

VIVIAN  
"PILOT"

Written by

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**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

WHAM! A fist bashes into a man's face and blood sprays. He WHIMPERS.

THE DOCTOR (O.C.)  
I fear you have overestimated your  
value to me.

A SHADOW looms over the bloodied man's face. He's tied to a chair in the middle of a long-forgotten warehouse. He's been here a while.

BLOODIED MAN  
I don't know. I swear I don't. I  
swear--

WHAM! Blood starts pooling in his mouth. He COUGHS out a tooth. He's BLUBBERING. The shadow does not move.

THE DOCTOR (O.C.)  
This miscalculation, this error on  
your part... is taking up too much  
of my time.

TWO MEN move to stand behind the bloodied man. One holds a knife.

BLOODIED MAN  
I've told you everything.  
Everything! I promise. There was no  
one else there!

THE DOCTOR (O.C.)  
One man did all of this?

We see flashes of the surrounding area.

- 1) Armed bodies strewn about. Some mutilated.
- 2) A man with no arm dangling from the ceiling. The veins on his face look swollen and engorged. His eyes are pearlescent.
- 3) Crates smashed open and emptied.

Back to the doomed man weeping in the chair.

BLOODIED MAN  
It was a monster.

THE DOCTOR (60s, male, scarred, burly) emerges. He wears a pristine white suit. A sweet smile on his wrinkled face.

THE DOCTOR

My boy, do you think someone my age  
still believes in fairytales?

The bloodied man goes to speak but The Doctor places a finger  
over his lips.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

We don't need stories in this  
world. Men are monsters enough.

One of the men comes from behind and slits the bloodied man's  
neck. A white sleeve turns pink.

SMASH TO BLACK:

**EXT. GOLDEN CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

San Francisco 100 years in the future. Art Deco futurism  
reigns supreme. An overly electrified Gatsby-scape.

The sidewalks are overpopulated and nearly every building  
brandishes some form of electronic advertising. There is also  
an intense police and military presence. While the police are  
armed, the MEN and WOMEN in MILITARY UNIFORMS wear light gear  
and brandish uniquely designed GAUNTLETS on their hands.

A time-lapse to morning ensues and...

**INT. VIVIAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

An alarm starts blaring. VIVIAN THORNTON (late 20s, female)  
sits up in bed, groggy she wipes her eyes. A robotic voice  
rings out in the bedroom.

CYRUS

Good morning, Miss Thornton. It is  
currently-

VIVIAN

Cyrus shut up.

The noise stops.

CYRUS

You know, a please wouldn't hurt.

She groans before dragging herself out of bed.

**INT. VIVIAN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

She stands in front of the mirror and haphazardly brushes a hand through her hair. She notices BLOOD still caked under her fingernails.

VIVIAN  
Goddammit.

**INT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

The apartment is well-lived in but clean. Generic decor except for multiple SCREEN DISPLAYS showcasing a conspiracy map riddled with crossed-out faces and very few remaining red lines.

A small black box device hums out a constant stream of police reports and activity.

Vivian migrates over to the couch. The coffee table is an organized mess: dozens of printouts of blueprints and employee profiles, and two different cell phone-like devices. One rings with an unsaved number.

CYRUS  
Are you gonna pick that up or just  
let it ring forever?

VIVIAN  
I was getting to it.

She picks up.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Hello-

CALLER (O.S.)  
Hello? Is this the right connection  
for Vivian Thornton?

VIVIAN  
Yes, may I ask who's calling?

CALLER (O.S.)  
Oh, yes. My name is Harry  
Claremont. I'm calling about my  
son. He hasn't been home-

VIVIAN  
I'm sorry, Mr. Claremont was it?

HARRY (O.S.)  
Yes, that's right.

The device gets an incoming call from "The Office".

VIVIAN

Listen, I'm sorry sir but small or personal cases should be directed elsewhere. The police have decent referrals but I only deal with corporate-level clientele-

HARRY (O.S.)

Yes, I know but you worked-

VIVIAN

I'm sorry. I wish you the best of luck, really.

She hangs up and answers the other call. We don't hear the other end.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Got it. I can be there in thirty.

She hangs up and heads back to the bedroom.

CYRUS

Pre-cooling your carrier now.  
Traffic puts your ETA at  
approximately eight hundred.

VIVIAN

Thanks, Cyrus.

#### **INT. GCPD STATION - MORNING**

The police station is bustling as per usual. They seem to have more gear than they know what to do with.

OFFICER GREG CRONJAGER (late 30s, male, stocky) is chatting with OFFICER SMITTY (early 40s, male).

OFFICER CRONJAGER

They've been in there for three hours or at least I've been here for that long and they haven't left.

He nods his head over towards an office. The windows are glazed over but you can make out shadows moving around.

OFFICER SMITTY

Any clue what it's about?

OFFICER CRONJAGER  
I would assume the warehouse. This  
is what? The third incident-

OFFICER SMITTY  
Fourth.

OFFICER CRONJAGER  
Fourth, whatever. I imagine they're  
starting to get a lotta heat. I  
can't shake the feeling that  
Thornton girl is involved.

OFFICER SMITTY  
You always think she's involved.

OFFICER CRONJAGER  
I'm usually right.

OFFICER SMITTY  
You're usually wrong. At best half-  
right.

OFFICER CRONJAGER  
Alright.

OFFICER SMITTY  
You're like that old saying about  
broken clocks.

OFFICER CRONJAGER  
Alright!

Smitty gives a gesture of surrender.

**INT. LIEUTENANT THERESA AMTHOR'S OFFICE- SAME TIME**

LIEUTENANT THERESA AMTHOR (early 50s, female) sits at her  
desk exhausted and annoyed as DETECTIVE SIMON LENNOX (early  
30s, male) paces back and forth clicking a STRANGE LIGHTER on  
and off. He's at the manic stage of sleep deprivation.

DT. LENNOX  
We have to tell somebody.

LT. AMTHOR  
We don't have to do jack shit,  
Simon. And would you please stop  
with that?

He seems shocked to find the lighter in his hand and quickly  
shoves it into his pocket. The pacing continues.

DT. LENNOX

This isn't some back alley mugging.  
The public should know-

LT. AMTHOR

The public should know what it can  
handle. Listen, we both should get  
some rest.

DT. LENNOX

We could at least bring this to the  
Militia. This could confirm that  
Heru has made it into the city.

LT. AMTHOR

We have no idea that it's Heru.

DT. LENNOX

Forensics will show it's the serum.

LT. AMTHOR

Forensics won't come back with  
anything. Just like the first time,  
the second, and the third.

DT. LENNOX

I get it.

LT. AMTHOR

No, I don't think you do. We are  
not equipped to deal with what  
we've found in those warehouses.

DT. LENNOX

I have to disagree.

LT. AMTHOR

You've done great work on this  
force. For years, great work. But  
the way you're wrapped up in  
this... It's not right Simon.

DT. LENNOX

I'm putting in good hours. I might  
have a lead.

LT. AMTHOR

You're putting in too many hours.  
And chasing a crazy conspiracy that  
could get us both excommunicated!

Lennox finally stops pacing. He faces Amthor.

DT. LENNOX  
You're gonna take me off this,  
aren't you?

LT. AMTHOR  
I'm politely forcing you to take a  
different case.

DT. LENNOX  
"Politely forcing". That's a new  
one.

LT. AMTHOR  
I'm going to ignore that.

DT. LENNOX  
You can't do this.

LT. AMTHOR  
I can do as I please. In case you  
forgot Detective you work for me!

Amthor gathers herself. Lennox slightly shell-shocked by the  
outburst.

LT. AMTHOR (CONT'D)  
Now, there are rumors about an  
informant roaming around. It's  
supposedly related to a member of  
The Hippocrat. I want you to join  
Officer Cronjager in looking into  
it.

DT. LENNOX  
Chasing rumors with Greg? You've  
got to be fucking kidding me.

LT. AMTHOR  
Listen, Simon, I'm not doing this  
as your Lieutenant, I'm doing this  
as your friend.

DT. LENNOX  
For now.

LT. AMTHOR  
For now.

DT. LENNOX  
If I just said "fine" and walked  
out of here would that be  
convincing enough?



LT. AMTHOR  
Not at all. But I'd take it over  
you leaving track marks on my  
carpet.

DT. LENNOX  
Fine.

**INT. GCPD STATION - SECONDS LATER**

Lennox marches out of Amthor's office and beelines toward  
Officer Cronjager and Officer Smitty.

OFFICER CRONJAGER  
Please tell me he's not coming over  
to us.

OFFICER SMITTY  
With that murderous look, I'd say  
he's marching to you not me.

Officer Smitty quickly leaves as Dt. Lennox arrives.

DT. LENNOX  
Greg.

OFFICER CRONJAGER  
Simon.

DT. LENNOX  
I need you to brief me on the  
informant rumors. Walk and talk.

The two make their way through the station towards an area  
called the CARRIER BAY.

OFFICER CRONJAGER  
Oh, my case?

DT. LENNOX  
Our case now.

OFFICER CRONJAGER  
Well, my case first.

A glare from Lennox.

OFFICER CRONJAGER (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I've been working on  
tracking down the rumored rat but  
people aren't quick to talk.

DT. LENNOX

The lieutenant mentioned the big guys might be tied up in this.

OFFICER CRONJAGER

You see that's the thing. I don't know if it's legit. Supposedly someone's jumped ship from The Doc.

Lennox comes to a full stop. Genuine shock on his face.

DT. LENNOX

Someone is willing to spill on The Doctor?

OFFICER CRONJAGER

So says the streets.

DT. LENNOX

Any leads?

OFFICER CRONJAGER

You think anyone in their right mind is gonna help us go against The Hippocrat?

DT. LENNOX

Good point. We should hit up other precincts first. Then I got a couple of places we should check out but we got to get going.

They keep heading out.

OFFICER CRONJAGER

There's no way we're finding this guy in one piece.

DT. LENNOX

Probably not Greg, probably not.

#### **INT. THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING**

A long bland hallway in shades of grey and white. A few people are milling about in business attire affixed with odd technology and the same flashy AMULET of the CADUCEUS around their necks.

Vivian is takes long confident strides. Fixes what seems to be a GUN holstered behind her back.

She pushes open a door and walks into...

**INT. THE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

It looks like a pediatrician's waiting room from the 90's.

Vivian spots THE RECEPTIONIST (20s, female-presenting, uncanny valley) but looks confused and makes her way over.

VIVIAN

Hello. You're new here, aren't you?

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to the Doctor's Office. How may I assist you?

There's a clipped manner to the way she speaks and the unsettling grin plastered on her face only makes it worse.

VIVIAN

Do I get to ask what happened to Sarah?

RECEPTIONIST

She was decommissioned.

VIVIAN

What? When?

RECEPTIONIST

What can I help you with today Miss?

VIVIAN

Right. Well, I'm Vivian Thornton. Last minute meeting with the Doctor. Just got booked this morning.

RECEPTIONIST

So, no appointment?

VIVIAN

Uh, no sorry. Got a call and I came. I've been here quite a few times.

The receptionist types on a keyboard for a moment.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, I see here. Welcome back, Miss Thornton. Are there any toys you wish to declare?

VIVIAN

Nope. Just came in for a quick check-up.

Vivian's demeanor doesn't change a bit. She's a good liar.

RECEPTIONIST

Your file shows you usually check in with a kaleidoscope. 9 colors. Very traditional.

VIVIAN

Left it at home today. Was in a bit of a rush.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, Miss Thornton, the Doctor will see you now if you would just follow me.

VIVIAN

Thank you.

Vivian follows the Receptionist down a tight corridor and they stop at a door.

RECEPTIONIST

Please do not inquire about Sarah again.

VIVIAN

I-

RECEPTIONIST

Have a pleasant appointment, Vivian Thornton.

She leaves Vivian alone at the door.