

"THE PEOPLE VS. O.J. SIMPSON"

EPISODE 1: "FROM THE ASHES OF TRAGEDY"

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Based on

"THE RUN OF HIS LIFE"

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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. 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, 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, agitated.

DOGWALKER

Hey... what's wrong?

Tentative, he approaches the dog. It ignores him, still barking. Then -- he realizes 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 to a CONDO GATE, then suddenly stops. The gate is labeled "875." The dog begins WAILING sadly.

Puzzled, the man goes closer. Behind the gate are bushes, a dark pathway. The BARKING worsens. Something is wrong. With a foreboding, the man peers in... curious to see...

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.

INT. CONDO - MINUTES LATER

The cop enters. Inside, candles flicker romantically. The calm is unsettling. The cop tiptoes upstairs. The master bedroom is lit with candles. The bath is filled.

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 sees another photo: There's OJ again. Another photo -- OJ. There is even an OJ football poster. The cop reacts: This is big.

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. Flashlights wave. 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)

(MORE)

PATROL OFFICER (CONT'D)
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 GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

Fuhrman and the Officer stride past the POLICE and commotion,
entering the garage. Inside is a white Ferrari.

INT. CONDO - SAME TIME

Fuhrman glances around at the fancy decor.

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)
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 a GATE. 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.

Fuhrman freezes.

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

FUHRMAN

HEY! You should see this.

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

Why don't they answer the door?

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 -- nothing. They KNOCK HARDER. 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 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?

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

KATO

Huh? 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. 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. He glances at a clock: 5:15.

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
shrubs 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. You got 90 seconds!

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, go get him.

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, BEEEEEP. 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.

CUT TO:

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - MORNING

Rows and rows of colorful PURPLE, BLUE and PEACH SUITS.
Vibrant ties and shirts, every HUE of the rainbow.

A hand enters frame, pushing them aside, choosing. We reveal
JOHNNIE COCHRAN, 50s. He is a big personality -- a legal
legend, and he knows it. He's exuberant and optimistic, but
shrewd, always shrewd.

JOHNNIE
Honey, where's my Hugo Boss? I swear
to God, that girl hides my clothes.
There's nothing to wear!
(beat)
Monday morning, and there's already a
thousand million things to do. I have
a sit-down with the Taylor family, to
break the bad news. So I can't dress
too festive. But on the other hand, I
don't want to be somber. I need to
be... uplifting!

His wife, DALE, peeks in from the bedroom.

DALE

What about your cobalt blue?

JOHNNIE

No... blue makes people think of the LAPD. And I'm there to say that the D.A. won't be prosecuting the cops.

She turns on a TV. A MORNING SHOW comes on.

DALE

Okay. What about the lime green?

JOHNNIE

That would be exceptional... except later I have to run out to Neverland. MJ's got some new pile of commotion! So I can't wear lime, because Michael's afraid of that color. Goodness, I've never known a person with so many phobias --

DALE

Oh my God! Johnnie, LOOK!

Dale points at the TV, emphatic.

Johnnie turns -- and GASPS.

INT. L.A. COFFEE SHOP - SAME TIME

On a coffee shop TV, the SAME SHOW is on. 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. All races, all customers, saddened.

WHITE WAITRESS

That's just terrible.

INT. ANOTHER RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

OJ in various TV clips runs in the b.g. People are upset.

BLACK WOMAN

That man's been through so much. You remember when his baby drowned...?

WHITE MAN

Poor Juice. I always liked him...

INT. SOUTH L.A. DINER - MORNING

A South L.A. restaurant. The all-black clientele is especially distressed. We MOVE THROUGH the crowd:

CUSTOMERS (ADLIB)

Number 32... Heisman winner... Man,
could that guy run... USC's
greatest... Tore up that Coliseum...

We land on a black man, alone. He has tortoise-shell glasses and a brightly colored African robe. This is journalist DENNIS SCHATZMAN. Dennis stares at everyone, his brain whirling, his eyes quizzical. 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 canny 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 is 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 mother? 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 strains to see. Something with OJ and the cop.

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 makes sure that they are 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. It's the TV Cameraman, on his tippy-toes...

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. KCOP NEWS VAN - MINUTES LATER

The KCOP Cameraman is in his van. He WHISPERS into his radio.

KCOP CAMERAMAN

You are not going to believe what I got.

(excited)

I think OJ's a suspect.

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...

(MORE)

MARCIA (CONT'D)
 (stunned)
 It's awful. The system failed 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.
 The law is supposed to be a firewall,
 to protect victims like her.

ATTORNEY
 It's the 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
 recital flowers. 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, do your job! 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

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.
(she JUMPS up)
He got away with beating her. He's not gonna get away with killing her!

Infuriated, she 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.

Police crawl about. Dennis Fung is busy making notes. Vannatter walks over and 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.

(beat)

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. 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 emergency?

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 anyone's worth. They just promote you if you get on a famous case, or you're good at kissing ass.

(pause; reflecting)

Maybe it's me. I'm not a hustler.

(beat)

Screw it -- these papers are Special Investigations: Another wrongful police assault. It won't go anywhere. Dave won't wanna read it! Tell him he can just shred 'em. 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, because you care. 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 forces a smile. She is clearly not happy.

CUT TO:

INT. TALK RADIO STATION - DAY

We are in a tiny AM 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! Daryl Gates and his nefarious chokehold... guns pulled on Olympic legend Al Joyner... the Rodney King verdict, affirmed by an all-white jury. Of course we rioted!
 (beat)
 The LAPD's war against African-Americans has to be stopped.

Whew.

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

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNIE COCHRAN'S LAW OFFICES - DAY

Johnnie's law firm is a busy enterprise, staffed with energetic black LAWYERS and ASSISTANTS. Norman Rockwell's iconic civil rights painting of Ruby Bridges, a black girl bravely entering a white school, hangs prominently.

Right now, OJ hysteria has hijacked the office. All these legal pros stare agape at TWO TVs. Dueling newscasts, OJ footage, wild-eyed reporters...

BLACK LAWYERS

Did he do it...? It's so nasty... I heard she was practically decapitated...

We focus on two lawyers -- SHAWN CHAPMAN, a young female hotshot, then CARL DOUGLAS, 40, managing attorney.

SHAWN

I hope he goes to prison.

FEMALE LAWYER

Someone said his first wife was black. What's that about?

SHAWN

You know what that's about.

CARL

Hey! This is a black hero we're talking about.

Suddenly, a sharp HAND CLAP. Johnnie strides in.

JOHNNIE

People! Enough jibber-jabber! Where is your decorum? I expect a professional environment. What happened is a terrible tragedy, and our prayers go out to Mr. Simpson and his family.

LAWYER

Do you know him?

JOHNNIE

I've met him. Our daughters were in cotillion together.

(beat)

But right now, this is a distraction.

(MORE)

JOHNNIE (CONT'D)

We are not his counsel! So turn off the TVs and get back to work. Civil rights violations and police brutality are not going to evaporate on their own volition. We are the front lines, and we need to focus!

Phones RING. A SECRETARY waves him down.

SECRETARY

Johnnie, CNN keeps calling. They want to know if you're available at six.

Johnnie reacts. Oh! Beat.

JOHNNIE

I suppose I can rearrange my schedule.

INT. FANCY LAW FIRM - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A stylish, expensive LAW FIRM. Marcia enters and takes a seat. Anxious, she 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.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Marcia stands at her car, smoking a cigarette. Face pensive. She struggles to take a deep breath and clear her head.

CUT TO:

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 you 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.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

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 say Simpson's arrest is imminent...

Hair and makeup fuss over Johnnie, the guest of honor. He is high energy, telegenic. He chatters with the makeup crew:

JOHNNIE
Boy, I haven't been this popular since the Riots. My phone's been ringing off the hook! A famous black man's in trouble, so producers start going down that list: Jesse, Sharpton, Cochran.

MAKEUP LADY
Are you on the case?

JOHNNIE
Me? No no, my plate is full. I'm busy with a single mother who got shot nine times by the LAPD! Nothing your TV show wants to hear about.

He glances at a TV MONITOR. Shapiro is on-camera.

JOHNNIE
Shapiro?! That's a head-scratcher! Why would you swap him for Howard Weitzman? They're the same person! That's who you call after you smash your Rolls, 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.

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 lawyers. 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.

JOHNNIE

OJ better be careful, or Shapiro's gonna send him down the river.

SOUND MAN

What if OJ asks you to help?

Johnnie pauses, thrown a bit.

JOHNNIE

Hm. Well, that would be a predicament, wouldn't it? Because I like to win.

(beat)

And this case is a loser.

CUT TO:

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 honks at me!

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

Like I did something wrong. The driver starts yelling at me!

MARCIA

And you saw the driver's face?

JILL

Sure I saw him! It was OJ Simpson!

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, cause I'd never picked-up a star before. At 10:40, I buzzed the gate, but he didn't answer. 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. 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.

BAILEY

So -- you hooked a big one?!

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

BAILEY
That's very gracious of you, Bob.

SHAPIRO
I want to share this gift, Lee.

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

BAILEY
How are the boys? How is Linell?

SHAPIRO
Everyone is good.

Beat. Bailey enjoys his drink. He chuckles mischievously.

BAILEY
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.
(defensive)
I've booked Baden and Lee.

BAILEY
Good, good. The Batman and Robin of
bloodwork.
(sharp)
Who are your investigators?

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

BAILEY
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. You're the dean of lie
detectors...

BAILEY
Whew. You want to go down that path?

SHAPIRO
OJ swears he didn't do it.

BAILEY

Don't they all... Well -- if he passes the polygraph test, you leak it to every newspaper.

Bailey sips his Scotch. 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! 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 think 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.
Satellite NEWS VANS. HELICOPTERS zoom overhead. SECURITY,
led by RON SHIPP, hold back the lookyloos. LIMOUSINES make
their way, the street blocked with cones. International
PAPARAZZI trip over each other, grabbing shots.

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

She pauses, regretful. Distant, an ELEVATOR DINGS.

Marcia turns. Footsteps approach. Marcia freezes, taut. Then -- Vannatter and Lange appear, holding 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. Yes.

Marcia gasps, relieved.

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

LANGE

The DNA came through. 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

That call was a heap of bad news. They're arresting him, of course.

(worried)

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. CRIMINAL COURTS LOBBY - MORNING

Chris strides out, carrying a briefcase. A BLACK SECURITY GUARD nods.

SECURITY GUARD

We'll see you later, sir.

CHRIS

Actually, I'm sneaking out early, Charlie.

(confidential)

Thought I'd go visit my Pops and daughter. They're up in Oakland...

SECURITY GUARD

"Oakland"? So you grew up by OJ?

CHRIS
(sarcastic)
Yeah, he was the man. Pride of the
old neighborhood. Everyone loves OJ.

SECURITY GUARD
Yeah. But he's a terrible actor.

Chris chuckles, surprised. He exits.

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.
OJ...? It's time to get up.

He KNOCKS again. We HOLD ON the bedroom door. Slowly... it opens. OJ peers out, squinty-eyed. Groggy on 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
What, you people think I did it?? I can't take this! Just get AWAY!

Freaking, OJ jumps up. He barrels away. Shapiro winces.

SHAPIRO
We really need to wrap this up.

IN A BACK DEN

OJ starts pacing, unnerved. He's clutching FRAMED PHOTOS of his kids. 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 .357 MAGNUM.

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

OJ looks around, lost. He shakes his head despondently.

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. They start SHOUTING into their radios.

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 RUN 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