

SPIDERWOMAN
"Pilot"

Written by

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Based on,
Comic Books and Characters
Written and Created by Stan Lee

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INT. POLICE CRIME SCENE. WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

Camera snapshots of CAUTION TAPE, SIRENS, and BLOOD on the ground. We follow TWO COPS as they walk through puddles of blood and step over gore.

More snapshots of GUNS and BULLETS splayed on the ground. DETECTIVE SIMON BAGLEY and LIEUTENANT SABRINA MORREL stop in front of a DEAD BODY with its neck cinched by a strange-looking thick rope.

DT. BAGLEY

This is... I've seen a lot but this.

LT. MORREL

Yeah. It's worse than the last three.

DT. BAGLEY

I didn't think it could get worse.

LT. MORREL

Anything new?

DT. BAGLEY

No. No prints. Camera down. Computers wiped. And-

LT. MORREL

And nobody saw a thing.

DT. BAGLEY

Lieutenant, we didn't even know this place existed. This is supposed to be a clothing warehouse. But there was-

Lt. Morrel stares at the body.

LT. MORREL

Why are the bodies still here?

DT. BAGLEY

That's what I was getting to ma'am. They thought you might want to call in other specialists.

DT. Bagley bends down towards the body. He uses a gloved hand to carefully pull on the rope and fray it.

LT. MORREL

What is that?

Lt. Morrel bends down next to him trying to get a closer look without touching.

DT. BAGLEY
We believe it's webbing ma'am.

LT. MORREL
That doesn't make any sense.

DT. BAGLEY
I know ma'am. And I don't know about you but...

He gently puts the rope back down and stands up again now looking down at Lt. Morrel.

DT. BAGLEY (CONT'D)
When have you ever heard of Spiderman killing anybody?

CUT TO:

TITLE: SPIDERWOMAN

Old school Spiderman animated show style theme plays as...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS- NIGHT

We move away from the crime scene to the city streets. Eventually arriving at a luxury building apartment window. Think 33 Temeha. A time-lapse to morning ensues and...

INT. JESS'S BEDROOM- MORNING

A phone ALARM barely gets a note out as a hand goes to quickly shut it off. JESSICA DREW (mid 20s) sits up in bed before standing up and stretching.

She heads into the bathroom.

INT. JESS'S BATHROOM- CONTINUOUS

Where standing in front of the sink mirror we get to focus on her face. She brushes a hand through her hair. Grabs a pair of COLORED CONTACTS from the side of the sink and is about to put one in when she sees BLOOD still caked under her fingernails.

JESS
God dammit.

INT. JESS'S APARTMENT- MORNING

The apartment is well-lived in but clean. Generic decor except for a nicely FRAMED SCREEN showcasing a conspiracy web map riddled with crossed-out faces and very few remaining red lines.

Jess migrates over to the couch. The coffee table is an organized mess: a laptop, a separate keyboard, and mouse, dozens of printouts of blueprints and employee profiles, and TWO different CELL PHONES. One rings with an unsaved number.

JESS

Hello-

CALLER

Hello? Is this the right number for Jessica Drew?

JESS

Yes, may I ask who's calling?

CALLER

Oh, yes. My name is Harry Claremont. I'm calling about my son he hasn't been home-

JESS

I'm sorry, Mr. Claremont was it?

HARRY

Uh, yes.

The other phone gets an incoming call from **"The Office"**.

JESS

Listen, I'm sorry sir but small or personal cases should be directed elsewhere. The police have decent referrals but I only deal with corporate-level clientele-

HARRY

Yes, I know but you worked-

JESS

I'm sorry, really. I wish you the best of luck.

She hangs up and answers the other call. We don't hear the other end.

JESS (CONT'D)

Got it. I can be there in thirty.

INT. SFPD STATION- DAY

We glide through the police station. It's bustling as per usual. We land on OFFICER GREG KANE (stocky, late 30s) chatting with OFFICER SMITTY.

OFFICER KANE

They've been in there for three hours or at least I've been here for that long and they haven't left.

He nods his head over towards an office. The windows are glazed over but shadows moving around can just be made out.

OFFICER SMITTY

Any clue what it's about?

OFFICER KANE

I would assume the warehouse. This is what the third incident-

OFFICER SMITTY

Fourth.

OFFICER KANE

Fourth, whatever. I imagine they're starting to get a lotta heat. I can't shake the feeling that Drew girl is involved.

OFFICER SMITTY

You always think she's involved.

OFFICER KANE

I'm usually right.

OFFICER SMITTY

You're usually wrong. At best half-right-

OFFICER KANE

Alright.

OFFICER SMITTY

You lean less towards Nancy Drew and more towards that saying about broken cl-

OFFICER KANE

Alright!

Smitty gives a gesture of surrender. They continue talking but it becomes muffled as we enter...

INT. LIEUTENANT SABRINA MORREL'S OFFICE- MEANWHILE

Lt. Sabrina Morrel sits at her desk exhausted and annoyed as Dt. Simon Bagley paces back and forth. He's at the manic stage of sleep deprivation.

DT. BAGLEY

We have to tell somebody.

LT. MORREL

We don't have to do jack shit,
Simon.

DT. BAGLEY

This isn't some back alley mugging.
We're talking about a superhero. An
avenger ma'am. The public should
know.

LT. MORREL

The public should know what it can
handle. Listen, we both should get
some rest we can-

DT. BAGLEY

We could at least bring this to the
Serg I mean there's way more going
on here than we thought.

LT. MORREL

We don't even know if that was
actually webbing-

DT. BAGLEY

Forensics will show-

LT. MORREL

Forensics hasn't come back with
anything. Not the first time, not
the second time, not the-

DT. BAGLEY

I get it.

LT. MORREL

No, I don't think you do. What
we've found in those warehouses is
not what you're equipped to deal
with.

DT. BAGLEY

I have to disagree.

LT. MORREL

Yes, I know. You've done great work on this force. For years, great work. But the way you're wrapped up in this... is not great work.

DT. BAGLEY

I'm putting in good hours. I've got a lead.

LT. MORREL

You're putting in too many hours. And now you're chasing some crazy idea of Spiderman committing multiple felonies all the way across the country.

Bagley finally stops pacing. He faces Morrel.

DT. BAGLEY

You're gonna take me off this aren't you?

LT. MORREL

I'm politely forcing you to take a different case.

DT. BAGLEY

"Politely forcing". That's a new one.

LT. MORREL

There are rumors about a potential informant roaming around. I want you to join Officer Kane in looking into it.

DT. BAGLEY

Greg? You've got to be fucking kidding me.

LT. MORREL

Listen, Simon, I'm not doing this as your Lieutenant, I'm doing this as your friend.

DT. BAGLEY

For now.

LT. MORREL

For now.

DT. BAGLEY
 If I just said "fine" and walked
 out of here would that be
 convincing enough?

LT. MORREL
 Not at all. But I'd take it over
 you creating track marks on my
 carpet.

DT. BAGLEY
 Fine.

He walks out of the office barely hiding his agitation.

INT. SFPD STATION- SECONDS LATER

We watch Bagley march out and BEELINE toward Officer Kane and
 Officer Smitty.

OFFICER KANE
 Please tell me he's not marching
 over to us.

OFFICER SMITTY
 With that murderous look, I'd say
 he's walking to you not me.

Officer Smitty leaves as Dt. Bagley arrives.

DT. BAGLEY
 Greg.

OFFICER KANE
 Simo-

DT. BAGLEY
 Detective Bagley.

OFFICER KANE
 Right.

DT. BAGLEY
 I need you to brief me on the
 informant case.

OFFICER KANE
 Oh, my case? Sure-

DT. BAGLEY
 Our case now.

OFFICER KANE

Well, my case first so... yeah our case is to track down a rumored rat.

DT. BAGLEY

And whose info do they have?

OFFICER KANE

You see that's the thing. I don't know if I really buy into this being legit. Supposedly someone jumped ship from The Doc.

DT. BAGLEY

Someone is willing to spill on The Doctor?

OFFICER KANE

Oh trust me, I was even more shocked when I first heard.

DT. BAGLEY

Reliable source?

OFFICER KANE

It's hard to know if anything is legit with The Doctor. I can get good intel on anyone in this city except for that bastard. You'd think he's been in the city forever now 7 years.

DT. BAGLEY

When did this pop up?

OFFICER KANE

Literally two days ago but it's getting a lot of attention on the street.

DT. BAGLEY

Understandably so. I wonder what made someone turn.

OFFICER KANE

Did the Lieutenant put you on this?

DT. BAGLEY

Yes.

OFFICER KANE

Still, no leads on the warehouses then?

DT. BAGLEY
Yes.

OFFICER KANE
Tough.

DT. BAGLEY
Yeah.

Beat.

OFFICER KANE
I can brief you on more in the car.

DT. BAGLEY
Where are we heading?

OFFICER KANE
I really hoped you'd end up having
an idea.

DT. BAGLEY
No leads?

OFFICER KANE
You think anyone in their right
mind is gonna give up something on
The Doctor?

DT. BAGLEY
Alright. We should hit up other
precincts first. Then I got a
couple of places we should check
out but we got to get going.

They head out.

OFFICER KANE
There's no way we're finding this
guy in one piece.

DT. BAGLEY
Probably not Greg, probably not.

INT. THE "DOCTOR" OFFICE- DAY

A long bland hallway in shades of grey and white. A few people are milling about in business attire.

Jess is confidently taking long strides. Fixes what we suspect is a GUN holstered behind her back.

She pushes open a door and walks into...

INT. THE WAITING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

It looks like a classic pediatrician's waiting room. Colorful walls, a little play area, and tons of picture books.

JESS

This place will never not be creepy.

She spots THE RECEPTIONIST (20s, feels inhuman) but looks confused and makes her way over.

JESS (CONT'D)

Hello. You're new here, aren't you?

RECEPTIONIST

Hello, yes. Welcome to the Doctor's Office. How may I assist you?

There's a clipped manner to the way she speaks and has an unsettling grin plastered on her face.

JESS

Right... do I get to ask what happened to Sarah?

RECEPTIONIST

She was deemed inept at her post.

JESS

Right.

RECEPTIONIST

What can I help you with today?

JESS

Right. Well, I'm Jessica Drew. Last minute meeting with the Doctor. Just got booked this morning.

RECEPTIONIST

So, no appointment?

JESS

Uh, no sorry. Got a call and I came. I've been here quite a number of times.

The receptionist types on a keyboard for a moment.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, I see here. Welcome back Miss Drew. Are there any toys you wish to declare?

JESS

Nope. Just came in for a quick...
check up.

Jess' demeanor doesn't change a bit at the lie.

RECEPTIONIST

Your file shows you usually check
in with a kaleidoscope. 9 colors.
Very traditional.

JESS

Left it at home today. Was in a bit
of a rush.

RECEPTIONIST

Well Miss Drew the Doctor will see
you now if you would just follow
me.

JESS

Thank you.

Jess follows the Receptionist down a tight corridor and they
stop at a door.

RECEPTIONIST

Please do not inquire about Sarah
again.

JESS

I-

RECEPTIONIST

Have a pleasant appointment,
Jessica Drew.

As she leaves Jess immediately opens the door to step into...

INT. THE OFFICE OF DR. S- CONTINUOUS

The office is a full display of decadence. DR. S (Russian,
late 50s-60s) sits behind a large desk.

DR. S

Ah, one of my favorite people.
Please Miss Jessica sit down.

JESS

Nice to see you too Doc. Can't say
I love the new receptionist.

DR. S
Yes, I imagined you would not.
Please sit.

JESS
So, what do you got for me?

DR. S
Always in such a hurry my dear.
Sit.

Jess slowly moves to sit.

DR. S (CONT'D)
Lovely. Care for a drink?

JESS
Politely, it's the morning.

DR. S
So no, I take it?

JESS
Unfortunately no. Even with a
doctor's recommendation.

DR. S
Always a laugh with you. We really
should move our meetings to a later
time. I have incredible scotch at
hand.

JESS
Hm.

DR. S
Lovely. Well, Miss Jessica, I have
bit of a problem that requires
your... how do I say?

JESS
Expertise?

DR. S
Discretion.

He stands up and walks to the front of his desk to perch
there.

DR. S (CONT'D)
One of my worker bees has decided
to abandon the hive. I need my
lovely beekeeper to bring him home.

JESS
You worried he's gonna talk?

DR. S
There are some special
circumstances surrounding this
particular pest yes. I need you to
bring him to me.

He reaches behind himself to pull an ENVELOPE from a drawer.
He walks over to loom over Jessica as he hands it over.

DR. S (CONT'D)
All the necessary details.

JESS
Ah, so that means no name, no
personal info. I take it you don't
have any leads.

DR. S
Oh, Miss Jessica, you have achieved
far more with less.

JESS
Flattery is a great tactic.

DR. S
Find him. Deliver him. The rest
will be taken care of and the money
wired to you directly as per usual.
No need for a follow-up
appointment.

JESS
No follow-up? And you're sure you
want him alive?

DR. S
I do hate to repeat myself, Miss
Jessica. Do not sully our lovely
chats.

JESS
Right. Apologies. Thank you for
your time Doc.

DR. S
Always such a pleasure my dear.

There's a beat and then he finally walks back to his desk and
sits down.

DR. S (CONT'D)

Do make this whole ordeal quick. I would prefer if rumors and anxieties were cut down sooner rather than later.

JESS

My average is 48 hours.

DR. S

I would prefer you set a record. Goodbye, Miss Jessica.

JESS

Yes, sir.

She quickly gets up and leaves.

INT. JESSICA'S CAR- MOMENTS LATER

It's a very nice car. It's very messy inside. Her phone rings, not the one from before, and it's a "Linds" calling.

JESS

Hey, Linds I-

LINDSAY

Oh good, you're not dead.

JESS

Why would I be dead?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. COFFEE SHOP- DAY

LINDSAY MCCABE. Beautiful, dressed wonderfully, waits impatiently to order coffee.

LINDSAY

Um, let's see. First of all, it's my birthday and you haven't presented me with copious gifts and a shitty card-

JESS

Fuck Linds listen I promise-

LINDSAY

Let me finish. Secondly, you refused to answer your phone last night.

(MORE)

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

And lastly, that crazy shit went down in the Mission District last night and you're always lurking around there for work stuff.

Gets to the counter.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Can I get an oat milk latte with two pumps of caramel, please?

JESS

You forgot to say iced.

LINDSAY

Iced please, thank you!

JESS

You're welcome.

LINDSAY

I was talking to the barista and you know it. And don't try to change the subject!

JESS

You're the one who interrupted this wellness check for a coffee.

LINDSAY

I waited for you to answer the phone before I ordered! I don't know why I'm the one explaining myself right now.

JESS

Alright, alright. Going back to square one-

LINDSAY

My best friend not being physically next to me on my birthday?

JESS

I was actually referring to my theorized demise but listen I just have a quick case to close out and then I'm all yours I promise.

LINDSAY

Uh-huh, sure.

JESS

I promise Linds. You name the time and place and I'll be there.

LINDSAY

I would assume so. Already made a reservation at Boulevard for 1 pm.

JESS

You know I find it fascinating that whenever I'm the one paying suddenly the restaurant has four dollar signs to its name.

BARISTA

Latte for Lindsay!

Lindsay heads to the counter and spruces up her latte.

LINDSAY

It's incredibly fascinating almost like you make a ton of money and I have to deal with your broody ass all the time so I deserve some of it.

INT. JESSICA'S CAR- SAME TIME

Jess is about to fire back but we see she's suddenly getting an incoming call on her phone. It's Harry Claremont's number.

JESS

(to herself) What the fuck.

LINDSAY

What no witty comeback? No 'I'm not broody, I'm not grumpy Lindsay' blah, blah, blah.

JESS

Give me a second.

LINDSAY

Jess wha-

She puts Lindsay on hold and takes Harry's call.

HARRY

Hello, Miss Dre-

JESS

Listen, I don't know how you got this number and you better pray to whatever god or thing you believe in that I don't find out. Stop. Calling. Me.

HARRY

I-

JESS

You can take your problems to the police, you know? The people who are paid to deal with precisely these issues. Not me. Don't let me hear from you again.

She hangs up on him and takes a deep breath before going back to Lindsay.

LINDSAY

You know what I just love? Being put on hold.

JESS

I'm sorry. This guy has just been badgering me about a personal case. How he got my personal number is beyond me.

LINDSAY

What's the case?

JESS

Um, some guy named Clearmont or Claremont I don't know. He said his son is MIA but he hasn't even talked to the police yet. It's bullshit.

INT. COFFEE SHOP- SAME TIME

Lindsay quickly sits herself down at a table and writes down Jess' words on a napkin.

LINDSAY

You used to jump at stuff like that you know.

JESS

I am fully aware of what I used to do. *Beat.* That was harsher than I intended.

LINDSAY
Apology accepted.

JESS
What I do now pays better and
causes a lot fewer headaches than
the newly undusted.

LINDSAY
You just also used to actually help
people.

JESS
How do you know I'm not helping
people now?

LINDSAY
Are you?

Beat.

JESS
Boulevard at 1 pm right?

LINDSAY
Jess-

JESS
I'll be there. I will. Okay?

LINDSAY
Okay.

JESS
Great. Excellent.

LINDSAY
I'll see you later I guess.

JESS
You will... happy birthday.

LINDSAY
Thanks Jess.

Lindsay hangs up. She takes a moment before googling and searching the names Clearmont and Claremont.

INT. DREW ENGLISH HOUSE- DAY

FLASHBACK: A cozy English countryside cottage. JONATHAN DREW (British, 40s) carries a very poorly made BIRTHDAY CAKE over to a 13-year-old Jessica.

JESS
You really didn't have to make it
yourself.

JONATHAN
It is objectively edible.

As he sets down a very poorly scribed "HAPPY BIRTHDAY
PUMPKIN" with a cheap looking 13 candle in the center.

JESS
Dad, I'm not a child anymore you
could have at least just put my
name.

JONATHAN
But then you wouldn't feel
embarrassed and it wouldn't be any
fun!

Jessica playfully shoves him. A wide smile across her face.

JESS
Alright, now you have to be quiet
for my wish.

JONATHAN
Oh, so wishes aren't too childish
are they?

JESS
I'm a teenager not an old man...
like some people I know.

Jonathan raises his hands in defense and mimes zipping his
mouth shut. Jessica closes her eyes and wishes.

There's MOVEMENT by a window that catches Jonathan's eye.

JONATHAN
Sweetie-

JESS
Something's wrong.

JONATHAN
I want you to go through the back
and get-

CRASH! Windows BURST and the front door is broken down.
AGENTS flood in... they're BLACK WIDOWS.

They immediately GRAB Jonathan and go for Jessica but her strength manages to keep them off her. Only for a short while.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Jessica! Don't fight them!
Everything is going to be okay I
need you to stop darling!

JESS

Dad, what's going on? Who the hell
are you people? Let me go! Dad?!

They're both INJECTED. Jonathan immediately passes out but Jess manages to fight it off.

She's injected again. Through a blurry haze, she hears a man's voice. GENERAL DREYKOV.

GENERAL DREYKOV

A fighter. Good. Take note of how
much it takes to put her down. Take
the father to Pierce's people
immediately. The little one comes
with me.

Coming into view from behind Dreykov is TASKMASTER. The masked figure grabs Jessica. She tries to fight one last time... she fails.

EXT. THE TRAVEL AGENCY- DAY

PRESENT DAY: Jessica on the phone stands outside a rundown-looking travel agency office. She looks down at an address written on her notepad.

JESS

Oh if this is a dead end I'm gonna
kill you Ishima.

DAVID

Yeah, I know. Good thing I'm always
right.

He hangs up. Jessica sort of huffs and heads in.

INT. THE TRAVEL AGENCY- CONTINUOUS

Jessica enters. It's dingy and borders on looking legit. There's a reception desk but no one is around.

JESS

Hello?

Nothing.

JESS (CONT'D)

Great. Perfect start to a horror movie.

She walks to the counter and as she's about to reach it a man SHOOTs UP from under the desk. He bumps his head on the way back.

BIRD

Aw, shit!

BIRD is a spindly and wiry-looking man. Hard to tell if he's young or old.

JESS

Are you alright? Mr.?

BIRD

Mr.? No, the name's Bird. Jesus my head is swimming. Anyway, welcome to Getaway Voyages. We're here to help you get away from life's daily-

JESS

Yeah, I'm not here to book a one-way.

BIRD

You a cop?

JESS

God no.

He gives a hard stare. His hand sliding beneath the counter.

JESS (CONT'D)

No need to get tense.

Jess holds open her jacket and turns around slowly. No wire. No badge. No gun either.

JESS (CONT'D)

I could put my hand on a bible and swear but I don't think that would mean very much to either of us.

BIRD

Alright, save me the lecture sweetheart.

(MORE)

BIRD (CONT'D)

If you're not looking for a get out of "you know where" card, how can I help you?

JESS

A sheep wandered from the herd. Trying to find him and bring him home before he roams too far. Gets himself hurt.

BIRD

So, am I dealing with the cattle dog or the shepherd herself?

JESS

Doctor's orders.

Bird noticeably tenses and swallows hard.

BIRD

Your name Drew by chance?

JESS

Interesting question.

She rests a hand on the counter. For a second it crackles with strange electrical energy. Bird jumps back in alarm.

BIRD

Wait, wait, wait! I only ask cause there was a guy that came in yesterday!

JESS

Keep going.

BIRD

He said he got mixed up in something big and needed an escape route in case a deal went south.

JESS

What kind of deal?

BIRD

No clue. We don't ask those kinds of questions.

JESS

Deal with the cops?

BIRD

Against the Doctor? Then he's a mad man and I'm fucking happy as a clam I turned him away!

JESS

Calm down. Why did you turn him away?

BIRD

Please don't hurt me.

JESS

Relax. Take a breath.

She raises her hands in a peaceful gesture.

JESS (CONT'D)

You're doing great so far. Just keep answering my questions. They haven't been too hard right?

He cautiously steps back towards the counter.

BIRD

I didn't know for sure if it was the cops. He didn't mention the Doc but he was worried- no, scared out of his mind. We work with scared all the time but the man was just too indecisive.

JESS

Something must have gone south with his deal.

BIRD

Something definitely spooked him. He for sure had enough cash to get out of town. Get to the other side of the world even but he said someone would always find him.

JESS

The Doc's got a far reach.

BIRD

He said an "Agent Drew" would catch him. That no one ever leaves the Doc. That you don't let them.

There's a long pause. Jess' face a mix of horror and pride.

JESS

Any hints on where he is now?

BIRD

I told him we have a few hideout spots for when people are waiting on their flights.

He gets out a piece of paper and writes out two addresses.

BIRD (CONT'D)

He was very particular about the kind of security there. Wanted a lot of protection. I gave him both options but I'd bet good money he's here.

He circles one of the addresses.

JESS

Why?

BIRD

It's the only spot manned 24/7. Everywhere else we got a couple hours here and there where no one's around. The guy's paranoid or I guess right.

He shakily slides the paper over to Jess.

JESS

Thank you very much Bird. I'll be sure to let the Doc know you were a big help.

BIRD

Please don't.

Fearful again and practically shaking.

BIRD (CONT'D)

I mean, thank you for the offer but... I would rather we stay off his radar.

JESS

Alright. I can manage that.

BIRD

Thank you. Now uh, as politely as possible, could you please leave?

JESS

Got it. Thanks again Bird, maybe you should take some time for a vacation yourself. You're too tense.

BIRD

Heh. Maybe.

INT. LINDSAY'S APARTMENT- DAY

Lindsay sits at her kitchen counter on her laptop. Two coffees beside her and a decent pile of birthday cards.

A notepad beside her has different variations of the name Harry Claremont as well as notes on possible careers and ages all crossed out except for one last combination.

On her laptop, we see her land on the correct HARRY CLAREMONT (60s). A good-looking older gentleman and the CEO and Founder of a huge cybersecurity firm.

LINDSAY

Come on, it's gotta be you.

She starts digging, finds the number for his receptionist, and immediately calls.

CLAREMONT ASST

Hello, this is Harry Claremont's office how can I assist you?

LINDSAY

Hi, my name is Lindsay McCabe I'm... I'm Jessica Drew's assistant. She's a P.I. who recently spoke with Mr. Claremont.

CLAREMONT ASST

Give me one moment, please.

LINDSAY

Yeah, no problem. (to herself) Why the fuck would Jess have an assistant? Lindsay, you're an idiot.

The hold music goes on for a moment.

HARRY

Hello! Miss Drew? Hello?

LINDSAY

Oh! Um, hello Mr. Claremont! This is actually her assistant.

HARRY

Will she take the case? Did she say she would take it?

Lindsay quietly celebrates to herself for finding Harry.

LINDSAY

She wants to set up a meeting actually. To go through details and whatnot. If you're available.

HARRY

I could meet right now.

LINDSAY

Oh, uh, well right now doesn't exactly work but-

HARRY

Whenever works for her. Whenever but please as soon as possible.

LINDSAY

How about 1 pm this afternoon?

HARRY

I'll be there. Give me an address and I will be there.

Nervous excitement takes over Lindsay's face.

INT. BAGLEY'S CAR- DAY (DRIVING)

Officer Kane and Detective Bagley drive through the streets of San Francisco. Kane is furiously writing and crossing out things on a notepad while Bagley drives.

DT. BAGLEY

Just spit it out.

OFFICER KANE

I don't know what you're talking about.

DT. BAGLEY

You're turning your notepad into abstract art. Just say what's on your mind.

OFFICER KANE

Fuck it, fine! We've been driving around all morning going from precinct to precinct asking the same goddamn questions about this mystery mole-

DT. BAGLEY

I understand you're-

OFFICER KANE

And getting nowhere! We're spending all this time chasing down a most likely bullshit rumor when we could be...

DT. BAGLEY

Could be what?

OFFICER KANE

Doing actually useful work.

DT. BAGLEY

Enlighten me.

OFFICER KANE

Weird shit has been going on in this city the last couple of years, right?

DT. BAGLEY

You'd have to define weird but I'll humor you. Sure.

OFFICER KANE

Something has been off. The warehouses are just the biggest symptom of it. The Doctor's been more brazen, the other big wigs have been pushing the limits of the law, hell minor offenses have been going up every month.

DT. BAGLEY

Okay.

OFFICER KANE

Okay?

DT. BAGLEY

What's your solution? What's "actually useful" work?

OFFICER KANE

I think we haven't been focusing on the rights things. The right people.

DT. BAGLEY

Kane. Speed this up, where is this going?

OFFICER KANE

You know Jessica Drew?

DT. BAGLEY

The PI?

OFFICER KANE

Yep.

Kane tosses his notepad to the ground a in ta-da moment and excitedly watches Bagley's face.

As seconds pass, the excitement starts to fade.

DT. BAGLEY

What the actual fuck are you saying?

OFFICER KANE

I'm saying what I've been saying for the last 7 months! Drew fucking knows something I can feel it in my gut.

DT. BAGLEY

Oh your gut? Great, yeah Greg Kane's gut everyone the best asset SFPD has.

OFFICER KANE

You just have a soft spot for her.

DT. BAGLEY

No, I just don't accuse random people of being the source of all crime in a city because I'm not an insane person!

OFFICER KANE

There is no record of her anywhere prior to 2023. She just pops up in New York City.

DT. BAGLEY

The blips messed with a lot of record keeping. Plus, she's not from the states.

OFFICER KANE

No. Record. Simon. A ghost.

DT. BAGLEY

Not good enough.

OFFICER KANE

Not good enough?! It's good enough to look into! To ask questions!

DT. BAGLEY

The only questions either of us should be asking right now are about the mole! Nothing and no one else, got it?

OFFICER KANE

I'm not going to another precinct.

DT. BAGLEY

Good thing I haven't been driving us to one. I've heard of a place that may actually have some answers.

They arrive at the Travel Agency and spot Jessica leaving the building.

DT. BAGLEY (CONT'D)

You better stay in this car Greg I swear to god.

OFFICER KANE

You go ask your questions and I'll ask mine.

EXT. THE TRAVEL AGENCY- DAY

Jess starts walking to her car when she spots Dt. Bagley and Officer Kane pull up.

JESS

Just what I needed.

Officer Kane hops out of the car before it can come to a full stop and heads straight to Jess.

OFFICER KANE
Afternoon Miss Drew.

JESS
How lovely, it's my favorite boar.

OFFICER KANE
Don't be smart with me.

JESS
Sir, yes sir.

OFFICER KANE
Listen, I'm just looking for
cooperation Drew. Would hate to
have to make a midday trip down to
the station.

JESS
Christ, you sound like you're
ripped from a Chandler novel.

A hard stare from Officer Kane.

JESS (CONT'D)
Marlowe? The Big Sleep? No? Forget
it. Listen, is this going to be
quick?

Det. Bagley finally exits the car and shares a knowing glance
with Jess before heading inside the travel agency.

INT. THE TRAVEL AGENCY- CONTINUOUS

Bird is rummaging through his desk as Det. Bagley walks in.

BIRD
Hello, and welcome to Getaway
Voyages where we help you-

He takes in Bagley.

BIRD (CONT'D)
Hah, yeah no. Try someplace else.

DT. BAGLEY
I just want-

EXT. THE TRAVEL AGENCY- SAME TIME

OFFICER KANE
To ask a few questions.

JESS

So far you've just mildly threatened me and missed a widely-known reference.

OFFICER KANE

Look, all of a sudden shit is really starting to hit the fan and I can't shake this feeling that somehow you're wrapped up in it.

JESS

Ah, yes. Glad to see your stalker-ish obsession with me is alive and well.

OFFICER KANE

Does this smart ass routine ever actually work for you?

JESS

Oh, no. This shtick is reserved just for you folks (*pokes his badge*) traditionally I'm quite pleasant.

Officer Kane roughly grabs her arm.

OFFICER KANE

You're pushing it, Drew.

JESS

Yeah I'm getting that. I'll give you about 2 seconds to let go of my arm.

INT. THE TRAVEL AGENCY- SAME TIME

BIRD

Listen, you can ask questions until your tongue falls out. I'm not telling you shit.

DT. BAGLEY

Let's say I came back with a warrant. I know what goes on here.

BIRD

A bunch of your guys seem to know too. And don't seem to care much.

DT. BAGLEY
 You give Jessica this treatment
 too?

BIRD
 Hm, I don't think I know a Jessica.
 If I did talk to one, I imagine she
 wasn't a fucking cop-

DT. BAGLEY
 Right.

BIRD
 Or she was tied to something with a
 lot more sway than the SFPD.

Bagley storms out.

EXT. THE TRAVEL AGENCY- DAY

Det. Bagley emerges to see Officer Kane on his knees with
 Jess standing over him twisting his wrist.

DT. BAGLEY
 Greg, I told you to take it easy.

Jess lets go after seeing Bagley.

OFFICER KANE
 I'm the one in trouble right now?!

JESS
 Greg. Man, the name gets me every
 time.

OFFICER KANE
 Shut it, dick.

DT. BAGLEY
 Why don't you go cool? Take a walk.

OFFICER KANE
 Bagley-

DT. BAGLEY
 Take a walk Officer.

Officer Kane glares at Jess as he walks away. She mouths and
 mimes "bye bye" to him.

DT. BAGLEY (CONT'D)
 Alrighty, here's the deal Jessi-

JESS

No apology for whatever that just was?

DT. BAGLEY

Trust me I'm not his biggest fan either but right now I'm stuck with him. So for both our sake, just try and play nice for two seconds.

JESS

Just get to the point.

DT. BAGLEY

Right. It's the warehouses. The deal is we have no idea who we're dealing with anymore.

JESS

This is new because?

DT. BAGLEY

I'm gonna let that slide. It's different because after last night we think...

JESS

Oh boy, I'm on the edge of my seat.

DT. BAGLEY

We *think* that it might be Spiderman.

Jess laughs. Loudly.

JESS

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's just such a great joke. I mean it's insane but incredibly funny.

DT. BAGLEY

We found-

JESS

Please, what you found were dead bodies in a pimped-out drug den in the Mission District. Very cliché, very boring, and not very superhero-esque if you ask me.

DT. BAGLEY

This is the fourth attack in the last 5 months. They're massacres.

JESS

Those people were the scum of the earth. Last time I checked, most of our "heroes" only get involved when the sky is falling.

DT. BAGLEY

They were *people* for christ's sake Jessica.

JESS

Hey, that whole serve and protect thing was an oath you took, not me. This is exactly why I don't work with you people. Morality is always set to your convenience. You don't give a shit about the people living on the streets but some dead arms dealers on the same block get your panties in a twist?

DT. BAGLEY

Who said anything about arms?

JESS

Educated guess. First one was drugs, then trafficking, then electronics. It's the natural successor.

DT. BAGLEY

Pretty close tabs for someone who doesn't give a shit.

JESS

All it took was occasionally turning on my TV and actually using my brain. Which begs the question, if you're stuck with the amazing Greg then-

DT. BAGLEY

Yes, I'm off the case. Are you happy?

JESS

A little. Breaking rules means that rod shoved up your ass might actually be coming loose.

DT. BAGLEY

Ignoring that, my point is that no run-of-the-mill crook is out there doing this.

JESS

So it must be an Avenger? I feel like we're skipping some steps here.

DT. BAGLEY

Who would you place your money on then?

JESS

Isn't that your entire job?

DT. BAGLEY

I'm outsourcing. Asking for your professional opinion.

JESS

Are you gonna give me something or am I just pulling from TV reports and thin air?

DT. BAGLEY

There's a pleasant breeze today.

JESS

I deserved that. Well, whoever is doing this has to have money backing them.

DT. BAGLEY

Resources and the training.

JESS

Exactly. The hard part is there are hundreds of people in San Francisco alone with the kind of money to get someone that violent and discreet. That's not even taking into account agencies operating at both domestic and international levels.

DT. BAGLEY

You think it could be that big?

JESS

Depends. The guys that were killed, were they shipping overseas?

DT. BAGLEY

Second warehouse hit wasn't too far from the wharf but every time all the cameras and systems have been wiped. Nothing to give away where stuff was coming in and out from.

JESS

Has any of the actual contraband been tampered with?

DT. BAGLEY

No. It's all been left alone for the most part.

JESS

So that's your lead. Someone is covering both the buyers and sellers.

DT. BAGLEY

The people were the targets... the mole.

JESS

A mole?

DT. BAGLEY

The case I'm supposed to be working with Kane. Word on the street is somebody is ready to leak info on The Doctor.

JESS

Interesting.

DT. BAGLEY

That's all you got?

JESS

I mean, it's bullshit.

DT. BAGLEY

Maybe not, I mean with what you're saying this could be a huge break.

JESS

If the mole even exists.

DT. BAGLEY

You said-

JESS

I said someone was covering both sides, not that there's a snitch. That's you trying to shove puzzle pieces together.

DT. BAGLEY

You ever do work for The Doctor?

JESS

If I did I couldn't tell you.

DT. BAGLEY

Right. It's just me that spills my guts.

JESS

I do have something I could give you. In regards to rats and such.

Det. Bagley pulls out a notepad and which Jess quickly swipes away. She grabs a pen from her coat pocket and starts writing an address.

JESS (CONT'D)

Now, while I firmly stand by your rumored mole being nonsense I know somebody who specializes in setting mouse traps.

She hands it back to Bagley.

DT. BAGLEY

And you know this because?

JESS

Because sometimes I actually do help you guys out. You guys will need to look less like... well look less like cops. I'd honestly make Kane wait outside. But it might point you in the right direction.

DT. BAGLEY

Thank you, Drew, really.

JESS

Yeah, yeah.

DT. BAGLEY

Want me to give you a call if we get anything?

JESS

Up to you. My expectation is radio silence but sure. I don't really care about it.

DT. BAGLEY

Sure you don't kid.

They shake hands and Jess heads back to her car. Bagley yells after her.

DT. BAGLEY (CONT'D)
 Hey, you never said what you're
 doing here!

JESS
 Chalk it up to poor police work!

She gets in and drives off. Greg arrives back.

OFFICER KANE
 You didn't get anything from her?

DT. BAGLEY
 On what she's up to? No. But I have
 an idea. And we just might find our
 informant.

He waves the notepad.

EXT. HYDRA BASE- NIGHT

FLASHBACK: A slightly younger Jess is crouched observing the going-ons of a HYDRA LABORATORY BASE. She's in Widow tactical gear. She pulls out a tablet device and starts searching through files and blueprints.

JESS
 Found you.

INT. HYDRA BASE- NIGHT

Jess reaches a block of jail cells. We see beaten-up GUARDS strewn around the floor behind her.

She carefully walks towards one and opens the cell door. There's a man sitting on the floor with his back to her.

JONATHAN
 Just make it quick. Please.

JESS
 Dad?

Jonathan quickly turns around.

JONATHAN
 Jessica? How? I don't under-

She runs towards him and drops to the ground to hug him tightly. Tears come to both of them.

JESS

I'll explain everything but I need to get us out of here first, okay? Can you walk? Are you hurt?

JONATHAN

I'll be fine dear. I'm alright.

She carefully helps him stand up and lets him use her as support. They exit the cell and are greeted by a group of ARMED GUARDS heading toward them.

JESS

Can you stand on your own?

He nods in shock.

JESS (CONT'D)

Okay, just stay here behind me, alright? Dad? Alright?

JONATHAN

Yes, yes. I- I can do that.

Jessica heads straight to the guards and a fight ensues. She does her best to keep the guards on her and away from Jonathan.

There are two guards left. One aims his gun at Jonathan and FIRES. Jess runs to get in front of the bullet and as it's about to hit her... **she turns to dust.** Along with the guard that fired the gun.

Jonathan gets HIT and CRUMBLES to the ground. The remaining guard stunned checks that Jonathan is dead before shakily heading out.

Time-lapse of 5 years going by. Bodies decomposing. Dust collecting. The base is now abandoned.

Suddenly Jess and the guard RETURN. She looks around at the mess surrounding her. The bodies.

Enraged, grieving, she POUNCES on the guard and brutally kills him.

INT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT- DAY

BACK TO THE PRESENT. Lindsay anxiously waits at a table. An older gentleman approaches and we see MR. HARRY CLAREMONT.

HARRY

Miss Drew?

LINDSAY

Oh no, I'm sorry. Not yet at least!
I'm Lindsay McGabe we spoke over
the phone.

HARRY

Pleasure to meet you. Pardon my
impatience but when will Miss Drew
be joining us?

LINDSAY

Knowing Jessica, she said 1 which
really means 1:30 so my guess is we
have some time.

HARRY

Alright the. Beggars can't be
choosers I suppose.

LINDSAY

You don't strike me as a begging
man Mr. Claremont.

He chuckles at that and sits opposite Lindsay.

HARRY

Ah well, usually that is true but I
am afraid when it comes to my
son... I always find myself
pleading for something.

LINDSAY

I'm guessing you two are really
close?

HARRY

We were. For a long time, we were.
Michael was always a troubled boy.
This is not the first time I have
had issues finding him.

LINDSAY

I don't want to overstep or
anything but may I ask what-

HARRY

He fell in with a bad crowd. And I
was not around enough to stop it.
But I am around now and he needs me
now.

LINDSAY

Let me give Jessica a call and get
an ETA okay?

He nods and she walks a little ways away from the table. The phone rings for a second before Jess picks up. There's a lot of commotion on her end.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Do I want to know what's happening right now?

JESS

Probably not.

LINDSAY

So I'm assuming you're going to be later than usual?

JESS

No, I'll be there at like 1:30... ish.

LINDSAY

Ish. Great.

There are grunts and the sound of wood breaking. Lindsay goes from annoyed to concerned.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Jess? In all seriousness what is going on?

INT. AGENCY SAFE HOUSE- SAME TIME

An abandoned somewhat falling apart building. Jess is decked out in tactical gear with her face completely covered. She is taking out SECURITY GUARDS left and right.

JESS

What do you mean? Everything is fine on my end. Are you hear me alright?

LINDSAY

I hear you the problem is I'm also hearing a lot of other shit.

JESS

Oh, maybe I'm in a bad spot or something. Give me a sec.

She mutes herself and takes out the last few guards.

JESS (CONT'D)

Better now?

LINDSAY

Oh, yes actually. Jess, where are you?

JESS

Picking up a package.

Jess walks into a backroom and a very scared YOUNG MAN stands on the other side aiming a gun at her.

JESS (CONT'D)

The drop-off point is on the way to the restaurant. I'll be there at 1:30.

She hangs up on Lindsay.

JESS (CONT'D)

Now, what are you actually going to do with that?

INT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT- DAY

LINDSAY

I'm gonna kill her. I really am.

She takes a steadying breath and heads back to a concerned Harry.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Might be closer to 2. So, should we start with some drinks?

HARRY

Is everything okay?

LINDSAY

You know? I wish I knew.

HARRY

Pardon?

LINDSAY

I'm sorry! I meant to sort of just say that in my head. Everything is fine. It's fine.

EXT. AGENCY SAFE HOUSE- DAY

Jess drags the young man- THE MOLE- to her car.

THE MOLE

Please, please. Just hear me out!
Please! Whatever you're being paid
I can double it! Triple it! I
promise, my name is-

She PUNCHES him in the stomach and lets out an electrical burst from her hand. He stops struggling and stares in horror at Jess' hands.

JESS

You know, everyone always assumes it's about money. They never consider that it's personal or that I may just have a general dislike of them. Always "how much" and "I can pay you more". Very overdone.

THE MOLE

You're the Doctor's girl.

JESS

Excuse me?

THE MOLE

I'm going to die, aren't I?

He suddenly gets very calm and willingly gets into the back of Jess' car.

THE MOLE (CONT'D)

I don't know what I thought was gonna happen but let's just make this quick okay?

Jess doesn't answer. She tranquilizes him and gets in the car and they take off.

EXT. CLOSED-DOWN SHOP- DAY

Officer Kane sits in the car outside a closed-down shop. It looks like it hasn't been operational in years. Dt. Bagley walks out from it and gets into the car.

OFFICER KANE

So?

DT. BAGLEY

Nothing.

OFFICER KANE

This was your big lead?

DT. BAGLEY
This can't be right.

OFFICER KANE
It's the address you wrote down.

DT. BAGLEY
There's got to be something more to this.

OFFICER KANE
What? Why?

DT. BAGLEY
She's never given a bogus lead.
Something's not right.

OFFICER KANE
She? Are you telling me we drove
all the way across town because of
fucking Jessica Drew?

DT. BAGLEY
She's helped me out in the past-

OFFICER KANE
Dear god Simon.

DT. BAGLEY
Great stuff. Has helped break some
really rough cases. This doesn't
make sense.

OFFICER KANE
I told you that she's up to
something! I told everyone she
messed with the Stevens case and
they didn't listen! Nobody ever
listens to me! I swear if-

Kane's rant continues but it gets muffled as we focus on Dt.
Bagley's face. *The day's conversation coming back to him.*

DT. BAGLEY (V.O.)
You ever do work for The Doctor?

JESS (V.O.)
If I did I couldn't tell you.

He slams his hands on the steering wheel shutting Kane up.

DT. BAGLEY
Dammit!

INT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT- DAY

A slightly frazzled Jessica makes her way to Lindsay's table. She spots Harry.

JESS

I was about to launch into my apology speech but it seems we have company present.

LINDSAY

Yep, um Jess meet-

HARRY

Harry Claremont. It's a pleasure to meet you.

He holds out his hand which Jess awkwardly shakes.

JESS

Right.

HARRY

I must say I was surprised you were willing to meet after our phone call this morning.

JESS

I gotta say I'm pretty surprised myself. Linds? What's going on?

LINDSAY

You're making it up to me for this disaster of a birthday.

JESS

Like this? Come on I-

LINDSAY

Yes. Like this. So sit down and just listen for once... Please.

Jess begrudgingly sits down next to Lindsay.

JESS

So, I would assume since we're all sitting here that you didn't listen to me and haven't talked to the police yet?

LINDSAY

Jessica.

JESS

Is that correct Mr. Claremont?

HARRY

Yes, but I... I will not feign ignorance. My son was involved with horrible people and most likely did... unsavory things.

JESS

No police, got it. Does your son usually keep in constant contact?

HARRY

Um, not always. The two of us go through periods-

JESS

What's the longest he's gone without talking to you before?

HARRY

Well, months actually but this is different.

Jess gives Lindsay a look.

LINDSAY

Don't start.

JESS

I'm sorry Mr. Claremont but you've got to see my reason for hesitating on this. I mean, from what you're saying this isn't exactly odd behavior from...

LINDSAY

His name is Michael.

HARRY

Let me show you a picture. It is different this time. The people he got involved with have made it so.

Harry pulls up a photo of his son on his phone. **His son is the mole.** Jess does her best to hide her horror.

JESS

This- this is your son?

HARRY

Yes. Looks quite a bit like his mother, who will not be involved in this.

LINDSAY

Tell her about who he was working for.

HARRY

He, unfortunately, got involved with a man known as The Doctor. I'm not sure if you are familiar with him.

JESS

Vaguely.

HARRY

My company works in cyber security and as part of a recent initiative we are making with the city, we are shifting resources towards cracking down on white-collar crime. People are not so easily captured by ring cameras and shop security.

JESS

Did your son know about that? Did he mention he might go to the police?

HARRY

Yes I told him and then offered him a job. A way out from that devil of a human being. He had never taken my offers in the past but this time he actually accepted. And I have no idea if he would talk to the police. Perhaps if he was... scared enough.

JESS

And you didn't hear from him after that?

HARRY

Radio silence. Could no longer track his phone either. I cannot get the police involved with this. My son was supposed to come work with me. Be safe, be home.

Jess takes one last look at the photo and then hands Harry his phone back. She takes a deep breath and closes her eyes.

JESS

Mr. Claremont... I can't help you.

LINDSAY

Je-

JESS

I don't think anyone could help you. And, my deepest apologies, but I doubt Michael is still alive.

LINDSAY

What is wrong with you?

Jess opens her eyes at that. Desperately trying to keep emotions at bay.

JESS

Lindsay, you have no idea what you're talking about! And frankly neither do you Mr. Claremont. Doc is- The Doctor is not someone you just take back people from. Especially not the son of the man trying to dismantle his empire.

HARRY

The initiative has not been publicly announced yet.

JESS

Like that honestly means anything. No one messes with The Doctor. Not the city, not the police, and certainly not me and you. This is his city. You think he doesn't know everything his worker bees are up to every day. You don't think he knew exactly what he was doing taking in your son. What you're asking of me is pointless. Michael was dead the second you offered him that job.

LINDSAY

Jessica!

Lindsay's face is a mix of horror and disgust.

HARRY

Do you know why I came to you? You are certainly not the only PI in San Francisco. So, do you know why?

JESS

I'd guess my high success rate.

HARRY

Partially. It was mostly because I read about everything you did in New York.

Jess shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

HARRY (CONT'D)

All those people were suddenly thrust back into daily life. They had been gone for 5 years, their families, their friends, everyone had lived and moved on without them for 5 years. A lot of them had nothing. Most of them were lost. You helped- you saved a lot of people. And you did it for nothing.

JESS

Did you also read about how it all ended?

HARRY

The Westchester case? Yes.

JESS

And you know about what kind of work I do here?

HARRY

Yes. I match your usual clientele even.

JESS

So you understand that you're about 4 years too late with this?

HARRY

I failed as a father. I failed to protect my child and I have spent years finding him over and over again and trying to get him to come back to me.

Jess WINCES.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So what I do understand is that there was a time when you took on everything and anything if meant helping someone. Even if it paid little, even if it was hard, even if it was... pointless.

Jess and Harry stare each other down.

WAITRESS

Are you guys ready to order?

LINDSAY

Now is really not a great time. Thank you though.

JESS

Did your digging happen to go farther back than New York?

HARRY

I will take it all to my grave.

JESS

If I do this for you.

HARRY

No. No, you have already earned it.

JESS

How do I-

HARRY

I've known about you for over a year now. Haven't said a word. Haven't needed to, until now.

Lindsay goes to speak but Jess abruptly gets up and starts to leave.

LINDSAY

Wait, we're not done here! Where are you going?

JESS

To do something really fucking stupid.

EXT. DROP-OFF POINT- DAY

Jess arrives at the drop-off location right as two vans of DOCTOR GOONS pull up. She gets out and starts heading towards them.

GOON #1

Doc said the drop-off was already completed.

GOON #2

Yeah, what are you doing here Drew?

JESS

Plans change.

GOON #1

Not without Doc's say so they don't.

JESS

Yeah, that's what I keep trying to tell people.

She FIRES out an electrical burst and a fight ensues. She manages to web them down well enough to flee into the building.

INT. DROP-OFF POINT- CONTINUOUS

She spots MICHAEL and quickly hides him. Once again, Jessica fights to keep guards away from a prisoner she's desperate to save.

Without all her gear the fight is a bit rough on her and her coat pocket gets partially shredded. Eventually, she manages to kill most of the guards with the rest fleeing.

MICHAEL

I- I don't understand.

She unties him and slowly starts to walk him back to her car. She's obviously partially wounded.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Are you alright? I- why did you come back?

JESS

Okay we need to get something straight right now. You will not be going to the police do you understand?

MICHAEL

I-

JESS

Do you understand?

MICHAEL

Yes, uh yes.

JESS

You're gonna go to your dad, you're gonna take whatever bullshit job he has for you and you are never, I mean never going to talk to anyone about The Doctor, about today, ab-

MICHAEL

About you?

JESS

Yes.

MICHAEL

I- I can do that. Did my dad hire you?

JESS

Sort of.

SIRENS BLARE in the distance.

JESS (CONT'D)

Let's just get you out of here.

INT. BAGLEY'S CAR- DAY (DRIVING)

OFFICER KANE

I don't understand why we're driving back to the travel agency.

DT. BAGLEY

I want to have another talk with that guy. Get back on track.

OFFICER KANE

He's not gonna give up anything on the case. We should-

Suddenly the police radio chimes in.

DISPATCHER
10-35 I repeat 10-35 in Pacific
Heights. Reported multiple shots
fired and-

DT. BAGLEY
We copy. Give us an address and
we'll head over.

OFFICER KANE
What happened to staying on task?

DT. BAGLEY
I have a bad feeling we are.

EXT. DROP-OFF POINT- MOMENTS LATER

Dt. Bagley and Off. Kane manage to be the first guys on the scene. Both of the vans are gone and so are Jess and Michael.

OFFICER KANE
Jesus christ.

DT. BAGLEY
Let them know we don't need backup,
just CSI and possibly the
Lieutenant.

Kane goes back to the car while Bagley heads inside.

INT. DROP-OFF POINT- CONTINUOUS

Bodies are scattered inside. Bagley carefully moves around and then notices a *scrap of cloth and pen*. He recognizes it as Jess' from their earlier chat.

Kane starts entering the building.

OFFICER KANE
Hey, they said they should be
getting here in about 10-15. Did
you find something?

Bagley quickly pockets the coat shreds and pen.

DT. BAGLEY
No! No, nothing. Just... taking in
all the mess.

OFFICER KANE
This sort of remind you of
anything?

DT. BAGLEY
Yes, unfortunately.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE- EVENING

Harry, an older woman -HARRY'S WIFE- and Michael are holding each other and crying. Jess awkwardly watches on when she gets a phone call.

JESS
Simon.

DT. BAGLEY
We need to talk.

JESS
Listen, I'm actually in the middle of something right now. Can we-

DT. BAGLEY
We need to talk about that bogus lead today.

JESS
Si-

DT. BAGLEY
And, about what happened a couple of hours ago. About what you did.

Beat.

JESS
Tomorrow. 8 am we can meet down by the Wharf.

DT. BAGLEY
Make it 7.

He hangs up. Harry walks over leaving his wife and son to talk and hold each other more.

JESS
Shit.

HARRY
Is everything alright?

JESS
Yeah, today all around has just been fantastic.

HARRY

Michael mentioned that some of them
got away.

JESS

I wasn't exactly prepared.

HARRY

He is going to know it was you.

JESS

I can handle myself.

HARRY

It doesn't have to be just you. If
you're not going to accept my money
at least allow me to help.

JESS

I'll let you know alright?

HARRY

I feel like that was your polite
way of saying you're never going to
take the help.

JESS

Now you're getting the hang of me.
Just take care of each other
alright?

She goes to leave.

HARRY

That I can promise. And please send
my birthday wishes to Lindsay.

Jess stops.

JESS

Actually, there is something you
could help me with.

INT. SUPPORT GROUP MEETING- MORNING

FLASHBACK: New York City. 2024. Lindsay sits in a fold-out
chair at a round table SUPPORT GROUP for the UNDUSTED. It's
about 2/3s full. A THERAPIST is in the middle of speaking.

THERAPIST

It's hard accepting people's help.
We get so used to-

He's interrupted by Jess arriving late.

JESS

Sorry. I could've sworn the start time was 9:30.

THERAPIST

It's alright. We're always happy to have new faces. Even when they're a bit late.

Jess takes a seat next to Lindsay.

JESS

All good if I sit here?

LINDSAY

Yeah, totally.

THERAPIST

You missed introductions but if we could get your name at least that would be a great place to start.

JESS

Oh, right. Um, my name is Jessica. I'm not an alcoholic.

Lindsay and one other person chuckle.

JESS (CONT'D)

Here to uh, talk about the last 4 years I guess. Or lack thereof I suppose.

THERAPIST

Humor is good. My name is James, I'll give you a rundown of everyone else's names afterward. So where were we?

LINDSAY

Talking about accepting help.

THERAPIST

Oh, right! Yes, we can become so used to managing our pain alone that the prospect of allowing someone else in to help carry some of that emotional weight, is terrifying.

The therapist continues on as Lindsay leans over to whisper to Jess.

LINDSAY
I'm Lindsay.

JESS
Still Jess.

LINDSAY
Are you always such a smart ass?

JESS
No, sometimes I actually reach
genius levels.

LINDSAY
Christ.

THERAPIST
Lindsay.

JESS
Uh oh.

LINDSAY
Teacher caught us.

THERAPIST
I would love it if you shared what
we talked about a bit before
starting today.

LINDSAY
Oh! Uh, yeah sure. I was just
saying that I know for all of us
that today's world is pretty
jarring. We missed... a lot. My
brother got his license while I was
gone, the show I was on got
canceled, and my go-to park is
still half crater.

Beat.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
It's hard to... see all the good
you once saw in the world. In
people. You have to remind yourself
that people didn't just forget you
overnight. For them, it was five
years. A really hard five years.

THERAPIST
But it's okay that it still hurts.

LINDSAY

Right, right. Really I'm just angry all the time. I feel like I was robbed of so much. And I just go over and over "why me?". They say it was random but it still just- there's or I guess there was this creepy guy in my building. He got those five years. And my apartment! And that's nothing compared to what other people had taken from them. What other people lost because in those five years, some people were greedy as fuck. Sorry about my language.

THERAPIST

It's alright.

LINDSAY

What I was saying this morning, is that it's hard but it's important to focus on and remember all the good. All the people that kept looking, that kept fighting, that missed us. The universe has shown us a million different reasons why it can be an absolutely detestable place. I think we have to- we get to choose, what role we play in all of it.

INT. LINDSAY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Lindsay sits on her couch bored flicking through tv channels.

LINDSAY (V.O.)

If want to be one of the reasons it's something good.

There's a knock on her door.

LINDSAY

One second!

She drags herself to the door and opens it. There stands Jess, slightly bruised but dressed in nicer clothes, with a cake and a nicely wrapped gift with Claremont Corp on the paper.

JESS

Happy Birthday.

Lindsay looks concerned and then angry.

LINDSAY

You have some nerve coming here.

Lindsay marches back to the living room allowing Jess in.

JESS

I already have my apology and groveling speech prepared.

LINDSAY

How could you-

JESS

They're on a plane.

LINDSAY

What?

JESS

Micheal and his mom. They have some crazy house in Europe that they're gonna lay low in for a while. Harry wants to continue his work in the city.

LINDSAY

You helped Harry?

JESS

Yes.

LINDSAY

And found Michael?

JESS

Yes.

Jess sets the gift down and carefully takes out the cake.

JESS (CONT'D)

I believe last year I was berated for bringing vanilla instead of red velvet. So I made sure to get it right this time.

LINDSAY

You know, I love you but sometimes I really hate you.

JESS

I'm sorry.

LINDSAY

Yeah, you've been saying that a lot lately. I'm thinking you either don't really understand what it means or you just don't mean it.

JESS

Lindsay I-

LINDSAY

I don't push. I never have. I have always let you move at your own pace. But I'm really reaching my limit. You've always been vague about life before New York and that's fine. You gave what you could in the support group and I feel so incredibly grateful for everything else you've trusted me with. But I've seen the scarring-

JESS

Don't do this.

LINDSAY

I've heard the night terrors, and I always say that whenever you want to talk I'm always always here. Then today, the way you spoke to Harry. The way some stranger might know- actually does know more about you than I do!

JESS

He doesn't.

LINDSAY

Doesn't he though? I know there's probably a mountain of shit from before we met that I don't know about but everything that's been happening recently. The money you've been making, the bruising, the blowing me off, that stuff is happening now! With me here.

JESS

I know, I got it.

LINDSAY

No, you don't. I'm scared Jess. I'm really scared for you.

(MORE)

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

A few hours ago you yelled at an old man that he was asking you to go on some suicide mission and now you're here acting like it was nothing.

JESS

So how can I fix this?

LINDSAY

I just want to understand what's going on with you.

JESS

Ask away then.

LINDSAY

You've told me before, about some of the stuff you're capable of. Was that part of why Harry hired you?

JESS

Yes... and it's part of why The Doctor hired me too.

Lindsay shakily sits down on the couch at that. Jess slowly makes her way over to crouch in front of her.

LINDSAY

I feel like a part of me knew that already.

JESS

Sort of submitted my resignation today though.

LINDSAY

I thought you said people don't get to leave him.

JESS

I'm not most people.

LINDSAY

No. No, I guess you're not.

Lindsay can't make eye contact with Jess.

JESS

There's something else you want to ask me, isn't there?

LINDSAY

I'm not sure I want the answer.

JESS
Just ask. Please.

LINDSAY
When Harry brought up the
Westchester case. It reminded me of
what the aftermath of all that
looked like.

Jess gets up and starts pacing slowly. Lindsay watches her.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Reminded me a bit of, what's been
released about the warehouse
incident.

JESS
You're not gonna be able to handle
this Linds.

LINDSAY
Let me decide what I can handle
okay?

Jess stops and stands right in front of Lindsay. The two
stare at each other down with teary eyes.

JESS
So ask then.

LINDSAY
Was it you?

JESS
Yes. It was me at the house.

INT. MISSION DISTRICT WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

From here, we witness what happened the night before.

JESS (V.O.)
And it's been me at all the
warehouses.

GUARDS looking around. A SHADOW moves in the dark. Then
sounds of a STRUGGLE are heard.

JESS (V.O.)
There are people I've been looking
for... for a long time.

The real fight begins. Jess composed and unfazed.

JESS (V.O.)
 Working for despicable human
 beings. And last night... one of
 the roaches was there himself.

It's bloody and merciless.

JESS (V.O.)
 I just did what I was trained to
 do. I was just doing what I do
 best.

The last shot is her landing in a three-point crouch. She
 snaps her head up to look at the camera.

JESS (V.O.)
 And enjoying it.

SMASH TO BLACK:

POST- CREDITS.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Dr. S is fuming in his office pacing back and forth with a
 drink sloshing in his hands. He berates someone over the
 phone.

DR. S
 I do not understand how you let
 this happen! There are police
 crawling all over the place! If
 they have even a single shred of
 evidence connecting my men to this-

INT. SFPD STATION. LT. OFFICE- SAME TIME

We see Lieutenant Sabrina Morrel on the phone in her office
 alone.

DR. S (O.S.)
 I swear I will end you!

LT. MORREL
 I have it handled sir, I promise
 you.

DR. S (O.S.)
 You better!

LT. MORREL
 It would help if-

He hangs up on her. It's then revealed Officer Smitty is also in the room.

OFFICER SMITTY
Just let me know what I need to do.

LT. MORREL
Thank you, Smitty.

OFFICER SMITTY
May I ask what happened?

LT. MORREL
Drew just jumped ship.

END OF EPISODE.