



E.D.N.Y.

"PILOT"

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**2nd NETWORK DRAFT
December 13, 2002**

NBC Studios
3000 West Alameda Ave
Burbank, CA 91523

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TEASER

UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

JIMMY ERLICK, a 30-year-old AUSA (Assistant United States Attorney), carefully, quietly slips out of bed.

FEMALE VOICE

Where are you going?

ERLICK

Got to get ready for court.

FEMALE VOICE

It's 3 a.m.!

ERLICK

I overslept.

FEMALE VOICE

Is this the way it's always going to be?

ERLICK

I hope so.

MANHATTAN STREET - MINUTES LATER

Erlick walks up the deserted avenue dialing his cell phone. His shirt is out, coat collar is up.

ERLICK

Spera, it's me.

APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

DEA AGENT DOMINICK SPERA, a mid-thirties, tough looking guy, lies naked in bed, clearly ripped up from a night of heated loving.

SPERA

Tiger Boy? What time is it?

ERLICK

Agent, your testimony is key tomorrow, you know that. Are you good to go?

SPERA

I will be if I get my sleep.

ERLICK

When you say "sleep" what do you mean? Who are you with? Are you with Kavanaugh, Agent Spera?

A woman's ARM reaches across Spera's chest, pulling closer.

SPERA

It's not your business.

ERLICK

Everything's my business.

SPERA

It is 3 a.m., Erlick, what's on your mind?

ERLICK

I'm worried about the mook. He's going to change his story.

SPERA

Not if he wants to have a life.

Spera's GIRL snuggles closer, her hands working across Spera's body.

ERLICK

The Grand Jury is sitting on the fence. Six months of presenting evidence and a hiccup now could blow the entire case.

SPERA

You worry too much.

ERLICK

I want this indictment.

SPERA

You're going to get it. Now go to bed.

(a moment passes)

Tiger Boy? Are you still there?

ERLICK

(momentarily distracted)

Yeah, I'm here. I'll be at the office if you need me.

SPERA

I won't need you. You should go home and get some shut eye.

Erlick steps into the street.

ERLICK

I have to look over Mook's 302 and
make sure we're covered.

SPERA

I'm hanging up now.

ERLICK

Hey, why don't you meet me, we can
go over your Q&A--

SPERA

Nighty night, Tiger Boy.

Spera hangs up, rolls over coming face to face with AUSA MARY
GRAFFO, a very sexy, late 20's, dark-featured woman.

SPERA (CONT'D)

Are all AUSAs as crazy as he is?

GRAFFO

(nodding "yeah")
Some are crazier than others.

A mutual chuckle and the two begin to tangle.

STREET - CONTINUOUS

Erlick flags a cab. Gets in--

ERLICK

2 Pierpoint St, Brooklyn.

CAB DRIVER

The Court House?

ERLICK

U.S. Attorney's Office -- Eastern
District.

Taxi drives down the deserted avenue.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. JIMMY ERLICK'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

The sun is rising in stop time first casting the Manhattan backdrop in silhouette until it is gleaming in the sun's reflection.

AUSA Erlick is not discernible at first but as the light comes up his body becomes visible. Slumped over his desk, forehead pressed to the desk top.

The door to his office opens. TWO PARALEGALS are peeking in and laughing--

PARALEGAL

Rise and shine, counsel, rise and shine.

INT. USAO CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

AUSA Graffo, the woman in bed, sashays down the corridor passing the Paralegals outside Erlick's office. She looks, ahem, rested and refreshed.

PARALEGAL

He looks so peaceful when he's sleeping.

GRAFFO

Like a pit bull.

Follow Graffo past STAN, her Assistant--

GRAFFO (CONT'D)

I need the 302s and line sheets on my desk.

STAN

Already there.

Graffo enters the OFFICE KITCHEN. She grabs a mug, spins it in her hand like a pistol, and pours herself a cup of Java.

GRAFFO

(sing-song-sing)

First in, last to leave--

AUSA HARRY "H" KNIGHT, the handsome, young, black and proud AUSA, dressed to the nines, elegant and sharp, comes up behind Graffo, cup already in hand--

KNIGHT
Afraid not, Graffo--
(pouring)
This here is Java Cup # 4.

Erlick appears at the door, looking like he's been on a bender. As starched and clean as "H" is, that's how wrinkled and dishevelled Tiger Boy is.

ERLICK
The point is moot.

KNIGHT
You can't be the first in if you don't leave the night before.

Erlick grabs a cup--

ERLICK
How do you know I didn't leave?

"H" Knight smells the air, a look on his face like it's got that funk--

GRAFFO
He's been here since three.

Erlick stops pouring, looks up at Graffo, now fully aware of who Spera was with when he spoke to him on the phone.

KNIGHT
How would she know that, Tiger Boy?

ERLICK
My question exactly, Counsel.

"H" leaves. Graffo makes eye contact with Erlick, then turns away for a moment, a tad embarrassed, perhaps a tad cocky.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. USAO CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Graffo and Erlick down the hall--

GRAFFO
You good to go?

ERLICK
As good as the evidence. And of course, the testimony of several key "well rested" witnesses.

GRAFFO

The grand jury is handing you that indictment on a silver platter.

ERLICK

I appreciate your confidence.

GRAFFO

Hey, all for one, and one for all--

Graffo is interrupted by her PAGER--

GRAFFO (CONT'D)

My DEA Agent is downstairs. John Andersen, do you know him?

ERLICK

A good man. He's not rugged and charming like my guy...or is it your guy? --

They catch each other's eye--

GRAFFO

That's funny, Erlick. Just remember -- you had your shot, you squandered it.

ERLICK

As I recall, we had about 12 shots between us and we were too drunk to squander anything--

Graffo's off and running.

INT. USAO RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

PAUL WEBSTER, the new AUSA, twenty-something, soft features, preppy looking, empties his pockets to walk through the metal detector.

Webster is nervous; perspiring, a little twitchy. He walks through the detector and the alarm goes off.

GUARD

Loose change -- in the tray.

WEBSTER

I don't really have--

Webster drops some coins, walks back through, and again the detector goes off.

GUARD

Raise your arms. Turn around.

INT. USAO CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Webster is following a PARALEGAL, putting his wallet back in his pocket, strapping on his watch, and SLAMS right into Graffo turning the corner, racing to meet her DEA Agent.

WEBSTER

Ah gee, I'm sorry--

Graffo could say the obvious, perhaps she does--

GRAFFO

You better not be my DEA Agent.

WEBSTER

No, no, I'm a new Assistant U.S.--

Graffo is off; Webster left hanging in mid-air.

INT. CHIEF MIKE 'MAD DOG' KELLY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

KELLY'S SECRETARY, a pert woman with perpetual smile, (shell shocked is what she is), leads Webster to Kelly's door.

LOUD ROCK MUSIC, let's say the FOO FIGHTERS for now, is playing inside the office.

The Secretary KNOCKS and KNOCKS again--

KELLY

Yeah what is it?

She opens the door--

SECRETARY

Chief, Paul Webster, the new AUSA.

KELLY

Send him in.

Webster inches in. Standing there, air guitar and all, is CHIEF MIKE MAD DOG KELLY, 30-something and super-charged--

KELLY (CONT'D)

Welcome to my mosh pit, Webster!
(extending his hand)
Mike Kelly.

WEBSTER

Pleasure, sir.

KELLY

First question. How come you're not working at your daddy's Wall Street firm?

WEBSTER

I will not answer that question without the presence of legal counsel, sir.

KELLY

(amused, charged)

I like you already. But the hell with "sir". Call me "Chief". Or Mike or Kelly or "Mad Dog"--

Kelly sees AUSA KIM YOUNG pass his office--

KELLY (CONT'D)

Lucy!! Get in here.

Kim enters. One might describe her as voluptuous. She's got a big figure, full lips, round face, extremely feminine.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Meet Paul Webster, our new AUSA. Webster -- Kim Young, a brilliant Assistant here. We call her Lucy.

KIM

We?

KELLY

Me. Because...well, you'll see. She has a way around the office, and a way around the courtroom I might add.

(to Kim)

Tell us what you're working on, Counsel--

KIM

Wrapping up the health fraud case.
(to Webster)

Russian mobsters opening health clinics in Brooklyn and Queens and hiring third world doctors to send in false claims to medicare that the mobsters then collect--

KELLY

Stumbled into it working with the FBI on the Patriot Act--

KIM
Which I oppose, by the way.

KELLY
Hey hey hey!

KIM
What?

KELLY
We don't discuss politics in the office.

KIM
NOT discussing politics IS in fact discussing politics. My point is there are enough bad guys loose out there, no need to invent them.

Kelly cranks up the VOLUME. He's almost shouting now--

KELLY
And that's who we're after, Webster. The bad guys. The baddest of the bad. Drug dealers, paid assassins, elected officials, CEOs, it doesn't matter -- if you break the law, we're coming after you.

Kim pumps her fist with a sarcastic "rah-rah"--

KELLY (CONT'D)
Show young P.W. here where we keep the toothpaste and deodorant, then drop him with Knight.

KIM
Knight? On the first day? That's cruel--

KELLY
And unusual.
(to Webster)
You got dinner plans?

Before Webster can answer--

KELLY (CONT'D)
Cancel them. You'll be on arraignment duty. Lucy -- explain.

INT. AUSA CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER

Kim takes Webster around.

KIM

Now you've met the Chief.

WEBSTER

Anyone really call him *Mad Dog*?

KIM

That's who he is. He's totally post Gen-X but he's also a brilliant lawyer, a great prosecutor, and an incredibly intuitive investigator.

(almost an after thought)

No hack in the sack either.

What follows should play like a Monty Python moment. And there may be one or two more like it in the script--

WEBSTER

Excuse me--

KIM

Question?

WEBSTER

Did you say "no hack in the sack"?

KIM

Me...no...did I? To whom was I referring?

WEBSTER

Chief Kelly.

KIM

Mad Dog? Where'd you get that?

WEBSTER

I thought you just said--

KIM

That's how rumors get started.

Webster is thrown, nods in agreement.

KIM (CONT'D)

You look confused.

WEBSTER

I guess, maybe, I don't know.

Kim smiles inscrutably.

WEBSTER (CONT'D)

Wow.

(off Kim's smile)
I bet you're no hack either--
(catching himself)
In the courtroom.

KIM

So I've been told.

INT. ERLICK'S WAR ROOM - DAY

Erlick is collecting his papers. He's being chased around the room by INS AGENT FREDDIE GARCIA--

ERLICK

I got the Grand Jury in five minutes. You know what that is, Agent Garcia, don't you?--

GARCIA

Just hear me out on this--

ERLICK

A dozen fine upstanding citizens like yourself listen to me week in and week out present evidence on an active case and decide whether or not to indict--

Garcia is literally chasing Erlick down the hall to the elevators. Imagine a young Joe Pesce--

GARCIA

I'm out in Brooklyn shaking down these bodegas--

ERLICK

Why?

GARCIA

What do you mean "why"? This is what we do -- look for illegals, what not.

ERLICK

Yeah and--?

GARCIA

I stumble onto this food coupon fraud. You know how it works?

ERLICK

Collect the coupons, send them in for cash.

GARCIA

Exactly.

ERLICK

So why should I be interested?

GARCIA

Because it's like the damn plague. My mother can't get her rebate on a box of Tide for who knows how long cause these people are monopolizing the coupon market. It's not right.

ERLICK

Garcia, this is the United States Attorney's Office. We look for a certain weight, gravitas if you will, to the cases we invest our time in.

GARCIA

They manufacture the coupons, it's a big business. Helps these bodega owners make their vig.

ERLICK

You're saying it's vertically integrated?

GARCIA

In so many words.

Elevator doors open--

ERLICK

It's not for me, not now, Freddie. But keep me posted.

GARCIA

There's more to it. It involves a former U.S. Attorney--

Elevator doors close. Garcia, not satisfied, sees Kim and chases after--

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Counsel, do you have a minute. I got a case I need to talk to you about.

KIM

Sorry, Freddie, not now. Talk to Erlick--

He chases after her, cutting off Webster to get to her--

GARCIA

I just did, but he's a cocky punk. Besides this case should be yours. It's got your name written on it.

KIM

Come on, Freddie--

GARCIA

Counsel, do not let this case slip into another prosecutor's hands--

KIM

Because I'll live to regret it?

GARCIA

This case will make your career. Need I say more?

KIM

Please don't.

Kim continues on with Webster, leaving Garcia behind--

GARCIA

What is it with you people? You call yourselves prosecutors!

INT. WAR ROOM ZONE - MOMENTS LATER

Graffo is with DEA AGENT ANDERSEN, late 30's, NYPD tough.

GRAFFO

What have you got?

ANDERSEN

Been working cold cases on the REDRUM task force. There was a murder two years ago in a Jackson Heights bar that I want you to prosecute.

GRAFFO

Why bring this to me? Why not the Queens DA?

ANDERSEN

He declined and I'll tell you why. The sole witness to the murder is a very nervous bar maid who used to turn tricks -- the killer was one of her Johns. She's afraid if she talks she'll end up dead. The only other piece of evidence is DNA dependent--

Graffo makes a weird guttural sound of scorn--

GRAFFO

Local DAs are all the same. Slam dunks they keep. Weak historical cases we have to clean up.

ANDERSEN

Here's the good part and why I've come to the U.S.A.O. The killer can be linked to a dozen other drug-related killings, including the one you were investigating in Miami.

GRAFFO

You've done your homework.

ANDERSEN

I was warned not to bring you anything unless it was really good.

GRAFFO

I want to meet this barmaid hooker intimate friend--

Graffo is up and moving but Andersen's still in his seat--

GRAFFO (CONT'D)

I want to meet her NOW.

INT. COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kim points out where the toothpaste, deodorant, and Advil is kept--

KIM

Everybody starts with arraignment duty. It's the ER for prosecutors. It's where you make the arrest stick.

(MORE)

KIM (CONT'D)
 Bodies-suspects-come in, you
 process them, write up the
 complaint and present the case to
 the magistrate first thing in the
 morning.

Kim's files are kind of getting away from her. Webster
 gathers them in before they fall.

KIM (CONT'D)
 Thus the moniker -- Lucy.

Webster is looking at Kim's unbuttoned blouse which is pretty
 much wide open--

WEBSTER
 Uh...um...your blouse.

KIM
 You are a gentleman, a rare thing
 around here. Thank you.

INT. HARRY KNIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

"H" is watching a pair of PARALEGALS placing one box on top
 of the other outside Knight's office.

KNIGHT
 Two things I hate being saddled
 with. A newbie lawyer--

KIM
 Be nice, "H".

KNIGHT
 And somebody else's case.
 (to Webster)
 Grab a box and follow me.

Webster grabs a box. Knight is hands free--

KIM
 Let me know if he becomes too much
 to take.

KNIGHT
 "To handle", Counsel. "To take" is
 pejorative--

They are out the door.

KIM
 Like I said--

Knight sets a brisk pace; Webster struggles with the box to keep up--

KNIGHT

Do you know the difference between a prosecutor and defense attorney?

WEBSTER

Prosecutors are...inherently less tolerant?

KNIGHT

Prosecutors like to make things black and white. You took the money, you sold the drugs, you shot the man. Defense attorneys want to take all that black and white stuff and make it gray. I hate that. I love black and white. I love its clarity. I live for it.

INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - DAY

Erlick drops a large tomb on the desk in front of Spera--

ERLICK

You might want to peruse this before I call you.

SPERA

Peruse? The entire Ricci wiretap transcript?

ERLICK

I'll need your interp' on several intercepts.

SPERA

Which intercepts? I haven't had a chance to review this.

ERLICK

That's what I was saying last night while you were otherwise engaged.

SPERA

What are you, punishing me for getting laid? You said nothing about this wiretap transcript, Tiger Boy.

An attractive JUROR smiles at Erlick as she passes--

ERLICK
She's attractive, yes?

Spera, believe it or not, has no time for their usual guy thing--

SPERA
You want to narrow down the scope of this for me?

ERLICK
Absolutely not.

INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - DAY

The Grand Jurors are listening, some with rapt attention, others with a slight nod.

Erlick, at the lectern, questions MR. DEROSE, aka the Mook--

ERLICK
What happened after Leferio shot her in the stomach, what'd you do?

MOOK
We grabbed the gun and got the hell out of there.

Erlick stops. "We" can see he's pissed off--

ERLICK
"We" grabbed the gun?

MOOK
Yeah, we, me, whatever.

ERLICK
Mr. DeRose, do you remember the conversation "we" had earlier?

The Mook looks confused--

ERLICK (CONT'D)
About "we" and "me" and "this" and "that".

MOOK
Oh yeah. You mean, about taking responsibility for my actions?

ERLICK
Would you like to rephrase?

MOOK

We...I got no problem with that.

Erlick looks out at the Grand Jury and sees the Woman from the hallway beaming with approval. She throws him off for a moment, then he continues--

ERLICK

After Ms. Ricci was shot, what did you do next?--

MOOK

I grabbed the gun from Jimmy and I picked up the casing.

INT. HARRY KNIGHT'S WAR ROOM - DAY

Knight leads Webster to an interview room--

KNIGHT

This case belonged to an ambitious young Prosecutor who stayed with us just long enough to land a mid six fig' gig with a prestigious Wall Street firm.

They stop outside the Interview Room--

KNIGHT (CONT'D)

That's your game plan, isn't it Webster?

Webster looks like he's been caught in a lie--

KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Who do you think you're kidding, man? It's as clear as your Pilgrim blue eyes.

WEBSTER

I don't need to work here to work there, Counsel. I have that mid six fig' gig waiting for me any time I want to take it.

Knight looks surprised by Webster's reply--

WEBSTER (CONT'D)

I just don't want to work for my father. I hate the bastard.

(off Knight's reaction)

Webster, Stewart, Larkin.

Knight is speechless, (it's a big firm), as they enter the interview room.

INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - LATER

Erlick finishes with the Mook--

ERLICK

Thank you, Mr. DeRose, you may step down.

The Mook leaves. Erlick addresses the Jurors--

ERLICK (CONT'D)

Is it clear to everyone that Mr. DeRose not only witnessed Jimmy Leferio shoot Ms. Ricci but was told by Mr. Leferio himself the motive for the shooting?

(a moment's pause)

Are there any questions?

The Attractive Juror raises her hand--

ERLICK (CONT'D)

Yes?

JUROR

It's really more of a comment than a question. I thought you handled the witness with extraordinary care and skill--

Erlick nods appreciatively. The Attractive Juror raises a single sheet of paper with a "10" written on it--

JUROR (CONT'D)

For style, technical merit, and overall achievement.

INT. JACKSON HEIGHTS APARTMENT - DAY

The hallway is fluorescent lit and graffiti tagged. Graffo stands with DEA Agent Andersen who KNOCKS on an apartment door--

VOICE

Yeah?

ANDERSEN

Angie, it's John Andersen.

The door opens slightly. The witness, ANGIE MARTINEZ, her frightened eyes, looks at Graffo.

ANGIE
Who's she?

GRAFFO
I'm the one who makes sure Leon
Suarez never kills again.

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Angie is darting around the room, panicked, ready to bolt.
Her 3 KIDS feed off her energy--

ANGIE
You never said anything about
testifying!

ANDERSEN
Your testimony will convict him.

ANGIE
He'll kill me!

GRAFFO
Not if you testify. If you don't
testify and he walks, then I think
you're right, sooner or later, he
will kill you.

Angie takes a piece of Nicorette and pops it into her mouth.

GRAFFO (CONT'D)
Now I'm addicted to them. I'm
chewing a pack and a half a day.

ANGIE
I hear you.

Angie offers. Graffo takes, bites, lets out a long sigh.

GRAFFO
This is what you need to know and
think about right now. You're my
key witness. I need your testimony.
But I am prosecuting Leon Suarez
for LeShonn Taylor's murder whether
you testify or not. The choice is
yours.

One of Angie's kids is climbing up her leg. Another one,
RICHIE, lunges into Graffo--

ANGIE

Don't go jumping on the lady's lap!

Graffo makes a face. Richie makes one back. A moment later--

GRAFFO

How well did you know, LeShonn,
Angie? Was she a friend?

ANGIE

She was my best friend. We just
used to laugh all the time.

GRAFFO

How do you feel knowing that her
killer's out there? I can tell you
how I'd feel--

(as Angie nods "yes")

Don't you want him to pay?

ANGIE

He came up behind her, put the gun
to her head--

As Angie demonstrates, Richie imitates, raising the gun--

ANGIE (CONT'D)

--and pulled the damn trigger.

RICHIE

BANG!!!

Richie laughs. Graffo makes a funny face--

ANGIE

That's her baby...

Whoa! Graffo looks over at Andersen, then--

GRAFFO

You can't live with what he did if
you let him go. Don't do it, Angie.
It will haunt you the rest of your
life. Don't let that filth do that
to you.

ANGIE

I'm scared.

Angie begins to cry. Graffo slides beside her--

END OF ACT I'

ACT II

INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

DEA Agent Spera sits uncomfortably on the stand as AUSA Erlick looks over the wiretap transcript pages.

The subtext of what follows, of course, has everything to do with the Spera-Graffo-Erlick triangle--

ERLICK

Agent Spera, have you had the opportunity to review the wiretap transcript marked as Grand Jury Exhibit 17?

SPERA

To a certain degree, yes I have.

ERLICK

Weren't you the agent who was monitoring the wire at the time this call was intercepted?

SPERA

I would have to check the line sheets--

ERLICK

Sure thing. Here you go--

Erlick hands Spera the line sheets and locates his initials.

ERLICK (CONT'D)

When Mr. DeRose states that "Jimmy went too far with that girl, they're supposed to be OFF LIMITS", isn't he referring to an unwritten rule within Italian organized crime that girlfriends, children, wives of crime family members not be the victims of retaliation?

SPERA

That is my understanding.

ERLICK

So isn't it that rule to which DeRose is referring when he says that "they" are OFF LIMITS?

Spera looks at Erlick, suddenly understanding how this is all about him sleeping with Graffo--

SPERA

I get it now, Erlick -- you're talking about--

ERLICK

I'm ASKING you, Agent Spera, is that in fact your opinion, your professional interpretation given your experience with this case!!!

SPERA

I'd say...probably.

INT. AUSA WAR ROOM ZONE - LATER

Mike "Mad Dog" Kelly canvasses the WAR ROOM ZONE, a labyrinth of semi-open offices separated by glass partitions. (This is where the lawyers work with agents, get down and dirty on investigations, and is separate from their private offices.)

Kelly is checking in with his team--

GRAFFO

I've put in for an "All Writs" and we got Martinez safe in wit-sec--

KELLY

You're excited, you're pumped?

GRAFFO

I am.

KELLY

Well, when you're excited, I'm excited!

GRAFFO

I want to start drafting.

KELLY

Get the people you need. We got Paras sitting on their thumbs sipping latte. What about you "H"?

KNIGHT

The case is a mess. In fact, I'm not certain that there is a case.

KELLY

I'm sure if it's there, you'll find it. That's why I gave it to you, my brother. Like the neck tie, by the way. Lucy?

KIM

Sir?

KELLY

What's happening in your life? Have you spoken with INS Agent Garcia? He likes you, he wants to work with you--

KIM

He's always leering at me.

KELLY

We all are.

KIM

He doesn't shower, he's got dirt under his nails. And he gropes.

KNIGHT

Give him to Graffo, she's a buff. She loves cop culture.

GRAFFO

Something you could become more appreciative of, H.

KNIGHT

Negative, Counsel. I don't need to be a buff to get an Agent to do his job.

Kelly sidebars Kim--

KELLY

I think you should give Garcia some more thought, Lucy. Get out of that rarefied air of Civil Rights and Public Corruption. Get down on the street with the animals. Prosecute a narcotics case or violent crime-- it could be good for you.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

AUSA Erlick comes down the steps, a little kick in his gait. DEA Agent Spera grabs him, slams him to the wall--

ERLICK

Easy, Spera, I'm wearing my Paul Smith.

SPERA

If I knew you still had a thing for Graffo, STILL--

ERLICK

I don't. Not anymore. Something else got tripped--

SPERA

If she means that much to you, I don't have to see her again--

ERLICK

I just SAID --

SPERA

She likes to drink. We got loaded. Next thing we knew--

ERLICK

Did I ask? Your personal life is your business as long as it doesn't interfere with our work.

Spera can't believe Erlick's lame party line--

SPERA

You can be such a punk.

ERLICK

Basically, I am.

Spera cools down. Erlick straightens his jacket--

ERLICK (CONT'D)

I haven't gotten hammered like that since high school.

SPERA

I'm sure you earned it then too.

ERLICK

I was riding this kid pretty hard and he took it personally.

SPERA

I can't believe you'd blow a case over some innocent fun.

ERLICK

Not a chance. The indictment's a lock--

The Attractive Grand Juror passes and waves. Spera looks at Erlick eye the Woman--

SPERA
(gesturing at Juror)
You can't go there, Counsel, she's
OFF LIMITS.

INT. USAO CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER

AUSAs Knight and Webster are heading to an Interview Room--

KNIGHT
You got your recorder?
(off Webster's reaction)
Get your recorder.

Webster exits. FBI AGENT SNYDER, mid-west blonde and blue-eyed, approaches--

SNYDER
Counsel, Agent Snyder, FBI. I was
working with Terry Calley--

KNIGHT
I know who you are. What exactly
were you and Calley doing together
on this case?

SNYDER
I don't follow.

KNIGHT
I got a couple hundred documents
sitting in my war room right now
and as far as I can tell the only
place for them is in the shredder.

Webster has returned with a tape recorder--

SNYDER
There's a lot of good work there,
Counsel.

KNIGHT
Show me.

Knight leads Webster into the Interview Room, leaving Snyder outside the door.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Webster fumbles with the tape recorder. Knight talks to LARRY BUELLER, the witness.

KNIGHT

Mr. Bueller, were you or were you not informed as to when to sell your holdings in Channel?

LARRY

Like I told Mr. Calley and Agent Snyder--

KNIGHT

Forget about Mr. Calley and Agent Snyder, tell me.

Webster still fumbling--

KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Webster, not now.

LARRY

No, I decided independently.

KNIGHT

Independently of whom?

LARRY

Whomever you think told me to sell.

KNIGHT

Here's where we are at. I know you were told when to flip the stock. You and all the other friendly holders. I'm going to give you one and only one opportunity to do the right thing here, Lar'. Because when I follow that money trail and find what I need to convict you that one opportunity will be gone. Am I making myself entirely clear?

LARRY

Don't get uppity, Knight.

KNIGHT

Did he just say -- "uppity"?

LARRY
 YOU are going to give ME one
 opportunity? Who the hell do you
 think you are talking to, my man?

KNIGHT
 Don't go there, Larry.

LARRY
 No, let's. Give a black man a
 little power and see what happens.
 Your fancy shirt, fancy tie, fancy
 cuff links. But where would you be
 without the free hand out, my man?
 Where would you be without your
 affirmative action?

A stunned silence. Knight wants to slap the man but--

KNIGHT
 Are you able to record?

WEBSTER
 I am.

KNIGHT
 Get his pedigree.

WEBSTER
 Pedigree?

Knight looks at him, "you don't know?"

WEBSTER (CONT'D)
 I know I should know--

LARRY
 It's like my bio.

Knight SLAMS the door behind him .

EXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS MONEY TRANSFER JOINT - DAY

Agent Andersen is on the phone with Graffo.

ANDERSEN
 I hope you don't have dinner plans.

INT. AUSA WAR ROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Graffo is pumped, she's got the hop going--

GRAFFO

Just once, I'd like to be there
when you guys bust down the door.

ANDERSEN

I'll see what I can arrange.

GRAFFO

Be careful. Let me know when you
have him.

Graffo hangs up. She's face to face with Erlick--

GRAFFO (CONT'D)

Yes!

ERLICK

Is it better than--

GRAFFO

No. But--

Interrupted by Knight SHOUTING--

KNIGHT

I DO NOT CARE WHAT YOU PROMISED
HIM! HE IS GOING DOWN!

Whip over to Knight's Zone and Snyder taking the heat--

SNYDER

Calley and I spent months winning
his confidence--

KNIGHT

I don't see Calley around here, do
you? Where is he, Snyder?
(looking under some
papers, under the deak)
He's not here, not anymore.

Back to Erlick and Graffo along with Kim passing through--

GRAFFO

Somebody played the race card.

ERLICK

Ask Knight, somebody's always
playing the race card.

KIM

Well, is he right? True or false?

Back to Knight, flinging files--

KNIGHT

Dots on a page mean nothing unless they connect. So here's what we're going to do. We are going to use the Citibank Wire to track every money transfer to foreign accounts that coincide with Mr. Bueller's and trace it back to its source.

SNYDER

That's thousands of transfers--

KNIGHT

You better get busy.

INT. JACKSON HEIGHTS 'BLACK MARKET' JOINT - CONTINUOUS

Garish, neon-lit, bullet proofed kind of place. Upstairs, a MANNED SWITCHBOARD. The OPERATOR directs a BEJWELED CUSTOMER with KILLER BOOTS to one of SEVERAL PRIVATE PHONE BOOTHS.

OPERATOR

(into a wire)

Suspect is in.

EXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS JOINT - CONTINUOUS

Andersen is out of the car with his PARTNER. On the corners, rooftops, and adjacent buildings are SWAT, or OTHER LAW ENFORCEMENT--

INT. JACKSON HEIGHTS JOINT - MOMENTS LATER

Andersen and team storms the building. Before he can say "goodbye", LEON SUAREZ, the suspect, is jerked from his booth and dropped to the floor. It is over in one brilliant flash.

INT. COURTHOUSE BASEMENT - LATER

Mustier, more of a "gym rat" atmosphere. Andersen leads Graffo to a guarded rolling gate leading into lock down area.

ANDERSEN

He looks like the silent type.

GRAFFO

We'll see.

INT. HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Andersen enters with Graffo. Leon Suarez sits--

GRAFFO

Mr. Suarez, I'm Mary Graffo from the U.S. Attorney's Office. You know Detective Andersen.

Leon says nothing.

GRAFFO (CONT'D)

We are preparing to charge you with the murder of LeShonn Taylor on the 2nd of June '01.

LEON

(leering at Graffo)

What can I say? I like the ladies.

GRAFFO

If you like them, you shouldn't kill them.

LEON

I treat them like they mine. I show plenty of affection. I shower them with gifts and toys and things.

GRAFFO

Leon, with a girl like me, flattery can get you everywhere. But not here, not now, not with you and this homicide.

LEON

If I want ya, I'll getcha.

GRAFFO

Not if I getcha first.

ANDERSEN

Suspect may need counsel, counsel.

LEON

I can take care of myself.

GRAFFO

We got the gun. We got the blood. We got a witness. Maybe you figure it won't stick. Who am I to say you're not right? I'm just the lucky gal who gets to prosecute your ass and put you away for life without parole.

INT. KNIGHT'S OFFICE - LATER

AUSA Knight at his desk. FBI Agent Snyder pokes his head in.

SNYDER

You seem to have a beef with me.

KNIGHT

No beef.

SNYDER

I thought we could talk about it over a beer.

KNIGHT

Don't drink.

SNYDER

Suit yourself.

Snyder starts to move--

KNIGHT

I want that money trail on my desk by morning.

SNYDER

Store's closed, boss. Banking hours are over.

KNIGHT

I'm sure somewhere in the world the store's just getting ready to open.

Snyder walks to the elevator with a pissed-off "screw you" attitude, punches the "down" button and waits. He begins to cool down and starts thinking.

As the elevator doors open--

ERLICK

Hold it, please.

As Erlick gets on, Snyder turns away--

ERLICK (CONT'D)

Something I said?

The Doors close. Follow Snyder as he returns to his desk, flips on his computer and settles in.

EXT. USAO OFFICE BUILDING - DUSK

AUSA Erlick steps outside. It is really early for him to be leaving the office.

Turning to the PARALEGAL beside him--

ERLICK

It's still light out.

Chief Mad Dog Kelly is returning -- remember, he loves giving Erlick a hard time--

KELLY

You're not going home, are you?

ERLICK

I was thinking maybe it was time for a shower and shave.

KELLY

Wimp.

Kelly continues on. Erlick sees INS Agent Freddie Garcia dashing in his direction. Erlick starts moving away quickly, steps turning into a jog as Garcia chases--

GARCIA

Tiger Boy! Erlick! Come on, man, just give me a minute!

Erlick goes down the subway steps. Garcia shouting after--

GARCIA (CONT'D)

You better pray there's a train waiting or I'm gonna be right in your face.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY - MOMENTS LATER

INS Agent Garcia is pressed up against AUSA Erlick in the crowded car. He's a good six inches shorter too, so it should look comical.

ERLICK

You are relentless.

GARCIA

I'm no different than you.

Erlick is trapped and knows it.

ERLICK
This better be good.

INT. HOLDING CELL - LATER

Jackets are off, collars open.

GRAFFO
Now we know you are a b-a-d man,
Leon. A paid assassin. And you have
a lot to tell us about a lot of
hits. Like the "hit" in Miami.
(off Leon's reaction)
Yeah, we're all over that one too.

LEON
What's on the table?

GRAFFO
If you're straight with us, 100%,
you go into witsec.

LEON
Witsec don't mean nothing to me.
You know what I want. I won't even
discuss anything less.

Graffo takes a breath--

GRAFFO
If you render us "substantial
assistance" in the prosecution of
others, we will bring that to the
judge's attention in a 5k letter.

Suspect Leon takes it in--

GRAFFO (CONT'D)
That gives him discretion to give
you less than a life sentence.

LEON
I know what it is. I asked for it,
didn't I?

GRAFFO
Without the letter, your guidelines
are life without parole.

LEON
Let me think about it.

GRAFFO

I need to be clear about one other thing. If you go 50,60, 90 percent of the way with us, plead guilty and then we find out you're lying to us about something, you don't get your plea back and you don't get the 5K. We keep everything and you get nothing.

Leon studies AUSA Graffo, thinking what to do--

GRAFFO (CONT'D)

Oh shoot, I forgot my watch. You got a watch, Agent?

ANDERSEN

It's almost 6:00.

GRAFFO

Would you let me know when thirty seconds are up?

ANDERSEN

Sure. Why?

GRAFFO

Because that's how much time Leon has to figure out what he's going to do.

Graffo looks at Leon then at Andersen and says nothing--

LEON

Have you started? Is the clock running? Don't you say "go"?

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. PETER LUGER'S STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

Old New York; saw dust floors, long thick bar, checkered tablecloths. And MEN IN SUITS.

AT ONE TABLE

CHARLES UNDERWOOD, a former AUSA, is giving the WAITER the table's order. He's in his late thirties, sharply dressed with a better quality of thread than the THREE YOUNG MEN, all Brooklyn Ass't. District Attorneys, seated around him.

GARCIA

The guy ordering is a former US Attorney from Atlanta--

AT THE BAR

INS Agent Garcia and AUSA Erlick with beers--

GARCIA (CONT'D)

His name is John Underwood. He reps dirt bag drug dealers and the like now, including Tri State Trading that finances these bodegas.

ERLICK

Two of the three guys are Brooklyn DAs.

GARCIA

The third works out in Suffolk.

ERLICK

So you're saying that Tri State puts up the money for these bodegas and the bodega owners launder money with coupons to meet the vig.

GARCIA

That's the pitch.

FOUR SEXY LADIES saunter past--

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Here's the evening's entertainment.

The Ladies greet Underwood, hugs and kisses all around.

ERLICK
Why the schmooze? I see what my
young colleagues get, but what do
they give?

Erlick moves from the bar--

GARCIA
Erlick, what are you doing?

JUMP CUT TO:

THE TABLE

Erlick shakes DON PHILLIP'S HAND--

PHILLIPS
Erlick, I'm good. And you?

ERLICK
Staying busy.

PHILLIPS
You know Billy Connor from the
office.

CONNOR
Erlick.

PHILLIPS
And Charlie Underwood.
(hands extended)
Jay Erlick, AUSA Eastern District.

UNDERWOOD
Pleasure.

PHILLIPS
You two could share war stories.

UNDERWOOD
I was an Assistant down in Atlanta.

ERLICK
And now?

UNDERWOOD
Private practice.

ERLICK
Working for the bad guys.

UNDERWOOD

Well, one thing I've discovered is
it ain't so black and white.

ERLICK

I hear you. I'm beginning to
discover that myself

Underwood tries reading Erlick--

UNDERWOOD

Join us.

Erlick looks at the table of (sleazy) beauties and is oh so
tempted--

ERLICK

I got to get back.

CONNOR

Still haven't learned to chill,
have you Erlick.

ERLICK

No, but I'm ready. Another time
for sure.

Garcia watches from across the room.

CUT TO:

INT. USAO CORRIDORS - LATER

AUSA Webster is going over files...starting to doze--

VOICE

Who's on A.D.?

ANOTHER VOICE

Webster! Arraignment Duty!

Webster springs up, grabs legal pads, pens--

WEBSTER

Yeah, yeah, coming!

JUMP CUT TO:

Webster greets POLICE OFFICER JOHN REILLY--

WEBSTER (CONT'D)

I'm Paul Webster. I'll be the
prosecutor at the arraignment.

REILLY
John Reilly.

WEBSTER
(shaking officer's hand)
Are you the arresting officer?

REILLY
Not exactly. I worked on the case--
(hesitating)
--but it's not my collar.

WEBSTER
Where is the case agent?

REILLY
He went home to bed.

WEBSTER
Get him.

REILLY
I can't do that.

WEBSTER
How's that?

REILLY
He told me not to disturb him under
any circumstances that he'd be at
the arraignment in the morning.

Webster checks the time: 12:35. And grabs the phone--

WEBSTER
Give me his number.

REILLY
Come on, it's all there. The arrest
report, the surveillance reports--

WEBSTER
We got less than 8 hours to put
this complaint together before we
face the magistrate--

REILLY
Look, I'm a newbie. And he told me
to take care of it, so let me take
care of it, okay?

Webster, the newbie too, puts down the phone.

WEBSTER
All right--

REILLY
Thanks--

WEBSTER
We better get started--

WEBSTER (CONT'D)
Great--

But neither one really knows what to do--

REILLY
Where do we begin?

WEBSTER
Let's see what you got.

Webster anxiously thumbs through the paper and really can't make heads or tails of it. Then he sees AUSA Graffo dashing toward the common kitchen--

GRAFFO
(shouting to paralegal)
I don't care if the judge is in a coma, I'm waking her up!

INT. COMMON KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Graffo is pouring. Webster comes up behind her as she whips around with her cup of coffee. Whoa! They almost collide, just like in the morning--

GRAFFO
We HAVE GOT TO work on our timing.

As she moves away--

WEBSTER
I need to ask you something.

GRAFFO
Shoot.

Graffo moves, Webster chases--

WEBSTER
I'm on arraignment duty and it's my first and I don't know what the hell I'm doing.

Graffo stops and burst into laughter--

GRAFFO

Good luck.

And she's on the move again. Webster in pursuit--

WEBSTER

I'm serious.

GRAFFO

The key is Probable Cause. Make sure you got PC for each defendant. If you do, you'll pass "GO". If you don't, the arrest won't stick, the Perp' will NOT go straight to jail.

WEBSTER

How do I establish that?

GRAFFO

Start with the arrest reports, surveillance reports, and the signed confessions. Make sure there's no confusion about who's who. Interview the defendants. Never know, something might spill. Remember, PC is key. Once you got that, start typing the complaint. Good luck.

Graffo is off. Webster is reeling.

INT. JUDGE'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The phone rings and rings and rings. JUDGE LAURA SINGER answers the phone--

JUDGE SINGER

Speaking. This better be good, Mary.

INT. GRAFFO'S WAR ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Graffo waves DEA Agent Andersen in--

GRAFFO

It's very good your honor but we need to move. The suspect was lost "in the wind" but he's just been located down in Atlantic City. I need an order for a Triggerfish to pin down his exact location--

(MORE)

GRAFFO (CONT'D)

(listening)

Thank you, your Honor. I'm on the way.

(hanging up)

I love Judge Singer. She's always there.

ANDERSEN

We'll have bodies by morning.

Graffo pumps her fist - "fantastic!"

ANDERSEN (CONT'D)

Graffo, there's something I've been meaning to tell you--

Graffo is up and running--

GRAFFO

Save it. I got to go get us a warrant.

Andersen nods "okay" as she flies out the door.

INT. HOLDING CELL AREA - LATER

Webster and Reilly moving through security--

WEBSTER

This is not PC!

REILLY

Why not?

WEBSTER

Because this is the United States.

REILLY

So what? He was sitting in the car, wasn't he? The two guys in back went up, got the drugs, and came back--

WEBSTER

Stop. You've established PC for the runners, maybe for the driver, though I doubt it. Definitely not for the guy riding shot gun.

INT. HOLDING CELL "A" - MOMENTS LATER

CAESAR, "the driver", who is a very frightened Mexican kid, hovers in the corner.

The RUNNERS, two cocky kids, stand nearby. The KING PIN, the one riding shot gun, holds center stage.

Webster assumes a tough guy pose, the voice of authority--

WEBSTER

I'm going to keep this simple for
you guys. You help me, I help you.
You don't and you're going down.

The King Pin starts laughing. To him, Webster is a joke. The Runners join in. Soon the laughter is out of control, even a tad humiliating.

Then Caesar, the frightened driver, BLURTS out--

CAESAR

No se nada. Comprendo nada.

The King Pin EXPLODES--

KING PIN

Shut it or I shut it for you!

Webster makes eye contact with Caesar--

WEBSTER

You got something to tell me?

Caesar looks away as the King Pin glares at Webster--

KING PIN

We got nothing to say to you.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Webster and Reilly come down the steps--

REILLY

What now?

WEBSTER

I start typing.

It's freezing cold and both men are shaking--

WEBSTER (CONT'D)

Go home, Reilly. Make sure your
sorry excuse for a partner is here
in the morning.

Reilly goes. Webster looks at his watch: 3:17. He pulls up his collar and hits it.

EXT. AUSA OFFICE BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

Kim Young approaches the building, giant thermal cup in one hand, stack of newspapers, files spilling loose in the other.

INT. AUSA CORRIDORS - MORNING

Kim, as always, has a smile for the Security Guard as she's buzzed in.

CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER

Kim is making her way. She passes through the War Zone, suddenly stops dead in her tracks.

WEBSTER'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Webster is face first into his KEYBOARD, letters spilling onto his COMPUTER SCREEN, pages and pages of nonsensical--

34Q73VN7()*&&))))%#%#^%&3H56B8JFGHKLNO#\$\$\$#&\$HWEADFGSHJSQ#
U^(WBAE *%#^(*)\$ RRHTSSSSSSSSSSSS^%*EJI.....

KIM

Webster!
(shaking him)
Wake up wake up wake up!

WEBSTER

(raising his head)
Patty?

KIM

Kim. Kim Young. AUSA.

WEBSTER

(springing up)
What time is it?

KIM

8:00

WEBSTER

I have arraignment!

Webster looks at his computer screen--

WEBSTER (CONT'D)

Oh no!

KIM

(reassuringly)
It's okay. It'll be fine.

Webster back spaces like crazy--

WEBSTER

Where is my complaint?
(finding it)

There! There is MY complaint!

KIM

You better wash up and brush your
teeth.

WEBSTER

Wash up? Brush my teeth?

KIM

You do have to "appear". Have you
got another shirt?

WEBSTER

My God...no.

KIM

What's your neck size?

USAO CORRIDORS

Kim is darting in and out of offices--

KIM

Erlick, what's your neck size?

ERLICK

16 1/2. Why?

Kim moves to the next office--

KIM

Alex, what's your neck size?

JUMP CUT TO KNIGHT'S OFFICE

Kim pokes her head in--

KIM

H, what's your neck size?

KNIGHT

15 1/2.

KIM

Perfect.

Kim grabs a DRY CLEAN WRAPPED SHIRT from Knight's hook--

KNIGHT

No, no, no, no, what are you doing?

KIM

Webster's got arraignment and he needs a clean shirt...and tie--

KNIGHT

Not on my dime, Lucy. No-oh--

KIM

(dashing out)

Bill me.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Webster is at the sink, washing down. Kim KNOCKS and enters. Webster covers himself the best he can--

KIM

It's not your style, but it fits.

Webster takes the shirt and puts it on.

KIM (CONT'D)

You're going to do fine.

WEBSTER

I don't know if I can show PC.

KIM

You know anybody can detain the guilty. It's detaining the innocent that's a challenge.

(off Webster's reaction)

It's a JOKE!

INT. GRAFFO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Erlick knocks on Graffo's door--

GRAFFO

Hey, you don't need to knock.

ERLICK

How goes it?

GRAFFO

We are mid-sweep. I should have eight to ten bodies courtesy of Leon Suarez by noon.

ERLICK
 (with the "thumbs up")
 I think Garcia's got something.

GRAFFO
 That little runt is irrepressible.

ERLICK
 A former AUSA shows a couple of
 Brooklyn DAS a good time, siphons
 insider info then shares it with
 his mobbed up clients.

GRAFFO
 Are we talking extortion?

Erlick shrugs; he doesn't know but wants to find out--

GRAFFO (CONT'D)
 Do you have a plan?
 (off Erlick's nod "yes")
 Then go for it.

Erlick turns for the door--

ERLICK
 Thanks, Graffo.

GRAFFO
 Anytime, Tiger Boy.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Reilly stands with his partner, his lead officer, SGT. DOYLE,
 older than Reilly, and anything but naive--

DOYLE
 So, it's two peas in a pod. Newbie
 1 and newbie 2. Are you ready?

WEBSTER
 We'll see.

DOYLE
 "We'll see" -- nothing. I want
 these punks remanded.

WEBSTER
 There's something called Probable
 Cause. We got that for two, maybe
 three. The fourth, I'm not sure.

DOYLE
Who's the fourth?

REILLY
Rodriguez.

DOYLE
Rodriguez! Are you kidding me!
He's the one that matters most!
You listen to me, Counsel, this
case was open and shut, dammit!

Webster, rattled, just nods and starts to climb the steps.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Are you hearing me? We need to nail
this guy!

INT. ERLICK'S OFFICE - MORNING

INS Agent Garcia sits and listens. Erlick is on the phone, earpiece in his ear connected to a Marantz tape recorder.

ERLICK
Underwood, it's Erlick. I got to
know, you got to tell me, who were
the "chippies" you were cavorting
with last night?
(listening, responding)
I'd love to come out and play. I'm
burnt out. We got so much stuff
going on here, I can't keep up. You
let me know. Great.

Erlick hangs up.

GARCIA
I told you this was hot. But "no",
you didn't want to hear it. "Not
for me", blah blah. Why? Because
I'm not DEA? Because I'm not FBI?
Because I am a lowly INS Agent--

ERLICK
Freddie -- shut up.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. ARRAIGNMENT COURT - MORNING

Officer Reilly sits with AUSA Webster. Adjacent sit DEFENSE COUNSELS for each of the defendants.

MAGISTRATE
Officer Reilly?

REILLY
Yes sir?

MAGISTRATE
Come forward.

COURT CLERK steps up with Bible--

CLERK
Raise your right hand -- Officer Reilly, is this your signature on Complaint #2348?

REILLY
Yes sir?

MAGISTRATE
On all three copies? And have you read the complaint?

Reilly nods. The Magistrate points to the COURT REPORTER--

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)
You have to speak up.

REILLY
Yes I have.

MAGISTRATE
And do you swear to the truth of the complaint?

REILLY
I do.

MAGISTRATE
You can step down.
(turning his attention)
Defense Counsel, any motions regarding the complaint?

Rodriguez's Defense Attorney rises. She's smartly dressed, with a tough, always on top look.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

This is a no brainer, your Honor.

MAGISTRATE

Just the motions, Counsel.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

With respect to my client, Miguel Rodriguez, I call for an immediate dismissal. If I may?--

Webster slides back in his seat as Defense Counsel begins to take apart the complaint.

INT. USAO CORRIDORS - MORNING

Coming down the hall, Graffo looks like she's just witnessed a head on collision--

GRAFFO

This is bad, this is very bad.

DEA Agent Andersen is waiting as she approaches--

ANDERSEN

He's in there with his attorney.

Andersen follows Graffo inside.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

AUSA Graffo is shaking the Attorney's hand--

GRAFFO

Mary Graffo.

ATTORNEY

David Cole.

GRAFFO

Agent Andersen.

ATTORNEY

My client -- Mike Ruiz -- you know.

Remaining seated at the table is MIKE RUIZ and if looks could kill, well, they would--

JUMP CUT TO:

AUSA Graffo is laying out Leon Suarez's accusation--

GRAFFO

Mr. Suarez alleges you were the driver in the 9-6 Miami hit.

RUIZ

Yeah? Then he's a dead man--

Attorney Cole taps witness Ruiz's arm to settle him--

ATTORNEY

Don't say stupid stuff like that, Mikey. Let's just clear this up.

GRAFFO

That's what we're here for.

ATTORNEY

Mr. Suarez and my client have had a long bitter feud dating back to Mr. Suarez's acrimonious divorce from Mr. Ruiz's sister.

GRAFFO

(directed to Ruiz)

Mr. Suarez was your brother-in-law?

RUIZ

I introduced him to my sister. I didn't know he beat his women, not until later.

(eye to eye with Graffo)

No one hits my sister, understand?

And Graffo does--

ANDERSEN

But you continued working with Suarez, right?

Ruiz glares at Andersen -- like he's going to answer that.

ATTORNEY

On 9-6 my client was still serving a 3-5 year sentence in Attica on a robbery conviction.

The Attorney slides Ruiz's case record across to Graffo. Graffo reads it -- what can she say?

RUIZ

I had a week left on my sentence.

ATTORNEY
You don't have to talk.

RUIZ
Son of a bitch must have
miscalculated.

The Attorney throws up his hands in surrender--

ATTORNEY
Some clients you can't shut up.

INT. WAR ROOM ZONE - MORNING

Kim on the phone, taking notes on scraps of paper, on the
palm of her hand--

KIM
(in fluent Mandarin)
Yes, Mr. Wong, I understand. But
the Congressman flatly denies ever
offering to get your daughter out
of prison in exchange for your
campaign contribution--
(listening, jotting)
We are looking into it and we will
be back in touch. In the meantime,
sir, may I strongly suggest that
you hire a lawyer--

Kim hangs up, looks over at Knight, Erlick with Kelly--

KIM (CONT'D)
These people are so inured to
bribery that they think they're
reporting a fraud, not realizing
they're implicating themselves in
federal corruption charges.

KNIGHT
How do you get these cases to just
fall in your lap?

KELLY
She's got the karma, H. I keep
telling you, never underestimate
the vibes you put out.

KNIGHT
Yeah, yeah, yeah--

KIM
There's lot of meat on this bone --
I'd like to take a bite.

What she says or how she says it gives the group a moment's
pause--

KELLY
Hey, don't let me stop you--

KNIGHT
Go on girl.

KIM
Oh-- now I get it. You guys are
really too much--

KELLY
Tiger Boy, you're awfully quiet
over there.

ERLICK
I can nail this ex-AUSA.

KELLY
Nail him then.

ERLICK
I need to wear a wire.

Graffo joins the group.

KELLY
You hear that, Graffo? Your partner
in crime wants to wear a wire.

ERLICK
This guy is extorting favors. Lets
get him to extort one from me.

KNIGHT
Why not just bust the Brooklyn DAS
and get them to flip?

ERLICK
Because it's not clear that's what
he's doing. He's getting these guys
liquored up, setting them up with
"dates" and who knows what else,
and they're giving up information
that he presumably shares with his
clients.

KNIGHT
Is he breaking a law?

ERLICK
Right now, he's bending it all he
can. I guarantee, he's this close--

KELLY
So what are you going to do, Tiger
Boy? You gonna get him to ask for
more than he should? You gonna get
him to pay you for it?

ERLICK
Something like that.

KELLY
Who are you, Michael Corleone?
(acts out like Sonny)
You gonna take the gun and stick
right up between his eyes and POW
blow his brains out all over your
nice Paul Smith suit! Come here!

Everyone but Graffo gets a laugh--

KELLY (CONT'D)
Uh oh, Graffo doesn't think it's
funny. She got an assassin to flip
ten bodies but she's not happy.

GRAFFO
Suarez gave us nine but purposely
framed the tenth.

KNIGHT
Goodbye 5k.

GRAFFO
That's what I'm wondering about.

ERLICK
Well hold on. He did clear nine
cases. So he tried to get over--

KNIGHT
He's scum and should be put away
for life.

KIM
Why are you so hard, Harry?

KELLY

Yeah, Harry, why?

KNIGHT

Screw you, screw you, screw all of you. We act like he's doing us a favor. He's not doing us a favor. We're giving him the chance to redeem his sorry self in some small way. If he thinks he can piss on that like he's pissed on everything else in his life, then I say show "no mercy" -- the hell with him.

GRAFFO

Bottom line is the 5K letter is one of the few resources we have to get witnesses to cooperate.

KIM

But maybe like all our resources, it shouldn't be exploited.

KNIGHT

There you go, Lucy. Maybe you're not a lost cause after all.

ERLICK

Our ability to get these people to flip is entirely dependent on being able to deliver what we promise.

KELLY

This guy goes to the joint and starts telling everybody not to trust the U.S. Attorney's Office, I guarantee you they won't.

GRAFFO

What I want to do is kick his ass.

KELLY

Hey, as long as you've asked yourself if the guy should walk away with nothing after clearing nine homicides, then go ahead, kick his butt, kick it for H., kick it for all of us.

The AUSAs chime in "right"--

KELLY (CONT'D)

And as for you, Erlick, you be careful. I want Spera on this case with you, I don't trust the INS guy on his own.

(off Erlick's nod "okay")

Good. Now where's the newbie?

INT. ARRAIGNMENT COURT - LATER

AUSA Webster is standing in front of the Magistrate, sweating bullets, getting fried--

MAGISTRATE

Counsel, how many arraignments have you had?

WEBSTER

This is my first, your Honor.

MAGISTRATE

So it appears.

The Defense Attorney winks at her clients.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

You understand the requirement of showing Probable Cause?

WEBSTER

Yes I do.

MAGISTRATE

Then with respect to defendant Rodriguez, you'd acknowledge that the complaint only alleges mere presence and attempted flight at arrest?

WEBSTER

Yes--

MAGISTRATE

That's not probable cause. Do you have more?

Webster hems and haws--

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

I'll give you 30 minutes to tell me if you have more.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Your Honor, this is not law school--

MAGISTRATE

As for everyone else, unless there
is a bail package being proffered--
REMAND.

The Magistrate rises and leaves. Webster takes a breath.

INT. USAO CORRIDORS - LATER

Kim is escorting the Chinese Couple back to her office. The three are talking in animated Mandarin, friendly, humorous, and open.

Snyder passes them in the hall. A long PRINT-OUT trailing behind him as he goes.

INT. KNIGHT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

FBI Agent Snyder puts the print-out on Knight's desk--

KNIGHT

What have you got?

SNYDER

It confirms that the sales and transfers were prearranged. All sales took place within a 40 minute window with moneys then transferred to Swiss Accounts via the Cayman Islands.

KNIGHT

The Citi never sleeps.

SNYDER

It's all there in black and white.

KNIGHT

(totally nonplussed)
That's the way I like it.

SNYDER

That's the way you like? Hey man, we've busted open this case! How about showing a little excitement, a little appreciation for a job well done!

KNIGHT

Now that's not going to happen.

SNYDER
You're a jackass, you know that.

KNIGHT
I do and I don't. I carry a grudge,
that I know. It cost me a marriage
and a couple of good jobs. It-is-
something-I-have-to-work-on...but
I'm just too damn busy.

Knight stands and extends his hand to Snyder.

KNIGHT (CONT'D)
Well done.

SNYDER
(shaking H.'s hand)
That's a start.

KNIGHT
Let's indict Larry then bring in
all his friends.

Snyder sees an opening and takes it to give Knight a ribbing--

SNYDER
I'm going to break you, Knight.

Knights nods and chuckles--

SNYDER (CONT'D)
I'm going to get you to loosen that
tie. Step down and mingle with the
masses.

KNIGHT
Good luck trying.

INT. ARRAIGNMENT COURT - LATER

Police Sgt. Doyle is in AUSA Webster's face--

DOYLE
If you hadn't melted down, there
wouldn't be a problem. Jesus H.--

Then Doyle's on Officer Reilly--

DOYLE (CONT'D)
I bust my butt for this collar and
you go screw it up!

REILLY
 Bust YOUR butt? I brought it to
 you. I did the work. It was going
 to be my collar not yours.

Webster sees the fear on Reilly's face. He sees that he
 "flipped" on his partner and told the truth.

DOYLE
 (to Webster)
 Look, you got PC on the three but
 without the fourth it's a waste of
 time. He's the only one that
 counts. The others are mopes--

After seeing Reilly's reaction, springing from fear and
 pride, Webster gets an idea--

WEBSTER
 The kid.

DOYLE
 What?

WEBSTER
 (quickly on the move)
 Caesar--

REILLY
 No se nada? What about him?

DOYLE
 He's a mope.

WEBSTER
 He wants to talk.

INT. HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Webster and Reilly go through security. On a MONITOR, he
 sees the Spanish Kid alone in a cell, depressed and scared.

REILLY
 Don't come at him like you did last
 night.

WEBSTER
 Are you saying I was a hard ass?

They share a laugh as they clear--

INT. HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Webster sits across from Caesar--

WEBSTER
Tu hablas ingles, Caesar?

CAESAR
Poquito.

WEBSTER
(very deliberately)
Hablo poquito espanol tambien. So
we both talk slowly, okay?

The rest of the dialog can be in Spanish, English, or both--

WEBSTER (CONT'D)
Do you understand what's happening
in the court room?

CAESAR
Miguel says we're walking.

WEBSTER
Miguel's played you for the dummy.
(off Caesar's shrug)
As it stands now, he walks. You
don't. You stay. You get locked up.
You go to jail. Not him. You. It's
nothing to shrug about.

Caesar shrugs again--

WEBSTER (CONT'D)
Did you know the others were
selling drugs? Did Miguel know?
Miguel is the man, isn't he? He
gives the orders.

CAESAR
I don't know him. I know Jose.

WEBSTER
Jose was making the deliveries?

CAESAR
Ask him -- not me.

WEBSTER
Caesar, do you want to go to jail?

CAESAR

(takes a moment)

He asked me if I wanted to make some money. Of course I want to make money. I come to this country to make money so I can go back home and start my own business. I was working but then -- no more jobs.

WEBSTER

Where's home, Caesar?

CAESAR

Veracruz. You know Mexico?

WEBSTER

I've travelled there. I've been to the Mayan ruins near your home.

CAESAR

Yeah, I want to open a restaurant for the tourists like you.

WEBSTER

Listen to me, Caesar. How do I say this? I'm from here. Manhattan. The Upper East Side. I'm a rich kid. I don't know what it is to take the kind of risk you did coming here. I admire you. I do. Anyone who sets out on their own path. But you're in trouble and you've got to do whatever you can to get yourself out of it. You got to save your own ass or it's over. You'll have no future, no restaurant for tourists, it'll be gone. Am I being clear?

Caesar looks at Webster and doesn't shrug--

CAESAR

I understand.

EXT. WIT SEC CELL - LATER

Surveillance Cameras and gates. On a monitor, AUSA Graffo and DEA Agent Andersen are led down a corridor to a "jail cell"--

INT. WIT SEC CELL - CONTINUOUS

Witness Suarez sits on a couch in his "cell" which is furnished more like an apartment than a conventional jail.

Graffo is pissed off--

GRAFFO
You got inside my pants after all,
Leon.

LEON
Not yet, baby--

GRAFFO
YOU SCREWED ME!

Andersen folds his arms--

ANDERSEN
You picked the wrong bitch, Suarez.

LEON
I go down, Ruiz go down. No one
humiliate me in front of my woman.

GRAFFO
That woman was his sister and you
were beating her up.

LEON
You don't think he's a killer? he's
a killer. What difference does it
make who he killed or when as long
as you have him?

Graffo pulls out a Nicorette and starts chewing. As she
does, she gazes at the pack, thinking about Angie, her kids,
and the pain scum bags like Leon cause.

GRAFFO
Take a look around, Leon. Do you
still want that 5K?

Graffo looks right into Leon's eyes pleading "yes"--

GRAFFO (CONT'D)
You can't have it. If I give it to
you, I become your Ho'. That just
won't sit well with me, know what
I'm saying. No 5K, no parole. Call
it tough love.

Graffo starts for the door. Leon stirs on the couch, his
rage rising, ready to strike out--

ANDERSEN
 (steeling himself)
 Bring it on, dog--

Leon and Andersen, eye to eye.

ANDERSEN (CONT'D)
 One shot is all you'll get--

The door opens. Andersen waits for Leon to make a move but it doesn't happen.

INT. ERLICK'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Erlick is being wired. The TRANSMITTER DEVICE has been discretely placed inside his boxers.

GARCIA
 Comfortable?
 (off Erlick's reaction)
 Cough.

Spera stands nearby--

SPERA
 You don't need to do this.

GARCIA
 (quick, defensive)
 Yes he does.

Amused by Garcia, Erlick looks at Spera and shrugs "SEE"?

INT. UNDERWOOD'S TRIBECA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sleek loft. Cool furniture. Art on the walls. An intimate party with former AUSA Underwood, the two DAs, AUSA Erlick and a bunch of HOTTIES.

LAUGHTER, raucous and loud. Girls and booze and who knows what else.

Underwood and Erlick schmooze on the couch, girls on each side. They've both been drinking, so the talk is like that--

UNDERWOOD
 I've always felt there could be more cooperation between lawyers on both sides of the table.

ERLICK
 Defense attorneys always want to scramble the eggs.

UNDERWOOD

And prosecutors always want them
hard boiled.

Erlick shrugs "whatever"--

UNDERWOOD (CONT'D)

The point is, not just in the court
room but outside the court room to,
we need to cut the b.s. and work
together instead of against the
thing we're trying to do which is
the dispensation of justice.

ERLICK

How does that work?

UNDERWOOD

You share information with me and I
share information with you--

As the Hotty moves in on Erlick--

UNDERWOOD (CONT'D)

Or whatever else you might want--

Erlick laughs about it, in a drunk sort of way--

ERLICK

Sounds good. I'm game. Let's do it.

UNDERWOOD

An eager beaver. Let's get to know
each other, give it some time--

The HOTTY slides her hand up Erlick's thigh into his crotch.

ERLICK

Whoa--

He grabs her hand before she finds what he's hiding.

UNDERWOOD

(with a voyeur's smile)
Relax, you're with friends. Let's
call it part of the initiation.

ERLICK

Nah, that's not for me.

UNDERWOOD

Aren't you Tiger Boy? Are you or
not? How far are you willing to go?

The Hotty's hand comes the other way, stroking his face, down his chest to his belly--

UNDERWOOD (CONT'D)

If you can't get laid in front of your friends?--

Erlick senses Underwood zeroing in on him suspecting him perhaps -- or is it just paranoia?

ERLICK

Another time. How well do these ladies travel?

UNDERWOOD

Still piping hot when you get home.

Erlick takes the Hotty's hand and brings it to his lips--

ERLICK

(to Underwood)
Hospitality appreciated.

Underwood watches Erlick go; his stare is long and hard. TWO THUGS enter the room. Underwood signals for them to follow.

EXT. UNDERWOOD'S TRIBECA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Erlick comes out with the Hotty--

INT. GARCIA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DEA Agent Spera and INS Agent Garcia watch from across the street--

SPERA

Look at that dog. He never misses an opportunity.

Erlick and the Honey walk on. Very quickly Spera realizes the two are being followed by UNDERWOOD'S THUGS--

GARCIA

They got company.

Garcia keeps pace with the car.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Honey wraps herself around Erlick, coaxing him into a stairwell. Underwood's Thugs are edging closer.

INT. GARCIA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Garcia stops the car and is ready to jump out--

SPERA
No, we can't blow his cover.

GARCIA
Right, right, right--

Spera is on the phone--

SPERA
Special Agent Spera. Need a car
911 at Hudson and Harrison--

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Hotty has got Erlick where she wants him; it's just not where he wants to be--

ERLICK
You don't know when to quit--

Underwood's Thugs charge the stairs, chasing the Hotty off. They grab Erlick by the collar, SLAM him to the wall. They rip open his jacket, then his shirt, and shake him down--

IN THE CAR

Garcia bolts for the door--

GARCIA
I'm in!

But Spera grabs his arm as--

EXT. STREET

A BLUE & WHITE pulls up. Two Cops jump out. The Thugs BOLT. One Cop tackles one of the Thugs; the other gets away.

Erlick lifts himself off the ground. He takes a breath, pulls himself back together as Spera and Garcia join him.

INT. USAO MEN'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Erlick drops his pants--

ERLICK
Turn around.

Spera shrugs and turns away--

SPERA
Why?

ERLICK
I don't want you to see my big balls.

SPERA
I already have.

Spera turns back to face Erlick--

SPERA (CONT'D)
What I'm saying is, there are other ways to get this thing done without sticking your neck out.

Erlick slips on his pants, then zips up--

ERLICK
I guess I take it personally. It's not about quitting the USAO, it's about going to work for the scum.

SPERA
Okay, so I'm going to ask -- you got a death wish?

ERLICK
It's possible. You?--

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Graffo knocks one back with Andersen--

GRAFFO
I think we handled Suarez rather well. Did you think he was going to jump at you?

ANDERSEN
Nah, assassins are never good with their fists.

GRAFFO
One more round.

Andersen looks at Graffo, then finds the courage--

ANDERSEN
There's something I wanted to tell you earlier and seeing as how we're going to be working together now--

Graffo sees his wedding band--

GRAFFO

Listen, I don't mess around with guys I'm working with...you know, if they're married.

ANDERSEN

I wasn't going there.

GRAFFO

Oh...I just thought. Guess I got a big head listening to Leon.

ANDERSEN

I didn't mean it to sound like that either. Like I'm not interested... because I am. I'd mess around with you in a flash if I wasn't married--

A long moment slips past. Andersen catches Graffo's eye--

ANDERSEN (CONT'D)

I knew your brother, Mike.

Graffo is stunned, lets out a long "ah, jesus" sigh--

ANDERSEN (CONT'D)

We trained in narcotics then worked together Midtown North.

Graffo is clearly uncomfortable; she knocks back her drink.

ANDERSEN (CONT'D)

He was a great guy and a hell of a cop--

(off Graffo's silence)

And when he was killed -- I lost a brother.

GRAFFO

Yeah -- so did I.

ANDERSEN

You're kick ass just like he was.

GRAFFO

Listen--

(rising from her chair)

I'm going to go. Get a jump on those warrants.

She reaches for her wallet, but he stops her with his hand--

ANDERSEN

I got the drinks.
 (Graffo forces a smile)
 He'd be real proud of you, Mary.

She knocks off her drink and goes.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Graffo walks some dozen paces, then stops. She doesn't want to cry but the emotion swells up and overcomes her.

She clenches her fist then stomps her foot to make it stop. She chokes back the tears, reigning them in. Then she takes a breath and hurries on her way.

MUSIC fades in--

INT. AUSA CORRIDORS - MORNING

Carrying Knight's freshly pressed shirt, Webster confidently turns the corner, almost SLAMMING into Graffo again.

Just before impact, Webster gracefully steps aside--

WEBSTER

After you, Ms. Graffo.

Graffo nods, continues on. Webster approaches Kim scrambling to balance a stack of mail and folders.

KIM

Congratulations, Counsel.

Webster notices Kim's blouse and gestures with his hand--

WEBSTER

Your blouse.

INT. KNIGHT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Knight at his desk HEARS a hangar to hook. When he looks up, he sees his FRESHLY PRESSED SHIRT swaying on its hook.

INT. AUSA CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER

Graffo comes from one end of the corridor, Erlick the other. They stop, sort of say nothing, and continue on their way.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT EPISODE