

MAIN JUSTICE

SASCHA PENN

1.7.18

TEASER

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - EVENING

It's mostly quiet outside this small town's largest store and biggest employer.

TITLE: Island City, Oregon.

We find a 2015 DODGE DART parked between two pick-ups.

INT./EXT. DODGE DART - CONTINUOUS

A Katy Perry song plays quietly over the radio as RON ENRIQUEZ (forties) sits behind the wheel, drinking a coffee.

MITCH O'LEARY (thirties) rides shotgun and sips a Red Bull.

MITCH O'LEARY
This music's garbage, by the way.

RON ENRIQUEZ
Watch yourself. This is my
daughter's favorite song.

MITCH O'LEARY
I'll try not to hold it against
her.

Ron points across the parking lot.

RON ENRIQUEZ
There's our guy.

An AVERAGE-LOOKING WHITE GUY (late twenties), carrying a few bags of groceries, walks across the parking lot.

This is LAYTHON ANDREWS. As our story progresses, we'll learn more about him but, for now, he's just a white guy with greasy hair, dirty jeans, a flannel shirt that's too small and beat-up work boots.

Agent O'Leary uses his phone to TAKE A PHOTO of Andrews.

MITCH O'LEARY
Rental car, run to the laundromat,
groceries. What are you up to,
Laython?

Laython Andrews gets into the driver's seat of a NISSAN ALTIMA. He starts it up and heads for the exit.

From a safe distance, the Dodge Dart FOLLOWS BEHIND HIM.

The Nissan exits the lot and turns onto the main road.

The Dodge does the same and then...KRIIIII-KRASSSSSSSSH! It's T-BONED by a speeding TRUCK. The car FLIPS TWICE.

As it comes to a rest in the middle of the road, all we hear is the sound of the twisted metal readjusting itself to its new, tragic form.

INT. BEN'S NEXT DOOR BAR AND GRILL - LATE NIGHT

We're ON A TELEVISION that's hanging IN A SMALL BAR. The Wizards are playing the Bucks and MILES BLAIR (thirties), is sitting at the bar, eating a burger and watching the game.

Miles is dressed in a blue suit, white shirt and blue tie.

Get used to this outfit. Miles has ten of those same suits, twelve of those identical shirts and multiple versions of that tie hanging in his closet.

In fact, Miles's wardrobe is insight into his personality. He doesn't want to waste time in the morning thinking about his day's outfit. He doesn't like to complicate things.

His years of experience as a beat cop, then as a detective, and ultimately as Detroit's Police Commissioner have made him pragmatic, tough and grounded.

He's seen it all, and he is his own man. In every way.

Miles has just taken a bite of his burger when, ON THE TV, Giannis Antetokounmpo, on his way to an "and one", gets fouled by John Wall.

MILES BLAIR

That's a travel. He took three steps.

NADJA MOORE (O.S.)

All the best players in the NBA get three steps now.

NADJA MOORE (thirties, African-American), dressed in a pants suit and holding a glass of white wine, approaches.

NADJA MOORE (CONT'D)

LeBron, Westbrook, Durant...

Nadja Moore's worked hard for all her accomplishments. And she's accomplished a lot.

NADJA MOORE (CONT'D)
It's not even a violation anymore.

She sits down next to Miles.

MILES BLAIR
That's called selective enforcement. Letting them take that third step means we're putting the rule of law entirely into the hands of the referees, giving them discretion to enforce the rules based on their own prejudices.

Nadja gives as good as she gets.

NADJA MOORE
How is it different than when a federal prosecutor decides whether to press charges against someone for a criminal violation?

This isn't a casual conversation about hoops anymore.

MILES BLAIR
Biased enforcement is a threat to the rule of law. Doesn't matter whether you're in federal court or on a basketball court. If LeBron gets three steps, Marshall Plumlee gets three steps.

The chemistry between these two is immediate.

NADJA MOORE
Who's Marshall Plumlee?

MILES BLAIR
Exactly.

Miles eats a french fry.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
But you're a lawyer. You knew all that already.

Busted. She stretches out her hand.

NADJA MOORE
Nadja Moore. I run the Public Defenders Service here in D.C.

MILES BLAIR
It's like that.

They shake, holding hands for a beat longer than necessary.

NADJA MOORE
It's like that.

Nadja takes a sip of her wine.

NADJA MOORE (CONT'D)
So you get sworn in as attorney
general in the morning and you're
eating a burger by yourself at
night.

MILES BLAIR
I'm all about routine.

NADJA MOORE
And routine means burgers?

More sparks.

MILES BLAIR
And chocolate chip cookies.

Nadja raises the stakes.

NADJA MOORE
I like burgers and chocolate
cookies too. Maybe we can make an
evening out of our mutual interest.

Miles throws up a roadblock.

MILES BLAIR
I'd have to vet you first.

Huh?

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
You're an attorney at the Public
Defenders Service. The suits at
Main Justice need to make sure that
there are no conflicts that would
prevent us from seeing each other
socially.

NADJA MOORE
Sounds romantic.

As Nadja says this, F.B.I. AGENT IN CHARGE EDDY MOSS
(forties, not a guy you want to fuck with) emerges from a
dark corner of the bar and approaches Miles. He's joined by
ANOTHER AGENT, who stands behind him.

AGENT-IN-CHARGE MOSS
Mr. Attorney General-

One look at Moss's face and Miles knows that it's time to go. And instantly, his demeanor changes. The flirtation with Nadja is immediately over.

He throws some cash on the bar and gets up from his seat.

AGENT MOSS
(into the radio on his
wrist)
Ready for immediate departure.

Miles puts on his coat and, WITH AGENTS IN FRONT OF HIM AND BEHIND HIM, starts to head for the door. Right before he heads off, though, he turns back to Nadja.

MILES BLAIR
Try the Hickory Burger.

And with that, Miles is gone.

EXT. BEN'S NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

Miles exits the bar and heads for TWO SPORTS UTILITY VEHICLES parked in front. MORE F.B.I. AGENTS stand outside the trucks and scan the surrounding area as Miles gets into...

INT./EXT. "THE BEAST" - CONTINUOUS

Made of reinforced steel and bulletproof glass and outfitted with gun ports, this vehicle is a tank masquerading as a CHEVY SUBURBAN.

Miles gets in and finds ELLIS GRAHAM (forties) waiting.

ELLIS GRAHAM
There's a situation, Mr. Attorney
General.

People underestimate Ellis Graham. Maybe it's because she's a woman or maybe it's because she speaks with a vague southern accent. Or maybe it's both.

Either way, she's fine with it. Smart, shrewd and loyal, Ellis doesn't like people to see her coming.

ELLIS GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I thought it best to present it to
you in-person.

This is bad news. Clearly.

ELLIS GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Seventeen minutes ago, in Island City, Oregon, a vehicle carrying F.B.I. agents Ronald Enriquez and Mitchell O'Leary, was struck by a drunk driver.

Three agents, including Moss, get in the Suburban and then, LAMPS LIT and SIRENS BLARING, it TEARS AWAY from the bar.

ELLIS GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Both men were killed instantly.

"The Beast" follows behind the other truck as they both SCREAM through the D.C. streets.

ELLIS GRAHAM (CONT'D)
They were conducting surveillance on Laython Andrews, a known associate of Seaver Ward, a fugitive who's currently sitting on the top ten list.

Miles is familiar with Ward's "work".

MILES BLAIR
Seaver Ward, who was behind the mosque attacks in St. Louis over the summer.

That's the one.

ELLIS GRAHAM
Laython Andrews and Seaver Ward were friends in high school and joined the white power movement together. The Bureau's been watching Andrews for a few weeks. But with this accident tonight, we've lost him.

MILES BLAIR
We're not tracking his car?

ELLIS GRAHAM
He rented the vehicle an hour ago. The agents didn't get a chance to put a device on it. And the weather's been too variable to put a plane up to follow him.

This is getting worse.

MILES BLAIR

The surveillance is broken.

And that's not all.

ELLIS GRAHAM

Over the last twenty-four hours, the Bureau's picked up a lot of non-specific chatter about an imminent attack involving Seaver Ward.

MILES BLAIR

And they think that Laython Andrews is involved.

Yes.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

I'm assuming there's already a BOLO out on Andrews and we have an open line of communication with the fusion center in Oregon.

Yes.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

Alert the President. And please get me everything you can on the agents who were killed tonight.

Ellis nods as "The Beast" approaches...

EXT. ROBERT F. KENNEDY MAIN JUSTICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Located on Pennsylvania Avenue, about halfway between the Capitol and the White House, "*Main Justice*" is our answer to the Parthenon or the Acropolis. Built in 1935 and stretching for an entire city block, it's a building that says, "I'm not going anywhere."

The barricade in front of the entrance to Main Justice is lowered and "The Beast" takes a fast turn into the building.

INT. URSULA TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL URSULA TOLLIVER (thirties, African-American) sits at her desk and hurriedly changes her shoes from spotless Air Jordans (Low-top "Ones", for those of you keeping score at home) to somewhat sensible Gucci heels.

Ursula is a force of nature. She won't let anyone or anything get in her way. It's not that she won't take "no" for an answer, it's that she won't let you answer at all.

Ursula gets up from her desk and races out her office door.

INT. HALLWAY - MAIN JUSTICE - CONTINUOUS

We FOLLOW URSULA as she rushes down this long, wide and empty corridor. She goes through a door, UP SOME STAIRS, out another door and then finds herself in yet ANOTHER HALLWAY.

A COLLECTION OF PEOPLE stream into a room at the end of the corridor that has a SECURITY GUARD posted outside its door.

Ursula quickens her pace and heads for that same room.

She breezes right by the guard...but he stops her.

SECURITY GUARD
Name and I.D.

URSULA TOLLIVER
Sorry. First day.

He could give a fuck.

URSULA TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Ursula Tolliver. Criminal
Division.

She pulls out her identification badge, shows it to him and he nods her through to...

INT. COMMAND CENTER - MAIN JUSTICE - NIGHT

A massive conference table sits in the middle of this large, dark space. MONITORS line all the walls.

There's also a GLASSED-IN WORK AREA where THREE TECHNICIANS manage the room's technology and communications equipment.

This is the Department of Justice's "Situation Room".

It's crowded in here. SHOT-CALLERS and THEIR DEPUTIES.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN (fifties) and DEPUTY ATTORNEY GENERAL THOMAS YARROW (sixties) stand in a corner.

Yarrow's ego is only matched by the amount of money he spends on his wardrobe. This guy is always camera-ready.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW

The silver lining here is that we're about to find out what our new attorney general's made of.

F.B.I. Director Henry Guillen, on the other hand, prefers to keep a far lower profile. He's always checking to see which way the political winds are blowing and makes sure to point himself in the appropriate direction.

Nevertheless, he bristles at Yarrow's suggestion that there's a "silver lining" here.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN

We lost two agents tonight. There is no silver lining.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW

All I'm suggesting is that this will be a trial by fire for the new guy.

Miles and Ellis walk into the room.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW (CONT'D)

And the smart money's on the fire.

Anyone who was sitting stands up. And when Miles sits down at the head of the table, everyone else takes their seats.

MILES BLAIR

What do we know now that we didn't know five minutes ago, Director Guillen?

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN

Latest into the Bureau is that the rental agreement for the car that Laython Andrews is driving has him returning the vehicle in ten days.

Yarrow offers some patronizing advice.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW

I trust that the President's been alerted.

Ellis doesn't like Yarrow. We sense that immediately.

ELLIS GRAHAM

The President's been made aware, Deputy Attorney General Yarrow.

Guillen details the other measures being taken.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN
We've got surveillance planes in
the air, the field offices in the
Pacific Northwest on alert and
we're sharing intel with local law
enforcement through the Titan
fusion center in Salem.

Miles needs background.

MILES BLAIR
Someone bring me up to speed,
please.

Guillen starts off.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN
Laython Andrews popped up on
Homeland Security's radar a few
weeks ago.

And then turns to SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY REED TYLER
(fifties).

SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY TYLER
We were alerted when Andrews tried
to buy five thousand pounds of
ammonium nitrate fertilizer from a
re-seller in Oregon. He said that
it was for a marijuana farm...

Yarrow jumps in once again.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
But based on his history with
Seaver Ward...

A PHOTO OF SEAVER WARD (late twenties) pops up on the
screens. Another angry-looking white boy.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW (CONT'D)
I made the decision as acting
attorney general, to have the
Bureau surveil him. See where he
led us. This morning, however, I
did suggest to the new head of the
Criminal Division...

He looks over at Ursula...and passes the buck.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW (CONT'D)
Miss Tolliver, that we discontinue
the surveillance on Andrews.
(MORE)

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW (CONT'D)
I thought the manpower would be
better utilized focusing on Ward's
cousin in Tennessee.

Ursula owns her decision.

URSULA TOLLIVER
Given the intel of a possible
attack involving the fugitive
Seaver Ward, I signed off on
another three days of surveillance.

She looks over at Yarrow.

URSULA TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
And to be clear, what happened in
Oregon tonight was an accident.

Miles doesn't have time for this back and forth.

MILES BLAIR
Get warrants for Laython Andrews's
friends, relatives, neighbors,
every kid he played Little League
with. I don't care if it's for
unpaid parking tickets or
jaywalking, I want them pulled out
of bed and questioned about
Andrews's whereabouts with as
bright a light in their faces as we
can find.

He turns to Ellis.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
And please have those
interrogations streamed into the
Command Center.

And then there's a long, pregnant beat of silence.

Miles knows that this is a defining start to his tenure as
attorney general. How he handles this moment -- what he says
right now -- will impact every decision, every interaction,
he has going forward.

He will be judged. That's the way it works here.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
What happened in Oregon tonight was
an accident. But those agents
wouldn't have been in that parking
lot tonight if they weren't on the
job.

As Miles talks, we INTERCUT WITH F.B.I. AGENTS rounding up Laython Andrews's relatives, friends and associates.

MILES BLAIR (V.O.)

When I was a cop back in Detroit
and a fellow officer went down in
the line of duty, a piece of me
went with them.

It's early dawn, we follow a TEAM OF AGENTS CONVERGING ON A SMALL HOUSE.

They KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR, but there's no answer.

KNOCK again. Same thing.

MILES BLAIR (V.O.)

And it wasn't just because we wore
the same uniform.

Finally, they just KICK THE DOOR OPEN and then make their way through the house until they REACH A BEDROOM where a GUY (twenties) and a YOUNG WOMAN (too young for this guy) are already out of bed with their hands up in the air.

MILES BLAIR (V.O.)

It was because we made the same
vow. Believed in the same things.

Miles speaks quietly, but forcefully, IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM.

MILES BLAIR

Made the same sacrifices. Had the
same fears.

We go INSIDE A TRAILER HOME and find ANOTHER TEAM OF AGENTS surrounding AN OLDER GUY (fifties), who's passed out in an e-z chair with a bottle of *Southern Comfort* in his lap.

MILES BLAIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The bonds that link anyone who's
ever worn a badge.

One of the agents nudges him.

MILES BLAIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't care if I've been in this
job for ten minutes, ten days or
ten years.

The older guy wakes and almost shits himself when he sees all these agents standing over him.

MILES BLAIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Those guys we lost tonight.

Again, we RETURN TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM, where everyone's eyes are locked on the attorney general.

MILES BLAIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They're *my* guys.

And then we're IN A CAR with a young woman and TODDLER, who's in a carseat in the back.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
And when I lose a brother or a sister on the job..

They're stopped at a red light when the car's SURROUNDED BY LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLES.

And then we're BACK IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
I finish what they started. We're going to find this guy...

Miles owns this room.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
And bring the full weight of this building down on him and everyone he's working with.

And now everyone knows: *There's a new sheriff in town.*

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. MILES'S OFFICE - MAIN JUSTICE - MORNING**

Miles stares at PHOTOS of F.B.I. AGENTS RON ENRIQUEZ and PAUL O'LEARY. Young guys. Tragedy.

JOSEPH LEE (twenties, Asian guy), Miles's assistant, enters.

JOSEPH LEE

The White House just called. They want you over there right away.

Miles places the photos in an upper corner of his desk next to ANOTHER PHOTO.

It's a shot of a MIDDLE-AGED, WHITE, FEMALE POLICE OFFICER, smiling broadly. We don't know who she is yet, but as this series unfolds, we'll find out.

JOSEPH LEE (CONT'D)

(re: the photos)

Just like back in Detroit. No one ever touches the photos.

MILES BLAIR

Thanks, Joseph.

Miles gets up and heads for the door.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

Enough said.

INT. HALLWAY - THE WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

Ellis briefs Miles on the particulars as they walk.

ELLIS GRAHAM

Twenty minutes ago, the Eastern District Court in Brooklyn granted Galina Yezhov an emergency asylum.

Miles is familiar.

ELLIS GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Galina Yezhov is the one-year-old daughter of a Russian journalist.

Exactly.

ELLIS GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 Petr Yezhov. Over the past two years alone, he's been tossed in prison three times for things he's written and said.

All the people they pass in this hallway congratulate Miles.

ELLIS GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 Six months ago, Galina and her mother, Ana, Petr's wife, landed in Brighton Beach in New York. They planned on seeking political asylum based on the fear that they would be persecuted if they returned to Russia.

Okay.

MILES BLAIR
 And then the mother, Ana Yezhov, died from a brain aneurysm six weeks ago.

Ellis is surprised that Miles is aware of all this.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
 (off Ellis's surprise)
 Joseph tracks all the district courts for me. He's like a walking, talking Google with a mild addiction to Diet Coke.

Good to know.

ELLIS GRAHAM
 President Viktorov's demanding that the baby be returned to Russia and to Petr Yezhov, the child's father.

MILES BLAIR
 Did the father, the journalist, know that the mother was taking the daughter?

ELLIS GRAHAM
 Don't know. But the extended family in Brighton Beach -- it's an aunt and uncle -- are convinced that the little girl won't be safe back in Russia.

Miles processes all that he hears.

MILES BLAIR
And the judge in the Eastern
District of New York agrees.

ELLIS GRAHAM
Judge Richard Donovan. Not a big
fan of international law.

Miles clarifies something important.

MILES BLAIR
But Petr Yezhov, the father, *hasn't*
given up custody of his daughter.

No.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

The Oval Office is smaller than it looks on television.

Miles and Ellis are greeted by PRESIDENT PHILIP WHITBECK
(fifties), SECRETARY OF STATE EARL RIVERS (sixties) and DANA
REID (forties), the President's Chief of Staff.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
(to Miles)
Thanks for coming over so quickly.

People like President Whitbeck. He's the kid you went to
high school with who was friends with everybody. But just
like that kid from high school, Whitbeck's affability is both
his greatest strength and most profound weakness.

He wants people to like him. *Too much.*

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)
(to Miles, re: Ellis)
How's she doing so far?

MILES BLAIR
Good. I appreciate you
recommending her.

The President smiles.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
Don't kid yourself, Miles. I
didn't *recommend* that you hire
Ellis as your chief of staff. I
*demand*ed that you hire her.

Ellis is uncomfortable with all this praise.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)
 I wouldn't be sitting in the Oval
 Office without Ellis Graham.

Or maybe the President's referring to something that she'd
 rather forget.

Whitbeck introduces the others.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)
 (to Miles)
 You know Secretary of State Rivers
 and Dana Reid, my Chief of Staff.

Pleasantries are exchanged.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)
 (to Miles)
 You and Secretary Rivers both went
 to Columbia.

The Secretary shares his resume with Miles.

SECRETARY OF STATE RIVERS
 Undergrad and a Ph.D. from the
 School of International and Public
 Affairs.

MILES BLAIR
 Columbia Law School.

Like all seasoned politicians, the President never misses an
 opportunity to pivot to policy.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
 (re: Miles)
 Miles here is the poster child for
 the importance of a sound public
 education system. Raised by a
 single father in Detroit; went to
 his local primary and secondary
 schools then onto University of
 Michigan. After law school, Miles
 went back home to become a police
 officer just like his dad, his
 uncle and his two brothers before
 him. And then he became
 commissioner.

Whitbeck's always campaigning.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)

Like I said in the very first State of the Union of this presidency two years ago: An investment in public education is an investment in our communities' futures. But does Congress listen?

And then the President flips the script to today's business.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)

Anyway, this judge's ruling in the Eastern District of New York is a hornet's nest for us, Miles. The timing couldn't be worse.

The Secretary of State inserts himself into the discussion.

SECRETARY OF STATE RIVERS

(to Miles)

In a week, we're sitting across a table from President Viktorov to talk about limiting deployed ICBMS.

He's agitated.

SECRETARY OF STATE RIVERS (CONT'D)

If we want those negotiations to go well, this little girl needs to go back to her father in Russia immediately.

Miles gets it.

MILES BLAIR

Because it's embarrassing for President Viktorov to have children running from his country because they're scared of him.

Precisely.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK

And we don't want to amplify that embarrassment right now.

The President's Chief of Staff chimes in.

CHIEF OF STAFF DANA REID

The United States shouldn't be in the business of breaking up families.

SECRETARY OF STATE RIVERS

This asylum order needs to be overturned and Galina Yezhov needs to be sent home as soon as possible.

Like any cop, Miles has questions.

MILES BLAIR

Any idea why Petr Yezhov wants to bring his daughter back to the same country that's thrown him in prison three times?

Secretary Rivers doesn't have time for this bullshit.

SECRETARY OF STATE RIVERS

His baby daughter was kidnapped by her mother. He wants her back. What else do you need to know?

MILES BLAIR

I'd like to know everything, Secretary Rivers, but I'll settle for enough to allow me to make the best decision available.

It's starting to get *hot* in here.

SECRETARY OF STATE RIVERS

(to Miles)

This is politics. We don't always get to make the best decision. In fact, much of the time, we just make the least bad one.

The Secretary continues to talk down to Miles.

SECRETARY OF STATE RIVERS (CONT'D)

I understand that this is new to you and that your background doesn't necessarily lend itself to the nuances and subtleties of your current position, but we need you to catch up. *Quickly*.

The President puts his hand on the Secretary's knee to settle him the fuck down.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK

(to Miles)

The Secretary and I *both* understand that you answer to the law of the land, not this office.

And then dials back some of the pressure.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)
 We just want you to be fully
 informed as you plot out the best
 path forward.

The President stands up, and everyone else follows suit.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)
 Where are we on Laython Andrews?

MILES BLAIR
 We'll locate him soon.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
 And what about the other one? This
 Seaver Ward character? The P.D.B.
 said that he might be planning
 something.

MILES BLAIR
 We're looking into him too.

Miles and the President shake hands.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
 Keep me posted.

This meeting is over.

INT./EXT. "THE BEAST" - MORNING

Agent Moss rides shotgun; Miles and Ellis sit in the back.

Ellis checks the schedule on her phone.

ELLIS GRAHAM
 We've got S.I.O.C. now and then the
 first grade class at D.C. Scholars.

Miles reviews the meeting they just had.

MILES BLAIR
 You've been in meetings in the Oval
 Office before: How'd that one stack
 up?

Ellis is always honest.

ELLIS GRAHAM
 Same ol'. Their job is to push and
 pull you in their direction.

Miles considers that for a beat.

MILES BLAIR
My job is to push back.

And then he moves onto a game plan for the Yezhov situation.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
So we need to get the ball rolling
on both overturning this asylum
order and, at the same time, making
sure that it's the best course of
action.

"The Beast" exits the White House gates.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
Even if this judge takes issue with
international law, the Hague
Convention, which we're signatory
to, is clear when it comes to
custodial rights for children under
the age of sixteen.

In other words...

ELLIS GRAHAM
The little girl's too young to seek
asylum for herself.

Correct.

MILES BLAIR
I'm confident that the Second
Circuit appeals court will agree.

"The Beast" heads down Pennsylvania Avenue.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
Let's get the Civil Division
working on a writ of mandamus to
overturn the asylum order based on
the Hague Convention.

Done.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
And nothing against Civil, but I
need Ursula to put eyes on it
before it gets to me. We know each
other; we have a shorthand; she
understands what I'm looking for.

And that's not all. Miles's investigatory instincts have already kicked in.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

I need to talk to someone on the ground in Russia. Someone who knows the players and the lay of the land. I need context and background. Maybe the ambassador?

Ellis knows just the person.

ELLIS GRAHAM

The F.B.I.'s legal attache in Moscow. He'll have information that the ambassador doesn't.

MILES BLAIR

Let's do it.

Miles returns to the meeting with the President.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

Secretary Rivers doesn't like me much.

ELLIS GRAHAM

Do you care?

Of course not.

MILES BLAIR

No. I don't.

"The Beast" pulls into the underground garage at...

EXT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

The Hoover building, the Bureau's nerve center, is a perfect storm of horrific aesthetics, poor design and shoddy upkeep.

INT. S.I.O.C. - F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Located in Hoover's belly, The Strategic Information and Operations Center is a warren of small offices and one of the most secure locations in the world.

A COLLECTION OF OFFICIALS stream into a small, windowless room with chairs surrounding a small table. On the way in, everyone places their CELL PHONES and ANY ELECTRONICS they might have on their person in cubbies just outside the room.

We FOLLOW DEPUTY ATTORNEY THOMAS YARROW as he puts his phone away, steps into the room and takes a seat across from F.B.I. DIRECTOR GUILLEN. Each of them has a medium-sized, LOOSE-LEAF BINDER in front of them.

Yarrow is frustrated with the new attorney general.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
(to Director Guillen)
He's having the interrogations
beamed into the Command Center.

Where Yarrow sees an opportunity for criticism, Guillen sees the possibility for progress.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN
It's about time that America's "top
cop" is actually a cop. I'm sure
he knows his way around an
interrogation.

Miles and Ellis enter and everyone stands up.

Miles takes a seat next to the C.I.A. ANALYST (MONICA KAPOOR, thirties), who sits at the head of the table.

C.I.A. ANALYST KAPOOR
I am C.I.A. Analyst Kapoor, and I
will be presiding over this
morning's daily security briefing.

She looks around the room.

C.I.A. ANALYST KAPOOR (CONT'D)
This is a secure compartmentalized
information facility so, if you
have any electronic devices on you,
I'm going to ask you to exit the
room immediately and place them in
the cubbies outside.

Everyone's already done it.

C.I.A. ANALYST KAPOOR (CONT'D)
Please refer to Tab One in your
binders.

The people here do as they're told.

C.I.A. ANALYST KAPOOR (CONT'D)
Laython Andrews is a white
supremacist who was under F.B.I.
surveillance. He-

Miles interrupts her.

MILES BLAIR

This will be a longer conversation.
We'll skinny down to the relevant
stakeholders after the briefing.

Analyst Kapoor nods and turns the page.

C.I.A. ANALYST KAPOOR

Tab Two. President Agbee of Ghana
is not expected to live through the
night. Vice President Duodu will
take the oath of office within the
hour to become the sixth President
of Ghana's Fourth Republic.

She surveys the room for questions. There are none.

C.I.A. ANALYST KAPOOR (CONT'D)

Tab Three. A quarter of Peru's
citizens remain without electricity
after last week's earthquake.
There is no timetable for when
power will be fully restored, but
humanitarian aid continues to
arrive at the airport in Lima,
which reopened two days ago.

She looks up again. No questions. Moving on.

C.I.A. ANALYST KAPOOR (CONT'D)

Tab four. Anatoly Semenov, a
Russian real estate magnate and a
vocal and powerful critic of
Russian President Viktorov, died of
an apparent heart attack at the
Pavillon De La Reine hotel in Paris
last night. Given his contentious
history with President Viktorov,
the DGSI have not ruled out the
possibility of foul play.

This last one gives Miles pause.

MILES BLAIR

The French think it could be an
assassination.

C.I.A. ANALYST KAPOOR

President Viktorov taking out a
political opponent on foreign soil
is not without precedent.

OFF MILES, chewing hard on this latest detail...

INT. S.I.O.C. - F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - LATER

They're on the last tab in the binder.

C.I.A. ANALYST KAPOOR
And finally, Tab Eleven. In
retaliation for the D.E.A.'s
disruption of its drug pipeline
through San Diego, the Tijuana
Cartel has placed a contract on the
life of Attorney General Blair.

All eyes in the room land on Miles.

MILES BLAIR
They already want me dead? I just
started yesterday.

Everyone laughs.

D.E.A. ADMINISTRATOR FRED NOAKES weighs in.

D.E.A. ADMINISTRATOR NOAKES
We're monitoring this at D.E.A. and
keeping the deputy attorney general
informed.

Yarrow offers his two cents.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
(to Miles)
These types of threats aren't
unusual, but we're following up.

Miles isn't worried, and this briefing's over.

MILES BLAIR
Thanks, folks. If the Laython
Andrews's team could stay behind
for a minute....

EXT. REARDON'S GUN SHOP AND RANGE - MORNING

A VAN pulls up in front of this small gun shop.

TITLE: *Erwin, Tennessee.*

FOUR MASKED MEN explode out of the van and STORM inside.

INT. REARDON'S GUN SHOP AND RANGE - MORNING

The men point HANDGUNS at the PROPRIETOR (sixties), who stands behind the counter.

MAN #1

All your rifles and ammo right now!

The proprietor surreptitiously presses a BUTTON UNDERNEATH THE COUNTER.

EXT. REARDON'S GUN SHOP AND RANGE - TWO MINUTES LATER

The men, now carrying armloads of rifles and boxes of ammunition, RACE out of the store and into the van.

As the driver turns around to back up, he sees FOUR POLICE CRUISERS arrive behind them.

The cops speak to them through their loudspeaker.

COP (O.S.)

Turn off the engine and put your hands out the windows! All of you!

These guys are fucked.

INT. S.I.O.C. - F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - A MINUTE LATER

The room is about half as full as it was before. Yarrow, Guillen and their deputies are all still here.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW

(to Miles)

Put Laython Andrews's face on cable news, we'll have him in custody within an hour. I promise you.

It's tense in here. The stakes are already high, but they're getting higher with every passing moment.

MILES BLAIR

Can you also promise me that some vigilante won't pull a gun on a guy who looks *kinda* like Laython Andrews, and someone ends up dead?

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW

Part of what we do here is weigh risk.

Ellis enters the room.

ELLIS GRAHAM

Four members of the Aryan Front
just tried to hold up a gun store
in Tennessee. One of them was
Seaver Ward's cousin.

Yarrow smiles knowingly.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW

The cousin. I knew it.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN

They're ramping up for something.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW

The country has a right to know
that Seaver Ward and his merry band
of white supremacists are gearing
up for some sort an attack.

MILES BLAIR

If possible, I'd like to avoid
creating mass hysteria on my second
day on the job.

Miles looks over at Ellis who points at her watch.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

Let's work these guys in Tennessee
as hard as we can. And keep
leaning on Laython Andrews's
people. Someone's gonna break.
They always do.

And then he turns to Yarrow.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

I'm not going to the press. Not
yet.

INT. CLASSROOM - DC SCHOLARS ELEMENTARY - DAY

A COLLECTION OF FIRST GRADERS all sit on a bright carpet as
Miles stands in front of them.

He calls on ONE OF THE KIDS, whose hand has been raised.

FIRST GRADER

Do you ever feel sad for people
that get put in jail?

Miles answers gently.

MILES BLAIR

I do. I feel sad for them and their families. I also feel sad for anyone that they may have hurt.

He explains the complexity of his position to these kids.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

But as the attorney general, putting people in jail is not my job. My job is to find justice.

And they hang on his every word.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

One of my first cases as a police officer was a sixteen-year-old boy, who stole a car.

Every adult in here also listens intently.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

It was in the morning. Before school. And this boy was making bacon and eggs for his little brother when he spilled hot grease on his brother's arm. And the boy panicked. He ran outside for help and the first thing he saw was his neighbor's car warming up in the driveway. So without thinking, he took the car and raced his brother to the hospital.

The first graders' eyes are as wide as can be.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

The law says that the boy should go to jail for between six and eighteen months for stealing that car. Does that seem right to you?

Miles is a natural in front of these first graders.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

Does it seem fair that a kid not that much older than you, who was trying to get his brother to the hospital, should lose his freedom because he was scared?

Every kid shakes their head.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

I agree. And that's what I said to the judge. And he also agreed. So instead of going to jail, the boy did community service, including painting his neighbor's garage.

And now for the twist.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

That kid's name was Joseph Lee and, today, Joseph works with me at the Department of Justice.

Miles looks around the classroom.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

And that's my job, guys. I listen. I learn. And then I try to do what's right. Just like you.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - MAIN JUSTICE - MORNING

Miles walks into the Command Center and sees STREAMING VIDEO of the interrogations of Laython Andrews's friends and relatives ON THE MONITORS.

He points at ONE OF THE SCREENS, where LIVE VIDEO OF A WOMAN BEING QUESTIONED plays.

MILES BLAIR

(to the Technician)

That's the girlfriend?

The technician nods.

TECHNICIAN

Yes, sir.

We recognize this woman. She's the WOMAN FROM THE CAR, and she's holding her TINY, SQUIRMING SON as an F.B.I. agent, who's OFF-CAMERA, questions her.

WOMAN FROM THE CAR

I ain't seen Laython in a month.

As her little boy fidgets, she points across the room.

WOMAN FROM THE CAR (CONT'D)

(to the agent)

Can you gimme his bear?

We see an agent's arm appear in the frame and hand her a STUFFED BEAR, which she gives to her son.

WOMAN FROM THE CAR (CONT'D)
It's not like it was some great
love affair. Me and Laython.

BACK IN THE COMMAND CENTER, Miles leans in.

WOMAN FROM THE CAR (CONT'D)
Slept over a couple times is all.

And then calls to the Command Center's TECHNICIANS.

MILES BLAIR
Can you pull up the last photo of
Laython Andrews that we got off of
Agent O'Leary's phone?

Almost instantly, displayed across multiple monitors here, we see the CELL PHONE PHOTO OF LAYTHON ANDREWS CARRYING HIS GROCERY BAGS ACROSS THE WALMART LOT.

Miles gets up from his seat and gets close to the monitors.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
Can you push in on the grocery bag
in his right hand?

The technician GETS CLOSER ON THE BAG.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
More.

As he moves in even CLOSER still, Miles points at a small teddy bear just sticking out of the top of the grocery bag.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
That kid's holding that same toy.

Damn. He's right.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
Let the agents in that room know
that she just lied.

Miles heads for the door.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
We got her on a false statement.
Use it against her.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S CONFERENCE ROOM - MAIN JUSTICE - DAY

The conference room is pretty much what you'd expect it to be. Large, stately, intimidating.

Ursula sits across from Miles.

URSULA TOLLIVER

I know we went to law school together but I feel compelled to remind you that a writ of mandamus is basically saying to the judge in Brooklyn that that he blew it; that he got it wrong.

Miles knows.

MILES BLAIR

I'm not worried about his feelings.

URSULA TOLLIVER

Pissing off a judge is never optimal.

MILES BLAIR

It's becoming real clear, real fast to me that a big part of being attorney general is pissing people off. The Yezhov girl's too young to be granted asylum and she has a custodial parent living in Russia, who wants her back.

Ursula pushes back.

URSULA TOLLIVER

If there's a compelling case to be made that the child is endangered in her country of origin, the judge can grant asylum.

MILES BLAIR

And I can contest it. That's the beauty of being me.

URSULA TOLLIVER

So now you're beautiful.

MILES BLAIR

I'm a-ight.

There's always some banter between these two.

URSULA TOLLIVER
Barely a-ight.

There's something else on Miles's mind.

MILES BLAIR
I need you to reach out to your law
enforcement peoples back in New
York. I want to make sure that the
mother died of an aneurysm.

Ursula sees where he's headed immediately.

URSULA TOLLIVER
You think the Russians could have
killed her.

Joseph enters.

JOSEPH LEE
They just located Laython Andrews
driving through Nebraska.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - MAIN JUSTICE - DAY

AIRCRAFT SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE OF LAYTHON ANDREWS'S NISSAN
ALTIMA driving down the highway plays on all the monitors.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN
Once we threatened the girlfriend
with making a false statement, she
remembered that she saw Laython
yesterday and she also remembered
that he said something about
heading to Illinois.

Miles's eyes are LOCKED on the screens.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
We just dodged a bullet. This
could have gone completely off the
rails in so many different and
disastrous ways.

Miles continues to watch the video.

MILES BLAIR
She didn't say where he was going
or whether Seaver Ward is involved.

Yarrow wants this to be over.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
Take Andrews right now and see what
we can pull out of him.

But Miles wants to see this investigation through to the end.

MILES BLAIR
Andrews isn't the target. The
target's Seaver Ward.

Guillen takes sides.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN
I agree with Deputy Attorney
General Yarrow: Let's quit while
we're ahead.

Yarrow uses Guillen's support as an opportunity to dig in.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
We lost Andrews for seven hours,
Mr. Attorney General. For all we
know, he could've stopped somewhere
and filled that car with fertilizer
and diesel fuel. He could be
driving a giant bomb right across I-
80 in Nebraska. We have no idea.

Fair enough.

MILES BLAIR
Let's get a look in the car.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN
Closest agents available are thirty
minutes behind him.

MILES BLAIR
We have the F.B.I. light him up,
the whole op is blown.

Miles stares up at the monitors.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
He's doing eighty in a sixty-five-
mile-per-hour zone. Ask Nebraska
State Police to pull him over and
sniff the car.

As he talks we CUT TO INTERSTATE 80 where A NEBRASKA STATE
POLICE CRUISER has pulled over Laython Andrews.

The STATIE (forties) exits his vehicle and, with a K-9 in
tow, makes his way over to the Nissan.

IN THE COMMAND CENTER, everyone holds their breath as they watch this play out from the cameras on the airplanes above.

MILES BLAIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Let them know that they should
proceed with extreme caution.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
It's likely that Andrews is armed.

True but...

MILES BLAIR
He's not driving across the country
just to shoot a cop on the side of
the highway in Nebraska.

BACK ON THE SIDE OF THE INTERSTATE, Laython rolls down his window and holds out his license and rental agreement.

LAYTHON ANDREWS
What I do?

As the statie takes Laython's paperwork, he grabs a look inside the car. Just fast food wrappers and some clothing.

STATIE
You were doing eighty-two in a
sixty-five-mile-per-hour zone.

The dog sniffs around the car.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - MAIN JUSTICE - DAY

As everyone watches THE MONITORS, Ellis hangs up on a call.

ELLIS GRAHAM
Nebraska State Police are saying
that the dog didn't have any
reaction to the vehicle and the
trooper didn't see anything out of
the ordinary inside.

Yarrow is still skeptical and jabs at Miles again.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
He didn't get a look in the trunk
and, for all we know, Andrews has a
crate of rocket launchers in there.
The dog won't smell that.

But Miles ignores him.

MILES BLAIR
Track Andrews with the plane, and
let's get a car on him too.

As Yarrow shares a knowing look with F.B.I. Director Guillen,
ONE OF THE TECHNICIANS hands Ellis a note.

Her face drops as she reads it.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - AFTERNOON

President Whitbeck is sitting at his desk when Ellis is
escorted into the office.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
You got my note.

She's not happy to be here.

ELLIS GRAHAM
Mr. President, it's inappropriate
for me to meet with you without the
attorney general present.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
And yet...here you are.

There's a lot of history between these two.

ELLIS GRAHAM
I won't be your spy.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
I'm not asking you to spy for me,
Ellis. I'm asking for you to do
what you did for me when you were
counsel on the campaign. Have my
back. Protect me.

ELLIS GRAHAM
Sometimes I think I protected you
too much back then.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
The Ludlow brothers were extorting
me, Ellis. And you know it.

Ellis is unmoved.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)

The last guy I picked for A.G. is facing years in prison for getting in the middle of the corruption trial of his college roommate. I don't trust my own judgement right now, and I can't have this go bad.

She's done here.

ELLIS GRAHAM

From here on out, if you want to speak to me, it'll be in the company of Attorney General Blair.

She exits.

EXT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

A LARGE GROUP OF PEOPLE standing OUTSIDE OF A SYNAGOGUE in Brooklyn where a small stage has been set up.

CONGRESSWOMAN MAUREEN HARRISON (sixties) is at the podium and waving around a New York Post. "*Secretary of State to Viktorov: Baby Galina Going Back To Russia,*" reads the cover.

CONGRESSWOMAN HARRISON

We are not sending this...

She points to Galina Yezhov, who's being held by her AUNT JUDITH DELFONT (forties), who stands next to her husband, OREN (forties).

CONGRESSWOMAN HARRISON (CONT'D)

Defenseless child back to the same country that persecuted her family! The attorney general may try to overturn the judge's ruling...

INT. MILES'S OFFICE - MAIN JUSTICE - DAY

The protest plays ON THE TELEVISION IN MILES'S OFFICE. The lower-third reads, "*Breaking News: Demonstration for Galina Yezhov in Brighton Beach, New York City.*"

CONGRESSWOMAN HARRISON

But I won't let it happen! Not as long as I'm your congresswoman!

We PULL OUT FROM THE TELEVISION and find Miles reviewing the writ of mandamus. Sitting across from him is Ursula.

MILES BLAIR
The writ looks good.

URSULA TOLLIVER
Civil Division did a nice job.

Miles hands it back to her.

URSULA TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
I spoke to my people in New York.
The mother died from the aneurysm.

Good to know.

MILES BLAIR
Have Civil submit the writ to the
Second Circuit.

Ursula nods.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
I know you got your hands full
running Criminal. I appreciate you
taking a look at it.

URSULA TOLLIVER
All good. Back at the Southern in
New York, when things got hectic,
they had us step up pretty much
wherever and whenever we were
needed.

Miles's phone buzzes. He looks down at it.

URSULA TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Got a call from an old soror of
mine today. You met her at Ben's
the other night.

Miles doesn't hear her, but that doesn't stop Ursula.

URSULA TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Nadja Moore.

Half-listening, he nods.

MILES BLAIR
Nadja. Yeah. She's cool.

URSULA TOLLIVER
I gave her your personal phone
number.

He looks up from his phone.

MILES BLAIR

And you have O.P.R. vetting her.

She's got his full attention now.

URSULA TOLLIVER

(re: Nadja)

If I didn't do it, it wasn't going to get done.

MILES BLAIR

In case you didn't notice, I'm kind of busy right now, Ursula.

She doesn't care.

URSULA TOLLIVER

I look out for my sisters.

MILES BLAIR

And what about your employer? You look out for him too?

URSULA TOLLIVER

That's what I'm doing right now.

MILES BLAIR

You're aware that I specifically requested that the President nominate you for Criminal, right?

URSULA TOLLIVER

Good thing you did. Look at everything I do for you.

As their eyes meet, for the first time, we sense romantic tension. A connection. An electricity.

Ursula instinctively covers up her ENGAGEMENT RING, and Miles notices her do it. It's an awkward moment.

MILES BLAIR

How's the wedding planning going?

URSULA TOLLIVER

Going.

Ursula stands up.

URSULA TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

I'll get Civil to submit the writ. It'll take a few days for the court to come back.

She heads for the door.

URSULA TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Answer your phone when Nadja calls.

Miles watches her leave.

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - AFTERNOON

Yarrow and Guillen walk the Mall together.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
He's letting a potential domestic
terrorist just drive across the
country. It's negligent, bordering
on criminal.

Guillen tries to re-direct the conversation.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN
How was your dinner with Julie?

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
My daughter blames me for not being
around more when her mother was
dying.

But Yarrow doesn't want to talk about that.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW (CONT'D)
You owe me a debt, Henry. And as
this plays out, I'll expect your
support.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN
Somehow I convinced myself that you
were serving the country's best
interest when you helped to
coordinated the prior attorney
general's downfall. But it was
just your own interest, wasn't it?

Yarrow doesn't even bother denying it.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN (CONT'D)
You want the job, Tom. You've
always wanted the job.

OFF YARROW, conscience clear and mind focused...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. OLD EBBITT GRILL - EVENING

HOWARD GREER (fifties) sits in a booth in a dark corner of this famous Washington restaurant.

MILES BLAIR

Ellis thought you might have some insight into the Yezhov case.

Greer eats crab cakes and has a beer.

HOWARD GREER

I've been the legal attache in Moscow for three years, and I've never seen President Viktorov angrier about anything that didn't involve one of his mistresses.

MILES BLAIR

A mother running to the States out of fear for her and her daughter's safety is a bad look for Viktorov.

Greer takes a pull of his beer.

HOWARD GREER

It's a disaster, especially when he's trying to make himself more palatable to the rest of the world.

MILES BLAIR

And what about Petr Yezhov? The father? Do you know him?

HOWARD GREER

Know him? I got Petr out of prison twice. And I've also helped his parents and his brother.

Miles follows along.

MILES BLAIR

They've all paid a price for Petr Yezhov's work.

HOWARD GREER

Steep price. And they still do.

Greer leans in close.

HOWARD GREER (CONT'D)

A month before Ana and Galina came to New York, Petr asked me if I was going to the States anytime soon and whether I could get him some marshmallows and bring them back.

The things you learn in this job.

MILES BLAIR

No marshmallows in Russia?

HOWARD GREER

No. And Petr's wife loved them, so he asked me to get him some for a going-away party he was throwing for her.

Fascinating.

ELLIS GRAHAM (PRE-LAP)(O.S.)

That doesn't sound like someone...

INT. MILES'S OFFICE - EVENING

Miles sits at his desk. Ellis sits across from him.

ELLIS GRAHAM

Whose wife was planning on kidnapping their daughter.

No doubt.

MILES BLAIR

Not at all.

And now Miles's brain is buzzing.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

(to Ellis)

I need to meet the father. Face-to-face.

Ellis agrees.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

Let's get him here from Russia. Tomorrow. And have the little girl here too. And please have Joseph put together everything that Yezhov has written or has been written about him.

Ellis warns Miles.

ELLIS GRAHAM

As soon as I send for Yezhov, the Russian ambassador will phone the Secretary of State, who's going to make a furious call to the President, who's going to call you over to the White House.

It is what it is.

MILES BLAIR

Good to know.

OFF MILES, steadfast...

INT./EXT. "THE BEAST" - NIGHT

As the truck speeds up Pennsylvania Avenue, Miles stares out the window, deep in thought.

ONE OF HIS TWO PHONES RINGS. He answers.

MILES BLAIR

This is Miles.

We CUT BACK AND FORTH TO NADJA MOORE, who's on the other end of the line, and sitting IN HER OFFICE.

NADJA MOORE

Ursula threatened my life if I didn't call you.

Miles smiles.

MILES BLAIR

And her threats are real.

NADJA MOORE

Real real. How's my vetting's going?

MILES BLAIR

Jury's still out.

Nadja laughs.

NADJA MOORE

How you like my chances?

MILES BLAIR

Can't call it, but for what it's worth, I'm pulling for you.

Miles has arrived at his destination.

NADJA MOORE

Let me know how it all turns out.

MILES BLAIR

You'll be my first call.

The sparks here are undeniable.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The President sits across from Miles. Just the two of them.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK

As many times as we spoke leading up to your confirmation hearing, I've never really asked you why you went back home after law school.

Miles is confused.

MILES BLAIR

I'm not sure I understand, sir.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK

Law review coming out of Columbia, you could've signed onto a white shoe firm and been a millionaire by now. Instead, you went back to Detroit and became a cop. Why?

It's simple.

MILES BLAIR

I was always going to be a police officer. Law school was about making me a better one.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK

And that's why you're my attorney general. Not because you were so effective at reducing crime in Detroit when you were commissioner - that didn't hurt, of course -- but because everyone who's had the job before you only understood the law in the abstract.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)
But you lived the law, Miles. You
enforced it on the ground.

We can't totally tell if the President is playing to Miles's
ego here, or if he actually means what he says.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)
I don't need just another lawyer or
a judge or -- God forbid -- a
politician running justice right
now. I need someone who weighs the
available evidence, evaluates the
facts in front of his face and
makes the call. I need instinct
and decisiveness and guts. I need
a cop, Miles.

The President cuts to the chase.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)
Secretary Rivers just got a furious
call from the Russian ambassador
saying that you're insisting on
meeting with Petr Yezhov.

Just as Ellis predicted.

MILES BLAIR
I've submitted a writ to the Second
Circuit to overturn the judge's
asylum order but that'll take a
couple more days. I'm doing my due
diligence while we wait.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
The Secretary of State is
apoplectic. He says this could
scuttle the arms talks.

That's not Miles's problem.

MILES BLAIR
I hope it doesn't.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
I left our meeting with the
Secretary yesterday thinking this
was settled business.

MILES BLAIR
Then you misunderstood, sir. When
we met yesterday, I was collecting
information to help me reach a
decision. I still am.

Whitbeck is frustrated. And worried. He stares at Miles.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
And what about this racist in the
car? You're just letting him drive
across the country.

Where the hell did he hear that?

MILES BLAIR
Driving while racist isn't a
federal crime.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
But you don't even know exactly
what he's got in his vehicle.
Isn't that a giant risk?

And now Miles knows who's been talking to the President.

MILES BLAIR
I'm comfortable with it, sir.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK
I blew it with my first attorney
general and now I've taken a big
chance on you. Prove me right.

OFF MILES, not sure if this is encouragement or a warning...

EXT. MILES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

"The Beast" pulls up in front of Miles's modest home in
Washington D.C.'s Southwest neighborhood.

He exits the truck and finds Joseph, looking exhausted,
waiting on his doorstep with a box of papers in his hands.

JOSEPH LEE
(re: the box)
Materials on Petr Yezhov.

Miles takes the box from him.

MILES BLAIR
Thanks, Joseph.

Joseph starts to walk down the stairs.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
(to Joseph)
Long way from Detroit, you and me.

Joseph stops and turns around.

JOSEPH LEE
We'll always be from the D.

Miles likes that.

MILES BLAIR
Damn right we will.

INT. KITCHEN - MILES'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

With papers and books spread out across the table, Miles sits in his kitchen, reads and eats chocolate chip cookies.

This is the work. The job. *The grind.* This is what it means to be the attorney general. Endless nights at your kitchen table, diving deep into the day's crises.

Miles's iPad sits on the table near him and plays a VIDEO OF SEAVER WARD being interviewed. (A GRAPHIC identifies him.)

SEAVER WARD
I can't hate black people and
Jewish people. Because they're not
even people.

There's a KNOCK at Miles's door.

Miles opens his front door, revealing Ellis, holding up a bag of what looks to be Chinese food.

INT. MILES'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Miles and Ellis eat dinner and talk.

ELLIS GRAHAM
My ex lives around the corner, so I
figured I'd stop by her place, kiss
my son before he went to bed and
then check on you.

Miles is learning some things about Ellis here.

MILES BLAIR
An ex and a son. I didn't know.

ELLIS GRAHAM
Soon enough, you and I will know
way more than we want to know about
each other.

MILES BLAIR

I got an ex too. An ex-wife.

There's little about Miles that isn't public knowledge.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

But I'm sure you know that already from the newspapers when I got nominated.

And here's something she doesn't know.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

My ex told me told me not to take this job. That I don't have the personality for politics; that I think I'm always right.

Miles takes a bite of Kung Pao Chicken.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

I told her she was wrong.

Ellis laughs...and then he switches topics. Back to work.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

So Deputy Attorney General Yarrow. What do we know?

Ellis has been expecting Miles to bring up Yarrow.

ELLIS GRAHAM

We know he's a career guy. One of the longest serving in the DOJ. Widower. Always wanted the top job. That bridesmaid, never the bride thing. Apparently, the President thought his experience would be helpful to you so he made him deputy.

Miles knows what's up.

MILES BLAIR

The President has him looking over my shoulder.

ELLIS GRAHAM

Tom Yarrow's not someone who's content just looking.

Ellis's phone RINGS. She answers it.

ELLIS GRAHAM (CONT'D)
This is Ellis.

She listens for a beat and then...

ELLIS GRAHAM (CONT'D)
We're on our way.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

It's pitch black out as Laython Andrews's Nissan pulls up in front of an old farm on a road in the middle of nowhere.

ELLIS GRAHAM (V.O.)
Laython Andrews just pulled into a farm two hundred miles south of Chicago.

TITLE: Harvel, Illinois.

He gets out of the car and is greeted by a HANDFUL OF MEN.

ELLIS GRAHAM (V.O.)
One of our agents thinks that he saw Seaver Ward on the property.

OFF LAYTHON, hugging a guy who looks like Seaver Ward...

INT. COMMAND CENTER - LATE NIGHT

Miles and THE TEAM huddle around the conference table as F.B.I. Director Guillen gestures to a diagram of the farm that's displayed ON ONE OF THE SCREENS.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN
Most of them are in the four bedrooms in the back. Figuring eight to ten men, and we're assuming they're armed.

Guillen offers up the pros and cons of a raid on the farm.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN (CONT'D)
A breach of the structure would afford us an element of surprise, but there's a risk of casualties.

Yarrow offers an alternative.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
We could also open up a line of
communication with them and
negotiate a surrender.

MILES BLAIR
Is that your recommendation, Deputy
Attorney General Yarrow?

For all his bluster, Yarrow will not put his own ass on the
line here. He's nothing if not politically savvy.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
I defer to you, sir.

MILES BLAIR
Negotiating gives them leverage and
time and visibility.

Ellis voices what every person in this room is thinking.

ELLIS GRAHAM
It can't turn into Waco.

Waco. A seismic moment in the history of Main Justice that
continues to hang over this building like a dark cloud.

MILES BLAIR
This needs to end quickly and
cleanly.

Miles knows when he has to be decisive in the moment. *This*
is one of those moments.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
Take the farm, Director Guillen.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. FARM - DAWN**

There's some low-lying fog wafting across the ground as a TEAM OF FBI AGENTS CONVERGE ON THE FARMHOUSE. One group heads for the front; the other goes for the back.

Before they enter, they throw FLASH-BANGS through the windows. KRI-KOOM!

And then we FOLLOW THE AGENTS ENTERING FROM THE BACK as they KICK OPEN THE DOOR and GO INSIDE.

INT. FARM - CONTINUOUS

There's YELLING AND SCREAMING as the agents go from room-to-room, rounding up the men inside.

They FIND LAYTHON in a back bedroom. After securing him, they keep moving until they get to a SMALL OFFICE with maps hanging up on all the walls and covering the desk.

And that's where they find Seaver Ward, frantically reaching for a GUN.

But they got him dead to rights. He puts his hands up.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAWN

All they have here is overhead footage of the farm provided to them by the surveillance planes.

Director Guillen gets real-time information from a headset.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN
The structure's cleared and
secured. No casualties.

A pause.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR HENRY GUILLEN (CONT'D)
And we got Seaver Ward.

Everyone CHEERS. Except for Miles and Yarrow.

Their eyes meet.

INT. HALLWAY - MAIN JUSTICE - MORNING

Miles and Ellis walk quickly down the hallway together.

ELLIS GRAHAM

They found the guns and explosives
in the back barn and maps where
they had circled the locations of
mosques and synagogues in Chicago.

MILES BLAIR

Targets.

Yes.

ELLIS GRAHAM

It's a hell of a win for a new
attorney general.

Miles isn't a guy who dances in the end zone. He's already
onto the next thing.

MILES BLAIR

Anything else on Petr Yezhov before
we step into this room with him?

ELLIS GRAHAM

Nothing that you don't know
already. Former professor of
American history at Moscow State
University turned journalist
dissident. Known for his rigorous
research and outspoken views.

She hands Miles a manila folder.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MAIN JUSTICE - EVENING

PETR YEZHOV (forties) examines the wooden door that leads
from the conference room to the attorney general's office.

AMBASSADOR IGOR RADMANOV (sixties) and TWO RUSSIAN SECURITY
AGENTS stand nearby, watching Yezhov's every move.

There are WHEAT STALKS carved into the center of the door.
But as Yezhov leans in closer, he sees a collection of tiny,
CIRCULAR INDENTATIONS in and around the carving.

The circumference of each of them is probably no more than a
quarter-inch.

Yezhov traces over a couple of them with his finger.

MILES BLAIR (O.S.)
Good evening, Mr. Yezhov.

Yezhov turns around and sees Miles and Ellis standing there.

PETR YEZHOV
(re: the indentations)
From BBs, yes? I once heard that
the Kennedy children would sit...

He points across the room.

PETR YEZHOV (CONT'D)
There with their BB guns and use
this door for target practice while
Attorney General Kennedy worked.

This is completely real, by the way.

MILES BLAIR
It's true.

Yezhov beams.

PETR YEZHOV
I love the stories of America.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

Miles and Ellis sit across from Petr and the ambassador.

AMBASSADOR RADMANOV
It was inconvenient and costly to
bring Mr. Yezhov to Washington, Mr.
Attorney General. I expect that
we'll be leaving with his daughter.

Slow down.

MILES BLAIR
Given that the welfare of a child
is involved here, I'm sure you
appreciate our caution.

The ambassador could give a shit.

AMBASSADOR RADMANOV
This is the girl's father. She
belongs to him and Russia.

Yezhov takes a sip of his water.

PETR YEZHOV
I'm impressed with your
accomplishments, Attorney General
Blair.

He **LOCKS EYES** with Miles.

PETR YEZHOV (CONT'D)
You and your three sisters raised
by a single mother in Chicago...

Ellis is about to interrupt him when **MILES STOPS HER.**

PETR YEZHOV (CONT'D)
Harvard Law School. You are a
story of American success, sir.

He looks over at the ambassador, who nods his head at him,
encouraging him to get to the heart of the matter.

PETR YEZHOV (CONT'D)
But of course we're not here for me
to remind you of your achievements.
We're here for my daughter, whom I
miss deeply.

The ambassador wants him to say more than that.

AMBASSADOR RADMANOV
Tell the attorney general that no
harm will come to Galina or you in
Russia.

Petr forces a smile.

PETR YEZHOV
President Viktorov only wants this
humble father and his young
daughter reunited.

Miles pulls a piece of paper out of the manila folder.

MILES BLAIR
(to Yezhov, re: the paper)
This is an asylum order for you and
Galina, Mr. Yezhov.

The ambassador protests immediately.

AMBASSADOR RADMANOV
What is this?!

They exit.

INT. PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE - SITTING ROOM - EVENING

Miles sits on a couch across from the President and Secretary of State Rivers. It's thick in here.

MILES BLAIR

I'm not sending her back to Russia.

The Secretary of State is livid.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

I wasn't raised with three sisters by my mother in Chicago. I didn't go to Harvard Law School.

Miles describes what happened in the room.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

Yezhov's an historian. Someone who knows about the Kennedy kids in the conference room at Main Justice isn't going to make those mistakes. He was sending me a message.

Miles can't resist taking a jab at Secretary Rivers.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

It's that subtlety and nuance thing you were telling me about.

The President shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

I pulled the writ. I'm going to let the judge's asylum order stand.

SECRETARY OF STATE RIVERS

You're literally putting the entire world at risk for one little girl.

Miles stares Rivers down.

MILES BLAIR

I wasn't hired save the world -- I'll let you handle that.

But Whitbeck agrees with the Secretary.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK

Our jobs aren't compartmentalized, Miles.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)

What you do impacts the Secretary
and me, and what we do impacts you.
This decision is a profound
complication for the arms talks.

Instinct, decisiveness, guts. That's what the President
wanted out of his attorney general, and that's what he's got.

MILES BLAIR

It's the right call, sir.

The President stands up and offers his hand to Miles.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK

I heard you got Seaver Ward.

As they shake, the President eyes Miles.

PRESIDENT WHITBECK (CONT'D)

Looks like you're figuring things
out.

MILES BLAIR

I'm a cop. Figuring things out is
what we do.

Indeed.

INT. THOMAS YARROW'S OFFICE - MAIN JUSTICE - NIGHT

Deputy Attorney General Yarrow's office is a lot like him:
Tidy and full of itself. PHOTOS of Yarrow with dignitaries
from all over the world hang on the walls.

He's at work at his desk when Miles enters.

MILES BLAIR

Working late.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW

Getting things prepared for
tomorrow.

He doesn't mean this at all.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW (CONT'D)

Congratulations again on Seaver
Ward. That was nice for you.

Miles looks at some of the photos on the wall.

MILES BLAIR

I need to know that we see eye-to-eye; that you're comfortable working for me.

Yarrow gets defensive immediately.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW

I've worked with people of all backgrounds and ethnicities, Attorney General Blair. I can work with anyone.

That wasn't what Miles was asking. Not even close.

MILES BLAIR

I'm not sure what that means.

He knows *exactly* what it means, but that's Yarrow's issue, not Miles's.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

I know that you had your eyes on the attorney general's job. I want to make sure that you're okay with me sitting in the seat you wanted.

Yarrow is totally flummoxed.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW

I'm grateful to simply be a part of the team.

MILES BLAIR

That's good to know.

He heads for the door, but he stops right before he exits.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

Weird thing happened when I was talking to the President. He had information about the Laython Andrews's case that I hadn't given him yet. I'm wondering where he got it.

Miles stares Yarrow down.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)

I'm sure you know better than me that leaking information out of Main Justice and into the Oval Office is a serious breach of protocol.

They both know where Whitbeck got it.

DEPUTY A.G. THOMAS YARROW
He's the President. Who knows
where he got it?

Miles's eyes remain locked on Yarrow for one more beat.

MILES BLAIR
Right. Have a good night, Tom.

Miles exits.

INT. BEN'S NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

Miles sits across from Nadja at an intimate table.

NADJA MOORE
So I made the cut after all.

MILES BLAIR
Won't lie. It was touch and go for
a minute, but it all worked out in
the end.

Nadja laughs and gestures to the restaurant.

NADJA MOORE
You're sticking with burgers,
though.

MILES BLAIR
Like I said to you before, when you
find something that works, why
mess with it?

Again, there's an electricity between these two.

NADJA MOORE
How's the job?

How's the job? Miles takes a moment to think about it.

MILES BLAIR
It's tough. It never stops.
There's always a crisis. But
between you and me...

Miles leans in and whispers conspiratorially.

MILES BLAIR (CONT'D)
I think I might be pretty good at
it.

EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A TOWN CAR pulls up to the curb outside the terminal.

Petr Yezhov, escorted by some RUSSIAN HEAVIES, exits the car and heads for the doors. He's about to step inside...

JUDITH DELFONT (O.S.)

Petr!

Yezhov looks to his right and sees Judith and Oren Delfont, the couple that is going to raise his daughter. Flanked by Ellis and Joseph, Judith is holding Galina in her arms.

Petr's eyes get wide; he races over to them.

PETR YEZHOV

Galina.

Judith hands the little girl to Petr, who cradles her gently in his arms. He smiles incredulously.

PETR YEZHOV (CONT'D)

(to Judith and Oren)

She's so big!

JUDITH DELFONT

I'm so sorry, Peter.

He looks up at her.

PETR YEZHOV

You're giving her a life that I could never give her. She'll be safe here. She'll be loved.

ONE OF PETR'S RUSSIAN ESCORTS speaks to him.

RUSSIAN HEAVY

(in Russian, subtitled)

Time to go.

Petr takes a last look at Galina.

PETR YEZHOV

Tell her I did it so one day she could come back home with her daughter and be free in a way that her mother and I never could.

He hands his daughter back to Judith.

PETR YEZHOV (CONT'D)

Thank you. For everything.

And he turns to Ellis and Joseph.

PETR YEZHOV (CONT'D)
Please thank Attorney General Blair
as well.

Petr hugs Judith and Galina and then he heads for the door, taking one last look toward his daughter before he disappears. Forever.

EXT. BEN'S NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

Miles and Nadja exit the bar to his waiting motorcade.

NADJA MOORE
Okay. Won't lie. The Hickory
Burger's stupidly good.

Miles's flirt game is strong. He points back at Ben's.

MILES BLAIR
They always got room at the bar for
another regular.

As Nadja leans in for a kiss, we hear TIRES SCREECHING.

A DODGE DURANGO (circa 2000) TEARS down the street. Its rear window facing the restaurant's entrance rolls down and the BARREL OF A RIFLE emerges from it.

Miles's security leaps into action, diving for the attorney general and Nadja.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! SHOTS ARE FIRED.

Both Miles and Nadja HIT THE GROUND.

As the car BURNS away from the scene, Miles finds ONE OF THE AGENTS on top of him. He shoves him off, pulls himself off the sidewalk and immediately turns to Nadja.

She's still down. Her eyes are full of fear and terror as she GRIPS AT HER SIDE.

Miles looks and sees that she's been HIT.

NADJA MOORE
Miles.

As we **SMASH TO BLACK**, all we hear is SCREAMING AND YELLING.

END OF PILOT