

The Verdict

screenplay by

David Mamet

screenplay presented by



INT. FIRST FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY

A working-class funeral in progress. THIRTY PEOPLE and an inexpensive bier SEEN from the back of the hall.

ANGLE

A MAN's back FILLS the SCREEN. He is dressed in a black suit; his hands are clasped behind him. ANOTHER MAN stands next to him. The Second Man reaches behind the First Man's back and puts a discreetly folded ten-dollar bill into his hands.

ANGLE

These Two Men from the front. Both somber, in their early fifties. They begin to walk down the aisle of the funeral parlor.

ANGLE

The WIDOW. A woman in her late fifties sitting by the bier receiving condolences. The Two Men approach her. The First Man (the recipient of the money) speaks:

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Mrs. Dee, this is Frank Galvin -- a very good friend of ours, and a very fine attorney.

GALVIN

It's a shame about your husband, Mrs. Dee.

The Widow nods.

GALVIN

I knew him vaguely through the Lodge. He was a wonderful man.

(shakes head in sympathy)

It was a crime what happened to him. A crime. If there's anything that I could do to help ...

GALVIN removes a business card from his jacket pocket and hands it to her as if he were giving her money. (i.e., "Take it. Really. I want you to have it ...") She takes the card. Beat.

GALVIN

(thoughtfully realizes he is usurping her time)

Well ...

He shakes her hand and moves on.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Galvin sitting in the deserted coffee shop in his raincoat. Reading a section of the paper. He picks up his teacup, drinks. Lowers it to the table.

ANGLE - INSERT

Galvin twists tea bag around a spoon to extract last drops of tea. His hand moves to his felt pen lying on the table. He moves his hand to the paper, open at the obituary section. We SEE several names crossed out. He circles one funeral listing.

ANGLE

Galvin sitting, raises cup of tea to his lips. Looks around deserted coffee shop. Sighs.

INT. SECOND FUNERAL HOME AND STREET - AFTERNOON

Galvin outside a second funeral home. WORKING-CLASS PEOPLE entering, Galvin enters the home.

ANGLE

Galvin, coming down the aisle toward the front, shrugging himself out of his overcoat, he approaches the BEREAVED WIDOW sitting by the front of the home, he extracts his card from his pocket, starts to speak. He is stopped by the WIDOW'S SON, a hefty man in his mid-forties, who interjects himself between Galvin and the widow.

SON
(of the card)
What is that ...?

GALVIN
I ...

SON
What the hell is that ...

GALVIN
... I was a friend of your fa...

SON
You never knew my father.
(hits card out of
Galvin's hand)
You get out of here, who the hell do
you think you are ...

The FUNERAL MANAGER hurries down the aisle, and starts extricating Galvin from the commotion.

GALVIN
(to Funeral Manager)
I'm talking to this man...

FUNERAL MANAGER
Excuse me, Mrs. Cleary...

He is manhandling Galvin toward the back of the funeral parlor. The Son calls after him:

SON
Who the hell do you think you are?

EXT. SECOND FUNERAL PARLOR - AFTERNOON

The Funeral Manager and Galvin standing in the cold.

FUNERAL MANAGER
I don't want you coming back here.
Ever. Do you understand?

GALVIN
I was just talking to...

FUNERAL MANAGER
Those are bereaved people in there.

The Funeral Manager gives Galvin a small shove, and goes back to his post at the door, greeting the entering mourners. "Good evening..."

ANGLE

Galvin, the ground cut out from under him. Standing watching the mourners enter.

EXT. SECOND FUNERAL STREET - DUSK

Galvin walking down a residential street. He has been walking a while in the cold, snowy night. He stops for a stoplight at a corner, waits for the light although there is no traffic. Lights a cigarette. The light changes. He looks both ways and irresolutely starts across the street. He stops. He checks his watch. He sighs, and starts back in the opposite direction.

INT. O'ROURKE'S BAR - NIGHT

Galvin holding forth at the bar of a seedy drinking-man's establishment, THREE DRINKERS, acquaintances, standing around him, appreciative.

GALVIN

Pat says, 'Mike ... there's a new bar, you go in, for a half a buck you get a beer, a free lunch, and then take you in the back room and they get you laid.'

The bartender, JIMMY, comes up to Galvin.

JIMMY

Another, Frank . . . ?

GALVIN

(gestures to include group)

... everybody. Mike says, 'Pat, you mean to tell me for a buck you get a free lunch and a beer, and then you go in the back and get laid?' 'That's correct.' Mike says, 'Pat. Have you been in this bar?' Pat says, 'No, but my sister has ...'

(gestures to Jimmy)

Everyone. Buy yourself one too.

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The seedy, disorganized small office, Galvin in shirt-sleeves opening a file cabinet. He takes out an armload of files, carries them to a wastebasket and throws them in. He sits on his desk, as if exhausted by his effort, pours from a whiskey bottle into a large water glass, downs the glass. He has been drinking for some time. He starts -- stumbling back to the file cabinet. On the way his eye is caught by his degrees hanging on the wall. He stumbles to them, picks them up and walks over to the wastebasket and throws them in. He goes back to the file cabinet, the phone starts ringing. Galvin lets it ring, continues emptying the files into the wastebasket, tearing some of them up as he does so. He repeats softly to himself, as a litany, "It doesn't make a bit of difference, it doesn't make a bit of difference ...". He starts back to the desk for the bottle, knocks the still-ringing phone off the desk. He pours himself a drink. As he downs it we hear -- softly -- from the phone on the floor: a MAN'S VOICE. "Frank. Frank. Frank. Goddamnit. Are you there ...? Frank ...". Galvin pays no attention. Drinks his drink and gazes at the wall -- now empty of degrees.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

The empty wall. Galvin's P. O. V. The telephone heard Voice Over insisting, "Frank ..."

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE ANTEROOM - NIGHT

MICKEY MORRISSEY, a man in his late sixties, dressed in suit and overcoat, looking worried, unlocks the door to the dark anteroom. Looks around. Sees something in the next room.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

Galvin asleep on his couch, clothed as before. Covered in his overcoat, the bottle and glass next to the couch on the floor, the sound of the phone off the hook.

ANGLE

Mickey walks into the office. Stands looking at Galvin.

MICKEY
 (harshly)
 Get up.
 (beat, more harshly)
 Get up.

Galvin wakes up. Looks around. Swings his legs over the couch. Drinks from the glass. Vacantly:

GALVIN
 Hi, Mickey ...

MICKEY
 What the hell do you think you're
 doing ...?
 (surveys the wrecked
 office)
 What's going on here ...?

GALVIN
 Uh ...

MICKEY
 Fuck you. I got a call today from
 Sally Doneghy ...

GALVIN
 ... now who is that ...?

MICKEY
 ... You're 'sposed to be in court in
 ten days and she's telling me you
 haven't even met with them ...

GALVIN
 Sally Doneghy, now who is that?

MICKEY

One lousy letter eighteen months ago. . . . I try to throw a fuckin' case your way . . .

GALVIN

. . . hey, I don't need your charity . . .

MICKEY

. . . I get these people to trust you -- they're coming here tomorrow by the way -- I get this expert doctor to talk to you. I'm doing all your fuckin' legwork -- and it's eighteen months. You're 'sposed to be in court. I bet you haven't even seen the file.

Galvin pours himself a drink.

GALVIN

Hey, what are you, my nanny?

Mickey walks to him, knocks the drink out of his hand and slaps him several times in the face.

MICKEY

Listen to me. Listen to me . . . listen to me, Frank, 'cause I'm done fuckin' with you. I can't do it any more. Look around you: You think that you're going to change? What's going to change it? You think it's going to be different next month? It's going to be the same. And I have to stop. This is it. I got you a good case, it's a moneymaker. You do it right and it will take care of you. But I'm through. I'm sorry, Frank, this is the end.

(beat)

Life is too short, and I'm too old.

(beat)

Mickey walks out of the office. Slams the door. Beat. Galvin looks around the office. Goes to his sofa. Sits, reaches to side table.

ANGLE - INSERT

The side table, a pack of Luckies. Galvin taking one, his hand shaking a little. Also on side table a pile of change containing a small rosary and a wedding ring.

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE ANTEROOM - INSERT - DAY

The carriage of a typewriter. A sheet of paper. Its letterhead reads "Frank P. Galvin. Attorney at Law, 124 State Street, Boston, Mass. 02981. Cable FRAGAL." Someone is typing, "Sorry I had to go out. Back at 10. Judge Geary called. Are you available for lunch Wednesday University Club?" A hand takes a paper from carriage and puts it on desk. Takes a pen and signs, "Claire."

ANGLE

Galvin in the anteroom, dressed in his suit, unshaved, having just signed the paper. He takes a piece of Scotch tape from the dispenser on the desk, picks up a file folder from the coffee table. It is torn in several places and rudely Scotch-taped.

ANGLE - P.O.V. - INSERT

The file headed Deborah Ann Kaye v. St. Catherine Labour Hospital et. al.

ANGLE

Galvin surveys the anteroom, opens door to corridor, Scotch tapes the note he has just typewritten to the outside of the door.

INT. O'ROURKE'S BAR - DAY

Dark paneling, clean, simple. A drinkers' bar. OLD BARTENDER and THREE CUSTOMERS spaced widely, Galvin in his overcoat downing a shot, the file open before him. He is reading. He checks his watch, scoops the file together under his arm, throws a dollar on the bar, and heads for the door.

INT. NORTHERN NURSING HOME CORRIDOR - DAY

Galvin walking tentatively down the corridor of a very run-down nursing home. He receives suspicious looks from the Attendants. He is checking numbers on the doors against a notation in the file. He finds the correct door and enters.

INT. NURSING HOME WARD - DAY

The door to the ward from the inside. Galvin opening the door to the dark ward, backlit, tentative, a little unsteady from his drinking. He puts his back against the door, puts down file and briefcase, extracts a small cheap Polaroid camera from the briefcase, readies it to shoot, picks up his paraphernalia, and starts off down the ward. As he walks down the ward he checks the file hung at the foot of each bed. Galvin stops at the foot of one bed and reads the chart.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

The chart held by Galvin. DEBORAH ANN KAYE, various medical notations. He lowers the chart and we SEE in the bed beyond it a shrivelled, tiny form stuck with needles and tubes.

ANGLE

Galvin replaces the chart, puts his file, briefcase, etc. on the foot of the bed, takes a flash photo of the figure in the bed. Takes another one. Puts down camera, sits on the end of the bed gazing at the unseen form. He lights a cigarette, and sits looking at her.

INT. CORRIDOR - GALVIN'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

SALLY DONEGHY. A mousy woman in her forties is standing by a door on which is written, "Frank P. Galvin. Attorney at Law."

GALVIN
I'm ... Mrs. Doneghy? I'm Frank
Galvin ... why didn't you go in?

SALLY
It's locked.

GALVIN
(astounded)
It's locked?

Sally Doneghy points to the note on the door. Galvin takes it from the door. Reads. "Back at 10, Judge Geary. Lunch..."

GALVIN
I'm terribly sorry ... I hope we
didn't put you out. Won't you come
in ...?
(motions Sally into
inner office, gestures
with note)
I'd offer you some coffee, but it
looks like my girl just went out.

INT. OFFICE ANTEROOM - DAY

Galvin is perched at his secretary's desk. Sally Doneghy across from him by the coffee table listening intently.

GALVIN
It's not a good case. It's a very
good case.

GALVIN

A healthy young woman goes into the hospital to deliver her third child, she's given the wrong anaesthetic

...

SALLY

... we, we love her, Dick and me ...

GALVIN

... I'm sure you do ...

SALLY

But what can we do? She don't know who's visiting her ...

GALVIN

... I know. I went ...

SALLY

... You saw her?

GALVIN

Yes. Yes, I have.

SALLY

You know how beautiful she was?

(beat)

Her husband left her, and he took her kids They, they, they'd let you die in there. They don't care. Nobody cares. The Patriot Home, the Chronic Care ... in Arlington ...? They'd take her in. Perpetual care. They'd take her. Fifty thousand dollars they want. An endowment.

GALVIN

... fifty thousand dollars?

SALLY

I don't want to leave her. Dick ... the, the ... and Father Laughlin, he said that it was God's will ...

GALVIN

... I understand ...

SALLY

My doctor told me that I got to move out West ... that's when we filed in court. We didn't want to sue ...

GALVIN

... I understand ...

SALLY
 ... But Dick, he's looking for two years in Tucson ... and they called him up and said to come out. He's a good man. He's only trying to do what's right.

The door to the corridor opens and DICK DONEGHY, a worki ngman in hi s forties, comes into the room. Sally and Galvi n stand.

SALLY
 Thi s i s my husband.

Donegy and Galvi n shake hands uncomfor- tabl y. He moti ons the two to si t.

GALVI N
 Please si t down. I told your wi fe. I'm sorry that we have to meet out here. I've got a case coming i n two days i n the Superior Court and my office i s a mess of papers.

DONEGHY
 ... that' s all ri ght.

GALVI N
 I was telling your wi fe, we have a very good case here.

SALLY
 He saw her at the Northern Care...

GALVI N
 ... and I have i nqui ri es out to doctors, experts i n the fi eld ... there i s, of course, a problem getting a doctor to testify that another doctor' s negli gent ...

DONEGHY
 ... the Archdi ocese called up, they said who was our attorney, 'cause the case i s coming to trial ...

GALVI N
 I doubt we' ll have to go to trial ...

DONEGHY
 ... we told them we di dn' t want i t to come out thi s way.

GALVI N
 I compl etel y understand ...

DONEGHY

We just ...

SALLY

We just can't do it anymore.

(beat)

This is our chance to get away.

GALVIN

I'm going to see you get that chance.

DONEGHY

What is this going to cost?

GALVIN

It's completely done on a contingency basis. That means whatever the settlement is I retain one-third ... that is, of course, the usual arrangement ...

INT. BISHOP BROPHY'S SUITE--INSERT DAY

Yellowed newspaper clipping, a very lovely, patrician woman in her twenties smiling at a well-turned-out Galvin around thirty. Headline: "Patricia Harrington to Wed."

ALITO (V.O.)

'His name is Frank Galvin. B.U. Law, class of 'fifty-two. Second in his class. Editor of the Law Review. Worked with Mickey Morrissey twelve years. Criminal Law and Personal Injury ...'

A hand turns a page and reveals a second clipping: "Boston Lawyer Held in Jury Tampering Case," with a picture of a very confused Galvin at around forty-five being led to jail.

ALITO

'Married Patricia Harrington, nineteen sixty ...'

ANGLE

The small, sumptuously appointed Italianate office.

French windows, a fire in the grate, a view of Boston Common, JOSEPH ALITO, a slender, elegant man in his forties dressed in a very expensive suit, reading from his notes, news clippings, etc., which are held in a leather folder.

ALITO

'Joined Stearns, Harrington, Pierce nineteen sixty as a full partner.'

ALI TO
Resigned the firm nineteen sixty-
nine over the Lillibridge case ...'
Do you ... ?

Alito, strolling as he reads, moves toward the windows with his file TO REVEAL BISHOP BROPHY, a self-contained man in his early sixties, sitting on a leather couch, listening.

BISHOP
He was accused of jury tampering.

ALI TO
Accused. Not indicted. He resigned
the firm. Divorced nineteen seventy.
Galvin worked with Michael Morrissey
until Morrissey retired in 'seventy-
eight. Since then he's been on his
own. Four cases before the Circuit
Court. He lost them all.

He drinks.

BISHOP
Four cases in three years ...

ALI TO
The man's an ambulance chaser ...

BISHOP
... tell me about this case.

ALI TO
This is a nuisance suit. He's looking
for small change. He's asking for
six hundred thousand and betting we
don't want to go to court.

BISHOP
No -- we don't want this case in
court.

ALI TO
Neither does he. That's where he
loses. This man's scared to death
to go to court. We only have to
call his bluff.

BISHOP
I want to settle this thing and be
done with it. I don't want the
Archdiocese exposed.

ALI TO
No.

ALITO
 Absolutely, and we're going to see
 that it is not.

BISHOP
 So what I want to do is stop it here.
 I'm going to make him an offer. I
 want to do it myself. I want it to
 come from me.

ALITO
 All right. But let's keep the price
 down. I've called Ed Concannon. He
 recommends that we continue to respond
 as if we're going to trial.

The Bishop nods, meaning, "You are dismissed." As an
 afterthought:

BISHOP
 If we were to go to trial, would we
 win the case?

ALITO
 Well, of course, it's always
 dangerous...

BISHOP
 I know that answer. If we went to
 trial would we win?

ALITO
 (in an "of course"
 tone)
 Yes.

Alito, preparing to leave, reaches to the Bishop's desk,
 where he has laid his leather folder.

ANGLE

The clipping in the folder, confused Galvin being led into
 jail, "Boston Lawyer Held in Jury Tampering Case." Alito's
 hand snaps the folder shut.

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

A man's arms full of textbooks. Prominently displayed:
 "Methodology and Practice in Anesthesiology." The man stops,
 fumbles for a key in his pocket.

ANGLE

Galvin, in his overcoat, arms full of books, reading from a
 textbook and trying to unlock his office door.

INT. OFFICE

Galvin entering. CLAIRE PAVONE, a woman in her fifties, at the secretary's desk, hanging up the phone.

CLAIRE
(to phone)
Thank you very much.

Galvin looks up at her in surprise.

GALVIN
What are you doing here?

CLAIRE
Mickey told me to come back to work.

Galvin nods, proceeds into his office, reading from the textbook. Claire follows him into the office.

CLAIRE
... here's your mail, call Mrs. Doneghy ...

GALVIN
... yes. Get her on the phone ...

CLAIRE
... that was a Dr. David Gruber's office ...

GALVIN
(putting down books)
Gruber...

CLAIRE
Mickey told him to call. (reading from notes) 'He's some very hotshot surgeon at Mass. Commonwealth. He wants to meet with you at seven tonight re testimony in the case of Deborah Ann Kaye. You meet him at the hospital.'

She hands him typed memo slip.

GALVIN
(surprised)
... he wants to testify ...?

CLAIRE
It looks that way.

GALVIN
You know what that would mean?

GALVIN
To get somebody from a Boston hospital
to say he'll testify?

CLAIRE
... a Mrs. Doneghy called ... I told
you that.

Phone rings. Claire moves to it.

GALVIN
(delighted)
This is going to drive the ante up.

CLAIRE
(into phone)
Frank Galvin's ... who's calling
please? Bishop Brophy's office ...

She gestures to Galvin, "Do you want to talk to them?" Galvin
gestures back, "No. I'm not in ..."

CLAIRE
I'm sorry, he's not in ... may I
take a mess ... tomorrow when, two
o'clock ... I'll check my book ...

She looks to Galvin, who nods, "yes."

CLAIRE
Yes. Mr. Galvin's clear at that
time ... the Bishop's office,
tomorrow, the fifth at two p.m.
Thank you ...

She hangs up.

GALVIN
That's the call that I'm waiting
for.

CLAIRE
What does it mean?

GALVIN
They want to settle.
(beat)
It means a lot of money.

CLAIRE
Does that mean I'm back for awhile?

INT. GRUBER'S HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - INSERT - NIGHT

Man's wrist. WWII GI watch reads: 6:56.

ANGLE

Galvin in overcoat standing outside door marked "Doctors Only" in bustling hospital corridor. He glances at memo slip in his hand. He opens door. CAMERA FOLLOWS him onto:

INT. GRUBER'S DOCTORS LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Carpeted, small, comfortable, lined in lockers. A DOCTOR, on the phone in greens, smoking a cigarette, talking on the phone softly, a couple of DOCTORS sitting, drinking coffee, chatting. Galvin, a trifle nervous, to Doctor ON PHONE:

GALVIN
Dr. Gruber ...?

The Doctor on the phone gestures behind him to a thirty-ish MAN in blue jeans smoking a cigar, changing at his locker. Galvin walks over to him.

GALVIN
Dr. Gruber ...

GRUBER
(turning)
Yes? Galvin, right?

He checks his watch, continues changing into suede jacket, checks next appointment on a leather appointment book, locks the locker, pockets key.

GALVIN
I appreciate--a man as busy as--

GRUBER
That's perfectly all right. I'm kind of rushed. Do you mind if we walk while we talk?

Gruber, Galvin following, talk while exiting locker room.

INT. GRUBER'S HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

GRUBER
I read the hospital report on your client.

GALVIN
... Deborah Ann Kaye ...

GRUBER
... Deborah Ann Kaye ...

They walk hurriedly through a hospital corridor, to an EXIT door and down concrete stairs.

INT. GRUBER'S HOSPITAL STAIRS - NIGHT

GALVIN
They called, they're going to settle,
what I want to do is build up as
much ...

GRUBER
Right. Who called?

GALVIN
The Archdiocese called, they want to
settle ... her estate ...

GRUBER
... and you're going to do that?

GALVIN
(surprised, of course)
Yes.

GRUBER
You're going to settle out of court?

Gruber stops at the bottom of the stairs, beside an exit to
the outside.

GALVIN
Yes.

GRUBER
Why?

A beat.

GALVIN
(it's a meaningless
question to him, as
if to a child)
Uh ... in the, well, in the interests
of her family ... you, Dr. Gruber,
you know, you can never tell what a
jury is going to do. St. Catherine's
a very well thought of institution.
Her doctors ...

GRUBER
(glances at watch,
impatient)
Her doctors killed her.

GALVIN
(a beat)
I'm sorry ... ?

GRUBER

Her doctors murdered her. They gave her the wrong anaesthetic and they put her in the hospital for life.

(a beat)

Her doctors murdered her.

GALVIN

Do you know who her doctors were?

GRUBER

I read the file. Yeah. Marx and Towler. I know who they were.

GALVIN

The most respected ...

GRUBER

(smiling)

Whose side are you arguing ...? I thought that you wanted to do something. I don't have any interest in the woman's 'estate' -- No offense, but we all know where the money's going to ... I have an interest in the Hospital; and I don't want those bozos working in the same shop as me. They gave her the wrong anesthetic. They turned the girl into a vegetable. They killed her and they killed her kid. You caught 'em. Now: how many others did they kill?

A beat. Gruber discards end of a cigar. Takes a leather case from his suede jacket, extracts a new cigar. Offers one to Galvin.

GRUBER

You want a cigar?

Galvin takes one absently.

GALVIN

The hospital is owned by the Archdioceses of ...

GRUBER

What are they going to do? Not invite me to their Birthday party ...?

(checks watch)

Look, I gotta go. I have to be in Cambridge ...

Galvin, excited, is trying to light the cigar. His hand shakes badly. He has forgotten to bite off the end. He bites it, lights the cigar.

GALVIN
Well, well, when can we meet again.
I'd like to get a deposition.

GRUBER
Okay. I'll meet you here. Tuesday
night ... I gotta go. You going my
way?

Galvin shakes his head.

EXT. GRUBER'S HOSPITAL PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Gruber opens door and walks out into the cold, into the parking lot, followed by Galvin, who is lighting his cigar.

GALVIN
We have to ... we ... we have to
keep you under wraps. Please don't,
don't discuss ...

GRUBER
I understand.

GALVIN
... the case with anyone. And I'll
meet you Tuesday, and we'll go over
your testimony ...

They stop before a 1950s very beautiful small Mercedes Sedan. Gruber opens the door, gets into the plush red leather interior, starts car, leaves door open, still talking to Galvin.

GRUBER
Right. Seven o'clock. Here.

Galvin scribbles information in his appointment book.

GALVIN
Thank you ...

GRUBER
... that's perfectly all right.

GALVIN
(beat)
Uh, why, why are you doing this?

GRUBER
 (thinks a second)
 To do right. Isn't that why you're
 doing it?

INT. O'ROURKE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Galvin is at the bar, smiling to himself. His drink is being
 refilled. To BARTENDER:

GALVIN
 I want to buy you a drink.

JIMMY (THE BARTENDER)
 Thanks, Franky.

Galvin looks around. A very attractive self-possessed YOUNG
 WOMAN is sitting in the crook of the bar across from him;
 she is intently perusing the newspaper and circling items
 with a felt pen. Galvin speaks to her:

GALVIN
 Would you like a drink?

She looks up. Smiles.

WOMAN
 I'd like an apartment.

GALVIN
 Settle for a drink?

She gestures at her own full glass in front of her.

WOMAN
 No. Thank you.

Galvin shrugs.

GALVIN
 I had a very good day today.

WOMAN
 (beat, smiles, downs
 drink, gets up off
 the stool, sincerely)
 I'm glad you did. Thank you. Good
 night.

GALVIN
 You're very welcome.

He watches her as she leaves the bar. He turns back to his
 drink.

GALVIN
Well, well, well. Huh?

JIMMY
Yeah.

GALVIN
(sighs)
It's a long road that has no turning.

JIMMY
That's for sure, Frank.

INT. GALVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A shoddy one-and-a-half room bachelor apartment. Galvin, beer and cigarettes on the table beside him. He is sitting on an armchair in the bedroom. A yellow legal pad in his lap.

He is talking on the phone softly, soothingly.

GALVIN
I'm going to the Archdiocese tomorrow at two. I know you don't. I know you don't...no, you're just following your life. You have a life too...you have to move out West. It doesn't help you to stay here. Well...I'm sure she knows you care for her.

His attention wanders to the legal pad in his lap.

ANGLE - P.O.V.

The legal pad. Spread on it a couple of Polaroids of Deborah Ann in the nursing home. Below them, written on the pad, large, "Dr. David Gruber. Ass't. Chief Anesthesiology, Mass. Commonwealth. 'They killed her. And they killed her kid -- Her doctors murdered her.'"

The following figures are written on the pad: \$150,000.00 written very large, circled, crossed out. \$250,000.00 similarly circled and crossed out. \$225,000.00 circled many times.

GALVIN
(voice over; on phone)
Well. Well. Well. Finally we're none of us protected...we...we just have to go on. To seek help where we can...and go on...I know that you love her...I know you're acting out of love.

ANGLE - GALVIN ON THE PHONE

GALVIN
 (into phone)
 As soon as I know... you give him my
 respects too. Not at all. Not at
 all... Good night. (beat) Well, bless
 you, too. Good night.

He hangs up phone, sighs. Lights a cigarette. Rotates his neck to loosen it up. Reaches to the table next to his bed for the bottle to pour a drink.

ANGLE - INSERT

His hand reaching for the bottle. On the table the photo of a very beautiful blonde woman in a silver frame. She is the same woman we saw earlier in the news clip. She is on the deck of a sailboat, laughing. A pile of change on the table, a money clip, a rosary, and the wedding ring in the pile of change.

ANGLE

Galvin looking at the photo in the silver frame next to his bed. He sighs deeply. Beat. Reaches up to the lamp above his head and turns it off. He sits stiffly in the dark a moment, then lets his head fall back to the chair.

INT. NORTHERN NURSING HOME WARD - DAY

Galvin, spruced up a bit, sitting on a bed, his briefcase on his lap. Gazing at the unseen Deborah Ann Kaye in the dark ward. Silent. Beat. He looks in his briefcase, takes out a file.

ANGLE - P.O.V. - INSERT

The file, labeled Deborah Ann Kaye. Galvin extracting the photo of the young mother romping with her two children; he takes the yellow legal pad from his briefcase and puts it on top of the picture (the figures crossed out; "Her doctors murdered her," etc.).

We hear the door to the ward open and TWO IRISH WOMEN gossipping.

IRISH NURSE #1
 (voice over)
 Jimmy, I said, don't you go in your
 pocket if there's nothing there...

IRISH NURSE #2 (V.O.)
 ... and what did he say...?

IRISH NURSE #1 (V.O.)
 (spies Galvin, her
 tone changes)
 ... Sir, you aren't allowed to be in
 here...

ANGLE
 Galvin sitting on the bed looking at
 Deborah Ann. He looks up to the
 speaker. A slovenly Irish Nurse,
 who has come into the room and is
 standing by him. The other Nurse is
 framed in the doorway. Galvin is
 lost in thought.

NURSE
 You can't be in here.

GALVIN
 (as if remembering
 something, simply)
 I'm her attorney.

INT. BISHOP BROPHY'S OFFICE - DAY

The Bishop from the waist up, sitting behind his beautiful
 desk. Compassionately:

BISHOP
 It's a question of continuing values.
 St. Catherine's -- to do the good
 that she must do in the community
 has to maintain the position that
 she holds in the community. So we
 have a question of balance. On the
 one hand, the reputation, and, so,
 the effectiveness of our hospital,
 and two of her important doctors --
 and, on the other hand, the rights
 of your client.

ANGLE

Galvin seated across from the Bishop. A YOUNG PRIEST seated,
 discreetly, attentively, across the room. Sherry glasses in
 front of Galvin and the Bishop. Galvin drinking from his.

BISHOP
 A young woman. In her
 prime... deprived of...
 (searches for a word)
 ... life... sight... her family... It's
 tragic. It's a tragic accident.

Galvin has been dreaming.

BISHOP

...nothing, of course, can begin to make it right. But we must do what we can. We must do all that we can.

He gestures to the Young Priest, who crosses the room, extracts a sheet from a file folder, and places it before Galvin, who is sitting as if in a dream. The Bishop waits a beat, not wanting to interrupt Galvin's reverie, then catches his eye and gestures down at the paper. Galvin glances down.

INSERT

The sheet: "I, Frank P. Galvin, duly appointed conservator for Deborah Ann Kaye, in consideration of Two Hundred Ten Thousand Dollars (\$210,000.00) paid in hand to me this day by St. Catherine Laboure Hospital do hereby release from any and all claims..."

ANGLE

Galvin and the Bishop as before. Galvin finishes reading, looks up.

BISHOP

Yes. We must try to make it right.

Beat. Galvin nods. Beat. Bishop nods discreetly to the Young Priest who extracts Mount Blanc fountain pen from his pocket, holds it out to Galvin.

BISHOP

It's a generous offer, Mr. Galvin...

(beat)

...nothing can make the woman well...but we try to compensate...to make a gesture...

GALVIN

How did you settle on the amount?

BISHOP

We thought it was just.

GALVIN

You thought it was just.

BISHOP

Yes.

GALVIN

Because it struck me how neatly 'three' went into the amount. Two Hundred Ten Thousand. That would mean I keep seventy.

BISHOP

That was our insurance company's
recommendation.

GALVIN

Yes. It would be.

A beat.

BISHOP

Nothing that we can do can make that
woman well.

GALVIN

And no one will know the truth.

BISHOP

What is the truth?

GALVIN

That that poor girl put her trust in
the hands of two men who took her
life, she's in a coma, her life is
gone. She has no family, she has no
home, she's tied to a machine, she
has no friends --and the people who
should care for her: her Doctors,
and you, and me, have been bought
off to look the other way. We have
been paid to look the other way. I
came in here to take your money.

(beat)

I brought snapshots to show you. So
I could get your money.

(to Young Priest,
waving away document)

I can't take it. If I take it. If
I take that money I'm lost. I'm
just going to be a rich ambulance
chaser.

(beat; pleading for
understanding)

I can't do it. I can't take it.

YOUNG PRIEST

If we may discuss money, Mr. Galvin.
How is your law practice?

GALVIN

It's not too good. I've only got
one client.

HOLD.

INT. LAWYERS ROOM AND CORRIDOR - DAY

Galvin, determined, coming down a corridor in the Courthouse, opens a door. CAMERA FOLLOWS him IN. The Lawyers Room. Then or twelve AMBULANCE CHASERS waiting for clients. They all look up as he enters, then return to their reading, phones, card games. CAMERA FOLLOWS him TO the corner of the room where MICKY MORRISSEY is playing Gin with a CRONY.

GALVIN
I have to talk to you.

MICKY
What do you want?

GALVIN
(dragging him up)
Come on. Let's get a drink.

MICKY
(sighs, to partner)
Don't touch anything.

Galvin leads Mickey out of the room.

INT. FIRST CORRIDOR COURTHOUSE - DAY

Mickey and Galvin silhouetted against a window at the end of the dark corridor, arguing.

MICKY
(enraged)
Are you out of your mind...?

GALVIN
...I'm going to need your help...

MICKY
You need my help...? You need a goddamn keeper...are you telling me that you turned down two-hundred-ten grand?
(beat)
Huh...? Are you nuts? Eh? Are you nuts. What are you going to do, bring her back to life?

GALVIN
I'm going to help her.

MICKY
To do what...? To do what, for chrissake...? To help her to do what? She's dead...

GALVIN
They killed her. And they're trying
to buy it...

MICKEY
That's the point, you stupid fuck.
Let them buy it. We let them buy
the case. That's what I took it
for. You let this drop -- we'll go
up to New Hampshire, kill some fuckin'
deer...

He turns away.

GALVIN
Mi ck. Mi ck. Mi ck. ...

MICKEY
What?

GALVIN
You -- Listen: you said to me, 'if
not now, when...'

MICKEY
I know what I said but not now. You
won it. Franky. You won it. When
they give you the money, that means
that you won. We don't want to go
to court -- is this getting to you...?
You know who the attorney is for the
Archdiocese, Eddie Concannon.

GALVIN
... he's a good man...

MICKEY
... he's a good man...? He's the
Prince of Fuckin' Darkness... he'll
have people in there testifying that
the broad is well -- they saw her
Tuesday on a surfboard at
Hyannis... don't fuck with this case.

GALVIN
... I have to stand up for her...

MICKEY
Frank, but not now. Frank. You're
trying to wipe out some old business.
But not now. I understand. But you
go call 'em back. You call the Bishop
back.

GALVIN

I have to try this case. I have to do it, Mick. I've got to stand up for that girl. I need your help.

(beat)

Mick, will you help me...?

(beat)

Will you help me...?

INT. CONCANNON OFFICES CORRIDOR --DAY

A young ATTORNEY in shirt-sleeves and vest racing through a huge, ultra-modern, ultra-successful legal office. The office is near empty. A couple of secretaries are at their desks, a couple of lawyers in their cubicles. The CAMERA FOLLOWS the Attorney tearing through the corridors of the office, up a spiral staircase, through yet more office space, into:

INT. CONCANNON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

...a conference room. Mahogany, tinted glass, a panoramic view of Boston. Twenty-five attorneys, male and female, mostly young, gaze at the young Attorney as he enters the room. He stops running. He approaches the front of the room tentatively. Standing at the blackboard in front of the conference room is EDWARD CONCANNON. Senior partner of the firm, late fifties, imposing, he radiates success. As the young Attorney approaches Concannon he is stopped with a gesture. Concannon addresses the room.

CONCANNON

(smiling)

Anybody ever hear, 'For want of a shoe a horse was lost?' Who's going on vacation tomorrow?

A young MAN raises his hand.

CONCANNON

Friedman. St. Barts. is that right?

FRIEDMAN

Yessir.

CONCANNON

(to secretary taking notes at the side of the room)

Send Mrs. Friedman a dozen roses tomorrow morning please, Sal. I tell you what, send her a sunlamp.

CONCANNON
 (smiles, there is
 laughter from the
 room; to Friedman,
 sympathetic)
 I'm sorry, but you'll have to stay.
 No vacations till this thing is
 cleared.

Concannon motions to the young Attorney who has run in. The young Attorney goes to Concannon and hands him a box of chalk. Concannon takes a piece and writes on the blackboard "Jan. 12th." He underlines it heavily.

CONCANNON
 Our court date is January twelfth.
 You're all acquainted with this case.
 It's been scheduled for eighteen
 months. We have the attorney for
 the Plaintiff, Frank Galvin -- and I
 trust you are all familiar with his
 record -- and we have been expecting
 him to call us to negotiate. As he
 did not, and five days before we're
 supposed to go to court we made him
 a rather generous offer, which he
 refused. Five days before the trial.
 What does this mean? I want to find
 out.

(writes on the
 blackboard, "1)
 Research") (writes
 "2) Homework")
 Acquaint yourselves again with the
 depositions. Don't rely on the fact
 that we did it last year. Do it
 again. We're going to review them
 here, and you do it at home. You
 each have a full file. Know the
 deps, and I want you all to be here
 when we work with the defendants...
 when is that, Billy...?

The young Attorney responds.

YOUNG LAWYER (BILLY)
 Tuesday evening, Sir.

Concannon writes on blackboard "3) Public Awareness."

CONCANNON
 I want an article in the Globe As
 Soon As Possible, 'St.
 Cat's... Neighborhood Giant serving
 the community' etc.

CONCANNON

We've got it in the files. I want something in Monday's Herald: 'Our Gallant Doctors,' something... Be inventive, I want television...

(nods toward one of the young lawyers)

...talk to our man at GBH. And to belabor the obvious for a moment...

(beat)

Our clients are: the Archdiocese of Boston; St. Catherine Labour Hospital, and Drs. Marx and Towler, two of the most respected men in their profession. The thrust of this defense will be to answer in court, in the press and in the public mind -- to answer the accusation of negligence this completely: not only that we win the case, but that we win the case so that it's seen that the attack on these men and this institution was a rank obscenity.

(beat)

All right. Let's get the cobwebs off. Billy...?

The young Lawyer stands as Concannon sits, listening.

YOUNG LAWYER

Please turn to your Page Four.

All the lawyers in the office turn in their files to that page.

YOUNG LAWYER

We're going to start with a review of the depositions of the Operating Room Team: the nurse-anesthetist, the scrub-nurse, the...

INT. LAW LIBRARY - NIGHT

Galvin and Mickey at a library table piled with books. A dingy, dusty law library. They are smoking, speak in undertones, referring to the yellow legal pads in front of them. Rehashing material. MICKEY Who have we got?

GALVIN

We've got her sister. Testifies she had a meal one hour before she was admitted to the hospital. This is the point.

MICKEY

You got the admittance form says
patient ate nine hours prior to
admittance.

GALVIN

Admittance form is wrong.

MICKEY

Forget it. You can't prove it.
Sister's testimony is no good. Jury
knows we win she gets the cash.

GALVIN

I've got my Dr. Gruber, says her
heart condition means they gave her
the wrong anaesthetic anyway, plus
she came in complaining of stomach
pains...

MICKEY

(conceding)

... Gruber's not bad. GALVIN Not bad...?

This guy's Dr. Kildare, the jury's
going to love him, Mick... And you
calm down, all right? Their guy,
Towler's, the author of the book,

(hunts for book on
desk, holds it up;
reads)

'Methodology and Practice,
Anesthesiology.'

(rummages through a
pile of papers on
the desk)

... and they got depositions from the
nurses, everybody in the operating
room, the scrub-nurse... 'All these
guys are God. I saw them walk on
water...'

GALVIN

(checking a list)

They had an obstetrical nurse in
there. We got a deposition from the
obstetrical nurse?

MICKEY

(checking list)

No.

GALVIN

(reading from pad)

'Mary Rooney, forty-nine.

GALVIN
Lives in Arlington, still working at
the hospital.' Can you get out
tomorrow? How come she isn't speaking
up.

MICKEY
Right.

GALVIN
Okay now. Cases: Smith versus State
of Michigan.

MICKEY
Right.

GALVIN
Brindisi versus Electric Boat.

MICKEY
You got a good memory, Franky.

GALVIN
I had a good teacher. McLean versus
Urban Transport...

INT. O'ROURKE'S PUB - NIGHT

Galvin and Mickey entering the bar, walk over to the bar.
Galvin sees something O.S. Call to the bartender.

GALVIN
Jimmy? Bushmills.
(turns to Mickey,
whispers)
Lookit, do me a favor. I'll buy you
a drink tomorrow.

MICKEY
Yeah? And what are you going to do
tonight?

GALVIN
I'm going to get laid.

Galvin motions with his head down at the end of the bar.

ANGLE - P.O.V.

The Woman from last night, sitting in her same place at the
end of the bar. Mickey looks at her. Shrugs. Gets up off
stool.

MICKEY
Don't leave your best work in the
sheets.

He salutes, walks off.

Galvin takes his drink and moves down to her.

GALVIN
D'you find an apartment?

LAURA
Still looking.

GALVIN
I changed my life today. What did
you do?

LAURA
I changed my room at the Hotel.

GALVIN
Why?

LAURA
The TV didn't work.

GALVIN
What Hotel are you staying at?

LAURA
And what are you? A cop?

GALVIN
I'm a lawyer.

LAURA
My ex-husband was a lawyer.

GALVIN
Really. How wonderful for you.

LAURA
Yes. It was, actually.

GALVIN
Oh, actually it was. Then why'd you
call it off?

LAURA
Who says I'm the one that called it
off?

GALVIN
A brick house says you divorced him.

GALVIN

I'll put you on your honor. Bet you a hundred dollars against you join me for dinner. And I'll take your word for it. Now you tell me the truth. Because you cannot lie to me. What's your name?

LAURA

Laura.

GALVIN

My name's Frank. And furthermore, you came back to see me tonight.

LAURA

What if it wasn't you that I came back to see?

GALVIN

You just got lucky.
(gets up off stool)
D'you eat yet? Come on.

She gets up from the stool and starts following him in spite of herself.

GALVIN

Jesus, you are one beautiful woman.

INT. O'ROURKE'S - NIGHT (LATER)

Galvin and Laura are in a booth. The remains of a dinner and drinks around them. They are both smoking cigarettes, intent on each other. Both a little drunk.

GALVIN

The weak, the weak have got to have somebody to fight for them. Isn't that the truth? You want another drink?

LAURA

I think I will.

Galvin motions "another round" to the bartender.

GALVIN

Jimmy!
(beat)
That's why the court exists. The court doesn't exist to give them justice, eh? But to give them a chance at justice.

LAURA

And are they going to get it?

GALVIN

They might. Yes. That's the point... is that they might... you see, the jury wants to believe. They're all cynics, sure, because they want to believe. I have to go in there tomorrow to find twelve people to hear this case. I'm going to see a hundred people and pick twelve. And every one of them it's written on their face, 'This is a sham. There is no justice...' but in their heart they're saying, 'Maybe... maybe...'

LAURA

Maybe what?

GALVIN

(beat)

Maybe I can do something right.

LAURA

And is that what you're going to do?

(a beat)

Is that what you're going to do...?

GALVIN

That's what I'm going to try to do.

INT. GALVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The bedroom, dark, sound of people moving, the bedside light is flicked on. We SEE Galvin in shirt-sleeves, holding a whiskey glass a little unsettled, turning on the light, Laura, with a glass, also a bit unsteady, standing beside him. Both awkward. He looks at her, turns back to the bed, turns down the bed, sees the silver-framed picture of his wife, he looks back at Laura, starts to take the picture to turn it down.

LAURA

That's all right.

She starts taking off her blouse.

INT. COURTHOUSE BAR-INSERT - DAY

A half-full old-fashioned glass.

ANGLE

Galvin sitting at the fairly well-equipped bar, still. He looks out of the window at a building across the street.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - P.O.V. SHOT - DAY

The courthouse across the street.

INT. COURTHOUSE BAR - DAY

Galvin glances at bar clock.

ANGLE - P.O.V.

The clock reads 10:12.

ANGLE

Galvin downs his drink, picks his briefcase off of the bar and starts for the door.

INT. JUDGE SWEENEY'S CHAMBERS-DAY

JUDGE SWEENEY, a florid man in his sixties, sitting in shirt-sleeves eating bacon and eggs off of a hotel service on a tray, talking conspiratorially with Ed Concannon, who is drinking coffee, seated across the desk. They are obviously old friends. The sound of a door opening. They turn their heads to the door.

ANGLE - P.O.V.

Galvin standing in the door.

JUDGE (V.O.)
You're late, Mr. Galvin.

He enters the room. CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he sits next to Concannon.

GALVIN
Yessir. I'm sorry.

JUDGE
Why is that?

GALVIN
I was held up.

Concannon smiles and extends his hand.

CONCANNON
Ed Concannon.

GALVIN
 (shaking his head)
 Frank Galvin. We've met before.

As the Judge starts to speak Galvin cannot help looking at Concannon out of the corner of his eye.

JUDGE
 Let's do some business.

ANGLE - P. O. V. GALVIN

Concannon, brisk, expensive-looking, tanned, huge gold watch, custom-made suit.

JUDGE (V. O.)
 They tell me that no bargain ever
 was completed other than quickly
 when both parties really cared to
 make a deal.

Concannon feels Galvin's eye on him, half-turns, smiles.

ANGLE - THE JUDGE, CONCANNON, GALVIN

JUDGE
 Now, have you boys tried to resolve
 your little difficulty because that
 certainly would save the Commonwealth
 a lot of time and bother.

GALVIN
 This is a complicated case, your
 Honor...

JUDGE
 I'm sure it is, Frank; and let me
 tell you something. If we find it
 so complex, how in the hell you think
 you're going to make a jury understand
 it?

(smiles at Galvin)
 See my point? Let's talk a minute.
 Frank: what will you and your client
 take right now this very minute to
 walk out of here and let this damn
 thing drop?

GALVIN
 My client can't walk, your Honor.

JUDGE
 I know full well she can't, Frank.
 You see the Padre on your way out
 and he'll punch your ticket.

JUDGE

You follow me? I'm trying to help you.

CONCANNON

Your Honor, Bishop Brophy and the Archdiocese have offered plaintiff two hundred and ten thousand dollars.

JUDGE

Huh!

CONCANNON

My doctors didn't want a settlement at any price. They wanted this cleared up in court. They want their vindication. I agree with them. But for today the offer stands. Before we begin the publicity of a trial. For today only.

(beat)

When I walk out that door the offer is withdrawn.

(turns to Galvin)

As long as you understand that.

(beat)

It's got to be that way.

GALVIN

We are going to try the case.

A beat. Galvin fumbles for a cigarette. The three sit in silence.

JUDGE

(incredulous)

That's it...?

(beat)

Come on, guys... Life is too short...

(beat)

You tell me if you're playing 'chicken,' or you mean it.

(beat; turns to Galvin)

Frank: I don't think I'm talking out of school, but I just heard someone offer you two hundred grand... and that's a lot of money... and if I may say, you haven't got the best of records.

GALVIN

... things change.

JUDGE

... that's true.

JUDGE

Sometimes they change, sometimes they don't. Now, I remember back to when you were disbarred...

GALVIN

I wasn't disbarred, they dropped the pro...

JUDGE

And it seems to me, a fella's trying to come back, he'd take this settlement, and get a record for himself.

(beat)

I myself would take it and run like a thief.

GALVIN

I'm sure you would.

The Judge turns, unbelieving that Galvin has patronized and insulted him. He controls himself.

JUDGE

Hm.

(beat; checking book)

We have the date set? Next Thursday.

Good.

(smiles)

See you boys in court.

INT. COURTROOM - INSERT - DAY

A legal document. LIST OF PROSPECTIVE JURORS. DEBORAH ANN KAYE versus ST. CATHERINE LABOURE HOSPITAL, Et. Al.: Mr. Arthur Abrams, Machinist, 58; Mrs. Joann Chepek, Housewife, 42; Mr. Roger Crawford, Chemist, 59, etc.

ANGLE

Galvin, seated at the conference table intent on the form in front of him. He crosses out something with a pen. Galvin takes the form, rises, walks across the room, walks by the defense table with Concannon and an Aide at it. Approaches the Jury Box, which has several prospective JURORS in it. He is very nervous. He addresses a man.

GALVIN

Mr. Abraham...

ABRAMS

Abrams...

GALVIN
Abrams. Yes. How are you today?

ABRAMS
I'm fine.

GALVIN
Good.
(beat)
You ever been inside a hospital?

ABRAMS
Yes.

GALVIN
Ah. How did they treat you?

Galvin has flop sweat, Abrams is becoming intractable.

ABRAMS
I don't know what you mean.

INT. CIGAR - COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

Mickey standing by the door to the courtroom, looking through the glass panel, a newspaper under his arm, smoking. Galvin comes out.

MICKEY
Been a long time, huh...?

GALVIN
I'm getting it back. Don't worry about me, Mick. I'm fine. D'you find the obstetric nurse?

MICKEY
Mary Rooney. She won't talk to me. I tried her at the hospital. I'm going to try her back at home. Read this.

He hands Galvin the newspaper. Galvin takes it, reads.

ANGLE - P.O.V.

The newspaper, folded to Page Two. A full-page photo of smiling doctors clustered around an operating table. Huge caption: "International Honors to St. Catherine Laboure Hospital. The faculte Internationale de la Chirurgerie today announced St. Catherine's as this year's recipient of the coveted Medaillon de la Sante..." etc.

ANGLE

Galvin reading. Looks up.

GALVIN

So what?

MICKEY

So what...? The best is yet to come.
Check the TV Guide. They got our
Dr. Towler on a panel on GBH on
Friday: 'The Healing Hand. The
Experts Speak.'

GALVIN

They still have to take it to a jury.

Looks back at his form.

MICKEY

What I'm saying, they're getting
some help.

GALVIN

(Looks annoyed)

So what do you want me to do?
Concannon's going to try the case
his way, I'm going to try it mine.
You want me to go wee wee wee all
the time because he's got some flack,
got stories in the newspaper. I'm
going to win this case.

They start walking across the Courthouse corridor. Mickey
veers off and stops at a Cigar Stand. To the STAND OPERATOR:

MICKEY

John: gimme a cuesta-ray.

GALVIN

Oh shit, what's today?

MICKEY

Today is Tuesday. What?

GALVIN

I've got to go see Gruber.
(to Cigar Stand
Operator)
What's the best cigars you have?

MICKEY

Give 'em a box of Macanudos.

GALVIN

Mickey: I'm supposed to meet somebody at O'Rourke's, I can't make it.

JOHN

Here you are, Franky.

GALVIN

(takes box)

Thanks. Can you go over and meet her...? Tell her I'll stop by when I'm through... Laura Fischer...

MICKEY

Sure. Who is she?

JOHN

That's thirty-three bucks. Can you believe that...?

MICKEY

Oh, yeah. Your broad from last night.

Galvin pays the Cigar Stand Operator.

JOHN

Thanks, Franky.

GALVIN

Tell her that I'll meet her there, okay? See you tomorrow in the office.

Mickey shrugs.

GALVIN

We're doing fine.

ANGLE

The two of them crossing the lobby.

Dick Doneghy, looking around the lobby, spies them, starts across, and accosts Galvin.

DONEGHY

You said you're gonna call me up. You didn't call me up. Who do you think you are?

(pushes Galvin into a wall; advances; pushes him again)

Who do you think you are...?

GALVIN

Hold on a second.

DONEGHY

I'm going to have you disbarred.
I'm going to have your ticket. You
know what you did? Do you know what
you did?

He pushes Galvin again. Galvin waves Mickey off.

GALVIN

It's all right, Mickey.

DONEGHY

You ruined my life, Mister... Me and
my wife... and I am going to ruin
yours...

(pushes Galvin again)

You don't have to go out there to
see that girl. We been going four
years.

(beat)

Four years... my wife's been crying
herself to sleep what they, what,
what they did to her sister.

GALVIN

I swear to you I wouldn't have turned
the offer down unless I thought that
I could win the case...

DONEGHY

What you thought!? What you
thought... I'm a workingman, I'm trying
to get my wife out of town, we hired
you, we're paying you, I got to find
out from the other side they offered
two hundred...

GALVIN

I'm going to win this case...
Mist... Mr. Doneghy... I'm going to
the Jury with a solid case, a famous
doctor as an expert witness, and I'm
going to win eight hundred thousand
dollars.

DONEGHY

You guys, you guys, you're all the
same. The Doctors at the hospital,
you... it's 'What I'm going to do for
you'; but you screw up it's 'We did
the best that we could. I'm
dreadfully sorry...' And people
like me live with your mistakes the
rest of our lives.

He nods sadly to himself. Beat.

GALVIN
If I could accept the offer right
now, I would.
(beat)
They took it back.

DONEGHY
I understand.
(starts to walk away
from Galvin; stops)
I went to the Bar Association. They
tell me you're going to be disbarred.

INT. O'ROURKE'S PUB - NIGHT

Laura is sitting in the same place at the bar. Mickey comes
up to her.

MICKEY
Franky can't make it. He had an
appointment he forgot, he's going to
see you later. I'm Mickey Morrissey,
we're supposed to get to know each
other.

LAURA
How'm I doing so far?

MICKEY
So far you're great. You got a
cigarette?

Laura opens her purse, starts hunting for a cigarette.

LAURA
What are you drinking?
(hands him cigarettes,
smiles, calls the
Bartender)
Jimmy...?

INT. GRUBER'S HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Galvin walks up to a door marked Doctors Only. He opens his
briefcase, takes out the box of Macanudo Cigars, smiles to
himself, walks inside.

INT. DOCTORS' LOCKER ROOM - GRUBER'S LOCKER

Galvin enters, looks around, it is empty. He looks at the
clock, takes out his appointment book, turns to appropriate
page.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

The book, written very large: "Dr. Gruber. 7:00 P.M. Hospital."

ANGLE

Galvin standing, he waits a beat. Starts out of locker room.

INT. GRUBER'S HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

CAMERA FOLLOWS him TO Nurses' Station. He speaks to the NURSE behind the desk.

GALVIN
Dr. Gruber.

NURSE
Dr. Gruber's not here today, Sir.

GALVIN
No... No...

She glances down, checks a sheet.

NURSE
Yes, Sir. He hasn't been in all day... He's not on the chart...

EXT. GRUBER'S OFFICE BUILDING AND STREET - NIGHT

Galvin walking in the snow. Stops outside of a very lovely brownstone with a small brass plaque. The plaque: Dr. David C. Gruber. M.D. P.C.

ANGLE

Galvin looking in through the window of the dark, deserted ground-floor office. He knocks on the door. Nothing. He knocks again. Nothing. He stands unbelieving.

EXT. GRUBER'S HOUSE & STREET - NIGHT

Galvin getting out of a taxi, rushing up the steps of a brownstone. Peeps through the window on the side of the house. Dark. He grabs the brass knocker. Pounds. Nothing, he pounds again. Nothing. He is beaten. He is without resource. He starts vacantly down the stairs. The door behind him is opened. He turns.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

A middle-aged black WOMAN in livery.

MAID
What is it?

Galvin in the steps speaking with her.

GALVIN
Dr. Gruber.

MAID
Dr. Gruber's not in.

GALVIN
I had an appointment at his office,
I think I must have got it wrong.
We had a meeting...

MAID
He's not in, Sir.

GALVIN
Where is he?

She hesitates. She has been instructed not to say. Galvin starts up the steps.

GALVIN
I... please. My wife... my wife's
prescription has run out. If I can
call him...

MAID
Dr. Halpern's taking all his...

GALVIN
No, no, no. I have to talk to him.
If I can only call him..

MAID
(beat)
He's... you can't reach him, Sir.
He's in the, on some island in the
Caribbean, they don't have a phone.
(beat)
He'll be back in a week...
(beat)
If you'd like Dr. Halpern's number...

Galvin turns away from the door. He is still clutching the box of cigars unconsciously.

INT. O'ROURKE'S - NIGHT

Mickey and Laura. Positions unchanged, at the bar. Somewhat progressed toward a convivial drunkenness

MICKEY

Stearns, Harrington, you know who that is?

LAURA

Should I?

MICKEY

A huge law firm. Okay? They put him in the firm, he's married, everything's superb. Franky, he's starting to talk like he comes from Dorsetshire, some fuckin' place, 'You must drop by with Pat and me...' Okay...?

LAURA

Yes.

MICKEY

...and he's making a billion dollars every minute working for Stearns, Harrington, and he bought a dog, and everything is rosy.
(beat)

Then Mr. Stearns, he tried to fix a case.

LAURA

The Big Boy did...?

MICKEY

That Frank was working on. Yeah. He thought Franky needed some help, so they bribed a juror. So Franky finds out. He comes to me in tears. He thinks that anybody who knows what a 'spinnaker' is got to be a saint. I told him 'Franky, wake up. These people are sharks. What do you think they got so rich from? Doing good?' He can't be comforted. He tells the boys at Stearns and Harrington they've disappointed him, he's going to the Judge to rat them out.

LAURA

Huh.

MICKEY

Before he can get there here comes this Federal Marshal, and Franky's indicted for Jury tampering, they

MICKEY
 throw him in jail, he's gonna be
 disbarred, his life is over.
 (beat)
 Jimmy, gimme another drink.
 (to Laura)
 How are you?

LAURA
 (to Jimmy)
 Me, too.

MICKEY
 Okay. Now, so he's in jail. He,
 finally, he gets to see the light,
 he calls up Harrington, he says he
 thinks he made a mistake. As if by
 magic, charges against him are
 dropped, he's released from jail.
 (beat)
 P.S. He's fired from the firm, his
 wife divorces him, he turns to drink
 and mopes around three and a half
 years.
 (beat)
 You like that story?

She looks at him. HOLD.

EXT. JUDGE SWEENEY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Snow falling. Galvin standing outside, having just rung the
 bell. The door is opened by a gangly teen-age boy. CAMERA
 FOLLOWS Galvin into...

INT. JUDGE SWEENEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

... the hall of the house. The boy motions toward a closed
 sliding door and then goes into the living room opposite.
 Galvin hangs up his coat on the hall coat rack, we hear the
 boy resume the practice of a passage of Chopin on the piano.
 Galvin knocks on the sliding door.

JUDGE (O.S.)
 Yes?

Galvin opens the door and goes into the Judge's darkened
 study. The Judge is watching a basketball game on TV,
 drinking a beer. CAMERA FOLLOWS Galvin into the room.

JUDGE
 What is it?

GALVIN
 Thank you for seeing me.

JUDGE
That's perfectly all right.

Judge turns down the volume of the game, but keeps watching it.

GALVIN
I need an extension for my case.

JUDGE
You should have taken their offer.
Especially if you were unprepared.

GALVIN
I had a witness disappear on me.

JUDGE
That happens.

GALVIN
I could subpoena him if I had a week.

JUDGE
I don't have a week. This case never
should have come to trial. You know
better. You're Mr. Independent.
You want to be independent? Be
independent now. I've got no sympathy
for you.

Judge leans forward, turns up the volume on the game.

EXT. STREET - GALVIN - PHONE - NIGHT

LONG SHOT of cars whooshing in the snow past a lonely street corner. A MAN at an open telephone stand. The sound of the telephone on the far end ringing.

ANGLE

Galvin at the stand, shivering in the cold, talking on the phone. An open note pad in his bare hand.

VOICE
Continental Casualty...

GALVIN
Mr. Alito, please.

VOICE
Business hours are over, Sir. This
is the switch...

GALVIN
I have to reach him.

GALVIN
This is an emergency. Could you
give me his home number?

VOICE
I'm sorry, Sir, we're not allowed...

GALVIN
...Would you, would you call him up.
I'll give you my number, and ask
him...

VOICE
I can't guarantee that...

GALVIN
I understand. Thank you, my name is
Galvin. I'll be at the following
number in a half an hour. It's
urgent.

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Galvin is sitting at his desk, a stack of files piled on his
desk, he is sorting through them looking for something. The
phone rings, he snatches it up.

GALVIN
(into phone)
Hello. Yes. Thank you for calling.
Frank Galvin... I'm representing
Deborah Ann Kaye...? I'd like to
discuss your firm's offer of the two
hundred th... In the sense that I
feel that we'd like to accept it.
(beat)
Well, it's rather a shock to me,
too; but it's my client's
wishes... She's changed her mind as
of this evening... I must say that I
tried to dissuade her...

He wipes his sweating forehead, he hears the sound of his
office door opening, he looks up.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

Mickey opening the front door to the office, carrying an
armful of lawbooks, and a couple of files, he turns on the
lights in the anteroom, and we SEE that he is surprised to
see Galvin in the office.

ANGLE - GALVIN

On the phone.

GALVIN

...Well, she, on the eve of the case... You understand... I think quite frankly she's come down with nerves and she'd like...

A beat. Mickey comes tentatively into the room and sits at the desk across from Galvin.

GALVIN

When was that arrived at...?

(beat)

I, I know what Mr. Concannon said, but...I. Well, I think you're making a mistake... I think that you should reconsider; why don't you check with your principals, and I'll call you in the...

(beat)

No?...you...uh. All right. No. That's fine. I understand. Sorry to bother you at home.

He hangs up the phone. Sits rock still. Beat.

MICKEY

What happened...?

Galvin starts searching through his files again.

MICKEY

What happened, Joey...?

GALVIN

I can't talk now.

MICKEY

D'you meet with Dr. Gruber...?

Galvin has found the sheet he is looking for, he extracts it from the file.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

The sheet of yellowing paper. Headed "DEBORAH ANN KAYE Poss. Drs. to testify; Contact: Dr. Lucien Thompson, Mineola Long Island; Dr. Duane Litchey..." He turns to second sheet. It is a letter-headed sheet, "Lucien Thompson, M.D." "Dear Dr. Galvin, after studying the case material on Deborah Ann Kaye, I would be glad..." Galvin turns back to first sheet, underlines THOMPSON in red.

ANGLE

Galvin dialing phone.

GALVIN
 Concannon got to my witness.
 (beat; to himself)
 I can't breathe in here...
 (into phone)
 Hello Doctor...?
 (checks sheet)
 Dr. Thompson. This is Joseph Galvin,
 attorney for a Deborah Ann Kaye, we
 had some correspondence some time
 ago...? That's right. I'm sorry
 that we never got back, the case was
 postponed, and I've had a changeover
 in staff... I'm sorry to call you so
 late...

ANGLE

Mickey, looking pityingly at Galvin. Mickey sees the box of
 Macanudo Cigars on the desk, picks them up, starts to open
 them -- throws them across the room in disgust.

GALVIN (V.O.)
 ...but we have had a change of
 strategy, and we were wondering, I
 know this is short notice, but...

INT. GALVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Galvin in pants and shirt carrying a drink, distraught,
 frightened. Standing in the doorway of his sitting room.

ANGLE

Laura in slacks and sweater coming out of the kitchen with
 her drink. She sits at worktable on which are Galvin's
 briefcase, files, etc. Galvin and Laura. He is biting his
 nails.

LAURA
 Would you like me to leave...?
 (beat)
 Is this a bad time --?

GALVIN
 (distracted)
 What...?

LAURA
 Is this a bad time.

GALVIN
 We, we... No... we just had a small
 reversal in the case...

GALVIN

(beat)
I have some, uh... I have some work
to do...

LAURA

What happened...?

GALVIN

They, uh, they got to my witness.

LAURA

...and is that serious?

Galvin, suddenly focuses, starts for worktable.

GALVIN

I've got to work...

LAURA

Do you want me to go...?

GALVIN

No, no, I'm just...

He stops, rubs his face...

LAURA

Why don't you get some rest?

GALVIN

I've got to work.

LAURA

You can't work if you can't think.
You get in bed. It's all right.
I'll stay here with you. It's all
right. Come on...

GALVIN

You're going to stay here...?

LAURA

Yes.

A beat.

GALVIN

I'm only going to rest a little while.

She leads him into the bedroom.

ANGLE - LATER

Same room, Laura, dressed in Galvin's bathrobe, sitting in the easy chair next to his worktable, smoking a cigarette, reading an old hard-cover novel. She looks up across the room.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

The door to the bedroom, closed.

ANGLE

Laura sighs, takes a drag. Puts the book down on her lap. Sits, thinking.

INT. CONCANNON'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Witness stand. DR. TOWLER, a distinguished man in his fifties, sitting on the stand. Concannon o.s. The doctor is ill-at-ease; smiles nervously.

CONCANNON (V.O.)
What is your name, please?

TOWLER
Dr. Robert Towler.

CONCANNON (V.O.)
You were Deborah Ann Kaye's doctor...?

DR. TOWLER
No, actually, she was referred to me. She was Dr. Hagman's patient...

CONCANNON
Don't equivocate. Be positive.
Just tell the truth.

ANGLE

The conference room. WIDE. Concannon's young lawyers taking notes as Concannon rehearses Dr. Towler, a Sony VTR being operated by one of them.

CONCANNON
Whatever the `truth' is, let's hear that. You were her doctor.

DR. TOWLER
Yes.

CONCANNON
Say it.

DR. TOWLER
I was her doctor.

CONCANNON
You were the anesthesiologist at her
delivery May twelfth, nineteen
seventy...

DR. TOWLER
...I was one of a group of...

CONCANNON
Answer affirmatively. Simply. Keep
those answers to three words. You
weren't 'part of a group,' you were
her anesthesiologist. Isn't that
right?

DR. TOWLER
Yes.

CONCANNON
You were there to help Dr. Marx
deliver her baby. Were you not?

DR. TOWLER
Yes.

ANGLE

Concannon starts to stroll a bit around the conference room,
in back of the assembled assistants, by the large windows,
which offer a panoramic view of Boston.

CONCANNON
Anything special about the case?

DR. TOWLER
When she...

The young lawyer (BILLY), Concannon's right-hand assistant,
raises his hand to get Concannon's attention.

CONCANNON
(to Dr. Towler,
correcting him)
When 'Debby'...
(to Young Lawyer)
Thank you.

Young Lawyer nods, makes a notation in his pad.

DR. TOWLER
Thank you. When Debby...

CONCANNON
 (switching his tack)
 Dr. Towler, who was in the operating
 room with you?

DR. TOWLER
 Ms. Nevins, nurse-anesthetist;
 Dr. Marx, of course...

He nods toward Dr. Marx who is in the audience, who nods
 back.

DR. TOWLER
 Mary Rooney, the obstetrical nurse...

CONCANNON
 What did these people do when her
 heart stopped?

DR. TOWLER
 We went to Code Blue...

CONCANNON
 'Code Blue,' what does that mean...?

DR. TOWLER
 It's a common medical expression,
 it's a crash program to restore the
 heartbeat. Dr. Marx cut an airway
 in her trachea, to get her oxygen,
 her and the baby... Ms. Nevins...

CONCANNON
 Why wasn't she getting oxygen...?

DR. TOWLER
 Well, many reasons, actually...

CONCANNON
 Tell me one?

DR. TOWLER
 She'd aspirated vomitus into her
 mask...

CONCANNON
 She THREW UP IN HER MASK. Let's cut
 the bullshit. Say it: She THREW UP
 IN HER MASK.

A beat.

DR. TOWLER
 She threw up in her mask.

Concannon nods to the Young Lawyer, who is conscientiously taking notes.

CONCANNON
...and her heart stopped and she
wasn't getting oxygen.

DR. TOWLER
That's right.

CONCANNON
And what did your team do...

DR. TOWLER
Well, we...

CONCANNON
...You brought thirty years of medical
experience to bear. Isn't that what
you did?

DR. TOWLER
Yes.

CONCANNON
...A patient riddled with
complications, questionable
information on her, on her admitting
form...

DR. TOWLER
...We did everything we could...

CONCANNON
...to save her and to save the baby.
Is that...

DR. TOWLER
Yes!

CONCANNON
You reached down into death. Now,
isn't that right?

DR. TOWLER
(getting overcome)
My God, we tried to save her... You
can't know... You can't know...

CONCANNON
(changing tactics;
soothing)
Tell us.

Beat. Dr. Towler sighs. He begins to speak.

EXT. SOUTH STREET STATION - BOSTON - DAY

People coming out of a just-arrived train.

ANGLE

Galvin watching them, he has a large boutonniere on his lapel. The departing PASSENGERS stream past him. An elderly BLACK MAN passes him by, turns and comes back to him.

ANGLE - THE BLACK MAN AND GALVIN

DR. THOMPSON

Mr. Galvin?

Galvin turns. He is taken aback. He registers who it must be.

GALVIN

Dr. Thompson...?

DR. THOMPSON

It was good of you to meet...

Galvin cuts him off, takes his bag.

GALVIN

Thank you for coming.

They shake hands. They start...

INT. SOUTH STREET STATION - DAY

into the station. The CAMERA TRACKING BEFORE them. As Galvin passes a wastebasket, he deposits his boutonniere.

GALVIN

I have some errands to run, and then I thought we'd spend the evening...

DR. THOMPSON

(nodding)
That's what I'd planned to...

GALVIN

I'm going to take you to the home to see the girl...

DR. THOMPSON

(tapping his briefcase,
referring to his
files)
From what I've seen, Mr. Galvin, you have a very good case...

GALVIN
 (distracted; thinking
 ahead)
 Yes. Yes. I think so. I hope you'll
 be comfortable. I'm putting you up
 at my...

DR. THOMPSON
 ...I made a reservation at...

GALVIN
 ...apartment.
 (stops)
 No, no. Please. You don't know who
 we're dealing with, I, please believe
 me, they...

DR. THOMPSON
 ...What difference would...

GALVIN
 These people play very rough. They
 don't want to lose this case. There's
 a lot of pressure they can bring to
 bear, I...

DR. THOMPSON
 (smiles)
 There's nothing they can do to me.

EXT. SOUTH STREET STATION AND STREET - DAY
 Galvin starts them walking again.

GALVIN
 Please, Sir. Please. Humor me.
 They have arrived outside at a bank of cabs.

GALVIN
 We'll spend the evening together,
 I'll put you up, you'll be very
 comfortable. Please.
 (hands Dr. Thompson
 an envelope)
 That's my address. The key is in
 it.
 (leans forward to
 cabbie)
 1225 Commonwealth.
 (to Dr. Thompson)
 Treat the place as your own. Please
 don't tell anyone you're here, I'll
 see you this evening. Thank you, and
 thank you for coming.

He puts Dr. Thompson's bag into the cab. Dr. Thompson hesitates, gets into the cab.

As the cab pulls out, CAMERA FOLLOWS Galvin TO a bank of phones outside the station.

ANGLE

Galvin at the phone.

VOICE

(Claire, on phone)
Mr. Galvin's...

GALVIN

Let me talk to Mickey.

MICKY

(on phone)
Yeah? How's our new witness?

GALVIN

D'you find the obstetric nurse?

MICKY

She's workin' the late shift at the Hospital. She's at home now, I'm going over there to talk to...

GALVIN

Gimme the address. I'm gonna go. We're going to need her.

EXT. MARY ROONEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Names on bells. One of them is ROONEY, M. 2D.

ANGLE

Galvin standing by the bell. Rings it. Beat. The door is buzzed, he walks into the vestibule, past mailboxes, up the stairs.

INT. MARY ROONEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Door opens, MARY ROONEY, a tough-looking woman in nurse whites opens the door.

ANGLE

Galvin in hall, CAMERA FOLLOWS him TO the door.

GALVIN

I'm Joe Galvin, I'm representing Deborah Ann Kaye, case against St. Catherine Laboure.

MARY ROONEY

I told the guy I didn't want to talk to...

GALVIN

I'll just take a minute. Deborah Ann Kaye. You know what I'm talking about. The case is going to trial. Our chief witness is a Dr. David Gruber, you know who he is?

MARY ROONEY

No.

GALVIN

He's the Assistant Chief of Anesthesiology, Massachusetts Commonwealth. He says your doctors, Towler and Marx, put my girl in the hospital for life. And we can prove that. What we don't know is why. What went on in there? In the O.R. That's what we'd like to know. Something went wrong. And you know what it was. They gave her the wrong anesthetic. What happened? The phone rang... someone got distracted... what?

MARY ROONEY

... you got your doctor's testimony. Why do you need me?

GALVIN

I want someone who was in the O.R. We're going to win the case, there's no question of that. It's just a matter of how big...

MARY ROONEY

I've got nothing to say to you.

GALVIN

You know what happened.

MARY ROONEY

Nothing happened.

GALVIN
Then why aren't you testifying for
their side?

She starts to close the door. He stops her.

GALVIN
I can subpoena you, you know. I can
get you up there on the stand.

MARY ROONEY
And ask me what?

GALVIN
Who put my client in the hospital
for life.

MARY ROONEY
I didn't do it, Mister.

GALVIN
Who are you protecting, then?

MARY ROONEY
Who says that I'm protecting anyone?

GALVIN
I do. Who is it? The Doctors.
What do you owe them?

MARY ROONEY
I don't owe them a goddamn thing.

GALVIN
Then why don't you testify?

MARY ROONEY
(beat)
You know, you're pushy, fella...

GALVIN
You think I'm pushy now, wait 'til I
get you on the stand...

MARY ROONEY
Well, maybe you better do that, then.
(starts to close door;
stops)
You know you guys are all the same.
You don't care who gets hurt. You're
a bunch of whores. You'd do anything
for a dollar. You got no loyalty...no
nothing...you're a bunch of whores.

She closes the door on him.

INT. CONCANNON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A young LAWYER on the phone, silent, nodding, taking notes. He holds up his hand to someone indicating "Almost done. I'll be right with you."

ANGLE

Concannon, in overcoat, about to go out, surrounded by an entourage of secretaries and ASSISTANTS in overcoats, waiting on him.

ANGLE

Concannon and the Young Attorney. The Young Attorney into phone, "Thank you." He hangs up, starts reading from his notes to Concannon:

YOUNG ATTORNEY

His name is Dr. Lionel Thompson.
City College of New York, Class of
twenty-six. Bachelor of Science;
New York College of Medicine;
sixteenth in a class of twenty-two.
Nineteen seventy-six got a courtesy
appointment, staff of anesthesiology,
Easthampton Hospital for Women.
Never married. Has no honors or
degrees of any weight. Since nineteen
seventy-five he's testified in twenty-
eight court cases, twelve malpractice.

(smiles, saving his
best 'til last)

And he's black.

CONCANNON

(beat; stern)

I'm going to tell you how you handle
the fact that he's black. You don't
touch it. You don't mention it.
You treat him like anybody else.
Neither better or worse.

(smiles)

And you get a black lawyer to sit at
our table. Okay...?

YOUNG ATTORNEY

Yessir.

CONCANNON

Good. What else do you do?

YOUNG ATTORNEY

...get the records of his testimony
in the twelve malpractice cases.

Concannon nods, meaning "that is correct." He turns, exiting with his ENTOURAGE. Over his shoulder:

CONCANNON
Do it. We'll be at Locke-Obers.

INT. GALVIN'S APARTMENT SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Thompson in shirt sleeves, attentive, stands against a sideboard. Mickey Morrissey, seated, in an armchair. Grilling him.

DR. THOMPSON
They gave her the wrong anesthetic.

MICKEY
Why is that?

DR. THOMPSON
(starting on reciting
a list)
Her sister said she ate one hour
prior to admittance... she...

MICKEY
... that's what the sister said. The
chart said she ate nine hours prior
to...

DR. THOMPSON
... she went in complaining of stomach
cramps. Good doctor would have
doubted the information on the chart.

MICKEY
Is that what a good doctor would do?
How old are you, please?

DR. THOMPSON
I am seventy-four years old.

MICKEY
What qualifies you as an expert in
anesthetics?

DR. THOMPSON
I am on the staff of...

MICKEY
Easthampton Hospital for Women.
Excuse me, what is that, a joke?
Let me tell you something, Doctor,
those men at Catherine Laboure.

MICKEY

Men who are known not only in this city, but the world, were trying to save a woman's life. They were there, and here you are, four years later, read some hospital report, and say...

DR. THOMPSON

...I made a detailed physical examination of the patient, Sir, yesterday evening, I...

Mickey drops his belligerent attitude. Turns to someone behind him.

ANGLE

The two men, Galvin standing behind Mickey, smoking. He nods.

MICKEY

(to Dr. Thompson, casually)
She getting good care over there?

DR. THOMPSON

Actually, yes. It's by no means bad, I...

MICKEY

(grilling him again)
Then what good would it do to ruin the reputation of two men, to help a girl whose life's not going to be changed in the least? You know what CODE BLUE means?

DR. THOMPSON

'Code Blue'...

MICKEY

It's a common medical term.

Mickey half-turns to Galvin, shrugs minutely, meaning, "We're in trouble."

INT. LAURA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hotel room door SEEN from the inside.

The handle starts to turn.

ANGLE

Galvin coming through the door.

He looks at Laura, tiredly closes the door behind him, hangs up his coat in the closet, moves into the room. As Galvin walks into the room, the CAMERA PRECEDES him and TURNS so that WE NOW SEE them BOTH.

GALVIN
We're going to lose.

A beat. Galvin looks out the window and then looks back to Laura.

GALVIN
Do you think it's my fault?

LAURA
Isn't there something you...

GALVIN
That's not the question. It's over.
(beat)
Do you think that it's my fault? If I'd...if I'd...I never should have taken it. There was no way that I was going to win.

LAURA
You're talking like a drunk.

GALVIN
That's what I am.

Beat.

LAURA
And it's over...?

GALVIN
Yes.

LAURA
Well, then what are you doing here?

GALVIN
I...do you want me to leave?

LAURA
You do what you want. You want to leave...You want to go kill yourself?

GALVIN
I...

LAURA
You want me to tell you it's your fault? It probably is.

LAURA
What are you going to do about it?
(beat)
I thought it's not over till the
jury comes in.

GALVIN
Who told you that?

LAURA
You told me so. Maybe you'd get
some sympathy. You came to the wrong
place.

GALVIN
And what makes you so tough?

LAURA
Maybe I'll tell you later.

GALVIN
Is there going to be a later...?

LAURA
Not if you don't grow up...

GALVIN
If I don't 'grow up...'

LAURA
You're like a kid, you're coming in
here like it's Saturday night, you
want me to say that you've got a
fever -- you don't have to go to
school...

GALVIN
(shakes head sadly)
You, you don't under...

LAURA
Oh, yes, I do, Joe. Believe me.
You say you're going to lose. Is it
my fault? Listen! The damned case
doesn't start until tomorrow and
already it's over for you!

GALVIN
It's over!

LAURA
What is your wife's picture doing by
the side of your...

GALVIN
What is that to you...?

LAURA
What would you like it to be to me...?
I, I, I can't invest in failure.

Galvin gets up hurriedly.

GALVIN
Excuse me, I've...

He hurries out of the room. CAMERA FOLLOWS him into the bathroom, he shuts the door, his chest heaves convulsively. He can't catch his breath... Beat. We hear a knock on the door.

LAURA (V.O.)
Joe...
(beat)
Joe...

GALVIN
(screaming)
Stop pressuring me...

The door opens, Galvin is still trying to catch his breath. Laura enters.

LAURA
You're pressuring yourself...

GALVIN
(shaking head, utterly
denying her)
No...no...

LAURA
Yes.
(beat)
We've all got to let go.

INT. "D. KAYE" SIGN - COURTROOM CORRIDOR - DAY

Galvin coming down the corridor with Sally Doneghy. They stop by a door on which the card reads: "PART III. DEBORAH ANN KAYE V. ST. CATHERINE LABOURE HOSPITAL ET AL."

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

They enter the courtroom. CAMERA FOLLOWS them in. The room one-quarter filled. Concannon at the defense table with the Defendants, a Black Lawyer, entourage. Galvin stops.

GALVIN
 (to Sally)
 I'm going to do the best I can for
 you and your sister. I know what it
 means to you. Believe me...
 (beat)
 It means that much to me.

He turns away, walks toward the front of the courtroom,
 glances toward the jury box.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

The Jury, somber, controlled, dignified.

ANGLE

Galvin continuing to the defense table, Mickey Morrissey
 already seated, studying notes on a yellow legal pad. Galvin
 sits. Mickey looks up.

MICKEY
 How are you holding up?

GALVIN
 I'm swell.

MICKEY
 And all we've got is a witch doctor!

GALVIN
 Yeah.

The BAILIFF enters, some SPECTATORS, knowing the routine,
 start getting to their feet.

MICKEY
 Look at it this way: it's refreshing
 every time a Doctor takes the stand
 he's not a Jew.

We hear the Bailiff's "All rise."

ANGLE

The COURTROOM getting to its feet as JUDGE WILLIAM B. HOYLE
 enters.

The Bailiff, as the Judge sits:

BAI L I F F
 Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, all persons
 having anything to do before the
 Honorable, the Justices of the
 Superior Court now sitting at Boston

BAI L I F F
 withi n and for the County of Suffol k,
 draw near, gi ve your attendance and
 you shall be heard. God save the
 Commonweal th of Massachusetts.

The Courtroom is seated. JUDGE motions to the CLERK, who stands and reads:

CLERK
 Deborah Ann Kaye versus St. Catherine
 Laboure, Robert S. Towler, M. D. and
 Sheldon F. Marx, M. D.

ANGLE - CLOSEUP

GALVIN at Plai nti ff' s tabl e, l ooki ng down at notes.

JUDGE
 Is the Plai nti ff ready?

GALVIN
 (l ooki ng up)
 Ready, your Honor.

JUDGE
 Defense... ?

CONCANNON
 Ready for the Defense, your Honor.

ANGLE

The Courtroom. P. O. V. JUDGE.

JUDGE
 Let' s begi n.

Galvi n gets to hi s feet. Walks over to the JURY. Looks at them, apprai si ng. He pauses as before a great effort. Takes a breath. Exhal es.

GALVIN
 It' s a terrible thi ng to si t i n
 judgment. So much ri des on i t. I
 know that you' ve thought, 'How can
 I be pure. How can I be impari al
 without bei ng col d. How can I be
 merci ful and sti ll be just?' And I
 know that most of you have sai d some
 sort of prayer thi s morni ng to be
 hel ped. To judge correctl y. We have
 the reputati on of two men. Two wel l -
 respect ed doctors and a renowned
 hospi tal before us.

GALVIN

And with those two respected men we have my client, Deborah Ann Kaye...

(beat)

... who was deprived of sight, of locomotion, hearing, speech, of everything, in short, which constitutes her life.

(beat)

We are going to prove she was deprived through negligence.

(beat)

Through the negligence of those respected men. We will show: One...

INT. ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR-DAY

A lavishly appointed corridor. Ali to and BILLY, the YOUNG LAWYER from Concannon's office, walking slowly down the corridor.

ALITO

Why did he go to see Mary Rooney?

YOUNG LAWYER

She's the only nurse who isn't testifying for the Doctors.

ALITO

What did he find?

YOUNG LAWYER

Nothing.

ALITO

How good's your intelligence?

YOUNG LAWYER

Very good.

ALITO

And so what is the rest of his case aside from Dr. Thompson?

YOUNG LAWYER

As far as we know, nothing.

Ali to nods, they stop outside a large double door.

ALITO

Thank Mr. Concannon for me. Please tell him I'll see him at his office.

Ali to knocks on the door. The door is opened by a YOUNG PRIEST.

Alito nods to the Young Lawyer, enters the Bishop's study. The door is closed behind him.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The jury box. One JUROR leans over and makes a whispered comment to another. The SECOND JUROR nods, inclines his head toward the witness box.

ANGLE

DR. Thompson on the stand. Composed, waiting. Concannon consulting his notes.

CONCANNON

Dr. Thompson, just so the Jury knows, you never treated Deborah Ann Kaye. Is that correct?

DR. THOMPSON

That is correct. I was engaged to render an opinion.

CONCANNON

Engaged to render an opinion. For a price. Is that correct? You're being paid to be here today?

DR. THOMPSON

Just as you are, Sir...

CONCANNON

Are you board-certified in anesthesiology, Doctor?

DR. THOMPSON

No, I am not. It's quite common in New York State...

CONCANNON

...I'm sure it is, but this is Massachusetts, Doctor. Certified in Internal Medicine?

DR. THOMPSON

No.

CONCANNON

Neurology?

DR. THOMPSON

No.

CONCANNON

Orthopedics?

DR. THOMPSON
I'm just an M.D.

CONCANNON
Do you know Dr. Robert Towler...?

DR. THOMPSON
I know of him.

CONCANNON
How is that?

DR. THOMPSON
Through, through his book.

CONCANNON
What book is that?

DR. THOMPSON
Meth... Methodology and Technique...

CONCANNON
... of Anesthesiology?

DR. THOMPSON
'Methodology and Techniques of
Anesthesiology.' Yes.

CONCANNON
How old are you?

DR. THOMPSON
I am seventy-four years old.

CONCANNON
Uh-huh. Still practice a lot of
medicine?

DR. THOMPSON
I'm on the staff of...

CONCANNON
Yes, we've heard that. Doctor: you
testify quite a bit against other
physicians? Isn't that right? You,
you're available for that? When
you're paid to be there?

DR. THOMPSON
Sir. Yes. When a thing is wrong... as
in this case, I am available. I am
seventy-four years old, I am not
board-certified.

DR. THOMPSON

I have been practicing medicine for forty-six years and I know when an injustice has been done.

CONCANNON

Do you, indeed. I'll bet you do. Fine. Fine. We'll save the court the time. We will admit the Doctor as an 'expert witness,' fine.

Concannon sits.

JUDGE

(in undertone, to
Bailliff)

Do we have time this morning to...

(glances at watch,
Bailliff nods to him)

All right. Mr. Galvin, you want to continue now, or we can resume with Dr. Thompson this afternoon.

GALVIN

(rising)

Thank you, your Honor, I'll continue. Dr. Thompson. Did you examine Deborah Ann Kaye last night at The Northern Chronic Care Facility?

DR. THOMPSON

I did.

CONCANNON

Objection.

JUDGE

Sustained. Yes. The witness will confine his testimony to review of the hospital records.

GALVIN

What?

JUDGE

(patronizing)

I believe that's the law...is it not, Mr. Galvin...?

A beat.

GALVIN

Dr. Thompson. From your review of the hospital records of May twelfth nineteen seventy-six.

GALVIN

In your opinion, what happened to Deborah Ann Kaye?

DR. THOMPSON

Cardiac arrest. During delivery her heart stopped. When the heart stops the brain's deprived of oxygen. You get brain damage. That is why she's in the state she's in today.

GALVIN

Now, Dr. Towler's testified that they restored the heartbeat within three or four minutes. In your opinion is his estimate correct?

DR. THOMPSON

It's my opinion it took him much longer. Nine...ten minutes. There's too much brain damage.

The Judge leans over.

JUDGE

(to Dr. Thompson)

Are you saying that a failure to restore the heartbeat within nine minutes in itself constitutes bad medical practice?

DR. THOMPSON

Well...

GALVIN

Your Honor!

He has shouted unconsciously; the whole Courtroom turns to look at him.

JUDGE

Yes, Mr. Galvin?

GALVIN

If I may be permitted to question my own witness in my own way...

JUDGE

I'd just like to get to the point, Mr. Galvin. Let's not waste these people's time. Answer the question, Mr. Witness. Please. Would a nine-minute lapse in restoring the heartbeat in and of itself be negligence?

DR. THOMPSON
I...in that small context I would
have...I would have to say 'no.'

JUDGE
Then you're saying there's no
negligence, based on my question?

DR. THOMPSON
I...given the limits of your question,
that's correct.

JUDGE
The Doctors were not negligent.

DR. THOMPSON
(beat)
I...um...

The Judge shrugs, meaning, "Well then what in the hell are
we doing here?"

ANGLE

Galvin, furious.

ANGLE

The Judge and Witness.

JUDGE
Thank you.

The Witness starts to step down. Galvin strides over to him
and speaks to the Judge.

GALVIN
I'm not through with the witness,
your Honor. With all due respect if
you are going to try my case for me
I would appreciate it if you wouldn't
lose it.

The Judge stands, furious.

JUDGE
Thank you. I think that's enough
for this morning. I'll see the
Plaintiff's Counsel in my chambers.
Now, please.

The Courtroom rises. The Bailiff is heard, "All rise, court
is adjourned until one o'clock."

INT. JUDGE SWEENEY'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Galvin, furious, standing against the wall. The Judge comes in from his own entrance, shucking his robe. Equally angry.

JUDGE

I got a letter from the Judge Advocate's office on you today, fella, you're on your way out... They should have kicked you out on that Lillibridge case. Now this is it today.

GALVIN

I'm an attorney on trial before the bar. Representing my client. My client, do you understand? You open your mouth and you're losing my case for me.

JUDGE

Listen to me, fella...

GALVIN

No, no, you listen to me. All I wanted in this case is an even shake. You rushed me into court in five days... my star witness disappears, I can't get a continuance, and I don't give a damn. I'm going up there and I'm going to try it. Let the Jury decide. They told me Sweeney he's a hard-ass, he's a defendant's judge. I don't care. I said, the hell with it. The hell with it. I'll take my chances he'll be fair.

Galvin is pacing. Beat.

JUDGE

(conciliatory)
Galvin, look, many years ago...

GALVIN

And don't give me this shit, 'I was a lawyer, too.' 'Cause I know who you were. You couldn't hack it as a lawyer. You were Bag Man for the Boys and you still are. I know who you are.

JUDGE

(beat; barely
controlling anger)
Are you done?

GALVIN

Damn right I'm done. I'm going to ask for a mistrial and I'm going to request that you disqualify yourself from sitting on this case. I'm going to take a transcript to the State and ask that they impeach your ass.

JUDGE

You aren't going to get a mistrial, boy. We're going back this afternoon, we're going to try this case to an end. Now you get out of here before I call the Bailiff and have you thrown in jail.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS CORRIDOR-DAY

Galvin walking down the corridor, having just come from the Judge's Chambers. Sally Doneghy comes up to him.

SALLY

What does it mean?

(beat)

I...I mean we, you have other tactics...

GALVIN

We, yes. Yes. They, they present their side, and I get the same chance. To cross-examine... to... to...

SALLY

Are we going to win?

(beat, desperately
needing to trust)

We have, you know, other tactics, though...

GALVIN

Yes.

She nods. Beat. Walks off. Galvin turns to the open door to the Courtroom, through which the SPECTATORS are reentering for the afternoon session. Mickey is standing by the door, he catches Galvin's eye. They look at each other a moment.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Dr. Towler on the witness stand. Concannon walking away from him.

CONCANNON

No further questions.

ANGLE

Galvin at the Plaintiff's table, hastily scribbling notes, he looks up. Gets to his feet, walks over to Dr. Towler in the witness box, the CAMERA MOVES WITH him.

GALVIN
Dr. Towler...

TOWLER
Yes.

GALVIN
You have a record of what happened
in the operating room...

TOWLER
Yes, that's correct.

GALVIN
... there are notations every thirty
seconds...

TOWLER
Yes.

GALVIN
... of the procedures...

TOWLER
Yes, the roving nurse...

GALVIN
But those notations stop...
(consults notes)
... four-and-one-half minutes after
Deborah Ann Kaye's...

TOWLER
We, we were rather busy...

GALVIN
Four-and-one-half minutes after her
heart stopped.
(beat)
And they resume seven minutes...

TOWLER
As I've said we had some more...

GALVIN
... they start again three minutes
earlier...

TOWLER

We had rather more important things
on our mind than taking notes.

(beat)

We were trying to restore her...

GALVIN

What happened in those three...

TOWLER

...we were trying to restore her
heartbeat.

GALVIN

What happened in those three
minutes...?

TOWLER

(beat; controls himself)

We'd gone to 'Code Blue,' we were
administering electro...

GALVIN

Why did it take that long to get her
heartbeat...

CONCANNON (V.O.)

Objection, we've...

GALVIN

...to get her heartbeat back...?

CONCANNON (V.O.)

We've touched on this, his own witness
has said...

GALVIN

(overriding him)

...almost nine minutes... causing
brain damage.

CONCANNON

Your Honor...! Your Honor...

TOWLER

Brain damage could have been...it
didn't necessarily take nine minutes,
it could have been caused in two...

GALVIN

Wait, wait, wait, you're saying that
her brain damage could have been
caused by her being deprived of oxygen
for two minutes...?

TOWLER

Yes.

GALVIN

(contemptuous)

Huh. And why is that?

TOWLER

Because she was anemic.

(beat)

It's right there on her chart. Her brain was getting less oxygen anyway...

Galvin is struck dumb. He has just made a terrible error. He looks at Mickey.

ANGLE - P.O.V. Mickey looks at Galvin. He shakes his head sadly.

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DR. THOMPSON - DUSK

The last of the spectators coming out of the court. Galvin and Dr. Thompson are standing there.

DR. THOMPSON

I didn't do too well for you.

GALVIN

No, you did fine.

DR. THOMPSON

I'm afraid that's not true.

(beat)

Will you want me to stay on till Monday?

GALVIN

No. No thank you, Doctor. You go home.

DR. THOMPSON

You know... sometimes people can surprise you. Sometimes they have a great capacity to hear the truth.

GALVIN

Yes... I... yes.

They shake hands. Dr. Thompson walks off. Stops.

DR. THOMPSON

You sure you don't want me to stay on.

GALVIN
No. No. Thank you. You go home.

Mickey walks out of the courtroom arranging papers in his briefcase.

MICKEY
I'm going back to the office.

He walks off leaving Galvin standing there alone. Laura comes out of the courtroom. Tentatively, she looks around. Comes up to him.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - STREET - DUSK

Laura and Galvin walking.

LAURA
Is it over?

GALVIN
No.

LAURA
What are you going to do?

GALVIN
I don't have a goddamned idea.

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Galvin pacing. Mickey seated. Morose.

GALVIN
Okay. What do you do when you don't have a witness?

MICKEY
(reciting a catechism;
dispiritedly)
You use their witness.

GALVIN
That's right.

MICKEY
I think we tried that. The case is over.

Galvin continues pacing. He will not hear what was just said.

MICKEY
And how the fuck... You broke the first law that they taught you in

MICKEY

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

(beat)

Frankie, wake up. You got your own expert witness says there was no negligence. It's over. Period. There'll be no other cases...

Galvin turns on him, animal-like.

GALVIN

There are no other cases. This is the case.

(beat)

Now you decide...

(beat)

Are you in or out...?

INT. CONCANNON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Soft, dim lights. Concannon sitting on a couch. He holds a red-backed file document. His listener is unseen.

CONCANNON

I know how you feel. I know you don't believe me, but I do. I'm going to tell you something I learned when I was your age. I had prepared a case. Mr. White asked me, 'How did you do.'

(beat)

I said, 'I've done my best.' He said, 'They don't pay you to do your best. They pay you to win.'

(beat)

That's what pays for this office.

(beat)

And that's what pays for the pro bono work that we do for the poor. And for the kind of law that you want to practice. And that's what pays for your clothes and my whiskey, and the leisure that we have to sit back and discuss philosophy.

(beat)

As we're doing tonight.

(beat)

We're paid to win the case.

ANGLE - CONCANNON AND LAURA

Laura sitting across from him, impassive.

CONCANNON

You finished your marriage. You wanted to come back and practice law. You wanted to come back to the world.

A beat. He hands the red-backed document to her.

ANGLE - THE DOCUMENT

stamped CONCANNON, BARKER, WHITE. Confidential. Eyes only.

CONCANNON (V.O.)

Welcome back.

INT. LAURA'S HOTEL ROOM/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A lonely middle-class hotel corridor. HOLD. HOLD. Laura, tired, enters the corridor from the side and proceeds away from the CAMERA. The CAMERA FOLLOWS her to her door. She stops, takes out her key, tiredly opens the door.

INT. LAURA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Laura opening the door, looks down, sees something, bends down to pick it up. Straightens up.

ANGLE - INSERT

A hotel envelope, The Hotel Lincoln - Boston, Mass. on the letterhead. Laura's hands open the message, take out a sheet of yellow legal paper.

ANGLE

Laura closes the door behind her, she does not turn on the light, walks over to a couch by the window, sits down, all the while reading the paper by the outside light. She lowers the paper to her lap.

ANGLE - INSERT

The legal sheet. It reads, handwritten:

Laura. I'm going to try. When this is over can we go away? Joe.

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mickey on his feet, pacing. Galvin at a blackboard on which is written, "Dr. Towler. Dr. Marx. Admitting Form. Anaesthesia." Etc.

GALVIN

Why doesn't Mary Rooney testify?

Mickey shakes his head.

GALVIN
Are you with me... are you awake...?

MICKEY
Yeah. I'm awake.

GALVIN
Rooney's protecting someone. Who is she protecting?

MICKEY
The Doctors.

GALVIN
She's protecting the Doctors she'd be up there on the stand...

MICKEY
(Listlessly)
Read me what she said.

Galvin flips through his notes. Reads.

GALVIN
'You guys are a bunch of whores... uh... loyalty... you don't care who gets hurt... you don't have any loyalty...'

MICKEY
...one of the other nurses?

GALVIN
Who? They're all testifying. Everybody who was in the O.R.'s going to take the stand.

MICKEY
All right. Who wasn't in the O.R.?

GALVIN
What difference can that make...?
All right...

He starts checking the charts. Sighs. "This is useless..."

GALVIN
Uh... the admitting nurse...

MICKEY
What did she do?

GALVIN
 She didn't do anything. She took
 the patient's history and signed the
 charts. 'K. C.'
 (Looks in the notes
 for what the initials
 signify)
 'Kathy Costello...'

MICKY
 The 'History'...?

GALVIN
 (explaining)
 How old are you, how many children
 ... when did you last eat ...

INT. ST. CATHERINE LABOURE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mary Rooney and another Nurse walking down the corridor
 carrying foil-covered dishes of food, chatting.

ANGLE

Galvin watching them from behind a corner.

ANGLE

The Nurses come to the corner, Galvin walks past. "Notices"
 Rooney. Stops.

GALVIN
 Miss Rooney. Oh. Listen.
 (beat)
 I understand what you are doing.
 And I want you to know it's all right.

He nods, starts off in the direction he was going in.

ROONEY
 What are you talking about?

Galvin turns, confused. Goes back to her. Warmly,
 conciliatory.

GALVIN
 About Kathy Costello.
 (beat)
 I understand, and I don't blame you
 for shielding her.

A beat.

Mary Rooney motions the other Nurse to go away. She steps
 closer to Galvin.

GALVIN
I spoke to her, and everything is
all right.

ROONEY
I, what are you talking about? I
talked to her this morning, and she
said...

GALVIN
(nods)
She told me.

ROONEY
(credulous)
She did?

GALVIN
I just saw her.

ROONEY
In New York?

GALVIN
What?

ROONEY
You saw Kat in New York...
(beat)
...or is she in town? Is she in
town...?

Beat. It occurs to her that she's been duped, as Galvin starts off hurriedly down the hall.

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Laura. SEEN from the back, walking down the corridor. CAMERA FOLLOWS her. She stops outside Galvin's door. She turns. We SEE she is carrying a tray of coffee containers. She opens door. CAMERA FOLLOWS her INTO the office. Mickey is on the phone in the vestibule, Galvin is on the phone in his office. He is just hanging up.

GALVIN
Thank you. I'm sorry.

Laura starts distributing coffee. Galvin shouts to Mickey in the far room.

GALVIN
We don't have anything from the Nurse
Association?

MICKEY
The broad has di sappeared. . .

GALVIN
The Hospi tal . . . ?

Laura goes i nto Gal vi n' s offi ce wi th coffee. CAMERA FOLLOWS her.

MICKEY
No records since she qui t i n ' 76.
She qui t two weeks after the inci dent.

Laura hands coffee to Gal vi n.

GALVIN
Thank you.

LAURA
I have to talk to you.

GALVIN
(to Mickey)
Call the A. M. A.
(to Laura)
. . . I can' t talk now.
(to Mickey)
. . . tell them you' re Dr.
Somebody. . . you have to fi nd thi s
nurse. . .

MICKEY
. . . yeah. . . good. . .

GALVIN
. . . you need some old forms that she
had. . . somebody' s dyi ng. . .

Gal vi n picks up the telephone. Looks down to telephone book i n front of him, open on desk.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

New York Ci ty telephone di rectory. Two col umns of COSTELLO' s. Thi rty of them crossed off. Gal vi n on the phone.

GALVIN (V. O.)
Hel lo, Mrs. Costello. . .

ANGLE - GALVIN ON THE PHONE

GALVIN
Sorry to bother you so late.

Laura goes over to the couch, si ts. Li ghts a ci garette.

GALVIN
 This is Mr. Goldberg in Accounting.
 We have some money here for you... This
 is the Mrs. Costello that used to be
 a nurse?
 (beat)
 I'm sorry. I think we have our
 records mixed up.

ANGLE

Laura sitting on the couch. Tense. Smoking.

GALVIN
 Are you related to Kathy Costello,
 the R.N.?... I'm sorry...

We hear Mickey on his phone.

MICKEY (V.O.)
 Hello, this is Dr. Dorchester in
 Boston. This is an emergency. A
 nurse left my employ...

ANGLE

Laura on the couch. Galvin dialing the phone. Mickey HALF-
 SEEN in the next room.

MICKEY
 ... four years ago...

GALVIN
 Hello. This is Mr. Dorchester in
 Records. We're looking for Kathy
 Costello...

MICKEY
 (voice over; in the
 other room, shouting)
 I need a cigarette!
 (resumes on-the-phone
 tone)
 She left my office four years ago,
 we're looking for a chart...
 (covers phone; again
 shouts)
 I need a cigarette...

Laura looks around the desk, picks up one then another pack,
 crushes them, empty. She nods to herself, picks up her coat
 off the couch in the anteroom, and starts down the hall.
 Going through the door, she turns, looks back.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

Galvin in the inner office, on the phone.

GALVIN
Thank you. I'll hold.

He looks up. Sees Laura, gives her a half-smile.

INT. GREASY SPOON - NIGHT

Near the cash register of an all-night diner in the business district, the deserted streets outside. Laura -- standing next to a wall phone, exhausted. She is handed a cardboard tray with three coffees on it and two packs of Pall Malls and some change by the Proprietor. She takes the change and turns her head to look at the telephone.

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mickey asleep on the couch, coffee containers around him, an ashtray full of butts. Beat. We hear a telephone being dialed.

ANGLE

Galvin, exhausted, smoking, on the telephone.

GALVIN
Hello. This is Ross Williams. I'm calling from California. I'm sorry. I know it's late in the East, but this is an emergency. May I please speak to Kathy Costello?
(beat)
I'm sorry. My records must be confused. This is the family of Kathy Costello...? Please excuse it.

He hangs up. Reaches for a bottle of whiskey on his desk. Pours a shot into a glass. Downs it. His attention is caught by something across the room.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

Laura asleep on the couch, covered in Galvin's overcoat.

ANGLE

Galvin looks gratefully at her. He begins dialing the phone.

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE - VESTIBULE - DAY

A small bundle of mail is pushed through the vertical slot and falls to the floor.

ANGLE

Interior office. Early morning. Galvin asleep with his head on his desk. Mickey asleep in a chair. Laura asleep on the couch, covered with Galvin's overcoat. Galvin wakes up, startled by the sound of the mail dropping. He picks up the phone mechanically. He realizes it is morning and he has been asleep. He replaces phone. He surveys the office. Dead, resigned. He closes the phone book. He reaches in a pack of cigarettes on the desk. It is empty. He roots in the ashtray for a long butt. This disgusts him. He rejects it. Rubs his eyes. Gets up. Goes to the window, stares out. Looks back at the scene in his office. It is over. He stands by Laura and looks down at her, he looks at Mickey. He has let them down. He goes to a cabinet under the lawbooks and takes out a bottle of whiskey and a water glass. He walks into the anteroom. Sighs, sits on the couch near the door. Glances at the several letters that have just fallen through the slot. He pours a half-tumbler full of whiskey, and drains it. He refills the tumbler. He absently picks up the mail and starts mechanically sorting through it. He stops at an official-looking piece.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

The letter, return address MASSACHUSETTS BAR ASSOCIATION.
URGENT.

He lethargically opens the letter. On Bar Association letterhead, it reads: "You are directed to appear on January 15th to show cause why you should not be disbarred. You are permitted to be represented by counsel of your choice, and..."

ANGLE

Galvin reading the letter. He crumbles it and throws it into the wastebasket. He looks at the next letter and skims it into the wastebasket. He looks at the next letter and stops.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

It is a phone bill.

EXT. MARY ROONEY'S TENEMENT - DAY

Galvin hurrying up the steps of the tenement. CAMERA FOLLOWS him into the vestibule. It is Mary Rooney's tenement.

INT. MARY ROONEY'S TENEMENT VESTIBULE - DAY

He stops by the mailboxes, bends over to read the names.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

The mailboxes: Swoboda; Murch; M. Rooney.

ANGLE

Galvin straightens, looks around the vestibule, takes heavy letter opener from his jacket pocket and pries open the Rooney mailbox. He extracts letters and rifles through them.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

Mary Rooney's phone bill.

INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

Galvin in an old-fashioned sit-down phonebooth in a drugstore. He is dialing the phone, holding the phone bill. The operator answers, he starts dropping change into the slot.

ANGLE

The phone bill opened. It reads, "Rooney, Mary A. 263 Church Street, Arlington, Mass." Various local charges. One call to Chicago. One call to Fort Lauderdale. Eight calls to New York. The calls to New York are circled in pen.

FEMALE

(voice over; on phone)
Hello.

ANGLE

Galvin on the phone.

GALVIN

Hello, I'm calling from...

VOICE

If you're selling something, I'm late for work...

GALVIN

I'm calling from Professional Nurse Quarterly...

VOICE

From the magazine?

GALVIN

This is Mr. Wallace in Subscriptions?

VOI CE
How come you're calling me from...?

GALVI N
This is Miss Costello...?

VOI CE
Yes. Price...

GALVI N
Pardon?

VOI CE
Kathy Price.

GALVI N
We find that your subscription
lapsed...

VOI CE
(Laughs)
My subscription lapsed three years
ago...

GALVI N
That's why I'm calling, Miss Price...

VOI CE
Missus...

GALVI N
We have a renew-your-subscription
offer...

VOI CE
We get it at work. We get the
magazine at work.

GALVI N
Yes, we know that you do. I have it
in my files. That's at the Manhattan
Health Center...

VOI CE
No. At Chelsea Childcare. Okay.
Look, call me Monday, hey? I'm late
for work.

ANGLE

Galvin scribbles on pad as we hear Kathy hanging up. "Kathy
Price. Chelsea Childcare."

INT. EASTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - BOSTON - DAY

Galvin hurrying across the lobby. Stops by DO IT YOURSELF SHUTTLE TICKET COUNTER. Takes form, starts to write on it.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

The form "BOSTON - NEW YORK SHUTTLE. SELF SERVICE TICKET."

Galvin filling in his name and address in pencil.

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Laura asleep on the couch. Mickey asleep on the other couch. The phone is ringing. She wakes up. Looks around. Goes groggily to phone, answers.

LAURA
(on phone)
Hello? Mr. Gal... where are you...?

Mickey wakes up, looks around.

LAURA
You're going to New York? I... you're kidding... Because I'm going to New York.
(beat)
I just got a call. I have to go sign papers. About my divorce. I... good. Frank. We'll meet there. All right?

Mickey has woken up. Swings his feet to the floor. Picks up a pack of cigarettes. Crushes it. It is empty.

LAURA
Can we meet there, Joe?

Mickey gets to his feet.

MICKEY
(to Laura)
You got a cigarette...?

She shrugs, "I don't know..."

LAURA
At the Beacon. On Fifty-third Street... we can spend the night.

Mickey has gone over to Laura's purse. Opens it, rummaging. Comes up with a pack of cigarettes. He sees something in the purse. Stops.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

The open purse. The red-backed legal form. The letterhead reads, "CON-CANNON, BARKER, WHITE," stamped huge across it in black: "CONFIDENTIAL. EYES ONLY!!!" Mickey takes out the form, turns page. It reads, "Report on Joseph Galvin," lists haunts, habits, and is heavily notated in various types of pen and pencil.

LAURA (V. O.)
(on phone)
At around four...?

ANGLE

Mickey replacing the form and the cigarettes. He recloses the purse. He turns to her. She has seen nothing.

LAURA
I feel the same way, Joe...I'll see
you this afternoon?

She hangs up.

MICKY
You got any cigarettes?

EXT. CHELSEA CHILDCARE - DAY

Two very young children walk across a play area. The door to the play area opens and Joe Galvin, in overcoat, comes in. He looks around the room, starts to walk across it. CAMERA PANS WITH him to REVEAL a woman, KATHY, who is comforting a crying child. Galvin walks over to her. Stands a respectful distance away. She sees him watching her, looks up.

KATHY
Hi.

GALVIN
Hi. How are you doing?

She nods, happy to be working with the child.

GALVIN
I've been meaning to come in a long
time.

KATHY
You live in the neighborhood?

GALVIN
Uh-huh.

GALVIN
My nephew's going to be staying with us in a few months, so I stopped by.

KATHY
How old is he?

GALVIN
Four. You're great with these kids.

She beams, caught unprepared in something that is a great point of pride with her.

KATHY
Thank you.

GALVIN
You're really...
(stops, remembering something)
You, are you the one they told me was the nurse?

KATHY
Who told you that?

GALVIN
(gestures back at the office, vaguely)
Mrs. . . .

KATHY
Mrs. Simmonds.

GALVIN
Yes.

KATHY
(very serious, correct)
I used to be a nurse.

GALVIN
That's a wonderful profession. My daughter-in-law's a nurse. What did you do, stop?

Kathy is lost in thought. This is obviously a very painful subject for her. Beat.

KATHY
Yes.

Galvin, getting involved in a serious conversation, takes off his overcoat, he is going to stay awhile.

GALVIN
How come you stopped?

She is traumatized by the question. The casual conversation has become immediate and painful. She opens her mouth to speak, then stops, staring at Galvin. He doesn't know what she is staring at... something on his jacket. He looks down.

ANGLE - KATHY'S P.O.V.

The shuttle ticket, BOSTON - NEW YORK, stuck in the lapel pocket of Galvin's suitcoat.

ANGLE

Kathy and Galvin. She realizes why he is there. She starts to cry quietly.

GALVIN
(beat; gently dropping
his pretense)
Will you help me?

INT. NEW YORK HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

The restaurant fairly deserted after the lunch crowd. Empty tables -- crisp linen, Laura alone at a table, watching the door, an untouched cup of coffee in front of her.

EXT. NEW YORK HOTEL - DAY

The doorman opens the door of a cab.

ANGLE

Mickey Morrisey standing in an alcove under the marquee, looking out at the street.

ANGLE - P.O.V.

The street. Pedestrians. Joe Galvin comes walking hurriedly, smiling, down the street.

ANGLE

Mickey starting down the steps, intercepts Galvin. Galvin looks up, surprised.

GALVIN
What the hell are you doing here?

MICKEY
We got to talk.

He is moving Galvin off down the sidewalk, away from the Hotel. CAMERA STAYS STILL, and their voices get fainter as they move away.

GALVIN
What are you doing in New York...?

MICKEY
Come on, we'll get a cup of coffee...

They continue walking. We cannot hear them. Galvin is becoming agitated. He stops Mickey, stands there, Mickey very sad, Galvin incredulous, talking to him. Mickey nods. Galvin starts hurriedly back down the street toward the Hotel.

INT. NEW YORK HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

LONG SHOT of Laura seated at a table alone.

ANGLE

Galvin at the entrance to the restaurant looking at her. He walks over to her slowly.

ANGLE - CLOSEUP

Laura, looks up, sees him, smiles. Her smile fades, she sees that he knows.

ANGLE

Laura getting up from the table. We SEE her back, and Galvin approaching. We SEE her shoulders

ANGLE

droop, beaten. He draws closer. Galvin comes up to her, his face a mask of pain and confusion. She sighs, starts to speak. Stops. Beat. They look at each other -- he starts to speak, cannot. He knocks her to the floor, she upsets the table. A large man at the next table starts to restrain Galvin.

LAURA
(as if in shock)
It's all right...it's all right...it's
all right...it's all right...

INT. EASTERN SHUTTLE PLANE - NIGHT

Galvin and Mickey seated next to him, flying home in silence. Mickey smoking a cigarette. Galvin stone-faced, beat.

MICKEY

I talked to Johnnie White at the Bar Association.

(beat)

The broad used to work for one of Concannon's partners in New York awhile ago.

(beat; lamely)

She wanted to move to Boston.

(beat)

How badly did she hurt us, Joe?

GALVIN

I don't know.

A beat.

MICKEY

We got a mistrial, you know. Joe -- did you hear what I said...?

GALVIN

I don't want a mistrial.

INT. MICKEY MORRISSEY'S HOUSE - DAY

The doorway to his study. A basketball game dimly SEEN in the half-light. Mickey, o. s. :

MICKEY

He's not here.

(pause)

Yeah. I don't know when.

(pause)

All right.

Sound of him hanging up a telephone. He enters the frame carrying a bottle of booze, goes through door into study.

CAMERA FOLLOWS

HIM INTO THE ROOM. THE TV:

ANNOUNCER (V. O.)

The Knicks are pressing hard...
(etc.)

He sits on a sofa opposite the television. Watches the game a beat. Opens the fresh bottle of whiskey and pours a large shot into the almost-empty glass in front of him. Looks to his left. Reaches behind him to some glasses on a shelf, takes one down, pours drink into the new glass, leans to his left, CAMERA MOVES WITH him, and we SEE Galvin sitting in a deep leather armchair, staring. Mickey offers him the drink. Galvin becomes aware of him, shakes his head "no." Beat.

Mickey moves back into his seat, they both stare at the television.

INT. COURTROOM -- JUDGE'S P.O.V. - DAY

Half full of spectators.

ANGLE

Galvin gets up from Plaintiff's table, takes up a large book as Dr. Towler takes the stands. He reads:

GALVIN
Dr. Towler; page 406,
'Contraindications to general
anaesthetic. Ideally a patient
should refrain from taking nourishment
up to nine hours prior to induction
of general anaesthetic.' Does that
sound familiar?

DR. TOWLER
Yes. I wrote it.

Galvin shows the book.

GALVIN
'Practice and Methodology in
Anaesthesia.' General textbook on
the subject. Is that correct?

DR. TOWLER
I. Yes. It is.

GALVIN
And you wrote that...

DR. TOWLER
Yes.

GALVIN
(reading)
... Page 414, 'If a patient has taken
nourishment within one hour prior to
inducement, general anaesthetic should
be avoided at all costs because of
the grave risk the patient will
aspirate food particles into his
mask.' Is that what happened to
Deborah Ann Kaye? She aspirated
into her mask?

DR. TOWLER
She threw up in her mask, yes.

DR. TOWLER

But she hadn't eaten one hour prior to admission.

GALVIN

If she had eaten, say one hour prior to admission, the inducement of a general anaesthetic... the type you gave her... would have been negligent...?

DR. TOWLER

Negligent. Yes... it would have been criminal. But that was not the case.

GALVIN

Thank you.

Galvin signals he is done. The Judge signals Dr. Towler to leave the stand, which he does.

JUDGE

Mr. Concannon...?

CONCANNON

Nothing further, your Honor.

JUDGE

Mr. Galvin, rebuttal?

GALVIN

(to Bailiff)
Katherine Price.

The Bailiff calls out her name.

BAI LI FF

Katherine Price...

ANGLE

Kathy at the back of the court, coming down the aisle. As she passes the Defendant's table, Towler grabs Marx and starts whispering frantically. Concannon looks on, ignorant of what is happening. We hear Dr. Towler's "Oh, my God..."

ANGLE

Galvin surveys the courtroom, Kathy crosses in front of him, takes the stand, we hear the Bailiff administering the formula as we WATCH Galvin turn and look at the Jurors.

BAI LI FF (V. O.)

State your name please.

KATHY (V.O.)
Katherine Lynn Price.

BAI LI FF
D' you swear that the evidence you
are about to give will be the truth,
the...

ANGLE

The Bailiff swearing in Kathy.

BAI LI FF
... whole truth and nothing but the
truth, so help you God?

KATHY
I do.

BAI LI FF
Be seated.

Kathy sits, the Bailiff retires, Galvin walks over to her.

GALVIN
Kathy Price...

KATHY
Yes...

GALVIN
You were the Admitting Nurse at St.
Catherine Laboure Hospital on May
twelfth, nineteen seventy-six, the
night Deborah Ann Kaye was admitted...

KATHY
Yes.

Galvin holds up a form.

GALVIN
You signed this form?

She looks closely at it. Is satisfied.

KATHY
Yes.

GALVIN
These are your initials, 'K.C.'?

KATHY
Kathy Costello. That's my maiden
name.

A beat.

GALVIN
D'you ask the patient when did she
last eat?

KATHY
Yes.

GALVIN
What did she say?

KATHY
She said she had a full meal one
hour before coming to the hospital.

GALVIN
One hour.

KATHY
Yes.

GALVIN
And did you write the numeral 'one'
down on the record, standing for one
hour?

KATHY
I did.

GALVIN
A single hour.

KATHY
Yes.

Galvin walks away from the witness box. He looks at the jury. He turns to look at the spectators. His thoughts are a million miles away. Unconsciously he straightens his tie.

ANGLE

Galvin in front of the dead-still courtroom. He breaks his reverie.

GALVIN
(to Concannon)
Your witness.

Concannon is on his feet as Galvin walks back to his table. Concannon walks over to Kathy and begins forcefully:

CONCANNON
You are aware of the penalties for
perjury...?

KATHY
It's a crime.

CONCANNON
Yes.
(beat)
It is a crime. A serious crime.

KATHY
I wouldn't do it.

CONCANNON
You would not...?

KATHY
No.

CONCANNON
In fact, you've just taken an oath
that you would not commit perjury.
You've just sworn to that. Isn't
that right?

KATHY
Yes.

CONCANNON
Just now...

KATHY
Yes.

CONCANNON
... sworn before God you would tell
the truth?

KATHY
(beat)
Yes.

CONCANNON
Now. I'd like to ask you something:
four years ago, when you were working
as a nurse, are you aware that Drs.
Towler and Marx based their treatment
of Deborah Ann Kaye on this chart
that you signed . . . ?

KATHY
I

CONCANNON
And wasn't that an oath...? These
are your initials here: K. C.

CONCANNON

When you signed this chart you took an oath. No less important than that which you took today.

(beat)

Isn't that right?

(beat)

Isn't that right...?

KATHY

I... yes.

CONCANNON

Then, please, which is correct? You've sworn today the patient ate one hour ago. Four years ago you swore she ate nine hours ago? Which is the lie. When were you lying?

KATHY

I...

CONCANNON

You know these doctors could have settled out of court. They wanted a trial. They wanted to clear their names.

GALVIN

Objection!

CONCANNON

And you would come here, and on a slip of memory four years ago, you'd ruin their lives.

KATHY

They lied.

CONCANNON

'They lied.' Indeed! When did they lie? And do you know what a lie is?

KATHY

I do. Yes.

CONCANNON

(holding chart)

You swore on this form that the patient ate nine hours ago.

KATHY

That's not my handwriting.

CONCANNON
You've just said you signed it.

KATHY
Yes, I, yes, I signed it, yes. But
I, I didn't write that figure.

CONCANNON
You didn't write that figure. And
how is it that you remember that so
clearly after four years?

KATHY
(taking a paper out
of her purse)
Because I kept a copy. I have it
right here.

She looks toward Galvin.

ANGLE

Galvin nods, meaning, "You did it perfectly."

ANGLE

Concannon, the Judge, Kathy.

CONCANNON
Objection! This is ri... expect us
to accept a photocopy, we have the
original right...

JUDGE
I'll rule on that presently.
(beat)
Proceed.

Concannon is taken up short. Amazed at the Judge's reaction,
he pauses an instant.

JUDGE
Please proceed.

Concannon motions to Billy, the young lawyer, who nods in
response and starts whispering instructions to his colleagues
at the Defense table, who start leafing through their
lawbooks. Concannon takes up the fight again.

CONCANNON
...what in the world would induce
you to make a photocopy of some
obscure record and hold it four years?
This is a...why? Why would you do
that?

KATHY
I thought I would need it.

CONCANNON
And why, please tell us, would you think that?

KATHY
After, after the operation, when that poor girl, she went in a coma. Dr. Towler called me in. He told me he had five difficult deliveries in a row and he was tired, and he never looked at the admittance form.
(beat)
And he told me to change the form. He told me to change the one to a nine.
(beat)
Or else, or else, he said...
(beat; starts to cry)
He said he'd fire me. He said I'd never work again... Who were these men...? Who were these men...? I wanted to be a nurse...

She is weeping copiously. A beat. She starts to get herself under control.

CONCANNON
No further questions.

JUDGE
You may step down.

Beat. Kathy starts to get down. She looks to Galvin for assurance. Galvin nods at her.

JUDGE
Mr. Galvin...?

ANGLE

Kathy getting down from the stand. The Judge addressing Galvin.

GALVIN
Nothing further, your Honor...

JUDGE
Mr. Concannon...?

Concannon is signalled by Billy, the young lawyer at the Defense table, who is gathering notes from his colleagues, who have been researching during Kathy's speech.

Concannon walks over to the table and is quickly "talked through" the notes by Billy.

JUDGE

Mr. Concannon.

Concannon cuts Billy short, meaning, "Yes, I understand, I'm far ahead of you," he takes the notes and returns to the bench.

CONCANNON

Thank you, your Honor. We object to the copy of the admissions form as incompetent and essentially hearsay evidence and cite McGee versus State of Indiana, U.S. 131 point 2 and 216 through 25 of the Uniform Code: 'The admission of a duplicate document in preference to an existing original must presuppose the possibility of alteration and so must be disallowed.' And, your Honor, having given the Plaintiff the leeway we would like your ruling on this issue now: we object to the admission of the Xerox form.

JUDGE

... one moment, Mr. Concannon...

The Judge nods, meaning, "I am considering..."

ANGLE

The Judge. He is making some notations on a page in front of him. He nods to himself, he has reached a decision. He looks up.

JUDGE

The document is disallowed, the jury will be advised not to consider the testimony of Kathy Costello regarding the Xerox form.

(explains to them)

It's unsubstantiated and we can't accept a copy in preference to the original...

CONCANNON

Thank you, your Honor. Further: Ms. Costello is a rebuttal witness. As a 'Surprise Witness' she may only serve to rebut direct testimony.

CONCANNON

As her only evidentiary rebuttal was the admitting form, which has been disallowed I request that her entire testimony be disallowed and the jury advised that they must totally disregard her appearance here.

JUDGE

I'm going to uphold that.

ANGLE

Galvin getting to his feet.

GALVIN

I object, your Honor...

JUDGE

Overruled...

GALVIN

Exception!

JUDGE

Noted. Thank you.

(to Jury)

Miss Costello was a rebuttal witness. Her sole rebuttal was the document, which has been disallowed...

ANGLE

Galvin, silent, fuming, sitting at the table.

JUDGE (V.O.)

Her entire testimony must be stricken from the record. You shouldn't have heard it, but you did. Now, that was my mistake... and you must strike it from your minds, give it no weight.

Galvin takes a sheet of legal paper and starts writing on it.

INT. BISHOP BROPHY'S SUITE - DAY

ALITO

Legally it's over. Concannon was brilliant.

BROPHY

Tell me about Kaitlin Costello.

ALI TO
There's nothing to tell. It's been
stricken from the record.

BROPHY
I know. Did you believe her?

INT. COURTROOM - JUDGE HOYLE'S P. O. V. - FULL COURTROOM -
DAY

All looking slightly to their right.

ANGLE

JUDGE SWEENEY
Mr. Galvin...?

ANGLE - GALVIN

In front of the full jury box. Beat.

GALVIN
You know, so much of the time we're
lost. We say, 'Please, God, tell us
what is right. Tell us what's true.
There is no justice. The rich win,
the poor are powerless...' We become
tired of hearing people lie. After
a time we become dead. A little
dead. We start thinking of ourselves
as victims.

(pause)

And we become victims.

(pause)

And we become weak...and doubt
ourselves, and doubt our
institutions...and doubt our
beliefs...we say for example, 'The
law is a sham...there is no law...I
was a fool for having believed there
was.'

(beat)

But today you are the law. You are
the law...And not some book and not
the lawyers, or the marble statues
and the trappings of the court...all
that they are is symbols.

(beat)

Of our desire to be just...

(beat)

All that they are, in effect, is a
prayer...

(beat)

... a fervent, and a frightened
prayer.

GALVIN

In my religion we say, 'Act as if you had faith, and faith will be given to you.'

(beat)

If. If we would have faith in justice, we must only believe in ourselves.

(beat)

And act with justice.

(beat)

And I believe that there is justice in our hearts.

(beat)

Thank you.

He stands still a moment, then surveys the still courtroom.

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

Laura in the corridor, watching him.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The Jurors filing in from the Jury Room.

ANGLE

Concannon, Young Lawyer, Dr. Towler, Dr. Marx at Defense table.

Young Lawyer scribbles a note, passes it to Concannon, who ignores it.

ANGLE

Plaintiff's table. Galvin looking at the Jury, Mickey at the other end of the table.

JUDGE

Have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN (V. O.)

We have, your Honor.

ANGLE

The Jury Box. The Jurors seated, the FOREMAN standing.

FOREMAN

Your Honor, we have agreed to hold for the Plaintiff...but on the size of the award, are we bound...

JUDGE
 You are not bound by anything, other
 than your good judgment, based on
 the evidence.

ANGLE

Galvin, totally defeated. Nods his head sadly, as if
 commiserating philosophically, with himself. Mickey looks
 at him in grief, with sympathy.

FOREMAN (V. O.)
 Are we permitted to award an amount
 greater than the amount the Plaintiff
 asked for?

Galvin slowly raises his head, turns and looks at the Jury,
 Mickey begins to smile.

JUDGE
 Yes. You are.

ANGLE - MICKY'S P. O. V.

The courtroom, commotion.

JUDGE
 Please retire and...

INT. FINAL COURTHOUSE BACK CORRIDOR - DAY

Galvin and Mickey standing near a back staircase, cleaning
 equipment is lying all around. A large, battered garbage
 can. Mickey is lighting Galvin's cigarette. Galvin's hand
 shakes badly. Something draws his attention at the end of
 the corridor. He turns his head.

ANGLE - P. O. V.

Laura, standing at the end of the corridor. Tentative, lost,
 pleading silently, she holds a sheet of yellow legal paper
 in her hand.

ANGLE - INSERT - LAURA'S P. O. V.

THE PAPER READS:

' Laura. I'm going to try.

When this is over can we go away?'

' JOE'

' Thank you'

ANGLE - GALVIN'S P. O. V.

Laura holding the paper.

ANGLE

Galvin and Mickey looking at her. Galvin's face impassive.

Beat. He turns his back on her. Mickey does likewise.

Beat.

MICKEY

(to Galvin)

The jury might be out for awhile.

(beat; tentatively)

You want to run across the street
and get a drink?

Beat. Galvin puts his arm around Mickey's shoulder. They push through the Exit Door, turning up their collars to the cold. Galvin hesitates a moment as Mickey goes through the door. Beat. He looks back longingly.

ANGLE - GALVIN'S P. O. V.

The deserted corridor.

ANGLE

Galvin standing framed in the doorway. He turns toward the door, his back to the CAMERA, his shoulders slumped. He stands for a moment, sighs, straightens up, and walks through the door.

FADE OUT

THE END