

"MY COUSIN VINNY"

Original Screenplay

by

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REVISED #4 (YELLOW)
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REVISED #5 (GOLDENROD)
February 27, 1991

✓ 1

EXT. ALABAMA BACK ROAD - DAY

It's a sunny, winter day on a paved country in south/western Alabama. In the distance, peaking over a loping hill we see a faded metallic green, 1964 Buick Skylark with a white convertible top and New York plates. As it approaches, we see two young men in the car, both with dark hair and sunglasses. They look cool.

CLOSE SHOT - RADIO

A hand turns the dial in search of something contemporary -- finding nothing but country music...

RADIO

(singing)

If you can't live without me, then
why aren't you dead...?

...and local ads with southern accents, farm reports, evangelists, gospel singers, and a woman with marital problems seeks guidance from a radio preacher.

ON THE ROAD

The two-lane paved country road passes through huge fields of cotton plants - little shrubs with little, fluffy tufts of white. On the side of the road, every 100 yards or so, we see 8' X 8' X 20' trussed-up, squared-off bales of cotton covered with plastic tarps - waiting to be picked up and trucked off.

Up ahead they approach a long bed truck filled with logs on the way to a sawmill -- this is also lumber country. They overtake the truck.

They also pass a lot of things you see in the deep south that you don't see up north -- little, ramshackle fruit stands with weather-beaten signs saying "We accept food stamps," crude hand-lettered signs offering Vidalia onions, pecans, propane, bulls for sale, a cattle crossing sign -- a black silhouette of a cow on a round yellow background with a black border, grain silos -- big and small.

✓ 2

INT. CAR BACK SEAT

A Rolling Stone magazine, a People magazine, and a variety of textbooks: The Rhetoric of No, Introduction to Physics, Introduction to Political Science, and a WELCOME TO UCLA pamphlet -- these are college kids. Also in the back seat is an old (broken) "ghetto blaster" with a tape coming out of it, some empty soda cans, junk food wrappers, empty Sterno cans, an empty cooler, a map to the south (and a line drawn for the route), a variety of socks, sweaters, etc. etc.

X 2 CONTINUED:

FRONT SEAT

Driving the car is BILL GAMBINO, 21, Italian-American descent, from New York, optimistic and carefree. The passenger is STAN ROTHSTEIN, also 21, Jewish, pessimistic, analytical and precise. They're bright, college kids in need of a shower and a shave, but they could be confused for derelicts.

X 3 EXT. OFF THE ROAD - WOODS - STAN AND BILL - NIGHT

"Camped out." Bill's heating up a can of "beans and franks" over a can of Sterno.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Tucked into sleeping bags. WE HEAR BUGS IN THE AIR. Stan slaps at the bugs. Bill is fast asleep. TITLES END.

X 4 EXT. SAC-O-SUDS CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

Like a 7-11. Stan and Bill drive up, park and enter.

X 5 INT. SAC-O-SUDS - CAMERA PANS OVER BEANS

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Bill and Stan in the canned vegetable section, looking over the beans. They're holding cans of beans, Sterno, tortillas -- anything cheap, all cradled in one arm, using their free hands to pick things off the shelves.

STAN
(points)
Here's some for 37 cents.

BILL
(looking harder)
Here's some for 32.

STAN
(victorious)
31.

They look more.

BILL
I think that's it.

STAN
(still looking,
disappointed)
Don't they have generics?

5 CONTINUED:

STAN
I think this is their generic.

BILL
(points, 31 cent can)
I've never heard of this brand...
(points, 32 cent can)
...maybe we should get this
one...maybe it's worth the penny.

STAN
(grabs 31 cent can)
Nah...you're paying for
advertising.

They walk down the aisle, balancing the precarious load of cans.

BILL
(sees something that
catches his eye)
Tuna. Should we get tuna?

STAN
(complaining)
Oh God, please -- no more tuna.

BILL
It's got protein. We need
protein.

STAN
(moving on)
Beans have protein.

BILL
Beans make you fart.

STAN
We got a convertible.

BILL
I'm gettin' it for myself.

He reaches for it, almost dropping what he has - and there's
little room for more. So he puts the can in his jacket pocket.

MICROWAVE - Stan is heating up a burrito.

The COUNTERMAN/CASHIER is a wiry, unfriendly guy. He serves
Bill a slush drink -- about two thirds full, then adds up the
grocery tab.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

CASHIER

...and one burrito and one large slush.

(punches up total)
\$21.67.

BILL

Can you fill this up?

The Cashier looks at the drink, he sighs, then fills it back up and gives it back to Bill without comment. The Cashier then puts the groceries into a brown paper bag as Stan and Bill dig in their pockets.

X 6 EXT. SAC-O-SUDS ..

Stan and Bill exit, get in their car and leave. Bill drives. Nearby are row houses - small, box-like houses with severely peeling paint on dusty-gray, old bare wood, meager-looking porches, windows covered with rusted screens and sagging, rusty metal roofs.

Y 7 INT. BUICK - BILL AND STAN - 20 MINUTES LATER

Driving along. Bill remembers about the tuna in his pocket. He reaches into his POCKET...and pulls out the can of tuna. He motions for Stan to look.

BILL

Look. I...forgot to pay for it.

STAN

(thinks)

You could've gotten caught.

(beat)

What if someone saw?

Bill shakes his head at the thought. It was a dumb thing.

STAN

The laws are medieval down here.
You know what the minimum age for execution is in Alabama?

*

BILL

16?

STAN

TEN.

Bill can't believe it. He glances in the mirror.

7 CONTINUED:

REAR-VIEW MIRROR - There's a cop behind them.

BILL
There's a cop behind us.

STAN
A cop?

BILL
There's nothing to worry about.

STAN
There might be.

BILL
There's nothing to worry about
until there's something to worry
about.

STAN
(beat)
What's he doing now?

BILL
(glances in rear-view)
Nothing.

STAN
'Nothing' -- he's still following
us, isn't he?

BILL
He's not following us -- he's just
behind us.

STAN
(beat, BEAT, BEAT)
Is he still there?

BILL
(glances up again)
Yeah.

STAN
(deeply distressed)
Goddammit.

BILL
Calm down. There's a cop behind
us, that's all. Nothing's wrong.
There's no problem.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

BILL (Cont'd)
(glances in rear-view
mirror, his heart
sinks)

Uh oh.

STAN
(terrified)
What?! What 'uh oh'? What?
What?

BILL
His light's on.

Stan is crushed. He slams the dashboard with his fist.

STAN
Fuck! Fuck! Goddammit!
Goddammit! What're we going to
do?

BILL
(pulls car over)
It's probably nothing. A
taillight or something, don't
worry.

STAN
We don't have money for bail!

BILL
. (amused by Stan's
worrying)
We don't need money for bail;
nothing's happened.

STAN
Nothing? You're getting pulled
over aren't you? You stole
something, didn't you?
(doomed)
We're fucked.
(Bill keeps his eye on
the mirror)

MIRROR - The Sheriff's car door opens.

Stan looks at Bill for comment.

BILL
Here he comes.

The DEPUTY hides behind the door.

7 CONTINUED: (3)

DEPUTY #1
SHOW ME YOUR HANDS.

*

Stan and Bill exchange dumbfounded looks. They put their hands up. The deputy rests his pistol on the door.

DEPUTY #1
GET OUT OF THE CAR AND PUT YOUR
HANDS ON YOUR HEAD.

*

*

X 8 INT. LINEUP - BILL AND STAN AND OTHERS

Stan and Bill are led into a makeshift lineup room, where they stand along a group of men - none looking remotely like Bill or Stan. Bright, blinding lights. They have to squint.

STAN
(whispering to Bill)
Ridiculous -- all this over a can
of tuna!

VOICE
(firmly)
KEEP QUIET.

X 9 EXT. SAC-O-SUDS - DAY

SHERIFF FARLEY - a man aged around 50 - is watching the dead body of the Cashier being photographed.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

A Deputy enters and whispers to Farley.

DEPUTY

I think we may get a confession.

Farley leaves the shop. He passes a woman, who is very upset.

WOMAN

I just heard that someone shot
Jimmy Willis?

FARLEY

He's dead.

WOMAN

Oh my God, who would do such a
thing?

FARLEY

A couple of boys from New York,
I believe. They were just picked
out of the line-up.

(X 10 INT. HOLDING ROOM - BILL

Bill is alone in a small windowless room. Farley enters,
holding a clipboard. Bill is filled with deep remorse. A sign
says: NO GUNS ALLOWED IN THE CELLS.

FARLEY

Hello Bill, I'm Sheriff Farley.

BILL

Hi.

FARLEY

You know why you're here?

BILL

Yeah, I know.

(with deep remorse)

It was a stupid thing to do.

FARLEY

Have you been made aware of your
rights?

(Bill nods)

You're willing to waive that
right?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

BILL

Yes. I'm willing to cooperate fully. I'll sign a statement, or whatever makes this whole thing easier.

FARLEY

Good...good...good...

BILL

But, I want you to know that Stan had nothing to do with it.

FARLEY

Was he there when you did it?

BILL

Yes, but he didn't know what was going on.

FARLEY

Did he help you plan it?

BILL

No. I mean, it wasn't planned out. It just...happened...

FARLEY

Did Stan try to stop you at anytime?

BILL

No...

The Sheriff scribbles something on a pad.

BILL

Why? Is that a big deal?

FARLEY

Aiding and abetting.

BILL

(surprised)

Aiding and abetting. Is that like a major thing?

FARLEY

Oh yeah.

BILL

What could they do to him?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

FARLEY

It depends. If he really didn't know what was going on - but he didn't turn you in - it could be...10-20 years.

Bill is floored.

X 10A INT - CORRIDOR

Farley leaves Bill's room, enters Stan's. Door slams shut.

X 11 STAN'S ROOM - CLOSE ON STAN

STAN

An 'accessory'? Are you guys kidding? An 'accessory'? I didn't help. I didn't plan it...

FARLEY

But you didn't try to stop it?

STAN

I didn't know it was happening! I found out later, in the car.

FARLEY

Why didn't you get out? Call the police then?

STAN

He's my friend!

FARLEY

Your friend has put you in a lotta trouble.

STAN

What's going to happen to Bill?

FARLEY

(goes to door)

Nothin' - unless he's convicted. 'Course, if he is, we're gonna run enough electricity through him to light up Birmingham.

Stan scoffs. Door slams and echoes.

X 12 BILL'S ROOM

Farley's back, but this time with the Deputy #4 and cassette recorder. *

BILL

...we were friends at NYU and we both applied and got scholarships to UCLA. So...we figure the weather and the scenery would be nicer going through the south... *

CLOSE SHOT - THE CASSETTE TURNING - LATER

BILL

... then I forgot about the can of tuna fish. And then...we left.

FARLEY

(beat)

You left? What do you mean? Did he catch you with the tuna fish? Is that how it started?

BILL

No, he didn't say anything.

FARLEY

But, he knew about it?

BILL

I don't know.

FARLEY

Let's talk about that for a moment. You paid for the groceries. And then what?

BILL

We went out to the car. That's it.

FARLEY

But...when did you shoot him?

BILL

What?

FARLEY

At what point did you shoot the clerk?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

BILL
(completely confused,
rolling the words over)
I shot the clerk...

FARLEY
Yes, when did you shoot him?

BILL
(gives questioning look
to Farley)
I shot the clerk.

Farley nods. Bill is thoroughly dumbfounded.

BILL
Uh...

Another Deputy comes in.

DEPUTY
Hey Dean, we need you out here.

FARLEY
I'm in the middle of a damn
confession.

Frustrated, Farley sighs and exits, taking the Deputy with him.

BILL
Wait a second!

But they're gone.

X 13 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Bill's handcuffed, sitting on a bench, when Stan, who is handcuffed too, is led in. Bill's scared.

STAN
What's the matter?

BILL
Do you know what this is all
about?

STAN
Yeah - they're fucking with us.

BILL
You don't believe them?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

STAN

No way. They don't execute for shoplifting.

BILL

You think we're being booked for shoplifting?

STAN

You're being booked for shoplifting, I'm being booked for accessory to shoplifting.

BILL

No, I'm being booked for murder. You're being booked for accessory to murder.

DEPUTY SHERIFF #3

Time to make your phone calls.

He leads. Dazed, they follow.

BILL

Is there anyway you can contact your parents?

STAN

How? Call the Chilean Consulate? What're they going to do? Send a guide into the mountains looking for them?

(beat)

We have to call an attorney -- a great attorney -- do you know any great attorneys?

BILL

No. I'm calling my mother.

Bill picks up the phone and dials.

BILL

Hello, Ma? This is Bill.

(beat)

We're in Wahzoo.

(beat)

It's in Beechum County, Alabama.

(with difficulty)

Not too good. Uh ... we've been arrested.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

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13 CONTINUED: (2)

BILL (Cont'd)
(reacting to hysteria)
Mom, Please ... Mom. Mom ...
(she's "calmed", then
...)
First of all, we didn't do it.
(beat)
Uh...well...murder.
(reacting to her
hysteria)
Mom, please, Mom, please
(beat)
It's a fuck up, excuse me Ma, its
a mistake. We must look like the
guys who did it.

STAN
Tell her what we think ...

BILL
We think they're setting us up
as patsies. You know how corrupt
it is down here - they all know
each other ...

STAN
The Klan's here, they're inbred,
they sleep with their sisters ...
(he realizes the guard
is glaring at him)
... some of them do.

BILL
We gotta get an attorney. It's
going to cost a lot of money.

STAN
A decent one? Fifty, a hundred
thousand dollars.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

BILL
 (to phone)
 50, maybe a hundred thou ...
 (beat, excited)
 I know!
 (beat, to Stan)
 Can we use any attorney?

STAN
 I think so.

BILL
 (to Mom)
 Oh! He is?! That's a great idea!
 That's a great idea! You think
 he'd do it?
 (to Stan)
 We got an attorney in the family!

STAN
 Who?

BILL
 My cousin, Vinny.

X 14 EXT. BACK OF COURTHOUSE - DAY

Stan and Bill are escorted into prison van. Crane down from high angle to 2 shot of Stan and Bill as the van doors slam shut.

X 14A INT. VAN - STAN AND BILL - DAY

DRIVER
 Our jail has been condemned that's
 why we're bringin' you all out
 to the state correctional
 facilities.

15
 thru OMITTED
 16

X 17 EXT. PRISON - DAY

A few dozen, one story, bleak-looking bungalows, a couple administration buildings surrounded by barbed-wired fence. Just outside the fence, a dozen ACLU members demonstrate against the death penalty. Placards mention a guy named NORTON - ("Only God can condemn NORTON." "If NORTON dies, so does humanity" etc.) Norton's going to be executed in a few days.

X 17A INT. VAN - STAN AND BILL - DAY

SC #
14 A

DRIVER

Our jail has been condemned
that's why we're bringin' you all
out to the state correctional
facilities.

17B EXT. PRISON - DAY

The van stops in front of the administration building.

X 18 INT. MAIN CELL BLOCK OF PRISON - LATE AFTERNOON

As Stan and Bill are led to a cell. The other inmates - big, vicious-looking men - spark up when they see the slightly-built, clean-cut-looking young men. They hoot, cheer, and wolf-whistle.

19 STAN AND BILL'S CELL

A tiny room with a toilet, a chair, a sink and a DOUBLE bunk bed. Bill and Stan enter - the door is shut behind them. Bill sits. Stan paces - terrified. He sees a folded cot against the wall.

STAN

You know what happens in these
places?

BILL

Yeah...

STAN

And sometimes there's a big guy
no one wants to tangle with who'll
'protect you' - but you have to
become his sex slave and do
anything he wants.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

BILL

There's only the two of us here.

STAN

(indicating cot)

But what if they put someone else
in here?

Bill looks at Stan.

BILL

Stan - Shut up!

20 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM AT PRISON - DAY

Bill's on the phone - he looks elated. He hangs up and grins at a GUARD.

21 INT. CELL

Stan is nearly catatonic with fear. Bill is led to the cell and is strikingly optimistic by contrast.

BILL

All right, Vinny's leaving within the hour - he's driving all night, he should be here tomorrow. He says 'Don't worry, your problems are over.'

Stan pumps Bill for positive-sounding information.

STAN

Great. So, what's the story? He's some kind of a hot shot attorney?

BILL

Wait till you meet him!

22 EXT. WAHZOO CITY SQUARE

It's a typical, small town Alabama courtyard - a colonial-style courthouse in the middle, surrounded by grass.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

A cannon, or a statue of Robert E. Lee.

The streets around the courthouse have all the little stores that service the small community of 2000; Western Auto, EZ Finance company, a single floor, 3000 square foot department store, a "package" store (liquor store). Many of the signs are done in hand lettering.

Some of the stores are so run down it's hard to tell if they've been abandoned or not. There are a few people walking past. The setting is quiet, benign, serene. We HEAR BIRDS CHIRPING. It is small town in every way.

THEN, WE HEAR IN THE DISTANCE THE BASS FROM A HIGH-POWERED CAR STEREO (THUMPA THUMPA THUMPA). An obese woman in a floral-print dress stops and turns toward the sound. It is unusual indeed. She watches unapprovingly as she sees...

...a perfectly-restored, but muddied-around-the-wheels 1961 Cadillac Coupe de Ville convertible. As the car approaches, we can identify the music - hip-hop - it's Tone Loc's Funky Cold Medina. The car parks in front of the courthouse and stops. Silence. The driver's door opens and out steps VINCENT LA GUARDIA GAMBONE, a tough New York Italian-American. He's been up driving for twenty hours straight and he looks it - unshaven, wrinkled clothes and bloodshot eyes. He looks unquestionably tough - you'd want him on your side in a gang fight. He's wearing Ray-Bans, and a weathered black leather blazer. He carries a deck of cards in his shirt pocket.

Getting down on his knees, he checks out the front end of the car for something is wrong.

The passenger door opens and LISA, Vinny's girlfriend, gets out and stretches. Lisa's pretty, with perfectly-coiffed, jet-black hair. She's more appropriately dressed for a New York club than the deep south, which in these parts, looks downright trappy. She's got a small, instant-everything camera - and she takes pictures of anything that looks interesting.

VINNY
(thick Brooklyn accent)
Boy, do you stick out.

LISA
(same accent)
Me? What about you?

VINNY
I fit in more than you...

She walks 'round the car into view - wearing very short black skirt, black tights and shoes, she's got long legs.

22 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
...I'm wearing cowboy boots.

*

LISA
(dryly)
Oh yeah, you 'blend'.

*

As Vinny looks around the car, Lisa glances around at the neighborhood, taking pictures.

LISA
I bet the Chinese food here is terrible.

VINNY
(sarcastic to death)
Oh yeah, you're gonna 'blend' perfectly.

Getting up, indicating car's front suspension.

VINNY
Nothing out of whack as far I see.

LISA
It feels like the wheels went out of balance right after we hit that mud.

A black man with a gold STAR imbedded into his tooth is walking past. He stops and watches as Vinny looks over the wheels.

VINNY
Nah, I don't think that's it.

LISA
I think you should put it on a rack and take a look.

STAR
What's wrong?

VINNY
Car shudders on the highway.
Didn't hit any bumps, but...

STAR
(points to wheel)
You got mud in your tires.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

VINNY

I got mud in my tires? How could
I get mud into the tires?

STAR

Well...it's a figure of speech.
It gets in around the inside of
the wheel and throws the balance
off.

VINNY

(to Lisa)

You ever heard of that? Mud in
the tires?

LISA

No.

VINNY

(to Star)

And she knows everything about
cars.

Star laughs at the joke. Vinny's amused at Star's amusement.
Lisa says nothing.

STAR

Down here, everybody gets stuck
in the mud now and then. We're
famous for our mud. *

LISA

Famous for your mud?

(beat)

How's your Chinese food?

23 INT. CELL - STAN AND BILL - DAY *

Bill's asleep, Stan is pacing. WE HEAR A BRUTAL FIGHT BEING
BROKEN UP SOMEPLACE - and it's really brutal - we hear the sound
of flesh smacking against cement, clothes ripping. Stan freezes
in horror.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

VICIOUS VOICE

(o.s.)

YOU MUTHA-FUCKA, I'M GONNA SPLIT
YOU IN TWO! STOP YOUR FUCKIN'
CRYING' OR I'LL TEAR YOUR FUCKIN'
HEAD OFF YOUR FUCKIN' SHOULDERS.!

OTHER VOICE

(o.s., desperate)

NO! OH GOD, NO! STOP! HELP!
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!

Then we hear silence as his voice is mysteriously muffled. Stan turns away in horror, his face against the back wall of the cell. WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING. The guard opens the cell, lets Vinny in. Vinny slips the guard a tip. The Guard closes the cell door. Stan doesn't know that Vinny is Vinny. He suspects the worst.

GUARD

Here, I've got somebody for you.

VINNY

You must be Stan.

(Extends his hand)

How ya doin'?

STAN

(shrugs, cautiously
shakes hand)

Why'd they bring you in here?

VINNY

I just got in. I asked where the
new guys were so they brought me
here.

(looks at Bill, fondly)

Hey, he's sleepin', cute little
guy.

Despite his raunchy appearance, Vinny's friendly - which Stan misconstrues to be a cat playing with a mouse. He avoids meeting Vinny's eyes.

STAN

I...don't want to...do this.

He sits. Vinny steps behind him and starts massaging his
shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

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23 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY

I don't blame you, if I was in your situation, I'd want to get through this whole thing over as quickly and with as little pain as possible. So lets try our best to make this thing a simple in and out procedure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Stan says nothing. Vinny comes over and puts his hand on Stan's shoulder, massaging it, being comforting. Stan's worst fears are confirmed.

VINNY

Maybe we should spend a coupla minutes to - get acquainted before we, you know, get to it.

Stan squirms away from Vinny, keeping his back to the wall.

VINNY

Whatsa matter?

STAN

I don't want to do this.

VINNY

I understand, but what're your alternatives?

STAN

My alternatives? To what? To you? I don't know - Suicide - Death.

*
*

VINNY

No. It's either me...
(joking, points to
prison block)
...or them! You're gettin' fucked
one way or the other!
(Stan doesn't laugh,
he's almost in tears)
Hey, hey, hey, lighten up, don't
worry, I'm going to help you.

STAN

Gee whiz, thanks.

VINNY

(beat, losing patience)
Excuse me, I think a modicum of
gratitude is not out line.

STAN

(outraged)
You think I should be grateful?

(CONTINUED)

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23 CONTINUED: (4)

VINNY

(mildly miffed)

Sure, I mean, it's your ass, not mine. I think you should be grateful - I think you should be on your fuckin' knees.

STAN

(disgusted, then...)

I didn't know what an honor it was to get a visit from you.

VINNY

(pissed-off)

You're 'getting' me for free pal!
I'm doin' you a favor, you little shit!

STAN

Boy, that's one helluva ego you've got.

VINNY

(almost losing it)

What the fuck's your problem?
I didn't come down here just to get jerked off...

STAN

(interrupting)

I'm not jerking you off. I'm not doing anything!

VINNY

You're on your own, pal...

(points to Bill)

I'm just takin' care of this guy.

(to Bill)

Hey, Sleepin' Beauty, wake up!

Vinny sits on the bed next to Bill. Stan grabs Vinny and balls a fist. Bill stirs, wakes, sees Vinny, smiles warmly.

BILL

(warmly putting on
strong Italian-Brooklyn
accent)

Hey... 'Vinny-bag-a-donuts'!

Vinny and Bill embrace warmly.

STAN

(stunned, realizes)

Oh! Vinny? This is Vinny?

*

X 24 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - VINNY, STAN AND BILL

Bill's waxing enthusiastic. Stan is hoping against hope.

BILL
I've told Stan so much about you.
He couldn't wait to meet you.

VINNY
(skeptically)
Oh yeah?

BILL
He has lots of questions to ask
you. Go on, Stan.

STAN
Well, I don't know where to
start....have you had any murder
cases before?

VINNY
No..this would be my first.

STAN
Your first? What have your other
cases been? Assault and battery?
Armed robbery?

VINNY
No, none of those.

BILL
I expect he's done burglary, grand
theft auto, drugs...?

VINNY
Nope. Nothing like that.

BILL
(confused)
Vinny, you are a criminal
attorney, aren't you?

VINNY
Actually, this will be my first
foray into the criminal arena.

STAN
(crushed)
First time?
(he looks at Bill, then
at Vinny)
What kind of law do you practice?

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED::

VINNY

Up 'till now, personal injury.
(laughs)
It just keeps gettin' worse here
doesn't it? Got any more
questions?

STAN

But you are a trial attorney?
Personal injury trials?

VINNY

Actually, this will be my first
foray into the trial process -I
haven't had to go to court yet
- knock on wood.

STAN

It does get worse.
(beat)
You haven't been to court yet,
uh, how...long have you been
practicing?

VINNY

Six...weeks...
(corrects himself)
...almost six weeks.

STAN looks at Bill, with a hopeless 'what is this?' expression.

BILL

But...you graduated from law
school six years ago, what've you
been doing since?

VINNY

Studying for the bar.

STAN

Six years? That's a lotta
studying.

VINNY

No kidding.
(slightly embarrassed)
To be honest with you, I didn't
pass the first time out.

STAN

Did you pass the second time?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
No, I'm afraid not.

STAN
(hopefully)
Three time's a charm?

VINNY
Not for me it isn't. No, for me,
six times is a charm ... I'm a
little dyslexic.

STAN
(aghast)
Six times ...it just gets worse
and worse.

VINNY
No, that's it, that's as bad as
it gets, it don't get no worse
than this.

*
*
*
*
*

24A INT. COURTROOM - DAY
 Vinny walks through the empty courtroom.

*
 *

X 25 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - JUDGE AND VINNY - LATE AFTERNOON

The most noticeable thing about the judge's chambers is the vast expanse of books lining the walls. Vinny's seated in front of JUDGE CHAMBERLAIN HALLER. Vinny is wearing a shirt and pants, no jacket or tie.

JUDGE
 A little informal aren't we? Not wearing a coat or tie.

VINNY
 Oh. Sorry.

JUDGE
 Well, approving an attorney from out of state is a pretty informal matter. I just have a few questions.

VINNY
 Fire away, Judge.

JUDGE
 Where did you go to law school?

VINNY
 Brooklyn Academy of Law.

Vinny looks up and sees the judge's law diploma - from Yale -summa cum laude.

JUDGE
 The Brooklyn Academy of Law? Is that an accredited law school?

The judge's subtly elitist response makes Vinny instantly feel he has somehow flunked the first question.

VINNY
 (lies)
 Oh...yes.

JUDGE
 How long have you been practicing?

VINNY
 (succumbs to lying big)
 I'd say about...oh...six...almost six...sixteen years.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

JUDGE
Any murder cases?

VINNY
Oh, quite a few, yes.

JUDGE
And what was the outcome?

VINNY
Well, you know: win some, lose some.

JUDGE
This is not the forum to be cavalier.

VINNY
Of course not, lemme see, most recently I had an ax murder -which I won on grounds of temporary insanity - would you like to hear the facts of the case?

JUDGE
No.. What else?

VINNY
I had a cop killer...
(shakes head)
...lost that one.

JUDGE
Good.

VINNY
You've heard of Son of Sam?

JUDGE
The fellah who received orders to kill from a dawg?

VINNY
Yes, that's right.

JUDGE
You defended him?

VINNY
I defended the first guy they arrested - who was found innocent. Then they caught the real guy.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

Vinny's trying to impress the judge has a deleterious effect
-the judge has a fear of appearing backwards.

JUDGE

Well...we don't have any 'serial
killers' in Beechum County, but
what we do have is every bit as
sophisticated a system of justice
as they do in the rest of the
country.

(beat)

You being from New York and all,
might have the impression that
law is practiced with a degree
of informality down here. It
isn't.

(explaining)

I tell you this because I want
you to know when it comes to
procedure, I'm not a patient man.
I advise you sir, when you come
into my courtroom, you are to know
the letter of the law - I will
react harshly when I find you
don't. Don't think being from
New York that you're gonna get
special treatment. You won't.
You will be given no leeway
whatsoever.

He takes an official-looking, 700 page book titled Alabama Rules
of Criminal Procedure off a shelf, and puts it on the desk in
front of Vinny.

JUDGE

I expect you to know this
information when you enter my
courtroom. Are you're willing
to accept those terms?

VINNY

(picks up book)

No problem.

*
*
*

26 OMITTED

27 INT. CELL - STAN AND BILL - DAY

Stan's upset and Bill's optimistic.

STAN

...the 'The Brooklyn Academy of Law' is a correspondence school! It's not even an accredited school!

BILL

So? He passed, didn't he?

STAN

Eventually. Bill - he's not a criminal attorney - he's not even a trial attorney. He's a personal injury attorney. We can't go into a murder trial represented by a personal injury attorney.

BILL

He's never lost a case ...

STAN

It's impossible to lose a case because it costs more to the insurance company to fight than to settle. That's not like winning, that's more like legal extortion.

BILL

So, what do you want to do? *

STAN

I don't know...
(thinks hard)
What are our options? *

They think - for the moment they have no options.

X 28

EXT. HOTEL - AFTER SUNSET

A beautiful red sunset contrasts with an ugly weather-beaten sign in handdrawn paint that simply says HOTEL. Next door, but sharing the same building of the hotel, is a greasy spoon with one of those beat-up, simple, no-frills standard issue Coca Cola signs common throughout the south - the kind with white below that reads Wahzoo Grill in very simple black script.

Vinny's car stops at the Hotel. Vinny and Lisa get out, and look at it.

29 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

It's small, and barely furnished. Lisa's on the bed, wearing a robe, looking over the room. Vinny comes out of the bathroom, he's holding the book on court procedure. He sits on the bed.

LISA

This is going to be great.
'Vinny's first case.' So, what
can I do? What can I do to help?

Vinny shakes his head - can't think of anything, and starts reading. Lisa's frustrated.

LISA

Nothing?

VINNY

No.

Vinny keeps reading. Lisa looks around, wondering what to do. She feels anxious. Vinny picks up on it. He pulls out the pack of cards from his shirt pocket and gives it to Lisa. She looks at him, she doesn't get it.

LISA

What?

VINNY

Somethin' to do; play solitaire.

Not exactly what she had in mind. Vinny turns back to the book. It's difficult for him to read. She takes a picture of him. *

VINNY'S P.O.V. - CLOSE SHOT - PRINT IN BOOK

Some of the letters are reversed - Vinny wasn't kidding when he said he was a little dyslexic.

✓30

EXT. HOTEL - EARLY IN THE MORNING (DAWN)

It's quiet and peaceful - just what you'd expect early in the morning in a small town. WE HEAR THE SHRIEKING BLAST OF A STEAM WHISTLE - from the nearby mill. It's such a powerful blast of sound...the hotel windows vibrate slightly.

✓31

INT. VINNY'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Vinny jumps out of bed. Lisa covers her ears.

VINNY

WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?

31 CONTINUED:

Vinny goes to the window, opens it. He sees the Beechum Saw Mill Company, all lit up. It's even louder...Vinny yells, but we can't hear him. Finally it stops. Lisa's hands come down off her ears.

LISA
What the hell was that?

VINNY
It came from that big
industrial-looking building.
(squints)
I think it's a...

BAAAAAOOOO!!!! THE WHISTLE BLOWS AGAIN.

CLOSE SHOT - STEAM WHISTLE - It's an old brass whistle, about two feet tall and a half a foot thick, an enormous blast of steam bursts from its mouth, sending a gray plume into the air.

THE BLAST STOPS. Vinny closes the window.

32 OMITTED

X 33 INT. WAHZOO DINER - VINNY AND LISA - EARLY MORNING

The place is empty. Vinny and Lisa come in and sit down. JUNIUS, a heavy-set, graying black man in a too-small, 'stay-prest' shirt is at the griddle behind the counter.

VINNY
(to Junius)
What's the story with that
incredibly loud whistle at 5:30
this morning?

JUNIUS
It's a whistle.

VINNY
I know it's a whistle. I just
said, what's the story with that
incredibly loud whistle?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

JUNIUS

Steam whistle. At the saw mill.
Tells people it's time to get up.
You can hear it for miles.

VINNY

I can believe that. They do it
every morning?

JUNIUS

Every morning.
(beat)
You want two breakfasts?

VINNY

Please.

Junius spoons a fist-sized slug of lard onto the griddle. Lisa
and Vinny exchange disgusted looks.

VINNY

(to Junius)
Are you guys familiar with the
cholesterol problem going on?

JUNIUS

What?

VINNY

Cholesterol? You know? Fat.
Gets in the bloodstream? Clogs
things up?

Junius stares at him. Doesn't get it.

MINUTES LATER

Junius serves them breakfast - eggs, bacon and grits. Vinny
looks at the breakfast. Vinny points to some kind of
greasy-looking grain on the plate.

VINNY

What's this?

JUNIUS

You never heard of grits?

VINNY

Oh, sure, I heard of grits.
(stares at it)
I've just never actually seen a
grit before...or, had it served
on my plate...or eaten one before.

33 CONTINUED: (2)

Vinny notices Lisa's watching him, but not eating.

VINNY
You gonna try it?

LISA
You first.

Lisa takes out her camera, poised to document Vinny's first taste of grits. Vinny stares at grits, looks at Junius.

VINNY
So, what is a grit, anyways?

JUNIUS
It comes from corn. Hominy
grits. ★
★

VINNY
Hominy. ★
(this means nothing to ★
him) ★
How do you cook a grit?

JUNIUS
Simmer it in salted water for
about 15 to 20 minutes. Then you
put it on a plate. With a little
butter.

Vinny tries a small portion of it. Lisa snaps a picture. Vinny shows no expression of like or dislike. He swallows. He thinks.

VINNY
Well...I've tried grits.

34 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

It's lined with old, dark wood, has water stains here and peeling paint there - this is a poor county and repairs are a long time coming. There's also an Alabama and United States flag. Vinny and Lisa come in, approach the gate and stop. Vinny's wearing his black leather blazer.

He looks to the bailiff, who waves him in, points to the table on the right. Vinny goes and sits.

JIM TROTTER, the D.A., a formidable-looking man with salt and pepper hair comes in. Something about him is supremely confident. He looks at Vinny. He has a strong Alabama accent.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

TROTTER
Is your attorney here?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

VINNY
I am the attorney.

TROTTER
(friendly, shakes
Vinny's hand)
Jim Trotter the Third, district
attorney, Beechum county.

VINNY
(rises)
Vincent La Guardia Gambino,
Brooklyn.

The lady bailiff leads Stan and Bill in, and sits them down
with Vinny. Bill whispers to Vinny. *

BILL
When's my mom coming down here?

VINNY
Not for a while.

BILL
(shocked)
Why not?

VINNY
I...I didn't wanna tell you.
She's in the hospital. Right
after she spoke to you she spoke
to me. Right after she spoke to
me she had a heart attack.

STAN
(to himself)
I'm not surprised!

VINNY
She's gonna be fine, in a couple
of weeks she'll be out.

STAN
But will we?

BAILIFF
Here ye, hear ye, here ye. All
rise.

The judge enters and everyone rises. The Judge sits.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

CLERK

Be seated. First case: The
People of the State of Alabama
versus William Robert Gambino and
Stanley Marcus Rothstein.

*

Vinny is seated.

JUDGE

Counselor, your clients are
charged with first degree murder.
How do they plead?

VINNY

Your honor...

JUDGE

(interrupting, insulted)
Don't talk to me sittin' in that
chair.

VINNY

(points to bailiff)
He told me to sit here, is this...

JUDGE

(interrupting)
When you're addressing this court,
you will rise and speak to me in
a clear, intelligible voice.

VINNY

Oh...sorry.
(rises)
My clients...

The judge squints at Vinny's clothes. Vinny self-consciously
checks his fly - but it's closed. The judge interrupts again.

JUDGE

What're you wearing?

VINNY

(confused)
I'm...wearing...clothes - I don't
get the question.

JUDGE

When you come into my court
looking like you do, you not only
insult me, but you insult the
integrity of this court.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

VINNY

I apologize, sir, but this is how I dress.

JUDGE

Next time you come into my courtroom, you will look 'lawyerly' - and I mean you'll comb your hair, and wear a suit and tie - and that suit better be made out of some kind of...cloth. Do you understand me?

Vinny's taken back by all this. He capitulates.

VINNY

Fine. That's just fine, sir.

JUDGE

Good. You may continue. How do your clients plead?

The judge gestures for Vinny to continue.

VINNY

My clients are caught completely by surprise - they thought they were being arrested for shoplifting a can of tuna.

JUDGE

(beat, confused)
What're you telling me? That they plead not guilty?

VINNY

I'm just trying to explain...

JUDGE

I don't want to hear explanations. The State of Alabama has its procedure and that procedure at this point in time is to have an arraignment. Are we clear on this?

Stan doesn't like what's going on. He looks at Bill, who is confused.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (5)

VINNY

(beat)

Yes, but there's a great deal of confusion going on here, my clients didn't...

JUDGE

(interrupting)

Mr. Gambone, all I ask from you is a very simple answer to a very simple question. There are only two ways to answer it: Guilty or Not Guilty.

VINNY

(growing impatient)

Your Honor, my clients didn't do anything, they're innocent, and...

JUDGE

Once again the communication process has broken down. It appears to me that you want to skip the arraignment process, go directly to trial, skip that and get a dismissal. I'm not about to revamp the entire judicial process because you find yourself in the unique position of defending clients who say they 'didn't do it'. The only thing being tried today is my patience.

(slowly,

condescendingly)

Now, the next words out of your mouth will either be 'guilty', or 'not guilty'. If I hear anything other than 'guilty' or 'not guilty', you'll be in contempt. I don't want to hear commentary, argument or opinion, I don't even want to hear you clear your throat - because if you do, you will be in contempt. I hope I've been clear. Now...

(slowly)

...HOW DO YOUR CLIENTS PLEAD?

The judge waits for Vinny's next words.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (6)

VINNY
(belligerently)
I think I get the point, I...

JUDGE
(interrupting)
No, I don't think you do. You're
now in contempt of court. Would
you like to go for two counts of
contempt?

The judge makes a motion with his hands that the ball is in
Vinny's court.

VINNY
'Not guilty'.

JUDGE
Thank you! Bail will be set at
\$200,000. A preliminary hearing
will be set for 9:30am tomorrow
morning.
(to prosecutor)
Is that sufficient time?

PROSECUTOR
Yes, your honor.

JUDGE
Bailiff, please take Mr. Gambone
into custody. His bail will be
set at \$200.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (7)

The Judge exits.

BAILIFF

All rise as The Judge leaves.

The bailiff comes over and leads Vinny, Bill and Stan from the room. As Vinny leaves, he yells

VINNY

Lisa! You're gonna have to bail me out.

2/26
X 35 INT. VAN ON ROAD TO PRISON - BILL AND STAN

Stan is depressed. Bill is very uncomfortable. CAMERA PANS TO BACK SEAT. Vinny's in the back, watching the scenery, cheerfully whistling "Dixie". Stan looks at Vinny, baffled.

36 INT. JAIL CELL - VINNY THRU BARS - DAY

Vinny waits patiently. The guard unlocks the cell.

X 37 EXT. PRISON - DAY

Lisa's waiting with folded arms, leaning against the wall, holding a camera - as Vinny comes out she takes a picture of him. They walk through the pack of protestors to the parking lot.

LISA

So they're gonna nuke this Norton guy this weekend? *

VINNY

Yeah. *

LISA

You got one huge responsibility taking on this murder case - you screw up n' those boys get fried.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

VINNY
(wearily)
I know.

LISA
You think you know what you're
doin'?

VINNY
Yeah.

LISA
Because it didn't look like you
knew what you were doin' in that
courtroom today. Why is that?

VINNY
Well ... it's all procedural crap.
I'm gonna have to learn it as I
go.

LISA
"Learn as you go"? You didn't
learn that in law school?

VINNY
(scoffs)
Nah ... they teach precedents,
contracts, interpretations ...
you're supposed to learn procedure
from the firm that hires you, or
else you go to court and watch.

LISA
Have you been doing that?

VINNY
Between the garage and the night
school, where am I going to find
the time?
(guilty)
I'd planned on taking a few months
off this summer to do it.
(beat)
But it's no big deal.

They reach the car and get in.

LISA
Are you sure?

VINNY
Yeah, I'm sure.

38 OMITTED

✓ ~~38~~ 39 EXT. ROADSIDE BAR-B-Q - DAY

Vinny is buying some greasy food for them both.

LISA

I don't see how you know you can
be so sure, when you don't know
what it is you're supposed to
know.

VINNY

Let me explain.

They sit at picnic tables and eat.

VINNY (CONT.)

It's a procedure, that's all.
Like ... rebuilding a carburetor
has a procedure.

Lisa gives him a questioning look.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

VINNY (CONT.)

See, the first thing you do is take the carburetor off the manifold. But suppose you skip the first step and try to rebuild the carb while it's still on the manifold? And then let's say while you're replacing a jet, you accidentally drop the jet and it goes down the carb, rolls down the manifold and into the head? You're fucked. You just learned the hard way that you're supposed to remove the carburetor first. So that's what happened today. I just learned the hard way. This was actually a good experience what happened today.

LISA

You know what I think? Honestly? I think, once you're out there, doing the thing out there, I think you'll be great. Really great.

(beat)

If you don't fuck up.

VINNY

I won't fuck up.

(CONTINUED)

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39 CONTINUED: (2)

LISA

There is one problem.

(thinks)

We can't afford to bail you out again - I already cashed in half the traveler's checks. I didn't want to bounce a check so I tried hustling the money, but I got stiffed, so I had to cash in the traveler's checks...

VINNY

(interrupting)

Hustle? What do you mean hustle?

*
*

X 40 EXT. POOL HALL

A crudely lettered sign reads: "Pool and Chicken." Vinny's Cadillac parks out front. They get out.

41 INT. POOL HALL - AFTERNOON

It's a pretty rag-tag room, teeming with rednecks. Vinny and Lisa enter. The place goes quiet - a stranger is in their midst. Lisa points to a guy. Vinny approaches him.

VINNY

(hand out to shake)

Hello, Vincent La Guardia Gambone.

But J.T. just stares at Vinny.

LISA

His name's J.T.

VINNY

(politely, indicating)

J.T., I believe you and Lisa played a game of pool for \$200 and she won. I'm here to collect.

J.T.

(interrupting)

How would you like me to kick your ass?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

VINNY

A 'counter-offer'. That's what we lawyers - I'm a lawyer - that's what we lawyers call a counter-offer. Okay.

(beat)

Let me see. It's a tough choice; get my ass kicked or...collect \$200...hmm...

(to himself)

...I could use a good ass-kicking...

(then, decisively)

Nah...I'll take the 200 dollars.

J.T. is not amused, but the guys are.

J.T.

Over my dead body.

VINNY

You like to renegotiate as you go along? All right. So, it's either I get my ass kicked, OR...kill you and collect \$200. Is that right?

J.T. is silent, Vinny's got him confused.

VINNY

Then here's my counter-offer: do I have to kill you? What if I just...kick the everlovin' shit out of you?

J.T.

In your dreams.

VINNY

No, in reality - if I kick the shit out of you, do I get the money?

J.T.

(amused)

If you kick the shit out of me? Yeah, sure, you get the money.

Vinny looks over at another guy and notices he is wearing a neck brace. He gives him a silent, friendly smile.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
(points to his neck)
What happened? Rear-ended?

NECKBRACE
No, I fell.

VINNY
(disappointed, then back
to J.T.)
All right...let's see if we agree
on terms - the choice now is I
get my ass kicked OR...option B...
(much prefers the
latter)
...I kick your ass and get...\$200!
(beat)
I'm goin' with...option B -kicking
your ass and getting \$200.

J.T.
We gonna fight now?

VINNY
Yes, but first, show me the money.

J.T.
I have the money.

VINNY
Show it to me.

J.T.
I can get it.

VINNY
You can "get it"? All right, get
it, then we'll fight.
(beat, to Neckbrace,
optimistically)
D'you fall at your place or
somebody's else's?

NECKBRACE
My place.

VINNY
(disappointed)
Shit.

X 42 EXT. POOL HALL - DAY

Vinny and Lisa come out and get into the Caddy.

VINNY

What are you doin' bettin' guys
with no money? You know better'n
that.

LISA

I was in a hurry, my man was in
jail. What was I supposed to do?
Run a credit check?

Vinny and Lisa drive away.

42A OMITTED

X 43 EXT. EXERCISE YARD - STAN AND BILL - DAY

They're arguing.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

STAN

He blew the arraignment! It's a simple procedure -- you heard what the judge said -- all he had to say was 'guilty' or 'not guilty'. We could have done that.

BILL

So...what're you saying?

STAN

You saw what happened in there. Do you want to stay with him after that?

BILL

Shit, Stan, I don't want to fire him. It would upset my mom too much, her health is delicately balanced right now.

STAN

And I appreciate that, but should you die for that? Wouldn't your mom be even more upset if you die?

Bill is tongue-tied - he can't seem to explain what he wants to explain.

BILL

The thing is, given the chance, I think he can do a good job.

STAN

No, you're wrong.

BILL

(shakes head)

I don't know, there's something about a Gambone in a courtroom that just seems...right.

STAN

(with deep disbelief)

Why? Why do you think that?

Bill takes a moment to gather his thoughts, then...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

BILL
It's hard to describe. You have
to see the Gambinos in action.
These people love to argue -- they
live to argue.

STAN
My parents argue - that doesn't
make them good lawyers.

BILL
(amused, and not at all
convinced by the
comparison)
Stan? I've seen your parents
argue. Trust me, they're
amateurs.

44 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - BOOK ON PROCEDURE

Vinny finishes the introduction. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FULL SHOT
of the room. Vinny's on the bed, reading. Lisa's nearby
playing solitaire. WE HEAR A DRIP COMING FROM THE BATHROOM. It
annoys Vinny.

VINNY
Is that a drip I hear?

LISA
Yeah?

VINNY
Well, weren't you the last one
to use the bathroom?

LISA
So?

VINNY
Did you use the faucet?

LISA
Yeah.

VINNY
Why didn't you turn it off?

LISA
I did turn it off.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

VINNY

If you turned it off, then why
am I listening to it?

LISA

Did it ever occur to you that it
could be turned off and drip at
the same time?

VINNY

No. Because if it was turned off,
it wouldn't drip.

LISA

Maybe it's broken.

VINNY

Is that what you're saying? That
it's broken?

LISA

Yeah, that's it, it's broken.

VINNY

(beat, toying)
'Are you sure'?

Bill's right, this guy loves to argue - and he's apparently met
his match.

LISA

Positive.

VINNY

Maybe you just didn't twist it
hard enough.

LISA

I twisted it just right.

VINNY

How can you be so sure?

LISA

Because I used 16 foot pounds of
torque.

VINNY

Is that an adequate amount of
torquage?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

LISA
(tosses him People
magazine)
Look in the manual, you'll see
that particular model faucet
requires a range of 10 to 16 foot
pounds of torque. I routinely
twist to the maximum allowable
torquage.

VINNY
How can you be so sure you used
16 foot pounds of torque?

LISA
Because I used a Craftsman model
10-19, laboratory edition,
signature series torque wrench
- the kind used by Cal Tech
high-energy physicists, and NASA
engineers.

VINNY
How do you know it was accurate?

LISA
(grabs Tampon box)
Because, a split-second before
the torque wrench was applied to
the faucet handle, it had been
calibrated by top members of the
state and federal department of
weights and measures to be dead-on
balls-accurate.
(tosses him directions
from Tampon box)
Here's the certificate of
validation.

VINNY
'Dead-on-balls-accurate'?

LISA
It's an industry term.

Vinny listens, we hear the drip continue.

VINNY
Well, I guess the goddamn thing
is broken.

Vinny pulls Lisa down onto the bed. This whole thing is some
weird kind of foreplay for them.

44 CONTINUED: (3)

They start kissing, getting a little entangled when suddenly Vinny stops.

VINNY
I shouldn't do this, I should
work.

He picks up the book. Lisa's revved-up, her motor's running, she's frustrated but she understands. Still - she goes into the bathroom. WE HEAR THE SHOWER go on.

45 CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT STAND - LATER

Vinny folds page 20 in the book and sets it on the night stand next to a clock that reads 2:00.

46 EXT. HOTEL - VERY EARLY MORNING

WE HEAR THE STEAM WHISTLE.

47 INT. HOTEL

Vinny wakes with a jerk. He forgot about the whistle.

VINNY
We gotta move...

48 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The preliminary hearing has started. Trotter has the floor with a witness on the stand. His first witness, CONSTANCE RILEY, a skinny black woman, around 60.

RILEY
...then I heard two loud 'bangs'
like firecrackers. I looked up
and saw two young men run out from
the Sac-O-Suds, jump into a green
car with a white convertible top
and drive off like the dickens,
tires spinning.

VINNY AND THE BOYS

Vinny sits with the boys. Lisa is right behind them in the public section, leaning forward, almost with them, not missing a beat. Vinny looks tired. He writes an occasional note.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

TROTTER AND WITNESS STAND

TROTTER
Mrs. Riley, are those two young
men present in the courtroom
today?

RILEY
Yes, they are.

TROTTER
Can you point them out for me?

RILEY
(points at Stan and
Bill)
They're sitting right there.

Bill and Stan look at each other, dumbfounded. Trotter shows
a photo of the Buick to Riley.

TROTTER
Is this the car?

RILEY
Yes it is.

TROTTER
Let the record show that Constance
Riley identified the defendant's
car.

Stan and Bill exchange reactions of doom. *

WITNESS STAND - SAM TIPTON - LATER THAT DAY

Trotter has another witness on the stand - SAM TIPTON, a
tough-looking, obese man of 45.

TIPTON
I was making breakfast. I saw...
(indicating Stan and
Bill)
...those boys there go into the
store. Then later, I heard a
gunshot, looked out the window,
and they ran out and got in their
car and drove off.

Trotter shows the photo of the Buick to Tipton.

TROTTER
Is this the car?

48 CONTINUED: (2)

TIPTON

Yes, it is.

Stan and Bill can't believe what's happening, they sink in
their chairs. *

WITNESS STAND - ERNIE CRANE - LATER

This witness, ERNIE CRANE is a tall, gangly kinda creepy 25 year
old boy. Trotter holds the photo of the Buick. He points to
Stan and Bill and the photo.

TROTTER

...then you saw those two boys
run out of the Sac-O-Suds, jump
into this car and drive off?

CRANE

Yeah. They peeled away -- car
was all over the road.

Stan and Bill feel defeated, hanging their heads like condemned
men.

WITNESS STAND - SHERIFF FARLEY - LATER

Looking at his notes, quoting.

FARLEY

I asked him if he did it, and he
said...'I shot the clerk.' I
asked him again, and again he said
'I shot the clerk.'

TROTTER

No further questions.

JUDGE

Mr. Gambino?

VINNY

Yes.

JUDGE

Do you have anything to add?

VINNY

What kind of thing?

JUDGE

It's not for me to say.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

VINNY
Uh...no, sir.

JUDGE
(to Trotter)
Do you have any other witnesses?

TROTTER
No, Your Honor.

JUDGE
The Court finds sufficient
evidence exists for this matter
to go to trial.

Stan and Bill slump in their seats, resigned to fate. *

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

JUDGE

I'm setting this matter for trial
this Monday, February 2nd, 10 a.m.
Mr. Gambone, stand up.

(Vinny stands)

Now didn't I tell you the next
time you appear in my court that
you dress appropriately?

VINNY

(incredulously)

You were serious about that?

X 49 INT. VAN ON WAY BACK TO PRISON

Vinny is back in the van.

STAN

Why didn't you ask them any
questions?

VINNY

Questions? Ask who questions?

BILL

Vinny, didn't you know you could
ask them questions?

Vinny didn't know. He doesn't want to admit it.

STAN

If you put up some kind of a
fight, maybe you could've had the
case thrown out.

Hiding his own ignorance, Vinny pretends Stan is naive.

VINNY

Stan...you're in Ala-fuckin'-bama.
You're from New York. You killed
a good ole boy. There's just no
way this isn't going to trial.

Meanwhile up front, Stan gives Bill a look of disgust.

50 INT. CELL - STAN AND BILL - DAY

They argue.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

STAN

...if this was a conspiracy,
they'd have to get all those
people to lie - you think that's
what's happening?

(Bill shrugs)

I think we should meet with this
public defender, see what he's
like. If he's honest, then we
go with him.

BILL

(sadly) ,

All right.

X
✓ 51 EXT. THE PRISON - DAY - VINNY AND LISA

are walking from the prison through a still larger crowd of
Protesters.

LISA

What's going on here, Vinny? Are
you fucking up this trial or what?

VINNY

(impatiently)

I explained this all to you
already, it's just procedure,
okay, I'm bound to fuck up a
little. *

LISA

A little? You're thrown in jail!
TWICE. *

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

VINNY

Hey, I know I've fucked up. You
think like fuckin' up? This
case is important to me.

(beat)

You ragging on me is not going
to give me some kind of
"spontaneous knowledge".

LISA

This learning procedure by fuckin'
up and getting thrown in jail is
expensive. We have no money,
all the travellers' checks are
gone, Vinny.

(waits for response,
doesn't get one, so...)

So, what're we gonna do about
eatin'? Huh? Get serious now,
wake up.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
(getting a little angry)
I don't know! I'll figure
it out.

She stands and stares at him.

VINNY
Alright, I figured it out.

He gets into the car.

LISA
What're you going to do?

52 INT. POOL HALL - LATER AFTERNOON

Vinny enters and stops. Everybody looks up. It's silent. He addresses the group.

VINNY
Has anybody here ever heard of
a game called...uh...
(innocently)
...3 card monte?

They all exchange looks, and shake their heads. Vinny pulls a pack of playing cards from his shirt pocket and walks back into the pool hall.

CLOSE SHOT - POOL TABLE

We see Vinny's hands expertly playing 3 card monte on a worn-looking pool table, alongside sucker's hand dropping a few one dollar bills.

X 53 INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Stan at a table. GIBBONS enters -- a gentle, tidy-looking man holding a briefcase comes in. They shake hands and sit down to talk.

GIBBONS
Stanley, my name is John Gibbons,
I'm an attorney with the Public
Defender's Office. Now, the
evidence against you looks pretty
strong. Why don't you tell me
your side of the story?

X 53A EXT. FAST FOOD CHICKEN PLACE - DAY
Vinny and Lisa go in -

X 54 INT. FAST FOOD CHICKEN PLACE - CLOSE ON VINNY'S WALLET

Vinny's wallet is packed with one dollar bills. CAMERA PULLS BACK. Vinny drops the bills on the counter.

X 54A EXT. GUN SHOP

Vinny and Lisa eat the chicken. Vinny looks smug. Lisa takes a picture.

X 55 EXT. ANOTHER HOTEL - EVENING

Shabbier than the first. Vinny and Lisa arrive in the Caddy, which sounds noisier and is shaking a little. They look at it skeptically and go in.

X 56 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vinny keeps reading and his excitement winds down. He's exhausted. He puts the book aside and sighs.

LISA
Whatsa matter?

VINNY
(beat)
You know what it is...
(difficulty)
I'm...scared.

LISA
You should be.

VINNY
Why the fuck did I get into this?
(beat, remembering)
'Sure, no problem, I can win the
case' - I've already sent myself
to jail twice.
(beat, shrugs)
I can win this thing. If I can
keep my ass awake and out of jail.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

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58A.

56 CONTINUED:

LISA
You know what I think? Honestly?
I think, once you're out there,
doing the thing out there, I think
you'll be great. Really great.
(beat)
If you don't fuck up.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

Vinny returns to reading the book.

CAMERA PANS TO TRAVEL CLOCK

It's three o'clock.

X 57 EXT. HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

It's about six o'clock in the morning and we hear the sound of pigs squealing. Vinny sticks his head out the window - he's being woken up by the sound. He looks down.

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO A SIGN OVER A BUILDING NEXT DOOR THAT READS 'JOHNSON'S PORK PRODUCTS.' Pigs are being slaughtered. Vinny slams the window shut.

X 58 INT. HOTEL ROOM

Vinny covers his head with the pillow trying to block out the sound. It doesn't work. He gets up.

X 59 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM IN PRISON - LATE MORNING

Vinny waits. Tired, he rests his head in his hands, and almost dozes when Bill's led in by a guard.

VINNY

Where's Stan?

BILL

Stan's not coming. He...wants to go with the public defender.

VINNY

Because I didn't ask no questions at the preliminary?

BILL

Yeah...Vinny, I'm going with the public defender, too.

Bill feels terrible. Vinny rises and paces, collecting his thoughts.

BILL

I'm sorry, I just didn't know how little experience you had.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

VINNY

Maybe I could've handled the preliminary a little better. I admit it - but what's most important is winning the case.

(sincerely)

I can do it. Here's how. The district attorney has to build a case. Building a case is like building a house, and each piece of evidence is one more building block. He wants to make a brick bunker of a building with serious, solid-looking, bricks like this...

He indicates brick two feet thick.

VINNY

Right?

BILL

Yeah...

He pulls playing cards from shirt pocket and takes out an ace.

VINNY

He'll show you how the brick's got straight sides, he'll show you it's got the right shape, he'll show it in a special way so it appears to have everything a brick should have. But, there's one thing he won't show you. When you look at the bricks from the right angle...?

(turns the card to thin side)

...they're as thin as this playing card. His whole case will be a magic trick -- which is an illusion.

(turns the card, revealing it to be a joker)

It has to be an illusion -- 'cause you're innocent.

(beat)

Nobody, I mean nobody pulls the wool over the eyes of a Gambino.

Bill sighs, he doesn't know what to say, so he says nothing -- a sign to Vinny that he needs more.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY

Just give me the chance, one chance, to question the first witness. If, after that point, you don't think I'm the best man for the job, then fire me right then and there and I'll leave quietly with no grudges. All I ask is for that one chance. I think you should give it to me.

★
★

60 INT. CELL - NIGHT

Stan's steaming from something Bill just told him.

STAN

He thinks we should give it to him? What'd he do before he was a lawyer, was he a fuckin' comedian?

★
★
★
★

BILL

How can it hurt? If he doesn't ask the right questions, your lawyer will, right?

STAN

He could still fuck things up! Cross-examination is not just knowing what to say, but what not to say. What if he asks all the possible questions and the witness has all the answers? He'll end up proving the prosecution's case!

(beat)

How did he ever talk you into it?

BILL

(wearily explaining)

Well... At my cousin Ruthie's wedding - the groom's brother was that guy "Alakazam"?

STAN

The magician with the pony-tail?

(CONTINUED)

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61A.

60 CONTINUED:

BILL

Right. He did his act. Every
time he made something disappear,
Vinny jumped on him...

("doing" Vinny exposing
the magician)

"It's in his pocket!"

(more)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

BILL (Cont'd)
or "He's palming it" or "He's got
a mirror under the table" or "The
thing's joined at the middle and
it's got a spring on it that pops
it open when it's in the tube!"
-- it was Alakazam's worst
nightmare. But he was just being
Vinny, he was just being the
quintessential Gambino.

At that point the lights go dim. They both look up. Stan
checks his watch. Norton was just electrocuted.

STAN
There goes the quintessential
Norton.

Bill makes the sign of the cross.

X 61 EXT. ANOTHER HOTEL, THE THIRD - NIGHT

Vinny gets out of his car. This hotel looks worse than the
last. Crossing the street, he runs into J.T. He's got a wad of
money.

J.T.
Hey little girl, look what I got.

VINNY
What?

J.T.
It's two hundred bucks.

VINNY
(looks at wad)
How do I know it isn't a wad of
one's with a twenty wrapped around
it?

J.T.
It's \$200.

VINNY
Fan it out and show it to me.

J.T. doesn't do it. Vinny was right.

VINNY
Yeah.

Disgusted, Vinny walks off.

X 62 INT. HOTEL ROOM - VINNY AND LISA - NIGHT

Vinny comes in, weary. Lisa's there, she looks moody.

VINNY
Whatsa matter?

LISA
They fried Norton about thirty
minutes ago.

VINNY
He tortured and killed seven
people. He deserved to die. *

LISA
If you don't win this case,
that'll be Stan and Bill, you
know?

VINNY
Look, next time I want my balls
twisted dry! - I'll let you know.

LISA
You asked me whatsa matter and
I told you. Don't jump on me for
being cooperative. *

Vinny nods, acknowledging her opinion in lieu of an apology.
He picks up the book and starts reading.

LISA
I went over to the Sac-O-Suds and
there was a deputy there and he
pointed out this and that so I
took a bunch of pictures ... *

Lisa takes ten rolls of undeveloped film and puts them in a
large ashtray on the table. Vinny glances at them, thinks to
himself that it was a wasted effort, and returns to struggling
with his book. *

LISA
I got an idea...your dyslexia
thing slows you up, right?

VINNY
(hates to admit it)
Yeah...a little...

(CONTINUED)

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63A.

62 CONTINUED:

LISA
(takes the book from
him)
Let me read to you.

VINNY
(humiliated, grabs book
back, firmly)
I don't want you to read to me.

LISA
I'm a fast reader - it'd probably
be quicker'n you readin' it.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

VINNY
I DON'T WANT YOU TO READ TO ME.
It makes me feel like a fuckin'
child.

Lisa gives up, and sits down, frustrated.

LISA
I was trying to help, sorry.

X 63 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out. Vinny and Lisa are asleep. We hear a distant train whistle. Things in the room rattle and vibrate a little.

X 63A EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The hotel is beside the railroad. The barriers come down, lights flashing, bells ringing, electronic beepers beeping.

X 63B INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vinny wakes up. Red light flashing through the window.

X 63C EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The train, whistle blowing deafeningly, thunders past. It is a freight train. The lights and bells are still going strong.

X 63D INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Everything in the room is vibrating - lamps, pictures, the works. Vinny is appalled.

X 63E EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The train goes on and on and on and on... CAMERA cranes up and over the train to see Vinny at the window.

X 63F INT. VINNY AT THE WINDOW - NIGHT

He staggers back to bed and lies there, wide awake. CAMERA moves slowly in to a BIG CLOSE UP.

Y 63G INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Vinny comes downstairs and punches the bell. The CLERK appears.

VINNY
Does that freight train come
through at five a.m. every
morning?

CLERK
No sir. It's very unusual.

VINNY
Fine.

He leaves.

63H OMITTED

64 OMITTED

64A INT. TROTTER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Vinny comes up the stairs of the courthouse and, across from the courtroom, enters a door that reads: District Attorney, Beechum County".

✓ 65 INT. TROTTER'S OFFICE - VINNY AND TROTTER

TROTTER
(pours Vinny a handful
of peanuts)
...I was making plenty of money,
winning most of my cases, but my
clients were guilty as Hell.
After getting one fellow off some
very serious charges for the
fourth time, my conscience got
to me; wouldn't I better serve
justice putting the guilty in
jail? So that's what I'm doin'
and I'm a happier man now.
(beat)
How about you?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

VINNY

I gotta bullshit traffic ticket. I went to court, got the policeman on the stand ... uh just argued with him until he admitted he was wrong. The whole time the Judge - this Judge Malloy - he was smilin' and laughin'. Afterwards he invited me to "lunch". I was so impressed with him - he had this great old Cadillac. And then he tells me he thinks I'd be a good "litigator".

(laughs)

I didn't know what a litigator was. I'd never even thought of being a lawyer. But Judge Malloy - he was from Brooklyn too - he did it, so suddenly it seemed possible. I went to law school.

(fondly)

He'd help from time to time. Real nice man, you know? To go out of his way and do that. He wanted his son to follow in his footsteps, ... but he became a musician. So when I graduated, he was so proud of me ... he gave me his old Cadillac.

(thinking, honestly)

I think it was just to piss off his son.

TROTTER

That's quite a story..

VINNY

Yes, it is.

(beat, with a sly look)

So, this is quite a case we got ahead of us. How do you feel about it?

TROTTER

I'd like to have a murder weapon, but other'n that, I feel pretty good.

(excited, get's idea)

What're you doin' this afternoon?

66 OMITTED

X 67 INT. HOTEL ROOM - VINNY AND LISA - DAY

Vinny's going through a couple of suitcases looking for something to wear. Lisa watches - repulsed...

LISA
You're going "hunting?"

VINNY
That's right.

LISA
Why're you going hunting?
Shouldn't you be preparing for court?

VINNY
Last night, I was thinkin' - if I knew what he knows - if I could look at his files...!

LISA
I don't get it - how're you gonna look at his files, when you're out "hunting?"

VINNY
Two guys out in the woods, guns, on the hunt -- it's a 'bonding' thing, show him I'm one of the boys. He's not going to let me look at his files, but he might drop his guard enough to finesse a little information out of him.
(pulls out some pants)
What should I wear?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

LISA
What're you going to hunt?

VINNY
I don't know. The guy had a bunch
of stuffed heads in his office.

LISA
Heads...uh! What kind of heads?

VINNY
A boar, a bear, a coupla deer,
some kinda lion...

LISA
(interrupting)
Whoa! You're going to shoot a
deer?

VINNY
I don't know. I suppose, I'm a
man's man, right? I could hunt
deer.

LISA
(painfully)
A sweet, harmless, leaf-eating,
doe-eyed, little deer?

VINNY
I'm not going out there just to
wimp out -- he'll lose respect
for me. You don't want that do
you?

He's got her in a logical full-nelson.

VINNY
(points to pants he's
wearing)
Are these pants okay?

LISA
Imagine you're a deer. You're
prancing along, you're thirsty,
you stop at a little brook,
innocently, you lean down, press
your little deer lips to the cool,
clear water and...
(then slaps her head)
...BAM!

(more)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

LISA (Cont'd)

A fuckin' bullet rips off part of your head, your brains're laying on the ground in little bloodied pieces. Now let me ask you - would you give a fuck what kind of pants the son of a bitch who shot you was wearing?

VINNY

(thinks, beat, then...)

Yeah. I would hate to die at the hands of a guy wearin' polka dot pants. I think as I was lying there, with just moments left to live, I would think, 'That son of a bitch couldn't just shoot me, but he has to add insult to injury by wearing polka dot pants.'

X 68

X
X
INT./EXT.

TROTTER'S 4X4 CHEVY SUBURBAN

Trotter is driving Vinny out into the country.

VINNY

(kidding)

You know what: I'd like to take a look at your files.

TROTTER

You would?

VINNY

Sure.

TROTTER

I'll have my secretary do it.

(picks up the radio phone)

Shirley, will you xerox all the files on the Gambone/Rothenstein case for Mr. Gambone? Thank you.

Vinny can't believe what has just transpired.

X 69

EXT. TROTTER'S HUNTING CABIN - DAY

They get out of the Chevy and walk to the cabin.

VINNY

Very nice. You come here often?

TROTTER

Often as I can. I sleep like a baby out here.

(opens door)

I keep the guns inside.

Suddenly, Vinny looks sick. A deep pain in his stomach.

TROTTER

Are you okay?

VINNY

Must've been something I ate.
Jim, you go on without me, I'll
hitch a ride back to town.

70 OMITTED

X

71 INT. VINNY AND LISA'S HOTEL ROOM (THIRD HOTEL) *

Vinny kicks the door open and enters triumphantly holding two big stacks of documents. Lisa looks up. She's reading.

LISA

What's all that?

VINNY

Trotter's files -- all of them!

LISA

You stole his files?

VINNY

No, I was just starting to finesse him when he offers to have his secretary copy everything, then he insisted I double check to make sure she didn't miss anything!

LISA

That's very impressive finessing.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

VINNY

But that's not all! He's lettin' us use his hunting cabin when he gets back-- it's out in the woods and it's quiet, he sleeps like a baby out there.

LISA

Terrific. You're a helluva "bonder."

VINNY

Yeah.

He sees his book is open. He's suspicious...

VINNY

You reading this book?

LISA

Yeah.

VINNY

(closes book)

Do me a favor? Don't read the book.

LISA

Alright. But don't you want to know why Trotter gave you his files?

VINNY

I told you.

LISA

(shakes head and points to book)

He has to - by law...you're entitled. It's called disclosure, you dickhead.

(waves the book at him)

He has to show you everything or it could be a mistrial. He has to give you a list of all his witnesses. You can talk to all of his witnesses. He's not allowed any surprises. They didn't teach you that in law school either?

(Vinny is stunned)

So, you shoot anything out in the woods?

71 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
(uncomfortably)
Uh...you don't want to know.

LISA
I don't....?
(this answer red flags
her, beat)
Did you...?

Vinny nods.

LISA
You didn't kill a deer, did you?

VINNY
(ashamed, nods)
Yeah, I killed a deer.

LISA
You killed a...little deer?

VINNY
And not just a little deer, it
was a little....
(hangs head)
...baby deer.

LISA
(disbelief)
You killed a baby deer?

VINNY
(shaking head)
Yeah, I killed a little baby
deer...in front of its mother.

LISA
(horrificed)
In front of it's mother?

VINNY
Yeah. But that's not the worse
part, because before I killed
it...?

LISA
Yeah?

VINNY
(suddenly, with mock
viciousness)
...we both raped it first!

71 CONTINUED: (3)

LISA
(beat, realizes he's
teasing)
You're a sick motherfucker, you
know that don't you?

VINNY
No, I'm not a sick motherfucker.
I'm a "man's man."

LISA
You didn't kill no deer. You
wouldn't kill a deer....
(cozy's up)
....would you?

VINNY
I dunno...it all depends.

LISA
Depends on what....?

VINNY
(beat)
Well, if the deer was
attacking....

X 71A EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT ESTABLISHING
Only one window is lit: Vinny's.

X 72 INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT
Lisa is already asleep. Vinny switches off the light. He shuts his eyes. The clock says 2:30 a.m. All of a sudden Vinny opens an eye - there's something in the bed. He throws the covers back and jumps out of bed. Lisa wakes up.

LISA
Whatsa matter?

VINNY
Something in the bed. Like a ...I
don't know ... a rat, or ...

In a flash, Lisa's out of the bed, along side Vinny.

VINNY
... something.

Vinny yanks back the sheet - a tarantula-sized cockroach scampers towards Vinny.

LISA
Look out it's coming towards you!

Vinny jumps back - it goes under the bed. Vinny picks up a shoe and hands it to Lisa.

VINNY
I'll lift up the bed, and you
whack it, alright?

LISA
I ain't whackin' it.

VINNY
Alright, then you lift up the bed
and I'll whack it.

LISA
Alright.

Lisa grabs the bed and lifts it. Vinny dives out of sight. We hear him frantically whacking the floor.

(CONTINUED)

X 72A EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT ★

The only light on is in Vinny's window. We hear the whacking.

LISA (O.S.)
There it is, over there.

The whacking continues.

X 72B INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT ★

They get back into bed. Vinny switches off the light. Lisa falls asleep. So does Vinny - apparently. But the ashtray on the night table starts jiggling, so do the lamps. Vinny opens an eye again. We hear a train whistle.

X 72C EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The same freight train is thundering past.

X 72D INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is jumping. Vinny is rigid - he has a catatonic stare.

X 73 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING ★

Vinny is at the Reception Desk.

VINNY
You told me, only yesterday, that
the train hardly ever comes
through at five a.m.

CLERK
(puzzled)
I know, she's been late two nights
in a row. She's supposed to come
through at ten after four.

Vinny turns and leaves.

X 74 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - VINNY AND JUDGE - DAY

The Judge looks like the cat that got the canary. Vinny looks like the canary - he's exhausted.

JUDGE

Mr. Gambone, I'm not going to let you take part in jury selection tomorrow. I just got a fax from the New York State Office of Judicial Records -they have no records of any Vincent Gambone trying any case in any court in the entire state of New York.

VINNY

You're not going to find any records of Vincent La Guardia Gambone practicing in any court.

JUDGE

(impatiently)

I just told you that.

VINNY

See, 20 years ago I became an actor, but there was a very prominent stage actor in New York named Vincent Gambone - you may have heard of him?

JUDGE

No.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

VINNY
I had to change my name - which
I did legally. So, I practice
law under my legally-changed stage
name.

JUDGE
(giving in)
What name is that?

VINNY
Jerry Gallo.

X 75 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY .

Vinny comes out of the Courthouse with Lisa.

LISA
And what name did you tell him?

VINNY
Jerry Gallo.

LISA
Jerry Gallo? The big attorney?

VINNY
Yeah.

LISA
(dryly)
You think that was a smart move?

VINNY
The man is a seriously
accomplished lawyer. He checks
up on this guy and he'll find his
name all over the place.

LISA
He was in the newspapers all last
week.

VINNY
Yeah, I saw that...

LISA
But you didn't actually read the
articles?

VINNY
No.

76 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
How do you feel about criminal
defense attorneys?

JUROR #2
They should be shot in the cradle.

VINNY
That sounds like you might want
to side with the prosecution.

JUROR #2
Not really.

VINNY
How do you feel about prosecutors?

JUROR #2
They should be drowned at birth.

VINNY
Would you say you hate
them...equally?

JUROR #2
Yeah, I'd say that.

VINNY
(to Judge)
I like this guy.

76A OMITTED

76B OMITTED

X 76C EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

The guard escorts Stan and Bill across a yard.

GUARD
That's death row in there.

STAN
It is?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

LISA
That's too bad.

VINNY
Why's that?

LISA
BECAUSE HE'S DEAD!

Vinny's sick.

~~75~~ 76 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Twelve men and women sit in the jury box as Trotter qualifies their suitability as JURORS. The first JUROR is a grim middle-aged woman. Stan, Bill, Vinny, Lisa and Gibbons watch. More than 30 other potential jurors sit in the public seats, waiting. *
*
*

TROTTER
Can you participate in an endeavor in which the ultimate result might be death by electrocution?

JUROR
I think it should be left up to the victim's families rather than the courts.

TROTTER
The defendants are charged with robbing a convenience store, tying up the clerk, and shooting him point-blank in the back of the head.

(lets fact sink in,
then)
If sufficient evidence is offered to prove these facts, would you...

JUROR
(interrupts)
Fry 'em.

TROTTER
(to the Judge)
He'll do.

LATER

Vinny is wearing a standard, ill-fitting, off-the-rack suit, and is badly in need of sleep. JUROR #2 is a grim middle-aged man.

76C CONTINUED:

GUARD

The chair ain't workin' like it used to. The guy we fried last week, Norton...it took us three attempts and his head caught fire. See, there's no money in the budget to get it looked at.

(chuckles)

I say it'd be cheaper to have it fixed than to run up those extra electric bills.

Stan and Bill look at each other in dismay.

BILL

Don't you ever worry that you might execute an innocent man?

GUARD

Don't happen very often, believe me. It's a chance worth takin', wouldn't you say?

STAN/BILL

(earnestly)

No. No.

76D OMITTED

*

X 76E INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY
Stan enters and talks to the waiting Gibbons.

76F INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Bill comes to Lisa. They talk through a wire mesh.

BILL
Where's Vinny?

LISA
Listen, I talked to your mom,
she's fine....
(Bill nods)
So, you're still letting Vinny
handle your case?

BILL
I think I may regret that decision
for the rest of my life - if I
live that long. So, where is he?

LISA
Investigating the case, checking
out all kinds of important
questions.

X 77 INT. TIPTON'S KITCHEN - DAY

Vinny and Tipton at the kitchen table.

VINNY
What did you have for breakfast?

X 78 EXT. MRS. RILEY'S VERANDA - DAY

Vinny sits with Riley on rocking chairs, with a note pad. *

VINNY
How many different levels of
thickness have you gone through? *

X 79 INT. CRANE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vinny and Crane. Vinny aims Lisa's camera at something
offscreen.

VINNY
(pointing to something
o.s.)
So, What's this brown...
stuff...?

✓ 79A EXT. CRANES HOUSE - DAY
Vinny exits Crane's house.

*

*

79B
thru 81 OMITTED

*

81A OMITTED

*

86 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY

Lisa, I don't need this now.

(counting on fingers)

I got a Judge who's aching to put me in jail, some idiot who wants to fight me for two hundred dollars, slaughtered pigs, giant cockroaches, giant whistles, no sleep in five days, no money, a 'dress code' problem, and a little murder case which holds in the balance not just the lives of two innocent kids, a...

(stomps floor)

...biological clock, my career, your life, our marriage, and what else? Can we pile a little more crap onto the outcome of this case?! Is that possible! I don't think it is!

(He makes 'ring ring' sound, and goes indoors)

X 87 INT. CABIN - DAY

Vinny comes in and answers the phone.

VINNY

Yeah? Yeah? Got it.

(hangs up, to Lisa)

I was wrong. That was the President. The Kremlin called says I don't win the case, the Russians will bomb the U.S. We'll retaliate -total nuclear annihilation!

LISA

Maybe this was a bad time to bring it up.

X 87A EXT. ESTABLISHING -THE CABIN - NIGHT

The light goes out.

X 88

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

WE HEAR A SCATTERING, SCRATCHY SOUND. It sounds like a severed witches hand, with scrawny, bony fingers and long yellow fingernails clattering over the roof like a giant frightened cockroach. Vinny jerks awake. WE HEAR IT AGAIN. Vinny looks to the left. WE HEAR ANOTHER ONE. Vinny looks right. Vinny creeps out of bed, WE HEAR KREEEEEEEECH!!! - it sounds like a witch being burned alive. Lisa jumps and sees Vinny.

VINNY

What the fuck was that?!

KREEEEEEEECH!!!

VINNY

It's right outside the door! 3..

LISA

Is it trying to get in?!

VINNY

How the fuck should I know?! I don't even know what it is!

Vinny runs over to the gun cabinet, slides it open and reaches in. KREEEEEECH!!! He lifts the gun into view - it's a huge Colt 44. magnum. He aims at the door. KREEEEEECH!!!

X 88A

EXT. A TREEBRANCH JUST OUTSIDE CABIN ★

The witch's hand is really just a branch moving back and forth across the roof. CAMERA PANS TO ANOTHER BRANCH, TO A SCREECH OWL. Nothing unusual, actually. Just a screech owl doing what a screech owl does - it's beak open and ... KREEEEEEEECH!!!

In the background we see the door to Trotter's hunting cabin fly open, revealing Vinny in the doorway in a Dirty Harry crouch, arm outstretched holding the 44. aimed in nearly the opposite direction of the owl. SCREEEEEEEECH!!! Vinny unloads the gun into the darkness.

CLOSE SHOT - OWL

Looks over, deadpan, unfazed.

WIDE SHOT - THE VALLEY THE CABIN IS IN

From far away, we HEAR the screech, soon followed by THE SOUND OF A 44. BEING FIRED SIX TIMES.

88B INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

Lisa is asleep, Vinny opens his eyes. There is no sound.

VINNY
Lisa? ... Lisa ...

LISA
Yeah?

VINNY
You awake?

LISA
Whatsa matter now?

VINNY ..
(beat)
It's too quiet.

LISA
Shut up and go to sleep.

VINNY
Goodnight.

Vinny rolls over and looks up. Hanging from the deer's antlers above the fireplace is a snake! Vinny stares at the antlers. The snake stares at Vinny. Gradually, Vinny realizes that the antlers are moving and that he is looking at a snake. Terrified, Vinny tries to speak but no sound comes out of his mouth. Suddenly the snake drops out of the antlers and onto the bed. Vinny and Lisa scream and scatter.

X 89 EXT. A FIELD IN THE BOONIES - NIGHT

Vinny's Caddy's parked in the middle of nowhere.

X
✓ 90 INT. CADDY - VINNY AND LISA

Cuddled up in blankets. They're feeling close.

LISA
(beat)
This is so romantic -- out in the
field here, under the stars,
quiet, no one around for
miles...this is very romantic.

VINNY
(looks outside)
I don't see no stars...

Looks at Lisa and -- what the Hell -- who's he to argue about
what's romantic? As he pulls Lisa closer...

X
✓ 91 EXT. CADDY IN FIELD

A HUGE LIGHTNING BOLT CRACKS NEARBY. And it starts to rain.
THEN WE HEAR MORE THUNDER.

FADE TO:

X 92 INT./EXT. CADDY - DAY

It is still raining and thundering. An exhausted, red-eyed Vinny wakes up. He starts the car.

CLOSE SHOT - RIGHT REAR TIRE

...just spins and spins. The other tire does nothing. Vinny gets out of the car and steps into serious mud. He falls over, * he gets up. Opens the trunk, and pulls on a two by four - but * it's stuck. He yanks it harder -won't budge. He yanks it real hard and finally it moves, but something in pink plastic flies out with it and lands in the mud. Lisa can't see since the trunk is up.

VINNY

What's in this plastic thing?

LISA

Your suit.

VINNY

What's my suit doin' in the trunk?

LISA

I had it cleaned - I thought it'd be a nice surprise - go in there with a clean suit.

VINNY

Nice fuckin' surprise.

X 93

EXT. RAILWAY HOTEL - MORNING

Vinny's Caddy - very muddied - parks across the street from the hotel. Vinny gets out. He slams the door - he's pissed. Lisa gets out. It's still raining.

VINNY

I got 30 fuckin' minutes to shower, buy a new fuckin' suit, get dressed and get to the fuckin' Courthouse.

LISA

You fuckin' shower, I'll go get the fuckin' suit.

Lisa hustles off. Vinny heads toward the hotel. As he crosses the street, we see J.T. and Neckbrace coming the opposite way. As Vinny approaches him, J.T. snickers at Vinny's predicament. As Vinny passes...

J.T.

(unfolds ten 20 dollar bills)

Hey pussy, I got the \$200...
(amused)

So, you going to kick the shit out of me?

BAM! Vinny cold cocks him solidly, dropping the guy into a heap. Vinny scoops up the money and moves on.

X

94 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Lisa runs up to Johnson's Department Store in the rain, but the door is locked. She looks at a sign hanging from the window. It reads 'CLOSED - FLU.' Lisa looks around, sees...

SHOT - BUTLER'S SECOND HAND STORE.

95 INT. COURTROOM - TEN O'CLOCK

The court is quiet and waiting. Rain beats against the window panes. The Judge checks his watch impatiently. Trotter is waiting at his table, papers neatly stacked, perfectly groomed, perfectly patient, eminently confident. Stan and Gibbons sit next to each other. Stan looks over at Bill and shakes his head. Bill's sitting by himself, feeling pretty foolish, wondering where Vinny is. Then, WE HEAR A DOOR OPEN. The Judge looks up and squints, Trotter looks up, confused, Stan looks up and shakes his head. Finally Bill looks up and sees...

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

VINNY

...in his new suit - a too-small, midnight blue, silver-threaded tuxedo, carrying his book on procedure, an umbrella and a briefcase. He looks pretty damn silly in it. Vinny sits down next to Bill. Vinny's so tired, he's at wit's end. He's in a rotten mood.

JUDGE

Mr. Gambone - are you mocking me with this outfit?

VINNY

(belligerently)

'Mocking' you? No, I'm not 'mocking' you.

JUDGE

Then explain that...outfit.

VINNY

I bought a suit. You've seen it. Now it's covered in mud and this town doesn't have a goddamn one hour cleaners, I had to buy a new suit. Except the only store you can buy a new suit in - has the flu. Get that? The whole store has the flu! So I had to get this from the 2nd hand store. So, it's either the leather jacket which I know you don't like, or this. So, I'm wearing this ridiculous thing...

(indicates new suit)

...for you!

JUDGE

Are you on drugs?

VINNY

No, I'm not on drugs.

JUDGE

I don't like your attitude.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
So what else is new?

JUDGE
I'm holding you in contempt of court.

VINNY
Oh, there's a big fuckin' surprise.

JUDGE
What did you say?

VINNY
What?

JUDGE
What did you just say?

VINNY
(so tired, can't remember)
What'd I just say? 'What?'

The Judge stares him down, Vinny doesn't look at him - he's fighting just to keep his eyes open.

LATER - COURT - TROTTER ON FLOOR

Trotter has the floor. He is giving his opening statement.

TROTTER
Your Honor, Counsel, Members of the jury. The evidence in this case will show that at 9:30 in the morning on January 4th - that both defendants Stanley Rothenstein and William Gambone were seen getting out of a 1964, metallic green, Buick Skylark convertible, with a white top. The evidence will show that they were seen entering the Sac-O-Suds convenience store in Wahzoo City.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3)

TROTTER (Cont'd)
The evidence will show that
minutes after they entered the
Sac-O-Suds convenience store, a
gunshot was heard by three
witnesses.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

TROTTER (Cont'd)

You will then hear the testimony of the three eyewitnesses who saw the defendants running from the Sac-O-Suds a moment after the shots were heard, getting into their faded metallic-green, 1964 Buick Skylark and driving away in great haste. Finally, The state will prove defendants Gambone and Rothenstein admitted, then recanted their complicity in this crime to the Sheriff of Beechum county.

Stan and Bill exchange looks of doom.

TROTTER

Now let's get down to the lick-log. Your verdict is going to depend on what you think of the sworn testimony ... Not what I think, because what I think don't count. You're the jury, it's your job to decide who's tellin' the truth. The Truth: that's what "verdict" means, it's a word that came down from England and all our l'il ole ancestors. We shall be asking you to return a verdict of Murder in the First Degree for William Gambone, and a verdict of accessory to First Degree Murder for Stanley Rothenstein for helpin' Gambone commit this heinous crime.

He sits down.

JUDGE

(to Vinny)

Counselor, do you wish to make an opening statement

Vinny is next to Bill. His head is resting in his hands. His eyes cannot be seen. He says nothing.

JUDGE (O.S.)

Counselor?

We can hear Vinny's breathing slowly and deeply - he's asleep. Bill's foot nudges Vinny's foot. But Vinny is out.

BILL

(side of mouth)

Vinny. Vinny.

95 CONTINUED: (6)

Vinny wakes up. Not knowing where he is...

VINNY

Wha...!

(looks up realizes he's
in court, momentarily
intimidated,
humiliated)

Oh...

BILL

(whispering from side
of his mouth)

It's time for your opening
statement.

Vinny rises, goes to the jury box and leans dramatically on the
railing, both hands separated. He motions to Trotter.

VINNY

Everything that man said...is
bullshit.

(beat)

Thank you.

Vinny walks back to his chair, Trotter rises...

TROTTER

(rises)

I object your honor, counsel's
entire opening statement is
argument.

JUDGE

Objection sustained, the entire
opening statement, with the
exception of...

(dryly)

'thank you' will be stricken from
the record.

(to jury)

You will please disregard
counsel's entire opening
statement.

(to Vinny)

And you, Mr. Gambone.

(firmly, barely

containing his anger)

You will not use that kind of
language in my court. Do you
understand me?

*
*
*
*

Vinny returns to his table, without looking back...

95 CONTINUED: (7)

VINNY
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (5)

He sits down at the table, once again resting his head in his hands, valiantly trying to stay awake. Bill looks scared.

Stan and Gibbons look over at Vinny.

STAN
(shakes head, to
himself)

Idiot.

The Judge points to Gibbons, Stan's attorney.

JUDGE
Your statement, sir.

As Gibbons gets up, he drops a pen. He picks it up and clumsily puts it back on the table, but drops it again. Stan stops him and picks it up for him. Gibbons walks onto the floor and he suddenly looks terrified. This is a man who has a terrible case of stage fright. His brow beads up instantly with sweat, he constantly wipes his palms off on his trousers and can't look anyone in the eye.

GIBBONS
Ladies and Gentlemen of the
j-j-j-jury. On J-J-January 4 of
this year, my c-c-c-client did
indeed visit the Sac-O-Suds
convenience store.

~~STAN~~ - Can't believe what's happening.

~~VINNY~~ ...is nodding off, he jerks himself awake. Trying his best to ~~stay~~ awake.

GIBBONS
But he didn't k-k-k-kill anyone.
We intend to prove that the
p-p-p-prosecution's c-c-case is
circumstantial and
c-c-coincidental. Thank you.

~~Gibbons~~ sits down next to Stan.

STAN
That's it? What happened to all
the things we talked about?

GIBBONS
I get a little nervous out there,
sometimes.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (6)

STAN
A 'little' nervous?

GIBBONS
I'm getting better...
(beat, offering
consolation)
Some people think it gains
sympathy from the jurors. What
do you think? How did it look?

Stan stares at him, the same look he gave the electric chair.

STAN
Like we didn't have a leg to stand
on.

GIBBONS
(nodding in agreement)
Mmmm.

96 INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Trotter is finishing up with Tipton on the stand.

TIPTON
...they went into the store. Then
I made some breakfast and was just
about to eat when I heard a
gunshot. So I looked out the
window and saw those two boys run
out, get in their car and drive
off like maniacs - tires
screeching, smokin', goin' up the
curb.

Trotter shows a picture of the car to Tipton.

TROTTER
Is this the car?

TIPTON
(looks over car)
Yes.

TROTTER
No further questions.

JUDGE
(to Gibbons)
Your witness.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

Trotter sits. Gibbons rises and approaches the witness.

GIBBONS
Mr. T-T-T-Tipton. W-hen you
viewed my client, how f-far away
were you?

TIPTON
About fifty feet.

GIBBONS
(skeptically)
D-d-do you think that's close
enough t-t-to make an accurate
identification?

TIPTON
(confidently)
Yes.

GIBBONS
Mr. T-T-Tipton, do you wear
eyeglasses?

TIPTON
Sometimes.

GIBBONS
W-w-w-were you wearing them that
d-d-day?

TIPTON
No.

Bill and Stan exchange looks - Stan's looking positive about his man. Vinny is resting his head in his hands. Bill sighs and nudges him.

GIBBONS
(so jury can hear)
So you were f-f-f-fifty feet away
and you made a p-p-p-positive
eyewitness, and yet you weren't
w-w-w-wearing your necessary
p-p-prescription eyeglasses?

TIPTON
They're reading glasses.

Bill and Stan exchange looks again. This time Stan's frustrated. Bill looks at Vinny, who's fallen asleep again.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

GIBBONS

...c-c-can you tell the court what
c-c-color eyes the defendants
have?

TIPTON

(looks at Stan)
Brown.
(looks at Bill)
Blue.

GIBBONS

(beat)
N-n-no more questions.

Gibbons sits down. Stan's feeling defeated.

GIBBONS

He's a tough one.

STAN

Hmm...

JUDGE

Mr. Gambino, your witness.

Bill nudges Vinny under the table. Vinny jerks awake.

BILL

It's your witness.

VINNY

My witness?

BILL

Yeah.

Vinny's day in court has finally arrived - he's been waiting for this moment for ten years. Slowly, the thought (nearly) sobers and wakens him. He pours some water from the pitcher onto his hand and splashes it on his face to help wake himself up. Stan and Bill exchange looks and shudders with sympathetic dread. VINNY rises and approaches the witness. Rain has stopped. Gradually, sunshine comes in through the windows.

VINNY

Mr. Tipton, when you viewed the
defendants walking from their car
into the Sac-O-Suds, what angle
was your point of view?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (3)

TIPTON

They were kinda walking toward
me when they entered the store.

VINNY

They were walking toward you when
they entered the store. And when
they left? What angle was your
point of view?

TIPTON

They were kinda walking away from
me.

VINNY

Would you say you got a better
shot of them going in, but not
much comin' out?

TIPTON

You could say that.

VINNY

I did say that. Would you say
that?

TIPTON

Yeah...

VINNY

Is it possible the two youts who
entered the store were ...

JUDGE

(interrupting)
Two what? What was that word?

VINNY

What word?

JUDGE

Two what?

VINNY

What?

JUDGE

Did you say "youts"?

VINNY

Yes, two youts.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (4)

JUDGE

What is a yout?

VINNY

I'm so sorry, your honor, two youths. Is it possible the two youths who entered the store were not the same youths you saw leaving the store?

TIPTON

(beat)

No. Why would they get into the same car?

VINNY

Let me re-phrase the question. Is it possible that the two defendants entered the store, picked out twenty-two specific items off the shelves, heated up a burrito, had the clerk pour a slush drink, take money, make change then...leave, then, two DIFFERENT men drive up in a similar looking car, go in, tie up the clerk, rob him, shoot him and leave?

TIPTON

(shakes head)

No. They didn't have enough time.

VINNY

How much time were they in the store?

TIPTON

Five minutes.

VINNY

Are you sure it was five minutes?
Did you look at your watch?

TIPTON

No.

STAN AND BILL are confused, but intrigued by Vinny's line of questioning - it sounds like it's leading someplace. Vinny and Tipton:

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (5)

VINNY

In five minutes, you made
breakfast?

TIPTON

That's right.

VINNY

Can you remember what you had?

TIPTON

Eggs and grits.

VINNY

How do you make your grits?
Regular, creamy or al dente?

TIPTON

Uh... just... regular, I guess.

VINNY

Instant grits?

TIPTON

No self-respecting southerner uses
instant grits. I take pride in
my grits.

Vinny beams - he knows he's got Tipton on the ropes.

VINNY

So Mr. Tipton, how could it take
you only five minutes to cook your
grits - when it takes the entire
grit-eating world TWENTY minutes?

The JURY responds to this - they know their grits.

STAN AND BILL - are riveted.

TIPTON

I dunno...I'm a fast cook, I
guess.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (6)

VINNY

A fast cook? That's it? Are we to believe that boiling water soaks into a grit quicker in your kitchen than any other place on the face of the earth.

TIPTON

(humiliated)

I dunno.

VINNY

Perhaps the laws of physics cease to exist on your stove?

Tipton shrugs.

VINNY

Where these 'magic grits'? Did you buy them from the guy who sold Jack his beanstalk beans?

TROTTER

Objection, your honor...

JUDGE

Objection sustained. Mr. Tipton, you can ignore the question. Mr. Gambino, you've made your point.

VINNY

(to Tipton)

You sure about that five minutes?

TIPTON

I...may have been mistaken...

VINNY

(turning away)

Thank you. I got no more use for this guy.

STAN looks at his attorney.

STAN

You're fired.

(stands, to Judge,
points to Vinny)

I want him.

Bill is jubilant. Lisa is proud.

X 97 EXT. BEHIND THE COURTHOUSE - DAY *

Bill, Stan and Vinny are being put into the police van. Lisa is watching. Van and street are wet, but the sun is out.

VINNY
Lisa, don't bail me out. I'm
going to sleep tonight in prison.

X 98 INT. VAN ON WAY BACK TO PRISON - STAN AND BILL

Vinny's curled-up, asleep in the back seat CAMERA PANS TO FRONT SEAT. Bill and Stan are proud.

BILL
Wake him up and he litigates.

99 INT. CELL - VINNY ASLEEP

WE HEAR SOMEONE SCREAM, GET BRUTALLY BEATEN. Vinny sleeps.

X 100 INT. VAN - MORNING

Vinny's still asleep. CAMERA PANS TO STAN AND BILL.

101 INT. COURTROOM - MORNING - VINNY

Court's back in session. Beams of sunshine light up Vinny. Vinny's got Crane on the stand. Vinny picks up an envelope, opens it, takes out a stack of photos and hands them to Crane.

VINNY
(shows 1st photo)
Mr. Crane, what're these photos
of?

CRANE
My house and stuff.

VINNY
(points to picture)
What's this brown...stuff...on
your window?

CRANE
Dirt.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

VINNY

(shows 3rd photo)

What is this...rusty, dusty,
dirty-looking thing on your
window?

CRANE

It's a screen.

VINNY

(shows 4th photo)

What're all these really big
things right in the middle of your
view from the window of your
kitchen and the Sac-O-Suds? What
would you call these things?

CRANE

Trees.

VINNY

(shows 5th photo)

What do you call these thousands
of little things on the trees?

CRANE

Leaves.

VINNY

(shows 6th photo)

And these...'bushy' things between
the trees. What do you call
these?

CRANE

Bushes...

VINNY

So, you can positively identify
the defendants, at a distance of
80 feet, for a moment of 2
seconds, looking through...

(points, photo #1)

...this dirty window...

(points, photo #2)

...this crud-covered screen,

(points, photo #3)

...these trees with...

(points, photo #4)

...these leaves on them, and
trough...

(more)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY (Cont'd)
(points, photo #5,
squints)
...how many bushes?

CRANE
(counts to himself
1...2...3...4...)
Looks like five.

VINNY
(points to photo)
Don't forget this one and this
one.

CRANE
Seven bushes.

VINNY
Seven bushes. So whattya think?
Is it possible you just saw two
guys on a green convertible, but
not necessarily these particular
two guys?

CRANE
(beat)
I suppose.

VINNY
(to Judge)
I'm finished with this guy.

COURT - LATER

Vinny's got CONSTANCE RILEY, the skinny black woman. Vinny
treats her with courtesies.

VINNY
Mrs. Riley, were you wearing your
glasses when you viewed the
defendants?

RILEY
Yes, I was.

VINNY
Can you put them on?

She opens her purse, takes out her glasses and puts them on.
They are ammazingly thick and make her eyes look huge - one
hinge is broken, repaired with a safety pin. The jury is struck
by how thick they are.

101 CONTINUED: (3)

Vinny looks at the jury and smiles -working the same reaction as he has.

VINNY

Whoa!

(sobering, to Riley)

How long you been wearing glasses?

RILEY

Since I was six.

VINNY

Were they as...thick as these?

RILEY

Oh, no. They got thicker over the years.

VINNY

So, as your eyes have gotten more and more out of whack as you've gotten older, how many different levels of thickness have you gone through?

RILEY

(thinking)

Oh, I don't know, over 40 years, probably...ten times.

VINNY

So, you've gotten new glasses around every four years.

(beat, works jury)

How long you been wearing this level of thickness?

RILEY

About four years.

VINNY

Maybe you're due for a thicker set?

RILEY

Oh...no, I think they're okay.

VINNY

Let's be sure. Let's check 'em out.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (4)

VINNY (Cont'd)
(steps to back of
courthouse)
How far away were the defendants
from you when you saw them enter
the Sac-O-Suds.

RILEY
About 100 feet.

Vinny takes a tape measure out of his pocket. *

VINNY *
Okay. Hold this. *

(She takes one end of the tape measure. He takes the other,
walks fifty feet away from her, up the aisle). *

VINNY *
This is fifty feet. Half the *
distance. *
(slowly waves two *
fingers) *
Mrs. Riley, can you see how many *
fingers I have showing? *

Mrs. Riley squints, and so does the Judge.

JUDGE
(squints)
Let the record show that counsel
is holding up two fingers.

VINNY
Your honor, please...

JUDGE
(embarrassed)
I'm sorry...

VINNY
(hides hand, then waves
two fingers)
How many fingers can you see?

RILEY
(squints)
Four.

VINNY
(keeping hand up, he
walks back to stand)
What're you thinking, Mrs. Riley?

101 CONTINUED: (5)

RILEY
(sees how many fingers
are up)
I'm thinking of getting 'thicker'
glasses.

X 102 INT. VINNY'S (RAILROAD) HOTEL/TROTTER'S OFFICE - THAT NIGHT
The phone rings. Vinny answers.

VINNY
Hello?... Trotter?

TROTTER
You did good today, yankee. I
like the competition. It makes
things fun. You like competition,
too?

VINNY
I'm enjoying myself so far.

TROTTER
'Cause I got a big surprise for
you tomorrow.

VINNY
(uh oh)
Oh? What's that?...You gotta
disclose your evidence to me.

TROTTER
I only got it tonight, I'm
disclosing it first thing in the
morning. The judge'll have to
admit it.

VINNY
Should I be worried?

TROTTER
Very.

Vinny hangs up, grabs the Court Procedure book and turns to
Lisa.

VINNY
Where did you read all that shit
about disclosure?

103 INT. COURT - NEXT DAY

GEORGE WILBUR, 60, is an earnest, honest, intelligent-looking engineer. He is on the stand.

TROTTER

Mr. Wilbur, what is your profession?

WILBUR

I'm a Special Automotive Instructor of Forensic Studies for the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

TROTTER

How long have you been working in that position?

WILBUR

30 years.

VINNY

Your Honor, may we approach the bench?

(Judge nods)

I object to this witness being called at this time, we've been given no prior notice that he'd testify, no discovery of any tests he has conducted or reports he has prepared and, as the court is aware, the defense is entitled to advance notice of all witnesses who will testify, particularly those who will give scientific evidence so that we can properly prepare for cross-examination as well as to give the defense the opportunity to have the witness' reports reviewed by a defense expert who might then be in a position to contradict the veracity of his conclusions.

This speech is said with great speed and fluency almost in one breath, yet with total clarity.

JUDGE

Mr. Gambino, that is a lucid, intelligent, well thought out objection.

VINNY

Thank you, Your Honor.

103 CONTINUED:

JUDGE
Overruled.

Vinny throws his arms up in a gesture of despair.

TROTTER
(shows Wilbur photos)
These are photographs of the tires
belonging to the defendants' car.
(shows other photos)
And these are photographs of tire
marks made by the assailants' car
as it fled the Sac-O-Suds
convenience store. Are you
familiar with these?

WILBUR
Yes, I am.

TROTTER
Could you elaborate please?

WILBUR
Using the Hewlett-Packard 5710-A
dual column gas chromatograph
with flame analyzation detectors,
we compared the tire marks they're
the same model and size tire;
Michelin model XGV, size 75-R,
14 inch wheel.

*
*
*

TROTTER
They're both the same size and
model tire. What else did you
find?

WILBUR
The car leaving the convenience
store spun its rear tires
dramatically, and left a residue
of rubber on the asphalt. I took
a sample of that rubber and
analyzed it. I also took a sample
of rubber from the rear tires of
the defendants' Buick and analyzed
that too.

*

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

TROTTER

What were the results of this analysis?

WILBUR

The chemical composition between the two tires was found to be identical.

TROTTER

Identical. No more questions.

The Judge is handed a fax - He reads it.

JUDGE

(to bailiff)

Court will take a 60 minute recess for lunch.

Vinny rises.

VINNY

I respectfully request a full day continuance to go over this stuff.

JUDGE

Request denied.

VINNY

Thanks.

JUDGE

And Mr. Gambone - I'd like to speak to you.

✓ 104

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - VINNY AND THE JUDGE - DAY

They enter the chambers. The judge is relishing the moment.

JUDGE
You're a dead man.

VINNY
I'm a dead man?

JUDGE
Yes, I faxed the clerk of New York and asked what he knew about Jerry Gallo. And do you want to know what he replied?

VINNY
Did you say Jerry Gallo?

JUDGE
Yes...

VINNY
Gallo with a 'G'?

JUDGE
Yes...

VINNY
(laughs and laughs,
then)
Jerry Gallo's dead!

JUDGE
(impatiently)
I'm aware of that.

VINNY
I'm not Jerry Gallo, I'm Jerry
Callo. C-A-L-L-O.

The judge ponders: is he mistaken or is Vinny lying?

JUDGE
Alright.
(picks up phone and
dials)
Let's get this cleared up right
now.
(to phone)
Hello, this is Judge Chamberlain
Haller, can I speak to the clerk?
(beat)
Okay. I'll be here.
(more)

104 CONTINUED:

JUDGE (Cont'd)
(hands up, to Vinny)
He's going to call back after
three. That gives you a stay of
execution - unless by some miracle
you win this case in the next...
(checks his watch)
...90 minutes.
(beat)
Why don't you go to lunch?

X105 INT. RESTAURANT

A greasy spoon. Lisa enters with an envelope of newly
developed snapshots. Vinny is eating and going over the new
evidence. Looking at the photos, chemical analysis, etc. He
can't believe what he's up against. *

LISA
I got my pictures ... What'd
the judge say? *

VINNY
(doesn't want to talk
about it, mumbles)
He found out Gallo's dead.

LISA
He found out? What'd he say?

VINNY
I'm trying to think about the
case, Lisa.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

Lisa goes quiet. Vinny is running scenarios, ideas, etc. through his mind, but nothing's right. She's afraid to ask...

LISA
Can I help?

VINNY
(mimicking her)
Can I help? No, you can't help.

She gives him a 'look'.

VINNY
Look how you're looking at me
what's that look supposed to mean?
I'm a piece of shit because I
can't find a way to let you help
me, is that it?

Lisa says nothing. He grabs the photos.

VINNY
Alright. You're helping, these
are lots of help here.
(flips thru photos
sarcastically)
Thank you. Oh! These are going
to be a lot of help, oh yeah!
Very creative. Very artistic.
Here's a good shot of our first
hotel room. That's gotta
intimidate Trotter.

(another photo)
Hm ... I didn't know I looked
like that from behind. Gee, and
I thought I couldn't feel worse
than I did a second ago.

(next photo)
Here's a good one of the tire
marks - could we get a little
farther away? Did you shoot it
from up a tree? Look at this,
we've got the tire marks in, that
garbage can, what's that - dog
shit? Maybe that's a clue.

(next photo)
Oh! Here's one of me reading.
Here's another of me reading, and
- oh! This one has a twist, me
reading with my finger in my ear.

Lisa is staring at him, if looks could kill ...

105 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY

Here's a case-cracker - me in the shower.

LISA

That's it, I'm outta here.

Lisa just gets up and walks out, leaving her photographs. Vinny follows her to the street, still holding them.

VINNY

(calls after her)

Lisa. I'm sorry.

He punches the wall. Then he returns to the table, frustrated.

VINNY

I'm missing something. I'm missing something.

Vinny sips his coffee. CAMERA TILTS TO LISA'S TIRE TRACK PHOTOS.

✓ 106 INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY

Vinny enters. Lisa is dialing a phone call.

VINNY

Who're you calling?

LISA

The airport.

He goes on into the courtroom.

107 INT. COURT - DAY

Vinny's at the table. On the table is a small stack of tire evidence and Lisa's photos. Vinny looks downbeat. The bailiff * sits Stan and Bill with him.

STAN
Did you find anything?

VINNY
Very, very little.

Stan goes cold.

STAN
Enough to...?

Vinny shakes his head. Stan looks at Bill. Very bad news.

LATER - WITNESS STAND - WILBUR

Vinny takes out the police photos and shows them to Wilbur, who is still on the stand. *

VINNY
Is it possible that two separate cars could be driving on Michelin model XGV 75r 14's?

WILBUR
Of course.

VINNY
Let me ask you this - what is the best selling, single model tire sold in the United States?

WILBUR
The Michelin XGV.

VINNY
And what is the most popular size?

WILBUR
75r - 14.

VINNY
The same size as the defendants' car.

WILBUR
But two faded green 1964 Buick Skylark convertibles...?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

VINNY

I asked if the most popular size
of the most popular tire is on
the defendants' car.

WILBUR

Well...yeah.

VINNY

Thank you, no more questions.

VINNY sits down. He's a broken man. He stares at Lisa's
photos. The tire photo is on top. He picks it up, stares
harder and harder. *

TROTTER (O.S.) *

Your honor, the prosecution rests.

JUDGE (O.S.) *

Mr. Gambone? Your first witness?

Vinny grabs the police photo and compares it with Lisa's. *
Lisa's is a much wider angle: WE SEE BOTH PHOTOS. Lisa's is *
a full shot of the tire marks left by the killer's car - two,
20 foot length tire marks - about ten feet in, one tire track
goes up a curb and comes down another ten feet.

VINNY - stares some more.

JUDGE

Mr. Gambone? I will ask you one
more time, and one more time only.
If I ask you again...

Vinny - looks so happy he can cry.

VINNY

Your honor, please, can I have
a five minute recess as my next
witness isn't present in the
courtroom?

JUDGE

Three minutes. No more.

Vinny scrawls a hurried note. He jumps up and stops beside the
Sheriff, handing him the note.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY

Can you trace this for me?

SHERIFF

Not my job. You do your own
investigatin'.

VINNY

Please. I've only got three
minutes.

He hurries out of the courtroom. The Sheriff stares at the
note.

X 108 INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

Vinny comes out into the lobby. *

VINNY
(urgently)
Lisa, please, I'm sorry. I need
you to come back to the courtroom
and I need the phone.

Lisa's still on the phone. She ignores him. In the background, *
Sheriff comes out of the courtroom. *

VINNY
I need the phone.
(she continues to ignore
him)
And we gotta make up and get back
to the courtroom, there's not much
time, everyone's waiting.

LISA
Shut up.

Vinny grabs the phone and cuts her off. *

LISA
Fuck you.

She storms off towards the front doors. Vinny goes to follow *
her but is stopped by the Sheriff, who is still holding the *
note. *

SHERIFF
Tell me why? *

109
thru OMITTED
111

X 112 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY - LONG SHOT

Lisa stomps out of the front doors. Vinny runs out and drags
her back in kicking and screaming.

113 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Vinny and Lisa burst in.

VINNY

Your honor, the defense calls as
it's first witness, Ms. Mona Lisa
Vito.

LISA...is shocked. She tries to leave. He holds on to her.

TROTTER

Objection. This person is not
on the witness list.

VINNY

(triumphantly
brandishing the book
on court procedure)
This witness is an expert in the
area of automobiles and is being
called as a witness to rebut the
testimony of George Wilbur.

LISA shakes her head and turns and walks out.

VINNY

Your Honor, could you instruct
the bailiff to lead Ms. Vito to
the stand.

JUDGE

Bailiff?

The bailiff runs outside and comes back with a very pissed-off
Lisa. She glares at Vinny as she passes him. She's led to the
stand.

BAILIFF

Hold up your right hand. Do you
swear to tell the truth, the whole
truth, and nothing but the truth
so help you God?

LISA

Yeah...

VINNY

Ms. Vito, you're some kind of an
expert in automobiles, is that
correct?

Lisa glares at Vinny. She sits there, the quintessential
unfriendly witness, arms folded, and staring at Vinny.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

JUDGE
Will you please answer the
counsellor's question?

LISA
No. I hate him.

VINNY
Your Honor, may I have your
permission to treat Ms. Vito as
a hostile witness?

LISA
You think I'm hostile now, wait
'til you see me tonight.

JUDGE
Do you two know each other?

VINNY
She's my fiancée.

JUDGE
Well, that would certainly explain
the hostility.

TROTTER
Your Honor, I object to this
witness - improper foundation.
I'm not aware of this person's
qualifications. I'd like the
opportunity to voir dire the
witness to the extent of her
expertise.

JUDGE
Granted.
(to jurors, explaining)
The prosecution is going to ask
Ms. Vito a few questions to
determine if she is qualified to
testify as an expert on the
subject of tire mark
identification.
(to Trotter)
Mr. Trotter, you may proceed.

TROTTER
Ms. Vito, what is your current
profession?

LISA
I'm an out-of-work hairdresser.

113 CONTINUED: (2)

TROTTER

And in what way does this qualify
you to be an expert in
automobiles?

LISA

It doesn't.

TROTTER

In what way are you qualified?

LISA

Well, my father was a mechanic,
his father was a mechanic, my
mother's father was a mechanic,
my three brothers are mechanics,
four uncles on my father's side
are mechanics...

TROTTER

Your family is obviously
qualified, but have you ever
worked as a mechanic?

LISA

In my father's garage - yeah.

TROTTER

As a mechanic - what did you do
in your father's garage?

LISA

Well...tune-ups, oil changes,
brake re-lining, engine rebuilds,
rebuilt some trannys, rear-ends...

TROTTER

Does being an ex-mechanic
necessarily qualify you as an
expert on tire marks?

LISA

No.

(gets up to leave stand)
Thank you...goodbye.

JUDGE

Sit down and stay until you're
told to leave.

She sits, gives the judge a 'look' that was previously used for
Vinny.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (3)

VINNY

Your Honor, Ms. Vito's expertise is in general automotive knowledge. It is in this area that her testimony will be applicable. If Mr. Trotter wishes to voir dire the witness to the extent of her expertise in this area, I'm sure he'll be satisfied.

JUDGE

Okay.

Trotter sees this has a healthy challenge - stump the witness.

TROTTER

Alright...

(to Lisa)

Being an expert in general automotive knowledge, can you tell me...what would be the correct ignition timing for a 1955 Chevrolet Bel Air, with a 327 cubic inch engine, and a four barrel carburetor?

The judge leans forward, ready to be impressed. The jury too is listening intently.

LISA

(squirms impatiently)

That's a bullshit question.

TROTTER

Does that mean you can't answer it?

LISA

It's a bullshit question. It's impossible to answer.

TROTTER

Impossible because you don't know the answer to it?

LISA

Nobody can answer that question.

TROTTER

(to judge)

Your Honor, I move to disqualify Ms. Vito as an expert witness...

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (4)

JUDGE
(to Lisa)
Can you answer the question?

LISA
No - it's a trick question.

JUDGE
Why is it a trick question?

LISA
Chevy didn't make a 327 engine
in '55. The 327 didn't come out
'til '62 and it wasn't offered
in the Bel Air with a four barrel
carburetor 'til '64.
(adding)
However, in '64, the correct
ignition timing would be 4 degrees
before top dead center.

The judge and jury are impressed. Vinny's proud.

TROTTER
(reluctantly, but
undeniably impressed)
She's acceptable.

Vinny gets up.

VINNY
Your Honor, this is a photograph
my fiancée took outside the
Sac-O-Suds. Can we agree on
this?

TROTTER
(glancing at it)
Yes.

VINNY
I'd like to submit this
photograph of the tire marks as
evidence.

The Judge looks at Trotter.

TROTTER
No objection.

Vinny shows Lisa her photograph.

VINNY

113 CONTINUED: (6)

LISA
You know I did.

★
★

VINNY
And what is it of?

★
★

LISA
You know what it's of.

★
★

VINNY
Ms. Vito, it has been argued by me, the defense, that two sets of guys met up at the same 'Sac-O-Suds' at the same time in Wahzoo City, Beechum County, Alabama, driving identical metallic mint green 1964 Buick Special convertibles. Can you tell, by what you see in this photograph, if the defense's case holds water?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (5)

Lisa looks at the photo again, but this time...INSERT TIRE PHOTO...something occurs to her - what she sees in the picture in incontrovertible proof of the boys' innocence - it dawns on her, Vinny will win the case - and she can help. She looks at Vinny, smug as he can be. Vinny shrugs amiably.

VINNY

Ms. Vito, could you please answer the question? Does the defense case hold water?

LISA

No. The defense is wrong.

VINNY

(beat, toying)
'Are you sure'?

LISA

Positive.

VINNY

How can you be so sure?

LISA

Because there's no way these marks could've been made by a '64 Buick Skylark.

(looks at photo)

These marks were made by a '63 Pontiac Tempest.

TROTTER

(hisses)

Objection, Your Honor. Could we clarify to the court whether the witness is stating opinion or fact?

JUDGE

(to Lisa)

This is your opinion?

LISA

It's a fact.

VINNY

I can't believe this kind of information can be ascertained simply by looking at a photograph!

LISA

Would you like me to explain?

113 CONTINUED: (6)

VINNY

I would love to hear this.

JUDGE

So would I.

LISA

(referring to photo)

The car that made these two, equal length tire marks, had Positraction - You can't make those marks without Positraction, which was not available on a '64 Skylark.

VINNY

Why not? What is positraction?

LISA

It's a limited slip differential that distributes power equally to both the right and left tires.

(Trotter and Wilbur quietly exchange words.)

The Skylark had a regular differential which...anyone's who's ever been stuck in the mud in Alabama knows that when you step on the gas, one tire spins and the other does nothing.

The jury knows that, and so does the judge, and the bailiff. Trotter knows it too, and his lack of expression says so.

VINNY

Is that it?

LISA

No, there's more.

(points to picture)

When the right wheel went up on the curb, the left tire mark remains flat and even. The '64 Buick Skylark has a solid rear axle, so when the right wheel goes up...

(demonstrating with her fingers)

...the left wheel tilts out and rides on it's left edge. But this didn't happen here.

(more)

113 CONTINUED: (7)

LISA (Cont'd)

This mark is flat, which means
this car had...

(demonstrates with
fingers)

...an independent rear suspension.
(in sum)

Now, in the sixties, there were
only two other cars made in
America with an independent rear
suspension, Positraction and
enough power to make these marks.
One was the Corvette, which cannot
be confused with a Buick Skylark.
The other car, however, had the
same body length, height, width,
weight, wheelbase, AND wheel track
as the 1964 Buick Special, - and
that was the 1963 Pontiac Tempest.

VINNY

And, because both cars were made
by G.M., were both available in
Metallic Mint Green paint?

LISA

They were.

VINNY

Thank you, Ms. Vito.

(to Judge)

No more questions, thank you, very
much, you've been a lovely
witness.

*
*
*
*

Vinny goes and sits down with the boys. The boys are elated
-they pat Vinny on the back. Vinny and Lisa exchange loving
looks. Trotter is having an animated conversation with Wilbur.

JUDGE

Mr. Trotter? Would you like to
question Ms. Vito?

Trotter and Wilbur appear to be arguing. Wilbur is shaking his *
head, Trotter is pressing, Wilbur continues to shake his head. *

JUDGE

Mr. Trotter...?

Wilbur shakes his head some more. The Judge doesn't like it. *

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (10)

WILBUR
I'd have to say that.

Trotter's sick. The Sheriff enters at the back.

VINNY
Is there anyway in the world that
Buick driven by the defendants
could've made those tire marks?

WILBUR
(thinks, shakes head)
Actually, no.

VINNY
Thank you. No more questions.

Vinny turns and sees the Sheriff at the back. The Sheriff nods
at him.

VINNY
(dramatically)
Your honor, I call ... Sheriff
Farley.

There is a hubbub in the court. The Sheriff takes the stand.

VINNY
Sheriff Farley. Er...ah...
(he doesn't know what
exactly to ask)
What did you just find out?

SHERIFF
On a hunch ...
(smiles at Vinny)
... I took it upon myself to check
out if there was any information
on a '63 Pontiac Tempest stolen
or abandoned recently.
(holds up paper)
This computer read-out confirms
that two boys who fit the
defendants' description were
arrested two days ago by Sheriff
Tillman in Jasper County,
Georgia, for driving a stolen
metallic mint green 1964 Pontiac
Tempest with a white convertible
top, Michelin model XGV tires,
size 75r ... with Positraction.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (11)

VINNY

Is that it?

SHERIFF

No. A 357 Magnum revolver was found in their possession.

VINNY

Could you refresh the court's memory? ... What caliber bullet was used in the murder of Jimmy Willis?

SHERIFF

A 357 Magnum.

VINNY

Thank you. The defense rests.

Vinny sits down.

JUDGE

(smiles)

Mr. Trotter?

Trotter just sits there. He sighs, then looks at Vinny and smiles defeatedly. He stands.

TROTTER

In light of Ms. Vito's, and Mr. Wilbur's testimony ...

(beat)

... the State would like to dismiss all charges ...

Vinny jumps up, kisses Lisa. Stan and Bill jump, double high five each other, then both hug Vinny.

TROTTER

... against William Gambone and Stanley Rothenstein.

(more)

Page 125 is omitted.

Page 125 is omitted.

113A OMITTED
114 OMITTED

114A EXT. - COURTHOUSE - THAT AFTERNOON

Vinny is surrounded by an enthusiastic and admiring crowd including Stan, Bill, Star, Sheriff Farley, and others.

Vinny glances at his watch and whispers urgently to Lisa.

VINNY
I've got to get out of here by
three. Are the bags in the car?

She nods and goes.

She goes, he turns in a rush and runs into Stan, who has an impromptu thank you speech for Vinny. He chooses his words "carefully" which feels endless for Vinny

STAN
Vinny, I'm sorry to have ever
doubted you at any time. For this
I apologize. I think, under the
circumstances, that you did a ...
fantastic job, and ...

VINNY
(interrupting)
You're very, very welcome, Stan.
...
(glances nervously at
courthouse)
... I hope we can do it again
sometime.

Vinny shakes his hand and then turns to Bill, who stumbles trying to find the appropriate words, but nothing seems appropriate, so instead, he simply embraces vinny.

VINNY
You're welcome, you're welcome
...

Bill stops, looks at Vinny, and ...

BILL
Uh ... Vin ... I ... well ...

Vinny can't take it. He tries to wrap things up - so he gives Bill a quick hug. then ...

114A CONTINUED:

VINNY
(quickly)
G'head and take the time, put the
right words together and give me
a call in New York.

Bill embraces him again. Vinny checks his watch. It's 3:00.
Bill stops, tries to speak again.

BILL
(wipes away a tear)
Vin, I ... uh ...

VINNY
You know Bill, it's obvious that
words simply cannot express what
you're feeling, so ...
(another quick hug, then
...)
... I'll see yah.

Vinny pushes him away and ducks another foot closer to the car,
and runs into Trotter.

TROTTER
Vinny, you did a terrific job.

VINNY
Thanks.

TROTTER
And there's and open invitation
whenever you feel like coming down
here.

Lisa drives up in the caddy and waits at the curb. Vinny sees
her.

VINNY
(moving around him)
Thank you, thank you Jim. But
if I don't get out of here I might
not ever leave ...

(CONTINUED)

14A CONTINUED: (2)

Vinny hurries to the curb, followed by the small crowd. As he reaches the car the Judge steps into FRAME and interrupts him. The Judge is holding a sheet of fax paper. Vinny thinks he's doomed.

JUDGE

Mr. Gambone, I have a fax here
from the clerk in New York.

(Vinny's face falls)

I owe you an apology, sir. I'm
honored to shake your hand. ★

(shakes Vinny's hand,
mimicking Vinny)

"Win some, lose some ... ". Your
courtroom manner may be rather
unconventional, but you're one
hell of a trial lawyer. I'm
honored to shake your hand. ★

VINNY

(momentarily speechless)

And you're one hot-shit, fuckin'
judge. ★

He gets into the car. The Judge waves as they drive away.

JUDGE

Goodbye now.

115 OMITTED

X 115A INT. - CADDY - DAY

VINNY

What the hell was that all about?

LISA

I had a friend send a fax to the
judge confirming the impressive
legal stature of Jerry Callo.

Vinny's impressed, then he wonders who Lisa would know in the clerk's office. She wouldn't know anybody.

(CONTINUED)

115A CONTINUED:

VINNY

What friends do you have at the
Clerk's office?

LISA

Your friend?

VINNY

Who?

LISA

Judge Malloy.

VINNY

(agitated, but not
angry)
Judge Malloy?

LISA

Yeah, you're driving his car.

VINNY

I know I'm driving his car. I
know who he is!

LISA

(defiantly)
So, what's your problem?

VINNY

I wanted to win my first case
without anybody's help.

LISA

I guess that plan's moot.

VINNY

(some resentment)
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

115A CONTINUED: (2)

LISA

This could be a sign of things
to come; you win your cases - but
with "someone else's help".
Right? You win case after case
and then afterwards, you have to
go up to someone and say ...
"thank you". Oh my God - what
a fuckin' nightmare!

Vinny gives her a "look" - pretending he's angry, but he's not
at all angry. In fact he feels desperately romantic. And Lisa
know it.

VINNY

I won my first case. You know
what this means, don't you?

LISA

You think I'm going to marry you?

VINNY

You're not going to marry me now?

LISA

No way.

Vinny gives her a questioning look. (He doesn't believe her).

LISA

You can't win a case by yourself.
You're fuckin' useless.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AS THEY CONTINUE TO ARGUE.
AND THE CAR DRIVES OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

VINNY (O.S.)

I thought we'd get married this
weekend.

LISA (O.S.)

You don't get it, do you? That's
not romantic. I want a wedding
in church with bridesmaids and
flowers.

VINNY (O.S.)

You've said many times that being
spontaneous is romantic.

(CONTINUED)

