FUTURE TENSE

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NETWORK DRAFT
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In the 21st century, new technologies have given rise to new crimes. When conventional law enforcement fails, the investigation and prosecution of technologically advanced criminal activity falls to an elite unit known as the Techno Crimes Division...

...this is Future Tense.
Dr. Guillermo Santiago (40’s): Head of Techno Crimes Division. A tall, angular Latino man with friendly eyes and an easy charm, Santiago is a caring medical doctor with a Ph.D. in Public policy. Santiago leads the Techno Crimes Division with a healer’s concern for the safety and welfare of the people and a diplomat’s ability to bend the law when it does not serve the real-world problems of the victims.

Agent Emma Bishop (27): A tough, intelligent woman who thrives under the almost-military discipline required to uphold her duty. Bishop is the “action hero” – the one most likely to make a tactical run at a dangerous situation – but will never take chances with her life or anyone else’s. As hinted in the pilot, Bishop’s drive is the result of her heroic efforts to overcome a host of personal demons.

Agent Philip Kindred (32): Bishop’s partner. He would be handsome but for his disregard for appearances and incapacity for self-censorship. Kindred’s apathy is exacerbated by the fact that he can be a great cop when he chooses to. Unbeknownst to his peers, Kindred is the scion of a powerful Washington family and may only be in Law Enforcement to spite his blue blood parents. When not trading barbs with Bishop, Kindred happily gambles away his trust fund: like so many in the Internet Casino-saturated mid-21st century, Kindred is a compulsive gambler.

Alice Wong (16): Santiago’s assistant. Wong is a “brain baby.” Her parents used genetic screening to guarantee her a genius intellect. Although Wong has been working in the corridors of power since the age of fourteen and can more than handle the adult world, she still looks, walks, and talks young – and is subject to all of the issues of adolescence. Her relationship to Santiago is as much one of employer to employee as it is a father to a daughter.

Miles Gupta (30’s): Born in India, educated at Oxford, naturalized US citizen. Chief Prosecutor for Techno Crimes Division. He loves the law, loves order, and believes that the world would be a better place if everyone just behaved by the letter of the law. Gupta is a tenacious and resourceful prosecutor who takes personal umbrage when others violate the law.
FUTURE TENSE
"Thinning The Herd"
TEASER

A BURST OF STATIC RESOLVES INTO

VIDEO: GLOBAL NEWS EXCHANGE (GNE) NEWSCAST

A CHYRON under the thirty-something Paula Zahn-type news anchor reads "CINDY NEWLAND:"

CINDY NEWLAND
Today, communications company Dentsacom announced it would remove two million of their toothphones from the market.

A SERIES OF WINDOWS OPEN TO SHOW: a DENTIST implanting a toothphone in a patient’s mouth. An ALL GIRL JAPANESE POP GROUP singing an annoying song. A SCREAMING Toothphone SUBSCRIBER clutching his head in desperation.

CINDY NEWLAND (cont’d)
The device, which is implanted in a person’s molar and plays telephone signals, music and other programming in the user’s head through bone conduction, came under fire last month when a glitch forced ten thousand users to hear three uninterrupted hours of Japanese pop music.

THE WINDOWS CLOSE: And are replaced by an ominous graphic: "HOUSTON CHILD KILLER BODY COUNT: 7"

CINDY NEWLAND (cont’d)
In our top story, Houston remains a city in fear as the raped and mutilated body of another boy was found this morning. In spite of the efforts of the Houston Police, the killer, a sexual sadist who brands his victims, earning him the nickname "The Cattle Prod," remains at large.

WINDOWS OPEN TO REVEAL: An angry demonstration demanding justice. Pictures of previous victims. Candlelit vigils. A diagram of the brandings performed by the killer.

(CONTINUED)
CINDY NEWLAND (cont’d)
When asked about today’s killing,
Chief of Houston Detectives Henry
Renshaw had this to say –

A WINDOW OPENS TO REVEAL: The harried, blustering Chief of
Houston Detectives (HENRY RENSHAW, 50’s), attempting to
evade the press outside his Station House.

RENSHAW
Uh - I assure you, we have an army of
profilers working overtime - this
investigation will be a model of swift
justice.

FILL CUT OF VIDEO TO REVEAL

INT. HOUSTON POLICE CRUISER – DAY

Only instead of Houston PD, it’s Techno Crimes Division
SPECIAL AGENTS EMMA BISHOP (27) and PHILIP KINDRED (32)
riding as the car drives itself.

Tie loose, suit rumpled, and an apathetic sneer on his
face, Kindred watches the GNX report on his PDA, letting
out a derisive chuckle. Kindred would be handsome but for
his obvious disregard for appearances and his absolute need
to convince the world that he is just too cool to care.

Bishop on the other hand, is put together with almost-
military precision. From the angular bob of her hair to the
sharp cut of her suit - and the determined intensity with
which she studies a police file on her own PDA while
ignoring Kindred - she is a model of professionalism.

Kindred looks up from his PDA -

KINDRED
Sweet Jesus. Television’s been around
over a hundred years and local 5-0s
still don’t know how to lie to the
press.

Bishop responds without diverting her eyes from her PDA.

BISHOP
Isn’t there an online casino open
somewhere in the world?

(CONTINUED)
KINDRED
I'm sure there is, but as long as I gotta hang with Houston PD and ride one of their crap-heaps, I might as well educate myself in their tactics. Be honest, I'm glad they're tied up with this serial killer. We can serve this idiotic warrant in peace and get the hell out of beeflover's paradise.

BISHOP
(finally looking up)
Idiotic. A disgruntled former NIH scientist buying black market equipment doesn't worry you?

ON BISHOP'S PDA

Is the warrant - including an animated picture of DR. DEAN MENLO (60's): who looks disreputable even in CGI.

KINDRED
Allegedly buying black market equipment. Guy could be making himself a sex droid for all we really know.

Kindred switches his PDA over to an online Pai-Gow game.

BISHOP
If he's doing what we think he's doing he could take anyone's DNA and read it like a book. You want some crank violating your privacy at the genetic level?

KINDRED
Who gives a rat's ass? We're the ones violating someone's privacy today.

BISHOP
I hear there's a genetic marker for compulsive gambling.

Kindred's PDA CHIRPS. He just lost his hand. Kindred throws a glare at Bishop:

KINDRED
My genetic data's locked away in a secret government census computer along with everybody else's. The only way it gets out is with my consent.

(CONTINUED)
BISHOP
Did you just actually express faith in the government?

KINDRED
I was expressing faith in my ability to end this conversation.

BISHOP
You're not a nice man.

KINDRED
I don't take that as an insult.

BISHOP
Mull it over. It'll kick your ass on the way home.
(to the car)
Car - switch to undercover mode.

EXIT. HOUSTON PD CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The car automatically changes colors: from conspicuously labeled Police car to unmarked in the blink of an eye.

EXIT. DR. MENLO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A ratty home in a neighborhood where every house looks like it could belong to the killer from Silence of the Lambs.

KINDRED
Beautiful. If I heard a scream of human agony right now I wouldn't know which house to hit first.

Bishop opens the trunk to reveal a cache of weapons, AA - Kindred reaches in for the biggest gun of the lot.

BISHOP
Put down the hand cannon.

KINDRED
Screw the orders. I'm not going non-lethal. No way.

Bishop stares at him as she holsters her non-lethal weapon. Kindred finally gives in, grudgingly dropping the hand cannon and grabbing a much less threatening sidearm.

Kindred shoots Bishop an annoyed glare. As she closes the trunk and the two move toward the house...
INT. DR. MENLO'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Dark. Garbage strewn. Piles of taped-together newspapers and science journals tower up to the ceiling. Windows are blacked-out with newspaper and duct tape.

A series of displays and LEDs blink in the foreground. In the background, the SMASH of a door kicked in. Flashlights illuminate the dust in an adjoining hallway.

KINDRED (O.S.)
Can't we just once investigate a psychopath who likes the sun?

Bishop and Kindred turn the corner into the room. Bishop steps up toward the blinking lights and sees.

BISHOP
I think I found your sex droid.

PAN AROUND TO REVEAL

A wall of seriously sophisticated equipment. Jury-rigged and duct-taped into submission, but impressive nonetheless. Bishop lifts a small rectangular glass slide from a bench.

BISHOP (cont’d)
Crystal data storage. Cutting edge.

KINDRED
(from another lab bench)
Menlo’s been a busy boy. Taking DNA samples. Mapping people’s genetic structure.

BISHOP
But who’s DNA…and why?

Bishop looks at a computer screen - and notices the barest hint of a reflection moving across the hallway behind them.

Bishop turns and makes a swift run out of the room.

STEADICAM - FOLLOW BISHOP AND KINDRED

Who push debris aside as they navigate the narrow corridors.

(CONTINUED)
Future Tense - "Thinning The Herd" CONTINUED:

The sound of CRASHING glass echoes ahead of them. Bishop steps through the entrance of a room into a shaft of sunlight -

REVERSE ANGLE TO SHOW

Dr. Menlo, trying to get out through a window he just shattered with a stool. Surprised, Menlo turns -

- there's something in his hand!

KINDRED

Gun!

Kindred squeezes the trigger on his weapon - a blob of green goo POPS! out the barrel. The stuff expands in the air - becoming a sheet of sticky green ooze that pins Dr. Menlo to the wall.

Menlo SCREAMS uncontrollably, the sound muffled by the ooze covering his mouth, his eyes darting to the object in his hand. Bishop and Kindred rush over.

ON MENLO'S HAND

The flashing object BEEPS BEEPS BEEPS. Faster and faster.

KINDRED (cont'd)

Detonator.

BISHOP

Disarm it - quick.

Kindred and Bishop reach down - desperately trying to pry the detonator from Menlo's clutched hand -

- but because it is pinned to the wall by the green goo, the more Bishop and Kindred pull, the stickier and messier it gets: the detonator isn't going anywhere.

Menlo screams even louder. His eyes bug.

ON THE DETONATOR

The BEEP-BEEP-BEEP turns to one loud, shrill BEEEEEZEEEP.

(CONTINUED)
FUTURE TENSE - "THINNING THE HERD"
CONTINUED: (2)

BISHOP AND KINDRED
Look at each other - then run.

STEADICAM - FOLLOW BISHOP AND KINDRED
Hauling out of the house - the BEEEEEP! of the detonator hangs in the air behind them.

EXT. DR. MENLO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS
Bishop and Kindred burst out the front door and...
BOOM!

Fire. Smoke. A shockwave knocks them off their feet.

Covered by debris, Kindred's eyes snap open - just in time to see a spear-like shard of glass drop from the sky and impale itself on the soft earth mere inches from his face.

Off his startled expression -

STATIC BURST TO BLACK

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. DR. MENLO'S HOUSE - DAY

Fire. Police. EMT's pull Dr. Menlo's charred body to the ambulance. Menlo is attached to a variety of high tech diagnostic and treatment devices integrated into the gurney.

Struggling to save Menlo's life, the EMTs place large patches of a slime-covered, flesh-like substance over the burns. Kindred rushes up to the EMTs:

KINDRED
He gonna pull through?

EMT
If we can replace the burned skin and muscle and implant an artificial nerve net he may just have a chance at a miserable life of excruciating pain -

KINDRED
Fair enough.

The EMT looks up from his life-saving struggle to shoot Kindred a sour look:

KINDRED (cont'd)
SOB tried to blow me up. What?

The EMT shakes his head and leaves Kindred behind.

An unmarked pulls up to the scene. Out of it barrels Detective Henry Renshaw, the harried, blustering Houston PD Chief Detective seen on GMX in the teaser. He is flanked by a younger, quiet and thoughtful subordinate, DETECTIVE JOHN MEANS (40's).

RENSHAW
What in sam-hell happened here? You said you were just serving a warrant.

KINDRED
Chief Renshaw. I was just admiring your work in television.

RENSHAW
The way I hear it they're gonna cancel the ceremony and just mail me the freakin' Emmy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
RENSHP (cont'd)
(then): This is my partner, Detective Means.

MEANS
What Detective Renshaw is trying to say is our entire force is on the mattresses over the Cattle Prod.

RENSHAW
So will you do me a courtesy, please? Will you do me a kindness? Get whatever it is you need and get the hell out of my city without blowing anything else up, OK?

KINDRED
We'll do our best.

RENSHAW
I'd appreciate it, cause my ulcer's about to file for workman's comp.

A CRASH from the house. All eyes turn to see an axe-wielding Bishop, stepping out in a firefighter's coat. Renshaw and Means react.

Bishop hands the axe to a FIREFIGHTER, then steps up and hands Kindred a plastic bag full of shattered data crystals.

BISHOP
Most I could recover. Fragments might still be readable.

MEANS
Crystal storage? In this neighborhood? We barely just upgraded to these up at central. What was this guy up to?

KINDRED
All will be explained in our report, Detectives...

(to Bishop as they exit)
...after we figure out how to explain it to our boss.

INT. TECHNO CRIMES DIVISION (TCD) - BULLPEN - DAY

The Boss - DOCTOR GUILLERMO SANTIAGO (40's), a tall, angular Latino man with friendly eyes and an easy charm - walks through the nerve center of Techno Crimes Division: a welcoming, ergonomic space loaded with high technology.

(CONTINUED)
Like the space he commands, Santiago is a man whose casual
demeanor masks great intensity and sense of purpose.

Flanking Santiago is his somewhat incongruous right hand
man - a sixteen year-old girl named ALICE WONG.

Although Wong walks, talks and dresses young, it is clear
that she can absolutely hold her own in the adult world -
even as she fiddles with a Rubik's Cube while rattling off
her morning briefing:

WONG
The cybercrimes unit is dealing with a
media virus that's knocking down
satellite service in the southwest.
Biotech is tracking an outbreak of
Mynock fever in the Everglades, and
the NX group is about to complete
assimilation of the RPC-16309.

SANTIAGO
Is my holo-conference on line?

Wong nods as they reach the door to Santiago's office,
where they are intercepted by MILES GUPTA (30's), the only
man in the office wearing a necktie... and that pretty much
says everything there is to know about Miles Gupta. He is a
man who would have been completely at home in the uptight,
legalistic world of Victorian England.

GUPTA
Doctor Santiago -

SANTIAGO
Miles. As my chief legal counsel you
strongly discourage me from taking
this call. You believe that the man
I'm about to talk to is disreputable
and I need to avoid any appearance
that I'm in bed with him.

Gupta shakes his head. He's been made.

GUPTA
And you believe that who you sleep
with is no one's business but your own
and I worry too much.

SANTIAGO
You're good.

GUPTA
Why do you keep ignoring my advice?

(CONTINUED)
SANTIAGO
I work in mysterious ways.

Santiago enters his office, Wong holds up the Rubik's Cube.

ALICE
I found this on your desk. What is it?

GUPTA
An antique. Been in my family for decades.

Alice gives the cube one last turn, solving it:

ALICE
And no one's solved it yet?

GUPTA
(snatching the cube)
Keep your genetically engineered brain off my stuff, okay?

INT. TCD - SANTIAGO'S OFFICE - DAY

Santiago stands off from behind his desk against FLETCHER BURNETT (50's), a well-dressed attorney.

BURNETT
They promise you anything - make you stronger, change your skin color, immunity from disease. They make it sound like plastic surgery.

SANTIAGO
The reason it's illegal to perform or solicit that kind of body enhancement is that it's dangerous. The law's not exactly vague on this.

BURNETT
My point. People are being maimed by doctors who do illegal body enhancement because they know the victims won't come out against them. If you support our victims rights group, we will put a stop to it.

Burnett slams his fist. He fritzes. He's a hologram.

SANTIAGO
It's not your ideas that bother me. It's your motivation.

(CONTINUED)
Santiago pushes a button. A transparent display screen descends from the ceiling:

VIDEO IMAGE ON THE DISPLAY - A COMMERCIAL

In which Fletcher Burnett demonstrates an ATM-like machine:

BURNETT (ON SCREEN)
Have you been hurt at home, on the road or the job? With my new AI Law system, suing for personal injury is easier than ever. In most cases my state of the art arbitration processor will contact the defendant and negotiate a settlement -
(snarls his fingers)
- like that: which means cash in your hand when you need it.

A slot opens on the AI Law Machine, dispensing a wad of bills - Burnett smiles from ear to ear.

RESUME ON SANTIAGO AND BURNETT - EXCHANGING STARES

VOICE FROM THE SCREEN
Fletcher Burnett got me twenty million dollars!

BURNETT
That was unnecessary. I know how I make my money.
(after a pause)
You a family man, Santiago?

SANTIAGO
I have a son.

BURNETT
You love him?

SANTIAGO
What do you think?

BURNETT
That you should meet my boy before you decide I don't deserve your respect.

SANTIAGO
What happened to him?

(Continued)
BURNETT
We’re staying at the Plaza. I’ll
expect your visit.

Burnett clicks off. His image vanishes. Santiago turns to
see Wong, standing at the door.

WONG
Bishop and Kindred are burning the
line from Houston — sounds urgent.

INT. HOSPITAL — OPERATING ROOM ANTEROOM — DAY

Bishop and Kindred conference with Santiago, who appears in
both their FDA’s simultaneously. On Kindred’s FDA, Santiago
shares the screen with a game of blackjack.

BISHOP
We’re at the hospital, keeping a close
eye on Dr. Menlo’s condition.

SANTIAGO
People. You were supposed to serve the
man... not blow him up.

KINDRED
Dr. Menlo blew himself up — and damn
clear turned us into tortilla soup in
the process. If you’d let us carry
real guns we wouldn’t be in this mess.

SANTIAGO
You go non-lethal unless there’s a
clear and present danger. You don’t
like it, you can always resign in
protest.
(off Kindred’s look)
Any idea why he destroyed his lab?

KINDRED
Other than being a class A former
egghead government employee nutjob?

SANTIAGO
Yes. Other than being a class A former
egghead government employee nutjob.
(then)
How long until Menlo can talk?

Bishop looks back to a glass wall dividing her and Kindred
from the OR — where a set of robotic hands graft new skin
onto Dr. Menlo’s body.

(CONTINUED)
Future Tense - "Thinning The Herd"

CONTINUED:

BISHOP
They're sewing him into his new skin right now. I'd say tomorrow morning -

SANTIAGO
Grill him and pouch the data crystals to me ASAP.

KINDRED
(clicking off)
I'm so using my drop gun from now on.

Kindred slumps on a chair, resuming his game. A young HOUSTON PD. OFFICER (WHEELER) brings them mugs of coffee.

WHEELER
I have a drop gun too. What are you packing?

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Santiago, Wong and Gupta stride through the corridor. Gupta makes his case to Santiago, who listens patiently:

GUPTA
Burnett's a shyster. He probably knew you have a son and played it for a sympathy card.

A statuesque room-service robot with a smiling face in the vague shape of a waiter glides toward them. A screen on the robot's chest shows images of food.

ROOM SERVICE DROID
Hello Dr. Santiago, I'm your room service droid. Today we're featuring Pizza Hut's triple decker sausage stack - while you're visiting our hotel would you like to pre-order -

Santiago sidesteps the droid to knock on a door - Gupta follows, finishing his sentence.

GUPTA
Just remember that these people asked for illegal body modification. This is a buyer beware situation.

The door opens to reveal a woman in sunglasses.

SUNGLASS WOMAN
Dr. Santiago?

(CONTINUED)
Santiago nods. The woman removes her sunglasses to reveal that her eyes are completely black.

**SUNGLASS WOMAN (cont'd)**
Doctor promised me better than 20/20 vision. Then he destroyed my eyes.

Off the looks between Santiago and Gupta.

**INT. FETCHER BURNETT’S HOTEL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER**

Santiago meets Burnett's victims’ group - including a YOUNG WOMAN (DEBBY) in her late twenties who shows signs of extreme old age - white hair, excessively wrinkled skin...

**BURNETT**
Debby here - the doctor offered to extend her life-span. Her condition's more common than you'd imagine.

**DEBBY**
My doctor says I have six months left to live, that I have the body of a ninety year old.

Debby breaks down in tears. Burnett leads Santiago away as a few of the other victims comfort her.

**BURNETT**
By the law, these people are criminals. They live in shame because some butcher maimed them, and in fear of going to jail.

**SANTIAGO**
What about your son?

**BURNETT**
Lionel was the youngest letterman at his school, fast-tracked for college admission. Already had NBA, GBA and WBL scouts coming to look at him play.

Burnett leads Santiago, Wong and Gupta into an alcove, where his son LIONEL (17) sits on a wheelchair, his torso covered by an afghan. Lionel doesn't acknowledge anybody, he just stares out - a sad, vacant look in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)
BURNETT (cont’d)
When he broke his arm one summer – a doctor I met through my law practice said he had a technique to make his bones harder, faster healing...
Lionel, why don’t you show Dr. Santiago? It’s OK, son, just show him.

Lionel looks away, then opens the afghan. Santiago, Wong and Gupta react. Lionel’s bones have grown uncontrollably, protruding through his skin. Lionel’s ribs are a twisted constellation of white arcs breaking through his torso. Fat bone spurs branch from Lionel’s fingertips. His joints are horribly swollen; the skin is broken everywhere, exposing hideous masses of bone.

BURNETT (cont’d)
When the bones grow long enough that he can’t function, they have to be cut off with a saw. He has to go through that at least twice a year.
(after a moment)
I’ll rot in hell for doing this to my own son... but that doctor deserves to rot in jail.

INT. SANTIAGO’S CAR - NIGHT

The vehicle drives itself. The seats in the car face inward, allowing Santiago, Wong and Gupta to conference.

CAR (BACKGROUND)
Destination, Techno Crimes Division.
ETA, ten minutes.

SANTIAGO
We need to talk to the Attorney General - negotiate an amnesty. Spare the victims from prosecution if they turn in the doctors.
(off Gupta’s glare)
Still think this is a “buyer beware” situation?

GUPTA
Think I’m going to fall for a transparently rhetorical question?
(off the looks)
Someone has to take a hard-line here.

(CONTINUED)
WONG
Why? That could have been me. If the doctor who re-sequenced my DNA had messed up that badly, I'd be produce.

GUPTA
Your intelligence enhancement was done before you were conceived in accordance to FDA rules. You're legal, they tried to cheat fate.

WONG
I think Burnett's being courageous.

GUPTA
He doesn't want to go to jail for maiming his son. And let's not forget he did it to cheat at basketball. Maybe the others wanted to commit crimes, conceal their identities, defraud the government. The only way the laws have teeth is if getting enhancements is illegal for everyone.

Santiago sits back, then, after a moment:

SANTIAGO
I like the Hippocratic oath. I like to think that a doctor who agrees to perform an illegal and dangerous procedure is a worse criminal than a kid who doesn't want to break his arm playing basketball. People face this kind of temptation every day of their lives in our society, but doctors are gatekeepers. They have knowledge, power... trust.

GUPTA
So I'll be negotiating with the Attorney General for an amnesty?
(off Wong's nod)
You're not thinking like a government official.

SANTIAGO
I'm thinking like a healer.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

ALARMS sound off in the distance. Bishop and Kindred rush in as Officer Wheeler explains what's going on:

(CONTINUED)
WHEELER
His entire pain management system went haywire - sparking, flaming, real mess. Doctors said the synth-morph pump OD'd him like a street junkie.

Wheeler leads Bishop and Kindred to an ICU where a team of DOCTORS works on Dr. Menlo. Alarms BEEP. Monitors flatline. The holographic display above Menlo’s bed glows red: the tech is high but the message is plain, Menlo’s a goner.

The burned-out, still-smoking and sparking hulk of Menlo’s pain management system lies on the floor by the bed. A DOCTOR looks up to Bishop and Kindred and shakes his head.

KINDRED
You didn’t see anyone come in or out?

WHEELER
I was just standing guard here and the damn thing blew up.

Bishop looks down, thinks, then offers Wheeler a handshake -

BISHOP
Thank you, Officer Wheeler.

Wheeler looks down at her hand, then shakes it.

BISHOP (cont’d)
How badly did you burn your hand when you sabotaged the synth-morph pump?

Bishop’s grip tightens. Wheeler winces.

WHEELER
I don’t know what -

Bishop lifts Wheeler’s hand, squeezes. Her thumb slides - there’s a thin film of slippery ooze over his knuckles.

BISHOP
Anesthetic gel.

WHEELER
Ow!

Wheeler retracts his hand in pain. Kindred breaks out the cuffs - but Wheeler grabs an IV stand and clocks Kindred across the face.

(CONTINUED)

Bishop pushes a button on her weapon. The dart lights and makes an electric shock sound - Wheeler's body spasms as he falls to the floor and vomits.

Kindred approaches. Wheeler writhes as awful gurgling, flatulent sounds erupt from his out-of-control body.

**KINDRED**
*(slapping on the cuffs)*
You know, Wheeler. I hate non-lethal weapons. I'd almost rather bag a corpse than cuff some jackass who lost control over his bodily functions.
*(to the cuffs)*
Extra tight please.

The cuffs automatically wind around Wheeler's wrists.

**KINDRED (cont'd)**
You want to tell us why you killed Dr. Menlo? No? *Sick him again Bishop.*

Off the look of horror on Wheeler's face at the prospect of another involuntary discharge from within...

**INT. TECHNO CRIMES DIVISION - DATA RECOVERY LAB - DAY**

Lit by the glow of blue lasers. Wong aims a ray emitter at a data crystal fragment. The laser scans the crystal. Santiago enters:

**SANTIAGO**
Pop quiz -

**WONG**
Never failed one. Don't plan on starting.

**SANTIAGO**
Why would a Houston PD Officer kill a disgruntled NIH scientist?

**WONG**
Is this the same disgruntled NIH scientist who was using black market equipment to map people's DNA?
Santiago nods. Wong waves her hand in front of a monitor — scrambled pictures and chunks of text clutter the screen —

WONG (cont’d)
The data crystals are in poor shape but the lasers have been able to read some basic information —

SAN JACO
Don’t bury the lead.

WONG
See all these people in Menlo’s files?

Wong waves her hand again, reorganizing the data into a number of files, each with a name and a photograph.

A word flashes under each picture: DECEASED.

WONG (cont’d)
At least a dozen of them were murdered after Menlo scanned their DNA.

The causes of death appear: Drive-By Shooting, Hit-and-Run, Hunting Accident, Self-Inflicted Knife Wound to the Spine —

SAN JACO
Killed... but why?

WONG
Maybe Menlo didn’t like what he saw.

SAN JACO
It doesn’t make sense. Our profile says Menlo was paranoid, not violent.

WONG
Time to revise the profile. Menlo wasn’t just invading people’s privacy. (beat)
He was picking out his victims.

Santiago, watches as the computer continues to spit out images and bios of Dr. Menlo’s victims — one word appears over and over again... DECEASED...

Off Santiago’s reaction...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

STATIC BURST TRANSITION FROM BLACK INTO

VIDEO IMAGE: GNX BROADCAST – CINDY NEWLAND

Cindy Newland is small on the screen while A WINDOW SHOWS Santiago giving a speech at the steps to the TCD HQ:

SANTIAGO
As of today, Techno Crimes Division will offer amnesty to any person who has been injured in illegal body enhancement – if they turn in the physician who maimed them in exchange. We are sending a message that in a society where so much is possible, doctors should be held to the highest standards of ethics and accountability.

CINDY NEWLAND
While Dr. Santiago's announcement has stirred up controversy among religious leaders who oppose body enhancement and doctors' advocates who fear a witch hunt, at least one group approves –

SEVERAL WINDOWS OPEN TO SHOW: Athletes – huge musclemen lifting small cars, a long-jumper with peculiarly long legs, a sprinter with bizarrely oversized thigh muscles...

CINDY NEWLAND (cont'd)
The organizers of the annual Body Enhancement Olympics, held this year in the Ukraine, one of twenty eight nations without restrictions on body modification are applauding the move. Igor Smedchuk, head of the Enhanced Olympics Committee has this to say –

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: IGOR SMEDCHUK – a slick Eastern European sports promoter:

SMEDCHUK
This is a wonderful first step toward legalization of all body enhancement in the United States.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SMEDCHUK (cont'd)
Improving yourself is a natural evolutionary step for humanity - in this year's Body Enhancement Olympics we will have the first long distance runner with an eight-chambered heart.

ALL WINDOWS CLOSE: And are replaced by an ominous graphic that reads “HOUSTON CHILD KILLER BODY COUNT: 8.”

CINDY NEWLAND
And in Houston, tragedy, fear, panic. The body count rises to eight as the Cattle Prod Killer strikes again...

INT. TCD - SANTIAGO’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
Where he squares off against holographic projections of Detectives Renshaw and Means.

RENSHAW
I have a perv raping and murdering kids. The whole city’s in lockdown, the press is staging a deathwatch and every crank in town is jamming my switchboard - the last thing I need is your agents arresting my officers.

SANTIAGO
Officer Wheeler killed a suspect and attacked two of my men. Doesn’t that give you any pause?

RENSHAW
It gives me pause all over the damn place - but your people are guests here, I don’t want them using my resources to investigate my own force.

MEANS
What Detective Renshaw’s trying to say is we would like this investigation handed over to our IA Division.

SANTIAGO
This may be the first time in recorded history that a detective has requested an intervention from his own Internal Affairs. What’s going on down there?
RENSHAW
What's going on is I want to keep this in the family and out of the hands of your egghead police.

SANTIAGO
You want to dispense your own brand of home-fried Texas justice on Officer Wheeler - be my guest - after I get the information I need.

Santiago hits a switch. The detectives vanish.

INT. HOUSTON PD - INTERROGATION CHAMBER - DAY

Bishop and Kindred (the cut on his face from the IV stand bandaged) grill a cleaned-up and defiant Officer Wheeler.

WHEELER
I don't know how many more ways I can say it. I burned my hand this morning on the exhaust pipe on my Hog - and that's how I got the burn on my hand.

Bishop looks at her watch -

ON THE WATCH

- is a display monitoring Wheeler's vital signs: a miniaturized polygraph. The display reads:

CONFIDENCE 10%.

Bishop looks up at Kindred:

BISHOP
He's lying.

WHEELER
That polygraph thingee happens to be illegal in this state.

KINDRED
So's the internal combustion engine on your Harley... and beating up suspects with a pillow case full of baseballs.

Wheeler smiles, then:
WHEELER
So you read my service record. So what? By the time I'm done suing for wrongful prosecution, excessive use of force, coercion -

BISHOP
Dr. Menlo was a very bad man. Did you know what he was up to? Is that why you killed him?

WHEELER
Unless you dig up some witnesses or those missing hospital security cameras. I'd say you're making some mighty big assumptions here.

KINDRED
I like you better when your were smeared in your own feces.

WHEELER
And I'd like to acquaint you with a little concept of criminal law known as "the right to remain silent."

Wheeler sits back on his chair. Bishop looks at her watch - the display reads:

100% CONFIDENCE

Off her resigned look -

INT. TCD - BULLPen - DAY

Santiago rushes through with Gupta -

GUPTA
It's going to be a legal nightmare. Ever since you announced the Body Enhancement amnesty, every physician's lobby in the country has been calling you the twenty-first century's answer to Joe McCarthy.

SANTIAGO
As a non-smoking Puerto Rican liberal who's been arrested at a sit-in, I take the comparison badly. You're my head prosecutor, make sure the doctors who get turned in get a fair shot to clear their name.

(CONTINUED)
Alice approaches, carrying a large, flexible video screen.

GUPTA
A sit-in? What were you, a zygote?

SANTIAGO
It was retro week in college, they wanted us to experience what our great-grandparents did back in the nineteen-sixties. Why am I telling you this?

ALICE
You've always had a thing about your age.

(off Santiago's look)
Bad news and worse news. Screen on.

The screen complies with a video image split into a constellation of windows, all showing separate DNA maps.

WONG
Dr. Menlo's DNA samples - see anything peculiar?

SANTIAGO
All these DNA samples indicate a propensity toward violent crime, antisocial behavior, sexual deviance -

GUPTA
So Menlo was collecting genetic samples from criminals?

WONG
Proto-criminals. All of them had the genes for violence, poor impulse control, sexual perversion... but none of them had committed any serious felonies yet - only gateway crimes - assaults, burglaries - and they'd all paid their debt to society.

GUPTA
But Menlo still felt the need to do vigilante justice on them?

WONG
It's more like "pre-gilante" justice. Killing them before they did the really serious crimes.

SANTIAGO
What's the worse news?

(continued)
WONG
Menlo was monitoring a lot of people. I confirmed fifteen murders, but I
found hundreds of genetic profiles in the other data crystals - it's who's
who of Houston's petty underworld.

SANTIAGO
(a light bulb)
Of course. Why didn't I see it?
(off the looks)
Menlo doesn't have a motive. None of
our intel indicates he's a violent
person, but somehow he gets a
comprehensive list of criminals, runs
genetic tests, finds out which ones
are really dangerous, then they get
killed and the murders are never
solved. Now who has the wherewithal to
commit and cover up fifteen murders?

GUPTA
Someone who'd benefit from thinning
the herd of lethal criminals.

WONG
Houston PD.

As the terrible realization sinks in...

SANTIAGO
That's why Wheeler killed him.

INT. HOUSTON PD - INTERROGATION - ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Wheeler can be seen through the one-way glass. Flanked by a
POLICE LAWYER (GUERIN), Renshaw and Means berate Kindred:

MEANS
This gentleman is Ron Guerin, attorney
for the Police Union. You don't talk
to Wheeler without him in the room -

GUERIN
Unless you have an arrest or charges,
I suggest you release my client now.

KINDRED
(points to his bandage)
Maybe I oughta book him for assault -
you know, while we figure out why he
decided to commit murder.
RENSHAW
You savor this you smug son of a bitch, 'cause it's the end of your sorry ass career.

KINDRED
Well, now that you've decided to bring my mother into this -

But the comeback is ruined when Bishop enters, carrying a portable holographic emitter:

BISHOP
Dr. Santiago has a few questions he'd like to ask Wheeler. After that we'll be happy to let him go. Shall we?

INT. HOUSTON PD - INTERROGATION CHAMBER - LATER

Guerin stands by his client. Bishop places the holo-emitter on the table and pushes a button. Santiago appears on the table - a one foot tall hologram standing on the tabletop.

SANTIAGO
You know who I am?

WHEELER
You look taller on TV.

SANTIAGO
We deciphered the data crystals from Dr. Menlo's house. We know they contain genetic data on potential criminals. We know someone's been killing criminals before they strike.

WHEELER
I'm not a Ph.D. All this you're saying is clicks and pings to me.

SANTIAGO
Menlo's files don't just list criminals. They also name Police Officers considered genetically unfit to serve on the force.

Wheeler's bravado vanishes as Santiago speaks.

SANTIAGO (cont'd)
You know, prone to violence and excessive force, sub-par intelligence. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SANTIAGO (cont'd)
I'm assuming these men could just be bad apples to be ripped off the tree... or maybe they're the kind of cops who'd take an assignment like killing some innocent people. Anyway, I thought you might want to know your name's on that list.

Wheeler's face quivers, with fear and betrayal:

SANTIAGO (cont'd)
Anything you need to tell me?

GUERIN
There's gonna be an investigation, you don't have to answer any of this.

SANTIAGO
Someone killed over fifteen innocent people. Now they're trying to cover it up by killing Menlo - who do you think is gonna die next to keep the secret?

Wheeler looks down - the small image on the tabletop actually stares him down - Wheeler is genuinely afraid.

GUERIN
Wheeler, I'm warning you, say a word -

But Santiago has broken Wheeler:

WHEELER
I was the trigger man. I killed five of the pre-criminals.

GUERIN
I am instructing you to exercise your right to remain silent -

WHEELER
They were bad. I saw their genetic files - they were psychs, we to stop them before they did real damage.

SANTIAGO
Who ordered the executions?

Guerin throws up his arms - this is a meltdown. Wheeler sweats. Holds his head, then points to the one-way glass:

WHEELER

Bishop and Kindred run out of the room.
INT. HOUSTON PD - INTERROGATION ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Renshaw and Means are gone. Gunshots REVERBERATE from beyond the entrance -

INT. HOUSTON PD - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Bishop and Kindred haul out to find Detective. Renshaw - his gun drawn, holding Means down on the floor with his boot. Renshaw's other hand applies direct pressure to a fresh gunshot wound to his side.

RENSHAW
(turning to see Kindred)
I believe I owe your mother an apology
Detective Kindred.

KINDRED
She's a battle-ax. She can take it.

RENSHAW
Good. I, on the other hand, may just be bleeding to death here. You mind holding down my piece-of-crap trigger happy former partner while I get some medical attention?

KINDRED
My pleasure.

RENSHAW
You're a gentleman.

Renshaw lowers his gun and goes, but not before kicking Means in the ribs for good measure.

As Kindred ignores Means' pained GRUNT...

INT. TCD - SANTIAGO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A holographic image of Bishop appears before Santiago.

BISHOP
We just collared Detective Means.

SANTIAGO
Contact Houston IA, tell them you're taking point, then get any cop who might be part of this off the streets.

(CONTINUED)
Bishop terminates the link and vanishes. Santiago turns to look at Wong and Gupta, sitting behind him.

WONG
How do you think Wheeler's going to feel when he finds out he wasn't on the list?

SANTIAGO
I think his conscience is going to let him live with what he did.

GUPTA
I didn't think you had it in you.

SANTIAGO
To lie to a cop?

GUPTA
To start two major political firestorms in the same week. Vigilante cops, dirty doctors, who's next?

SANTIAGO
Maybe I'm finally thinking like a government official.

GUPTA
Government officials care about self-preservation.

Santiago and Wong exchange glances as Gupta walks out of the office. Off the moment...

FACE TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

STATIC BURST TRANSITION INTO

VIDEO IMAGE: GNX NEWSCAST - CINDY NEWLAND

CINDY NEWLAND
Scandal engulfs the embattled Houston Police as Techno Crimes Division Agents and Internal Affairs officers hunt down and arrest a total of five rogue Police Officers. The charge: dealing out "pre-gilante" justice -

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: a MONTAGE of IA AGENTS, led by Bishop and Kindred, knocking down the doors of a house to arrest a POLICE OFFICER... chasing down and collaring a DETECTIVE on a busy street... pulling a third POLICE OFFICER out of a fast-food joint...

A SECOND WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: Santiago, entering TCD Headquarters, swamped by media:

SANTIAGO
We believe that the five Police Officers in custody invaded the genetic privacy of the citizens they swore to protect and used that information to judge, convict and murder over a dozen people. These "pre-gilante" cops formed their own death squad and hunted down innocents for the crime of having unacceptable DNA.

CINDY NEWLAND
But not everyone agrees with Dr. Santiago -

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: A demonstration, people hold up placards which read "FREE THE HOUSTON FIVE"

CINDY NEWLAND (cont'd)
Crowds of sympathetic demonstrators filled the streets of Houston, as Detective John Means, now suspended for his alleged participation in the "pre-gilante" police ring was transported to his indictment -

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: Means, a jacket over his cuffed hands. He speaks with his usual calm tone of voice:

(CONTINUED)
MEANS
All we did is take ticking time bombs off the streets. Dr. Santiago’s science Gestapo is standing in the way of the future of Law Enforcement.

CINDY NEWLAND
The scandal couldn’t come at a worse time for the Houston Police, who are still on the trail of the Cattle Prod Killer -

A DOUBLE WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: Two pundits, one listed as NED BURGE - CHAIRMAN, CITIZENS FOR AGGRESSIVE LAW ENFORCEMENT, the second listed as ADRIENNE GRIGGS - VICTIMS’ RIGHTS ADVOCATE. The legend above the window reads: “PRE-GILANTE JUSTICE: AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME?”

BURGE
These cops ought to get medals - they made surgical strikes against evil. That could be the foundation of a new civilized society - a society without crime, suspicion, or fear. Every population needs to thin the herd - this is our chance.

GRIGGS
My son was on the Houston Five’s hit list. He would have been killed if they hadn’t been caught. My son will be under suspicion the rest of his life. If we don’t punish these “pre-gilante” cops we will wind up in a society where people will be judged by their genetic code. There’s a reason the government keeps the Genetic Census private and this is exactly it.

PULL OUT OF VIDEO TO REVEAL
- that the image is displayed on one of the lenses of the video-eyeglasses worn by CLARENCE JOHNSON (50’s) - the 21st century’s most aggressive and notorious defense attorney.

Although his outward style reads Johnnie Cochran, Clarence Johnson’s flash, sass and mercenary demeanor is a façade for a shrewd legal mind with a private agenda.

Flanked by LACKEYS, Johnson takes long, confident strides down a marble-lined hallway toward:
INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Johnson opens the doors to find himself face to face with "The Houston Five," headed by Means and Wheeler.

Johnson snaps his fingers by the temple on his glasses: the video shuts off. He stares at the cops for a beat, then.

JOHNSON
Gentlemen I'll dispense with the getting-to-know-you chit-chat. I know you fired your counsel, rejected all plea bargain agreements and that you asked for me by name.

(then)
I'd also like to add that I think you're a bunch of crypto-fascist pigs and that it's not lost on me that seventy-five percent of the people you murdered were black.

The cops look at each other and wonder: "are we really gonna trust this guy with our lives?" Means responds with his usual soft-spoken conviction.

MEANS
Will you hear us out or not?

JOHNSON
It's your nickel.

MEANS
We may not be innocent by the letter of the law, but we consider ourselves heroes, and we know there's a lot of people who feel the same way.

JOHNSON
And Santiago's Prosecutor will do everything he can to keep them off the jury.

MEANS
This is Texas. All we need for an acquittal is that you bring up the previous criminal records of the people we took out - that you show they were terrible crimes just waiting to happen.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNSON
That was a joke, right? Making that argument in open court is about as safe as me driving my brand-new solar-powered Maserati fifteen miles outside of this bible-belt metropolitan area.

MEANS
You want to laugh. Laugh. You think we're a bunch of crackers lynching innocents. Fine. But I've spent more time around criminals than with my wife and daughters. I know their minds. The people we killed were this far from truly heinous acts - repeat offenders out on technicalities - juveniles with expunged records so awful they'd turn you white. We picked the worst of the worst - and to show we trust the system, we got Dr. Menlo to make sure we only hit the ones who didn't have it in their wiring to stay straight. We cut out a cancer.

JOHNSON
Whether you believe that is none of my business. But you people murdered fifteen men, and had a list of future targets as long as my arm. That's bad. Even in Texas. Now, I've been thinking, and I can get you a hung jury.

WHEELER
How can you guarantee a hung jury?

JOHNSON
These are interesting times, and people are open to interesting ideas.

(he's got them now)
So we do this my way and force the state into leniency or you can die on the chair, or worse, turn on each other, make deals, and spend the best years of your lives surrounded by felons who know you hunted down their brothers like dogs.

MEANS
What do you have in mind?
JOHNSON
I want your consent for the government to release your records from their Genetic Census. It's time we saw what's hidden inside your DNA.

Off the puzzled reaction in the room:

VIDEO IMAGE: THE COURTROOM NETWORK

Commentators LAIRD GRANGER (a young George Will type) and WENDY MARTINEZ (an attractive left-winger):

MARTINEZ
Good morning. I'm Wendy Martinez.

GRANGER
And I'm Laird Granger. The trial of the Houston Five began today with some explosive action - Clarence Johnson delivered an opening that's gonna be hell to beat.

WINDOWS OPEN TO SHOW: Headshots and profiles of Miles Gupta and Clarence Johnson, augmented by profiles, stats etc.

MARTINEZ
Johnson is good, but I wouldn't discount the Techno Crimes team, Miles Gupta is a seasoned court jockey, and Doctor Santiago has navigated the flap over his Illegal Body Enhancement amnesty with a deft touch. This is a team that knows how to win.

GRANGER
Let's go to the courtroom for a recap of the action -

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Presided by the stentorian JUDGE HELEN CONSTANTINE (67). Santiago watches Gupta as he gives his opening remarks:

GUPTA
This was murder, pure and simple.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
GUPTA (cont’d)
Motivated by a cynical belief that a person’s DNA determines the totality of their past, present and future. Fifteen dead, with a list of hundreds more that would have killed had the law not caught up with these men. The facts are undeniable. The motive is one which, if vindicated, will spell dire consequences for society.

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

Clarence Johnson - delivering his opening. Santiago and Gupta can be seen in the background:

JOHNSON
These are proud men. Decorated officers. The defense I am about to advance doesn’t please them - but they have granted me permission to present to you an undeniable fact. Each and every one of these cops have, in their DNA, the exact same markers for violence, lack of impulse control and mental illness as the criminals they purged from society. By the end of this trial you will understand that the Houston Five are not guilty by reason of genetic predisposition.

THE IMAGE FREEZES - A WINDOW OPENS - GRANGER AND MARTINES:

Granger draws a “John Madden electronic crayon” circle over Santiago and Gupta.

GRANGER
You can see that the room is stunned by Mr. Johnson’s defense. If ever there was a Brass-Ball-Hail-Mary pass in an American courtroom this is it.

MARTINES
It is a gutsy move. Now, there is precedent for a plea of “not guilty by reason of genetic predisposition” - but only for individuals, never in a case involving so many defendants.

(CONTINUED)
GRANGER
Johnson’s never been a wilting flower. The man takes risks and that was only the beginning - let’s go back to the courtroom for his explosive follow-up:

THE IMAGE OF JOHNSON UNFREEZES:

JOHNSON
That police officers genetically predisposed toward paranoia and transgressive behavior were allowed to rise in the hierarchy unchecked, untreated and undiagnosed is the fault of the Houston Police Department - not the defendants. That our advanced society failed to detect the potential violence in these men and offer treatment is the real crime.

THE WINDOW SHOWCASING GRANGER AND MARTINEZ EXPANDS TO OVERTAKE THE SCREEN

GRANGER
No doubt about it, Clarence Johnson just took control of this trial -

STATIC BURST TRANSITION INTO

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Johnson exits the courtroom and is swamped by media. Santiago follows and sidesteps the mob to intercept Johnson and pull him into a restricted area.

SANTIAGO
Let me guess, you want to destroy genetic privacy, open the door to institutionalized gene-based prejudice, paralyze every police department in the country with liability claims?

JOHNSON
That’s a lovely sentiment - for someone mired in mid-20th century liberal humanism.
SANTIAGO
Your argument was used to promote
racial oppression less than a hundred
years ago.

JOHNSON
You need to take a neurotransmitter,
get some sun, ponder if maybe I just
like getting a big boss like you all
worked up like this.

SANTIAGO
What need are you feeding here?

JOHNSON
Evolution.

SANTIAGO
Discrimination.

Johnson's tone turns deadly serious:

JOHNSON
As long as it's finally done right.
(off Santiago's stare)
Don't give me that condescending
stare. We open up the gene pool, next
thing you know, black kids don't wind
up in jail just because of the color
of their skin - and white kids don't
get leniency because their parents
have privilege. Today could be the
start of a truly fair society.

SANTIAGO
And when the system comes after you?

JOHNSON
I've already had my DNA tested. I
suggest you do the same.
(turning to go)
'cause I know I can make the cut.

Johnson smiles and exits into the arms of the waiting, and
adoring media. Off Santiago's frustration...

INT. FEDERAL COURTRoom - DAY

Santiago watches as Gupta questions Means:
GUPTA
You kept extensive DNA profiles of the criminals you executed and those you were about to execute - why?

MEANS
As Mr. Johnson has already established
I'm borderline obsessive compulsive -

Santiago rolls his eyes, levels a stare at Johnson, who lets a smile escape his lips. As Gupta continues, Wong enters the courtroom and hands Santiago what appears to be a business card-sized piece of translucent plastic.

WONG
(a whisper)
This was just delivered for you...

GUPTA
(to Means)
Really? So when you were designing your conspiracy, you stopped and said to yourself, "as an obsessive-compulsive I'd better over-document everything." I think you knew your actions were bad, and you were trying to rationalize them.

MEANS
That doesn't make what we did right or rational, does it?

Santiago looks at the piece of plastic - the following words appear as if on a computer screen:

I KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE CATTLE PROD KILLER

A chill runs down Santiago's spine. Trying to keep his composure, Santiago exits the courtroom in a hurry.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Santiago rushes down toward a private office:

SANTIAGO
When did we get this? Who sent it?

WONG
Can't say. Don't know. Someone dropped it off at your hotel. I'm having the security cameras checked as we speak.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
WONG (cont'd)
(pointing to the office)
The videophones are rigged up in here.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bishop and Kindred wait inside, manning a number of portable videotelephones and monitoring devices.

Santiago grabs one of the videoteles and swipes the card through a slot on the side.

The videotel lights up with an image, a MAN in sunglasses, his face very close to the lens so as to be difficult to make out his exact features.

MAN
Terminate your trace or I'm hanging up and melting this phone.

Santiago makes a "cut" signal. A nasty look crosses Kindred's face as he pushes a button on his console, cutting off the trace. Santiago levels a stare at the man:

SANTIAGO
Who are you?

MAN
A respected doctor and pillar of the community who is about to get thrown in jail because of your amnesty program for my so-called victims. I have a wife, a house, a kid, and a swimming pool. Now I want a deal.

SANTIAGO
How do I know you're for real?

MAN
I've been doing body enhancement for years. The money's good and I have a reputation. I've never been the butcher your PR makes me out to be.

SANTIAGO
Why do you need to make a deal then?

MAN
One patient out of a hundred doesn't get what they want and I'm screwed - I had a better success rate than all the surgeons in the entire country!

(Continued)
SANTIAGO
I'm not impressed.

MAN
A man came to me about a year ago.
Wanted a few enhancements. Night
vision. Fingerprint removal...and a
couple of really creepy sex things I'd
rather not discuss. Suffice it to say
that some of the mutilations on the
victims are compatible with the
alterations I made on the guy.

SANTIAGO
Eight children have already died, why
didn't you come forward -

MAN
You know how many active missing
children cases there are in Houston?
Any one of them could be in the hands
of that pervert right now. You can
lecture me, or give me immunity.

Off Santiago, knowing he has no choice but to cut a deal:

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. HOUSTON PD - STAGING AREA - NIGHT
Bishop and Kindred lead a strike team into two unmarked
black window SUVs and a civilian van.

EXT. HOUSTON STREETS - NIGHT
The team barrels through the streets, SIRENS BLARING.

INT. VAN - NIGHT
Kindred drives, Bishop sits at a tactical station, speaks
into a mic:

BISHOP
We're almost there. Fall back.
EXT. AN UPPER MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The SUVs slow down and peel away. The van glides through toward a large home at the end of a cul-de-sac -

ON BISHOP

BISHOP

We have the house in sight. Deploying tactical drones.

ON THE ROOF OF THE VAN

Three small hovercraft fly soundlessly into the night - they divide and take strategic positions around the house.

ON BISHOP

BISHOP (cont'd)

Tactical drones are out, I have lidar, magnetic resonance and heat imaging -

Bishop's console lights up, receiving data from each of the three drones to triangulate a three-dimensional holographic representation of the house. The distinct figure of a human being can be seen in the second story of the house -

BISHOP (cont'd)

I have one occupant, body type male mesomorph on the second story and - oh god. Faint life signs in the basement - I think it's a child...

EXT. UPPER MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE - NIGHT

The SUVs take positions. Armed officers pour out and seal the perimeter.

The van pulls up to the front of the house. Kindred steps out nonchalantly, carrying a flower box. He reaches for the doorbell, then -

KINDRED

(into his headset)

We in position?

BISHOP

The perimeter is sealed.

(CONTINUED)
KINDRED
Then screw the flowers.

Kindred opens the box and pulls out a pneumatic battering ram. He pushes a button and WHAM! The door blasts clean off its hinges.

INT. UPPER MIDDLE CLASS HOME - CORRIDOR/STAIRS - NIGHT

Armed men rush in. Kindred and his team go up the stairs - the CATTLE PROD KILLER steps out of a bedroom - pulling out a gun the moment he sees the rushing police.

Kindred fires his weapon. A glob of green goo closes the distance between him and the Cattle Prod Killer. The killer SLAMS against a wall - stuck.

Kindred rushes up, and grabs the killer by the face, holding his mouth shut:

KINDRED
You know what I'm gonna be thinking when they put you in a hole for the rest of your life? Thank god I have a nonlethal weapon.

(into his headset)
Bishop?

EXT. UPPER MIDDLE CLASS HOME - NIGHT

Flanked by several Armed Officers, Bishop exits the house, carrying a shaking, weeping BOY bundled in a blanket.

BISHOP
(into her headset)
I have the boy, Kindred. He's alive, repeat, he's alive.

As Bishop holds the boy in her arms, and an ambulance pulls up to the house, sirens BLARING. Off the moment -

INT. HOUSTON PD - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Wong races to meets Santiago as he congratulates Bishop and Kindred. Breathless, Wong almost slams into Santiago:

SANTIAGO
Alice, what's the matter?

(Continued)
WONG
I just found something really bad in
Dr. Menlo's files.
(catching her breath)
The Cattle Prod Killer was on the
list. He was the next one up for
execution.

Santiago, Bishop and Kindred react to this disturbing
surprise - the moment hangs over them for a second, then:

KINDRED
Great. Those sons of bitches could
have stopped the murder spree long
before we did.

Off Santiago, hating the fact that Kindred is right...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

VIDEO IMAGE: GNX NEWSCAST - CINDY NEWLAND

CINDY NEWLAND
In a shocking development, the Cattle Prod Killer has been unmasked as a highly-paid software designer living in a large suburban house -

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: A photo of the Cattle Prod Killer - accompanied by a text box containing personal information.

CINDY NEWLAND (cont'd)
- but the grisly details of his crimes have taken a back seat to the revelation that he was scheduled for termination by the rogue cops now known as the "Houston Five"

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: Ned Burge, Chairman, Citizens for Aggressive Law Enforcement:

BURGE
I think that the Houston Five just got a one-way ticket to vindication-town. They would have found this despicable child-molesting creep and hunted him down like a dog. God knows how many kids would have been saved if they'd been allowed to do what they did -

CINDY NEWLAND
Today, Houston Mayor Hollis Doolittle met with the families of the victims of the Cattle Prod Killer -

ANOTHER WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: HOUSTON'S MAYOR, stepping up to address a gathering media:

MAYOR DOOLITTLE
When I see all of this grief, I can understand wishing that the "pre-gilantes" had gotten the killer before he committed his heinous acts. Whatever the outcome of the trial of the Houston Five, It's time for us to study some form of "pre-gilante-ism" as a means of law enforcement.

(CONTINUED)
CINDY NEWLAND
The Mayor is not alone - today, ten
thousand demonstrators marched through
downtown Houston, calling for the
release of the Houston Five.

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: A crowd of DEMONSTRATORS, chanting
and holding placards which read "FREE THE HOUSTON FIVE."

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

VIDEO IMAGE: THE COURTROOM NETWORK - LAIRD GRANGER AND WENDY
MARTINEZ INTERVIEW CLARENCE JOHNSON

JOHNSON
These developments don't change my
legal strategy - I'm still proving
these cops had genetic defects that
led them to violence. If the capture
of the Cattle Prod causes people to
think about a more open policy toward
the Secret Genetic Census, then maybe
we can avoid the presence of such
dangerous officers in the police
forces of the future.

MARTINEZ
And if the ground-swell of public
sympathy results in a hung jury or an
acquittal for your clients?

JOHNSON
From your lips to god's ears, Wendy.

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Gupta, Santiago, Johnson square off against a very crabby
Judge Constantine.

GUPTA
Ten thousand people chanting "free the
Houston Five" is prejudicial, and
that's not the tip of the iceberg. The
media has already caused enough jury
contamination to warrant a mistrial.
JOHNSON
That's a load of bull. I would never introduce the capture of the Cattle Prod. It doesn't support my case.

JUDGE CONSTANTINE
I agree with Mr. Gupta. The knowledge that these cops might have taken out the Houston child killer could guarantee an acquittal no matter what defense you mount. I'm ordering the jury sequestered... and by the way, Mr. Johnson - the rules regarding your ability to discuss this case in the media may have been shamefully relaxed since I was a young Judge, but if you want to stay in my good graces, you'll shut the hell up.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Gupta, Santiago and Wong hold a war council. Bishop stands behind Santiago, waiting for her turn to speak.

GUPTA
Sequestering the jury's barely a victory. The insta-polls indicate a majority of Texans view these cops as heroes. Sequestered or not, I don't think the jury's sympathy is gonna fall on the side of reason. We may have screwed ourselves on this trial the moment we caught the Cattle Prod Killer.

SANTIAGO
That's why I want you to talk to Agent Bishop. There's something she's confided in me that you ought to hear.

BISHOP
You need to bring me into the trial.

GUPTA
In what capacity?

BISHOP
Expert witness.

Off Gupta's quizzical look -
INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Gupta questions Bishop on the stand:

GUPTA
How exactly did your genetic make up become part of the public record?

BISHOP
I took a bullet in the head during an assignment several years ago. They implanted an experimental chip in my brain to compensate for the neural damage. By law they had to make my record public. I willingly gave up my privacy to undergo a procedure which would allow me to keep my job.

GUPTA
Can you describe your genetic record?

BISHOP
It shows a propensity to violence. Clinical depression. Poor impulse control. A predisposition to obsessive-compulsive and addictive behavior.

GUPTA
Have you ever committed a crime? Been cited for excessive use of violence? Been addicted to alcohol or drugs?

BISHOP
No.

GUPTA
In fact, in spite of your genetic record, you have several commendations for distinguished service and courage above and beyond the call of duty.

BISHOP
That is correct.

GUPTA
No further questions.

JOHNSON
(stands)
Agent Bishop, have you sought treatment for your depressive or violent tendencies?

(CONTINUED)
BISHOP
I've taken drugs and psychological treatment on an ongoing basis.

JOHNSON
So your foreknowledge of your genetic predispositions has in fact allowed you to overcome your deficiencies.

BISHOP
Yes.

JOHNSON
Aren't you proving my point then? That if the Houston Five had been genetically screened before they were hired, the issues that led them to commit their criminal acts might have been identified and treated.

BISHOP
Frankly, I neither know nor care about your point.

JOHNSON
I see what you mean by "poor impulse control." No further -

Gupta shoots to his feet:

GUPTA
Agent Bishop - what did you do three nights ago?

BISHOP
I was on the team that collared the Cattle Prod Killer.

GUPTA
In fact, you rescued a child from the basement of the killer's home. Can you tell us what you saw there?

Bishop's expression hardens, she doesn't want to discuss this. As she speaks, the effect of the things she saw are clear in the increasingly faltering sound of her voice:

BISHOP
The boy can't have been older than five. He was naked. Emaciated. Strapped to a table. The place was like a dungeon. Dark. Humid.

(MORE)
BISHOP (cont'd)
There was child pornography everywhere and cattle prods and brands hanging from iron hooks in the ceiling. One of the brands was in a cooling bucket, still smoking. The child had a fresh burn on his chest –

GUPTA
And seconds after, you sat next to the killer in a police van. Did it even occur to you to just pull out your gun and shoot the bastard?

BISHOP
My only thought was that in prison, he'll spend a lifetime experiencing what he put those kids through.

As Bishop turns a grim, determined glare toward Johnson:

STATIC BURST TRANSITION TO

VIDEO IMAGE: GNT NEWSCAST - CINDY NEWLAND

CINDY NEWLAND
Houston has become the point of critical mass for a controversy that has now reached the halls of power in the nation's capital.

A WINDOW OPENS TO SHOW: Ned Burge, waving a sheet of paper.

BURGE
This is a petition, signed by three thousand state and local leaders, as well as every member of the families of the Cattle Prod Killer victims, demanding that the Government open the Genetic Census to identify and monitor future criminals.

A SECOND WINDOW OPENS: To show SENATOR REBECCA BENSON (R) NORTH CAROLINA:

SENATOR BENSON
I intend on initiating immediate hearings into the feasibility of opening the government's Secret Genetic Census.

(MORE)
Continued:

Senator Benson (cont'd)
I think people are more than willing
to sacrifice a little of their privacy
to insure that a murder spree like
that of the Cattle Prod Killer never
takes place again.

A third window opens: To show Santiago - addressing the
press outside the courthouse.

Santiago
The moment the verdict is read, I will
be on a hypersonic plane to Washington
to do everything I can to defeat the
initiative to open the Genetic Census.
In addition to the endless potential
for abuse of power, opening the
Genetic Census would be the first step
toward creating a segregated society
based on genetic discrimination.

Static burst transition to

Int. Federal Courthouse - Courtroom - Day

The jury files in - the JURY FOREPERSON hand the verdict to
the BAILIFF. Judge Constantine reads it, hands it back.

Judge Constantine
In the matter of the people versus
Officers Means, Wheeler, Thompson,
Jones and Hardy, what say you?

Jury Foreperson
On fifteen counts of first degree
murder assisted by controlled
technology, we find the defendants
guilty.

Santiago shakes hands with Gupta. Bishop sighs in relief.
As the Houston Five exchange disgruntled glances with
Clarence Johnson...

Static burst transition to

The Courtroom Network: Laird Granger Interviews Clarence
Johnson

Johnson
Our defeat is not an end but a
beginning.

(More)

(Continued)
JOHNSON (cont’d)
We have released a genie that will never go back in the bottle. The people of this country support the use of the Government’s Genetic Census for the sake of public safety – it is their right as taxpayers. I hope Dr. Santiago realizes this as he prepares to testify in Washington. This is the future and he’s standing in the way.

INT. SENATE HEARING CHAMBER – DAY

Press everywhere. A panel of avuncular Senators (some things never change) headed by the sternator Rebecca Benson, listens to Santiago’s testimony.

SANTIAGO
The consequences of opening the Secret Genetic Census go beyond anything we can imagine. The threat to privacy, to individual freedom – the dangers are endless.

(shuffling some papers)
Let me give you an example. I obtained these records through the Freedom of Information act, and I found out some very interesting things.

(beat)
Imagine if the people of this nation knew that in the Senate, where so many of their fates are decided, twenty members are clinical depressives at an ongoing risk of suicide.

The Senators look at each other. The press scans their faces, trying to figure out who is who. The room grows quieter, the atmosphere of discomfort growing unbearable –

SANTIAGO (cont’d)
Imagine if the people knew that over ninety percent of their chosen representatives are genetically predisposed to alcohol, nicotine and drug addiction, that seventy-five are high-risk for degenerative brain disease and may be suffering early onset symptoms during their terms – that at least five have pathological tendencies toward violence and sexual deviance.

(continued)
SENATOR BENSON
Dr. Santiago, may I ask exactly where you got your information?

SANITAGO
I requisitioned medical records from all of the Senators in office at the dawn of the Second World War.

A sigh of relief goes across the room...

SANITAGO (cont'd)
Of course, these statistics are based on hundred year-old medical records. Information based on genetic screening would be far, far more accurate.

Benson leans forward on her mic, clearly annoyed by the example Santiago has chosen to make his point:

SENATOR BENSON
This stunt of yours notwithstanding, opening the Genetic Census would bring to the world clarity and certainty.

(beat)
The Genetic Census could have been used to stop the deaths of the Houston child killer's victims. How can you live with yourself knowing such knowledge is available but unused? Would you really prefer questions to answers?

SANITAGO
In exchange for personal freedom, a world without a class system based on genetic haves and have-nots, where I am judged by my actions and character as opposed to a chart of potentials and statistics... I'd be more than happy to learn to love the questions.

Off the tense stare between Santiago and Senator Benson...

INT. SENATE CORRIDOR - DAY

Santiago, Bishop, Kindred, and Gupta stand beyond the cordoned-off media.

SANITAGO
I want to congratulate you all for your fine work.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SANTIAGO (cont'd)
It's not every day you catch a serial killer and convict on fifteen counts of first degree murder -
(then to Bishop)
- and turn yourself inside out for the whole world to see.

Kindred puts his hand on Bishop's shoulder, but before anything can be said, Wong enters the scene.

WONG
The vote's in. The committee is about to make their recommendation.

SANTIAGO
And it's not every day our entire world could change completely in a heartbeat.

The five exchange worried glances, then, as they turn toward the corridor into the chamber -

CUT TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE