

AMERICAN CRIME STORY

THE PEOPLE V. O.J. SIMPSON

EPISODE 6: "MARCIA, MARCIA, MARCIA"

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Based on

"THE RUN OF HIS LIFE"

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Fox 21
FX Productions
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FINAL 8-25-15

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CLOSE-UP: MARCIA CLARK, anxious. We hear a VOICE...

LAWYER'S VOICE

Your Honor, opposing counsel has had two weeks with this request.

WIDE - We realize we're in Family Court. THE JUDGE is a woman. From the bench, she looks at Gordon and his LAWYER.

JUDGE

Counsel, an explanation why it has to take place here and not in a brief?

GORDON'S LAWYER

Your Honor, my client has taken Ms. Clark's request for increased child support very seriously and thus --

Marcia is with her Lawyer. She fidgets, sneaking a look at her Timex: 9:10. She EXHALES loudly, frustrated.

GORDON'S LAWYER

I'm sorry, your Honor, could we please ascertain whether Ms. Clark has some sort of respiratory issue?

MARCIA

Oh, objection --

JUDGE

Sustained. Wait --

Marcia winces, realizing.

GORDON'S LAWYER

Your Honor, Ms. Clark cannot object!

JUDGE

Ms. Clark, please remember your place in this courtroom. It's not as an officer of the court.

MARCIA

Of course, yes, my apologies to the court, your Honor.

JUDGE

Counsel. Continue.

GORDON'S LAWYER

My client has more time than money. He is being reasonable. Rather than pay added child support to pay strangers to care for the children --

MARCIA
 (under her breath)
 Oh for God's sake.

JUDGE
 Ms. Clark! If you continue to express
 yourself outside of protocol, I'll
 hold you in contempt. I am not Lance
 Ito.

2 EXT. GRAND AVENUE - DAY 2

Marcia RUNS -- weighed down with a large briefcase, a purse over her shoulder, family court briefs clutched tightly. She races away from the Family Court building, leaping across moving traffic -- HONK! -- trying to get to L.A. Superior Court across the street. The OJ carnival of PRESS is outside.

3 INT. COURTHOUSE ENTRY - DAY 3

Marcia enters. A SECURITY LINE ten-deep awaits --

4 INT. LA SUPERIOR COURT - HALLWAY 4

A light bustle of courthouse denizens... until Marcia enters, huffing around a corner, dodging people and heading at us --

5 INT. ITO'S COURTROOM - DAY 5

Marcia races in to find... a nightmare. A packed court, all players at their positions, waiting for her. All heads turn, as she walks the aisle to the prosecution table.

ITO
 Honored that you could join us, Miss
 Clark.

MARCIA
 My apologies to the court, your Honor.

IN THE JURY BOX - A Juror looks at her watch.

Marcia does her best to slow her heaving breath as she sits.

CHRIS
 You okay?

MARCIA
 Sure, sure. I married a bastard.

Chris laughs. Marcia smiles for the first time today.

6 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - DAY 6

Denise Brown, a haunted brunette version of her sister Nicole, sits on the stand. She clutches a ready handkerchief. Chris questions her in a warm, empathetic, protective tone.

6

CHRIS

And after the toast with the tequila, what did the defendant say to your sister?

6

DENISE

OJ grabbed Nicole's crotch and said "this is where babies come from and this belongs to me," right in front of everyone. And Nicole just acted like it was nothing, like she was used to that kind of treatment.

Marcia nods her head.

SHAPIRO

Objection, move to strike as nonresponsive, calling for speculation, narrative.

ITO

Overruled.

Shapiro rubs his face in muted frustration. Johnnie's gaze hasn't moved an inch, his eyes boring into the jury.

CHRIS

Was he angry? When he grabbed her crotch in front of everyone and said that?

DENISE

No. That's just the way he is. He wanted everyone to know that she was his property.

Denise starts to sob. Johnnie keeps his eyes on the jury. They seem strangely unmoved. OJ leans to Shapiro.

OJ

This is ridiculous. What's this got to do with anything?

SHAPIRO

I'll try to stop it.

Bob starts to stand -- but Johnnie puts his hand on his arm: No. He nods Shapiro's attention across the room:

THE JURY -- Their faces are stone. They're not moved.

JOHNNIE

This is too much. She's crying on cue and they feel it. It's backfiring.

Chris grabs a glance at his watch: 2:50.

CHRIS

Are you okay, Ms. Brown?

DENISE

Yeah... it's just so hard...

Chris nods sympathetically.

7 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - MINUTES LATER 7

The two sides are packing up. Marcia nods at Chris.

MARCIA

That was strong.

Chris beams at the compliment. He glances at Johnnie, then can't help himself. He strides over to the defense.

CHRIS

You know, Johnnie, it's Friday. What that jury just heard is gonna sit with them all weekend.

Johnnie snaps the buckle on his alligator briefcase.

JOHNNIE

I sure hope so, Chris. I sure hope so.

And Johnnie's out of there in a confident breeze. Chris cocks his head, suddenly perplexed. What did that mean?

8 EXT. MARCIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 8

Marcia trudges from the driveway to the front porch. She stops, looks around, then puts down her bags. She pulls out a cigarette, slips off her shoes and creeps to an outdoor chair, where she sits and lights up.

The TELEVISION LIGHT from inside the living room window plays on her face. She inhales deeply, watching her BABY-SITTER watch TV, as its sound wafts to her...

LARRY KING (ON TV)

Denise Brown Simpson -- sorry, just Denise Brown, no Simpson, on the stand today. Emotional. Stirring testimony. Will it make a difference? We'll get into that after the break, but first, let's get into a subject from the OJ trial that's got front pages sizzling. Marcia Clark...

Marcia leans forward and peers through the window --

LARRY KING (ON TV)

...and the clothing that she wears.

8

MARCIA

8

Oh, Jesus.

DOLLY SUGARMAN, a sandblasted fashion victim who shouldn't be telling anyone how to do anything, appears on TV on a SPLIT SCREEN with an awkward, unflattering still of Marcia.

LARRY KING (ON TV)

Dolly Sugarman, style expert and author of "Looks Aren't Everything, They're the Only Thing," here to tell us what she thinks about how Marcia Clark prosecutes style. Dolly Sugarman. What gives.

DOLLY (ON TV)

What we see from Marcia Clark is *frump* incarnate! Guilty as charged, Larry.

LARRY KING (ON TV)

It's a look, that's for sure.

DOLLY (ON TV)

This is not a look, Larry. This is a cry for help!

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Mommy!!

Marcia's head swivels, her cigarette hand flying behind her back, clearly a practiced move. Travis is in a window.

MARCIA

Oh, hi, Sweetie!

TRAVIS

(all smiles)

I knew you were home, because I could smell smoking!

MARCIA

Hey, Trav! What are you doing up?

TRAVIS

Mom, when I got home from school, I ate the rest of my lunch because it was *still* in my bag. Because I forgot about it!

MARCIA

Is that right?

Her face softens, happily distracted by her child.

TRAVIS

Do you ever eat just some of your lunch sometimes, and then the rest later?

MARCIA

You know what? I actually do!

TRAVIS

Me too. Do you want me to come give you a hug?

MARCIA

Uhh, Travis, that is all I want in the world.

He disappears back inside. She smiles, tension rolling free of her day. She sucks one final drag, stubs it out in a plant, then heads in.

9 INT. MARCIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

9

Marcia wearily drops her bags, then catches her REFLECTION in a hallway MIRROR.

She stares at herself -- a working mom, perfectly attractive, but clearly tired and frazzled. Beat.

Marcia frowns.

CUT TO:

TITLES! "AMERICAN CRIME STORY: THE PEOPLE VS. O.J. SIMPSON"

CUT TO:

10 INT. JOHNNIE'S OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

10

Johnnie sits at the head of the conference table, with Carl, Shawn, and some Assistants. The room is cramped, the table crowded with stacks of paperwork, photos, and pads.

JOHNNIE

Carl, look at those two note cards of Shawn's. Police disciplinary actions based on race. Those points fit our narrative. Anything that doesn't --

The door opens. Shapiro enters, vaguely apologetic.

SHAPIRO

Sorry I'm late. Ran into Geffen.

(beat)

Please, continue.

They all stare at him. An awkward beat. Then --

CARL

Johnnie? You were saying...?

JOHNNIE

(he STANDS)

What I was trying to impress on everybody -- and I'm sure Bob will agree -- is that the most important thing is the story. Marcia's got the ball and she's telling a story, and instead of just responding to it, refuting it, we need to be telling a more credible one. We must gather the jurors around a fire, and tell them a better story and make them believe.

(then)

Here, hand me that folder. That one, about the Three Stooges going to Rockingham that night --

11 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - DAY

11

Vannatter is on the stand. Marcia emanates confidence and casual authority, as she leans on the prosecution table.

MARCIA

And so, what did you do next at Rockingham? After seeing the blood in the Bronco?

VANNATTER

At that point, we went from the intention of notifying Mr. Simpson of his ex-wife's death, to the concern that his residence might also be a crime scene. We were concerned for the well-being of Mr. Simpson himself.

12 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - DAY

12

Vannatter is still on the stand. Johnnie stalks the floor.

JOHNNIE

Is it normal procedure for *three* detectives to rush from the ongoing crime scene investigation to the home of the former spouse of the victim, simply to notify that person that someone to whom they were once married has been killed?

VANNATTER

(beat; choosing his words)

Every... situation is different. And there were the children to consider.

JOHNNIE

Hm. At the Bundy scene, didn't Detective Fuhrman inform you and Detective Vannatter that Mr. Simpson and the victim had a history of domestic violence? Isn't that right?

VANNATTER

Yes.

JOHNNIE

And so, you all find that out, then proceed to Rockingham because Mr. Simpson became a suspect to you at that time, not simply a, what, an ex-husband to be notified. Isn't that fair to say?

VANNATTER

No. That's not why we went there.

13 INT. LA SUPERIOR COURT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

13

Marcia walks with Chris. They both look a little... off.

MARCIA

Is it normal? For so many of them to go for a notification?

CHRIS

I have no idea. I've never heard a point made of something like that.

They go quiet as they pass a gaggle of LAWYERS, who stop their conversation and watch them go by. Once they're clear...

MARCIA

It made the detecs sound shady. Shit.

14 INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

14

Johnnie and Shawn ride in the back of a Town Car. Carl sits up front with a DRIVER.

SHAWN

I don't know. If the jury thinks the cops cut corners to convict a guilty man, he's still guilty. That's not going to get them to acquit.

JOHNNIE

No, it's not. But that's not today. Today, we make them think that these cops lie about little things. Then tomorrow, we can show them that they lie about big things. Even if they're doing it for what they think is right.

(MORE)

JOHNNIE (CONT'D)

That's where we pull. That's where
the daylight's at.

He looks out the window.

JOHNNIE

If right now they think he did it,
that's fine by me. We'll get to that
later.

15 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - DAY

15

Court isn't yet in session. Johnnie leans back on his table,
bullshitting with his old colleague, Detective Lange.

JOHNNIE

Right, right, Sergeant Tommy, haven't
seen him in forever! Remember how
they'd set him up at Papa Christo's,
when we'd have lunch there?

LANGE

Ha, the ouzo, yeah! They'd fill a
whole goddamned coffee mug with ouzo
for him. He'd be bombed by noon.

JOHNNIE

How's he doin' anyway?

LANGE

No idea. I never run into Tommy D
since we moved out to Simi Valley.

JOHNNIE

Oh yeah? Simi? Nice out there?

LANGE

Fantastic. Quiet. You spend all day
in this mess, and then you get home --

Ito enters the courtroom, and their energy gets professional.

JOHNNIE

Hup. Here we go.

Johnnie and Lange get to their spots.

16 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - A BIT LATER

16

Johnnie's plodding through undramatic procedural questions,
Lange on the stand. Johnnie flips through a binder.

16

JOHNNIE

16

(to Lange)
Detective, with regard to the taking
of Mr. Simpson's shoes, you did not
book those into evidence that night,
is that correct?

LANGE

That night I couldn't have, no.

JOHNNIE

So what did you do with them? Where
were they, until you booked them into
evidence the next day?

LANGE

I put them in the trunk of my car.

Johnnie REACTS -- acting as if he's never heard this before,
as if it literally stops him in his tracks. What a
revelation! He puts down the binder and turns his energy up:

JOHNNIE

And so you took them home with you?!

LANGE

I did.

JOHNNIE

And where do you live exactly,
Detective?

LANGE

Simi Valley.

JOHNNIE

Really? You took this evidence home
to Simi Valley?

The black jurors perk up.

Johnnie looks Lange in the eye, who starts to get it. Uh-oh.

LANGE

That is correct.

JOHNNIE

And how long were Mr. Simpson's shoes
at your home, in Simi Valley?

LANGE

Approximately six hours.

JOHNNIE

Six hours. In Simi Valley.

Johnnie dramatically pans the room. He is finished.

His gaze catches Shapiro, who gives him a signal. Johnnie nods and heads to the defense table, handing it off to Bob.

Shapiro rises and walks to Lange, without looking at him. Any lightness or frivolity we've seen in Bob earlier drains away. What's left for court is all business. Gravity.

SHAPIRO

Detective Lange. Remind me, how long have you been on the LAPD force?

LANGE

Twenty-eight years. Eighteen as detective.

SHAPIRO

Hm. Long time. Well, something I heard earlier is confusing me. In your lengthy career, how many times have you taken evidence from a crime scene to your home overnight?

Lange blinks. Thinking.

LANGE

Difficult to say.

SHAPIRO

Okay. I'll rephrase it. Have you ever taken evidence home overnight?
(pause)
Besides the night in question?

Beat.

LANGE

Not that I can recall. No.

SHAPIRO

So to be clear, in all your years as a detective, this is the one instance that you can recall, in which you took evidence *from* a crime scene, put it in your car, *drove home*, and did not book it until the next day?

Beat.

LANGE

Yes.

Marcia grimaces.

17

INT. COURTHOUSE WOMEN'S BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

17

BANG! Marcia shuts and locks the door of a bathroom stall. She sits on the closed toilet seat, shocked and dejected.

MARCIA

Why? Why the hell did you do it *this* time?

She pulls out a cigarette and hungrily lights it.

18

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NBC NETWORK OFFICES - DAY

18

Three EXECUTIVES face the PRESIDENT.

EXECUTIVE #1

I say we think big. Preempt our entire daytime programming. Proctor & Gamble just doubled their buys at ABC after they announced they were going live with OJ.

The President's eyes widen. He looks up at the wall --

There are THREE TELEVISIONS, marked "NBC," "CBS," "ABC." Bland HOSPITAL SOAPS play on two screens. On ABC, they have the TRIAL.

PRESIDENT

How many shows did ABC preempt?

EXECUTIVE #3

Everything. The full daytime slate.

PRESIDENT

This is a better daytime soap than anything we've got. I'd sure as hell rather watch OJ, than some dumb doctor having an affair with a nurse.

19

INT. MARCIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

19

Marcia and Chris are wiped out, but plowing through a fresh stack of preparation. The RADIO plays quietly, and they each work a cocktail. Chris is a little loose.

CHRIS

"Simi Valley."

MARCIA

Well, look on the bright side. At least Fuhrman doesn't live there.

He smiles, amused. Until --

CHRIS

Yeah, but...

MARCIA

What?

19

CHRIS

I don't know. He's... I think they're looking forward to Fuhrman.

19

MARCIA

Well, they shouldn't be. Fuhrman is far from a perfect human being, but his procedure that night was pretty damn perfect. He can describe the events in question three times in a row without missing a note. He's gonna come off like Jack Webb.

Beat. Chris just stares.

MARCIA

Darden. Don't. You need to be confident in the strength of what we have. Okay?

Chris shrugs, then changes the subject. Lightening the mood, he reaches for the radio, turning up the volume: THE ISLEY BROTHER'S "WORK TO DO" IS PLAYING.

CHRIS

What you need is some study break.

MARCIA

Turn it down --

CHRIS

(he starts SINGING, badly)
*"I'm takin' care of business, woman,
 can't you see? I gotta make it for
 you, and I gotta make it for me --"*

He begins dancing. Marcia laughs --

MARCIA

Stop! I can't afford to be accused of having a good time right now.

He concedes: Okay. He notches it down. It plays low.

CHRIS

Who's gonna begrudge you of having a good time?

MARCIA

Ha, who *isn't*? Ito! Gil! Larry King! My pain-in-the-ass ex-husband who's looking for excuses to take my kids away from me.

CHRIS

Well, at least he wants to help raise them, right? Better than some dads.

(MORE)

19

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(then)

You know I've got a daughter?

19

MARCIA

(surprised)

Really?

CHRIS

Yep. She's fifteen. Really beautiful. Lives up in Oakland. I wish I'd... I wasn't exactly around as much as I wish I'd been. I had to move down here, for my "big job."

(soft)

I guess as I got older, I started to have regrets. I saw things more clearly.

She nods, then takes a meditative pull from her drink.

MARCIA

That's what happens. Or is supposed to happen.

CHRIS

(he warms)

I'm trying to fix things. And now that I'm on TV, I'm the "cool dad."

Marcia smiles back. On the radio, the opening of the ISLEY BROTHERS' "WHO'S THAT LADY" begins...

MARCIA

Ooh, I like this one.

CHRIS

Then get up here --

He takes her by the hand and pulls her to her feet. She drags her feet, but she likes it. He holds on to her fingertips, sends her out, then spins her back in again --

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

20 INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - MORNING 20

Chris stands at the stove in boxer shorts, making scrambled eggs and listening to a TALK SHOW on the RADIO.

TALK SHOW HOST

We're taking a poll: Is Marcia Clark a bitch or a babe?! Come on, let me know! Call in and ring my bell! 213-555-9255. 555-YAKK!

Chris reacts, then grabs the cordless phone and dials. He waits, excited... then barks into the phone.

CHRIS

I vote "Babe"!

21 INT. LA SUPERIOR COURT BUILDING - MORNING 21

Chris waits inside the front doors, scanning the street. He perks as he sees MARCIA, headed this way.

CHRIS

(under his breath, happy)
"Who's that lady? Sexy lady, who's --"

Marcia comes through the doors. Chris kind of... goes for the hug? Whatever that is, he converts it fast into not a hug.

MARCIA

(all-biz)
 'Morning!

She breezes past him to the security line. He recovers quick.

CHRIS

Good morning.

22 INT. LA SUPERIOR COURT BUILDING - HALLWAY 22

Marcia and Chris head down the hall together. Marcia is pumped this morning, ready to bite off something and chew it.

CHRIS

You seem ready to rumble.

MARCIA

That I am. I prepped all night, only got two hours' sleep, but I can tell you every single moment of what's going to happen today in court. I'm ready for anything.

23 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - DAY

23

MARCIA'S POV: Her manicured hands set two #2 pencils parallel to a clean legal rule. Her fingers lace, knuckles crack. Five. Four. Three. Two. ONE.

She spreads her hands on her table, then stands, her authoritative gaze panning the jury and the court:

MARCIA

Your Honor, the people will now call Detective Mark Fuhrman.

Johnnie suddenly bounces up, addressing Ito.

JOHNNIE

Your Honor, may counsel approach the bench? We have a situation. An incredibly urgent matter.

Marcia shoots a "what the --?" look at Cochran --

24 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - BENCH - MOMENTS LATER

24

Marcia and Johnnie confer privately with Ito. They whisper.

JOHNNIE

We have a crisis regarding our witness Miss Rosa Lopez, OJ's neighbor's housekeeper. She's the only witness who can put OJ's Bronco at Rockingham at 10:15pm, exactly when the People say he's at Bundy murdering victims. She has bought an airplane ticket with the intention of leaving the country tomorrow and relocating permanently to El Salvador.

MARCIA

Wait -- what?

THE JURY

leans in, craning to hear. Wondering what's being discussed --

AT THE BENCH

JOHNNIE

Lopez left the state yesterday, and it took Herculean efforts to locate her and bring her back. I can't say how long we can keep her here.

ITO

Counsel, what are you asking for?

24

JOHNNIE

We need to hear Lopez' testimony out of order, your Honor. She's here now, but we can't compel her to stay --

24

MARCIA

No way. I'm in the middle of presenting the People's case. That's the way this works: People make the case, defense responds. You don't get to override that because you've got witness problems. We've all got witness problems.

JOHNNIE

Yes, Marcia, I look forward to parading out your witness problems.

(then)

If we let testimony like this just fly the coop and out of this country, I don't know how we don't have grounds for a mistrial.

Ito reacts. He squirms, on the spot. Thinking...

MARCIA

Your Honor, this is silly. They're just trying to kill my momentum.

Ito's brow is furrowed. His EYES stare across the room...

ITO'S POV: THE COURTROOM CAMERA, on a far wall, stares back at him, red light on.

Ito feels the pressure. He turns back to the lawyers.

ITO

I think we should have a preliminary hearing of fact to establish. I'm going to dismiss the jury for the day so we can do that.

JOHNNIE

Thank you, your Honor.

Marcia drops her head. Frustrated, she spins on her heels.

AT THE JURY DOOR - SECONDS LATER

A DEPUTY escorts the Jury out their door. It's a bottle-neck, like cattle through a gate.

DEPUTY

C'mon. Single file.

JUROR

This is crazy. We just started.

24

DEPUTY

Well, now you're finished.

24

WIDE

The door shuts behind the Jurors. Ito looks at his watch.

ITO

Alright. It's 3:10 now. I think...
we're going to be going late tonight.

Marcia freezes, looking at the CLOCK. A moment -- then she
shakes her head, pained to speak.

MARCIA

Your Honor. I cannot go late today.

ITO

May I ask why not?

MARCIA

(quiet; embarrassed)

I have to take care of my kids.

Ito just stares. The defense does some silent mockery: What?

JOHNNIE

Your Honor, are we really going to
risk losing this witness because of a
babysitter problem?

ITO

Ms. Clark, I've just dismissed the
jury.

MARCIA

I'm sorry, your Honor...

ITO

I do have the power to have my
courtroom open late, if need be.

MARCIA

Of course, your Honor.

Ito makes a decision.

ITO

We'll recess until tomorrow. Mr.
Cochran, make sure Ms. Lopez is here.

25

INT. D.A. OFFICES - BULLPEN - LATE AFTERNOON

25

Marcia is trapped outside her office, as Gil steams and paces.
Her bags are in her hands, and she's checking her watch.

MARCIA

How could we have been prepared for Rosa Lopez? We weren't expecting to be cross examining her for another five months.

GIL

Who is she, again?

MARCIA

She's the housekeeper, the one for Simpson's neighbor. She says she saw the Bronco outside Simpson's house at 10:15.

Gil's eyebrows go up.

GIL

What does that do to your time line?

MARCIA

I'll handle it.

GIL

Well. You look like you're losing control in there.

MARCIA

Me? Ito's the one who's lost control! He's a total media whore. If you want to know which way he'll tilt, you just watch the talk shows the night before.

GIL

Well *that* is something you can't control. And don't watch so much TV, Marcia. If you listen to all that noise you start bringing it into court with you. The trial's in here, not out there.

(he smiles, then softens)

Hey, nice play, by the way. The kids-at-home thing.

MARCIA

It wasn't a play. I gotta get home, like now. I'll put the boys down and work from there.

He sizes her up.

GIL

Well. If you think you can cram all that prep into one night without all your resources here, Marcia, then... I guess it's your call.

He turns and walks, then stops and turns again, a few feet away.

GIL

And listen -- the stuff in the media about your appearance -- I'm sorry. It's awful, inappropriate. Sexist, just horrifying. Sukey and I are appalled when it comes on TV.

MARCIA

It doesn't make things any easier.

GIL

I am sure.

(then)

Having said that. Maybe you could... I know a couple of terrific media consultants I could put you together with.

He walks off before she can get her jaw off the floor. She looks around: everyone is watching her.

MARCIA

Get back to work!

26

INT. MARCIA'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

26

Marcia's on the phone. WE MOVE IN, as her entire disposition shifts into a doting mother...

MARCIA

Hi, Sugar-Bear. No, I'm sorry -- I'm not coming home yet.

(pause)

What's wrong? Why's he crying? Well, work it out. Tell him he can watch his cartoons for thirty minutes. And then it's your turn.

(haggling)

You know how to read a clock. He doesn't. Okay. I'll call you in a bit. Love you.

She HANGS up. She is smiling. Then... she takes a deep breath, steeling herself. She dials the phone again. Then --

MARCIA

Gordon? I have a favor to ask of you.

(then)

Yes. Tonight. Well -- now.

(then)

Look, can you do it or not?

(then)

Thank you. Very much.

She hangs up, weary. Then, she regroups and charges out to the bullpen, CALLING OUT.

MARCIA

Scott. Lucy. In the conference room!
Let's go over the Fuhrman prep.

CUT TO:

27 INT. FAMILY COURT HALLWAY - MORNING

27

Gordon sits calmly with his Lawyer, sipping coffee.

Safely down the hall, Marcia waits alone on a bench. Until, her lawyer comes walking up. His face is downcast.

DIVORCE LAWYER

I'm sorry. You're not gonna like this.

She cocks her head: What? He reaches in his briefcase and pulls out a DOCUMENT. He hands it over.

Marcia quickly scans the topsheet... and her face drops. She is very hurt.

This news sinks in. Suddenly, she SHOUTS down the hall:

MARCIA

Really, Gordon? A petition to assume primary custody?!

*
*

GORDON

(he SHOUTS back)

Oh, come on, Marcia! You keep calling me to pitch in! It's just temporary until your "Trial of the Century" is over!!

*
*
*
*

DIVORCE LAWYER

Marcia, please. Just let the lawyers handle this --

MARCIA

I *am* a lawyer!

She jumps up and MARCHES down the hall. Right up to Gordon.

MARCIA

Why should I be penalized for my success?

GORDON

Why should the kids be?!

MARCIA

I am more than a great mother to them.
You know that. You've said it!

GORDON

Sure, when you're there. But right
now they spend all their time with
baby-sitters! Is that really in their
best interest?

She is taken aback, has no response.

CUT TO:

28

INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - DAY

28

Marcia is frazzled, but trying to plow onward. In court,
there is no jury. Johnnie stands, facing Ito.

ITO

Mr. Cochran, is Ms. Lopez present here
today?

JOHNNIE

She is, your Honor.

ITO

And do you anticipate that we can hear
what she has to say in one day?

JOHNNIE

I would expect so, your Honor, barring
any Acts of God or further so-called
child-care crises from Miss Clark.

The blood rises through Marcia's shoulders, filling her neck,
then face. She gets to her feet and turns to Johnnie,
pointedly. Mama Bear just broke out of the cage:

MARCIA

Your Honor... I am offended by Mr.
Cochran's remarks, as a woman, and as
a mother. Mr. Cochran may not know
what it's like to work a 70-hour work
week and also take care of a family,
but I do. And many other people do,
too. To belittle my child-care issues
in your courtroom is unconscionable
and totally out of line.

The room goes silent.

Marcia glares at Johnnie. Everyone looks at Johnnie. He
calculates: Best to not respond.

29

INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - LATER

29

ROSA LOPEZ, up close in the witness box. A small pigeon of a woman, she wears a purple velour jumpsuit and a bewildered, underslept expression. Sometimes coquettish, sometimes expansive, sometimes haughty, Lopez is always dramatic, as if a not-very-good actress in the soap opera of her own life.

Marcia paces, questioning Lopez.

MARCIA

Mr. Cochran has moved the Court to disrupt our schedule because you threatened to leave the country, since you are being hounded by the press.

ROSA

I stay just for today for Mr. Johnnie. Tomorrow, I *fly*.

MARCIA

Uh huh. So when did you make this flight reservation for El Salvador?

ROSA

This morning.

MARCIA

Really? Yesterday, Mr. Cochran said you stated that you had one then.

ROSA

I did and I didn't. I make it today.

People react: Huh? Marcia shakes her head.

MARCIA

Miss Lopez. We called the airlines. They don't show any reservation for you. At all. Not for yesterday. Not for today. Not for tomorrow.

ROSA

Because I am *going* to reserve it. As soon as I leave here.

Rosa smiles coyly at Ito, like she scored a point. Marcia peers at Johnnie, who is uncharacteristically frowning. Marcia and Chris share a quick, subtle smile.

MARCIA

So, Miss Lopez, could you then explain to the court why you are filing for unemployment, when you say you're leaving the country forever?

OJ AND THE DEFENSE

OJ

You need to get her off the stand.
What the hell is going on?

CUT TO:

30

MARCIA AND ROSA - LATER

30

MARCIA

In your first statements you saw the Bronco at 10 pm. But now you say 10:15. So which is it? Did you see the Bronco outside at 10:00 or 10:15?

ROSA

(she rolls her eyes)
Does it matter?

MARCIA

Yes, it matters. Very much. It's why you're here. Please answer the question.

Rosa shrugs dismissively.

ITO

Ms. Lopez, a shrug is not an answer.

MARCIA

So which is it? 10:00 or 10:15?

ROSA

Whatever Mr. Johnnie says I said.

There is an audible GASP in the courtroom.

Wow. Marcia gives Johnnie a dramatic look. He pretends to be busy with notes, pretending he were anywhere else on Planet Earth but here.

MARCIA

NO. Not what Mr. Cochran says. We need to be told what you saw.

ROSA

No me recuerdo.

ITO

Ms. Lopez. In English. Unless you need a translator.

ROSA

I say I don't remember.

OJ glares at Cochran.

MARCIA

"You don't remember." Good enough for me. No further questions.

She strides by the defense table, subtly running her fingers along its edge, then rubbing the imaginary dust off as she passes. No one sees this but Johnnie. And OJ.

31 EXT. LA SUPERIOR COURT - DAY

31

Marcia exits for the day, and the OJ Carnival erupts, excited and rushing her. Reporters, hangers-on, and now a collection of EXCITED WOMEN. They break out in spontaneous applause.

WOMAN

YEAH, MARCIA! GO, MARCIA!

Marcia smiles sheepishly, a bit surprised and overwhelmed.

REPORTER 1

Marcia, that was a gut punch you gave in there today. Any comment?

MARCIA

The stuff about my childcare, Johnnie was way out of line. I got a little hot. He can take it.

Another WOMAN appears, pumping the air, Arsenio-style --

WOMAN 2

We love you, Marcia!!

31 Johnnie comes walking out of the building. A few reporters trail him, shouting.

31

REPORTERS

Johnnie! Are you happy with Lopez's testimony?

JOHNNIE

(teflon)
Absolutely. We're here for the truth.

Smiling, he strides away. But then, an LA TIMES REPORTER pushes close and whispers through the din:

LA TIMES REPORTER

Johnnie, would you have time to speak about your own history of domestic abuse?

Johnnie reacts, startled. This is nasty. He speeds up his walking. The Reporter hustles next to him, keeping his voice low.

LA TIMES REPORTER

Considering the issues presented in this case -- particularly the impact of domestic violence -- my editor thinks you and your past are fair game.

Johnnie gives nothing. He holds his camera-ready semi-smile.

LA TIMES REPORTER

I'm giving you a chance here. We're printing it soon. Call me.

Johnnie shakes him, and the Reporter falls back in the pack. As Johnnie gets closer to us, we see the concern spread across his face. He makes a clipped right turn out of frame...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

32 CLOSEUP - TV IN MARCIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

32

TV NEWS: A press conference is being held by... Gordon! He stands in front of a bank of microphones, worked up.

GORDON (ON TV)

Hello. My name is Gordon Clark. I'm the former husband of Marcia Clark. This thing about needing to get home from court yesterday was a fraud. I was with the kids. She worked late. It's classic Marcia. I'm telling you this, because I'm sick of Marcia using our children as pawns.

WIDEN... revealing Marcia staring at the TV in disbelief, Chris standing next to her.

MARCIA

Jesus, Gordon. This is our private life...

33 INT. JOHNNIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

33

Johnnie gazes out the window, rubbing his neck. This is a Johnnie we haven't seen before: Nervous and uncertain. After a beat, he smoothes his tie, then slowly lifts the phone. Purposefully, he dials from memory. Waiting. Then...

JOHNNIE

Barbara. It's Johnnie.

INTERCUT:

34 INT. BARBARA COCHRAN'S HOUSE - BALDWIN HILLS

34

BARBARA COCHRAN sits in a chair in her living room, on the phone. She looks like she's prepared for this call.

JOHNNIE

Hello?

BARBARA

I'm here.

JOHNNIE

The LA Times reached out to me today. About us. I thought I'd discuss it with you because they may be calling.

BARBARA

They've called.

JOHNNIE

(beat)

And you talked to them.

BARBARA

I told them I'd call them back. After
I got my recollections together.

She pauses, enjoying this. Johnnie sighs. He can hear it in her voice, the resolute pleasure of having him over a barrel.

JOHNNIE

Funny thing is, I was going to call
you anyway.

BARBARA

Is that right.

JOHNNIE

It is. I sold the apartment building
on South Vermont last month. Even
though I got it in our divorce, it
occurred to me that maybe you should
get the profit. Seeing how it was
your pet project.

(beat)

It's a lot of profit, Barbara. It
could make you quite, you know,
comfortable.

She rolls the phone to the other ear, shaking her head.

35

INT. LA COUNTY JAIL - COUNSEL ROOM - DAY

35

OJ, trying to control his fury with varying success, sits
across a table from Johnnie, Shapiro, Bailey and Kardashian.

JOHNNIE

Lopez didn't go as planned, but we
couldn't risk --

OJ

"*Didn't go as planned?*" The crazy
cleaning lady didn't "*go as planned?*"
Well I certainly *hope* that shit in
there was not a *plan*, Johnnie!

BAILEY

It's a blip. It'll be out of the
papers by Wednesday.

35

OJ

Good to hear, Lee, good to hear. But
I won't be out of this *jail* by
Wednesday, will I? Will I?

(to all of them)

(MORE)

35

OJ (CONT'D)

What I saw in there, that ridiculous woman up there, man, what I saw was entirely preventable.

SHAPIRO

These things, they happen to --

OJ

-- Don't give me the "shit happens" routine, Bob!

(then)

Listen -- on the football field, in my life, in my businesses, when I see a, an absence of *performance*, you know, I deal with it. I deal harshly and directly. I'm for real, you hear me? And when I see an absence, like, a vacuum of leadership, I lead. Is that what I need to be doing here?

OJ breathes deeply, the hottest of his anger spent.

OJ

I want to know in advance what you guys are doing. I want to know, okay, I want to be informed on what is going to happen next in there. So I can weigh in on it.

SHAPIRO

Of course. Johnnie's associates will put together a daily briefing for you.

Johnnie imperceptibly clocks that hand-off.

OJ

All right. You all can go now.

Everybody gets up.

OJ

Bob K, can you stay for a minute?

KARDASHIAN

Yeah, of course, Juice.

The others say brief good-byes and exit.

ANGLE - OJ AND KARDASHIAN

Now it's just the two old friends.

KARDASHIAN

Listen. I'm really sorry.

OJ

Nah, it's not your fault, Bobby.

KARDASHIAN

I should have caught that. If I had met her, I would have flagged it.

OJ shakes his head, quieting. He sighs.

OJ

Can you believe this is what we talk about?

KARDASHIAN

I know...

OJ

(reminiscing)

Remember all the good times? Remember Cancun, with Kris and Nicole and all the kids...?

KARDASHIAN

(sly)

Yeah. And remember years later, those two girls we met in Chan Dara...?!

OJ chuckles, his eyes lighting up. He smiles.

OJ

Hey Bobby, do me a favor. There's something crazy goin' on with my mail. Can you check? Before, I was getting two *bags* a day! All positive! But now... there's barely any!

(beat)

I think they're tossing it.

Kardashian stares at OJ, feeling bad. Very conflicted. He has no idea what to say.

36 INT. HAIR SALON - NIGHT

36

SEAL'S "KISS FROM A ROSE" plays over a MONTAGE of TOENAILS and FINGERNAILS being worried over, rubbed, cut and painted... From above, A WOMAN'S HEAD OF HAIR is sensuously massaged with conditioner by a MAN'S HANDS... The chair tilts back, bringing the mane of wet hair into the sink and revealing MARCIA'S FACE in CLOSEUP, smiling with relaxation.

37 INT. HAIR SALON - MINUTES LATER

37

TIGHT on Marcia, lit softly, beautifully, staring straight at us. A MAN'S VOICE, lilting, dreamy, drifts in.

MAN'S VOICE

What do you really want, Marcia. I'll do anything for you.

MARCIA

Something... different. Softer...

We WIDEN to reveal her in the hair salon of ALLEN EDWARDS.

MARCIA

I've never been to a Hollywood party before. I don't know what I'm supposed to look like.

He absently plays with her hair. They gaze into the mirror.

ALLEN EDWARDS

All you need to be is the best version of yourself. That is what we are here to discover...

(brainstorming, thinking)

Oh, I've got it. I did it for Farrah, and I'm going to do it for you. World, prepare to meet the new, real Marcia Clark!

She smiles up at him in the mirror, relieved, excited. MUSIC SWELLS rapturously --

| | | |
|----|----------------------------|------|
| 38 | OMITTED | 38 * |
| 39 | OMITTED | 39 * |
| 40 | INT. SPAGO - NIGHT - NIGHT | 40 |

Shapiro is entertaining a long table of luminaries. He's at the head.

SHAPIRO

What does Kardashian do? Let me tell you about Robert Kardashian's pivotal role on the defense team. So important, we had to get him to reinstate as an attorney with the California bar. But keep this to yourselves...

Everyone almost falls over, leaning in to hear this gossip...

SHAPIRO

Bob Kardashian's job is to babysit OJ in a room at County and listen to him bitch and moan every night..!

They get it, SNICKERS growing to GUFFAWS. Shapiro feeds on the reaction, keeps rolling, leaning forward...

SHAPIRO

And of course provide him counsel when considering the really pressing questions, such as... Will he get back his membership at Riviera?!

Everyone laughs out loud. Shapiro sits back, smiling.

41

INT. LA SUPERIOR COURT BUILDING - HALLWAY

41

CLOSE ON A COPY OF THE *SENTINEL*: A photo of Johnnie and Carl, looking earnest and hard-working. WIDEN to see Chris holding it as he walks to the courtroom doors. He looks up to see Schatzman and Dunne talking. He steps to Schatzman.

SCHATZMAN

Good morning, my brother.

CHRIS

Yeah, about that.

(holds up the paper)

Your readers must think these two are the only black men in the courtroom trying to do their job.

SCHATZMAN

Oh *come* on now, Chris.

CHRIS

Why the double standard? You don't think a black prosecutor contributes to the black community?

SCHATZMAN

How? By helping a racist LAPD enslave a strong black man up from the ghetto, a symbol of success, a superstar athlete, an entrepreneur --

CHRIS

Who spends his days playin' golf with old white men and his nights sleeping with young white girls. OJ's a symbol for gettin' the hell away from other black people as fast as he can.

SCHATZMAN

Whatever, we all have our peccadillos. You miss the point: The police want to pull him down and put him in chains, like they try to do with any black man who rises up.

Dominick blurts out.

DUNNE

I'm sorry, Dennis, excuse me for interrupting this "black thing"... but -- c'mon! Cops out to get OJ? OJ hosted *pool parties* for them!

SCHATZMAN

Fellas, you all keep not getting it. You ignore that shit at your peril.

Dunne's eyes catch something down the hall. He freezes.

DUNNE

Oh my goodness. Oh Lord.

They all turn to see what everyone on the hall is looking at: It's NEW MARCIA, striding confidently under her new hairdo.

Schatzman gasps.

SCHATZMAN

Damn! Who turned her into Rick James?

Marcia reaches them and smiles guilelessly, outside the courtroom.

MARCIA

Good morning!

The three men are stupefied. Completely in shock.

42 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - SAME TIME

42

As Marcia strides in on her grand entrance, all heads turn. And every jaw hits the deck. She begins to falter, feeling the room. She reaches her table, and Ito peers down.

ITO

Good morning, Ms. Clark. I think.

Muffled guffaws. Her smile fades, and she eases herself into her chair, not daring to turn around. Damnit. She blew it.

Chris sits next to her. An awkward silence. Then, feeling bad, he scribbles on his legal pad and slides it over.

INSERT - LEGAL PAD: "*I think it's fantastic. I love it.*"

Heartened, she smiles a little.

Two female JURORS look at each other, eyebrows raised. Hm!

CUT TO:

43 INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

43

ANGLE on TABLOIDS -- Awkward COVER PHOTOS OF MARCIA AND HER HAIR. HEADLINES: "HAIR-RAISING SALON DISASTER." "CURLS OF HORROR." "MARCIA HAIR VERDICT: GUILTY!"

Marcia stands paralyzed in the checkout line, gaping at all this, wanting the earth to swallow her. She glances over and spots a "LOS ANGELES SENTINEL." Chris is finally on the cover... but in the PHOTO, oddly, he is hugging Marcia.

Marcia is spinning. She moves up to the CASHIER and puts her basket down, lost in this waking nightmare.

The Cashier pulls a box of TAMPAX from her basket. He grins and wiggles it at her.

CASHIER

Uh oh! I guess the defense is in for one hell of a week, huh?

44 INT. LA SUPERIOR COURT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

44

CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP. THREE SETS OF FEET CLAD IN SHINED BLACK SHOES, as they move down the hallway with a martial cadence.

FOLLOW THE THREE MEN, from behind, as they cut through the crowd. The heads of the two on the sides scan the hall, the one in the middle stares dead ahead. CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP. Others in the hall give way, stop and turn, murmuring...

45 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - DAY

45

The crowd is more restless than usual. They all glance at the door, waiting in expectation. It opens and the three Men enter, faces seen for the first time: Two PLAINCLOTHES POLICE, flanking between them MARK FUHRMAN.

Fuhrman scans the room, implacable.

Marcia stares at him, then takes a deep breath: Here we go.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

46 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - LATER

46

Mark Fuhrman is on the stand. His demeanor is extremely professional, bordering on cold. If Vannatter and Lange didn't convey Jack Webb from "Dragnet," Fuhrman does.

Marcia gets her bearings, then launches in.

MARCIA

Detective Fuhrman, how do you feel about testifying today?

FUHRMAN

Good. Maybe a little nervous.

MARCIA

Why is that?

FUHRMAN

Well, a great deal of attention seems to have been diverted from the evidence and facts. Into more personal issues.

MARCIA

I couldn't agree more.

47 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - LATER

47

Marcia works really well with Fuhrman, stalking the floor.

MARCIA

And the first thing you saw when you arrived at Bundy?

FUHRMAN

From the approach we could see the female victim, and a great deal of blood in the cracks of the tiled walkway. Officer Riske used his flashlight to point out several items.

MARCIA

And what did he point out to you, sir.

FUHRMAN

The male victim for one, and an area where he said there was a knit cap and also a glove. We entered the scene from the rear, as there was so much blood there. Not disturbing the evidence was paramount.

MARCIA

It's a very careful process? Dealing
with a scene like this?

FUHRMAN

It is, very. It's methodical and
deliberate.

Fuhrman is impressive. Bailey cocks his head, gazing...

48 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - LATER

48

Marcia and Fuhrman continue, with an effective rhythm.

MARCIA

When you entered through the rear of
the Bundy residence, did these bloody
shoe prints go all the way out to the
alley?

FUHRMAN

They did. And I noticed a blood
smudge around the doorknob --

POP CUT TO:

49 FLASHBACK - A STREETLIGHT THROUGH TREES shines on a weathered
DOORKNOB with a smudge of BLOOD, ending on a FINGERPRINT --

49

BACK TO:

50 FUHRMAN (V.O.)

50

On the interior of the gate, as well
as a partial possible fingerprint on
the knob area.

BACK IN COURT

MARCIA

And what did you make of this?

FUHRMAN

What any detective would make of it.
(beat)
Someone had fled the scene, bleeding.

51 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - LATER

51

Marcia and Fuhrman continue.

MARCIA

And while Detectives Vannatter and
Lange were at the gate at the Simpson
residence on Rockingham, attempting to
reach someone inside, you noticed the
white Bronco? Is that right?

FUHRMAN

It was parked strangely. Jutting out. As I got closer I noticed a small spot above the driver's side door handle.

MARCIA

What did it look like?

FUHRMAN

It had the visual properties of blood.

MARCIA

And you looked inside the vehicle?

FUHRMAN

Yes. I then saw a package with a shipping label. It said "OJ Simpson."

POP CUT TO:

52 FLASHBACK - FUHRMAN'S POV through the Bronco window: A PACKAGE. JUMP CUT CLOSER -- the LABEL says: "OJ SIMPSON" 52

BACK TO:

53 INT. COURTROOM 53

MARCIA

And how long were you away from them? When you went to the Bronco?

FUHRMAN

Maybe 20 to 30 seconds.

MARCIA

And then?

FUHRMAN

I showed Detectives Lange and Vannatter what I'd observed. In discussing the situation we became concerned that it was possible Mr. Simpson himself might also be in danger -- injured, or worse.

MARCIA

(a glance at Johnnie)
Well, that makes total sense.
(then)
And what did you do in response to this reasonable concern?

FUHRMAN

I went over the wall, then went around to the gate and manually opened it.

MARCIA

And how long did that take you? How long were you away from Lange and Vannatter?

FUHRMAN

No longer than, maybe, 45 seconds.

54 INT. PEP BOYS REPAIR DEPARTMENT - LATER

54

The tiny waiting area is at capacity, ten CUSTOMERS staring up at a MOUNTED TV above the service desk. The two DESK CLERKS are turned all the way around too, frozen, watching...

FUHRMAN (ON TV)

-- Mr. Kaelin then mentioned hearing a crash or thump on his rear wall. He thought it was an earthquake.

HISPANIC CUSTOMER

(to another Customer)

Que está hablando Kato!

CUSTOMER #2

They should bring Kato back on the show. He was so great.

55 INT. DOWNTOWN BAR & GRILL - DAY

55

Johnnie, Bailey, Carl and Shawn sit in a plush leather banquette. Bailey is finishing a shot of whiskey. He turns the shot glass upside down, adding it to two more empties, making a little pyramid.

*

BAILEY

Know what that is?

JOHNNIE

Lunch?

BAILEY

That, right there, is Detective Mark Fuhrman's tombstone. I've already planned his funeral. His ass is mine.

*

*

SHAPIRO

What are you talking about?

BAILEY

I'm talking about... "nigger."

The mood TURNS, hard. Carl scowls like he might punch him.

CARL

Excuse me?

BAILEY

I'm going to ask that racist son-of-a-bitch point-blank in a courtroom under oath if he ever uses the word. If he ever *has* used the word. If he denies it, the jury will call bullshit, won't trust him. If he admits it, it's even worse. Check and mate. He'll be chasing teenage shoplifters around the Beverly Center by Christmas.

*

*

All eyes go to Johnnie. What is his response? Then --

JOHNNIE

That's... actually not half bad.

BAILEY

(galvanizing)

It's the most powerful word in the English language. And I'm going to impale him on it.

JOHNNIE

(regarding the shot glasses)

Just make sure you can walk, Lee.

BAILEY

Johnnie, I'm a goddamned litigation Mack truck and Jameson's is my diesel fuel. You might want to try it some time, brother. Ginger ale is for lady golfers and Canadians.

*

*

*

(then)

Where is the waiter?

56 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - DAY

56

Marcia continues with Fuhrman. She points to a PHOTOGRAPH of the rear Rockingham path, brightly lit from a flash.

MARCIA

And Detective, can you tell us what you see here?

FUHRMAN

It is a photograph of the area I was inspecting behind Mr. Kaelin's residence. In it is what I then identified as a possible glove.

MARCIA

What did you do then?

FUHRMAN

I approached it and looked down at it.

MARCIA

Did you touch it?

57 INT. CIRCUIT CITY - SAME TIME

57

CUSTOMERS and SALESMEN are riveted to the WALLS OF TVS.

CUSTOMER #3

Of course he didn't touch it! He's a detective, it's evidence, why would he touch it? Pshh.

CUSTOMER #4

Oh he touched that glove. He *put* the damn thing back there himself!

CUSTOMER #3

Bullshit he did, why would he --

FUHRMAN (ON TV)

I didn't touch it. I looked at it.

MARCIA (ON TV)

Can you describe its appearance?

CUSTOMER

Bloody!

FUHRMAN (ON TV)

It appeared somewhat moist and sticky. Parts of it sticking to other parts.

CUSTOMER

Sticky with blood!

CUSTOMER #2

This guy happened to jump the fence, happened to find the glove -- oh, how *convenient!*

MARCIA (ON TV)

Okay. And what significance did you attach to the glove when you saw it?

FUHRMAN (ON TV)

Well. It looked very similar to the glove on the Bundy scene. And the sticky substance was blood-like.

CUSTOMER

A-ha!

We WIDEN, realizing that the Customers are unconsciously, generally grouped by race...

58 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - LATER

58

Marcia finishes with Fuhrman on the stand. She sits at the prosecution table -- and flashes Chris a proud smile. Nailed!

But then... Lee Bailey casually swaggers over to Fuhrman.

BAILEY

So as an MP in the Marine Corps, what were your responsibilities?

FUHRMAN

They were varied.

BAILEY

Lot of hacking D&D's, huh?

58

ITO

What does that mean, Mr. Bailey?

58

BAILEY

Oh. That means arresting drunk and disorderlies. Sorry. Slipped into some Marine-to-Marine talk there.

(then)

Detective, did you take a glove from the Bundy scene, then wipe it on the interior of the Bronco?

The courtroom FREEZES. Fuhrman is taken aback at this absurdity, then smiles in response.

FUHRMAN

No.

BAILEY

You did not?

FUHRMAN

No, I did not.

Marcia and Chris share an incredulous glance.

Lee walks to his table and lifts a small black leather GLOVE.

BAILEY

Couldn't you fit this into a plastic bag and put it in your sock? Then place it at Mr. Simpson's home, so that you could "find" it?

FUHRMAN

Uh, no. That's nuts.

MARCIA

I object to this line, your Honor. This has no part of any search for the truth. That is not the glove from this case. It is a different size and a different make. This seems to be a fantasy woven by the defense, for which there is no logical or factual basis. It's as dishonest as any number of Mr. Bailey's tactics have been.

BAILEY

Excuse me? Are you accusing me of lying in court? How dare -- Your Honor, I demand that --

MARCIA

-- Mr. Bailey, sit down right now and speak when it's your turn.

Ito is trying to keep this under control.

ITO

May I please see the glove you have there, Mr. Bailey.

BAILEY

Yes, your Honor.

Lee brings it to Ito, who inspects it.

ITO

This is a Brooks Brothers size small.

BAILEY

The store was out of extra-large.

MARCIA

Well if it's size small, perhaps it's Mr. Bailey's.

The meaning of this hits the room. SNICKERS. Bailey reddens, going crimson. Marcia smiles. Riled, Lee turns on her.

BAILEY

Let me state very clearly that if Ms. Clark thinks my hand and this glove would ever work together, her eyesight is as bad as her memory.

The laughs are weaker. Bailey is rattled.

ITO

Mr. Bailey, I would advise caution. Continue.

Bailey is livid. He walks back to his table, appearing beaten. He looks Johnnie in the eye, who still seems amused by the previous joking. Bailey scowls, his chest rising...

Bailey whirls. He takes two deliberate steps at Fuhrman.

BAILEY
In describing people, do you use the
word "nigger"?

And suddenly, TIME STOPS.

59 GO EVERYWHERE: A BIG LAP OF FACES ACROSS OUR STORY, ACROSS OUR COUNTRY, AS THEY GASP OR RECOIL OR HALT IN THEIR TRACKS AT THE INVOCATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE'S NUCLEAR BOMB. AMONG THEM: 59

POPS DARDEN.

DERSHOWITZ.

FRED GOLDMAN.

MARCIA.

PEP BOYS CUSTOMER #1.

ITO.

DENISE BROWN.

THE CIRCUIT CITY CROWD.

OJ.

60 THEN... FINALLY... WE COME BACK TO FUHRMAN. 60

Fuhrman blinks. He pauses, unruffled.

FUHRMAN
No, sir. I do not use that word to
describe people.

BAILEY
Have you ever used the word "nigger"
in the past ten years?

FUHRMAN
Not that I can recall. No.

Marcia's smile is gone. What's happening? Chris's eyes shut.

BAILEY
You mean if you called someone
"nigger," you have forgotten it?

FUHRMAN

I'm not sure I can answer the question the way you phrased it, sir.

There's an urgent pall over the room where a moment ago there was levity. Marcia looks to Chris, who is shaken.

BAILEY

Let me put it simply. Are you saying, under oath, that you have not described any black person as a nigger or spoken about black people as niggers in the past ten years, Detective Fuhrman?

FUHRMAN

Yes. That is what I'm saying.

61 INT. NBC NETWORK OFFICES - SAME TIME

61

The President and Executives #1, #2, and #3 watch the testimony on a large television, riveted.

EXECUTIVE #1

Oh my God... This is insane.

EXECUTIVE #2

Can you say "nigger" on TV?

BAILEY (ON TV)

So any witnesses who come to this court and quote you as using that word in dealing with African-Americans would be liars. Would they not, Detective Fuhrman?

ON THE TV, Fuhrman does his best to maintain, but we see the tiny fissures in his composure.

FUHRMAN (ON TV)

Yes, they would.

BAILEY (ON TV)

All of them, correct?

FUHRMAN (ON TV)

All of them.

Bailey nods, satisfied. He's gotten what he needed.

BAILEY (ON TV)

Thank you. No further questions.

ITO (ON TV)

(in a bit of a daze)

At this time I'd like to recess for lunch. Court will resume at 1:30 p.m.

The President shuts off the TV. He turns to his execs.

PRESIDENT

Call up Brokaw. I want a one-hour special. TONIGHT. Prime time.

CUT TO:

62 INT. LA SUPERIOR COURT BUILDING - DAY 62

Marcia walks the hall from the courtroom, alone in her thoughts. As she passes people, several look up from a TABLOID, peering at her. They glance at others, who also hold the same TABLOID. Marcia is unsettled. Are they whispering?

63 INT. MARCIA'S OFFICE - DAY 63

She walks in -- and Gil is waiting. He holds the TABLOID in his hand. He speaks, gently.

GIL

Marcia? You seen this?

MARCIA

Fuhrman says he never said the word. They've got nothing on him.

Gil walks over, then cautiously lays the paper down.

GIL

Not that. Page three. It's... it's a picture of you. On a beach. Naked.

MARCIA

Huh? That's... not possible.

She numbly opens to the page. Horror crosses her face. She begins to collapse into herself with shame, embarrassment...

MARCIA

Oh. Oh no...

GIL

This is fake, right? We'll hit them with a lawsuit so fast they'll --

MARCIA

(hurt, quiet)

No. It's real. My ex-husband took it...

GIL

Gordon did this?

MARCIA

No. I had... I had a husband before Gordon.

GIL

Oh.

Beat. Gil doesn't know how to deal with all this bad news, and now a crumbling Marcia.

GIL

Listen. We can --

MARCIA

(she gets up)

I'm due downstairs.

She grabs her bag and walks out past him.

64 INT. LA SUPERIOR COURT BUILDING - HALLWAY 64

Marcia walks slowly, as if in a bad dream. Now it feels like EVERYONE has the tabloid. Lawyers, reporters, all gossiping excitedly -- until they see her. Then, they quickly hide the paper. As she steps through Ito's doors, the mob watches her with a terrible mix of giddiness and sympathy.

65 INT. ITO'S COURTOOM - CONTINUOUS 65

Marcia enters, all eyes catching a glimpse of her, then averting. She takes her seat.

Chris tries to put a hand on hers, but she pulls it away. Her eyes begin to well with tears. She looks up at Ito, whose usually stony face shows a hint of compassion. Then, Marcia begins to cry.

Ito looks down and softly speaks.

ITO

This court will recess until tomorrow.

The GAVEL BANGS.

66 INT. D.A. OFFICES - DAY 66

Chris walks to Marcia's closed door. He knocks. Nothing. He knocks again. Hm. He turns the knob and cautiously enters.

67 INT. MARCIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 67

The room looks empty, until we realize Marcia is slumped on the floor, against the wall behind her desk. She is alone, tears flowing, her body shuddering.

Chris feels horrible. He shuts the door... then walks over and lowers himself to sit next to her. She shudders, her tears pouring harder. She rests her head on his shoulder.

MARCIA

I'm not a public personality. This isn't what I do. I don't know how to do this...

(sobbing)

Those other guys... they're flashy hot shots. They're used to it. But, I just can't take it...

CHRIS

You'll do fine. I know it.

(beat)

And if it helps any, you do look mighty good in that picture.

Her chest suddenly heaves with an unexpected laugh, breaking through the tears for a moment. We PULL BACK, as the two of them stay together against the wall, leaning into each other.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END