

NETWORK REV DRAFT

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THE EQUALIZER

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NETWORK REV DRAFT
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TEASER

1

INT. DONUT SHOP - LATE NIGHT

1

The down-scale donut shop shines its fluorescents on what's left of the day's pastries. Behind the counter, JEWEL MACHADO, 18, Latina, quirky and bright, studies a physics textbook. The shop manager, WALTER, 60, enters from the back, sniffing.

JEWEL

Go home Walter. You look terrible.
I'll close up.

WALTER

That crazy concoction you made
helped.

JEWEL

My mama's cold remedy reigns. Good
thing too... I cannot afford to get
sick this week.

WALTER

Right. Can't be sneezing on the
scholarship committee. They frown
on that.

JEWEL

But if I land it, it'll change
everything for me.

WALTER

What, you don't wanna work at the
donut shop your whole life?

Walter gives her a smile and grabs his coat.

2

INT. DONUT SHOP - LATER

2

The shop is closed. Jewel closes her books and checks the clock. 2am. She sighs and collects the trash, unlocks the back door and pushes the screen open with her tush...

3

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

3

As she steps into the alley, she turns to see a MAN, mid-20s stumbling down the alley, with two SHADOWY FIGURES closing in behind him. His terrified eyes meet hers...

MAN

RUN!

A GUNSHOT ends his life. As he falls to the ground, a terrified Jewel drops the trash and RUNS. The armed men (WILLARD and BURKE), chase after her - Willard screwing a SILENCER to his pistol.

As Jewel runs, PLINK!! PLINK!! SILENCED ROUNDS hit around her, sending debris flying as she rounds the corner into a SIDE ALLEY. But up ahead, a CHAIN LINK FENCE cuts her off! Oh shit! But...

She sees a HOLE in the bottom, just big enough to crawl through! She races toward it, slides under it.

But as she's halfway through, a LIGHT HITS HER FACE and she sees TRAIN TRACKS. And we realize, that's why the fence is here - to block access to LA METRO tracks. And here comes a TRAIN, its headlights illuminating Jewel.

She looks behind her, the TWO MEN are racing toward her.

If she can't get to the other side of the track she'll be trapped on this side and easy prey. She tries to lunge forward, but her SHIRT'S CAUGHT on the chain link.

Willard drops into shooting stance. She yanks her shirt free and LEAPS across the track just as the TRAIN SCREAMS BY.

The train passes, leaving Burke and Willard eyeing darkness.

BURKE

We can't afford witnesses.

WILLARD

We know where she works. We'll get her later. Right now, we got work to do.

On the other side of the fence, Jewel hides in darkness, wedged behind discarded crates. But from her vantage point she's able to see their faces.

CUT TO:

BLACK. We hear sounds of **gunfire, indistinct shouts**. Then...

4

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

4

ROBYN McCALL, early 40s, bolts awake, escaping her night terror. We'll come to see that she's strong willed, charming as she is formidable, wise with an edge. But right now she's momentarily disoriented, as she looks around the suburban bedroom. Everything's normal. She exhales relief.

5

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

5

As McCall pads into the kitchen - is surprised to see FRIEDA LASCOMB, aka "Aunt Fry", a youthful late 50s, making tea.

MCCALL

Aunt Fry? What are you doing up?

AUNT FRY

You were screaming in your sleep.

MCCALL

(concerned)

Do you think Delilah heard?

AUNT FRY

That girl could sleep through an elephant stampede... Thought you could use some tea.

Aunt Fry offers her a cup. McCall takes it.

MCCALL

Why do you always know what I need?

AUNT FRY

Just part of my magic... I know it's unsettling to leave a job you've had for years but, Robyn, the screaming...

MCCALL

They're just dreams.

AUNT FRY

Well, if you need some time, I can blow off my date today and take Delilah shopping. Spare you her teenage angst.

MCCALL

Thanks, but I think this particular errand is my cross to bear.

6

EXT. ALLEY - DAWN

6

Same alley as our opening, now bathed in sunlight and Uniforms. A CAR DOOR OPENS and out steps **DETECTIVE MARCUS DANTE**, early 40s, imposing, soft-spoken intense. But kind eyes, and a true believer in the words "Serve and Protect".

OFFICER TATE

Dante's back?

OFFICER HOLLISTER
IA re-instated him last week. Ask
me, they shoulda given him a medal.

OFFICER TATE
They don't give medals for assault.

Hollister joins Dante as he approaches the body.

OFFICER HOLLISTER
Detective...

DANTE
Officer Hollister, who's our
friend, here?

Dante kneels over the body. Focuses, taking everything in.

OFFICER HOLLISTER
Unknown. No wallet, phone, or ID.
We're guessing a robbery.

Dante checks the body. Sees FRESH NEEDLE TRACKS on his arm.

OFFICER HOLLISTER (CONT'D)
At least he was high when they shot
him, right?

Dante shoots him a look.

OFFICER HOLLISTER (CONT'D)
Sorry, sir.

DANTE
You said "they".

OFFICER HOLLISTER
According to the witness, there
were two of them, both white males.

DANTE
Witness?

Hollister nods to JEWEL, further down the alley.

OFFICER HOLLISTER
Works at the donut shop. Saw both
doers. Says they tried to kill her.

As DANTE rises, crossing to her, we CUT TO: A TELEPHOTO VIEW
of Jewel. Someone's watching. The camera zooms in on JEWEL.
Finally, the CAMERA LOWERS revealing...

7 **EXT. ROOFTOP - ACROSS THE WAY - CONTINUOUS** 7

WILLARD and BURKE, the video camera they're using attached to a LAPTOP in a PELICAN CASE.

8 **EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY** 8

ROBYN McCALL and her whip-smart daughter DELILAH WINTER, 15, cross a mall parking lot. Del lags behind, texting. McCall pulls her out of the path of a moving car.

 MCCALL
Delilah, that car almost hit you.
Can you stop?

 DELILAH
Technically they should stop, Mom.
Pedestrians have the right of way.
 (off McCall's look)
I'm in the middle of something.

 MCCALL
So am I, right here, right now,
with you. End it or I take it.

Delilah sighs heavily and puts her phone in her pocket.

 MCCALL (CONT'D)
Thank you. I'm guessing you don't
want to do this.

 DELILAH
Be the child of divorce?
 (off McCall's look)
Seriously, looking for a dress for
Dad's wedding is just weird.

 MCCALL
Not on my bucket list either.
 (then)
But how long's it been since my
baby and I had a day?

She puts her arm around Delilah and hugs her.

 DELILAH
C'mon Mom. The charity was your
baby. Traveling the world, helping
refugees. It was your life. And you
just up and quit? And now you want
to spend time shopping... With me?
Something doesn't make sense...
 (realizing)
Oh my god, You're dying, right?

MCCALL

No, D. I am not dying. Just needed
a change.

In her peripheral, McCall sees a DOUCHIE GUY, 50, in a
Porsche snake the spot from an SUV, driven by a VERY PREGNANT
WOMAN who's been waiting. Delilah sees her Mom's gaze and
knows what's coming.

DELILAH

Mom, no. Please, don't.

Too late. McCall strides over to the Porsche as the guy steps
out. Delilah wants to melt into the pavement.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Kill me now.

MCCALL

You know that lady was waiting for
this space.

GUY

Didn't see her.

McCall leans on the inside of his door, so he can't close it.
The Woman in the SUV smiles at McCall. She smiles back.

MCCALL

You see her now?

GUY

Get off my car. Or should I call a
cop? Wanna guess which way that'll
go?

MCCALL

(scary quiet)

Go ahead. We can get to know one
another while we wait. But I'd
swear, the way you pulled in here,
you were in a hurry. Tell you what -

In a swift move, she somehow whips the keys out of his hand.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

...how 'bout I re-park your mid-
life crisis for you, and hopefully
you'll find it. And hopefully it
won't have any permanent damage.

She stares the Guy down. He curses under his breath, and gets
back in his car.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Good boy.

She hands him his keys. As he slams the door and starts the car, McCall shoots a smile to the pregnant woman, then looks around for Delilah who is nowhere to be seen. But something else catches McCall's eye.

A MAN, early sixties, rumpled hair, stands across the street, staring at her... like he knows her. McCall looks like she's SEEN A GHOST. She takes a step toward him, but just then, a BUS passes in front of him... and **HE'S GONE**. Eerie. McCall cocks her head. Was she imagining it?

DELILAH (PRE-LAP)

Why do you always have to get in
the middle of other people's
business?

9

INT. DRESS SHOP - DAY

9

A distracted McCall joins Delilah who pulls dresses off a rack. Delilah's choices are racier than her Mom's.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

It's embarrassing. Can't you just
be normal?

McCall doesn't react. She's looking out the store window.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Mom? Hello? Right here, right now.

McCall pulls her focus back to Delilah.

MCCALL

Never be embarrassed to do what's
right, D.

(off Delilah's eye roll)

And you are blinding me with all
those sequins. How's this one? It's
your favorite color.

She holds up a classy, lovely dress from the rack.

DELILAH

When I was ten.

(sighs)

Fine. Give it to me.

Delilah takes it and some other dresses and heads towards the dressing room. McCall takes a discreet look around -- still bothered -- then follows.

10

INT. POLICE PRECINCT, INTERVIEW LOUNGE - DAY

10

Jewel and Dante sit with a police sketch artist, who's finishing sketches of the two men from the alley. Jewel nods.

JEWEL

That's them.... They know where I work. Who I am.

Dante nods to the sketch artist who rises and exits. Dante's kind with her. Patient.

DANTE

We'll do everything we can to keep you safe. Is there somewhere you can go for a while? Somewhere out of town? A relative's maybe?

Jewel shakes her head.

JEWEL

It's just my Mom and me. And she was deported last year.

DANTE

We can put you in protective custody until we find them.

JEWEL

What if you don't find them? I have a job. School. What about my life?

The question hangs, interrupted by a knock on the door. Dante looks over to see DETECTIVE BAILEY, 30s, female, nod for him.

DET. BAILEY

Can I see you a sec?

Dante nods, turns back to Jewel. Soothing.

DANTE

Jewel, look at me. We're going to find them. I promise.

She nods, somewhat comforted. Dante exits joining Bailey. Jewel watches as the pair talk, glancing back at her. Jewel's spidey-sense starts tingling as Bailey leads Dante to an office across the bullpen. Something's wrong.

11

INT. PRECINCT, OFFICE - DAY

11

Bailey leads Dante into a room with a monitor on the wall.

DET. BAILEY

Security cam down the alley got the whole thing on video. Take a look.

She starts to play the grainy video...

12 **INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS**

12

Jewel edges her way over to the office. From her POV through the blinds, she can see the monitor. On it, VIDEO OF THE ALLEY:

The victim stumbles down the alley, but oddly behind him there's ONLY ONE FIGURE, not two. The figure raises its arm and fires. The victim collapses.

Jewel watches Bailey zoom in on the shooter. Her eyes widen when she realizes the grainy face on the video is HER!

Jewel's the one holding the gun! Jewel's the one shooting the victim! Oh fuck! And now Dante's moving toward the door...

13 **INT. PRECINCT - DAY**

13

...across the bullpen to the interview room. But Jewel's gone.

14 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

14

Moving fast, Jewel pulls her hoodie over her head. She slips down the sidewalk and disappears into the crowd.

15 **INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - DAY**

15

McCall stands outside a dressing room, by a three-way mirror.

MCCALL

What was wrong with that other one?
It looked great on you.

DELILAH (O.S.)

If I wore it ironically. But...

Delilah steps out of the dressing room looking like a sequined bombshell, twirling in front of the mirrors.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I love this one.

MCCALL

So not appropriate for your father's wedding, or a 15 year-old.

DELILAH

You're adorably last century, Mom.
All my friends wear stuff like this.

(MORE)

DELILAH (CONT'D)

And it's perfect for the dance this weekend. How about we get it and I'll even wear the one you like to the wedding?

MCCALL

No deal. I don't like what this dress is saying.

DELILAH

Buy me. It's saying buy me.

MCCALL

Exactly. Just not in the way that you think. Put it back.

Delilah gives her mother an angry, defiant look and re-enters her dressing room. As she slams the door shut, McCall sighs, then catches a glimpse of movement in the hall mirror, which reflects out to the store. In it, the SAME MAN as earlier. He raises an eyebrow at her.

She turns and takes a few steps into the store. But HE'S NOT THERE. But on the clothes rack nearest to her is an **ORIGAMI ROBIN**. This MEANS SOMETHING to her. She looks around the store, then picks it up and unfolds it, reading the message. **Santa Monica Pier. 10pm.** We hold on McCall's troubled face.

16

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

16

The ferris wheel lights up the night sky. Waves crash below. At the edge of the pier, the MYSTERIOUS MAN FROM THE MALL stands backlit by moonshine, staring out at the waves. This is WILLIAM BISHOP, 60. His weathered face always looks like he's keeping a secret from you.

BISHOP

Delilah got tall. How is she?

We see McCall emerge from the darkness.

MCCALL

She thinks I'm an idiot, thanks for asking... The Company must be desperate to send your skinny ass.

He shoots her a wry smile. Old friends.

BISHOP

Well, they probably figured you'd kill anyone else. I heard about Venezuela. About Ed and Michelle. I'm sorry.

MCCALL

Wasn't just them. Half the village too. Families. Kids. And for what? Because a couple of congressmen changed their minds?

BISHOP

They know you're angry. I'm here to broker peace.

MCCALL

That ship has burned.

BISHOP

You can't just ignore them.

MCCALL

I told them I was out. That's not ignoring them.

BISHOP

They want you back.

(then)

They're offering a golden ticket. Whatever you want. More autonomy? Your own hand-picked team? More time with your daughter?

(then)

Less time with your daughter?

She almost smiles at that. Then...

MCCALL

Doesn't matter what they're offering. They can't buy back trust.

BISHOP

I told 'em as much. So... what are you gonna do now?

MCCALL

Thought I'd get a job at Starbucks. Join the PTA.

BISHOP

Because you're such a people person. Or you could come work for me.

MCCALL

(are you kidding?)

Babysitting billionaires and oil companies?

BISHOP

Pays a whole lot better.

MCCALL

You know I was never in it for the money.

BISHOP

Right. You wanted to make a difference and all that bleeding heart crap. You still can. It's just like working for the CIA. As far as Langley's concerned, you'd basically be back in the fold. Hell, it's all the same chessboard.

McCall considers a beat, then...

MCCALL

Isn't that the problem? Everyone's trying to win. No one's thinking about the living breathing pieces we sacrifice along the way.

(then)

It's funny. When I can't sleep, it's not the people I've killed I see. It's all the ones I couldn't save.

BISHOP

That's what made you so good.

(hands her a card)

If you change your mind.

Bishop walks off, leaving McCall in darkness.

17

EXT. PIER - MOMENTS LATER

17

McCall heads toward the parking lot, noticing a ROUGH LOOKING GUY, 30s, tatted up, sitting at a table alone in front of a closed concession shop - the only other person around.

As McCall turns toward the parking lot, a girl, clearly upset and nervous, rushes from the darkness, almost running into her. It's JEWEL. She hustles past McCall, who looks over her shoulder to see Jewel take a seat across from the Guy.

We stay with Jewel, her body language tense, guarded, as she slides an envelope to the guy, a Coyote - a human smuggler.

COYOTE

No one's ever asked me to smuggle them into Mexico, unless they were running from something - like cops.

JEWEL

My friend said you could help.

COYOTE

Must be pretty bad, huh, if you
gotta leave the country?

(fingers the envelope)

I think maybe I'm gonna need more
money.

JEWEL

It's what I have. If you can't do
it, I'll find someone else.

She reaches for the envelope but he pulls it back.

COYOTE

S'okay. I'm feeling charitable. You
get my discount rate.

JEWEL

But it's gotta be tonight.

As the pair stand to go we go, we're...

BACK ON MCCALL. She's been watching from the shadows, sensing
something's not right. As they pass by, McCall steps from the
darkness, addresses Jewel.

MCCALL

Hey. Are you okay? You need help?

Jewel's a little surprised at the intrusion.

JEWEL

No. I'm fine... Really, I'm okay.

As the pair walk away, McCall looks after them as they get
into the Coyote's Muscle Car.

18 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

18

The Muscle Car cruises by.

19 **INT. CAR - NIGHT**

19

In the car, Jewel eyes the Coyote, on guard.

JEWEL

Where are we going?

COYOTE

To meet my crew. Don't worry.
You'll be in Ensenada by sunrise.

20 **EXT. STREET, INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS - NIGHT**

20

The Muscle Car drives around the back of an industrial building. As it approaches a garage, a roll-up door opens, spilling light out onto the asphalt, revealing a chop shop. A COUPLE MEMBERS of the Coyote's crew wait inside.

21 **INT. CHOP SHOP GARAGE - NIGHT**

21

The Coyote opens the car door. Jewel eyes FOUR ROUGH LOOKING MECHANICS, who move toward her as the garage door closes. She feels the threat.

COYOTE

Hey, guys. This is Jewel. Jewel,
say hello to the boys.

The Coyote puts his arm around her, a little grin on his face. Jewel tries to run. But is caught by one of the crew.

JEWEL

Let me go!

COYOTE

Or what? You'll call the cops? Oh,
that's right. You can't.

JEWEL

Get off me! Let me go!

COYOTE

Don't worry. I'll still take you to
Mexico.

MCCALL (O.S.)

Man, that's a nice car.

Everyone turns to see McCall admiring one of the cars on a lift - a Mustang.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

What is that? A '67 Mach One? The
guy you stole it from must be
pissed. Good thing I'm not a cop.
That would suck, right?

The fellas look confused. Where the fuck did she come from? A series of CLICKS as four weapons are pointed at her.

COYOTE

You're that chick from the pier.

MCCALL

Yup. Thought I'd check on the girl.
Make sure she's alright. She
doesn't seem alright.

COYOTE

Maybe you should mind your own
business.

MCCALL

Tried it. Turns out I'm really bad
at it. Annoying, right?
(McCall turns dark)
But there are other things I'm real
good at. So how about we make a
deal. Let her go, and I'll let you
walk out of here.

A beat. The Coyote laughs. His buddies too. He crosses to her.

COYOTE

Let her go? Because you said so?

He stops laughing, presses the gun barrel to her head. McCall
doesn't flinch.

COYOTE (CONT'D)

Lady, I don't know who you are, but
let me educate you on something.
This here... is my world.

He motions to the garage with his gun.

COYOTE (CONT'D)

And in my world, I call the sho-

He never finishes, because motioning with his gun is all the
opening McCall needs. In a blur, she GRABS HIS GUN HAND,
ELBOWS HIS TRACH, and swings him around as a shield. Her
hand's over his on the trigger. She opens fire...

ROUNDS EXPLODE into knees. MEN CRUMPLE. She swings the
Coyote, slams his face into a car. He collapses unconscious,
nose dripping blood. One of the Kneecaps tries to raise his
gun, but McCall casually steps on his wrist, and shoots him
through his hand. No hesitation.

MCCALL

Now it's my world.

Jewel stares at McCall. Who is this woman? Off McCall, we...
CUE TITLES:

"THE EQUALIZER"

ACT ONE

22

INT. CAR - NIGHT

22

McCall's car is parked in the safety of a quiet neighborhood street, bathed by a street light. Jewel, in the passenger seat, has just finished telling McCall everything.

JEWEL

I know how it sounds. Like I'm crazy. I mean, they have video of me. But I swear, I didn't do it.

McCall studies her eyes. Feels a kinship with this girl.

MCCALL

I believe you.

Jewel looks at McCall, not expecting that.

JEWEL

Why? You don't even know me.

MCCALL

No. But I've been where you are. Alone. Nowhere to turn.

(beat)

When I was a few years younger than you. I thought my life was over. In fact it was over.

JEWEL

What happened?

MCCALL

Someone helped me.

JEWEL

I don't think anyone can help me. I mean, who do you go to if you can't go to the cops? It's like someone just dropped a bomb in the middle of everything good in my life.

McCall can relate, considers her a beat, then starts the car.

JEWEL (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

MCCALL

To see some old friends.

23

INT. "THE BAR NONE" - NIGHT

23

Sleek, sexy joint surrounds a circular bar decorated with colorful bottles. A boisterous crowd forms around a blonde-haired Asian woman, early 30s, thigh high boots. This is MELODY CHU. She takes a shot of vodka and nods to a FINANCE BRO, who slips a blindfold over her eyes. She shouts...

MEL

QUIET!

The room quickly obeys. In her hand is a dart. Everyone watches her aim blind, then throw. BULLSEYE! The crowd roars, as she whips the blindfold off. She grins at the guys in suits, and sweeps a pile of money off the table.

MEL (CONT'D)

Thanks for playing, fellas.

Just then she sees McCall across the room, Jewel behind her. Melody lights up and greets McCall with a big bear hug.

MCCALL

I see you're still hustling your customers.

MEL

A lady's gotta have some game.
(then, sotto)
We heard you left the Company.

MCCALL

That's a story for later. Right now, I need a favor.

Mel doesn't hesitate.

MEL

Anything.

MCCALL

The girl's in trouble. I need you to put her up for a few days.

MEL

Of course. Trouble's my specialty.

MCCALL

(turns to Jewel)
Jewel, this is Melody. She's an old friend.

JEWEL

How'd you do that with the dart?

MEL
State secret.

MCCALL
She can see through the
blindfold.

MEL (CONT'D)
Hey! If I didn't love you...
(to Jewel)
You are sworn to silence.

MCCALL
Mel... I'm gonna need Harry's help
too.

MEL
Grab a seat at the bar, Jewel.
Mike'll get you a soda.

24 **INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

24

McCall follows Mel into a hallway. Halfway down, she runs her finger along a panel, and a hidden door pops open revealing a dimly lit stairwell.

MEL
Don't you just love a secret door?
Made it myself.

McCall's impressed. The two women descend...

25 **INT. HARRY'S TECH ROOM AKA "THE SANCTUM" - NIGHT**

25

... into a large, well-lit stylish room glowing with tech. A MASSIVE FLOOR TO CEILING MONITOR takes up an entire wall. A swarm of DATA rains down on the monster screen. Cool, colorful couches and clean lines give the place a modern WeWork vibe. In the center of it all, the irascible, lovable and paranoid HARRY KESHEGIAN, early 30s, works his keyboard.

HARRY
(not looking up)
Unless you're bringing me food, go
away.

MCCALL (O.S.)
Damn, I forgot to bring a hostess
gift.

Surprised, Harry spins around.

HARRY
McCall? It's been a minute.

MCCALL
Five years. How's it going, Harry?

HARRY

Well, the whole world's falling apart. The government's reading our emails, corruption's rampant, and the ice caps are melting. How's it with you?

MCCALL

About the same.

HARRY

So I've heard.

McCall eyes the DATA on the monster screen.

MCCALL

Is that credit card info?

HARRY

Yeah. From every customer at NRB Holdings. They hired me - well, not me, "an anonymous high-level hacker" to crack their *uncrackable* server.

MCCALL

Uncrackable, huh? How long did it take you?

HARRY

17 minutes. I know. Slow, right?

MCCALL

I see you're enjoying being dead.

HARRY

Not having to look over my shoulder for the Feds all the time? It's the best thing you ever did for me.

MCCALL

I thought introducing you to your wife was the best thing I ever did.

MEL

Even trade. You got him out of one life sentence and straight into another.

(as she heads up)

I'll get the girl settled.

HARRY

Girl? What girl?

(off McCall's look)

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm getting the feeling this isn't
a social call.

MCCALL

No. I need your freaky-ass
superpowers.

HARRY

I'll get my cape. What's the
target?

MCCALL

The LAPD.

26

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

26

Mel gets Jewel settled into a utilitarian guest room.
Comfortable bed, dresser, blackout curtains.

MEL

Bathroom's behind that door - soap,
towels, shampoo. I also brought a
change of clothes.

JEWEL

You guys are being so good to me.

MEL

Well, someday pay it forward. Now
there are some rules. No phone
calls, no texting, no looking out
the window.

JEWEL

I call my Mom every night. She'll
be worried. And my scholarship
interview! If I don't show, I'll
lose my only shot...

MEL

You wanna live to fight another
day? They'll wait. Make a list of
snacks you'd like. I'll bring you
your meals. Do not leave the room
without me or McCall for any
reason.

JEWEL

Do you really think she can help?

MEL

If anyone can, it's Robyn McCall.

27

INT. THE SANCTUM - DAY

27

LAPD insignias and boxes of code flash on the screen.

HARRY

I'm in. As long as I'm here, need any parking tickets fixed?

MCCALL

I'll take a raincheck.

Photos of the Victim appear on Harry's wall sized monitor.

HARRY

Then here we go. LAPD ID'd the victim as Chance Novak, 25, a first year associate at Steinem and Roe.

McCall eyes the information popping up on the monitor.

MCCALL

Says he lives in Studio City. What was he doing down by Skid Row?

HARRY

Come for the homeless, stay for the opiates. Case notes say the M.E. found heroin in his system. The guy had a history of substance abuse. Cops think he went there to score and got rolled.

MCCALL

The girl said there was video.

HARRY

Yeah. It's tagged to the file. You want me to play it?
(Off her withering look)
Fine. You don't have to give me the mean look. Geez.

Harry hits the button and the video starts to play. And it's the same as in the precinct...

Chance Novak stumbles down the alley, as a figure appears behind him. Jewel. She raises a gun and fires multiple rounds. The victim collapses. Jewel goes through the victim's pockets and runs out of frame.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Uh, you sure she didn't do it?

MCCALL

Back it up. Slow it down.

Harry backs up the video. McCall watches intently as *Jewel shoots Chance Novak*.

HARRY

It doesn't look like a fake.

MCCALL

No. Which means it's very good.

HARRY

Or she did it.

(getting anxious)

Which, believe me, is much, much better than the alternative.

MCCALL

What's the alternative?

Harry gets up out of his chair, puts his hands on his head.

HARRY

Something very, very bad.

MCCALL

Calm down, Harry.

HARRY

Calm down?

(points to screen)

You're saying that's fake. Which means whoever did it, did it in less than a few hours. There's no deep fake software on the market that good that fast. Which means this is either Russian black hats or one of the goddamn alphabet agencies. What is this, Rob? Some kind of intel op? Who's this girl?

MCCALL

Just someone caught in the middle.

HARRY

And someone's going to a lot of trouble to set her up. Look, I've got a good thing going here. I need to know what you're bringing down on us.

MCCALL

S'okay. I got it from here.

HARRY

Do you? C'mon Rob... you sure you
want to do this? You don't know how
deep these waters run.

MCCALL

What am I supposed to do, Harry?
Let her drown?

That hangs a beat, then Harry takes a breath...

HARRY

What do you need?
(off her look)
What? I can't let you do it alone.
That'd just be sad.

McCall grins. Then...

MCCALL

Dig up what you can on the victim.
Public Records, Social Media, maybe
hack his law firm, see what he was
working on?

HARRY

Sure. What's a felony among friends?

McCall heads for the stairs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Wait? Where are you going?

MCCALL

To do what I'm good at.

28 **INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

28

Jewel peeks out the window at the night in this strange
bedroom. Eyes the change of clothes on the bed. Does she
trust these people?

29 **INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

29

QUICK CUTS in a FLASHLIGHT'S GLARE as latex gloves search a
room. The place isn't being "tossed", but methodically
searched by WILLARD. BURKE enters, also wearing latex gloves,
holding his cell. On it is a map with a PINGING DOT.

BURKE

Girl's phone just went active.

The two of them move fast...

39 INT. BATHROOM/APARTMENT - NIGHT 39

As Willard examines the hair dye and the phone, Burke steps into the hallway and hits the lights. The apartment's empty.

BURKE
She won't get far.

40 EXT. APARTMENT BLDG - NIGHT 40

McCall watches from her car as Willard and Burke exit the building and drive away. McCall follows at a distance.

41 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PROPERTY - NIGHT 41

The pair pull up at an old factory in the industrial zone. The sign on it says "For Lease". A moment later, McCall pulls up a block away.

She pulls out a pair of binoculars and scopes the building. Sees a light go on on the second floor. She gives a small satisfied smile. Now she knows where they live.

DELILAH (PRE-LAP)
Mom?

42 INT. MCCALL'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 42

McCall's dead asleep. Delilah stands at the foot of her bed in her private school uniform.

DELILAH
Mom... MOM!!!
(McCall stirs)
School? Remember? Just because
you're unemployed, doesn't mean I
can sleep in.

McCall opens one eye and groans.

43 INT. MCCALL'S CAR - MORNING 43

McCall pulls up in front of the private school. Del hops out.

MCCALL
Have fun at your dad's this
weekend.

DELILAH
Yeah, right. FYI, I'm sleeping over
at Caitlyn's after the dance.

MCCALL
Okay. You girls be good.

DELILAH
I'm always good, Mom.

MCCALL
Love you.

She shuts the door, heads off towards her friends.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Love you too, Mom.

44 **EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

44

Delilah hooks up with her friend CAITLYN, 15, all swagger and pony-tail.

CAITLYN
Do you have it?

Delilah gives her a peek in her backpack. In it is the sequined dress that McCall said she couldn't get.

CAITLYN (CONT'D)
So we're on?

DELILAH
Oh yeah.

45 **INT. JEWEL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

45

ON A PICTURE OF JEWEL and her MOTHER.

DANTE
I'm telling you, this doesn't add.
Model student. No record. You don't
just graduate to first degree.

Dante places the picture back on a shelf, as he and Bailey search the apartment - small, simple and bare. Bailey eyes the SAT prep and school books.

DET. BAILEY
Maybe she's an overachiever.
(off his look)
Or maybe it was personal. Maybe she
had history with the vic.

DANTE
None that I can find. And why'd she
stick around to talk to us?

DET. BAILEY
She's a thrill seeker, or maybe she
wanted the attention...

DANTE
No. There's something we're missing.

DET. BAILEY
Dude, we have her on video. What's
to miss?

Dante spots something in the trash. AN ENVELOPE.

46 **EXT. INDUSTRIAL PROPERTY - DAY**

46

A BINOCULAR POV of WILLARD and BURKE exiting the building.
McCall lowers the binocs as her phone rings. It's Harry.

MCCALL
What've you got?

HARRY (V.O. SPEAKERPHONE)
Ran your stealthies through facial
rec.

47 **INT. THE SANCTUM (INTERCUT)**

47

On Harry's monitor: surveillance photos of Willard and Burke.

HARRY
Big Nada. Whoever these guys are,
they ain't on Facebook. Sure
they're not Amish?

MCCALL
Pretty sure.

HARRY
Your boy, Chance, on the other hand
is a different story. He's on all the
platforms. Twitter, IG, Snap.

Harry pulls up social media photos of Chance on the monitor.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Then a week ago, he went crickets.
Stopped posting anything. Highly
unusual for him.

MCCALL
Something happened that made him
want to stop sharing his life.

HARRY

Yeah, but I can't find what. I hacked his law firm. They literally have hundreds of clients. It'll take some time to go through, but right now nothing stands out.

McCall watches as Willard and Burke drive away.

MCCALL

Thanks, Harry. Keep me posted.

McCall exits the car.

48

INT. INDUSTRIAL PROPERTY - DAY

48

A door opens, and McCall enters the eerie space... a labyrinthian collection of old industrial rooms. One's been turned into a command center - PELICAN CASES with LAPTOPS, WEAPONS, and SURVEILLANCE equipment. In the next room...

She passes a white board with SURVEILLANCE STILLS of Chance Novak. These guys were investigating him for something.

On the board's edge are photos of Jewel pulled from surveillance video they took of her in the alley.

Underneath the board is a FOLDING TABLE with items taken from Chance after he was killed: watch, wallet, credit cards, IDs.

In the center is something odd -- a RECEIPT with NUMBERS and LETTERS scrawled on it. McCall picks it up in her gloved hand and then looks up. The same number has been written on the white board. **KF30 6G5 519 85C3**. It means something.

She pulls her phone, snaps a couple of pictures-- of the board, of Chance's stuff on the table.

Just then, she hears voices. The guys have returned. Trapped, she slips into a closet, hiding. She can see through the slats in the door, as Burke enters talking on the phone...

BURKE

...yet to find where he hid it. No. The old man knew nothing, but there aren't that many places the kid could've gone. It's just a matter of time...

Through the slats McCall spots a distinctive **BLACKBIRD TATTOO** with the **NUMBER 37** inked on Burke's arm, as he passes, his voice fading into the other room. McCall slips from the closet, hustles to the front, but...

WILLARD COMES AROUND THE CORNER. Sees her. Goes for his gun.

McCall **SLAMS HIM** into the wall. The gun goes flying. Willard shoves McCall off. This isn't like with the Coyotes. It's an even match, both highly-trained, each landing vicious close quarter blows.

Willard pulls A **KNIFE** from god knows where, **SLASHES**. McCall evades, pulls a... **PEN?**

Willard lunges, drawing blood across McCall's bicep, but McCall jabs the pen in his arm. He winces, as McCall breaks for the gun. She rolls to come up firing, but **Willard's gone**. Shit, where'd he go?

McCall moves tactically through the rooms, leading with her weapon. Fucking tense. Coming to a corner, she uses her front phone camera to peek around. Gets a **GLIMPSE OF BURKE**, as **BAM! BAM! BAM!** Rounds explode into the wall.

She pivots back, returning fire, just in time to see Burke book from the room holding one of the Pelican cases, and **OH SHIT, SOMETHING IS ROLLING TOWARD HER...**

A FLASH BANG GRENADE! She dives out of the way as it **BLOWS!**

Her ears are ringing now as she scrambles to her feet. Pushes through the smoke to see... the pair disappearing out the front door, firing behind them. McCall **SQUEEZES OFF A COUPLE ROUNDS**, then races after them...

49

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - DAY

49

She emerges from the building in time to see Willard and Burke peel out. She may have lost them, but she has all the material they left behind. But as McCall turns back to the building...

BOOOM! The entire second floor **EXPLODES!** Holy shit!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

50 **INT. THE SANCTUM - DAY**

50

Mel hands McCall a BAG OF ICE, which she slaps on her body, still aching from the fight.

MEL

37 Blackbird? I haven't seen that tattoo since we were all in Afghanistan. What the hell are former Special Forces doing mixed up in this?

MCCALL

They're looking for something, something important enough to blow up a building. And now they'll go to ground... You got some whiskey to go with this ice?

Harry turns from his keyboard.

HARRY

Hey, so are you sure it was the 37?

MCCALL

Positive. Why?

HARRY

I used my old backdoors to comb through the military databases. Neither man's there.

This means something to MCCALL. We PRELAP PHONE RINGING....

51 **INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

51

Bishop answers as he walks down a glass and steel hallway, past a sign reading BISHOP SECURITY.

BISHOP

Well, that was fast. What made you change your mind?

52 **INT. THE SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS (INTERCUT)**

52

MCCALL

Not even close to why I'm calling. Listen, I need a favor -- since you still have friends on the inside.

BISHOP

Okay, kiddo, what are you into?

MCCALL

A little side project for one of those living breathing people we were talking about. I, uh... kinda need to ID two people who don't exist. Former 37 Blackbird.

BISHOP

Jesus, McCall. What the hell did you step in?

MCCALL

I'll tell you when I know... C'mon, Bish. It's for a good cause.

(off his hesitation)

Hey, when your ex wanted to take that screw you trip to Cancun with her new boyfriend, who put her on the no-fly list?

BISHOP

You did. I believe your exact words were "Gotta be careful who we let into Mexico."

MCCALL

And was I right?

BISHOP

Fine... Send me what you got.

McCall hangs up and turns to HARRY'S MONITOR, which displays photos McCall took at the Industrial Property, including one of the VALET RECEIPT with the string of letters and numbers written on it. KF30 6G5 519 85C3.

MCCALL

Of everything they got from Chance, this is what they were focused on.

HARRY

So, probably not his Netflix password.

MCCALL

Without context, it could be anything: password, encryption key. But look at the date on the receipt.

MEL

Two days ago. The day he was
killed.

On the ticket, there's also a SMALL SYMBOL - like a circle.

MCCALL

You said this guy was a junior
associate?

HARRY

First year. Why?

MCCALL

That symbol - it's an Oroborous.
(off Mel's look)
A snake eating its own tail. It's
the emblem of a private club
downtown for the uber wealthy.

HARRY

And you know this how?

MCCALL

Because it's my job... was my job
to know. They keep their membership
secret, but it's Titans only. Which
Chance was not. So why was he
there?

MEL

Sucking up? Business for his firm?

MCCALL

Not as a first year. No way they'd
let him be their face in a place
like that. He was there for
something else.

HARRY

But if the Club's that secretive,
how are we going to find out?
They're not gonna talk to us.

MCCALL

Sure they will. You just have to
know how to ask.

The place exudes wealth. Not wood paneled, but sleek new
money. Musk and Ballmer would feel at home. McCall, dressed
in a black pants suit, crosses the lobby to reception.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

MCCALL

Yes, hi. I was hoping to speak with management.

RECEPTIONIST

And what's it regarding?

McCall hands her a business card.

MCCALL

I'm Dr. Leslie Kyle, Centers for Disease Control. We're investigating a potential infectious carrier and we need to ascertain if this gentleman was at your club and who he may have had contact with.

She shows a picture of Chance Novak on her phone. The Receptionist blanches and picks up the house phone.

54

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

54

Jewel paces, reading the official looking letter.

"Dear Ms. Machado, We're pleased to inform you that you are one of two remaining candidates for the Woodford Scholarship. The final interview is scheduled for 3:30pm, Sept 12th...."

She looks at the clock. 12:15pm. She hears the doorknob turn and looks up to see Mel enter with a lunch tray. Jewel quickly shoves the letter back into her pocket.

MEL

Lunch call. A superb BLT designed by Chef Me, mint infused iced tea, chips and the text book you needed.

JEWEL

Mel, amazing! Where'd you find this? Did you go to my school?

MEL

Let's just say I'm resourceful. I need something, I go after it. Enjoy your lunch, little sis.

Mel exits. Jewel looks back at the clock, takes a bite of her sandwich. Thinking.

55 **INT. OUROBOROUS CLUB, RECEPTION - DAY**

55

McCall crosses the lobby, on her cell. Hushed tones.

MCCALL

Chance was here. He showed up with
a note and asked for it to be
delivered to one of the club
members - a Ryan Pruitt.

56 **INT. THE SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS (INTERCUT)**

56

HARRY

The tech entrepreneur?

MCCALL

What do you know about him?

Harry pulls up a smiling photo of PRUITT on his monitor.

HARRY

He's at the forefront of artificial
intelligence - industrial robots,
facial rec, self-driving cars.

MCCALL

Could he pull off that deep fake?

HARRY

Maybe. But why would he? The guy's
a saint. He's given away millions -
cancer research, climate change.

MCCALL

Pruitt invited Chance to his table.
When Chance left a few minutes
later, he looked upset. The manager
said he made a call as he was
leaving... I need to know to who.

Just then, McCall's phone vibrates. A text. "**MCARTHUR PARK.
20 minutes.**"

57 **EXT. MCARTHUR PARK - DAY**

57

McCall joins Bishop on a bench. He keeps his voice down, but
he's lit up.

BISHOP

Are you fucking kidding me?

MCCALL

That bad, huh?

BISHOP

The guys you tussled with? There's
a reason you couldn't find them.
Their records were sealed.

Hands McCall the file.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Henry Allen Willard and James
Burke. Both were 37 Blackbird, then
Covert Ops. Both are currently
wanted for war crimes.

MCCALL

(checks pictures)

Yup. Those are my dirtbags.

BISHOP

Do not be cavalier, McCall. These
guys are lethal, and they won't
underestimate you next time.
Whatever this pet project is, you
need to drop it.

MCCALL

I love you too, Bish, but I can be
pretty dangerous myself. Remember
Tangiers? Remember how that went
down? If I see these guys, I'll do
the same to them.

As she walks away her phone rings. She answers.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Hey Harry, you get that number?

HARRY (V.O.)

People really should use two-factor
authentication for their passwords.
After he left the club, Chance
placed a call to one Harlan Freeman,
Professor of Legal Ethics at SC.

58 **INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

58

Jewel stares at the clock, anxious, pacing. 1:43. Finally,
she grabs a pen and scribbles a note. Pulls on her coat,
pulls up her hood, and slips out the door.

59 **EXT. MODEST HOUSE - DAY**

59

McCall on the front porch, knocking. No answer. She looks
around, then slips out a pair of lock picks.

60 **INT. HOUSE - DAY**

60

She slips inside. Light leaks around closed curtains. As she pushes down the hallway, we recognize certain elements - furniture, architecture. Same house Willard and Burke were searching in the previous act. McCall comes around the corner to the living room, and STOPS SHORT. Stares a beat, then lowers her eyes in disappointment.

ON A REVERSE ANGLE, we see legs... DANGLING SEVERAL FEET ABOVE THE GROUND. Harlan Freeman has hung himself.

61 **EXT. HARLAN FREEMAN'S HOUSE - DAY**

61

COPS outside the house. A sheet covered gurney wheeled out. Watching from down the street in her car is McCall.

MCCALL

I'm guessing it was staged.
Made to look like a suicide.

62 **INT. THE SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS (INTERCUT)**

62

Harry and Mel share a look as they listen on speaker.

HARRY

Why kill him?

MCCALL

The Law School connected me with Freeman's TA. Chance met with Freeman right after leaving the club. Whatever Chance told him must've made our bad guys worried enough to cover their tracks. They also searched Freeman's house, but didn't find what they were looking for.

MEL

How can you be sure?

MCCALL

This morning, I overheard Burke say "they hadn't found it yet."
Freeman's been dead since yesterday.

MEL

This all must have something to do with Chance's law firm. We went back through their client list. Pruitt's on it.

HARRY

But I checked the firm's server.
There's nothing in any of his case
files worth killing for.

MCCALL

I don't care how much money he's
given away. This guy's involved.
Where can I find him?

63

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY

63

RYAN PRUITT, 36, Golden boy of Tech, watches intently, as...

TWO NASCARS - BLUE and RED - jockey around the back turn.

The BLUE DRIVER looks in his mirror at the Red Car on his
tail. And as we ANGLE ON Red, we realize **THERE'S NO DRIVER.**

The damn thing's steering itself. It makes its move, passing
Blue, and gunning into the straightaway. DRIVERLESS RED
screams toward the checkered flag.

Cheers and high fives erupt in the pit from his CREW.

As the cars pull to a stop, THE NASCAR DRIVER hops from the
Blue Car. Pruitt meets him with schoolboy excitement.

NASCAR DRIVER

Helluva a move on that last corner.
You program that thing with balls?

PRUITT

Predictive analytics. She knew what
you were gonna do before you did.

Pruitt jumps on the hood of his car. Addresses his team, pit
crew and a horde of ASSEMBLED MEDIA.

PRUITT (CONT'D)

1997, Deep Blue defeats Gary
Kasparov. 2016, AlphaGo defeats
world Go champ Lee Sedol. And
today, our very own Psy-Drive AI
defeats the reigning Nascar Champ.
My friends, we just made history!

As he speaks, the catering crew hands out glasses and pours
champagne. Among them... McCALL, watching.

64

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

64

Jewel rushes in to find a committee of THREE DISTINGUISHED
ACADEMICS in conversation behind a conference table.

JEWEL

Hi, I'm Jewel Machado. I'm here for my interview.

The panel look at Jewel, uncomfortable. She gets a sinking feeling in her stomach.

JEWEL (CONT'D)

What?

She turns to see Detective Dante, and two UNIFORMED COPS walking toward her. Dante holds the envelope he found in Jewel's trash. Its letterhead matches the letter she's holding in her hand. Jewel's face falls.

65

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

65

Pruitt steps to a urinal in an otherwise empty men's room. Starts to take a leak, when...

MCCALL (O.S.)

I never liked the idea of driverless cars... I prefer to be in control.

Pruitt looks over his shoulder. Sees McCall. Unperturbed by her presence, Pruitt zips, flushes and moves to the sink, washes his hands.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Chance Novak. You met with him at the Club the other day. What did you two talk about?

PRUITT

So... not a caterer, I'm guessing?

MCCALL

Friend of the family.

PRUITT

Well, friend of the family, I don't do meetings in the men's room. If you want to talk, make an appointment with my assistant.

MCCALL

We both know that meeting will never get on the books.

PRUITT

I'm a busy man.

MCCALL

Not too busy to meet with Chance.

PRUITT

Okay. Fine. You want to know what we talked about? The kid was a fan. He liked my vision for the future. Said he hoped to work for me someday. So I gave him a few minutes at lunch. I was being kind.

Pruitt starts to head out.

MCCALL

Yeah. I hear you're a real giver.

PRUITT

I try.

(then)

By the way, what you said about being in control? That's just an illusion. No matter how carefully you drive, you never know when someone's going to cross the line and smash right into you.

With that not so subtle threat, Pruitt tosses his paper towel in the trash and walks out the door. McCall pulls a scanning device out of her pocket. Reads "Phone Cloning Successful".

MCCALL

Ooh, and look at that, you're already making a call.

66

INT. GRANDSTAND, RACETRACK - DAY

66

As Pruitt descends the stairs, he's on his phone.

PRUITT (INTO PHONE)

Yeah. That woman who found you? She just found me too.

ON McCall, watching him descend. Listening in on an earpiece.

PRUITT (V.O. FILTERED) (CONT'D)

I want to know who she is, I want her gone, and I want those goddamn files. And get me more security.

He hangs up, McCall smiles.

MCCALL

Not a saint after all.

As she turns to leave, her phone vibrates... incoming call from Mel. She answers.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Hey, Mel. What's up?

67 INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (INTERCUT)

67

Mel's in the bedroom where Jewel was staying.

MEL
We have a problem.

68 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

68

Harsh fluorescents shine down on Jewel.

DANTE
Jewel, please, just talk to me. If
you don't, I can't help you.

JEWEL
I already told you the truth, and
you didn't believe me. What's it
matter what I say now?

A knock on the door. Det. Bailey sticks his head in.

DET. BAILEY
Her lawyer's here.

And in walks McCall, business make-up, blouse and skirt,
looking every bit the lawyer. Jewel's eyes widen. How did she
find her? McCall eyes Dante, turns on the charm, not hard
because he's her type. If this wasn't a mission...

MCCALL
Detective Dante. Tracy Sloan,
Public Defender's office.

DANTE
I thought no one was available
until tomorrow.

MCCALL
My other case pled out.

Dante studies her. He's liking her back.

DANTE
I haven't seen you before. You new?

MCCALL
Two months now. You've been on
leave, right. For punching a lawyer?
(Dante's smile fades)
(MORE)

MCCALL (CONT'D)

If you don't mind, I'd like a word
with my client now.

As Dante heads out, Bailey quietly makes the whistling-boom
sound of him crashing and burning. As soon as the door closes:

MCCALL (CONT'D)

What is it with you teenage girls
and not listening?

JEWEL

I thought I'd be gone an hour and
no one'd know. That scholarship is
my only chance at a real college.
To be something. Without it, I
can't even afford night school...

MCCALL

You should've told us.

JEWEL

You would've said no. I've worked
so hard all my life to rise up.
People like us, we have to work
harder, so I did. But, I'm going to
prison anyway.

MCCALL

I'm not going to let that happen. I
will get you out of this. I just
need a little more time. I need you
to trust me and take care of
yourself in there, stay safe until
I can clear you. Can you do that?

Jewel nods.

69

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE INTERROGATION - DAY

69

As McCall steps out...

DANTE (O.S.)

It wasn't just a lawyer. The guy I
punched? He was the ADA.

...Dante's been waiting. He crosses to her.

DANTE (CONT'D)

On a case I had against a drug
dealer. The guy hid his stash at
his girlfriend's. She had no idea.
But this ADA, he leveraged her
anyway, threatened 20 years unless
she rolls on him. So she does.

(MORE)

DANTE (CONT'D)

(grows angry remembering)

Just as we go to trial, he drops the case. When I ask why, he says it isn't strong enough and he doesn't want to hurt his conviction record because he may run for office one day... So the dealer walks. Kills his girlfriend the next day.

McCall takes it in.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Why am I telling you this? So you know what kind of man I am when I say the case against that kid in there is rock solid. And you're going to want to plead her out. Don't. Something about this isn't right. I don't know what yet... but I think she's telling the truth.

And as he walks past her, McCall is truly taken by this man. His passion. His insight. How much he cares.

MCCALL

Damn.

As she walks away, her phone rings.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Hey Harry, what's up?

70

INT. THE SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS (INTERCUT)

70

Harry paces the room, upset.

HARRY

Pruitt just got a call from your mercs. They know Jewel's been arrested. They're planning to kill her as soon as she's transferred to Central Jail.

Off McCall, we...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

71 **INT. THE SANCTUM - EVENING**

71

McCall listens as Harry plays the recording of the call.

PRUITT (V.O.)
We can't afford any more questions.
It's not enough they have her. I
need this to be over.

BURKE (V.O.)
We have friends inside. Once she's
at Central, we'll be in control.
We'll make it clean. Like we did
with our professor friend.

Click. The call goes dead.

HARRY
She's scheduled to be transferred
tomorrow morning. If she gets to
Central, she dies.

MCCALL
Then we can't let her get there.

Mel eyes McCall, who's thinking.

MEL
Oh no. I know that look. That's
your I'm gonna do something crazy
look.

MCCALL
Yeah. How's your aim these days?

Off Mel's grin, we SMASH CUT TO:

QUICK CUTS as HANDS pull a PRECISION CASE from under the bed.
Latches pop revealing a disassembled M110 SNIPER RIFLE, which
Mel deftly assembles.

72 **INT. STORAGE SPACE - NIGHT**

72

McCall, rolls up a storage door and enters the cluttered
space, crossing to a tarp draped from mid-room. She yanks off
the canvas, revealing... a hot shit motorcycle.

73 **INT. GARAGE - DAY**

73

Jewel and TWO OTHER handcuffed women load into the rear of a
LAPD van by two UNIFORMED COPS - OFFICERS NOLAN AND REEVES.

OFFICER NOLAN
C'mon ladies, get a move on.

We hold on Jewel as the DOORS slam shut. The two COPS saddle up in the front.

74 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

74

The van emerges from the PRECINCT GARAGE, and pulls into traffic. Down the block, McCall, in leathers, perched on a motorcycle, badass. She lowers her helmet visor, and follows.

75 **INT. PRECINCT, BULLPEN - DAY**

75

Dante is at his desk, reviewing the video from the alley, when JACK GAYNOR, late-twenties, ill-fitting suit approaches.

JACK GAYNOR
Detective Dante? Jack Gaynor from the PD's office. I've been assigned to Jewel Machado's case. I'd like to speak with her if I can.

DANTE
(what?)
Jewel's being transferred to Central. Your colleague, Tracy Sloan, she met with her last night.

JACK GAYNOR
Who?

DANTE
Tracy Sloan?

Jack has no idea who he's talking about. Dante snatches up his desk phone.

76 **EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY**

76

The LAPD TRANSPORT VAN winds its way through traffic. McCall on her motorcycle behind them.

MCCALL (V.O. FILTERED)
Here they come. Ready?

77 **EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY**

77

Mel, on the edge, sniper sunglasses, looking like Trinity in The Matrix. She stares down the site of her rifle scope.

MEL
Just like the good old days.

78

INT. TRANSPORT VAN - DAY

78

As the van approaches the intersection, the radio squawks.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
4-ADAM-9. Request return to
precinct. Detectives need to re-
interview one of your customers.

OFFICER NOLAN
Seriously? Can't these guys make up-

He never finishes, as GUNSHOTS SHATTER the DRIVERS WINDOW,
just as McCall's motorcycle skids to a stop. She slams a
canister of TEAR GAS through the spider-cracked window,
SHATTERING it. Reaches in and grabs keys.

As the cops choke for air, McCall strides like the Terminator
to the van's rear door - opens it. The women inside coughing.
Moving fast, she cuts Jewel's restraints and pulls her out,
hauling her to the bike.

MCCALL
It's me. Get on the bike.

Jewel, recognizing McCall's voice, complies, as Nolan spills
out of the van, pulling his service weapon. McCall catches
Nolan's arm, DISARMS HIM, POPS THE CLIP, EJECTS THE CHAMBERED
ROUND and TOSSES THE GUN. But just as she hops on the bike...

SIRENS BLEAT from a PATROL CAR coming from the opposite
direction. Uh oh.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Hang on!

McCall burns rubber as she spins the wheel, pivots and heads
the other way, the POLICE CAR giving chase. McCall looks
behind her, shit.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
I've got company!

ON THE ROOF - Mel, who was in retreat, stops. Runs back to
the building's edge. Looks down.

ON THE STREET - McCall sees a SECOND UNIT coming the opposite
direction. As she hits the intersection, she turns sharply,
veering down a ONE WAY STREET... the WRONG WAY!

She guns the engines, weaving in and out of oncoming traffic
at breakneck speed. The COP cars are stuck behind the traffic
behind her. Looks like she's going to lose them, until...

A THIRD and FOURTH POLICE CAR skid to a halt at the end of the street, blocking the intersection. Fuck!

McCall reacts instantly, swerves the bike off the street, up onto the sidewalk... whipping past pedestrians, who jump out of the way. She shoots off the sidewalk, back onto the street, with THREE and FOUR in pursuit.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
We gotta lose these guys before they
get a chopper on us. Hold tight.
Mel, I'm coming back your way.

ON THE ROOF - Mel grabs her rifle, runs back to the edge.

MEL
On it.

ON THE STREET - McCall tears down the road, the two cop cars behind her. They're closing in.

ON THE ROOF - Mel looks through her scope, sees McCall coming toward her. Her aim drifts back to the lead COP CAR, as she draws a bead on its front tire. And...

BAM! The tire blows. The CAR veers, slamming into its partner, spinning both of them out. They watch as McCall disappears in the distance.

79 **EXT. STREET, PARKING GARAGE - DAY** 79

McCall turns into a parking garage.

80 **INT. PARKING GARAGE, LOWER LEVEL - DAY** 80

Mel waits, with a delivery van, back doors open, ramp down. McCall drives right up into the back. Mel slides the ramp up and closes the doors.

81 **EXT. STREET - DAY** 81

Mel drives the delivery van past the damaged POLICE VAN, now surrounded by cop cars.

82 **EXT./INT. PRUITT'S HOUSE - DAY** 82

Pruitt, on his cell, enters his house. TWO SUITED MEN stand guard.

PRUITT (INTO PHONE)
Why would they hit the van in broad
daylight? The girl's a nobody.
(realizes)
They knew our plan.
(MORE)

PRUITT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
(then - *Fuck!*)
She's tapping our goddamn phones.

83

INT. "THE BAR NONE" - DAY

83

Harry plays the intercepted call for McCall.

PRUITT (CONT'D, V.O. FILTERED)
Burn these numbers. Go to your back-
ups.

HARRY
Well, it was fun while it lasted.

McCall looks over at Jewel. Mel's helping her flush her eyes.

MCCALL
They're going to keep coming.

HARRY
You know who they are, can't you
just, uh, y'know, go after them?

MCCALL
It's not enough. We need evidence.
Something that proves Jewel's
innocence. We need to know what's
in those files Chance hid.
(then)
You have any luck with those
numbers he wrote down?

HARRY
(shakes his head)
It's like an old key you'd find on
the sidewalk. Useless, until you
know what door it fits.

MCCALL
Pruitt was repped by Steinem and
Roe. Chance worked there, and went
to see his old Law Professor. This
has to be connected to some legal
issue. Something Chance accidentally
uncovered about Pruitt.

HARRY
There was nothing on their servers.

MCCALL
What if it's not on their servers?
What if it's something the Firm's
helping Pruitt to cover up?
(MORE)

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Something so damaging they keep it
locked away.

84 **EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

84

Steinem and Roe emblazoned on the side. AT THE REAR OF THE BUILDING, a janitor wheels some garbage out of a utility door, then crosses back to the door, punching in a code. Suddenly we zoom in on his fingers.

85 **EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY**

85

McCall's watching through a spotting scope.

86 **EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT**

86

Same keypad. After midnight. Gloved fingers type in the code. McCall opens the door, and slips inside.

87 **INT. STEINEM AND ROE, FILE ROOM - NIGHT**

87

A FLASHLIGHT plays across a row of filing cabinets. They seem endless. McCall moves stealthily past them, not exactly sure what she's looking for, when... her phone vibrates. That's weird. She checks it. It's her ex-husband... **Miles.**

MCCALL

Miles. What's wrong?

MILES (V.O.)

It's Delilah. She's supposed to be at Caitlyn's, but Caitlyn told her mom they were sleeping here. Robyn, she's not responding to my texts... I don't know where she is.

McCall switches to "Mom Mode", turns and heads out.

88 **INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT**

88

The living room pulses with hard partying teens, drinking, smoking, dancing in spilled beer, making out on the couches. And in the center of the room is Delilah, wearing THE SEQUINED DRESS Robyn said no to, accepting a joint from a boy she's dirty dancing with when...

THE MUSIC STOPS COLD. The kids look around - "What just happened?" - to see ROBYN MCCALL standing by the DJ table, staring daggers at Delilah. She's so fucked.

89 **INT. MCCALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

89

Delilah bursts through the door first, Robyn on her heels. Aunt Fry is on the couch.

AUNT FRY

Thank goodness you found her.

DELILAH

And humiliated me in front of all my friends. I'm never leaving my room again.

She goes into her room and slams the door.

MCCALL

Damn straight you're not!

(to Aunt Fry)

She lied. She was at a party, drinking, smoking weed. And that dress she's wearing? She stole it.

AUNT FRY

Well at least it wasn't a car and she's not in jail.

MCCALL

Those were very different circumstances.

AUNT FRY

The world's in reruns. I'll be in my room.

90

INT. DELILIAH'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

90

The two are already into it. Delilah pulls out a suitcase.

DELILAH

You have no idea how embarrassing that was. I'm going to Dad's.

MCCALL

Sit your ass down! Do you have any idea how lucky you are? Your closet is full, you don't worry about being hungry, you have your own room, in two homes.

DELILAH

Oh, I forgot. You work with orphans in third world countries, so I can't ever be unhappy. Someone always has it worse.

MCCALL

Those people would kill to have your life. We give you everything you want.

DELILAH

You mean everything you want. But
if I want something, it's no. Put
it back. No discussion. You have no
idea what I want or who I am!

MCCALL

Not anymore, I don't.

DELILAH

How could you? You and Dad pop in
and out of my life like soap
bubbles. You have no idea how hard
it is out there! What I have to do
everyday to fit in!

MCCALL

Think you'd fit in better if you'd
been arrested?

DELILAH

Might as well be in prison, living
here with you!

McCall is angrier than we've seen her.

MCCALL

I'm gonna do you a favor, little
girl. I'm gonna leave before I do
or say something I'll regret.

She reaches over to Delilah's nightstand and grabs her phone
and her Ipad from under a LIBRARY BOOK.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

No phone, no Ipad. No TV, No land-
lines and...

As she does, the BOOK distracts her for a moment. On its
spine is a label with the LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOG NUMBER -
a mix of letters and numbers, like Chance's mysterious code.

DELILAH

And?

McCall realizes what this means. Heads for the door.

MCCALL

You're grounded... until I say
you're not. And take off that damn
dress!

91 INT. THE SANCTUM - NIGHT

91

Harry has the "KF30 6G5 519 85C3" up on the monitor.

HARRY
A library book?

92 EXT. MCCALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

92

McCall crosses to her car, on the phone.

MCCALL

Chance went to see Professor Freeman at the University. Maybe he hid the files somewhere in the stacks so Pruitt's people couldn't find them.

93 INT. LIBRARY STACKS - NIGHT

93

Lonely and deserted. McCall makes her way down an aisle of books, her finger running along their spines, over their Library of Congress Codes. She stops at one. "*Legal Ethics in the Modern Age*". She holds up the number on Chance's Valet receipt **KF30 6G5 519 85C3**, with the code on its spine **KF306.G55.1985.C3** It's a match.

She open the book. Flips through it. Shakes it out. Nothing. But then she runs her finger along the spine. Feels a bump. She checks the gap between the binding and the pages.

From it she pulls... AN SD MEMORY CARD. Bingo. But as she does, a gun is pressed against her head, as BURKE EMERGES FROM THE DARKNESS. Plucks the card from her hand.

BURKE
Thanks. We've been looking all over
for that.

Willard slams her with the butt of a rifle. She crumbles to the floor.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

94

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

94

A BLACK SACKCLOTH is pulled from McCall's head. She stirs to find that she's bound to a chair, with Willard and Burke standing over her. She eyes the warehouse.

MCCALL

Man, you guys really like the industrial look, don't you?

WILLARD

I'm not gonna lie to you. You're going to die tonight. That part's decided. But what is up to you is how. Quick and painless... or slow and agonizing.

MCCALL

What? Like this bad guy speech?

BURKE

That's funny. She's funny.

Burke punches her in the stomach. McCall winces.

WILLARD

We had eyes on the law firm. We knew you were putting the pieces together. Now we want to know why, who you are, and who you're working for.

MCCALL

And I want a magical unicorn that farts rainbows, so I guess we're both gonna be disappointed.

A beat, and then... Willard shoves her chair back. As it falls against a low table, Burke slams a cloth over her face. McCall struggles as Willard pours water over her mouth - waterboarding her for several excruciating seconds. Then...

WILLARD

Bring her up.

Burke lifts her back to upright. McCall coughs.

MCCALL

Gonna be hard to stage my death if you waterboard me. Can't hang me like you did with Freeman.

(MORE)

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Or shoot me with dope and pop me
like with Chance. Not with water in
my lungs.

BURKE

Don't worry. We'll think of
something more creative for your
death.

MCCALL

What's in those files anyway?
What's Ryan Pruitt hiding that's
worth killing for?

WILLARD

Honestly? We don't care. He just
hired us to get them back.

Burke pats his shirt pocket.

BURKE

Thanks for that, by the way.

WILLARD

And now we need to cap the well. So
I'll ask you once again. Who are
you?

MCCALL

Funny, you don't know about me,
when I know all about you, Henry
Allen Willard. James Burke. About
the innocent civilians you executed
in Nisur Square.

Willard and Burke share a look, WTF?

MCCALL (CONT'D)

I also knew you were coming for me,
so I made an arrangement with an
old friend of mine.

McCall looks up at them defiant. Suddenly, both boys light up
with red laser dots.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Uh oh. Red dots? That can't be
good. See, the moment you put that
gun to my head, I activated the
tracker I'm wearing.

BLACK CLAD OPERATIVES slowly move in from the shadows.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

They just knew not to move until I
got your confession... Thanks for
that, by the way.

They know they're fucked. BISHOP too emerges from the dark.

BISHOP

Gentlemen, I have some dear friends
in Washington who are very anxious
to meet you.

The operatives zip tie Willard and Burke, as Bishop cuts
McCall free.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Just like Tangiers.

MCCALL

Except this time, you're cutting me
loose.

Bishop pulls the SD card from Burke's pocket, hands it to
McCall.

BISHOP

Go finish this.

95

INT. PRUITT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

95

Pruitt paces the bedroom with his TWO SUITED SECURITY GUARDS.

PRUITT

They should've called by now. Prep
the jet. We're getting out of here.

Just then, the phone rings. Pruitt answers on his earpiece.

PRUITT (CONT'D)

Is she dead?

MCCALL (V.O. EARPIECE)

No. But she's pissed.

Suddenly the lights go out.

PRUITT

She's here. Find her.

The two Security Guards rush out.

MCCALL (V.O. EARPIECE)

Those files you've been looking
for?

(MORE)

MCCALL (V.O. EARPIECE) (CONT'D)

They make for interesting reading.
Especially the one about the
internal study warning there's a
flaw in your self-driving
software... Y'know, the one you
sold to half the car companies. The
one already responsible for 87
deaths.

ON MCCALL moving through the darkness.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

But you don't know how to fix it,
do you? So instead of reporting it,
you decided to cover it up, leaving
millions at risk.

McCall sees one of the SECURITY GUARDS moving toward her.

Suddenly, Pruitt hears a scream from downstairs. He rushes to
the SECOND FLOOR LANDING look down. One of his security guys
down. The other guard races to the body. Locks eyes with
Pruitt. Pruitt runs to the bedroom.

MCCALL (V.O. EARPIECE) (CONT'D)

But somehow Chance found out. A
lowly first year with a conscience.
He knew he needed to go public, but
how could he without violating
attorney-client privilege? So he
came to you...

Opens his safe and pulls out a Glock 9mm. In his earpiece, he
hears shouts, and gunfire. Then...

MCCALL (CONT'D)

He pled with you to do the right
thing. But that would destroy your
precious reputation, open you up to
criminal investigations, cost you
billions. So you went after him,
and anyone he touched.

Pruitt moves through the hallway, swinging his weapon wildly.
Sees a shadow move and opens fire. Nothing there. As he works
his way to the front door...

PRUITT

Listen, we can work this out. I
have money. I can make you rich
beyond your wildest dreams.
Anything you want.

MCCALL

You people. Think the world can be
bought and sold? That your life is
more valuable than anyone else's?

PRUITT

Everyone has a price. Just name it.
Ten million? Twenty? Thirty?

MCCALL

Your money can't save you.

He breaks for the front door.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Pruitt races to his car. As he starts it up, it suddenly dies.
Doors lock on their own. He sees McCall coming. Can't get out.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

You're right. Control is just an
illusion... Thanks Harry.

96 **INT. THE SANCTUM - NIGHT**

96

Harry has a graphic of Pruitt's car up on the screen.

HARRY

My pleasure.

97 **INT. PRECINCT - MORNING**

97

Dante arrives, carrying his satchel and a cup of coffee. Sees
a manilla folder on his desk. He opens it to find files and a
small recorder that has a note on it that says Play Me.

98 **EXT. PRUITT'S HOUSE - DAY**

98

Dante, Bailey, and several cops walk up to see Pruitt trapped
in his car, handcuffed to his steering wheel.

DANTE (V.O.)

We were able to recover the un-
doctored video...

99 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

99

Dante sits with Jewel.

DANTE

... from Mr. Pruitt's safe. It
confirms that you were telling the
truth. All charges against you have
been dropped.

JEWEL

So that's it? I'm free to go?

DANTE

(nods)

I do have a question though. That lady Public Defender who visited you. What'd you two talk about?

JEWEL

Just my case.

DANTE

Ever see her before?

JEWEL

No. Never. She was nice though.

DANTE

And the attack on the police van? You said it was the same men from the alley who broke you out. Why do you think they'd do that? They could've killed you right there.

JEWEL

I know! I'm just lucky I got away and was able to hide.

DANTE

Very lucky... You must have a guardian angel looking out for you.

100 **EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

100

Jewel throws her arms around a waiting McCall.

JEWEL

I said what you told me. It's over.

MCCALL

Not completely.

Jewel pulls away, worried. But McCall smiles.

101 **INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY**

101

McCall ushers Jewel back into the auditorium where she was arrested. The committee of THREE DISTINGUISHED ACADEMICS wait, this time smiling.

MCCALL

I can't guarantee the scholarship.
But I can make sure you get your
shot.

JEWEL

This is amazing. How can I ever
thank you?

MCCALL

Go be something.

McCall watches Jewel approach the panel, then turns to exit,
pulling out her phone and dialing.

MCCALL (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hey Aunt Fry, how's Delilah
doing...? Tell her to get dressed.

102

EXT. JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER, YARD - DAY

102

Girls in jumpers gather in small cliques. Beyond the barbed-
wire chain-link fence, McCall's car pulls up, Delilah in the
passenger seat.

DELILAH

Why are we here?

MCCALL

Because... When I was 17, I stole a
car.

Delilah looks at her mother like she just grew a second head.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

After my dad was killed, I fell in
with some people. I was young and
dumb, just trying to feel something.
But you know what I was to the
world? A black girl in a stolen car.
Cops arrested me at the county line.

DELILAH

What happened?

MCCALL

At the time I had what they called
escalating priors. Most judges
would've sent me away. But there
was this one judge, she didn't look
at my priors. She looked at me. All
of me, and saw someone worth
saving. So she gave me a choice.
Jail or Army.

(MORE)

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Everyday, I think, who would I be
without that choice. I was lucky.

Delilah bows her head and thinks about this.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

And now you're making choices,
deciding who and what you want to
be... But I want you to take a look
at those girls out there, tell me
what most of them have in common.

Delilah looks. Most of them are of color.

DELILAH

(uncomfortable)

I see it.

MCCALL

I know the world's shifting under
your feet. I'm home, Dad's getting
married... and you're expected to
just roll with it. You're right. It
is hard. I'm sorry I didn't see it,
and I promise to do better.

(then)

But this world we live in is just
looking for a reason to pull people
like us to the other side of that
fence. Don't help it along.

Delilah nods, understanding.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Now, about the dress... I'll settle
things with the store, but you'll
need to pay me back.

DELILAH

(hopeful)

I could use my birthday money.

MCCALL

Or, you could make the world a
better place. They need volunteers
for their literacy program here. I
figure 25 hours should cover it.

Off Delilah, not happy, but resigned.

103

INT. BAR NONE - DAY

103

A DART hits the board. McCall's shot. She and Mel go back and forth. Harry sits, having a beer, feet up on the table. Bar's closed. It's just the three of them.

HARRY

I would've loved to see Delilah's face when you drove up there.

MEL

Think you scared her straight?

MCCALL

She's 15. Who knows? I think she was just relieved I wasn't checking her in.

McCall goes to gather the darts on the dart board.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

But it made me wonder about Jewel, what would've happened if I hadn't been in that coffee shop...

MEL

And how many others are out there like her... desperate with nowhere to turn?

HARRY

Must be legions of them.

A small smile forms on McCall's face.

MCCALL

They do have somewhere to turn.

Harry and Mel shoot her a look.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

To me. They can turn to me.

(beat)

We just have to let 'em know.

McCall throws a final dart. Bullseye.

104

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

104

We're mid-interrogation, Dante sits across the table from a handcuffed Pruitt and his LAWYER. Photos of Willard and Burke are laid out in front of Pruitt.

LAWYER

Detective, I told you, my client is
not going to answer any questions.

DANTE

Last one. Ever seen this woman
before?

Dante slides a photograph across the table. It's McCall, from
precinct surveillance, dressed as the Public Defender. Before
his lawyer can speak, Pruitt leans forward, eyes ablaze.

PRUITT

That's her! That's the bitch who
broke into my house and attacked my
men. She's the one you should be
looking for. Who the hell is she?

We push past Dante, wondering the same thing, to the mirror
behind him...

105

INT. OBSERVATION - DAY

105

... where CAPTAIN RAY PEREZ, late 50s, an intimidating by-the-
book career cop watches through the glass, Detective Bailey
beside him.

CAPT. PEREZ

Bailey, get me the D.A.

DET. BAILEY

Captain?

CAPT. PEREZ

The last thing this city needs is a
reckless vigilante endangering
lives. I want this woman in
custody, now.

Off Perez, we...

END PILOT