

LIE TO ME

Written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BUREAU OF ALCOHOL TOBACCO FIREARMS AND EXPLOSIVES - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE UP on an EYEBALL. The EYELID CLOSES and OPENS. All in ECU, camera methodically traces up to an EYEBROW which QUIVERS slightly, then to LIPS PRESSED TOGETHER, to an ADAM'S APPLE LOWERING amid a NECK TATTOO, down to a WRINKLE OF ORANGE FABRIC moving CLOSER AND THEN AWAY with breathing, down to a HAND which hangs open, a FINGER picks at a CALLOUSED THUMB. We are seeing exactly what DR. CAL LIGHTMAN sees -- his MICROSCOPIC P.O.V. in which MINISCULE HUMAN DETAILS appear GIGANTIC.

REVERSE TO the face of Cal Lightman, 46, a messianic presence in his confidence, intellect, charisma, and inscrutability. What we can glean from his expression is the sense of ease, wonder, and wry amusement with which he performs his work.

BACK TO LIGHTMAN'S POV of an IMPOSING TATTOOED Aryan Brotherhood SKINHEAD in an ORANGE PRISON UNIFORM: The Skinhead is sitting but there's *no chair visible* beneath him -- just a *body seated in space* in front of a white background, accentuating our awareness of the position of every body part.

PUSH IN as we hear:

ATTORNEY (O.S.)  
I've instructed my client to remain  
silent.

MATCH CUT to the full scene, the SKINHEAD in the same seated position, now with an armless steel chair beneath him, next to his ATTORNEY, in a WHITE INTERROGATION ROOM.

Lightman's gaze remains fixed for a second before turning in the direction of the voice.

ATTORNEY (CONT'D)  
He's not going to talk.

LIGHTMAN  
It's okay. I don't have much faith  
in words anyway. I mean  
statistically speaking, the average  
person tells three lies per ten  
minutes of conversation...now  
granted that's just regular people.  
We haven't studied it in people who  
are planning to firebomb a Black  
church. Could skew differently.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. A.T.F.E. BUREAU OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Behind a one-way glass, TWO FBI AGENTS, an ATF ASSISTANT DIRECTOR and an EXPLOSIVES ENFORCEMENT OFFICER watch, TENSE.

FBI AGENT

We don't have time for this *scientist* to talk to the guy. We went at him for four hours and got nothing.

ATF ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

You gonna evacuate all hundred and thirty-nine Black churches in the state of Virginia?

Off the FBI Agent's look, BACK TO the interrogation room.

LIGHTMAN

The FBI knows you want mass casualties, so right now the ATF is searching every inch of the two largest Black churches in the state.

The Skinhead looks at Lightman. Lightman PROCESSES. Beat.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

Hm. FBI got it wrong. Shocker. It's *not* one of those two churches...Maybe you want the highest concentration of *high-profile, affluent* African-Americans, which means a smaller church in one of the Black suburbs. Southbridge, Montclair, Dale City, Lorton.

SKINHEAD

You don't know shit.

Lightman looks at the Skinhead.

ATTORNEY

Don't respond.

LIGHTMAN

Listen to your attorney. He can read and stuff. What do you say ATF starts with Southbridge?

The Skinhead gestures "*I don't give a fuck.*" Beat.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)  
 Just kidding. We're going to skip  
 it and focus on Lorton.  
 (gets up to go)  
 You feel good about that?

The Skinhead again gestures "*I don't give a fuck*" but  
 Lightman registers something, turns to the one-way mirror.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)  
 That's it. *Lorton*.  
 (looks at a file)  
 First Baptist Church or Calvary  
 Baptist. He's going after *one* of  
 them.

ATTORNEY  
 That accusation has no basis.

LIGHTMAN  
 What do you mean? -- he just *told*  
 me.

CLOSE ON the Skinhead's expression of restrained  
 anger/anxiety. The image FREEZES for a second as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL LAW ENFORCEMENT TRAINING CENTER (FLETC) - DAY

The image REWINDS in FAST MOTION and we see we're looking at  
 a GIGANTIC LCD SCREEN in a high-tech, theatre-style  
 presentation room. Lightman stands in front of FIFTY FBI,  
 CIA, ATF, and SECRET SERVICE AGENTS. A TECHNICIAN operates  
 the presentation CONSOLE.

LIGHTMAN  
 ATF recovered the pipe bomb above a  
 ceiling panel in the church  
 basement an hour later.  
 (to the Console Tech)  
 From the top again please --

An FBI AGENT in the LAST ROW in the FAR CORNER turns to a  
 SECRET SERVICE AGENT next to him.

FBI AGENT  
 (whispering)  
 A D.O.D. friend of mine says this  
 guy's a total nutjob -- heard he  
 spent like three years in the  
 African jungle with some primitive  
 tribe just studying their eyebrows.

LIGHTMAN  
 (into microphone)  
 Not Africa. Papua New Guinea.

The Agents look at each other -- "how the hell did he know what we just said from like thirty yards away?"

Lightman plays the interrogation footage. On the LCD:

LIGHTMAN (PLAYBACK) (CONT'D)  
 ...the ATF is searching every inch  
 of the two largest Black churches  
 in the state.

On the LCD, the Skinhead looks at Lightman.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)  
 Now what you just saw is a brief  
 expression of happiness on his face  
 that he's trying his best to  
 conceal. It lasts less than one  
 fifth of a second -- what we call a  
 microexpression.

On the LCD: REWIND and then CLOSE ON the Skinhead's face. One side of his lips creeps up and then down in what a layman would describe as a quick half-smile. (And indeed if you went back on your DVR to the original scene, you'd see it if you played it at quarter speed or were exceptionally perceptive).

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)  
 Just a slight contraction of the  
 zygomatic major like this --

Lightman does a perfect recreation of the microexpression.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)  
*Duping delight.* The suspect was  
 secretly happy about the locations  
 we were searching, which told me we  
 had the locations wrong.

Lightman turns back to the footage, which resumes.

LIGHTMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Now I tell the suspect our *new* plan  
 and--

SKINHEAD (PLAYBACK)  
 You don't know shit.

MAGNIFIED and in SLOW MOTION, we now see what we missed: the Skinhead RAISES ONE SHOULDER SLIGHTLY and then lowers it.

LIGHTMAN

-- A classic *one-sided shrug*.  
Translation: "I have no confidence  
in what I just said." The body  
contradicts the words -- he's  
lying. Finally, I call out that  
his target is actually in Lorton,  
and --

On the LCD, the Skinhead gestures, "*I don't give a fuck.*"

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

Watch it again.

In SLOW MOTION now, CLOSE ON the Skinhead's FACE, as his nose  
contracts upwards for a fraction of a second. It's a VICIOUS  
SNARL -- FREEZE FRAME the microexpression at its apex.

Shocked by how easy it was to miss before and how grotesque  
it is now, the Agents MURMUR in astonishment.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

Concealed scorn. One personal tip,  
if you see this microexpression in  
your spouse, you're nearing the end  
of your marriage.

(not joking)

*Trust me.*

(calling on an agent)

Yeah.

ATF AGENT

Don't these microexpressions vary  
depending on the person -- like a  
*tell*?

LIGHTMAN

(to the Console Tech)

Leave that up and play the Kato  
Kalen footage from the O.J. trial.

On the LCD, footage from the O.J. Simpson trial plays:

PROSECUTOR MARCIA CLARK (PLAYBACK)

You received a lot of money to  
appear on A Current Affair, didn't  
you?

KATO KALEN (PLAYBACK)

Uh...yes...

Lightman FREEZES the tape at the apex of Kato making an  
anger/disgust microexpression SNARL that is LITERALLY  
IDENTICAL to the Skinhead's expression right next to it.

The Agents look at each other, floored.

LIGHTMAN

These expressions are universal.  
Innate.

Lightman clicks his presentation remote. Behind him, QUICK FLASHES of MICROEXPRESSIONS on the LCD of PRESIDENT NIXON, ANITA HILL, TAMMY FAYE BAKER.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

Emotion looks the same whether  
you're a suburban housewife or a  
suicide bomber.

CLOSE ON: QUICK FLASHES OF MICROEXPRESSIONS FROM CHARLES MANSON, LEONA HELMSLEY, OJ SIMPSON, ROGER CLEMENS, and MORE.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

The truth is written on all our  
faces.

EXT. D.C. METRO - DAY

Lightman descends the stairs of the iconic retro-modern station.

INT. METRO CAR - DAY

As Lightman walks past PASSENGERS, we see his **MICROSCOPIC POV** of their FACIAL MUSCLE MOVEMENTS and BODY MANIPULATORS. Welcome to Lightman's brain -- *he puts everyone under a microscope and he can't turn it off.* What he sees is a world of *lies*.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN

I think you'll like her. She's  
really nice...um yeah, I'd say  
she's attractive.

MARRIED GUY

I'm glad we're spending the  
holidays with your family. Your  
folks are great.

MOTHER

Just because your brother's been so  
successful doesn't mean we love him  
more than you.

OLDER WHITE GUY

I mean I've got nothing against  
immigrants, but --

Lightman takes a seat facing rows of passengers. The faces TWITCH FASTER AND FASTER, the lies GETTING LOUDER drowning the sounds of the metro in a CACOPHONY OF BULLSHIT.

INT. THE LIGHTMAN GROUP - DAY

DOORS FLY OPEN. Lightman walks past RESEARCHERS' desks, Interview Rooms, Observation Rooms, Laboratories, etc. while looking at a file. DR. GILLIAN FOSTER, 43, intercepts him. Foster is a confident, gifted psychologist who feels no need to mask her femininity, youthful spirit, and natural sparkle.

FOSTER

Just the man I was looking for.  
Today is the day. Say it.

LIGHTMAN

You're the shrink. I'm not big on  
self-affirmation.

FOSTER

I'm telling you, we cannot wait  
another day to hire someone. I  
found the one. This is the one.

Foster hands him a file. He glances at it.

LIGHTMAN

I -- we're -- it's not --

FOSTER

(as if to a baby)  
Use your words.

LIGHTMAN

Why do we *need* to hire someone?

FOSTER

We got new requests this morning  
from the DEA *and* Homeland Security.  
Someone from the Prime Minister's  
office of *Uzbekistan* called -- they  
want us to give a talk to their  
senior police.

LIGHTMAN

Tell them to get back to us when  
they have a constitution. A real  
one.

A Research Assistant, WILL LOKER (28, bright, eccentric but winning) approaches wearing a WINTER PARKA. He hands Lightman printouts of graphs.

LOKER  
Here's the analysis from the  
blinking experiment.

Lightman looks at the numbers, stops, looks up at Loker.

LIGHTMAN  
You just getting here?

LOKER  
Yeah, I got piss drunk last night  
with my roommate and then I was  
lying in bed this morning thinking  
about how nasty-hot Nancy Grace is,  
and just trying to decide if I was  
gonna come in at all --'cause it's  
not like there's anyone here to  
fantasize about.

FOSTER  
No offense taken.

LOKER  
I don't go for married women.

Loker peels off as HEIDI, Lightman's Secretary approaches.

HEIDI  
Dr. Lightman, I have the *Mayor* on  
two for you.

Lightman looks surprised, nods, walks with Foster into...

INT. LIGHTMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A desk. A chair. On one wall are HUNDREDS of PHOTOGRAPHS of  
different FACIAL EXPRESSIONS of the same man. On another,  
large blow-ups of Reagan smiling while shaking hands with the  
head of the NAACP, Oliver North testifying, Anita Hill  
testifying, Darwin, and Lightman with his daughter, Emily.

Lightman picks up the phone. Foster removes a little pre-  
packaged container from a plastic grocery bag she's holding,  
begins eating with a spoon.

LIGHTMAN  
Hello...  
(beat)  
Mr. Mayor...Sure...I understand...  
Of course, anytime...

Lightman hangs up.

FOSTER  
What is it?

LIGHTMAN

Some kind of blow-up with the Justice Department about that high school teacher who was killed in Northwest. He wants us in on it right now since -- what *is* that?

FOSTER

Chocolate pudding.

LIGHTMAN

Who eats pudding at ten in the morning?

FOSTER

People who like pudding.

EXT. JUVENILE PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

Lightman and Foster stand with POLICE DEPUTY OPS KEN BONDS (50s, African-American, seasoned) in UNIFORM.

BONDS

You see they convicted both guys on your counterfeiting op?

LIGHTMAN

I guess the truth matters to a jury every once in a while.

The Mayor's Chief of Staff, ED PETERS approaches them.

PETERS

Sorry I'm late, the traffic was terrible.

Lightman looks at Peters. Foster shakes her head "no."

LIGHTMAN

Tell me about it. The traffic was a nightmare. I got pulled into a meeting. One of my kids is sick. My alarm didn't go off. I had car trouble on the way over, and my secretary got the time wrong.

PETERS

(smiling)

I forgot it was you, Dr. Lightman. In any case, the Mayor thanks you and Dr. Foster for coming on short notice. This case is a land mine -- juvenile offender, family of devout *Jehovah's Witnesses* -- we got to be real careful here.

They walk into...

INT. JUVENILE PROCESSING CENTER - CONTINUOUS

POLICE escort a JUVENILE DELINQUENT in handcuffs past METAL DETECTORS and LAWYERS. Bonds opens a file of PHOTOS of JAMES COOK and CRIME SCENE PHOTOS OF SUSAN McCARTNEY.

BONDS

Three days ago, James Cooke, sixteen year old student at Jackson High murdered his teacher, Susan McCartney. After Mr. Cooke got into Ms. McCartney's house, he smashed her head into a glass coffee table, and was seen fleeing the house by two patrolmen. He's been in custody here since then.

PETERS

He's guilty but he's a minor, and the Mayor's on the fence about transferring him to adult criminal court.

Assistant U.S. Attorney JEFF HUTCHINSON and A.U.S.A. JESSICA ESTIN approach them. Hutchinson RESENTS having this meeting.

HUTCHINSON

So what exactly does the Mayor want to *find out* about the Cooke case? The kid was at the scene of the crime, he had motive, means, and he resisted arrest.

ESTIN

And he failed a polygraph test.

HUTCHINSON

It's murder one.

LIGHTMAN

Well I guess we're all here. Someone who wants the truth, someone who wants to be right, and *us*, the assholes stuck in the middle.

PETERS

(gesturing at Hutchinson)  
The U.S. Attorney's office wants to try Cooke as an adult.

(MORE)

PETERS (CONT'D)

But if the Mayor's going to support sending a sixteen year old to prison for the rest of his life, he wants to be certain we're talking about a pre-meditated, cold-blooded murder.

(to Lightman and Foster)

He wants you to talk to the kid and provide an independent assessment of intent.

FOSTER

We'll need crime scene photos and the autopsy report.

HUTCHINSON

(snide)

I thought you could tell if someone was lying just by looking at them.

FOSTER

The question is never simply *if* someone is lying. It's *why*.

INT. JUVENILE PROCESSING CENTER OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

A.U.S.A.s Hutchinson and Estin look on, near James's parents, GERALD and MARY COOKE, behind the one-way glass.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JUVENILE PROCESSING CENTER INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lightman and Foster sit opposite JAMES COOKE (16, an intensity about him). James sits, distressed, next to his LAWYER. A VIDEO CAMERA tapes the interview.

JAMES

I already told the police everything.

FOSTER

Tell us why you think you're here, James.

JAMES

I was out for a run, and the police thought I was running from *them* so they arrested me.

LIGHTMAN

I heard you made your school's track team.

JAMES

I didn't *make* it. They don't have tryouts.

LIGHTMAN

What was your best race this year?

**MICROSCOPIC LIGHTMAN POV:** EXTREME CLOSE UP ON James's EYES -- THE CLOSEST SHOT OF TWO EYES you've ever seen. James's eyes LOOK TO THE SIDE, as he thinks about the question.

JAMES

I don't know...probably last week against Jefferson. Why?

LIGHTMAN

I ran *hurdles* myself -- 110 meter. How'd your quads feel during the race?

**MICROSCOPIC LIGHTMAN POV:** in ECU, James's EYES again LOOK TO THE SIDE, as he thinks about it.

JAMES

Um...Good I guess.

LIGHTMAN

And what about on your run the night you were arrested?

**MICROSCOPIC LIGHTMAN POV:** James's EYES look STRAIGHT AHEAD.

JAMES

I felt fine.

Lightman turns to Foster.

FOSTER

Your teacher, Ms. McCartney was found dead in her home. Had you ever been to her house before?

JAMES

No, I have never been to her house. I didn't even know where she lived. I was just running by there.

FOSTER

Ms. McCartney thought you should be held back a year because she felt you were having some problems with your classmates. What did you think about that?

JAMES

I didn't want to get held back.

LIGHTMAN

How did you feel when you found out she was *dead*?

JAMES

I prayed for her soul. I can't know God's plan. But I didn't kill her.

James looks up at the one-way glass. Behind it, his mother is on the verge of tears. Off Lightman studying James's face, PERPLEXED...

INT. JUVENILE PROCESSING CENTER OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Lightman fast-forwards through the taped interview on a video monitor.

Lightman looks up at the doorway, where A.U.S.A. Hutchinson is talking quietly to A.U.S.A. Jessica Estin in the hallway.

**LIGHTMAN'S POV:** in profile, the two prosecutors talk for a beat, then Hutchinson SMILES and we **FREEZEFRAME** on his expression as Estin continues talking until we **FREEZEFRAME** on a SMILE of hers as well.

FOSTER (O.S.)

*Hurdles?*

Lightman turns to Foster who walks in through another door. She looks at him incredulously.

LIGHTMAN

I *could've* run hurdles.

Foster rolls her eyes. Hutchinson approaches.

HUTCHINSON

You get a sense of his intent?

LIGHTMAN

When I asked James about his best track race, he broke eye contact in order to remember and answer truthfully. When I asked how he felt on his run the night of the murder, he *never* broke eye contact before answering. He wasn't recalling a memory. He was lying.

HUTCHINSON

I thought most people *avoid* eye contact when they're lying.

LIGHTMAN

That's a myth. Often they make *more* eye contact -- they need to watch you to see if you're believing their lies.

FOSTER

The content analysis suggests James was at Ms. McCartney's house for a reason that night and he's been there before. "Have you ever been to your teacher's house?" Answer: "No, I have never been to her house." Lots of rigid repetition.

Lightman picks up the video remote, fast-forwards the tape.

HUTCHINSON

So you'll tell the Mayor's office the murder was pre-meditated?

Lightman clicks pause on the remote, doubts lingering.

LIGHTMAN

(thinking out loud)

What microexpressions do we typically see when a pre-meditated killer is asked about his victim?

FOSTER

Anger, disgust, or both.

LIGHTMAN

Which we didn't see at all from James. When I asked him about his teacher's death, all we saw was this:

Lightman plays the tape in slow motion. We see WRINKLING in James's cheeks from his NOSTRILS diagonally outwards toward his lip corners. Lightman PAUSES the tape.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

A *nasolabial furrow*.

FOSTER

*Sadness*. Why would he be hiding sadness for her?

HUTCHINSON

Looks like guilt to me.

LIGHTMAN

It's possible James didn't mean to kill Ms. McCartney.

HUTCHINSON

*Excuse me?*

LIGHTMAN

This could have been an accident.

HUTCHINSON

Okay, I indulged the Mayor's office on letting you talk to the kid, but now you're just making wild guesses that have no basis in hard evidence. This was no *accident*. And just so you know, personally, I think what you do is a joke -- it's a God-damn *carnival act*.

LIGHTMAN

Yeah, I get that a lot. You know, a minute ago, I saw you half-smile at your colleague, look away, and then do a lip press. But she raised her chin boss, revealing her deep *embarrassment*.

FOSTER

*Cal--*

LIGHTMAN

So I'll take another "wild guess" and say that you two had a *fling*, she doesn't want a repeat performance -- what with your wife and all -- but you won't move on.

Hutchinson, called out, tries to play it off. He starts to STROKE HIS CHIN.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and keep your hands off your chin. Men have erectile tissue there that itches when we're hiding something.

Hutchinson doesn't know what to do with himself. Lightman walks away, followed by Foster whose face says "*they never learn, do they?*"

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The usual morning zoo. Lightman and Foster stand in a long security line of TRAVELERS. At the front, TSA AGENTS check i.d.'s and monitor the lines. Lightman holds a BRIEFCASE and DUFFLE BAG.

LIGHTMAN

*If James Cooke planned to kill his teacher, it wasn't over being held back in school. He registered a whole series of thoughts about Ms. McCartney that he was clearly trying to conceal.*

Lightman subtly leans out to look at the front of the line.

FOSTER

Well the U.S. Attorney scheduled the transfer hearing -- we have two days. I told the Mayor's office we can't assess intent without examining antecedent behavior. We're set to meet with some of James's classmates and his parents.

A TOUGH FEMALE TSA AGENT approaches Lightman.

TSA AGENT

How are you doing today, Sir?

LIGHTMAN

I'm great.

TSA AGENT

Could you step out of the line please?

LIGHTMAN

Are you serious?

TSA AGENT

*Yeah.*

Lightman, Foster and the Agent step to the side to a table.

TSA AGENT (CONT'D)

Any reason you might be anxious this morning?

LIGHTMAN

No. I mean, I'm worried I'll miss my flight but --

TSA AGENT

I need you to open your bags for me, sir.

LIGHTMAN

Right. The liquids. I forgot. I'll just check it. Sorry.

Lightman turns to head back toward the baggage check.

TSA AGENT

Stop, and open both bags.  
(into her radio)  
T-3B Backup. Backup T-3B.

Lightman looks down, ANXIOUS. He sets the bags down on the table, reluctantly unzips the bag, unlatches the briefcase.

The TSA Agent moves to open the briefcase as POLICE with K-9 DOGS and a TSA FIELD DEPUTY approach.

She lifts the top of the briefcase revealing STACKS of TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS.

TSA AGENT (CONT'D)

You're gonna need to come with us.

She indicates the Field Deputy and the police.

FOSTER

Actually, you need to come with us.

The TSA Agent looks at the TSA Deputy who half-smiles, nods to Foster. Off the TSA Agent's "*what the fuck?*"

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT SECURITY CENTER - DAY

A DOZEN TSA TECHS monitor SURVEILLANCE DISPLAYS. The TSA Agent, RIA TORRES, 29, attractive, no-bullshit, stands with Lightman, Foster and the Field Deputy.

TORRES

When you leaned out of line, I could tell you were jacked up about something.

LIGHTMAN

Because I flashed a fear microexpression.

TORRES

Whatever, you looked like you were going to shit your pants. But why were you trying to play me?

Lightman reluctantly nods to Foster.

FOSTER

Six years ago, Dr. Lightman left the Deception Detection Program he founded for the Defense Department. Together we started a private firm that works with police, corporations, and almost every Federal agency. We'd like you to come work for us, Ms. Torres.

TORRES

Why?

FOSTER

You've made *seven* times the number of arrests and contraband seizures as the average TSA agent. And you scored ninety-seven percent on the TSA Deception Diagnostic, which Dr. Lightman created.

LIGHTMAN

Do you have any specialized deception training?

TORRES

I've dated a lot of *men*.

FOSTER

You're one of the *naturals*. There's an infinitesimal percentage of the population -- less than .001 -- who test nearly perfect without *any* advanced training. Like you, they commonly share one characteristic.

TORRES

(skeptical)

Oh yeah, what's that?

FOSTER

They have no college degree. They haven't been asked to cultivate *verbal* skills, so instead they focus on *body language* -- what everyone else misses.

TORRES

(beat)

So you left the Defense Department -  
- *what* did you get tired of  
Government pay like the rest of us?

LIGHTMAN

I got tired of being lied to.

Torres half-smiles -- she can relate.

FOSTER

We've already cleared it with the  
TSA Field Director. Our office'll  
call you later.

Lightman and Foster start to go. Torres looks at the open  
briefcase full of cash.

TORRES

Don't forget your briefcase.

FOSTER

That's your signing bonus.

EXT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Foster and Lightman walk past HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS who play  
sports, hang out, talk about having oral sex and posting it  
on the internet, etc.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Lightman and Foster walk down a hallway with the Principal,  
ROGER CASTLE, (40s-50s, masculine, solid) amid STUDENTS  
between classes. Castle walks with his HANDS IN HIS POCKETS.

CASTLE

I've been the Principal here for a  
decade, and we've never faced  
anything like this before. To lose  
a teacher, and then find out that a  
student might've been  
responsible...

FOSTER

I understand James was new to the  
school.

CASTLE

His parents chose to home-school  
him until this year because they're  
devout Jehovah's Witnesses. He was  
prepared academically, but he had  
real difficulties socially. When  
classmates made jokes about him,  
James would break down crying.  
Then he'd just shut off completely.

LIGHTMAN

Did he ever express emotion of any kind toward Ms. McCartney?

CASTLE

He was sent to my office a number of times but he never said anything specifically about her. I *can* tell you his *father* had some strong objections to Ms. McCartney's teaching. He was outraged when she assigned the book, *The Color Purple* to her students. He felt it was pornographic.

They arrive at a classroom where we see chairs have been set up and an ADMINISTRATOR is waiting with a TRACK TEAM STUDENT.

CASTLE (CONT'D)

They're ready for you. But I do want to say -- as much as we all mourn this loss -- and our whole faculty is devastated -- no teacher I've spoken to believes this boy should be sent to prison for life.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A SERIES OF STUDENT INTERVIEWS:

Lightman and Foster sit opposite the Track Team Student.

TRACK TEAM STUDENT

James was always pretty mellow. He didn't say anything about Ms. McCartney to me.

CUT TO a FEMALE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB STUDENT.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB STUDENT

He was in the photography club for like five minutes before he quit. He seemed like he didn't talk ever. He took really good photos though.

FLASH CUTS OF MANY OTHER STUDENTS BEING INTERVIEWED, ZOOMING ON EYEBROWS, MOUTHS, HANDS, IN EXTREME CLOSE UP.

We land with another student, JACQUELINE MURPHY (16, mature, attractive). She's subtly anxious.

JACQUELINE  
 I was in bio lab with him. Ya  
 know, I don't see how he could have  
 done what they're saying he did.  
 It just...I don't believe it.

Lightman looks at her. LIGHTMAN'S AUDITORY POV: COMPLETE SILENCE except for the sound of JACQUELINE'S SHALLOW BREATHING, GETTING FASTER.

LIGHTMAN  
 Are you feeling emotional in any  
 way right now, Jacqueline?

JACQUELINE  
 Uh, no.

FOSTER  
 It's okay if you are.

JACQUELINE  
 I feel fine.

Lightman writes down the name JACQUELINE MURPHY on a PAD.

CUT TO another student, ROB ZILKA (17, abrasive).

ZILKA  
 Like I said, I've never even talked  
 to that kid, so I don't know what  
 you want me to say.

FOSTER  
 Why would you think there's  
*something we want you to say?*

ZILKA  
 I don't know anything about it.  
 So can I go now?

Foster writes down the name ROB ZILKA.

INT. LIGHTMAN'S CAR - DAY

Lightman drives, on Bluetooth with Deputy Bonds, Foster in the passenger seat. Lightman presses the speaker phone.

LIGHTMAN  
 Deputy Bonds --

BONDS (V.O.)  
 (as if to a child)  
 What did you learn at school today?

FOSTER

Fifty-seven classmates and not one credible account of antecedent aggression from James.

LIGHTMAN

I want to see the case file and look at the other suspects Homicide questioned.

BONDS (V.O.)

You don't think James Cooke is guilty?

LIGHTMAN

I don't know. But if the Prosecutor wants to send a kid my daughter's age to a cell block with pedophiles and serial killers, I wouldn't mind knowing for *sure*.

BONDS (V.O.)

Whatever you need, we'll get you.

LIGHTMAN

Thanks.

Lightman hangs up. He pulls his car up, SIGNALING, about to REVERSE PARALLEL PARK in a SPACE. A PORSCHE 911 HARDTOP SHOOTS STRAIGHT in, stealing the space.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

*Alright...*

Foster looks back at the Porsche, realizes what happened.

FOSTER

Forget it. We'll find another one.

LIGHTMAN

(deeply skeptical)  
Maybe he didn't see me. Why don't you get out?

FOSTER

Just drive.

Lightman reaches over and opens the passenger door. Annoyed, Foster reluctantly gets out.

Lightman BACKS up, parallel to the PORSCHE, INCHES AWAY from the PORSCHE's driver side window. Lightman rolls down his passenger window, looks at the PORSCHE DRIVER.

LIGHTMAN

*Hi.* Did you see me waiting for that space?

DRIVER

I didn't see you.

LIGHTMAN

Really?

DRIVER

(shaking his head)

No -- I did not see you. I -- I was waiting too. You must not have seen *me*.

LIGHTMAN

Fantastic. Classic *gestural slip*. You gave the slightest head nod *yes*, right before you shook your head *no*.

The Driver looks at him like he's crazy.

DRIVER

Look, I'm in the space. And I'm not going anywhere...

LIGHTMAN

That's true.

Lightman turns off his car, takes out the key, still DOUBLE PARKED up against the Porsche 911 (Hardtop), PREVENTING the guy from even OPENING HIS DOOR. Lightman walks away.

DRIVER

Hey -- you can't block me in like that, prick.

The Porsche Driver scrambles awkwardly over the gear shift to try to get out the only available door.

FOSTER

Congratulations. One down, six and a half *billion* to go.

INT. LIGHTMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Loker approaches Foster and Lightman.

LOKER

I had a long conversation with the school guidance counselor.

(MORE)

LOKER (CONT'D)

The girl whose breathing you said was fast and shallow, Jacqueline Murphy, has had three appointments with the school nurse in the last two weeks. The guidance guy said typically that could be about drugs or an STD. The other kid, Rob Zilka, got suspended last term for throwing a broken bottle at another student.

FOSTER

Lovely.

LIGHTMAN

Call Bonds' office. Find out where Zilka was the evening of the murder, and why Jacqueline Murphy needed to see the nurse.

Loker exits.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

Did the school Principal seem tense to you?

FOSTER

Wouldn't you be if this happened at your school?

LIGHTMAN

His left hand was pressed against his leg in his pants pocket the whole time.

FOSTER

We're not all hiding something.

LIGHTMAN

Okay.

They've clearly had this conversation before.

FOSTER

You think I'm naive just because I don't share your twisted view of the world?

LIGHTMAN

That and you read romance novels.

FOSTER

Yes I do. Because they make me happy, a pursuit I highly recommend to you.

LIGHTMAN  
Truth or happiness. Never *both*.

Lightman's secretary, HEIDI, pops her head in.

HEIDI  
(to Lightman)  
Chairman Baldrige from the  
Democratic National Committee's on  
the phone for you -- some kind of  
crisis situation.

LIGHTMAN  
Politician -- that's all you.

Foster gives him a look, exits.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)  
Charge him by the lie so we can  
retire tomorrow.

HEIDI  
And Ms. Torres is here.

Lightman nods. Heidi ushers in Torres. Loker wanders in,  
shamelessly OGLING Torres from behind.

LIGHTMAN  
Thanks for coming in right away.

TORRES  
You're the boss.

LOKER  
I would like to sleep with you.

LIGHTMAN  
Will Loker, Ria Torres. He's  
harmless, he just says everything  
he thinks and always tells the  
truth -- what do you call it  
again?

LOKER  
*Radical Honesty.*

LIGHTMAN  
Yeah. So, Loker will get you  
started on learning our facial  
coding system.

TORRES  
I thought I was a natural.

LIGHTMAN

That's the *beginning*.

Lightman exits. Torres turns to Loker who is still staring.

LOKER

I have no chance with you. None.  
No way...Do I have any chance with  
you?

TORRES

You always tell the truth?

LOKER

Always.

TORRES

How good are you in bed?

LOKER

(shrugging)  
Fair.

TORRES

Fair's better than most.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - EVENING

The haunting light of the Washington Monument and Capitol at dusk. Foster and MARSHALL BALDRIDGE (late 60s, Southern) the DNC Chairman stand by the reflecting pool with no one nearby.

BALDRIDGE

I was expecting Dr. Lightman to be  
here as well.

FOSTER

Cal had *wanted* to make it.

BALDRIDGE

He's a better liar than you are.

FOSTER

He's a better liar than *all* of us.

Baldrige looks to make sure they're alone.

BALDRIDGE

The situation I alluded to is that  
two U.S. Congressmen are about to  
be accused of paying for sex.  
Allegedly, they frequent some sort  
of high-priced escort service  
that's operated out of a Georgetown  
nightclub.

(MORE)

BALDRIDGE (CONT'D)

A friend of mine at *The Post* gave me the tip and is trying to verify the story as we speak.

FOSTER

We don't help with lynchings in the press, Marshall.

BALDRIDGE

You misunderstand me. The Congressmen are both *Democrats*. I'm trying to *avoid* a lynching by finding out the truth before this story breaks.

FOSTER

You think it could be a smear job?

BALDRIDGE

Both these men have targets on their backs. One is fighting a tight reelection race in Chicago, and the other, in a potential PR *nightmare*, is the Chair of the House *Ethics* Committee.

FOSTER

And they say irony's dead.

BALDRIDGE

If these allegations are false, I will not stand by and watch while families and careers are destroyed by malicious lies.

Off Foster reconsidering...

INT. COOKE HOUSE - EVENING

James's parents, Gerald and Mary Cooke watch as Lightman and Foster look around James's BEDROOM. There are RELIGIOUS PRINTS on the wall: one says "Learn, Live, Teach the Word." Another depicts the APOCALYPSE.

MR. COOKE

I don't see why you'd need to look at James's bedroom.

FOSTER

Mr. Cooke, anything that gives us a better sense of your son is helpful.

LIGHTMAN

Did James take these photographs?

MRS. COOKE  
Yes he did.

PAN ACROSS nearly a dozen BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS of high school, church, etc. that all possess a certain loneliness.

Lightman peers past an open door to a small, black room filled with developing trays and hanging clips.

MR. COOKE  
We let him convert that bathroom into a dark room for his photography.

Lightman watches Mr. Cooke PUSH UP HIS SHIRT SLEEVES.

LIGHTMAN  
Was that a problem?

MR. COOKE  
It was taking too much time away from his responsibilities as a Witness, doing God's work.

FOSTER  
What did James tell you about Ms. McCartney?

MR. COOKE  
He thought she was a good teacher.

**MICROSCOPIC LIGHTMAN POV:** ECU on Mr. Cooke's HAND CLOSING.

LIGHTMAN  
Did *you*?

Mr. Cooke hesitates.

MRS. COOKE  
James did not kill *that woman*. He would not take part in wrestling practice for gym class because he knows the Lord condemns violence, even in sport. God knows the truth of our son's soul in spite of this lie.

LIGHTMAN  
"Let God be found true, though every man be found a liar."

MR. COOKE  
*Romans*. You know your scripture.

LIGHTMAN

Parts.

MR. COOKE

Then you should understand the kind of family we have. If you value something, you build a fence around it to protect it. And that's what we did with James. We home-schooled him as long as we could because we wanted to shield him from drugs, and sex and corruption.

FOSTER

Is that why you were angry about the material Ms. McCartney was teaching James?

MR. COOKE

(vehement)

We are *in* the world, but not *of* the world and we have to protect our children from non-believers.

Lightman looks at Mr. Cooke.

LIGHTMAN

Is there anything you *wouldn't* do to protect your son from the non-believers?

MR. COOKE

*Watch yourself.*

**MICROSCOPIC LIGHTMAN POV:** ECU ON Mr. Cooke's NOSE CONTRACTING in the ANGER MICROEXPRESSION we saw from the Skinhead.

MR. COOKE (CONT'D)

*I am a man of God.*

LIGHTMAN

And I like harness racing, Manhattans, and briefs -- not boxers, all of which makes you and me equally likely to lie...So I ask you again.

MR. COOKE

*Get out of this house.*

Off Lightman and Foster processing Mr. Cooke's fury...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICES - EVENING

Lightman briefs Deputy Bonds and Peters (the Mayor's Chief), who looks stressed.

LIGHTMAN

What we were looking for in James Cooke, we found in his father -- a microexpression of anger and disgust.

BONDS

You think he's hiding something he knows about the murder?

LIGHTMAN

At a minimum.

PETERS

We had a dozen children's rights protesters outside this morning, screaming not to transfer this kid to criminal court. If you're telling me the father is lying or that anyone *else* is, I want you to open up the whole case.

LIGHTMAN

Tell that to the Justice Department. And tell them we need more time.

INT. THE LIGHTMAN GROUP - EVENING

Foster is with Lightman in his office. He shifts TWO CHINESE BAODING BALLS in his hand -- helps him think.

FOSTER

I spoke to an Overseer of their church who said Mr. Cooke has had fights with other churchgoers over their "unholy lifestyles." Some of them said he's an extremist.

LIGHTMAN

There's something going on in that family.

FOSTER

The police saw James running away from the front door of Ms. McCartney's house after the murder.

(MORE)

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Maybe he was trying to *stop* his father from killing her.

LIGHTMAN

What was your content analysis of the mother?

FOSTER

She was definitely concealing something. When I asked her about Ms. McCartney, she stopped using contractions and kept referring to Ms. McCartney as "that woman."

LIGHTMAN

"I *did not* have sexual relations with *that woman*, Ms. Lewinsky."

FOSTER

*Distancing language.* She knew something about Ms. McCartney that she didn't want to say.

LIGHTMAN

We need to look at the polygraph James failed. I want to see *which* questions he spiked on.

Loker enters carrying a file, hands it to Lightman.

LOKER

Your office seriously looks like it belongs to a serial killer. So, P.D. is running a background check on Mr. Cooke and trying to confirm where he was the night of the murder. On the two students you flagged, the police questioned Rob Zilka --

CLOSE ON a color blow-up of Rob Zilka's school i.d.

LOKER (CONT'D)

A friend of his said he was at the movies with him at the time of the murder.

LIGHTMAN

And this girl who was so anxious, Jacqueline Murphy?

CLOSE ON a color blow-up of Jacqueline Murphy's school i.d.

LOKER

The School Nurse insinuated that Jacqueline is pregnant.

Lightman nods to Loker, who exits.

LIGHTMAN

Pregnant -- not what a father in my shoes wants to hear. Speaking of which, I have to run. I have Emily tonight, and she's going out with her *boyfriend*.

FOSTER

You worry too much.

Lightman gives her a look.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

You do. You worry. You're a worrier. You don't know if they've even talked about having sex.

LIGHTMAN

He's taking her to some fancy restaurant.

FOSTER

Emily's a smart girl. You gotta trust her.

LIGHTMAN

Her mother's a smart girl too. And I trusted *her*.

INT. LIGHTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lightman sits on his daughter's bed. EMILY, (15, savvy, down to earth) is finishing getting ready.

EMILY

Well, I think Roger is a loser. But if Mom wants to be with a loser-

LIGHTMAN

You don't have to say that for me.

EMILY

I'm saying that 'cause he's a loser.

LIGHTMAN

I respect anyone your mother cares about and you should too.

EMILY

Admit it, you're thinking "what a loser" -- I saw your eyes do the thing.

Lightman smiles, a hint of how much he adores her. The DOORBELL RINGS.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Dan's early.

LIGHTMAN

About that, I know your mother's out of town tonight and you have her keys and Dan has a car, and I --

EMILY

We're not talking about this. Will you go let him in while I finish getting ready, and if you mention the word sex, I'll run away to Hollywood, become an actress, fail miserably and then sell my body for drugs.

LIGHTMAN

You better not become an actress.

Lightman walks out of the bedroom toward the front door. We see the hallway walls are lined with *INDONESIAN HEAD MASKS* and *PHOTOS OF RACEHORSES'S FACES* at *POST TIME*.

Lightman opens the door for DANIEL GREENBERG, 16, who is holding *FLOWERS*. He's confident, in excellent spirits.

DAN

Hi, Dr. Lightman.

LIGHTMAN

Come in, Dan...

(beat, wary)

*Flowers*. That's very thoughtful of you...Any special occasion?

DAN

No, no special occasion...just flowers...

**MICROSCOPIC LIGHTMAN POV:** ECU on Dan's tongue licking his lips.

LIGHTMAN

I just figured you've been going out for over a year, and I've never seen you bring flowers.

DAN

I buy her flowers all the time. There doesn't have to be a reason.

**MICROSCOPIC LIGHTMAN POV:** ECU on Dan's hand BRUSHING AGAINST HIS CHIN.

LIGHTMAN

What kind of flowers do you usually like to buy for her?

DAN

Oh. You know, all kinds of flowers-  
- daisies...carnations...geraniums.

LIGHTMAN

That's a plant.

DAN

I buy her plants too. Sometimes.

LIGHTMAN

Are you considering becoming a florist?

DAN

Sure, I've thought about it.  
'Cause I love, you know, I love floristing.

LIGHTMAN

(nods, then)

I have to say, somehow it seems like a big night tonight. You doing okay?

DAN

Yeah, oh yeah, I'm great.

Dan is very nervous now, covering poorly. Lightman looks at him -- this is definitely *the* night.

LIGHTMAN

What do you know about elephants, Dan?

DAN

Elephants? Not that much.

LIGHTMAN

They're the largest land animals alive today. At rest, a young elephant's trunk is seven feet long. But do you know what happens when a young elephant is confronted by bees?

DAN

No, no I don't.

LIGHTMAN

The exact same hypothalamic-adrenal response we have when we're anxious. All of the blood flows to the legs in a flight response, and the trunk, once a sizeable appendage, *shrivels backwards* on itself, curling up until it's almost *unrecognizable*.

Lightman looks at Dan, who looks grave.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

All because of a little anxiety.

Emily walks in.

EMILY

Hey, you ready?

DAN

Maybe we should...just like rent a movie and order in pizza here.

Surprised, Emily turns to her father, who gives nothing away.

INT. LIGHTMAN GROUP LAB - DAY

Lightman watches the video of James's polygraph test on two enormous LCD's. One shows James hooked up to the polygraph A.N.S. sensors next to his Attorney. The other screen graphs his A.N.S. responses.

POLYGRAPHER (O.S./PLAYBACK)

Is your name James Cooke?

JAMES (PLAYBACK)

Yes.

Lightman looks at the graph, trending with no variation.

INT. LIGHTMAN GROUP INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A white room with a white rug, lit brightly and evenly with cameras everywhere. Foster, Torres, DNC Chairman Baldrige, and Congressman JIM BOWKER are all seated.

FOSTER

Congressman, have you ever been to a nightclub called "Life"?

BOWKER

(beat)

I believe so.

(to the DNC Chairman)

(MORE)

BOWKER (CONT'D)  
 What is this really about,  
 Marshall?

FOSTER  
 Have you ever paid for sex there?

BOWKER  
*Excuse me?*

Bowker looks SURPRISED.

INT. LIGHTMAN GROUP LAB - DAY

Lightman watches James's polygraph test. The Polygrapher shows a CRIME SCENE PHOTO of Ms. McCartney to James.

POLYGRAPHER  
 Did you attack this woman?

James looks at the photograph.

JAMES  
 No.

The polygraph display INCREASES WILDLY. Lightman pauses the video on James's SHAME EXPRESSION, thinks for a beat.

He turns around in his chair and presses a button. The HUGE FROSTED GLASS on the back wall UNFROSTS so that he can see through one-way glass into the lab, where Foster and Torres are opposite CONGRESSMAN ZEB WEIL and the DNC Chairman.

WEIL  
 I think it's about time you told me  
 why I'm here.

INT. LIGHTMAN GROUP INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FOSTER  
 Congressman Weil, have you ever  
 engaged the services of a  
 prostitute?

WEIL  
 I am a five-term U.S. Congressman  
 and the Chairman of the House  
 Ethics Committee. I will not  
 dignify that with --

BALDRIDGE  
 Answer the question, Zeb.

WEIL  
 (beat)  
 No I have not.

INT. LIGHTMAN GROUP LAB - DAY

Foster, Torres, and a LAB TECH walk in. Lightman turns.

LIGHTMAN  
Any honest men in the City of Lies?

TORRES  
They're both lying their asses off.

The Lab Tech sits down at the computer, cues the video.

FOSTER (PLAYBACK)  
Have you ever paid for sex there?

BOWKER (PLAYBACK)  
*Excuse me?*

Bowker looks SURPRISED. We HOLD on the LCD:

LIGHTMAN (O.S.)  
He's *surprised, still surprised* for  
one-one thousand, two-one thousand  
three one-thousand -- too many  
seconds -- dealer wins.

FOSTER  
(to Torres)  
*True* surprise expressions last no  
longer than *one* second from  
beginning to end before  
transforming to another emotion.

TORRES  
That's how drug mules always look  
after we pull out their stash.  
(exaggerated surprise)  
"How did *that* get up my ass?"

The Tech cues the next interview. On the LCD:

CONGRESSMAN WEIL (PLAYBACK)  
I don't think I have even been to  
that nightclub before.

Weil gazes down and away before looking back up.

FOSTER  
Hear how slowly and softly he's  
speaking?

LIGHTMAN  
Signs of sadness.

Lightman quickly hits the pause button on the keyboard, freezing an EXPRESSION on the Congressman's face.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

And *that* is an expression of *deep shame*. Is this guy religious?

FOSTER

That's what's so strange. Not religious, not married, no kids. The *other* Congressman's married and cheating on his wife, but this guy feels much deeper shame?

LIGHTMAN

Being the Ethics Chairman takes all the fun out of sex with hookers.

TORRES

But seriously, what if he has more shame 'cause he's into something a lot more *shameful* -- smacking them around...or *underage girls*...?

Foster nods -- a distasteful but good explanation.

FOSTER

(ambivalent)

And Baldrige said if either of them's been to the club, he wants to know exactly what went on there.

Lightman's mind is already elsewhere. He looks at the Congressman's SHAME MICROEXPRESSION, PROCESSES something -- HE HAS A HYPOTHESIS.

LIGHTMAN

Restore the expression I had up from James's polygraph here.

The Tech brings up the image. We see James's face next to the Congressman's: IDENTICAL SHAME EXPRESSIONS, in two human beings who are more than thirty years apart.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

Now punch in on James's eyes until I can see his pupils.

The image of James ZOOMS until we can see his HUGE PUPILS.

FOSTER

(surprised)

They're fully *dilated*. And it's not fear or anger.

LIGHTMAN

You know what *else* causes pupil dilation...

FOSTER

Sexual arousal. You think there was a sexual relationship between James and Ms. McCartney?

LIGHTMAN

Maybe that's what his parents were hiding.

INT. COOKE HOUSE - DAY

Lightman and Foster stand with Mr. And Mrs. Cooke. Mr. Cooke is hostile. Mrs. Cooke is in a state of despair.

MR. COOKE

My son has not engaged in sexual activity of any kind.

FOSTER

As I told you, we're here because we believe your son is *innocent*. There were no signs of rape or sexual assault in this crime. But on his polygraph, James exhibited intense sexual feelings for Ms. McCartney.

Mrs. Cooke looks at Mr. Cooke.

MRS. COOKE

Gerald --

MR. COOKE

Be quiet.

LIGHTMAN

(to Mr. Cooke)

We saw you try to conceal your scorn for Ms. McCartney. That wasn't just about the *books* she was teaching. What do you know about your son and her?

MR. COOKE

I already told you everything --

MRS. COOKE

(to her husband)

We have to show the --

MR. COOKE

*Don't say another word.*

LIGHTMAN

*Both of you and your son are all lying. And let me tell you, the only way three people can keep a secret is if two of them are dead. So wake the hell up because --*

FOSTER

*(to the parents)*

*Everything you're doing makes perfect sense.*

Foster looks at Lightman, turns back to Mrs. Cooke.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

*You're afraid for your son, Mrs. Cooke. And when we experience fear, we try to exercise whatever control we can, even if it makes things worse. That's why you lied to us before. And it may help you feel better, but it's not helping your son. Because right now the only people who believe James is innocent are in this room. I know you have the courage to move past your fear and tell us the truth.*

Mrs. Cooke hesitates, anguished.

MR. COOKE

*Mary--*

MRS. COOKE

*We have to.  
(faintly to Foster)  
Come with me.*

INT. COOKE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lightman, and Foster, rapt attention, look at Mrs. Cooke. She holds a STACK of WHITE PAPER. Mr. Cooke looks hollow.

MRS. COOKE

*We found these hidden in James's room before the police came and searched his things.*

She hands the stack to Foster. Foster turns it over and we see it's a CANDID BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of Ms. McCartney at school, taken from a distance without her knowing.

Foster leafs through the stack -- PHOTO after PHOTO is of Ms. McCartney on DIFFERENT DAYS in DIFFERENT OUTFITS in DIFFERENT LOCATIONS. DOZENS of obsessively perfect photographs.

Foster looks at Lightman -- Are we *sure* James didn't do this?

Lightman reaches into the OPEN SHOEBOX in front of Mrs. Cooke, removes the other HALF STACK of photos: DOZENS more of MS. MCCARTNEY including photos taken outside her HOUSE.

MRS. COOKE (CONT'D)

(through tears)

I know how this must look but our son couldn't possibly have done this.

FOSTER

Did you know James had been spying on Ms. McCartney before you found these?

Mr. Cooke shakes his head.

MRS. COOKE

No.

Lightman processes as he looks at the photographs...

LIGHTMAN

Have you ever spoken to James about sex or vice-versa?

The two parents look awkwardly at each other.

MR. COOKE

I've talked to him about the urges young men feel. We read from Colossians together. "Fornication, uncleanness, sexual appetite is *idolatry*." He knows there's no greater sin.

Lightman nods, thoughtful.

LIGHTMAN

Let me see the crime scene photos.

Foster hands Lightman a file. He looks inside, FIXATED.

CLOSE ON the CRIME SCENE PHOTO of Ms. McCartney lying dead on her sofa, blouse draped open. Lightman's FIGURED OUT SOMETHING...

MRS. COOKE

You can't show these photographs to anyone. *Please...*

LIGHTMAN

We need to show them to your son.

INT. JUVENILE PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

Foster, District Attorney Hutchinson, Deputy Bonds and a HOMICIDE DETECTIVE watch and listen behind the glass.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JUVENILE PROCESSING CENTER INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

James sits with his Attorney opposite Lightman.

LIGHTMAN

You took these James.

Lightman lays out the photos of Ms. McCartney. James is mortified.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

And I understand why. Ms. McCartney never made you feel *anger*. She made you feel *temptation*. She was a beautiful woman, and for the first time in your life, you felt desire. You took pictures of her so you could fantasize about her. You had spied on her for weeks at school and at her house. You took these --

CLOSE ON photos of Ms. McCartney in her LIVING ROOM. TREE LIMBS fill the corner of the photo.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

--hiding right here behind these trees looking through the bay window. And on the night of the murder, you went to her house to spy on her from that same spot, and *this* is what you saw.

Lightman places a crime scene photo from that vantage point: Ms. McCartney lying on the couch, her blouse draped open, revealing her breasts in her bra, eyes closed.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

There she was -- the first time you had ever seen a woman undressed. And you got aroused and you gave in to your temptation.

JAMES  
 I...*stop it...why are you doing  
 this?!...that's an abomination...*

LIGHTMAN  
 It's the truth.

JAMES  
 No. That's...I *never...*

Lightman leans in...the most vulnerable we've seen him.

LIGHTMAN  
 Listen to me, James, because I've  
 felt what you're feeling. For  
 seven years I've been going to  
 confession *every week* because I did  
 something a long time ago that I  
 can never undo. I know what it is  
 to bear the burden of regret. And  
 I can tell you, it will grow  
 heavier and heavier, crushing you  
 every day until you face the truth.

Anguished, James breaks down.

JAMES  
 I didn't know she was dead. I  
 swear to God I didn't know. I saw  
 her lying on the couch -- I thought  
 she was sleeping -- and I started  
 to have thoughts -- unclean  
 thoughts -- and I touched myself.  
 I swear to God I didn't know she  
 was...it was afterward -- I started  
 to walk away, and I saw the blood.  
 I ran around to the front of the  
 house. I was going to call 911,  
 but the police came and I ran. I  
 just ran...

(pleading, sobbing)  
 Lord show me mercy, you O  
 Jehovah...please...show me mercy...

Off James, broken, and Lightman, empathetic...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. JUVENILE PROCESSING CENTER OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Deputy Bonds nods to Lightman, wrapping up, and heads out.  
Lightman approaches Foster.

FOSTER

I do like watching you shovel it.  
(amused)  
The idea of you going to *confession*  
every week -- how do you just make  
that stuff up on the spot?

LIGHTMAN

I tell people what they need to  
hear.

Foster shakes her head. Something on the other side of the  
glass catches Lightman's attention.

James is GESTICULATING WILDLY, screaming at his Attorney.  
Lightman flips on the AUDIO SWITCH for the Interview Room.

JAMES

What are you talking about?! I told  
the truth! I told them what I did!  
I -- no --

James tries to RUN OUT. GUARDS grab him. James STRUGGLES.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Let me go! No! Let me go!

The Guards take him away. A.U.S.A. Hutchinson walks in.

LIGHTMAN

What was that?

HUTCHINSON

You spoon-fed him a good story --  
and he's not stupid -- he went with  
it -- but there's still a  
preponderance of evidence against  
him. More than enough for a Grand  
Jury.

FOSTER

He told you the truth.

HUTCHINSON

He lied when he said he'd never  
been to Ms. McCartney's house.  
(holding up the photos)  
(MORE)

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

And these photographs go a long way toward proving pre-meditation.

Lightman realizes he's advanced the wrong outcome.

LIGHTMAN

You aren't going to reconsider other suspects?

HUTCHINSON

The kid was stalking the victim, he fled the scene, and he failed a polygraph the night of the murder.

LIGHTMAN

All for the *same reason*. Sexual guilt.

FOSTER

The polygraph isn't a *lie detector*. All it tells you is *if* someone is feeling guilty. It doesn't tell you *what* they're feeling guilty about. The guilt James felt had nothing to do with the murder.

HUTCHINSON

Let's say you're right. James felt ripped apart by *sexual guilt*. How do you know he didn't kill her to rid himself of all temptation?

Lightman and Foster hesitate.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

You *can't* know. That's why juries look at hard evidence not psychological opinions.

(to Lightman)

But I'll tell you -- I heard how things ended for you over at the Pentagon. And unless you want the entire Justice Department picking apart every case you've worked for *us too*, you'll leave this one alone.

INT. LIGHTMAN GROUP LAB - NIGHT

Frustrated, Lightman looks through the casework they've amassed: the ID PHOTOS of STUDENTS ROB ZILKA and JACQUELINE MURPHY with handwritten notes on them. CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. PHOTOS of Ms. McCartney that James shot. Loker works in the b.g. Foster walks in.

FOSTER  
I just talked to the Mayor's Chief--

LIGHTMAN  
Don't tell me he agrees with the  
Prosecutor.

FOSTER  
He said he's satisfied. He  
believes the photos show clear  
intent. And the U.S. Attorney's  
office got the hearing bumped up to  
*tomorrow*, so we have eighteen  
hours.

LIGHTMAN  
These motherf--  
(picks up the phone)  
Get the Mayor on the phone. They  
can't see the truth even when it's  
right in front of them. Everyone  
on this God-damn planet is blind!

CLOSE ON a HAND PRESSING the DISCONNECT. Lightman looks up.

FOSTER  
But they're not *deaf*. And you  
never learn. How can the smartest  
men in the world act so stupid?  
(beat)  
Put your ego aside on this...There  
are only so many times I can pick  
up the pieces.

This hits home with Lightman. Torres approaches with RON  
FOSTER (40s).

TORRES  
(to Ron)  
There she is.

FOSTER  
Hi honey.

Foster kisses him.

RON  
Hey Cal.

Lightman waves but there's something slightly off about the  
way he looks at Ron.

RON (CONT'D)  
(to Foster)  
Sorry I'm late.  
(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

There was a bunch of work I had to finish before leaving.

FOSTER

(to Lightman)

Why don't you come to dinner with us? Clear your head for an hour -- it's gonna be a late night.

LIGHTMAN

Go ahead. I'm good.

Ron and Foster leave. Torres watches them go.

TORRES

(surprised)

Her husband just *lied* to her.

Torres looks at Lightman, who gives nothing away.

TORRES (CONT'D)

He was lying when he said he got held up with work.

LIGHTMAN

(beat)

You should get back to work.

TORRES

You're not gonna tell her he's lying?

LIGHTMAN

Where are we on the Congressmen and the sex club?

Torres sees Lightman will not engage her question.

TORRES

Okay...Well, Congressman Bowker finally told the truth to the head of the DNC. He went to the club twice and saw two different girls.

LIGHTMAN

And the other one?

TORRES

Congressman Weil still won't admit anything, but the Chairman doesn't believe him. I'm going to the club tonight to try to find out what he was doing there that made him show so much shame.

(MORE)

TORRES (CONT'D)

The DNC's source says the girl  
Weil's been seeing goes by *Melissa*  
and that he sees her every *Friday*  
night without fail. Classy, huh?

LIGHTMAN

We all pay for sex in one way or  
another. At least hookers are  
honest about the price.

Torres looks at Lightman, who grabs his files and walks out.  
She watches him go, then approaches Loker.

TORRES

Hey. What is the story with  
Lightman? Something's not right  
with that guy.

LOKER

I've never been with a Latina woman  
before.

TORRES

Seriously. Is it just today or  
does he always look like he just  
found out he's got a month to live?

LOKER

The guy knew his wife was cheating  
on him for half their marriage --  
he knew his brother skimmed money  
from him on the cost of their  
mother's *funeral* -- he could tell  
his old boss was *happy* when he got  
in a bad car accident. It's a  
*curse*. I'd kill myself if I saw  
what he sees.

Off Torres taking this in...

INT. LIFE - NIGHT

An ultra-trendy Georgetown nightclub/lounge. CLUB MUSIC  
BOOMING. Torres, dressed up, makes her way past PRIVATE  
TABLES on the second floor.

INT. LIFE (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

Torres walks down an empty hallway, the bass beat still  
audible, to a LARGE BOUNCER outside a closed door. She  
whispers in his ear. He opens the door, and she slips in.

INT. LIFE (PRIVATE LOUNGE) - NIGHT

Sinatra, no club music. Old-time Washington, the elegant  
room looks like the hotel bar at the Hay Adams.

An older, well heeled group of GENTLEMEN drink and mingle with model-looking ESCORTS in evening gowns. Torres sits on a sofa with MELISSA, 28, a natural beauty. Torres pours two glasses of champagne from a bottle on ice.

MELISSA

So where did you get my name?

TORRES

From a friend.

MELISSA

I bet your boyfriend's pretty happy this is his birthday present.

TORRES

(nodding)

So how do you like this place, Melissa?

MELISSA

It's great. Always a party.

TORRES

So you really hate it, huh?

Torres's perceptiveness breaks through Melissa's facade.

MELISSA

It's just for now. It sucks being broke, and I can make a lot more money here than I did dancing.

TORRES

Are most of your clients regulars or one-offs?

MELISSA

Mostly regulars actually.

TORRES

Maybe Julian and I -- that's my boyfriend. Maybe we'll become one of your regulars. You free next Friday night?

MELISSA

Not Fridays.

(smiles thinking)

I've got...I've got a regular on Fridays.

Torres READS SOMETHING in Melissa, looks surprised, covers.

TORRES

He doesn't take up your whole night, does he? Most guys I know can't take up more than ten minutes. Unless he's into something...unusual...

MELISSA

I said I'm busy Friday nights.

Off Torres STUDYING Melissa...

INT. LIGHTMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lightman is on the phone, troubled. Foster walks in carrying a few PHOTOS.

LIGHTMAN

I understand. Of course. Thanks.  
(hangs up)  
The defense attorney says James has had an acute psychological collapse -- he won't eat or sleep, and he won't talk to anyone. They've put him on suicide watch.

FOSTER

Jesus...

LIGHTMAN

And if James refuses to speak at the hearing tomorrow, it means there could be *no one* to testify about what actually happened.

FOSTER

(beat)  
Take a look at these.

Foster hands Lightman a few of the PHOTOS James took. CLOSE ON: Ms. McCartney laughing with someone in the cafeteria, checking her faculty mailbox, etc.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Her clothes are identical to the crime scene photos. James took these the day of the murder. And you can tell it's late -- probably just a couple of hours before she was killed.

Lightman flips through to a photo of Ms. McCartney alone in the school parking lot near the side of a lone car, door ajar. Lightman NOTICES something, leans in to LOOK CLOSELY.

LIGHTMAN  
Look at her *hand*.

FOSTER  
What?

Lightman places the photo in the SCANNER. The LIFE-SIZE image of Ms. McCartney appears on the enormous plasma.

LIGHTMAN  
It *looks* like she's just walking through the school parking lot *alone*. But her hand is tensed and turned up like *this* by her side. In presentation position, the meaning's clear.

Lightman raises his arm, hand tensed up in a "stop sign."

FOSTER  
(realizing)  
*Stop*. She was having an *argument* with someone.

LIGHTMAN  
And it had to be intense to produce that *gestural emblem*.

FOSTER  
(pointing to the open car door)  
So whoever was getting into that car had a fight with Ms. McCartney at school the *afternoon* she was murdered.

LIGHTMAN  
Body language tells the truth -- even from the grave.

Torres walks in, turns to Foster.

TORRES  
Can I grab you for a minute?

LIGHTMAN  
(to Foster)  
Back to school first thing tomorrow morning.

INT. LIGHTMAN GROUP - FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Torres is with Foster amid a MESS of Foster's PERSONAL PHOTOS, MEMENTOS, HOMEY FURNITURE, etc. -- a stark contrast to Lightman's office.

TORRES

I don't get it. When I asked her about her *Friday nights* -- when we know she's with the Congressman -- she thought for a second and had this *smile* on her face. I don't think he was doing anything nasty to her.

FOSTER

When she smiled, do you remember if there was wrinkling around her eyes?

TORRES

(thinks, then)  
Yeah, there was.

FOSTER

Then it was genuine. In a fake smile, there's no ocular involvement.

TORRES

I'm *saying* it was like she has *feelings* for this guy. She got all defensive when I implied he was into something weird.

Loker enters in a hurry.

LOKER

Turn on CNN.

Foster clicks the TV remote, pulling up a CNN BREAKING NEWS REPORT with appropriate hyperbolic graphics on the LCD:

CNN REPORTER (PLAYBACK)

...much to be learned still. But both politicians are confirmed to have paid for sex at the nightclub. House *Ethics Chairman* Zeb Weil reportedly spent more than *eighty-two thousand dollars* on a *single escort* over a matter of *months*. He exited his Congressional offices moments ago --

CUT TO REPORTERS SWARMING Weil as he exits his offices:

REPORTER #1 (PLAYBACK)

When did you first go to the club?

REPORTER #2 (PLAYBACK)  
 How many times did you have sex  
 with her?

Weil hears the last question, looks DISGUSTED.

CUT TO A CONSERVATIVE COMMENTATOR.

CONSERVATIVE COMMENTATOR (PLAYBACK)  
 Thanks to Congressman Weil, we all  
 get to explain what a prostitute is  
 to our children. The *hypocrisy* is -

The image REWINDS as Foster clicks the DVR remote.

FOSTER  
 Look at his disgust when he's asked  
 about having sex with the girl.

Foster plays Weil's DISGUST EXPRESSION in SLOW MOTION.

TORRES  
 He's not disgusted with *himself*.  
 It's like he's disgusted with the  
 idea of having sex with her.

FOSTER  
 Maybe they weren't having sex.

TORRES  
 Maybe not. But then why was he so  
 ashamed when we first asked him  
 about going to the club?

LOKER  
 What if there's something else  
 going on between them?

FOSTER  
 (to Torres)  
 Call the Chairman's office and tell  
 them to hold off on a statement and  
 see if we can talk to the  
 Congressman again.

TORRES  
 And I'll run his name through  
 T.S.A.'s database. It'll pull up  
 anywhere he's traveled, his public  
 records, any background that's out  
 there. If there's any other link  
 to the club or the girl, we'll  
 know.

LOKER

Okay. But why does a guy spend  
eighty-two thousand dollars on an  
escort he's *not* having sex with?

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Lightman shakes Principal Castle's hand. Foster sits down.

LIGHTMAN

Thanks for seeing us, Principal  
Castle.

CASTLE

Please -- anything to help.

Lightman **KEEPS SHAKING** Castle's hand a second longer than  
customary. Castle looks down. Lightman lets go. They sit.

FOSTER

Ms. McCartney had a bitter argument  
with someone at school the  
afternoon she was murdered. What  
do you think that could have been  
about?

CASTLE

I have no idea. Do you think  
another student was involved?

FOSTER

Possibly. We need to find out who  
at this school drives this car.

Foster shows Castle the photo of Ms. McCartney next to the  
car with the open door and unseen driver.

Lightman watches Castle. **MICROSCOPIC LIGHTMAN POV:** ECU on  
Castle's lips **OPENING SLIGHTLY** and **CLOSING AGAIN**.

CASTLE

Sure. We can look up whether it's  
registered for school parking.

LIGHTMAN

Is that *your* car?

CASTLE

No, it's *not*.

LIGHTMAN

Were you romantically involved with  
Ms. McCartney?

Castle isn't the only one surprised by this. Foster is too.

CASTLE

Of course not. Are you suggesting -

LIGHTMAN

I'm sorry. Look, we just have to consider everything. I apologize if I offended you. Really. I am.

Lightman stands, extends his hand, and Castle reluctantly shakes it. BUT LIGHTMAN WON'T LET GO OF HIS HAND.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)

I'm *sorry...sorry...really*.

Lightman doesn't let go. Castle looks at him strangely.

EXT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Foster and Lightman walk back to their car.

FOSTER

What's with the Rain Man routine?

LIGHTMAN

Want to know how scared he was after you showed him the photo of the car?

FOSTER

How scared?

LIGHTMAN

In skin temperature, about ten degrees scared. Which is to say *very* scared.

FOSTER

(realizing)

His hand was *colder* the second time you shook it...

LIGHTMAN

(nods)

He recognized that car, and intense fear kicked in. Classic physiological flight response. Blood flows out of the extremities to the legs so you're ready to run -  
- hands get cold fast.

INT. THE LIGHTMAN GROUP - DAY

Loker intercepts Lightman and Foster walking toward the lab.

LOKER

The car in question doesn't belong to the Principal or his wife.

LIGHTMAN

You're *sure*?

LOKER

Deputy Bonds had Records run both their registrations.

FOSTER

So Principal Castle *recognized* the car, but it's not *his*.

LIGHTMAN

(to Loker)

Find out whose it is. Have them run the car registrations of both the students we flagged -- Rob Zilka and Jacqueline Murphy.

Loker peels off as Torres approaches them, carrying a file.

TORRES

The DNC Chairman's going ahead with a press conference this afternoon. But I think I know what Congressman Weil was doing at the sex club and why he was so ashamed. Take a look. He filed this online two years ago.

Torres hands Foster the file. Lightman looks on. Foster processes for a second, then looks SHOCKED, realizing.

FOSTER

*Huh...*

(to Lightman)

Call me the second you hear about the car.

EXT. CONGRESSMAN WEIL'S OFFICES - DAY

Foster and Torres make their way past NEWS TRUCKS and REPORTERS who are camped out waiting for Weil to emerge.

INT. CONGRESSMAN WEIL'S OFFICES - DAY

Weil closes the door to his office behind Torres and Foster.

WEIL

You haven't done enough muckraking for one day?

TORRES

(hesitant)

Sir, we don't think you were doing anything sexual at that club...Because I believe this escort, "Melissa" -- who you paid for time with --

WEIL

What about her?

TORRES

She's your daughter.

Weil looks stunned. Beat.

WEIL

I've already admitted what I've done. I'm tendering my resignation today.

TORRES

(handing him a printout)

This is the profile you registered in May of '06 on Adopt Connect, the registry for birth parents trying to reconnect with an adoptee.

FOSTER

The adopted name you listed was Brenda *Melissa* Johnson, and the date of birth would make her Melissa's age now.

Beat. Weil sits down, conflicted. Finally...

WEIL

I was a junior in college at U.A. and I had been seeing a young woman who was a freshman at the women's college in Marion...She got pregnant and we agreed to a closed adoption. We both moved on, but I never stopped thinking about it. A couple of years ago, I registered to be found, but nothing came of it. So I hired a private investigator.

FOSTER

Does Melissa -- *Brenda* -- know you're her father?

WEIL

No. I didn't want to force her to confront an answer she clearly wasn't looking for. But when I found out she was working at that club, I had to do something. So I went, and started to get to know her, and gave her money, and tried to get her to quit.

Torres and Foster are moved, upset by how wrong they had it.

TORRES

We can tell the Chairman -- and the press.

WEIL

No.

TORRES

No?

WEIL

I'm close to getting Brenda to make a change. But if the press finds out who she really is, they'll plaster her picture everywhere, and she will spend the rest of her life known as the "Congressman's whore daughter."

(beat)

I already betrayed her once. I won't do it again.

EXT. CONGRESSMAN WEIL'S OFFICES - DAY

Foster and Torres walk out. Foster's CELL RINGS.

FOSTER

Hey.

INT. LIGHTMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Lightman on the phone, looking at a school i.d. PHOTO of Jacqueline Murphy. He races to throw files together to go.

LIGHTMAN

The car belongs to *Jacqueline Murphy* -- the girl who the School Nurse thought was pregnant. Bonds had Homicide bring her in -- Second District Station right now.

INT. POLICE OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Foster, the Lead Homicide Detective, and Jacqueline Murphy's PARENTS watch behind the one-way glass as Lightman presses Jacqueline. She's already very worked up.

JACQUELINE  
Why would I know what happened to  
Ms. McCartney?

LIGHTMAN  
You tell me.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JACQUELINE  
Why would I know?

LIGHTMAN  
(recreating identically)  
"Why would I know?" --  
(pointing to his brow)  
*Eyebrows up* -- like yours -- and  
the person knows the answer to the  
question they're asking.

JACQUELINE  
But I *don't*. And I don't feel  
well.

LIGHTMAN  
Morning sickness?

Jacqueline is surprised, tries to hide it.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)  
You argued with Ms. McCartney the  
afternoon she was murdered.

JACQUELINE  
No I didn't. You don't know what  
you're talking about.

LIGHTMAN  
I know when you're lying.

JACQUELINE  
I'm not lying.

LIGHTMAN  
I know *why* you fought with her.

JACQUELINE  
I didn't --

LIGHTMAN  
This is your car --

Lightman shows her the photo with her car and Ms. McCartney.

JACQUELINE  
I didn't kill Ms. McCartney!

LIGHTMAN  
*That's* the truth. I know you  
didn't. But you know who did. So  
tell me about the argument.

JACQUELINE  
I'm not -- I've got nothing to say.

LIGHTMAN  
You know James Cooke is innocent,  
and he could go to prison for the  
rest of his life. Are you really  
going to help let that happen?

Jacqueline looks deeply conflicted.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)  
Maybe you couldn't have stopped the  
murder but you can stop this. You  
have to stop this.

JACQUELINE  
I -- I can't...

LIGHTMAN  
*Jacqueline* --

Foster walks in, looking grim. Lightman turns, surprised.  
She hands him a folded note. He reads it. Lightman is  
DEEPLY PAINED. His fist closes tight around the note.

Lightman tries to contain his rage, but can't. He SLAMS his  
hand against the table. Jacqueline is stunned.

LIGHTMAN (CONT'D)  
(fighting his emotions)  
Well it doesn't matter now.  
(turns to her)  
And you'll have to live with this.  
'Cause James Cooke just hung  
himself in his jail cell.

Off Jacqueline, aghast and Lightman, devastated...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jacqueline starts to break down. Lightman is deeply upset.

JACQUELINE

I, I thought nothing would really happen to James 'cause he's a minor. I didn't -- I didn't know he'd...oh my God...

LIGHTMAN

Tell me why your school Principal recognized your car when I showed him the photo.

(beat)

You were involved with him, weren't you? Principal Castle took advantage of you.

JACQUELINE

He didn't *take advantage* of me. We were in love -- he loves me.

LIGHTMAN

You're pregnant, aren't you? With his baby.

JACQUELINE

He was going to leave his wife to be with me -- he told me...But Ms. McCartney saw us parked in my car up the hill from school. We didn't know, but she saw us...She came up to me later in the parking lot and freaked out like she had to be all worried about me, when *I* was the one who went after *him*.

LIGHTMAN

And you argued about turning him in?

JACQUELINE

I begged her not to. He hadn't done anything wrong. But she wouldn't listen -- she said she was going to turn him in. I *told* him that and he said it'd be okay -- that he'd talk to her...  
...I didn't know what he was going to do...I didn't know...

Off Jacqueline sobbing...

MONTAGE OVER MUSIC:

EXT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

POLICE CARS and UNMARKED SEDANS race into the school lot.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Castle's Secretary, Deputy Bonds, and the Lead Homicide Detective watch as Castle is CUFFED by OFFICERS.

EXT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

STUDENTS playing sports stop and look on, shocked, as Principal Castle is led in handcuffs and put in a PATROL CAR.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION FACILITY - DAY

Lightman, Foster, Deputy Bonds, Mayoral Chief Peters, and A.U.S.A. Hutchinson stand with James's parents, Gerald and Mary. Mary is SOBBING and Gerald fights back tears.

A SECURITY DOOR unlocks, and JAMES WALKS OUT in street clothes, looking frail but relieved. He hugs his parents.

Lightman and Foster watch James walks away with them, free.

INT. THE LIGHTMAN GROUP - EVENING

Lightman pours himself a cup of coffee in a break room. Foster approaches.

FOSTER

You see the email from the U.S.  
Attorney's Office?

Lightman shakes his head.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Principal Castle confessed in  
exchange for thirty years with  
supervised release.

LIGHTMAN

I thought the truth'll set you  
free.

FOSTER

Speaking of which, do you still  
have the note I brought you? I  
want it for my office.

Lightman reaches in his pocket, takes out the crumpled note.

LIGHTMAN

You really are a pack rat.

Foster unfolds it. CLOSE ON THE NOTE: "BRING THIS TO ME IN 5 MINUTES AND LOOK GRIM."

FOSTER

You could've told me what this was for.

LIGHTMAN

You're a terrible liar.

FOSTER

*Normal* people think that's a good thing.

LIGHTMAN

You don't think I'm normal?

FOSTER

(rolls her eyes)  
*Good night.*  
 (tender)  
 Go home.

Foster turns and walks away down the hallway. Lightman watches her, and we see the slightest hint of the feelings he has for her now that he's alone.

Only he's not alone -- Torres registers this as she watches Lightman and Foster, out of Lightman's line of sight. Lightman grabs his coat as Torres approaches him.

TORRES

(urgent)  
 Before you go, what are we going to do about the Congressman?

LIGHTMAN

Nothing.

TORRES

We're going to let him throw away his career? -- we're basically gonna lie?

LIGHTMAN

Not *basically*.

TORRES

So you lie to your partner about her husband, you lie about this guy -- what am I supposed to believe about you?

Lightman realizes what having a natural around could mean.

LIGHTMAN

Believe whatever you want. It's  
what everyone else does.

EXT. CONGRESSMAN WEIL'S OFFICES - EVENING

A PODIUM is set up, in front of a group of STAFF MEMBERS.  
REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, CAMERA CREWS settle as Congressman  
Weil emerges from the building with AIDES, takes the stage.

WEIL

Good evening. It is with deep  
regret that I stand here before you-

INT. TORRES'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The live announcement on TV. Torres watches, frustrated.

WEIL (PLAYBACK)

-- I have acted in ways that have  
denigrated the office I've been  
privileged to serve. With my  
resignation from the Congress, I  
offer my sincerest apology--

INT. BRENDA "MELISSA" JOHNSON'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The TV. Melissa watches, confused and upset.

WEIL (PLAYBACK)

--to the people of Alabama and to  
my colleagues.

Melissa picks up her cell phone, scrolls in her phone  
contacts to "Friday Night Guy." She starts to dial, thinks  
better of it, closes the phone.

INT. LIGHTMAN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Lightman watches the TV. Emily unpacks her book bag.

WEIL (PLAYBACK)

I can only hope my future conduct  
will reflect the upright values I  
truly hold.

EMILY

At least there's no wife who has to  
stand by him for the photo op. But  
what a scumbag.

Lightman looks at her. She knows him well.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
 What? You don't think he's guilty?

He grabs his coat.

LIGHTMAN  
 I'll be back in a bit.

EMILY  
 Where are you going?

LIGHTMAN  
 We're out of milk.

Lightman gives Emily a kiss, heads for the door.

EXT. BASILICA OF THE NATIONAL SHRINE CHURCH - EVENING

Lightman walks up the steps of the church.

INT. BASILICA OF THE NATIONAL SHRINE CHURCH - EVENING

Mass has ended. Lightman walks past a few scattered  
 WORSHIPERS in the breathtaking, cavernous Basilica.

Lightman approaches a confessional, enters.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

The PRIEST makes the sign of the cross. Lightman follows.

LIGHTMAN  
 Bless me father for I have sinned.

PRIEST  
 What was the time of your last  
 confession?

LIGHTMAN  
 One week ago.

PRIEST  
 What are your sins, my son? Tell me  
 the truth that lies in your heart.

Off Lightman's distant gaze in the dim, shadowy light...

THE END