

DONZIGER

Written by

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Based on the New Yorker article "Reversal of Fortune" by Patrick
Radden Keefe

EXT. LOADING DOCK. NIGHT.

Close up on a wall of dull gray. Something metal.

The SOUND of an industrial latch being pulled, the lock on the back of a moving truck.

The gray doors swing open to reveal...huge cardboard boxes. A dozen of them, stacked one atop the other, 8 feet deep.

CUT TO:

Two MEN unloading the boxes, one handing them down from the van to the next guy.

And as we watch, we HEAR the voice. It's deep, confidential, compelling.

DONZIGER (V.O.)

I think a lot about Dad now. The house on Marbury. The store. Especially the store. I don't know why.

Close up on the boxes stacked now on a cart. They're being wheeled down a long hallway of hardwood flooring, which we glimpse under the rolling wheels.

A large stamp on one of the boxes says: UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT EVIDENCE. DO NOT TAMPER.

DONZIGER (V.O.)

I loved the store. I think about all the hours I just sat there on a stool, while he showed our customers the transistor radios and the 8-track hifis.

Now the boxes are being piled onto a long, beautifully polished conference table.

DONZIGER (V.O.)

I think a lot about the batteries. C cell, D cell, 9-Volt. We threw them out. Thousands of them. There weren't any laws about it. From trash to landfill to groundwater. Millions of crushed up batteries. All that mercury. God knows.

The light in the conference room goes out. We can barely make out the boxes as we stare at them in the dark.

DONZIGER (V.O.)

I read the other day that now we use something like twice as many batteries as we did in 1970. Almost 3 million dry cell batteries a year, for our watches and our phones and our video games. But because of Nader...and Waxman and people who actually fought for what was right...we reclaim them. We recycle them.

CUT TO:

The light flickers on. We're close up on the top of a box. A woman's manicured hands rip it open. The hands begin unloading the cargo: stacks of legal pads, calendars, a digital recorder.

There's a bobblehead Alex Rodriguez, which the hands examine for a moment before tossing it aside dismissively.

DONZIGER (V.O.)

But what if no one had fought? What if -- like with coal and oil -- the powerful people just rolled over, got paid off, gave up...?

And then the hands produce a leather-bound journal. Red ribbon holding it closed. The hands hold it in front of us for a long moment as the voice speaks.

Whoever is opening the box, this is what she's been looking for...

DONZIGER (V.O.)

Kids would be drinking mercury-tainted water and scoring lower on tests. Breaking more bones on the soccer field. Coughing up blood for no good reason. How smug would you be then? How hard would you cling to your precious rule of law as you watched your kids die a little bit every day, like a light slowly going out?

The hands unwrap and open the leather journal -- it opens to a page filled with someone's illegible scrawl.

DONZIGER (V.O.)

What wouldn't you do then? How hard would you beg me to fight?

FADE TO BLACK.

PRELAP: THE LOW CHANTING OF DEMONSTRATORS. *CHEVRON, CHEVRON, YOU CAN'T HIDE! CHEVRON, CHEVRON, YOU CAN'T HIDE!*

Mixed in with: *What do we want? Justicia! When do we want it? Ahora!*

INT. VANDERBILT ROOM, WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL, MANHATTAN. DAY.

As the muffled CHANT from outside the room continues, we open tight on the grim, ceremonially-painted face of an old Ecuadorian man, EMERGILDO CROJILLO, in tribal dress.

He's standing at a microphone.

CROJILLO
(nervous, halting)
My name is Emergildo Crojillo. I am
an elder of the Cofan people. I
have traveled very far to be with
you today.

CUT TO STEVEN DONZIGER, tall, early 50s, salt and pepper hair, large features, burning eyes, standing off to the side. He has an undeniable magnetism.

Donziger is mouthing the words as the old man speaks.

CROJILLO (CONT'D)
I came by foot, then by canoe, and
then by bus and airplane. My first
time on an airplane. I ask humbly
for a few minutes of your time.

Donziger nods.

CUT TO Chevron's corporate board of DIRECTORS, assembled on the dais under a large banner: *'Chevron - The Power of Human Energy'* looking confused.

Then BACK TO --

CROJILLO (CONT'D)
If Chevron does not take
responsibility for what it did to
our water and our land, my people,
my wife, my children may all
disappear. Gone.

Then the POUNDING of a gavel as we return to the dais where DAVID O'REILLY, Chevron's CEO, early 60s and southern, sits in the center.

O'REILLY
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Mr....uh...Cro-uhh
(looks down at notes)
Cro-jee-yo, this is a meeting for
shareholders. If you --

Crojillo looks over to Donziger who gives him a nod.

CROJILLO
I...I wish only to speak for a few
minutes. My people suffer from --

O'REILLY
Sir, you should be talking to
Petroecuador. They drilled 700
wells after Texaco picked up and
left. You must know that, right?

Donziger gives Crojillo an urgent "keep going!" motion with his hand.

O'REILLY (CONT'D)
That was long before Chevron even
bought 'em. Nobody in this room's
had drills down there for 20 years--

CROJILLO
The smell of petrol for us is the
smell of death. My youngest son,
Rafael.
(holds up a photo)
At age four, he stopped eating, we
take him to --

Donziger nodding -- yes, yes, yes.

CROJILLO (CONT'D)
-- a doctor in Quito, takes us 2
days to get there on 3 buses. The
doctor, he tells us he have cancer.
All through his stomach and
intestines.

O'REILLY
I'm sorry, but we will have to cut
your microphone, sir.

CROJILLO
Six month later, Rafa is --

The mic dies so this last word lands at a spoken volume.

CROJILLO (CONT'D)

-- dead.

Donziger snarls.

PABLO FAJARDO, late 30s, earnest, bookish, grabs Donziger, holds him back.

Crojillo raises his voice, but O'Reilly TALKS over him.

O'REILLY

(rapping his gavel)

That's quite enough!

The convention hall verges on chaos.

Donziger breaks away from Fajardo's hold and rushes the mic in the adjacent aisle, pushing other WAITING SPEAKERS aside.

DONZIGER

(BOOMING into the mic)

You can't do that! You can't do that! You killed his child. You killed his --

GUARDS in suits slam into Donziger. The gavel BANGS. Struggling against the guards, Donziger catches Fajardo's eye: NOW!

Fajardo hits SEND on a message on his phone.

The doors to the hall open, PROTESTORS flood in past the sparse SECURITY and the background CHANTS -- CHEVRON! CRIMINAL! JUSTICIA! AHORA! -- become a ROAR.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

(pushing past the guard)

You can't silence the Cofan people!

O'REILLY

That's enough! That is *enough*! Get them out of here! Close the doors!

The guards grab Donziger, carry him roughly toward the doors.

DONZIGER

(struggling, shouting over the chaos)

You *killed his son*! You people have no decency!

The guards shove Donziger roughly against the door, which gives way and he stumbles into:

THE HOTEL HALLWAY.

As the doors close...

He catches a look of himself in a mirror. His lip is bleeding a little, he's disheveled.

He thinks for half a beat, then smears the small trickle of blood down his chin, pulls his tie a little more askew, musses his hair.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA LOBBY. MINUTES LATER.

Cameras flash as Donziger, blood now *clearly* visible on his mouth, chin, sweeps through the lobby, Fajardo in tow.

PRESS rush out the rear doors of the convention hall to follow.

Donziger glances over at the press, then at Fajardo.

FAJARDO

If I said no, would you listen?

Donziger smiles slightly, turns and walks toward the press. A noisy scrum forms around him.

DONZIGER

Chevron has just spoken volumes in their treatment of me. But more importantly, in their treatment of a true victim of their destructive behavior --

EXT. THE WALDORF ASTORIA. DAY.

Donziger and Fajardo emerge onto Lexington Avenue --

FAJARDO

He's upstairs now, changing out of the costume.

Donziger pulls out his BUZZING phone, silences it.

DONZIGER

Traditional dress.

FAJARDO

Right.

FAJARDO (CONT'D)

They would have been smarter to
just let him speak.

Donziger's phone is BUZZING again. He silences it.

DONZIGER

(distracted)

But corporate structures are
predictable that way. They can't
hear dissent. It's in the culture.
They create and preserve their own
realities.

His phone begins BUZZING again. This time he checks the
number.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

Shit!

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE. DAY.

Donziger runs along the crowded sidewalk dodging people with
an agility surprising for his age and height.

INT. 53RD STREET SUBWAY STATION. E TRAIN. DAY.

We HEAR the ROAR of the train and see the whoosh of air it
makes pulling into the station. Donziger, sweating, rushed,
is outside the turnstiles, swiping a MetroCard.

He swipes the first one: INSUFFICIENT FARE.

DONZIGER

Fuck.

He grabs another card from his wallet, swipes. INSUFFICIENT
FARE.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He grabs a third and final card and swipes. INSUFFICIENT
FARE.

The CROWD on the platform is now piled inside the car.

SUBWAY CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
 Next-stop-5th-Avenue-stand-clear-of-
 the-closing-doors.

We HEAR the BEEP of the door closing warning.

Donziger looks left, right and leaps over the turnstiles in one jump.

He jams an arm into the closing subway car door which releases and he dives into the car.

The door closes hard behind him and he SIGHS -- relief.

The train is pulling away as he clocks a TEENAGE BLACK KID, 14, who saw the whole thing. The kid gives Donziger a little 'what's up?' nod of respect. Donziger smiles back.

EXT. THE FRANKLIN MONTESSORI SCHOOL. UPPER WEST SIDE. 20 MINS LATER.

We are TIGHT ON a sad/annoyed looking DAVID DONZIGER, 5, and his impatient teacher, ANNIE GOLDMAN, attractive, 30.

All of a sudden, both of their faces change. David's face lights up, and Goldman smiles despite herself.

A huffing Donziger jogs up.

DONZIGER
 (to David)
 Before you say a word. Stuffed
 animal of your choice. No size
 limit.

David beams.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
 (to Ms. Goldman)
 Inside of 10 minutes is an agreed
 upon grace period.

David nods in agreement.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
 Between 10 and 20, small to medium
 toy. Over 20 --

GOLDMAN
 (knowingly)
 Stuffed animal, no size limit.

He smiles.

DONZIGER
(noticing a change in her
expression)
What?

Goldman, wincing, reaches up and wipes the smear of blood
from his chin -- a surprisingly intimate gesture.

GOLDMAN
Those guys who follow you?

DONZIGER
No, no. Little bike accident,
that's all.

GOLDMAN
I see.
(looking around, not
buying it)
And the bike?

DONZIGER
Who knows? I jumped off just before
the collision.

A flirtatious beat while she laughs.

GOLDMAN
(to David, teacherly)
I'll see you tomorrow. You can tell
me about your new toy.
(to Donziger, softly)
Take care of yourself, Steven.

DONZIGER
Always do.

GOLDMAN
(as he leaves)
And be on time tomorrow!

EXT. THE FRANKLIN MONTESSORI SCHOOL. UPPER WEST SIDE.
CONTINUOUS.

Donziger stares at something O.S. as he and David walk hand
in hand from the school.

DAVID
I was sharing. But Rory always
wants the glue.

Now we see what Donziger is staring at -- a black town car
idling, with the window down a quarter.

DONZIGER
(absently)
Uh-huh.

DAVID
I told Ms. Annie, I didn't do what
she said.

A camera appears in the passenger side window, shoots a few
frames, disappears.

DONZIGER
Uh-huh.
(pointing back toward the
school)
Hey buddy, they put up a new flag?

As David turns to look, Donziger turns toward the town car
and flashes a long middle finger at the window.

The window goes up silently as --

DAVID
No, daddy! That's the same one
that's always been there!

DONZIGER
(as if nothing happened)
If you say so, pal.

PRELAP: A LOUD GRINDING NOISE.

INT. DONZIGER'S UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT. AN HOUR LATER.

David, a big grin on his face, carries a stuffed giraffe with
the tags still on it under his arm.

Donziger's wife, LAURA, late 30s and stylish, clocks the toy,
looks suspiciously at Donziger.

The GRINDING NOISE continues throughout the scene, grating
everyone's nerves.

DONZIGER
How was your launch?

LAURA

It's in three hours -- were you late again?

DONZIGER

I knew that. No. Not really.
(beat, she rolls her eyes)
You should have seen the way those fuckers tried to shut down Emergildo --

DAVID (O.S.)

Swear jar, daddy!

Donziger tosses a dollar bill into the already 2/3 full jar marked "DADDY CURSES."

Donziger finally clocks the grinding noise, looks at Laura.

LAURA

Our pre-war pipes. Esteban says we're one clog away from a Biblical flood.

DONZIGER

Esteban?!

The GRINDING stops and Donziger takes a few steps down the hallway and into a really old, ugly, orange formica kitchen.

ESTEBAN

Si Steven.

DONZIGER

How's Maribel?

ESTEBAN

Good, good. Doctor say all normal, so...we good.

DONZIGER

I told you. Spotting is normal. Laura bled when she was pregnant.

LAURA

Steve. Really?

DONZIGER

In the shower. Very alarming.

LAURA

Steve!

DONZIGER
He's worried!

ESTEBAN
No worries, all good.

DONZIGER
The spotting -- it's just blood
from the uterine wall, I told you.
After the egg implants --

LAURA
(to Steve)
He's not worried!

Esteban's torso disappears under the sink and the GRINDING starts again.

LAURA (CONT'D)
(taking Steve's arm)
Stop talking, for once. Let me show
you something.

INT. DONZIGER'S UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS.

Donziger and Laura are staring at something on the desk in the tiny, cluttered study. We notice a framed slingshot above the desk.

DONZIGER
(re the paper on the desk)
Wow. I mean WOW.

LAURA
I know.

DONZIGER
You know you've never been sexier.

She gives him a 'cut it out' look.

We SEE what they're looking at: printed computer renderings of a brand new kitchen complete with marble countertops, gleaming stainless steel, Wolf oven/range, Sub-Zero fridge...

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
I told you we could afford it.

Laura points to the number on the last page.

LAURA

We *can't* afford it. Any of it.
We're behind on David's school.

DONZIGER

This time I'm coming home with a
verdict.

LAURA

I've been hearing that for 20
years.

DONZIGER

So a few more weeks won't matter.

LAURA

I love your optimism, giant-slayer.
But 100 grand on a kitchen.
(beat)
Even for *this* kitchen.

DONZIGER

Did I mention I love you?

He runs his hand lovingly, suggestively down her neck and arm
-- and then onto the kitchen plans.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

Almost as much as I love these
marble counter tops.

She laughs. He pulls her close, grabs her ass.

And then we HEAR tinny music --

Dancing queen...young and sweet...only seventeen...

A ring tone. Laura looks at him like, "Really?"

He shrugs and fishes the phone from his pocket (where
something is clearly in the way).

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

(peering at the caller ID)
Pablo! Que pasa?
(beat while he tries to
focus on what he's
hearing)
What?!

Prelap: the GRINDING NOISE becomes the ROAR of a plane
touching down...

EXT. MARISCAL SUCRE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, QUITO

Quick shot of the American Airlines jet on the runway.

Slide: **Quito, Ecuador**

INT. AMERICAN AIRLINES 777. QUITO, ECUADOR. DAY.

A quick POP of the 6'4" Donziger in a first class seat and yet still cramped.

The plane is taxiing to the gate. He looks like he didn't sleep a wink and he's doodling -- oil derricks, clouds, a frog -- on the back of his Customs form.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL. QUITO. DAY.

Amid a crush of people, Donziger walks with Fajardo and WILSON, who looks like a younger, burlier Fajardo.

DONZIGER

(urgently, as they walk)

We need Sacha Sur. The whole case depends on it.

FAJARDO

Si, por supuesto. Chevron says the test can't go forward because of security concerns at that well.

DONZIGER

Security concerns? That's preposterous! What does that even mean?

FAJARDO

More bullcrap to get a less contaminated site.

BERLINGER (O.S.)

Careful!

Wilson has become tangled up in a wire. He tries to free himself and collides with a boom mike.

DONZIGER

(to Wilson)

Wilson! Cuidadoso!

(to Pablo)

(MORE)

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
Tell your brother to stay out of
their way.

We PAN OUT to reveal a three-person DOCUMENTARY CREW
following Donziger.

JOE BERLINGER, 50, bushy beard, leans around the camera.

BERLINGER
We're OK. Still shooting.

FAJARDO
(glancing uncomfortably at
the camera)
Judge Zambrano is under a lot of
pressure.

DONZIGER
Then let's go make sure he feels
some from us.

Prelap: Guns n' Roses "*Welcome to the Jungle*" BLASTS.

INT./EXT. INSIDE A VAN ON THE MAIN ROAD IN LAGO AGRIO

"Welcome to the Jungle" plays at top VOLUME, Donziger,
wearing headphones, stares glumly out the back window of the
sweltering van.

Everyone is sweating. We can almost feel the stale air.

We SEE the scenery along the road: ramshackle storefronts and
barely-standing homes on stilts, amateur architectural feats,
surrounded by tropical forest.

A giant oil pipeline runs parallel to the road, like an
endless steel bannister.

Donziger, deep in thought, pulls the earphones out. The SONG
ends abruptly.

He looks over at Berlinger who immediately picks up the
camera and begins shooting.

DONZIGER
This is why they forced us down
here.

BERLINGER
(positioning the camera)
What do you mean?

DONZIGER
Chevron. This thing with Sacha Sur.
It's exactly why they pushed so
hard to get the case thrown out of
American courts and moved to
Ecuador. It's home field for them.

BERLINGER
Home field? You mean --

DONZIGER
They were here for decades. They
have it wired. The army. The
courts. Civil service.

He shakes his head, lowers the window.

Dust and noise POUR in. The sound from myriad BEEP-BEEPING
mini-bikes is suddenly deafening. Berlinger motions for the
SOUND GUY to move the boom in closer to Donziger.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
(raising his voice over
the noise)
Every time we get close. Every time
we think we've evened the playing
field. They show us how deep their
reach goes.

A beat. Berlinger nods. Pablo looks uncomfortably at the
camera and boom mic.

Donziger leans his head out the window to get some air. We
SEE what he sees: a row of seedy storefronts.

A petrol truck ROARS by, and he closes the window. It's
suddenly quiet again.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
Sex clubs. Gringo contractors.
Colombian thugs. Ever wonder what
the *Oriente* would be without all
the fucking oil?

FAJARDO
My father used to ask us, "What
would there be if there were no
sky?"

DONZIGER
What's the answer?

Fajardo gazes out the window at two dirt-poor little boys
throwing rocks at a tied-up old dog.

FAJARDO

One cannot conceive of it.

Off Berlinger nodding, still shooting.

INT. LAGO AGRIO COURTHOUSE, CHAMBERS OF JUDGE NICOLAS ZAMBRANO LOZADA. LATER THAT DAY.

We're close in on Donziger mid-oration, with the boom mic again visible above his head.

The scene is claustrophobic and chaotic.

*Most of the dialogue is in *Spanish*.

DONZIGER

-- a decade's worth of litigation
because now they're afraid of the
result! Because *this man* has
decided that his client can't allow
the scientific truth to be
revealed!

Donziger looms over the desk of a cowed JUDGE ZAMBRANO, 50, savvy, using his physical presence to intimidate.

Fajardo is behind him, along with the doc film crew and a bevy of REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN.

LARREA (O.S.)

That is simply not true, Judge, and
it's an obvious --

DONZIGER

Which part?!

We SEE DIEGO LARREA, 50s, Chevron's Ecuadorean counsel.

LARREA

-- an obvious attempt to once again
intimidate and berate --

DONZIGER

Which part then?!

LARREA

Which part what?

DONZIGER

Which part isn't true! That after years of discovery you now seek to block us testing the most contaminated site in the world outside of Chernobyl? While the third largest corporation in the world accuses *me* of intimidation! And sends its goons to harass me!

ZAMBRANO

Gentlemen. Por favor.
(to Donziger, re the film crew)
We need this?

The packed room is sweltering and Donziger takes off his jacket, hangs it on the back of a chair.

LARREA

(jostled by camera crew)
Your honor, we have repeatedly seen Mr. Donziger bully this court --

DONZIGER

(hard, right in Larrea's face)
Abogado Chevron corrupto.

LARREA

Your honor!
(to Donziger)
Sir! You will be held responsible for what you say here!

DONZIGER

You are a *corrupt* Chevron lawyer!
(slowly, theatrically, for the cameras)
Abogado Chevron corrupto! That is what I said. And it is the truth!

A attractive young female CLERK opens the door --

CLERK

There are trials in session.

DONZIGER

(winks, lowers his voice)
Judge, the Sacha Sur well is the centerpiece of our case. We believe we will find stunning rates of contamination at that site.

ZAMBRANO
 (motioning to the cameras
 uncomfortably)
 Off. Please. We don't need.

The cameras -- including the doc crew -- don't move.

ZAMBRANO (CONT'D)
 (re the cameras)
 I said out!

Zambrano takes a deep breath and waits as the cameras and press file out. The door closes behind them, and suddenly our POV is Berlinger's who is now shooting from outside in through the window.

We don't hear what is being said.

Zambrano looks uncomfortable, takes a deep breath, says a sentence or two with finality.

Larrea erupts, his hands in the air, protesting.

Zambrano stops the protest with a wave of his hand.

Larrea turns to go in a huff. Donziger follows, smiling.

We exit with Donziger.

MINUTES LATER. OUTSIDE JUDGE ZAMBRANO'S CHAMBERS.

Donziger huddles with Fajardo and Berlinger and the doc crew.

BERLINGER
 -- if you pick us up a little
 earlier, maybe --

DONZIGER
 (remembering something)
 Crap.

He RAPS on Zambrano's door and enters.

We stay outside and again our POV becomes the POV of Berlinger's camera.

We are looking through the blinds and don't hear what is said.

Inside, Donziger picks up the jacket.

Donziger's back is to us, so we can't quite see, but it appears Donziger reaches into a pocket of the jacket and pulls something out, says something to Zambrano, who nods.

Off Donziger's back and Zambrano's face. A loaded moment.

EXT. WELL 63 AT SACHA SUR. AN HOUR OR SO LATER.

A loud, chaotic argument, bordering on an outright brawl.

Fajardo and two engineers -- DAVE RUSSELL and FEDERICO RAIGOSA are shouting at a pair of CHEVRON ENGINEERS.

A court OFFICIAL in between them, trying to go about his work, sticks a long pole into the muck.

RUSSELL
(protesting frantically)
C'mon, it's too high a grade! You
know it's too high a grade! Gravity
pulls the chemicals downhill! This
is bullshit!

CHEVRON ENGINEER
Basura, basura! Tranquilo!

FAJARDO
Ten cuidado!

The official pulls out the stick, now half-covered in a tar-like substance. Petrol.

As he lowers it into a long, plastic specimen bag --

RUSSELL
I'm telling you -- this is
bullshit! We're 50 meters from the
real shit, and you damn well know
it!

The Chevron engineer smiles innocently as Russell and Fajardo look desperately off in the direction of --

EXT. SACHA SUR. CONTINUOUS.

LONG SHOT of Donziger furiously arguing with Zambrano. He hovers over him, gesticulating toward the distance.

Zambrano holds up his hands like 'what do you want me to do?' Off Donziger, exasperated.

INT. FAJARDO'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Donziger, visibly uncomfortable on the taco-like fold-out couch, reads a legal brief and doodles nervously -- lightning bolts, a giraffe -- in the margins as he reads.

All of a sudden the hum of the generators stops. The lights flicker, and then BLACK.

DONZIGER

Fuck.

INT. FAJARDO'S OFFICE. HOURS LATER.

Donziger 'sleeps', tossing and turning, on the fold-out.

Suddenly we HEAR a RATTLE on the front door and a THUD -- something falling.

Donziger wakes with a start.

DONZIGER

Pablo?

Donziger swivels and rises in a single motion. He grabs the flashlight and turns it on. He shines it toward the doorway and listens, breathing hard.

A long tense beat. SILENCE.

Must be a false alarm, or he startled whoever it was.

He looks longingly at the bare bed for a long moment, but sees the dawn light beginning to stream in the grimy windows.

He SIGHS, trudges into the bathroom.

We HEAR the shower running.

PRELAP: the shower SOUND becomes a pounding RAIN.

INT. AN OLD VAN. MORNING.

Pablo and Donziger, bags under his eyes, drive in silence, as the pounding rain covers the windshield. The wipers can barely keep up.

FAJARDO

(dejected)

We needed that test.

DONZIGER
I know. I know.

EXT. LAGO AGRIO COURTHOUSE STEPS. DAY.

Donziger and Fajardo, now with the doc crew in tow, jog up the courthouse steps under umbrellas as a tropical storm pounds the concrete.

INT. LAGO AGRIO COURTHOUSE. DAY.

Fajardo and Donziger and the doc crew shake water off as they HEAR a confident Larrea, surrounded by reporters.

LARREA
You all saw the same thing I saw this week. Our test sample showed very little contamination. Today at last we will see the plaintiff's case for what it is -- a *circus* of outright lies and distortion intended to enrich the attorneys.

MEL HABERMAN
The largest-ever verdict in a class action suit is, like, 200 million? You really think the plaintiffs have a chance of getting more than a *billion*?

Donziger's pushed his way to the back of the scrum.

LARREA
(scoffs)
I highly doubt --

DONZIGER
It's Mel, isn't it?

The reporters all pivot.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
Chevron earned 204 billion dollars in revenue last year, Mel. The year before that, it was 250 billion.
(beat)
Two Hundred and Fifty *Billion*.
(MORE)

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

So do I think it's realistic to suggest that the people of the *Oriente* deserve a fraction of that money?

(lets the question hang)

Don't you?

The pack erupts with more questions and Donziger pauses, wants to take a few more, but sees Fajardo just inside the door, giving him the 'we're WAY late' look.

INT. JUDGE ZAMBRANO'S COURTROOM, LAGO AGRIO. 30 MINUTES LATER.

The courtroom has a serious but run-down feel to it. It's packed and hot as hell.

Hundreds of SPECTATORS fan themselves.

ZAMBRANO

(reading his decision, *in Spanish)

Plaintiffs first sued Texaco in American courts, almost 20 years ago. Defendants urged the case be dismissed and brought here, to Ecuador, where it has now come before several judges in hundreds of hearings. I have been asked to render a conclusive verdict, which I do here today.

(suspenseful beat)

Plaintiffs seek to hold Chevron accountable for the actions of Texaco, which it acquired over a decade ago. Plaintiffs also ask us to ignore the responsibility of PetroEcuador, who took over all operations here after Texaco left.

(beat)

This is problematic.

Larrea and HEWITT PATE, 50s, Chevron's general counsel, can't hide their happiness at Zambrano's language and tone.

ZAMBRANO (CONT'D)

I must also point out that the most egregious cases of contamination were not as the plaintiff alleges.

(MORE)

ZAMBRANO (CONT'D)
According to Senior Cabrera's
findings, the toxicity levels at
Well 63 -- Sacha Sur -- were not
what the plaintiffs claim.
(beat)
Not even close.

A long beat as Larrea and Pate nod to each other in
affirmation.

Donziger and Fajardo are turning pale. Fajardo hangs his
head.

ZAMBRANO (CONT'D)
But. Those factors cannot mitigate
the fact that this once pristine
region of our country has seen...an
environmental holocaust.

Donziger perks up. Larrea's and Pate's faces change.

ZAMBRANO (CONT'D)
Yes, most of this damage was done
during the reign, if you will, of
Texaco, but it is a matter of law
that Chevron did assume that
liability. It was Chevron who left
the mess behind for someone else to
clean up. These actions have caused
immeasurable hardship to our
people.
(beat)
The damage must be remediated,
totally and immediately.

Donziger and Larrea stare intently at the judge.

ZAMBRANO (CONT'D)
This is not a small job. It is, in
fact, historic in scope, but
necessary. Therefore, in keeping
with our neutral estimates of the
costs involved, I find for...the
plaintiffs --
(he turns the page)
-- in the amount of 19.1 billion US
dollars.

Donziger's eyes bug out.

GASPS, CLAPPING, SOBS in the courtroom.

Reporters clamber over one another. Could they have *possibly*
heard that correctly?

English-speaking REPORTERS are frantically asking their Spanish-speaking COLLEAGUES for translation.

ZAMBRANO (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

This court's judgment is final and binding. I thank Senor Cabrera and all of you for your patience and diligence in this matter. *Que Dios este con usted.*

We SEE Donziger with his hands clasped together, as if in prayer, head bowed, taking in the moment.

PRELAP: The rhythmic pounding of bongos...

EXT. THE COFAN VILLAGE, 50 MILES OUTSIDE LAGO AGRIO. THAT NIGHT.

Donziger takes part in a traditional celebratory dance by flickering firelight. Everyone is hugging, dancing, drinking copious amounts of pisco.

In suit pants, a loosened tie, and mud-covered bare feet, he looks a little awkward, but he's elated and in his element.

DONZIGER (V.O.)

I kept thinking about that moment, 50 years earlier, when the choppers first landed in the jungle. Crojillo saw them -- he and his dad were hunting monkeys with blow darts.

A full foot taller than any of the COFANS, he's continually leaning down to dance with the older women, talk with the older men. They come up to him one after another, hugging, kissing him.

DONZIGER (V.O.)

But these white men had guns. And drills. Told the villagers to rub the oil on their faces and chests to ward off sickness. On their balls.

A TRIBAL WOMAN, 60s, laughs and points at his feet, which makes Donziger laugh, too.

DONZIGER (V.O.)

I'm the only white man the Cofan ever trusted.

(MORE)

DONZIGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I've kept my promise to them. But I
 know Chevron won't quit. I know
 they'll fight back.

ANGLE TO two Ecuadorian soldiers in fatigues -- they're
 peering at Donziger and the celebration, watching, unseen at
 the edge of the clearing.

DONZIGER (V.O.)
 I just don't know how.

INT. FAJARDO'S OFFICE. LATER THAT NIGHT.

The office is dark and empty. A phone is ringing.

The SOUND of keys in the door, and then Donziger and Fajardo
 stumble in, laughing and a little drunk.

FAJARDO
 A BMW, yes? With the convertible
 top?

DONZIGER
 In New York City?

The phone has stopped.

FAJARDO
 A Lear jet. I'll build you a
 private runway.

DONZIGER
 How about you just build a nicer
 fucking office.

The phone starts RINGING again.

FAJARDO
 You don't like my office?

DONZIGER
 At least, for God's sake, get a
 decent couch. And maybe a
 receptionist --

As Fajardo picks up the phone, laughing.

FAJARDO
 (affecting a fancy voice)
 La Fronta --
 (his whole face drops)
 Yes.
 (MORE)

FAJARDO (CONT'D)
(beat, he's pale, shaking)
What?
(beat, urgently)
Stay there!

EXT. LAGO AGRIO. URBAN STREET.

The WHEEEEEEEEE!!! of the motorbike engine is deafening.

Donziger barely hangs onto the back of Fajardo's motorbike as Fajardo zig-zags through traffic at breakneck speed.

Every few seconds we think they're going to be clipped by a car or a rearview mirror but Fajardo keeps maneuvering around obstacles.

EXT. WILSON FAJARDO'S HOUSE, OUTSIDE AGO LAGRIO. MINUTES LATER.

Police lights illuminate the night as Fajardo skids the motorbike to a stop.

WILSON'S WIFE, 40s, runs up to Fajardo, sobbing hysterically.

FAJARDO
Where is he?

He follows her gaze to a spot on the lawn where POLICE are carelessly poking and prodding Wilson's lifeless body.

Fajardo races for his brother. As he approaches...

FAJARDO (CONT'D)
(to the cops)
Hey. Stop that!

Fajardo gets to his brother and slowly drops to his knees.

He puts his hands on his brother's chest, and begins to cry.

Donziger is right behind him, his hands supportively on Pablo's back.

DONZIGER
They will NOT get away with this.
(beat)
I'm so sorry.

OFF Donziger's stricken face, illuminated by the flashing lights.

FADE TO BLACK.

PRELAP: 10 seconds!...Five! Four!

INT. THE GOOD MORNING AMERICA SET. ABC. NEW YORK CITY.

Donziger sits in a chair across from ROBIN ROBERTS. A PRODUCER counts down three, two, one on his hand.

DONZIGER

It's true. It's the biggest legal decision against a corporation ever, but it has come at a high cost. 20 years of fighting, millions in legal expenses, thousands of innocent lives lost...and...the loss of my partner's, my Ecuadorean co-counsel's brother's life...

Roberts looks troubled, a little confused.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

The night we defeated Chevron, he was killed, shot in the head -- execution style.

ROBERTS

Oh my...

DONZIGER

My attorneys tell me I can't say it's payback. So I won't. I'll let your viewers do the math.

INT. CHEVRON HEADQUARTERS. SAN RAMON, CA. DAY.

O'Reilly, the CEO who we may recognize from the opening, Pate, and a few other attorneys sit around a conference room.

The atmosphere is very tense.

O'REILLY

I mean Jesus Christ! We're *murderers* now? He can say that on national TV?

(beat while no one speaks)

You know all the lefty enviro groups are giving this guy *awards*?

(MORE)

O'REILLY (CONT'D)

He's the biggest hero since Jane Fucking Fonda. He's got money from *hedge funds* now. And this German heiress, whatever her name is...

PATE

Gretchen Morgan.

O'REILLY

I don't actually care what her name is. Anybody got a plan?

VOICE (O.S.)

(from the squawk box)

Um...Mr. O'Reilly...New York here. We still think the verdict will be hard to enforce in American courts. At most he can --

O'REILLY

Is that so? Because as I recall we were in American courts, son, and all you geniuses told me we'd have a slam dunk in Ecuador. Now you're saying whoops, should have stayed put!

(beat)

Quito?

LARREA (O.S.)

We're looking at the statutes here and we think we may have found precedent --

O'REILLY

For Christ's sake. This is why I can't stand talking to lawyers.

(aside)

No offense, Hew.

Pate nods deferentially.

O'REILLY (CONT'D)

You think this is a *legal* problem for me? We're talking about *six quarters* of profit some spic judge just ordered us to fork over. Not to mention having our image as a corporate citizen flushed through shitters on every continent. Stock price has already dropped 14 percent. Hell, our whole *fucking* market cap is only 10 times this verdict.

(MORE)

O'REILLY (CONT'D)
(a long beat, everyone in
the room looks scared)
Do you guys get that I have a board
I answer to?

INT. CHEVRON HEADQUARTERS BOARDROOM, SAN RAMON. CONTINUOUS.

As the others file out, O'Reilly stands at the window.

O'REILLY
Hew.

Pate turns back and joins him.

O'REILLY (CONT'D)
It's time for new counsel.

PATE
Jones Day is as good as they come,
Mr. O'Reilly.

O'Reilly turns to face him.

O'REILLY
(hard)
I don't want white shoe. I want
jack boots, you understand?

INT. RANDY MASTRO'S HOME, SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY. DAY.

A traditional, gorgeous, marble-and-steel suburban kitchen.

RANDY MASTRO, early 50s with white hair and beard, glasses
perched on the end of his nose, faces his 12-year-old shaggy-
headed son, RYAN, who sits in a chair by the long antique
kitchen table.

Mastro holds a BUZZING set of barber's clippers.

RYAN
I'm going to look like a *freak*.

MASTRO
No you won't. And it was too long
anyway. Hold still.

Mastro runs the clippers through the thick locks and they
start to drop onto the Star-Ledger covering the floor.

RAYMOND, 8, looks on anxiously.

MASTRO (CONT'D)
(over the sound of the
clippers)
Hold still, would you?

RYAN
I'm gonna look like I joined the
Marines!

MASTRO
Marines don't get lice.

RYAN
Dad, my friends had it!

MASTRO
Then get new friends.
(beat while he struggles
with the clippers)
Hold *still*, Ryan.

Mastro feels a buzz in his pocket.

He fishes out the cell phone with his free hand, peers at it
curiously, then switches off the clippers so he can answer.

MASTRO (CONT'D)
(to Ryan)
I'm not done.
(then into the phone)
It's Randy Mastro.
(beat, then he smiles)
Hew! That's a relief. Saw the
caller ID and thought Jonine must
be sitting at the Chevron down the
street with my mangled Audi. Again.
(beat, then glances at
Ryan)
If I told you, you wouldn't believe
it. How 'bout you? What's got you
working on Sunday?
(beat)
Uh-huh. Now's OK.

INT. DONZIGER'S APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS.

We HEAR the CRINKLING of industrial plastic as Donziger's
long arm reaches through the break in a wall of an ET-style
plastic barrier.

We SEE him part the plastic and step through.

Laura is standing in front of him, her back turned.

DONZIGER

So?

Laura steps aside, revealing a beautiful, half-finished, sparkling new gourmet kitchen.

LAURA

I mean, it takes my breath away. So does the price tag.

DONZIGER

30% of 19 billion? If Viking made anything in platinum, we'd buy that.

LAURA

We don't actually have the money yet.

DONZIGER

(grabbing her lovingly but firmly)

Details. Should we try it out?

Before she can ask what he means, he hoists her up onto the range and starts to kiss her.

She squeals, laughing.

He leans her back, and then she squeals louder. She reaches under her ass and produces the copy of Vanity Fair she just sat on, flattened to a page.

She glances at the magazine page and holds it up to him mischievously.

The open page features a picture of Donziger and the headline: "Jungle Law." She mocks his serious pose.

Donziger laughs and grabs the magazine, flings it over his shoulder, prompting both of them to crack up as they start to kiss again.

INT. RITZ CARLTON RESTAURANT, HOUSTON. DAY.

Mastro sits on the other side of a corner table from O'Reilly, with Pate next to him. A WAITRESS, 20s, attractive brings a round of martinis.

O'REILLY
(clocking her ass)
Thanks sweetie.

MASTRO
Nothing. My answer would be
nothing.

O'REILLY
(incredulous)
You think we can get out of this
without paying a dime?

O'Reilly leans back and grins, looks over at Pate with a look
that says -- '*this* one. I *like* this one.'

O'REILLY (CONT'D)
I've seen your client list at
Gibson Dunn. It's impressive. But
my guys are telling me the best we
do is to cut this verdict in half.
They're the ones who told me we'd
roll right over the Ecuadoreans,
even with this new socialist
government in place. Now they're
saying we have to get more 'wired
up' there than we were, if that's
even possible. But I have no
interest --

MASTRO
You a baseball fan, Dave?

A beat. O'Reilly doesn't get interrupted or called Dave very
often.

O'REILLY
I catch the Giants now and again.

MASTRO
You know why the Yankees win so
much?

O'REILLY
Money. Everyone knows that.

MASTRO
It's what they do with the money.
They buy left handed hitting and
left handed pitchers. Why?

O'REILLY
Well, that stadium --

MASTRO

Has a short porch in right field.
Exactly. They build their team
around that field. Always have.
Babe Ruth. Reggie Jackson. Whitey
Ford.

O'REILLY

OK.

MASTRO

When you go into Yankee Stadium,
the game is rigged. You think
you're playing the same game as the
Yankees, but you're not. It's their
field and they always have the
advantage.

O'REILLY

So you need some lefties of your
own, right?

MASTRO

(shaking his head)

It's impractical. You'll never
build as good a team for that
ballpark as they have. You want to
beat the Yankees, your best shot is
to get them in another venue...say
Fenway where right field goes on
forever.

O'Reilly nods -- he gets it.

INT. HEDGE FUND CONFERENCE ROOM, MANHATTAN. FEW HOURS LATER.

Donziger, standing, is giving his PowerPoint presentation.
Behind him we see the same slide as in the last scene.

Fajardo and GRETCHEN MORGAN, 50 and attractive with a slight
German accent, sit nearby at the conference table, alongside
six MEN IN BUSINESS CASUAL.

The doc crew is filming.

DONZIGER

Pablo will handle the appeals in
Ecuador...

Berlinger scurries over quickly and adjusts the lavalier mic
on Donizger's lapel, which glows green.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
Patton Boggs in Washington will
help with any appeals here --
they're in pro bono.

FUND MANAGER
(annoyed at Berlinger and
the doc crew)
So if the verdict stands as you say
it will, when do we see our return?

INT./EXT. BACK SEAT OF A LIMOUSINE. A HALF HOUR LATER.

DONZIGER
All they ask about is their money.

MORGAN
They're a hedge fund.
(a long, amused look)
Idealism is what you have me for.

DONZIGER
Gretchen, the appeals could take
months. We have significant
expenses going forward.

MORGAN
I've seen to it you're taken care
of haven't, haven't I?

A beat as Donziger stares back, nods gratefully. They hold
the look half a beat too long.

INT. OFFICES OF GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER, NEW YORK. DAY.

About a dozen LAWYERS, recent Yale and Harvard types, sit or
stand in the "fishbowl" conference room.

Mastro strides in purposefully and sits down at the end of
the table.

MASTRO
(no-nonsense)
You've all seen the summary I sent
last night. The case files should
arrive tomorrow on a flatbed truck.

A few chuckles.

MASTRO (CONT'D)

Not a joke.

(beat)

Don't go home. Don't sleep. Don't eat unless it's ordered from upstairs. I want a new venue and you're going to find the cause to get it. We're not going to have this out in some backwoods Ecuadorian courtroom. I want it here, where the whole world can see it exposed for what it is. Extortion, plain and simple.

Mastro nods to acknowledge the half-raised hand of SARAH STEIN, 29.

STEIN

But if we get through the appeals in Ecuador, we'll end up with a smaller verdict. Starts us off at a better place?

MASTRO

I'm not interested in a *better* verdict. I'm not interested in a negotiation. Chevron isn't caving in Ecuador, because if it does, it'll end up going through this same routine in every Godforsaken jungle, hovel and hut on the planet. OK?

STEIN

There's no number for Chevron that makes it go away? Seems like it wouldn't be that hard to get this reduced to 10...even 8 billion?

MASTRO

They fired the settlers over at Jones Day and hired *us* for a reason.

(beat)

We're going to make sure Chevron doesn't pay a penny -- not one red cent -- of this verdict.

(beat)

That means we're going to fight this until hell freezes over...And then we'll fight it out on the ice.

INT. OFFICES OF GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER, NEW YORK. DAY.

Mastro sits on the edge of his desk, listening to a LAW PROFESSOR, balding, late-30s and clasically nerdy.

Mastro looks irritated.

Behind him we SEE a large photo of Mastro and Rudy Giuliani celebrating on election night.

Stein sits in the chair next to the professor, listening intently with a binder in her lap.

LAW PROFESSOR

-- which in certain cases means jurisdiction can be transferred to any state with what the law calls a *guiding financial interest*. Now, this can be principle ownership of the company, or even a debt to the shipping entity. The country in question might not even --

MASTRO

We're talking about ships. At sea.

LAW PROFESSOR

Well, yes, but since Chevron uses tankers to export its product, maritime law might reasonably extend to its operations inland. If there's even a presumption that --

MASTRO

Yeah, OK.

(to Stein)

Let's keep it as an option.

(to the professor)

Thanks for coming in Professor, we appreciate it.

LAW PROFESSOR

Oh.

(looks at Stein, confused)

There are several other provisions in the maritime code that might apply equally --

MASTRO

(extending his hand)

Thank you. Really.

INT. OFFICES OF GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER, NEW YORK. TWO DAYS LATER.

Mastro enters the fishbowl in the middle of a brainstorming session.

The 'best and brightest' group sits around the table and on the window ledge, in front of a white board with scribbled lists of courts and legal citations.

LAWYER #1
(clocking Mastro's
entrance)

You can't attach assets if the
assets aren't attachable, right?

Mastro silently takes a seat.

LAWYER #2
So you're saying the Ecuadorian
court has as much jurisdiction over
Chevron as it does over, say, Ikea.
Which doesn't operate there.

LAWYER #1
Chevron *doesn't* operate there.

STEIN
C'mon. A court's not going to set
that precedent.

LAWYER #1
Can I sue the successors of the
East India Tea Company in Hartford?

Mastro leans forward, rubs his forehead, thinking.

LAWYER #3
Wouldn't that be the British crown?
You can't sue the queen.

LAWYER #2
It's a metaphor.

STEIN
More like an analogy.

LAWYER #2
What if we could argue that
Texaco's operation in Ecuador never
really transferred to Chevron? That
for all intents and purposes it was
subsumed by PetroEcuador.

MASTRO

This isn't it.

The rest keep talking "blah blah blah motion this, venue that, jurisdiction, maritime precedents, etc etc etc"

MASTRO (CONT'D)

This isn't *it!*

Silence.

STEIN

What do you mean?

MASTRO

This. What you're doing. Scouring for technicalities.

LAWYER #1

(confused)

You said you wanted to move venues. We're looking for precedent to do that.

MASTRO

This isn't moot court, guys. Arcane motions filed by the rich and powerful oil company aren't going to get us a venue change. That's what Donziger wants us to do. He's been at this for 20 years already. He's obviously not looking for a quick payday. He gets off on being David against Goliath. And *nobody* likes Goliath. Goliath's mean. He wanted to eat *David's bones*.

(beat)

The more we pull piddly maneuvers like that --

(motions to the whiteboard)

-- the more Chevron gets pounded. And the more likely we pay.

STEIN

So what are we supposed to do?

MASTRO

Chevron's been on trial for 20 years. It's time to put Donziger on trial.

(beat)

We need to show this whole case is a *calculated shakedown*.

(MORE)

MASTRO (CONT'D)

That fraud -- or something looking
a hell of a lot like it -- was
willfully perpetrated in Ecuador.
You find that and a US judge will
have no choice but to move the case
back here.

STEIN

Chevron's had a tail on the guy for
years here and in Ecuador and we've
got no evidence of anything like
that.

MASTRO

(exasperated)

Go get it.

INT. EAST COAST/WEST SIDE POST PRODUCTION. NEW YORK CITY.

Donziger and Berlinger, the doc director, sit in a dark room
with 5 or 6 screens arrayed in front of them.

A scene is playing on the screens -- it's Donziger prepping
the Ecuadoreans in native dress before the Chevron
shareholder meeting.

ON THE SCREENS --

DONZIGER

(leaning over the
Ecuadoreans)

OK. That's great. That time was
perfect. It's OK to be a little
nervous. You're talking to a room
of 1,000 rich white men. Don't be
ashamed if you're nervous.

(beat)

If you shed a tear while telling
your story, that's OK too.

BACK IN THE ROOM --

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

That.

Berlinger stops the movie and the screen freezes.

BERLINGER

You know this is my movie, right?
And the final cut ships in two
weeks?

DONZIGER
It's one cut, man.

BERLINGER
One *more*, you mean.

Berlinger sighs, jots down a note at the end of a long list.
Donziger rolls his wrist in a "start up again" motion.
Wearily, Berlinger hits play.

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. NEW YORK CITY. EVENING.

Mastro walks into the fishbowl, where the 'best and brightest' are buried in books.

MASTRO
Think you'll get an A?

They look up all at once with blank faces.

MASTRO (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Looks like Saturday night at the
nerd dorm.

LAWYER #1
We're divided into teams.

MASTRO
Uh-huh. Looking for?

LAWYER #2
Fraud. Malfeasance. Like you told
us.

MASTRO
In...
(picking up a journal and
examining it)
The Colorado Journal of
International Environmental Law and
Policy?

LAWYER #1
(pointing to the other
team)
They've got the case files. We're
going through motions he filed.

MASTRO

Motions.

Both young lawyers nod eagerly.

MASTRO (CONT'D)

Right. It...it's a good instinct.

(a long pensive beat)

Good night everyone.

INT. FORDHAM LAW SCHOOL. NIGHT.

The seminar room is packed with 25 law students, but they don't have the un-calloused feel of Mastro's "best and brightest."

Most look like they've come from working construction or waiting tables.

We come in on a debate between the class stars: MIKE O'CONNELL, early 30s and burly with smart, quick eyes, and BECCA VERDOLINO, late 20s and as hot as she is smart.

MIKE

Because it's the state's job to put up guardrails. If you're driving drunk, you know, that's on you. But if you kill my client because there's no guardrail, then why can't I sue the shit out of the state?

Laughs all around. These students have fun.

Mastro, feet perched on a desk in front of the room, smiles.

BECCA

Because of sole proximate cause.

MIKE

What?

BECCA

Do the reading jackass.

(more laughs)

In order for the state to be liable, you have to show sole proximate cause. Which means the state has to be the *only* one at fault.

An impressed whistle from the next row back.

MIKE

Yeah, well, you can put that in your brief if you want, but I'm going to the court of public opinion, baby.

BECCA

Public opinion doesn't matter here. It's the law. Am I right?

They both look at Mastro, who's now staring off toward the window, wheels turning.

MIKE

Professor Mastro?

Beat.

MASTRO

Yeah. Change of lesson plan. Let's think about something else.

The students look confused.

MASTRO (CONT'D)

Close the books for a minute. Just listen.

INT. FORDHAM LAW SCHOOL. 30 MINUTES LATER.

MASTRO

But this guy's made it about himself. About *morality*. You club baby seals, he saves poor people. How do you make it about the law?
(hesitating)
Hypothetically, of course.

He looks out at the room and calls on --

MIKE

It's like scar tissue, man.

A few CHUCKLES from the side of the room. Mike shoots someone a look.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I've got scarring in my shoulder from football. The more scar tissue you remove, the worse it comes back.

MASTRO

OK?

MIKE

So you can file all the right motions. You might win some. But the more money you spend to defend yourself...you know, hypothetically...the more you look like some corrupt company that only cares about your stock price. And not about people. So you're still losing, and you're still stuck in a South American court...hypothetically.

MASTRO

Exactly. Exactly. So you do what.

He calls on TONY TURCHEK, 28, handsome and wiry.

TONY

Turn it around on him, man. Dig. Make it about *his* morality.

MIKE

Like go through his garbage?

TONY

Not in that suit, bro.

More laughs.

BECCA

The guy you're describing.

MASTRO

If he existed.

BECCA

Yeah. It's all about him, right? I know guys like this.

TONY

Mike.

MIKE

Fuck you.

MASTRO

Go on.

BECCA

Nobody that vain doesn't make a mess somewhere. Bragging about himself. Talking too much. Exaggerating.

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. NEW YORK CITY. TWO DAYS LATER.

Back in the fishbowl, except now, alongside the two teams of young Ivy League lawyers we saw last, is the Fordham team: Mike, Tony and Becca.

Mike is scrolling through the New York Times on his laptop.

Tony has headphones plugged into a laptop, and Becca is typing away.

LAWYER #1

(looking up from a thick journal, to Mike)

Gonna do the crossword, now that you've gone through all the other sections?

LAWYER #2

(too himself, loud enough for everyone)

I doubt very much he does the Thursday puzzle.

MIKE

Yeah, no, I'm not that sharp. Otherwise I'm sure I'd be poring over the, uh...

(peering over at the spine of the journal)

Berkley Journal of Employment and Labor Law. I hear they, like, worship that in Ecuador. It's like Maxim.

LAWYER #1

Not that you'd understand this, but the standing of multinational corporations to challenge foreign verdicts in American courts happens to be central to --

BECCA
Guys. Please. There's a rest room
down the hall if you really need to
whip them out.

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. CONTINUOUS.

Mastro, in the hallways, surveys the scene in the fishbowl
before walking in.

WEATHERFORD (O.S.)
New recruits, Randy?

ROLAND WEATHERFORD, late 60s, the managing partner, has
sidled up to Mastro and is looking through the glass.

MASTRO
An experiment, Roland. Fresh eyes.

WEATHERFORD
(wryly)
And who's paying them?

MASTRO
I am.
(as he opens the door the
fishbowl)
For now.

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. CONFERENCE ROOM. MINS LATER.

MASTRO
(to the Fordham team)
So?

BECCA
The lexis search here is like 12
times faster than school.

TONY
(mouth full)
Croissants are good too.

MASTRO
I'm glad we're accommodating you.

BECCA
This guy's given hundreds of
interviews. Don't know how he finds
time for anything else.

LAWYER #1
(looking at Mike, who's
reading the Times)
Like reading through Sports, you
mean.

MIKE
Actually, it's Arts. And I did find
something interesting.
(taps the screen)
From last month.

MASTRO
I thought we'd pulled all the
clips.

STEIN
Only the news pages.

MIKE
Little blurb says a documentary is
premiering at the Sundance Film
Festival. In...Wyoming I think?
(reading from the screen)
"The film gives a behind the scenes
look at the battle waged by
environmental hero Steven Donziger
against corporate titan Chevron."
(beat)
Oh -- Utah. Not Wyoming.

Off Mastro, intrigued.

EXT./INT. THEATER. SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL. PARK CITY, UTAH.
NIGHT.

Outside the theater, flash bulbs flash as Gretchen, Joe
Berlinger and Donziger pull up and exit a large black SUV.

Every 3rd or so person asks Donziger for his autograph or
picture and he happily signs/poses.

On the marquee we see: WORLD PREMIERE -- CRUDE: A NEW
DOCUMENTARY FILM BY JOSEPH BERLINGER

INT. THEATER. SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL. PARK CITY, UTAH. A HALF
HOUR LATER.

Becca and Mike sit in the crowded theater as the lights dim.

MIKE
(whispering)
You said you were going to put it
in your pocket.

BECCA
(rifling through her bag)
Have you seen these pants? I can't
fit a credit card in these pockets.

MIKE
Jesus.

BECCA
You weren't complaining when my ass
got us in here.
(pulling a battery pack
from the bag)
Voila!

The opening credits are starting to roll.

PATRON
Shhhh!

BECCA
(whispering)
Sorry!
(to Mike)
Here.

He takes the battery pack, attaches it to a small camcorder, turns it on, is illuminated briefly by the green ON light, which he quickly covers with his thumb.

Becca and Mike slump down in their seats as he trains the camera on the screen.

We SEE a quick POP of the screen through his viewfinder -- a huge 15 by 20 foot Donziger talking to Crojillo -- the scene we saw Donziger and Berlinger editing earlier.

INT. THEATER. SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL. PARK CITY, UTAH. TWO HOURS LATER.

Donziger, on stage, is bowing to THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE, a huge screen shot of the movie poster behind him. Berlinger and Morgan stand off to the side, beaming.

INT. THEATER. SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL. PARK CITY, UTAH.
CONTINUOUS.

As Berlinger answers questions about the movie from a pack of WRITERS, Morgan and a few ATTENDANTS lead Donziger through a rear door and into a hallway off stage.

As they briskly make their way down the hall --

MORGAN
(exuberant, overcome)
That was fantastic! What a night!

DONZIGER
They liked the film.

MORGAN
They loved it, Steven. It's going
to be terrific for us!

They pass a stairwell --

DONZIGER
Do we have a dinner reservation?

-- and as they do we see a couple pressed up against the wall, kissing and groping one another.

It's Mike and Becca.

They part lips and stare in disbelief at the spot where Donziger just passed.

Their faces say: was that *him*?

INT./EXT. MASTRO'S CAR. SUMMIT, NJ. EARLY MORNING.

A cold, gray early morning. Ryan, dressed in hockey gear, sits in the passenger seat of Mastro's Porsche Cayenne.

Ryan rubs sleep from his eyes, looks around at the quiet street and then up at the red light.

RYAN
Just go Dad. We're already late.

MASTRO
What?

RYAN
I'm going to have to skate fartleks
after practice if we're late again.

MASTRO
We don't run red lights.

RYAN
There's no one on the road.

MASTRO
Maybe we should stop by the 7-11
and steal some coffee.

Ryan's face says that's not the worst idea he's ever heard.

MASTRO (CONT'D)
(softer now)
Rules don't exist for when they're
convenient. The most important time
to follow the law is when you've
got a good reason not to.

RYAN
That makes no sense.

MASTRO
(looking at him)
Yes. It does. It's what holds the
whole system together, Ryan. We
don't get to pick the lights we
obey and the lights we run. Do you
get that?

RYAN
It's green dad. Can we go now?

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. NEW YORK CITY. AN HOUR LATER.

Mike and Tony are watching shaky, bootlegged documentary
footage of Donziger, scenes we've seen before.

MASTRO (O.S.)
Anything?

They turn to see Mastro, still dressed in the weekend polo
and khakis he was wearing in the car.

MIKE
Not really. Whole thing's a blow
job.

TONY
It's out on Netflix in a couple of
weeks, anyway.

MASTRO

That's ok, but burn me a copy of
what you got now, would you?

Back to the GRAINY SCREEN, which has now cut to the scene in
Zambrano's office, as Donziger is saying --

DONZIGER

While the third largest corporation
in the world accuses *me* of
intimidation! And sends its goons
to harrass me!

INT. RANDY MASTRO'S HOME, SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY. NIGHT.

We pan out from the screen and now we're in a mahogany
library lined with antique books.

Mastro, reclined on a leather couch, has the shaky video on
in the background. You can imagine it's been playing on a
loop for hours.

He reads a thick memo, looking up every so often to eye the
screen.

DONZIGER

(on the screen)

Abogado corrupto!!, ETC

Mastro looks up to see his wife, JONINE, 40s, lacrosse player
pretty, standing in the doorway in her pajamas.

SUSAN

I rolled over and poof, you'd
disappeared.

MASTRO

My mind was racing. Look at this
asshole.

SUSAN

It's 2:30 in the morning, Randy. I
think I won't.

(beat, as she walks away,
wryly)

That's what everyone says about
you, you know.

Off Mastro staring at the screen again.

INT. DONZIGER'S APARTMENT. EARLY MORNING.

Donziger's at his desk, a copy of the Wall Street Journal is folded to an article about Fajardo.

INTERCUT as needed with FAJARDO'S OFFICE in ECUADOR.

FAJARDO

You said we needed money for the appeals, Steven.

DONZIGER

Yeah, no. We do. But Gretchen's got it covered for now. It's a precarious time. We have to be methodical.

FAJARDO

Yes. But...I said nothing you yourself haven't, in many places...

DONZIGER

It's a good article, but it isn't helpful right now. Methodical. OK?

FAJARDO

(stung)
Methodical.

We HEAR Donziger's other line BEEP.

DONZIGER

It's Gretchen. I'll talk to you later.

And Donziger flips to the other line.

INT. DONZIGER'S UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT. MORNING.

Donziger and Laura face each other tensely across the new, half-finished kitchen island.

LAURA

You could have called her back after you dropped David.

DONZIGER

It's already late afternoon in Berlin.

LAURA

It's morning here and you're late.

Quick pop of David, backpack on, standing nearby and looking anxious.

DONZIGER

What is this?

LAURA

What is *this*? You're amazing sometimes.

(quieter so David doesn't hear)

The whole thing...*her*...why don't you tell me what that's about.

DONZIGER

(voice rising)

What are you saying?

LAURA

What do you think I'm saying?

DONZIGER

Gretchen makes the entire case possible. Without her support, we're done. You know that...For fuck's sake!

LAURA

Steven!

DAVID

Jar, daddy!

DONZIGER

(to David)

I know, buddy. I will.

(to Laura)

She's a patron. That's all.

LAURA

Oh that's all.

DAVID

Ms. Annie is gonna be mad if I'm late again.

DONZIGER

And when it's over --

LAURA

When what's over? The case? Her? Us?

DONZIGER

C'mon --

LAURA

(motioning around the
unfinished kitchen)

This was supposed to be the end,
not the beginning. 20 long years.
We're supposed to be living the
dream. And all you do is fawn over
some woman in Germany like a
lovesick teenager. *Another* woman.

DONZIGER

Let's not do that again.

LAURA

No, let's not. Let's not.

David's been clocking all this and his lip starts to quiver.

DONZIGER

I told you --

WHACK. His packed attache case lands squarely in his sternum,
and he manages to hold onto it while grimacing.

LAURA

(to David)

It's OK sweetheart. Just take Daddy
to school. You'll never get there
otherwise.

INT. RANDY MASTRO'S HOME, SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY. NIGHT.

Mastro walks in the door, tie still cinched up, leather
briefcase under his arm, to controlled chaos.

His kids are arguing, Jonine is on a phone call and the
Filipino NANNY is trying to tidy up.

They barely register his arrival.

Mastro goes over to the mail table, which is piled high in a
disorganized way.

He straightens the piles meticulously. Letters, magazines...

MASTRO

We still get *Ranger Rick*?

Then Mastro spots an envelope from Netflix, the old-fashioned red kind.

He tears it open.

INT. RANDY MASTRO'S HOME, SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY. NIGHT.

Mastro sits in his leather chair, papers arranged neatly around him.

He's watching the documentary out of one eye while he reads a research memo, which is open to surveillance photos of Donziger.

We recognize shots of Donziger flipping off the camera outside David's school.

On the TV screen, again, is the scene of Donziger talking into camera at Sacha Sur. Mastro glances at the TV over his glasses.

Then the TV shows Donziger and his team, as we saw earlier.

Mastro glances over again. Then he returns to his reading.

Something hits him. He bolts upright, and he gropes around for the remote.

He rewinds and replays the scene.

MASTRO
(confused)
...the fuck?

He hits rewind again.

TIME CUT TO 5 MINUTES LATER

Mastro's in his BEDROOM unplugging the bedroom TV and DVD player without much regard for how much noise he's making. Jonine wakes, clocks Randy, rolls her eyes and puts a pillow over her head.

TIME CUT TO 10 MINUTES LATER.

In the study, Mastro is hooking up the bedroom TV and DVD player. He's on his knees connecting cables, etc.

TIME CUT TO 15-20 MINUTES LATER.

Mastro stares hard at two versions of the doc in freeze frame, side by side. Both show a scene of Donziger's team huddled over topographical maps on the hood of a Jeep.

In one, a paunchy, sweaty Ecuadorian dude we may recognize from the group at Sacha Sur earlier.

But in the second version he's somehow...gone.

MASTRO
(tapping the screen)
Who are you, amigo?

He reaches for the phone.

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. NEW YORK CITY. EARLY MORNING.

MIKE
Carlos Beristain.

We see Mike, Becca, Tony, Stein and a few other lawyers gathered around Mastro's desk.

MASTRO
He's Ecuadorian.

MIKE
Spanish, actually.

TONY
Isn't that a kids' book? The
Berenstain Bears?

MASTRO
(ignoring Tony, per usual)
And he's an oncologist?

STEIN
More like a cancer researcher. He
studied the clusters around the oil
pits.

MASTRO
OK. So run this past me again. He
worked for...

MIKE
Cabrera.

STEIN

The judge appointed Richard Cabrera Vega as his *independent* scientific expert in the Chevron case. Cabrera's an engineer. He wrote a detailed report --

BECCA

(cutting in)

Three *thousand* pages --

STEIN

-- in which he relied heavily on Beristain's research into the cancer clusters.

MASTRO

So wait. Our Dr. Beristain is doing research for Mr. Cabrera, the court's impartial expert. Cabrera then issues his War-and-Peace size report to the judge. Which the judge then uses to hand down the largest verdict in the history of corporate litigation.

MIKE

Right.

MASTRO

Only somehow Beristain is huddling with Donziger at one of the most critical parts of the case.

MIKE

Right.

MASTRO

Except that when the final cut of the movie comes out, he's somehow been...I don't know...*disappeared*. Like he was never there.

BECCA

Yes.

MASTRO

I didn't even know you could do that.

TONY

You can do anything now. My mom,
she's got this hilarious Christmas
picture of all us with, like,
Chewbacca sitting in --

MASTRO

(cutting him off, shouting
into the hallway)
Chloe?! I need to see Judge Kaplan!

INT. NEW YORK STATE SUPERIOR COURT. NEW YORK CITY. DAY.

Mastro sits across from JUDGE LEWIS KAPLAN, 50s,
bespectacled, intense.

Kaplan has a massive stack of paper in front of him.

KAPLAN

(looking up)
All of it?

MASTRO

Outtakes, bloopers, whatever's
there.

(sensing Kaplan's
skepticism)

We've found multiple discrepancies
already. Altered footage, shortened
scenes. We believe we'll find a
pattern of corruption and a cover-
up that's material to our case.

KAPLAN

A case decided by and still under
the jurisdiction of an *Ecuadorian*
court.

MASTRO

Yes, but once we have these
materials, we'll be filing a motion
to nullify the verdict here.

KAPLAN

Didn't your client already get a
judge to *dismiss* the case here so
they could move it to Ecuador?

MASTRO

(smiling thinly)
Circumstances have changed.

KAPLAN

I see.

(beat as he peruses the
pages)

I don't have to tell you what the
free speech crowd will say about
this, Randy. Not to mention the
MPAA. Probably the Bar Association
too. This material belongs to a
filmmaker.

MASTRO

The filmmaker appears to be in
league with the plaintiff here,
Judge.

KAPLAN

Which could make the material
privileged, even if so.

MASTRO

Attorneys claim privilege. This
guy's a PR impresario who happens
to have a law degree.

(beat, then more
familiarly)

He's been playing the system, Lew.

Off Kaplan, brow-furrowed.

INT. DONZIGER'S UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT. MORNING.

Donziger, in his half-finished kitchen, signs a check and
rips it from the checkbook.

ESTEBAN

Fifteen.

DONZIGER

For the cabinets.

ESTEBAN

That was the first draw.

(re the check)

This twenty is for the next phase.

DONZIGER

(nodding at the half-hung
cabinets)

Why didn't I go into a business
where you're paid up front?

ESTEBAN

Que?

A cell phone is ringing.

DONZIGER

(to Esteban)

OK, OK. Hang onto that for a day or two so I can move some things around.

(answering his phone)

Steve Donziger.

(beat)

Wait. What?

(beat)

Joe. Calm down. A subpoena for what?

(beat)

That's outrageous. It's a first amendment violation! It'll never hold up!

(beat)

No! You can't do that!

(beat)

For Christ's sake, Joe, it's a judge's order, no one is burning anything. We'll file a motion. We'll fight it and we'll win.

INT. JUDGE LEWIS KAPLAN'S CHAMBERS. U.S. DISTRICT COURT, SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK. DAY.

Close up on Berlinger, seated. He looks petrified.

KAPLAN (O.S.)

Again. How did you meet this Mr. DeLeon?

PAN OUT to see a nervous Berlinger sitting in front of Kaplan's desk, flanked by Mastro on one side and Donziger on the other.

A group of other LAWYERS, male and female, hover near the windows.

BERLINGER

I, uh, think it was...um...

DONZIGER

DeLeon called me because he heard there was a movie in the works.

(MORE)

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

I'm sure I gave him Mr. Berlinger's number and --

KAPLAN

(holding up his hand)

Mr. Berlinger. I asked you.

BERLINGER

Yeah, I think Steve introduced us. DeLeon wanted the story to be told, you know.

KAPLAN

So he's a law school classmate of Mr. Donziger's here, and he contributed \$750,000 to your movie. Almost the entire budget.

DONZIGER

He made an investment, Judge. I had nothing to do with that.

BERLINGER

I mean, DeLeon basically said he wanted to, um, invest in the movie. It's really difficult to get funding for these films, but if they do well in foreign distribution, you can earn back --

DONZIGER

(cutting in again)

For crying out loud, your honor. Barack Obama went to law school with us too, but that doesn't mean his energy policy comes from me. There are plenty of --

KAPLAN

(exasperated)

Mr. Donziger! I was not asking you.

DONZIGER

Yes, your honor.

KAPLAN

(looking toward the window)

And Mr. Abrams? To whose largess do we owe your esteemed presence?

FLOYD ABRAMS, early 60s and sharply dressed, steps forward.

ABRAMS

Your honor, I represent in this matter the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal, the Washington Post, ABC, NBC, and CBS.

KAPLAN

Is that all.

ABRAMS

We've filed an amicus brief, your honor, which you should have, asking that Mr. Berlinger's tapes and notes be granted protection under the recognized code of journalistic freedom with which you are familiar.

KAPLAN

The New York Times believes this documentary is a journalistic enterprise?

ABRAMS

It does, your honor.

KAPLAN

Does the New York Times expect its profile subjects to go out and round up contributions for the paper, Mr. Abrams?

ABRAMS

We're of the mind that the nature of the funding is unconnected to the issue of journalistic legitimacy, your honor.

KAPLAN

(looking straight at Donziger)

Yes. So was Pravda.

INT. MICHAEL'S RESTAURANT. NEW YORK CITY. DAY.

Mastro and ARTHUR SULZBERGER, 50, publisher of the New York Times, sit at a prime table.

Mastro holds a paper folded to the editorial page.

MASTRO
 (mouth full of shrimp)
 I respectfully and fervently
 disagree.

SULZBERGER
 We took a reasonable stand, Randy.

MASTRO
 Arthur, Arthur.
 (swallowing, then reading
 from the paper)
 "Chevron's chainsaw-wielding
 lawyers are, in short, attempting
 to cut two key planks out from
 under the Constitution." Isn't that
 a tad dramatic?

SULZBERGER
 The Times takes both press freedom
 and attorney-client privilege
 seriously.

MASTRO
 (chuckles)
 Press freedom.

SULZBERGER
 Look, we were quiet, hell, even
 supportive for your hardball stunts
 at City Hall. But you've lost your
 compass here.

Mastro's blackberry buzzes on the table. As he glances down --

SULZBERGER (CONT'D)
 You think I want to be paying Floyd
 Abrams by the hour for this? My
 family's always gone to court to
 uphold the First Amendment.
 Sullivan, the Pentagon Papers, the -
 -

MASTRO
 (looking up from his
 phone)
 Yeah, well, you can stop paying
 Abrams.

SULZBERGER
 Why's that?

MASTRO
 Because I just won.

EXT. INTERSECTION OF CENTRAL PARK WEST AND 71ST STREET. DAY.

Donziger, David, and Laura hold hands on the corner. David holds a wrapped present.

Donziger starts to cross the street, but David holds back.

DAVID
The little man isn't white yet.

DONZIGER
We don't always have to do what the white man tells us, buddy.

LAURA
Steven.

DAVID
It's the rule.

DONZIGER
I know sweetie. But what's my job?

DAVID
Keep me safe.

DONZIGER
Right. So would I let us walk into the street if it weren't safe?

David ponders this as his Dad pulls him into the empty intersection.

Laura is shaking her head.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
He's already late. It's fine.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK PLAYGROUND. 40 MINUTES LATER.

David is running all over with a group of other BOYS and GIRLS.

Donziger and Laura sit on a bench eating birthday cake.

LAURA
So what *does* it mean then?

Donziger is looking past her to the street, a suspicious look on his face.

DONZIGER

It'll be okay. Maybe a little embarrassing. Some of the footage isn't helpful.

LAURA

Pablo warned you.
(shouting at the
playground)
David, be gentle!

DONZIGER

I had some doubts.
(still eyeing the street)
I knew we let the cameras in too much some of the time.

Laura follows his gaze.

LAURA

There's no one there.

DONZIGER

They're there. Fuckers are always there.

LAURA

You let them in. The cameras.

DONZIGER

Worth the gamble. The movie is immeasurably important to the case.

LAURA

Your gamble.

A beat. She decides to press on.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Not enough for you to fight the good fight. The whole world has to see you soaring. Has to validate you. Never a private moment. That's what gets you into trouble, Steve.

DONZIGER

It was a *strategic* decision to benefit the case.

(beat)

And I'm not in trouble.

LAURA

You sure?

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. NEW YORK CITY. MORNING.

We're watching a jumpy, filmed scene of Donziger drinking beer at an Ecuadorian restaurant, surrounded by Fajardo, Russell, and Raigosa.

ON THE SCREEN:

DONZIGER

The data has to be very clear about this. We need PAH readings on the upper end of the estimates.

RUSSELL

We should have those.

DONZIGER

I mean, if the readings are on the high end, maybe 10 times what Chevron has maintained --

The camera pans out to show two other men we've seen before at the table: Cabrera and Beristain.

RUSSELL

10 might be high --

DONZIGER

-- we can jack the verdict up past \$30 billion!

Cabrera belly laughs.

CABRERA

Mi dio! Steven.

DONZIGER

We can give you that, Richard! I think we can actually make the data support that recommendation! Then the verdict writes itself!

The screen freezes.

Pan out to see Mastro and a half dozen of his associates, watching in the fish bowl.

MASTRO

That's him?

STEIN

Richard Vega Cabrera. The court's *independent* engineering expert, sitting next to Dr. Beristain, the guy who was erased from the first movie.

MASTRO

(shakes his head)
They're telling him what his recommendation should be.

MIKE

After they tell him what the scientific data will show.

STEIN

(hitting a button on the remote)
Watch this.

Now we're watching the end of a scene we've seen before -- the chaotic melee in Judge Zambrano's office. Our POV, as before, is from outside the office, but this time we hear the audio.

STEIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(pointing at the screen)
This is Zambrano, the judge.
Donziger's supposedly gone back in to 'get his jacket.'

DONZIGER

We owe you, Judge.

The screen freezes.

STEIN (O.S.)

This is where the movie cuts off.
Now watch.

The screen unfreezes.

Donziger retrieves an envelope from the jacket pocket and hands it to a dubious Zambrano. The whole interaction takes less than a second.

Donziger whispers something unintelligible.

MASTRO

What does he say there?

TONY
There's your bribe, amigo!

MASTRO
I want to know what he says there.

MIKE
You know, pretty much everyone down there pays 'consulting fees' to judges and witnesses. It's totally normal to --

They've all turned and are looking at Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What? Chevron did it hundreds of times.
(beat)
I'm just saying.

MASTRO
We have *Donziger* on tape.
(nodding to Becca)
Start it back up.

She does and Mastro is immediately grabbed by something on the screen.

We SEE what Mastro sees: footage of Donziger on a private jet, feet propped up, head down, scribbling thoughtfully in a leather-bound journal.

We hear people talking and laughing all around him, but Donziger is absorbed.

We HOLD on that for a few seconds.

MASTRO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What's he writing. What is that?

MIKE
Some kind of ledger?

MASTRO
(watches intently)
Whatever it is, I want it.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE. NEW YORK CITY. DAY.

Donziger and Fajardo are joined by 15-20 MEMBERS OF THE COFAN TRIBE, in native garb, in the middle of Times Square.

A phalanx of cameras and reporters listen while Donziger holds forth.

DONZIGER

They can smear the integrity of the Ecuadorian legal system. They can try to destroy one of the most admired independent documentary filmmakers in America. But Chevron cannot sully the righteousness of the Cofan people, and it cannot bury the truth in some swampy pit. The verdict here stands, and we're confident it will be enforced. Any other questions?

MAN

Right here, Steve.
(as he hands an envelope
to Donziger, who
reflexively accepts it)
How's it feel to get served?

INT./EXT. DONZIGER'S UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT. MORNING.

We're inside a car looking at the outside of Donziger's building from across the street.

It takes a beat but we realize we're with the CHEVRON GOONS/G-MEN in the surveillance car watching Donziger's apartment building.

GOON 1 looks up from his Post to see Laura coming back down the sidewalk carrying a few bags of groceries.

She reaches the door to the apartment building, tries to get it open while holding her bags, but drops one.

She leans over to pick it up.

GOON 1

(lascivious)

Mm, mm, mm.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK. We SEE 15 camera shots of Laura, her ass toward us.

INT. DONZIGER'S UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT. MORNING.

Chaos. David is holding two toy planes and appears to be re-enacting the Battle of Midway with about the same VOLUME.

Laura is sitting on the couch, surrounded by grocery bags, holding the subpoena, verging on tears.

LAURA
Tell me what it means.

DONZIGER
It won't happen. No court will ever
allow them to just trample through--

LAURA
Tell me Steven!

DONZIGER
Correspondence. Emails.

VRROOM. ZOOM. ACK ACK ACK ACK!!

LAURA
Our emails?

DONZIGER
And some, uh, personal papers. You
know. Things I've...uhh...

LAURA
(realizing what he can't
bring himself to say)
Diaries?!

Beat while he stares at her and David SHOTS a pilot out of the sky. CRASH!!

LAURA (CONT'D)
(hard, but quietly for
David's sake)
Your fucking diaries?! Steven!

DONZIGER
Calm down.

BOOM! GOT YOU PLANE 17! CRASH!

LAURA
Did you write about us? About her?

DONZIGER
(eyeing David)
Of course not.

LAURA
Oh my God, how humiliating.

DONZIGER
There's nothing to write! It's a
record of the case, that's all.

VREEEEWWWWWWW...!

LAURA
That's all?

DONZIGER
(carefully)
The judge won't let them walk in
here and take my diaries, any more
than they can walk in and take
David.

David stops ZOOMING his planes and looks up, scared.

DAVID
Who's taking *me*?

LAURA
No sweetie. No one is ever taking
you. Daddy's being an a--
(shoots Donziger a 'what
the fuck' look)
It's a figure of speech,
sweetheart.
(to Donziger)
The judge hates you. You said that.

DONZIGER
There are limits.

LAURA
This is our *life*, Steven.

INT. U.S. DISTRICT COURT, SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK. DAY.

DONZIGER
It's unprecedented!

He's walking briskly down a hallway, practically chasing
after Judge Kaplan.

KAPLAN
There will be plenty of time later
to determine what's germane and
what isn't.

DONZIGER

(still trying to keep up)
It's a gross violation of attorney-
client privilege and my privacy,
Your Honor. They're private papers!

KAPLAN

In which you apparently recorded
information relevant to the case.

DONZIGER

In my *private* moments!

KAPLAN

In a movie, Mr. Donziger! Your
drama for the ages!
(reaching his chambers)
You want to talk about
unprecedented? How about counsel
waiving any privilege by letting a
film crew follow him everywhere but
the toilet?
(beat)
What choice did you leave me?

DONZIGER

(taking hold of the
judge's arm)
Judge. They're trying to destroy my
life here.

KAPLAN

(removing Donziger's hand)
You will behave as an officer of
the court, Mr. Donziger.
(beat)
You're not in Ecuador now.

INT. DONZIGER'S UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Donziger's in the basement, lit by a single hanging light
bulb.

A brazen, determined look in his eyes, he's surrounded by
black trash bags full of papers, file boxes, and two computer
hard drives.

He's stoking the big old incinerator by crumpling and tossing
in old pieces of newspaper while he pumps the hand blower.

The incinerator ROARS.

TIME CUT TO FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER:

Donziger stands there, staring straight ahead into the fire, which is now dwindling, a vacant look on his face. The bags and boxes next to him untouched.

INT. DONZIGER'S UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Donziger, defeated, sweating and breathing heavily, lugs the still-full bags and boxes back up the service stairwell.

INT. DONZIGER'S UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT. THE NEXT EVENING.

Two FEDERAL MARSHALS in the foyer lift massive boxes -- the same ones we saw in the opening sequence -- and disappear out the front door.

Donziger examines a writing journal ruefully, then puts it into the one remaining box and closes the lid.

He lifts the box and hands it to a third MARSHAL, who's waiting.

DONZIGER

Last one.

The marshal is staring at something over Donziger's shoulder.

MARSHAL

What's that one?

We SEE David playing an Elmo game on an iMac in the still-unfinished kitchen.

DONZIGER

That belongs to my wife and son.

MARSHAL

(stepping toward the
kitchen)

Afraid we'll need it.

DONZIGER

Now hold on. It's for games!
Recipes! I don't even know the
password.

MARSHAL
Sorry. That's the order.

DONZIGER
Hold on!

MARSHAL
(to David)
Sorry, son.

The marshal pulls the plug from the wall and lifts the computer.

DAVID
Daddy!

DONZIGER
You've got to be kidding me! You
can't do that!

As he looks pained and helpless --

DONZIGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Of course I know about his call
girls.
(beat)
Zambrano *knows* we know about the
girls, because we're the ones who
paid for them.

FADE TO BLACK, as the voice continues --

DONZIGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He knows he has to appoint
whichever independent expert we
choose. Which means Cabrera will
get the job eventually. We just
have to get Zambrano to stop
dragging his feet and do what we
tell him.

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. NEW YORK CITY. DAY.

Donziger's leather-bound journals are being unpacked one at a time from the box we saw in the opening sequence, as we HEAR him speak.

The next entry we hear in Donziger's voice layers over the first, which continues on in the background, so that we are now hearing two entries at once.

DONZIGER (V.O.)
 Cabrera knows as much about
 remediating oil pits as I do about
 opera. I keep telling him to just
 calm down until we have the --

Now a TYPIST, 30s, is transcribing one of the journals at a
 computer, as we begin to hear yet another diary entry layered
 on top of the other two --

DONZIGER (V.O.)
 -- and this new president is with
 us, but as long as Chevron is
 paying off the military and the
 courts, we can't know how steady --

And another.

DONZIGER (V.O.)
 -- thank god she tells me whenever
 they show up for a clandestine
 meeting. Is it still prostitution
 if it's for a good cause --

And now we SEE a dozen transcribers, all of them typing in
 text from Donziger's journals and notebooks.

And our ears are assaulted with everything they're typing all
 at once -- a CACOPHONY of DONZIGER'S VOICE, 10, 12, 15 diary
 entries being read all at once -- his thoughts and
 confessions spilling out in every direction.

INT. THE YALE CLUB. NEW YORK CITY. EVENING.

Mastro sits in a leather clubman chair sipping a scotch and
 reading a legal brief.

Kaplan sits down next to him.

KAPLAN
 (leaning in quietly)
 I've gotten no less than three
 dirty looks in here already
 tonight.

MASTRO
 (looking around)
 You're blaming me?

KAPLAN

I'm a Clinton appointee, remember?
I don't like letting corporate
behemoths run around ransacking
lawyers' homes.

MASTRO

(conspiratorially)
You're on the side of the angels,
Lew.

KAPLAN

Am I.

MASTRO

You won't believe it. I can hardly
believe it.

KAPLAN

(holding up a hand)
I don't want to hear anymore. Save
it for court.

EXT. AMSTERDAM AVENUE 24-HOUR PARKING. NIGHT.

Outside a parking garage, Donziger and Laura stand, bundled
up, by an idling old Honda Accord, packed with bags and
belongings.

David's in his car seat.

DONZIGER

You sure the transmission isn't
going to go out again?

LAURA

They said it has another seven or
eight hundred miles on it.

DONZIGER

Because it's going to be cold
tonight and I don't want you guys
stuck on the side of the Palisades
Parkway.

LAURA

We'll be fine. But we really do
have to go. I can't wake up my
parents too late.

Donziger nods, goes around to David's window, knocks on it.

DAVID
(smiling through the
window)
Come in!

Donziger opens the door.

DONZIGER
OK little man. What's your job?

DAVID
Keep Mommy safe.

DONZIGER
That's right buddy. That's right.

David throws his arms around his dad. Donziger squeezes him, buries his face in his little neck and closes his eyes.

They hold each other for a long time, then David lets go and Donziger tries to buckle him back in his car seat.

But he can't make the buckle work.

Laura walks around the car, buckles it in two seconds.

She kisses Donziger on the cheek.

LAURA
Good luck babe.

DONZIGER
I love you.

A long beat as she walks back around the car.

LAURA
You too.

INT. DONZIGER'S UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Donziger sits on the floor of his SON'S ROOM with a sad, beaten stare.

He grabs the stuffed giraffe on the floor. He looks at it, holds it up to his face and smells it for a long beat.

He drops his forehead onto his knees. We hold on him for a beat.

Then his head suddenly pops up.

CUT TO: DONZIGER'S OFFICE. AN HOUR LATER.

Donziger's working at a frenzied pace at his desk. He drinks coffee while he flips back and forth between an atlas and a spreadsheet -- jotting down numbers, notes, country abbreviations.

He picks up the phone to dial.

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. NEW YORK CITY. NIGHT.

Becca, Tony and Stein are laughing and eating pizza and beer in the fishbowl.

Mike notably sits a little removed from the group.

TONY
You would not.

BECCA
I would! He's such a dog.

TONY
Make your husband wear a condom?

STEIN
If he were my husband, I would.
Cocktail waitresses in Quito? Yes.

TOM
Remember that old SNL skit -- why
wear a condom, when am I ever going
to be in *Haiti* again??

They all HOWL, except Mike.

MIKE
(shaking his head)
All right already.

TONY
(to Becca)
But would you do a three-way with
him and
(affecting a German
accent)
...zee heiress Morgan?

BECCA

I've seen pictures. She's hot for 50.

MIKE

Just stop.

BECCA

What, you don't think you can be 50 and hot?

TONY

She's hot. For sure.
(swiveling to look at
Becca's laptop)
Find me those pictures.

Off Mike looking depressed.

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. NEW YORK CITY. EVENING.

Mastro is reading by lamp light at his desk when there's a knock at the door.

MASTRO

Help you?

MIKE

(sheepishly)
Yeah.
(beat)
I'm gonna go back to school.

MASTRO

(not looking up)
See you tomorrow.

MIKE

No. I mean, I think I'm leaving.
The case.

MASTRO

(surprised)
I can get you guys a little more money.

MIKE

It's not the money.

MASTRO

School can wait, trust me. You're learning more here --

MIKE

I know.

(beat)

Learning some about myself, too.

MASTRO

What's that mean, Mike?

MIKE

It means that when I broke my back doing pipe fitting for three years so I could squirrel away the money for law school, this isn't what I thought it'd be like.

Mastro gives him a look like 'go on.'

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look, he's not the pope, I get that. It's just, we're gonna destroy this guy's whole life. *I'm* doing that.

(beat)

And I'm doing it for a fucking oil company that did some really awful shit to truly innocent people.

MASTRO

(containing himself)

Why then?

MIKE

Why what?

MASTRO

Why'd you want to become an attorney?

MIKE

You'll think it's cheesy.

MASTRO

Try me.

MIKE

To give people a voice. People like I grew up with. Who didn't know lawyers and always got fucked over.

A beat.

MASTRO

You're wrong.

MIKE

OK.

MASTRO

You're not doing this for Chevron.

MIKE

OK.

MASTRO

Mike, all these things you *think* make you want to be a lawyer. Holding power accountable. Leveling the playing field. All of it rests on rules, and the idea that the rules apply the same to everyone. Whether you're a venal oil company or some farmer in the Amazon with a bone through your nose. It doesn't work if the guy with the good cause can use that cause to lie. Manipulate. Smear. Now I don't happen to think Steven Donziger has a good cause, and I don't think he's a good man. But what matters is the same law that applies to us has to apply to him. Or else no one can believe in it, and nothing good can come of it.

Mike looks surprised -- he hadn't considered the argument.

MIKE

(wavering)

Maybe. I mean, maybe you're right.

MASTRO

Now go back to law school. And when you graduate go join the Southern Poverty Law Center or whatever.

MIKE

(trying to backtrack)

Maybe I just need --

MASTRO

But when you do, remember that your ability to take up causes rests on the back of attorneys like me who believe everyone -- the poor black murder defendant and the rich white CEO -- everyone deserves the same code of law.

A long beat.

MASTRO (CONT'D)
(hard)
Now get out.

INT. SUITE 4411, THE PLAZA ATHENEE HOTEL. NEW YORK CITY.
EVENING.

A BELLMAN sets down a tray of tea in front of Donziger, who sits on a floral couch.

MORGAN (O.S.)
It's a Gestapo tactic. And I know something about Gestapo.

DONZIGER
(to the bellman)
Thank you.
(to Morgan)
They've given up on the merits of the case. The strategy now is to ruin me personally.

MORGAN
(sitting down next to him)
How embarrassing?

DONZIGER
It's petty shit. Mostly about the case. But some mentions of Laura, our marriage.
(glances at her sheepishly)
Women.

MORGAN
Oh, Steven.

She puts her hand on his arm, he perks up.

DONZIGER
I have a plan.

MORGAN
I'm listening.

DONZIGER
Chevron operates in 84 countries. It produces 300 million gallons of crude oil every day. 10 million in reserves.

MORGAN

OK.

DONZIGER

43 billion dollars sunk into Australia alone. 13 projects in the Niger Delta.

MORGAN

OK.

DONZIGER

So we go after the assets separately. If the U.S. Courts won't force them to pay, then find countries that will. We file everywhere. We tell the governments in those countries if Chevron can't be compelled to honor Ecuadorian law, it won't honor your laws either. Or anyone else's. The corporation becomes a kind of superstate unto itself.

MORGAN

(intrigued)

Will that work?

DONZIGER

All we need are a couple of countries willing to shut down operations or seize the rigs. That'll drop their stock price massively, and if it goes down enough, paying us will seem cheap.

(beat)

But for us...it's expensive. We have to file in at least half a dozen countries right now, just to be credible.

MORGAN

(after a long pause)

It's brilliant Steve. I'll take care of you.

DONZIGER

(grateful)

You always do.

INT. RANDY MASTRO'S HOME, SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY. NIGHT.

Mastro is on the phone with an agitated O'Reilly.

We INTERCUT between Mastro's home (where he is watching a Devils game with his sons) and O'Reilly's office.

MASTRO

I'm not following, Dave.

O'REILLY

Hew and I just got off the phone
with our counsel in Stockholm.
Donziger's filing to collect.

MASTRO

In Sweden?

O'REILLY

And God knows where else. He's
expanding the playing field.

MASTRO

He's desperate.

O'REILLY

You told us we had him on the run,
Randy.

MASTRO

You've seen the diary excerpts.
Kaplan's not going to honor that
verdict.

O'REILLY

Maybe not. But you're talking about
a case. I'm talking about what
happens when the markets open. You
understand?

Off Mastro closing his eyes in frustration.

O'REILLY (CONT'D)

I need you to *fix* this.

An announcer on the TV screams --

ANNOUNCE (O.S.)

He shoots...SAVE!

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM. OWNER'S BOX. NIGHT.

We're seated behind two MEN who are on the front row, right off the field. They frame our screen for this entire scene, though we don't see their faces.

Mastro is on our left, RUDY GIULIANI is on our right.

They're wearing heavy coats.

Giuliani finishes chewing a bite of hot dog.

GIULIANI

Can't expect a guy like that to
just melt away, Randy. He's
delusional.

(shuddering)

Shouldn't play night games in
April. I've told them that.

MASTRO

It's about the TV, Rudy.

GIULIANI

He's on TV?

MASTRO

No, the games. It's about the
revenue.

GIULIANI

Did you learn nothing working for
me? Guy like this, you got to kick
him till he's dead, then kick him
again. Remember the longshoremen?

MASTRO

(laughing)

Can't forget. A war.

GIULIANI

That's what you're dealing with. A
fucking mobster.

Beat while Mastro has an idea. He looks at Giuliani as if
he's never seen him before.

GIULIANI (CONT'D)

(re Mastro's look)

What?

FAN (O.S.)

Ru-dy! Ru-dy!

Giuliani smiles and waves at someone.

GIULIANI
(under his breath)
Jackass.

INT. BLUE WATER GRILL. UNION SQUARE. NEW YORK CITY. DAY.

Two reporters, WILL and PATRICK, both 30s, sit across from an animated Donziger, a massive seafood platter and a bottle of white wine separating them.

DONZIGER
(slurping oysters)
Have you ever been to Estonia?

They shake their heads.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
Married?

WILL
Nope.

PATRICK
Me either.

DONZIGER
(motioning to the platter)
Eat something for Chrissake. You should go, because that's the place to find yourself a wife. Good lord.
(beat while he eats)
In Estonia alone, tiny little Estonia, Chevron has \$112 million in assets. \$112 *million*. That's not \$19 billion, but it's not nothing either.

The reporters nod.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
I spoke to President Ilves myself -- we spent some time at Harvard together. He hates big oil. We're going to beat them there, you watch.
(beat, a gulp of wine)
For 20 years this has been the story. They think they got us, and then we come back.
(MORE)

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
Have you seen their stock price
since we announced the new filings?
Down 16%.

(beat, another gulp)
We've still got the better hand.
Truthfully, I've always found, when
you're fighting for the good guys,
you always have the better hand.

Almost simultaneously all three iphones on the table begin to
vibrate. The reporters silence theirs.

Donziger checks the number on his, surprised.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
(to the reporters)
You guys mind?

PATRICK
Not at all.

DONZIGER
(into the phone)
I'm wrapping up an interview here.
What's up?
(beat)
Say again?

The reporters have used the rare break in Donziger's
soliloquy to check their email.

Their eyes grow wide and they look at each other.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
(struggling to keep his
composure)
I'll be right there.

As he hangs up he's already sliding out of the booth.

WILL
Um..RICO stands for...?

PATRICK
Racqueteering and organized crime.

DONZIGER
(ignoring them)
Sorry to run, gentlemen.

WILL
Isn't that how they charge drug
runners? Mobsters?

DONZIGER
 (flustered)
 Nobody's charging anybody. Don't
 write that.

PATRICK
 Ok, but I'm gonna need a quote,
 Steve.

DONZIGER
 (turning to leave)
 Later. I'll call you.

PATRICK
 (shouting at Donziger's
 back as he leaves)
 Still think you've got the better
 hand?!

As Donziger races out, Patrick and Will look down ruefully at
 the expensive food as the check arrives.

INT. THE YALE CLUB. DAY.

Mastro sits at a white tablecloth table as the MAITRE'D,
 proper, 50s, arrives at the table with an actual phone.

MAITRE'D
 Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Mastro.
 Urgent call for you.

MASTRO
 (taking the phone, to the
 Maitre'd)
 This is why the no cell phone thing
 is really impractical, Terry.
 (into the phone)
 Randy Mastro.
 (beat)
 Always for you, Diego.
 (long beat while he looks
 intrigued)
 To me? About what?
 (beat)
 Fuck, yes.

The maitre'd's eyes say here's clearly a no cursing policy as
 well.

MASTRO (CONT'D)
 Tell Senor Cabrera I'll get the
 first flight out tomorrow.

EXT. QUITO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

Quick POP of a United Airlines plane landing at the airport, which is at 10,000 feet, surrounded by mountains. It's arresting.

INT. PARADISO JARDIM HOTEL. QUITO, ECUADOR. DAY.

Mastro sits on a couch next to Larrea. They say nothing. A tape recorder sits on the table.

They look at each other, perplexed.

Cabrera sits in an armchair opposite them. His legs are crossed and he seems to be enjoying himself.

MASTRO

Say that again?

CABRERA

Donziger told me he could get me the job as the court expert. He had some, how do you say...influence. With the judge.

MASTRO

Influence.

CABRERA

Yes. A relationship.

MASTRO

And in return for the job. He had some expectation from you?

CABRERA

(unbothered)

Oh yes. He and his engineering firm. The one from Colorado.

MASTRO

Stratus.

CABRERA

Yes, Stratus. They would write the report.

He lets this sink in.

MASTRO

He paid you. To accept his own report.

CABRERA

There was a consulting fee involved.

MASTRO

And the verdict. Did Zambrano come up with the ruling himself?

Cabrera stifles a laugh.

MASTRO (CONT'D)

So Donziger wrote the opinion? And paid Judge Zambrano as well?

CABRERA

Senor Mastro. You must understand. This is not your federal court. We have our own...methodology?

MASTRO

Which is to rent out justice to wealthy foreigners.

Cabrera LAUGHS heartily.

CABRERA

For many years, Chevron did not complain about that.

Larrea shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

MASTRO

I appreciate you're reaching out. This is very important perspective. You'll agree to be deposed and testify in New York?

Cabrera pauses, looks down at the recorder.

CABRERA

(cagily)

Oh. Well. I don't know. Things gets confused.

MASTRO

Confused.

CABRERA

This is why I wanted to see you personally. I am very busy. I forget things.

MASTRO
(realizing the play now)
I think I see. You want...you're
proposing we compensate you for
your testimony.

Cabrera looks hard now at Larrea who shifts around
uncomfortably and won't meet Cabrera's look.

MASTRO (CONT'D)
That's not going to happen.

CABRERA
(disappointed)
Ah.

MASTRO
That business ends today.

EXT. LAURA'S PARENT'S HOUSE. BINGHAMTON, NY. NIGHT.

Donziger and Laura sit in a small sitting room, next to an
electric heater.

They look down at their steaming mugs of coffee.

The room is decorated like an old person's house -- doilies
on the table, different flower patterns on the sofa, chair,
curtains.

LAURA
(quiet, chastened)
They offered to settle once before,
is all I'm saying. You could
approach them and see.

DONZIGER
That was years ago. And it was
paltry. A joke.

LAURA
Was it less than zero?
(looking at him hard)
Because that's what you have now.

DONZIGER
Our new strategy will work.

LAURA
Pablo says it could be years before
any other country acts against
Chevron.

DONZIGER

Pablo went to night school in Ecuador.

She looks at him differently, appalled.

LAURA

And meanwhile. My personal computer belongs to Chevron. You've been hit with a RICO suit. You personally, like some mob boss.

DONZIGER

That's just --

LAURA

Our home has been raided, probably bugged. These thugs follow you around. David is scared, and so am I. I'm living with our son at my *parents house*. And just by the way, we are *completely* out of money. Not even your fantasy-land accounting can change that.

(beat)

You, we, are patently *not* in a *strong position, goddamit*.

(long beat)

I love your ability to see the silver lining, but sometimes there's just reality, Steven.

DONZIGER

This is my life's work. Literally. Bigger than Big Tobacco. And I promised the Cofan, and I promised Pablo, after those bastards took his brother --

LAURA

(incredulous)

Don't you think I've heard this before? I know it's big, Steven! You're big. You always have been, and it's probably why I fell in love with you. Everything about you is big. Your appetites. Your personality -- my God. Everything you do. The world needs that kind of bigness.

DONZIGER

Then --

LAURA

But we need something else
sometimes. Life can't *just* be big.
It's the small things, Steven, the
accretion of small things that make
a life.

We HEAR a crying sound down the hallway.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Sometimes destroying a huge
corporation isn't the most
important thing. Sometimes it's
just picking your son up from
school on time.

(getting up)

Do whatever you want. You always
do. But don't come back up here
until you've got a handle on
things. It's too upsetting for him.

(beat)

And for me.

She walks out.

INT./EXT. DONZIGER'S OLD CAR. NIGHT.

Donziger drives back to the city in the blinding snow. The
car is silent, save for the sound of the mostly-frozen
windshield wipers working overtime.

He looks down at the dashboard, where the fuel light has been
illuminated for awhile. He's running on fumes.

On the dark back road it's not clear when he'll next pass any
civilization.

He slows down and turns off the heater to conserve gas.

Then, over the hill he sees a light. A four-way stop with a
gas station. Halle-fucking-lujah!

As he gets closer we can read the glowing sign through the
snow: *AL'S CHEVRON, CHEAP GAS, COLD BEER, LIVE BAIT*. And
under it: *Last GAS for 32 Mi.*

DONZIGER

Jesus christ.

EXT. AL'S CHEVRON. NIGHT.

With snow and wind whipping around him, Donziger fills up his car, the big CHEVRON sign illuminating the whole parking lot.

INT./EXT. THE JUNGLE OUTSIDE LAGO AGRIO, ECUADOR. DAY.

Mastro bumps along in the back seat of a jeep. Larrea sits in the front passenger seat.

Mastro is studying the same scenery out the window we've seen before with Donziger.

Again we see the tiny wooden houses on stilts, chickens, poor skinny KIDS, the endless oil pipeline.

LARREA
Not exactly an ecological
holocaust, is it.

EXT. WELL NUMBER 33. OUTSIDE LAGO AGRIO, ECUADOR. DAY.

In a clearing in the jungle, Mastro, Larrea and the CHEVRON DRIVER, 30s, American, stand on the edge of a medium-sized pond.

The pond appears to have moss or algae growing across it.

LARREA
Beautiful spot, no?

CHEVRON DRIVER
(to Mastro)
So this is one of the places where
the tree-huggers claim the water is
too toxic to clean yourself. They
claim it hardens on the surface.
(picking up a small rock)
Look at this.

He throws the rock out at the pond. It hits the top of the "water" and skitters to a stop, still on the surface.

CHEVRON DRIVER (CONT'D)
(embarrassed)
Picked one too small.

He picks up another rock, this one about twice the size. He throws it out at the pond, harder this time.

It lands with a thud, the surface cracks, but does not break.
The rock slides to a stop.

LARREA
(pointing at a much bigger
stone)
Try that one.

The driver tries to pick it up, but it's stuck in the earth.
Larrea helps him dig it out.

They lift it up and it makes a sucking SOUND as they pull it
from the muck.

A filmy water oozes out near Mastro's feet.

MASTRO
What's that?

CHEVRON DRIVER
Bog water. It's a rainforest. Place
is oozing with weird shit. All
natural though, been this way for a
million years.

Mastro kneels down, looks more closely.

He dips his fingers into the hole, comes out with the same
tar-like substance we saw earlier stuck to his fingers.

MASTRO
(smelling his fingers)
My car would run on this.

CHEVRON DRIVER
(holding the large stone)
Lemme just show you here how this
one goes through, so you can see
what I mean.

Off Mastro looking disgusted.

INT. FAJARDO'S OFFICE. EVENING.

Fajardo, in the office we saw earlier, answers the phone. We
notice the office is nicer, redecorated.

FAJARDO
La Frente.
(beat)
This is he.

His face changes from calm to very nervous.

FAJARDO (CONT'D)
 I don't think I should be --
 (long beat)
 OK. OK.
 (beat)
 I suppose I could. What hotel?
 (jotting a note)
 OK. In the morning.

Fajardo hangs up the phone. He still looks concerned. He picks up the phone to dial an international number with a 212 prefix, but he stops halfway, pauses for a beat...hangs up the phone.

EXT. COFAN VILLAGE, 30 MILES OUTSIDE LAGO AGRIO. MORNING.

Fajardo and Mastro stand together near a creek.

Kids are bathing in the creek, mothers are washing clothes in it. An old man fishes nearby.

Fajardo is kneeling by the water.

FAJARDO
 Just smell it.

Mastro leans over, sniffs the water. His face tells us all we need to know.

FAJARDO (CONT'D)
 It has 40k times the level of TPH
 in it than what the State of Texas
 would deem healthy. That's 100,000
 times more than what your EPA would
 say is ok.
 (beat)
 It's poison.

EXT. COFAN VILLAGE, 30 MILES OUTSIDE LAGO AGRIO. MORNING.

Fajardo is pulling a stick out of a pond. It's covered in thick black sludge. He slathers it on a piece of paper so Mastro can see it better.

FAJARDO
 Highly toxic tar. It's in the water
 table.
 (MORE)

FAJARDO (CONT'D)
You drink or eat anything around
here, you're drinking and eating
this.

EXT. COFAN VILLAGE, 30 MILES OUTSIDE LAGO AGRIO. MORNING.

Mastro and Fajardo walk silently down a narrow dusty dirt road past ramshackle houses. The people are poor in a way you just don't see in the US.

They stop near a stoop where two kids, RAMON, 8 and EDUARDO, 12 are sitting.

They're the same age as Mastro's kids, but they're much smaller, sickly looking, in discarded American clothes.

They're sitting on the dirty floor playing a game with rocks and a string.

As Mastro and Fajardo approach, Eduardo looks over at them and we see what has been obscured from view -- a *huge goiter* on the left side of his neck.

It's shocking, but Mastro manages to keep his composure.

FAJARDO
The Gutierrez kids. Mom's had four
miscarriages. They've lost two
siblings. Also the dad, a
fisherman. 41.
(beat)
All to cancer.

The boys, who gave a polite smile, have gone back to playing their game.

Mastro lets out a long SIGH. The boys clock it, they turn and give him a warm, if slightly wary smile.

He smiles back. It's as genuine a smile as we've ever seen from him.

Fajardo turns and begins to walk away, but Mastro stands there for a long beat, just staring.

Then he SNAPS a photo.

INT. UNITED AIRLINES 777 FLIGHT. QUITO, ECUADOR TO JFK.
NIGHT.

On the plane in a huge first class seat, Mastro, with a huge
have steaming steak dinners in front of him, stares across
the aisle at a BOY, about 10, white.

The boy scrolls through movies on his big seat-back screen,
barely picking at the steak in front of him.

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. NEW YORK CITY. MORNING.

Mastro is hurriedly gathering some files together.

Stein and Becca step in.

STEIN

Judge Zambrano is now happily
ensconced at the Plaza.

MASTRO

(heading for the door)
Not what it used to be.

BECCA

He'll never know. It's the only way
we got him here.

MASTRO

I've got a partners meeting. Make
sure you tell him about the pay-per-
view.

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. FIVE MINUTES LATER.

Mastro enters the conference room where 30-35 partners are
already meeting and takes a seat.

WEATHERFORD

And we're looking at some
additional space across the street
from there, but yes, we all agree
that's not a long-term solution.
(to Mastro, as he sits)
The man of the hour! Ready for
battle?

MASTRO

(lifting a file folder
onto the table)
(MORE)

MASTRO (CONT'D)
 Sorry I'm late, Roland. We're good
 to go. Start taking testimony
 tomorrow.

MALE PARTNER
 I almost feel bad for that
 sonofabitch.

MALE PARTNER 2
 I sure as hell don't.

LAUGHTER all around.

WEATHERFORD
 This is one of those cases we talk
 about. Bedrock cases. You
 understand?
 (looking around the room)
 Thanks to Randy, we've already got
 a reputation as the go-to firm for
 companies that don't know where
 else to turn. But when we dismantle
 the largest class action verdict in
 the history of the planet. Well,
 we're going to own this space.
 (looking hard at Mastro)
 You're gonna make this firm a lot
 of money, Randy.

MALE PARTNER
 It's about time.

More laughter.

MASTRO
 (unsmiling, opening his
 file)
 We'll see how it goes.

He's looking down at a sheet of paper as Weatherford
 continues --

WEATHERFORD
 Now back to the real estate issue,
 which never seems to go away. Our
 original plan had been --

He fades into the BG as we watch Mastro studying the paper.

And finally we SEE what he's looking at: his snapshot of the
 sick boy in Lago Agrio, smiling at the lens.

INT. NOBU DOWNTOWN. DAY.

Donziger approaches the maitre'd's table, scanning the dining room.

His face lights up and he relaxes. He waves.

Morgan, seated in the corner, does not wave back. She stares at him coolly.

INT. NOBU DOWNTOWN. CONTINUOUS.

At the corner table, the flirtiness between them is gone.

MORGAN
I asked you if it was true.

DONZIGER
(defensive)
I can't keep track of their lies.

MORGAN
Well I can. The article said
Chevron has your expense ledgers.
More than a million in lavish meals
and first class travel, which they
will submit to the court.

DONZIGER
For what. Taking out reporters and
consultants isn't a crime. And
flying to Ecuador isn't cheap.

MORGAN
A *million*, Steven. My money. Or
worse yet, our investors'. Pissed
away on squid, fois gras and first
class travel. To whom is it not a
crime?

DONZIGER
(reaching for her hand)
Gretchen.

MORGAN
Another \$1.4 million we now owe to
your lawyer in San Francisco.

DONZIGER
I'll talk to him tomorrow --

MORGAN

He won't be there, Steven. He insists on getting paid first.

(beat while Donziger
absorbs what she's
saying)

I'm done, Steven. I'm out.

She pulls her hand away.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I don't care what you did in Ecuador. I don't. Maybe it matters to the judge, but I always knew you would do what it took to even the playing field. I always knew it was a sordid business.

(beat while she studies
his face)

What I mind is that in return for our loyalty, you played me.

DONZIGER

You see how I live, Gretchen. You know these are lies.

MORGAN

That's the problem with this whole case now, Steven. There are just too many lies to keep straight.

Off Donziger, stung.

INT. JUDGE LEWIS KAPLAN'S COURTROOM. U.S. DISTRICT COURT, SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK. DAY.

The scene is crowded and chaotic. The seats are filled by press, and a small army of lawyers mill around with briefcases.

KAPLAN

(to Mastro)

You have an amended pleading?

MASTRO

Your honor, we are dropping our claim for damages. At this time my client seeks only to nullify the verdict in American courts.

KAPLAN

I see. No damages.

MASTRO
That's correct.

KAPLAN
By doing this, Mr. Mastro, I
presume you know you are bypassing
a jury verdict and will accept a
ruling from the bench?

MASTRO
We will, your Honor.

DONZIGER
(interrupting)
Your honor! If I may, this changes
the substance of --

KAPLAN
You may not. Where is your counsel,
Mr. Donziger?

DONZIGER
(stricken)
My counsel has withdrawn. Chevron
has succeeded in bankrupting me.

KAPLAN
(mystified)
You have no counsel.

DONZIGER
And as you know, Your honor, I have
never litigated a case in federal
court. This is not in any way a
fair fight.

KAPLAN
So in this small nation of suits I
see before me, is there no counsel
here representing the interests of
the original plaintiffs in this
case?

Crickets. Donziger lets out a long SIGH.

INT. JUDGE LEWIS KAPLAN'S COURTROOM. LATER.

Donziger is on the stand.

MASTRO
I'd like to show you another of
your emails.

DONZIGER

You have them all. I guess we could do this all night.

KAPLAN

We can do without the sarcasm, Mr. Donziger.

MASTRO

(handing Donziger a paper)

Can you read this out loud please?

DONZIGER

You can't read?

(before he can be
reprimanded)

It says, "The puppeteer has talked to the puppet, and the puppet will withdraw the package if suitable arrangements aren't made."

MASTRO

This is an email you sent to Mr. Fajardo.

Quick pop of Fajardo in the gallery, looking uncomfortable.

DONZIGER

If you say so. I sent Pablo thousands of emails.

MASTRO

And the 'puppet' here refers to Judge Zambrano, in whose court the Chevron case was being tried. And the puppeteer is Mr. Guerra, the man you sent to arrange a bribe.

DONZIGER

That's a distortion! I never *bribed*

--

MASTRO

No, it's clear from the context of the correspondence in the court record. Mr. Guerra arranged for you to pay Judge Zambrano so that he would hire your friend Mr. Cabrera as his independent expert and allow you to write your own verdict in the Chevron case.

DONZIGER

That's a fantasy.

MASTRO
Who then does it refer to?

DONZIGER
How should I know.

MASTRO
You wrote it, did you not?.

DONZIGER
You couldn't understand the nuance
in these emails.

MASTRO
The nuance?

DONZIGER
Have you ever done business in
Ecuador, Mr. Mastro? Ever litigate
a case there? The rules are not the
same. There's no such thing as 'ex-
parte communications. Everyone
tried to influence everyone.

Mastro shakes his head, looks offended by the very notion.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
For the sake of my clients, I
learned to play the game as well as
Chevron did.

KAPLAN
(visibly disgusted)
You're not helping yourself, Mr.
Donziger.

DONZIGER
I don't know how I would, Your
Honor. This is a set-up.

KAPLAN
I beg your pardon.

MASTRO
If I may --

DONZIGER
(animated, rising)
Why don't we talk about the way
Chevron wielded influence in
Ecuador, Mr. Mastro? I've been
there for 20 years. Did you ask
your client about its long alliance
with the military?
(MORE)

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

How it paid soldiers to move in under darkness and evict villagers from their huts without so much as a plastic bag full of things? Are you aware of the millions Chevron has paid in 'consulting fees' which are, if anything, more suspicious than any fees I --

KAPLAN

(hard)

You'll answer the questions, not ask them.

DONZIGER

Why don't we dig up the memos and cables from all the years when Chevron had the president of Ecuador in its hip pocket?

KAPLAN

Mr. Donziger!

DONZIGER

The case against me is purely a distraction! It is fabricated out of whole cloth to try to make me, an environmental activist and attorney, into the bad guy, when in fact, it is Chevron who have bribed, it is Chevron who have killed thousands upon thousands --

KAPLAN

In my courtroom, sir, you're not an activist. Do you understand?

DONZIGER

But I am denied, Your Honor, the right to question Chevron's attorney on his client's long record of corruptions and intimidation. And --

KAPLAN

(hard, final)

Chevron isn't on trial here, sir.

INT. MONKEY BAR, MIDTOWN MANHATTAN. NIGHT.

Donziger, looking tired, defeated, a little drunk, sits at the bar.

President Obama is on the TV behind the bar giving a speech.

The BARTENDER walks over with the check folio and a credit card.

BARTENDER

I'm sorry. This one didn't work
either.

Off Donziger, searching his wallet for another card.

INT. RANDY MASTRO'S HOME, SUMMIT, NJ. MORNING.

In a suit, Mastro cracks his sons' bedroom door and tiptoes in. It's an early morning routine -- he tucks Raymond in, kisses his forehead. He does the same with Ryan.

He pauses for an extra long beat before walking out.

INT. MASTRO'S OFFICE, GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. NEW YORK CITY. MORNING.

BECCA

(reading from an online
news site)

'Mr. Mastro, on the other hand,
appeared unflappable. The man Mayor
Giuliani often relied on to be the
hammer in tough situations --'

(to Mastro)

The *Hammer*! That is definitely your
nickname from now on.

TONY

Putting Zambrano on the stand will
shred whatever's left of this guy.
The pigeons will be eating him off
the sidewalk.

STEIN

Hew says they're celebrating in San
Ramon.

MASTRO

(pensive)

Yeah.

STEIN

You okay, boss?

TONY

Hammer?

MASTRO

Yeah.

(beat)

Yeah. Fine...Good.

INT. U.S. DISTRICT COURT, SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK. DAY.

In the men's room, Donziger's staring into the mirror as he washes his hands looking tired, scared.

A stall door opens behind him and Dave Russell walks out.

He's surprised, and not happy, to see Donziger, though he quickly hides it as Donziger spots him in the mirror.

DONZIGER

(brightening as he pivots)

Dave! Good to see you. I could use the reinforcements.

Dave looks nervous again, begins washing his hands while Donziger stands a little too close.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

Your data is the bedrock of all this. They can attack me for the way business gets done in Ecuador, but they can't attack the science, not when you've --

Another stall door opens and BOB ELIAS, 50s, rushes out, still zipping his fly and tucking in his shirt, moving quickly for Russell.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

(slowly, confused)

-- crunched the hard data.

ELIAS

David, don't say a word. Dry your hands and let's go.

Donziger looks at Elias like 'what the fuck?' Russell never says a word.

Off Donziger, jolted.

INT. JUDGE LEWIS KAPLAN'S COURTROOM. U.S. DISTRICT COURT,
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK. DAY.

Close in on a fidgety Russell, who's on the stand. Mastro
looks as focused and determined as ever.

RUSSELL
(carefully)
I...wouldn't call it data. Exactly.

MASTRO
I don't understand. You're an
engineer. You ran hundreds of
empirical calculations at Stratus,
no?

RUSSELL
(eyeing Elias)
Yes. I did. But the conclusions.
They were not...um...

MASTRO
They weren't *what*, Mr. Russell?

RUSSELL
(cathartically)
Scientific. They weren't empirical.
Steve told us what the findings
should say.

Donziger shakes his head emphatically.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
He said the expert, Cabrera, had
been hired as a kind of go-between,
and he needed us to give Cabrera
the data that would justify a huge
verdict, so he could give it to the
judge, Zambrano, who was in our
pocket.

A beat. Russell takes a deep breath.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
I never liked it. I don't know why
I went along. Steve said that's
just the way it worked in Ecuador.
We were a small firm, and it was a
giant case. A big break for us.

Donziger fumes.

MASTRO

So the independent, scientific report on which the entire verdict was based, a report that relied on your engineering expertise, was basically made up.

RUSSELL

(emotional)

Not made up, exactly. Cherry-picked. Jesus.

(glaring at Donziger)

I never want to see Steve Donziger again, OK? I'm sorry for all of it.

DONZIGER

Your honor? Some boundaries?

Kaplan glances over at Donziger but pointedly ignores his plea.

INT. FRANKIE'S CLOCK AND WATCH REPAIR. UPSTATE NY. DAY.

The door chimes JINGLE as Laura walks in with a yellow stub.

A FAT MAN sits at the counter by a small TV. A WIRY MAN mans the register.

LAURA

(to the wiry man)

Do you have my mom's clock yet?

He looks confused.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Rooster clock. Two days ago you said it would be ready yesterday. Yesterday you said it would be ready today?

The wiry man nods, takes her stub, and wanders toward the back.

We realize the midday news is on the TV about the time we HEAR --

NEWS ANCHOR

-- in the racketeering trial of environmental attorney, Steven Donziger, who stands accused of corruption in a historic class action suit against Chevron.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
 As Marley Smith tell us, Donziger
 withered under intense questioning
 over alleged bribes that were paid--

Laura reaches over and changes the channel. Wheel of Fortune.

FAT MAN
 (clicking it back to the
 news)
 I was watching that.

LAURA
 Forget it. I'll get another clock.

INT. JUDGE LEWIS KAPLAN'S COURTROOM. U.S. DISTRICT COURT,
 SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK. DAY.

Close up on Zambrano's head.

He's wearing a comical "Angry Birds" snow hat with a pom-pom
 on top, the eyes of the bird positioned directly above his.

He looks miserable.

A loud THUD of paper.

We pan out to see that Zambrano is on the stand.

In front of him now is a few-thousand-page bound document.

He stares at it but does not pick it up.

MASTRO (O.S.)
 You know what this is, Judge
 Zambrano?

Zambrano nods uncertainly.

MASTRO (CONT'D)
 Your historic opinion in the case
 of the Ecuadorian tribes against
 Chevron.

KAPLAN
 Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Mastro.
 Judge Zambrano, is the hat really
 necessary?

ZAMBRANO
 (quiet, stammering)
 This climate. I have been cold for
 four days.

KAPLAN

So be it.

MASTRO

Judge Zambrano. I'd like to try a little exercise. Please don't open the document before you.

(beat, Zambrano nods)

Sir, what is this abbreviation, TPH?

ZAMBRANO

I am not sure.

MASTRO

I don't mean the scientific explanation. Just tell us what it stands for, please.

Zambrano reaches for the bound verdict.

MASTRO (CONT'D)

Total petroleum hydrocarbons.

(pointedly closing the bound verdict)

Please do not consult the opinion. I made that very clear.

Zambrano looks helpless. Donziger rolls his eyes, frustrated.

MASTRO (CONT'D)

Do you know how often you used that abbreviation in your verdict, as a key piece of evidence?

ZAMBRANO

Well, if I could look at it --

MASTRO

35 times, Judge Zambrano. That's how often it appears in your massive opinion. And yet you have no idea what it means.

ZAMBRANO

There were many such abbreviations.

(shivering, rubbing his hands)

Is there a...uh...thermodial in here? To make more heat?

MASTRO
 (ignoring him)
 Judge, how many languages do you
 speak?

ZAMBRANO
 Huh? Two. Spanish and English, as
 you see.

MASTRO
 Not French.

ZAMBRANO
 No.

MASTRO
 And yet you cited legal precedents
 for your verdict from French case
 law. Which you somehow translated.

ZAMBRANO
 Yes, well. I had a very good
 secretary. She speaks many
 languages.

MASTRO
 Did this secretary also pull down
 the voluminous case law from
 American and Australian courts?

ZAMBRANO
 Volumin...?

MASTRO
 How did you find all these cases?

A long beat.

ZAMBRANO
 Eh. You see, I am embarrassed to
 say...
 (beat)
 They would arrive. Under my door.
 Someone put them there, I don't
 know who. I always assumed my
 staff...my colleagues...

MASTRO
 (to himself)
 Elves, maybe.

ZAMBRANO
 I'm sorry?

MASTRO

You didn't have anything to do with writing this verdict, did you, Judge?

ZAMBRANO

(to Kaplan)

This is not so!

MASTRO

Did Steven Donziger write that opinion?

ZAMBRANO

I...I don't know.

MASTRO

And pay you to issue it?

ZAMBRANO

No. That's not what --

MASTRO

You were bribed, Judge Zambrano. Isn't that so?

ZAMBRANO

This is slander.

(comically pulling the hat down over his ears, as if trying to disappear)

You try to impose your rules, your culture. Then you try to make a fool of me. This is what you do.

MASTRO

I'm simply asking you --

ZAMBRANO

Ask your Mr. Larrea. Ask Chevron how legal business is conducted in my country. It's not remarkable.

(looks at Larrea pointedly)

Ask *him*.

INT. GURIAN'S DELI. NEW YORK CITY. LATER.

Mastro stands against the wall holding a small ticket with a number on it.

DELI CLERK
82! Number 82!

Mastro looks down at his number and shakes his head. He checks his watch. Ugh.

DELI CLERK (CONT'D)
82!? Last call for 82! OK. And now
I got 83!

Mastro feels a tap on his shoulder. Fajardo.

MASTRO
Pablo! Join me. At this rate I'll
be another half an hour.

FAJARDO
I can persuade him.

MASTRO
(shaking his head)
You see what's going on in there,
Pablo. You're getting crushed. My
client would think I was crazy to
talk about a deal now.

DELI CLERK
84! Number 8 - 4!

FAJARDO
There must be something you can do.
Something I can take back to him.

MASTRO
That time passed long ago.

FAJARDO
I know what you think of Steve. But
I don't think you understand what
this took --the years. The
sacrifice. The stubbornness.

DELI CLERK
I got 85 and 86 here!

MASTRO
I know what it took to bribe a --

FAJARDO
Randy, please. Your side of the
street isn't clean on that issue
and you know it. But that isn't
even what matters.

(beat)

(MORE)

FAJARDO (CONT'D)

The people matter. Chevron's obligation matters. You saw that with your own eyes.

(beat)

It's bigger than Steve.

DELI CLERK

87!

MASTRO

(affected, but comes back hard)

Steve made this about Steve. Don't you see that? I'm not doing this to you. He is. He's costing you and your people. He's the problem. And he's going to lose his law license in there. And then he's quite possibly going to jail --

DELI CLERK

87 anyone!

MASTRO

Where he belongs. So don't put this on me Pablo. He lied, cheated and bribed.

DELI CLERK

Last call on 87! ...OK, 88!

MASTRO

I'm doing my job. He's the reason you and your people aren't getting what you deserve.

Did he just say that? They both just stand there.

FAJARDO

I thought you'd want to know.

(beat)

He died.

MASTRO

(still agitated)

What are we talking about now?

DELI CLERK

89's up!

FAJARDO

The Gutierrez boy. The one you met. A few weeks ago.

Mastro nods.

FAJARDO (CONT'D)
I thought you'd want to know.

Fajardo turns and walks away.

DELI CLERK
Number 89! What're you having?

Mastro, a pained expression on his face, watches Fajardo's back as he exits.

Then he clocks the deli clerk, looks down at his number: 87.

Fuck me.

INT./EXT. MASTRO'S CAR. PALISADES PARKWAY. NEW JERSEY.
EVENING.

Dirty, marshy water flows calmly in the ravine below the parkway as the sun sets.

Mastro's driving, listening to the end of the Brandenburg Concertos on the radio.

He looks out at the polluted marshland on the passenger side, thick with green sludge. He sees the lights of New York out the other side.

The music stops and a calm, public radio kind of voice comes on.

We watch his expressionless face as he listens --

ANNOUNCER
You've been listening, of course,
to the masterful J.S. Bach. Brought
to you by the American Petroleum
Institute. Dedicated to creating a
greener, more sustainable energy
future. Read more at A.P.I. Dot --

Mastro clicks off the radio. He stares straight ahead.

We SEE a sign: SCENIC LOOKOUT AHEAD 500 Yards.

Mastro clocks it, suddenly veers dangerously in tight traffic from the far left lane to the right lane and then he exits into the empty Lookout parking lot.

He stops the car, gets out, turns up his suit jacket collar at the bitter wet wind. Sleet stings his face.

His car is still running and we HEAR the "door open" chime. He walks over to the railroad tie fence at the edge of the cliff.

He leans against the fence, as he breathes deeply and stares down at the Hudson river flowing darkly by.

Mastro lets out a long SIGH. A moment of decision.

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER CONFERENCE ROOM. NEW YORK CITY. THE NEXT MORNING.

TIGHT on Donziger's face. He looks like he hasn't slept.

He's scrutinizing a document.

He's deep in silent concentration. He winces at something on the page, then reads through the last few pages impatiently.

He pulls a pen out of his pocket, scratches out clause after clause --

MASTRO

It's our best and final. No edits.

Donziger scoffs and sketches something we don't see on the last page, as if doodling.

He slides it across the table. He looks up -- right at us. His gaze is even. His look, belligerent.

Mastro flips through Donziger's edits. He gets to the last page: drawn in blue ink is an impressive likeness of an oil derrick. Except this oil derrick has a penis, and it's urinating on the signature line.

MASTRO (CONT'D)

Very nice.

Donziger nods.

MASTRO (CONT'D)

Seventy-five million dollars isn't anybody's idea of a joke. Not even Chevron.

Long beat while Donziger eyes something on the table.

DONZIGER

You mind?

Mastro shrugs, and Donziger grabs a pastry, takes a big messy bite.

A long beat while he chews.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

It's not half a percent of my verdict.

MASTRO

It's not *your* verdict, Steve.

DONZIGER

(mouth full)

Semantics.

MASTRO

Seventy-five million is enough to remediate the waste pools in Lago Agrio with money left over to seed a network of health clinics. Maybe some schools.

(beat)

Helps out the people you've worked so hard to help.

Donziger's face says, 'No it won't. Not even close.'

MASTRO (CONT'D)

Your fee is vastly reduced, and you *will* have to accept some disciplinary action. But you get to go on being a lawyer.

DONZIGER

(motioning to something)

Any more?

Mastro grabs something, shakes it, we hear a tiny amount of liquid slosh back and forth. Mastro shakes his head.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

Maybe you're just worried about losing in there.

MASTRO

Losing.

(checking his watch)

(MORE)

MASTRO (CONT'D)

In about 45 minutes, I'm going to walk back across the street to Kaplan's courtroom for the verdict. There's a higher chance I get hit by a bus crossing Chambers Street than there is he rules in your favor.

DONZIGER

Either works for me.

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. NEW YORK CITY. CONTINUOUS.

A nervous Fajardo, Tony, Becca and Stein stand in the corridor outside the conference room.

Weatherford arrives with two other PARTNERS in tow and peers through the conference room shades.

WEATHERFORD

What the hell's going on in *there*?

TONY

Appomattox, basically.

STEIN

They're discussing a deal.

WEATHERFORD

(to himself)

What the *fuck* for?!

INT. GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER CONFERENCE ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

DONZIGER

You despise me.

MASTRO

It's not personal.

DONZIGER

(barely stifling a laugh)

Oh yeah it is. How long we been at this? I don't even know you.

MASTRO

I'll have a Fourth of July barbecue.

DONZIGER

You obviously know everything there is to know about *me*. My work, my marriage. All of it. You've read my fucking diaries.

Mastro nods.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

But what do I know about you? You're from New York?

MASTRO

New Jersey.

DONZIGER

Right. Your dad a lawyer too?

MASTRO

We have time for this?

(beat)

My father was a professor. Political science.

DONZIGER

There's an oxymoron.

Mastro laughs despite himself.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

Here's what you don't understand, Randy. The system works for you. But it doesn't do shit if you live in some rainforest in Ecuador with black gold under your feet.

MASTRO

(getting agitated now)

So you saved the day by bribing a judge.

DONZIGER

I didn't bribe anybody! I did what I had to do to make morality plausible! To even the playing field. Your clients did worse for decades.

MASTRO

(angrily)

You're going to talk to *me* about morality now? The facts tell a different story.

DONZIGER

You don't care about the facts.

MASTRO

I care about the law.

DONZIGER

You care about your version of the law.

MASTRO

The truth has versions. The law does not.

DONZIGER

That's where you're wrong. See, that's the real difference between us. You actually believe the law is this thing that treats everyone equally. You ever hear of CLS?

MASTRO

What?

DONZIGER

At Harvard we had something called CLS. Critical Law Studies. The point was to understand that the law wasn't impartial. That the law was set up -- rigged -- to benefit the wealthy and the entitled. Companies like Chevron, that could do whatever they want. You have to fight back. If you're poor or underprivileged, if you live in the jungle in Ecuador say and the water is burning your throat and killing your kids, then you can use the law, sure, but you can never rely on it. You have to change the rules. Change the stakes. The law operates in a context, Randy. Do you get that? There is no justice if I don't change the context.

MASTRO

The end justifies the means.

DONZIGER

The end *demands* the means. The end is death and suffering and broken generations. Poisoned lakes and cancer clusters. Dead kids. That's the *only* end in Lago Agrio.

(MORE)

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

Unless I don't just think like a lawyer. Unless I act like a disruptor.

MASTRO

A *disruptor*. Listen to yourself. You know what I learned in law school, Steve? That the law only works because it has codes. And you went over the line. You went way over the line.

DONZIGER

(waving the offer sheet)

But you'll give me a way out, huh. Even though I'm a cheater. Even though I'm going to lose. You'll throw me a lifeline. Why?

MASTRO

Because you'll appeal, and this case will drag on --

DONZIGER

No. You're full of shit.

(beat)

You Catholic, Randy?

MASTRO

Lapsed.

DONZIGER

But not so lapsed, right? Guy like you doesn't even let a gym membership lapse.

(beat)

This is about salvation. This is Randy Mastro and his giant sinner of a client buying back their conscience. *You were there.*

Mastro says nothing.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)

I know what you saw.

(beat)

And you don't get to buy back your soul. Chevron does not get to build a few health clinics and put it in some bullshit brochure about sunshine and corporate citizenship. I've spent 20 years making sure redemption doesn't come that cheap. I'll spend 20 more if I have to.

Donziger turns his back and looks out at Manhattan below.

A long beat. A SIGH from Mastro.

MASTRO

All right then.

We HEAR Mastro packing his papers and the click of his briefcase.

MASTRO (CONT'D)

(rising to leave,
buttoning his jacket)

I'll see you in there.

(beat)

Steve?

Donziger turns around as Mastro pauses by the door.

MASTRO (CONT'D)

You should have paid more attention
in the other classes.

INT. ELEVATOR AT GIBSON, DUNN AND CRUTCHER. 15 MINUTES LATER.

As the elevator descends --

DONZIGER

We'll get Kaplan out of the way and
we'll regroup. Tonight at my place.
We'll need to get to some reporters
in Quito.

FAJARDO

Estoy tomando al trato.

DONZIGER

You're...what?

FAJARDO

I'm taking the deal.

DONZIGER

I understood the words.

FAJARDO

I'm sorry. But the rest of the
team. We can't pass on the
settlement.

DONZIGER
(gut-punched)
Pablo?

DING. The door opens.

FAJARDO
It's over, hermoso.

A woman steps in and the door closes.

DONZIGER
(lowering his voice)
I'll be fine. They can't disbar me.
Even if they do --

FAJARDO
(whispering fiercely)
It's not for you, Steve! It's for
Lago Agrio. Do you know what
seventy-five million can do?

The woman glances at them uncomfortably.

DONZIGER
Pablo, we stand to collect *nineteen
billion*.

FAJARDO
No, we don't. Not anymore!

DING. A man steps on.

DONZIGER
But we do Pablo. They've just
gotten in your head. They've made
you think they care. They *don't*.

DING. The step out into the lobby and face each other.

People rush by and step around them intermittently as they
talk.

DONZIGER (CONT'D)
It's guilt money. Absolution for
pennies on the dollar. Stay strong
with me, Pablo. Your people deserve
better. And Chevron deserves worse.

A long beat.

FAJARDO
(taking a breath)
I'm sorry Steven. I have to take
this deal.

A long beat. Donziger looks surprised, and then he hardens.

DONZIGER
You can't.

FAJARDO
I know it's hard to let go.

DONZIGER
I mean, you *can't*.
(staring at Pablo coldly)
You don't have the power. You're
not the attorney of record here. I
am. At least for the moment. And I
won't do it. For your sake I won't
do it. I won't let the people of
the Oriente settle for scraps, and
I won't send the signal to other
companies everywhere --

FAJARDO
(taken aback)
Steven. Don't do this. We've
trusted you. But I'm tired of the
martyrdom. I'm tired of holding
out.

DONZIGER
You're tired? You want to just
surrender now? After they've ruined
your land. Poisoned your people.
Murdered your *brother* in cold
blood, for Christ's sake!

FAJARDO
(exasperated)
Steve! Enough! We both know Wilson
was killed by drug dealers! Enough
lies. I should never have let you
keep telling this story. But I went
along.
(a long beat)
I always went along.

DONZIGER
That's not true! We were there --

FAJARDO

He complained too loudly about the Colombians. He wouldn't pay them off. My sister-in-law told us that night. *Estabas escuchando?* She cried to us in her kitchen, remember? But you, Steve. You always hear what you want. Believe what you must. You bend the world to your lens.

DONZIGER

The moral arc of the universe bends toward justice! That's what Dr. King said! We're not bending anything. We're following it, Pablo!

FAJARDO

No, hermoso. You say that, but it's not justice you seek. I see that now. It's not justice you can't live without.

Beat while Donziger looks at Pablo, confused.

FAJARDO (CONT'D)

(hard)

It's the fight.

OFF Donziger crushed by this accusation from his old friend.

INT. JUDGE LEWIS KAPLAN'S COURTROOM. U.S. DISTRICT COURT, SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK. DAY.

Kaplan is addressing a rapt courtroom.

Donziger and Mastro sit at their opposing tables, both expressionless.

KAPLAN

I'll let my written opinion speak to the details of the ruling. But let's just say that if ever there were a case warranting equitable relief with respect to a judgment procured by fraud, this is it. To that end, I am barring the enforcement of the verdict in Ecuador in this or any American court.

(MORE)

KAPLAN (CONT'D)

And I will strongly urge the courts
in any other country to follow
suit. Mr. Donziger --

(Donziger snaps to)

You may or may not be on the side
of the angels here. I don't know.
But the courts cannot be held to
account for justice achieved by
fraud or deception. I'm herein
referring your record to the state
bar's grievance committee, which is
as much as I can do. You should be
prepared to defend yourself. You
have dishonored your profession.

(a long beat)

We are adjourned.

And he RAPS his gavel.

The room ERUPTS. Mastro, expressionless, begins methodically
packing his belongings, closing his briefcase.

With chaos around him, Donziger just sits there, unmoving.
His facial expression doesn't even shift.

Mastro heads for the side exit, avoiding the waiting PRESS
and CROWD.

As he pushes the door open he looks back and catches
Fajardo's eye.

Mastro and Fajardo exchange a sad glance. And Mastro walks
out.

INT. JUDGE LEWIS KAPLAN'S COURTROOM. FIVE MINUTES LATER.

Donziger is still sitting in his chair, shoulders slumped,
dazed, totally alone.

Then -- a woman's hand on his shoulder.

LAURA

Hey.

He's surprised to see her and tears form in his eyes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(soothingly)

Hey, hey.

DONZIGER

I'm sorry.

LAURA

Don't be.

DONZIGER

I don't know what happens now.

LAURA

(hugging him)

Now we get lunch.

DONZIGER

I don't think we can afford lunch.

LAURA

We can. And we'll figure out the rest tomorrow.

DONZIGER

Tomorrow. OK.

LAURA

(putting her face in front of his)

Listen to me, babe.

(nodding toward the side of the courtroom)

You see that door?

DONZIGER

Yeah.

LAURA

We're going to walk through it and down the stairs and into a cab. Arm in arm. And then David and I are going to come home. We're going to finish that damn kitchen ourselves. I bought a book and it doesn't look that hard. Mostly. You're going to take some time, and we're going to play Monopoly and Risk and go to the zoo, and then you'll find one of the thousand things you can do to make the world better. OK?

(beat while he tries to keep it together)

OK?

He nods and stands, steadies himself as she smiles at him.

INT. U.S. DISTRICT COURT HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS.

Donziger and Laura walk arm in arm down the hallway, leaning on each other, and then they exit outside onto:

THE COURTHOUSE STEPS.

They descend the stairs and we HEAR another diary entry.

DONZIGER (V.O.)

I remember the day Dad closed the store. We stood and watched as they took down the sign. It almost killed him...

As they exit out onto the plaza --

EXT. NEW YORK STATE SUPERIOR COURT. NEW YORK CITY.
CONTINUOUS.

They emerge onto the edge of the big sweeping front stairs. At least 100 REPORTERS are cordoned off 30 yards away.

The reporters spot Donziger and begin to SCREAM his name, shouting out questions.

REPORTER 1

Mr. Donziger, will you appeal? Can you comment on the verdict?

DONZIGER (V.O.)

But you couldn't compete with Circuit City and Crazy Eddie.

REPORTER 2

Do you feel you *dishonored* your profession, Steve?

DONZIGER (V.O.)

I thought, My God, how quickly they erase you. How fast they make your life's work invisible, when you're just in the way.

They walk down the stairs, both staring straight ahead.

The reporters' VOLUME and the combative nature of their questions increases.

Donziger and Laura keep walking down the stairs toward the taxi stand. Donziger is dead-eyed.

LAURA
 (low, reassuring)
 David can't wait to see you. He
 thinks there's enough money in the
 swear jar for a *real* giraffe.

They reach the bottom of the stairs, put a hand out to hail a taxi. One stops as they hear --

REPORTER 1
 Did the judge essentially say
 you're a *criminal*?

Laura gets in the cab, Donziger hesitates, looks at Laura. She looks back at him.

DONZIGER (V.O.)
 He just gave up...The bigger guys
 pushed him around, and he just gave
 up. He didn't fight. Or adapt. Or
 grow.

REPORTER 1
 Steve, are you going to *defend*
yourself?

He winces. Laura sees it.

This is who she loves, for better and worse.

DONZIGER (V.O.)
 Maybe he was just tired of
 fighting. Maybe there's only so
 much you can do.

LAURA
 Go.

DONZIGER
 I can just...

LAURA
 Go. It's OK.

DONZIGER (V.O.)
 -- but I think he just *quit*.

He squeezes her hand, gives her a look that says 'thank you.'

And he turns and strides across the steps toward the SCRUM, who begin churning like a pack of hungry hyenas.

He stands before the assemblage, a matador in the ring with many angry bulls.

And we are TIGHT ON his face now -- we see his eyes wild with the fight, he almost has a smile on his face. He looks energized again.

He points a long index finger at them and opens his mouth --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SCREENPLAY.