

INT. MANSION KITCHEN -- NIGHT
Mega kitchen. The scale and taste of real wealth.

MR. GREER
(pacing)

What they did, you see, they changed
the grade there. They widened the
street, I'm sure someone told them
they were making an improvement...

MICHAEL on a stool at the island. MRS. GREER standing by
herself. Nightgown pulled tight. Her second tumbler of
Scotch.

MR. GREER

But now, you see, when it rains?
With this new angle, and they put
these new these sodium lamps -- it's
blinding, that turn there. Just
blinding.

MICHAEL

They'll have to take a look at that.

MR. GREER

And this, it's not just tonight.
I've been saying this for years.
(to his wife)

How many times have we talked about
that corner? Gen?

MRS. GREER silent. Numb.

MICHAEL

Mr. Greer, we don't have a great deal
of time to work with here.

MR. GREER's anxiety sharpening. Arrogance under siege.

MR. GREER

So the circumstances, road conditions,
none of this holds any interest for
you?

MICHAEL

What interests me right now is finding
the strongest criminal attorney that
can get here in the next fifteen
minutes.

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MR. GREER

(bristling)

Well, that sounds ominous...

MICHAEL

We have some good relationships up
here in Westchester.

MR. GREER

So what are you? You're not a lawyer?

MICHAEL

Not the kind you need.

MR. GREER

What kind is that?

MICHAEL

You need a trial lawyer. Someone
to see this all the way through.
That's not what I do.

There it is. And MR. GREER doesn't like it one bit.

MR. GREER

I think we're gonna need to pull Walter
back in on this.

(like it's some kind of
business meeting)

I want to get him back on the phone,
get him into the mix. Because, I'll
be frank, I'm not sure I like the way
this is going.

MICHAEL

Sir...

(cut the crap)

We don't have time for Walter.
Your options here, they're gonna get
smaller very quickly.

MR. GREER

What options? I'm not hearing any
options.

MICHAEL

I'm suggesting you go local. I'm
telling you there's several people up
here I like for this.

MR. GREER

And that's it? That's what you've got?
(to his wife)

You believe this? I've been a client at Kenner, Bach
for twelve years! You think I pay
that retainer every month for a place
at the back of the line?

MICHAEL

Mr. Greer, you left the scene of an accident on a slow weeknight, six miles from the State Police barracks. Believe me, if there's a line, you're right up front.

MR. GREER

I can get a lawyer any time I want! You think I need you for that? You think we're sitting here forty-five minutes waiting for a goddam referral?

MICHAEL

Look, I don't know what Walter promised you, but whatever it w—

MR. GREER

"Miracle Worker."
(cutting him cold)

That's a direct quote. That's Walter twenty minutes ago, okay? "Hang tight, I'm sending you a miracle worker!"

MICHAEL

Well, he misspoke.

MR. GREER

About what? That you're the firm's fixer? Or that you're any good at it?

MRS. GREER

Elliot...

MR. GREER

This guy was running in the street!
(losing it)

You add the lights -- the rain -- the angle -- what kind of person's out running in the street in the rain at midnight? Answer me th--
(stopping instantly, as--)

GLASS SHATTERS! -- MRS. GREER just hurled her highball into the sink. Staring at her husband. Silence, until --

MR. GREER

What if someone had stolen the car?
Happens all the time.
(dead air)

Hypothetically...

This awful pause. MICHAEL wielding the silence like a club.

MICHAEL

Cops like hit and run cases. They work them hard and they clear them fast. Right now, there's a BCI unit picking paint chips off a guardrail. Tomorrow morning they're gonna be looking for the owner of a customcolor, hand-rubbed, green Mercedes SL 500. This guy you hit, if he got a look at the plate, it won't even take that long.

Like that -- THE PHONE RINGS -- harsh -- sudden --

MRS. GREER

...omigod...

MICHAEL

(ignoring the phone)

There's no play here. There's no angle. There's no champagne room. And I'm not a miracle worker, I'm a janitor. So the math on this is simple: the smaller the mess, the easier it is for me to clean up.

THE PHONE STILL RINGING and --

MR. GREER

(small now)

It's the police, isn't it?

MICHAEL

No. They don't call.

(calmly picking up--)

Hello?

(beat)

Jerry. Hey, it's Michael...

(pause)

Yeah, sorry. I'm in the neighborhood.

You got a pen?

MICHAEL on hold. Silence now. MR. AND MRS. GREER parked like glaciers. Broken glass in the sink.