



Philadelphia

~~RED ORIGINAL~~

by Ron Nyswaner

Revised draft 10/15/92

Blue Revisions 10/29/92

Pink Revisions 11/13/92

FADE IN:

- A1 VARIOUS SHOTS OF PHILADELPHIA EXTERIORS (EXT./DAY)..... A1 * * *
which may include the Liberty Bell, the Italian Market,
scenes along the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers,
Independence Square, the Russian Orthodox neighborhood, the
ghettos of North Philly..... MAIN TITLES PLAY OVER THIS
SEQUENCE which culminates in a SHOT OF.....

CUT TO:

- 1 PHILADELPHIA'S GLORIOUSLY ORNATE CITY HALL (EXT./DAY)..... 1

TITLE: "Philadelphia City Hall."

CITY EMPLOYEES, JUDGES, COPS, LAWYERS, CRIMINALS, TOURISTS
pour into City Hall, into...

CUT TO:

- 2 TWO STORY HIGH CORRIDORS THAT REEK OF HISTORY (INT.DAY).....2

Young lawyer JAMEY COLLINS darts through the crowd, carrying
an accordion file under his arm like a football.

Jamey elbows his way through a JAPANESE TOUR GROUP.

Jamey trots up a marble staircase, two steps at a time.

CUT TO:

- 3 JAMEY RUNS LIKE HELL DOWN A THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR, FOOTSTEPS 3
making a racket.....

Jamey rushes toward a door marked "JUDGE TATE."

RAISED VOICES from inside Judge Tate's chambers:

JOSEPH MILLER (OS)
This construction site is
causing mortal and irreparable
harm to an unsuspecting public!

ANDREW BECKETT (OS)
My client has one of the finest
and most respected safety records
in the business, Your Honor!

- 4 Jamey shoves open the door, REVEALING TWO LAWYERS (BACKS TO 4
CAMERA) STANDING BEFORE JUDGE EUNICE TATE: ANDREW BECKETT
(in conservative gray) and JOSEPH MILLER (in pinstripes).

JUDGE TATE
One at a time. Mr. Miller?

JOE
Your Honor, since Rockwell Corp.
began construction, the
surrounding residential
neighborhood has been enshrouded
in a cloud of foul-smelling,
germ-carrying, pestilent dust.
My client is being forced to
breathe known carcinogens daily!
Other residents are coming forth
on a daily basis to add their
voices of outrage!

ANDREW
Your Honor, I submit there were
no complaints until Counselor
began knocking on doors,
drumming up business. And the
dust, which Counselor refers to,
has appeared on only three
occasions. Each time it has
been examined and the results...

Behind his back, Andrew wiggles his fingers. Jamey stuffs
a document into Andrew's hand.

ANDREW (CONT.)
Limestone. Messy, but innocuous.

Andrew submits the report to the Judge.

JOE
Innocuous?!

ANDREW
Defined by Webster's as harmless.

JOE
I know what it means. Your
Honor, imagine how the children
in this neighborhood have been
made to feel. The pounding of
construction ringing in their
ears as this skyscraper, a
tribute to mankind's greed,
grows daily, casting an ominous
shadow over their lives, filling
them with dread even as they are
(MORE)

JOE (CONT.)
surrounded in a black, toxic
fog, blocking out the sun while
poisoning their lungs! And
Counselor calls it harmless?!

His back turned momentarily to the JUDGE, Andrew mouths to
Jamey: "Not bad." But he whips around, serious again:

ANDREW
Your Honor, Counselor is
attempting to portray my client
as a hideous manifestation of
evil and corruption. But
nothing could be further from
the truth. Rockwell has
generously contributed ten
thousand dollars to this
neighborhood's schools, clinics
and youth centers! Granting a
restraining order on the
construction site will throw
hundreds of Philadelphians out
of work, and will lend
validation to this contemptible
and groundless nuisance suit,
which speaks directly to the
kind of greed and treachery that
today is threatening the very
fabric of our society.

Judge Tate looks skeptically at both lawyers.

JUDGE TATE
Let's not go off the deep end,
gentlemen. I thought we were
talking about some dust.

CUT TO:

5 A MAN ON CRUTCHES HOBLES INTO A COURTHOUSE ELEVATOR AND IS 5
joined by Andrew and Joe, crowding inside (INT./DAY).....

As soon as the doors close, Andrew whips out a micro-
cassette recorder, making notes, and Joe, in the opposite
corner of the elevator, does exactly the same thing.

ANDREW
...plaintiff seeks to re-
strain defendants from con-
tinued improper use of trade
name without...

JOE
...whereas decedent had
pre-existing asthmatic
condition and ride on
Ultra Loop caused sub-
sequent death...

Andrew and Joe stop at the same time, look at each other...
And turn toward the corner, seeking privacy.

ANDREW (CONT.)
...plaintiff's permission or
authorization...

JOE (CONT.)
...complainant seeks
relief...

There's a PERSISTENT BEEPING, Andrew and Joe pull out their
portable telephones at the same time.

They look at each other: which phone is ringing?

ANDREW

You.

Andrew resumes his telephone conversation.

JOE

Right.
(into phone)
Miller.

A6 The ELEVATOR OPENS: Andrew breezes past the MAN ON
CRUTCHES, saying to Joe:

A6

ANDREW

Client of yours?

JOE

Funny.

Andrew hurries down the corridor. Joe waits a moment...
then pursues the MAN ON CRUTCHES.

JOE (CONT.)

Excuse me..? Sir? Yo!

CUT TO:

6 ANDREW EMERGES FROM CITY HALL, ONTO DILWORTH PLAZA BUSTLING
with PEDESTRIANS (EXT./DAY).....

6

...DARTS into the street, hailing a cab.

CUT TO:

7 THE CAB PULLS UP TO A BROWNSTONE ON A RESIDENTIAL STREET,
Andrew hopping out, stuffing papers into his briefcase
(EXT./DAY)... RUSHING to the door, marked "Dr. Roberta
Gillman, Internal Medicine." Coming out is a YOUNG ASIAN
MAN with a cotton ball taped to the inside of his elbow.

7

*

CUT TO:

8 CLASSICAL MUSIC (INT./DAY)... AS CAMERA PANS PATIENTS
(MOSTLY YOUNG MEN) in a cheerful room... some, like a UPS
DELIVERY MAN, are attached to IV's, some sit with arms
extended, waiting to be hooked to an IV by TYRONE, a BLACK
PHYSICIAN'S AID.....

CAMERA FINDS ANDREW sitting quietly, with an IV drip running
into his arm. Andrew is wearing a Walkman, the source of
the CLASSICAL MUSIC, and he's reading a legal brief. Most
of the people in the room look SICKER than Andrew.

DIALOGUE CAN BE HEARD under the CLASSICAL MUSIC (although
MUSIC dominates the SOUNDTRACK).

TYRONE
(slapping a thin
PATIENT'S wrist)

Gonna have to start looking for
veins in your feet, sweetheart.

DR. ROBERTA GILLMAN, passes through, speaking to Andrew:

DR. GILLMAN
Andy. Can you stop at my office
on your way out?

ANDREW
Sure.

Andrew is distracted by A HISPANIC MAN across the room,
rolling up his sleeve for an IV -- his bare arms, hands,
face and neck are marked with PURPLE BLOTCHES.

Andrew closes his eyes, concentrating for a moment on the
CLASSICAL MUSIC... then goes back to work.

CUT TO:

9 ANDREW HURRIES OUT OF THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE, HAILING A CAB
(EXT./DAY).....

CUT TO:

10 ANDREW HOPS OUT OF THE CAB, IN FRONT OF AN IMPRESSIVE
skyscraper in downtown Philly, at the end of the work day
(EXT. DAY).....

A11 Andrew pushes through glass doors into the plush "Wheeler
Building," pressing through the tide of WORKERS headed home.

CUT TO:

11 A BLACK PARALEGAL, ANTHEA BURTON, LEADS A YOUNG, BLACK LAW CLERK (in suit and tie) to the elevators, at the sedate, expensively appointed offices of Wyant Wheeler Hellerman Tetlow and Brown (INT./DAY).....

11

ANTHEA
...up to Tax, on fourteen, and
get right back, I need you.

Andrew BLASTS out of the elevator, flashing Anthea a four-star smile. They stride down the corridor together.

ANDREW
Just the dazzling paralegal I
wanted to see.

*

ANTHEA
(friendly)
I know what that means, and the
answer is no. I have a class
tonight. Exploit someone else.
And since you've asked...

They pass a silver-haired partner, KENNETH KILLCOYNE.

KILLCOYNE
Solid work on the Rockwell
situation, Andy. Top-notch.

ANDREW
Thanks, Kenneth.
(to Anthea)
Your exam!

ANTHEA
Thank you. 98. I gotta go...

ANDREW
Ninety-eight?! Ninety-eight!

Andrew reaches the secretaries' station. A cheerful secretary, SHELBY, shoves documents at him.

SHELBY
Conference call's up. They just
started the roll call. Here's
the settlement agreement, the
red-lined copy's on your desk.
Need me in there?

*

ANDREW
No. Great. Thanks, Shelby.
(checking his watch)
It's 6:30, go home.

Andrew passes a colleague on her way out, RACHEL SMILOW:

ANDREW (CONT.)
Rach...

RACHEL
I'm late, I have to pick up Amy
from her afterschool but I want
to talk to you about that Hansen
thing.

ANDREW
Catch me later, I'll be here.
And tell Amy, I love her
painting, it's on my wall.

Andrew SAILS toward his office.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

12 ANDREW ENTERS HIS OFFICE, KICKING THE DOOR SHUT (INT./DAY).. 12

...DROPPING the documents on his desk, SCANNING them.

...ADMIRING a child's painting taped to the wall.

...PUNCHING into the speaker phone on his desk.

A13 The SCREEN SPLITS, REVEALING A TELECONFERENCE OPERATOR: A13

OPERATOR
...Karen Hargreave, representing
Lloyd Management Corporation?

The SCREEN SPLITS INTO THIRDS: Andrew, the OPERATOR, and
HARGREAVE (a sharp, California lawyer.)

HARGREAVE
Present.

As the OPERATOR continues the roll call, the SCREEN
CONTINUES TO SPLIT and HARGREAVE is replaced by a SERIES OF
LAWYERS in offices around the country, (MOSTLY WHITE MALES)
saying "Present" while in Andrew's section of the screen... *

...Andrew dials a number on another telephone line.

OPERATOR
Andrew Beckett, representing
Saunders International?

Andrew punches into the conference call.

ANDREW
Present.

13 The MULTI-IMAGE SCREEN is now joined by SARAH BECKETT, a
suburban, 60ish American MOM, in her backyard garden,
answering a portable phone.

13

SARAH
Hello?

ANDREW
Hi, Mom. It's me...

The LAWYERS are into the conference, in their portions of
the screen, (their VOICES HEARD underneath Andrew's
conversation with his mother).

SARAH
Andy! This is a nice surprise.
How are you, hon?

ANDREW
I'm fine.

SARAH
What's Dr. Gillman say?

ANDREW
Hold on, Mom.
(punching into the
conference call)
There's no way my client will go
along with that.

*

HARGREAVE
Who's this?

ANDREW
Andrew Beckett. Hi, Karen. I'm
sorry I interrupted...

*

He punches out of the conference, back to his Mom (glancing
over his shoulder to make sure the door is shut).

*

ANDREW (CONT.)

Gillman says I'm fine. My blood work is excellent. T-cells are up. Just a sec...

(conference call)

Yes, I think that would alleviate most of our concerns.

(back to Mom)

My platelets look good too.

SARAH

Are you on one of those conference calls? I hate when you put me on hold.

CUT ON ANDREW'S LAUGHTER TO:

14 THE MOON ABOVE THE WHEELER BUILDING LATE AT NIGHT (EXT.)... 14

TITLE: "One-thirty a.m."

CUT TO:

15 ANDREW AT WORK IN THE FIRM'S LIBRARY (INT./NIGHT)..... * * * 15

Andrew's fingers FLY across the keys of a notebook computer. Needing a reference, he shoves his rolling chair away from the computer... opens a reference book... grabs a carton of Chinese food... (NOTE: The library may be equipped with a computer terminal which Andrew uses for reference, rather than a book.) Andrew eats sauteed string beans with chopsticks, finding a relevant citation:

ANDREW

Ah hah! Yes!

(chewing a string bean)
Rentworth v. Pennsylvania...
court of appeals affirms jury
award of punitive damages for
wrongful interference with
prospective economic
relations...

A SHADOW falls across Andrew. He IGNORES IT.

ANGLE: TWO MEN IN SILHOUETTE. WALTER KENTON says:

KENTON

Look at this fucking guy. He's
an animal.

Andrew's hands DO NOT LEAVE the keyboard.

ANDREW

Walter...

The SECOND MAN steps forward, a silhouette becoming visible. This is BOB SEIDMAN. He and Kenton wear tuxedos.

SEIDMAN

Are we interrupting, Andy?

ANDREW

In a word, Bob...

SEIDMAN

Charles is right behind me.

ANOTHER SILHOUETTED FIGURE APPEARS. This image has a horror-film feeling to it.

Andrew WHIPS AROUND to face them.

ANDREW

I was just about to take a break. Good evening, Charles.

CHARLES WHEELER, also in tuxedo, remains in shadow.

WHEELER

Andy? Could you step into my office for a sec?

(deadpan)

I feel like firing someone tonight.

Andrew throws an arm over Seidman's shoulder.

ANDREW

We're gonna miss you around here, Bob...

CUT ON LAUGHTER TO:

16 THE RECEPTION AREA (INT./NIGHT): A DOMINO'S PIZZA DELIVERY MAN, waiting for clearance from a SECURITY GUARD, on Andrew's dim and quiet floor, WATCHES AS...

16

Seidman, Kenton and Andrew follow Charles Wheeler up a wide, carpeted staircase. Wheeler finishes a story and everyone LAUGHS.....

CUT TO:

SEIDMAN

Andy's expressed a keen interest
in the Kronos Inc. situation,
Charles. Is that correct, Andy?

The lawyers have gathered in Wheeler's spacious office, with
its floor-to-ceiling view of the Philadelphia skyline.

ANDREW

The fate of the participants
interests me, yes sir.

Wheeler, Kenton and Seidman proceed with the male ritual of
preparing cigars to be smoked: snipping the ends with a
brass clip, rolling them over their tongues to wet them,
sliding the cigars in and out of their rounded mouths.

Andrew, holding a cigar but NOT preparing to light it,
watches with a not completely concealed twinkle in his eye.

Wheeler leans back in his chair, swirling a brandy snifter.
He exhales cigar smoke with a great deal of pleasure.

KENTON

It's good to be King, hey
Charles?

WHEELER

Kings are out of fashion. I'd
rather be thought of as a
benevolent tyrant.

(prompting Andrew)

It's an anti-trust action.

ANDREW

It is, and it isn't, Charles.
Macrosystem's new software
copies all the best-known
elements of Kronos' spreadsheet
program. If they're allowed to
sell it, Kronos will get
undersold right out of business.
For me, the legal principle
involved is copyright
infringement.

*

WHEELER

Bearing in mind that Bill
Wright, the chairman of
(MORE)

*

WHEELER (CONT.)

MacroSystems, is a close, personal friend of mine... which side of this mess would you desire to be on, Andy? And don't allow my very tight, personal relationship with Bill to influence your answer in any way.

*

Andrew knows this is a test. And he loves it.

ANDREW

Sorry, Charles, but...

*

Andrew is distracted -- BY A LIGHT FALLING ACROSS HIS FACE.

ANDREW (CONT.)

I'd like to see Kronos win.

*

Walter Kenton has shifted a lamp, so that its LIGHT FALLS ACROSS ANDREW'S FACE, REVEALING: a faint purple blotch about the size of a quarter, much like the blotches we saw on the HISPANIC PATIENT in Andrew's doctor's office.

KENTON

Why, Beckett?

ANDREW

Because they deserve to, Walter.

Andrew lifts his hand, finding that his hair has been pushed back, revealing the blotch.

He stands, nonchalantly running a hand through his hair to cover the blotch.

ANDREW (CONT.)

If MacroSystems wins, an energetic, young company will be destroyed, five thousand Americans will be out of work. Moreover, the laws of copyright and anti-trust were enacted to prevent exactly the kind of bullshit MacroSystems is trying to pull.

*

SEIDMAN

Andy, do you know who reps Kronos Inc.?

ANDREW
Bailey, Brackman.

WHEELER
Get with the program, Andy. As
of this evening, about 8:05 this
evening, right after the soup
course... Kronos Incorporated is
represented by Wyant Wheeler
Hellerman Tetlow and Brown. Or,
more specifically, senior
associate Andrew Beckett.

A moment before it sinks in, then: Andrew clenches his fist
in a victory salute.

ANDREW
Yes!

SEIDMAN
You'll have to get right on it,
Andy, we're up against the
statute of limitations.

An ASSOCIATE LAWYER in shirtsleeves taps on the office door.

ASSOCIATE LAWYER
Tokyo on four, Bob.

SEIDMAN
Great. Excuse me, fellas.
(picking up a phone,
speaking Japanese)
Connichiwa. Itsumo osewa ni nari
mashita. Arigato gozaimasu.

Andrew offers his hand to Walter Kenton.

ANDREW
Thanks, Walter.

KENTON
What's that on your forehead,
pal?

ANDREW
Whacked with a racquetball.
(taking Wheeler's hand)
I appreciate your faith in my
abilities.

WHEELER

Faith, Andy, is the belief in something for which we have no evidence. It doesn't apply to this situation.

(slapping his shoulder)

Go home. I mean, get back to work.

Andrew and Wheeler are eye-to-eye, an intimate moment.

ANDREW

(warmly, softly)

Thanks, Charles.

WHEELER

(with a father's affection)

No sweat, buddy.

Smiling, Andrew exits the office.

CLOSE ON WALTER KENTON, THINKING...

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

18 ANDREW STEPPING INTO THE EMPTY CORRIDOR, TAKING A FEW STEPS away from Wheeler's office (INT./NIGHT), then... 18

...DOING a JOYFUL END ZONE DANCE, running in place the way football players do when they score a touch down, saying "Yes! Yes! Yes!" to himself, soundlessly.

The SOUND OF CLANGING METAL interrupts Andrew: HELENA, a maintenance worker is emptying a trash can. She's seen his little dance and starts to laugh.

Smiling, Andrew puts the unlit cigar into his mouth, WINKS at Helena and says:

ANDREW

(in a funny, kind of medieval way)

It's good to be King.

CUT TO:

19 ESTABLISHING: ANDREW'S LOFT BUILDING (EXT. DAY)... * * * 19

TITLE: "Ten days later."

CUT TO:

20 CLOSE ON ANDREW'S FACE MARKED WITH FOUR BLOTCHES (WE'RE IN * * * 20
Andrew's loft -- INT./DAY).....

It's a mirror image. The BLOTCHES vary from the size of a
dime, to the size of a half-dollar. He looks awful.

A YOUNG, BLACK WOMAN'S FINGER applies makeup to Andrew's
face, trying to cover the blotches. This is his friend
CHANDRA. *

CHANDRA (O.S.)

You want to apply the foundation
as evenly as you can, Andy. You
don't want to look like you've
thrown it on with a spoon.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Uh huh...

CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING Andrew sitting at a table in his
loft, a towel around his neck, protecting his shirt from
makeup. Chandra applies the makeup gently, supervised by
another friend named ALAN. (Andrew's loft has been turned
into a lawyer's command post: stacks of books, documents,
etc.). A third friend, BRUNO, sits in the corner, flipping
through channels on the TV. *

CHANDRA

Okay. You try.

Andrew tries applying makeup to his face.

ANDREW

Chandra? Don't you think this
color's a little... orange for
me?

CHANDRA

Tahitian Bronze works best on
lesions.

ALAN

Think of it as the "I just got
back from Aruba" look.

IN THE BACKGROUND: Andrew's fax machine receives a fax (in
Andrew's 'work area': desk, personal computer, etc.). *

BRUNO

I got it.

Bruno removes the fax from the machine, walking it over to Andrew, handing Andrew the fax, while munching an apple.

ANDREW
(giving the fax
a quick scan)
Thanks, Bruno.
(to Alan and Chandra)
I've been out of the office four
days. I don't want them to
think I've been to the beach.
(searching for something)
Okay. Check this out.

Andrew puts on a pair of big glasses with tortoise shell frames, meant to help conceal the blotches.

ANDREW (CONT.)
Hides everything, right? What
do you think?

CHANDRA
You know who you look like,
Andy? That actor, in that
movie. Not the one where he was
autistic, the one where he
dressed up like a lady on a soap
opera...

ALAN
Dustin Hoffman.

ANDREW
(horrified)
Tootsie!

BRUNO
Right.

CHANDRA
You want to try Light Egyptian?

Suddenly, Andrew winces, gripping his gut.

CHANDRA (CONT.)
What?

ANDREW
(clearly in pain)
Excuse me a sec...

Andrew starts out of the room -- suddenly HAVING TO RUN.

CHANDRA

Just like my cousin Fredo.

CAMERA HOLDS ON Chandra, Alan and Bruno. SOUND OF BATHROOM DOOR slamming shut.

Bruno saunters across the room and knocks on the bathroom door.

BRUNO

You okay, Andy?

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

21 TIGHT SHOT ON ANDREW, FACE TWISTED IN PAIN (INT./DAY).....* * * 21

Andrew rests his head against the wall, sweat covering his face. A storm of fire has passed through him, and he's hoping it's over for now.

ANDREW

I think I need to go to the hospital. *

CUT TO:

22 MIGUEL ALVAREZ RUNS URGENTLY DOWN SPRUCE STREET, DODGING traffic as he crosses Eleventh Street, toward Jefferson Hospital (EXT./DAY). He hustles up the ramp toward the Emergency Entrance..... 22

CUT TO:

23 MIGUEL SHOVES THROUGH GLASS DOORS, INTO THE BUSTLING Emergency Room (INT./DAY), FINDING..... 23

ANDREW sitting on a gurney, holding a cotton ball against his arm, where blood has been drawn, wearing a blanket over his shoulders, fighting chills. *

Chandra and Bruno are waiting with Andrew. They exchange quick hugs with Miguel and Andrew, ad libbing greetings and goodbyes. *

ANDREW

Thanks, you guys. *

MIGUEL

Yeah. Thanks, guys. *

Miguel puts his arms around Andrew.

ANDREW

Gillman's out of her office today. I told her to take a day off, and she did, can you believe it? Did you get someone to cover your class?

Miguel touches Andrew's face, checking for fever.

MIGUEL

Don't worry about it. They took blood? A specimen?

Andrew holds an empty specimen cup.

ANDREW

Aren't you giving an exam?

MIGUEL

I said, don't worry about it.

Miguel places a gentle kiss on Andrew's sweaty forehead.

MIGUEL (CONT.)

You got a fever, baby.

Suddenly, the facade cracks and TEARS STING Andrew's eyes.

ANDREW

I almost didn't make it to the bathroom, Miguel. I almost lost control right in front of everybody. *

MIGUEL

(holding him)
So what? It's nothing to be ashamed of. You have nothing to be ashamed of, okay? *

Andrew pulls himself together, brushing aside tears, in control of his emotions once more.

ANDREW

Wait, here's my guy... Hey!

Andrew catches the attention of a harried INTERN, whose surgeon's greens are covered with blood.

INTERN

Mr. Beckett, I'm sorry...

ANDREW

What about my blood work?

INTERN

We're waiting...

Miguel opens a small notebook, making notes.

INTERN

...meanwhile, I'd like to
prepare you for a colonoscopy,
so we can take a look inside.

*

ANDREW

That sounds delightful.

*

MIGUEL

Why do you need to do this?

*

INTERN

Who are you?

MIGUEL

Who are you? Doctor...?

ANDREW

This is my partner. We keep
records of hospital visits.
Nothing personal.

INTERN

Dr. Klenstein.

(to Andrew)

It's not a pleasant procedure,
but if the KS is causing the
diarrhea, we ought to know right
away.

*

MIGUEL

It could be parasites, an
infection...

ANDREW

A reaction to AZT...

KLENSTEIN

That's possible, but...

MIGUEL

He's not going through some
painful procedure until we've
cancelled out everything else.

*

INTERN

I'm trying to help your
'partner.' You're not a member
of his immediate family, I could
have you removed from the ER.

ANDREW

(to the Intern)

He's upset, he's sorry...

MIGUEL

Don't apologize for me.

ANDREW

He's not sorry, okay, fine.

(the diplomat)

Why don't we see what we find
out from the blood work? I'll
work on getting a specimen, I'm
sure hospital food could help in
that direction. Maybe, by then,
we'll hear from my doctor, and
we'll go from there. Okay?
Everybody happy?

INTERN

Allright. I'll get on the lab
about the blood work.

MIGUEL

(to the Intern)

I'm sorry.

The INTERN walks away. Andrew's BEEPER BEEPS.

ANDREW

That's the third time. I better
call the office.

(smiling at Miguel)

Would you relax, please?

MIGUEL

I am relaxed.

24 Andrew HOBLES toward a pay phone, outside a VISITOR LOUNGE,
where weary relatives are watching TV.

24

Andrew drops a quarter into the phone.

JOE MILLER'S VOICE

"If you or someone you know..."

V24 ANDREW'S POV ON TELEVISION: Joe Miller on the screen, with the words "Negligence... Malpractice... Auto accidents..." and in the background, PHOTOS of MAIMED, BURNED, INJURED CLIENTS.

V24

*

JOE (CONT.)
"...has been injured through the fault of others, you may be entitled to legal remedy..."

Andrew LAUGHS. Then, his call is answered:

ANDREW
Shelby? It's me. Jamey's been beeping me, I... Okay, okay, calm down. Put Jamey on.

INTERCUT WITH:

25 FIRST YEAR ASSOCIATE JAMEY COLLINS, SITTING AT ANDREW'S DESK (INT/DAY), GRABS THE PHONE when Andrew's intercom BUZZES...

25

JAMEY
(frantic)
Andy?! This is a disaster! We can't find your revisions on the Kronos complaint!

ANDREW
Slow down, Jamey, for Christ's sake!

JAMEY
I went down to Word Processing to pick up the corrected copy, but they said you haven't delivered the corrections. I told them you've been working on it at home, and...

Andrew forgets his physical pain, this is more important.

ANDREW
I brought it in last night, around midnight. It's in my computer.

*

JAMEY
What did you file it under?

Jamey puts his hands on Andrew's computer keyboard.

ANDREW

K-R-O-one.

Jamey types the file name.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Jamey, I don't have to mention,
do I, that we're up against a
statute of limitations on this
complaint which runs out in...

(checks his watch)

Seventy-five minutes.

Jamey stares dumbfounded at the computer monitor.

JAMEY

It's not here, Andy.

Andrew closes his eyes. He can't believe this.

ANDREW

You go down to Word Processing
and tell those motherfuckers
they better come up with that
complaint, now! Or they are
fucking dead! You tell them
that comes from me!

Andrew SLAMS the phone into its cradle.

He pauses, takes a deep breath, and says to himself:

ANDREW (CONT.)

Every problem has a solution.
Every problem... has... a...
solution.

26 Calmer, Andrew returns to the gurney, putting on his shirt.

26

ANDREW (CONT.)

Every problem has a solution...

Miguel approaches with tea purchased at the canteen.

MIGUEL

Why are you getting dressed?

ANDREW

You're not going to like this.
Please try to smile...

Andrew puts his arms around Miguel.

ANDREW (CONT.)
Thanks for leaving school, and
coming here, and...
(pulling back, putting
on his jacket)
I will be back. An hour, tops.

MIGUEL
You're going to the office?!

ANDREW
You're not smiling.

Andrew rushes toward the exit doors.

MIGUEL
You're leaving the hospital?
You're going into the office
looking like that? Are you
insane?

ANDREW
One hour!

MIGUEL
Drew!

ANDREW
I promise!

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

27 ANDREW RUSHES TO THE STREET, HAILING A CAB (EXT./DAY)..... 27

CUT TO:

28 ANDREW STEPS OUT OF THE TAXI IN FRONT OF THE WHEELER 28
Building, heading for the entrance (EXT./DAY).....

But he changes his mind, darting to the corner of the block.

Andrew stops to buy a baseball cap from a VENDOR.

A29 He trots down an alley, past bags of garbage, entering the A29
building through a garage door.

CUT TO:

29 FROM A HIGH FLOOR, ANDREW CAN BE SEEN CLIMBING THE STEPS OF 29
an emergency stairwell (INT./DAY).....

Andrew passes CAMERA, out of breath. He's wearing the ball cap PULLED TO HIS EYEBROWS to hide blotches on his forehead.

CUT TO:

30 ANDREW OPENS THE FIRE DOOR ON HIS FLOOR AT WYANT WHEELER, removing the ball cap, baring the purple blotches (INT/DAY). 30

He walks quickly down the hall. Passing a COLLEAGUE, Andrew pretends to scratch his face, attempting to hide the blotches as nonchalantly as possible.

He dashes past an office, ignoring Anthea.

ANTHEA

Didn't expect to see you...?

He ducks into his office.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

31 SECRETARY SHELBY AT ANDREW'S DESK, FRANTICALLY SEARCHING through papers (INT./DAY)..... 31

Startled when he sees Shelby, Andrew spins toward the wall.

SHELBY

I'm looking through the files
but...

ANDREW

Call the messenger service, have
someone standing by...
(she reaches for the phone)
Your phone.

SHELBY

Sure.

Andrew keeps his face averted, until she's out of the room.
He goes to his computer, the monitor already glowing.

ANDREW

Think. You brought the discs
in, you transferred...

Rachel comes into his office.

RACHEL

I thought I was supposed to be
covering for you.
(blurts out)
God, Andy, you look awful.

jd
10/30

ANDREW

Some genius in Word Processing
lost my Highline complaint. Has
to be filed by five o'clock! If
it's late, there's no case...

RACHEL

Andy, people have been asking
questions. I've been telling
them there's nothing wrong, but...

ANDREW

Rach, please. Go down to Word
Processing. Help Jamey look.

She rushes out.

Andrew begins shoving floppy disks into the slots on his
computer, bringing up each disk's directory.

ANDREW

No.

He throws the disk to the floor. Shoves in another.

ANDREW (CONT.)

No.

Shoves in another, bending it in half.

ANDREW (CONT.)

No, goddammit!

He pulls open a file drawer, dumping legal briefs onto the
floor, frantically spreading them around with his foot.

Andrew THROWS a document across the room, takes a breath.

He picks up the telephone.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Bob? Something's come up. With
Highline. I don't want to
upset Charles, but...

(letting down his guard)

Oh, shit, Bob, the complaint's
due in forty minutes and I can't
find it.

(suddenly)

No, you don't have to come...!

(hanging up the phone)

Great. That's just great.

Andrew rubs his eyes, this is a nightmare.

He switches off the overhead light. He slants the window blinds, filling the room with shadow.

Bob Seidman comes into the office, typically cheerful.

SEIDMAN

C'mon, Andy, you didn't lose anything...

Seidman is struck by the mess in the office, and Andrew's disheveled appearance.

SEIDMAN (CONT.)

Jesus.

ANDREW

I don't know what to do, Bob.

SEIDMAN

You'll never find it in the dark.

Seidman FLIPS ON the overhead light. Andrew flinches.

Seidman approaches. Andrew gives up trying to hide the purple blotches, facing his mentor straight on.

SEIDMAN (CONT.)

What in God's name...?

ANDREW

Bob...

SEIDMAN

What's wrong with your face?

ANDREW

What's wrong with my face? You want to know what's wrong with my face? I've got a skin condition. Next question, Bob? No more questions? Fine. Now can you help me find the complaint?

SEIDMAN

Allright. Calm down.

ANDREW

Sorry...

Seidman sits in front of Andy's computer.

SEIDMAN
What was the file name?

ANDREW
K-R-O-one.

SEIDMAN
Maybe you mistyped the name when
you were saving it. We'll try
combinations of those letters...

Seidman goes to work. Andrew leans over his shoulder.

ANDREW
You're right, I probably just
misfiled--

KENTON (O.S.)
Andy?

Walter Kenton is standing at Andrew's door. His demeanor is
casual. So casual it seems a little forced.

KENTON (CONT.)
Some sort of problem?

Andrew has kept his face averted. But now he TURNS DIRECTLY
TOWARD CAMERA, showing his face to Kenton.

ANDREW
Yeah, Walter. Yeah. Some sort
of major problem.

HOLD ON THIS CLOSE UP OF ANDREW...

SOUND OF A BABY CRYING CROSSES THE CUT TO:

32 A NEWBORN BEING LIFTED INTO A DOCTOR'S HANDS (INT./DAY).....

32

DOCTOR
There she is, okay. You can
relax now, Lisa.

LISA MILLER has just given birth to a baby girl. She
collapses on her pillow, gasping for breath, moaning in
pain, quietly crying a little.

TITLE: "One month later."

The NURSES and the (FEMALE) DOCTOR move professionally
around the bed, doing their jobs.

At Lisa's side, Joe fumbles with a camera while darting amazed looks back and forth between Lisa and the baby.

JOE

Oh my god... a girl... oh my
god... Lisa... oh my god...

He's frantic.

JOE (CONT.)

You load the film...? No, on
this side... Or this side?
Don't move the baby!

LISA

Give me the camera, Joe.

Lisa pops the film into the camera, hands it back.

JOE

Thanks, hon. Oh my god...

With wildly trembling hands, Joe begins SNAPPING PHOTOS.

JOE (CONT.)

Oh my god... oh my god, look at
her... oh my god...

CUT TO:

33 JOE, WALKING THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, STILL WEARING SURGEON'S
greens, SPEAKING INTO HIS PORTABLE PHONE (INT./DAY).....

33

JOE

Go to Famous Fourth Street and
buy a pound of Nova. No! She
likes Scotch salmon better. Ah
heck, get a pound of both! Get
a dozen onion rolls. Get some
bagels. Get a dozen. Get a
bottle of champagne. Dom
Perignon... A hundred bucks a
bottle?! Better get a good
California...

*

Passing a PATIENT IN TRACTION, ROLLING BY ON A GURNEY, Joe
drops a business card into the PATIENT'S broken hand.

JOE (CONT.)
 (to the PATIENT)
 Give me a call.
 (into the phone)
 Get everything over here as soon
 as you can, she's starved. No,
 not the baby! Lisa!... Iris,
 listen: any calls I should know
 about?... Uh huh... Uh huh...
 Beckett? Who's Andrew Beckett?

Turning a corner, Joe comes face to face with HIS RELATIVES,
 who charge at him joyfully:

JOE'S MOTHER/AUNTS/UNCLES, ETC.
 Congratulations! How is Lisa?!
 When can we see the baby?!

CUT TO:

34 QUIET... JOE, LISA AND THEIR BABY CUDDLED TOGETHER IN
 Lisa's hospital bed, surrounded by debris from a party,
 paper plates, empty champagne bottle (INT./NIGHT).....

34

The relatives have gone. It's late at night.

Lisa holds the baby. Joe holds them both.

CUT TO:

35 AN INTERSECTION IN THE HEART OF OLD, DOWNTOWN PHILLY: A
 movie palace (now a six-plex) across the street from the
 Peter Pan Coffee Shop, PHILADELPHIA WORKERS going about the
 business of the day (EXT./DAY).....

35

TITLE: "One week later."

Shaw White
 Above the ~~Peter Pan~~ Coffee Shop is a string of large
 windows, each of which is painted with a question:

HEART ATTACK? ACCIDENT? MEDICAL MALPRACTICE? DOG BITE?

In bigger letters, across several windows:

D I A L 1 8 0 0 A - L A W Y E R

We hear JOE MILLER'S VOICE-OVER:

JOE (OS)
 How big was this hole you fell
 into?

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

36 A HALLWAY BULLETIN BOARD ANNOUNCING THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS of "Macready and Shilts Legal Services" (INT./DAY), including "Auto/DUI/Collisions with Deer... Product liability... Medical malpractice... Pet bites..." 36

The bulletin board stands at the entrance to a warehouse of lawyers' cubicles formed by office dividers and plastic ferns... PHONES JANGLING... INJURED CLIENTS LIMPING ABOUT...

JOE (OS) (CONT.)

And this hole was right in the middle of the street?

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

A37 JOE IS IN HIS OFFICE, A BOX OF CIGARS ON THE DESK WITH PINK bands announcing "It's a girl!" (INT./DAY). On the walls are photos of INJURED CLIENTS (the same photos we saw in the background of Joe's TV commercial)..... A37

A FEMALE CLIENT (MRS. FINLEY) faces Joe, her arm in a sling.

MRS. FINLEY

Right.

JOE

Why didn't you cross at the crosswalk?

MRS. FINLEY

Why should I?

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

37 ANDREW IS SEEN FROM BEHIND, SITTING ON A SOFA IN THE WAITING area. Very little hair shows beneath a Phillies ballcap... 37

A MAN WEARING A NECKBRACE, sitting next to Andrew, RISES, MOVING to a seat opposite Andrew. From this new position the MAN WITH THE NECKBRACE STARES at Andrew.

MAN WITH NECKBRACE'S POV:

The PURPLE BLOTCHES on Andrew's face are beginning to recede, not as angry looking as before, thanks to chemo therapy. Andrew is dressed casually, in jeans and a softball jacket (from the Wyant Wheeler team) with "Andy" embroidered over the heart.

Joe's assistant, IRIS, approaches.

IRIS
Mr. Beckett?

38 Andrew rises, following Iris past office dividers, HARRIED SECRETARIES and overflowing file cabinets. 38

Iris cannot look at Andrew as she walks beside him.
(Outside Joe's door is a sign: "Beware Mad Dog" with "Mad" written by hand.)

IRIS (CONT.)
In here.

ANDREW
Thank you.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

39 ANDREW STEPS INTO JOE'S OFFICE (INT./DAY). ANDREW GLANCES at the photos while Joe wraps up..... 39

JOE
(to the FEMALE CLIENT)
Explain this to me like I'm a six year old, okay? The entire street is clear except for one small area under construction, with a huge hole that is clearly marked and blocked off, and you decide you must cross the street at this spot. You fall into the hole and you want to sue the city for negligence?...

MRS. FINLEY
Yeah. Do I have a case?

JOE
Of course you have a case! Now, I want you to go with my assistant, Iris, and fill out some forms. She'll tell you about our fee arrangement.
(as they're leaving)
Mrs. Finley? Any back pain since the accident? Dizziness? Nightmares?

MRS. FINLEY
Now that you mention it...

*

*

JOE
Tell Iris all about it.
(leading her out)
Take good care of Mrs. Finley,
Iris.
(to Andrew)
Beckett, come in.

Joe offers his hand, getting a look at Andrew's face.

JOE (CONT.)
Jesus Christ, what happened to you?

ANDREW
I have AIDS.

Joe WITHDRAWS his hand, before it touches Andrew's.

JOE
Whoa-oh!
(beat)
Sorry, I...

ANDREW
It's okay. Can I sit down?

JOE
Uh, yeah...

Andrew hesitates. Joe doesn't sound sure.

JOE (CONT.)
Go ahead.

Andrew sits, Joe returns to his desk. (Joe finds himself acutely aware of where Andrew places his hands.)

ANDREW
(the cigars)
New baby?

JOE
One week old.

ANDREW
Congratulations.

JOE
Little baby girl.

ANDREW
Kids are great.

JOE

Thanks, Beckett. I'm real
excited about it.

(glances at his watch)

What can I do for you?

ANDREW

I was fired by Wyant Wheeler. I
plan to bring a wrongful
termination suit against Charles
Wheeler and his partners. *

JOE

You want to sue Wyant Wheeler
Hellerman Tetlow and Brown?

ANDREW

Correct. I'm seeking
representation.

JOE

Continue.

ANDREW

I misplaced an important
complaint. That's their story.
Want to hear mine?

JOE

How many lawyers did you go to,
before you called me?

ANDREW

Nine.

JOE

Continue.

ANDREW

I was diagnosed with AIDS eight
months ago. During a bout of
pneumonia. I recovered quickly
and was back at work in ten
days. Since I was doing so well
on the AZT, we decided against
telling anyone about it. *

JOE

We?

ANDREW

My lover and I.

JOE
Your... lover?

ANDREW
Miguel Alvarez. We've lived
together for nine years.

JOE
Continue.

ANDREW
I dove back into work,
everything was fine. Until the
lesions started... *

SUDDENLY PICTURE CUTS TO:

40 TIGHT ON ANDREW WALKING THROUGH THE LOBBY OF THE WHEELER Building (INT./DAY). He's wearing MAKEUP, which sort of covers the blotches. (NOTE: PICTURE and ANDREW'S VOICE OVER do NOT match up. This is no ordinary flashback)..... 40

ANDREW (VO) (CONT.)
First on my leg. Then my
forearm, my back. Then... my
face. For a short period, I
avoided the office during the
day, waiting for the chemo
therapy to clear up the
lesions... *

41 IMAGE: ANDREW RIDING THE CROWDED ELEVATOR ON A WORKDAY. 41

ANDREW (VO) (CONT.)
But I never let anything slide.
I made all my calls from home.
I worked sixteen hour days on a
complaint for a 350 million
dollar copyright infringement
suit... *

42 IMAGE: JOE IN HIS OFFICE, ABSORBED IN ANDREW'S STORY. 42

ANDREW (OS) (CONT.)
But the day the complaint was
due, it disappeared. Erased
from my computer. I thought I
was losing it, mentally...

43 IMAGE: ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING, ANDREW STEPPING INTO WYANT WHEELER OFFICES. NOW HE SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO CAMERA: 43

ANDREW (CONT.)

That can happen, it's called AIDS dementia when it gets into your brain. But miraculously, a copy of the complaint was located at the last minute, and we got it to court on time...

44 IMAGE: ANDREW'S POV OF COLLEAGUES, STAFF IN THE OFFICES, GIVING HIM LOOKS, WHISPERING. ANTHEA BURTON NODS HELLO.

44

ANDREW (OS) (CONT.)

The next morning, I was called to the office for a meeting with the managing partners. Walking down that corridor was strange. Felt like everyone was staring.

45 REVERSE ANGLE ON ANDREW AND JOE WALKING AT ANDREW'S SIDE.

45

JOE

Hell, they are staring. What's that shit on your face?

ANDREW

Makeup.

46 ANDREW'S POV: RACHEL OUTSIDE HER OFFICE, SAYS "GOOD LUCK."

46

ANDREW (CONT.)

The partners were waiting for me in the main conference room.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

47 CAMERA TRACKS INTO THE CONFERENCE ROOM, GIVING US ANDREW'S POV as he enters the room where Wheeler, Kenton, Killcoyne, Bob Seidman are waiting (INT./DAY).....

47

WHEELER

Sit down, Andy.

Wheeler's secretary, LYDIA, takes notes.

WHEELER (CONT.)

Thanks for coming in.

ANDREW

Of course.

Bob Seidman CANNOT look directly at Andrew.

WHEELER

Andy. Before we begin, I'd just like to say: everyone in this room is your friend.

JOE

You're in trouble.

(NOTE: Joe IS SEEN IN HIS OFFICE, or LEANING AGAINST A WINDOW IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM whenever he speaks.)

(A48)

ANDREW

I know that, Charles.

WHEELER

More than your friend. Family.

JOE

Big trouble.

ANDREW

Charles, I must apologize again, for the Kronos mishap.

(smiling)

It was a scary few minutes around here. Wow. But thank God, the complaint was found. And no damage was done.

KENTON

This time. What about next time?

ANDREW

There won't be a next time, I guarantee it.

WHEELER

Andy. It seems that something has come over you, lately. A kind of... stupor, a fogginess, a lack of focus... Earth to Andy. Anybody home?

*

KENTON

Helloooo...

*

KILLCOYNE

That's right, Andy. The last four, five months you've seemed really out of it...

*

SEIDMAN

At least... different, somehow.

ANDREW

(keeping it positive)
Perhaps... you're right. I've certainly been busy. With the Kronos complaint, a preliminary injunction hearing and the Saunders trial all falling at the same time...

KENTON

Some people think you have an attitude problem, Beckett.

ANDREW

Really? Who thinks that, sir?

WHEELER

I do.

Wheeler seems very grave.

ANDREW

I had no idea there was a concern in that area. Hey:
(a smile)
I'll get to work on it right away.

NO ONE else smiles.

WHEELER

We've been talking it over, Andy. Your future that is... We feel that, because we respect you so much, we have to be honest with you.

ANDREW

Honesty is always best.

SEIDMAN

Do you really think so, Andy?

ANDREW

Yes, Bob, I do.
(to the group)
Excuse me? Am I being fired?

WHEELER

Let's put it this way, Andy:
your place in the future of this
firm is no longer secure.

JOE

In a word, yes.

WHEELER

We don't think it's fair to keep
you here, where your future is
limited. But we wish you luck,
Andy, all the luck in the world.

Wheeler rises, wearing a friendly smile.

WHEELER (CONT.)

And I hate to rush you out of
here, but...

JOE

But he's got lots of other
people's lives to ruin...

WHEELER

...we've got a committee meeting.

ANDREW

Excuse me, Charles. With all
due respect... this is...
preposterous! It doesn't make
any sense, it sounds as if we're
talking about someone else.
Pardon the lack of humility, but
I've had the distinct impression
I was kind of... one of the
rising stars around here. And I
feel that wasn't just my
imagination. And I also think I
deserve to know what's really
going on here, Charles.

KENTON

Oh, you're right, Beckett, you
don't have an attitude problem.

WHEELER

Take it easy, Walter.

ANDREW

If you'd lost confidence in me,
why did you give me the Kronos suit?

WHEELER
I hoped the challenge would
improve your performance. You
could say it was a carrot.

ANDREW
A carrot?!

JOE
I buy that.

ANDREW
As in, the vegetable?

SEIDMAN
(suddenly emotional)
Andy, you nearly blew the case,
for God's sake! That alone is
inexcusable. It would have been
catastrophic for us. Put
yourself in our shoes, Andy.
There's no coming back from an
error like that, regardless of
who you are!
(softer)
I'm sorry, Andy.

Andrew FREEZES -- the full nature of this situation hitting
home. He looks each of the PARTNERS in the eye...

ANDREW
Uh huh... Okay... I see...

...at last LOOKING DIRECTLY AT Wheeler's secretary Lydia,
whose pen is poised above her notebook, waiting for someone
to say something.

Wheeler breaks the silence.

WHEELER
Good luck, Andy.

Wheeler, Kenton, Killcoyne, Seidman and Lydia file out.

Andrew doesn't move.

A SECURITY GUARD enters the room.

ANDREW
Who are you?

SECURITY GUARD

I'm here to escort you to your office so you can organize your belongings.

CUT TO:

48 CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM ANDREW, WE'RE IN JOE'S OFFICE (DAY)..

48

JOE

Okay. Explain to me like I'm a two year old, because there's an element to this I can't get through my thick head: Didn't you have an obligation to inform your employer you had this dreaded, deadly, infectious disease?

Andrew removes his ballcap -- his hair is cut short, to disguise the effects of chemo.

ANDREW

The law says people with disabilities cannot be terminated, so long as they can perform the duties required by their position...

*

JOE

Okay, okay... They discover you have this horrible, disgusting, terminal illness, and they panic, for any number of perfectly valid reasons. They're frightened for themselves, their families... Maybe it's the homo angle. Maybe they don't want to rub elbows with someone who's just popped out of the closet with a terminal case of acne. And how do they explain your status to the client for Chrissake?

ANDREW

Joe, from the day I arrived to the day they fired me, I performed consistently, thoroughly and with absolute excellence. And if they hadn't fired me, that's what I'd be doing today.

*

JOE

Okay... They want you out. It's against the law to fire you for having AIDS, so they make you look like a fuck up. Which leads us to the mysterious, lost file.

ANDREW

They sabotaged me.

JOE

I knew you were going to say that. I don't buy it, and I don't see a case.

ANDREW

Look. I know I have a case. If you don't want to take it for personal reasons...

JOE

Correct. I don't.

Andrew rises, thoroughly business-like.

ANDREW

Thanks for your time.

JOE

Beckett? I'm sorry about... what's happened to you. It's a fucking kick in the head.

ANDREW

(a smile)

Don't send flowers, Joe. I'm not dead yet.

Andrew exits.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

49 ANDREW LEAVES JOE'S OFFICE, MOVING DOWN THE CORRIDOR
(DAY)...

49

IRIS

(still uncomfortable,
as Andrew's leaving)

Have a nice day.

Andrew nods, passing one of Joe's colleagues, a hustler named FILKO, who STARES SHAMELESSLY.

Joe approaches Iris's desk.

JOE
Find out if Armbruster can see
me this afternoon.

FILKO
(still staring)
What the hell's wrong with him?

CUT TO:

50 THE STREET: ANDREW EMERGES FROM THE LAWYER'S BUILDING
(EXT./DAY). CLOSE ON ANDREW, standing there as an endless
flow of people passes by. He watches them go, thinking... 50

CUT TO:

51 A SUBURBAN DOCTOR'S OFFICE IN A MIDDLE-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD
(EXT./DAY)..... 51

DR. ARMBRUSTER (OS)
You had contact with someone who
has AIDS, and you're worried.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

52 A DOCTOR UNRAVELLING A BLOOD PRESSURE GAUGE (INT./DAY)..... 52

JOE
I'm not worried. What are you
doing?

Joe sits in his shirtsleeves on the examining table.

DR. ARMBRUSTER
Checking your blood pressure,
relax.

The DOCTOR wraps the blood pressure unit around Joe's arm.

JOE
I didn't have contact. What do
you consider 'contact?' We were
sitting in the same room, three,
four feet... What if you shake
hands? Wait. I know the
answer. Only sex, or sharing
needles. I know that. We
didn't shake hands, anyway.

Dr. Armbruster squeezes the blood pressure pump.

0-
jd
10/30

JOE

I didn't have contact. What do you consider 'contact?' We were sitting in the same room, three, four feet... What if you shake hands? Wait. I know the answer. Only sex, or sharing needles. I know that. We didn't shake hands, anyway.

Dr. Armbruster squeezes the blood pressure pump.

DR. ARMBRUSTER

The HIV virus can only be transmitted through the exchange of bodily fluids, namely blood, semen, and vaginal secretions.

JOE

Right.

Joe begins rolling down his sleeve.

DR. ARMBRUSTER

Leave that.

JOE

Yeah, but Doc, isn't it true they keep finding out new things about this disease? So you tell me, today, there's no danger, and I go home, and I hold my baby, and six months from now I hear on the news: 'whoops! We were wrong.' You can carry it on your clothes, your skin, and now I've got to worry about my kid. What are you doing?

Dr. Armbruster has been preparing a syringe.

DR. ARMBRUSTER

We're going to draw blood.

JOE

Why are we going to do that?

DR. ARMBRUSTER

Joe. I don't care a whit about your private life.

JOE

It doesn't travel through the air, by breathing, or touching, right?

DR. ARMBRUSTER

Not by touching, or shaking hands, or hugging, using the same toilet... Even kissing someone with AIDS is safe. But if there's something in your past you're worried about...

JOE

Thanks, Doc, but I don't need an AIDS test. Are you crazy? But thanks for the information. Really.

Joe throws on his jacket, opens the door... then TURNS BACK:

JOE (CONT.)

In my past?

DR. ARMBRUSTER

IV drug use.

Joe shakes his head.

DR. ARMBRUSTER (CONT.)

A homosexual encounter.

JOE

Get real.

DR. ARMBRUSTER

Unprotected sex with a prostitute.

JOE

(thinking it over)
Uh.... No. Not really...

DR. ARMBRUSTER

Or unprotected sex with someone you didn't know very well, any time during the last twelve years.

A MOMENT.

Joe returns to the examining table, and rolls up his sleeve.

CUT TO:

53 ESTABLISHING: JOE'S HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS (EXT./NIGHT).....

53

LISA (VOICE OVER)
You have a problem with gays,
Joe.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

54 JOE CRADLES HIS BABY AGAINST HIS CHEST (INT./NIGHT).....

54

JOE
Not especially.

Lisa eats standing up, at the stove, while Joe walks the
BABY in their modern kitchen.

LISA
How many gays do you know?

JOE
How many do you know?

LISA
Lots.

JOE
Who?

LISA
Karen Berman. Aunt Teresa. My
cousin Tommy who lives in
Rochester. Eddie Meyers from
the office. Joe Cantwell, he's
one of the partners. His lover,
Greg. Stanley, the guy who's
putting in our kitchen cabinets.

For a moment, Joe is struck dumb. Then he says:

JOE
Your Aunt Teresa is gay? That
beautiful, sensuous woman is
a... lesbian?

LISA
Duh...

JOE
Since when?

LISA
Probably since she was born.

JOE

Allright. I admit it: I'm prejudiced. I don't want to work with a homosexual. You got me.

LISA

Okay, Joe...

JOE

I mean, two guys, doing the horizontal thing? I don't get it. Don't they get confused? "Is that mine? I thought it was yours." Hey, call me old fashioned, call me conservative... I think maybe you have to be a man to get just how nauseating the whole basic idea really is.

LISA

Fine, Joe...

JOE

And the way they work out, pumping up, so they can be macho and faggot at the same time... I can't stand that shit. Now I'm being totally honest with you.

LISA

That's perfectly clear.

CLOSE ON JOE, LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA:

JOE

Would you take a client if you were constantly thinking: 'I hope this guy doesn't touch me. I don't even want him to breathe on me?'

CUT TO:

55 THE STREETS OF PHILLY ARE DUSTED WITH SNOW, STORE WINDOWS decorated for Christmas. Joe steps out of the Famous 4th St. Deli, with a package (EXT. DAY).....

55
*

TITLE: "Two weeks later."

CUT TO:

56 JOE SITS AT A TABLE IN THE PUBLIC LAW LIBRARY, SURROUNDED BY books and legal pads, hard at work. He's eating a pastrami sandwich which he hides behind a reference book when a LIBRARIAN saunters by (INT./DAY).....

56

A CHAIR SQUEAKS and Joe LOOKS UP TO SEE:

Andrew taking a seat across the room (the blotches have been reduced by chemo, but he's struggling with a cold). Andrew removes notepads and pens from his briefcase. He takes out a package of tissues, blowing his nose.

JOE
(under his breath)
Shit...

Joe slides to the far end of his table, stacking seven or eight HUGE REFERENCE BOOKS in front of him.

JOE'S POV, PEERING THROUGH THE REFERENCE BOOKS:

Andrew opens a book, taking notes. Rubs his eyes. Writes something. Sneezes.

A LIBRARIAN delivers a book to Andrew.

LIBRARIAN
This is the supplement. You're right, there is a section on...
(lowers her voice)
...HIV related discrimination.

ANDREW
Thank you.

Andrew takes the book from her -- but she remains.

LIBRARIAN
We have a private research room available.

ANDREW
I'm fine, thanks.

Andrew BLOWS HIS NOSE. Now other PATRONS are watching.

LIBRARIAN
Wouldn't you be more comfortable in a research room?

ANDREW
(pleasantly)
No. But would it make you more
comfortable?

LIBRARIAN
Whatever, sir.

The LIBRARIAN turns away, shrugging to a PATRON, indicating she's done all she can do.

As Joe continues to watch: one of Andrew's NEIGHBORS picks up his books and moves away.

Joe rises, gliding down an aisle of books, keeping one eye on Andrew, who concentrates on his work.

Joe approaches, nonchalantly, as if he just happens to be sauntering by. Suddenly he "notices" Andrew.

JOE
Oh, Beckett. How's it goin'?

ANDREW
Fine.

Andrew goes back to his work.

JOE
Who'd you get?

ANDREW
What?

JOE
Find a lawyer?

ANDREW
I'm a lawyer. How's your baby?

JOE
Huh? Oh. Great. She's great.

ANDREW
What's her name?

JOE
Rayisha.

ANDREW
Rayisha. Very nice.

*

*

Andrew focuses on his work. Joe steps away.

Joe comes back.

JOE
How did they find out?

ANDREW
(a second, then:)
One of the partners spotted a
lesion on my forehead.

Nearby, a CHINESE PROFESSOR looks up, startled, when she
hears the word "lesion."

JOE
Uh huh...

Andrew concentrates on his work once more.

JOE (CONT.)
How do you get from one lawyer
spotting a lesion, which could
have been a bruise, to the
partners deducing you had AIDS,
and basing a decision to
terminate you on that
conclusion?

*

The CHINESE PROFESSOR moves away.

ANDREW
Good point.

Andrew removes a legal pad with "KENTON" written in big
letters across the top, and lots of notes underneath.

ANDREW (CONT.)
The partner who spotted the
lesion, Walter Kenton, used to
work for Benton, Myers, in D.C.
There's a paralegal there, Maria
Torres. She's had lesions on
and off for three years. She
says it was common knowledge
around the office that her
lesions were caused by AIDS.

*

JOE
They didn't fire her?

ANDREW

No. They didn't fire her.

Andrew goes back to his work. Joe stands there.

JOE

So Kenton connected the...
lesion, and whatever suspicions
he had about your personal
life... to this woman, Maria...
and blew the whistle on you.
Suddenly you're losing files,
and it's time to let you go.
But, up to this point, you've
been their Golden Boy, their
rising star... Their behavior
is... inconsistent.

*

ANDREW

Thank you.

*

Andrew goes back to work.

JOE

There is no relevant precedent.

*

ANDREW

(not looking up)
Arline decision. Supreme Court.

JOE

Arline?

Andrew **SHOVES** the legal book toward Joe.

CLOSE ON ANDREW'S HANDS (with one blotch) on the book's
white pages.

The book is still facing Andrew. If Joe wants to read it,
he'll have to turn it around.

Joe looks at Andrew's hands. A MOMENT.

Joe turns the book around, begins to read:

JOE

The Federal Vocational
Rehabilitation Act of 1973
prohibits discrimination...

*

57 CAMERA CRANES UP, TOWARD THE CEILING... JOE CONTINUES
READING IN VOICE-OVER:

57

JOE (VO) (CONT.)
"...against otherwise qualified
handicapped persons who are able
to perform the duties required
by their employment..."

CAMERA GOES HIGHER, LOOKING DOWN ON THE ROWS OF BOOKS AND
THE LONG TABLES DOTTED WITH PEOPLE...

JOE (VO) (CONT.)
"Although the ruling did not
address the specific issue of
HIV and AIDS discrimination..."

58 DISSOLVE TO SAME ANGLE AN HOUR LATER: Andrew and Joe face
each other at their table, but NO ONE ELSE remains at that
table, or at the table next to it... 58

ANDREW (VO)
"Subsequent decisions have held
that AIDS is protected as a
handicap under law, not only
because of the physical
limitations it imposes..."

59 DISSOLVE TO A SAME ANGLE AN HOUR LATER (DAY IS TURNING INTO
NIGHT): Joe pacing, Andrew reading. Their section of the
library is COMPLETELY EMPTY but for Andrew and Joe. 59

ANDREW (VO) (CONT.)
"But because the prejudice
surrounding AIDS exacts a social
death which precedes the actual,
physical one..."

60 DISSOLVE TO SAME ANGLE, LATER: Andrew and Joe sit on the
same side of the table, reading the same book. 60

JOE (VO)
"This is the essence of
discrimination: formulating
opinions about others not based
on their individual merits but,
rather, on their membership in a
group with assumed
characteristics..."

The library is QUIET. Andrew SNEEZES.

Joe scoots his chair away from Andrew by eight inches.

DISCO MUSIC RISES ACCOMPANIED BY THE SOUNDS OF GRUNTING,
HEAVY BREATHING AND SLAPPING FLESH AS WE...

CUT TO:

V61 MUSCULAR, SWEATY MALE BODIES SLAMMING INTO EACH OTHER,
sounds of GRUNTS, skin SLAPPING against skin (INT./NIGHT)... V61

...Hand SLAPPING a butt under satin shorts...

...Sweaty armpits... the ROAR OF A CROWD...

...BASKETBALL PLAYERS embracing, twirling each other around,
high fiving...

61 WIDE ANGLE REVEALS: A basketball game in progress, Sixers
versus the Celtics in Philly's Spectrum Arena. 61

ON CLOSED CIRCUIT TV: ROBERT PARISH going for a lay-up...

WHEELER/KENTON/OTHERS
Watch this guy! Nail him! Ouch!

Charles Wheeler, Walter Kenton, Kenneth Killcoyne, Bob
Seidman and SEVERAL LAWYERS and SPOUSES watch the game from
a plush, private box, complete with TV, bar, snack table.
The lawyers wear Ralph Lauren polos, chinos and ball caps.
The place reeks of cigar smoke. Walter Kenton has a twenty-
five year old WIFE.

Charles Wheeler's nine year old GRANDSON sits nearby.
Wheeler turns the GRANDSON'S ballcap around, smiling
lovingly at the boy.

62 JUST BEYOND WHEELER: The door to the box is opened by a
SECURITY GUARD and a well-dressed, charismatic MAN looks in. 62

WHEELER
(spotting him)
Julius!

KENTON
Dr. J.!

DR. J.
Gentlemen... Ladies...

JULIUS ERVING enters, greeted by the LAWYERS.

LAWYERS
How's it goin', Doctor?/This is
an honor!/etc.....

The door is opened again, by the SECURITY GUARD, REVEALING Joe Miller (in jeans and basketball jacket) and a MARSHALL.

JOE

Excuse me. Charles Wheeler?

Wheeler turns. Joe SLAPS a document into Wheeler's hand.

JOE (CONT.)

Summons. For you.

NOW the box is QUIET.

DR. J.

Say. What's up, Chuck?

CUT TO:

63 THE BRIGHTLY LIT, RESTRICTED, INNER CORRIDOR OF SPECTRUM * * * 63
Stadium (INT./NIGHT) where Wheeler walks beside Bob Seidman,
with Walter Kenton and Kenneth Killcoyne just behind.
SOUNDS OF THE GAME STILL IN PROGRESS can be heard, but FAR
AWAY. Occasionally the lawyers are passed by FOOD SERVICE
or LAUNDRY SERVICE EMPLOYEES.....

WHEELER

...interview every employee,
support staff, associates,
partners. Did any of them know
Andy was sick? How did they
know? Did he tell them? Did
they notice something was wrong
with his appearance? None of
this information got to the
managing partners. We know
that. Make sure everyone else
does too... And Beckett: I want
to know everything about his
personal life. Did he frequent
those pathetic bars on Camac
Street?

SEIDMAN

Jesus...

WHEELER

(ignoring Seidman)
What about other homosexual
facilities, whatever they are?

SEIDMAN

Charles...

WHEELER

What deviant groups or organizations did he secretly belong to?

(with irritation)

What is it, Bob?!

SEIDMAN

Let's settle with Andy and put this whole tragic mess behind us.

They arrive at a quiet, semi-private cul de sac.

WHEELER

Andrew brought AIDS into our offices, into our men's room. He brought AIDS to our annual goddamn family picnic.

KENTON

We ought to be suing him.

SEIDMAN

For Christ's sake, where's your compassion?

KENTON

Compassion? Andy sucks cocks, Bob. He takes it up the ass. He's a pervert.

Only Seidman shows any kind of REACTION.

SEIDMAN

That's kind of... extreme, Walt. Andy's private life is none of our business.

WHEELER

Bob. You're trying my patience. Andrew Beckett is making his private life our business. We gave him Kronos. Did he say, "I'm sick. I might not be able to see this through?"

SEIDMAN

He was doing a great job.

WHEELER

Bob. I must ask you to shut the fuck up. Did Andrew Beckett say "I might not be able to serve our clients to the best of my ability?" He said nothing. And now, Andrew Beckett proposes to haul me into a court of law, to sling accusations at me, in full view of the entire, Philadelphia, judicial establishment. My God.

KILLCOYNE

Beckett doesn't want to go to court, he's hoping for a quick, tasty settlement.

SEIDMAN

A jury might decide that Andy has a case.

WHEELER

Wait a minute. The man was fired for incompetence, not because he has AIDS. You didn't know he was sick, did you, Bob?

KENTON

Holy Shit. Did you, Bob?

SEIDMAN

(after a moment)

No. Not really.

Wheeler walks away, followed by Kenton and Killcoyne.

Bob Seidman stands alone in this dark place.

CITY SOUNDS ON A WORK DAY AS WE CUT TO:

64 EXTERIOR, JOE'S OFFICE BUILDING, ON A THURSDAY MORNING.....

64

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

65 JOE'S COLLEAGUE, FILKO, LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA
(in Joe's offices, INT./DAY):

65

FILKO

Charles Fucking Wyant Wheeler?!

Joe sweeps by, just arriving for work.

JOE
Morning, Filko.

Filko keeps pace with Joe down the corridor. ANOTHER COLLEAGUE calls out from an office as Joe passes:

COLLEAGUE
Hey, it's the local chapter of the ACLU!

FILKO
You're a Republican, Joe! You belong to the NRA!

JOE
How many toilet stalls are there in the women's restroom on this floor, Filko?

FILKO
How many... what?!

Filko follows Joe into Joe's office.

JOE
Two. How many toilet stalls are there in the men's room? Two, plus four urinals. How many wheelchair accessible toilets in either of those restrooms? Zero. In this entire building? Zero. Get the picture, Filko? Discrimination! You find yourself a female, paraplegic, legal assistant who is qualified to work here, except she can't take a leak... and you've got yourself a sex discrimination suit and a handicapped discrimination suit. Not handicapped. What do you call someone who can't use a normal restroom? "Gastro-intestinally challenged!"

Behind Joe, out a large window: PAINTERS on a scaffold. Iris comes into the office and says:

IRIS
Wyant Wheeler's asking for a postponement on the prelim, Joe.

Joe is dialing the phone.

JOE
Low-life, sleazy scumbags. Of course they want a postponement, I've got a client with a terminal disease. They're going to drag their heels every step of the way, the rotten bastards.
(tapping on the window, to the PAINTERS)
Is that spelled right?

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

66 EXTERIOR, JOE'S OFFICE BUILDING, WHERE PAINTERS ARE ADDING A * * * (new question to the line of windows (DAY):

D I S C R I M I N A T E D A G A I N S T ?

JOE (VO)
Hey, Beckett. This is Miller.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

67 JOE'S VOICE COMES THROUGH, ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE IN * * * (Andrew and Miguel's loft (INT./DAY).....

JOE (VO) (CONT.)
I just wanted to tell you...

CAMERA DRIFTS THROUGH the loft, finding Andrew in the rooftop solarium, sitting crosslegged in front of a candle.

JOE (VO) (CONT.)
...we're trying to set a date for the prelim. Hang in there.

Andrew's eyes are closed. Next to him rests a tape player. A WOMAN'S VOICE IS HEARD, accompanied by NEW AGE MUSIC:

WOMAN'S VOICE
I can heal myself...

ANDREW
I can heal myself...

WOMAN'S VOICE
I can heal myself...

ANDREW
I can heal myself...

CUT TO:

68

ANDREW AND MIGUEL IN THEIR BEDROOM AT NIGHT, LYING CLOSE TO
each other in bed (INT./NIGHT).....

68

MIGUEL

I was coming out of the gym today, and I ran into Jimmy Paisler. Do you know what he asked me? He looks at me all weird and tragic-like, and says, 'What's it like knowing your boyfriend's going to die?'

ANDREW

Ohhhhhh, thanks Jim.

MIGUEL

I thought, 'I want to kill this bastard.'

ANDREW

And what did you say?

MIGUEL

I said, 'Everyone's going to die, Jimmy. But Drew's not going to die of AIDS. There's going to be a cure, and he plans to be around to take advantage of it.'

Miguel strokes Andrew's hair.

ANDREW

You got that right, Mikey...

(beat)

You still believe that, don't you?

MIGUEL

Yes. It will be a ridiculously simple solution. Something they'll put in a syringe, inject it into your bloodstream. It'll neutralize the virus. It'll revitalize the immune system, and people with AIDS will become healthy again.

FADE OUT.

10/30

69 FADE IN: ESTABLISHING, EXT. PHILADELPHIA COURT HOUSE
(DAY)..... 69

CUT TO:

70 A LONG CORRIDOR IN A CITY COURT BUILDING -- FAR DOWN THE
corridor TWO FIGURES WALK TOWARD CAMERA (INT./DAY)..... 70

The figures APPROACHING CAMERA are Andrew and Joe, stepping
into and out of sunlight falling through tall windows.

TITLE: "Pre-trial settlement conference."

71 REVERSE ANGLE -- DOWN AN OPPOSITE CORRIDOR: 71

A PHALANX OF LAWYERS -- at least ten -- APPROACHING CAMERA,
a bulwark of white shirts and dark ties.

72 ON ANDREW AND JOE: 72

Andrew's hair is short, but growing back, the blotches have
receded, his weight is up. He's in a stage of recovery.)

73 ON THE OTHER LAWYERS: 73

Charles Wheeler (seeming ironic) and Walter Kenton (he's
pissed) lead the battalion.

Behind them, walk young lawyers BELINDA CONINE (white
female) and JEROME GREEN (black male), flanked by attorneys
DEXTER SMITH and RALPH PETERSEN (white males, older,
imposing).

CUT TO:

74 A JUDGE'S CHAMBERS (INT./DAY)..... 74

...with couches, soft chairs scattered in a loose circle,
like a casual living room. The Wyant Wheeler team takes up
several chairs. Belinda Conine and Jerome Green sit next to
Wheeler and Kenton. Some of their ASSISTANTS stand.

Joe and Andrew occupy two chairs on the other side of the
room.

JUDGE LUCAS GARNETT presides from his desk.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

WHEELER
Congratulations on the new
grandson.

JUDGE GARNETT
Thank you. We're very happy.

The Judge brushes by Joe and Andrew without a word. The
room becomes SILENT as the Judge takes a seat.

JUDGE GARNETT
Attorney for the plaintiff?

JOE
Joseph Miller, Your Honor.
Macready and Shilts Legal Services.

JUDGE GARNETT
I've seen your television
commercials. "If you or anyone
you know has been injured
through the fault of others..."
It should say, "through the
negligence of others."

JOE
I'll take that under
consideration, Your Honor.

JUDGE GARNETT
On behalf of the defendants?

BELINDA CONINE
Belinda Conine. Of Petersen,
Lehigh, Monroe and Smith.

JEROME GREEN
And Jerome Green.

And a WASPISH lawyer wearing round glasses:

DEXTER SMITH
Dexter Smith.

A white-haired lawyer next to Belinda:

RALPH PETERSEN
Ralph Petersen.

JUDGE GARNETT

(to Joe)

You're outnumbered four to one.

(to the others)

Whom do I address? I can't talk to four lawyers at once.

BELINDA

I'm chief litigator, Your Honor.

JUDGE GARNETT

Fine. I've asked the litigants to be present for this conference, in the hope we can settle this matter today, among ourselves... There is nothing I hate more, than to see lawyers suing each other. If you look at the opinion polls, when Mr. John Q. Citizen is asked to rank professions according to the respect he holds for them... Where are the lawyers? Somewhere below personal fitness trainers and only slightly above child pornographers. If we keep suing each other, if we fail to settle the smallest difference among ourselves with mutual respect, if we continue to scrap like bucks in heat, we'll fall lower on that list. And when people lose respect for lawyers, they lose respect for the law. And when this society loses all respect for the law, we'll be murdered in our beds, my friends, our cherished institutions will be burned to the ground and our children and our grandchildren will live like savages.

JOE

If it please Your Honor, we hope to settle this matter.

JUDGE GARNETT

By God you will settle it! If you force this case to trial, young man, you'll regret it for
(MORE)

JUDGE GARNETT (CONT.)
the rest of your natural-born
days... Now, Joseph. What would
you require to settle this
matter today?

JOE
Reinstatement at full salary.
Back pay covering the period of
unemployment and...

JUDGE GARNETT
Hold it, Joe.
(to Wheeler)
He wants to come back to work,
Chuck.

WHEELER
That's impossible, Your Honor.

JUDGE GARNETT
That's impossible, Joe.

BELINDA CONINE
If it please Your Honor, we're
prepared to offer a cash
settlement of twenty-five
thousand dollars. *

JOE
Your generosity overwhelms me,
Belinda, considering my client
was earning over a hundred thou
when he was terminated almost
six months ago. *

JUDGE GARNETT
Give me a break, Joe. Let's cut
through these false attitudes.
Give them a figure. How much do
you want?

ANDREW
I want to go back to work, Your
Honor.

JUDGE GARNETT
You're here at my indulgence,
young man. I'm waiting for a
figure, Joe.

Andrew and Joe confer with each other.

JOE

Based on what my client would have earned over the next three years, including benefits and projected raises, and the extraordinary cost of medical care for someone with Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome... We would settle today for the very fair amount of one million five hundred thousand dollars.

JUDGE GARNETT

Very good, Joe. Now, Belinda, I've got a figure over here, of one million, five. I...

Andrew WHISPERS to Joe, who interrupts the Judge:

JOE

One more thing, Your Honor...

ANDREW

(jumping in)

Any settlement agreement must include, and this is critical, a letter of exoneration, making clear my termination had nothing to do with the quality of my work.

Charles Wheeler WHISPERS to Belinda Conine.

BELINDA CONINE

Your Honor, Mr. Beckett's incompetence nearly sabotaged a 350 million dollar suit.

ANDREW

I was the one who was sabotaged.

BELINDA CONINE

We have complaints about Mr. Beckett's lack of preparation, his disorganization, his arrogant, defensive attitude... The list goes on.

JEROME GREEN

We have letters.

JOE

Why haven't you produced these letters?

JUDGE GARNETT

Take it easy.

(to Wheeler)

What's the big deal, Chuck? The boy wants a letter, to show to his mother, for her to keep after he's gone. Why are you being hard-assed about this?

WHEELER

I wish I could exonerate you, Andy. But I'd have to lie to do it.

ANDREW

(very calm)

You can save it for the jury, Charles. I want to hear you say, under oath, in front of a judge and a jury, I'm a bad lawyer.

(rises)

Gentlemen.

(to Belinda)

Counselor.

WHEELER

Don't do this, Andy.

JOE

Whoa, whoa...

(to Andrew)

What do you expect them to say, you're Alan Dershowitz?

KENTON

A trial takes time, Beckett. Do you know what I'm saying?

ANDREW

I think I catch your subtle drift, Walter.

Andrew saunters out.

KENTON

You'll be sorry, Beckett.

WHEELER

Andy, you don't want this.

Joe scans the room, all eyes are on him. His frown turns into a grin. He faces the Judge. *

JOE

With all due respect, Your Honor, my client chooses to pursue his constitutionally guaranteed right to a trial.

Joe exits.

CUT TO:

75 HAND HELD CAMERA SHOT OF: THE FRONT YARD OF A TWO-STORY Colonial house in Downingtown, Pennsylvania (EXT./DAY)..... 75

Andrew walks toward the house, TALKING DIRECTLY TO CAMERA.

ANDREW

This is the house where I grew up. In Downingtown, Pennsylvania.
(pointing to the ground)
See this...?

The CAMERA POINTS to SEVERAL PAIRS OF CHILD'S HAND PRINTS in the sidewalk, then, BACK TO ANDREW IN CLOSE UP, SMILING.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Those are my cute little hand prints. And my brother's and my sister's.

MIGUEL'S VOICE

(BEHIND CAMERA)

And today is...?

ANDREW

Today is my parents' fortieth wedding anniversary.

Andrew goes inside, speaking to the CAMERA:

ANDREW (CONT.)

This is the front door. I caught a finger in this door, once... (holds it up) This one. Broke it. (stepping inside) This is the hallway, my mother calls it a foyer...

CHILDREN are running through the house, while WOMEN sporting corsages confer in the kitchen. A SIX YEAR OLD GIRL jumps into Andrew's arms.

ALEXIS

Uncle Andrew!

ANDREW

(to CAMERA)

This is my niece, Alexis. Say hello, Alexis.

ALEXIS

Mommy's pregnant again.

ANDREW

(doing Walter Cronkite)

You heard it here first, folks.
News as it happens.

Andrew's older and very down to earth sister JILL, puts her arms around Andrew, squeezing tight.

JILL

Hello, darlin'.

ANDREW

This is my sister, Jill, the most fertile woman on the planet. She's married to Reverend Jim.

JILL

You feel thin.

(over Andrew's shoulder)

Hello, Miguel.

As Jill leaves Andrew's arms, the CAMERA IS TRADED OFF TO ANDREW, who SHOOTs JILL GIVING MIGUEL A HUG.

MIGUEL

Hey, Jill. Nice to see you, sweetheart.

JILL

(hugging Miguel)

Handsome devil.

(referring to Andrew)

Is he eating?

MIGUEL

We don't discuss his weight.
(to Andrew, behind CAMERA)
Do we?

CAMERA MOVES DOWN THE CORRIDOR.....

ANDREW (OS)

And what will we find in... da
duh da duh da duh... the
KITCHEN!

A GROUP OF LADIES SCREAM when CAMERA ENTERS KITCHEN.

LADIES

There he is! Hi, Andrew! Don't
point that thing at me! etc....

Andrew's mother Sarah wears an unpretentious flowery dress.

ANDREW

Hi, Mom. How do you feel on
your fortieth anniversary?

SARAH

Ancient. How do you think I
feel? Put that thing down and
give me a hug.

(he keeps it pointed at her)
Andrew, stop!... He still
doesn't listen.

ANDREW

Where's Dad?

SARAH

He's out in his shed, showing
your uncle his new riding mower.

One of Andrew's YOUNG NEPHEWS SHOVES HIS FACE into the
CAMERA, UNTIL SCREEN GOES BLACK.

CUT TO:

77 QUIET (INT./DAY).....

77

Andrew and his immediate family are gathered in the den,
sitting quietly, facing each other. Andrew's father, BUD,
with an American flag pin in his lapel, sits next to Sarah.
Jill holds the hand of her husband, REVEREND JIM. Two of
Andrew's brothers, MATT and RANDY, (big, athletic guys with
mustaches) are there.

Andrew sits next to Miguel.

ANDREW

Things might be said, at the trial, that... are not going to be easy for you to hear. Things about me, about my private life. And I want to make sure it's okay with everybody.

MATT

I appreciate you asking, Andy, but really, it's your call.

ANDREW

What do you think, Jill?

JILL

To be honest, I'm worried about Mommy and Daddy. They've had to go through so much already... And, we all know...

(very difficult to say)
There's going to be even worse things to deal with, eventually. I wonder if it's fair to put them through this.

Andrew's father STARES at his folded hands.

ANDREW

Mom?

SARAH

All I know is, you got through your diagnosis fine, like a trooper. But when they fired you... you were so devastated, Andy... I don't expect any of my kids to sit in the back of the bus. Fight for your rights.

ANDREW

Thanks, Mom... Dad?

There's a pause before Bud Beckett speaks.

BUD

Supposedly, the Lord doesn't give you more trouble than you can handle. But I'm having a hard time believing that these days...

Andrew's construction worker brother, RANDY, wipes tears from his eyes. Clearly their father is in alot of pain.

BUD (CONT.)

Andy, the way you've faced this whole thing, you and Miguel, with so much courage... your mother and I have been so very impressed...

Andrew gazes at his father with incredible love. Miguel puts an arm around Andrew.

BUD (CONT.)

I can't imagine there is anything, that anyone could say, that would make us feel less proud of you.

ANDREW

(full of emotion)

Thanks, Dad. I love you guys. How about you, Randy?

RANDY

Hey. You're my kid brother, Andy. That's the bottom line. I mean, what are those bastards going to say? You're gay? Shit, I knew that when you were five years old.

Everyone LAUGHS. Andrew and Randy high five.

MIGUEL

Wait a minute...
(to Andrew)
You're gay?

More laughter. But Jill speaks seriously:

JILL

What about you, Andy? You're not a militant type. You've always been so private.

CLOSE ON ANDREW:

ANDREW

I guess... I don't have time for that any more.

ok
jd
10/30

: MATT

Hey. You're my kid brother,
Andy. That's the bottom line.
I mean, what are those bastards
going to say? You're gay?
Shit, I knew that when you were
five years old.

Everyone LAUGHS, Andrew and Matt high five. Jill's husband
Jim seems uncomfortable.

MIGUEL

Wait a minute...
(shocked -- to Andrew)
You're gay?

More LAUGHTER -- a happy, family moment.

ROMANTIC MUSIC CROSSES CUT TO:

BECKETT'S LIVINGROOM, SEEN THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA (DAY)...

A local entertainer (GUIDO PAONESSA) launches into a
standard, accompanied by a single guitar player, and Bud and
Sarah begin to dance, surrounded by family and friends.

GUIDO

"When somebody loves you...
They love you...
All the way... "

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

CAMERA PANS WITH ANDREW as he comes forward to dance with his mother, while Jill dances with their father.

CAMERA RETURNS TO MIGUEL. MATT (behind the camera) says:

MATT (OS)
Hey, Miguel, can you imagine any
two people being together for
forty years?

ZOOM IN CLOSE ON MIGUEL (who's watching Andrew):

MIGUEL
Yes. I can.

VIDEO CAMERA PANS to Andrew dancing with his Mom, lingering on this IMAGE...

JOE (VOICE OVER)
Forget everything you've seen on
TV, and in the movies...

CUT TO:

79 HELICOPTER SHOT, REVEALING ALL OF PHILADELPHIA (DAY).....

79

TITLE: "Eight months later."

JOE (OS) (CONT.)
There won't be any last minute,
surprise witnesses...

CUT TO:

80 A MAN LOOKING INTO CAMERA: HE'S YOUNG, CONFIDENT, ALL-American, a Marine (INT./DAY).....

80

TITLE: "Opening statements."

The MARINE is a JUROR. CAMERA PANS others: a BLACK LADY SCHOOLTEACHER, a POSTAL WORKER, an ASIAN COLLEGE STUDENT.

JOE (OS) (CONT.)
No one will break down on the
stand with a tearful confession...

REVERSE ON JOE, ADDRESSING THE JURY.

JOE (CONT.)
You are presented with a simple
fact: Andrew Beckett was fired.
(MORE)

JOE (CONT.)

You will hear two explanations
for why he was fired. Ours.
And theirs...

Joe crosses the courtroom, coming to stand in front of...

ANDREW, whose appearance has changed: thinner, paler than we've ever seen him, some blisters on his lips. But the most disturbing thing about his appearance is the way he moves, slowly, like a much older man. He's taking notes (which he will do relentlessly throughout the trial.) And he has a cane at his side, which he'll use throughout the trial.

*

JOE (CONT.)

It's up to you, to sift through
layer and layer of truth, and
determine for yourselves the
version that sounds the most true...

Charles Wheeler, Walter Kenton, Bob Seidman, Kenneth Killcoyne sit BEHIND their lawyers, Belinda Conine and Jerome Green, and SEVERAL ASSISTANTS at the defense table.

JUDGE GARNETT presides from his bench.

Among the spectators, Miguel sits next to Sarah, and Andrew's sister Jill. AIDS ACTIVISTS in the background.

JOE (CONT.)

There are certain points in our
version, that I must prove to
you... Point number one:
Andrew Beckett was... is a
brilliant lawyer. A great
lawyer. Point number two.
Andrew Beckett, afflicted with a
debilitating disease, made the
legal, understandable, personal
choice to keep the fact of his
illness to himself... Point
number three: His employers
discovered his illness. And
ladies and gentlemen, the
illness I'm referring to, is
AIDS...

Joe pauses, letting that sink in.

JOE (CONT.)

Point number four. They panicked. And, in their panic, they did what most of us would like to do with AIDS... Get it, and the people who have it, as far away from us as possible.

Joe walks away from Andrew.

JOE (CONT.)

The behavior of Andrew Beckett's employers may seem reasonable to you. It does to me. After all, AIDS is a deadly, incurable, disease...

CLOSE ON MEMBERS OF THE JURY.

JOE (CONT.)

But however you come to judge the behavior of Charles Wheeler and his partners in moral, ethical, human terms... When they fired Andrew Beckett because he had AIDS, they broke the law.

With a swift, direct glance at the Judge, Joe speaks with considerable power and emotion:

JOE (CONT.)

And, when lawyers break the law, when this society loses respect for the law, when that day comes, our cherished institutions will be burned to the ground, and our children and grandchildren will live like savages.

CUT TO:

81 BELINDA CONINE ADDRESSING THE JURY (INT./DAY).....

BELINDA

Fact. Andrew Beckett's performance varied from competent... good... to often times mediocre, sometimes, flagrantly incompetent... Fact. He made a critical error on a multi-million dollar lawsuit... Fact.

(MORE)

BELINDA (CONT.)

He claims he is the victim of lies and deceit. Fact. Andrew Beckett lied to his employers, going to great efforts to conceal his disease from them, with utter disregard for the health and well-being of his co-workers... Fact. He was successful in his duplicity. The partners at Wyant Wheeler did not know Andrew Beckett had AIDS when they fired him...

Belinda pauses in front of the plaintiff's table.

BELINDA (CONT.)

Fact. AIDS is a heartbreaking tragedy...

Andrew looks directly at Belinda.

BELINDA (CONT.)

Fact. Andrew Beckett is dying.

Joe watches Andrew for his reaction.

BELINDA (CONT.)

Fact. Andrew Beckett is angry. Because his 'lifestyle,' his reckless behavior, has cut short his life... And in his anger, his rage, he's lashing out. And he wants someone to pay.

CUT TO:

82

ON THE WITNESS STAND: A SOLIDLY BUILT EXECUTIVE FROM A large insurance company, MR. LAIRD (INT./DAY).....

82

JOE

Andrew Beckett represented your company in a lawsuit in 1990, is that correct?

LAIRD

That's correct.

Andrew glances toward the jury box: the MARINE JUROR writes in a tiny notebook.

JOE

Were you pleased with his work?

LAIRD

We were satisfied with the outcome of the litigation.

Joe and Andrew exchange a LOOK -- Laird's response surprises and disappoints them.

Joe refers to legal documents.

JOE

Mr. Laird, when I approached you about being a witness at this trial, you gave sworn testimony in a deposition. Is that correct?

LAIRD

That's correct.

JOE

According to the deposition, you said you were "impressed and delighted" with the quality of Andrew Beckett's work. Do you recall saying that?

LAIRD

In all honesty, I was delighted with certain aspects of Andy's effort. But in general, I found the work satisfactory.

Joe STARES at the guy.

JOE

Mr. Laird. Do you agree that a cheeseburger may be satisfying, whereas caviar and champagne and roast duck and baked Alaska for dessert might be considered delightful?

JEROME GREEN

We object. These gastronomical comments are irrelevant to these proceedings, Your Honor.

Ja
10/30

JOE

Your Honor, five months ago this witness characterized Andrew Beckett as caviar and now he's calling him a cheeseburger. I think the jury is entitled to know what powerful force has caused him to change his mind.

JUDGE GARNETT

He hasn't changed his mind.
He's amplified his answer.
Objection sustained.

Joe faces Laird.

JOE

Allright, Mr. Laird. Explain this to me like I'm a four year-old: did Andrew Beckett win your lawsuit?

LAIRD

Yes, we won.

JOE

Congratulations. That must have been a very satisfying experience.

JEROME

Objection.

JUDGE GARNETT

Sustained. Mr. Miller's last remark will be stricken.

83 OMIT -

CUT TO:

83

84 SPECTATORS STREAM OUT OF CITY HALL INTO THE HUBBUB OF TWO
DISTINCT GROUPS SHOUTING AT EACH OTHER (EXT/DAY): GAY
RIGHTS ACTIVISTS denouncing discrimination; BORN AGAIN
ACTIVISTS waving placards citing AIDS as God's punishment
for homosexuality; POLICEMEN keeping them apart; A MEDIA
CIRCUS getting it on videotape.
Joe and Miguel FLANK Andrew, Sarah and Jill follow close
behind, running the gauntlet of ACTIVISTS and REPORTERS.

84

Andrew's POV on a placard: "We Die - They Do Nothing!"

Jill's POV on a placard: "AIDS Cures Homosexuality!"

A TV CREW shines HOT LIGHTS on Andrew.

TV REPORTER (ANGELA MEDINA)
Do you see this as a gay rights
issue?

ANDREW
I'm not political... I just want
compensation for being fired.

REPORTER MEDINA
But you are gay, aren't you?

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

jd
40/30

IMAGE: ANDREW SEEN ON A TV SCREEN (INT./NIGHT):

ANDREW

"I don't see how that's any of
your business..."

(a smile)

But yes, I am."

WIDE ANGLE: WE'RE IN A SPORTS BAR WHERE JOE WATCHES THE SIX
O'CLOCK NEWS WITH FILKO, A COP, A BARTENDER, OTHERS
(INT./NIGHT)...

ON THE TV SCREEN: A microphone is shoved at Joe.

REPORTER MEDINA

"Do you believe that homosexuals
deserve special treatment?"

FILKO

Hell, no!

JOE

(on TV)

"Angela, we're standing in
Philadelphia, the City of
Brotherly Love, the birthplace
of freedom, where our Founding
Fathers authored the Declaration
of Independence. And I don't
remember that glorious document
saying 'All straight men are
created equal.' I could have
sworn it says, 'All men are
created equal.'"

CHARLIE THE COP

Give me a goddamn break!

ON THE TV SCREEN: The REPORTER wraps up her story.

REPORTER MEDINA

"This case is sending a cold
chill through the legal
community. One of Wyant
Wheeler's key clients, the Grace
Foster Foundation, which
supports several AIDS charities,
has taken its business to
another firm until this matter
is resolved..."

As the TV DRONES ON, CHARLIE THE COP, OTHERS GLARE at Joe.

7a
10/20

FILKO

(chuckles)

Hey, Joe.

(a wink to the COP)

You're not starting to get a
little... light in the loafers
here on us, are you?

Joe does not laugh.

JOE

Yeah, Filko. I am.

(stepping toward Filko)

I'm on the prowl, Filko. I need
a man. Not just any man. I
need a hunk. A hunk like you.
How about it, Filko? Want to
play sailor? This time, I'll be
first mate and you can be
Columbus.

FILKO

Chill out, Joe.

JOE

(angry)

Those people make me sick,
Filko! But a law's been broken,
okay? The law. Remember the
law?

The BARTENDER says to Joe:

BARTENDER

At least we agree on one thing,
Joe... They make me sick too.

HOLD ON JOE, but WE HEAR THE TV REPORTER in the BACKGROUND:

TV REPORTER MEDINA

"...now the public knows that
your son has AIDS and he's gay.
How does that make you feel?"

V 85

All eyes turn to the TV: SARAH BECKETT IN CLOSE UP.

V 85

SARAH

"This is a world full of war,
famine, poverty, homelessness...
and people make a fuss because
two men or two women want to

(MORE)

10/30

SARAH (CONT.)
live together, or make love.
Seems kind of silly, doesn't
it?"

85 The bar ERUPTS with a CHORUS OF BOOS AND CATCALLS.

85

FILKO
(low, to Joe)
You're changing on me, Joe. And
I think it sucks.

CUT TO:

86 JOE ADDRESSING A WITNESS IN COURT (INT./DAY).....

86

JOE
And Walter Kenton knew the
Kaposi Sarcoma lesions on your
face and arms were caused by
AIDS?

The witness: MELISSA BENEDICT, 35, healthy-looking.

MELISSA
Definitely. I told all the
partners.

JOE
How did Walter Kenton treat you,
after you told him you had AIDS?

CLOSE ON KENTON, looking confident.

MELISSA
Every time he came into contact
with me, he'd get this look on
his face. I called it, the "Oh
God" expression. As in "Oh God,
here comes that woman with AIDS."

Andrew LAUGHS.

JOE
Thank you. No more questions.

Jerome Green rises.

JEROME GREEN
Ms. Benedict. How did you
contract the AIDS virus?

jd
10/30

MELISSA

During a transfusion. I lost
alot of blood giving birth to my
second child.

JEROME GREEN

In other words, in your case...
there was no behavior on your
part that caused you to be
infected... it was something
that you were unable to avoid.

MELISSA

I guess, but... I don't consider
myself any different from
everyone else who has this
disease: I'm not guilty, I'm
not innocent. I'm just trying
to survive.

QUICK CUT TO:

87

JOE, APPROACHING A WITNESS (INT./DAY).....

87

JOE

Have you ever felt discriminated
against, at Wyant Wheeler?

THE WITNESS: Paralegal Anthea Burton.

ANTHEA

Yes.

Wheeler shakes his head, disgusted. Kenton fumes, outraged.
Seidman looks surprised.

JOE

In what way?

ANTHEA

Well... One time, Mr. Wheeler's
secretary, Lydia, told me Mr.
Wheeler had a problem with my
earrings.

JOE

What about your earrings?

Anthea is wearing large, dangling African-style earrings.

ANTHEA

Apparently, Mr. Wheeler felt they were too... 'ethnic' is the word she used. She said he would like it if I wore something smaller, less garish, and... more 'American.'

JOE

What did you say?

ANTHEA

I said my earrings are American. They're African-American.

JOE

Thank you. No more questions.

Belinda Conine approaches Anthea.

BELINDA

Miss Burton? Were you recently promoted at Wyant Wheeler?

ANTHEA

Yes. I'm now in charge of the paralegal department.

BELINDA

Congratulations on your unfettered ascendancy at Wyant Wheeler... But tell me, Ms. Burton, how do you explain the promotion of an obviously intelligent, articulate, qualified African-American woman... in a firm where discrimination is practiced as wantonly and consistently as you and Mr. Beckett claim?

JOE

Whoa, whoa... objection.

JUDGE GARNETT

Overruled. It's a fair question.

Anthea tries to answer thoughtfully and honestly:

ANTHEA

I can't explain it.

jd
10/30

BELINDA

Could the explanation be... that Mr. Wheeler and his partners are not bigots, and that these instances of "discrimination," are merely misunderstandings that have been blown out of all proportion?

ANGLE ON THE JURY: Belinda has scored BIG with this statement. We CUT OUT before Anthea's answer.

CUT TO:

88 A PHILADELPHIA EXTERIOR, A FALL AFTERNOON (LATE DAY)..... 88

CUT TO:

89 JOE COMES DOWN AN AISLE OF A DRUG STORE, EXAMINING THE BABY cold medicines, carrying a box of Pampers (INT./DAY)..... 89

A YOUNG MAN in grass-stained sweats, carrying a football under one arm, buying a tube of toothpaste, speaks to Joe:

YOUNG MAN

How's the trial going? It's a great case.

Joe looks up surprised. The YOUNG MAN smiles.

YOUNG MAN (CONT.)

I saw you on television.
I'm a law student. At Penn.

Joe is flattered by the YOUNG MAN'S interest.

JOE

Good school. What year?

YOUNG MAN

Second.

JOE

Great.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

YOUNG MAN

Would you like to have a drink
with me? I just finished a
game, I could use a beer.

(a smile)

I don't pick up people in drug
stores every day.

JOE

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa... do you
think...? You think I'm...

(low)

...gay?

YOUNG MAN

Aren't you?

JOE

What's the matter with you? Do
I look gay to you?

YOUNG MAN

Do I look gay to you? Relax.

JOE

Relax? I ought to kick your
faggoty little ass for you!

YOUNG MAN

Take it as a compliment. Geesh.

But Joe is really upset. People are watching.

JOE

Don't you know this is exactly
the kind of bullshit that makes
people hate you guys?

YOUNG MAN

Fuck you! You want to kick my
ass? You want to try?

(walking away)

Asshole.

JOE

You're the asshole, buddy.

YOUNG MAN

(going out)

Get a life.

Joe stands there, holding the Pampers, people STARING.

CUT TO:

90 LISA'S WORKING ON HER COMPUTER, AT HOME, WHILE JOE PACES
around her desk, really upset (One year-old Rayisha sits on
the desk playing with wooden salad spoons.) (INT./NIGHT)...

90
*

JOE

But what was it?! What was this
guy thinking...?!

LISA

Don't know, Joe.

JOE

Is there some kind of expression
I've picked up from Beckett?!
Some kind of fairy attitude I've
unconsciously adopted?! Am I
walking different?! Some kind
of vocal thing?! Have I picked
up some kind of homo vibe?!

LISA

Have you changed your aftershave?

JOE

Very funny. I had a box of
Pampers under my arm for
Chrissake!

CUT TO:

91 LISA AND JOE'S DARKENED BEDROOM, WHERE THEY LIE IN BED,
almost completely obscured by shadow (INT./NIGHT).....

91

They speak softly, careful not to wake the baby.

LISA

Joe?

JOE

(sleepy)
Yeah...?

LISA

Two men making love...? Now
tell me again... why is that
disgusting?

JOE
(sleepy)
Yeah...?

LISA
Two men making love...? Now
tell me again... why is that
disgusting?

JOE
(a tired sigh)
Lisa, c'mon. One guy sticking
his dick in another guy's mouth?
Picture it. Disgusting.

They lie in silence for a moment. Then:

LISA
Okay, so... help me with this
one, Joe... Is the disgusting
person the one who puts his
penis into someone's mouth?
Or... is the disgusting person
the one who actually takes a
penis into their mouth, giving
the other person that pleasure?
I mean, do you really think it's
disgusting for someone to do
that? I'm just curious...

JOE
(after a beat)
Great, Lisa. Great. Thank you.

CUT TO:

92 EXTERIOR: CITY HALL, AN AUTUMN DAY.....

JOE (VO)
"Is Andrew Beckett the kind of
lawyer who misplaces crucial
documents?"

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

93 WIDE ANGLE ON COURTROOM: JAMEY COLLINS ON THE STAND (DAY)... 93

JAMEY
Not to my knowledge. No.

TITLE: "Plaintiff's case, day ten."

Jamey answers nervously:

JAMEY
I've never known that to happen
before. No.

JOE
(fires this question)
Did you have something to do
with this file being lost
accidentally-on-purpose?

BELINDA
Objection!

JOE
I'll rephrase.
(to Jamey)
Did you have anything to do with
this file being... misplaced?

JAMEY
Absolutely not.

Joe stands, staring at Jamey. Too long. Jamey squirms.

JOE
Are you a homosexual?

JAMEY
What?!

Joe pressing forward, toward Jamey.

JOE
C'mon, Mr. Collins. Are you
homosexual? You know, gay?

The COURTROOM ERUPTS: ACTIVISTS booing Joe, Wheeler's crowd
expressing OUTRAGE, JURORS looking confused.

Andrew takes in the commotion, as the JUDGE BANGS HIS GAVEL.

JUDGE GARNETT
Hold it, hold it!

Andrew trains his attention on Joe.

BELINDA

Objection! Where has this come from?! Suddenly Counsel is attacking his own witness. Mr. Collins' sexual orientation has absolutely no relevance to this case. *

JUDGE GARNETT

I said, HOLD IT!

(the courtroom QUIETS)

Mr. Miller. Could you kindly share with me exactly what's going on in your brain, because I don't have a clue at the moment.

Joe faces Andrew, also curious to know what Joe's up to.

JOE

Your Honor, everyone in this courtroom is thinking about sexual preference, sexual orientation, whatever you want to call it. They're looking at me, and wondering about it...

(looking at Andrew)

They're looking at Mr. Beckett, and wondering about it. They're looking at Mr. Wheeler and wondering about it. They might even be looking at you and wondering about it. So, let's get it out in the open. Let's talk about what this case is really about: the general public's hatred... our loathing, our fear of homosexuals.

DEAD SILENCE while the Judge thinks it over.

CLOSE ON ANDREW.

ANDREW

(to himself)

Very good.

CLOSE ON BELINDA CONINE. *

CLOSE ON CHARLES WHEELER.

CLOSE ON MIGUEL. *

CLOSE ON WALTER KENTON.

CLOSE ON BOB SEIDMAN.

CLOSE ON THE MARINE JUROR.

CLOSE ON JAMEY COLLINS, sweating bullets on the stand.

JUDGE GARNETT

In this courtroom, Mr. Miller,
justice is blind. To matters of
race, creed, color, religion.
And sexual orientation.

JOE

With all due respect, Your
Honor... We don't live in this
courtroom, do we?

JUDGE GARNETT

No. We don't... However, as
regards this witness, I'm going
to sustain the defense's objection.

CUT TO:

94 COURTHOUSE MEN'S ROOM, FIVE URINALS, THREE SINKS (INT./DAY).

94

The MARINE JUROR, the RETIRED POSTAL WORKER JUROR, and AN
UPTIGHT BUSINESSMAN JUROR stand at the urinals, with an
empty urinal between each of them. The MARINE JUROR
whistles while he pees (a classic rock tune, like "Radar
Love.") The BUSINESSMAN sighs, "Ahhhhhh."

The RETIRED POSTAL WORKER JUROR jingles change.

The ROCK MUSICIAN JUROR enters, stepping up to the urinal
between the BUSINESSMAN and the MARINE. He unzips, and it
seems to take him an incredibly long time to extricate his
urinary organ. This does not escape the MARINE'S notice.

ROCK MUSICIAN JUROR

(innocently, to Marine)

I have some gay friends. What's
the biggie?

The MARINE says nothing.

ROCK MUSICIAN JUROR (CONT.)

Everybody has a couple of gay
friends. Don't you?

MARINE
No, sir. I do not.

The MARINE moves closer to the urinal, so that no one can see his private parts.

ROCK MUSICIAN JUROR
You might have them, and just not know they're gay.

The MARINE shakes, zips, flushes, turns away. He pauses to look directly at the ROCK MUSICIAN JUROR.

MARINE
I know.

CUT TO:

95 WALTER KENTON ON THE WITNESS STAND (INT/DAY).....

95

JOE
And how many weeks at a time would you be out to sea, without stopping at port?

KENTON
Anywhere from two weeks, to several months.

JOE
Any women on board?

Kenton glances at the MARINE JUROR.

KENTON
Not when I was in the Navy.

JOE
So during those long voyages, months at a time, out to sea, no women in sight, a hundred, hard-working, robust, young men, in the prime of their life, at the peak of their natural appetites, desires, their god-given, hormonal instincts... Anything going on?

KENTON
Going on... like...?

JOE
Like... two sailors playing hide
the salami.

Andrew covers his face with his hands.

BELINDA
Objection!

JUDGE GARNETT
Mr. Miller!

KENTON
(can't resist)
We had one guy like that.

BELINDA
You haven't ruled on my
objection, Your Honor. *

Kenton seems eager to tell his story. Joe stands with
crossed arms, waiting.

JUDGE GARNETT
Let's continue. *

JOE
(to Kenton)
You had one guy "like that?"

KENTON
Yeah. But we took care of him.

JOE
How did you do that?

KENTON
We stuck his head in the
latrine, after ten of us had
used it.

LAUGHTER and SOME APPLAUSE from some SPECTATORS, and some
JURORS. ACTIVISTS BOO and HISS.

The JUDGE POUNDS HIS GAVEL.

JOE
You taught him a lesson.

KENTON
Yes, we did.

JOE
Like firing Andrew Beckett
taught him a lesson?

BELINDA
Objection!

JOE
I'll withdraw.
(moving on quickly)
You were aware, when you worked
with Maria Torres, that she had
AIDS, correct?

KENTON
She didn't try to conceal it.

JOE
So you are aware of the
difference between a lesion and
a bruise, is that correct?

KENTON
I know the difference. That
doesn't mean I'm always able to
recognize the difference.

JOE
But didn't you avoid contact
with Ms. Torres, after you found
out she had AIDS? She says you
acted repulsed by her and you
avoided her, is that correct?

KENTON
I felt, and still feel, nothing
but the deepest sympathy and
compassion for people like
Maria, who have contracted this
terrible disease through no
fault of their own.

CUT TO LOUD CLASSICAL MUSIC:

96 IN THE KITCHEN OF THEIR APARTMENT, MIGUEL POURS MEDICINE
into an IV drip unit (INT./NIGHT).....

96

LOUD CLASSICAL MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND.

Miguel glances at a chart on the wall, in which a day is
broken into hours, with medical instructions for each hour.

MIGUEL
(shouting over MUSIC)
Drew! Are you ready? If we
start at eight, we'll be done by
twelve.

Miguel taps the IV bag, getting the drip started.

A cat jumps onto the counter. Miguel holds it.

CUT TO:

97 ANDREW SITS AT THE DININGROOM TABLE, MAKING NOTES ON A LEGAL
pad, holding out his left arm (INT./NIGHT). A catheter is
imbedded into Andrew's arm, and Miguel is trying to get the
IV drip started through the catheter. The MUSIC is lower...

97
*

MIGUEL
It's not going through.

*

ANDREW
(focused on his work)
We'll have to flush it again.

*

Andrew reaches for a law book.

MIGUEL
Hold still. Shit.
(trying again)
The goddamn vein's clotted. We
have to go the goddamn hospital,
so they can change the goddamn
catheter.

*

ANDREW
I have too much work to do.
Skip the treatment.

*

MIGUEL
We're not skipping this
treatment.

*

ANDREW
I said, skip it, Michael. It's
my treatment.

*

MIGUEL
Fuck you.

ANDREW
Fuck you. This shit's probably
not doing me any good anyway.

*

MIGUEL
That shit's saving your life,
you asshole!

Miguel shoves away from the table.

ANDREW
What's wrong with you?

MIGUEL
Close the law book. *

ANDREW
I'm not going to close the-- *

MIGUEL
CLOSE THE FUCKING LAW BOOK! *

Andrew slams it SHUT.

ANDREW
ALLRIGHT IT'S CLOSED! *
(beat)
Jesus!

MIGUEL
The least you can do is look at
me, while I'm sticking this shit
into your arm. Forget the *
fucking case, one hour a day,
and give me a little of your
time.

ANDREW
(very quiet)
You don't think there's much
time left, do you?

MIGUEL
That's not what I said. *

ANDREW
You're scared. You think we're *
near the end.

MIGUEL
No. *

ANDREW

Maybe I should start making plans, is that what you think? Start planning my memorial service? "Begin to prepare for the inevitable."

MIGUEL

(low)

Maybe you should think about it.

ANDREW

What's that mean?!

MIGUEL

(very difficult)

Maybe you should think about it.

A MOMENT.

ANDREW

I'm not going to die.

MIGUEL

That's right. We're on the Positive Plan. You don't have a Fatal Disease, you have Manageable Illness.

ANDREW

You want me to give up? Let this thing turn us into victims?

MIGUEL

Then, what are we, Drew?! The winners? "Ladies and gentlemen, the first prize of AIDS goes to Andrew Beckett and his lover Miguel..." Excuse me, I'm not your lover. I'm your Care Partner. FUCK!

ANDREW

I'm not ready to die.

MIGUEL

Do you think I'm ready for it?! I hate this shit. I'm not a fucking martyr! I hate every goddamn part of it!

Miguel slides down the wall, sitting in a heap.

Andrew goes to him. They hug. Miguel holds him tight.

MIGUEL (CONT.)

Please don't leave me. I love
you so much. Don't die, don't
leave me, please...

Miguel rocks in Andrew's arms. Andrew kisses the top of his
head, holding tight.

ANDREW

I am so scared. I am so
fucking, incredibly, fucking
scared... *

A MOMENT. Andrew stroking Miguel's hair, as he calms down.

ANDREW (CONT.)

You know, there's only one thing
to do. *

(beat)

We have to have a party.

CUT TO:

98 JOE AND LISA STAND OUTSIDE ANDREW'S APARTMENT -- IN COSTUME.
DANCE MUSIC is playing inside (INT./NIGHT)..... 98

Lisa is dressed as a giant sandwich. Joe's costume looks
quickly thrown together: he's wearing a suit, but has pages
from a legal document stapled all over the suit.

JOE

Did I ever tell you, I hate
costume parties?

LISA

My lettuce is wilting.

The DOOR IS OPENED -- by the LEAD SINGER OF WHITE SNAKE: big
hair, leather, guitar. *

ANDREW (AS ROCKER)

PARRTYY! *

JOE

We're friends of Beckett's.

ANDREW

It's me, you dork.

LISA
I'm Lisa Miller.

ANDREW
Glad to finally meet you. Come
on in.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

99 JOE AND LISA FOLLOW ANDREW INTO THE APARTMENT (HE LIMPS,
relying on his cane, but he's got ALOT OF ENERGY). The room
is filled with two Madonnas, an M.C. Hammer, three nuns, a
can of soup (INT./NIGHT).....

99

ANDREW
(to Lisa)
I have to introduce you to the
can of soup. You can enter the
costume contest together as a
lunch special.

Miguel approaches, dressed as a MEMBER OF MEGA-DEATH or
ANTHRAX. He strikes a pose, contorts his face and hits an
air guitar riff. Andrew crosses guitars with Miguel. Then:

*

ANDREW
This is Lisa Miller. Miguel
Alvarez.

*

Miguel's sister MARIA is passing by with a GROUP OF FRIENDS.
Everyone ad libs greetings.

*

MIGUEL
My sister, Maria.
(to Lisa)
Pastrami on rye?

*

LISA
Corned beef.

MIGUEL
Want to dance?

LISA
Sure!

Miguel leads Lisa away. Joe is reluctant to give her up.

JOE
Beckett. You seem... better.
Energized, more alive...

ANDREW

I had a blood transfusion today.
I feel great.

Andrew studies Joe, trying to figure out the costume.

JOE

I'm a law suit.

ANDREW

Not bad.

JOE

Get it?

ANDREW

Let's find you a drink.

Andrew leads Joe through the crowd, greeting Rachel, skin painted blue (SMURFETTE) her daughter AMY (BART SIMPSON), Anthea, TYRONE from Dr. Gillman's office (A COWBOY), and TYRONE'S LOVER (A HORSE)... Some of Dr. Gillman's PATIENTS are here too, including the YOUNG ASIAN MAN who is now in a wheelchair. And, one or two of ANDREW'S SIBLINGS may be present as well. And Alan, Bruno and Chandra, and some arty friends and neighbors. *

ANDREW (CONT.)

What do you want?

JOE

Beer.

(patting his briefcase)

We need to go over your Q and A.

ANDREW

Excuse me, I'm having a goddamn party, is that alright with you?

JOE

Sure. It's fine.

ANDREW

No, we have to do it. But later, alright?

JOE

Thank you.

A MAN dressed as LA TOYA JACKSON (with fake snake) squeezes past Joe, reaching for a beer.

LA TOYA
'Scuse me, darling.

Andrew is SMILING at Joe.

JOE
You think I'm uncomfortable...

ANDREW
Correct.

JOE
You're right.

Joe spills beer down his shirt.

ANDREW
Thank you.

CUT TO A SERIES OF PARTY MOMENTS OVER LOUD MUSIC:

100 --Andrew and Miguel ROCKING to HEAVY METAL MUSIC, playing a battle of the guitars. At one point, Andrew has to sit down, but he doesn't stop "playing," while Miguel jumps all around him. 100 *

101 --Joe talking to a MAN DRESSED AS MARIE ANTOINETTE: 101

MARIE ANTOINETTE
I'm an accountant. What do you do?

JOE
I'm a lawyer.
(points to Lisa)
That's my wife!

102 --Andrew's mother Sarah, as Marge Simpson, delivers a tray of hors d'oeuvres to Joe (standing next to a POLICEMAN): 102

SARAH
Have a cocktail wienie.

JOE
Thanks, Sarah.
(to the POLICEMAN)
Nice costume.

POLICEMAN
It's not a costume, I just got off work. You're cute.

JOE
(pointing to Lisa)
That's my wife. Want to see a
picture of my baby?

POLICEMAN
(reaching for his wallet)
Absolutely. Want to see a
picture of my baby?

103 --Everyone SLOW DANCES to the Talking Heads tune "Heaven"
(Simply Red cover version): Joe and Lisa, Andrew and
Miguel, Rachel with a sleepy Amy in her arms, the POLICEMAN
and TYRONE, Sarah Beckett and MARIE ANTOINETTE, LA TOYA and
her snake.

103

"HEAVEN" CONTINUES OVER:

104 A CAB IDLING IN THE STREET, LISA KISSING JOE (NIGHT).....

104

JOE
I'll see you in an hour, max.

LISA
Night, honey.

Lisa climbs into the cab which she is sharing with the NUN
and MARIE ANTOINETTE and LA TOYA.

NUN/MARIE ANTOINETTE/LA TOYA
Night, Joe!

"HEAVEN" CONTINUES OVER:

105 QUIET IN ANDREW'S CONDO, THE PARTY LONG OVER (INT/NIGHT).
Joe opens his briefcase, removing a legal pad with notes...

105

ANDREW
Congratulations, Miller.

Andrew clears away party debris from the table, making space
for his legal work. He is attached to an IV line, which is
connected to a drip bag on a rolling stand, that can move
with him. He is no longer in costume.

ANDREW (CONT.)
You survived your first gay
party intact.

JOE
Let me tell you something, okay?
When you're brought up, like the
(MORE)

104 CONT.

OK

P

104 CONT

LISA
Night, honey.

PARTY GOERS
Night, Joe!

The cab pulls away.

"HEAVEN" CONTINUES OVER:

105

QUIET IN ANDREW'S CONDO, THE PARTY LONG OVER (INT/NIGHT).
Joe opens his briefcase, removing a legal pad with notes...

105

ANDREW
Congratulations, Miller.

Andrew clears away party debris from the table, making space for his legal work. He is attached to an IV line, which is connected to a drip bag on a rolling stand, that can move with him. He is no longer in costume.

ANDREW (CONT.)
You survived your first gay party intact.

JOE
Let me tell you something, okay?
When you're brought up, like the rest of us in this country, rich or poor, black or white or yellow or green... there's not a whole lot of discussion about... "homosexuality" or "alternate lifestyles." As a kid, you're taught right away that queers are weird, queers are funny, they're a danger to kids, they're afraid to fight, and they all want to cop your joint. And that pretty much sums up the general thinking out there, if you want to know the truth.

ANDREW
Thank you for sharing that with me, Joe.

JOE
Let's review these notes for your testimony. We have a big day on Monday.

105 CONT.

OK
JA

105 CONT

ANDREW
(distracted)
Miller?

JOE
What?

ANDREW
Do you... pray?

Joe hesitates. They're having a personal conversation?

JOE
Yeah. Sure.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

OK
JA

105 CONT.

ANDREW
What have you prayed for?

105 CONT

JOE
For a healthy baby. For Lisa to
make it through the delivery.
For the Phillies to get into the
playoffs.

ANDREW
(no self-pity)
There's a possibility I won't be
around for the end of this
trial.

JOE
I've considered that.

ANDREW
I've made provisions in my will
for some charities. Miguel will
need a lawyer. I know it's not
your area...

JOE
I know a good probate lawyer.

ANDREW
Thanks.
(a beat)
Do you like opera?

Andrew moves to the stereo, pulling the IV line with him.

JOE
Opera?

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

ANDREW
Want to hear my favorite aria?

JOE
Opera?

SUDDENLY, AN ARIA BY MARIA CALLAS FILLS THE ROOM --
startling Joe with its VOLUME.

ANDREW (CONT.)
(over the MUSIC)
Andrea Chenier, by Giordano.
This is Madeleine. She's
telling how, during the French
revolution, a mob set
fire to her house. Her mother
died, saving her.

"I look...
The place that cradled me was
burning!"

Do you hear the heartache in her
voice? Then, here come the
strings. Everything changes.
The music fills with hope.
Madeleine says...

Andrew sways through the room to the music, pulling the IV
at his side. He seems truly free and relaxed.

ANDREW (CONT.)
"It was during that sorrow that
love came to me!

A voice filled with harmony
That said...
Live still, I am Life!"

"I am the god that descends
From the heavens to the earth
To make of the earth
A heaven!"

ANGLE ON JOE: Shifting, uncomfortable.

ANDREW (CONT.)
"I am Oblivion!
I am Glory!
I am Love, Love, Love!"

The MUSIC ENDS.

Joe sits there, fidgeting. He reaches for his briefcase, organizing his notes.

JOE
I think I'll... I told Lisa...

Andrew collects himself, as Joe rises from his chair.

ANDREW
Right.

Andrew follows Joe to the door.

ANDREW (CONT.)
(businesslike)
I'll look over the Q and A.

JOE
You're ready, don't worry.

An awkward moment, both men standing with their hands at their sides -- will one of them initiate a handshake?

Joe gives a little "salute," then leaves.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

106 JOE COMES DOWN THE HALLWAY OF THE MODERN CONDO BUILDING
(INT./NIGHT).....

106

JOE
Jesus...

Suddenly, Joe HEARS: OPERA MUSIC PLAYING AGAIN...
He pauses, listening.

INTERCUT WITH:

107 ANDREW MOVES THROUGH THE ROOM, DRINKING IN THE BEAUTIFUL,
passionate MUSIC (INT./NIGHT).....

107

The IV stand catches against the sofa, tugging the line.

Andrew pulls the line out of his arm. He moves, freer now.

INTERCUT WITH:

108 JOE STANDS OUTSIDE ANDREW'S DOOR, OPERA MUSIC PLAYING
(INT./NIGHT).....

108

Joe lifts his hand to KNOCK.

He changes his mind.

JOE
Fucking guy...

Joe moves down the corridor, rings for the elevator.

INTERCUT WITH:

109. ANDREW MOVING THROUGH SHADOWS, IN THE APARTMENT, LETTING THE
MUSIC pull him along (INT./NIGHT).....

109

INTERCUT WITH:

110 JOE STEPPING INTO THE ELEVATOR (INT./NIGHT).....

110

The doors closing.

INTERCUT WITH:

111 ANDREW AND THE MUSIC (INT./NIGHT).....

111

MUSIC FADING, CROSSES THE CUT TO:

112 EXTERIOR: JOE'S SUBURBAN HOUSE LATE AT NIGHT.....

112

Joe crosses the yard to his dark house.

MUSIC DISTANT, CROSSES THE CUT TO:

113 JOE'S BABY LIES SLEEPING IN HER CRIB (INT./NIGHT).....

113

Joe looks down on the baby, adjusting the blanket.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

114 LISA FACES CAMERA, ASLEEP IN THE DARK BEDROOM (INT/NIGHT)...

114

Joe doffs his jacket, sinking quietly onto the edge of the
bed, careful not to disturb Lisa.

With his BACK TO CAMERA, Joe puts his head into his hands...

And begins to weep.

FADE OUT.....

115 FADE IN: PANORAMIC SHOT OF PHILADELPHIA EXTERIORS.....* * *

115

CUT TO:

116 HIGH, WIDE ANGLE ON THE COURTROOM, IN SILENCE (INT./DAY)...

116

Andrew moves very slowly with his cane across the courtroom, toward the witness stand.

--JUDGE GARNETT crosses his arms, waiting.

--JOE glances at some notes.

--MIGUEL and SARAH BECKETT look on anxiously.

--WHEELER and the others observe in silence.

CAMERA HOLDS ON BIBLE BEING CARRIED IN GLOVED HANDS, ACROSS THE COURTROOM. OVER THIS SHOT IS A...

TITLE: "Plaintiff's case, day fourteen."

The BAILIFF places the Bible in front of Andrew (a purple blotch is showing in front of Andrew's ear.)

BAILIFF

Place your left hand on the Bible and raise your right hand.

Andrew places his hand on the Bible.

BAILIFF

"Do you swear to tell the truth..."

DIALOGUE OVERLAP AND DISSOLVE TO:

117 ANDREW ANSWERING A QUESTION AN HOUR OR SO LATER (INT/DAY)...

117

ANDREW

Wyant Wheeler had aggressively recruited me. They were the most prestigious firm in Philadelphia, full of opportunity. And I was impressed by the partners.

JOE

Including Charles Wheeler?

(Andrew frequently wipes sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief, his voice is hoarse, raspy.)

ANDREW

Particularly, Charles.

ANGLE ON WHEELER.

117 CONT.

OK
jcl
117 CONT.

JOE

What impressed you about him?

ANDREW

He was... the kind of person I thought I wanted to be.

JOE

What kind of person is that?

ANDREW

Possessed of an encyclopedic knowledge of the law. A razor sharp litigator, a genuine leader, gifted at bringing out the very best in others. An awesome ability to illuminate the most complex of legal concepts to colleagues, courtroom, the person on the street.
(a smile)

The kind of person who plays three sets of tennis but doesn't sweat. But underneath the elegant surface, has an adventurous spirit.

Belinda Conine MAKES A NOTE ABOUT THAT.

JOE

Obviously, at this time, you weren't sick.

ANDREW

It's possible I was infected with the HIV virus at that time, but I wasn't diagnosed until several years later.

JOE

You didn't look then, the way you look now.

DROP SC. 118

ANDREW

No. I was thirty pounds heavier. I was athletic.

DROP SC. 118

JOE
A regular all-American guy?

ANDREW
I suppose you could say that.

JOE
Except... you were gay?

ANDREW
I still am.

SPECTATORS CHUCKLE.

JOE
In the years you worked at Wyant
Wheeler, did you ever tell
Charles Wheeler you were gay?

ANDREW
No. I didn't.

JOE
Can you explain why you didn't?

ANDREW
You don't bring your personal
life into a law firm. You're
not supposed to have a personal
life, really. Anyway, I did
plan to tell Charles,
eventually. But then, this
thing happened at the tennis
club...

119 IMAGE: WHEELER, ANDREW, SEIDMAN, OTHERS IN A LOCKER ROOM OF
A TENNIS CLUB, WEARING TOWELS, ENTERING A SAUNA (INT/DAY).

119

WHEELER
Longstreet's interested in the
Harrisburg deal.

ANDREW
I'm seeing him this afternoon.

120 INSIDE THE SAUNA: CAMERA PANS SEVERAL MEN.

. 120 -

ANDREW (VOICE OVER)
"Somebody started telling jokes."

FIRST MAN

What do you call a woman who has
PMS and ESP at the same time?

SECOND MAN

What?

FIRST MAN

A bitch who knows everything.

LAUGHTER. Andrew keeps his eyes closed, leaning against the
wall of the sauna, next to Wheeler, relaxing.

CHARLES WHEELER

How does a faggot fake an orgasm?

Andrew opens one eye.

CHARLES WHEELER (CONT.)

He spits on your back.

SEIDMAN

Charles, that's revolting!

All the men LAUGH, and Wheeler LAUGHS THE HARDEST.

JOE (VOICE OVER)

How did that make you feel?

121 IMAGE: BACK TO THE COURTROOM, ANDREW IN THE WITNESS STAND
(And it's the sick, thin Andrew with AIDS).

121

ANDREW

Relieved. That I'd never told
him I was gay. Very relieved.

ANGLE ON CHARLES WHEELER: shakes his head, a denial.

JOE

Are you a good lawyer?

ANDREW

I'm an excellent lawyer.

JOE

What makes you an excellent
lawyer?

ANDREW

I love the law. I know the law.
I excel at practicing it. It's
the only thing I've ever wanted to do.

JOE
What do you love about it?

ANDREW
Well... many things. But I think the thing I love the most, is that every once in a while, not that often, but occasionally... you get to be part of justice being done. It's really quite a thrill when that happens.

CUT TO:

122. BELINDA CONINE STANDS BEFORE ANDREW (INT./DAY).....

122

BELINDA
You said earlier you aspired to be the kind of person who had "an adventurous spirit." Is that correct?

ANDREW
Something like that.

BELINDA
Do you take risks?

ANDREW
In my work? Yes. Calculated risks. You have to.

BELINDA
In general. Do you take risks in other areas of your life?

ANDREW
Not unnecessary ones.

BELINDA
Have you ever been to the Apollo Cinema on Sansom Street?

Joe cringes a little with discomfort.

ANDREW
(looking Belinda right in the eye)
A few times.

122 CONT.

OK

122 CONT

BELINDA
Worked weekends?

ANDREW
(a smile)
What's a weekend?

BELINDA
(smile)
Tell me about it... Did your doctor
ever tell you to reduce stress? That
long hours and stressful working
conditions might damage the immune
system and speed up the illness?

ANDREW
My doctor mentioned the impact stress
can have on the immune system.

BELINDA
So, in working all those hours, you
were ignoring your doctor's orders,
being reckless with your own health?

ANDREW
(a flare of anger)
Are you saying Charles Wheeler fired
me for my own good?

BELINDA
(calmly)
I suggested no such thing.

ANDREW
I loved being a lawyer. I was an
effective lawyer. No one had the
right to take that away from me.

BELINDA
Have you ever been to the Stallion
Showcase Cinema on 21st Street?

Joe cringes a little with discomfort.

ANDREW
I've been to that theater three
times in my life.

123

IMAGE: ANDREW ENTERING THE THEATER (EXT./NIGHT).

123

BELINDA (OS)
What kind of movies do they show there?

130 IMAGE: ANDREW (PRE-AIDS) SMILES AT A FRIENDLY YUPPIE.
STANDING INSIDE A PRIVATE BOOTH (INT./NIGHT).

130

YUPPIE
I'm Robert.

ANDREW
Andrew.

Andrew steps into the booth.

ANDREW (CONT.)
Now what do we do?

Robert laughs, closing the door of the booth.

ROBERT
I think we'll figure it out.

131 BACK TO THE COURTROOM (INT./DAY):

131

Joe sits with a stone-sober expression: this isn't easy.

BELINDA
When? Approximately what year
did this event take place?

ANDREW
I guess it was... 1984, 85.

BELINDA
Were you aware in 1984 or 1985
that there was a fatal disease
out there, called AIDS, and that
you could contract it through
sexual activity?

ANDREW
It's impossible to know exactly
when or how I was infected with HIV.

BELINDA
But you were having anonymous
sex in porno theaters in 1984
and 1985?

ANDREW
That happened once. People
weren't talking about AIDS then,
the way we are now. Or safe
sex.

BELINDA
You'd heard of AIDS in 1984, 85?

ANDREW
I'd heard of something. The gay
plague, gay cancer, but... we
didn't know how you could get
it, or that it could kill you.

CLOSE SHOT ON ANDREW -- losing strength.

BELINDA (OS)
(sounds far away)
Do you need a break?

ANDREW
No.

BELINDA
While you were employed at Wyant
Wheeler, you did everything you
could to make sure no one knew
you were an active homosexual,
correct?

ANDREW
That is not correct. I never
lied about it.

BELINDA
Did you keep a picture of your
lover on your desk?

ANDREW
No.

BELINDA
Do other lawyers at the firm
keep pictures of their spouses
or fiances on their desks?

132 IMAGE: ANDREW IN BOB SEIDMAN'S OFFICE, WORKING. SPOTTING A
PHOTO ON THE WALL OF BOB'S WIFE AND CHILDREN (INT./DAY).

132

133 ANDREW
Some do. I didn't.

133

BELINDA
As a homosexual, one is often
forced to conceal one's
sexuality, is that right?

131 CONT.

OK
JD
131 CONT

BELINDA (OS)
(sounds far away)
Do you need a break?

ANDREW
No.

BELINDA
While you were employed at Wyant
Wheeler, you did everything you
could to make sure no one knew
you were an active homosexual,
correct?

ANDREW
That is not correct. I never
lied about it.

BELINDA
Did you keep a picture of your
lover on your desk?

ANDREW
No.

BELINDA
Do other lawyers at the firm
keep pictures of their spouses
or fiances on their desks?

SCENE 132: OMITTED

ANDREW
I keep a picture by my lover on
the wall of my office.

133

IMAGE: A PAINTING BY MIGUEL IN ANDREW'S OFFICE.

133

BELINDA
As a homosexual, one is often
forced to conceal one's
sexuality, is that right?

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

ANDREW
In some situations.

BELINDA
Isn't it true you have spent
your life pretending to be
something you're not, so much so
that the art of concealment and
dishonesty has become second
nature to you?!

JOE
Objection!

BELINDA
I'll withdraw it. Mr. Beckett?
Were you living with Miguel
Alvarez in 1984 or 1985 when you
had your anonymous sexual
encounter in the porn theater?

ANGLE ON MIGUEL, sitting next to Sarah.

ANDREW
Yes.

BELINDA
You could have infected him,
isn't that right?

ANDREW
Miguel has not been infected. As
I said, we weren't aware of
AIDS, then, or how it is spread.

BELINDA
Oh, really?

ANDREW
Yes.

Andrew wipes sweat from his forehead.

BELINDA
You've testified the lesions on
your face were visible to the
people you worked with, correct?

ANDREW
That's right.

OK
JD
133 CONT

133 CONT.

BELINDA (CONT.)

And it's your contention, that when the partners were made aware of the lesions, they jumped to the conclusion you had AIDS, and fired you.

ANDREW

As painful as it is, to accuse my former colleagues of such reprehensible behavior... it's the only conclusion I can come to.

BELINDA

Do you have any lesions on your face at this time?

ANDREW

One. Here, in front of my ear.

An ASSISTANT hands Conine a shaving mirror. She holds it before Andrew.

BELINDA

Remembering you are under oath, answering truthfully, can you see the lesion on your face, in this mirror, three feet away? Answering truthfully.

Andrew looks in the mirror: the lesion is NOT very visible.

ANDREW

By the time I was fired, there were four lesions on my face, much bigger...

BELINDA

Answer the question, please.

ANDREW

No. I can't really see it.

BELINDA

Thank you.

Andrew rubs his eyes.

JUDGE GARNETT (OS)

(far away)

This would be a good time to break for the day...

JOE (OS)
(far away)
Your Honor? May I have ten
minutes in re-direct?

JUDGE GARNETT (OS)
(far away)
Mr. Beckett?

Andrew finds the Judge looking at him.

JUDGE GARNETT (CONT.)
Can you go on for ten minutes?

ANDREW
Yes sir.

Joe JUMPS UP from the plaintiff's table.

JOE
I'll only need five!
(to Belinda, reaching
for the mirror)
May I?

Joe approaches Andrew, with the mirror.

JOE (CONT.)
Do you have any lesions on any
part of your body, at this time,
that resemble the lesions that
were on your face at the time
you were fired?

ANDREW
Yes. On my torso.

JOE
If it please the court, I'd like
to ask Mr. Beckett to
remove his shirt, so that the
jury can have an accurate idea
of what we're talking about.

BELINDA
We object, Your Honor. It would
unfairly influence the jury.

JOE
Your Honor, if Mr. Beckett was
forced by his illness to use a
(MORE)

133 CONT.

OK
JD 133 CONT

JOE (CONT.)
wheelchair, would the defense
ask him to park it outside,
because it would unfairly
influence the jury? We're
talking about AIDS, we're
talking about lesions. Let's
see what we're talking about.

ANGLE ON MEMBERS OF THE JURY -- LOOKING APPREHENSIVE.

JUDGE GARNETT
(a moment, then)
I'll allow it. Would you remove
your shirt, Mr. Beckett?

ANGLE ON MIGUEL -- TENSE.

ANDREW
Allright.

The COURTROOM TURNS SILENT.

Andrew removes his suit jacket. He's weak, so the smallest
gesture requires effort.

ANGLE ON BOB SEIDMAN -- WATCHING.

Andrew undoes his tie.

ANGLE ON THE MARINE JUROR -- WATCHING.

Andrew unbuttons his collar buttons, working his way down.

ANGLE ON SARAH BECKETT -- WATCHING.

Andrew stands, pulling his shirttails out of his trousers.

ANGLE ON CHARLES WHEELER -- WATCHING.

Andrew removes his shirt -- THERE ARE PURPLE BLOTCHES
SPLAYED ACROSS HIS CHEST AND ABDOMEN AND ARMS.

The SCHOOLTEACHER JUROR GASPS.

Sarah Beckett is silently crying.

The LESBIAN JUROR closes her eyes.

JOE
Can you see the lesions on your
chest in this mirror?

OK
JD

33 CONT.

133 CONT.

ANDREW

Yes.

JOE

Thank you. No more questions.

BELINDA

I have another question, Your Honor...

Andrew is buttoning his shirt.

BELINDA (CONT.)

That was very effective. But I must say I'm surprised, Mr. Beckett, after your glowing remarks about justice and the beauty of the law, to see you and your attorney turn this courtroom into a carnival sideshow. Isn't it true, that when you went into the office you covered your lesions with makeup, which you had been taught to apply by a professional makeup artist?

ANDREW

The makeup was not effective.

BELINDA

Thank you for your honesty on this point. No more questions.

CUT TO:

SCENE 134: OMITTED

OK
JA

135

CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM CHARLES WHEELER -- ON THE STAND...

135

BELINDA

Mr. Wheeler, can you explain, in a way that will leave no doubt, why you promoted Andrew Beckett through your firm, and why you asked him to leave?

Andrew uses all his strength to concentrate.

WHEELER

If you're the owner of a major league ball club, you recruit the hot rookie. And Andy was tremendously promising as a young attorney. Fresh out of Penn. Crackerjack. That's why we went after him, that's why we hired him, and that's why we stuck with him, year after year...

Wheeler becomes a little emotional. Belinda forges on.

BELINDA

Why did you give him opportunity after opportunity?

WHEELER

When you've groomed someone the way we groomed Andy, nurturing him, lavishing all kinds of special treatment on him... you've made quite an investment. We were waiting for his promise to kick in, and deliver. But, ultimately, we could no longer ignore the gap between the promise and the reality... This is one of the saddest times in my life. To sit in this court, testifying to Andy's ultimate failure to make the grade. To discover that he is one of those people who wants to benefit by the system, but doesn't want to play by the system's rules. To think you know someone, only to find out... you don't know them at all. It's heartbreaking.

OK
*JD

135 CONT.

135 CONT

BELINDA

Thank you. That's all for now,
Your Honor.

JUDGE GARNETT

Mr. Miller?

Joe rises. Adjusts his jacket. Wheeler waits.

JOE

(very gentle)

Explain to me, if you can, Mr.
Wheeler, explain this to me like
I'm a ten year-old. This trial
is not about a disease, is that
what you're saying? Not about
your understandable, if
unfounded, fear of catching AIDS
through casual contact with
someone who has it? You're
saying, this trial is about
Andrew Beckett's character. Am
I getting this right?

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

WHEELER

Yes, character. To the extent that it affects a person's ability to do a great job.

Andrew looks away -- face shiny with sweat, breathing difficult. He takes in the rest of the court, while Wheeler's words THROB THROUGH THE AIR...

WHEELER (CONT.)

Andy worked when he wanted to work, telling us what he thought we needed to know about his lifestyle...

136 ANDREW'S POV -- ON RACHEL, sitting among the spectators. Rachel begins speaking, her WORDS OVERLAPPING Wheeler's (we should get the feeling she's giving her testimony). 136

RACHEL

I didn't mind covering for Andy, but I did wonder... when was he planning to deal with his problem?

Andrew blinks... what's going on?

Looking back to the court: Joe presses in on Wheeler. Everything seems normal.

WHEELER

Sometimes it seems like society is run by these kinds of people.

JOE

What kind of people?

WHEELER

People who want to bend the rules...

137 ANDREW'S POV -- KENNETH KILLCOYNE at the defense table: 137

KILLCOYNE

If you want to be a leader in this society, you have to make certain sacrifices.

OK
JD

138

Wheeler keeps speaking:

138

WHEELER

...to suit their personal desires, and
the rest of us have to live with it.

139

ANDREW'S POV: WALTER KENTON:

139

KENTON

You have to make a decision: is
this guy partner material?

JOE

Who makes the rules, Mr.
Wheeler? You?

WHEELER

Read your Bible, Mr. Miller, the Old
and New Testaments... You'll find some
pretty valuable rules in there.

*

140

ANDREW'S POV -- BOB SEIDMAN:

140

SEIDMAN

Yes, I did see the lesions. I
suspected he was sick...

141

CLOSE ON ANDREW: closing his eyes.

141

THE VOICES GET LOUDER, FIGHTING WITH EACH OTHER:

WHEELER

The everyday, common person with
decent values...

RACHEL

It seems like he wasn't willing
to face the reality of his
situation...

Andrew slowly rises, the VOICES GETTING LOUDER:

SEIDMAN

...I didn't tell the others, I
was afraid to...

WHEELER

...But now, we're standing up
for ourselves...

SEIDMAN

...But he shouldn't have been fired...

*

WHEELER

...It's time to get this society
back on track!

142 Andrew OPENS HIS EYES... WE SWITCH TO HIS POV:

142

The Judge, the Jury -- everyone silent, looking concerned.

ANDREW'S POV of the courtroom floor.

Andrew falls into his own POV SHOT. In slow motion.

He lies on the floor, looking up.

ANDREW'S POV -- Joe steps over him.

ANDREW

Could you call an ambulance,
please?

CUT TO:

143 A CRISIS IN A HOSPITAL ROOM (INT./DAY)..... MEDICAL STAFF * * *143
working frenetically, trying to intubate Andrew, who IS
HAVING SERIOUS TROUBLE BREATHING, his body HEAVING. The
tube they're trying to put in place seems to be making
matters worse.

Miguel stands to the side, furious:

MIGUEL

It's making it worse. Take it
out. Take it out!

Dr. Gillman RUSHES into the room, in street clothes,
obviously having answered an emergency call. She tries
assessing the situation, just as the tube is removed and
Andrew GASPS for breath. A NURSE places an oxygen mask over
Andrew's face and he drinks in the air. His eyes are wide
open with fear, sweat covering his face.

CUT TO:

144 PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL, A BUSINESS DAY (EXT./DAY).....

144

TITLE: "Two weeks later."

LESBIAN JUROR (VO)

If he was 'mediocre,' why did
they gave him this major
assignment three weeks before
they fired him?

POSTAL WORKER JUROR (VO)
They were testing him.

CUT TO:

145 JURORS SITTING AROUND A LONG TABLE IN A ROOM WITH TALL,
grimy windows (INT./DAY).....

145

TITLE: "Jury deliberations."

WAITRESS JUROR
They wanted to see if he'd rise
to the challenge.

An American flag hangs on the wall.

SCHOOLTEACHER JUROR
They wanted to give him a final
chance.

POSTAL WORKER JUROR
That makes sense.

BUSINESSMAN JUROR
I'd still love to know what
happened to that missing file.

HOMEMAKER JUROR
Wouldn't we all?

POSTAL WORKER JUROR
Ask the computer.

COLLEGE STUDENT JUROR
They say he wasn't competent.
But, you heard him on the stand.

ROCK MUSICIAN JUROR
He sounded pretty smart to me.

BUSINESSMAN JUROR
Why would they fire him? Why
not a medical leave, or...

COLLEGE STUDENT JUROR
They freaked out over the AIDS.

SCHOOLTEACHER JUROR
They hate homosexuals.

BUSINESSMAN JUROR

It's not against the law to disapprove of homosexuals.

LESBIAN JUROR

It is against the law to fire someone for having AIDS. That's why we're here.

BUSINESSMAN JUROR

You're the foreman. You haven't said anything. What do you think?

ANGLE ON -- THE MARINE, sitting at the head of the table.
CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY ON HIM:

MARINE JUROR

They're saying he wasn't a good lawyer. He was mediocre. And the fact that they gave him the most important lawsuit they'd ever had, for one of their most important clients... they say that doesn't prove anything, because that was just a test. What did they call it? A carrot. To see if he'd rise to the occasion... Okay... Say I've got to send a pilot into enemy territory, and he's gonna be flying a plane that cost 350 million dollars... Who am I going to put into that plane? A rookie who can't cut the grade, because I want to see if he'll rise to the challenge? Or am I going to give that assignment to my best pilot, my most experienced, my sharpest, my top gun... The very best I've got?

CLOSE ON THE MARINE:

MARINE JUROR (CONT.)

Could somebody please explain that to me... like I'm a six year old?

HOLD ON THE MARINE, AS THE JUDGE'S VOICE FADES IN:

JUDGE GARNETT (VO)
Members of the jury, have you
reached a verdict?

AND CUT TO:

146 THE COURTROOM -- NO ONE STIRRING (INT./DAY).....

146

Joe is utterly cool. Sitting beside Andrew's empty chair.

Among the spectators, Andrew's siblings, Jill, Matt, Randy,
and his parents, Bud and Sarah... Rachel, Anthea and
Miguel's sister Maria. *

The Marine rises to his feet.

MARINE
We have, Your Honor...

Charles Wheeler looks the Marine in the eye.

MARINE (CONT.)
We find for the plaintiff,
Andrew Beckett.

Joe smiles, just barely, remaining calm.

Charles Wheeler whispers to Belinda Conine.

JUDGE GARNETT
Have you awarded any damages?

MARINE
Yes, we have, Your Honor.
(referring to a list)
For back pay and loss of
benefits... one hundred forty-
three thousand dollars. *

Joe shakes his head, disappointed, writing down the amount.

Wheeler and his crew SMILE -- THIS IS THEIR VICTORY.

MARINE JUROR (CONT.)
For damages related to mental
anguish and humiliation... we
give no award.

Joe is extremely disappointed.

MARINE JUROR (CONT.)
 And punitive damages we award...
 Four million, eight hundred and
 eighty two thousand dollars.

Joe throws his pen over his shoulder.

COURTROOM BURSTS INTO AN UPROAR.

Andrew's supporters, Joe's colleagues from his office rush forward, pounding him on the back. Andrew's family members hug each other.

CAMERA CRANES AWAY FROM THIS GROUP, RISING TOWARD THE CEILING AS THE SOUNDS OF THE CROWD FADE...

OPERA MUSIC FADES IN, TAKING US TO...

147 ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING... JOE STEPPING INTO THE CORRIDOR OF * * * 147
 a hospital (INT./NIGHT), carrying two shopping bags from the
 Famous 4th Street deli.....

Joe moves down the corridor, looking for a particular room.

Dr. Gillman stands outside a hospital room, talking in a low voice to Bud and Sarah Beckett. As Joe passes them, entering Andrew's room, he hears:

DR. GILLMAN
 ...if he comes out of the
 hospital this time, you mustn't
 expect him to be like he was
 before...

Joe steps into...

148 ANDREW'S HOSPITAL ROOM (INT./NIGHT).....

* * * 148

A hand-painted banner is strung over Andrew's bed:
 "Victory."

OPERA MUSIC plays on a portable CD player. ANDREW lies in a hospital bed, with a pressurized oxygen mask on his face; JILL sits on the edge of Andrew's bed, holding his hand, smiling, speaking to Andrew in low tones. With his free hand, Andrew gently strokes Jill's forearm. (Andrew has an amazing assortment of tubes and IVs running into various parts of his body.)

Andrew's brothers MATT and RANDY are sipping beers with REV. JIM, MIGUEL, Miguel's sister MARIA, Bruno and Chandra, while Matt does a dramatic re-creation of the Marine Juror rendering the judgment. Matt's audience is loving it.

As Joe comes into the room, Jill rises to take the shopping bags from him. Joe exchanges nods and greetings with the others. People KEEP THEIR VOICES LOW, but there's a certain energy, and happiness evident in the room.

ON ANDREW: Watching his friends and relatives with sparkling eyes and a weak, but grateful and peaceful smile.

ON JOE: Glancing across the room, catching Andrew's look.

Andrew smiles at Joe and pats his hospital bed, indicating he wants Joe to sit there.

Joe crosses the room, sits on the edge of the bed.

With some difficulty, Andrew removes his oxygen mask. His voice is raspy, weak:

ANDREW

What do you call a thousand
lawyers chained together at the
bottom of the ocean?

JOE

What?

ANDREW

A good start.

Joe smiles.

ANDREW (CONT.)

Excellent work, Joe. I thank
you.

JOE

It was good working with you,
Andrew. You're welcome.

(the oxygen mask)

Hey. Shouldn't you put that
thing back on?

Andrew begins fitting the mask back in place, but his hands are weak. Joe helps adjust the straps behind Andrew's ears.

JOE (CONT.)
I better get home. Lisa and I
are having some friends over.

ANDREW
(muffled by the mask)
Sure thing.

Joe stands.

JOE
I'll see you, Beckett.

Andrew nods, weakly. But he's still smiling and his eyes
are dancing.

ANDREW
(through mask)
Thanks for coming by.

JOE
You bet. We'll see you later.

Joe heads for the door, meeting Miguel there.

JOE
(to Miguel)
He's looking good. I wouldn't
be surprised if he gets out of
here soon.

MIGUEL
We just want to get him home.
Thanks for stopping by, Joe.

Miguel puts his arms around Joe and hugs him. Joe slaps
Miguel's back.

JOE
Night.

Joe leaves.

Miguel begins circulating among the "guests," saying:

MIGUEL
He's tired. He ought to sleep.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

149 JOE STEPPING INTO THE HOSPITAL ELEVATOR (INT./NIGHT), AND * * * 149
saying to a GROUP OF DOCTORS and NURSES:

JOE
What do you call a thousand
lawyers chained together at the
bottom of the ocean?

The elevator doors close.

CONTINUOUS CUT TO:

150 ANDREW'S HOSPITAL ROOM.....

* * * 150

Matt gives Andrew's hand a squeeze, before leaving.

MATT
Night, Andy. See you tomorrow,
buddy.

Rev. Jim pats Andrew's shoulder.

REV. JIM
God bless you, Andy.

Bud Beckett kisses Andrew on the cheek.

BUD
Goodnight, son. Get some rest,
okay?

Sarah Beckett is strong, kissing Andrew on the forehead.

SARAH
Goodnight angel, my sweet boy...

Randy Beckett loses control of his emotions as he bends to
hug his brother. He begins to sob.

RANDY
Andy...

Andrew puts his weak arms, with the IV lines connected,
around his brother Randy, to comfort him.

ANDREW
(through mask)
I'm okay, bro. I'll see you
tomorrow.

153 EXTERIOR: ANDREW AND MIGUEL'S LOFT BUILDING, DAY..... * * * 153
A TAXI ARRIVES and an elegant, well-dressed older COUPLE
step out.

CUT TO:

154 RACHEL OPENS THE DOOR OF THE LOFT, FINDING MIGUEL'S FAMILY * * * 154
on the other side: very dignified, handsome people who have
just arrived from Spain. They enter the apartment,
where.....

A wake is in progress. Lots of food. People sharing
stories about Andrew. Some people laughing. One or two
softly crying as they hug each other.

Someone has set up a "memento" table, with pictures of
Andrew at various stages of his life, and things that meant
something to him, like programs from the opera, a ballcap,
photos of his favorite cat, etc.

THEME MUSIC PLAYS, but we hear BITS OF DIALOGUE under the
music ("You're Miguel's parents?" "Do you remember when
Andy..." "I went to college with Andy..." etc.)

Bud Beckett sits alone, very quiet.

Miguel leads his parents over to Bud. Bud looks up, rises,
extending his hand to MIGUEL'S DAD. Miguel's father shakes
his head in sadness, reaches for Bud and pulls him into his
arms for an embrace.

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH THE CROWD, SEEMING TO SEARCH FOR
SOMETHING...

CAMERA ZEROS IN ON THE TV SET, across the room, where BLACK
AND WHITE IMAGES ARE FLICKERING, ignored by everyone...

AS CAMERA GETS CLOSER TO THE TV, it becomes apparent that
the images are BLACK AND WHITE HOME MOVIES, converted to
video...

V154 THE HOME MOVIES FEATURE a bright-eyed LITTLE BOY...
Andrew...

V154

Riding a bike with training wheels...

Swinging wildly at a wiffle ball...

AS CAMERA TRACKS INTO THE TV, PARTY SOUNDS AND THEME MUSIC
FADES... People are still talking, still laughing, still
crying, but we CAN'T HEAR THEM ANY LONGER. Instead...

We hear only the SOUNDTRACK from the HOME MOVIES...

Andrew SHOUTING GLEEFULLY as he chases a new puppy...

Andrew SQUEALING as he jumps into a tiny swimming pool...

Andrew on a swing, going higher and higher...

And laughing.

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS.
