

WISDOM OF THE CROWD

“Pilot”

Written by:

Ted Humphrey

Based on the Keshet Broadcasting International Ltd. Series Format by:

Dror Mishani & Shira Hadad

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TEASER

AN IPHONE VIDEO POPS UP

A beautiful, fresh-faced young woman speaks directly to the camera. 23 years old. This is MIA TANNER. Smart, funny, caring -- the daughter anyone wishes they had.

MIA TANNER

Hi Dad. I left a message at your office but they said you were out of town, so... I figured you might like the personal touch. I can't wait to see you tomorrow night. I've got lots to tell you about school, and work-- you're going to love this restaurant, too, it's right up your alley. Meaning it's crazy expensive and I couldn't possibly afford it on my own.

(she giggles, then)

Seriously, though... I don't say this enough, but I love you Dad. I know we've had our differences, but I wouldn't be who I am without you. You're the best dad in the world. Anyway-- travel safe. I love you.

(rolls her eyes)

I already said that, didn't I?
'Bye.

She blows us a kiss, and then...

...she disappears. And we're left with a BLACK SCREEN. We HOLD ON BLACK for a beat, and then come up on:

INT. JEFFREY TANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Minimalist elegance. And staring out a wall of glass at the rolling hills of Silicon Valley stands JEFFREY TANNER.

50. A giant surveying his domain. Drop-dead handsome and to-the-manner-born (even if he wasn't)-- more Prada than hoodie, but possessed of a fierce energy and the instinctive ability to grasp the next big thing before anyone else (and then to monetize it, of course). On a wall screen behind him, a CNBC-like news channel plays an interview clip of him...

TANNER (ON VIDEO SCREEN)

We all know the internet has changed the world. The only question is: into what? It can be a vessel for working together, or for tearing us apart.

(MORE)

TANNER (ON VIDEO SCREEN) (CONT'D)
*And as an entrepreneur sometimes
 you have to split the difference...*

Tanner pays no attention. His mind is elsewhere... and as we hold on his face, reflected in the glass, we FLASH TO--

A MEMORY: An adorable little girl (six-year-old Mia) running on a pristine beach, giggling as she dodges the waves...

AND ANOTHER: Now twelve years old, Mia sobs, alone...

AND ANOTHER: Now twenty-one, she SMILES at us...

He snaps out of it. On the TV, the image shifts to a packed auditorium, the "LaunchPad" logo projected over the stage as:

TECH REPORTER (ON VIDEO SCREEN)
*...split that difference as master-
 fully as Jeffrey Tanner, whose
 company, LaunchPad, is among the
 most successful start-up incubators
 in history. So speculation is
 rampant as to why, on this of all
 days, he called this press conf--*

TANNER
 Off.

The TV shuts off. Tanner's face stoic, enjoying the blessed silence. Until it's broken by a KNOCK at the door, revealing an assistant, ETHAN (20's, Asian, with a Texas twang)...

ETHAN
 (beat)
 It's time.

INT. SILICON VALLEY AUDITORIUM - DAY - AS BEFORE

The one we saw on TV. Cameras roll, the atmosphere electric, like an iPhone launch, as Tanner emerges, takes the podium--

TANNER
 Good morning.
 (then)
 As you're all aware, today is the one year anniversary of my daughter Mia's death. More accurately, her murder. You all know the story... you covered it, in excruciating detail. But unless you've lost a child yourself, you can never...

He stops, fighting off emotion... this is way harder than he thought it would be. And again we FLASH TO--

A MEMORY: the little girl, smiling at us on the beach...

Tanner shakes it off, gathering himself, before continuing:

TANNER (CONT'D)
 ...never know the heartbreak and
 destruction it creates.

INTERCUT: INT. CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE - DAY - SAME TIME

In an historic building in tony Marin County. Tanner's press conference plays on a laptop on an INTERN's desk:

TANNER (ON LAPTOP)
*Someone once said a parent's love
 for a child is infinitely greater
 than a child's love for the parent.*

ALEX HALE
 Keighly's on a damned witch hunt--

CONGRESSWOMAN ALEX HALE enters-- 40, whip smart, pretty and rocking a power suit-- with her chief Aide, MALKA ROZEN (30)--

MALKA
 I've got the updated witness list,
 I'm going over it now--

ALEX HALE
 He won't stop until he finds a
 scapegoat. So just make sure--

Then she stops, hearing: Tanner's voice. The Intern tries to click off the video, but too late. Alex stares, stunned...

TANNER (ON LAPTOP)
*All I know is, my ex-wife Alex and
 I loved Mia with all our hearts.
 And now she's gone.*

INT. SILICON VALLEY AUDITORIUM - DAY - AS BEFORE

Now emotion gives way to resolve, as Tanner continues:

TANNER
 However. The wheels of justice
 turned-- and the authorities
 caught, and convicted, the man they
 believe murdered my daughter. A
 former addict named Carlos Ochoa...

INTERCUT: INT. PRISON - HALLWAY - DAY - SAME TIME

A line of prisoners shuffles along, GUARDS keeping watch.

One inmate, a skinny Latino guy with a black eye, tries not to make eye contact with anyone. This is CARLOS OCHOA (27).

TANNER (V.O.)
*...who worked at the shelter where
 my daughter was interning.*

As they pass another line of inmates, a tough OG named SUGGS (black, tattoos) lowers his shoulder and SLAMS into Carlos--

SUGGS
 Best watch your step, Hollywood.

Suggs moves off, leaving a shaken Carlos. Behind him, a wiry Latino shotcaller named FLACO (30) gives him a hand--

FLACO
 S'why you hang with your own kind
 in here homie. How you stay alive.

INT. SILICON VALLEY AUDITORIUM - DAY - AS BEFORE

The buzz in the auditorium rises, as Tanner continues:

TANNER
 Nothing can ever bring Mia back.
 But knowing her killer is behind
 bars should bring some measure of
 comfort. And yet, that's why I
 asked you here today.

INTERCUT: EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY = SAME TIME

A CROWD watches Tanner on one of the giant screens...

TANNER (ON GIANT SCREEN)
*Because I no longer believe her
 killer is behind bars.*

INTERCUT: INT. SAN FRANCISCO POLICE (SFPD)- COLD CASES - DAY

A windowless bullpen, where grizzled lifers toil on forgotten cases. A portly DETECTIVE watches Tanner on a computer...

TANNER (ON COMPUTER)
*I believe the wrong man has been
 convicted... and worse, the monster
 who killed my daughter is still out
 there. Free, to kill again.*

Two desks over, we find DETECTIVE TOMMY CAVANAUGH: 40, smart, principled and opinionated-- generally to his own detriment. But he's a hell of a cop.

On his desk is a stack of cold case files, each bearing a label: "QUI TRANH," "NATALIE KIRSCHNER," "AMY WU."

PORTLY DETECTIVE

What the... Tommy, you see this?

Annoyed, Cavanaugh glances over-- and sees Tanner on the screen. Wtf? He goes to the other desk to watch, as...

TANNER (ON COMPUTER)

*I've recently seen evidence...
evidence which convinces me there's
an unknown suspect still at large.*

Cavanaugh's jaw drops... as the phone on his desk RINGS...

INTERCUT: INT. CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE - DAY

Alex Hale's jaw also drops, as her phones also start to ring--

TANNER (ON LAPTOP)

*And I am convinced more evidence
would emerge if a platform existed
for it to be brought forward.*

(beat)

So I've created that platform.

INT. SILICON VALLEY AUDITORIUM - DAY - AS BEFORE

TANNER

I call it "CrowdSolver." And as of
right now...

He looks offstage, to SARA MORTON: 30, brilliant, beautiful. She hits a key on a laptop, then nods back at him.

TANNER (CONT'D)

...it's active.

INTERCUT: INT. SOMEBODY'S BASEMENT - DAY

A young PAKISTANI GUY (25, we'll meet him again later) works several computers as Tanner's press event plays on one. As he types in the CrowdSolver web address...

TANNER (ON COMPUTER)

*CrowdSolver is crowd-sourced crime
solving. It's a hub, for posting
and dissecting evidence...*

INTERCUT: INT. KICKBOXING GYM - DAY - SAME TIME

Fighters SPAR as A TATTOOED FEMALE KICKBOXER (30) sits with her back to the wall (we'll meet her again later too).

She's also on the site, and we can read clearly as she clicks on a thread entitled "WHO KILLED MIA TANNER?"

TANNER (ON LAPTOP)
*Evidence that you find and submit,
 that you validate or reject.*

INT. SILICON VALLEY AUDITORIUM - DAY - AS BEFORE

TANNER
 If Mia's killer is still out there,
 it means the police and the courts
 have failed. But I'm betting the
 community I know best-- the internet
 community-- can finish the job.

A SERIES OF SHOTS: People around the country, and the world,
 start pulling up CrowdSolver on phones, tablets, computers...

TANNER (V.O.)
*And to prove it I'm offering a
 powerful incentive.*

INT. SILICON VALLEY AUDITORIUM - DAY - AS BEFORE

The buzz in the room reaches fever pitch, as several AIDES
 wheel out covered PALLETS, a spectacle set in motion. And...

TANNER
 Anyone who provides useful
 information of any kind will
 receive the sum of fifty thousand
 dollars, no questions asked. But--
 (he holds up his hand)
 To the person, or persons, who can
 solve my daughter's murder, or
 provide the evidence that solves
 it, I promise the sum Mia stood to
 inherit on her 25th birthday.
 (then)
 Fifty million dollars.

He nods to the Aides who, in a practiced, synchronized move,
 whip off the covers to reveal: the pallets, piled high with
 STACKS OF \$100 BILLS. More than you could count in a day.

ALL OVER THE WORLD: People-- including everyone we've seen
 already-- stare at their computer screens, agape...

TANNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I'm putting my money on you. All
 of you. So good luck-- and let's
 get to work.*

INT. SFPD - COLD CASES - AS BEFORE

And we end on Detective Cavanaugh, gobsmacked:

CAVANAUGH
Holy sh--

SMASH TO TITLE:

WISDOM OF THE CROWD**INT. SFPD - LOWER LEVEL - ELEVATOR BANK - DAY**

Cavanaugh waits for an elevator. He glances over, at a computer on a nearby COP's desk, where news coverage plays:

ON THE SCREEN: *We see footage of a body being wheeled out of a four-story walk-up on a tree-lined San Francisco street...*

NEWSCASTER
...the shocking murder, one year ago, of Jeffrey Tanner's daughter, who was found strangled to death in her Russian Hill apartment. Mia Tanner, just 23 years old, was...

Bing! The elevator door opens, revealing... DETECTIVE ELENA RUIZ. 30's, smart, but ambitious too. The two Detectives regard each other for a second-- there's tension here.

CAVANAUGH
Well, that figures.

Ruiz rolls her eyes. And the tension gets thicker.

INT. DEPUTY COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY - SAME TIME

Cavanaugh and Ruiz stand before DEPUTY COMMISSIONER TONY LIN (50) and CAPTAIN ELAINE FARRELL (40's, a surly countenance)--

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER LIN
Jeffrey Tanner just publicly accused us of railroading an innocent man--

RUIZ
The evidence was solid, sir-- the DA wouldn't have gone forward with the case otherwise--

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER LIN
 Good. So the two of you just need
 to cross every "T" and dot every
 "I" to show him he's wrong--

Cavanaugh blanches--

CAVANAUGH
 The two of us? Due respect, sir, I
 asked off this case a long time ago--

CAPTAIN FARRELL
 Yeah, no kidding, Cavanaugh. But
 unfortunately, Tanner specifically
 asked for you to be put back on it.
 (then)
 But don't worry, Ruiz, you're not
 being left out. You'll be
 providing support from here--

CAVANAUGH
 What do you mean, "from here?"
 Where am I going?

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER LIN
 Silicon Valley. You get to test
 drive Tanner's newest toy.

CAVANAUGH
 Oh, you've got to be kidding me--

Now Ruiz can't bite her tongue any longer--

RUIZ
 What, Tommy? You thought we got
 the wrong guy all along-- that's
 why you walked, isn't it?

CAVANAUGH
 It was a circumstantial case--

RUIZ
 Circumstantial? She was sexually
 assaulted-- we found traces of
 Carlos Ochoa's semen inside her--

CAVANAUGH
 Because they had consensual sex
 earlier that week--

RUIZ
 So he said. But then why didn't we
 find evidence of anybody else's--

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER LIN

Enough. Both of you.

(they both shut up)

Tanner's expecting you, Cavanaugh. Handle this and maybe you'll find your way back up to homicide. And just so we're clear: that means put it to bed, as quickly as possible. Understood?

As Cavanaugh takes this in: shit. As...

INT. LAUNCHPAD - TANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Tanner and his ex-wife go at each other--

ALEX HALE

You don't get enough headlines as it is?

TANNER

That's rich-- from a woman who played the grieving parent card to get herself elected to Congress--

ALEX HALE

You son-of-a-bitch, you think you have a monopoly on grief-- you weren't even there! I raised that girl myself while you were off "inventing the future"--

TANNER

I loved Mia more than anything in the world and you know it!

ALEX HALE

Then let her go!

(beat, softer)

It's over, Jeffrey. Just let it be over.

It's half statement, half plea. The two of them in a raw emotional state. There's a Bill/Hillary quality here-- they infuriated each other to the point of divorce long ago, but that couldn't break the connection between them. Finally:

TANNER

I'm sorry. I can't.

(then)

You remember that trip we took to St. Bart's? Her running through the waves, how happy she was...

ALEX HALE

I remember she got stomach flu our last night there. She was throwing up all night-- two days later, so was I. By then, you were off on a business trip somewhere--

TANNER

I should have protected her better--

ALEX HALE

You can't control everything Jeffrey-- no matter how you try.

She looks at him, trying somehow, some way to reach him--

ALEX HALE (CONT'D)

Do you realize the scrutiny you're opening yourself up to-- both of us--

TANNER

You think I care? Because if you do, you must not know me very well. I'm not going to fail her, Alex-- not again.

Tanner looks away, full of self-recrimination. Alex can see the genuine pain etched in his face. Finally she sighs:

ALEX HALE

Fine. Do what you want, you always have anyway. Just don't expect me to stand by your side. I buried my daughter once; I can't do it again.

She looks at her watch, fighting her own emotion, then--

ALEX HALE (CONT'D)

I've got to go.

But as she turns to leave--

TANNER

You think I'm crazy, don't you?

ALEX HALE

Yes. But since when have you ever cared what I think?

Tanner takes this in, stoically. Then there's a knock at the door, and once again, Ethan enters--

ETHAN

Sorry. Detective Cavanaugh's here.

INT. TANNER'S OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

A set of vintage pinball machines stand out in a whimsical bullpen area. Cavanaugh admires them, when Alex emerges. He sees her and nods, respectfully.

CAVANAUGH

Ms. Hale.

ALEX HALE

Talk some sense into him, will you?

She heads out. And off Cavanaugh...

EXT. LAUNCHPAD - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Tanner escorts Cavanaugh across a vast, modernist lobby with a full espresso bar at one end of it.

CAVANAUGH

I love what you've done with the place.

TANNER

Just bringing everything together in one site, that's all. LaunchPad isn't a single business, of course-- it's an incubator. I find ideas and grow them into companies.

CAVANAUGH

Like "Sourcer?"

TANNER

Exactly. It started as a tiny news aggregator-- now we're rivaling Reddit for total users.

Just then a small robot comes whirring by-- like a cross between R2D2 and a Dalek from "Dr. Who." Cavanaugh stares--

TANNER (CONT'D)

They're not armed. Yet. But they are recording everything they see. Cappuccino?

CAVANAUGH

I'm good, thanks.

Now Sara approaches, handing Cavanaugh a security badge--

SARA

Detective Cavanaugh? I'm Sara Morton. Here, put this on, please--

TANNER

Sara's in charge of day-to-day operations for CrowdSolver. She understands the technology behind it better than anyone.

CAVANAUGH

So what does it do-- magic?

SARA

In a nutshell, the platform combines cognitive AI with crowd-sourced focusing, so it adapts to the input it receives. If it works--

TANNER

It will work. A whole new tool for law enforcement--

CAVANAUGH

And here I'm still learning to use the tools we already have.

Tanner regards Cavanaugh, as Sara waves her badge over a scanner for the elevator--

TANNER

You ever hear of Sir Francis Galton, Detective?

CAVANAUGH

Who?

TANNER

He was a British scientist, who conducted an experiment at a county fair. He asked 800 people to guess the weight of a prize-winning ox. None of them got it right, but... when averaged together, they were correct to within half a pound.

CAVANAUGH

The wisdom of the crowd.

(then)

That's's a nice story. Post it online, you'll get tons of "likes."

INT. LAUNCHPAD - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Large, industrial. They all get in, and the doors close.

TANNER

You're a skeptic.

CAVANAUGH

I just know there's reasons why cops solve crimes, Mr. Tanner. For one thing, we know how to gather evidence so it's admissable.

SARA

The chain of custody is clear for any evidence posted on the site--

CAVANAUGH

Maybe. But there is this pesky thing called the Constitution--

TANNER

Except the fourth amendment doesn't generally apply to everyday citizens, only law enforcement.

(off Cavanaugh's look)

What? I did a semester of law school.

CAVANAUGH

So you'll have people trampling all over each other's privacy--

TANNER

(chuckles)

Privacy? Didn't you get the memo? We traded that away, so we could watch cat videos on our phones.

And.... bing! The elevator door opens, to reveal:

INT. THE HIVE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A state-of-the-art workspace built around a series of giant touchscreens. Surrounding them are offices and cubicles arranged on catwalks, where the tech team maintains the database and platform. Busy PROGRAMMERS bustle about--

TANNER

Welcome to The Hive. The hub of CrowdSolver.

Cavanaugh looks around, impressed in spite of himself, as JOSH NOVAK (30, nerdy-cool programmer) catches Sara's eye--

JOSH

The tape's ready to go live--

SARA

Good, thanks.

CAVANAUGH
What is all this?

SARA
This is where we maintain the database and monitor the platform. We vet any evidence before it's posted-- and we can pull any of it up with the stroke of a key.

CAVANAUGH
(turns to Tanner)
So this evidence you say you have, that the Department never saw...

TANNER
No, the Department had it all along, Detective. They just kept it from me. And you, apparently.

Cavanaugh's puzzled, as Tanner pulls up an audio-player on a screen. He presses a key, and now a voicemail plays--

VOICEMAIL VOICE
*Next Message. Sent Tuesday,
September 13th at 7:42 p.m.*

TANNER
The night Mia was killed.

Cavanaugh listens, astonished, as now Mia Tanner's voice fills the room, sounding frightened, agitated...

MIA'S VOICE
Lori, it's Mia. I'm... I don't know who else to call, okay? I'm just... I'm just afraid he's going to hurt me. I don't know what to do, he won't leave me alone--

We hear a noise-- some kind of THUMP. Mia gasps, then--

MIA'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Sorry, it's just... God, I'm falling apart. Just... call me when you get this, okay?

Another moment of breathing, then-- *click*. Cavanaugh looks at Tanner, clearly affected by what he just heard. And--

EXT. LAUNCHPAD GROUNDS - DAY

Cavanaugh's stepped outside, where a series of modernist buildings command views of Silicon Valley.

CAVANAUGH (ON HIS PHONE)
You knew about this?

INTERCUT: INT. SFPD HQ - SAME TIME

...Ruiz, who's walking through a bullpen to her desk...

RUIZ
She gave it to us, after we already
arrested Ochoa-- if you hadn't
walked, you'd have heard it too--

CAVANAUGH
Who gave it to you?

RUIZ
Lori Myerson. Mia Tanner's old
roommate-- but she's talking about
Carlos Ochoa in the message--

CAVANAUGH
Yeah? So why didn't the DA use it
at trial?

Ruiz stops, hesitates, then reluctantly answers--

RUIZ
Because the roommate wouldn't back
it up on the stand. She said Mia
was talking about somebody else,
some... secret boyfriend nobody
knew about. Look Tommy, we gave it
to defense counsel, but they didn't
want it either. Even they thought
she was talking about Carlos Ochoa!

Cavanaugh sighs. Then he glances over-- and sees Tanner,
riding towards him in a high-tech golf cart...

CAVANAUGH
Then why didn't you share it with
Tanner?

RUIZ
That was the DA's call. They
didn't want anything giving him
doubts at trial.

Cavanaugh shakes his head: Jesus. Finally:

CAVANAUGH
The roommate. Where is she now?

RUIZ
Berkeley, I think. But I'm telling
you, I've been down this road--

CAVANAUGH
Great. The east bay. That's going
to be an all day trip in rush hour.

Just then Tanner reaches Cavanaugh. He's on his cell phone--

TANNER (ON THE PHONE)
No. No. That one I'll take from
the air--
(to Cavanaugh)
C'mon-- the chopper's waiting.

He pats the seat next to him. Cavanaugh stares at him...

EXT. BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA - HELICOPTER SHOT - ESTABLISHING

The University of California and the city of Berkeley spread
out below us, as the sound of the chopper fills our ears...

INT. TANNER'S HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Tanner, still rolling calls, on two phones now--

TANNER (ON THE PHONE)
Tell him I'm out unless it's a
controlling interest-- no, then
forget it, we'll develop our own,
we'll bury them. Hold on--
(answers the other phone)
Yeah? Tell her I'll call back.
(back to the first phone)
Raj, I gotta go.

He hangs up, as Cavanaugh looks out, at the sprawling hills
of northern California, the traffic-clogged freeways below.

CAVANAUGH
Nice view.

TANNER
(shrugs)
Beats fighting the traffic. But
I'm working on an electric one.

Of course he is.

CAVANAUGH
Listen, I appreciate the ride and
all. But when we get there, I do
the talking, understood?

TANNER

Of course. It's your show,
Detective.

Tanner looks away, out his own window... but is that a smirk he's covering? As...

INT. LORI MYERSON'S APARTMENT - DAY - LATER

Very Berkeley intellectual. Bookshelves line the walls, crammed with tomes on post-modernism. As Tanner observes, Cavanaugh talks to LORI MYERSON (26, pierced nose)--

LORI

I'd already moved out of the city.
I wasn't talking to Mia that much.
(she looks at Tanner, sad)
I'm so sorry-- if I'd gotten the
message earlier--

TANNER

It's not your fault, Lori.

Cavanaugh shoots him a look-- I told you not to talk. Then:

CAVANAUGH

This guy she was talking about--
she'd mentioned him before?

LORI

A couple times. But she never told
me his name, or anything about him--
just that he was, like... *special*.

CAVANAUGH

So how do you know it wasn't Carlos
Ochoa?

LORI

Because he wasn't special. They
hung out, you know, friends with
benefits or whatever, but... this
guy, he was like her little secret.
She was head over heels for him.

TANNER

So why wouldn't she talk about him?
(Cavanaugh glares at him)

LORI

I honestly don't know.

OLIVE

She told me she couldn't. Tea?

Cavanaugh and Tanner look over to see OLIVE LAWSON, Lori's girlfriend, come in from the kitchen carrying a tray of tea.

TANNER

I'm sorry-- who are you?

LORI

That's Olive.

(then, to Olive)

Wait, you talked to Mia about this guy-- why didn't you say anything?

OLIVE

I don't know, it didn't seem important, they had the tape.

(to Cavanaugh)

Plus I've got an outstanding warrant from some Occupy stuff, but like, forgive and forget, right?

CAVANAUGH

(sighs)

Sure. Why not? Just tell me what she said.

OLIVE

Not that much. Something about his work-- like it was top-secret or something. I thought it was all BS, but then I was pretty high at the time, so...

Lori rolls her eyes, as Cavanaugh looks away, frustrated. Tanner looks down: another dead end. But then:

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I remember she said something about a "sports shop," though. Like maybe he worked at one?

CAVANAUGH

A "sports shop?"

INT. SFPD HQ - RUIZ'S DESK - DAY

Ruiz is on the phone with Cavanaugh again--

RUIZ

You mean, like, a sporting-goods store? What's top-secret about that?

INTERCUT: INT. THE HIVE - DAY - SAME TIME

As Cavanaugh talks on his cell phone, in the b.g. we hear an annoying low chime, sounding at odd intervals...

CAVANAUGH

I don't know. Just... look into it, will you?
 (to Josh)
 Can you turn that noise off please?

JOSH

Sorry... it's just posts to the site. Nothing very promising yet.

Josh hits a key, and the chiming ceases. In the background, Cavanaugh spies Tanner, back on his two phones, as--

RUIZ

Tommy, you know this is a waste of time, right? The department wants to put on a good show, fine. But we got the right guy--

CAVANAUGH

Well, she's talking about somebody in that message.

RUIZ

If anyone was stalking Mia Tanner, it was Carlos Ochoa. He was obsessed with her- you know, you're the one who interrogated him--

CAVANAUGH

I just want to be sure, Elena, that's all. If there's another guy-

RUIZ

What other guy? Some mystery man, who nobody's ever seen before? You know how crazy that sounds?

(then)

Go ahead, Tommy, chase the goose if you want. But you're never going to find him, and you know why?
Because there is no other guy!

But just then, we hear a sound we haven't heard before-- a different kind of ALERT, very distinctive. A sound we'll come to know well (we'll call it an EVIDENCE ALERT).

CAVANAUGH

I thought I asked you to--

SARA

He did. That's a different alert.
That's when someone posts evidence.

They all look over at one of the screens-- Tanner hangs up his phones and comes over to look too-- as Josh hits a key. The first piece of evidence posted to CrowdSolver. A file pops up, posted by "SuzyQ87." Josh opens it, and--

ANOTHER CELL PHONE VIDEO appears and starts to play: It's shot at night, showing the outside of Mia's apartment, from a point across the street, through an upstairs window...

JOSH

11:37 p.m, September 13th.

TANNER

That's the night of...

His voice trails off, as he glances at Cavanaugh. Then:

ON THE VIDEO: The street's deserted, a beautiful night. But then we see... the door to Mia's apartment building OPEN. And now a MAN comes walking out.

The footage is blurry-- the guy's wearing a baseball cap, so we can't see his face, and mostly he's looking away. All we can tell is that he's tall.

Tanner stares at the screen, unable to believe it. Then, pumped, he gestures to the figure on screen--

TANNER (CONT'D)

There you are, you son-of-a-bitch... I knew it.

RUIZ (ON THE PHONE)

What the hell, Tommy-- what is it?

Cavanaugh had forgotten he was even holding his phone. He, too, just stares at the screen. And after a beat (and with a measure of awe in his voice), he answers:

CAVANAUGH

The other guy.

And as we all watch, the figure in the video walks rapidly up the sidewalk and out of frame...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

THE VIDEO FILLS THE SCREEN: The "mystery man" emerging from Mia's building, walking off into the night. Then it FREEZES--

INT. THE HIVE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A conference room looking out into the bullpen. Cavanaugh sits with SUSAN FANTELLI, the kickboxer we met in the opening. He stops the video on a laptop, as--

SUSAN FANTELLI

We were AirBnB-ing the place across the street, me and my ex-boyfriend. That scumbag. It was my first trip to San Francisco, so I was just shooting everything, all day long.

CAVANAUGH

Is there a reason you didn't come forward at the time, Ms. Fantelli?

SUSAN FANTELLI

Like I said, I'm from out of town-- I really wasn't following any of the case. Until I saw the announcement, you know, about the--
(she looks up)
Oh, holy crap--

Cavanaugh turns, as Tanner now enters the room--

SUSAN FANTELLI (CONT'D)

You're Jeffrey Tanner! Like, the real Jeffrey Tanner--

TANNER

That's me.

SUSAN FANTELLI

My boyfriend and I use Sourcer all the time, it's way cool-- my new boyfriend, not the scumbag--

TANNER

I just wanted to present you with this personally, for the very first clue ever posted on CrowdSolver.

He hands her a check, and she looks at it, stunned--

SUSAN FANTELLI

Fifty grand-- you weren't kidding--

TANNER

You earned that, Ms. Fantelli. And if it leads to my daughter's killer, you'll earn a lot more.

SUSAN FANTELLI

Oh my God-- oh my God--

She pulls out her phone, hands it to Cavanaugh.

SUSAN FANTELLI (CONT'D)

Will you get a picture of us? Oh my God, I drove all night from Salt Lake to get here-- do I look crazy?

And off Cavanaugh... what the hell kind of a rabbit hole has he gone down here, anyway?

INT. LAUNCHPAD - CAFETERIA - DAY

Calling this a cafeteria is like calling Notre Dame just another church. There's a sushi bar with chefs imported from Japan; an artisan cheese station, a foraged mushroom cart, a "molecular gastronomy" wagon serving octopus lollypops...

What there isn't is a cashier, anywhere-- it's all free. We find Cavanaugh, tray in hand, looking around, bewildered...

EXT. LAUNCHPAD - CAFETERIA - OUTDOOR PATIO - LATER

Cavanaugh digs into his lunch, surrounded by gorgeous views of Silicon Valley and the bay beyond, when Tanner approaches--

TANNER

Good call on the lobster tacos.

CAVANAUGH

Hope you don't mind I took seconds.

TANNER

(shrugs)

Fuel for innovation.

Now Tanner sits down with him, causing no small stir among the rank and file seated around them.

CAVANAUGH

Don't you have a company to run or something?

TANNER

Several of them, actually. But right now-- this is my priority.

CAVANAUGH

Lucky me.

(then)

Can I ask you something? Why me?
Why'd you ask for me?

TANNER

I watched you investigate my
daughter's murder. I'm sure you
thought I was a pain in the ass,
but I thought you seemed like a man
who could think for himself.

CAVANAUGH

Because I resigned from the case?

TANNER

Because you wouldn't toe the party
line just to get ahead-- or was
getting sent down to Cold Cases
while your partner got promoted
actually your plan all along?

CAVANAUGH

Yeah, I had questions about the
case. And the tactics. That
doesn't mean I'm on board with all
this.

Tanner nods, pondering this.

TANNER

We're not so different, you know.
We both want to do some good here.
My skill is thinking outside the
box, that's all.

CAVANAUGH

Pandora's box, maybe.

TANNER

CrowdSolver works, Detective. That
video we got proves it--

CAVANAUGH

We don't know what that video
proves yet. And we don't know
where the next one will come from,
or if a judge will even allow it--

TANNER

You're playing by rules that are
obsolete--

CAVANAUGH

No I'm playing by the book, which is how you build cases that stick--

TANNER

Except we're not living in a by-the-book world anymore-- but hey, keep drawing lines in the sand-- I'll just keep jumping over them!

CAVANAUGH

And there he is: the tech billionaire in his natural habitat. Minus the hoodie. You all want to change the world-- as long as the rules don't have to apply to you--

Cavanaugh stops himself, shakes his head--

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

You know what? You were right. I did think you were a pain in the ass. And nothing I've seen here changes that opinion.

TANNER

Good. At least we got that out of the way.

(then)

Now, where are we on ID'ing the man in the video?

Cavanaugh almost laughs-- this guy really is unbelievable.

CAVANAUGH

We're working on it. There's no traffic cameras on that block, but we're canvassing everyone your daughter knew, the neighbors--

TANNER

Oh, I'm sure the department's leaving no stone un-turned.

CAVANAUGH

We're doing our best. So, if you'll excuse me--

Cavanaugh stands, taking his tray--

TANNER

Don't forget the pastry bar-- we fly the macarons in from Paris.

Cavanaugh ignores him, turns to go, when suddenly--

TANNER (CONT'D)
Carlos Ochoa.

CAVANAUGH
What about him?

TANNER
You said you were showing the video
to everyone who knew my daughter.
Have you shown it to him yet?

Cavanaugh stares at him for a beat, then looks at his watch--

TANNER (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I'll get the chopper.

And off Cavanaugh, as Tanner pulls out his phone--

INT. PRISON - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Tanner and Cavanaugh sit waiting, until the door opens and a Guard shows Carlos Ochoa in. He takes one look at them and--

TANNER
Mr. Ochoa. I'm Jeffrey Tanner.

CARLOS OCHOA
Yeah, I know who the hell you are.
What is this, some kind of a joke?

CAVANAUGH
We just want to ask you some
questions, that's all.

CARLOS OCHOA
I already answered your questions,
fool. Fat lot of good it did me.
(to Tanner)
And your little press conference?
It's a waste of time. It's just
making things worse in here for me--

CAVANAUGH
Then you need to help us if you
can, because right now we're the
only hope you have of getting out.

Carlos stares at them both for a second, then--

CARLOS OCHOA
Help you-- with what?

He sits, as Cavanaugh turns on a laptop to play the video...

CAVANAUGH

Have you ever seen this guy before?

CARLOS OCHOA

It's so blurry I can't even see him now. Is this... from that night?

CAVANAUGH

Yes.

Carlos stares at the video, realizing what it means...

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

Mia said something to some friends, about a secret boyfriend-- she ever mention anybody like that to you?

CARLOS OCHOA

You think I would have kept it to myself if she did?

CAVANAUGH

What about a "sports shop"-- does that ring a bell? Like maybe where he worked, or...

CARLOS OCHOA

A "sports shop?" What the hell does that even mean?

CAVANAUGH

I was hoping you could tell us.

Carlos snorts with derision, then indicates the video--

CARLOS OCHOA

With my luck? Dude's probably the pizza delivery guy.

(then)

All I can tell you is, he's a hell of a lot taller than me.

Tanner and Cavanaugh share a look, and then Tanner sighs-- and another blind alley. He slides a card across the table.

TANNER

If you think of anything else...

Carlos rolls his eyes, but he takes the card anyway. Then:

CARLOS OCHOA

I know you miss your daughter.
What you don't know is-- I miss her
too. It was never going to work
between us, but...

He pauses, biting back the kind of emotion that will get you
killed in jail. And finally:

CARLOS OCHOA (CONT'D)

Just so you know... I loved her.
And I would never have hurt her.

He stands up, goes to the door, knocks--

CARLOS OCHOA (CONT'D)

Hey, we're done here.

And off Cavanaugh...

INT. PRISON - DAY - MINUTES LATER

BUZZ! An electronic door opens, and Cavanaugh and Tanner
exit. Cavanaugh's still pondering Ochoa's words, as a bored-
looking GUARD hands over a plastic tray with their stuff.

Tanner picks up his phones, both of which are buzzing
uncontrollably. He stares at one of them--

CAVANAUGH

What?

TANNER

(beat)
We've been hacked.

INT. THE HIVE - DAY - LATER

The video is once again up on the big screen. We watch as
the "mystery man" comes out of Mia's apartment again--

TANNER

It just showed up on the platform?

SARA

With no chance to vet it. We've
taken it down for now, but... it's
already gotten out there. Pause--

Josh hits a key and the image freezes.

TANNER

I don't get it-- somebody hacked us
and posted the same video?

SARA

Not exactly the same: there's more.

She nods to Josh, who now unpauses it-- and now we see maybe ten seconds of video we didn't see the first time.

ON THE SCREEN: The "mystery man" walks off up the sidewalk... but now the camera pivots slightly and keeps him in frame. He keeps walking, towards a car that's parked on the side of the road, its lights on, engine running...

The camera veers away-- and when it veers back, we see the car pull out and drive off-- but the mystery man is gone.

CAVANAUGH

Where'd the guy go?

JOSH

Unclear. Maybe in that car.

He clicks a key and a printer WHIRRS. A second later, he pulls out a print-out, of an enhanced, blown-up screenshot, showing the license plate number...

INT. THE HIVE - MINUTES LATER

Cavanaugh's on his cell phone. On the screen, a DMV photo appears, of an Eastern European-looking guy.

CAVANAUGH

Anton Dzubenko. Got it. Thanks.

(hangs up)

Guy's a driver for a car service app called "Show4."

SARA

Hence the logo--

Sara points to a freeze-frame of the car. She zooms in, to see a stylized logo (think the Uber "U") in the rear window.

CAVANAUGH

We have units looking for him now--

JOSH

They'd better hurry.

He turns to see: Josh has pulled up Dzubenko's photo and name on a news site, under the headline "MURDER SUSPECT AT LARGE."

JOSH (CONT'D)

The police aren't the only ones who can run a license plate number. It's all over the web--

CAVANAUGH

Oh, Christ--

Josh clicks to other sites-- Sourcer, news feeds, social media-- all running Dzubenko's photo with salacious headlines (ie. "WANTED"). Cavanaugh turns on Tanner, pissed--

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

This is exactly what I was afraid of-- we don't even know who this guy is yet! You know what a field day his lawyers can have with this?

TANNER

I agree, it's a problem. But it wouldn't be if we hadn't been hacked-- how did that happen?

JOSH

I don't know yet, but whoever did it is damn good. They covered their tracks--

TANNER

What about the video? Where did the extra footage come from?

Josh and Sara share a quick look. Then, reluctantly--

SARA

That was in the file all along.

TANNER

What?

SARA

Someone on the tech team re-used code from Sourcer when they built our upload interface. Sourcer cuts off videos longer than two minutes, so... CrowdSolver did the same.

TANNER

(beat, pissed)

Who?

SARA

Who-- what?

TANNER

Who built the interface? Who carelessly took code from a totally separate platform without--

SARA

No-- I picked this team, I'll be
the one to discipline them--

Activity ceases as all eyes are focused on Tanner and Sara--

TANNER

This isn't some grad school project
Sara-- who copied the code?

SARA

I said no. You're going to fire
somebody for this? Fire me.

Tanner just stares at her. He's about to respond, when his
phone BUZZES again. He looks at it-- and then--

INT. TANNER'S OFFICE/ASSISTANT AREA - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tanner comes in, glares at Ethan, his assistant--

TANNER

You want to tell me what was so
damn important, I had to--

But Ethan just indicates with his head: in Tanner's office.
Tanner looks, and sees: a young Pakistani guy in a Joy
Division t-shirt (the same guy we saw in the opening),
waiting in his office. This is TARIQ SIDDIQUI (26).

TANNER (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

TARIQ

Mr. Tanner-- such an honor to meet
you. Your work has truly changed
my life. Tariq Siddiqui.
(sees Tanner's confusion)
I'm the guy who hacked you.

And off Tanner: wtf?

INT. THE HIVE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - LATER

Tariq sits across from Tanner. Sara, and a new person-- MIKE
LEIGH. 55. Feels ex-military or CIA, because he's both.

TARIQ

I use Sourcer all the time, but I
get annoyed when it cuts off
videos. So when I saw this one was
exactly two minutes-- I figured
they re-used the code. Typical
programmer-- lazy and predictable--

TANNER
Tell me about it.

Sara blanches, as...

MIKE LEIGH
I'm Mike Leigh, Mr. Siddiqui. I'm
the head of security for LaunchPad.
How'd you do it? Hack us, I mean.

TARIQ
I had to use a CSRF-- that's a
Cross Site Request Forgery--

MIKE LEIGH
That means you had to compromise a
trusted user's account--

TANNER
(pissed)
So who was it-- whose account were
you able to breach?

TARIQ
(a little embarrassed)
Actually... it was yours, Mr.
Tanner. You should really get a
VPN for your phone... er, phones.

Tanner turns red, realizing: he's the security flaw. Sara
looks away, biting back a laugh.

INT. THE HIVE - BULLPEN - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Tanner, Sara and Mike Leigh discuss-- we see Tariq through
the glass in the conference room, sipping a cup of tea.

MIKE LEIGH
The IP address he used matches a
number of attacks done under the
Hacker name "Exposer 2.0."

TANNER
What's he exposing?

MIKE LEIGH
Whaddya got? Security flaws,
corruption, abuses of democracy--
he's a regular patriot.

SARA
He got past your security--

We see Cavanaugh talking on his phone in the b.g., as--

MIKE LEIGH

Somebody finds a hole and we patch it-- that's how it works.

SARA

(annoyed, to Tanner)
Sure, you want to fire my coder for one mistake? He just told you his whole job's irrelevant--

MIKE LEIGH

(ignoring her)
What do you want me to do with him? Turn him over to the feds? He's looking at six years for this.

TANNER

Except we'd never have found him if he hadn't come in on his own.

MIKE LEIGH

He came in for the money. I guess fifty grand was worth the risk.

TANNER

(beat)
What if I make him a better offer?

Tanner pulls out his phone and starts off for the conference room-- the two of them trailing behind him, both stunned--

TANNER (CONT'D)

Will he pass a background check?

MIKE LEIGH

That depends on how much you want me to lower our standards.

SARA

Hold on-- you're hiring him?

TANNER

You want to keep our database secure? Who better than the guy who broke into it?

Tanner opens the door of the conference room--

TANNER (CONT'D)

Hey- Tariq, right? You want a job?
(on his phone)
Cut a check for fifty thousand to Tariq... I'll get you the name.
(to Tariq)
(MORE)

TANNER (CONT'D)
 Is that good for a signing bonus?
 Or do want more? More?
 (beat, on his phone)
 Make it a hundred.

Tariq's eyes light up, as behind them, Cavanaugh hangs up--

CAVANAUGH
 They found the driver.

TANNER
 Wait. I'll get the--

CAVANAUGH
 No. You stay here.

Cavanaugh goes. Tanner looks at Sara, who just snorts and walks away, astounded. Finally, he looks back at Tariq.

TANNER
 Anyway... welcome aboard.

He exits, leaving Mike Leigh to look at Tariq, skeptically...

INT. SFPD HQ - INTERROGATION AREA - DAY

Cavanaugh walks with Ruiz down a hallway--

RUIZ
 Apparently somebody recognized him--
 next thing you know there was a
 mob. Lucky we had a unit nearby.

They get to an interrogation room, and through the glass we see ANTON DZUBENKO (50) sitting, sipping a cup of tea. He's got a black eye and bruises on his face. Cavanaugh sighs--

INT. SFPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cavanaugh sits across from Dzubenko--

DZUBENKO
 I swear I had nothing to do with
 that girl who died! These people
 just started attacking me--

CAVANAUGH
 Just tell me what you were doing
 there that night, Mr. Dzubenko.

DZUBENKO
 I got a call to pick up a girl from
 a dance club. But I got halfway
 there and the call was cancelled--

CAVANAUGH
Cancelled?

DZUBENKO
Yes-- so I pulled over to eat my
dinner and wait for another call.
I was there maybe five minutes.

CAVANAUGH
What about the guy in the video?
He didn't get in your car?

DZUBENKO
No! I never saw him-- I swear it!

Just then there's a knock, and Ruiz pokes her head in.

INT. SFPD - INTERROGATION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Cavanaugh comes out, closing the door behind him. Ruiz hands him a document, which he starts flipping through, quickly--

RUIZ
We ran the guy's GPS and his ride
log-- he'd just dropped off a fare
at SFO-- he couldn't have had
anything to do with it.
(then)
What are you looking for?

CAVANAUGH
The fare he was supposed to pick up
that night--
(finds it)
Teri Scavuzzo.

Next to her name, the LOCATION: "BAR 8." Cavanaugh stares--

RUIZ
What?

INT. SFPD - COLD CASES OFFICE - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Whap! Cavanaugh drops a file on his desk, opens it. Back down in the windowless dungeon that is Cold Cases.

RUIZ
How do you even know what time of
day it is down here?

CAVANAUGH
Here. Natalie Kirschner.

He hands her the file, opened to a document. As she reads--

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

It was a murder, almost two years ago. Never solved.

RUIZ

Body dumped near Point Reyes... probable sexual assault--

CAVANAUGH

Coroner thought the cause of death was a ketamine overdose. And the last place she was seen was Bar 8. Just like Teri Scavuzzo. She called for a car and then she canceled it.

Ruiz looks at the file, then compares it to Anton's call log.

RUIZ

You think there's a connection?

CAVANAUGH

One way to find out.

INT. TERI SCAVUZZO'S APARTMENT - DAY

A modest San Francisco apartment. Cavanaugh and Ruiz follow TERI SCAVUZZO (late 20's, pretty) into the living room.

TERI SCAVUZZO

I used to be kind of a party girl, you know-- now most nights Jimmy and I just stay in and watch cable.

RUIZ

We were just wondering if you remembered why you cancelled your car that night?

TERI SCAVUZZO

I cancelled it? I don't even remember doing that.

RUIZ

What do you remember, Teri?

Teri sits, thinking about it, a little sheepish--

TERI SCAVUZZO

Now that you mention it, not much. I was with some girlfriends, but we got split up. I went to get a drink. I must have had too much, 'cause I started feeling woozy-- that's when I ordered the car.

CAVANAUGH

Then what?

TERI SCAVUZZO

Then I woke up. On my couch.

RUIZ

Do you often black out like that?

TERI SCAVUZZO

Well, no. But, I mean...

Now she starts to get it. She looks at Ruiz, nervously.
Ruiz asks the next question very delicately:

RUIZ

Did you feel like maybe you'd
been... assaulted in any way?

TERI SCAVUZZO

You mean, like... like, sexually?
I... wasn't thinking about it... I
just figured I was hungover...
(sickened)
Oh my God...

As Ruiz and Cavanaugh share a look... holy shit.

EXT. TERI SCAVUZZO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ruiz and Cavanaugh emerge onto a San Francisco street.

RUIZ

Somebody raped two women...

CAVANAUGH

And one of them ended up dead.

RUIZ

You know this isn't the case we're
supposed to be working.

CAVANAUGH

(shrugs)
Tanner told me he wanted to do some
good? Now's his chance.

And off this...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. TANNER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Tanner's alone, staring out the window again, the screen playing news again-- this time TALKING HEADS on a CNBC-type platform. The CHYRON: "JEFFREY TANNER'S PRIVATE CRUSADE"--

MALE TALKING HEAD

--the privacy implications, and the arrogance, are frankly staggering.

FEMALE TALKING HEAD

Well, this is a man who secretly funded a celebrity defamation suit because he was tired of gossip columnists writing about him-- for years, he's been dogged by allega--

TANNER

Off.

The TV turns off. Then Tanner pulls out his phone. He pulls something up on it, presses a button. And...

ON THE SCREEN: We see something very different. Handheld iPhone video, of a little girl, maybe 6 years old, laughing with joy as she splashes in the waves. And we realize... the memory flashes Tanner was having earlier come from this.

LITTLE MIA bends down, picks something up... and comes running towards us...

LITTLE GIRL

Daddy! I have a present for you!

She holds out her present: a perfect seashell, streaked with beautiful pink and red.

TANNER

Well... I do believe that is the prettiest seashell I ever saw.

LITTLE GIRL

It's for you.

She smiles up at the camera. And now...

...in Tanner's hand, we see... he's holding the seashell. He kept it, all this time.

The screen goes dark, the video over. Tanner just stares at the blank screen, unable to process his grief for a moment.

Then his phone sounds an ALERT-- the new evidence alert.
Tanner grabs it, looks at it, and--

INT. THE HIVE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tanner enters to find a buzz of activity--

JOSH

That's not going to work-- we keep
running into the block chain wall--

TARIQ

Just program a cipher suite to get
around it-- look, it's easy--

TANNER

Glad to see everyone playing nice.
(to Sara)
What's up? I got an alert.

SARA

Oh, that. It's... not about Mia.

TANNER

(confused)
What's it about, then?

Sara hesitates, before Cavanaugh steps in.

CAVANAUGH

Natalie Kirschner. When we talked
to the driver, he gave us a clue
that helped us re-open an old case.

Tanner looks up and sees, ON THE SCREEN: A whole new thread
opened on CrowdSolver, entitled "WHO KILLED NATALIE
KIRSCHNER?"

TANNER

You're supposed to be solving my
daughter's murder--

CAVANAUGH

Just trying to "think outside the
box" in the meantime.

Flummoxed, Tanner looks at Sara.

INT. SARA'S OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Off a catwalk, looking down on the Hive.

TANNER

What is this?

SARA

The evidence opened up another case
-- we talked about wider
applications for the platform--

TANNER

After we find Mia's killer! All
this does is split focus--

SARA

It's the right thing to do,
Jeffrey.

TANNER

You--

He starts to respond, then stops. As with earlier, we see that Sara has an ability to talk to him that no one else has.

Tanner turns and looks out, at where Cavanaugh's working with Josh and Tariq. He sees threads flying by on the screens.

Then he turns back to Sara, the two of them standing close to one another. And if we didn't realize it already, we do now: these two are more than just colleagues or boss and employee.

TANNER (CONT'D)

(finally)

I'm sorry about earlier. Putting
you on the spot like that.

SARA

(shrugs)

It's your sandbox.

TANNER

It's just-- this is different,
Sara. This is my daughter. I have
to get this right.

SARA

I know.

(then)

We will.

He moves a little closer to her-- but suddenly we hear:

An EVIDENCE ALERT. And then, quickly, another. Sara looks--

SARA (CONT'D)

People are responding.

INT. SFPD - DAY - AN HOUR LATER

Ruiz has Cavanaugh up in a VIDEO CONFERENCE WINDOW--

CAVANAUGH (ON VIDEO CHAT)
We've got eight other women so far.

INT. THE HIVE - DAY - SAME TIME

Cavanaugh's got a terminal pulled up to CrowdSolver, and Ruiz' face on a separate video conference screen--

CAVANAUGH
 All similar-- they blacked out, and witnesses saw them get into a car. But according to the app-- they cancelled the car.

ON CROWDSOLVER: We see various threads, each with a name... and as we watch, other threads appear or re-arrange...

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)
 What's it doing?

TANNER
 That's the native AI. It's sorting the responses by similarities... connecting the dots.

In spite of his annoyance with this diversion, Tanner's impressed with how well his creation is working.

Meanwhile, Sara clicks on a thread, and up come links to four different women's names. She clicks on them, reading...

SARA
 These four, all of them recall chatting with a bartender...

Now a PHOTO pops up. A blurry iPhone shot of boozing twenty-somethings. But in the b.g., we can see a handsome, smiling BARTENDER. Cavanaugh points to the photo, thinking out loud--

CAVANAUGH
 Okay, a bartender-- maybe he spikes their drink, even cancels the ride-- but then what?

RUIZ (ON VIDEO CHAT)
He needs an accomplice. Somebody who pretends to be the driver.

Tanner's curiosity gets the best of him, in spite of himself:

TANNER

What's the bartender get out of it?

CAVANAUGH

Money. Maybe he even sneaks away for an hour to get in on the fun--

SARA

We need to post this photo--

CAVANAUGH

No. Not yet. I'm not having another trial by internet.

Sara glances at Tanner, who nods in agreement. As...

JOSH

Only one problem. These women were at a bunch of different clubs, not just Bar 8.

CAVANAUGH

Bartenders change jobs all the time.

Tariq, who's been listening while typing away, now chimes in--

TARIQ

And according to the tax records, most of those bars are owned by the same company. J&J Hospitality.

CAVANAUGH

(looks over at him)

How'd you get their tax records?

Tariq shrugs, innocently, as Ruiz stands up on video chat--

RUIZ (ON VIDEO CHAT)

Nevermind. I'm on it-- we'll find him.

Cavanaugh nods, lets it go. And Tanner watches all of this, realizing: CrowdSolver may not be solving Mia's murder yet, but it's solving something...

INT. LAUNCHPAD - MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator door opens, and Sara comes out, reading a text. After a second she swipes to delete it, looking unhappy, as--

JOSH

Sara...

As Josh catches up to her--

JOSH (CONT'D)

I, ah... just wanted to thank you.
For standing up for me earlier.
He's not wrong; I shouldn't have re-
used the code. We were rushing--

SARA

I know. Just fix it.

JOSH

(nods, then)
Listen, he's... not as bad as he
seems. You get used to him.

SARA

(stops, looks at him)
Do I seem like I can't take care of
myself, Josh?

JOSH

What? No, sorry, I didn't mean to--

Sara sighs, sorry she called him out.

SARA

No, it's fine, it's... not you.
I just found out my mother's sick
again, back in Florida. My
sister's taking care of her, but
that's a whole other thing, so...

EXT. LAUNCHPAD - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Josh hesitates, awkwardly, as they emerge into the night and head towards a parking area. Then:

JOSH

Jeez, I'm sorry to hear that.
(then)
Uh... if you want to take your mind
off it, I was going to maybe go
grab a beer at Steins. I mean, you
know, only if you want to...

SARA

Oh. Gosh, um, thanks for the
offer, but-- I'm kinda tired--

Just then a convertible Tesla pulls up-- with Tanner driving.
Josh looks from the Tesla to Sara, as--

TANNER
You coming?

Sara sighs... then gets in the car.

SARA
Good night, Josh.

TANNER
Yes... G'night, Josh.

The car pulls away. Josh watches them go. Then, finally--

JOSH
Okay, then.

He turns, walks away. And...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. SFPD - RUIZ'S DESK - DAY - SAME TIME**

A photo on a screen-- a work ID pic of a handsome bartender. Next to it, a blow-up of the blurry iPhone shot from the bar--

RUIZ

We ran records from all the clubs--
only one bartender overlapped.

INTERCUT: INT. THE HIVE - DAY

Ruiz is up on VIDEO CONFERENCE again--

RUIZ (ON VIDEO CHAT)

Eric Buehner- I just sent the file.

JOSH

Got it.

SARA

Good. Throw it up.

Josh nods, giving Sara an awkward glance back as he does so. Now the two photos go up on the screen here, too.

Meanwhile, Tariq opens the file on his laptop and scrolls through it. He finds a cell number and starts typing code...

CAVANAUGH

We got an address?

RUIZ (V.O. ON THE PHONE)

*He quit the company five months ago--
- the address they had for him is
out of date. But we'll find him.*

In the b.g., the elevator doors open and Tanner enters, as...

SARA

Are we putting this out now?

CAVANAUGH

No, not yet. Not until--

He stops, seeing Tanner approach.

TANNER

'Morning. Thought I'd see how
we're coming along. Since we're on
a lark and all.

TARIQ

Here.

Tariq has a map up on his laptop, a little red dot blinking--

TARIQ (CONT'D)

Casey's. It's a bar in the Marina.
That's where he is right now. Or
where his phone is, anyway.

CAVANAUGH

What the hell did you do?

TANNER

(getting it first)
He reverse-hacked the GPS on his
cell phone. Didn't you?

Tariq nods, a bit sheepishly.

CAVANAUGH

No, that is not okay. That is
called a slippery slope--

TARIQ

Then you find him. It'll just take
longer.

And Tanner smiles-- the idealism of privacy butting up
against the reality of technology... Finally Cavanaugh sighs--

CAVANAUGH

Don't do that again.

Cavanaugh turns, goes. And...

INT. CASEY'S BAR - DAY

An upscale yuppie place, now serving the brunch crowd. Ruiz
and Cavanaugh talk to ERIC BUEHNER-- 30, an unrepentant bro.
He studies a photo of Teri Scavuzzo, shakes his head--

ERIC BUEHNER

Sorry, I don't remember her. But I
meet a lot of people in this job...

CAVANAUGH

What about a woman named Natalie
Kirschner-- does that ring a bell?

He slides another photo to Buehner-- a pretty young girl, 25
years old. Buehner glances at it, then covers smoothly--

ERIC BUEHNER

Well, yeah... she's the one who got killed, right? The cops talked to me about it back then, but... I couldn't help them.

CAVANAUGH

She wasn't in the club that night?

ERIC BUEHNER

No, she was there. She was pretty drunk, too-- ended up calling a car to get home. But that's all I saw.

CAVANAUGH

Do you have any idea why she ended up cancelling that car?

ERIC BUEHNER

I wouldn't know. I was behind the bar all night. The Bouncer said he saw her get into a car, though.

RUIZ

Huh. Did you serve her that night?

ERIC BUEHNER

Uh, yeah... I mean, not just me...

RUIZ

'Cause she had ketamine in her system when she died--

Buehner looks at Ruiz, his eyes narrowed as he smiles--

ERIC BUEHNER

Are you accusing me of something?

RUIZ

No, no, of course not. Just... wondering if maybe you saw somebody slip something into her drink.

Buehner takes a beat, fighting his flight-instinct. Then:

ERIC BUEHNER

If I had, I would have said something.

(then)

Anyway... sorry I can't help you. But, unless there's something else... I should get back to work.

INT. CAVANAUGH'S CAR - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Across from the bar. Cavanaugh and Ruiz are inside...

RUIZ
Guy's guilty as hell.

CAVANAUGH
Now we've just got to prove it.
(thinks out loud)
If he's got an accomplice, he needs
some way to contact him, to let him
know he's got a victim lined up.

RUIZ
Probably a text.

INT. THE HIVE - DAY - THIRTY SECONDS LATER

Now Tariq and Sara are on speakerphone with Cavanaugh and Ruiz, as Tanner observes--

TARIQ
If his old texts are still on his
phone, it's easy. But he probably
deleted them-- that means you're
going to need his SIM card.

INTERCUT: INT. CAVANAUGH'S CAR - DAY - SAME TIME

CAVANAUGH
Either one means a warrant--

TARIQ (OVER SPEAKERPHONE)
*Not necessarily. I can read the
old texts on his phone right now--*

CAVANAUGH
I said-- no.

IN THE HIVE-- Tariq rolls his eyes. Then he gets another thought, starts typing away on his laptop again. Meanwhile--

RUIZ
Hold on-- we don't need a warrant
for surveillance.

CAVANAUGH
Sure, we can watch him all day, but
if he's smart they won't meet up.

TARIQ (OVER SPEAKERPHONE)
I guess he's not smart, then.

CAVANAUGH
Hey-- I told you--

TARIQ (OVER SPEAKERPHONE)
*You said not to read his old texts.
This is a new text he just sent--
it says: "We need to meet. Now."*

Ruiz puts her hand up before Cavanaugh can lay into Tariq--

RUIZ
Like I said, we're just surveilling
him. That's legal. We don't need
to know where he's going-- we just
need to follow him.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD-- we see the door to the bar open, and
Eric Buehner emerge. As he hails a cab...

Cavanaugh and Ruiz share a look-- then Cavanaugh puts the car
in gear and follows. And...

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - BENCH AREA - DAY

We find Eric Buehner, getting coffee at a stand. He sits on
a nearby bench and waits. Now the camera PANS away, to an
expanse of grass, an access road visible on the other side.

EXT. PARK ACCESS ROAD/INT. CAVANAUGH'S CAR - SAME TIME

Cavanaugh's car is parked here. Ruiz takes a couple of items
from a patrol car that's pulled up alongside.

She hands Cavanaugh a pair of BINOCULARS, and immediately he
adjusts them, looking through them to see--

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: Buehner sipping coffee on the bench.

Meanwhile, Ruiz sets up the other item she took from the
patrol car-- a PARABOLIC MICROPHONE, aimed towards Buehner.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - BENCH AREA - AS BEFORE

Buehner glances around. A PARK POLICEMAN on horseback ambles
past, paying him no mind. But...

...once he gets past, he speaks quietly into his collar--

PARK POLICEMAN
I've got visual.

INT. CAVANAUGH'S CAR - SAME TIME - DAY

Cavanaugh clicks on his police radio--

CAVANAUGH
Just wait for our signal.

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: Buehner looks up, as...

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - BENCH AREA - DAY - AS BEFORE

Now we see a grey sedan, with the familiar "Show4" logo on the back, pulled up to an access area beside the coffee stand. Someone gets out, and we get our first look at:

VOLKAN AYHAN. Bleached-blond hair, vaguely Mediterranean. He looks around, warily, then sits down next to Buehner.

VOLKAN
What the hell's your problem?

ERIC BUEHNER
What's my problem? These two cops came to see me, that's what--

INT. CAVANAUGH'S CAR - DAY - SAME TIME

Cavanaugh's watching through his binoculars--

CAVANAUGH
Where's the audio?

RUIZ
I'm working on it...

She fiddles with wires-- just snatches of voices and static--

INT. THE HIVE - DAY - SAME TIME

Tariq starts typing on his laptop again--

TARIQ
I can get you audio. If I clone his phone, I can turn it into a listening device--

CAVANAUGH (V.O. PHONE)
Hey numbnuts-- what part of "inadmissable" do you not get?

Tanner leans in, caught up in the chase in spite of himself--

TANNER
You're going to lose them--

RUIZ (V.O. PHONE)
No, we're not--

INT. CAVANAUGH'S CAR - SAME TIME - DAY

She reconnects a wire, and we hear a crackle of static and--

VOLKAN (OVER MIC)
They're fishing-- they got nothing.

ERIC BUEHNER (MIC)
I've been freaking out about that girl for a year and a half! That was never supposed to happen--

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - BENCH AREA - DAY - SAME TIME

VOLKAN
That was an accident! It's over--

ERIC BUEHNER
Over, my ass-- they have it up online! And all these others--

VOLKAN
Keep your voice down. I don't care what they put online, they got no way to connect it to us. And it's gonna stay like that--

INT. CAVANAUGH'S CAR - DAY - AS BEFORE

Cavanaugh clicks on the radio again--

CAVANAUGH
We've got them. Take them.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - BENCH AREA - DAY - SAME TIME

VOLKAN
So just stop freaking out--

PARK POLICEMAN
Eric Buehner?

The PARK POLICEMAN on horseback trots into view-- Volkan sees him and TAKES OFF, across the grass! Meanwhile, Buehner jumps up but the Park Policeman pulls his weapon--

PARK POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Don't even think about it.

INT. CAVANAUGH'S CAR - DAY - SAME TIME

PARK POLICEMAN (OVER RADIO)
One suspect in custody. The other one's headed south on foot--

CAVANAUGH
 (to Ruiz)
 Try and cut him off!

He jumps out of the car and takes off--

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY - CHASE SEQUENCE

Volkan hoofs it through the park, dodging kids, bicyclists, tourists on Segways-- while BEHIND HIM, Cavanaugh gives chase, around a pond, through the Botanical Gardens--

Volkan looks back, sees Cavanaugh gaining on him-- he cuts across a service road, almost getting mowed down by a Prius-- as Cavanaugh runs after him, almost SLAMMING into the car--

CAVANAUGH
 Sorry!

--but instead nimbly jumping up onto the hood and over it!

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Volkan runs out of the park and across a busy street, dodging traffic-- and in the middle of the road is a light rail line.

There's an oncoming train speeding towards him, but... he LEAPS across the tracks to the other side, the train's horn BLARING as it speeds past, just narrowly missing him!

Cavanaugh dashes across the street in pursuit, but he's blocked by the passing train... and when it finally clears...

Volkan's nowhere to be seen. Behind Cavanaugh, the car screeches to a halt as Ruiz jumps out, looks around, but-- he's gone. Cavanaugh throws up his hands, pissed, as...

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Carlos Ochoa hangs with Flaco and some LATINO GANGBANGERS, desperately trying to fit in. One GANGSTER inks a prison tattoo on the back of a light-haired inmate named HUERO, as--

HUERO
 You know that fool Payaso?

FLACO
 Payaso who?

HUERO
 From Maravilla Locos.

As the two gangsters prattle on, we push in on Carlos' face, the world closing in on him as he tries to tune it out--

FLACO

Dog, they got like five Payasos.
Which one are you talking about?

HUERO

The fat one, dude's always
prendido-- and he stupid, too.
Telling us he went to college-- he
ain't even got no GED--

FLACO

Not "college," fool-- he said
"collegio"-- dude's Salvadorean,
that means high school-- don't you
even know your own damn language?

HUERO

Ow, damn, Vato-- watch it!

He turns and glares at the Gangster giving him the tattoo--
and the outburst seems to snap Carlos out of his head.

CARLOS OCHOA

(blurts out)
I know who he is.

FLACO

Who-- Payaso?

CARLOS OCHOA

They said he worked in a "sports
shop," but that's not what it means--
(then)
I gotta go.

Carlos takes off. And off Flaco, confused--

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

Carlos sits, running his finger down a page of a foreign
language dictionary, though what language we're not sure.

Finally he stops, and we go CLOSE ON THE PAGE to see what his
finger is pointing to: the words "ZWART SCHAAP."

We don't know what that means -- but Carlos seems to. He
looks up--

CARLOS OCHOA

Son of a bitch.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. THE HIVE - DAY**

For the first time, we see Ruiz at the Hive with Cavanaugh. There's a mug shot of a younger Volkan on a screen--

CAVANAUGH

Volkan Ayhan. Charged with rape in Florida in 2009, but the case was dropped. Now he's in the wind.

TANNER

Can't you get a warrant to hack his GPS--

TARIQ

Already did. He ditched his phone.

Cavanaugh considers this for a second. Then he comes to a decision. He looks at Sara--

CAVANAUGH

Okay. Time to post it.

Tanner watches, as Sara clicks away, and-- we hear the ALERT.

RUIZ

Now what?

CAVANAUGH

Now we wait.

A SERIES OF SHOTS: A 20-something BLOGGER is on CrowdSolver, when a new thread pops up: "HAS ANYONE SEEN THIS MAN?" As...

IN UNION SQUARE: A guy with DREADLOCKS, on his iPad-- he also clicks on the link--

OTHER PEOPLE: All over, also pulling it up, and finally--

INT. TRAIN STATION - EMERYVILLE, CALIFORNIA - DAY

A middle-aged WOMAN waits for a train. She pulls up the thread on her phone-- sees the photo. Then she looks up--

INT. TRAIN STATION - THIRTY MINUTES LATER (DAY)

As passengers stream onto a train--

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

--service to Reno, Salt Lake City,
Denver, Omaha and Chicago, now
boarding on Platform Three--

We find Volkan, a baseball cap pulled low to hide his face. He steps up to board the train, when--

CAVANAUGH
Volkan Ayhan?

Volkan stops, looks-- and sees not only Cavanaugh and Ruiz, but several UNIFORMED COPS. The gig's up.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)
You're under arrest, for the murder
of Natalie Kirschner.

And as one of the Uniforms cuffs Volkan, we hold on the look of quiet triumph on Cavanaugh's face... and off this...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO POLICE HQ - DAY

UNIFORMS unload a cuffed Volkan from a police van. As they head towards the building, they pass Tanner, leaning against his Tesla, on his cell phone--

TANNER (ON PHONE)
No, I had to make a stop, just--
they need our financing-- trust me,
they'll wait--

Volkan looks as he goes by-- holy shit, is that Jeffrey Tanner? Tanner barely clocks him until they've passed. Then he stops, looks back at the cops taking him inside, and allows himself a sly smile. As...

TANNER (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
Eleven women.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY - LATER

Tanner and Cavanaugh walk together--

TANNER
Not just Natalie Kirschner, but the
others who were assaulted. We
didn't just solve one crime, we
solved a dozen of them.
(he grins)
See? I told you it would work.

CAVANAUGH
This time.

TANNER
Come on, admit it, I'm a genius.

Cavanaugh grins, but the moment's broken when--

LAURA KIRSCHNER
Detective Cavanaugh.

LAURA KIRSCHNER approaches them. 55, worn.

LAURA KIRSCHNER (CONT'D)
They said you were down here. I'm
Laura Kirschner-- Natalie's mother.

CAVANAUGH
I'm so sorry for your loss, ma'am.

LAURA KIRSCHNER
I just wanted to thank you. For
not giving up on her.

Cavanaugh doesn't know how to respond. And Tanner observes this sobering exchange, the gravity of the moment hammered home. But then she notices him, turns--

LAURA KIRSCHNER (CONT'D)
You're Jeffrey Tanner, aren't you?
(then)
This wouldn't have happened without
you... what you did...

TANNER
We just got lucky, that's all. I'm
glad we could help.

She looks at him for a moment, grief momentarily overwhelming her. Then:

LAURA KIRSCHNER
There aren't many people who
understand how it feels. But I
know you do.
(then)
I cried myself to sleep for so
long, I thought I'd never stop.

TANNER
Does it ever go away?

LAURA KIRSCHNER
I don't know. But at least now I
can start to find out.
(then)
I hope you get that chance, too.

Tanner's speechless. Laura Kirschner wipes away tears, then she turns, goes. And off Tanner, fighting the emotion again...

INT. THE HIVE - DAY

We see the "Natalie Kirschner" thread on CrowdSolver, on a screen. Tanner and Cavanaugh stand behind Josh, as he types -- and we watch the words "CLOSED" fill a box.

TANNER

You want to do the honors?

CAVANAUGH

It was a group effort-- even this criminal.

He indicates a smiling Tariq, then looks at Tanner--

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

Hell, even you.

TANNER

I just paid the money. Fifty grand, for everybody who submitted evidence on Natalie Kirschner's case. The way you set me up, I could hardly refuse.

Cavanaugh nods, then glances around--

CAVANAUGH

Where's Sara?

JOSH

Her mother's sick-- she had to go home for a few days.

TANNER

It's too bad she's not here for this, but-- please. You deserve it.

Tanner gestures... and Cavanaugh shrugs, steps up and hits the key that Josh indicates.

ON THE SCREEN: We see the word "CLOSED" turn red, and hear an ALERT NOISE, informing us it's official.

TANNER (CONT'D)

(indicating the screen)
CrowdSolver's first closed case.

CAVANAUGH

I'm just sorry it's not the one you wanted to close.

TANNER

It's a start, right?
(off Cavanaugh's look)
What?

Cavanaugh sighs. As he and Tanner walk to the elevator--

CAVANAUGH

The Department's decided it isn't going to re-open your daughter's case. The Commissioner reviewed all the evidence, and... they're standing by the conviction.

TANNER

I didn't expect them to, Detective. Not until we provide them with the evidence that forces them to.

CAVANAUGH

"We?"

TANNER

Unless you're dying to get back to cold cases.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY - SAME TIME

As the doors close and they ride up...

CAVANAUGH

Actually... I've been promoted back to homicide.

TANNER

Congratulations. I suppose closing twelve cases will do that for you.
(then)
So how about closing a hundred more?

CAVANAUGH

What are you talking about?

TANNER

There are countless crimes that go unsolved, Detective. Crimes the police can't solve-- crimes they never even know about.

CAVANAUGH

I don't understand--

BING! The elevator stops, and--

INT. LAUNCHPAD - LOBBY - DAY

They step out into the lobby.

TANNER

I'm making you an offer. I'll keep paying for evidence, for every case we take. You'll have every tool you need, every resource at your disposal. You keep solving crimes.

(then)

Just make sure my daughter's murder is one of them.

CAVANAUGH

(stunned)

You mean... work here? For you? I've been a cop 16 years. I'm four years from my pension...

TANNER

I assure you... whatever you stand to make, I can beat it. Plus, all the lobster tacos you can eat.

Cavanaugh just stares at him, as Tanner gestures around them--

TANNER (CONT'D)

Look around you. All of this, everything I've built? I would trade it all for one more hour with my daughter, but I can't.

(beat)

So maybe this is what it's all for. To bring some peace to somebody else, until I can find my own.

And off Cavanaugh, stunned...

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The Capitol Building in all its glory...

INT. CONGRESSIONAL SUBCOMMITTEE ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

BOB DRYDEN. Career CIA (think Bob Baer), testifying before the House Subcommittee on Cyber-Intelligence...

BOB DRYDEN

At that point Dr. Nazari contacted us again--

JOSEPH KEIGHTLY

Via social media?

JOSEPH KEIGHLY (60, R. KY) chairs the meeting-- a wily veteran of the House, and a political adversary of Alex Hale, who's also seated on the dais as part of the committee.

BOB DRYDEN

Yes sir. Facebook, Sourcer, others. He told us the Iranian security forces were onto him. We obtained approval to extract him, but by then, Dr. Nazari had disappeared.

At the mention of Sourcer, Alex perks up, observing with interest as the questioning continues...

JOSEPH KEIGHLY

And this was at the energy conference in Beijing?

BOB DRYDEN

Yes, sir. We believe there was a quid pro quo between the Chinese and the Iranians, for intel on a scientist spying for America.

JOSEPH KEIGHLY

But couldn't the Chinese have simply hacked these messages?

BOB DRYDEN

There are credible allegations that tech companies who face being shut out of the Chinese market are cooperating with China by providing access to private user information. Typically it's Chinese dissidents, but the concept's the same.

Now Alex' phone buzzes-- she glances down at it, then looks up to see her Aide, Malka, gesturing to her from the gallery--

JOSEPH KEIGHLY

Another quid pro quo.

BOB DRYDEN

Yes, sir.

JOSEPH KEIGHLY

(beat)

Any guess as to which tech company it might have been?

INT. HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Alex and Malka converse quietly, urgently--

MALKA

I triple-checked the witness list.
There was no one from LaunchPad on
it. Now there is.

ALEX HALE

Who?

MALKA

It doesn't say.

ALEX HALE

Of course not.

She looks over, sees Keighly emerge from the Committee Room,
in hushed conversation with one of his own AIDES. As...

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. HOTEL - NIGHT

A black car pulls into the hotel driveway, and the Bellman
opens the door. And a second later, Sara Morton exits,
flanked by another Congressional Aide type.

She hesitates for a moment, as if unsure of what she's
doing... but then the Aide whisks her inside, and...

INT. PRISON - TELEPHONE AREA - THAT NIGHT

Carlos Ochoa is on a payphone, Tanner's card in his hand--

CARLOS OCHOA

No, he can't call me back, I'm in--
Nevermind, just tell him I might
know something after all. Tell him
to get up here as soon as he can.

He hangs up. Then we reveal... Flaco, waiting behind him.

FLACO

You done, vato? Let's go.

INT. PRISON - HALLWAY - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Once again, Carlos and Flaco shuffle down the hallway, in a
line with other prisoners. And once again... there's another
line of prisoners coming the other way.

Carlos looks up, sees Suggs in the other line. Shit. They
get closer and closer... Suggs reaches into his waistband--

Carlos tenses up, bracing for the shiv, but... at the last
minute, Suggs looks away. He passes, along with the moment.

INT. PRISON - CARLOS' CELL - NIGHT

Carlos turns into his cell, with Flaco. A few personal items on the wall-- including a photo of Mia. Carlos goes to the sink, splashes water on his face. Glad to be in one piece.

CARLOS OCHOA

I swear, I thought he was going to throw down just now...

FLACO

Nah, man. You're with us now. You're protected.

Carlos nods, as Flaco comes up behind him...

...and then in one swift motion, Flaco SLITS CARLOS' THROAT!

FLACO (CONT'D)

You just should have kept your mouth shut, that's all.

Flaco turns and quickly hightails it out of there... and off Carlos, making awful gurgling noises as he bleeds out all over the floor... we hear:

Mia Tanner's voice again...

MIA (PRE-LAP)

Seriously, though... I don't say this enough, but-- I love you Dad.

INT. TANNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tanner sits by himself, watching for the thousandth time the video of his daughter that we saw in the beginning...

MIA

I know we've had our differences, but I wouldn't be who I am without you. You're the best father in the world. Anyway-- travel safe. I love you.

(rolls her eyes)

I already said that, didn't I? 'Bye.

She blows a kiss to the camera...

... then the image turns to black. Tanner sits in silence for a moment.

Then he pulls up another video: the video of the mystery man coming out of his daughter's apartment.

He stares at it... he will find this man. And...

INT. THE HIVE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

...now we find Cavanaugh, in his new office, watching the same video. They will find him. Together.

We watch until the man disappears from view again.

And then Cavanaugh clicks off the video, and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

And we hold on BLACK for a moment, until we hear: THE EVIDENCE ALERT.

Something new has come in. And it's time to go to work.

END OF PILOT