

REDLINERS

A killer love story

Written by

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Based on SMALL KINGDOMS by Charlaine Harris

NETWORK DRAFT
January 14, 2017

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. EST. CLAYTON, NEW YORK - MORNING

In a diverse, working-class suburb ninety minutes from New York City, we find a lovely but nondescript house no one would ever look twice at.

Which is exactly the point.

INT. ND HOUSE - VARIOUS SHOTS/ROOMS - MORNING

MOVING through the interior, everything speaks to order and precision: Shoes aligned and sorted by color. A skirt and blouse, perfectly pressed. Matching sofas and love seats. A state-of-the-art TABLET on one of two matching end tables.

A MANICURED FINGER

enters FRAME, touching the tablet's screen. The cover photo of Dionne Warwick's GREATEST HITS appears and the bouncy "*I'll Never Fall In Love Again*" fills the air.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

As the SONG underscores, ANNE DEWITT, 30's, a model of smart, sensual elegance, enters in her robe. She places the tablet on the counter where breakfast has already been laid out the previous evening.

Anne pours herself exactly 3/4 of a cup of unfussy, fiber-rich breakfast cereal. The SOUND attracts her hairless cat, SNOWBALL.

MEOW.

Anne measures out 1/4 cup of kibble. Snowball MEWS again, clearly unsatisfied with her portion.

ANNE

We don't get what we want,
Snowball. We get what we can
swallow.

As Snowball reluctantly eats, Anne presses another button on her tablet and addresses her virtual assistant, NIGEL.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Good morning, Nigel.

NIGEL

Good morning, Ma'am. How may I assist you?

ANNE

Open food diary, record breakfast.

NIGEL

Same breakfast as yesterday, Ma'am?

ANNE

Same as every day, Nigel.

And as Anne lifts the spoon to her lips, we GO:

INT. ANNE'S BATHROOM - LATER - MORNING

Anne steps from the shower, wraps herself in a towel, then moves to the mirror and runs a brush through her wet hair. Noticing that one strand in her level-straight bangs is disturbingly long, she reaches for a pair of scissors.

Suddenly, Snowball bursts in the door, leaps on the counter, and knocks the scissors to the ground. Anne jumps back with a start.

ANNE

Snowball! Bad girl.

The cat slithers to a corner and Anne bends down to retrieve the scissors. It's only then that she notices

TWO FEET WRAPPED IN HOSPITAL BOOTIES

on the other side of the door.

Anne freezes.

Tightly gripping the scissors, she purposefully stands and lets her towel drop to the floor.

Then, she whips open the door.

A MAN IN A SKI MASK

is revealed, methodically applying chloroform to a cloth. Momentarily stunned by Anne's nudity (*no salaciousness here, only over-the-shoulder practicality*), Anne SLAMS the scissors into the man's jugular. The man gasps, Anne pivots and grabs the man's head, and hammers it onto the edge of her bath.

BOOM. Snowball jumps again.

Anne takes a deep breath, wraps that towel back around herself, and leans onto the counter.

As the man bleeds out into her tub, Anne touches the tablet once more.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Nigel?

NIGEL
Yes, Ma'am?

ANNE
Initiate worst-case scenario protocols.

NIGEL
Initiating, Ma'am.

Anne now notices a small cut on her finger. Shit.

ANNE
What time is it, Nigel?

NIGEL
Seven-forty-six, Ma'am.

Anne considers this, then looks at the dead man.

ANNE
Are there any body disposal sites within a fifteen-minute radius?

NIGEL
No, Ma'am.

Double shit. Anne glances at Snowball.

ANNE
(to Snowball)
This isn't good, is it?

BEAT.

NIGEL
No, Ma'am.

And as Anne reacts to Nigel's unsolicited response, we

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ANNE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Anne, now smartly dressed, exits her front door carrying a short jacket and pair of heels. Hustling into an immaculately clean Volvo, she REVS up the car and BLASTS it into the street.

INT. ANNE'S CAR - ON THE HIGHWAY - MOVING - MORNING

Anne's glancing at the clock, nervously clenching and unclenching her hand on the steering wheel.

ANNE

Come on, come on, come on...

She passes A COP CAR only half-veiled beneath some trees on the side of the road. As THE COP looks up at her, Anne raises her hand -- *don't fuck with me* -- and ZOOMS past him.

EXT. ND PARKING LOT - MORNING

Anne's car SCREECHES to a stop and she leaps from the vehicle. Off her expensive heels pounding the pavement--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ND INSTITUTIONAL HALLWAY - MORNING

Those heels hurriedly making their way down an empty, fluorescent-lit linoleum hall. Anne reaches a door.

INT. AUDITORIUM - MORNING

PANNING up from the heels, Anne walks across an inlay floor and takes her place behind a podium. We GO TIGHT on her face.

ANNE

Good morning, everyone. Welcome
back to school.

As the ROAR of a crowd goes up, we CUT WIDE TO REVEAL A PACKED AUDITORIUM FILLED WITH HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS.

Coming around ON ANNE, we see that she's standing in front of a row of SCHOOL OFFICIALS seated in metal folding chairs. Engraved on a plaque on Anne's podium: **Principal DeWitt**.

She smiles warmly.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I'm sure you're all as excited as I
am to be back. I'm very proud--

SQUEAK SQUEAK. The SOUND of basketball shoes pulls Anne's focus. Enter COACH HOLT HALSEY, 30's, African-American, casual (bordering on slovenly), cool. He moves to the one empty chair.

After glaring at Holt for a beat, Anne clears her throat and turns back to the crowd and, with genuine passion:

ANNE (CONT'D)

I'm very proud of what we've
accomplished this semester. Our
test scores have never been higher.
But we can't let down now. We have
to keep fighting...

Holt's eyes dart warily around the room as Anne lifts that finger with just the tiniest drop of blood to her mouth...

ANNE (CONT'D)

The wolf is always at the door.

And off Holt, watching Anne intently, we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLAYTON HIGH - MAIN HALLWAY - LATER - MORNING

Anne, tense and checking her watch, hustles toward her office through a crowd of students and faculty. Her well-meaning, relatively new, and overly officious assistant, CHRISTY STRUNK, 30's, gives chase.

CHRISTY

Ms. DeWitt...

Anne keeps moving.

ANNE

Good morning, Christy.

CHRISTY

Do you want to review your
schedule?

ANNE

I went over it with Nigel in the
car.

CHRISTY

Oh. Of course.

(slightly hurt)

Well, I do have a couple messages--

Keeping her pace, Anne nods toward JAMES TOTH, 16, a tall, sweet/awkward kid who's walking with his sister, SARAH, 15, animated and social, and her friend, KATIE, 15, oddly detached. James blows his nose as Sarah texts/Snapchats and Katie keeps her eyes to the ground.

ANNE

--James. I heard you were ill over the break. Feeling better?

JAMES

Yes, Ms. Dewitt. Thank you.

ANNE

So, good to start tomorrow night?

SARAH

(without looking up)

Clay's our starter, Ma'am.

ANNE

Ah. Of course. Well... eyes on the prize, James.

(studies her)

Everything all right, Katie?

KATIE

Yeah. Fine.

The teens awkwardly peel off. Anne holds, watching Katie disappear.

ANNE

She's been crying.

CHRISTY

I'm... I didn't notice any...

ANNE

Microexpressions, Christy.
Periorbital edema--

CHRISTY

Peri-what?

ANNE

Her eyes were swollen.

Christy reacts. Why didn't *she* notice that?

Anne starts down the hall again as Christy glances back at her notepad.

CHRISTY

Katie's father wants to meet with you today. Maybe he'll know what's up?

ANNE

Maybe so. I'll see him after lunch.

INT. ANNE'S OFFICE - WAITING AREA - MORNING

Anne enters, beelining past Christy's desk toward her own inner sanctum.

CHRISTY

Mr. Jessup from the car dealership is coming in this afternoon. Coach Halsey said he might make a donation--

Anne stops at the door to her office, anxious to get inside.

ANNE

Yes, I had Nigel set up a meeting with Mr. Jessup over the break. We're going to need a banner with his logo. Call him and see if you can get a high-res file.

Christy, shaking her head, scrambles to write that down.

CHRISTY

I can't believe Coach got Bob Jessup to cough up--

ANNE

Mr. Jessup will only write the check IF we win the game tomorrow night.

CHRISTY

(confused)
So I should wait on the banner...?

ANNE

No. We're going to win.

CHRISTY

Right. Well. On the off chance we don't, Assistant Principal Nii has another idea to generate funding.

ANNE
Great. Anything else?

Anne slips a key into the lock. Christy again at her notes:

CHRISTY
Coach Halsey would like a few
minutes.

ANNE
(sweet smile)
Not today.

With that, Anne enters and purposefully shuts the door. As Christy sighs, always wishing for more, we pick up

HOLT HALSEY

standing just outside in the hallway, having heard all. After a tense beat, he moves off.

INT. ANNE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Double locking her door, Anne whips the drapes shut and pulls A JUMP DRIVE from her pocket. She plugs it into the computer on her desk, hits a key, and the desktop reboots in a completely different mode (black screen, running Linux).

Anne now pulls out her phone and uploads A PICTURE OF THE DEAD MAN from her bathroom. Typing *KNOWN ENEMIES AND ASSOCIATES* on her computer screen, Anne begins running a photo recognition algorithm on the dead man's face.

Off Anne, focused, we GO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - BASKETBALL COURT - MORNING

The basketball team is running drills on the court. The dominant player, CLAY MEACHUM, 17, hits basket after basket, but a bad pass from James Toth, the kid we met in the hall, breaks his rhythm.

CLAY
Toth?!

JAMES
Sorry, Clay.

CLAY
Why are you even here?

As Clay shakes his head, we pick up ASSISTANT COACH NATE MEYERS, a former Clayton alum not much older than Clay. He calls to them from the sidelines.

NATE
It's alright! Keep going!

CLAY
(to Nate)
Where's Coach? I can't play with this guy.

JAMES
It was just one pass, Clay.

CLAY
(to James)
No, dude. You suck. You still have the runs?

HOLT (O.S.)
Meachum?!

Clay spins to discover

HOLT

entering.

HOLT (CONT'D)
You just worry about you, okay?

As Clay darkens, he glares at James, then resumes shooting.

Holt moves to Nate's side.

HOLT (CONT'D)
Sorry I'm late.

Nate reads the sweat on Holt's brow.

NATE
You alright?

HOLT
Yeah. I've just got some stuff.
Gonna need you to cover for me this morning.

Nate, wary, has heard this song before.

NATE
Is this girlfriend "stuff"?

Holt shrugs, *pretending* to be busted.

HOLT
It's always girlfriend stuff, Nate.

As Nate reacts, Holt calls out to his players.

HOLT (CONT'D)
HEY, GUYS!

The guys stop playing.

HOLT (CONT'D)
Nate's going to work with you
through lunch. We'll catch up this
afternoon.

CLAY
Wait... You're leaving?

HOLT
No big, Clay. Everyone's looking
good.

CLAY
But we're playing East Hills
tomorrow night. This is bullshit.

HOLT
(sharp)
Excuse me?

Clay doesn't blink. Holt moves up to him, pulls the ball from his hand.

HOLT (CONT'D)
You *look* good, but you gotta *be*
good. Gotta play for each other,
right? Have your man's back. That's
the team I want to coach, and
that's the team that's going to
win.
(pointed; to Clay)
We clear?

And as Clay holds - no comment - Holt looks back at Nate and we

CUT TO:

INT. ANNE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Anne, deep into the weeds now, has stopped scrolling through image after image of potential "enemies," and is staring at a single face. It's not the man from the bathroom this morning, but someone *else*; handsome, piercing eyes, slightly older.

We PUSH IN on Anne's face, a jumble of conflicted emotion. Who is this man? What does he mean to her?

Suddenly, a KNOCK at the door. Spell broken and armor up, Anne rises.

ANNE
(calling)
Christy, I'm *working*.

BUDDY (O.S.)
Anne, it's Buddy. I need a minute.

Shit. Anne yanks out the thumb drive, reboots, pulls open the drapes, and opens the door.

ANNE
Buddy. Good morning.

Assistant Principal BUDDY NII, 30's, well-groomed and nerd-charming, greets her with a smile.

BUDDY
It *is*. This a good time?

ANNE
Not really.

BUDDY
The board nixed the budget line for new textbooks.

ANNE
(genuinely disappointed)
Oh, no...

BUDDY
Yeah. Not a good sign. All this talk about dissolving the district and splitting our students between Ryland and East Hills...

ANNE
That's not going to happen.
(then)
Why are you smiling?

BUDDY
Because I have a solution.
("plastics")
Solar.

ANNE
Solar?

BUDDY

Panels. With rebates, it wouldn't cost much to run them all along the field side of campus.

ANNE

Bring this back to books, Buddy.

BUDDY

Once the panels are paid off, we get another rebate for putting power on the grid. Then, we set up pay charging stations for electric cars. That would not only fund the books but potentially generate enough money to save our jobs.

CHRISTY

I'd like to save my job, Ms. DeWitt.

Anne looks at Christy, then back to Nii.

ANNE

Nobody in this town drives an electric car.

BUDDY

I do.

ANNE

How much are we paying you?

BUDDY

I got it used.

CHRISTY

He's got an "app" that controls the car *remotely*. You could send it out for coffee!

Buddy proudly holds up his phone.

BUDDY

More money, more students, less chance of us getting shut down.

ANNE

Okay. Get me a proposal.

BUDDY

Yes!

ANNE

But do it fast, before I personally
gut the school board.

As Christy gives Buddy a supportive thumbs-up, Anne closes
the door.

INT. ANNE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Anne holds, sighs, then hits the locks again... and suddenly,
she *smells* something.

Wary, she turns and we REVEAL

HOLT

standing *inside* Anne's office before the open window. As Anne
reacts, he quickly lifts up his hands, spitting out:

HOLT

(taut whisper)
Twyla Burnside.

Anne reacts in astonishment.

HOLT (CONT'D)

That *is* your real name, isn't it?

Without missing a beat, Anne promptly levels Holt with a
roundhouse kick to his head, then catches his body mid-air so
as not to arouse the suspicion of Christy outside the door.

HOLT (CONT'D)

HEY--

Anne grabs Holt's mouth to silence him, then flips him to the
ground. As he lands, he reaches into a leg holster, whips out
a Glock, and points it directly at Anne's head.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Bad idea.

Anne holds for a tense beat, then seemingly relents and
raises her hands. But as Holt starts to get up off the
floor... BOOM! Anne delivers another powerful kick to Holt's
chest and HIS GUN goes spinning across the floor.

Game on. This fight gets big fast, with both Anne and Holt
exchanging blows in near silence, each catching everything
before it hits the ground. (NOTE: *There is nothing "cute"*
about this fight. The blows are real, as are the emotional
stakes driving them.)

As both Anne and Holt tumble over the desk, Anne whips open her drawer, grabs another pair of scissors, and plunges them deep into the webbing on Holt's left hand. Holt SCREAMS in pain. Anne covers his mouth again, grabs his gun from the floor, and pushes it into his temple, whispering:

ANNE

In one second, you are going to tell me who you are and how you know my name. In two seconds, if either of your answers smell worse than your aftershave, Principal DeWitt is going to "accidentally" kill Coach Halsey with the gun he brought to her office in a jealous rage.

HOLT

(whisper)
--Jealous?!

ANNE

--ONE.

HOLT

My name is Holt Halsey. I'm FBI.

ANNE

Liar!

HOLT

I'm assigned to protect you!

ANNE

By crawling through my window?!

HOLT

I tried to get an appointment, but you wouldn't see me!

ANNE

You were late for assembly!

Anne twists those scissors deeper into Halsey's hand and he stifles a scream.

HOLT

GODDA--

Anne slaps her hand over his mouth again.

ANNE

I.D.?!

HOLT
 (in serious pain)
 Not... on me...

ANNE
 But you carry a gun? To *MY school*?

HOLT
Sorry. Not really a *scissors* man.
 But they seem to work pretty well
 for *you*...

Anne reacts.

HOLT (CONT'D)
 Oh yeah. I know all about your
 little bathtub boy. Might want to
 thicken up those drapes...

BOOM! Anne hits Holt in the face with the butt of the Glock.

HOLT (CONT'D)
 OWW!

That scream was LOUD. In seconds, we HEAR:

CHRISTY (O.S.)
 Ms. DeWitt? You alright?

Anne deliberately clears her throat.

ANNE
 (low voice)
 I'm fine...
 (cough; normal voice now)
 I'm fine, Christy.

Anne now rips the scissors from Holt's hand, whips him to his feet, and calls toward the door:

ANNE (CONT'D)
 I've got a lot of paperwork to get
 through, so I'd like not to be
 disturbed.
 (to Holt; motioning with
 gun)
 Back outside.

Holt is clutching his bloody hand.

HOLT
 Where are we going?!

ANNE
 You're taking me to your handler.

HOLT
He won't talk to you.

ANNE
He'd better. Or you'll be the
second man to die in my bathtub
this morning.

And as Holt reacts, Anne pushes him out the window, and we

GO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOLT'S MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY

Holt's at the wheel, Anne's shotgun, still holding his Glock. The back seat is all sports equipment and fast-food wrappers.

ANNE

Your car smells like a jockstrap.

HOLT

Thank you.

ANNE

Blends with that fine cologne.

HOLT

I told my team I'd be back for practice.

ANNE

Yes, I'm sure the FBI's *very* concerned about "your team."

HOLT

(genuine)

Hey, I love those kids. Even *you* said I was a good coach.

ANNE

When?

HOLT

Faculty Christmas party. You said I was really "bringing up morale."

ANNE

Must have had too much eggnog.

HOLT

I've been bringing in the cash too. I got old man Jessup at the car dealership--

ANNE

I know all about it. Three thousand dollars. Coaching basketball, soliciting funds, slobbering on teacher's aides at holiday gatherings...

HOLT

I wasn't "slobbering."

ANNE
 (not buying)
 And all while on the FBI payroll.

HOLT
 All while watching your ass.

ANNE
 I'm certain there's a long list
 there, but let's say for a minute
 you are FBI. Who does the Bureau
 think they're protecting me *from*?

HOLT
 Guy in your bathroom, for starters.

ANNE
 Would you like a grade on that?

HOLT
 We just missed him. We have cameras
 outside your house.

Anne reacts.

HOLT (CONT'D)
 Yeah. Across the street, in the
 trees...
 (pinching his fingers)
 This big.

ANNE
 (concerned; probing)
 So, you must know who he was.

HOLT
 Not yet. But I think we *both* know
 who he worked for.

Anne averts her eyes. Holt studies her.

HOLT (CONT'D)
 Come on, Twyla. Show's over. Give
 me the gun and we'll talk straight.

Anne darkens, looks at Holt's gun with disdain.

ANNE
 Anyone who needs a gun to do their
 job isn't worth the bullets.

HOLT
 Oh, that's right. You don't carry.
 I read that in your file.

(MORE)

HOLT (CONT'D)
Is that a pride thing, or just too many painful memories?

Anne glares at him now.

ANNE
What do you *think* you know about me?

Holt considers his words.

HOLT
I know you're a great principal. I know you're fast on your feet. And I figure you keep your distance from people 'cause you just lost someone *too* close...

As Anne tenses, we PUSH IN on her face, and

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK WINE BAR - LONDON - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

A young ANNE/TWYLA (with very different hair) is seated at a table wearing a red trench coat. Seated across from her is a handsome young Englishman. A WAITER hovers as the young man surveys the wine menu.

HOLT (V.O.)
Two thousand five. Your fiancé was an artist... you were a teacher...

INT. GRAMMAR SCHOOL CLASSROOM - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Young Anne is at a chalkboard in front of a bunch of kids in gingham uniforms.

HOLT (V.O.)
But not that kind.

INT. TRAINING FACILITY - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Young Anne is in The Service's facility gym, demonstrating a garotte technique to a room of adult students.

HOLT (V.O.)
Twyla Burnside was the premier instructor at "The Service" -- an international concern offering the best in executive protection... and elimination.

(MORE)

HOLT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
If you got redlined by these guys,
good bet Twyla trained your killer.

EXT. SIDEWALK WINE BAR - LONDON - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Back to where we left Anne and the young man, only now their wine glasses are full.

HOLT (V.O.)
Twyla's fiancé didn't know any of
this, of course...

The young man raises his glass.

HOLT
...and she never got the chance to
tell him.

Suddenly, the glass EXPLODES in his hand and he falls backwards. As the patrons leap to their feet, a stricken Anne bends over her fiancé's body, pulling him close.

HOLT (V.O.)
Twyla burned a lotta bad guys, but
there was one in particular, a
mobster by the name of Anton Doga,
who carried a grudge. He offered a
private contract to one of Twyla's
own students, but the kid was
green... and missed his mark.

We're TIGHT ON ANNE as her fiancé dies in her arms. Shattered, she lowers his head to the ground and pulls his handkerchief from his coat. Then, eyes hardening, she triangulates where the shot came from and quickly catches a glimpse of

THE ASSASSIN

breaking down his weapon on a rooftop. Anne stuffs the hanky in her pocket, breaks the heels off her shoes, and takes off in a sprint.

EXT. STREETS AND ALLEYS OF LONDON - NIGHT

Anne races up to the building in time to catch the assassin racing down a side street. Her heart beating faster, she gives chase.

HOLT (V.O.)
It wasn't the betrayal that enraged
her...

Reaching a literal brick wall, the shooter veers right while Anne goes left.

HOLT (V.O.)
It was the *incompetence*.

Anne executes a perfect parkour wall run, flipping into the air and over the wall. We hear a HORRENDOUS CRACK and seconds later, REVEAL

ANNE, breathless, standing over the now dead assassin. She holds for a tense beat, then steps over the body and walks away.

As Anne moves into the fog, she takes off her red trench coat, turns it inside out, and suddenly, it's black. Then, tears streaming from her darkened eyes, she literally disappears.

HOLT (V.O.)
Twyla Burnside vanished that night, and for almost ten years, most thought she'd been redlined too. It wasn't until eighteen months ago, at a small public school on the Hudson...

ANGOLA (O.S.)
...that we found you.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

We're on the promenade abutting New York Harbor. Sailboats and ferries dance in the distance. Holt, Anne and Holt's FBI handler, DAVID ANGOLA (40's, bulldog), face off.

ANGOLA
Mr. Halsey was two minutes away when we got the video of the man entering your house. I'm sorry he couldn't have been there sooner.

ANNE
It wouldn't have made any difference.

Anne has been staring at Halsey's I.D. She tosses it back to Angola and glares at both men.

ANNE (CONT'D)
You haven't been "protecting" me, you've been using me as bait.

ANGOLA

Only because we want Doga as badly
as you do.

ANNE

But I *don't* want him. We settled
our score a long time ago.

HOLT

Then why is he still coming after
you?

Anne doesn't answer.

ANGOLA

He's not going to stop. He's
expanded his operation considerably
since you knew him and his body
count is way up. He's murdered a
number of our people... and several
of his own.

HOLT

We think the killings are connected
but we don't know how.

ANGOLA

So, we need to find him, and yes,
you are a channel.

ANNE

Not anymore.
(to Holt)
You're fired.

HOLT

Excuse me?

ANNE

We'll get another basketball coach.

ANGOLA

It's not that simple, Ms. Burnside.

ANNE

DeWitt.

HOLT

What if the man this morning has a
partner? What if he shows up *at*
school?

Anne holds, really not wanting to think about this. She turns
and starts walking away. Holt and Angola follow her.

ANGOLA

We have a safe house in Jersey...

ANNE

(churning)

I'm not going to any safe house. Even if there's someone else involved, Doga won't know where I am yet. He hates phones. Loathes technology. Everything has to be communicated in person--

ANGOLA

Which is why he's been so difficult to find. Have you I.D.'d your attacker?

ANNE

After-school project.

ANGOLA

(to Holt)

Go back with her, process the body--

Anne turns on them.

ANNE

You're not hearing me. "Coach Halsey" is done.

HOLT

That's not your call. I was hired by the school board.

ANNE

Screw the school board!

HOLT

And *I'm* not the target! But if you stay at Clayton, you'll be jeopardizing everyone there.

ANNE

And if I leave, I'll be doing the same thing.

(with real passion)

Five years ago, that school was dying. The community had completely checked out. I brought them back, because I cared more than anyone else. Those idiots on the board can talk all they want about breaking up the district, but it's never going to happen. Not on my watch.

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)
My kids are going to go to school
where they *live*.

HOLT
(pointed)
If they live.

Anne darkens.

ANNE
I'll find Doga. Off campus. And
I'll take him out.

HOLT
Not alone you won't. You're going
to need back-up.

Anne tosses Holt back his gun, then moves to the street.

ANNE
I don't need your "back-up" any
more than I need your compensatory
boy toys, your cheap aftershave, or
your *awful* shoes.

As Anne raises her arm to hail a cab, Holt looks at Angola.

HOLT
What's wrong with my shoes?

ANGOLA
Stay on her. If she compromises
this operation in any way, she's
gone. We'll bury her under the
bleachers and make you the damn
principal.

Pissed, Angola strides off. As we stay with

HOLT

watching Anne slip into a cab, his whole world turned upside-
down, we

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CLAYTON HIGH - PRINCIPAL'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Christy is on the phone, gnawing on a gum eraser.

CHRISTY

No one's gonna hire me at another school, Lu. It took me six months to get this job. If Clayton gets shuttered, I'll be lucky to be pushing fries at the Burger Barn.

Christy looks up to see a handsome police officer, WYNN RHYMER, 41, moving toward her. (*We may remember him as the cop Anne waved at as she sped down the parkway.*)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Lu? I'll call you back.

As Christy hangs up, Wynn calls over his shoulder:

WYNN

Come on, Katie.

We now reveal a very reluctant KATIE RHYMER, 15, one of the two girls we met in the hall after morning assembly.

KATIE

Dad, I really don't want to do this.

Christy looks up as father and daughter approach her.

WYNN

Afternoon, Ma'am. Wynn Rhymer? I have an appointment with the principal. We're a bit early.

Christy, smitten, is immediately on her feet.

CHRISTY

Ms. DeWitt appreciates punctuality, Officer.

Christy hits the buzzer on the intercom. No response. Knocks on the door. No answer. Growing self-conscious, Christy smiles at Wynn.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
 (whispers; just between us)
 She can be so focused.

Wynn nods, looks at Katie. But just as Christy is about to knock again, Anne opens the door. Aside from the open window behind her and a little flush in her cheeks, she looks completely put together and offers her best smile.

ANNE
 Officer Rhymer. Katie. Please come in.

INT. ANNE'S OFFICE - LATER - DAY

A disturbed Anne is looking at the screen on Katie's cell phone.

ANNE
 Who took these pictures?

KATIE
 (covering)
 I told you, I don't know. I don't care. You can't see my face...

WYNN
I see your face, and you do care. You're passed out and you're not--

Wynn catches himself, looks at Anne.

WYNN (CONT'D)
 If the person responsible's over eighteen, it's criminal.

KATIE
 Oh, my God. Could you stop being a cop for two seconds?!

ANNE
 (to Katie)
 Whose Instagram account is this?

KATIE
 Sarah Toth set it up. But everyone has the login and password so they can post to it.

ANNE
 "Everyone"?

KATIE
 Basically the whole school.

ANNE

But you don't know who did the posting...

Katie shakes her head, sighs.

KATIE

There was... there was a party at the empty cul-de-sac. I had too much to drink. Sarah and Clay found me... brought me back to Clay's house... the picture was on my phone.

ANNE

How did it get posted?

KATIE

I told you, I DON'T KNOW. Whoever took it, I guess...

WYNN

It was Clay Meachum. The two of them have been...
(air quotes)
"hanging out."

KATIE

Dad, you don't know what you're talking about!

ANNE

You have proof it was Clay?

WYNN

If I did, he'd already be at the station.

As Katie shakes her head, Anne hands her back her phone.

ANNE

Katie... sometimes we can be attracted to people who aren't healthy for us.

Wynn reacts. That sounded oddly personal. Anne quickly segues.

ANNE (CONT'D)

No one wants to embarrass you. But if someone - like Clay - violated your trust, we need that person to answer for it. To make sure it doesn't happen to anyone else.

KATIE

But this *wasn't* anyone else. It was me. And if you'd just *listen*, you'd hear that I don't want anyone to answer for it.

Then, quietly...

KATIE (CONT'D)

I just want it all to go away.

And as Anne and Wynn lock eyes once more, we

CUT TO:

INT. ANNE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Anne enters, punching in some numbers on an alarm panel. Receiving the all-clear, she drops her purse to the ground and purposefully moves through the living room toward a staircase.

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM - UPSTAIRS - AFTERNOON

Anne hustles down a hall to her bedroom. Inside, she passes the open bathroom door. CAMERA lingers on the tub: it's clean and empty.

Without missing a beat, Anne picks a can of Lysol up off the floor and heads toward a closet, passing Snowball, who's asleep on her bed.

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM - WALK-IN CLOSET - AFTERNOON

Anne enters. Pushing on a wall of shoes, a secret door opens to reveal a secret room... stocked, oddly enough, with more shoes, a number of suitcases, and on one shelf

ANNE'S FIANCE'S HANDKERCHIEF

with just the smallest sprinkle of blood still evident on its face. Alongside it, we SEE

ONE HALF OF A MATCHED SET OF WEDDING RINGS

The ring, obviously a woman's, is encircled with small diamonds and has a distinctive pattern on its edge -- a half-moon.

As Anne moves past these items, we see THE DEAD MAN. He's in the corner, on the floor, wrapped in a plastic shower curtain. Anne bends down and starts to unroll the body.

She checks for a wallet, phone, paperwork... NOTHING. But when she pulls up the man's sleeve, she discovers that he's wearing

A SMART WATCH

Anne pulls the watch off the man's wrist and leans back on her haunches. Then, she smells something. *Again.*

Looking back over her shoulder, Anne sees

HOLT

standing in the open doorway, having obviously followed her into the house. His hand is now wrapped in a bandage.

HOLT

You got a serious shoe kink.

In a flash, Anne grabs a Manolo Blahnik stiletto and hurls it at Holt's forehead. With a SCREAM, he goes down, and these two are immediately back into another ass-kicking session, although this time, no one's worried about sound.

ANNE

How DARE you...

HOLT

Hey, I'm not here to--

BOOM! Anne kicks and Holt sails out of the closet and lands on her bed, sending Snowball flying.

Anne emerges to find Holt braced for another assault.

HOLT (CONT'D)

I'M JUST MAKING A POINT! IF I CAN GET IN...

ANNE

YOU CAN DIE!

More fighting. More screaming. Holt finds a safe corner --

HOLT

WAIT! Just, wait, okay?! We're on the same side!

ANNE

No, WE'RE NOT!

She kicks. He dodges.

HOLT

I need to process that body!

ANNE
(holding up the watch)
I searched him already!

HOLT
And stole his watch...?

Anne sighs, collecting her breath.

ANNE
The watch is connected to a phone.
It's not blinking, so the phone's
out of range, but since a Bluetooth
perimeter is only about a hundred
meters...

HOLT
(realizing)
It's outside in a car.

Anne looks at him. Duh. Holt pulls out his Glock.

ANNE
Oh, look. It's your little piece of
inadequacy.

HOLT
(darkening)
Let's take a walk.

EXT. ANNE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Anne and Holt are surreptitiously moving car to car on Anne's block, Anne using the smart watch like a divining rod to try and find the killer's vehicle. As they search--

ANNE
I thought you had practice.

HOLT
Already been. Team looks good.

ANNE
We may have a problem with one of
your starters.

HOLT
Who?

ANNE
Clay Meachum. He may have posted
compromising photos of an underage
girl.

HOLT
 "May have"?

ANNE
 I'm going to dig deeper, but if
 he's responsible, he's not playing
 tomorrow night.

HOLT
 Clay's our star forward.

ANNE
 I'm aware of that.

HOLT
 We can't win without him. You want
 that prize money, don't you?

ANNE
 I want to do what's right for the
 girl. For everyone. But I guess the
 FBI doesn't teach you *that*.
 (off the watch)
 Slow down.

Holt shakes his head.

HOLT
 Why do you have such a beef with
 the FBI?

ANNE
 Because they're bureaucratic
 dinosaurs whose last great take-
 down was Al Capone.

As Holt reacts--

ANNE (CONT'D)
 Stop.

Holt does. The LIGHT on the dead man's watch is blinking.
 Sure enough, one car away, is a white Chevy Volt.

ANNE (CONT'D)
 In there.

Holt approaches the car. Glances at the plate.

HOLT
 Rental.

ANNE
 You're surprised?

Then, on the passenger seat, we see A BLINKING PHONE.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Can you get inside?

Holt looks at Anne dryly.

HOLT
Oh, so you have no respect for the
Bureau, my gun, or my training, but
you're happy to let the black guy
break into the--

BOOM! With one sharp jab of Anne's elbow, the driver's side window EXPLODES.

INT. ANNE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER - DUSK

Holt slips the car inside as Anne stands guard. As she shuts the garage door, Holt emerges from the driver's seat, wearing plastic gloves.

HOLT
Phone's a burner, disposable, so no
help there....

Holt pulls a small spray can from his pocket, dousing the steering wheel and passenger dash with freezing white powder. A plethora of fingerprints appear.

HOLT (CONT'D)
...but we got a mountain of prints.

ANNE
Which could belong to anyone who
rented this car.

HOLT
We'll eliminate the ones that match
the body. Just see if we can find a
partner.

As Holt pulls out his cell phone and begins taking pictures of the prints, Anne studies him thoughtfully.

ANNE
Does our team have a real shot
tomorrow night?

HOLT
Absolutely. With Meachum in the
game.

ANNE
And if I find out he's guilty
before then?

HOLT
You can punish him *after* we win.

Anne shakes her head, walks off.

ANNE
Meet me in the bedroom.

Holt pauses, looks up.

ANNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's not an offer.

And off Holt, we GO:

INT. ANNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Anne and Holt are lugging the body down the stairs.

HOLT
I should probably cut off his
fingers. Makes for cleaner prints.

ANNE
On my carpet? I don't think so.

HOLT
Lab will have something back to us
in the morning. I'll turn in the
body and the car, and if there's
anything we missed...
(then; sees something)
Who's that?

Anne reacts, following his gaze.

ANNE
(Oh, no...)
Oh, no...

Now, through the window, we SEE

WYNN RYHMER

in uniform, hovering on Anne's porch.

HOLT
A cop?!

Without missing a beat, Anne pushes Holt and the body down behind the sofa. DING-DONG!

ANNE
(whispers intently)
Don't. Move.

And as Holt reacts, we GO:

EXT. ANNE'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Anne opens the door with that smile.

ANNE
Wynn?

WYNN
Hey...

Without hesitation, Wynn *kisses* Anne. WTF?

Holt reacts, watching all from behind the couch.

ANNE
I... I wasn't expecting you.

WYNN
Can I come in?

ANNE
(shit)
Sure.

INT. ANNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wynn enters, Anne deliberately blocking his view of the sofa.

WYNN
You were so great with Katie today.
I've been trying not to get angry,
but I just want to strangle that
Meachum kid. She's *my daughter*,
Anne.

ANNE
I understand.

WYNN
(sighs)
She's staying at Sarah's tonight,
so if you want company...?

Anne hesitates, then--

ANNE

Why don't you go upstairs and start
a bath?

Wynn reacts, kissing her again.

WYNN

Yes, Ma'am.

Wynn heads for the stairs -- but hesitates.

WYNN (CONT'D)

You smell something?

Uh-oh. Anne thinks fast.

ANNE

It's, uh... a new cleaning product.
Smells like crap, doesn't it?

WYNN

Yeah. Like the crap I wore in high
school.

Holt reacts, sniffing his collar. Shaking his head, Wynn
disappears up the stairs. As soon as he's gone, Anne hustles
back behind the couch.

ANNE

(to Holt; whispers)
Come on!

HOLT

(whispers)
A cop?! Your *boyfriend's* a cop?!

They hoist the body up again.

ANNE

No one knows, and I'd like to keep
it that way.

HOLT

Guess that tub's kinda
multipurpose.

Off Anne, shooting him a look--

INT. ANNE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Anne and Holt hustle the body into the garage and drop it in
the trunk of the assassin's car. As Anne quietly closes the
lid--

ANNE

I'll handle everything here. You just go.

HOLT

Okay. But for the record?

Holt points back and forth between Anne and himself.

HOLT (CONT'D)

This is what we call "back-up."

And as Anne pushes Holt out the pedestrian door in the garage, we

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. EST. ANNE'S HOUSE - MORNING

From a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV nestled in the trees, we PUSH IN on the house, then GO:

INT. ANNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Anne, in her robe, hustles to make coffee while WHISPERING into her phone.

ANNE

What's the guy's name?

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN - INTERCUT - MORNING

Holt is moving down the block toward his Mustang.

HOLT

U-lu-ru. Oscar Uluru.

ANNE

Romanian?

HOLT

Russian. He's the one who tried to kill you and his are the only prints we got a match on from the car. He works out of a chop shop in Yonkers owned by a guy named Balint. I'm headed there now.

ANNE

He's the partner...

HOLT

We'll see.

(then)

How was your "bath"?

ANNE

None of your business.

HOLT

You get rid of that body?

ANNE
School business first. Clay
Meachum.

HOLT
Man. You got some strange
priorities there, "Principal."

ANNE
It's called a moral compass,
"Coach." Maybe I'll give you one at
our next Christmas party.

HOLT
(smiles)
That an invitation?

WYNN (O.S.)
Anne?

Anne spins to discover Wynn, naked, hovering in the doorway.

ANNE
I'll call you back.

Anne hangs up. Wynn reacts.

WYNN
Who was that?

BEAT.

ANNE
Basketball coach.

WYNN
Oh. Good.

Wynn walks behind the kitchen island and grabs an apple out
of the fruit bowl. Looking at it--

WYNN (CONT'D)
This breakfast?

ANNE
(dry)
I thought I'd surprise you with my
domestic skills. Will you put
something on, please? You're
distracting.

Anne throws a frilly apron at him. Wynn holds the apple in
his teeth and ties the apron on. Then--

WYNN
You cut yourself?

Anne reacts, looks down at the knife in her hand.

WYNN (CONT'D)
I noticed some blood on the carpet.

Holy shit.

ANNE
(quick save)
Oh! Yesterday.

She holds up her finger.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Thought I got it all.

And off Wynn, uncertain, we

CUT TO:

INT. CLAYTON HIGH - MORNING

Anne hustles toward her office, holding her tablet close to her face.

ANNE
Nigel...?

NIGEL
How can I help you, Ma'am?

ANNE
I'm going to need you to clear some time for me this afternoon...

CHRISTY (O.S.)
I can handle that, Ms. DeWitt.

Anne turns to discover Christy. She sighs.

ANNE
(to the tablet)
Nigel, disregard.

Anne clicks off. Christy smiles as they enter:

INT. ANNE'S OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

Anne beelines for her open door.

CHRISTY

Assistant Principal Nii asked me to pull some research material on solar panels and electric cars for you. It's in your office...

ANNE

Thank you, Christy.

CHRISTY

...and so is Clay Meachum.

Anne spins.

ANNE

What?

CHRISTY

With his parents.

(off Anne's reaction)

Don't worry. They haven't been waiting *that* long.

And off Anne, WTF?, we GO:

INT. ANNE'S OFFICE - MORNING

BRANDON and ELAINE MEACHUM (40's, salt-of-the-Earth types) sit before Anne. Their son, CLAY, is slouched on a bench by the door.

ELAINE MEACHUM

This is very upsetting.

BRANDON MEACHUM

An accusation like this could cost Clay his scholarship. His future. *Our* future.

ANNE

As far as I'm aware, no formal accusation has been made.

CLAY

Katie's dad thinks I did it and now you do too.

ANNE

How do you know what Katie's dad thinks? Has he said something to you?

Clay knows because Katie told Sarah and Sarah told him. But he can't say that. So...

CLAY

...no.

BRANDON MEACHUM

Look, I'm sympathetic to this girl. I expect her dad is looking to blame somebody and she did end up at our house. But you can't just go around accusing people.

ELAINE MEACHUM

You have to understand how these girls are with Clay.

ANNE

I'm sorry?

ELAINE MEACHUM

There will be plenty of time for dating later. But right now, he has to focus on his training. But these girls--

ANNE

You think this was *the girls'* fault?

BRANDON MEACHUM

Hey. You tell a kid they can't have something, they just want it more. You should see the way they hang on him, do his homework for him--

ELAINE MEACHUM

The *things* they wear, Ms. DeWitt.

ANNE

(disgusted)

So, you're blaming Katie.

ELAINE MEACHUM

NO!

BRANDON MEACHUM

No!

CLAY

Yeah, they are. Because they think I did it and they want to protect their ride.

ELAINE MEACHUM

Clay Meachum, that is not true!

Clay locks eyes with his dad.

CLAY

Then what is?

Mr. Meachum doesn't answer. After a beat, Clay stands and heads for the door, leaving his backpack behind. Anne picks it up.

ANNE

Clay--?

CLAY

(less accusatory than
resentful)

They don't know anything. And
neither do you.

ANNE

(with purpose)

We'll see.

As Anne hands Clay his backpack, she slips his phone out the side pocket and into her sleeve.

INT. ANNE'S OUTER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

As the Meachum family exit, none too happy, Christy reads the room.

CHRISTY

Everything alright?

ANNE

(genuinely distressed)

No.

Once the family's gone, Anne slips Clay's phone out of her sleeve. His phone in one hand, hers in the other--

ANNE (CONT'D)

Nigel, launch five digit--

CHRISTY

Uh... Is there *anything* I can do
for you, Ms. DeWitt?

Anne looks at Christy, and perhaps for the first time, realizes how much it pains her to be living in Nigel's shadow. Anne sighs.

ANNE

Nigel, scratch that.

(then)

Christy. If you were a teenaged
boy, what would your phone code be?

CHRISTY
(brightening)
Oh, it would definitely be sixty-
nine four-twenty. That seems to be
the go-to.

Anne tries it. It works. Anne looks up at Christy and smiles.

ANNE
Nice work.

Christy BEAMS as Anne heads back in her office and closes the door.

INT. ANNE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Anne opens the Photos app on Clay's phone, as she scrolls, we PUSH IN on her face.

What she SEES is not what she expected at all. There are hundreds of pictures of Clay *and Sarah*, together, not sexual, but romantic. Pictures of a young couple *in love*.

Off Anne, realizing that maybe both Wynn and Katie have been played--

ANNE
Sarah...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. CHOP SHOP - MORNING

Holt is seated on a bench outside a garage. Two Russians are watching him from a safe distance.

HOLT
(under his breath; into
phone)
You hacked his phone without a
warrant?

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - INTERCUT - DAY

Anne's on her phone, moving across the parking lot.

ANNE
I didn't hack it, I stole it.

HOLT
That's illegal, and like I said,
Clay's our star player...

ANNE
He's also an arrogant ass. But I
don't think he posted those
pictures.

HOLT
No?

ANNE
He's involved with the girl's best
friend. Why would he risk blowing
that up?

HOLT
Love hurts, Ms. DeWitt.

ANNE
So, I hear.

HOLT
Maybe the friend posted them.
(pointed)
Isn't it *always* the best friend?

Anne then sees

A DARK VEHICLE

slowly moving across the parking lot. As she considers this--

ANNE

Are you going to be back for the game?

HOLT

I'd better be. Where'd you dump the body?

ANNE

Still in my garage. I'm headed there now.

HOLT

And you thought *my* car smelled bad.

Anne notices that THE VEHICLE seems to be moving toward her.

ANNE

Call me after you've talked to Balint. I gotta go.

As Anne hangs up

THE VEHICLE

dramatically picks up speed.

Realizing that this fucker is coming right for her, Anne takes off in a run. As she races for her Volvo

THE VEHICLE

suddenly whips past her and SCREECHES to a halt.

As Anne reacts, spinning,

CHRISTY

emerges from the *back* seat of the car.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Christy...?!

CHRISTY

Oh my god, Ms. DeWitt!?!

(calling)

Buddy?! Buddy, where are you?!

In seconds, Buddy appears from out of the trees. He sheepishly holds up his cell phone to Anne.

BUDDY

Sorry. Didn't mean to get so close.
But is that *amazing* or what?!

Off Anne, relieved but not *remotely* amazed, we GO:

INT. BALINT'S OFFICE - CHOP SHOP - DAY

A large man in a track suit, RUDI BALINT, 40's, leads Holt inside. The room is filled with framed pictures of Russian landscapes, auto calendars, and pictures of Balint's kids at the Statue of Liberty. Instead of a desk, Balint uses a ping-pong table as his base of operation. He pushes a plastic folding chair toward Holt.

BALINT

Sit down, Mr. Halsey.

Holt does as the two other Russians fall in behind him.

BALINT (CONT'D)

You like coffee? Soda?

HOLT

No thanks.

Holt glances back at the Russians. One of them smiles. Holt shakes his head.

BALINT

So... I understand you know Mr. Uluru.

Holt takes a deep breath, beginning his fishing expedition.

HOLT

We met on a job.

Balint reacts, playing dumb.

BALINT

What job was this?

HOLT

One I'm afraid he wasn't very good at.

(off Balint's look)

Sometimes we get what we want,
sometimes what we want gets *us*.

Balint's jaw tightens.

BALINT

Who *are* you?

HOLT

I work for a man named Anton Doga. He sent me to New York to find a woman he shares some history with, but Mr. Uluru found her first.

BALINT

You... eliminated the competition?

HOLT

What? No. The woman did. But Mr. Uluru's... *involvement*... has complicated things. I'm sure you're aware of the incentive...?

Wheels turning, Balint doesn't respond.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Mr. Doga deeply regrets having offered this. He doesn't want any more mistakes made, so he'd like me to handle the woman alone. But I need to be certain Mr. Uluru didn't have a partner.

One of Balint's men starts to speak, but Balint raises a finger, then pointedly moves it to his ear.

BALINT

I'm no one's partner.

HOLT

Well... good.

BALINT

But Uluru has worked for me in the past...

HOLT

So... you know where this woman is?

BALINT

I know more than that.

(darkening)

I know that Doga wouldn't send a dog like you to lick his excrement.

Suddenly, a tire iron comes CRASHING into Holt's back and we

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. CHOP SHOP - PARTS GRAVEYARD - DAY

Out behind the shop, in a massive field of rotting car parts, we find

HOLT

on his knees, slumped and unconscious before his Mustang. Balint's two men are holding him up as Balint dumps a bucket of water on his head.

BALINT

Wake up, dog.

After a cold, stinging beat, Holt comes to.

BALINT (CONT'D)

Before you die, you will tell me who you are and everything you know about Twyla Burnside.

Holt reacts.

BALINT (CONT'D)

Yes, I know her name. I know all about her. Back in Russia, Doga told me many stories. And since I'm the only one who knows where she is now, I will happily take his money for her return.

HOLT

Her "return"?

BALINT

You thought he wanted her *dead*?
(smiles)
You first.

With that, Balint nods to his goons, who pick up a couple of gas cans and start dousing Holt's Mustang.

HOLT

Wait -- No! Come on! I've had that car forever!

The guys pull Holt to his feet. Balint opens the driver's side door.

BALINT
 Who do you work for? FBI? CIA?
 (pointed)
Service?

HOLT
 I told you. I work for Anton Doga.
 And if anything happens to me...

BALINT
 Nyet, nyet, nyet...
 (to the guys)
 Put him inside.

Holt tries to pull back, but one of Balint's men SMASHES him in the head with a gas can. Holt goes down, only this time, he's not out.

As one of the guys moves to get him back on his feet, Holt suddenly turns on him, taking out the man with that same gas can. Then, as Balint wrestles with his waistband for his gun, Holt kicks the other man unconscious and throws him into the driver's seat of the gas-infused Mustang.

Balint raises his gun, but just as he's about to shoot Holt point blank, he sees

A CAR

racing toward them. At the last possible moment, Balint leaps out of the car's path, but Holt doesn't have time. All he can do is jump, his body CRASHING into the windshield.

THE CAR SPINS A DONUT and comes skidding to a stop a hundred yards away. As Holt tumbles to the ground

ANNE

leaps from the driver's seat and we now see that she's in Uluru's rental car.

Holt's conscious, but banged up and pissed.

HOLT
 WHAT THE HELL...?!

ANNE
 COME ON!

Anne grabs Holt and they start running. As they race toward a fence that surrounds the property --

HOLT
 You hit me?!

ANNE

I got you out of there, didn't I?!
Is Balint the partner?!

BANG! BANG! BANG! Balint is now shooting at them.

HOLT

WHAT DO YOU THINK?!

ANNE

YES?

HOLT

YES!

As Anne and Holt continue to run, they zig-zag, ducking behind various rotting vehicles, trying to avoid Balint's bullets.

HOLT (CONT'D)

HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS IN TROUBLE?!

ANNE

I DIDN'T!

HOLT

THEN WHY ARE YOU HERE?!

ANNE

YOU SAID YOU'D CALL! YOU DIDN'T
CALL!

As Holt reacts, he and Anne zig-zag again, but as Balint follows them, and one of his bullets hits Holt's car and

BOOM! THE MUSTANG EXPLODES!

A big ball of flame that engulfs Balint's own man in the bargain.

As the second man staggers to his feet, Balint leaps into Uluru's vehicle. But when Balint hits the gas, he inadvertently plows into the second man, leaving him dead and only Balint in pursuit.

Holt darkens, seeing the rental car racing toward them.

HOLT

You left him the keys...?!

As Holt reacts, Anne whips out her phone, hits a button, and lifts the phone to her lips.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ULURU'S RENTAL CAR - MOVING - DAY

Balint's at the wheel, intent on driving the Volt straight over Holt and Anne whom we SEE through the windshield POV.

ANNE (V.O.)
(via car speaker)
Hello, Mr. Balint.

Balint reacts. WTF?

BACK TO ANNE AND HOLT

ANNE
Would you veer left, please? You're scaring my friend.

As Holt reacts, Balint's STEERING WHEEL suddenly inches to the left, his car barely missing Holt and Anne.

As Balint reacts, his GAS PEDAL pushes down -- by itself -- and the car CRASHES through the fence, spinning out onto the parkway.

Balint is astonished. But Anne isn't finished.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Thank you. Now, if you'd be so good as to have a look in your back seat...

Balint turns and discovers his dead partner, Uluru, lying in a bloated rot pile across the rear. Utterly freaked, Balint SCREAMS:

BALINT
WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

ANNE
Answers. Where is Anton Doga?

BALINT
I DON'T KNOW!

Anne makes the car go faster and leans on Balint:

ANNE
Let's try this again. Where is Anton Doga?

BALINT
I DON'T KNOW, I SWEAR!

Anne turns to Holt.

ANNE
Is he lying?

HOLT
No clue.

ANNE
Does he know where to find me?

HOLT
Absolutely.

Seeing the looping wall of an upcoming overpass, Balint tries the emergency brake, but it doesn't work. Fuck.

ANNE
Mr. Balint? Does anyone else *besides you* know the location of Twyla Burnside?

BALINT
NO! NO, I SWEAR!

ANNE
Are you sure?

BALINT
Yes! YES!

Anne looks at Holt, then at his burning Mustang and the two dead men left in Balint's wake. Then, with finality --

ANNE
Good.

And with that, we

GO WIDE ON THE RENTAL CAR

as it SLAMS directly into that wall at almost a hundred miles an hour. BOOM! A MASSIVE EXPLOSION LIGHTS UP THE SKY!

Holt looks at Anne in dismay.

HOLT
That's not exactly how we handle things at the FBI.

ANNE
Good thing I'm not *with* the FBI.

And as Holt reacts, Anne pulls him to his feet, and we

CUT TO:

INT. CLAYTON HIGH - GYM - NIGHT

BOOM, we cut to cannon blast at the basketball game as a banner unfurls that reads: *"Thank you, Jessup Automotive!"*

The gym is packed, the crowd waiting in anticipation for the game to begin. We SEE

SARAH TOTH

at a table passing out knit caps bearing the school's colors. Down the floor

ASSISTANT COACH NATE

is trying to calm the fraying nerves of his players.

NATE
He'll be here.

JAMES
And if he's not?

NATE
Then, I'm sure he'll have a very good reason.

CLAY
Yeah, like he doesn't give a crap.

HOLT (O.S.)
Nate?!

The group turn to discover Holt limping toward them. He's beaten up pretty bad, but he's got a smile on his face.

NATE
Coach? What happened to you?

HOLT
(no big)
Ah. Principal DeWitt hit me with her car.

And as Nate and the players react, we pick up

ANNE

as she approaches Sarah.

ANNE
Sarah. Can I help?

SARAH
Sure, grab a box.

The two work side-by-side.

ANNE

Haven't seen Katie tonight.

SARAH

Don't think she's coming.

ANNE

Does she know you're involved with Clay?

Sarah reacts.

SARAH

I'm sorry?

ANNE

Hard to keep it a secret when you're in love. Can't even tell your best friend because she's got a crush on him too.

SARAH

(defensive)

She flirted with him right in front of me.

ANNE

While the two of you were doing his homework for him?

SARAH

How do you--

ANNE

Is that why you posted the picture, Sarah? To punish Katie for liking the same boy? She didn't deserve that.

SARAH

I didn't *take* the stupid picture!

ANNE

But you did *post* it.

Throwing down the hats, Sarah storms off. As Anne watches her go, she clocks

BRANDON MEACHUM

Clay's father, also watching Sarah. There's something vaguely lascivious about his expression. Anne's eyes narrow. Then, she turns and looks back at

HOLT

across the room, and they lock eyes. Anne nods. Holt's cue.

With a huge SURGE OF APPLAUSE, his players start to take the court, but Holt grabs Clay's arm...

HOLT
 Hang on, Clay.
 (calling)
 James? You're starting tonight.

James rises from the bench in astonishment.

JAMES
 Me?

HOLT
 Yes, go!

As James breaks into a million dollar smile and runs on to the court, Clay reacts.

CLAY
 The hell?!

HOLT
 I told you, you gotta be good,
 Clay. Off the court as well as on.

Clay now catches Anne watching them.

CLAY
 Oh, you're listening to her, now?!
 I DID NOT TAKE THAT DAMN PICTURE!

HOLT
 Maybe not. But you did let someone
 else do your homework. And that's
 cheating. School work is just as
 important as court work and you
 gotta be doing both. Sorry.

BRANDON MEACHUM (O.S.)
 What the hell is going on?

Holt turns to discover Clay's father, literally breathing down his neck.

BRANDON MEACHUM (CONT'D)
 Why isn't my son on the court?!

HOLT
 Because he needs to learn a lesson.
 And if you don't get your ass back
 in your seat, I just might teach
 you one.

As Meachum senior reacts, Holt looks back at Anne. She offers
 a grateful nod, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLAYTON HIGH - GYM - NIGHT

Holt is alone on the floor, shooting baskets. Badly. Anne
 appears in the open doorway.

After a long, thoughtful beat--

ANNE
 Did you ever actually *play*
 basketball?

HOLT
 Nope.

Holt shoots again. Misses again.

HOLT (CONT'D)
 Never know it, would you?

Anne smiles. Holt picks up the ball, looks at her.

HOLT (CONT'D)
 Sorry about the game... and the
 money.

ANNE
 We'll find it somewhere else.
 (then)
 Did you and Angola ever connect?

Holt nods, starts shooting once more.

HOLT
 Cops found two bodies in a burned-
 out Chevy Volt on the parkway. If
 they haven't ruled it an accident
 yet, our people will make sure they
 do.

ANNE
 So it's a closed circle. I'm safe.

HOLT
For now. But you need to explain something to me.

ANNE
What?

HOLT
Balint said his man hadn't come to kill you, but to "return you." What the hell does that mean?

Anne holds, averting her eyes.

ANNE
I have no idea.

Holt studies her.

HOLT
If you're going to find Doga, you're going to have to cut through a lot of layers. It's gonna take time. No one's gonna be straight with you. But if we're going to work together, you have to be straight with *me*.

Without warning, Holt passes Anne the ball, which, almost without thinking, she catches and fires toward the basket, sinking a *three pointer*.

Holy shit.

ANNE
I *did* play basketball.

Holt is stunned.

HOLT
I'm beginning to think you've played a *lot* of things.

Anne shrugs, turns back toward the door.

ANNE
I will be straight with you, Holt. And I will need you to back me up. To help with the kids. With the school.

HOLT
And with Doga.

Anne hesitates for just the slightest beat.

ANNE

Of course. See you in the morning.

With that, Anne turns and walks out.

Holt holds, then puts down the ball, moves to the doorway, and looks out into the night.

Anne has vanished.

Off Holt, considering all, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEACHUM HOUSE FAMILY ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Brandon Meachum is watching TV in his easy chair. He hears something from the other room.

BRANDON MEACHUM

Clay? That you?

A little YIPPY DOG comes scurrying into the room, agitated, but as Meachum reacts, the electricity suddenly goes OUT.

Meachum rises.

BRANDON MEACHUM (CONT'D)

The hell?

INT. MEACHUM HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brandon walks down into his basement with a FLASHLIGHT, heading to the circuit breaker. As he opens the box

A FIGURE IN BLACK WEARING A CLAYTON HIGH WOOL CAP OVER THEIR FACE

grabs Meachum from behind with a **garotte** like the one Young Twyla demonstrated in the flashback.

Meachum flails, dropping his flashlight, which provides just enough illumination to make this scene terrifying.

The attacker speaks through a *voice-altering* device.

ATTACKER

How many little girls have you
taken pictures of, Mr. Meachum?

Meachum is about to soil himself.

BRANDON MEACHUM
I don't--I don't know what you're
talking about--

The garotte tightens.

ATTACKER
How many more are on your computer?
(no answer)
I'VE BEEN IN YOUR OFFICE, YOU PIG!
I'VE SEEN THEM! KATIE RHYMER IN
YOUR HOUSE, UNCONSCIOUS...!

BRANDON MEACHUM
OKAY! OKAY...

ATTACKER
HOW... MANY...?!!

BRANDON MEACHUM
Just... just a few... I swear...
Please don't hurt me...!!

ATTACKER
Where are the rest?

BRANDON MEACHUM
On a drive. In my office. I'll give
them to you, just please don't--

ATTACKER
Enough.

With that, the attacker smashes Meachum's head into the wall
hard enough to knock him unconscious. Then, as the man's
body drops to the floor

THE ATTACKER

lifts her mask to reveal ANNE, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MODERN OFFICE TOWER - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Harkening back to the first act, we HEAR the buoyant sound of
Dionne Warwick's "*I'll Never Fall In Love Again*" as our
CAMERA follows A MOVING PAIR OF SHOES. This time, they are
EXPENSIVE MEN'S LOAFERS making their way down a hall.

INT. MODERN OFFICE TOWER - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

PANNING up from the shoes, we land on a face we may remember from Anne's KNOWN ENEMIES search. The MAN is elegant, European, immaculately dressed... and wearing ear pods.

As the man removes the pods, our song stops.

The man nods toward a gathering in the room.

MAN

Gentlemen.

Seated at the head of a table is BERNARD, a brutish man in an ill-fitting suit. He rises. The others at the table nervously do the same. Bernard extends his hand.

BERNARD

Mr. Doga...

If you haven't figured it out by now, this elegant gentleman is no gentleman at all. He's ANTON DOGA, late 40's, Christoph Waltz meets peak Baryshnikov. Doga shakes Bernard's hand.

DOGA

Mr. Bernard.

Doga's accent is not so much Eastern European as vaguely British. He motions toward the chair.

DOGA (CONT'D)

May I?

Embarrassed at the faux pas, Bernard steps aside. But just as he turns, Doga pulls a weapon from his waistband and, with all the grace of a dancer, puts a bullet cleanly in the back of Bernard's skull. As Bernard drops like a stone, the other men in the room react. Doga calmly takes Bernard's seat.

DOGA (CONT'D)

Mr. Bernard promised to assist me,
but his people failed to deliver.
So...

(leaning in)

Which one of YOU is going to help
me find *my wife*?

And as Doga clasps his hands together, we see the WEDDING RING on his finger. A distinctive half-moon, crying out for its mate.

BLACK OUT.

THE END