Doubt

by

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*** 10202 West Washington Boulevard * Culver City, CA 90232 ***

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. DRUNK TANK -- 7 A.M.

It's a holding cell in downtown Chicago. A cop outside. And inside, benches line the outer wall, an open toilet in one corner. The place is occupied by the expected: drunks, drug addicts, bikers, brawlers; most of them sleeping off whatever brought them here. No one talks - because they all fall into two categories: those who want to pretend they were never here and those who have been here so often they're bored.

After a few quiet beats, a cop enters the outer area with a middle aged man, WARREN RAPOPORT, in a suit.

COP
Calzonetti!

No response. The cop bangs on the bars.

COP (CONT'D)
Calzonetti! I know you're in there. Your client's here.

One of the drunks, laughs; another, 35, wearing a day old suit (VINCENT J. CALZONETTI), stirs and starts to get up...

LAUGHING DRUNK
(amused)
You mean his lawyer's here.

COP
Yeah. You've got someone else's vomit in your hair but I'm the idiot.
(calling)
Calzonetti!

CALZONETTI
(approaching, hungover)
Come on, Matthews, inside voice.

RAPOPORT
(stunned)
What did you do? We're supposed to be in court in an hour.

CALZONETTI
I know. Right upstairs.
(Rapoport's still confused)
I was out late. Needed a wake up call.

And Vince smiles, a little pleased with himself.

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

Calzonetti, tired, sits beside Rapoport at the defense table. He's cleaned up as best he can in the Men's Room - but his hair still isn't quite right and his suit may never be. At the other table sits the plaintiff - a 22 year old RICH KID in a suit. He's represented by JANET STEWART and RODNEY DALE, both well put together, seasoned attorneys. Currently, Dale is walking a 22 year old WITNESS through his testimony. JUDGE ELEANOR FRANKLIN, 45, seen it all, heard it all, trying not to be too bored, presides.

WITNESS
I was in the back seat, couldn't see what happened but Jim was screaming - 'Where the hell did that car come from? The guy cut right through the red'--

CALZONETTI
(jumping to his feet)
Objection. Hearsay.

DALE
Exception. Excited utterance.

JUDGE FRANKLIN
Overruled.

Vince accepts and sits down.

DALE
And what injuries were sustained?

WITNESS
Jim was pinned behind the wheel for like two hours until the paramedics...

He stops. Because once again Calzonetti is on his feet. But this time, he's risen hesitantly and hasn't actually said anything. The Judge follows the witness's gaze and turns to Vince, slightly perturbed...

CALZONETTI
I'm sorry. I've just been sitting here thinking I should keep my mouth shut because you've made your ruling and obviously I respect that and everything but...
(abashed)
...What's 'excited utterance' mean?

Judge Franklin is a bit surprised by the question, and slightly put off, but turns to Dale to let him explain.

CONTINUED:

DALE
(annoyed, by rote)
It's a spontaneous statement made in response to and concomitant with a startling event--

CALZONETTI
Right, right, right, I remember that now. It's one of the six exceptions to the hearsay rule--

DALE
(dry)
Seven.

CALZONETTI
Wikipedia says...
(realizing, again embarrassed)
You went to Harvard, right?
(looks to jury, judge, knows he's an idiot)
I'm sure you're right. Sorry to slow us down.

And Vince once again sits down beside his client who is trying to hide his horror.

DALE
(to witness)
Continue.

WITNESS
The defendant was hardly hurt at all, didn't seem to regret having blown that light and--

CALZONETTI
(processing, curious)
Why?
(off the reactions, getting to his feet)
Why is it an exception?

JUDGE FRANKLIN
Sit down, Mr. Calzonetti.

CALZONETTI
(piecing it together)
It's because we figure people have to figure out lies, right? Plan them. People don't just blurt out lies in the spur of the moment.
(to Jury)
I mean, you guys have never done that, right - get caught: spilling the milk, checking out the neighbor's
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
ass, running a light - and just blurted out a lie.
(throws up his hands)
'Wasn't me'. Nobody ever does that.

They all have - a few jurors stifle laughs or smiles. Vince turns back to the annoyed Judge.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
I mean it doesn't really matter, right; the law is the law; admissible is admissible; but it is interesting.
(off the Judge)
...I'll sit down now.

And so he does. Dale and Stewart and their client, glance to the Jury, knowing they're slightly fucked.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAYS -- LATER

Vince exits the courtroom into the bustling hallways with Rapoport. The place is a beehive of activity: criminals, cops, civil litigants, attorneys all intermingling. Vince is in a hurry; his client tries to keep up.

RAPOPORT
Thank you so much. You saved my ass, my business, my life--

Vince nods and presents Rapoport with a piece of paper. Rapoport looks at it and his mood changes completely--

RAPOPORT (CONT'D)
--Bit steep, don't you think?

CALZONETTI
Depends on how much you value your ass, business and life.

Vince catches up to Rod Dale (opposing counsel from trial he just left)--

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
(shaking hands)
Hey, just wanted to say good work, that was a nice trial. Fun.

Dale's a little thrown--

DALE
Yeah. Sure. I guess.

CALZONETTI
Wanted you to have this.

CONTINUED:

And he hands him a document. Off Dale's confusion.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
My resumé. Been practicing almost a year and I think you saw I'm getting pretty effective; I did sleep with one of your junior associates once but I don't think she's married anymore so--

Dale just walks off. Vince turns back to--

RAPOPORT
You got lucky. I mean, you were basically an idiot and it just sort of worked out, right?

CALZONETTI
No. Nothing "just sort of" does anything; it worked out because--

RAPOPORT
Send me another bill; maybe I'll pay it.

And the client heads off. And, annoyed, Vince heads for another courtroom--

INT. ANOTHER COURTROOM -- LATER

A commercial landlord, MARK GILLICK, testifies. He is being led through his testimony by LIZ THOMPSON, his extremely competent, extremely well paid attorney (two more associates sit at the plaintiff's table). At the defense table, MR. AND MRS. SYD NEWMAN, early 60s, sit with Vince.

GILLICK
Commercial rental contract was entered into on August 4th of last year. Independent legal counsel was declined; a waiver was signed indicating...

As the testimony continues, the Newman's argue (sotto); Vince listens to the witness, trying to ignore the bickering couple.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
We should just settle. If our choice is eviction or--

MR. SYD NEWMAN
That would be a brilliant option if they'd offered a settlement but since they haven't--

CONTINUED:

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
Right. Because you can't initiate anything yourself.

CALZONETTI
(also sotto)
Decent of you guys to keep your voices down - not disturb the trial your future depends on.

They shut up.

GILLICK
No rent has been paid in over four months; the total outstanding comes to nearly twenty thousand dollars--

CALZONETTI
(rising)
None of that's true.

THOMPSON
Is that an objection?

JUDGE WINTER
If it is, it should probably be made by your attorneys.

Mr. and Mrs. Newman rise and we realize that they are the attorneys and he is the client.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
Objection...

She tries to figure out what the basis of that objection is for a moment - then just turns to Vince and--

MRS. SYD NEWMAN (CONT'D)
(stunned and relieved)
You paid your rent?

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAYS -- MOMENTS LATER

The relieved Newmans exit with Vince.

CALZONETTI
No. I didn't.
(off their disappointment)
Everything's gonna be okay.

Astoundingly, he never seems to worry. Mr. Newman jerks Vince aside into a bit of a quieter spot--

CONTINUED:

MR. SYD NEWMAN
We pay our rent. To you. For our space in your space; so if you lose that office, we--

CALZONETTI
I spend it. On heating and electricity and employees and--

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
You lied in court! You could lose your license.

CALZONETTI
As Judge Winter pointed out, I wasn't speaking as an attorney, I was speaking as a client. Clients are allowed to lie all they want. A right they never get tired of exercising.

The Newman's have heard enough - look to each other, then start to walk away. Vince needs them - he follows, unworried.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
Our whole defense here is based on the theory that we have no defense. Four step plan: first, we stall. And then we stall, and then, when that doesn't work, we stall, until I can come up with enough money to pay the rent for real. That was step one: the "lie" got us an adjournment.

And then they're intercepted by a COP and LINDA CHAPMAN, 40, decent and honest, but with little patience for Vince. She's the D.A. and dresses the part (but with a splash of flair she can't resist).

LINDA
Calzonetti, you got a problem.

CALZONETTI
You're gonna divorce me again? That would require that you re-marry me which--
(realizing, like an excited bride to be)
Oh my God, yes, yes, a thousand times yes.

She nods to the cop who... puts Vince in handcuffs...

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
I'm getting nostalgic.

CONTINUED:

COP #2
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say...

MR. SYD NEWMAN
What are the charges?!

As the cop continues reading Vince his rights.

LINDA
Aggravated assault under Secton 12-2 B 4 of the Illinois--

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
B 4? That's hitting a cop; Vince wouldn't--

They look to Vince who just looks back at them, and over their shoulders. They turn to see another cop watching, Officer SCOTT FELKER, a small grin, and a black eye.

Mrs. Newman looks to Vince, personally disappointed... Vince just shrugs, annoyed but unworried, as they lead him away.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Late, late at night. After hours. Pretty empty. Vince is out drinking with his friend STEVE ADAMS, similar age, fit, stable. Although they snap at each other at times, it comes from a long and deeply caring history.

Note: the days are hectic, running from place to place, putting out fires. The nights, wherever we may find Vince, have a different feel, a feeling of time standing still - like someone pressed pause in the midst of chaos.

STEVE
Quit bitching. You should be thrilled you got bail.

CALZONETTI
I'm wasn't bitching. I was stating facts.

STEVE
You were stating depressing facts. We call that "bitching".

CALZONETTI
I was stating amusing facts.

STEVE
"Amusing" because of the amazing "coincidence" that so many crappy things happen to one person in one day? I'm surprised eight crappy things don't happen to you every day.

CALZONETTI
You're blaming me?

STEVE
<u>Who</u> didn't pay his rent?

CALZONETTI
Still new to this; another year, I'll own the place and--

STEVE
<u>Who</u> slugged a cop?

CALZONETTI
He swung first--

STEVE
For no reason at all?

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI
Standard lawyer/cop argument; he wanted my client to go to jail, I wanted my client to go home.

STEVE
I have the transcripts.

CALZONETTI
(busted)
...Oh.

Vince considers, thinking back, then smiles, and we FLASHBACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

Scott Felker (the cop we saw at the end of the teaser with a black eye) is on the stand (but with no black eye). He is being questioned by TRACY LANG, a young, smart assistant DA. Vince is at the defense table with his CLIENT, a bit of a low life (who has been told by Vince to wear "something nice"), but currently he's just a scared kid.

Vince looks from the Officer on the stand, to his scared client and makes a decision as--

LANG
Officer Felker--

CALZONETTI
(rising)
Objection.

LANG
I haven't even asked a question.

CALZONETTI
I was anticipating.

JUDGE MURPHY
(tired, doesn't want 'cleverness')
Please don't.

CALZONETTI
I understand. And I get why Your Honor wants this to go in an orderly way. And I get why Ms. Lang doesn't want to be interrupted but I thought the witness might be grateful.

LANG
<u>My</u> witness? My witness might appreciate <u>me</u> not asking him any questions?

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI
Sort of. It's just that if you ask him questions, then--
(pointedly to witness)
I'm going to have to ask him a few questions. And I remember what it was like when I was a cop. Testifying was scary. You had to be calm and cool but inside, you were petrified, because you know you have things you want to talk about - and you know you have things that you definitely don't want to talk about.

He's looking at the witness now - and the witness is looking back, suddenly uncertain.

LANG
I'm pretty sure that's not a grounds for objection. Usually they're pithier; like 'argumentative' or--

CALZONETTI
(plowing on)
And so when you're testifying all you're thinking is: what does the defense lawyer know that can make me look like an ass? How could he know it? Well I guess he could know it if he worked out of the same precinct I did and even knew me and all the people--

LANG
Objection. Argumentative.

CALZONETTI
I haven't even asked a question.

JUDGE MURPHY
That's what argumentative means. Sit down.

CALZONETTI
When I was a cop, I had this trick where I'd--

JUDGE MURPHY
Sit. Down.

CALZONETTI
I really think the witness would like to know what I have to say before he testifies.

CONTINUED:

JUDGE MURPHY
Well then you're both gonna be disappointed.

Felker glares at Vince, a mixture of anger and fear. Is Vince genuinely warning him? Or is he bluffing? Vince shrugs as if to apologize, then sits down.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Returning to the PRESENT--

STEVE
What did you have on him?

CALZONETTI
Nothing.
(off Steve)
Ain't that beautiful? I got an acquittal because that idiot just assumed I had something on him; which means there was something to be had; which means--

STEVE
(amazed)
They already hate you for becoming a lawyer. They hate me for talking to you. For eight years that guy trusted you--

CALZONETTI
For eight years that guy was a lying scumbag.

STEVE
What cop doesn't lie?

CALZONETTI
(hyperbolic, this guy is far from typical)
The odd one isn't a scumbag? I just assumed he hadn't decided to quit being a scumbag while I was in law school.

STEVE
And you really didn't expect him to come looking for you and take a swing?

CALZONETTI
I expected him to take it like a man when he missed and I didn't--

PETER
Wah, wah, wah. Shut up already!

CONTINUED:

They look to see the sole other patron in the bar, mid-30s, middle class and fully drunk, PETER BROWN, staring at them.

PETER (CONT'D)
Quit bitching. We've all got problems--

CALZONETTI
(annoyed)
I wasn't "bitching".
(almost a mantra)
Everything's gonna be okay--

PETER
My job sucks; my commute sucks; I'm a drunk--
(takes a swig)
This bartender sucks; everything's watered down; my wife's a pain in the ass succubus; I'm pretty sure I murdered her; and construction on the 55 sucks.

But obviously Vince and Steve have had their interest piqued by...

CALZONETTI
(forced calm)
What was that second last one again?

INT. PETER'S BROWNSTONE -- NIGHT

TIGHT ON Vince and Steve and Peter. Vince and Steve are stunned. Peter is distressed but resigned.

REVERSE TO REVEAL they are in the middle of the living room of a tastefully furnished brownstone. The usual furnishings: comfy couch, nice TV, art on the walls, plus a pool of blood - some of it smattered on the furniture and on the wall.

STEVE
What did you do with the body?

PETER
I don't know.
(off their looks)
I remember drinking, a lot, I remember arguing, a lot, then I remember waking up on the sofa and the place looked like this. And I needed a drink.

STEVE
You don't remember killing her?

PETER
(no, feels like crap)
I just remember hating her.

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI
Here's what you need to do: 1, shut up; 2, go to the bank and make as large a withdrawal as you can - that's my retainer; and 3, continue to shut up. Everything's gonna be okay. I'm gonna take care of this.

PETER
We gotta call the cops I assume.

CALZONETTI
That's the first thing I'm gonna take care of.
(turns to Steve)
Officer Adams, I'd like to report a possible crime at 2302 Polk. Do you need directions?

And, stunned, Peter realizes that the man he's been discussing his possible crime with is, in fact, a cop.

INT. CALZONETTI'S LAW OFFICES - BACK HALLWAY -- MORNING

The office is really a house. A bungalow on a main street. Some partial walls have been added but it's a house. The living room has been rearranged to serve as a reception area. In the back, Vince's office was formerly the kitchen (and plenty of evidence is still there) and the Newman's work out of what was once a nearby bedroom.

But right now we're in the hallway that leads from the living room (reception) past the kitchen (Vince's office) toward the rear bedroom (the Newmans' office). And as the Newman's pass through at the start of the day--

MR. SYD NEWMAN
What does that even mean? "I can't initiate anything"--

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
Can we move on? It means whatever you want it to--

MR. SYD NEWMAN
Obviously it meant something to you or--

And then they hear a CORK POP. They turn to look into Vince's office, where he has just popped a bottle of champagne and is pouring it into three plastic cups.

CALZONETTI
All is well. All is always well.

CONTINUED:

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
Have you slept? At all?

CALZONETTI
Last Tuesday.
(showing, proud)
Check for twenty thousand dollars. Rent will be paid by close of business.

Mr. Newman snatches it from him, takes a look...

MR. SYD NEWMAN
This is a retainer.

CALZONETTI
I like to call it a 'check made out to me' but why quibble.

MR. SYD NEWMAN
It's made out to you. In trust. You do understand what that word means, right?

CALZONETTI
This is called the Socratic method, right? I saw it in law school. I hated it. Get to your point.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
You can't spend that money. Except on expenses for this client.

MR. SYD NEWMAN
Have you been spending money out of your trust account?

CALZONETTI
(maybe)
...No.
(then quickly)
Do my bills count as expenses?

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
Yes, but you have to actually do something to--

CALZONETTI
So all I have to do is win the case and write a bill.

Vince grabs his file, gets up and exits. The Newmans never cease to be amazed at Vince's optimism; they follow--

INT. CALZONETTI'S LAW OFFICES - HALLWAY/LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
...Yes. That's all. All you have to do is build up twenty thousand dollars in billable hours and win a murder trial in less time than it takes you to get evicted.

CALZONETTI
Easy Peasy.

And in the lobby he's greeted by a room full of neighborhood losers. Behind the desk is MARK CALZONETTI. Mark is 39, Vince's brother, and developmentally disabled as a result of a childhood accident. He's high functioning - can answer phones, more or less take care of himself and reception - he's just a little dim.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
Morning everybody. Who here has a promising lawsuit?
(bunch of hands go up)
And who here has money?

Hands go down.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
(re Mark)
He'll take your statements. Everything's gonna be okay.

And he leaves--

MARK
(worried)
Does Vince seem alright to you guys?
(off their curiosity)
I think he's about to snap.

They're slightly amused (and touched) by his protectiveness.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
No. Your brother's okay.

MR. SYD NEWMAN
He's actually way too okay. He should be panic stricken.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAYS -- MORNING

OPEN CLOSE ON PHOTOS of Peter's home - the bloody crime scene.

MONICA (O.S.)
What do you need to know?

CONTINUED:

Then one of the photos drops and we GO WIDE to reveal that Vince is walking, quickly as always, through the courthouse. He's with MONICA, early 20s, pretty, eager, smart and currently struggling to keep up while simultaneously going through a large file filled with statements and photos.

CALZONETTI
Everything.

MONICA
(glancing at photos)
What do you think I'll find in the crime scene photos?

CALZONETTI
Nothing.

MONICA
(confused)
But you must have a theory or a--

CALZONETTI
Here's what I want to find: billable hours, lots of them. I know they're in there. I need you to interview our client, interview his friends, his co-workers, his family. I need you to do work, lots and lots of completely justifiable but completely futile work that I can charge for when I settle this in the next 24 hours.

MONICA
(even more confused)
...You're being cynical.

CALZONETTI
...You're being naive.

MONICA
But you do think he's innocent, don't you?

CALZONETTI
Yes, I do. And damn it all, I'm going to fight to make sure justice is done.

MONICA
You're making fun of me, aren't you?

CALZONETTI
I'm making fun of the question that most people outgrow by the second week of law school; which puts you
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
at least a year behind schedule. If I was making fun of you I'd probably make a comment about your haircut.

MONICA
(plows right through)
But you do think he's innocent.

Vince stops walking, annoyed that she won't let this drop--

CALZONETTI
Because this discussion is fully billable, I will spend the time to answer that question. In a socrative fashion. Do you know why that's a stupid question?

MONICA
(yes I do)
Because it's not your job to judge.
(on the other hand)
But you can't help but have an opinion. And if you're a decent human being, you can't help but be influenced by that opinion; you can't help but be motivated by that--

CALZONETTI
(hit a nerve)
Yes! And when you're motivated by irrelevencies, what do you think happens?! Good things? Justice? Or, by definition, do you just make stupid, ill-conceived choices?

And he walks on, leaving her to think about that--

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAYS -- DAY

Elsewhere in the courthouse, Vince pursues Linda as they exit the courtroom.

CALZONETTI
Assault; he does twelve years.

LINDA
(not a chance)
He killed his wife.

CALZONETTI
You're mad because he got bail. I'm offended.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
(off her look)
Either you're actually worried that he'll take advantage of his freedom and, between now and trial, get remarried and murder again. Or you're just mad because you lost to me.
Aggravated assault. Fifteen years.

LINDA
How far do I have to walk before he does life?

CALZONETTI
Or... you're mad because you think I hit that cop--

LINDA
There's a lot of things you've "hit" that have made me mad. Right now I'm just refusing to give a slap on the wrist to a murderer.

CALZONETTI
You have no body; you gotta admit, murders usually come with--

LINDA
"I cleaned up" is not a defense.

CALZONETTI
How about aggravated spousal assault; eighteen years--

LINDA
That's not even a real crime. You did go to law school, right? I mean, I paid for it, I hope you attended the odd class--

CALZONETTI
So find a real crime; I don't care what you call it; the eighteen years will take just as long.

LINDA
(annoyed)
It was her blood, their apartment, no sign of forced entry, robbery, sexual assault. And...
(the real reason)
I settle today and they find the body tomorrow I look like an ass.

He nods. Sees the logic and, perhaps surprisingly, accepts.

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI
Okay. ...Do you want to get a drink?

She stops, looks at him for a long beat and--

INT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Vince and Linda are in bed. Post coital. Blissful. But...

LINDA
...It doesn't change anything.

CALZONETTI
...It never does.

Off Vince, wishing it changed everything...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. OLD FOLK'S HOME - RECREATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Much later that same night (3 a.m.), Vince plays bridge with a group of octagenarian widowers (MARVIN, JULIO and JIMMY). They're in the middle of a fairly large, completely empty recreation room. It's a semi-regular game that Vince depends on - who else is up at this hour? Who else plays Bridge? Vince has known Marvin all his life, Julio for a couple of years, and Jimmy is new to the game.

JIMMY
Two hearts. Why does she keep sleeping with you?

MARVIN
Two spades. Who cares? When tail is offered, you take it, you don't conduct an inquiry.

CALZONETTI
Two no trump. She sleeps with me because she likes me.

JULIO
Pass. The divorce filing, the year of nasty litigation, that was all just foreplay, huh?

Julio and Jimmy laugh. Marvin defends Vince.

MARVIN
So maybe she just likes <u>having sex</u> with him. I could live with that.
(then a little smug)
And I do.

JULIO
Here we go.
(to Vince)
He's telling everyone he nailed Berniece Finkelstein. And pass.

MARVIN
Pass. I can't pee, I can't sleep, but I can still--

JULIO
Lie?

The others chuckle and they start playing out the hand. After a few cards are played...

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
I assume you got divorced because, in a thousand different ways... you were an ass.

The game stops - Vince glares at Jimmy, not denying, but... what's your point?

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I think she sleeps with you because she's punishing you.

MARVIN
Jimmy's a virgin. He hasn't yet learned that sex feels <u>good</u>.
(then adds)
Berniece has no teeth you know.

JIMMY
(plowing on)
Vince can get sex, anyone can get sex. Even Marvin can get sex. Just not with Berniece. But this is Vinnie's <u>ex</u>. Divorced almost a year. It's the past. But now it's not the past. What is it? What's it gonna be? She wants him to not move on. Not because she loves him anymore - but because she needs to punish him.

The others consider this - it does seem to make sense - until:

CALZONETTI
...That would make sense if I wasn't sleeping with a half dozen other women.

Julio and Jimmy react - like kids on a stoop, pleased for their bro. But not Marvin...

INT. LINDA'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Linda works. Or tries to work - she's distracted. After a beat, Tracy Lang (from the Felker trial, young assistant DA; smart, views Linda as a mentor and can't quite control her mouth) walks past the open doorway. Then steps back, surprised to see Linda in at this hour.

LANG
Linda?

LINDA
Couldn't sleep tonight.

Lang nods, suspicious for some reason...

CONTINUED:

LANG
(entering)
And you couldn't just drink some warm milk and turn on the TV? You had to bury yourself in work because it's something you feel you're in control of, whereas your personal life...
(off Linda's look)
You slept with him again, didn't you?

LINDA
(I'm an idiot)
Why the hell would I do that? What is wrong with me? How screwed up is my judgment that I make the same mistake, over and over and over again? How can I do this job if I can't even--

LANG
I don't care.
(off Linda's look, pulls way back)
Sorry. No offense. You're my hero; you're the reason I work here; you're the person I want to be in twenty years.
(pushes forward again)
But you've got to shut up. Please don't fire me.

LINDA
You're the only one I've told and I am starting to regret--

LANG
This is what drags women down--

LINDA
This?

LANG
This and ten thousand other things.
(explains)
It felt good, you're still in love, force of habit, there are ten thousand reasons you might have slept with him and not one of them affects your professional judgment. You're smart, incisive, capable and a personal screw up - you think that makes you any different than any man who's ever held your job? Only in one way: they never lost two minutes of sleep wondering "oh lordy, why did I sleep with that woman?"

CONTINUED:

Off Linda, thinking that makes a lot of sense--

INT. OLD FOLK'S HOME - RECREATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Back with the boys, still playing cards--

MARVIN
...You slept with her out of guilt.

The others look to him.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Everything Vince does is about guilt. It's why he can't ever sleep--

CALZONETTI
(annoyed but uninterested)
You know I can't sleep 'cause I got hurt on the job--

MARVIN
(doesn't buy, plows on)
--It's why he can't pay his rent but can pay his brother's rent, his brother's occupational therapy--

CALZONETTI
--My brother's got nothing to do with this.

MARVIN
(gentle)
...Your dad forgave you.

CALZONETTI
What did I just say?

JIMMY
(dubious)
So you figure he feels guilty about screwing around on Linda so he owes her a few orgasms?

MARVIN
He's sleeping with Linda now because he owes her <u>fidelity</u>.

This confuses the other guys.

JULIO
...He just said there were half a dozen--

CONTINUED:

MARVIN
I know.
(looks to Vince)
I don't believe him.

Vince considers that. He's certainly not going to confirm it (but he also doesn't deny). After a beat, Marvin begins to deal the next hand. Finally...

CALZONETTI
I can still pee.

MARVIN
Show off.

PETER (V.O.)
What's that?

CALZONETTI (V.O.)
A million dollars.

INT. MONEY MUSEUM -- DAY

CLOSE ON A CUBE OF MONEY - a million dollars specifically. We are in the former Federal Reserve Bank, now a museum. Lots of cool stuff, but not a lot of people.

Vince is meeting with Peter - a broken, sad man. They are using the museum as a de facto conference room. The file is spread out.

PETER
Why are we here?

CALZONETTI
Because it's free and quiet and I don't have a conference room. No honeymoon pictures?

PETER
(only half listening)
Camera broke. I told Monica all this.

CALZONETTI
And now you're telling me.

Peter looks off - distracted, depressed--

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
Peter, please focus. The DA has a room full of blood and a drunk husband. I'd like to be able to prove that while your case sucks, your marriage didn't.

CONTINUED:

PETER
It did.
(sadly)
There wasn't one type of food we both could stomach; not one movie we both could tolerate. She's a nurse; I'm a mortician. She thought I liked dead people more than living people. She thought I drank too much, blacked out too often.
(stops, reminisces)
Aside from the sex... She made me so miserable.

This strikes a chord with Vince. But...

PETER (CONT'D)
...You know how I spent my day today?
(off Vince)
Looking for her body.
(off Vince's surprise)
The river, the rail yards, construction site on 134th, everywhere I ever imagined burying it. If I couldn't find it, I figured maybe... I didn't do it...

And he stops. And he thinks. And he fights back tears...

PETER (CONT'D)
My life is over, isn't it?

CALZONETTI
There's a decent chance you'll walk. Without a body, they've got serious proof problems.

PETER
(it's not about that)
But... She's not coming back.
(off Vince, emotional)
I miss her. ...She was right. I was a lousy husband, a creep and a drunk.
(breaking down)
That evil bitch was the best thing that ever happened to me.

Vince is surprised and weirdly touched... And can relate. He watches Peter cry for a beat. Unsure how to deal with it...

CALZONETTI
...Audrey Ford.
(off Vince)
Steve and I would get calls from her twice a week.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
And twice a week we'd show up at her house and twice a week we'd offer to press charges and twice a week her husband would start crying and twice a week she'd change her mind.
(beat, then)
We should have pressed charges anyway. Or... we should have killed him.

PETER
(affected, but...)
Why are you telling me this story?

CALZONETTI
Because... I knew. After a few hundred domestics, you know. You can tell when it's just a guy blowing off steam - which isn't cool, but I never lost sleep over one idiot marrying another idiot. And you can tell when...
(nasty memory)
Standing in the living room, or the bedroom, or usually the kitchen, you could tell if you were looking at a future killer and a future corpse.

Vince recovers his composure, looks to Peter, hates himself for what he's about to say, but says it anyway...

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
...You're a drunk, a loser, and an awful husband. But I think you're innocent.

Peter nods his intense gratitude. Then Vince gets a phone call and we CUT TO:

INT. LOVELY BOARD ROOM -- DAY

Late in the day. Vince sits at the beautiful oak table. This is the Landlord's attorneys' offices. A sharp contrast to what we're used to. Vince is checking out the table.

MR. SYD NEWMAN
By the way, we can make your assault on a cop case go away.

CALZONETTI
So can I.

They give him a skeptical look...

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
Felker's a hot tempered idiot. All I have to do is prove that.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
By getting him to do what he does best - take a swing. At me. Anywhere public. You know this is one piece of wood; they'd have to build this entire building around it.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
Our way is simpler.
(off Vince)
You say you're very, very sorry.

MR. SYD NEWMAN
Officer Felker is embarrassed. By what happened at the trial, by what happened after the trial; he needs to save face. Which means he will completely walk away from this if you apologize.

CALZONETTI
And how is this simpler than my plan?

MR. SYD NEWMAN
Okay, maybe 'simpler' was the wrong word. Perhaps a better word would be 'smarter'. Or 'saner'.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
Or 'more effective'.

MR. SYD NEWMAN
Two words.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
I was supporting you.
(to Vince)
Vince, I get it. You're a man of principle; you don't--

CALZONETTI
No I'm not.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
(plowing on)
You don't want to apologize to a guy you don't like, to a guy you have no reason to like. And I support that. If, on the other hand, you <u>like</u> not being in jail, or you <u>like</u> not being bankrupt, or you <u>like</u> practicing law--

CALZONETTI
It'll be okay.

CONTINUED:

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
No it won't.

And Gillick (the Landlord) enters with Thompson (his attorney and her associates).

THOMPSON
So sorry we're late.

CALZONETTI
(without acrimony)
We completely get it. You're more important than us and you had to make sure we understood that.
(moving on)
I'm ready to cease all defense against your eviction proceedings immediately, on one condition:
(beat)
You hire me.

Vince pushes his resumé across the table--

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
This place is gorgeous. This table cost more than you'd have to pay me.

Thompson doesn't even pick up the resumé.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
We're prepared to pay fifty cents on the dollar now and work out terms for the repayment of the remainder.

THOMPSON
No.

MR. SYD NEWMAN
(long beat, before)
We were expecting either a 'yes' or a counter-offer.

Thompson nods to her associates who start placing large boxes on the table. A lot of them.

THOMPSON
My client's bank records. Proving that, contrary to what you said in court, you did <u>not</u> pay your rent.

CALZONETTI
(surprised, to Gillick)
Hmm. Interesting.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
Based on the IRS work I did for you last year, either you're willing to go to jail just to get rid of me. Or you cooked those books just to get rid of me. Either way, it's a bit insulting.

GILLICK
Or I'm not stupid enough to admit to either of those things in front of my attorney. What I will admit is: you're a smug pain in the ass whose loser clientele drives the value of every property on that street down ten percent.

Vince absorbs this.

CALZONETTI
Fair enough.
(then)
My bank records.

And he pulls one small piece of paper out of his pocket - places it on the table, in contrast to the boxes.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
Proving that I did pay my rent.
(explains)
A canceled check from Vincent J. Calzonetti, that's me, to Gillick Property Management, that's you, in the amount of $8,500, that's my rent, processed August 28th, 2013, that's just six weeks ago.
(rising)
You might want to put off tomorrow's hearing while you try to figure this one out.

And the Newmans rise to the exit. But Vince grabs his resumé and hands it to Thompson again--

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
Seriously. I can start Monday.

And then Vince gets a phone call and we cut to:

EXT. OUTSIDE PETER'S BROWNSTONE -- NIGHT

In the distance we can see the iconic skyline of downtown Chicago. But in the foreground... Police tape blocks the stoop where Monica sits waiting as Vince walks up.

CONTINUED:

MONICA
I need to get in. I found something.

CALZONETTI
You found something <u>in</u> a place you haven't been in?

MONICA
I think so. Your ex-partner will be here in half an hour to let us in. He's gonna pick up our client.

CALZONETTI
...Half an hour?

MONICA
(shrugs)
It's billable time.

He gives her a look, what does she want from me? Then he sits...

MONICA (CONT'D)
...When did you last sleep?

CALZONETTI
(doesn't want to deal)
I'm fine.

MONICA
Why does your brother think you're not?

CALZONETTI
Because he's not that smart.

MONICA
(her real issue)
Why did you hire me?

Vince considers - knows she needs an answer to this question...

CALZONETTI
(matter of fact)
You had a crush on me when you were eleven years old that you obviously haven't outgrown. Didn't mean a lot to me at the time. But now...

He sizes her up.

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
So... unlike most of the other applicants for this crappy paralegal job, I figured if you work for me long enough, you'll sleep with me.

She doesn't rise to the bait. Instead...

MONICA
That's not true.

CALZONETTI
And the fact that your first reaction is disbelief rather than the threat of a lawsuit just proves my theory.

MONICA
You know why I had a crush on you when I was eleven years old?

CALZONETTI
Because I had cute hair.

MONICA
Because you saved my life.
(off his look)
You really don't remember?
(off his shrug)
I was waiting for my brother at your school to drive me home. And a bunch of boys, your age, your friends, grabbed me, and dragged me behind the bleachers. Maybe they weren't going to kill me, probably they were just going to scare the crap out of me for awhile. But I thought I was going to die. And you saw what was going on and you stepped in, and you stopped them. You threw a punch at one of your friends. And those guys never spoke to you again. Doing the right thing was more important to you than your friends.
(beat, then)
I don't have a crush on you. I believe in you.

CALZONETTI
...You believe in what I was twenty years ago. Before I realized...
(turns away)
Life doesn't suck, it's even worse... Life is neutral. Life doesn't give a crap.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
Good things happen, bad things happen and there's nothing you can do to stop any of it. So the one thing you can do is get what you can and not make yourself miserable worrying about that fundamental truth.

MONICA
(smiles, then)
And the fact that your first reaction is to deny just proves I'm right.
(off Vince)
Because if you were as cynical as you want me to think you are, if you just wanted to sleep with me, then you'd just lie to me, tell me you do want to change the world and we'd be making out right now.

Okay, now it's Vince's turn to be stunned. And now it's her turn to turn away--

INT. PETER'S BROWNSTONE -- LATER

Monica and Vince enter with Steve and Peter.

CALZONETTI
So what's here?

MONICA
(pleased with herself)
Nothing. Just like you predicted.

And with that curious statement, Monica heads for the dining room. Vince and Steve exchange a look - what's with her?

MONICA (CONT'D)
There was a police photo of the crime scene, and it was a bad angle, but I'm pretty sure I saw... nothing.

She looks around - studies a large cabinet and smiles. Then she hands them a photo.

MONICA (CONT'D)
I spoke to a whole bunch of friends of the couple, asked for stories, asked for photos; Mr. Calzonetti wanted me to get the whole story.

Steve gives Vince a look, curious about that. Vince shrugs. She hands them a photo.

CONTINUED:

MONICA (CONT'D)
They had another couple over for a birthday dinner two days before the incident.

PHOTO - shows Peter and his wife - yelling at each other in front of a birthday cake. In the background is the cabinet. The room looks identical.

Except... she points to the 'nothing' - in the cabinet.

MONICA (CONT'D)
In the picture, there's a silver tea service in the cabinet. But in the cabinet, there's...

She indicates the empty spot where it once was.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Nothing.

PETER
I don't care about it; it was a gift from my in-laws.

STEVE
Worth how much?

PETER
(doesn't care)
I don't know; about five thousand dollars.

The others react - this is huge.

CALZONETTI
(explains to Peter)
Congratulations. Someone, other than you, now has a motive. Your dear departed wife was the unfortunate victim of a robbery that went wrong.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAYS -- DAY

Vince hurries through the halls with Monica. They're pumped.

MONICA
This is fantastic.

CALZONETTI
Yes. You said that. And I believe I said "good work" once already.

MONICA
It's not about the praise, it's about the work. It's about justice.

CALZONETTI
And the American way. People always forget the American way.

MONICA
(not even listening)
This could lead us to the real killer.

And with that, Vince stops.

CALZONETTI
No it won't.

MONICA
Whoever stole that silver, has it; if we find it--

CALZONETTI
We already have everything we want.
(off her look)
We have "reasonable doubt". "Doubt" is a beautiful thing; "doubt" is our friend; "doubt" is where we make our money.

MONICA
But we could know--

CALZONETTI
"Knowing" is dangerous. The truth does not, in any way, set you free. The truth kills. People need three things to live. Air, food and hope. And "hope" is just a nice way of saying "doubt".
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
We all suspect our parents didn't love us as much as our sibling, we all suspect our loved one would trade it all for another fifteen minutes with her first love; you suspect I'm not the same guy I was at eighteen. But we hope it's not true - and as long as we hope it's not true, we can go on. ...Knowledge is the death of hope.

This is not who she thinks Vince is - and it kills her.

MONICA
You don't believe that. I know you think he's innocent.

He looks at her - how does she know that? And what does that say about him...?

CALZONETTI
...If you took this job because you believe you could save the world through me, then you're fired. If you took the job for any other reason, then do not go looking for the truth.

And he sits down on a bench, across from a courtroom. Monica considers for a beat, then walks away, leaving Vince apparently waiting for something--

AND WE CUT TO:

INT. PAWN SHOP -- DAY

We see Monica in a pawn shop showing a photograph to the proprietor. He shakes his head, she thanks him, crosses a name off a list, then moves on.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAYS -- LATER

ON VINCE, still sitting on the bench. Finally, we hear a courtroom door open and Vince gets up because...

CALZONETTI
Hey Felker!

Officer Felker has just emerged with attorneys and spectators. Vince approaches.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
You're an idiot. And your sister's very fat.

CONTINUED:

Felker wants to take a swing - but he knows that's the point. He walks away. But, of course, Vince follows.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
Or am I getting her mixed up with your wife? Which one's the one that slept with your second partner? And which one's the one that slept with your third partner.

Felker spins on Vince but sees people looking - somehow keeps it together.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
Just so it's clear, because I know how easily you get confused, you've only got three choices here: one: you publicly admit you swung first; two: you publicly prove it by swinging first right now; or three: I keep on publicly humiliating you.

Felker walks on. Vince picks up.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
Don't get me wrong, you're a competent cop. Everyone says so. "Felker's completely competent" they all say. A <u>human</u> cop, with human flaws, flaws like... stupidity. I sympathize; it's genetic, it's not your fault. Your love of the Cubbies on the other hand--

And the Cubs are the straw that broke the camel's back and, rounding a corner, Felker rears back and swings. And misses. And Vince swings back. And connects.

And Felker goes down. And then...

Vince realizes they've apparently rounded a corner into a fairly vacant hallway - and no one saw the first punch (a few saw the counter-punch).

Felker rises, in pain, steps up to Vince, smiles, and whispers in his ear...

FELKER
You're never practicing law again.

And he walks away. And Vince stands there, alone. And then his phone rings--

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

The courtroom is largely empty. Vince is with Linda, speaking quietly at the lawyers' tables. Peter sits waiting in the second row of the gallery.

LINDA
In view of the new evidence...
Spousal assault and failure to report.
He does five years.

Vince considers - it's a very good offer.

CALZONETTI
...Are we okay?

Linda is too smart and too capable to let this b.s. make her fall apart - but it does hit a nerve that she rises above.

LINDA
...Are you seriously asking if it's okay if we slept together? In what regard? Am I okay professionally? Personally? Am I okay with it never happening again? With it happening every day? With it meaning nothing? With it meaning you're still in love with me? Exactly <u>what</u> are you asking me?

He's asking all those things - but...

CALZONETTI
...Professionally. Do we need to report--

LINDA
The judge is aware of our pre-existing relationship; we're fine. And he'll be in here in five minutes. Talk to your client.

Vince nods and moves to Peter who is still shell shocked from all that's happened in the last few days--

CALZONETTI
Five years.

PETER
(surprised)
In jail?

CALZONETTI
Probably that's what she meant. Do you think I should clarify?

CONTINUED:

PETER
That's a good deal, right?

CALZONETTI
It's a great deal.

PETER
(considers, for a long beat)
So I should take it? I should go to jail?

He looks to Vince, desperately needs his guidance. Vince looks back for a long beat, amazed that he's actually uncertain...

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAYS -- MOMENTS LATER

Vince and Peter emerge from the courtroom, and see Monica walking toward them--

MONICA
Did you make a deal?

CALZONETTI
(dour)
No. Trial starts tomorrow.

She reacts, also not happy. They walk right past her, both men a little nervous about the decision they just made.

MONICA
You can't put it off a little while?

They turn back, wondering why she's suggesting that--

MONICA (CONT'D)
...I found the silver.

They turn back.

INT. COURTHOUSE MEETING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Monica explains to Vince and Peter.

MONICA
The guy who bought it gave me a description of the guy who sold it. Early 30s, white he thought, fairly tall--

CALZONETTI
Well I guess we've got three million suspects to interrogate.

CONTINUED:

MONICA
And there was a security camera.

She pops the disc in a player and we see the transaction. The seller is facing away from us as the silver is handed over, cash is counted out and returned. And then the seller turns...

And Monica freezes the image.

It's Peter. Selling his own silver.

Vince, stunned, turns to Peter...

PETER
(feels ashamed, but:)
It's your fault... I needed money for your retainer.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CALZONETTI'S LAW OFFICES - CALZONETTI'S OFFICE -- DAY

Vince and Monica. Vince is angry. Monica is nervous, but--

MONICA
(sort of proud of him)
You did what you thought was right. Just because this time it didn't--

CALZONETTI
(snaps at her)
I don't want your opinion. I didn't want mine. I could have pled this moron out; I'd be sitting here right now, cashing a check...

MONICA
What are you going to do?

CALZONETTI
The plan is... This never happened. And, oh yeah, you're fired.

MONICA
(ignoring the firing)
That's not really a plan. It's more of a... lie. You have a clear ethical duty to report relevant evidence--

CALZONETTI
And you had a clear ethical duty to listen to your boss and not find this to begin with - I'm just trying to make things right. Hopefully I can resurrect that deal and--

MONICA
You're going to turn the dvd over.

CALZONETTI
(dubious)
Because it's the right thing to do?

MONICA
Yes.
(off his look)
But you're going to say it's because no client is worth risking your career for.

CONTINUED:

Vince reacts to that notion. But before he can say anything, the Newmans enter - with a concerned Mark.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
We lost.

MR. SYD NEWMAN
The landlord's attorneys traced your so called rent check - apparently it was deposited, and then withdrawn, from an account opened in the landlord's name by someone whose signature looks suspiciously like yours--

CALZONETTI
(not overly surprised)
Judge Winter threw the evidence out; we expected that--

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
No. We lost.

CALZONETTI
(bit thrown)
...We haven't had a trial.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
He issued a directed verdict for eviction.

Mark looks to Vince - worried about how he's going to react - the others do as well - they are genuinely upset by this. And Vince does seem to be lost (in thought?)...

MARK
I told you not to tell him. He's destroyed.
(to brother)
They're teasing, it's not true--

CALZONETTI
--This changes nothing.

MR. SYD NEWMAN
It sort of does. For example, we need to vacate these offices by Friday. That's sort of different.

CALZONETTI
What was our plan?
(off their looks)
Winning was never part of our plan. Our plan was to stall.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
That was our only plan. So we file an appeal. They can't throw us out while we have an ongoing appeal.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
Since we had no real evidence to defend the suit, we also have no grounds for appeal.

CALZONETTI
...Judicial bias. Judge Winter hates me.

There's a long beat before.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
I buy that.

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

ON A WOMAN CRYING on the stand. This woman is STELLA MCNEIL, 43, Peter's wife's best friend and Linda's witness. Vince is at the defense table with Peter and Monica.

MCNEIL
He said he wished Susan was dead.

CALZONETTI
(rising)
Objection. Hearsay.

LINDA
Exception. Admission contrary to interest.

CALZONETTI
That's a lame exception. If what she said was in my client's interest, I obviously wouldn't have objected.

LINDA
(seriously?)
Excellent point. I wonder what the judge's ruling will be?

JUDGE GOLDBERG
The objection is overruled.

Linda shoots Vince a look, feigning shock. Vince sits and we--

Launch into a short MONTAGE - two additional witnesses (both women, different ages, types - but both emotional, both loved the deceased):

CONTINUED:

WITNESS #2
He told her the world would be better off without her; that she should kill herself.

WITNESS #3
He threw her out. I spent the night with her; while she cried.

And we see Peter, the world seemingly focused just on him and how evil he is.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAYS -- DAY

Peter sits in the hallway, lost in depressed thought. After a beat, Vince sits down beside him...

CALZONETTI
No more surprises, right?

Peter nods. But...

PETER
...Have you ever been sued?

CALZONETTI
Every lawyer's been sued.

PETER
(affected)
And this is what happens? People--
(even worse)
Friends-- take the stand and say what an asshole you are?

CALZONETTI
First they say what an asshole you are and then we say what a saint you are. It's a beautiful system.

PETER
(worried)
And the jury has to decide which one's right?

CALZONETTI
Relax. You notice the juror in the back on the left - been biting his nails all trial; which normally I'd think meant he was a smoker getting the shakes but his nails aren't yellow, so I'm thinking he's just feeling guilty because he's thought the same things, said the same things, and as long as we have one vote--

CONTINUED:

PETER
--I want a plea deal.

CALZONETTI
Your silverware kind of reduced our chances of--

PETER
(lost soul)
I don't care how much time I have to do. I can spend the rest of my life in jail; I can handle that. But... I never want to sit somewhere and listen to people talk about me like that... And know it's the truth.

And he heads back into court, leaving Vince, annoyed that he feels even a greater pressure to help this guy--

EXT. RAILWAY YARDS -- NIGHT

It's late at night. Vince walks through the rail yards, looking tired and disheveled after a long day. No one is here except for homeless people - and not too many of them. Vince heads for a dumpster that a homeless man lies against, using it for shelter from the wind. Vince sits down beside the guy.

He sits there, lost in thought (the day's events weighing heavily on him). After a long beat...

STEVE
You do know I'm undercover.

And at this point we realize that this "homeless" person is Vince's ex-partner, Steve.

CALZONETTI
(offering)
I brought a sandwich.

STEVE
How'd you find me?

CALZONETTI
Figured it was only a matter of time before your wife wised up, tossed you out, your life spiraled out of control and you wound up homeless and alone. I look for you here every night.
(off Steve's look)
You weren't home, you weren't answering your phone, means you're
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
undercover and there's been a rash of homeless people getting rolled by teenagers.

STEVE
(knows him well enough to deduce)
I take it business ain't going great.

CALZONETTI
(brave face)
Might be nice if I had a few more where I wasn't also, you know, the defendant, but... things are gonna be good.

They sit in silence for a beat, chewing on their sandwiches...

STEVE
...You ever miss the job?

CALZONETTI
Sometimes. But I think that's just 'cause of all the glamour.

Another long beat.

STEVE
I'm between partners...

CALZONETTI
I'm not going back. Wrong direction.

STEVE
You quit because--

CALZONETTI
--I quit because I hated it.

STEVE
(correcting)
You were frustrated. You're still frustrated. You wanted to make a buck; you're still not making a buck.

CALZONETTI
I will; I just need--

STEVE
Don't stand on principle.

CALZONETTI
What principle? I have no principles.

CONTINUED:

STEVE
You have nothing but principles. Which is why you have nothing. Felker's an ass, he doesn't deserve an apology. But you don't deserve to go bankrupt.

CALZONETTI
...I know what I did wrong. And I won't do it again.

STEVE
Good. Now just say that to Felker.

CALZONETTI
What I did wrong was... I ducked.

Steve is frustrated - he's seen this type of behavior over and over again from Vince.

STEVE
You always get like this. Personally, professionally; every time you get in trouble you start digging - down. You can't solve your problems by making people angry.

Vince thinks about that for a long time.

CALZONETTI
...That might work.

STEVE
I have to assume you completely misinterpreted what I just said.

CALZONETTI
I was thinking you meant: if I can't get Felker to take a swing at me, maybe I can get Linda to take a swing at me.
(disingenuous)
Was that wrong?

And they sit there in silence; Vince, pleased, Steve, disappointed but not surprised...

CALZONETTI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Objection: boring.

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

Another day, another distraught witness testifying about Peter's propensity to threaten to kill his wife. Linda and Vince are both on their feet.

CONTINUED:

Linda's looking at him, somewhat stunned--

CALZONETTI
Come on, it was. 'He wanted her dead'; how many times do we have to hear the same thing?

LINDA
How about I handle my case; you handle yours?

CALZONETTI
Okay, that one's just too easy. Objection; you're not my wife anymore, you can't tell me what to do.

JUDGE GOLDBERG
I can. Sit down.

CALZONETTI
You want to hand me a mistrial? I have a right to object, I have a right to be ruled on--

LINDA
(growing pissed, to Vince)
This is stupid. You always get like this; when things aren't going your way, you lash out--

CALZONETTI
(moving closer to her)
You on the other hand...? It's not enough that you win, you gotta make sure the loser gets humiliated.

LINDA
That's so not true.

Jurors, spectators are taking note; this isn't normal--

JUDGE GOLDBERG
Counsellors--

CALZONETTI
Your mother knew every one of our arguments - except the two I won.

LINDA
(embarrassed, upset)
This is not the time. This is stupid even by your standards.

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI
(almost right in her face)
I'm billing by the hour; this is the perfect time--

LINDA
Vince, you're making an idiot of yourself.

CALZONETTI
I move for a mistrial, if the de-balling witch is right, then the jury can't possibly be impartial--

LINDA
(anger growing)
Sit down and shut up, you idiot.

CALZONETTI
Objection: you're a bitch.

LINDA
(snaps)
Shut up or so help me I will--

She stops, suddenly realizing something. And she smiles.

LINDA (CONT'D)
You're <u>trying</u> to get me to lose it. You're trying to get me to say I wish you were dead...

Vince reacts, busted. And as the jurors make notes--

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAYS -- DAY

Vince sits on a bench, contemplating his latest setback. Linda steps up.

LINDA
I'm recalling one witness. She just remembered another story. Then we're done.

CALZONETTI
Thank you.

But she doesn't leave. She studies him for a beat and then, reminiscent of Vince joining Peter a few scenes ago, she sits down beside him.

LINDA
...What you did in there just now...
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

LINDA (CONT'D)
(almost in awe)
It was especially stupid.

CALZONETTI
Apparently.

LINDA
Even if it had worked... I wouldn't have spoken to you for a month. I'd never sleep with you again.

CALZONETTI
Probably.

LINDA
...But you did it anyway. To save a client.

This is why she loved him. This is why she sleeps with him.

She gives him a sweet little kiss on the cheek and then leaves. Off Vince, watching her walk away, knowing she's not turning back--

INT. COURTROOM -- LATER

Stella McNeil, 43, is back on the stand. She's no longer crying; just quite nervous.

MCNEIL
We went to the movies - Skyfall; she loved it; he said she was an idiot. He said he wanted her dead.

LINDA
We've heard that a few times. Anything more specific?

MCNEIL
He said he wanted her to... to bleed to death.

There's a reaction. We haven't heard this specificity before. Vince turns to Peter who shrugs, uncertain.

MCNEIL (CONT'D)
He said that after their next fight, he was going to stab her. He said he was going to make her bleed literally the way she made him bleed figuratively. He said she would die in a pool of her own blood and then he'd dump her body and drink to his future happiness.

CONTINUED:

LINDA
...No more questions.

It's damning. Stunned, Vince looks to Peter, they speak sotto but urgently.

CALZONETTI
You said no more surprises. Tell me she's lying.

PETER
(equally stunned)
I don't remember saying those things... To her.

CALZONETTI
But you did say it?!

Peter won't meet his eyes. Finally, Vince rises... And stands there. And he waits. And we wait. For a long time.

And then Vince turns and walks up the aisle and out of the court room.

Stunned silence. Then Monica nervously stands...

MONICA
Your honor, I'm a second year law student slash paralegal. Am I legally qualified to request a recess?

INT. CALZONETTI'S LAW OFFICES - LOBBY -- LATER

Vince enters and walks through the typically semi-busy lobby without making eye contact with anyone - he's virtually catatonic. Mark recognizes something's off even before Peter and Monica follow him in--

CALZONETTI
(to the lobby at large)
Go home.

But--

CLIENT
I've been waiting here since this morning.

Vince stops and looks back.

CLIENT (CONT'D)
You said I'd come to the right place. You said you could help me.

CONTINUED:

Vince considers the person for a beat, then kneels down and calmly explains...

CALZONETTI
...I know. I'm sorry. But I can't help you because... You're an idiot.
(turns to Peter)
You're an idiot too; you killed your wife; you're going to jail; and I don't care. Or you <u>didn't</u> kill your wife; you're still going to jail; and I still don't care. Because you're an idiot.
(to whole room)
You're all idiots. You know how I know you're all idiots? Because we're in this room. If we weren't idiots, we wouldn't be here because we'd have options. Better options. Because <u>all</u> options are better options. Luckily, for all of us, as of tomorrow, <u>this</u> option will cease to exist.
(one last look)
Go home. I'm going to pack.

And he exits, leaving a stunned crowd in his wake. And more specifically, Peter, Monica and his stunned brother, the one who predicted that Vince cared enough to break.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. CALZONETTI'S LAW OFFICES - CALZONETTI'S OFFICE -- DAY

Vince packs up - it's over. After a beat, Mark appears in the doorway, worried about the brother he loves, respects, protects and is a little intimidated by. After awhile, Mark gets up the nerve to say:

MARK
...You can help them.

CALZONETTI
I know you think I'm some sort of great lawyer but--

MARK
No I don't.
(off Vince)
I know you win a lot of cases but maybe they're easy cases.

CALZONETTI
Okay. Valid point.

Mark isn't sure what else to say.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
That's it?

MARK
No.

But it seems to be. Vince returns to packing. Until--

MARK (CONT'D)
...I watch you in court sometimes. I watch you make speeches. I want to make one of those speeches. I want to say something to make you want to keep fighting. I owe you--

CALZONETTI
You don't owe me anything.

MARK
But I'm not you. I don't know what to say. I just know... This place matters. To those people. You care. Or you act like you care. They don't get that anywhere else. This place gives them hope.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK (CONT'D)
(beat, then)
Or at least... It does that for me.

The depth of Mark's feelings land...

CALZONETTI
That's a good speech, Mark.
(but ultimately, gentle)
But... there is no hope. The idea that gosh darn it, if we just try hard enough long enough everything will be okay... it's just not supported by reality. And the longer we pretend that's not true, the longer we waste our lives. So... this is a good thing.

Mark stares at him for a long beat. How is he going to react to this harsh life lesson? It's a lot for anyone, let alone, someone with Mark's limitations, to take in. But he loves and honors his brother. But...

MARK
...You're wrong.

He reacts by refusing to accept it. Vince smiles. A supportive but ultimately condescending smile. And then he rises to finish packing.

And then the Newmans are at the door - each with a packed box. They've heard about Vince's outburst but are still surprised to see him packing.

MR. SYD NEWMAN
Vince. We're fully packed but...
(his speech)
We wanted you to know: you're an ass. Specifically, you're a stubborn ass. And... that's why we came to work here. You never gave up; you--

Emotional, Mrs. Newman suddenly interrupts her husband by throwing herself at Vince, hugging him desperately.

And she holds on. And holds on. Finally:

MR. SYD NEWMAN (CONT'D)
Let go of him.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
(crying)
No. I need a hug; I'm gonna miss this place. I'm gonna miss this idiot.

CONTINUED:

MR. SYD NEWMAN
You were hugging him fifteen seconds ago, now you've moved onto foreplay.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
When I grab his ass, you can speak up. Until then...

CALZONETTI
(confused by something)
You're crying.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
No I'm not. I'm just--

And then Vince disengages and walks out of the room - then he turns back--

CALZONETTI
Everything's gonna be okay.

And off his confused co-workers--

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

Stella is back on the stand. Vince is back at his seat. Everyone is back where they should be. Vince rises...

CALZONETTI
Why weren't you crying?

MCNEIL
(confused)
I was.

CALZONETTI
The first time you testified, you cried. The second time, you were more...
(looks for right word)
Nervous.

MCNEIL
I don't know. You can't cry forever.

CALZONETTI
My mother died fourteen years ago. I don't cry nearly as often, but I still cry when I talk about her.

LINDA
(rising)
Is counsel trying to prove that he loved his mother more than this witness loved the deceased? We're prepared to stipulate--

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI
Why replace tears with nervousness?

MCNEIL
I'm sorry. I don't know how to answer that. I'm testifying. I'm nervous.

CALZONETTI
And it makes sense. And crying makes sense. They both make sense. But you've got to pick one.

JUDGE GOLDBERG
Counsel. Is there a question coming soon?

CALZONETTI
No, your honor.

Judge Goldberg reacts - surprised by that answer.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
(to witness)
My client admits that all those damning things you said he said, he actually did say.

The jury reacts. Peter reacts. Everyone reacts.

JUDGE GOLDBERG
Counsel, are you sure you want to--

CALZONETTI
(to witness)
But not to you. He said it to his wife. Terrible things to say to her, but he said them. So his wife must have told you. Which makes it hearsay, but big deal. I'm more curious about why you didn't remember it the first time you testified. How do you take the stand, testify about what a bastard he was and forget about the most damning things he said?

MCNEIL
I don't know. I guess I blocked it out or something.

CALZONETTI
Sorry. You didn't really need to answer. I certainly wasn't expecting an answer; at least not an honest one. Because I think you didn't forget.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
I'm thinking as soon as she told you that particular story, you testified about it. I'm thinking you know where her body is because it spoke to you.

There's a gasp from the courtroom--

JUDGE GOLDBERG
Mr. Vince, if you're trying to introduce doubt about whether there even was a murder, please do that in the traditional form of question and answer.

CALZONETTI
No, your honor. Doubt's not good enough today. I want to know.

Monica, in the gallery, reacts to that. Vince turns back to the witness.

CALZONETTI (CONT'D)
You hated him. His wife hated him. You both had reason to hate him. We all do. He deserves to go to jail. But do you...?
(off the witness)
How long do you think Susan can stay hidden; how much cash does she have; does she have a fake ID, good enough to get a credit card, get government aid, social security? Because the day she shows up is the day my client gets out of jail. And you go in, for perjury.

A long beat as everyone in the courtroom hangs on her answer.

MCNEIL
(racked with guilt)
I'm so sorry...

PETER
Oh my God.

INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS -- LATER

All parties wait anxiously and silently. After a few moments, the door opens and Monica enters--

With Susan, Peter's very much alive wife. He races to her, hugs her--

PETER
It's a miracle!

CONTINUED:

And the hug ends because-- She slaps him.

SUSAN
It's not a miracle - the messiah wouldn't have married an idiot.

And she slaps him again. And the bailiffs get control of her before she kills him. After order is established--

LINDA
(stunned)
You faked your own death?

Susan betrays nothing.

CALZONETTI
All it took was a fair amount of nursing training and a whole lot of anger.

PETER
(also stunned)
You hate me that much? Enough to want me in jail forever?

SUSAN
Oh come on? Seriously?
(angry, and emotional)
You ignored me. You screamed at me; never a kind word. So I screamed back! And nothing! My yelling didn't touch you; my silence didn't touch you; nothing I did mattered to you.
(then softer)
You never acted like it mattered if I was alive. So I figured maybe... it would matter to you if I was dead.
(she lets that sit)
I wanted you to feel pain; I wanted you to feel <u>something</u>, because of me.

Everyone is stunned into silence by the depth of her emotion. After a long beat, Linda looks to the Judge who shrugs.

LINDA
Peter Brown, you are free to go. Susan Brown, you're under arrest for obstruction of justice. The officer will read you your rights.

And as the Bailiff begins to escort her away.

PETER
Wait--
(they stop)
...You care that much?

CONTINUED:

She looks back, filled with hate. But also with love. She can't answer. A long moment before...

CALZONETTI
(to his client)
Say something, you idiot.

PETER
...I love you too. ...I'm sorry.
For everything.

She fights back tears as she's taken away. Her husband urgently follows, has to be with her--

PETER (CONT'D)
I'll make sure you get the best lawyer there is. Everything's gonna be okay--

Leaving Vince and Linda. They look to each other from across the table - thinking how screwed up love is.

And then... Vince realizes the importance of two words "I'm sorry". But unfortunately he's thinking of them in reference to a case. To Linda he just says...

CALZONETTI
You want to get a drink...

INT. COURTROOM -- LATER

Vince sits at the defense table with the Newmans, awaiting the arrival of Judge. Mr. Newman is looking at his phone. He smiles.

MR. SYD NEWMAN
Looks like we're going to have to unpack. The check just cleared.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
Just one outstanding issue.

Vince looks uncomfortably to Officer Felker at the other table...

MR. SYD NEWMAN
(reassuring)
It'll be over before you know. You get up, you stipulate to Officer Felker's version of the story and you say the words "I'm sorry".

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
(studying Vince)
...You're sure about this, Vince?

CONTINUED:

CALZONETTI
(long beat before:)
...It's the smart thing to do. Which makes it the right thing to do.

MR. SYD NEWMAN
We prepared notes.

He hands Vince a piece of paper. He glances at it and nods.

BAILIFF
All rise.

They all do. The Judge enters, takes a seat and everyone follows suit.

JUDGE MURPHY
I understand we have a resolution of this matter.

The Newmans and the prosecutor rise.

MRS. SYD NEWMAN
Yes, Your Honor.

And the lawyers nod to their respective clients who stand while the lawyers sit.

Vince looks at the cop. Then looks back at his notes. Then looks back at the cop. Others react - this is taking too long for their comfort.

Finally...

CALZONETTI
...Before I apologize, I just have a couple of questions...

And off the various reactions, we CUT TO:

EXT. BUS BENCH -- DAWN

Vince is finally asleep (first time in the episode). A bus pulls up, he stirs awake, rolls over, revealing... a black eye.

He just couldn't help himself.

He climbs on the bus to head home and as the bus pulls away, we see, on that bus bench, an advertisement, a picture of Vince, smiling...

FADE OUT.