

Synaptic

written by

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INT. DOMUS AUREA. BACKYARD - DAY

**SUPER: 2085**

The rolling hills of wine country. Sun beating down on purple parasols.

A film crew hard at work, setting the scene. Two big soft boxes point towards two very uncomfortable looking half a million dollar chairs.

DARIA CLU(35) Platinum highlights, eyes swooped with purplish eye shadow, cheekbones shaved down by a guy in palm springs. Artful lines of gold and black spread from her neck connecting her Ocular and auditory implants to her brain.

The shadow of a boom mic creeps towards her forehead.

SOUND GUY (O.S.)

Can I get you to talk for me.

DARIA CLU

Testing testing.

(beat)

Adam I don't like that plant.

ADAM MAKOS(45) Backwards ballcap, a director trying his absolute hardest not to look his age.

ADAM MAKOS

(to: unseen crewmember)

No, no I'm not arguing about this anymore. I needed this moved yesterday.

(beat)

FIX IT.

DARIA CLU

Adam?

ADAM MAKOS

Yes?

DARIA CLU

I mean look at it, it's in the wrong hemisphere.

FIRST AD(20s) Female, clipboard, headset.

FIRST AD

Talent is flying.

DARIA CLU

Look at those leaves I mean, too  
big, you know where it belongs.

(beat)

A pond.

(beat)

What's with all the marble - it's  
so-cal not St Moritz.

AMELIA CHAN (O.S.)

Lovely this time of year isn't it.

Daria coughs awkwardly.

FIRST AD

Clear a path.

A full squad of armed security enter. Followed by:

DR.AMELIA CHAN(50s) Short black hair, she's been expertly  
styled - she's the picture of old money. A necklace of  
obsidian dangling above a slight neckline. Her dress is a  
shiny white - almost pearlescent the material beneath its  
surface a translucent flowing multicoloured liquid.

Daria stands with a fake smile plastered across her face.

DARIA CLU

Such an honour.

AMELIA CHAN

Pleasures all mine. Adam and you  
are?..

DARIA CLU

Daria. With ABC.

AMELIA CHAN

Of course, my son loves your show.

Daria beams.

DARIA CLU

Such a breathtaking property.

AMELIA CHAN

Thank you.

(beat)

Ive spend our lives stretching for  
the stars, this place keeps me  
centered.

EXT. DOMUS AUREA. BACKYARD - DAY

We pull back watching through the eyes of the TV audience.

The carrousel of text beneath the frame reads: BREAKING:  
After a 10 year silence AMELIA CHAN the former CEO of  
ProteoGenix tells all.

DARIA CLU

You started this company in your  
father's garage nearly 30 years  
ago. A lot of comparisons have been  
made between your companies  
meteoric rise, these days your name  
often comes up in the same sentence  
as Jobs, Edison... Oppenheimer. How  
does that make you feel?

AMELIA CHAN

Well, it's tricky Daria. As much as  
I appreciate the compliment. I  
can't take it. My work is  
inherently derivative. I didn't  
created anything novel I simply  
iterated, improved.

DARIA CLU

I have to push back on that-  
Protogenix and S.C.I technology-  
turned a niche biomechanical  
research startup into a fortune 500  
company

AMELIA CHAN

You make it sound a lot more  
impressive than it was. I'm just a  
person - someone who had a dream.

DARIA CLU

I think your underselling yourself.

AMELIA CHAN

I guess that's a matter of  
perspective

DARIA CLU

It wasn't any old dream though was  
it.

AMELIA CHAN

You could say that. I can't pretend  
it was an entirely selfless act-

DARIA CLU  
For your son wasn't it?

AMELIA CHAN  
You've done your homework.

DARIA CLU  
Part of my job.

AMELIA CHAN  
It was his dream as much as mine.

DARIA CLU  
You promised him  
(she reads from her  
papers)  
"one day he could walk again."

Sadness haunts Amelia's eyes.

DARIA CLU (CONT'D)  
Not everyone turns a dream into a  
reality.

Amelia runs a hand through her hair.

DARIA CLU (CONT'D)  
A dream that fundamentally altered  
the human experience.

Amelia nods, the smile not quite reaching her eyes.

DARIA CLU (CONT'D)  
Your recent retirement and media  
blackout caused a bit of a stir.  
(beat)  
Would you be willing to go on the  
record and give us some insight  
into that decision.

AMELIA CHAN  
Well it was tough, balancing the  
pressures of company and family.  
I've spent most of my life  
prioritizing my work to the  
detriment of my marriage, kids and  
happiness. Something had to give-

A VOICE (O.S.)  
LIAR.

Silence.

AMELIA CHAN

But i'm here to let our investors  
know that i'm well rested and  
raring to go, ready to bring  
Proteogenix to new heights--

A VOICE (O.S.)

LIAR.

FIRST AD

(into her radio)  
Security.

Silence spreads through the set.

A VOICE

LIAR.

The voice approaches. Stepping into frame. Revealing:

OLUWALE BAMBOSHE(30s) Steps into the light, disheveled hair,  
wild eyes.

OLUWALE

MURDERER. MURDURER. FALSE PROPHET.

Security rushes in grabbing Oluwale.

OLUWALE (CONT'D)

(security start dragging  
him away)

10000 CHILDREN. Test subjects.  
AMELIA CHAN is complicity. She has  
has BLOOD ON HER HANDS-- KILLER-  
MURDERER- HUMANS - you meddle with  
his will. we WEREN'T MEANT TO PLAY  
GOD-

The feed-- cuts.

CUT TO BLACK:

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SYNTHESIS

*The composition or combination of parts or elements so as to  
form a whole.*

FADE IN:

EXT. NEO SEATTLE - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: Synaptic

SUPER:

"The tyranny of the past is surpassed only by the horror of the present"

We begin to move.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 ProteoGenix a cybernetics outfit  
 based out of Southern California  
 recently discovered a method of  
 bridging the neural gap-

Torrential rain pours. In the distance a city looms.  
 It glows in the darkness, light refracting off glass.  
 The neon jungle. Wrapped in the hustle and bustle of  
 humanities unceasing activity.

COMMERICAL VOICE (V.O.)  
 At ProteoGenix we don't just  
 believe in humanities future, we  
 believe in yours.

Screens wrap buildings, billboards and walkways.  
 Gaudy monoliths to our corporate overlords.  
 Fresh faced models posing in darkened voids. Hawking digital  
 opium to the needy crowd.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 A sudden wave of death sweeping the  
 nation. A 16 year old on life  
 support. Parents wondering.

PARENT (V.O.)  
 I mean really are we just the  
 guinea pigs?

Above the skyline lights flash.  
 Red, green, white strobing in tandem.  
 The mark of a hundred thousand drones buzzing between glowing  
 signs and grassy rooftops.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
 9/11 whats your emergency?

OLIVIA MAXWELL(40s) British, panicked.

OLIVIA MAXWELL  
Somethings happened to my husband--

There's a scream- the feed cuts.

911 OPERATOR  
Hello? Ma'am?

EXT. MANSION. - NIGHT

The pulsing of red and blue lights.

We push up the driveway. It feels insufficient to describe this castle as a house. Floor to ceiling windows, post modernist neo-brutalist architecture.

Thick steel columns accent every curve. Strips of harsh tungsten LEDs pool on four wrap-around balconies.

The house is a tone deaf gold-plated, brushed aluminum homage. Complete with a 6 car garage two infinity pools and a life size brushed stainless steel bust of a faceless human body, charging off it's pedestal.

A police cruiser pulls to a stop at the entrance.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

OFFICER LEE(30s)Blue rain shell splattered with rain. Face tense, close cropped hair tucked into a ballcap, brown eyes fixed forward, weapon drawn.

The jacket screen reads **ARMED POLICE STAY BACK.**

Next to him.

OFFICER GUTIEREZ(20s) Fresh faced, young, green eyes, long brown hair, sharp jawline. Hints of eye shadow running down her face in the rain.

OFFICER LEE  
SPD. Open up.

Lee bangs on the door.

No reply.

Lee grabs the handle. The door swings open...

They step through the door.



INT. MANSION - NIGHT

**A MAN** stands backlit by city lights.

OFFICER LEE

Sir.

The figure doesn't even flinch.

Silence.

*Drip*

*Drip*

*Drip*

Something drips from the figures curled fingers.

Light from a cars passing headlights briefly illuminate the figure.

Metal glints in the gloom.

OFFICER LEE (CONT'D)

(into his radio)

Code 4, 10-32.

OFFICER GUTIEREZ

Sir could you turn and face us.

The figure turns revealing: MAXWELL SHAW(40s) Gap model handsome, black vest, sleeves rolled up, his entire chest is stained in... Dark arterial blood.

OFFICER GUTIEREZ (CONT'D)

Where is she?

Maxwell's face contorts into a sick smile as he takes a step towards the officers, into the light that when we notice the only marks on him, small defensive wounds on his face the angry track marks of desperate fingernails strewn across his cheek.

OFFICER GUTIEREZ (CONT'D)

Woah, woah, stop right there.

Maxwell pauses.

OFFICER LEE

Show me some hands.

Maxwell smiles extending his palms - taking a step forward.

OFFICER GUTIEREZ  
I will shoot you if you do not--

Maxwell takes another step.

OFFICER LEE  
I'm not fucking playing around.

The two cops move backwards - Maxwell keeps coming.

OFFICER GUTIEREZ  
This is your last warning.

Maxwell stops-- freezing in place.

Like a computer, stuck buffering.

OFFICER LEE  
What the fuck?

OFFICER GUTIEREZ  
Sir?

Maxwell doesn't move- still frozen.

OFFICER LEE  
Cover me.

Lee steps forward holstering his pistol grabbing the cuffs off his belt.

OFFICER LEE (CONT'D)  
Sir you are under arrest for--

Quick as lightning Maxwell springs to life, wrapping stainless steel fingers around Officer Lee's throat.

Lee scrabbles for his gun.

**BANG**

**BANG**

**BANG**

Gutierrez's finger thumps the trigger

**BANG BANG BANG BANG - Sparks fly.**

But Maxwell just keeps coming.

Hydraulics whir.

Officer Lee wheezes as the fingers winch tighter and tighter fragile human flesh trapped - caught in a titanium vice.

Gutierrez fumbles trying to reload.

**SNAP**

Lee's spine snaps - body collapsing lifeless to the marble.

Gutierrez desperately back peddles.

The click of a magazine - the snap of the hammer

Maxwell steps over Lee's body.

**BANG BANG BANG**

Gutierrez fires.

Maxwell grunts through each impact - each full metal jacket pinging off his chest with a orange flash.

Yellowish hydro fluid leaks from his dented chest plate.

But he doesn't stop. Wading through the hail of bullets.

**BANG - BANG -**

**CLICK - CLICK - CLICK.**

Gutierrez turns to run.

Metal fingers close on the back of his jacket lifting Gutierrez feet off the ground.

A mechanical whine fills the air.

*There's a blood curdling screams.*

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. POLICE CRUISER. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Streetlights flashing through a tinted windshield. Billboards spilling neon onto passers by.

Detective DEATER KAYNE(41) ruffled black hair, tired grey eyes, 7'oclock shadow painting sunken cheeks. White shirt stained with grey splotches, black jeans faded. He is in the drivers seat.

Beside him - his partner:

Morgan Keenum(30s)Blonde streaks through punky dark hair, a set of bold nose and eyebrow piercings, icy blue eyes and a prominent nose.

Two CORPORATE DRONES(30s) Carefully pleated pinstripe blazers, sleeves rolled up, revealing impressive flashy Carbon Fibre mods smoke burners on a street corner.

The Streets of the Financial District are pristine, a total departure from the grime of Downtown.

Skyscrapers towering, connected by glassy walkways and 60 story elevators.

Suits, stims and sacrilege run this district. Securi cams dot every surface.

We slow at an intersection. Crosswalk packed with commuters of all shapes and sizes. The light turns red a crush of commuters surge homeward. Revealing:

A PUNKY CYBER-GOTH(20s) Presses a PANTSUITED WOMAN(20s) blazer slipping off a shoulder into a wall, caught in a passionate embrace.

The light turns green, the cruiser whines to life.

As the glitz and glam of financial district fades as we enter Ocean Ave.

INT. POLICE CRUISER. OCEAN AVE. - NIGHT

Two WEST SIDE CHICO's(20s)(30s) Stand at street corners arms crossed.

The buildings grow shabbier, the streets dirtier, the people more weathered.

A HOMELESS MAN(30s) hunched over at the waist, sways like a zombie.

A storefront boarded up with plywood.

A MAN(40s) pushing his legless elderly GRANDMOTHER(80s) in a shabby wheelchair.

Morgan swipes through the centre console.

A face appears projected onto the windscreen, it belongs too.

SANDRA CLAIRE(30s) She speaks with a muted British accent.

SANDRA CLAIRE (O.S.)

Another wave of gang violence hit a residential neighbourhood last night in Westmont. Two suspected gang members we're shot in a brazen attack. Witnesses describe a navy coloured SUV with tinted windows pulling in front of a restaurant before opening fire. 3 passers by are currently in the ICU.

DISPATCH

10-35, all units we have a potential 10-32 in progress, 231 Olympia blvd potential 10-99, request units code 3.

Morgan reaches forward - flipping on the sirens.

RADIO VOICE

540.

RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)

570.

MORGAN

561 acknowledge.  
(beat)  
Here we go.

Deater floors it.

INT./EXT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

We push up the driveway.

MORGAN

Looks like we missed the excitement.

Deater grunts his affirmation.

Deater slides out of the seat. Morgan trailing behind him.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The cruiser they step out of is a strange combination of familiar and alien.

Boxy, covered in RBG coloured accents and screens.

A little American flag waves from the front fender - little messages scroll across the sides.

**SPD - IN SERVICE**

**PRIDE - SERVICE - INTEGRITY**

That's when we notice. It's not just the cars that are different in the future.

Deater's face is covered in matte black chips, the marks of a last generation set of OCMODS(Ocular Enhancement Modifications.)

They reach from the edge of his shaggy hairline down to the tip of his eyebrows. Black lines stretching across his face connecting the implants to his ocular nerve.

Technological veins. The way of the SYNTH.

We notice similar implants on passing OFFICERS(40s)Neon yellow jackets that feature scrolling screens across the back. **POLICE - IN SERVICE - STAND BACK**

As we see more and more upgrades we notice that each is slightly different.(Styles are proprietary to each brand.)

INT. MANSION. FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The holographic caution tape flickers as Deater passes through it.

Deater's eyes cross the room. A Big set of marble stairs that lead up to the second floor. An oversized set of mahogany double doors, one untouched, the other spread across the floor in splinters.

DEATER KAYNE

Mia? Sit rep.

M.I.A(20s) short for Mobile Investigative Assistant. MIA is an AI companion. Her voice is chipper, excitable and always full of life. Everything she says is in V.O.

M.I.A (V.O.)

Dispatch received reports between  
12-1 am.

MIA patches through the 911 call audio.

OLIVIA MAXWELL(40s) Posh english accent.

OLIVIA MAXWELL  
 (Sounds of breaking  
 furniture in BG)  
 Help. I NEED HELP someones inside  
 my house.

DISPATCH  
 Ma'am stay calm, where are you.

OLIVIA MAXWELL  
 (whispering)  
 I am hiding. In my--

Her answer is cut off by a scream.

M.I.A  
 Suspected domestic. R-CA 3.7  
 A.N.N allocated 2 units.

Deater strolls through the space examining every nook and  
 cranny.

Stylish statues that had once sat on gold plated side table  
 lie in pieces on the floor. Deater bends down to examine  
 them.

DEATER KAYNE  
 And?

Mia coughs uncomfortable before patching through the body cam  
 footage.

INT. MANSION. FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The world loads in around Deater. His OCMODS rendering a real  
 time simulation based off of the body cam footage.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

OFFICER LEE(30s)Blue rain shell splattered with rain. Face  
 tense, close cropped hair tucked into a ballcap, brown eyes  
 fixed forward, weapon drawn.

The jacket screen reads **ARMED POLICE STAY BACK.**

Frozen in time. Deater circles the man taking in his face,  
 hands, arms.

Displays appear from thin air, highlighting information about  
 Lee.

BPM 110 - SPO2 97% - age 33 - Family - 2xkids + Husband - Jared OGLEMAN - Service 8y.

Next to him.

OFFICER GUTIEREZ(20s) Fresh faced, young, green eyes, long brown hair, sharp jawline. Hints of eye shadow running down her face in the rain.

BMP 160 - SPO2 96% - 22 - Family - N/A - EMERGENCY CONTACT - MOTHER - SERVICE 1.2y

Deater considers the officers. He waves his hand.

The world unfreezes, rain pattering, wind whispering, Gutierrez's and Lee's breathing, the rustle of clothes.

OFFICER LEE  
SPD. Open up.

Lee bangs on the door.

No reply.

Lee grabs the handle. The door swings open...

INT. MANSION. FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Deater follows them as they breach. Checking angles, pushing slowly into the house.

He walks right into a bloodbath.

MORGAN  
Jesus christ.

The remains of Officer Lee's crumpled corpse are strewn across the floor.

Arms, legs, head, have been reduced down to bloody chunks of meat.

There's barely enough evidence left to recognize what remains of the two humans.

Deater steps pasted the main entrance pushing open a side door.

INT. MANSION. STAFF ENTRANCE. - NIGHT

It creaks open to reveal a short hallway. A couple of UNIFORMED COPS(30s) converse in hushed tones.



Deater squeezes past them into the living room.

INT. MANSION. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's a cavernous living area white walls covered in fanciful modern art, the glitzy artificial fireplace still flickering away under a giant mahogany mantel.

Off to one side a circular staircase leads up to an unseen second level.

MORGAN

Imagine what it costs to heat this place.

DEATER KAYNE

Hmm.

Behind all that wealth, the real status symbol. Floor to ceiling windows that stretch the length of the house.

The city twinkles in the distance. It's breathtaking.

INT. MANSION. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Deater notices something as he crosses the threshold.

A pool of black fluid, he bends, running a finger through the viscous substances.

Deater's H.U.D highlights the dripping trail.

M.I.A

Some sort of high grade hydro fluid.

MORGAN

Synth...

DEATER KAYNE

Looks like it.

He follows it.

That's when we notice the walls- paintings have been cut from frames-

DEATER KAYNE (CONT'D)

Whoever did this- wanted it to look like a robbery.

MORGAN

Didn't do a very good job did they.

Deater snorts.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Whoever it is- I wouldn't want to meet them in a dark alley.

M.I.A

Your telling me.

DEATER KAYNE

What gen?

M.I.A

Milspec- Gen 4?

An impressive landscape is torn, a greek bust toppled, the remains of a ceramic vase scattered across a cratered floor.

DEATER KAYNE

Hmm.

The place is trashed.

M.I.A

Fluid has an rf marker.

DEATER KAYNE

From where?

MORGAN

Ostiotech.

DEATER KAYNE

Never heard of em.

M.I.A

Ostiotech based out of southern California, owned by a Graham Cunningham, VC guy.

DEATER KAYNE

What's a VC guy doing making hydro fluid?

MORGAN

That's the question.

M.I.A  
 (reading a news story)  
 Recent times reporting suggests  
 that Ostiotech has been acquired in  
 an aggressive merger by the  
 Cunningham headed hedge -  
 FutureINT.

Deater considers the room for a moment letting the computer evaluate every possibility.

Bloody footprints mar the once pristine marble floor. They head in two directions, towards the left - the lounge - and right - the kitchen.

Deater heads towards the kitchen.

CARMEN LARA (O.S.)  
 Hold on a second.

A woman steps into Deater's path.

DETECTIVE CARMEN LARA(22) --

CARMEN LARA (CONT'D)  
 Who are you?

Deater flashes his badge - Morgan joins him.

CARMEN LARA (CONT'D)  
 Department?

DEATER KAYNE  
 Cyber.

Carmen isn't impressed.

CARMEN LARA  
 What are you doing here?

DEATER KAYNE  
 Evaluating.

CARMEN LARA  
 I know you.

DEATER KAYNE  
 Can we get inside.

CARMEN LARA  
 Your that detective aren't you-

Deater winces.

MORGAN

Listen we got requested- can you  
just let us through-

CARMEN LARA

You let that synthjob off easy. The  
one who blasted up a preschool-

Morgan pushes past her.

INT. MANSION. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Carmen follows Deater into the kitchen.

CARMEN LARA

Where do you think your going?

That's when we see her.

Between an expensive 8 burner stoves and two extra large  
aluminum fridges.

Atop a flowing marble island.. Lies.. What remains of Olivia  
Maxwell.

M.I.A

Oh my.

Her body has been butchered. Arms hacked off at the shoulder,  
legs sawed off at the knee, head carefully placed atop her  
chest.

Her fingers have been cut off and brutally stuffed into eye  
sockets, nose and mouth.

Deater's H.U.D tracks the blood splatters. Cataloguing limbs,  
items in the kitchen.

A bloody cleaver rests on an ornate oak cutting board.

Deater's approaches the body.

LIEUTENANT LILIAN FROST(40s) close cropped grey hair, high  
cheek bones. Dour demeanour.

LIEUTENANT FROST

The hell is he doing here?

DEATER KAYNE

(ignoring the question)

Frost.

LIEUTENANT FROST  
Are either of you desk jockeys  
cleared for this?

Deater shrugs.

Frost isn't happy with his lack of answer.

LIEUTENANT FROST (CONT'D)  
I'm being serious.

DEATER KAYNE  
Take it up with the chief.

Frost eyes Carmen- looking for confirmation.

Deater uses the momentary distraction to slip past them.

Deater shucks his jacket off wiry shoulders revealing - his upper body - not flesh but grey metal - titanium if we're being particular.

Deater isn't just a regular man, he's a combination

Man - Machine - synthesis.

Frost sneers.

LIEUTENANT FROST  
Don't get in my way.

She struts off towards a collection of plain clothed Detectives who stand clustered around the kitchens marble island.

DETECTIVE ENGRAM(29) Hairline like a horseshoe, scruffy beard, beady eyes.

DETECTIVE BAHRAMI(32) Drill sergeant cut, big jowls, faint smell of menthols.

DETECTIVE KAMAKA(28) Dark braids, bags under her eyes, the hints of traditional tribal under a rolled up sleeves.

DETECTIVE KAMAKA  
You remember that case back in 74?

DETECTIVE ENGRAM  
You watch too many vids.

DETECTIVE BAHRAMI  
Angel 6?

DETECTIVE KAMAKA

Yea.

DETECTIVE BAHRAMI

I've heard of it.

DETECTIVE ENGRAM

Back in the friggin stone age.

(beat)

Kayne still had a wife back than.

Deater ignores them.

They snicker.

DETECTIVE KAMAKA

You sure?

DETECTIVE ENGRAM

(to Deater)

How is she by the way?

DETECTIVE ENGRAM (CONT'D)

You know it's got to be comforting-knowing that no matter how hard you screw up, mommy dearest can sweep in and solve all your problems.

(Deater is used to this.)

The benefits of fuckward mobility.

MORGAN

You think that's fuckin funny?

DETECTIVE ENGRAM

Hilarious.

DEATER KAYNE

(to morgan.)

Leave it.

MORGAN

(to: Deater)

Are you serious?

DETECTIVE ENGRAM

(mocking)

Are you serious?

MORGAN

Your a fucking disgrace.

DETECTIVE KAMAKA

Disgrace? You know what I call a fucking disgrace.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE KAMAKA (CONT'D)  
 Letting a couple a fucking  
 murderous modheads loose. That's a  
 fucking disgrace.  
 (they all look to Deater)

LIEUTENANT FROST  
 (she's enjoying this)  
 Gentlemen- lets be professional.

Morgan shakes her head.

LIEUTENANT FROST (CONT'D)  
 Let it go Keenum.  
 (beat)  
 Lets get this show on the road.  
 (beat)  
 Don't worry about our guests, i'm  
 sure they'll be able to keep up.

Morgan frowns-

The crime scene simulation begins.

Kamaka, Engram and Bahrani move through the space with  
 practiced ease and confidence.

DETECTIVE BAHRAMI  
 You ever seen anything like this  
 Frost?

LIEUTENANT FROST  
 Up in North Beach, guy kebab'd his  
 business partner, hit him over the  
 head with a crowbar, cut him up and  
 fed him through a kitchen aid.

DETECTIVE BAHRAMI  
 Brutal.

DETECTIVE ENGRAM  
 Jesus.

LIEUTENANT FROST  
 (beat)  
 Back in the old mk 1 days.

Deater ignores the banter- focusing on the blood stained  
 marble tiles.

DETECTIVE BAHRAMI  
 The wild west.

DETECTIVE KAMAKA  
 Times change.

DETECTIVE ENGRAM

They'll let anyone on the force  
these days.

LIEUTENANT FROST

There's always another jacked up  
metal head. Pumped full of stims  
waiting to ruin someones day.

Something about this whole scene, feels odd.

*Stamping feet*

The door to the kitchen pushes open.

CHIEF ANDERSON(50s) clean shaven, hard eyes, cold demeanour.  
Looks a bit like Idris Elba's second cousin.

The detectives all turn, diverting their total attention to  
the chief.

LIEUTENANT FROST (CONT'D)

Chief.

CHIEF ANDERSON

Give me good news Frost.

LIEUTENANT FROST

Sir.

Anderson approaches the body - nose wrinkling.

CHIEF ANDERSON

How lovely.

Deater takes the distraction to check out the rest of the  
kitchen. His eyes sliding over each surface.

A cracked piece of marble counter, a wooden serving spoon  
abandoned halfway into a drawer.

LIEUTENANT FROST

Vic, female, late 30s. T.O.D  
Between 11-130 am. Cause of death  
is currently u.n.k, predictive  
seems unable to lock anything in  
above 42% probability. Few  
competing matrix sims.

CHIEF ANDERSON

What's the best guess?

DETECTIVE ENGRAM

Sir.



CHIEF ANDERSON

Yes.

DETECTIVE ENGRAM

While they aren't all sure about the exact method, there's plenty of overlap.

CHIEF ANDERSON

Do We have enough here?

DETECTIVE ENGRAM

Hard to say--

DETECTIVE KAMAKA

If we were able to scraped more off the bodycams but without forensic it may be tricky.

CHIEF ANDERSON

Lose the techno babble.

Silence.

DETECTIVE KAMAKA

We--

Frost turns annoyed at the interruption.

DEATER KAYNE

We currently have no secondary sources, no sound/video, without a baseline even high intelligence algo's can't crack everything.

CHIEF ANDERSON

Why can't we get a cause of death?

Deater turns intrigued by the question.

DETECTIVE KAMAKA

I mean look at it sir.

He approaches the corpse. Eyes darting up the curve of a bloody forearm.

CHIEF ANDERSON

Thats one helluva wake up call.

DETECTIVE KAMAKA

A.N.N isn't getting enough telemetry from lidar scanning.

CHIEF ANDERSON  
Whadaya think detective?

DETECTIVE KAMAKA  
I dunno sir. Models seem to suggest  
a physical assault but without any  
forensics I don't know if the  
models will be able too-

CHIEF ANDERSON  
I'm not asking for the computers  
opinion. I'm asking for yours.  
Detective.

Kamaka stutters.

DETECTIVE ENGRAM  
Sir I think if we just take the  
time to let the sims run well home  
in on our answer-

Deater steps back from the body - examining the room - he  
spots his target.

CHIEF ANDERSON  
How long is that gonna take.

DETECTIVE ENGRAM  
Depending on the complexity a  
couple days.

CHIEF ANDERSON  
A couple days?? This guy just  
murdered two police officers in  
cold blood.

LIEUTENANT FROST  
Sir I'm aware.

CHIEF ANDERSON  
Are you? Because we are about to be  
ground zero for a media shit storm  
the likes of which you nor I want  
to be apart of. Fact of the matter  
is if we have nothing on this guy -  
someone who may or may not be a  
potential deranged serial murderer.  
And I tell the media well guys I'm  
just gonna have to wait around for  
a few days for the models do decide  
if they'll cooperate.

LIEUTENANT FROST

These systems are some of the highest quality-

CHIEF ANDERSON

You try telling that to the public- see how much they give a shit- I need answers and I need them soon. Im going to need to tell them something.

LIEUTENANT FROST

Sir we are police officers justice has no deadline-

CHIEF ANDERSON

Jesus fucking Christ you're stupid. Do some goddamn detective work for the love of Christ.

LIEUTENANT FROST

Sir? This directly contradicts our S.O.P's.

CHIEF ANDERSON

Fuck the S.O.Ps this is supposed to be a pretty simple question. WHEN DID SHE DIE--

DEATER KAYNE

Between 2 and 3am.

CHIEF ANDERSON

Finally-

LIEUTENANT FROST

(to Deater)

The 911 was at 19:50. That's impossible.

Deater shrugs.

LIEUTENANT FROST (CONT'D)

Sir respectfully he has no qualifications to be answering this question.

Chief turns to Deater - a question hiding beneath his frown.

"well what do you have to say for yourself, son?"

DEATER KAYNE

Incongruent temperature across the fascia.

LIEUTENANT FROST

(amused)

Incongruent- fascia- have you taken  
up pathology in your spare time  
mr.Kayne?

Deater starts pulling open drawers.

LIEUTENANT FROST (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

(beat)

Stop him.

MORGAN

Give him a second.

LIEUTENANT FROST

A second? He's contaminating the  
crime scene.

(beat)

Detective please.

Engram moves forward arms outstretched.

CHIEF ANDERSON

Kayne?

Deater pulls open a bottom drawer with a flourish.

DEATER KAYNE

Elevated moisture seeping through  
the epidermis-

CHIEF ANDERSON

Kayne- explain-

DEATER KAYNE

it's a distraction.

CHIEF ANDERSON

What is?

DEATER KAYNE

The posing.

CHIEF ANDERSON

I don't understand.

DEATER KAYNE

Whoever did this- they really want  
us to be looking at this scene in a  
particular way.

CHIEF ANDERSON  
And what way is that?

Deater pauses.

LIEUTENANT FROST  
Look this seems fairly  
straightforward, husband is missing  
wife found murdered no signs of  
forced entry. Whoever this is had  
to have gotten in from the inside.

CHIEF ANDERSON  
Jesus Christ took you long enough.

LIEUTENANT FROST  
Posing generally suggests a  
compulsion- dismemberment- an  
obsession. We're dealing with a  
serial killer--

CHIEF ANDERSON  
You think he'll kill again?

DEATER KAYNE  
No

LIEUTENANT FROST  
Yes.

CHIEF ANDERSON  
Kayne?

LIEUTENANT FROST  
Respectfully sure he shouldn't even  
be here.

CHIEF ANDERSON  
What do you have to say for  
yourself.

DEATER KAYNE  
No- we're dealing with someone who  
really wants us to think they're a  
serial killer.

LIEUTENANT FROST  
This is a murder not a conspiracy  
theory. What evidence do you have  
that supports this?

Deater shrugs.

DEATER KAYNE

Whoever did this isn't stupid- I'll bet you money they're isn't a print, dna match in this place.

LIEUTENANT FROST

You don't think someone who chops they're victim up and poses them couldn't be extremely clever?

DEATER KAYNE

It's possible, but there's a vast distance between what's possible and whats probable. A compulsive killer isn't generally someone with the forethought to murder someone on a non porous surface. In a temperature controlled room.

(beat)

This is all calculated. Designed perfectly for us to exit this scene with a specific conclusion.

LIEUTENANT FROST

Look we can sit around forever debating the to be or not to be of this guy but it's not getting us any closer to solving the case.

CHIEF ANDERSON

She's right Kayne.

Deater frowns.

DEATER KAYNE

I mean-

CHIEF ANDERSON

Look- I don't have time for this the mayor wants blood- VC capitol is the lifeblood of this city we can't afford to spook all the new money. Not now.

(Deater wants to say something - but thinks better of it)

Assess the scene for digital footprints- and R.T.B

DEATER KAYNE

Yes, sir.

INT. MANSION. FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Deater slots a data jack into a maintenance panel. Scrolling through security notifications with practiced ease.

A glowering Lieutenant Frost approaches.

LIEUTENANT FROST  
Whats your deal?

DEATER KAYNE  
My deal?

LIEUTENANT FROST  
Come striding onto my scene making  
me look like a fucking idiot.

DEATER KAYNE  
Just doing my job.

LIEUTENANT FROST  
Really?

DEATER KAYNE  
I know that may seem unusual to  
some of us.

LIEUTENANT FROST  
Do we have a problem here?  
(beat)  
Cus i'm starting to feel like we've  
got a problem.

DEATER KAYNE  
No problem.

LIEUTENANT FROST  
I encourage you to keep it that  
way. Comprende?

DEATER KAYNE  
Good luck with that.

LIEUTENANT FROST  
(leaning in)  
Friendly advice.

Deater isn't impressed.

LIEUTENANT FROST (CONT'D)  
Don't fuck with me, son.

Frost claps Deater on the shoulder walking off.

M.I.A  
What was that?

DEATER KAYNE  
You can take the human out of the  
playground-

M.I.A  
I don't understand.

DEATER KAYNE  
It's a metaphor.

M.I.A  
Ah.

Morgan sidles up.

MORGAN  
This place is wild. Security is  
tighter than the LT's asshole.

Mia laughs.

Beat

M.I.A  
(to Deater)  
Why aren't you laughing?

MORGAN  
Old pouty lips here doesn't  
understand the human propensity for  
humour.

DEATER KAYNE  
(motioning to Frost)  
She's going to be a problem.

MORGAN  
Oh please, another blowhard added  
to the mile long of list of people  
I can't fucking stand.  
(beat)  
Can you hear that?

M.I.A  
Hear what?

MORGAN  
The worlds smallest violin playing  
a tune.



M.I.A  
Wouldn't that have an adverse  
affect on the acoustics?

DEATER KAYNE  
Metaphor.

M.I.A  
You humans and your rhetorical  
mystique.

Deater's hud flashes - incoming call - interrupting the  
conversation.

Deater swipes to answer it.

DEATER KAYNE  
Yes.

ACE KAYNE  
Dad?

DEATER KAYNE  
...Whats up?

ACE KAYNE  
Could you, uh, come get me--

DEATER KAYNE  
Where is she?

ACE KAYNE  
I know your busy.

DEATER KAYNE  
It's fine.