

BRILLIANT GENIUS

By

Collin Gossel

COLD OPEN

INT. CARLYE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CARLYE STEEL, late 50's, white and balding, sits in a FANCY OFFICE lit only by his desk lamp.

Outside his door, an empty bullpen is dark and quiet.

As he types at the computer, a SHADOW rounds the corner

It catches Carlye's eye. He SHOUTS!

PHIL, the janitor, steps back in surprise. Carlye laughs with relief.

PHIL

Sorry, Mr. Steel, just taking out the trash.

CARLYE

Oh it's alright, Phil, you just startled me.

Phil begins taking out the trash.

PHIL

If you don't mind me saying, I must be the last person to see you here alive. Almost seems like someone's gonna get murdered - so ominous in the office late at night.

CARLYE

Don't worry - I've unlocked all the doors so when it's time to go, I can just zoom right out. Hey, have you heard about my money?

PHIL

No. How is it?

CARLYE

Better than ever! A very wealthy relative of mine just passed away and, on top of that, I'm mixed up in some super shady business ventures. Seriously, some really bad, dangerous shit. It's paying incredibly well! I have more money than ever, with no records or paper trail holding me back.

PHIL
Congratulations, sir. I'm flattered
you would tell me!

CARLYE
Heck, I'm telling everyone! I'm so
happy!

PHIL
So what are you doing here so late?

CARLYE
Oh, you know, just deleting all my
emails, clearing the data off my
phone, and taking all past and
future events off my calendar.
Sometimes it just helps to freshen
up with a clean slate. In fact, you
know what, Phil? Take my business
records. Shred them.

Carlye hands him a stack of papers.

PHIL
Are you sure, Mr. Steel? These
records could have some valuable
clues in them.

CARLYE
Phil, I've never been more sure of
anything in my life. Take those
files and shred them. And swear
right now, on your mother's soul,
that you will never tell anyone
anything I've told you tonight.

PHIL
Well of course, Mr. Steel!

CARLYE
Great.

As Phil puts the papers into his trash can, Carlye laughs to
himself.

PHIL
What's so funny, sir?

CARLYE
Oh, just this little joke I have.
Every day, I go onto my own
Wikipedia page and change the
"died" date to today.

PHIL

To whatever day it is that day?

CARLYE

No, I always change it to today's date specifically. February 19th, 2021! It's my little joke. Today just happens to be that day - what a coincidence!

PHIL

That is funny!

They laugh.

CARLYE

Ok, Phil, get out!

Phil nods his head and exits with the rolling trash can.

Carlye goes back to his typing.

After several seconds, a LOOMING SHADOW lurches into sight.

Carlye jumps with a shout!

CARLYE (CONT'D)

Oh, it's just my desk lamp. Silly me, hello lamp!

Another shadow looms from another direction.

Carlye jumps with a shout!

Carlye now addresses the camera as it moves closer and closer:

CARLYE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, it's just you. Aren't you normally at the other place right now? Is this because of those events from our past? I said I wasn't something about that! Wait, put that weapon away! Please don't do this - you're my friend or family member or acquaintance! Noooooo!!

SMASH CUT to MAIN TITLES accompanied by NEW ORLEANS JAZZ and B-roll of the FRENCH QUARTER.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. RECEPTION DESK - MORNING

The generic reception area seems like it'd fit better in LA (or maybe Vancouver) than New Orleans.

SOLOMON KARL (late 40's) walks up to the reception counter with his assistant SANDRA LONG (early 30's).

He is wearing a tight TWEED JACKET and she's in a fashionable, light-colored PANTSUIT.

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to New Orleans Business,
how can I help you?

SOLOMON

Hello there, my name is Solomon
Karl. This is my assistant Sandra
Long, we're here to aid in the
investigation.

RECEPTIONIST

One moment please.

As the RECEPTIONIST dials the phone, Solomon sees her HAND.

SOLOMON

Congratulations on the big day.

RECEPTIONIST

(shocked)

How did you know I'm getting
married?

SOLOMON

Isn't it obvious? You're wearing an
engagement ring but no wedding
band.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, you're right, that is obvious.
What the hell is wrong with me?

SOLOMON

It's really nothing -

RECEPTIONIST

Literally any idiot could have seen
that. Jesus, am I just kidding
myself about this job? I call
myself a professional.

SANDY

Don't feel too bad, miss, Solomon
here is a detective.

SOLOMON

The best in the world, most likely.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh thank God. That's fantastic
news. I'm honored to meet you -
would you like to conduct our
wedding ceremony?

Solomon's face falls.

SOLOMON

I'd like to but...I can't.

He sulks over to the elevator. Sandra leans in to the
receptionist and whispers:

SANDRA

Before he was the world's greatest
detective, Solomon was kicked out
of the seminary.

RECEPTIONIST

Why?

SANDRA

He botched a last-rites ceremony.
Sent the soul straight to hell. It
really messed him up. He hasn't
worn a stole since.

The receptionist nods: "Ohh, I see!"

Sandra walks off to join Solomon.

INT. CARLYE'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Carlye's office is now filled with POLICE OFFICERS.

DETECTIVE JACK STRATAHAN (40s) looks at Carlye's body,
holding his trench coat WAY too open with hands on hips.

He is joined by OFFICER KELLY (late 20s) who takes SO MANY
notes on her tiny NOTEPAD.

JACK

Don't look now, Kelly, but here
comes Solomon Karl.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

The commissioner insisted we bring him on as a consultant.

KELLY

Think he'll be able to help, captain?

JACK

I think if we can't solve the murder without him, I don't fucking want it solved.

KELLY

Good point, chief.

Solomon and Sandra approach the crime scene. Jack confronts them at the yellow tape.

JACK

Oh no! I know I'm the one who invited you here, Karl, but you can just stay the hell away! This is my crime scene.

SANDRA

The commissioner wouldn't be too happy if they found out you sent the world's best detective away, now would they, Captain Stratahan?

JACK

(pure fury)

No!

SANDRA

Then we'll just take a look around.

She lifts up the tape and Solomon steps under. Jack fumes.

KELLY

The victim was Carlye Steel, a wealthy businessman. Weirdly, none of his coworkers expected him to be murdered.

Some of the officers are already sticking pictures of the victim up on a rolling CORK BOARD.

Solomon lays his hands flat on the wall and lets his eyes roll into the back of his head.

SOLOMON

(screeching)

Murrrrderrrr!

KELLY

What is he doing?

SANDRA

That's how he investigates.

Stratahan rolls his eyes.

KELLY

What do you mean? He doesn't take notes on a little pad or look for evidence?

SANDRA

(patronizing)

Oh no, that's what normal detectives do, but Solomon isn't a normal detective. His technique is a little different.

SOLOMON

Murrrderrrr!

Solomon moves to other areas of the room as the small crowd gathered inside starts to watch him skeptically.

JACK

Well, you see anything, Karl?

SANDRA

Give him a minute!

KELLY

We suspect Steel's wife may have been involved. He took out a massive life insurance policy an hour before he died and she recently purchased a one-way ticket to China after they had a huge fight over which of them was more likely to kill for money.

He points to a picture of the wife, RACHEL STEEL, which is already hanging on the cork board. She is an affluent, confident woman in her early 40's.

SOLOMON

Murr...

Something catches Solomon's eye!

Underneath Carlye's desk, there's a fully grown DOG.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

There's a dog underneath this desk.

KELLY

Yeah, we caught that. The dog checks out as Steel's. Its name is Trevor.

SOLOMON

It's a pure-bred collie. Pretty uncommon.

JACK

So? What's your point?

SOLOMON

Well, it seems like Steel was obsessed with collies. Perhaps we should try a local collie club and see if he had any enemies there.

JACK

A collie club? You have got to be kidding me. What about the wife?

SOLOMON

Something's not adding up about the wife. Why would she kill her husband?

KELLY

...for the money.

SOLOMON

Right before she was planning on leaving the country?

KELLY

Yes.

SOLOMON

We don't even know if she liked her husband. She may have hated him.

KELLY

I mean yeah.

SOLOMON

It doesn't feel right. We should follow this collie lead.

JACK

You know what, Karl?! If you want to waste your time checking out New Orleans's Collie Clubs, be my guest. As long as you're out of our way.

Solomon nods and begins to walk off the crime scene with Sandra.

Right before he leaves, however, he notices a small STAIN on Stratahan's shirt.

SOLOMON

Oh, and one other thing detective: I'm sorry about your wife.

JACK

...what are you talking about?

SOLOMON

Well, she's been making pornographic cuckold videos, hasn't she?

JACK

How in the hell would you know that?

SOLOMON

I've been watching them.

Jack grabs Solomon by the lapel and pulls him close.

JACK

Mark my words, Karl, I'll strangle you with my bare hands. You're a piece of shit. Every night, I pray you're the next murder we investigate. Now get the hell out of my crime scene.

Jack throws him away. Sandra and Solomon exit.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Kelly)

Jesus, that man makes me feel like I have the smallest pee pee.

EXT. BUSINESS BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Sandra and Solomon walk out of the front door. Solomon touches things as he goes, as if drawing clues from them.

Sandra scrolls on her phone.

SANDRA

Ok, I've tracked down a list of all the collie clubs in the area.

SOLOMON

Excellent, let's pay them a visit. The collies are key to this.

SANDRA

Ok.

SOLOMON

No, Sandra, I don't know how yet. But I intend to find out.

Just then, a HUSBAND and WIFE, coming from the church across the street, run up holding a baby.

HUSBAND

I'm so sorry to interrupt - it's our baby's baptism, but our priest got called away to witness an execution.

WIFE

Is there any chance you could baptize our child?

SOLOMON

Well, uh -

Solomon is clearly flustered.

SANDRA

Solomon, you did go to seminary.

WIFE

Oh, perfect!

SOLOMON

Well, I don't know if I can -

HUSBAND

Oh don't worry, it doesn't have to be fancy, just a simple, straightforward baptism.

SOLOMON

Of course. A simple baptism. To protect the baby's soul...

Solomon and the baby make extended eye contact.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
No, no, I'm sorry - I can't. Good
luck.

Solomon walks away in a huff. Frustrated, Sandra follows him.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BUSY NEW ORLEANS STREET - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

People walk by a shadowy BAR. New Orleans JAZZ wafts through the air.

SUPER: New Orleans Collie Club

INT. COLLIE CLUB - AFTERNOON

Inside, it's Vancouver again.

Sandra and Solomon talk to a BARTENDER. The bar is covered wall-to-wall in paintings of collies.

BARTENDER

Yeah, Carlye Steel was a member here. He only had one enemy - that's him in the corner booth. Tommy McGill.

SOLOMON

We literally just walked up to you. How did you know we're with the police?

BARTENDER

You're with the police?! Sorry, I just love bar gossip.

SOLOMON

Well, thank you.

BARTENDER

And Randy Dale? Oof his brother's back in rehab.

SOLOMON

I think we're good now, thanks.

BARTENDER

Suit yourself!

Sandra and Solomon make their way over to the shadowy corner booth, where a lone figure, TOMMY MCGILL, sits. He's in his late 30's and very handsome.

SANDRA

Pardon us, are you Tommy McGill?

TOMMY

Yeah, I'm Tommy McGill and I do NOT have a secret.

SOLOMON

Did you know Carlye Steel?

TOMMY

(scoffing)

Yeah. But I didn't kill him nor do I have any other information.

Solomon turns to Sandra.

SOLOMON

I think he's hiding something.

SANDRA

Maybe his memory needs a little "motivation."

SOLOMON

Understood.

They turn back to Tommy and sit down conspiratorially.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

...want to hang out?

TOMMY

...yeah, ok.

EXT. PARK - SUNNY AFTERNOON

MONTAGE

Upbeat music plays as Solomon, Sandra, and Tommy row a boat across a beautiful pond, splashing each other and laughing.

They pose for caricatures. When they see the result, Solomon doesn't like his and the other two laugh.

They get their faces painted like jungle animals.

By the side of a lake, they have a very deep, heartfelt conversation. Tommy starts to cry a little bit, sharing something.

The music becomes emotional and the camera TILTS to the sky.

FADE TO WHITE

INT. COLLIE CLUB - NIGHT

They're back as they were before.

TOMMY

Alright, listen, it's no secret
Carlye and I didn't get along, but
why would I kill him? The guy was
holding three of my collies
hostage. If I killed him, I'd never
see Rufus, McGann, or McGann Jr.
ever again.

SOLOMON

Do you have any idea who might have
killed him?

TOMMY

Look, you didn't hear it from me,
but Carlye was mixed up in some
really dark shit. I don't know if
you remember from earlier - he was
taking collies hostage. Could be he
took the wrong collies from the
wrong guy.

SANDRA

We have to tell the Chief!

SOLOMON

Thanks for all your help, Tommy.

TOMMY

Anytime. When I first met you two,
I didn't think you were a lot like
collies, but now, I think you two
are a lot like collies.

SOLOMON

Thanks, friend. That means a lot.

Tommy nods. Solomon and Sandra exit.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

TILT UP on a festive building in New Orleans's French
Quarter. A STREET PERFORMER plays sax on the corner.

SUPER: POLICE HEADQUARTERS

INT. INTERROGATION OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Solomon and Sandra walk into the dark observation room.
Detective Stratahan is already inside.

On the other side of a one-way mirror, Officer Kelly
interrogates RACHEL STEEL.

JACK
Jesus Christ, Solomon, get the hell
out of my observation room or I
will peel the skin from your bones.

SANDRA
Commissioner.

JACK
(petulant child)
Fine, stay!

SOLOMON
Captain, we have some important
information regarding the case.

JACK
The case is about to be closed, you
fucking abomination against God,
we're questioning the prime suspect
right now.

Inside the interrogation room:

KELLY
So, Mrs. Steel, it seems you
purchased a life insurance policy
for your husband the day of his
murder.

RACHEL
(uncomfortable)
Yes, but it's not what it looks
like. He was worried something
might happen to him, so we bought
it together. Someone has to believe
me!

Rachel looks through the one-way mirror, straight at Solomon.

They share a moment of charged eye-contact.

JACK
What the hell was that?

KELLY

I'm afraid we also spoke to several witnesses who claim you said to them, quote "I hate my husband. I wish he was dead. So I'm going to kill him. I've got a whole plan, a secret plan, to kill him for the insurance money. I'm going to do it, this is not a joke."

RACHEL

That was just a joke!

KELLY

Wait - there's more. "The police will question me and I'm going to play dumb, as if it was all a bit, but it's not. When they let me out I am heading straight to China with my money. They understand how a proper government works over there. Capitalism is a cancer on society, and people can't be trusted to rule themselves -"

RACHEL

Officer, I swear, I'm innocent!

KELLY

"Only a benevolent dictator can bring order to the chaos and bloodshed commoners refer to as 'freedom.'"

RACHEL

Ok, yes, my husband and I had hard times, but I didn't kill him! Why won't you believe me?!

She stands and takes a step towards the one way mirror, making charged eye contact with Solomon once again.

JACK

Solomon, can she see you? What's the deal here?

KELLY

I find that hard to believe, Mrs. Steel, when we found these pictures on the murder weapon.

RACHEL

What pictures?

Kelly motions to a rolling CORK BOARD, which is sitting in the corner.

KELLY

When we found the murder weapon,
your personal knife which you carry
with you at all times -

RACHEL

Deathbringer? But I lost her just
after my husband's murder!

KELLY

It was in your personal garbage
can, covered with your husbands
blood, your fingerprints, and these
photos - selfies, taken by you, as
you repeatedly stab your husband in
his office.

That's what it looks like.

RACHEL

Officer, these aren't real. They
must be doctored - I'm being
framed! I need someone to save me.
Someone smarter than you who can
see the good in me.

She walks up to the one way mirror, looks straight at Solomon, and touches the glass. Solomon touches it on his side. Jack grabs him and pulls him back.

JACK

Jesus Chris, Solomon, what is
happening right now?

KELLY

I think I've heard enough. Rachel
Steel, you are being charged with
the murder of your husband, Carlye
Steel. You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say can AND
WILL be used against you in a court
of law.

Kelly continues softly mumbling nonsense as conversation continues in the observation room.

SOLOMON

Chief, it just doesn't make sense.
WHY would she murder her husband?

JACK

Solomon, the only reason I haven't torn your throat right out is because you're sort of my best friend! This investigation is closed!

SOLOMON

But it wasn't her! We've been digging into the collies, and we think there may be something there.

JACK

The collies again?! Solomon, the grand jury doesn't have time for another one of your hair-brained conspiracy theories.

SOLOMON

Please, Detective! Just give us a little more time to investigate.

Jack considers.

JACK

You know what? Fine. At 5pm tomorrow, the jury will find Mrs. Steel guilty and execute her. You have until then to bring me some real evidence. If all you can dig up by then is conjecture and circumstance, don't even bother coming back because I will fuck you so hard you will die.

SANDRA

Detective! Stop threatening to fuck my boss!

JACK

Fine. Just get out. Just get out! Get the hell out of my police building! MY POLICE BUILDING!

Solomon and Sandra exit.

Jack touches his penis as if to make sure it's still there and of normal size.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NOON

Sandra and Solomon creep into an empty warehouse, eyes peeled.

SANDRA
 (whispered)
 Tommy says this is the warehouse he
 used to see Carlye going into all
 the time.

SOLOMON
 Investigate as quietly as you can -
 Steel may well have had accomplices
 who are still nearby.

Solomon puts his hands on a box and lets his eyes roll back.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
 (screeching)
 MURRRRRDEERRR!

A shadow lurks in Solomon's peripherals and he swings around
 to see:

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
 Thank heavens, it's just a desk
 lamp. Good day, desk lamp!

SANDRA
 Look over there!

On the far side of the warehouse, a suspicious looking man in
 his 20's, OLLIE VANCE, is feeding a group of like 20 COLLIES.

SOLOMON
 You! Stop right there!

The man looks up fearfully, clearly taken by surprise.

OLLIE
 Shit, a witness! Get'm boys! Go
 get'm!

The dogs turn, snarling rabidly. They run towards Solomon and
 Sandra.

SANDRA
 Solomon, what are we going to do?
 You never use a gun!

SOLOMON
 That's true, give me my sword!

She take the SWORD out of its sheath and hands it to him.

Solomon runs at the collies and meets them head on, cutting
 them down one by one in an incredibly gruesome fashion.

Sandra and Ollie watch in horror as Solomon screams, stabbing each dog through in the most bloody, devastating ways.

(It's obvious they're just props being thrown from offscreen)

Finally, when Solomon is finished, he stands covered in blood over a pile of dead collies.

He breaths heavily for several moments while Sandra gapes at the scene.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

After him!

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Solomon, now only the tiniest bit bloody, runs out into the alley, closely followed by Sandra.

Ollie is sprinting just up ahead!

SOLOMON

You there! Stop!

OLLIE

I don't have a secret!

Ollie runs out into the street and gets HIT BY A CAR. Sandra and Solomon both GASP then run up to him.

PASSERSBY crowd around as the DRIVER exits his vehicle.

DRIVER

Oh my god, he jumped right out in front of me - is he ok?

SOLOMON

He's dying.

Ollie coughs up BLOOD dramatically.

DRIVER

Jesus. Hurry, give him the last rites.

Sandra's eyes widen.

SOLOMON

What?

PASSERBY

The last rites. So his soul can go to heaven.

SOLOMON

Uhh...

Ollie's eyes begin to close - he's fading fast.

OLLIE

I'm dying and catholic...

DRIVER

For God sakes detective, don't you have a heart? Just be a priest and give him the last rites!

SANDRA

Solomon, I think you have to try.

Solomon summons his courage, then begins putting the sign of the cross over Ollie's forehead.

SOLOMON

Gloria patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto. Sicut erat in satan - oh no!

Suddenly, RED LIGHT shoots out of Ollie's eyes and mouth. He lets out an UNHOLY SCREAM...

...then DIES completely.

KELLY

What happened?

SOLOMON

I messed it up. His soul went straight to hell. Just like last time.

Solomon sees Ollie's HAND.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

He's not the murderer.

SANDRA

How do you know?

He points to Ollie's wedding ring.

SOLOMON

He wasn't here on the night of the break-in; he was getting married.

He stands up and begins to walk off into the night.

SANDRA
Solomon, wait!

Solomon doesn't look back.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SOLOMON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Solomon broods in an easy chair, illuminated by a single gloomy floor lamp. SAD TRUMPET MUSIC plays.

Sandra enters with a glass of water.

SANDRA

Here. I made you this glass of water. It will help.

SOLOMON

Nothing will help but catching this murderer.

SANDRA

Solomon, you'll solve it. You're amazing. You can solve any mystery.

SOLOMON

No. There's one puzzle I've never been able to solve.

SANDRA

Solomon, that was so long ago.

SOLOMON

And I'm still no closer to finding an answer.

He looks up at his mantle, where a PHOTO of a beautiful woman sits.

His hand lingers over the picture for just a moment...

...before he reaches behind it and picks up a plastic brain-teasing PUZZLE.

If you can guide the tiny metal ball through a maze into the right hole, you get the \$20 that's inside.

SANDRA

Boss, don't do this to yourself.

Solomon begins doing the puzzle.

SOLOMON

I have to, Sandra. Don't you know this is the only thing that matters - the only puzzle worth solving?!

He furiously tilts the puzzle, trying to guide the ball bearing to the right spot.

Sandra holds back angry tears.

SANDRA

You know what, Solomon, if you want to waste your life away obsessing over some mystery from the past, you go ahead, but don't expect me to wait around while you do it!

She storms out. The sad trumpet SOARS.

Solomon tries harder and harder to get the ball bearing into the right hole, but can't seem to do it.

Finally, with a gasp of anger, he throws the puzzle down on his desk and slams nearby with his fist.

SOLOMON

Damn it!

Sighing with frustration, he looks back at the puzzle and something catches his eye.

Through its translucent workings, he can see photos from the Carlye crime scene.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

Solomon runs out of the room.

EXT. JACKSON SQUARE - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

People walk by the church in New Orleans's iconic Jackson Square.

SUPER: POLICE HEADQUARTERS

INT. STRATAHAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Solomon enters Detective Stratahan's office alone.

SOLOMON

Jack, I've solved the case!

Detective Stratahan takes out his gun and puts it to Solomon's temple, holding him by the throat.

JACK

Just give me a reason, Solomon.
Just make a peep. You know how bad
I want to pull this trigger, and I
know God would forgive me because
he hates you just as much as I do.

SOLOMON

I found something!

Jack releases Solomon.

JACK

Fine, I'll look at it, but only
because I respect you more than
anyone in the world.

Solomon takes out pictures from the crime scene.

SOLOMON

Look at this - under Steel's desk.

It's a picture of the collie.

JACK

Yeah, it's the collie. So what?

SOLOMON

Look closer. It's sitting on
something.

Jack leans in and squints his eyes. It's true - the collie
appears to be sitting on a piece of paper that reads: OFF-
THE-RECORD INCOME.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Don't you see? The collie wasn't
there because Steel like collies -
he was using it to hide records of
his shady business dealings.

JACK

Solomon, this is barely even a
clue. I can't believe - why would
you - dear Christ...

SOLOMON

Take it easy, Jack!

JACK

Take it easy?! TAKE IT EASY?!

Jack fires six rounds into the wall. He then reloads, cocks
the gun, and fires six more.

JACK (CONT'D)

If the love of God weren't so strong inside me, Solomon, each of those bullets would have shattered right through your skull. You have wasted my time long enough - you're off the case! And if I see you again, this is not an exaggeration, I will force you to eat a live grenade then shit into your mouth while it explodes. Do I make myself clear?!

SOLOMON

Yes, sir.

JACK

Good. Get out!

Solomon, head drooped, walks out of the office.

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

Solomon sits, alone and dejected, on a bench. The sun is bright and children play around him, but he's clearly having none of it.

Sandra walks up to him.

SANDRA

Hey, boss.

Solomon looks up.

SOLOMON

Sandra. How did you find me?

SANDRA

How could I not find you? You're the center of the universe, Solomon. You're everything to everyone - every time I try to walk away from you, space and time bend and I find myself back at your side, listening as you brilliantly fix the world and everyone in it. You're my hero. You're all our heroes. You're the only man brilliant, and smart, and kind enough to do your job and someday I will give myself up to you, body and soul, so we can writhe in ecstasy forever.

Something clicks in Solomon's mind. His eyes go wide.

SOLOMON
What did you just say?

SANDRA
I'll give myself up to you.

SOLOMON
No, after that.

SANDRA
I'll give myself up to you.

SOLOMON
After that.

SANDRA
Give myself up to you?

SOLOMON
No, after that.

SANDRA
Writhing?

SOLOMON
Yes! It's so simple! How could I
not have seen it before!

Solomon leaps out of the bench.

SANDRA
What?! What is it?

SOLOMON
I just solved the case!

He looks at his watch.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Damn! One minute to five! Come on -
we have to get to the police
station!

INT. POLICE BULLPEN - AFTERNOON

Sandra and Solomon burst into the crowded bullpen, where
Kelly and Jack are escorting Mrs. Steel out of her cell.

SOLOMON
Stop right there, Detective Jack,
I've solved the case.

JACK

Everyone in here, shut up, sit down, and pay attention. We're listening to this.

Everyone in the room sits down and gives Solomon their full attention.

Solomon walks up to a cork board, where pictures of the suspects have been pinned up. Mrs. Steel, Tommy, and Ollie are all there.

SOLOMON

All along, we've known one of the people on this cork board murdered Carlye Steel. Investigation proved Tommy had no motive.

Solomon crosses Tommy out with a sharpie.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Ollie - this guy's name is Ollie - didn't have the opportunity.

He crosses Ollie out.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

And Rachel Steel didn't have the means, as her heart is too pure to ever commit a murder.

He makes eye contact with Rachel one again as he crosses her out.

RACHEL

(whispered)

Down with the free market.

SOLOMON

But who does that leave? Occam's razor tells us that once the impossible has been eliminated, whatever explanation is left, no matter how unbelievable, must be the truth. And there's only one suspect left.

He place a thumb-tack on the board.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

The cork board itself.

The room GASPS.

KELLY

Solomon, you're insane. The police cork board has been here the whole time.

SOLOMON

Was it? I seem to remember it was at the crime scene to help organize evidence.

FLASHBACK: The cork board at the crime scene.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

And when I went to investigate Steel's warehouse, I found some very distinctive thumbtacks on the floor near the dogs I murdered.

FLASHBACK: thumb-tacks on the floor.

JACK

This is crazy. Why would a cork board murder Carlye Steel?

SOLOMON

Perhaps because...

Solomon spins the board around, revealing pictures of collies all over the back!

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

...he was holding its dog hostage!

Everyone gasps.

JACK

Well, cork board, do you have anything to say for yourself?

The cork board sits motionless for a moment, like a cork board.

Then, suddenly, it WHAPS itself against Solomon's head, sending him to the ground.

The board RUNS AWAY, wobbling on its corners as fast as its wooden frame will let it.

JACK (CONT'D)

After it!

EXT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

The cork board runs out the front door and pulls an unsuspecting officer out of his cruiser. He takes the wheel and begins to drive away, followed closely by Jack, Kelly, Solomon, and Sandra. They hop in a police car and set off in pursuit.

EXT. CITY STREETS - AFTERNOON

The chase flies down busy Vancouver streets, dodging in and out of traffic.

They zoom past a building with a hastily printed sign: "NEW ORLEANS!"

Kelly leans out his window and fires towards the corkboard, who dangles a gun behind it and shoots back.

One of the corkboard's bullets blows out the car's tire.

JACK

Damn! There goes the tire!

KELLY

It's no use, sir, the board is driving like a maniac.

JACK

We'd need a miracle to catch it now.

SOLOMON

A miracle?

SANDRA

This is your chance, Solomon. Pray to God!

Solomon closes his eyes and begins quietly murmuring to himself. Kelly looks back and sees.

KELLY

What's he doing?

SANDRA

What does it look like he's doing. He's being a priest - he's being the best damn priest in the city!

Solomon's eyes shoot open and white light flies out.

SOLOMON
CHRIST'S LOVE!

A LIGHTNING BOLT strikes the cork board's car, causing it to flip and skid onto the sidewalk, knocking bloodied, screaming pedestrians to the ground. It's horrifying.

An angel watches from the air with a small smile.

Jack pulls his car up alongside the wreck and crouches behind his opened door, gun drawn.

JACK
Exit the vehicle with your hands
up! Do it!

The cork board crawls out of the CAR.

JACK (CONT'D)
Lie on the ground with your hands
behind your back!

The cork board falls over.

Kelly runs up and sticks hand-cuffs onto its sides. Jack holsters his gun.

JACK (CONT'D)
Well, Solomon, it looks like I owe
you an apology. You were right
about everything every step of the
way, and if we hadn't listened to
you in the end, an innocent person
would have been killed while a
murderer roamed the streets free.

Solomon nods his head thankfully.

JACK (CONT'D)
That having been said, I hate you
more than ever, and if you ever
come near one of my crime scenes
again, I'll have you arrested for
interfering with police business,
then kill you while you're in your
cell and make it look like a
suicide and I'll get away with it
because you'd be the only person
who could solve it.

Solomon nods his head mournfully.

JACK (CONT'D)

That having been said, I do love you and I miss you, and I hope someday you're back on the force. You're a good cop, a good priest, and, today...you're a lot like a collie.

They shake hands. Kelly loads the cork board into the back of the police car. Jack walks over and gets into the front seat.

SANDRA

Now what?

Solomon smiles.

INT. SOLOMON'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Solomon, dressed as a priest, delivers communion to a group of people, then says "Amen" and ushers them out the door.

SANDRA

Well, it looks like someone's got the hang of being a priest.

SOLOMON

What can I say? I figured out the secret.

SANDRA

And what's that?

SOLOMON

You have to believe in God.

SANDRA

Good for you, boss.

SOLOMON

Well, we'd better get going! We're late to Mrs. Steel celebration dinner. She'll want someone to say a prayer before dinner, but you know - I'm a little tired.

SANDRA

Ok...

SOLOMON

It might be time someone else around here joined the priesthood.

He puts his stole on her shoulders.

SANDRA

Oh, no no no, Solomon!

SOLOMON

Oh, yes yes yes! You'd better start reviewing your psalms.

He playfully runs out the door.

SANDRA

Solomon, you get back here!
Solomon! You know I worship Satan!

END OF PILOT