

U.S. ATTORNEY

"Pilot"

Episode #1.1

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TEASER

EXT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - MANHATTAN - DAY

Downtown, morning rush-hour chaos.

ANDREW STEWART, 29, a triple threat - money, good looks, and the charm to make it all look easy - stands waiting in front of the courthouse. Concerned, Andrew checks his watch, looks over to -

ERIC WOLFF, 44, weathered beyond his years. Eric scans the street like a hawk searching for prey -

A cab emerges from the traffic. The door opens and -

MICHAEL LANGE, 36 - a tough alpha male with a Boy Scout's heart - emerges, his cell phone pressed against his ear. As all three charge up the steps -

MICHAEL

Hold on.  
(to Andrew)  
Go.

ANDREW

Yesterday, FBI picked up an e-mail confirmation. Bertram purchased a one-way plane ticket to Johannesburg.

ERIC

When the bank opened this morning, he pulled two-hundred-thousand dollars in cash out of his checking account.

MICHAEL

He's running.

ANDREW

No family, no business contacts in South Africa... Looks like it.

MICHAEL

(into his phone)  
I got to get back to you.

Michael snaps his phone closed as the trio heads into the monolithic U.S. COURTHOUSE BUILDING -

INT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT on Michael's briefcase, phone, keys, etc., going into the X-ray machine as Michael, Andrew and Eric move through the metal detector.

MICHAEL

You want FBI to pick up Bertram?

ERIC

I think we have to.

MICHAEL

This isn't some Bed-Stuy drug dealer. Bertram's going to throw an army of lawyers at us.

As Michael pulls his briefcase out of the X-ray machine.

ERIC

A guy with Bertram's dough can stay on the run for a long time.

They move towards the elevators.

MICHAEL

When is he headed for Johannesburg?

ANDREW

Tomorrow night.

Bad news. As they enter the elevator -

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

Michael, Andrew and Eric, still in mid-conversation, head out of the elevators and into their office.

MICHAEL

If you pick up Bertram, the clock is going to be ticking.

ERIC

We either pick him up now or we lose him.

Beat.

MICHAEL

Go, do it.

As Andrew and Eric peel off into the warren of offices and hallways, MARLENE RODRÍGUEZ, 36, Puerto Rican, Michael's assistant, charges at him.

MARLENE

You're due in court in -

MICHAEL

Seven minutes, I know. You're my assistant, you're supposed to help me, not give me anxiety. My day is already like diffusing a bomb.

As they get into his office, Michael takes off his coat, drops his briefcase. Flicks it open, grabs the docs he needs.

MARLENE

Six minutes.

Michael shoots her a look as a MOUSEY PARALEGAL, 24, pageboy haircut, glasses, sticks her head in -

MOUSEY PARALEGAL

Five minutes, we have to go.

Michael's ready to explode.

MOUSEY PARALEGAL (CONT'D)

Actually, it's more like four minutes. Judge Mauceri tends to be early.

MARLENE

Be nice, don't kill the messengers.

As he rushes out -

INT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - HALLWAY - DAY

Michael and the Mousey Paralegal, overloaded with documents, stride towards the courtroom, when Michael spots -

ANNA TOMASSI, 44, thin, pale. He slows for the first time.

MICHAEL

Anna, you get your test results?

ANNA

Not yet.

He gently takes her hand.

MICHAEL

Call me as soon as you get 'em.

ANNA

It's going to be good news; I feel healthy.

MICHAEL

I got good news, too. UPP lawyers want to plea bargain for a lesser sentence.

ANNA

Means they know they're in trouble.

MICHAEL

We've built a solid case. I've saved my two best witnesses for last. We're both good...

Anna smiles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That smile is a beautiful thing.

She starts to tear up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We're putting those three corporate bastards behind bars for the rest of their lives.

He squeezes her hand.

MOUSEY PARALEGAL

They're about to start.

As Michael and Anna are ushered into -

INT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

THREE EXECUTIVES from a mega corporation, UNIVERSAL PETROLEUM PRODUCTS (UPP), sit at the defense table.

EPA expert TIM LAUBER, 40, testifies on the stand. A large map showing the radius of chemical leakage from the Universal Petroleum Products factory stands off to the side.

MICHAEL

So, the waste leaked from the tanks and left the borders of the Universal Petroleum Products plant?

TIM LAUBER

Yes. We found BPCs and other petroleum waste products in the water up to four miles away from the factory.

MICHAEL

And the Bioaccumulative Polyvinyl Chlorides, what we are calling BPCs, made up a large part of the waste.

TIM LAUBER

Almost twenty percent.

MICHAEL

Thank you.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH, 44, calm, soulless, the defense attorney for UPP, stands quickly.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

There is no doubt there are BPCs in the water table of Terryville. But, do BPCs cause cancer?

TIM LAUBER

Statistical oncology is not my area of expertise.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

To be clear, you're merely here to tell us BPCs are there. They are present.

TIM LAUBER

Yes.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

BPCs exist, like, say...oxygen exists?

Beat.

TIM LAUBER

Yes.

A YOUNG ATTORNEY enters the courtroom, gets Smith's attention and hands Smith several documents. They confer for a moment. JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI interrupts them.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI

Mr. Smith, are you finished with your cross-examination?

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

I apologize, Your Honor. Yes, I am. Is Dr. Amy Weber still scheduled for tomorrow?

MICHAEL

Dr. Weber is flying in on the red-eye. She will be the government's last witness.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

We would like to make a motion to disallow Dr. Weber's testimony.

Off Michael, angry.

INT. JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI'S CHAMBER - DAY

Michael and Smith argue in front of Judge Mauceri.

MICHAEL

They've known about Dr. Weber since the discovery phase of the trial. She is an expert from the CDC. She's compiled a census which clearly shows that BPCs are not in any way *like oxygen* and do, in fact, cause cancer.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

We have just discovered that Amy Weber is having a sexual relationship with Chris Scott.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI

Who is Chris Scott?

MICHAEL

He's one of the victims of the BPC poisoning.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

Mr. Scott has cancer and lives in Terryville. Dr. Weber *has been meeting him in the Full Moon Motel for sex for the last four months.*

Smith hands several surveillance photos of Weber and Scott to the judge.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH (CONT'D)

The court can't assume Dr. Weber was objective when she compiled and analyzed the census data. Her testimony should not be admitted.

MICHAEL

You're surveilling my witness?  
What'd you guys got, like, an army  
of detectives working for you?

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

It's called due diligence.

MICHAEL

It should have come out during  
discovery.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

We wanted to be sure before we  
submitted it. It's a pretty damning  
charge.

Michael wants to kill Smith. The judge scans the photos,  
looks up at Michael.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI

Please prepare for a hearing on the  
admissibility of Dr. Weber's  
testimony. Nine-thirty, Thursday  
morning.

EXT. PARKING LOT - FOUR IN THE MORNING

Andrew looks on as two dozen FBI AGENTS gear up for the  
arrest: vests, battering rams, etc. Eric moves from the FBI  
Agents over to Andrew.

ERIC

FBI wire taps say Bertram likes to  
do cocaine; hopefully they'll find  
some.

ANDREW

We use that against him. Buy us  
some time to put together the  
insider-trading charges.

ERIC

We're going to need it.

ANDREW

This could be a huge mistake, you  
know that. We don't find Bertram's  
connection to the FDA, we got  
nothing.

ERIC

You only want the easy cases?

ANDREW

I like to win.

ERIC

You like to pad your resumé. Get one or two big cases, jump ship and take a perk-filled seven-figure deal at a fancy law firm.

Andrew, smiling, doesn't deny it. Armor-clad FBI AGENT DONOVAN, 47, approaches.

FBI AGENT DONOVAN

Time to go.

As they hustle to several waiting black SUVs.

ANDREW

Hey, I'm a United States Attorney. That's a government job. I'm working fifteen-hour days, I can barely pay my rent...

ERIC

I thought the brownstone was paid for with the trust fund?

ANDREW

For your information, I live in a one-bedroom apartment.

ERIC

Fifth Avenue, overlooking the boat pond?

ANDREW

Astoria, overlooking a bodega. So don't blame me for wanting to get out of here and make some real money.

Eric slams the SUV's door closed. As the cars pull out.

INT. BERTRAM'S LOFT - NIGHT

The door busts open. An alarm sounds. The FBI Agents move into the cavernous, hiply over-designed loft.

FBI AGENT DONOVAN

This is the FBI. We are executing a warrant for the arrest of Walter Bertram.

No response. They move down the hallway.

INT. BERTRAM'S LOFT - BEDROOM

The Agents move into the bedroom and see a NAKED GIRL, 23, sweeping something off the nightstand into a wastebasket.

FBI AGENT DONOVAN  
Stop moving and put your hands  
behind your head.

WALTER BERTRAM, 39, arrogant, entitled, struggles to sit up. He puts his hands in the air. The Agents pour into the room. As he's cuffed -

Eric and Andrew move in.

FBI AGENT DONOVAN (CONT'D)  
You have the right to remain  
silent. Anything you say can and  
will be used against you in a court  
of law. Do you understand?

WALTER BERTRAM  
Not really, it's a little confusing.

Eric points to the small amount of powder on the nightstand.

ERIC  
Is that cocaine?

WALTER BERTRAM  
Where? No...

ANDREW  
Get his computer. There's his  
BlackBerry on the table. Get any  
files, receipts, bills.

A bleary-eyed Bertram suddenly looks up at Andrew. Their eyes meet.

WALTER BERTRAM  
Don't I know you?

As Eric takes that in.

INT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

Michael, who's worked all night, and two FBI Agents watch as passengers disembark. They spot -

DR. AMY WEBER, 39, apprehensive, precise.

MICHAEL  
Come with us.

INT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Weber sits. Michael tries to contain his anger.

DR. AMY WEBER  
What is going on?

MICHAEL  
You've been sleeping with Chris  
Scott?

Beat.

DR. AMY WEBER  
We spoke on the phone for months,  
I...I fell in love with him, but  
it's irrelevant -

MICHAEL  
It's not irrelevant at all. Do you  
have any idea what you've done?

She looks at the FBI Agents standing behind Michael.

DR. AMY WEBER  
Why did you bring FBI agents here?

MICHAEL  
Because you've perjured yourself,  
and if I didn't need you as a  
witness I'd have you arrested right  
now.

DR. AMY WEBER  
You've got to believe me, the data  
in my census is correct -

MICHAEL  
It doesn't matter. Because you  
slept with him, the census can be  
thrown out. Look at me... You  
understand, you may have just  
destroyed the entire case?

As Weber tries to absorb that -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Put her in the car.

As the Agents take her out, off Michael -

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael charges out of his office, Marlene at his side -

MARLENE

They missed you at the section chief's meeting.

MICHAEL

You tell 'em I'm a little busy?

MARLENE

You have their sympathy. FBI will bring Dr. Weber downstairs when you need her.

She hands Michael several documents as he heads into -

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Michael's section of United States Attorneys are assembled. As section chief, Michael takes his position at the head of the table. Several paralegals take notes.

MICHAEL

Okay, I have three minutes, let's move- Andrew?

ANDREW

We picked up Bertram. His lawyer agreed to face-time if we didn't fight the bail -

ERIC

The judge will pull his passport so he's not a flight risk. It's a good move.

MICHAEL

They're going to call for an evidentiary hearing fast -

ANDREW

We know.

MICHAEL

Also, I might have to pull Eric to help me with UPP, the whole thing just went south...

ANDREW

That's not good. I need more  
manpower...

MICHAEL

Let me figure something out... What  
else?

HENRY

Eve has a case she wants to pitch  
you...

Michael turns to HENRY WILLIAMS, 36, black, the rock of the  
office, Michael's second-in-command.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(to Eve)

Go ahead....

EVE CHASE, 26, a beautiful law-geek wunderkind, excited,  
arranges her notes in front of her.

Andrew, clearly in competition with Henry for her attention,  
watches -

ANDREW

Kind of taking the new kid under  
your wing?

HENRY

I've been helping her out.

ANDREW

That's real nice of you.

HENRY

I enjoy being a mentor.

Andrew chuckles.

MICHAEL

The thirty-second version.

EVE

(calms herself)

Okay... Breathe...

(to Michael)

FBI was getting complaints from  
street-food vendors that city  
Councilman Salvatore DeMarco has  
been asking for bribes in exchange  
for prime vendor spots near the new  
Yankee Stadium.

MICHAEL

This is about hot dog carts?  
Really?

Marlene comes into the room and slides a note in front of Michael.

HENRY

Just hear it out.

EVE

FBI picked up a meet -

MICHAEL

(reading the note)  
Sorry, finish at lunch, I've got to go.

Michael is out the door. Eve is disappointed, gathers her notes. Henry looks at Marlene -

HENRY

What's going on?

MARLENE

The ex.

ANDREW

She's starting work *today*?

Marlene nods and points to the waiting area as she heads out after Michael.

Beat. Everybody shares a guilty look and then, *en masse* except for Eric, they all charge to the glass of the conference room and look out at -

SUSAN SHELLE, 33, sitting working her BlackBerry in the waiting area. Susan's sleek, put together perfectly. If there are any scars, they're well hidden.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

So that's the ex-Mrs. Lange?

EVE

Did she leave him or did he leave her?

HENRY

I don't know. Stay low, don't let her see you -

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Marlene catches up to Michael just as he's getting to his office.

MICHAEL

Look, I've been up all night, just gimme a few minutes. Get her some coffee, stall her.

Michael heads into his office. Almost frantically, he locks the door. He pulls off his shirt, takes out an electric razor, shaves. As we go back to -

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

All stare at Susan in the waiting area.

MOUSEY PARALEGAL

Why would she want to work for him?

ANDREW

You work for him.

MOUSEY PARALEGAL

I wasn't doing the two-backed beast with him.

HENRY

Shakespeare... Nice.

MOUSEY PARALEGAL

I love the dirty parts, it's like porn for me. I go crazy.

Off everyone...getting too much information.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

Michael is jamming to get a clean shirt on. The button on his cuff pops off. He tries to find it on the floor.

MICHAEL

Damn it.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the group spies, Susan gets up and paces as she speaks on her BlackBerry.

ANDREW

That's a nice skirt.

HENRY

You don't want to go there.

ANDREW

I'm just saying she's dressed nice... I notice things like that. Everything to me isn't about sex...  
(to Eve, flirting)  
So, you need help with your case, I'm -

HENRY

I've got it.

ANDREW

Just offering to -

HENRY

I've got it.

EVE

I bet he wants her back.

MOUSEY PARALEGAL

He's seeing the actress, Danielle what's-her-name.

EVE

Still?

ERIC

Hell is finding yourself in an episode of "Sex and the City."

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Marlene shows Susan in.

SUSAN

Hi.

MICHAEL

I'm so sorry...

Michael, feigning calm, gets up. Gives Susan an awkward hug as Marlene closes the door.

SUSAN

Don't worry about it.

They sit.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

So, here we go.

MICHAEL

It's going to be good. No old baggage.

SUSAN

New relationship.

MICHAEL

New friendship.

SUSAN

New friendship.

Beat.

MICHAEL

I need you to jump right in to second chair on this UPP case. There's nobody better than you. We've got a hearing -

SUSAN

One second, wait... We were...going to set some personal ground rules first...

MICHAEL

I know... But not right now. The hearing's in a day -

SUSAN

Michael, stop... I know how much you like to win, but I need some ground rules or -

MICHAEL

You think this is about winning?

SUSAN

Everything with you is about winning.

MICHAEL

That's not true...

SUSAN

You spent all night here in the office, probably haven't eaten since lunch yesterday -

MICHAEL

You don't know that. For your information, I was home last night...

He gets up to head out. She doesn't move.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I was...

SUSAN

You like your shirts on hangers, no creases on the front, but there are no closets in the office. So your clean shirts are folded on cardboard... In the drawer.

She points to the crease on the front of his shirt.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Folded, not hung. You never made it home.

He's busted.

MICHAEL

If my life is all about winning, why are you the one person I can never win with?

And all that implies -

SUSAN

'Cause I'm better than you. That's why you want me in second chair.

He smiles. He loves her so much.

MICHAEL

As soon as this case is over...we'll make personal ground rules. I promise.

SUSAN

Okay... Get me up to speed.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Susan, Dr. Amy Weber and several PARALEGALS sit with stacks of files from the UPP chemical-leak case all over the table. Susan reads as Michael stands, studying the white board.

SUSAN

Without the causal relationship between the leaks and the people getting cancer, there is no case.

DR. AMY WEBER

Maybe you should have had something else besides the census.

MICHAEL

We did. We proved BPCs were in the water, we proved these guys knew about the leaks... The census is the lynchpin, the final piece to the case...

SUSAN

From what I'm seeing, without the census, case wouldn't have even gone to trial. The defense has its own study?

MICHAEL

It doesn't include the last three years... Our census shows that in the last three years, the cancer rates went off the charts.

DR. AMY WEBER

If the jury can see my numbers, it's a slam dunk.

Michael thinks.

MICHAEL

Our only chance is to put you on the stand. You're going to have to convince the judge you remained unbiased and that your relationship with Chris Scott didn't affect the integrity of the data.

DR. AMY WEBER

I can do that.

MICHAEL

Let's hope.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM

Eric and Andrew sit questioning Bertram and his TWO LAWYERS.

ANDREW

...It's not supposition. Mr. Bertram owns Heartgen. Heartgen makes Cardien, a new drug that reverses atherosclerosis. What is the upside potential on a drug that does that?

WALTER BERTRAM

We've projected Cardien somewhere north of five billion in the first two years.

ANDREW

Five billion... So, three days before you're about to get FDA approval, you sell twenty percent of your stock.

BERTRAM'S LAWYER

Your question is?

ANDREW

Why would he sell stock just days before approval on such an amazing drug? The stock is bound to go up.

BERTRAM'S LAWYER

Mr. Bertram had personally over-invested in his own company and needed the cash.

ERIC

Makes no sense. You could have waited three days, then sold when the stock went up.

ANDREW

The reason you sold was because the FDA *wasn't going to give approval*. They discovered your studies were flawed. Without FDA approval, Heartgen's stock was going down the toilet fast, so you sold.

WALTER BERTRAM

I had no insider information that the drug wasn't getting approved. Ask anybody in the FDA.

ANDREW

Believe me, we will.

BERTRAM'S LAWYER

Mr. Stewart, we're done answering questions.

Then Bertram snaps his fingers.

WALTER BERTRAM

Stewart... I knew I recognized you. You're Edgar Stewart's son?

Eric watches Andrew, who nods.

ANDREW

Edgar's my father, yes.

WALTER BERTRAM

(to his lawyer)

Our families are both members of  
Glenwood Country Club.

(to Andrew)

I remember when you when you were a  
smart-mouthed caddie.

BERTRAM'S LAWYER

Let's go.

WALTER BERTRAM

Tell Edgar I said hello.

Off Andrew taking that in.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

As Eric and Andrew move down the hallway.

ERIC

We got 178 phone calls and over a  
hundred e-mails to or from Bertram  
to the D.C. area. One of those has  
got to be somebody in the FDA  
telling Bertram his drug wasn't  
getting approved.

ANDREW

Finding that connection's going to  
be tough.

ERIC

Did you book Bertram on the cocaine  
possession?

ANDREW

The naked girl said the cocaine was  
hers. We'll never get him on it.

ERIC

You used to caddie for this guy?

ANDREW

Caddied for a lot of people.

ERIC

I thought you paid to play at  
country clubs, not work.

ANDREW

My father believed hard work built character. In the summers I washed dishes, I caddied...

As they head into Andrew's office.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

What the hell is a jury going to think about us busting a guy who's making a drug to stop heart disease?

ERIC

We tell 'em he was dumping his stock 'cause the drug was a dud.

ANDREW

The *studies* were flawed; the drug might still work - it could save millions of lives.

Beat.

ERIC

You think 'cause he rowed crew at Choate he's not a bad guy?

ANDREW

I know these guys, I grew up with them. They're arrogant and entitled, but it doesn't mean they're bad people.

ERIC

They spend their lives snorting drugs and seducing debutantes.

ANDREW

Is that what you think of me?

Beat.

ERIC

Only if you don't have the stomach to go after one of your own.

ANDREW

Go to hell, alright?

Andrew's phone rings.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Hello...

(listens)

Thanks.

(snaps the phone closed)

Bertram just made bail.

ERIC

They're going to be asking for an evidentiary hearing inside of three weeks.

ANDREW

That's how long we've got to find Bertram's connection with the FDA. Tick-tock.

INT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM

A hearing on the admissibility of the census is in progress. The jury is not present. Michael has Dr. Amy Weber on the stand. Susan, in second chair, studies the other defense lawyers, the judge, the jury.

MICHAEL

Come on, Dr. Weber, you admit you're in love with Chris Scott. You're telling the court you didn't want to influence the data to help convict the three executives sitting over there?

DR. AMY WEBER

When I began seeing Chris, the census was almost complete. I didn't recuse myself because I wanted the study to be procedurally perfect.

MICHAEL

You wanted to do the job so well, there would be no question about the study's integrity.

DR. AMY WEBER

Exactly.

MICHAEL

Thank you.

Michael sits as Douglas Gayton Smith stands.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH  
In your census report, did you lie  
in any way?

DR. AMY WEBER  
Absolutely not.

Smith hands her a document.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH  
This is the affidavit you signed  
when you submitted the census.  
Please read the highlighted  
sentence.

MICHAEL  
Objection. We went over this. It  
was a mistake.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI  
It's the prosecution's turn. Please  
read the affidavit.

DR. AMY WEBER  
(reading)  
By signing, I state I have no bias  
or connection to the study or its  
participants.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH  
So you *did* lie when you signed this  
document. Then you just lied again,  
on the stand, when you said you  
didn't lie. How can the judge know  
you're telling the truth now?

DR. AMY WEBER  
I trust he can differentiate  
between an honest mistake and a  
lie.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH  
That's all.

Smith sits as Michael quickly gets up.

MICHAEL  
Is the data in the census accurate?

DR. AMY WEBER  
Yes. I'm a scientist. I would never  
compromise the truth.

MICHAEL

Even to help your lover?

DR. AMY WEBER

Even to help Chris... Science is my life. To alter that census in any way would betray everything I believe in.

MICHAEL

According to the census, was there a large spike in cancer rates in the last three years?

DR. AMY WEBER

Yes. Absolutely.

MICHAEL

That's all, Your Honor.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM

One of the assistants passes out lunch. Michael runs in.

MICHAEL

Where's mine?  
(to Henry)  
What's your case?

HENRY

Eve, go...

EVE

FBI was getting complaints from street-food vendors that Councilman Salvatore DeMarco -

MICHAEL

Been asking for bribes in exchange for permits for hot dog cart locations. Is he still doing it?

EVE

This is the cool part. Last night, FBI wire taps picked up a meet between Councilman DeMarco and the owner of a food-vendor company. We've got the warrant; site's being wired by the FBI techs now; we can catch him on tape.

Michael thinks.

MICHAEL

Hot dog carts?

EVE

No. Corruption and betrayal of public trust.

MICHAEL

That's terrific. I can't get these bastards that poisoned the water of an entire town, but we're busting the case wide open on the great hot dog-cart scandal.

EVE

Can we do it?

It means everything to her. Michael smiles, nods.

MICHAEL

Go ahead, take 'em down hard...

Off Eve, her dreams coming true.

EXT. BRONX BAR - NIGHT

A BEAT-UP SURVEILLANCE VAN sits parked near the bar.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Henry and Eve, along with three FBI Agents, sit staring at monitors, wearing headphones.

On the monitor: SALVATORE DEMARCO, 46, a gluttonous, Bronx city councilman talks with a food VENDOR OWNER, 56.

DEMARCO (OVER HEADPHONES)

Four spots, two years... On River Avenue, at a Hundred-and-Sixty-first Street.

VENDOR OWNER (OVER HEADPHONES)

They're all on River Avenue?

HENRY

DeMarco's the fat one?

FBI AGENT #1

Yeah.

EVE

Have you seen him take the money?

FBI AGENT #1

We got him taking envelopes. The skinny one's the owner of a food-vendor company.

The Vendor opens his briefcase.

DEMARCO (OVER HEADPHONES)

They're all right across from the stadium. Perfect spots.

The Vendor gives a large manila envelope to DeMarco.

HENRY

That's the bribe?

FBI AGENT #1

We think.

DEMARCO (OVER HEADPHONES)

Ten grand?

HENRY

I think it's safe to say it's the bribe.

The Vendor nods. DeMarco downs his drink and heads out.

EVE

Let's take him down.

HENRY

Take a minute, think. If he's been taking bribes for the last year, he can't put the money in a bank. So...

EVE

So... Let's see where he's stashing it.

FBI AGENT #1

Fast learner.

EXT. HOUSE - BRONX - LATER

The beat-up van slowly moves down the street and stops.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Henry, Eve and the Agents watch as DeMarco, manila envelope in hand, gets out of his car and heads into a house.

FBI AGENT #1  
229 East Gunhill Road... That's  
DeMarco's mistress's home. Lisa  
Fulchino. She talks dirty to him on  
the wire taps.

HENRY  
DeMarco's got a family, it's a good  
place to bust him... Who's that?

Henry spots another MAN coming out of the house. The Man gets  
into a car.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Can you see the plates?

FBI AGENT #2, binos in hand, reads off the license plate.

FBI AGENT #2  
Alpha, Delta, Lima 4-6-1.

FBI Agent #1 runs the plates on his computer.

FBI AGENT #1  
The car belongs to Daniel Hagen.

EVE  
As in Deputy Mayor Daniel Hagen?

FBI AGENT #1  
The very same.

Henry and Eve share a look.

HENRY  
The great hot dog-cart scandal just  
got interesting.

EXT. LISA FULCHINO'S HOME - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

DeMarco kisses Lisa goodbye and heads out as Henry, Eve and  
the FBI Agents get out of the van and approach him.

FBI AGENT #1  
Mr. DeMarco, FBI.

DeMarco doesn't move.

DEMARCO  
I want a lawyer. I'm not saying  
nothing.

HENRY

Just take a minute and think about that, Councilman. Wouldn't want your wife and kids to know about Ms. Fulchino, here.

Off DeMarco taking that in.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAWN

Andrew jogs along the river in the dim light. He stops, stretches. Looks out at the water. Another JOGGER, muscled, 37, stops next to him.

JOGGER

Beautiful, isn't it?

Andrew, wary, nods.

ANDREW

Yeah...

JOGGER

We have a mutual friend, Walter Bertram.

ANDREW

What's this about?

JOGGER

He likes to run here on Monday nights, around nine-thirty. Don't tell anybody. He doesn't like people to know.

ANDREW

What are you saying?

JOGGER

Just, he's a great guy. He can make life good for his friends. Hope to see you out here again.

The Jogger takes off down the river path.

Andrew, unsettled, watches him.

INT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - MORNING

The judge reads his decision.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI

This wasn't just about whether or not I believe Dr. Weber's testimony.

(MORE)

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI (CONT'D)  
I also had to consider whether the  
*appearance* of fairness could be  
maintained while allowing the census  
into evidence. I believe it can't.

TIGHT on Michael. Smith smiles slightly.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI (CONT'D)  
My ruling: The census and its  
analysis by Dr. Weber will not be  
allowed into evidence.

Michael fights to hide his anger.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI (CONT'D)  
Is the government going to rest?

MICHAEL  
The government is *most definitely*  
*not resting*. Considering the  
defense did not let us know about  
the issues with the census during  
the discovery phase of the trial,  
we would like two days to re-  
examine our evidence.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI  
You've got one. We will recess,  
then, until Wednesday. Adjourned.

The judge taps the gavel.

From the gallery, Anna approaches Michael.

ANNA  
If the census isn't admitted, we  
have no case...

MICHAEL  
Do not give up... I'm not giving  
up...you don't give up, you  
understand me?

Michael, determined, turns to Susan.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Get everybody in the room, now.  
This is not ending here.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Michael, with purpose, moves in. The entire section is assembled: Henry, Eric, Eve, Andrew, Susan. Several paralegals take notes.

MICHAEL

We have thirty-four hours. We need a completely new strategy.

HENRY

It's a case about science... They threw our science out of court.

ANDREW

Jury isn't made up of scientists... We know BPCs cause cancer and we're not scientists.

ERIC

Hell, the three UPP executives on trial know BPCs cause cancer...

EVE

Maybe that's your in... If you can prove the executives believed BPCs cause cancer, then it doesn't matter if you don't have the census.

MICHAEL

Get the jury to smell their guilt.

SUSAN

I'm new here, but that's a real long shot.

HENRY

I agree completely. Judge is going to charge them to only look at the facts -

MICHAEL

Wait, just follow this one second... What if the reason they called for the tests *was because they heard people were getting sick...* And they knew BPCs cause cancer? Did anybody get sick before UPP tested the tanks?

The Mousey Paralegal searches her computer.

MOUSEY PARALEGAL

No... Wait... Yes. An Edward Wiatt.  
He was diagnosed with cancer ten  
days before the plant started  
testing.

SUSAN

Who did he tell?

MICHAEL

Let's bring him in.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Henry and Eve question Lisa Fulchino.

HENRY

We know DeMarco's been taking  
bribes for over a year... If you  
know about this activity and lie to  
us, we will come after you for  
obstructing our investigation.

LISA FULCHINO

Over hot dog carts? This is all  
over hot dog carts?

Eve shares a look with Henry - nobody gets this.

EVE

These are federal corruption  
charges. He's betrayed the public  
trust.

LISA FULCHINO

This is what you spend your time  
doing?

HENRY

Did you ever see Deputy Mayor Hagen  
taking bribe money from DeMarco?

LISA FULCHINO

No.

Henry and Lisa share a look.

EVE

I don't think you're telling the  
truth.

HENRY

Why was Hagen at your home?

Lisa smiles slightly.

LISA FULCHINO  
Sal had a thing he liked... He  
wanted Daniel to join in with us.

Beat.

EVE  
DeMarco liked to share you with  
Hagen?

LISA FULCHINO  
Sal likes it...both ways...

Beat.

LISA FULCHINO (CONT'D)  
Hey, don't judge. You spend your  
day worrying about hot dog carts.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Henry, Eve and a GUARD walk Lisa past the room where DeMarco  
waits. Lisa gives him a small wave. DeMarco barely nods. As  
Henry closes the door.

DEMARCO  
You like doing this to me... My  
career is over. My marriage... How  
am I going to look my kids in the  
eye?

HENRY  
There is a way out of this.

DEMARCO  
What is it?

HENRY  
We need you to wear a wire on  
Deputy Mayor Hagen.

EVE  
From what we can tell, he's a very  
good, some might say intimate,  
friend, and our guess is the deputy  
mayor is involved in the bribes.

DEMARCO  
He doesn't know anything about it.

Henry holds up the manila envelope.

HENRY

You got ten grand, there was only seven in here when we picked you up.

EVE

Hagen didn't stay for the sex, he took his cut and left.

HENRY

If you help us get him, we could offer you immunity.

DeMarco, torn, doesn't know what to say.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Councilman, you're looking at serious jail time. Six to ten years.

DEMARCO

My God, politicians wearing wires on other politicians, can you do that?

HENRY

Hell yeah, we're United States Attorneys.

DeMarco, looking like he's going to be sick, reluctantly nods.

DEMARCO

Okay, I'll do it.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM

EDWARD WIATT, 56, frail, sits in front of Michael and Susan.

EDWARD WIATT

...Bud Valenti was kind of a friend back then. He's the operations manager at the UPP plant. We were bowling together two days after I found out I was sick.

MICHAEL

(to Susan)

I deposed Valenti last year. He ordered the tests. Straight company man; he's not going to say anything.

SUSAN  
(to Edward Wiatt)  
Edward, you said you were bowling.  
Can you prove you and Valenti were  
together that day?

Off Wiatt, slowly nodding "yes."

EXT. BATTERY PARK - NIGHT

Alone in the empty park, Andrew stands waiting, looking out at the river. After a beat, Bertram and the Jogger walk up behind him.

ANDREW  
So?

The Jogger takes an electronic wand and discreetly sweeps Andrew for a wire. He nods to Bertram.

JOGGER  
No wire. You're good.

He walks away.

WALTER BERTRAM  
Look, your case is weak. The  
charges alone are killing the stock  
price of Heartgen. What are you  
trying to do here?

ANDREW  
My job.

WALTER BERTRAM  
I'm curious, what does a federal  
prosecutor clear? Seventy, eighty  
grand?

ANDREW  
You're concerned with my career.

WALTER BERTRAM  
I know for a fact you could have  
gone to work for your father's  
firm.

Beat.

WALTER BERTRAM (CONT'D)  
We have a lot of friends in common.

Beat.

ANDREW

When I get out of the U.S. Attorney's office in four or five years, I can write my own ticket at any firm in the city. I don't need his help.

Bertram smiles.

WALTER BERTRAM

Wanted to tell Daddy to go to hell, you can make it on your own? I have Daddy issues, too.

ANDREW

I don't have Daddy issues.

WALTER BERTRAM

Really? I heard you haven't spoken with Edgar in five years, don't take money from him, not a cent, cut him off completely.

Andrew gives him a look.

WALTER BERTRAM (CONT'D)

I also heard he beat the hell out of you when you were a kid... Want to get him back?

Andrew looks out at the water; clearly, that's exactly what he wants.

ANDREW

What do you want?

WALTER BERTRAM

Ever thought of working for Terrance, Hollander & Lauber? Make ten times what you're making now. *They told me they'd love to have you at the firm.*

Andrew takes that in.

WALTER BERTRAM (CONT'D)

It's the same kinda place you're going to end up eventually, anyway. You could go now, without five years of slave labor. Maybe even take some business away from Daddy's firm.

Andrew takes that in.

WALTER BERTRAM (CONT'D)  
Think about it. We'll talk again.

Andrew, uneasy, watches Bertram walk away.

INT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Michael's got BUD VALENTI on the stand.

MICHAEL  
Mr. Wiatt testified that he was  
with you on October 29th, 1996.

BUD VALENTI  
I don't remember that conversation.

TIGHT on Ed Wiatt listening from the gallery.

MICHAEL  
Take a look at these...

Michael hands several photographs to Valenti.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
This photo was taken on October  
29th, 1996. You and Mr. Wiatt lost  
the championship that day.

TIGHT on a photo of the winning team of a bowling tournament.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Here is an enlargement of the  
corner of the photo. That's you...

BUD VALENTI  
Okay, so I was there.

MICHAEL  
You requested the tests on October  
30th, 1996, *one day* after your  
friend Ed Wiatt told you he had  
cancer.

BUD VALENTI  
Yes.

MICHAEL  
Mr. Wiatt is your friend, isn't he?

Valenti, consumed with guilt, looks at Ed for a beat.

BUD VALENTI  
He was. We're not close now.

MICHAEL

You were aware of the animal study done in Germany that indicated BPCs cause cancer in mice.

BUD VALENTI

Yes.

MICHAEL

Were Mr. Reed, Mr. McArdle and Mr. London aware of the animal study?

TIGHT on the three executives on trial.

BUD VALENTI

Yes.

MICHAEL

Consider your answer, please... You heard Ed Wiatt was sick, you knew that BPCs might cause cancer, and you immediately requested the tests to see if the tanks were leaking.

Valenti's eyes meet with the UPP executives'. Then, reeling with the morality of it all, he looks down at the ground.

BUD VALENTI

Thinking about it... Yeah, that's the way it happened.

MICHAEL

Were Mr. Reed, Mr. McArdle and Mr. London worried that leaking BPCs could have caused Mr. Wiatt's cancer?

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

Objection. How can Mr. Valenti know what's inside my clients' heads?

MICHAEL

Withdrawn. Did Mr. Reed, Mr. McArdle or Mr. London say they were worried?

Valenti is scared.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

Objection. Mr. Valenti clearly -

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI  
I want to hear this man speak. Mr.  
Valenti, did they say they were  
worried BPCs cause cancer?

BUD VALENTI  
Yes.

MICHAEL  
Be clear: Those three men *believed*  
BPCs cause cancer?

Beat.

BUD VALENTI  
Yes...

MICHAEL  
Thank you.

Michael sits down. Smith gets up to cross-examine.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH  
Mr. Valenti, do you *believe* in  
global warming?

BUD VALENTI  
Yes, Sir.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH  
Are you an expert in weather or  
ecology, or greenhouse gases?

BUD VALENTI  
No, Sir.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH  
So, it really doesn't matter what  
*you believe* because it doesn't have  
any bearing on whether global  
warming is or is not real?

Beat.

BUD VALENTI  
I guess not.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH  
To your knowledge, is Mr. Reed, Mr.  
McArdle, or Mr. London an expert in  
statistical oncology?

BUD VALENTI  
No.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH  
Then it really doesn't matter what  
they *believe*, does it?

BUD VALENTI  
I guess not.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH  
No further questions.

Susan whispers to Michael.

SUSAN  
Use it against them. Why do we want  
to save the planet?

Michael looks at her for a beat, then gets it, smiles.

MICHAEL  
Moral obligation. Damn, I forgot  
how good you are.

At this moment she couldn't be sexier to him.

SUSAN  
Don't take your foot off their  
throats.

They're a good team. Michael gets up for his redirect.

MICHAEL  
Do you turn off lights, recycle?

BUD VALENTI  
Yes...

MICHAEL  
Just because you have a *hunch*  
global warming could be bad, you  
act on it, to protect the planet.  
Why?

BUD VALENTI  
It just seems like the right thing  
to do.

MICHAEL  
Morally?

BUD VALENTI  
Yes... Morally.

MICHAEL

Those three men had a hunch that  
BPCs cause cancer...

Michael turns to the jury.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But tell us, after the first test  
showed that the tanks were in fact  
leaking, how long did it take for  
those three men to repair the  
tanks?

BUD VALENTI

It wasn't until the *Examiner* broke  
the story...

MICHAEL

And how long was that?

Beat.

BUD VALENTI

*Eight years later.*

Michael lets that sink in.

MICHAEL

Thank you very much.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - ANDREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Eric and Andrew sit pouring over Bertram's e-mails.

ANDREW

We got nothing. No phone calls, no  
e-mails, nothing connecting Bertram  
to anybody who could have told him  
the drug wasn't getting approved.

ERIC

Let's widen the search area to  
include phone calls and e-mails to  
the suburbs in Virginia. We can  
also subpoena the other executives  
from Heartgen.

Andrew is looking at his computer screen.

ANDREW

Great... Bertram's lawyers just  
made a motion to dismiss the case  
based on lack of evidence.

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

They know we don't have the connection to the FDA.

Eric checks his BlackBerry.

ERIC

We've got the evidentiary hearing in two weeks.

ANDREW

Even if we get a week's postponement, there's not enough time. It's a needle in a haystack.

ERIC

You want to drop the case?

Eric gets up to put on his jacket.

ANDREW

I didn't say that...

ERIC

I don't want to fight you on this. After dinner, I'm going to be working till two. I'm busting my ass on this. Get a postponement and let's find this connection.

ANDREW

We're all working hard. Just don't tell me how to run my case.

ERIC

So that's what it comes down to? It's *your* case. I haven't sweated blood on this?

ANDREW

You're a paralegal, Eric, you're not a lawyer and you're not my partner on this.

Eric takes that in. It's a body blow.

ERIC

That's how it's going to be?

ANDREW

That's the way it is.

Eric walks out of the office, leaving Andrew alone.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Andrew moves into the restaurant. He sees the entire section, including Eric, sitting around the table eating. They're laughing, talking. Somehow outside it all, Andrew watches them for a beat.

MICHAEL

Did you see McArdle's face? He knew he was in trouble.

SUSAN

Smith didn't flinch. He's very good.

MICHAEL

Soulless bastard... How does he represent those guys?

Andrew approaches and sits.

ANDREW

Wealthy people deserve a defense, too. Don't you think?

Michael and Eric share a look.

SUSAN

We should talk to Smith about a plea bargain.

MICHAEL

I set out to convict them, that's what I'm going to do. I'm not going to plead this out.

SUSAN

We should just explore it. The case isn't going to get better than it is right now.

ERIC

She's right. The testimony today doesn't change the *fact* that there is no evidence BPCs cause cancer in humans.

HENRY

It's what the case is going to come down to. If you could plead it out now, I'd jump at it.

Michael stops eating.

MICHAEL

It's not just about this trial. The victims' class action suit is going to benefit from a guilty verdict here... I need a conviction.

HENRY

I don't think that's going to happen. I'm just being honest.

After a beat, Michael gets up and walks outside. A moment later, Susan follows him.

ANDREW

I feel nauseous.

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's drizzling, windy. Michael stands looking at the traffic as Susan approaches him.

SUSAN

It's a different burden of proof in a civil trial. If you plea bargain now, the victims can still get their class action suit later.

MICHAEL

If I don't get a conviction, UPP will fight the victims for years and years in the civil courts. They don't have years and years... Half of them are dying.

SUSAN

If all you can get on these guys is a no-contest plea, six months in jail, and money to clean up the water, then you should take it.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Everybody watches Michael and Susan through the window from inside. They can't hear their words.

ANDREW

I think he's still in love with her.

ERIC

Do you guys talk about me like this?

HENRY

Marlene says he's got a  
reservation, next Friday, at  
L'Impero...

Andrew nods to them outside the window.

ANDREW

I bet he's taking her.

HENRY

Twenty bucks, you're on.

They bump fists.

ANDREW

You're going down.

EVE

That's kinda romantic, them getting  
back together...

ERIC

He loves her too much to date her,  
he knows he'd only break her heart  
again.

ANDREW

That makes no sense.

ERIC

It's a little complicated for you.

ANDREW

It's not complicated. Look at them,  
they're clearly in love.

Juxtaposing their perceptions with reality -

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Michael, aggravated.

MICHAEL

When did you become so damn  
pessimistic?

SUSAN

I became realistic...

MICHAEL

If you were right, you used to  
fight any case.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You didn't care who it was, what the odds were... I loved that about you.

SUSAN

Me, too...

Michael looks at Susan, seeing a sadness in her for the first time.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You sure this isn't about your ego? Your need to be the great savior for the victims.

MICHAEL

*It's not about my ego.*

Long beat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Maybe it is... I don't know.

SUSAN

The victims in this case may end up hating you... But you owe it to them to get the best deal you can.

Michael looks back at Susan. She's right.

INT. DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM

Michael and Susan sit in the opulent office across from Douglas Gayton Smith, his seconds, and the three UPP executives.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

On the negligent homicide, our clients will only accept a no-contest plea... If you want to talk monetary penalties on the dumping charges, jail time, we are open to having that discussion.

MICHAEL

On the negligent homicide, we need guilty pleas from all three of them.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

That's not going to happen.

SUSAN

You're taking a big gamble. You understand just how much jail time your clients are looking at with a guilty verdict? These are older men. They will go away for the rest of their lives.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

To be honest with you, we are now feeling a guilty verdict is very unlikely.

SUSAN

You sure you want to roll the dice like that?

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

Yes.

SUSAN

What if we start talking about the monetary penalties? We can use that as a jumping-off point.

MICHAEL

No.

Susan turns to him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No... Without a guilty plea, we're not having a discussion.

SUSAN

Michael, let's just take a minute -

MICHAEL

I'm not negotiating with the truth... It's not a chip you throw in the pot... I need them to give a *public plea of guilt*.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

You're not getting it.

Michael, now with nothing to lose, stands.

MICHAEL

Offer's withdrawn...

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

Sorry to hear that... If you'd like to reconsider -

Michael turns to the executives.

MICHAEL

There have always been guys like you - cigarette companies, oil companies.

(to Smith)

Your clients are guilty of killing nearly ten people, with more on the way. They destroyed families... This is murder. I'm not going to stop. I'll appeal the case. I'm putting them in jail...

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

Let's go.

MICHAEL

No matter how long it takes, no matter how far I have to go with this.

The UPP lawyers and executives calmly get up and walk out. Michael packs up his briefcase.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

All night I'm awake thinking, is this my ego, my ambition? And you know something... It's not. It's about what's right.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

Michael, drinking tea, sits across from Andrew.

MICHAEL

I know Eric can be caustic and irritating, but I need you to work this out.

ANDREW

I don't want him telling me how to run this case. I've been here two years, I know what I'm doing. Eric might have been a kick-ass lawyer back in the day, but he screwed up his life and he got disbarred. That's not my problem. He wanted to push this case even though it wasn't ready, and now it's in trouble.

MICHAEL

Eric's got the best mind in the office. I put Eric with you *so you could learn from him.*

ANDREW

I'm not learning anything. Please take him off it, or let's just drop the case altogether...

Andrew looks out the window, across the street at -

A trendy, super-upscale French restaurant. Michael sees what Andrew sees.

MICHAEL

They make some of the biggest deals in the city over there. They drink wine, talk terms, sue people, put financing together...

ANDREW

And we eat here, with the four-dollar ninety-five-cent lunch special.

MICHAEL

Mr. Chin doesn't rush us. I get to talk with you and Henry, Eve, Eric... Or, on a good night, all of us together...

Andrew notices Michael looking at him.

ANDREW

I like working here, Michael.

MICHAEL

You want to use this office to jump to that side of the street. That's fine. But while you're here, you do this my way.

Andrew, uncomfortable, thinks.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You're a good lawyer, you got the gene for it, but you got a lot to learn. Listen to Eric...

Michael's eyes drill Andrew.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Or walk across the street now and get a fancy lunch.

Andrew turns, looks at Michael; he's not fooling around.

ANDREW

Is that it?

Michael nods.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I got to go.

Andrew, angry, gets up and heads out. Michael, worried for him, watches him.

INT./EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT/VAN - BRONX - DAY

Henry, Eve and several FBI Agents sit in a surveillance van listening on a wire tap and looking at surveillance video.

DEMARCO (OVER HEADPHONES)

I'm having the veal rollatini. You want to share it?

DEPUTY HAGEN (OVER HEADPHONES)

It's too rich for lunch. I'm just having the scungilli salad. You hear from Linarez?

HENRY

That's the other vendor.

DEMARCO (OVER HEADPHONES)

Yeah. His daughter's going in the hospital, he's gotta get back to me... Let's split the salad. You want something else?

EVE

He's changing the subject.  
DeMarco's protecting him.

HENRY

I think we need to put the fear of God in the councilman.

INT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Michael stands.

MICHAEL

Your Honor, the prosecution rests.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI

Is the defense ready?

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

Yes, Sir.

INT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Smith has oncological statistics expert DR. DAVID MOSS, 56, pedestrian, on the stand.

DR. DAVID MOSS

There are many other areas of the United States with cancer rates as high as the cancer rates in Terryville.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

And these numbers were compiled from...?

DR. DAVID MOSS

Medical insurance claims made by Terryville residents.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

So, statistically, there is no evidence that shows BPCs cause cancer?

DR. DAVID MOSS

That's correct, there is no evidence that shows BPCs cause cancer.

DOUGLAS GAYTON SMITH

Thank you.

Michael gets up to cross-examine the witness.

MICHAEL

What these statistics *do show* is that the cancer rates in Terryville are high and seem to be climbing every year?

DR. DAVID MOSS

They are still within the range considered normal for a United States suburban area.

MICHAEL

The statistics you're using are nearly three years old, is that correct?

DR. DAVID MOSS

Yes. It takes years to put these numbers together.

MICHAEL

Isn't it possible what we're seeing here is the cancer rate rising because of exposure to BPCs?

DR. DAVID MOSS

All I can tell you is the cancer rates, as of three years ago, are within the range considered normal for a United States suburban area.

Michael checks the jury; several are scribbling notes. Susan knows this is where the case becomes weak.

MICHAEL

No further questions.

PRE-LAP - Off the crack of the gavel adjourning court.

INT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - HOURS LATER

Michael and Susan pack up.

SUSAN

I can't go to the victims group tonight.

MICHAEL

You don't want to see me cut into pieces and roasted over a flame?

SUSAN

I'd loved to, but I got...a *personal thing*.

Beat.

MICHAEL

Is that what we're going to call it, 'a personal thing'?

Susan nods uncomfortably.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

At least we have a name for it.

SUSAN

Tonight, say what you have to say and get out. You don't have to do penance... I've got to run.

MICHAEL

See you tomorrow.

She heads out. As Michael watches her go.

INT. LOCAL CHURCH - NIGHT

Henry looks on as Michael answers questions from the victims group.

VICTIM #1

You told us you thought you had a good case.

MICHAEL

We did... I really thought we had these guys.

VICTIM #2

Are you saying now you don't?

MICHAEL

I'm just saying that the jury can go either way. I want you to understand that and be prepared for any outcome.

VICTIM #1

Without a conviction, our civil  
suit is going to be drawn out over  
years.

MICHAEL

I understand that, believe me -

VICTIM #1

That's the money I need for my kids  
if I die from this.

Michael's eyes meet Anna's. As all of the victims begin  
shouting at once.

HENRY

I'm sorry, we're going to end this.  
I'm sorry... Michael...

No one listens as Henry moves to escort Michael out of the  
church. Anna watches him head to the door.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Susan eats dinner with JOHN SOLOMON, 35, academic. They're  
drinking wine.

JOHN SOLOMON

...Anita got divorced again. I was  
going to call you, she needed a  
lawyer.

SUSAN

Why didn't you?

JOHN SOLOMON

Our break-up was pretty  
definitive... I was really  
surprised you called after all this  
time...

SUSAN

I was reading *The Times*, I saw your  
byline - *John Solomon*. As I read  
the article, I was hearing your  
voice in my head, and it sounded  
like an old friend.

He nods as he tries to figure her out.

JOHN SOLOMON

Old friend? Not lover?

SUSAN

Friend.

JOHN SOLOMON

What's going on?

Off Susan, about to come clean...

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT - LATER

The place is deserted. Michael and Henry wait outside their car as an SUV pulls up. Eve, driving, delivers DeMarco to the men.

DEMARCO

What is this about, dragging me out of my house -

HENRY

You're not cooperating. You're protecting Deputy Mayor Hagen.

DEMARCO

I'm not protecting him.

EVE

Every time he brings up the vendors, you change the subject.

DEMARCO

I told you he's not involved.

MICHAEL

Shut up. Here's a map of your life. You and your *menage a trois* on the front page of the *Post*, then six years in a federal prison, then nothing. Over. No wife, no kids.

HENRY

And a lot of whispers about what a joke of a councilman you were.

DEMARCO

It's not my fault he's not saying anything.

HENRY

This isn't a passive arrangement. And God help you, you better not have told the deputy mayor you're wearing a wire. 'Cause then I'll also be getting you for impeding a federal investigation.

MICHAEL

You work for my people, do what they say, 'cause if you see my face again, it's going to be in a federal court, prosecuting you.

DeMarco's lost.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Take him home.

EXT. DEMARCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eve and Henry watch as DeMarco heads to his apartment building.

EVE

It's not easy taking apart a man's life.

HENRY

No... You want to get a drink?

She looks at him. It's clear this would be more than a collegial drink.

EVE

Maybe another time.

Henry smiles. Eve smiles shyly, nods. Off Henry, starting the car.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Susan and Michael have been working on drafting and rehearsing Michael's closing argument.

MICHAEL

I have to make them realize that if they sense guilt, it's okay to convict.

SUSAN

Trouble is, the last words they hear before they go into the jury room are the judge telling them to only look at the facts and how they specifically relate to the charges.

MICHAEL

I need to tell them not to listen to the judge...

SUSAN

Michael, the judge will declare a mistrial and hold you in contempt of court.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

The only person behind bars will be you.

MICHAEL

There's a way to do it without being in contempt.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have gone down this road; it's a flawed strategy.

MICHAEL

These guys killed a lot of people, ruined a lot of lives: I. Had. No. Choice.

Susan, sadly, gets it.

SUSAN

I love your passion, Michael. I love that you want to fight to protect people, to right wrongs, but sometimes it's just not good lawyering.

MICHAEL

I'm going to finish this up on my own...

She nods, gathers her stuff.

SUSAN

I'm sorry, I feel like I let you down.

MICHAEL

No. It's okay. Really. I need a little dose of reality.

She heads to the door and stops.

SUSAN

Anna Tomassi isn't your mother... This case won't bring her back.

Michael nods.

After a beat, Susan reluctantly heads out. She turns back and stares at Michael through the glass wall, alone in the huge room, desperately working. Her heart breaking for him.

EXT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - BEFORE DAWN

It's still dark. The streets are empty.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAWN

The place is deserted. Michael stands, disheveled, rehearsing his closing argument in front of an imaginary jury.

MICHAEL

The judge will tell you...if facts don't prove that BPCs cause cancer, then you should not convict these men -

Michael suddenly turns to the sound of the elevators. Curious, he steps into the hall and sees -

Anna Tomassi walking towards him down the hallway.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Anna?

ANNA

You've been here all night.

MICHAEL

It's that obvious? Got to get the closing argument right, it's very important...

Moved, she nods. Then she hands him a Tupperware container.

ANNA

Lasagna. My grandma's recipe. The new girl, Susan, told me you stop eating as a trial comes to its end. She worries about you.

Michael takes the container.

MICHAEL

Thank you...

ANNA

I'll let you go back to work...

MICHAEL

Anna?

She turns.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Did you get your test results?

Beat.

ANNA

You have a case to win... See you  
down there...

She starts to leave. Michael is crushed; she's still sick.

MICHAEL

If this doesn't work out... I just  
want to say, I'm sorry...

She takes that in.

ANNA

You know what really matters?

MICHAEL

Putting these guys in prison.

ANNA

That won't help me. Even the money  
from a civil suit won't help me at  
this point. What really matters... Is  
that there was a man who, for years  
and years, was willing to fight for  
me. A nobody schoolteacher...with two  
cats and no family. For me... That's  
the only thing that's important. *It  
gives me faith in...everything, win  
or lose.*

MICHAEL

I'm going to do everything I can.

ANNA

*I know...* Good luck in there.

Anna, alone, moves down the hallway. Michael, overwhelmed,  
watches her go.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is full. People from the victims group, Henry, Eve, Eric and Andrew stand in the back. Michael and Susan sit at the prosecution table.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI

Mr. Lange.

Michael stands and approaches the jury.

MICHAEL

What we deal with here, in federal court, is as serious as cancer. We put really bad people in prison. Sometimes they have guns and sometimes they wear three-piece suits. The stakes are really high, which means the choices are very *hard*. Thank you for going into *that jury room* and taking on this responsibility... Evidence is not always literal. Circumstantial evidence is okay.

TIGHT on the judge leaning forward, listening intently.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What do I mean? You may not have seen somebody walking, but if there is snow on the ground and there are footprints, under the law it's okay to assume that somebody was walking there. We know BPCs are in the water in Terryville. Fact. And the citizens, some of them here in court -

Michael points to the gallery.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

- some have passed on - have cancer in rates higher than *most* other areas in the country. Fact.

TIGHT on Susan, worried the facts are not where he's going to win this.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And those executives, sitting right there, allowed that chemical to leak into the water for over a decade. Fact. And, soon, that lawyer -

Michael points to Smith.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

- is going to tell you that it is not a fact that BPCs cause cancer...

Michael goes over to a graph of the defense's statistics. The graph shows a line going up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

According to their statistics, the cancer rates went up every year... They came close to, but did not cross the line that says cancer rates were abnormally high...And here's the thing: *we don't have the numbers for the last three years.* But it doesn't take a scientist to see where it's going.

Michael flips over an overlay that shows the trajectory continuing up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This is not a fact, but it's common sense. These are the essential elements you are going to take back... *To that jury room.*

Michael pauses; he's about to head into dicey territory.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That jury room is private. There's a reason for that. Nobody will ever know what's in your heart when you take that final vote on guilt or innocence... This is by design.

Susan knows where Michael's going - he's trying to tell the jury to do whatever they want regardless of the judge's instructions.

Judge Mauceri watches. Anna watches.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Listen to the judge. I can't tell you not to. That would be against the law. I would never do that....  
*Listen to the judge. But I know the truth:* BPCs cause cancer, and those three men let those chemicals leak into the ground and into the water so that mothers and babies and aunts and uncles and friends would drink that water for years and years. It made them sick and even killed some of them. It destroyed lives and it destroyed families. *This I know.* And let me tell you something else I know. A fact -

Michael makes eye contact with each member of the jury -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

*You. Know. It. Too...*  
(points to his heart)  
In here.

Michael lets that hang in the air. Susan sees -

Judge Mauceri thinking, teetering on stopping Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Follow your heart. Do the right thing. *Because you can.* And remember this: the jury room is private. *The jury room is private.*  
Thank you.

Judge Mauceri, Susan, Henry...everybody knows Michael took it right to the edge.

Anna tries to control her emotions.

As Michael, spent, sits, we go to -

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

As Henry enters, he sees everybody from the section has gathered.

HENRY

Is the jury back?

Michael shakes his head no.

MICHAEL

You see this?

ERIC

I saw it.

HENRY

What is it?

MICHAEL

*New York Times* article. It outlines how the census was thrown out of court and was the most important piece of evidence in the case against UPP. Who spoke to *John Solomon*?

Susan doesn't say a word.

ANDREW

Sounds like it's good for us. Maybe we get lucky and a jury member sees it.

EVE

They're sequestered.

SUSAN

Doesn't matter. They're in a hotel, they walk by a room with the newspaper on the floor in front of the door. They could see it anywhere.

MICHAEL

If we did this, it's jury-tampering. You go to jail for that, and I'd prosecute the case myself... This makes us no better than the people we're putting away.

Nobody says anything.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Don't ever do this again.

Off Susan.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - NIGHT

Alone in the mostly empty park, Andrew waits for Bertram, who walks over to him with his Jogger buddy. The Jogger, again using the wand, sweeps Andrew.

WALTER BERTRAM

How you doing?

JOGGER

He's clean.

ANDREW

Give me the wand.

The Jogger hesitates. But Bertram gives him a nod. Andrew takes the wand and sweeps Bertram.

WALTER BERTRAM

So, have you thought about what we talked about?

Andrew, satisfied Bertram isn't wearing a wire, takes the wand and tosses it into the river.

JOGGER

Hey...

Andrew begins to walk, leaving the Jogger behind.

WALTER BERTRAM

Don't like my friend?

ANDREW

He could be working with FBI internal affairs.

WALTER BERTRAM

Don't worry about that.

ANDREW

I put people in jail for doing this.

Andrew sits on a bench overlooking the water. Bertram sits next to him, smiles.

WALTER BERTRAM

Okay... Easy-peezy. Just kill the case fast, don't let it hang in the press for months... You're going to lose it, anyway.

ANDREW

What are my guarantees?

WALTER BERTRAM

Start at a million-two, partner in three years. But the case has to really go away. You need to kill it completely.

Andrew, nervous, thinks about it.

WALTER BERTRAM (CONT'D)  
You're never going to get me on the  
insider trading. Come on. Be smart.

Andrew turns and notices something on Bertram's shoulder.

ANDREW  
You've got paint on you... They  
must have just painted the bench.

WALTER BERTRAM  
Really? Damn it...

Andrew, using his sweatshirt, rubs some wet paint away from a  
spot on the bench between him and Bertram.

ANDREW  
You're right, I can't get you on  
the insider trading...

Andrew's rubbing reveals a small microphone embedded in the  
bench.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
But I can get you for bribing a  
federal official.

Andrew runs his hand through his hair; it's a signal. At that  
moment, a MAN walking his dog slows down to look at the  
river.

WALTER BERTRAM  
What is that?

ANDREW  
It's called a microphone.

The man walking his dog approaches and is revealed to be FBI  
Agent Donovan. He moves in on Bertram. Other Agents approach  
from the fringes of the park.

FBI AGENT DONOVAN  
Please stand up and put your hands  
behind your back.

WALTER BERTRAM  
You son of a bitch... You entrapped  
me...

He's cuffed.

FBI AGENT DONOVAN  
You have the right to remain  
silent.

(MORE)

FBI AGENT DONOVAN (CONT'D)  
Anything you say can and will be  
used against you in a court of  
law...

As a shocked Bertram is cuffed, Andrew moves over to -  
Eric, who emerges from the shadows. Off their eyes meeting.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - KITCHEN - DAY

Michael sits in the office kitchen picking at the lasagna  
Anna brought him.

Down the hallway, Susan, feeling his pain, watches him.

Suddenly Marlene runs past Susan, down the hallway and into  
the kitchen.

MARLENE  
Jury's back...

INT. U.S. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

The room is packed. Everybody from the section...Henry, Eve,  
Andrew, Eric, Marlene...has come downstairs to the courtroom.

Michael looks back to Anna and the victims group.

Susan turns and sees John Solomon in the gallery, covering  
the story. He looks at her but doesn't acknowledge their  
relationship.

The JURY MEMBERS file into the room and sit in the box.

TIGHT on the JURY FOREMAN, 54, Hispanic, handing a folded  
document to the BAILIFF, who walks it over to Judge Mauceri.  
Mauceri reads it and hands it back to the Bailiff, who walks  
it back to the Jury Foreman.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI  
Mr. Reed, Mr. McArdle and Mr.  
London, please stand to hear the  
verdict of the jury.

The three men and their lawyers rise.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI (CONT'D)  
Has the jury reached a verdict?

FOREMAN  
Yes, we have.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI  
Would you read the verdict.

Michael braces himself for what's to come. The Jury Foreman fumbles with the document. As he unfolds it, the paper falls to the floor. The Bailiff picks it up and hands it back to the Foreman.

FOREMAN

Case number USNY122-44-3130, the United States of America versus Mr. Ira Reed, Mr. David McArdle and Mr. Philip London. On the charge of criminally negligent homicide pursuant to section 1001D of United States Criminal Law, we, the jury, find the defendants Mr. Reed, Mr. McArdle and Mr. London...  
*Guilty.*

Cheers rise up from the victims group. TIGHT on Michael nodding.

Susan, renewed, turns to Michael and smiles.

TIGHT on Michael's hand just barely touching the back of her shoulder.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI

Order, please. There are other charges to be heard. Order...

Andrew and Henry bump fists and hug. Marlene has tears in her eyes.

Michael turns and looks back to the gallery, where the victims, many with tears in their eyes, are applauding.

Michael's eyes land on -

Anna, looking back at him.

JUDGE ALBERT MAUCERI (CONT'D)

Order, please... Order...

Off tapping of the gavel.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael, his coat on, heads into the hallway.

HENRY

Where you going? We're getting drinks...

MICHAEL

I got a thing I got to go to.

ANDREW  
Congratulations.

MICHAEL  
Congratulations to you guys. *That  
was all of us.*

On all - Henry, Andrew, Eric, Eve - proud. As Michael  
disappears into the elevator -

MARLENE  
Big date. L'Impero.

Andrew looks around the office.

ANDREW  
Where's Susan?

HENRY  
She left...

Off all their knowing smiles, Eve turns to Henry -

EVE  
You owe Andrew twenty bucks...

INT. BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Henry and Marlene are playing darts. Andrew, drinking,  
watching, is tapped on the back. He turns and sees Eric  
holding out his glass of Coke. Andrew taps his scotch against  
it.

ERIC  
One day you're going to be a great  
lawyer, kid...

ANDREW  
Is that a compliment?

ERIC  
I said one day.

Andrew smiles and gives him a a very sober nod of thanks.

ANDREW  
I learn from the best...

Eric downs his Coke.

ERIC  
Give Henry his twenty bucks back -

Eric's eyes indicate the door, where Andrew sees -

Susan walking in. Henry moves over to Andrew -

HENRY  
Give me my money back.

INT. BAR - LATER

Susan is playing darts with the team. She throws and loses.

SUSAN  
No... I needed a 15!

ANDREW  
I'm up...

Susan clinks her wine glass with Marlene and heads outside.

MARLENE  
You leaving?

She smiles, shakes her head "no" and goes outside.

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Susan, tipsy, dials her phone as she sees a couple, arm in arm, exiting the bar and heading down the street. As it rings -

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

The phone rings. TIGHT on Michael awake in bed. He lets the machine get it.

MICHAEL  
Hey, you want to go to Chinatown,  
get some food?

As he turns, he reveals -

Eve, naked, next to him, opening her eyes, stretching.

EVE  
Yeah. I'm starving. The food was  
awful at that place.

He kisses her as the phone stops ringing.

Back in front of the bar, Susan, disappointed she can't get Michael, hears the message-beep -

SUSAN  
First ground rule, we can't call  
each other at one in the morning  
after four glasses of wine...  
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
That was an inspiring win today...  
I'll see you in the office.

She hits her BlackBerry and heads inside.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

As Susan comes in, Henry, shocked, on his cell, is pulling on his coat and heading to the door.

HENRY  
You got to be kidding me? You  
sure?... We'll be there in twenty  
minutes. Don't touch the body...

SUSAN  
What's going on?

Before he can answer...

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NEAR KENNEDY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Michael, Henry, Eve and a cadre of FBI Agents pull up in two cars. NYPD COPS are everywhere. As they head inside -

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NEAR KENNEDY AIRPORT - NIGHT

As police radios crackle in the background, Michael, Henry and Eve, backed up by the FBI Agents, flash their badges and push their way into the crowded crime scene. They see -

DeMarco lying naked in the bathtub, wrists slit, surrounded by bloody water.

Michael looks around the room at all the local cops stealing glances at them. Something's not right. He gives a look to Henry and then makes a decision. Michael gets up on a chair, addresses the crowded room -

MICHAEL  
Listen up. Sign over any evidence  
you've collected to my agents. And  
get out. Now. *This just became a  
federal investigation.*

As the cops start to file out, we go off Michael, suspicious, angry, determined.

END OF PILOT