

"Falling Water"

BURTON

DR. RUSSELL

Tess, according to our records,
you've already asked Dr. Rosenthal
and Dr. Obe to examine you.

TESS

So?

DR. RUSSELL

(kindly)

I think you should see a mental
health professional. Dr. Hertz
upstairs is excellent. I can
arrange an appointment.

TESS

I don't need a mental health
professional. I just want to know
if I've had a baby.

DR. RUSSELL

Tess, there is no way you could've
had a baby and not know it.

On Tess. Convinced he's wrong.

10 pgs.

INT. HELENA'S OFFICE, THE FIRM - DAY

Burton peers out at the TRADING FLOOR where rows of men at
terminals rape and pillage under the direction of Jones.

Over Burton's shoulder HELENA SWIFT, Senior VP of Security &
Compliance, (a lioness in Chanel) briefs the firm's CEO
ARTHUR HULL (a shark camouflaged by blue-blood manners).

BURTON
HELENA

Mr. McCarthy's still talking about
pending mergers in crowded
restaurants. Albeit not in a way
that exposes the firm to liability.

HULL

I'll take him aside.

BURTON
HELENA

Also we back-traced your Hong Kong
client. Financially they're clean
but if you peel the onion, 30% of
their revenue comes from factories
in Cambodia that employ slave
labor. If you care.

Start →
1

1/10

HULL
It's always better for the firm if
I know.

BURTON
Not always.

Hull and Helena smile/nod at the ironic truth.

HULL
What's the official Security &
Compliance report on Jones and his
nocturnal adventure?

BURTON
Police have it down as your basic
mugging. Even with the time and
location, there was nothing to it
that we didn't already know.

Hull senses there's more. Burton glance to Helena.

HELENA
Tell him.

Burton opens his moleskine and produces the "Topeka" napkin.

BURTON
Our compliance software flagged a
series of suspect trades. No
smoking gun but they reek of market
manipulation. The one constant is
the trades all carry a masked sub-
label: "Topeka."

HULL
You think Jones is insider trading?

BURTON
I think Mr. Jones's desk makes this
firm between 80 and 100 million
dollars a year every year.

HULL
If the answer's yes, just say yes.

BURTON
The answer is I have no idea. But
last night that napkin was in his
wallet, and if our software can
find these trades so the SEC.

2/10

HELENA

He wants your permission to rattle cages, Arthur.

HULL

Of course, go ahead. As long as you bring me the truth, how can I complain?

BURTON

Oh, I can think of a couple ways.

HELENA

With luck it'll all come to nothing.

HULL

Make sure you keep it off e-mail.
(rises, then stops)
Why Topeka?

BURTON

It's the capitol of Kansas?

Hull exits.

BURTON (CONT'D)

So how far in the loop does he want to be kept?

HELENA

Somewhere between safely in and safely out, free of the blast zone.

BURTON

Do our job, but only if we have no other choice?

HELENA

We're fleas steering a dog.

BURTON

Fleas tasked with keeping the dog out of the kill shelter.

HELENA

If you'd rather I've got two stepdaughters at home who will treat you with scorn and resent your existence and not pay you dime.

BURTON

I'll take a pass.

3/10

HELENA
You always do.

BURTON
I see what's coming and I duck.
It's different.

HELENA
Not really.

INT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY

Stop
WOODY HAMMOND (slight and highly revved) spots Burton on the move. Woody abandons his terminal and scurries after him.

WOODY
So, did you tell him?

BURTON
Could you possibly be more obvious?

WOODY
I need to know. Did you tell Hull?
About me?

Burton considers Woody.

BURTON
Your personal life's not a threat
to the firm.

WOODY
Oh Jesus. Thank you.

BURTON
Next time you shag the wife of a
senior exec tell her not to sext
you on your company cell phone.

WOODY
It was a mistake, I swear. I owe
you.

BURTON
So buy me a suit.

WOODY
42 regular?

BURTON
Go away.

4/10

JONES
Did I? That was a mistake.

BURTON
So who was it?

JONES
A friend. Why?

BURTON
I've been asked to compile a list
of all contacts you've had with
outside trading entities.

JONES
By who?

BURTON
People who want to know. It's my
job to protect The Firm. You wanna
wash your hands?

Jones steps to the sink. His cage thoroughly rattled.

JONES
I'll get you a list.

BURTON
Including your friend. From
London.

Burton sets a towel on the edge of the sink for Jones.

BURTON (CONT'D)
Don't forget to turn off the water.

Burton exits. Water falls from the tap...

INT. THE FIRM - DAY

Burton strides back toward his office when he spots --

OLIVIA seated in the RECEPTION AREA.

Burton is thrown. Happy but filled with trepidation.
Straightening his already straight tie, Burton allows himself
to be drawn across the office towards her.

Olivia sees him coming and stands.

BURTON
I thought we weren't seeing each
other.

Start →
#2

5/10

OLIVIA
We're not. I'm not even here.

BURTON
And yet here you are.

OLIVIA
Moth to a flame.

She smiles a nervous smile. She too is trepidatious.

BURTON
How have you been?

OLIVIA
Really awful.

BURTON
You want to come into my office?

OLIVIA
I don't do well under fluorescents.

BURTON
I had a dream about you last night.

OLIVIA
This is a mistake. Nothing's
changed. At least for me. I just
thought, I don't know what I
thought. I'm sorry.

Olivia turn for the elevators.

BURTON
Have dinner with me.

She stops. A beat.

OLIVIA
What's the point?

BURTON
It's really good to see you.

Olivia gives him a long look. It's good to see him too.
Painful but good...

BURTON (CONT'D)
Tonight? Eight o'clock?

She surrenders.

6/10

OLIVIA
Where?

BURTON
You know where.

OLIVIA
Marcello's...

He nods. She exits. Burton can't help it -- he smiles.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - DAY

Taka awkwardly juggles his notebook as he buys a pretzel with mustard from a cart and talks on his vintage 1997 flip phone.

TAKA
...Hang on, Gary, let me get a pen.

GARY (O.S. - ON PHONE)
According to the ID number on the
Medic-Alert bracelet, your vic's
Ann-Marie Bowen. No phone number,
but there's an address on Long
Island.

Taka scribbles down the name getting mustard on his coat in the process.

TAKA
Run her through DMV and get me
directions, would you?

GARY (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Just google the address on your
phone.

TAKA
My phone... It's not that kind of
phone.

INT. TAKA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Taka drives slowly through the bland Long Island suburbs. Not quite lost. But almost. His phone RINGS. He puts in his earpiece and answers. On the line is his sister, MARGOT.

TAKA
Hey. I'm driving.

MARGOT (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Where?

7/10

CLOSE ON - A completed soldier. A civil war cannoneer. PUSH IN on his hand-painted face. His blank expression. As if he had no face at all...

INT. FRONT DESK, THE PIERRE HOTEL - DAY

Burton feigns patience as the CONCIERGE tick-tacks at her keyboard. Behind the counter a mini-Zen fountain BUBBLES.

CONCIERGE

I'm sorry, she's not coming up in the system.

BURTON

Maybe she checked out.

CONCIERGE

If she had she'd still be in the system. Are you sure she wasn't staying at Sherry or the St. Regis?

BURTON

No. She stays here. She always stays at the Pierre. How far do you records go back?

CONCIERGE

8, 9 years.

BURTON

Then she's gotta be in the system.

CONCIERGE

I'm with you, but... She's not.

On Burton. What the hell does he do now?

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

Do you have any other contact information?

INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY/ELEVATOR/THE FIRM - DAY

Burton swipes his ID at the turnstile. Boards the elevator. Just before the doors close, he is joined by Jones.

JONES

How was your evening?

BURTON

Fine.

skrt →
#3

8/10

JONES

You look like you got run over in
your sleep.

Burton torques.

BURTON

We all have restless nights.

JONES

I used to have the most horrible
insomnia. I'd leave the house,
have a drink at this Italian
restaurant, check into a hotel. I
could always sleep in a hotel. My
favorite was The Pierre.

BURTON

Maybe I should try that.

JONES

You should stop by Marcello's while
you're at it. That was the
restaurant.

The elevator DINGS. The doors open at their floor.

JONES (CONT'D)

I'll have that list you want by
noon. Don't worry, I didn't
forget.

Jones strides off to his fiefdom leaving Burton's cage
thoroughly rattled.

INT. HELENA'S OFFICE, THE FIRM - DAY

Burton enters. Shuts the door. Helena continues to attend
to her computers.

BURTON

How hard can I push on Jones?

HELENA

Not very.

BURTON

I gonna push him.

HELENA

You're cute when you're indignant.

Burton scoffs/stews.

CONF . . .

9/10

HELENA (CONT'D)
Is he stonewalling you?

BURTON
No.

HELENA
Then what do you have?

BURTON
Nothing. Not nothing.

HELENA
The man runs a profitable desk.

BURTON
When have you known me to chase a ghost?

HELENA
Never. You have an unerring nose for malfeasance.

BURTON
Jones is hooked into something.

HELENA
Bring me the ocular proof.

END

INT. NYPD SPECIAL INTELLIGENCE UNIT (S.I.U.) - DAY

Ancient office furniture, the latest technology. Taka comes in, rumpled as ever, and places the completed Grenadier on his desk like a good luck totem. Danny spots him.

DANNY
Staties called over to say thanks.

TAKA
I mostly stood around, tried not to get in the way.

DANNY
Don't knock it. That is a rare and valuable skill in a police.

Danny disappears into his office.

Atop Taka's in-basket is a DMV printout. The photo is of a squat black woman. It is the woman from the driveway, the one Taka told to call 911.

Taka waves the sheet at GARY (one of the other detectives).

10/10