

INT. DAY. INTERVIEW ROOM

WITNESS #1 -- not an eyewitness, not a hearsay witness, not an expert witness, not a character witness, but a witness to *life* -- speaks directly to camera. A representative man of our time, in a suit and tie.

WITNESS #1

Our system says a man is innocent
until proven guilty.

The SCREEN SPLITS...Witness #1 continues to talk as a second WITNESS talks directly to the camera...

WITNESS #2

Innocent till proven guilty,
nobody believes that. Show me
where that's written down.

WITNESS #1

The burden is on the
government to prove you're
guilty beyond a reasonable
doubt.

Now the screen splits in FOUR, with all dialogue overlapping...

WITNESS #2

It's called innocent till
proven *black*, that's what
that's called.

WITNESS #1

That means the jury has to be
really, really, really
positive.

WITNESS #3

I believe in our system of
justice.

WITNESS #4

How many people did they take
off death row because of DNA
testing?

The screen SPLITS into eight, and now it becomes harder to track the different overlapping voices...

WITNESS #2

Your America is not my
America.

WITNESS #1

People whine about the system
because people like to whine.

WITNESS #3

If the cops arrest you,
you're guilty of *something*.

WITNESS #4

Cops will say whatever, you
know. Cops are liars.

WITNESS #5

The law is there to protect
the rich.

WITNESS #6

Black people commit half the
murders. That's a fact.

WITNESS #7

Do you know how many bankers
went to jail after the crash?
Zero.

WITNESS #8

Being poor doesn't mean you
can't obey the law.

Next the screen splits in SIXTEEN...A nearly impenetrable Babel of different perspectives...

WITNESS #2
Not that I expect you to understand.

WITNESS #1
They take our freedoms for granted.

WITNESS #3
That's real life.

WITNESS #4
A judge is just a cop in a robe.

WITNESS #5
You get exactly as much justice as you can afford.

WITNESS #6
Or is that not "politically correct"?

WITNESS #7
Zero.

WITNESS #8
Stay married. Go to church. Stop blaming the system.

WITNESS #9
What we need is more women judges.

WITNESS #10
Half of these rape cases, it's just a woman who changed her mind.

WITNESS #11
Educated people don't commit violent crimes.

WITNESS #12
Rich people don't play by the same rules.

WITNESS #13
Your America is not my America.

WITNESS #14
In China they just chop your hand off.

WITNESS #15
I think everyone should just be left alone.

WITNESS #16
Your America is not my America.

Then the screen splits again, to 32...64...128...256...The voice quickly become unintelligible...

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. ST. KITTS

EXTREMELY LOW WIDE ANGLE on the beach, near the scouring surf, as, in the near distance, people play VOLLEYBALL to the sounds of a STEEL DRUM BAND and the laughter from the bar...

A point is played. A cheer goes up. The camera doesn't move. Another point. This time the ball gets spiked and comes skittering toward the camera. One of the volleyball players, a GIRL, runs in her bikini to retrieve it...

As she reaches the surf, she sees something -- her eyes go wide -- she SCREAMS and runs...Other VOLLEYBALL PLAYERS rush up, look on in shock...

REVERSE ANGLE

A DEAD BODY in a party dress, pushed up and down the beach by the surf...This is ALYSSA CHANG. As we slowly push in to her face, bloated and distorted from its time in the water, FLASH INTERCUT with the literally thousands of SELFIES that once constituted the life of this teenaged girl, scrolling faster and faster on her Instagram...Till we are SUPER TIGHT ON on the dead girl's face and the images accelerate and crescendo,

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. BRANDON'S APARTMENT -- GRAMERCY PARK

Meet BRANDON PETERS, 18, good-looking but goofy, pimpled and weedy, with a mop of black hair -- and, by the way, HANDCUFFED -- as DETECTIVES "perp walk" him through a mob of REPORTERS, CAMERA CREWS, and ONLOOKERS...

SHOUTS from the reporters: "Brandon!" And "Did you do it?" And "Why did you do it?" Beside him, C. CLYDE MARSHALL, 60s, a former Attorney General of the United States, a honey-voiced advocate with a coiffure of pompous silver curls like a tower of spun sugar.

"Did you do it?" Brandon turns to the cameras, throws up his hands, rolls his eyes, lolls his head and makes a face: "whatever." Then he laughs and tosses his hair off his forehead.

Then we watch him evolve from a (mostly) anonymous New York teenager into a MEME, as that clip of Brandon rolling his eyes and tossing his hair goes viral...Tweets that are explosively retweeted, attachments that are endlessly forwarded...Items on Gawker and Reddit and Facebook...

The audio begins to DISSOLVE into a crackle of NEWS COVERAGE, on CNN and CNBC and Fox, on the daytime talk shows, on WINS and WABC -- a collage of audio fragments -- "Brandon Peters" "son of technology billionaire Pete Peters" "Chinese scholarship student Alyssa Chang"... "an 18th birthday party on a 400 foot yacht"... "strangled to death"... "brutally murdered"... "still alive when she was thrown off the yacht"... "sex game gone wrong"... "rich kids of Instagram"...

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. COURTROOM

BAYES NORTON, 40s, presents the case to the jury. He wears a Marshallesque wig of pompous silver curls.

BAYES

...Yes, Brandon Peters had sex with Alyssa Chang. That's why the coroner found his DNA on her body. Yes, they argued about sex. Yes, Brandon left his room at one in the morning and returned two hours later. Yes, she was murdered during that time. None of those facts is in dispute...

WIDER

REVEAL that this is not the actual trial, but a MOCK TRIAL, which takes place not a state courtroom, but a meticulously reconstructed replica at the New York headquarters of TRIAL SCIENCES, INC (TSI). There is not one jury, but THREE, listening to Bayes plead Brandon's case...REVEAL that each juror has a DIAL to record positive and negative reactions...

PRELAP

BULL (O.C.)

I hate lawyers.

WATCHING THIS -- THROUGH ONE-WAY GLASS

DR. JASON BULL, 40s, a man on top of his game. A polymath with three advanced degrees. Not especially attractive, but with a physicality and feral intelligence that make him magnetic to women, and a bruising candor.

Alongside him: MARISSA MOORE, 30s, a type-A perfectionist, a Great Lakes blonde in a pencil skirt. She is a psychologist, the team's NEUROLINGUISTICS EXPERT, as well as a licensed sex therapist. Bull hired her from the Department of Homeland Security. She has developed an algorithm to correlate preferences, "likes," keywords, bumper stickers, and shopping habits to how juries vote. She thinks a lot of Jason's psychological methods are out of date, or folk wisdom.

MARISSA

...This case is a dog.

BULL

I like dogs.

MARISSA

Six mock trials, three juries...

BULL
Dogs like me.

MARISSA
So far we're oh-for-eighteen.

BULL
Dogs teach us what matters most.

MARISSA
Like what?

BULL
Well, like loyalty. Self-
acceptance. Drinking lots of water.
(peering though the glass)
Wait a minute. Is that my brother-
in-law pretending to be our lawyer?

MARISSA
He asked me to find something for
him to do.

BULL
It's a look.

MARISSA
The jurors believe the defendant to
be a spoiled rich kid. Who doesn't
play by the same rules that they
have to. With a lawyer who costs
two thousand dollars an hour.

BULL
Does that include the hour he
spends on his hair?

As Bull exits, off Marissa,

CUT TO:

INT. SAME TIME. TSI HEADQUARTERS -- NEW YORK

As Bull exits, the camera pulls back to REVEAL the full scope
of what Trial Sciences does -- in the style of the sets of
Jean-Luc Godard's *Tout va bien* -- a cutaway façade and
seamless camera movement from room to room...

Mock courtrooms, focus-group rooms with one-way glass, a
graphic design studio, a computer research room, a war room,
like cells in a beehive...Follow Bull to...

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. TRIAL SCIENCE INCORPORATED -- CLIENT ROOM

Find a pensive man in a cashmere sweater, watching a MOCK JURY through one-way glass. His disarming manner is learned behavior -- like the sweater he wears as a uniform -- to soften his chainsaw competitiveness and immigrant *machismo*. The founder and CEO of SoftBarn, a technology company. He is a little bit in a state of shock. This is PETE PETERS.

MOCK JUROR #1 (O.C.)
...This kid was born on third base
and thinks he hit a triple...

WIDER

Bull joins Marshall and LIBERTY DAVIS, 40s, a "career associate" who Marshall uses like a mule, at a table.

PETERS
What happened to "innocent until
proven guilty"?

BULL
Now it's "guilty until proven
likeable." Even the Big Mac needed
a relaunch.

MARSHALL
It's not a popularity contest.

BULL
Good, because they don't like you
either.

PETERS
(turning to them)
Don't you see how unfair this is to
my son?

BULL
The jury starts out with a
preconceived idea of the truth. We
don't guess what that is. We take a
data-driven approach. We know what
they're thinking from the
beginning.
(beat)
No trial starts at zero.

He slides a thick BINDER full of data to Peters, who immediately begins to scan it...

MARSHALL
You talk like I've never tried a
case before.

BULL
When you win, do you know why?

MARSHALL
Sure I do.

BULL
I'll bet my ass against a hole in
the ground you don't have the
slightest idea.

Marshall looks at Bull: who is this guy? Turns to Peters.

MARSHALL
I've tried hundreds of cases
without this woo-woo psychology.

PETERS
So what would you do?

MARSHALL
Try the facts.

BULL
Sure, you could do that.

MARSHALL
That's what a trial is.

BULL
We just tried it on the facts
eighteen times and didn't win once.

MARSHALL
A mock trial is not a trial.

Bull turns to Peters.

BULL
You're inside a burning building.
You've tried eighteen times to get
down eighteen different stairs.
None of that worked and the
building is still on fire. Might be
time to try something new.

PETERS
Do what he says.

MARSHALL
I'm not a monkey.

BULL
I like monkeys. They're self-disciplined, extroverted. They eat a diverse diet.

MARSHALL
I was the Attorney General of the United States.

BULL
Curious George never said, "I'm not a monkey."

MARSHALL
You can't control a trial like this.

BULL
You can't.

Peters says nothing. Marshall throws up his hands.

MARSHALL
It's your money.

BULL
Here are the questions I want you to ask for the *voir dire*.

Bull hands an IPAD to Marshall. Marshall reads, puzzled.

MARSHALL
"Why do you catch a cold?"

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. INTERVIEW ROOM

POTENTIAL JURORS talk directly to camera, in the style of the opening montage. FRED BRINKS, 50s, a WELDER, faces the camera directly, against a blank wall.

FRED
It's that damn draft in my kitchen.

Then the screen SPLITS...Brinks shares the screen with ROSALIND HAMMER, 40s, also divorced, a working MOM...

ROSALIND
I forget to wash my hands.

FRED
My apartment's on the top floor.

The screen splits again...TIARA WILLIAMS, 20s, single, a retail sales clerk, and FRANK PULVER, 50s, divorced, a retired cop on disability.

ROSALIND
It's my own fault.

FRED
It's always too hot or too cold.

TIARA
I don't get colds since I started doing karate.

FRANK
People are disgusting. They sneeze and they don't cover their mouths.

The screen splits again: TED STEERS, gay, married, 30s, a graphic designer; SARAH BINGHAM, 30s, single, an accountant; BLAZE MILLER, 30s, engaged, an artist and waitress; ANTWAN DAVIS, 20s, single, a computer consultant.

ROSALIND
People wouldn't get colds if they took better care of themselves.

FRED
There's nothing I can do.

TIARA
I'm just a healthier person all around now.

FRANK
People are dirtier than pigs.

TED
Somebody gave me that cold.

SARAH
I always get a flu shot.

BLAZE
My secret is, I kiss my dog.

ANTWAN
Did you know your iPhone has more germs than the inside of your toilet?

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. HALLWAY -- NEAR ELEVATOR

Bull walks Marshall out. Marshall presses the elevator button.

BULL
...Sorry if it got rough in there.
Somebody has to call the shots.
It's better to be clear from the beginning. No hard feelings?

He extends his hand. Marshall looks at it. Looks up at Bull.

MARSHALL

You're a con man. You've conned
Peters. You haven't conned me.

Spontaneously, Bull hugs him. Marshall squirms uncomfortably.

BULL

I love you, man.

MARSHALL

Good night, Dr. Bull.

As Marshall exits and the elevator doors close, Bull takes a beat. Then lifts his hand to REVEAL, dangling from his index finger, Marshall's massive gold ROLEX YACHTMASTER II WRISTWATCH. Off Bull,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. TRIAL SCIENCES -- WAR ROOM

A large conference room with a bank of TWELVE MONITORS on one wall and a helicopter view of Manhattan. Beside Marissa are:

DANIELLE WINFIELD, 30s, known as "DANNY." Quiet, tough, and guarded. She is the team's INVESTIGATOR. A former expert FBI INTERROGATOR, relentlessly logical, with a photographic memory. The team relies on her for HUMAN INFORMATION, from interviews, undercover work, wiretaps, or break-ins.

BAYES NORTON, 40s, is the only LAWYER on Bull's team. He is also his former brother-in-law. The team relies on him for LEGAL STRATEGY, and also as a shoulder to cry on. The closest Bull has to a true friend. He still wears the silver wig.

TARIQ DAVIS, 50s, Bull's ASSISTANT and gatekeeper. Years ago, Bull sprung Tariq from prison and then hired him. A classic prison intellectual who can also dead-lift a grand piano. Bull relies on Tariq to keep his secrets.

SANDER GUTMAN, 30s, German, runs WITNESS PREP: all the non-verbal messages communicated by hairstyle, makeup, clothing, posture, and vocal tone.

CABLE MCCRORY, 20s, is the HACKER. A tomboy -- laissez-faire hygiene and clutter -- but meticulous in her work. The team relies on her for CYBERINTELLIGENCE and general MACGYVERING. She has her JEWELER'S TOOL KIT out and has begun dismantling the Rolex. With reading glasses on, Bull pores over his LAPTOP as he leads the meeting.

DANNY

...You want us to bug his watch?

BULL
I hate surprises.

DANNY
Clyde's watch.

BULL
When Wendy asked me for a divorce,
that was a pleasant surprise, but.

DANNY
C. Clyde Marshall the former chief
law enforcement officer of the
United States.

BULL
Can you do it?

DANNY
Ethically, no.

CABLE
You want video?

Cable opens the watch. Marissa turns to Sander.

MARISSA
Did Brandon show up for witness
prep?

SANDER
(shrugs)
I've made three appointments.

Bull mutters, still poring over his documents...Brandon's
FACEBOOK PROFILE....

BULL
We have a defendant showing up in
front of a conservative judge in
boy-band hair and Nikes.

SANDER
The *paparazzi* found him in the hot
tub at The Standard.

Bull scrolls through his files. Doesn't look up.

BULL
Sander, why do you catch a cold?

SANDER
Usually there's something going
around.

BULL
Nothing you could control?

SANDER
No.

BULL
Sander, I could say, "This is really hard for me, but we've decided to restructure our labor force." Or I could just say, "You're fired."

SANDER
I worked here for five years.

Bull finally looks up.

BULL
He's a teenager -- he's neurologically programmed to be a dick. If he doesn't show up, you find him.

Bull turns to Tariq, who sighs.

TARIQ
Cowboy up, Zoolander.

Sander exits in a spume of incomprehensible German profanity. Looks among the team.

MARISSA
Research out of New Zealand suggests the use of four-letter words allows workers to build solidarity and bond over shared frustrations.

Bull returns to his files. Now he has Alyssa's FACEBOOK PROFILE up...He muses to himself...

BULL
"What's wrong with this picture?"
What's a Chinese scholarship student-slash-math brain doing on that yacht?
(turns to Cable)
Cable, hack into Alyssa's phones and give Danny the list of contacts.
(looks at Bayes)
Are you going to take that wig off?

BAYES
 I kind of like it.
 (beat)
 You can't fire me. I'm senior
 partner.
 (beat)
 Technically.

Bull fixes him with a look. Bull returns to his laptop. Looks at a photo of Brandon.

BULL
 (off photo)
 Rule number one: the client is the
 enemy. There's something Brandon's
 not telling us.

Looks all around. Off Bull,

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. BULL'S OUTER OFFICE

Tariq sits down at his desk. A MOOD METER announces the boss's temper. As Tariq moves the needle into the red zone,

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. NEW YORK COUNTY COURTHOUSE

A Roman temple of justice, with towering granite pillars. REPORTERS and ONLOOKERS crowd the plaza, lined with SATELLITE TRUCKS, as Peters and Brandon arrive. PANDEMONIUM as they emerge from their Mercedes in the glare of SUNGUNS and CAMERA FLASHES..."Brandon!"... "Brandon!"...BODYGUARDS and COPS clear a path to the courthouse...Then Brandon's mother, GAIL PETERS, 40s, fur coat, arrives with her friends, FREDDIE and ADELE BENSIMON, also 40s...

Bull arrives unnoticed, eating a donut and drinking coffee from a paper cup. He finishes his donut, balls up his napkin. Glances up at the allegorical statue of "Justice" atop the pediment, with her blindfold and scales...

Marshall arrives, with Liberty hauling his ponderous LITIGATION BAG and trailing DOCUMENT BOXES on a trolley...Bull flags him down.

BULL
 Hey, Clyde! Clyde! You lost this at
 my office.

MARSHALL

Thank you.

BULL

That almost looks like a real
Rolex.

Marshall fixes him with a look.

MARSHALL

The President gave me this watch.

BULL

(winks)
Got it.

Liberty stifles a laugh, and she and Bull share a smile...

ANOTHER ANGLE

A teenaged girl climbs the stairs, pale and thin and beautiful, in a vintage black lace dress and veil...This is EMILY BENSIMON. She pauses on the stairs to take a SELFIE, then continues inside. Off Bull, noticing her,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. COURTROOM

POTENTIAL JURORS sit in numerical order. Referring to a file card, Marshall interviews BESS JOHNSON, 40s, a divorced construction accountant. Alongside her, we might recognize Brinks, Rosalind, Tiara, Frank, Ted, Blaze, Sarah, and Antwan, from the previous split-screen montage of interviews.

MARSHALL

...Why do you catch a cold?

ANGLE ON -- BULL

He studies the potential jurors, Marissa beside him, a wealth of data on her giant Samsung SUPER-TABLET...

BESS

I'm not going to answer that.

MARSHALL

You have to.

BESS

Put me down as the juror who won't answer frivolous questions.

She's completely calm. In fact, she seems to glow. Bull lasers in on her, intrigued by her defiance...

BULL
(aside, to Marissa)
Tell me about her.

MARISSA
Bess Johnson. Forty-three. Project accountant -- fifty a year. Divorced. One son -- in Dannemora on a drug charge...

BULL
She's a leader. It takes guts to stand up for yourself in here.
(beat)
Did her son get a fair trial?

MARISSA
She says the system is rigged.

BULL
Wow. That's cynical.

MARISSA
...Democrat. Animal lover...

BULL
In any jury, there are people pleasers and oppositional personalities and there is *always* one single alpha.
(beat)
Tell me this idiot isn't going to strike her for cause.

Bull tugs on his ear...A SIGNAL...But Marshall misses it...

MARSHALL
Your Honor, if the juror won't answer the question...

Bull tugs harder on his ear...Really yanking on it...Finally Marshall turns...Squints toward Bull...

JUDGE GREEN
General Marshall, who's that man who you keep looking to?

MARSHALL
What man?

JUDGE GREEN
The large man in the back.

MARSHALL
That's Doctor Bull. He's a member
of the defense team.

JUDGE GREEN
Are you going to challenge this
juror?

Marshall takes a beat. Then turns to the Judge.

MARSHALL
Acceptable to the defense, Your
Honor.

JUDGE GREEN
Well, then, it looks like we have a
jury.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. INTERVIEW ROOM

Fred talks to camera. SPLIT SCREEN with MIRROR JUROR #1, also
50s, similarly dressed. As with all the mirror jurors, they
are the same race, the same age, the same social class...

FRED
I'm 53 years old.

FRED MIRROR JUROR
I'm 53 years old.

ROSALIND
I'm a mother with three
children.

ROSALIND MIRROR JUROR
I'm a mother with three
children.

TIARA
I live with my parents.

TIARA MIRROR JUROR
I live with my parents.

FRANK
I retired on disability.

FRANK MIRROR JUROR
I retired on disability.

TED
I'm gay. Republican. I make
\$35,000 a year and live with
my boyfriend.

TED MIRROR JUROR
I'm gay. Republican. I make
\$35,000 a year and live with
my boyfriend.

BLAZE
I just got engaged.

BLAZE MIRROR JUROR
I just got engaged.

SARAH
I'm Catholic.

SARAH MIRROR JUROR
I'm Catholic.

ANTWAN
I'm a software engineer.

ANTWAN MIRROR JUROR
I'm a software engineer.

BESS
I have a kid in the system.

BESS MIRROR JUROR
I have a kid in the system.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. TSI -- JURY ROOM

The (twelve) Mirror Jurors confer at a table. Bull, Peters, Marissa and Marshall watch them through one-way glass.

MARISSA
...This is our "mirror jury" -- a 94 per cent match in every demographic. They attend the trial every day along with the actual jury. They know how to spread out, blend in. We debrief them fifteen minutes after adjournment. To find out which arguments are sticking. Which facts need to be repeated...

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. TSI -- WAR ROOM

The twelve JURORS now appear on the twelve monitors, along with their SOCIOGRAM, or web of values and relationships, represented as an ever-changing graphic.

MARISSA
...We fold that debrief into what we already know about each juror's behavioral patterns -- in life and especially on the Internet -- where they go, what they click, how long they stay, preferences, "likes," keywords, avoidances -- it all gets plugged into a 400-factor matrix that is scary in its predictive efficiency.

PETERS
How do you get that data?

MARISSA
That's between me and Doctor Bull.

PETERS

So what was that about -- "why do you catch a cold?"

BULL

It's called "locus of control."

(gestures to monitors)

Rosalind thinks her life is within her control. Fred believes that things just happen to him.

(beat)

We want as many jurors as possible who see themselves as victims. So they'll see Brandon that way.

PETERS

So how's the algorithm say we're doing?

(off their looks)

You said yourself that no trial starts at zero.

(beat)

What's the scoreboard say?

Bull nods to Marissa, who swipes on her iPad...Everyone looks at "THE SCOREBOARD"...Only two monitors light up and the others dim...

MARISSA

We've got two votes.

MARSHALL

This is ludicrous. The jury hasn't heard one witness.

PETERS

So we need ten more votes?

But Bull is half-listening...He's studying the monitors...

MONTAGE

We see what Bull sees...The explosion of data that comprises a modern human life -- the click-ons, the purchases, the "likes," the cat videos, the sexting, the blog comments, the email keywords, the medical and credit records, the sociogram of friends, family, colleagues -- as the algorithm makes connections, and Bull makes connections of his own...

...Till he arrives at Bess...

BULL

(musing)

Bess. You all know all about Bess.

(MORE)

BULL (CONT'D)

What can there be to know that you don't know?

MARSHALL

The woman who *refused* to answer my question?

BULL

It always comes down to one -- one juror who takes control of the jury -- one story -- based on the facts or not -- that will persuade that person to not-convict our client.

MARSHALL

How do you know it's her?

BULL

How do you *not* know?

(beat)

If you saw me in a jury box, wouldn't you pick me out?

(returns to monitor)

I want to know every injustice she ever suffered. Every time she got screwed over. Every hurt. Every slight -- real or imagined. I want to know when she didn't get picked for the kickball team. I want *all* of it.

PETERS

Where are you going with that?

BULL

We're going to bring your boy home.

Off their looks,

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

INT. NIGHT. DANNY'S OFFICE

Danny reads through a printout of Alyssa's contacts while Cable waits.

CABLE
...Alyssa had two phones. The
police only found one.

DANNY
Or the D.A. didn't feel the need to
share this information.
(beat)
These are the contacts from the
second phone?

CABLE
(sniffs)
Did you light a candle?

DANNY
I'm not one of those women.

CABLE
(sniffs again)
I know that scent. That's "Love
That Burns."

DANNY
Why didn't you just email me?

CABLE
Do you really want an illegal hack
on your computer?

Danny turns a page...Between "SHISEIDO" and "SHOPBOP" she
finds a name she recognizes...

"SHONG, PHILIP"...

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. OLD SHANGHAI DELUXE RESTAURANT -- MOTT AND BAYARD

Red lanterns in the plate glass windows. Danny sits with
PHILIP SHONG, 30s, as the waiter brings him soup dumplings.

SHONG
...I don't want to get involved in
this.

DANNY
You're already involved.

SHONG

Because my name showed up in a dead girl's phone contacts?

DANNY

Were you her supplier?

Shong sighs heavily.

SHONG

You're not going to eat?

She says nothing. He shrugs. Takes another dumpling.

DANNY

A girl from Chinatown shows up on a yacht with a lot of prep school kids from Park Avenue.

SHONG

She was a pretty girl. Pretty girls get invited everywhere.

DANNY

Your cousin is in the Atlanta penitentiary. I can get him moved to Danbury so Grandma can see him.

SHONG

I thought you left the FBI.

DANNY

Do you ever leave the Triads?

Shong considers a beat.

SHONG

Alyssa was smart. She was careful. She had hustle. She would move crystal and Molly in the clubs. She knew all these kids from school.

DANNY

She got the drugs from you?

SHONG

At first. She'd come out on the 7 train when she was fourteen. Do her homework on the train. Then it was an Uber. Then she bought a BMW and found a new supplier.

DANNY

What aren't you telling me?

Shong takes a beat.

SHONG

She stopped being careful. She started selling fake Molly -- methydone -- with just enough MDMA to turn the test kits black.

DANNY

How much fake Molly was she moving?

SHONG

Enough to buy a BMW.

Off Danny,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. COURTROOM

A full house. BILL KLAUSTERFOKKEN, 30s, the Assistant District Attorney, examines GRACE CHANG, 40s, Alyssa's mother. Her ex-husband, DAVID CHANG, 40s, Alyssa's father, watches nearby. The jury listens closely. In the gallery, the mirror jury listens just as closely...

KLAUSTERFOKKEN

...You and Alyssa's father are divorced?

GRACE

Since Alyssa was twelve. Alyssa lived mostly with me.

KLAUSTERFOKKEN

Did you have a good relationship with your daughter?

From the gallery, Bull watches the jury, Bayes alongside him...The jurors seem to speak to him...As if he can hear their thoughts...

GRACE

The teenage years can be a challenge, but yes, she would tell me that I was the only one who really understood her.

FRANK

My ex-wife used to pull this. Riding to the defense of the children. To manipulate me. She had to control everything.

GRACE

She would talk to me about everything.

KLAUSTERFOKKEN

Did she call you from the yacht?

GRACE

She said that she really liked Brandon. They sat together at dinner and they really hit it off. And that she wanted to sleep with him.

ROSALIND

These kids in a divorce are just lost.

KLAUSTERFOKKEN (CONT'D)

Was that typical behavior for Alyssa?

GRACE

Alyssa was always studying. She was in all AP classes. Boys were not a priority for her.

TIARA

This woman is *clueless*.

*

GRACE

I told her she should really be sure how she felt about Brandon, because sex brought up a lot of powerful emotions and it was easy to get hurt.

(beat)

It's hard to be a single mom. Maybe I should have just said, "No."

KLAUSTERFOKKEN

And the next time she called, what did she say?

GRACE

She sounded frightened. They had sex, but it wasn't enough for him.

GRACE

She said it was like he had a split personality. Drunk. He told her it was his birthday and his boat and she had to do what he said --

ANTWAN

Something about this story doesn't hang together.

KLAUSTERFOKKEN

What do you mean, it wasn't enough for him?

GRACE

He wanted to have anal sex.

FRED

For a billion dollars *I'd* take it up the (bleep).

GRACE
When she refused, he threatened her. He said that they were very far from land and there was no one to call and if she fell in the ocean, no one would ever find her.

SARAH
She was probably the first person who ever said no to him.

GRACE
I told her to stay away from Brandon and that I would call his father. Which I did.

TED
Which rehab center offers a group rate?

KLAUSTERFOKKEN (CONT'D)
Did you ever hear back from Mr. Peters?

GRACE
Not till two days later. I got a call from his assistant to say there had been an accident.

KLAUSTERFOKKEN
The assistant called you? Not Mr. Peters?

GRACE
They did a headcount. They thought she might have fallen off the boat.

KLAUSTERFOKKEN
He had his *assistant* call to say your daughter was dead.

BLAZE
Somebody needs to stick it to this guy.

MARSHALL
Objection.

JUDGE GREEN
Sustained.

KLAUSTERFOKKEN
No further questions.

Marshall stands for cross-examination. As he does, Bull turns and notices Emily, with her widow's weeds and porcelain skin.

MARSHALL
Ms. Chang, who invited Alyssa to the party?

GRACE
I don't remember.

MARSHALL

My point is, had she been friends with Brandon *before* the party?

GRACE

They went to school together. They first got to know each other at the party.

MARSHALL

Did you know your daughter was a drug dealer?

GRACE

That's not true.

MARSHALL

You might learn something in court today. I'm learning a lot lately myself. MDMA. Methylene-dioxy-methamphetamine. Known as "Molly."

SARAH

I just don't like this lawyer. I don't like the way he talks down to me. Did you see how he makes his associate carry all the bags?

Marshall turns to a huge GRAPHIC DISPLAY -- a web with Alyssa at the center...He swipes on his iPad and the graphic focuses on a subset of that network, with Brandon at the center...

MARSHALL

This was Alyssa's network -- the kids she sold drugs to. Many of them were friends of Brandon's. She sent messages to all of them -- everyone she knew -- trying to get an invitation. Hundreds of messages.

ANGLE ON -- BULL

He clocks all of Bess's body language...She holds her purse in front of her, like a shield, when Marshall approaches...Picks the lint off her clothes while he's talking...Turns her torso away from him...Crosses her arms...

BULL

(aside, to Bayes)

Bess hasn't heard a word he's said. She might as well be home in bed.

BAYES

How can you tell?

BULL

Like Mae West once said, I speak
two languages. Body and English.

BACK ON -- MARSHALL

As he turns to Grace...

MARSHALL

Why was it so important to her?

GRACE

I don't know why this party
was so important to her.

FRANK

I can give you a billion
reasons.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Did Alyssa have a plan to seduce
Brandon Peters?

KLAUSTERFOKKEN

Objection.

JUDGE GREEN

Sustained. The jury will disregard
the question.

GRACE

My daughter was a good girl -- an A
student -- and you're making it
seem like --

MARSHALL

You can't judge a book by its
cover, can you, Mrs. Chang? I
don't think you knew your
daughter at all.

(beat)

No further questions.

BESS

Blame the victim, you
misogynistic jerk.

JUDGE GREEN

(gavels)

Court is in recess till Monday.

A murmur as Grace exits the witness box, weeping. Alyssa's
father, David, glares at Peters with a look of burning
HATRED...Bess purses her lips.

BULL

I hate lawyers. I should have had
Cable plant a bomb inside his
watch.

BACK ON -- LIBERTY

He hands her his bag but she demurs, fans herself...

LIBERTY

Something I ate at lunch -- I think
I'm going to throw up.

MARSHALL

Well, at least you'd be doing
something for a change.

He forces his heavy bag on her. Rosalind and Sarah whisper disapproval to each other...Bull clocks this...

BAYES

Clyde reminds me of the
schmendricks I went to Yale with.

BULL

Is "*schmendrick*" a word you learned
at Yale?

BAYES

I'm not as one-dimensional as you
think I am.

BULL

At the University of Wisconsin, we
would just call him a dick.

(beat)

Maybe we can use it.

Off Bull, watching Bess, who narrows her eyes at Marshall,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. WAR ROOM

Bull meets with his team, studies SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of
Bess...Lunching with Sarah and Rosalind...Laughing with
Blaze...Huddling with Antwan and Ted...Hugging
Frank...Smoking with Tiara...

BULL

She's a naturally dominant
personality. See how she puts her
hands on her hips? Goes through
doors first. Sustains eye contact.
She has lunch every day with Sarah
and Rosalind, they look up to her.
Even Frank likes her. She connects
all the dots.

Marissa enters with the "mirror jury" debrief...

MARISSA
We picked up one vote.

BULL
Frank. The ex-cop.

MARISSA
Good guess.

BULL
It wasn't a guess.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DAY. INTERVIEW ROOM

Frank speaks directly to camera.

FRANK
Slinging dope and sleeping around --
it could have been anyone -- you
gotta pay to play.

BACK TO:

INT. NIGHT. WAR ROOM

Three monitors light up...Three votes...

MARISSA
We're not going to win this one
vote at a time.

BULL
You said Bess believes the system
is rigged. Why?

MARISSA
Well, it's easier to think the
system is rigged than to live with
the truth: that her son got
involved with drugs while she was
working two jobs and never home.

BULL
She's not the kind of person who
has a problem being real.

Marissa refers to her data.

MARISSA

Marijuana. Possession with intent to distribute. Five years and a \$250,000 fine.

BAYES

Five years for possession of marijuana? That's at the far end of the sentencing guidelines.

BULL

How much marijuana was it?

MARISSA

(reads)

He sold five marijuana plants to a friend.

(beat)

Of his mother's.

(beat)

Who had ovarian cancer.

BULL

Bess's son sold five pot plants to a woman with cancer and got five years and a \$250,000 fine?

Marissa gets up.

MARISSA

I'm on it.

BULL

Let Danny do it.

MARISSA

It was my mistake. I'll fix it.

Marissa exits. Off Bull, as he returns to the photos,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

INT. DAY. INTERVIEW ROOM

Bull talks directly to camera.

BULL
I can always tell if someone is
lying.

The screen SPLITS...

BULL
For example, if I want to
know if someone is guilty of
shoplifting, I'll ask, "What
should the punishment be for
someone who shoplifts?"

SUSPECT #1
I think you have to look at
the whole of the
circumstances, the reason why
he shoplifted, how much he
shoplifted...

Bull nods across the split screen...

BULL
That guy's a shoplifter.

SUSPECT #1
I mean, if it was just a
piece of gum, or...

The screen stays split but Suspect #2 replaces Suspect #1.

BULL
People can think at 1500
words per minute. So if you
hem and haw for five seconds,
that's 125 words of lies
you're running through your
head.

SUSPECT #2
(beat)
Um.
(beat)
Uh.
(beat)
Um.

The screen stays split but Suspect #3 replaces Suspect #2.

BULL
Or if you repeat the question
I just asked you. Cover up
your mouth. Scratch your
neck.

SUSPECT #3
"Did I shoplift something?"
(beat)
"Did I shoplift something?"

The screen stays split but BILL CLINTON replaces Suspect #3.

BULL
Or get all red in the face.

BILL CLINTON
I did not have sexual
relations with that woman...

The screen now splits in eight...

BULL
(gesturing)
Lie. Lie. Lie. Lie. Lie. Lie.
Lie.

SUSPECT #4
With God as my witness...

SUSPECT #5
To be honest with you...

SUSPECT #6
You *know* me...

SUSPECT #7
I'm the most honest person
here...

SUSPECT #8
I can't believe you would ask
me that...

SUSPECT #9
Ask anyone...

SUSPECT #10
Why would I do that?

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. TRIAL SCIENCES, INC. -- OUTSIDE BULL'S OFFICE

Tariq writes at his desk. CHUNK PALMER, 20s, stands opposite him. Built like the All-American lineman he once was, gay, stylish, with a winning smile and a *basso profundo* voice.

CHUNK
I'm looking for Dr. Bull.

Without saying anything, Tariq moves the needle on the MOOD METER further into the red zone.

TARIQ
Come back tomorrow.

CHUNK
Seriously?

TARIQ
Do I look amused?

CHUNK
I'm the stylist.

TARIQ
I thought the stylist was coming
from *Vogue*.

CHUNK
I am from *Vogue*.

Off Tariq,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. TSI -- STYLING STUDIO

CLOSE ON BRANDON as Chunk takes his measurements. We get our first good look at him: anxious, tentative, entitled.

He looks like anything but the Jack the Ripper who has been portrayed in the media.

WIDER

A cross between a Savile Row bespoke haberdashery and a Photoshop lab, with wood panelling and mirrors and a row of computer monitors along the wall.

BRANDON

...I came here for witness prep.

CHUNK

Clothes -- hair -- glasses and jewelry -- the things we carry -- it's a code people use to talk to each other.

BRANDON

I don't need clothes. I have clothes.

CHUNK

The courtiers at Versailles wore a beauty patch. Beside the mouth meant kissable. The lower lip, discreet. For us, it's what kind of jeans do you wear.

(beat)

Doctor Bull wants people to believe you.

BRANDON

My Dad said I'm not going to testify.

CHUNK

We're going to trim your hair a little at a time so it's not so obvious.

BRANDON

I don't want to cut my hair.

Bull enters.

BULL

I thought we'd never meet.

BRANDON

Sorry.

BULL
You missed three appointments.
(beat)
Why are you smirking?

BRANDON
I'm not smirking.

BULL
You smirk. You're a smirker. It's
between a snigger and a leer.

BRANDON
They're not going to convict me
because of my haircut.

BULL
No, but they ought to hang you for
being an asshole.
(beat)
Don't you realize we've got dozens
of people here working around the
clock to save you from life in
prison?

That pulls Brandon up short. His lip quivers. He looks like
he's going to cry.

CHUNK
I'm going to get these measurements
to the tailor.

Chunk exits.

BRANDON
My Dad says I don't have to
testify.

BULL
You've been testifying since day
one. Ninety-three per cent of all
communication is nonverbal.

BRANDON
They can believe whatever they want
to believe.

BULL
Did you kill Alyssa?

BRANDON
No.

BULL
But you did have sex with her.

BRANDON
(beat)
She wanted to.

BULL
Do you just have sex with any girl
who wants you to?
(off his look)
Well, yeah, sure, but.

BRANDON
I didn't do anything wrong.

BULL
Is there any reason anyone would
have seen you with her at the time
that she was strangled?

BRANDON
No. I wasn't with her.

BULL
Then where were you?

BRANDON
To be honest with you, I don't even
remember leaving my room. I had too
much to drink. Everyone did.

"To be honest with you." A look between them. Bull leans in
to Brandon and looks him in the eye.

BULL
I don't know yet exactly what
happened on that boat. I don't know
if you're lying about what happened
between you and Alyssa.
(beat)
But I do know you're lying about
something.

Brandon flushes with anger.

BRANDON
You're supposed to be on my side.

BULL
I may be the only one who is.

Another look between them. Off Bull,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. WAR ROOM

Bull sits alone with an iced tea and the monitors, staring at the glowing organic forms of the sociograms, trying to puzzle out the path to not guilty. Cable enters with her laptop.

BULL

I told Tariq I wanted to be alone.

CABLE

I'm not afraid of Tariq.

He looks at her. She sticks her tongue out at him. Bull takes this in a beat. Then he looks at the monitors again.

BULL

A man accused puts his fate in the hands of a goddess. Lady Justice. With a blindfold, a set of scales, and a sword. The image dates to the Egyptian goddess Maat, who had two jobs: one was to keep the universe from returning to chaos; the second was to sit in judgement on the souls of the departed. It was called the weighing of the heart. On one side of the scales, she placed the heart of the dead man. On the other side, she placed a feather -- an ostrich feather. That's how light a man's heart had to be -- lighter than the feather -- he couldn't have one ounce of dishonesty to weigh it down.

(beat)

The feather was Truth.

He turns to see her laptop turned to him. A PHOTO of Alyssa trussed with Japanese bondage ropes, her face averted from the camera, a tangle of intricate knots and shiny black hair, her bound hands with their long lacquered nails...

CABLE

You were right. Brandon was hiding something.

BULL

Where did you find this?

CABLE

Sixty kids on the boat -- a hundred pictures a day -- times five days -- thirty thousand pictures -- even the Snapchat. You know it's really not very secure.

BULL

Sleep much?

CABLE

A twenty minute nap every four hours. They call it "the Uberman."

BULL

But this wasn't on Brandon's phone.

CABLE

(off monitor)

Look. Compare the backgrounds. That's Brandon's stateroom.

(beat)

If I could find it, so can someone else.

Bull thinks a beat.

BULL

An unsympathetic defendant with a motive and no alibi. A sympathetic victim strangled to death. I was just sitting here wishing this case was more challenging. Then you turn up, as if sent by heaven, with the defendant's contemporaneous photos of an arcane sadomasochistic Japanese bondage ritual. The only thing that would make this better is if it turned up in the New York *Post*.

Danny and Marissa enter.

DANNY

Nice knots.

BULL

That's what summers at the yacht club will do for you.

MARISSA

Tell me this isn't Brandon's.

BULL
It's not admissible.

DANNY
Brandon and Alyssa had sex with
ropes. She turns up strangled to
death. How's that not admissible?

Chunk enters. Looks at the bondage image on the laptop...

BULL
Look at her nails.

CHUNK
Wow. I love the manicure.

BULL
Alyssa was a nail biter. It's in
the coroner's report.

CHUNK
Not with those nails. The half-moon
nails -- that's a vintage look from
the '40s.

Cable punches in on the image. Sure enough, the nail polish
arcs at the cuticle, leaving the "moons" of the nails empty.
Danny finally gets it.

DANNY
It's not admissible because it's
not Alyssa.

BULL
You win a free meal at the Arby's
of your choice.

CABLE
He had *two* girls on the yacht?

BULL
How do I get invited to a high
school party?

Looks all around. Off Bull,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

INT. MORNING. BENSIMON APARTMENT -- PARK AVENUE -- KITCHEN

Bull and Danny sit over coffee and pastries with FREDDIE BENSIMON, 40s, short and ebullient, and his wife, ADELE, also 40s, soigné and fretful. GAIL PETERS, 40s, who has made the introduction, rummages in her purse among the pill bottles...

FREDDIE
...Emily is fragile.

ADELE
I knew that girl was trouble.

FREDDIE
Emily had nothing to do with this.

GAIL
Freddie, nobody's suggesting that.
Dr. Bill is with our defense team.

BULL
(corrects her)
Doctor Bull.

GAIL
Pete thinks you're some kind of
magician. So far, I haven't seen
it.

(beat)
I like his haircut.
(beat)
You're a doctor, right? Do you
think it's okay to take another
Xanax? I've already taken three.

BULL
I'd hold off on that.

GAIL
I'll just take a half.

She breaks the white pill in half. Dry-swallows it.

ADELE
Emily is fragile.

FREDDIE
Tragic.

ADELE
She had nothing to do with this.

FREDDIE
I want to show you something.

Freddie exits. Danny shows Adele a document...The typed invitation list, alphabetical, but with "CHANG, ALYSSA" added at the end...Next to her name, pencilled in Gail's handwriting, "AB".

DANNY

Is that you -- "AB"?

ADELE

Emily gets so unhappy it's unbearable. She asked me to get that girl invited. It was a very small guest list. But she moped and moped -- well, you can't say it, but you know how pushy Asian girls are --

GAIL

I remember when you called me.

ADELE

It's so typical of how clueless Emily is. We were there -- we watched the whole thing happen.

BULL

So you were all on the yacht?

GAIL

This stupid party was Pete's idea. I told him not to do it. But you can't tell him anything. Well, maybe you can, but *I* can't. Not even when we were married.

(beat)

He has no relationship with Brandon. Did he tell you that? He got him an apartment when he was 16 and basically stopped seeing him. He hadn't seen him for a year before the party.

ADELE

Honestly I think the only reason that girl befriended her was to get at Brandon. I told Emily, you'd better tell her Brandon is yours.

Bull takes out the *New York Post*. Unfolds it and puts it in front of Adele.

DANNY

Mrs. Bensimon, do you realize that this is Emily in this photograph?

Adele takes a beat.

ADELE
With Brandon?

BULL
Can I talk to her?

ADELE
Well, as long as it was with
Brandon.

Freddie returns with a framed PHOTO...Brandon and Emily,
three years old, eating lunch together at the playground in
Central Park.

FREDDIE
That's Brandon and Emily in
preschool. They were best friends.

GAIL
Back then, Freddie was a big deal
in real estate, and Pete -- you
know -- what the hell was the
Internet?
(beat)
We were all close. We vacationed
together. People get close in
swimsuits, with their toes in the
sand. With kids. We used to imagine
how the kids would get married one
day. And we'd get old together with
the grandkids.

BULL
Brandon and Emily.

GAIL
You know all about delusions,
Mister Wool.

BULL
Doctor Bull.

GAIL
All the pretty dreams from long,
long ago.

Gail sucks noisily on her e-cigarette. Then Emily enters,
yawning, in pajamas, looking at her phone.

EMILY
Oh. Hi.

ADELE

This is Doctor Bull. He works with
Brandon's lawyers.

EMILY

Nice to meet you.

Emily exits, still looking at her phone. Bull considers a
beat. Then gets up.

BULL

Emily?

He moves to follow her...A look between Freddie and Adele.
Adele urges him on with a look. As Freddie exits,

CUT TO:

INT. CONTINUOUS. HALLWAY -- OUTSIDE EMILY'S BEDROOM

Emily has left her door ajar...Bull enters a pink room with
pink lights to find Emily cross-legged on the floor, hunched
over her phone, not acknowledging Bull but not sending him
away, either...REVEAL that poster-sized PHOTOS of Brandon
cover the walls...Framed SNAPSHOTS on the shelves...

BULL

Can I ask you a few questions?

Emily looks up. Then Freddie enters.

FREDDIE

We really don't want Emily getting
involved in this. I'm afraid you'll
have to leave.

Bull takes a last look. Freddie escorts her out...Off Emily,
immersed in her phone, as she scrolls through her Instagram,

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Emily's Instagram is a digital version of the walls of her
room...We SCROLL through endless stream of PHOTOS OF
BRANDON...First on the yacht with the ubiquitous red Solo
cup, then back in time, faster and faster, every moment
chronicled, through the beach vacations and the ski
vacations, through elementary school and preschool, to
Brandon's baby pictures...

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. TSI -- STYLING STUDIO

Chunk cuts Brandon's hair for trial the next day while Brandon looks at his phone. Bull sits opposite.

BULL
...When did Emily find out that you
and Alyssa had slept together?

BRANDON
I tell Emily everything.

BULL
You told her?

CHUNK
I had a friend like that, growing
up.

BULL
Who you confided in. And hogtied
with Japanese bondage ropes.

BRANDON
She wanted to do that.

BULL
She wanted to.

BRANDON
You don't understand.

BULL
I don't truly understand what any
of these girls see in you.

BRANDON
A blank slate.

Wow. Is he really that self-aware? A knock. It's Marissa.

MARISSA
Doctor Bull? Can I see you for a
minute?

Bull exits. Chunk continues to cut Brandon's hair.

BRANDON
Why is he asking all these
questions about Emily?

CHUNK
Are you worried about Emily?

BRANDON

The photos I took of Emily weren't sexual.

Off Chunk, raising an eyebrow,

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. TSI -- HALLWAY

Marissa and Bull meet in the hall.

MARISSA

...The judge who sentenced Bess's son retired at 56. Well, that's a red flag. A judge can sleep late, start drinking at lunch, and go home at five. That *is* retirement.

She erupts in a chattering, Woody Woodpecker laugh that gives the lie to her carefully-composed Hitchcock-blondé façade.

BULL

So what happened?

MARISSA

Well, it took some reading between the lines, but he propositioned one of his male law clerks and it wound up in a lawsuit. The settlement was placed under seal and the judge was forced to retire.

(beat)

Strict Catholic background -- attracted to men. It's a classic recipe for homophobia.

(beat)

It just made me think that maybe Bess's son is gay.

BULL

So this homophobic judge went after him. Which is why Bess thinks the system is rigged.

A look between them. Off Bull,

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. COURTHOUSE

A bale of the New York POST, with the bondage image and the headline, "FIFTY SHADES OF 18TH BIRTHDAY"...PULL UP TO REVEAL a crowd of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS...Brandon arrives in a car with BODYGUARDS...Pete arrives with his girlfriend, VERINKA, 20s, a former Knicks City Dancer...Marshall arrives for court, Liberty trailing behind him, lugging his bag and hauling the document boxes bumpity-bump up the stairs...Bull hustles to help Liberty with the boxes and the bag.

BULL

Let me help you, Liberty.

LIBERTY

Why, thank you, kind sir.

MARSHALL

That's what's wrong with our society. People don't do things for themselves.

Bull notices Bess, Rosalind and Sarah watching him and Liberty, and smiling with approval. Off Bull,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. COURTROOM

CLOSE ON HALF-MOON NAILS as Emily, on the witness stand, inspects her manicure. She is nearly trembling, not with nerves, but with a rage born of entitlement. Who are these people to make me do anything?

MARSHALL

...Emily, what prescription drugs do you currently take?

EMILY

I don't remember the names of all of them.

MARSHALL

Cymbalta?

EMILY

Yes.

MARSHALL

Seroquel?

EMILY

Yes.

MARSHALL
Abilify?

EMILY
Yes.

MARSHALL
Clonapin?

EMILY
My father says I don't have to
answer anything I don't want to.

JUDGE GREEN
I'm afraid your father is wrong
about that.

EMILY
(sniffs)
We'll see.

MARSHALL
When you're prescribed these drugs,
did the doctor or the pharmacist
tell you not to take street drugs?

EMILY
It's not recommended.

MARSHALL
But wasn't Alyssa Chang your drug
dealer?

EMILY
Yes.

MARSHALL
You were the one who got Alyssa
invited to this party?

EMILY
My mother called Brandon's mother.

MARSHALL
You even loaned her a necklace.

EMILY
It was a necklace my mother gave me
-- amethysts in rose gold -- it
belonged to my grandmother.

MARSHALL
Can you read this text message that
you sent Alyssa?

He hands her an iPad. She reads.

EMILY

"Keep your hands off Brandon.
Brandon's mine."

MARSHALL

Why did you write that?

EMILY

I knew what Alyssa was like. She
was manipulative and aggressive
with boys. I'm not judging.

MARSHALL

Is Brandon your boyfriend?

EMILY

It's not like that. We belong
together. Everyone says it.

MARSHALL

So you wrote that because you were
scared that Alyssa -- who was
manipulative, who was aggressive
with boys -- would seduce Brandon --
which was her plan all along -- and
destroy this fantasy you had, of a
life with Brandon. Even though you
got her invited to the party.
Loaned her your grandmother's
necklace. Even though you
specifically said, "Keep your hands
off Brandon."

(beat)

Didn't that make you angry?

EMILY

I was surprised. I never heard of
Brandon hooking up with anyone. She
didn't seem like his type.

MARSHALL

Surprised? Or angry?

EMILY

Why do you keep trying to twist
everything I say?

MARSHALL

When Brandon wrote you that he and
Alyssa had slept together, you
wrote him back a text message. Do
you remember what it said?

EMILY

I came here -- because you *insisted*
-- it's not like I'm not *busy* --

MARSHALL

Perhaps this will refresh your
recollection.

He hands her the iPad. She looks at it a long beat.

EMILY

If you had seen "Problem Child 2"
you would know what this was.

JUDGE GREEN

Would you please read what you
wrote, Ms. Bensimon?

EMILY

"The bitch must die."

MARSHALL

Where were you between 1 a.m. and 3
a.m. when Alyssa Chang was
murdered?

EMILY

Asleep in my room.

MARSHALL

Did anyone see you?

EMILY

I was asleep.

MARSHALL

You had motive. You had
opportunity. Isn't it possible that
you killed Alyssa?

Marshall beckons for his iPad and instead Emily HURLS it at his head...Marshall staggers, bleeding...Bailiffs rush to restore order...Bull watches Bess frown. The Bensimons gather their daughter, who collapses in tears...

CUT TO:

EXT. LATER. COURTHOUSE

Shielded by her parents against the surging PHOTOGRAPHERS, Emily heads to a waiting Mercedes...Across the distance, she exchanges a look with Brandon...Then climbs into the car...

With her HALF-MOON NAILS, Emily selects the camera icon on her phone...Poses for a selfie and posts it to Instagram... Watches as she "gets to the K" -- 10,000 followers...

As the Mercedes pulls away, REVEAL David Chang, Alyssa's father, returning to the scene...The COPS at the barricade recognize him and wave him through...

Escorted by his BODYGUARDS, Peters comes downstairs, shields his eyes from the sun guns...He recognizes David...In an impulse of humanity -- rare for him -- he heads toward him, palms open...To share his grief...To say "I'm sorry"...

As David pulls out a REVOLVER and FIRES...The first shot smashes Peters's collarbone and he falls...The next shot misses and then the Bodyguards disarm David, wrestle him to the ground...Off Bull, amidst the pandemonium, LOVING IT...

CUT TO:

END OF ACT THREE

INT. SAME TIME. NYU HOSPITAL -- PETE PETERS' ROOM

Peters recovers from surgery, on an IV. Bull has pulled up a chair and sits nearby. While he talks, Peters glances at the Bloomberg app on his Blackberry.

BULL

...Don't you see what a break this is for us?

PETERS

Marshall wants a mistrial.

BULL

This is the first time we might actually get a *fair* trial.

PETERS

Maybe I'll go out in the corridor and set myself on fire.

BULL

Frontier justice.

PETERS

The jury saw the whole thing. How is that not grounds for a mistrial?

BULL

Well, he missed.
(off his look)
Mostly.

Distracted, Peters checks the prices on his Bloomberg...Bull fixes him with a look.

PETERS

What?

BULL

Could you stop looking at the Japanese futures market till we figure out how to save your son?

PETERS

Do you really want to say that my son is not my first priority? Because I'll get out of this hospital bed and punch you in the nose.

Not much chance of that. Peters can barely sit up. Bull moves to help him and Peters waves him off...

BULL

Now that Wyatt Earp put some points on the board, they can stop using your son to stick it to you.

PETERS

The fact is, we have a hung jury. Your own data shows that.

BULL

From where we started, a hung jury is a win.

PETERS

Not at these prices.

BULL

Usually the D.A. decides to drop it.

PETERS

If he doesn't?

BULL

Then we go again.

PETERS

Another trial?

BULL

If that's what it takes.

PETERS

Another year of this?

BULL

What does Brandon say? Have you even spoken to your son?

PETERS

Brandon will do what I tell him to do.

BULL

He always has.

PETERS

Not lately, by a long shot.

BULL

You told him that he couldn't do anything by himself. Couldn't decide anything for himself.

(MORE)

BULL (CONT'D)

You basically told him he wasn't worth your time.

(beat)

Brandon has paid for you being a selfish ass in more ways than you can even fathom. How much more of that tab are you going to make him pick up?

PETERS

I can't lose everything.

BULL

Your son *is* everything.

PETERS

I have a psychiatrist. Just do your job.

BULL

You're his father. *You don't leave.*

PETERS

And if he's guilty?

BULL

He's not.

PETERS

That girl got on the boat alive and she got off dead. Brandon was out of his room from 1 to 3. She died from 1 to 3. He was the last one to see her alive. And you can't tell me who did it.

(beat)

Am I really supposed to lose everything if it was Brandon?

A look between them. Off Bull,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. WAR ROOM

Bull broods over The Scoreboard...The monitors for Antwan and Frank have lit up now...Marissa joins him.

MARISSA

That's based on the latest debrief of the mirror jury.

(beat)

We're losing.

BULL
I like a challenge. It's one of the
"Ten Traits of Highly Successful
People."

MARISSA
Four votes. Not Bess.

BULL
Would you mind taking your ear buds
out?

Cable complies reluctantly.

CABLE
"While employers believe it's rude
to wear ear buds in the office,
Millennials are using them to focus
and be more productive."
(beat)
It's in our HR manual.

BULL
"Too long; didn't read."

Cable puts her ear buds back in.

CABLE
Remember we put that bug in
Marshall's watch? He's meeting with
the D.A.

Bull beckons for the earbuds.

BULL
Give me those.
(wiping them)
You don't have Singapore ear, do
you?

CABLE
He's taking a deal -- second degree
manslaughter. He's going to plead
Brandon guilty.

Reluctantly, Bull puts the buds in his ears. Listens...

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. TSI -- STYLING STUDIO

Chunk trims Brandon's hair. Bull enters with JOSH TAKAHASHI,
early 20s, a fresh-minted LAWYER, suit and briefcase.

BULL

(off Josh)

Don't mind him -- I borrowed him from the law firm. It means anything we say in here is protected by attorney-client privilege.

(to Josh)

Put your headphones on, Josh.

Josh complies. Sits in the corner and turns on his iPod. Earsplitting TECHNO, loud enough to be audible through his skull. Brandon looks trapped. Bull nods to Chunk.

CHUNK

We'll finish up later.

Chunk exits. Bull sits opposite Brandon.

BULL

I think it's time we had a talk.

BRANDON

There's nothing to talk about. You're just another one of my father's paid henchmen who's been sent to "manage" me so he doesn't have to. Consider me managed.

Bull applauds.

BULL

Great speech. You're actually not as dumb as you look.

BRANDON

My father already told me I'm taking a deal.

BULL

Well, then, you'll be working your way through the prison Nutraloaf while your father's working his way through the Knicks City Dancers.

(beat)

This is not the time to bail on yourself just because "Daddy" is. I know, Brandon. I've been down that road.

BRANDON

Yeah, right.

(off his look)

I mean, everybody respects you.

Bull takes a beat.

BULL

I didn't know my father. He left my mother the day I was born. I had two sisters. I was the youngest. My mother had more children with another man, who also left. She worked three jobs to support us. I had to make sure my sisters' hair was combed. I packed their lunches. I was the man of the house.

(beat)

Years later, my name was in the paper for something, and my father showed up. He said, "Do you want to take a drive?" He had an old 1966 Pontiac Bonneville with about a million miles on it. We drove for six hours and never said a word.

(beat)

We pulled up to this house. An old man came out. And my father said, "This is your grandfather. He left my mother the day I was born and never came back."

(beat)

Look in the mirror and be the man your father never was. Give yourself what you wish you could get from somebody else. Choose that.

(beat)

I'll be right there with you.

BRANDON

It sometimes feels like this whole thing is -- you know? -- like I'm watching it happen to someone else.

Bull watches him.

BULL

You're not going to jail. I know exactly what *this* jury needs to see and hear at this specific moment in time.

(beat)

I'm putting you on the stand.

BRANDON

Wait a minute. What? No. I can't.

Brandon looks to Josh, bopping to his techno, oblivious.
Looks to the door. Looks anywhere there might be a way out.
Finally looks to Bull.

BULL

Brandon, I know you're gay. I've known it for a long time. It's nothing to be ashamed of. It's who you are. Own it and be proud.

BRANDON

How did you know it? I didn't even know it.

BULL

But isn't that where you were -- the night Alyssa was murdered -- somewhere else -- with someone else -- doing something else?

BRANDON

Does *he* know?

BULL

Pete? He wouldn't notice if you won a Grabby Award for Best Hot Shot.

BRANDON

They won't believe me.

BULL

Don't give up on people. They're all we've got.

(beat)

Tell me you can do this.

A look between them. Off Brandon,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. TSI -- BAYES'S OFFICE

Bull, Brandon, Bayes, Chunk and Liberty sit at a conference table. Josh arrives with a "Hot Dog Bites Pizza", with a rim of pigs-in-blankets in lieu of the standard crust...

BULL

...There is a difference between telling the truth and telling the truth *effectively*.

CHUNK

Speak up.

BAYES
Answer directly.

CHUNK
Keep your hands still.

BAYES
Don't slouch.

CHUNK
Think before you speak.

BAYES
If you don't know, say, "I don't know."

CHUNK
Respond only to questions, not statements.

BAYES
Don't fill silences.

CHUNK
Don't smoke on breaks.

BAYES
Don't use your cell phone.

CHUNK
And do not take the bait.

Bull offers Liberty a slice of pizza.

BULL
Pizza *and* hot dog bites. Isn't that awesome?

She demurs.

LIBERTY
I'd better get this to Marshall.
He'll need time to prepare.

BULL
He's not doing the direct.
(beat)
You are.

Bayes chokes on his pizza.

BAYES
Does *he* know that?

LIBERTY
Doctor Bull --

BULL
The women on the jury want you to
succeed. Instead of voting *against*
Brandon, they'll vote *for* Liberty.

Brandon finishes chewing.

BRANDON
(matter-of-fact)
I'm the client, right? I'll tell
him.

Brandon scrolls through his phone and exits into the hall.
Bull beams. Bayes gets up.

BAYES
I'm sorry. I just have to hear
this.

He hurries out after Brandon. Bull turns and offers the pizza
to Liberty again. As she reluctantly takes a bite, off Bull,

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. COURTHOUSE -- ESTABLISHING

A TV REPORTER does a "stand-up" in front of the crowd,
restrained by police, as Brandon arrives with Pete and Gail
(no Verinka) and makes his way upstairs...

TV REPORTER
...Closing arguments today in the
murder trial that has electrified
the city...

A FRENZY among the *paparazzi* as Emily arrives in yet another
vintage mourning outfit...Bull arrives as usual with his
coffee and donut. He eats the donut, trashes the wrapper. As
he gazes up at the pediment, he toasts Lady Justice with his
coffee cup. Off the statue,

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. COURTHOUSE -- HALLWAY

Liberty on a bench, frozen with fear. Bull sits with her.

BULL
...Did you have the script
memorized?

LIBERTY
I know you want to say something to
me so just say it.

BULL
Do you really want to hear it?

LIBERTY
Don't be mean.

He takes both her hands.

BULL
You can be nervous next week.
You've got this boy's life in your
hands today. And twelve people who
need your help to do their job.
(beat)
So do your job.
(beat)
Haven't you been doing *his* job for
him all these years?

She looks at him. Smiles and relaxes. REVEAL Bess, Sarah and
Rosalind eavesdropping on them. Bull clocks them out of the
corner of his eye. Off Bull,

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. COURTROOM

Brandon sits in the witness box as Liberty performs the
direct examination. As he talks, the jury follows closely,
just as Bull follows them closely.

LIBERTY
...Brandon, I want you to direct
your attention to the night in
question. Were you with Alyssa
Chang that night?

BRANDON
Yes, I was.

LIBERTY
And on a previous night, did you
have sex with her?

BRANDON

Yes.

LIBERTY

Did you argue about sex?

BRANDON

Yes, we did.

LIBERTY

What was the argument?

BRANDON

I would rather not say. It's personal.

LIBERTY

I understand it's personal, but the young woman has lost her life here, and I think her family and this jury are entitled to an answer.

BRANDON

I didn't want to have sex with her again. It was a mistake.

LIBERTY

Did something go wrong?

BRANDON

It's a mistake to do everything in life because of what other people expect you to.

LIBERTY

You're a healthy young man. She was a beautiful young girl. Why not?

BRANDON

Alyssa wanted to be with me. My parents kept asking me why I didn't have a girlfriend. She was one of the hottest girls in the class and really popular and an A student who was going to Princeton. So that was, like, a really perfect picture, and at some point you get tired of disappointing everyone.

LIBERTY

So what was wrong with the perfect picture?

Brandon exchanges a look across the distance with Bull.

BRANDON

I'm gay.

Bess leans in to listen, as do all the other jurors, as do Peters, Gail, Freddie, Adele, and everyone in the gallery.

LIBERTY

Is that where you were between 1 a.m. and 3 a.m.?

BRANDON

Yes. I was with someone.

LIBERTY

Brandon, I need to ask you: who were you with?

BRANDON

Look, I mean no disrespect to you, or anyone, but I'm not going to answer that. I said what I said and I'm not sorry, but I'm not going to do that to someone else.

LIBERTY

Brandon, this is not the time to be a hero.

BRANDON

I told you everything you need to know.

(starts to lose it)

You just want to break it all apart -- all of you -- you're supposed to be the adults.

(beat)

Please stop breaking things.

Liberty moves to confer with Bull.

BULL

He's done. Pass the witness.

As Liberty passes the witness to Klausterfokken, Bull watches Bess...But he can't read her...Is she still undecided?

KLAUSTERFOKKEN

Well, this is the politically correct 2016 model of a deathbed conversion, wouldn't you say, Mr. Peters? Awfully convenient.

BRANDON

I'm not sure what the question was.

JUDGE GREEN
Neither am I.

KLAUSTERFOKKEN
So you didn't tell the police you
were with someone?

BRANDON
No.

KLAUSTERFOKKEN
You lied to the police.

LIBERTY
Objection.

KLAUSTERFOKKEN
I'll withdraw the question.
(beat)
So you admit you had sex with
Alyssa, your DNA was found in her
vagina, you were never gay before --

BRANDON
I was always gay. I just --

KLAUSTERFOKKEN
-- and now -- when the trial is not
going well for you -- you really
expect this jury to believe that
you were with a secret gay mystery
lover who you refuse to name?

Brandon's eyes well up...He looks at his hands...

BRANDON
-- I just really didn't think it
was up to me to be happy.

KLAUSTERFOKKEN
No further questions.

Peters looks daggers at Bull. As he steps down, Brandon looks
to Peters and sees the disapproval in his eyes. Bull looks to
Bess, who scowls at the D.A. Then Bull's gaze lands on Bess's
Mirror Juror, who is WEEPING. He turns to Marissa.

BULL
Is that Bess's Mirror Juror?

She turns, as Bess's Mirror Juror accepts a Kleenex from a
reporter. She confirms with a nod. Off Bull,

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER DAY. COURTROOM

CLOSE ON BESS as she watches Liberty deliver her argument.

LIBERTY

...I have a friend who says he hates lawyers. I don't think he really means that. What he means is, we lawyers like to over-complicate things. We miss the point.

(looks at Klausterfokken)

We get the blood in our eyes and we forget that our obligation is to the truth.

(turns back to jury)

Brandon Peters did not kill Alyssa Chang.

(beat)

People know the truth when they hear it. That's why we say it has a "ring." You heard Brandon Peters tell the truth in this courtroom. To tell the world that you're gay -- to tell *yourself* -- is not something you do out of convenience. It might be the hardest conversation you ever have. In not giving us his alibi, he gave us perhaps the best alibi we could ever want. An old-fashioned word you don't hear so much anymore. Don't see so much of anymore.

(beat)

Character.

Looks all around. Bess listens thoughtfully. Off Bull,

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. COURTROOM

Brandon stands. Frank, as the jury foreman, also stands. Judge Green addresses him.

JUDGE GREEN

...Would the foreman read the verdict?

FRANK

On the charge of murder in the second degree, we find the defendant...

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

(beat)

...Not guilty.

Brandon nearly faints. Marshall congratulates Liberty. Peters pumps his fist. Then he exchanges a look with Bull, whose smile is more subdued. He's caught the eye of Grace Chang in the gallery. As she exits alone, off Bull,

CUT TO:

EXT. LATER. COURTHOUSE

Bull exits. He notices Bess on her way toward the subway. He jogs toward her.

BULL

Excuse me!

Bess turns as Bull catches up to her.

BESS

I recognize you. You were always watching us. Sarah said, "Don't look at him. He's trying to hypnotize us."

BULL

I'm Doctor Jason Bull.

BESS

What kind of doctor are you?

BULL

I'm a psychologist.

BESS

I feel like I know you.

BULL

I'm from Wisconsin. Have you spent any time there?

BESS

I was watching you, too.

(turns to him)

You grew up with a lot of pain, didn't you?

(off his look)

That's where you learned how to watch people like that -- to read them -- figure out what makes them go. To survive in that home.

(MORE)

BESS (CONT'D)

(beat)

I know.

She suddenly takes his hand and squeezes it. Then resumes walking. Bull catches up to her.

BULL

Can I ask you something?

BESS

Can we walk while we talk? I don't like getting home after dark.

BULL

Why did you vote "not guilty"?

BESS

Stop.

BULL

The trial's over. You can tell me.

BESS

Stop trying to figure people out.
To make them do what you want. It's just --

(beat)

It's just a very lonely place.

Bull takes this in.

BULL

I wish I could.

She looks at him and tears well up in her eyes. Now she takes both his hands.

BESS

I have never seen so many lost children. What did we do?

She turns to exit into the subway...

BULL

Why do you catch a cold?

BESS

I don't get sick.

As she exits, Bull gets pinged...Looks at his phone..."Pete Peters forced out as CEO of SoftBarn"...Off Bull,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. BENSIMON APARTMENT -- BEDROOM

Adele gets ready for bed. Freddie stands at the door, in his pajamas.

ADELE
...I don't know how you could have
been so reckless. And with Brandon?

FREDDIE
I'm sorry.

ADELE
What are you good for, Freddie?

FREDDIE
I made up the couch in the den.

ADELE
You fill a chair.

FREDDIE
These things happen.

Adele looks at him with cold fury.

ADELE
It's not going to happen again.

Freddie kisses her on the cheek.

FREDDIE
Good night.

He turns to exit...

ADELE
(half to herself)
I just couldn't stand for her to be
unhappy.

Freddie exits and the door closes. Adele opens her JEWELRY BOX to put her earrings inside. As she does, REVEAL that her mother's NECKLACE is inside -- amethysts in rose gold -- the necklace that Emily loaned Alyssa, that was never found...Adele takes the necklace out and looks at it...Then returns it to the jewelry box...As she closes the box and locks it,

FADE OUT.

THE END