

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

SUPER: MARCH 11, 2020

The screen is black. Footsteps and the jingling of chains can be heard as the buzzing of a passing light source comes in and out.

Suddenly, the screen flashes and we see an older MAN (54) in a green jumpsuit and handcuffs being led down a cinder block hallway. With eyes sunken in and a somber expression, a GUARD stands behind him as he makes his way through the florescent maze.

The screen goes black again. The footsteps halt and we hear a buzz then a metallic door opens.

The screen flashes: the MAN grimaces as the handcuffs are unlocked. Red lines around his wrists become apparent as he rubs them with his hands.

The MAN grabs a mop from the corner; it squelches as he rings it out in a bucket. He begins his work in the dimly lit rec room. The nightly news plays on the small television.

Suddenly President Trump's voice permeates the space and the mopping stops. The man's neck snaps to attention as footage of Trump babbling at a press conference plays on the television. His grip on the handle tightens, knuckles going white.

A title card appears; it reads: THE "FIXER"

CUT TO BLACK

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: FALL 2006

Light floods into a master bedroom, cutting through the spaces in the blinds. Two bodies can be seen under white sheets as the figure to the left slowly wakes up. A slightly younger version of the MAN seen previously (40) sits up in bed. He stretches, clearly achy but awake.

A montage of his morning routine begins.

We see the MAN put himself together; showering, shaving, making coffee, brushing his teeth, but most importantly fastening his tie. He checks it and fiddles with it in the mirror once, twice, three times making sure it is in its perfect position.

MAN (V.O.)

(Thick New York accent)

Mopping floors in a green government-issued uniform was not how I imagined spending my early fifties. How I find myself serving time for the vices of the most powerful man in the world, I am still unsure of and yet I am in complete awe. I've begun writing this story at night when the other inmates are asleep, longhand, on a yellow legal pad, because I owe the American people the truth.

The montage continues. The MAN leans down to kiss his WIFE's head as he heads out of the bedroom. While leaving the apartment we see family photos adorning the walls. Two smiling happy kids make up most of the pictures.

We sit with a photograph of the MAN on a family vacation as we hear the front door close and lock.

MAN (V.O.)

To my family, who have stuck by me through thick and thin however, I owe everything. So here it comes. The truth. The whole truth. And nothing but the truth.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

We see the MAN sitting at a desk in a cramped office. Papers flood every corner of the room as manila file after manila file is stacked to the brim. Trump's book, *The Art of the Deal*, sits on top of a stack of papers. Its spine is cracked, and it appears to have been thoroughly read, as the corners of the pages are yellowed and warped.

The MAN furrows his brow as he searches a cabinet near his desk. He pulls out a file and begins to read, taking out a pair of glasses in the process. Above his head hangs a crooked frame holding degree for a Mr. MICHAEL DEAN COHEN from the Thomas M. Cooley Law School.

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)

Before I could read my opening statement to the Oversight Committee on the day of my public testimony, Republicans tried to rattle me. As I answered questions

it was clear they didn't want me to have any kind of credibility. "Michael Cohen is a liar"; "Liar liar, pants on fire" they taunted. Anything to protect their bigoted savior.

Suddenly, the phone rings. MICHAEL lurches for it.

MICHAEL COHEN
Hello; Michael speaking.

Suddenly MICHAEL stands pulling off his reading glasses and straightening himself out.

MICHAEL COHEN
(excitedly)
I'm doing great. What can I do for you today Mr. Trump?

The screen goes black.

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)
Then again, I had been under that spell once too.

EXT. TRAIL ALONG THE HUDSON - DAY

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)
You see I had always been an admirer of Mr. Trump-

Wearing a gray sweat suit, MICHAEL jogs leisurely along the path in front of him. Cars can be heard whizzing past him as he moves along at a steady pace.

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)
So, when Don Jr. introduced me to his father soon after I had moved my family into Trump Towers, you can imagine, I was overwhelmed with glee.

MICHAEL's pace begins to slow as he grows more tired.

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)
There are many reasons why there has never been an intimate portrait of Trump. I think it's because he had a million

acquaintances and yet not a single real friend. For ten years he certainly had me. But to even have the opportunity to grow so close to him, I threw away a piece of my dignity: I worked for free.

MICHAEL stops to catch his breath.

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)
Apart from his wife and children,
I knew Trump better than anyone
else.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. VOTING BOOTH - DAY

SUPER: NOVEMBER 8, 2008

MICHAEL stands in line at voting booth registration.

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)
In some ways, I knew him better
than his family did. I saw the
real man. The one at strip clubs,
shady business meetings, unguarded
moments. He revealed himself then.

Finally, he is called. MICHAEL slips into a booth.

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)
As a cheat, a liar.

On his ballot we see he is a registered Democrat.

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)
A fraud, a bully.

MICHAEL checks off Obama as his candidate of choice.

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)
A racist, a predator, and a con
man.

He submits his ballot.

CUT TO BLACK

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)
I am a convicted felon. I
orchestrated the hush money scheme

with Ms. Daniels. I committed tax fraud and lied under oath. All for him. I was completely mystified. And somewhere along the way I lost myself.

INT. PRIVATE CONGRESSIONAL HEARING WAITING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: FEBRUARY 27, 2019, 9:30 AM

MICHAEL sits hands fidgeting as a clock tic on the wall across from him.

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)
Watching him on the evening news now, I almost feel sorry for him. I know him so well; I know all his ticks and tells.

He bites his nails, and the ticking continues. His legs begin shaking as his hands get clammier.

MICHAEL COHEN (V.O.)
I see those who have replaced me and how they throw away their careers, their morals, their reputations. But if we are being honest here, which we are, he is lost without his original bulldog lawyer Roy Cohn. Or his other former pit bull, "fixer" attorney, Michael Cohen.

The ticking gets louder.

MICHAEL loses his staring contest with the clock. Tears begin to well in the corners of his eyes.

He stands abruptly, knocking over a chair as he makes his way towards the bathroom.

We hear his heart beating louder and louder.

Suddenly, he is hyperventilating. With tears streaming down his face and gasping for air, MICHAEL leans onto the sink as he struggles to keep himself standing.

MICHAEL tries to catch his breath, but he just can't. His body violently shakes as his unstable hands find the faucet.

He looks up only to be met with himself in the mirror. He stares

for a moment, his tears ceasing. His breathing steadies and MICHAEL turns on the faucet. He splashes water all over his face, checking the mirror to see that the red in his eyes has disappeared.

The faucet stops.

With a deep breath in he turns to the door and makes his way back to his seat.

The door opens. A figure in a police uniform looks at him.

SERGEANT AT ARMS

Show time.

MICHAEL snaps to attention.

SERGEANT AT ARMS

You're on Mr. Cohen.

CUT TO BLACK