

GUILTY

“PILOT”

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ACT ONE

FROM THE BLACK --

BILLY

Judge Turow's got the legal mind of a first grader, so when you draft the motion in limine try to avoid big words like, y'know, limine.

SLAM INTO --

INT. 100 CENTRE STREET. DAY.

Cops, clerks and lawyers shoot down terrazzo hallways like blood cells through arteries. A fast-moving world. Electric.

WILLIAM "BILLY" REMZ -- brilliant, charismatic -- Steve Jobs with a law degree -- slaloms through, Blackberry to his ear --

BILLY

And have Michael handle the *Wade* hearing and find out if Scott's gotten back the 485 on his I.C.E. petition yet...

He snaps his phone off, beelining towards --

DETECTIVE KAVANAUGH

Get cancer.

BILLY

You're concerned about my health. I didn't realize we were that close. Since we are, how 'bout a preview of the photos my associate's gonna offer into evidence --
(handing over PHOTOS)
Exhibit A in her cross-exam. They go to credibility.

(Kavanaugh PALES)

Your wife doesn't know about him, I'm guessing.

(off Kavanaugh's panic)

Y'know, there's been a problem lately with testifying officers making their court appearances. They're busy, overworked... sometimes they don't have time to show up in court.

(re: photos)

You can keep those. I've got copies.

And he moves off, driven by something. Desperation or ambition. Maybe desperate ambition. He whips into --

INT. COURTROOM, PART 33. CONTINUOUS.

Austere municipal functionalism. No money for marble. Personnel shuffle in and out. Business conducted in the midst of trial:

At the defense table: LILY AGOSTONI. 28, not white, possibly Latino, definitely pretty. Donna Karan pantsuit. Multiple piercings. Nose ring.

The A.D.A. has a heavily-tatted African-American man on the witness stand. He's pointing a finger at Lily's CLIENT --

TATTOOED MAN

That's the dude right there. Saw him shoot the boy three times. Cold blood.

Billy enters. Scribbles on a pink slip of paper. Hands it over the railing like an assistant delivering a PHONE MESSAGE.

Lily glances at the message. It just says "SSLR." She stands --

LILY

I guess what I'm wondering is, why would my client shoot a purported gang member? Lack of motive aside, it doesn't seem like a prescription for continued survival.

TATTOOED MAN

I wouldn't know about that gang stuff.

LILY

So you don't know "SSLR" stands for "Sultan Street Low Riders." *Even though it's tattooed on your neck.* See, this is relevant because the Low Riders are known to be enemies of the gang the victim was a member of.

(beat)

This is the part where I accuse you of committing the murder my client's charged with. Might I suggest familiarizing yourself with the Fifth Amendment?

INT. HALLWAY. A MINUTE LATER.

Billy, always moving, buttonholes an impossibly old CLERK --

BILLY

Carl. The Chaykin arraignment?

CLERK

Part 57 in ten.

(CONTINUED)

Billy glances at his watch. An OMEGA CHRONOMASTER. Marred by a huge CRACK. Billy gives it a tap to get it working. Then hands the clerk a document. Some GREEN peeking out --

BILLY
This should take care of Officer
Chaykin's original attorney.

CLERK
Take care of him? He's gonna have a
conniption.

BILLY
C'mon, he's so fat, we both know a heart
attack's more likely.
(then)
Speaking of bodies, I need one. Who's
the worst in the building this morning?
Attorney-wise, I mean.

Off the Clerk, *you've no idea...*

INT. COURTROOM, PART 92. DAY.

An attractive, sympathetic woman on the stand. ALEX SITTERSON cross-examines. He's physically, 25. Intellectually, 60. Emotionally, 6. He clings to his NOTEPAD like a life raft --

ALEX
(reading from his notes)
"According to the statement you provided
to the police, you were mugged in a
parking lot at night."

A.D.A.
(rote; bored)
Objection.

JUDGE GRISHAM
Sustained.

Alex winces. Not prepared for the setback. Back to his notes --

ALEX
"Meteorologic records establish no
moonlight that particular evening. And
three of the lots lights were out
according to--"

A.D.A.
Objection.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE GRISHAM

Sustained.

(to Alex)

Mr. Sitterson, you might want to consider, oh I don't know, *asking a question*. Whadda ya think?

REVEAL Billy in the gallery. Wincing. Alex consults his pad. Billy rolls his eyes. Off the pad --

ALEX

"Isn't it possible it was too dark for you to see the mugger clearly?"

Alex unclenches. Visibly relieved. But the woman on the stand snatches his new hope away with a simple --

MUGGING VICTIM

No.

ALEX

(completely thrown)

No, you didn't see him. Or no --

MUGGING VICTIM

No, I saw him as plain as day.

Alex is a deer in the headlights, furiously flipping through his notes as Billy -- a life-saver -- approaches the railing --

BILLY

Sorry, Judge, but defense counsel has a conflicting appearance in Part 57.

JUDGE GRISHAM

Fine. We're in recess 'til Mr. Sitterson resolves his conflict or, I suppose, goes to law school.

Alex stares at Billy -- *WTF?* -- as the gavel hit SMASHES US TO:

INT. HALLWAY. A MINUTE LATER.

Billy's practically pulling Alex down the hall --

ALEX

Do I know you? You look familiar --

BILLY

Yeah. I was your trial advocacy professor in law school.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

I never took trial ad.

BILLY

Try to imagine my shock.

ALEX

And I'm not appearing in 57 today --

BILLY

No, I'm supposed to be. 'Cept the arraignment judge who's sitting in 57 and I've got a history. My guy's more likely to get bail if another lawyer makes the motion. So how about it? I did a favor for you, you scratch my back, etcetera.

Billy leads Alex through a set of doors and into --

INT. COURTROOM, PART 57. CONTINUOUS.

AMANDA SEVRIN, Assistant D.A., hard-charger, attractive, sits at the prosecution table. Billy turns to Alex, casual --

BILLY

Gimme your cell number.

Alex hands Billy a card, as a BAILIFF walks in the defendant: HOWARD CHAYKIN. 30s. African-American. Clean cut. Likable.

CLERK

Docket ending 4587, People versus Howard Chaykin. One count murder in the 2nd degree. One count manslaughter in the 1st degree. One count reckless endangerment.

JUDGE TUROW

You're in some trouble Officer Chaykin...

ALEX

(to Chaykin; sotto)

You're a cop?

CHAYKIN

Shouldn't you know this?

ALEX

(thrown; back to Judge)

Alex Sitterson for the Defendant, Your Honor. I plead Not Guilty. I mean, Mr. Chaykin-- Officer Chaykin. Not guilty.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE TUROW
(oy vey)
Question of bail?

AMANDA SEVRIN
I.A.B.'s already determined the shooting
death of Lyle Eddings was the result of
an unjustifiable use of force on the part
of Officer Chaykin.

ALEX
Objection. I mean, um...

Then-- BZZZ. Alex looks down. His iPhone. He just got a
TEXT: "IAB NOT RELEVANT RE BAIL"

ALEX
The I.A.B.'s findings aren't relevant to
the determination of bail.
(phone BUZZES again; reads)
Moreover, as a police officer, Mr.
Chaykin has strong ties to the community.

AMANDA SEVRIN
A community which is outraged by
this very kind of police misconduct.

ALEX
Yes, but the community... for which
Officer Chaykin is... an officer...

Stalling for time. Alex glancing repeatedly at his phone for
the next life-saving text... Finally, it BUZZES. Saved --

ALEX
Jennings v. Brandt -- there is a
presumption against law enforcement
officials being considered flight risks.

Alex looks up at the judge. Wide-eyed. SMASH TO:

INT. HALLWAY. A MINUTE LATER.

Billy, Alex and a newly-freed Chaykin shoot down the corridor.

ALEX
That was incredible. Seriously, those
messages were better than sexting --

BILLY
(deeply sarcastic)
Something I'm sure you're an expert at.

(CONTINUED)

CHAYKIN

What happened to the lawyer I hired?

BILLY

There he is right now. Hey, Dan.

Billy gives a friendly wave to a HEAVYSET ATTORNEY. *Hiya.*

CHAYKIN

Did you-- Did you just hijack me?

BILLY

I prefer to use the term "Shanghaied."
Which I couldn't've done if your lawyer
hadn't gone to the wrong courtroom in the
first place. I've gotta tell you, that's
not the kind of mistake that inspires trust.

(then; sincere)

Look, Howard, there's no earthly reason
why you should put your life in my hands.
Except this: I'm staring you in the eye
and I'm giving you my word that I'll go
to jail before you do.

INT. ROTUNDA. A MOMENT LATER.

The courthouse lobby. Billy and Alex... and Chaykin.

ALEX

You really do look familiar. Were you in
the news or something?

BILLY

I hate the media.

WHAM. Billy smashes through the doors, out to --

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS. CONTINUOUS.

-- where a phalanx of MEDIA immediately pounce. Shifting
cameras. Shoving microphones. Shouting questions.

MEDIA

Officer Chaykin, why'd you do it? /
Make a statement--? / Anything to
say? / Are you guilty?

Camera shutters go off like machinegun rounds, as --

REPORTER

Mr. Remz, how can you represent Officer
Chaykin without a law license?

(CONTINUED)

MEDIA

Are you afraid your reputation will taint
your client? / This illegal? / Illegal... /
Your license back? / Illegal...

ALEX

You were in the news.

BILLY

Yeah.

ALEX

You're Billy Remz.

BILLY

Yeah.

ALEX

You got accused of fraud, you got
arrested and you got disbarred.

BILLY

(beat)

Yeah.

Alex's eyes go wide. Media still firing questions. Video and
still cameras capturing it all, as we SMASH TO TITLE CARD:

GUILTY

EXT. SIXTH AVENUE. DAY.

Billy on the move. Checking his damaged watch, juggling his
briefcase, pulling out his Blackberry --

BILLY

Little Bear!

INT. SARA REMZ'S BROWNSTONE. INTERCUT.

ZOE REMZ, 6 and adorable and Billy's daughter, on the phone --

ZOE

Daddy!

BILLY

Sweetie, is Mommy around?

Zoe hands the phone to SARA REMZ, Billy's savvy wife, with an --

ZOE

Iloveyoudaddy.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

Love you too, Bun.

SARA

Sometimes I worry all the nicknames are because you don't remember her real one.

BILLY

It's Zoe, I'm pretty sure. Yours is Sara, right?

(then)

So, listen, I just bagged a big case, gonna be on the news tonight, so I'm thinking celebratory dinner. Tomorrow night, Per Se, our usual table...

SARA

We lost your usual table when you lost your license. And we really should talk about--

BILLY

We'll talk at dinner. Look, someone's following me, I gotta go.

REVEAL Alex has been walking beside him the whole time --

BILLY

Don't you have a mugging trial to get back to screwing up?

ALEX

I got a 48-hour continuance to focus on the Chaykin case --

BILLY

You're not handling the Chaykin case.

ALEX

I filed the appearance.

BILLY

Yeah, we'll be filing ours by end of business. Thanks, we had our moment, enjoy what I know will be a long and distinguished legal career.

INT. FANCY 6TH AVENUE OFFICE TOWER. CONTINUOUS.

Billy punches an elevator button, as --

ALEX

I could learn from you. And this is my first case with any media attention.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

It's not your case. I thought we went over this.

ALEX

I'm the attorney of record --

BILLY

Which reminds me, along with the *Chaykin* appearance, I'm also gonna file for a restraining order.

INT. ELEVATOR. CONTINUOUS.

ALEX

I graduated Harvard with a 3.89 GPA and Harvard Law with a 3.99. And between the two of us, I'm the only one with a law license. So what's that tell you?

BILLY

That there may be law, but there's certainly no justice.

INT. SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES, RECEPTION. CONTINUOUS.

Surprisingly impressive. Billy keeps moving --

ALEX

It should tell you we need each other. You need my law license and I could use some of your flair rubbing off on me --

BILLY

First, there will be no rubbing of anything of mine off on you. Second, I don't need your law license --

ALEX

I can think of a few judges, courts and a bar association that'd disagree.

BILLY

Even without a license, I'm still 90% a lawyer --

ALEX

There's no such thing as 90% a lawyer --

BILLY

I can investigate, arbitrate, negotiate and mediate. I just can't litigate.

INT. SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES, BULLPEN. CONTINUOUS.

A large central area ringed by offices. A hive of activity. No office staff, but plenty of lawyers. All young.

BILLY

That's what these kids're for.
(off Alex's astonishment)
You like the space? So did the investment firm whose lease we're finishing out.

(to a passing ASSOCIATE)

Craig, you got time to draft a restraining order motion?

ASSOCIATE

Greg. Can't. I'm prepping the Claremont solicitation trial.

ALEX

How can-- How can you hire associates?

BILLY

I'm not gonna lie to you: It helps they don't technically work for me.

Billy points to a placard. It says "SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES".

ALEX

Who's Shepherd?

BILLY

Scott Shepherd. The one who looks pissed --

Sure enough, SCOTT SHEPHERD strides up. Roughly Billy's age. Kind. Idealistic. Gay. And, at this moment, agitated --

SCOTT

Do you know a quicker way to get black-listed in this city than representing a cop in a bad shoot case?

BILLY

Where are we on the I.C.E. petition?

SCOTT

Neither do I. Use-of-force cases are racial minefields and political powderkegs --

BILLY

If you'd bothered to catch my 15 minutes of fame on the courthouse steps, you'd know both the victim and our client are of the African-American persuasion.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY (CONT'D)

Black cop plus black vic equals no one caring about race.

BILLY

That I.C.E. petition. I need something by tonight --

SCOTT

Okay, that's the racial minefield, what about the political powderkeg?

BILLY

It's just a green card.

(off Scott)

The risk is worth it, Scott. This case'll provide exactly the kind of publicity your firm needs.

SCOTT

It's always my firm when you want something.

BILLY

And I always want something, so it's win/win. Speaking of winning, I want you first chairing this cop case --

ALEX

And I'm second chair.

BILLY

Not possible. You don't work here.

ALEX

So hire me. I'm the attorney of record --

BILLY

You really have to stop saying that. Even if I wanted to -- which I don't -- I can't hire you 'cause I can't pay you. I've got too many mouths to feed as it is.

Before Alex can rebut, a fresh-faced associate named IAN enters. Billy looks to him, TUGGING on his own ear --

BILLY

What does this mean?

IAN

I can't keep all your signals straight, Billy --

BILLY

It means pass the witness. It means no more questions.

BILLY

And now your client's doing a ten-year jolt for aggravated assault. Congrats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

IAN

Screw you, Billy. Screw your lectures and your abuse and your narcissism. You're just jealous because I and every other associate here can do things you can't.

Billy absorbs the barrage. Calm. A beat.

BILLY

Thanks for those insights. For a moment there, I'd forgotten why I was the only lawyer in town who'd hire you.

IAN

You're not a lawyer.

BILLY

(lasered in on Ian)

Alex? Turns out, we have an opening after all.

(then; to Alex)

Congratulations. Let's go see your client.

INT. HOWARD CHAYKIN'S APARTMENT. DAY.

One-bedroom bachelor pad. The living room has been converted to a makeshift bedroom. Too much stuff for the cramped space. Billy, Scott and Alex sit with Chaykin and his concerned sister, SANDRA. As Sandra's son, LEO (12) plays a Nintendo DS.

SANDRA

I don't understand. How can you represent him if you're not a lawyer?

BILLY

Technically, I wouldn't be representing him. Scott and Alex'll handle the trial.

SANDRA

(to Chaykin)

He can't even appear in court. This is who you want to trust with your life?

BILLY

Not for nothing, but there was a time when I was the most sought after lawyer in Manhattan.

CHAYKIN

And if you still had your license, I wouldn't be able to afford you.

Billy nods. Acknowledging the truth of that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAYKIN

My sister's got medical bills. Kidney problems. She can't work. She lost her husband nine months ago. Her and Leo... I'm all they've got. I don't care about what happens to me if I go away. But them...

(it's too terrible)

I'm innocent. The guy I shot, Eddings, he was pulling a gun. It was self-defense. But unless you get a jury to believe that...

(a look back to Leo)

You said I was putting my life in your hands, Mr. Remz. But it's not just my life.

Scott and Alex both look to Billy. The enormity of what he's gotten himself into hitting. Hard.

EXT. ONE HOGAN PLAZA. PRESENT DAY.

Home of the Manhattan District Attorney's Office.

SCOTT

So who's the riding D.A. on this?

Alex is about to answer, but Billy cuts him off --

BILLY

Sevrin handled the arraignment. So listen, I need the I.C.E. petition thing resolved by tomorrow night --

SCOTT

Sevrin's good. Tough.

ALEX

Yeah, but I don't think she's gonna--

BILLY

-- pose too much of a problem. We've got this thing nailed on the facts.

Scott stops in his tracks. Reading Billy.

SCOTT

Billy, is the reason Sevrin won't be posing too much of a problem because she's not, in fact, lead counsel for trial?

(off Billy)

Is the reason you won't let the kid finish a sentence is you don't want me to know Alan Cooke is handling this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

Cooke's the head of the felony bureau.
How could you think he wasn't handling a
case of this profile?

SCOTT

Please -- please -- tell me you didn't take
this case to get back at Alan Cooke...

BILLY

No.

(allows)

Not that the possibility isn't a bonus...

Scott looks nauseated. Prompting Billy to get serious --

BILLY

Ten months, Scott. Ten months of
misdemeanors and traffic violations. Now
this case. An innocent man. An innocent
policeman. Who's put his faith in us. This
case doesn't just legitimize what we're
doing, *it reminds us why we're doing it, why
we became attorneys in the first place.*

(laser-focused)

Ten months ago, everyone laughed. They
laughed at me for getting screwed, and at
you for following me outta the firm. But
when we win this? *No one's gonna be
laughing any more.*

INT. D.A.'S CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

Amanda Sevrin flanks her boss, ALAN COOKE. He wears the chip
on his shoulder like a badge of self-righteous honor.

COOKE

Get out.

BILLY

(to Alex)

He hasn't even met you and he doesn't
want you around.

COOKE

This conference is for attorneys, of
which you are not one.

BILLY

True, but Mr. Chaykin has employed me as
his jury consultant.

(handing over a blueback)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm to be involved in all pre-trial conferences. The clerk's office is getting a copy as we speak.

COOKE

Fine. But how's it gonna feel when the judge gavels court into session, asks the parties if they're ready for trial and you don't get to stand up?

The truth, Billy will die a little inside...

BILLY

There shouldn't be a trial. Cop pulls suspect over, suspect -- who has a jacket thicker than your dick, by the way -- pulls a gun on cop. Cop shoots in self-defense.

AMANDA SEVRIN

He shot in "self-defense" three times. He didn't know Mr. Eddings' criminal record, so the jury won't learn about it, either. And Eddings didn't pull a gun, it remained underneath his seat. All of which led the I.A.B. board to determine this was a bad shoot.

COOKE

But you're right. A good man like your client, a police officer, we'd probably be willing to plead out on this.

(leans forward)

But he's your client. So there won't be any deal. Call it "the Billy Tax." I can't stop you from "consulting" but I can make sure any client dumb enough to buy into your crap gets penalized for it.

Cooke's anger hangs in the air like napalm. Thick. Pungent.

BILLY

You're a very sore winner, Alan.

COOKE

You've no idea.

(then)

Officer Chaykin's sector car was equipped with a Martel MD-E2 in-car video surveillance camera...

Sevrin opens a LAPTOP. Grainy, M.O.S. footage plays:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Night. A MANHATTAN STREET. Desolate save for a car passing through a distant intersection in the b.g. Chaykin approaching a parked sedan. No one else on the street. Chaykin stepping up to the driver's side window. A brief exchange. Suddenly... Chaykin's gun is in his fist. It jumps. Three times. Three shots. Cold blooded. The import of the video is clear: This wasn't self-defense.

Billy's eyes find his watch. The CRACKED FACE. A MEMORY:

INT. KESSEL REMZ & NANCE. FLASHBACK (ONE YEAR AGO).

Billy strides past a placard with his name on it. His firm. His achievement. It's a year ago. His suit's sharper. His Chronomaster is pristine. King of the world. And loving it.

A passel of associates -- including Scott -- follow, trying to keep pace. Billy throwing out commands like confetti --

BILLY

I need the Kelton interrogatories emailed by end of business. I need someone to cover the Rykman depo. Pretrial's scheduled for the 10th, I need that moved, gonna be in Aruba.

The associates peel off, leaving just an eye candy but efficient ASSISTANT. She shuffles phone messages --

ASSISTANT

New calls. Eddie Michaels says he got you in the Top 5 for Silver Gavel's power litigators list. New York magazine called again for an interview, evidently they think the fourth time's the charm. And a Mr. Hewson says he'll be in town tomorrow.

BILLY

Call Humberto over at Per Se and get my table for tomorrow night. And Molly, in the future, Mr. Hewson, he prefers "Bono."

With that, he SMASHES through a set of double doors to --

INT. KR&N CONFERENCE ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

SEVEN CEOs are arranged around the polished maple table. Billy stops in his tracks: Alan Cooke is here. Flanked by a COP.

BILLY

What the hell is this?
(to Cooke)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY (CONT'D)

These men are currently under indictment and represented by counsel. Even being in the same room with them without me present is a violation of the rules of judicial ethics.

COOKE

It's almost amusing getting a lecture about judicial ethics from you.

(re: the CEOs)

I'm here because their in-house counsels all requested me to be.

This hits Billy with nuclear impact. His world spins...

COOKE

In exchange for immunity, they've offered you up as the architect. The bank fraud, the wire fraud, the predatory lending agreements... All of it.

BILLY

I wanna-- I want to talk to my clients. I want a moment alone with my clients.

COOKE

I'm not in private practice, but I'm pretty sure when your clients turn you in, they're no longer your clients.

Everything slows. The officer reaching to 'cuff Billy...

NYPD OFFICER

You have the right to remain silent...

The handcuffs close around his wrists -- CRACKING the face of Billy's Chronomaster -- SNAPPING us back to:

INT. D.A.'S CONFERENCE ROOM. RESUMING.

Cooke and Sevrin walk out, having just dropped their grenade. Billy simmers, unable to meet Scott's gaze.

SCOTT

Well, you were right about one thing. No one's laughing.

Billy says nothing. Just stares at his broken watch. A metaphor for a broken life...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES, BILLY'S OFFICE. DAY.

Billy's playing the incriminating video for Chaykin.

CHAYKIN

I know... I know how this looks, but...
but it's dark. The recording... you can
barely see anything.

(turns to Billy)

And I know what happened. He was turning
towards me. He was moving for his gun.

BILLY

That may be how you remember it, Howard,
but it's not how it looks. It looks like
you shot an unarmed suspect in cold blood.

Chaykin just nods. Lost. Scared. Billy indicates the video --

BILLY

You knew your car was equipped with a
camera. I didn't have to be blindsided.

CHAYKIN

I just-- I hoped the tape wouldn't be
damaging.

BILLY

Well, now we know better.

(off Chaykin)

Is there anything else I don't know?

CHAYKIN

No. No, Mr. Remz. I swear.

INT. BULLPEN. MINUTES LATER.

Billy blows through like a wind. Not asking everyone to stop
whatever it is they're doing. Just expects they will --

BILLY

I need an expert on video and lighting,
someone willing to say a head in
silhouette is turning even though he looks
like he's not 'cause of the darkness.

(then)

I need a full background on our client.
Civilian complaints, I.A.B. findings,
everything. Total colonoscopy.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY (CONT'D)

Same for his partner, Wendy Kirk. By day's end, I wanna know her like we're related or sleeping together or both.

Lily passes Billy. On the cross --

BILLY

And I need the gun the vic, Lyle Eddings, was reaching for. Its whole biography. If his prints are on it, that helps. If he once used it in a crime, that helps. If he once used it to shoot a police officer, I'll buy you a Mercedes.

LILY

What would I do with a Mercedes in Manhattan?

BILLY

Get something off the gun I can work with and you'll find out. Alex'll help you.

ALEX

Alex can't. Alex has a cross-examination in his mugging case to prepare for.

BILLY

You resume in two days. In trial time, that's, like, an eternity. Look, you help Lily out with the gun today, I'll work with you tonight.

ALEX

You would? That's-- That's really cool of you, Billy.

BILLY

What can I say? I'm a mentor.

Lily suppresses a grin. Knows what Billy has in mind, as --

BILLY

(to the room)

We've got a client who's lying and a video which has to be. Which means we've gotta come up with a third way to find out what happened.

(to Scott)

C'mon. It's not just the guilty who return to the scene of the crime.

EXT. 94TH AVE. & LIVERPOOL STREET. DAY.

The bad part of town. Cracked pavement and vacant storefronts. A PRIUS pulls towards the curb. Billy and Scott get out --

SCOTT

Eddings pulled his car over here.
Chaykin's sector car stopped behind,
eight feet from the curb. Shell casings
here, here and here.

Billy places QUARTERS where Scott pointed, as --

BILLY

So where are we on that I.C.E. petition?
I really do need it by tonight --

SCOTT

No, you don't. You've got enough
problems with Sara without--

BILLY

Chaykin's unit was 8 feet from the curb
you said? This Malibu's in the way.

A CHEVY MALIBU parked at a meter. Billy moves towards the Prius --

BILLY

Pop the trunk for me, willya?

SCOTT

Don't change the subject. Sara's trying
to send you a message. She's been trying
for months. I think it's time to listen.

Billy removes a TIRE IRON from the trunk and... *SMASHES the parking meter.* Did Scott hit a nerve?

BILLY

New York Vehicle Code 62(a)(1A). Any
vehicle parked next to a broken parking
meter can be towed.

TIME CUT TO:

The Malibu getting towed away. Billy instantly taking its
place, calculating the position of Chaykin's police car.

BILLY

Alright. Approach the car.

Now we see... *Billy's assembled a group of people to re-enact the shooting.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a HOMELESS MAN sitting in Scott's Prius. A BIKE MESSENGER approaches the car. A WOMAN stands beside Billy. And, strangest of all, a PIZZA DELIVERY GUY stands off to the side holding a TRASH CAN LID.

BILLY

What did Eddings get pulled over for?

SCOTT

Busted tail light.

CRACK. Billy shatters Scott's tail light with the tire iron.

SCOTT

Thanks.

Billy hands the tire iron over to the Pizza Delivery Guy with the trash can lid, turns to the Bike Messenger, who points a finger -- a "gun" -- at the Homeless Guy --

BILLY

And... bang.

On cue, the Pizza Delivery Guy strikes the trash can lid with the tire iron. CLANG.

BILLY

That's the wimpiest fake gunshot I've ever heard. Louder. Again.

CLANG. Billy using his menagerie to recreate the traffic stop, the exchange with Eddings, the shooting. Weird.

SCOTT

You've fake-killed a homeless guy at least five times now and I'm no closer to seeing whatever it is you're seeing.

BILLY

'Cause you're looking, not listening.

ALEX (PRELAP)

I don't get it...

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA. DAY.

Headquarters of the NYPD. Lily navigates the hallway as if she carried a badge. Alex glances around. Confused --

ALEX

We can't just ask the police to let us see the evidence. *People v.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (CONT'D)

Rosenfelt, 248 NY 339 -- "Defense counsel is prohibited from examining evidence in police custody absent a court order."

LILY

Yeah, but Billy's thinking is that once we file a motion, Cooke'll know that we want to test the victim's gun and why.

She leads Alex into an ELEVATOR. Stabs a button --

ALEX

6,500 law firms in Manhattan. 74,425 lawyers. You couldn't find anyone else who would hire you?

LILY

Not with a record of burglary, larceny and computer hacking.

The elevator CHIMES. Just as the nickel drops for Alex --

ALEX

You're not gonna steal the gun, are you?

LILY

Absolutely not. You're gonna do it --

ALEX

Are you nuts? I'm not stealing evidence --

The doors open. Lily strides out. Leaving a stunned Alex in her wake. Enjoying his reaction. He follows her out to --

INT. SUB-BASEMENT, EVIDENCE CONTAINMENT. CONTINUOUS.

A maze of metal shelves stacked with cardboard boxes and brown paper bags. Areas are sectioned off by chainlink cages. A CLERK works a booth. A UNIFORMED OFFICER works a Sudoku.

LILY

You were the one who wanted this case.

(leans in; sotto)

It'll be easy. I'll distract the clerk, you slip in and snatch the gun. Unit Q, Shelf 3, Box 42.

Alex stares at her like she's from Mars, but she's already approaching the clerk's booth. Flashing cleavage and a smile --

LILY

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex watches -- stunned -- as Lily drops her hand below the counter -- POINTING to the EVIDENCE CAGE. *There. Go.*

Alex swallows, screwing up his courage... and makes his way -- forced casual -- towards the Evidence Cage... leveling a trembling hand to open it, but... *it's LOCKED.* Panic rising, he tries to figure out what to do next when --

UNIFORMED OFFICER (O.S.)

The hell you think you're doing?

-- *the officer SLAMS him against the cage's chainlink as a precursor to SHOVING him down to the floor.* Alex goes down hard, his head SMACKING linoleum --

ALEX

I thought I could be in-- Ow. Jesus...

The Guard PINS Alex to the floor -- a knee into the small of his back -- painful -- ZIP-TYING his wrists behind him --

ALEX

I'm an attorney, an officer of the court,
I have a right to examine evidence --
think I just dislocated a shoulder --

The Guard YANKS Alex to his feet -- Alex struggling -- his eyes screaming at Lily, while he argues for his freedom --

ALEX

-- or, at least, be told what I'm being
charged with-- Ow. Seriously, I'm filing
a 1984 action against all of you...

The clerk reacts and FOLLOWS the officer and Alex out... *leaving Lily ALONE. Just like she planned.* She moves towards the cage. A lockpick kit from her pocket. Cage open. Three seconds total.

INT. SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES. EVENING.

Billy beelines towards the conference room. Scott standing guard at the door, blocking his path --

SCOTT

You're not thinking of going in there --

BILLY

No, I was gonna actually do it --

SCOTT

You're not a lawyer --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

Thanks for reminding me, but what can anyone do about it, really? Disbar me?

And he disappears into --

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where NYPD OFFICER WENDY KIRK (Caucasian, attractive, in uniform) sits. Flanked by her low rent LAWYER.

BILLY

Thanks a lot for coming in. Oh yeah, that's right, you were subpoenaed.

LOW RENT LAWYER

Why are we here, Mr. Remz? My client had zero involvement in the shooting. She didn't even leave the sector car --

BILLY

Relax. All I wanna know is whether Lyle Eddings took his license out of his wallet before he was shot.

Wendy and the lawyer react. *What difference does that make?*

WENDY KIRK

He didn't have a wallet. Just some credit cards in a rubber band.

BILLY

Oh yeah, I remember now. You mentioned that in the statement you gave I.A.B. But here's the thing: I just came from the scene and I couldn't see a way you could observe a detail like that if you never got out of the car.

Wendy blanches. Sensing danger, her lawyer intervenes --

LOW RENT LAWYER

We're done here. I'm not letting you try to get my client to incriminate herself --

BILLY

Actually, I was hoping you'd do that.

LOW RENT LAWYER

What--? I'm her lawyer-- Attorney-client privilege --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY
(waves that away)
Privilege. *Please.* We paper up a
consulting agreement --

LOW RENT LAWYER
A consulting agreement?

BILLY
Or a waiver and release. We'll figure it
out. Point is, she told you what really
happened. You tell me, I cut you a check.

Billy produces his CHECKBOOK. Wendy looks to her lawyer, who
looks to Billy. Stunned. *Is this actually happening?*

LOW RENT LAWYER
Are you trying to bribe me?

BILLY
(as he writes the check)
In front of a police officer? I'd have
to be crazy.
(looks up; assessing)
You strike me as a one-fifty an hour
kinda guy. This case, it's worth, what,
five grand in fees to you?
(rips off a check)
So let's make it ten. Ten thousand.

Wendy shoots the lawyer a look, prompting --

LOW RENT LAWYER
Mr. Remz, I can't --

BILLY
You're right. Ten's too low. How's
fifteen?

As the lawyer stammers -- tempted -- Billy turns to Wendy --

BILLY
Here's the point, Wendy -- mind if I call
you Wendy? -- there's no amount of money
I won't spend, nothing I won't do to save
Howard Chaykin, a man who -- and it's sad
I have to remind you of this -- a man who
was your partner.

WENDY KIRK
(stunned but scared)
I'm a police officer. You're talking to
a police officer like this...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY

I talk to everyone like this. Particularly when they won't tell me the truth. How long do you think it'll take me to find it out here, 'cause I gotta tell you, it's not a question of if, only when.

LOW RENT LAWYER

(standing)

Okay, we're really done now...

BILLY

That's alright. Your client already told me what I wanted to know anyway.

LOW RENT LAWYER

She didn't say a thing --

BILLY

Her face did.

(looks to Wendy)

You don't play a lot of poker, do you?

The lawyer starts ushering Wendy out of the room, as --

BILLY

Too bad. This could'a been yours.

And he RIPS up the check.

INT. PER SE RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Décor to make you feel better about spending \$275 for dinner. Per person. A HOSTESS shaking her head in Billy's face --

HOSTESS

We're very busy tonight. I don't have a reservation for you --

BILLY

Your manager. Huberto Ramos. Just get him.

Delivered in a tone to preempt debate. The Hostess moves off, leaving Billy waiting. His eyes scanning the restaurant...

The rich and beautiful and powerful. He used to be one of them. And now they look at him with derision. He's known. Infamous. Off their judgmental looks...

INT. KESSEL REMZ & NANCE. FLASHBACK.

The cuffs snapping around Billy's wrists. The cop administering Miranda under --

BILLY

I want to talk with my clients.

COOKE

We've covered that. They're not--

BILLY

Unless you've got a piece of paper saying otherwise, they're still my clients and you can't prevent me from talking to them in the conference room of my own firm.

COOKE

You've got two minutes.

Once Cooke and the police officer exit, Billy turns to the CEOs, his clients, indicting them all with a stare --

BILLY

Why?

A 1-percenter named PAUL BREVOORT stands to speak for the rest --

PAUL BREVOORT

Is this conversation privileged?

BILLY

Is it priv--? Yes. Fine.

PAUL BREVOORT

This isn't personal. Mr. Cooke wants a pelt for his wall. Anyone's will do.

BILLY

And you offered me up.

PAUL BREVOORT

Only after Cooke fished.

(off Billy)

The irony here is you promised to get us off and you did.

BILLY

You're naive if you think Cooke won't still come after all of you once I get his case against me kicked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL BREVOORT

Not as naive as you are if you think you can kick anything with all seven of us providing testimony against you. Is it fair? No. Is it just? Certainly not. But trials are about law, not justice.

(then)

You taught us that.

A body blow. Billy simmers -- unable to speak -- as Cooke and the cop re-enter. Time's up. Grabbing Billy by the arm, they lead him out...

THROUGH THE FIRM. His firm. His partners, his associates, his employees... all watching. Curious stares. Confused whispers. Everyone looking. Wondering. Judging. CUT TO:

INT. PER SE. RESUMING.

The same judgmental stares -- familiar to Billy now -- coming from the diners. A naked, humiliating beat. Then --

Per Se's MANAGER -- Latino, sharply-dressed -- approaches --

BILLY

Congratulations. I.C.E. -- that's
Immigrations and Customs Enforcement --
granted your petition for a USCIS I-551.

Billy holds up an I.C.E.-stamped GREEN CARD. Sotto --

BILLY

I think this is worth at least five
seatings, don't you?

MANAGER

Two.

BILLY

Four.
(the Manager nods)
God bless America.

INT. PER SE. LATER.

Billy sits at a table. Taps his broken watch.

SARA (O.S.)

You should buy a new one.

Billy stands to see... Sara. Dressed just fancy enough for the setting, she looks resplendent. They sit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

You bought this watch for our first anniversary.

SARA

And it no longer works.

BILLY

It's special. It's important to me. I think there's still life in it.

SARA

Are we still talking about the watch?

Billy smiles.

BILLY

Thanks for coming.

SARA

I don't recall being given much of a choice.

BILLY

I didn't have you brought here at gunpoint, Sara.

SARA

I needed to do this in person --

BILLY

You don't need to do anything --

SARA

Yes, I do. Because 8 months of separation hasn't gotten the message through.

And there it is. Out in the open. Billy goes for empathy --

BILLY

I understand why you wanted to separate. I was in a bad place. I was spiraling and you did the right thing, putting some distance between me and you and Zoe.

If anything, it pains her to see him this desperate. Still --

SARA

We didn't separate because you got disbarred, Billy. Or because you spiraled.

(as Billy dies inside)

I love you. I'm in love with you. And I always will be. But it's not healthy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARA (CONT'D)

For either of us. Because as long as we're together... as long as we're with each other, you'll never face your demons. Because those demons are with us, too.

BILLY

My demons?

SARA

Your temper. Your narcissism. Your relentless, unending drive...

BILLY

Okay. Look. I understand everything you're saying. And you're right. I've got my issues. But you said it yourself: you love me. And I love you and we have a daughter we both love. And we owe it to her to work through this. Together.

SARA

I don't think we can. I think you've got to do it on your own...

BILLY

Well, I don't agree --

SARA

I knew you wouldn't. Which is why I brought these.

She produces something from her purse. Lays it on the table.

SARA

They're divorce papers...

BILLY

I still went to law school --
(instant regret)

I'm sorry. Could we just discuss this?

SARA

No, Billy, we can't. Because you'll just try to talk me out of it. And because you talk better than anyone, you will. And then I'll wake up tomorrow and have to do this all over again.

(beat)

And once was hard enough for me.

She stands. Pained. And walking away. Out of his life...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES. MORNING.

Typical morning bustle. FIND Billy talking with Scott in the midst of juggling paper, always multi-tasking, under --

SCOTT

How'd it go last night?

BILLY

With Chaykin's former partner or mine?

SCOTT

Well, the fact you're referring to Sara as your former partner gives me some insight...

BILLY

I don't want to talk about it.

SCOTT

As does that.

Lily enters. Grateful for the distraction, Billy pounces --

BILLY

You get my gun?

LILY

Got it, tested it, put it back. The vic had a Glock 17 on him. Fingerprints on the cartridge. They don't show up in AFIS, but that could just be because they're partials.

BILLY

So no match with Chaykin's partner?

LILY

No, but it's cute you expected there to be.

Billy grimaces. Lily knows him too well..

BILLY

What about ballistics?

LILY

Nothing on CoBIS. But that's not --

BILLY

-- not a galloping shock since CoBIS is almost as useless as...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX. Just walked in, as if on cue. Wearing yesterday's suit --

BILLY

Where were you last night? I was here at eight to get my prep on...

LILY

He... might've gotten arrested yesterday.

ALEX

Detained. I spent the night in lock-up.

BILLY

Well, I guess felonious is better than irresponsible...

Billy shrugs and moves off. Leaving Alex to remark --

ALEX

Did he plan on me getting arrested?

LILY

Well, you only got detained...

(off Alex)

It was pretty hot.

ALEX

Me getting detained?

LILY

You having the sack to risk it.

Alex brightens -- feeling better already -- as Scott approaches --

SCOTT

Client's in the conference room.

INT. SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES, CONFERENCE ROOM. LATER.

Billy, Alex and Scott are meeting with Chaykin. They're playing the video again. Billy POINTING to that CAR we'd seen moving through the intersection in the b.g. --

BILLY

The victim was shot three times with a .40 caliber gun, but this guy doesn't even slow down.

(beat)

I traced the driver through DMV. He didn't stop because he didn't hear any shots. And he didn't hear any shots because there weren't any.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

What're you talking about? The victim was shot. He's dead. He was shot dead.

SCOTT

(realizing; re: Chaykin)

He recorded over the recording... re-staged the shooting...

Chaykin remains silent. Ashamed. Billy drills in --

BILLY

You looked me dead in the eye and you told me-- You swore there weren't any other surprises.

(pointing at the video)

Which is problematic to me because I find this more than a little surprising.

And still Chaykin says nothing.

BILLY

You recorded over the actual shooting for a reason. Your partner, meanwhile, knows details she couldn't know if she'd stayed in the car like she's claiming.

(off Chaykin)

Those two things only make sense if Wendy Kirk shot Eddings.

The room shudders with the weight of the accusation.

BILLY

What doesn't make sense is you taking the fall for her in the first place. For one thing, she's not that hot.

(off Chaykin)

I want the whole truth, Howard.

Chaykin considers. Decides to come completely clean --

CHAYKIN

You know what happens to white cops who shoot black suspects? Guilty 'til proven innocent. And even if exonerated, their careers never recover.

SCOTT

Except now neither will yours.

CHAYKIN

I never thought it'd get this far. Eddings was armed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHAYKIN (CONT'D)

He was going for a gun. Wendy's use of force was justified. I took the hit because I figured I'd have the better shot with I.A.B., they'd clear the shoot and that'd be the end of it. I never planned on getting prosecuted. And I never thought anybody'd figure out what really happened.

(to Billy)

I'm sorry I lied to you.

BILLY

Clients lie, Howard. You go to prison, it's still on me. I don't sleep any better knowing you were untruthful along the way.

INT. SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES, LATER.

Billy, Scott and Alex plot their next move --

BILLY

Why take the fall for her? Why expose himself like that?

SCOTT

You think he's still hiding something?

BILLY

No, I know it for sure.

Billy begins to pace. Troubled. Alex thinks --

ALEX

How'd you I.D. the guy going through the intersection? His tags weren't visible.

BILLY

They weren't. I made that up.

ALEX

You lied to your own client?

BILLY

He's your client and so long as he believes me, it's not lying, it's bluffing.

(off Alex's reaction)

I know that look. Loss of virginity. You need a moment?

ALEX

I'm just-- It's just... stealing evidence, lying to clients... this isn't how lawyers are supposed to operate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

Not a lawyer, remember?

(then)

Y'know what the problem with the law is?
Everyone's so concerned about what's
legal they've forgotten what's right.

INT. COURTROOM, PART 10. DAY.

People v. Chaykin. Billy, Sandra and Leo, playing his game,
in the gallery. Scott and Alex flanking Chaykin at the
defense table. Cooke leads a detective through direct:

DETECTIVE MILLER

For use-of-force to be permissible, the
suspect's got to have a weapon, intent to
use it and access to the weapon.

COOKE

At the I.A.B. inquest, Officer Chaykin
claimed Mr. Eddings was making a move
towards the gun.

DETECTIVE MILLER

And the I.A.B. didn't believe him, so
that should tell you something.

Billy taps his bicep. Subtle. But a signal for Scott to --

SCOTT

Objection.

JUDGE TUROW

Sustained. Move on, Mr. Cooke.

COOKE

If Mr. Eddings' gun was underneath the
driver's seat, Officer Chaykin couldn't
see it. So was there any other reason for
him to fear for his safety?

DETECTIVE MILLER

Mr. Eddings had a fairly extensive
criminal record.

Another bicep-tap from Billy sends Scott to his feet --

SCOTT

Objection. The prosecution had informed
us they didn't intend to introduce the
victim's priors --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE TUROW

Clearly, they changed their mind, Mr. Shepherd. Overruled.

Cooke nods. Satisfied. Returning his attention to Miller --

COOKE

Attempted murder, assault, aggravated assault, assault with intent, larceny, assault... Do these crimes have anything in common apart from Mr. Eddings?

DETECTIVE MILLER

They were all committed with the same kind of gun. A .38 snub-nosed revolver.

Billy signals Scott, sensing the bombshell he was worried about. Cooke holds up the GLOCK 17 in a clear evidence bag --

COOKE

This is the gun recovered from Mr. Eddings' car. Doesn't look like a .38.

DETECTIVE MILLER

No, sir, that's a Glock 17.

Cooke turns around. Locking eyes with Billy. *Gotcha.*

COOKE

Why would Mr. Eddings, who so clearly favored a revolver, deviate from his M.O. and start carrying a semi-automatic?

Shit. Billy's panic rises. Tapping his bicep. Desperate now.

COOKE

Can you offer any explanation for this inconsistency, Detective?

DETECTIVE MILLER

The Glock didn't belong to Eddings. It was a "drop gun," a weapon planted on a suspect after they're arrested or shot.

COOKE

And why would a police officer ever plant a "drop gun" on a suspect after he'd been killed?

DETECTIVE MILLER

To justify an unjustifiable shoot.

Cooke grins. Billy seethes. Afraid of something like this...

INT. SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES, BULLPEN. LATER.

The team assembled. Chaykin pleading his case --

CHAYKIN

I didn't plant that gun. Eddings was armed. You have to believe me --

BILLY

No, I don't. Because every word you've told me has been a lie including when you told me you were finished lying! But it's not me you've gotta worry about, it's the jury and they're not gonna believe you, either!

(storming off)

SONOFABITCH!

He disappears into his office. SLAMMING the door behind him. After a beat, Scott follows into --

INT. BILLY'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

BILLY

Come in for your turn?

SCOTT

Came in to see how you're doing.

BILLY

'Cause I'm pretty sure I was telling you to object --

SCOTT

I didn't have grounds --

BILLY

(tapping his bicep)

Object. Object. Object.

SCOTT

On what grounds?

BILLY

Doesn't matter. You disrupt Cooke's rhythm --

SCOTT

-- and send a signal to the jury we've got something to hide.

BILLY

We do have something to hide! Cooke pulls a gun on our client, it's your job to jump in front of the bullet!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY (CONT'D)

You sat on your hands, Scott, and now the jury thinks Chaykin planted the one piece of evidence that proves he's innocent! I don't know if that's malpractice, but it sure is pretty fucking stupid!

Scott absorbs the outburst. Used to it. Stands his ground.

SCOTT

You're stuck in the dugout when you want to be on the field. Your wife wants a divorce. And you think if you can save this one guy you can somehow save yourself except he won't stop lying to you. And its all got to feel like being in the backseat of a car heading off a cliff.

(beat)

And you can take that rage and that frustration out on everyone except me. I'm not other people. That's our rule.

BILLY

I didn't ask for you to come with me --

SCOTT

I know.

BILLY

In fact, I told you not to come with me. You'd be a partner by now. You'd be pulling down three million a year.

SCOTT

I know.

BILLY

So why the hell did you do it? And don't tell me it's 'cause you're in love with me --

SCOTT

You certainly have a high opinion of yourself --

BILLY

No, just of my ability to see the incredibly obvious.

SCOTT

I'm not--

(can't lie, so...)

I've never seen anyone get brought down the way you did last year.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And I've never seen anyone pick themselves up and move on from it.

(beat)

You don't offer a lot of moments when someone's proud to be your friend. But that was one of them. And that's why I left with you. Because that's the kind of lawyer, the kind of person I want to practice law with.

(beat)

And now your back's up against it. So it looks like we've got one of those moments again, don't we?

Billy looks away. Beat. Then back to Scott --

BILLY

Sorry for yelling at you. What happened in court wasn't your fault. It's mine.

SCOTT

You can't see all the angles, Billy.

BILLY

It's my job to.

(then; can't help himself)

You are a little bit in love with me.

Off Scott, a grin. He'll never tell...

INT. BULLPEN. A MINUTE LATER.

Billy and Scott emerge. Billy has a renewed determination --

BILLY

The partial prints on the Glock, the drop gun. They didn't belong to Chaykin or Eddings. Which mean they belong to someone.

(thinks; then)

Every gun has a history. We find out what that Glock's is, we find out why Chaykin planted it.

(to Lily)

Before you returned the Glock to evidence, did you test-fire it?

LILY

Not my first rodeo, Billy.

BILLY

You and Alex've got some homework to do. Compare the test-fired bullets to ballistics in any open cases.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

That'll take all night. A night I've got to spend working on my mugging case because I spent last night in lock-up --

BILLY

That wouldn't've happened if you hadn't gotten yourself arrested. Sorry, detained.

ALEX

I wouldn't have gotten detained if you didn't have me out committing a felony!

(then)

You offered to help me prep. In fact, you promised.

Billy feels Scott's judgmental glare. Relents --

BILLY

Fine. Work the ballistics with Lily, I'll be back to work with you by nine.

Alex -- sharing a look with Lily -- shakes his head...

ALEX (PRELAP)

What the hell do you see in him?

INT. SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES, CONFERENCE ROOM. LATER.

Alex and Lily work late. Ballistics records and reports covering the conference room table. Mind-numbing work.

ALEX

He has you out stealing evidence, working late, looking for needles in haystacks...

LILY

Actually, he has you out stealing evidence.

ALEX

I'm serious. What do you see in him?

LILY

He's pure.

ALEX

Have you met him?

LILY

He lost everything. Including his capacity for bullshit. There's nothing left for him now except his clients and doing whatever he has to to help them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Oh my God. You're sleeping with him.

LILY

No. No.

ALEX

But you want to sleep with him.

LILY

Hell no. And you don't have the first clue who I want to sleep with.

ALEX

On this, actually, I think I'm making a pretty good bet.

LILY

And what do I get if you lose?

Alex senses the sudden turn. The flirtatiousness.

ALEX

Wh-- What?

LILY

That bet. That you know who I want to sleep with.

ALEX

This conversation went very fast in a direction I wasn't expecting...

Lily's lips curl into a grin. She pushes the stacks of files to the floor, clearing the table... Alex's eyes widening...

EXT. TRIBECA, BEACH STREET. NIGHT.

Tree-lined. Red brick buildings. Nice. Billy buzzes the front door of a nice BROWNSTONE. No answer. He buzzes again. Finally, the door opens. Sara. She looks nice.

BILLY

Sorry 'bout the pop-in. But I was feeling a compelling need to hug my daughter and, y'know, talk you out of divorcing me.

SARA

Billy, this isn't a good time --

VOICE FROM INSIDE

Everything okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy reacts. Moves for the door. Sara blocking his path --

SARA
Billy, I really think it'd be best for both of us if you didn't --

BILLY
No, I'm pretty sure I'm coming in now...

With that, he pushes his way past Sara, into --

INT. SARA REMZ'S BROWNSTONE. CONTINUOUS.

Billy's former home. And it's nice. He lived well. A sight stops him cold. Candlelight. Wine. *Shit.*

JACK WESTIN (O.S.)
Billy --

Billy turns around to see -- as he feared -- JACK WESTIN. Roughly Billy's age. Nicer suit. They know each other.

JACK WESTIN
This is unfortunate.

SARA
Billy, I-- I've been trying to find-- I wanted to find the right way to tell you...

BILLY
I didn't know there was a "right way" to tell your husband you're screwing one of his former co-workers. But then I've never been all that big on propriety.
(then)
Who's Zoe staying with tonight?

SARA
She's upstairs. She's asleep.

BILLY
She's here? You were gonna-- With her in the house?

SARA
She's asleep --

BILLY
With her in the house. Was he gonna stay the night? She wakes up to him? Talk over Fruit Loops, maybe?

Billy moving towards the staircase, but Westin gets in front. They lock eyes. So only Westin can hear him, a hiss --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

She doesn't know, does she? How you held me down while they stuck the knife in my back...

Westin flashes rage -- Billy trying to SHOVE his way past -- suddenly... Westin coldcocks him. Billy stumbles back.

SARA

Dammit, Billy...

EXT. BROWNSTONE. LATER.

Billy sits on the stoop. Emotions roiling. After a beat... Sara sits down next to him. Hands him a FROZEN PACKAGE --

SARA

Frozen smoothie mix. Zoe loves them.

BILLY

I don't want a frozen smoothie.

SARA

For your eye.

(beat)

You were gonna take her back to your place? Do you even have a bed for her?

BILLY

I thought it was just a matter of time before I moved back in. I was wrong, clearly.

(beat)

I know I'm not perfect, Sara. I know I've got... like you said, I've got demons. But being separated's only made them worse...

SARA

Getting back together's not going to help you, Billy. And being separated's not what's stopping you from doing the hard work of looking inside yourself and finding out whatever it is that's missing inside of you.

(off Billy)

After you got disbarred, I was actually... hopeful. I thought maybe if you stopped practicing you could start dealing with your issues.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA (CONT'D)

But instead, you found a way around your situation. Like you always do. You're like water. You'll always find the crack.

And it's true. For once in his life, Billy has no rebuttal.

SARA

I know you think I wanted to separate because you got disbarred. But the truth is, I wanted to separate once you figured your way around getting disbarred.

(she stands)

Because that's when I knew you were never going to get better.

She disappears back inside. Leaving Billy. Alone.

INT. BAR. LATER.

A TriBeCa bar. A yuppie bar. Successful professionals. Work hard, play hard. Billy used to be one of them. He sits --

BILLY

Macallan. 18-year. Neat.

The bartender sets a glass down in front of him, as we go...

INT. SARA REMZ'S BROWNSTONE, STUDY. FLASHBACK.

It's NIGHT. Ten months ago. Billy still lives here. His home office. It looks like a war zone. And a war room. Billy's been marshalling his defense from here.

Billy looks like warmed over shit. A bottle of scotch in evidence. Three-quarters empty. As Scott enters --

SCOTT

Sara let me in. She's worried about you. It's a big club.

BILLY

It'll all be over soon.

SCOTT

That's what I came to talk to you about.

(beat)

Cooke made an offer?

BILLY

(nods)

If I plead guilty to obstruction, I get a suspended sentence. It keeps me out of prison.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

But pulls your law license.

We expect Scott to persuade him to take the deal, but --

SCOTT

You've got to fight this.

(off Billy)

This offer? Cooke blinked. He knows those CEO scumbags are lying through their teeth. He doesn't want to go to trial with perjured testimony --

BILLY

He doesn't care so long as he makes an example of me...

SCOTT

I don't-- He's taking your bar card, Billy. He's trying to keep you from practicing anywhere ever again. Give me one good reason why you shouldn't fight this to the death.

BILLY

I'll give you two.

He reaches for something. Hands it to Scott. A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH. Of Sara and Zoe.

BILLY

I'm taking the deal. I can't chance jail.

He looks away. The reality, the pain hitting him.

SCOTT

But Billy... if you're no longer a lawyer... what're you gonna do?

For once in his life, Billy doesn't have an answer. He just reaches for the scotch. Raising the bottle, we MATCH CUT:

INT. BAR. RESUMING.

As Billy completes the motion with the present day scotch.

BILLY

Another.

(then)

And leave the bottle.

The Bartender plants the bottle in front of Billy, as we...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES, BULLPEN. 10 PM.

Billy stumbles in. Very drunk. His eye visibly BRUISED. He COLLIDES with a filing cabinet, causing a racket. The NOISE --
-- prompts Alex to burst from the conference room. Flushed. Very flustered. Tucking in his shirt, trying to act casual --

ALEX

Billy! Hey, um... it's past nine. I thought you weren't going to--
(sees)
What happened to your face? Did you get in a fight?

BILLY

No. Fights are two-sided.
(notices)
What's with you? You're sweating...

ALEX

Are you-- Are you drunk?

BILLY

Nope. I went from drunk to "blitzed" an hour ago.
(off Alex)
So... your mugging case.
(off Alex's confusion)
Why do you think I came back here? Don't you need to prepare or did you, I dunno, magically transform into an attorney?

ALEX

But you're drunk. Excuse me, blitzed.

BILLY

Do you imagine a world where even blitzed out of my mind I'm not ten times the lawyer you are?

INT. COURTROOM, PART 57. NIGHT.

Billy's handing a fifty to a COURTHOUSE SECURITY GUARD --

BILLY

You're a beautiful man, Don. Thanks.

Yeah, Billy's still drunk. He moves through the gallery towards the well where Alex is waiting. Stops at the railing.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

What?

BILLY

Nothing. Just... it's been a year since
I could walk past this railing.

He looks around. Nostalgic. Alex growing impatient --

ALEX

So how does this work?

BILLY

You remember law school? Mock trials?
Let's go. You be you.

ALEX

And who're you gonna be?

BILLY

Everybody else. Ask a question.

Alex consults his notepad. Or tries. Billy SNATCHES it from
his hand. FLINGS it across the empty courtroom.

ALEX

Okay... Um... What did the mugger do?

BILLY

Who cares? It doesn't matter what the
defendant did or didn't do. It only
matters what the witness saw and heard.

(playing the witness)

"I saw him stick a gun in my face and
heard him tell me to hand over my purse
or he was gonna kill me."

ALEX

So what did you do?

BILLY

Objection. You're an idiot. Sustained.

Billy starts pacing. Playing all the parts, running around the
courtroom, jumping in and out of the proper seats --

BILLY

"I imagine it must be terrifying, having
a gun pointed at you like that."

(witness)

"Yes, it was. I was in fear for my life."

(Alex)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY (CONT'D)

"If it were me, I'd have been fixated on that gun."

(witness)

"Yes. It was all I could look at."

(Alex)

"So you couldn't see the man's face, then."

(D.A.)

"Objection. Argumentative."

(Alex)

"Cross-examination, Judge."

(Judge)

"Objection overruled."

(D.A.)

"Darn."

Billy gestures to Alex. *You try it.*

ALEX

Can you describe the man?

BILLY

"He was around five feet, six inches tall. He had an earring in his left ear. One of his teeth was gold."

ALEX

Are you aware my client is at least half a foot taller than you described?

BILLY

"I'm aware he had an earring and a gold tooth."

ALEX

But you-- Your initial description to the police didn't include those details.

BILLY

"Objection. Hearsay."

ALEX

Sorry.

BILLY

Don't apologize. Never apologize.

ALEX

Why didn't you mention the earring and the tooth to the police when you--

BILLY

And don't ask "why." Put words in their mouth. *Isn't it true that.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BILLY (CONT'D)

Isn't it a fact you. Isn't it the case the only reason you graduated law school is 'cause you bribed the dean? Isn't it remarkable you've never been sued--"

ALEX

Go to hell, Billy.

BILLY

You know why you suck? I've been thinking a lot about it 'cause you seem pretty smart until you set foot in a courtroom and then it's like your brain's barely qualified to tell your lungs to take in oxygen. There's a difference between intelligence and confidence and you've got too much of one and not enough of the other. Clients don't care how smart you are. Opposing counsel's not impressed by your IQ. And the jury certainly doesn't give a fuck you graduated *suma* from Harvard. You're a lawyer, all anyone's interested in is the size of your balls. They're big enough, you can improvise, you can stand up for your client, you can stand up for yourself --

ALEX

God, you're such a hypocrite! You're no one to lecture anyone about the way to be anything. You're divorced, disbarred and you don't even have the self-awareness to give me this little self-improvement lecture sober.

The words hang in the air like napalm. Alex's outburst surprising himself. He anxiously awaits Billy's retaliation. But it doesn't come. Instead... Billy SMILES --

BILLY

Remember that feeling. That's what balls feel like.

Alex just nods. Lesson learned. Billy nods. Prompts --

BILLY

Isn't it a fact...

ALEX

Isn't it a fact...

INT. COURTROOM, PART 57. THE NEXT DAY.

ALEX

...that the police told you about the earring and the gold tooth after they arrested my client?

Alex is back in court. The MUGGING VICTIM back on the stand --

MUGGING VICTIM

No. I noticed both when I picked your client out of a line-up.

ALEX

So when you said you noticed them when you were mugged, were you lying or mistaken?

MUGGING VICTIM

Mistaken.

ALEX

So I guess it begs the question: What else could you be mistaken about?

A point for Alex. REVEAL, in the gallery... Lily watching.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY. DAY.

Billy meets up with Scott and Chaykin outside the courtroom. Scott hands Billy a file folder --

SCOTT

From Lily. The ballistics off the Glock. But nothing in there to explain why Chaykin would plant it on Eddings.
(then)
What happened to your face?

BILLY

Why do people keep asking me that?

SCOTT

Because you look like you're hungover and got into a bar fight.

BILLY

I didn't get into a bar fight.

SCOTT

But you were in a bar.

Billy lifts the file, bringing the conversation back to it --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

Buy me some time to make sense of this.

SCOTT

How?

BILLY

Get a continuance.

SCOTT

How?

BILLY

You're the courtroom lawyer, you figure it out.

Scott reacts to the attitude. But there's a reason --

BILLY

When were you planning on telling me Sara's dating Jack Westin?

(off Scott)

You kept trying to wave me off of dinner. You knew she was filing for divorce though I don't remember sharing that particular detail. So when?

SCOTT

Once I was assured you wouldn't shoot the messenger. So I suppose, well, never.

INT. COURTROOM, PART 10. MINUTES LATER.

People v. Chaykin. Billy studies the ballistics file as Scott stalls for time as requested --

SCOTT

Defense counsel needs two days to conduct additional discovery --

COOKE

Which "defense counsel" would've had if they had not pressed for an early trial date.

JUDGE TUROW

Mr. Cooke's got a point, Mr. Shepherd...

Scott tries to make his case, but Billy's too interested in the file. His mind churning. Coming up with nothing...

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY. LATER.

Billy exits the courtroom. File still in hand. Needing a change of scenery. Frustrated he can't put the pieces together. Casting about, his eyes settle on:

LEO. Sitting on one of the hallway benches. Playing his game. Billy studies him. Hoping to absorb some of the kid's innocence. Needing something pure. Sits down next to him --

BILLY

You mind? Sometimes, I like to hang with people who are more mature than me.

Leo shrugs. Absorbed in his game. It's not going well. Billy reaches over and hits a button. RESET.

BILLY

Wish I could do that in real life.

(as the game reboots)

You're, what, twelve? I've got a daughter, she's six. But she doesn't live with me. Not anymore...

(beat)

When I was living with her... she was always asleep by the time I got home. But still, to not even be able to come home to her...

Leo's staring at him. Billy's suddenly self-conscious.

BILLY

Sorry. I just miss her. You probably miss your dad too, right?

Leo says nothing. Doesn't have to. The look in his eyes says everything: He doesn't miss his father at all.

Billy darkens. He looks down at the file. A suspicion forming. As gently as possible --

BILLY

Leo... how did your father die?

Leo doesn't take his eyes from his game. A child's innocence --

LEO

He was shot.

A thunderclap for Billy. Epiphany. The last piece of the puzzle falling into place for him. He rises, Blackberry in hand --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

Lily. It's Billy. Listen, I need you to hack Chaykin's sister's medical records.

He touches his BRUISED EYE. Thinking...

BILLY

Check ER admissions, especially. Focus on the months before her husband died.

(listens; then)

Because Chaykin didn't plant the Glock to protect his partner. *He did it to protect his family.*

INT. SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES, CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

Everybody. Billy et al. Chaykin and his sister. To her --

BILLY

How're you feeling, Sandra? With your kidney infection, I mean.

(off her confusion)

Howard had said you had some medical problems. Women who've been physically abused will sometimes suffer from opportunistic kidney infections. They also make a lot of trips to the ER.

Billy holds up her medical records. Turns to Chaykin --

BILLY

Your brother-in-law was beating her. Then nine months ago, he was shot and killed. The gun was never recovered, so there weren't any ballistics to match to the shooting. But the bullets were nine-millimeter rounds. Wanna guess what kinda gun fires nines?

(but then)

No, you don't need to guess, you're a cop. You know I'm talking about a Glock 17.

(another file)

We borrowed it from lock-up and ran our own ballistics on it. You see where I'm going with this?

CHAYKIN

You... think I used the Glock to shoot Sandra's husband.

BILLY

No. You're alibied for that night.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY (CONT'D)

The Glock was wiped down, but there was still a set of partial fingerprints. Because they were partials, no one was surprised they couldn't be matched to prints in the system. Turns out, that was because they weren't in the system.

(beat)

But I'll bet the prints on the Glock match the prints on this.

Billy sets LEO'S NINTENDO down. Sandra fights tears.

BILLY

Your nephew killed your brother-in-law, then you planted the gun on a guy with a record and too dead to defend himself. The perfect way to bury a murder.

Chaykin walks to the window. Fighting emotion. Cornered.

CHAYKIN

It wasn't murder. It was-- He was beating her, Lyle was. I tuned him up a couple times. Didn't work. Arresting him was next, but... she begged me not to. I begged her to leave him. We both spent so much time begging each other, while Leo...

(so hard)

He bought the gun at school. He... found strength I didn't have. This little boy... this sweet little... innocent. He was strong for Sandra. When I wasn't.

(eyes finding the floor)

I'm her brother. And I'm a cop. And still I couldn't... My job's supposed to be saving people and still I couldn't-- My own sister. And still I couldn't stop him from laying hands on her.

(beat)

I think... I think I planted the gun on Eddings, did the whole thing with the video recording... I think I went to those extremes because... because I needed to do something. Because I couldn't bear to feel that powerless again.

The words land on Billy like hailstones. Chaykin might as well be talking about him... Chaykin sags. Spent. As Sandra sobs quietly...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEEXT. EAST RIVER DRIVE. NIGHT.

Billy stares out towards the East River. Alex approaches, hands Billy something. A *.38 snub-nosed revolver*.

ALEX

Chaykin had it hidden behind the commode
in his bathroom.

Billy regards the gun. Then TOSSES it into the river.

BILLY

If he'd done that with the Glock nine months
ago, life'd been simpler for everybody.

Billy looks out to the water. Thinking. Alex studies him --

ALEX

Can I ask you a question?

BILLY

Did I do all that crap they said I did?
(off Alex)
No. It was all bull. Trumped up.

ALEX

And because you were innocent, now you
help out other people who're innocent.

BILLY

God, you're a special kind of stupid.
(off Alex)
I just need to be in the game. My soon-
to-be ex-wife says I'm like a shark, I
can't stop moving, addicted to the
velocity. She's not wrong.

ALEX

Lily said because you lost everything,
all you've got left is justice.

BILLY

Lily wants to sleep with me.
(the truth)
If I hadn't gotten disbarred, I'd still
be in a corner office working 90-hour
weeks protecting the rich's
constitutional right to be super-rich.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY (CONT'D)

So you gotta ask yourself: Am I the guy
Lily says I am or the same bastard I've
always been?

INT. COURTROOM, PART 57. THE NEXT DAY.

The mugging case. Alex next to his client. It's a coin toss
who's more nervous as the jury files in. This is it...

JUDGE GRISHAM

Will counsel approach?

Alex flashes confusion before going up to the bench --

JUDGE GRISHAM

The jury sent a note back. They're
deadlocked. They say they're unable to
reach a verdict.

ALEX

Seriously?

JUDGE GRISHAM

Look at my face.

(then; to the court)

Unfortunately, given the jury's inability to
reach a unanimous decision, I've no recourse
but to declare a mistrial. We'll conference
in two days to set a new trial date.

Alex walks back to his table. Stunned.

ALEX'S CLIENT

What's this mean?

LILY (O.S.)

It means you did good.

Alex looks up to see Lily. She'd been watching.

LILY

Second trials favor the defense. And
Billy says when you started the jury was
gonna give your client death.

ALEX

It's a mugging case.

LILY

Alex, you were doing that bad.

(beat)

But you got better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles. A warm one. It makes Alex smile, too.

ALEX
Y'know, last night was pretty...

LILY
Recreational.
(off Alex's reaction)
You have a meeting, right?

Off Alex, not sure what to make of the situation. Or of Lily...

COOKE (PRELAP)
Let me see if I understand...

INT. COOKE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Billy and Scott with Cooke and Sevrin. Billy's just finished telling Chaykin's story. Cooke repeats it without affect --

COOKE
Chaykin took the fall for the Eddings shooting so he'd have a scapegoat for the murder his nephew committed.

BILLY
Yeah.

COOKE
And he told you all this.

Cooke lets that sit. Billy "realizes" --

BILLY
It was privileged.
(to Scott)
Privilege extends to support staff, even "jury consultants." Oh jeez...

COOKE
And because you violated privilege, I can't go after the partner or the nephew because any such prosecutions would be based on poisonous fruits.

BILLY
I really hadn't thought of that...

He totally thought of that. Cooke simmers. As Alex enters --

ALEX
Sorry. Verdict in my mugging case. Well, not a verdict, actually. Hung jury --

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

Alex. No one cares.

(back to Cooke)

Look, I'm sorry about the privilege thing. That's my bad. If it'd make you feel better, you could have me disbarred.

COOKE

For all I know, you doctored this entire "violated privilege" crap to get your guy off and box me in on the partner and nephew.

Alex reacts. Mystified by Cooke's cynicism --

ALEX

This is insane --

BILLY

Why are you talking?

ALEX

Because this is insane.

(to Cooke)

You don't believe Billy made all this up. You're just saying that so you've got an excuse to keep going forward.

COOKE

And how could you know that?

ALEX

'Cause you're not as good a liar as he is.
(building)

But you're also not as good a lawyer. Billy may be a total asshole, but *at least he cares about getting the right result.* All you care about is putting an innocent man in prison just 'cause you couldn't put Billy there.

COOKE

You're goddamn right.

(anger rising)

I told you when the three of you came in here. *That's the Billy tax.* I don't care if they're innocent or not, they're repped by him, they go away. Simple.

With a tentative hand, Alex produces... his phone --

ALEX

Not so simple. I just recorded that on my phone. Admission to malicious prosecution.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Billy stifles surprise. And SMILES.

BILLY

Pissy little bitch, but a quick learner.

(he stands)

I guess I don't have to tell you what happens if you don't drop the charges against Officer Chaykin. What the heck, I'll tell you: The *Times* gets his phone and you get disbarred.

Cooke is ashen. Checkmated. Billy twisting the knife --

BILLY

Don't worry, though. I've got a way around the whole disbarred thing.

EXT. ONE HOGAN PLAZA. DAY.

Billy, Scott and Alex -- with Lily -- take their victory lap --

ALEX

He said the Billy Tax thing before. That's what gave me the idea. But I need my phone back --

BILLY

Sure. After I burn the recording to about a hundred CDs.

ALEX

There's no recording.

Everyone stops in their tracks. Billy smiles.

SCOTT

You lied to an Assistant District Attorney?

ALEX

I'm told if they believe you, then it's actually "bluffing."

Billy smiles. Proud. The student has become the teacher.

SANDRA (PRELAP)

So... that's it?

INT. SHEPHERD & ASSOCIATES, BILLY'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Billy and Scott meet with Chaykin and his sister. Both relieved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

Howard's I.A.B. issues remain, but we should be able to work them out.

CHAYKIN

And Leo?

BILLY

The D.A. could file charges, but I doubt it'll happen. Leo's a minor and I've thrown up enough chaff it'd be next to impossible to get a conviction now.

SANDRA

How can we ever thank you?

BILLY

Usually, it's money. But in this case, I've got something else in mind.

Scott double-takes at that, as Billy produces a PHOTO of PAUL BREVOORT. The 1-percenter we met in flashback --

BILLY

Three years ago, you moonlighted doing security work for a mortgage company, New Horizon Homes.

(taps the photo)

This guy was the CEO. I wanna know everything you saw him do. I wanna know everything you heard him say.

(smiles)

And here you said you wouldn't be able to afford me.

CHAYKIN

Are you-- You represented me so you could just get dirt on some guy?

BILLY

He's not just some guy to me.

A strange beat. Scott fills the silence --

SCOTT

Maybe you could spare some time to take Billy through things. Tomorrow?

Chaykin nods. He and Sandra stand to leave --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHAYKIN

You saved my life. You saved my family.
(sincere)
Thank you. For everything.

BILLY

I'll see you tomorrow, Howard.

Once they're gone, Billy turns to Scott --

BILLY

Could we skip the lecture? It's been
kind of a long day --

SCOTT

I'm not gonna lecture you, Billy. Names
and signage aside, this is your firm, you
want to take cases out in trade, that's
your right. I wish you felt you could be
upfront with me, but that's another
conversation.

(beat)

Y'know, you can tell yourself you took
this case to get back at Cooke, get dirt
on one of the guys who screwed you, but I
watched how you handled this one. You
cared. More than you care to admit.

BILLY

(beat)

That was a little bit of a lecture.

He grins. So does Scott. A nice moment.

BILLY

I never thanked you for coming with me.

SCOTT

No, you didn't.

BILLY

This counts.

The grin becomes a smile. Warmth. Friendship. This is the
closest relationship Billy has in his life...

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Brooklyn. A two-bedroom. Unpacked moving boxes. Billy
tapes the CEO photograph to the window. Joining six other
photos. And below them, newspaper clippings, web print-outs,
etc. *It's a case board*. Put together over time. He studies
it, then... a KNOCK at the door --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sara and Zoe standing there. Zoe's got a Hello Kitty suitcase with her. Billy smiles. Zoe beams, hugging him --

ZOE

Daddy!

BILLY

Ready for our sleepover, Bunny Bear? I got something for you in the bedroom.

ZOE

A pony?

BILLY

Yeah, 'cause I'd keep a pony in the bedroom. Seriously, go see.

She runs off. Excited. Billy looks to Sara. A smile.

ZOE (O.S.)

It's a bed!

BILLY

And a stuffed pony.

(hands Sara the divorce papers)
Got something for you, too. Signed and notarized.

SARA

Okay... how concerned should I be you're not putting up more of a fight?

BILLY

You know me. You know me better than anyone. Better than anyone ever will.

(points to the papers)
That there, that's just legal stuff.

(beat)
When's anything like that ever stopped me?

A 100 watt smile flashes. Charismatic. And, for the first time in a long while... content.

END PILOT