

BULL

PILOT

"The Necklace"

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Final Script 04/05/16

CBS TELEVISION STUDIOS
AMBLIN TELEVISION
STAGE 29 PRODUCTIONS
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TEASER

1

EXT. LIMBO - DAY

1

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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:

2

EXT. ST. KITTS - DAY

2

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 YANG. 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:

3

EXT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - GRAMERCY PARK - DAY

3

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 RUTLEDGE, 60s, a former Attorney General of the United States, a honey-voiced advocate with a grandiloquent manner.

RUTLEDGE

...As surely as the sun rises in
the east, my client will be
vindicated, and we look forward to
a full and fair hearing in open
court...

"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 -- "son of tech billionaire Pete Peters" "honor student Alyssa Yang"... "an 18th birthday party on a 400 foot yacht"... "strangled to death"... "sex game gone wrong"..."

CUT TO:

4 EXT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - GARAGE - NIGHT (N1) 4

A black MERCEDES S65 and a black CHEVY SUBURBAN pull up to the elevator bank...From the Mercedes emerges PETE PETERS, 40s, in a cashmere hoodie, the billionaire FOUNDER of Schnoop, a tech company...His girlfriend, VERINKA, 20s, a former Knicks City Dancer in a tight leather skirt, takes his hand...From the Suburban comes C. CLYDE RUTLEDGE, 60s, former Attorney General of the United States, with flowing silver hair and a chalk-striped suit, followed by no less than five ASSOCIATES, toting BRIEFCASES and LAPTOPS, including LIBERTY DAVIS, 40s, a hardworking permanent associate. They're greeted by MARISSA MORGAN, 30s, a put-together woman who is a secret nerd. A NEUROLINGUISTICS EXPERT, and a licensed sex therapist.

MARISSA

I'm Marissa Morgan. I work with
Doctor Bull.

She shakes hands with Peters and Rutledge. As they enter,

CUT TO:

5 INT. ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER - BASEMENT - NIGHT (N1) 5

Marissa leads Peters and his group down a basement corridor -- exposed pipes and fluorescent lights -- Rutledge WINKS at her...FOLLOW them Peters to two large doors at the end...They open and Peters emerges into...

CUT TO:

6 INT. BASEMENT - MOCK COURTROOM - NIGHT (N1) 6

A large open space, like a soundstage, in the middle of which is what might be a minimalist set for a theatrical production: judge's podium, witness stand, lawyer's tables, illuminated by stage lights and captured on film.

An oversized JURY BOX contains THREE JURIES at once -- 36 people -- each controlling a HAND-HELD MONITOR to indicate approval, and to register physiological indicators of excitement or boredom...High-def VIDEO CAMERAS capture the action...Peters takes this in with amazement...

BENNY COLÓN, 40s, friendly and quick-witted, Puerto Rican, a lifetime New Yorker, presents the case to the jury. He is also Bull's ex-brother-in-law. He wears clothes identical in every detail to Rutledge's, and mimics perfectly Rutledge's grandiloquent manner...

BENNY

...Yes, Brandon Peters had sex with Alyssa Yang. 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...

To one side, a man stands, arms crossed, like a film director at work...This is DR. JASON BULL, 40s, heavy-rimmed glasses, a suit, open-necked shirt and cardigan. A man on top of his game, and on the run from his demons.

BULL

I hate lawyers.

MARISSA

We're losing --

BULL

Everyone?

MARISSA

-- them.

BULL

Every single one?

ANGLE ON --BENNY

As he continues his presentation...

BENNY

...The state cannot produce a single eyewitness who saw Brandon kill Alyssa Yang. That is a fact. That is as much a fact as the sun that rises in the east. The state cannot produce a murder weapon.

(MORE)

BENNY (CONT'D)

That is as much a fact as the
rivers that flow to the sea...

BACK ON -- BULL

BULL

When did Benny get so poetic? Is he
in love again?

MARISSA

The client's here.

BULL

Tell me he didn't bring his lawyer.

MARISSA

His *five* lawyers.

BULL

We didn't even win *one* of the mock
trials?

MARISSA

I think you need to be honest.
There's no way we can win this
case.

Bull turns. Shakes hands with Peters.

PETERS

Pete Peters.

BULL

I'm Dr. Jason Bull.

PETERS

Can you help my son?

Bull looks him in the eye.

BULL

Absolutely.

A look of recognition between Bull and Verinka. Off Marissa,
picking up on it,

CUT TO:

A7

INT. HALLWAY - LATER (N1)

A7

The group heads toward the elevators. Marissa stops Bull. His
cardigan is buttoned askew. She rebuttons it for him.

MARISSA

...You know his girlfriend?

BULL

Is she one of the --

MARISSA

Knicks City Dancers.

BULL

They put on a great show, don't they?

MARISSA

Is there any one of the Knicks City Dancers you *haven't* slept with?

CUT TO:

7

INT. T.A.C. - WAR ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

7

Walking and talking, Bull leads the group into the nerve center of TRIAL ANALYSIS CORPORATION (T.A.C.), improvised like a wartime command post, with monitors and dangling vines of fiber-optic cable, and large travel cases ready to pack up and move on to the next city, the next trial...The lights of the imperial city twinkle endlessly in the distance...

Bull talks to Peters, puts his arm around him, excluding Rutledge with his body language...Peters looks around, taking it in, impressed...

On the monitors, live footage of the mock jurors, along with physiological and other data from their hand-held monitors...

BULL

...The jury starts with a preconceived idea of the truth. We don't guess at that.

MARISSA

We deep-dive into the data...

BULL

...Know what they're thinking from the beginning.

PETERS

What happened to innocent until proven guilty?

BULL

No trial starts at zero.

Marissa switches the screen to single in on a DOSSIER for one of four hundred POTENTIAL JURORS...The "paper chase" of available records -- tax, property, divorce...A media search - achievements, publicity, arrests...Basic surveillance photos -- house, yard, car, bumper sticker...

MARISSA

We profile the entire jury pool -- their behavioral patterns -- in life and especially online...
(gestures to monitors)
...what they click on, "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?

BULL

I hired Marissa from the Department of Homeland Security.

MARISSA

And then, of course, there's the human dimension. Dr. Bull has three Ph.D.'s in psychology.

Rutledge notices Benny walking beside him, in his Rutledge costume...They exchange a look...Rutledge looks around, skeptical: Where's the conference room?

RUTLEDGE

Is there someplace we can sit?

Bull pulls an APPLE BOX between his legs and sits down. Gestures for them to do the same. He dives into a bowl of pretzels. Rutledge unbuttons his Savile Row suit and complies. Benny sits beside him. As they talk, Bull's team joins the circle, standing or sitting on apple boxes:

DANIELLE JAMES, 30s, known as "DANNY," a former NYPD detective. Tough, sexy, and relatable. She is the team's INVESTIGATOR. The team relies on her for HUMAN INFORMATION, from interviews, undercover work, wiretaps, or break-ins.

CABLE MCCRORY, 20s, is the HACKER. A supercilious millennial who thinks that everyone above the age of 25 just doesn't get it. The team relies on her for CYBERINTELLIGENCE and general MACGYVERING.

PETERS

...So what are they thinking?

MARISSA

You're a rich jerk. He's your jerk son who got everything handed to him.

RUTLEDGE

A trial is not a popularity contest.

BULL

Good, because they don't like you either.

Benny continues to mimic Rutledge...

BENNY

(to Rutledge)

I like you. But I *am* you. You're me. We're like a John Legend song.

BULL

Speaking of which, I don't want to see this army of lawyers again. Just you.

(nods to Liberty)

And her.

Liberty points to herself: *me?* Rutledge turns to Peters.

RUTLEDGE

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

PETERS

So what would you do?

RUTLEDGE

No eyewitness. No murder weapon. Those are facts. Try the facts.

BULL

Sure, you could do that.

RUTLEDGE

That's what a trial is.

BULL

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

RUTLEDGE

A mock trial is not a trial.

BULL
"Innocent until proven guilty" is
like "Two all-beef patties special
sauce lettuce cheese pickles onions
on a sesame seed bun." It's the old
jingle.

Peters has made his fingers into a steeple -- he's been
thinking this whole time...Now he looks up...

PETERS
Do what he says.

RUTLEDGE
I'm not a monkey --

BULL
I like monkeys.

RUTLEDGE
-- who you just tell to --

CABLE
I love monkeys.

DANNY
They're self-disciplined.

MARISSA
Extroverted.

BENNY
They eat a diverse diet.

RUTLEDGE
I was the Attorney General of the
United States.

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

RUTLEDGE
You can't control a trial like
this.

BULL
You can't.

Peters says nothing. Rutledge throws up his hands.

RUTLEDGE
Things have changed. But they
haven't changed this much.

BULL

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

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

RUTLEDGE

"Why do you catch a cold?"

CUT TO:

8

EXT. LIMBO - DAY

8

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

FRED

It's that damn draft in my kitchen.

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

ROSALIND

I forget to wash my hands.

FRED (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 SHEARS, gay, married, 30s, a graphic designer; SARAH BARTON, 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 SARAH
Somebody gave me that cold. I always get a flu shot.

BLAZE ANTWAN
My secret is, I kiss my dog. Did you know your iPhone has more germs than the inside of your toilet?

CUT TO:

9 INT. HALLWAY - NEAR ELEVATOR - NIGHT (N1) 9

Bull walks Rutledge and his retinue out. Rutledge 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. Rutledge looks at it. Looks up at Bull.

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

Spontaneously, Bull hugs him. Rutledge squirms uncomfortably.

BULL
I love you, man.

RUTLEDGE
Good night, Dr. Bull.

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

CUT TO:

10 INT. WAR ROOM - CABLE'S STATION - NIGHT (N1) 10

Bull huddles with his team, all of them working on LAPTOPS. Bull studies a MOTIVATIONAL MATRIX for Brandon...A strong NEGATIVE VECTOR shoots into the lower left quadrant...ANCHOR WORDS emerge in bubbles..."ANGRY"... "GET EVEN"... "DIE"...A low COMPATIBILITY COEFFICIENT, read as a number and also as a graph against an average...Danny looks at the ROLEX.

DANNY

...You want us to bug his watch?

BULL

I hate surprises.

DANNY

Clyde's watch.

BULL

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

BENNY

That's not how I remember it.

BULL

Well, she's your sister.

CABLE

You were married to Benny's sister?

MARISSA

Are we wasting time or is this team
building?

DANNY

C. Clyde Rutledge, the former chief
law enforcement officer of the
United States?

CABLE

Just text me.

BULL

If you can't do it, you can't do
it.

CABLE

Just text me. Okay don't text me.

BENNY

I remember you cried for weeks and
played "Harvest" by Neil Young day
and night.

BULL

When are you going to stop talking
like him?

Benny finally stops talking like Rutledge. Danny passes Benny
the watch...Benny reads the inscription on the back...

BENNY
(inscription on watch)
"To Clyde: In friendship. Barack."

Cable turns her laptop to show them a photo of herself.

CABLE
Look how skinny I look from this
angle.

BULL
Rule number one: the client is the
enemy.

MARISSA
Speaking of which, he didn't show
up for witness prep.

BULL
But what about --

MARISSA
That time and the other time.

BULL
We have a defendant going in front
of a conservative judge with boy
band hair and sneakers.

MARISSA
He missed three appointments.

BULL
Do we believe Brandon didn't know
Alyssa before the party?

DANNY
Cable, hack into his contacts. See
when he entered her phone number.

Cable types on her laptop...

CABLE
He entered her phone number for the
first time the first night of the
party.

She hands her laptop to Bull. On Cable's screen, a list of
Brandon's PHONE CONTACTS..."Yang, Alyssa"...

BULL
That's not her phone number.
(off their looks)
Look it up.

Danny takes this in.

DANNY

Why would Alyssa have two phones?

Off their looks,

CUT TO:

11 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY (D2)

11

A Roman temple of justice, with towering granite pillars. Bull arrives for the *voir dire*, eating a donut and drinking coffee from a paper cup. He notices Rutledge arrive, 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.

RUTLEDGE

Thank you.

BULL

That almost looks like a real Rolex.

Rutledge fixes him with a look.

RUTLEDGE

The President gave me this watch.

BULL

(winks)

Got it.

Liberty and Bull exchange a smile as Rutledge huffs his way inside. Bull glances to see Peters and Brandon arrive for the voir dire. As he turns, he notices a BRAZILIAN BEAUTY coming downstairs, checking him out, her hips and thighs a veritable alluvial plain of fertility. Bull smiles at her. As they pass, off the woman, smiling to herself,

CUT TO:

12 INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY (D2)

12

POTENTIAL JURORS sit in numerical order...Referring to a file card, Rutledge interviews BESS JOHNSON, 40s, a divorced construction accountant.

Alongside her, we might recognize Baker, Rosalind, Tiara, Frank, Ted, Blaze, Sarah, and Antwan, from the previous split-screen montage.

RUTLEDGE

...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.

RUTLEDGE

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. A son, AJ -- twenty-four, gay -- in Dannemora on a drug charge...

BULL

Did he get a fair trial?

MARISSA

She has a bumper sticker that says "The System Is Rigged."

BULL

Wow. That's cynical.

MARISSA

Pete Peters *is* The System.

BULL

Tell me this idiot isn't going to strike her for cause.

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

RUTLEDGE

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

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

JUDGE GREENFIELD

General Rutledge, who's that man
who you keep looking to?

(beat)

The man in the front row.

RUTLEDGE

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

JUDGE GREENFIELD

Are you going to challenge this
juror?

Rutledge takes a beat. Then turns to the Judge.

RUTLEDGE

Acceptable to the defense, Your
Honor.

JUDGE GREENFIELD

It looks like we have a jury.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. LIMBO - DAY

13

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:

A15 INT. T.A.C. - MOCK COURTROOM - DAY (D3)

A15

PROSPECTS for the MIRROR JURY (including the ones we have
just seen) assemble in the oversized jury box as Benny
conducts a replica voir dire...

BENNY
...Why do you catch a cold?...

14 OMITTED

14

15 INT. T.A.C. - WAR ROOM - DAY (D3)

15

The MIRROR JURY appears on live video as they answer Benny's
question...Marissa switches to DOSSIERS on these
prospects...Bull, Peters, Rutledge and Liberty watch...

MARISSA
...We create a "mirror jury" -- a
clone of the jury that just got
picked -- a 94 per cent match in
every demographic, every
psychometric. They attend the trial
every day along with the actual
jury. We fold their debrief into
what we already know about each
juror's behavioral patterns.

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

Bull takes control of the monitors...They now display DOSSIERS on the actual JURORS, arrayed in the exact order in which they sit in the jury box...

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.

RUTLEDGE

But then they'll identify with the victim.

BULL

They'll see *Brandon* as the victim.

RUTLEDGE

Victim of what?

BULL

A neglectful father. An absent mother. The love they were raised with -- that they gave their own children -- that Brandon never got.

(beat)

Don't take it personally. You want to win, right?

Ouch. Peters breaks the awkward silence.

PETERS

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

Bull nods to Marissa, who swipes on her iPad...The jury appears on the monitors...Then only two images brighten while the others briefly dim...Like a SCOREBOARD...

MARISSA

We've got two votes.

RUTLEDGE

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...The explosion of data that comprises a modern human life -- the click-ons, the purchases, "likes," cat videos, sexting, blog comments, email keywords, 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

We need *one* vote.

(beat)

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.

RUTLEDGE

How do you know it's her?

BULL

How do you *not* know?

(returns to monitor)

I want to know every injustice she ever suffered. Every time she got screwed over. 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.

Bull swipes and now Bess appears on ALL of the monitors...In her dossier, the 911 call she made to report her abusive ex-husband, the arrest record for her son in the system, the tidy flower bed, the bumper sticker that says, "The System Is Rigged," her eHarmony profile...Off their looks,

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

16 INT. T.A.C. - WAR ROOM - DANNY'S AREA - DAY (D3) 16

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

DANNY

...These are the contacts from
Alyssa's second phone?

CABLE

(sniffs)

Did you light a candle?

DANNY

I'm not one of those women.

CABLE

You are so one of those women.

Danny shakes her head.

DANNY

Foot massage.

CABLE

I know that scent. That's "Love
That Burns."

DANNY

No candles. No flavored coffee.

CABLE

Did you just break up with someone?

DANNY

Next time just email me, okay,
Cable?

CABLE

Do you really want an illegal hack
on your computer?

Danny turns a page...Next to "SHOPBOP" she finds a name she recognizes..."**SHONG, PEYTON**"...

DANNY

Peyton Shong. I know him from when
I worked narcotics.

CUT TO:

17

INT. YEAH SHANGHAI DELUXE RESTAURANT - DAY (D3)

17

Red lanterns in the plate glass windows. Danny sits at the counter alongside PEYTON SHONG, 30s, as the waiter delivers a plate of soup dumplings.

SHONG

...Maybe I talked to her. I don't remember.

DANNY

Maybe.

SHONG

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

DANNY

Maybe you were just helping her learn string theory.

Shong SSSSSSSSSLURPS! his soup dumpling.

SHONG

You're not going to eat?

DANNY

How'd she get invited to that party?

SHONG

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

DANNY

You have a cousin in Leavenworth. I can call in a favor -- get him moved to Danbury so his *ngin ngin* can visit him.

SHONG

I thought you left the FBI.

DANNY

Peyton, don't make me kick your ass.

(off his look)

You used to have a sense of humor. Breathe, okay? We're on the same side on this one. I just need the information.

Danny reaches over, SSSSSSSSSLURPS! a soup dumpling...Shong considers a beat.

SHONG

Alyssa was smart. She was careful.
She had hustle. She would move
crystal and Molly. She knew all
those rich kids from the clubs.

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 --
methyline -- 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:

18

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY (D4)

18

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...

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

CUT TO:

19

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY (D4)

19

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

KNEBEL

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

GRACE

Since Alyssa was twelve. She lived mostly with me.

KNEBEL

Did you have a good relationship with your daughter?

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

GRACE

After my divorce -- especially -- 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.

KNEBEL

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. I knew she wanted to sleep with him.

ROSALIND

These kids in a divorce are just lost.

KNEBEL

And did they sleep together?

GRACE

She was eighteen. It's normal
at that age to meet a boy
and...

(beat)

Maybe I made a mistake. Maybe
I should have said no.

TIARA

It's normal to meet a boy and
drown?

KNEBEL

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

GRACE

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

GRACE (CONT'D)

She said it was like he had a
split personality. Drunk.
"It's my birthday." "It's my
boat." "Do what I say."

ANTWAN

Something about this story
doesn't hang together.

KNEBEL

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

GRACE

He wanted to have anal sex.

FRED

For a billion dollars *I'd*
date the guy.

GRACE

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

KNEBEL

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.

KNEBEL

The assistant called you? Not Mr.
Peters?

GRACE

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

RUTLEDGE
Objection.

BACK ON -- RUTLEDGE

RUTLEDGE

...Isn't it possible that she sold
fake Molly to the wrong person and
that is what got her killed?

GRACE

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

RUTLEDGE

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

(beat)

No further questions.

ROSALIND

Blame the victim, you
misogynistic jerk.

JUDGE GREENFIELD

(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.

BENNY

Why do you always say you hate
lawyers? How do you think that
makes me feel?

BULL

Lawyers like *him*, Benny.

BENNY

I'm not a stone. I have feelings.

Half-listening, Bull watches Rutledge force his heavy bag on
Liberty...

BULL

Maybe we can use it.

BENNY

The tongue has no bones, but it can
break a heart.

Benny exits. Off Bull, watching Bess, who narrows her eyes at
Rutledge,

CUT TO:

A20 INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY (D4)

A20

Bull exits the courtroom. On his way out, he notices GAIL PETERS, 40s, red-eyed, alone on a bench. He moves to sit beside her and offers her a package of KLEENEX.

GAIL
(off Kleenex)
Do you travel with these?

BULL
I'm a psychologist. A lifetime supply comes with the license.

GAIL
Pete told me about you. You're a doctor, right? Is it Dr. Bill?

BULL
Jason Bull.

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

BULL
Pace yourself. It'll get a lot worse before it gets better.

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

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 doesn't even have a relationship with Brandon. Did he tell you that?
(MORE)

GAIL (CONT'D)

He got him an apartment when he was 16 and basically just stopped seeing him. He hadn't seen him for a year before the party.

Off Bull,

CUT TO:

20

INT. T.A.C. - OUTSIDE BULL'S OFFICE - DUSK (D4)

20

CHUNK PALMER, 30s, approaches Benny. Built like the All-American linebacker he once was, gay, stylish, with a swagger and a winning smile.

CHUNK

I'm looking for Dr. Bull.

BENNY

Do I look like the receptionist?

CHUNK

Can you direct me to the receptionist?

BENNY

Come back tomorrow.

CHUNK

Seriously?

BENNY

Do I look amused?

CHUNK

I'm the stylist.

BENNY

I thought the stylist was coming from *Vogue*.

CHUNK

I am from *Vogue*.

Off Benny,

CUT TO:

21

INT. T.A.C. - STYLING STUDIO - NIGHT (N4)

21

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

At Versailles, a strategically-placed beauty mark said, "Kiss me." For us, it's what kind of jeans do you wear. Clothes -- hair -- glasses and jewelry -- it's a code people use to talk to each other.

BRANDON

I don't need clothes. I have clothes.

Bull enters.

BULL

Brandon, I'm Dr. Jason Bull. It's time we had a talk, don't you think?

(beat)

Why are you smirking?

BRANDON

I'm not smirking.

Brandon smirks. Bull points. Appeals to Chunk.

BULL

Did you see that? He smirked. He's 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 a dick.

(beat)

(MORE)

BULL (CONT'D)

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.

BRANDON

Look, Doctor Bull --

BULL

Doctor Bull is too formal.

BRANDON

Okay, Jason, I --

BULL

I was thinking, "Boss."

BRANDON

"Boss"?

BULL

Call me "Boss."

BRANDON

My Dad says I don't have to
testify.

BULL

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

CHUNK

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

He exits.

BULL

Did you kill Alyssa?

BRANDON

No.

BULL

But you did have sex with her.

BRANDON

They can believe whatever they want
to believe.

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.

Bull leans in 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,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

22

INT. T.A.C. - WAR ROOM - BULL'S AREA - DAY (D5)

22

Bull refers to the monitors, Marissa alongside him...
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

She doesn't match the analytics.

BULL

I have a hunch about her.

MARISSA

She'll make up her mind and won't
be swayed -- by you or anyone.

BULL

That doesn't scare me.

Bull hits a tab for Bess's MOTIVATIONAL MATRIX...A strong
vector in the upper right quadrant that measures positive
emotion...ANCHOR WORDS like "joy" "love" "Christian"
"forgiveness" appear in the graph...A number for her
COMPATIBILITY COEFFICIENT maxes the scale...

MARISSA

You could wind up trying your case
to a jury of one.

Cable enters with her laptop.

CABLE

You were right. Brandon was hiding
something.

Cable turns her laptop 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...

BULL

Where did you find this?

CABLE

I went through everyone's pictures -
- all of them -- even the Snapchat.
There were about thirty thousand.

BULL

Sleep much?

CABLE

A twenty minute nap every four
hours. Polyphasic sleep. In the
long run it saves you twenty years.

BULL

But this wasn't on Brandon's phone.

CABLE

But they're Brandon's.

(off monitor)

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

Bull thinks a beat.

BULL

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
Japanese bondage ritual.

Danny and Marissa enter.

DANNY

Nice knots.

BULL

Summers at the yacht club.

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

This is Chunk Palmer. He's going to be my Gay Best Friend *and* he's a scratch golfer. Beat that.

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 hooked up with two girls on the yacht?

BULL

How do I get invited to a high school party?

Cable calls up Taylor Bensimon's INSTAGRAM, with her selfies from the courthouse, in her vintage widow's weeds...She finds an image of her manicure with its HALF-MOON NAILS...Off Bull,

CUT TO:

23

INT. BENSIMON APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING (D5)

23

Bull and Danny sit over coffee and pastries with ADELE BENSIMON, 40s, soigné and fretful, and Gail Peters, who has made the introduction.

ADELE

...Taylor is fragile.

GAIL

Of course I explained how close
Brandon and Taylor are.

FREDDIE BENSIMON, 40s, lively and charming, with a PENCIL
MUSTACHE, brings a tray of pastries and joins them...

FREDDIE

Taylor had nothing to do with this.

GAIL

Dr. Bill is with our defense team.

BULL

(corrects her)
Doctor Bull.

FREDDIE

I want to show you something.

Freddie exits.

GAIL

We were *all* close. We vacationed
together. People get close in
swimsuits, with their toes in the
sand -- with kids. We'd imagine how
the kids would get married one day.

BULL

Brandon and Taylor.

GAIL

You know all about delusions,
Mister Wool.

BULL

Doctor Bull.

GAIL

All the pretty dreams from long,
long ago.

Gail rummages among the pill bottles in her bag. Danny shows
Adele the typed invitation list, alphabetical, but with
"YANG, ALYSSA" added at the end...Next to her name, pencilled
in Gail's handwriting, "AB".

DANNY

Is that you -- "AB"?

ADELE

Taylor gets so unhappy it's
unbearable.

(MORE)

ADELE (CONT'D)

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 Taylor is. I knew that girl was trouble. We were there -- we watched the whole thing happen.

BULL

So you were all on the yacht?

ADELE

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

Bull shows Adele the bondage photo.

DANNY

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

Adele takes a long beat.

ADELE

With Brandon?

BULL

Can I talk to her?

A beat.

ADELE

Well, as long as it was with Brandon.

Freddie returns with a framed PHOTO...Brandon and Taylor, three years old, in the playground in Central Park.

FREDDIE

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

Then Taylor enters, yawning, in pajamas, looking at her phone.

TAYLOR

Oh. Hi.

ADELE

Taylor, this is Doctor Bull. He
works with Brandon's lawyers.

TAYLOR

Nice to meet you.

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

BULL

Taylor?

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

CUT TO:

24 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (D5) 24

Taylor has left her door ajar...Bull enters a pink room with
pink lights to find Taylor 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?

Taylor looks up. Then Freddie enters.

FREDDIE

We really don't want Taylor getting
hurt by this. I'm afraid you'll
have to leave.

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

CUT TO:

25 MONTAGE

25

Taylor'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... The beach vacations and the ski vacations and the European vacations...Brandon and Taylor...

CUT TO:

26

INT. T.A.C. - STYLING STUDIO - AFTERNOON (D5)

26

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

BULL

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

BRANDON

I tell Taylor 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

Do you just sleep with any girl who wants you to?

(off their looks)

Why are you looking at me like that?

BRANDON

I didn't do anything wrong.

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 Taylor?

CHUNK
Are you worried about Taylor?

BRANDON
The photos I took of Taylor weren't
sexual.

Off Chunk, raising an eyebrow,

CUT TO:

A27 INT. T.A.C. - WAR ROOM - DUSK (D5)

A27

Bull joins Marissa at her work station...

MARISSA
...Thirty-six percent of Americans
use masks, blindfolds and bondage
tools in bed. Which makes BDSM more
popular than either political
party.

BULL
Uh-huh.

MARISSA
...And it correlates with such
positive traits as extroversion,
openness, and conscientiousness.

BULL
Is this why you called me out of my
meeting?

MARISSA
Those photos got leaked to the
papers.

She calls up the next day's Daily News...On the front page, the headline, "FIFTY SHADES OF 18TH BIRTHDAY," with the bondage image...Chunk joins them.

CHUNK

He says those pictures weren't sexual.

Bull turns to Chunk.

BULL

They're not sexual?

Chunk shrugs. Off Bull, thinking,

CUT TO:

27

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY (D6)

27

A bale of the New York DAILY NEWS..."FIFTY SHADES OF 18TH BIRTHDAY"...PULL UP TO REVEAL a crowd of NEWSMEN...Brandon arrives with BODYGUARDS...Pete arrives with Verinka...Bull arrives, notices a sexy NYPD POLICE WOMAN checking him out...He is about to approach her when he notices Rutledge arriving, Liberty 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.

RUTLEDGE

Self-reliance is my motto. Do it yourself.

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

CUT TO:

28

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY (D6)

28

CLOSE ON HALF-MOON NAILS as Taylor, 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?

RUTLEDGE

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

TAYLOR

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

RUTLEDGE

Cymbalta?

TAYLOR

Yes.

RUTLEDGE

Seroquel?

TAYLOR

Yes.

RUTLEDGE

Abilify?

TAYLOR

Yes.

RUTLEDGE

Clonapin?

TED

Which rehab center offers a
group rate?

TAYLOR

If you already know, why are you
asking me?

RUTLEDGE

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

TAYLOR

It's not recommended.

RUTLEDGE

But wasn't Alyssa Yang your drug
dealer?

TAYLOR

Yes.

RUTLEDGE

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

ROSALIND

This lawyer reminds me of my
ex-husband.

TAYLOR

My mother called Brandon's mother.

RUTLEDGE

You even loaned her a necklace.

TAYLOR

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

BLAZE

I wonder why they never found
that necklace?

RUTLEDGE

Can you read this text message that
you sent Alyssa?

He hands her an iPad. She reads.

TAYLOR

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

RUTLEDGE

Why did you write that?

TAYLOR

I knew what Alyssa was like. She
was manipulative and aggressive
with boys.

(beat)

I'm not judging.

RUTLEDGE

And then they slept together.

TAYLOR

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

RUTLEDGE

You got her invited. Loaned her a
necklace. You said, leave Brandon
alone. Instead, she slept with him.

(beat)

Weren't you angry?

TAYLOR

Why do you keep trying to twist
everything I say?

RUTLEDGE

You wrote Brandon a text message.
Do you remember what it said?

TAYLOR

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

RUTLEDGE

Perhaps this will refresh your
recollection.

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

TAYLOR

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

JUDGE GREENFIELD

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

TAYLOR

"The bitch must die."

RUTLEDGE

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

TAYLOR

Asleep in my room.

RUTLEDGE

Did anyone see you?

TAYLOR

I was asleep.

RUTLEDGE

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

Rutledge beckons for his iPad and instead Taylor HURLS it at him...Cracks him in the nose...Rutledge staggers, bleeding... Bailiffs rush to restore order...Bull watches Bess frown. The Bensimons gather their daughter, who collapses in tears...

CUT TO:

29

EXT. COURTHOUSE - LATER (D6)

29

Shielded by her parents, Taylor climbs into a waiting Mercedes...With her HALF-MOON NAILS, Taylor selects the camera icon on her phone...Poses for a selfie and posts it...Watches as she "gets to the K" -- 10,000 followers...

As the Mercedes pulls away, REVEAL David Yang, 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...Peters falls, gutshot...The next shot misses and then the Bodyguards fall on David, who disappears in the scrum...Off Bull, amidst the pandemonium, LOVING IT...

CUT TO:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

30 INT. NYU HOSPITAL - PETE PETERS' ROOM - SAME TIME (D6) 30

Peters recovers from surgery. A beautiful FILIPINO NURSE adjusts his IV. Bull has pulled up a chair and sits nearby. While he talks, Peters glances at a stock-tracking app on his Blackberry.

BULL

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

PETERS

Clyde wants to move for a mistrial.

BULL

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

PETERS

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

BULL

Who's running this trial -- me or Clyde?

PETERS

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

BULL

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

The Filipino Nurse smiles inwardly at the joke. She and Bull exchange a look as she exits. Distracted, Peters checks the prices on his stock-tracking app...Bull fixes him with a look.

PETERS

What?

BULL

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

PETERS

We have a hung jury. According to
your data.

BULL

Then we'll go again.

PETERS

Another trial?

BULL

If that's what it takes.

PETERS

Another year of this?

BULL

Half the time with a hung jury the
D.A. drops it.

PETERS

They didn't believe him from the
beginning --

BULL

No trial starts at zero.

PETERS

-- and *they still don't*.

BULL

I'm just getting warmed up.

PETERS

The stock is going to open Monday
at forty. Three months ago it was
at one-twenty.

(beat)

Zero is about three hundred million
more than I'm worth right now.

A beat.

BULL

Listen to me, Pete. Right now --
this exact moment -- this is why
you hired me. And I'm telling you I
have this.

PETERS

I can't lose everything.

BULL

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

PETERS

He'll do what I tell him to do.

BULL

He always has.

PETERS

Not lately, by a long shot.

BULL

You basically told him he wasn't worth your time and he lived up to your expectations.

PETERS

What if he's guilty?
(off Bull's look)
Am I still supposed to lose everything because of Brandon?

A look between them. Peters drifts away in a reverie...

PETERS (CONT'D)

When he was little I used to get up in the morning and make pancakes for him. I'd come in from the garage -- I used to work in the garage. In the shape of a "B" -- for Brandon.

(beat)

We all ate gluten then.

(looking up)

Tell me he didn't do this.

CUT TO:

31 INT. T.A.C. - WAR ROOM - NIGHT (N6)

31

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.

MARISSA

It's one of the "Ten Traits of
Highly Successful People."

Bull thinks a beat. Calls up the SOCIOGRAM of the jury...An organic display that captures the value of those relationships -- *how much they matter*...As he touches each of the "victims" from the locus of control question -- Fred, Frank, Ted, Sarah and Antwan -- Bess emerges as the most important relationship for each of them...

BULL

A victim wants a caretaker. These
people...
(points to the victims)
...are all linked to Bess.

MARISSA

We still don't have her.

Then Bull calls up a SOCIOGRAM for Bess's son, AJ...MIDDLE-AGED MEN, tired, greying or balding, twenty pounds overweight -- FATHER FIGURES -- emerge as the key relationships...

BULL

Her son, AJ, went through life
looking for the father he never
had.
(beat)
Just like Brandon went through life
looking for the father *he* never
had.

Bull calls up Brandon's SOCIOGRAM...A similar world of FATHER FIGURES appears...Then Bull overlaps the two sociograms...

MARISSA

When Bess sees Brandon, she sees
her son, AJ.

BULL

This is her second chance -- to
save her son -- through Brandon.

Cable approaches.

CABLE

Can I talk to you?

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 workplace, Millennials use them to concentrate and be more productive."

(beat)

It's in our HR manual.

BULL

(textspeak)

"Too long; didn't read."

Cable puts her ear buds back in.

CABLE

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

Bull beckons for the earbuds...Wipes them with his shirt tail...

BULL

You don't have Singapore Ear, do you?

CABLE

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

Bull puts the buds in his ears. Listens...Bull's eyes light up with a "Eureka!" moment. He turns to them.

BULL

I want Brandon downstairs.

CUT TO:

32

INT. T.A.C. - MOCK COURTROOM - NIGHT (N6)

32

Brandon waits as 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 whatever we say in here is protected by attorney-client privilege.

Bull gestures and Josh puts on his earbuds, sits in the jury box and turns on his iPod. Earsplitting TECHNO, loud enough to be audible through his skull.

BRANDON

Why are we meeting down here?

BULL

Have a seat.

Bull gestures to the witness box. Brandon hesitates.

BRANDON

Why?

BULL

Just have a seat.

Brandon complies reluctantly.

BRANDON

I'm not going to testify.

BULL

Do you like Nutraloaf?

BRANDON

My father said I'm going to take a deal.

BULL

Because that's what you're going to be eating for the next ten years.

BRANDON

Forget it. I'm not doing it.

BULL

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. Even my Dad says you're the best.

Bull takes a beat.

BULL

If a father never said, "I love you" -- never -- never said, "I'm proud of you" -- not even after --

(beat)

-- just never said it. Never believed it.

(beat)

Then who's the failure? The father or the son?

(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 takes a beat.

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.

BRANDON

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

BULL

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

A look between them.

BRANDON

Does my father know?

BULL

Your father made a deal that would put you in prison for ten years.

(beat)

Did he even ask you?

Brandon takes a beat as this sinks in.

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, not sure he can,

CUT TO:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

33 INT. T.A.C. - WAR ROOM - NIGHT (N6)

33

Bull, Brandon, Benny, Chunk, Marissa and Liberty meet at a conference table. Benny talks with a mouth full of "Hot Dog Bites Pizza", with a rim of pigs-in-blankets in lieu of the standard crust...

MARISSA

...Speak up.

BENNY

Answer directly.

MARISSA

Keep your hands still.

BENNY

Don't slouch.

MARISSA

Respond only to questions, not statements.

BENNY

Don't fill silences.

MARISSA

Don't smoke on breaks.

BENNY

Don't use your cell phone.

MARISSA

Don't take the bait.

CHUNK

Guys, this is a lot more fun than *Vogue*.

Bull grins.

BULL

It's not enough to tell the truth.
You have to tell the truth
effectively.

Benny offers Liberty a slice of pizza.

BENNY

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

She demurs.

LIBERTY

I'd better get this to my boss.
He'll need time to prepare.

BULL

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

Benny chokes on his pizza.

BENNY

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. Benny gets up.

BENNY

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:

Brandon arrives with Peters, hobbling with a cane, and Gail
(no Verinka)...Rutledge and Liberty arrive...

A FRENZY among the *paparazzi* as Taylor arrives in yet more vintage chic...Bull arrives with his coffee and donut...Then he skirts the frenzy, passes a leggy blond TV REPORTER as she does a STANDUP in front of the courthouse...

TV REPORTER

...A stunning development today in the murder trial that has electrified the city...

Bull flashes her a grin and she gets flustered...You can almost see the starburst on his bright white teeth...

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

...Brandon Peters himself will wake the titness stand...

(beat)

...He will testify in his own, ah, uh -- what's the word?...

("wrap" gesture)

I need a minute.

Bull smiles to himself. As he gazes up at the pediment, he toasts Lady Justice with his coffee cup...Off the statue, inscrutable,

35 OMITTED

35

36 INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - LATER (D7)

36

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 Yang 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

That'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

My parents kept asking me why I didn't have a girlfriend. Alyssa was one of the hottest girls around and an A student who could go to, you know, Oxford or whatever. So that was, like, a 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 looks to Peters. Bull follows her gaze to see Peters frown and lower his head...

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 -- break everything. You're supposed to be the adults.

Brandon wells up. Liberty moves to confer with Bull.

BULL

He's done. Pass the witness.

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

KNEBEL

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 GREENFIELD

Neither am I.

KNEBEL

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

BRANDON

No.

KNEBEL

You lied to the police.

LIBERTY

Objection.

KNEBEL

I'll withdraw the question.

(beat)

So you admit you had sex with
Alyssa, your DNA was found in her
body, you were never gay before --

BRANDON

I was always gay. I just --

KNEBEL

-- 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.

KNEBEL

Your refusal is its own answer.
I'll withdraw the question. 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...Off Bull,

CUT TO:

A37 INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY (D7)

A37

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

LIBERTY

How did I do?

BULL

You're not done.

Liberty takes a terrified beat.

LIBERTY

I'm doing the closing argument,
too?

BULL

The real closing argument takes
place behind the jury room door --
always -- our research shows that
Bess will deliver it.

(beat)

This is a wounded, frustrated
mother who carries a terrible
burden of guilt for failing her
child. You can free her from that.
Don't let the system destroy
another innocent young man's life.

(beat)

Can you do it?

LIBERTY

I'll be okay. I'm just nervous.

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 clocking them. Bull notices them out of the corner
of his eye. Off Bull,

CUT TO

37

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY (D7)

37

CLOSE ON BESS as she watches Liberty deliver her argument.

LIBERTY

*...Brandon Peters did not kill
Alyssa Yang.*

(beat)

People know the truth when they
hear it.

(MORE)

LIBERTY (CONT'D)

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:

38 INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY (D7)

38

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

JUDGE GREENFIELD

...Would the foreman read the
verdict?

FRANK

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

(beat)

...Not guilty.

Brandon closes his eyes, overwhelmed. Rutledge congratulates
Liberty. Peters pumps his fist. Brandon opens his eyes, turns
and exchanges a look with Freddie Bensimon. Bull clocks this.
Brandon looks away. Then Freddie looks away. Bull thinks to
himself: *was Brandon with Freddie that night?*

Then Bull turns and sees Bess in the jury box, watching
him...Looking to lock eyes with him...Off Bull, the watcher
being watched,

CUT TO:

39 EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - NEAR COURTHOUSE - LATER (D7)

39

Exiting, Bull finds 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

It's funny, I feel like I know you, too.

BESS

Isn't that what you do -- analyze people?

BULL

Not like that. Different.

Suddenly Bess turns to him.

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.

(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 Schnoop"...Off Bull,

CUT TO:

40

INT. BENSIMON APARTMENT - PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (N7)

40

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? 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 Taylor 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