

THE GET

"Pilot"

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. DESERT DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

A MOVING TRUCK travels down an empty, bumpy and ill-paved desert road - could be California, could be Texas or Mexico. Far from any lights or sign of civilization, it's impossible to tell. The landscape is desolate.

INT. MOVING TRUCK - NIGHT

Inside the cargo area, two WOMEN sit against the side of the truck, banged and jolted around as the truck hits every rock on the road.

Both women are blindfolded.

A LATINO MAN sits apart from them. He holds a pistol.

ELLEN SULLIVAN (white, 40s) wears a down vest over a flannel shirt; she surreptitiously taps the top of the hand of NOELLE GREENE (black, 30s.) Almost like Morse code.

CLOSE ON the blindfolded face of Noelle. We PAN DOWN to the PEN in her breast pocket. An EXTREME CLOSE UP reveals that this is actually a TINY HIDDEN CAMERA.

A silent SNAP: with the hidden camera, Noelle PHOTOGRAPHS the Man's silhouette.

Noelle shifts her body towards the corner of the cargo area, where we see two plastic commodes. Ew. The mini-camera SNAPS (again, silently) - capturing the commodes. Grim.

EXT. DESERT DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The truck pulls over. Three tense LATINO MEN exit the cab. They don't speak. One man walks to the back of the truck and opens the door to the cargo area.

MAN
(in Spanish)
Get out.

Noelle and Ellen climb out, pulling off their dirty blindfolds. ELLEN runs her hands through her frizzy hair.

ELLEN
(in Spanish)
When will the group be here?

The Man shrugs, moves off. Ellen turns to Noelle, who checks the pockets of her worn army jacket.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

This is where they cross.

NOELLE

Did he say how many people it's gonna be?

(Ellen shakes her head)

Does he know that four people died when this coyote left them in the desert?

ELLEN

(low)

Everybody knows that. Just...no one will talk about it.

They look over at the Men, noticing that one of them, in fact, isn't a Man - he's a TEENAGER.

NOELLE

That one's young.

ELLEN

He's a *cuiandero*. A lookout. Distracts border agents. They use kids in high school this side of the border because if they're caught, they won't go to jail.

The two approach the TEENAGER. Ellen takes out a small GO PRO camera, holds it up to show him.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

Hi. I'm a friend of Oscar Cortez.

You know Oscar?

(he nods)

Could I ask you some questions? You can cover your face.

She gestures to his scarf. The teenager looks at the Driver for permission, who shrugs OK. He wraps the scarf around his head, obscuring his face and pulling his baseball cap low.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

How old are you?

TEENAGER

I speak English. Sixteen.

ELLEN

How many border crossings have you helped with?

TEENAGER

Like ten.

ELLEN

What do you do?

TEENAGER

I look to see if agents put any tire spikes on the transport roads. If there are, I pick them up.

ELLEN

Who's your boss? Cruz?

TEENAGER

(beat)

I don't think I can say.

A low, loud WHISTLE from one of the men. Everyone turns to stare into the darkness. Is someone coming? Ellen stops filming the kid and faces Noelle.

ELLEN

(to Noelle)

On you.

POV: ELLEN'S CAMERA. Noelle looks straight at her, composed. A pro.

NOELLE

(into camera)

It's about three in the morning and right now we are at the border of California and Mexico. We're here to see an illegal border crossing from Mexico to the United States, reportedly led by a "coyote" named Miguel Cruz. Coyotes charge money for their services, as much as five thousand dollars a person. Obviously, this group of people is entering the country illegally, and because of that we will not show their faces. We're here to learn why Miguel Cruz does what he does, and to find out whether he has ever endangered the lives of the people he purports to help.

Suddenly - things move VERY FAST. Out of the black - a ragged GROUP OF IMMIGRANTS appears. Eight men and women.

A TALL MAN herds the group towards the truck - this is MIGUEL CRUZ, the COYOTE. He looks at Ellen sharply. Ellen films him with the go-pro. She nods hello.

VISUALLY, we now cut between TWO POVs: Ellen's camera, shooting CRUZ, and Noelle's secret camera, capturing both Cruz and Ellen.

MIGUEL CRUZ
(in Spanish)
What the fuck?

ELLEN
(in Spanish)
I'm a friend of Oscar Cortez. He said you were willing to talk with us.

MIGUEL CRUZ
(in Spanish)
Oscar didn't say shit about a camera.

He turns towards the immigrants, gesturing towards the truck.

MIGUEL CRUZ (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
Come on, let's go! Get in!
(to Ellen)
No camera.

Ellen lowers her camera.

ELLEN
(Spanish)
You can cover your face - you won't be identifiable. I really want to hear your story.

Cruz pulls a gun. Everything stops. Ellen raises both her arms in the air.

MIGUEL CRUZ
(Spanish)
No camera.

She nods, drops the camera on the ground. Cruz walks up to her, steps on it. Ellen remains preternaturally calm.

ELLEN

(Spanish)

There's no problem here. Oscar told me that he got your permission for us to come. No problem.

VISUALLY, we now see this scene from Noelle's POV, since her secret camera is on Cruz and Ellen. Her hands stay in the air.

Cruz kicks the camera.

MIGUEL CRUZ

(Spanish)

Yeah. There's no problem now.

All the immigrants are now in the cargo part of the truck. Cruz pulls the door down and swings into the cab, looking once more at Ellen and Noelle.

The truck REVS and speeds away. Ellen and Noelle lower their hands and stare at one another.

They're not dead. *Jesus.*

EXT. THE GET OFFICES - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Downtown Los Angeles. Disney Concert Hall. LA Opera and Mark Taper Forum. Skid Row. Clifton's Cafeteria. Japantown. Chinatown. LA Cathedral.

Amidst the high and low street culture of downtown, we find the GETMEDIA OFFICES, a well-fortified brick building behind fencing and security cameras. A graffiti-tagged former garment warehouse that's been transformed --

INT. THE GET OFFICES - BULLPEN - DAY

-- into a dynamic loft-like office workspace.

The camera PANS across the walls of the loft, which are hung with dozens of photographs of OPHELIA YORKEY with a variety of celebrities, politicians, and power brokers. Ophelia is a chic, 40-something British provocateur: an Arianna Huffington in Angelina Jolie's body. Here's Ophelia laughing with U2 at the G8 summit. Ophelia talking intensely with Michelle Obama. Ophelia embedded with a unit in Iraq. Ophelia across the table from Charlie Rose.

Hung in the center of the warehouse, a giant digital sign reads OUR STORIES HAVE PUT 27 PEOPLE BEHIND BARS.

The lobby is staffed by XOCHI (*sho-chi*), the over-pierced, deadpan 20-something receptionist. The bullpen area percolates with chatty INTERNS.

BOY INTERN
Last year I was at Buzzfeed
for a semester...

SMART GIRL INTERN
Yeah, I did that when I was a
senior in high school...

Noelle barrels through the front door, a 14-year-old BOY behind her.

NOELLE
Come on, Ethan, I'm late--

Xochi calls to her.

XOCHI
They're in Bill's office!

We FOLLOW Noelle -- camera caroming past the hipster interns, down the hallway hung with more black-and-white photos -- as Noelle hurries into--

INT. THE GET - BILL ASHER'S OFFICE - DAY

A giant ROLODEX sits next to a desktop computer, a massive pile of files, and a photograph of a young reporter embedded with an army unit in Afghanistan.

Executive Producer BILL ASHER (young reporter in the photo; now 60) sits in his rolling office chair at the desk.

Noelle pauses, opening the door across the hallway and pointing Ethan towards it:

NOELLE
Watch a movie on my computer. Don't
tell your dad.

Ethan enters Noelle's office; she enters, shuts the door, and sits on the couch - they all watch Noelle's footage of Cruz aiming a gun at Ellen.

NOELLE (CONT'D)
Sorry. Teacher in service day.
Private school. Good times.

BILL
That's Cruz?

ELLEN

Yeah, he's close to the top but there's a whole hierarchy to *coyotaje*. There's the *vaquetones* - the recruiters - there's the *chequadores* - and there's the coyote--

BILL

(dry)
Who didn't want to talk.

NOELLE

Maybe we should stream it anyway. Tease the whole story. Work in progress.

ELLEN

No.
(off Noelle)
It hurts us more than it helps us.

NOELLE

The point is to expose who's making money from these crossings. And who's dying.

BILL

You're gonna need a different way in. Not enough here.

The door opens - this is a fluid workplace - and editor TOM CHAVEZ sticks his head.

TOM CHAVEZ

Sorry to interrupt--

Senior Producer ISA HARPER (30s, biracial) enters in a hoodie and dirty running shoes.

TOM CHAVEZ (CONT'D)

--but there's a press conference about the bombing on now--

ISA HARPER

Turn on the TV, Howard's talking about the bombing--oh hi Tom.

Bill turns on the monitor.

INT. PRESS ROOM, MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY (ONSCREEN)

A press conference of the Los Angeles MAYOR RAMIREZ, the US ATTORNEY ISAAH HOWARD, and various other dark-suited officials.

US ATTORNEY (ONSCREEN)
 ...detonated at Union Station two
 days ago, injuring more than fifty
 people and killing three.

A TACITURN FBI AGENT stands in the background. Isa catches
 Ellen's eye.

ISA HARPER
 (mouthing the words)
 Isn't that Danny?

Ellen nods.

US ATTORNEY (ONSCREEN)
 Thanks to exceptional coordination
 between the FBI and the LAPD, I
 want to report that we have
 arrested the bomb suspect, who is
 now in custody.

A photo fills the TV screen of an unsmiling white man. The
 chyron beneath him reads STEWART BAKER - BOMB SUSPECT IN
 CUSTODY.

US ATTORNEY (ONSCREEN) (CONT'D)
 Stewart Baker is currently being
 held and questioned by the FBI. The
 hard evidence against Stewart Baker
 is incontestible. He taught himself
 how to make a lethal bomb using
 resources he found online. He alone
 is responsible for this tragedy.
 His actions were reprehensible, and
 he will be prosecuted to the
 fullest extent of the law. Today,
 Mayor Ramirez and I want to assure
 all Angelenos that this city is
 safe. And we send our condolences
 to the victims and their families.
 (beat)
 That's all, thank you.

Bill turns down the sound.

INT. THE GET - BILL ASHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

NOELLE
 FBI wasn't out in front for once.
 (off their looks)
 Kind of their thing, taking the
 credit?

(MORE)

NOELLE (CONT'D)
(to Ellen)
No offense to Danny.

ELLEN
We're not together, none taken.

NOELLE
Get ready for a hundred bomber
profiles - "portrait of a
terrorist."

BILL
All recycling the same two facts.

ISA
The real story is that it's easy to
make a bomb. Baker watched a video
tutorial on the web.

ELLEN
How many *more* tutorials are out
there? How easy is it?

ISA
Very.

NOELLE
No one is shining any light on
these make-your-own-bomb websites.

ISA
We should. I can get into that.

BILL
Ellen?

ELLEN
I'll talk to people who knew him
and request an interview with
Baker.

NOELLE
Good luck.

ELLEN
I have a source that can put our
ask on the top of the pile.

BILL
If we chase an angle on the
bombing, I'm not interested in
Baker's childhood.

ISA
 Who's gonna make a bomb next?
 That's the story.

Bill nods, exits.

ETHAN, Noelle's son, pokes his head around the door.

ETHAN
 I'm hungry.

ELLEN
 You like hot pockets? Because if
 you do, it's your lucky day.

ETHAN
 What's a hot pocket?

ELLEN
 (outrage, to Noelle)
 This is wrong. What you're doing to
 him is wrong.
 (to Ethan)
 Follow me.

Noelle mouths *thank you* to Ellen.

INT. THE GET OFFICES - BULLPEN - DAY

Bill passes the communal table covered in laptops. Interns all work, typing diligently. Noelle and Isa are slightly behind him. BOY INTERN spies BILL.

BOY INTERN
 Oh, hey, Bill? We're all gonna be
 ready to pitch our story idea to
 you this afternoon.

Bill glances behind to see Noelle and Isa a few steps back.

BILL
 (to Noelle and Isa)
 You too.

NOELLE
 (to Isa, under her breath)
 Please God don't let it be another
 one where they want to go
 undercover at a titty bar.

In the intern group, CAMERA FINDS ALEX HOWARD - quiet and watchful, a gangly young man with dark, intelligent eyes and shabby shoes.

LOUD SMART GIRL

Bill! Did you see the idiotic Fox piece on the the Supermax prison? I found a ton of inaccuracies that we could rebut--

BILL

Stop. What's your name?

LOUD SMART GIRL

Kendra.

BILL

Kendra. We're not here to start a Twitter war.

(to the group)

You guys have interned here for six months. What's the job?

BOY INTERN

Justice.

TALL INTERN

To tell the truth.

LOUD SMART GIRL

Find great stories.

HIPSTER INTERN

Get there first.

ALEX (O.C.)

To expose.

Everyone turns: Alex Howard just spoke.

BILL

To expose what?

ALEX

Expose the bad guys.

A few interns might smirk, but Bill raises his eyebrows.

BILL

Get the bad guys. There you go.

(to Kendra)

No rebuttals.

He walks off. Alex looks at his feet; interns look at Alex.

LOUD SMART GIRL

So you do speak.

Alex shrugs, shy. They return to their computers.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN, white, late 20s, exits the front door of a Motel 8 wearing a company polo shirt. Ellen approaches.

ELLEN
Excuse me - Carrie?
(woman turns)
Hi, are you Carrie Zachary?

CARRIE
Yeah...

ELLEN
I'm Ellen Sullivan. I work for the
Get. Do you know Stewart Baker?

Carrie turns and walks away, fast. Ellen follows.

CARRIE
Leave me alone.

ELLEN
I just want one minute of your time-

CARRIE
No. The police took my computer
even though he never used it. They
still have it. We broke up four
months ago so leave me alone.

ELLEN
How long were you and Stewart
together?
(Carrie keeps walking)
Carrie, you can be with someone a
while and not know them at all. I
get it. Just give me one minute,
and I'll leave you alone. I
promise. I won't use your name.

Carrie stops, eyes Ellen.

CARRIE
I told the police everything.

It's an opening.

ELLEN
Did Stewart ever talk to you about
his beliefs?

CARRIE
His "beliefs?"

ELLEN
Anything he felt strongly about.

CARRIE
Pft. Other than The Walking Dead?
No.

ELLEN
He wasn't passionate about music,
or, politics, race, anything...?

CARRIE
Shyeah, no. Nothing like that.

ELLEN
Why did you break up?

CARRIE
He was online all the time. I
thought he was addicted to porn. He
kept getting fired. And he didn't
drive. I know how to pick 'em.

ELLEN
He didn't drive.

Ellen waits.

CARRIE
(angry, baffled)
He could barely microwave popcorn.
But he can make a bomb. Tch.

ELLEN
You don't think he did it?

CARRIE
I didn't say that.

Carrie looks towards the motel lobby, anxious.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Don't come back here. I'm serious.
If anyone ever found out I was with
him, they'd can me.

Ellen watches her turn the corner and hurry away.

INT. THE GET - ISA'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a WHITE MAN'S HANDS ASSEMBLING a pipe and a
crockpot.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
*...The standard layout is lead
 azide, which is way less sensitive
 than other primaries. And it
 delivers enough force to shoot most
 gelatin dynamites.*

Reveal ISA'S REFLECTION OVER THIS ONSCREEN IMAGE. She's watching a sample DIY How To Make Your Own Bomb video.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*I'm going to work with a mix of
 nitromethane fuel and ammonium
 nitrate fertilizer.*

Tom enters. Isa jumps, then blushes when she sees him. He looks at the video.

TOM
 I see you're getting into a fun new hobby.

ISA
 This is where Stewart Baker watched a step by step demonstration of how to make his bomb.

THE ONSCREEN USERNAMES from Isa's screen SCROLL UP AND COVER THE SCENE BETWEEN ISA AND TOM. (Think the way "House of Cards" depicts texts onscreen.)

Keza1918/#%222 - rebelyell1992 - 37madouyiWEST - drumpfrucker
 - 122cillBoWiE - hateISIS4399 - ivana#putin2018

TOM
 Wow. That's a lot of people teaching themselves to level up their explosives game. I'm depressed.

ISA
 I've been lurking. I want to get someone in conversation.

TOM
 Why?

ISA
 They might know each other offline. Which means someone could know Stewart Baker.

TOM

If you want someone to talk to you,
type "I am a human woman."

Isa frowns, then glances at Tom.

ISA

I can create a bot to do that. I
don't need to be a human woman.

She starts typing, forgetting that Tom's there. He exits. She realizes he's gone.

ISA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

"I don't need to be a human woman."
Perfect. Good one.

INT. BAR - DAY

Ellen walks into a hole-in-the-wall cop bar. She scans the room, finds DETECTIVE BUDDY HENDERSON (50), a good old boy off-duty LAPD, drinking at the bar next to a YOUNGER DETECTIVE. Both cops are white.

ELLEN

Buddy.

BUDDY

(happy)

Ellen! How you doing!

(to Younger Guy)

This is Ellen Sullivan, she's
Seanny Fitz's cousin. And Patrick's
cousin too. Sergeant Fitz was her
dad.

ELLEN

Still is.

BUDDY

This is Detective Vince Boscacci.

(to Vince)

Ellen works for The Get. She's
family.

ELLEN

What are you guys drinking--jack?

(to bartender)

Three more!

The Bartender nods in acknowledgement, starts pouring shots.

ELLEN (CONT'D (CONT'D)
You all must be getting a lot of
attaboys downtown since you
collared Baker for the bombing.

BUDDY
Sometimes you get a win.

They raises their glasses, drink.

ELLEN
He seems like an idiot.

BOSCACCI
Yeah, there was a receipt for the
bomb materials in the duffel. So
now we know which Home Depot he
shops in!

ELLEN
(that's odd)
The duffel...didn't blow up?

Boscacci glances at Buddy, shuts up. Ellen clocks this.

BUDDY
Baker's guilty as hell.
Fingerprints everywhere.

This feels like an evasion.

ELLEN
Wait. Was there more than one bomb?

BUDDY
(to Boscacci)
Give us a minute.

BOSCACCI
Sure.

He moves off.

BUDDY
Off the record.

ELLEN
Sure.

BUDDY
There was a second bomb that didn't
detonate.

ELLEN

Why wasn't that made public?
(intuiting)
Wait - Baker's bomb didn't go off.
But I thought there was video
surveillance of him setting it?

BUDDY

Not of the one that worked.

ELLEN

So... why the press conference?

BUDDY

Because he did it. He was there, he
set the bombs, and we got him.

ELLEN

But...maybe there's more than one.

Long pause. Is Buddy going to answer?

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Off the record.

BUDDY

Maybe.

END TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. THE GET - ISA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Ellen paces. Isa is now at her standing desk, scrolling through names, typing, creating a chart.

ELLEN

I got more info about the second device--which has Baker's fingerprints--

INT. POLICE EVIDENCE CAGE - DAY

Ellen stands with an officer who looks around, urging her to hurry up as she examines the bagged-and-tagged evidence.

ELLEN (V.O.)

--but it seems like there's nothing that connects him to the first bomb - the one that went off.

INT. COUNTY RECORDS COUNTER - DAY

Ellen thumbs through a thin brown file.

ELLEN (V.O.)

Then I looked up Baker's stats, his education, his record - which is petty theft only - employment, social connections... not much family or friends...

There's not much there, she hands it back to a bored Clerk--

INT. THE GET - ISA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ELLEN

...once I got a look at his social media, okay, yes, he's liked some racist groups - but he's not posting any manifestos.

ISA

That you know of.

ELLEN

That I know of. So how does this dummy make a bomb?

ISA

I hate to tell you this, but I can make a bomb now. I'm not proud of that.

ELLEN

Baker messed his up. I think there's another bomber.

ISA

Why would the police cover that up?

ELLEN

I think they're following the FBI's lead and they need a win. Baker's a win. --What's that?

ISA

Usernames from the bomb forum.

ELLEN

Can you find their real names?

ISA

Once they interact with my bot, then yes.

(off Ellen)

If I can take an online conversation off the site--once each user emails my bot, or responds to a G-chat request, or clicks a link, then I can capture their IP address.

ELLEN

But what about their names?

ISA

If I have IP addresses I know a way to get the names.

ELLEN

Good. Okay. This is something.

ISA

You going to Danny?

But Ellen is already out the door.

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - DAY

Isa approaches a bench, high up with a view of the skyline. An AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN, 59, sits contemplating the view. This is COLIN HARPER.

ISA
Hi.

COLIN HARPER
Hi yourself.

ISA
I need a favor.

COLIN HARPER
Uh huh.

ISA
It's kind of a big favor. Big-ish.

COLIN HARPER
Uh huh.

Isa takes a hard drive out of her pocket and hands it to him.

ISA
So... on this drive is a list of usernames. I got an IP address for each one. What I need now is to crack the actual human identity connected to each username.

(beat)
I need to know who all of these people are.

COLIN HARPER
Uh huh.

ISA
Please stop saying that.

COLIN HARPER
How many names?

ISA
Forty or fifty.

COLIN HARPER
[whistles]

ISA

I know the NSA can do this. Three of these names are using VPNs, but I know you can crack them. And you know that I don't have the access.

(beat)

Please.

COLIN HARPER

I do you a favor, you do me a favor. Call your mother.

ISA

So she can tell me I need to change my hair? And get a manicure? And find a man? No thanks.

Colin holds out the thumb drive, offering it back to Isa.

COLIN HARPER

Can't help you then.

ISA

Dad! God!

(beat)

Fine. I'll call her.

COLIN HARPER

...She wouldn't be wrong about your nails.

ISA

Uh huh.

COLIN HARPER

You know, there's always a place for you working with me. We need Network Vulnerability Analysts, you could do that in your sleep. NSA has a decent pension.

ISA

I like what I do, Dad.

COLIN HARPER

You gonna tell me what this is for?

ISA

There might be another bomber. Someone who worked with Baker.

Colin nods, rises.

COLIN HARPER
 Call your mama, baby. You call her,
 then call me tomorrow.

He kisses her on the forehead and departs. She watches him go.

ISA
 Thanks, Dad.

INT. THE GET - BILL ASHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill and Noelle sit as the interns tag-team a story pitch. Ethan sits in the corner, texting on his phone. The Loud Smart Girl has taken the lead. Maybe there's a power point presentation.

LOUD SMART GIRL
 ...in-depth research revealed that
 this Beverly Hills fertility clinic
 charged a lot. Upwards of seventy
 thousand dollars per insemination.

Bill holds up a hand - she pauses.

BILL
 So the story I'm hearing is...rich
 people exist.

The interns look at one another. Realizing belatedly...
 that's the gist of it.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Is your follow up the story that
 Starbucks charges a lot for a cup
 of coffee?
 (beat)
 I'm not gonna lie, I was hoping for
 better.

Crestfallen, the interns exit.

NOELLE
 You're brutal.

BILL
 I'm not wrong.

NOELLE
 One hundred percent right.

A KNOCK -- ALEX peeks around the door.

ALEX

Hi, I wanted, wondered, if I could,
um - sorry that the pitch was not
so much - I wanted to know if I
could um throw an idea out there.

BILL

Go.

ALEX

I was talking with one couple and I
sort of asked them what was up and
they were like, earlier this year
we got scammed.

BILL

Uh huh.

ALEX

There was this pregnant girl, they
met her online.

(beat)

She um, pretended she was gonna
give them her baby and got money
from them. Then she took off.

(beat)

They were, um, pretty broken up.

BILL

Uh huh. Not a story for the Get.

ALEX

Just thought I'd, yeah, thanks.

Alex nods, embarrassed, and manages to get out of the room.
Noelle glances at Bill, then follows Alex out the door.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Noelle follows Alex, catching him near the big table where
the interns sit.

NOELLE

Hey. What's your name?

ALEX

Alex.

NOELLE

(tough)

Alex, do you know why that's a good
story idea?

ALEX

It's not.

NOELLE

Not the way you just said it, no.

Noelle's husband JB --tall, in a decent suit --walks through the door. Noelle sees him.

NOELLE (CONT'D)

(to Alex, abrupt)

Think about your answer.

(goes to JB)

Hi.

JB

I just texted him.

Noelle and JB kiss briefly. Ethan enters from Bill's office, ready to go.

JB (CONT'D)

(to Ethan)

Say thank you to Noelle.

ETHAN

Thanks, Noelle.

JB

Will we see you at dinner?

(off her hesitation)

I won't count on it.

NOELLE

I'll call you.

JB nods - he's out the door with his son. Noelle turns back to Alex, exasperated.

NOELLE (CONT'D)

Here's what you didn't say. It's human. It's very specific. And if you tell it right, you expose something and keep it from happening again.

ALEX

Um. Okay.

NOELLE

So you have work to do. You have to track down the pregnant girl.

(rattling off list)

(MORE)

NOELLE (CONT'D)

Get the exact text of her ad from the couple, set up web searches on the adoption website they used and every other adoption site in the state. Look for matching ads. Find other couples. Track her down.

ALEX

Uh, but--

NOELLE

You're gonna need help.

She claps her hands. The interns all look up from what they're doing.

NOELLE (CONT'D)

Hey! Focus! Everybody! Alex here is working a story and he needs everybody on it!

(to Alex)

There you go. You explain it to them.

She exits. The other interns stare at Alex.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Ellen slides into a booth across from DANNY CHEN, the FBI agent we saw earlier on TV at the press conference. Danny grins, happy to see her.

ELLEN

Saw you on TV this morning.

DANNY

You look good.

ELLEN

I heard there was a second bomb that didn't go off at Union Station. Can you confirm that?

DANNY

What you're supposed to say is, "Danny, you look good too. You look like you lost ten pounds."

ELLEN

You didn't lose ten pounds.

DANNY

Didn't say I did. I said that's what you should say.

ELLEN

Can we talk seriously for a minute about your suspect Stewart Baker? You think he fits the profile of a bomber?

DANNY

He doesn't need to fit the "profile" of a bomber since he is, in fact, the bomber. We have him on digital surveillance. We have his DNA at the scene. We have his confession. We have a motive - he wanted to hurt as many brown people as possible.

ELLEN

What if there was someone else?

DANNY

I don't have any evidence of that.

ELLEN

Did you check the security footage from Home Depot? I know about the receipt.

DANNY

Yes we checked the footage, and no, Baker did not show up. Which proves nothing - he could have asked someone to go in and buy the materials for him.

ELLEN

Or another bomber did. Are you sitting on something?

DANNY

Baker is guilty. There's no secret terrorist cell that we've missed.

ELLEN

Then why does LAPD think there are loose ends?

DANNY

Do I wish the whole thing was tied up a little tighter? Sure. Do I think we have the right guy? I do.

ELLEN

Your guy doesn't seem that smart.

DANNY

I got news. Sometimes dumb people do bad things.

Danny touches Ellen's hand.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Ellen. Are you sure this bombing story is something you should be working on?

Ellen takes her hand away.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I meant that in a good way.

ELLEN

I know how you meant it.

(stands)

I've got to head back to work.

DANNY

Stay, come on, have a cup of coffee--
I haven't seen you in a long time--

ELLEN

I'm sorry, Danny, really - I've got a lot of work. Got to look for a bomber.

Danny watches her walk out without ordering a coffee.

ACT TWO**INT. BILL'S OFFICE - DAY**

On a bulletin board, four index cards are tacked up: STEVE & CHARLOTTE ARGILA. KARL & LARISSA GERBER. ALI & DAVID WINTER. RUTH BELETSKY & LEO EHRIN.

These index cards are tacked around a card in the middle that reads "AMY." (PREGNANT?) "AKA Jane, Diane, Maddie"

NOELLE

We've confirmed four profiles of a woman who wants to give her child up for adoption on different websites. "Jane," "Amy," and "Diane" list the same phone number. "Maddie" has the same email address as the first two.

BILL

Is it a team of people, or one pretending to be all four?

Bill intimidates Alex, who stammers.

ALEX

I, uh, I don't know.

BILL

What's next?

ALEX

I'm not...

Noelle course-corrects.

NOELLE

We're going to follow up with the first couple. And then talk with every victim Pregnant Amy contacted.

BILL

What's the story we're telling here?

ALEX

I, um.

NOELLE

A pregnant woman is serially conning hopeful couples' adoption dreams.

BILL

(to Alex)

Know what your story is before you ask a question. That's why your fertility pitch sucked.

He exits.

NOELLE

(kindly)

It did suck.

INT. HIGH SECURITY INTERROGATION CELL - DAY

Ellen and Isa wait in a room that's bare, save a table and chair. The door opens, and a prison guard brings in STEWART BAKER, his hands cuffed behind him. The prison guard nods at Ellen and Isa, then departs.

ELLEN

Thank you for agreeing to talk with us.

BAKER

I watch your show all the time. The Get. Good stuff. Cool music.

(performs the Get theme)

Bah-dah-dah-duh-DAH. --Ha ha.

ISA

Why did you place a bomb at Union Station?

Stewart Baker cocks his head and looks at her.

BAKER

Why, Why. Why the bang, pow. Lot of googles there, yahoos, skittles. Most bang for the buck.

(clarifying)

Blacks, wetbacks, you know.

ELLEN

You have anybody helping you?

BAKER

Just me.

ISA
But your bomb didn't work.

BAKER
Yeah it did.

ISA
One went off. One didn't.

ELLEN
Right, there were two bombs.

ISA
Who made the one who worked?

BAKER
I made both.

ELLEN
How'd you get to Union Station?

BAKER
Took the bus.

ISA
Lot of stuff to carry.

BAKER
I'm a strong guy.

ELLEN
I'm wondering why only one of your
bombs went off.

ISA
It seems like you must have had
help. Or maybe you were the helper.

BAKER
I did it myself. Alone. I set it up
at the train station for maximum
efficiency. Boom. Get some goggles.

He looks straight at Isa, smiling. Makes a "pow"
noise/gesture with his hands. She doesn't blink.

ISA
Yeah. I don't think you did it
alone.

His smile vanishes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

ALEX watches Noelle efficiently set up an unobtrusive camera in the living room of KARL and LARISSA, a white couple in their 40s. Larissa seems anxious and uptight.

ALEX

How long have you lived here?

LARISSA

Eight years.

ALEX

My aunt lives a few blocks away,
she loves it. Great neighborhood.

Noelle notes that Alex has chatted purposefully in order to relax the couple; it's worked.

NOELLE

Okay! You two make yourselves
comfortable there; I'll sit here.
So - tell me your names.

LARISSA

Larissa and Karl Gerber.

NOELLE

Tell me about how you first met Amy
- or was she Jane?

LARISSA

She said her name was Jane. We had
been on at least six different
adoption lists for three years. And
it never once felt like we were
close. So - I posted an ad on an
adoption match website.

KARL

AdoptionUS4life.

LARISSA

She emailed us. We did a FaceTime
with her, then again, then we met
her. She was four months pregnant.
She told us we were the ones. I was
over the moon.

KARL

Then she started having money
trouble--

LARISSA

She got evicted, so we helped her with rent.

KARL

She was always showing us sonograms, talking about the baby's development. We wanted her to be okay.

NOELLE

How much money did you end up giving her?

KARL

(beat)

Eighteen thousand dollars.

ALEX watches through the camera monitor.

LARISSA

Then she didn't answer her phone for two weeks. No texts. She was...

(emotional)

Sorry. I'm still... We drove to her apartment - but no one lived there. We went from worried to frantic. And then I got a text: **I lost the baby**. I was like, what? please call me. But she didn't. Which seemed, I...suddenly it struck me as odd. I texted her again, then she sent me this photo--

KARL

You can't see anything.

LARISSA

I was hysterical.

KARL

Her Facebook page went away. Her phone was disconnected. She disappeared.

LARISSA

I don't know if she was even pregnant.

INT. ISA'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill and Ellen follow Isa as she points to: a list of forty names alongside computer usernames.

She types into her computer, and ANOTHER WINDOW pops up: a list of Stewart Baker's social media usernames: Facebook, Snapchat, Instagram.

ISA

I've been searching for real-world contacts for Stewart Baker from the other users on the bomb forum. I collected every name from that site and searched to find any connection to Baker.

Seven usernames POP up: **redpill_68 pepewashington76 angler1488 jcw498 95adk buck_wolf_83 beretta92**

She types, and up pops another computer window. Baker's Facebook page.

ELLEN

There's seven.

ISA

Seven possibles.

Onscreen pop up the real names that match the user names: **Will Blackman, Eric Kneese, Aaron Laughlin, Mike Spencer, Brett Wickett, Luke Ramsey, David McGill.**

Isa brings up a profile photos that appear next to their real names and usernames.

BILL

All active online? White supremacist sites?

ISA

Yeah.

ELLEN

You think any of them ever shop at Home depot?

ISA

Let's see.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Isa and Ellen walk through a throng of customers towards a back office. Ellen looks through a folder of notes.

ISA

One of them blogs on the Nationalist America site. Pro-violence in order to focus America's attention.

ELLEN

If Baker's Facebook friend was at this store at the same time as the receipt listed, it's not conclusive, but it's compelling circumstantially...

They knock on the open door, and a balding SUPERVISOR, a white man in his 40s, stands.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm looking for Mark Lobell - store supervisor?

SUPERVISOR

Yeah.

ELLEN

I'm from the Get news, we're working on an investigation of the Union Station bombing, and I wondered if my colleague and I could look at some security footage.

Supervisor looks from Ellen to Isa and then back again.

SUPERVISOR

I already talked to the FBI.

ELLEN

I understand that. This is for an unfolding story on the bombing, and it would help us very much to see the security footage from September 18th.

SUPERVISOR

You're not police - sorry. All this stuff is corporate property.

Isa puts out her hand to shake.

ISA

Thanks for your time.

She's slipped him a wad of cash. Smooth.

ISA (CONT'D)

Maybe you could let us borrow the
footage for a day.

(beat)

Half a day.

His jaw tightens. But he doesn't give the money back. He goes into the office, comes back a moment later with a manila envelope, which Isa takes.

SUPERVISOR

You didn't get this from me.

He closes the office door. Isa looks at Ellen.

ISA

Like he said, we're not police.

INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ellen and Isa sit staring at a monitor. On the screen is moderately grainy security footage from the Home Depot.

ISA

Anything?

Ellen shuffles through the seven photos to check one by one against the footage.

ELLEN

Nope.

(speeds through footage)

No.

(rubs her eyes)

I feel like I'm going blind.

ISA

What did Danny say about you
working on this story?

ELLEN

...Nothing.

(off screen)

Wait.

Ellen holds one photo up to the screen, next to a man facing the camera.

ISA

Is that him?

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN. The man's face is pixilated, but this is the same man as Ellen's photo of David McGill.

ELLEN
David McGill. Is it?

She looks at the xerox copy of the Home Depot receipt. It matches the **TIMESTAMP** in the corner of the surveillance tape.

ISA
It looks like him.

ELLEN
McGill, shopping in Home Depot, at the exact same time bomb supplies were purchased. Buying a pressure cooker.

ISA
I'll go back and search his posts on the forum.

ELLEN
It's something.

ISA
It's something.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Noelle stands next to JB, holding her phone. She fits right in with every other parent, who all multi-task, looking up frequently to cheer their players on the field -- and then back to their phones. JB claps and cheers.

NOELLE
DON'T GIVE UP THE BALL DON'T GIVE
UP THE BALL DON'T GIVE UP THE--NICE
ONE ETHAN!!

JB
You're embarrassing him.

NOELLE
Shut up, he loves it.

Her phone buzzes. She glances at it.

TEXT. Amy: Hi, you emailed me about adoption?

During the scene on the soccer field, the texts appear across the screen in 2-D. The scene continues under the text conversation.

Noelle moves away from JB, texts back.

Noelle: Yes!!!! I read ur profile & I think ur the answer to my prayers.

JB

Whooo! Yes!

Amy: I hope so. Just want to find a good home for my baby.
The ref whistles: player substitution. JB claps.

JB (CONT'D)

All right! Brennan, nice hustle out there!

Noelle claps and whistles. **Texts: My husband & me want to meet you. Been on adoption waitlists 2 long. Do U know if boy or girl? Amy: Girl. Noelle texts heart emojis.**

NOELLE

Deee-fense! Way to go!

Noelle: Do U have a doctor? Amy: Too expensive.

JB

Should we just pick up Thai food on the way home?

NOELLE

That sounds good.

Noelle: we could help with \$\$\$\$. My husband & me are **READY 2 B** parents. Can we meet? **Amy: OK** Noelle: I'll text you address. **Amy: OK**

JB

Way to go!

Noelle puts her phone in her pocket, pleased. She claps for Ethan on the field.

NOELLE

Whooooo!

INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - EVENING

Isa pokes her head into Ellen's office. Ellen dips a granola bar into a carton of yogurt while she's on the phone.

ELLEN

(on phone)

Yeah, so what are you saying? --is that definitive? Uh huh. Okay.

Thanks.

(hangs up)

(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)

McGill has an alibi. He was at work. Car rental place. He can't be the second bomber.

ISA

(considering)

I searched three years of McGill's online conversations on the bomb forum.

She opens a file and shows Ellen the highlighted lines.

ISA (CONT'D)

"Looking for IED assistance? I got some built, willing to help for cash." That's 2015. This comment from last year: "I have what you need - text me - learn a lesson from the drug lords and outsource!" And here again, from last month: "You give me cash, I give you a finished product guaranteed to provide BANG."

ELLEN

...You think McGill's the one making the bombs. For Baker...

ISA

For whoever.

EXT. ISA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Isa climbs up the stairs in the dark to her Echo Park rental, tired from the long day.

As she moves up the steps, her shoe CLANKS on something, kicking it.

She stops. What was that? She puts her key in the door, turns on the porch light.

Laid neatly on Isa's doorstep: a PRESSURE COOKER. The lid fell off when she kicked it - it's empty.

The main element of a DIY BOMB.

Isa's breath quickens. She takes a step back. Scans the dark, empty street; no one in sight. She's alone.

Holy shit.

ACT THREE**INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Noelle stands, anxious. Isa sits obstinately on the couch. Ellen paces.

ELLEN
This sucks. This sucks.

NOELLE
You're not the one who almost got blown up!

ISA
I didn't get blown up. Not even close.

NOELLE
It was a warning.

ISA
It was nothing.

NOELLE
It was the main component of a bomb.

ELLEN
It was a message.

NOELLE
Baker?

ELLEN
If Baker somehow got a message to McGill? Maybe.

NOELLE
We need to tell Bill.

ISA
No.

ELLEN
Isa. Stop. Listen. Here's what Danny would say. You take different routes to work. Different entrances. Different ways home. We all will. Okay?

Isa rolls her eyes.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

That's what you're gonna do, Isa,
otherwise I will tell Bill, who
will tell Ophelia, who will call
our security, who'll call the FBI.

ISA

Fine.

(beat)

If someone really wanted me dead,
I'd be dead.

NOELLE

(annoyed)

God. Really smart.

ELLEN

She has a point.

Bill opens the door -- they all jump.

BILL

What.

ISA/NOELLE/ELLEN

Nothing.

He looks at Ellen and Isa.

BILL

You on to the next step with the
bomb story?

ISA

Yeah.

BILL

Be careful.

NOELLE

Please. Be careful.

EXT. HOTEL POOL - CABANA - DAY

Noelle stands in a cabana by the pool of a Beverly Hills
hotel. She supervises a tech guy, CARTER, as he tapes a
microphone under a cushion and makes it invisible.

ALEX

It seems...risky to meet outside.

NOELLE

California's a two-party consent state. We can't film anyone without telling them where they might have an expectation of privacy. But outside...we're good.

ALEX

Do you use a fake name? Or wear a wig?

Carter sets a water bottle on a table and adjusts it.

NOELLE

Carter, you'll lose half her body there.

(to Alex)

I use my real name with my middle name as my last name.

Carter moves the water bottle further to the left, adjusts. It's a CAMERA.

NOELLE (CONT'D)

(to Alex)

The more relaxed you are, the better. I go kind of zen, sink into it. It's fun. Be back in a sec.

Noelle heads into a nearby pool shed. Carter continues working. A silence.

ALEX

(awkward)

I'm Alex.

CARTER

First story?

ALEX

Yeah.

CARTER

Kind of a dud, huh?

ALEX

How do you mean?

Behind them, Noelle approaches from the shed, reading a text on her phone. She pauses to overhear:

CARTER

Some girl sticks a pillow under her shirt, people buy it. Not much there.

ALEX

Well, they're people. She's hurting them. It's what we do, right?

(correcting)

They do.

Noelle approaches.

NOELLE

Alex, I need you in the shed with the monitor and the couples. Don't send them out until my signal.

Alex nods and exits. Noelle levels a look at the tech guy. He busies himself with the cameras.

INT. VAN - DAY

A blue van with a QUINTON'S FLOWERS logo sits parked on the street. Inside, in the back of the van, Ellen clips a button camera to her jacket while Isa aims a camera out the window.

ELLEN

My cousin Sean's the desk sergeant on duty right now. He's standing by.

(off Isa's look)

He knows we're up to something, but not what. He'll send a car if we need. You can see the front door?

Isa checks the viewfinder, nods.

ISA

Why didn't you tell Danny about this?

ELLEN

Because he'd tell me not to go.

Ellen hops out of the van.

EXT./INT. HOTEL POOL - CABANA/POOL HOUSE SHED - DAY

CAMERA POV: a monitor showing feeds from the hidden cameras inside the cabana. Noelle and Tom sit waiting.

ALEX watches the monitor. Behind her are Karl and Larissa, along with another couple, STEVEN and CHARLOTTE.

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR - we see Noelle and Tom waiting together, not talking.

CHARLOTTE

They're not really married. I can tell.

INTERCUT ALEX'S POV from the monitor inside the shed and NOELLE'S HIDDEN CAMERA POV from the cabana.

SHED

The couples crowd behind ALEX looking at the monitor. Awkward silence.

KARL

Have you done many of these? Stakeouts?

ALEX

No.

CHARLOTTE

It's hot in here.

STEVEN

We should be out by the pool.

ALEX (CONT'D)

We need to stay in here right now. Sorry.

LARISSA

This whole thing makes me feel sick.

CHARLOTTE

I'm just so mad.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, someone's coming.

MONITOR: A MODERATELY PREGNANT WHITE WOMAN in sweatsuit and flip-flops walks towards the cabana, glancing around uncertainly. A WHITE MAN in a grey suit strolls next to her.

KARL

Is that her?

They all peer at monitor.

CABANA

Noelle and Tom stand to greet the Pregnant Woman -- "Amy" -- and the man: JACOB BANOFFEN. Noelle spreads her arms.

NOELLE
 Sorry, I think I have to hug you!

They hug, ad-lib greetings, settle in.

SHED

KARL LARISSA
 The guy's blocking her. I
 can't see her. Shhhh.

ON THE MONITOR:

NOELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 --this is my husband Tom.

CABANA

Banoffen shakes hands with Tom.

JACOB BANOFFEN
 Jacob Banoffen. I'm Amy's lawyer.

NOELLE
 Oh you brought a lawyer! So smart!

JACOB BANOFFEN
 I do pro bono work with single
 mothers.

PREGNANT AMY
 I don't have any money to pay him.

NOELLE
 We've had a profile up on
 AdoptUS4life for three years. And
 every international agency has a
 waiting list that's two years
 minimum. --When are you due?

PREGNANT AMY
 ...March.

NOELLE
 Well we are ready to go.

TOM
 So ready.

PREGNANT AMY
 It's been a really hard pregnancy.

JACOB BANOFFEN
 (quickly)
 Everything's fine with the baby.

HIDDEN CAMERA POV: we see shots of Jacob and Pregnant Amy from various hidden camera - from the couch cushion, water bottle, etc.

PREGNANT AMY
 Yeah, the baby's fine. I meant it was hard because...

SHED - ON MONITOR

PREGNANT AMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...I have this horrible landlord and he's evicting me. For nothing.

KARL
 It's her. It's her. She said that exact same thing to us.

CHARLOTTE
 A year ago she looked the same.

CABANA

PREGNANT AMY
 I'm probably going to have to go to a shelter or something.

NOELLE
 Where are your parents?

PREGNANT AMY
 ...They're gone.

NOELLE
 I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be nosy--I would love to be able to help you.

TOM
 (overlapping)
 What's the best way to talk about this?

PREGNANT AMY (CONT'D)
 About what.

TOM
 About the money. --The baby.

NOELLE
 What Tom means is...we'd want to be sure you had everything you need. For your doctor, whatever.

PREGNANT AMY

Uh huh.

JACOB BANOFFEN

Amy's job kept her on her feet all day. And she was just let go.

PREGNANT AMY

I don't have a car.

TOM

Well, at least now you don't have a job you have to drive to.

PREGNANT AMY

It's a lot to figure out.
(she produces a SONOGRAM)
There she is.

NOELLE

Is there a reason you're not going through an adoption agency?

JACOB BANOFFEN

Agencies can be intrusive, not respectful of the mother's privacy.

PREGNANT AMY

I don't want it to be complicated.

NOELLE

I don't want to miss the chance to be a mother. What would it take to really lock us in as the adoptive parents?

SHED

ON THE MONITOR

JACOB BANOFFEN (O.S.)

Are you prepared to assist Amy financially? Up front?

CHARLOTTE

He said that before. The lawyer. I remember that: "Up front."

KARL

Son of a bitch...

Karl pushes out the door, moving fast towards the cabana.

ALEX

Wait--oh god!

CABANA

NOELLE

Let me ask you something: Have you done this before?

PREGNANT AMY

What? No.

NOELLE

(to Jacob)

Have you?

JACOB BANOFFEN

Like I said, this is pro bono--

NOELLE

What I mean is, how many times you've stolen money from parents who want to adopt.

(to Amy)

And how many times have you pretended to be pregnant?

JACOB BANOFFEN

(standing)

We're going.

KARL

(shouting)

Don't you move, don't go anywhere!

He runs towards the cabana, Larissa behind.

LARISSA

(to Amy)

Do you remember me?

(beat)

I told you I wanted to name the baby Alice. I showed you the crib we bought. We gave you everything you asked for. Then you texted me that the baby died. Did you have a baby at all?

(no answer)

Shame on you. Shame on you.

JACOB BANOFFEN

(to Amy)

Don't talk.

A POLICE OFFICER appears with Steven, who points to Amy. When Pregnant Amy sees the Police Officer, she panics.

PREGNANT AMY
Aw nooo...

JACOB BANOFFEN
Don't say anything!

STEVEN
(to Police Officer)
That's him, and that's her.

PREGNANT AMY
All of this was his idea! He said it wasn't even illegal because I wasn't pregnant!

JACOB BANOFFEN
Shut up! Do not talk!

POLICE OFFICER
You're under arrest--

Pregnant Amy stands and tries to push past the cop, but he expertly grabs her arm, cuffing her. He stops Banoffen.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Sir, you're also under arrest.

Noelle nudges Alex out of the way, shooting the confrontation.

ACT FOUR**EXT. BOYLE HEIGHTS HOUSE - DAY**

Ellen walks up to a shabby house. A Honda Civic is parked on the street next to the driveway.

She stands at his door. Closes her eyes. Takes a breath: getting calm. Focused.

Ellen knocks. She waits. Nothing. Knocks again.

The door opens. Through Ellen's button cam, we see a SKINNY WHITE MAN. **IN THE VAN, Isa watches on the monitor.**

ELLEN

Hello. David McGill?

SKINNY WHITE MAN

Who's asking?

ELLEN

I'm Ellen Sullivan. I work for the Get Media. Do you know Stewart Baker?

SKINNY WHITE MAN

Doesn't sound familiar.

ELLEN

Are you sure? Stewart Baker is in FBI custody as the main suspect in the Union Station bombing from earlier this week. Do you have any comment?

SKINNY WHITE MAN

Why would I have a comment?

ELLEN

Because you commented on the same bomb-making tutorial Stewart Baker used to teach himself how to make a bomb.

The man closes the door. Ellen runs back to the van.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Ellen takes out her phone, stands outside the van and dials, looking back at the door she just left.

ELLEN
 (dialing)
 It's him.

ISA
 I got it.

ELLEN
 We need the cops here, before he
 runs -
 (into phone)
 Is Sean there? Seanny Fitz.
 (pause)
 Well where is he? -Ellen. Sullivan.
 Look, who is this? Go get him! It's
 urgent.

Ellen hangs up. Isa pulls out her phone. She dials 911.

ISA
 I'm standing outside a house, 2451
 East 8th Street. I can hear
 screaming inside. Screaming!
 Someone's gonna get hurt.
 It's bad - 2451 East 8th Street.
 Hurry! Oh my god--was that a gun?

She hangs up and resets her camera.

ELLEN
 Dammit. They're not gonna have a
 warrant. What if they get here and
 he doesn't answer the door?
 (beat)
 Seatbelt on.

Ellen climbs into the driver's seat.

ISA
 What are you doing?

Ellen puts the van into gear drives up the road - and RAMS
 into the Honda parked in McGill's driveway. She SMASHES it
 again.

The car alarm blares.

ELLEN
 Get ready.

Isa grabs the camera, Ellen jumps out of the van. David
 McGill opens his front door, sees the van smashed into his
 car, then sees - Ellen. He is livid.

MCGILL
Are you kidding me?

ELLEN
Were you involved in the Union
Station bombings?

MCGILL
I'm gonna kill you--

ELLEN
Did you purchase materials at Home
Depot to make a bomb?

McGill moves aggressively towards Ellen, who stands her ground. We see McGill through Isa's camera. McGill sees Isa filming and turns abruptly towards her.

MCGILL
You're dead - you hear me?

McGill stops suddenly as a police car pulls up on the curb. The officers step out. One recognizes Ellen.

OFFICER TWO
What's going on here?

OFFICER
Ellen?

ELLEN
This guy physically threatened me!

McGill turns and sprints down the road. The officers chase him. Isa races behind, filming.

An officer hits McGill with a crunching tackle. They take him to the ground and pin his arms behind his back.

MCGILL
(screaming)
I didn't do jack! She drove up on
the curb and she hit my car on
purpose! That bitch - I have
rights!

ELLEN
I smelled gunpowder when he opened
his door.

McGill is cuffed and dragged to his feet. Isa continues filming as one cops maneuvers him into the back of the car.

The first Officer is at McGill's door, standing where Ellen was standing.

OFFICER
(calling)
Ellen, C'mere. I think you're gonna
want to see this...

Ellen joins the Officer, who stands in front of McGill's open door. They can see into a bedroom beyond the front door.

Inside the bedroom: rows upon rows upon rows of pressure cookers, all stacked up. At least 80, maybe more.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Are those...?

ELLEN
Bomb making supplies.
(beat)
I'd radio Sheila at the bomb squad.
She'll tell you how to proceed.

OFFICER
(nervous)
Uh huh.

Ellen walks away, moving to where Isa stands, surveying the damage to the front of the van.

ISA
You get to explain the van to Bill.
No way is that on me.

EXT. HOTEL POOL - CABANA - LATER

Alex and Noelle pack up the cameras.

NOELLE
Were you adopted?

ALEX
(taken aback)
No. ...Why?

NOELLE
Most guys who want to do reporting,
they want to go after gun runners,
drug dealers. Macho stuff. And
those stories are good, don't get
me wrong. But...good reporters find
a story that means something to
them. It's personal.

ALEX

Oh.

They pack up cameras.

NOELLE

Well, it's a good story. Those couples can both press charges now. Maybe get some closure.

ALEX

Foster care.

(off Noelle)

Not adopted. In foster care 'til I was eighteen.

Noelle nods. Finishes packing up.

NOELLE

Well, let's go.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA SIDEWALK - EVENING

Ellen walks towards the parking garage, tired.

DANNY (O.C.)

Ellen! Ellen!

An unsmiling Danny Chen walks towards her at a good clip.

ELLEN

Hey.

DANNY

(angry)

Did you confront a suspect--a bomb suspect--without telling me?

ELLEN

Okay, listen. I did in fact call the police--

DANNY

(overlapping, angrier)

But you didn't call me. You asked me for information, you used my information, but you didn't give me the courtesy of a phone call?

ELLEN

You didn't believe the information I offered!

DANNY

That's a B.S. excuse. You could have gotten yourself killed!

ELLEN

I'm fine.

DANNY

That is so--breath-takingly arrogant! Just because your brother took it upon himself to become a vigilante does not give you a license to do whatever the hell you want and put yourself and other people in danger!

ELLEN

(livid)

You shut your mouth. You're a real piece of work, Danny, calling me arrogant. Don't tell me how to do my job, you're not my dad.

DANNY

No, he's busy drinking himself to death with the other cops downtown.

ELLEN

Go to hell.

DANNY

I'm not your source. Don't call me again.

ELLEN

Don't worry.

Danny starts to say more, trembling with emotion; then turns and walks away. Ellen watches him go, surprised at how much this hurts.

INT. THE GET OFFICES - BULLPEN - DAY

ALEX enters. Xochi looks up, gives a halfhearted nod, then goes back to her computer.

On her computer, Xochi watches a clip of BILL MAHER talking with BILL ASHER as his guest. *Bill Maher: "Admit it, isn't the Get basically news as reported by hipsters?"* Laughter. *Bill Asher: "Face it, Maher, we're old white guys, we're yesterday's news."* Studio audience laughter, applause.

On the communal table, Alex notes the remains of a supermarket sheet cake along with scattered red plastic cups. He missed the interns' farewell party.

INT. BILL ASHER'S OFFICE - EVENING

Bill sits at his desk eating cake, watching the conversation between Ellen and David McGill.

He turns to see ALEX standing in the doorway.

BILL

You missed the farewell party.
Cake?

Alex shakes his head. Bill looks back at the screen. Now it's footage of McGill coming at Isa.

BILL (CONT'D)

Streaming onsite right now. Ellen and Isa found the bomb maker and a room full of IED materials.

ALEX

Wow.

They watch. Footage of the rows of pressure cookers.

BILL

Noelle called. Said that police found outstanding charges in two states for the pregnant girl. Not such a small story. Good get.

ALEX

I... I want to work here.

(beat)

I know that today is the last day for all of us, but, I think, I really, I want to do this. I would work so hard, you don't even know.

(beat)

Please give me a chance.

Bill takes Alex in. A long look.

BILL

Okay.

ALEX

...Okay?

BILL
You can stick around.

Bill returns to typing. Alex is at a loss for a response.

ALEX
Um okay, good.

BILL
(without turning)
See you Monday.

ALEX
Right. See you.

He backs out of the room.

But he can't help himself... fist pump: **Yes!** He looks up to see Xochi watching him, deadpan. He nods, trying to put a lid on his excitement. He hurries out.

INT. HIGHLAND PARK - BUNGALOW HOUSE - EVENING

Isa pushes open the door.

ISA
Hello?

An OLDER WOMAN enters, stops, smiles, then blinks, surprised. This is RAE, Isa's mother.

RAE HARPER
Isa!

ISA
Hi mom.

RAE HARPER
What are you doing here?
(beat)
And what is going on with your hair.

ISA
Just came by to say hi.

RAE HARPER
Well come on in. I was starting to think that the only place you ever went was work.

ISA
It is.

They go into the kitchen.

EXT. ELLEN'S HOUSE - ECHO PARK - EVENING

Magic hour. Ellen parks on the street, and as she walks up to her house, spies Bill sitting on her front steps with a bottle of bourbon.

BILL
I'm not happy about the van.

ELLEN
It was Isa.

BILL
Bull.

She takes the bottle. She drinks.

ELLEN
It was me.

BILL
No shit.
(beat)
How's your brother?

ELLEN
The same.

BILL
You been to see him recently?

ELLEN
He's in solitary until next Friday.
I'll go up then. Why, you want me
to write something up close and
personal? A profile on my brother,
in the pokey? The All-American
Bomber?

BILL
Ellen, all we can do is try to get
one bad guy at a time. Today you
got one.

He drinks; hands it to her. She drinks.

BILL (CONT'D)
I hired the new kid. He's got the
bug.

ELLEN
 (irked)
 Don't tell me, he reminds you of
 me.

BILL
 (pleased at her annoyance)
 He does.

INT. THE GET BULLPEN - DAY

ALEX enters the office - it's early. No sign of anyone here yet - not even Xochi. He looks around, uncertain.

VOICE (O.C.)
 Hey. Hey.

ALEX turns. It's Ellen, with an armful of files.

ELLEN
 How's your Spanish?
 (hands files to Alex)
 I hope good, because I need you to go through all these transcripts, track all the names of any coyotes, their locations - probably be a good idea to make a spreadsheet - please Jesus tell me you know how to make a spreadsheet.

ALEX
 Uh huh. Yeah. Yes.

ELLEN
 Good.

Ellen fixes Alex with a hard stare.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
 Look, when I started in news, no one did me any favors. I'm not your babysitter. You get me?

ALEX
 Yes.

ELLEN
 That's a compliment, by the way.
 You're welcome.

She walks away.

ALEX
Thank you?

BILL (O.C.)
Let's go!

Ellen heads to Bill. Then she turns around to Alex.

ELLEN
(impatient)
You too!

Alex hurries to catch up.

INT. THE GET - BILL ASHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Alex follows Ellen in. Isa and Noelle are there already.

NOELLE
Morning. Morning, Alex.

ALEX
Hi.

Isa nods. Ellen sits on the couch. Alex stands.

BILL
So, we've been streaming your
confrontation with McGill since
yesterday, and it's gotten a half
million views since then. Every
outlet has been scrambling to catch
up. Congratulations. Also, Alex
will be joining us.

NOELLE
Alex, get yourself a chair.

He does, awkwardly, dragging in a stray chair and sitting.
Bill looks around at his writer-producers: Ellen. Noelle.
Isa. Alex.

BILL
So tell me what we got.

END PILOT