

AMERICAN CRIME STORY

THE PEOPLE V. OJ SIMPSON

EPISODE 1: "FROM THE ASHES OF TRAGEDY"

Written by

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Based on

"THE RUN OF HIS LIFE"

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1 ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - THE RODNEY KING BEATING. Grainy, late-night 1
video. An AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN lies on the ground. A handful
of white LAPD COPS stand around, watching, while two of them
ruthlessly BEAT and ATTACK him.

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - THE L.A. RIOTS. The volatile eruption of a city. Furious AFRICAN-AMERICANS tear Los Angeles apart. Trash cans get hurled through windows. Buildings burn. Cars get overturned. People run through the streets. Faces are angry, frustrated, screaming.

The NOISE and FURY and IMAGES build, until -- SILENCE.

Then, a single CARD: "TWO YEARS LATER"

CUT TO:

2 EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - LATE NIGHT 2

ANGLE on a BRONZE STATUE of OJ SIMPSON, heroic in football regalia. Larger than life, inspiring. It watches over OJ'S estate, an impressive Tudor mansion on a huge corner lot. It's June 12, 1994.

Out front, a young LIMO DRIVER waits. He nervously checks his watch.

Then, OJ SIMPSON comes rushing from the house. He is a bit harried -- he carries a duffel bag and a golf bag. OJ looks like a star -- charismatic, muscular, handsome, entitled.

OJ
Hey, sorry I was late. I overslept,
had to take a shower...

The Driver stares, dazzled by the star wattage. OJ smiles.

OJ
Hope we can still make the flight?

3 INT. LIMOUSINE - DRIVING - NIGHT 3

The limo cruises down Sunset. OJ relaxes in back. The Driver bites his lip, choosing his words carefully.

LIMO DRIVER
Mr. Simpson, I've got to apologize if
I was staring, before. I've never
picked up a celebrity.

Oh, that's cool. OJ

OJ gives him a warm smile. Generously reassuring.

OJ

I remember the first famous person I ever met: Willie Mays. Boy, did that blow my mind. He was so great. I was just a kid, but it made me go, "That's what I wanna be, when I grow up."

The Driver beams at this. OJ nods, pleased. A nice moment.

Beat -- then WE MOVE IN TIGHT. TIGHTER. Then EXTREME CLOSEUP on OJ. Where we realize SWEAT is running down his face.

CUT TO:

4

EXT. BRENTWOOD - LATE NIGHT

4

South Brentwood. A quiet area of high-end condos and apartments. At this hour, only a few DOGWALKERS are out.

A large bearded man in a Hawaiian shirt strolls by. He walks a little dog. He's on auto-pilot -- until, he hears an odd, STRAINED BARKING. He turns, discovering a huge white AKITA. The animal paces, agitated. BARKING relentlessly.

DOGWALKER

Hey... what's wrong?

Tentative, he approaches. The dog ignores him, still barking. Then -- he realizes the dog's paws are BLOODY.

DOGWALKER

Whoa. What happened to you? Did you step in some glass?

The Akita jerks away, distressed. It runs to a CONDO GATE on Bundy. The dog stops, then begins WAILING sadly.

Puzzled, the man goes closer. Behind the gate are bushes, a dark path. The BARKING worsens. Something is wrong. With a foreboding, the man peers in... curious to see... until -- the man GASPS.

On the steps are TWO DEAD BODIES.

5

EXT. NICOLE'S CONDO - LATER

5

A POLICEMAN is there, trying to calm the upset dogwalker.

The cop's partner walks the property. This PATROL OFFICER shines a high-powered flashlight on the bodies, a MAN and a WOMAN, lying in a large pool of blood. His face tightens.

PATROL OFFICER

Jesus.

The blonde woman is lying at the base of the front stairs. The man is slumped against a metal fence.

The Officer stares at the victims. Then -- he looks over.
In the blood is a fresh HEEL PRINT. And a LEATHER GLOVE.

6

INT. CONDO - MINUTES LATER

6

The Officer enters. Inside, candles flicker romantically. The calm is unsettling. He tiptoes upstairs. The master bedroom is lit with candles. The bath is filled.

The Officer peers into a second bedroom -- and discovers a sleeping YOUNG GIRL, 8. His eyes widen. He looks into a third bedroom -- finding a YOUNG BOY, 5.

Heart beating faster, the cop hurries downstairs. He lifts his WALKIE-TALKIE, when -- something catches his eye.

There's a FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH of the deceased woman. She smiles, hugging the two children and OJ SIMPSON.

Huh? The Officer sees another photo: There's OJ again. Another photo -- OJ. There is even an OJ football poster. The cop reacts: This is big.

7

EXT. NICOLE'S CONDO - LATER

7

The street is FILLED with FLASHING POLICE CARS! Crime-scene tape blocks Bundy. A dozen POLICEMEN have converged. Flashlights wave, walkie-talkies CRACKLE.

The two kids are confused, upset. They are whisked into a rear squad car.

The Officer escorts an LAPD Detective with blow-dried hair. This stiff, reserved man is MARK FUHRMAN, 40.

PATROL OFFICER

The female is Nicole Brown Simpson.
She's the property owner. The male is
unidentified.

FUHRMAN

Lot of blood.

PATROL OFFICER

It has a clean heel print. There's
also a glove... hat... an envelope...

(gesturing)

Down that path is a set of bloody shoe
prints. They exit through the rear.

He swings his flashlight. We see oversize RED SHOE PRINTS, disappearing from view. Fuhrman squints at a trickle of blood drops, to the left of them.

FUHRMAN

He's bleeding from the left hand.

PATROL OFFICER
Yeah. Let me show you inside.

Fuhrman glances at all the blood.

FUHRMAN
We don't want to contaminate it. Is
there a back entrance?

8 INT. CONDO - SAME TIME

8

Fuhrman and the Officer enter from the rear. Fuhrman eyes the fancy decor. A glance at a cup of melted ice cream.

FUHRMAN
Nothing disturbed. Probably not a
robbery.

He starts making notes. Until another DETECTIVE hurries in.

DETECTIVE
Mark, we need to withdraw from the
case.
(irate)
They've kicked it upstairs.

Fuhrman's face turns sour.

9 EXT. CONDO - MINUTES LATER

9

Two higher-ranking Detectives, PHILIP VANNATTER and TOM LANGE, take charge, running the show. Lange is balding, with a bushy moustache. Vannatter is beefy, with caramel-colored hair.

VANNATTER
Where are the kids?

PATROL OFFICER
They're being held at West L.A.

They blow right past Fuhrman, who is invisible to them.

Vannatter peers at a cop, examining a BLOODY FINGERPRINT on the gate.

LANGE
Have we I.D.'d the male?

A head shake.

VANNATTER
What about OJ Simpson? Has anyone
notified him?

LANGE

We don't want a Belushi situation. We can't have him learning about this from his TV.

YOUNG COP

There's no media here.

VANNATTER

This is a double murder in Brentwood. They'll show.

(he raises his voice)

Does anyone have Simpson's address?

Nobody responds. Vannatter waits, impatient.

Fuhrman is standing off to the side. Ignored. Finally --

FUHRMAN

I know where OJ lives.

Vannatter reacts.

FUHRMAN

I'm Detective Mark Fuhrman, West L.A.

(beat)

I was there years ago, on a family dispute. It's just a few minutes away.

10 EXT. BRENTWOOD PARK - NIGHT

10

An unmarked police car drives through the lush neighborhood. The houses are grand... the streets wide and quiet.

Vannatter and Lange sit in front. Fuhrman is in back. The men peer up Rockingham, wowed.

VANNATTER

I don't think I've ever been up here...

They reach OJ'S HOUSE. On the street, there is one vehicle -- a WHITE BRONCO -- parked askew. Hmm.

11 EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - SAME TIME

11

The cops get out. OJ's house has a high brick wall, with a GATE. Some windows are LIT.

Lange RINGS the gate. BUZZ! BUZZ! They wait.

Nothing. No movement within the house. No sound.

A couple glances. He BUZZES again.

LANGE

Lights are on, and cars are in the driveway. Someone's home.

FUHRMAN
I'm going to look around.

VANNATTER
(ignoring him)
Buzz again.

Lange keeps BUZZING. Fuhrman walks away.

Fuhrman turns on a small pocket FLASHLIGHT and pokes about Rockingham. He wanders over to the badly-parked Bronco.

Curious, Fuhrman peers in. He shines his light inside the car, scanning some discarded papers. Then -- his beam catches a tiny RED STAIN above the door handle.

Fuhrman freezes.

He looks more intently. He pivots the light... discovering some THIN RED STRIPES beneath the doorsill.

FUHRMAN
HEY! You should see this.

12 AT THE BRONCO - MINUTES LATER

12

All three cops are huddled, peering into the Bronco. Tense.

VANNATTER
We'll need a criminalist to confirm if
this is blood.

A sense of dread hangs over them. Vannatter is worried.

VANNATTER
Something feels... wrong.

LANGE
Why don't they answer the door?

13 EXT. HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

13

Fuhrman is CLIMBING over the brick wall. The two older cops watch. He hops down, then manually UNLATCHES the gate.

All three cops RUSH to the house. They KNOCK on the door.

And -- nothing. They KNOCK HARDER. They try the door -- it's locked. Stymied, they walk around back.

14 EXT. REAR HOUSE/GUEST HOUSES - SAME TIME

14

They explore, flashlights crisscrossing. In the dark, they suddenly discover the towering OJ STATUE. The men go silent, staring up. Face-to-face. They are awed.

Then, they hurry off. They find connected GUEST HOUSES.
Fuhrman peers in an open window.

FUHRMAN

Hey, I see someone.

Lange BANGS on the door. A rustling inside, and then it swings open. Revealing KATO KAELIN, a disheveled, spacey dude with a mane of blonde hair.

LANGE

Sir, we're with the LAPD. Is OJ Simpson home?

Kato peers, baffled.

KATO

Huh... I dunno? What? Isn't OJ in the house?

(confused)

What time is it? Was there an earthquake? I heard these crazy thumps last night...

The cops glance at each other, like "what the fuck is wrong with this guy"?

FUHRMAN

Sir, are you on a substance?

Fuhrman shines a flashlight in Kato's EYES. He squints.

KATO

Huh? Look, I'm not really an official person. I just kinda live back here.

LANGE

Sir, we need to speak to Mr. Simpson.
Where is he?

Kato thinks -- the fog lifting.

KATO

Oh, wait. I think he's in Chicago.

15

INT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

15

Lange is on the house phone, waiting. RING. RING. He glances at a clock: 5:15.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Chicago O'Hare Plaza.

LANGE

OJ Simpson please.

The call gets patched through. Lange nods at Vannatter:
Finally. A long wait, then... OJ picks up. Asleep, groggy.

OJ (V.O.)
Uh... yeah...?

LANGE
Is this OJ Simpson?

OJ (V.O.)
Yeah. Who is this?

LANGE
This is Detective Tom Lange from the
Los Angeles Police Department. I have
some bad news. Your ex-wife, Nicole
Simpson, has been killed.

A gasp on the other end. Then, a flood of emotion.

OJ (V.O.)
Oh my God, Nicole was killed?! Oh my
God! She's dead?!

16 EXT. GUEST HOUSES - SAME TIME

16

Kato takes Fuhrman behind the guest houses. Kato points --

KATO
Back there! There was a loud BANG, on
my air conditioner! Seriously, I
thought the wall was gonna fall down.

Fuhrman shines his flashlight into the DARK PASSAGE. It's all
shrubs and cobwebs. Intrigued, he slowly walks back...

17 INT. OJ'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

17

Lange is still talking to OJ.

LANGE
Yes... I'm so sorry, Mr. Simpson...

INTERCUT:

18 OJ SITTING ON HIS HOTEL BED

18

OJ
I'm gonna leave Chicago on the first
flight out! I'll come back to L.A.
Okay, I'll see you later.

OJ hangs up. And then -- he goes still. Shellshocked. OJ
just sits there. A million thoughts racing in his head.

19 BACK AT THE HOUSE

19

Lange has hung up the phone. He has an ODD EXPRESSION. Something is wrong. He motions Vannatter, and they step into a corner... away from the others. We MOVE IN TIGHT.

VANNATTER

What is it?

LANGE

He didn't ask me how she died.

20 EXT. REAR GUEST HOUSES - MINUTES LATER

20

Fuhrman leads Vannatter and Lange, rushing through the thick darkness. Their flashlights light the carpet of leaves.

FUHRMAN

I need to show you something. Back of the guest houses! It's right here... under the air conditioner...

Fuhrman swings his flashlight around, then STOPS.

On the ground is another LEATHER GLOVE. It looks bloody.

The three cops stare, shocked. Finally --

VANNATTER

This is a crime scene.

CUT TO:

21 TITLE SEQUENCE! "AMERICAN CRIME STORY: THE PEOPLE V. O.J. SIMPSON"

21

CUT TO:

22 INT. MARCIA CLARK'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

22

It's breakfast-time in a chaotic family household. MARCIA CLARK, 40, is trying to get her young sons fed. Marcia is a whirlwind -- driven, quick-witted, moralistic and fast to judge. She's small, but a force, dressed for business.

MARCIA

C'mon, eat. You got 90 seconds!

Her sons TRAVIS, 5, and TREVOR, 3, play with their food.

TRAVIS

I don't want cereal.

TREVOR

The milk tastes funny.

MARCIA

Fine, then starve. We have to leave.

The PHONE RINGS. Marcia grabs it.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

Yeah?

INTERCUT:

23

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE

23

The sun is up. Vannatter is out front.

VANNATTER

Marcia, it's Phil Vannatter. You have a sec'? I need your opinion on a double homicide.

At the word "homicide," Marcia lights up. A crime junkie, she relishes this stuff. She SHUSHES the kids.

MARCIA

Boys, shhh! Go get your coats.

She pushes the boys out of the room. Back to the phone --

MARCIA

What do you got?

VANNATTER

We've got two victims in Brentwood, on Bundy Drive. It's pretty brutal --

MARCIA

"Brentwood"? Nobody gets killed in Brentwood --

VANNATTER

One of them is the ex-wife of OJ Simpson.

MARCIA

Who?

Beat.

VANNATTER

Marcia, OJ Simpson. You know, the football player.

MARCIA

I have no idea who you're talking about.

VANNATTER

Marcia, it's OJ! The Juice. He's a movie star -- he's in "The Naked Gun"! He's in those Hertz commercials --

MARCIA

Oh, that guy. Tell me what happened.
(whispering to her son)
Pst! C'mere, let me tie your shoe.

She wrangles her son, while talking.

VANNATTER

There was a lot of blood at the murders. Then at OJ's house, there appears to be blood on his vehicle. We can also see blood drops leading into his house.

In the dawn's light, behind Vannatter, a thin TRAIL OF BLOOD is visible, spattered up to the front door.

VANNATTER

There are also two bloody gloves, one at each location. They appear to match.

MARCIA

Wow.

This all sinks in. Marcia's mind is racing.

MARCIA

What were you doing at Simpson's?

VANNATTER

We were just trying to notify a family member. We didn't realize he would turn out to be a suspect.

MARCIA

Sounds like you've got enough to arrest him. This is major --

VANNATTER

No, no. Hang on, one step at a time. All I want now is a search warrant. I just wanted a prosecutor's opinion.

Beat.

MARCIA

Well, this prosecutor says, go get him.

24 INT./EXT. NICOLE'S CONDO - SAME TIME

24

The condo is swarming with POLICE. Criminalist DENNIS FUNG is outside, collecting blood samples. Cops are bagging evidence. There's a low MURMUR. Until -- Nicole's phone RINGS.

Everybody freezes, startled. People glance over.

The phone RINGS again, and then, the ANSWERING MACHINE picks up. It clicks, and the cassette tape plays NICOLE'S VOICE:

NICOLE'S RECORDED VOICE
"It's Nicole. You know what to do."

The sound is chilling. Then, BEEP! SYDNEY SIMPSON, 8, starts talking.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Mommy, where are you? Why are we at
the police station? Mommy, please
call back.

All the cops stare, silent. Little Sydney keeps talking.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
What happened? Mommy, please answer.
Please answer the phone. Okay... bye.

Sydney HANGS UP. Then, BEEEEEP. Nobody speaks.

25 EXT. NICOLE'S CONDO - MORNING

25

WIDE SHOT. A LOCAL TV NEWS VAN pulls up. Beat. Then ANOTHER NEWS VAN pulls up. And then ANOTHER...

26 INT. L.A. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

26

On a TV, a MORNING SHOW is on. A chirpy BLONDE HOST frowns.

BLONDE HOST (ON TV)
...we've just received sad news. The
former wife of Football Hall of Famer
OJ Simpson was found murdered last
night, in Brentwood. Simpson is
flying back from Chicago, to take care
of their children...

The room REACTS. All races, all customers, saddened. We MOVE THROUGH the shocked crowd.

WHITE WAITRESS
That's just terrible.

CUSTOMERS (ADLIB)
Poor Juice... Number 32... Heisman...
Man, that guy could run... USC's
greatest... Tore up that Coliseum...

We land on the TV... with a PHOTO of NICOLE.

27 OMITTED

27

27A INT. KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

27A

ROBERT KARDASHIAN, 50, is kneeling, doing his morning prayers. He holds a BIBLE and quietly speaks to himself. All is calm.

Then, the phone RINGS. He is taken out of his moment. It RINGS again. A pause, then Robert reluctantly puts down the bible. He answers the phone.

KARDASHIAN

Yes, hello?

We slowly PUSH IN to him. And then, he goes ashen.

KARDASHIAN

Oh my God.

28 EST. BROWN'S ORANGE COUNTY HOUSE - DAY

28

29 INT. BROWN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

29

The BROWN FAMILY is bereaved and sobbing, gathered around the kitchen table. Nicole's parents LOU and JUDITHA are overcome. Their daughters DENISE, DOMINIQUE, and TANYA are crying.

JUDITHA

I can't believe she's gone...

LOU

How could this happen...?

Lou shakily tries pouring coffee. Denise's face is red.

DENISE

We know how it happened.

LOU

N-no. We don't know anything --

DENISE

C'mon, Dad! Why do you always take his side? OJ's been obsessed with Nicole since she was a teenager!

Juditha chokes back her tears.

JUDITHA

We saw him last night, at the recital. He couldn't have been nicer --

DENISE

Mom, who gives a shit? He's a monster.

(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)

Once she became her own woman, he
couldn't take it. He hit her! He
stalked her!

The whole family goes silent.

DENISE

We all know the truth.

(beat)

OJ killed her.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

30 EST. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - MORNING 30

31 INT. D.A. OFFICES - MORNING 31

A hubbub of fluorescent offices. The only decorative flair are framed jigsaw puzzles on the walls. Solve this.

It's busy with LAWYERS and STAFF. Suddenly an elevator DINGS, and Marcia charges out, a click-clack of high heels. Everyone whirls -- she's the Woman of the Hour. Marcia notices the looks -- she likes it.

FEMALE LAWYER

Is it true? Did you get it?

MARCIA

It's looking good.

(grinning, she whispers)

I think I'm in first position.

Marcia zooms to her office. Her door is spackled with SIGNS: "DO NOT KNOCK," "KEEP OUT," "IT IS EASIER FOR MEN TO PRAISE A WOMAN WHO FAILS." Phones are RINGING. She flags one of her ASSISTANTS.

MARCIA

Hey, have we heard from the LAPD?
What time does Simpson return?

ASSISTANT

He lands at LAX around noon.

(beat)

Oh -- Westwood Flower Garden called.
They want to know if the baby tulips
can be peach, not pink.

MARCIA

Your lips are moving, but I don't know
what they're saying.

ASSISTANT

Lynn's baby shower. Today at lunch.

MARCIA

(remembering)

Oh Jesus. What time am I supposed to
be going?

ASSISTANT

Marcia, you're not going. You're
throwing it.

Marcia absorbs this.

MARCIA

Not anymore. I'll tell her.
(beat)
She'll understand.

ASSISTANT

And Gordon's lawyer called --

MARCIA

(angry)
I don't have time for this today!
(cooling)
Tell Gil I'll be right down.

32 INT. GIL GARCETTI'S OFFICE - DAY

32

A conclave of D.A. BRASS. High-level supervisors, everybody on-edge. Stakes are high. Marcia has open files.

Everybody glances at their boss, GIL GARCETTI, 50, L.A. County D.A. Garcetti is a canny politician, tough-on-crime and a people's Democrat. He has a striking head of silver hair.

GIL

What time did he fly to Chicago?

MARCIA

11:45 p.m.

GIL

And what time do you ballpark the murders?

MARCIA

Between 10 and 11.

(beat)

The male, Ronald Goldman, worked at an Italian restaurant nearby. He was 25, an actor/waiter. He left it just before 10.

GIL

Wow.

(thinking)

Do you think OJ had time to do it?

LAWYER

Well, he is fast.

A few smirks.

Bearded BILL HODGMAN, the cautious, plain-vanilla Director of Central Operations, frowns.

HODGMAN

Let's stay on point.

(beat)

What about motive?

MARCIA

Dunno. Ex-wife with a younger man...

GIL

A warm bath and candles. Was he her boyfriend?

MARCIA

Unclear. He was returning glasses that were left in the restaurant by her mother.

The room reacts, baffled.

LAWYER

By her mother? That sounds ridiculous.

MARCIA

I agree. I've never heard of a restaurant that offers that service.

(beat)

In any case, we can assume that the killer walked in on the two of them, or Goldman walked in on the killing.

Marcia distributes graphic CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. We can't see them, but they are clearly horrific. People wince.

HODGMAN

Jesus, these are really vicious...

MARCIA

She's practically decapitated.

LAWYER

I just can't picture OJ Simpson doing it. I met him once at a golf event. He was the nicest guy...

GIL

Yeah, I've met him. He's charming.

HODGMAN

He's not so terrific. Simpson has a prior. Five years ago, he pled no contest, after he beat up Nicole. He never even did his community service. He just got out, celebrity style:

(dour)

He raised money for Camp Ronald McDonald.

The room goes cold.

33

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - STREET - DAY

33

The carnival has started. A handful of LOCAL TV NEWS CREWS are in the street, with their vans and REPORTERS.

TV REPORTER

...Simpson is expected momentarily.
No word on whether he will be
releasing a statement...

On the property, COPS comb the estate. Vannatter peers dismissively at the mob out front.

VANNATTER

It's like a party out there.

(weary)

Keep the gate secure. When Simpson
gets here, detain him.

OUTSIDE THE GATE - A man in a sharp suit and slicked, white-striped hair approaches a COP. He waves desperately, a bit frantic. It's Kardashian.

KARDASHIAN

Excuse me. Excuse me! Can you let me
in?

COP

No, sir.

KARDASHIAN

But OJ is expecting me. I'm his
friend. Robert Kardashian! I'm sure
I'm on the list.

The cop is baffled.

COP

There's no list.

Kardashian sees a man getting out of a fancy car. This is HOWARD WEITZMAN, 55, a buttoned-down, power-player lawyer.

KARDASHIAN

Howard. Howard! I came down as soon
as I heard. Kris called me -- she and
Nicole were gonna have lunch today!

WEITZMAN

Yeah, it's really horrible.

KARDASHIAN

(suddenly losing it)

It's so disturbing! I mean, Nicole
was so full of life. She was so...

(MORE)

KARDASHIAN (CONT'D)

it's just so awful -- I can't believe
this is even real --

WEITZMAN

Hey, there's Juice. I gotta deal with
this.

Weitzman ducks away. Kardashian is left there, shuddering.

34 WIDE - REVEAL

34

A BLACK CADILLAC is slowly pushing towards the mob.

The cameras all SPIN, trying to grab the footage. Like locusts, they encircle it. A window lowers, and the police peer in. They signal to OPEN the GATES.

We follow the Cadillac in. The back door opens... and OJ steps out. He blinks, disoriented by all the police.

The COPS react -- he's quite famous. OJ takes a step.

OJ

What's happening? Why are you here?

COP

Mr. Simpson, we're here because of
the death of your ex-wife. We found a
trail of blood...

Simpson's eyes grow. He begins hyperventilating.

OJ

A "trail"? Oh man. Oh God, oh man...

OJ is whirling, heart pounding. Another OFFICER comes over and puts his HAND on OJ's shoulder. OJ jumps.

OFFICER

Mr. Simpson, let's get away from the
cameras. Let's go around the corner.

35 OUTSIDE THE GATES

35

The PRESS strains to see. Something with OJ and the cop.

One TV CAMERAMAN, from KCOP 13, eyeballs the situation. He scopes it out, then surreptitiously dashes down Rockingham --

36 ON THE PROPERTY

36

The Officer guides OJ into the backyard. Past the statue, over to a children's playhouse. The Officer makes sure that they are out of sight... then he pulls out HANDCUFFS.

OJ gapes, shocked. The Officer tugs OJ's hands behind his back, shackling him.

OJ

What the hell are you doing?!

In the far b.g. is a BRICK WALL. A CAMERA rises over it.
It's the TV Cameraman, on his tippy-toes...

37

ACROSS THE YARD

37

Weitzman and Vannatter come rushing over. Weitzman is upset
by the handcuffing.

WEITZMAN

Whoa, whoa! Slow down here! Is that
necessary?

VANNATTER

No, no. I only wanted him detained.
(to the Officer)
Unhook him.

The Officer frowns, chastised, then unlocks the cuffs. OJ is
rattled.

OJ

Everybody's just gotta calm down.
Shit! I'm going through a lot here...

VANNATTER

Mr. Simpson, I'm sorry. But we do
have some questions about the death of
your ex-wife. Would you be willing to
come down to headquarters and talk?

WEITZMAN

(he puts out his arm)
OJ. You don't have to talk to them.

OJ peers at Howard. Then... OJ glances up at his own towering
statue. The carved icon fortifies him.

OJ

Howard, you're wrong. If I don't
talk, they'll think I did something
wrong.
(emboldened)
Officers, I'm happy to cooperate.

OJ gestures. His LEFT HAND grabs Vannatter's attention.

CLOSEUP - OJ'S HAND

has a BANDAGE on the middle finger.

CLOSEUP - VANNATTER

His eyebrows go up.

38 EXT. ROCKINGHAM - MINUTES LATER

38

The KCOP Cameraman runs up to a parked KCOP 13 VAN. He FLINGS open the door, revealing a DRIVER inside.

KCOP CAMERAMAN
You are not gonna believe what I got!
(he WHISPERS, excited)
I think OJ's a suspect.

CUT TO:

39 INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - MORNING

39

Rows of colorful PURPLE, BLUE and PEACH SUITS. Vibrant ties and shirts, every HUE of the rainbow. A hand pushes a button, and the SUITS start whizzing by, on an electrified track.

Behind them, we discover the face of JOHNNIE COCHRAN, 50s. He is a big personality -- a legal legend, and he knows it. He's exuberant and optimistic, but shrewd, always shrewd.

JOHNNIE
Honey, where's my Hugo Boss? I swear to God, that girl hides my clothes. There's nothing to wear!
(beat)
Today I've got a thousand million things to do. I have to stop by the D.A.'s, meet with the Taylor family, do a TV appearance. So I can't dress too festive. But I need to be strong. Uplifting!

His wife, DALE, peeks in from the bedroom.

DALE
What about the lime green?

JOHNNIE
That would be exceptional... except then I have to run out to Neverland. MJ's got some new pile of commotion! So I can't wear lime, because Michael's afraid of that color. Goodness, I've never known a person with so many phobias.

Dale smiles. She hugs him, then hands him a yellow tie.

DALE
Nobody said your job was easy.

CUT TO:

40 INT. D.A. OFFICES - DAY

40

Lawyers run around. Then, Johnnie comes striding into view. He wears a "Visitor" badge.

Knowing exactly where he's going, he makes a turn, cuts a corner, then reaches a quieter area. A door says "SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS DIVISION, CHRISTOPHER DARDEN, ADA"

Johnnie composes himself, then RAPS on the door.

CHRIS (O.S.)

C'mon in.

41 INT. CHRIS DARDEN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

41

Johnnie opens the door. Inside is the small, lifeless office of CHRIS DARDEN, 40. Chris is a reserved black man with a shaved head, spectacles, and no mojo.

JOHNNIE

Good morning, Chris. So, you finished your investigation of the Taylor shooting?

CHRIS

(intimidated)

Uh, yeah. I didn't want to just send over the report. I thought it would be better if we talked in person...

Johnnie's face falls. He stands there, towering.

JOHNNIE

Save your breath, my brother.

CHRIS

Let me explain --

JOHNNIE

C'mon, I had your job. I know the drill:

(dryly sarcastic)

"The Police Commission determined that the officers acted in self-defense. Those officers were scared. There were just seven of them with guns, up against one mentally ill woman with a knife."

CHRIS

(soft)

Johnnie, I tried. You know all they have to claim is that their lives were in danger --

JOHNNIE

"Danger"? They shot her in the back!

(beat)

It's remarkable how many black folk get shot in their backsides, while attacking. It's like they're going forwards and backwards at the same time.

Beat.

CHRIS

J-Johnnie, I wish I could prosecute. It's terrible.

(beat)

If you check the report, you'll see that I slipped in that the officers may not have been 100% truthful --

JOHNNIE

Oh please. One sentence that nobody is gonna read makes you feel better about yourself?

CHRIS

What do you expect me to do?!

JOHNNIE

You know exactly what we're talking about! Choose a side.

This stings. Chris goes silent. Johnnie realizes he might have been too harsh. He softens.

JOHNNIE

Look... I know your heart's in the right place. But these four walls, they box you in. It's an endless cycle of bullshit.

Chris stares back.

CHRIS

Can I be honest with you?

JOHNNIE

Always.

Chris gets up and shuts the door. Then --

CHRIS

I hate this place. I hate S.I.D. I've been thinking of quitting.

JOHNNIE

Good! You're finally talking some sense. I know you're capable of more.

(MORE)

JOHNNIE (CONT'D)

The world needs more intelligent black men making a difference.

CHRIS

(a faint smile)

That means a lot. I've always looked to you as a mentor.

JOHNNIE

Indeed. Onward and upward.

(he grabs the REPORT)

Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go deliver bad news to the Taylor family. But fortunately, I have a Plan B. I'll advise them to sue the city for police brutality and wrongful death.

(he lets this hang)

The way things are, sometimes money is the only way to get justice.

42-43 OMITTED

42-43

44 INT. MARCIA'S OFFICE - DAY

44

Marcia frantically puffs a cigarette, her office cloudy with smoke. A Jim Morrison poster hangs on the wall. Her desk and leather chair are huge, which make her look tiny.

Marcia is reviewing POLICE FILES. She is visibly shaking.

MARCIA

This is outrageous. Eight 911 calls! The police were called out there eight times! Nicole had a bruised face... bleeding lip... black eye... OJ broke a windshield with a baseball bat... God, the system failed her!

LAWYER

You can't get so upset --

MARCIA

You know what really pisses me off? This went on for years! All that battering, before they filed charges. The law is supposed to be a firewall, to protect victims like her.

LAWYER

It's the LAPD and a famous guy...

Marcia fumes. An ASSISTANT peeks in.

ASSISTANT

Marcia, the tape is here.

45 INT. GARCETTI'S OFFICE - LATER 45

Marcia, Gil, Hodgman, and other D.A.'s stare at a little CASSETTE TAPE RECORDER. The wheels spin...

VANNATTER'S VOICE

When was the last time you saw Nicole?

OJ'S VOICE

Yesterday, when we were leaving our daughter's dance recital. It ended at about 6:30, 6:45, something like that.

INTERCUT:

46 FLASHBACK - THE INTERVIEW 46

Detectives Vannatter and Lange sit with OJ. Another TAPE PLAYER is RECORDING this.

VANNATTER

And what time did you get back home?

OJ

Oh, seven-something. I'm trying to think. Did I leave? You know, I had to run and get my daughter some recital flowers. Then I called my girlfriend Paula as I was going to her house, and Paula wasn't home.

BACK TO:

47 THE ATTORNEYS 47

are bewildered.

MARCIA

What'd he say?! Did he buy flowers before or after the recital? Did he even go to Paula's house?

GIL

Shhh!

BACK TO:

48 OJ'S INTERVIEW 48

VANNATTER

When did you park your Bronco on Rockingham?

OJ

Eight-something. Seven. Eight. Nine o'clock. I don't know. Right in that area. Then I was sitting with Kato.

(MORE)

OJ (CONT'D)

He hadn't done a jacuzzi, so we went
and got a burger.

BACK TO:

49 THE ATTORNEYS

49

MARCIA

Seven, eight, nine? That's not an
answer! Guys, lock him to a time-
frame! Pin him to a version of the
story that he can't change later!

BACK TO:

50 OJ'S INTERVIEW

50

OJ stares, defiant. The cops fold and switch topics.

VANNATTER

Okay, how about that left hand? How
did you get that injury?

OJ

I don't know. The first time, when I
was in Chicago, but at the house I was
just running around. I broke a glass.
One of your guys had just called me.

(helpful)

Actually, it was cut before. Maybe I
opened it again.

BACK TO:

51 THE ATTORNEYS

51

GROAN, dumbfounded. This is a disaster!

OJ'S VOICE

*It's no big deal, I bleed all the
time. I play golf, so there's always
something, nicks and stuff.*

MARCIA

I can't even tell -- did he cut his
hand in Los Angeles or Chicago? How
did he injure himself?!

POP CUT TO:

52 INT. PARKER CENTER

52

Lange and Vannatter watch, as OJ has his blood drawn by a MALE
NURSE.

BACK TO:

53 THE ATTORNEYS

53

Marcia covers her face, frustrated.

MARCIA

This is a fiasco! Why? Why'd the
cops tolerate it?

GIL

They're not used to grilling a star.
(sarcastic)
He's The Juice. He rushed more than
2000 yards in one season.

MARCIA

I have no idea what that means. But
whatever it is, it shouldn't matter.
(she JUMPS up)
He got away with beating her. He's
not gonna get away with killing her!

Infuriated, she storms out. The door SLAMS.

54 EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - DAY

54

Police crawl about. Vannatter drives in, and a COP waves him
past the gate.

Dennis Fung is busy making notes. Vannatter walks over and
hands him a packaged TEST TUBE.

VANNATTER

Here -- Simpson's blood.

FUNG

Okay, but you'll have to wait 48
hours. We need to be super-cautious,
so we're gonna run DNA.

55 INT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

55

TV NEWS drones on three built-in TVs. OJ's extended family
has gathered in support: Kardashian, Kato, OJ's grown children
ARNELLE and chubby brother JASON. Visiting are OJ's sister
SHIRLEY and their elderly MAMA, a delicate woman with a cane.

OJ peers outside, spying on all the police. He is frazzled.

OJ

Why don't they leave? I told them all
the facts. They're acting like I did
it, or something.
(emphatic)
I didn't kill her.

MAMA

We know, Orenthal.

OJ

This whole thing is becoming a mess!

MAMA

It's just shameful. They should let
the family mourn.

OJ wipes his face. He feels control slipping... a depressed
haze settling. OJ fumbles in his pocket, then takes out a
prescription bottle. He swallows a PILL.

Everybody glances worriedly at each other.

56

THE FRONT DOOR

56

opens, and OJ's best buddy AC COWLINGS, 50, enters, clutching
BAGS of All American Burger takeout. AC is also a former
football player. AC is an OJ wannabe.

OJ

About time, AC.

AC

I'm sorry it took so long, OJ.

AC lays it out. Kato rushes by and plunges into the bags.

KATO

Finally! I'm starving.

OJ fixates his gaze. Kato starts scarfing down a burger.

OJ

Kato, you like those burgers?

KATO

Yeah.

OJ

(long beat)

You told the cops that you and I went
out for burgers last night?

Kato freezes, deer in headlights. Then he NODS quickly, head
up and down: Yes sir!

OJ

That's good! I need support. Lots of
support from everybody!!

(beat)

Who called? Did any friends leave a
message?

57-58 ON A TV

57-58

The video of OJ handcuffed appears. Jason MOANS.

JASON

Ugh. Dad, it's that shot again.

OJ

What?! That pisses me off. I was handcuffed for five seconds! Don't they got other footage of me?

Kardashian paces, concerned.

KARDASHIAN

This situation is very worrisome.

AC

What's your lawyer say?

OJ

I dunno! I don't even know where the hell Howard is! Where is Howard?!

KARDASHIAN

You need your counsel.

SHIRLEY

Robert, are you a lawyer?

KARDASHIAN

I... used to be. But not criminal.

(pause)

Is it impolite to ask, what's Howard's game plan? Why'd he let you get cuffed? Why'd he let you do the interview? Why were you there alone?

The mood darkens. OJ's face tightens, mulling this over.

OJ

These are good questions. You're saying, I need a new lawyer...?

Kardashian stares. Then, a BUSTLING. OJ's other sister CARMELITA enters, holding little Sydney and Justin. The children have been crying. They see OJ and RUN up to him.

OJ grabs the kids in a bear hug. Consoling them.

OJ

C'mere. Daddy's gonna take care of things...

A fancy restaurant full of HOLLYWOOD STARS and MODELS and RICH PEOPLE. Booze and duck and Emperor's Crab roll out. At the center table, holding court, is ROBERT SHAPIRO, 50s. Bob is self-serving, clever, smarmy.

SHAPIRO

...so Brando comes to me, weeping:
"My son's looking at life in prison.
Bob, can you help?" I was busy, but
it's Marlon. So I went to the D.A. I
explained that they couldn't prove
premeditation. Guns go off.

(cagy)

I cut them a deal, and everyone's
happy. His son pled to manslaughter.
He'll be out in five.

He waves at somebody, grinning. His wife, LINELL, tugs him.

LINELL SHAPIRO

Bob, enough. I don't want to be late.
(to the group)
We have tickets to the premiere of "I
Love Trouble."

SHAPIRO

Hang on. I want to say hi to Ovitz --

Then, the RESTAURANT MANAGER comes over.

MANAGER

Excuse me, Mr. Shapiro? I'm sorry to
bother you, but you have an emergency
phone call.

SHAPIRO

An emergency?

Bob looks worriedly at his wife. Then, he jumps up. He
FOLLOWS the Manager through the crowd. We MOVE, as he gets
escorted into a small OFFICE. Bob grabs the desk PHONE.

SHAPIRO

This is Robert Shapiro. Who is this?
(not sure he heard)
Who?

An odd beat. Shapiro covers his other ear. Surprised.

INTERCUT:

60

INT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - NIGHT

60

CU on OJ, on the phone. He takes a breath.

OJ

Bob. I'm glad I found you. This is
OJ Simpson.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

61-63 OMITTED

61-63

64 INT. D.A. OFFICES - DAY

64

Everybody is busy-busy. Marcia is running along with Garcetti, reporting back to him. Hodgman strides alongside.

MARCIA

We're putting off filing, until we get the blood test.

(a bit manic)

Obviously, this sort of makes me crazy. It's ridiculous that he's back in the house! He could be destroying evidence. Intimidating witnesses --

GIL

Marcia --

MARCIA

I think we put our best witnesses in front of a Grand Jury. This week. Block them from the Defense --

GIL

Marcia! I want to pair you with Bill.

Marcia STOPS.

A beat. She is taken aback.

A moment, as she looks back and forth at the men. Grasping the situation. There is a shifting in the sand.

GIL

This case is too big for one prosecutor. A partner will be good.

(beat)

And Bill runs a little... cooler than you. You're perfect for this case, because you care. But I think this will be useful. A little checks-and-balance.

Marcia isn't pleased -- but she knows the score.

MARCIA

I... understand.

GIL

Also, frankly, you're going to be drowning in paper. We'll never keep up with the Defense's resources.

Marcia swallows her pride. She nods -- then resumes walking.

MARCIA

Nobody is more organized than Bill.

HODGMAN

(he smiles)

I'm here to help.

Marcia forces a smile. She is clearly not happy.

Gil walks away. We move away from Marcia... down a hall... finding Chris sitting alone in the bullpen.

Chris is on a PHONE, at a table by himself.

CHRIS (ON THE PHONE)

Yeah, things are hopping, but I'm not really part of it. Since OJ broke, meetings keep getting canceled. Everyone's trippin' over themselves, trying to get on the celebrity case.

(beat)

I was thinking I'd take a long weekend. Come up and visit you guys.

(a gallows laugh)

Trust me, nobody will miss me!

65

INT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - DEN - DAY

65

The den is a shrine to OJ, filled with trophies and OJ merchandise and football memorabilia. OJ and Kardashian sit with Robert Shapiro. Shapiro is in sales mode -- deferential, reassuring, calm.

SHAPIRO

Believe me, Howard Weitzman is a very "capable" lawyer.

(choosing his words)

But... I agree with your decision. You can't afford any more missteps.

OJ nods. He pokes Kardashian -- see?

SHAPIRO

In a situation like this, you need to stay ahead of the events. I told Johnny Carson the same thing when I represented him. You need to hire the best experts, the top investigators.

OJ

Already?

SHAPIRO

Yes. Now. We need to chase down any favorable leads, before they grow stale! The D.A. will be be throwing all their resources at this.

(MORE)

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

They have a terrible rep for losing cases against the rich and famous. They're going to do everything, to win.

Kardashian leans in.

KARDASHIAN

OJ has a good relationship with the cops. Sometimes they come over for tennis, Saturday pool parties...

SHAPIRO

That's useful. It's good to know.
(theatrically, he "thinks")
Hmm. I wonder... if you should join the team too. You could reactivate your license... you'd provide a special insight for us.

OJ

Absolutely! That's a great idea. Bobby understands me.

KARDASHIAN

We've been friends forever. After Kris and I broke up, Juice was there for me, every night.
(heartfelt)
I'll do anything for this man.

Kardashian beams at OJ. He gives him a warm grab.

SHAPIRO

Ok. Good. Now, just one final thing: There's something I need to discuss privately with OJ...?

Shapiro glances at Kardashian. Kardashian gets the hint. OJ doesn't comment, as Kardashian leaves. The door closes -- then we MOVE IN on the MEN. Bob is soothing, but in control.

SHAPIRO

Before I take a new criminal case, I always ask my client a question. I won't be judgmental. But -- I think it's crucial that attorney and client are truthful with each other. And whatever you tell me is confidential. It won't leave this room.

OJ stares. Wary, waiting. Shapiro proceeds.

SHAPIRO

So. OJ, did you do it?

CLOSEUP - OJ

A profound stillness. Clear-eyed, he stares right at Shapiro.

OJ
No. I loved her.

66 INT. FANCY LAW FIRM - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

66

A stylish, expensive LAW FIRM. Marcia enters and takes a seat. Anxious, she glances through a FILE OF PAPERS she brought. Another waiting WOMAN smiles awkwardly.

WOMAN
Don't you hate having to see lawyers?
It just makes me sick to my stomach.

Marcia stares.

67 INT. MARCIA'S LAWYER'S OFFICE - LATER

67

Marcia sits with her DIVORCE LAWYER. He has bad news.

DIVORCE LAWYER
Gordon isn't accepting the proposed
terms of divorce. He wants to go to
trial.

MARCIA
God DAMN it!
(very upset)
I don't have time for this!!

DIVORCE LAWYER
Marcia, you filed on Thursday. You
knew what you were getting into.

MARCIA
Well, I didn't know OJ Simpson was
gonna kill his wife on Sunday!

Beat.

DIVORCE LAWYER
You have a lot on your plate. Divorce
usually isn't simple.

MARCIA
(hurt)
I know! I've done this before!

DIVORCE LAWYER
Then you know how emotionally draining
it is. This could go on for a year.
(soft)
As your friend, I'm worried for you.
You're taking on too much.

68 EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER 68

Marcia stands at her car, smoking a cigarette. Face pensive. She struggles to take a deep breath and clear her head.

CUT TO:

68A INT. TALK RADIO STATION - DAY 68A

We are in a tiny AM radio booth. A gregarious black DJ is interviewing an agitated BLACK JOURNALIST.

DJ TODD

Brothers and sisters, today's guest is the esteemed Dennis Schatzman, lead writer for the black-owned Los Angeles Sentinel. Dennis, how are you?

BLACK JOURNALIST

Todd... I am not good. I am disgusted by how OJ Simpson has been treated by the LAPD. He has not been charged with a crime, and yet they handcuffed him. They put him in chains!

(pointed)

Let me ask YOU a question. Remember Jeffrey Dahmer? He was a mass murderer. He was a cannibal. Yes, he ATE people. Well, how many times did you see Jeffrey Dahmer in handcuffs?

68B INT. TOWNCAR - DRIVING - SAME TIME 68B

Johnnie rides in the back of a TOWNCAR. He listens to this intently...

BLACK JOURNALIST (ON RADIO)

The black/white double standard endures! Daryl Gates and his nefarious chokehold... guns pulled on Olympic legend Al Joyner... the Rodney King verdict, affirmed by an all-white jury. Of course we rioted!

(beat)

The LAPD's war against African-Americans has to be stopped.

DJ TODD (ON RADIO)

Whew! You've touched a nerve -- the phone lines are all lit up!

Johnnie reacts, taken. Something big is brewing here...

68C EXT. CNN - HOLLYWOOD - DAY 68C

The towncar pulls into CNN headquarters. We TILT UP to the CNN logo above.

69

INT. CNN STUDIOS - DAY

69

A splashy NEWS SET, during a break. CREW run about. OJ is all over the MONITORS. On a TV, we catch a snippet:

ANCHOR (ON TV)
...sources says Simpson's arrest is imminent...

Hair and makeup fuss over Johnnie, the guest of honor. He is high energy, telegenic. He chatters with the makeup crew:

JOHNNIE
Boy, I haven't been this popular since the Riots. A famous black man's in trouble, so TV shows start going down that list: Jesse, Sharpton, me.

MAKEUP LADY
Are you on the case?

JOHNNIE
No no, my plate is full. I'm busy with a single mother who got shot nine times by the LAPD! Tragic and typical... but it's not sexy. It got dumped into the back of the newspaper.

Johnnie glances at a MONITOR -- and sees Shapiro.

JOHNNIE
Robert Shapiro?! Hm, that's a headscratcher! He's who you call after you smash your Rolls, drunk on Mulholland! OJ needs a litigator.

MAKEUP LADY
What if OJ asks you to help?

Johnnie pauses, then shakes his head.

JOHNNIE
Me? No -- I like to win. And this case is a loser.

A CREWMAN motions at Johnnie: "Four, three, two, one..."

The RED LIGHT on a CAMERA lights up. Suddenly, Johnnie puts on a big smile. He nods, listening to his EARPIECE.

JOHNNIE
Thank you so much, for having me. First and foremost, we should all extend our prayers to the Simpson family.

70 INT. MARCIA'S OFFICE - DAY

70

Marcia and Hodgman interview an intense woman, JILL SHIVELY, 30's. Marcia's jaw is agape.

MARCIA

You saw him?

JILL

Yeah. Sunday night, about 10:45. I was driving to Souplantation, on San Vicente. Suddenly this big white vehicle came screeching up Bundy. It was totally crazy! It ran the red.

POP CUT TO:

71 FLASHBACK - NIGHT

71

The Bronco runs the signal, in front of Vicente Foods. Jill in her VW and another car, a Nissan, SLAM their brakes. All three cars SCREECH. The Bronco plows up onto the median.

JILL (V.O.)

Me and this other car swerved, so we wouldn't crash into it. And then the white car honks at me! Like I did something wrong.

The three cars struggle to back out of the jam. OJ leans out of his window. He barks at Jill, frightening her.

OJ

MOVE YOUR DAMN CAR! Move it, MOVE IT!

BACK TO:

72 MARCIA'S OFFICE

72

JILL

The driver was OJ Simpson.

Marcia glances at Hodgman. WOW. She mouths, "Holy shit!"

73 MARCIA'S OFFICE - LATER

73

Hodgman sits with the nice young Limo Driver, ALLAN PARK.

ALLAN PARK

I was nervous. At 10:40, I buzzed the gate, but he didn't answer. I got scared, because I didn't want him to miss his flight. I called my boss, my mom, I didn't know what to do!

HODGMAN

Then what?

ALLAN PARK

Just before 11, in the dark, I saw a large black man go into the house.

POP CUT TO:

74 FLASHBACK - NIGHT

74

OJ's house. Allan waits at his limo. Then, in the shadows, he sees a MAN run in the front door. Allan reacts, surprised.

BACK TO:

75 MARCIA'S OFFICE

75

ALLAN PARK

I buzzed again, and finally OJ Simpson answered. He said he overslept.

Hodgman glances at Marcia. This is good stuff.

HODGMAN

Anything else unusual?

ALLAN PARK

Well, when we drove away, I saw a white Bronco parked on Rockingham.

(beat)

It wasn't there when I arrived.

76 MARCIA'S OFFICE - LATER

76

Marcia and Hodgman are excited, conferring over the facts. They have a MAP of Brentwood, which she MARKS UP with a pen. She's exhilarated, billowing cigarette smoke.

MARCIA

Goldman left the restaurant just before 10. Neighbors start hearing dog barking at 10:15. OJ screams at the salad bar lady at 10:45. OJ runs into his house a little before 11.

HODGMAN

Our timeline totally holds together.

They beam at each other. A genuine emotion chips through.

MARCIA

Bill -- I know that you know I wanted all this for myself...

(sincere)

But, I'm glad we're doing it together.

77 INT. SHAPIRO'S HOME GYM - DAY

77

Bob marches on a treadmill, in his home. Energized, he barks orders at a YOUNG INTERN, a wannabe hotshot in a suit.

SHAPIRO

Let's hire Michael Baden and Henry Lee, NOW. Baden will do a second autopsy. Lee for forensics. Nail them down, before the D.A. grabs them. And book us a polygraph session.

YOUNG INTERN

A polygraph? Really?

SHAPIRO

If OJ passes, we'll leak it to every newspaper. And if he doesn't...
(long beat; he frowns)
We'll do our very best.

78 INT. INTERCEPT OFFICES - DAY

78

A bland, nondescript office. OJ is hooked up to a POLYGRAPH MACHINE. Wires run from his body to the device. OJ is very nervous. A buttoned-down EXAMINER reads from a clipboard.

EXAMINER

What is your name?

OJ

Orenthal James Simpson.

EXAMINER

How many years were you married to Nicole Brown Simpson?

OJ flinches, heart pounding. Trying to stay calm.

OJ

S-seven years.

79 INT. WAITING AREA - LATER

79

Shapiro and Kardashian sit, fretting.

KARDASHIAN

I don't think he's holding up. It's like he's not really The Juice anymore...

Beat. We hear a door CLICK.

SHAPIRO

Whatever happens here today, neither of us ever says a word to anybody.

The Examiner enters, holding papers. He fiddles his glasses.

EXAMINER

So.

(he clears his throat)

I administered Mr. Simpson a zone of comparison exam. The polygraph measured three physiological responses -- heart rate, breathing, and electrical sensitivity of his skin.

(beat)

I tabulated Mr. Simpson's answers and responses. He scored... a Minus-24.

KARDASHIAN

"M-Minus 24"? What does that mean?

Shapiro groans.

SHAPIRO

That's a flunk. That's the worst you can do.

ANGLE - KARDASHIAN'S

face collapses. This is a punch to the gut. He's terribly disturbed, the life draining from his eyes.

KARDASHIAN

He couldn't have done it...

80

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

80

OJ is flipping out. Distressed, shouting at Bob and Bob.

OJ

Of course I failed it! She just died! I'm so emotional! Every time I heard Nicole's name, my heart went crazy.

SHAPIRO

Ok! Calm down. Don't worry --

OJ

These machines never work! That's why you can't use them in court --

KARDASHIAN

We know. This was just for us. To have something to talk about --

OJ

What'd they think would happen?! They're talking about my wife dying! The mother of my children! Of course the needle's jumping!

Shapiro and Kardashian glance at each other.

81 OMITTED

81

82 EXT. ORANGE COUNTY MORTUARY - DAY

82

Nicole's wake -- which is a CIRCUS. Satellite NEWS VANS. HELICOPTERS zoom over. SECURITY holds back the lookyloos. LIMOS make their way, the street blocked with cones. Foreign PAPARAZZI trip over each other, grabbing shots.

The Brown family arrives, grieving and overwhelmed. Nicole's Parents hold little Justin and Sydney. They are trailed by Nicole's three sisters, their boyfriends and family.

Nicole's hot Brentwood Mom Friends huddle -- all over-sexed and pampered-looking. Slutty FAYE RESNICK whispers with KRIS JENNER. Kris's husband BRUCE JENNER wrangles her kids KOURTNEY (14), KIM (13), KHLOE (9), and ROB (7).

KRIS

I can't believe she's gone...

FAYE

I talked to her every day. I just saw her at the nail salon on Friday.

KRIS

Khloe! Kourtney! Stop running. Put away that candy.

(whispering)

Do you... think he did it?

FAYE

C'mon, Kris. She was terrified of him.

(remorseful)

I wish we had done something.

KRIS

It was right in front of us. He always had that temper. He'd be smiling... but then if she mentioned another guy, he'd start screaming.

FAYE

Did she ever show you the photos of her face, after he laid into her? She kept them locked away, in case... something happened to her.

Then, a COMMOTION. The women go silent.

AT THE CURB, a STRETCH LIMOUSINE pulls up. A door opens, and AC steps out. Then, Shapiro and Kardashian.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Hey, your ex got in Car Number One.

The crowd leans forward, waiting on eggshells. And then --
AH! -- OJ steps from the car.

A gasp from the CROWD. CAMERAS click crazily.

Denise is stunned. Furious.

DENISE

He has no shame. He came.

OJ wears sunglasses. He moves slowly, in a bit of a drugged haze. Shapiro clears him a path.

SHAPIRO

Please, no pictures. Please, respect
the family.

Shapiro walks the line -- and POSES for the clicking cameras.

One PAPARAZZO whispers to another.

PAPARAZZO

Who the hell brings their lawyer to a
funeral?

83

INT. MORTUARY - LATER

83

Nicole lies in an open casket. She is very pale.

Alongside are framed PHOTOS: Nicole in her Ferrari. Nicole with her children. Nicole in strangely revealing outfits.

The room is somber. And then -- OJ appears at the back.

People turn, shooting him ugly looks: Murderer. The vibe is very odd. OJ feels everybody's eyes on him -- but he ignores them. He slowly makes his way to the casket...

The Browns are speechless. OJ gives Nicole's mother a hug, which looks very awkward. Nobody knows what to say.

Then -- OJ approaches the casket. He looks down at Nicole... lifeless and made-up. Then, OJ gives her a tender kiss.

It's chilling.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

84 INT. D.A. OFFICES - NIGHT

84

The offices are empty. But Marcia's still there, on a PHONE.

MARCIA

I'm sorry, sweetie, I can't come home yet. Mommy is waiting for something important... If you're hungry, have Alba make you some food.

She pauses, regretful. Distant, an ELEVATOR DINGS.

Marcia turns. Footsteps approach. Marcia freezes, taut. Then -- Vannatter and Lange appear, holding a large ENVELOPE.

Her eyes widen. We hear her SON'S VOICE. She gets flustered.

MARCIA

What? No, Mommy has to go! Sorry.

She HANGS UP. She stares at the guys. Bouncing on her feet.

MARCIA

Well... do we have him?

Vannatter NODS. Yes.

Marcia gasps, relieved. Lange hands her the LAB REPORT.

LANGE

The DNA came through. The blood drops at Bundy are Simpson's type. And, the Rockingham glove matches a mix of Simpson and the victims' blood.

MARCIA

Thank God! Let's put him behind bars.

85 INT. SHAPIRO'S HOUSE - MORNING

85

Shapiro is on a CALL with Lange. Bob's in dealmaking mode --

SHAPIRO

...no, no. I understand you have a warrant, but there's no reason to come get Mr. Simpson. I can deliver him.

(beat)

Also, let's be clear: No perp walk.

LANGE (V.O.)

Bob, I am in no mood for games. I was up all night, prepping this paperwork. You have a client charged with double homicide, with special circumstances.

SHAPIRO

Understood. So, let's see, it's 8:30 now. How about I bring him at noon?

LANGE (V.O.)

What? Why do you need 3 1/2 hours to drive him from Brentwood? Eleven.

Shapiro nods, pleased. He got what he wanted.

SHAPIRO

Good, eleven. You have my word. And my word is gold. See you then.

Bob HANGS UP. We WIDEN... revealing his wife, eyebrows up.

LINELL SHAPIRO

Your "word is gold"?

SHAPIRO

That call was a heap of bad news. They're arresting him, of course.

(worried)

But they're going for "special circumstances." That means no bail. OJ's in jail, until the verdict.

LINELL SHAPIRO

Is he back at Rockingham?

SHAPIRO

No. He's in the hideout.

86 OMITTED

86

87 EXT. ENCINO/EXT. KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

87

Shapiro drives his MERCEDES-BENZ through the suburban hills of Encino. He reaches a GATED WHITE VILLA, a Persian Palace.

88 INT. KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE FOYER - MORNING

88

It's all marble and mirrors -- early Tehran bordello. We're wondering, where the hell are we? The doorbell CHIMES, then Kardashian comes scurrying across the shiny surface. He opens the door, revealing Shapiro, agitated.

KARDASHIAN

He's still sleeping. He's sedated.

(concerned)

He was really upset after the funeral.

89 INT. KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

89

Gingerly, Shapiro KNOCKS at a BEDROOM door. Knock, knock.

SHAPIRO

Juice? It's Bob. You gotta wake up.
OJ...? We got a lot to do.

He KNOCKS again. We HOLD ON the bedroom door. Slowly... it opens. OJ peers out, squinty-eyed. Groggy on pills.

OJ

What is... mmm...

SHAPIRO

Hey! OJ. Um, look, here we are. I don't like to be the bearer of bad news, but, um... well, we have to be pragmatic about these things.

OJ

(trying to rouse himself)
Huh? What're you... saying?

In the b.g., half-naked, sexy PAULA BARBIERI sits up.

PAULA

Honey, what's going on...?

OJ

Paula, go back to bed...

SHAPIRO

OJ. OJ, listen to me. They have issued a warrant to arrest you. You'll need to be downtown at eleven.

ANGLE - OJ

His face crumples, utterly distraught.

A wash of emotions hits him. Pushing through his fog.

OJ

No... NO! Bob, I can't go to jail!
No way! NO WAY! Can't do that.

SHAPIRO

(appeasing)
We'll figure this out. Nice and smooth --

OJ

No way! I can't go there --

SHAPIRO

Yes, you can. Also, you need to understand that this is the last time we'll be together, without them eavesdropping. So if you have anything you want to tell me --

OJ
What are you trying to say?!

Suddenly -- DING-DONG! OJ whirls, startled. Tense.

OJ
Who's that? Are they here already?!

SHAPIRO
N-no! Those are friends. People here
to look at you. We're here to help.

OJ peers woefully. He swallows some more PILLS.

90

INT. KARDASHIAN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

90

OJ sits on the couch, shirtless, catatonic. A MOB of DOCTORS and EXPERTS hover. ASSISTANTS take his blood and clip a sample of OJ's hair. MICHAEL BADEN and HENRY LEE examine and photograph his body. They talk like OJ's not there.

BADEN
No significant wounds or abrasions.

LEE
What about here, on the torso...?

DOCTOR
(he feels OJ's neck)
I see some swollen lymph nodes. Is
there any family history of cancer?

OJ doesn't respond.

PAULA
OJ looks sad. Can he lie down?

SHAPIRO
No, he's not moving. We're conducting
the best defense money can buy.

OJ
(listless)
I wanna call Mama... take a shower.

Then -- DING-DONG! Surprised, Kardashian swings open the door, revealing ANOTHER DOCTOR. This man has TWO NURSES.

KARDASHIAN
Bob, it's another doctor.

Kardashian is perplexed. Bob pulls him aside and WHISPERS.

SHAPIRO
That's Saul Faerstein. Expert
psychiatrist.
(MORE)

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

In case we want to go for a... uh...
"diminished-capacity" defense.

KARDASHIAN

Are you saying he was insane?

SHAPIRO

I'm saying -- keep our options open.

91 EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

91

Lange and Vannatter stand in front of LAPD Headquarters. They stare at the street. LIVID. Lange checks his watch.

LANGE

I've got 11:05. He is late.

VANNATTER

This is unbelievable. We cut him
every favor possible. Self-surrender,
plenty of time...

(seething)

Go upstairs. Call him.

92 INT. KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

92

Shapiro's CELLPHONE rings. He sees the number, then grimaces.

SHAPIRO

Oh. Uh... hey, Tom.

(awkward)

Uh... look, I gotta apologize. We may
be a few minutes behind schedule.

INTERCUT:

93 INT. PARKER CENTER

93

LANGE

Bob. You ARE in your car?

SHAPIRO

Oh, well -- almost. About to leave...

LANGE

(he chokes on this)

WHAT? No, no, no, Bob. Do not jerk
me around!

SHAPIRO

OJ's washing up... getting dressed.
He's just moving a little slowly...

Bob glances back at the ten people running around. Ugh.

LANGE
Shapiro! We have a press conference
scheduled for 12.
(beat)
Marcia is going to blow a gasket.

94 INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - SAME TIME

94

A sign says "GRAND JURY"

INSIDE, Marcia is running the Grand Jury. JURORS are seated
classroom-style. Eccentric Kato Kaelin is on the stand.

MARCIA
Mr. Kaelin, do you live on the property
of Mr. Orenthal James Simpson?

Kato reads off a SCRIPT. Tripping over the big words.

KATO
*"I respectfully decline to answer and
assert my constitutional right to
remain silent."*

MARCIA
(she glowers, frustrated)
On the night of June 12, 1994, were
you in the company of Mr. Simpson?

KATO
*"I respectfully decline to answer and
assert my constitutional right to
remain silent."*

MARCIA
(irate)
Mr. Kaelin! You are a witness, not a
suspect! You have no right to invoke
the Fifth Amendment.

The back door opens. Hodgman enters, the bearer of more bad
news. He WHISPERS to her.

Marcia's eyes pop: What?!

95 INT. KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

95

DR. FAERSTEIN tries to get OJ's attention, amid the chaos.

DR. FAERSTEIN
OJ, how did you feel when you got the
news?

OJ
I don't wanna talk about it.
(upset)
Where's AC? Why ain't AC here??

DR. FAERSTEIN
Please. We're trying to help --

OJ
What, you people think I did it?? I
can't take this! Just get AWAY!

Freaking, OJ jumps up. He barrels away. Shapiro winces.

SHAPIRO
We really need to wrap this up.

96 IN A BACK DEN

96

OJ paces, unnerved. He clutches FRAMED PHOTOS of his kids.
He's confused, popping pills, mumbling to himself.

OJ
OJ Simpson's a good guy. I want to be
remembered as a good guy.

Edgy, he hunts for something. He opens a few desk drawers,
then finds... a LETTER OPENER. He grips it. Beat. Then --
manic, he drops it and grabs a MINI CASSETTE RECORDER. OJ
hits "RECORD." He walks around and starts freeform reciting:

OJ
This is OJ. Boy, how'd I end up here?
I always felt goodness in myself, but
now I feel... emptiness. Shit.
(unraveling)
I always did a lot for everybody...
Remember me as the Juice, whatever
that means. Don't focus on anything
negative that happens today...

97 BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

97

Shapiro's phone RINGS again. He winces.

VANNATTER (V.O.)
Shapiro! Where is he????

SHAPIRO
Phil, you know my reputation. I have
a good relationship with the LAPD --

VANNATTER (V.O.)
We are coming to get him. We are
coming to Rockingham now.

SHAPIRO
Oh! "Rockingham"? Well, we're not
exactly at --

VANNATTER
What? Jesus! WHERE ARE YOU?

SHAPIRO
(panicking)
Um, I'm not at liberty to say.

98 INT. DEN - LATER 98

SERIES OF JUMP CUTS:

OJ sits at the DESK, feverishly scribbling a LETTER.

99 OJ scribbles ANOTHER LETTER. His face is intent. 99

100 OJ scribbles ANOTHER LETTER. Across the room, we reveal 100
Kardashian watching, his face pained. OJ hands the papers.

OJ
Here's a statement for my fans... a
letter for my mom... a letter for my
kids...
(pause)
And here's my will.

OJ slides the papers over... revealing a .357 MAGNUM.

Kardashian's face pales.

KARDASHIAN
Juice. Why do you have a gun?

OJ picks up the gun. He points it at his own face.

OJ
Maybe this'll be easier for everyone.
This situation has gone real bad.

KARDASHIAN
OJ --

Robert reaches -- and OJ angrily JERKS away. He jumps up.
Robert lunges again -- and they tussle a second, things going
batty, into madness. It's scary, the gun swinging around.

Finally, OJ pulls away. Stoic, he aims the gun at himself.

OJ
Call up the Browns. Tell Lou and Judy
I want them to be the guardians of my
children.

OJ hurries out. Kardashian follows.

101 INT. MARCIA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME 101

Marcia is on the phone, raging.

MARCIA

SHAPIRO! This is out of control. I have left a Grand Jury, to make this call! Where is your client?!

INTERCUT:

102

SHAPIRO IN KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE

102

SHAPIRO

Marcia, I'm sorry. He's with a few doctors. He's very depressed.

MARCIA

He SHOULD be depressed. He killed two people! He's going to prison! Now what is your location?

SHAPIRO

H-here's one of the doctors --

Frantic, Shapiro tosses the phone to Dr. Faerstein. This man is perplexed by the responsibility. Nervously, he speaks.

DR. FAERSTEIN

Uh... hello?

MARCIA

(baffled by the new voice)

WHO IS THIS?

DR. FAERSTEIN

This is Mr. Simpson's psychiatrist.

MARCIA

(beside herself)

WHERE ARE YOU? We have a warrant for this man's arrest! Doctor, there are laws relating to aiding and abetting a fugitive --

Dr. Faerstein blanches. Hot potato, he tosses the phone back.

DR. FAERSTEIN

Bob, I am NOT going to jail for this.

Shapiro holds out the phone, arm outstretched. We HEAR Marcia's TIRADE over the receiver.

The moment plays out on Shapiro's face. He realizes that the game is up. He looks back at the entourage, the commotion, the clock. He composes himself. Then --

SHAPIRO

Marcia, this wasn't my plan. I've got to apologize for how this played out.

(MORE)

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

(remorseful)

We're in Encino. Here's the address --

103 INT. BACK HALLWAY - DAY

103

OJ wanders, sweaty, pointing the gun at his head. Breathing heavily, he staggers into a girly PINK BEDROOM. Tacked-up are Tiger Beat pin-ups: Joey Lawrence, Jonathan Taylor Thomas...

Kardashian chases after him, upset.

KARDASHIAN

OJ, no. Please. This is where my daughter sleeps. C'mon. Do not kill yourself in Kimmy's bedroom.

OJ sees a stuffed unicorn. He shakes his head, despondent.

KARDASHIAN

Give me the gun. We can beat this thing together.

(pause)

We all love you. Your kids love you. God loves you. You don't want your children to lose both parents --

OJ gives him a strange look. Then -- a NOISE outside.

Kardashian runs to the window. A WHITE BRONCO is pulling up. He forces a grin.

KARDASHIAN

H-hey! Look! AC's here! OJ, can you see AC?

Suddenly, a GASP. They both turn.

Paula is in the doorway.

PAULA

Oh my GOD. What is going on here?

OJ whimpers, waving the gun. Kardashian is frantic.

KARDASHIAN

Paula -- watch OJ a second. I gotta grab AC. Okay? Okay.

Kardashian bolts out.

104 INT. FOYER - SAME TIME

104

The front door opens. AC enters. He is startled by ALL THE PEOPLE inside. Doctors, experts, assistants --

AC
Jesus Christ, who are all these
people?!

Before Shapiro can speak, Kardashian comes RUNNING in.

KARDASHIAN
AC! You need to go handle Juice.

AC
Why? What's happening?

KARDASHIAN
He's in a really bad place. He's
talking suicide.
(emotional)
I know he trusts you. He's in Kimmy's
room.

Concerned, AC charges back. Everybody is on-edge.

105 EXT. KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

105

A POLICE CRUISER comes SCREECHING up the winding hill. It
PARKS on the steep driveway. Then, two COPS come jumping out.

They run up and KNOCK on the front door. RAP, RAP, RAP!

Beat -- then the door opens. Shapiro tiredly peers out.

COP
We have a warrant for the arrest of
Orenthal James Simpson.

SHAPIRO
I understand. He's here. Please come
in. We intend to cooperate fully.

106 INT. KARDASHIAN'S - SAME TIME

106

Shapiro escorts them in. He turns to Kardashian.

SHAPIRO
Robert, could you grab OJ?

Kardashian nods, crushed by this meltdown. He wipes some
tears from his eyes, then hurries back.

An awkward pause. The Cops glance at the collection of people
in the living room. Shapiro feigns a gracious host patter:

SHAPIRO
Can I get you men a drink?

COP
No, sir. We just need Mr. Simpson.

Shapiro nods, understanding. Then -- a SCURRYING. Kardashian comes RUNNING back in. He is flustered.

KARDASHIAN
He's -- he's not back there.

Beat.

Shapiro can't process this.

SHAPIRO
What do you mean?

107 ANGLE - THE TWO COPS 107

tense up, INSTANTLY on full-alert.

Then -- split-second -- both of them RUN into the interior of the house. They start SHOUTING into their radios.

108 BACK HALLWAYS 108

One Cop CHARGES from room to room. One Cop frenziedly opens doors.

109 IN THE LIVING ROOM 109

All the color drains from Shapiro's face. He gapes at everybody. Then --

SHAPIRO
This is bad. Help me find him!

Shapiro RUSHES back into the house. Baden and Lee and nurses and everybody else RUN TOO.

110 INSIDE THE HOUSE 110

Chaos. We CUT AROUND, EVERYBODY running from room to room.

SHAPIRO
OJ!

BADEN
OJ?

COP
Mr. Simpson!!

Kardashian rounds a corner -- discovering Paula, alone. Weeping. She looks up at Robert, then shrugs helplessly.

PAULA
They went out back...

Kardashian's eyes bulge. He charges out a BACK DOOR.

111 EXT. KARDASHIAN BACKYARD - SAME TIME 111

Kardashian lurches around his yard, chest pounding. He peeks behind the shrubs.

Shapiro appears in the back door, watching. He looks ill.

Kardashian shakes his head, losing hope. Adrenaline racing, he rushes to the side of the house, to check one last area. When -- SOMETHING suddenly catches his eye.

112 TIGHT - KARDASHIAN 112

A gulp. Slowly, he turns toward the driveway. At the EMPTY SPACE where the Bronco was.

Then, just a whisper.

KARDASHIAN
The Bronco's gone.

113 TIGHT - SHAPIRO 113

His face falls. A long beat -- then he glances over his shoulder. The two Cops stare in horror.

CUT TO:

114 OMITTED 114

115 INT. D.A. OFFICES - SAME TIME 115

The brass stand, silent. Marcia and Gil and Hodgman and Vannatter and Lange and everyone. Sickened. Dumbfounded.

MARCIA
Oh my God -- we are going to look like morons.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. 405 FREEWAY - DAY 116

The white Bronco drives Southbound, disappearing from view...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END