

Script: CONVICTION

ROLE: NICK POTTER, Male, 20's, Caucasian. Handsome, wealthy Columbia grad. Runs with "fabulous" crowd- lots of rich kids, artists, and hipsters. Father's a well known Senator. Very introspective and analytical. Probably should be a writer but doesn't know it yet.

INT. STEELE'S OFFICE

The office is neat, effective. A basketball and a framed poster of Pistol Pete Maravich are the only decorations. Steele scans Potter's resume while an anxious Potter sits across from him. After a moment:

STEELE

Tell me, Nick. How the hell did you get a job at Cravath?

POTTER

Excuse me?

STEELE

Middle of the class, NYU, no real experience. Don't buy it.

POTTER

I'm not sure what you're asking me.

STEELE

You know exactly what I'm asking you.

Potter squirms. Steele enjoys this.

POTTER

My father's friends with the Managing Partner at Cravath. I suppose he helped with the initial interview.

STEELE

So you're that Potter. Did your father help you get a job here too?

POTTER

Not to my knowledge.

STEELE

Is that a yes?

(CONTINUED)

POTTER
He knows the District Attorney.

STEELE
Got it. Anyway. How'd you like the training program?

POTTER
It was great. Informative, exciting, interesting. It's fascinating to see how the system really works.

STEELE
How it really works? It's make believe, man. Fake.

Potter can't get it right. Whatever he says, Steele shreds.

POTTER
I recognize it's just a training program--

STEELE
--Lets be blunt. If that's okay?

POTTER
Sure.

STEELE
I don't like dilettantes.

Potter doesn't respond.

STEELE (CONT'D)
What I'm saying, Nick, is... before I offer you a job in Trial Bureau 70, I need to know you're committed to the Office and not just looking for something to talk about at cocktail parties...

Potter gathers himself for a moment.

POTTER
(firm but respectful)
First off, there's nothing I can do about my last name. Or who my father is. If you can't deal with that, I'm sorry. That's your issue. Second, I'm here because I want to try cases, -- not because I'm looking for something interesting to chat about at social events.

(CONTINUED)

STEELE

Good. (Beat) One final question decides if this is the trial bureau for you... You're driving home from a bar. You're drunk. A cop pulls you over.

POTTER

Wait. If I was actually drunk, I wouldn't drive.

STEELE

Cut the crap. Unless you're a Muslim, at some point in your life you will drive with point zero five blood alcohol. What do you do?

Potter nods, thinks.

POTTER

I refuse a breath test. So I'd have a few hours for my blood alcohol to drop down before they get a judge's order to test me.

STEELE

That's a lawyer's response. But you're an A.D.A.. An officer of the justice system. Do you show the cop your badge?

POTTER

(Thinks, then)

Yeah. But not just to beat the arrest.

STEELE

Really? Then why?

POTTER

I don't want to embarrass the cop when he sees me in court. It's important for me to stay on good terms with the police.

Steele smiles.

STEELE

Can you start now?

POTTER

(Incredulous)

You mean today?

(CONTINUED)

Steele picks up a phone and starts to dial--

STEELE

Look for the nameplate
Lefkowitz. Take the empty desk.