

"THE VERDICT"

Screenplay by

David Mamet

Based on the novel by Barry Reed

FADE IN:

INT. FIRST FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY

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

ANGLE

an

suit;  
next to  
and  
hands.

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

ANGLE

early  
funeral

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

ANGLE

bier  
First

The WIDOW. A woman in her late fifties sitting by the  
receiving condolences. The Two Men approach her. The  
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...

and  
"Take  
card.

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

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.

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

"Good evening..."

ANGLE

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

EXT. SECOND FUNERAL STREET - DUSK

walking  
stoplight  
traffic.  
Galvin walking down a residential street. He has been  
a while in the cold, snowy night. He stops for a  
at a corner, waits for the light although there is no

ways  
Lights a cigarette. The light changes. He looks both

checks and irresolutely starts across the street. He stops. He his watch. He sighs, and starts back in the opposite direction.

INT. O'ROURKE'S BAR - NIGHT

man's Galvin holding forth at the bar of a seedy drinking- 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

sleeves The seedy, disorganized small office, Galvin in shirt- files, opening a file cabinet. He takes out an armload of sits on carries them to a wastebasket and throws them in. He whiskey his desk, as if exhausted by his effort, pours from a bottle into a large water glass, downs the glass. back He has been drinking for some time. He starts stumbling his to the file cabinet. On the way his eye is caught by them degrees hanging on the wall. He stumbles to them, picks in. He up and walks over to the wastebasket and throws them ringing. goes back to the file cabinet, the phone starts

the  
Galvin lets it ring, continues emptying the files into  
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..."  
still-  
He starts back to the desk for the bottle, knocks the  
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.

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

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE ANTEROOM - NIGHT

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

ANGLE - P.O.V.

in  
the  
Galvin asleep on his couch, clothed as before. Covered  
his overcoat, the bottle and glass next to the couch on  
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.

couch.  
Galvin wakes up. Looks around. Swings his legs over the  
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

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

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE ANTEROOM - INSERT - DAY

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE - P.O.V. - INSERT

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

ANGLE

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



door.

INT. O'ROURKE'S BAR - DAY

BARTENDER  
overcoat  
reading.

Dark paneling, clean, simple. A drinkers' bar. OLD  
and THREE CUSTOMERS spaced widely, Galvin in his  
downing a shot, the file open before him. He is

arm,  
He checks his watch, scoops the file together under his  
throws a dollar on the bar, and heads for the door.

INT. NORTHERN NURSING HOME CORRIDOR - DAY

rundown  
a  
enters.

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

INT. NURSING HOME WARD - DAY

the  
unsteadied  
puts  
Polaroid  
up his  
walks  
each  
chart.

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

ANGLE - P.O.V.

medical  
beyond

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

ANGLE

etc. on  
in  
the

Galvin replaces the chart, puts his file, briefcase,  
the foot of the bed, takes a flash photo of the figure  
the bed. Takes another one. Puts down camera, sits on  
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

by a  
Law."

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

GALVIN

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

SALLY

It's locked.

GALVIN

(astonished)

It's locked?

takes  
Lunch..."

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

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

Doneghy

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

GALVIN

It's not a good case. It's a very  
good case. A healthy young woman  
goes into the hospital to deliver  
her third child, she's given the  
wrong anesthetic...

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  
workingman  
stand.  
in his forties, comes into the room. Sally and Galvin

SALLY  
This is my husband.

Donegy and Galvin shake hands uncomfortably. He motions  
the  
two to sit.

GALVIN  
Please sit down. I told your wife.  
I'm sorry that we have to meet out  
here. I've got a case coming in two  
days in the Superior Court and my  
office is a mess of papers.

DONEGHY  
...that's all right.

GALVIN  
I was telling your wife, we have a  
very good case here.

SALLY  
He saw her at the Northern Care...

GALVIN  
...and I have inquiries out to  
doctors, experts in the field...  
there is, of course, a problem getting  
a doctor to testify that another  
doctor's negligent...

DONEGHY  
...the Archdiocese called up, they  
said who was our attorney, 'cause  
the case is coming to trial...

GALVIN  
I doubt we'll have to go to trial...

DONEGHY  
...we told them we didn't want it to  
come out this way.

GALVIN  
I completely 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

woman  
around  
Yellowed newspaper clipping, a very lovely, patrician  
in her twenties smiling at a well-turned-out Galvin  
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...'

"Boston  
a  
jail.

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

ALITO

'Married Patricia Harrington, nineteen sixty...'

ANGLE

The small, sumptuously appointed Italianate office.

Common,  
dressed

French windows, a fire in the grate, a view of Boston  
JOSEPH ALITO, a slender, elegant man in his forties  
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. Resigned the firm nineteen sixt-ynine over the Lillibridge case...' Do you...?

with  
in  
listening.

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

BISHOP

He was accused of jury tampering.

ALITO

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...

ALITO

The man's an ambulance chaser...

BISHOP

...tell me about this case.

ALITO

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.

ALITO

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.

ALITO

No. 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.

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

ANGLE

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

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

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

ANGLE

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

INT. OFFICE

at Galvin entering. CLAIRE PAVONE, a woman in her fifties,  
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? 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  
slip

Only" in bustling hospital corridor. He glances at memo  
in his hand. He opens door. CAMERA FOLLOWS him onto:

INT. GRUBER'S DOCTORS LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

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

GALVIN  
Dr. Gruber...?

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

Galvin walks over to him.

GALVIN  
Dr. Gruber...

GRUBER  
(turning)  
Yes? Galvin, right?

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

EXIT  
They walk hurriedly through a hospital corridor, to an 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?

exit to  
Gruber stops at the bottom of the stairs, beside an 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 anesthetic 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?

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

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

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

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...

Sedan.  
They stop before a 1950s very beautiful small Mercedes

to  
Gruber opens the door, gets into the plush red leather  
interior, starts car, leaves door open, still talking  
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

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

GALVIN  
I want to buy you a drink.

JIMMY (THE BARTENDER)  
Thanks, Franky.

YOUNG  
him;  
items  
Galvin looks around. A very attractive self-possessed  
WOMAN is sitting in the crook of the bar across from  
she is intently perusing the newspaper and circling  
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.

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

Galvin, A shoddy one-and-a-half room bachelor apartment. 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.

Deborah The legal pad. Spread on it a couple of Polaroids of 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.'"

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

many similarly circled and crossed out. \$225,000.00 circled 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.

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

ANGLE - INSERT

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

ANGLE

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

INT. NORTHERN NURSING HOME WARD - DAY

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

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  
gossiping.

IRISH NURSE #1 (V.O.)  
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

pocket,  
Priest who extracts Mount Blanc fountain pen from his  
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

Courthouse,  
Galvin, determined, coming down a corridor in the  
opens a door. CAMERA FOLLOWS him IN. The Lawyers Room.  
Ten 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 MICKEY MORRISSEY is playing Gin with a  
CRONY.

GALVIN  
I have to talk to you.

MICKEY  
What do you want?

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

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

Galvin leads Mickey out of the room.

INT. FIRST CORRIDOR COURTHOUSE - DAY

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

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

GALVIN

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

MICKEY

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.

MICKEY

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

Mick. Mick. Mick...

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...

MICKY

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

through a  
office  
desks, a  
the  
up a

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

INT. CONCANNON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

panoramic  
mostly  
room. He

...a conference room. Mahogany, tinted glass, a  
view of Boston. Twenty-five attorneys, male and female,  
young, gaze at the young Attorney as he enters the  
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  
the  
a

firm, late fifties, imposing, he radiates success. As  
young Attorney approaches Concannon he is stopped with  
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.

(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.

The  
chalk.

Concannon motions to the young Attorney who has run in.  
young Attorney goes to Concannon and hands him a box of

"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. 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 Laboure  
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.

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

A  
Galvin and Mickey at a library table piled with books.  
dingy, dusty law library. They are smoking, speak in  
of undertones, referring to the yellow legal pads in front

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 anesthetic 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...'

(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. 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. 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.

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

GALVIN

Jesus, you are one beautiful woman.

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

dinner and  
intent  
Galvin and Laura are in a booth. The remains of a  
drinks around them. They are both smoking cigarettes,  
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

light  
a  
Laura,  
turns  
wife, he  
it

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

LAURA

That's all right.

She starts taking off her blouse.

INT. COURTHOUSE BAR-INSERT - DAY

A half-full old-fashioned glass.

ANGLE

He  
street.

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

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  
service on shirtsleeves eating bacon and eggs off of a hotel  
is a tray, talking conspiratorially with Ed Concannon, who  
obviously drinking coffee, seated across the desk. They are  
their old friends. The sound of a door opening. They turn  
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

watch,  
Concannon, brisk, expensive-looking, tanned, huge gold  
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.

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

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. 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.

in

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

and The Judge turns, unbelieving that Galvin has patronized  
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

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

ANGLE

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

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

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

Huge  
today  
the  
The newspaper, folded to Page Two. A full-page photo of  
smiling doctors clustered around an operating table.  
caption: "International Honors to St. Catherine Laboure  
Hospital. The faculte Internationale de la Chirurgie  
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.

Mickey

They start walking across the Courthouse corridor.  
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.

starts

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

DONEGHEY

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.

DONEGHEY

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.

DONEGHEY

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...

DONEGHEY

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

comes

Laura is sitting in the same place at the bar. Mickey  
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

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

INT. DOCTORS' LOCKER ROOM - GRUBER'S LOCKER

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

ANGLE - P.O.V.

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

ANGLE

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

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

NIGHT

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

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

ANGLE

deserted  
knocks

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

EXT. GRUBER'S HOUSE & STREET - NIGHT

house.  
pounds  
He

Galvin getting out of a taxi, rushing up the steps of a  
brownstone. Peeps through the window on the side of the  
Dark. He grabs the brass knocker. Pounds. Nothing, he  
again. Nothing. He is beaten. He is without resource.  
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?

Galvin

She hesitates. She has been instructed not to say.  
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  
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

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

INT. JUDGE SWEENEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

closed  
opposite. ...the hall of the house. The boy motions toward a  
sliding door and then goes into the living room

the  
piano. Galvin hangs up his coat on the hall coat rack, we hear  
boy resume the practice of a passage of Chopin on the



Galvin knocks on the sliding door.

JUDGE (O.S.)

Yes?

darkened  
drinking

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

JUDGE

What is it?

GALVIN

Thank you for seeing me.

JUDGE

That's perfectly all right.

watching

Judge turns down the volume of the game, but keeps 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

street  
the

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

ANGLE

the

Galvin at the stand, shivering in the cold, talking on

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. 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.

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

at  
A beat. Mickey comes tentatively into the room and sits  
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...?

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

ANGLE - P.O.V.

Poss.  
The sheet of yellowing paper. Headed "DEBORAH ANN KAYE

Long  
Drs. to testify: Contact: Dr. Lucien Thompson, Mineola  
Island; Dr. Duane Litchey..." He turns to second sheet.  
It is a letter-headed sheet, "Lucien Thompson, M.D."  
"Dear  
Ann  
sheet,  
Mr. Galvin, after studying the case material on Deborah  
Kaye, I would be glad..." Galvin turns back to first  
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

box of  
open  
Mickey, looking pityingly at Galvin. Mickey sees the  
Macanudo Cigars on the desk, picks them up, starts to  
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

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

ANGLE

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

(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

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

ANGLE - P.O.V.

The door to the bedroom, closed.

ANGLE

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

Sits, thinking.

INT. CONCANNON'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

room,  
windows,  
Concannon starts to stroll a bit around the conference 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...

assistant,  
The young lawyer (BILLY), Concannon's right-hand 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.

BLACK

The departing PASSENGERS stream past him. An elderly MAN passes him by, turns and comes back to him.

ANGLE - THE BLACK MAN AND GALVIN

DR. THOMPSON

Mr. Galvin?

must

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

Galvin

into the station. The CAMERA TRACKING BEFORE them. As 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.

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

GALVIN  
D'you find the obstetric nurse?

MICKEY  
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 his 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. 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...

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

ANGLE

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

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.

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

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

GALVIN  
We're going to lose.

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

They  
DEBORAH

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

room  
the

They enter the courtroom. CAMERA FOLLOWS them in. The  
one-quarter filled. Concannon at the defense table with  
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

Morrissey  
Galvin

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

routine,

The BAILIFF enters, some SPECTATORS, knowing the  
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

HOYLE

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

The Bailiff, as the Judge sits:

BAILIFF

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 within and for the County of Suffolk, draw near, give your attendance and you shall be heard. God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

who

The Courtroom is seated. JUDGE motions to the CLERK, 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 Plaintiff's table, looking down at notes.

JUDGE

Is the Plaintiff ready?

GALVIN

(looking up)  
Ready, your Honor.

JUDGE

Defense...?

CONCANNON

Ready for the Defense, your Honor.

ANGLE

The Courtroom. P.O.V. JUDGE.

JUDGE

Let's begin.

at

Galvin gets to his feet. Walks over to the JURY. Looks them, appraising. He pauses as before a great effort.

Takes

a breath. Exhales.

GALVIN

It's a terrible thing to sit in judgment. So much rides on it. I know that you've thought, 'How can I be pure. How can I be impartial

without being cold. How can I be merciful and still be just?' And I know that most of you have said some sort of prayer this morning to be helped. To judge correctly. We have the reputation of two men. Two well respected doctors and a renowned hospital before us. 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

YOUNG

A lavishly appointed corridor. Alito and BILLY, the 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.

Alito nods, they stop outside a large double door.

ALITO

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

Alito 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 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. 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. 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...

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

ANGLE

Galvin, furious.

ANGLE

The Judge and Witness.

JUDGE

Thank you.

him The Witness starts to step down. Galvin strides over to 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.

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

INT. JUDGE SWEENEY'S CHAMBERS - DAY

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

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.

door to  
reentering  
door,  
moment.

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

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

from

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

CONCANNON

No further questions.

ANGLE

notes,  
in

Galvin at the Plaintiff's table, hastily scribbling he looks up. Gets to his feet, walks over to Dr. Towler 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

Galvin  
The last of the spectators coming out of the court.  
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.

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

MICKEY  
I'm going back to the office.

comes  
He walks off leaving Galvin standing there alone. Laura  
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  
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

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

INT. LAURA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

ANGLE - INSERT

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE - INSERT

The legal sheet. It reads, handwritten:

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

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

which  
Mickey on his feet, pacing. Galvin at a blackboard on  
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...'

MICKEY  
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.

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

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

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

CAMERA Laura. SEEN from the back, walking down the corridor.  
turns. FOLLOWS her. She stops outside Galvin's door. She

opens We SEE she is carrying a tray of coffee containers. She  
the door. CAMERA FOLLOWS her INTO the office. Mickey is on  
office. phone in the vestibule, Galvin is on the phone in his  
He is just hanging up.

GALVIN

Thank you. I'm sorry.

Mickey in

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

GALVIN

We don't have anything from the Nurse  
Association?

MICKEY

The broad has disappeared...

GALVIN

The Hospital...?

FOLLOWS

Laura goes into Galvin's office with coffee. CAMERA  
her.

MICKEY

No records since she quit in '76.  
She quit two weeks after the incident.

Laura hands coffee to Galvin.

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 find this nurse...

MICKEY

...yeah... good...

GALVIN

...you need some old forms that she  
had... somebody's dying...

book

Galvin picks up the telephone. Looks down to telephone  
in front of him, open on desk.

ANGLE - P.O.V.

COSTELLO's.

New York City telephone directory. Two columns of  
Thirty of them crossed off. Galvin on the phone.

GALVIN (V.O.)

Hello, Mrs. Costello...

ANGLE - GALVIN ON THE PHONE

GALVIN

Sorry to bother you so late.

Laura goes over to the couch, sits. Lights a cigarette.

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

hall. off the couch in the anteroom, and starts down the

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

business  
standing  
cardboard  
Malls  
and

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

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

him, an  
dialed.

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

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.

desk. He hangs up. Reaches for a bottle of whiskey on his

caught

Pours a shot into a glass. Downs it. His attention is by something across the room.

ANGLE - P.O.V.

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



ANGLE

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

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE - VESTIBULE - DAY

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

ANGLE

head  
the  
the  
has  
a  
in the  
it.  
Looks  
He stands by Laura and looks down at her, he looks at  
He has let them down. He goes to a cabinet under the  
and takes out a bottle of whiskey and a water glass. He  
walks  
door.  
through  
drains  
mail  
an  
into the anteroom. Sighs, sits on the couch near the  
Glances at the several letters that have just fallen  
the slot. He pours a half-tumbler full of whiskey, and  
it. He refills the tumbler. He absently picks up the  
and starts mechanically sorting through it. He stops at  
official-looking piece.

ANGLE - P.O.V.

ASSOCIATION.  
The letter, return address MASSACHUSETTS BAR  
URGENT.

He lethargically opens the letter. On Bar Association

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE - P.O.V.

It is a phone bill.

EXT. MARY ROONEY'S TENEMENT - DAY

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

INT. MARY ROONEY'S TENEMENT VESTIBULE - DAY

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

ANGLE - P.O.V.

The mailboxes: Swoboda; Murch; M. Rooney.

ANGLE

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

ANGLE - P.O.V.

Mary Rooney's phone bill.

INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

drugstore. Galvin in an old-fashioned sit-down phonebooth in a

operator He is dialing the phone, holding the phone bill. The  
answers, he starts dropping change into the slot.

ANGLE

Church The phone bill opened. It reads, "Rooney, Mary A. 263

call to  
New

Street, Arlington, Mass." Various local charges. One  
Chicago. One call to Fort Lauderdale. Eight calls to  
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?

VOICE

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

GALVIN

This is Miss Costello...?

VOICE

Yes. Price...

GALVIN

Pardon?

VOICE

Kathy Price.

GALVIN

We find that your subscription  
lapsed...

VOICE

(laughs)

My subscription lapsed three years  
ago...

GALVIN

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

VOICE

Missus...

GALVIN

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

VOICE

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

GALVIN

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

VOICE

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

ANGLE

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

INT. EASTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - BOSTON - DAY

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

ANGLE - P.O.V.

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

Galvin filling in his name and address in pencil.

INT. GALVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

couch.  
Laura asleep on the couch. Mickey asleep on the other

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?

Picks up

Mickey has woken up. Swings his feet to the floor.  
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.

rummaging.

Mickey has gone over to Laura's purse. Opens it,

in the

Comes up with a pack of cigarettes. He sees something  
purse. Stops.

ANGLE - P.O.V.

letterhead

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

it in

the

lists

of

LAURA (V.O.)

(on phone)

At around four...?

ANGLE

closes

Mickey replacing the form and the cigarettes. He re-  
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.

MICKEY

You got any cigarettes?

EXT. CHELSEA CHILDCARE - DAY

door to  
in.

Two very young children walk across a play area. The  
the play area opens and Joe Galvin, in overcoat, comes  
He looks around the room, starts to walk across it.

Stands  
looks

CAMERA PANS WITH him to REVEAL a woman, KATHY, who is  
comforting a crying child. Galvin walks over to her.  
a respectful distance away. She sees him watching her,  
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. 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.

great

She beams, caught unprepared in something that is a  
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?

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

KATHY  
Yes.

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

GALVIN  
How come you stopped?

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

ANGLE - KATHY'S P.O.V.

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

ANGLE

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

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

INT. NEW YORK HOTEL RESTAURANT -DAY

Empty  
the  
The restaurant fairly deserted after the lunch crowd.  
tables -- crisp linen, Laura alone at a table, watching

door, an untouched cup of coffee in front of her.

EXT. NEW YORK HOTEL - DAY

The doorman opens the door of a cab.

ANGLE

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

ANGLE - P.O.V.

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

ANGLE

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

GALVIN

What the hell are you doing here?

MICKEY

We got to talk.

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

GALVIN

What are you doing in New York...?

MICKEY

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

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

INT. NEW YORK HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

LONG SHOT of Laura seated at a table alone.

ANGLE

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



ANGLE - CLOSEUP

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

ANGLE

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

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

MICKEY

He's not here.

(pause)

Yeah. I don't know when.

(pause)

All right.

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

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.

Beat. Galvin becomes aware of him, shakes his head "no."

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

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

GALVIN

Dr. Towler; page 406,  
'Contraindications to general  
anesthetic. Ideally a patient should  
refrain from taking nourishment up  
to nine hours prior to induction of  
general anesthetic.' 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 anesthetic 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. 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 anesthetic... 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.

BAILIFF  
Katherine Price...

ANGLE

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.

BAILIFF (V.O.)  
State your name please.

KATHY (V.O.)  
Katherine Lynn Price.

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

ANGLE

The Bailiff swearing in Kathy.

BAILIFF  
...whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

KATHY  
I do.

BAILIFF  
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.

jury.  
million

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

ANGLE

his

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

GALVIN  
(to Concannon)  
Your witness.

table.

Concannon is on his feet as Galvin walks back to his

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. 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.

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

JUDGE

Please proceed.

in  
colleagues  
Concannon motions to Billy, the young lawyer, who nods  
response and starts whispering instructions to his  
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...

herself She is weeping copiously. A beat. She starts to get 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...?

the  
colleagues,  
"talked

Concannon is signalled by Billy, the young lawyer at  
Defense table, who is gathering notes from his  
who have been researching during Kathy's speech.  
Concannon walks over to the table and is quickly  
through" the notes by Billy.

JUDGE  
Mr. Concannon.

understand, I'm  
the

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

front of  
looks

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

ALITO

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. 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?

Jury,

Galvin slowly raises his head, turns and looks at the  
Mickey begins to smile.

JUDGE

Yes. You are.

ANGLE - MICKEY'S P.O.V.

The courtroom, commotion.

JUDGE

Please retire and...

INT. FINAL COURTHOUSE BACK CORRIDOR - DAY

cleaning  
garbage  
hand  
of

Galvin and Mickey standing near a back staircase,  
equipment is lying all around. A large, battered  
can. Mickey is lighting Galvin's cigarette. Galvin's  
shakes badly. Something draws his attention at the end  
the corridor. He turns his head.

ANGLE - P.O.V.

lost,  
paper

Laura, standing at the end of the corridor. Tentative,  
pleading silently, she holds a sheet of yellow legal  
in her hand.

ANGLE - INSERT - LAURA'S P.O.V.

THE PAPER READS:

away?'

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

'Joe' 'Thank you'

ANGLE - GALVIN'S P.O.V.

Laura holding the paper.

ANGLE

impassive.

Galvin and Mickey looking at her. Galvin's face

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?

They  
the  
the  
Beat. Galvin puts his arm around Mickey's shoulder.  
push through the Exit Door, turning up their collars to  
cold. Galvin hesitates a moment as Mickey goes through  
door. Beat. He looks back longingly.

ANGLE - GALVIN'S P.O.V.

The deserted corridor.

ANGLE

the  
stands  
the  
Galvin standing framed in the doorway. He turns toward  
door, his back to the CAMERA, his shoulders slumped. He  
for a moment, sighs, straightens up, and walks through  
door.

FADE

OUT:

THE END