

the good **FIGHT**

EPISODE #610

“The End of Everything”

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DIRECTOR
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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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The Good Fight

610 "The End of Everything"

CAST LIST - FINAL - 8/26/22

SPEAKING

DIANE LOCKHART

LIZ REDDICK

MARISSA GOLD

JULIUS CAIN

JAY DIPERSIA

CARMEN MOYO

RI'CHARD LANE

DR. LYLE BETTENCOURT

KURT MCVEIGH (Gary Cole, #609)

FELIX STAPLES (John Cameron Mitchell, #401)

RANDY ELKIN (Daniel Breaker, #609)

MALCOLM (Che Tafari, #606)

BRIAN GONER

DAWN SAUNTER

DANNY THE GUARD

STREET REPORTER

WHITE SUPREMACIST #1

WHITE SUPREMACIST #2

POPSICLE SALESMAN

PATRIOT FRONTER

RIOT POLICE LIEUTENANT MICHAELS

VOICE OVER

SENATOR CALLER

BULLIED KID

ANOTHER BULLIED KID

NEWSCASTER

PROTESTORS

The Good Fight

610 "The End of Everything"

SET LIST - FINAL - 8/26/22

INTERIORS	EXTERIORS
Reddick Ri'Chard <u>23rd Floor</u> Liz's Office Julius's Office Ri'Chard's Office Conference Room Law Library Reception Elevator Hall	Nature/Tent Plaza
<u>22nd Floor</u> Diane's Office Bullpen Conference Room	VIDEO Cartoon
Executive Washroom	News Report/with Diane
Reddick/Ri'Chard Bldg Lobby	Video Game
Stairwell	Various Video/Chicago Riot
NRA Chicago Office Bullpen	Zoom on Ri'Chard's screen
	Jay's Surveillance
	Trump Footage
	VEHICLES
	Liz's Car
	Bettencourt's Car
	Kurt's Car

Nature.

A meadow. Ringed with pines. A lake. The sound of the BREEZE and a few well-cast birds. Above are stunning morning clouds. Staring up at them is...

...DIANE LOCKHART. Lying on a blanket. Alone. White T-shirt. White jeans. One hand holds her dorje.

It's a VIP meditation retreat: part Glamping, part Buddhist refuge. But right now Diane is alone with nature, with only a tent behind her. And she's...

...at peace. A curious Mona Lisa smile. Joyful. A title appears over the scene:

12 hours left

No explanation. Just that. Possibly threatening. It fades away as... a whispering voice arrives in Diane's head:

LYLE BETTENCOURT (V.O.)

Ready to go?

Diane takes a second, and for that moment, it seems like the most natural thing: to talk to the voice in her head.

DIANE LOCKHART

Go where?

The whispered voice responds:

LYLE BETTENCOURT (V.O.)

Home.

DIANE LOCKHART

Isn't this home?

The voice chuckles, and we find LYLE BETTENCOURT lying down beside her on the blanket-- was he always there, or did he just join her?

LYLE BETTENCOURT

We can stay another day if you want.

Diane takes a moment to think.

DIANE LOCKHART

No. I have to get back.

(CONTINUED)

1

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Are you sure?

DIANE LOCKHART
No.

Bettencourt laughs.

2

INT. BETTENCOURT'S CAR - DAY

2

The passing woods. Staring out at it is Diane, still feeling a bit removed from the world, her hand floating up and down on the wind as Bettencourt drives back to Chicago. Lyle Lovett's "The Road to Ensenada" plays on the stereo.

DIANE LOCKHART
I love Lyle Lovett.

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Me too.

But Diane realizes:

DIANE LOCKHART
No, actually I don't. Kurt does.

Bettencourt chuckles, shoots a look toward her.

LYLE BETTENCOURT
How are you? About all that, I mean?

DIANE LOCKHART
Sad. But it's the right thing. I think he thinks so too.

LYLE BETTENCOURT
I didn't cause it, did I?

DIANE LOCKHART
No.

Bzzt. Diane's cellphone buzzes. A text. Diane doesn't answer.

LYLE BETTENCOURT
You know, you tense up every time you get a text.

DIANE LOCKHART
Makes sense. Work, I guess.

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Why not turn it off?

(CONTINUED)

DIANE LOCKHART

The phone or work?

LYLE BETTENCOURT

Both. I watched you this weekend.
You seemed lighter. You deserve
peace. I don't think work gives you
peace.

DIANE LOCKHART

I don't think it's supposed to.

LYLE BETTENCOURT

Then why do it?

DIANE LOCKHART

For a minute there I thought it
might be all worth it: running the
DNC. But... like everything else,
it was all hype.

Silence. The song comes to an end.

DIANE LOCKHART (CONT'D)

Can you play it again?

Bettencourt nods, clicks the stereo. The song starts up
again.

AS WE CUT TO:

A CARTOON WITH JONATHAN COULTON MUSIC

It's a Netflix-like cartoon with various kids being bullied
at grammar school, some white, some Black. Coulton narrates
in rhyme, singing...

...When you are oppressed, when you are bullied, or "When you
have a Dream"... "Call on the Big Six." [Words to that
effect.] One of the bullied kids cries out...

BULLIED KID (ANIMATED)

Help me, Big Six!

Another kid thrown off his bike cries out too:

ANOTHER BULLIED KID (ANIMATED)

Help me, Big Six!

Then the chorus of the song starts up, and... Six Superheroes
cross a bridge toward them. The Big Six Civil Rights
activists. And an announcer or the singing narrator
introduces them:

(CONTINUED)

James Farmer. John Lewis. Roy Wilkins. Then...

...Carl Reddick. And at that point, we see...

...the cartoon plays on an iPad on MALCOLM's lap in the passenger seat, heading toward school [Catholic school uniform]. Glancing over from the driver's seat is...

...LIZ REDDICK, trying to read his expression.

LIZ REDDICK

What do you think?

MALCOLM

What is this?

LIZ REDDICK

It's a cartoon from the BNY people:
the ones who bought Grandpa's name.
It's stupid, right?

MALCOLM

Well, it seems like it's for
littler kids.

(pointing)

That's supposed to be Grandpa?

LIZ REDDICK

Yeah. They're doing video games
too. It's like they're turning
Civil Rights into a joke--

MALCOLM

Can you tell them no?

LIZ REDDICK

I don't know. I'm gonna talk to
them.

MALCOLM

I like the song--

But suddenly-- SKRRRR!-- Liz *skidds* to a frightening stop,
and the windshield is suddenly filled with--

--PROTESTERS. All fighting with each other and falling onto
the hood of the car. [*Stunts. Make this a bit frightening.*]

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Mom, what's going on?

LIZ REDDICK

Hold on.

(CONTINUED)

3

Liz looks in her rearview mirror, and backs up. But there are dozens of people hammering at her windows: "11/10! 11/10!"

Liz honks her horn, and, looking over her shoulder, eases her way through the angry protesters. And Liz is back on the road, driving.

MALCOLM

Where are we going, Mom?

LIZ REDDICK

Work. I'll call Dad. Are you alright?

Malcolm looks over his shoulder:

MALCOLM

Yuh-huh. That was like "War of the Worlds." What's going on?

LIZ REDDICK

Nothing. Just angry people.

Liz hides her worry as she continues to drive, and a new title appears:

11 hours left

4

INT. REDDICK/RI'CHARD - VARIOUS - DAY

4

A vase with flowers. On the conference room windowsill.

It looks exactly like the one in the MAIN TITLE. The firm is busy, thriving. But we focus on the beautiful *objet d'art* in the firm...

A decanter of whiskey. On Diane's credenza. A red purse. On Liz's desk. Law books and elegant bookends. In the law library. Desk phones, Newton's Cradle. Both in the bullpen.

We begin to realize the objects are all from the Main Title: not yet exploded.

The last object we cut to is a FLATSCREEN TV in the downstairs conference room, playing the news: a STREET REPORTER doing a stand-up in the middle of a growing riot. Yelling over the chaos:

STREET REPORTER (ON SCREEN)

Most protesters seem to be coming from outside Chicago, drawn by the expectation of violence and the arrival of 11/10--

(CONTINUED)

The report cuts to a TRUCK RENTAL unloading several dozen WHITE SUPREMACISTS [*think Patriot Front, with white ski gaiters*]:

WHITE SUPREMACIST #1 (ON SCREEN)
GROUND ZERO!

Watching the news is JAY as MARISSA stands on a chair at the window, looking down on the noisy plaza, a growing crowd.

MARISSA GOLD
This is feeling like the start of a zombie movie. You know that one with that actress.

JAY DIPERSIA
Sarah Polley.

MARISSA GOLD
(turns to him impressed)
How'd you know that?

JAY DIPERSIA
I know you. DAWN OF THE DEAD. The police are clearing out Millennium Park. They're all moving onto the side streets. Oh, hey.

Jay picks up a WRAPPED BOX from under his seat, slides it down to Marissa.

MARISSA GOLD
What's that?

JAY DIPERSIA
A wedding present.

MARISSA GOLD
(thrilled)
You're kidding. You didn't have to do that.

JAY DIPERSIA
You're right.

Jay takes it back, but Marissa dives for it:

MARISSA GOLD
No, no, no. When am I s'posed to open it?

JAY DIPERSIA
Whenever you want.

But CARMEN enters:

CARMEN MOYO
Who's Felix Staples?

MARISSA GOLD
Oh god, you don't want to know.

CARMEN MOYO
He's here. He asked for you two.

JAY DIPERSIA
Us? Why us?

CARMEN MOYO
Diane's not here. He said you would
know what it's regarding.

MARISSA GOLD
I don't. Do you?

JAY DIPERSIA
Good luck, Marissa.

MARISSA GOLD
What do you mean? You're coming too.

JAY DIPERSIA
No, no. I've gotta go downstairs to
handle firm security. Carmen can
help.

Carmen rolls her eyes. As Marissa finishes opening the
present: a beautiful chess set [*like the one in the new Main
Title*].

MARISSA GOLD
Okay, this is beautiful. I forgive
you.

Marissa hugs Jay and heads out the door with Carmen.

INT. RECEPTION - 23RD FL - DAY

FELIX STAPLES. He stands with a BLACK MALE ASSOCIATE, taking
a selfie.

FELIX STAPLES
Hold on. I was squinting. One more.
Act like you like me.

He takes another photo. When he sees RI'CHARD getting off the
elevator:

(CONTINUED)

FELIX STAPLES (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I want those glasses.
Can I try them on?

RI'CHARD LANE

No.

And Ri'Chard passes, heading toward his office when Marissa and Carmen approach. Flat:

MARISSA GOLD

Mr. Staples, hello.

FELIX STAPLES

Hello I-forgot-your-name.
(to Carmen)

And you are...? Massively sexy. I
want those cheekbones.

CARMEN MOYO

Carmen Moyo.

FELIX STAPLES

Moyo is right. I want Moyo of you.

MARISSA GOLD

What do you need, Felix? Diane
isn't here.

FELIX STAPLES

Where can we go to speak privately?

Marissa sighs at Felix's melodrama, looks around. Takes three
pointless steps away.

MARISSA GOLD

Here.

FELIX STAPLES

(eyes her)
Alright. Dismiss me if you dare,
but in 45 seconds you are going to
be kneeling to kiss my feet.

MARISSA GOLD

I can't wait.

FELIX STAPLES

I have been assaulted. Hold on.
(wipes the corner of his eye)

I have been assaulted...

(whispers)
...sexually by my boss.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5

FELIX STAPLES (CONT'D)

And because I complained, he fired me, so I want to sue.

Marissa and Carmen nod. Eye him.

MARISSA GOLD

Still not feeling the urge to kneel.

FELIX STAPLES

Then let me whisper the name of my boss. Lean in.

CARMEN MOYO

Which one?

FELIX STAPLES

Both of you.

Marissa and Carmen lean in, and Felix whispers to them a name. Marissa and Carmen, obviously impressed, pull away, eye him, as Felix reaches down and takes off one of his shoes.

6

INT. LOBBY - REDDICK/RI'CHARD BUILDING - DAY

6

WHAM-- a mess of PROTESTERS shove against the lobby windows watching it are... Jay and the personable building security guard, DANNY THE GUARD:

JAY DIPERSIA

Should I be getting our people out?

DANNY THE GUARD

Not yet. The police asked us to shelter-in-place until they can clear the plaza. It should take an hour.

JAY DIPERSIA

What about the loading dock?

DANNY THE GUARD

No, we locked it up. Protesters were getting in. I'll call up when I hear more--

Jay's cellphone buzzes. He takes it out, sees who's calling: "Diane." Jay answers as he heads toward the elevator:

JAY DIPERSIA

Diane? Hello?
(hard to hear)
DIANE.

(CONTINUED)

Diane's voice yelling through the noise:

DIANE LOCKHART (O.S.)
Jay, I need some help. I got stuck.

JAY DIPERSIA
Where are you?

EXT. PLAZA - DAY

Diane is deep in the middle of the riot in the plaza. Crazy. She tries to yell over the noise:

DIANE LOCKHART
In the plaza. The police pointed me through a barricade, but there was a rush-- Hello? Jay?

Nothing. Diane looks overhead. A helicopter: choppers deafening. Joined by screams. Whistles. Sirens.

Diane can't see much more than six feet around her-- except for glimpses of horror: PATRIOT FRONT FIGHTERS attacking a BLM PROTESTER with a large AMERICAN FLAGPOLE. The other way...

...a diving PROTESTOR sending ANOTHER one sprawling through the legs of the massive plaza sculpture.

STREET REPORTER
Things have gotten more lively here in the Loop. The police have told us to stay right where we are--

Diane sees the narrating STREET REPORTER doing a stand-up right next to her. When--

WHOMP-- Diane is smacked by a PROTESTER running past. Her dorje hits the pavement.

She bends down to get it. But it's among the packed and rushing feet of the protesters. One person kicks it accidentally. Diane moves to follow it when--

--a tear gas canister lands beside her and the reporter. Diane holds her sleeve to her face. As--

--a WHITE-SUPREMACIST screams into the news lens:

WHITE SUPREMACIST #2
11/10! One more day! ONE MORE!!
Fuck you all!!

And the CAMERAMAN is knocked to the ground. [*All this is done close in, images rushing by, then moving on.*] And oddly, Diane, now on her knees to get her dorje, sees an Hispanic popsicle SALESMAN moving through the crowd, asking Diane:

POPSICLE SALESMAN
Paleta de lima?

Diane eyes him. Insanity. But that image is yanked away as Diane finally grabs her dorje, gets to her feet and sees through the chaos of bodies and a cloud of tear gas...

...Jay looking for her. She yells:

DIANE LOCKHART
JAY!

Jay turns, sees her through the smoke and passing bodies. He rushes to her, yanks off his jacket, thrusts it at her, yelling over the din:

JAY DIPERSIA
Put this over your head. Don't look up, don't touch your eyes.

DIANE LOCKHART
What about you--?!

But the sound is yanked out of her mouth by a THIRD CHOPPER overhead. And we're suddenly in...

...Diane's POV, looking down at her feet, as she's rushed through the crowd by Jay.

Stepping on some hands. Smoke. Oddly, there's a DOLL on the pavement. A dozen LOTTERY TICKETS. Diane, confused, as she keeps moving. A cuffed protester prone on the street, being dragged away by two RIOT POLICE.

Diane peers up through the folds of the jacket, and sees something even weirder. A man in a FURRY ANIMAL SUIT [*one of those Times Square guys?*]; he's waving his arms in the midst of the riot: in alarm, or just confusion? Suddenly--

--a PATRIOT FRONTER jumps up into Diane's view, screaming out:

PATRIOT FRONTER
ARGGGGGHHHHHHH!

A horrifying amount of hatred on his face. Diane is startled and appalled before Jay punches him. They step over him, and get to...

(CONTINUED)

7 ...the revolving door of the Reddick/Ri'Chard building. And--

8 **INT. LOBBY - REDDICK/RI'CHARD BUILDING - DAY** 8

--WHOMP-- Jay and Diane are suddenly through the door into the normalcy of corporate life. Weirdly quiet. Jay insists:

JAY DIPERSIA
Don't touch your eyes. Let's go.

DIANE LOCKHART
Thank you, Jay--

Jay rushes Diane to the elevator, and--

9 **INT. ELEVATOR - DAY** 9

--Ding-- Jay and Diane land in the elevator, heading up.

JAY DIPERSIA
Are your eyes burning?

DIANE LOCKHART
A bit. Owww.

Jay pulls a small squeeze bottle from his jacket pocket:

JAY DIPERSIA
This is a saline solution. Tilt your head back. Keep your eyes closed.

Jay streams it lightly near Diane's eyes. Uses a tissue to wipe away from the eyes.

JAY DIPERSIA (CONT'D)
Do you have a change of clothes in your office?

DIANE LOCKHART
No.

JAY DIPERSIA
I'll get you something. The tear gas is in your clothes. Go right to the executive washroom, and shower. Don't let the water from your hair into your eyes.

10 **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - 22ND FL - DAY** 10

Meanwhile, Felix Staples stands on a chair at the window, looking down at the protesting crowd as Marissa and Carmen wait at the table:

(CONTINUED)

FELIX STAPLES

You should have catapults up here.
Or boiling tar.

MARISSA GOLD

I thought you sympathized with
them.

FELIX STAPLES

I do. But when you see people from
this far up, you want to hurt them.
Where is Diane anyway? Does she
know I'm waiting?

But at that second, Jay leans in the door:

JAY DIPERSIA

Carmen.

Carmen nods, heads toward him as Felix jumps off his chair,
objects:

FELIX STAPLES

Wait. If you have some secret, tell
me too.

But Jay whispers to Carmen:

JAY DIPERSIA

Do you have an extra change of
clothes? Diane got caught in the
tear gas.

CARMEN MOYO

Yeah. Is she alright?

JAY DIPERSIA

A little thrown.

CARMEN MOYO

It's in the closet in my office.

Diane showers in the small executive washroom, gently letting
the water run down her skin. A voice comes from off:

JAY DIPERSIA

I got this from Carmen. Throw your
clothes away when you change.

DIANE LOCKHART

Understood.

12

INT. RI'CHARD'S OFFICE - 23RD FL - DAY

12

The "Big Six" cartoon again plays on Liz's iPad as she and Ri'Chard eye it.

RI'CHARD LANE

Sure, it's dumb, but it's not made for us.

Liz looks across the hall toward Malcolm in her office playing games on his iPad.

LIZ REDDICK

I don't care who it's made for. It's embarrassing.

RI'CHARD LANE

We just licensed the IP. You can't just yank it.

LIZ REDDICK

Yes, but I checked. I have right of refusal based on disparagement. *That* is disparagement. They were talking about PBS documentaries, and Sorkin plays--

RI'CHARD LANE

Which they're still going to do, but six-year-olds don't watch PBS--

LIZ REDDICK

They watch Sesame Street--

RI'CHARD LANE

Okay, I feel brain cells leaking out my ears even now from this argument. Let me get BNY on the phone and you can share your concerns. But they're going to cut you out of the deal then. And you'll lose a half-million in licensing fees a year--

Liz sees Jay rushing past from the executive washroom. Liz waves him in.

LIZ REDDICK

What's going on?

JAY DIPERSIA

A lot of protesters in the plaza. Diane got stuck in it. She's fine.

(CONTINUED)

12

RI'CHARD LANE
What is security saying?

JAY DIPERSIA
The riot police want us to wait
until they clear the front of the
building. They think an hour.

LIZ REDDICK
Okay. Tell us when we should be
sending people home.

13

INT. EXECUTIVE WASHROOM - DAY

13

Diane finishes blow-drying her hair, steps in front of a mirror in Carmen's outfit. Wow. It looks good. Odd and a bit sexy to take on someone else's personality.

Diane feels like someone new.

14

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - 22ND FL - DAY

14

A new Diane in Carmen's outfit plops down into her desk chair, exhausted. She takes the dorje from her pocket, places it in front of her. And takes a massive inhale of breath.

Peace.

She considers it, opens her laptop, types something in, and a familiar photo pops up.

A real estate listing. France. Provence. A villa. It feels like a million years ago, but there it is. The villa she almost bought six years ago.

She clicks on it. And clicks on the British flag in the corner to translate everything to English. It reads:

"20% reduction."

Diane smiles. So fuckin' tempting. She reads at the bottom:

"Are you interested?"

Diane sees a green button "yes." She pauses only a minute before clicking on it. A digital recording of La Marseillaise starts to PLAY. Diane giggles at the silliness of it.

Knock-knock. Diane looks over, sees Carmen knocking at her window. She points toward the conference room where Felix and Marissa sit. Diane sighs and gets up.

15

INT. BULLPEN - 22ND FL - DAY

15

Carmen eyes Diane as they head across to the conference room.

CARMEN MOYO

God, it looks better on you than me.

DIANE LOCKHART

I doubt that.

CARMEN MOYO

Are you alright?

DIANE LOCKHART

Yes.

16

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - 22ND FL - DAY

16

Felix Staples jumps up as Diane enters. He whistles. She looks great.

FELIX STAPLES

Diane, my goodness. The years have been good to you.

DIANE LOCKHART

What do you need, Felix? I don't represent you.

FELIX STAPLES

It's not what I need. It's what you need. As you probably know, I'm not gay.

DIANE LOCKHART

You're not?

FELIX STAPLES

No. I probably never have been. I am with a wonderful woman now. Chalanna. But I was working as an intern for a governor. And I went with him to Texas for CPAC. Back at the hotel, I argued I was not gay, and I would not have sex with him. But he would not take "no" for an answer. He forced me to fellate him. I was repulsed, of course. And when I threatened to go to HR, he fired me. And that is why I'm here today.

(CONTINUED)

MARISSA GOLD
Tell her which governor.

FELIX STAPLES
Well, as you know, I have my pick of any job in Republican circles, but I've been partial to Disney World, so I decided to intern with Governor Ron DeSantis.

Diane eyes a serious Felix and starts to laugh. Felix is offended.

FELIX STAPLES (CONT'D)
Which part is making you laugh?

DIANE LOCKHART
The part where you came here. You were assaulted by Governor DeSantis, and you came to us so we could help you sue him?

FELIX STAPLES
Yes. What is strange?

DIANE LOCKHART
You. This is some bullshit Project Veritas trick.

FELIX STAPLES
When did you start swearing so much? It's very unappetizing. And yet a bit hot too. I knew you would say something like that. That's why I'm prepared.

And Felix pulls off his shirt. Then unbuttons his pants.

DIANE LOCKHART
Oh my god.

FELIX STAPLES
It's the only way I can prove to you I am not recording in any fashion.

DIANE LOCKHART
This is why I'm giving up on the law. It's all insane. It's all performative.

FELIX STAPLES

This is not performative. It'd be performative if I played Erik Eatraxe Nilsson's "We Got That Life."

Which he promptly does, placing his iPhone on the table.

DIANE LOCKHART

Okay, I'm going.

FELIX STAPLES

(continuing to strip)

I was assaulted, Diane! You need to believe a man just as much as a woman. Especially a naked man saying "*I'm just a boy standing in front of a girl, asking her to love him.*"

With that, Diane exits.

INT. RI'CHARD'S OFFICE - 23RD FL - DAY

RI'CHARD LANE

I'm sorry. He said what?

Ri'Chard and Liz stand in front of Diane. With Jay, Carmen, and Marissa.

MARISSA GOLD

He said he interned with Ron DeSantis who assaulted him.

LIZ REDDICK

Sexually?

CARMEN MOYO

Yes.

RI'CHARD LANE

And what are we thinking?

DIANE LOCKHART

It's Felix Staples. He's a liar. We've dealt with him before. He will say anything to get attention.

LIZ REDDICK

Jay?

JAY DIPERSIA

I can make some inquiries.

(CONTINUED)

RI'CHARD LANE

Okay, let's tell him we'll look into it and reconvene on Monday.

MARISSA GOLD

No. He says he'll give us until the end of the day. Then he's going to Russell Carton & Associates.

Ri'Chard and Liz trade a look at that name. Uh-oh.

DIANE LOCKHART

Liz, he's playing us. He knows that's our competitor.

Ri'Chard leans toward Liz, whispers:

RI'CHARD LANE

This is exactly the kind of thing Neil Gross wants. Hardball.

Liz nods, agrees.

LIZ REDDICK

Okay, this is what we do. You three help Diane vet him. And we'll discuss. Let's get back together within the hour.

Jay, Marissa, and Carmen exit. Diane doesn't. Standing there, feeling demoralized. Liz and Ri'Chard look toward her.

LIZ REDDICK (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Diane?

DIANE LOCKHART

We need to talk.

Uh-oh. Diane sits. They do too. She inhales deeply to start:

DIANE LOCKHART (CONT'D)

The Neil Gross business last week threw me.

RI'CHARD LANE

Yes, I'm sorry. He's going with Johnny Elfman?

DIANE LOCKHART

He is. I took a break over the weekend to figure out what I want to do, given what's going on in the world. And I realized... I don't think it's this.

(CONTINUED)

RI'CHARD LANE
What is "this"?

DIANE LOCKHART
The law. Dealing with people like Felix Staples, not caring if he's telling the truth or not. Just thinking strategically how to use him, how to best serve some Neil Gross version of Democracy.

LIZ REDDICK
Well, it's not just that. Ron DeSantis *is* likely to win in 2024.

DIANE LOCKHART
Yeah, but I don't think the law is effective any longer. I just came through a riot down on the street, and I'm kind of done with all the hate.

LIZ REDDICK
Isn't the law the only way to stop the hate?

DIANE LOCKHART
No. It's like screaming into a room of screaming people.

LIZ REDDICK
What other options are there?

DIANE LOCKHART
Walking away from it. We're on a downward spiral, and the only way to stop it is to stop.

Ri'Chard and Liz trade a meaningful look. Ri'Chard decides:

RI'CHARD LANE
I think it's best that I step out and let the two of you talk.

Diane watches Ri'Chard exit. Odd. What's going on?

DIANE LOCKHART
Are you going to give me a speech?

LIZ REDDICK
(smiles)
No. STR Laurie acquired a small law firm in D.C. intending to sell it for parts. Stern & Newman.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIZ REDDICK (CONT'D)

50 lawyers. It focuses on women's issues. Given the Supreme Court and Roe v. Wade, we've decided to reinvigorate it. We want you to go to D.C. and run it.

Diane eyes Liz. Slumping. "Just when I thought I was out, they pull me back in."

LIZ REDDICK (CONT'D)

Diane, for years now, you and I talked about running an all-female firm. Well, here it is. You can run it any way you want. My hope is it will target cases that move the law back on Roe, but that's up to you. There is no shortage on female issues that need tending.

Diane sits back and chuckles.

DIANE LOCKHART

If this was a year ago, Liz, but I'm exhausted.

LIZ REDDICK

A year ago, an all-female firm was a luxury. Not anymore.

Diane considers it, whispers to herself:

DIANE LOCKHART

...dammit...

LIZ REDDICK

So this is what I suggest: we're not accepting your resignation. And we're urging you to accept this offer.

Diane pauses there, eyes Liz uncertainly.

ACT TWO

INT. RI'CHARD'S OFFICE - 23RD FL - DAY

The large screen behind Ri'Chard's desk is now filled with Zoom boxes of ten BNY EXECUTIVES. The leader, DAWN SAUNTER (34):

(CONTINUED)

DAWN SAUNTER (ON ZOOM)

We should've never sent you the cartoon, Liz. We have video games for older kids. And each of the Big Six will get their own line of T-shirts and mugs. Laraine--

LARAINÉ, in one of the Zoom boxes, shows off several T-shirts with photos of the Civil Rights heroes. Sitting in front of the screen, Ri'Chard sees Liz wincing.

RI'CHARD LANE

I think Liz is worried about... commercializing our Civil Rights legacies.

DAWN SAUNTER (ON ZOOM)

No. The shirts and pens are just to point consumers to the important things.

LIZ REDDICK

Which are?

DAWN SAUNTER (ON ZOOM)

Well, Ford and Nike are using quotes from the speeches to help advertise this Christmas. This is just about branding.

RI'CHARD LANE

I think it would help if you sent Liz the ways you want Big Six to be educational, not just entertaining. Okay? We'll talk again.

Ri'Chard shuts it off.

LIZ REDDICK

That did not comfort me.

RI'CHARD LANE

Liz, they're not the enemy. Politics today is just as much about branding as being right. You've got 50,000 white supremacists down on the street there because they think it's cool to wear stupid masks and carry guns.

LIZ REDDICK

And kill us. They want to kill us.

(CONTINUED)

18

RI'CHARD LANE
Is this about your dad's issues?
Because branding is cleansing too.

Liz. She just stares at him tensely, starts out.

19

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - 22ND FL - DAY

19

The French villa. It still looks tempting on Diane's laptop screen. Maybe even more tempting.

Diane stares at it. Frustrated that none of her decisions are easy ones. She slaps the screen closed. But--

--it pops open again as if on a spring.

She frowns, closes it again, but it pops open [*Rocky and Bullwinkle style*]. She puts a heavy law book on it to keep it closed.

Diane grabs her cellphone. Needs to confer with someone. She clicks a speed dial number. And--

A20

INT. NRA CHICAGO - BULLPEN - DAY

A20

--KURT MCVEIGH feels his cellphone vibrate, standing with 12 other suited MACHO EXECUTIVES in the cubicle bullpen of the Chicago NRA. Kurt takes out his phone, sees who's calling. "Diane." As...

B20

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - 22ND FL - DAY

B20

...Diane looks at her cellphone screen. Oh shit. She clicked "Kurt." She quickly hangs up.

DIANE LOCKHART
Damn.

MARISSA GOLD
What?

Diane sees Marissa at her door.

DIANE LOCKHART
I just called Kurt. That was dumb.

MARISSA GOLD
Why? He's your husband.

DIANE LOCKHART
It was automatic. Marital muscle memory. What do you need?

(CONTINUED)

MARISSA GOLD
Mr. Staples says he's leaving.

DIANE LOCKHART
Start vetting him. I'll be there in
a few minutes. Oh, and
congratulations, Marissa.

She smiles as Diane goes to her, hugs her:

DIANE LOCKHART (CONT'D)
I didn't know you were thinking
about marriage.

MARISSA GOLD
I wasn't. It just sort of happened.
Like you and Kurt.

Diane eyes Marissa. An awkward subject.

DIANE LOCKHART
Okay, I'll be right there.
Actually, have you heard of Stern &
Newman?

MARISSA GOLD
The law firm. Yeah.

DIANE LOCKHART
What have you heard of it?

MARISSA GOLD
My dad hates it 'cuz he always
loses to it. I think that means
it's good--
(realizing)
Oh my god, you're taking it over?!

DIANE LOCKHART
No. What're you talking about?

MARISSA GOLD
That's why you're asking about it.
Liz and Ri'Chard want you to take
it over. Okay, this is what I say.
Hire me.

DIANE LOCKHART
Marissa--

MARISSA GOLD
What? Pay me to run your
litigation. I'm good with people,
and I need the money.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

B20

MARISSA GOLD (CONT'D)

My husband's an actor; I'll need to
be the breadwinner. Come on, Diane.
I know everyone my dad does in D.C.

DIANE LOCKHART

I haven't decided anything yet.

MARISSA GOLD

Okay, but hire me when you do.

And Marissa exits as Diane looks at her phone. Scrolls, finds
the button for "Dr. Lyle Bettencourt." She considers it,
dials.

DIANE LOCKHART

Hi. Lyle, I need some serious
advice. It's one of those turning
points. Want to catch dinner
tonight?

20

INT. NRA CHICAGO - BULLPEN - DAY

20

Meanwhile, Kurt steps away from Executive Vice President
BRIAN GONER's (55) impromptu meeting to answer his phone,
as...

BRIAN GONER

We need to remind our NRA members
at the conference that the Supreme
Court can only get us so far. The
Democrats are still gunning for us--

At the other end of the bullpen:

KURT MCVEIGH

Diane? Hello?

Nothing. A butt-dial? Kurt considers it, hits "call back."
But he just gets Diane's voicemail:

"I'm away from my phone at the moment--"

Kurt hangs up, starts back toward the meeting when he sees...

...three FLATSCREEN TVs playing in an office, tuned to
different stations, all playing scenes of the Chicago riot.

All silent through the office glass. We recognize the Street
Reporter on one of the screens, doing his stand-up, just
before he was knocked down.

Kurt gets closer to the screen, seeing--

--there-- just a flash of Diane in the street riot--

(CONTINUED)

20

--just before the tear gas hits, and the Street Reporter's camera gets knocked down.

A NEWSCASTER pops on [*stock shot fine*] and the violent footage replays over and over. Kurt eyes it as he redials Diane. Again her voicemail: "*I'm away from my phone at the moment--*"

And there she is on the screen again. Just the flash of Diane in the riot. In the midst of the violence.

21

INT. NRA CHICAGO - OFFICE - DAY

21

Kurt shoves his laptop into his case.

BRIAN GONER
Where you going?

KURT MCVEIGH
Out.

BRIAN GONER
Out where?! We're expected in Atlanta in three hours.

KURT MCVEIGH
Yeah. I'm not going.

BRIAN GONER
The hell you're not. Kurt, this is the most important speech of the year. We talked about this.

Kurt starts to slide the photos on his desk into his laptop case. Goner eyes this:

BRIAN GONER (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

KURT MCVEIGH
Going.

BRIAN GONER
Kurt, you're in line for the directorship. You can't just...

KURT MCVEIGH
Yes, I can.

And Kurt starts out the door. Brian calls after him:

BRIAN GONER
This is insane. Get back here.

(CONTINUED)

21

The countdown continues:

4 hours left

22

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - 22ND FL - DAY

22

Felix Staples is clothed again, seated. Ready to begin.

FELIX STAPLES
So this is my vetting?

MARISSA GOLD
Yes.

Marissa, Carmen, and an incredulous Diane sit around the table. Jay leans against a wall.

FELIX STAPLES
I am 267 days sodomy-free.

Diane sighs.

FELIX STAPLES (CONT'D)
Yes, mother. I have come out of the closet as straight. I imagine I have never been homosexual. I have just wanted to outrage my mother. Now my real mother is dead, and I can be whatever I want.

DIANE LOCKHART
Can we get to the assault?

FELIX STAPLES
I offered my political services to Governor DeSantis, and he saw me in my bicycle shorts-- worn purely for medical reasons, I assure you-- and he invited me onto his staff. Little did I know what he meant by "staff."
(chuckles)

DIANE LOCKHART
Oh my god.

FELIX STAPLES
Yes, Diane, God is exactly who I prayed to. Roger Stone told me that a demonic portal had opened up over the Florida State Capitol. But I didn't believe him. I took the job. This is where it gets more, shall I say, ribald.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FELIX STAPLES (CONT'D)

Ron invited me to CPAC with him to help on his speech. That's where he drugged me and forced me to have oral sex.

DIANE LOCKHART

Do you have any witnesses to this?

FELIX STAPLES

No, I have better.

He reaches into his bag, and pulls out a RED T-SHIRT. It reads "*Florida is for lovers.*" Felix lays it down on the table like the Shroud of Turin, pointing to the smear on front.

FELIX STAPLES (CONT'D)

A stain.

The room is silent, staring at it. And we go from silence to--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - 23RD FL - DAY

--a shouted fight over the folded shirt now on the upstairs conference table. JULIUS has joined Ri'Chard, Liz, Jay, Carmen, and Marissa in the conference room, arguing over it:

JULIUS CAIN

Don't act like you're pursuing the truth. This is a way to take down Ron DeSantis because he's polling the best against Biden. That's why we're listening to a termite like Felix Staples--

RI'CHARD LANE

Wait, Felix Staples is a Republican. What if he's telling the truth--?

JULIUS CAIN

Oh my god. Diane, has Staples ever told a truth in his life?

DIANE LOCKHART

No, I agree with Julius. We should be cutting him loose--

RI'CHARD LANE

But why are we pre-judging Felix? He's got evidence--

JULIUS CAIN
(pointing at the stain)
That could be anything. That could
be ice cream--

LIZ REDDICK
Jay?

JAY DIPERSIA
The only way to be certain is to
get some of DeSantis's DNA--

JULIUS CAIN
Now that's perfect! Yes, let's
follow DeSantis around on the
campaign trail.

LIZ REDDICK
Anything else?

JAY DIPERSIA
Felix *did* intern with Governor
DeSantis's speechwriting and
political team. And he was fired
last week.

That startles everyone.

LIZ REDDICK
Why?

JAY DIPERSIA
His team wouldn't say. All I know
is he was fired after the weekend
at CPAC.

Silence. Everyone considers that.

DIANE LOCKHART
Like every good liar, he's using a
grain of truth.

LIZ REDDICK
About three years ago, Diane, you
told me you were done with being
the adult in the room. You were
done with being the compliant and
truthful one. Why can't we use lies
like they do?

JULIUS CAIN
Because we're lawyers and we're
dealing with perjury laws--

(CONTINUED)

LIZ REDDICK

No. We have a potential client who might be lying and might not. That's all.

MARISSA GOLD

Can I say something? I can't believe I'm suddenly channeling my dad, but... If you destroy Ron DeSantis, doesn't that give new momentum to Donald Trump?

The room all looks at each other.

RI'CHARD LANE

Keep going.

MARISSA GOLD

Well, I think we all agree, Donald Trump is the scary nut in this equation--

JULIUS CAIN

Not all of us--

MARISSA GOLD

(ignoring that)

DeSantis is just the usual Republican scary politician. If we use what Felix charges to take DeSantis down, doesn't Trump become the prominent candidate?

Silence. The room thinks about it. It's a good point.

RI'CHARD LANE

Or... here's another way to think about it... Isn't it easier to beat Trump in 2024 than DeSantis?

JULIUS CAIN

Oh dear blessed God.

DIANE LOCKHART

Or shouldn't we be more scared of DeSantis anyway? Trump's saving grace was he was an incompetent narcissist. But look at DeSantis. He's anti-science, anti-education, Don't Say Gay; anti-freedom of choice--

(CONTINUED)

LIZ REDDICK

Wait, I thought you were arguing
against using this evidence--

DIANE LOCKHART

I am, but because of Felix, not
because of DeSantis--

Everybody starts arguing. Should they get involved at all?
Who is better to run against? And who is worse. Meanwhile the
RECEPTIONIST enters and slides a note in front of Julius who
reads it, and stands:

JULIUS CAIN

Can I just say, this is why normal
people hate Democrats.

And we follow a pissed Julius...

INT. HALL & JULIUS'S OFFICE - 23RD FL - DAY

...down the hall and to his office where he dials his
cellphone:

JULIUS CAIN

Hello, hi. You've been trying to
contact me?

We don't hear his side, whoever he is. Think someone like
Mitch McConnell.

JULIUS CAIN (CONT'D)

Sorry I was in a meeting. Is there
anything I can do for you?

And WE MOVE IN on Julius's phone to his ear, getting so close
that we hear the caller:

SENATOR CALLER (O.S.)

*Actually, I was going to ask you:
Is there anything I can do for you?*

JULIUS CAIN

For me? No, I'm good, Senator.

SENATOR CALLER (O.S.)

*I respect you so much, Julius:
working with Democrats who judge
you. I would love to bring you on
staff, but it would help to know
where your heart truly lay.*

JULIUS CAIN

I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

SENATOR CALLER (O.S.)
*Kick Felix out the door. He's a
betrayed. He just wants to hurt our
chances. Do you understand?*

Julius pauses, considers it.

JULIUS CAIN

I do.

And-- *click*-- the phone hangs up.

Julius pauses there, considers it. Just standing. Then he starts out his door again. And--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - 23RD FL - DAY

--the argument in the conference room keeps going as Julius enters, stands at the door. Staring straight ahead. Jay is no longer there.

All voices overlapping: *"What would you do if it were
Republicans with Democrats--?" "Come on, Ri'Chard, this is
not what you want--"* But Liz sees Julius standing there,
bewildered.

LIZ REDDICK

What's wrong, Julius?

Julius shakes his head, not sure what he wants to say until it pops out of his mouth. Hard for him to admit:

JULIUS CAIN

I just changed my mind. I think
Felix is telling the truth.

They all stare at him. As Liz and Ri'Chard see Jay coming up to the door, worried. Something has gone wrong.

INT. HALL - 23RD FL - DAY

Ri'Chard and Liz step out, confer with Jay. Whispering.

JAY DIPERSIA

The elevators are frozen.

LIZ REDDICK

What? Why?

JAY DIPERSIA

The lobby says they're working on it. They're having some electrical output issues. There was a fire at a nearby substation.

Ri'Chard frowns, charges toward reception.

27 **INT. LOBBY - REDDICK/RI'CHARD BUILDING - DAY** 27

Riot Police LIEUTENANT MICHAELS (55), Black, compassionate, not a bad guy, talks on the lobby phone:

LIEUTENANT MICHAELS

There was a surge to the infrastructure, sir. And there are people on it, resetting the breakers.

28 **INT. RECEPTION - 23RD FL - DAY** 28

INTERCUT with Ri'Chard, Liz, and Jay gathered around the reception phone on speaker:

RI'CHARD LANE

You're saying we're not in danger?

LIEUTENANT MICHAELS

I'm saying: the best place you can be right now is where you are.

LIZ REDDICK

Why don't we use the stairs?

LIEUTENANT MICHAELS

If you got down here, ma'am, we'd have nowhere to guide you. The streets are still unruly. But the National Guard has been called.

RI'CHARD LANE

How long are we talking?

LIEUTENANT MICHAELS

To get the elevators back? Our guess is an hour.

Liz and Ri'Chard trade a look.

LIZ REDDICK

Lieutenant, we have a lot of nervous people up here.

LIEUTENANT MICHAELS

I understand, ma'am. My first priority is keeping you safe. Call me if you have any other worries.

And-- click-- that's it. Liz, Ri'Chard look to Jay.

(CONTINUED)

RI'CHARD LANE
What do you think?

JAY DIPERSIA
Are people getting nervous up here?

LIZ REDDICK
No. That's what's weird. We've all
gotten used to it.

They look toward the Receptionist placing a "Temporarily Out
of Order" sign in front of the elevators.

RI'CHARD LANE
It's all the other floors, right,
not just us?

JAY DIPERSIA
I called the architectural firm on
the 12th, and the foreclosure
company on the 24th. No elevators.

RI'CHARD LANE
Both white firms?

JAY DIPERSIA
Yes.

The three nod, clearly on the same page.

LIZ REDDICK
Okay, we'll just keep track of
this.

Liz and Ri'Chard start off as Jay turns away to dial his
phone. Into it:

JAY DIPERSIA
Number 377.

A pause. RANDY ELKIN's voice pops on:

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)
What's going on?

JAY DIPERSIA
We've been told to shelter-in-place
up here. Any thoughts?

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)
No.

(CONTINUED)

JAY DIPERSIA

They say the elevators are out. Due to some electrical disruption.

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)

That's possible.

JAY DIPERSIA

I've got sixty Black lawyers up here.

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)

Let me look into it.

JAY DIPERSIA

Thanks.

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)

Jay, remember who we want.

Jay considers it, starts to respond when-- click-- Elkin hangs up.

Jay starts to put his phone away when he thinks about it, and clicks over to his Nest app [from #608]. He eyes the empty office across the street.

No one there. At least that's not worrisome.

INT. LOBBY - REDDICK/RI'CHARD BUILDING - DUSK

Meanwhile, in the building lobby, the noise of the protest outside is still thundering. Coming through the revolving door, a bit out of sorts, is Lyle Bettencourt.

He approaches the elevator bank, but stops, seeing a sign there reading "Temporarily Out of Service."

Lyle crosses to the reception desk, asking Danny the Guard:

LYLE BETTENCOURT

I have an appointment with Diane Lockhart on the 22nd floor.

Looking up from a nearby bench is Kurt McVeigh, hearing this.

LYLE BETTENCOURT (CONT'D)

Do you know how long the elevators will be out?

DANNY THE GUARD

They just went down. Hopefully very soon. Just wait over there and I'll call up.

(CONTINUED)

Bettencourt nods, starts toward the bench where Kurt sits. Kurt considers it, gets up. The slightest bump between them, not aggressive:

KURT MCVEIGH

Excuse me.

LYLE BETTENCOURT

No problem.

Bettencourt eyes Kurt. Something about the way he jumped up when Lyle sat down. Bettencourt watches Kurt cross toward a door-- the stairs-- and enter.

Lyle considers it, looks toward the reception desk, and decides not to wait either.

Lyle heads toward the stairs and enters too. A superimposed title again appears:

2 hours left

ACT THREE

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - 23RD FL - DUSK

A video game. Single-shooter chasing KKK in white hoods, and white-supremacists with guns. In some Southern setting.

It's on Liz's TV as Malcolm plays it. He's getting good.

LIZ REDDICK

What are you doing? What is that?

Malcolm looks up at his entering mom.

MALCOLM

A game.

LIZ REDDICK

Where did you get that?

MALCOLM

Ri'Chard. Look. Got one.

Boom-- Malcolm blasts a lyncher away and the screen is overtaken by a photo of James Farmer, his name under it.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

"James Farmer." Who's James Farmer?

(CONTINUED)

RI'CHARD LANE

One of the Big Six. If you want to know more, you click on that hyperlink there.

Ri'Chard comes in behind Liz.

MALCOLM

Uh-huh. Thanks.

LIZ REDDICK

Ri'Chard, can we talk for a second?

INT. HALL - 23RD FL - DUSK

Liz has Ri'Chard by the circular stairs.

LIZ REDDICK

Don't do that.

RI'CHARD LANE

What?

LIZ REDDICK

Use my son as a guinea pig.

RI'CHARD LANE

Your son came to me and asked about the video games you mentioned.

LIZ REDDICK

Next time talk to me.

RI'CHARD LANE

Sure, but you have to admit, he's asking about these Civil Rights heroes he wouldn't give a damn about. The starting point to education is entertainment.

Meanwhile, Diane exits the conference room, taking out her buzzing cellphone. She reads: "Caller Unknown." She considers it, answers:

DIANE LOCKHART

Hello?

BRIAN GONER (O.S.)

Yes, Ms. Lockhart, this is Brian Goner. I think you remember me from the NRA Christmas dinner.

DIANE LOCKHART

Yes. My husband's not here.

(CONTINUED)

31

Diane heads toward the law library and stairs. As WE INTERCUT with...

32

INT. NRA CHICAGO - OFFICE - DUSK

32

...Brian Goner in his office, rushing around.

BRIAN GONER

I know. I'm having trouble contacting him. And I think he's operating under a misapprehension.

DIANE LOCKHART

I'll give you his number.

BRIAN GONER

No, no. I think he's screening his calls, and doesn't want to hear from me.

Diane now starts down the bullpen stairs toward her office:

DIANE LOCKHART

Why?

BRIAN GONER

He quit today.

Diane pauses, considering it.

DIANE LOCKHART

He did?

BRIAN GONER

Yes.

DIANE LOCKHART

Why?

BRIAN GONER

He didn't say, but could you tell him: I need him to go to Atlanta because we're giving him an award there. We wanted to surprise him. He's being given the Second Amendment award. That's the highest honor we bestow. So please tell him: come back to us. We're his family. We value him. If he needs time off he can have it.

(nothing from Diane)

Ms. Lockhart?

(CONTINUED)

32

DIANE LOCKHART
I'll tell him.

BRIAN GONER
Thank you. We rescheduled his
flight for eleven tonight.

Diane hangs up. Thinks about it. Not sure what to think. As
we find...

33

INT. STAIRWELL - DUSK

33

...Kurt passing a large painted "6" on the wall of the cinder-
block stairs, as Lyle Bettencourt continues to climb a flight
below him. Both a bit out of breath. A curious Bettencourt,
finding this all weird, calls up to Kurt:

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Are you Diane's husband?

Kurt takes a moment, not sure whether to answer. He does:

KURT MCVEIGH
Yes.

Kurt pauses, looks down toward him, a floor below.

KURT MCVEIGH (CONT'D)
Are you her doctor?

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Yes, I mean, I was. Up until a
month ago.

That's it. They continue up.

CUT TO: The 9th floor. A Large "9" on the wall. Lyle still a
half-floor below Kurt. Both a bit more out of breath:

LYLE BETTENCOURT (CONT'D)
Do you know what's going on up
here?

KURT MCVEIGH
No.

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Do you think Diane is in danger?

KURT MCVEIGH
No.

(CONTINUED)

LYLE BETTENCOURT

You seem like someone who would
know when someone was in danger.

Kurt nods, continues up. Lyle considers it, continues up too.

CUT TO: The 12th floor. Kurt pauses by the large "12" to catch his breath and let Bettencourt catch up. Lyle eyes him suspiciously as he approaches. Is Kurt going to punch him?

KURT MCVEIGH

What's your name?

LYLE BETTENCOURT

Lyle. You're Kurt?

KURT MCVEIGH

Yes. You went away this weekend
with Diane?

LYLE BETTENCOURT

(cautious)

Yes. But for a meditation retreat.

Kurt eyes Lyle as he comes up beside him. The two men couldn't be more different.

LYLE BETTENCOURT (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I ask: Why are you
going up to Diane?

KURT MCVEIGH

I tried her. She's not picking up.
You?

LYLE BETTENCOURT

We're supposed to have dinner. You
think something is wrong?

KURT MCVEIGH

No... maybe. I saw her in the
background. On the news. In a riot.

LYLE BETTENCOURT

You could try the front desk. They
could connect you.

Kurt stares at Lyle. The two men eyeing each other. Then Kurt starts off again, moving up toward a large painted "13." As...

...a phone RINGS in the quiet stairwell. Kurt stops. As from a half-flight below:

(CONTINUED)

LYLE BETTENCOURT (CONT'D)

I think that's yours, not mine.

Oh. Kurt takes out his cellphone, sees it's "Diane" calling. Kurt pauses only a second-- an awkward moment-- watching Bettencourt approach. Kurt nods for him to continue up:

KURT MCVEIGH

Go ahead.

LYLE BETTENCOURT

No, I'm okay. Gotta catch my breath.

Kurt sighs, turns away:

KURT MCVEIGH

Hello?

DIANE LOCKHART (O.S.)

Kurt. Where are you?

KURT MCVEIGH

(how to answer that)

Nearby. Why?

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - 22ND FL - DUSK

INTERCUT with Diane pacing by her window. Sun setting.

DIANE LOCKHART

Your boss from the NRA called. He thinks you've been screening his calls.

KURT MCVEIGH

Brian?

DIANE LOCKHART

Yes. He wants you to go to Atlanta with him. The convention was really a surprise. They're giving you the 2nd Amendment award there.

(Kurt doesn't answer)

They rescheduled your flight for eleven.

Kurt pauses, shoots a look toward Bettencourt. Fuck, this is awkward.

DIANE LOCKHART (CONT'D)

Kurt, did you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

KURT MCVEIGH

Yes.

DIANE LOCKHART

He said you quit.

A long pause. Kurt stoic as always.

KURT MCVEIGH

Yuh-huh.

DIANE LOCKHART

Kurt, listen to me. If you're doing any of this heroic stuff for me - stop. We can't correct a decade of disagreements in one grand gesture. Am I glad you're not working for the NRA? Yes. I never wanted them to benefit from your skills. But our argument was never just about that. Politics is also about how we view the world. You keep talking about love - but love has to be imbued with trust. And I can't trust that what you believe in is good for the world...

(nothing)

Kurt?

KURT MCVEIGH

Yes.

DIANE LOCKHART

Why do you always let me do the talking?

Kurt pauses on that. Sees Bettencourt trying to give him his space. Into the phone:

KURT MCVEIGH

I'm not good at... explaining. Myself or the world.

DIANE LOCKHART

(sad)

I know. Kurt, I can't act like this stuff doesn't matter anymore. Go get on that plane and win your award. You deserve it.

And Diane hangs up. Feeling lost. She marches away from her desk, growls frustrated. As...

...Kurt stands in the stairwell. Bettencourt:

(CONTINUED)

34

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Was that Diane?

KURT MCVEIGH
Yes.

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Is she alright?

KURT MCVEIGH
Yes.

And Kurt starts off again, but not down the stairs. Up. Bettencourt eyes him and sighs, following. But...

35

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - 22ND FL - NIGHT

35

...Diane looks out at the night. Sirens below, helicopters above, a distant explosion. She scrolls her phone past "Kurt" coming to "Lyle Bettencourt." She clicks it. And...

36

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

36

...a cellphone RINGS again, echoing in the stairwell. Both Kurt and Bettencourt out of breath. Kurt calls down from a large painted "14" to Lyle halfway down the flight:

KURT MCVEIGH
Yours.

Lyle pulls out his cell, sees it's Diane.

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Got it.
(answers)
Hey.

Kurt pauses, knows it's Diane from the way he responds. As we INTERCUT with...

37

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - 22ND FL - NIGHT

37

...Diane leaning against the nighttime window, lights low:

DIANE LOCKHART
Hey, things have got a little complicated here, so I think we'll have to skip dinner.

Bettencourt chuckles, catches his breath.

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Actually, I'm on my way up to you now.

(CONTINUED)

Kurt, hearing that, pauses.

DIANE LOCKHART
You're--? What do you mean?

LYLE BETTENCOURT
I'm climbing the stairs. I'm on the
14th floor right now.

DIANE LOCKHART
You're climbing the stairs?

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Yes. The elevator wasn't working.

DIANE LOCKHART
(laughing)
Lyle, that's a sweet romantic
gesture, but please head back down.
I don't know how long the elevators
will be out.

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Actually, I'm with Kurt coming up
to you.

Diane pauses there, confused. A baffling thought.

DIANE LOCKHART
You're with Kurt? Kurt, my husband?

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Yes.

DIANE LOCKHART
Why are you with my husband?

LYLE BETTENCOURT
I'm not with him-- We just happen
to be heading up together.

Kurt hears this half a flight up.

DIANE LOCKHART
Oh my god. I just talked to Kurt.
He didn't say.

LYLE BETTENCOURT
Yes. He saw you on TV, in a riot.
Or something.

Diane blinks, blinks. Not sure what to say. Too many emotions
flitting through her mind.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE LOCKHART

You both have to head down. Please,
promise me, you'll head down.

But suddenly the lights in the stairwell start to brown out.
In Diane's office too, blinking on and off. Fading to half-
power.

LYLE BETTENCOURT

I'll talk to you. The lights are
going wonky here.

And Lyle hangs up. He looks up toward Kurt, a half-flight up.

LYLE BETTENCOURT (CONT'D)

Kurt?

KURT MCVEIGH

Yuh-huh.

LYLE BETTENCOURT

Diane wants us to head back down.

KURT MCVEIGH

Are you?

LYLE BETTENCOURT

No.

KURT MCVEIGH

Then let's go. Be careful. Use your
cellphone light.

Kurt pulls out his, switches it on. So does Lyle. And as they
continue up,...

INT. RI'CHARD'S OFFICE - 23RD FL - NIGHT

...an impressed Felix Staples enters Ri'Chard's office with
Liz, Ri'Chard, and a late arriving Diane:

FELIX STAPLES

My, my, I think I've been found
worthy. Amazing what a cum-stained
T-shirt can do.

RI'CHARD LANE

We want to know more about your
accusation, Mr. Staples.

FELIX STAPLES

(eyeing the piano)
My mother was a piano teacher.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FELIX STAPLES (CONT'D)

She thought the world would be beautiful if everyone could play the piano. So she went into the ghettos, and dragged perfectly happy Black kids to her lessons.

He sits at the keys, starts to play. Something from, let's say, GODSPELL.

FELIX STAPLES (CONT'D)

How disappointed she was when she realized they would rather be out on the streets than singing...

(sings)

"Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord."

This was the easiest one because it was the same thing over and over.

(sings)

"Prepare ye the way of the lord."

LIZ REDDICK

Where did Governor DeSantis assault you?

FELIX STAPLES

At CPAC.

LIZ REDDICK

No, where at CPAC?

FELIX STAPLES

In his room.

LIZ REDDICK

What room?

FELIX STAPLES

Do you want me to tell you the room number?

DIANE LOCKHART

Yes.

FELIX STAPLES

I don't remember.

Felix continues to play Godspell, and occasionally sing:
"Prepare Ye."

RI'CHARD LANE

What floor?

FELIX STAPLES

This is seeming a little hostile.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE LOCKHART

This should be easy. Which hotel?

FELIX STAPLES

The Sheraton.

LIZ REDDICK

Unfortunately, the Governor changed hotels at the last minute. He was at the Hyatt.

FELIX STAPLES

That must've been it.

Liz and Ri'Chard stand:

RI'CHARD LANE

Okay, thanks for your help, Mr. Staples.

FELIX STAPLES

What's wrong? Just tell me which hotel you want it to be.

RI'CHARD LANE

No. This is the number for Russell Carton & Associates. Please go tell them the story.

FELIX STAPLES

What are you talking about? Ron DeSantis is going to win if you don't use this.

LIZ REDDICK

A lie?

FELIX STAPLES

Of course it's a lie. But what does it matter? You want it because you hate DeSantis. I want it because it will put Trump ahead in the polling. Win-win.

Ri'Chard throws up his hands:

RI'CHARD LANE

Well, that was a waste of a day.

Suddenly the lights start dimming, then switching on and off. Felix jumps up:

FELIX STAPLES

Oh my god. They're here for me.

(CONTINUED)

38

DIANE LOCKHART
God, you're narcissistic.

FELIX STAPLES
Haven't you seen the crowds down
there? They hate me.

But Diane is already out the door, as...

39

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

39

...Kurt arrives at a new stairwell landing, a large "21"
painted there. He stops. In front of him, blocking his way,
is a massive tumbleweed of metal chairs, desks.

It's almost like a modernist sculpture, blocking the stairs.

LYLE BETTENCOURT
What is that?

An out of breath Lyle comes up behind Kurt. They stare at the
monstrosity, and Kurt reaches out, shakes it.

LYLE BETTENCOURT (CONT'D)
Pretty solid?

Kurt looks at the metal. It's been welded together in a few
places.

LYLE BETTENCOURT (CONT'D)
That's a lot of effort to keep
people from going up.

KURT MCVEIGH
(eyes widening)
Or to keep people from going down.

Kurt takes out his cellphone, dialing, alarmed. He gets her
voicemail again-- "*Please leave a message after the beep*"--
as he heads toward the 20th floor door, Bettencourt
following:

KURT MCVEIGH (CONT'D)
Diane. Someone is trying to trap
you. Get to cover right now.

40

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - 23RD FL - NIGHT

40

Meanwhile, Liz enters her dark office, seeing Malcolm sitting
on the floor, deep in thought.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ REDDICK

Don't worry, the building is having
a little trouble with the lights.
It should be on in a few minutes.

Malcolm doesn't respond, still staring off.

LIZ REDDICK (CONT'D)

Are you still playing the video
game?

MALCOLM

It froze.

LIZ REDDICK

Oh. Sorry. Do you want something to
eat? I think there are some snacks.

MALCOLM

No.

LIZ REDDICK

What's wrong, Malc'?

MALCOLM

Did Grandpa rape people?

Oh, fuck. Liz realizes exactly what happened. She looks up
toward her TV screen. A hyperlink has taken Malcolm to Carl
Reddick's Wikipedia page.

LIZ REDDICK

That's from the game?

MALCOLM

Yes.

LIZ REDDICK

You followed a hyperlink?

MALCOLM

Yuh-huh.

Liz pauses: how to begin?

LIZ REDDICK

Grandpa was a... complicated man.
He was a good man, but he did some
bad things too.

MALCOLM

Why didn't you tell me?

(CONTINUED)

LIZ REDDICK

I don't know. I think it was hard
for me to deal with too. But I was
wrong not to say anything.

MALCOLM

How many did he rape?

Liz pauses. Honest and therefore hard:

LIZ REDDICK

Of the ones I know, six.

MALCOLM

I wish he were alive.

LIZ REDDICK

Why?

MALCOLM

So I could ask him why.

Liz goes to Malcolm, hugs him tight.

LIZ REDDICK

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

MALCOLM

You should let them do the cartoon.
And the game.

LIZ REDDICK

Why?

MALCOLM

'Cuz kids can read about it, and
decide for themselves.

Liz hugs him tighter.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Where are the snacks?

LIZ REDDICK

Bottom drawer.

But at that second...

INT. HALL - 23RD FL - NIGHT

...Jay answers his ringing phone:

JAY DIPERSIA

Diane, what's up?

(CONTINUED)

41

DIANE LOCKHART (O.S.)
*Kurt just called, saying that
someone is trying to trap us up
here. Is there any way--*

JAY DIPERSIA
I'm looking.

And Jay brings up his Nest app. Seeing a terrifying sight:
EIGHT PATRIOT FRONT types, filling the abandoned office
across the street, carrying rifles. Jay yells:

JAY DIPERSIA (CONT'D)
Get down, Diane. He's right!

And Jay yells to everyone on the 23rd floor:

JAY DIPERSIA (CONT'D)
EVERYONE DOWN ON THE GROUND NOW!
DOWN! STAY AWAY FROM THE WINDOWS!

And at that moment the whole floor is plunged into darkness
except for lights coming from outside the windows. A title
appears:

1 hour left

42

OMITTED

42

ACT FOUR

43

INT. BULLPEN - 22ND FL - NIGHT

43

The bullpen is dark too as Jay yells from the top of the
stairs:

JAY DIPERSIA
EVERYONE DOWN ON THE GROUND NOW!
Marissa, they're across the street!

And Marissa, eyes widening, yells too:

MARISSA GOLD
Get away from the windows. Now!

And everyone hits the floor, just as--

--WHOMP-WHOMP-WHOMP-- Gunfire blasts through the bullpen
window. Dozens of shots. Wave upon wave. Glass slivers
falling everywhere. And we see...

(CONTINUED)

--the vase of flowers from the first act and the Main Title blasted to pieces. Then--

--the whiskey decanter on Diane's credenza explodes. The red purse in Liz's desk-- BOOOM!

The law books and bookends are blasted away in the law library. Bullpen desk phones and Newton's Cradle-- WHAM-WHAM.

SMASH-- one of the glass partitions is shattered, falling near Carmen and Marissa. They cover their heads, as Carmen crawls to Marissa, throwing a protective arm over her shoulder:

CARMEN MOYO

Are you okay?

MARISSA GOLD

Yes. Diane was at her desk.

They both crawl toward Diane's door. Yelling:

MARISSA GOLD (CONT'D)

Diane, are you okay?

They search for her. A hand reaches out from behind her desk and waves. Diane.

CARMEN MOYO

Are you hurt?

DIANE LOCKHART

No. Anyone else?

CARMEN MOYO

Don't think so.

Jay, at the top of the stairs, studies his cellphone. The Nest camera view. The white supremacists crowded into the office across the way are joined by THREE MORE. Jay yells to the bullpen:

JAY DIPERSIA

I called 911! Don't stand up! It's not over!

Jay dials his phone. Whispers:

JAY DIPERSIA (CONT'D)

Number 377.

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)

What's up?

(CONTINUED)

JAY DIPERSIA
We're being fired at. Shooter in
the same location. 19th floor.
Corner office.

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)
We're almost there. Stay put.

Jay hangs up, yells to everyone:

JAY DIPERSIA
Stay down. Shooters are still
active!

INT. 23RD FLOOR - VARIOUS - NIGHT

LATER... Silence. Everyone flat on the floor. Ri'Chard. Liz.
Malcolm. Julius. The Receptionist. Even Felix. In the
reception by the elevators:

FELIX STAPLES
Anyone have any snacks?

JULIUS CAIN
Just stay down, Mr. Staples.

Julius is on the floor near him.

FELIX STAPLES
I'm hungry.

INT. BULLPEN - 22ND FL - NIGHT

The bullpen is also quiet, still. All the workers on the
floor. We find Jay, on his back, studying his iPhone,
seeing...

...the Patriot Front shooters still looking for targets
when...

...a new MAN enters behind them. In black. Wearing a gas
mask. It's someone from the Collective. He carries a large
tank which he turns on, and it bursts, filling the room with
white gas, obscuring everything.

Jay's phone RINGS. Answering:

JAY DIPERSIA
It's Jay.

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)
How's Carmen?

JAY DIPERSIA

Good. What's up there?

RANDY steps in front of the Nest camera, offers a thumbs up, talks on his phone:

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)

We knocked out the militia on the 19th floor. Stay where you are until we clear the other floors. Should be twenty minutes.

JAY DIPERSIA

What're you doing with them?

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)

We have another flight tonight.

JAY DIPERSIA

Antarctica?

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)

Stay put.

Click. Randy hangs up. Jay watches as Randy and his MEN drag the unconscious militia members out the door, the gas clearing. Jay calls to the rest of the bullpen:

JAY DIPERSIA

Stay down for another twenty minutes!

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - 22ND FL - NIGHT

Marissa sees specks of blood on Carmen's head:

MARISSA GOLD

Don't move. You're bleeding. You've got glass on your head.

(Marissa picks slivers of glass from Carmen)

One second.

And Marissa crawls out the door.

CARMEN MOYO

Marissa, stop crawling around.

But Marissa reaches carefully up into a hot desk, knows there are ANTISEPTIC TOWELETTES there.

(CONTINUED)

46

JAY DIPERSIA
Marissa, stay right there.
(calling on his phone)
Liz. How are you up there?

47

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - 23RD FL - NIGHT

47

INTERCUT with Liz on the floor of her office with Malcolm and now Ri'Chard, all tucked behind her desk:

LIZ REDDICK
We're alive. We called 911. Should
we crawl to the stairs?

JAY DIPERSIA
No. Just stay in place for a half
hour.

LIZ REDDICK
Okay. Keep us in touch.

And Liz hangs up as Ri'Chard and Malcolm squeeze in together.

RI'CHARD LANE
My god, we're becoming experts at
this.

48

INT. RECEPTION - 23RD FL - NIGHT

48

Meanwhile Felix stares up at the ceiling. Hates silence. He starts singing lightly to himself:

FELIX STAPLES
*Prepare ye the way of the Lord.
Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*

Yes, ludicrously inappropriate.

49

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - 23RD FL - NIGHT

49

Out of nowhere, Malcolm turns to Ri'Chard:

MALCOLM
Did you ever meet my grandfather?

LIZ REDDICK
Maybe another time, Malc'.

RI'CHARD LANE
Yes.

MALCOLM
Did you like him?

(CONTINUED)

RI'CHARD LANE

No.

Liz eyes Ri'Chard, respects his honesty.

RI'CHARD LANE (CONT'D)

But I thought he was great. He was a legend. Sometimes you don't need to like legends.

MALCOLM

Why did he do the bad things he did?

LIZ REDDICK

Is this really the best time, Malc'?

RI'CHARD LANE

There's probably no better time than hiding under a desk from gunshots. Malcolm, I don't know why he did those bad things.

MALCOLM

"It's complicated"?

RI'CHARD LANE

It's probably not. Legends get old; they lose their fight, their passion; they miss the attention of the fight. So they do bad things because it fills the void.

Malcolm thinks about it.

RI'CHARD LANE (CONT'D)

But your grandfather encouraged more Black lawyers than any man on Earth, so... you can't only look at the bad.

MALCOLM

(nods)

I liked reading about him.

RI'CHARD LANE

Good. I do too.

Liz smiles between them. As...

50

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - 22ND FL - NIGHT

50

...downstairs, Marissa in Diane's office dabs at the blood and glass on Carmen's head.

CARMEN MOYO

Ow.

MARISSA GOLD

Then don't move.

Diane dials her phone again, not getting anyone.

CARMEN MOYO

I think the police are going to take some time.

DIANE LOCKHART

No. I'm calling Kurt.

MARISSA GOLD

And Lyle.

CARMEN MOYO

Who's Lyle?

MARISSA GOLD

Her doctor.

DIANE LOCKHART

Ex-doctor.

CARMEN MOYO

Where are they?

DIANE LOCKHART

Trying to be heroes. Climbing up the stairs to save me.

MARISSA GOLD

How romantic.

DIANE LOCKHART

Or something.

MARISSA GOLD

Are they going to fight for you?

DIANE LOCKHART

No.

(CONTINUED)

MARISSA GOLD

Maybe they'll have you choose. With the bullets flying, wouldn't that be perfect?

CARMEN MOYO

Do you know who you're choosing?

DIANE LOCKHART

I'm not choosing anyone.

MARISSA GOLD

She's choosing me. She's taking me to D.C. to run her litigation department.

Diane smiles.

CARMEN MOYO

No. I know who you'll choose.

MARISSA GOLD

Who?

CARMEN MOYO

Kurt.

MARISSA GOLD

Why?

CARMEN MOYO

We were in the elevator, and a grenade was thrown in. We thought we had seconds to live. And you said one word. "Kurt."

Diane eyes Carmen. She forgot that.

CARMEN MOYO (CONT'D)

I thought that was a great thing to know. When you're about to die: who you're thinking about.

Diane still eyes Carmen. Surprised. Considering it. She looks back up at the ceiling. As...

...one of the doors opens outside Ri'Chard's office-- one we've never really focused on before. And through the door come two men, standing like heroes.

Kurt. And Lyle.

They look around the ghost ship that is Reddick/Ri'Chard. Where is everybody? They pass into reception and DING-- DING. The two elevators open in front of them. They stare at them, deadpan.

LYLE BETTENCOURT

Of course.

But Felix is on his feet, and rushing into the elevator.

FELIX STAPLES

Tell Diane, see her in '24.

And-- *ding*-- the elevators close and head down, as...

INT. BULLPEN - 22ND FL - NIGHT

...Jay's cellphone RINGS. He answers:

JAY DIPERSIA

How are we doing?

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)

All clear. We got them all.

JAY DIPERSIA

Thanks.

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)

There was a plan with one of the riot police in the lobby to keep you trapped up there. They're coming after our intelligentsia. Black universities, Black law firms, Black businesses.

JAY DIPERSIA

I'm joining you.

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)

This is full-time now, Jay. You can't split your attention.

JAY DIPERSIA

I'm quitting here and joining you. I want to do what you do.

A long pause. Then...

RANDY ELKIN (O.S.)

We'll have a van out front in ten minutes. Bring Carmen too.

And Elkin hangs up. Just as-- the lights blink on in the bullpen. Blinding.

JAY DIPERSIA
We're all-clear.

People slowly rise to their feet. Including Marissa, Diane, Carmen.

CARMEN MOYO
Diane.

Carmen points to the top of the bullpen stairs. Lyle. And Kurt. Waiting there. Not wanting to jump ahead of the others.

DIANE LOCKHART
I guess I'd better go talk to them.

MARISSA GOLD
Remember you picked me. And I'm not sharing you.

Diane smiles at Marissa and heads up.

Carmen and Marissa watch Diane go to Lyle, talk to him first. Too far away to hear what they say. But...

...after a second, Diane leans in and hugs him tight, and then we're there beside the two...

...Diane's mouth to Lyle's ear and she whispers emotionally:

DIANE LOCKHART
I'm sorry.

Lyle nods. And pulls away to tell her in return:

LYLE BETTENCOURT
I'm sorry too.

Lyle hugs her, kisses her on the cheek, and heads off. As...

...Diane goes to Kurt, and kisses him. A long passionate kiss. As Carmen and Marissa watch:

MARISSA GOLD
You're never getting your clothes back.

CARMEN MOYO
I know.

They watch the two kiss.

(CONTINUED)

JAY DIPERSIA
Carmen, do you have a minute?

Carmen sees Jay. She nods, follows him.

INT. RECEPTION - 23RD FL - NIGHT

Jay and Carmen stop in a corner of reception. Talking quietly:

JAY DIPERSIA
This is just the beginning of a long battle, you know?

CARMEN MOYO
I don't think this is even the beginning.

Jay nods: good point.

JAY DIPERSIA
I can't work here anymore. I need to work with people making a difference.

CARMEN MOYO
The Collective?

JAY DIPERSIA
(nods)
They want you too. Come with me. They have a van downstairs.

Carmen considers it, sees Liz down the hall picking up a broken phone. Ri'Chard sitting at his piano, hearing it is out-of-tune.

CARMEN MOYO
No. I like working here.

JAY DIPERSIA
Nothing happens here. What we build up one day gets knocked down the next. If this is about money--

CARMEN MOYO
No. I was built to be a lawyer, not an activist. I still have something to learn here.

Jay eyes her, smiles.

JAY DIPERSIA
You're sure?

A53

CARMEN MOYO

I am.

Jay reaches out, briefly hugs her.

CARMEN MOYO (CONT'D)

Don't get yourself killed.

JAY DIPERSIA

You either.

And Jay gets on an arriving elevator, holds the door open, looks around at the law firm one last time. Waves to Carmen. And the doors close. Carmen takes a strong inhale of breath, and--

B53

INT. BULLPEN - 22ND FL - NIGHT

B53

--she starts down the stairs toward a smiling Marissa:

CARMEN MOYO

Where's Diane and Kurt?

MARISSA GOLD

I don't know. I think fucking somewhere.

Carmen smiles. Then laughs hard. Marissa eyes her:

MARISSA GOLD (CONT'D)

You're going crazy. That wasn't even funny.

CARMEN MOYO

I've been storing up my laughter.

MARISSA GOLD

That's what a shoot-out does to you?

Carmen eyes Marissa and continues to laugh. A supered title appears.

4 minutes left

Whoa. That's not great. We thought it was over.

53

EXT. PLAZA - NIGHT

53

The plaza is empty. Finally quiet. Dark. Kurt kisses Diane at the far end, near his CAR. After a second, they lean in to each other:

(CONTINUED)

KURT MCVEIGH

How are we gonna make this work?

DIANE LOCKHART

A lot of sex and pasta.

(Kurt smiles)

All I know is I can't live without you.

Kurt pulls her to him, kissing her passionately:

KURT MCVEIGH

I'll get the pasta started.

Diane smiles as Kurt gets in his car. Diane starts away, sees Liz backing away from another CAR starting off.

DIANE LOCKHART

Was Malcolm okay?

LIZ REDDICK

Yeah. His dad came for him.

They walk back across the plaza together toward work:

DIANE LOCKHART

Was he scared?

LIZ REDDICK

A little. Ri'Chard was actually really good about that. So have you decided about D.C.?

Diane keeps walking. Thinking.

DIANE LOCKHART

Do you ever wonder after all this, after everything we've done-- why?

(Liz laughs)

We couldn't have worked harder for the last six years, and things just turned out the shittiest way possible.

LIZ REDDICK

That's not true. Things can always get shittier.

The two smile.

DIANE LOCKHART

Not a great motivation for going to D.C. "Things can always get shittier."

(CONTINUED)

LIZ REDDICK

Diane. In the end, we don't do it for the country, or the world. We do it for Dustin Gish, Rashid Clarkson, Dale Kuzma, Pastor Easton, Dr. Picot, Dominika Sokolov, Melanie Clark, Craig Savador, Marta Tecades, Isabel Rivi, Jay DiPersia.

(with each name, we should cut to their faces in old episodes)
You didn't think I'd remember all their names. Every single one of them you changed their lives. You argued for them. No one else would. And now I'm giving you a chance to keep doing it. This seems like a no-brainer to me.

DIANE LOCKHART

And if I'm burnt out?

LIZ REDDICK

Take a break. You have a week.

Diane stops, looks at Liz. And hugs her.

DIANE LOCKHART

Okay, D.C. I'll miss you.

They both find themselves tearful.

LIZ REDDICK

I'll be there in spirit. Or on Zoom.

Diane smiles as... A title appears:

Time's up

Ding-- ding. Liz and Diane, entering the lobby, hear both their iPhones ding. They take them out, read. And...

DIANE LOCKHART

Oh god.

LIZ REDDICK

Shit.

And they look up at the massive video screen in the lobby. Towering over them. News showing: Donald J. Trump. They enter...

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INT. LOBBY - REDDICK/RI'CHARD BUILDING - NIGHT

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...the lobby to hear the newscaster narrate:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
*With rumors swirling around
Governor DeSantis about a potential
sexual assault scandal, Donald
Trump chose this moment to announce
he's running for President.*

Liz and Diane stare up at the massive image of Trump
overwhelmed.

THE END