

"HEAD GAMES"

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HEAD GAMES

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - WARM SUMMER NIGHT

The HOOKERS are out in full-force on Sunset Blvd. as an older white van cruises by. At the wheel is CARLOS MENDOZA (mid 20s, thin).

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Carlos passes on several of the women who solicit him as he cruises along. Finally, he sees

TINA WILSON (late 20s, attractive but a little emaciated), standing alone on the corner wearing a short cocktail dress and heavy makeup, a small purse slung over her shoulder.

Carlos removes a wallet-sized photo of Tina from his shirt pocket and confirms that it's her. He puts the photo back in his pocket, pulls over to the curb and lowers the passenger window.

CARLOS
(smiling)
Hi.

TINA
Hi.

CARLOS
Need a ride?

TINA
(smiling)
Do you?

Carlos leans over and opens the passenger door. Tina climbs in.

EXT. DOWN THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Hookers WENDY (Caucasian) and LADONNA (African-American) see Tina get in Carlos' van.

LADONNA
Looks like Tina finally scored.

WENDY
Good for her. Maybe her career
isn't over yet.

The van pulls away from the curb and heads down the street.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

CARLOS
Where to?

TINA
That depends.

CARLOS
On what?

TINA
What you have in mind.

They study each other for a moment.

CARLOS
I've never done this before.

TINA
Of course.

She chuckles. Her laugh triggers a little cough.

CARLOS
How much for a blow-job?

TINA
Two hundred...prepaid.

CARLOS
No problem. Where do--

TINA
(interrupting)
Take a right at the next light.

Carlos complies and they head into a residential neighborhood with a paucity of street lights.

TINA (CONT'D)
Pull over here.

She points to the curb in a darker area between street lights.

Carlos pulls over and stops.

Tina holds out her hand.

Carlos pulls out a money clip, peels two \$100 bills off of a respectable wad of cash and hands it over.

Tina opens her purse, tucks the money in and removes a condom.

CARLOS
Is that necessary?

TINA
Yes.

She places the wrapper between her teeth and tears it open.

CARLOS
How much without it?

Tina looks at him for a moment.

TINA
Five hundred. But you'd better be clean.

Carlos peels off three more C-notes and hands them over.

Tina puts the money away, drops her purse and the condom on the floor between her feet, leans over the console, unzips Carlos' pants and, after a little cough, goes to work.

Carlos presses back into his seat and enjoys the moment. Finally, just when he is about to climax, he reaches up behind his sun visor and removes a small syringe with needle attached. He stabs it into the side of Tina's neck.

Tina moans and struggles, but Carlos holds her down until the syringe is empty and she has fallen unconscious.

END OF TEASER

EXT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - DAY

A mixture of VISITORS and STAFF enter/exit.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM

Neurosurgeons KAREEM NEWMAN (African-American, late 30s), LINDA REYES (Hispanic, mid-30s), and KEVIN O'CONNOR (Caucasian, mid-30s) assist head neurosurgeon BRETT STEVENS (early 40s, handsome, fit) as he finishes up brain surgery on a male patient with part of his skull removed.

BRETT
That should do it.

LINDA
...Amazing. Simply amazing.

KAREEM
(to Linda)
I told you he could raise the dead.

Kareem looks at Brett. Brett winks.

BRETT
I've got a birthday party to attend, so I'll let you guys close up.

He hands Linda the forceps.

LINDA
Me?

BRETT
Yes, you.

KEVIN
I thought I was closing this time.

BRETT
Not until I think you're ready.

He steps away from the operating table, pulls down his mask and exits.

Linda begins closing up the patient's incision.

KEVIN
Fuck this.

He pulls down his mask and stomps out.

WAITING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Brett, in his surgeon's smock, enters and moves over to a JEWISH FAMILY anxiously awaiting the outcome of their patriarch's surgery.

BRETT

Sorry to keep you waiting, but the surgery took longer than expected. The tumor had grown deeper into the brain than our first estimate. But I'm fairly confident we got it all.

The family breathes a sigh of relief.

BRETT (CONT'D)

He'll have some paralysis, but it should be temporary. I'll schedule him for rehabilitation in about a month. Any questions?

THE WIFE

When can we see him?

BRETT

He's been through a lot today and we're going to keep him sedated for a while to minimize any swelling. Why don't you all go home and get a good night's sleep and come back tomorrow when he'll be a little more responsive.

THE WIFE

...Okay. Thank you doctor.

She takes Brett's hand with both of hers and squeezes it tightly.

BRETT

You're welcome. I'll see you all tomorrow.

FAMILY

Thank you / Bye.

Brett leaves as the family gives thanks with a group hug.

DOCTORS' LOUNGE - FEW MOMENTS LATER

Half a dozen DOCTORS are present. A couple of them are looking at some x-rays; two others are working on their laptops; and the other two are eating their lunches.

The local NEWS is playing on a flat-screen TV hung on the wall, the volume turned down low.

Brett enters, moves over to the coffee machine and gets himself a cup. He turns to the TV and sees a news ANCHORWOMAN interviewing Detective DWAIN STONE (Caucasian, early 40s) in suit and tie.

Standing beside Dwain is plain-clothes Detective SHEILA GATTI (Italian-American, striking, mid-30s).

The caption superimposed on the screen reads: "Another headless body found" and "LAPD Detective Dwain Stone" in the footer identifies Dwain as he speaks.

Brett moves over to the TV so he can hear the sound better.

ON TV

DWAIN

We're dealing with a very sick individual who obviously likes publicity.

ANCHORWOMAN

This is the fourth such homicide within the last six months, and although the previous victims have now been identified, you have yet to name a suspect. Do you think this latest case will finally provide enough evidence to lead to an arrest?

DWAIN

The person doing this is insane but certainly not stupid. To avoid leaving any incriminating evidence, each body is sanitized and wrapped in plastic before being dumped.

ANCHORWOMAN

I see... Do you have any clues that might help identify this latest victim?

DWAIN

The autopsy report won't be available for a few days, so about all I can tell you at this point is that we have a Caucasian female in her late 20s or early 30s, about five foot six and weighing around 110 pounds. She was found naked, so we don't have any clothing to describe. And by decapitating the body and disposing of the head, identification by dental records won't be possible. So, unless the victim's DNA or fingerprints are on record somewhere, we're going to be dependent upon family and friends to identify her.

ANCHORWOMAN

Well, thank you for taking the time to speak with us, Detective Stone. Good luck with your investigation.

DWAIN

Thank you.

The Anchorwoman turns to the camera as Dwain steps away.

ANCHORWOMAN

If you have any information that might help solve this crime, please contact the L.A. Police Department... Back to you guys in the studio.

BACK TO SCENE

Brett finishes his coffee, tosses the empty cup in the trash and exits.

EXT. A MEDIAN HOME IN BRENTWOOD - BACKYARD - LATER THAT DAY

Brett, dressed casually, creates animals out of balloons for half a dozen boisterous KIDS (ages 6 to 8), including his niece KACEY. Four of the kids' MOTHERS sit at a large picnic table conversing while DON (late 30s), a neighbor, turns hot-dogs on a gas barbecue. Several birthday gifts are stacked on one end of the picnic table.

INT. THE STONE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

BECKI STONE (late 30s, attractive), places candles on a large birthday cake inscribed with: "Happy Birthday Kacey" while Don's wife DARLA (30s) scoops sherbet into a large bowl of punch. They periodically glance out the window at Brett.

DARLA

So, is he seeing anyone?

BECKI

Not that I know of. Katie was the love of his life. When she got sick, and even he couldn't save her, he just pulled into his shell and began putting all of his time and energy into his practice.

DARLA

That's okay for awhile. But, what's it been, two years?

BECKI

Almost three. Since they had no children, I told him he should take some time off and get away from here for awhile. But you know how it is when your sister-in-law tries to tell you what to do.

DARLA

Well, I'm sure he can afford to take some time off.

BECKI

No kidding. Dwain said Brett told him a few weeks ago that he earned fourteen million in royalties last year off of the medical devices he's patented.

DARLA

My God... What more could you want: rich, smart, and good looking.

Becki's husband (Detective) Dwain enters, clad in the same suit he was wearing on TV and bearing a GIFT for his daughter.

DWAIN

Did I hear someone say "good looking?"

BECKI
(to Darla)
Speak of the Devil.

DWAIN
I wish you girls wouldn't talk
about me behind my back like that.

He sets the present on the table, removes his suit jacket and hangs it on a chair.

BECKI
She said "rich, smart, and good
looking," dear. That leaves you
out.

Dwain plants a kiss on Becki's cheek.

DWAIN
Aw, c'mon now. Who else could she
be talking about?

The women glance out the window just before Dwain does.

DWAIN (CONT'D)
Ah-ha. I should have known. The
good doctor.

Becki picks up the cake and heads outside.

Dwain picks up the present and hands it to Darla.

DARLA
For me? Dwain, you shouldn't have.

DWAIN
Hope you like Sponge Bob
underwear... I'll get the punch.

He picks up the punch bowl and heads outside. Darla grins and follows with the present.

EXT. THE STONE'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Becki moves over and puts the cake in the middle of the picnic table, Darla places Dwain's gift with the others, and Dwain sets the punch bowl on the opposite end of the table.

Kacey runs over to her father with the balloon animal Brett made for her.

KACEY

Daddy! Daddy! Look what Uncle Brett made!

DWAIN

Cool, sugar.

He and Brett acknowledge each other with a nod.

Kacey runs back to Brett and the other kids.

Dwain moves over to Don and the barbecue.

DWAIN (CONT'D)

Don.

DON

Dwain. Saved you a big one.

He picks up a large, swollen frank with the tongs and holds it out to Dwain.

DWAIN

Jesus! That ol' boy musta had balls the size of coconuts. Don't let my wife see that.

Don laughs.

DWAIN (CONT'D)

Gimme a smaller one. I feel inadequate enough without parading around here with that thing on my plate.

Don chuckles. He places the frank back on the barbecue, selects a smaller one, puts it in a bun, sets it on a plate and hands it to Dwain.

DWAIN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He spreads some condiments on his hot-dog.

BECKI

Kacey! Time for your cake!

She lights the candles as Kacey and the other Kids hurry over to the table.

Brett moves over to Dwain and Don.

DON

Got a big one here for ya, Doc.

BRETT
Thanks, but I'm trying to cut down
on my nitrates.

DON
Now, just 'cause you're a doctor
doesn't mean you have to be a
health nut, too.

Brett shrugs his shoulders.

BRETT
What can I say?

DON
...Okay, then. I guess I'll go
ahead and add it to the other three
in here.

He pats his beer belly.

BRETT
You da man.

Don puts the frank in a bun and piles on the condiments.

BRETT (CONT'D)
(to Dwain)
You're getting to be a real TV
celebrity there, bud.

Dwain takes a bite of his hotdog.

DWAIN
You saw me today?

BRETT
Just caught the tail end of it.

DON
Any clue who the victim was?

DWAIN
Not yet, but we're working on it.

DON
Well, when you catch the
sonofabitch, let me know and we'll
take him out in the woods, skin 'im
out and have ourselves another
little barbecue. Save the taxpayers
some money.

With the candles all lit, Becki interrupts them.

BECKI

Guys! We need some baritones over here!

Brett, Dwain and Don join the women and children.

BECKI (CONT'D)

Okay. Ready? One, two, three.
(singing)
Happy...

EVERYONE

(singing)
...birthday to you. Happy birthday
to you. Happy birthday dear Kacey,
happy birthday to you.

Kacey takes a big breath and blows out the candles.

Everyone applauds/cheers.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - EXCLUSIVE NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK

The wrought iron gate guarding the circular driveway to a large, two-story mansion swings open as Brett, in his Mercedes AMG GT roadster, pulls in and drives up to the house.

EXT. BRETT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

One of the doors on the four-car garage opens and Brett drives in.

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Brett enters the large gourmet kitchen, which has an island counter and a couple of bar stools.

He moves to the refrigerator, takes out a fruit & cheese tray and a bottle of wine, sets them on the island counter, then reaches up and removes a wine glass suspended from a rack and pours it half full.

After tasting the wine, he sets the glass on the fruit and cheese tray, then picks up the tray and carries it over to a dumbwaiter with the sliding door open. He sets the tray inside, slides the door shut, then pushes the "Down" button.

LOWER LEVEL OF HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

Brett comes down the winding staircase and moves to the door of his study. He enters a code on the KEYPAD beside the door and the lock CLICKS.

BRETT'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Brett FLICKS on the light as he enters.

His study is spacious and decorated with items acquired from his world travels, including a set of samurai swords. His library, consisting of a floor-to-ceiling book case, runs the length of one wall.

He moves over to the dumbwaiter behind the large mahogany desk, opens the sliding door and removes the food tray, then turns and sets it on the desk.

He then moves over to the bookcase, reaches up to one of the higher shelves and tips out a book. A section of the bookcase SWINGS inward slowly, revealing a dimly lit yet obviously well-equipped laboratory.

He returns to his desk, and just as he reaches down to pick up the food tray, his cell phone BUZZES and VIBRATES in his pocket. He removes his phone, takes a look at the caller-ID then answers.

BRETT

Dr. Stevens.

He has a sip of wine while listening.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Did you call Dr. Newman? ...I see.
How about Dr. Reyes? ...Okay... No,
that's alright. I could use some
sleep, but I'll be okay. What's her
O2 level? ...Good. Get her prepped
and I'll be there in twenty
minutes... Uh-huh.

He pushes the END CALL button on his phone, returns it to his pocket and utters a tired, little sigh.

After stuffing a slice of cheese and some grapes in his mouth, he takes another sip of wine, sets his glass on the tray, carries it over to the dumbwaiter, sets it inside, closes the door and pushes the "Up" button.

He then moves over to the bookcase, tilts the special book back, and the opening to the laboratory CLOSES. He glances at his watch then exits, FLICKING off the light behind him.

EXT. L.A.P.D. - NEXT MORNING

POLICE OFFICERS and CIVILIANS enter/exit the building.

INT. L.A.P.D. - HOMICIDE DIVISION - CONTINUOUS

Several POLICE OFFICERS and STAFF go about their duties.

Dwain stands behind Detective Sheila Gatti as she sits at her desk clicking through police photos of male suspects on her computer.

SHEILA

I did a search for suspects in crimes involving mutilation or dismemberment and, after eliminating those currently behind bars, I'm left with this dude.

She points to a photo of a heavily-tattooed Richard "Big Dick" Fisher.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Richard Fisher. Seems to have a thing for tattoos and swords... He was charged with manslaughter for decapitating an alleged burglar at his tattoo shop a couple of years ago, but got off on self-defense since the burglar was packing a gun.

DWAIN

I remember that. Conroyd and Whitehead handled the case.

SHEILA

He was also arrested a few months ago for beheading a neighbor's dog he claimed had attacked him.

DWAIN

Jesus. We'd better have a chat with Mr. Fisher. See if you can get a current address through DMV. I'll meet you downstairs in twenty.

SHEILA
You got it.

Dwain's cell phone RINGS. He takes it out of his pocket and answers.

DWAIN
(into phone)
Detective Stone... Hey, Doc.
What's up? ...Sure. We can come
over now... Okay. See you soon.

He pushes the END CALL button on his phone and returns it to his pocket.

DWAIN (CONT'D)
Dr. Foltz just finished the autopsy
on our latest victim and has
something to show us. Let's go.

Sheila puts her computer to sleep, then gets up and follows Dwain out of the office.

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Having had a long night at the hospital, Brett is sleeping in...in his California King. The digital clock on the nightstand reads: "10:30" and the sun filtering through the curtains reveals that it's A.M. Next to the clock is a photo of Brett and his deceased wife Katie.

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - LATER

DANIEL FOLTZ, M.D. (60s), the county's chief medical examiner, in his smock and wearing surgical gloves, stands beside an autopsy table that has a nude, decapitated female body laying on it, her chest split and held open with retractors. Several tattoos adorn her arms, including one of an angel on her left forearm.

Dr. Foltz cuts some tissue out of the chest with a scalpel and puts it in a small stainless steel bowl beside the body.

Dwain and Sheila enter.

DWAIN
Doc.

DR. FOLTZ
Detective Stone.

He steps over to meet them.

DR. FOLTZ (CONT'D)
And this is?

DWAIN
Sheila Gatti, one of our new
detectives.

DR. FOLTZ
Ms. Gatti. Dan Foltz.

He extends his gloved hand but Sheila hesitates to shake it.

DR. FOLTZ (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry. I live in these damn
things so much I forget.

SHEILA
No problem.

DR. FOLTZ
Anyway, come have a look at this.

He leads them over to the headless body and picks up a bowl
sitting on a cart beside the autopsy table.

DWAIN
What is it?

DR. FOLTZ
Her lungs.

Dwain wrinkles up his nose.

DWAIN
What about them?

DR. FOLTZ
They're full of cancer. And the
cancer wasn't just confined to her
lungs. She had metastases in her
liver, kidneys, spine, and pelvis.
It's a miracle she was even alive.

DWAIN
So, you're saying that whoever
killed this woman did her a favor?

DR. FOLTZ
She was definitely in a lot of
pain. Her chem profile was positive
for some heavy-duty narcotics as
well as meth.

SHEILA

Shouldn't she have been in a hospital?

DR. FOLTZ

She has several radiation scars on her lungs, probably from early treatment. And there was a trace of chemo in her blood, but nowhere near a therapeutic level... I think she just finally gave up, checked herself out and went home to die.

SHEILA

How sad.

DWAIN

My sister went through the same thing with breast cancer.

DR. FOLTZ

...Here's where everything gets interesting. I requested the autopsy reports on the two previous headless victims from Ventura and Riverside Counties. Turns out they both had terminal conditions as well.

DWAIN

Seriously?

DR. FOLTZ

I'm just getting started... The blood of those two, as well as this lady's, contained propofol, a fast-acting general anesthetic. I'm guessing the killer uses it to knock out his victims so he can transport them to wherever he does his thing.

SHEILA

And just what is his "thing"? The other two victims were male, so there doesn't seem to be a gender preference. Were there any signs of sexual contact?

DR. FOLTZ

No. But the body was scrubbed clean before being dumped.

SHEILA

Why wouldn't the killer just dispose of the entire body?

DWAIN

He's probably keeping the heads as his trophies---maybe even mounting 'em on the wall... And which headline do you think throws more fear into the public: "Several people missing" or "Headless bodies being found all over town"?

SHEILA

Gotcha.

DWAIN

He's just a sick wacko and wants to play head games with us.

DR. FOLTZ

Literally.

DWAIN

(to Dr. Foltz)
...Anything else?

DR. FOLTZ

The only way someone could get their hands on a general anesthetic like propofol would be if they got it on the black market or are a drug salesman or, more likely, work in a hospital.

DWAIN

...So, our killer could be a Dr. Kevorkian with a guillotine.

DR. FOLTZ

An extra sharp guillotine. All of the decapitations were very clean with no ragged edges.

SHEILA

...The medical records might show if all of the victims had the same doctor.

DR. FOLTZ

They didn't. However, they did receive treatment several times at the same hospital: Cedars-Sinai.

(MORE)

DR. FOLTZ (CONT'D)
I'll bet you anything that this woman was a patient there too, which may help with identification.

DWAIN
Jesus, Doc, you should've been a detective.

DR. FOLTZ
I am. The only difference between you and me is that you have to run all over hell to find your clues. Mine are always right here in this room.

SHEILA
How convenient.

DWAIN
...Well, I don't care if the sonofabitch is doing his victims a favor by putting them out of their misery. Euthanasia is still against the law, and I'm gonna nail him.

He takes out his cell phone and takes some pictures of the tattoos on the arms of the headless body.

DWAIN (CONT'D)
Posting pics of these tattoos should bring someone forward to identify her.

He checks the pics to make sure they are of good quality then puts his cell phone away.

DWAIN (CONT'D)
Thanks, Doc.

DR. FOLTZ
Anytime.

DWAIN
My brother-in-law is a neurosurgeon over at Cedars-Sinai. Maybe he can give us a hand with this.
(to Sheila)
Let's go.

He and Sheila exit.

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - MASTER BATH - DAY

Brett showers behind a steamed-up glass shower door.

MASTER BEDROOM

Brett's cell phone, sitting on the dresser, RINGS.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - TEMPLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sheila drives as Dwain, cell phone to ear, waits for an answer.

DWAIN
(to Sheila)
Not answering.
(into phone)
Hey, Brett. Dwain here. Give me a
call when you can. Could use your
help on this Marie Antoinette case
I'm working on. Thanks.

He ends the call.

SHEILA
Still wanna check out Mr. Fisher?

DWAIN
We'd probably be wasting our time.
Like Doc Foltz said, the killer
obviously knows quite a bit about
medicine. I can't imagine this
tattoo yahoo having the brains to
pull off something like this.

He glances at his watch.

DWAIN (CONT'D)
I've got a meeting with the D.A. in
twenty minutes. Let's roll.

EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - TEMPLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The unmarked police car travels down Temple Street toward
headquarters.

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Brett, sitting on the bed in his sweats, leans down and ties
his tennis shoes.

He then rises, moves over to his dresser and puts on his Rolex. When he picks up his cell phone, he notices that he missed a call and has a voice message waiting. He retrieves the message and listens.

Finally, he pushes the "End Call" button. He hesitates for a moment, then scrolls through his phone for Dwain's cell number. He highlights it and pushes the "Call" button.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - D.A.'S OFFICE

Dwain and half a dozen other DETECTIVES sit at a conference table with District Attorney RON OSBORN (50s), briefing him on their cases.

Dwain's cell phone VIBRATES. He takes it out of his coat pocket and checks the number. The display reads: "Brett - Cell".

He allows the call to route to voice mail and returns his phone to his pocket.

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Brett, cell phone to his ear, gets no answer so he leaves a message.

BRETT
(into phone)
Dwain. Brett, returning your call.
I'll be tied up quite a bit today,
so if you don't catch me, leave a
message and I'll get back to you as
soon as I can. Ciao.

He pushes the END CALL button on his phone and exits.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LOCKER ROOM

Sheila, now in her street clothes, puts her foot up on the bench in front of her locker, lifts her pant leg and straps a small pistol to her ankle. She then clips a set of handcuffs to her belt under her blouse prior to exiting.

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

MARIA MENDOZA (Hispanic, 50s), Brett's maid, prepares breakfast for him as he enters.

MARIA
Good afternoon, Dr. Stevens.

BRETT
Maria.

MARIA
No work today?

BRETT
They called me in last night, so I
have today off.

MARIA
That's good. You work too hard.

She sets a plate of scrambled eggs, toast, and some fruit on the island counter next to a copy of the L.A. Times.

MARIA (CONT'D)
I made breakfast. Would you prefer
lunch?

BRETT
No, this is fine.

He pulls up a stool, sits and takes a bite of food as Maria pours him a glass of orange juice.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Thank you.

He tilts the paper up with one hand and scans the headlines. He notices an article about finding the headless body, which he reads as he eats.

INT./EXT. SHEILA'S CAR - SAME DAY

Sheila drives down Silver Lake in her personal vehicle, looking for Richard Fisher's tattoo shop. Finally, she spots "Superior Tattoos" in a run-down row of small businesses. She pulls in and parks in front of one of the other establishments.

EXT. TATTOO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Sheila gets out of her car and walks down to the tattoo shop. The sign on the door reads: "Superior Tattoos." She enters.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The owner, RICHARD "BIG DICK" FISHER (30s, 6'2", 230 lbs., shaved head, heavily-tattooed), sits on a stool in the small shop applying a tattoo to the arm of a biker-type MALE CUSTOMER (20s) reclined in the tattoo chair. Big Dick, wearing surgical gloves, has a large scar on one of his heavily-tattooed forearms.

Sheila scans the walls of the shop, which are adorned with a collection of martial arts weaponry including num-chuk's, axes and samurai swords. A sign on the wall reads: "Beware of Dog" but "Dog" has been crossed out and "Gun" has been written in instead.

Dick gives Sheila a quick once-over then resumes his work.

DICK

Lost?

SHEILA

Uh, no. I'm, uh, thinking about getting a tattoo.

DICK

Yeah?

SHEILA

Yeah.

DICK

Well, why don't you go home and think about it some more and then come back when you're good and ready.

Sheila notices a photo album on the small coffee table containing examples of Dick's work. She sits down, picks up the album and peruses the pictures.

She thumbs through the album past a page containing a close-up of a man's shoulder sporting a red heart tattoo with "Katie" inscribed on it.

A few pages later she thumbs past a page with a close-up of the angel tattoo she saw on the headless body at the morgue. She stiffens a little, closes the album, places it back on the coffee table and looks around the room.

SHEILA

Quite an arsenal of weapons you've got up there.

(nods toward wall)

Ever use 'em?

Dick stops his work and gives her a hard look.

DICK
What are you, a fuckin' cop?

SHEILA
Uh...actually, I am.

She drops her hands down between her legs so they're closer to her gun.

DICK
I thought I smelled cop cunt. I hate cops...and I really hate cunt cops. So get your ass outta here!

SHEILA
I need to ask you some questions first.

DICK
Are you deaf?

SHEILA
No.

DICK
Then get the hell out!

SHEILA
So you'd rather come down to headquarters to talk?

DICK
Son of a bitch! If you aren't outta here in ten seconds, I'm gonna throw you out!

SHEILA
Are you threatening me?

Dick sets down his electric needle and starts to get up.

Sheila jerks up her pant leg, whips out her pistol, stands up and squares off.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Sit your ass back down!

Dick eases back onto his stool.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
(to the Customer)
And you! Get out!

The Customer pops out of the tattoo chair and hurries out the door.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Down on the floor and put your
hands behind your back! Now!

DICK
Jesus...

He eases down on his belly and puts his hands behind his back.

SHEILA
I should be the one wearing gloves.

She puts her pistol back in its holster, whips out her cuffs and slaps them onto Dick's wrists.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Now, get up.

She helps him up and marches him to the door.

EXT. TATTOO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Sheila pushes Dick out the door then leads him to the passenger side of her car as a few PEDESTRIANS stop and stare.

DICK
What the fuck is this?

SHEILA
A cuntmobile.

She opens the door, shoves Dick into the seat and fastens his seatbelt.

DICK
I don't fucking believe this.

SHEILA
Believe it.

She shuts the door, moves around to the driver's side and gets in, starts the ENGINE, backs out of the parking stall and drives away.

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - LOWER LEVEL - SHORT TIME LATER

Brett, dressed casually, comes down the stairs, moves to the door of his study and enters the code on the KEYPAD. The lock CLICKS.

BRETT'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Brett enters. He moves over to the bookcase, tips the special book back and the passage to his laboratory opens.

BRETT'S SECRET LAB - CONTINUOUS

Brett enters, turns on the LIGHTS, then pushes a button on the wall and the bookcase closes.

A modern operating table is positioned in the middle of the room with an array of lights suspended above it. A counter with cabinets beneath wraps around 3 sides of the room.

Brett moves over to the counter along the back wall where a stainless steel domed cover, about 12-inches in diameter (similar to those used for hot food in a buffet line), sits.

He checks some gauges on the wall that are connected to clear plastic lines that run down into an opening in the countertop beside the dome. One of the lines contains a bright blue liquid.

He then glances at the dozen 17-inch flat-panel monitors that surround a 50-inch flat-screen TV mounted on the wall that give him views of different rooms in his house, as well as the front gate. One of the monitors shows Maria cleaning up in the kitchen. CNN news is on the big TV.

Seeing that the coast is clear, Brett slowly tilts back the dome cover revealing Tina's head (eyes closed) mounted on a black rubber base. Her skin has a blue tint.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM

Dwain and Sheila stand next to the one-way window looking into the interrogation room where Big Dick sits impatiently at the table alone, his hands cuffed behind him.

DWAIN

Dammit, Gatti! What the hell were
you thinking?!

SHEILA

I just stopped by his shop to check him out on my way home, and things got a little out of hand.

DWAIN

No shit! From now on, I don't want you even takin' a pee without clearing it with me first. You got that?

SHEILA

Yes, sir.

DWAIN

Jesus... So, what are you charging him with?

SHEILA

Threatening a police officer.

DWAIN

With what? A tattoo needle?

SHEILA

He started to get up, so I figured he was going to grab a sword or something off the wall.

DWAIN

You arrested the guy for starting to get up?!

SHEILA

He said he was going to throw me out.

DWAIN

Hell, the sonofabitch has a right to throw anybody he wants to out of his establishment. Just 'cause you carry a badge doesn't give you the right to barge in and start interrogating everybody.

SHEILA

I'm aware of that. But get this: I thumbed through a photo album he had on his coffee table showing some of his work and I saw a photo of the same angel tattoo that was on the arm of the body at the morgue.

DWAIN

...Are you sure?

SHEILA

Damn sure. I think we should get a search warrant and check out his place for any evidence that might tie him to the murders.

Dwain studies her for a moment then acquiesces.

DWAIN

Okay. We'll hold him until we can get a search warrant and check it out. But if we come up empty-handed, we're gonna take a lotta shit for this...and your ass may be back in a patrol car again.

INT. BRETT'S SECRET LAB - CONTINUING

Brett reaches up to a control valve and turns down the flow on one of the clear lines. The needle on the corresponding gauge lowers. Shortly thereafter,

Tina's eyelids twitch a little, then her eyes move from side to side under the eyelids. Finally, she opens her eyes (which also have a blue tint), blinks a few times, then looks around the room and mouths something.

BILLY (O.S.)

(monotone)

Give her some air, Doc.

Brett turns to look at the head of BILLY (30s), which is tinted blue and mounted on the same type of base as Tina's on the counter along the far wall. Billy's head is shaved and he has a big, half-moon scar on one side that is held together by stitches.

Brett steps back, reaches down and opens the sliding door on the cabinet below Tina's head, revealing a tangle of hoses, wires and electrical equipment. He opens a valve slowly and Tina's voice fades in.

TINA

(groggily, monotone)

Where am I?

BILLY

There you go.

Tina hears Billy's voice and looks in that direction. Upon seeing him, her eyes widen and she mouths a scream, but it's only a monotone sound.

Tina looks down, sees the countertop and tries to scream some more.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Might as well relax, lady. You
ain't goin' anywhere.

Tina screams a little more at that, which finally trails off into monotone sobs. Big tears run down her cheeks.

Brett takes a tissue out of a box on the counter and wipes her tears, then takes another tissue and wipes her nose.

TINA
(monotone)
I can't move my arms or legs.

BILLY
That's because you don't have any.

TINA
I can I feel them. They're just not
moving.

BRETT
I'm sorry, Tina, but Billy's right.
The only thing left of you now is
your head.

TINA
What are you talking about?

BILLY
He had to do it...to save you.

TINA
To save me?

BRETT
That's right. You were eaten up
with cancer. The only way to keep
you alive was to separate you from
the rest of your body, which was
killing you.

TINA
But that's impossible.

BILLY

Ah, but you don't know Dr. Stevens.
I was almost dead from diabetes.
My kidneys had shut down and
dialysis wasn't working anymore.
They had already cut off my legs to
stop the gangrene. So Doc, here,
just went ahead and trimmed me on
up to the neck to save me. It's a
damn miracle.

BRETT

Well, it's not exactly a miracle.
It's just the research I'm doing to
keep people alive longer.

BILLY

You're too damn modest, Doc.
You're gonna get the Nobel Prize in
medicine for this... Tell her how
it works.

Brett's cell phone BUZZES and VIBRATES in his pocket.

BRETT

Why don't you tell her, Billy?

He pulls his cell phone out and checks to see who's calling.
He doesn't answer and lets it route to voice mail. He lays
his phone on the counter.

BILLY

(to Tina)

It's the coolest thing. Scientists
have been trying for years to come
up with a substitute for human
blood. Well, Doc, here, finally did
it. It's similar to the blood in
insects, like grasshoppers. Is that
about right, Doc?

BRETT

Pretty much...with some
perfluorocarbons thrown in to allow
for liquid breathing.

BILLY

The only problem with everything
is, you turn blue.

TINA

I...I'm blue like you?

BILLY
Blue as a bluebird.

Tina whimpers.

Brett checks Tina's gauges, adjusts them a little, then checks her temperature with an in-the-ear electronic thermometer.

BRETT
(to Tina)
Are you in any pain?

TINA
...No. Just dizzy.

BRETT
That's normal. It will gradually fade away as your brain gets used to the new blood. If you start to feel any pain or nausea, let me know. I don't want you to be uncomfortable.

BILLY
Believe you me, Doc's got some good drugs.

BRETT
(to Tina)
Regulating your hormones and other nutrients is a little tricky, so I'll be monitoring you closely until we get everything working correctly.

He looks at the gauges again.

BRETT (CONT'D)
How are you doing, Billy?

BILLY
If I felt any better I'd have to see a doctor.

He smiles.

Brett chuckles.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Now that I have a girlfriend over there, however, I might need a little Viagra.

He smiles again.

BRETT

I don't think that will do you any good... Stay tuned, however. I'm working on a drug that will stimulate orgasms in the brain without having to have sex.

BILLY

Seriously?

BRETT

Yep.

BILLY

Then sign me up!

Brett moves over and checks Billy's gauges to make sure everything is okay.

BRETT

Alright. Everything looks good. I'll see you two tomorrow.

BILLY

When are we gonna get our new bodies, doc?

BRETT

Hopefully soon, Billy. I want the surgery to be successful. You remember what happened to the professor.

BILLY

Yeah, I don't wanna go through that. It's just hard hanging out here all day.

BRETT

I'm sure. But it will all be worth the wait.

He opens the cabinet under Billy and slowly turns a valve.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Billy.

BILLY

Goodnight.

He slowly closes his eyes and remains motionless.

Brett closes Billy's head cover and moves over to Tina. He reaches down and slowly adjusts a valve in the cabinet under her.

TINA

No...

Her eyes flutter then her eyelids close. She remains quiet and motionless.

Brett slowly closes her cover.

EXT. TATTOO SHOP - NEXT MORNING

Dwain, Sheila, and two uniformed L.A.P.D. OFFICERS proceed to the front door of Dick's tattoo shop. One of the Officers unlocks the door.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Dwain, Sheila and the two other Police Officers enter and don surgical gloves.

Sheila moves to the coffee table and picks up the tattoo photo album. She thumbs through it until she finds the picture of the angel tattoo that was on the headless body at the morgue. She hands the album to Dwain.

DWAIN

Bingo.

He closes the album and hands it to one of the officers.

DWAIN (CONT'D)

Bag this, then you two check everything in here and his vehicle out back. And be sure to dust those toys up there.

(points to swords and axe)
Gatti and I will check out his office.

The uniformed Officers begin examining items in the room as Dwain and Sheila head to the back.

BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dwain and Sheila enter and begin examining Dick's messy desk and file cabinets.

A framed color photo of Dick with his Hispanic wife/girlfriend sits atop a file cabinet. Sheila picks it up and shows it to Dwain.

SHEILA

Must be his wife or girlfriend.

Dwain's cell phone RINGS in his suit pocket. He pulls it out, sees that it's Brett calling, so he answers it.

DWAIN

Hey, bud.

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brett, dressed for work at the hospital, sits at the kitchen counter with his half-eaten breakfast in front of him and his cell phone to his ear.

BRETT

(into phone)

Sorry I didn't get back to you yesterday. You know my schedule.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - BRETT & DWAIN

DWAIN

No problem. Just need a little help on the Marie Antoinette case.

BRETT

Sure. What's up?

DWAIN

We've discovered that all of our decapitated victims had terminal illnesses.

BRETT

Seriously?

DWAIN

Yeah. So it appears to be the work of a mercy killer. But it's still murder, so we're gonna nail him...or her.

BRETT

How can I help?

DWAIN

The coroner said he found traces of propofol in all of the victims and believes the killer is using that to knock them out. He also said that all of the victims we've been able to identify so far had been treated at Cedars-Sinai and thinks the killer is probably someone there who has easy access to the drug.

BRETT

Jesus. That would be quite a few people...including me.

DWAIN

Any chance you could give me a list of doctors and staff at the hospital who have access to propofol?

BRETT

I'll have to get approval from administration to release that information.

DWAIN

The problem with that is, the killer might realize that we're on their trail and they could go underground.

BRETT

I understand. But I can't jeopardize my career by releasing privileged hospital information without approval.

DWAIN

Listen, Brett. I really need your help on this. Just give me a few names that we can do background checks on. Maybe we'll get lucky.

BRETT

HIPAA rules do allow the release of protected information to law enforcement officials under certain circumstances, but to cover my ass, you should probably serve me a subpoena.

DWAIN

I can certainly do that. Meanwhile,
start working on that list.

BRETT

I don't have much free time, but
I'll see what I can do.

DWAIN

Take your time but hurry. More
lives may depend on it.

BRETT

I understand.

BIG DICK'S TATTOO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Dwain pushes the END CALL button on his cell phone, puts it
back in his pocket and he and Detective Gatti continue their
examination of Dick's back office.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Big Dick, uncuffed, sits alone at the interrogation table.

A pitcher of water and a few disposable cups sit on the table
next to Big Dick.

Dwain and Sheila enter. Dwain is carrying Big Dick's photo
album. They sit opposite Big Dick.

Dwain opens the photo album to the page containing the
picture of the angel tattoo then turns the album around and
slides it over in front of Big Dick.

DWAIN

What can you tell me about this?

He points to the picture.

Big Dick glances at it.

DICK

Looks like an angel.

DWAIN

Don't fuck with me! I wanna know
which of your customers got this
tattoo!

DICK

What the hell is this all about?

DWAIN

This is called questioning. We do this with assholes who we think are up to no good.

DICK

Are you charging me with a crime? If so, I want to talk to a lawyer.

DWAIN

We're not charging you with anything at the moment. We're just hoping you can help us fill in the blanks on a few things.

DICK

Yeah? Like what?

DWAIN

Well, let's start with this: There's a body over at the county morgue with your angel tattoo on one of its arms.

DICK

No shit? So, you think I put a tattoo on somebody and then killed 'em?

DWAIN

Did you?

Dick laughs.

DICK

That would be pretty stupid.

DWAIN

Well, Dick, you don't strike me as being the sharpest knife in the drawer by any means.

Dick turns cold.

DICK

I've tattooed hundreds of people in this town, but that doesn't make me a killer!

SHEILA

Maybe so. But when we find a body with one of your tattoos on it, don't you think we should ask you some questions?

DICK

You can ask me all the questions
you want, but I didn't kill anyone.

DWAIN

How about you give us the name or
names of any women you branded with
that angel tattoo.

DICK

I would have to check my records.

Dwain's cell phone BUZZES in his pocket. He removes it and
looks at the text message.

DWAIN

(to Dick)

Excuse us for a moment.

He motions for Sheila to follow him out.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE OLSON (30s) walks up to Dwain and Sheila as they
emerge from the interrogation room.

DETECTIVE OLSON

Everything came up negative. The
only thing we need to clear him
completely is a DNA sample.

SHEILA

Good luck getting that.

Dwain peeks through the small glass window on the
interrogation room door and sees Dick pouring himself a cup
of water.

DWAIN

Certainly pays to keep it hot in
there.

He smiles at Detective Olson. Olson smiles back.

DWAIN (CONT'D)

(to Sheila)

Let's wrap this up.

INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dwain and Sheila re-enter.

Dick finishes his cup of water and tosses the cup into the trash can beside the table.

DWAIN

You're free to go. But we're going to hang onto your brag book for now, and we'll be stopping by your shop tomorrow around noon to get the name or names of anyone you tattooed that angel on. You have a problem with that?

DICK

I sure as hell do. But something tells me that you won't get off my ass until I give you what you want.

DWAIN

You're smarter than you look.

DICK

Fuck you.
(glares at Sheila)
And you, too, cop cunt.

He stands.

DICK (CONT'D)

Who's taking me back to my shop?

DWAIN

Call your wife.

DICK

She's dead.

DWAIN

...Then call a cab.

Dick stomps out of the interrogation room.

Dwain hesitates a moment then moves over to the trash can, removes a pen from his shirt pocket, reaches in and carefully lifts Dick's empty cup out with the pen and holds it up for Sheila to see. He smiles. Sheila smiles back and nods approval.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SHORT TIME LATER

Dick waits for his ride.

A car finally pulls up.

INT. MARIA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dick opens the passenger door and gets in. Behind the wheel is Maria, Brett's maid.

Dick closes his door and fastens his seat belt.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Maria's car leaves the police station.

INT. L.A.P.D. - HOMICIDE DIVISION - NEXT MORNING

Sheila is working at her desk. The intercom on her desk BUZZES.

SHEILA

Yes?

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

A couple of ladies are here who say they have some information about the tattooed body that was found.

SHEILA

...Send them back.

A short time later, hookers Wendy and LaDonna, introduced in the opening sequence, approach Sheila at her desk.

Sheila stands and extends her hand to the women.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Detective Sheila Gatti.

WENDY

I'm Wendy and this is my friend LaDonna.

Sheila shakes their hands.

SHEILA

Please, have a seat.

The women sit in the two open chairs across from her as she takes a seat at her desk.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

So, you have some information for us?

WENDY

We, uh, saw the pictures of the tattoos on the body the police found recently, and we're pretty sure we know who she is...or was.

SHEILA

Is that right?

WENDY

Yes. Tina. Her name is Tina.

SHEILA

Last name?

LADONNA

We don't know.

Sheila jots down "Tina" on a scratch pad.

SHEILA

So, how do you know...Tina?

LADONNA

We, uh, worked with her.

SHEILA

And where is that?

WENDY

...Let's just say that we're independent contractors.

LADONNA

Ladies of the night.

SHEILA

I see... So when did you last see Tina?

WENDY

We saw her score a trick and get into a van on Sunset about a week ago.

LADONNA

All of us know better than to get into a van, but I guess she was desperate and wanted the money.

WENDY

She was out of commission for awhile...with health problems.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

But then we saw her back at work
the night she got into the van.

LADONNA

We were surprised that she was
still able to score...with CCL and
all.

SHEILA

CCL?

LADONNA

Concentration Camp Look.

WENDY

That's our slang for a girl looking
sickly and worn out.

SHEILA

I see. Well, she was definitely
sick. She had cancer.

LaDonna turns to Wendy.

LADONNA

I told you.

SHEILA

...So, did you see who was driving
the van?

WENDY

No.

LaDonna shakes her head no.

SHEILA

Did the van have California plates?

LADONNA

It was too far away to tell.

SHEILA

What make and color was the van?

WENDY

White. Not sure what make.

SHEILA

Old or new?

The women look at each other for the answer.

LADONNA
Not old...but not brand new,
either.

Wendy nods in agreement.

SHEILA
Did you notice any bumper stickers,
decals or body damage on the van?

LADONNA
No.

Wendy shakes her head no.

SHEILA
Have either of you seen that van
cruising around since then?

WENDY
Not that we've noticed.

LADONNA
Thousands of vehicles cruise by us
every night, so we may have missed
it.

WENDY
But after knowing what happened to
Tina, you can bet your ass that
we're keeping an eye out for it
now.

SHEILA
Okay, good... I'm sure you realize
that finding this van without a
plate number or other
distinguishing characteristics will
be like finding a needle in a
haystack...unless, of course, a
security camera in the area
happened to get some footage of it.

WENDY
We try to avoid working in areas
where there are lots of cameras.

SHEILA
I understand. But we'll still need
to know exactly where you saw Tina
get into the van so we can check
for cameras.

She slides a note pad and pen over to the women.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I need you to write down the date, time, and exact location--with cross streets--where you saw Tina get into the van.

WENDY

Okay.

She takes the pen and note pad and begins writing down the information for Sheila.

SHEILA

Of course, without evidence tying the driver of the van to Tina's death, it's possible that she was killed by someone else. Did she have any friends or family?

LADONNA

Not that we know of.

SHEILA

Did you see her with anyone regularly?

LADONNA

No. She was pretty much a loner.

SHEILA

Did she have a pimp?

LADONNA

I don't think so.

Wendy finishes writing down the information and slides the pen and note pad back to Sheila.

SHEILA

Thank you... I'm going to give you my card, and if you come up with anything else that might help us solve this case, please contact me right away.

WENDY/LADONNA

Okay. / We will.

Sheila takes two of her business cards out of the holder on her desk then rises, moves around and hands one to each of the women.

Wendy and LaDonna rise.

SHEILA

Thanks for coming in. And you ladies be careful out there. We don't need more victims.

WENDY

No shit.

Sheila shakes their hands.

Wendy and LaDonna leave.

EXT. TATTOO SHOP - DAY

Dwain and Sheila (driving) pull up in front of Dick's tattoo shop in an unmarked patrol car and park. They get out and move to the front door of the shop.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Dwain and Sheila enter to find Dick applying a tattoo to a FEMALE CLIENT's lower leg.

Dick gives Dwain and Sheila a cold look.

DICK

(to client)

We'll have to finish this tomorrow.
How about ten-thirty?

FEMALE CLIENT

Ok.

He lays down his electric tattoo needle and wipes the excess ink off his client's leg with a towelette.

The Client gets up and leaves.

Dwain turns to look at her.

DWAIN

I hope she doesn't end up in the morgue like your other client did.

DICK

Right.

DWAIN

You have some names for us?

Dick reaches over to the counter, picks up a piece of paper and hands it to Dwain.

DICK
I can only come up with three.

Dwain looks at the list.

SHEILA
(to Dick)
Do you own a white van?

DICK
Hell no.

SHEILA
Do any of your friends own a white
van?

DICK
Same answer, cop cunt.

He gives Sheila a look that could kill.

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Brett sits at his desk, sipping on a gin and tonic, working
on his list for Dwain.

INT./EXT. SHEILA'S PERSONAL CAR - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DUSK

Sheila, dressed in street clothes, pulls up to the security
gate in front of Brett's mansion.

She rolls down her window and pushes the button on the
intercom. A few moments later,

MARIA (V.O.)
(through intercom speaker)
May I help you?

SHEILA
Detective Sheila Gatti to see Dr.
Stevens.

MARIA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Sì. He is expecting you.

The large wrought iron gate swings open slowly.

Sheila drives up to the house and parks under the overhang in
front of the large entry door.

EXT. BRETT'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Sheila gets out of her car, subpoena in hand, moves to the entry door and rings the DOORBELL.

A short time later, Maria opens the door.

MARIA
Hello.

SHEILA
Hi. Detective Gatti.

MARIA
Sì. Come in.

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Sheila steps in.

MARIA
This way.

She leads Sheila to the well-apportioned living room.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARIA
(motioning to couch)
Please, sit. I will tell Dr.
Stevens you are here.

SHEILA
Thank you.

Maria leaves.

Instead of sitting, Sheila moves around the room looking at the collection of expensive art. A few moments later,

Brett, dressed casually and carrying a manila envelope, enters.

BRETT
Ms. Gatti?

SHEILA
Yes.

Brett moves over to her.

BRETT
Brett Stevens.

He extends his hand and they shake.

SHEILA
Nice to meet you.

BRETT
Likewise... So, you have the
distinct pleasure of working with
my hard-nosed brother-in-law.

He smiles.

SHEILA
I do.

BRETT
Good guy, but a little too anal at
times.

SHEILA
...Perhaps.

She smiles.

Brett chuckles.

BRETT
So, you have something for me?

SHEILA
I do.

She hands Brett the subpoena.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
You have been served.

Brett unfolds the subpoena and glances it over briefly.

BRETT
Ok. Looks like we're good to go.

He hands Sheila the manila envelope.

SHEILA
Thank you.

BRETT
...Have you had dinner yet?

SHEILA

No, but--

BRETT

Good. Then you can join me. Maria always makes extra food so I have leftovers to heat up when I get home from the hospital at odd hours. I think it's her famous carne asada tonight.

SHEILA

Sounds good, but I'll have to pass.

BRETT

Family to get home to?

SHEILA

No, but--

BRETT

Then I insist. I can give you the low-down on my overly-anal brother-in-law over dinner and a cheap bottle of wine.

He smiles.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Follow me.

He turns and heads to the kitchen.

SHEILA

I don't...

With Brett leaving, she is unable to decline his offer again, so she acquiesces and follows him to the kitchen.

THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brett enters, followed a few moments later by Sheila.

Maria is busy preparing Brett's dinner.

BRETT

There'll be two of us tonight,
Maria.

Maria's eyes widen and she smiles.

MARIA
Very good, Dr. Stevens. In the
dining room?

BRETT
We'll just eat in here.

MARIA
Okay.

She removes two dinner plates from the cupboard and sets up
two place settings on the counter in front of the bar stools.

BRETT
(to Sheila)
You can put your envelope here.

He lays his subpoena on the end of the large kitchen island
and Sheila lays the manila envelope next to it.

Brett reaches up and removes a couple of wine glasses from
the rack above the island and sets them on the counter. He
then moves over and selects a bottle of expensive red wine
from the wine rack.

He returns to the island, removes a cork screw from one of
the drawers under the counter, then opens the wine and pours
some into each glass. He hands one to Sheila then raises his
glass in a toast.

BRETT (CONT'D)
To my pain-in-the-ass brother-in-
law. May he always get his man.

SHEILA
...Or woman.

She smiles and clicks her glass against Brett's.

BRETT
Or woman.

They sip their wine as

Maria removes a large bowl of salad from the refrigerator and
sets it on the counter then dishes up their food.

MARIA
Okay.

BRETT
Listo?

MARIA

Listo.

Brett sets his glass of wine on the counter and pulls one of the bar stools out for Sheila.

Sheila moves over and sits.

Brett helps her scoot her stool up to the counter.

SHEILA

Thank you.

(to Maria)

This looks really good.

MARIA

Dessert is in the refrigerator.
Will there be anything else?

BRETT

No, gracias, Maria. I think we're good. See you tomorrow.

MARIA

Nice meeting you, Ms...

SHEILA

Gatti. But you can just call me Sheila.

MARIA

Very good, Ms. Sheila. Nice to meet you.

SHEILA

Nice to meet you as well. And thank you for dinner.

MARIA

You are welcome. Maybe I will see you again...soon.

Sheila blushes a little.

Maria nods and flashes an approving smile at Brett as she leaves.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Buenas noches.

BRETT

Buenas noches.

Brett holds the salad bowl up so Sheila can dish out some salad onto her salad plate then he serves himself.

Sheila takes a bite of the carne asada.

SHEILA
This is delicious.

BRETT
She's an amazing cook. I could easily put on an extra hundred pounds if I'm not careful.

They smile at each other and take a sip of wine.

BRETT'S SECRET LAB - CONTINUOUS

One of the smaller TV monitors in the dimly-lit lab (with the sound off) shows Brett and Sheila in the kitchen, eating, talking, laughing, and getting drunk.

BRETT'S MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Brett and Sheila enter the dimly lit room, kissing passionately.

They work their way over to the bed while removing each other's clothes and continuing to kiss.

IN THE BED - SHORT TIME LATER

Brett and Sheila, partially covered by the top sheet and bedspread, make love.

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Brett and Sheila lie asleep back-to-back in Brett's bed. A sliver of light filters in around the closed drapes.

Sheila slowly opens her eyes and suddenly remembers where she is. She lifts up and glances over at the digital alarm clock on the nightstand on Brett's side of the bed, which reads: "8:16 AM".

SHEILA
(loud whisper)
Shit!

She hops out of bed, naked, and starts jerking on her clothes, which are scattered on the floor beside the bed.

Brett, bare-chested, wakes and turns toward her.

BRETT
What's up?

SHEILA
(frantic and remorseful)
I'm late for work!

BRETT
Relax. I'll tell your boss you were
with me.

SHEILA
Perfect. Then I'll be fired for
sleeping with a person under
subpoena in a murder case... I
can't believe I did this.

BRETT
Everything will be okay.

SHEILA
Easy for you to say... I like my
job and worked hard to get it. Now
it's gonna to go down the drain
because of a one-night stand.

Brett props himself up and turns on the lamp on the
nightstand beside him.

BRETT
Is that what this is?

Sheila gives him a quick look and notices the heart tattoo on
the side of his shoulder with "Katie" inscribed on it. She
recalls seeing the same tattoo in Big Dick's photo album.

FLASHBACK

Close-up of the photo of the heart tattoo with "Katie"
inscribed on it.

END FLASHBACK

SHEILA
Yes.

She finishes putting on her clothes and hurries out.

Brett lies back down, stares at the ceiling and sighs.

EXT. BRETT'S HOUSE - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Sheila, in her car, races down Brett's driveway and waits for the front gate to open.

SHEILA
(to herself)
C'mon! C'mon!

Once the gate is open, she drives through.

INT./EXT. SHEILA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sheila whips out onto the street and drives away as the gate to Brett's property closes behind her.

A few moments later, a white van (the same van introduced in the opening sequence) approaches---driven, again, by Carlos Mendoza.

As the van passes, Sheila makes eye contact with Carlos then gets a quick look at the magnetic sign on the side of the van that features a pool logo and a company name: "Superior Pool Supply".

Sheila glances in her rearview mirror trying to get the license plate number but the numbers are backwards and the van is too far away. It soon disappears around a corner.

Sheila reaches over and rifles through her purse in the passenger seat. She removes a small notepad and a pen.

She scribbles down "Superior Pool Supply".

EXT. BRETT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The white van pulls up Brett's driveway and parks in front of the garage.

One of the garage doors opens, revealing Maria, Brett's maid.

Carlos exits the van, moves around to the back and opens the cargo doors, revealing a hand truck and several chemical canisters and small oxygen tanks.

He removes the hand truck, stacks a couple of the canisters on it then wheels everything over to Maria.

CARLOS
Mamacita. ¿Que pasa?

He leans over and gives her a kiss then wheels the hand truck past her and into the garage.

Maria smiles and follows him in.

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - MASTER BATH - CONTINUOUS

Brett showers.

INT. L.A.P.D. - HOMICIDE DIVISION - SAME DAY

Sheila sits at her desk in front of her computer. The manila envelope Brett gave her is on the desk beside the computer.

She types "Superior Pool Supply" into the search box on her computer screen, hits ENTER and waits for the results.

Several company names come up but, scrolling down the list, she finds no "Superior Pool Supply".

SHEILA
(to herself)
Shit.

DWAIN (O.S.)
You have something for me?

Startled, Sheila jerks to attention.

SHEILA
Uh, yes.

She picks up the manila envelope and hands it to Dwain.

DWAIN
Thanks... What did you think of my
brother-in-law's digs?

SHEILA
(nervously)
Uh, impressive.

DWAIN
No shit. He bought the place for
twenty million a few years ago then
put another ten million into
remodeling it.

SHEILA
Wow. I can barely afford my condo.

DWAIN

...Maybe I should set you two up.
He's a handsome, rich widower
without kids, and you're divorced
without kids. Could work out.

SHEILA

Thanks but no thanks. Not exactly
my type.

DWAIN

Seriously? Then what is your type?
Ugly and poor with a bunch of kids?

Sheila smiles.

SHEILA

No. Maybe somewhere in between.

DWAIN

Ok. I'll keep my eye out for an in-
between guy.

He sees Sheila's search results on her computer screen.

DWAIN (CONT'D)

Having pool problems?

SHEILA

Uh, no. But a white van passed me
going in the opposite direction
when I was leaving Dr. Stevens'
house. It had a sign on the side
that said Superior Pool Supply. I
wasn't able to get a plate number
so I'm checking out the company
name.

DWAIN

Any luck?

SHEILA

No. There doesn't seem to be any
pool service company in L.A. that
uses that name.

DWAIN

Have you checked with DMV or the
L.A. County Registrar for a
business listing?

SHEILA

Not yet, but I will.

DWAIN

Well, without a plate number, finding this elusive white van will be a real challenge. And we're still not sure if it's actually tied to the crimes... I'll get to work on Brett's list of people at the hospital who have access to propofol. Something tells me that our killer is on this list.

He taps the manila envelope in his hand.

SHEILA

Let's hope so.

Dwain turns to go then calls over his shoulder:

DWAIN

Don't be late anymore.

Sheila wilts.

INT. L.A.P.D. - EVIDENCE ROOM - LATER

Sheila moves down an aisle between racks looking for a particular bin.

She finally locates the bin she's looking for, opens the drawer and pulls out Big Dick's photo album.

She thumbs through the pages until she finds the picture of the red heart tattoo with "Katie" inscribed on it---the same tattoo she saw on Brett's shoulder.

She continues paging through the album, looking carefully at each picture. Finally, on a page near the back of the album, she sees a photo of a small, red heart tattoo on what appears to be a woman's groin area with "Brett" inscribed in black in the middle of the heart.

SHEILA

(to herself)

Oh, God...

INT. BRETT'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Maria strips Brett's bed to re-make it. While pulling off the sheets she discovers a pair of skimpy, black thong panties.

She holds them up and looks them over for a moment then smiles.

INT. BRETT'S SECRET LAB - CONTINUOUS

The hand truck and pressurized canisters Carlos unloaded earlier from the van are sitting beside the operating table.

Brett is down on his knees changing out one of the canisters under the counter where Billy's head is mounted. The dome covers over Billy's and Tina's heads are both closed.

The big screen TV is tuned to CNN with the sound off. The other smaller TV monitors show various locations in and around Brett's house including the entry, the front gate, the backyard and pool area, the kitchen, Brett's basement office and library, and the upstairs hallway connecting the bedrooms. The bedroom hallway monitor shows Maria walking down the hallway carrying the sheets from Brett's bed, then she turns and disappears down the staircase.

Meanwhile, Brett unhooks a hose, pulls out the canister and replaces it with a new one off the hand truck then reattaches the hose. He opens the valve on the canister, checks a gauge, then closes the cabinet.

He rises then moves over to his desk and sits in front of his computer. He wakes it then clicks on a video file.

The video player loads and begins playing a clip of him and Sheila in the kitchen eating dinner.

He freezes the video when Sheila is facing the camera. He zooms in on her.

Then he opens a headshot of his deceased wife, Katie, obviously taken sometime before she got breast cancer. He superimposes Katie's face over Sheila's and adjusts the proportions until it fits perfectly.

He smiles.

FADE OUT

END OF PILOT