

BABY BIG SHOT

"Pilot"

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

New York City wakes up in a tantrum: taxi horns, delivery truck brakes, metal roll-up doors, yelling, bursts of music from open windows.

We see her across the street, chewing pink bubble gum, wearing a suit and carrying briefcase and purse. MARTINA GARRETTI, sexy, mischievous and 27, strides toward us in shuttered glimpses as trucks rattle by.

She knows the FLOWER GUY--waves and serves up a winning smile. He waves back with a bouquet.

Martina wants to cross the busy street, joins a BOY, 13, looking to do the same.

MARTINA

We could be here all day.

BOY

Yeah.

The traffic clears for a moment. They step out from between two parked cars, and... *WHOA!* They're almost clipped by a BIKE MESSENGER who BRAKES into a hook slide in front of them, almost ditching the bike.

MARTINA

Sheez--Are you okay?

The boy, shaken, nods that he is.

Martina sets her eyes on the culprit -- cocky, obligated, and bored. One ear bud dangles from his bandanna-covered head. He puts it back in.

BIKE MESSENGER

Look out where you're goin'!

Martina, reels. Now stung by his accusation.

MARTINA

You almost hit us.

BIKE MESSENGER

Open your eyes. Pull your head
outta your ass.

A fuse suddenly lit. Martina steps up, yanks the Messenger's EARBUDS with one pull. The move is so aggressive it surprises him.

BIKE MESSENGER (CONT'D)

The hell--

MARTINA

First of all, language. Second, no earbuds while riding. Third, where's your bell? Fourth, you're riding on the wrong side of the road.

(calmly)

And fifth, apologize.

BIKE MESSENGER

I'm not apologizing to you.

MARTINA

Not to me. To him.

She steps closer, stands nose-to-nose with him.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Say you're sorry.

The Messenger looks at Martina, the boy, the COP approaching...

BIKE MESSENGER

...Sorry.

MARTINA

Thank you. Ride safe.

Martina crosses the street. The Messenger and the boy watching her go...

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

An experienced strap-hanger, Martina sways with the car, unfazed by the other COMMUTERS.

EXT. ESTAB. STARK & COHEN - DAY

A 24-story glass and steel iceberg for the upwardly mobile. Martina proudly pushes through a massive revolving door, disappears and enters--

INT. STARK & COHEN LOBBY - DAY

Impressive and gleaming. We've left the cacophony of the streets, its sounds, its people, its smells. Life just bumped us to business class. Martina peels off into--

INT. STARK & COHEN, BATHROOM - DAY

Frosted-glass sconces, brushed gold fixtures, an oatmeal-colored granite sink -- all more polished than Martina.

Martina smacks her gum.

She hangs her purse and blazer on the wall hook, stands in front of the mirror and likes what she sees as she rinses the commute off her working-class hands.

But she's hit by a bullet she never saw coming -- a dollop of blue soap on her ivory blouse.

MARTINA

No! No! Please, no! No!

Faucet gushing, Martina hip checks the door snib, wriggles out of the blouse. The blue cloud bleeds.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Don't you dare set.

She plunges the blouse into the water. Irreversible. *Fuck.*

Martina pulls a Ziploc sandwich bag from her purse and dumps it out: nail scissors, whistle, emery board, a travel can of hairspray, and a safety pin. An office girl's first aid kit.

She unhooks her bra and cuts back the lace trim until it's as streamlined as a race car. She rehooks it and buttons her form-fitting blazer. Perfect, no peekaboo lace.

Martina jams the sopping wet blouse in the trash, covers it with paper towels, spits her gum on top.

Last looks as she sets out for another day as a paper doll ALPHA. Except, she's not. And now we know.

Martina opens the door, steps out into...

INT. STARK & COHEN, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...that's overrun by a stampede of pinstripes and Cole Haans on Italian tile buffed within an inch of its life. Fresh from the Ivies, the country's best and brightest young attorneys stream by in tailored shirts and perfect teeth.

Onyx lettering on the glass partition tells us we're at the firm of Stark & Cohen. The real Alphas tell us how cutthroat Stark & Cohen is.

ALPHA #1

Think he's dead?

ALPHA #2

If Donovan Stark meant to hit him,
he's dead.

ALPHA #3 pulls up to the herd. Six minutes early to work but already playing catch up. Martina quietly falls in with the group.

ALPHA #3

Is it true?

ALPHA #1

Yeah. Stark mowed down a third-year in Contracts in the garage. The guy's name is Jeffords.

ALPHA #2

Then Stark called a litigation meeting.

But at Stark & Cohen, connections trump grit every time. Martina will never fit in.

ALPHA #1

If Jeffords limps his way to a corner office, I'll kill him.

Martina holds her own as the crush propels itself into...

INT. STARK & COHEN, MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A serious, nervous SRO. Martina finds a spot against the wall just as firm founder DONOVAN STARK, 55, a rhino who booms confidence and big-picture philosophy, enters.

The room goes silent.

ALPHA #1

(whisper)

Paralyzed. Neck down.

But Donovan, unlike his underlings, has moved past this morning's garage mishap.

DONOVAN

Before we get started: We're hearing the D.A. might have inroads in the Catherine Willette case.

Mug shot goes up: CATHERINE WILLETTE, 33, an underfed "Barney's" shopper with artificially lofty cheekbones and perfect fingernails. She grasps the Manhattan Detention Center placard.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

We've been counting on the fact that the prosecution couldn't produce a weapon in the bludgeoning of Catherine's fiancée. That may have changed. They think they've found it stashed in the closet of the victim's hotel room.

Disbelief ripples through the room.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

It's a pair of pliers covered in our client's fingerprints and DNA, as well as prints from the victim. We'll read in Ms. Willette when she arrives in half an hour. In the meantime, we'll pull some of you off your current projects to bang this one out.

The room erupts in Alpha theories and game plans.

But we close in on Martina. She's about to out herself - and possibly lower her stock at the firm. But she can't resist. And, true to form, the first thing we hear her utter is so direct it makes others uncomfortable:

MARTINA

That's not a murder weapon.

Donovan looks up. You can hear a pin drop. There's nothing the Alphas relish more than one of their own going up in flames in front of the founding partner.

NATALIE MINKA, 30, Spence-educated Manhattan royalty with legs up to her neck, turns to a COLLEAGUE and whispers.

NATALIE

This should be good.

MARTINA

And Ms. Willette will tell you the same thing.

Martina approaches a female partner, JANET GOULD, in a pantsuit. The herd follows Martina's every move.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

(re: pantsuit)

Imagine if Janet's pantsuit were skin-tight jeans. She'd have to lie down on the bed and work them over her thighs.

Janet is pissed her Yale Law School degree was just reduced to an image of prepping for a night at "The Stone Pony."

MARTINA (CONT'D)

She might get them over her hips,
but to zip up the zipper...

Martina holds aloft an imaginary pair of pliers --

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Janet's gonna have to pop up off
the bed, suck in her gut and use
the pliers. Or, ask her fiancée to
pull up the zipper, which would
explain his prints on the pliers.

Martina mimics pulling up Janet's zipper with them.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

It's all about leverage and torque.
But pliers tossed into a closet is
no murder weapon. Just a fashion
accessory. Also...

She motions to the mugshot.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

...there's no growth in the nail
bed and her shellack still has
first-day sheen. If Ms. Willette
used a pair of pliers in a messy
murder, she would have chipped a
nail.

(beat)

My sister's a manicurist.

DONOVAN

Good for her. But who are you?

MARTINA

Martina Garretti. First-year.

Martina will save the day, but not the way you expect. Those who know Donovan well, understand his small smile is one of approval.

INT. STARK & COHEN, LUKE AARONSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Stark & Cohen senior partner, LUKE AARONSON, 40, still leads with his looks and athletic prowess. But he can sense the younger, better-looking Millennials nipping at his heels. It's distracting.

He motions for Martina to enter as he searches for a file.

LUKE

Donovan Stark is so grateful for your contribution to the Willette case that he's anointed you third-chair on another murder case.

She busts him checking out her low cut blazer, and he looks away, regrets it. Five years ago, he wouldn't have cared.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I'm first chair. Natalie Minka's second chair.

He leafs through the file, tough case.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You'll get serious blowback from the other first-years. Not my problem.

MARTINA

(reading)

The Ellie Fordham case...

LUKE

Second degree manslaughter for allegedly killing her NYU professor. Prosecution says the two were having an inappropriate relationship.

(beat)

Martina, right?

Martina nods.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I'm bad with names. So, that romance is the crux of their case. You know, a "crime of passion." The good news is the prosecution has no murder weapon, no eye witnesses, no proof that the two were even a thing. Bad news: they have signs of a struggle. The professor had Ellie's DNA underneath his fingernails.

Martina raises her eyebrows: *not good*.

LUKE (CONT'D)

She says he reached out for her as he was collapsing.

MARTINA

(reading)

She got to Professor Michael Robinson's apartment at around 8 p.m. At 8:17 she called 911.

LUKE

She claims he passed out in front of her. Cause of death was a subdural hematoma. Blunt force trauma to the head.

(beat)

Martina, you are drinking a martini in the kitchen of my house.

MARTINA

Nope. I'm right here.

LUKE

It's a device called the memory palace: You come up with an inappropriate image of someone in a room of your house, and next time you see that person, you conjure that image. Boom. It triggers the name.

MARTINA

I think it might "boom" if it's more provocative -- that's why your brain holds on to the name.

(beat)

And while we're at it, I drink beer.

LUKE

I can use that. You are crying and drinking a martini you despise in the kitchen of my house.

(he seals the image)

There it is.

Martina flips to the final page of the police report. It's a 5X7 faculty portrait of the victim, Professor Robinson. He's movie star handsome...

MARTINA

None of my professors looked like that.

(gulp)

Trial starts next week?

Natalie enters seamlessly, sits down. All business.

LUKE

We'll focus on forcing the D.A. to produce a murder weapon or an eye witness.

NATALIE

The burden to prove this is on them, not us.

MARTINA

Can I talk to Ellie?

Natalie looks at Luke. Doesn't like Martina interfering.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

I don't want to meet her for the first time at trial. I mean, this isn't Night Court.

It's almost too easy for Natalie.

NATALIE

Oh. I never worked Night Court.

LUKE

You can meet her, but, um, don't rattle her. Make her feel comfortable.

NATALIE

And tell her to wear a cardigan to court. It might class her up.

Natalie's candor flies at Martina like a shard of glass.

MARTINA

(for Luke)

Thanks for this opportunity. I'm really psyched to be on the team --

NATALIE

You owe your good fortune to a Cambodian child.

Martina knits her brow.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Our third chair bolted when their adoption went through. He and his partner are getting a baby. And we got you.

MARTINA

A win all around.

Martina exits.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

With cool detachment, Martina clocks lanky STUDENTS spilling out of dorm and classrooms. It's only until Martina sees SOMEONE shiver, look up at the sky, that she sees a storm coming.

ELLIE FORDHAM, 20, world-weary but wholesome, approaches.

ELLIE

Are you the new lawyer?

EXT. CAMPUS HOUSING - TIME CUT

They're walking through a dorm quad.

MARTINA

It looks bad that you went to his apartment at night.

ELLIE

He told me to come. The form to change advisors was due the next day.

MARTINA

Unfortunately that conversation was face-to-face in the quad, so we have no way to prove it.

ELLIE

But I went over to his place at 8 o'clock. I wasn't banging on his door at 2 a.m. like a stalker.

It starts to rain.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Come on!

Ellie grabs Martina's arm as they dash for her dorm room.

INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

But it's not a dorm room. It's a small family apartment -- cramped, tidy, cheerful. Martina, out of breath, seems confused by it. Ellie anticipates the questions...

ELLIE

My scholarship came with housing.
I live here with my mom and little sister.

MOTHER (O.C.)

Ellie, honey? Do we have company?

Ellie's ailing MOTHER emerges from a bedroom, just as JESSIE, Ellie's 15-year-old sister, runs in -- drenched.

JESSIE

Oh my god, it's, like, pouring out!

MOTHER

Jessie, you'll slip on the tile.
Come here.

Jessie follows her frail, ill mother back into the bedroom.

ELLIE

(re: mom)

It's called encephalopathy. It's a genetic mutation, but it looks like mad cow disease, and it's incurable. Usually kills within five years.

(beat)

She has about 18 months left.

MARTINA

I am so sorry, Ellie.

ELLIE

Once my mom passes, Jessie will get sent to a foster home or something.

MARTINA

That's an incredible amount of stress on you.

(beat)

Where's your dad?

ELLIE

Out of the picture.

(airquotes with one look)

He had a temper.

Martina resets.

MARTINA

Let's talk about your relationship with Professor Robinson.

(beat)

I'm the first person in my family to go to college. If I arrived on campus and a super hot professor like Michael Robinson took an interest in me, I would have --

Screw it, Martina doesn't need to sugar coat --

MARTINA (CONT'D)

-- I would have slept with him.

ELLIE

I didn't. But I think what you mean is if he were fat and ugly I'd have a better shot at getting acquitted.

MARTINA

Yes. If I was on a jury and I saw a picture of him, and I --

ELLIE

-- He reminded me of my brother.

Finally, a tender spot. Martina presses on it.

MARTINA

How?

ELLIE

They were both neat freaks and great dressers. And they made me laugh.

(a little sad)

Both were very protective of me.

MARTINA

The D.A. will say Professor Robinson intentionally punted on signing the forms to become your advisor because he was trying to end things with you. But you wouldn't let up. They have no evidence to prove this, but they're still going to tell jurors a story that seems plausible: You came to his apartment, determined to get him to pay attention to you.

ELLIE

But they weren't even there --

MARTINA

-- And when he told you he wanted out, you threw something at him. He turned to avoid it, but it hit him in the back of the head.

ELLIE

What did I throw? A biology book?

MARTINA

And that will help us. There's no evidence you tried to cover your tracks or clean up.

ELLIE

I called 911 right away. They can't just make up a story and convict me on that, can they?

MARTINA

Did you watch the Amanda Knox trial in Italy? The system took over. They painted her as a monster on almost no evidence.

ELLIE

Funny, I kind of thought we were in America.

Still, it sits there, devastating.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

There are three lives at stake here: Mine, my mother's and my sister's.

MARTINA

And I'm going to fight for all of them.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. STARK & COHEN, MARTINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Saturday at a \$600/hour law firm means cashmere sweaters and designer jeans. Martina -- in Levis, a T-shirt and a study pony tail -- pores over Ellie's case file.

MARTINA

Cyndi, how do I bill pro bono?

Enter her secretary and comradette-in-arms, CYNDI LEARY, 24, with two sodas. They've been working for a few hours. If Cyndi weren't Martina's secretary, the two women could be besties. Cyndi's still in clothes from the night before: a mini dress and heels.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Can we do Ellie Fordham pro-bono?

Cyndi holds up an invoice.

CYNDI

Says she paid for 20 hours up front, and put the firm on retainer.

MARTINA

No way. She's on a financial aid scholarship.

CYNDI

(reading)

Oh, wow...

Cyndi hands her Ellie's deposition. Martina scans it, softens.

MARTINA

Her brother was killed in combat in Afghanistan. She's using the military life insurance money? She never even mentioned it to me.

(impressed)

Chick's a rock.

It's all the engine Martina needs. She's getting paid to defend Ellie, but she'll throw in her heart for free.

CYNDI

(reading Ellie's depo)

"I called 911 and tried to revive him."

MARTINA

They found his DNA under her fingernails.

CYNDI

I'm on this girl's side, but I still think she's lying.

Martina flips back to photos from the crime scene. C.U.: a white chalk mark on Professor Robinson's sweater.

MARTINA

Ellie said he was a neat freak.

CYNDI

Hmm?

MARTINA

His sweater. What's that white stuff on his sleeve?

CYNDI

He could have leaned against the chalkboard.

MARTINA

Classrooms don't have chalkboards. It's all smartboards now.

Cyndi unwraps a roll of antacids.

CYNDI

Boilermakers sounded like a good idea at 3 a.m.

Martina watches her, amused and then lost in thought.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

Hey, no judgement.

MARTINA

Never.

(segues back to case)

The M.E. said he had more than 20 ounces of beer in his stomach, a few grams of butter, some pine nuts, and a half ounce of partially digested sweetbreads --

CYNDI

(nauseated)

Hurling.

Cyndi picks up another document.

CYNDI (CONT'D)
NYPD has Professor Robinson
stopping at *Lou's* bar.

MARTINA
A couple of beers could have
loosened him up to talk about
Ellie. And bartenders are supposed
to be good listeners.

CYNDI
We could send Riv down there to re-
interview the bartender.

MARTINA
Good idea.
(beat)
The prosecution's a guy, the NYPD
officers were male...

CYNDI
I can't even smell the inside of a
bar right now.

MARTINA
Little hair of the dog might help
you.

INT. LOU'S BAR - DAY

To Martina and Cyndi, *Lou's* seems about right for a guy's
hangout: TV screens blaring with different sporting events,
food served in baskets, a young wait staff.

Martina and Cyndi are at the bar, talking to a BARTENDER.

MARTINA
Was Michael Robinson alone?

CONNOR
He sat down there. Had a few
pints. Then he left.

MARTINA
Did he seem upset? Any girl
troubles?

CONNOR
I don't think so. But I was at the
end of a weekend of double shifts.
(nods at Waitress)
Sara was on vacation and another
quit. I wasn't feeling as social

as I usually am. Can I set you up
with a round on the house?

Martina looks at Cyndi amused.

CYNDI
Bitters.

CONNOR
Been there. Coming up.
(nods to Martina)
You?

MARTINA
I'm good, Connor. Thanks.

The Bartender leaves.

MARTINA (CONT'D)
Not for nothing, but I was a rock
star waitress.

Martina and Cyndi have an entire conversation in one look,
barflies recounting the glory days.

CYNDI
Two years at "Domenico's." Cherry
Hill.

MARTINA
Four summers at the "Wind Drift
Cafe" in LBI.

They look around until they find a WAITRESS, 28, cute and
competent. They both smile at her. The Waitress comes over.

WAITRESS
You can order starters at the bar.

MARTINA
We're working on the case of that
professor, Michael Robinson.

WAITRESS
The saddest! He was so nice. And
really cute.

MARTINA
Were you here the night he was
killed?

WAITRESS

Yeah, we saw it on the news when we were closing up. Couldn't believe it.

MARTINA

Do you remember anything specific about that night? Did he mention a girlfriend? Did he meet anyone here?

WAITRESS

He wasn't in here that night. He was here the night before.

Martina stops.

MARTINA

He was killed on a Wednesday. Connor said Professor Robinson was here.

WAITRESS

No, he was here on a Tuesday. It was my first day back from vacation. Connor didn't work that night. He was fired because he had covered for me. He probably just forgot.

The Waitress shows Martina and Cyndi her engagement ring.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

My boyfriend proposed over vacation. It's his grandmother's ring --

CYNDI

Congratulations.

WAITRESS

Aw, thanks, I --

MARTINA

So, once you were back, Connor didn't have to cover for you.

WAITRESS

That's right.

MARTINA

And you're sure Professor Robinson wasn't here on Wednesday?

WAITRESS

Yeah. I'm sure.

MARTINA

What was Professor Robinson like
when you waited on him on Tuesday?

WAITRESS

Normal. He sat at the bar.

She gestures to the same place Connor had pointed to.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

He noticed my ring. He was, like,
the first customer to notice it.
It felt different to talk to him.
Like, I couldn't be as flirty...

The Waitress sees a CUSTOMER wanting to pay his check.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

She leaves. Connor sets up Cyndi with her bitters and
leaves.

MARTINA

Professor Robinson saw her as a
bride-to-be.

Cyndi takes a gulp. Martina's eyes are ablaze.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

That's an ironclad time stamp.

CYNDI

See what a couple of waitresses can
do? Connor scrambled his nights.

MARTINA

Which means we just blew up the
prosecution's timeline.

CYNDI

Now what?

MARTINA

Now we know where Professor
Robinson drank the night *before* he
was killed. There were no beers in
his fridge or in his trash. So, we
have to find out where he drank the
night of the murder.

Off Martina, with the scent of a fresh trail.

INT. STARK & COHEN, MARTINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Martina's making her way through boxes of documents, and smiles when she hears a man singing "The Black Keys."

RIV (O.S.)

*It doesn't mean a thing to me/It
doesn't mean a thing to me/It's
about time, you see. Things ain't
like they used to be.*

Enter RIVER "RIV" BRODY, 34, former LAPD detective turned firm investigator who loves New York like only a transplant could. Martina is tracking Giants-49ers on her LAP TOP.

RIV (CONT'D)

Happy Sunday. See that interception?

MARTINA

Don't worry about Eli. He'll wake up in the fourth quarter.

He laughs, sits down in the chair next to her desk.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

When I got hired they told me it might be two or three years before River Brody would be the investigator on one of my cases.

RIV

What can I say? You cut in line. Nice job obliterating NYPD's legwork.

MARTINA

Thanks. Now we just need to find another murder suspect. What did you find in Professor Robinson's phone dump?

RIV

Couple of things. Professor Robinson got seven calls the day of the murder.

MARTINA

But they all checked out with NYPD.

RIV

Sort of. One of the calls was from
a professor Andrew Treaster.

MARTINA

Why are you flagging him?

RIV

He told police he was home grading
papers the night of the murder, but
no one can verify that. I'm gonna
find out more.

(re: game)

Fumble--

MARTINA

--Our ball. Sweet.

Martina closes the laptop.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

I gotta be somewhere.

They start to walk out.

RIV

There's something else. Three days
before the murder Professor
Robinson got calls from a woman
named Karenn Druss.

Riv flashes a photograph as they walk to the elevators.
KARENNA DRUSS, 46, is beautiful but preppy and plain.

MARTINA

Is it shallow that I want to do an
emergency makeover on her? Sorry.
Who is she?

RIV

The Dean's wife.

Martina looks up. Dirt. Paydirt.

RIV (CONT'D)

One of the calls was at 11:45 p.m.
Karenn Druss might be worth a
visit, because I have a feeling
she's not coming forward on her
own.

MARTINA

Find out if anyone at Robinson's building saw her. Especially at night.

As the doors close.

RIV

You got it.

EXT. GARRETTI FAMILY HOME, ESTAB. - LATER

Levittown special. 3BR, 1BA with a screen door from Lowe's and a front lawn scallop-trimmed around stocky shrubs. The worn doormat: "Get in here."

INT. GARRETTI FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Martina steps over the threshold and inhales the familiar concoction of home-cooking and biohazardous cleaning products.

Random, unnamed CHILDREN from ages 6-13 careen through the house, sit glued to a movie on television or bump down the stairs on their butts. Don't bother trying to keep their names straight.

DARLENE (O.S.)

Martina's here!

With a look: *How did she know it was me?* Martina gets a peck on the cheek from her brother, ALBERT, 26, in sweatpants and a football jersey. He cups his hand over the cellphone he's cradling in his neck.

ALBERT

She knows all.

(back into phone)

I'm glad you asked. Herbalife is a 30-year-old science-based system.

I'll tell you, my whole family has benefitted from the regimen.

Martina shakes her head. *No one here drinks that crap.*

Enter BONNIE, 31, auburn-haired beauty (also the manicurist) with a rockin' bod and not a care in the world.

BONNIE

Charlie's with his dad tonight.
Wanna go out after dinner?

MARTINA

I can't. Work.

BONNIE
On a Sunday night?

PAULA, 35, harried by her brood of four, but always with time to rib Martina.

PAULA
Baby Big Shot from the city: late
and empty-handed.

Martina and Paula hug. GAVIN GARRETTI, 56, masculine and reassuring, enters through the garage door.

MARTINA
Hi, dad.

Martina, en route to Gavin, is intercepted by Paula's oldest daughter, ALI, 15, who stares daggers at Paula.

ALI
Aunt Marty, can she legally stop me
from getting a tattoo? I mean,
what are my rights here?

Martina's made it to her dad. Gives him a kiss.

GAVIN
Hey, kiddo.

Like a hawk, Paula swoops in between Ali and Martina.

PAULA
Ali, no tattoos. No discussion.
No getting Martina on your side.
Dad, wash up. Dinner's -

DARLENE (O.S.)
It's ready now.

PAULA
Thomas and Michael, your mom wants
you home for dinner. I'll text her
and tell her you're walking back.

Two boys, ages 10 and 12, exit the house.

Entering with a lasagna is upbeat DARLENE, Miss Upper Darby 1976. She sees what no one else did: Martina's beaming.

DARLENE
What happened?

The room's frenetic energy slows down for a moment, as everyone looks at Martina for the answer.

MARTINA

I'm on a case.

ALL

Congratulations/Let's eat/We need
another chair/Turn the TV off.

PAULA

You nervous?

MARTINA

I'm only third chair, so they won't
let me mess it up.

ALL noisily pull up to the table. Bonnie pops an olive in
her mouth.

BONNIE

Any of the other chairs cute?

MARTINA

The second is an ice queen from the
Upper East side. And the first is
just this guy. Luke.

Bonnie chews more slowly, rolls the name around in her mouth.

BONNIE

Luke, huh?

Martina knows that Bonnie understood her sister dolphinspeak.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Ooh. He's got good arms.

Martina doesn't deny or confirm. Bonnie points to her own
eyes and whispers...

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Sex-ray vision.

Martina laughs.

Gavin raises his glass for a toast, but Darlene's still
looking at her, and Martina feels it. She can't stay cool a
moment longer.

MARTINA

It's a murder trial.

ALL

Congratulations!/Now can we eat?/To
Marty!

ALL toast.

DARLENE
You worked hard for it, honey.

INT. GARRETTI FAMILY HOME, KITCHEN - LATER

Food coma and dirty dishes. Darlene's "office" of 35 years sports a framed, autographed headshot of Cher behind the blender and a heart-shaped sticky note on the coffee machine from Gavin. "Happy Valentine's Day, Gav."

Ali, Gavin and Martina are bringing in plates.

Albert and Bonnie, pleasure seeker sibs, remain at the table while Albert finishes up a joke. Bonnie's a great audience.

ALBERT (O.C.)
The worst thing you can hear him
say is, 'I'm not Willie Nelson.'

Bonnie howls with laughter.

BONNIE (O.C.)
That is twisted. I love it!

DARLENE
Girls! Sonia's had a sale on
Tuesday. Go upstairs. I laid some
things out on the bed.

The sisters head upstairs.

MARTINA
Why do we do this *after* dinner?
The only thing that's gonna fit me
are clown pants.

Bonnie is half in the bag. She carries her wine glass up the stairs, behind Paula. Looks at her butt, and smacks it.

BONNIE
Don't be so hard on Ali. She can
always get it lasered off.

PAULA
Bonnie, stay out of this.

Off Martina, knowing that's impossible.

EXT. DRUSS RESIDENCE - NEXT DAY

An idyllic brownstone, but Martina and Riv will never get inside if KARENNA DRUSS has anything to say about it.

Karenna bars the entry with a furious expression on her face.

MARTINA

We spoke to neighbors at Professor Robinson's apartment building. They recognized your photograph.

KARENNA

We were friends.

She looks down, visibly moved. She cared for him.

KARENNA (CONT'D)

What happened to him... was an absolute tragedy.

RIV

(neutral)

I guess Dean Druss knows you were such good friends?

MARTINA

We're trying to piece together Professor Robinson's final hours, Karenna.

KARENNA

I didn't see him that night.

Martina looks at Riv.

MARTINA

Mrs. Druss, how often did you go to his apartment?

KARENNA

I didn't say --

MARTINA

You said you didn't see him *that night*, which sounds to me like there were lots of other nights you *did* see him --

KARENNA

We're getting into an area... I don't know anything. I swear. And I don't want to be pulled into this. I don't want my husband or our kids to get hurt. Please.

MARTINA

Your husband's feelings don't
compare to an innocent woman being
convicted of murder.

Karenna looks up and down her street, makes a calculation.

KARENNA

I'm calling my attorney.

Karenna shuts the door.

Martina and Riv walk down the stairs.

MARTINA

That just earned her a subpoena.

Riv smiles.

RIV

I like that you don't overthink
things. How long have you been
here?

MARTINA

At Stark & Cohen? Six weeks
tomorrow.

RIV

And you're third-chairing a murder
trial with Luke Aaronson and
Natalie Minka.

MARTINA

It's not enough just to be there.
(beat)
Where are you on that Professor
Treaster?

RIV

Two weeks ago he was served a
subpoena in an unrelated drug case
for calls he made the night of the
murder. He left two messages on
the phone of a doctor busted for
writing illegal scripts.

MARTINA

All these ADHD kids grow up still
hooked on Adderall. Maybe
Professor Treaster wanted some off
book to stay up and grade. Could
be nothing, but...

RIV

But... I'm not done digging.

EXT. STARK & COHEN, STREET - DAY

Martina's walk-and-talk with Natalie is a door-crunching drag race. Natalie wants to run Stark & Cohen tomorrow and thinks townies like Martina devalue the firm's brand.

MARTINA

Hey, Natalie.

Natalie says everything with a smile and in some part of her mind, she means all of it as a compliment.

NATALIE

Riv said you guys have been working hard.

MARTINA

We were following leads on your idea for the phone dump.

NATALIE

Good. This must be a pressure cooker for you. Better hope Donovan's happy with your work.

MARTINA

This isn't my first murder case. I did major crimes in Trenton.

NATALIE

Trenton. Is that where you learned about tight jeans?

MARTINA

Nah. It's where I learned to leverage an offer from the U.S. Attorney into a job at Stark & Cohen.

Martina pulls her phone out of her purse as they enter.

INT. STARK & COHEN - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Natalie clocks Martina's imitation leather purse and the star-shaped key ring missing a few rhinestones.

NATALIE

You made it over the wall. You can probably afford something that has all of its rhinestones.

MARTINA

Sentimental value. I got it down
the shore.

Just before Martina steps onto the elevator, crowded with various SUITS, Natalie lobs one last Molotov cocktail as she continues on to the coffee cart in the lobby.

NATALIE

I bet you're amazing with a jury.
They must totally relate to you.

It was meant to wound, and it does.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A.D.A. DIEGO HAAS, exacting, wraps up opening statements.

Luke, ever studious, takes notes. Natalie listens placidly, stunningly beautiful in her blown out hair and fitted suit.

Martina watches Ellie. She's wearing a cardigan, and damn it all, if she doesn't look sweeter and more refined. But her hands shake under the table.

HAAS

We also intend to call to the stand
the principal of the school where
Jessie Fordham, the defendant's
sister, attends. The Principal
will testify that assault charges
were filed against the defendant
after she *threw* a 17-year-old
student against a bank of lockers.

Haas lets this image flourish for the jurors.

Meanwhile, the defense tries not to register surprise upon hearing this news.

ELLIE

(whispering to Martina)
The charges were dropped.

Martina glares at Ellie.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

She was being bullied --

Martina shakes her head "stop talking." Ellie retreats.

HAAS

The defendant is a volatile woman,
damaged by an abusive father.

Professor Robinson tried to break up with the defendant, unaware that she was a powder keg. She settled it the only way she knew how.

(beat)

She killed him.

Off Martina, Ellie, Natalie and Luke, facing an uphill battle.

INT. STARK & COHEN, RECEPTION - DAY

Natalie and Martina walking.

MARTINA

Ellie said she forgot to mention the school incident to us--I believe her.

NATALIE

Yes, well you speak fluent townie. Find out what else she's forgotten. Luke hates surprises.

Natalie ducks into Luke's office. Martina clocks something up ahead:

Karena Druss may sleep with PhD-ified men, but she likes her representation to be all street. Fuming at the reception desk is CRESTON SAMMS, 45, former Baltimore public defender.

Cyndi meets her before she gets to him.

CYNDI

Creston Samms. He represents Karena Druss.

MARTINA

I got it. Thanks.

Cyndi peels off. Martina stands in front of Samms. He slaps the subpoena for his client on the counter.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Oh, good, you got our subpoena.

SAMMS

If the prospect of a relationship is raised for jury nullification we'll sue you for defamation.

MARTINA

Puh-leez. Mrs. Druss was sleeping around. I'll do whatever it takes

to get my client off. Where was she the night of the murder?

SAMMS

On a dais at an event in Chelsea.
You couldn't buy a better alibi.

MARTINA

Not trying to. But your client might help us find the real killer. Just make sure she's on time for her pre-trial interview.

Martina turns to head back to her office, but immediately tracks activity through the glass partitions of the bullpen.

Martina POV: A poker-faced Riv enters Natalie's office. Natalie's reaction to the news is clearly not good. Natalie and Riv dash to Luke's office. They update him. Luke hits his head, Charlie Brown-style on his desk.

Martina racewalks into...

INT. STARK & COHEN, LUKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where she blurts out...

MARTINA

What happened?

NATALIE

They have evidence of Ellie's relationship with Professor Robinson.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

D.A. Haas is smug at this evidentiary hearing. Luke, Natalie and Martina dread what he's about to tell the Judge.

HAAS

Your Honor, we have two witnesses who saw the defendant suggestively dressed and crying to Professor Robinson the day before the murder. She said she wouldn't leave him and that she didn't know what she'd do without him. Also, on the day of the murder, the defendant Facebooked a friend saying she was going to the victim's apartment, and that he'd be lucky to get her.

Natalie leans into Martina.

NATALIE

So much for no more surprises.

Off Martina, starting to doubt Ellie.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HALLWAY OF ELLIE'S APARTMENT - TIME CUT

Framed by the doorway. Martina and Ellie lower their voices when dorm RESIDENTS walk by.

ELLIE

It's true. I said all that stuff.

Martina grinds her jaw.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I was so relieved that Professor Robinson had offered to tutor me in chemistry. The midterm was coming up. If I failed, I'd have to leave for the semester.

MARTINA

What about the Facebook message?

ELLIE

Things were hectic. I was under deadline to get the forms signed, and I was being sarcastic -- you know, that a professor would be lucky to get me as their student.

MARTINA

Sarcasm doesn't play so great in a murder trial.

(beat)

Did you know anything about Karenna Druss, the dean's wife?

Ellie shakes her head "no."

MARTINA (CONT'D)

How about Professor Treaster?

ELLIE

A jerk. He takes his pet students to this French bistro. I was never invited, of course, because I'm not part of the club.

Martina is stone-faced and quiet.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

What's going on?

MARTINA

We just need some good news, that's all.

Off Martina, stuck.

EXT. CAMPUS/INT. ALI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lost in the energy of a college campus, Martina's almost startled when her phone rings: It's Ali. She answers.

MARTINA

What is it with guys at college dressing like girls?

ALI

Skinny jeans. What'd you think of the ink I sent you?

MARTINA

Good, but if you put all of your friends' initials on your ankle, what happens when one of them isn't your best friend anymore?

ALI

Even if Annika, Rachel and I go to separate colleges, we're always going to be close.

Martina bites her tongue, sticks to her deeper game on this.

MARTINA

Just be happy with what you decide to get at the tattoo parlor, Ali, because it will tie you to this time in your life. Forever.

ALI

That's the whole idea. Because this time *is* awesome.

Martina laughs, loves her niece's enthusiasm.

MARTINA

You're awesome.

Off Martina, with family drama that never ends.

INT. STARK & COHEN, ELEVATOR - DAY

Martina stands preoccupied as the doors open. Luke and two of his colleagues step on.

MARTINA

Hi, Luke.

LUKE

Hey...

He smiles, goes to introduce her. But he's forgotten her name. It's mortifying for Martina, uncomfortable for him. One floor crawls as Martina's shame morphs into anger.

LUKE (CONT'D)

So... How are things going?

MARTINA

Good. Really good.

The doors open. ALL get off. Luke pulls Martina aside.

LUKE

That has no reflection on how much
I value the work you've --

MARTINA

I'm in your kitchen, all right.
But I'm dangerous and bare-assed,
in a 6-foot-high vodka martini,
pointing a Beretta at you.
Martini. Beretta. Martina.
Garretti.

She leaves a stunned Luke in her wake.

INT. STARK & COHEN, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Martina sits across the table from Kareenna and Creston.

SAMMS

I'm warning you, these questions
better be specific and relevant --

MARTINA

Was Professor Robinson romantically
involved with Ellie Fordham?

KARENNA

Not that I know of.

MARTINA

Did he ever tell you that she was
pursuing him?

KARENNA

No.

MARTINA

Are you a jealous woman, Kareenna?

SAMMS

This is ridiculous.

MARTINA

I'm trying to determine if Professor Robinson felt like he could have shared concerns about other women with Mrs. Druss.

KARENNA

I couldn't blame him if he found someone else. I mean, I'm married.

MARTINA

Did your husband know about him?

KARENNA

No. I don't think so.

MARTINA

Had you and Professor Robinson planned a future together?

KARENNA

No. I mean, it was getting... complicated since it looked like he was going to get tenure and that would mean he'd be at the University... permanently. Once the ethics thing was resolved.

MARTINA

What ethics thing?

KARENNA

Another professor had complained to my husband about Michael... About Professor Robinson. It was untrue, but if the ethics complaint was filed, the tenure committee would have to officially dismiss it before they could award tenure. That's policy.

MARTINA

Was the ethics complaint about fraternizing with students?

KARENNA

What? No. It was just an accusation by a colleague of

Michael's, Andrew Treaster. He claimed Michael stole some of his work. But he didn't.

Off Martina, her gears turning.

INT. TREASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Acting much older than his 29 years, Professor ANDREW TREASTER, rocks back in his handcrafted leather chair, bemused by Martina. She hates him instantly.

On the windowsill by the fire escape, an ashtray the size of a dinner plate swells with mashed cigarette butts.

TREASTER

Professor Robinson and I were colleagues. I respected him. He was very popular with the students. A good teacher.

MARTINA

What made him such a great teacher?

TREASTER

I said a "good" teacher.

MARTINA

My bad.

TREASTER

He spent a lot of time with the students. Me, I'm selfish. I spend more time on research and publishing, but he wasn't as... driven, I suppose.

MARTINA

You thought he stole your work.

TREASTER

Oh, God, no. I mean, no offense, but I wouldn't want to be directly linked to his work. I was concerned that one of his articles relied heavily on results from my lab without attribution.

A dirty smile from Treaster.

TREASTER (CONT'D)

You've been speaking with Karenn Druss.

MARTINA

Are you close with her?

TREASTER

No. She only had room in her life for two men. Or so I hear. You know, Karennia is a lot like your client. She met her husband when he was still a professor.

MARTINA

Ellie Fordham wasn't involved with Professor Robinson.

TREASTER

My mistake. Ellie seemed like a nice young lady.

MARTINA

But not nice enough to get an invite to the French bistro?

TREASTER

"Le Chat" isn't a bistro. It's a *brasserie* with an extensive wine list.

MARTINA

"Le Chat"?

TREASTER

It means cat in French.

MARTINA

Fascinating. Thanks.

Off Martina, focused.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Martina's on the phone.

MARTINA

Riv, I want the voicemails Professor Andrew Treaster left the night of the murder.

RIV (O.C.)

The ones for Doctor Feelgood?

MARTINA

Yeah. Unless the good doctor made deliveries, Treaster went out that

night. Which means he wasn't home
grading papers like he told NYPD.

INT. STARK & COHEN, MARTINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Martina watches Natalie across the bullpen, smooth as silk
with a ballerina's posture. Martina sits up straighter.

Enter a slightly sheepish Luke.

LUKE

Martina.

MARTINA

Yes, Luke.

Small smiles at their name game. *Is there chemistry here?*

LUKE

The student who Ellie pushed
against the lockers was picked up
by the anti-gang unit three weeks
ago, so I think we can bury that
pretty quickly on cross.

(beat)

Where are you with the two
subpoenas?

MARTINA

I spoke to Karenn Druss today.
She said there was some bad blood
between Professor Treaster and
Professor Robinson, which is good
for us, I think. But I'm still
waiting on the voicemails Professor
Treaster made the night of the
murder to the drug dealer.

LUKE

Karenn Druss lawyered up pretty
quick.

MARTINA

As she should.

LUKE

How about Treaster?

MARTINA

I met with him today. I didn't
mention his alibi until we know
what's on those voicemails. But,
for the record, what an
unsufferable snob.

LUKE

How's that?

MARTINA

He went on an on about the wine list at "Lay Shay." Or however you pronounce it.

LUKE

Leu-SHAY. And, I've been there.

MARTINA

(kindly teasing)
Of course you have.

LUKE

It's overrated. Unless you like trotter and sweetbreads.

MARTINA

Who doesn't like sweet bread?

Luke smiles. Martina looks at him naively.

LUKE

(beat)
Sweet bread is not sweetbreads.
It's the pancreas of a calf.

Martina recoils, stops, realizes something.

MARTINA

Sweetbreads...

She gets up and digs through one of the files on the chair next to her desk.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

I saw it somewhere.

And there it is in the M.E. report: among the possible matches of a half an ounce of animal protein in Professor Robinson's stomach, among words like lamb, chicken, turkey, she sees it: *sweetbreads*.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Professor Robinson ate it a few hours before he died.

INT. "LE CHAT" - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Martina and Luke walk through the glass and wood doors to find themselves standing in their first brasserie.

MARTINA

Brasserie? It's just a bar.
Without the fun.

(beat)

Treaster wouldn't *consider* a place
where he couldn't light up.

LUKE

Hey, where can I smoke?

FEMALE BARTENDER

Out back. In the alley.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND "LE CHAT" - CONTINUOUS

Martina and Luke step out and see - a few hundred feet away --
a bustling skatepark, swarming with teenage boys in low-
hanging jeans who fly over half-pipes, rails and ramps.

Against the brasseries's back wall, a small table with an
ashtray overflowing with butts. A broken barstool and a
trash can, filled with beer bottles. And then Martina sees
something that makes her face fall... white, chalky,
weathered paint on the building's wall.

Martina leans against the wall, steps away and looks at her
arm. By her shoulder (since she's a little shorter than he
was), a white mark, just like the one in the photo.

MARTINA

Professor Robinson had the same
mark on his sweater.

LUKE

You think he was here with Treaster
the night of the murder?

MARTINA

Yeah.

Luke's already got his phone to his ear.

RIV (O.S.)

What's up?

LUKE

Riv, Martina and I need you to do
an evidence sweep.

Martina smiles. Luke believes in her.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. STARK & COHEN, LOBBY - DAY

You try being as sexual as Bonnie Garretti and NOT eye-fucking the cute attorneys all around her. In tight jeans, a busty sweater and high-heeled boots, Bonnie's a tourist in Corporateland.

MARTINA

Take it down a notch, Bon. They're people, not steaks.

Martina guides her down the hall.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

I gotta get you out of general population. You couldn't have called first?

BONNIE

You would have said not to come. Paula told Ali if she gets a tattoo, she can't get her driver's license. This is child abuse.

MARTINA

Shhhh... Keep it down.

BONNIE

Don't get snotty, or I'll bring photos of you setting your hair with cans of orange juice concentrate.

MARTINA

Mom made me do that. Talk about child abuse.

BONNIE

Is that ice queen around?

MARTINA

Natalie? She's in the break room boiling orphans.

BONNIE

How about Luke and his really cut upper arms?

MARTINA

He's in my office doing pushups. *Why are you here?*

BONNIE

Paula's being a priss, and if she keeps it up, Ali's gonna do it to spite her. She'll get a teardrop on her face, two aces on her arm and a tapestry across her back.

MARTINA

Maybe Ali just needs us to be good role models. I mean, none of us have tattoos.

Bonnie's smile is naughty. An admission.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

I've seen you get out of the shower. Where did you get a--I don't wanna know.

BONNIE

Stop. It's cute. Why don't you like them?

MARTINA

A tattoo is way too permanent for a kid with her whole life ahead of her. No matter how many big adventures she has, it'll make sure she can never go too far from home. And she should be able to go as far as she wants.

Bonnie thinks on it, but mostly looks at the Attorney-Steaks around her. Martina pinches her back to reality.

BONNIE

Ow. 'Kay, I'm going to talk Paula, alone.

Bonnie sashays back out to the lobby, knows the way.

INT. STARK & COHEN, LUKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Martina walks in to see a grave-faced Luke and Natalie.

NATALIE

We're not going to call Karenn Druss to the stand.

MARTINA

Why not?

NATALIE

It doesn't matter if the Professor and Karennia were in love or were just friends with benefits. All it proves is that he was a creep. The next logical step is that he had a relationship with one of his students, like Ellie.

LUKE

All we're doing is giving the D.A. ammo for their crime of passion argument. We need another suspect.

Off Martina, reminded of her place in the pack.

INT. GARRETTI FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Martina comes down the stairs in her slip and a tapered suit jacket with tags on it.

Ali appears, her eyes brimming with tears, blurting out her crisis before Martina can say a word...

ALI

I decided to wait before getting a tattoo, but now they won't give me my money back.

MARTINA

Who?

ALI

The tattoo parlor. I used all of my babysitting money. Ninety-five dollars.

MARTINA

Didn't they need parental consent?

ALI

I forged it.

MARTINA

You're so like Aunt Bonnie.

(beat)

They can't do this.

ALI

They can't?

MARTINA

Or maybe they can. Do you have the receipt?

Ali hands her a receipt.

MARTINA (CONT'D)
In the meantime, here...

Martina grabs her purse and hands her some cash.

MARTINA (CONT'D)
Consider it an early birthday
present.

Ali takes it.

ALI
Aunt Marty, thank you. I'm sorry.
(re: suit)
You look pretty. And that's not
the money talking.

Darlene steps up.

MARTINA
It's a little tight for court. I
wish it were more comfortable.

DARLENE
You don't have to sleep in it. You
just have to look good in it.

Martina's phone chimes. She sees a new email.

MARTINA
Hold on. I just got these
voicemails we subpoenaed.

Martina opens the voicemails left on Doctor Feelgood's phone.
But inexplicably, Ali covers her ears.

TREASTER (ON VOICEMAIL) ALI
Hey, where are you? I'm out. Turn that off!
Call me.

Martina and Darlene look at each other. They hear nothing,
but Martina turns it off.

ALI
It's not funny. It's like a
whistle. Or a screeching.

Martina turns it on again.

TREASTER (ON VOICEMAIL) ALI
Hey, where are you? I'm -- Stop!

Martina turns it off again. Ali exhales.

DARLENE
What just happened?

ALI
Grandma, you and Aunt Marty are too old to hear it.

DARLENE
Hear what?

MARTINA
Hey!

ALI (CONT'D)
Why do you have a mosquito tone?

MARTINA
A what?

ALI
It's really high pitched, like nails on a chalkboard. You have to be under 25 to hear it. Some of the kids set their text alert to it. Teachers don't hear them texting in class.

DARLENE
Is that true?

ALI
Yeah. The manager of the 7-11 on Central Avenue plays it on speakers in the parking lot. So kids won't hang out in the parking lot.

Martina straightens. The dime drops.

MARTINA
Ma, I'm taking Ali into the city with me and buying her her first beer.
(to Ali)
Have you ever been to a brasserie?

ALI
I don't think so.

MARTINA
Get your things.

Martina runs upstairs.

ALI
Alright!

DARLENE

Very exciting, baby. If your mom calls, I'll cover for you.

Darlene's the coolest. Martina comes downstairs, still pulling on her own clothes and holding her new jacket. Her phone rings. It's Riv.

MARTINA

Hey.

RIV (O.S.)

The fingerprints I found at that french place are a match to Professor Robinson.

MARTINA

So, he was there. That's great.

RIV (O.S.)

There was some blood on the print, but those results will take longer. Luke's gonna have to ask for more time.

MARTINA

Thank you, Riv.

She clicks off, grabs her purse, a smiling Ali and runs out.

INT. "LE CHAT" - NIGHT

Martina hustles Ali to the back alley.

MARTINA

Keep going, all the way back.

EXT. "LE CHAT" - CONTINUOUS

Where Martina sees the skatepark in the distance, illuminated by fluorescent lights. The reason for the mosquito tone.

Ali puts her hands over her ears again. Bingo.

ALI

This isn't funny.

Ali rushes back inside the restaurant. Martina looks like the cat that ate the canary. She heads back in too.

INT. "LE CHAT" - CONTINUOUS

Where a calmer Ali has removed her hands from over her ears.

ALI

What is going on?

MARTINA

You just proved that a witness lied
about his alibi.

ALI

Can I still get my beer?

MARTINA

Yes.

Martina kisses her on the forehead.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

At midnight on your 21st birthday.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Martina rushes in just as Luke is about to address the judge. Haas looks on, contemptuously. Ellie keeps her head down.

MARTINA
(for Luke only)
Sorry. The M.E. kept me waiting.

LUKE
What do you know?

MARTINA
That subdural hematoma's can take hours to develop before they become fatal. Good stuff. I'll tell you more later.

LUKE
Your Honor, we ask the court for a continuance as we wait for lab results on new evidence.

HAAS
Your Honor, this the first we're hearing of this. What's the evidence?

JUDGE
Mr. Aaronson?

LUKE
Your Honor, if we produce evidence that supports our client's alibi, believe me, we'll be shouting it from the rooftops. We just need one day to figure it out.

JUDGE
One day.

The judge bangs his gavel.

INT. STARK & COHEN, HALLWAY - DAY

Donovan, Martina and Natalie walk and talk toward his office.

NATALIE
She wants to call Professor Andrew Treaster to the stand because he's been lying about the night of the

murder. But I think he could confirm the prosecution's theory.

MARTINA

We'll never let it get that far.

DONOVAN

You're not in a position to take that kind of risk.

MARTINA

He should be a suspect.

NATALIE

But, he's not yet. Ellie Fordham is. She is on trial, not Professor Treaster. The D.A.'ll object on relevance if you try to get the voicemails admitted.

DONOVAN

Let's assume they do. What's the worst he could say?

NATALIE

That the victim had a proclivity for amoral behavior. It's why we pulled back on testimony by Karenna Druss.

DONOVAN

Who's she?

MARTINA

The victim's mistress.

Natalie shoots her a look: *I have the floor.*

NATALIE

After that, it's easier for the D.A. to suggest he was involved with a student, like Ellie Fordham.

DONOVAN

I agree.

Martina's not rolling over this time.

MARTINA

I don't. I don't agree.

Donovan, stops, raises an eyebrow. Natalie can't believe it.

DONOVAN

Excuse me?

MARTINA

Treaster lied about his alibi. At the very least, he's guilty of obstruction of justice, and we have him on perjury. If we can get him to talk about the night of the murder as it relates to *him*, we can wander into his alibi.

DONOVAN

You're going to wander with a witness who could be an asset to the prosecution?

Martina swallows hard. But Donovan is intrigued by this young attorney who -- last he saw -- knew about manicures and tight jeans.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Step in here.

INT. STARK & COHEN, DONOVAN STARK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

With 1,500 square feet of glass overlooking New York, a massive oil painting on the wall, a sexy sculpture in the corner, a wet bar, and leather furniture that glows with suppleness, the office leaves no question as to who Donovan Stark is. He is king.

Donovan leans against the front of his desk, arms crossed, listening. Natalie's ready to pounce on any mistake.

MARTINA

Professor Treaster and Robinson met at "*Le Chat*." They went out back so Professor Treaster could have a cigarette. They fought -- probably over an ethics violation that threatened Robinson's tenure. Treaster shoved Robinson. Robinson hit his head on the wall. Robinson touched his fingers to his head, pulled himself up using the dumpster and left a fingerprint.

DONOVAN

How does a fingerprint survive for months in an alley? Wasn't it exposed to the elements?

MARTINA

It was on a ledge inside the
dumpster.

Enter Luke, breathless and late.

LUKE

Sorry. Got held up on a call.

He leans against the door frame. Martina's bolstered by him.

MARTINA

So, Treaster stormed off, probably
a little rattled. He dialed his
drug dealer from the alley behind
"Le Chat" and left two voicemail
messages that we can play in court.

DONOVAN

(to Luke)

Do you think we should call
Treaster to the stand?

LUKE

It's risky, but go big or go home.
Once Professor Treaster is on the
stand, he's ours to run.

NATALIE

Run him *where*? He could say
anything, Luke.

LUKE

He *could*, but once he touches on
something -- anything -- relevant
to the night of the murder, we
lower the hammer and play those
voicemails in court.

Donovan sits at his desk. Gives up nothing.

DONOVAN

Martina, you prep Luke to make sure
this unpredictable witness doesn't
wander away from us. For Ellie
Fordham's sake, let's hope Treaster
touches the third rail.

Natalie boils. Off Martina, facing the highest stakes of her
life.

INT. OUTSIDE DONOVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Natalie walks ahead, pissed. Luke and Martina hang back.

MARTINA

I feel like Natalie has one more reason to hate me now.

LUKE

As if she needed any more.

MARTINA

Thanks for the support back there.

LUKE

You kidding me? I live for high-wire stuff. It'll be fun. Hey, you hungry? There's this new Argentine place in the village.

MARTINA

Is this food camp? I just learned about French food. I'll tackle Argentina next week.

She walks away. He smiles.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Martina in her new suit, ready for court. Looking like she owns the world. But wait. Where is she going?

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

She's taking on the TATTOOED OWNER, because for Martina Garretti, justice never sleeps.

MARTINA

You took advantage of her. It was her babysitting money.

OWNER

She forged her Mom's signature. And the sign says, no refunds.

MARTINA

You're lucky I'm late. For court. I'm a lawyer, and we're not done.

She leaves the Tattoo Owner a little intimidated...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Darlene, dressed to the nines in the gallery, winks at Martina who waits with Ellie. The judge checks his watch.

Natalie enters, hurried, trying to mask her stress.

NATALIE

Your Honor, I apologize. It was unintentional and unavoidable.

JUDGE

Miss Minka, do you need more time?

NATALIE

No, your Honor, we're prepared to go ahead.

Natalie slips Martina a note, "Luke. Food poisoning."

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

You're doing it.

Martina blanches.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

This is your baby.

INT. COURTROOM, BATHROOM - LATER

Just as she did in the Teaser, Martina faces herself in the mirror. But this time, there's no gum smacking, no self-satisfaction. Just self-doubt, stage fright.

Standing off to the side, away from rogue droplets or soap streams, she gingerly depresses the hand soap lever. She washes her hands, dries them thoughtfully, takes a few cleansing breaths and smooths down her skirt.

She glances at herself again. Terrified. She gets a text.

"Take no prisoners, no last names. Kick ass. Luke."

It's just what Martina needed. But when she walks out, she sees Natalie, waiting.

EXT. COURTROOM, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Natalie sees Martina's trying to look steely but is fragile.

NATALIE

Don't try to question him the way Luke would have. Do it your way.

MARTINA

Okay. Thanks.

Natalie stutter steps; Martina took it as a compliment, but Natalie didn't mean it that way.

NATALIE

And you lower expectations just by walking in a room.

MARTINA

This was never a pep talk, was it?

NATALIE

Treaster needs to feel safe -- and superior. Get him to talk about his alibi, and you have him. Just get him to touch the third rail.

Off Martina, note taken.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Martina questions Treaster, who confidently sits in the witness box.

Natalie watches tensely. Ellie remains unaware of the choreography required of Martina.

TREASTER

She wasn't prepared for the rigors of a collegiate science program.

MARTINA

(gently)

But she got an A in her AP Biology course last year.

TREASTER

A high school course that demands no more than rote memorization.

MARTINA

How were other students prepared where Ellie Fordham wasn't?

TREASTER

They came from rigorous preparatory programs. They could apply concepts to the problem sets. Ellie couldn't.

MARTINA

I see. Professor Treaster, how do you maintain high standards of a difficult field like Biology and still encourage students to hang in there? I know I could have used a second or third chance in some of my classes in school.

Knowing nods from the JURORS. Treaster shrugs.

TREASTER

Not every student is cut out for it. Some should look at their frustration as a sign to study something softer, like humanities.

MARTINA

Or law school?

Soft laughter from the jury box and gallery. Professor Treaster smiles. Ellie looks down, slightly embarrassed.

Nimbly, Martina pivots.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

And with someone like Ellie, you thought a softer change was needed?

TREASTER

I did.

Martina must lob this carefully.

MARTINA

Did you suggest she switch majors and switch advisors?

TREASTER

Yes, I did.

MARTINA

And, when someone of your stature gives that advice to a student, do they usually take your advice?

TREASTER

Yes, they do.

Treaster feels good and smart right about now.

Martina presses on the lathe.

MARTINA

Did Ellie Fordham ever thank you for your advice?

TREASTER

No. But I'm not looking for gratitude.

MARTINA

(warmly)

I know.

(beat)

Did you know she was going to Professor Robinson's apartment with the change of advisor forms the night of the murder?

TREASTER

No.

MARTINA

Is it possible she stopped by your office to thank you, but you weren't there?

TREASTER

It's possible.

Bingo. He touched the third rail. Martina stays cool.

MARTINA

(throw away)

You were in the lab that night?

It hangs there for a moment. Martina maintains her breeziness, willing him to repeat his fake alibi.

TREASTER

(cautious)

What night are you talking about?

MARTINA

The night before the advisor forms were due.

TREASTER

Oh, yes. I was grading papers.

MARTINA

At home?

TREASTER

Yes, I was home that night.

Got him.

MARTINA

Your Honor, I'd like to admit into evidence two voicemails Professor Treaster left the night Professor Michael Robinson was murdered.

HAAS

Objection! Relevance?

MARTINA

Your Honor, the voicemails prove Professor Treaster gave false statements to NYPD. He wasn't at home that night. We ask --

HAAS

Professor Treaster hasn't been charged with anything. We're trying Ellie Fordham, your Honor.

MARTINA

We have enough evidence to warrant a re-examination of the charges --

JUDGE

Enough. Counselors, in my chambers.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

It's crowded in here, especially with the egos. The Judge listens to Martina, Natalie, and Haas hash it out.

MARTINA

Treaster was calling his drug dealer. From the alley behind a restaurant called "*Le Chat*."

HAAS

How could -

MARTINA

"*Le Chat*" plays a mosquito tone in the alley to chase off skatepunks.

HAAS

Le SHAY--What's a mosquito tone?

JUDGE

We're hearing civil liberties cases on it -- that it bars youths from public spaces. Go on.

MARTINA

"Le SHAY"S" back alley is the only place for Treaster to have a cigarette. We have a busboy from "*Le Chat*" who saw Treaster and Robinson together that night.

HAAS

So. They were at a restaurant.

MARTINA

They got into it. Robinson hit his head on the wall. Treaster stormed off, and left two voicemails for his dealer. It's those voicemails that have the mosquito tone.

HAAS

Your Honor, we --

MARTINA

Also, the M.E. will testify that Robinson's head wound causes symptoms like a stroke or -- as our client described -- made him seem drunk. When Professor Robinson reached out to take the advisor forms from Ellie, he scratched her arm and fell to the floor. That explains her DNA under his fingernails. Then he died.

HAAS

You've created a scenario to suit your needs.

MARTINA

This wasn't a crime of passion. It was a disagreement in an alley between two guys.

NATALIE

We've got evidence, motive, and medical opinion. The D.A. has to drop the charges against our client.

JUDGE

Mr. Haas?

HAAS

(grudgingly)

If Professor Treaster gave false statements to investigators to cover up his connection to the death, then we will pursue that.

JUDGE

Better call headquarters, Mr. Haas. It shouldn't take long.

Haas exits to call his boss.

Natalie gives a genuine smile. Martina blushes, proud.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Martina walks up to Ellie who is prepared for the worst.

MARTINA

The charges were dropped, Ellie.
You're free to go.

Ellie takes a beat to make sure she's composed.

ELLIE

I ... You saved my family's life.

One more moment and Ellie would burst into tears, but she makes a good save, and heads off to pursue her dream. When she leaves, she reveals Darlene seated on a bench.

Darlene stands, beams at her youngest daughter.

DARLENE

Martina Francis Garretti, you were
sensational. Are you gonna go out
and celebrate?

MARTINA

I guess.

DARLENE

Go. You'll never get a mink
standing at the sink.

MARTINA

Ma, I could buy my own, if anyone
actually wore mink anymore.

Darlene swats away the idea.

DARLENE

What's the fun in that?

Mother and daughter walk away from us, down the courthouse hallway, arms hooked.

INT. STARK & COHEN, HALLWAY - DAY

A wan-looking Luke in jeans and a sweatshirt intercepts
crosses with Martina. She's about to say he looks ill...

LUKE

You should have seen me six hours ago.

MARTINA

You should have seen *me* six hours ago.

LUKE

You know what the worst part of being right is?

MARTINA

What?

LUKE

You have to come in tomorrow and do it again.

He heads off, slowly. In this moment, Martina loves Donovan Stark's insanely competitive law firm. She smiles, looks out the window at the inspiring skyline of the greatest city in the world and feels an impulse coming on...

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

Three CUSTOMERS wait in line, forcing Martina to be still and take in her environs. She digs around in her purse, pulls out her makeup case, Ali's receipt.

We get the first few beats of the "Surprise Surprise" (Bruce Springsteen). Martina runs her fingers, rosary-style, over the pockmarked rhinestone key ring, like she's done a thousand times before. The CASHIER chin nods at her.

Martina shows him Ali's receipt, and then, a decision... She pushes the key ring across the counter. He points Martina to one of the chairs.

She sits back and lowers the waistband of her skirt to reveal her hipbone to the tattoo ARTIST. The artist puts a piece of tracing paper with the star image over the knob of bone. An image to make sure she can never go too far from home.

ARTIST

This your first one?

Martina nods.

ARTIST (CONT'D)

Try not to jump, doll. It's got some bite.

Martina relaxes with a wry smile on her face.

MARTINA

I'm tougher than I look.

And as the tattoo needle buzzes to life we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW