

**BOMBSHELL**

Written by  
Charles Randolph

BRON/LIONSGATE

Working Draft -- UNDATED TROUGH PRODUCTION

BLACK.

The STUDIO LOGOS START and before long we hear MEGYN KELLY'S familiar voice, doing her nightly news broadcast.

MEGYN (O.S.)

Welcome to the Kelly File everyone, I'm Megyn Kelly. Breaking tonight: polls are moving, the race is changing and more than a dozen Republican candidates are trying to make themselves heard, with a little more than one week left 'til the debate that could change everything. And we are the gateway, we the questioners are the gateway, we at Fox and CNN and everybody else who gets a chance to actually moderate a presidential debate with these guys. I mean these guys, they, they deserve to face tough questioning. As Chris says, and I agree, they want George Washington's job. So, they better earn it. And they better show the American people they're worthy of it. A lot of people assumed that Donald Trump would flame out by now, and they have been proven wrong. So far.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - FOX NEWS - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - 2015 - DAY

Quiet. Focus. Employees are younger than imagined. And on the MONITORS, in all her complicated glory, is MEGYN KELLY (46).

MEGYN

Okay, here, we've gotta get to this...  
(off a laptop)  
...cause this is just breaking on the Daily Beast. The headline is "Ex-wife: Donald Trump Made Me Feel Violated During Sex." The next line is "Ivana Trump once accused the real estate tycoon of"...quote..."rape".

She glances up at us. FREEZE.

MEGYN (V.O.)

*Here's the one thing you probably know about me: I have a big mouth.*

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - NEWS CORP - MANHATTAN - DAY

On his desk phone, ROGER AILES (76) is not happy.

ROGER  
What'd you do piss off Trump?

INTERCUT:

INT. TOWNCAR - CLEVELAND - DAY

Megyn rides through downtown, talking her cell.

MEGYN  
We had a segment on his ex-wife's  
rape claim.

ROGER  
My god, you're giving that oxygen?  
Before our first goddamn debate?!

MEGYN  
We had a full-screen of Ivana's  
recantation. Which is soft.

ROGER  
She accused him during a divorce.

Megyn winces to herself; the story was old and badly sourced.

MEGYN  
His lawyer said you can't rape a  
spouse. It pissed me off.

ROGER  
What, the future of Fox News is now  
a goddamn feminist?!

MEGYN  
I'm not a feminist, I'm a lawyer.

ROGER  
We need him! Clean this up. Now!

He goes without saying bye. Megyn considers.

MEGYN (V.O.)  
*Unfortunately, when it comes to  
politics and the media...Roger  
Ailes knows his shit.*

He disconnects. Megyn scrolls through her phone contacts.

CONTINUED:

As she does, she says out loud,...

MEGYN

Unfortunately, when it comes to  
politicians and the media...

(to CAMERA)

...Roger Ailes knows his shit.

INT. TOWN HALL - ATLANTA - 1968 - DAY

VIDEO CLIP of Nixon's successful town hall. Nixon charms a  
Diverse Audience of Whites, both with and without glasses.

MEGYN (V.O.)

*To get Nixon elected, he created  
the modern Town Hall debate.*

INT. DEBATE HALL - 1984 - DAY

VIDEO CLIP of Reagan and Mondale being extremely polite.

MEGYN (V.O.)

*To get Reagan elected, he made him  
address the elephant in the room.*

REAGAN

"I will not make age an issue of  
this campaign. I am not going to  
exploit, for political purposes, my  
opponent's youth and inexperience."

Everyone laughs, no one less than Walter Mondale.

INT. HISTORICAL FOOTAGE - WILLIE HORTON TV AD - DAY

MEGYN (V.O.)

*To get George H W Bush elected,  
somebody did the Willy Horton ad.  
Roger denies it was him. A lot.*

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - NEW YORK - DAY

On the MONITORS: various networks, including GRETCHEN CARLSON  
on Fox. One plays CCTV footage from around FOX NEWS.

A MALE VOICE

News is like a ship...

ROGER AILES (77) spies on his dominion, hands folded on his  
belly, swollen legs up on a coffee table, feet splayed.

CONTINUED:

ROGER

...take your hands off the wheel  
and it pulls hard to the left.

Chuckles. Roger's entertaining a BIG MAN IN A BAD SUIT and a CORPORATE WOMAN WITHOUT MAKE-UP. Both sit on his sofa.

They all watch a HANDSOME SUIT smoking on a loading dock.

ROGER

Tell me those lips haven't sucked  
cock.

The Man and Woman LAUGH, even if it's just to humor Roger.

INT. ROGER'S RECEPTION AREA - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Megyn faces CAMERA in front of WOODEN DOUBLE DOORS, flanked by smokey glass, which block a hallway with huge windows.

MEGYN

Roger rules Fox from behind this  
door, on the second floor.

CREDITS BEGIN.

She's wearing a red, white and blue dress, vaguely patriotic. Roger's gate keeper, Faye, politely waits for us to leave.

MEGYN

When employees say "the second  
floor" they mean Roger, or...

She steps forward, the CAMERA PIVOTS, follows her out to...

INT. ELEVATOR FOYER - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Megyn passes Roger's Security Guard and enters a public area.

MEGYN

...the many VP's paid to enact his  
will, without qualms or questions.

It's busy-but-calm. Executives, all White, move in and out of offices, chat with Assistants. Security camera up on a wall.

MEGYN

For the record, no one at Fox tells  
you what to say on air.

(sotto)

They don't have to.

CONTINUED:

PASSING SUIT  
Love that dress, Megyn.

MEGYN  
Thank you.

PASSING SUIT  
No, I really love it.

She grimaces politely until he's out of earshot.

MEGYN  
He's not horny, he's ambitious.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

A small sculpture of a golden fox.

MEGYN (V.O.)  
*Roger is always watching.*

Working, Roger habitually glances up at Fox, Fox Business, CNN, MSNBC, all with sound off, his favorite way to evaluate the talent. Two MONITORS below have security angles on his private hallway and the lobby, where a TINY CREW FILMS MEGYN.

Roger eyes Gretchen critically -- she's doing a story on the Kennedy Center Honors. He suddenly realizes the problem.

ROGER  
Goddamn morons!

He picks up his receiver. His phone has dozens of buttons so he can call anywhere with the push of just one.

MEGYN (V.O.)  
*The phone in his office connects him at all times directly to the control room.*

INT. CONTROL ROOM - FOX - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Twelve Employees all stare as the dedicated Roger line RINGS.

MEGYN (V.O.)  
*Which is down on the first floor.*

REBEKAH, Gretchen'S EP (35, high strung) dives to answer.

CONTINUED:

REBEKAH

Yes, Sir?  
 (to the MALE DIRECTOR)  
 Dump the B-Roll!

DIRECTOR

What?

REBEKAH

Back to anchor! That's not Glen  
 Fry, it's Don-fucking-Henley!

Everyone moans.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Roger watches the camera cut back to Gretchen, who is unaware and casually dabs her forehead while reading the desk copy.

She realizes, covers badly. Roger grunts his contempt.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - FOX - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

The EP hangs up, glares briefly at young Associate Producer, KAYLA POSPISIL (27). Kayla's a Baptist from Orlando; she left a weekend weather gig for a glorified gofer job at Fox.

REBEKAH

What the fuck, Kayla!

KAYLA

I said, I don't know secular music.

VARIOUS

The Eagles?! Jesus. Shoot me. Only  
 the biggest band of the 70's...

KAYLA

...when my mom was a toddler?!

MOANS. Now in the back, Megyn smirks and pushes out the door.

MEGYN (TO CAMERA)

Down in the basement...

INT. NEWSROOM/PODS - FOX - BASEMENT - DAY

MEGYN (TO CAMERA)

...is the Fox Newsroom.

CONTINUED:

It's massive, three hundred people work in semi-darkness, and noisy, desks have squawking monitors atop ancient computers.

We start to see most of FNC is astonishingly worn and grungy.

We follow her to desk clusters or PODS, each one with a sign for the show it produces and provisional decorations.

MEGYN

Our shows all have crews who work in these pods. This is my staff.

Kelly File Producers wave; it's a dozen young women and three men, one of whom makes a jokey show of holding his nose.

MEGYN

We're below the city so it smells like mold. But there hasn't been a rat sighting in four months.

She holds up four fingers, delighted. Someone *woo-hoo's*. And a couple of Producers give us enthusiastic thumbs up.

INT. BASE CAMPS - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Concentric rings of offices, assistant desks, producer desks.

Megyn enters, walking and talking.

MEGYN (TO CAMERA)

The anchors and their key producers have base camps. Here, on 17 and 18. Often decorated with viewer art!

A FEW QUICK PHOTOS of Megyn showing fan art: Geraldo has a Teddy Bear with colored glasses. Hannity gets sent political posters. Bill O'Reilly has an odd lumberjack statue. Etc.

INT. C-SUITE RECEPTION - FOX - 8TH FLOOR - DAY

Elegant, restrained but far less dingy than the other floors.

MEGYN (TO CAMERA)

And everyone in this building, even Roger, answers to Eight. The eighth floor is home to CEO Rupert Murdoch and his sons.

There are three Patrician Executive Assistants behind her.

MEGYN

This is the power behind the power.



INT./EXT. SCALE MODEL OF NEWS CORP BUILDING - DAY

MEGYN (O.S.)

*The actual studios are scattered  
around the building.*

Windows around the building start to LIGHT UP.

MEGYN (O.S)

*Most anchor and show offices, like  
mine, are up here.*

Floors 17 and 18 light up. PULL BACK to find Megyn beside the building, which is a SCALE MODEL, roughly five feet high.

MEGYN (TO CAMERA)

In between are Fox Business, radio,  
New York Post, Wall Street Journal.

Their respective floors or windows light up.

MEGYN

Most of the American Conservative  
establishment. In one building.

CREDITS END.

EXT. QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - DAY

We hear AUDIO CLIPS teasing the First Republican debate of the 2016 election. Cleveland. The large field. Etc.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - DAY

Debate prep. Anchors/EPs at a huge round table. Staff behind. A massive basketball is built crashing through the ceiling.

Megyn takes a seat with a large designer coffee. Assistant, JULIA CLARKE (23 going on 12), rolls up behind her.

MEGYN

Trump has a real problem with  
women. I wanna ask about it.

CHRIS WALLACE (67) and BRET BAIER (44) look up at her.

BRET

You can back that up?

CHIS

Good morning.

CONTINUED:

MEGYN

Yes. Morning, Chris.

Julia hands her a COMICALLY THICK BINDER. She holds up the title for all to see: "Trump and Women". Everyone laughs.

INT. LADIES ROOM - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - DAY

A very pregnant woman, Megyn's other assistant, LILY BALIN (30), helpful, scattered, loiters outside an occupied stall.

All she can hear is heavy breathing.

LILY

You think that's it?

The question is answered with DRY RETCHING.

LILY

Sorry.

She waits.

The walls in here have LeBron James's huge face.

LILY

It's probably nerves.

MEGYN

(breathless)

No. When I'm nervous, I hear my heart. I can't hear it.

INT. HALLWAY - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - DAY

Miserable, Megyn sits on commandeered court chair. Lily and Julia stand behind her.

A producer, GIL NORMAN (55), kneels, reads in front of her.

GIL

That's your first question?!

Megyn grins despite weakness and nausea. She looks horrible.

GIL

Is this some feminist thing?

LILY

She's not a feminist.

JULIA

She's not a feminist.

CONTINUED:

Megyn gives him a long-suffering look. Her producer is often wrong, but an indifferent ideologue, a big help at Fox.

JULIA  
It goes to his electability.

Megyn points. *What she said.*

Gil's worried, shaking his head.

GIL  
Did you run it past Tom Lowell?

MEGYN  
We can go after Trump.

GIL  
The second floor said that?

MEGYN  
No. The eighth.

Shocked, Gil stares at Megyn, then back at Julia and Lily.

MEGYN  
Rupert called Roger last night. He said about Trump: enough is enough.

He really wants to talk her down, though with Megyn talking her down usually achieves the opposite effect.

GIL  
Look, all Trump does is watch Fox. Roger gave him air for his crazy theories and idiot grievances. Why? Cause Roger shares a lot of them.

He looks his sick anchor right in her watery eyes.

GIL  
You sure you want to take that on?

JULIA  
Yes.

LILY  
Yes.

Megyn manages a smile.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CLEVELAND - DAY

Megyn lies in a bed of sweat. Julia watches, hand over her nose and mouth. Lily brings Megyn an anti-nausea PILL.

CONTINUED:

LILY

Don't know if this is strong enough  
...but you go live in five hours.

Megyn looks at her, barely conscious, barely comprehending.

INT. TUNNEL - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - NIGHT

A scrum of suits come down the tunnel. Megyn -- still glassy-eyed, dabbing sweat with a tissue -- leads Bret and Chris.

LILY

There's a blanket on the chair and,  
just in case, a trash can beside.

Megyn nods. They're held briefly. Megyn hands Lily a water bottle -- she takes it with two fingers. Megyn turns to shake hands...then just fist bumps germ-wary Chris and Bret.

CLOSE on Megyn. She hears the faintest of HEART BEATS...which soon dissipates under APPLAUSE. Loud. She breathes deep.

They move for the chaos visible in an open portal.

INT. FOX DEBATE - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - NIGHT

BROADCAST FOOTAGE: MEGYN asks the REAL DONALD TRUMP her tough question about his relationship to women.

MEGYN

Mr. Trump, one of the things people  
love about you is you speak your mind  
and don't use a politician's filter.  
However, that's not without its  
downsides. In particular, when it  
comes to women.

INT. "THE REAL STORY" POD - FOX - NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Gretchen watches a TV with her show crew, EP, young Kayla.

MEGYN (O.S.)

You have called women you don't  
like "fat pigs, dogs, slobs and  
disgusting animals."

Taking notes, Kayla looks up stunned.

KAYLA

What's she doing?!

CONTINUED:

GRETCHEN  
Shhh. Watch. She's calling him out.

INT. FOX DEBATE - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - NIGHT

MEGYN  
Your Twitter account--

REAL DONALD  
--only Rosie O'Donnell.

Big laughs. APPLAUSE.

INT. FOX DEBATE - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - NIGHT

Megyn lets the room settle.

MEGYN  
For the record, it was well beyond  
Rosie O'Donnell.

REAL TRUMP  
Yes, I'm sure it was.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - FOX - GROUND FLOOR - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Roger sits in the back, beside JUDGE JEANINE PIRRO (64).

MEGYN (ON TV)  
Your Twitter account has several  
disparaging comments about women's  
looks.

Jeanine's appalled. Roger's masks pleased surprise.

INT. FOX DEBATE - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - NIGHT

MEGYN  
You once told a contestant on  
Celebrity Apprentice it'd be a pretty  
picture to see her on her knees.

INT. "THE REAL STORY" POD - FOX - NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Gretchen and Kayla watch Megyn go out on a very long limb.

GRETCHEN  
Watch. She's calling him out.

CONTINUED:

MEGYN (ON TV)

So, how will you answer the charge from Hillary Clinton -- who's likely to be the Democratic nominee -- that you are part of the war on women?

FREEZE.

MEGYN (V.O)

*Call me stupid, but I thought he'd respect the challenge.*

EXT. CLEVELAND AIRPORT - DROP-OFF FOR DEPARTURES AREA-DAY

Megyn has to help pregnant Lily out of their SUV.

JULIA

Trump is pissed!

Julia has hurried up, winded, dragging a broken bag.

JULIA

He was up all night, tweeting.

MEGYN

Crap. Really?

INT. ESCALATOR - CLEVELAND AIRPORT - DAY

Standing as they go up, Julia reads tweets to Megyn and Lily.

JULIA

"Fox viewers give low marks to bimbo @megynkelly--

MEGYN

--augh, I hate that word.

LILY

Yeah.

(casual)

It says you're too sexy to be smart, but not smart enough to be sexy.

Megyn gives Lily a surprised look. *That sort of makes sense.*

JULIA

2:40 AM: "Wow, @megynkelly really bombed tonight. People are going wild on twitter! Funny to watch." 3:07 AM. "Dear@megynkelly, your attempted hatchet job on--"

CONTINUED:

TRUMP FAN (O.S.)

--Go Trump!

They all jump, turn, wait for a TRUMP FAN on the opposing escalator to go away. It takes uncomfortable seconds.

MEGYN

Okay, how many times did he Tweet?

JULIA

Like fifteen.

MEGYN

Fifteen?! He'll never be President.  
Wait, am I gonna be the story?!

LILY

(lying)  
No.

JULIA

(lying)  
No.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

ON THE BIG TV: Megyn's face over Gretchen's shoulder.

Sitting down, Megyn unhappily registers the main story. The conflict now dominates even the low-end of cable news.

MEGYN

Gretchen's giving it two blocks? Is  
it that far down the food chain?

ROGER

(nods)  
We should get you a security team.

Megyn winces, hates the idea.

Roger's in his favorite arm chair, making a note on the show.

ROGER

Think it over. Trump called me  
before the debate. Said he knew  
your first question was harsh.

MEGYN

How could he know that?

ROGER

No, idea. I sure didn't.

CONTINUED:

There's censure in the boss's voice, then affection.

ROGER

It was good TV. Unexpected. Goddamn tough. I'm proud of you, Megyn.  
(squelching emotion)  
You still sick?

MEGYN

I think it was the coffee.

ROGER

Where'd you get it?

MEGYN

My driver. He insisted on going to some fancy coffee joint.

He raises an eyebrow. Megyn weighs the worrying implications.

She looks over to his only two framed photographs: one is of General Patton; the other, Roger shakes hands with Netanyahu.

A long, strange beat.

Only, this time, we DO NOT FREEZE -- we simply sit in silence with them, while each considers unpleasant scenarios.

MEGYN (V.O.)

*Okay, yes, Roger Ailes is paranoid. But his parents were nuts. As he drove off to college, they filed for a divorce. And didn't tell him. At Christmas, he came home to find strangers in their house and all his things -- photos and yearbooks and trophies -- thrown out. I mean, is it any wonder the man created a Nostalgia Machine for lost America?*

MEGYN

This is crazy! We're sitting here wondering if a candidate for President poisoned my coffee!

ROGER

It's only crazy till it happens.

The news anchor considers Gretchen's report about herself.

MEGYN

Fuck! I hate being the story.



CONTINUED: (2)

ROGER

I'll call Trump. In a few days. Go on your vacation. Stay above it. He won't dent your ratings. Nobody stops watching cause of a conflict, they stop when there's not one.

MEGYN

Some viewers will listen to him.

ROGER

Some. But as long as he says Megyn Kelly's unwatchable, that means he's watching. And they know it.

INT. MEGYN'S OFFICE - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Small. Decorous. Two shoe racks by the door.

Megyn has celebratory post-show wine and pizza with Gil, Lily and ANOTHER PREGNANT PRODUCER. On her TV, DON LEMON has a call-in from Trump. Megyn raises a glass to his PHOTO.

MEGYN

To a week of no children but my own!

*Here. Here. That's for sure.* Everyone drinks.

Julia enters, looking at her phone.

JULIA

Okay, Frank Bruni in the Times...  
(Gil hisses lazily)  
..."The debate was riveting. It was admirable. It compels me to write a cluster of words I never imagined writing: hooray for Fox News."

CHEERS.

GIL

That should make you happy, praise all tangled up with an insult.

MEGYN

It does make me happy, Gil.

They hear Trump say...

CONTINUED:

TRUMP (O.S.)

You could tell she had blood coming  
of her eyes -- blood coming out of  
her, whatever.

LILY

Oh, my God!

Megyn PAUSES the interview.

Silence.

MEGYN

Did he just accuse me of anger  
menstruating?

JULIA

Yes.

Stunned looks. The phone out on Lily's desk RINGS. Then the  
one on MEGYN'S DESK. Then Gil's CELL. Megyn's. Julia's.

MEGYN

Fuck!

Phones RING out in the base camp. It's going to be a thing.

MEGYN

I'll call Roger--

GIL

--don't. Go to the Shore. Right  
now. Just leave the building.

INT. SUBURBAN LAW OFFICE - NJ - **MAY 2015** - DAY

Two Lawyers turn from a TV to their client.

GRETCHEN CARLSON (49) sits alone at a big table, sits ramrod  
straight. America's most-mocked traditionalist is intense and  
competitive, proud and tired of pretending she's not. She's  
from small-town Minnesota and a lineage of Lutheran pastors.

Her lawyers are NANCY ERIKA SMITH (57) and NEIL MULLIN (60).

Nancy feels like a stock-photographer's idea of a female CEO;  
Neil, your greying uncle who still says he's a Bernie Bro.

GRETCHEN

The attitude off-camera was worse.  
Steve simply started ignoring me.

CONTINUED:

NANCY

What did Mr. Ailes say when you complained?

A bit nervous, Gretchen gets out a notebook, flips the pages.

They wait. She's the sort of client -- pedantic, rich, deeply invested in her own achievements -- that juries hate.

GRETCHEN

"You act like it only rains on women. Stop getting goddamned offended by everything. You're a man-hater, just learn to get along with the boys."

(closes it)

Then he took me off the show.

NEIL

But gave you your own?

GRETCHEN

In the Afternoon Deadzone. It was a demotion and we both knew it. But I increased the ratings 15 percent.

(unhappy)

He moved me to second base.

FREEZE.

GRETCHEN (V.O.)

*Back in Minnesota, before I was famous, before I graduated summa cum laude from Stanford, before I was Miss America, I played second base in our sixth-grade softball league.*

ACTION RESUMES.

GRETCHEN (TO CAMERA)

I hate second base.

NEIL

Did he ever offer to reverse that decision -- if you made yourself sexually available?

GRETCHEN

Not directly. Roger says he can fix things if you're loyal. It's always about loyalty. And you can guess the ultimate expression of loyalty.

CONTINUED: (2)

NANCY

We don't guess.

GRETCHEN

Oral sex. Roger likes to joke, "To get ahead you, you gotta give a little head."

NEIL

But Mr. Ailes never unambiguously asks for oral sex?

GRETCHEN

It's always a joke. Or a put-down.  
(searches her book)  
"You're sexy but too much work."

She stares at the quotes, a catalogue of humiliations. Nancy puts her pen down; this case only helps women if they win.

NANCY

What do you want out of a lawsuit?

GRETCHEN

This behavior has to stop. Someone has to speak up. Someone has to get mad.

NANCY

That may not be you. Your contract will have a clause requiring secret, mandatory arbitration. You familiar with Rudi Bakhtiar's case?

GRETCHEN

We all are.

NANCY

You're supposed to be. She proved what they wanted her to prove: no one really wins by suing Fox News.

INT. GEORGE HOTEL LOBBY - WASHINGTON DC - 2006 - DUSK

RUDI BAKHTIAR (40) has just sat down with BRIAN WILSON (50).

BRIAN

My first act as DC bureau chief: I want you down here full-time.

Rudi's a Persian princess (literally). Brian's a Texan with wireless, corporate-dad glasses and a starched shirt.

CONTINUED:

RUDI  
My God, that's fantastic! Yes!

Then hug from their chairs, mostly symbolically.

BRIAN  
You know what that means for you?

She nods. It's an odd thing to say.

A strange beat.

WE START TO HEAR HER THOUGHTS...

RUDI  
*Shit, he doesn't think I'm ready.*  
(aloud)  
Brian, I won't let you down. I'm  
going to bust my ass for you.

BRIAN  
Hey, Rudi. C'mon, that's a given.

RUDI  
*There's a problem. What is it?*

BRIAN  
But...look, you do get how I feel  
about you, right?

FREEZE.

RUDI  
*Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!*

ACTION RESUMES.

She just stares blankly at him.

RUDI  
*Fuck, why does he think that's  
okay? Pretend you don't follow.*  
(aloud)  
I'm glad you said that, because I  
really respect you, too, Brian.

He looks down at his hands.

RUDI  
*Make it about work. I think you're  
wonderful at what you do.*

BRIAN  
No. No. I mean how I really feel.

CONTINUED: (2)

RUDI  
*Just look confused.*

He glances up to find her looking confused.

BRIAN  
All I want from you, Rudi, is to see the inside of your hotel room. That's all it's gonna take.

RUDI  
*Don't react. Make it your fault. Brian, if I've done anything to make you think I feel that way about you, I apologize. Friends. We're friends! Professionals. And we have a great professional vibe. Sell it. I just don't do that...I never had to do that for a job.*

BRIAN  
I know, I know. But...what's wrong with being friends with benefits?

RUDI  
*Fuuck! Okay, just open up to him. Look, Brian, I'm engaged now. I have this beautiful Greek guy. I love him. I want it to work. You have to be firm. You know I'd kill for DC, but there's no way I'm going to show you my hotel room.*

Brian nods, convinced but offended.

RUDI  
*This is going to ruin my career.*

BRIAN  
Now, I feel like a creep.

RUDI  
You're not! You're so not. *Fucking creep.* Let's just forget it.

She watches him reach for his phone, feeling miserable.

INT. OPEN REPORTERS DESK AREA - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

On her cell, Rudi cleans out her desk while Security watches.

CONTINUED:

RUDI

They fired me. I'm a lousy reporter apparently. *Assholes. Assholes.*

INT. SUBURBAN LAW OFFICE - NJ - 2015 - DAY

Gretchen and her lawyers as before.

NEIL

If you win, Fox will just pay what's left on your contract. It's been our experience that once you go public -- in your job -- no one will hire you.

Gretchen knows this of course, but it's galling to hear it.

NANCY

With real proof, you might be able to sue Ailes instead of Fox.

GRETCHEN

That's why I'm here. Martin tells me that over here -- in New Jersey -- I can avoid arbitration by suing Roger personally. That you've managed to get the law changed -- so we could call other women, to show a pattern.

Nancy nods. *We're getting there.*

NANCY

Will other women come forward?

GRETCHEN

Yes.

NEIL

You live and work in New York.

GRETCHEN

Roger has a house in Bergen County, to stay when he can't get upstate.

The lawyers share a look. The case just nudged into viability -- we watch Nancy pick up her pen again.

NANCY

You do your homework, Ms. Carlson.

GRETCHEN

(waves fingers)

No fingerprints. That's how much I practiced the violin as a child.

CONTINUED:

Gretchen brags as conversational texture, a nervous habit.

NEIL

If Roger learns you've come to us,  
he won't just fire you. We could  
get banged with a million-dollar  
suit. He'll attack you personally.

NANCY

We'll stand with you. It's what our  
firm does. But you should know what  
that means: Fox will work hard to  
humiliate you. In front of your  
friends, family, your kids, their  
friends, their families.

NEIL

These men care more about their  
reputations than they do money.

NANCY

Roger won't stop.  
(a beat)  
You know that?

She does. But she's terrified.

NANCY

Colleagues you admire will say  
publicly you're a superior, ambitious  
woman who's suing because her career  
stalled.

GRETCHEN

Let 'em.

Chuckles. The beauty queen is nobody's wall flower.

NANCY

Okay. Okay.  
(pushing through)  
If we work hard, day and night hard,  
we might find a way around mandatory  
binding arbitration. And you might be  
lucky enough to watch the most  
powerful man in TV come after you  
with everything he's got.

Gretchen nods. They have a glimmer of a case, but for a war  
room, this one's full of ambivalence.

GRETCHEN

Other women will come forward.



CONTINUED: (2)

NEIL

Let's hope.

INT. NEWSROOM - FOX - BASEMENT - DAY

In the center of this gargantuan, potentially ratty space is a glass-enclosed conference room, The War Room.

KAYLA

You have a gap, Mr Shine. There are millions of young conservatives, just look at my Instagram account, who don't have a voice on the network.

Its blinds shut, suddenly, ominously.

INT. THE WAR ROOM - NEWSROOM - FOX - BASEMENT - DAY

In Reagan-Era-Chic, Kayla, the Orlando Baptist, sells herself as Bill Shine busies himself blocking the view out.

KAYLA

I see myself as an influencer in the Jesus space. I mean, I've learned a ton from Gretchen, I truly have, of course, but -- no judgement here -- my perspective as an Evangelical Millennial? Not that helpful to her.

She lowers her voice, risks an intimacy.

KAYLA

To be honest, Mr. Shine, she's sort of Establishment. With a capital E.

Her tone is rueful, as if lamenting her boss's lack of Trump Cred to that boss's boss is natural. *Everybody's equal here.*

BILL

That's why I wanted to talk to you.

The big man takes a chair beside her. Kayla's skirt says she's awkwardly trying to fit the on-air mold.

We sense an agenda, but not the one we suspect.

BILL SHINE

Kayla, before we move you up, I want to ask you something personal.

She nods. *Anything, Mr. Shine.*

CONTINUED:

All clumsy casualness...

BILL SHINE

Tell me what you think of...our slogan: "fair and balanced"?

Kayla makes a show of considering the question's gravity.

Her answer tells us she knew it was coming.

KAYLA

The truth is our news shows and our opinion shows are very different. News is impartial, top-of-the-line. Our opinion shows, well, yes, Roger gave a voice to people who didn't have one. He balanced the American conversation. Our news people are fair. And our entertainers are this very necessary form of balance.

Bill Shine gives her a patronizing fist pat on the knee, which would be easier to take if it were sexual.

INT. "THE REAL STORY" STUDIO - FOX - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

ON THE AIR, Gretchen wraps up. The scroll reads **International Day of the Girl**. She wears no make-up. And she's glistening.

GRETCHEN

Tomorrow, I'll be back in my regular makeup. And I thank the other brave women who came on today's show sans makeup. But let's continue to tell our girls: just be yourself. Shep?

The BELL. They're OFF THE AIR.

Rebekah leads Kayla straight to Gretchen as she steps out.

REBEKAH

Great show. Great. And...Kayla's leaving us for the asshole.

Gretchen's stunned. *Today? After this show?* Her exposed face indeed makes her seem more vulnerable, less formal, earnest.

KAYLA

It is our highest rated program.

GRETCHEN

And we can't be?!

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

No, I believe in *Real Story*. I do.

She's lying. Gretchen knows it. She nods for the EP to leave them. Gretchen lowers her voice. This is hard for her.

GRETCHEN

Did you watch that segment? We're doing something unique. Together. I can get you where you want to be.  
(Kayla grimaces)  
Don't get ahead of yourself.

KAYLA

What do you mean?

GRETCHEN

I can protect you. You still have a lot to learn--

KAYLA

--I learn by doing.  
(Gretchen scoffs)  
You want me to pass on a job, so you can teach me how to get the same job on a show with worse ratings?

GRETCHEN

I'm hoping for a little loyalty.

KAYLA

My loyalty is to the network.

Gretchen's stunned by the comment -- she realizes Kayla has drunk far too much Fox Kool Aid to be dissuaded.

ROGER (O.S.)

Miss America!

Everyone TURNS. Roger comes around a curtain, pointedly canes to them. Gretchen involuntarily straightens her posture.

GRETCHEN

Roger, hi there. This is a treat.

As they talk, he wraps up two donuts from a snack table. She fiddles with her CELL, nervously turning the screen off.

ROGER

What the hell you doing?

GRETCHEN

A segment on how we over-sexualize women. You said to be more myself.

CONTINUED: (2)

She gestures to her bare face. *Ta-da, this is the real me.*

No one likes real Gretchen less than Roger -- and he smells rebellion. Thinks. Notices Kayla waiting to be introduced.

Gretchen refuses to do so, glistening defiantly.

ROGER

Do you know what makeup does? Keeps everybody from seeing you sweat.

GRETCHEN

Most of the mean tweets I get are about my appearance. I'm pushing back against that kind of bullying.

ROGER

Bullying isn't meanness. Bullying's somebody with more power hitting somebody with less. These jackasses have phones. You have a TV show!

GRETCHEN

It's important to fight objectific--

ROGER

--bullshit!

He's angry now, mostly angry she's made him angry.

ROGER

Listen. Mouth shut. Ears open.

An ugly beat.

ROGER

Nobody wants to watch a middle-aged woman sweat her way thru menopause! Not on goddamn national television.

She didn't know he knew. Adrenaline surging, he canes off to the exit, still holding the donuts. A cane leg gets caught in the curtain. She instinctively moves to help. Stops herself.

Rather, she fills the silence to reduce his embarrassment.

GRETCHEN

Thank you for your advice.

He grunts dismissively. Goes.

Gretchen's left humiliated; her staff, utterly silent.

CONTINUED: (3)

KAYLA  
Gretchen, I appreciate--

GRETCHEN  
--shut up!  
(then)  
Good luck.

EXT. COURT STANDS - TENNIS CLUB - JERSEY SHORE - DAY

Megyn watches her husband, DOUG BRUNT (44), play a doubles final against TWO OLDER MEN, 60's, the stronger team.

MEGYN  
Good one, Honey!

Megyn fights the urge to pick up her phone. When it lights up with a call from "LILY/OFFICE", she's glad for an excuse.

INT. LILY'S DESK - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

LILY (ON THE PHONE)  
It's a zoo here!

Lily sits outside Megyn's office. Her Producers work phones. Wall poster: BE SO GOOD THEY CAN'T IGNORE YOU, Steve Martin.

LILY  
The phone's ringing off the hook.

MEGYN (O.S.)  
Anyone care he called me a bimbo?

Lily opens a FedEx with an autographed PHOTO of Megyn, which is being returned with "TRAITOR" scrawled across it.

LILY  
Not really. He tweeted the GQ photo.

MEGYN  
I saw.

FLASH ON SCREEN: Megyn's infamously sexy lingerie photo.

LILY  
God, I'd love to be slut shamed.

Megyn laughs.

INTERCUT:

LILY

Gil wants to ask again if we should make a statement.

MEGYN

No! Jesus. No response. Zero. And don't let him go to Roger.

LILY

He wants to defend you.

MEGYN

Tell him thank you, but I don't need a man fighting for me.

Doug loses the match. His older competitors are celebrating.

MEGYN

Doug just lost. I gotta go.

EXT. COURT STANDS - TENNIS CLUB - JERSEY SHORE - DAY

Megyn hangs up and steps out onto the court. A VICTORIOUS PLAYER comes up, going to his cheering Wife.

VICTORIOUS PLAYER

(right in her face)

Trump '16!

It's weird and scary.

Doug walks up, having seen the interaction, Megyn's fear. He hands her his towel, goes to the Man, steps in close.

DOUG

(calm)

Talk to my wife again and I'll beat you to fucking pulp.

The Player's Wife's horrified. Doug nods politely and turns.

As Megyn and Doug clear the court...

MEGYN

Yeah, you're getting some action.

INT. BEDROOM - MEGYN'S BEACH HOUSE - JERSEY SHORE - DAY

Megyn and Doug lie naked under the sheets.

CONTINUED:

DOUG

You can handle guys like Trump --  
you're tougher than all of them.  
Just watch out for crazies.

MEGYN

I'll be fine.

THEIR DAUGHTER

(downstairs)

Mommy!

MEGYN

Trump will stop once he feels he's  
won the argument.

DOUG

Trump cares less about winning the  
argument than having the argument.

He's got a point.

DOUG

With you. In public. To show he's  
taking on the establishment.

MEGYN

I'm not the establishment.

DOUG

You are now.

THEIR DAUGHTER

Mommy!

MEGYN

Not yet!

She gets up, wrapping the sheet around her.

MEGYN

I have to be above this. I have to  
be an anchor first, not a woman.

DOUG

You do know the whole country is  
talking about your period.

She considers. *Shit, he's right.*

THEIR DAUGHTER

Mommy!

CONTINUED: (2)

MEGYN

What?!

THEIR DAUGHTER

There's a man!

MEGYN

Where?!

THEIR DAUGHTER

In front of me!

They bolt up and out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MEGYN'S BEACH HOUSE - JERSEY SHORE - DAY

Covering herself, Megyn finds their DAUGHTER (6) looking out the glass door at a PAPARAZZO, just inside a sand fence.

Doug is right behind her, boxers pulled on haphazardly.

MEGYN

(as he heads out)

Don't! He can't sell them if we're inside! Don't open the door.

Seeing Doug grab the house phone, the photog waves sheepishly and trudges back over the fence, slinks off toward the beach.

She closes the electric shutter. Glances. Life feels changed.

THEIR DAUGHTER

What were you doing?

MEGYN

Mommy and Daddy? We were just taking a quick little nap. A quick one.

DOUG

Wasn't that quick.

MEGYN

I'll talk to Roger about security.

EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE - FOX - 48TH STREET - DAY

Three Security Men come out nondescript glass doors, fan out importantly across the plaza. A SUV has ROLLED UP. A Fourth Man jumps out, opens the door. Roger climbs out and holds the door. A Fifth Man brings a walker from the back.



CONTINUED:

TALK RADIO (O.S.)  
It's clear that Mayhem Kelly has  
gone over to the dark side. And,  
frankly, her looks are changing.

INT. MEGYN'S TOWN CAR - FOX SIDE ENTRANCE - 48TH STREET - DAY

Megyn listens to TALK RADIO as the car pulls up to Fox.

REAL MICHAEL SAVAGE (O.S.)  
The more she sells out, the wider  
her nostrils have become. It's  
true. This woman was once pretty.  
Not now. They're almost porcine.

Angry, she gets out.

MEGYN (O.S.)  
Roger!

EXT. FOX - SIDE ENTRANCE - 48TH STREET - DAY

ROGER  
Give me the day to figure out how  
we hit Trump back. Stop by later.

Megyn accompanies Roger as he walks slowly to the door.

MEGYN  
I don't want my kids hearing this  
crap.

ROGER  
Ignore the damn morons. I'm old and  
fat and bald. Christ, they call me  
Jabba the Hut. Hemophilia swells my  
goddamn joints. Can't exercise. I  
feel fine, but I look like shit. I  
look the opposite of how I feel. Do  
I let affect me? No! I do not.

MEGYN (V.O.)  
*Okay, this isn't entirely true.*

INT. THE "STUDIO B" ENTRANCE & STUDIO - FOX - DAY

Roger enters spooning *Haagen-Dazs* out of a pint container.

MEGYN (V.O.)  
*Roger's also fat cause he'll get a  
room service menu, order "page 2".*

A Set Artisan passes with an orange graphic.

CONTINUED:

ROGER

There's no goddamn orange on Fox!

INT. COFFEE STAND - AIRPORT - SOMEWHERE IN TEXAS - DAY

Fox's "America's News HQ" plays on the SEATING AREA TV -- the FEMALE ANCHOR reports on Korean talks in a short skirt.

A Businessman moves away from the Baristas. Slows. Stops.

MEGYN (V.O.)

*Early on, he realized for a network to stay on 24-hours-a-day, you need something to hold an audience.*

The Businessman gets sucked into watching.

MEGYN (V.O.)

*That something is legs.*

INT. "AMERICA'S NEWS HQ" STUDIO - FOX - DAY

Megyn watches a ABBY HUNSTMAN (29) anchor at a Lucite stand.

MEGYN (TO CAMERA)

There's a reason for clear desks.

INT. HALLWAY TO STUDIOS - FOX - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Roger walks with a cane, passes a HURRYING FEMALE ANCHOR.

ROGER

We need you in a tighter dress!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - FOX - BASEMENT - DAY

"The Five" plays on the monitors.

Roger steps in to shout...

ROGER

Angle! I wanna see her goddamn legs!

The Female Director pokes the Operator. *Do it! Now! Now!*

ROGER

Why the fuck you think I hired her?

No one responds. Exasperated at the lack of broadcast savvy, he retreats. The Director looks over her shoulder, exhales.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - DUSK

Tired, Roger reviews a reporter's resume. OLIVA (30) waits. A WALL OF MONITORS by his desk silently runs news networks.

His assistant, FAYE ORSELLI (61), closes the door.

ROGER

Okay. Stand up and give me a spin.

OLIVIA

Really?

ROGER

Yeah, it's a visual medium.

Embarrassed, she stands and turns around slowly. He barely glances her way, waves. *Fine. Fine. Sit down.*

INT. "O'REILLY FACTOR" BASE CAMP - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

BILL O'REILLY has his huge feet up on a desk. At least, we think it's O'Reilly -- the man's FACE IS PIXELATED. He has a dozen ~~O'REILLY~~ FACTOR PRODUCERS in a pitch/bull session. We see Kayla, new to the team, taking copious notes.

~~BILL O'REILLY~~

I support the wall. I do. But mass deportations? C'mon. That's not going to happen because of the 14th Amendment. You want me to quote it? If you are born in America, you are an American -- period, period.

It stays pixelated, but that voice is awfully familiar.

~~BILL O'REILLY~~

Get me a demographically friendly Hispanic woman on immigration.

The FACTOR EP (43) sits with him. Standing by Kayla is a new friend, JESS CARR (27), bored, boyish, insuppressible.

~~BILL O'REILLY~~

Hey, listen people: she needs to be very demographically friendly.

Jess shows Kayla a note: "That means hot".

FACTOR EP

Okay, the new girl's up. Kayla?

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Hi, Sir. Rush said something cool  
this morning about Anthony Wien...

She trails off, seeing the EP already waving her off. Silence.  
Despite pixels, we feel ~~O'Reilly~~ turn to his EP.

~~BILL O'REILLY~~

Is she the best you can do?

INT. WOMEN'S REST ROOM - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

Kayla panics. Jess comforts.

The stall gaps in here are so big, employees have hung paper  
over the frames for privacy, making the place look rolled.

KAYLA

I can't get fired! This is the only  
job I ever wanted. I don't wanna be  
on TV, I wanna be on Fox! My family,  
every day of every week -- and every  
holiday, especially holidays -- we  
watch Fox News. We're like addicts!  
Fox is how we do church. You know  
how they made the corner-logo turn--

The FOX NEWS LOGO briefly appears in the corner and turns.

JESS

--the bug--

KAYLA

--right, cause folks had Fox burned  
into their TV screens! That's us.

The logo goes, leaving a ghostly burn.

JESS

Stop, he won't fire you. He can't  
scale his anger is all. He's this  
Perpetual Outrage Machine. That's  
why crazies love him. No offense.

INT. ELEVATOR - FOX - DAY

Jess and Kayla enter, the women from "Outnumbered" on the TV.

JESS

Rush is on Hannity's team. They're  
the competition: GOP Party Hacks.  
He thinks he's way ahead of them.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

O-kay.

JESS

Steal from Drudge, Breitbart, never talk radio. Stop worrying if the story's legit. If you can't source it, go with "Some are saying..."

Kayla's surprised to hear this said so casually, so clearly.

INT. "~~O'REILLY~~ FACTOR" POD - FOX - NEWSROOM - DAY

Jess leads Kayla into the pod, keeping her voice down.

JESS

You gotta adopt the Irish Street Cop mentality: the world's a bad place, people are lazy morons, minorities are criminals, and sex is sick but interesting.

At Kayla's desk, she hands Jess a "D Block" folder.

JESS

Just ask yourself: what would scare my Grandmother...or piss off my Grandfather? That's a Fox story.  
(going)  
Frighten. Titillate. Frighten.  
Titillate. Frighten.

INT. LANGAN'S PUB & RESTAURANT - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Jess and Kayla eat dinner, intimate, one wine bottle down.

JESS

Start with a clear villain: liberal judge, pinhead mayor, Hollywood, Vermont. Conservatives want to conserve. You're the last defense against Jesus-hating, trans-loving, Clinton-controlled Armageddon.

KAYLA

You believe some of that, right?

An awkward beat. Over the bar, a TV plays "On the Record".

JESS

Oh, well, yeah.

CONTINUED:

A beat. A moment.

JESS  
That's quite a face you have.

KAYLA  
Why, thank you.

INT. JESS'S TINY APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Jess brings Kayla a glass of water from her kitchen, where a HILLARY POSTER is tacked to a wall over the fridge.

KAYLA (O.S.)  
You have a Hillary poster?

JESS (O.S.)  
Yeah, I guess.

Jess climbs in her small bed. They're post coital, which we didn't see coming but makes a certain amount of sense.

KAYLA  
As a joke, right?

JESS  
No, that's who I want as President.

KAYLA  
My parents would be horrified if I went home with a Democrat.

JESS  
The lesbianism, however...

KAYLA  
Oh, I'm not a lesbian.

JESS  
I'm not a Democrat.

Kayla puts the water on a stand, lies down, looking at Jess.

KAYLA  
You're a Democrat? At Fox News?

JESS  
I thought you knew.

KAYLA  
No. Does anyone?

CONTINUED:

JESS

You can't tell. Please don't tell.

Kayla grimaces. *Of course not.*

KAYLA

Can I ask you something? Why work at Fox? Why not MSNBC or something?

JESS

I thrive in toxic environments.

KAYLA

I never know if you're kidding.

JESS

I'm kidding.

(trying)

I applied at various places but I got a job at Fox. And I keep applying at various places but no one takes me because, well, I got a job at Fox.

KAYLA

That's so sad.

JESS

One day, I'll be free.

KAYLA

It's not that bad.

JESS

If you're gay, it kind of is.

KAYLA

Well, yeah, you don't wanna be gay at Fox. I can't believe you work for Bill.

JESS

You do know he likes to call up the female producers and whack off?

Kayla pulls a grimace, she had no idea.

JESS

Have you read the Mackris lawsuit?  
(she hasn't)

It should be in the welcome packet.

CONTINUED: (2)

He takes her -- and only her -- to the Republican Convention and calls her at like 11 PM, while touching himself and saying what he'd like to do to her with the old falafel.

KAYLA

Eww.

JESS

Also, quote, "using a vibrator upon himself", end quote.

KAYLA

Wait, he brought a vibrator, like from home, to the Convention?

JESS

Well, you have to bring a vibrator from home to the Convention. The question is...what does a man do with a vibrator?

KAYLA

Eww!

She's half horrified, half amused.

JESS

Does he place it along side the shaft ...bizz, bizzz, bizzzz.

Kayla collapses in laughter.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Roger's in his armchair. His PR attack dog, IRENA BRIGANTI (37) -- a languorous, round woman -- sits delicately on the sofa with shoes off, feet tucked under her like a Pitbull.

Megyn sits fully prepped and ready for the air.

She reads from old-school attack mail...

MEGYN

"Fucking die, bitch." "If I see you, you better run." "I wouldn't be sleeping too soundly if I were you."

She drops them on a stack, including the Traitor photo.

IRENA

Trump's lit the torches.



CONTINUED:

ROGER

You're getting security. Tonight.

Megyn doesn't argue.

MEGYN

All I want is for this to go away.

ROGER

Every general in history has gone into battle feeling the same.

MEGYN

I'll read a statement. At the top, saying: yes, Trump's attacking me, but I'm not going to respond.

Roger checks with Irena, who shrugs. *That's fine.*

MEGYN

Any defense will come from you.

To her surprise, Roger and Irena share a far more complicated look. Thankfully, Roger's too powerful to bullshit.

ROGER

Not right now.

IRENA

You set a record for viewer email.

MEGYN

Let me guess, none of it on my side?

IRENA

No.

Megyn expected the sentiment, but in a much milder version.

ROGER

Our audience loves Trump, hell of a lot more than the Murdochs realize.  
(softer)  
More than even Trump knows.

She lets this sink in, what it means.

IRENE

He's tweeting we made peace. He'll come on Fox & Friends tomorrow. He needs us. We need him.

CONTINUED: (2)

ROGER

It's got nothing to do with you.

She didn't want Roger's protection, but now resents that she won't have it. Anger rises. Irena stands, her work done.

IRENA

It's late. I have dogs to feed.

Megyn just stares at Roger as he bids Irena a good night. After she goes, he shrugs. *I'm making hard choices here.*

MEGYN

To be clear, I will not be kissing Trump's ass at nine o'clock.

ROGER

We fight tomorrow's fight tomorrow.

INT. "THE KELLY FILE" STUDIO - FOX - NIGHT

Megyn's at her desk, ready to face the nation for the first time since the debate, including viewers who hate her.

MEGYN

Let me see the statement.  
 (running through it)  
 "You might have heard there was a dust up involving yours truly and presidential contender, Donald..."  
 (sighs)  
 Okay. That's fine, thanks.

She orders papers, quietly miserable, ready.

THE CAMERAMAN

How you doin', Megyn?

MEGYN

Hangin' in there.

The COUNTDOWN STARTS. *Eight. Seven. Six.*

THE SOUND MAN

Give 'em hell, Megyn.

*Five. Four.*

Realizing just how alone she feels, emotion floods over her.

*Three. Two. A point.*

She puts on her show smirk, comes to life...and goes rogue.

CONTINUED:

MEGYN

Hi, there. I just got back from a week at the beach with my husband and my three kids. Did anything happen in the news? While I was gone? I miss anything?

We hear studio TITTERS.

MEGYN

You may of heard that there was a dust-up involving yours truly...

We see why she's a master of this medium.

INT. UPSCALE FOODSTORE - WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NY - DAY

Over a produce stand, Gretchen sees a Hip Mom with a baby in a carrier, ALICA (38). Alicia forces a smile.

ALICIA

I gotta say: I hate your show. Fox News is horrible for our country.

GRETCHEN

That's so rude.  
(no response)  
You know nothing about me!

Alicia turns away, her attractive baby cooing adorably.

GRETCHEN

Feel better now?

Gretchen watches them rattle off.

GRETCHEN

How you treat people you disagree with says everything about you!

Straightening her posture, Gretchen tries to shop, hating the power the stranger's casual disapproval has over her.

INT. "~~O'REILLY~~ FACTOR" POD - FOX - NEWSROOM - DAY

Kayla stands studying Megyn's INFAMOUS 2013 CLIP -- Jesus is white, Santa is white -- as it plays on her desk monitor.

She also keeps eyeing the War Room. For some reason she wears a slinky, 80's wrap dress. Jess arrives. Notes the outfit.

CONTINUED:

JESS

Lordy. Scorchin'. Tell me you don't wear that dress to Sunday service.

KAYLA

Please. I have Church Jeans. So, I can hold a latte on my knee.

Jess plops down and pulls up the Fox interface. Kayla lifts a framed photo -- Jess camping with a Woman -- off her friend's desk with two disapproving fingers. *This is a dead give-away.* Jess groans. But she sticks it in the top drawer.

JESS

Who are you stalking?

Remembering, Kayla looks up to see Faye Orselli leave the War Room for the elevators. She gives Jess a rogue grin. Follows.

INT. ELEVATOR - FOX - BASEMENT - DAY

Kayla gives Faye a Southern Smile as she joins her. The older woman looks Kayla up and down, peeks at her badge.

FAYE

Oh, god, that show. I feel for you.

KAYLA

His bark is worst than his bite.

FAYE

Well, I work for Roger. We have two, three and four donut days.

Faye suddenly laughs -- as if there's some joke we don't get.

KAYLA

Sugar makes everybody crazy.

FAYE

Those aren't donuts he eats, they're donuts he throws. At somebody!

Both women laugh, perhaps more than the line justifies.

FAYE

He's a pussycat. Come say hi. We're always looking for on-air talent.

DING. Kayla feigns flattered surprise.

KAYLA

Really? Now?

INT. ROGER'S PRIVATE HALLWAY - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Grunt. Faye opens the wooden door for Kayla, who sees an open door to her right, an elevator to her left.

FAYE

Roger's private elevator. Key code  
is Fox's biggest secret.

Chortling, she gestures to wait, disappears in Roger's door.

Kayla primps. Silence from office. After a few seconds, Faye appears again, gestures to come. Kayla breathes deep.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Roger and Kayla are alone in his office. The door is closed.

KAYLA

Liberals don't get Megyn -- she's a star not because she thinks Santa's white, but because she'll say it.

ROGER

That's right. Few have courage in a spotlight. It's powerful to watch.

KAYLA

And she went up 30% that quarter.

Roger chuckles, charmed. Kayla's beyond anxious to impress.

ROGER

All audiences want is authenticity. For 200 years, Santa's a fat white guy. When they think Santa, that's what they see. You want to change that, fine, let's discuss it without you calling my people racist.

Kayla is nothing but agreement.

ROGER

A liberal is somebody who wants to live in a future he's too lazy or too arrogant to actually create.

KAYLA

Well, in my family, Santa's always been white. And -- according to my Granddaddy -- a Communist.

CONTINUED:

Roger laughs, big and heartfelt. She's from another century; she even dresses like she's an extra on *Dynasty*.

ROGER

What can I do for you, Kayla? Why'd you drop by to see me?

KAYLA

I started on-air during college. In Central Florida. Weather. I was 19. I want to convince you that's where I belong, Mr. Ailes. I think I'd be freakin' phenomenal on your network.

ROGER

Well, it's Mr. Murdoch's air...but I did create it. I do run it.

(an indulgence)

You have a pretty face -- stand up and give me a twirl.

KAYLA

Oh. Okay. Now?

ROGER

Sure. A quick spin.

She rises from the sofa, holds her hands out, turns around.

ROGER

Good. Now, pull your skirt up so I can see your legs.

An unsure beat.

She sticks a leg out of her dress slit, strikes a 50's pose. Whatever control she thought she'd have here, she now loses.

ROGER

It's visual medium, Kayla.

His tone has hardened, telling her to do as she's told.

Nervous, she glances back to his closed door. He just waits. She pulls her dress up her thighs. It's inelegant, awkward. He gestures higher. She does so. *Higher*. Again. She reveals the lower contours of her panties. It's what a bathing suit would show but shocking in an office building at mid-day.

A long, creepy beat.

There's also his gaze, no longer evaluative but keen, hungry, prurient. We become aware of his labored breathing.

CONTINUED: (2)

The erotically charged tableau ends suddenly.

ROGER  
That's fine, Kayla.

She quickly pulls her dress down, straightens it, sits again.

ROGER  
(sincere)  
Thank you.

She nods, flushed and compromised.

ROGER  
You have a great body.

KAYLA  
Thank you.

A short, shameful beat.

KAYLA  
Mr. Ailes, I'd appreciate it if...  
if you didn't mention--

ROGER  
--of course. I'm here to help my  
employees, not hurt them. Anything  
that happens here, in this room, is  
strictly between us. That cuts both  
ways. I'm discreet, but unforgiving.

She realizes she's opened a door she can't close again. Roger makes a show of considering her, of weighing a hard choice.

ROGER  
Success in broadcast television is  
hard. It's arbitrary. This is the  
most competitive industry on earth.  
Do you understand what I'm saying?

She nods but doesn't, not fully.

ROGER  
We could work together. I can pluck  
you out and move you all the way up  
to the front of the line.

He makes a gesture to communicate the length of this charity.

ROGER  
But I want something in return.

She's nodding again to keep from speaking.

CONTINUED: (3)

ROGER  
 Do you know what I want, Kayla?  
 (she stops)  
 Loyalty.  
 (simple)  
 I need to know you're loyal. I need  
you to find a way to prove it.

INT. "~~O'REILLY~~ FACTOR POD" - FOX - NEWSROOM - DAY

Feeling guilty, Kayla returns.

Jess is busy watching something. Kayla sits at her computer, tries to work. Can't. She decides to say something.

KAYLA  
 Hey?

She gets Jess's attention. Kayla looks about nervously.

KAYLA  
 (quiet)  
 She invited me to meet Roger.

Jess visibly blanches.

KAYLA  
 Nothing happened but...I...it was  
 ...I think he wants--

JESS  
 --don't. Don't involve me. They  
 know we're friends.

Jess turns back to her computer, forces herself cynical.

JESS  
 This place is crazy.

Kayla stares at a blank screen; the Newsroom hums around her.

INT. VOLVO SUV - TRUMP TOWER - NY - **APRIL 2016** - DAY

Doug drives.

Dressed to the nines, Megyn speaks up at the SUV's phone mic. She's nervous and impatient. This is a big day.

JULIA (O.S.)  
 His assistant's name is Rhona. The  
 security guy is Keith. He's the--



CONTINUED:

MEGYN

--I got it, I got it.  
(realizing)  
We're pulling up. Gil, last words?

GIL (O.S.)

Yeah, don't piss him off. I need  
this job. Good luck.

She disconnects, looks out and up.

We're a bit surprised to see they're outside Trump Tower.

Megyn considers it. She can hear her HEART BEAT.

A tense beat.

DOUG

I'll be waiting right here.

INT. EDIT BAYS - FOX - BASEMENT - NEWSROOM - DAY

Megyn plays for Doug a CLIP FROM HER SPECIAL: Megyn gets Real Donald to half-apologize for his tweets and re-tweets. *You'd be amazed at the ones I don't re-tweet. Bimbo? Uhh, well that was a re-tweet, yeah, did I say that? Many times. Ooh, okay. Excuse me. But not the most horrible thing, you know again politically...you've been called a lot worse.* It PAUSES.

Megyn, Gil and the Editor wait as Doug mugs his ambivalence.

MEGYN

What?

DOUG

You're too solicitous.

MEGYN

Okay, thank you, but this once, I  
can handle a straight-up positive.

He shrugs, not feeling the positive.

DOUG

He attacks you for a whole year and  
you let him off with fucking *Oops*?

MEGYN

I did not let him off! I confronted  
him! I...used Donald Trump.

DOUG

You absolved Donald Trump!

CONTINUED:

GIL

Doug, there are internal political pressures at play here, too.

DOUG

I bet, Gil.

MEGYN

Guys, can we get a second?

Gil nods. He and the Editor step out. Gil remains visible just outside, hovering.

MEGYN

I made this go away, Doug. I ended his harassing bullshit! For us!

DOUG

For us?!

Megyn hates this conversation, hates her own excuses.

MEGYN

I'm a news anchor, Doug. He's going to be the Republican candidate for President. I need access.

DOUG

Access? At what price?

MEGYN

At what price?! The price of my salary, of our apartment. That pays our fucking bills!

Doug nods sadly. Stands. She throws her notebook down. He considers her a moment, holds his tongue. Exits.

Gil comes back in.

GIL

For the record--

MEGYN

--it's been a shitty year! I'm allowed to want it over!

INT. "THE REAL STORY" STUDIO - FOX - **JUNE 2016** - DAY

ON THE AIR, Gretchen does the "My Take" portion of her show.

And she's going a little rogue...

CONTINUED:

GRETCHEN

I'm in favor of people being able to carry. Some of these shootings would have been less deadly if that were the case. But I'm also with majority today -- taking a stand against semiautomatic rifles.

A POLL GRAPH comes up.

GRETCHEN

Which brings us back to our question of the day: Should Congress reinstate the Assault Weapons Ban?

She turns to the poll...and gets rattled. **Yes: 11%, No: 89%.**

GRETCHEN

I know a lot of you don't agree with me. That's fine. That's what makes America great. Look: 89% say no. Well, that's why we're America.

She holds the camera's gaze...the off-the-air BELL rings.

Gretchen slumps, reels. The segment was a disaster.

REBEKAH steps to the desk...

REBEKAH

Second floor wants you after.

Gretchen nods, considers her phone, lying on a hidden table.

INT. "~~O'REILLY~~ FACTOR" POD - FOX - NEWSROOM - DAY

Kayla gets a call.

KAYLA

Kayla...Hi...Um, yeah, okay, I'll come right up, then.

She hangs up, and we see terror flash in her eyes.

Kayla glances over at Jess, wearing headphones and absorbed.

Unhappy, Kayla forces herself to leave. As she moves off, Jess watches, knows where she's going. She's lost her. She then finds the EP watching Kayla, as well. He knows, too.

Taking a walk of shame, Kayla tries to keep her head high.

INT. ELEVATOR - FOX - BASEMENT - DAY

Megyn and Kayla ride up together. Mortified, Kayla cuts her eyes to Megyn, her ideal, why she's doing what she's doing.

The door DINGS. Opens at the studio floor. Gretchen gets on, clutching her phone. Smiles of recognition without affection.

A strained silence.

The women ride up alone together -- our three leads -- unable to connect, unable to help each other.

Gretchen starts to sweat.

GRETCHEN

Hot in here.

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Staying on the elevator, Megyn tracks Gretchen and Kayla as they move for Roger's office, both uncomfortable to be in sudden competition for access. Kayla lets Gretchen go ahead.

The elevator door closes on Megyn as she watches.

INT. ROGER'S LOBBY - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Gretchen and Kayla enter...

FAYE

Gretchen. Well, hello. How are you?

GRETCHEN

Faye. I miss our lunches. Roger wanted to see me?

FAYE

Oh. No, I think it was Dianne. I believe she's in with Bill.

The General Counsel. This is humiliating. And dangerous.

With an awkward nod, Gretchen heels and walks around Kayla, who won't look at her, stares at the carpet.

GRETCHEN

I'll see you ladies later, then.

KAYLA

Bye.

CONTINUED:

FAYE

Roger's ready for you, Kayla.

Kayla eyes the wooden double doors. About to exit, Gretchen glances back. Stops cold. She realizes what is happening and turns to Kayla's back, opens her mouth to speak...

...but can't, not after their earlier talk. She watches as Kayla steels her will and goes inside. The wooden door now CLOSES, loud and final. Faye writes "Bill Shine" in the log.

She looks up to find Gretchen still at the outer door.

GRETCHEN

It never stops.

Faye forces a robotic smile. *Good to see you.*

INT. BILL SHINE'S OFFICE - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Bill Shine is beside Dianne in his seating area. Across from them, Gretchen sits, still in her show make-up.

GRETCHEN

He's firing me, isn't he?

BILL SHINE

Yes.

She looks hard to Dianne, who grimaces pity, powerlessness.

GRETCHEN

You want to tell me why?

A long beat.

GRETCHEN (V.O.)

*Of course not. What could they say?  
"You're sexy but you're too much  
work"? "You're a man hater"? "To get  
ahead you gotta give a little head"?*

INT. ELEVATOR BANK - FOX - LOBBY - DAY

Heels on marble. Gretchen exits, escorted by a White Guard.

GRETCHEN (V.O.)

*Do you why we dress soldiers the  
same? So everybody knows they're  
replaceable. Easily. Quickly.*

Trying to maintain dignity, she moves to the talent lobby.

EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE - FOX - NEWS CORP BUILDING - DAY

Gretchen comes out the talent door, immediately makes a call.

GRETCHEN (V.O.)  
*I refuse to be replaceable.*

Anticipated, it's answered on the first ring...

NANCY (O.S.)  
 Did they give you a cause?

GRETCHEN  
 No.

NANCY (O.S.)  
 Good. Ready to go to war?

Gretchen thinks. She glances up to a POSTER selling her show, right above her, her identity until ten minutes ago.

GRETCHEN  
 (heartbroken and lying)  
 Yes.

A JET SCREAMS.

PAPARAZZI STOCK VIDEO - SUN VALLEY, IDAHO - DAY

Flash. Flash. Flash.

Media Titans on the Sun Valley Lodge.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - SUN VALLEY, IDAHO - DAY

An AGING SURFER (44) hikes, winded and hating it, long beard, a tribal tattoo around one arm. His cell RINGS (Blink-182).

LACHLAN  
 (parodies his Dad)  
 "Murdoch here."

FEMALE EVP (O.S.)  
 Funny. You seen the lawsuit?

LACHLAN  
 Which lawsuit?

LACHLAN MURDOCH peers ahead, up the trail.

EXT. FURTHER UP THE HIKING TRAIL - SUN VALLEY - DAY

An AGING YUPPIE (43) hikes, unwinded, in high-tec boots and a sport coat. His cell RINGS (vibration).

JAMES (ANSWERING)  
I'm not stopping.

LACHLAN (O.S.)  
Roger's being sued. By Gretchen  
Carlson. For sexual harassment.

JAMES MURDOCH stops. He is the loading-dock smoker Roger disparaged at the top. The brothers take a beat.

JAMES  
Where's Dad?

LACHLAN (O.S.)  
Paris.

INT. GAME ROOM - SUN VALLEY INN - DAY

Lachlan paces. At the bar, James sets up a perfectly spaced spiral of standing dominos. Both wear SV16 lanyards.

There's an open line on a SPEAKER PHONE sitting on the bar. The speaker phone CLICKS alive. And they spin toward it.

FEMALE EVP (O.S.)  
I have Gerson Zweifach.

JAMES  
Thanks.

GERSON ZWEIFACH (O.S.)  
Morning.

INTERCUT:

INT. LIBRARY - HIGH-END LAW FIRM - DAY

GERSON ZWEIFACH (50) searches through law books. More open books on a table. Two Clerks try and fail to help him.

GERSON ZWEIFACH  
So, this employee has sued Roger  
personally.

LACHLAN  
 (mutes phone)  
 He doesn't know who she is.

JAMES  
 (unmutes)  
 Are you familiar with Ms. Carlson?

GERSON ZWEIFACH  
 Not until two hours ago.

The Boys -- as they are universally known -- share a charmed smile; Gerson's unflinching honesty makes him invaluable.

GERSON ZWEIFACH  
 More importantly, no one heard from her after she was fired.

JAMES  
 Not even to negotiate a severance?

GERSON ZWEIFACH  
 No, and that suggests she knew it was coming, and had a plan waiting.

This is not good.

GERSON ZWEIFACH  
 As News Corp attorney, I recommend we conduct a internal investigation into Roger's behavior. I know you two had had your issues with him.

INT. NEWSROOM - FOX - BASEMENT - 2001 - NIGHT

In a white-tie tuxedo, Roger (63) freaks out.

ROGER  
 A Post employee got anthrax! That's right above us! Close the vents! Do not leave this room! Close those goddamn vents! There! There! Now! We are under attack, people!

Lachlan (30) barrels thru the door, followed by Two Suits.

LACHLAN  
Roger!

The bearded Murdoch has just come from the crime scene. It's a walk to get to Roger.



CONTINUED:

LACHLAN

You need to calm down.

Employees stand around, frightened and listening.

ROGER

Do not give orders in my Newsroom.

LACHLAN

If it were yours, you'd own it.

Roger's eyes narrow dangerously.

INT. GAME ROOM - SUN VALLEY INN - 2016 - DAY

Abstractly, Lachlan starts nodding.

James is already there...

JAMES

Yeah, let's look into her claims.

GERSON ZWEIFACH

Done.

CLICK. He's gone. They share an intrigued, disbelieving look. James flips a domino out, leaving his spiral intact.

INT. ~~"O'REILLY~~ "FACTOR" POD - FOX - NEWSROOM - DAY

Kayla comes into the Factor pod, having had the full Fox News makeover -- heels, mini-skirt, blow out, insanely bronzed.

She has heavy eye-liner and false eyelashes.

JESS

Wow! It's anchor Barbie!

KAYLA

I'm testing for Fox Business.

As Jess considers asking how exactly that came to be...

PRODUCER IN THE HANNITY POD

Holy Fucking Christ!

INT. LILY'S DESK - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

Lily bags breast milk at her desk, Megyn over her shoulder, both reading the news on a desktop. Someone runs past.

CONTINUED:

They're all looking at the New York Magazine SITE: "Gretchen Carlson Sues Roger Ailes For Sexual Harassment"

Megyn lets it sink in -- and we catch a glimmer of shame.

INT. "PUTNAM COUNTY NEWS AND RECORDER" OFFICE - DAY

Tiny. Cramped. Papers are bound right here in the newsroom.

A BLONDE WOMAN (54) in a large Hermes scarf gives marching orders to Photographer in a Hoodie, who is possibly 16.

BLONDE WOMAN

Get a nice shot from Main Street.  
No Priuses in it. And, Josh, when  
you're photographing for my paper,  
do not wear that hoodie.

He looks down, puzzled.

BLONDE WOMAN

(it's obvious)  
Hoodies are creepy.

Silence. A half-dozen Employees stare at BETH AILES, trying to look neutral yet understanding and totally unafraid.

BETH

Thanks, everybody.

She turns and walk down to...

INT. BETH'S OFFICE - DAY

BETH'S EMPLOYEE (43) eats lunch at her corner station -- pecking at a laptop with one finger. Beth enters.

BETH

What is that?

BETH'S EMPLOYEE

Grocery-store sushi.  
(defensive)  
Sushi's not liberal food.

BETH

I didn't say it was.

As she sits at her desk, Beth's cell RINGS (an organ dirge).

CONTINUED:

BETH  
(it's from "ROGER")  
Hi, love.

She immediately darkens.

INT. BETH'S SUV - AILES MANSION DRIVE - GARRISON, NY - NIGHT

Beth drives, concerned and hurried.

Her headlights illuminate a country road up a mountain in up-state New York toward a stone mansion on a hill. She listens to a NEWS RADIO REPORT outlining Gretchen's shocking lawsuit.

EXT. AILES MANSION - GARRISON - NIGHT

Roger's SUV idles out front.

Beth pulls up beside his vehicle. Gets out. His window in the back rolls down, but he doesn't get it out. He can't.

She rests her hands on his arm.

ROGER  
You talk to Zac?

BETH  
Yes. He's fine.

ROGER  
Champ's making his rounds.

He means their dog, trained to sniff around when they arrive.

Finally...

BETH  
You okay?

He looks at her with big, wet eyes. Awkwardly, she kisses his hand as they wait. The image has a telling power dynamic.

INT. BASE CAMPS - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

Judge Jeanine Pirro, Lebanese by way of Westchester, is on the phone, reporting back to Roger about a recent call.

CONTINUED:

JEANINE (ON THE PHONE)

I just talked to The Wrap...it's an online publication...I said how sad it is we've got this woman making these complaints when there are real victims out there!

INT. "ON THE RECORD" BASE CAMP - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

GRETA VAN SUSTERN (61) sits on a desk...

GRETA (ON THE PHONE)

I told People we've been in your office alone a lot over 15 years and I've never seen anything like what I'm reading about.

INT. MEGYN'S OFFICE - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

GIL

Maria Bartiromo sent Variety a stock chart. Hey, we're up.

In a bad mood, Megyn leans back on her desk. Gil's sprawled in an armchair; Julia and Lily on the sofa.

Everyone's embedded in their phones.

LILY

Hannity tweeted. "Talk to hundreds of women at Fox I talked to this week, both on air and off. They say it all BS."

JULIA

Brit Hume, too.

MEGYN

Brit?

She winces -- Brit's an old friend, he brought Megyn to Fox.

JULIA

"Why didn't Gretchen quit and sue instead of suing only after she got fired? Why didn't she complain?"

MEGYN

Why didn't she complain? Really?!

Everyone glances up; something's clearly eating at Megyn.

GIL

He means the anonymous hotline.

CONTINUED:

JULIA  
There's a hotline?

LILY  
There's a hotline?

GIL  
Yeah.

JULIA  
I did the harassment seminar twice,  
I never heard about a hotline.

MEGYN  
Cause it's bullshit!

She fights to control her pique.

MEGYN  
Our contracts give them the right to  
monitor our communications.

(serious)  
A hotline in this building is like  
a complaint box in Occupied Paris.

She's cracking a little, despite herself.

MEGYN  
Basically, we're telling women: go  
on and speak up for yourself...just  
know the whole network is with Roger.  
You want air time, assignments, show  
slots? Go ahead and call the paranoid  
guy handing them out of a pervert!  
And do so on a fucking anonymous  
hotline that he controls using phones  
he has a contractual right to record!  
(to Gil)  
Do you think women are idiots?!

A chastised silence.

MEGYN  
It's like somebody stripped you naked  
and they want you to walk through  
this office just to prove it!

She looks up to find her team staring, worried.

GIL  
Can I see you for a second?

She sighs. Stands. They both walk out.

JULIA  
What the fuck was that?

CONTINUED: (2)

LILY  
I don't know, but I liked it.

INT. BASE CAMPS - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

Megyn leads Gil past the desks of other anchors and support staff, past Hannity's camp with its political posters.

They enter a door marked...

INT. RADIO STUDIO - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

The studio is empty. Gil and Megyn face each other.

They speak in fierce whispers.

GIL  
I won't call you a feminist, but,  
say there's a spectrum, you are--

MEGYN  
--Roger harassed me. Ten years ago.

A shocked beat.

Having gotten it out, though, she's immediately dismissive.

MEGYN  
I had turned down a law-firm  
partnership for a entry-level job  
at Fox. Roger would call me up to  
New York to dangle prospects. I  
wanted his help.

GIL  
Did you...do anything?

MEGYN  
No.

A stiff, silent beat.

GIL  
Will you talk?

Nothing.

GIL  
Megyn--

CONTINUED:

MEGYN

--I don't know! I don't. I mean, going on the record? Jesus. It's basically admitting you're the weak one in the herd.

GIL

It's admitting you're the hot one.

MEGYN

Gil, it's not about that.

GIL

Say women. There's a reason some women can confidently defend Roger.

MEGYN

My God...

She goes deeper into the studio. He follows her.

MEGYN

If I report it, and it leaks, it'll follow me. The rest of my career. I do not want to be defined by Roger's bullshit. I refuse to be the fucking poster girl for sexual harassment.

GIL

Fine, you don't want to be seen as vulnerable, or hot. Would you rather be seen as selfish, as mercenary?

MEGYN

Yes! Mostly. Yes.

She shrugs. *I am who I am.*

He doesn't appear to fully believe her.

MEGYN

He can't still be doing that crap, right? The man has a walker!

GIL

Viagra.

MEGYN

Fuck, Gil! C'mon. Help me out here.  
(sincere)  
How do I play this?

GIL

You only ask when you already know.

CONTINUED: (2)

That's true enough.

Megyn winces, hates the choice she knows she's going to make.

MEGYN

If the last year taught me anything,  
it's don't get sucked into a fight  
with someone who has better reasons  
to be in it than you do.

(sells herself)

Especially if that someone wrote the  
book on dirty tricks. If I go for  
the king, I can't miss.

GIL

Okay.

MEGYN

Okay.

GIL

Okay.

A weird beat.

GIL

So...what is it you want to do?

MEGYN

For right now, I want to do nothing.

GIL

Good.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AILES MANSION - GARRISON, NY - DAY

Roger sits in a wheelchair, with a vitamin IV. He and Beth  
both seem scared and sleepless. Over in the kitchen, a PR  
Crisis Manager works a phone and a Nurse makes a snack.

Susan Estrich, from the opening, bends to air kiss Roger. She  
sits with RUDY GUILIANI (71) and Another Lawyer.

ROGER

You've met Mayor Giuliani before?

SUSAN

Of course.

Beth hands out document COPIES.

Susan's full of nervous empathy; Rudy, sullen and impatient.



CONTINUED:

ROGER

There's an internal investigation, but I won't wait for it to clear me. The Republican Convention is less than two weeks away. I'm going at this, I'm going to fight it.

BETH

These charges are utterly absurd!

SUSAN

I'm in, Roger. I love that fate is giving me a chance to repay you for when I was in intensive care.

(to Rudy)

Roger called my idiot doctors every day. For four weeks. He told them he'd put me on the air, live from their hospital bed, if they didn't fix every stitch of damage done.

(to Roger)

But...I'm also here as someone who's dealt with this issue for years, years, on the side of women...I don't want to see sexual violence trivialized. I don't want to see it become a damn political football. In that spirit, I need to ask: will an investigation find anything, well, uncomfortable?

ROGER

Define uncomfortable.

RUDY

(reads from lawsuit)

"I think you and I should have had a sexual relationship a long time ago and then you'd be good and better and I'd be good and better."

(not that he cares)

Did you say that?

ROGER

I'm not a fool. "You missed your chance for me to harass you."

Beth and Rudy chuckle, a bit wooden. Susan masks her relief.

RUDY

They'll argue it's solicitous.

CONTINUED: (2)

ROGER

Telling a woman she was fuckable,  
quote, "a long time ago"? Who the  
hell thinks that works?

Guiliani concedes with a grin, tosses the lawsuit down.

SUSAN

Why's she suing, Roger?

ROGER

Gretchen's a very competitive woman  
facing a severe likability issue --  
one I shielded her from for years.  
(not unkind)  
Her career's over, I'm afraid.

BETH

She can't take a joke! Roger can be  
salty. I find it amusing. It's my  
fault for encouraging him.

Roger takes her hand, grand and paternal.

ROGER

James Murdoch may be behind this.  
His wife openly supports Hillary.  
(quiet)  
And it could go deeper.

The lawyers wait. He glances at Beth, who nods. *Tell them.*

ROGER

I have reason to believe inside the  
Obama White House, there have been  
discussions -- at what level I do  
not know -- of having me killed.

Reeling, the lawyers exchange a glance. Roger may believe it,  
but it sounds like a desperate grasp by a guilty man.

INT. ELEVATOR - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

Megyn enters, head down, headphones. Kayla's among the other  
Six Employees, covertly watching her, sees Megyn get a call.

She can't see it's from "BETH AILES". She watches Megyn sigh  
and refuse it. Megyn glances up to find Kayla looking. DING.  
The 2nd Floor. Kayla hurries out, turns toward Roger's suite.

Megyn, getting out after her, notices, swallows her concern.

INT. NEWSROOM - FOX - BASEMENT - DAY

Coming through the door, Megyn's phone VIBRATES again. It's "KIMBERLY GUILFOYLE". Since she's exposed to the entire room, Megyn has to glance around before sending it to voice-mail.

At the VENDING MACHINES, Megyn weighs rewarding herself with serious sugar. Her phone VIBRATES yet again -- this time it's "BRET BAIER". And this saddens her; she considers taking it.

As she finally hits ignore...

A FEMALE VOICE

Hi, there.

Jeanine Pirro appears beside her.

MEGYN

Hey.

JEANINE

Roger needs you.

(quiet)

Your silence is being noticed.

That's all the reason Megyn needs to choose a CANDY BAR.

MEGYN

The point of an investigation is to get the truth. Until that comes out ...I don't have a lot to say.

The bar drops. Jeanine gets it out of the vending door.

JEANINE

(opening it)

If this charge sticks, the working assumption will be every woman at Fox got down on her knees.

She hands the bar over, wrapper folded back, maternal.

JEANINE

Even you.

Her gaze is direct; Megyn just bites into the bar.

MEGYN

If we sweep this under the rug and it happens again, under Title VII, Fox will be liable for compensatory and punitive damages. That could be hundreds of millions. Let's worry about the law before we do the PR.

CONTINUED:

Megyn moves to leave. Jeanine stops her.

JEANINE

(whispers)

Does Roger want us? Yes. He's a man.  
He also gave us time, opportunity.  
We benefited from that attention.

There's disturbing contempt in Jeanine's eyes.

INT. BACK HALLS TO "THE KELLY FILE" STUDIO - FOX - NIGHT

MEGYN

I mean, Jeanine Pirro?

GIL

She's like the founding member of  
Team Roger.

Julia hurries to where Megyn, Gil and Lily speak quietly.

JULIA

You're not answering your phone.

LILY

I've got it.

JULIA

Everybody's still looking for you.

MEGYN

Where the hell were these people to  
defend me from Trump?

JULIA

Bill Shine told them not to.

Megyn shoots Gil a look -- he hid this from her.

GIL

Our boss.

JULIA

Why are you guys in the hall?

MEGYN

I got a call from Roger's lawyers  
saying to, quote, relax. They're  
convincing Rupert to limit the  
investigation to Gretchen and her  
team. "Only five or six women."

Julia's stunned.

CONTINUED:

JULIA

Are you going to let that happen?

CLOSE on Megyn. She has no idea.

INT./EXT. DOUG'S SUV - ROAD TO HOLLAND TUNNEL-LATE NIGHT

Rain. Doug drives. Megyn broods. It's midnight yet they're stuck in the traffic entering the Holland Tunnel.

They speak in exhausted, quiet voices.

MEGYN

I like Roger. I do. Even if he can be controlling and vindictive.

DOUG

Those sins aren't the problem, Meg.

MEGYN

There are hundreds of stories of Roger paying an employee's rehab or keeping somebody terminally ill on the payroll. When Shep came out, all Roger said was "I don't care where you put your pecker, as long as you don't tell me where to put mine."

DOUG

Again, not the most redeeming anec--

MEGYN

--Roger promoted me. He looked past the rejection. He looked past the risk of this exact conversation. He handed me the power to hurt him.

She looks back to her Daughter, now gently strobed by tunnel lights, asleep and peaceful.

EXT. PORCH - MEGYN'S BEACH HOUSE - JERSEY SHORE - MORNING

Megyn sits on a porch swing, holding her phone, hesitating. She starts to hear her own HEART BEAT, gently, under waves.

Half hating herself, she calls "Lachlan Murdoch".

LACHLAN

Hello, Megyn.

CONTINUED:

MEGYN (ON THE PHONE)  
Morning. So, we need to get Gerson  
Zweifach on the phone.

EXT. BALCONY OF ELEGANT ESTATE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Quiet. Gerson Zweifach steps away from a waiting chuppah.  
Carnationed and kippahed, he's on his phone.

RUDY (O.S.)  
I'm calling for Roger. He wants me  
to be part of your investigation.

EXT. BROOKLYN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - NEW YORK - DAY

Loud. Rudy Giuliani leaves a FUNERAL in a black-banded horde.

GERSON ZWEIFACH (O.S.)  
We've decided on an outside firm.

RUDY (ON HIS CELL)  
Why?! We can handle this ourselves!

INTERCUT:

GERSON ZWEIFACH  
I'm asking Paul Weiss.

Rudy's unhappy -- Paul Weiss is not a firm he has any sway  
over. Gerson's expression suggests that's the point.

RUDY  
Tell them I'll actively participate.

GERSON ZWEIFACH  
Mr. Guiliani, you're an old friend  
of Roger. You married them. Sharing  
information with you will remove the  
cloak of attorney-client privilege,  
making the testimony of any woman  
coming forward subject to discovery.

RUDY  
Get me a waiver.

As always, Gerson Zweifach is calm, direct and unyielding. He  
can see a Lovely Woman climbing toward him.

CONTINUED:

GERSON ZWEIFACH  
I will not structure this  
investigation so Roger isn't  
perceived of as its target.

RUDY  
You want him to look guilty?!

GERSON ZWEIFACH  
That depends on what we find.

Rudy hangs up, furious, shoos the Tourists away irritably.

SINGLE SCREEN:

EXT. BALCONY OF ELEGANT ESTATE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

GERSON ZWEIFACH'S WIFE makes it to him as the call ends.

GERSON ZWEIFACH'S WIFE  
You know a reporter, Gabe Sherman?

GERSON ZWEIFACH  
No.

GERSON ZWEIFACH'S WIFE  
You're about to.  
(hands him her PHONE)  
He's found six women who claim  
Roger Ailes harassed them.  
(as he reads)  
All from before Fox News.

A MONTAGE OF WOMEN FROM THE ARTICLE

Black. Slowly blend in the PHOTO of each MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN as  
each tells her own story in her own words.

First is a woman Sherman calls "MARSHA" (77)...

MARSHA  
This was years ago. He said he'd put  
me on the show, but I had to go to  
bed with him. So I said, "Yeah right,  
you and who else?" And he said, "Just  
me and a few of my preferred friends.

She is joined by "DIANE" (70)...

DIANE  
I came in. He closed the door, turned  
and kissed me. Like I was his  
girlfriend.

CONTINUED:

Like he knew it was coming. And he grabbed my tits. Then he said, "Look, no girls get a job here unless they're cooperative."

Then "PAT" (50)...

PAT

"If you want to make it in New York City in the TV business, you're gonna have to fuck me -- and you'll have to do that with anyone I tell you to."

Then "JANE" (63)...

JANE

He finishes the test, which was me pretending to cook...then he pulls out a garter belt and stockings and says, "Put these on." So, yeah, well, I put them on.

Then "KELLY" (47)...

KELLY

And he said, "You know, if you want to play with the big boys, you have to lay with the big boys." It was very transactional.

Finally, "SUSAN" (66)...

SUSAN

It was quiet. He stared at me. He undid his pants and took out his penis. Very gingerly. I had never seen one. I was scared. Then, he said, "Kiss it". I was sixteen.

INT. NEWSROOM - FOX - BASEMENT - MORNING

A long, still beat.

Fox plays on the monitors, isolated and tinny in the unusual quiet. Everyone reads New York Magazine on their desktops.

Kayla has a hand over her mouth, stunned she's part of a long and dark history, full of shame, utterly humiliated.

She looks up and quietly BALKS.

Beth has entered and marches defiantly through the Newsroom. A wave of screens change, rolling ahead of her.



CONTINUED:

ROGER (PRE-LAP)

I have never run a goddamn Dairy Queen! You don't get to go get what the hell you want. Everybody on my shows knows the meaning of decency, and I do mean everybody.

Kayla watches Beth enter the glass War Room, interrupt Bill Shine's meeting. She says a few words. He follows out.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Roger and Beth have packed in the top thirty FNC Executives.

ROGER

A TV outfit needs tough, confident women. Do I push them? You bet your ass I do. But have I ever demanded sex during a casting session? Have I offered extra pay for blow jobs? Give me a goddamn break! Why the hell would I do that? You think you know the look in a woman's eye when she's interested? Bullshit. Walk into casting. Back then. As the decider. There was a look they gave ...I did not always look like this! I never had to harass anybody. It's fucking offensive to say I did.

BETH

They're trying to change history. For their families. Some probably don't remember what happened.

ROGER

That's gracious, Beth, but this is political. I defy you to find any evidence that a single part of what these women are saying is true.

He stares down his team. Bill Shine nods vigorously. Dianne, Irena and SUSANNE SCOTT (48) stay attentively still.

ROGER

Get ready. More will come. We need to let Rupert know what it means if I lose. Gretchen Carlson could kill Fox News. I'm not blowing smoke.

(he means it)

This is a fight for your jobs.

INT. MIDTOWN DELI - NY - DAY

Megyn, Julia and Lily huddle at a front table, hiding in the breakfast bustle. Gil reads a copy of New York Magazine.

Megyn's distracted, upset by the article.

JULIA

If you'd asked me what kind of sexual fetish Roger Ailes has, I never would have come up with garter belts, but it's fucking perfect!

LILY

Their stories are so similar.

MEGYN

That doesn't prove much. Sherman met them all through Gretchen's lawyer. They could have been coached.

Julia and Lily share a covert glance. *That's cynical.*

JULIA

Blow job thing feels real to me.

MEGYN

Does Roger seem like a guy who would get off on that particular power dynamic? Yes. A guy who maybe thinks oral doesn't really count? Maybe. Who has reasons to prefer a sex act that lets him keep his clothes on? Sure. Still, doesn't make it true.

It's hard to tell who Megyn's convincing, and why. Gil closes the magazine now, thoughtful and disappointed.

GIL

Well, if true, these incidents all happened before Fox started.

JULIA

Should that matter?

LILY

No!

GIL

Yes.

They're getting fractious.

MEGYN

I talked to Gerson Zweifach.

CONTINUED:

Everyone's surprised.

Gil glances at Julia and Lily, not sure what they know.

GIL

And?

MEGYN

He asked me to encourage women who have a claim to come forward.

GIL

You remember what happened last time you got between Rupert and Roger?

MEGYN

Yes.

(then)

Before I speak up, I need to know if this happened to women at Fox.

Lily and Julia think she means speaking up for Roger; Gil realizes she means speaking to Paul Weiss against him.

LILY

Is this one where you really want to know, or want to look like you really want to know but don't.

MEGYN

I really want to know. Jesus, Lily.

Her crew nods -- *Of course* -- though no one meets her eye.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE IRENA BRIGANTI'S OFFICE - FOX -DAY

The PR Department furiously works the phones. Eavesdropping, a nervous Gil waits as Irena harangues the press.

IRENA (O.S.)

No one around here believes Roger would want to harass Gretchen! She's been stalking him. I'll send you her soapy notes. "Maybe next debate you could include my experience, smarts and wit." Smiley face. Who sends a harasser a smiley face?

Gil imagines a call like this targeting Megyn, rubs his face.

146

INT. GRETCHEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

146

Gretchen meets with Nancy and MARTIN HYMAN (62), her main counsel. The lawyers have teamed up to deliver bad news.

MARTIN

No one at Fox is coming forward.

GRETCHEN

No one?

NANCY

Rudi Bakthair.

GRETCHEN

No one who's still there?

NANCY

There's nothing but praise for Roger.

MARTIN

Except from Megyn Kelly, she's been unusually silent.

Gretchen absorbs this, stunned, and extremely intrigued.

GRETCHEN

Something must have happened to her. In the past. With Roger.

She leans into her only hope.

GRETCHEN

I mean, guys, c'mon, she's way too ambitious not to support him.

NANCY

Should you call? Tell her this is a spotlight you'd be happy to share?

Gretchen ponders...then winces skeptically.

GRETCHEN

Megyn share? No. No, she would't take it.

NANCY

What makes you say that?

GRETCHEN

I wouldn't.

That's hard to argue with.

GRETCHEN

Roger plays his women off each other.

In meetings, he'll say, "Megyn thinks Lisa should get your slot" or "Megyn suspects you're screwing Cal." Then he'll offer advice on how to get her back -- as if you it brought up!

MARTIN

Megyn's re-negotiating her deal. My guess is she has roughly 15 million reasons to stay quiet.

NANCY

We do need some collaboration.

Her tone is more plaintive than she'd like. Gretchen's now peering at her expectantly. Nancy and Martin share a look.

MARTIN

We've not had a lot incoming job-interest from the networks.

GRETCHEN

What's not a lot?

MARTIN

None.

She's surprised -- and by fact they've clearly discussed it.

MARTIN

They're afraid of Roger--

GRETCHEN

(angry)

--and no woman gets to sue her boss!  
That's Rule One in corporate America:  
you don't get to sue your boss!

Nancy grimaces and nods. Yes.

GRETCHEN

I jumped off a cliff.

(then)

I really thought someone would stand with me.

The front door opens. Gretchen has to mask her emotion as she tells them to grab a snack in the kitchen.

NANCY

We'll get him.

But Gretchen looks as though she's losing hope.

INT. IRENA BRIGANTI'S OFFICE - FOX - DAY

Tired and stunned, Irena deals with Gil and unpleasant news.

GIL

Megyn doesn't want to release a statement. It could be seen as influencing the investigation.

IRENA

Have her tell Roger to his face.

He signals for calm. *Let's not go there yet.* Goes fishing.

GIL

Look, let us know who else hasn't spoken up for him, maybe she can encourage them, privately.

IRENA

(suspicious, irritated)

No! No. Jesus. We need our anchors!

INT. BASE CAMPS - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

Grabbing a file from her desk, Julia sees MARTHA MACCALLUM (52) over cube wall. She's defending Fox on her phone.

MARTHA MCCALLUM

No one has ever told me not to wear pants. I'd love to know where that came from. I wear pants!

Julia looks back as she walks away: Martha's in a miniskirt.

Going through the ~~O'Reilly~~ base camp -- with its viewer-made, paper-mâché statue of the host as a lumberjack (pixelated) -- Julia sees Jeanine Pirro talking to Kayla.

JEANINE PIRRO

We need everyone on Team Roger.

INT. "OUTNUMBERED" SET - FOX - DAY

On set, HARRIS FAULKNER (50) finishes on her CELL.

HARRIS FAULKNER

No one makes me wear short skirts. C'mon! I have six Emmy's!

CONTINUED:

She shakes her head for her Three Co-Hosts -- each in short skirts and heels, all busy texting. Two react sympathetic. We note one -- JULIE ROGINSKY (43) -- is tellingly silent.

INT. COSTUME ROOM - FOX - DAY

Chaos. Racks of garish synthetics. Spanks. Cutlets. Bra tape.

Lily eyes an improvised T-shirt reading "Team Roger". It's on KIMBERLY GUILFOYLE (47), rifling a rack, on her cell.

KIMBERLY GUILFOYLE

He was the first to put a female on  
as host of a prime-time show. Roger  
Ailes champions women!

She holds up a tiny dress. Lily picks up Megyn's show outfit as Wardrobe Staff deal with half-dressed, telephoning talent.

AINSLEY EARHARDT (ON THE PHONE)

There is no leg cam! Hold on a sec.

She hits mute to plead with the WARDROBE HEAD (53).

AINSLEY EARHARDT

I have to wear pants tomorrow.

The WARDROBE HEAD (57) looks at Ainsley like she's insane.

WARDROBE HEAD

Not without authorization from the  
second floor you don't.

WARDROBE ASSISTANT (O.S.)

(hidden)

We never fitted her for pants!

KIMBERLY GUILFOYLE

Lily!

(Lily turns to her)

Beth wants me to talk to Megyn. Now.  
I'm gonna make an on-air statement.  
While the Fox women come out one by  
one and stand behind me. For Roger.

LILY

(calm, going)

That will never happen.

She leaves the room stunned by her casual insubordination.

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - FOX - NIGHT

EDDY (32) and MERCEDE (38) start on Megyn's hair and make-up. Eyes closed, reeling, Megyn solicits gossip.

EDDY

Well, you know why Roger has that door blocking his office?

MERCEDE

Cause a Bangladeshi from accounting wandered in one day by mistake.

*Law & Order* plays silently on an ELEVATED TV. A table MONITOR has feed from the *Kelly File* studio, lights now coming on.

EDDY

Please. So girls can go in from the back elevator and no one sees.

MEGYN

Is that true?

We see a FOLDED SHEET ripped from a day planner in her bag.

MERCEDE

We get talent all the time coming to get their faces done. "I gotta look my best. Going to see Roger."

EDDY

One [ran around] with it rubbed off her nose and chin.

MEGYN

(eyes open)

Wait. What? Who [said] that?

A tense beat. They realize they've said too much. Mercede gives Eddy a subtle warning look in the mirror. *Don't*.

EDDY (O.S.)

Somebody from weather.

INT. MEGYN'S OFFICE - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Gil, Julia and Lily wait on the boss. Hannity plays on TV.

JULIA

I mean, nobody wants to talk.

Megyn enters, excited, tissue in her collar (she's pre-show).



CONTINUED:

GIL

Where'd you disappear to.

She waves a SHEET OF PAPER.

MEGYN

I got names. Women rumored to have stories to tell about Roger.

JULIA

From whom?

MEGYN

Janice.

LILY

Weather Janice?

MEGYN

Everybody confides in her. People from weather don't want your job.

GIL

What are you going to do with them?

MEGYN

Tell them this time is different.

GIL

Wait...

LILY

No, don't wait. Don't listen to him.

GIL

Listen! It's not only your job. I've got kids, Lily has a baby now. Julia will lose her visa and have to go back to Canada. And we know you've been talking to broadcast networks.

Lily and Julia exchange a look; they very much did not know.

GIL

Yes, you can sign a deal anywhere. But we can't. And, no offense, but who the hell will you be?! Nobody leaves Fox, Megyn. Not really. It's in your DNA now.

He's done, and his voice takes on a resigned quality.

CONTINUED: (2)

GIL

Ask yourself what you're blowing up.

LILY

And I say find the truth.

Megyn looks from Lily to Gil and back again; her two choices.

Julia grimaces, scared but supportive.

MEGYN

That face doesn't tell me anything.

JULIA

(quiet, ashamed)

If they come after you...it won't  
be you they come after.

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - FOX - LATE NIGHT

On a monitor: ~~O'Reilly~~ is on "Late Night with Seth Meyers".

Hannity's Makeup Artist is leaving as Megyn enters.

Tired, face stripped of make-up, wearing sweats, she racks a  
show dress, collects her things. The TV catches her eye.

~~O'REILLY~~ (ON TV)

I've worked for Roger Ailes for 20  
years. Best boss I ever had.

The show makes her think, reminds of the LIST, lying just  
insider her bag. She pulls it out. Considers it.

INT. "LATE NIGHT WITH SETH MEYERS" SET -NIGHT

~~O'Reilly~~ to REAL SETH MEYERS...

~~O'REILLY~~

You're a target. And I'm a target.  
Anytime somebody could come out and  
sue us, attack us, go to the press.

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - FOX - FIRST FLOOR - LATE NIGHT

Megyn considers the list.

~~O'REILLY~~

I stand behind Roger 100 percent.

She glances one more time at the TV.

INT./EXT. TALENT LOBBY - FOX - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Headed out with a purpose, Megyn finds Abby Huntsman on her CELL in a corner, keeping her voice low, self-conscious.

ABBY HUNTSMAN (ON THE PHONE)  
I've never been told what I can't  
wear...well, I know you didn't ask  
but I think it needs to be said.

She grimaces at her screw up, looks up to see Megyn passing, giving her an empathetic smile. Abby shrugs, embarrassed.

INT. WNYW STUDIO - UPPER EASTSIDE - DAY

Megyn watches an JULIET HUDDY (46) finish a Mid-Day New York segment. A Hispanic Male Co-Host watches from the desk.

JULIET  
...tonight is Manhattanhenge. Sunset  
will align perfectly with the city's  
grid. The best viewing streets are  
14th, 34th and 57th.

She holds for the camera. BELL. They're OFF THE AIR.

As she steps away from the set...

MEGYN  
A babe with no geezer? This can't  
be a Fox affiliate.

JULIET HUDDY  
Megyn. My God. Hi. How are you?

They hug.

Juliet has a heavy-metal physicality with an emo softness, a vulnerable mix. Her smile seems wounded.

MEGYN  
I'm good. You?

JULIET HUDDY  
How's your mom?

MEGYN  
Training to be a security guard.

JULIET HUDDY  
Really?  
(concerned)  
Because of the Trump stuff?

CONTINUED:

MEGYN

No, she just wants a job where she gets to carry a gun.

Juliet's chuckle is hesitant and not fully convincing.

JULIET HUDDY

Did you come up here about Roger?

MEGYN

What makes you say that?

JULIET HUDDY

I've been at local for two years, nobody's ever come to see me.

MEGYN

You miss us?

JULIET HUDDY

The network I worked at for 14 years? That my dad helped build? Where my brother's a reporter?

Megyn nods. *Point taken.* There's a well of pain here. They move for the door. Robotic cameras return to position one.

MEGYN

I need to ask if Roger harassed you.

JULIET HUDDY

No.

She shrugs. That's the truth. Megyn believes her, though the answer is not the one she expected.

JULIET HUDDY

I heard things. Nothing first hand.

MEGYN

Thank you. I miss you.

JULIET HUDDY

You, too.

She gestures Megyn toward the door and walks out with her.

JULIET HUDDY

Roger has detectives on staff. Up on 14. They look into his enemies, follow them, put negative stories online. It's called The Black Room.

CONTINUED: (2)

Megyn didn't know.

MEGYN

Well, I don't want you in danger.

JULIET HUDDY

I wasn't talking about me. But I am talking about you. Be careful who you ask questions about Roger Ailes.

Juliet lingers, half ready to leave, half ready to confess.

Megyn knows to wait.

JULIET HUDDY

My lawyers are negotiating with Fox.

Juliet's voice has gone weary.

JULIET HUDDY

Not that Bill will pay any of it.

MEGYN

Bill?

JULIET HUDDY

Yeah. Bill  
(more painful)  
And Jack.

MEGYN

Jesus.

JULIET HUDDY

The fish rots from the head.

EXT. ROOF - FOX NEWS CORP BUILDING - DAY

Megyn paces under massive satellite dishes.

She's at the end of the road...

MEGYN (ON THE PHONE)

I'm going to talk to Paul Weiss. I know you had issues over here.

A FEMALE VOICE

I did.

MEGYN

If you have a name to give--

EXT. ROOF - CNN HEADQUARTERS - ACROSS TOWN - DAY

ALISYN CAMEROTA (49) stands under the huge CNN BILLBOARD.

She doesn't hesitate...

ALISYN CAMEROTA (ON THE PHONE)

--Roger.

INT. CAFETERIA - FOX - DAY

Alisyn sits across from Julie Roginsky, speaking quietly.

JULIE ROGINSKY

Roger.

INT. NEWSROOM - FOX BASEMENT - DAY

WIDE on the busy hub, interns scoot, producers argue.

A NERVOUS FEMALE VOICE

Roger.

EXT. FOX - THE NEWS CORP BUILDING - DAY

WIDE on the building's facade as we hear...

VARIOUS FEMALE VOICES (O.S.)

Bill.  
Roger.  
Francisco.  
Roger.  
Roger.  
Bill.  
Jack.  
Doug.  
Bill.  
Roger.  
Roger.  
Roger.

INT. "~~O'REILLY~~ FACTOR" POD - FOX BASEMENT - NEWSROOM-DAY

Kayla types, head down.

MEGYN (O.S.)

It's Kayla, right?

She turns to see the network's biggest star has pulled up a chair, hell bound on having a little chat.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Hi.

MEGYN

Hi.

Megyn sees a Real Story CREW PHOTO among her desk clutter.

MEGYN

Did you learn a lot with Gretchen?

KAYLA

Yes, I did. I have nothing but good things to say about her.

Megyn senses defensiveness; Kayla thinks she's here to lobby.

Putting the photo down...

MEGYN

It's weird who history chooses to do something important.

A compliment. Kayla's surprised, and a bit skeptical. Megyn smiles calmly and speaks quietly.

MEGYN

Kayla, I wanted ask, if you want to tell me, if Roger's harassing you.

KAYLA

Okay.

Their eyes meet, hold briefly, long enough. Megyn takes a moment to face what she's known all along to be true.

KAYLA

How did you know?

MEGYN

We find each other.

KAYLA

You, too?

Megyn nods, though it's harder to admit than she'd imagined.

MEGYN

Years ago.

KAYLA

Wow.

The knowledge she is not alone slams Kayla, profound, moving.

CONTINUED: (2)

MEGYN

You okay, over there?

(a nod)

Report Roger. You'll be protected.

KAYLA

Did you?

MEGYN

I took it to a superior. Nothing happened. I had to drop it.

KAYLA

Why?

MEGYN

I wanted to be on television.

Megyn grimaces. *That's the ugly truth.* She moves to go. But Kayla's not willing to let her smirk away her complicity.

KAYLA

You didn't think what silence would mean? For the rest of us?

MEGYN

Roger's not exactly my fault.

KAYLA

It'd have been nice if somebody told us he's after more than legs.

MEGYN

It's nobody's job to protect you.

KAYLA

That's all our job.

Generational ethics here split across the political spectrum.

KAYLA

You have power. I don't get why you are still playing by old rules?

MEGYN

Look around, snowflake. How do you think I succeeded? How do you think a woman got a primetime Fox show?!

KAYLA

(sincere)

So, you had sex with him?



CONTINUED: (3)

MEGYN  
(stunned, standing)  
Jesus.

Megyn stalks off.

Kayla watches her, lost in a cyclone of guilt and defiance.

INT. JESS'S TINY APARTMENT - NY - NIGHT

Late. Dark. Jess eats ice cream in bed as her cell RINGS. The caller ID reads "BILL O'REILLY". She jumps up. Freaks. Paces.

Finally, terrified, she answers in a small voice.

JESS  
[Hello?]

KAYLA (O.S.)  
It's me.

JESS  
Jesus. What the fuck?! My phone  
said it was fucking Bill!

INTERCUT:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NY - NIGHT

Kayla's on her cell outside a HIP BISTRO, drunk dialing.

KAYLA  
Sorry. I saved my number on your  
phone under his name. As a joke.

JESS  
Fuck, Kayla.

KAYLA  
I forgot, Jess. Sorry.

JESS  
Where are you?

KAYLA  
On a date.

JESS  
O-kay.

KAYLA  
Did you give my name Megyn?

CONTINUED:

JESS

(winces, recovers)

I may have worried about you. Out loud. Once. Or twice.

KAYLA

Why didn't you just support me?

JESS

I knew I couldn't do anything! I can't fuck up, okay.

(then)

I'm a lesbian at Fox News.

KAYLA

(unconvincing)

So?

JESS

So, who's your date, Kayla?

Kayla peers back in a window at her Male Date, who's getting the check; his blandness suggests she's kidding herself.

JESS

I can't just go on a date with a dude and make it go away.

KAYLA

I'm gonna talk to Paul Weiss.

JESS

Good. Good for you. I hear they are an outside firm, taking it seriously.

KAYLA

I just need to talk to someone, to ask if this is the right thing to do. I gave in to him.

(teary)

I did it, Jess.

JESS

I'm so sorry.

KAYLA

He didn't even unbuckle. He couldn't even get...he...

JESS

...fuck...

CONTINUED: (2)

KAYLA

...he just kept talking. He kept saying, "Good girl. Be a good girl. That's a good soldier. Earn your place"...that's all I remember... "earn your place"...I feel so filthy.

JESS

It's not your fault.

Kayla has completely lost control of her emotions, and now tries to gain them back.

KAYLA

Okay. Okay. I should go.

INT. MEGYN'S INTERVIEW CONFERENCE ROOM - PAUL WEISS -DAY

Megyn talks to a MALE INTERVIEWER and a FEMALE INTERVIEWER.

MEGYN

Roger can sense vulnerabilities.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - SUMMER 2005 -DAY

Nervous Megyn (35) sits across from a Healthier Roger (67).

MEGYN (O.S.)

In those days, our meetings were career-strategy sessions, a mix of good advice and comments like...

ROGER

...I bet you have some sexy bras, I'd love to see you in those.

INT. MEGYN'S INTERVIEW CONFERENCE ROOM - PAUL WEISS -DAY

MEGYN

It was a cat-and-mouse game. But he gave me good advice, and always let me deflect, tell him to dream on.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - FALL 2005 - DAY

Roger has Megyn on the sofa for heart-to-heart.

MEGYN (O.S.)

But the more I let him get away with the more he'd push my buttons.

CONTINUED:

ROGER

I don't know if women can be good interviewers. Men have that killer instinct. We do bad things. And we do not feel guilty about it.

(pointed)

How do I know you have that, that kind of drive?

INT. MEGYN'S INTERVIEW CONFERENCE ROOM - PAUL WEISS -DAY

MEGYN

Finally, in January--

MALE INTERVIEWER

--this is '06?

MEGYN

Yes.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - FOX - 2ND FLOOR -WINTER 2006-NIGHT

We see but DO NOT HEAR the scene as Megyn describes it -- and that silence focuses us on its gestures, their awkwardness, their subtle violence, Roger's relentless and indignant will.

Megyn approaches Roger's chair to hug him good-bye, and she's surprised when he stands.

MEGYN (O.S.)

He grabbed me, tried kiss me.

She opens her hands for a hug. But he pin her elbows...kisses her on the lips. Her recoil stops him. She pulls away.

She panic smiles and moves by the window. She's rambling now, a few banalities to buy time. He nods abstractly as he comes toward her, pausing to listen...then he grabs her upper arms.

MEGYN (O.S.)

I pulled away from him. Twice.

He tries to kiss her again, his grip more forcible. But she spins away, yanks free. Open rejection. She goes to the door.

MEGYN (O.S.)

As I was leaving, he asked...

ROGER

When's your contract up?

CONTINUED:

She stops. Turns. Forces a smile. Tries to placate him. He's now indifferent to obviousness, his gaze predatory. He comes at her like Rett Butler, bold and direct. She pretends to stumble on a heel, falls into his shoulder, her face down.

He has her shoulders, but she won't face him. They struggle very briefly until he grows ashamed of his own desperation.

They stare. Winded. Angry. Both giving up any pretense.

MEGYN (O.S.)

After the third time, I left.

Without speaking, she turns and opens the door.

INT. MEGYN'S INTERVIEW CONFERENCE ROOM - PAUL WEISS -DAY

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

And he never tried anything again?

MEGYN

No. I ignored his calls. Stayed in DC. Two years later, I had a show.

MALE INTERVIEWER

Any long-term consequences?

Megyn considers. She has no more easy answers, quick retorts. We sit with her and this question, which is the question.

On a credenza, she notices alphabetized video TAPE CASES.

MEGYN

Am I Witness W?

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Yes. Why?

MEGYN

It's the 23rd letter of the alphabet  
...have 22 other women come forward?

(no response)

Will there be more?

The lawyers are damningly silent.

MEGYN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

INT. HOME GYM - GRETCHEN'S HOUSE -WESTCHESTER COUNTY-DAY

Shockingly well-appointed -- the equipment's not used much.

CONTINUED:

In dry workout clothes, Gretchen sits on the floor with her computer open on her lap. She GASPS. Grins a delighted grin.

It's a ARTICLE with Megyn and Gretchen's photos side-by-side.

*Megyn Kelly Joins Gretchen Carlson in Accusing Roger Ailes.*

INT. ROGER'S LOBBY - FOX - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Beth stands by Faye's desk as Roger and Dianne enter.

ROGER  
Megyn's claiming I harassed her.

BETH  
What?!

They watch concerned as he canes to them.

Bill Shine and Irena enter after them, troops being rallied.

BILL SHINE  
You saw Gabe Sherman's post?

Beth throws her hands up. *That guy?!*

ROGER  
Yes.

Roger's learned news that could ruin him from his bête noire.

ROGER  
(to Irena)  
Comb through Megyn's press, find every single positive thing she's said about me. Get it out. Now.

Irena hesitates, tries to catch her colleagues' eyes, fails.

IRENA  
We can have the blogs we control go after her...but I can't attack an anchor I'm paid to promote.

A tense beat. Roger realizes his lieutenants are lost. Behind their empathic eyes, he feels them running mental math on how best to shift loyalties. This only inflames his fury.

ROGER  
Glad I'm not in a foxhole with you.

This is his most damning insult.

CONTINUED:

BETH

We'll leak something thru Drudge or Breitbart. I'll have Susan do it.

IRENA

I'm sorry, Roger.

ROGER

Do something! At least get more shit about Gretchen out there! These women are trying to fuck me!

Beth signals for Roger to control his volume. He grunts his utter contempt. And no one notices the irony.

INT. "THE KELLY FILE" POD - NEWSROOM - FOX -BASEMENT-DAY

The cacophony of phones and monitors.

A dozen YOUNG NERVOUS EMPLOYEES gather at the Kelly File pod, throwing questions and Julia and Other File Producers. *What'd Roger do? What'd Megyn say exactly? So, she is a feminist?*

Gil heads toward the pod, Greta steps in front of him.

GRETA VAN SUSTEREN

What's Megyn's end game? This part of her contract negotiation?

GIL

It's not economic. Or political.

Greta scoffs sceptically. *I'm not a fool, Gil.*

Kimberly crosses, going for the LADIES ROOM, carrying a shirt to change out of her Team Roger T-shirt, oddly furious.

INT. "THE O'REILLY" POD - NEWSROOM - FOX - BASEMENT -DAY

The O'Reilly Factor pod is surprisingly calm.

Jess and Kayla watch the chaos around them. Just over the half-wall, they hear Ainsley Earhardt say...

AINSLEY EARHARDT

This stuff is scaring me! It's like the world's on fire, and no one can be trusted!

GERALDO RIVERA'S ASSISTANT yells across the floor...

CONTINUED:

GERALDO RIVERA'S ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
Geraldo?! The New York Times!

GERALDO RIVERA  
(in green glasses)  
I can't talk!

Jess and Kayla exchange a stunned glance.

KAYLA  
These are the end times.

A FOX & FRIENDS PRODUCER down the dividing wall leans over.

FOX & FRIENDS PRODUCER  
Why aren't you getting called?!

JESS  
To comment on sexual harassment?

She gestures to O'Reilly's face, on a poster behind her.

SOMEONE  
People! Everybody! Drudge posted  
Roger's severance deal!

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.

Across the huge TV factory, employees scurry to the internet.

INT. BASE CAMPS - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

Tired at her desk, Lily has spent the day telling callers,...

LILY (ON THE PHONE)  
Megyn Kelly has no comment...She's  
traveling...To Cleveland, for the  
Republican Convention. Remember?

The floor around her is quiet, dead.

The only life is down the way: NEIL CAVUTO (57) commiserates  
with Bret and Jeanine, leaning on desks in his base camp.

NEIL CAVUTO  
I called these allegations sick  
because they are sick.

A man approaches, strapped with a GUN, pulling a suitcase.

GUN-STRAPPED MAN  
Why wasn't I let in on the pact?



CONTINUED:

This is SEAN HANNITY (54), headed to Cleveland himself.

BRET BAIER

What pact?

SEAN HANNITY

Breitbart is saying there's a pact among our top 50 on-air talents. If Roger gets fired, we all walk.

BRET BAIER

Really?

NEIL CAVUTO

Great!

JEANINE PIRRO

Wait, I've never heard of a pact.

BRET

Me, either.

They all deflate again.

BRET

Roger placed it.

SEAN HANNITY

Fake news.

INT. BREAKFAST NOOK - GRETCHEN'S HOUSE - WESTCHESTER - DAY

Gretchen sits in an alcove full of her teenagers' trophies.

She was helping those kids, KAIA (13) and CHRISTIAN (11), do their homework. She's taken a call, keeping her voice even.

She's also fighting her pity...

GRETCHEN (ON THE PHONE)

How bad does it look for Roger?

NEIL (O.S.)

Bad.

GRETCHEN

It's not...it doesn't feel like I imagined it would.

NANCY (O.S.)

You achieved something remarkable.

CONTINUED:

GRETCHEN  
 (a simple concession)  
 Yes. I did.  
 (then)  
 I think it's time we finish this.

INT. SUSAN'S TEMP OFFICE - CORPORATE FIRM - MIDTOWN-DAY

A provisional office, wholly free of any decoration.

Roger and Beth sit across from Susan and Three Colleagues to discuss his exit package. Roger's morose; Beth, indignant.

BETH  
 Forty million?! That's twenty they owe us for last year's bonus, and the twenty guaranteed by Roger's contract. No matter why he leaves!  
 (calms herself)  
 That number will say he was fired.

ROGER  
 I made the Murdoch's 1.5 billion in profit last year. Pure profit.  
 (miserable)  
 Fox News is the most successful cable franchise in history.

SUSAN  
 It's an opening offer.

SUSAN'S ASSISTANT (35) opens the door. Susan shoots her a look. *What could possibly be worth interrupting?*

SUSAN'S ASSISTANT  
 Gretchen Carlson's lawyers.

SUSAN  
 (standing)  
 She wants to settle. It's a lot less appealing to sue you "personally" without Rupert's money behind you.

INT. HALLWAY - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - DAY

Hurrying down a lonely corridor, Megyn passes a Techie.

MEGYN  
 Hey, Ken.

No response.

CONTINUED:

She stops, turns, watches the Techie lumber on.

MEGYN  
Hello, Ken!

Ken doesn't turn, ignoring her, sending a clear message.

INT. LOCKER ROOM DOOR - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - DAY

Rattled by the encounter, Megyn finds her door ajar.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Wary, Megyn pushes the door open. And turns on the lights.

She enters. All looks normal.

THREE LITTLE HUMANS jump out at her...

MEGYN'S KIDS  
Boo!

Doug's brought the family for a surprise visit.

MEGYN  
(recovers)  
Guys! Wow! What a surprise!

AD-LIB a barrage of greetings and kisses. She picks up her 3-year-old. *Thatcher, look at you. You're in Cleveland!*

DOUG  
They've been working on that scare  
for weeks.

THEIR DAUGHTER  
Is the bad man gone yet?! Is the  
bad man gone?!

Her older kids CHANT. *Gone! Gone!* They band march around her.

MEGYN  
It's more complicated than that.  
(they ignore her)  
Guys. Yards. Yates. Guys, c'mon.

Doug gives her a look. *Good luck with that.*

DOUG  
(under the yelling)  
How's it going?

CONTINUED:

MEGYN

I'm either damned for doing it or  
damned for not doing it sooner.

A Nanny leads the kids out. Sensing rare vulnerability, Doug pulls her to him, holds her without a trace of irony.

MEGYN

Tell me my big mouth didn't ruin  
our life.

DOUG

Not yet.

INT. SUSAN'S TEMP OFFICE - CORPORATE FIRM - MIDTOWN - DAY

When Susan returns from her call with Nancy and Martin, there is grief in her eyes -- a tough woman losing hard-won faith.

SUSAN

Can I speak to Roger alone, please.

The other Lawyers leave. Beth stays.

SUSAN

(to Roger)

You sure you want Beth here?

ROGER

Of course.

Susan nods, has no choice but to come join them at the table.

SUSAN

Gretchen taped your conversations.

ROGER

That's bullshit.

SUSAN

For over a year.

BETH

But you don't believe her?

SUSAN

Your quotes, in her lawsuit,  
they're from tapes.

ROGER

They can't be.

(reeling)

Why didn't they tell us before?

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

So you'd issue complete denials. So you'd have no credibility.

A long, ugly beat.

They're screwed.

SUSAN

Apparently, she did her homework.

Roger stares ahead, desperate to recall those conversations.

Devastated, Beth turns away from her husband.

INT. FOX NEWS BOOTH - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - NIGHT

Megyn anchors with big a headset and tiny spaghetti straps. Rudi Guiliani finishes below. *God Bless America! USA!*

MEGYN

Mr. Guiliani is fired up. When we come back we'll discuss his speech.

They go to commercial. *Okay, we're out. You good? Thumbs up.*

GIL (IN HER EAR)

Don't react. Okay?  
(she nods)  
Roger's out.

CLOSE on Megyn, the news is shocking, emotionally complicated.

MEGYN

Is that sourced, Gil?

GIL (IN HER EAR)

Yeah. The New York Post. They put him on the cover. Tweeted it with, "The end is near for Roger Ailes".

The convention continues in all it's gaudy glory below, PHOTO of Trump -- the man Ailes's formed -- big on the jumbotron.

GIL (IN HER EAR)

Rupert's telling him to let go.

MEGYN

And it's a scoop.

INT./EXT. ROGER'S SUV - FOX NEWS CORP BUILDING - DAY

Silent, Roger and Beth approach the News Corp building.

The DRIVER'S RADIO crackles a garbled message.

DRIVER

They want me to circle the block.

BETH

What's going on?

They peer out onto the empty plaza. Roger checks his phone.

Realizing...

ROGER

I've been shut out.

He shows Beth his phone: the signal indicator says No Service.

INT. BASE CAMPS - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

IN ONE SHOT we go from Lily at her desk -- in headphones, ignoring her phone -- to a passing and shocked Greta...

GRETA VAN SUSTEREN (ON THE PHONE)

It's true. It was all true.

...to Neil Cavuto, trying to keep his voice down,...

NEIL CAVUTO (ON THE PHONE)

I'm a manager here. I have concerns  
my public defense of Roger could be  
construed as coercive.

...to Kimberly, strutting thru proudly in pants...

NEIL CAVUTO

Hey, pants.

KIMBERLY

Fuck off, Neil.

INT. FOYER - RUPERT'S LUXURY CONDO - UPPER EASTSIDE - DAY

RUPERT MURDOCH comes downstairs, joining James and Lachlan.

INT. DINING ROOM - RUPERT'S LUXURY CONDO - NY - DAY

A lunch of salads and sandwiches sits uneaten on the buffet. Roger and Susan sit and wait. Quick FOOTSTEPS. A low VOICE.

Susan helps Roger stand.

RUPERT MURDOCH (86) sweeps in. He's the most energetic man in this or any room. James, Lachlan and Gerson follow.

The mogul speaks in an earthy, Australian growl.

RUPERT  
Appreciate you drivin' up, Roger.

They shake hands.

RUPERT  
I hate we've come to this.

ROGER  
Me, too.

An awkward beat.

They take their seats at a table for one final negotiation.

ROGER  
We gave these women jobs. Put them  
on the air. Made them famous.

Rupert nods. *That we did.*

ROGER  
Do you think for a goddamn second I  
did damage to any of them?  
(no response)  
No. You don't.  
(no response)  
You don't, Rupert.

Rupert considers. All eyes on him. Then, gesturing them to the table, he says a very damning thing in his world.

RUPERT  
There's no audience for that side  
of the story.

JUMP CUT:

Roger and Susan sit across from Lachlan, Rupert and James. Gerson hands them a number. Their opening offer.

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

To begin with, half this you already owe him, for last year's bonus.

GERSON ZWEIFACH

And we're paying it.

LACHLAN

(to Roger)

And paying off your contract.

JAMES

Consider yourself lucky.

Roger ponders the three men across from him, his bosses, his life-long anti-elitism rankles at this dynamic.

ROGER

I created the Murdoch family's most profitable asset, a third of your margin. There are three of you. I guess that means I pay for the food one of you puts in his mouth.

He looks James right in the eye, a final belligerence.

ROGER

(simple)

What if it's you?

JAMES

I'd have fired you for cause.

LACHLAN

Gentlemen.

Rupert puts a hand on James's forearm to silence him. He's rueful, but full of finality.

RUPERT

You built an amazing business. No one can take that from you. But, under the circumstances, this is a lot of money. It won't look good to people who don't know your worth. Take it. Honor your non-compete.

The Murdochs are unified and unmovable. Everyone knows Roger must ultimately bow to the power of ownership, hard wealth.

A general giving up his post, he grows emotional.

ROGER

I never cared about the money.



CONTINUED: (2)

RUPERT  
We know, Roger.

A long beat.

There's nothing left to say.

ROGER  
Okay. Okay, I'd like to go to the  
newsroom with you. I'd like us  
announce my leaving together.

It's the most conciliatory we've seen Roger Ailes. Susan nods  
like it's a given. Rupert considers. Everyone waits.

Finally...

RUPERT  
No.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RUPERT'S LUXURY CONDO - NY - DAY

James and Lachlan stand at a window, looking down far below.

THEIR POV: Roger hobbles over the sidewalk to his SUV. Susan  
holds his arm, helping. He seems so small, so insignificant.

JAMES  
The end of the leg man.

LACHLAN  
I won't miss him.

They watch him. Ponder.

Rupert appears in the Foyer behind them, ready to head out.

RUPERT  
Boys.

They follow him out.

INT. ELEVATOR - RUPERT'S LUXURY CONDO - DAY

The Murdochs ride in silence. Rupert is unemotional, seems to  
have already moved on in his mind. James starts to text.

The Australian patriarch suddenly mumbles...

RUPERT  
Hope you two know what you're doing.

CONTINUED:

His tone is not harsh. He knows there's been a palace coup and, in his own way, he's proud of his off-spring.

Still...

RUPERT

Once Roger's office is cleared of hand guns, I'll move in. I'll run the network. Till the ship's aright.

His sons exchange a look; it's an outcome they did not want.

Dad's phone RINGS. He peers through glasses to check it.

RUPERT

It's Donald.

The boys stare flabbergasted.

RUPERT (ON THE PHONE)

(now he's warm)

How's that speech coming?

INT. FOX STAGING AREA - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - DAY

Megyn hurries through the chaos of MEDIA CITY.

She approaches a guarded TENTED OFF AREA, ignoring questions from SIX REPORTERS from other networks who follow her.

MEGYN

Convention's down there, Folks!

POST REPORTER

Would you say people are shocked?

ABC REPORTER

Can Rupert afford to dump Roger?

MSNBC REPORTER

C'mon, Megyn, what did he do to you?

Inside the Tented Area, Fox Employees wait in tense silence.

A MASSIVE TV SCREEN looms in front with make-shift cubicles, cheap card tables separated by plastic piping. A provisional studio in the corner. Guards are in here, too.

A dozen employees try not to look at Megyn, masking their curiosity or anger, a couple glare with indignation.

CONTINUED:

MEGYN (V.O.)

*Here's the surprise ending to this story: Gretchen Carlson got the Murdochs put the rights of women above profits. If only temporarily.*

Feeling their judgment, she turns, focuses on the monitor.

MEGYN (V.O.)

*And I found myself with a job I didn't want, but couldn't really leave, even when I left it.*

We can see a feed behind her...Four Black Santas protest her.

INT. NEWSROOM - FOX - BASEMENT - DAY

Kayla steps up behind Jess, pulls the camping PHOTO out of her desk drawer and puts it back beside the computer.

KAYLA

You should keep that out.

Jess is surprised by her friend's new-found acceptance.

BILL SHINE (O.S.)

People, can I get your attention, please!

Interns stack boxes of printer paper to make a podium. Bill Shine and Rupert stand by as a small dais is made.

BILL SHINE (O.S.)

Mr Murdoch is joining us today. He has a statement he'd like to say.

Everyone stops working, turns off monitors, stands, listens.

The CEO steps up, commands the rooms attention.

RUPERT

Excuse me, everyone.

Lily and Julia stand in the Kelly File pod.

RUPERT

I won't take long.

INT. FOX STAGING AREA - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - DAY

Gil has joined Megyn to watch Rupert.

RUPERT (ON MONITOR)  
Roger Ailes is leaving Fox.

It's not a surprise but hearing it solicits GASPS & MURMURS.

Megyn tries hard not to react.

INT. NEWSROOM - FOX - BASEMENT - DAY

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
I want to start by thanking Roger for his remarkable contribution to our company. And to our country. Twenty years ago, Roger shared my vision...

We find Jess and Kayla in their cubicle.

Jess puts the camping PHOTO away again. Kayla has turned to catch her doing so, sees her friend's courage fail.

KAYLA (V.O.)  
*Here's the thing about being sexually harassed at work: it condemns you to questions. You keep asking yourself ...What did I do? What did I say? What did I wear? What did I miss?*

Jess avoids Kayla's glance.

INT. WNYW STUDIO - FOX AFFILIATE - NY - DAY

Juliet and her crew watch an internal broadcast.

KAYLA (V.O.)  
*Am I seen as weak?*

INT. FOX STAGING AREA - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - DAY

Alisyn Camerota has been brought over to shielded monitor by an Old Sound Colleague and given a set of headphones.

KAYLA (V.O.)  
*Will they say I'm after money?*

INT. BASE CAMPS - FOX - 17TH FLOOR - DAY

Julie Roginsky watches the monitor, quietly relieved

KAYLA (V.O.)  
*Will they say I'm after attention?*

EXT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT CIRCLE - RIVERSIDE PARK, NY - DAY

Rudi finishes a run at the end of the park.

Rudi's voice joins in...

KAYLA (V.O.)  
*Will I be left out?*

She breathes quick and shallow -- it's been a long run.

INT. FOX STAGING AREA - QUICKEN LOANS ARENA - CLEVELAND - DAY

CLOSE on Megyn full of intense and complicated emotion.

KAYLA (V.O.)  
*Will I be defined by this for the rest of my life?*

INT. NEWSROOM - FOX - BASEMENT - DAY

CLOSE on Kayla.

KAYLA (V.O.)  
*Do I have to just put up with it?*

Kayla picks up her bag and leaves the cubicle.

With a quick glance at Jess, she walks away from the pod and for the rear door, walking out on the CEO's big announcement.

Jess watches Kayla go. Realizes she's leaving for good. The slightest of smiles crosses Jess's lips.

KAYLA (V.O.)  
*Or...can I find a place that's different?*

Kayla makes her way through the listening crowd.

KAYLA (V.O.)  
*Can I make it different?*

She drops her keycard lanyard in the trash. She heads out.

INT./EXT. CAFE - MIDTOWN - NIGHT

Nearly empty. Gretchen reads her Kindle, waiting on someone.

GRETCHEN (V.O.)  
*Roger always said you only have one  
 job on television. To be likable.*

She glances up to find Megyn out on the sidewalk with a ANDY LACK of NBC, her Handsome Agent and a New Assistant. They've come from a meeting, full of promise and good will.

GRETCHEN (V.O.)  
*Well, I don't care if you like me,  
 only that you believe me.*

She watches Lack hug Megyn good-bye.

As the Assistant hails a cab, Megyn turns from her team...and sees Gretchen. They exchange a bittersweet nod.

GRETCHEN (V.O.)  
*A lot of people, even women, are  
 skeptical of harassment claims...  
 until the day they experience it,  
 or know someone who does.*

Their eyes hold -- separated by glass -- until a taxi stops.

INT. SUBURBAN LAW OFFICE - NJ - DAY

Gretchen is back across from Nancy and Neil. She reads Fox's offer, marking a few details. They wait.

She turns to us, just for a moment, and says...

GRETCHEN (TO CAMERA)  
 Let me be that person for you.

NEIL  
 As you can see, it's 20 million.

GRETCHEN  
 Plus the apology?

NEIL  
 Correct.

GRETCHEN (V.O.)  
*Because, while I can never tell my  
 story, you can.*

CONTINUED:

GRETCHEN

I can't believe Fox said yes to an apology. That's...unheard of.

She murmurs mostly to herself, moved. The woman who leads with her successes can't quite believe this one.

NANCY

But you will have to sign a strict confidentially agreement.

NEIL

The money will establish that you told the truth, but no one can ever hear it directly it from you.

NANCY

You will be muzzled, Gretchen.

A long beat.

GRETCHEN

Maybe.

And an ambiguous smile.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

END CARDS begin...

**The year Roger Ailes and Bill O'Reilly were fired, Fox News paid \$50 million to the victims of sexual harassment.**

**Fox paid \$65 in severance to Ailes and O'Reilly.**

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**The women who risked their careers to speak up against Ailes were the first to bring down a public figure of his stature.**

**But not the last.**

FADE TO:

CREDITS.

End.