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## **POWERS**

Episode 101

"Pilot"

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Studio Draft  
4/25/2014

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TEASER

BLACK SCREEN

JOHNNY ROYALLE (V.O.)

Power.

MUSIC UP: The looping keyboards and guitar blips of Moonface's *Shitty City*, dissonance with a beat.

1

INT. HERE AND GONE CLUB - NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

1

VERY CLOSE on the achingly earnest face of **CALISTA**, a girl whose want is as nakedly apparent as her youth and beauty.

JOHNNY ROYALLE (O.S.)

Being close to power.

NEW ANGLE reveals that we are inside an after hours pop-up club. A secret basement cave hazed by smoke, packed and sweaty, darkness illuminated by flashes of vibrant incandescence. Behind the improvised bar we may notice a small electric sign, the word **HERE** flashing on and off in alternating sequence with the word **GONE**.

The location of *Here and Gone* may change regularly, but the crowd is always explicitly young; cutting edge CLUBBERS favoring extravagant fashions, many of their looks verging over into pure costume. *Pop colors and super hero trimmings are timeless design cues in this world.*

NEW ANGLE reveals the object of Calista's desire, the locus of all the energy in the room: **OLYMPIA**, a golden demigod of a man, older than the Clubbers by decades, surrounded by CLUB VIXENS at the bar; he radiates a brand of fame that warps time and space.

JOHNNY ROYALLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(careful now)

It is intoxicating.

NEW ANGLE reveals the man speaking to Calista; **JOHNNY ROYALLE**, an impresario of the pop-up underground with an effervescent smile on his face and a murderous striving in his heart. Not much older than his patrons, he wears an undone-tie tuxedo and tailored jeans with boyish aplomb.

JOHNNY ROYALLE (CONT'D)

(decision time)

Do you want to meet him?

CALISTA looks at him, eyes alight: *Fuck yeah!*

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

ROYALLE opens his hand as if performing a magic trick, revealing a VIAL OF VIBRANT RED PILLS, the witch's irresistible apple. CALISTA takes the vial from his hand, sealing a silent bargain.

Royalle rises, offering his arm: *Let's go then.*

They cross the room, weaving SLO-MO through the DANCERS on the floor while *we maintain an intimate proximity to the characters and action, putting ourselves in their midst whenever possible, a perspective favored throughout.*

SLO-MO ENDS as Royalle leads Calista to the bar, and presents her to Olympia.

NEW ANGLE reveals Calista in full for the first time. She wears red Converse high tops, black skater shorts, a pair of aviator goggles around her neck, and a white babydoll T-shirt with a cartoon picture of the superhero superstar RETRO GIRL; she is herself a skater girl version of Retro Girl.

OLYMPIA smiles at this vision of unblemished fandom, so unlike the jaded Vixens at his elbows. He gestures for one of the Vixens to move so that Calista can sit next to him.

CALISTA vibrates with the nearness of power and fame.

ROYALLE tips a slight bow to Olympia, but as he turns from the happy couple, his expression flickers from that of a facile procurer to something tinged with self-loathing, and then his BLACK JACKET eclipses our view with an utter...

BLACK SCREEN

CALISTA (V.O.)  
(a secret whisper)  
It makes you feel powerful.

2 INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - BUNGALOW BEDROOM - NIGHT

2

MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER

ANGLE ON THE SMALL VIAL OF RED PILLS in Calista's hand.

NEW ANGLE reveals Olympia and Calista on the bed of his secret hookup bungalow, still clothed, he on his back, she straddling him, offering the pills.

OLYMPIA  
I don't need to take anything to  
feel powerful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts a previously unseen bullet inhaler to his nose and takes a massive hit of coke.

OLYMPIA (CONT'D)

Just shit to make me feel good.

He drops the inhaler on a bedside table littered with baggies of weed and coke, assorted pill bottles, a bong, and an unsubtle array of sex toys.

CALISTA shrugs, starts capping the vial: *No biggie.*

CALISTA

I've seen lots of the old video.  
You were amazing. Like when you  
punched that meteor out of the sky.  
What did that feel like?

NEW ANGLE on Olympia, VERY CLOSE, a good look at the wrinkles around his eyes, the sag at his chin, the receding hairline that a too-young styling cannot hide.

CALISTA (CONT'D)

Do you still feel like that?

Olympia takes the vial from her hand.

OLYMPIA

What's it called?

CALISTA

Sway.

She takes the vial back, shakes a pill into her hand.

CALISTA (CONT'D)

He said it was totally your kind of  
thing.

OLYMPIA gives her a smile of surrender, licks the pill from her palm, and places his hand on top of her head.

OLYMPIA

Now show me you're my kind of  
thing.

Not ungently, he pushes her down toward his crotch, and WE STAY ON HIS FACE as CLOSES HIS EYES and begins to MOAN a little in reaction to what Calista is doing to him.

MUSIC UP: Swelling shriek of guitar feedback.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

ECU ON OLYMPIA as his EYES FLY OPEN, his pupils are huge and black, but a sudden SPARK OF RED appears at their hearts, welling upward, spreading, as if erupting from within, until the RED COLOR eclipses the entire surface of both his eyes. And he BLINKS US TO...

BLACK SCREEN

WOLFE (V.O.)  
How does it feel, Christian?

FADE IN:

3 INT. WALKER'S CONDO - DAY (DAY 2)

3

MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER: Feedback diminishing.

DAWN. VERY CLOSE on **CHRISTIAN WALKER**, a haunted man with the dissolute air of a faded rock star and the body of a battered heavyweight.

NEW ANGLE VC on the cruel twist of WOLFE'S MOUTH, intimately close to WALKER'S EAR, the permissive tone of an utterly non-judgemental psychotherapist.

WOLFE (V.O.)  
Tell me, please.

NEW ANGLE off Walker, his hand traveling to a big scar that starts in the middle of his back and climbs his spine to his neck, staring at a PILE OF CLOTHES in the middle of the condo floor. A suit that appears to have been stripped off on the spot. The fabric shows DRY BLOOD STAINS.

WOLFE (V.O.)  
How does it feel when you cannot save them?

WALKER jerks his hand from the scar and swats the air as if driving off a wasp.

NEW ANGLE wider on Walker, revealing that he is alone, no one there who could be taunting him with these doubts and fears.

WALKER rises from the bed with a GRUNT from the chronic pain that comes with his scarred torso.

4 INT. WALKER'S CONDO - DAY

4

Moments later. WALKER at the window. An impressive view of downtown Los Angeles, an apt home for the semi-famous, but in urgent need of housekeeping.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

He snags a pill bottle from a table littered with takeout containers, beer bottles, etc. Walker hasn't been out in days.

He shakes a last pill from THE PILL BOTTLE: NORCO 5/500 (Vicodin), washes it down with cold coffee, and drops the empty bottle into the mess on the table: *Gonna need more of those.*

WALKER leans against the window, pathetic resignation, and a FLASH catches his eyes.

OUT THE WINDOW, something in the sky over Downtown: THE DOTS OF SEVERAL HELICOPTERS. He grabs a pair of binoculars next to the window, as if for moments such as this, and trains them on Downtown.

BINOCULAR VIEW: Shows the helicopters, NEWS and POLICE, and TWO SMALLER FLYING OBJECTS, ONE RED AND ONE GREEN. *Objects? No, those are flying people.* And they are no longer circling, they have smashed into one another with a violent RED/GREEN FLASH, a DISTANT SONIC BOOM arrives a moment behind that flash.

MUSIC, KICK DRUM HITTING

WALKER moves fast, striding past a wall covered in framed photos, heading for a door that opens onto a small balcony.

WE LINGER ON THE WALL, covered in commendations, magazine covers, etc. PHOTOS of Walker with celebrities, photos of Walker wearing the super hero costume of Diamond.

MUSIC - Lyrics: *We should have gotten smart.*

CATCHING UP TO WALKER as he OPENS THE DOOR AND STEPS...

5 EXT. WALKER'S CONDO - BALCONY - DAY

5

WALKER moves to the edge of the balcony, full of purpose, gripping the rail, momentum, as if he will vault into the air... And he stops, shakes his head: *What am I doing?*

A second thought, he looks at the ground several stories below, resets his grip on the rail: *Just do it!*

But he can't, and, turning away, he rushes back inside...

6 INT. WALKER'S CONDO - DAY 6

Past the WALL OF MEMENTOS, Walker hurries to that pile of bloody clothes. From the tangle, he pulls a SIDEARM, HANDCUFFS, AND A BADGE.

MUSIC - Lyrics: *We should have gotten good.*

**Zoomzoomzoomzoom...**

FRAMED BY THE WINDOW, SEVERAL BRIGHTLY COSTUMED POWERS zip through the sky from all points of the compass, heading for the fracas over Downtown.

**WHOOSHBOOM!**

A FIGURE IN RED AND WHITE streaks by right outside the window, RATTLING ALL THE GLASS in the condo.

WALKER watches as the RED AND WHITE FIGURE zooms toward Downtown. NEW ANGLE on Walker with his feeble tools of the trade in his hands, the wall of past glories behind him, A BATTLE RAGING IN THE SKY.

WOLFE (V.O.)

Tell me now. How does it feel to be powerless?

MUSIC - Lyrics: *And it's a shitty city now. It's a shitty city now, blowing all around in our house and our hearts. It's a house of cards.*

One at a time, Walker drops his useless cuffs, and gun, and badge onto the floor.

END OF TEASER

EPISODE 101: "PILOT"

7 INT. POWERS DIVISION - BULLPEN - DAY 7

Morning. A cramped backwater of urban law enforcement. Desks from every decade back to the 50s, aging computers, water stained ceiling, an almost visible fog of stale farts, the most trafficked routes run to the coffee and the bathroom.

DETECTIVES are as mixed and down at the heel as the decor: ADLARD, an old timer playing out the string in this freak show; MACK, a young corner-cutter doing a Powers stint in lieu of disciplinary leave; ARGENTO, a closet Powers groupie craving proximity; ZABRISKI, a cadaverous chain smoker and insufferable Eeyore; and KUTTER, media-ready charmer with half a night school law degree. Two UNIFORMS fill out the bill. CHAYKIN, a spit-polish fitness nut; and GOLDEN, a slovenly Frick to Chaykin's Frack.

WE MAY NOTICE wanted posters that feature six photos of each suspect, the traditional front and profiles, and a matching set with masks on; a weapons locker that features an especially diverse collection of ordnance; various memos and bulletins such as *Unregistered Power Bulletin*, *Power Classification Addendum*; *Brian Stockley Memorial Fund*.

A HOLDING CELL has had its door twisted off the hinges. Damaged desks piled. A BLOOD SPATTER has stained a wall.

8 INT. POWERS DIVISION - CROSS' OFFICE - DAY 8

**DETECTIVE DEENA PILGRIM**, a pint-sized riot grrrl with the arms that come with taking down perps twice her size is staring at that spatter from across the bullpen.

CROSS (O.S.)

Your predecessor's remains.

NEW ANGLE reveals **CAPTAIN EMILE CROSS**, surprisingly young and bookish, the ferociously gleaming eyes of a true believer.

DEENA

Why wasn't the bad guy tranquilized for the Shaft?

CROSS

Blockbuster. He was tranquilized. But it required a massive dose of Xylazine to keep him down. Detective Stockley failed to maintain the dose. So...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

He gestures at ruined cell door, and then at the blood stain:  
*First this, and then that.*

DEENA  
And Blockbuster?

Cross makes pistol fingers and drops the hammer: *Bang bang.*

DEENA (CONT'D)  
One less asshole.

CROSS  
Are you sure this is where you  
belong, Detective Pilgrim?

DEENA  
This is where they sent me. You  
wanna send me back?

CROSS  
I need closers.

DEENA  
I'm a closer.

CROSS gives a sharp nod: *Then this is where you belong.*

DEENA (CONT'D)  
(moving right along)  
He know about me?

CROSS  
You can unpack your own baggage.

He gestures toward the door: *And you may go now.*

DEENA shoulders an athletic bag, nods at that blood stain.

DEENA  
Someone should clean that up.

CROSS  
I wanted you to see it. The margin  
for error in Powers Division.

DEENA tilts her head: *Well, I saw it.*

9 INT. POWERS DIVISION - BULLPEN - DAY

9

Deena EXITS CROSS' OFFICE and TRANSITS the bullpen.

KUTTER and CHAYKIN eyeball her as she passes, WHISPERED  
COMMENTS exchanged. We catch a couple words: *Ass, tits.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEENA stops in her tracks, and locks eyes with Chaykin.

DEENA  
Yeah, what?

Chaykin, outranked but unrepentant, shrugs.

CHAYKIN  
(mutter mutter)  
My bad.

DEENA  
No, here.

Deena sticks her fist in his face.

Chaykin looks from the fist to Deena: *Say what?*

Deena extends her middle finger, pokes him in the nose.

DEENA (CONT'D)  
Speak into the microphone, Officer  
Sexual Harassment. So everyone can  
hear.

Chaykin shoots a look at Kutter, but gets no help.

CHAYKIN  
(is this what you want?)  
I'm sorry?

DEENA  
Yes, you are.

She turns and finds Kutter, hand proffered in peace.

KUTTER  
Detective Kutter. Sorry about the  
wrong foot there.

Deena looks at his hand, doesn't take it, nods at his  
sculpted goatee.

DEENA  
Nice chin pubes, Kutter.

Pecking order established, exit line delivered, DEENA EXITS.

NEW ANGLE reveals CROSS at his office door, watching. Some  
shit you have to let the kids work out on the playground.

10 INT. POWERS DIVISION - LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

10

CLOSE on a plastic name plate: STOCKLEY, BRIAN, DET.

NEW ANGLE reveals Walker in a well-tailored cop suit, a bit of a dandy, standing in front of the locker.

In a timeless cop ritual, he slides the name plate from its bracket, drops it into a cardboard box, opens the locker, and looks in at the terrestrial cop remains of his friend.

INSIDE THE LOCKER: A collage of family photos showing Stockley with his ATTRACTIVE WIFE and TEENAGE SON; an altar devoted to the Dodgers; toiletries, dirty clothes, softball gear, etc. Walker starts taking it out, filling the box.

DEENA (O.S.)

Uh.

NEW ANGLE reveals Deena, very close.

WALKER stares at her: *I could use some privacy.*

DEENA (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'm the new guy.

Walker takes her in, nonplussed by her gender and stature.

Deena reads his look, and maybe reads into it as well. No off switch, she revs up.

DEENA (CONT'D)

I know, rockstar; you got stuck with a girl. Baggage. Make matters worse, I'm a total motor mouth smart ass. And also, this you're really gonna hate, I close like a machine. So on top of having a period and shit, I'm gonna be making you look bad.

Walker takes the last item from the locker, a pair of size 13 sneakers, displays them for Deena.

WALKER

Big shoes.

DEENA squints: *Did you just do that?*

WALKER drops the shoes in the box: *Yes I did.*

Walker EXITS, and Deena faces the now empty locker.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

DEENA

So, Stockley, how'd you get along  
with that prick?

She sees that a DODGER STICKER on the inside of the locker door is peeling off, and she gently smooths it down; respect for a dead cop's tomb.

11 INT. STOCKLEY HOME - BATHROOM - DAY 11

The bathroom of an Orange County ranch house in a state of eternal restoration and repair. **CANDICE STOCKLEY**, harried working mom, half-clothed; Pilates classes have given her the upper hand in the fight against the years. She's studying herself in the mirror, her Victoria's Secret bra is too sexy for her sweatpants. She tries some very red lipstick, inspects herself, doesn't like what she sees, and throws the lipstick down, shaking her head: *What am I doing?*

SFX: DOORBELL.

CANDICE

(yelling)

Krisp!

12 INT. STOCKLEY HOME - KRISPIN'S ROOM - DAY 12

A teenage boy's bedroom and all that implies in terms of dirty laundry and gadgets, but in lieu of the usual magazine pinups, the walls are covered in dozens of original pieces of comic book style Powers art. Heroes and villains.

**KRISPIN STOCKLEY**, as perfectly sullen an outcast as one could imagine, headphones on, is hunched over a drawing table, filling an 11"x17" page with panels of pen and ink artwork.

FROM HIS HEADPHONES we hear tinny strains of rock.

MUSIC UP: The Mountain Goats' thrasher *Lovecraft in Brooklyn* - Lyrics: *Well the sun goes down, the armies of the voiceless, several hundred-thousand strong, come without their bandages, their voices raised in song...*

NEW ANGLE as we scan down the pages of art Krispin is feverishly scrawling, MOVING SLOWLY PANEL TO PANEL.

PANEL ONE: A cop, Walker, standing near a cell, talking to another cop, STOCKLEY, who holds a tranquilizer rifle.

PANEL TWO: The cell door explodes open, smashing into Stockley.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

PANEL THREE: Blockbuster, a man mountain, bursts out.

PANEL FOUR: Stockley smashes into a wall in a splash of blood.

PANEL FIVE: Cops pile on Blockbuster, holding him down.

PANEL SIX: A gun, stuck in from the edge of the panel, points at the back of Blockbuster's head.

PANEL SEVEN (the one Krispin is working on): A full page of Walker, holding the gun, BANG!, splashed in Blockbuster's blood. Behind him he casts a giant shadow of a superhero with hands on hips, cape lifted on a breeze.

SFX: FAINT POUNDING.

KRISPIN becomes aware of the pounding and takes off his headphones (MUSIC DOWN), and we hear banging on the wall.

CANDICE (O.C.)  
The door, Krispin!

13 EXT. STOCKLEY HOME - PORCH - DAY

13

Walker is waiting at the door, holding the box of locker contents, trying to find the expression he wants his face to wear when THE DOOR IS OPENED, and Krispin peers out, talking before he sees who is there.

KRISPIN  
Yeah, what.

Not who Walker was expecting.

WALKER  
Krispin. Hey, man. No school?

Krispin shrugs, but seeing Walker lights him up a bit.

KRISPIN  
Back next week. Mom doesn't want me getting, you know, depressed.

He rolls his eyes: *Like what do I have to be depressed about?*

KRISPIN (CONT'D)  
How's the Job?

WALKER  
Still the Job.

(CONTINUED)

KRISPIN  
(man I hope so)  
Kill anymore Powers?

WALKER  
*That is not the Job.*

KRISPIN  
Should be.

WALKER  
I was a Power, Krispin.

CANDICE (O.S.)  
Who is it, Krisp?

NEW ANGLE as Candice arrives, wearing a sweat top now. HER EYES find Walker, she is suddenly aware that her lips are still lined with scarlet and she wipes at them with a tissue.

KRISPIN  
It's Walker.

WALKER shoots a helpless shrug at Candice while her son's head is turned: *I didn't know he'd be here.*

CANDICE  
(and what does he want?)  
I see that.

WALKER seems to have forgotten why he is there, then remembers, nods at the box in his hands.

WALKER  
Brian's locker.

Krispin takes the box, looks at his mom.

KRISPIN  
Can I...?

Candice looks at Walker, he nods.

CANDICE  
Yeah.

Krispin starts down the hall, stops.

KRISPIN  
You were a hero, Walker. That's different from just bein' a Power.

He walks away, already lifting the lid of the box to look at these final remains of his dad, EXITS.

(CONTINUED)

Alone, the tension between Walker and Candice elevates.

CANDICE

You sure there's nothing in there  
that could hurt him?

WALKER

Yeah. I had to turn in Brian's  
backup piece. Ammo. That stuff.

CANDICE

I mean like a phone, pictures of  
any of Brian's girls. Names,  
numbers.

WALKER

I took care of it.  
(so, anyway...)  
You look, you do... good...

She frowns at him: *Please don't.*

But Walker can't help himself.

WALKER (CONT'D)

I tried calling to find out  
what... But you didn't--  
Sure, but I just--

CANDICE

I didn't want to talk.  
That's why I didn't answer.  
Look, I don't know what I...

Silence.

WALKER (CONT'D)

It might be good for you  
to... just coffee, not --

CANDICE

I don't know... I didn't  
answer the phone because I  
didn't want to talk to you,  
Christian!

Silence.

CANDICE

Because I don't know what I want.  
I'll call if I want. Something.

She closes the door in Walker's face.

DEENA is leaning against an unmarked car at the curb, having  
paid avid attention while never looking up.

WALKER comes back to the car, and Deena studies her toes.

14 CONTINUED:

14

DEENA  
You know the family?

Walker looks at the house, back at her: *I know the family.*

DEENA (CONT'D)  
(no jokes now)  
That's rough.

Walker doesn't seem to know what to do next.

DEENA (CONT'D)  
(here's an idea)  
I could eat something.

WALKER shakes it off, tosses Deena the car keys.

WALKER  
New guy drives.

DEENA  
Look at you, putting your life in  
my hands already.

15 EXT. AL &amp; BEA'S - DAY

15

Walker and Deena on the patio of Al & Bea's, East LA's burrito landmark; a station of the cross for cops and hoods.

DEENA  
Anyone know anything about that  
thing in the sky this morning?

WALKER  
Turf beef between Zoots and the  
Black Dahlia Killers.

DEENA  
Thought Downtown is Retro Girl's no  
fly zone.

WALKER  
Yeah, well, they're getting uppity  
lately. So if Zoots flash their  
powers over Downtown, the Dahlias  
go up and do the same or lose face.

They eat. Deena casting glances at Walker.

DEENA  
I'm gonna say something.

WALKER flicks eyes at her: *I'm shocked.*

(CONTINUED)

DEENA (CONT'D)

You look different without the mask.

WALKER

That was the idea.

DEENA

Yeah, but most of those masks. Come on. You figure you'd make those guys right away. You really look different.

WALKER

(well if you wanna know)

I never got made. My neighbors didn't look twice. It's context. No one expects to see a Power like Diamond mowing his lawn.

DEENA

You mowed your own lawn?

WALKER

No. I don't have a... I live in a condo. The lawn was a... *for instance.*

DEENA

Sure. So, for instance, where's your condo?

WALKER

Los Feliz. You?

DEENA

Nice. I'm Glendale.

WALKER

Sorry.

DEENA

Least it's not Orange County with the rest of the cops.

WALKER'S PHONE BUZZES, he takes a look at a text, wipes his mouth, starts packing up the remains of his burrito.

DEENA (CONT'D)

We got a thing?

**WHOOOOSHBOOM!**

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

Their heads jerk upwards as A BLACK AND GOLD FIGURE streaks by overhead and disappears in a sonic boom.

DEENA (CONT'D)

Holy!

She ducks a little at the sound of the boom, but Walker remains upright, used to it.

DEENA (CONT'D)

Man. What's that like? Just...  
(she swoops her hand)  
And gone.

Walker ignores her, and starts for the car.

WALKER

C'mon, let's go see a dead body.

AUDIO PRE-LAP: MOANS AND GROANS...

FADE TO:

16 INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - BUNGALOW BEDROOM - DAY

16

Deena and Walker looking at something off-camera.

DEENA

That is a really big, really naked  
dead body.

NEW ANGLE on Olympia's corpse sprawled naked on the bed.

DEENA (CONT'D)

Olympia.

WALKER

Yeah.

DEENA

He really punch a meteor back when?

WALKER

Yeah. Small one. It was a stunt,  
really. Wasn't going to hit  
anything. He just wanted to punch  
a meteor.

DEENA

*Small one.* You ever punch a  
meteor?

Walker ignores the jab, taking a closer look at the body.

(CONTINUED)

SFX: A HUGE ORGASMIC GROAN!

DEENA turns toward someone off-screen, irritated as hell.

DEENA (CONT'D)  
Hey, assholes.

NEW ANGLE reveals THREE UNIFORMS clustered around a LAPTOP, playing A VIDEO of OLYMPIA power humping a woman who appears to be a PART-TIME PORN STAR. This is the source of the ongoing MOANS AND GROANS.

DEENA (CONT'D)  
We're trying to work a case here.

The Uniforms roll their eyes, one of them PAUSING THE VIDEO before they ALL EXIT as DETECTIVE KUTTER ENTERS.

KUTTER  
(re: the video)  
Human nature to be curious.  
Mean, shit may be old hat to  
Walker, but you ever seen a Power  
fuck before?

Deena ignores him, turning her attention to the collection of drugs on the night stand.

DEENA  
Why's a guy like this getting high?

WALKER  
Why's a movie star get high? You  
can always feel better.

KUTTER  
And anyone can be a depraved  
junkie. Those anal beads I see  
there?

DEENA  
Goddamn Olympia. My dad loves this  
guy. Cops on his task force in the  
day, they all had Olympia tattoos.  
Like he was their luck on the  
street. Now I gotta... Shit.

Walker and Kutter look at her, a piece falling into place.

WALKER  
(not unimpressed)  
You're Waldo Pilgrim's daughter.

(CONTINUED)

DEENA puts on an evidence glove with a loud SNAP: *What of it?*

WALKER takes the hint, drops the subject.

DEENA  
(re: Olympia)  
You know him at all?

WALKER  
We hung out a little back when. He  
was a good time. Liked to party.

Deena looks at the PAUSED SEX VIDEO.

DEENA  
(to Kutter)  
She the girl?

KUTTER  
What?  
(it is to laugh)  
Uh, no.

He sashays to the bathroom and opens the door to reveal...

INSIDE THE BATHROOM, CALISTA is huddled in a far corner.

KUTTER (CONT'D)  
Cherchez la femme.

DEENA  
(re: Calista's age)  
Jesus.

KUTTER  
We're thinking hero over there is  
good for at least statutory rape.  
Waiting for a matron to --

DEENA shoves by him, ENTERING THE BATHROOM.

DEENA  
Fuck out of the way.

DEENA stops several feet from Calista and crouches down,  
putting herself on the girl's level.

CALISTA  
(to herself)  
I don't feel anything. I don't  
feel different at all.

DEENA  
Hey. You okay?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

Calista nods.

DEENA (CONT'D)  
Want to get out of here?

Calista nods again, but refuses Deena's hand, getting herself off the floor and jerking away when Deena tries to put an arm around her as they REENTER THE BEDROOM.

Deena launches an eyeful of daggers at Kutter.

DEENA (CONT'D)  
Asshole.

DEENA AND CALISTA EXIT.

KUTTER  
Fuck is her problem?

WALKER  
You're an asshole is her problem.

KUTTER  
Another day with you and she'll  
have a better idea of what passes  
for an asshole around here.

KUTTER exits.

Alone, Walker sits on the edge of the bed. He looks at the mess on the night stand, looks at the paused fuck video, and looks at body, closes his eyes, opens them: *This could have been me.*

WALKER  
(to Olympia)  
Jesus Christ, Philip.

Oh, well. He pokes through the pill bottles on the night stand, finds what he's looking for, and POKETS A BOTTLE OF PERCOCET. He rises, but spots the half-empty VIAL OF SWAY, eyes caught by the vibrant color. He picks it up to take a closer look: *What have we here?*

CS PHOTOGRAPHER  
Ready for me?

A CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER is at the door, waiting.

Walker nods, and unthinkingly DROPS THE VIAL OF SWAY IN HIS POCKET. Pausing for one last look at his dead friend from the wild days, as a FLASH POPS...

17 INT. HERE AND GONE CLUB - DAY

17

The pop-up club of the Powers demimonde as seen without a haze of booze, sex, and drugs. A black-turtle-necked bartender (**SIMONS**) is breaking down the bar.

BUG, a driven young man with a street look and MBA rap flow, is at the bar, waiting impatiently.

BUG  
He going to be here soon?

SIMONS  
He's never late.

Bug looks at his watch.

BUG  
Tell me that. The man is --

**BLIP!**

JOHNNY ROYALLE appears from nowhere with a slight *POP* of air being forced out of a small space, wreathed in cigarette smoke, mid-step, heading for the bar.

SIMONS  
Bug. Speak.

Bug has seen the act before, but still needs to gather himself a bit before giving his pitch.

BUG  
We're missing a huge opportunity with Sway. Hustling to these old dudes makes Sway come off like Powers Viagra. Shit gives your powers a *boost*. We need to take that to the youth market. Whether you're chasing fame like the Powerz Kidz or protecting your turf like the Zoots and Dahlias. The edge you need. The one and only Powers performance enhancer. Sway.

ROYALLE is blank faced, but before he can respond, Simons approaches, a phone in his hand.

SIMONS  
(to Royalle)  
For you.

JOHNNY ROYALLE  
Thank you, Simons.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

ROYALLE looks for a place to tip ash from his cigarette.

NEW ANGLE as A SECOND SIMONS sets an ashtray down. But wait, we thought Simons was there with the phone, and he is.

JOHNNY ROYALLE (CONT'D)

Who is it?

SIMONS

(with phone)

It's me.

Royalle doesn't even blink.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

What do you want?

Simons with the phone shrugs.

SIMONS

I didn't say.

Royalle takes the phone.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

Yes?

18 EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT - DAY - INTERCUT

18

In the shade of a portico gallery near the pool, yet another SIMONS is spectating some off-screen action.

SIMONS

Olympia is dead.

ROYALLE is studiously impassive, shaping the coal of his cigarette on the rim of the ashtray.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

And?

SIMONS

The police have the girl.

ROYALLE'S lips become dangerously thin.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

Is there anything I can do about that?

NEW ANGLE reveals that Simons is watching Deena bring Calista out of Olympia's bungalow, leading her, A JACKET OVER HER HEAD, through a gaggle of UNIFORMS.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

SIMONS

Not now.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

Where are they taking her?

SIMONS

Powers division.

19 INT. HERE AND GONE CLUB - DAY

19

JOHNNY ROYALLE ends the call, clearly on edge, and hands the phone to Simons.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

I have to go.

BUG

My plan?

JOHNNY ROYALLE

We are not selling Powers Viagra, Bug. We are selling *aqua vitae*. The water of life. We are selling the Powers Born remembrances of their own youth. We are selling them everything their vanity tells them they are losing with the passing years.

BUG

But the money --

JOHNNY ROYALLE

I do not need more money.

BUG

Then, man, what the fuck are we doing this for?

JOHNNY ROYALLE

We are doing it because I have issues that I need to work out. And in order for those issues to be resolved, Sway must remain exclusive to the Powers Born.

ROYALLE has a sudden thought, and steps close to Bug, placing a hand gently on his neck.

JOHNNY ROYALLE (CONT'D)

It has remained exclusive, yes?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BUG raises his hands: *Most certainly.*

ROYALLE studies him for mendacity, and BUG BLINKS.

BUG  
Mister Royale --

JOHNNY ROYALLE  
(shhhh, it's okay)  
Never fear, Bug. We are all of us  
merely here, and then gone.

Bug gives a sickly smile of relief, despite ROYALLE'S HAND STILL ON HIS NECK.

ROYALLE smiles back and...

**BLIP:** Royale is no longer there, a slight *POP* as air and cigarette smoke rush in to fill the vacuum where he stood.

NEW ANGLE on BUG, or rather on BUG'S HEADLESS CORPSE, as it falls to the floor.

Simons converge.

NEW ANGLE on Bug's corpse as SIMONS' HANDS begin going through his pockets: one set of hands, two sets, three sets... A hand pulls a VIAL OF SWAY from one of Bug's pockets, passing it hand to hand to hand to hand...

20 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

20

A garbage strewn hulk beyond the spreading ripples of downtown gentrification.

JOHNNY ROYALLE **BLIPS** into existence, his arm still extended, and he drops something that falls with A HEAVY, WET THUD.

He walks to a corner, where someone has made a small camp: sleeping bag, flashlight, a backpack full of dirty clothes. On the wall is a collage of Retro Girl magazine tear-outs.

AT ITS CENTER IS A PHOTOGRAPH: A woman, her age disguised by withered health, one hand holding a cigarette, fingers wrapped around an IV stand clustered with bags, her other hand holding a beer can, resting on the shoulder of a girl, Calista, a year younger than now. Both women are striking heroic poses, wearing Retro Girl costumes; Calista's is a store-bought getup, the woman's is a detailed cosplay special, tailored in a time when she had much more meat on her bones. As hollowed out as the woman is, it is impossible not to see that this is Calista's mother.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Royalle's eyes pass over this sad display as he raises a blood covered hand and takes a drag from his cigarette.

NEW ANGLE, wide on the warehouse, Royalle smoking, Bug's head on the floor behind him.

21 INT. POWERS DIVISION - BULLPEN - DAY

21

Walker is trying to explain something to Deena without being overheard by any of the other cops. Deena listens with one ear as she pillages a vending machine, apparently intent upon buying one of everything.

WALKER

Back before, when I was what I was,  
this girl one time, after we did  
our thing, hooked up, she... flew.  
Hovered, really. For about an  
hour.

Deena stops buying food and hooks an eyebrow at him: *What the fuck are you...?*

WALKER (CONT'D)

It happens sometimes. When Powers  
have sex with... people. And in  
certain circles, it's something you  
can try. If you're a Powers  
wannabe.

DEENA

You're talking about girls, kids,  
screwing heroes to get a dose of  
powers?

WALKER

Not just girls. Not just kids.  
Not just heroes.

They turn to look at something off-screen.

NEW ANGLE reveals CALISTA as seen through a pane of one-way glass, sitting alone INSIDE THE INTERROGATION BOX.

DEENA starts jerking snacks from the tray at the bottom of the machine.

DEENA

Shitbag Olympia motherfucker.

She KICKS the machine and...

22 INT. POWERS DIVISION - BULLPEN - DAY 22

Moments later. Walker and Captain Cross looking at something off-screen.

DEENA (O.S.)  
(on speaker)  
I got sodas, juice, water. Some  
crackers, peanuts. A Snickers.

NEW ANGLE reveals that they are LOOKING THROUGH THE GLASS INTO THE BOX WHERE...

23 INT. POWERS DIVISION - THE BOX - DAY 23

Deena is sitting across from Calista, a pile of snacks, and Calista's backpack, on the table between them.

DEENA  
Help yourself.

Calista ignores the snacks, ignores Deena.

DEENA (CONT'D)  
So we have these rules. Because  
we're not sure if you're a minor,  
no questions without a parent or  
guardian. Now, you decide to tell  
us who you are, maybe you're not a  
minor, then I can crack you the old  
fashioned way.

She whacks a fist into her palm; Calista is not entertained.

DEENA (CONT'D)  
That's okay. I can talk enough for  
both of us.

But instead of talking more, Deena takes an uncharacteristic pause. Thinks about her next words, choosing them carefully.

DEENA (CONT'D)  
Finding a guy like Olympia dead.  
That must have been scary. Or. I  
don't know. Maybe it was a relief?  
Depending on what was going on.  
But you don't have to be scared  
now. Whatever killed Olympia can't  
touch you here. And Olympia can't  
touch you either.

Calista executes an epic eye roll.

(CONTINUED)

CALISTA  
 (sooo boring)  
 What do you even do here?

DEENA raises her eyebrows: *What do I wha?*

CALISTA (CONT'D)  
 Powers Division is a joke.  
 Everyone knows that.

DEENA  
 Uh, well, I don't think --

CALISTA  
 The only reason you guys are here  
 is because the mayor had a hardon  
 to have the first Powers cops in  
 the country. You don't catch  
 anyone.

DEENA  
 Look, kid, let's just --

CALISTA  
 Cops never catch the big Powers,  
 the Powers Born. You didn't catch  
 Pulp or Black Mondo. Other Powers  
 did. Without help from heroes,  
 you'd be fucked.

WALKER (O.S.)  
 I caught Wolfe.

WALKER comes in, points at the peanuts on the table.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
 Can I have those?

DEENA gives him a frozen smile: *I'm trying to kill you with  
 my eyes right now.*

CALISTA  
 You didn't catch Wolfe. That old  
 hero did. Big deal when I was a  
 kid. The guy with the funny mask.

She pulls up the neck of her T-shirt until it covers her face  
 from the nose down, arching an eyebrow: *This guy.*

WALKER covers his lower face with his hand, narrows his eyes  
 at her: *No, this guy.*

Calista straightens, a dawning recognition of fame at hand.

CALISTA (CONT'D)  
 (oh, oh, I know this!)  
 Yeah. But you lost your powers  
 fighting Wolfe later, when he  
 escaped. Yeah. And you became a  
 cop. There's a *Powers That Be*  
 episode about you. Diamond.

Walker lowers his hand, munches some nuts.

DEENA pushes away from the table.

DEENA  
 I'm gonna... Something else.  
 Before I kill. Someone.

She EXITS.

CALISTA  
 What's her problem?

WALKER  
 She's not used to Powers.

CALISTA knows she's being worked, but being included in the club is hard to resist.

CALISTA  
 It's cool you're Diamond and shit,  
 but not like you're Supershock.

Walker nods at her shirt.

WALKER  
 Or Retro Girl.

CALISTA  
 Shha. She's only like a goddess.

Walker doesn't disagree, takes another nut from the package, letting Calista get to where he wants her to be.

CALISTA (CONT'D)  
 (wait a sec...)  
 You guys were a thing.

WALKER tosses a nut in his mouth: *I don't kiss and tell.*

CALISTA (CONT'D)  
 No. I know ev-er-ee-thing about  
 her. You guys were a thing.

She blushes, covers her face, screams into her hands.

CALISTA (CONT'D)

Oh my God! You hooked up with  
Retro Girl!

Walker takes out his phone, blase' as all hell.

WALKER

Want to see something?

CALISTA plays cool, but SHE TOTALLY WANTS TO SEE SOMETHING!  
He offers his phone, SHOWING A PICTURE OF THE US BANK TOWER.

WALKER (CONT'D)

That's where Retro Girl hangs out.

Calista looks from the picture to Walker: *You shitting me?*

WALKER (CONT'D)

You have to hunt bad guys. She's a  
bird of prey. That's her perch.

CALISTA

That is badass.  
(but...)  
Why doesn't she just fly around?

WALKER

You get tired flying around.

Calista's cool has fallen away, a raw vulnerability exposed.

CALISTA

How did you find out you had  
powers?

WALKER can't help loving the focus of unabashed fandom.

WALKER

In Seattle, high school, we used to  
sneak onto the piers. Climb the  
cargo cranes, drink beer. Do  
dares. Who will go out the  
farthest on the gantry. I was out  
there pretty far one night, the  
wind gusted, I slipped. I was  
falling, and all I wanted was to  
miss the ground. But I was gonna  
hit it no matter what. And then, I  
didn't. I... swooped, really fast.  
Crashed into some garbage cans.  
That's how it started for me.

CALISTA  
 (my secret)  
 I have powers.

Walker nods, raises his eyebrows: *Tell me about that.*

CALISTA (CONT'D)  
 But it's hard waiting to find them.

Lulled by her innocent longing, Walker forgets that others are listening... DEENA and CROSS outside the box.

WALKER  
 Sometimes. I forget that I lost mine. I can still *feel* them. Like a ghost limb. And something will happen and I'll try to *do* something. Help. But I can't.

CALISTA  
 You should get them back. Like, jump off something tall again.

WALKER comes back to where he is, a self-conscious glance at the one-way mirror.

WALKER  
 Yeah, no, it doesn't work like --

CALISTA  
 Like on *Powers That Be* there was a whole episode about heroes losing their powers and then --

WALKER  
 You don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

Calista flinches like she's been slapped, the connection between them snapped, her cool dropping back into place.

CALISTA  
 (the real real)  
 I'm fifteen. I'm fifteen, and I want to call someone. I want my phone.

She points at her BACKPACK.

WALKER  
 Who?

CALISTA  
 My mom.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (5)

23

Walker shoves the backpack to her and she digs out her phone.

CALISTA (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hey, mom. It's me. I'm at the police station. No, I'm fine.

(to Walker)

What station is this?

WALKER

Downtown Central.

CALISTA

(on phone)

Did you hear? Uh-huh. One of those interrogation rooms like TV.

(to Walker)

I'm hungry and I'm diabetic and the only thing I could maybe have eaten was those nuts you ate.

WALKER looks the empty package, grits his teeth, EXITS...

24 INT. POWERS DIVISION - BULLPEN - DAY

24

CROSS and DEENA are outside, they've been watching. Both of them look away from the observation window and at Walker.

WALKER

Get some more of those peanuts.

SFX: FAINT *POP-POP*.

DEENA

You watched me spend all my cash on that brat, right?

She waves a hand at the observation window: *See the spread*.

ALL THREE look at the window, and see that CALISTA IS GONE.

WALKER moves first, ducking back inside...

25 INT. POWERS DIVISION - THE BOX - DAY

25

He looks; nowhere to hide. Calista is gone. Period.

26 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

26

Royalle and Calista *BLIP* into existence in the warehouse.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Calista drops to her knees and throws up.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

It does take some getting used to.

FADE TO:

27 INT. POWERS DIVISION - BULLPEN - DAY

27

CLOSE ON the screen of a monitor. A FISH EYE VIEW of the interrogation cell, Walker and Calista, a replay.

CALISTA (MONITOR)

... the only thing I could maybe  
have eaten was those nuts you ate.

Walker points at the door, Calista nods, Walker exits.

CALISTA (MONITOR) (CONT'D)

(garblegarblegarble)

THE PICTURE ON THE MONITOR warps as if a powerful magnet were near... and POPS BACK CLEAR, and CALISTA IS GONE.

NEW ANGLE reveals Walker, Deena, Cross, and Kutter clustered around the monitor that Zabriski is operating.

CROSS

What was that?

Zabriski stabs a couple buttons, and the recording replays.

ZABRISKI

Same thing zapped her phone.  
Whoever killed Olympia wanted her  
shut up. She's dead.

DEENA

A Power who can disintegrate matter  
wouldn't leave Olympia's body.

WALKER is staring hard at the monitor, mentally PINGING.

WALKER

Johnny Royalle.

Everyone looks at Walker as if he's just developed an especially obscene case of Tourette's.

CROSS

Royalle is dead.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

That's his power signature. We need to call the Shaft.

CROSS

I called the Shaft. Someone dematerializes from my interrogation room, and I call the Shaft. That's protocol with any new possible incursion threat.

WALKER takes a step toward him: *And?*

CROSS (CONT'D)

All stations secure. Wolfe hasn't moved.

(a syllogism)

Royalle is dead. He can't get Wolfe out of the Shaft. No one can get Wolfe out of the Shaft.

WALKER gives a tight nod to Cross: *Yeah. Royale is dead.*

KUTTER

(done being crazy?)

So, uh, am I the only one here sees we need a dangerous Powers bulletin on this girl?

DEENA

What? DPB her and it'll be open season.

WALKER

She's not a Power. She's a wannabe. She's nothing.

KUTTER (CONT'D)

I'm not just saying she's a Power, I'm saying she's our killer.

DEENA

What are you even doing here?

CROSS

(everyone settle)

Kutter is handling media on Olympia. *Liaise* with him.

(to Walker)

Have you talked to Doctor Death?

WALKER

We need to find the girl. Down on the Strip. That'll be her scene.

CROSS

Get a cause of death on Olympia before the media make it up.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

WALKER AND DEENA EXIT, Cross halts Kutter, an aside.

CROSS (CONT'D)

No mention of the disappearing witness or Johnny Royalle.

KUTTER gives a thumbs up: *I'm a team player, Coach.*

28 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

28

The remains of a fast food lunch is spread across milk crates. The bags and cups feature images of Retro Girl; a superhero Happy Meal.

Calista is carefully ripping a picture of Retro Girl from one of the bags. Done, she sticks it up on her Retro Girl collage wall, right next to the PHOTO of herself and her mom.

Johnny Royalle sits on the floor, watching.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

You get enough? If you're still hungry I can *pop* out for more.

CALISTA throws her default shrug: *Whatever.*

He pulls out a pack of cigarettes and offers her one.

JOHNNY ROYALLE (CONT'D)

So. Can you tell me what happened? Did he take the Sway?

Calista takes a real smoker's drag from her cigarette.

CALISTA

Yeah. He took it.

ROYALLE blows a smoke ring: *And then?*

CALISTA (CONT'D)

And we hooked up. And I went in the bathroom, to brush my teeth after, you know. And I came back. And he was dead. So.

(now you tell me)

Was he supposed to die?

JOHNNY ROYALLE

No. No, I don't know what happened to him. You were supposed to come back here.

(CONTINUED)

CALISTA

I didn't... He was dead. I freaked out. I just wanted to. Hide. And then the cops came.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

I need to know who you talked to at Powers Division.

CALISTA

That cop that used to be someone. Diamond.

Royalle nearly vibrates at the sound of the name, an effort to maintain his exterior calm.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

Walker.

(a secret wanting)

Did he mention my name?

CALISTA

No.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

Did you mention my name?

CALISTA

No.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

You didn't say the words *Johnny Royalle*?

*This is the first spoken confirmation that he is Royalle.*

CALISTA gives the tiniest shake of her head: *I never would.*

ROYALLE studies her for mendacity, CALISTA BLINKS. And Royalle places a fraternal hand on the side of her face.

JOHNNY ROYALLE (CONT'D)

You've had so much to be afraid of in your life. Getting rid of fear, that's a power you can give to yourself. You understand?

CALISTA

I don't want to be afraid.

He slides his hand under her chin, as he did with Bug.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY ROYALLE

The secret to losing your fear is to understand that we are all of us merely here, and --

CALISTA

I don't want to be afraid. But I still don't have my powers and *he's* looking for me, and Olympia was old and gross and *he...* and whatever, I just thought it would be worth doing it if it helped me get my powers turned on somehow. But I didn't feel anything. And my dad is still looking for me. And how am I going to be safe if I don't find my powers? My mom said, she promised. I am a Power. She wouldn't have lied. But I can't... And I am afraid. I'm afraid I'll never find my powers. And I'll always be scared.

ROYALLE looks from Calista to the photo on the wall and back again, pieces making a new picture, a picture that means something to *him*. And he takes his hand from her neck, and brushes her hair from her face, behind her ears.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

(re: the PHOTO)

You've got you mom's ears.

CALISTA

I wish I had her eyes. I got my dad's eyes. I have to look at them.

She jerks her goggles into place, covering her eyes.

ROYALLE gently pulls her goggles off, stares into her eyes. CALISTA meets his stare.

JOHNNY ROYALLE

I don't know if I got anything from my mom. What I got from my dad... What I got from him, I made it my own. He can't touch me anymore.

An understanding is born: *They have both been through the same fire*. Royalle breaks the intense moment with a brotherly appraisal.

JOHNNY ROYALLE (CONT'D)

Your eyes are beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

Calista makes a show of rolling her beautiful eyes, but she can't stop the smile that comes to her lips.

CALISTA

When I have my powers, I'll be able to protect myself. Can I maybe... meet someone? Try again?

JOHNNY ROYALE

You've had a brush with the law, you villain. Lay low.  
(by the way)  
How did you handle their questions?

CALISTA

They didn't ask any. They think I'm a minor.  
(play acting)  
*I'm fifteen and I want to call my mom.*

JOHNNY ROYALLE

A villain indeed.

His wry smile, her ironic one, and **BLIP**, he's gone.

Alone, Calista looks at the photo of herself and her mom, fingers tracing the contours of her ears.

29 INT. SIMONS' CAR - DAY

29

Across from the warehouse, Simons behind the wheel.

SFX: FAINT *POP*.

NEW ANGLE, JOHNNY ROYALLE in the backseat.

SIMONS

Want some of me to clean up?

JOHNNY ROYALLE

No need.

SIMONS looks at Royalle in the rearview: *You didn't kill her?*

JOHNNY ROYALLE (CONT'D)

(it's math)

She wants powers. She thinks the people I introduce her to will give her powers. She won't talk to the police. I don't need to kill her.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

SIMONS

Any chance she killed Olympia?

JOHNNY ROYALLE

What? No.

ROYALLE throws a last look at the warehouse: *Could she have?*

30 INT. LA COUNTY CORONER'S - DAY

30

It's a coroner's lab, as usual, except this one has a tool bench stocked with saws, chisels, power tools, etc. Standing over Olympia's eviscerated corpse is **DR. HAZIZ AKA DR. DEATH**, the caffeine fueled, eternally on edge, Powers medical examiner. Walker and Deena in attendance.

DR. DEATH

His heart exploded.

DEENA

Like a heart attack?

Haziz picks up a plastic bag that appears to be full of reddish-gray preserves.

DR. DEATH

Like a bomb.

Haziz drops the bag in a metal tray.

DR. DEATH (CONT'D)

Boom.

WALKER

You got any idea what -- ?

DR. DEATH

Nope.

They all gaze into Olympia's open chest cavity.

DEENA

Toxicology show anything that could --

DR. DEATH

Toxicology?

DEENA

He was on a ton of shit. Maybe there was a weird interaction or --

DR. DEATH

*A weeeeeeeird interaction.*

Dr. Death shoots eye daggers at Walker: *Who the fuck is this person you have brought to me?*

(CONTINUED)

Walker looks at the floor, opting out.

DR. DEATH (CONT'D)

Do you know, *Detective Pilgrim*, what constitutes normal blood work for a Power?

DEENA

Yeah, no, because I'm not a medical examiner.

DR. DEATH

Yeah, no, you don't know, because there is no normal fucking Powers blood work!

He jabs his finger inside Olympia's chest cavity.

DR. DEATH (CONT'D)

Sure, the cocaine could have blown up his heart. But so might a bee sting or a solar flare! Fucksake! He could be vulnerable to pussy for all I know! I'm just grateful I could cut him open with a scalpel instead of a blow torch. The Powers defy what we laughingly still refer to as science.

He guzzles some coffee.

DR. DEATH (CONT'D)

All that said, there was something weird.

(off Deena's look)

Not in the *toxicology*. His DNA.

He fiddles a computer, brings up an IMAGE OF A DNA HELIX.

DR. DEATH (CONT'D)

They all have weird DNA. But *thissssiszzzzzsssuper* weird. And not his.

Dr. Death is pointing at VIBRANT RED CORKSCREWS spliced into the rungs of the DNA helix.

DEENA

What is it?

DR DEATH

Did you listen to anything I just -- ?

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

WALKER

Take a look at these.

Deena and Dr Death look at the VIAL OF SWAY that Walker has taken from his jacket pocket. Dr. Death takes the vial from Walker and places it next to the RED CORKSCREW on the computer screen: A PERFECT COLOR MATCH.

DEENA shoots Walker a look: *Where'd those come from?*

31 EXT. INTELLIGENTSIA COFFEE - DAY

31

The Silverlake hipster hub, a safe place for an off-the-record conversation. Kutter sips a skim chai latte and openly checks out the legs on the local gamines despite sharing his table with **COLETTE MCDANIELS**, geek-sexy reporter for *powersthatbe.com*.

COLETTE MCDANIELS

You're too old for these girls.

KUTTER

That how they taught you to flatter a source in journalism school?

COLETTE MCDANIELS

I went to USC Film.

MCDANIELS places her phone on the table: *May I?*

KUTTER nods: *Sure.*

MCDANIELS taps the phone screen, **VOICE MEMOS.**

COLETTE MCDANIELS (CONT'D)

So, the Olympia press conference. "Heart failure, and no exact time of death." You guys don't know very much.

KUTTER shrugs: *We know what we know.*

MCDANIELS taps her phone, TURNING OFF THE RECORDER.

COLETTE MCDANIELS (CONT'D)

My editor just greenlit a special I pitched him. Ten sexiest Powers murders ever. I'll need an expert. Editor wants Walker, of course, but he'll never do it. So I get to pick someone else.

Kutter weighs this, but not for long.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

KUTTER

Well, sometimes things do slip through Walker's fingers. A consultancy. A *suspect*.

COLETTE MCDANIELS

(tell me more)

Huh...

32 EXT. THE POWERS STRIP - DOWNTOWN - DAY

32

A stretch of Broadway where well-established clubs cater to the appetites of Powers and Powers watchers.

ON THE SIDEWALK, a gaggle of POWERZ KIDZ. Early teens to early twenties, boys and girls in homemade costumes scavenged from thrift stores and five finger discounts. Lots of bold color and black leather, lots of hair, lots of attitude. Some familiar faces from the teaser at *Here and Gone*. Smoking, passing a bottle in a paper bag, they resemble nothing so much as an updated crew of 80s punks and metal heads loitering on the Sunset Strip.

33 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

33

Walker and Deena parked at the curb, watching the Kidz.

DEENA

All that power. All those hormones. God save us.

WALKER

They're just *kids*. I came down here when I was seventeen. When I started getting my powers.

DEENA

You were one of those little shits? Dressing up and hanging out?

WALKER

It was different back when. We'd listen to a police scanner, go on half-ass patrols. And the Powers took an interest in the Kidz. Like patrons. Now, they just hang out. Waiting to be famous.

DEENA

Johnny Royalle was part of that?

WALKER looks elsewhere: *Done now*.

(CONTINUED)

DEENA (CONT'D)

What was the deal with him and Wolfe? He breaks the guy out and gets eaten for his trouble.

(and by the way...)

How's it work when Wolfe eats a Power anyway? Does he get their specific abilities or does it just like charge up his battery?

WALKER has had enough.

WALKER

How's your dad since his stroke? Do you have to wipe his ass for him?

DEENA flinches: *Ya what fuck?*

WALKER (CONT'D)

My bad. I thought we were digging into each other's personal shit.

DEENA turns away to keep from hitting him, and THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD she sees A BOY look straight at them and LEVITATE several inches. A target for her anger.

DEENA

Did you see that?

WALKER

He's just showing off.

DEENA

That's Powers in a Public Space.

She hops from the car, Walker sighs, pops a pill from the BOTTLE OF OLYMPIA'S PERCOCET, and follows.

34 EXT. POWERS STRIP - DAY

34

DEENA marches toward Levitation Boy.

DEENA

You! Houdini! Get your ass down.

Deena grabs Levitation Boy and swings him at the pavement.

DEENA (CONT'D)

Flash your powers at me, asshole.

She jacks his arm up between his shoulder blades.

(CONTINUED)

DEENA (CONT'D)

I run your name, m'I gonna find a registered powers profile?

WALKER

Detective.

WALKER nods toward the Kidz: *Cool it, we need their help.*

Deena's good sense catches up to her temper.

DEENA

Get up. On your feet, not the air.

Levitation Boy stands. Deena pulls out a PHOTO OF CALISTA, a screengrab from the interrogation tape.

DEENA (CONT'D)

Want to stay out of the Shaft? Who is she?

LEVITATION BOY

I don't know her.

A GIRL in black minidress and wraparound sunglasses, straight from an 80s Patrick Nagel poster, FIDDLES WITH HER PHONE, but keeps stealing looks at Walker.

Deena goes from kid to kid with the photo.

DEENA

Know her? Seen her? She's your friend, right? Where is she?

While this continues, Walker starts working MINIDRESS GIRL.

WALKER

So, what do you do?

MINIDRESS GIRL

Um, light? I do stuff with light.

WALKER

Like Ultrabright?

MINIDRESS GIRL

I'm not as powerful as her.

WALKER

You could be someday.

MINIDRESS GIRL

You think?

(CONTINUED)

Walker shrugs: *Who knows.*

MINIDRESS GIRL (CONT'D)  
 (have to say right now)  
 You're that cop. You were Diamond.

The Minidress Girl shows him her phone screen: A PICTURE OF DIAMOND AND A BUNCH OF STATS LIKE ON A BASEBALL CARD.

MINIDRESS GIRL (CONT'D)  
 The "Powers That Used To Be" app.

WALKER  
 Thought all the Kidz were into Supershock.

MINIDRESS GIRL  
 (indicating her look)  
 I like vintage. And you were hot.

She keeps her eyes on him: *You're still hot, for an old guy.*

Walker takes one of the Calista photos from his pocket.

WALKER  
 She's a Retro Girl fan. Into vintage, like you.

MINIDRESS GIRL  
 Retro Girl is timeless.

She glances at her stonewalling friends, makes up her mind.

MINIDRESS GIRL (CONT'D)  
 Her name's Calista. Wannabe. But she makes the scene sometimes.

WALKER  
 Call me if you see her?

MINIDRESS GIRL  
 What's your number?

DEENA has finished with the Kidz, letting them drift off, but snagging Levitation Boy before he ditches.

DEENA  
 Keep those powers in your pants.

DEENA clocks Walker, reads the flirtation coming off Minidress Girl as she thumbs Walker's number into her phone.

MINIDRESS GIRL  
 Got it.

(CONTINUED)

Before Walker can react, she steps close to him, side by side, snaps a PHONE SELFIE of the two of them, and spins away.

ZORA  
My name's Zora. See you around if  
you know where to look.  
(you know)  
Here and Gone.

Walker misunderstands the subtle syntax of what she has just said, but *PINGS* nonetheless.

ZORA dashes to catch her friends.

DEENA  
Stay classy, Walker.

WALKER  
She recognized me.

DEENA  
And you worked her for a number.

WALKER  
I worked her for a name.

Walker indicates Deena's Calista photo.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
Calista.  
(something else... *PING*)  
Shit. Wait!

NEW ANGLE, ZORA and the KIDZ disappearing around the corner. WALKER runs after them, AROUND THE CORNER, pulling up to a stop, Zora and the Kidz are nowhere in sight.

DEENA rounds the corner behind him.

DEENA  
The hell?

WALKER  
(game on)  
We're going to the Shaft.

ON THE MOVE back to their unmarked.

DEENA  
Whoa, whoa, whoa the fuck. Cross  
called the Shaft.

WALKER pulls up, explaining for a child.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

*Here and gone.* That girl Zora just said, *here and gone.* Royale, when he used his power, like a lame-ass tag line he used to say, *here and gone.* And then he was gone.

DEENA

Royale is dead. Wolfe killed him and absorbed his powers and --

WALKER

Wolfe doesn't *absorb* powers. He eats them. He eats people and he gets stronger so that he can eat more people so that he can get stronger so that he can eat more people. And if he eats a Power, he gets much, much stronger.

DEENA'S EYES go to the SCAR poking out of Walker's collar.

DEENA

And he doesn't even have to finish his meal?

WALKER covers the scar with his hand.

DEENA (CONT'D)

(clicking)

Everyone says Wolfe ate Royale...

WALKER

But Wolfe's the only one who knows what really happened.

DEENA

(shit)

You want to talk to Wolfe.

WALKER

No. No, I do not.

WALKER starts for the car: *But that's what we're doing.*

CALISTA is boooooored.

Smoking Royale's cigarettes, and desperately trying to get her phone to work so she can play a game but it won't work because it was zapped when Royale teleported her.

35 CONTINUED:

35

CALISTA

Shit!

She throws the phone far into the warehouse.

CALISTA (CONT'D)

Fuckshit.

She grabs a flashlight, and stomps into the darkness. THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM skims past A SMEAR OF RED. She focuses the light on the SMEAR. She moves the flashlight beam again, and it reveals a TRAIL OF BLOOD DRIPS, at the end of which is A PILE OF TRASH AND HER PHONE.

CALISTA (CONT'D)

Fucking kidding me.

Like all good teenagers, Calista must have her phone. She follows the trail, and arrives at her phone, snatching it from the floor and turning to scamper away. But... Something in the trash pile catches her eyes. Unable to stop herself, she uses her toe to push aside some of the trash, and is rewarded by BUG'S HEAD rolling to the floor.

CALISTA drops the flashlight and phone and bolts back to the LIGHT OF HER CAMP, while we watch from the darkness as she grabs her backpack and sprints from the warehouse.

36 INT. THE SHAFT - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

36

Walker and Deena, visitor badges prominent, A SHAFT GUARD attending. The elevator going down, and down, and down. The Guard can't stop looking at Walker, tries to make contact.

SHAFT GUARD

One kilometer straight down. Your ears might pop.

(oh man, I gotta)

It's an honor to meet you, sir.

Walker nods unencouragingly, the Guard smiles self-consciously, and Deena gives the least subtle EYE ROLL and SIGH in the history of humankind.

A LOUD BUZZ announces their arrival on the holding level.

37 INT. THE SHAFT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

37

Walker and Deena, escorted by the Shaft Guard, walking down a reenforced concrete corridor. PAINTED ON THE WALL: *FEDERAL POWERS CONTAINMENT FACILITY S1.*

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

AN INCESSANT THUDDING, like a pile driver, echoes.

SHAFT GUARD

(re: the noise)

Johnny Mace. He gets fifteen minutes "awake and aware" time every day. Spends it trying to beat his way through the walls 'til we tranq him again.

They've arrived at an armored door. The Guard has a key card ready to swipe, but he can't take it any longer...

SHAFT GUARD (CONT'D)

I just, I gotta say. I was such a fan. You were awesome.

WALKER

Thank you.

SHAFT GUARD

I saw Diamond, saw you, fight Pulp this one time. You remember?

WALKER

(really, we're done)

I fought Pulp a few times.

SHAFT GUARD

Sure, but this was when you --

WALKER

(enough of this shit)  
Will you shut up and open the fucking door.

SHAFT GUARD

Yeah, right.

He swipes the lock.

SHAFT GUARD (CONT'D)

(so fuck you anyway)

In addition to standard protocols, we ask that you obey the lines.

DEENA

*Obey the lines?*

THE DOOR OPENS and Walker and Deena follow the Guard into...

38 INT. THE SHAFT - WOLFE'S CELL - NIGHT

38

A large vault carved from bedrock, painted uniform white except for three colored lines on the floor. A BLACK LINE delineates a square at the far end of the room.

(CONTINUED)

A GREEN LINE extends from that square to the door. A RED LINE runs from that square to a near corner of the room where a SHAFT REPRESSION SPECIALIST mans a massive Barrett XM500 .50 rifle.

SHAFT GUARD

Approach on the prisoner on green line. Do not intersect the red line. Do not cross the black line.

Inside the square, at the end of the red and green lines, a chair is bolted to the floor, chains run from eyebolts in the floor to handcuffs, manacles, and a steel collar. All of it restraining the wizened figure of **WOLFE**.

WALKER exhales; Wolfe is still locked up. He begins to traverse the green line, Deena behind him.

The Shaft Repression Specialist racks the bolt on his XM500, shoulders the butt, takes a bead on Wolfe's head.

We can still hear the THUDDING of Johnny Mace trying to beat his way through the walls of this place.

WOLFE'S head lolls forward, most of his face hidden. WALKER can see a rope of drool hanging from Wolfe's chin.

THE BLACK line is in front of Walker's toes. He stops, and as he does, the THUDDING STOPS. It is very quiet. Just an irregular, deep, gasping snore coming from Wolfe.

The Repression Specialist gives a sharp WHISTLE.

REPRESSION SPECIALIST

Hey Wolfie, Wolfie, Wolfie.

Wolfe lurches upright, slack features, a broken old man.

WOLFE

Yes? I'm awake. Yes?

His eyes lock on Walker, a light grows behind them.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

Oh, my. How good to see you.

His eyes unfocus, drift, his head lolls, and jerks back up.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. A side effect of the anti-power treatments I receive. Lobotomies. Though they can never destroy my powers, they can sever my control of them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WOLFE (CONT'D)

But it heals, my frontal lobe. And they have to do it all over again. Lobotomies. Every day.

(wait a minute...)

I've told you this before...

DEENA shoots a look at Walker: *What the hell?*

WALKER

No, you haven't.

WOLFE

I haven't? I haven't. I must take your word for it. Well, what can I help you with?

WALKER

I want to know about Johnny Royalle.

WOLFE blinks as if entering a new level of alertness.

WOLFE

Oh, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny.

WALKER

What happened to him?

WOLFE

Such a very bad boy, my Johnny.

WALKER

Is he alive?

WOLFE

Gone. All gone. All my wonderful children are gone.

WOLFE'S eyes unfocus and drift again.

Walker leans close, studies the old man, THE CREASES on his face, his WATERY EYES, the ROPE OF DROOL.

WALKER shakes his head: *This is pointless.*

WALKER

Why were we ever afraid of you?

WOLFE'S EYES focus, suddenly alert, he snaps his teeth and WALKER flinches.

WOLFE

Children. Always so much fun.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER starts to take a step forward.

SHAFT GUARD  
Behind the black line!

Walker pulls up.

WOLFE  
(you're dead to me)  
But *you*, you are a disappointment.

WALKER  
You're going to die in here, old man.

Wolfe's expression softens.

WOLFE  
Christian. Do you ever wonder,  
could I give your powers back to  
you?

WALKER  
No one is rescuing you this time.

WOLFE  
I mean, it is not as if I shat them  
out after I ate them.  
(to Deena)  
If I may be excused a vulgarity.

WALKER  
You will rot and die in this hole.

WOLFE  
(a real knee slapper)  
Yes, yes. But do you ever wonder,  
if so much of you is inside of me,  
what of me might be inside of you?

WALKER spins and storms toward the door.

WOLFE smiles at Deena.

WOLFE (CONT'D)  
Well, if not me, then what *has*  
gotten into him?

A parking structure, concrete and fluorescent lights.

WALKER at the unmarked, trying to open the door without a key, ready to rip it open. Deena marching behind him.

DEENA

What the hell was that?

Walker doesn't turn to look at her.

WALKER

Unlock the car.

Deena points the key fob at the car: BWEE-BEEP.

Walker reaches for the door handle, but...

BWEE-BEEP. Locked again.

That turns Walker around, glaring murder.

DEENA

I asked, *what the hell was that?*

WALKER

What? What was what!?!

DEENA

What was that psycho father-son emotional mindfuck in there.

Walker looms over her, a potential avalanche of rage.

WALKER

He is not my father.

DEENA

He's sure acting like he is. You both are.

WALKER

You must have a hell of a relationship with your dad. What's it like, living in the shadow of a hero cop? Again.

Walker has nailed Deena right in the bullseye, and she hits him. POW! Closed fist punch on the kisser. She packs a wallop, staggering him, but he doesn't go down.

NEW ANGLE on the two cops facing off, revealing just how massive Walker is next to her. She's gonna be crushed.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Shhhhit!

(CONTINUED)

He spins to the unmarked car and launches two brutal punches, glass exploding inward as he demolishes two windows, and stands there, trying to find something else to destroy.

BWEE-BEEP. DEENA is aiming the key fob at their car.

DEENA

It's unlocked.

Walker lowers his fists.

WALKER

Shit, shit, shit.

He deflates, putting his back against the car and sliding down until he's sitting. Deena sits, back against the car across from theirs so that they face one another, wrung out.

DEENA

Walker. I mean...? We got to find a way to make this work.

(me first)

So, uh, yeah, my dad. Big bad Inspector Waldo Pilgrim, everybody kisses his ass. Hey, Psych-101, maybe I'm having issues with everyone kissing your ass. I'm out of line sometimes, okay. But that shit in there? There's a dead body. There's a missing girl. I need to know what I'm dealing with. I. Am. A. Cop.

Walker looks at his fists, starts picking glass.

WALKER

(what am I doing here?)

I never wanted to come to Los Angeles. I wanted to go to New York. The big time.

DEENA

Why didn't you fly to New York?

WALKER

I couldn't fly that far. Not yet. I only had money for a bus ticket here. And I got here and I hung out with the Kidz. Royalle. Some others. And Wolfe was our patron.

DEENA

Jesus shit.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

It was different back then. It was like... Wolfe was just this... badass. Ruled the roost. He said that we had a right to do what we wanted. He said, "Why choose good or bad? Just be what you are. Powerful."

DEENA

But you went hero. Put Wolfe away.

WALKER

I met Retro Girl. She had a different way of looking at things. I tried being... something. Did good deeds. I guess. But Royalle broke Wolfe out. And I lost my powers.

DEENA

Royalle's dead. And Wolfe has left the building. So to speak.

WALKER

When he got out, all those people he killed; eighty-seven of those people, he killed them with *my* powers. He still has those powers. No one else dies.

DEENA

(reading between lines)  
Sorry about your partner.

WALKER shrugs: *You didn't kill him.*

DEENA (CONT'D)

Just that I never said it.

He rises, offers her his hand, she takes it and he pulls her to her feet.

Krispin, alone in his room, trying to escape into his drawing: A GLORY SHOT OF A CLASSIC CAPED HERO. But his eyes keep getting pulled from the page by something else.

NEW ANGLE reveals the LOCKER BOX full of his dad's things. He sets his pen aside, and tips the lid from the box and starts poking through the contents. Old Dodgers tickets, a citation for bravery, his badge, a photo of their family.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Holding the badge and the photo, he looks at the walls of his room, covered in art glorifying Powers. And. He. Snaps.

On his feet, ripping the pages from the wall, all of it in shreds until he comes to the pages he drew of WALKER. No, those he'll spare. But he needs to do *something real*. He sits at his computer, types: *I hate powers*

Results pop up, and right at the top: *kaotic chic*.

His cursor hovers over the words, and he clicks.

41 INT/EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

41

Walker behind the wheel, at the curb outside a GLENDALE APARTMENT COMPLEX. Deena is unbuckling, opening her door.

DEENA

You ever notice, first day with a partner, the only thing worse is a first date?

WALKER sighs, raises his eyebrows: *And the punch line?*

Deena sticks out her hand to shake.

DEENA (CONT'D)

I had a really good time, Walker. Call me again?

He shows her his middle finger.

DEENA (CONT'D)

That's the spirit.

She GETS OUT OF THE CAR, closes the door, leans in through the broken window.

DEENA (CONT'D)

I'm not paying for this.

Walker puts the car in gear and starts to roll.

WALKER

See you tomorrow, Detective.

Leaving Deena on the sidewalk.

WALKER DRIVING. His PHONE BUZZES. He smiles at the incoming number.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Hey.

42 INT. STOCKLEY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT 42

Candice, dirty from spending the day working on the house renovations, leaning against a wall, phone and a beer.

CANDICE

Hey.

WALKER

Everything okay?

CANDICE

I don't know. Krisp freaked out; ripped up all his art.

WALKER

Ah shit. Is he?

CANDICE

I don't know. He's pissed. Confused. And pissed. I'm just.

WALKER

Is there anything I can?

CANDICE

I'm ready for that coffee. Or another beer.

WALKER

Another beer?

CANDICE

Oh, yeah.

WALKER'S PHONE BUZZES, he frowns at the number.

WALKER

I'm sorry, can you just?

He swaps calls.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Walker.

43 INT. POWERZ KIDZ PAD - NIGHT - INTERCUT 43

A squat in the Downtown Arts District. Filthy as only too many teenagers sharing the same apartment can create filth. Powers prints on the walls, no TV, but several laptops; no stereo, but bluetooth speakers; no food in the fridge, but plenty of booze. Scavenged furniture, bed sheet curtains. THE POWERZ KIDZ are pre-drinking for their night out; the young elect, aspiring heroes and stars high on the future. They primp their costumes, update Facebook, Tweet and Snapchat.

Santigold's *God From the Machine* pulses from the speakers.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

ZORA is in the kitchen, on the phone, loaded.

ZORA  
Hey, Diamond. It's your Z-girl.

WALKER needs a beat to put it together.

WALKER  
Yeah?

ZORA fronts cool, but her disappointment is visible to us.

ZORA  
Zora. From today.

WALKER  
(click)  
Zora. Right. Look, something you  
said today --

ZORA  
No, something *you* said today.

WALKER  
What?

ZORA  
Call if I see her? Your little  
wannabe? She's here.

NEW ANGLE reveals CALISTA across the room. She's at the end  
of a couch, backpack in her lap, keenly aware that she is not  
one of the clique.

WALKER  
Where's here?

44 INT. STOCKLEY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

44

Candice looking at the message ONE HER PHONE: *Call Ended.*

She drains her beer, shakes her head: *Fucking Walker.*

45 INT. POWERZ KIDZ PAD - NIGHT

45

CALISTA, huddled on the couch, unaware that she is the focus  
of anyone's attention, just wanting to be someplace that  
feels safe.

ZORA (O.S.)  
You're a bad girl.

(CONTINUED)

Calista looks up to find Zora in front of her.

ZORA (CONT'D)

Got my ass roused by Powers-D cuz  
of you.

CALISTA looks toward the door, an escape route.

ZORA (CONT'D)

S'cool, I didn't say anything.

She settles onto the couch, too close.

ZORA (CONT'D)

It was Diamond.

CALISTA

Walker. That's his real name.

ZORA

No. Diamond is his real name.  
Powers Born, we choose our real  
names. It's part of what we are.  
How we're different. Better.

She leans closer still and whispers in Calista's ear.

ZORA (CONT'D)

You don't belong here, little  
wannabe.

She rises, pointing at Calista.

ZORA (CONT'D)

(chanting)

*Wannabe, wannabe, never ever  
gonnabe.*

The Powerz Kidz catch the vibe, massing around Zora, pointing  
at Calista, chanting and giggling.

POWERZ KIDZ

*Wannabe, wannabe, never ever  
gonnabe.*

CALISTA rises, forcing her way through the pack of Kidz  
toward the door, jostled as they scream in her ears.

POWERZ KIDZ (CONT'D)

*Wannabe, wannabe, never ever  
gonnabe A POWER! A POWER! A  
POWER!*

She runs OUT THE DOOR...

46 EXT. POWERZ KIDZ PAD - NIGHT 46

She runs down to the SIDEWALK, and stalls. The chanting has faded, music throbs from the duplex. She looks left and right for, someplace safe. And then SHE SEES IT.

NEW ANGLE reveals the view of the Downtown skyscrapers: The US BANK TOWER lit up. Close. And she takes off running toward her destination.

MUSIC POUNDING: Lyrics - *We set our dreams to carry us, if they don't fly we will run, now we push right past to find out, how to win what they have lost.*

47 INT. DEENA'S APARTMENT - FRONT HALL - NIGHT 47

An anonymous two-bedroom. Deena with INEZ, a caregiver in Hello Kitty scrubs, handing over some cash. LOUD VOICES from down the hall.

DEENA  
Sorry I'm late. I'll add the  
difference to the next check.

Inez plucks the cash from her hand, opens the door.

INEZ  
Yes.

DEENA  
He do his PT today?

INEZ  
No.

Inez EXITS. Deena frowns at the sound of LOUD VOICES.

48 INT. DEENA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 48

Deena entering. The TV is on, Judge Judy laying down the law on bickering plaintiffs, top volume. On a recliner an aging lion of a man in a sweat suit is watching, can of beer in one hand, remote in the other: **DETECTIVE WALDO PILGRIM**, retired.

DEENA  
Hey, Dad.

Waldo's eyes cut to her, and back to the TV.

WALDO PILGRIM  
There she is. Bust any cops today?

(CONTINUED)

DEENA

I'm not at Internal Affairs  
anymore.

WALDO PILGRIM

Bullshit.

DEENA

Let's turn it down a little, Dad.

He thumbs the volume button, MAXING IT!!!

DEENA (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay.

She yanks the TV plug out of the wall. Silence.

WALDO throws the remote, pegging her in the side of the head.

WALDO PILGRIM

Plug it in!

Deena's eyes flare murder, but instead of killing her dad she  
plugs in the TV then picks up the remote, shows it to him,  
sets it next to the TV

DEENA

Do your PT, Dad.

Deena EXITS.

NEW ANGLE reveals a walker next to Waldo's chair. He looks  
at it with loathing, and starts the laborious process of  
getting up and crossing the room.

Walker is just coming out the front door of the duplex,  
pissed; pursued by Zora, sloppy-teenage-drunk at this point.

ZORA

I tried-ta get-er tah stay, but she  
wuzzacting likuh little bitch and  
took off'r something.

Walker pulls up, no idea where to go next.

WALKER

Where? Which direction did  
she?

ZORA

Not like I chased her or --

WALKER

Today. When you said, "here and gone", where did you get that?

ZORA

Um, the, yahknow, the club?

WALKER

What club? Where?

ZORA

*Here and Gone.* Izuh pop-up. Diffrint place evry time.

WALKER looks her over: she's too drunk to be useful. He shakes his head, turns to leave, but Zora grabs his arm.

ZORA (CONT'D)

Hey, where-r-ya? Hey! Li'l wannabe's gone, but yer Z-girlz still here. Hang out, Diamond.

WALKER jerks his arm free.

WALKER

Go back inside, little girl.

ZORA, slapped down much the same as she slapped down Calista, walks back toward the house.

ZORA

She'z right. Yer real name'z Walker. Like azin one who walks cuz he can't fly enymore.

She SLAMS the door, leaving Walker alone. He looks up and down the street: *Where now?* And up at the sky, where he used to belong: *Shit.* He's ready to surrender the day, but then he SEES IT.

NEW ANGLE on the US BANK TOWER, Walker staring: *PING!*

CALISTA, seen from below, arms stretched Superman style, hair blowing in the wind, the stars overhead. Is she flying?

NEW ANGLE reveals that Calista is standing at the edge of the roof, leaning into the wind, at peace for once.

BANG! The rooftop door slams open, and there's WALKER.

CALISTA spares him a glance, then spreads her arms as before, feeling the winds.

CALISTA

You were right. She hangs out here. I can feel her.

Walker steps out onto the roof, easy does it.

WALKER

What's that feel like?

CALISTA

Safe. Being here. It's like, I *am* Retro Girl.

WALKER

She's not what you think she is. None of the Powers are.

CALISTA

What are they, then?

WALKER

They're weak. Vain. Self-serving. Cold. Their powers make them weak. They stop growing. Stop feeling. They stop trying. Because they think they don't have to. You don't want to be like that.

CALISTA

You don't understand. You had powers. You just fell and found your powers. That's not fair!

She inches her toes over the edge of the roof, looking down.

CALISTA (CONT'D)

You just fell.

WALKER

(whoa easy)

Heyheyheyheyhey.

CALISTA raises an eyebrow at him: *Yes?*

WALKER (CONT'D)

Calista. You're not a Power.

CALISTA

You don't know that.

(CONTINUED)

WALKER

You're just a normal kid! You're just normal, like most people. Live with it. You don't get powers from jumping off buildings. And you just have to live with it. Like everybody else.

CALISTA

But I don't want to be like everybody else.

CALISTA leans into space.

WALKER'S HEARTBEAT is suddenly audible, measured, insistent, as he sprints toward the edge of the roof.

CALISTA pushes off into the air, not yet in gravity's pull, seeming to hover for a moment.

WALKER is at the edge, an echo of the opening scene when he stood at the balcony's rail.

CALISTA as gravity grabs her and she starts to fall.

WALKER, a beat, reaching for powers that he desperately wants to still be there. AND. WALKER. JUMPS.

THE HEARTBEAT BECOMES A DRUMBEAT, the pulse of Arcade's Fire's *My Body is a Cage*.

VC on Walker as he falls, his face against a blur of background movement. *Everything that follows has an element of unreality to it. The hallucinations of a drugged supergod.*

MUSIC UP: Lyrics - *My body is a cage that keeps me from dancing with the one I love, but my mind holds the key.*

CALISTA, elation turning quickly to fear, flailing.

MUSIC: Lyrics - *I'm living in an age that calls darkness light.*

MONTAGE...

VC on a metal tray of surgical instruments as they are carried by unseen hands along the length of the GREEN LINE on the floor.

51 CONTINUED:

51

MUSIC: LYRICS - *I'm living in an age whose name I don't know. Though the fear keeps me moving, still my heart beats so slow.*

FALLING, WALKER'S arms and legs pull close, making an arrow of his body, a man who once could fly.

MUSIC: Lyrics - *My body is a...*

FALLING, WALKER, a mad smile on his face, closing the last gap between himself and Calista.

THE SHAFT, as the tray is set down on a table next to WOLFE, strapped into his chair, head restraint in place.

MUSIC: Pipe organs, choir, and snare drums breaking through, a funereal military wedding march.

FALLING, WALKER gathering Calista into his arms as their bodies slam together.

FALLING, from a distance, WALKER AND CALISTA are tiny dots against a background of lighted windows scrolling upward.

MUSIC: Lyrics - *My body is a cage. We take what we're given. Just because you've forgotten...*

THE SHAFT, as hands lift a small silver mallet, and the long stainless spike of a lobotomy orbitoclast.

MUSIC: Lyrics - *... that don't mean you're forgiven.*

FALLING, CALISTA AND WALKER face to face, plummeting.

FALLING, the dots falling against the scrolling background.

FALLING, CALISTA closes her eyes, tucks her face against Walker's neck, she can't watch.

THE SHAFT, the tip of the orbitoclast is set against the inner corner of Wolfe's eye.

FALLING, WALKER can't stop smiling, he looks at the ground rushing toward him, sticks one arm out straight, a fist pointed at death, hero style.

THE SHAFT, WOLFE'S EYE, deepest black.

FALLING, the dots plummeting, and a STREAK OF WHITE AND RED shoots up toward them from below.

MUSIC: Lyrics - *I'm living in an age that screams my name at night. But when I get to the door there's no one in sight.*

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

THE SHAFT, WOLFE'S EYE, a spark of red blossoming in its depths.

FALLING, WALKER, the smile falling from his lips as a blinding incandescence illuminates him from below. Too bright. He closes his eyes, braces for impact.

**SLAMFLASH!** Too bright and too fast to follow, something plows into Walker and Calista..

MUSIC: Lyrics - *I'm living in an age, they laugh when I'm dancing with the one I love. But my mind holds the key.*

THE SHAFT, the mallet pings down on the orbitoclast, driving it into Wolfe's brain, killing memory, and the music, and ENDING THE MONTAGE.

52 EXT. US BANK TOWER - ROOF - NIGHT

52

Walker is dropped onto the roof, sprawling, an intense glow falling upon him from above. He slits his eyes against the glare.

NEW ANGLE, **RETRO GIRL**, hovering beyond the roof, a hard eyed huntress in a fitted red and white Amelia Earhart flight suit tailored from ballistic kevlar, Calista, unconscious, cradled in her arms.

RETRO GIRL

You stupid son of a bitch.

Walker opens his mouth to say something, but he won't get the chance as he's buffeted by a blast of riptide wind that drags him toward the edge of the roof.

NEW ANGLE, into the sky, the light of Retro Girl recedes.

WALKER alone on the roof, only the sound of the wind. He walks to the edge, looks down, tempted to jump again, more alive than he's been in ten long years.

FADE TO:

53 INT. THE SHAFT - WOLFE'S CELL - NIGHT

53

Later. Wolfe is alone in the brightly illuminated, but otherwise empty cell, fully restrained.

NEW ANGLE close on Wolfe, head lolling, a dark bruise covering the inner orbit of his right eye.

SFX: FAINT **POP.**

(CONTINUED)

NEW ANGLE on the GREEN LINE, patent leather shoes walking down the line. The shoes stop at the BLACK LINE.

WOLFE, as a cloud of cigarette smoke drifts on screen and JOHNNY ROYALLE leans his face close to Wolfe's, looking at him with deep concern.

NEW ANGLE on Royalle as he takes something from his jacket.

NEW ANGLE off Royalle, revealing the device in his hand: A cross between a carbon fiber derringer and a cardiac needle, AN EMPTY BLOOD COLLECTION TUBE sticking from the butt.

He places the needle's tip just where the orbitoclast went into Wolfe's brain.

ROYALLE winces in anticipation of what happens next.

He pulls the trigger, and the needle sinks deep with a SNAP, and the BLOOD TUBE IS FILLED, a vibrant shade of red that matches the color of Sway.

He tucks the device inside his jacket, brings out a folded handkerchief, delicately blots the corner of Wolfe's eye, and places a filial kiss on the old man's forehead.

JOHNNY ROYALE

(I promise)

Soon.

WOLFE doesn't move.

SFX: FAINT *POP*.

NEW ANGLE wide on the room, revealing Wolfe is alone again.

NEW ANGLE close on Wolfe, as we trace the path of a single drop of VIBRANT RED BLOOD running down his cheek like a tear, and the corner of his mouth tightens. *A twitch or a smile?*

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

END OF EPISODE