

"AND JUSTICE FOR ALL!"

by

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and

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FADE IN:

INT. LOCK-UP CELL - DAY

It is early morning, but no daylight penetrates the cell block. A string of overhead lights dimly illuminates the corridor. As the CAMERA TRACKS, we SEE the cells are filled with sleeping derelicts, addicts, pimps, hustlers -- and probably a few frightened traffic offenders -- the odd assortment of humanity swept up during the night.

ANGLE

on the door to the cell-block as it opens and TWO POLICEMEN enter pushing ahead of them a black transvestite, RALPH AGEE. He tries to maintain a sense of dignity by keeping a step ahead of the prodding fingers. His appearance suggests that he's had a rough night of it. He tugs and pulls at the neckline of the cheap dress he wears, a blonde wig sits slightly askew on his head and his lipstick is smeared. As they proceed down the corridor, the cell-block comes to life.

MAN 1

Man, don't put that in here.
She's not my type.

MAN 2

Hey, that's my wife you're
talkin' 'bout. She's here for
our conjugal visit. C'mon,
honey, over here! Let daddy
show you what he's got in his
pants for you.

MAN 3

Shit, she got the same thing
under her skirt that you got in
your pants.

MAN 4

You a natural blonde?

Everyone takes delight in that one, including the police.
Agee is frightened.

MAN 4

(continuing)

Are you a natural blonde, honey?
You want to show us a little?
You got anything that's natural
there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Policemen stop Agee at one of the cells. Hoots emanate from the cell.

MAN 5

Whooo! Chicken Delight! He deliver!

One of the Policemen steps forward to unlock the cell door.

POLICEMAN 1

We got a lady here. I thought you assholes were gentlemen.

Agee reluctantly walks into the cell. Some of the men stand up for inspection. Agee stands there, defenseless.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR KIRKLAND

seated on the concrete floor in another crowded cell. He is an intense looking man in his mid-thirties. He is tired and unshaven, but in marked contrast to the other cellmates, he wears a suit. A drunk lies on the floor next to him. A dark stain starts to spread from his crotch down his trouser legs as he urinates without waking up. Arthur is oblivious to this as he watches the activities in the other cell.

ANGLE ON AGEE

POLICEMAN 1

Okay, Agee, you got any concealed weapons they didn't catch up front?

MAN 5

He got somethin' concealed, but it ain't no weapon!

Agee shakes his head no.

POLICEMAN 2

C'mon, kid. You hiding anything we should know about?

(sarcastically)

Nail files? Hairpins?

Agee just shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICEMAN 2

(continuing)

Whaddya say you strip down just
to make sure.

The men in the cell enthusiastically approve. Agee looks
at the leering faces around him and then imploringly at
the Policemen.

AGEE

No. Please.

POLICEMAN 1

Off with the clothes.

Agee, completely helpless, reaches up to remove the wig.

POLICEMAN 1

(continuing)

Leave the wig on.

Agee slowly starts to unbutton his dress. It is show time
for the inmates.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR'S CELL

The cellmates crowd up against the bars to watch.
Arthur stands up and moves away from the group, walking
past a few figures still asleep on the floor to the wall
opposite the activity. He sits down on the now empty
bench, leans his head back and stares at the ceiling.
In the b.g., Agee continues to take off his clothes.
THE SOUND OF WHISTLING AND CLAPPING INCREASES.

ANGLE ON AGEE

standing stripped, save for a pair of women's panties and
the blonde wig. The cop indicates for him to take off
the panties.

AGEE

Please. I don't want to.

POLICEMAN 2

You want someone to help you?

Men shout out offers of help.

ANGLE ON DOOR TO CELL BLOCK

The cell block door opens and ANOTHER POLICEMAN enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks down the corridor, nods "hello" to the cops in Agee's cell, then passes on to Arthur's. He unlocks the cell door.

POLICEMAN

Arthur Kirkland?

Arthur stands up.

POLICEMAN

(continuing)

Let's go.

Arthur exits the cell, waits for the cop to lock it up, and the two of them proceed down the corridor to the cell-block door. As they pass Agee's cell, we HEAR a CHEER.

MAN'S VOICE 1

Shit, that ain't no lady.

MAN'S VOICE 2

Sure comes close, though. That looks to me to be no more than two to three inches of dangling fury.

Arthur and the Policeman exit the cell block.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT OF CARL BENNETT - DAY

With one hand he holds a handkerchief up to his bleeding forehead. His other hand holds a phone to his ear. In the background, we HEAR SIRENS.

CARL

(yelling into phone)

Where the hell is he!

SHERRY'S VOICE

He's in jail.

CARL

What do you mean, he's in jail!

SHERRY'S VOICE

He's in jail, Mr. Bennett.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARL

My lawyer's in jail?

SHERRY'S VOICE

Yes, sir. Nothing big, contempt of court.

CARL

He's too goddamn emotional. Get him! I've had a car accident.

SHERRY'S VOICE

Mr. Bennett, you should never leave the scene of an accident.

CARL

I haven't left the scene of the accident. I'm in it!

ANOTHER ANGLE

to REVEAL Carl Bennett and a black, flashily dressed woman sitting in a demolished Cadillac. Carl is talking on the car phone. The car is up on the sidewalk. A utility pole has crushed part of the roof. Two firemen are working with crowbars, trying to pry open the door to free him.

CARL

Can't you hear the confusion around me? You hear this noise? It's firemen trying to get me out of the car. I am trapped. Trapped because some son-of-a-bitch...

SHERRY'S VOICE

Mr. Bennett, just calm down. I'll try to get hold of Arthur as soon as they release him.

CARL

(annoyed at the firemen)

Hold it, guys! Can't you see I'm on the phone? Keep it down, for Chrissake. I can't hear myself think.

CUT TO:

LOCK-UP - CLERK'S DESK

A POLICEMAN places a large manila envelope in front of Arthur. Arthur opens it and empties the contents on the counter. The policeman checks items off on a clipboard, as Arthur retrieves his articles.

MATHEWS

Understand you almost punched
Judge Fleming. True?

ARTHUR

Mathews, why don't you get that
kid out of there and put him
someplace else?

MATHEWS

They're just having some fun
with him.

ARTHUR

Yeah, fun. You guys have a great
sense of humor.

MATHEWS

Some of the guys get bored. To
you, it's still new and exciting
'cause you only been here two,
three times.

Arthur checks his money.

MATHEWS

(continuing)

You better ease up on the judge.

ARTHUR

He's your kind of guy, huh?

MATHEWS

Yeah, he's a tough man, hates scum
as much as we do.

Arthur gathers up a bunch of scrap papers and his wallet
and shoves them in his pocket and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

There is mass confusion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Police redirecting traffic, firemen washing gasoline off the street, and spectators hanging around trying to get a good look. A BMW sedan drives onto the scene and parks. Arthur steps out. He is wearing the same rumpled suit. Arthur approaches Carl. The firemen are still working to free him from his car.

ARTHUR

You all right?

CARL

Thank God I've got a big car instead of one of those economy numbers. Saving gas does you no good when you're dead.

ARTHUR

Call the EPA. They'll want to hear about that.

CARL

I want you to sue the son-of-a-bitch who did this to me. Every cent he's got!

The firemen finally pry open the door. Carl and the woman are helped out.

CARL

(continuing)

Every nickel! I don't even want him to have enough left for carfare.

(beat)

Thank God I can walk.

(to the woman)

Disappear.

Arthur grabs him as he starts to wobble on his feet. The woman walks away.

CARL

(continuing)

She wasn't hurt so nothing in the report, okay? Okay? No need for the wife to know.

ARTHUR

(pacifying)

Yeah, sure. Right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWO PARAMEDICS pull a gurney over for Carl. He sits down on it.

CARL

After all, I was your first. You know, Arthur? I was your first client. You broke cherry on me.

ARTHUR

Carl, this is not the time to go down nostalgia lane, here. Go to the hospital. Get checked out.

PARAMEDIC

Would you lie back, sir?

CARL

(not listening to
the Paramedic)

You're the best, Arthur. Get every nickel. Then have him put away.

ARTHUR

I'll make sure he gets the death penalty.

PARAMEDIC

Lie back, sir.

CARL

(lying back)

Death is okay, too.

Arthur pats Carl on the shoulder.

CARL

(continuing)

Jesus, you stink! Someone piss on you?

ARTHUR

(to Paramedics)

Get him out of here.

They start to wheel Carl toward the ambulance. Arthur walks alongside.

CARL

Make sure no one uses my car phone. I'm in the hospital and some jerk calls Rome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Accidents seem to bring out the
best in your nature.

Carl spots the man from the other car.

CARL

You son-of-a-bitch!
(he jumps up)
You maniac!

DRIVER

(quietly)
Look at my car. You wrecked it.

CARL

Me! You lunatic!

ARTHUR

You want a stroke or something?
(to Paramedics)
Get him back down. Give him
something.

CARL

(struggling with
Paramedics)
You'll have to deal with my
lawyer!

DRIVER

(to himself)
Thirty-five more payments.

CARL

The death penalty! You'll die
for this!

(pointing to Arthur)

He's the best!

ARTHUR

(helping the
Paramedics restrain
Carl)

Carl. Take a nap.

CARL

(lying back)
I've got a terrible headache.

ARTHUR

It'll be all right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Paramedics lift Carl into the ambulance.

ARTHUR

(continuing)

Don't worry, I'll take care of everything.

The back doors slam shut. The two men walk around, enter the ambulance and drive off. The SIREN WAILS.

Arthur looks over at the Driver of the other car.

DRIVER

(mumbling)

Thirty-five payments to go.

He fights back the tears. Arthur walks over to the POLICEMAN directing traffic.

ARTHUR

Isn't there someone to take care of him? He needs help.

POLICEMAN

I don't know. Said he was all right.

Arthur walks over to the man.

DRIVER

What am I gonna do?

ARTHUR

Come on, I'll take you over to the hospital.

DRIVER

I'm all right.

ARTHUR

Yeah, I know.

He helps the man up. They walk over to Arthur's car.

DRIVER

Oh God, I can't afford all this.

Arthur helps the man into his car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

(beat)

Listen, you didn't hear this from me, but why don't you call Norman Reed. He'll take care of you and he's fair.

Arthur closes the door and crosses around to the driver's side. As the car pulls away:

CUT TO:

EXT. MUNICIPAL COURT - DAY

CUT TO:

INT. MUNICIPAL COURT - DAY

Arthur hurriedly moves down the crowded hallway.

The corridor is filled with LAYWERS and their clients, concerned relatives, witnesses, police, etc. The air is filled with strategy talks, last minute details, cigarette smoke and just plain bullshit. Court is not yet in session.

CAMERA TRACKS as Arthur walks down the hall. As he passes people we HEAR snatches of conversations.

LAWYER 1

(to a client)

Our best bet is to request a postponement, which would put us into late January by the time it's rescheduled...

MOTHER

(to sullen son)

... and say 'Yes, sir' when the judge asks you a question. Look at me when I talk to you...

LAWYER 2

(to a client)

... DA's office is willing to go for two years, and one year probation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIENT

That's a lotta fuckin' time, man.

LAWYER 2

Then let's hold off. See what they've got behind door number two. Nothing to lose...

LAWYER 3

(to another lawyer)

You're bending it at the wrist.

(he sees Arthur)

Hi, Arthur.

Arthur nods.

LAWYER 3

(continuing)

You've got to hold the racquet like this...

(demonstrating)

... and follow through like...

Arthur passes JAY PORTER, his law partner. Jay is a tall, imposing looking person -- also in his mid-thirties. He is talking to his client, ROBERT WENKE, a tough-looking young punk.

WENKE

I ain't kissin' nobody's ass.

JAY

I'm not asking you to kiss it. Just give it a little pat.

(he sees Arthur)

Hey, Arthur! Hold on a second!

(to Wenke)

I'll see you in the courtroom.

Don't go wandering off.

Jay leaves Wenke and approaches Arthur. Arthur continues on down the hallway. Jay walks with him.

JAY

(continuing)

You look like shit. Why didn't you go home and change first?

ARTHUR

Jay, gimme a break. I know the way I look, I know the way I smell, so... okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAY

I'm just concerned, that's all.
I'm your partner. I've got a
right to be concerned. What if
I showed up at court like that.
What would you think?

Arthur stops and looks at Jay.

ARTHUR

Did I tell you that you look very
beautiful today? The blue... it
brings out your eyes.

They approach a door marked men's room. Arthur enters
with Jay following.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Arthur's jacket is off. He bends over a sink splashing
water on his face. Jay is leaning against a wall, his
briefcase resting on one of the basins.

JAY

I don't want to keep harping on
this, but with the Ethics Committee
checking on everyone, you've got to
watch it.

ARTHUR

Okay, I'll watch it.

JAY

Last week, two lawyers were disbarred
on very minor charges and you're running
around getting sent to jail on contempt.

ARTHUR

Fleming gets on my nerves.

JAY

I don't care. You keep pushing him
on that McCullaugh thing and there's
going to be trouble. I'm telling you.

ARTHUR

McCullaugh's innocent and I can not
get Fleming to reopen the case.
It's driving me nuts.

Arthur has a wet paper towel and is rubbing the back of
his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAY

Here, put some of this on.

Jay opens his briefcase and takes out a small cologne bottle. Arthur takes the bottle, removes the top, takes a whiff.

ARTHUR

(smiling)

Only you, Jay.

He splashes some on and hands the bottle back.

JAY

Did you know I've got Fleming first thing this morning?

ARTHUR

Give him my love.

He reaches over and touches Jay's collar.

ARTHUR

(continuing)

The blue... it's nice.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Jay is seated at the defense table with his client, Robert Wenke.

There are very few people in the spectator section and almost no one is paying attention to the proceedings.

JUDGE FLEMING stares at Wenke. He is a silver-haired, dignified-looking man in his fifties. He is looking down at a file in front of him.

JUDGE FLEMING

Mr. Wenke, how many times have you been before the bench?

WENKE

(arrogant)

Three times, Your Honor.

JUDGE FLEMING

(re file)

One time for assault, one time for arson, one time for grand theft.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE FLEMING (CONT'D)

(looking at Wenke)

And now we have child molestation.

What's the matter, Mr. Wenke?

Can't you decide what you want
to be when you grow up?

(beat)

Is there anything you want to
say?

WENKE

(sarcastically)

Yes, Your Honor, I'm a loyal
Colts fan.

JUDGE FLEMING

You are also a revolting,
despicable, scum of the earth
who should be taken out and
squashed like a cockroach.

JAY

(jumping up from
seat)

Judge Fleming, I object! My
client has not been found guilty
yet!

Judge Fleming looks up at clock on wall in back of
courtroom.

JUDGE FLEMING

So what. It is now 9:40. At
9:41, he will be a guilty,
revolting, despicable scum of
the earth who should be taken
out and squashed like a cockroach.

He waits for the clock to register 9:41.

JUDGE FLEMING

(continuing)

I find the defendant, Robert
Wenke, guilty as charged.

Sentence to be passed at a later
time.

He slams the gavel.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM D

Court is in a short recess. Arthur and his client, the defendant, BILLY GIBSON, are seated at the defense table. Arthur's chair is tilted back against the spectator railing, listening to WARREN FRESNELL, a heavysset, balding lawyer, wearing a maroon polyester leisure suit.

FRESNELL

You know... that big yellow house down on Smith Avenue. Guess how much that cost on today's market.

ARTHUR

I don't know.

FRESNELL

Take a guess.

ARTHUR

Seven million.

As the two men continue to talk, we SEE Gibson get up and quietly walk away from the table.

FRESNELL

Wrong. Two hundred and forty-three thousand. That's some nut I got, huh? That's okay. If I get enough accident cases this year, it'll work out. Better start throwing out the banana peels, huh? If you hadn't lost your house in the divorce settlement, do you know how much it would be worth now? Take a guess.

ARTHUR

Seven million.

ANGLE ON DONALD KEENE

an assistant DA, standing toward the back of the courtroom talking to a young WOMAN.

KEENE

Listen, recess will be over in a few minutes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEENE (CONT'D)

All I've got left is this illegal lottery case and uh... something else, I don't know what... and I'll be out of here by eleven-thirty.

WOMAN

(looking over his
shoulder at
something else)

Uh huh.

KEENE

So we can grab a little lunch, or... anything you want to grab. What do you say?

WOMAN

Did you know there's a guy eating something off your table?

KEENE

Hmmm?

WOMAN

I think that guy is eating your evidence.

KEENE

(not understanding)

What?

WOMAN

That guy. The guy you're prosecuting. He's eating the lottery tickets.

KEENE

(looking around)

Who's eating lottery tickets?

ANOTHER ANGLE

to include Gibson, inconspicuously cramming lottery tickets into his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEENE

Holy shit.

He races down the aisle and lunges for Gibson. Gibson sees him coming, and shoves the last fistful of paper slips into his mouth.

Keene grabs Gibson around the neck in a headlock.

KEENE

(continuing)

You son-of-a-bitch! Spit it out!

The two men fall backwards onto the floor. Arthur looks over at the commotion, confused as to what is happening. Keene rolls over on top of Gibson, trying to pry his mouth open.

ARTHUR

(to Fresnell)

What the hell's going on?

FRESNELL

Your defendant's been eating the lottery tickets.

ARTHUR

(as he gets up)

Why didn't you tell me!

FRESNELL

(casually)

I thought you knew.

ARTHUR

Oh, terrific.

Arthur walks over to the two grappling men.

ARTHUR

(continuing; to Keene)

Get the hell off him!

Arthur grabs Keene and tries to pull him off Gibson.

KEENE

Don't swallow, you son-of-a-bitch!

He starts pounding Gibson's head against the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gibson's mouth is still full of tickets, a few slips sticking out of his mouth.

ARTHUR

Are you crazy? You'll kill him!

A SHERIFF and the COURT BAILIFF run over to help pull the men apart. There is a lot of screaming and yelling for the men to break it up. Gibson is semi-conscious as Keene keeps trying to pound his head against the floor.

ANGLE ON DOOR TO JUDGE'S CHAMBER

The door opens and JUDGE RAYFORD enters the courtroom. He is a rugged ex-marine in his fifties. He watches the fighting for a few moments, then calmly pulls a gun out from under his robe. He aims at the ceiling and fires. Everything comes to an immediate halt.

RAYFORD

(calmly)

Gentlemen, need I remind you that you are in a court of law?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE TANGLE OF MEN

as they silently climb to their feet. Arthur helps up a dazed Gibson. Rayford gives the men a hard stare, turns and re-enters his chambers and closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCK-UP - CLERK'S DESK - DAY

Arthur enters the lock-up area and approaches the clerk's desk.

MATTHEWS

Back again, Mr. Kirkland?

ARTHUR

I want to see McCullaugh. Is he still here?

MATTHEWS

Yeah, but they're getting ready to send him back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR
Where can I find him?

MATTHEWS
Check with loading.

He points to a door. Arthur thanks him and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF COURTHOUSE BUILDING - DAY

There is a small prison van waiting outside. A line of four prisoners, handcuffed and waiting to leave, lean against the wall of the building. Several GUARDS are present, one holding a clipboard. Arthur approaches him.

ARTHUR
You have my client here.
McCullaugh. Mind if I see him
for a second?

GUARD
Sure.

Arthur walks over to McCULLAUGH, a short, thin, blond-haired young man.

McCULLAUGH
Man, you look wiped out.

ARTHUR
Listen, Jeff, I just want to
reaffirm what I said to you
yesterday. We're going to get
you out.

McCULLAUGH
Hey, I know you're trying, Mr.
Kirkland, but this is gettin'
a little crazy, you know?

ARTHUR
I know.

McCULLAUGH
We finally got the evidence that
proves I'm innocent, didn't we? I
mean, it does prove it, doesn't it?

ARTHUR
Yes, it does. You are innocent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

McCULLAUGH

And that Judge Fleming -- he agrees, right?

ARTHUR

That's right.

McCULLAUGH

Well, if everybody agrees I'm innocent, why am I going back to jail?

ARTHUR

Jeff, we have enough evidence to prove you're innocent, but the court will not accept that proof.

McCULLAUGH

Why not?

ARTHUR

There's a law that says the evidence must be submitted within a certain time period. We got that evidence three days late.

McCullaugh tries to make sense of what he's just heard, but it isn't easy.

McCULLAUGH

What difference does that make? What if they got the evidence three years late. They got the proof they need. They should let me go. I don't understand. That judge knows I'm innocent and he's sending me back to jail.

(a little desperate)

What's going on here!

ARTHUR

Listen, you're going to get out. It's just going to take a little more time. Most judges would have overlooked the time limitation, but Fleming goes by the letter of the law. Three days might as well be three years to him.

McCULLAUGH

Some system, huh?

The guard signals for the prisoners to board the van. McCullaugh starts to move off with the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR
Just don't lose hope, okay? I'll
get you out.

McCullaugh nods and enters the prison van. The guards
close the door. Arthur watches as the van pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY

A very tired Arthur, jacket off and sleeves rolled up,
leans over basin splashing water on his face. SHERRY,
his secretary, stands in the doorway, steno pad in hand.

SHERRY
(re pad)
... Mrs. Tate wants to talk to
you. Her son broke his leg
again. Neighbor's driveway.

Arthur puts a towel around his neck, picks up an aerosol
can and shakes it.

SHERRY
(continuing)
Bricker wants to know if your
client will settle for sixty
thousand...

Tipping the can over his open palm, Arthur presses the
nozzle of the can. Clear fluid sprays into his hand.

SHERRY
(continuing)
You can reach him at his club.
You've got three new clients
coming in this afternoon. One
whiplash, one divorce, and the
other one has something to do
with amnesia. I don't know
what it is.

Arthur has been shaking the can repeatedly and spraying
his palm with clear liquid. Something's wrong, but he
doesn't know what. Sherry looks up from her pad at Arthur.

SHERRY
(continuing)
Arthur, what are you doing?

ARTHUR
(re can)
Foam. This isn't foaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRY

That's because it's deodorant.

Arthur checks the can, opens the cabinet door and exchanges can. He takes the cap off the can, shakes it, presses the nozzle and foam immediately billows into his palm.

ARTHUR

(spreading lather
on his face)

Coffee, please.

SHERRY

(looking back at
pad)

The prison expansion committee is meeting at two o'clock, Pier 14, and it's Tuesday, so don't forget to visit your grandfather.

ARTHUR

Coffee.

SHERRY

And there's a Mrs. Patterson waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT OF MRS. PATTERSON - DAY

a heavysset black woman. She speaks with a thick ghetto accent.

MRS. PATTERSON

I just got to get my divorce papers. I haven't got them yet ... so you got to get them. I want to get re-married this weekend.

ARTHUR

(making notes)

~~When~~ were you divorced?

MRS. PATTERSON

Five years ago. Still ain't got my papers. Five years I been waiting.

ARTHUR

You certainly should have received them by now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. PATTERSON

Don't I know it.

ARTHUR

Okay, who handled the divorce?

MRS. PATTERSON

Don't know. But he lived couple
a blocks from me.

ARTHUR

What address?

MRS. PATTERSON

Address? That was five years
ago. I don't even know where
I was livin' then.

ARTHUR

What do you remember?

MRS. PATTERSON

Less see. My husband comes home
and says, 'You want a divorce?
Come on, we go get it!'

ARTHUR

Who did you see?

MRS. PATTERSON

He lived on the third floor and
sat in this empty room. He says,
'You want a divorce?' I says,
'Damn right!' Then he takes my
husband's hand and puts it in mine
... folded.

(she demonstrates)

Then he pulls our hands apart and
shouts...

(she shouts)

'You are divorced!'

There is a long beat, as Arthur stares at her.

MRS. PATTERSON

(continuing; more
quietly)

Gave my husband twenty-five
dollars to pay that man. I tell
you, gettin' divorced ain't as
easy as I thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR
I know what you mean.

MRS. PATTERSON
You divorced?

ARTHUR
Yeah.

A beat.

MRS. PATTERSON
You got your papers?

ARTHUR
Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE HARBOR - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the harbor area. There is a great deal of construction going on, part of the harbor redevelopment project. Docked at one of the berths is the old wooden frigate "Constellation." Down at another pier we SEE a large white cruise ship. CAMERA MOVES IN on the ship as we:

CUT TO:

INT. CRUISE SHIP CORRIDOR - DAY

DANIEL CROFT, an elderly man, who heads the Prison Expansion Committee walks along with the ship's Captain. The Captain is dressed in his formal whites. Behind them we SEE a group of about 25 men and women. Arthur and Judge Rayford are among them.

CROFT
(addressing the
group behind him)
Let's face it, turning a cruise
ship into a prison is a pretty
unusual idea, I'll grant you that.
But we're faced with some harsh
realities. Where our prisons
once allotted 100 square feet
per man, it's now down to 30.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Captain opens one of the doors. Croft looks inside.

CROFT
(continuing)
Gentlemen, have a look at a
typical cell.

CROFT'S POV

The cabin is like any of those seen on a cruise ship.
The quarters can sleep two comfortably.

ANGLE ON CROFT

indicating for the group to have a look at the cabin.

CROFT
Of course certain modifications
will have to be made to maintain
maximum security.

The men and women enter and exit the cabin without comment.

CROFT
(continuing)
We'd be able to accommodate 200
prisoners on 'B' deck alone.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP'S DINING ROOM - TIGHT SHOT - DAY
of an ornate chandelier.

CROFT (O.S.)
We can feed 800 prisoners with
the current facilities here.

WIDEN SHOT to the entire dining room. Croft is standing
in the middle addressing the group.

CROFT
(continuing;
pointing)
These doors here lead to the
kitchen facilities. And that
door...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROFT (CONT'D)
(pointing elsewhere)
... there leads to the bar and
the upper deck. Well, that
pretty much concludes the tour.
Are there any questions?

A woman in the group, MRS. SCOTT, raises her hand.

CROFT
(continuing)
Mrs. Scott?

MRS. SCOTT
Yes, as the representative of
the Inner Harbor Redevelopment
Committee, I would like to know
where you intend to place this
prison facility. I mean, it's
not going to stay here, is it?

CROFT
Yes. That is the intention.

MRS. SCOTT
Mr. Croft, we have spent millions
and millions of dollars to
rejuvenate this area. Condominiums,
office buildings, restaurants,
discotheques for our young... And
you are telling me that in the
midst of all this you are planning
to float 800 criminals?

MAN
Well, if you don't do something,
those 800 criminals are going to
be out on the streets. And while
you're eating in your restaurants,
and dancing in your discotheques,
they'll be robbing your condominiums.

ANGLE ON JUDGE RAYFORD AND ARTHUR

RAYFORD
What do you think about all this?

ARTHUR
I think it's wonderful. I can't
wait to hear you sentence someone
to three years on the S.S. Veronica.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN 1

How much is all this going to cost?

CROFT

This prison ship concept can be a reality at half the cost and a quarter of the time it would take to build a comparable facility.

WOMAN 2

What about seasickness?

Laughter from the group.

CROFT

(smiling)

We'll be doling out Dramamine with our prison greys. But there's really no problem. The ship is secured well enough into the harbor.

MRS. SCOTT

We're not going to be voting on this in the near future, are we?

CROFT

As a matter of fact, it's going before the board this weekend.

MRS. SCOTT

Can't we delay the decision for a while? I mean, it's not only a major step, it's a strange one, don't you think?

MAN

Look, everyone. Keep this in mind... We have to do something about the existing conditions now. Each day our prisons get more and more crowded and if we don't do something about it, we're going to be in real trouble.

The group remains silent. Mr. Croft looks expectantly around. No one speaks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROFT

So, please continue to look around, think about it and the decision will be made this weekend. Thank you very much.

The group disperses. Several people approach Croft to question him further. Others wander off in different directions to further inspect the boat. Arthur and Rayford walk off together.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The two men walk toward their cars. In the b.g. we SEE the ship.

RAYFORD

So, you going to come flying with me this Sunday?

ARTHUR

I gotta tell you. I'm not too fond of anything that takes place off the ground. Height... I've got this thing about height.

RAYFORD

Come on, it'll be good for you. Besides, it gets lonely...

ARTHUR

Take your wife.

They approach a dark grey Lincoln Continental. Rayford takes out his keys and gets in.

RAYFORD

Naw... last thing we did together was get married. C'mon. What do you say?

ARTHUR

(resigned)

All right. What time?

RAYFORD

Ten o'clock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur watches as Rayford reaches into his coat, pulls his gun out of a shoulder holster, then leans over to unlock the glove compartment.

ARTHUR

You always carry that thing?

RAYFORD

There's law and there's order.
(holding up gun)

This is order.

He puts the gun in the glove compartment, snaps it shut, starts up the car and pulls away. As Arthur turns toward his car, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. LEWIS' RETIREMENT HOME - EARLY EVENING

Arthur pulls his car into the driveway and parks in the red zone. He turns on the amber hazard blinking lights and exits the car. Reacting sharply to the cold, he quickly heads for the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS' RETIREMENT HOME

Arthur walks down the corridor with his GRANDPA SAM. Sam is an elderly man with a slight paunch and round face. There is a "Mister Magoo" quality about him in that there is a sparkle of spirit; a kind, happy disposition. Seeing the two of them together, it is evident they share a great affection for each other.

Arthur moves slowly so his grandfather can keep up. The old man holds his grandson's hand proudly.

SAM

So, it's another week already?
Another week. I don't know where
the time goes.

ARTHUR

No problems? Everything's all
right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
(looking toward an
old WOMAN standing
in a doorway)
See this one? A wonderful woman.
I went to her husband's funeral.
A fine man.

Slowly they approach the Woman.

SAM
(continuing)
Gitel, you know my grandson,
Arthur? He's in law school.

ARTHUR
(correcting)
I'm a lawyer.

GITEL
Don't be in such a hurry.

There is a long, awkward pause.

SAM
(very proudly)
My grandson.

After a beat, Arthur and his grandfather head down the
hallway.

SAM
(continuing; almost
tearfully)
My wife, she was such a marvelous
woman. Remember?

ARTHUR
Yes...
(trying to get the
old man's mind off
that subject)
... So, things are pretty good?
You're not giving anyone a hard
time, are you?

SAM
(brightening up)
A couple times I pinch a cheek
... So, it's been a week?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Don't you remember we went for
a ride last time?

SAM

That's a good machine. Always
give signals when you turn.

(he gives a
right hand
signal)

Right.

(he demonstrates
a left)

Left.

They turn left and disappear down another corridor.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME CAFETERIA - DAY

Grandpa Sam sits sipping milk through a straw from a pint
container of milk. Arthur sits across from him.

SAM

So... are you a good lawyer?
Are you honest?

ARTHUR

I don't know. Being honest
doesn't have much to do with
being a lawyer.

SAM

If you're not honest, you got
nothing...

(beat)

Your parents should see you now.

ARTHUR

To hell with them. They never
cared. They wouldn't care now.

SAM

Have you heard from them?

ARTHUR

Of course not. Have you?

Sam shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

(continuing)

I don't care about me. But have they been back to see you once in all these years?

SAM

They've been busy... sunbathing ... and... what have you. They have a life to lead.

ARTHUR

How can you defend them? You let them live with you all those years. And when you finally retire and put all the money in their name, what do they do? They stick you in an old age home and move to Arizona. Real nice folks.

SAM

They're still your parents.

ARTHUR

No. You're the one who raised me. You're the one who put me through law school. You're a wonderful man, Grandpa, but your son is a shit.

SAM

He was born with colic.

Arthur laughs and shakes his head.

ARTHUR

Sam... I love you.

Sam looks adoringly at Arthur for a long beat.

SAM

... Look at you. Filled out, like a man. Soon you'll look like a lawyer and you'll be a lawyer.

ARTHUR

(patiently)

Sam, I am a lawyer. I've been one for twelve years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Twelve years. I had my specialty shop for fifty years. You could get anything; a watch, pair of shoes, a zipper -- what I didn't carry. You remember?

ARTHUR

Sure I do.

SAM

Zippers, aspirin -- it's been a good life. But not like being a lawyer, eh?

He laughs and pinches Arthur's cheek. Arthur smiles. Sam sits back, takes a sip of milk.

SAM

(continuing)

So... it's been a week already.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY AREA - NIGHT

Arthur passes SECURITY GUARD's desk.

GUARD

Good evening, Mr. Kirkland.

ARTHUR

How you doing, Edwin?

GUARD

Not bad. You in for the rest of the night.

He looks up at the clock on wall. It reads 7:20.

ARTHUR

(pressing button
for elevator)

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD

If anyone comes in, you want me
to send them on up.

ARTHUR

No one's coming over. 'Night.

Elevator door opens, Arthur enters.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Arthur's apartment is typical of the well-to-do professional. The walls are elegantly papered, thick pile carpeting on the floor and heavy, rich-looking drapes on the windows. It is an expensive building.

However, Arthur has not really furnished his apartment save for a few items left over from the marriage; i.e., a leather easy chair in the living room and one large plant. On the floor at the base of the chair are files and papers of all sorts, indicating that he does most of his work in this spot.

There is the SOUND of a REFRIGERATOR DOOR SLAMMING shut. Arthur appears clad only in a pair of boxer trunks and knee-high black silk socks. He is eating a piece of cheese. The CAMERA FOLLOWS him into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arthur walks to the nightstand by his bed, picks up a pair of glasses and puts them on. A TV faces the bed. He crosses to it, flips it ON and returns to the bed. We HEAR the SOUND of a COP SHOW in the background. Arthur lies down to watch.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Arthur and the television. There is no picture. The screen is black.

ARTHUR

Shit.

He gets up, crosses to the TV and jostles it a little. Still nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks back to bed, lies down again, takes off his glasses and stares at the blank screen. The SOUND of the SHOW CONTINUES. SHOOTING and SIRENS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - ROOM - DAY

The room is large and ornate, Victorian in design, but having undergone several attempts at modernization. A makeshift head table has been set up for the Ethics Committee, with several microphones spaced a few feet apart. The hearings are private and confidential. A lawyer in his thirties, ROBERT OVITZ, is being questioned. He sits at a small table, about twenty feet away from the Committee. A microphone is in front of him. He is very nervous.

WILLIAM ZINOFF heads the Committee of four men and one woman -- GAIL PACKER, an attractive, competent-looking woman in her thirties. The four men are POLIC, GALLAGHER, CRENNNA and CECIL.

Throughout the proceedings, the members of the Committee continuously refer to an inordinate amount of paperwork placed in manila folders in front of them.

The microphones are a problem. They are either too loud, HUM with FEEDBACK, or are intermittently shut off through malfunction.

CECIL

Do you know Walter Kimball?

OVITZ

Yes, I do.

CECIL

He was a member of your real estate group, isn't that correct?

OVITZ

It was not 'my' real estate group. I was simply an investor, as were the others.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OVITZ (CONT'D)

To simply reiterate the facts, I was a member in a commercial real estate venture that included the purchase of a number of properties. One of these properties was used...

CRENNA

(interrupting)

Would you please speak up?

Ovitz leans in closer to his microphone.

OVITZ

I'm sorry.

(speaking up)

One of these properties was used as a massage parlor, and 'yes' prostitution did take place in that establishment. But I must state again to this Ethics Committee, that I was just an investor in a general commercial venture and had no personal knowledge of this particular activity. Had I known of this, I not only would not have been involved, I would have reported it to the authorities. My career as a lawyer is too important to jeopardize for a few dollars.

(under great stress)

I don't know what else to tell you.

ZINOFF

It is your contention that you were unaware of illegal activities -- prostitution -- taking place on premises that you co-owned.

OVITZ

Yes, sir.

ZINOFF

However, it is our belief that you were, in fact, part of a conspiracy to allow it to happen. We feel there is more than enough evidence to prove this conclusion. I am sorry, Mr. Ovitz, but the Committee is going to advocate disbarment proceedings. If you wish to avoid the embarrassment of such proceedings, you may request voluntary disbarment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ovitz says nothing. He is shocked -- totally unprepared for the severity of the Committee's decision.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

Arthur stands just outside the Committee room. The door opens, and a very shaken Ovitz steps out.

ARTHUR

How'd it go?

OVITZ

They just slit my throat.

ARTHUR

What do you mean?

OVITZ

I'm going to have to ask for voluntary disbarment.

ARTHUR

What are you talking about?
What'd you do?

OVITZ

Arthur, I didn't do anything.
What am I going to do now? I'm
a lawyer. That's all I know.

The two men look at each other. Arthur doesn't know what to say.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

Arthur is seated before the Committee.

CECIL

Do you know Jules Stouffer?

ARTHUR

Yes, I do.

CECIL

(re notes)

He was a client of yours, isn't
that right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

That is correct.

CECIL

Wasn't he originally represented by Alvin Burton?

ARTHUR

Yes.

CECIL

Why did he change representation?

ARTHUR

He didn't, actually. He came to me with an accident case. I'm more familiar with that area than Burton.

CECIL

Did Jules Stouffer express dissatisfaction with Mr. Burton?

ARTHUR

Not at all. Burton's an excellent lawyer. You're not going after him, are you?

ZINOFF

(pulling a microphone
in front of him)

We are not 'going after' anyone, Mr. Kirkland. We are simply...

POLIC

Do you know David Crebbs?

Zinoff gives Polic a sharp glance for cutting him off.

ZINOFF

... We are simply trying to review certain accusations to determine whether or not they are true and to more or less clean our own house. So please do not over-dramatize these proceedings. This is not the McCarthy hearings.

ARTHUR

Oh, that's a relief. So the next question is not going to be 'Are you now or have you ever been a lawyer?'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

That is not amusing, Mr. Kirkland.

POLIC

Do you know David Crebbs?

ARTHUR

You're absolutely right, Miss...

GAIL

Packer.

ARTHUR

Miss Packer. None of this is
amusing but it is ridiculous...
(back to Polic)

... Yes. Yes, I do know David
Crebbs.

POLIC

Have you ever seen him...

(he taps the mike)

... is this working?

(in a louder voice)

Do you know David Crebbs?

There is a sudden, LOUD MICROPHONE FEEDBACK.

ARTHUR

(smiling)

I can hear you. Why are we using
microphones? Why don't we just
move our tables a little closer?

GALLAGHER

This is a hearing.

ARTHUR

Ah, I see. A hearing.

Committee member Crenna looks up from his reams of notes
for the first time to direct a question at Arthur.

CRENNA

Do you know Jules Stouffer?

Zinoff covers his microphone with his hand and leans over
to Crenna.

ZINOFF

We've already covered that, Mr.
Crenna.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRENNA
(covers his microphone)
We're through with Jules Stouffer?

ZINOFF
Yes.

CRENNA
How about Alvin Burton?
Zinoff nods.

CRENNA
(continuing; to
Arthur)
Do you know David Crebbs?

POLIC
I just asked that question.

CRENNA
What did he say?

ARTHUR
He said 'yes.'

POLIC
Have you ever seen him intoxicated
in court?

ARTHUR
(getting angry)
He has a speech impediment. I'm
sure if you checked your records,
it would be in there somewhere.
The answer to your question is 'No.'
No, he does not drink. He does not
drink at all. At this point, I
would like to say that in theory
what this committee is trying to do
is highly commendable... however,
in practice, it sucks. I will not
answer any further questions.

There is silence as all members of the committee stare at
Arthur.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Arthur is getting a drink at the water fountain as Gail
Packer approaches and stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

I think your attitude sucks.

Arthur briefly glances up at her from the fountain, then drinks more water.

GAIL

(continuing)

Whatever you may think, we are not witch hunting. I don't think you realize the difficult position we've been placed in. The last thing we need is a smart-ass like you to aggravate the situation.

ARTHUR

I haven't got time to argue your point, but I will argue with you later.

Gail looks at him a long beat.

GAIL

What time?

ARTHUR

Eight o'clock? Daniel's?

GAIL

Eight-thirty.

Arthur nods and walks away. Gail walks off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCK-UP - DAY

A police guard and Arthur are walking down a corridor. They stop at a door. The policeman opens it. Inside we SEE Ralph Agee, the black transvestite, seated at a table. He is still wearing his dress, but the wig is gone. Arthur steps in and the policeman closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Arthur sets his briefcase on the table and extends his hand to Agee. The two men shake.

ARTHUR

I'm Arthur Kirkland, you wanted to see me?

AGEE

Yeah. My man, Bambi, recommended you real highly. Says you the man to see.

Arthur sits down.

ARTHUR

Okay, Ralph, why don't you tell me what happened. My report says you were involved in a robbery. That true?

AGEE

No, sir! What happened is, it was time to come down on a nigger. You know, it's like smoking. They gotta have a nigger every twenty minutes. What it was is, I was in this alley -- petting my dog -- when they came down on me.

Arthur, with a sigh of resignation (he knows he's being bullshitted) opens up the manila file in front of him.

ARTHUR

It says here the dog was attacking you when the policemen arrived on the scene.

AGEE

Well, my dog gets that way sometimes.

ARTHUR

It states here 'The animal belongs to a Mrs. B. Jackson.'

AGEE

He sure looked like my dog. Got that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Attempting to describe a mark on the dog, he points to his forehead and strokes it.

AGEE

(continuing)

... You know... that... uh...

He strokes forehead again.

ARTHUR

Come on, Ralph. It also states that when asked what you were doing in the alley, the first thing you said was...

(reads directly
from file)

... 'I don't know nothing about that taxicab robbery.'

AGEE

That's right, I don't.

ARTHUR

How'd you know there was one.

AGEE

'Cause there's always one.

ARTHUR

Listen, Ralph, you either tell me what happened or you get yourself another lawyer 'cause I don't have time for all this bullshit.

AGEE

All right... I was in that cab, but I didn't rob it. My cousin did that. I didn't know nothin', it was my cousin's idea -- he's crazy.

ARTHUR

What's your cousin's name?

AGEE

I don't know, but he lives up on Hillsdale.

ARTHUR

You don't know your cousin's name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur angrily gets up from table.

ARTHUR

(continuing)

Hey, I don't need this. What do you think, I'm an idiot? I read a report, I can tell if someone's bulshitting me. I don't need this crap. You either give me some straight answers or you get yourself another lawyer. I don't have time to listen to some jive-ass put me on.

AGEE

Okay, no bullshit. No bullshit.

Arthur pauses, turns around and looks at Agee a moment, then walks back to the table. He sits down and opens up the folder once more.

ARTHUR

So what do you have to tell me.

AGEE

Well, it wasn't my idea, but I knew what was comin' down. Me and my cousin...

(off of Arthur's
look)

Royce... Royce Shavers. He figures that since I am the way I am... I can look real fine sometimes, you know.

ARTHUR

Yes, I'm sure you can.

AGEE

He figures we can be a couple. You know. Man and woman couple. Cab drivers will pick up a couple a whole lot faster than two nigger men. We got in the cab over on Garrison Boulevard, and we, uh... we...

(as he continues,
tears begin to
well up in his
eyes)

... asked him to take us down to the... harbor. You know, like we was tourists, and, uh... we...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGEE (CONT'D)
(tears start to
run down his
face)

... man, I can't go to jail...
that place... I can't do it.
You gotta help me.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCK-UP - CORRIDOR - DAY

Agee is being taken away by a prison guard. He looks petrified.

ARTHUR
(trying to
comfort him)
Don't worry. You'll be out
on bail within the hour.

The policeman takes Agee away. Arthur watches as they leave.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

as he walks down a crowded corridor in the lock-up area. This is the melting pot where the criminal and victim, lawyers and police, all come together. There is great confusion and NOISE. People crying, shouting, complaining... each one wanting his rights, wanting the system to do... something. Warren Fresnell sees Arthur and approaches him. He is obviously delighted.

FRESNELL
You're never going to guess who
the police just brought in.

ARTHUR
Who?

FRESNELL
Take a guess.

ARTHUR
Please... Warren.

FRESNELL
This may sound crazy, but Judge
Fleming was just brought in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR
What do you mean he was just
brought in?

FRESNELL
Arrested!

ARTHUR
(sloughing it
off)
C'mon.

FRESNELL
I'm telling you. They arrested
the Judge.

Arthur stops.

ARTHUR
Judge Fleming?

FRESNELL
Judge Fleming.

Arthur looks intently at Fresnell.

ARTHUR
What's the joke? Is there a joke
connected to this?

FRESNELL
No joke. I don't know what it's
about. They got this whole thing
locked up. I can't get anything
from anybody.

Arthur spots OFFICER MATHEWS and calls out to him.
Mathews comes over to the two men.

ARTHUR
Hey, Mathews. What's this with
Fleming? You got him down here?

MATHEWS
I don't know anything about it.

ARTHUR
Come on. What is it? Is he here?

MATHEWS
I told you, I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks away.

ARTHUR
(to Fresnell)
Something's hot. If you hear
anything, let me know.

Arthur walks on.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM D - DAY

The trial has just ended. Jay and his client are
getting up from the defense table.

CLIENT
Man, you sure pulled a number
there. I thought for sure I
was gonna be doing time.

JAY
You should be, you asshole.

CLIENT
Hey, I'm real grateful.

JAY
Yeah. Get outta here.

The COURT BAILIFF approaches the table as the client
leaves.

BAILIFF
Mr. Porter, your office wants
you to get in touch immediately.

JAY
Thanks, Harry.

Jay throws his stuff into his briefcase and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM A - DAY

Arthur sits with his client, an older man, at the
defense table. The courtroom is almost empty except
for the few people involved in the ongoing proceedings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The young prosecutor, ALVIN BECKER, looks over his notes while questioning a WOMAN on the stand.

BECKER

... and... and you didn't notice anything... anything to cause any suspicion on your behalf?

WOMAN

No.

The prosecutor looks at his notes again. He clears his throat nervously.

Arthur watches the young man struggle to put his case in order.

The JUDGE sleepily looks up at the clock.

BECKER

Couldn't you... couldn't you have been distracted?

WOMAN

By what?

Again, Becker looks through his notes. There is another long dead silence.

BECKER

The normal distractions.

He rustles through more pages.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM C - DAY

A case is in progress.

A POLICE OFFICER is standing before the bench with a very dapper-looking DEFENDANT, the Defendant's lawyer and the Assistant D.A.

JUDGE RAYFORD is presiding. The Police Officer is testifying.

OFFICER MC NALLY

I told him to move on, but he continued to use profanity and refused to leave the premises.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE WARREN FRESNELL

sitting off to the side of the gallery with his client,
a pathetic-looking young WOMAN.

RAYFORD

What sort of profanity.

The Officer is hesitant.

OFFICER MC NALLY

Well, you know, the normal...

RAYFORD

Come on, Mc Nally. We've all
heard these words before. For
the record, what did he say.

Officer Mc Nally pulls a small notepad out of his
shirt pocket.

MC NALLY

(re notepad;
sotto voce)

He used 'fuck' a lot, and 'piss
on you' and said he was going to
'bunghole' the short-order chef
and that he was going to 'cream'
on the waitress... and stuff like
that, Your Honor.

DAPPER DEFENDANT

There's a very good reason for all
that, Your Honor.

RAYFORD

Oh really? What is that?

DAPPER DEFENDANT

(as though it
explains
everything)

I am a diabetic.

ANGLE ON JAY

entering the courtroom and looking around.

RAYFORD

I fail to see the connection.
I have never heard of diabetes
causing foul language.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAPPER DEFENDANT

That is because you are a
douche-bag.

Jay approaches Fresnell, as the proceedings continue
in the b:g.

JAY

(quietly)

Where's Arthur! I thought he
was supposed to be here.

FRESNELL

No. He's over in courtroom 'A.'

JAY

Come on outside. I've got
something to tell you. You are
going to flip.

FRESNELL

(to his client)

It's going to be a good while
before your case. I'll be back.

He gets up to join Jay. As the two men start to exit
the courtroom, we HEAR...

RAYFORD

Make sure this man gets over to
Sinai Hospital this afternoon
for psychiatric observation. I
will withhold the verdict pending
a medical report.

He taps his gavel.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM "A" - DAY

Alvin Becker is still questioning the Woman witness.
The Judge is almost asleep now in his chair. Arthur
is going crazy with impatience.

BECKER

Did you hear any noise?

WOMAN

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKER
(still shuffling
through his papers)
No noise...

The door to the courtroom opens slightly and we SEE Jay and Fresnell standing there grinning from ear to ear, choking back laughter. Seeing that Arthur is in the midst of a case, they close the door.

BECKER
(continuing)
No noise... What about, um...
that woman... blonde-haired
woman...

WOMAN
What woman?

Arthur throws his pencil down and stands up.

ARTHUR
Your Honor, I would like to move
that this case be dismissed for
lack of evidence.

JUDGE
Granted.

BECKER
(protesting)
Your Honor, I think there is more
than enough cause to...

JUDGE
(interrupting)
Case dismissed.

He taps his gavel, rises and leaves the bench. Becker starts pulling his notes together. Arthur walks over to his table.

ARTHUR
(angry)
I shouldn't have won this one.

BECKER
You're telling me!

ARTHUR
Did you do any work on this case?
Did you do any preparation at all?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKER

Hey, listen, Kirkland...

ARTHUR

You spent 45 minutes questioning a witness that should have taken no more than five minutes! And you asked the wrong questions! This isn't law school anymore. You just let a guilty man walk out onto the street because of your total, complete incompetence!

BECKER

What are you pissed off for! You won!

ARTHUR

I won nothing. You gave it to me, gift-wrapped. It's not a game! You know what I mean? It's not a game! This whole thing here...

(indicating courtroom)

... is supposed to have something to do with justice. I am a defense lawyer. You know as well as I do that 90 percent of the people a defense attorney represents are guilty. That's a cold, hard fact. Now it's my job to defend these people according to the letter of the law and it's your job to see that somebody, somewhere, goes to jail sometime!

He turns away from Becker, grabs his briefcase and exits the courtroom.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

Jay and Fresnell are waiting for him. As Arthur walks down the hall, they join him.

JAY

Congratulations.

ARTHUR

For what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jay and Fresnell are excited about something. They lead Arthur over to the men's room.

FRESNELL
Come here. Over here.

The three of them enter the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Jay and Fresnell bend down and check the stalls to see if anyone else is there. There is no one else. Excitedly they turn to Arthur.

FRESNELL
Judge Fleming!

ARTHUR
Yeah?

FRESNELL
I was right! He was arrested and booked this morning.

ARTHUR
Warren, that much we knew.

JAY
But you'll never guess what for!

Fresnell starts laughing so hard he has to go over to the sink and splash water on his face.

Arthur can't help laughing at their antics.

ARTHUR
What!

JAY
Rape! Fleming was booked on a rape!

FRESNELL
(still laughing)
I can't stand it!

JAY
Isn't that the best?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRESNELL

Rape!

Fresnell is gagging and choking with laughter. Jay stamps his feet in delight.

ARTHUR

I don't believe it.

FRESNELL

But that's not the best.

(to Jay)

Tell him the punchline!

JAY

You're going to love this. His people just called the office. Fleming wants you to represent him.

Jay and Fresnell, with great difficulty, contain themselves for a moment to watch Arthur's response. There is a long silence.

ARTHUR

Me?

He starts to smile. Jay and Fresnell both explode again. Jay enters one of the stalls, closes the door and starts banging on it. Fresnell is at the sink again, choking and splashing water on his face.

ARTHUR

(continuing; to himself)

Me?

We HEAR Jay BANGING inside on the metal walls and laughing.

JAY (O.S.)

It's so insane! Oh my God, I am going to die, it is so insane!

Arthur just stands there while both men are totally out of control.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCK-UP - DAY

Once again, the desk area is as congested and NOISY as ever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We SEE Arthur.

ARTHUR
(to the desk
Clerk as he
passes)
Is Ralph Agee out yet?

CLERK
Yeah.

Arthur nods and moves on. A guard approaches him and they walk down the hall together. They stop at one of the interrogation rooms, the guard unlocks the door and Arthur steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Judge Fleming is standing by the interrogation table. He is neatly attired in slacks and a sports coat. His lawyer, MARVIN BATES, is seated. Arthur stands just inside the door.

JUDGE FLEMING
You're late. We were just about
to leave.

ARTHUR
So leave.

JUDGE FLEMING
Let's take this opportunity to
get one thing straight. I hate
your guts.

ARTHUR
Well, I think you're a prick but
I don't have to go out of my way
to tell you that.

BATES
(mediating)
Judge Fleming has been accused...
falsely; I might add... of sexually
assaulting a young lady. And he
wants you to represent him in
this case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

(to Fleming)

Me represent you? Do you know
how crazy that sounds?

JUDGE FLEMING

Not really.

ARTHUR

Well, there are two lawyers up
in the third floor men's room who
think differently. One of them is
laughing so hard, he's choking to
death in the sink.

JUDGE FLEMING

I am aware that I am not well
liked and I am sure that there
are many people who will be
delighted when they hear about
this. But the fact remains, I
am innocent... and I fully intend
to have this proven in a court of
law. Mr. Bates and I feel that in
this particular situation, you
would be the perfect lawyer for
my defense.

ARTHUR

Isn't that nice. The two of you
put your little heads together
and came up with that. That's
wonderful. Now, the real question
is 'Why?'.

BATES

Let's not be modest, Arthur.
You've got a good reputation.
You fight for what you believe
in. Defending someone you dislike
as much as the Judge lends a lot
of credibility to his case. Why
else would you defend a man you
dislike so much, unless he was
truly innocent.

Fleming walks over towards Arthur.

JUDGE FLEMING

And I am, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

I don't give a shit.

Arthur turns to leave. All of a sudden he is slammed up against the door by Fleming. Fleming is red-faced and furious.

JUDGE FLEMING

You smug son-of-a-bitch!

BATES

(warning)

Uh, Henry... Henry.

Fleming releases Arthur.

JUDGE FLEMING

I have never in my life committed a crime!

ARTHUR

If you're really innocent, then I'm sorry for you. But I won't defend you.

Arthur exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DANIEL'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Daniel's is one of those typical, wood-paneled restaurants with red leather semi-circular booths. Arthur and Gail Packer are seated in one of the booths having drinks and dinner. A waiter has just refilled their water glasses. Gail waits for him to leave before continuing.

GAIL

... I was happily married with two terrific children. But Stephen thought that I wasn't ~~dependent~~ enough on him. I'm not quite sure what that means. I mean I do, but... anyway, we went to a marriage counselor to try and figure things out. After about five sessions, Stephen started to understand the source of our trouble and feel better about the relationship.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL (CONT'D)

I started to feel worse. I found out that I wasn't really happy at all. That it was all a sham. I was going through the motions of being a mother and a wife. I'm good at going through motions. So by the time Stephen was ready to go on a second honeymoon, I was ready for a divorce. We separated. He took the kids, I went to law school.

ARTHUR

Why law?

GAIL

Luck of the draw. I wrote a bunch of things down on a piece of paper and...

She picks up her knife with one hand, covers her eyes with the other and makes a stab at her folded napkin as though it were a pencil hitting paper.

GAIL

(continuing;
taking hand away
from eyes)

... law school. So here I am. Five years later. You know what's really strange? I always thought I would miss the children. But I don't. I'm not even sure I love them. Or ever did. I know that's a terrible thing to admit.

ARTHUR

Maybe just more brave than terrible.

GAIL

Thank you.

(beat)

Can I have your asparagus?

ARTHUR

No.

Gail smiles and takes a sip of wine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

Did you feel the knives in your back when you walked out on the Committee this morning?

ARTHUR

That committee is a very dangerous farce.

GAIL

You really like to attack, don't you? I spend fourteen hours a day, six days a week, working for that Committee, and I don't do it because I think it will give me some good laughs. Believe it or not, we're trying to do something.

ARTHUR

How can you be so naive?

GAIL

What's so naive! There's a lot of corruption that no one's doing anything about.

ARTHUR

That's right. But you think your committee's doing something about it?

GAIL

Yes.

ARTHUR

Sure. You attack a lot of lawyers. Ruin the careers of a few little guys who happened to wipe their ass the wrong way, somewhere along the line. And maybe they should be disbarred. Maybe, some of them. But you'll never go after the big ones.

GAIL

We have to start somewhere.

ARTHUR

You won't go after the real power.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

What real power?

ARTHUR

(sarcastic smile)

Well, now we know they're definitely safe.

Gail reacts to his put-down.

ARTHUR

(continuing)

And do you know what the worst part is? You'll go on killing mice and pound your little breast that you've killed a lion. And in the end, the public will think that something has been done -- when, in fact, nothing much has been done at all.

GAIL

What makes you think you know so goddam much?

Arthur looks at her in mock concern, then leans in toward her.

ARTHUR

I just hope nothing I've said will have any effect on our future sexual relationship.

GAIL

(persisting)

What makes you the voice of authority?

ARTHUR

I don't pretend to be. It's just that I don't think you know what you're doing.

GAIL

I don't spend nights in jail on contempt of court.

ARTHUR

Do you know what that's about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

Not really.

ARTHUR

Let me tell you a little story about our wonderful judicial system. There's a guy named Jeff McCullaugh. He's driving down the highway one night and the police stop him for a faulty taillight. They run a make on him and the computer kicks back that a Jeff McCullaugh has an outstanding warrant in Alabama for assault with a deadly weapon.

GAIL

You mean this is a different Jeff McCullaugh?

ARTHUR

Yes. But he fit the general description, so bail is set at \$5,000 dollars, and since he can't meet it, Jeff is sent to jail. A Public Defender is appointed to represent him and because he's swamped with cases, he asks the judge to set a trial date six months away.

GAIL

Didn't Jeff tell them they had the wrong person?

ARTHUR

He tried, but the Public Defender didn't really believe him and was so busy he never bothered to check. While he's sitting in jail waiting for his trial, a prison guard is stabbed and the knife is planted in Jeff's cell. Jess is brought back to court on the new charge of Assault With A Deadly Weapon on a guard and the judge sets a new trial date eleven months from the date he was first arrested.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Eleven months pass and a very frightened Jeff McCullaugh goes to trial. The Public Defender promises him that he can make a deal with the judge and if McCullaugh pleads guilty, he'll get time served.

GAIL

So he pleads guilty even though he's innocent.

ARTHUR

Right. Jeff, thinking he can go home right after the trial, goes for it. Now, the deal was made with Judge Callahan. However, the day they walk into court, Fleming is sitting at the bench. Fleming sentences Jeff to five years State Prison. So, a little guy has spent two and one-half years in prison for a faulty taillight. I've spent one year getting enough evidence to get him out and Fleming refuses to reopen the case because it came in a few days late.

GAIL

He was just sticking to the rules. I like Fleming as a judge.

ARTHUR

(sarcastically)

I'm sure you do.

He takes a sip of wine.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur and Gail are in bed, but not asleep. They are talking in soft, quiet voices.

GAIL

You know what?

ARTHUR

What?

GAIL

If I was a real women's libber,
I'd make you sleep on the wet
spot.

ARTHUR

You feel all right?

GAIL

Sure. There's something to be
said for hostile sex. No...
maybe hostile's wrong.

ARTHUR

No, hostile's right. You
irritate me.

GAIL

Why?

ARTHUR

Something in your manner. I
don't know what it is.
(beat)
Don't change it, okay?

GAIL

You don't even have to ask.

Suddenly we HEAR BANGING on the front DOOR.

ARTHUR

What the hell is that?

As the BANGING CONTINUES, Arthur gets out of bed, grabs
a robe, puts it on and exits the bedroom.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as he walks into the hallway and over to
the door.

ARTHUR

(continuing)

Yeah! Who is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAY (O.S.)
Arthur! It's Jay!

Arthur opens the door to reveal Jay standing there. He is drunk.

JAY
(continuing)
Whaddya say?

He walks in past Arthur.

JAY
(continuing)
Helluva night tonight.

ARTHUR
You know it's two o'clock in the morning?

JAY
Of course I know. The bars just closed.

ARTHUR
What are you doing here?

JAY
Came to ask you a question.

He stares blankly at Arthur for a long beat.

ARTHUR
Yeah?

JAY
I'm a good lawyer, right?

Arthur just looks at him.

JAY
(continuing)
I asked you a question. Am I a ~~good~~ lawyer?

ARTHUR
Yeah, yeah. You're a good lawyer.

Jay walks into the living room and wanders around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAY

I got John Simms off. Right?

ARTHUR

What are you talking about?

JAY

John Simms. John Simms.

ARTHUR

Oh, right. Yeah, you got him off.

JAY

Not just 'got him off'! Got him off on a murder. And we all know he did it.

ARTHUR

That's right, Jay. We all know he was guilty.

JAY

Brilliant. Brilliant defense. Got him off on a technicality!

ARTHUR

Yeah, good. I know that.

JAY

Well, he did it again.

ARTHUR

(suddenly concerned)

What are you talking about?

JAY

Simms. About eleven, eleven-thirty tonight, he shot and killed two kids. I mean... kids.

ARTHUR

Jesus.

The two men look at one another. Arthur isn't sure what to say.

JAY

(turning away)

I gotta take a piss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks past Arthur into the bedroom. He sees Gail in bed.

JAY
(continuing; as
polite as he
can muster)
Excuse me. I'm just going to
take a piss.

Jay goes into the bathroom and closes the door. Arthur enters the bedroom. Gail looks at him questioningly.

ARTHUR
(re bathroom)
My partner.

We HEAR a CRASH of BROKEN GLASS from the bathroom. Then silence.

ARTHUR
(continuing)
Jay?

No answer. Arthur tries to open the door. It is partially blocked. Jay is lying on the floor. Arthur puts his weight against the door and manages to enter.

JAY
I think I slipped.

Arthur struggles to get him to his feet, but it's an impossible task. Gail stands in the doorway, wearing her overcoat.

JAY
(continuing)
Probably peed on the floor and
slipped. That'll do it.

ARTHUR
Here. Hold on to me.

Gail starts to enter the bathroom.

GAIL
Let me give you a hand.

ARTHUR
Stay out. There's glass all
over.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(to Jay)

Okay, come on.

With Jay helping a little, Arthur pulls him to his feet. Gail stands aside as Arthur maneuvers Jay over to the bed.

JAY

Simms had his rights. I
protected his rights. Right?
... Of course the person he
killed had rights, but that's
not my concern... right?

Arthur seats Jay on the bed.

JAY

(continuing)

Rights is right... or am I wrong?

ARTHUR

(to Gail)

Get me a washcloth. Watch the
glass.

Gail goes into the bathroom.

JAY

Arthur, am I responsible for
those kids?

ARTHUR

Here. Put your feet up.

Jay leans back against the headboard, his legs stretched out in front of him. Gail comes out of the bathroom, a wet washcloth in her hand.

GAIL

(handing the cloth
to Arthur)

What's wrong?

JAY

(to Arthur)

I did what I was supposed to do,
so therefore... all's well.

Arthur has folded the washcloth and placed it on Jay's forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

Arthur, what's going on?

ARTHUR

Two kids are dead and he wants to know if he's an accomplice.

Gail doesn't understand.

JAY

Arthur, I'm just going to take a little nap here. Couple minutes.

He closes his eyes. The washcloth has slipped a little and Arthur gently places it back on his forehead.

GAIL

I would like to leave now, but he's napping on my underpants.

ARTHUR

Leave anyway.

Gail goes over to a chair and gathers up the rest of her clothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Arthur's car moves along a narrow, winding road. It is a cold autumn day.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY

Arthur's car pulls in.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT

of Arthur's face.

ARTHUR

I thought you flew... uh... you know... planes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Arthur, sitting in a helicopter next to Judge Rayford, who is at the controls.

JUDGE RAYFORD

Nope. Been flying helicopters ever since Korea.

Rayford adjusts a few controls and they start to ascend.

ARTHUR

I have to tell you, Judge. I'm not too happy about this.

JUDGE RAYFORD

Just relax, Arthur.

The helicopter begins to gain altitude.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARYLAND COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The helicopter flies over the rolling hills in full fall color.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

JUDGE RAYFORD

It's pretty, isn't it?

ARTHUR

(still nervous)

I don't want to talk.

JUDGE RAYFORD

You ever skydive?

ARTHUR

No.

JUDGE RAYFORD

You should. You might learn something. I was skydiving one day and my main chute didn't open. I pulled on by backup and that one didn't open.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE RAYFORD (CONT'D)

It was jammed. There I was,
plunging to the earth and just
as I saw the treetops, I
discovered the meaning of life.

ARTHUR

Which is?

JUDGE RAYFORD

It sucks.

Arthur just looks at him.

JUDGE RAYFORD

(continuing;
looking down)

They used to keep Native Dancer
down there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY - DAY

Aerial view of a demolished section of the city. This
is the beginning stage of an urban renewal project, al-
though at this point it looks more like war-torn Berlin.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

JUDGE RAYFORD

By the way, the board voted to
purchase the prison boat.

ARTHUR

That's good news.

JUDGE RAYFORD

Except we have to find another
place to dock it. People from
the Inner Harbor are drawing up
a petition to have it moved.

ARTHUR

Where to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE RAYFORD
Anywhere but their neighborhood.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

as it moves over the harbor area.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

JUDGE RAYFORD
Sorry about that situation with
Jay. How's he taking it?

ARTHUR
Not too well, I don't think.
I can't get him to talk about
it after that night.

JUDGE RAYFORD
He'll be all right. Part of
the hazards of the trade. A
good lawyer can get the guilty
off and a bad one can send the
innocent to jail.

ARTHUR
You're missing the point. How
do you deal with it?

JUDGE RAYFORD
There is no way to deal with it,
so you don't even try.

Rayford looks at the control panel.

JUDGE RAYFORD
(continuing)
Okay, we've hit it.

ARTHUR
Hit what?

No answer.

ARTHUR
(continuing; more
urgently)
Hit what?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE RAYFORD

The betting point. It's a game I play. Each time I go out, I calculate how much fuel I have and how far I can go on it and still get back. Then I figure out the halfway point and go a little beyond it.

ARTHUR

Don't tell me we're beyond the halfway point.

JUDGE RAYFORD

(excited)

Yes!

ARTHUR

You mean we're not going to make it back?

JUDGE RAYFORD

Maybe, maybe not.

ARTHUR

Land! Put it down now!

JUDGE RAYFORD

Don't worry. We're not in trouble, yet.

(beat)

Okay, here we go. Heading back.

He turns the controls. The helicopter makes an arc and heads in another direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Arthur is ashen-faced.

JUDGE RAYFORD

Sixteen years of marriage and my wife won't eat Chinese food. It's crazy. Especially since we met in a Chinese restaurant.

ARTHUR

How are we doing? Are we back yet? Where are we?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE RAYFORD

Arthur, trust me. I know what I'm doing... It's a protest on her behalf. She relates Chinese food to our marriage.

ARTHUR

We went too far. I know it. I feel it. We went too far.

The airport comes INTO VIEW.

JUDGE RAYFORD

Look at that.

(points to airstrip)

I tell you, I've got good instincts.

All of a sudden, the CRAFT starts to make strange SOUNDS.

ARTHUR

Oh, my God. Oh, God.

JUDGE RAYFORD

Hang on, Arthur.

There is a frightening silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

as it starts to plunge to the ground. Halfway down it hits some telephone wires, bounces off and then lands on the ground... still upright, but a little askew.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Rayford and Arthur are sitting there.

JUDGE RAYFORD

Home free! Are you all right?

Arthur nods.

JUDGE RAYFORD

(continuing)

We almost made it right on the button. I told you I had good instincts.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMALL COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Arthur and Judge Rayford sit at a booth by a window. The runways of the private airport can be SEEN outside. Arthur sips some coffee. His hand has a slight tremor to it. Judge Rayford notices and smiles.

JUDGE RAYFORD

You'll be all right. Your adrenalin's still charged. But, you've got to admit, it makes you feel alive, vital.

Rayford takes a hearty bite out of his sandwich.

ARTHUR

I don't know about you, but I could be dead right now.

JUDGE RAYFORD

Why does everyone have such a preoccupation with death?

ARTHUR

I'm not always preoccupied with it. But this certainly seems like a valid time.

The waitress approaches and pours some more coffee into the men's cups.

JUDGE RAYFORD

I'd like another chicken salad sandwich when you get a chance. Arthur?

Arthur nods "Nothing." The waitress walks away.

JUDGE RAYFORD

(continuing)

So you won't even consider taking on Fleming's case?

ARTHUR

That's right.

JUDGE RAYFORD

Put aside your personal feelings, for Christ's sake. The man needs help.

ARTHUR

You think he's innocent?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE RAYFORD

I know Fleming. He screws around a lot, but he's no rapist.

Arthur thinks the idea over for a few moments.

ARTHUR

Every time I see him presiding over a case, it pisses me off. He was even a bad lawyer, I hear.

JUDGE RAYFORD

A lot of us were bad. If you can't make it as a lawyer, becoming a judge is a perfect move. I was a terrible lawyer. Couldn't deal with clients and I was miserable in the courtroom. But I'm a competent judge. Fleming's not the best or the worst. The two of you just never seem to agree.

ARTHUR

Tell him no, I'm sorry.

The waitress returns with Rayford's second chicken salad sandwich. She places it on the table beside his other plate. Outside the window we SEE Rayford's helicopter being hauled into a hangar.

JUDGE RAYFORD

God, I hate being a go-between.

ARTHUR

Yeah, well, it's over.

Arthur pours some more sugar into his coffee and stirs it. Rayford seems uneasy, something is troubling him.

JUDGE RAYFORD

It's not all over. Arthur... there are some very powerful people in this town who, for all the reasons we've talked about, think that you are the man to defend Fleming. I'd think it over if I were you. They can exert a lot of pressure if you refuse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

What kind of pressure?

JUDGE RAYFORD

They can have you disbarred.

ARTHUR

For what? Contempt of court?

JUDGE RAYFORD

No, no. They did a little digging. Found out you violated the lawyer-client confidentiality once.

ARTHUR

What?

JUDGE RAYFORD

Did you ever have a client by the name of Ernest Drago?

ARTHUR

(seeing it coming)

Yes.

JUDGE RAYFORD

You gave information to the police on the q.t. that led to his arrest and conviction.

ARTHUR

Drago was insane. I handled him on a burglary charge. He'd only done it once... to fulfill what he called his 'fantasy trips.' He'd sit in my office and rattle off the most grotesque ideas you can imagine. One of his things was wondering what would happen if you put a firecracker in someone's mouth. That was one of his favorites. Then I read in the papers that a couple of people have almost been killed by somebody holding them up with a gun and forcing cherry bombs in their mouths... I knew it was Drago, so I told the police.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE RAYFORD

The specifics don't make any difference. You violated the Code of Ethics and for that you can be disbarred.

ARTHUR

What the hell's going on?

JUDGE RAYFORD

Well, in spite of your being a 'naughty boy' that one time, the fact is, you are a very principled, ethical lawyer and to top it all off, you have no political ties. The perfect candidate.

ARTHUR

That's wonderful. They want me to defend this man because of my moral integrity and if I don't defend him they'll disbar me for being unethical.

Rayford nods.

JUDGE RAYFORD

I don't want to see you get hurt, Arthur. Take the case. Don't throw away your whole career.

Arthur remains silent for a moment, looking out the window... then back at Rayford.

ARTHUR

Jesus, I don't believe this.

(beat)

Will Fleming take a polygraph?

JUDGE RAYFORD

I don't know. Go ahead. Ask him. Does this mean you'll consider taking the case?

ARTHUR

(quietly)

I don't know.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUDGE FLEMING'S OFFICE - DAY

TIGHT SHOT of an eighteenth century porcelain vase projected on the back of a door. A second or two passes, then we HEAR the WHIR of an automatic SLIDE PROJECTOR. The vase is replaced by another vase of different dimensions and color. An INTERCOM BUZZES.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We SEE Judge Fleming sitting at his desk, the projector in front of him. His face is revealed by small shafts of lights that emanate from vents in the back of the machine. He presses the intercom.

JUDGE FLEMING

What is it?

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Mr. Kirkland wanted to remind you that he's still waiting. Will you be very long?

JUDGE FLEMING

All right. Send him in.

Fleming leans back in his chair and presses the remote control for the projector.

ANGLE ON DOOR

to office, as the slide changes. At that moment, the door opens and Arthur stands in the shaft of light, the intricate, colorful pattern of a Persian rug projected on his face. Arthur remains in the doorway, unable to see.

JUDGE FLEMING (O.S.)

Come on in. Close the door.

Arthur closes the door and bends down, ducking the light. He moves off to the side a few feet.

ARTHUR'S POV - FLEMING

behind the projector.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE FLEMING
Have a seat over here.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

as he cautiously makes his way across the room to a chair on the other side of the Judge's desk. As he sits, we HEAR the WHIR of the MACHINE; the slide changes once more.

JUDGE FLEMING
Do you like antiques?

ARTHUR
Only new ones.

CLOSEUP ON FLEMING'S FACE

as he reacts to Arthur's remark. It is obvious there is hostility between the two men.

JUDGE FLEMING
I hope your line of defense is more successful than your humor.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR'S FACE

illuminated only by the peripheral light from the projector.

ARTHUR
If you don't like it, you can get yourself another lawyer. 'Cause I just like to hang around with my clients and tell jokes.

TWO SHOT OF FLEMING AND ARTHUR

JUDGE FLEMING
Hold it. Let's clear the air for a second. I want you to know this up front. You're one of those self-righteous lawyers who wants to change the law to serve the needs of the individual. Well, it's a lot of bullshit and I don't want it in my court.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

(getting angry)

Wait a minute! That so-called 'bullshit' I gave you was new evidence proving beyond any doubt that McCullaugh is innocent.

JUDGE FLEMING

I know that. But the fact is it was not submitted within the allotted time. Therefore, it is invalid, and the defendant remains guilty, even though he's innocent.

ARTHUR

It doesn't bother you that a man is going to serve nine years for something he didn't do, just because the evidence proving his innocence came in three days late?

JUDGE FLEMING

It doesn't bother me because it's the law.

ARTHUR

But that's insane!

JUDGE FLEMING

It's the law.

ARTHUR

I want you to see what you can do for him.

JUDGE FLEMING

Nothing can be done.

ARTHUR

I don't buy that.

JUDGE FLEMING

Look, you don't do the pushing. You're in no position to push for anything.

(beat)

But I'll see what I can do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fleming presses the remote control on the projector. The two men sit and stare at the new slide.

ARTHUR

(after a moment)

Tell me about Leah Shepard.

JUDGE FLEMING

What do you want to know? I saw her on two occasions. She works over at City Hall.

ARTHUR

Did you have sexual relations with her on the first date?

JUDGE FLEMING

Yes, I did. First and second. That's why this whole business makes no sense to me.

ARTHUR

What do you think happened to her?

JUDGE FLEMING

I assure you. I didn't rape her. I don't know. Maybe she's got an angry boyfriend who showed up after I left.

ARTHUR

'Angry' is a little mild. The girl wasn't just raped. She was brutally beaten and sodomized. That goes way beyond angry.

The quiet WHIRRING of the PROJECTOR MOTOR...

JUDGE FLEMING

Of course it does. I'm sorry. But what the hell am I doing in this mess?! I've been involved in law for over thirty years and right now I can't find five people who want to believe I'm innocent. Not five!

Fleming fires off a couple of slides in rapid succession.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

I want you to take a polygraph.

JUDGE FLEMING

Why? It's not admissible evidence.

ARTHUR

I want you to take it.

JUDGE FLEMING

I'll think about it.

ARTHUR

I want you to do it.

JUDGE FLEMING

I said I'll think about it!

ARTHUR

(standing)

Fine. And I'll think about taking the case.

JUDGE FLEMING

You don't have much choice.

Arthur looks at Fleming a beat, and then turns to leave the room. As he opens the door to the office, the slide of a nineteenth century trestle table lights up his back. The door closes behind him and a new slide CLICKS INTO VIEW.

CUT TO:

INT. RACQUET BALL COURT - DAY

A black ball smacks against the white wall. Several times in quick succession, the ball hits the wall and bounces back.

ANGLE TO REVEAL ARTHUR

playing racquet ball alone. He is sweating and breathing hard. He moves with speed and agility and plays the shots well. This is not a leisurely game. He's pushing himself; playing all out.

INT. JAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jay surveys the room. He walks over to his desk, picks up two pencils that are lying there, sharpens them in the electric sharpener, checks the points and places them on a container. He seems a little manic in his efforts.

He steps back and observes the room. Deciding that it is too neat, he opens a file cabinet, pulls out a file (any file) and places it on his desk. He then crosses to the bookshelf, pulls down a book, opens it and puts it on the couch. Noticing that his trash can is empty, he opens his desk drawer, takes out a legal pad, tears off a couple of sheets, crumples them up and carefully places them in the trash can.

He then walks over and opens the door to his private bathroom, turns on the light and enters. He lifts up the toilet seat and checks the rim. Tears off a few pieces of toilet paper, he wipes the rim, tosses the paper in, puts the seat back down and flushes. He turns to exit. Arthur is leaning against the door.

ARTHUR

When you finish in here, Beulah,
would you mind doing mine?

JAY

(with great concern)
Don Welton is coming in.

Jay steps out of the bathroom, turns off the light and closes the door.

ARTHUR

The contractor?

JAY

That's right. I can't wait to
get out of dealing with this
low-end crap. What's with you
and Fleming?

ARTHUR

I'm going to take it.

JAY

Good for you.

ARTHUR

He'll see what he can do about
McSullaugh and he agreed to take
a polygraph.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAY
Very impressive.

The INTERCOM BUZZES. Jay picks up the phone.

SHERRY'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Mr. Welton's here.

JAY
I'll be right out.

As Arthur starts to walk back to his office, he notices an object on the bookcase shelf.

ARTHUR
What is this?

JAY
Badminton trophy.

ARTHUR
(amused)
A badminton trophy? Did you bring this in to impress Welton?

JAY
(defensive)
It looks pretty good from a distance. He's not going to read it.

Arthur nods and exits the office, leaving behind a highly agitated Jay.

CUT TO:

INT. PENITENTIARY - DAY

Arthur sits on one side of the partition in the visitors' hall.

ANGLE ON DOOR

A guard leads Jeff McCullaugh into the room. His cheek and the area around his eye are swollen and discolored. He walks over and sits down opposite Arthur. Arthur stares at his face for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

What happened?

McCULLAUGH

Somebody beat me up.

ARTHUR

What for?

McCULLAUGH

I didn't ask. You've got to get me out of here. My parents don't understand what's going on, you understand?... I don't understand.

ARTHUR

I've talked to Judge Fleming and we're going to work something out.

McCULLAUGH

You gotta do something soon. Man, I seen some things here that are just genuine horror stories

ARTHUR

I know it's bad. Just try to take care of yourself for another two, three weeks tops. I promise I'll have you out by then.

McCULLAUGH.

I'm trying to take care of myself. I got myself thrown into solitary just to get away from some guys. Christ, if this don't beat all. Read in the papers about lettin' all these people out of prison 'cause it's too crowded, and here I am. If that don't beat all.

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS' RETIREMENT HOME - LOBBY - DAY

At the top of the lobby bulletin board, we SEE in large, gay letters "HAPPY THANKSGIVING."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Below, a series of childlike paintings depicting Thanksgiving scenes. To the side, a card "A GIFT FROM THE MILFORD MILL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL."

ANGLE ON SEVERAL SENIOR CITIZENS

bundled up in heavy clothing, being led out of the building by relatives.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA SAM'S ROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON ARNIE, Sam's roommate. He is a diminutive, white-haired man with a ruddy complexion. There is a "puckish" quality about him. He is covered from head to foot with cold-weather clothing -- a cap, muffler, mittens, boots, and earmuffs. Seated on his bed, he looks like a small child dressed to build a snowman.

ARNIE

But we're going to have good turkey!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ARTHUR AND GRANDPA SAM

Arthur takes Sam's overcoat out of the closet.

SAM

Of course we're going to have good turkey! What are you talking!

ARNIE

You sure this Warren fellow doesn't mind me coming along?

ARTHUR

No, it's fine. It's just a big open house. There will be a lot of people.

(holding coat up for
his grandfather)

Put your arm in here, Sam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARNIE

(to Sam)

Where's your teeth? You gotta have your teeth if you're gonna eat turkey!

He laughs.

Sam reaches up and touches his mouth.

ARTHUR

Where are your teeth, Grandpa?

SAM

Did I have teeth the last time you were here?

ARNIE

Of course you had teeth. You had teeth this morning.

(to Arthur)

He doesn't remember so good.

SAM

You better watch what you're saying.

(re: Arthur)

He can punch you in the mouth.

Arnie laughs delightedly.

SAM

(continuing)

What did I do with my teeth?

He slowly walks over to his night table and checks the drawer. As Sam is looking for his teeth, Arnie grabs Arthur by the sleeve.

ARNIE

He's very proud of you. Always talks about his grandson who's going to be a lawyer.

ARTHUR

I wish he could remember that I am a lawyer.

ARNIE

Sometimes he does, sometimes he doesn't. What's the difference? He's still proud of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Arnie! Are you sure I had teeth
this morning?

ARNIE

I know you had them.
(he looks around
the room)
Wait a minute, what's that...
on the television?

Sam walks over to the TV, picks up his teeth, and puts
them in his mouth.

SAM

(impatiently)
All right, I'm ready!

Sam starts toward the door. Arthur picks up Sam's hat and
gloves. Arnie gets off the bed. Arthur opens the door
to the room and holds it for the two men.

ARTHUR

Okay. Let's go, guys.

ARNIE

(crossing to door)
I hope they don't have yams.
I hate yams!

They walk out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE YELLOW COLONIAL HOUSE - DAY

The house sits back off the road surrounded by several
acres of sparsely landscaped land. The circular driveway
is filled with cars. We HEAR the SOUNDS of PARTYING.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

It is late afternoon. The Thanksgiving open house is in
full swing. The house is mobbed with lawyers and their
families -- eating, drinking, etc. The buffet table
holds the remains of what was earlier a lavish Thanks-
giving spread.

ANGLE ON WARREN FRESNELL

the host, who is standing behind one of the portable bars, stuffing bananas into a blender in preparation for one of his "famous" Daiquiri drinks. He is making it for an attractive-looking WOMAN in her late twenties, standing with her husband.

FRESNELL

With this famous Daiquiri of mine,
two...

(he pours in the rum)
... is the limit. Now you watch
her, Bob. You don't want your
wife to lose her virginity.

ANGLE ON ARNIE AND SAM

sitting side by side on the staircase, picking through
their food.

SAM

I don't like eating off my knees.
What happened to sitting at a
table? You say, 'Pass the salt,'
'A little more stuffing if you
don't mind'...

ARNIE

(intently looking
into his plate)
You can tell this is catered.
The turkey I know. But what
is this fancy thing here?

He points to something covered with colored miniature
marshmallows.

SAM

You don't like it, you don't
eat it.

ARNIE

I bet it's yams. They're trying
to hide the yams so I'll eat 'em.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

moving through the crowded room. A LAWYER calls out to
him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWYER

Hey, Arthur! What about that
prison boat?

He laughs. Arthur waves him off like "Please, I don't
want to talk about it."

ANOTHER LAWYER

What are they doing now?

LAWYER

Inner Harbor didn't want it, so
they moved it to Sparrow's Point.
Sparrow's Point didn't want it,
so it's on the move again. I
think I'll donate my pool.

He laughs again.

ANGLE ON SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE

talking and laughing. Something catches the attention
of one of the MEN and he looks away from the group at
something we can't see.

MAN

Oh, my God.

Others look around to see what he's looking at.

ANGLE ON DOOR TO LIVING ROOM

Jay and his wife have just entered. Jay is bald.

The attention of the room quickly shifts to Jay. No one
quite knows what to say. Jay moves gaily over to a
group of people and conversations resume. Someone tenta-
tively asks him a question, he answers and the group
laughs.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

watching Jay from across the room. He seems concerned.
Arthur walks over to Jay as the CAMERA FOLLOWS.

FRESNELL

(to Arthur)

Well, what do you think, Arthur?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR
(looking at Sally)
If Sally likes him bald, it's
fine with me.

Sally doesn't.

Arthur pulls Jay away from the questioning crowd.

ARTHUR
(continuing)
Gotta talk to you for a minute.

The group is disappointed at Jay's leaving.

JAY
(to them)
Later each and every one of you
will be allowed to pet it.

They laugh.

Arthur and Jay find a private corner.

ARTHUR
You okay?

JAY
Sure. No problem.

ARTHUR
Why the bald head?

JAY
A lark.

ARTHUR
Just a lark? You got up and
shaved your head for a lark?

JAY
Yeah.

There's a beat of silence between the two men.

JAY
(continuing)
Also is strengthens the hair.
Supposed to make it grow back
thicker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR
Nothing's bothering you?

JAY
C'mon, Arthur, stop playing big brother.

Jay abruptly walks away. Arthur looks at his empty glass and heads back to the bar area.

LARRY, one of the growing number of drunks in the room, approaches Arthur.

LARRY
It's true that Fleming passed the polygraph test, isn't it?

ARTHUR
Larry, that's privileged information.

LARRY
Yeah, well let's just say I'm one of the privileged. He did didn't he?

Arthur approaches the bar area. Larry follows right along.

LARRY
(continuing)
What's the odds on that? Nobody wanted to believe he was innocent.

Arthur pours himself a drink.

ARTHUR
I don't really want to talk about it.

LARRY
(indicating bottle)
Give me some of that... yeah, ~~well~~, if you win the case you'll have to put a take-a-number machine in your office.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE AREA - DAY

TIGHT SHOT of a basketball hitting the backboard and going through the hoop.

ANOTHER ANGLE

TO INCLUDE Arthur, Jay, Warren, Larry and four other lawyers standing by the hoop. Everyone has been drinking, and to one degree or another they all show the effects.

FRESNELL

Enough warm-ups! The 5th Annual Thanksgiving Toilet Bowl is about to begin.

Although the air is very cold some of the men take off their overcoats. This annual match has become a truly competitive event. Arthur dribbles the ball showing good handskills as Warren explains the rules.

FRESNELL

(continuing;
half in the bag)

Since we're playing on a new court this year, courtesy of a beautiful home purchased on the money from the misfortunate, the injured, and the criminal community, bless their hearts... I will now explain the boundary lines. To clear the ball, this line... Out of bounds here, and over here.

JAY

Come on, let's play.

CUT TO:

JAY

tapping the ball to Arthur who immediately drives for the net and scores on a hook shot. Jay gives out a loud scream of joy. A very loud scream of joy. Warren puts the ball inbounds for his team. Larry puts on a good move and comes inside heading for the net. Just as he is about to shoot, Jay smashes into him, slamming Larry into the garage door.

LARRY

(as he gets up from
the concrete)

Foul! Foul!

JAY

Bullshit! You were charging.
Let's play.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jay throws the ball over to Arthur.

JAY
(continuing)
Put it in play.

ARTHUR
(to Larry)
You okay?

LARRY
Yeah.

Arthur passes to Jay who goes into a dribbling exhibition all over the court. Suddenly Larry steals the ball from him and scores. Larry, Warren and his teammates jump for joy. Jay is pissed.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Sam and Arnie stand by a window watching the basketball action.

SAM
No sense. The game makes no sense. They run and run. For what?

ARNIE
To run.

Even from this distance we can SEE that Jay is going all-out. He elbows and manhandles players at every chance. CAMERA PANS TO a group of men gathered by the remains of the once lavish buffet table. JAKE ZELLER picks up turkey bones as he holds court.

JAKE
Each year 600 new lawyers enter practice in our state alone. Nationwide, that's uh... one lawyer for every 500, and that ratio diminishes each year.
(amused)

Someone wrote that by our Tricentennial we will be fortunate if any American but lawyers are alive to see it.

The group laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE AREA - DAY

The sun is beginning to set. CAMERA PANS the action. Sweat pours from the faces of the men. Warren is breathing so hard he wheezes. Larry has wrapped his tie around his forehead and uses it as a sweat band. Arthur's shirt and tie are open and hang loose, and he wears no trousers. His white boxer shorts are accentuated by his black knee-high socks and oxford shoes. Everyone looks wiped out -- except Jay.

Warren hands off to Larry. Larry back to Warren who scores. Arthur puts the ball inbound. One of his men takes it, then passes to Jay who moves toward the basket. Larry steals the ball away and goes in for a layup. Jay bangs into him, knocking him to the ground.

FRESNELL

Foul! Foul!

His teammates chime in.

JAY

(screaming)

No way! No way!

ARTHUR

You fouled, Jay.

JAY

He charged me!

LARRY

(getting up)

You're crazy, you know that.

Jay punches him in the face. Larry reacts in pain and Jay goes right at him again, punching wildly. Warren, who is standing next to Jay, immediately tries to pull him off. Jay turns on him. Arthur jumps in, trying to separate the men. Everyone is yelling to break it up, but Jay keeps struggling to fight... it doesn't matter who he hits. Arthur, unable to subdue Jay, punches him in the stomach. Jay doubles up, gasping for air.

ARTHUR

(to Jay)

It's over, all right? It's over.

Jay looks up at Arthur, struggling to catch his breath.

CUT TO:

INT. CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON DOOR to courthouse. There are two guards on either side of the door. Arthur and Agee (the transvestite) enter. Agee is dressed as conservatively as he can manage -- a shirt and pants. However, he still wears the blond wig, now pulled back into a neat little bun. They walk through a metal detector archway. (Similar to ones used in airports). A guard waves them on and they head down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE ELEVATOR

Arthur and Agee ride the elevator in silence. Agee is visibly nervous.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - LATER THE SAME DAY

JUDGE BURNS is seated on the bench. He bangs his gavel.

JUDGE BURNS
I find the defendant guilty of
armed robbery.

TWO SHOT

Agee looking at Arthur with great concern.

AGEE
What's going on? I don't
understand. Am I going to
jail? I can't go to jail.

ARTHUR
(calmly, to Judge)
Your Honor, in light of the
fact that this is the
defendant's first major
offense, that he is currently
employed, I request a pre-
sentence investigation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE BURNS

You foresee a favorable probation report?

ARTHUR

Yes, Your Honor, I do.

JUDGE BURNS

(gathering his
papers together)

Make note that a probation report is to be drawn up and presented to this court within fifteen days... Sentencing will be withheld until that time.

He taps his gavel lightly.

ANGLE

Arthur and Agee at defense table. Arthur is putting papers into his briefcase.

AGEE

What happens now?

ARTHUR

They draw up the report, present it to the Judge and in fifteen days you should be out on probation.

AGEE

Should be? I gotta be!

ARTHUR

Don't worry, you'll be okay.

An elderly black woman approaches Agee. They hug as we...

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE - DAY

TIGHT SHOT of Leah Shepard's upper torso and face. Her breasts and shoulders are badly bruised. Her face is battered and swollen. A hand comes INTO FRAME and removes the photograph, replacing it with another. It is a photograph of her back. It, too, is badly bruised and lacerated with what appear to be scratch marks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Arthur looking at the police photographs. He puts the photos in a manila file, then opens up his legal pad. He turns on the dictaphone machine.

ARTHUR

(into machine)

Sherry, this is for the Fleming File. Baltimore County Hospital records show that Leah Shepard had a D and C in 1968. She was 18 at the time. I don't know if a D and C is a normal occurrence at that age. Call Doctor Edwards and check that out.

The INTERCOM BUZZES. Arthur picks up the phone.

SHERRY'S VOICE

There's a Mr. Reisler out here to see you. Says he knows something that might be important to you.

ARTHUR

What is it?

SHERRY'S VOICE

He'd like to see you in private, if you have a moment.

ARTHUR

... All right.

Arthur hangs up the phone, puts the photos of Leah Shepard back in the file and pushes it to the side of the desk.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

as Sherry opens it, and MR. REISLER, a conservatively dressed, middle-aged man, steps into the office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur approaches and extends his hand.

ARTHUR
Hi, Arthur Kirkland.

REISLER
(shaking hands)
Bob Reisler. I don't know if
what I have to tell you is
worthwhile or not.

ARTHUR
Why don't you have a seat,
Mr. Reisler. Sherry, have this
typed up.

He hands her the cassette from the dictaphone.

ARTHUR
(continuing;
to Reisler)
All right, Mr. Reisler, what do
you have to tell me?

REISLER
Well, as I said, I don't know
whether it's important or not,
but I was noticing this article
in the paper, you know, where
Judge Fleming mentioned that he
left the girl's house and somebody
must have come in after him.

ARTHUR
Yes?

REISLER
Well, it finally occurred to me
that the address of the Shepard
girl's house is around the corner
from me. Dorset. I live on
Oswego. Anyway, I went to take
a look at the house -- you know,
out of curiosity -- and I realize
that's the house I always look
at when I go down that block.

ARTHUR
Why is that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REISLER

'Cause it's the only one on the block that isn't painted. You know, it's natural brick. I've been thinking of sandblasting mine. It's a nice look... natural.

ARTHUR

And?

REISLER

I saw somebody go in her house the night that... you know, that thing happened.

Arthur's attention picks up.

ARTHUR

What time was it?

REISLER

A little after one.

ARTHUR

How come you were there so late?

REISLER

I walk my dog right after Johnny Carson.

ARTHUR

You always walk down that street?

REISLER

No. Sometimes I go down Granada. Sometimes Eldorado. It's a routine. I alternate every third night. That way people don't always complain about your dog poopin' on their lawn.

ARTHUR

Are you sure you were on Dorset that night?

REISLER

Oh yeah. We're on Dorset every Wednesday and Saturday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

(figuring it out)

But that doesn't work out. Three streets in seven days. You wouldn't be on the same street every Wednesday.

REISLER

(demonstrating
on his fingers)

Yes, it does. Granada on Monday, Eldorado on Tuesday, Dorset on Wednesday, Granada on Thursday, Eldorado Friday, Dorset Saturday, and Sundays I spend with my sister in Velvet Valley. My dog takes his poop out there.

Arthur just stares at the Man for a long beat. The Man's credibility is finally taking full effect.

ARTHUR

What did this man look like?

REISLER

Tall, about 6' 2", blond hair.

ARTHUR

You're sure.

REISLER

Yes.

ARTHUR

Would you be willing to testify to that in court?

REISLER

Yes, sir, I would.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE -- DAY

Arthur is descending the steps when he hears a beeping HORN and a Cadillac pulls up. It is Carl Bennett. He lowers the electric window. Arthur approaches.

CARL

Where you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR
Office.

CARL
Get in. I'll take you.

Arthur opens the door and starts to get in.

CARL
(continuing)
Arthur, I got a problem with this
young girl.

ARTHUR
Again?

CARL
Well, you know me.

Arthur closes the door, and the car pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. GAIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arthur is in bed, sitting up against the headboard. Gail
stands in the doorway to the bathroom brushing her hair.

GAIL
So is Jay letting his hair grow
back, or keeping it shaved?

ARTHUR
Shaves it every day. He carries
a battery operated razor. Just
keeps running it over the top of
his head all day long.

GAIL
That sounds pretty bad. I mean,
he's not all right, is he.

ARTHUR
He'll be all right.

GAIL
You know the committee's
considering calling him in.

Arthur just looks at her. Gail sits on the edge of the
bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

(continuing)

Well, I mean he did shave his head. Continually postpones his court cases. And he was responsible for starting that fight...

ARTHUR

(interrupting)

He'll be all right. You know what it all comes down to? Every day hundreds of defense lawyers are getting clients off. Guilty or innocent, it doesn't make any difference. And the guilty ones are right back out there, robbing, killing, raping, beating -- you name it. The lawyer's job ends in the courtroom. Whatever happens after that doesn't affect him. It's not supposed to affect him. His only concern should be protecting the rights of his client. The only difference between Jay and the others, is that he was affected... hurt... injured.

GAIL

I understand that, but...

ARTHUR

(interrupting)

It's ironic that the one lawyer, the only lawyer who felt something, is the one who should be called up before the Ethics Committee.

GAIL

That's not fair, Arthur. I know he's hurting. The point is, he's not functioning properly because of it.

ARTHUR

Look, he just needs a little time. I've taken over most of his trial work.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

He only has a few more court cases left and then he's through. He's putting his emphasis on contracts. So lay off, okay?

GAIL

It's not up to me.

ARTHUR

I love how the hierarchy works. You go after Jay, or whoever, but you won't touch Judge Rayford who is a suicidal maniac. Don't get me wrong. I love the guy and I don't want you to touch him... but he is bent on killing himself.

GAIL

What do you mean?

ARTHUR

Every Sunday, he flies a helicopter and tries not to return alive. It's no secret a court bailiff found him in his chambers trying to hang himself. And do you know where he has lunch every day?

Gail shakes her head "no."

ARTHUR

(continuing)

Sitting outside his window, on the ledge, four stories up. And this man is making value decisions on people's lives every day.

GAIL

He's an excellent judge.

ARTHUR

And Jay's an excellent lawyer.

GAIL

The Committee still wants to see him.

Arthur looks at Gail a long beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

You know, fucking you is like
fucking the Committee. It's
like killing two birds with
one stone.

GAIL

Well, it's only ten o'clock.
You want to fuck the Committee
one more time?

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT COURT HALLWAY - DAY

A courtroom door opens. A GIRL comes out. She crosses
to a friend leaning against the wall.

GIRL

That judge is slower than shit!

CAMERA PANS OVER TO FRANK BOWERS, assistant D.A., talking
to LEO FAUCI, a public defender. As they talk, Fauci
keeps referring to his notepad.

FAUCI

So what can you do?

BOWERS

(arbitrarily)

... A year.

FAUCI

What, are you kidding me? I
thought this was bargain day.
Make it six months and I think
he'll buy.

BOWERS

Okay. What else you got?

FAUCI

(re: notepad)

Turner.

BOWERS

Eighteen months.

FAUCI

Eighteen months! Good luck. You
tell him. Cocksucker's crazy.
He'd just as soon snap your neck.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

walking down the hall toward the two men.

BOWERS

All right. Tell him a year, but the offer's only good for today.

FAUCI

Frank, come on...

BOWERS

Best I can do. I'm just not in a good mood, you know?

Arthur approaches the two men.

ARTHUR

(to Frank)

I gotta talk to you.

BOWERS

Here I am.

(to Fauci)

Is that it?

FAUCI

(re: notepad)

Yeah, that's it. I'll have to get back to you on Turner.

Bowers just nods to him and Fauci walks off.

BOWERS

Come on, I got a case coming up.

Frank Bowers and Arthur cross the hall into a courtroom and enter.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE HOWE, a woman, is presiding over a case. Standing before the bench is a tough-looking young man, AVILLA, and his lawyer. An ELDERLY MAN is testifying.

ELDERLY MAN

(excitedly)

... And this punk kept pulling at her purse, and she wouldn't let go, so I tried to get him off, he pushed me away and then he knocks my wife into a wall, starts banging her head, then grabs the purse and runs off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)

We just came from the bank.
Everything was in that bag!
Our Social Security...

As the case continues...

ANGLE ON ARTHUR AND BOWERS

standing just inside the back door of the courtroom.

BOWERS

Arthur, if it was just me, I'd
chuck the whole Fleming thing
out the window.

ARTHUR

So do it. Come on, Frank, you
know I've got you by the balls.

BOWERS

Yeah, I know. But what can I do?
If the D.A.'s office drops this
case now, everybody will be
screaming it's a political
deal.

ARTHUR

You're going to come out of
this with a lot of egg on your
face.

BOWERS

You're right. But I have no
choice. Now if this was one of
your run-of-the-mill Saturday
night killings, or something,
we could deal. But this is
too hot. It's center ring.

ANGLE ON THE BENCH

AVILLA

It wasn't my fault. That old
lady kept hanging on. She lets go
of that purse and I'm on my way.
But, man, she just kept hanging
on. Next thing I know, she slips.
I mean, I don't mean no harm or
nothin', you know?

ANGLE ON BOWERS AND ARTHUR

BOWERS

You're going to come out
smelling like a rose. You're
going to break my streak, after
seventy-three straight wins.

ANGLE ON BENCH

Judge Howe looks at Avilla a few beats. Deliberating.

JUDGE HOWE

All right, Mr. Avilla. I'm going
to give you one year probation.

She taps the gavel.

ELDERLY MAN

(angrily)

One year probation! What kind of
punishment is that?! I got a wife
in the hospital with a broken hip.
They say she may even lose an eye
and you're going to send this
person home? To do it again to
someone else?

Judge Howe taps the gavel more emphatically.

ELDERLY MAN

(continuing)

What kind of justice is that?

A bailiff leads the Man away.

JUDGE HOWE

(to assistant D.A.)

What else do we have here this
morning?

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

walking out of the courtroom.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Arthur walks down the hallway and enters an elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

There are several people on the elevator with Arthur. The elevator rises one floor and the doors open.

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOOR

as it opens. We HEAR a LOUD CRASH. Everyone reacts, unsure as to what is going on. Arthur starts to exit the elevator. A plate flies by and SHATTERS against the wall in front of him.

INT. HALLWAY - A GROUP OF PEOPLE

are huddled against the walls of the corridor, out of the line of fire of the flying plates that are coming from around the corner of another corridor.

Arthur slowly approaches a courtroom stenographer, MRS. BARNES, who is crouched by a wall.

ARTHUR

What's going on?

MRS. BARNES

It's Jay Porter. He's gone completely crazy.

Arthur looks around the corner.

CUT TO:

OTHER HALLWAY

Jay stands there, a tall stack of plates by his side and a half dozen or so more that he cradles in his arm. His body is tense as he holds a plate in one hand ready to fire the moment someone crosses his line of vision.

JAY

Keep away... keep away! I'm not ready!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ARTHUR

ARTHUR

Jay! Jay, it's Arthur!

A plate sails by and SMASHES against the wall. Arthur backs up.

ARTHUR

as he crouches beside Mrs. Barnes.

ARTHUR

Where the hell did he get the plates?

MRS. BARNES

From the cafeteria. He's been bringing them up all morning. No one paid any attention.

A man makes a dash across the hallway. A plate SMASHES against the wall behind him. And then another plate.

CUT TO:

A POLICEMAN

entering cautiously from a stairwell. His gun is drawn. He hesitates in the doorway trying to locate the source of the trouble. A WOMAN standing near the door points toward the hallway that Jay is in.

WOMAN

There. Down there.

The Policeman, gun still drawn, edges his way down the hallway.

CUT TO:

ARTHUR

as the Policeman approaches him.

ARTHUR

He's not armed.

The Policeman continues past Arthur and the others to the corner of the hallway and peeks around. A plate just narrowly misses him.

CUT TO:

ELEVATOR

as the door opens, revealing Judge Rayford and three POLICEMEN. Policeman #1 waves the other three over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICEMAN #1
(to others)
He's not armed. Just got a
stack of plates he's throwing
around.

CUT TO:

ARTHUR AND RAYFORD

ARTHUR
It's Jay.

Policemen #2 comes up to Arthur and Rayford.

POLICEMAN #2
All right, anybody know this
guy?

RAYFORD
Name is Porter. He's a lawyer.

The Policeman looks at Judge Rayford as though he's
crazy. He walks back down the hall and joins the other
three. Leaning against the wall, he yells out:

POLICEMAN #2
Mr. Porter!

A plate sails past and SMASHES against the wall.

JAY'S VOICE
I'm not ready yet!

POLICEMAN #2
(to others)
What's he talking about? Not
ready for what?

MRS. BARNES
No one knows. That's all he
keeps yelling.

CUT TO:

JAY

nervously rocking back and forth at the end of his
corridor. He presents the image of a terrified, pathetic
man.

CUT TO:

POLICEMAN #2

as he takes his gun out of its holster and hands it to
Policeman #1.

POLICEMAN #2

All right, I'm going to rush
him.

He starts to move toward the corner of the hallway. He
waits a beat.

CUT TO:

JAY

still waiting.

CUT TO:

JAY'S POV

A long, empty hallway. Seconds pass. Policeman #2
suddenly rounds the corner and starts running toward
him. A plate comes INTO VIEW and SMASHES off the side
wall, spraying the Policeman with tiny fragments of china.
He throws his arm up for cover, turns and disappears
around the corner.

CUT TO:

JAY

as he reaches down for another stack of plates and then
positions himself again.

JAY

(screaming)

I'm not ready yet! I'm not
ready!

CUT TO:

POLICEMAN #2

just having rounded the corner.

POLICEMAN #2

(to others)

Screw this. Get the canisters.
We'll gas him out.

CUT TO:

ARTHUR AND RAYFORD

as they hear the Policeman's plan:

ARTHUR

Christ! We've got to do something!

The ex-Marine in Rayford seems to take over. He turns to Arthur with a grim enthusiasm.

RAYFORD

What do you say? I'll run interference.

ARTHUR

(concerned)

What are you going to do?

RAYFORD

(holding up
his briefcase)

I got this. Ready?

Arthur nods. Rayford and Arthur approach the Policemen, one of whom is on a walkie-talkie.

POLICEMAN #2

(into walkie-
talkie)

We're going to need some assistance up here. A couple of canisters... and you better get an ambulance.

As Rayford and Arthur start to pass them:

RAYFORD

Excuse me, gentlemen. Judge coming through.

(turning to
Arthur)

Ready?

Arthur nods.

RAYFORD

(continuing)

Stay right on my tail...
Now!

CUT TO:

JAY'S POV

as they round the corner. The Judge running a zig-zag, the briefcase held up in front of his face. Arthur is right behind him.

BLAM!!

A PLATE SHATTERS against a side wall. And then ANOTHER, and ANOTHER.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE

The Judge and Arthur charging toward Jay who is now in a frenzy of plate-throwing. There is a barrage of CRASHING PLATES all about them.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT

of the Judge, who is almost on top of Jay. He throws his briefcase at Jay, who falls back a few steps. The Judge and Arthur grab him as his arms continue to flail in a throwing motion.

Jay tries to break loose.

JAY

Don't you understand? I'm not ready!

He breaks loose and stumbles over the stack of plates and falls as they topple over in one loud CRASH.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT

The Policemen racing down the hall toward the action. Arthur and Rayford have Jay pinned to the floor.

JAY

(screaming)

I'm not ready, Judge! I'm not ready to try this case. I'm not prepared!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAY (CONT'D)

Need time to prepare it. I'm
not ready!

ARTHUR

Oh, God.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Arthur and Warren look on as two ambulance attendants
carry Jay, who is strapped to a gurney, down the court-
house steps. A small crowd has gathered.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

handing a folder to Warren Fresnell.

ARTHUR

Ralph Agee. He'll be wearing
a blond wig, but don't let that
throw you. Let him keep it on.
Makes him happy. They're just
going to review his probation
report. I checked it and they
made a couple of mistakes. The
corrections are in the back.

Arthur indicates a yellow sheet of paper in the back
of the folder.

ARTHUR

(continuing)

So bring it to the Judge's
attention. You should be in
and out in five minutes.

FRESNELL

Don't worry, no problem.

ARTHUR

Tell Agee I'm sorry I can't
be there myself and I'll call
him at his home tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRESNELL

(waving Arthur
away)

Yeah, go ahead, go ahead.

Arthur starts down the steps toward the waiting ambulance. He gets in the back with Jay. The doors slam shut and the ambulance pulls away, the SIREN WAILING.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE CAFETERIA - DAY (SLIGHTLY LATER)

A line of people moves slowly along the food counter, pushing trays in front of them. CAMERA PANS to Warren, seated at a table talking to Larry (the lawyer who was punched by Jay at Thanksgiving).

LARRY

I drew up the contracts. I did the work. I just wanted you to review it.

FRESNELL

So, I reviewed it.

LARRY

For a seven thousand dollar fee? Christ, doctors treat each other for nothing. Where's some professional courtesy?

FRESNELL

Screw courtesy, this is business.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Agee sits at defense table. Alone. The Judge sits back calmly. After a beat, he leans forward and motions the BAILIFF over.

JUDGE BURNS

What are we waiting for?

BAILIFF

Arthur Kirkland, Your Honor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE BURNS

Check the halls. See if he's lost.

As the Bailiff leaves the bench, the Judge leans back in his chair and calmly waits. Agee sits at the defense table feeling very lost and confused.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Warren and Larry are still seated at the table.

FRESNELL

(suddenly remembering)

Oh crap! Arthur's case. I forgot
Arthur's case.

He grabs the folder and races out of the cafeteria.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Agee is still seated at the defense table, alone.

JUDGE BURNS

(to Bailiff)

Okay. Let's move on here.

The Bailiff moves back to his table to check the docket for the next case, as Warren rushes in.

FRESNELL

I'm sorry I'm late, Your Honor.
I'm filling in for Mr. Kirkland.

Warren crosses to the defense table. Agee looks at him, bewildered.

JUDGE BURNS

All right, what are we here on
the matter of?

BAILIFF

The disposition of the defendant
Ralph Agee.

JUDGE BURNS

Mr. Fresnell, are you familiar
with the probation report?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRESNELL
(lying)
Yes, I am, Your Honor.

ANGLE ON WARREN AND AGEE

at the defense table.

AGEE
(quietly)
Who are you?

FRESNELL
Mr. Kirkland asked me to handle
this for him. Don't worry,
it's just a routine matter. You'll
be out in a second.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE JUDGE

JUDGE BURNS
Mr. Fresnell, is there anything
you'd like to say about this
report?

FRESNELL
No, Your Honor. I think it's
all there in front of you.

JUDGE BURNS
Well, I'm not satisfied. In
view of what I have in front
of me, I sentence Ralph Agee
to three years.

He taps his gavel on the desk and closes a folder.

TWO SHOT

Agee looking at Warren. He doesn't understand what is
happening. A court officer approaches the table. He
indicates for Agee to rise. Agee just sits there, too
confused to comprehend. The officer puts his hand on
Agee's shoulder. Agee rises. Warren avoids Agee by
thumbing through some papers in a file. As Agee is taken
away, the sheet of yellow paper in the back of the file
catches Warren's eye.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

Warren backs his Eldorado out of the parking space. As he drives toward the exit, we SEE Arthur's car coming in at the other end of the garage. Arthur spots Warren, floors the gas pedal and speeds through the garage towards him. He careens around Warren's car from behind, slams on his brakes and comes to a screeching halt, blocking the exit. Warren stops abruptly, narrowly missing hitting Arthur.

Arthur jumps out of his car, angrily runs over to Warren's car and pounds the roof with his fist.

ARTHUR

Get out of the car! Get out
of the car!

Warren lowers his electric window a few inches.

FRESNELL

What, are you crazy?

Arthur pounds the car again.

ARTHUR

Get out!

FRESNELL

All right, just back away...
what the hell's wrong with you?!

Arthur backs up a few feet. Warren tentatively opens the car door and gets out. He turns and checks his roof.

FRESNELL..

(continuing)

Look what you did. You dented
my car.

ARTHUR

Tell me about it.

Warren just looks at him, uncomprehending.

ARTHUR

(continuing)

Tell me about Agee.

FRESNELL

It got by me, Arthur.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur menacingly steps right up to Warren.

ARTHUR

It got by you?

BAM! Arthur swings his arm over Warren's shoulder, hitting the roof of the car with his fist.

FRESNELL

(pushing him away)

Get off the car!

ARTHUR

Agee didn't have to go to jail.
You understand that? He did
not have to go to jail!

FRESNELL

So he gets out on parole in ten months. Listen, it's not all my fault. You know I don't like those penny-ante bullshit cases. I was doing you a favor.

ARTHUR

Favor! What kind of favor!?

FRESNELL

I don't give a shit about those kind of people!

They shout at each other.

ARTHUR

Whattya mean, those kind of people!?

FRESNELL

Nickel and dime! It's all nickel and dime!

ARTHUR

Don't you care? Don't you even care?

FRESNELL

If you care so much, you should have been in the courtroom! You're goddamn right I care. But not about them!

ARTHUR

They're people! They're just all people, Warren!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRESNELL

If he's not in jail this week,
he'll be in jail next week!

Arthur moves around to the front of Warren's car and
kicks the grille.

ARTHUR

No, he won't be in jail next
week!

FRESNELL

(re: grille)

Goddamn you! Appeal it! You
know it's probation's fault.
Just get away from the car!

Arthur stands there looking at Warren. His fury spent.

ARTHUR

I can't appeal it. He's dead.
Half an hour after they put him
in lock-up, he hanged himself.

FRESNELL

(stunned)

Jesus, I'm sorry. Really.

ARTHUR

Yeah, well...

Arthur walks back to his own car.

ARTHUR

(continuing)

Goddammit!

He kicks his own car several times, then gets in it and
drives off, leaving Fresnell standing there.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARYLAND STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

The air is cold and the dark, heavy-stoned building looms
like a fortress against the skyline. In the f.g., cars
on the expressway race by.

CUT TO:

INT. PENITENTIARY HOSPITAL - DAY

Arthur and the PRISON DOCTOR are talking. In the b.g., we SEE McCullaugh lying in a bed. He is asleep.

DOCTOR

He's suffered some internal bleeding, but he should be well enough in a day or so to be sent back to his cell.

ARTHUR

Can't you keep him here a couple of weeks or something?

DOCTOR

I don't see any reason for that.

ARTHUR

You don't, huh?

The two men start to walk out of the ward.

DOCTOR

Look, I have sent a memo to the Warden several times about this person. I know he's a victim. I know he's not starting these fights. But all I can do is send memos.

ARTHUR

Well, try a little harder, all right?

DOCTOR

(he shrugs)

I'll send another memo.

They exit the ward.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLEMING'S HOUSE - LONG SHOT - DAY

of a white, colonial house on about an acre of private land. Patches of snow dot the countryside. Behind the house sits a large plastic dome. We SEE Arthur, in an overcoat, approach the dome and enter.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE IN until we can barely MAKE OUT the figure of Arthur walking the length of the bubble, turning and slowly walking back.

CUT TO:

INT. BUBBLE - DAY

We DISCOVER that the bubble is the cover for an outdoor pool. It creates almost a hothouse effect. The air is warm and humid. Judge Fleming is swimming laps while Arthur walks alongside the pool, carrying on a conversation.

JUDGE FLEMING

Who did you talk to?

ARTHUR

Frank Bowers, the D.A.'s office.

JUDGE FLEMING

Well, he's right. If we didn't go to court on this, it would look like a political maneuver. I want it all out in the open. I'm very pleased, Arthur.

Fleming submerges for a second as he makes his turn. Arthur crosses to a canvas chair, sits down and opens up his overcoat. The humidity is getting to him.

ARTHUR

Now back to McCullaugh. What about it? This thing's been dragging on forever.

JUDGE FLEMING

The groundwork's all set. He'll be out in no time. Tell him to be patient.

ARTHUR

Patient! While you're taking your afternoon 'dip,' an innocent kid is in prison scared out of his mind and fighting for his life.

Fleming has pulled himself out of the pool and is vigorously rubbing himself down with a towel. He is wearing a very tiny European-type swimming brief.

JUDGE FLEMING

Good! Prison should be a frightening place. Let those criminals create their own hell-hole. Why should we help them once they're behind bars? Our job is to maintain law and order on the streets.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE FLEMING (CONT'D)

If someone chooses to violate that law, put him away where there is no law and see how long he lasts. In fact, take away the guards. Use them only to keep the prisoners in -- not to protect them from themselves. If they want to kill each other? Fine and dandy.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

stunned into silence, just sitting there in his heavy overcoat, sweating.

JUDGE FLEMING'S VOICE

Do you understand what I'm saying to you, for God's sake?

ANGLE ON FLEMING

walking to diving board.

JUDGE FLEMING

Prison should be so vile and horrible that the place in itself becomes a deterrent to crime.

He gets up on the board and starts measuring the distance he needs for his dive.

JUDGE FLEMING

(continuing)

The idea of punishment to fit the crime does not work. We need unjust punishment. Hang someone for armed robbery. Try it! We've got nothing to lose.

Fleming starts bouncing at the end of the board.

JUDGE FLEMING

(continuing)

The concept of rehabilitation is a farce. Do you honestly think that bringing Johnny Cash into prisons to sing railroad songs is going to rehabilitate anyone?

Fleming performs a splendid flip into the water.

ANGLE ON THE SURFACE OF THE POOL

as Fleming swims underwater. He comes up at the other end of the pool and turns back.

LONG SHOT

of Fleming in the water. Arthur is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD TAVERN - DAY

The tavern is located right on the wharf in the Baltimore Harbor. It is a small, shack-like restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD TAVERN - DAY

Arthur and Carl Bennett are having lunch by a window. There is a pile of steamed crabs between them. Both men have their jackets off, sleeves rolled up and bibs around their necks. Carl breaks a crab open with a wooden mallet and digs the meat out with his fingers.

CARL

So Jay's going to be coming back pretty soon?

ARTHUR

Yeah. He should be out some time this week.

CARL

How's he doing?

ARTHUR

Okay, I guess. I tried to see him a couple of times but he didn't want to talk to anybody 'til he was out.

CARL

They're going to let him practice again?

ARTHUR

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARL

Well, who says you got to be
sane to practice law?

He takes a swig of beer, then leans into Arthur conspira-
torially.

CARL

(continuing)

Listen, remember when I was in
New York last month?

ARTHUR

Yeah?

CARL

Well, I didn't take my wife.

ARTHUR

Naturally.

CARL

I took this little honey. You
know, for the weekend. Anyway,
she loved New York. Took
pictures all over the place.

ARTHUR

So?

CARL

Well, she took a shot that was
a little crazy. You know, just
for fun.

ARTHUR

In the hotel room?

Carl nods.

ARTHUR

(continuing)

A little porn shot?

CARL

(nervous laughter)

It's not porn... it's just silly,
dumb... I mean, uh... it's not
porn. Anyway, I got a call from
her this morning. It didn't
come back with the rest of the
pictures.

ARTHUR

(amused)

What was the shot?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARL

(still nervous
laughter)

We were just fooling around.
And... she thought it would be
cute to... heh, heh, heh draw
a face on my... uh, pecker.

ARTHUR

(delighted)

She drew a face?

CARL

Yeah, with a magic marker. Eyes,
a little nose... then she put a
little scarf around it, a
babushka. I swear, it looked
like a little peasant lady.
Arthur, you couldn't tell it
was my cock, not if it was
framed properly.

ARTHUR

Gee, it's a shame it didn't come
out. I would have loved to have
seen it.

CARL

That's what I'm telling you!
It should have. The lighting
was perfect!

ARTHUR

So what do you want from me...
a light meter?

CARL

I want you to find out what
happened to it. Just in case
someone gets some cute idea
~~about~~ blackmail.

ARTHUR

Come on, Carl. How is someone
going to know that little old
peasant lady belongs to you?

CARL

My wife. She'd sue me in a
second. I know it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARL (CONT'D)

Please, Arthur -- go to the photo lab and ask some questions. See if they've got that picture.

ARTHUR

Carl, you gotta let up. You keep abusing its privileges, it's going to fall off.

CARL

Arthur, will you do it? Remember, I'm your first client for God's sake.

Arthur just smiles.

CARL

(continuing)

But be very subtle, okay?

ARTHUR

Oh, yes. Subtle. Certainly. I have nothing else to do with my time. I'm in the middle of jury selection for the Fleming trial. Plus I'm handling my cases as well as Jay's...

Passing by the window, we SEE the cruise ship.

CARL

(interrupting)

Isn't that the prison ship?

Arthur looks out window.

ARTHUR

Uh huh.

CARL

Where's it going?

ARTHUR

Well, so far it's been turned down by four harbor communities.

CARL

So where's it going now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

They're taking it down to Annapolis.
If they can't stay there, they
may take it inland.

CARL

There's no body of water inland.

ARTHUR

That's right.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S CAR - DAY

Arthur drives along the beltway. He checks a piece of paper on the seat, then looks up for the exit sign.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELTWAY

We SEE Arthur's car exiting beltway and heading toward an industrial park.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO INDUSTRIAL PARK

Arthur's car drives through gate. He heads down a row of large warehouses, loading docks, clothing manufacturers, etc. The car pulls up in front of a small building. The sign reads "Laddox Photo Processing Lab." Arthur exits the car.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO LAB

Arthur and LADDOX are in the dark room. There is a soft red light coming from the photo lamp, casting a strange glow on a pair of hands as they dip photographs into solution. We can just barely make out Arthur and Laddox.

LADDOX

Obviously, your client must be concerned if he sent a lawyer down here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LADDOX (CONT'D)
But believe me, if it came out,
he would have a print. I print
everything.

As he talks, he transfers photos from one pan to another.

LADDOX
(continuing)
Those were just regular snapshots,
right? I mean, there wasn't any
special printing, right?

ARTHUR
That's right.

Laddox transfers photos from solution into a water-filled tray and turns on the faucet above it. He shakes his hands free of water and wipes them on a towel hanging by the counter.

ARTHUR
(continuing)
Maybe you misunderstand. How
do we know the picture doesn't
exist?

LADDOX
If he didn't get a print, then
it didn't come out. Look, I
know what you're worried about.
Blackmail, right?

ARTHUR
Well, not exactly.

LADDOX
Sure you are. A million people
out there are wondering 'What
happened to that one special
picture that didn't come back
from the lab?'
(he starts to laugh)
Oh man, I love that. C'mon,
let me show you something.

Laddox opens the door to the dark room and he and Arthur
exit the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Laddox leads Arthur down hallway. They stop in front of a door. Laddox pulls out a key, unlocks the door, opens it and then steps aside to allow Arthur in. Arthur steps through the door. The room is dark. Laddox leans in behind Arthur and flicks on the light switch. Arthur stands in the middle of a small, closet-like room. The walls are completely covered with snapshots of amateur pornography.

LADDOX

See? I print everything. I just keep copies for my own personal enjoyment.

He steps into the room. CAMERA HOLDS at doorway.

LADDOX

(continuing)

If I wanted to blackmail anyone, would I be showing you this?

ARTHUR

Instamatic porn.

LADDOX

Now, if I was the blackmail type, I could get this guy for a lot of bucks.

(pointing to a photo)

This guy here... he used to be, uh...

(he taps picture

trying to remember)

... you know, the, uh...

ARTHUR

County Controller.

(beat)

Still is.

LADDOX

Yea, that's right.

(looking over wall)

Now where's that girl with the bellhop? That's a terrific one...

As Laddox hunts for picture, Arthur's attention is suddenly focused on one particular photo. CAMERA MOVES IN on photograph. It is a photograph of three people. William Zinoff, the head of the Ethics Committee is one. He is wearing black mesh stockings, a garter belt and padded bra. He is on the left. On the right is Judge Fleming in a black leather athletic support and metal-studded leather vest. Standing between them, her back to the camera, is a naked ten-year-old girl. Her hands are tied behind her. She is looking up at Fleming.

LADDOX

(continuing)

... It's got to be here somewhere.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - ARTHUR'S FACE

The lighting has changed, indicating that he is now in a different location, although we don't know where.

ARTHUR

Does the idea of sexual violence excite you?

ANOTHER ANGLE

TO REVEAL Arthur and prospective WOMAN jurist. We are in:

INT. CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

WOMAN

I don't think so.

ARTHUR

Would you consider yourself a sexually liberated person?

WOMAN

Yes.

Arthur turns away from Woman and walks back to defense table, where Fleming is seated.

ARTHUR

Your Honor, I find this woman acceptable. We have no objections.

ANGLE ON JUDGE RAYFORD

presiding.

JUDGE RAYFORD

All right. That concludes jury selection. This trial will begin tomorrow at 10 A.M.

He taps his gavel.

ANGLE ON FLEMING

getting up from table. He walks over to the door and engages in conversation with a few other men. Their talk appears to be of a lighthearted nature. Fleming laughs.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

still at the defense table -- watching Fleming. As Arthur puts some papers back in his briefcase, we SEE the photograph of Fleming and Zinoff. Arthur looks at it, then at Fleming. He pushes the photo back in his briefcase and snaps it shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

The blue, beacon lights of police cars revolve, casting a strange surrealistic hue over the penitentiary grounds. Newsmen and minicam crews move through the crowd of police, prison officials, etc. Police sharpshooters check out their hardware and move off to take position.

In the midst of this activity, a POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST talks to a news unit in the b.g.

POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST

... Now this man is holding two hostages in the hospital clinic. So far as we know, the hostages have not been hurt. In the past few years, we have begun to develop a behavioral profile based on the manner in which a person deals with his hostages.

We SEE Arthur approach a POLICE CAPTAIN. They talk a moment and then walk toward the prison.

POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST

(continuing)

For instance, if the hostages' hands are tied behind their backs, rather than in front, this indicates a more violent nature. If bags, or sacks, are placed over the hostages' heads, this would suggest a greater possibility that they will be killed... and that mediation is less likely.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - NIGHT

Arthur and the Police Captain quickly walk down a hallway.

POLICE CAPTAIN

... The clinic doctor felt he was well enough to be sent back to his cell, and was signing the release papers when... I'm not sure what happened, but all of a sudden McCullaugh had the guard's gun.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

These guards, I don't know where they come from. No training, no education... and motivation? Forget it.

They head up a flight of stairs.

ARTHUR

This is going to be taken care of, isn't it? I don't want anything drastic happening here.

POLICE CAPTAIN

That depends on him. We're doin' what we can. We can't sit on this for long, though... Too many goddam criminals in this building. All we need is a riot as well.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

Jeff McCullaugh is squatting on the floor, leaning against the wall. His two hostages -- the guard and an orderly -- are tied to the legs of a bed.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The prison Doctor, some prison officials and three of the sharpshooters are standing just outside the door to the ward. Arthur and the Police Captain approach. Arthur walks up to the Doctor.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry, Mr. Kirkland. He had to go back.

ARTHUR

Yeah, he had to, huh?

DOCTOR

I'm surprised he's even awake in there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I loaded him up on tranqs just
before he was supposed to leave.

Arthur moves past the Doctor and enters the ward.

CUT TO:

INT. WARD - NIGHT

Arthur stands just inside the doorway. McCullaugh yells
out to him from the other side of the room.

McCULLAUGH

Hey, Mr. Kirkland!

ARTHUR

Can I come down there?

McCULLAUGH

Yeah, a little ways.

Arthur walks down the aisle and stops several beds
away. He sits on one.

ARTHUR

So... uh, what's new?

McCULLAUGH

(he laughs)

You know, the usual.

Long beat.

ARTHUR

This is crazy, Jeff.

McCULLAUGH

Yeah, I know. You know what's
really crazy? I don't know what
the hell I'm doing, or how any
of this is supposed to work. Me
taking hostages.

(he laughs)

Christ, took me forty minutes to
tie them up.

He sees a POLICEMAN try to enter the ward.

McCULLAUGH

(continuing)

Tell them not to come in. I don't
want anybody in here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur waves the Policeman off.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS

In the scope of a gunsight, through a window, we SEE Arthur sitting on the bed. McCullaugh is not seen.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD

ARTHUR

Jeff, there's no way you can win this thing. This is their kind of game. They gear up for this kind of number.

McCULLAUGH

(not believing his
own circumstances)

It's crazy. Me taking hostages.
And look at this.

McCullaugh holds up the gun, then leans forward.

McCULLAUGH

(continuing; sotto
voce)

It took me ten, fifteen minutes to realize there was a safety catch on this thing.

ARTHUR

Okay, so let's end it now, all right? I know you're tired of hearing this, but I swear to you I'll have you out in no time.

JEFF

Yeah, that's fine. Time...
(he chokes back
tears)

... time. I know that.
(long beat)

I can't take it...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

McCULLAUGH (CONT'D) ,

... I can't stand any more.

(he starts to cry)

... They raped me. A bunch of times... and other things.

Arthur is feeling completely inadequate.

ARTHUR

Jeff, you've got to give up, it's the only thing you can do.

McCULLAUGH

Give up! To who!? Who can I give up to?! Everybody's screwed me, who else is there? Mr. Kirkland, go away, please. I just want to stay right here in this corner. That's all I want. Just this much free space.

ARTHUR

I swear to God, it'll be okay.

McCULLAUGH

You did what you could. But nothing makes any sense anymore. Nothing.

ARTHUR

So what are you going to do?

McCULLAUGH

(shouting)

Nothing! I don't want to do anything!

ARTHUR

(shouting back)

You can't just sit there!

McCULLAUGH

Yes, I can! That's just what I want! I just want to sit here!

Arthur doesn't know what to say. McCullaugh, exhausted, leans back against the wall. There is complete silence.

The two hostages are still sitting on the floor, quiet, waiting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jeff slowly rubs his legs. He has been squatting in the same position a long time and his muscles ache. He smiles almost apologetically at Arthur.

McCULLAUGH

(continuing)

Oh, man, I can hardly move.

He starts to painfully pull himself up.

McCULLAUGH

(continuing)

I hope I don't fall over.

He stands up and takes a tentative step forward. A BULLET SHATTERS a WINDOW PANE and the top of Jeff's head is blown off.

ARTHUR

(screaming)

No!!!!!!

The police rush in from the hallway and crowd around the hostages and the body of McCullaugh. Arthur stands motionless.

CUT TO:

INT. SAUNA - NIGHT

Arthur sits alone, a towel wrapped around his waist. Sweat pours from his body. He holds a glass in his hands. A half-empty bottle of Scotch is nearby, resting on the photograph.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAUNA - LATER

Arthur lies on the bench asleep. The Scotch bottle is empty. The sauna is off and Arthur has pulled the towel over him for warmth.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

EDWIN, the security guard, looks through the glass window, sees Arthur, opens the door and enters. He walks over to Arthur and gently shakes him by the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDWIN

Mr. Kirkland? Mr. Kirkland?

Arthur opens his eyes and looks up at him.

EDWIN

(continuing)

Sauna's been off for hours. Why
don't you go on up to bed?

Arthur groggily gets up, pulling the towel around him,
and taking the photo, exits the sauna.

EXT. GAIL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

The lobby is empty. A clock reads 4:00 A.M. Arthur
paces back and forth. The elevator door opens and a
very tired Gail gets out.

GAIL

Why didn't you come up?

ARTHUR

'Cause I don't want to sit. I'm
too nervous.

GAIL

I heard about McCullaugh. I'm
sorry.

Ignoring this, Arthur holds up a manila envelope.

ARTHUR

(bitter sarcasm)

Ladies and gentlemen! In the
Center Ring -- The Honourable
Judge Henry T. Fleming and Mr.
William Zinoff, head of the
Ethics Committee, performing
without the aid of a net. Ta-Da!

He pulls the photograph out of the envelope and hands
it to Gail. She is absolutely, completely shocked.

ARTHUR

(continuing)

Come on, let's get some air.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT VERNON AREA - NIGHT

It is slightly later. Morning light is just beginning to break over Baltimore's version of the Washington Monument. Arthur and Gail walk along a deserted cobblestone street.

GAIL

All right, the photograph's kinky and they're both sexual perverts. But it doesn't mean that Fleming did, in fact, rape Leah Shepard.

ARTHUR

Come on, Gail, the son-of-a-bitch is guilty.

GAIL

So drop the case.

ARTHUR

It's not that easy.

GAIL

Why not?

ARTHUR

(re envelope)

Because the man in the padded bra is blackmailing me.

GAIL

Blackmail! What for?

ARTHUR

I don't want to tell you.

GAIL

You don't trust me.

ARTHUR

That's right.

GAIL

Then why are you telling me all this?

ARTHUR

Because there's no one else to tell. Believe me, if I could find one other person to turn to, I would.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They walk on for a while in silence.

GAIL

I know what they found out about you. After your cute little number with the Committee, we did a check on you.

ARTHUR

This is after we started seeing each other?

GAIL

Yes. Anyway, we were in the midst of making a decision as to whether or not you should be disbarred, when Mr. Zinoff stepped in and pulled your file. Said he wanted to personally review your case. That was the last we heard of it.

ARTHUR

Jesus, the whole thing stinks. It stinks from one end of the system to the other.

GAIL

Then do something! Go up against Fleming and take the consequences.

They walk along. Arthur is quiet.

ARTHUR

You know, the only thing I know how to do is be a lawyer. It's the only thing I'm good at. And with the money I make, I support an ex-wife, and keep a little ~~old man from dying~~ in some State ~~institution~~. About a third of my clients don't have a dime, so I don't bother to collect a fee. There is no money in my ready reserve account. My last act in practicing law would be to file for my own bankruptcy.

They now walk along a commercial district. Street lamps and neon signs start going off. Everything has the gray look of a winter morning.

(CONTINUED)

175.
CONTINUED:

GAIL

Look at the other side of it. The Ethic's Committee is off your back, you will successfully defend Judge Fleming, gaining fame and fortune for you and your loved ones. And you will most likely end up as the centerfold in this year's Law Review.

ARTHUR

And what about you? Are you going to turn Zinoff in to his own Ethic's Committee?

GAIL

For what?

ARTHUR

Conspiracy to commit blackmail.

GAIL

Arthur, that may be illegal, but it's not unethical.

Arthur stands facing Gail. He looks at her a long beat, then turns and walks away. Gail watches him for a moment, then walks off in another direction.

CUT TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - TIGHT SHOT - NEWSPAPER - DAY

The print is obviously magnified. We READ the caption of an article:

JURY SELECTED
FLEMING TRIAL BEGINS TODAY

ANOTHER ANGLE

REVEALING the Recreation Room. Arnie is seated in an aluminium folding chair. There is a newspaper in his lap that he is reading with the aid of a large magnifying glass. Sam is seated a few feet away. Arthur stands by Arnie. He is dressed for court, but looks exhausted from the long night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARNIE
Big day today, huh? I bet you're
excited!

ARTHUR
A little.

TIGHT SHOT - SAM

He doesn't seem quite as alert as before.

SAM
So you're home on leave?
(to Arnie)
Arthur's in the Coast Guard.

ARTHUR
(to Arnie)
I don't understand. It's getting
worse.

ARNIE
It depends. He comes, he goes.

ARTHUR
Doesn't he remember anything?

ARNIE
He remembers everything! He just
has trouble with the present.

Sam mumbles something inaudible to himself and then just
sits there silently staring into space.

ARNIE
(continuing)
You didn't come for three weeks.
He missed you very much.

Arthur is very affected by Sam's condition.

ARTHUR
Well, I... I was very busy getting
ready for the... uh...

ARNIE
I know, I know. It's very important
for you. But you didn't come for
three Tuesdays. He lost his sense
of time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur looks over at Sam. There has been no change. A long beat of silence.

ARTHUR

You know, Arnie, I don't know what I'll do if he goes. He's the only real family I have.

(trying not to cry)

I'm a lawyer because of him. He wanted it for me and he made sure I got it. The day I passed the bar, he was the... happiest man. To him, being a lawyer was the finest thing you could be.

Tears stream down his face. He walks over and kisses his grandfather.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. COURTHOUSE - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

Arthur walks down the hallway.

ANGLE ON CAFETERIA DOOR

as Arthur approaches. He opens the door and looks inside.

ARTHUR'S POV

The cafeteria is crowded. Fleming and two other men sit at a table across the room.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Arthur approaches the Judge's table. Fleming is having a large breakfast, while the other two just have coffee.

ARTHUR

Can I see you for a moment?

JUDGE FLEMING

Certainly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE FLEMING (CONT'D)
(to the other men)
Gentlemen, do you mind?

The two men nod, pick up their coffee cups and move away. Arthur sits down. Fleming continues with his breakfast. Arthur takes out the photo and places it on his tray. Fleming looks at it casually, still eating. The conversation is very low-key.

JUDGE FLEMING
(continuing)
Where'd you get that?

ARTHUR
I've been carrying it for a couple of days. I'd like to know what it means.

JUDGE FLEMING
Oh, I see the wheels spinning.
Sex crime. Sex photo. Is he guilty?

ARTHUR
Is he?

Fleming picks up his coffee and takes a sip -- looking intently at Arthur for a beat, measuring him.

JUDGE FLEMING
Yes... Are you surprised?

ARTHUR
What about the polygraph and the witness?

JUDGE FLEMING
Those were taken care of for me.

Arthur stares at him. Fleming smiles and stares back at Arthur in quiet defiance.

JUDGE FLEMING
(continuing)
Well, now you have it. Happy?

Fleming resumes eating,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

(sarcastically)

Yes, you've made me very happy.

Arthur takes the photo, gets up and walks off.

JUDGE FLEMING

See you in court.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A large number of REPORTERS and spectators are congregated outside the building. There are a few policemen present to keep order.

ANGLE ON A CAR

pulling up. LEAH SHEPARD, now fully recovered, gets out of the car, accompanied by her father. As they start up the steps to the courthouse, the crowd converges on them. Reporters jostle one another, trying to fire off their questions.

REPORTERS

Mr. Shepard, is your daughter
fully recovered from her injuries?

Do you expect to return to your
position at City Hall?

How would you react if Judge Fleming
is found not guilty?

Why did you wait until the following
day to report the attack?

As the Reporters continue with their harassment, Leah and her father enter the building without answering.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOORS - DAY

The elevator doors open and Arthur steps out. He walks down the hall.

INT. RAYFORD'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Judge Rayford sits at his desk, polishing a 12-gauge shotgun. Satisfied, he opens the drawer of his desk and put away the clean utensils. He snaps the gun open and places two cartridges in the chambers. He then pushes his chair away from the desk, carefully places the shotgun between his legs and sticks the barrel in his mouth. He takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and reaches for the trigger. He can't find it. Eyes still closed, his hands futilely grope around the barrel.

He opens his eyes to check the position of the trigger.

Once again, he reaches. The barrel is too long and at an awkward angle. His hands can't quite reach the trigger. Suddenly he starts to gag on the barrel. He keeps reaching and gagging. The gagging becomes excessive. His eyes start tearing from the strain.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Rayford removes the shotgun, puts it under the desk, takes out a handkerchief and wipes his eyes.

RAYFORD
(casually)

Yes?

BAILIFF
(leaning in)

Your Honor, court's about to begin.

RAYFORD
Thank you.

The Bailiff closes the door. Rayford stands up, crosses to a mirror and arranges his robe.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A few people are still taking seats. The prosecutor, Frank Bowers, and Leah Shepard are seated at their table. Fleming is seated at the defense table, Arthur standing by him, removing files from his briefcase. He arranges them in front of him and sits down. Fleming looks across to where Leah Shepard is sitting.

TWO SHOT

Fleming whispers to Arthur.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE FLEMING

You must admit she's an attractive girl. I wouldn't mind seeing her again sometime.

Arthur looks at Fleming as we HEAR:

BAILIFF (O.S.)

Hear ye, hear ye. The Criminal Court of Baltimore is now in session. All rise. The Honorable Francis W. Rayford presiding.

Everyone rises. we SEE Judge Rayford enter and take his seat at the bench.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE COURT

The prosecuting attorney, Frank Bowers, is just sitting down. He leans over to confer with Leah Shepard.

RAYFORD

The prosecutor has completed his opening statement. Mr. Kirkland, are you ready?

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

He rises from table.

ARTHUR

Yes, Your Honor.

Arthur walks around the table and approaches the jury box. He takes his time before speaking.

ARTHUR

(continuing)

My client, the Honorable Judge Henry T. Fleming, should go right to fuckin' jail. The son-of-a-bitch is guilty.

There is a stunned silence. No one is sure of what's happening. Fleming sits at the defense table in shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAYFORD
Mr. Kirkland...

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

pointing at Fleming.

ARTHUR
(shouting)
The man is slime! He is slime!
If this man is allowed to go free,
something very wrong is going on
here!

The courtroom is now in total confusion.

RAYFORD
(banging gavel)
Mr. Kirkland, you are out of
order!

ARTHUR
This trial is a show! That man,
that depraved, crazy man raped
this girl here.
(to Leah Shepard)
And he'd like to do it again!
He told me that!

RAYFORD
Bailliff! Remove the jury.
(to court officer)
Clear the courtroom. C'mon, get
them out of here!

As the Bailliff attempts to remove the jury, Arthur continues his attack. The two court officers try in vain to clear the courtroom. But members of the press push forward en masse, trying to get the story.

ARTHUR
It's all coming apart! It's just
a show. It's 'Let's Make A Deal'!

He strides over to the prosecutor's table and leans over the speechless Frank Bowers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

(continuing)

You want to make a deal? C'mon, Frank. I've got one insane judge who likes to beat the shit out of girls. What do you want to give me? Three weeks probation?

The courtroom is in total chaos. Rayford is now on his feet, banging his gavel.

RAYFORD

Shut that man up! Officers!
Forget those people! Get him
out of here!

The two officers move towards Arthur.

ARTHUR

(pointing at Fleming)

You're supposed to stand for
something, you son-of-a-bitch!
You're supposed to protect people
and instead you fuck and murder
them!

Just as the officers reach Arthur, he turns back and confronts them, holding his hands out to keep them at a distance.

ARTHUR

(continuing)

Hold it! Hold it! Okay! Okay!
... I have completed my opening
statement!

He turns and walks out of the courtroom.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

The hall is jammed with Reporters asking questions and taking photographs. Arthur just continues making his way through the surrounding mob, saying nothing. As he reaches the doors leading outside, he turns back to the Reporters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR
Hey, listen, I've got a lot more
to say, but not right now, okay?

He starts to exit the building, then stops. With a slight grin, he reaches into his pocket, pulls out the photo of Fleming and Zinoff, and hands it to the nearest Reporter.

ARTHUR
(continuing)
But this should hold you for a while.

Everyone pushes in, trying to get a look, as Arthur exits the building.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Arthur starts down the steps. A dark-haired man, wearing a three-piece business suit and carrying an attache case, starts up the steps.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As he gets close, we SEE that it is Jay wearing a wig. Arthur looks intently, not sure it's him. They start to pass each other on the steps.

ARTHUR
(tentatively)
Jay?

And Jay, like a man tipping his hat, reaches up and lifts the wig off his bald head.

JAY
(politely)
Good day.

He continues up the courthouse steps as Arthur, smiling, continues down. FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END