THE ORDAINED

Pilot: "The Last Confession"

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ACT ONE

BLACK.

From the profound intimacy of an unseen confessional, we hear an unidentified male voice, close in our ear and wretched--

PENITENT (V.O.)
Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It has been--too long since my last confession. These are my sins.

Through these words we LURCH INTO a chaotic scene, REPORTERS jostling, CAMERAS shoving, and we realize we're outside the--

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN COURTHOUSE - DAY

Standing a few steps away from the eye of this maelstrom is TOM REILLY (33). As many have noted, a ringer for the late JFK Jr. Right now he looks as a new lawyer emerging from his first trial would--if he lost. Devastated.

A title:

"ONE MONTH EARLIER"

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

A man's collar. Buttoned, starched and so blindingly white, you might mistake it for the clerical kind.

Tom stretches his neck above the stiff collar. He stands before a window, a gift box in his hands. Behind him, the bedroom is bare as a monk's.

The Post-it on the gift box reads, "Go kill 'em! Love ya, Packy." He opens the box. It's a green necktie with tiny shamrocks. Of course. Using the window as a mirror, he knots it with the sober care of a warrior strapping on his armor.

Something out of frame catches his eye. Reaching toward an unseen wall, he pulls free an unframed snapshot. He fingers it like a talisman. It's of three teenagers, laughing maniacally in the way siblings can. A tomboyish sister, a manly brother. The third is Tom, but a long-lost Tom--young and wild and free. Unburdened.

EXT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - DAY

A midtown Manhattan office building whose occupants never pause to notice its spires scraping the late summer sky. Tom does. Uses the moment to steel himself.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - DAY

Tom exits an elevator into a coolly elegant lobby. Two stylish, female RECEPTIONISTS look up.

TOM
Orientation?

RECEPTIONIST #1
Down the hall, Conference A.

He heads off. The women's eyes follow him.

RECEPTIONIST #2
That was celibate?

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

FIRST-YEARS line one side of the conference table. Not sure what reeks stronger, their ambition or entitlement. They preen and fidget while Tom, notably older, sits still.

On the other side are the founders, whose corner offices the first-years aim to someday usurp. HOWARD PING (good cop) and STAN FEINGOLD (snarling cop), 50s, hold court.

HOWARD
Every law student in the country knows we only go after the top of the class. Not number two. Number one. You're here because you're the best of the best. Know what that means?

The first-years beam.

STAN
Means that as of today, we don't give two shits about your GPA. Every single person here is as smart as you. Smarter. With more experience. All we care about now is your ass--and how hard you haul it.

Two first-years trade glances. Feingold catches it.

STAN (CONT'D)
You wanted a fuzzy-wuzzy welcome? You shoulda gone to Skadden.

HOWARD
At this firm, we throw you right in. Starting today.
(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)
We'll lead with our headline case, the Ginwalla criminal. Anthea Washington, our lead litigator--

At mention of their dream case and the firm's star, the first years collectively inhale. ANTHEA WASHINGTON (late 30s) runs triathlons for fun, chews up first-years for sport. She speedwalks in, peeling her eyes from her Blackberry to scan their hungry faces. Her eyes pause on Tom.

ANTHEA
That one.

All the faces sour instantly as the first-years stink-eye Tom. Just who is this lucky bastard?

HOWARD
Our holy man. Good choice.

STAN
(to the others)
And you thought <u>your</u> references were good. His came from--

Stan points upward. One first-year peeks up at the ceiling, confused.

Anthea turns heel out the door as Howard calls--

HOWARD
I want Grace on second at trial.

Her back to the founders, Anthea pulls a face. Ugh.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - CORRIDOR - LATER

Tom steps out of the conference room--smack into GRACE PING. Niece of Howard. Pretty as a poodle. With fangs.

GRACE
Tom Reilly. I didn't believe it when they told me.

It takes him a moment.

TOM
Grace. Ping. Of course. It's been--

GRACE
Since Georgetown.

TOM
Right. What've you...been up to?

GRACE
Well, like most people who graduate law school, I became a lawyer.

The rest of the first-years file out behind them.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Not a priest.

The first-years stop short. Say what? They ogle Tom like he's sprouted twelve heads. Great. Tom summons back his calm.

TOM
Yes. I did. I was.

GRACE
Quit or kicked out?
(recoiling)
Were you part of that whole--

TOM
No, no. No. I left. On my own.

ANTHEA (O.C.)
In here.

Tom ducks into Anthea's office. Grace follows.

INT. ANTHEA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The spacious corner office is a war room. Other ASSOCIATES and CLERKS bustle about with files and documents. A whiteboard is red with scrawls. On TV, a local news anchor:

LIZ CHO
Now for an exclusive on the sexual assault case against diplomat Thabo Ginwalla.

Everyone halts to listen. On screen, an image of a gentlemanly statesman whom the chyron identifies as THABO GINWALLA. Sometimes mistaken for his friend Kofi Annan--a similar air of dignity and purpose.

LIZ CHO (CONT'D)
We turn to our reporter Connie Kim, live at the U.N.

CONNIE KIM does her stand-up before the wind-whipped flags of the United Nations.

CONNIE KIM
That's right, Liz. Eyewitness News has learned that the hotel maid who accused Thabo Ginwalla of sexually assaulting her is a refugee from Haiti. She was evacuated here after the devastating earthquake that took everything she had, including the life of her young son--

The screen freezes. Anthea wields the remote. She turns to the troops.

ANTHEA
So you see what we're up against.

GRACE
They don't even know her name, and already she's a saint.

ANTHEA
Normally we'd take months to prepare a case like this, but Mr. Ginwalla wants his good name cleared. Our job is to turn the story around--and fast.

Anthea crosses to the whiteboard.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
Ophelia St. Ambrose. Emigrated from Haiti in 2010, after the quake. Worked at The Clarion on West 53rd as a maid since. Mr. Ginwalla stayed there on the night of August 12--the date of the alleged incident.

She scrawls "12" in red. Then, "13, 14, 15."

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
Ms. St. Ambrose didn't go to the police until three days later. August 15. Crime lab found no physical evidence of trauma or assault. Got that? No. Physical. Evidence.

A senior associate, PETE, nods.

PETE
We think straight circumstantial, then?

ANTHEA
Or they'll shake and bake that report till they find something usable. If there is something, Pete, I want to know. And I want to be ready to smack it down.

Pete scribbles this task in his notes.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
Grace, you'll take witness prep. The hotel maids. Her boss. And you, Tom--you'll prep the client.

Tom looks up from his notes, surprised. Grace is nonplussed.

GRACE
But I already prepped Mr.--

ANTHEA
Just crossing T's and dotting I's.

Grace stares bullets at Tom.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Grace and Tom exit Anthea's office. But the sight of someone stops Tom cold:

HECTOR NUÑEZ. He's 60-ish, sleek and shiny like a knife. Striding down the hall like he owns the place. Or maybe the whole damn world. Grace oozes some Jessica Rabbit charm.

GRACE
Good morning, Hector.

Hector nods and keeps going. Grace catches Tom staring on after him and snaps back to business.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Listen to me. I don't care if all the other partners--including my uncle--are ga-ga over you. Hector Nuñez is mine.

She charges off. Tom regains himself.

ANTHEA
(from her office)
Hold on, Tom.
(to clerk)
Get me the background on Mr. Ginwalla.

Hoisting a file box, Anthea walks with Tom. He hustles to keep up. The lady's a shark. If she stops moving, she'll die.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
(re. Grace)
Why's she hate you?

TOM
(beats me)
We graduated law school together.

ANTHEA
But your CV says you took first.

Ohhh. Anthea's getting it.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
Which means Grace was second.

TOM
No, I'm pretty sure that was Mona Mirapuri.

ANTHEA
Uh-huh.

Anthea's grinning wickedly now. Tom's lips twitch, too.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
Pretty unusual, isn't it? For a top law grad to become a priest?

TOM
(shrugs)
Not unheard of. After seminary, you're expected to get your master's. Usually in divinity, but sometimes history. Philosophy. Law.

ANTHEA
What's a priest want with a J.D.?

TOM
Some study the canonical law--

ANTHEA
I meant you.

They stop outside Tom's small, interior office.

TOM
I guess you could say it's a family tradition.

She hands the file box to Tom. His arms plunge. It's heavy; Anthea's that strong.

ANTHEA
About that. You need to know. We didn't hire you for your name.
(sotto)
We hired you despite it. There are some partners who think--well. That you're a spy.

Instinctively, Tom looks in the direction Hector Nuñez went.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
I pulled for you.

TOM
Why?

ANTHEA
Because. I think your background makes you a man of principles. A man who knows right from wrong. And this firm needs that. Badly.

TOM
Thank you.

ANTHEA
I like to win, Tom. And juries vote for the side they trust.

Anthea pats the file box. Don't let me down.

EXT. PUCK BUILDING - NIGHT

The historic downtown building, ablaze with lights, chauffer-driven cars triple-parked along the curb.

INT. PUCK BUILDING - BALLROOM - NIGHT

The ballroom is packed with a very special breed: rich New York Democrats. All wear green shamrock buttons, as befitting the theme--green streamers, balloons, flower arrangements. At the front of the room hangs a billboard-sized poster with two words visible: "RE-ELECT MAYOR."

Tom works his way in. A white-haired SENATOR slaps his back.

SENATOR
Father. I mean--

TOM
Just Tom now, Senator. Have you seen her?

The Senator grabs a tumbler from a passing waiter, then gestures toward a blaze of camera lights in a corner.

SENATOR
Showing off that gift of gab.

GIRL (O.S.)
Uncle Tommy!

A pre-schooler in a party dress pops out from between the Senator's legs. Tom scoops her up. Tom's brother-in-law GAVIN FLYNN squeezes through the crowd after her, a pink sling wrapped diagonally around his chest.

GAVIN
Hannah, you do that one more time and we're going home!

HANNAH
(to Tom)
It's way past my bedtime!

GAVIN
It's way past my bedtime.

The lump in the pink sling wriggles. Tom peers inside.

TOM
Clare's first political event?

GAVIN
Her first event-event. The doctor said no crowds till after all her shots, but you know your sister--

Tom and Gavin sing-song the family credo:

TOM / GAVIN
"What Packy wants..."

A third voice joins in.

PACKY
"...Packy gets." Yeah, yeah, yeah.

PACKY (40s)--that's Mayor Patricia Mary Reilly--has torn herself away from the reporters and joined her family. She's a suited-up version of the tomboy in Tom's snapshot, a merry lass with a bleeding heart and a spine of steel.

HANNAH
Mommy, can I have more ice cream?

PACKY
Sure, punkin.
(off Gavin)
What? It's a special night.

GAVIN
It's gonna be a year of special nights!

PACKY
You married a Reilly, babe. God willing, it's gonna be a lifetime of special nights.

INT. PUCK BUILDING - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A clutch of REPORTERS in a roped-off section gorge on free food and drink. Up-and-comer NALINI JEET (20s), new on the City Hall beat; dressed to kill, wildly ambitious. That J-school course on ethics? She skipped it. Crosshairs on Tom.

VETERAN REPORTER
(mouth full, noticing)
He's off limits.

NALINI
Who says?

VETERAN REPORTER
Aren't you from Page Six?

NALINI
I'm on City Hall now.

VETERAN REPORTER
Of course, because covering politics and gossip is exactly the same. Look. We're talking about the most powerful family in New York.

NALINI
Exactly.

VETERAN REPORTER
So, you break one of their cardinal rules? You'll be out on your ass fast as you can say "Kardashian."

NALINI
(to herself)
We'll see about that.

INT. PUCK BUILDING - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hannah darts off. Gavin gives chase. Packy turns to Tom, straightens his tie. There's a lifetime worth of deep and mutual fondness here. She talks politician-fast.

PACKY
So how'd it go? You survive the snake-pit?

TOM
They're not all snakes.

PACKY
Like hell. Ping, Feingold is a--

Tom's face says this is well-trod turf. Packy clips it.

PACKY (CONT'D)
I know, I know. Dead horse. So whaddaya think of all this, huh? Look at the turnout and tell me you still think this is a bad idea.

Now this--this is <u>really</u> well-trod turf. All joking falls aside as he says, in urgency bordering on desperation--

TOM
This is. A bad. Idea.

They lock eyes. The echo of a ferocious argument lingers. This was no mere sibling spat; the stakes are too high. It's Tom who relents. He's already lost this one.

TOM (CONT'D)
I know, I know. Dead horse.

Packy decides to bury it. It's what she does best.

PACKY
I said the Brooklyn Armory, but the Governor insisted. Easier to get his crowd to back a millionaire tax hike than to cross a bridge.

TOM
How much you need to raise?

PACKY
Sky's the limit, now that Congressman Wacker's in the race. Everyone from K Street to Wall Street's lining up to fill his tank. Including your new bosses.
(MORE)

PACKY (CONT'D)
(off Tom's look)
Okay, okay.

TOM
I'm sure the Gov will find a way to smear him.

PACKY
I don't know. No affairs, no bribes, no asinine comments about rape. Believe me, we're looking.

They both watch as a beringed hand nabs a champagne flute.

TOM
You coulda saved a few bucks here.

PACKY
Tell me about it. Fund ads for a month with the liquor bill alone. But "you gotta spend money to make money," that's what the Gov says.

TOM
Who's paying?

Packy raises her chin toward a mezzanine overlooking the ballroom, where DARK-SUITED MEN huddle. Tom's mood darkens.

PACKY
You talk to him since you quit?

Tom shakes his head no.

PACKY (CONT'D)
Listen. He'll come around. God knows I've let him down plenty. Sometimes I feel like I've spent my whole life making up for being born without balls.

And just like that, they're teenagers again.

TOM
And that's why yours are bigger than all of ours combined.

PACKY
Yep. Had to grow my own. I opted for gigantic.

Together they look up at the mezzanine.

PACKY (CONT'D)
I'd lend 'em to you if I could.

INT. PUCK BUILDING - STAIRS TO MEZZANINE

Tom heads up the stairs straight into MAGALYS, his strikingly poised, beautifully dressed mother. A shrewd politician's wife, devout Catholic--and fierce and loving mother. She speaks with the gentle lilt of her native Cuba.

MAGALYS
My son.

He kisses her cheek, then takes her shoulders.

TOM
You okay, Ma? You look a little pale.

She shrugs off his concern, but her poise falters as she touches his collar.

MAGALYS
Just a little shock. My first time to see you with a tie.
(composing herself)
I have to go do my wave. Oh, and--
(toward the mezzanine)
Be nice.

TOM
(to himself)
Tell him that, will you?

INT. PUCK BUILDING - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

Powerful men puff cigars under a no-smoking sign. These are the men who rule the City, never mind who's Mayor. Tammany Hall reincarnate. At their center is Michael Thomas Reilly (60s), or, as everyone except his wife calls him--THE GOV. Former three-term governor, lifelong king of New York. The Gov catches sight of Tom. His cronies part as the two men eye each other. An old-fashioned showdown.

TOM
Governor.

THE GOV
Father. Oh, I keep forgetting--
you're just a civilian now.

TOM
And you haven't been Governor for ten years.

Surprise. Tom gives as good as he gets. The air crackles with their antagonism. The cronies watch, amused.

THE GOV
I should've known you couldn't stick it out.

TOM
Stick it out? You never wanted me to ordain in the first place.

THE GOV
It's what your mother wanted.

TOM
So now I'm a lawyer. Like you wanted.

THE GOV
Working for Hector Nuñez. A man who wants me dead.

TOM
I hate to break it to you, Dad. But a lot of people want you dead.

The cronies guffaw at that. But their laughter is overtaken by shouts and applause from the main floor. Packy is taking the podium. The cronies disperse along the railing to watch.

Tom and the Gov turn to lean against the crowded railing, shoulder to shoulder, eyes on Packy. Despite their tension, they can't help but react to the crowd's adoration of her.

THE GOV
Now that's the sound of 61 percent approval ratings.

PACKY
(from stage)
Thank you! Thank you all!

THE GOV
Tie suits you.

TOM
Ma doesn't think so.

Down on the stage, the crowd cheers as Hannah runs on stage, delivering a big, ice-creamy grin. Gavin follows holding Clare, then Magalys, waving her signature ladylike wave.

PACKY
Most of all I want to thank my beautiful family--

THE GOV
True. Every day she asks me,
(accented)
"Why he quit, why?" I tell her I'd like to know myself.

Tom's smile falls away. The Gov radiates something far more complicated toward him than mere paternal disappointment. There's anger, distrust. And--as in all estrangements--loss.

THE GOV (CONT'D)
I'd like to know why my son quit being a priest. To become a lawyer.

The words hang there like an indictment. Finally--

TOM
I told you. I heard a different calling.

THE GOV
To work for a snake-pit law firm that hates your family?

PACKY
And you all know my father--

Tom's gaze remains focused on Packy.

TOM
I made a deal with God.

The faces in the ballroom tilt up toward the mezzanine. Tom begins to draw back, out of the crowd's view.

PACKY
--the former Governor of New York, Michael Thomas Reilly!

As the Gov waves to the cheering crowd, he responds--

THE GOV
With God? ...Or the devil?

Tom halts. Then he recedes into the shadows.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

BLACK. Through the haze, we can just make out a face--a man's face. The PENITENT. It's not a haze at all but the scrim of a confessional. The POV of an unseen confessor PRIEST.

PENITENT
Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.

The voice is close in our ear and wretched. We recognize it.

PENITENT (CONT'D)
It has been--too long since my last confession. These are my sins.

Suddenly, the penitent leans right up against the scrim. His face is contorted, his tone menacing.

PENITENT (CONT'D)
I know who you are.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom bolts upright. He's in bed. It's night. Sweat speckles his face.

Just a dream.

He looks at the clock. 2:03 a.m.

He calms his breathing, gets his bearings. Then he sniffs. Smoke?

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom pads out to his kitchen, sniffing. He pokes at the gas range like it's some nuclear device. Which it might as well be to him. But no, no smoke here. Then he hears--

WOMAN (O.S.)
Okay, okay, baby, I'll try, but your mother can get so--

Whoever it is, she sounds like she's <u>in</u> the room. He swivels around. Sees he left a window cracked.

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Tom hoists open his window, leans out. There sitting on the fire escape is a WOMAN--barefoot, smoking, cell-phone chatting, drinking wine from the bottle, wearing only a camisole and men's boxers.

TOM
Excuse me.

The woman shrieks. Tom realizes she's barely dressed and looks away--but it's hard. She's gorgeous.

WOMAN
Holy shit! You scared the bejesus out of me!

Tom's a little wigged out himself.

TOM
I live here.

As in: and you?

WOMAN
Oh! God. Sorry. Jesus. I live here, too. Next door, I mean.

She juggles her things and puts out a hand.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Sam.

TOM
Tom.

There's loud, male yammering coming out of Sam's phone.

SAM
(into the phone)
Tom. The new neighbor.
(pause)
Yeah. It's a guy.
(realizing, to Tom)
Oh, God. Was I too loud? I woke you? It's just, your place's been empty for months, so I just come out here like it's my own--

She's not just stunning--she's utterly charming. Tom has to peel his eyes from her. Still, it's been a long day.

TOM
It's okay. Nice to meet you.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom shuts the window. Sam goes back to her phone call. Which he can still totally hear.

SAM
What do you mean, how could I not notice someone moving in? Maybe I was out.

Sam hushes her voice. But he can still totally hear.

SAM (CONT'D)
Well, for one thing, he doesn't own, like, anything. No furniture, no bric-a-brac--I'm telling you.

Tom looks around his place. She's kind of right.

SAM (CONT'D)
Not even a coffee maker. What grown-up doesn't own a coffee maker? Oh my God.
(I've got it)
I bet he just got out of jail.

Yep. A very long day.

EXT. TURTLE BAY - DAY

The row of well-kept brownstones looks like many an East Side block. Except that the SUVs have chauffers and diplomatic plates. And those aren't doormen; they're bodyguards.

Tom ascends one brownstone's stoop and approaches the African guard. Tom reaches inside his breast pocket for his wallet. The guard's hand dives inside his jacket, too--though clearly for something more lethal.

They both freeze. Slowly, Tom pulls out his ID. The guard relaxes. Yeesh.

INT. TURTLE BAY BROWNSTONE - DAY

Tom enters a handsome house, home of the NIGERIAN AMBASSADOR. A BUTLER escorts Tom to a sitting room, where the Ambassador and Thabo Ginwalla are taking tea.

Tom waits at the threshold while the butler crosses to announce his presence. The two men stand up.

GINWALLA
Ah! My legal team.

The Ambassador eyes Tom.

AMBASSADOR
I hope there is more to your team than just one young man.

GINWALLA
How many lawyers does it take to defend an innocent man?

It sounds like a plaintive rumination. But then--

GINWALLA (CONT'D)
As many as can fit on the bill.

A joke. The two men chortle. Tom smiles politely.

AMBASSADOR
Well, I shall leave you to it.

As he passes Tom, he pauses.

AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)
Thabo Ginwalla is the greatest man my country has ever produced. Do not let a great man down.

He exits and shuts the door. Tom is alone with Ginwalla.

GINWALLA
I hear you were a priest.

TOM
I was.

Tom follows Ginwalla to chairs across from each other. The older man regards the younger with curiosity.

GINWALLA
Where I am from, young men take the oath to escape poverty. But here, I imagine it is quite the opposite. Especially for one of your... pedigree.

Ah. So he knows who Tom is. The butler materializes to pour the tea, but Ginwalla waves him away. He pours a cup for Tom.

GINWALLA (CONT'D)
I wondered about having you on my team. Your father, during his Presidential run--he made some comments about the efficacy of NATO. I'm afraid I answered, in public. We are not friends.

The memory hardens Ginwalla's expression. Yet instead of rising to a confrontation, Tom slips into his priestly mode of quiet compassion.

TOM
The Book of Luke tells us to forgive and be forgiven. But often there's nothing more difficult.

We've yet to see this side of Tom, and it's a revelation. This is his superpower: he listens. He understands. He forgives. He is a man whose gift is to take confession.

GINWALLA
I myself am not a Catholic. But I have a certain comfort with those who wear the collar. A feeling I can confess anything.

TOM
Reconciliation can relieve a burden.

Ginwalla softens under Tom's magic. Tom can sense he has something to unload. Outwardly Tom remains the confessor priest, patient and nonjudgmental. Ginwalla makes a decision.

GINWALLA
I told the other lawyers that I had never met the maid Ophelia St. Ambrose. That is not exactly true.

A bomb. But Tom doesn't react. Not visibly, anyway.

GINWALLA (CONT'D)
She came to clean my room. I was still in there, reading over my notes for a speech. So I asked her to come back later. She seemed to know who I was and instead began to tell me her story. About Haiti. And the earthquake. And her little boy lost in its wake.

Ginwalla looks far away.

GINWALLA (CONT'D)
I was moved. So moved, in fact, that I reached for my wallet and gave her one thousand dollars.

He looks back at Tom, defiant, without regret.

GINWALLA (CONT'D)
You and the other lawyers will say this was unwise. But it is the curse of men like me.
(MORE)

GINWALLA (CONT'D)
When we are faced with pain, we believe it is incumbent upon us to heal the wound. Or at least to try.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - ANTHEA'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom has just updated Anthea, Grace and Pete on the meeting with Ginwalla. Anthea paces.

ANTHEA
The maid never mentioned money to the police.

GRACE
Neither did Mr. Ginwalla.

PETE
We didn't let him mention much of anything.

ANTHEA
How do we use this to build our case, is the question. Tom?

Tom envisions the scene.

TOM
She receives the cash. But she needs more. Not out of greed. For something--or someone. Mr. Ginwalla's rich--and generous. No one's ever just handed her money like that. She's desperate enough to think maybe he'll do it again.

He gets up, thinking.

TOM (CONT'D)
But he's already checked out. And he's not exactly listed. She hears about a hotel maid who accused an important man of rape, and he gave her lots of money to go away. She decides this is her best option. So she goes to the police and makes her charges.

Anthea, Grace and Pete are staring at him, saucer-eyed.

GRACE
What were you, a priest or a psychic?

TOM
(shrugs)
I heard a lot of confessions.

Anthea starts pacing again, plotting.

ANTHEA
Still. We need proof. I suppose he gave her cash?

Tom nods, and Anthea grunts. Figures.

GRACE
Maybe she bought something with it. Shoes.

ANTHEA
(withering)
Normal people don't spend a thousand dollars on shoes.

She presses her intercom.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
Get me Carlos.

CARLOS appears in Anthea's doorway. Dressed like a guy who works with his hands--and not typing depositions, either.

CARLOS
Yeah?

ANTHEA
Tom, meet our firm investigator. You're taking a trip with him to the Bronx.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - ELEVATOR - DAY

Side by side in an empty elevator. Eyes forward.

CARLOS
I know who you are.

Same line as in his dream. Tom is wary. But--

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Don't worry, Padre. I got your back.

TOM
Is my back in danger?

CARLOS
All's I know is the last guy with my job? He's dead.

Carlos makes a gun with his fingers and shoots. Blam.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Outside a church.

Carlos shakes his head--is there nothing sacred? But something about this information jolts Tom. When Carlos looks over, Tom covers.

EXT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - DAY

A line of black Towncars at the curb. Tom heads toward them.

CARLOS
Whoa, whoa there. We show up in one of those--game over. We take the underground chariot.

As they turn up the street toward the subway, Tom freezes.

Hector Nuñez steps out of a Towncar and strides toward the building. Tom stares.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
C'mon, Padre. Can't bill for loitering. I've tried.

Tom turns to go. Just then, Hector turns back. He squints in Tom's direction. Watches Tom and Carlos as they walk away.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - HOWARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Howard Ping's corner office is several pay grades up from Anthea's utilitarian war room. Modern Chinese concept art, framed ancient scrolls. Howard sits behind his desk, Stan Feingold across. Anthea stands coiled, ready for a fight.

Hector Nuñez stands at the window. He speaks calmly and melliflously, his voice molten. If you only listened, you'd miss the serrated eyes.

HECTOR
So you've got him on the Ginwalla.
(to Anthea)
I trust you know the history between our client and the Governor.

ANTHEA
You mean the NATO comments? With all due respect, Hector--it is history. As in ancient.

HECTOR
You watch. The son will try to sabotage the case for his father. And then we'll know who he really works for.

Howard and Stan exchange looks. Not this again.

HOWARD
(soothing)
We know how you feel about this.

HECTOR
And yet you still hired him. The son of the man who got me kicked out of office--the man who killed my political career.

STAN
And if I remember correctly, you turned around and torpedoed his Presidential campaign. So. Eye for an eye.

HOWARD
Besides, all our reports say Tom and his father have barely spoken in years. Ever since the other one, the first son, died--

STAN
And the Governor blamed Tom. In public. The old bastard.

HECTOR
What about the sister? They're still thick as thieves.

HOWARD
She'll be out in a year. And with our backing, your man Wacker will be in. Meantime--

STAN
--hiring the younger brother of a sitting Mayor is hardly the dumbest thing this firm has ever done.

EXT. GERARD AVENUE, THE BRONX - DAY

Tom and Carlos stand outside a housing project in the shadow of Yankee Stadium. Carlos fits in just fine on the busy street, but Tom is a white dude in a suit. Sore thumbsville.

Carlos tries the main entrance. Locked.

CARLOS
You didn't see this.

TOM
See what?

Carlos presses a bunch of doorbells at once. Nothing. Then--BZZZZ. Unlocked. Carlos holds opens the door for Tom.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

Carlos scans the mailboxes. Finds "ST. AMBROSE."

CARLOS
You didn't see this.

TOM
See what?

Carlos jimmies the lock, opens the mailbox, rifles through. Not at all legal. Glances at Tom.

CARLOS
I'll say an extra Hail Mary.

He slams the mailbox shut.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Okay. Three-H. Let's talk to the neighbors.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - 3RD FLOOR - DAY

Carlos and Tom stand before a door at one end of a long corridor. Carlos knocks. The door opens a crack. A MAN IN AN UNDERSHIRT peers out.

UNDERSHIRT MAN
Si?

CARLOS
(in Spanish)
Could we ask you a few questions about your neighbor?

UNDERSHIRT MAN
You police?

Carlos evades, holding up a picture of the maid.

CARLOS
Ophelia St. Ambrose. Three-H.

Undershirt Man peers at the picture, then at Tom. White dude in a suit. Can't be good.

UNDERSHIRT MAN
Don't know her. Never met her.

Undershirt Man slams the door shut.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - 3RD FLOOR - LATER

All the way at the other end of the corridor now. Many slammed doors in between. Carlos and Tom stand before the last. This one's decorated in saints' decals and candles, the kind from the corner botanica. Carlos hesitates.

CARLOS
Maybe it's better you wait down the hall.

But Tom has an idea. He takes Carlos's notepad and tears himself a sheet. Swiftly he rolls it up into a flat bar. With one hand he whips off his tie, hands it to Carlos.

TOM
You didn't see this.

CARLOS
See what?

Then he tucks the paper into his collar. A priest's collar.

Carlos is gobsmacked. Tom knocks.

An OLD LADY cracks open the door. She takes one look at "Father" Tom, and swings the door wide. Carlos, still slack-jawed, follows Tom inside.

TOM
I'll say an extra Hail Mary.

CARLOS
Better make that a whole rosary.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - APARTMENT - DAY

Tom and Carlos sit in plastic-covered chairs, surrounded by saint candles and statuettes of Mary.

OLD LADY
(in Spanish)
Poor girl. What she's gone through. Tragedy, and tragedy, and tragedy.

CARLOS
(in Spanish)
Was she able to treat herself recently? Did she buy anything?

OLD LADY
No, nothing. Everything she earns, she sends home to family.
(thinking)
There was something...

Carlos and Tom look up.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
She asked me where she can buy a cheap airplane ticket.

CARLOS
To Haiti.

OLD LADY
The Dominican Republic.

Off Tom and Carlos, puzzled.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

Tom and Carlos emerge into daylight and walk back down the street toward the subway stop. Tom's working it out.

TOM
Haiti's still a mess. Probably better to buy a ticket to Santo Domingo and cross over by bus. Or maybe she's got relatives. Some earthquake victims migrated there--

CARLOS
That won't always work, you know.

He means Tom's paper collar.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Especially these days.
(apologetic)
I probably don't have to tell you.

They keep walking as Tom tosses the collar in the trash.

TOM
I was in a supermarket one day, wearing my collar. A mother with a little girl came down the aisle.

Carlos hands him his tie, and Tom begins to put it on.

TOM (CONT'D)
The girl dropped her toy. This plastic pony...my niece has one. So I picked it up. As I knelt down to give it back, the mother snatched her away. The girl started to scream and cry. Out of <u>fear</u>. Like she'd just come face to face with a criminal.

They've reached the subway station. Tom straightens his tie.

TOM (CONT'D)
So, yeah. You don't have to tell me.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

The magnificent cathedral, somehow more so amid the material extravagance of Fifth Avenue.

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

As the pipe organ wheezes a solemn hymn, we catch glimpses of the gloomy splendor within St. Pat's...

Charles Connick's stained-glass portrait of a rose.

The Pieta of Mary weeping over a limp Jesus.

A small line of WORSHIPERS, awaiting their turn at--

A row of confessionals.

Tom's gaze lingers on those confessionals across the church.

ARCHBISHOP (O.S.)
Amen, amen, I say to thee--

Tom snaps back to attention. The ARCHBISHOP stands before him, hands held over the tiny, mewling infant in Tom's hands.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)
--unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

Tom looks down at Baby Clare, his niece. Wearing heirloom white lace, gazing up in utter trust. It dissolves his heart.

And then the Archbishop douses Clare's head in water, and she startles violently. The few dozen WITNESSES, dressed in church finery and gathered around the baptismal font, break up into chuckles and coos. Tom looks up at his family.

Packy, dressed uncharacteristically in pastels and pearls, clucks at Clare. Gavin holds a squirming Hannah. The Gov stands with Magalys, and she leans against him, content. Framed against stained glass, it's a heartbreakingly lovely family portrait. So lovely you know it has to shatter.

INT. REILLY HOME - DAY

A baptism party hosted by the Gov and Magalys. The same guests mill around an apartment on the Upper West Side, a pre-war, high-ceilinged beauty lined with bookcases and framed photos. The real estate of New York daydreams.

Uniformed wait staff pass canapés and stiff cocktails (it's an Irish baptism). Packy shows off a sleeping Clare to Tom while Magalys presents a drink to the Archbishop.

MAGALYS
Tyrconnell single malt for Your Excellency.

ARCHBISHOP
You don't forget a thing.

MAGALYS
Never when it comes to friends.

PACKY
Or foes.

They laugh.

PACKY (CONT'D)
Thanks again for making the time, Archbishop. Now that my <u>brother's</u> no longer available for baptisms--

Magalys's breath catches at mention of Tom's laicization. She never loses her poise but can't help tearing up.

PACKY (CONT'D)
(to Tom)
I got this.
(to Magalys)
C'mon, Ma. It's a happy day.

Packy leads Magalys away. Tom feels terrible.

ARCHBISHOP
I remember your mother crying upon your ordainment as well.

TOM
Those were tears of joy then, your Excellency.

ARCHBISHOP
(he knows)
An ordainment is like a wedding. When you marry, you carry the hopes and good wishes of a community. And so when you divorce, you let the entire community down.

Now Tom feels even worse. The Archbishop pats his shoulder.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)
Lord knows you're not the first young man to leave the priesthood. In my day we used to blame it on Punch or Judy. Either the drink. Or the girl. But--

The Archbishop seems to be puzzling something out.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)
I pride myself on knowing which ones will make it. And you--I would have staked my rosary on you.
(closer)
Something happened, didn't it? To change your vocation?

The Archbishop looks deep into Tom's eyes. The old man has heard many, many confessions...he knows when someone's hiding something. Tom fights to maintain his poker face. He produces the same answer he gave the Gov--

TOM
I heard a different calling.

Just then THE GOV thunders by, snarling into the house phone.

THE GOV
I don't care who you work for.

TOM
(to Archbishop)
If you'll excuse me.

Tom joins Packy, who's handed off Clare and follows the Gov.

THE GOV
(into phone)
You don't call my home, you don't interrupt my grandchild's baptism--how did you get this number anyway?

PACKY
Who's calling me here?

The Gov doesn't bother to cover the mouthpiece.

THE GOV
A Nalini Jeet from The Post.
(into phone)
You know what--you want an interview with Mayor Reilly, you call her press secretary, like every other reporter in--

The Gov stops short. Packy and Tom exchange looks.

THE GOV (CONT'D)
You want who?

The Gov's eyes land on Tom's. He speaks slowly.

THE GOV (CONT'D)
You're writing a profile. On my son Tom.

The Gov lowers his voice so as not to disturb the party guests. But there's no mistaking the depths of his anger.

THE GOV (CONT'D)
Let me set you straight. My daughter and I are fair game. Our families are not. You back off my son, or you and every other hack from The Post will be barred from City Hall. I'll stand at the door myself. Is that clear?

This is not good. Not good at all. The Gov slams the phone down and aims his anger at Tom.

THE GOV (CONT'D)
Trouble just follows you around, doesn't it?

PACKY
Come on, Gov. Let him be.

Father and son face off as their tempers flare.

TOM
Go on, say it.
(closer)
I'm not protected by my collar anymore. You can say it. Say it's my fault your favorite son is dead.

The Gov boils, biting on the words.

THE GOV
Just try not to get the rest of us killed.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WABC NEWS STUDIO - DAY

A TV news studio right in the middle of a mid-day newscast. The same anchor as earlier reads from a teleprompter, over B-roll of a rally of angry citizens picketing outside a construction site. Packy is at their forefront.

LIZ CHO
The Mayor has come out in opposition to Greenergy's plans.

Video cuts to a closeup of a factory and its memorable logo: a sun with a happy face under the name "Greenergy."

LIZ CHO (CONT'D)
Canarsie residents are protesting the expansion of the plant based on concerns about what they claim are unusually high rates of cancer in its immediate neighborhood.

Now a new report.

LIZ CHO (CONT'D)
U.N. diplomat Thabo Ginwalla continues his quest to fight charges of sexual assault by a hotel maid.

The chyron indicates live footage of Ginwalla, his arm around MRS. GINWALLA, a dignified woman about his age, ducking through a gauntlet of reporters into a building.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - DAY

And now it's real time as the elevator doors open and the Ginwallas step into the law firm's lobby. Anthea, Grace, Pete and Tom are waiting, and they usher the two inside.

ANTHEA
I'm so sorry you had to go through that. Tom, get Mrs. Ginwalla settled.

Tom leads her to a sofa as the others head toward a conference room. Mrs. Ginwalla sits down hard, dazed.

MRS. GINWALLA
All those years by his side. You'd think I'd be used to it by now.

She means the media mob. Tom sits beside her.

TOM
I never have, either.

MRS. GINWALLA
Thabo spoke of you. The Governor's son. Then you understand. Men like my husband, your father...they live their lives in service of others. That's why they need a release. Sometimes they just need to do something for themselves without the whole world's judgment.

It's an odd thing to say, and it leaves Tom troubled.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tom slips in. Ginwalla is sitting on one side of the conference table, Anthea facing him, flanked by Grace and Pete. Anthea is interviewing him in preparation for trial. Tom takes an unobtrusive seat on the lawyers' side.

ANTHEA
So then you felt compelled to just up and give her a thousand dollars.

GINWALLA
I was moved by her story. I felt it was my duty.

ANTHEA
You were strangers.

GINWALLA
I have no memory of seeing her on my previous stay at the hotel.

ANTHEA
And when was that?

GINWALLA
A month prior.

This is news to Tom. His wheels turn.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - TOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tom is buried in doc review. The other first-years troop by, laughing and joking. A pretty one pops her head in.

FIRST-YEAR #1
Coming?

Tom looks up. He has no idea what she's talking about.

FIRST-YEAR #1 (CONT'D)
Didn't you get the e-mail? The partners are taking us out to celebrate our first few weeks--

TOM
I can't.

She's disappointed. As the group moves on, Tom overhears--

FIRST-YEAR #2
What's he got, Bible study?

They laugh. But they stop abruptly when they walk into Carlos, carrying a box and growling at them like a pissed-off Rottweiler. They scuttle toward the elevator, fast.

CARLOS
A hundred bucks says half a them are gone by Christmas.

TOM
You got it?

Carlos hefts the box onto Tom's desk.

CARLOS
Hotel security tapes going a month back.

Tom starts to rifle through the disks.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Whaddaya expecting to find?

TOM
A problem.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - TOM'S OFFICE - LATER

Tom is slumped before his computer, his hand on the mouse. A stack of CD-Roms with hotel security footage on his desk. Carlos's feet are on Tom's desk as well, vending-machine snack wrappers piled between them. They're punchy; it's late.

CARLOS
Okay. Tell me a good one.

TOM
A good what?

CARLOS
Confession. What's the juiciest one you ever heard?

TOM
(laughing)
I can't tell you that.

CARLOS
C'mon, man! I told you about stealing my sister's car--

TOM
I can't tell you because it's against the law.

CARLOS
The law of God?

TOM
And the law of man.

CARLOS
Bull.

TOM
"No minister of the gospel, or priest of any denomination whatsoever, shall be allowed to disclose any confessions made to him in his professional character." The People versus Phillips, New York State, 1813.

Carlos takes a sec to chew on this.

CARLOS
What if the guy dies?

Suddenly, it's no longer just banter to Tom. He's clearly done more than his share of research; this is an area of law he knows cold. He recites with the fluency of an expert--and the heaviness of the resigned.

TOM
The rite of reconciliation is protected by the priest, up to and beyond the death of the penitent.

CARLOS
What if the priest goes mortal? Like you.

TOM
Even if the confessor subsequently leaves the priesthood, he is bound by oath never to reveal the contents of the confession.
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
(off Carlos)
Same as attorney-client privilege.

CARLOS
So my mama was right. I really can say anything in confession, and you can never, ever reveal it. Damn.
(wait a minute)
Even a crime?

TOM
Even a crime.

Suddenly Tom sits up. Something on screen catches his eye. A view of the security tape on the computer monitor: a SEXY WOMAN slinks down the corridor. She knocks on a door. Ginwalla opens it. She enters.

Tom slumps. Carlos whistles. He's impressed--with Tom.

CARLOS
And here I thought priests assumed the best in people.

Just then Tom sees Hector Nuñez heading toward the elevators. He darts after him.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Tom pretends nonchalance as he joins Hector at the elevators. Hector sees who it is and grimaces. He closes the folder he's looking at, but not before Tom notes the <u>happy sunshine logo of Greenergy</u>.

TOM
I don't believe we've met. I'm--

HECTOR
I know who you are. A Reilly.

He spits it out like poison. But Tom doesn't take offense.

TOM
I had hoped to be known as Tom.

HECTOR
And I had hoped to be known as Senator. Your father put an end to that.

Tom decides it's time to be direct.

TOM
Mr. Nuñez. <u>I am not my father</u>.

This takes Hector aback. The elevator arrives. Hector gets on, and, on second thought, holds the door open for Tom. But--

TOM (CONT'D)
I've got more work to do.

Tom turns back toward his office. Hector watches him as the doors close. Rethinking.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Very late. Tom lets himself in. Takes off his suit jacket, looks around for a place to put it. There's no furniture. He drapes it on the never-used stove.

A woman's voice. It's that girl again, Sam, back out on the fire escape. Through the window Tom watches her as he would a rare creature at the zoo. She tosses her hair and stretches her bare legs. Then she guffaws. And snorts. It makes him smile. He starts toward his bedroom, then changes his mind.

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Tom opens the window.

TOM
I'm not a convict.

Sam hot-potatoes her phone. Once again he's scared the bejesus out of her. Once again she's barely dressed.

SAM
I--you--what?

TOM
I'm not a convict. I didn't just get out of jail. The reason I don't own a coffee maker is because I was --until recently--a priest.

For once, Sam is speechless. Finally, into her phone--

SAM
Babe? Call you back.
(slowly, to Tom)
Ex-priest. Not ex-con.

He nods. Sam digests this.

SAM (CONT'D)
I think I preferred ex-con.

They look at each other. And start to smile. Sam reaches for her bottle of red. She holds it out to Tom. An invitation.

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - LATER

Tom and Sam are sprawled out on the fire escape, trading swigs from another wine bottle, the first one empty and rolling around their feet. We've never seen Tom like this: tie and shoes off, guard down, relaxed. Something about this stranger--her smile, her goofy charm--loosens him.

SAM
Transyl--transex--

TOM
Transubstantiation.

SAM
That's the thing where this--
(shakes wine bottle)
becomes the blood of Christ?

TOM
Yep.

SAM
So that's a little weird.

TOM
Well, when you put it that way.

SAM
Okay, then--tell me. What made you become a priest?

It's an old wound, but it still hurts. He looks at her, gauging how much to say. She looks back, warm and open.

TOM
I hated being the governor's son. Could never do right by him. So I acted out, I guess. Got in trouble.

SAM
What kind?

TOM
Fights, mostly.

SAM
A history of violence. No kidding.

TOM
And--night before my brother Michael deployed. We went out to celebrate. I got drunk.
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
Picked a fight. Michael tried to split us up. Someone pulled a gun.

SAM
I remember this. That footage of your dad at the funeral.

TOM
Michael was the chosen one. Even Packy knew that. Gov had his whole career planned out. All the way to the White House.

Sam places a comforting hand on his arm.

SAM
He blamed you.

TOM
Told me it was the military or reform school. It was my mom suggested the seminary. I went just to piss him off.
(remembering)
Funny thing was, I took to it. It was peaceful. You know? Quiet. Every day the same. The place kinda, I don't know. Centered me.

SAM
Like anger rehab--with Vespers?

Tom laughs. Yeah. Like that.

TOM
I knew I wanted to ordain. You know, become a priest. But my father insisted I go to law school, like every Reilly before me. So I got my J.D. along with my divinity degree. Passed the bar.

SAM
But you hated the law.

TOM
I loved the law. I was good at it.

SAM
So why not just do the lawyer thing and go to church on Sundays? Why give it all up to become a priest?

TOM
They talk about a calling. I don't know. It wasn't like I heard voices or whatever. What I know is, all my life--I was angry. And up there, I wasn't. I had peace. It just--the peace. Called to me.

SAM
And girls...sex? That didn't call to you? I mean I suppose you can't miss what you've never had--

Tom doesn't respond, but his face reveals the truth. Already intrigued, Sam's fascinated now. She moves a little closer.

SAM (CONT'D)
Oh, I <u>see</u>.

TOM
I mean, before. Not during, not in--a long--time.

Suddenly he's intensely aware this is the closest he's been to a woman in years. He can smell her shampoo.

SAM
(soft)
Is that why you quit?

The question snaps Tom back. Again he weighs what to say.

TOM
I tell people I heard a different calling.

SAM
And did you?

TOM
I heard--something. About my family. That only I could do something about. But not if I stayed a priest.

It's as honest as he's been with anyone, as important and life-defining a declaration as he's made. But he's not just telling her. He's telling himself.

TOM (CONT'D)
There's a time to pray. And a time to act.

<u>END OF ACT THREE</u>

ACT FOUR

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - ANTHEA'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom sits between Grace and Pete. Before them is a laptop, on which Tom has just shown them the security tape. Anthea paces like a caged panther, all bound-up fury.

ANTHEA
This--is a disaster. A complete and total--an unmitigated--what in hell made you go looking for this?

Oh. She's mad. Not at Ginwalla; at Tom.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
You know what? I don't want to know. And this--this was not something I needed to know. Not right before trial. Not ever.

Tom's baffled. Grace is smug. Finally. Golden Boy in trouble.

GRACE
(to Tom)
Seems you don't walk on water after all.

TOM
Mr. Ginwalla spent the night with a woman who wasn't his wife at the same hotel a month prior. That could be relevant.

ANTHEA
Thank you, Sherlock. You can bet prosecution will make it relevant once they see your tapes. This is why you don't take problem evidence into possession!

PETE
No one's said we have to turn it over--

ANTHEA
The hotel manager is their witness. You think our snooping around the security tapes will go unmentioned?

TOM
(angry)
They'll have figured it out on their own. Then we would've been blindsided in court.

GRACE
What does Mr. Ginwalla say?

ANTHEA
"Oh, God." And I quote.

Anthea stops pacing. The personal impact of all this hits as she says to no one in particular--

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
I went to see him, you know. In college. After he brokered the Tibet negotiations. Drove all the way from Chicago to hear him speak at the U.N. Even wore a T-shirt. "Ginwalla speaks. The world listens."

They're silent as they contemplate the downfall of a great man. It's like looking over the edge of a cliff.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
He's trusting us to clear his name. Instead we expose him as an adulterer.

GRACE
(cheerful)
And juries love adulterers.

If they <u>were</u> at a cliff, Anthea would push Grace over.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(getting up)
I'll go figure out a defense.

ANTHEA
No.
(to Tom)
You discovered it. You defend it.

Tom and Grace get up and head toward the door. Anthea stares after him, wondering if Hector was right. If her young protegé <u>is</u> sabotaging the case.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
And Tom?
(he looks back)
Remember whose side you're on.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN COURTHOUSE - DAY

The media mob pounces as Thabo Ginwalla is escorted by cops from his car up the steps. Nalini Jeet, the young Post reporter, cranes her neck and hunts--not for Ginwalla, but for Tom. Shit. He's not here. Fishing out her press pass, she heads into the courthouse.

INT. LOWER MANHATTAN COURTHOUSE - DAY

Anthea, Tom and Grace in their sharpest suits.

ANTHEA
Here it comes.

TOM
Here what--

A testosterone factory huffs up, led by MARC CHRISTIE (a virile 50), Manhattan D.A., tailed by two male AIDES. Christie and Anthea hate each other cordially.

CHRISTIE
Ms. Washington. Looking forward, as always.
(to Grace)
And Ms. Ping, you're like a flower in the desert.
(noticing Tom)
Fresh meat?

ANTHEA
(only because she has to)
District Attorney Marc Christie, meet our new junior associate, Tom.

CHRISTIE
(enjoying this)
"Tom"? Just "Tom"?

ANTHEA
You know very well who he is.

CHRISTIE
So. A Reilly. Working for a big, bad, corporate firm. That's gotta be a first. The Gov must be so proud.

TOM
Thank you.

Not the reaction Christie was looking for. So he keeps going.

CHRISTIE
And I believe I read in The Observer--

He pauses for the facetious la-dee-da-ing among his crew--

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
--that you were a priest! Guess that vow of poverty didn't work out, huh? What's the starting salary these days at Ping, Feingold?

Again, Tom is cooler than Arctic ice.

TOM
One-hundred and sixty thousand. Dollars.

The aides' smiles drop. That's not what <u>they</u> make. It's not even what Marc Christie makes. They try to get back to their game faces. Anthea doesn't try to hide her smile.

CHRISTIE
Excuse me while I tend to the ninety-nine percent.

Christie and his crew move over to a small, timid woman who sits on a bench. It's OPHELIA ST. AMBROSE. She rises as they approach. Tom notes her nervousness.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Following are scenes from the trial. Presiding is JUDGE HEINTZ, white, male, 60s. The gallery is packed with reporters. Nalini Jeet fights for a seat.

On the witness stand, a uniformed NYPD DETECTIVE, solid and long on the force. He's been up here before.

DETECTIVE
The victim entered the room at 8:13 a.m. She reported being shoved from behind onto the bed. Her uniform-- the skirt--pulled up. Assailant then grabbed her genitals--

Several members of the JURY--a diverse mix representative of New York--cringe. Christie clocks this.

CHRISTIE
And then?

DETECTIVE
The victim reported to me that the assailant pushed her over, forced her to perform oral sex.

A FEMALE JURIST narrows her eyes at Ginwalla, trying to reconcile this horrid image with the man who sits rigid, his face a dignified mask. Christie clocks this, too.

CHRISTIE
How long did the whole encounter last?

DETECTIVE
Hotel security monitors record her leaving the room at 8:29. So...sixteen minutes.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - LATER

Anthea stands before the detective.

ANTHEA
Please cite your standard procedure following the report of sexual assault. For the jury.

DETECTIVE
First we take the victim’s report. Then we send the victim to the medical examiner for evidence. For the rape kit.

ANTHEA
Of course, the rape kit. And what were the findings?

DETECTIVE
The findings were inconclusive.

ANTHEA
And that means--?

DETECTIVE
No physical evidence of rape.

ANTHEA
No bruises, no semen, no tears in the stockings--

CHRISTIE
Objection, your honor--leading.

JUDGE HEINTZ
Sustained. This isn't a potboiler, Ms. Washington.

Anthea nods in acknowledgment. She looks at the detective.

DETECTIVE
No bruises, no semen, no tears in the stocking.

ANTHEA
What about the room? Any evidence there?

DETECTIVE
It was three days later. In a hotel. Means it was cleaned top to bottom three times.

ANTHEA
So--

DETECTIVE
We found no physical evidence in the room.

ANTHEA
No pubic hairs, no semen--

Sitting behind Ginwalla, his wife looks pained.

DETECTIVE
No.

A couple of jurists jot something in their notepads.

INT. COURTROOM - NEXT DAY

The case proceeds. On the stand, a PSYCHOLOGIST providing expert testimony for prosecution. She's 50-ish, confident.

PSYCHOLOGIST
We call it rape trauma syndrome. Undergoing traumatic events like sexual assault can make the human brain shut down. You can't process enough to perform even the most necessary and seemingly basic functions.

CHRISTIE
Such as going to the police.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Such as going to the police. There's a lack of motivation to seek care and redress.

CHRISTIE
But Ms. St. Ambrose waited three days before reporting the incident.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Not uncommon. Especially in the case of an immigrant--someone with poor language skills and little familiarity with our system.

CHRISTIE
As you know, Ms. St. Ambrose suffered trauma previously. She was a victim of that horrific earthquake in Haiti--

ANTHEA
Objection. Leading--

JUDGE HEINTZ
Sustained. Please, both of you. The drama.

CHRISTIE
If someone has suffered trauma previously, how would additional trauma affect their state of mind?

PSYCHOLOGIST
Ever poured salt on a wound?

Jurists nod. That makes sense.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Anthea faces the psychologist.

ANTHEA
You co-authored a paper in 1999 with Dr. David Liptak of the University of Massachusetts.

PSYCHOLOGIST
I did.

Anthea crosses to defense, where Tom hands her a document. She holds it up.

ANTHEA
In it, you found that a small percentage of reported rapes turned out to be false allegations.

PSYCHOLOGIST
A very small percentage--

ANTHEA
Five point nine percent, I believe. Your findings were at the low end; your colleagues have found false claims run as high as forty percent.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Those findings are highly controversial.

ANTHEA
What was interesting to me was the main reason you put forth in your paper for those false claims:
(reading)
“psychological imbalance caused by previous trauma.”

Christie looks up. So does Ophelia, not quite understanding. Jurists frown.

PSYCHOLOGIST
That was purely speculation. For empirical evidence we’d have to conduct a separate study--

ANTHEA
That’s all.

Anthea’s satisfied. She’s planted the seed.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

The HOTEL MANAGER is on the stand: 40s, all propriety.

HOTEL MANAGER
I would call Ophelia an exemplary employee. At The Claremont, we hold every worker to platinum standards. Punctuality, attendance, attention to detail--she consistently scores perfectly.

Behind the prosecution table, Ophelia smiles shyly.

CHRISTIE
Has she ever had an incident with a guest?

HOTEL MANAGER
No, never.

CHRISTIE
A complaint of any sort?

HOTEL MANAGER
None.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Anthea's turn.

ANTHEA
For how long has Thabo Ginwalla frequented your hotel?

HOTEL MANAGER
Oh, Mr. Ginwalla has been our valued guest for many years. Certainly since 2003. My entire tenure.

ANTHEA
Has he ever had an incident with the staff?

HOTEL MANAGER
No.

ANTHEA
A complaint of any sort?

The hotel manager recognizes that she's echoing prosecution's questioning, and he smiles.

HOTEL MANAGER
Never.

ANTHEA
Trashed a room? Skipped out on a bill? Played the TV too loud at 2 a.m.?

HOTEL MANAGER
Of course not.

ANTHEA
So. A guest meeting The Claremont's platinum standards.

INT. COURTROOM - NEXT DAY

A big day for prosecution's case. Christie looks ready to dance a jig. Anthea leans toward Grace and Tom.

ANTHEA
Buckle up, kids.

DEPUTY
The prosecution calls Kathy Gaynard to the stand.

The sexy lady from the security tapes appears. Even dressed as she is today in a suit, her whole aspect just screams "mistress."

Tom looks back at Mrs. Ginwalla, seated just behind her husband. He catches her eye and gives her a reassuring nod. She returns a grateful glance, then shuts her eyes.

The deputy swears KATHY GAYNARD in, and she takes a seat in the witness stand.

CHRISTIE
Who are you to Thabo Ginwalla?

KATHY
I'm his friend.

CHRISTIE
A friend who visits him in a hotel.

KATHY
I have, yes.

CHRISTIE
At 11:30 at night.

KATHY
I believe I have.

CHRISTIE
What do you do when you visit?

ANTHEA
Objection--beyond the scope.

CHRISTIE
Let me rephrase. Are you Thabo Ginwalla's lover?

Kathy keeps her eyes on the prosecutor.

KATHY
I believe you could call me that, yes.

There's a palpable rumble in the room as the public adjusts to this news. The reporters in the back of the gallery scribble furiously. Ginwalla remains stone-faced.

ANTHEA
Objection. Relevance. What is the point of bringing up Mr. Ginwalla's private affairs?

As soon as it's out of her mouth, Anthea realizes her slip. "Affairs." Shit. Christie smiles.

CHRISTIE
Your honor, I'm establishing that the defendant is something other than the happily married man he has long claimed to be.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Anthea's turn.

ANTHEA
How long have you known Thabo Ginwalla?

KATHY
Six years? Seven.

ANTHEA
And how would you describe him?

KATHY
You mean...?

ANTHEA
I mean in general, but yes, also as a lover.

KATHY
Oh, nothing but a gentleman. Always, always a gentleman.

She casts her eyes on Ginwalla. She adores him.

ANTHEA
But this is a married man.

KATHY
Thabo's wife understands. Men like Thabo Ginwalla...they live their lives in service of others.

Tom looks up sharply. He recognizes this wording.

KATHY (CONT'D)
(earnest)
That's why they need a release. Sometimes, they just need to do something for themselves without the whole world's judgment.

It's exactly what Mrs. Ginwalla said to Tom earlier. Tom sneaks a look back at the wife. She sits stoic. It appears the couple did indeed have an agreement.

ANTHEA
And do you think you were meeting those needs?

KATHY
Oh, yes. I know I was.

ANTHEA
In your opinion, would a man whose needs are being met seek satisfaction elsewhere?

Kathy's look says it all.

EXT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - NIGHT

Lights blaze. No rest for the worried.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - ANTHEA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Anthea, Grace, Pete and Tom flop in Anthea's office over takeout. They're bushed. Anthea's fretting.

PETE
It's not that bad.

GRACE
It's Mike Tyson-bad.

PETE
What I meant is it's not over.

GRACE
It will be when the maid gets up there.
(sing-song)
(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)
Earthquake, refugee, I'm poor, boo hoo. She might as well wear a halo.
(to Tom)
Maybe she can borrow yours.

ANTHEA
Then we need to ding it.

They look at Anthea. What does she mean?

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
She's already riding a tsunami of goodwill. Even without a shred of proof. That's what kills me. The man worked forty years for peace between nations.

TOM
He'll remind the jury of that when he takes the stand.

ANTHEA
Not this jury. They're leaning too hard. I can feel it. We need to turn the tide now.

Tom sees where she's headed. And it's not pretty.

TOM
You're going after the maid.

ANTHEA
We're going after the maid. I want to crush her credibility. Like a paper cup.
(to her team)
Find me something. Anything.
(to Tom)
Can we do that?

Tom looks as though he might be sick. As he heads out of the office, Anthea looks on after him. Wondering if he's up to the task.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - TOM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tom closes the door to his office. He looks forsaken.

INT. PING, FEINGOLD, NUÑEZ - TOM'S OFFICE - LATER

Carlos hurries toward Tom's closed office door with documents in his hands. He opens the door. Inside, he spots Tom kneeling on the floor.

Carlos immediately begins to back out.

CARLOS
Sorry, Padre, I didn't--

Tom looks up. We see the floor is covered with papers. He's not praying at all but inspecting documents.

TOM
What'd you find?

Carlos holds out a bunch of papers, every fifth line or so highlighted. They're phone bills.

CARLOS
Calls to the Dominican Republic.

They exchange looks. Aha. Getting closer now. Carlos squats beside Tom. Together they peer at the papers on the floor.

TOM
Says in her asylum application that Ophelia St. Ambrose was evacuated by the Christian aid group Helpers With Hearts. No papers. She lost them in the quake.

Then he picks up one of the documents. Carlos leans in, reading. He turns to Tom, surprised.

CARLOS
How--

TOM
The government's not the only one that keeps records.

INT. COURTROOM - NEXT DAY

The gallery is standing-room-only for the maid's testimony. Hector Nuñez slips in. Nalini turns around, notices him.

Ophelia St. Ambrose sits in the witness stand, trembling with nerves. Marc Christie has the floor.

CHRISTIE
And do you see the man who attacked you here today?

Ophelia nods, her eyes on her hands.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
Can you point to him?

Slowly she raises her eyes. She finds Thabo Ginwalla seated between Anthea and Grace. She points a shaking finger.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
May the record reflect Ophelia St. Ambrose has identified Thabo Ginwalla.

The judge nods. Anthea's turn. She gets up.

ANTHEA
Let me begin by offering my condolences to the people of Haiti for that--
(back at Christie)
"horrific" earthquake.

Anthea pauses, looking sympathetic indeed. Then--she switches to French.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
(in French)
Is it very difficult to adjust to life in a new country?

Ophelia stares blankly at her. Anthea makes a show of an apology.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
(in English)
Oh--of course. It's not French you speak in Haiti, is it? It's Creole.
(in Creole)
The loss of family is tragic under any circumstance, but then to move so far away--

CHRISTIE
Objection! How is this relevant?

JUDGE HEINTZ
I'd like to know what you're up to myself, Ms. Washington.

Anthea answers the judge. But her eyes remain locked on Ophelia's. The maid's are wide.

ANTHEA
Ophelia St. Ambrose's application for asylum states that she lost everything in the Haiti earthquake. Her house. Her family. Her identification papers.

Anthea strides over to the defense table, where Tom hands her a copy of that application. She holds it up.

CHRISTIE
We know that. Everybody knows that.

Anthea slaps the document down. Tom hands her another.

ANTHEA
We tried to track down her papers for her. But Haiti's government databases are still a mess. So you'll be pleased to know the Roman Catholic Church keeps extremely good records--especially those involving the sacraments.

She turns to Ophelia, who has stopped breathing.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
You'll be less pleased to know Ophelia St. Ambrose died in September 2010. In the earthquake.

Anthea crosses to the deputy, who takes the paper.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
Entering defense exhibit three into evidence. A record of funeral rites performed for Ophelia St. Ambrose, resident of Port-au-Prince, age thirty-four, mother of two. God rest her soul.

Christie opens his mouth to object. But nothing comes out. All eyes in the courtroom turn to the woman on the witness stand. In the back of the gallery, Hector smiles.

Like a panther, Anthea approaches the maid.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
That's why you don't speak French, or Creole. You're not from Haiti. You're not a refugee. And you're not Ophelia St. Ambrose.

The maid looks from Anthea to Christie to the judge.

JUDGE HEINTZ
(flummoxed)
Then who are you?

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The judge storms into his chambers. Anthea and Christie follow.

ANTHEA
(to Tom)
Hang tight.

Tom sits down on a bench outside the judge's chambers in the hallway of the courthouse. Reporters and clerks scuttle to and fro. From inside the chambers swell raised voices.

On the bench across the way, a MAN snaps open the Metro section of The New York Times. Tom focuses on a photo of Packy leading a rally under Greenergy's happy sunshine logo. The headline: "MAYOR BACKS GROUP FIGHTING ENERGY PLANT."

Close in on the photo now. Close in on Packy, all fire and fight. Without warning we PLUNGE INTO BLACK as--

FLASHBACK BEGINS

INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY

We're sucked back into the confessional, the twisted face against the scrim, the wretched voice, close in our ear--

PENITENT
I know who you are. I know your sister. And I know your father well.

Our breath quickens. Or, rather, the priest's breath. Tom's.

Suddenly, the penitent leans back from the scrim. And his menace morphs into something else. Familiarity.

PENITENT (CONT'D)
Worked for him a buncha years back. Always good to me. Like a father, almost.
(chuckles)
And you and your sister--God, you were bad kids. Tommy and Packy. Little punks. Not your brother, though. Nah. Mikey was always an angel.

TOM
Who are you?

PENITENT
Don’t matter. There’s something I gotta say. Your sister, she’s made enemies. Powerful enemies. People with a lotta money at stake.

He leans up to the scrim, urgent once more.

PENITENT (CONT’D)
You need to know. There’s a plot against your sister.

Tom's worst fear, spoken aloud by a stranger.

TOM
How do you know?

The penitent pulls back from the scrim. He won't answer that.

TOM (CONT’D)
Why are you telling me?

PENITENT
You can stop it.

TOM
The police--

The penitent laughs.

TOM (CONT’D)
What kind of plot?

PENITENT
The worst kind.

TOM
They’ll try to hurt her?

The penitent says nothing.

TOM (CONT’D)
Kill her? Someone plans to kill my sister?

The penitent says nothing.

TOM (CONT’D)
When? How? Who--

Suddenly, the penitent hears something and freezes.

Then he BOLTS. LIKE A FLASH HE'S OUTTA THERE.

For a second, Tom sits frozen, too. Then he BOLTS AFTER HIM.

Tom skids into the nave of the nearly empty church. We know this place. We recognize its vast, gloomy grandeur. It's St. Patrick's Cathedral.

A POP, then a SCREAM.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

Tom races out the northern door. Outside, tourists crowd around. Tom shoves through.

He finds the penitent flat on his back. A hole in his heart. A widening pool of blood.

Tom drops to his knees, grabs the man's hand. He's got mere seconds for a million questions. He presses his face right up to the penitent's so nobody else hears--

TOM
Who's trying to kill my sister?

The penitent coughs, raises a weak eye.

PENITENT
Father, my rites--

The last rites. A priestly obligation if ever there was one. Tom's desperate--this man's final seconds could mean life or death for his sister. He speeds--

TOM
Through this holy anointing, and by
His most tender mercy, may the Lord
pardon you what sins you have
committed--

The penitent DIES.

Tom drops his head, destroyed.

The murmur of the crowd swells to a roar. Cops arrive, then more cops.

Through it all, Tom remains kneeling, a priest holding a dead man's hand.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - LATER

On Tom, still stunned, standing by a police car, steps from where the dead man lay. Two DETECTIVES question him.

DETECTIVE #1
You ever seen him before?

TOM
No.

DETECTIVE #1
Did you speak to him before he died?

TOM
I took his confession.

He's got their attention now.

DETECTIVE #1
What'd he confess?

TOM
(realizing)
I can't say. It's against the law.

DETECTIVE #2
For real?

As he recites the law, numb, it dawns on Tom. <u>He can't tell anyone what he's just heard</u>. Not even the police.

TOM
"No minister of the gospel, or priest of any denomination whatsoever, shall be allowed to disclose any confessions made to him in his professional character." The People versus Phillips, New York State, 1813.

DETECTIVE #2
But he's dead.

Tom recites this next in despair, as if to himself--

TOM
"The rite of conciliation is protected by the priest, up to and beyond the death of the penitent."

DETECTIVE #1
(to partner)
Fat lotta good.
(to Tom)
Guy had a job at a law firm. Was an investigator. For--
(reading)
(MORE)

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)
Ping, Feingold...Nuñez. Heard of it?

Tom's bleary eyes focus on the detective. Recognition flits across his face, but only for a split second.

TOM
No. I have not.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

...as we focus on Hector Nuñez, slicing straight for us like a dagger, hand extended, smile growing.

HECTOR
Sounds like congratulations are in order.

TOM
That might be premature.

HECTOR
I don't need to see through those walls to tell you what's going on. Heintz is bitching. Anthea is smiling. And Marc Christie is shitting himself. I was impressed with your work on this case.

TOM
Thank you, Hector.

HECTOR
I might have some work for you. How do you feel about green energy?

These are the words Tom has worked very hard to hear--words he's changed his life to hear. An opening.

TOM
I'm a fan.

HECTOR
Come see me Monday, then.

Tom tries not to betray his triumph as Hector slides away.

We stay with Hector as he turns the corner--<u>to meet Nalini Jeet</u>. She's been waiting for him.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Got anything?

NALINI
Still digging. His family won't--

HECTOR
Dig with your goddamn fingernails if you have to. Just find me something.

We're back on Tom as the doors to the judge's chambers slam open. Just like Hector predicted: Judge Heintz trudges out, grumbling; Anthea sails out, smiling; and Marc Christie looks like he wants to put his fist through a wall. Anthea goes straight to Ginwalla.

ANTHEA
The D.A. has withdrawn his charges. Seems they've lost confidence in their so-called victim.

His wife grabs Ginwalla into a teary embrace.

GINWALLA
Thank you. Thank you.

Anthea nods toward her associate. It's Tom he should thank. Ginwalla looks at Tom, his eyes full.

Down the hallway, Tom sees Christie having a few words with "Ophelia." The maid bursts into sobs. The prosecutor turns and stalks away. A FRIEND guides the maid down the hall. As they pass, the maid looks up through her tears and catches Tom's gaze. He feels her desolation.

ANTHEA
Come on. The mob is waiting.

Anthea, the Ginwallas and Tom begin to move toward the exit. As they walk, Ginwalla falls into step with Tom.

GINWALLA
I don't know how to thank you.

TOM
I'm just glad it's over.

Ginwalla laughs. It's the laugh of an accused man, finally free. Exhausted and relieved.

GINWALLA
And <u>I'm</u> glad I had a priest on the team.

They've reached the courthouse exit. Outside, reporters swarm. Ginwalla stops to look meaningfully at Tom.

GINWALLA (CONT'D)
Because now I am absolved.

Tom stops cold. Absolved--of what? Ginwalla chuckles. Then he repeats a familiar phrase--

GINWALLA (CONT'D)
I live my life in service of others. Men like me, we need a release. Sometimes I must do something for myself without the whole world judging me.

Tom stands very still. The realization crushes him.

TOM
You were guilty.

GINWALLA
(smiling)
Now that I have confessed my sins, you must forgive me my trespasses. Is that not how it works?

Then he opens the door and we push out into the daylight.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Now it's a repeat of the teaser--the pushing, shoving media maelstrom--Tom, a few steps from its eye--devastated.

Ginwalla makes his way toward a limo, waving, jubilant.

He's stopped by a HAND CLAMPED ON HIS ARM.

Ginwalla turns. It's Tom. Ginwalla's triumphant smile twists into a wince at Tom's grip, and then stiffens with fear as he glimpses Tom's naked fury. He sees, as we do, the Tom before priesthood. Angry. Volatile. Uncontrolled. A man who could and would punch another square in the face.

TOM
I'm a man. Not a priest. You want absolution? Ask God. But first--
(grips harder)
let's discuss your penance.

INT. GOTHAM BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

The posh, cavernous restaurant haunt of the city's dealmakers. Anthea, Grace, Pete, Carlos, founders Howard and Stan, Hector and Tom take up a table laden with a celebratory dinner. Unlike the others, Tom's mood is black.

Anthea is recounting the highlights.

ANTHEA
So this Sandra Pabon was visiting from Santo Domingo when the earthquake hit. The friend she was visiting--Ophelia St. Ambrose--was killed. Sandra decided to make the best of a bad situation.

STAN
And the son she said she'd lost?

ANTHEA
Alive and well in the Dominican Republic. Well, not "well." Critically ill. That's why she needed the money.

HOWARD
What happens to her?

ANTHEA
ICE snapped her up. Ophelia--excuse me, Sandra--is going home.

The table nods in approval.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
But wait--there's a twist.

She waves her Blackberry at their curious faces.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
Mr. Ginwalla instructed me to set up a fund. For Sandra Pabon's son. To cover his medical costs.

Everyone looks shocked except for Tom, who allows himself some grim satisfaction.

STAN
Why in hell would he do that?

ANTHEA
(reading)
"Because I must." You know what this is?

She clutches her Blackberry to her heart, like a love letter.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)
It's faith in a hero--restored.

The group clinks glasses. From down the table, Hector catches Tom's eye and raises his glass. Tom manages to nod his head.

What Tom doesn't see: across the restaurant, upon a raised banquet, sits the Gov with his cronies. Silently watching his son and his nemesis.

THE GOV
(to himself)
God doesn't make deals, son. But the devil does.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom arrives home. To his bare, monastic pad. He starts to flip on the overhead light, then stops. Best to leave things dark. Like his mood.

On the kitchen counter is the snapshot of him and his siblings. He touches their faces.

He stands there for a second, listless. Thinking he hears something, he turns his head toward the window, the fire-escape window. No Sam tonight. But wait. Something's there.

He opens the window. There, on the fire escape, is a box with a big red bow on it. He picks it up.

It's a coffee maker.

Tom smiles. He puts it down on the kitchen counter, and picks up the photo. Then he heads to a door. He opens it and flicks on the overhead light.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A bedroom, spare and unworthy of notice but for--

The far wall. <u>It's covered.</u> With newspaper clippings. Photos. Of Hector Nuñez. Of Greenergy and its happy sunshine logo. Of the penitent who died, above what looks like a rap sheet. A map of City Hall. Photos of Gracie Mansion. Packy. The Gov.

He tacks the photo of him and his siblings right in the middle. Tom contemplates his work. And the work that lies ahead.

He begins to unknot his tie.

<u>END OF PILOT</u>