

ROCKINGHAM

Written by

Adam Morrison

Based on true events

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OVER BLACK

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
4-15 Family Dispute at 360 North
Rockingham. Officers respond.

FADE IN:

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: 1985

MARK FUHRMAN, mid-thirties, cynical but still good at his job, cruises around Brentwood while polishing off a burger. He radios into dispatch.

FUHRMAN
(into radio)
Hey it's Fuhrman. I got it. I'm
five minutes out.

Fuhrman drops the burger into a wrapper, wipes his hands with a dirty napkin, and accelerates into the night.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - NIGHT

Fuhrman's cruiser enters through the main gate of an expensive estate. There are three bungalows, tennis courts, a swimming pool, and, of course, a mansion fit for a king.

Or a football star...

The cruiser comes to a stop in front of the mansion, it's RED and BLUES flashing, throwing color over the otherwise shadowed scene.

Fuhrman steps out of the cruiser. He spots a Mercedes, its windshield bashed in. Glass is everywhere. A WOMAN sits on the hood, sobbing.

This is NICOLE BROWN SIMPSON. Killer body, killer tan -- a blonde bombshell if there ever was one.

FUHRMAN
Ma'am, do you live here?

Nicole finally looks at him. Before she can say anything, a fit, handsome MAN comes out the front door. This is OJ SIMPSON and he's in no mood for the police.

OJ
That's my wife. She's fine.

Nicole's tears say otherwise.

FUHRMAN
Who broke the windshield?

NICOLE
He did!

She's pointing at her husband, scared and pissed.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
He hit it with a baseball bat!

OJ
Yeah, I broke it. So, what? It's
mine! There's no trouble here.

FUHRMAN
Ma'am, do you want to file a police
report?

OJ
No she doesn't.

FUHRMAN
I wasn't talking to you.

OJ
Unbelievable. Do you have any idea
who I am?

FUHRMAN
(doesn't care)
Yeah. I know who you are.

He turns his attention back to Nicole.

FUHRMAN (CONT'D)
If he hurt you--if he threatened to
hurt you, you can file a report.

Nicole looks back and forth between Fuhrman and her husband.

NICOLE
(quiet)
No...I'm okay.

FUHRMAN
Are you sure?

OJ
She said no. What more do you
want, huh?

NICOLE
I'm okay, I'm okay...

Fuhrman looks at Nicole. She's so broken, desperately wiping tears from her eyes. Fuhrman sighs, annoyed.

FUHRMAN
It's your life.

INT. PATROL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Fuhrman gets in as his radio BUZZES.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)
What's the status at Rockingham?

FUHRMAN
(into radio)
Just another housewife afraid to
press charges. She says she's
alright for now.

He guzzles some soda as he pulls out of Rockingham. His lights FLASH over Nicole and OJ one last time as he leaves.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - DAY

TITLE CARD: 1989

The estate looks quite different in the bright light of day. Everything looks so lush and happy. A CAR pulls up to the main gate, gets BUZZED in.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S CAR - DAY

MIKE GILBERT pulls his car up the winding drive. He's kinda short, a little nerdy, but eternally eager. He gets a good look at the mansion.

MIKE
Holy shit...

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - DAY

CATHY RANDA greets Mike as he gets out of his car and guides him toward the house.

CATHY
Mr. Gilbert? I'm Cathy, OJ's
assistant.

MIKE

Nice to meet you. And you can call me Mike.

CATHY

Great. We're all on a first name basis around here. Have you met OJ before?

MIKE

Not yet, no. He's one of my heroes, ever since I was little.

CATHY

That's sweet. Listen, if this all works out, there's just one thing you have to remember: OJ is very protective over his image.

MIKE

Most players are.

CATHY

I don't think you understand. His image is everything to him. As his agent, you'll have to protect that at all costs. We all do.

Mike nods. And just like that, OJ comes out of the house. He spots Mike and puts on a big smile, extends his hand.

OJ

Mike! You made it!

Mike looks like he might faint. He shakes his hand.

MIKE

It's an honor to meet you.

OJ

I'll bet. Come on, I got lunch set up for us.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - PATIO - LATER

Nicole lounges in the pool on an inflatable raft, while OJ and Mike sit at a table, enjoying lunch. OJ flexes his fingers, CRACKING his knuckles. Mike notices.

OJ

My arthritis is acting up again. My Doc's got me on new meds.

MIKE
Sounds painful.

OJ
It is. So Marcus says good things
about you. Says you're making him
a lot of money.

MIKE
Yeah, we do well. I'm glad he's
happy. He's my biggest client.

OJ
At the moment.

MIKE
(laughs)
Right. Look, Juice, I'm happy to
take you on. You're a brand.
There's a lot of money to be made
off your face, your signature,
appearances--

OJ
-Yeah, about that. Did Cathy talk
to you?

MIKE
About protecting your image? Yeah,
I got the speech. That's not gonna
be a problem.

OJ
You just can't book anything unless
you know 100% that I can be there.
I got fans, man. They drive hours
to meet me and I don't wanna
disappoint any of them. Ever.

MIKE
It won't happen. Not on my watch.

OJ
Good.

Nicole, in a tiny bikini, gets out of the pool. Her tan,
rockin' body drips all over the patio. Mike can't help but
notice. So does OJ.

OJ (CONT'D)
You wanna see my Heisman?

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A glass case enshrines OJ's Heisman trophy. Mike's nearly drooling. OJ stands nearby, watching. Proud.

MIKE
I can't believe--That's really it.

OJ
It was a good day. And that...

OJ points to a jersey hanging on the wall.

OJ (CONT'D)
...is the jersey I wore in my last game at USC.

MIKE
Jesus. You know, I lost a 25 cent bet to my Aunt in your '69 game against Ohio.

OJ
Hey, it wasn't my fault we lost. I ran 171 yards, scored a touchdown, and you know it.

MIKE
Yeah. It was a great game.

Mike looks at all the memorabilia. It's overwhelming.

MIKE (CONT'D)
We're gonna make a fuck ton of money together.

OJ
We better. I wouldn't wanna have to fire your ass.

The men laugh, shake hands. A friendship is forming.

INT. MARK FUHRMAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: June 13th, 1994

Fuhrman's asleep, dead to the world when the phone RINGS, shattering the darkness. It's 1:05 in the morning. *Shit.*

FUHRMAN
(into phone)
Hello?

PHILLIPS (ON PHONE)

Hey, I need you to come in early.
We got a double homicide I need you
to take a look at.

FUHRMAN

(into phone)

I'm asleep.

PHILLIPS (ON PHONE)

One of the victims might be OJ
Simpson's wife.

That gets Mark's attention.

FUHRMAN

(into phone)

Seriously?

PHILLIPS (ON PHONE)

Yeah. Can you get down here?

FUHRMAN

(into phone)

Yeah, yeah. I can be at the
station in half an hour. We can
drive over.

PHILLIPS (ON PHONE)

Just hurry. From what I hear, it's
a bloody mess.

INT. PATROL CAR - LATER

Fuhrman drives, sips a bottled water. He's a little older,
wiser. His boss, RON PHILLIPS sits next to him.

FUHRMAN

What do we know?

PHILLIPS

A neighbor was walking their dog
and found Nicole's Akita covered in
blood. It pulled him toward the
house where he discovered the
bodies. Riske was the first on the
scene. He used the house phone to
call it in, so we're ahead of the
media on this, but not by much.

EXT. BUNDY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Two police cars are parked in the middle of the street. Fuhrman parks his cruiser nearby. He gets out with Phillips and joins the group of SERGEANTS who have gathered. ROB RISKE is among them.

FUHRMAN

Rob, what've we got?

RISKE

Two bodies. Lots of blood.

Riske isn't kidding. He leads Fuhrman up to the residence. BLOOD has pooled it's way all the way down the cobblestone walkway to the street. BLOODY PAW PRINTS can be seen too.

The men move around the blood, careful not to disturb anything. Riske shines a FLASHLIGHT on the victims.

Fuhrman sees a FEMALE BODY, drenched in blood. She's barefoot, wearing a short black dress. He squats down, taking it all in.

PHILLIPS

Is it her?

FUHRMAN

Maybe. Looks like her.

RISKE

I've seen her on TV. At movie premieres and shit. She's a fucking knockout.

PHILLIPS

Not anymore.

Fuhrman stares at Nicole's lifeless body.

FUHRMAN

I met her once.

PHILLIPS

Yeah?

FUHRMAN

Years ago, up at Rockingham on a family dispute call with OJ. She sure didn't deserve this.

A few feet away is a MALE BODY in the bushes. He's wearing a jacket, white shirt, jeans, and white, lace up boots. He, too, is blood drenched.

Under a shrub, Fuhrman spots a brown glove and knit cap. He looks up and sees the front door to the residence is open and SOFT MUSIC is playing inside.

FUHRMAN (CONT'D)
They don't match.

PHILLIPS
What do you mean?

FUHRMAN
She's not wearing shoes. He is.
She was home. He was coming or
going when this happened.

PHILLIPS
Any way we can get closer?

RISKE
Yeah. Around back.

EXT. BUNDY RESIDENCE - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The garage door is open. A white Ferrari sits inside. Riske leads Fuhrman and Phillips past it and into the condo.

RISKE
I didn't find anything unusual when
I went inside. Just the kids
sleeping upstairs.

FUHRMAN
Where are they now?

RISKE
I had them taken to the station.

They go inside.

INT. BUNDY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Candle flames FLICKER. Soft MUSIC plays. Fuhrman spots a lithograph of OJ Simpson on the wall in the living room. Again, Fuhrman sees the front door is open.

FUHRMAN
Was the door open or closed when
you got here?

RISKE
Open.

Fuhrman nods, inspects the door.

FUHRMAN

No sign of forced entry. She opens the door for someone she knows or to investigate a noise.

PHILLIPS

Maybe she was waiting for someone.

FUHRMAN

That would explain the music and the candles. She sure didn't do all this for herself.

EXT. BUNDY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Along the north side of the condo is a long walkway that runs the length of the residence. The bodies are at the east end. The garage with the Ferrari are at the west end.

Riske points out blood drops and bloody footprints.

RISKE

The footprints start with the bodies and go toward the alley.

Fuhrman follows the bloody footprints, nearing a heavy, metal gate that's partially open.

The men follow the blood drops out into the alley, next to the garage. Riske points out coins on the ground.

RISKE (CONT'D)

The blood stops here, next to the coins.

FUHRMAN

So the killer parked here.

PHILLIPS

How do you figure?

FUHRMAN

It's private, not like Bundy with cars going by every thirty seconds. Also, the footprints and blood stop, so either they stopped bleeding, or they got in a car.

PHILLIPS

And the coins?

FUHRMAN

They're frantic, reaching for their keys, but drops the change by accident. Only a man does that.

PHILLIPS

Yeah?

FUHRMAN

Women don't carry coins in their pants' pockets.

INT. BUNDY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Fuhrman sits on the couch, writing his notes. Coming in through the garage is BRAD ROBERTS. Fuhrman spots him.

FUHRMAN

It's about time you showed up.

ROBERTS

I'm here now.

FUHRMAN

You and I get lead on a high profile murder case, I figure you'd show up is all.

ROBERTS

Yeah, yeah. You wanna show me what we got, or you wanna sit here and cry about it?

FUHRMAN

Cry about it, obviously.

EXT. BUNDY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Fuhrman shows Roberts the bodies.

ROBERTS

Holy shit. What the hell did this?

FUHRMAN

We haven't been able to get close enough to see. A knife. Maybe a gun. The guy tracked blood all the way back to the alley.

Roberts follows Fuhrman toward the back gate. Fuhrman shines a FLASHLIGHT on all the blood drops and footprints.

As they reach the back gate, Roberts notices...

ROBERTS
There's blood all over the gate.

FUHRMAN
And a fucking bloody fingerprint.

Fuhrman shines his FLASHLIGHT on the brass dead bolt. The bloody fingerprint is near perfect in quality.

ROBERTS
Sure don't see that everyday. How stupid is this guy?

Fuhrman laughs.

INT. BUNDY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Fuhrman and Roberts re-enter. Phillips approaches them.

PHILLIPS
I just talked to the Bureau Chief.
He's assigning the case to
Robbery/Homicide.

FUHRMAN
What? Why?

PHILLIPS
It's a big case, Mark. They can work one at a time. How many actives you got on your desk?

Fuhrman nods. He gets it.

EXT. BUNDY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Fuhrman waits outside with Roberts and Phillips.

FUHRMAN
You feel like grabbing breakfast?

ROBERTS
Yeah, I'm starving.

FUHRMAN
(to Phillips)
It wouldn't kill you to foot the bill since I just did three hours of work on a case that's getting taken away from me.

PHILLIPS
Yeah, yeah.

Another PATROL CAR arrives. DET. TOM LANGE and PHILLIP VANNATTER approach. Phillips greets them.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
Tom, Phillip, this is Mark Fuhrman
and his partner, Brad Roberts.

The men shake hands. Fuhrman hands over a pad of paper.

FUHRMAN
Here are my notes.

LANGE
Thanks. You wanna give us a tour.

PHILLIPS
Follow me.
(to Fuhrman, Roberts)
When we're done, you can go.

Phillips guides Lange and Vannatter into the residence.

EXT. BUNDY RESIDENCE - LATER

Fuhrman and Roberts are cooling in their heels, waiting. Finally, Phillips, Lange, and Vannatter come out of the residence. Phillips hangs up his cell phone.

PHILLIPS
Mark, do you know the way to the Simpson estate?

FUHRMAN
Yeah, kind of. It's been awhile,
but I think I can find it.

PHILLIPS
Bushey wants us to tell OJ in person what happened. He doesn't want another Belushi on his hands.

Everyone heads to the police cruisers. Roberts scoffs.

ROBERTS
So much for breakfast.

Fuhrman, Roberts, and Phillips speed off in a police cruiser. Lange and Vannatter follow in another.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - NIGHT

Two police cruisers pull up outside of the gated estate. The five men get out of their cruisers and head to the main gate to RING the bell. They see LIGHTS ARE ON INSIDE.

PHILLIPS

Looks like someone's up.

A WHITE BRONCO catches Fuhrman's attention. It's parked at a weird angle, almost like someone crashed into the curb.

Fuhrman inspects the Bronco. There's a small DROP OF BLOOD above the door handle. Using his flashlight, Fuhrman scans DOWN the driver door, spotting MORE BLOOD on the doorsill.

Cupping his hands against the window, Fuhrman spots three things in the back of the Bronco: an envelope addressed to OJ Simpson, a large amount of plastic sheeting, and a shovel.

Shit. Fuhrman signals for the other detectives to join him. As soon as they do...

LANGE

You got somethin'?

FUHRMAN

Look how the Bronco's parked. Like someone was in a hurry.

PHILLIPS

Yeah. Did you run the plates?

FUHRMAN

Not yet, but there's a package addressed to OJ inside. And look at that. There's blood on the doorhandle and doorsill.

They check out the blood on the Bronco.

PHILLIPS

Fuck.

FUHRMAN

Not to mention the plastic and shovel in the backseat.

The men look at each other, uncomfortable.

FUHRMAN (CONT'D)

Was there any answer when you rang the bell?

ROBERTS
None. Lights on, but no answer.

PHILLIPS
(to Vannatter/Lange)
What do you wanna do?

FUHRMAN
We've gotta go in. This could be a kidnapping or a murder/suicide.

LANGE
We don't know that.

FUHRMAN
Come on, the Bronco is connected to Bundy. There's blood here and no one is answering when the lights are on in the house. Someone could be dead or dying while we're out here with our dicks in our hands.

Vannatter thinks for a moment.

VANNATTER
Alright, but someone's gotta go over the wall to let us in.

They're all older and overweight, except for Fuhrman.
Roberts pats him on the back.

ROBERTS
Guess it's you.

Fuhrman smirks as he pulls himself up over the wall.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Fuhrman opens the hydraulic gate, letting the rest of the detectives onto the estate. They head to the front door, RING the doorbell. Still no answer.

PHILLIPS
Come on, let's check around back.

Phillips leads the way, with Fuhrman in the rear, around the side of the massive estate. As they come near the pool area, Fuhrman spots...

THREE BUNGALOWS, small in size and all connected, off in the distance near the far wall of the estate.

The men approach the bungalows. Phillips looks in one of the windows. Spots something.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
Someone's in the bed.

Phillips KNOCKS on the door. After a moment, KATO KAELIN answers. He's mid-20s; a bit dim with shaggy blonde hair.

KATO
Yeah?

PHILLIPS
I'm Det. Phillips. Is Mr. Simpson home? We have an emergency and need to speak with him.

KATO
No, yeah--I mean, he lives in the big house.

PHILLIPS
No one's answering.

KATO
His daughter's over there. Maybe she knows.

PHILLIPS
(to Fuhrman, confiding)
Stay with him.

Fuhrman nods as the rest of the detectives move to knock on the bungalow next door. Fuhrman looks Kato over.

FUHRMAN
What's your name?

KATO
Kato Kaelin.

FUHRMAN
(almost laughing)
Kato?

KATO
Yeah, man.

FUHRMAN
Have you been drinking?

KATO
No. I'm just tired, man.

FUHRMAN
Do you mind if I come in?

KATO
No. What's all this about?

Fuhrman enters...

KATO'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

It's a mess. *Figures.* Fuhrman ignores Kato's question as he looks around. He has a few questions of his own.

FUHRMAN
You live here?

KATO
Yeah.

FUHRMAN
Who drives the white Bronco out front?

KATO
OJ does. Why?

Fuhrman spots a pile of clothes on the floor. Also, a pair of BOOTS. Fuhrman picks one up. No blood.

FUHRMAN
Anything unusual happen last night?

KATO
Umm, actually yeah.

That gets Fuhrman's attention.

KATO (CONT'D)
I was on the phone and there were some thumps against the wall. The air conditioner shook pretty hard and it freaked me out. I thought we were having an earthquake.

FUHRMAN
What time was this?

KATO
About 10:45.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Fuhrman comes out of Kato's bungalow.

FUHRMAN
Do not move. You hear me?

KATO
Yeah. Sure.

Kato does what he's told. Fuhrman looks over his shoulder to see the rest of his group is being led into the main house by ARNELLE SIMPSON. They're already disappearing inside.

He walks around the bungalows to find a long, dark, stone walkway, covered in leaves. Fuhrman takes a breath and takes it step by step.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - SAME

Phillips, Lange, and Vannatter are with a distraught Arnelle. She's on the phone, unsure of what's going on.

ARNELLE
(into phone)
Cathy, it's Arnelle. Do you know where Dad is? The police are here and...I don't know...Yeah, here.

Arnelle hands the phone over to Phillips.

PHILLIPS
(into phone)
This is Det. Phillips. We have an emergency and need to speak with Mr. Simpson.

CATHY (ON PHONE)
He took a red-eye last night to Chicago. He's at the O'Hare Plaza.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - STONE WALKWAY - SAME

One step at a time, Fuhrman makes his way down the dark walkway. He spots something on the ground, a DARK OBJECT.

Fuhrman kneels down, realizing it's a BROWN GLOVE, that's wet with a sticky substance. Shit. It's the other glove.

Slowly, Fuhrman looks up. Directly above the bloody glove is Kato's air conditioning unit. Fuhrman stands, draws his gun.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - SAME

Phillips is on the phone.

OJ (ON PHONE)
Hello?

PHILLIPS
Is this OJ Simpson?

OJ (ON PHONE)
Yeah, who's this?

PHILLIPS
This is Det. Phillips. I have some
bad news, sir. Your ex-wife,
Nicole, has been killed.

OJ (ON PHONE)
She's dead? Nicole? Oh god...

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - STONE WALKWAY - SAME

Gun drawn, Fuhrman continues down the walkway, looking for a suspect, or maybe even a victim.

PHILLIPS (O.S.)
Mr. Simpson, we have your children
at the West LA police station.
They're safe.

OJ (O.S.)
Wait--why do you have my kids?

PHILLIPS (O.S.)
We didn't have anywhere else to
take them, sir.

Fuhrman runs into a cobweb. He sees more cobwebs up ahead. No one's come this far. There's nothing dangerous here.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - SAME

Phillips finishes up on the phone with OJ.

PHILLIPS
I need to know what to do with your
children.

OJ (ON PHONE)
I'll take the next flight back and
get someone to pick them up.

PHILLIPS
We'll see you when you get in.

He hangs up just as Fuhrman enters the room.

FUHRMAN

Hey guys, I found something you're gonna wanna take a look at.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - NIGHT

Fuhrman, amped up, guides the men toward the bungalows.

PHILLIPS

You found another glove?

FUHRMAN

It looks like the right-handed mate to the one at Bundy.

They walk behind the bungalows. Fuhrman shines a light on the glove. The men inspect it.

PHILLIPS

Shit.

FUHRMAN

That surfer dude, Kato--

VANNATTER

-Kato?

FUHRMAN

Don't ask. He said he heard a loud thump on the air conditioner around 10:45 last night.

PHILLIPS

Wait. 10:45?

FUHRMAN

Yeah, he was on the phone with a friend.

PHILLIPS

OJ's assistant said he left the house at 11pm for his flight to Chicago.

FUHRMAN

And Riske said Nicole's dog was found bloody on the street around 10:30.

(to Vannatter)

It's your case. Whaddya wanna do?

Vannatter thinks for a moment.

VANNATTER

We need confirmation on the gloves.
Who wants to head back to Bundy?

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - DAWN

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps pictures of the Bronco and the blood spots on the handle and doorsill.

A CRUISER pulls up. Fuhrman and Roberts get out. Fuhrman approaches Vannatter and Phillips while Roberts watches the Photographer SNAP pictures.

FUHRMAN

The gloves are a match. Color,
lining. One's right, one's left.
It links Rockingham to--

VANNATTER

-It's not enough. Not yet.

Over at the Bronco, Roberts looks inside. His eyes go wide.

ROBERTS

Hey guys!

Fuhrman, Phillips, and Vannatter join him immediately.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

There's blood everywhere.

The men look inside the Bronco. It's unbelievable. There's BLOOD on literally everything: the steering wheel, door panels, passenger seat, console.

PHILLIPS

Fuck.

FUHRMAN

And that's not all.

Fuhrman points to DROPS OF BLOOD on the cement near the driver's side door of the Bronco.

Very slowly, the men start following DROPS OF BLOOD, leading from the Bronco through the Rockingham gate. More DROPS OF BLOOD on the driveway.

The men keep following. Past the cars, toward the main house. Drop after drop. There's more on the porch and THREE MORE DROPS inside the front door of OJ's home.

None of the men know what to say, except for Vannatter.

VANNATTER

That's it. Rockingham is now officially a crime scene.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - MORNING

NEWS VANS and CAMERA CREWS have begun to arrive. REPORTERS hop out of their vans and get to work...

VANNATTER (V.O.)

Evacuate the house. Send everyone to West LA.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - MORNING

Arnelle Simpson and Kato Kaelin are ushered out a side door.

VANNATTER (V.O.)

We'll get formal statements from them later.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - MORNING

Fuhrman shows the BLOOD TECH the glove. He swabs it.

VANNATTER (V.O.)

I'm gonna write a warrant for the house. As soon as I get it signed, tear this place apart.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - DAY

More DETECTIVES have arrived. Everything's being taken apart, piece by piece.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - OJ'S BEDROOM - DAY

Fuhrman walks in. Everything's in pristine condition. Not a thing's out of place...except for a pair of BLACK SOCKS cast aside on the floor. Fuhrman goes into the...

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nothing's out of place there either, except for an open SWISS ARMY KNIFE BOX sitting next to the bathtub.

ROBERTS (O.S.)
Hey, Mark!

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Roberts shows Fuhrman the contents of the washing machine. A pair of FRESHLY WASHED BLACK SWEATS.

ROBERTS
There's a bathroom off the maid's quarters that has a blood smear on the light switch.

FUHRMAN
I found black socks upstairs. Oh, and an empty Swiss Army knife box.

ROBERTS
Looks like we'll get this wrapped in no time.

FUHRMAN
Don't be so sure about that. People get away with murder every day. Get that stuff bagged.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - OJ'S OFFICE - DAY

Fuhrman and other DETECTIVES are rooting around in the office. Fuhrman looks out the window and spots...

OJ comes walking up the driveway. He's mad as hell. Roberts rushes out to meet him.

FUHRMAN
Dammit.

Fuhrman makes a mad dash for the door.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - DAY

Roberts tries to calm OJ down.

OJ
What's this all about? Why are there police all over my house?

ROBERTS
We called you. You know your ex-wife, Nicole, was murdered, right?

OJ
Yeah, I know, but why are you here?

ROBERTS
It's not my case, so I can't get into specifics, but where your ex-wife died, there was a blood trail. And that trail led here.

OJ
It did?

ROBERTS
Yeah. It did.

Something deep within OJ breaks. He starts hyperventilating, unable to control himself.

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

Vannatter and Fuhrman exit the house. Vannatter approaches.

VANNATTER
Mr. Simpson, I'm Det. Vannatter. I'm sorry to do this, but we're gonna have to take you in for questioning.

OJ looks around at all the Detectives, dumbstruck.

OJ
Do you have to handcuff me?

Vannatter nods. Fuhrman watches as OJ gets cuffed and put in the cruiser. Vannatter drives OJ away from Rockingham.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Reporters SWARM the cruiser, YELLING questions, SNAPPING pictures - filming everything. This is only the beginning.

EXT. YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Mike and his young son, DAVID, make their way down a path, back toward civilization.

DAVID
Can we get lunch? I'm starving.

MIKE
Just gotta check in with Mom first.

Mike reaches a pay phone, inserts a quarter. Dials.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey, it's me.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S HOME - SAME

NEWS COVERAGE of OJ being arrested plays on the TV. Mike's wife, DEBBIE, paces around the kitchen as she talks.

DEBBIE
Mike, my god, I've been calling the hotel every ten minutes.

MIKE
We were on a hike. What's wrong?

DEBBIE
It's Nicole. She's been killed. And OJ--they just arrested him.

MIKE
So he finally did it.

His words shock them both.

DEBBIE
Why--why did you say that?

MIKE
I...I don't know. Shit.

DEBBIE
You better come home.

MIKE
Yeah, we're leaving now.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S CAR - DAY

Mike's speeds, desperately trying to get signal on his cell, while David tries to find a radio station that's working.

MIKE
Any luck, buddy?

DAVID
Nope. What happened?

MIKE
One of my clients is in trouble.

DAVID
Which one?

Before Mike can respond, the RADIO bursts to life, filling the car with details Mike needs to know.

VOICE (ON RADIO)
The bodies have just been removed from Nicole Brown's residence on Bundy Drive. Carnage like this has never been seen in the upscale Brentwood neighborhood. And at the center of it all is former NFL star OJ Simpson, who is currently in police custody for his possible connection to the grizzly slayings.

Mike turns OFF the radio, looks back at his son.

EXT. MIKE GILBERT'S HOME - DAY

Mike parks his car, gets out while on his cell. Debbie opens the door. David hurries inside.

MIKE
(into phone)
No, I don't know what's going on.
His wife was just killed.

They go inside...

MIKE GILBERT'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Debbie ushers David into his room. The house phone RINGS and RINGS. Mike closes his eyes, trying to concentrate.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
No, I don't know if you're going to get your money back. This is all of, what, twelve hours old? Yeah, I'm sure we'll be in touch.

Mike hangs up his cell, answers the house phone.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello...yes, this is--No, no comment!

He SLAMS down the phone. Debbie puts her arms around him.

DEBBIE
I'm so sorry.

MIKE
Every fucking company we have a deal with has been calling. They wanna know if he did it, if they're gonna get their money back.

DEBBIE
You're kidding.

MIKE
They're vultures.

Mike turns on the TV. It's picture-in-picture coverage of the Rockingham and Bundy. The house phone RINGS again.

DEBBIE
It's been doing that all day. Have you talked to anyone who knows what's happening?

MIKE
Just Cathy. They're questioning him at the police station.

DEBBIE
Mike, I'm so sorry. I know how much he means to you.

INT. WEST LA POLICE STATION - LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

Roberts is getting changed to go home. Fuhrman joins him, tired after this long day.

ROBERTS
Did you hear they identified the other vic?

FUHRMAN
Ronald Lyle Goldman, 25.

ROBERTS
Poor kid. Worked at the restaurant Nicole ate at last night. Rumor has it they were dating.

FUHRMAN
Doesn't mean he deserved to die.

ROBERTS
Didn't say he did.

Roberts watches Fuhrman, who's clearly pissed.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)
What is it with you and this case?

FUHRMAN
Nothing.

ROBERTS
Mark--

FUHRMAN
-They let OJ go. After questioning him for thirty-two minutes, they let him go. I've questioned car jackers for longer and this is a fucking double homicide.

ROBERTS
Once the blood work comes back, we'll get him again.

FUHRMAN
No one gets treated like this. If OJ was just some guy--the garden variety asshole who carves up his wife and her lover--he would've been questioned for ten hours and charged immediately. Lange and Vannatter are terrified.

ROBERTS
Give 'em a break. It's a high profile case.

FUHRMAN
It's a case. We work them all the same. End of story.

He SLAMS his locker shut.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S HOME - MORNING

TITLE CARD: June 17th, 1994

Debbie finishes making breakfast. She sets a plate down in front of David as Mike comes in, pulling a jacket on.

DEBBIE
You're leaving?

MIKE

I gotta drive down to LA. I just got off the phone with one of the lawyers. The DA's charging him. OJ's got till 11 to surrender.

DEBBIE

Please be careful.

MIKE

He's voluntarily turning himself in, Deb. How much trouble can it possibly be?

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Fuhrman eats lunch with his lawyer, DARRYL MOUNGER.

DARRYL

Come on, you gotta give me something.

FUHRMAN

The press conference is about to start and all will be revealed.

DARRYL

They're arresting him, aren't they?

Fuhrman doesn't respond, maybe gives a small smile.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

I knew it! Unbelievable. Did he really decapitate her?

FUHRMAN

Technically, no, but it was close.

He looks up at the TV. The press conference hasn't started yet. *Weird...*

FUHRMAN (CONT'D)

No one's on stage. This should've started already.

DARRYL

It's just delayed, that's all.

Fuhrman can't take his eyes off the screen. *Delayed...*

FUHRMAN

Something's wrong. I gotta go.

EXT. WEST LA POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Fuhrman gets out of his cruiser. He spots Phillips and Roberts walking out the front door of the building.

FUHRMAN
What the hell's going on?

PHILLIPS
OJ's missing. He was at his lawyer's house and then just up and vanished. They want us all up at Rockingham in case he shows there.

FUHRMAN
Let's go.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S CAR - AFTERNOON

The radio cuts out from it's usual programming as Mike speeds down the freeway.

ANNOUNCER (ON RADIO)
Police are searching for OJ Simpson. He was set to surrender earlier this morning, but has fled and is now a fugitive. He is believed to be armed and dangerous.

He can't believe what he's hearing. Mike floors it.

INT. PATROL CAR - AFTERNOON

Phillips drives. Fuhrman and Roberts listen to the radio.

ANNOUNCER (ON RADIO)
OJ was at the home of one of his lawyers when he slipped past them to avoid arrest. With us now is Bob Kardashian, to read what appears to be a suicide note left by Simpson himself.

The men look at each other. *Suicide note?*

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Mike shakes his head. *This isn't possible...*

KARDASHIAN (ON RADIO)

"First, everyone understand that I had nothing to do with Nicole's murder. I loved her, always have and always will. If we had a problem, it's because I loved her so much..."

INT. PATROL CAR - AFTERNOON

Phillips speeds up to Rockingham.

KARDASHIAN (ON RADIO)

"I've had a good life. I'm proud of how I lived. My mama taught me to do unto other. I treated people the way I wanted to be treated. I've always tried to be up and helpful, so why is this happening?"

EXT. HYATT - AFTERNOON

Mike parks, tosses his keys to the VALET, and hurries inside.

KARDASHIAN (V.O.)

"I'm sorry for the Goldman family. I know how much it hurts."

INT. HYATT - MIKE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mike races in, turns on the television. Every channel shows footage of a WHITE BRONCO being pursued by police.

KARDASHIAN (V.O.)

"Nicole and I had a good life together. All her friends will confirm that I have been totally loving and understanding of what she's been going through..."

He sinks down on the bed, tears forming in his eyes.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Phillips, Fuhrman, and Roberts enter through the main gate. They hurry up to the front door and KNOCK.

KARDASHIAN (V.O.)

"At times, I have felt like a battered husband, but I loved Nicole, and I would take whatever it took to make it work..."

Cathy answers, lets them all inside.

INT. HYATT - MIKE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mike dials numbers frantically into his phone, but no one seems to be answering.

KARDASHIAN (V.O.)

"Don't feel sorry for me. Please think of the real OJ, not this lost person..."

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - AFTERNOON

The detectives find a number of people (Arnelle, Kato, and others) huddled in front of a television, watching the chase.

KARDASHIAN (V.O.)

"Thanks for making my life special. I hope I helped yours. Peace and love, OJ."

Phillips, Fuhrman, and Roberts guide everyone out.

INT. HYATT - MIKE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mike paces around the room as the coverage continues to play. He's leaving yet another message.

MIKE

(into phone)

OJ, please, don't do anything stupid. I'm here for you. If you need anything, just call. I'm going out of my mind...

Something catches Mike's attention on TV. The coverage shows the WHITE BRONCO merging onto yet another freeway.

REPORTER (ON TV)

The LAPD is advising everyone to stay off major highways until the situation is resolved.

(MORE)

REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)
The Bronco has just merged onto the
405-N and it's unclear at this time
where it is OJ is heading.

Mike grabs his keys, heads out the door.

MIKE
He's going home, assholes.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - AFTERNOON

The WHITE BRONCO speeds along with dozens of POLICE CARS following right behind him. POLICE and NEWS HELICOPTERS hover just above, following every move of the chase.

On the overpasses, FANS have gathered. They wave signs reading, "WE LOVE YOU OJ" and "GO, JUICE, GO!"

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Phillips briefs Fuhrman and Roberts on the situation.

PHILLIPS
SWAT is on their way, but OJ may
beat them here.

ROBERTS
So it's just us?

PHILLIPS
For the time being. There are
nineteen million ways for this to
go wrong, so listen up. First
thing's first, who's the best shot?

FUHRMAN
That'd be me.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Mike speeds toward the 405 freeway. He merges on and sees 1) the freeway is completely clear and 2) about a mile up ahead, HELICOPTERS are hovering, moving north. That's where OJ is.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - LATE AFTERNOON

Just as Phillips and his men are finishing up their plan, a SWAT van drives onto the estate. SWAT TEAM MEMBERS jump out of the van. The SWAT TEAM LEADER approaches Phillips.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
You Det. Phillips?

PHILLIPS
Yeah. This is Det. Fuhrman and
Det. Roberts.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
Looks like it's your lucky day,
boys. You're relieved of duty.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Mike exits at Sunset. A few quick turns and he's on Rockingham Ave. It's wall to wall POLICE and NEWS VANS. PEOPLE are everywhere. The street has been blocked. Mike has no choice but to park.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM AVENUE - LATE AFTERNOON

Mike pushes his way through the crowd to one of the barricades. He finds an OFFICER.

MIKE
I need to get in. I'm OJ's agent.

OFFICER 1
No one's getting through.

MIKE
I'm not fucking with you. Look.

He pulls out his phone, showing him all of OJ's numbers.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I just need to talk to him.
Please!

Just then, the WHITE BRONCO passes by them. EVERYONE GOES FUCKING APE SHIT as it turns onto the property.

BYSTANDER
They've got snipers in the trees!
They're going to fucking shoot him.

Mike whirls back around to the OFFICER. He's lost himself.

MIKE
If you fuckers kill him there will
be hell to pay! You hear me?!?
You think we had riots in LA
before? Let me talk to him!!!

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - SAME

HELICOPTERS hover above as OJ exits the vehicle with his hands raised. SWAT quickly gets him on the ground, cuffs him, and takes OJ into custody. It's mere moments before he's put into the back of a police cruiser.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Half the crowd is CHEERING, half throw bottles. Fuhrman, Roberts, and Phillips are one side of the street, while Mike is on the other.

Fuhrman and Mike make eye contact briefly, but their attention is diverted as they watch the cruiser drive OJ away in the midst of the police and media fire storm.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S CAR - DAY

TITLE CARD: June 21, 1994

Mike's cell phone RINGS as he drives.

MIKE
(into phone)
This is Mike.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL - LOBBY - SAME

Cathy paces around the crowded lobby as she talks to Mike. The MEDIA is everywhere.

CATHY
Mike, it's Cathy.

MIKE
Cathy--Jesus, how is he?

CATHY
He's...okay. He wants to see you.
Do you want to see him?

MIKE
Of course I do. When?

CATHY
Today. Can you come today?

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL - LOBBY - DAY

Mike works his way through the media crowd to find Cathy.

MIKE

Sorry it took me so long. This is
insane.

CATHY

They're here 24-7. We're praying
it dies down soon.

MIKE

And if it doesn't?

CATHY

I wouldn't talk like that in front
of him if I were you.

MIKE

I wasn't planning on--We're all on
the same side here, Cathy.

CATHY

I hope so.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL - VISITING ROOM - DAY

Mike sits in a room the size of a walk in closet. It's a table, two chairs, and a glass partition separating the visitor from the incarcerated.

OJ enters -- wearing a blue jump suit -- and sits across from Mike. He looks weak, tired. Broken. Mike focuses on a FRESHLY HEALED GASH on the index finger of OJ's left hand.

MIKE

I--I don't know what to say.

OJ won't look at him. He's too embarrassed, or proud.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Is there anything I can do? You
tell me and I'll do it.

OJ

Yeah. Get me the fuck outta here.

MIKE

We've got people working on that.
You've got the best team of lawyers
in his history of the world.

OJ

Those people are gonna need to get paid.

MIKE

I'll talk to Skip. We'll handle it.

OJ

I gotta question for you, Mike. Before all this, how much was my autograph worth?

MIKE

Your autograph? What does that have to do with--

OJ

-I'm asking. How much?

MIKE

Depends on what it was on. Cards are \$25, a photograph is \$75. More for jerseys, helmets, and jackets.

OJ nods, an idea is forming.

OJ

Wonder what they would go for now? Wonder what they would go for if people knew I signed them in here?

Mike's eyes go wide, not entirely understanding what OJ's asking of him.

MIKE

You want to sign autographs in jail?

OJ

I've seen the news, Mike. I'm the most famous person on the planet.

MIKE

OJ, I'm not even sure we'd be allowed to--

OJ

-You gotta figure out a way, Mike. I gotta pay for my defense. I can't stay in here. I can't.

MIKE

I'll see what I can do.

OJ
I know you will. You're a good friend.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike pulls down the covers of the bed, while Debbie stands in their adjoining bathroom, rubbing lotion on her arms.

DEBBIE
How'd it go today?

MIKE
He's holding it together. Wants to start signing autographs in prison. Thinks they'll be worth more and he's probably right.

DEBBIE
Are you sure you wanna do this?

MIKE
Signing autographs? I dunno. I gotta talk to Cathy and Skip.

DEBBIE
No, I mean--all of it.

MIKE
I can't just dump him. What kind of person would I be if I did that?

DEBBIE
What kind of person would you be if you stay?

That gets Mike's attention.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Did he do this? Did he kill Nicole and that boy?

MIKE
I--I can't think about that.

DEBBIE
Because you know he did it?

MIKE
Because I'm not going to judge a man based on the absolute worst day of his life. I'm not going to teach our kids that.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm also not going to teach them to run away the second things get tough. We have this house because of him, the vacations, the kid's college funds--I'm not dropping him.

Mike gets into bed. Debbie curls up next to him, comforting.

DEBBIE

I just want to make sure you know why you're doing this.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HQ - MARCIA CLARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Fuhrman, dressed in a snazzy suit, shakes the hand of MARCIA CLARK, who's mousy but overly confident.

MARCIA

Det. Fuhrman, I'm Marcia Clark.

FUHRMAN

It's nice to meet you.

MARCIA

Take a seat, please.

He obliges. Marcia sits across from him, pulling out a file.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

I read your report and the notes you made at the scene. You were quite thorough.

FUHRMAN

Thank you.

MARCIA

I've spoken extensively with Det. Lange and Vannatter and...some mistakes were made on their part.

FUHRMAN

What kind of mistakes?

MARCIA

In your notes, you mention a bloody fingerprint on the back gate at the Bundy residence.

FUHRMAN

Yeah. It was a near perfect print.

MARCIAB

It was never recovered.

Fuhrman looks like he might explode.

FUHRMAN

That's not possible.

MARCIAB

Oh, I can assure you, it is.

FUHRMAN

It's in my notes. I handed them my notes the second they got there.

MARCIAB

Honestly, I don't think they even read them.

FUHRMAN

Unbelievable.

MARCIAB

Which is why we will be focusing on you. Your record is exemplary, your police work at both scenes is flawless. If we focus on you, we'll be eliminating any claim of faulty police work by the defense.

FUHRMAN

I'll do whatever I can to help.

MARCIAB

I just want you to be ready for this. Nothing can prepare you for what's about to happen, so if there's anything I need to know about the case, or your past, I need you to tell me now.

FUHRMAN

No. I'm clean.

MARCIAB

Yeah?

FUHRMAN

Yeah. I mean, there have been nuisance suits, but every cop gets those. I've always been cleared of whatever nonsense was being thrown at me.

MARCIAB
Glad to hear it.

EXT. OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - DAY

Mike has lunch with Cathy and OJ's business lawyer, SKIP TAFT. They're deep in conversation.

CATHY
I don't like this. He's not
signing autographs in prison.

MIKE
Why not?

CATHY
Because it's tacky. And
disgusting. And immoral.

MIKE
But besides all that.

CATHY
Mike--Christ! He's going to stand
trial. The last thing we need is
to look like some sideshow, pimping
him out left and right to the
highest bidder.

MIKE
It's not going to be like that. We
can do it classy.

CATHY
Are you on glue? His wife was
nearly decapitated. Classy, for
us, is officially off the table.

MIKE
I fundamentally disagree.

CATHY
That's because, for you, money is
number one and way, way down the
list, below fancy cars and five
star hotels and hookers with hearts
of gold, is a little something
called self respect.

MIKE
Fuck you, Cathy. I wanna go for
the win. You wanna lose wearing a
halo, do it on your own time.
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Because in case you haven't noticed, OJ's in some serious shit and money is the only thing that's gonna save him now.

CATHY

I am aware--

MIKE

-Are you? Because his lawyers aren't cheap.

CATHY

Really? I had no idea, because I am, as you know, incredibly stupid.

Mike turns to Skip, who's been quietly eating his lunch during this tirade.

MIKE

What do you think?

SKIP

This cobb salad is amazing.

MIKE

I'm serious.

SKIP

So am I. The proportion of protein to dairy is perfection.

CATHY

I'm glad your dietary needs are being met. Really. Thrilled.

MIKE

Skip, come on--

SKIP

-There's nothing wrong with OJ signing autographs. He's always done it. Where he does it isn't important.

MIKE

Thank you!

SKIP

But Cathy's right. It's gonna look self-serving--

CATHY

-Oh gee, you think?

SKIP

Which is why he can only sign sports memorabilia. He can't profit off the murders. A signed sports card is a signed sports card. It's not our fault they're more in demand now than they were a month ago.

MIKE

I agree.

CATHY

You two are being unbelievably short sighted. If this goes wrong, we're all going to look like fools. We'll be "those" people.

MIKE

Cathy, we're already "those" people. We might as well make a few bucks while we're at it.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL - LOBBY - DAY

Mike and Skip worm their way through the media madness.

MIKE

You talked to the Sheriff's office?

SKIP

To them and to Dershowitz. They'd technically be violating OJ's first amendment rights by not allowing him to sign the cards.

MIKE

Lucky us.

They reach a LIEUTENANT. Mike hands over a stack of cards.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL - OJ'S CELL - DAY

The Lieutenant hands OJ the stack of cards and a pen. He gets to work, signing one after another.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL - LOBBY - DAY

Mike paces, waiting, with Skip. He checks his watch. Finally, the Lieutenant returns and hands over the cards.

MIKE
Same time tomorrow?

LIEUTENANT
Yeah. My sergeant said you can
bring more cards if you want.

MIKE
Great. Thanks.

Mike hurries away with the cards and joins Skip. He scans
through the cards, making sure all of them are signed.

SKIP
So far, so good?

MIKE
Yeah. He dated them too. They
said we can bring more tomorrow.

SKIP
How many more do you have?

MIKE
5000. We'll do them in batches,
keep control over the...

But Mike trails off as he's scanning through the cards.
Something's wrong.

SKIP
What is it?

MIKE
Hold on.

Mike counts the cards, over and over. Skip watches him,
getting impatient.

SKIP
Will you tell me what the hell--

MIKE
-Some of the cards are missing.

SKIP
What? How many?

MIKE
I gave them 100. There's only 93
here.

SKIP
Are you sure you counted right?

MIKE
Yes, I'm sure.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL - CELL BLOCK - DAY

OJ picks up a phone that's waiting for him.

OJ
(into phone)
Yeah?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL - LOBBY - SAME

Mike's on the phone, trying to control his frustration.

MIKE
Juice, it's Mike. I got a
question. You're not, by any
chance, keeping any of the
cards...are you?

OJ
Why the fuck would I keep any of
those cards?

MIKE
I thought, maybe, you wanted to
keep some to barter with the guards
or something.

OJ
I don't need to barter, Mike.

MIKE
Right. My mistake.

OJ
Get it together. My future is
riding on this.

MIKE
I'm on it.

He quickly hangs up, turning his attention back to Skip.

MIKE (CONT'D)
It's not him.

SKIP
The guards?

MIKE

It's gotta be. This is bullshit.
We've gotta do something. Get
Dershowitz on the phone. There's
no way they're gonna get away with
stealing from OJ.

SKIP

Yes they are.

MIKE

Excuse me?

SKIP

We are walking a very fine line
right now. This isn't the time to
go throwing a civil liberties
lawyer in their face.

MIKE

But you said that--

SKIP

-I know what I said, but they could
shut us down in five seconds and it
could be months before we're back
in business again if we turn this
into a thing.

MIKE

It's just--bullshit!

SKIP

No, it's just a couple of cards.
We say nothing. Act like
everything is fine, cause that's
exactly what it is. Just fine.

Mike huffs for a moment. Then:

MIKE

If they let us get away with
signing cards, I wonder what else
we can have him sign?

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Title Card: July 5th, 1994

Fuhrman meets Marcia in the hall. They shake hands.

MARCI

You ready for this?

FUHRMAN

It's just the pre-lim hearing and this isn't my first rodeo. Defense attorneys don't scare me.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Fuhrman's on the stand, in the middle of his testimony. Marcia conducts his examination.

MARCI

And is that Kato's room, indicated on the diagram?

FUHRMAN

Yes. When I walked on the path behind, I could see the air-conditioning unit sticking out.

MARCI

Did you see anything that drew your attention?

FUHRMAN

Yes. I saw a dark object. As I got closer, I saw it was a glove.

MARCI

Now, when you went back there, what were you actually looking for?

FUHRMAN

I thought somebody had collapsed.

MARCI

So you were looking for a body?

FUHRMAN

Yes.

MARCI

When you saw that glove, did it have some significance to you?

FUHRMAN

It looked similar to the glove that I observed at the Bundy residence.

MARCI

And based on that observation, what did you do?

FUHRMAN

I looked a little closer and noted that it didn't match the terrain.

MARCIAB

How so?

FUHRMAN

Well, the area was covered in dirt and leaves, but the glove itself wasn't dirty. It looked a little sticky and moist. Two fingers were stuck to the glove with some type of liquid.

MARCIAB

Did you touch it?

FUHRMAN

No. I moved past it, looking for the person that might've dropped it, thinking that they were further down the walkway. I ran into spiderwebs, which told me no one had walked that far down the walkway in several hours.

MARCIAB

What did you do next?

FUHRMAN

Not having found any victims, I went into the main house and informed Det. Phillips of the find.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - COURTROOM - LATER

Fuhrman's still on the stand. This time, he's facing off against defense attorney, GERALD ULEMEN.

ULEMEN

After Det. Vannatter arrived, there was discussion of proceeding to the Simpson residence, is that correct?

FUHRMAN

Yes, that's correct.

ULEMEN

Who made the decision to notify Mr. Simpson?

FUHRMAN

I believe Vannatter and Phillips were carrying out an order made by the Bureau Chief Bushey, who was concerned Mr. Simpson would be notified of the death by the media.

ULEMEN

Is it routine in a homicide case, that as soon as you identify the victim, you notify the next of kin?

FUHRMAN

It's not immediate, but in this case, if it was leaked to the media, it would be a pretty insensitive way for the family to find out.

ULEMEN

Did you dispatch a patrol car to inform Nicole Brown's parents of her death?

FUHRMAN

Once I was relieved of the responsibility of the homicide, I didn't direct any units.

ULEMEN

Once Mr. Goldman was identified, were detectives sent to break the news to his parents?

FUHRMAN

I wasn't privileged to any of those decisions and I didn't notify anyone myself.

ULEMEN

Were you aware that Mr. Simpson and his wife were divorced?

FUHRMAN

Only because I work in West LA.

ULEMEN

Do you routinely notify the former husband of a homicide victim?

FUHRMAN

No, but we had his children, so I think it was the appropriate thing to do.

ULEMEN

Explain to me why you felt it was necessary for five detectives to go to Mr. Simpson's home?

FUHRMAN

First off, I didn't make the decision. It was dark and those streets are confusing. I knew the way. It was very simple.

ULEMEN

When you left the Bundy residence and went to Mr. Simpson's home, was Mr. Simpson a suspect?

FUHRMAN

Not in my mind.

ULEMEN

There was no suspicion at all focused on Mr. Simpson?

FUHRMAN

I wasn't thinking that.

Ulemen picks up his notes off the defense table, looking them over. Fuhrman doesn't waver an inch.

ULEMEN

You discovered quite a bit of evidence at Rockingham.

FUHRMAN

There was a lot to find.

ULEMEN

Let's start with the Bronco. Describe the "stains" for me.

FUHRMAN

I saw four reddish blood stains. They were on the door sill.

ULEMEN

You indicated you believe these stains to be blood. Why?

FUHRMAN

Just the appearance of the stain. It was red, translucent, which is what dried blood looks like.

ULEMEN

Does dried blood look different
than dried taco sauce?

FUHRMAN

I don't know what dried taco sauce
looks like, so I wouldn't know.

ULEMEN

There are a number of other
substances that would leave stains
resembling blood, correct?

FUHRMAN

I'm sure there are. Hundreds.

ULEMEN

After observing these specks of
"blood", what led you to believe
there may be a murder or suicide at
Rockingham?

FUHRMAN

It wasn't just the stain. It was
the totality of what I was seeing.
The vehicle was parked oddly--

ULEMEN

-Surely whenever you see a vehicle
parked askew in front of a home,
you don't conclude there was a
murder or suicide on the premises,
do you?

FUHRMAN

No, but when I'm coming from a
double homicide and I find blood on
a vehicle, I find a shovel and
heavy plastic in the back seat,
that raised serious safety
concerns. Bundy provided more
questions than answers. We were in
the dark and didn't know what the
blood meant. We had an emergency
situation and we had to do
something, so I went over the wall.
We couldn't just stand out there on
the street and do nothing.

Ulemen nods, not wanting to give Fuhrman another moment to
sound noble. As he sits, casually...

ULEMEN

Nothing further.

Marcia quickly stands, firmly addressing Fuhrman.

MARCIA

When you got to Rockingham, did you believe you were at the residence of a suspect?

FUHRMAN

No, I didn't.

MARCIA

When you went over that wall, were you looking to gather evidence, or were you looking to save lives?

FUHRMAN

I did it to save lives.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Marcia bursts out of the courtroom, elated over what just went down. Fuhrman is by her side.

MARCIA

Jesus fucking Christ! That was amazing! You crucified him.

FUHRMAN

I don't know about that.

MARCIA

Do you want me to show you a fucking transcript? Every time he tried to trip you up, you had the perfect--Taco sauce?!?

FUHRMAN

He forgot one thing.

MARCIA

What's that?

FUHRMAN

You never ask a question you don't already know the answer to.

Marcia stops Fuhrman, looking him dead in the eye.

MARCIA

Here's a question I don't need the answer to: When we win this case, it's going to be because of you.

(MORE)

MARCIA (CONT'D)
You just might be the best cop I've
ever seen take the stand.

Fuhrman can't help but smile. Marcia escorts him down the corridor, toward the bright lights of the waiting media.

EXT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

REPORTERS, with their microphones and CAMERAMEN and lights shining, dominate the scene. It's chaos as they lie in wait.

Marcia and Fuhrman make their exit. Everyone goes fucking insane. REPORTS jam their mics in their faces shouting questions like "Det. Fuhrman, do you think OJ did it? What does it feel like to be America's greatest detective? Does being involved in this case inhibit you to do your job?" Marcia ushers Fuhrman into an awaiting car.

INT. WEST LA POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Fuhrman enters. His fellow colleagues notice. They stand up and begin CLAPPING. Everyone joins in. Some of the OFFICERS come up and SLAP him on the back. Phillips comes up and shakes Fuhrman's hand.

PHILLIPS
You represented us well today.

FUHRMAN
It wasn't that big of a deal.

PHILLIPS
Sure it was. After the King trial--
well, you just showed everyone that
the LAPD is more than a bunch of
idiot rogue cops. You did a job.

Fuhrman, a little uncomfortable with the attention, nods as Phillips moves on. Fuhrman finds his partner, Roberts.

ROBERTS
There's our star.

FUHRMAN
Yeah, yeah.

ROBERTS
No, seriously. Look.

Roberts nods toward the television. It's playing footage from Fuhrman's testimony. They cut away to commentators, most notably, JOHNNY COCHRAN.

FUHRMAN
Shit, they got Cochran on this?

ROBERTS
He's been commenting for days.
Rumor has it, they're asking him to
take over OJ's defense once it goes
to trial.

FUHRMAN
What's he saying now? Ripping me
to shreds?

ROBERTS
Not exactly.

Roberts turns the volume UP. Cochran's voice fills the room.

ON TV:

A NEWS HOST questions Cochran.

NEWS HOST
What did you think of Mark
Fuhrman's performance today?

COCHRAN
He was extraordinary. Calm,
poised, intelligent. He answered
questions succinctly and directly.
He's also likable. Overall, a
great witness direct from central
casting.

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Mike sits with OJ. He's signing a bunch of decals. They,
too, have coverage of Fuhrman's testimony on TV.

OJ
What the hell do you got me
signing?

MIKE
I can't exactly bring 100 helmets
in here, so you sign the decals, we
affix them to the helmets later.

OJ
Smart man, smart man.

Mike sees some of the praise being lauded all over Fuhrman.

MIKE

(re: TV coverage)

Something rubs me wrong about that guy. He's too slick, too polished. I think he's up to something.

OJ

No, Mike. That's a good cop. A real good one. And he makes a good witness.

And just like the word of God, that ends the conversation. OJ keeps signing the decals. Mike doesn't say another word.

INT. WEST LA POLICE STATION - LATER

Fuhrman can't believe what he's seeing on TV. A PHONE RINGS. Roberts answers.

ROBERTS

(into phone)

West LA, this is Roberts...Yeah, he's right here.

(to Fuhrman)

For you.

Fuhrman takes the phone as he watches the news coverage.

FUHRMAN

This is Fuhrman.

TOOBIN (ON PHONE)

Det. Fuhrman, this Jeffery Toobin with The New Yorker. I'm writing a story and I have a couple of questions for you.

FUHRMAN

I don't have any comment--

TOOBIN (ON PHONE)

-Are you aware the defense is going to claim you planted the glove found at Rockingham?

Now that gets Fuhrman's attention. He's suddenly furious.

FUHRMAN

What?!? That's ridiculous.

TOOBIN (ON PHONE)

So you didn't plant the glove?

FUHRMAN
Of course not.

TOOBIN (ON PHONE)
What about the disability suit you
filed against the LAPD?

Fuhrman turns away from the crowd, speaking quietly.

FUHRMAN
That was a long time ago.

TOOBIN (ON PHONE)
Your psychiatric medical reports
are public record. Does it concern
you that the defense plans to use
them to paint you as a racist cop
who manufactured evidence against
their client?

Fuhrman looks around at all his colleagues, all the CHEERSING
WITH COFFEE CUPS and FIST PUMPING AT THE TV. It's all about
to come crumbling down.

FUHRMAN
No comment.

Fuhrman hangs up and heads out. Roberts notices.

ROBERTS
Hey, where you going? Mark?

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HQ - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Fuhrman approaches an ASSISTANT.

FUHRMAN
I need to see Marcia right away.
It's an emergency.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HQ - MARCIA CLARK'S OFFICE - LATER

Fuhrman sits across from Marcia. He's panicking, rambling as
he tries to explain.

FUHRMAN
...it was the early 80s, I was
working in East LA. I was young,
stupid. Every day I was out there
in the street dealing with people
who were lying to me. I'd get
pissed, get into fights. I broke.
(MORE)

FUHRMAN (CONT'D)

I filed for disability and I had to meet with all these psychiatrists who asked me all these questions about why I was so angry with my job and the people I was arresting and trying to protect. I said a lot of things in those sessions. Not all of them are great. Racial stuff, you know?

(a beat)

I lost my suit and did the only thing I could. I got myself right in the head, and went back to work.

MARCI

Is that it?

FUHRMAN

Yeah.

MARCI

Okay. Don't worry about it.

FUHRMAN

Don't worry about it? This is humiliating. It's going to be all over the news in a few days.

MARCI

I'm sorry about that, but this really has nothing to do with the case against OJ Simpson.

FUHRMAN

What about what that reporter said? About the defense painting me as a racist cop who planted that glove?

MARCI

You know what I say? Fuck them. Fuck them for trying to turn this into something it's not. They know they have a losing case and this is the best they can come up with? Doctor's notes from a decade ago? You're a good cop, Mark. If you forget that, they win and I'll be damned if I'm gonna let that happen, especially when they're defending someone who slaps, strangles, stalks, and slashes their wife. Fuck them.

Fuhrman gets up to leave. Before he goes...

MARCIA (CONT'D)

By the way, Cochran just signed on to OJ's defense. I'd expect more of this nonsense if I were you. Is there anything else I need to know?

FUHRMAN

No. I'm clean.

MARCIA

You've said that before.

FUHRMAN

This time it's true.

MARCIA

My mother used to say, "The first time's funny, the second time's silly, the third time's a spanking." You don't want to know what a spanking feels like from this office.

EXT. MARK FUHRMAN'S HOME - MORNING

REPORTERS have swarmed Fuhrman's lawn, eagerly awaiting him. The second he steps out his front door, everyone goes nuts. Everyone SHOUTS as Fuhrman bee-lines to his car.

"Is The New Yorker story true? Det. Fuhrman, are you a racist? Do you hate OJ Simpson?"

FLASH FLASH FLASH! Fuhrman speeds away.

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Mike follows Cathy to where BOB SHAPIRO, JOHNNY COCHRAN, and OJ SIMPSON are seated. Johnny's got a file in his hand.

COCHRAN

Alright, we just got the evidence list from Clark and Darden. Let's just get through it and see where we're at. "On the glove at Bundy: hair from Nicole, bloody fibers from Ron's shirt, fibers from Ron's jeans. On the glove at Rockingham: bloody hairs from Nicole, three hairs from Ron that were ripped from his head, fibers from Ron's shirt, fibers consistent with the Bronco carpet."

INT. WEST LA POLICE STATION - SAME

Fuhrman listens as Phillips reads from the same list.

PHILLIPS

"On the socks from OJ's bedroom floor: Blue/black cotton fibers and blood from both OJ and Nicole. On Ron Goldman's shirt: One of OJ Simpson's hairs, hair from Nicole, fibers from the knit cap, fibers from the lining of the gloves, and many blue/black fibers..."

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - OFFICE - SAME

Mike shifts uncomfortably, glancing at OJ, who just listens.

COCHRAN

"On the knit cap found at Bundy: twelve naturally shed hairs matching OJ Simpson, several fibers consistent with Ron's shirt, fibers consistent with Bronco carpet." Now for the blood evidence. "At Bundy, blood drops matching OJ near the victims, blood on walkway matching Simpson, blood on rear gate matching Simpson, footprints in Nicole's blood are the same shoe size as Simpson."

INT. WEST LA POLICE STATION - SAME

Phillips continues reading.

PHILLIPS

"In the Bronco: OJ's blood found inside the driver's door and on instrument panel, blood on the steering wheel matches OJ and Nicole, blood on center console matches Simpson, more blood on console matches Simpson and Goldman, blood on carpet matches Nicole, several more blood samples on console match Simpson, Ron, and Nicole mixed together."

Fuhrman and Roberts exchange a look. The amount of evidence against OJ Simpson is overwhelming.

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - OFFICE - SAME

Cochran finishes up reading the list. Everyone's blood is boiling by now.

COCHRAN

Blood evidence at Rockingham:

blood on the glove matches Ron,
blood trail on driveway matches
Simpson, blood trail in foyer
matches Simpson and finally, blood
from Nicole and Simpson were found
on Simpson's socks upstairs."

Cochran tosses down the evidence list in front of OJ.

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

(to OJ)

Is there anywhere you didn't bleed?

No one says a word. Mike tries his best to swallow all of this down, but it isn't easy.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

TITLE CARD: July 22nd, 1994

OJ's there with Cochran and Shapiro. Mike sits right behind them, ever supportive. A JUDGE addresses OJ.

JUDGE

To the alleged charges of murder, a felony, against Nicole Brown Simpson, a human being, and Ronald Lyle Goldman, a human being, do you understand the charges against you?

OJ

Yes, sir. I do.

JUDGE

And how do you plead?

OJ

Absolutely, 100%, not guilty.

JUDGE

Thank you. You may be seated.

Everyone sits.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Taking into account requests from both the prosecution and defense, the trial will begin six months from today.

He BANGS his gavel. So it is written.

EXT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - MORNING

TITLE CARD: January 24th, 1995

It's a madhouse. The MEDIA has gathered in full force to witness the opening day of this historic trial.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Everyone's in attendance. Marcia Clark stands before the jury, JUDGE LANCE ITO, OJ Simpson and his DREAM TEAM, and delivers the opening statement of her life.

MARCIA

We all have two sides. We are all capable of good and of evil. Mr. Simpson is no different. We will show the other side of the smiling face you saw in the Hertz commercials, the one you never saw on camera, the one none of us ever wanted to see. The one Nicole Brown Simpson saw all the time.

Marcia pauses, taking the room's temperature. Continuing...

MARCIA (CONT'D)

After a violent relationship in which the defendant beat Nicole, humiliated her and controlled her. After he took her youth, her freedom and her self respect--just as she tried to break free, Orenthal James Simpson took her very life. It was his ultimate and final act of control. And in that terrible act, Ronald Goldman, an innocent bystander, was viciously and senselessly murdered.

Mike stiffens at her words. Marcia continues, in her zone.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

You will be tested and tempted throughout this case to accept the unreasonable and be distracted by the irrelevant. The defense will talk to you about possibilities. Possibilities of contamination, possibilities of set-up, all to explain away the mountain of physical evidence. Ladies and gentlemen, you are going to have to be vigilant in acting as judges in this case. Each one of you is a judge. Two people have been brutally murdered and the evidence will point to the guilt of only one person as the murderer: Orenthal James Simpson.

Marcia shoots daggers at OJ. She turns back to the JURY. They're all with her right now.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

But let's listen to Nicole. This is a 911 call Nicole made on Oct 25th, 1993, a short 8 months before she died.

Marcia presses PLAY on a tape recorder. NICOLE'S VOICE fills the room. Everyone stiffens. Even OJ.

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER)

Can you send someone to my house?
My ex-husband just broke in and
he's ranting and raving outside in
the front yard.

DISPATCHER (ON TAPE RECORDER)

What's your name?

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER)

(sobbing)

Nicole Simpson. He broke down the
back door to get in.

DISPATCHER (ON TAPE RECORDER)

Okay. Is he the sportscaster?

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER)

Yeah.

DISPATCHER (ON TAPE RECORDER)

We're sending the police. Is he
threatening you?

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER)
(more sobbing)
He's going fucking nuts.

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Mike stands by as OJ signs stacks and stacks of photos of him playing football.

DISPATCHER (ON TAPE RECORDER) (V.O.)
Has he threatened you in any way,
or is he just harassing you?

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER) (V.O.)
You're going to hear him. He's
about to come in again.

DISPATCHER (ON TAPE RECORDER) (V.O.)
Okay, just stay on the line.

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER) (V.O.)
I don't want to stay on the line.
He's gonna beat the shit out of me.

INT. WEST LA POLICE STATION - DAY

Fuhrman comes back to his desk to find someone's left a copy of The New Yorker article for him. He throws it away.

DISPATCHER (ON TAPE RECORDER) (V.O.)
Just stay on the line so we can
know what's going on until the
police get there, okay, Nicole?

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER) (V.O.)
(sobbing)
Uh huh.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Marcia examines various key witnesses: DENISE BROWN, STUART TANNER, SUKRU BOZTEPE, KAREN GOLDMAN, KATO KAELIN as the 911 call continues to play.

DISPATCHER (ON TAPE RECORDER)
Does he have any weapons?

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER)
I don't know. The kids are
upstairs sleeping and I don't want
anything to happen.

DISPATCHER (ON TAPE RECORDER)
Do you think he's going to hit you?

OJ (ON TAPE RECORDER)
Hey, what are you doing?!?!?

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER)
OJ, OJ! The kids are sleeping.

OJ (ON TAPE RECORDER)
I don't give a fuck!

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - OFFICE

OJ's got a phone in his hand. Mike gives him a sheet of paper to read.

DISPATCHER (ON TAPE RECORDER) (V.O.)
He's still yelling at you? Nicole?

OJ
This is for a greeting card?

MIKE
They're paying us \$50,000 for you to read that.

OJ
Seriously?

MIKE
Yep. They're recording on the other end. Just speak into it like a microphone.

OJ shrugs and does as he's told.

OJ
"I did it..."
(a beat)
"...I remembered your birthday."

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

Fuhrman SLAMS a HOODLUM down on the hood of a car. He cuffs him, reading him his rights.

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER) (V.O.)
Would you please, OJ OJ OJ OJ,
could you please leave?

OJ (ON TAPE RECORDER) (V.O.)
I'm leaving with my two fucking
fists is when I'm leaving.

FUHRMAN
You have the right to remain
silent, you have the right to an
attorney--

HOODLUM
-Yeah, yeah, I know. Just tell me
if OJ did it. He did it, right?

Fuhrman shakes his head and loads the Hoodlum in the cruiser.

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER) (V.O)
Please leave, OJ. Please, the
kids, the kids...please.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Marcia's finishing up with the 911 call.

DISPATCHER (ON TAPE RECORDER)
Is he leaving?

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER)
No.

DISPATCHER (ON TAPE RECORDER)
Has this happened before?

NICOLE (ON TAPE RECORDER)
Many, many times.

That's the moment Marcia CLICKS OFF the tape recorder. She gauges the JURY. They're all a bit shocked and horrified by what they've just heard.

MARCIA
Unfortunately for Nicole, it wasn't the last time OJ went "nuts." It wasn't the last time he terrified her. It wasn't the last time the police had to come to her home. This time, it was much, much worse.

INT. WEST LA POLICE STATION - PHILLIPS OFFICE - DAY

Fuhrman KNOCKS and enters his boss' office.

FUHRMAN
You got a minute?

PHILLIPS
Yeah. Whaddya need?

FUHRMAN
I gotta do something about the
press. They won't stop hounding
me.

PHILLIPS
Can't do that. I already talked to
the Commander about it. This case
isn't about you.

FUHRMAN
They're making it about me. After
the article in The New Yorker,
everyone's coming out and calling
me a racist. There's this guy from
my hometown, Dan Blue, says I used
to drive by his house yelling
racial slurs. Also, that I told
racist jokes when we played high
school football together.

PHILLIPS
Yeah? So?

FUHRMAN
I didn't play football. We went to
different high schools. And when
Dan was in high school, I was in
the military, so it was impossible
to drive by his house. He's
fucking lying and you're telling me
I have to sit back and take it?

PHILLIPS
Basically, yeah. I feel for you,
but we're police. We're not movie
stars. We don't give interviews or
press conferences. You're here to
save lives. That's it.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

TITLE CARD: March 14th, 1995

Fuhrman walks with Marcia as they head toward the courtroom.
Marcia's amped up, nervous.

MARCIAB

You know what's going to be asked?

FUHRMAN

I have a vague idea.

MARCIAB

You're a good cop, Mark. Just remember that and you'll do fine.

FUHRMAN

Let's just get this over with.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - COURTROOM - MORNING

F. LEE BAILEY, in his grand manner, conducts his cross-examination. He doesn't hide his disdain for Fuhrman.

F LEE BAILEY

Did you experience any disappointment when Det. Phillips told you you were being removed from the murder case?

FUHRMAN

Well, yeah. I was disappointed.

F LEE BAILEY

Did it go a little further than that, Detective?

FUHRMAN

Not at all.

F LEE BAILEY

Weren't you a little bit angry that you were being shoved out of a murder in your own territory?

FUHRMAN

I wouldn't call it "shoved out."

F LEE BAILEY

Hadn't you spent your career waiting to make "a big arrest?"

FUHRMAN

No. I was just disappointed in losing a case that looked very interesting and complex.

F LEE BAILEY

How many times in the past have you
been pushed aside in favor of
other, more senior detectives?

FUHRMAN

It happens quite frequently.

F LEE BAILEY

How many times?

FUHRMAN

Probably three or four.

F LEE BAILEY

Who took over in those cases?

FUHRMAN

Robbery/Homicide.

F LEE BAILEY

And didn't you want to "do
something" to prove yourself?

FUHRMAN

No. I did not.

F LEE BAILEY

I want to talk about Rockingham for
a moment. You went behind the
bungalows where Kato said he heard
a noise, correct?

FUHRMAN

Yes, I went on the pathway.

F LEE BAILEY

And you walked there by yourself?

FUHRMAN

Yes.

F LEE BAILEY

You were wearing no bullet proof
vest, correct?

FUHRMAN

That's right.

F LEE BAILEY

You had other detectives who were
armed in the house and you didn't
tell any of them where you were
going, correct?

FUHRMAN

Yes, but--

F LEE BAILEY

-You didn't ask any of them to come with you? To cover you?

FUHRMAN

That's correct.

F LEE BAILEY

When you found the glove at Rockingham, you knew you would be on the case as long as it lasted? Since you found such an important piece of evidence?

FUHRMAN

No. I couldn't make that determination at the time. I didn't know what the implication of the glove was.

F LEE BAILEY

But you thought it looked like the one you saw at Bundy, correct?

FUHRMAN

Yes, sir.

F. Lee Bailey turns on Fuhrman. As casually as if he was asking someone to pass the salt...

F LEE BAILEY

Do you use the word "nigger" in describing people?

FUHRMAN

No, sir.

F LEE BAILEY

Have you used that word in the past ten years?

FUHRMAN

Not that I recall, no.

F LEE BAILEY

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

FUHRMAN

I'm not sure I understand.

F LEE BAILEY

I will rephrase. I want you to assume that at some point since 1985, you addressed a member of the African American race as a nigger. Is it possible that you have forgotten that act?

FUHRMAN

No. It's not possible.

F LEE BAILEY

You are therefore saying that you have not used that word in the past ten years?

FUHRMAN

Yes, that is what I'm saying.

F LEE BAILEY

And you say under oath that you have not addressed any black person as a nigger or spoken about black people as niggers in the past ten years?

FUHRMAN

That's what I'm saying, sir.

F LEE BAILEY

So anyone who comes to this court and quotes you as using that word in dealing with African Americans would be a liar, would they not?

FUHRMAN

Yes, they would.

F LEE BAILEY

All of them?

FUHRMAN

All of them. Yes.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Fuhrman exits with Marcia.

MARCI

That wasn't so bad.

FUHRMAN

You try answering questions like
that in front of a billion people.

MARCIAB

It's embarrassing, but they have no
proof you planted anything and not
one credible witness who can say
you've used those words. This is
it, Mark. You're in the clear.

Fuhrman's not so sure about that.

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Mike strides down the hall while talking on his cell.

MIKE

(into phone)

Hey, what's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Debbie finishes making breakfast for David, who sits at the
kitchen table. She's not happy with Mike.

DEBBIE

Where are you? You were gone
before I woke up this morning.

MIKE

Yeah. We've got a lot going on.

DEBBIE

I know. We barely see you anymore.
Home late, out early. How much
longer is this supposed to last?

MIKE

I dunno, Deb. Why don't you ask
Marcia Clark?

Ouch.

DEBBIE

Mike--

MIKE

-I know, I know. That was a shitty
ass thing to say. Sorry.

DEBBIE

Yeah.

She sets down a plate in front of David, kisses him on the head, and moves into another room. Quietly...

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Look, David's been asking if you're coming to his game on Saturday.

MIKE

Of course I am.

DEBBIE

Really? Because you've missed every one this season.

MIKE

No I haven't...have I?

DEBBIE

Please be there. He misses you.

MIKE

Okay, okay. I'll be there. I gotta go. We've got a bunch of important stuff to do today.

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Several different colored ties are laid out on the conference table. Mike fusses with them and OJ while Shapiro and Cochran go over strategy on the other side of the room.

MIKE

Which one do you like?

OJ

Can't wear red. They're going over blood evidence tomorrow.

MIKE

Okay.

Mike selects a stripped blue tie, holds it up to OJ.

MIKE (CONT'D)

This one's good. Not too powerful.

(no response)

We have others here, if you--

OJ

-It's not that.

MIKE

Then what?

OJ glances over to Shapiro and Cochran. They aren't paying OJ and Mike any attention.

OJ

They're making me try on the gloves.

MIKE

Yeah, so?

OJ

I don't wanna put them on, man. Nicole's blood is still on them. I don't wanna do it.

MIKE

Juice...

OJ

They said the blood might make them shrink, but if they didn't--if they fit, everyone's gonna think I did it.

Mike thinks on this a moment. He selects another tie, an idea is forming.

MIKE

What happens to your hands when you stop taking your arthritis medication?

OJ

What? Why?

MIKE

I'm just asking.

OJ

They hurt like hell. They swell up too. They get huge.

MIKE

Maybe it's time you stopped taking your medication.

OJ gets the message. He selects another tie, holds it up.

OJ

I like this one.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

OJ squeezes his swollen hands into the bloody gloves. He holds them up to the JURY.

OJ
They don't fit.

Mike watches OJ's show, not quite sure how he feels about it.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - MORNING

It's a crisp morning. All the PARENTS have coats on, warming themselves by drinking coffee as they watch their KIDS battle it out on the soccer field. Mike finds Debbie.

MIKE
I made it.

DEBBIE
You did.

They watch as David weaves past another PLAYER. Mike CLAPS and CHEERS for his son.

MIKE
Good work, buddy. Good work!

A SOCCER MOTHER comes over to Mike and Debbie.

SOCCKER MOM
Hey Debbie, can you help me set up the snacks for the kids?

DEBBIE
Sure.
(to Mike)
Will you be okay on your own?

Mike smiles, kisses her on the cheek. Debbie disappears with the Soccer Mom. Mike focuses back on the game. One of the soccer dads, SIMON, steps up next to Mike.

SIMON
Hey, Mike.

MIKE
(forgotten his name)
Hey...

SIMON
Simon.

MIKE

Right. Sorry.

SIMON

I've been seeing you on TV a lot lately, coming in and out of the courthouse. Didn't realize you were so connected.

MIKE

I didn't either, to be honest.

SIMON

It's gotta be a trip, though. Spending all that time with someone who is capable of something like that.

Mike's not sure how to respond. He just lets Simon's words hang there for a moment. Awkward.

MIKE

We're just trying to do the best we can.

The final whistle BLOWS. *Thank god.* KIDS race off the field. David comes over with his friend, RYAN, who is also Simon's son. Ryan's bursting with excitement.

RYAN

Dad, can David come over and play?

SIMON

Uhhh, not today. We've got some errands we've gotta run.

RYAN

But you said I could have someone over after the game to help build my fort!

SIMON

Maybe next week.

RYAN

But you said! You're not fair!

Mike sees what's going on here. He steps in to save the day.

MIKE

Sorry, buddy. But we're having a family day today. Maybe some other time, okay?

Ryan races off, nearly in tears. Simon nods politely and follows after his son. David's very confused.

DAVID
What was that about?

MIKE
Nothing, buddy. Come on, lets get some snacks.

INT. MARK FUHRMAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fuhrman cooks some dinner when the phone RINGS. He answers.

FUHRMAN
(into phone)
Yeah?

DARRYL (ON PHONE)
Mark? It's me. We got a situation. Do you know someone named Laura Hart McKinney?

Fuck me.

INT. DARRYL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Fuhrman panics, pacing around the office as he tries to explain the situation to Darryl.

DARRYL
Who is she?

FUHRMAN
A screenwriter, or she was. I think she's married and living in North Carolina now.

DARRYL
Okay. How do you know her?

FUHRMAN
I met her back in '85, I think. She hired me as a consultant for a script she was writing about female police officers.

DARRYL
Why does she have tapes?

FUHRMAN

She interviewed me on and off for a few years. It was a long time ago.

DARRYL

Mark, what's on those tapes?

FUHRMAN

She was so innocent. I was just trying to shock her with the shit I'd seen and the way things are out there.

DARRYL

Mark--

FUHRMAN

I spent years going into the most dangerous parts of the city, putting myself at risk, to protect minorities and their loved ones, their families and their friends, and all that is getting wiped away like it never happened because I--

DARRYL

-What's on the tapes, Mark?

Fuhrman stares at Darryl. He's almost shaking. Terrified.

FUHRMAN

I think I really fucked up.

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Mike enters with a stack of leather patches. OJ sits waiting for him. The second OJ sees him, he beams.

OJ

Mike Gilbert! I got a surprise for you.

MIKE

For me?

OJ

About your favorite Det. Fuhrman. We got tapes on him.

MIKE

Tapes? What kind of tapes?

OJ

Tapes of him saying all kinds of
racist shit about Mexicans and
niggers and framing people.

MIKE

Are you fucking with me? The
golden boy detective said all that?

OJ

Sure did. And we got 'em now.
He's gonna fry for this.

MIKE

I thought you liked Fuhrman. What
happened to all that talk about him
being such a good cop?

OJ

(winking)

Even good people do very bad
things.

Mike doesn't roll his eyes, but he's damn close. Cochran,
Shapiro, and F. Lee Bailey enter. They set up shop.

OJ (CONT'D)

Did you get 'em?

F LEE BAILEY

We got 'em. Wait'll you hear
what's on these. It's sick.

Mike watches as he sets up a portable tape player.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HQ - MARCIA CLARK'S OFFICE - SAME

Marcia and Chris Darden are listening to the tapes as well.
It's all just bits of dialogue from Fuhrman being interviewed
by Laura Hart McKinney.

FUHRMAN (ON TAPE RECORDER)

"...all these niggers in the L.A.
City government, all of them should
be lined up against a wall and
fucking shot."

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - OFFICE - SAME

The DREAM TEAM, OJ, and Mike are listening too.

FUHRMAN (ON TAPE RECORDER)

"You know these people here, we got all this money going to Ethiopia. For what? To feed a bunch of dumb niggers that their own government won't even feed."

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HQ - MARCIA CLARK'S OFFICE - SAME
Marcia covers her mouth, in shock over what she hears.

FUHRMAN (ON TAPE RECORDER)

"What if I've just been raped by two buck niggers and a female cop shows up?"

Marcia stands and goes to the window. She stares out over LA, taking in everything she's just heard.

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - OFFICE - SAME

The men are shocked and almost elated over this find.

FUHRMAN (ON TAPE RECORDER)

"It's pretty clear-cut who the assholes are. You go to Pacoima, you got bikers and niggers."

Cochran shakes his head, turning off the tapes.

COCHRAN

That's about all we need to hear of that. Looks like we need to call Mr. Mark Fuhrman back to the stand.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

The sun rises and sets over the land of palm trees and movie stars. Before long, it rises again...

INT. MARK FUHRMAN'S HOME - DAY

Fuhrman's on the phone, pacing and nervous as he talks.

FUHRMAN

(into phone)

Is Marcia in?...It's Mark Fuhrman...I know she's busy, but I've left, like, six messages and she hasn't...

(MORE)

FUHRMAN (CONT'D)

(a beat)

The defense is putting me back on the stand tomorrow, so yeah, it's kind of an emergency. I've need to know how she wants me spin this in our favor...Yeah, sure. Tell her I called.

Fuck. Fuhrman throws his phone against the wall.

INT. DARRYL'S OFFICE - DAY

Fuhrman and Darryl are in mid-conversation.

FUHRMAN

What the hell is going on? I haven't been able to get Marcia, or Chris, or anyone from the District Attorney's office on the phone.

DARRYL

I know. Neither have I.

FUHRMAN

They're turning their backs on me. Marcia looked me in the eye and said she wouldn't do that.

DARRYL

Well now she's doing it. I have something to tell you and you're not going to like it.

FUHRMAN

What?

DARRYL

I think you should plead the 5th.

This stops Fuhrman. He's stunned.

FUHRMAN

I'm a detective. I didn't do anything wrong.

DARRYL

This is for your protection.

FUHRMAN

From what?

DARRYL

Mark, they're going to prosecute
you.

FUHRMAN

For perjury? No one gets
prosecuted for perjury and I didn't
do it anyway. You have to lie
about something pertaining to the
guilt or innocence of the Defendant
and I sure as shit didn't do that.

DARRYL

IT DOESN'T FUCKING MATTER WHEN
THOSE TAPES END UP ON HARD COPY!!!
You're going to be the most reviled
man in the country next to OJ
Simpson. Don't you get that?!?

That doesn't sit well with Fuhrman. He takes a breath,
trying to calm himself. Darryl tries to soften the blow.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

We can fight a perjury charge, but
the more you talk, the more trouble
we're gonna get in.

FUHRMAN

You know the questions they're
gonna ask if I start taking the
5th?

DARRYL

Yeah, I do.

FUHRMAN

It'll kill the case. If I do what
you're telling me to do, Simpson
will go free.

DARRYL

Fuck OJ. You gotta start thinking
about yourself. Isn't that what
Marcia's doing?

Fuhrman thinks on that, not liking it one bit.

EXT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - DAY

TITLE CARD: September 6th, 1995

The media hasn't died down one bit. Fuhrman and Darryl
squeeze through the chaos to get to the courthouse.

REPORTERS shout questions at Fuhrman like, "Detective, are you a racist?" "Did you plant the glove?" "Did you have a sexual relationship with Laura Hart McKinney?"

Fuhrman hurries into the courthouse, avoiding the shouts.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

Fuhrman takes the witness stand. Ito addresses him.

ITO
Good afternoon, detective.

FUHRMAN
Good afternoon, your honor.

ITO
You are reminded, sir, that you are still under oath. Mr. Ulemen, you may proceed.

Ulemen gets up from the defense table, begins questioning.

ULEMEN
Det. Fuhrman, was the testimony you gave at the preliminary hearing in this case completely truthful?

Fuhrman looks to Darryl, who nods for him to continue.

FUHRMAN
I wish to assert my 5th amendment privilege.

ULEMEN
Have you ever falsified a police report?

FUHRMAN
I wish to assert my 5th amendment privilege.

ULEMEN
Is it your intention to assert your fifth amendment privilege to all questions I ask you?

FUHRMAN
Yes.

ULEMEN
I just have one more question.

DARRYL

Your honor, further questions don't serve any purpose since my client has already answered that he will be asserting his 5th amendment privilege. Anything further can only be for show.

ULEMEN

I only have one other question, you Honor.

ITO

What is that, Mr. Ulemen?

ULEMEN

Det. Fuhrman, did you plant or manufacture evidence in this case?

This is the question that steams Fuhrman's blood. Marcia won't even look at him. Fuhrman takes a deep breath, trying to calm himself...

FUHRMAN

I assert my 5th amendment privilege.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Fuhrman pushes out of the courtroom. Darryl follows him.

DARRYL

Mark, you did great. You did exactly what you were supposed to--

FUHRMAN

-Just give me a...

Fuhrman braces himself against the wall, trying to get a hold of himself. Pissed, he PUNCHES a wall.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

Marcia delivers her closing statement.

MARCIAB

Usually I feel like I'm the only one left to speak for the victims, but before we talk about Ron and Nicole, let me come back to Mark Fuhrman for a minute.

(MORE)

MARCIA (CONT'D)

Did he lie when he testified that he did not use racial epithets in the last ten years? Yes. Is he a racist? Yes. Is he the worst the LAPD has to offer? Yes. Do we wish that he was never hired by the LAPD? Yes. In fact, do we wish there were no such person on the planet? Yes. But the fact that Mark Fuhrman is a racist and lied about it on the witness stand does not mean that we haven't proven the Defendant guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. In this case, Ron and Nicole are speaking to you. They're telling you who murdered them. Nicole started before she died. The calls to 911, the photos of her battered face. She knew she was going to die. And Ron, he speaks to you, too. He forced his murderer to leave evidence behind that you might not ordinarily have found. They are both telling you who did it with their hair, their clothes, their bodies, their blood. They tell you he did it. Orenthal James Simpson. They told you in the only way they can. Will you hear them or will you ignore their plea for justice?

(a beat)

It would be a tragedy if you found Mr. Simpson not guilty, despite all the evidence, because of the racist attitudes of one police officer.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - DAY

Mike walks out with Cathy and Skip. They look exhausted.

MIKE

How long do you think it'll take for a verdict?

SKIP

Rule of thumb is one hour for every day of testimony.

MIKE

That could take a month.

SKIP

It's just a general guideline, but this case has blown all of that out of the water. No one knows anything.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Mike sits at his desk when the phone RINGS. He answers.

MIKE
(into phone)
This is Mike.

CATHY (ON PHONE)
Mike, it's Cathy. The jury, they've reached a verdict.

MIKE
(into phone)
Are you fucking with me? The judge just turned it over to them, like, three hours ago.

CATHY (ON PHONE)
We just heard. They're announcing in the morning. You've gotta get back down here, Mike.

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Cathy and Mike hurry down the hall, almost running. They push their way into an...

OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone's going a mile a minute. Shapiro, Cochran, F. Lee Bailey, Kardashian, etc. They're all talking over each other, while OJ sits in the middle of it all, listening.

F LEE BAILEY
I've got a jet. You can take it anywhere you want.

SHAPIRO
Florida?

COCHRAN
No. Maui. We can hide him in a hotel until all this blows over.

KARDASHIAN
That could take months.

COCHRAN
So what?

SHAPIRO
He'll just end up trading one
prison cell for another.

COCHRAN
No prison cell in the world has
five star room service and 5000
thread count sheets. He'll be
fine.

F LEE BAILEY
But he needs to make a speech, talk
to the cameras. He's gotta show
everyone he's ready to be welcomed
back into the community.

KARDASHIAN
If they'll let him back.

COCHRAN
That's a fucked up thing to say.

KARDASHIAN
Have you seen the news?

COCHRAN
No, I stick my head in the sand.

KARDASHIAN
It's a perfectly legitimate point.
Being found guilty isn't the only
problem he's gotta worry about.

F LEE BAILEY
One thing at a time. First, we've
gotta figure out what he's going to
say and where he's going to go.

OJ
I'm going home.

Everyone stops what they're doing. They all turn and focus
their attention on OJ.

OJ (CONT'D)
I don't want jets. I don't wanna
go to some hotel.
(MORE)

OJ (CONT'D)

I haven't seen my kids. I just wanna go home to Rockingham and sleep in my bed.

SHAPIRO

Then that's what you'll do.

A GUARD enters, leans into Mike.

GUARD

You got a minute?

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike stands talking with the Guard.

MIKE

What's up?

GUARD

OJ isn't going to be making any speeches if he's found not guilty.

MIKE

Excuse me?

GUARD

This isn't TV. If he's found not guilty, he's gotta be processed out, just like anybody else.

MIKE

But he isn't like anybody else.

GUARD

Which is why we have to be extremely careful to ensure his safety. We've gotten a lot of death threats and if anything happens to him while he's on the property, we're liable.

Mike huffs on this for a moment. Then:

MIKE

Fine. What do we do?

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mike reenters the meeting, shutting the door behind him. Shapiro notices.

SHAPIRO

What was that all about?

MIKE

OJ can't walk out the front door
and talk to reporters if he's found
not guilty.

F LEE BAILEY

Why not? This is his moment.

MIKE

They've been getting death threats.
You have to go back to jail before
they'll release you.

OJ

I'm not going back in that cell,
Mike.

MIKE

You won't have to. You just have
to sign some papers and collect
your personal items. That kind of
thing. They have a back exit we
can use, but they suggest we use
multiple cars.

OJ

This is insane.

MIKE

It's to make sure you're safe.

OJ

No, I mean, we don't even know what
the verdict's gonna be. This whole
conversation could be moot.

MIKE

They're not going to find you
guilty.

OJ

You know that for sure, Mike? Can
you guarantee me that? They
deliberated for three and a half
hours after a nine month trial.
That's it. They're real sure about
me one way or another.

Everyone gets real quiet, real fast.

OJ (CONT'D)

I want you all to make me a promise. If I'm guilty, I don't want any of you to visit me. I don't wanna see any of you ever again. I'm serious. I won't have anything to offer anymore. I won't be me. Promise me.

No one says a word. They all silently nod.

INT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Mike walks with Cathy and Skip toward the exit. Reporters can be seen through the glass, eagerly awaiting them. Before they reach the door, Mike stops, turns back.

CATHY

Mike...?

Tears overwhelm him. He covers his face and sobs. Cathy gently pats him on the back as Mike tries to control himself. He wipes his face, takes a deep breath.

MIKE

Let's get out of here.

EXT. LA CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Cameras FLASH! REPORTERS shove their mics forward, shouting as Mike, Skip, and Cathy try and make their way to their cars. Mike hides his tear stained face and hurries along.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S HOME - NIGHT

Mike tosses and turns in bed. He ends up staring up at the ceiling. Lost.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - MORNING

The sun rises over the palm trees, shinning brightly over the Hollywood sign. It's a beautiful fall day.

TITLE CARD: October 3, 1995

INT. MARK FUHRMAN'S HOME - MORNING

Fuhrman pours a cup of coffee. He looks at the television, debates turning it on. Finally, he does.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S HOME - SAME

Mike stands watching the same coverage with his wife, Debbie.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - COURTROOM - SAME

OJ and his group of lawyers take their seats. Marcia sits confidently with Chris Darden. Everyone waits until Judge Ito enters. Everyone stands.

INT. BANK - SAME

TELLERS and CUSTOMERS have stopped to listen to the radio.

INT. MARK FUHRMAN'S HOME - SAME

Fuhrman paces, unable to stay still.

JURY FOREWOMAN (ON TV)
We, the jury...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SAME

TEACHERS and their STUDENTS huddle around a TV, watching.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S HOME - SAME

Mike's glued to the screen.

JURY FOREWOMAN (ON TV)
...find the defendant, Orenthal
James Simpson...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SAME

Meetings have come to a halt. Everyone's attention is on one thing and one thing only: The verdict.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - COURTROOM - SAME

Everyone's on the edge of their seats, waiting for...

JURY FOREWOMAN
...Not guilty of the crime of
murder, a felony, upon Nicole Brown
Simpson, a human being.

OJ pumps a fist, exhaling a sign of relief. His lawyers pat each other's backs. They did it.

EXT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - SAME

The CROWD GOES WILD. Some SCREAM. Some CHEER. Nine months of passion and aggression just got released at once.

INT. MARK FUHRMAN'S HOME - SAME

Fuhrman drops onto the couch, unable to believe what he's seeing and hearing.

JURY FOREWOMAN (ON TV)
We the jury find the defendant,
Orenthal James Simpson, not guilty
of the crime of murder, a felony
upon Ronald Lyle Goldman, a human
being.

He shakes his head.

FUHRMAN
Un-fucking-believable.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S HOME

Mike can't help but cry. Debbie takes him in her arms, soothing him as best she can.

DEBBIE
It's all over now.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - AFTERNOON

But it's far from over. NEWS VANS line the streets. REPORTERS cover every inch they possibly can. FANS and HATERS have flocked to Rockingham as well. Signs read "MURDERER", "BUTCHER", and "GET OUT OF OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD, KILLER."

Mike squeezes his way through the crowd to the front gate. A GUARD lets him in.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Mike steps inside the mansion. It's a party, a flurry of activity.

DELIVERY MEN drop off pizza, four tiered cakes, ice cream. Fresh cut flower arrangements are carried from room to room. Everyone's beaming, happy, rejoicing.

Mike spots Cathy in the mass of people who've assembled.

MIKE
Where is he?

CATHY
Upstairs.

They share a hug. Mike takes the stairs two at a time.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - OJ'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike enters to find OJ laying on his bed, propped up by some pillows. He looks relaxed, finally at ease. He spots Mike, a big smile coming over his face.

OJ
Mike Gilbert!

He pulls Mike down onto the bed, hugging and kissing him. Mike laughs and squirms away.

MIKE
Hey, hey, don't give me jail sex, man. You're the one who's been in jail for a year and a half, not me.

OJ can't help but laugh, letting Mike up.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I told you they'd let you go.

OJ
You sure did. It's good to be back here. This is my home. My bed.

MIKE
Things can get back to normal now.

OJ's smile fades.

OJ
I don't know about that.

He turns on the television. OJ news coverage is EVERYWHERE. Every channel has commentators and footage of the verdict. Many of the REPORTERS are just outside the Rockingham gates.

MIKE

It'll die down. This is just today because of the verdict.

OJ flips the channel. TAMMY BRUCE from NOW (National Organization for Women) is being interviewed on CNN.

OJ

You been listening to this? These women are demonizing me and they're praising Nicole. They never would've defended Nicole when she was alive. These women, these so-called feminists, would've hated Nicole and everything she was. No education, married rich, got by in life on her looks. Now they're using her for a membership drive. Fucking crazy.

Mike sees all the hate mongering happening on TV. It's awful. But something else catches his eye. Something discarded on the floor. OJ's suit.

MIKE

What are you going to do with that suit? It's a piece of history now.

OJ

You want it? Take it. It's the least I can do.

MIKE

Yeah? Thanks. I'll keep it from falling into the wrong hands.

He collects it off the floor, putting it on a hanger. As he heads toward the door...

OJ

There's gonna be another trial. A civil one. The Goldman's and the Brown's--they're gonna come after me.

MIKE

You beat this one, Juice. You'll beat the next one.

OJ

Everyone hates me. How am I ever gonna get a fair trial with this shit on TV?

Mike doesn't know what to say. So he says nothing and walks out the door, leaving OJ with his self pity.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S HOME - NIGHT

Mike enters, exhausted. He tosses the suit on a chair. Debbie comes in, sees him.

DEBBIE

Hey. How'd it go?

MIKE

It's been a long, long eighteen months. And it's not over. OJ's now worried about not getting a fair civil trial. It's unending.

DEBBIE

But it has to end eventually right? I mean, at some point, you're going to have to walk away from all this.

MIKE

We've been over this. He's my client, Deb--

DEBBIE

-Do not play like you're not enjoying this, Mike. I know you. You've been loving all these backroom deals, the attention. You're the go-to guy. The guy who makes things happen.

MIKE

Can we not do this today? Today is supposed to be a celebration.

DEBBIE

No. Today is a wake-up call.

Debbie hits a button on the answering machine.

MAN'S VOICE (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)

Gilbert, you will be in the wrong place at the wrong time and I'll kill you and your nigger client. We'll kill your kids too, cut their throats like Ron and Nicole, and leave them on your doorstep.

Debbie stops the message. Mike's face has gone white.

DEBBIE

You know who Tammy Bruce is? Works for NOW? She's been giving out our number, telling everyone to call and tell you what they think of the guy who helped fund OJ's defense.

MIKE

I don't know what to say.

DEBBIE

Say you're done with him. Say you saw him through the trial and it's over and good-fucking-riddance.

Mike stares at her, alone and lost.

MIKE

I can't do that to him. He's my friend.

DEBBIE

He's not your friend. He never was. He was your hero. Don't you think it's time to let that go?

Is it? Mike's not sure. Debbie walks out of the room.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - DAY

TITLE CARD: October 2nd, 1996

Fuhrman and Darryl walk down a corridor, flanked by security. This is not the confident Fuhrman we've seen. Before they enter the courtroom...

DARRYL

You don't have to do this. I told you we can fight it. You didn't commit perjury, Mark.

FUHRMAN

I know I didn't. I'm not being prosecuted for perjury. I'm being prosecuted for being a bigot.

DARRYL

You're not that either.

FUHRMAN

Says you. I can't keep doing this. I can't afford another trial.

(MORE)

FUHRMAN (CONT'D)
I can barely afford to pay you for
the last one.

DARRYL
If you do this, you'll never be
able to vote again. You'll never
be able to own a weapon. You'll be
a convicted felon.

FUHRMAN
Maybe I deserve it.

DARRYL
We've already been over this. You
didn't--

FUHRMAN
-I'm not taking about the trial. I
loved being a cop. I loved it.
Every minute of it. But when I met
Nicole ten years ago, she was
sitting on the hood of a car that
OJ'd smashed in, sobbing. I saw
what was going on, but I left it up
to her. Did she want help? No.
Maybe all this wouldn't have
happened if I'd been a better cop,
if I hadn't left her crying on the
hood of a broken car.

Darryl nods. Together, they go into the courtroom.

INT. LA COUNTY COURT HOUSE - DAY

Fuhrman sits with his lawyer. Darryl notices Fuhrman's far
away look.

DARRYL
Having second thoughts?

FUHRMAN
No, I've just never sat on this
side of the courtroom before.

JUDGE OUDERKIRK enters, takes his seat. Everyone stands.
Onderkirk reads from a file in front of him.

OUDERKIRK
"This case, The People of the State
of California vs. Mark Fuhrman."
Mr. Fuhrman, to the charges of
perjury, how do you plea?

FUHRMAN
No contest, your honor.

OUDERKIRK
Are you sure? You're entitled to a trial. Perjury is a serious offense, but it has been concluded that you gave no false testimony related to the crime.

FUHRMAN
I understand, sir.

OUDERKIRK
And you still wish to enter a no contest plea?

Fuhrman takes a deep breath. This isn't easy for him.

FUHRMAN
Yes.

OUDERKIRK
You are hereby sentenced to three years formal probation and a \$200 fine. And the order of this court is that you will obey all laws. Do you understand this, Mr. Fuhrman?

FUHRMAN
Yes, your honor.

OUDERKIRK
Alright. Next case.

Ouderkirk BANGS his gavel. Fuhrman gets up and heads out of the courtroom as soon as possible. The second Fuhrman pushes through the doors, WHITE LIGHT floods over him. It's over.

EXT. SANTA MONICA COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: February 4th, 1997

Again, REPORTERS, FANS, and HATERS have gathered for the latest in the OJ Simpson saga. A REPORTER recaps what's happened so far this evening.

REPORTER
Just a few minutes ago, OJ Simpson was found guilty, or financially liable for the deaths of his ex-wife, Nicole Brown Simpson, and her friend, Ron Goldman.
(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

The jury awarded \$25 million to the Brown family and \$8.5 million to the Goldman's. Behind me, Fred Goldman, Ron's father, is about to speak.

ANGLE ON COURTHOUSE STEPS

Lights FLASH as FRED GOLDMAN takes center stage. He is glowing, proud of this moment, but still haunted by the loss of his son. His daughter, KIM, stands with him.

FRED GOLDMAN

It's been a little over two and a half years, but we finally have justice for Ron and Nicole. Our family is grateful for a verdict of responsibility, which is all we ever wanted and we have it, thank god.

Fred's voice breaks. More cameras FLASH. REPORTERS shout questions. Everyone's trying to get a piece of the action.

From another side of the building, OJ, his lawyers, and Mike make a quick exit. They hurry into an awaiting car and speed away from the ensuing madness.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

OJ sits, fuming across from Mike.

OJ
\$33.5 million? Are they out of their fucking minds?

MIKE
We can make money.

OJ
By doing what? Signing autographs for a couple hundred bucks?
Please. I still owe money on the first trial. I'm fucked.

MIKE
You're not fucked. You're just not going to be able to live like you've been living.

OJ
They're going to take Rockingham?

MIKE

Yeah.

OJ

And everything I own?

MIKE

Yeah.

OJ

My Heisman....

MIKE

That'll be the first thing they take, but at least your pension from the NFL is safe.

OJ

\$25,000 a month. Who the fuck lives on that?

MIKE

You mean, besides everyone in the world?

OJ

Don't get smart, Mike. This is the worst case scenario.

MIKE

No, the worse case scenario was you spending the rest of your life behind bars. This is inconvenient.

OJ

What the hell do you suggest we do now? Just sit and wait for them to come and take everything from me?

MIKE

Of course not. We'll sell off the things that matter least. Your condo in New York, the house in Laguna, the cars. Your stake in those restaurants. We'll use that to keep the Brown's and Goldman's at bay for awhile. The last thing we need is them showing up at Rockingham before we're ready.

OJ laughs.

OJ

That's what I love about you, Mike.
Always thinking.

But Mike's not laughing, or smiling. He looks away from OJ, starting to get disgusted with himself.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S CAR - DAY

Mike drives past a slew of NEWS VANS, pulling into Rockingham, with David in the passenger seat.

MIKE

We won't be long. I just gotta have OJ sign some papers and then we can hang together all day.

DAVID

You think Uncle OJ will let me hit golf balls at the news vans again?

MIKE

I can pretty much guarantee it.

That's when Mike spots a plethora of MOVING VANS all over the property. What the fuck...?

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - DAY

MOVERS are everywhere. They take paintings off walls, rolling up expensive rugs, hauling out furniture.

DAVID

Dad, what's going on?

MIKE

I don't know.

He spots Cathy in the middle of it all.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Cathy, what is this?

CATHY

One of the guards at the jail tipped us off. The Sheriff is coming tomorrow along with movers hired by the Goldman's. Whatever we don't want seized, we've got to get out of here now.

MIKE

Fuck.

CATHY

It gets better. Fred Goldman got a list from OJ's insurance company of every item valued at over \$10,000, so we have to be very careful what we take.

MIKE

Where's OJ?

CATHY

Playing golf.

MIKE

Now?!?

CATHY

Yes, now! He can't know what's going on here.

MIKE

But he does know, right?

CATHY

Of course he fucking knows. We learned all about alibis last time, Mike. This one's air tight.

MIKE

I don't believe this. We have one day. One.

CATHY

Yeah. Better get to work.

Cathy disappears into the mass of MOVERS. Mike goes back to David, who's been patiently waiting.

MIKE

How'd you like to hit golf balls at news vans for the next twelve to fifteen hours?

David beams, genuinely excited at the idea.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - DAY

Everyone's going every which way with items from the house. It's complete and total chaos.

Mike and Cathy do their best to keep tabs on everything, but it's just not possible with an estate that large.

Mike focuses on the sports memorabilia, specifically the glass encased USC jersey hanging on the wall. One of the MOVERS helps him take it down. Cathy spots them.

CATHY

You can't take that. They'll notice if his most famous piece of memorabilia is gone.

MIKE

Second most famous. The Heisman is the first.

CATHY

Fine. The second most famous, asshole. Put it back.

MIKE

No. I have an idea.

He holds up a similar looking signed jersey that's signed by OJ and is brand spanking new.

CATHY

What the hell is that?

MIKE

A USC jersey. We've got like 80 of them in the garage. I'm gonna switch them.

CATHY

But it looks brand new.

MIKE

It is brand new. OJ signed it in prison.

CATHY

Mike, no one's going to buy that--

MIKE

-Give me five minutes.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - GARDEN - DAY

Mike rubs the brand new jersey in dirt and leaves, getting it nice and warn in.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and one of the movers put the glass encased USC jersey back on the wall. Mike steps back and admires his handiwork with Cathy.

CATHY

I'll be damned. I'll let you get back to work.

MIKE

Thanks.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - LATER

Mike takes all of OJ's fancy signed game balls off their display pedestals and packs them into a box and send it off with the MOVERS.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - GARAGE - LATER

Mike opens up a box of deflated footballs. He starts pumping them up, one after the other.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - LATER

Mike signs OJ's name to each of the brand new games balls he just inflated. As soon as he's done, he puts them neatly back on the display pedestals. Done and done.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Mike loads a box into the back of a moving truck. He's exhausted and it's showing. Cathy sees him.

CATHY

You can take a break, you know?

MIKE

I just wanna get done as much as we can.

Cathy spots David hitting golf balls over the wall of the property.

CATHY

I love watching your kid use \$100,000 golf clubs to hit balls at the media. OJ was torn up that we can't pack them.

MIKE
Who says we can't?

INT. SALVATION ARMY - AFTERNOON

Mike walks right up to a SALES PERSON.

MIKE
I want the cheapest set of golf clubs you've got.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - LATE AFTERNOON

Mike carries an old set of golf clubs toward David. He hands him one of the clubs.

MIKE
Hey bud, I'm gonna have you use these from now on.

DAVID
Why?

MIKE
OJ wants to take those with him.
Here. Use these. Whack your brains out.

Mike switches the good golf clubs for the bad ones. David takes a swing, knocking another ball over the wall.

DAVID
I don't like these as well.

MIKE
That's because the difference between them could put you through college four times.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Piles of STEAMING HOT pizza boxes line the counters. MOVERS chow down in shifts. Everyone's exhausted, but still moving. Mike eats a slice of pizza, while talking on the phone, and ruffling David's hair as he eats too.

MIKE
(into phone)
There is literally no time left.
We need more storage units...what about in the Valley....6 more?
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Good. Thank you. I'll sign the forms and fax them over.

He hangs up as Cathy enters.

CATHY

We've got more vans coming.

MIKE

Great. I got us 6 more units at a place in Ventura. Where's OJ?

CATHY

Golf, then dinner, drinks. He wants to come home.

MIKE

He can't yet. We're nowhere near finished.

CATHY

We'll sneak him in the back and put him to bed. No one will know.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - NIGHT

A CAR pulls up through the gate, drives toward the side entrance. The DRIVER gets out, opens the back door of the car to reveal OJ laying down.

Mike and Cathy help him out of the car. OJ's drunk and stoned, stumbling into the house.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - NIGHT

OJ's got one arm around Mike, singing as they make their way up the grand staircase.

OJ

(singing)

I would not be just a nuthin' / My head all full of stuffin' / My heart all full of pain / I would dance and be merry / Life would be a ding-a-derry / If I only had a brain.

MIKE

You are not seriously singing that.

OJ

It's a good song.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - OJ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike sets OJ down in a chair.

MIKE

Try and get some sleep. We've got
a big day tomorrow.

OJ

Don't go, Mike.

MIKE

I've got work to do.

OJ

You've always got work to do. Sit
with me, Mike. Just sit with me.

Reluctantly, Mike sits. OJ pulls out a joint, lights it. It's started RAINING outside, so the only sound is that of the rain hitting the windows.

MIKE

We've been packing all day.
Everything's going to storage.

OJ

Good. Gotta keep my stuff away
from the greedy Goldman's.

MIKE

OJ--

OJ

-I don't mind if the Brown's get my
shit, cause it'll just end up going
to Sydney and Justin.

Mike shifts, uncomfortable.

OJ (CONT'D)

But that Goldman, man, he just
won't let it go.

Rage begins building inside Mike. He desperately tries to
keep it at bay.

OJ (CONT'D)

He keeps at me. We try to make a
deal, he throws it in my face.

MIKE

Juice--

OJ

-I heard he even wants to take a sledgehammer to my Heisman. Oh and he found out my mom's home is in my name and is trying to take that!

MIKE

Can we not--

OJ

-My own mother. He wants to put her out on the street. It's fucking sick. That's what it is. He's a fucking sick, cocksucker.

MIKE

(exploding)

HE LOST HIS SON!!!!

That sure woke OJ up. Mike can't believe what he just said.

OJ

What did you say?

MIKE

He lost his son. He's angry. He's doing exactly what you would do if someone knifed Justin to death.

OJ

Is that so?

MIKE

Yeah.

OJ takes a big hit off his joint. Mike looks at him, now more pissed than ever. This is his moment.

MIKE (CONT'D)

OJ, what happened that night?

OJ looks at Mike. Really looks at him. A small smile comes over OJ's face.

OJ

What do you think happened that night, Mike? You're so smart. You tell me.

MIKE

You went there. You knew she was sleeping with Ron. What did you wanna do? See if for yourself?

OJ

It wasn't the first time she fucked
some guy while my kids were
upstairs sleeping.

MIKE

You put on gloves. Dressed in
black...

OJ

Didn't want anyone to see me.

MIKE

You went there. You heard the
music. You saw the candles.

OJ

She sure was setting the mood,
wasn't she?

MIKE

But you made a noise, or something.
She came outside to check and there
you were. Stalking her.

OJ

I was checking. It wasn't my fault
she opened the door with a knife in
her hand!

Mike freezes.

MIKE

Is that right?

OJ

Nicole would still be alive today
if she didn't answer the door with
a knife in her hand.

They're silent for a few moments. Mike tries to gain control
over his thoughts, his voice, his legs.

MIKE

Is that what you've been telling
yourself this whole time? That it
wasn't your fault, because she
opened the door holding a knife?

OJ

It's the truth.

MIKE

No it's not. It's bullshit. She wasn't the one with an open, empty, Swiss Army Knife box sitting in her bathroom, OJ. You were.

OJ takes another deep hit off his joint. He exhales.

OJ

You always were smart, Mike. Real smart. Glad you work for me.

Mike backs out of the room as quickly as he can.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - NIGHT

Mike hurries down the stairs. He goes into the kitchen, looking for his son.

MIKE

David...?

But he's not there. Mike begins searching the house, but his son is nowhere to be found.

MIKE (CONT'D)

David? David?!?

He runs into Cathy.

CATHY

Why are you screaming?

MIKE

I can't find David.

CATHY

That's because he's asleep.

Mike takes a deep breath. *Thank god.*

CATHY (CONT'D)

I set him up in that bedroom.
What's wrong?

MIKE

Nothing. I'm just exhausted. I'm done, you know?

CATHY

Yeah. I know.

Mike goes off toward the bedroom where David is sleeping...

CATHY (CONT'D)
Is OJ all tucked in?

MIKE
Yeah. He's perfect.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike enters, sees David sleeping in a large bed. Mike immediately locks the door. He goes over to the bed. His son looks so small. So innocent. He crawls in next to him, holding David's body to him. David's out, but Mike just stares at the door. Waiting...

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - KITCHEN - MORNING

It's early, around 7am. David's eating a bowl of cereal while Mike stands guard, sipping a cup of coffee.

MIKE
Finish up. We gotta hit the road.

DAVID
I'm almost done.

David holds up the bowl, drinking the last of the milk. Mike takes the bowl, puts it in the sink and ushers his son out.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm going, I'm going.

INT. ROCKINGHAM ESTATE - ENTRY - MORNING

Mike's got David almost out the door.

OJ (O.S.)
Mike Gilbert!

They both turn to see OJ coming down the stairs. He's back to his usual arrogant showman self.

OJ (CONT'D)
You guys leaving?

MIKE
My car is packed with your stuff.
If I'm not gone by the time the
Sheriff gets here--

OJ

-I get it. Look, I got something for you. I figured, while I'm settling debts...

OJ hands Mike a folded check.

OJ (CONT'D)

...I owed you this.

Mike opens the check. It's for 25 cents. In the memo line it reads: Repayment for gambling loss. Mike looks at the check, unable to smile. He wants to. But he can't.

OJ turns his attention to David, ruffling his hair.

OJ (CONT'D)

I'll see you around, little man.

DAVID

Thanks for letting me use your golf clubs. I did my best to hit those news vans.

OJ

How many did you get?

DAVID

All of 'em.

OJ

Good man. Just like your Dad.

OJ makes eye contact with Mike. It's a hard, firm stare. Mike puts a protective arm around his son.

MIKE

We'll be seeing you.

OJ nods, watching as Mike and David head out to their car.

INT. MIKE GILBERT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mike starts the car. David looks at all the stuff.

DAVID

Is all this Uncle OJ's?

MIKE

Yep.

DAVID

I'm not going to see him again, am I?

MIKE

You most certainly are not.

He puts the car in drive and speeds out the Ashford gate just as the Sheriff's police cruiser escorting the Goldman's moving vans enters through the Rockingham gate.

Mike looks in his rearview mirror. The Rockingham estate gets smaller and smaller. Mike breathes a heavy sigh of relief and presses on into the daylight.

FADE TO BLACK.