THE PEOPLE VS. O.J. SIMPSON

Written by

Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski

Based on

"THE RUN OF HIS LIFE"

By Jeffrey Toobin

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ACT ONE

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

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

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

Then, a single CARD: "TWO YEARS LATER"

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

June 12, 1994. OJ SIMPSON'S MANSION, an impressive vaulted Tudor, on a large estate. Serious money. A young LIMO DRIVER waits outside. He nervously checks his watch.

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

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

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

OJ
Hope we can still make the flight?

LIMO DRIVER
S-sure. I'll get you there.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DRIVING - NIGHT

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

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

OJ
Oh, that's cool.

OJ gives him a warm smile. Generously reassuring.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BRENTWOOD - LATE NIGHT

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

A large bearded man in a Hawaiian shirt strolls by. He walks a little dog. He is on auto-pilot, not really paying attention, until -- he hears an odd sound. A repetitive, STRAINED BARKING.

He turns a corner, discovering a huge white AKITA. The beautiful animal BARKS relentlessly. It paces, very agitated.

DOGWALKER
Hey... what's wrong?

Tentative, he approaches. The dog ignores him, still barking. The man gently checks the collar, but there's no tag.

Then -- he notices that the dog's paws are BLOODY.

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

The Akita jerks away, distressed.

Concerned, the man follows it.

The dog runs off, WAILING. The Akita gets to a CONDO GATE, then suddenly stops. The gate is labeled "875." The dog begins BARKING LOUDER. Sad, plaintive.

Puzzled, the man goes closer. Behind the gate are bushes, a dark pathway. The dog's barking gets worse. Something is wrong. With a foreboding, the man peers in... curious to see what the dog is barking at.

Then -- the man GASPS.

On the steps are TWO DEAD BODIES.

CUT TO:

EXT. NICOLE'S CONDO - LATER

The dogwalker is upset, being calmed by a POLICEMAN.

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

PATROL OFFICER
Jesus.

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

The Officer stares at the victims. Then -- he looks over.

In the blood is a fresh HEEL PRINT. And a LEATHER GLOVE.

The cop pivots. The front door is OPEN. He needs to investigate... but there is too much blood on the stairs. Careful not to step in it, he tiptoes around the steps...

INT. CONDO - SAME TIME

It is domestic calm. Candles flicker romantically.

It's unsettling. The cop slinks upstairs. The master bedroom is lit with candles. The bathtub is filled, waiting.

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

Heart beating faster, the cop hurries downstairs. About to click his WALKIE-TALKIE, when -- something catches his eye.

ANGLE - A FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH

There is the deceased woman. She smiles, hugging the two children and OJ SIMPSON.

Huh?

The Officer looks at another photo: There is OJ again. Another photo -- OJ. There is even an OJ football poster.

The cop fingers the walkie-talkie... alert, calculating. He re-holsters the device, then reaches for the PHONE --

CUT TO:

EXT. NICOLE'S CONDO - LATER

The street is FILLED with FLASHING POLICE CARS! 875 Bundy is blocked off by crime-scene tape. A dozen POLICEMEN have converged on the property. Flashlights wave, lighting up the scene. Walkie-talkies CRACKLE.

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

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

FUHRMAN
Lot of blood.

PATROL OFFICER
It has a clean heel print. There's also a glove... hat... an envelope...
(gesturing)
Down that path is a set of bloody shoe prints. They exit through the rear.

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

FUHRMAN
He's bleeding from the left hand.

PATROL OFFICER
Yeah. Let me show you inside.

Fuhrman glances at all the blood.

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

EXT. REAR ALLEY - MINUTES LATER

The back of the property is lit-up with POLICE and COMMANDERS. More commotion. Fuhrman and the Officer stride up. They enter the garage, passing a white Ferrari.

INT. CONDO - SAME TIME

Fuhrman glances around at the nice decor. On a banister is a cup of melted ice cream.

FUHRMAN
Nothing disturbed. It's probably not a robbery.

Fuhrman starts making notes, as HEADLIGHTS catch his eye outside. Beat, then another DETECTIVE hurries in.

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

Fuhrman's face turns sour.

EXT. CONDO - MINUTES LATER

Two higher-ranking Detectives, PHILIP VANNATTER and TOM LANGE, take charge, clearing a path. They run this show. Vannatter is beefy, with a helmet of caramel-colored hair. Lange is balding, with a huge bushy moustache.

VANNATTER
Where are the kids?

COP #2
They're being held at West L.A.

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

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

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

A head shake.

VANNATTER
What about OJ Simpson? Has anyone notified him?

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

YOUNG COP
There's no media here.

VANNATTER
This is a double murder in Brentwood. They'll show.
(he raises his voice)
Does anyone have Simpson's address?

Nobody responds. Vannatter waits, impatient.

ANGLE - FUHRMAN

He is standing off to the side. Ignored.

FUHRMAN
I know where OJ lives.

Vannatter reacts.

FUHRMAN
I'm Detective Mark Fuhrman, West L.A.
(beat)
(MORE)

FUHRMAN (CONT'D)
I was there years ago, on a family dispute. It's just a few minutes away.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRENTWOOD PARK - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - SAME TIME

The cops get out. OJ'S house is on a large corner lot. There is a high brick wall, with an IRON GATE on the side street. Some windows are LIT.

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

Nothing. No movement within the house. No sound.

A couple glances. He BUZZES again.

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

FUHRMAN
I'm going to look around.

VANNATTER
(ignoring him)
Buzz again.

Lange keeps BUZZING. Fuhrman walks away.

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

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

Hm??!

Fuhrman freezes.

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

FUHRMAN
HEY! You should see this.

CUT TO:

AT THE BRONCO - MINUTES LATER

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

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

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

VANNATTER
Something feels... wrong.

LANGE
We've already got two murders. What if there's another victim, bleeding in the house?

EXT. HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

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

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

And -- no answer. A Chow dog looks up, but doesn't bark.

They KNOCK HARDER. No stirring. They try the door -- it's locked. Stymied, they walk around back.

EXT. REAR HOUSE/GUEST HOUSES - SAME TIME

They explore, flashlights crisscrossing. In the dark, they discover a BRONZE STATUE of OJ, heroic in football regalia. It towers above them. The men stare, a bit awed.

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

FUHRMAN
Hey, I see someone.

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

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

Kato peers, baffled.

KATO
Huh... I dunno? What? Isn't OJ in the house?
(confused)
What time is it? Was there an earthquake? I heard these crazy thumps last night...

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

FUHRMAN
Sir, are you on a substance?

KATO
Huh?

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

KATO
Look, I'm not really an official person. I just kinda live back here.
(beat)
You should ask Arnelle. She probably knows where her dad is.

Kato gestures at the next guest house.

GUEST HOUSE 2

The cops BANG ON the door. A shuffling, then ARNELLE SIMPSON, a young black woman, appears. She is bleary, pulling on a robe. Vannatter flashes his badge.

VANNATTER
Mrs. Simpson, there's an emergency. We need to speak to your father.

ARNELLE
Why?! What happened?

She is alarmed. The cop stares her down, unwavering.

VANNATTER
We need to speak with your father.

ARNELLE
Um, I think he's in Chicago.

INT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Lange is on the house phone, waiting. RING. RING.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Chicago O'Hare Plaza.

LANGE
OJ Simpson please.

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

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

LANGE
Is this OJ Simpson?

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

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

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

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

EXT. GUEST HOUSES - SAME TIME

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

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

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

INT. OJ'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

OJ is still talking to Lange.

OJ (V.O.)
I'm gonna leave Chicago on the first flight out! I'll come back to L.A.

LANGE
Okay, Mr. Simpson. Okay. Here's your daughter...

Lange hands Arnelle the phone.

Lange stands there, with an ODD EXPRESSION. Something is wrong. He motions Vannatter, and they step into a corner.

We MOVE IN TIGHT on the two cops.

VANNATTER
What is it?

LANGE
He didn't ask me how she died.

The men stare at each other.

VANNATTER
What time did he fly to Chicago?

WIDE

Fuhrman comes RUNNING in. He looks breathless.

FUHRMAN
I need to show you something. Back of the guest houses.

EXT. REAR GUEST HOUSES - SECONDS LATER

Fuhrman, Vannatter and Lange move urgently through the thick darkness. Their flashlights light up the carpet of leaves.

FUHRMAN
It's right here... just ahead... under the air conditioner...

Fuhrman swings his flashlight around, then STOPS.

ANGLE - THE GROUND

Lying there is another LEATHER GLOVE. It looks bloody.

THE THREE COPS

stare, shocked. Finally --

VANNATTER
This is a crime scene.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCIA CLARK'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

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

MARCIA
C'mon, eat. Shove it down!

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

TRAVIS
I don't want cereal.

TREVOR
The milk tastes funny.

MARCIA
Fine, then starve. We have to leave.

The PHONE RINGS. Marcia grabs it.

MARCIA
Yeah?

INTERCUT:

VANNATTER AT ROCKINGHAM

The sun is up. Vannatter is out front.

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

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

MARCIA
Boys, shhh! Go get your coats.

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

MARCIA
What do you got?

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

MARCIA
"Brentwood"? Nobody gets killed in Brentwood --

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

MARCIA
Who?

Beat.

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

MARCIA
I have no idea who you're talking about.

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

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

She wrangles her son, while talking.

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

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

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

MARCIA
Wow.

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

MARCIA
What were you doing at Simpson's?

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

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

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

Beat.

MARCIA
Well, this prosecutor says, <u>go get him</u>.

INT. WEST LA POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

The station is busy with activity.

In a back office, Nicole and OJ's children SYDNEY, 8, and JUSTIN, 5 are parked. Justin sits on the floor, quietly playing with a little truck. But Sydney is worried. She peers at a nearby PHONE...

INT. NICOLE'S CONDO - SAME TIME

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

Until -- Nicole's phone RINGS.

Everybody freezes, startled. People glance over.

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

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

The sound is chilling. Then, BEEP!

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Mommy, what happened last night?
Mommy, please call me back.

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

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Why did we have to go to the police station? Please answer, Mommy.
(pause)
Please answer. Okay... bye.

Sydney HANGS UP. Then, BEEEEP. Nobody speaks.

EXT. NICOLE'S CONDO - MORNING

WIDE SHOT. Then -- a LOCAL TV NEWS VAN pulls up. Beat.

Then, ANOTHER NEWS VAN pulls up. Then ANOTHER...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EST. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - MORNING

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS LOBBY - MORNING

The lobby is packed with LAWYERS and STAFF, all lined up hopefully at a bank of ELEVATORS. Marcia charges in, a blur of action, a click-clack of high heels.

OLDER LAWYER
Oh Marcia, could I --

MARCIA
Not now!

The far elevator DINGS. The people in the wrong lines GROAN. Marcia spins, cutting through to hop onto the OPEN elevator. As the door shuts --

LADY LAWYER
Is it true you got it?

MARCIA
It's not official. I hope so.
(beat)
It could be a biggie.

It shuts, leaving a man behind. This reserved black man has a shaved head, spectacles, and no mojo. This is CHRIS DARDEN, 40. He stares, sighs, then waits for another elevator.

INT. MARCIA'S OFFICE HALL - SAME TIME

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

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

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

ASSISTANT
He lands at LAX around noon.
(beat)
Oh -- Westwood Flower Garden called.
They want to know if the baby tulips
can be peach, not pink.

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

ASSISTANT
Lynn's baby shower. Today at lunch.

MARCIA
(remembering)
Oh Jesus. What time am I supposed to be going?

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

Marcia absorbs this.

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

ASSISTANT
And Gordon's lawyer called --

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

INT. MAURICE'S SNACK 'N CHAT - MORNING

Maurice's, a proud black L.A. restaurant. A TV is on a MORNING SHOW behind the counter. A chirpy BLONDE HOST frowns.

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

The room reacts, saddened. We MOVE down the tables.

BLACK WAITRESS
Just terrible. That man's been through so much.
(upset)
You remember when his baby drowned?

CUSTOMERS (ADLIB)
Poor Juice... Number 32... Heisman winner... Man, could that guy run... He tore up the Coliseum...

Murmurs of AGREEMENT. We land on a black man, eating alone. He is quite distinctive, with his tortoise-shell glasses and brightly colored African robe. This is journalist DENNIS SCHATZMAN. Dennis stares at everyone, his brain whirling, his eyes quizzical. Then he scribbles some notes...

EXT. BROWN'S HOUSE - DAY

A nice Orange County home.

INT. BROWN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

The BROWN FAMILY is bereaved and sobbing. Nicole's parents LOU and JUDITHA are overcome. Their three daughters DENISE, DOMINIQUE, and TANYA are crying.

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

LOU
How could this happen...?

Denise's face is red.

DENISE
We know how it happened.

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

DENISE
Oh, c'mon, Dad! He was obsessed with Nicole! OJ was stalking her.

Juditha chokes back her tears.

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

DENISE
Mom, we all know the truth.
(beat)
OJ killed her.

CUT TO:

INT. GIL GARCETTI'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

GIL
What time did he fly to Chicago?

MARCIA
11:45 p.m.

GIL
And what time do you ballpark the murders?

MARCIA
Between 10 and 11.
(beat)
The male, Ronald Goldman, worked at an Italian restaurant nearby. He was 25, an actor/waiter. He left it just before 10.

GIL
Wow.
(thinking)
Do you think OJ had time to do it?

LAWYER
Well, he <u>is</u> fast.

A few smirks.

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

HODGMAN
Let's stay on point.
(beat)
What about motive?

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

GIL
Was he her boyfriend?

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

The room reacts, baffled.

LAWYER #2
By her <u>mother</u>? What kind of restaurant offers that service?

LAWYER #3
That sounds ridiculous.

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

Marcia distributes graphic CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. People wince.

LAWYER #1
These are really vicious. I just can't picture OJ Simpson doing it.
(beat)
I met him once at a golf event. He was the nicest guy...

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

HODGMAN
He's not so terrific. Simpson has a prior. Five years ago, he pled no contest, after he beat up Nicole. He never even did his community service. He just got out, celebrity style:
(dour)
He raised money for Camp Ronald McDonald.

The room goes cold.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - STREET - DAY

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

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

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

VANNATTER
It's like a party out there.
(weary)
Keep the gate secure. When Simpson gets here, detain him.

OUTSIDE THE GATE - A man in a sharp suit and slicked, white-striped hair approaches a COP. He waves desperately, a bit frantic. This is ROBERT KARDASHIAN, 50.

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

COP
No, sir.

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

The cop is baffled.

COP
There's no list.

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

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

WEITZMAN
Yeah, it's really horrible.
(ducking away)
Hey, there's Juice. I gotta deal with this.

WIDE - REVEAL

A BLACK CADILLAC is slowly pushing towards the mob.

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

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

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

OJ
What's happening? Why are you here?

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

Simpson's eyes grow. He begins hyperventilating.

OJ
Oh man, oh man, oh man...

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

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

OUTSIDE THE GATES

The PRESS sees this. Something with OJ and the cop. The cameramen push at the gate, straining for a view.

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

ON THE PROPERTY

The Officer guides OJ into the backyard. Near a children's playhouse. The Officer glances around -- making sure they are sheltered, out of sight. Then, he pulls out HANDCUFFS.

OJ gapes, shocked.

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

In the far b.g. is a BRICK WALL. A CAMERA rises over it...

BEHIND THE BRICK WALL

The KCOP Cameraman is on his tippy-toes, getting the shot.

ACROSS THE YARD

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

WEITZMAN
Whoa, whoa! Is that really necessary?

VANNATTER
No. I'm sorry, I only wanted him detained.
(to the Officer)
Unhook him.

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

OJ
I don't know what that was about. I'm going through a lot here...

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

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

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

OJ
Nah, if I don't talk, they'll think I did something wrong.
(emboldened)
Sure, I'll cooperate.

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

CLOSEUP - OJ'S HAND

has a BANDAGE on the middle finger.

CLOSEUP - VANNATTER

His eyebrows go up.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCIA'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is all Marcia. The office is cloudy with cigarette smoke, as she frantically puffs away. A poster of Jim Morrison hangs on the wall. Her desk and leather chair are huge, which make her look ridiculously tiny.

Marcia is reviewing POLICE FILES. She is visibly upset.

MARCIA
This is outrageous. Eight 911 calls! The police were called out there eight times! ...She had a bruised face... bleeding lip... black eye... OJ broke a windshield with a baseball bat...
(stunned)
I feel so bad for her.

An ATTORNEY stares, resigned.

MARCIA
You know what really pisses me off? This went on for years! All that battering, before they filed charges.

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

Marcia fumes. An ASSISTANT peeks in.

ASSISTANT
Marcia, the tape is here.

INT. GARCETTI'S OFFICE - LATER

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

VANNATTER'S VOICE
When was the last time you saw Nicole?

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

INTERCUT:

FLASHBACK - THE INTERVIEW

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

VANNATTER
And what time did you get back home?

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

BACK TO:

THE ATTORNEYS

are bewildered.

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

GIL
Shhh!

BACK TO:

OJ'S INTERVIEW

VANNATTER
When did you park your Bronco on Rockingham?

OJ
Eight-something. Seven. Eight. Nine o'clock. I don't know. Right in that area. Then I was sitting with Kato. He hadn't done a jacuzzi, so we went and got a burger.

BACK TO:

THE ATTORNEYS

MARCIA
Seven, eight, nine is not an answer! Guys, lock him down to a time-frame!

BACK TO:

OJ'S INTERVIEW

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

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

OJ
I don't know. The first time, when I was in Chicago, but at the house I was just running around. I broke a glass. One of your guys had just called me.
(helpful)
Actually, it was cut before. Maybe I opened it again.

BACK TO:

THE ATTORNEYS

They gape. Dumbfounded.

OJ'S VOICE
I recall bleeding at my house, then I went to the Bronco. I mean, it's no big deal. I bleed all the time. I play golf, so there's always something, nicks and stuff.

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

HODGMAN
He answered everything eight different ways -- and they let him.

What a disaster. Marcia GROANS and covers her face.

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

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

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

She stands up, infuriated, and storms out. The door SLAMS.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - DAY

Vannatter comes driving up Rockingham. He passes the media throng, then reaches the gate. A COP waves him in.

AT THE HOUSE

Police crawl about. Vannatter walks up to Dennis Fung, who is making notes. Vannatter hands him a packaged TEST TUBE.

VANNATTER
We took a sample of Simpson's blood.

FUNG
Are you making an arrest?

VANNATTER
Not til we get the labs.
(he shrugs)
He's too famous to be a flight risk.

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

INT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

TV NEWS drones on three built-in TVs. OJ's extended family has gathered in support: Kardashian, Kato, Arnelle, and her chubby brother JASON, 24. Visiting are OJ's sister SHIRLEY and their elderly MAMA, a delicate woman with a cane.

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

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

MAMA
We know, Orenthal.

OJ
This whole thing is really becoming a mess!

MAMA
It's just terrible. They should let the family mourn.

OJ runs his hands through his hair. He feels control slipping...

OJ
This is no way to treat the Juice...

A depressed fog is settling. OJ fumbles in his pocket, then takes out a prescription bottle. He swallows a pill.

Everybody glances worriedly at each other.

THE FRONT DOOR

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

OJ
About time, AC.

AC
I'm sorry it took so long, OJ.

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

KATO
Finally! I'm starving.

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

OJ
Kato, you like those burgers?

KATO
Yeah.

OJ
(long beat)
You told the cops that you and I went out for burgers last night?

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

OJ
Good. I need support. Lots of support from everybody!!
(beat)
Who called? Did any friends leave a message?

Suddenly, ON A TV - the video of OJ handcuffed appears. Jason GROANS.

JASON
Ugh. Dad, it's that shot again.

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

Kardashian paces, concerned.

KARDASHIAN
This situation is very worrisome.

AC
What's your lawyer say?

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

KARDASHIAN
You need your counsel.

SHIRLEY
Robert, are you a lawyer?

KARDASHIAN
I... used to be. But not criminal.
(pause)
Is it impolite to ask... what's Howard's game plan? Why'd he let you get cuffed? Why'd he let you do the interview? Why were you in there alone?

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

OJ
These are good questions...

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. SPAGO - NIGHT

A fancy restaurant full of HOLLYWOOD STARS and MODELS and RICH PEOPLE. Booze and lobster and caviar pizza roll out. At the center table, holding court, is ROBERT SHAPIRO, 50s. Bob is self-serving, clever, smarmy. Glowing from his thick tan.

SHAPIRO
...so I said to Brando, "It's the smart play. They can't prove premeditation." I cut the deal, and everyone's happy. His son pled to manslaughter. He'll be out in five.

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

LINELL SHAPIRO
Bob, enough. I don't want to be late to the show.

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

Then, the RESTAURANT MANAGER comes over.

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

SHAPIRO
An <u>emergency</u>?

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

SHAPIRO
This is Robert Shapiro. Who is this?
(beat)
Who?

An odd beat. Shapiro covers his other ear. He makes a face, like he can't believe what he just heard. Then --

SHAPIRO
This is... OJ Simpson??

CUT TO:

INT. D.A. OFFICES - DAY

Chris Darden holds a packet of PAPERS. He waits at an office.

CHRIS
When's Dave coming back? I need to close this investigation.

SECRETARY
I dunno. It's like a tornado hit this place.

She gestures. In a CONFERENCE ROOM, Marcia is busy-busy, snapping orders at numerous LAWYERS and UNDERLINGS. Handing out folders. Everybody is eager, hustling.

Chris watches... with a sigh of existential despair. He shakes his head, disparaging.

CHRIS
Look at them. Everyone trippin' over themselves, trying to get onto a celebrity case.

The woman raises a skeptical eyebrow.

SECRETARY
I'm sure they've got room for another prosecutor.

CHRIS
Oh, no way. I'm done trying cases. I just push my papers. This building's hopeless.

SECRETARY
Really.

A beat. He wonders whether he said too much already. Then --

CHRIS
They don't know the worth of a man. They just promote you if you get on a famous case, or you're good at kissing ass, or gaming the system.
(pause; reflecting)
Maybe it's me. I'm not a hustler.
(beat)
Screw it -- give Dave these papers. He can read 'em, or sign 'em, or toss 'em in the trash. I don't care!

Chris tosses her the file and walks away.

The Secretary stares, then shouts after him.

SECRETARY
Chris, did you just quit?

CHRIS
Don't tempt me. I might!

She laughs.

INT. GARCETTI'S OFFICE - DAY

Marcia is back in subservient mode, reporting to Garcetti. Hodgman stands to the side, observing.

MARCIA
We're putting off filing, until we get the blood test.
(a bit manic)
Obviously, this sort of makes me crazy. It's ridiculous that he's back in the house! He could be destroying evidence. Intimidating witnesses --

GIL
Marcia --

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

GIL
Marcia! I want to pair you with Bill.

Marcia STOPS.

A beat. She is taken aback.

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

GIL
Bill runs a little... cooler than you. You're the perfect prosecutor for this case, but I think this will be good. A little checks-and-balance.

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

MARCIA
I... understand.

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

Marcia swallows her pride. She nods.

MARCIA
Nobody is more organized than Bill.

HODGMAN
(he smiles)
I'm here to help.

Marcia <u>forces</u> a smile. She is clearly not happy.

CUT TO:

INT. TALK RADIO STATION - DAY

We are in a small radio booth. A gregarious black DJ is interviewing Dennis Schatzman. The DJ reads off typed notes:

DJ TODD
Brothers and sisters, we are honored to have a special guest today, the esteemed Dennis Schatzman. Dennis writes for the black-owned Los Angeles Sentinel. He was formerly a judge, and he led the North Carolina NAACP!
(beat)
Dennis, how are you?

SCHATZMAN
Todd... I am not good.

A sour beat.

SCHATZMAN
I am disgusted by how OJ Simpson has been treated by the LAPD. He has not been charged with a crime, and yet they handcuffed him. They put him in chains!
(pointed)
Let me ask YOU a question. Remember Jeffrey Dahmer? He was a mass murderer. He was a cannibal. Yes, he ATE people. Well, how many times did you see Jeffrey Dahmer in handcuffs?

The DJ is caught by surprise.

DJ TODD
Uh... zero?

SCHATZMAN
Exactly! The black/white double standard endures! The LAPD has been at war on African-Americans, for too long. Rodney King... Daryl Gates and his nefarious chokehold... guns pulled on Olympic legend Al Joyner...
(beat)
If this is how they treat our most prominent men of color, imagine how they treat the brothers on the corner?

Whew.

At the board, the PHONE LINES are all LIT UP and blinking.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

An office door says "ORENTHAL ENTERPRISES"

INT. ORENTHAL ENTERPRISES - DAY

The office is filled with OJ merchandising and football memorabilia. OJ and Kardashian sit with Robert Shapiro. Shapiro is in sales mode -- deferential, reassuring, calm.

SHAPIRO
Believe me, Howard Weitzman is a very "capable" lawyer.
(choosing his words)
But... I agree with your decision. You can't afford any more missteps.

OJ nods. He pokes Kardashian -- see?

SHAPIRO
In a situation like this, everything has to be done correctly. You cannot cut corners. You need to hire the best experts, the top investigators.

OJ
Already?

SHAPIRO
Yes. Now. The D.A. is going to be throwing all their resources at this case. I don't know if you are aware, but they have a terrible rep for losing cases against the rich and famous. They're going to do everything, to win this one.

Kardashian leans in.

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

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

OJ
(pleased)
Absolutely! That's a great idea. I want Robert on this.

Kardashian beams.

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

Shapiro glances at Kardashian. Kardashian gets the hint.

Toady-like, Kardashian leaves. OJ doesn't comment. Shapiro waits for the door to close. We MOVE IN on the MEN. Shapiro is soothing, but in control.

SHAPIRO
Before I take a new criminal case, I always ask my client a question. I won't be judgmental. But -- I think it's crucial that attorney and client are truthful with each other. It's most constructive, as we proceed on this long road. Keep in mind, whatever you tell me is confidential. It won't leave this room.

OJ stares. Wary, waiting. Shapiro proceeds.

SHAPIRO
So. OJ, did you do it?

CLOSEUP - OJ

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

OJ
No. I loved her.

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY LAW FIRM - DAY

A stylish, expensive LAW FIRM. Marcia strides in and checks in with the RECEPTIONIST. Then, she takes a seat. Anxious, Marcia glances through a FILE OF PAPERS she brought. Another waiting WOMAN smiles awkwardly.

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

Marcia stares.

INT. MARCIA'S LAWYER'S OFFICE - LATER

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

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

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

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

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

Beat.

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

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

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

Marcia frowns pensively.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

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

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

Hair and makeup fuss over the guest of honor, JOHNNIE COCHRAN, 50s. Johnnie is an exuberant personality, telegenic, full of quips, with a closet of colorful suits. Johnnie is a legal legend, and he knows it. He chatters with the makeup crew:

JOHNNIE
Robert Shapiro? What a terrible idea! Why would you swap him for Howard Weitzman? They're the same person! That's who you call after you smash your Rolls, when you're drunk on Mulholland!

MAKEUP LADY
Is he a bad lawyer?

JOHNNIE
No! He's a fine lawyer -- if you just want to cop a deal. Shapiro doesn't like to get his hands dirty. He wants to get out of court as quickly as possible, so that he can get to the movie premiere.
(beat)
OJ better be careful, or Shapiro's gonna send him down the river.

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

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

JOHNNIE
Thank you. It's good to be here.
(he listens)
Oh, I have nothing but admiration for Mr. Robert Shapiro. He's a very bright man. BUT.....
(deadly)
there are lawyers... and there are <u>lawyers</u>. I think if you actually want to try the case in court, you need a litigator. And I would not be surprised if you didn't see a lawyer -- a trial lawyer -- come in and do that.
(he listens, then CHUCKLES)
Yes, exactly. I concur!
(he CHUCKLES)
Alright. Well thank you. It was a pleasure.

The camera light goes OFF. The studio lights dim. Johnnie removes his earpiece. A SOUND MAN comes over to unwire him.

CREW MAN
Johnnie, if OJ asked you, would you take this case?

Johnnie pauses, then winks.

JOHNNIE
Well, I like to win.
(beat)
And this case is a loser.

<u>END ACT THREE</u>

ACT FOUR

INT. MARCIA'S OFFICE - DAY

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

MARCIA
You saw him?

JILL
Yeah. Sunday night, about 10:45. I was driving to Souplantation, on San Vicente. Suddenly this big white vehicle came screeching up Bundy. It was totally crazy! It ran the red.
(pause)
Me and this other car had to hit our brakes, so we wouldn't crash into it. And then the white car starts honking at me! Like I did something wrong. The window rolled down, and the driver started yelling at me.

MARCIA
And you saw the driver's face?

JILL
Sure I saw him! It was OJ Simpson! He was angry! He screamed, "Move your damn car!"

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

LATER

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

ALLAN PARK
I was nervous, because I'd never picked-up a star before. At 10:40, I buzzed the gate, but he didn't answer. A few minutes later, I tried again. He still wasn't home! I got scared, because I didn't want him to miss his flight. I called my boss, my mom, I didn't know what to do!

HODGMAN
Then what?

ALLAN PARK
Just before 11, in the dark, I saw a large black man go into the house.
(MORE)

ALLAN PARK (CONT'D)
I buzzed again, and finally OJ Simpson answered. He said he overslept.

Hodgman glances at Marcia. This is good stuff.

HODGMAN
Anything else unusual?

ALLAN PARK
Well, when we drove away, I saw a white Bronco parked on Rockingham.
(beat)
It wasn't there when I arrived.

LATER

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

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

HODGMAN
Our timeline totally holds together.

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

MARCIA
Bill -- I know that you know I wanted all this for myself...
(sincere)
But, I'm glad we're doing it together.

INT. SHAPIRO'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Sleek offices, high in a Century City tower. A startling contrast to the D.A.'s civic gloom. Bob Shapiro is energized, happy. He barks at a YOUNG LAWYER.

SHAPIRO
We need to hire Michael Baden and Henry Lee, NOW. I want Baden to do a second autopsy. Lee will oversee all forensics.

YOUNG LAWYER
Do you want to interview them first?

SHAPIRO
No! I want to nail them down, before the D.A. thinks of hiring them. This is a preemptive strike.

SECRETARY
Bob, I've got F. Lee Bailey on Line 2.

Shapiro grins and hustles into his office. He shuts the door.

INT. SHAPIRO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Bob grabs the phone. He's giddy.

SHAPIRO
Lee!

INTERCUT:

INT. F. LEE BAILEY'S OFFICE - FLORIDA

On the phone is F. LEE BAILEY, 60s, the grand elder statesman of criminal defense. His commanding, honeyed voice and tactical brilliance have been tempered by a life of heavy drinking, but he is still a bravura presence.

F. LEE
So -- you hooked a big one?!

SHAPIRO
It's looking that way. I could use your help.

F. LEE
That's very gracious of you, Bob.

SHAPIRO
I want to share this gift, Lee.

Lee takes a sip of Scotch. He shakes the ice cubes.

F. LEE
How are the boys? How is Linell?

SHAPIRO
Everyone is good.

Pause. Bailey chuckles mischievously.

F. LEE
I saw Johnnie Cochran on TV. He was saying "there are lawyers, and there are LAWYERS." Did you see that?

SHAPIRO
Uh... no. I guess I missed that.

Hm. Another sip of Scotch. Bailey enjoys his drink.

F. LEE
Have you called Baden?

SHAPIRO
He's on a plane tonight.
(boasting)
I'm also getting Henry Lee.

F. LEE
Good, good... of course you are. The Batman and Robin of bloodwork.
(he thinks)
Who are your investigators?

SHAPIRO
Well, uh, we haven't quite started --

F. LEE
Jesus, Bob! You can't wait! You need to chase down any favorable leads, before they grow stale!

Shapiro frowns, chastened. He scribbles a note.

SHAPIRO
Okay! Will do. Look... I'm calling for advice: I want to give OJ a polygraph. Who should administer it?

F. LEE
Only one choice. Eddie Gelb. He and I were on "Lie Detector" together. He ain't cheap, but he's the best.

SHAPIRO
OJ swears he didn't do it.

F. LEE
Don't they all...

SHAPIRO
If he passes the test, we'll leak it onto the front page of the L.A. Times.

Bailey just sips his drink, waiting. Shapiro sighs.

SHAPIRO
And if he fails... he'll have to face reality. We'll do the best we can.

INT. INTERCEPT OFFICES - DAY

A bland, disconcertingly nondescript office.

OJ is hooked up to a POLYGRAPH MACHINE. A series of wires runs from his body to the device. OJ is very nervous, heart pounding, trying to stay calm.

OJ
My name is Orenthal James Simpson.

INT. WAITING AREA - LATER

Shapiro and Kardashian sit, fretting.

SHAPIRO
So, how do you think he's holding up?

KARDASHIAN
Not good. It's like he's not really The Juice anymore...

Beat. We hear a door CLICK.

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

The door OPENS. A buttoned-down POLYGRAPH EXAMINER steps out. He fiddles with his glasses, rustling his papers.

EXAMINER
So.
(he clears his throat)
I administered Mr. Simpson a zone of comparison exam. The polygraph measured three physiological responses -- heart rate, breathing, and electrical sensitivity of his skin.
(beat)
I tabulated Mr. Simpson's answers and responses. He scored... a Minus-24.

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

Shapiro groans.

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

ANGLE - KARDASHIAN'S

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

KARDASHIAN
He couldn't have done it...

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

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

OJ
Of course I failed it! She just died!
(pause)
I'm so emotional!
(MORE)

OJ (CONT'D)
Every time I heard Nicole's name, I was jumping out of my skin.

SHAPIRO
Ok! Calm down. Don't worry --

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MORTUARY - DAY

Deep in Orange County, Nicole's wake. It's an ABSOLUTE ZOO. HELICOPTERS zoom overhead. Satellite NEWS VANS are wedged in. SECURITY, led by RON SHIPP, hold back the lookyloos. LIMOUSINES make their way, the street blocked with cones. International PAPARAZZI trip over each other, trying to grab their shots.

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

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

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

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

KRIS
Khloe! Kim! Stop running. Put away that candy.
(whispering)
Do you... think he did it?

FAYE
C'mon. She was terrified of him...

Then, a COMMOTION.

AT THE CURB

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

FAYE
Hey, your ex got in Car Number One.

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

A gasp from the CROWD. CAMERAS click crazily.

Denise is stunned. Furious.

DENISE
He has no shame. He came.

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

SHAPIRO
Please, no pictures. Please, respect the family.

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

One PAPARAZZO whispers to another.

PAPARAZZO
Who the hell brings their lawyer to a funeral?

INT. MORTUARY - LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

It's chilling.

EXT. JEWISH CEMETERY - DAY

A SMALL FUNERAL at a gravesite.

It is Ron Goldman's funeral. It is intimate and forlorn. No media. No noise. Ron's FAMILY and FRIENDS are shellshocked.

Ron's father FRED and sister KIM are weeping, paralyzed with grief.

FRED GOLDMAN
Ron was such a good boy. Why...?

Fred breaks down, hugging his family.

CUT TO:

INT. D.A. OFFICES - NIGHT

The offices are empty. However, Marcia is still there. She's in the hall, on a desk PHONE.

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

Distant, an ELEVATOR DINGS. Marcia turns.

Sound of foodsteps. Marcia freezes, taut. Then -- Vannatter and Lange appear. Lange holds a large ENVELOPE.

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

MARCIA
What? No, Mommy has to go! I'm sorry -- look -- yeah, I gotta go now.

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

MARCIA
Well... do we have him?

Vannatter NODS. <u>Yes</u>.

Marcia gasps, relieved.

Lange hands her copies of the LAB REPORT. Pages of numbers.

LANGE
The blood drops at Bundy are Simpson's type.

MARCIA
Thank God! I am so tired of that smug son-of-a-bitch.

VANNATTER
And, the Rockingham glove matches a mix of Simpson and the victims' blood.
(satisfied)
It's time to put him behind bars.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAPIRO'S KITCHEN - MORNING

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

SHAPIRO
...no, no. I understand you have a warrant, but there's no reason to come get Mr. Simpson. I can deliver him to Parker Center.
(beat)
Also, let's be clear: No perp walk.

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

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

LANGE (V.O.)
What? Why do you need 3 1/2 hours to drive him from Brentwood? Eleven.

Shapiro nods, pleased. He got what he wanted.

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

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

LINELL SHAPIRO
Your "word is gold"?

SHAPIRO
Well... plated silver. Close enough.
(he shrugs)
That call was a heap of bad news.

LINELL SHAPIRO
What -- that they're arresting him?

SHAPIRO
No, of course they're arresting him. That was inevitable.
(worried)
(MORE)

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

LINELL SHAPIRO
Is he back at Rockingham?

SHAPIRO
No. He's in the hideout.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - MORNING

The MEDIA ZOO outside the gates is astonishing. It's like every cameraman in the world is there.

A REPORTER runs up to his CAMERA CREW.

REPORTER
The LAPD is having a press conference at 12. Something is going down.

They REACT, excited. Others OVERHEAR this. People swing their cameras to the gate --

INT. JOHNNIE COCHRAN'S LAW OFFICES - MORNING

Johnnie's law firm is a busy enterprise, staffed with energetic black LAWYERS and ASSISTANTS.

The phones are RINGING crazy. A SECRETARY hails Johnnie.

SECRETARY
Johnnie! You've got calls from CNN, NBC, ABC --

JOHNNIE
Goodness! This is like my new job. A famous black man's in trouble, so they just go down their list: Jesse, Sharpton, me.

INT. D.A. OFFICES - MORNING

Chris snaps shut his briefcase and walks to the elevators.

FEMALE PROSECUTOR
Hey, where you going?

CHRIS
Ah, there's nothing happening here for me.
(beat)
I think I'll start my weekend early. Go visit my Pops and daughter in Oakland.

He steps into the elevator. The door CLOSES.

EXT. ENCINO - SAME TIME

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

INT. KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

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

SHAPIRO
Where's OJ?

KARDASHIAN
He's still sleeping. He's sedated.
(concerned)
He was really upset after the funeral.

SHAPIRO
Well, we have to wake him. This is going to be a big day.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

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

SHAPIRO
Juice? It's Bob. You gotta wake up.
(he KNOCKS again)
OJ...? OJ, time to get up.

We HOLD ON the bedroom door. Until... slowly, it opens.

OJ peers out, squinty-eyed. Groggy from some pills.

OJ
What is... mmm...

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

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

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

PAULA
Honey, what's going on...?

OJ
Paula, go back to bed...

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

ANGLE - OJ

His face crumples, utterly distraught.

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

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

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

OJ
No way! I can't go there --

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

Suddenly -- DING-DONG!

OJ whirls, startled. Tense.

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

SHAPIRO
N-no! Those are friends. Some people, here to look at you --

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

BADEN
No significant wounds or abrasions.

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

The Doctor feels around OJ's neck.

DOCTOR
I see some swollen lymph nodes. Is there any family history of cancer?

OJ doesn't respond.

PAULA
OJ looks sad. You should let him lie down.

SHAPIRO
He's not going anywhere. We're conducting the best defense money can buy.

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

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

KARDASHIAN
Bob, it's another doctor.

Kardashian is perplexed. Shapiro pulls him aside.

SHAPIRO
That's Saul Faerstein. Expert psychiatrist. In case we want to go for a... uh...
(whispering)
"diminished-capacity" defense.

KARDASHIAN
Are you saying he was insane?

SHAPIRO
I'm saying -- keep our options open.

EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

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

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

VANNATTER
This is unbelievable. We cut him every favor possible. Self-surrender, plenty of time...
(seething)
Go upstairs. Call him.

INT. KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

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

SHAPIRO
Oh. Uh... hey, Tom.
(awkward)
Uh... look, I gotta apologize. We may be a few minutes behind schedule.

INTERCUT:

LANGE IN HIS OFFICE

LANGE
Bob. You ARE in your car?

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

Lange chokes on this.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - SAME TIME

A sign says "GRAND JURY"

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

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

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

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

Marcia glowers -- frustrated.

MARCIA
On the night of June 12, 1994, were you in the company of Mr. Simpson?

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

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

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

Marcia's eyes pop: What?!

BACK TO:

INT. KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

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

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

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

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

OJ
(he freaks out)
What, you people think I did it?? I can't take this! Just get AWAY!

OJ jumps up from the couch. He barrels away. Shapiro winces.

SHAPIRO
We really need to wrap this up.

IN A BACK DEN

OJ starts pacing, unnerved. Confused, mumbling to himself.

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

He sees a MINI CASSETTE RECORDER on a desk. OJ picks it up and hits "RECORD." He walks around, reciting into it:

OJ
This is OJ. I want you all to remember me as the Juice.
(unraveling)
I always did a lot for my teams... my friends... my family... don't focus on anything bad that happens today...

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

Shapiro's phone RINGS again. He winces.

SHAPIRO
Uh, yeah...?

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

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

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

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

VANNATTER
What? Jesus! WHERE ARE YOU?

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

INT. DEN - LATER

OJ now sits at a DESK. His expression is remote. He scribbles feverishly on a PILE OF PAPERS.

Kardashian watches, his face pained. OJ hands him the papers.

OJ
Here's a statement for my fans...

Kardashian silently takes the papers. OJ hands over more.

OJ
Here's a letter for my mom...
(pause)
Here's a letter for my kids...
(pause)
Here's my will.

OJ slides the papers over... revealing a GUN.

Kardashian's face pales.

KARDASHIAN
Juice. Why do you have a gun?

OJ picks up the gun. He stoically points it at himself.

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

KARDASHIAN
OJ --

Robert reaches -- and OJ angrily JERKS away. He jumps up, aiming the gun at himself.

Kardashian tries to get closer. OJ hurries away.

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

KARDASHIAN
OJ, c'mon --

INT. MARCIA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Marcia is on the phone, fuming.

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

INTERCUT:

SHAPIRO

He groans, withering.

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

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

SHAPIRO
H-here's one of the doctors --

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

DR. FAERSTEIN
Uh... hello?

MARCIA
(baffled by the new voice)
WHO IS THIS?

DR. FAERSTEIN
This is Mr. Simpson's psychiatrist.

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

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

DR. FAERSTEIN
Bob, I am NOT going to jail for this.

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

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

SHAPIRO
Marcia, this wasn't my plan. I've got to apologize for how this played out.
(remorseful)
We're in Encino. 16254 Mandalay Drive.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - DAY

OJ wanders, sweating, pointing the gun at his head. Breathing heavily, he staggers into a girly PINK BEDROOM.

Kardashian follows, upset.

KARDASHIAN
OJ, no. Please. This is where my daughter sleeps.

OJ looks around, like he's lost.

KARDASHIAN
(desperate)
C'mon. Do not kill yourself in Kimmy's bedroom.

OJ shakes his head, despondent.

KARDASHIAN
Give me the gun. We can beat this thing together.
(pause)
We all love you. Your kids love you. You don't want them to lose both parents --

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

Kardashian runs to the window. A WHITE BRONCO is pulling up.

Kardashian forces a grin.

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

Suddenly, a GASP. They both turn.

Paula is in the doorway.

PAULA
Oh my GOD. What is going on here?

OJ whimpers, waving the gun. Kardashian is frantic.

KARDASHIAN
Paula -- watch OJ a second. I gotta grab AC.
(beat)
Okay? Okay.

Kardashian bolts out.

INT. FOYER

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

AC
Jesus Christ, who are all these people?!

Before Shapiro can speak, Kardashian comes RUNNING in.

KARDASHIAN
AC! You need to go handle Juice.

AC
Why? What's happening?

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

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

EXT. ENCINO SUBURBS - MINUTES LATER

A POLICE CRUISER is SCREECHING up the winding hill.

In the car are two COPS. One drives, one reads a MAP.

PASSENGER COP
It's the next left. Turn on Mandalay. There!

EXT. KARDASHIAN'S FRONT DOOR - SECONDS LATER

The Cops KNOCK on Kardashian's front door. RAP, RAP, RAP!

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

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

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

INT. KARDASHIAN'S - SAME TIME

Shapiro escorts them in. He turns to Kardashian.

SHAPIRO
Robert, could you grab OJ?

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

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

SHAPIRO
Can I get you men a drink?

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

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

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

Beat.

Shapiro can't process this.

SHAPIRO
What do you mean?

ANGLE - THE TWO COPS

tense up, INSTANTLY on full-alert.

Then -- split-second -- both of them RUN into the interior of the house.

BACK HALLWAYS

One Cop CHARGES from room to room.

One Cop frenziedly opens doors.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

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

SHAPIRO
This is bad. Help me find him!

Shapiro RUSHES back into the house.

Baden and Lee and nurses and everybody else RUNS TOO.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

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

SHAPIRO
OJ!

BADEN
OJ?

COP
Mr. Simpson!!

Kardashian rips around a corner, discovering -- Paula alone. Weeping.

She looks up at Robert, shrugging helplessly.

PAULA
They went out back...

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

EXT. KARDASHIAN BACKYARD - SAME TIME

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

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

Kardashian shakes his head, losing hope.

Adrenaline racing, Kardashian rushes to the side of the house. To check one last area. When -- SOMETHING suddenly catches his eye.

TIGHT - KARDASHIAN

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

Then, just a whisper.

KARDASHIAN
The Bronco's gone.

TIGHT - SHAPIRO

His face falls.

Beat -- then he glances over his shoulder. The two Cops stare in horror.

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD PRESS ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The room is PACKED with CAMERA CREWS and REPORTERS, waiting, wondering.

The clock on the wall says 12:25.

The podium is empty.

INT. D.A. OFFICES - SAME TIME

The brass are gathered. Marcia and Gil and Hodgman and Vannatter and Lange and everyone stand silently. Sickened. Dumbfounded.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - DAY

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

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END