJAR. There are SCRATCHES on the keyhole-- evidence it's been PICKED. They suddenly hear... A GUNSHOT. They draw their pieces. Quickly now...

22 INT. MIRSKY MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT 22

They enter the darkened residence to find... Mirsky. DEAD. Blood pooling around his head. Oscar gestures for Kara to go right. He'll go left. We follow her as she moves quickly...

23 INT. MIRSKY MANSION - HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 23

...down a corridor. She hears *something*. Enters the living room. Sees a FIGURE IN BLACK (average height and weight, indeterminate age and gender), wearing a SKI MASK, jostling the rear glass doors, trying desperately to open them.

KARA DRISCOLL
Freeze!

But the figure wheels. FIRES as Kara ducks behind a pillar.

KARA'S POV: She draws down. Has the killer in her sights. Point-blank. Center mass. Easy. But she hesitates. Then deliberately LOWERS HER GUN. As...

...The suspect shoots out a glass door, SHATTERING it. Then HURTLES through the gap, disappearing into the night. As...

...Oscar runs in.

OSCAR CASTRO
What happened?

KARA DRISCOLL
He got away.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

The *San Francisco Chronicle* SLIDES across a desk. CLOSE ON a
 Headline: "Serial Killer Haunting Ocean Beach?".

24 INT. C.R.U.S.H. SQUAD - NANCY BALASSIE'S OFFICE - DAY 24

An unhappy Balassie points to the headline as Oscar and Kara
 explain themselves.

NANCY BALASSIE

I send you geniuses out to crack a
 murder, you bring back another
 body. Where are we?

OSCAR CASTRO

Ballistics confirms the slug pulled
 out of Mirsky matches the one that
 killed Bramson. So lone gunman.

NANCY BALASSIE

The husband?

OSCAR CASTRO

At his mom's in Tiburon. He's an
 eyeshade not a kingpin, so we doubt
 he's taking out multiple contracts.

NANCY BALASSIE

Kara, I gotta ask...

KARA DRISCOLL

(ready for it)

The lack of an obvious motive means
 we can't rule out a serial killer.
 But there's nothing fetishistic
 about the murders. No signature.

NANCY BALASSIE

You work up a profile?

KARA DRISCOLL

Killings are same day. Means
 there's an urgency. So we're
 looking for a temporal or emotional
 trigger. The beach is remote. Means
 our suspect's familiar with it.

NANCY BALASSIE

Killer finished?

KARA DRISCOLL

I wouldn't count on it.

NANCY BALASSIE

Suspects?

Kara and Oscar exchange a sheepish look. Nope.

NANCY BALASSIE (CONT'D)

First thing, go door-to-door in that neighborhood. I want people taking precautions. A third body drops...

OSCAR CASTRO

Yeah.

NANCY BALASSIE

(to Kara)

Welcome to Crush, Detective.

Kara nods. As she and Oscar turn to go:

NANCY BALASSIE (CONT'D)

Oscar...

Oscar stays. Balassie waits till Kara closes the door.

NANCY BALASSIE (CONT'D)

New girl pulling her weight?

OSCAR CASTRO

So far.

NANCY BALASSIE

So why do you look more miserable than usual.

OSCAR CASTRO

Oh, I dunno. 'Cause my new partner's *not a cop*?

NANCY BALASSIE

First in her Academy class.

OSCAR CASTRO

Where she was ten years older than everyone else.

NANCY BALASSIE

Did time on patrol.

OSCAR CASTRO

A three-month stint writing parking tickets? I was a uni *six* years.

NANCY BALASSIE

Bottom line is, she's an asset the brass doesn't want to lose. They say she's a detective...

OSCAR CASTRO

Fine. Why'd she have to land on my doorstep?

NANCY BALASSIE

You needed a partner for going on a month. She needed to pair up with someone who has chops. Who she could learn from.

OSCAR CASTRO

Who Bryant Street wouldn't mind running off.

The accusation hangs in the air.

NANCY BALASSIE

You're the best cop I know. Shoulda had your own command *years* ago.
(pointed)
And we both know why you don't.

OSCAR CASTRO

(nods)
How long they gonna hold my family against me?

NANCY BALASSIE

Until you cut ties.

Oscar heads out. Off Balassie--

25

EXT. GREAT HIGHWAY - DAY

25

A now barren stretch of the Great Highway, the killings having scared off the usual beachcombers. Deserted except for a handsome sharp-dressed man holding a press conference. He's D.A. CABOT DRISCOLL (40ish). Perfect smile. Overweening ambition he cuts with a natural politician's charm.

REPORTER

Mr. Driscoll, what's the D.A.'s role in this investigation?

CABOT DRISCOLL

We're working hand-in-glove with the police. Putting every resource of our office at their disposal.

As Oscar and Kara exit their car and approach.

SECOND REPORTER
Is an arrest imminent?

CABOT DRISCOLL
(indicating)
I think you'll need to direct that question to the Detectives.

The media throng converges on Oscar and Kara. "Is it a serial killer?" "Castro, can we get a statement?" "Any leads?"

OSCAR CASTRO
Get lost, vultures.

As our Detectives push through the media phalanx toward a private driveway, Kara exchanges a furtive glance with Cabot. Oscar clocks it.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)
Our fearless D.A. Cabot Driscoll.
And you're Kara *Driscoll*. Hmmm.

KARA DRISCOLL
Ex-husband. Emphasis on the ex.
And no, the grandstanding prick didn't get me the job.

OSCAR CASTRO
Uh-huh.

Kara frowns.

26 INT. CONNER MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

26

Another palatial estate.

MARSHALL CONNER
You're saying I'm a target?

Our Detectives with MARSHALL CONNER (late 30s). Slick and moneyed. An arrogant streak he does little to conceal.

OSCAR CASTRO
No, Mr. Conner. We're saying we don't know if the suspect's working his way down the beach. And your house is next in line.

MARSHALL CONNER
It better not be. I oversee the Department's budget.

OSCAR CASTRO
You a councilman?

MARSHALL CONNER
Twelve years running.

OSCAR CASTRO
Same number of years our budget's
been slashed.

MARSHALL CONNER
Times are tough. We all have to
make sacrifices.

OSCAR CASTRO
(surveys the tony digs)
Yup.

KARA DRISCOLL
You know the victims well?

MARSHALL CONNER
No. My neighbors are my
constituents. They hit me up when I
see them, so I try not to.

Oscar rolls his eyes. This guy's an a-hole.

MARSHALL CONNER (CONT'D)
Is there a problem, Detective?

OSCAR CASTRO
No, sir. We appreciate your
devotion to public service.
Anything strike you as unusual
about the victims?

MARSHALL CONNER
Yes. They're dead. What sort of
precautions you suggesting?

OSCAR CASTRO
You got another place to stay for a
few days?

MARSHALL CONNER
Sure, I can bunk with the Mayor at
the Presidio.

KARA DRISCOLL
I think my partner's suggesting--

MARSHALL CONNER

I get it. Duck and cover. Except a city official runs for the hills, you know how that'll look? Like I got a yellow streak a mile wide.

Oscar nods. Hands Conner his card.

OSCAR CASTRO

Lights on at night. Doors locked. Call you see anything suspicious.

MARSHALL CONNER

Yeah. I'll shoot up a flare if there's a major ruckus.

Kara brushes a curl from her forehead. Oscar clocks it.

27

EXT. CONNER MANSION - DAY

27

As Oscar and an excited Kara head back to their car--

OSCAR CASTRO

Okay. Spill it.

KARA DRISCOLL

They know each other!

OSCAR CASTRO

Who does?

KARA DRISCOLL

Mirsky and your new bestie.

OSCAR CASTRO

Yeah. They're neighbors.

KARA DRISCOLL

No, see, Conner said "ruckus".

OSCAR CASTRO

German shepherd, Kara.

KARA DRISCOLL

Mirsky used ruckus too. It's not a common word. Or local dialect. And they used it the exact same way-- "major ruckus".

OSCAR CASTRO

Meaning what?

KARA DRISCOLL
Linguistic bleed. We adopt elements
of someone's lexicon when we
converse *frequently* with them. Not
casually. Especially not if we
claim to be avoiding them.

OSCAR CASTRO
Jesus. Is there anyone you don't
dissect?

KARA DRISCOLL
Kinda hard-wired that way.

Kara fidgets with her holster, which is flush against her hip
now. Oscar clocks the adjustment.

OSCAR CASTRO
So Conner and Mirsky-- what's the
connection?

KARA DRISCOLL
I don't know. But--

OSCAR CASTRO
Look out!

In her excitement, Kara has nearly walked off the shoulder
onto the highway. Oscar yanks her back as a SPEEDING CAR
nearly runs her down, its HORN DOPPLERING as it screams by. A
dark, nondescript sedan. Kara tumbles to the ground...

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)
You okay?

Kara nods. Oscar helps her up. She's a bit dazed.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)
Try not to get run over. I don't
need the paperwork.

28 INT. C.R.U.S.H. SQUAD - BULLPEN - DAY

28

Kara at her desk. Surveying the room. Gilman enters. Puts his
car keys on his desk. Takes a load off. Kara thinks on it for
a beat, wheels turning. Then approaches.

KARA DRISCOLL
Excuse me, what car do you drive?

TROY GILMAN
Why?

KARA DRISCOLL
You just on the road?

TROY GILMAN
Who wants to know?

OSCAR CASTRO
(waving Kara over)
Kara--

Kara approaches Oscar, at his desk. He hands her a printout.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)
I ran with your linguistic bleed
voodoo. Searched for links between
Conner and Mirsky. That's the
agenda for this afternoon's council
meeting. Check out the third item.

KARA DRISCOLL
The extension of a public right of
way?

Oscar brings up a graphic on his computer.

OSCAR CASTRO
There's a stretch of Ocean Beach
you can only get to by cutting
through private property. Council's
given the public a pathway. Guess
who owns the lots it crosses?

KARA DRISCOLL
(reads)
Stephanie Bramson and Agon Mirsky.

OSCAR CASTRO
That's not the only right of way in
Ocean Beach. There are others. But
they've been dropping left and
right. Our pal Conner usually casts
the swing vote killing 'em.

KARA DRISCOLL
You think he's on the take?

Oscar hands Kara a bank statement.

OSCAR CASTRO
You tell me. A blind trust in the
name of Conner's nephew Louis. Kid
died *twelve* years ago but trust is
still active. Conner administers
it.

KARA DRISCOLL

He deposited five hundred grand a few weeks ago. Two fifty from Stephanie, two fifty from Mirsky?
(Oscar nods)

But why would someone pay that much just to keep out the hoi-polloi?

OSCAR CASTRO

'Cause homes with private beaches sell at a hefty premium to folks who use words like hoi-polloi.

KARA DRISCOLL

(getting it now)

Larry said Stephanie suggested they sell the house and move.

OSCAR CASTRO

Which is why she was keen on a private beach. Maybe that's what she and Mirsky were getting into at Florio's. The bribe.

KARA DRISCOLL

Question is, who wanted to stop the public access from being scrapped?

OSCAR CASTRO

Ask and ye shall receive. A group called Save Our Beaches posted this online two days ago.

Oscar cues up a video on his laptop. A crowd of twenty-somethings wearing "Save Our Beaches" t-shirts. The stretch of Ocean Beach we are now familiar with clearly visible in the background. C.J. addresses the camera.

C.J. DEVLIN

Beaches belong to everyone. Not just greedy homeowners. Sign our online petition. Tell City Hall.

A boiling Freddy gets close to the camera.

FREDDY DEVLIN

We'll do anything to protect our birthright!

Oscar and Kara share a look.

29

INT. "BAY SURFING" SHOP - DAY

29

Oscar and Kara enter to find C.J. checking invoices, attaching handwritten Post-Its to them, while a nearby Freddy waxes a board. They make a beeline for him.

OSCAR CASTRO
Hey sport. Mind accounting for your whereabouts last night?

FREDDY DEVLIN
Why?

Oscar slaps a "Save Our Beaches" flyer in front of Freddy.

OSCAR CASTRO
'Cause someone's pickin' off the Ocean Beach NIMBY patrol. And you're kinda militant for a wave jockey.

FREDDY DEVLIN
(bristles)
I don't have to answer--

As C.J. approaches, interceding--

C.J. DEVLIN
We were here late. Doing inventory.

OSCAR CASTRO
Sister vouching for a brother-- doesn't count for much.

Kara's POV: C.J.-- CAROTID ARTERY POUNDING. HAND CLENCHED so tightly around her pen the skin is BLANCHING.

C.J. DEVLIN
A lot of beaches around here have gone private. Last I checked, those homeowners are fine.

OSCAR CASTRO
'Cept this beach is special. Where you take your classes. Plus I got you online ranting how you and Mr. Personality even learned to surf there.

C.J. DEVLIN
We were here. *Together*. Late.

OSCAR CASTRO
Keep your dog on a leash.

30

EXT. "BAY SURFING" SHOP - DAY

30

As Oscar and Kara head for their car. Walk and talk--

KARA DRISCOLL
Why do you do that?

OSCAR CASTRO
Do what?

KARA DRISCOLL
Bait suspects. Wave jockey. Dog.

OSCAR CASTRO
Looking to draw him out. People's
reactions tell you everything.
Figured you'd know that, Dr. Freud.

KARA DRISCOLL
Yeah, but your input contaminates
their output. That's why I prefer
to observe rather than instigate.

OSCAR CASTRO
Yeah, I observed something too.

Oscar reaches into Kara's jacket pocket, pulls out a POST-IT
she has lifted. She snatches it back.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)
If you wanted to take a peak at
someone's John Hancock, you shoulda
gotten his. He's the hothead.

KARA DRISCOLL
Exactly. He emotes and it's over.
His sister suppresses everything.
She's the one I'm interested in.

Oscar glances at the Post-It. The word "Hiller".

OSCAR CASTRO
Hiller. That's a surfboard.

KARA DRISCOLL
It's not about what she wrote.
It's *how* she wrote it. See this?
(the signature)
The tight cursive? Means she's
straining to keep control.

OSCAR CASTRO
Of what?

KARA DRISCOLL

Her temper.

(the signature)

This is a tick stroke. A fury symbol. Fury needs an outlet.

OSCAR CASTRO

You can get all that from a few chicken scratches?

KARA DRISCOLL

Handwriting's the unfiltered expression of our emotions. Reveals us whether we want it to or not.

OSCAR CASTRO

So C.J.'s got a personal attachment to the beach. Her business depends on access. She's got a temper.

KARA DRISCOLL

And you're not buying this.

OSCAR CASTRO

Suspect part, maybe. Motive, nah. We're missing a piece of the puzzle. Maybe the guy you think Stephanie Bramson was banging.

KARA DRISCOLL

Except I don't know who that is.

OSCAR CASTRO

Pretty enough, coulda been anyone. Mean time, that video? Recognize the house in the background?

Oscar cues up the "Save Our Beaches" video on his I-PHONE. FREEZES it as the camera pivots to reveal a MANSION in the B.G.

KARA DRISCOLL

Conner's.

OSCAR CASTRO

We need to have another talk with our favorite councilman. Tell him he may have crosshairs on his back.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

31 INT. S.F. CITY HALL - CONNER'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Kara and Oscar with Conner, in his sumptuously appointed office. Brass tacks now:

MARSHALL CONNER

The right of way? What does that have to do with anything?

OSCAR CASTRO

Both victims wanted it gone. And we think some folks took issue.

KARA DRISCOLL

Figured the best way to make their point was to kill the two homeowners opposing it.

OSCAR CASTRO

And maybe the councilman who could cast the swing vote. You.

MARSHALL CONNER

Hold on. That right of way's been in place for years. Why would I vote against it now?

Oscar picks up an expensive-looking FIGURINE. Examines it.

OSCAR CASTRO

'Cause Bramson and Mirsky met your asking price.

Conner's eyes narrow. He sets his jaw. Straight at Oscar:

MARSHALL CONNER

Be very careful, Detective.

OSCAR CASTRO

Here's the good news. We don't care if you're hoovering up bribes. We care about catching a killer.

KARA DRISCOLL

Which is why you need to tell us if you've been threatened by anyone in the Save Our Beaches movement.

Conner walks to Oscar. Takes the figurine from him. Puts it carefully back in its place. Wheels turning:

MARSHALL CONNER

I say I was threatened, that's an admission I was dirty, right?

OSCAR CASTRO

You're not hearing us--

MARSHALL CONNER

But since the folks who allegedly bribed me are dead, I can just vote to preserve the public access. So I got nothing to worry about.

OSCAR CASTRO

Or maybe you do. The vote's on today's council agenda. Our guess, the killer will be watching. You really want to take your chances?

Conner considers. He moves to his desk. Sits.

MARSHALL CONNER

Thanks for stopping by, Detectives.

32

EXT. S.F. CITY HALL - DAY

32

As Oscar and Kara walk and talk...

OSCAR CASTRO

Told the mook he's a target. He's worried about getting caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

KARA DRISCOLL

Personal fearlessness is consistent with narcissistic blindness.

OSCAR CASTRO

English.

KARA DRISCOLL

The sort of guy who takes bribes. Ignores threats to his safety. It's called bulletproof syndrome.

OSCAR CASTRO

Yeah, I'm pretty sure that ego's not gonna stop a nine millimeter.

(beat)

Wonder if he was the one throwing a hump into Stephanie Bramson.

KARA DRISCOLL
Classy turn of phrase, but no.

OSCAR CASTRO
Good-looking, rich and a jerk.
Catnip for chicks, right?

KARA DRISCOLL
She was in love not lust.
(straight at Oscar)
Nothing lovable about a smug
egomaniac who thinks he doesn't
need anyone's help.

OSCAR CASTRO
Takes all kinds.

Kara adjusts her holster, now under her right arm. Oscar
clocks it again, as they arrive at their car. A BANANA
SMASHED on the windshield. Oscar scowls.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)
Damn kids.

KARA DRISCOLL
(darkens)
Yeah, I don't think so.

OSCAR CASTRO
Sorry?

KARA DRISCOLL
I start work, my credit card's
stolen. My neighbor's tulips are
moved. A car practically runs me
down. And now this?

OSCAR CASTRO
Now *what*?

KARA DRISCOLL
I'm *allergic* to bananas. But I'm
guessing you and your little fun
bunch know that, right?

A baffled Oscar stares at Kara for a beat.

OSCAR CASTRO
A, you walked into traffic. I was
there. B, last week someone used my
Visa to buy a plasma in La Paz.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Okay. Fine. But the bananas and
 tulips...
 (off Oscar; Kara frowns)
 Never mind.

Oscar's cell rings--

OSCAR CASTRO
 Castro... Yeah. Thanks.
 (hangs up)
 Owner of the house across the
 street from Stephanie's back from
 Maui. We got the video.

33

INT. C.R.U.S.H. SQUAD - BULLPEN - DAY

33

As Oscar and Kara examine footage on Oscar's computer.

OSCAR CASTRO
 This is from two nights ago. Ten
 forty-six p.m. The evening before
 Stephanie Bramson was murdered.

As we watch a beaten up Mazda pull up on the Great Highway.
 C.J. gets out of the car. Exits OUT OF FRAME.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)
 That's our surfer girl.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Casing Bramson's house?

OSCAR CASTRO
 That's the smart money. Ran the
 plate on her Mazda. Comes back to a
 place in the Sunset District.

Oscar points to his notepad, on which he has scrawled an
 address. He spies Kara glancing at his handwriting. He tears
 the note off the pad, stuffs it into his pocket.

KARA DRISCOLL
 I wasn't--

OSCAR CASTRO
 Let's go.

Oscar heads out, Kara on his heels. She crosses an N.D.
 Detective walking past her eating a BANANA. He nods at her.
 Smiles. She stops. Considers. Puts her fingers in her mouth
 and WHISTLES, bringing the squad's usual commotion to a
 standstill. All eyes on her now.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Okay, I get it, haze the new girl,
 fun for everyone. But we're done
 now, okay? ENOUGH.

A beat, and then everyone returns to the business at hand,
 the din resuming as if the interruption had never happened.

Kara heads out. Off a concerned Balassie, watching her...

34 INT. SUNSET DISTRICT APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 34

Kara and Oscar question C.J.'s unnerved roommate, ALICE MOND.
 Oblivious mala-bead-and-muu-muu yogahead who's overdue for a
 haircut.

ALICE MOND
 I met C.J. on Apartment-Finders.
 She's only been here a few months.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Do you know if she's gone through
 anything difficult recently?

ALICE MOND
 Like what?

KARA DRISCOLL
 Family tragedy. Loss of a job.

ALICE MOND
 Nothing like that. But she did
 break up with her girlfriend a few
 weeks ago. Big finance type. Said
 she couldn't trust her.

Kara and Oscar exchange a look.

ALICE MOND (CONT'D)
 Been pretty down about it. She was
 bawling today. Long as her check
 clears, I don't get involved.

OSCAR CASTRO
 She pay rent to you?

ALICE MOND
 Yeah. My name's on the lease.

OSCAR CASTRO
 Means she has no authority over the
 premises. You give us permission to
 search her room, we can.

ALICE MOND
Why would you want to do that?

OSCAR CASTRO
'Cause we're looking into a murder.

Alice's eyes widen.

35 INT. SUNSET DISTRICT APARTMENT - C.J.'S ROOM - DAY 35

Oscar tosses the room as Kara examines C.J.'s desktop. And PHOTOS of C.J. and Stephanie. They're moving. Romantic.

KARA DRISCOLL
These women were in love, Oscar.

OSCAR CASTRO
That your way of saying you were right about Stephanie having an affair?

KARA DRISCOLL
No, it's my way of saying my gaydar sucks. I didn't figure her secret crush was C.J.

OSCAR CASTRO
Who we're no closer to grabbing up. No gun. No ammunition.

KARA DRISCOLL
Nothing incriminating on her hard drive either.

OSCAR CASTRO
Wait-- I got something.

Oscar pulls an envelope out of a sock drawer. Extracts a FLASH DRIVE. Which he inserts into the laptop. A WAV file pops up. Kara clicks on the icon. And we hear:

MARSHALL CONNER (ON RECORDING)
I want two fifty each.

STEPHANIE BRAMSON (ON RECORDING)
That's a bit steep, Marshall.

OSCAR CASTRO
Conner and Stephanie Bramson.

MARSHALL CONNER (ON RECORDING)
You want to keep the public out of your backyard, that's the price.

STEPHANIE BRAMSON (ON RECORDING)
I'll think about it.

MARSHALL CONNER (ON RECORDING)
Think fast. Deadline's tomorrow.
We strike a deal by then, or this
negotiation is finished.

OSCAR CASTRO
Try this on for size. C.J. finds
out Stephanie was bribing Conner.
Breaks up with her.

KARA DRISCOLL
Then offs her and Mirsky?

OSCAR CASTRO
You're the one who said she had a
temper. If she felt betrayed...

KARA DRISCOLL
(nods)
Everything that simmers eventually
boils over. Think she shared her
secret recording with Conner?

OSCAR CASTRO
One way to find out.

KARA DRISCOLL
(checks her watch)
Council meeting.

As Oscar and Kara hurry out:

36

INT. S.F. CITY HALL - CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

36

A City Council meeting in session. Nine councilmen, including
Conner, sit on the dais in front of the half-full gallery.
The CHAIRMAN (60; reedy, officious lifer) has the floor:

CHAIRMAN
We turn to a measure to extend the
public's right of way to Plot 64-32
on Ocean Beach another five years.
We will proceed by roll call vote,
beginning with Councilman Jenkins.

Over the roll call vote: "Yes," "Yes," "No," "Yes," "No.",
Kara spots C.J. in the back, standing against the wall, arms
folded, staring daggers at a calm Conner.

KARA DRISCOLL
She's unhinged.

Conner pauses. Then, in a loud, clear voice:

MARSHALL CONNER
No.

Oscar and Kara exchange a look: WTF?

CHAIRMAN
By a vote of five-to-four, the
measure to extend the public's
right of way on Plot 64-32 is
denied. Next item of business...

Oscar and Kara watch an incensed C.J. slip out the back....

KARA DRISCOLL
This guy's not very smart.

OSCAR CASTRO
Hopefully smart enough to realize
we're all that stands between him
and her.

37 INT. S.F. CITY HALL - CONNER'S OFFICE - DAY

37

Oscar sits impatiently in Conner's office. An intent Kara has her headphones on, connected to her cell. CONNER'S ASSISTANT enters.

CONNER'S ASSISTANT
Sorry for the wait, Detectives.
Can I get you anything?

OSCAR CASTRO
Yeah, the councilman. Meeting
adjourned an hour ago.

CONNER'S ASSISTANT
He's probably still in conference.
(office phone rings)
Excuse me.

And she moves off.

OSCAR CASTRO
We lay out she's a threat, he'll
have to play ball. Kara. KARA.

She pulls her headphones out. Excited. As she brushes a curl from her forehead:

KARA DRISCOLL

There was something about that call between Stephanie and Conner. And I finally got it.

Kara plays the recording:

MARSHALL CONNER (ON RECORDING)

Think fast. Deadline's tomorrow. We strike a deal by then, or this negotiation is finished.

OSCAR CASTRO

Yeah, already heard that. Conner's squeezing her on the price.

KARA DRISCOLL

No-- his words. Deadline. Strike. Finished. Death imagery. That's usually a sign someone's...

OSCAR CASTRO

Capable of murder.

Oscar is studying a PLAQUE on the wall. A picture of Conner posing with a handgun above the engraving: "MARSHALL CONNER, PACIFIC GUN CLUB, FIRST PLACE, SMALL ARMS DIVISION, 2015".

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)

That's a Walther. Nine millimeter.

KARA DRISCOLL

Right type of gun.

And they finally put it all together:

OSCAR CASTRO

C.J.'s not the killer. Conner is!

KARA DRISCOLL

He takes his payola. Business as usual. But doesn't count on Stephanie getting cold feet.

OSCAR CASTRO

She wants C.J. back. So she has to unwind the bribe.

KARA DRISCOLL

But Mirsky wants what he paid for. Voicemail he left Stephanie? He was bitching about her backing out.

OSCAR CASTRO

Meanwhile, Conner's trapped. Make the beach private, he screws the woman trying to get her girl back. Keep it public, he screws Mirsky. And either could flip on him.

KARA DRISCOLL

So he kills them both.

OSCAR CASTRO

Except C.J.'s got the goods on him too. She swung by Conner's place the night before Stephanie was killed. Blackmailed him.

KARA DRISCOLL

And probably started him on his killing spree. Now he needs to wack her to close the loop.

OSCAR CASTRO

'Cept he can't get to her. Her brother's lurking. She's got a roomie. She's keeping her distance 'cause she knows he's a killer.

Conner's Assistant enters.

CONNER'S ASSISTANT

Unfortunately, the Councilman's taken ill. Left for the day. But you're welcome to come by tomorrow.
(phone rings again; sighs)
Never stops around here...

And she vanishes again.

KARA DRISCOLL

Conner's going home?! He murdered C.J.'s ex. Kicked her off her beach to spite her. He *has* to know she's coming for him.

OSCAR CASTRO

He's counting on it.

As Oscar and Kara hurry out...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

38 EXT. CONNER MANSION - DAY

38

A nervous C.J. Gun in hand. Standing by the side of Conner's house. *Deliberating*. As we hear a CLICK.

OSCAR CASTRO (O.S.)
Drop it. *Right now!*

REVERSE to FIND... Oscar and Kara. Guns pointed at C.J.

C.J. DEVLIN
It's my fault she's dead, you know.
My fault he killed her.

KARA DRISCOLL
It's not.

C.J. DEVLIN
(anguished)
It is. And all because of this
stupid beach. I let him win,
Stephanie dies for *nothing*.

KARA DRISCOLL
He won't win.
(C.J. hesitates)
Don't make us do this. *Please*.

A tearful C.J. drops her gun. Oscar cuffs her to a fence.

OSCAR CASTRO
We'll be back.

Suddenly, a SHOT rings out, SHATTERING a window.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)
Down!

As Oscar, Kara and C.J. dive for cover, a BMW screeches out of Conner's driveway. Oscar and Kara hare for their car...

39 EXT. GREAT HIGHWAY - DAY

39

A pulse-pounding car chase, Oscar driving, weaving in and out of traffic, closing on Conner's Beemer. We INTERCUT:

40 INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

40

A shot SHATTERS the Detectives' windshield into a spiderweb. Oscar punches out the glass. Kara hangs on for dear life.

KARA DRISCOLL

What do I do?

OSCAR CASTRO

Try not to get shot.

Oscar finally REAR-ENDS the Beemer. Sending it FISHTAILING. CRASHING into a tree. Oscar and Kara screech to a halt. A bloodied Conner exits his car and limps into a wooded cliffside area. Oscar and Kara give chase on foot...

41 EXT. WOODS - DAY

41

Oscar sprints into the woods, quickly outpacing Kara, who simply can't keep up. She stops to catch her breath.

KARA DRISCOLL

Damn yoga.

We FIND Oscar, giving chase. Bullets wing past him, as he darts behind a tree, trading fire with Conner. Until the shooting stops. Conner has emptied his clip.

Oscar continues his pursuit, rushing into a CLEARING. He follows a TRAIL OF BLOOD leading to a TRAILER near the cliff. Cautiously rounds the trailer's corner. But...

SMACK. The BUTT of Conner's gun smashes against the back of Oscar's head. Oscar collapses, gun SKITTERING from his hand.

Conner picks up a large ROCK. He's about to bring it down on Oscar's head when... a SHOT RINGS OUT. Hitting Conner in the chest. Conner stumbles backward... and off the cliff. PLUNGING into the water below. And disappearing.

A bleeding Oscar looks up to see... a hyperventilating Kara. GUN in hand. He nods to her.

42 INT. C.R.U.S.H. SQUAD - BULLPEN - DAY

42

Kara at her desk. Finishing up some paperwork on a computer. Oscar approaches, a bandage on his head.

OSCAR CASTRO

Cleared your first case. Maybe you're not gonna be a complete disaster.

KARA DRISCOLL
If that's thank you for saving your
ass, you're welcome.

OSCAR CASTRO
Yeah, you saved it. This time.
Glad there was a this time.

KARA DRISCOLL
Sorry?

OSCAR CASTRO
Wanna tell me why you've been
fidgiting with your gun all day?

KARA DRISCOLL
I haven't.

OSCAR CASTRO
You have. Shifting it. Waist.
Ankle. Shoulder. Know why?

KARA DRISCOLL
Because guns are hard to
accessorize.

OSCAR CASTRO
You botch a shoot, you play with
your piece. Every cop does it. We
call it trigger fingers.

KARA DRISCOLL
Okay, now I'm the German shepherd.

OSCAR CASTRO
You didn't unload when Conner got
away the first time. So your screw-
up must be that you should've.

They hold each other's gaze for a beat, neither blinking.

KARA DRISCOLL
Hey, here's a thought. Leave the
psychoanalysis to me. And you can
concentrate on being wrong.
(Oscar nods, moves off)
Oscar... OSCAR.

Oscar turns to look at Kara. Vulnerable for once.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
Daniel Prady.

OSCAR CASTRO

Who?

KARA DRISCOLL

Doorbell Dan.

Oscar thinks on it. Then:

OSCAR CASTRO

The psycho who'd sweet-talk his way into people's houses before strangling them? What does--

KARA DRISCOLL

He was my patient. I helped him cop an insanity rap.

OSCAR CASTRO

Single count of murder, right?

KARA DRISCOLL

Yup. Because when I testified there was only the one body. They found the other seven *after* he was institutionalized. By then he was incompetent to stand trial.

OSCAR CASTRO

I read he broke outta the looney bin a few months back.

KARA DRISCOLL

Hundred forty-three days ago today, actually.

(building emotion)

And here's the thing. He *wasn't* insane, Oscar. Just evil. And he conned me. Plotted his escape for eighteen months. Killed two nurses on the way out...

OSCAR CASTRO

And you think that's on you.

KARA DRISCOLL

I know it is. His not being locked away in maximum security? On me. Those nurses? On me.

(a choke in her voice)

And when he kills again-- and he *will*...

OSCAR CASTRO

So *that's* why you're here. You figure more bodies are gonna drop. But if you nab a few bad guys, maybe you even the score.

KARA DRISCOLL

I'll settle for keeping the score close until we catch him.

OSCAR CASTRO

You're so keen on saving lives, why'd you let Conner go the first time?

KARA DRISCOLL

He was wearing a mask. It was dark. I wasn't... sure.

OSCAR CASTRO

You didn't want to make another mistake. I get it. Thing is, in this job, you're *never* sure. But you damn well better be certain.

KARA DRISCOLL

Of what?

OSCAR CASTRO

That you want to be a cop. For you, today was that day. But if today was yesterday, I'd be dead.

Oscar goes. Off Kara, digesting this...

43

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON - VISITOR ROOM - NIGHT

43

As a nervous Oscar sits behind the Plexiglas. Waiting. Until an inmate approaches. Sits. A bald, tattooed, battle-scarred Hispanic O.G. Sixtyish. He picks up the phone. Oscar does too.

OSCAR CASTRO

Been a while. Wanted to check in.

The man just stares straight ahead. Unblinking.

OSCAR CASTRO (CONT'D)

Filled up your commissary, Dad.

He's GABRIEL CASTRO. Not on good terms with his son.

GABRIEL CASTRO
 Heard you saw Rafa. Made him look
 like a rat in front of his crew.

OSCAR CASTRO
 I was doing my job.

GABRIEL CASTRO
 That job include gettin' your
 little brother iced?

OSCAR CASTRO
 He wasn't... it's not--

GABRIEL CASTRO
 Not what? Not *WHAT*?

Oscar. At a loss for words, as his father fumes across from him.

GABRIEL CASTRO (CONT'D)
 All that matter's is family. The
 only thing I ever tried to teach
 you. The one thing you never got.

Gabriel stands. Moves off. Raps on the GATE. It opens. A Guard leads him away. Off Oscar, shattered...

44 INT. KARA'S CONDO - NIGHT

44

As a weary Kara pours herself a glass of wine. Sits on her couch. Ready to drink at last. When she's interrupted by... DING-DONG. She tenses, a little on edge. Goes to the door, peeks through the peephole. Unlocks the door. Opens it.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Cabot?

Her ex, bouquet in hand.

CABOT DRISCOLL
 You're all over the news. Wanted to
 congratulate you.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Thanks, but this isn't a good time.

CABOT DRISCOLL
 Why not?

KARA DRISCOLL
 'Cause I'm exhausted. And we're
 divorced. And I don't like you.

CABOT DRISCOLL
 Brought a peace offering, is all.
 You don't want it...

He turns to go. Kara reconsiders. That was a little harsh.

KARA DRISCOLL
Wait.
 (takes bouquet)
 Maybe we can do lunch one of these
 days.

CABOT DRISCOLL
 That'd be easier to arrange if your
 squad were closer to my office.
 Commissioner promised me--

KARA DRISCOLL
 Hold it, you *talked* to Delmond?!
 (shoves bouquet at him)
 I didn't ask you to do that.

CABOT DRISCOLL
 You didn't have to.

KARA DRISCOLL
 (Are you kidding me?)
 Ohmigod.

CABOT DRISCOLL
 Look, you're my ex-wife. I *care*.
 And if that means looking out for
 you--

KARA DRISCOLL
 By making sure I work nearby?

CABOT DRISCOLL
 Yes. You're all alone, Kara. And
 it's a big, ugly world.

KARA DRISCOLL
 Get it straight. You don't pull my
 strings. That was the point of the
 divorce, or didn't you get the
 memo? I mean, the complete lack--

Cabot leans in. KISSES Kara. She pulls back. Stunned. SLAPS
 him. He nods. Turns to go.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
Wait.

She grabs him. Pulls him close. KISSES him. This one lasts longer. Steamy. The chemistry undeniable. She finally pulls back. Gazes into his eyes. And SLAPS him again.

CABOT DRISCOLL
Eight years, I still don't get you.

KARA DRISCOLL
(grabs the bouquet)
Just go. *Please.*

A baffled Cabot does. Kara closes the door. Flushed now. Goes to her couch. Sits. Looks at the bouquet.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
So that was seriously messed up.
(off Sigmund)
Don't look at me that way. You would've done the same thing. I mean, if you were a girl-- and not a cat. And insane.

Kara tosses the bouquet, reaches for the wine. When... DING-DONG. The bell again. She gets up, frustrated now.

KARA DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
Cabot, I swear to God...

She opens the door, but no one's there. Kara looks around, then sees it: a MANILA ENVELOPE on her welcome mat. She reaches down. Opens it. And PALES as she...

Riffles through 8.5 by 11 SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of herself: on a date with Todd West; arguing with Mr. Grubman about the flowers; dodging the car on the Great Highway; running into the woods with her gun drawn.

There's a message composed of LETTERS snipped from a mishmash of newspapers and magazines: "This Is OnLy the BEginNING."

45 EXT. KARA'S CONDO - NIGHT

45

A frightened Kara steps out into the night. Eyes darting left then right. Searching in vain for her unseen adversary.

The CAMERA PULLS OUT. PULLS OUT AGAIN. And we finally CUT TO: An AERIAL VIEW of Kara. A speck in an urban sprawl. The ultimate watcher being watched...

END OF SHOW