

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - SUITE 205 - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Harvey shake hands.

MIKE

Rick Sorkin.

HARVEY

Harvey Specter. Nice to meet you.

As they shake hands, the briefcase bursts open. Harvey sees the mound of pot. Mike looks busted.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HALLWAY/SUITE 205 OUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bellman enters and realizes there are twenty men who look exactly like Mike. He looks suspiciously at everyone.

DONNA

Can I help you?

INT. GERALD TATE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gerald sits at his desk. His secretary appears at the door.

SECRETARY

There's a Louis Litt here to see you.

GERALD

Who the hell is Louis Litt?

SECRETARY

He says he's your lawyer.

GERALD

Send him in.

The secretary exits. A moment. Louis appears at the door.

LOUIS

Mr. Tate, I have information that I believe will lead you to the conclusion that you're better served at Pearson, Hardman with me as your lead counsel.

GERALD

Come in, have a seat.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - SUITE 205 - A LITTLE LATER

Harvey and Mike sit together. Harvey leans in, fascinated.

HARVEY

How did you know they were the police?

START

MIKE

I read a novel in elementary school. The cops were staking out a hotel and they posed as a bellhop and a man in a suit. It was the exact same thing.

HARVEY

You read a novel in elementary school?

MIKE

What? I like to read.

HARVEY

Why did you ask them what time it was?

MIKE

To throw them off. What drug dealer asks a cop what time it is while he's carrying a briefcase full of pot?

Harvey shakes his head in awe.

HARVEY

Now that is ballsy thinking under fire. We should hire you. Jesus, I'd give you the twenty-five grand as a signing bonus.

MIKE

I'll take it.

HARVEY

Unfortunately, we only hire from Harvard. And you not only didn't go to Harvard Law School, you didn't go to any law school.

MIKE

What if I told you I consume knowledge like no one you've ever met, and I've actually passed the bar?

Harvey looks at Mike, "I'd say you're full of shit." Mike points at a book sticking out of Harvey's bag.

MIKE

I notice you have a Barbri Legal Handbook with you. Open it up, read me something.

Harvey looks skeptical, but he opens up the book.

HARVEY

"Civil liability associated with agency is based on several factors including --"

MIKE

"-- the deviation of the agent from his path, the reasonable inference of agency on behalf of the plaintiff, and the nature of the damages themselves."

HARVEY

(looking up, stunned)
How did you do that?

MIKE

I learned it when I studied for the bar.

HARVEY

Okay, hot shot, fire up that laptop, I'll show you what a Harvard Attorney can do. That's my database of every legal issue in existence. Pick one.

Harvey jumps up and points for Mike to sit at his laptop. Mike punches the arrow key a couple times and hits enter.

MIKE

Stock option backdating.

HARVEY

Although backdating options is legal, violations arise related to disclosures under both FASB 123R and Internal Revenue Code Section 409A.

MIKE

You forgot The Sarbanes Oxley Act of '02.

HARVEY

The statute of limitations renders Sarbanes Oxley moot post 2007.

Mike peers closely at the screen while clicking the mouse.

MIKE

Not if you can find actions to cover up the violation, as established in the sixth circuit, May 2008.

HARVEY

Impressive, but you are at a computer.

MIKE

(turning the screen to Harvey)
I've been playing hearts: If you're gonna beat me, it better be at something else.

Harvey is stunned.

HARVEY

How can you know all that --

MIKE

I told you. I like to read. And once I read something, I understand it. And once I understand it, I never forget it.

HARVEY

Why take the bar?

MIKE

Some dickhead bet me I couldn't pass it without going to law school.

HARVEY

How long did he give you to study?

MIKE

Four months. It was two months longer than I needed.

Harvey begins to actually consider Mike's proposition.

HARVEY

Do you really want this job?

MIKE

When I was in college my dream was to be a lawyer. My grandmother needed money and Trevor convinced me to memorize some math test and sell it. Turns out we sold it to the dean's daughter. I lost my scholarship and got thrown out of school.

Mike pauses, as if remembering how it felt... then:

MIKE

I got knocked into a different life, I've been wishing for a way back ever since.

HARVEY

I had someone take a chance on me once. But before she did, she made damn sure I was committed to the job. I'm talking about work. Long hours, high pressure, no fucking around. I need an adult.

MIKE

You give me this, I'll work as hard as it takes to school those Harvard douches, and be the best lawyer you've ever seen.

Harvey looks at a piece of paper he's written something on.

HARVEY

I'm inclined to give you a shot. But what if I decide to go another way?

MIKE

I'd say, fine. Sometimes I like to hang out with people that aren't that bright just to see how the other half lives.

We see the paper says, "Thinks he's the smartest one in the room." Harvey grins:

HARVEY

Move over. I'm emailing the firm I've found our next associate.

(as he types)

By the way, the bet with the dickhead, how much was it for?

MIKE

(joking)

Aaah, I can't remember.

They both laugh. Harvey is finished emailing.

HARVEY

All right, you start a week from Monday. Here's what you're gonna do...

END

INT. MIKE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - TWO DAYS LATER

Mike packs a small bag with a couple of days worth of clothes as the rest of their conversation continues in voice over.

HARVEY (V.O.)

First off, that's it for the pot. We drug test. Stop now, you'll be fine. I assume that's all the drugs you do.

MIKE (V.O.)

(Harvey was on the money)

How do you know that?

HARVEY (V.O.)

You read books, I read people. And pot heads smoke pot. That's what they do.

MIKE (V.O.)

That's not all I do.

Mike takes a tiny bag of pot and heads into the bathroom.