

A.P.B.

"Hard Reset"
(Pilot)

by
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ACT ONE

OVER BLACKNESS, a sudden CRASH shatters the dark and...

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

...MICHELLE, 28, a fit, focused young lawyer, startles awake, scanning the shadows of a stylish industrial loft, blood running cold as ANOTHER NOISE echoes in the dark. She wakes her husband, PAUL, 31, exhausted medical resident, with a tense whisper.

MICHELLE

Paul. Paul. Someone's in the house.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Paul slips through the shadows, phone in hand, with Michelle close behind -- until they suddenly stop as they see...

TWO MALE SHADOWS spilling in from the next room -- and the distinctive shape of a SHOTGUN. As the shadows move closer, Paul quietly ushers Michelle into a closet.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT APARTMENT - CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Moonlight streams through slats in the door as Paul dials 911, scrambling to turn down the volume as a voice blares:

OPERATOR (V.O.)

9-1-1. What's your emergency?

PAUL

There are men in my home. With guns.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Okay. What's your address?

But Paul goes silent as an IMPOSING SHADOW falls across the slats of the door. Michelle and Paul hold their breath, wide-eyed -- and just as the shadow turns to move on:

OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sir? Sir??

The Shadow whips back toward them -- and Michelle and Paul duck as a SHOTGUN BLAST splinters the door.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

A MASKED GUNMAN cocks his shotgun to fire again -- but the shattered door bursts open and Paul charges out, SLAMMING into the gunman to send the shotgun flying.

Michelle hurls a lamp at a second GUNMAN, then turns to see TWO MORE GUNMEN coming in through the front door just as...

...Paul pulls the first Gunman's mask off, revealing his face. (This is HATCHER, 30s) Angered, Hatcher knocks Paul back and pulls a .45 to -- BAM -- shoot Paul in the chest.

Michelle screams and rushes toward him -- until Hatcher aims at her. She moves just as bullets hit the wall behind her.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT APARTMENT - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Michelle rushes into a half-painted nursery and looks out the window. There's no fire escape. Just a ponderous THREE-STORY DROP to the ground below. She hides behind a half-built crib. Fighting tears, she pulls out...

HER PHONE, wiping Paul's blood from the screen with trembling fingers. But instead of calling 911, she taps on a **POLICE BADGE ICON** and launches an app: **APB**. In the blink of an eye, an UBER-STYLE MAP shows all the police cars in her area. A button reads "REPORT A CRIME." One tap opens a text box.

She looks anxiously from the door to her phone as she types:

Home invasion. Husband shot. Help.

Michelle hits SEND -- and one pounding heartbeat later...

Every police car on the map turns toward her location -- and a banner pops up: "OFFICERS EN ROUTE. ETA: 26 SECS." But as the seconds tick down -- 25... 24... 23...

Michelle ducks out of sight as boots appear in the doorway.

ON HER PHONE - 16... 15... 14...

A HAND grabs her leg. Michelle's phone tumbles to the floor -- as she's hauled out of hiding, screaming, and spun to face the wall. As Hatcher raises a pistol behind her, she sees...

HATCHER

Relax. It'll all be over soon...

HER PHONE on the floor with APB running. The cops are just around the corner. The seconds tick down: 5... 4... 3...

A tear of dying hope falls from Michelle's eye and Hatcher's finger tenses on the trigger just as... A BLINDING LIGHT hits them, *somehow* shining in through that THIRD-STORY WINDOW.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (V.O.)

Drop your weapons! Hands in the air!

Michelle seizes the moment, diving for cover as the gunmen squint and FIRE at the light, SHATTERING the window...

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOFT APARTMENT - THIRD FLOOR - INTERCUT

...but the POLICE DRONE hovering outside dodges the shots and RETURNS FIRE with its built-in TASER.

The taser hits Hatcher and he staggers as SIRENS ECHO nearby. Another gunman (MENDOZA) pulls Hatcher up and they run out.

Michelle is left in the shadows, heart pounding. Her wide eyes get even wider as her phone LIGHTS UP and she hears:

POLICE OFFICER #2 (V.O.)
Michelle, this is Officer Brandt with
the South Central Task Force. Are
you hurt?

MICHELLE
No, but my husband--

OUTSIDE, the police drone hovers toward another window to see Paul lying on the floor, in a pool of blood, still moving.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (V.O.)
He's still alive. Go to him now and
I can talk you through first aid.

As a grateful Michelle nods and hurries off to save Paul...

INT. DOWNTOWN - LOFT APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

THE FOUR GUNMEN rush through the hallways with Hatcher shaking off the taser shock. But then they round a corner to see...

COPS IN RIOT HELMETS AND BODY ARMOR, FIRING HULKING HANDGUNS without hesitation. The Gunmen double back, only to find...

MORE ARMORED POLICE rounding a corner to FIRE at them. The Gunman RETURN FIRE, splitting up as they scramble for cover. We follow two gunmen (SIMMS and WHITE) as they duck into...

INT. DOWNTOWN - LOFT APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

...a stairwell. But as soon as they start heading down, they spot MORE COPS coming up. With nowhere else to run...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

...a window SHATTERS as the two gunmen jump from a second story down to a dumpster. They drop to the ground to see Mendoza running past -- and hurry after him. But as they disappear into the darkness...

HIGH ANGLE DRONE POV - ...we watch them run in NIGHTVISION clarity. We spot the SEDAN they're headed for -- and a window pops up with a ZOOMED SCREEN GRAB of the sedan's license plate as DMV INFO about the vehicle scrolls onscreen.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The gunmen get in, but... the car won't start.

MENDOZA

The hell?

KA-CHUNK. The doors lock them in, and a voice booms from the speakers as the frantic gunmen yank on the door handles.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (V.O.)

You are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

BAM-B-BAM-BAM! The windshield explodes as the gunmen shoot their way out of their own getaway car. But as they tumble to the pavement, the drone's NIGHTSUN SPOTLIGHT hits them...

...TESLA POLICE CRUISERS screech up to block the alley...

...and BADASS ARMORED COPS surround them on all sides.

And the stunned criminals drop their weapons, giving up.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - LOFT - MINUTES LATER

POLICE swarm. Michelle accompanies Paul's gurney to an AMBULANCE -- with an alert Paul firmly holding her hand.

As the gunmen are cuffed, a TIRED OLD COP from the city's traditional police rolls up in a DENTED CRUISER, staring in awe at the massive police response. He flags down a passing cop, **DETECTIVE AMELIA MURPHY, 30s**, (John McClane in the body of a wry, confident young woman) who flashes her badge.

OLD COP

Hey. I'm responding to a 911. Call just came in a few minutes ago...

MURPHY

24 minutes ago, actually. 13th Precinct. We got this.

As Murphy strides into the swirling glow of red and blue...

SMASH TO TITLES: **A.P.B.**

MONTAGE

We whip BACK IN TIME, REWINDING through a difficult year of hard-hitting NEWS CLIPS, PHONE VIDEOS, and SOUND BITES to start at the beginning of a story all too familiar and all too real: a police department spiraling out of control.

We see POLICE struggling to do their jobs while headlines tell us crime in South Central is at an all-time high. We witness COPS gun down an UNARMED BLACK TEEN amid allegations of corruption. PROTESTERS clash with COPS IN RIOT GEAR. CARS BURN. A PROTESTER picks up a can of tear gas and hurls it back.

GIDEON (V.O.)

This isn't how it's supposed to be.
People are living in fear, dying in
the streets. The cops are overworked,
underpaid, dangerous.

NEWS: "TECH BILLIONAIRE SOUNDS OFF" is the headline as **GIDEON REED, 40s**, crazy rich, accidentally handsome, and so off-the-charts smart he's almost a different species, with the autistic eccentricity of Sherlock Holmes and the cocky irreverence of Tony Stark, caught in a candid moment at a CANDLELIGHT VIGIL.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Policing in America is broken. If
this town was a company... I'd say
it's time to fire the CEO.

NEWS FOOTAGE: MAYOR MICHAEL CAMPOS, late-40s, lean and savvy, forces a smile as a reporter corners him outside CITY HALL.

MAYOR CAMPOS

Hey, if Gideon Reed thinks he can do
better, why doesn't he take some of
that money and try it himself?

NEWS FOOTAGE: A reporter catches Gideon leaving a GALA EVENT with a GORGEOUS MODEL on his arm.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Gideon. How do you respond to the
Mayor's challenge to basically put
your money where your mouth is?

Gideon's eyes dart back and forth as his mind races, then he looks directly into camera, a defiant spark in his eyes.

GIDEON

I'd say he just made a huge mistake.

CUT TO BLACK

A SLICK, APPLE-STYLE COMMERCIAL: a slim smartphone floats against stark white, slowly turning to reveal... that BADGE ICON launching the APB app -- and we see that Uber-style map showing all the cops nearby.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

You can use an app to find a pizza
place, a ride home, a new romance,
even a doctor. So... why not a cop?
(then)

APB: Police in the palm of your hand.

NEWS FOOTAGE shows various CLIPS of GIDEON, including him at a TEST RANGE watching one of his ROCKETS LAND as GRAPHICS over the clips show the headline: "POLICE, INCORPORATED?"

LOCAL ANCHOR (V.O.)

Gideon Reed is turning his attention from military drones and space exploration to something even tougher than rocket science: fighting crime.

The "POLICE, INCORPORATED?" headline stays up over clips of POLICE fighting PROTESTERS outside the 13TH PRECINCT.

LOCAL ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Reed has accepted the Mayor's challenge, putting up millions of his own money to take over the city's troubled 13th Precinct and reboot it as a private police force. And he's doing it all for a very personal reason...

PRESS CONFERENCE: Gideon makes his announcement, standing beside a monitor which displays a PHOTO of KAREN DAWSON, late 30s, with kind eyes and a warm, welcoming smile.

GIDEON

Seven months ago, Karen Dawson was shot and killed here by an unknown attacker. She was an attorney and activist, out here trying to help. She was a painter, and mother of two. She was also my friend.

The picture of Karen dissolves to an OLD PHOTO of a teenage Gideon and Karen together, smiling. He faces the audience with a pained smile.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

I wanted to do something for her. And when you've got 14 billion dollars, sending flowers doesn't quite cut it. So I'm doing this.

TED TALK: Gideon lays out his vision with the riveting, revolutionary showmanship of Steve Jobs while the APB APP fills the SCREEN behind him. APP CALLS pop up on the map with TEXTS, PICTURES, and VIDEOS of CRIMES IN PROGRESS.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

We have so many things at the touch of a button -- why not our own safety? My app lets ordinary people send text, pictures, even video directly to the nearest cops. It's crowdsourced crimefighting. The neighborhood watch on steroids. But I'm not stopping there...

CLOSE ON GIDEON, equal parts visionary and lunatic as the GRAPHICS behind him show new equipment and complex analyses.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

I'm going to upgrade the police, using the latest technology, data-driven ideas, and tech sector innovation to rethink everything about the way cops fight crime.

CABLE NEWS: An AGGRESSIVE ANCHOR grills Gideon, until he cuts in with the blunt bravado that's been key to his success.

AGGRESSIVE ANCHOR

...Mayors have tried. Governors. Presidents. No one has fixed crime in America. What makes you think you can do the impossible--

GIDEON

Bret, I just landed a reusable rocket on a barge in the middle of the ocean. Impossible is my business model. If anyone can fix this, it's me.

And as the **MONTAGE ENDS** in a burst of STATIC...

INT. MODEST HOUSE BY THE FREEWAY - MORNING

A Labrador scratches at the security grate on the door, whining to get to... his owner, HELENA FLORES, 60s, who lies face down on the floor with two bullet holes in her back.

MURPHY (O.S.)

Helena Flores, 66. Retired last April after teaching for 41 years.

MURPHY (who we glimpsed in the opener) examines the body while her partner, **DET. RUTHIE JOHNSTON, 60s**, a Black grandmother of five with a sixth sense for solving homicides, gazes through the bars on a window at the freeway underpass.

JOHNSTON

Shame...

MURPHY

Getting sentimental on me, Ruthie?

JOHNSTON

(re: the freeway)

Edge of our turf. Forty feet that way, she'd be the 15th's problem.

Murphy smiles slightly at the gallows humor, then calls to a UNI who appears to be playing a game on his phone.

MURPHY

Hey. Hey.
 (he pauses the game)
 How long till the ME gets here?

UNI

Last time, it took like nine hours.

JOHNSTON

Well, go find out about this time.
 And if I see you on that again, you're
 gonna have to learn how to play that
 game with the phone up your ass.

The Uni rolls his eyes and heads out. Johnston turns back to Murphy shaking her head, disgusted.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Be awhile before we get time of death.

MURPHY

As usual. That's why I brought this.

Murphy grins and pulls out a digital ear thermometer, which she carefully sticks in Helena's ear to (BEEP) get a reading.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

91.2, so 7.4 below normal, body loses
 1.4 degrees an hour in the first 12,
 so... about 5 hours, 20 minutes.
 Puts the murder around 2 am.

Murphy notes the cut chain on the door, the cables where the TV was, and a simple bracelet on Helena's wrist.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Chain's cut, but the deadbolt was
 picked. Took the TV, but didn't
 waste time on cheap jewelry. And
 they left no witnesses.

(then)

Same MO as that home invasion crew
 they've been chasing on the West
 Side for the past few years.

JOHNSTON

So what brings them to our neck of
 the woods? If it's even the same guys.

Before Murphy can reply, the Uni leans back in.

UNI

Watch Commander just called. They want
 everyone back at the precinct. Now.

Murphy and Johnston exchange a look. What is this bullshit?

MURPHY

We're working an active crime scene.

UNI

I told 'em. They said it's an order.

Murphy whips out her phone, always ready to challenge authority.

MURPHY

Whose order?

UNI

The new boss.

Checkmate. As Murphy pockets her phone, annoyed...

EXT. THE 13TH - POLICE DRONE POV - DAY

We hover over abandoned buildings and dangerous streets, looking STRAIGHT DOWN as we find... a battered chainlink fence surrounding old BLACK-AND-WHITE POLICE CRUISERS outside the forlorn, rain-streaked façade of THE 13TH PRECINCT.

CONRAD (O.S.)

Okay, people. Today's the day...

INT. THE 13TH - CONTINUOUS

SGT. ED CONRAD, 50s, a gruff, grumpy teddy bear with a face like a three car pile-up, arrives at the WATCH DESK in a run-down precinct, filled with COPS in a similar state of disrepair. The Bad News Bears as an inner-city police force.

CONRAD

Arma-Gideon. Unlucky 13 just got unluckier.

MURPHY winds through the DEMORALIZED BURN-OUTS and REJECTS like a shining beacon of having-your-shit-together.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Detective Murphy. Whatsamatter, sunshine? Couldn't get a transfer?

Murphy instinctively side-steps as a DRUNK GUY IN HANDCUFFS throws up in her path.

MURPHY

What, and leave all this?

CONRAD

Right, and I'm sure you calling the Chief of D's an asswipe had nothing to do with it.

MURPHY

Everybody calls him that. My mistake was saying it to his face.

(then)

So what's so important that I'm letting a killer's trail go cold?

Conrad just shrugs, and Murphy rolls her eyes as she heads over to... THE BULLPEN, an apocalyptic jumble of mismatched chairs and desks piled high with thick paper files. Murphy arrives at her desk in Homicide as **OFC. GERALD COBB, late 40s**, an aging Eddie Haskell, make his way around the pen.

COBB

Running a pool on how long Billionaire Boy lasts. Twenty bucks. Who's in?

OFC. RODERICK BRANDT, 30s, ex-military with clean-cut looks and confidence to match, pulls out a twenty and hands it off.

BRANDT

Dude don't know jack about commanding troops. I give him three days.

Cobb turns to **OFC. TASHA GOSS, 20s**, Millennial nonconformist with a build that's tough for dresses, great for police work.

COBB

Goss? Nobody has Day One yet.

GOSS

Maybe he'll pull it off. Not like things here can get much worse.

(off their looks)

Good point. I'll take fifteen days.

Cobb moves over to Murphy, a hint of resentment in his attitude toward the younger, more successful cop. Murphy refuses with a smile as her phone BUZZES.

COBB

Little Miss Homicide? Want in?

MURPHY

Bad ju-ju. And I don't plan to be here long enough to collect.

(turns to answer phone)

So, found out the hard way this morning that we're out of toilet paper.

EXT. STREET CORNER - INTERCUT

...her husband, **SGT. TOM MURPHY, late-30s**, vice cop, a tough guy with a big heart, has a badge hanging from his neck and a row of STREET DEALERS up against a wall while his VICE TEAM searches them. Tom can't help smiling as he replies:

TOM

Oh God. You or the kids?

MURPHY

Josie. I handled it. She knows the word 'bidet' now.

TOM

Fancy. I'll pick some up after my shift. Any word from Lt. Rice?

MURPHY

'The position has been filled.' That transfer to the 24th was my last shot.

TOM

No. We're not giving up--

MURPHY

Nobody wants to be here, Tom. Everyone who could get out already did.

TOM

You're one of the best murder police in the city--

MURPHY

--which is why they stuck me here in the first place. Cause their fragile male egos can't handle the fact I'm--

Tom smiles as he gently cuts in to set the record straight -- and Murphy rolls her eyes, an old argument flaring up.

TOM

Babe. C'mon, you're there cause you pissed off every CO you've ever had--

MURPHY

Oh God, can we not do this again--

TOM

If you'd just try to play the game--

MURPHY

It's not a game. I'm solving murders, and I'm not the one who put a bunch of idiots in charge. Whose side are you on?

Tom shakes his head and grins. He loves the fighter in her.

TOM

Yours, God help me.

Murphy takes a breath as she looks around at the disheveled precinct, wishing things could be different.

MURPHY

All I want is to be able to kick ass at my job for a boss who's not a complete moron and doesn't get threatened when I actually turn out to be good at it. And so far, this genius is as dumb as the rest of 'em.

TOM

Look, I can't leave you stranded in the Precinct of Misfit Toys while Richie Rich burns it down. I've still got a few strings left to--

MURPHY

Tom. Don't--

TOM

You don't belong there, Amelia--

MURPHY

And I don't want to drag you down with me. I still think you got passed over on the Organized Crime thing cause of me. Just leave it. Please.

Tom's patient smile suggests she may not be wrong. A beat.

TOM

Fine.

MURPHY

Fine. I love you. Toilet paper.

TOM

Toilet paper.

As they hang up, Murphy turns to see Cobb putting a jar next to the coffee maker with a sign that reads: "COFFEE: \$1 BILLION." While Cobb high-fives his BURN-OUT BUDDIES, Murphy sighs. She doesn't belong here. But she's stuck for now...

INT. THE 13TH - SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Roll call. While other cops joke and grouse, Murphy stands off to the side as **CAPTAIN RAYMOND HAUSER, 55**, heart attack waiting to happen, takes the podium to announce:

HAUSER

As of 8:01 AM, we are all now employees of South Central Task Force, LLC, a wholly owned subsidiary of Reed, Inc...

Some cops offer half-assed applause while others grumble and Murphy just smirks. We cut from this tepid response to...

INT. BENTLEY MULSANNE - SIMULTANEOUS

...BLARING HIP-HOP in the back of an immaculate luxury car. But the loud music doesn't seem to slow the concentration of the car's sole PASSENGER as we look over his shoulder to watch his fingers fly over a laptop, putting the finishing touches on complex 3D schematics for a rocket engine.

INT. THE 13TH - SQUAD ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Crickets. Hauser checks his watch as he keeps talking, stalling as he waits for someone he isn't sure will show.

HAUSER

...I know some of you have expressed doubts about the new management...

EXT. THE 13TH - SIMULTANEOUS

HIP-HOP CRASHES BACK IN as the Bentley pulls up and polished Tom Fords hit the concrete, followed by FOUR SCRUFFY PAWS.

We follow our Passenger, whose face we still don't see even though we all know who he is, as he strides into the precinct like he owns the place, which, as of 8:01 AM, he does.

INT. THE 13TH - SQUAD ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Hauser tries to keep the restless squad under control, but he's interrupted by an OVERWEIGHT UNI.

HAUSER

...but I, hey, I expect all of you to be on your best behavior while things are changing around here.

OVERWEIGHT UNI

What kind of changes? Should I be calling my union rep? Or a lawyer?

COBB

Or a priest?

MURPHY

Relax. They're always talking reform, but nothing ever changes. We'll probably never even see this jackass.

GIDEON (O.S.)

I mean. Not unless you turn around.

Murphy turns to see... GIDEON right behind her. Shit. As the squad pivots to look at him, Gideon's eyes dart all around, stealing quick glances at the chagrined Murphy as he adds:

GIDEON (CONT'D)

And don't sweat the jackass thing.
There's some pretty compelling
evidence you're right about that.

Gideon gives Murphy a split-second smile as Hauser awkwardly interrupts, trying to smooth things over.

HAUSER

It's, um, my honor to introduce our
new boss, Mr. Gideon Reed.

A smattering of applause as Gideon walks to the podium, the sleek lines of his bespoke suit undercut slightly by the absurdity of the unkempt mutt, KEPLER, who follows him up.

In the gallery, a dubious Brandt whispers to Goss, who shrugs.

BRANDT

What's with the dog?

Gideon's eyes flicker over his squad with an enigmatic smile, confidence tempered by an almost alien oddness. He doesn't fit in with a bunch of blue collar cops. He doesn't fit in anywhere, really. And he knows it. An awkward silence, then:

GIDEON

Hi. I'm Gideon. I build military
robots and I'm working on plans to
colonize the Moon. But don't worry,
I'm not actually a Bond villain.

This gets a hesitant laugh, and Gideon's eyes dart for a beat as he makes sure they're laughing with him, not at him. With him. Good. Kepler settles at Gideon's feet.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

First things first, you're all still
legally recognized law enforcement
officers. All your arrests will be
passed on to the DA. All your
evidence will hold up in court. I
squared that with the Governor this
morning. I've spent the last month
laying the groundwork for a smooth
transition, but there are bound to
be some bugs to work out.

(then, re: Hauser)

And, as Ray said, some things will
be changing around here...

Cops shift uncomfortably until Gideon casually announces:

GIDEON (CONT'D)

For starters, you're all getting a 40% raise.

(stunned silence)

I'm serious.

Gideon jumps slightly as the cops erupt into cheers. Murphy keeps her eyes on him, sizing him up. As the cheers die down, Gideon holds up his phone, showing the APB app.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Your gear will also be getting an upgrade. You already know about the app. So let's skip to the fun stuff.

Gideon points to a door where his attractive, young, Ivy League ASSISTANTS wheel in the toys: a mannequin wearing BODY ARMOR, a RIOT HELMET with a built-in mic and camera, and a quadcopter POLICE DRONE like the one we saw in the opener. Gideon taps his phone and the drone buzzes to life.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Silicon carbide disc body armor that can stop up to 40 rounds at close range. Bulletproof helmets based on the Army's ACH with integrated mics and body cams, and a fleet of military-grade UAVs with night-vision and IR cameras, a spotlight, an integrated 12-shot TASER system-- oh, and this:

Gideon talks into the phone and his voice booms from the drone.

GIDEON (LOUDSPEAKER FX) (CONT'D)

Luke. I am your father...

While excited cops eye the new gear, Murphy can't stifle a grin at Gideon's childish charm. Gideon tosses the phone to one of his assistants (GRETCHEN, late 20s) who anxiously lands the drone while Gideon picks up an intimidatingly large HANDGUN. Cops are straight-up applauding until...

GIDEON (CONT'D)

And you're all getting new sidearms. A custom-made fully automatic .50 cal pistol with a 17 round quick change mag. But there is one catch.

...Gideon points the gun at one of his ASSISTANTS and FIRES, dropping the kid with a single shot.

The whole room reacts in shock. A stunned Murphy tenses as alarmed cops put their hands on their sidearms, but Gideon immediately drops his gun, putting his hands up.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

It's okay. Don't shoot the boss.

The poor kid he shot (TREVOR, 20s, a cross between Bill Gates and a puppy) suddenly sits up, gasping as Gideon helps him up and hands him an envelope.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Sorry about that, Trevor. I'm sending you and your girlfriend to Tahiti for three weeks. Does that help?

Trevor nods, winded but okay, and Gideon tells the cops:

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Your new guns have all the stopping power of a Glock 40, but there's one thing they won't have: bullets.

Gideon holds up one BLACK RUBBER BULLET and one WHITE PLASTIC PEPPERSPRAY ROUND.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

This weapon only fires less-lethal projectiles: rubber pellets to stop, pepperspray rounds to stun. Effective immediately, every officer in this precinct will turn in their department issue firearms for these.

In a heartbeat, the cops go from ecstatic to ballistic. As Cobb, Brandt, and others rise to challenge him, Gideon freezes momentarily, startled, blinking -- and Murphy watches him with a hint of empathy.

COBB

Are you out of your mind? We'll get mowed down in the street.

BRANDT

I spent six years driving around Iraq without enough armor, and you wanna send me out there with a Nerf gun?

As ND ANGRY VOICES echo around him, Gideon's eyes dart around the room until he finds... Murphy, the only one not frowning, the only one who seems intrigued. A hint of a smile between them. Gideon takes a breath, and hides his overwhelmed introvert behind the blunt, brutal armor of a genius CEO. Holding the new gun over his head, he silences them all with:

GIDEON

This is all you need to get the job done, better and safer than ever before. Last year, the city paid out \$24 million in wrongful death lawsuits. That's money out of your pockets. Money we could use to make you safer,

(MORE)

GIDEON (CONT'D)
 help you do your jobs better. Starting
 now, we've had our last bad shoot,
 our last innocent victim.
 (then)
 I didn't just come here to change
 your gear. I came to change you.

Gideon sets down the gun and looks out over his squad, forcing himself to make eye contact, honestly trying to connect.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
 This is what I do. I find things
 that are broken, inefficient, badly
 designed, and I fix them. I make
 them work like they're supposed to.
 Right now, nothing down here works
 like it's supposed to. This precinct
 has the worst numbers and the highest
 crime rate in the city. Before I
 stepped in, it was going to be shut
 down, and you were all going to be
 laid off.

A murmur ripples through the room. Not everyone knew that.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
 All your salaries, all this new gear,
 it's coming directly out of my pocket.
 So if anyone wants to walk because I
 won't let you have a handful of lead
 that could end someone's life and
 ruin your career, there's the door --
 you'll be saving me money.

Gideon waits. Murphy glances around the room, then turns back to eye her new boss -- who is not at all what she expected. Another beat. No one leaves. Gideon nods, looking out over a room full of cops, many of whom now hate him, and cracks a determined, ambitious smile.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
 Good. Then let's get to work.
 (then)
 Oh, and one more thing...

...A BULLDOZER crashes through the wall behind him, creating a MASSIVE HOLE to the outside. As dust swirls around him to fill the precinct, Gideon adds with a hint of a grin:

GIDEON (CONT'D)
 We're gonna be doing some remodeling.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - POLICE DRONE POV - DAY**

DOWNSHOT - We hover high over streets lined with trash and old beaters -- until a CONVOY of WHITE TRUCKS bearing the REED, INC. logo rolls into view and we follow it to...

EXT. THE 13TH - DAY

IMPRESSED COPS watch as TESLA POLICE CRUISERS roll in. MOVERS push crates of Gideon's new guns and cutting-edge computers in through the MASSIVE NEW HOLE in the side of the precinct.

And tattered combat boots hit the ground. We pan up tattooed legs, ripped jeans and a well-worn tank top to the heavily-pierced and fiercely intelligent face of **ADA HAMILTON, 20s**, as she arrives with her TEAM of tech company TROUBLESHOOTERS. Ada stares at the crumbling precinct with a cynical frown:

ADA

Fascism 2.0. Super.

INT. THE 13TH - MOMENTS LATER

Chaos ensues as Gideon's people flood in to start transforming the precinct. CONTRACTORS saw and hammer at that new hole in the wall to begin turning it into who-knows-what. (We'll find out later.) Cops struggle to stay out of the way as old file cabinets roll out while new FLATSCREENS roll in and...

Gideon's assistant Gretchen pushes the precinct's terminally-ill coffee maker in the garbage as stunned cops watch.

COP

He's taking our coffee, too?

GRETCHEN

Oh honey, that wasn't coffee. This is coffee.

Gretchen steps aside as MOVERS wheel in a world-class Italian espresso machine complete with its own BARISTA. As the Barista starts taking coffee orders, we move on to find...

GIDEON striding through the bullpen, eyes darting to notice every detail, as a skeptical Hauser looks around and asks:

HAUSER

We running a precinct or a day spa?

GIDEON

Social Engineering. People can be hacked as easily as computers. If they like where they work, they work harder. Speaking of...

Gideon stops in front of an old copy room where the MOVERS wheel out antique copy machines while TECHIES inside install an impressive array of monitors.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

This will be my room. We're going paperless anyway.

HAUSER

You mean, you're... actually gonna have an office here?

Gideon just stares at Hauser like he started speaking Klingon.

HAUSER (CONT'D)

Hey. No offense, I just thought, ya know, all your other companies--

GIDEON

--will contact me if they need help. This is my priority right now.

Then Gideon WHISTLES right in Hauser's face -- and heads into his new office as Kepler trots after him. As Hauser walks away, shaking his head in frustration, we move to...

THE WATCH DESK, where Conrad finds Ada and her team unloading enough computer equipment to run a small space program.

CONRAD

Whoa, you're gonna hafta put your toys somewhere else. This is my desk.

Ada shoves Conrad's stuff aside, pausing to read his nameplate.

ADA

Well, it's my desk now... "Ed."

CONRAD

And just who the hell are you?

ADA

Ada Hamilton. Gideon poached my team from Reed Aerospace, so instead of sending rockets into orbit, I'm here to clean up your mess.

CONRAD

Lady, I have forgotten more about police work than you Occupy Asshats will ever know--

ADA

Well, your filing system sucks. And don't call me "lady"--

CONRAD

Oh I can think of other things...

As Ada and Conrad launch into their first of many comically contentious arguments, we move on to find...

...Brandt eyeing Ada's tattooed curves from across the bullpen while he and Goss suit up in their new helmets and body armor.

BRANDT

That's one change I can get behind.

(a hint of recognition)

In fact, maybe I already have. Swear I know that chick from somewhere.

Goss takes a look at Ada -- until Ada catches her staring: a fleeting, charged look between them that both women ignore.

GOSS

If you can't remember it, Brandt, it can't have been that good.

BRANDT

It's always good with me, baby...

Goss rolls her eyes as Brandt throws a sly smile at Ada on their way out. Then we shift over to...

A LONG LINE of cops waiting to swap out their police-issue firearms for Gideon's new guns. But just as an impatient Murphy swaps her sidearm and turns to go, Gretchen stops by holding up a smaller version of Gideon's new gun, announcing:

GRETCHEN

And just FYI, the upgrade applies to backup weapons as well. Our smaller edition is equivalent to a .380 ACP.

Murphy rolls her eyes and turns back, swapping out her backup piece as well, while Cobb grumbles to a passing Hauser.

COBB

Upgrade, my ass. C'mon, Cap, you really gonna let them do this to us?

Hauser just shrugs as Murphy calls to Johnston who's tied up on the phone. But just as Murphy's about to head out...

MURPHY

Okay Ruthie, I'm finally heading back to the crime scene to...

...she spots GIDEON sipping a triple macchiato as he stares at the all-important homicide tracking board. **Then Gideon suddenly SPLASHES his coffee all over the big board and starts erasing all the info on it.** Murphy eyes him, annoyed:

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Okay. What are you doing here?

GIDEON

It's fine. I memorized it first. I'm revamping your whole homicide tracking--

Murphy grabs the eraser, staring Gideon down as we see that daring, defiant attitude that gets her in trouble every time.

MURPHY

No, genius. What are you doing here?

Gideon's eyes dart over her, curious. Her impertinence is... refreshing. Their dialogue takes off at a rapid-fire pace.

GIDEON

You know I'm your boss now, right?

MURPHY

All the money in the world. Why waste it on a bombed-out precinct in the armpit of the universe?

GIDEON

Did you not see my TED Talk?

MURPHY

Enough to know you weren't telling the whole story.

Murphy nods toward a homicide file on her desk with KAREN DAWSON'S PHOTO clipped to it. Gideon's friend was her case.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

You want to do something for your friend, you make a donation. But you're taking a hard left out of your comfort zone and moving in with a bunch of blue-collar cops. Why?

GIDEON

The real question is: What are you doing here? Murphy, Amelia Jane. Detective, 1st Grade. 15 years on the job, six in Homicide, second highest clearance rate in the city.

MURPHY

Highest as of last week. You read my personnel file.

GIDEON

I read everyone's. Your father, aunt, and grandfather were all cops. Your husband Thomas works Vice out of the 27th and has strong ties to top brass. Most people with good connections transferred out before I got here so, Amelia, why did you stay?

Murphy eyes him as a sly grin curls her lips, and Gideon studies her, like child with a butterfly trapped in a jar.

MURPHY

Maybe because I think the people down here deserve better than to be guinea pigs for a billionaire playboy--

GIDEON

Most labs use mice now--

MURPHY

Or that a man-child with his own police force needs adult supervision.

GIDEON

I'm starting to see why you couldn't get a transfer.

MURPHY

Besides, who says I'm staying?

GIDEON

You'd be stupid not to. You're smart, adaptable, you have no discernable respect for authority, and most importantly, you have nowhere else to go. Just what I need to help me rebuild this place from the ground up--

MURPHY

Or watch it go down in flames when your clever theories don't work in the real world. You can't solve problems like this on a computer--

GIDEON

Well not just one. I'm using a whole bunch--

MURPHY

This isn't a joke. That ivory-tower idealism may have made you rich, but down here it's gonna get people killed.

GIDEON

People are already being killed. And if we're not striving toward an ideal, then what are we even doing here?

MURPHY

Which brings us back to my question. Why spend all your rocket money on a place everyone knows can't be fixed?

A heartbeat as he considers, then:

GIDEON

Because of Karen. Because I grew up down here -- and because the person who says it can't be done shouldn't interrupt the person doing it.

As the mannequin in body armor is wheeled past, Murphy adds:

MURPHY

You know, you could've shot the mannequin instead of your assistant.

GIDEON

Huh. That never even occurred to me.

Murphy shakes her head and fights a smile, pretty sure he's not kidding. But their moment is interrupted when Johnston hangs up her phone and tells Murphy:

JOHNSTON

West Side has zero leads on your home invaders, and their best description is "four men in masks."

Murphy nods and starts to lead Johnston out just as...

MURPHY

Well that's helpful. Let's get back to the vic's house and try to--

...the Uni who was playing on his phone in Act One comes in escorting a wide-eyed TEENAGE JUNKIE in handcuffs.

UNI

Yo Murphy, look who I found under the freeway by your crime scene. And look what I found on him.

The Uni hands over an embroidered pocketbook containing numerous credit cards and HELENA FLORES'S ID.

Murphy and Johnston take this in as the young Uni brags.

UNI (CONT'D)

Looks like I just caught your killer.
(for Johnston's benefit)
Game over.

As Murphy eyes her new prime suspect, not sure what to think...

INT. TESLA CRUISER - DAY

Brandt rides shotgun while Goss drives, enjoying their new ride and checking out the APB APP on the car's TOUCHSCREEN.

GOSS

God, I am never letting you drive this thing.

(reads touchscreen)

And Uber for cops is up and running. Hanson and Fitz just stopped an armed robbery. Got there in 17 seconds.

But Brandt just looks out the window, muttering to himself.

BRANDT

The Marquis? No... Manor House...?

(off Goss's eyebrow)

Trying to remember which club I know the tattooed tech chick from.

GOSS

Should we swing by your place and check the notches on your bedpost?

Then the touchscreen BEEPS as AN APP CALL comes in. A GPS LOCATOR appears on their map, four blocks from their location, and a RED TEXT BOX expands out of the locator, reading, "CITIZEN REPORTS: *Dude w/ knife. Come quick.*"

GOSS (CONT'D)

Four blocks away. That's us.

Brandt taps "RESPOND" and the box turns from RED to BLUE as he calls it in to dispatch and Goss floors it.

BRANDT

13-Adam-7. Show us responding to a possible 245 in progress...

EXT. MAGNOLIA HOUSES - MOMENTS LATER

Goss and Brandt roll up to find... MARSHAWN, 9, sitting on his front porch with a phone in his hand.

BRANDT

Where is he? The guy with the knife?

The kid just stares, a bit stunned that they actually showed up. Goss points to the phone in his hand.

GOSS

APB. You texted us, right?

MARSHAWN

That was, like, thirty seconds ago.

BRANDT

Yeah, so where is he now?

Goss spots a BILLBOARD ad for the APB APP nearby and then eyes the kid, relaxing as she realizes what's going on.

GOSS
What's your name?

MARSHAWN
Marshawn.

GOSS
There was no dude with a knife, was there, Marshawn? You just wanted to see if the app worked.

A beat. Marshawn nods. Goss grins. Brandt rolls his eyes.

BRANDT
Whose phone is that?

MARSHAWN
My mom's.

BRANDT
Where's she?

MARSHAWN
Out.

BRANDT
Okay, where's your dad?

Marshawn just shrugs. Brandt shakes his head. Typical.

BRANDT (CONT'D)
Wanna know how big the fine is for False Reporting of a Crime?
(kid shakes his head)
Then don't do it again.

Brandt heads back to the car. Goss gives the kid a sympathetic smile before turning to follow. As they leave:

BRANDT (CONT'D)
You really think giving any idiot with a phone the power to dispatch police was a good idea? Get used to this. It might be our new normal.

INT. THE 13TH - INTERROGATION - DAY

The teenage junkie (CALVIN, 18) sits opposite Murphy with Helen's pocketbook and ID on the metal table between them.

CALVIN
Lawyer.

MURPHY
(reading his rap sheet)
Calvin Podell, 16 years old. Priors for possession and petty theft--

CALVIN

Lawyer. You have to stop when I ask
for a lawyer.

Murphy just glances at him over the rap sheet -- and smiles.

MURPHY

I'm not questioning you, Calvin.
I'm just... getting to know you.

Calvin folds his arms and looks toward the one-way mirror.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Record's clean prior to two years
ago, so you're what -- three years
into your habit?

CALVIN

That's a question, bitch.

MURPHY

Yeah, but that rule only applies if
you're a suspect. Which you're not.
See, I know you didn't do this.

As Calvin throws a guarded look at Murphy...

INT. THE 13TH - OBSERVATION - INTERCUT

...on the other side of the mirror, Johnston watches closely
while the Uni who brought him in looks on, incredulous.

UNI

The hell's she doing? Trying to
talk her way out of a conviction?

JOHNSTON

She's not after a conviction. She's
after the truth.

Back inside, Murphy looks at him, honest, straightforward.

MURPHY

No violent offenses. Keeping your
mouth shut means you have decent
impulse control. And you don't look
strung out enough to kill.

(then)

I just wanna know how you got this.

Murphy indicates Helen's pocketbook between them. Calvin
looks at it, then at Murphy. And just as he might be about
to talk-- BAM BAM BAM. HAMMERING just outside breaks the
mood. Murphy winces in frustration and tries to recover.

CALVIN

What was that?

MURPHY

We're remodeling. Let's just focus on this. Tell me what happened, and I can help you out. Otherwise, I gotta hand you to the DA, and she'll go for the easy win.

Murphy leans in, talking to him not as a cop, but as a mom.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I get the feeling you've got enough to deal with already. Need some help?

Calvin looks away. Long time since anyone cared. Then:

CALVIN

I was just gonna try and use her credit cards.

MURPHY

Where'd you get it?

CALVIN

Somebody chucked it out the window as they drove under the freeway.

Murphy's pulse quickens. Finally, a real lead.

MURPHY

Did you see this person's face?
(he shakes his head)
What kind of car?

CALVIN

Like an SUV. Black, I think?

MURPHY

Okay I want you to picture this SUV and tell me everything you remember--

Just then Murphy's phone BUZZES on the table. A text.

UNKNOWN NUMBER: *Come see me asap.*

Murphy silences her phone and turns back to Calvin.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Anything that could help us. Did it have any damage? Special rims?

Her phone BUZZES again. Another text.

UNKNOWN NUMBER: *ASAP means now, Amelia.*

Murphy nods to Calvin as she texts back: *Who is this?*

BUZZ. The reply is a SELFIE of GIDEON.

Murphy frowns, fuming, and tells Calvin:

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Keep thinking. I'll be right back.

INT. THE 13TH - GIDEON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She barges into a new state-of-the-art office where an array of monitors streams of app data, drone cam footage to find Gideon soldering a TINY PRONGED DEVICE at his work table.

MURPHY
What the hell is the matter with you?

GIDEON
Tons. Hold that thought.

Gideon jabs the device's prongs into his own neck and goes into convulsions as we hear the distinctive CLICK of a TASER. When it stops, he clutches the table, gasping for breath.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
I'm still standing. Balls.

As an annoyed Gideon pulls the device out of his neck, tosses it in the trash, and goes to work on another just like it, Murphy moves closer, anger overridden by bewilderment.

MURPHY
What is that?

GIDEON
An EMD round for the new sidearms.

Gideon holds up a SMALL PLASTIC BULLET loaded with circuitry.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
Taser bullet: none of the wires, all of the fun. They already make 'em for shotguns, but I want one small enough for our pistols.

MURPHY
And you're testing it on yourself?

GIDEON
I wouldn't use anything on the public I haven't tried on myself. Besides, if I test anything else on Trevor, I think he's gonna sue.

Something about this strange, smart, childlike man charms Murphy in spite of herself. But she came in here for a reason. As she starts in on him, the easily-distracted Gideon picks up a strange-looking camera, points it at Murphy and...

MURPHY

Well, I'm not one of your assistants. You can't just call me to your office in the middle of an interrogation.

GIDEON

Sure I can. Say cheese.

...and SNAPS a photo of her. He taps a few buttons -- and a 3D MODEL of Murphy's face slowly turns on his monitors.

MURPHY

In Homicide, time is everything.

GIDEON

New mugshot system. Why settle for a 2D image when you can look at your suspect from any angle?

Murphy barely bats an eye at her rotating 3D head as Gideon adds different hats, glasses, and hair styles.

MURPHY

The first 48 hours are critical. After that, alibis get solid, witnesses intimidated, evidence destroyed.

GIDEON

You can even toggle appearance. Hats, glasses, ooh, you look good blonde.

MURPHY

Look, I can't have you dragging me in here just cause you need a friend.

Gideon turns to look at her, genuinely surprised that she thinks he might be lonely. Even though he is. Always.

GIDEON

I don't need friends. I need allies. People who believe things can get better, who are willing to try something new. For example:

Gideon taps a few keys and one of his monitors fills with a HIGH ANGLE DOWNSHOT showing a small swarm of POLICE CRUISERS in front of our HOUSE BY THE FREEWAY as an unmarked SEDAN pulls up, and Murphy and Johnston get out.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

At midnight last night, I positioned four high-altitude drones over our district, taking 5K video 24/7.

(then)

That's your crime scene at 7:41 this morning. Look, there's you.

Murphy looks at him, immediately realizing the significance.

MURPHY

How far back does this go?

Gideon flashes a hint of a smile and nods toward another monitor that shows Calvin sitting in interrogation.

GIDEON

Far enough. When Calvin mentioned the black SUV, I went back and found this at 2:37 am.

Gideon scrubs the drone footage back in time to reveal...

ON THE MONITORS - ...the same HIGH DOWNSHOT now shows a BLACK SUV rolling under the freeway underpass. Gideon scrubs the footage backward to show the SUV parked down the street -- and FOUR MEN coming out of an alley to get into it.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

They parked down the street and approached Helena's through the alley.

As Murphy takes in this huge break in her case, Gretchen comes in with her cell phone, interrupting the moment.

MURPHY

This is why you called me here...

GRETCHEN

Gideon, I have the Board of Reed Robotics on speakerphone wanting to know why you haven't been in their last four meetings--

But Gideon's eyes stay locked on Murphy as he wiggles his fingers at Gretchen in a way she's learned means "not now." As a frustrated Gretchen backs out of the room, Gideon casually taps at one of his keyboards to call up...

GIDEON

We never see the license plate, and we lose the car when it leaves our district. But I did grab these.

ON THE MONITORS - ...FOUR PIXELATED HIGH-ANGLE SCREEN GRABS of the gunmen. Not enough to ID them, but it's a start.

Murphy takes her first look at the blurry faces of our FOUR GUNMEN (and we recognize HATCHER from the opener) -- as Gideon looks at her, an infectious inspiration flashing in his eyes.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

This is why I'm here, Amelia. There are so many things -- simple things, mostly, with off-the-shelf parts -- that we can do to solve old problems in new ways.

Gideon taps a few keys, calling up complex graphics detailing some of his next big ideas as he expounds.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

De-escalation techniques that avoid use of force, Risk-Terrain Modeling that tell us where criminals will strike, next-gen lie detectors that can actually look inside the mind.

(then)

I'm not saying it's all going to work, but if even some of it does, we could save lives and maybe start to turn things around. But I can't do it alone. I need people like you to convince everyone out there that my way is worth a shot.

Murphy looks at Gideon. It's been a long time since this hard-nosed homicide detective felt inspired, but Gideon's getting to her. And just as our two leads are starting to connect, her phone BUZZES. She checks the screen:

MURPHY

I should take this...

With a last look at Gideon, she heads out to talk to...

INT. THE 27TH PRECINCT - DAY

...TOM, who packs bricks of heroin into an evidence box.

TOM

Tell Gideon he can kiss your ass goodbye.

INT. THE 13TH - BULLPEN - INTERCUT

Murphy finds a bit of privacy, caught off-guard.

MURPHY

What?

TOM

I called in a few favors, got the Chief of D's a box of Cohibas, and you got your transfer.

Murphy takes this in, not entirely sure it's good news.

MURPHY

Tom...

TOM

A major case detail in the 9th has a spot with your name on it. Soon as I get the paperwork, you're out of there forever.

MURPHY

That's... fantastic.

TOM

Look, I know you asked me to leave it alone, and I should've respected that--

MURPHY

No, it's--

TOM

But I just want you to be happy--

MURPHY

It's amazing. Really. I just-- I caught a body today. You know. It's gonna be a late one. Can you make sure Max takes his meds?

TOM

Sure. Good luck.

MURPHY

Thank you, babe. Seriously.

Murphy hangs up, glances back to see Gideon hard at work in his office, and takes a private moment to think. She got what she wanted, but does she still want to go?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Murphy enters, tousled and tired, as Tom pours out cereal.

TOM

Catch your home invaders?

MURPHY

Just stopping by for a shower.

Murphy pours herself a cup of coffee as **JOSIE, 7**, wearing a karate gi and a princess tiara, runs over to hug her, smiling.

JOSIE

Mommy! Daddy said a bad word.

TOM

(to Murphy, sheepish)

I stepped on a Lego.

Murphy grins and moves over to put a bowl of cereal in front of **MAX, 13**. She kisses the top of his head as he flips through Tocqueville's Democracy in America at an alarming rate.

MAX

Did you meet Gideon Reed?

MURPHY

I did. He was--

Max doesn't look up as he interrupts, and his stiff monotone makes it clear he's somewhere on the Autism/Aspergers spectrum.

MAX

Did you know he's working on boron nitride nanotubes that could one day build a space elevator?

MURPHY

No, I--

MAX

Did you know he got his first patent at 17? And he's 1.88 meters tall? And he says sustainable fusion reactors may be possible within ten years?

As an amused Murphy squeezes her strangely brilliant son's shoulder, we realize why she may have a soft spot for Gideon.

MURPHY

Okay, Max, one question at a time.

MAX

Do you think Gideon Reed will give us a tour of Reed Aerospace?

MURPHY

I can ask.

Tom grabs his keys and gun, handing Murphy her transfer.

TOM

Your ticket out. Just get Hauser's signature and you're gone for good.

Murphy smiles, better concealing how conflicted she is. But Max isn't conflicted at all. He actually looks at her.

MAX

You're quitting? Why?

MURPHY

It's complicated, sweetie--

MAX

Gideon Reed just wants to make things better. No one else is even trying.

Tom bristles a bit, then catches himself.

TOM

Hey. Every cop out there is trying--

MURPHY

Gideon's doing great, Max, but I just can't help him right now.

Murphy takes the transfer and gives Tom a peck as he leaves. Then her phone BUZZES. She answers, but before she can speak:

JOHNSTON (V.O.)

When it rains, it pours. We just caught two more bodies...

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - DAY

TRACI HAYES, 30s, stares with lifeless eyes at the body of her elderly father, EVERETT, 70s.

JOHNSTON (O.S.)

Traci Hayes and her father Everett, both shot twice in the back.

Murphy and Johnston survey the scene. Cables dangle where a TV used to be. The chain on the door has been cut.

MURPHY

Same forced entry, same items missing. Same home invaders. How many jobs have they done on the West Side?

JOHNSTON

Six over the last two years.

MURPHY

So these guys who used to hit a few houses a year are suddenly doing two jobs a week. And we still have no idea how to find them.

Johnston glances out a window, and Murphy follows her gaze to...

JOHNSTON

Mm-hm. And it looks like we're not the only ones who know it.

THROUGH THE WINDOW - ...a NEWS CREW setting up outside.

As Murphy and Johnston exchange a frustrated look...

MURPHY

Bodies aren't even cold yet. Who tipped the press?

INT. TESLA CRUISER - DAY

Goss drives, in an impassioned argument with Brandt.

BRANDT

...he's asking for it.
The guy's a idiot--

Over and over again?
Hell yes.

GOSS

...no--
No--
--for trusting someone?

No, it's not right, and nothing changes the fact that Lucy is a bitch for pulling away that football.

Then the touchscreen DINGS with an APB APP CALL that's eerily familiar. "*Guy has knife. Hurry.*"

As a disgusted Brandt frowns and Goss taps "RESPOND"...

BRANDT

Wanna kick a football, Charlie Brown?

EXT. MAGNOLIA HOUSES - MOMENTS LATER

Goss and Brandt roll up to the same front porch to find the same kid, Marshawn, with the same phone in his hand. He smiles when he sees them -- until Brandt jumps out and grabs him.

BRANDT

You think you're funny? You think this is a game?

Goss hurries over, pulling Brandt aside to look him in the eye. Not the first time she's had to talk him down.

GOSS

Hey. Brandt. Stand down. Stand
down. He's a kid, not an insurgent.

Brandt frowns, then nods and backs off. Goss turns to Marshawn.

GOSS (CONT'D)

Okay. Marshawn? You know the story
of the boy who cried wolf, right?

Marshawn just looks at her blankly, shakes his head.

GOSS (CONT'D)

You don't know that one? Really?

Marshawn shakes his head again. Goss takes a moment to
register this, sympathy in her eyes. Then, as she sits down
beside him, Brandt rolls his eyes and heads back to the car.

BRANDT

Have fun. I'm gonna go shoot myself
with my fake gun...

Goss takes a moment to look at Marshawn, then:

GOSS

So once there was a town where everyone
was afraid of this big bad wolf...

INT. THE 13TH - BULLPEN - NIGHT

One entire wall of the precinct is now covered with FLATSCREEN
MONITORS (henceforth known as the BIGSCREEN) filled with APP
CALLS, CAM FEEDS, and COMPSTAT DATA. As Techies hook up the
last monitor and it flickers to life, we move over to...

THE WATCH DESK where Ada writes code as Conrad looks at the
Byzantine array of files stacked around her, freaking out.

CONRAD

You moved my piles. Who said you
could touch my piles? You messed up
my whole system!

ADA

Chaos, by definition, is not a system,
Ed.

CONRAD

Yeah well just 'cause it's stupid
doesn't mean it don't make sense.

As a disgruntled Conrad gathers his piles and moves off to
re-sort them, Brandt swings by, turning the charm up to 11.

BRANDT

It's Ada, right? Look, I'm off in 10 and I know I've seen that face before. Wanna knock back a few drinks and... jog my memory?

Ada just hits him with a Wednesday Addams stare.

ADA

Never happened. Never gonna.

Ada just keeps staring coldly as Brandt smiles, about to keep trying, until Goss steps in to usher him away...

GOSS

Poor Brandt. I think the syphilis has started affecting his memory...

...we pick up Gideon as he walks past, hounded by an frazzled Gretchen. But Gideon stays focused on his phone.

GRETCHEN

...Aerospace needs a decision on the spaceport site, the fusion team at MIT just burned out their tokamak, and the Pentagon says there's a software issue with our last batch of combat drones.

GIDEON

Texas, send more cash, and... have they tried turning them off and back on again?

As Gretchen frowns, Gideon finds MURPHY poring over evidence at her desk -- until he taps his phone and nods to...

GIDEON (CONT'D)

When I envisioned my first week here, this wasn't quite how I saw it.

THE BIGSCREEN where a NEWS REPORT shows Murphy at the second crime scene. The headline reads: "3 BODIES AND COUNTING: PRIVATE POLICE A BUST?"

REPORTER (V.O.)

...and an unnamed source within the 13th says that new boss Gideon Reed is quote "dangerously incompetent"...

Murphy is as annoyed as Gideon, forcing a smile:

MURPHY

This is a police station, boss. You want to control the media? Buy yourself a news network.

GIDEON

Nah. Too Orwellian. So where are we?

Murphy shows him a VIDEO SCREEN GRAB of a BLACK SUV, revealing two digits on its license plate.

MURPHY

Security cam across the street from the second attack caught a partial plate on our suspects' SUV. DMV and returned 68,000 possible matches, 842 of which are dark-colored SUVs.

Murphy shows him a THICK STACK OF PAPERS filled with DMV info -- and nods to Johnston, who sits at her desk with the same stack of papers, tied up on the phone.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

We're calling around on all 842 SUVs to see if anything connects.

Gideon flips through the paper, amused.

GIDEON

So basically, you're doing a brute force hack.

MURPHY

Around here, we call it police work.

GIDEON

And they used to call knocking out teeth with a hammer 'dentistry.' I made my first million off an algorithm that sorts used cars. Send me your data.

As Gideon flashes his quirky, cocky grin and heads back to his office, Murphy watches him go, equal parts charmed and annoyed. But when she turns back to her desk, she sees...

...HER TRANSFER, poking out from under them. Murphy picks it up, conflicted. Then...

INT. THE 13TH - HAUSER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Murphy knocks on Hauser's door, holding the transfer. Hauser takes one look at it and frowns.

HAUSER

You're killing me, Murphy. I already lost half my squad before he got here. I can't lose you, too.

MURPHY

I've got my career to think about. And Tom bent over backwards to--

HAUSER

Just stick it out a few more days.
Trust me, this guy's not gonna last.

Murphy catches a conspiratorial gleam in Hauser's eye, and her ever-suspicious mind puts the puzzle together.

MURPHY

It was you. You're the "unnamed source." You tipped the media and badmouthed Gideon.

Hauser straightens his spine, defiant -- and Murphy shakes her head in betrayed disbelief as their argument escalates.

HAUSER

Somebody has to stand up to this nut--

MURPHY

Then do it to his face. Any more bad press could shutter the whole precinct. We'd all lose our jobs--

HAUSER

I'd rather be out of work than send cops out into that war zone unarmed--

MURPHY

We still have guns, they just--

HAUSER

It's stupid, it's reckless, and it's gonna get good cops killed--

MURPHY

Good cops are already getting killed. Good people, too. Face facts, Hauser, we are losing. You don't think it's time to try something different? Yes, Gideon is impulsive, tactless, and weird, but he just wants to help--

Hauser steps back, eyeing her like a stranger.

HAUSER

You come in for a transfer and now you're defending this bastard? Whose side are you on?

But before Murphy can answer -- **GIDEON'S ENORMOUS FACE** appears on the Bigscreen outside Hauser's office.

GIDEON (FILTERED)

Amelia? Could you come out here for a second? You, too, Ray...

INT. THE 13TH - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Murphy and Hauser step out cautiously as everyone stops to look up at Gideon's Great-and-Powerful-Oz face. GRAPHICS appear around him as Gideon explains, talking fast.

GIDEON (FILTERED)

So I ran your DMV data through my search algorithm, plugged in details from the drone footage and narrowed your list of 842 down to one, stolen six days ago, got a police sketch of the suspect, ran that through the facial recognition system Ada's beta-testing and long story short...

A MUGSHOT of HATCHER (who we recognize from our opener) appears on the screens beside Gideon's face.

GIDEON (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

Carlos Hatcher, popped for armed robbery in 09, paroled two years ago.
(then)
It is 'popped,' right? That's the term you guys use?

Murphy nods slowly, still taking in all the data. **And just as Hauser starts to relax, Gideon's giant face leans closer:**

GIDEON (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

Oh, and Ray? You're fired.

As Hauser watches in shock, HAUSER'S EMAILS and SECURITY VIDS of Hauser at his computer pop up around Gideon's face.

GIDEON (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

Next time you leak something to the press? Don't use your work e-mail. I'll give you 15 minutes to get out.

The bigscreen suddenly blinks off. Gideon out. As the bullpen erupts into scandalized murmurs, a disgusted COBB shakes his head to his burnout buddies.

COBB

Only thing around here that needs fixing is that son of a bitch...

INT. THE 13TH - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Murphy barges into Gideon's office with Hauser close behind.

MURPHY

Can I talk to you?

HAUSER

You think you can run this place
without me, you prick? You're gonna--

But Gideon taps a button on his desk, and his door SWINGS SHUT in Hauser's face. Hauser appears in the window, pounding on the glass and railing at Gideon -- until Gideon presses another button and the new LCD glass in his window turns OPAQUE as the sound from outside dampens.

MURPHY

Look. You can't just fire a captain.
There's union issues, chain of command--

GIDEON

Not anymore. If I ran one of my
companies the way this city runs its
police, I'd be out of business in 30
days. I'll deal with the union.
You go catch those killers.

As Gretchen taps Gideon on the shoulder and holds up a perfectly tailored jacket, he looks at Murphy to ask:

GIDEON (CONT'D)

By the way, the Mayor asked to see me
about your case. What's a "redball?"

As Murphy winces awkwardly...

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

MAYOR MICHAEL CAMPOS gazes with shark's eyes over his politician's smile, explaining with patronizing contempt.

CAMPOS

A "redball" is when a rich donor
sees something scary on the news and
calls the Governor, so the Governor
calls me, and then I call you and
say what the hell are you doing?

In the back of an old-school restaurant, Gideon fiddles with his silverware while Campos calmly reads him the riot act.

CAMPOS (CONT'D)

First, you take away their guns.
Then, you've got three bodies all
over the news, four killers on a
rampage. And now, I'm hearing you
just fired your captain?

Gideon has wedged his fork and spoon together and is balancing them on the edge of his wine glass. He actually bends the fork to get the balance right.

CAMPOS (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm trying to support you here,
but this is a disaster, my friend.

Gideon taps the spoon and watches his gravity defying
sculpture spin as he responds without making eye contact.

GIDEON

We're not friends. And you don't
actually want this to succeed. You
only got on board so you can take
credit if it works--

CAMPOS

But it won't. The union's already up
my ass and the DA says evidence from
your little app may be inadmissible--

GIDEON

That's for the courts to decide--

Then Campos flops a fat legal file on the table between them.

CAMPOS

So is this. The ACLU's suing the
city -- and you. They're calling
your app "separate but unequal"--

GIDEON

If anything, it gives residents better
access to services than 911--

CAMPOS

Poor people don't have smartphones,
dumbass. Ever think of that?

GIDEON

I'm working on a plan to distribute--

CAMPOS

And what are you gonna do when your
own cops turn on you? I'm hearing
rumblings of a walk out--

GIDEON

Cultural change doesn't happen
overnight. Systems take time to--

CAMPOS

Your system doesn't work. Crime is
out of control, every cop down there
hates you, you have no idea what you're--

Gideon suddenly pounds his fist on the table, causing his
silverware sculpture to come crashing down. But when he
speaks, his voice is quiet, flat, almost emotionless.

GIDEON

I know how to fix this. You don't,
or you would have done it already.
So stop wasting my time with steak,
lobster, and idle threats.

Campos swallows and puts on a slow, cold, angry smile.

CAMPOS

I promise you, Gideon, this next
threat isn't idle. You have 24 hours
to catch these killers -- or I am
shutting your little experiment down.

Gideon rises, dropping a few hundreds to cover the check.

GIDEON

Enjoy your meal, Mr. Mayor. My treat.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - STREET - NIGHT

POLICE DRONE POV - We hover over the streets, looking STRAIGHT
DOWN to see a LONE FIGURE crossing the street on his phone.

CLOSER on Gideon as he hears a BEEP and leaves a message.

GIDEON

Hey Gretchen? Next time the mayor
wants to meet, I'm busy.

(then)

And cancel my Ibiza trip with Tatiana.

(then)

And remind me to apologize for making
you deal with an angry swimsuit model.

But as Gideon hangs up and continues down the dark street...
A MAN IN A SKI-MASK grabs Gideon and SLAMS him against the
nearest building, jamming a Sig Sauer P220 in his face.

SKI-MASK

Hands where I can see 'em.

Gideon slowly raises his hands as the robber pats him down,
taking Gideon's wallet, phone, and keys. Then he puts the
gun to Gideon's head. As Gideon looks him in the eye, we
can almost recognize a familiar rasp in his voice:

SKI-MASK/COBB

Bet you wish you had a gun now, huh
smart guy...

Then he pulls the trigger and... CLICK. No bullet. As Gideon
tries to still his pounding heart, the robber laughs, rearing
back to pistol-whip Gideon, knocking him out cold.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - POLICE DRONE POV - NIGHT**

We hover, looking STRAIGHT DOWN on shadowy streets as we find a lone black-and-white Tesla Cruiser on patrol.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Goss and Brandt roll through the streets as Brandt complains:

BRANDT

So Hauser's out, people are getting shot in their own homes, and we're packing toy guns. Nice work, Gideon.

Then, the screen DINGS and a RED APB APP CALL pops up near their location. *"He has a knife. Please help."*

As Brandt rolls his eyes and Goss taps "RESPOND"...

EXT. MAGNOLIA HOUSES - NIGHT

Goss and Brandt roll up to the same kid sitting on the same shadowy porch. As Brandt stares the kid down, Goss pulls out her citation book. But when Marshawn looks at her, she sees...

GOSS

Okay, Marshawn. I'm gonna have to write you a ticket this time, dude.

...a fresh bruise on his cheek. And we hear a loud CRASH from the apartment behind him. Our cops exchange a look.

BRANDT

Who's in there?

Marshawn hesitates, then:

MARSHAWN

My dad.

INT. MAGNOLIA HOUSES - MARSHAWN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brandt KICKS the door in to find... Marshawn's frightened MOM on the floor, clutching a CUT on her face as DAD closes in on her with a knife.

Brandt SLAMS into Dad, twisting the knife from his hand. As he and Goss get Dad under control, Goss looks back to see...

...Marshawn watching from the doorway, fear, hope, and disbelief welling in his eyes. He wasn't crying wolf, he was making sure they'd come. As Goss gives him a soft, kind smile and puts Dad in handcuffs...

INT. THE 13TH - BULLPEN - NIGHT

HATCHER'S MUGSHOT is pinned to the wall next to that pixelated drone image of him. As Murphy pins MENDOZA'S MUGSHOT to the wall, we REVEAL that she and Johnston have matched all four drone images with MUGSHOTS of our FOUR HOME INVADERS.

MURPHY

Oscar Mendoza, Trey Simms, Anton White: all did jobs with Hatcher before. Looks like he got the band back together.

JOHNSTON

Now we just have to find these bastards before they do it again.

But then Murphy stops in her tracks as she sees...

...GIDEON walking in with a bloody bruise on his face. Cobb passes by with his buddies, flashing a shit-eating grin:

COBB

Whoa, boss, what happened? You look like crap.

Gideon ignores them and heads for his office, but Murphy blocks his way, genuinely concerned.

MURPHY

Gideon. Seriously, what did happen?

Murphy touches his face, inspecting his injury. Gideon looks in her eyes. For a heartbeat, the brilliant captain of industry gives way to a lonely little boy. Until:

TOM (O.S.)

Amelia...?

Murphy turns to see... Tom standing behind them, looking at them with a touch of suspicion. Murphy looks back at Gideon.

MURPHY

Wait here. We'll get you fixed up.

Then she steps away to talk to Tom.

TOM

My pal in Major Cases called to see if he could give up your slot. He hasn't gotten your transfer yet. Everything okay?

Amelia senses Tom sensing... whatever's happening with her and Gideon -- and shakes her head, trying to make it all go away.

MURPHY

Yeah, just... this day. We caught two more bodies. Then Hauser got fired. I'll get it signed as soon as I close the home invasions--

TOM

Babe, they're not gonna hold that slot much longer--

MURPHY

I know, but right now, I just--

TOM

When we were getting Max into the new school, you were working a triple. You still found a way to dot the i's and cross the t's. If it's really what you want, you'll find a way.

Tom gives her a last look laced with questions and concern, then turns to go. Murphy takes a beat -- not sure what she wants. When she turns back, Gideon is gone. And we move to...

THE WATCH DESK, where a Uni snaps a 3D mugshot of the abusive Dad while Goss puts his fingers on the new AFIS scanner -- and Brandt eyes Ada, who has three screens filled with code.

BRANDT

Coachella. 2014. We hooked up in that tent while Skrillex was on.

Ada hits him with a deadpan, do-I-look-like-I-listen-to-Skrillex glare until Goss comes over and shoves Dad at Brandt.

GOSS

Dude. You don't know her, okay?
Now take this guy to holding before
I arrest you for stalking.

Goss isn't fucking around. Brandt throws a last look at Ada and takes Dad away -- and Ada gives Goss a quick, relieved smile before heading off. But as Ada heads into the ladies'...

INT. THE 13TH - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Goss follows her in -- and locks the door behind them.

GOSS

The Ritz-Carlton on Olympic. August
24th, 2011.

Ada stops and looks at her, blood running cold.

GOSS (CONT'D)

You were blonde then, and you've added a few tats since, but it was you. Ada Irene Hamilton. You were tricking under the name "Ashley."

A beat. Ada shrugs, defiant but not denying.

ADA

Grad school was expensive.

GOSS

I get that. Thing is: When I tried to look it up in the system to make sure it was you, I couldn't find any record of your arrest. Like somebody with high-level access had gone in and erased the file.

Ada looks her in the eye, reining in fear, frustration, rage.

ADA

I followed Gideon into this rat hole cause he doesn't see...

(re: her appearance)

...this. He just sees talent. But everyone else...? About the only thing tech companies and police precincts have in common is they're both boys clubs. If I don't have respect, I can't do my job. And I very much doubt guys like your partner, or even some on my team, would respect an ex-whore.

(then)

You want to out me, go for it. Place is doomed anyway.

As Ada walks out, leaving Goss to think...

INT. THE 13TH - GIDEON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Gideon sits in the dark watching the endless stream of calls, data, and cam feeds. The door opens behind him. Murphy.

GIDEON

I closed that for a reason.

Murphy spots Kepler on the floor, growling out his frustrations on a 3-ring-binder-turned-chew-toy.

MURPHY

What's his name?

A beat. Gideon eyes the dog.

GIDEON

Kepler. Found him hiding inside a factory I bought in Shenzhen. He'd been attacked by some other feral dogs. Bleeding, starved. I sat there for four hours before he'd let me near. He's stubborn like that.

MURPHY

Runs in the family, I guess.

She holds up a first aid kit.

GIDEON

I got mugged. I'm fine.

But he doesn't protest as she comes over to tend his wound.

MURPHY

And I take it you don't want to file a police report?

(no answer, she guesses)

A cop did this to you.

GIDEON

Not that I could prove. And it's not the first time I've had my ass kicked for being too smart.

MURPHY

C'mon, you get your ass kicked for being obnoxious.

This gets a tired smile from Gideon, which makes him wince, which makes Murphy smile as she applies a butterfly bandage.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

But I know cops aren't the easiest bunch to fit in with.

GIDEON

I gave up on fitting in a long time ago. That's not why I'm here.

(then)

Success, money, power: that game everyone spends their whole life playing? I won it by age 26. So what am I supposed to do with the rest of my life?

MURPHY

I don't know, buy a boat or something?

GIDEON

I own four boats.

Gideon stares at the data streaming in on his screens.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Two of my companies are trying to oust me from their boards, another three are going off the rails without me, and if the ACLU wins this lawsuit, they could actually bankrupt me.

(off her look)

Oh did I not mention I'm being sued on behalf of every single person in South Central?

(then)

The Mayor's talking about shutting us down. And I'm not sure he's wrong.

Gideon looks to Murphy, actually making eye contact. A rare moment of doubt for a man who always knows the answer.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Is everyone right? Is this just too nuts -- even for me? Everything else I've done, I've done with people who wanted to succeed. But you guys seem to... like it this way.

But instead of offering supportive sympathy, Murphy just frowns and starts packing the first aid kit, calling bullshit.

MURPHY

You know, you're the dumbest genius I ever met. There's not a cop out there who likes it this way. I hate it this way. It's slow, it's messy -- riddled with bias, corruption, and stupid mistakes. But that's how the real world works.

Gideon looks at her, and for the first time since we met him, the powerful wheels churning inside his mind grind to a halt -- and he just listens.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Nobody likes it this way. But we show up, every day, and we deal with it. Because that's all you can do. So if you really want to help, you need to stop telling us how we're "supposed" to be. And start seeing us for what we are: a bunch of scared, screwed-up, hard-working people who would take a bullet to save a stranger's life.

(MORE)

MURPHY (CONT'D)

(beat)

There's a lot to fix. But not
everything down here is broken.

As Gideon sits back, taking this in, Murphy looks away --
and her pulse suddenly quickens as she sees...

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Gideon...

ON A MONITOR - ...an APB APP CALL that just came in, the one
from our opener: "*Home invasion. Husband shot. Help.*"

Gideon and Murphy exchange a charged look and...

INT. THE 13TH - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

BAM! Gideon bursts out of his office with Murphy close
behind. He points to the same app call on the Bigscreen as
Murphy points to Conrad. Our two leads taking charge together.

GIDEON

The system works! I need eyes on
that location now.

MURPHY

Set up a five block perimeter and
send everybody else to that address.

As Murphy grabs her badge and gun and heads out, Gideon takes
command at the watch desk as a HIGH ANGLE DRONE POV of
Michelle's DOWNTOWN LOFT appears on the Bigscreen.

ADA

Recon is up. Tactical UAV en route.
Pushing Emergency Mode on the phone
that called us... We've got audio.

Our heroes freeze as they hear Michelle's screams and:

HATCHER (V.O.)

Relax. It'll all be over soon...

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT APARTMENT - NURSERY - INTERCUT

And we're back where we started. As Hatcher's gun touches
the back of her head, Michelle looks at the ground to see
HER PHONE, with the app still running. The police are just
around the corner. Seconds tick down: 5... 4... 3... 2...

But this time, as that BLINDING LIGHT hits them, we're also
IN THE BULLPEN, watching from our heroes' point of view. A
POLICE DRONE POV is on the screens, zooming toward Michelle's
window as Ada hands Conrad a mic and his voice booms.

CONRAD (V.O.)
Drop your weapons! Hands in the air!

INT. TESLA CRUISER - NIGHT

As Goss screeches around a corner, Brandt watches Michelle and Paul via DRONE POV on the touchscreen. His calm, focused heroism shows that, for all his faults, he's a great cop.

BRANDT
This is Officer Brandt with the South
Central Task Force. Are you hurt?

MICHELLE (V.O.)
No, but my husband--

BRANDT
He's still alive. Go to him now and
I can talk you through first aid...

INT. THE 13TH - BULLPEN - NIGHT

ON THE BIGSCREEN - VARIOUS HELMET CAM POVS show the police in the stairwell as the gunmen jump out the window -- and the DRONE POV goes full screen. As in the opener, we watch the THREE GUNMEN run with NIGHTVISION clarity. We spot their SEDAN, see a ZOOMED SCREEN GRAB of its license plate, and DMV info about the vehicle pops up onscreen.

ADA (O.S.)
Just ID'd their vehicle. Hasn't
even been reported stolen yet, but I
can access its telematics.

Gideon grabs a keyboard and goes to work with a devilish grin.

GIDEON
Then let's have some fun...

EXT. ALLEY / INT. SEDAN - INTERCUT

KA-CHUNK. The doors lock the surprised gunmen in as...

CONRAD (V.O.)
You are under arrest. You have the
right to remain silent.

IN THE BULLPEN, Conrad covers the mic and grins to Ada.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
I haven't arrested anybody in years.

And Gideon looks up at the bigscreen to see...

BIGSCREEN - DRONE POV - The three gunmen caught in the NIGHTSUN SPOTLIGHT as TESLA CRUISERS and COPS surround them on all sides. As the criminals drop their weapons...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

In the aftermath, MURPHY badges that TIRED OLD COP.

MURPHY
13th Precinct. We got this.

But this time, we follow Murphy as she strides over to the THREE GUNMAN in custody, looking worried as she grabs a UNI.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Where's Hatcher?

As the UNI shakes his head, an alarmed Murphy calls...

MURPHY (CONT'D)
One of the killers is still on the--

INT. THE 13TH - BULLPEN - INTERCUT

GIDEON, who is looking at Murphy on one of his screens via the uni's HELMET CAM POV.

GIDEON
I heard. We're using the drone's infrared to look for him.

The DRONE'S THERMAL POV on the Bigscreen swings to locate a man-sized HEAT SIGNATURE in another alley.

ADA
Got something. About two hundred meters southwest of your position.

CONRAD
(into mic)
Be advised. Possible fourth shooter located in the alley off Figueroa.

AT THE SCENE, Unis converge on the alley, maintaining strict silence and using hand signals to avoid alerting Hatcher. Murphy follows, sidearm drawn -- until she spots...

...SOMETHING MOVING in the shadows across the street.

Murphy tries to flag another cop, but they've all moved on -- and she can't risk calling for backup. So she peels off alone.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

DRONE THERMAL POV - A swarm of POLICE HEAT SIGNATURES closes in on the lone signal huddled behind the dumpster.

The cops rush in, all their weapons trained on...

COPS

Police! Hands in the air!

...the HOMELESS MAN huddled behind the dumpster, startled awake. As the cops exchange a worried look...

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Murphy follows her hunch into the rusting remains of an old, corrugated steel warehouse. She moves carefully through the darkness, searching for the killer... the door she came in through suddenly SLAMS and LOCKS behind her.

Murphy turns, alarmed, as she hears a .45 COCKING somewhere in the darkness, and Hatcher's low, gritty laugh.

HATCHER (O.S.)

Relax. It'll all be over soon...

Trapped, Murphy checks the mag on her new sidearm and sees...

...a full clip -- of white, plastic pellets.

As Murphy pops the mag back in -- worried Gideon's new gun is about to cost her her life...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - POLICE DRONE POV - NIGHT**

We hover, looking STRAIGHT DOWN at a scene swarming with cops.

UNI #1 (V.O.)

No dice. Heat signature was just a homeless guy.

INT. THE 13TH - BULLPEN - NIGHT

THE BIGSCREEN streams HELMET CAM, DASH CAM, and DRONE POVS.

UNI #2 (V.O.)

Hey. Anybody got eyes on Murphy?

CLOSE ON GIDEON as genuine concern fills his eyes.

UNI #3 (V.O.)

She was with us when we went in.
Murphy, you copy? Detective Murphy...?

GIDEON

Find Amelia. Now, please.

While the DRONE POV scans the area, the other cams scrub BACKWARDS through their footage, and Ada shakes her head.

ADA

All our eyes were on that alley. I don't see her -- or Hatcher.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Murphy hurries quietly through the shadows inside the old steel warehouse as Hatcher's whispers echo around her.

HATCHER

Quite a show y'all put on back there.
I heard you got some new toys...

Crouching behind rusting steel drums, Murphy checks her phone.

NO SIGNAL.

She tries her walkie -- and gets only a BURST OF STATIC, which is followed immediately by Hatcher's shadow on the wall.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Aren't you gonna shoot me with your fancy new gun...?

As Murphy disappears into darkness with Hatcher closing in...

INT. THE 13TH - CONTINUOUS

Ada and Conrad work to find Murphy as a tense Gideon watches, facing the possibility that his ideas might get her killed.

<p>CONRAD Murakami, check the sewer tunnels off 7th...</p>	<p>ADA ...then track down the GPS signal from her phone...</p>
--	--

A worried Conrad looks to Gideon, grim.

CONRAD
She's not answering her walkie.

ADA
And I can't locate her phone...

But just as we're fearing the worst, Gideon as the powerful wheels in his mind start turning... and a smile slips onto his face as **he leaps up on a desk to better see the Bigscreen.**

GIDEON
Then I know how to find her. Zoom
out and scan around.

Gideon steps from desk to desk, searching the screen.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
Lots of materials block radio waves
or cell phone signals, but only a
handful block both. We're looking
for an older building. Lots of
plaster, old copper pipes or-- there.

Gideon JUMPS to another desk, pointing at the Bigscreen as the camera zooms in on THE OLD CORRUGATED STEEL WAREHOUSE.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MURPHY hurries through the dark, armed only with her new less-lethal gun. Then she sees...

A CRACK in the corrugated steel walls -- a way out. She picks up the pace. But just as she's about to get there...

HATCHER steps out of the shadows, FIRING his .45.

MURPHY takes three to the chest as she RETURNS FIRE.

HATCHER fires again as Murphy's shots WHIZ PAST. She missed. But it doesn't matter. Murphy's shots hit the wall behind him and EXPLODE into TEAR GAS. Hatcher suddenly chokes, reflexively dropping his gun to clutch his throat and cover his eyes. As he drops to his knees coughing...

MURPHY gasps for breath, ripping open her shirt to REVEAL... three shiny slugs embedded in her new body armor.

As COPS flood in to take the killer into custody, Murphy gets to her feet, holsters the gun that just saved her life, and a CHARGED NEEDLEDROP comes in to score our FINAL SEQUENCE:

INT. THE 13TH - NIGHT

As Murphy, Johnston, Brandt, and Goss march Hatcher and his crew into the precinct in handcuffs, Ada, Conrad, and the rest of our brave new force clap and cheer. But as Murphy hands the killers off for processing, she looks around and sees that one person is missing. Gideon is nowhere to be seen. As Murphy tries not to look let down...

INT. THE 13TH - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Ada pulls on her coat, walking out through the hole Gideon put in the wall at the start of the show. But instead of reaching the outside, she finds herself walking through...

INT. THE 13TH - CRIME LAB - CONTINUOUS

...a STATE-OF-THE-ART LAB, still under construction. Cutting-edge equipment gleams under clear plastic, just waiting to be used. Ada looks around, considering the amazing things to come, wondering if she'll be around to be part of it. Then...

EXT. THE 13TH - CONTINUOUS

Ada walks off into the night, until Goss catches up to her -- and hands her an old paper file. Ada eyes Goss for a beat, then peeks inside... and sees her own MUGSHOT.

GOSS

Our only copy. Be a shame if something happened to it.

Goss gives her a mischievous smile. Ada smiles back. Goss nods and turns to go -- until Ada grabs her arm.

ADA

I'm buying you a drink.

INT. GIDEON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gideon sits in darkness, lit only by the endless streams of incoming data and video on his monitors. Murphy's silhouette appears in his doorway, satisfied, proud, and impressed.

MURPHY

Four killers off the street. The department had two years to catch them. We stopped 'em in five days. Not bad, boss.

But as she moves closer, she sees... her TRANSFER paperwork sitting on Gideon's desk.

GIDEON
It's signed. You can leave if you want.

MURPHY
Do you want me to?

Gideon turns to face her, intense, focused.

GIDEON
There's only one thing I want from
you, Amelia: more. Your previous
bosses may have wanted you to hold
back, but I'd like to find out just
how much you can do. To that end...
(then, pointed)
I need a new captain.

Murphy can't quite stifle a laugh.

MURPHY
That's your dumbest idea yet. There's
at least ten people in line ahead of--

GIDEON
But I want you--

MURPHY
Tom moved mountains to get me out--

GIDEON
He should be happy to see you promoted--

MURPHY
You do know your little experiment
almost got me killed tonight--

GIDEON
And my new sidearm saved your life--

MURPHY
You're reckless, you're childish--

GIDEON
You're inspired for the first time
in years--

MURPHY
You're a dreamer who can't live in
the real world--

GIDEON
And you can show me how. You're
right. Not everything here is broken.
I need you to help me save the good
and change what's bad.

MURPHY

If this doesn't work, you could get people killed--

GIDEON

If it does, we could change the world. We've got killers to catch, gangs to dismantle, corruption to bring down. And you're the only one here who--

MURPHY

Seriously, Gideon. Why would I stay?

Gideon looks at her for a beat, then turns away. His eyes find that photo of him and Karen, framed on his desk, then:

GIDEON

Most people don't feel real to me. They seem empty, unpredictable. They do things that make no sense. Get mad at me for things I don't understand.

(beat)

Karen felt real. From the moment we met, she just knew how to talk to me, how I worked. She understood.

He looks Murphy in the eye for a fleeting, charged instant.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

People like that are rare for me, Amelia. Incredibly rare.

Gideon and Murphy stand, face to face. But before she can decide, Conrad pokes his head in.

CONRAD

Hey boss? We booked Hatcher and his crew and logged all their loot in your new evidence system. But... there was kind of a bug?

GIDEON

A bug?

CONRAD

They had a bunch of cash on 'em. But when we scanned the serial numbers on the bills, one of the hundreds was already logged as evidence.

Gideon and Murphy exchange a look as Conrad shrugs.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Computer says it was seized in a drug bust at the 2-7 last month. So maybe there's a glitch in your system?

GIDEON

I'll look into it. Thanks, Ed.

But as Conrad leaves, Gideon's brilliant mind and Murphy's suspicious nature rush to the same conclusion.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

There's nothing wrong with my system.

MURPHY

And that hundred dollar bill didn't just walk out of evidence. It was taken out -- probably with a lot of its friends.

Gideon taps a few keys and calls up a DISTRICT MAP on his screens -- with MARKERS showing each of the home invasions.

GIDEON

Every place Hatcher hit was in our district--

MURPHY

After years working the West Side. And he went from a few jobs a year to three in one week.

Gideon and Murphy look at each other, doing the grim math.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Hatcher was paid to hit the 13th -- right after you took over.

GIDEON

And whoever paid him... was a cop.

Murphy looks at Gideon... and tears up her transfer.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

You're staying?

MURPHY

For now.

GIDEON

Congratulations... Captain Murphy.

As Gideon and Murphy shake hands and their charged, combustible partnership is born, our NEEDLEDROP FADES UP under:

INT. ADA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Goss sips a beer, looking around Ada's avant-garde apartment, until Ada moves in behind her... and starts kissing her neck. Goss turns and takes a beat, surprised but not unpleasantly,

and then kisses her back. As they sink onto the sofa while Ada's arrest record BURNS in the fireplace...

INT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

THROUGH THE BARS OF A STAIRCASE BANISTER, we watch as Tom paces in the living room, shaking his head and telling Murphy she made a mistake (MOS). As their 'discussion' escalates...

MAX AND JOSIE perch at the top of the stairs, watching their parents argue. As Josie looks worried and Max just stares...

INT. GIDEON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We drift through the vast interior of a staggeringly opulent house. We float past Kepler curled on the sofa, past an array of screens streaming APP CALLS and CAM POVS to find...

GIDEON standing alone. For once, he's not watching the screens. He seems to be staring out his big bay window at the city beyond. But as we arc around, we realize Gideon isn't looking out the window, he's looking at...

...all the pictures and papers taped to the window. Pictures of Karen. All the evidence from her murder and...

PHOTOS of every single cop working in the 13th Precinct. As he moves closer, staring at the photos of the police he now employs, we realize **Gideon's not just doing this because Karen was killed. He's doing this because he thinks it was a cop who killed her.**

As Gideon's remarkable mind grinds away at the case that matters to him most -- and that will help drive our series...

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Conrad rolls home in a late-model squad car, eating a bag of drive thru, when a BMW WITH TINTED WINDOWS runs a red light right in front of him. As Conrad flips on his sirens and...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The BMW pulls over, and Conrad stops behind it, gumballs swirling. Conrad walks up to the window, pulling out his ticket book. But as the BMW rolls its window down...

CONRAD

License and registration, please.

...the unseen driver sticks a GUN out the window and FIRES, into Conrad's chests, point blank, no vest. As the BMW speeds away and Conrad drops to the concrete, bleeding out...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT