

EPIPHANY

Written by

Wayne Mathias

Wayne Mathias
P.O. Box 191074
San Francisco, CA 94119
415.902.7663
wayniote@sonic.net

FADE IN:

EXT. PACIFICA - STREET - DAY

A foggy day in a once-prosperous coastal suburb, now fallen on hard times.

A female hand carries a cellphone. Its unseen owner walks briskly, sweeps the screen with her thumb. The Hoo-Yeah app displays photos of smiling young men, one after another.

Up ahead, an alarm bell rings. Desperate Looters pour out of a supermarket and a plundered delivery truck. Clutching boxes, baskets and carts, they flee brutish Security Guards.

An old lady curses in Chinese as her cart tumbles off the curb and a Guard catches up. The phone hand moves aside, continues along the street.

The thumb sweeps headshots left and right, despite sickening thuds of a truncheon and yelps of pain from behind.

A van with the bold JenSec logo screeches to a halt. More Goons in body armor leap out to pummel, taser, and chase panicked Looters in all directions.

The thumb keeps sweeping left, left, left. It pauses for a headshot of a longhaired Amerasian hunk, the Burning Man type. The thumb sweeps him to the right.

Left, left, left, right...

EXT. COFFEESHOP - DAY

In a secluded courtyard, a tattooed Barista (20s) swirls a pitcher of steamed milk, pours it into a cappuccino with an artful flourish.

A male hand taps a credit card on the checkout screen: \$500 for two cappuccinos. The hand drops \$50 in the tip jar.

The female hand tucks the phone into a faded oxblood moto jacket. DIANE HALE (32), a serious, whip-smart detective, selects a chair with her back to the wall, facing an array of oblivious hipsters.

She checks them out warily, then attempts a softer, welcoming smile as the Burner brings the cappuccinos to their table.

PHILIP TANAKA (30) grins back with stoned wokeness. He sets one cup before Diane, aligning the latte art with a turn, then sits with his own cup.

They make an odd couple, but neither seems to mind. Above, seagulls squeal in flight.

PHILIP

It's a blend of Ethiopian and Yemeni.

DIANE

(sips, impressed)
Must be hard to get.

PHILIP

Fair trade. Milk's organic, too.

He sips. Diane flashes an indulgent smile.

DIANE

Of course.

PHILIP

(pause)
I heard there was a food riot.

DIANE

Yeah, at the Safeway on Linda Mar. JenSec broke it up.

The latter fact irritates her more than the former, but Philip doesn't spot it.

PHILIP

Random delivery times don't seem to work anymore.

DIANE

Looters network. Someone spots a truck, everyone knows instantly.

PHILIP

But you can get food okay, right?

DIANE

Uh, so far. I'm not a Spam ho.

PHILIP

Me neither.
(pause)
Y'know, Diane, I don't really use Hoo-Yeah anymore. It's almost a fluke that we found each other.

Diane doesn't care if he's lying; she just drinks her coffee.

DIANE

I assume you ran a background check on me.

PHILIP

Ogle didn't reveal much.

DIANE

In my case, it's not supposed to.

PHILIP

May I ask what you do?

DIANE

(pause)

Philip, I've found it never helps to talk about work.

PHILIP

Under the radar. I can dig it. I'm an app designer myself.

DIANE

See what I mean?

(notes his dismay)

Just kidding! Look, why don't we, y'know...

PHILIP

Cut to the chase? Sure. I've had my shots.

DIANE

I'd buy that for a dollar.

PHILIP

Your place or--

DIANE

My place. Would now be okay?

Philip's eyes widen. He downs his cappuccino in one gulp.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Ikea furniture, minimal housekeeping. Naked in bed, Diane and Philip screw like crazed rabbits.

As she bounces on top, he looks at her, realizes she's driven by a blind hunger that has nothing to do with him. He's too far gone to care.

They climax noisily. She collapses, rolls off beside him, catches her breath.

PHILIP
Oh my God! Woooo!

DIANE
Yeah... You're all right.

PHILIP
Men have their uses.

DIANE
So I've heard.

From her nightstand drawer she takes out an enamel pillbox, extracts a tightly rolled joint.

Reclining on the pillows, she lights up, takes a deep drag, passes him the joint.

He takes a hit, sees her still holding in the smoke. At last she lets it all out without a cough.

PHILIP
Not bad!

He returns the joint. She takes another drag.

DIANE
Beats that Ethiopian shit! And
it's fair trade!

They giggle in clouds of smoke and continue trading tokes.

PHILIP
What's your favorite drug, Diane?

DIANE
(ponders a second)
Don't know if I have one, really.

PHILIP
You sure it's not sex?

For her it's too close to the bone.

DIANE
So, that's your deep intuition...

PHILIP
I just say what pops into my head.
Tell me if I'm wrong.

DIANE

Philip... The way the world is,
everyone has to get off somehow.

(pause)

Sex does have advantages. After an
orgasm, you can sober up at will.
Employers can't test you for it--

PHILIP

Yet. I agree, the endorphin rush
is effective against depression.

DIANE

Do I seem depressed?

PHILIP

Not now. But you were before. You
probably will be again.

DIANE

(stifles a sigh)

This is what I get for fucking
Burners.

She squeezes the joint out, stows it in her pillbox.

PHILIP

I have something way better, if
you're interested.

DIANE

Better than sex? Or dope?

PHILIP

Both. This is beyond getting off.
This is life-changing.

DIANE

Oh. Okaayy...

PHILIP

You heard about Epiphany?

DIANE

Only that it's a new hallucinogen.

She types a search on her phone.

PHILIP

Steve Lentz designed and tested
Eppy on U.C.'s Brain Simulator
before taking it himself. He still
does drug research at Berkeley.

DIANE
(reads her phone)
And Epiphany is still legal.

PHILIP
It helps to keep a low profile.

DIANE
"Generating the Divine within."
Seriously?

PHILIP
Would you like to see God?

The sincere glow in his eyes unsettles her.

DIANE
What if I'm not sure God exists?
Could I have a good trip anyway?

PHILIP
Actually it might help, not having
a definite God-concept.

He rummages in his jacket, finds a vial, taps out two tiny white pills.

DIANE
How long you been using?

PHILIP
About six months.
(notes her hesitation)
One dose is good for three hours.
I'll be your wingman.

Diane stares at the pills, takes one from his hand.

DIANE
After you.

PHILIP
Let it melt under your tongue.

He demonstrates. Diane follows his lead. He assumes the full-lotus position. Facing him, she manages a half-lotus.

DIANE
How long does it take to kick in?

PHILIP
Time is an illusion, Diane.

They close their eyes. Dreamy sitar music plays. Diane sneaks a peek at Philip and the room. All seems normal.

Philip remains motionless, a Buddha statue. With every twang of the sitar, Diane's eyes check the walls, the carpet. She grows impatient. Then...

The carpet shimmers. Every texture in the room slowly comes alive in soft focus. Diane hears her own heartbeat.

Suddenly everything appears in crystal-sharp detail, colors blazing. The wall's wood grain ripples and pulsates. Philip has an aura that coruscates like an electric oil slick.

Diane stares at devices that now emit distinctive tones: a halogen lamp, a clock-radio, her cellphone. Her view zooms into ultra-magnification.

INNER VISION MONTAGE

With painful effort Diane lugs a wooden cross through a crowd of spectators whose reactions range from contempt to grief.

She collapses, drops the cross, and recoils, finding her dead father FRANK (50s) crucified on it.

Suddenly she views herself on the cross instead. Crucified Diane's eyes open and stare at Observer Diane, who faints.

Diane keels backward in slow motion as the walls and floor vanish, revealing Outer Space. She floats like an astronaut.

Philip, still in the lotus position, drifts a few yards off, his chakras lit up like a Christmas tree. His face remains placid, eyes nearly shut.

Diane sees the Earth far below and the rainbow aura around her hands. Her eyes widen, her breathing becomes labored.

Philip's third eye opens in his forehead. The eye keeps track of Diane as they rotate randomly in space.

Over the Earth's night side, Diane floats up until sunlight breaks over the North Pole.

The Light enters her, illuminates her from within. All her chakras appear as glowing, whirling vortices, fused into an fractal mandala constellation that stretches to infinity.

Her third eye opens, reflecting the Light. Overcome with surges of wisdom-bliss, her body arches and spasms.

Philip extends his arms and legs as if in a swan dive, like a weightless Christ on a Kabbalah Cross, slowly tumbling as he dissolves into the Light.

Diane looks at herself, sees her skin turn into a fine iridescent mist.

As she drifts, her body and chakras dissolve into space, clouds, wind and waves.

Her two eyes remain as mute witnesses. The eyes close, leaving only the Infinite Void.

Diane finds herself back in her room, splayed on the bed like a castaway. Disheveled, but exalted to the point of tears.

Philip, seated, opens his eyes. His subtle gaze indicates he's pleased with her progress.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Waves slosh gently on the beach behind a simple but dignified bungalow. Fresh footprints in the sand are washed away.

On the deck, ALEX COLLINS (70) sits casually dressed, nursing a glass of Scotch. Lonely, brooding with regrets.

He lights a cigar, puffs on it, watches the smoke dissipate into the darkness. The cigar gives no solace.

Out of sight, a black-clad Assassin kneels in the sand, takes aim with a sniper rifle.

Collins perches the cigar on an ashtray. He sips his whisky. Resigned, he rises.

IN THE SNIPER SCOPE

A bright green dot stays on Collins' head as he moves toward a sliding glass door.

The Assassin FIRES one shot.

Collins' head jerks. His blood sprays on the wall and glass. He hits the deck, stone-dead.

The Assassin ejects the spent cartridge, flings it into the ocean. He retreats along the water's edge and disappears.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM

Still in a state of grace, Diane and Philip lie in bed listening to the surf.

PHILIP
You like?

DIANE
Oh yeah.

PHILIP
Good.

Tentatively Diane takes his hand, squeezes it.

On the nightstand, her phone lights up and beeps.

She grabs it, reads a text, crestfallen.

DIANE
Shit! I have to go to work!

PHILIP
Now??

DIANE
Oh, man! I'm still tripping balls!

PHILIP
(holds her)
Easy. You'll be all right.

Diane climbs out of bed, half-stumbles as she dresses.

DIANE
Sorry, I have to throw you out.

Philip reluctantly puts on his clothes. From the closet Diane takes out a shoulder holster and pistol.

PHILIP
(laughs)
Oh my God! You're a cop!

DIANE
You can't tell anyone about this!

PHILIP
Okay! I understand!

DIANE
Promise me, Philip!

PHILIP

All right, all right! I promise!
 (gently embraces her)
 There's nothing to fear. This is
 all a dream in the mind of God.

Diane pauses to consider that as the room glows and pulsates.
 In spite of herself, she chuckles.

DIANE

It's fuckin' amazing!
 (puts on boots)
 How much does Epiphany cost?

PHILIP

On the street, a thousand a hit.

DIANE

That's cheap!

PHILIP

No one's in it for the money.
 (hands her the vial)
 There are more things in heaven and
 earth, Diane, than are dreamt of in
 your philosophy.

DIANE

Is this like your mission in life?

Philip responds with a sly shit-eating grin.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE

On the tree-lined suburban street, a police car pulls up.
 Diane climbs out the passenger side, shields her eyes from
 the flashing lights.

Parked in front are three patrol cars and a coroner's van.
 Diane shows her badge to a PATROLMAN (30s), who raises the
 crime scene tape to let her through.

PATROLMAN

The house is secured. No sign of
 forced entry.

DIANE

(dons rubber gloves)
 Is Sandy Rojas here?

PATROLMAN

Inside.

DIANE

Thanks.

INT. BEACH HOUSE

Passing through the spartan, dated living room, Diane nods to Policemen (20s-40s) searching the premises.

The tilted walls and floors breathe with geometric patterns. Everyone has an aura, but none as vivid as hers.

She breathes self-consciously, trying to keep it together.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE

Diane reaches the deck and finds SANDY ROJAS (30), a wily Filipina forensic expert, who photographs a bullet hole in the wall as a Patrolman holds a measuring tape beside it.

Diane notices the body covered by a white sheet with a blood stain. Unlike everyone there, the corpse has no aura.

DIANE

Hey, Rojas. What do we have?

ROJAS

Caucasian male, most likely the owner, Alexander Collins. Shot once in the head.

Through the doorway ENTERS Inspector ED MARQUEZ (58), Diane's old family friend and mentor. He scopes out the scene with professional curiosity.

DIANE

Hey, Ed. Small world, huh?

MARQUEZ

I was just in the neighborhood. Don't let me interrupt.

Diane kneels beside the body, turns to Ramos.

DIANE

How gross is it?

ROJAS

I've seen worse.

Diane smirks grimly, pulls back the sheet. The sight of Collins' face startles her and Marquez. The resemblance to her father is unmistakable.

Stunned, Diane rises, steps back a bit. For her, the world turns slightly off-balance.

MARQUEZ

You okay?

DIANE

Yeah. You see it, don't you?

MARQUEZ

Sooner or later, you'll get someone who looks like... someone you know. It's inevitable.

Nervous, he takes out a pack of cigarettes, lights one.

DIANE

Has this happened to you before?

MARQUEZ

Uh... no. First time.

Rojas, seeing their discomfort, turns her attention to the bullet hole in the wall, poking it with a thin metal probe.

DIANE

If Dad were alive, he'd be almost his age.

MARQUEZ

Coincidence. That's all.

DIANE

Yeah. Doesn't mean anything.

MARQUEZ

You still want the case?

DIANE

Of course. You already have one unsolved murder.

MARQUEZ

Right. Your turn.

He takes out his phone, types into it.

DIANE

(to Rojas)
Got the bullet?

ROJAS

Working on it. I reckon it's at least thirty caliber.

(MORE)

ROJAS (CONT'D)
(points to the beach)
Fired from out there.

Diane gazes at the waves, listens intuitively.

DIANE
Assuming that's Collins, who did he
work for?

Marquez reads his phone in mild surprise.

MARQUEZ
The Federal Reserve Bank, in San
Francisco.

DIANE
Doesn't look like a banker's house.

MARQUEZ
Hiding in plain sight. Sometimes
it works.

Diane addresses the Cops in the living room.

DIANE
Look for a safe. Probably hidden
in a wall or under the floor.
(points at two Cops)
Ellis, Bryant, come with me. We're
searching outside.

Ellis and Bryant (20s) follow her gestures, split up and
sweep the beach with flashlights, proceeding in small,
careful steps towards the water.

Diane and Marquez search their own section, off to one side.

At the edge of the scrub vegetation, Diane finds a disturbed
patch of sand and footprints. She hands her flashlight to
Marquez and photographs the spot with her phone.

MARQUEZ
A one-shot kill from here, at
night? Not too shabby.

DIANE
Kneeling or prone, with a rifle and
scope...

MARQUEZ
And a lot of practice.

DIANE

Kinda like your shooter. One shot.
Rich victim. No robbery.

She puts away her phone. Marquez returns her flashlight.

MARQUEZ

Granted, there are similarities.

DIANE

C'mon, Ed. How often do we see
murders like this in Pacifica?

She sweeps the immediate area with her light.

MARQUEZ

Yeah, I know. But we need more
information.

DIANE

No shell casing. Of course.

They turn their flashlights towards a rustling in the scrub.
WENDY TARPLEY (40), a high-strung divorcee, and her shy,
pudgy son GAVIN (10), approach, shielding their eyes.

WENDY

It's okay, we're from next door!

Diane and Marquez show their badges.

DIANE

Inspector Hale, Pacifica Police.
This is Inspector Marquez. Please
stay there, this is a crime scene.

Marquez averts his flashlight from their faces and follows
Diane, who closes the distance with careful steps.

WENDY

Hi, I'm Wendy Tarpley. This is my
son Gavin.

DIANE

Hi. Did either of you see or hear
anything tonight?

WENDY

I, uh, just got home. From a date.
But Gavin was here.
(looks towards the house)
Is Mister Collins dead?

On the deck, a Coroner and a Cop start loading the bagged corpse onto a stretcher.

DIANE

A man was killed. We haven't confirmed his identity. Did you know Collins well?

She takes notes on a pad, illuminated by Marquez.

WENDY

No, he kept to himself. And he was away a lot.

MARQUEZ

Did you ever see him with visitors?

Wendy shakes her head. Diane turns chummy with Gavin.

DIANE

Hey, Gavin.

GAVIN

Hey.

DIANE

So, were you home alone?

GAVIN

Yeah. I was playing Call of Duty.

DIANE

Oh, are you a squad leader?

GAVIN

(brightens)

How did you know?

DIANE

Sometimes... I just know. Tell me, what happened tonight, Gavin?

GAVIN

Uh, my buddies and I were fighting online, when I heard a shot from behind. I thought, enemy sniper. But no one else heard the shot.

DIANE

What did you do?

GAVIN

I took off my headset. Then I heard someone run by on the beach.

DIANE
In which direction?

GAVIN
(points)
That way. His feet were splashing
in the water.

Marquez and Diane share a glance as she writes.

MARQUEZ
So much for footprints.

DIANE
Did the splashing stop suddenly or
fade away?

Gavin's eyes flick away, remembering.

GAVIN
It stopped.
(points)
Over there.

Diane puts away her pad, takes out her flashlight.

DIANE
Shall we go for a little walk?

Gavin and Wendy nod. The four walk past the Tarpleys' beach house, towards the area Gavin indicated.

Diane shines her light along the surf's edge, then swings the beam up to a clearing between houses, where scrub gives way to pavement.

She runs the beam from the clearing back down to the surf, revealing a trail of indistinct footprints. With a gesture she stops everyone.

Diane gives Marquez a nod. Together they approach the more defined imprints in the smooth sand near the water.

She hands him her flashlight. He uses it to illuminate the prints as she photographs them with her phone.

MARQUEZ
Less than ideal.

DIANE
Better than nothing.

They follow the trail of prints until it ends in pavement. Diane spots a security lamp on the house, still off.

Staying near the footprints, Diane motions Marquez towards the house.

He takes a few steps. The lamp comes on, bathing them all in harsh light. Diane and Marquez note the distance of several feet between them.

MARQUEZ

Hmmm.

Gavin's eyes widen. Wendy holds him close. Diane trudges up through loose sand, almost to the street.

DIANE

Gavin, did you hear a vehicle?

GAVIN

Yeah. It drove away fast.

DIANE

Was the motor running already, or did you hear it start up?

GAVIN

(glances away)
It started up.

Diane comes back down, rejoins the group.

DIANE

Did it sound big, or little?

GAVIN

I don't know. Big, maybe.

DIANE

You didn't see anything?

GAVIN

(ashamed)
I... I didn't go outside.

DIANE

You were right to stay in, Gavin.
What you've told me is very helpful. Thank you.

She offers her hand. Feeling better, he shakes it. Wendy gives him a supportive squeeze, looks at Diane.

WENDY

I can't believe he was this close!
You'll catch the guy, I hope.

Diane produces a business card, offers it to Wendy.

DIANE

That's the plan. Here's my card.
Call if you have any information
that could help us.
(more)

Her phone rings. She nods to Gavin and Wendy, then departs with Marquez while answering. Marquez types into his phone with one hand.

DIANE (CONT'D)

This is Hale.

ROJAS (V.O.)

It's Rojas. You still around?

DIANE

Just next door. Heading back now.

ROJAS (V.O.)

We found the safe.

DIANE

Was it opened?

ROJAS (V.O.)

Probably not. I'm checking for
prints. It's got a combo lock.

MARQUEZ

(reads his phone)

Nearest next of kin is a daughter
in San Francisco. Emily.

DIANE

(sighs)

Guess she'll be ID'ing the body.

(to Rojas)

Okay, thanks. We'll get Collins'
daughter out here tomorrow. Maybe
she can open it.

As she puts away her phone, she gives Marquez an odd look. His aura is gone, and so is her own. He notices her weaving and light-headedness.

MARQUEZ

What is it?

DIANE

Nothing. I'm fine. Just need to
catch up on sleep.

He gives a slight smirk, wants to believe her.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Another foggy day. Parked in the front of the house are two cars: a beat-up gray sedan and a vintage Alfa Romeo.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A female hand turns the dial on a wall safe once concealed behind a painting. EMILY COLLINS (45), thin, jaded, with a hint of goth-punk, opens the safe door as Diane looks on.

Inside they find several folders of documents, bundles of foreign currency, and a clear tube full of thick gold coins.

DIANE
Thanks. May I?

EMILY
(lights a cigarette)
Help yourself. Just leave the gold
and cash, please.

Diane gathers up the folders into a stack. Sitting on a sofa, she sorts them out on a coffee table. Emily perches at one end, arms crossed, observes with practiced detachment.

DIANE
(opens a folder)
This appears to be for the executor
of the estate.

She sets it aside, notes Emily's blasé attitude.

EMILY
I know he left me his properties.
My mother probably got nothing.

DIANE
(opens another folder)
This, uh... Hmm.

They gaze at pages dense with details, figures, financial diagrams. Too much to take in. Emily blows smoke.

EMILY
Jeez.

DIANE
I know someone at the F.B.I. who
could analyze this.

They turn at the sound of footsteps. STUART TAMBLYN (60), a well-manicured patrician in a dark suit, ENTERS tentatively.

TAMBLYN

Hello? Hope I'm not intruding.

Diane sees Emily's distaste for Tamblyn, whose mask of sympathy conceals another purpose.

DIANE

I'm Inspector Hale, Pacifica Police. Were you a friend of Mister Collins?

Tamblyn draws near and stands, torn between focusing on the two women and the precious documents spread on the table.

TAMBLYN

Co-worker, actually. Stuart Tamblyn, Federal Reserve Bank.

He shakes Diane's hand, offers a business card. She gives it a glance, pockets it.

DIANE

Do you know if Collins had enemies?

TAMBLYN

We're bankers.

DIANE

I meant someone specific, who had it in for him.

TAMBLYN

Sorry, I didn't know his associates that well.

(to Emily)

Miss Collins, I want to express my deepest condolences. If there's anything I can do...

EMILY

Just tell me why you're here.

Diane studies Tamblyn's flustered attitude. His eyes alight on the folders.

TAMBLYN

I was, uh, sent to collect any Federal Reserve property that Alex might have kept here.

DIANE
Like, documents...

TAMBLYN
May I go through those, please?

He leans forward, but Diane freezes him with a hard look.

DIANE
After I've reviewed them, I'll let you know.

TAMBLYN
Um, if you find anything marked, "Highly Confidential"--

DIANE
I know what it means. Don't worry.

Tamblyn, unused to being addressed this way, pretends it doesn't bother him.

TAMBLYN
Well, I hope you apprehend whoever committed this awful crime.

DIANE
The less interference, the better our chances. Wouldn't you agree, Mister Tamblyn?

Her acidic smile impresses Emily. Chastised, Tamblyn checks his phone as if receiving a text. He's not fooling anyone.

TAMBLYN
Damn. I'm needed. Afraid I must be going.

EMILY
We'll be all right. Thanks for coming by.

TAMBLYN
(on his way out)
Inspector, just ring me and we'll send over a courier for those--

DIANE
Gotcha, thanks.

The moment Tamblyn EXITS, Diane and Emily unwind.

EMILY
Asshole.

DIANE
You know him that well?

EMILY
I know bankers that well.

She takes a long drag on her cigarette.

DIANE
Does that include your father?

Emily grimaces, exhales smoke, looks into Diane's eyes as if she should know. Sadly, she does.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

On a verdant hill stands a modern airy structure of wood beams and glass walls. Parked on one side, a fleet of dilapidated police vehicles. On the other, several civilian cars and TV news vans, also worn-out and vandalized.

Diane emerges with a leather attaché from her beater sedan as a herd of eager Reporters (20s-40s) converge on her.

She wades through video lenses, microphones, and clicking cameras, disconcerted by rapid-fire questions.

REPORTER #1
Inspector Hale, what can you tell us about the One Percent Killer?!

DIANE
The "One Percent Killer"??

REPORTER #2
Who shot Alexander Collins?! Have you identified a suspect?!

REPORTER #3
Was it the same killer who murdered Patrick Sutton last month?!

DIANE
(startled)
No comment.

REPORTER #4
Would you call this a "lone gunman" or a revolutionary movement?!

DIANE
No comment!

REPORTER #1

Inspector, please! Just a few more questions!

DIANE

Excuse me, I need to go to work!!

An Officer opens the door for her and firmly motions the crowd away as he shuts it.

Diane catches her breath, proceeds across the atrium. Frustrated Reporters linger outside the glass walls.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Crime scene photos are projected: a white male corpse (40s) slumped in the driver's seat of a Mercedes. A trickle of blood down the neck.

MARQUEZ (O.C.)

Patrick Sutton, founder and CEO of Sutton Aerospace in San Carlos. Specializing in military drones. Found dead in his car on the fourteenth of last month.

Seated at a long table observing are Diane and Police Chief BEN LANGE (50), tall, athletic, beleaguered but well-spoken.

Standing, Marquez narrates and clicks a remote. More photos: blood and brains on the leather interior. Glass fragments everywhere. The car, stopped at a lonely rural intersection at night, with Officers and Crime Scene Techs nearby.

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)

One pistol shot to the head, nine millimeter, fired from slightly above. The shooter likely pulled up alongside in a truck or SUV, popped him, and took off. No witnesses, no cameras.

Two portrait photos appear side by side: Sutton and Collins. Marquez sits across from Diane.

LANGE

Did you find any connection between Sutton and Collins?

MARQUEZ

There's no evidence that they knew each other.

DIANE

Whether they knew each other or not, my theory is the same shooter killed them both.

LANGE

The "One Percent Killer".

Neither he nor Diane look comfortable with the moniker.

DIANE

(to Marquez)

Sutton was a billionaire, right?

MARQUEZ

His company's worth thirty billion. Personal wealth, hard to say.

DIANE

Collins had at least eight billion here, God knows how much offshore.

LANGE

And the motive?

MARQUEZ

These were carefully planned assassinations.

LANGE

Professional, you mean.

MARQUEZ

Sutton's killer knew his habits, the route he'd take into the City, and the best place to shoot him unseen. All business, I figured.

LANGE

But that theory didn't pan out. Hale, what's your take on this?

DIANE

For sure the killer had good intel on Collins. No casual search would have revealed a Federal Reserve banker living in Pacifica.

MARQUEZ

Do you believe these are "rich on rich" crimes?

DIANE

My hunch is that the victims were chosen for political reasons.

LANGE

(stifles a sigh)
Marquez?

MARQUEZ

It's possible. But so far no one's claimed responsibility.

DIANE

He's not following the radical playbook, for whatever reason.

Taking this in, Marquez and Lange seem unsettled.

LANGE

So, Marquez, I assume you'll be lead investigator on this...

MARQUEZ

Actually, Sir, I think Hale should be the lead.

Diane looks as surprised as Lange.

LANGE

For a high-profile case like this--

MARQUEZ

We need fresh eyes, not seniority. You should've seen Hale at the crime scene. She was on fire!

DIANE

I wouldn't put it quite that way.

LANGE

Hale, you've solved one homicide since you joined us, correct?

DIANE

Sir, that was Pacifica's only murder last year.

MARQUEZ

Even since the Crash, we've been relatively lucky. No martial law.

LANGE

(to Hale)
What's your caseload?

DIANE

One arson... Uh, four robberies.
Two aggravated assaults. One
attempted kidnapping and extortion--

LANGE

Okay. The One Percent Killer will
demand your undivided attention.
Marquez, clear her plate.

MARQUEZ

Right, I'll delegate those.

LANGE

We need to solve this quickly, by
the book. If we screw up, this guy
will become a folk hero.

DIANE

Should we call in the F.B.I.?

LANGE

Absolutely not. The Feds'll take
the credit and make us look weak.
We can't afford that, now that the
City Council's looking to privatize
the force.

Diane and Marquez look aghast.

MARQUEZ

So it's not just a rumor?

LANGE

Jensen Security submitted a
proposal for "expanded services".
Not just riot control, but
everything we do: traffic, patrols,
investigations, even the SWAT Team!

DIANE

Shit.

LANGE

You still want the case?

DIANE

Yes. Of course.

Lange seems faintly cynical about Marquez and Diane, as if
they might be colluding.

INT. HALLWAY

Diane and Marquez walk together, with occasional nods to Officers and Staff in passing.

DIANE
You didn't have to do that, Ed.

MARQUEZ
I know.

DIANE
But you're more experienced.

MARQUEZ
And I'm retiring soon. You need
this more than I do.

DIANE
Thanks.

Marquez smiles slightly, unaware of her ambivalence.

MARQUEZ
I'm just paying forward a favor.
When I was new here, your dad gave
me one of his cases.

DIANE
The meth ring.

MARQUEZ
He told you, eh?

DIANE
On a ride-along, when I was a kid.

MARQUEZ
Frank could've slam-dunked it
himself. But I was hungry. He
believed in me.

DIANE
And the rest is history.

MARQUEZ
(pause)
Y'know, I still miss him.

DIANE
Yeah. He was... one of a kind.

They stop at her office door.

MARQUEZ

This case'll put you on the map.
Assuming that's what you want.

DIANE

(opens the door)
I won't let you down.

MARQUEZ

But before you drop the hammer--

DIANE

Call for backup. I know!

Marquez nods, departs. When he turns away, Diane's eyes reveal her vexation and uncertainty.

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE

One cluttered desk with computer. One floor-to-ceiling window. One bookcase full of binders. One bulletin board, plastered with notes and photos about the murders.

Diane shuts the door. Slips her phone into a charging cradle. Peeks out at the parking lot.

She sees Reporters leaving on bicycles. Closes the vertical blinds. Sits, sighs. Looks at the bulletin board.

Restless, she wakes her computer, starts mousing.

A power cut plunges the station into darkness with a clunk. Muffled groans and curses outside.

In the dark, Diane takes out her vial of Epiphany. Taps out one pill.

From a drawer she gets a pocket knife, splits the pill. She takes a fragment. Rests her head on the desk.

Uncertain, she looks again at the bulletin board. Focuses on the corpses of Sutton and Collins at the crime scenes.

MONTAGE - DIANE'S VISION

In first person, she relives the shooter's experiences:

Sutton, in his Mercedes, turns his head, facing his killer.

His eyes widen. A red laser dot appears on his forehead.

A bullet knocks him over in slow motion. The casing ejects from the pistol, bounces off the inside of an old van.

Through a sniper scope, Collins turns to the sliding glass door of his beach house.

A bullet impact spins him as he tumbles onto the deck.

The killer's right hand picks up the spent rifle casing, flings it into the sea.

At a shooting range, a Beretta pistol fires at a suspended paper target.

The perforated target slides closer on a ceiling rail.

A high-speed car chase on a twisty country road at night. An unmarked police car flashes red and blue, siren blaring.

The pursued car vanishes around a blind turn. The police car spins out, rolls over. Metal crunches, glass shatters.

Traumatized, Diane passes out at her desk.

Down a dark ravine, steam rises from the wrecked car. One dangling red flasher illuminates bits of forest.

In the office, Diane's eyes open. She flinches, seeing the power back on.

She gathers her wits, checks the time on her phone. Opens the blinds. The ghostly evening fog has rolled in.

Stunned, breathless, she turns again to the bulletin board. Reboots her PC. Notices the walls subtly undulating.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - MORNING

Sterile concrete blocks, a suburban no-man's land. Diane parks her car, climbs out, beholds a long, low building with a Gadsden flag and a bold sign: "Liberty Gun Club".

She notes the rundown cars and trucks parked nearby, many with patriotic decals and stickers. As she approaches the entrance, random gunshots become audible.

INT. GUN CLUB LOBBY

Cheap low-key decor, practical, almost tacky. Diane catches the attention of a perky female CLERK (20s).

CLERK

Good morning, can I help you?

DIANE
 (shows her badge)
 I'm Diane Hale. Pacifica Police.

CLERK
 You're not a member?

Diane spots the security camera in the ceiling, gives the Clerk a terse head-shake and a cordial smile.

DIANE
 I'm thinking of joining. May I
 speak with the manager?

The Clerk smiles back, a bit wary now.

CLERK
 Um... one moment, please.
 (more)

She picks up a wireless phone, turns away. Muffled gunfire drowns out her voice. Waiting, Diane notices the vivid posters for gun makers and Second Amendment rights.

The Clerk hangs up. She hands Diane ear protectors and shooting glasses, and motions to the double swing doors.

CLERK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Straight down the hall, last door
 on your right.

DIANE
 Thank you.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE

Diane, with glasses and ear muffs on, ambles by several Members in their booths blasting away at targets.

She subtly checks them out: mostly suburban males with a sprinkling of women and rednecks. Among the men, a few pause to admire her.

One Soccer Mom (30s) gives Diane a thumbs-up, resumes firing her handgun.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE

Diane enters, finds BYRON VANCE (50) leaning back against his desk. He takes a drag on his cigarette, adjusts his glasses. His coffee mug proclaims, "*Freedom Ain't Free*".

His Midwestern hick demeanor and rumpled cowboy hat mask a formidable intellect. His rifle cabinet and pistol case bristle with fine weapons.

Byron trades a mischievous glance with RICKY (32), his lanky trailer-trash employee, also holding a coffee mug, ear muffs around his neck, planted on a worn, sagging couch.

DIANE

Hi. I'm Diane Hale.

Byron puts his cigarette in an ashtray. Diane removes her ear muffs as they shake hands.

BYRON

Welcome to the Liberty Gun Club.
I'm Byron Vance.

He places her ear muffs on the desk.

DIANE

You're the manager?

BYRON

And range officer, most afternoons.
Ricky here's the gunsmith.

DIANE

Hi.

RICKY

Hey. So... you're a cop?

Diane tries not to react to his clueless leer.

BYRON

Ricky, don't you have some A.K.
receivers to polish?

He takes up his cig, puffs on it. Ricky gives him a jealous smirk, pulls himself off the couch, EXITS.

RICKY

(to Diane)

You need ammo, I got every caliber.
Pro shop's upstairs.

DIANE

Good to know. Thanks.

The moment Ricky's gone, Byron gives Diane a sheepish grin, only for a moment. He sees right through her.

BYRON

Coffee?

Diane shakes her head, removes her glasses, looks around.

DIANE

How much is the membership?

BYRON

We give a discount for law enforcement and active military. Two thousand an hour.

DIANE

Not bad.

She takes a closer look at the firearms on display.

BYRON

We also accept gold. One ounce for six hours.

DIANE

Uh, I'd rather hang on to mine.

BYRON

I quite understand.
(puts down his coffee)
May I ask what you plan to shoot?

Diane presents her Colt M-1903 pistol.

DIANE

My grandfather used it in World War Two. Then my dad gave it to me.

Byron inspects the gun with composed admiration.

BYRON

Nice. How's the stopping power?

DIANE

Enough, if I'm on target.

BYRON

Practice makes perfect.
(returns the gun)
But is that really why you're here?

DIANE

What do you mean?

Byron exhales smoke away from her.

BYRON
Inspector, everyone's heard of the
One Percent Killer.

DIANE
Do your members talk about him?

BYRON
(chuckles)
I suppose you'd like to know all
their names and addresses, too!

DIANE
That would be helpful.

BYRON
Unlike San Francisco, San Mateo
County is not under military
occupation. We still have rights.

DIANE
Mister Vance, I'm trying to protect
our community. You believe in law
and order, don't you?

BYRON
(stubs out his cig)
Only if that law and order supports
our freedom. You can't tell me we
don't live under tyranny.

Exasperated, Diane sighs, glances away.

DIANE
It's... a state of emergency.

Byron points out an old flintlock rifle on the wall.

BYRON
Inspector, this rifle is one of my
prized possessions. It dates back
to the War of Independence.

DIANE
Are you implying we need another
revolution?

BYRON
The Power Elite has made reform
impossible. Revolution is
therefore inevitable.

DIANE

Do you believe the One Percent
Killer shares that view?

BYRON

As you seem so fond of leading
questions, I think it only fair to
inform you we are being recorded.

His gaze turns her attention to a bald eagle statuette atop a
filing cabinet. Diane's eyes widen.

DIANE

Oh.

Byron produces a tiny remote control.

BYRON

Now if you persist in your fishing
expedition, this recording will go
out to all my social media feeds,
at the touch of this button.

DIANE

That... won't be necessary.
(embarrassed pause)
Uh, about my membership--

BYRON

Well, I hate to turn down money,
but I'm sure you could find some
hay bales to practice on.

He returns her ear protectors. She frowns.

EXT. DIANE'S CAR (MOVING)

Diane looks over her shoulder as she backs out of her parking
space. She glimpses two burly Members in Hawaiian shirts and
military webbing, rifles slung, glaring at her.

EXT. PATIO LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

An outdoor lounge behind a downscale tavern. Philip sips a
White Russian. Diane, wearing shades, slurps a Martini.
Philip's ever-mellow vibe gives her no consolation.

PHILIP

You're high, aren't you?

DIANE

Is it that obvious?

PHILIP
Not at all. I just know, 'cause--

DIANE
You're "on the wavelength".

PHILIP
We're on the wavelength. You don't
look happy, though. What's up?

Diane glances away, struggling to keep it together.

DIANE
I've been splitting my doses to
keep the buzz manageable and make
it last all day.

Philip shuffles a deck of tarot cards.

PHILIP
Micro-dosing with Eppy sounds cool.
That might enhance performance.

DIANE
But Philip. About, "reality"...

PHILIP
(cuts the cards)
We're characters in God's dream.

Paranoid, Diane checks out the other Patrons, who take no
notice of her.

DIANE
That's supposed to make me feel
better?! Have you taken a good
look at this "dream" we're in?

Philip draws a card: a man hanging upside-down by one foot,
hands tied behind his back.

PHILIP
This is for you.

DIANE
"The Hanged Man." Doesn't look
very auspicious.

PHILIP
I think it's about your life path.
You're feeling stuck, uncertain how
to proceed. It's time to relax and
let go of control--

DIANE

If you tell me I need to release my negative patterns, I'll smack you.

She drinks. Philip smirks, puts away the cards.

PHILIP

We all need to heal from something.

A JenSec truck full of Stormtroopers rumbles past.

DIANE

Or maybe, just maybe, it's the *World* that's fucked up!

A few Patrons take notice. Diane fakes nonchalance.

Philip nods sagely, drinks.

PHILIP

Granted, we have to learn to create new realities. Better ones.

DIANE

Tell me, *why* does it have to be this way?! Why is any of this happening at all??

PHILIP

Doctor Lentz might be the better one to ask.

DIANE

Hmm. I imagine he's taken more Epiphany than most people.

PHILIP

Heroic doses.

DIANE

(worried pause)
Can it be addictive?

PHILIP

I've seen great "enthusiasm" but not full-on addiction. Then again, effects can vary, depending on your baggage and motivation.

DIANE

But physical dependency--

PHILIP

I doubt that's an issue.

DIANE
(not quite convinced)
Okay. Thanks.

PHILIP
Wanna stop for a while?

DIANE
Actually, no. My intuition's
getting stronger. It might help
solve the case I'm working on.

PHILIP
The One Percent Killer.

DIANE
Yeah.

PHILIP
Well. Good luck. Maybe you can
put in a good word for Eppy.

DIANE
Uh, right now I'd just like to keep
my job.

PHILIP
You'd like to, or you have to?

DIANE
The hyperinflation wiped out my
savings. I'm living hand to mouth
like everyone else.

They drink for a silent interval.

PHILIP
Diane, I was wondering...

DIANE
Not tonight, thanks. Don't take it
personally.

PHILIP
I never do.

His calm gaze tells her he's not kidding.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Diane reads a book, "True Hallucinations" by Terence
McKenna. Drowsy, she sets the book down.

She opens her vial of Epiphany, taps one pill into her palm.

For a moment she looks at it, then the pocket knife on her nightstand. She takes the whole pill.

She pulls the covers over herself, looks up.

There is no ceiling, only stars in velvety black space.

Her breath quickens. The room slowly tilts. With effort she steadies herself for the ride, shuts her eyes.

EXT. PACIFICA - STREET - DAY

A gray day on a quiet street near downtown. In Diane's hand is her phone. Her thumb sweeps headshots left and right as she saunters along.

Her thumb pauses for a photo of RYAN WEST (35), a long-haired Holy Warrior with penetrating eyes.

She sweeps the photo to the right.

EXT. COFFEESHOP

Diane enters the courtyard, looks around at the clientele, oblivious Hipsters in a bubble of affluence. Except for:

Ryan, dressed like a beach bum, lounging at an empty table. He doesn't fit in, but glows with charisma and just contains a smile when he spots Diane.

DIANE

Wow. You don't waste time.

RYAN

That makes two of us.

DIANE

(grasps the other chair)
Feel like having some, uh--?

Ryan shakes his head, rises.

RYAN

Not my kind of place. Shall we?

DIANE

Just like that.

RYAN
Walk on the beach, I mean. Y'know,
for a chat?

DIANE
Ohh. Okay...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Ryan and Diane stroll slowly on the nearly deserted beach,
far from the surf's edge. Waves crash softly.

DIANE
If you're into like, dinner and
candlelight...

RYAN
Just wanna get acquainted first.
You don't mind?

Diane glances away, vaguely annoyed.

DIANE
As long as we don't discuss work.

RYAN
No problem.

DIANE
What'll we talk about? TV shows?

Ryan gazes into the distance with a knowing smile.

RYAN
We could talk about God.

Diane stops, embarrassed.

DIANE
Holy shit...

RYAN
You must be new to Epiphany.

DIANE
Yeah.

They resume walking. Diane grimaces, adapting to the
unspoken truth. Their eyes speak volumes, softly.

Ryan stops, takes in the view.

RYAN

Here.

He sits on the sand facing the ocean. Diane joins him.

They watch seabirds take off, cavort over the waves.

At ease, Diane and Ryan lean together, heads nearly touching.

Diane breathes out, relaxes. She smiles, almost surprised to be happy for a change.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Got any cash on you?

DIANE

What? Why?

RYAN

The new designs.

DIANE

Seriously? You could've seen them online.

RYAN

I've been off the grid.

DIANE

Get out! Nobody's off the grid!

His steady gaze tells her it's true. She takes out her money clip, peels off an old \$100 bill, hands Ryan the mint \$500, \$1000, and \$2000 notes beneath.

RYAN

Wow...

He flicks a lighter, starts to burn them. Shocked, Diane snatches the cash back.

DIANE

HEY!! What the fuck?!!

Ryan laughs. Diane glares at him.

RYAN

Those are the chains that make you a slave!

Diane slips the money back in her clip and pockets it.

DIANE

I worked for this, okay?! No joke!

RYAN
You traded your precious time on
Earth, for *that*.

DIANE
(impatient sigh)
And what about you? Do you live on
air and sunshine?

RYAN
Oh, I still use money. But I don't
let symbols control my mind.

Diane rises, casts a glance as if daring him. He stands.

DIANE
Could we like, keep it light? I've
heard sex on the wavelength is--

RYAN
Really hot? It can be. If you
don't mind God watching.

Diane can't tell from his faint smirk if he's kidding.

DIANE
Okay, are we doing this or not?

RYAN
Eppy is for realizing the truth.
You treat it like another escape.

DIANE
That's it!

Fed up, she ditches him, walks.

RYAN
God told me you'd be difficult.

DIANE
And God let you use Hoo-Yeah on His
phone, 'cause you're *off the grid!*

RYAN
I *am* the one you're looking for,
Diane. Not for a hookup. Not for
your career, either.

DIANE
What??

RYAN

Revolution is coming. You need to
be on the right side of history.

(pause)

I could use a friend on the inside.

Dreadful realization creeps into Diane's face.

DIANE

It can't be.

(backs away)

You're--

RYAN

Don't say it. The name wasn't my
idea.

Diane takes out her phone, speed-dials.

DIANE

This is Inspector Hale. I'm at
Linda Mar Beach. I need backup!

(pause)

Hello?! Is anyone there?!

(more)

She notes Ryan's "inside joke" smile. Vexed, she pulls her
service pistol on him.

DIANE (CONT'D)

FREEZE! POLICE! Hands on your
head! NOW!

RYAN

(chuckles)

You're arresting me?

DIANE

(into the phone)

Hello! Can you hear me?! This is
an emergency!

(checks the screen)

Fuck!

RYAN

Reception's lousy here.

He steps closer. Alarmed, Diane drops the phone, aims with
both hands.

DIANE

DON'T MOVE!!

Ryan lunges. Diane strains to pull the trigger. It won't budge. With superhuman ease, Ryan wrests the gun away, points it at her. Diane steps back, hands up.

RYAN

You still haven't figured it out!

They both spot an oblivious JOGGER (20s) approaching on the flat wet sand. Diane frantically waves him off, to no avail.

DIANE

NO! GET AWAY!!
(more)

Ryan fires at the Jogger, who collapses face-first.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Oh my God!!

Ryan wags the pistol to keep her back. He gives the apparently-dead Jogger a kick in the ribs.

RYAN

You're all right. Come on! Up!

At once the Jogger rises unscathed, vaguely annoyed.

JOGGER

Whatever.

Bewildered, Diane watches him continue running as if nothing had happened.

DIANE

How?!

RYAN

We're dream-sharing. You and I are the only real people here.

He returns her gun, crosses his arms with mock expectancy.

Agitated, Diane points the gun down at the sand. Again she can't pull the trigger. She gives up.

DIANE

What do you want from me?!

RYAN

I just want you to wake up. Come on, Diane. WAKE UP!!

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, Diane jolts awake.

Panting, she turns on the reading lamp. Finds her gun, checks the magazine: still full.

She grabs her phone, sweeps the screen in a frenzy. Realizes it's no use. Her eyes dart around, half-crazed.

INT. DIANE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

A sad assortment of old Ikea and road-kill furniture.

Diane speaks on a headset whilst running a facial composite program on her PC.

With finger-sweeps she swaps hairlines, eyes, noses, and mouths to gradually form a portrait of Ryan.

DIANE

Philip, you never told me about dream-sharing.

PHILIP (V.O.)

All kinds of things happen if you take enough Eppy. I thought you were micro-dosing.

DIANE

Yeah, when I'm at work. I took a full dose to see how it might affect my dreams.

PHILIP (V.O.)

Spoken like a true Eppy-head. So, who did you meet?

DIANE

I didn't get his name. But I'm sure he's the One Percent Killer.

She sweeps aside the completed composite to join a set of previous attempts. Her eyes flick among the portraits, comparing them.

PHILIP (V.O.)

Whoa! He's a user?!

DIANE

His God Experience was different from ours, I think.

PHILIP (V.O.)
No shit. I hope you're not making
this public.

DIANE
How could I even talk about this
without exposing myself?!

PHILIP (V.O.)
Oh yeah. So, did you get laid?

Irked, Diane touches the most accurate composite of Ryan.
She watches the hard copy roll out of her printer.

DIANE
No.

PHILIP (V.O.)
Just so you know, I'm not the
jealous type.

DIANE
Philip, if he and I were on the
wavelength, how could I not know
anything about him? He read me
like a book!

PHILIP (V.O.)
More experienced users have an
advantage. Like, they go in fully
aware that they're dreaming.

Diane gazes at the printout.

Ryan's eyes shine with life -- and blink. Diane shudders,
composes herself.

DIANE
And... if I keep taking Eppy?

PHILIP (V.O.)
You'll be a lucid dreamer, too.
There could be other psychic
phenomena, like remote viewing.

DIANE
(worried pause)
Thanks. Talk to you later.

PHILIP (V.O.)
Anytime. Happy landings.

Diane hangs up, takes another wary glance at Ryan's picture,
now back to normal. She gazes outside, deep in thought.

INT. MARQUEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Larger, more cluttered than Diane's, with a better view of the ocean. Diane sits on Marquez's desk, watches him dusting a model of the USS Constitution with a fine artist's brush.

Peering through a magnifying visor, he adjusts the rigging on one of the main sails.

MARQUEZ

Y'know how we don't appreciate what we've got till it's gone?

DIANE

Nowadays, more than ever.

MARQUEZ

That's what happens. Everyone knew the system sucked. But now, oy...

DIANE

Is a revolution coming?

Marquez puts down the brush, removes the visor. Sighs, rubs his tired eyes.

MARQUEZ

Civil war, maybe. Not quite the same thing. What've you got?

DIANE

A good description of the suspect. I made a composite.

Guardedly she shows him Ryan's portrait on her phone.

MARQUEZ

Terrific. You found an eyewitness?

DIANE

It's a... an informant, who wants to stay anonymous.

MARQUEZ

Lange hates relying on anonymous tips. Doesn't look familiar.

(returns her phone)

Got a profile?

DIANE

My hunch is, he's ex-military.

She idly picks through magazines on his file cabinet.

MARQUEZ

This has to be a clean bust. If the charges don't stick--

A posh magazine cover catches Diane's eye: an elegant socialite on the terrace of a seaside mansion. Envious, she flips through pages of "beautiful people" photos and adverts.

DIANE

Don't worry. You taught me how to build a case. Could I borrow this?

MARQUEZ

Of course. Research?

DIANE

The One Percent Killer isn't done here yet.

She stops at a page of posed shots from a benefit gala.

Among the glitterati stands a rugged middle-aged alpha male with a cold, fake smile. In the caption: "Kurt Jensen".

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE

At her desk, Diane wearily converses through a headset.

DIANE

Um, is the Veterans Database searchable by demographic and geographic parameters?

The V.A.'s bureaucratic LACKEY (40) on the other end has a tone of unabashed apathy.

LACKEY (V.O.)

The fully searchable version is compatible only with Department of Defense computers. The version I can send you shows personnel in alpha order by last name, grouped by service branch.

DIANE

(soft groan)

How about... a gallery of mugshots that link to the service records?

LACKEY (V.O.)

You can select that option in the version I'm sending you.

DIANE
Great! Thanks.

She clicks a videophone app on her PC. A few rings later, FBI Agent SOPHIE CHOW (33) appears, pumping away on a cross country ski machine with San Francisco Bay behind her. She comes off as a cynical but energetic go-getter.

SOPHIE
Hey, Diane! W'sup?

DIANE
Hey, Sophie. How's martial law treating you?

SOPHIE
It only sucks when you go out. Most of us live in our offices now. How's Fogville?

DIANE
Things could be better.

She clicks an email link. She's floored by the endless gallery of men and women in various military uniforms.

SOPHIE
Hey, your One Percent Guy's big news around here!

DIANE
Yeah, um... I could use a little more help with that.

SOPHIE
Of course! But figure the Bureau's listening in. So like, throw me a bone here.

Diane, aware of the eavesdroppers, looks into her webcam with resignation and transmits the composite of Ryan.

DIANE
He's a lone wolf. Probably a disgruntled veteran.

SOPHIE
I'm not surprised. We've had vets on our watch list for years.

DIANE
I wanna run my composite against the Veterans Database using the Bureau's face recognition software.

SOPHIE
Oh, wow. Diane, you caught us at a bad time. Our server got hacked.

DIANE
Again?! You're the F.B.I.!

SOPHIE
Don't tell anyone, okay? It could be days before we're back on line.

DIANE
Can't you just reinstall?

SOPHIE
No-no-no, the drives are fucked beyond recognition. Until the hardware's replaced, we're back to the Mark One Eyeball.

Aghast, Diane clicks through pages of the Veterans Database.

DIANE
Wonderful. Uh, Sophie, you have any luck with those documents from the Collins house?

SOPHIE
Oh my God, that was a fuckin' gold mine! Thank you so much!

DIANE
What did you find?!

SOPHIE
Those docs were meant as insurance.

DIANE
Wasn't very effective for Collins.

SOPHIE
You're sure the killer wasn't hired by the Fed?

DIANE
(pause)
I think we can assume that.

SOPHIE
The docs show that Collins invested five hundred million for the Fed. That's pre-crash dollars.

DIANE
Invested in what? Cocaine?

SOPHIE
The Islamic Revolutionary Front.

DIANE
Get out!

SOPHIE
He laundered the funds with three banks in Switzerland, Andorra and the Caymans. That's how the I.R.F. bought its weapons and training. Fuckin' genius!

DIANE
I had a feeling. The way they came out of nowhere and invaded Yemen last year...

SOPHIE
We have their shopping list. Guns, rockets, drones, trucks, radios--

DIANE
Did you say "drones"?

SOPHIE
Yeah, the small ones, for recon.

She swigs water from a sport bottle.

DIANE
ISIS Two-Point-Oh. The bastards!

SOPHIE
Think of the Islamic Revolutionary Front as a *corporation*. They're in business to stimulate our military spending. A nice little earner!

DIANE
Did Collins have a lot of defense stock in his portfolio?

SOPHIE
He was a *board member* for major contractors. Lockheed, General Dynamics, Sutton Aerospace...

Diane's eyes alight on Ryan's composite.

DIANE

So, does this mean you're going
after the Fed for treason?

SOPHIE

I returned their docs, but we made
copies, of course.

DIANE

Wait, what?

SOPHIE

This is the stuff you save for a
rainy day. For *leverage*, y'know?
(more)

Diane digests the ugly truth with difficulty. Sophie climbs
off the machine, dabs away her sweat with a towel.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Diane, I have to ask. Do we have a
"terrorist problem" in Pacifica?

DIANE

I can handle one guy. Thanks.

SOPHIE

Maybe it's one guy now. But we're
reading the signs here. If he's
not caught, this could snowball.

DIANE

(irritated)

I'll get him, Sophie.

SOPHIE

Good. Our plate's kinda full, but
better us than JenSec, right?

DIANE

Thanks. Appreciate it.

She hangs up, groans, rakes her fingers through her hair.
Looking at the veterans gallery on screen, she gets an idea.

She opens her Epiphany vial, taps a pill out onto her desk.

Using a boxcutter blade, Diane chops the pill into powder,
forms it into a line.

She rolls a Post-It into a tube, snorts up the line of Eppy.

Diane reels, leans back in her chair, stares upwards,
awestruck, panting. The office dissolves into a fog.

Wind blows through her hair. She hears surf crashing. Her whole body trembles.

Her right hand reaches for the PC mouse. A hovering gallery of veterans' faces emerges into view.

Diane's eyes remain still as she clicks from page to page. Dozens of faces on each page. Click. Click. Faster...

The clicking accelerates as she goes through the galleries at a superhuman pace. Hundreds of faces. Thousands...

Diane stops, stares at Ryan's mugshot. Though years younger, he seems strangely older, with a haunted, thousand-yard stare. She clicks the photo. His service record appears.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Sergeant Ryan West. Second
Brigade, Tenth Mountain...

Her eyes widen as she reads of Ryan's tours in Iraq, Syria, and Yemen.

She moves that window aside. In a search engine on the second screen she types, "Ryan West". She clicks the results screen, reads.

DIANE (CONT'D)
San Francisco Airport...

She dials a phone number, clicks more links. The resulting screens show closed or deleted accounts. A bored TSA OFFICER (30s) answers the phone.

T.S.A.? TSA OFFICER (V.O.)

Diane pulls herself together to sound sober.

DIANE
Hi, this is Inspector Diane Hale,
Pacifica Police Department.

TSA OFFICER (V.O.)
Badge and PIN, please.

Diane swipes her ID card through a reader in her phone, types a number on the keypad.

DIANE
Entered.

TSA OFFICER (V.O.)
Verified. How may I help you,
Inspector?

Diane runs a search on "Sutton Aerospace Board of Directors".

DIANE
I'm calling about Ryan West. Does
he still work for the T.S.A.?

TSA OFFICER (V.O.)
Uh, actually he worked for C.A.S.,
our private contractor. He was
laid off last May due to cutbacks.

Diane enlarges a group photo of the Sutton Directors: nine
smiling middle-aged businessmen with hawkish eyes.

DIANE
Do you have his current address?

She holds her pen, ready to take notes.

TSA OFFICER (V.O.)
Sorry, we don't. He used to live
in San Mateo, until the layoff.
There's no forwarding address.

DIANE
Great. Did you know him at all?

She focuses on one Sutton Director. *Kurt Jensen.*

TSA OFFICER (V.O.)
Uh, not personally, no. I could
send you his file.

Diane glances at the high society magazine on her desk.

DIANE
Please do.

TSA OFFICER (V.O.)
Right. Transmitting...

Diane watches Ryan's file appear in a new email.

DIANE
Received. Thanks!

Opening the file, she sees a recent photo of Ryan in a
security officer uniform. She checks that the file is also
in her phone.

She rises. Dizzy, she breathes to steady herself. She pockets the phone and exits.

EXT. JENSEN'S MANSION - DAY

Diane, in her car, shows her badge to a video camera. An iron gate unlocks, opens before her.

Another camera tracks her car cruising on a lush driveway.

Diane parks in front of an enormous chateau. She emerges, stares at the opulence all around. She glimpses a miniature drone as it zips overhead.

Self-conscious, Diane straightens her jacket, heads for the main entrance. The door slowly opens before she reaches it. She spots another camera watching her.

INT. JENSEN'S MANSION

Diane enters, first sees ARNO (30), a tall goon in a suit, awaiting her. His dark, murky aura holds her attention.

KURT JENSEN (50), stands watching her from the living room beyond. Clad in a faded Hawaiian shirt, cargo shorts, and desert boots, more resembling a groundskeeper than a mogul.

DIANE

Kurt Jensen?

Jensen gives Arno a subtle nod. Arno motions Diane to the living room, then exits.

JENSEN

(shakes her hand)

Inspector Hale. Welcome.

DIANE

You know me?

Jensen goes to his mahogany bar, mixes a gin and tonic.

JENSEN

I keep up on the competition.
You're here about the One Percent
Killer, aren't you?

DIANE

(nods)

I'd like to ask a few questions.

JENSEN

Seltzer on the rocks okay?

Hiding her dismay, Diane watches his sickly aura, which oozes over him like a swarm of parasites.

DIANE

Uh, sure. Thanks.

Jensen squirts seltzer into an ice-filled glass. He hands it to Diane, clinks his glass against hers.

JENSEN

Cheers.

They drink.

DIANE

Did you know Alexander Collins or Patrick Sutton?

JENSEN

Yes, but not as close friends. They held stock in my firm. And I still own Sutton stock. I'm sure it'll rebound eventually.

DIANE

Did you have any other dealings with them?

Jensen lets out an embarrassed chuckle.

JENSEN

Oh! It's so obvious, I often don't think of it! My firm provides security for the Federal Reserve and Sutton Aerospace.

DIANE

Well, you're everywhere, right?

JENSEN

Almost. Does that help at all?

DIANE

Maybe. Do you know this man?

She shows him the TSA photo of Ryan on her phone.

JENSEN

Never seen him before. Is he your suspect?

Diane barely conceals her mistrust.

DIANE

Ryan West. An Army veteran. And a former Transit Security Officer.

Jensen takes out his own phone, speaks into it.

JENSEN

Ryan West. Army. T.S.A.
(to Diane)
I have a deal with the Pentagon.
Very hush-hush.

DIANE

Mister Jensen, your life may be in danger. I'm here to offer you police protection, if you--

Jensen bursts out laughing, almost spills his drink.

JENSEN

The police, protecting *me*?! Maybe it should be the other way around!

DIANE

I know this is your area of expertise. But two men are dead.

JENSEN

Sutton and Collins were easy targets. I'm *not*.

DIANE

I saw your drone.

Jensen leads her to a large bookcase.

JENSEN

My drones patrol twenty-four-seven. In addition to motion detectors, lights, and alarms, I have this...

He reaches under a shelf, throws a switch. The bookcase slides open to reveal a hidden door to a vault.

He opens the steel door, steps inside. Gestures Diane to join him. She enters, finds it spacious and minimalist.

DIANE

Pretty cozy.

Shelves are stocked with survival gear. A wall monitor displays images from cameras all over the house.

Diane notes a submachine gun, a shotgun and two pistols mounted on one wall, along with body armor and a helmet.

JENSEN

I like the MP-Five.
(opens a box)
Got some flash-bangs, too.

DIANE

To be honest, I expected a bigger arsenal here.

JENSEN

You haven't seen the rest of the house. I've got weapons stashed in every room.

DIANE

That's... reassuring.

On the monitor, an icon blinks. Jensen touches the screen, and reports bearing Ryan's name and photo appear.

JENSEN

Ah, here comes the intel. Is that our man?

Diane nods, watches in envious dismay as the reports pile up. Jensen nudges them around, skims rapidly.

DIANE

I wouldn't underestimate him.

JENSEN

Interesting. It's almost a shame we have to take him out. He's been really good for business.

DIANE

Whoa! I'm still building a case! You can't just go full vigilante!

JENSEN

We'll deliver him alive, if possible. Dead, if necessary. That's my best offer.

DIANE

Would you share your intel with me?

JENSEN

Problem is, you're the competition.
(pause)

(MORE)

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Give me access to your street
cameras, and I'll consider it.

DIANE
Sorry, they're not mine to give.

Jensen finger-swipes the Ryan reports into a folder icon.

JENSEN
Fine. My drones and ground units
have cameras anyway. Oh, and in
case you're still worried...
(shows his phone)
If I press this, my Rapid Response
Team arrives in fifteen minutes,
guaranteed. Or they're fired.

DIANE
I see. Fine.

Fed up, she exits the safe room. Jensen follows.

JENSEN
I appreciate the tip, Inspector.

DIANE
It's my job.

JENSEN
(presents his card)
In case you ever need another one.

Diane suppresses her contempt, pockets the card.

INT. DIANE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

On Highway 101, amid light traffic, Diane checks the signs:
"Downtown SF" and "Bay Bridge".

She groans as traffic slows for a flashing sign: "UNREST
AHEAD - DETOUR". Cars and trucks crawl to the off-ramp.

Diane checks the map on her phone, mounted on the windshield.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO

On a surface street parallel with the elevated freeway,
Diane's car plods through a gauntlet of squalor:

Tents and cardboard boxes cover the sidewalks. Every parked
car has someone camping in it. Diane avoids the hungry,
hostile stares of scrawny Homeless People.

Waiting for the light to change, Diane hears the distant chants of angry Protestors. Worried, she looks around.

At the intersection, a ragtag horde of Protestors march and bellow slogans, waving signs: "EAT THE RICH", "REVOLUTION NOW!", "BURN IT DOWN - START ALL OVER", "1% YOU DEAD!", etc.

An armored JenSec truck approaches; its water cannon spews. The nearest Protestors get knocked down and flushed away.

Diane spots a JenSec Riot Squad advancing in line formation, sticks tapping. She tucks her pistol beside her seat.

Above, a drone drops tear gas. Protestors hurl rocks and molotov cocktails at the Goons, who bludgeon and taser the Protestors without mercy.

Some Protestors fight while others flee in all directions, smashing windows and cars in their path. The Goons give chase, firing rubber bullets and more tear gas.

Diane sees them coming, turns her car sharply along with several others, frantic to get away.

DIANE

Nope! Nope! Nope!

A masked Protestor slams into her car, rolls over the hood, keeps on running. A rubber bullet cracks a side window.

Through clouds of tear gas, cars peel off onto side streets. Gunfire erupts. Tires squeal as Diane races away.

EXT. BAY BRIDGE

Diane's car cruises past Treasure Island towards the East Bay. A column of smoke rises from the San Francisco skyline.

EXT. U.C. BERKELEY CAMPUS - DAY

Diane, still hypervigilant, checks out passing Students as she crosses the quad.

She glances up at a gray modern building marked, "Helen Wills Neuroscience Institute" and enters.

INT. LABORATORY

On a security camera screen, Diane presents her badge.

DR. STEVE LENTZ (60), soft-spoken, lucid, highly focused, opens the door. Diane enters, notes the spotless high-tech equipment and Lentz's quizzical gaze.

DIANE
Doctor Lentz?

LENTZ
Yes. Hello, Inspector. How was
the drive from Pacifica?

He slowly leads her through the array of sleek machinery and screens displaying 3-D molecular models.

DIANE
I wouldn't recommend the City.

Seeing her pain, Lentz nods.

LENTZ
Well, ah, I don't get out much.
How can I help you?

DIANE
I have questions about Epiphany.
Some of which are non-official.
Off the record.

LENTZ
Let me guess. A friend of yours is
taking Epiphany, and you're worried
about her.

DIANE
Um...

LENTZ
I have to tell you, this isn't
really off the record. The C.I.A.
has me under surveillance.

Diane's eyes cautiously flit around the room. On the walls are framed photos of Albert Hofmann, Alexander Shulgin, Timothy Leary, and Terence McKenna.

DIANE
Like, right now?

LENTZ
(nods)
It's mostly automated. Artificial
intelligence. I'm willing to help.
It's up to you.

He looks on sympathetically as Diane backs away, torn as to whether to flee or not.

At last she resigns herself, clears her throat.

DIANE

I've heard Eppy's not addictive.
But my friend can't stop taking it.
She doesn't ever want to come down!

LENTZ

Everyone wants to feel good. I've
studied the dependency issue in
depth. Epiphany doesn't act on the
brain like nicotine or heroin.
It's more like chocolate.
(notes her dismay)
That doesn't help, does it?

DIANE

(shakes her head)
Could withdrawal be a problem, if
the addiction is "psychological"?

LENTZ

Speaking from experience and what
I've heard, if you don't face your
underlying issues, Epiphany can be
a... hard teacher.

DIANE

Oh.

LENTZ

Nowadays, wanting to escape is
perfectly understandable. But my
hope was that Epiphany would
inspire people to ask the big
questions. To seek enlightenment.

Diane notes his eyes turn down in disappointment.

DIANE

Tell me, Doctor, why are "they" so
interested in Epiphany?

LENTZ

Altering consciousness is one of
their specialties. That's why I
still have a job here.
(gestures to his devices)
My molecular 3-D printer. Time-
sharing on the Brain Simulator...
(more)

With a remote control he clicks through a series of vividly colored brain scans on the nearest monitor.

LENTZ (CONT'D)

Previous research in the field:
Brain scans of people in prayer.
In meditation. In mystic bliss.
And, of course: L.S.D. D.M.T.
Mescaline. Psilocybin.

DIANE

I'm beginning to see a pattern.

Lentz plays an animation that shuffles all the brain scans as transparencies, distilling them into a single root pattern.

LENTZ

Overlap them, and you find *this* at the heart of them all. Which got me asking, "Could *this* be reverse-engineered?"

DIANE

You mean, if a drug could re-create that same pattern in the brain--

LENTZ

Would the subject have a spiritual experience? I think we know.
(more)

Another monitor displays the Epiphany molecule's 3-D model and a sim-brain scan very similar to his root pattern.

LENTZ (CONT'D)

The answer was a resounding "Yes".

Diane's gaze turns inward, concerned.

DIANE

But, do you believe that's all there is to it? Just patterns of brain activity??

LENTZ

My handlers think that way, not me. I believe Universal Consciousness is the very foundation of reality. But the God Experience by itself, whether natural or drug-induced, does *not* prove it.

Diane, surprised to hear this from him, ponders.

DIANE

Why would the C.I.A. be interested in Epiphany?

LENTZ

They never tell me what they're up to, but I can guess. For example, when people get high, they tend not to rebel. That's why cannabis was legalized here.

DIANE

(growing dread)

Could Epiphany also turn someone into a fanatic? The kind who'd commit murder on God's orders?

LENTZ

Um... Is this the "official" part of why you're here?

DIANE

I'm investigating the One Percent Killer. Perhaps you've heard...

Shocked by his oversight, Lentz's eyes widen.

LENTZ

Ohh. Shit. But, how do you know he uses Eppy?

DIANE

My, uh, friend met him in a dream. I believe he's this man, Ryan West. An Army veteran.

She shows him Ryan's photo on her phone.

LENTZ

Self-medicating for post-traumatic stress, I imagine.

DIANE

His squad was wiped out by the I.R.F. in the Battle of Sa'dah.

Anguished, Lentz returns her phone.

LENTZ

Oh dear. I was afraid something like this would happen! You're not making this public, are you??

DIANE
I don't plan to. But I can't
guarantee it won't come out.

LENTZ
(paces in dismay)
Part of me regrets releasing the
formula. But it was either that or
it would've been classified secret,
as a mind control weapon!

DIANE
Is it possible they actually
allowed you to go public? As a
sort of... field experiment?

Lentz grimaces, resisting the awful prospect.

LENTZ
God only knows.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sitting up in bed, Diane texts Philip. She seems weary from
nonstop anxiety.

In her text: "Now a good time?"

His reply: "Not 4 sex. I'm with someone."

She types back: "OK. Dream sharing again. Wish me luck."

A moment later, the phone rings. She answers, leaning back
into her pillow.

PHILIP (V.O.)
Hi.

DIANE
Hi, Philip. Don't wanna interrupt
your missionary work.

PHILIP (V.O.)
It's okay, she's cool. So you're
gonna meet the One Percent guy in
Dreamland?

DIANE
Hopefully with my wits about me
this time. Any pointers?

PHILIP (V.O.)

I'm no expert on lucid dreaming,
but there's stuff you can do, like
before you fall asleep, make a
resolution that you'll know it's a
dream the moment you meet him.

DIANE

Anything else?

PHILIP (V.O.)

Remember to do a reality check.
Ask yourself, "Am I dreaming?"
Look at your hands, check the time.
Maybe you'll notice some detail--

DIANE

Something not quite real?

PHILIP (V.O.)

Yeah. And when you realize it's a
dream, stay cool. If you get too
excited, you'll wake yourself up.

DIANE

Good. I'll try to remember.

PHILIP (V.O.)

What are you hoping to do with him?

DIANE

Well, uh, maybe I'll pick up some
clues to find him. I might even
throw him for a loop.

PHILIP (V.O.)

Sounds ambitious. Good luck.

DIANE

Thanks.

PHILIP (V.O.)

If he doesn't show, look me up.

DIANE

Lucid dream sex on Eppy?

PHILIP (V.O.)

(giggles)
Ohhh yeah!

DIANE

G'night, Philip.
(more)

Diane hangs up, shakes her head. She takes an Epiphany pill, turns off the reading lamp, pulls the covers over her.

DIANE (CONT'D)

(softly)

I will meet Ryan West. I will know
it's a dream. I'll meet Ryan West.
I'll know it's a dream.

She closes her eyes. The room turns and tilts. The walls vanish. Stars whiz past like she's going to warp speed.

Stillness returns. The walls are blurry. Diane slowly opens her eyes. She's startled to find Ryan beside her. With a sly grin he peeks under the covers. They're both naked.

RYAN

You wanted to see me?

DIANE

What the fuck?!

Ryan draws near, caresses and kisses her tenderly.

RYAN

If this is your first time doing it
on Eppy, we'll take it slow.

Despite her anxiety, Diane succumbs to extreme pleasure.

DIANE

Oh my God... I shouldn't!

RYAN

No one will know, Diane.
(mounts her)
It'll be our little secret.

Blissed out of her mind, Diane embraces, kisses him back.

DIANE

Oh, Ryan! This is incredible!
(more)

She hears a throat-clearing across the room. Startled, she turns to see her father Frank, alive, in an armchair.

FRANK

You sure know how to pick 'em.

Embarrassed for her, he rises, EXITS like a ghost.

DIANE

DAD??!! WAIT!!

She pushes Ryan off. He guffaws as she pulls the sheet around herself, searching for Frank in vain.

RYAN

I thought it was *God* watching us!

In reality, Diane awakens alone in the dark, looks around, realizes what just happened.

DIANE

Fuuucck!!
(more)

She breathes deeply, calms herself down.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I will meet Ryan West. The *real* one this time. I will know it's a dream. I will *know* it's a dream.

She shuts her eyes, drifts away to the soft roar of the surf.

INT. SEA CAVE

Diane, in her jeans and moto jacket, shines a flashlight, cautiously explores the dark cave.

The beam sweeps, reveals the cave growing as Diane proceeds.

To her amazement, she finds Ryan seated in meditation, clad only in shorts. The light makes his eyes open slightly.

DIANE

Hi. Ryan?

RYAN

Diane. It's good to see you again. I wasn't sure you'd come back.

DIANE

You *are* Ryan West, right?

RYAN

Good Lord. Ain't it a drag having dreams about work?

Diane's eyes widen. She looks at her hands.

DIANE

Oh my God. I'm dreaming!

She watches him make shadow puppets with the flashlight beam.

RYAN
 You're a quick study. Pretty soon
 you'll be flying round the world,
 having sex with everyone.

DIANE
 That's not why I'm here.

RYAN
 So you've decided to join me and
 serve God's will?

DIANE
 Uh, we need to talk about that.

Ryan rises calmly. He sees right through her.

RYAN
 Outside...
 (more)

Diane nods. Ryan turns off her flashlight.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 We don't need this.

Diane sees his third eye open. Hers opens as well. Ryan
 leads the way out. Their wet footsteps echo in the dark.

DIANE
 Are you working alone?

RYAN
 All the militias were infiltrated.
 So it's just been me and God.

At a bend, light from outside appears, grows brighter.

DIANE
 I read your Army records. I know
 what happened to you in Sa'dah.

RYAN
 Read all the reports you want.
 You'll never really know.

As they reach the cave mouth, their third eyes close.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Ryan and Diane emerge from the cave into bright sunlight that
 glitters on the ocean. Only Diane shields her eyes at first
 as they walk along the water's edge.

RYAN

My unit shot down an enemy drone in Sa'dah. We recovered it. Found it was *American-made*.

DIANE

Sutton Aerospace?

RYAN

(nods)

That's when the I.R.F. jumped us. It was unbelievable. A *perfect* ambush. They were armed like us, and trained. *Seriously* trained.

DIANE

And they got their drone back.

RYAN

Yep. And I saved one of our guys.

DIANE

How's he doing now?

RYAN

He killed himself a year after discharge.

DIANE

(pause)

I'm... sorry, Ryan.

RYAN

I almost did the same. But Epiphany saved my life. The Lord made me His instrument.

DIANE

How did you learn about the deal between Sutton, Collins, and the I.R.F.?

RYAN

It was revealed to me in a vision. A beam of light burned the truth straight into my head.

Worried, Diane follows him uphill.

DIANE

Y'know, um, God doesn't talk to me. What do you suppose it means?

RYAN
 (long pause)
 I reckon we're being tested. Did
 you take Eppy to find the truth?

DIANE
 Not at first.

RYAN
 There you go. Impure motivation.

DIANE
 Ryan, have you considered the
 possibility that voice you're
 hearing isn't really God?

She nervously watches him suppress his indignation and
 compose himself.

RYAN
 I know what you're thinking, Diane.
 That I'm just out for revenge.

DIANE
 Well, it is kinda hard to argue
 with "the Lord's instrument".

RYAN
 Then don't. Revolution's coming,
 no matter what you or I believe.

They take in the view of the ocean.

DIANE
 Maybe so. But you'll only get
 yourself killed.

Ryan's gaze tells her he's beyond caring. Suddenly the
 scenery around them darkens, fades away...

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT

Diane stares down at the wreck of an unmarked police car.
 Steam rises; a dangling red light flickers.

DIANE
 Why did you bring us here??

RYAN
 I didn't.

Ryan notes her distress at the traumatic memory. She climbs
 down to the wreck, compelled by morbid curiosity.

Slowly she approaches, peers inside, finds Frank dying in the driver's seat. His eyes open slightly.

FRANK

Sorry, Diane. Looks like I'm gonna miss your graduation.

Ryan observes Diane with empathy, gains insight.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM

Diane's eyes open. Anguished, she grips the sheets, begins to weep silently.

INT. LANGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lange regards the composite portrait and TSA mugshot of Ryan on his desktop monitors. He's seriously bothered.

Seated facing Lange, Diane looks weary and unkempt from lack of sleep. In the next chair, Marquez waits grimly, worried for Diane more than himself.

LANGE

Let me get this straight. You got an anonymous tip from someone who didn't know Ryan West and didn't see him commit either murder.

DIANE

Well, my source claims West knew about Sutton, Collins, and the Islamic Revolutionary Front.

LANGE

That claim stays off the record. Understood?

DIANE

All right! Once we have Ryan West in custody, I'll find the evidence to put him away.

LANGE

You want the City Attorney to issue a warrant based on your I.O.U.?

MARQUEZ

A tip may not seem like much, but something's better than nothing! As long as we get the evidence, we're golden.

LANGE

And if he's the *wrong* guy? What if we kill him by mistake? You think the public will just accept it as "collateral damage"?!

DIANE

Chief, I plan to take him alive, for questioning. We need to know if there's an organization.

MARQUEZ

We'll take turns. Trust me, Chief, he'll crack!

Lange stews, not ready to give in.

LANGE

(to Diane)

You sent his mugshot to our patrol units, but not the media. Why?

DIANE

He'd leave town at once. And you want *us* to catch him, not some other department, am I right?

MARQUEZ

Not only that, the One Percent Killer has supporters. If they spot him first, they'll help him get away!

LANGE

All right, Hale. Put in your warrant request, we'll see what happens. Marquez, you can go.
(more)

Marquez nods, exits with a parting glance at Diane.

Lange waits for the door to close.

LANGE (CONT'D)

You okay? Getting enough sleep?

DIANE

Not lately.

LANGE

Hale, you should know about another "anonymous tip" that I received.

(beat)

About your alleged drug abuse.

Diane struggles to act innocent, but lacks expertise.

DIANE

I don't suppose I'll ever face my
accuser...

LANGE

Would your source testify in court
against Ryan West?

DIANE

Probably not.

LANGE

If you were in my place, what would
you do about this tip?

DIANE

I, um, I would... I'd have to
follow up. Gather evidence.

LANGE

Now I know everyone has to unwind
after work. But if whatever you're
doing impairs your performance--

DIANE

Yeah, I get it.

Lange hands her a business card with details written on it.

LANGE

Your drug test is set for tomorrow
at three. It'll detect all the new
pharmaceuticals, legal or not.

Diane reads it like a death warrant. Pockets it, takes a
short breath; slight indignation masking fear.

DIANE

I'll be there.

She rises to leave.

LANGE

You'll be tested every day until
the One Percent Killer is caught.
If you fail even one test, I'll
turn the case over to Marquez.

DIANE

Understood, Sir.

As she exits, her features contort with helpless rage.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Shabby, dimly-lit, with an array of monitors and a control console. Two screens are blank; the rest display video feeds from downtown Pacifica, key intersections and freeway ramps.

Diane enters, pauses upon finding Marquez blandly watching the screens. Images are marred by debris on the lenses.

DIANE

Am I interrupting?

MARQUEZ

Always. Pull up a chair.

Diane sits beside him at the console, distracted by the rundown look of the room.

DIANE

I haven't been here in ages.

MARQUEZ

The beach cams were the first to go, of course. Corrosion.

(works a joystick)

And the rest... Most of 'em don't even move. People know to avoid them anyway.

He indicates one screen: the few pedestrians in sight turn to exit the frame as if diverted by a force field.

DIANE

Say, Ed. Are there any caves at the beach?

MARQUEZ

Like sea caves? Nah. I checked it out years ago. Why?

DIANE

Just thinking. Ryan West might be homeless.

MARQUEZ

That occurred to me, too. But you wouldn't live in a sea cave. Tide rolls in, you're done.

Diane and Marquez shift their gazes among the screens.

DIANE

How are your cases coming along?

MARQUEZ
Same old shit. Just more of it.
(long pause)
You in trouble?

DIANE
Someone snitched on me.
(pause)
I have a drug test tomorrow.

MARQUEZ
Oh... You gonna pass it?

DIANE
(chuckles bitterly)
I don't know.
(pause)
Who'd rat me out??

MARQUEZ
For sure, none of us. We're
counting on you to save our jobs!

One possibility dawns on Diane. It's intolerable.

DIANE
This is so fucked!

MARQUEZ
Worst case, you go into rehab, and
I get an officer to cover for you.
(sighs)
Lange goes overboard sometimes.
Never take it personally.

Touched, Diane's voice cracks.

DIANE
I'm doing the best I can!
Sometimes... I think I'm only here
because of Dad.

MARQUEZ
That won't be enough, Diane. Not
in the long run.
(more)

He idly clicks buttons to change the views.

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)
I tried looking up Ryan West. You
don't mind, right?

DIANE

Of course not. Any luck?

MARQUEZ

(shakes his head)

Ah, just feels weird. You know how *hard* it is to disappear these days?

(works the joystick)

Either he's a reclusive genius like the Unabomber, or he's had expert help to cover his tracks.

DIANE

Yeah, I still don't know. Like, how much money could he have saved? How long could it last?

MARQUEZ

Even if he bought months of food before the hyperinflation, he must be nearly broke by now. That means he'll make a mistake. Petty crime, say, or trusting the wrong person.

Diane reacts subtly to that last phrase, too close to home.

DIANE

If he's camping, I oughta check out Sweeney Ridge.

MARQUEZ

I wouldn't wander around up there, Diane. Not without a SWAT Team.

DIANE

(pause)

Okay, San Mateo P.D.'s got a drone.

MARQUEZ

They *had* a drone. It's busted. But Jensen's got plenty--

DIANE

No way. If Jensen gets involved, he'll take all the credit!

MARQUEZ

Sounds like him all right. Well, enough of this shit.

(rises)

Knock yourself out.

As he exits, Diane centers her chair behind the console, secretly relieved. The door shuts.

She takes the vial of Epiphany from her pocket, stares at it with terrible craving. Shuts her eyes, puts it away.

She returns her attention to the screens, works the joystick. Futility. Frustration.

Suddenly all the power cuts out.

Muffled groans and curses erupt from adjoining rooms. In the dark, Diane sighs, rests her head on her crossed arms.

A shudder runs through her body. She sits up, alarmed.

The wall of monitors melts away, revealing the hills outside.

DIANE'S POV (MONTAGE)

Flying over the town, swooping like a hawk. Neighborhoods fade in and out of focus.

IN HER CHAIR

Diane submits to the vision, closes her eyes.

HER POV

Careens through downtown streets, zips over and around cars and passersby.

AT THE EDGE OF TOWN

Parked on a deserted suburban road turning to countryside, a rusty green cargo van swings into view. Her POV zooms in like a guided missile.

INSIDE THE VAN

Personal belongings, neatly arranged for nomadic living. On a makeshift desk, a satellite photo of Pacifica's coastline.

A pair of male hands sketches the floor plan of a large house on a sheet of paper.

The hands pause as if caught in the act. They fold the floor plan in half, obscuring it.

RYAN (V.O.)

No, you don't.

IN THE SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Diane, eyes clenched, strains as if willpower should reveal Ryan's secret. Her phone rings, jolting her eyes open.

DIANE

FUCK!
 (answers)
 Yes!

On the other end: the steady voice of OFFICER KERRIGAN (20s).

KERRIGAN (V.O.)
 Inspector Hale? This is Officer
 Kerrigan.

Diane restrains the impulse to lash out.

DIANE
 Yes, Kerrigan. What is it?

KERRIGAN (V.O.)
 I'm at the Sea Breeze Motel on
 Rockaway. You know that photo of
 Ryan West? I showed it to the
 clerk here, and he I.D.'ed him!

DIANE
 Ryan West has a room there?!

KERRIGAN (V.O.)
 The clerk's positive! The guy paid
 in cash. Room Twelve.

Diane rises, hurries out.

INT. HALLWAY

Diane, still on the phone, rushes to the Dispatcher's Station
 on the way out.

DIANE
 Kerrigan, do not go in! You and
 your partner park out of sight,
 stay put, and wait for backup!

KERRIGAN (V.O.)
 Ten-four! We'll move our bikes!

Diane pockets her phone. The casually-dressed dispatcher
 ARLENE (50s) turns from her bank of monitors, notes Diane's
 rapid, urgent approach.

ARLENE
 Hey, Diane!

DIANE
Arlene! I need the SWAT Team at
the Sea Breeze Motel!

ARLENE
You found the One Percent Guy?!

DIANE
I hope so!

Stoked, Arlene surveys the monitors, clicks her mouse.

ARLENE
Got an hour? We'd have to assemble
the team from all over the county!

DIANE
(groans)
No, this can't wait! Gimme any
four patrol units!

Arlene's eyes flit hungrily across the monitors.

ARLENE
I can get you two right now. And
the third in... fifteen minutes.

DIANE
I'll take the two! No lights or
sirens! They need to stay put till
I get there!

She rushes out.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A doorknob silently unlocks and turns.

The door opens just a crack. Kerrigan peeps through for an
instant, withdraws. He peeps again, lower down.

He rushes in with OFFICERS FUJITA and NOWAK (20s) close
behind, guns drawn to cover each other.

KERRIGAN
POLICE!

Finding no one, panting with tension, they check the open
closet and bathroom. The room looks clean, though its decor
is worn and very dated.

FUJITA
CLEAR!

KERRIGAN

CLEAR!

Diane, pistol in hand, enters, shines her flashlight under the bed, finds nothing. The Officers sigh, holster their sidearms, exchange looks of relief.

NOWAK

Sure this is the right room?

KERRIGAN

The guy said Room Twelve.

Diane holsters her gun, returns to the doorway. PATEL (40s), the plainly attired clerk, peers in, deeply anxious.

DIANE

Mister Patel, did you see Ryan West enter or leave this room?

PATEL

Sorry, no, Inspector.

DIANE

Did you see his vehicle?

PATEL

Like a car? Sorry, no. He just came in the office and paid cash.

He spots a room key on a nightstand. Before he can grab it, Diane stops him, dons rubber gloves.

DIANE

Hold on, we're not done here. Wait outside, please.

(to the Officers)

Search for evidence.

Patel exits. Diane photographs the key with her phone. Fujita and Nowak share a cynical glance as they don gloves.

KERRIGAN

Evidence?

FUJITA

(whispers to Nowak)

Waste of time.

DIANE

You got somewhere else to be?

The Officers check every nook and cranny: opening drawers, stripping the bed, examining fixtures and appliances.

Frustrated, slightly embarrassed, Diane steps outside.

EXT. SEA BREEZE MOTEL

Weathered, hopelessly retro, with faux stone outer walls. Waves crash on the shore beyond the parking lot.

Diane approaches TERRY (27), an androgynous neo-hippie loitering by her dusty, cluttered old car. Terry looks radiant and plucky as Diane displays the badge on her belt.

DIANE

I'm Diane Hale, Pacifica Police.

TERRY

Hey. I'm Terry. Can I help you?

The mischievous glint in her eye suggests she views Diane as a challenging pick-up, with something to hide. Diane reacts with a hint of uncertainty.

DIANE

(shows Ryan's photo)
Do you know this man?

TERRY

That's Ryan. Is he okay?

She notes the Officers searching the motel room.

DIANE

Ryan's not here. Were you supposed to meet him?

TERRY

That's what I figured. Is he in trouble?

DIANE

Yeah. But maybe we can help him. Did he call or text you?

TERRY

(amused)
He doesn't have a phone. You know that, right?

Her index finger traces a line between her eyes and Diane's.

DIANE

Oh. You're, um...

TERRY
I'm his Epiphany dealer.

Worried, Diane glances back at the motel room. The Officers, now idle, chat among themselves.

DIANE
How well do you know Ryan?

TERRY
I don't know him in detail, okay?
But he's a good guy. *Real focused.*
More than any Eppy-head I ever met.

DIANE
Focused...

Terry's gesture suggests a ship's prow cutting through water.

TERRY
Ryan's like *this*. He knows *exactly*
why he's here.
(concerned)
So tell me. What's he done?

DIANE
I assume you've heard of the One
Percent Killer.

Terry's eyes widen, more in awe than outrage.

TERRY
Whoa!! Are you serious?! Ryan?!

DIANE
You're on the wavelength, right?
And you never suspected.

TERRY
Well... Figure he's real good at
keeping his mind quiet.

DIANE
I guess.

TERRY
Try not to hurt him, okay? Please?
I'm sure he means well.

DIANE
Sorry, I... I can't make promises
like that.

Terry takes a deep breath, consoling herself.

TERRY

Seeing as Ryan's not here, maybe
you'd be interested--

She produces a ziplock bag containing a sheet of blotter paper printed with tiny designs.

Diane turns, sees Nowak and Fujita hanging out by the motel room doorway, watching her and Terry with sly grins.

DIANE

God, put that away!

TERRY

Eppy's legal, y'know!

Flustered, Diane hands her a business card.

DIANE

Doesn't matter! Just get--

NOWAK

Need anything, Inspector??

Kerrigan appears in the doorway, unaware of the joke.

DIANE

I'm good, thanks!
(more)

Fujita and Nowak can barely contain their chuckles.

Diane looks up to the sky, having figured it out.

DIANE (CONT'D)

You bastard.

INT. DIANE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Depressed and unwell, Diane, clad in a frayed bathrobe, pours herself a mug of tea in the kitchen.

DIANE

It had to be Ryan who tipped off my
boss! And that stunt at the motel,
it was a total set-up!

Philip delivers a cardboard box of groceries and old books. The shelves are notably bare, except for almost-empty sacks of rice and potatoes.

PHILIP

Maybe he's giving you a nudge.

DIANE

Yeah, like this is the perfect time
to start a new career!

She watches Philip stock the pantry with canned soup.

PHILIP

Figured you might want something
light, in case, y'know...

DIANE

I appreciate it. What's this?

She sorts through his books, an eclectic mix of spiritual,
paranormal, and conspiracy titles.

PHILIP

Just some old favorites of mine.
If Epiphany raised any questions
for you, maybe they'll help.

He places bottled water and a box of saltines on the shelf.

DIANE

That's optimistic. Like I'll be in
any condition to read.

She sips tea, rakes her fingers through her hair.

PHILIP

Maybe withdrawal won't be as bad as
you expect.

Skeptical, Diane pours a mug for Philip.

DIANE

You've never experienced it.

PHILIP

(accepts the mug)
Thanks. I have a theory. Maybe
what we call withdrawal is actually
something else.

He sips his tea. She reconsiders.

DIANE

Go on...

PHILIP

Some plants, like ayahuasca and
peyote, will really put you through
the wringer. At the beginning.
It's like an initiation.

DIANE

So I've heard. That's probably why they never caught on here.

PHILIP

Now imagine Eppy as a teacher with a different style. At the beginning, Eppy makes it easy for everyone. *But* if you cut school, she kicks your ass!

With an air of uneasy denial, Diane sips her tea.

DIANE

(sighs)

I've seen some amazing things, Philip. But you're... you're personifying a drug reaction!

PHILIP

If we're living in the mind of God, He could appear to us at any time, in any form! Including a drug!

DIANE

If.

PHILIP

Y'see, *this* is why Eppy's being so hard on you! You need to stay in school. And graduate!

Diane glares in disbelief.

DIANE

I should keep taking Eppy...

PHILIP

With the right motivation! That's the key, Diane!

DIANE

Yeah. I don't want enlightenment that badly.

Resigned, Philip shrugs, drinks. He notices a seascape painting on the wall.

PHILIP

What did you want to be, before you became a cop?

DIANE

Doesn't matter. I was just a kid.

PHILIP
C'mon! You didn't always want to
be a cop!

Diane shoots a resentful glance for being put on the spot.
At last she relents.

DIANE
I was really into music. Piano and
guitar. Art. And poetry...

PHILIP
Is that your painting?

DIANE
(shakes her head)
My mom's. She's better at it. But
I painted, too.

PHILIP
Cool. What happened?

DIANE
Um... My parents split up. They
should never have gotten married.
Things went to shit after that.

Her look says she'd rather not elaborate. Philip gives a
slight nod, respecting that.

PHILIP
Well, I once wanted to be a
motorcycle racer.

DIANE
You. A racer.

PHILIP
I don't recommend it as a career.
Especially the crashing part.

Faintly haunted, Diane restrains a smile. Philip notices as
if it might be a clue.

DIANE
Thanks for getting all that food.

Philip puts down his mug, looks ready to go.

PHILIP
It's the least I can do.

Diane leads him through the living room to the front door.

DIANE
How's the missionary work?

PHILIP
Maybe I should be discreet.

DIANE
Good idea.
(they hug)
Get outta here before I puke on ya.

Philip nods, EXITS.

En route to the bedroom, Diane pauses, looks around.

The living room appears distorted with shifting prismatic colors around every object.

Keeping one hand on the wall to steady herself, she staggers towards her bed.

The bedroom tilts as Diane lunges like an astronaut tumbling in zero gravity. She crashes on the bed face-first.

She strains to turn over. She notices the view outside: the sunlight shifts, turns to twilight with unnatural speed.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Uh-ohhh...

With growing alarm she watches the wall and carpet throb and undulate as if coming to life.

She sheds her robe, crawls under the covers, which subtly breathe on top of her.

The room twists and turns. Dusk deepens into night.

Diane's skin mutates into a panoply of textures, suggestive of shimmering light, shiny plastic, and pulsating swarms of tiny bugs.

Aghast at the sight, she shuts her eyes, tries to sleep. Fluttering wings flash past her window, startling her.

EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT

As waves crash below, Ryan ascends the steep rock face, clad in a black jumpsuit with backpack; commando knife strapped on one leg, pistol on the other.

His face contorts in ferocious concentration. Beneath him, loose stones break and tumble down.

He pulls himself over the edge with a grunt. Catches his breath, looks around and sees:

Ahead in the dark, Jensen's mansion. No light from within, only small lamps along the footpaths.

Ryan hears the buzz of an approaching drone. He rushes into the woods, crouches in the underbrush.

From his backpack he takes out a dark camouflage tarp and covers himself. Its underside is silver mylar.

The quadcopter whirs overhead. Its camera head rotates.

Beneath the tarp, Ryan listens, tense eyes turned upwards.

INT. GUARDHOUSE

In a converted garage, Arno watches an array of video screens with night-vision views of the estate.

The center screen shows the drone's view of the grounds. Ryan's camo tarp blends in with a barely visible edge.

Arno operates the flight controls on a wireless pad. The drone-cam view shifts towards the guardhouse.

EXT. GUARDHOUSE

The drone descends towards a paved rectangle with landing-pad markings.

Ryan edges nearer through landscaped shrubbery, lies in wait, sheds his backpack.

He watches the drone land beside a similar parked drone with a cable plugged in.

The garage door rises, revealing Arno, his console, and a gun rack on the wall.

On the landing pad, Arno unplugs the charged drone, plugs in the one that just landed.

He returns to his console. The door begins to lower.

Ryan rushes at full speed, dives under the door just in time.

INT. GUARDHOUSE

As Arno turns, Ryan clobbers him, draws his pistol.

Arno pounces, knocks the gun from Ryan's hand. A vicious fight ensues. They punch, flip, and smash each other into every hard surface.

Before Arno can reach for his own sidearm, Ryan karate-chops, head-butts and body-slams him to the ground.

Now on top, Ryan grabs Arno's gun, aims at his forehead.

RYAN

Is your boss worth dying for?

Arno stares down the barrel, exhales, gives up.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM

The floor and walls writhe and throb. Above Diane's face hovers an OPHANIM, a blazing sphere of four counter-rotating wheels. The fiery rims are covered with hundred of eyes.

In the air the Ophanim projects: Birth, childhood, families, old age, death. War, slavery, barbarism throughout history.

Scenes of wondrous natural beauty, phenomenal virtuosity. Scenes of prehistory, the solar system, multiple galaxies.

The dazzling Ophanim draws nearer. Transfixed, Diane cannot turn away as it touches her forehead.

In the air before her, she sees the Jensen estate.

EXT. GUARDHOUSE

As the door rises, Ryan holsters his own pistol, lifts a submachine gun off the rack, straps it on.

Arno lies, bound with zip-ties, gagged with duct tape. Ryan searches his pockets, finds a card-key.

Satisfied, Ryan taps console buttons, dashes out. The door lowers behind him.

INT. JENSEN'S BEDROOM

In bed, Jensen opens his eyes. Uncertain, he rises, listens to the silence, goes to the window.

From the second floor, the grounds appear deserted. Jensen sees the guardhouse with two drones parked in front.

Worried, he speed-dials his phone. He listens to the rings, stares out at the guardhouse.

No answer. Jensen hangs up, hurriedly puts on dark clothing.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM

The flaming Ophanim dissolves into Diane's head.

She tries to scream, but what comes out is an ultra-high pitched tone.

An unearthly voice in the air speaks like a mother trying to rouse her kid in the morning.

VOICE (O.C.)
Get up, Diane. Get up.
(more)

Sick and fearful, Diane shuts her eyes, shakes her head, resisting the call.

The Voice becomes paternal, more insistent.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Come on, Diane! Get up! Get up!

Diane slowly overcomes her dread, struggles to her feet.

She dresses, straps on her pistol, grabs her phone.

In her prismatic, dyslexic vision, the keypad displays arcane symbols instead of numbers.

DIANE
What the fuck?!
(touches a control)
Dispatch!

The phone speed-dials. In two rings, Arlene answers.

ARLENE (V.O.)
Pacifica Police Department.

DIANE
Arlene?

ARLENE (V.O.)
Yes. Diane?

DIANE
Yeah! I need the SWAT Team sent to
Three Hundred Dardanelle Avenue!

ARLENE (V.O.)
Okay... E.T.A. one hour for SWAT.
You need backup now, you can have
two units in fifteen minutes.

DIANE
Whatever you've got, send it!

On her way out, she swigs a bottle of water.

INT. DIANE'S CAR (PARKED)

Diane tosses her water bottle inside, attaches a magnetic
flasher to the roof, starts the engine.

She gawks at the dashboard: all the words and numbers are
unintelligible alien glyphs.

DIANE
Somebody help me!

She puts the car in gear and peels out.

INT. JENSEN'S MANSION

Jensen, hypervigilant and stealthy, makes his way to the
living room. Holding a huge pistol close, he peers into the
darkness, listens intently.

Seeing no one, he darts to the bookcase, which slides apart.
He swings open the panic room door and enters.

He locks the door behind him with a solid CLUNK.

As the bookcase slides back into place, Ryan steps out from
behind a corner with a thin smile.

INT. PANIC ROOM

Jensen turns up the bluish LED lights. A vent fan softly
whirs overhead. At the monitor, he brings up the "Rapid
Response Team" page, which features a big red button.

He touches the button, which blinks: "Arrival in 15 Minutes.
Guaranteed."

He puts down his gun, lights a cigarette. Takes a drag with
well-earned relief.

Jensen pours himself a brandy as the monitor cycles through
night-vision views of the estate.

He stops drinking when he glimpses Arno wriggling helplessly on the guardhouse floor. Jensen groans, shakes his head.

JENSEN

Arno...

The phone rings. Concerned, he stares at it, answers.

RYAN (V.O.)

Kurt Jensen?

JENSEN

Who is this?

INT. LIVING ROOM

Pacing slowly, Ryan speaks on a cordless handset.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

RYAN

The Wrath of God. But you probably know me better as--

JENSEN

The One Percent Killer.

RYAN

Call me Ryan. I assume your goon squad's on the way?

JENSEN

I guarantee it.

RYAN

You don't have fifteen minutes.

Jensen snorts, taps his cigarette ash.

JENSEN

Oh, you think you can get in here?

RYAN

(lights a cigarette)
Already been.

INT. PANIC ROOM

Jensen's eyes widen. His cigarette pack has a noticeable gap in it. So does his ammo stash.

He sees Ryan on the monitor, savoring a drag. His cigarette blazes in night-vision.

RYAN
You staying in there?

JENSEN
(finishes the brandy)
That's the plan.

RYAN
Say your prayers.

He hangs up, shoots out the camera.

Nervous, Jensen checks every shelf. In a storage bin, he discovers a homemade time bomb.

The timer counts down. Horrified, Jensen quickly dons a Kevlar vest and helmet.

INT. DIANE'S CAR (MOVING)

Diane drives too fast through a curvy stretch of tract housing. All the street lights emanate prismatic halos.

She enters a dark country road, leaves suburbia behind.

Ahead, she spots an Armored Personnel Carrier with amber flashers running at top speed.

Diane accelerates hard. She glances at her dashboard: the alien symbols revert back to normal letters and numbers.

She closes in on the APC. The JenSec logo on its rear hatch becomes visible.

EXT. JENSEN'S MANSION

The APC slows down as it reaches the main gate, which opens automatically.

Diane's car races through the open gate, passes the APC, and slides partway into a ditch.

INT. DIANE'S CAR (MOVING)

The car tilts sharply, nearly out of control. Diane, eyes wide, struggles with the wheel.

Glancing right, she's astounded to see Frank beside her, as he appeared the last day of his life. He looks worried, directs her attention to the road.

FRANK
Easy, Diane!

Diane glances ahead, does a double-take: Frank's gone. Thoroughly freaked, she steers back onto the driveway.

EXT. JENSEN'S MANSION

Diane's car lurches out of the ditch, blocking the APC's path. The APC skids to a halt.

Sweat-soaked, Diane turns off her roof flasher, emerges with her badge held up for all to see.

DIANE
Pacifica Police!

The APC's thick-set driver LAMONT (25) speaks into a radio headset while checking his watch.

LAMONT
Log Arrival Time: Twenty-three-
forty-eight and nineteen seconds!

He high-fives the buzz-cut Squad Leader JERRY FUENTES (40) beside him.

FUENTES
Hoo-Rah!!

Five surly JenSec Goons leap out, toting assault rifles and submachine guns.

DIANE
Turn off your flashers!

Irritated, Lamont switches them off.

LAMONT
(into his mike)
Central, we have an L.E.O. on the
premises.

Fuentes gestures him to stay cool. He jumps out, approaches Diane with alpha-male swagger.

DIANE
I'm Inspector Diane Hale.

FUENTES

Jerry Fuentes, Rapid Response Team.
Our boss hit the panic button.

DIANE

I figured. However, this is now
police business.

FUENTES

Inspector, we're under contract to
protect Mister Jensen! We can't
wait for the SWAT Team!

DIANE

Mister Fuentes, you and your men
have two options: Follow my orders
or go home!

The Goons watch Fuentes return to the APC, where he takes
Lamont's headset and mutters into it.

Everyone turns as two Police SUVs roll up with flashers on.
Nowak and three other Cops climb out. Diane meets them.

NOWAK

Hi, Inspector.
(side-eyes the Goons)
Do we have a problem here?

Fuentes and the Goons watch the Cops pull shotguns and rifles
out of their SUVs. The power balance tilts in Diane's favor.

DIANE

I thought I might have to arrest
them for obstructing law
enforcement. But maybe...

Lamont jumps out of the APC, dons his helmet and rifle, joins
his fellow Goons. Fuentes puts away the headset, approaches
Diane with a conciliatory manner.

FUENTES

Inspector, the Rapid Response Team
is at your command.

DIANE

Glad to hear it.
(to everyone)
Set up a perimeter! Cover all the
exits!

INT. PANIC ROOM

Jensen checks his ammo mag pouches, cocks his assault rifle. The phone rings. He answers with grim resolve.

RYAN (V.O.)
You found my little gift?

JENSEN
I did.

RYAN (V.O.)
Ready when you are.

Jensen hangs up. Touching the screen buttons, he turns out the lights, unlocks the vault.

EXT. GUARDHOUSE

Diane hears muffled cries and thumps from inside. She pulls out her gun. Fuentes swipes a card-key through the lock.

The door rises. Seeing Arno struggling on the floor, Fuentes rushes in to assist.

FUENTES
Shit! Arno!

He cuts the zip-ties, removes the tape from Arno's mouth. Arno pants, rubs his wrists. Diane and Fuentes help him up. They regard his wounds and bruises.

DIANE
You okay?

ARNO
(nods)
The bastard got my card-key!

Arno operates the console. All gather to watch the monitors.

FUENTES
Jensen oughta be in the safe room.

One screen displays a floor plan of the mansion.

ARNO
It's unlocked!

He taps a button. A speakerphone speed-dials.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The bookcase parts. The vault door slowly opens.

Jensen, concealed by the door frame, takes a quick peek. He ignores the Panic Room phone ringing.

Crouching lower, he peeks again, then steps out.

Hidden behind a corner, Ryan presses a remote control.

The bomb EXPLODES, hurling Jensen like a projectile.

He lands and tumbles heavily, wounded in both legs.

Ryan dashes across the room, fires at Jensen, who rolls to take cover and shoots back.

EXT. JENSEN'S MANSION

From the Guardhouse, Diane and Fuentes race towards the mansion. Random bursts of gunfire echo in the darkness.

The Goons crouch with their weapons near the main entrance and shattered windows.

FUENTES
(into his headset)
Gimme the sitrep! Who's firing?!

LAMONT (V.O.)
None of us! It's all from inside!

FUENTES
Does anyone have a line of sight?!

The Goons turn to him, shake their heads.

LAMONT (V.O.)
Negative!

FUENTES
(to Diane)
Jensen had this place built like a fortress.
(into his headset)
Arno! Do you have visual contact?

ARNO (V.O.)
Negative! Cameras in and around the living room are kaput!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jensen and Ryan take shots at each other, riddling the walls with bullet holes, shattering furniture and artworks.

Ryan uses the layout to his advantage, avoiding the windows as he changes position.

Jensen huddles behind a heavy couch, winces as he shifts his bleeding legs.

He listens for footsteps, peeks quickly, fires a short burst. He ducks just in time. Ryan's return fire shreds the couch.

EXT. JENSEN'S MANSION

At a safe distance, Nowak helps Diane into a Kevlar vest.

DIANE

Thanks.

(to Fuentes)

I may be able to negotiate with the shooter. We, uh, know each other.

She takes out her pistol, walks towards a side entrance. Fuentes accompanies her.

FUENTES

You "know" each other...

(hears gunfire)

To be honest, Inspector, that sounds like a bad idea.

DIANE

We can't charge in with guns blazing.

FUENTES

And we can't wait for SWAT.

DIANE

I wouldn't mind your coming along.

The Goons by the side entrance make way for them.

FUENTES

Rules of engagement?

DIANE

Stay out of sight, and fire only on my command--

FUENTES
Unless someone tries to shoot you?

DIANE
Yeah.

FUENTES
(into his headset)
Arno, unlock the north entrance.

The lock clicks softly. Diane takes a position opposite Fuentes at the door's edge.

He flips down his helmet's night-vision goggles, slowly opens the door, peeks, nods to Diane.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Behind an open doorway, Ryan calmly reloads.

RYAN
Fight harder, Jensen! I need the
practice!

Propped up behind the bullet-riddled couch, groggy from blood loss, Jensen checks his magazine, frowns.

JENSEN
Is this your idea of a fair fight?!

RYAN
Just as fair as what you gave my
buddies in Yemen!

Diane overhears them from the adjacent hallway. She motions Fuentes to stay behind as she edges closer.

JENSEN
You should've taken my offer, Ryan!

RYAN
To train terrorists and keep the
war going forever?! *Fuck you!!*

Jensen throws a flashbang grenade. It hurtles through the doorway, caroms into the hall behind. Ryan fires back.

Diane covers her ears, dives away as the grenade BURSTS. Blinded, Fuentes suppresses a cry, yanks off his goggles.

FUENTES
Oww!

Fearing detection, Diane pulls him away quickly.

Jensen fires a volley at the door frame. Ryan flinches as the wall splinters. Blood trickles down his temple.

RYAN

That's more like it, soldier!

He shoots back. Jensen yelps, clutching his left arm.

Diane helps Fuentes sit on a staircase to recover. Drawing her gun, she proceeds alone.

Jensen drops his rifle, pulls out his pistol.

Ryan leaps through the doorway. Jensen shoots, misses.

Jensen tries in vain to crawl away, leaving a smear of blood on the floor.

Ryan darts across the room. Jensen fires repeatedly, misses. His gun jams. He struggles, but can't fix it with one hand.

JENSEN

Fuck!!

Ryan shoots a long burst. A few rounds strike Jensen's vest, knocking him on his back.

Ryan lays down his submachine gun, draws his pistol, finds Jensen sprawled helpless on the floor.

DIANE

RYAN! *STOP!*

From the edge of the room, she aims at Ryan with a two-handed grip. Ryan keeps his gun trained on Jensen.

RYAN

Diane! Glad you could make it!
Maybe you'd like to do the honors.

DIANE

What?!

RYAN

God summoned you to join me, right?
My offer's still open.

Taken aback, Diane composes herself.

DIANE

Ryan, you have to give up! There's
no escape!

RYAN

I have a plan for our getaway. But this criminal needs to die first!

Fuentes approaches silently, unseen.

DIANE

Drop your weapon! Now!

RYAN

I know you.
(gestures at Jensen)
Once he's dead, you arrest me and put me in your car. Then we leave town together. Simple!

Incredulous, Diane stares. Jensen, dazed with pain, can't believe his ears.

DIANE

That's... impossible!

RYAN

God's on our side. I've seen miracles, Diane! So will you.

JENSEN

Shoot him, Inspector! I'll give you a bonus!

DIANE

Quiet, Jensen!

Fuentes peers through his gunsight at Ryan. Seeing Diane in the line of fire, he shifts position.

RYAN

I know, first time's the hardest. Just watch and learn.

Jensen shrinks as Ryan takes aim, his finger on the trigger.

At the last second, a trace of doubt enters Ryan's gaze.

A shot rings out. Ryan turns in surprise.

Smoke curls from Diane's pistol. She watches Ryan fall and drop his gun.

Flooded with pain and regret, she rushes to him, knocks away the gun, checks his wound.

DIANE
 MAN DOWN! I NEED A MEDIC!
 (to Ryan)
 Hang on! Help's on the way!

Fuentes observes, speaks into his headset with urgency.

Ryan's sinking fast. He looks up at Diane.

RYAN
 I... forgive you.

At peace, he dies in her arms.

Goons and Cops pour in. House lights turn on.

Nowak brings a first-aid kit, checks Ryan for vital signs.

Diane sees Nowak shake his head grimly. Jensen glares at her with indignation.

JENSEN
 Hey!! What about *me*?! I'm the
 victim here!!

Diane rises, her grief boils into rage. Jensen looks worried at the pistol in her trembling right hand. She's losing it.

MARQUEZ (O.C.)
 Diane! Are you all right?!

She spots Marquez coming through the main entrance. His eyes widen, noting the carnage and her traumatized state.

DIANE
 Ed...

Nowak tends to Jensen's wounds. Marquez tries to comfort Diane with a hand on her shoulder.

MARQUEZ
 You got him. Good job.

It's the last straw. Diane quivers, chokes back tears, rushes past Marquez out the door.

EXT. JENSEN'S MANSION

On the front lawn, Diane collapses in racking sobs. She lets out a keening death wail.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Typical gray Pacifica sky. Diane's car is parked among the other beaters and cannibalized vehicles.

INT. RESTROOM

In a toilet stall, Diane flushes her remaining stash of Epiphany pills.

At one of the sinks, she runs the tap, splashes her face.

Though groggy, she pulls herself together, smooths her bedraggled hair with an expression of resolve.

INT. LANGE'S OFFICE

Seated before Lange, Diane seems composed. He slides an envelope towards her with a pleased but cautious look.

LANGE

From Jensen.

DIANE

(opens the envelope)
How's he doing?

LANGE

He'll be in the hospital for a week. A few months of P.T., he could be walking again.
(more)

He notes Diane gawking at the check in her hand.

LANGE (CONT'D)

If we weren't strapped, I'd have given you a bonus, too.

DIANE

This is hush money.

LANGE

Like it or not, we need people like him on our side.
(pause)
We'll have a budget for next year, thanks to you.

DIANE

(pockets the check)
You're welcome.

LANGE

About the drug test, that's reset
for after the press conference.

DIANE

Um, you'll have to face the press
without me, Chief. I'm done.

She sets her badge on the desk. Lange stares.

LANGE

You can't be serious. We need you,
Diane!

DIANE

You need someone else. I've
finally realized I'm not a cop.

LANGE

No, wait! You're on administrative
leave. We have an excellent
counselor I think you should--

DIANE

Please. Ben. Just listen.
(pause)
Part of me will always think I shot
the wrong man.

Lange's eyes widen.

LANGE

Well... We can't tell the media
that now, can we?

DIANE

I know you'll say the right thing.
(rises)
By next week, they'll forget all
about me. I hope.

LANGE

What'll you do? Work for Jensen?

DIANE

Not likely!

She heads for the door.

LANGE

But... there's nowhere to go.

DIANE

There's always somewhere to go.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Diane carries a cardboard banker box. Marquez catches up, opens the front door for her.

MARQUEZ

Hey. I heard. You weren't gonna leave without--

DIANE

You can't lose me that easily.

They walk to her car.

MARQUEZ

It's a kick in the head, I gotta tell you.

Diane opens the rear hatch, loads the box.

DIANE

Years of make-believe. I got so good, I fooled everybody. Except the one who mattered the most.
(shuts the hatch)
Can't do nothin' for a dead man.

Marquez can't quite take it in.

MARQUEZ

Frank had... a lot of regrets. God knows we all do. But he would've been so proud of you.

DIANE

You know what, Ed? Dad's not a cop anymore, either.
(notes his surprise)
It just popped into my head.

She embraces him.

MARQUEZ

Good luck, Diane.

DIANE

Thanks. You, too.

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - MORNING

A warm, sunny day. Diane, dressed weekend casual, packs her car for a cross-country trip. Piled inside are luggage, camping gear, coolers, water jugs, tools and a jerrycan.

Diane tosses in books on conspiracies, mysticism, revolution, and chaos magic. Satisfied, she closes the rear hatch.

INT. DIANE'S CAR (PARKED)

Behind the wheel, Diane checks her pistol magazine, slides the gun into a holster. She wedges the holster beside the driver's seat.

She dons a pair of dark sunglasses, starts the engine.

For the last time, she looks up at her apartment, takes a deep breath. Puts the car in gear, drives off.

EXT. PACIFICA - STREET

Diane's car leaves the suburban neighborhood behind. Traffic is very light.

At an intersection, the car pauses, turns onto the two-lane Coast Highway, picks up speed.

INT. DIANE'S CAR (MOVING)

Diane takes in the postcard-perfect view:

Craggy green hills to her left, a steep cliff to her right, surf crashing below.

In a long sweeping curve, Diane opens the passenger window.

She yanks her phone off its windshield mount and hurls it.

EXT. CLIFF

The phone screen catches glints of sun as it tumbles down into the sea.

EXT. COAST HIGHWAY

Alone, Diane's car proceeds south towards parts unknown.

FADE OUT.