

HOLE IN THE SKY "PILOT"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

SUPER: KAPUSTIN YAR COSMODROME, RUSSIA - 2018

EXT. KAPUSTIN YAR LAUNCH FACILITY, RUSSIA - DAY

A huge spacecraft launch complex in the Russian steppes. Heavily guarded despite this being the middle of nowhere.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR DETENTION CENTER - DAY

An imposing security door at the end of a long, harshly-lit corridor.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR DETENTION CELL - DAY

An austere prison cell, faintly illuminated by purple light.

WOLF, 50, unremarkable-looking and dressed in grey overalls, sits on a chair in the middle of the cell. On the floor in front of him is a metallic cube, three inches on each side.

A rapidly-changing series of images, some rotating and three-dimensional, are projected above the cube inside a transparent sphere roughly five feet in diameter:

Building diagrams. Topographical maps. Star charts. Chemical formulas.

Wolf studies the images while periodically clenching and unclenching his right fist.

A mixture of SOUNDS - recorded MUSIC, people TALKING in various languages, birds SINGING - bounces off the walls.

EXT. WOLF'S CELL - DAY

TROPOV, a uniformed guard, late 20s, KICKS the cell door. He holds a tray piled high with a dark, oily substance - glistening and repulsive.

TROPOV
(in Russian, subtitled)
Wolf! Move to the back of the cell!

He looks through the cell door peephole and sees Wolf in the far corner, taking off his clothes.

Tropov kneels and shoves the tray through a slot at the bottom of the door.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Two uniformed guards, SASHA and MISHA, both in their 30s, sit in front of a bank of monitors. They speak in Russian, subtitled.

MISHA

Aren't you on meal duty today?

SASHA

Yeah, but I made the new guy do it.

Sasha punches up the feed of Wolf's cell. On the monitor, Wolf - now naked - walks to the tray and crouches beside it.

MISHA

The new guy - he's Blocked, right?

Sasha turns to Misha.

EXT. WOLF'S CELL - DAY

Tropov heads away from Wolf's cell, then stops abruptly.

SASHA (O.S.)

(over a loudspeaker)

Tropov - get the fuck out of there!
Hurry!

Tropov turns around. Walks back to Wolf's cell. Unlocks the door.

The door BURSTS open. Tropov is knocked to the ground.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Sasha, watching the monitor, slams his fist on a large red panic button. An ear-shattering ALARM goes off.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

SUPER: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE ACADEMY, ELYSIAN PARK - DAY

A complex of buildings, gardens, and training facilities set in the hills of Elysian Park. Block lettering above the entrance to the central building reads: LOS ANGELES POLICE ACADEMY.

Near the main offices, a graduation ceremony for new police officers has just concluded. MUSIC, LAUGHTER, snippets of multiple CONVERSATIONS.

Thomas RIORDAN, 30, lean and fit, wearing an LAPD police officer uniform, stands apart from a group of about forty new officers. Most are surrounded by family and friends.

One of the new officers, VAZQUEZ, early 20s, approaches with ROSIE, also early 20s.

RIORDAN

Hey, Vaz.

VAZQUEZ

We did it, old man! This is my girlfriend, Rosie.

Riordan and Rosie shake hands.

ROSIE

(to Riordan)

Congratulations.

(to VAZQUEZ, in Spanish)

He looks like a normal guy.

RIORDAN

I am a normal guy.

ROSIE

Sorry. It's just that I've heard a lot about you.

VAZQUEZ

(to Rosie)

Dude is the ultimate bad-ass, even though he's, like, my dad's age.

RIORDAN
 (to Rosie)
 I'm thirty.

ROSIE
 Where's your family? This is a big day.

RIORDAN
 I...uh...yeah. No family.

ROSIE
 Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't-

VAZQUEZ
 (cuts in)
 Party at my place tonight. Be there.

RIORDAN
 Thanks, but I can't make it. Some other time.

Vazquez tugs on Rosie's arm.

VAZQUEZ
 Sure, old man. Some other time.

EXT. LAPD ACADEMY PARKING LOT - DAY

The lot is full of police vehicles and civilian cars.

Riordan unlocks the door to his old Toyota as CAPTAIN WICKER, mid 40s, approaches.

WICKER
 Officer Riordan. Congratulations.

RIORDAN
 Thank you, Captain.

WICKER
 Apparently, you didn't find the academy very challenging.

RIORDAN
 Sir?

WICKER
 Top of your class in fitness, firearms, defensive tactics, and academics. In my twenty-five years on the job, that's a first.

RIORDAN

Yes, sir.

Wicker looks around. Moves closer to Riordan.

WICKER

Did you see your psychological evaluation?

RIORDAN

No, sir.

WICKER

PTSD. Textbook case, according to the shrink. Frankly, I'm worried about your ability to handle the stresses of police work.

RIORDAN

I appreciate your concern, sir, but I'm good to go.

WICKER

I objected - strenuously - to your hiring, but I was overruled. By the chief, in fact. A former military man like yourself.

Wicker makes a micro-adjustment to Riordan's uniform name tag.

WICKER (CONT'D)

I'll be tracking your job performance very closely.

RIORDAN

Thank you, sir.

Wicker claps Riordan on the shoulder.

WICKER

I'm trying to do you a favor. Think about what I said.

Riordan watches as Wicker walks away.

EXT. LAX - DAY

An Aeroflot jet lands.

INT. LAX BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

Wolf stands near the carousel. His right fist clenches and unclenches.

An elderly lady, ELIZABETH, fumbles with her luggage. Her outfit includes a crimson-colored silk scarf.

Wolf approaches her.

WOLF
(in perfect, unaccented
English)
You need help.

ELIZABETH
Thank you, but that's not
necessary.

Wolf stares at her. She winces.

WOLF
You have a Lincoln Town Car.

ELIZABETH
Pardon me?

WOLF
Elizabeth, isn't it? You like jazz
music.

Elizabeth is freaked out. She looks around.

ELIZABETH
Maybe I should....

Wolf takes her suitcase.

WOLF
Where to?

EXT. LOS ANGELES SURFACE STREET - DAY

Wolf sits behind the wheel of a Lincoln Town Car, stopped at a light. He clenches and unclenches his right fist.

At the rear of the Lincoln, a tiny scrap of crimson-colored silk sticks out from underneath the trunk lid.

EXT. LAPD ACADEMY PARKING LOT - DAY

The parking lot is noticeably emptier, but Riordan's Toyota hasn't moved.

INT. RIORDAN'S TOYOTA - DAY

Riordan, in the driver's seat, stares at a crumpled black-and-white photo:

Six men in desert fatigues - Riordan and five other soldiers - posed in front of a CH-47 Chinook helicopter. A snow-capped mountain range looms in the distance, beyond the Chinook.

EXT. LAPD ACADEMY PARKING LOT - DAY

In front of the Toyota, an LAPD patrol vehicle's lightbar is activated. Strobing red and blue lights, brilliant even in broad daylight.

INT. RIORDAN'S TOYOTA - DAY

Riordan's attention is drawn to the strobing lights.

He sees red and blue merge together and form a nebulous, pulsating purple cloud. The faint sound of a helicopter's THRUM (O.S) becomes audible.

Abruptly, a LOUD BANG! Riordan reacts. The cloud vanishes and the helicopter THRUM falls silent.

EXT. RIORDAN'S TOYOTA - DAY

Vazquez LAUGHS as he THUMPS on the hood of Riordan's car with his palm.

VAZQUEZ
Wake up, old man!

INT. RIORDAN'S TOYOTA - DAY

Riordan raises a hand in acknowledgement. Vazquez waves and walks away.

Riordan rests his head on the steering wheel, but only for a second. He takes a last look at the snapshot, stuffs it into a shirt pocket, and starts the Toyota.

EXT. LAX - NIGHT

An Asiana Airlines jet taxis to a terminal.

INT. LAX CUSTOMS KIOSK - NIGHT

LARISA, 30-something, attractive in a no-nonsense way, shows a beat-up Russian passport to a customs official, DAVIS. She's been on the road for a long time, and it shows.

Davis examines the passport.

DAVIS
Purpose of your visit?

LARISA
(in perfect, unaccented
English)
I'm trying to track down an old
friend.

Davis flips through several stamped pages.

DAVIS
You sure this friend of yours wants
to be found?

LARISA
Oh, he's anxiously awaiting our
reunion.

Davis looks at Larisa, then stamps the passport and slides it toward her.

DAVIS
Good luck, then.

LARISA
Thanks. I'm overdue for some good
luck.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

A sprawling military base surrounded by urban sprawl. Cars line up at the main gate/security checkpoint.

INT. ENDICOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

A standard office: desk, chairs, computer, filing cabinets, bookshelves.

Behind the desk: an I-love-me wall covered with plaques, unit patches, and framed photos of a man dressed in a flight suit, posing with various fighter aircraft.

On another wall: a large monitor displaying two images, side-by-side - Larisa's Russian passport photo, and a video still image of Larisa in an LAX terminal.

Lieutenant Colonel ENDICOTT, the man in the wall photos - early 40s, fit, dressed in an Air Force uniform - paces back and forth.

HENDERSON, early 40s and in civilian clothes, sits facing Endicott.

HENDERSON

Larisa Terchenko. Her visa application says she's a schoolteacher, but NSA has ID'd her as a Russian Air Force captain. Assigned to Kapustin Yar, of all places. Home to Operation Stileto.

ENDICOTT

Visa fraud. Contact Immigration and get her kicked out.

HENDERSON

If she's connected to Stileto, we need to find out what she's doing here.

Endicott sits at his desk and begins to tap on the desk with a large, blue-jeweled ring on his right hand. A military academy ring.

ENDICOTT

She's Volkov's spy. That's good enough for me.

HENDERSON

An active-duty military officer, traveling in true name and with no cover, on a spy mission? No way - something else is going on.

ENDICOTT

Henderson - sometimes I wonder if you realize who's in charge.

HENDERSON

There's no doubt in my mind about who's in charge, sir.

ENDICOTT

Okay - put surveillance on her.

HENDERSON

Already done. In anticipation of your order.

ENDICOTT

Something else has come up - a female reporter from the Times. Amy something. She's asking questions about Infinite Shield.

HENDERSON

That doesn't sound good.

ENDICOTT

Very insightful. Handle it.

Henderson stands up.

HENDERSON

Understood.

ENDICOTT

One other thing - Riordan. From the 57th. What's his status?

HENDERSON

Well, I know that shortly after the, uh, incident, he separated from active duty service - punched out.

ENDICOTT

And he's keeping a low profile.

HENDERSON

Yes, as far as I know. I don't think he's looking for trouble.

Endicott turns his attention to a pile of paperwork on his desk.

ENDICOTT

He'd better not be.