

**in contempt**

Episode #101

"Welcome to Hell"

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**TEASER/ACT ONE**

**EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY**

FRANKLIN, African-American, 30's, paces in front of a line of people waiting to go through security. He carries a protest poster that reads, "Wake up! Assert Your Rights!"

FRANKLIN

Brothers and sisters! You are free citizens! Do not submit yourselves to these unjust laws!

A woman balancing a large armful of files runs up the steps, catches sight of Franklin, yells at him:

GWEN

Franklin. Protest your ass on upstairs. NOW!

This is GWEN HARRISON, 30's, African-American, a quick-witted, opinionated, passionate, rebellious truth-teller.

She doesn't wait for Franklin to answer, threads her way through security...

**INT. COURTHOUSE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

...and rushes towards a candy/magazine stand. HAKEEM, 50, knows all the gossip, slides a pack of cigarettes, two Red Bulls, 3 bags of baby back rib flavored Herr's potato chips, and a coffee across the counter when he sees her coming.

GWEN

Morning Hakeem. So what'd you hear? Hammond ready to go?

HAKEEM

You know I can't gossip. I have my reputation to consider.

(Gwen indicates "gimme")

He said he was starting a trial. I don't know if it's yours, but...

GWEN

You're my hero, Hakeem.

HAKEEM

I only do these things for you, you know.

She's rummaging through her purse, counting out change...

HAKEEM (CONT'D)

Don't worry, sweetheart. I'll put it on your tab.

GWEN

Thanks, Hakeem. I get paid at the end of the week...

She races toward the elevator...

**INT. ARRAIGNMENTS COURTROOM - DAY**

... bursts into orchestrated chaos. Lawyers talk with clients and negotiate with D.A.'s. Prisoners are exchanged. JUDGE GUS ADLER, 60's, old-school, impatient, prone to old-fashioned turns of phrase, presides.

Gwen enters the well of the courtroom and goes to a Defender Association table to the side. COURT OFFICER JIM JOHNSON, 28, Black, good-looking, sweet, approaches her.

C.O. JIM

God I hope that coffee is for me.

GWEN

(flirty)

Of course it is. Who else is there?

She discreetly hands him the coffee, coughs loudly to cover the sound of her opening a Red Bull. She quietly digs into the Herr's chips and offers some to Jim, who grunts: ugh.

C.O. JIM

Baby back rib flavored chips for breakfast?

GWEN

What? It's like bacon in a bag.

She leans in and takes a big bite of a chip as he makes a disgusted face and laughs.

C.O. JIM

I brought up your guys but the Judge already started calling cases. He's in a bad mood.

C.O. LARRY

Number six on the list, Commonwealth versus Cowling...

GWEN

(mouth full)

Shit...

She looks to the door as Franklin walks in. She frantically waves him up and talks on the move as she approaches the defense table, brushing crumbs off her suit...

GWEN (CONT'D)

Gwen Harrison, Defender Association  
of Philadelphia for Mr. Cowling.

A.D.A. HAMMOND

The Commonwealth has a one-time  
only offer of six months for  
obstructing governmental  
administration.

JUDGE ADLER

That sounds eminently fair. What  
say you, Ms. Harrison?

GWEN

I say I need a second call, Judge.  
I haven't talked to my client yet.

JUDGE ADLER

By all means, talk to him now.  
We'll wait.

FRANKLIN

No need to discuss, discourse,  
diatribe...

GWEN

(sotto, to Franklin)  
Are you on your meds?

FRANKLIN

(loud)

I don't need no meds. That's the  
government trying to control me!

GWEN

Your Honor, you don't think a  
second call might be useful here?

JUDGE ADLER

Six months, yes or no.

FRANKLIN

This court suppresses, represses,  
the bodily integrity of the black  
man --

JUDGE ADLER

Stick a fork in it, we're done.  
Revoke bail.

GWEN

Wait, what? Your Honor --

JUDGE ADLER

Your client was late. Put it on tomorrow's list.

Court Officers move toward Franklin. He turns to Gwen --

FRANKLIN

Wait, he's putting me in?  
(pause, then)  
You're in on this, aren't you?

And he suddenly grabs her around the neck. *Wham!* They hit the ground... and all hell breaks loose. Court Officers jump Cowling, trying to pull him off Gwen --

GWEN

Don't hurt him! He's off his meds!

-- She grabs one of the C.O.'s by the arm, but he throws her off. She stumbles back, then goes in again, pushing court officers, literally getting in between them and Franklin.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Leave him alone!

*Wham!* C.O. Jim accidentally elbows her in the eye. She lunges forward, angry, and instinctively gives him an expertly thrown left hook.

C.O. JIM

Damn, you said you boxed but I didn't really believe you.

And he cuffs her. Just as the other C.O.'s cuff Cowling. They yank him up off the ground, stand him next to Gwen. Both of them in cuffs. Judge Adler comes up from under the bench.

A.D.A. HAMMOND

In light of what just happened, the Commonwealth --

GWEN

Your Honor, we'll take the six months!

**MAIN TITLES:**

**EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF PHILADELPHIA**

Independence Hall, City Hall, the Philadelphia Museum of Art, One Liberty Place, and of course, the Liberty Bell.

**EXT. DEFENDER ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA - DAY**

An old-style downtown granite building.

**INT. DEFENDER ASSOCIATION - RECEPTION - DAY**

A woman in a suit sits on a plastic chair. She touches up lipstick, uses Hand Sanitizer. This is VANESSA WINTERS, 26, African-American, elegantly dressed, wound very tight.

With impeccable posture, she sits between two young men with attitude, trying not to touch them. One looks Vanessa over.

CLIENT

So, what's your story? Shoplifter?  
Oxy pusher? High-end ho?

LISA, 32, manages reception with an iron fist, looks up.

LISA

Yo. If I want any shit from you,  
I'll squeeze your head.

The client shuts up. The elevator opens and two men get off. One is a grungy bike messenger. The other wears a suit.

LISA (CONT'D)

(to Vanessa)

New attorney. There's your boss.

Vanessa walks towards the man in the suit, hand extended...

VANESSA

Hi. Vanessa Winters.

... but the grungy bike messenger clops over in his bike cleats, extends a hand.

TOM

Tom Delgado. Attorney-in-Chief.

**INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE DODSON'S CHAMBERS - DAY**

A woman seductively unbuttons her blouse. This is TRACY CAMPBELL, 32, White, savvy, and stunning, with a light Southern accent that becomes heavier and more charming when she needs it to be. She approaches RICHARD DODSON, 45, White, combative, and unpredictable, and swivels his chair to face her.

TRACY

(kissing him)

I'd say thanks for the nooner but  
it's only ten o'clock.

JUDGE DODSON

We could do an actual nooner too.

She mounts him while he still sits --

TRACY

Let's keep it at one workday screw  
for now, Richard.

JUDGE DODSON

But why, counselor? When they're so  
much fun.

TRACY

(wry, as she rides him)  
Because you're a married man. And  
I'm a traditional girl. With  
traditional values.

**INT. COURTHOUSE - MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY**

Gwen leans up against the sink, waiting. A MAN comes in,  
heads for the urinal, sees her. She crosses her arms, stares  
at him until he leaves.

The SOUND of a TOILET FLUSHING and A.D.A. PAUL HAMMOND, 35,  
politically ambitious, puts notches in his belt, emerges from  
a stall with the *Philadelphia Inquirer* tucked under his arm.  
He sees Gwen, reacts.

A.D.A. HAMMOND

Jesus. Is nothing sacred to you?

GWEN

Some things are. But you taking  
your morning... repose? Not so  
much.

As he goes to the sink...

GWEN (CONT'D)

It's not worth four years. It was a  
bad ID, you're gonna lose the  
hearing --

A.D.A. HAMMOND

You're like a pitbull in high  
heels. We had bets in the office,  
you know. Where you'd come after  
me. I don't think anyone picked the  
men's room. That's a first for you.

GWEN

We're both lucky the stall was locked.

(then)

Come down off the four, I'll get him to take it.

A beat as Hammond regards Gwen, then:

A.D.A. HAMMOND

You know what? I'll give you points for persistence. He can have three to six.

GWEN

Really?

(then, suspicious)

Wait. Why aren't you fighting me more?

A.D.A. HAMMOND

(irritated)

Okay, he can have eight.

GWEN

What happened? Your case falling apart? Is this why you've been dragging your heels on giving me the rest of the discovery?

A.D.A. HAMMOND

You're unbelievable. You'll have the discovery this afternoon. And my case is air tight. You got an hour to take three to six. After that, offer's off the table.

He bangs out. Gwen frowns.

**INT. JAIL INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

Gwen sits down across from RANDALL MONROE, 28, African-American. Strong-willed, stunned, and angry at his circumstance. He's wearing saggy pants and a collared shirt: a good faith effort to dress up. He's got a neck tattoo peeking above the shirt.

Gwen's got a bit of a shiner starting. She discreetly slides the pack of cigarettes to Randall.

RANDALL

What happened to you?

GWEN

D.A. on your case. He got in one good shot, but I took his ass out.

That makes Randall smile a little. Then, off his clothes:

GWEN (CONT'D)

I thought we agreed you were gonna wear a suit.

RANDALL

You don't think I look respectable?

Gwen takes a breath, decides to let it go...

GWEN

The D.A. came down to three years. With good time, you're home in two.

Randall exhales air between his teeth, angry.

RANDALL

I knew this was coming.

GWEN

Randall, have I ever told you to plead?

RANDALL

You think I did this.

GWEN

It doesn't really matter what I think. If this goes bad, it's not three years. It's fifteen.

RANDALL

I don't care if it's fifty. I ain't touch that girl.

GWEN

Look, a straight A engineering student from Penn is gonna get on the witness stand, point at you, and say you tried to rape her. She'll say "I'll never forget his face."

RANDALL

So her word is better than mine?

GWEN

Don't tell me you believed them when they said justice was blind.

A long beat as they both think on that hard nut. Then:

RANDALL

Nine months ago I went out for a run. Next thing I know I got po-po on me and some chick saying I tried to rape her. Nine months I've been in here on a hundred thousand dollars bail for something I didn't do.

GWEN

(delicately)  
You had her locket --

RANDALL

How many times I got to tell you? I found it.

GWEN

It's a bad fact. Please don't play it like you don't know that.

RANDALL

Then get it kicked. The guys in here say you good. They say you can beat this.

GWEN

If I was Johnnie Cochran we could still lose.

Randall takes a beat, shakes his head, looks at her hard.

RANDALL

I didn't do this. I'm not copping out. I can't.

Gwen sighs deeply. Reaches through the bars, squeezes his arm.

GWEN

Then we fight.

Off Gwen, worried --

**END OF ACT ONE**

INT. DEFENDER ASSOCIATION - CLOTHES CLOSET - DAY

Gwen is inside a large utility closet which contains racks of suits, dresses, shoes, and ties. There's also a large white dry erase board. Taped to it are pictures of Randall and of the crime scene. There are also questions written on the board: Suppress Locket - Bad Stop? Bad ID?

On either side of the board are taped mug shots with sentences written across the faces in red marker: 5-10; 10-20, 25 to life. This is a woman who takes her losses very seriously.

Gwen holds a compact, puts makeup on her black eye as she practices...

Start →  
Scene 1

GWEN

"Ladies and Gentlemen. The police did a procedure in this case called a show-up... A line-up on the street... A line-up with only one choice..."

She breathes deep, shakes her hands out, leans her forehead against the wall...

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Yo "Fight Club."

CHARLIE RIGGS, 32, African-American, leans on the door jam. He's supremely quick-witted, can never be serious, has lots of courtroom talent and an ego to match. He's also gorgeous.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I heard you couldn't keep your hands off one of your clients.

GWEN

You know me. I got a thing for the crazy ones.

CHARLIE

I heard it ended with you in handcuffs.

GWEN

Jealous?

CHARLIE

Most definitely.

Charlie notices her black eye, turns her chin to see the damage.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Damn girl, I hope you gave as good  
as you got.

GWEN  
Don't I always?

She gets a pair of panty hose out of her bag, motions for Charlie to turn around as she puts them on.

CHARLIE  
(off the hose)  
Don't tell me your pop's finally  
coming to watch you on trial?

GWEN  
Ha. We're having lunch. At the  
"club."

Beat. Gwen regards Charlie. He's grinning at her.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
What?

CHARLIE  
I'm just imagining what it will be  
like to have you call me "boss."

GWEN  
Charlie, I call you a lot of  
things, but trust me, "boss" ain't  
never gonna be one of 'em.

CHARLIE  
I wouldn't be so sure.

GWEN  
Oh please. Everyone knows you're  
just using this place for the trial  
experience. You wanna be one of  
those talking heads on CNN. Tom's  
never gonna promote you over me.

CHARLIE  
I don't know. Only one of us beat  
down a court officer today.

GWEN  
The other one of us doesn't want to  
break a nail.

Gwen turns him around, starts to push him out...

CHARLIE

I promise not to enjoy bossing you  
around at all --

She shuts the door in his face. Then kicks the wall.

TOM

See that? She's only been here fifteen minutes, already I like her more than you.

VANESSA

Who's my assistant?

TOM

I take that back.

CHARLIE

Tom --

He trails Tom into...

**INT. DEFENDER ASSOCIATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

TOM

Not now, Charlie. I have to go talk to Judge Adler...

(pointedly, as Gwen approaches)

Some idiot got handcuffed in his courtroom this morning...

GWEN

I heard she was more heroic than idiotic.

TOM

All I know is because of you, I have to put on a tie.

(then)

What's going on with your rape case?

GWEN

We're starting trial today.

TOM

No plea?

GWEN

Hammond came down to three to six but I can't get my guy to swallow it.

TOM

What's your defense?

GWEN

(sighs)

I-D is the only play. I'm hoping the show-up was bad.

CHARLIE

Ouch. You're gonna roll the dice and hope a defense reveals itself at the suppression hearing?

GWEN

Negro, please. I always have something in my back pocket.

TOM

Who's the Judge?

GWEN

Blackburn.

CHARLIE

She's not going to let you put on an expert on eyewitness identifications. He needs to plead.

GWEN

Thanks Captain Obvious.

TOM

Watch the theatrics with her. She's not your biggest fan.

GWEN

(nods, then)

I don't think my guy did it.

CHARLIE

(making fun)

Isn't he the one who had the victim's locket in his pocket?

GWEN

You'll make a great supervisor, Dr. Seuss.

TOM

Jesus. Both of you. Grow up. Charlie, take the rookie over to arraignments. Tell her something encouraging. And keep an eye on her. She's a Caldwell Fellow.

CHARLIE

What the hell is that?

GWEN

She's a first year associate at Caldwell, Drummond & Hale. She does public service for a year, they pay her a full Caldwell salary.

They look back at Vanessa, who stands outside Charlie's office, picking lint off her sleeve.

CHARLIE

Guess who's buying lunch. Yo Rookie! Come with me...

Charlie moves towards her like a wolf towards sheep...

**INT. ARRAIGNMENT COURT - DAY**

Barely organized chaos. A low hum as defendants are ushered back and forth to the judge, attorneys bargain with prosecutors, and family members wait in the gallery. Charlie and Vanessa enter the well, go to a desk which is dedicated to the Defender Association. The pace here is breakneck.

CHARLIE

Someone gets arrested, they disappear into "The System." On a good day, they pop up here 24 hours later and get assigned a lawyer.

Nearby, Tracy bargains with A.D.A. SANDERS - young, awkward, in awe of her. She turns up the accent.

TRACY

Come on, Johnny. Give her one day of community service. Haven't you ever stolen the least little itty bitty thing?

(conspiratorially)

I stole a thong bikini from Dillard's when I was sixteen.

She smiles. Sanders is the geek to her homecoming queen.

A.D.A. SANDERS

I guess I could do one day...

JUDGE DODSON

Ms. Campbell, you're not taking advantage of Mr. Sanders, are you?

It's Judge Richard Dodson, watching Tracy negotiate.

TRACY

I take advantage of everyone, Your Honor. But when I smile, they don't seem to mind.

As Tracy returns to the P.D.'s desk --

CHARLIE

Tracy, this is... What's your name?

Vanessa fumbles with her hand sanitizer, extends her hand.

VANESSA

Vanessa Winters. Nice to meet you.

Tracy isn't impressed by the whole hand sanitizer thing.

C.O. JIM

Number fifty-seven on the list!

To Vanessa, as she moves off to step up on the case --

TRACY

Fun fact about Charlie: He once slept with a 60-year old fat woman to get a good deal on a B.M.W. lease.

CHARLIE

She wasn't a fat woman. She was an enormous opportunity.

Charlie moves off, Vanessa trails him into...

**INT. ARRAIGNMENT COURT - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS**

Prostitutes, addicts, thieves, and drug dealers. They're all standing, sitting on benches, lying on the floor.

Charlie hands Vanessa a large Code Book and some files.

CHARLIE

Try to get your clients out on bail or cop them out to community service or a fine. Just don't give anyone a criminal record if they don't already have one.

He turns to go, passes Tracy entering. She grabs his arm.

TRACY

Rookie dumping? Is this a preview of your brand of supervising?

CHARLIE

I got ten cases calendared today.  
So, I deputize you.  
(then to Vanessa)  
Fly baby bird, fly.

Charlie goes. Vanessa looks at Tracy, covers her nose.

VANESSA

What is that smell?

TRACY

That's a delightful blend of B.O.  
and baloney sandwiches. It'll never  
come out of that Prada suit.

**INT. COURTROOM 50 - DAY**

JUDGE DELLA BLACKBURN, 40's, five-foot two, seemingly sweet and motherly, presides. Her bench has framed pre-school macaroni artwork and photos of her children.

A.D.A. Hammond directs OFFICER DOUG BLOOMFIELD, 30's, straightforward, at the hearing. [No jury present.]

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD

The victim described her attacker as a male black, wearing dark exercise sweats and a red hoodie with white lettering.

A.D.A. HAMMOND

After the victim gave you this description, what did you do?

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD

My partner and I canvassed the area. We saw the defendant running near the crime scene, wearing black exercise sweats and a red nylon hoodie with what appeared to be white lettering on the front. We stopped him and in conducting a safety search, I found a gold locket in his pants pocket. I transported him to the location of the assault.

A.D.A. HAMMOND

What happened then?

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD

The victim identified the defendant as her attacker. She also

(MORE)

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD (CONT'D)  
identified the locket as belonging  
to her. We placed him under arrest.

A.D.A. HAMMOND  
Thank you. No further questions.

He sits. Gwen stands, hands Officer Bloomfield a photo.

GWEN  
This is Mr. Monroe's arrest photo.  
Please describe what he's wearing.

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD  
Black exercise sweats and a red  
nylon hoodie with ... they look  
like lightning bolts across the  
front.

GWEN  
Lightning bolts, not lettering.

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD  
That's right.

GWEN  
And actually, Mr. Monroe isn't  
wearing black sweats, he's wearing  
black shorts, isn't he?

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD  
Black sweat shorts.

GWEN  
(incredulous)  
The victim described black  
"sweats," but you were looking for  
someone wearing shorts?

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD  
I saw the defendant running. And I  
thought "sweats" could include  
shorts.

GWEN  
Did you ever think that he may be a  
jogger?

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD  
He matched the description --

GWEN  
By matched, you mean lightning  
bolts instead of letters and shorts  
instead of pants?

A.D.A. HAMMOND  
Objection. Argumentative.

GWEN  
Withdrawn. Officer, when you conducted a safety search, what did you do?

A.D.A. HAMMOND  
As a routine safety measure, I began to pat the defendant down. I felt something in his shorts pocket and removed it.

Gwen picks up some prop guns from the table - a 9 mm Glock, and a 22. They are painted dark blue to show they're fake. She also picks up a variety of knives with sheaths on them.

GWEN  
Officer, these items are marked for identification. This is a prop 9 mm Glock, the size and weight same as the gun Philadelphia police officers carry. And a Baretta 22. One of the smallest guns on the market.

She walks to the witness box and places them before him. She then places the knives next to the gun, including a Swiss Army knife.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
And these are a variety of knives.

Gwen holds up an evidence bag and removes a very small locket on a whisper thin chain.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Could you explain why this item felt like a weapon?

She places the locket down next to the weapons.

A.D.A. HAMMOND  
Objection --

GWEN  
On what grounds? You don't like the answer?

JUDGE BLACKBURN  
Ms. Harrison. Don't be a smart mouth. Overruled.

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD

It didn't feel like a gun or a knife, but I didn't know what it could be.

GWEN

Oh, so it was just a nondescript "dangerous" object?

A.D.A. HAMMOND

Objection.

GWEN

Judge, during a *Terry* stop, the officer can conduct a safety frisk, but he is not allowed to go into the suspect's pocket and pull out evidence. The locket should be suppressed.

A.D.A. HAMMOND

Your Honor, he didn't know what the object could be. It could have been anything --

GWEN

Not anything dangerous.

A.D.A. HAMMOND

You can't possibly be saying that the Officer can't check a suspect's pockets for dangerous items --

GWEN

I'm not saying that. The Supreme Court is.

JUDGE BLACKBURN

She's right, Mr. Hammond, the locket is out. We'll continue the hearing this afternoon.

As she returns to her seat, Gwen turns to Hammond--

GWEN

Game on, Hammond.

And she sits, gives a small fist bump to Randall, a small smile on her face.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

**INT. ARRAIGNMENT COURT - DAY**

As Gwen approaches Tracy, her phone rings. She looks down:  
"Unknown." She sends it to voicemail.

GWEN  
(re: Vanessa)  
How is she?

TRACY  
I believe the term you taught me  
was "bougie."

GWEN  
Well she is a Caldwell fellow.  
She's making a hundred sixty grand  
to our fifty-three.

TRACY  
Just when I thought she couldn't  
possibly annoy me more.

Vanessa seems to be having trouble with an arraignment in  
front of Judge Dodson...

VANESSA  
Your Honor, he's charged with  
sleeping in the subway.

GWEN  
(closing her eyes)  
Hmmm. Sleep.

Tracy takes a Red Bull out of Gwen's hand.

TRACY  
Something you might get if you laid  
off these things.

JUDGE DODSON  
Five days, counselor. Ask your  
client.

VANESSA  
But he's already spent 24 hours in  
jail. How about time served?

Gwen gets up, starts to walk towards Vanessa...

TRACY  
What are you doing? We don't like  
her...

GWEN

Your Honor, a moment? We have a rookie here.

JUDGE DODSON

Really? I couldn't tell.

GWEN

(whispers to Vanessa)  
Ask your client what he wants.

VANESSA

Why wouldn't he want time served?

JUDGE DODSON

Ms. Harrison, I have a docket to move here.

GWEN

Five days, he serves three. That's three days of three square meals and a roof over his head. Ask him.

Vanessa does. Then she looks at Gwen, flabbergasted.

VANESSA

Your Honor, he'll take the five days.

There's a hush that envelops the courtroom as that sinks in. It's a moment, and then the gears start grinding again.

C.O. JIM

Number one hundred forty-five on the list...!

GWEN

Welcome to hell.

**INT. RITTENHOUSE CLUB - DAY**

Old money opulent. Find Gwen sitting with HENRY HARRISON, a fit 66. Henry is a proud man from an earlier era, the kind who wears a suit every day. Amid the sea of white diners, he and Gwen stick out like flies in buttermilk.

Gwen pulls a Red Bull out of her purse, CRACKS it open loudly, and pours it into a water glass. The couple at the next table react to the sound. Henry gives them a big smile.

HENRY

You remind me of your mother.

GWEN

At least it's not a flask.

HENRY

(to the waiter)

My daughter will have a Perrier.

As the waiter withdraws, Gwen squirms in her small hose.

GWEN

This is the last time I come here.  
Even that old bag Judge Bolter  
stopped making women wear pantyhose  
in her courtroom. But this place  
has a dress code?

HENRY

It's a means to an end, honey. Back  
when I was practicing, Judge  
Newman... remember him? He  
overruled every single objection I  
made. Until I joined this place.

(sotto, re: the couple)

Plus, Brendan and Penny? Most  
racist people I ever met. I take  
great pleasure in making them  
uncomfortable.

Gwen laughs.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So, I had drinks with James Penmore  
the other day.

GWEN

Dad. Don't start.

HENRY

He said they'd love to meet with  
you over at Hamilton, Grey.

(off her irritation)

Just take the interview. What could  
it hurt?

GWEN

My soul. It would shrivel up and  
die.

HENRY

The longer you stay at your job,  
the less marketable you become.  
You've got great credentials, but  
no one wants to hire a PD lifer.

GWEN

Then hooray for me 'cause I'm not looking to quit my job.

The waiter returns with the Perrier. After he goes:

HENRY

I know you want to change the world. But you could do it more effectively from a place like Hamilton, Grey.

GWEN

How does me pushing paper for Google and Uber help anyone except a bunch of rich people?

HENRY

Loretta Lynch started at Cahill Gordon. Now she's the Attorney General. The Obamas started at Sidley, Austin. It's about connections.

GWEN

(re: the white couple)  
With Penny and Brendan? No thanks.

She cracks another Red Bull, pours it into the Perrier.

HENRY

If this is some misguided attempt to help people like your brother...

GWEN

My career is not about David --

HENRY

... Because he deserved the time Judge Walker gave him.

GWEN

(pissed)  
Nobody deserves ten years for burglary.

Silence. Gwen takes a breath, then:

GWEN (CONT'D)

I do this job because I believe in it and I'm good at it. If you actually came and watched me sometime, you'd see that.

HENRY

Maybe you are good at your job. But if I remember correctly, last month I helped you make rent. I'm saying this has all gotten a bit irresponsible. I thought you were smarter than this.

A beat, as Gwen eyes her father in silence. Then, still sitting, she wiggles out of her panty hose, as:

GWEN

As annoying as this place is, I thought we might have a nice lunch. You know, where for once you didn't mention what a disappointment I am to you.

She stands, drops her hose on the table, and goes...

**INT. COURTROOM 50 - DAY**

The suppression hearing with Officer Bloomfield continues.

GWEN

Officer, after you found the weapon-like locket in Mr. Monroe's pants --

A.D.A. HAMMOND

Objection...

GWEN

Oh lighten up, Hammond.

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Ms. Harrison, don't taunt the prosecutor.

GWEN

When you transported Mr. Monroe to the crime scene, where did you park the patrol car in relation to the ambulance treating the victim?

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD

Across the street. A couple car lengths south.

GWEN

And did you keep Mr. Monroe in the car or take him out?

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD

I took him out and stood him next to the car. Another officer walked the victim partway across the street. She identified him from about ten feet away.

She walks back to the swinging gate in the rail separating the gallery from the well of the courtroom.

GWEN

About this far?

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD

A little further.

She walks through the swinging gate and stands in the gallery.

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD (CONT'D)

That's about right.

GWEN

So... Walk me through it. You take Mr. Monroe out of the patrol car. Cuffed?

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD

I removed his cuffs.

GWEN

And you stood him where?

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD

Just outside the rear passenger door.

Gwen suddenly realizes something. She swings the gate back and forth then stands behind it, which hides her from mid-thigh down.

GWEN

Was the door open or shut?

OFFICER BLOOMFIELD

Open.

GWEN

So you hid Mr. Monroe behind the open door?

A.D.A. HAMMOND

Objection! Who said anything about hiding?

JUDGE BLACKBURN  
Sustained. But now I am curious.

GWEN  
The victim couldn't see that he was wearing shorts and not sweat pants.

A.D.A. HAMMOND  
Objection!

GWEN  
Your Honor, this show-up hid a crucial way that Mr. Monroe's clothing did not match the victim's description and was therefore unduly suggestive --

A.D.A. HAMMOND  
Unduly being the operative word here, Your Honor.

GWEN  
They didn't have to stand him right behind the door. They could have let her see all of him.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
I move to suppress the in-court identification. Any in-court I-D the victim makes of Mr. Monroe at trial is tainted by the bogus show-up at the crime scene.

A.D.A. HAMMOND  
-- That is ridiculous. She had plenty of opportunity to see him. The shorts didn't matter...

\*

JUDGE BLACKBURN  
(gavelling)  
ENOUGH. You two are worse than my children. I find nothing in this show-up that was unduly suggestive. Standing the defendant behind the cruiser door did not create a risk that the victim would incorrectly identify him. The defense's motion to suppress the victim's in-court identification of Mr. Monroe is denied.

Gwen tries to object; the Judge shuts her down like a child.

JUDGE BLACKBURN (CONT'D)  
Eh eh. You get what you get and you don't get upset. We'll adjourn for the day and get started with the trial tomorrow.

As Hammond returns to his seat, he snickers at Gwen --

A.D.A. HAMMOND  
Nice try. But checkmate.

**INT. DEFENDER ASSOCIATION - GWEN/TRACY'S OFFICE - EVENING**

Two desks, an old couch, file cabinets. Stacks of files everywhere. There's also a small glass refrigerator packed with Red Bulls.

Half the room has no decorations. The other half is all things boxing, including a huge framed photo of the famous Muhammad Ali knock down of Joe Frazier in their 1975 "Thrilla in Manila" fight - where Ali stands over Frazier, victorious.

There's also a poster of a United States Bald Eagle swooping down on a mouse, about to grab it in its talons. The mouse is giving the eagle the finger.

Gwen and Tracy are pouring over a stack of reports. They split a bottle of wine. Gwen sighs, tired.

GWEN  
I thought Hammond was trying to hide something in the discovery he held back, but there's nothing here. Except that three street lights at the crime scene were out that night. But that ain't exactly a slam dunk.

TRACY  
Sounds like you need a refill.

As Tracy reaches for another bottle, her phone DINGS. She looks at it and smiles. The sound gets Gwen's attention.

GWEN (O.S.)  
What's going on there?

Gwen tries to grab her phone. They playfully struggle for it.

TRACY  
Quit it.

GWEN  
You quit it.

Gwen gets the phone, opens the text.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, I can't believe my roommate's getting dick pics and I  
(MORE)

GWEN (CONT'D)  
don't know from who.  
(then, turning the phone)  
It's pretty underwhelming.

With that, Gwen's phone RINGS. She looks at it, sends the call to voicemail.

TRACY  
And who was that?

GWEN  
I don't know. Someone keeps calling and they won't leave a message. It's probably Visa. Apparently they really believe in that whole "minimum payment" thing.

TRACY  
I thought it might be that new panel lawyer. I gave him your number.

GWEN  
The knuckle cracker?? He's so annoying.

TRACY  
Have you noticed that you find anyone who's not your law school professor crush annoying?

GWEN  
Bennett? That's absurd. We never even dated. He didn't like me like that.

TRACY  
How do you know? You told me you never put it on the table.

Charlie enters with takeout food.

CHARLIE  
Anyone seen the rookie?

GWEN  
You lost the rookie?

CHARLIE  
(to Tracy)  
I told you to watch her.

TRACY

I did. And then I killed her for her shoes.

As Vanessa appears in the doorway...

CHARLIE

Heyyyyyy. How'd it go today?

VANESSA

(looking at a note pad)  
Actually, I have a few questions --

GWEN

No, there's never any toilet paper in there.

Vanessa scratches a line through an item on her list. Then she looks at the pile of discovery, peruses it a bit.

VANESSA

Can I help you with your trial?

Gwen hands some of the paperwork to Vanessa.

GWEN

Witness statements. Police reports, cop's memo book...

VANESSA

What am I looking for?

CHARLIE

A defense theory.

VANESSA

Shouldn't you have that already? I mean, didn't you get all this during discovery?

GWEN

A lot of times they dump stuff on you after the trial has already started. Hammond just gave me this.

VANESSA

But that's crazy. How do you prepare?

CHARLIE

You're catching on.

VANESSA

What's with all the redactions?

She points. Lines of information have been blacked out.

GWEN

That's the stuff that shows he's innocent.

Gwen motions for Vanessa to step over so she can walk her through the reports...

GWEN (CONT'D)

They're victim and witness addresses and phone numbers. We can talk to them if we can find them, so the prosecution makes sure we can't --

(off the reports)

Holy shit... Hammond forgot to redact the address of the victim's boyfriend. Where are her phone records?

Tracy hands them to Gwen. She compares them to the reports.

GWEN (CONT'D)

The reports say she was on the phone with him when she was attacked. Cops never talked to him.

(she looks at Tracy)

Campbell, let's go see what Mr. Boyfriend has to say.

**INT. COURTROOM 50 - DAY**

The victim, DIANE WONG, 20, Asian-American, prickly, testifies. Gwen cross-examines her.

GWEN

Ms. Wong, you were attacked at ten o'clock coming from a yoga class, correct?

DIANE WONG

Yes.

GWEN

You heard someone behind you. You turned and looked at him for a second, turned ahead again, and were immediately jumped from behind, right?

DIANE WONG

Yes.

GWEN

And when this person attacked you,  
he pushed you to the pavement face  
first, correct?

DIANE WONG

That's right. But I saw him very  
clearly before he pushed me down.

GWEN

Well, Ms. Wong, you were talking to  
your boyfriend on the phone when  
you first heard someone behind you,  
right?

DIANE WONG

Um, yes...

GWEN

(holding phone records)  
These are your cell phone records.  
In fact, you had been talking to  
him for forty-two minutes, right?

DIANE WONG

I guess.

GWEN

And the conversation was emotional,  
wasn't it?

Diane looks to A.D.A. Hammond.

A.D.A. HAMMOND

Objection. Relevance.

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Mr. Hammond, sometimes I say one  
sentence and my seven year-old  
immediately yells, "That's not  
fair!" It's annoying. So why don't  
you let Ms. Harrison get one or two  
more sentences out before you yell,  
"That's not fair!"

(to Diane)

You can answer the question.

DIANE WONG

Yes, it was.

GWEN

According to James, you were  
distracted and crying. Is that  
correct?

DIANE WONG

Yes.

GWEN

You had been fighting for forty-two minutes and he said he wanted to break up, didn't he?

DIANE WONG

Yes.

GWEN

(gently)

In fact he said he wanted to break up and then you told him you might be pregnant, isn't that right?

A.D.A. HAMMOND  
Objection!

DIANE WONG

(starting to cry)

What does that have to do with it? I was almost raped!

GWEN

Your Honor, I do not mean to embarrass this witness. I am trying to get at her state of mind when she was attacked.

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Overruled, but you are on a very short leash.

GWEN

Ms. Wong, I am not trying to shame you. You're a college aged woman who has sex. There is nothing wrong with that. Everyone in this room had sex at your age. Well, maybe not Mr. Hammond...

Everyone laughs, except Hammond of course. She pauses to let the jury get how upset Diane is.

GWEN (CONT'D)

You were this upset when you told James, weren't you? Because you weren't happy about possibly being pregnant. Right?

DIANE WONG

Yes.

GWEN

You were crying?

DIANE WONG

Yes.

GWEN

So when you heard someone behind you, you were distracted, with tears in your eyes, right?

DIANE WONG

I guess...

GWEN

(showing her crime scene photos)

And by the way, it was dark because these three street lights were out, weren't they?

DIANE WONG

Yes...

Gwen starts to walk away but --

DIANE WONG (CONT'D)

... Except the porch lights at the fraternity were on.

GWEN

(oh shit)

Well, this photo taken by our defense investigator just two days later shows the fraternity lights out. The fraternity was suspended.

DIANE WONG

They were suspended for hazing the day after I was attacked. The lights were on that night. I might have been crying, but I saw who attacked me and I'm 100% sure it was him.

She points at Randall. Off Gwen, her strategy blown --

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

**INT. COURTROOM 50 - HOLDING CELL - DAY**

Randall holds his hands to his temples and paces.

RANDALL

I'll take the three years.

GWEN

That's not an option anymore. The deal's off the table.

RANDALL

Then I want to testify.

GWEN

Absolutely not. I let you have the no suit thing. But not this. You don't have anything to add --

RANDALL

What are you talking about, nothing to add? I got my story. My side.

GWEN

And the prosecutor will take you apart piece by piece.

RANDALL

You don't think I'm smart enough to handle him?

GWEN

This isn't about being smart enough --

RANDALL

-- Or you think I just look like a thug? I know I don't dress like you or talk like you with your --

("white" voice)

"Why yes, Your Honor, I do believe that evidence should be kept out of the court."

GWEN

Okay, you know what? You're right. You'd make a horrible witness. I'm sorry to be the one to deliver the message but there are consequences to the neck tattoos, Randall. And the saggy pants. The jury isn't going to like you. Not the white

(MORE)

GWEN (CONT'D)

jurors and not the black ones either, including the brother who works at AT&T. He won't like you 'cause he thinks you bring the curve down. I don't like that but it's the truth.

(off Randall's reaction)

If you want me to blow smoke up your ass, I will. I'll let you get up there and tell your story and all your anger and resentment will spill out. It's real and it's justifiable but they will hate you and they will convict you. You understand?

Randall looks at her a beat, slams his fist against the wall.

**INT. DEFENDER ASSOCIATION - CLOTHES CLOSET - MINUTES LATER**

Gwen bangs in. She's jittery, sweating, pacing, shaking her hands out, breathing deep: she's having a panic attack. After a few seconds the door opens. It is, of all people, Charlie.

CHARLIE

The clothes are for our clients, Harrison, not you. Although I'm feelin' that blue jacket --

GWEN

Get out!

CHARLIE

What's wrong with you?

Then he gets it. Doesn't know what to do except joke.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You realized you still had feelings for me, didn't you? You missed how I put it down in the bedroom...

She pushes him, hard. He stumbles back, startled. She goes for him again but he grabs her. She struggles a beat, then...

...kisses him, pushing him back against the wall. Charlie kisses back, and pushes her across the closet, up against the opposite wall. They tear at each other's clothes...

**INT. COURTROOM 30 - DAY**

Tracy stands with KENNETH, 40's, in front of Judge Dodson. A.D.A. Sanders is at the Prosecution Table. Vanessa watches.

TRACY

Judge, my client maintains the complainant attacked him first. He was defending himself.

A.D.A. SANDERS

The Commonwealth offers a class two misdemeanor and ninety days. Alternatively, we request ten thousand dollars bail.

TRACY

Ten thousand? That's ridiculous.

She looks to Judge Dodson, expecting him to agree, but:

JUDGE DODSON

Ten isn't out of the ballpark with a rap sheet as long as his. How about sixty days?

Tracy stares at him, surprised.

TRACY

Your Honor, my client lives in a men's hotel. You might as well set bail at a million.

JUDGE DODSON

Is that a "no" to the sixty days?

TRACY

(desperate)

I'll waive motions. I want an immediate trial date.

JUDGE DODSON

How about... May 10th?

TRACY

That's seven weeks away!

JUDGE DODSON

I can't manufacture available courts, Ms. Campbell.

KENNETH

What's happening?

TRACY

(sotto, to Kenneth)

We're getting screwed. You gotta take the sixty days. If you take

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)  
sixty, you're out in forty. If you  
fight it, you'll be in longer.

KENNETH  
But I didn't do it. And if I plead,  
I'll lose my room at the hotel.

JUDGE DODSON  
Counsel, what date do you want?

TRACY  
(angry)  
I need ten more seconds.

A.D.A. Sanders raises his eyebrows. Judge Dodson reacts --

JUDGE DODSON  
May 20th for trial. Step  
back.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Kenneth, take the sixty  
days...

C.O. Jim approaches. Tracy holds a finger up: one second. A  
long beat... then Kenneth's shoulders slump. He nods.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
We have a plea.

Tracy looks at Judge Dodson, furious --

**INT. DEFENDER ASSOCIATION - CLOTHES CLOSET - DAY**

Post-coital. Gwen lies on the back of Charlie's arm trying to  
catch her breath. The sex was that good.

CHARLIE  
(pleased with himself)  
Obviously, you still like it when I  
do that thing.

GWEN  
This never happened.

CHARLIE  
Don't worry. I won't tell anyone.  
Except maybe the Court Officers.  
But I'm sure they'll keep it to  
themselves...

Gwen rolls her eyes. A beat, then --

GWEN  
I don't have a defense.

CHARLIE  
No woman does.

GWEN

Sometimes I think your ego is so huge your head might explode.

She starts to get dressed. Charlie grins. A beat, then:

CHARLIE

You worry too much, Harrison. When you go home you lie awake thinking about your clients. When I go home I drink Macallan and play Madden. You might want to try it some time.

GWEN

That's the difference between us. You don't care about your clients. You only care about winning.

CHARLIE

I care about my clients by caring about winning. My guy has a shitty case, he pleads. He has a triable case, we try it. And guess what? Most of the time, my interests and the client's overlap.

GWEN

Wow. That's so inspiring. You should copyright that. In fact, if you become supervisor, you should tell rookies that. You could open your welcoming speech with it --

She stops suddenly, gets a look. Goes to the white board and looks at photos of the crime scene.

CHARLIE

What?

GWEN

Remember what Tom always told us when we first started?

CHARLIE

Go back to basics.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Go back to basics.

She gathers her stuff --

CHARLIE

So we're doing this again later?

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

**EXT. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA CAMPUS - NIGHT**

Gwen stands in front of Sigma Chi fraternity. It is dark and abandoned. She stares at two DARKENED PORCH LIGHTS and, holding crime scene photos, looks up at the STREET LIGHTS. Frowns. She climbs the fraternity porch stairs, rattles the door handle. She peers in the window next to the door and jimmies it, trying to open it. Then she hears:

OFFICER WOODS (O.S.)  
Police! Step away from the window!

Gwen raises her arms. Slowly turns around.

GWEN  
Hands up, don't shoot?

**INT. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT**

REVEAL: UPPD OFFICER WOODS, 30's, African-American, friendly.

OFFICER WOODS  
I just talked to your boss. He's not happy.  
(then)  
You might want to rethink the whole burglar thing.

GWEN  
Would you have thought I was a burglar if I was blonde and my name was Jessica?

OFFICER WOODS  
You were jimmying a window.

GWEN  
Good point.

OFFICER WOODS  
Why were you trying to check out the porch lights anyway?

GWEN  
To see the lighting conditions.

OFFICER WOODS  
That fraternity's part of my beat. Trust me, the porch lights are blinding.

GWEN

Are you saying that 'cause it's true or 'cause you want me to lose my case?

OFFICER WOODS

Hey, I got no dog in your fight. I might have, but Philly PD wasn't interested.

GWEN

Wait, what?

OFFICER WOODS

I participated in the search for the girl's assailant that night. We picked up someone we thought looked good for it. Radioed Philly PD. They said they already got the guy. So we cut our guy loose.

GWEN

Did you turn your paperwork over to the prosecutor?

OFFICER WOODS

Of course.

Gwen grabs her jacket, fuming...

**INT. COURTROOM 30 - HOLDING CELL - DAY**

Tracy interviews a SKINNY ADDICT.

TRACY

How much did they pay you?

ADDICT

A nickel bag to stand on the corner and tell people who to buy from.

Tracy thinks for a beat. Doesn't notice Vanessa pass by and slow down to discreetly listen. Interested.

TRACY

I think we might have a good story at trial. We're gonna use the fact that the cops recovered drugs on you to our advantage.

ADDICT

(liking this)  
How?

TRACY

We could make you a plain buyer. You testify that you bought, and as you were leaving, some guy asked you where you scored. You weren't steering anyone to the dealer. It's the difference between a sale and a possession. How's that sound?

Tracy finally notices Vanessa, who looks away.

**EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY**

Vanessa tries to keep up with Tracy. Awkward silence, then:

TRACY

What?

VANESSA

You told him to lie.

TRACY

He's an addict facing 4 1/2 to 9 for dealing when all he did was take five dollars worth of heroin to point down the street.

VANESSA

That doesn't mean we shouldn't follow the rules.

TRACY

Have you been paying attention? My client just pled guilty to a crime he didn't commit because he couldn't afford bail. The rules are screwing our clients.

VANESSA

But if we cheat, we just bring ourselves down to their level.

TRACY

What are you doing here exactly? Is this like the Peace Corps for you? You just slumming it for a few months?

VANESSA

You don't like me because I have money? You think that makes me less real than you?

TRACY

I don't like you 'cause you're not up to the task.

(off the Hand Sanitizer)

You hate getting your hands dirty.

**INT. COURTROOM 50 - DAY**

Gwen argues with Judge Blackburn and A.D.A. Hammond at the bench. She hands an INCIDENT REPORT to the Judge. CLOSE ON an arrest photo of a black man wearing dark blue sweat pants and a red hoodie with white lettering on it. [NOTE: Randall and this man look no more alike or different than any two random black men you would pull off the street.]

GWEN

He withheld this.

A.D.A. HAMMOND

It was misfiled.

GWEN

Seriously, Hammond?

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Counsel, address the Court, not each other.

A.D.A. HAMMOND

I showed the victim this photo. She says it's not him.

GWEN

You know that doesn't matter. My client's face is already cemented in her mind. Thanks to that ridiculous show-up.

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Counselors, I said address yourselves to me.

GWEN

This is a clear Brady violation. I want sanctions. Dismiss the case.

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Mr. Hammond. Did you know that another person was detained?

A.D.A. HAMMOND

No, I did not.

GWEN

Bullshit! It's why he offered my client three years! He knew if I found out, his case would disappear.

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Ms. Harrison, one more curse word and I'll hold you in contempt. That's like adult time out, but worse. Now, you can argue all of this to the jury --

GWEN

That's not enough. My client's been in jail for nine months!

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Are we throwing a tantrum?

GWEN

How many people are in Fayette because the prosecution didn't forget to black out a witness' address?

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Ms. Harrison, one more word...

GWEN

This is a complete farce. Everybody acts like the D.A.'s Office doesn't do this all the time. And the reason they continue to get away with it is because there are never any consequences. You're supposed to care about this. You're not supposed to let the system just grind forward like it's processing widgets. I mean, why are we bothering with a trial at all? Why don't we just hang him from a tree?

Dead silence in the courtroom. Then:

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Ms. Harrison, you're in contempt. Officer Johnson, please escort her to lockup.

Gwen defiantly assumes the position, hands behind her back for handcuffs. C.O. Jim handcuffs her and leads her out...

**END OF ACT FIVE**

**ACT SIX**

**INT. COURTROOM 50 - HOLDING CELL - DAY**

Gwen sits on the floor, her file spread on the ground. She's holding Randall's arrest photo and the photo of the guy Penn PD detained. The other female defendants are gathered around.

GWEN

Look at these two guys. They don't look any more like each other than two random black men you'd grab off the street.

As the women nod, Gwen ponders thoughtfully...

GWEN (CONT'D)

It's the cross-racial of it all, which I haven't brought up, because how do you do that without an expert? White people don't like to admit they think we all look alike.

The women keep nodding as Tom approaches. He's wearing a suit and tie.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Okay, I know the whole contempt thing isn't very supervisory, but come on, you'd consider Charlie? He did a trial last month where he kept mispronouncing his client's name.

TOM

He did win.

GWEN

Is that all that matters?

TOM

Gwen. Two months ago you chased down Judge Levin at his son's bar-mitzvah demanding he lower someone's bail. The first trial you lost you asked the judge to poll the jury four times. Now you're in handcuffs two times in three days. Sometimes you're a little too... passionate.

GWEN

What's wrong with passionate?

TOM

Passion gave me a heart attack at  
age forty-eight.

(then)

Now I want you to go out there,  
apologize to Judge Blackburn --

GWEN

Absolutely not.

TOM

Gwen. If you don't survive the lost  
battles, you can't win the war. Now  
- go - win - the - war.

**INT. COURTROOM 50 - DAY**

Gwen and Tom stand before the Judge.

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Apology accepted, Ms. Harrison.

(to Tom)

Tom, she's a talented lawyer. But  
she's disrespectful. And  
undisciplined. And her face. Her  
expressions. They're indescribable.

At this, Gwen mutters...

GWEN

Holy shit.

JUDGE BLACKBURN

You see? Right there?

GWEN

No, I'm sorry, Your Honor. It's  
just... I got an idea.

**INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE DODSON'S CHAMBERS - AFTERNOON**

Tracy and Dodson are on his couch.

TRACY

You rammed a guilty plea down my  
client's throat yesterday.

JUDGE DODSON

(shrugs)

I got a hundred bodies I have to  
move through court. If I don't  
dispose of cases, I hear about it  
from the Chief Judge.

(off her look)

(MORE)

JUDGE DODSON (CONT'D)  
And besides, if he didn't do this,  
he did something else.

TRACY  
Dammit, I don't think I can have  
sex with you now.

JUDGE DODSON  
(kissing her neck)  
Are you sure?

TRACY  
(beat, then)  
You know, it really pisses me off  
that I can't manipulate you.

JUDGE DODSON  
No, it doesn't. It turns you on.

As Dodson moves in for a kiss --

TRACY  
Maybe. Except right now the other  
thing turns me off more.

She pushes him away, gets up, and leaves.

**INT. COURTROOM 50 - AFTERNOON**

Randall is at counsel table. A geeky looking WOMAN we haven't  
seen before sits in the audience.

JUDGE BLACKBURN  
Does the defense have any  
witnesses?

GWEN  
Yes, Your Honor. The defense re-  
calls Diane Wong.

**INT. COURTROOM 50 - MINUTES LATER**

Gwen questions Diane Wong.

GWEN  
Ms. Wong, do you know what a sketch  
artist is?

DIANE WONG  
Yes. Someone who sketches pictures  
of crime suspects.

GWEN

And did you give a description to a sketch artist in this case?

DIANE WONG

No. The police didn't ask me to.

Gwen motions for Randall to turn his back to her.

GWEN

Well, if I were a sketch artist, what would you tell me?

DIANE WONG

Um...

A.D.A. HAMMOND

Objection. Ms. Harrison is not a sketch artist.

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Overruled. I'll allow it.

DIANE WONG

Um... he was black...

GWEN

And?

She looks to Randall, but he has his back to her.

DIANE WONG

...in his mid 20's... Tall... short hair...

She sputters out.

GWEN

What about the shape of his face?

DIANE WONG

Regular, I guess. Kind of oval-ish.

GWEN

What about his hairline? Square? Round?

DIANE WONG

I'm not sure.

GWEN

His eyes?

DIANE WONG

Um...

GWEN

Wide set? Close together?

DIANE WONG

I'm not really sure.

GWEN

His nose. Was it large? Small?  
Wide? Flat? Pointy?

DIANE WONG

I don't know...

GWEN

What about his chin? His  
cheekbones? His ears? His forehead?  
His lips?

A.D.A. HAMMOND

Objection.

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Overruled.

GWEN

Is there anything else you can tell  
us?

DIANE WONG

He was black...

GWEN

Yes, you've told us. He was black.  
(then)  
Ms. Wong, based on your testimony  
just now, this is the face of the  
man who robbed you.

She motions to the woman in the audience, who holds up a  
forensic sketch of an essentially faceless black man.

A.D.A. HAMMOND

Objection!

GWEN

Your Honor, I move for a directed  
verdict of not guilty --

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Stop. Both of you. Not one more  
word.

(MORE)

JUDGE BLACKBURN (CONT'D)  
(to the jury)  
Ladies and gentlemen. I'm going to  
ask you to step out.

**INT. COURTROOM 50 - SECONDS LATER**

GWEN  
Ms. Cooper is a sketch artist  
certified by the International  
Association of Identification --

A.D.A. HAMMOND  
Your Honor, this is outrageous.

GWEN  
What's outrageous is a man being  
ripped from his life and his family  
and charged with attempted rape  
based on nothing other than "It was  
a black man who did it." There was  
another man arrested that night  
whose clothing exactly matched Ms.  
Wong's description of her attacker.  
The only reason Mr. Monroe was  
identified is because the police  
did a one-man line-up.

A.D.A. HAMMOND  
She could have said no, that's not  
the guy. But she didn't. And she  
identified him in this courtroom.

GWEN  
No. She identified the man from the  
show-up. Your Honor, after sitting  
in this courtroom for several hours  
looking directly at Mr. Monroe, she  
can't even describe him. No  
reasonable jury could find beyond a  
reasonable doubt that Mr. Monroe  
committed this crime.

A.D.A. HAMMOND  
Your Honor, a sketch artist would  
spend hours with a victim. They are  
trained to ask scores of questions  
designed to elicit an accurate  
description, even when the witness  
initially says they aren't sure.

GWEN  
You want to have the sketch artist  
do that right here? Let's let the  
jury watch the whole thing.

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Mr. Hammond, would you consent to that?

A long beat, then --

A.D.A. HAMMOND

No, Your Honor, I would not, but --

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Then I am directing a not guilty verdict in favor of Mr. Monroe. No reasonable jury could convict him of the crime of attempted rape.

A.D.A. HAMMOND

Your Honor --

JUDGE BLACKBURN

Eh eh, Mr. Hammond. You get what you get and you don't get upset.

Gwen turns to Randall, elated. He looks confused --

RANDALL

What's happening?

GWEN

Not guilty, Randall. That's it. It's over.

RANDALL

I can go home?

GWEN

You can go home.

Randall grabs Gwen into a bear hug. Gwen smiles. Right. This is why she does the job.

**INT. DEFENDER ASSOCIATION - CLOTHES CLOSET - DAY**

Gwen takes the photo of Randall off the white board. Taps each of the other photos of the cases she lost and puts Randall's photo on a box filled with the other cases she's won. She sits on the floor, exhausted.

Vanessa opens the door, seems confused, then notices Gwen's feet sticking out from the racks of clothes.

VANESSA

Why are you in a closet?

GWEN  
Adrenaline crash.

VANESSA  
Oh.

GWEN  
Why are you here?  
She sits down next to Gwen.

VANESSA  
I'm hiding from Tracy.  
Gwen laughs. Silence a beat, then:

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
I feel like I've gone down the  
rabbit hole.

GWEN  
Why? Is it the injustice? The  
unfairness? Watching a bunch of  
brothers go to prison every day?

VANESSA  
Yes! Does it get any better?

GWEN  
In some ways it does. You get more  
comfortable in court. You learn the  
law. But chances are you'll screw  
up and someone will go to prison  
because of it. You just gotta learn  
to live with it.

VANESSA  
Have you?

GWEN  
Vanessa, I'm sitting in a clothes  
closet.

**INT. NULA'S BAR - NIGHT**

Happy hour. Vanessa fills her plate from a big turkey on a buffet in the center of the room. Charlie returns from talking to TWINS, holds up his phone. He got phone numbers.

VANESSA  
Are you going to call both of them?

CHARLIE

Damn straight. I'm only interested in the W2's, sweetheart. Women and wins.

ON GWEN AND TRACY reaching the back of the bar. A roar goes up as the crew sees Gwen. Which quiets all the A.D.A.'s in the front of the bar, especially Hammond, who nurses a beer.

TRACY

Look who's here.

Gwen follows Tracy's gaze. A CUTE GUY gives Gwen a wave. Then cracks his knuckles. Gwen rolls her eyes at Tracy.

GWEN

I slept with Charlie.

TRACY

Why am I not surprised? Maybe you should give him another chance.

GWEN

I just can't take him seriously.

Gwen's phone RINGS. Unknown number again. She sends it to voicemail. But then her phone DINGS with a text. "Look outside." Gwen starts toward the windows. Tracy follows...

TRACY

-- Gwen, you have to stop comparing everyone to --

GWEN

Bennett.

TRACY

I know. That's what I'm telling you.

GWEN

No. There. Bennett.

Standing outside the glass, waving to Gwen, is BENNETT SHERMAN, late-30's, black, well-dressed, the perfect combination of intellectual and hot. Gwen turns to Tracy.

TRACY

That's the hot professor? Damn. I'd definitely show up for his office hours.

**END OF EPISODE**