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 GRETCHEL 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 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
--auggh, 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.

GRETCHE (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.

GRETCHE
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.

GRETCHE
“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?

GRETCHE
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.

GRETCHE (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.

GRETCHE (TO CAMERA)
I hate second base.

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

GRETCHE
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.

GRETHECHEN
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?

GRETHECHEN
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?

GRETHECHEN
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?

GRETHECHEN
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.

GRETCHE
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.

GRETCHE
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.

GRETCHE
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?

GRETCHE
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?

GRETCHE
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.

GRETCHE
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?

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

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--

GRETHECH
--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. OLIVIA (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

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
0-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.

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

Alicia turns away, her attractive baby cooing adorably.

GRETHEN
Feel better now?

Gretchen watches them rattle off.

GRETHEN
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 primp's. 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.


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 SUSTER (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                        LILY
There’s a hotline?          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 Guiliani 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 Rudi 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.

INT. GRETCHEN’S LIVING ROOM – DAY

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.

GRETCHEL
No one?

NANCY
Rudi Bakthair.

GRETCHEL
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.

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

She leans into her only hope.

GRETCHEL
I mean, guys, c’mom, 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.

GRETCHEL
Megyn share? No. No, she wouldn’t take it.

NANCY
What makes you say that?

GRETCHEL
I wouldn’t.

That’s hard to argue with.

GRETCHEL
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


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.
(them)
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:  

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 dammingly silent.

MEGYN (CONT’D)
Fuck.

INT. HOME GYM – GRETCHEEN’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:

GRETHE
(a simple concession)
Yes. I did.

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)

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. Gold 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.

      GRETCHEL (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.

      GRETCHEL (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.

      GRETCHEL (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...

      GRETCHEL (TO CAMERA)
      Let me be that person for you.

      NEIL
      As you can see, it’s 20 million.

      GRETCHEL
      Plus the apology?

      NEIL
      Correct.

      GRETCHEL (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.

---

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.