

SIMPSON AGONISTES,
or the O.J. Play
(The Whole Truth and Nothing But)

CHARACTERS: (8)

O.J. SIMPSON, NICOLE, RON, CHORUS, DETECTIVE, MARCIA,
JOHNNIE COCHRAN, SHAPIRO, etc. played by versatile actors.

STYLE: Probably this play works best if presented like a radio play with the actors standing at podiums and reading aloud, with a minimum of staging, few props, and just the audience's imagination.

SCENE 1

NICOLE (on telephone) Faye, how are you! How's the drug clinic working out? . . . Really? Great! Me? Oh, I'm fine. O.J. tried to horn in on the family dinner tonight, but I told him in no uncertain terms that he wasn't welcome. . . . Yeah, you're right — he was furious. But I don't care. I'm free of that man once and for all.

O.J. (outside in the bushes) Will that woman ever get off the phone! God, she talks all the time! Yack, yack, yack! Maybe I'd better use the key I stole. Or should I just ring the doorbell?

NICOLE Faye, don't say that! You're scaring me. I don't think O.J. saw us that night. How could he have? . . . I'm sorry I came on so strong to you. It must have been the liquor. And we'd been under a lot of pressure. . . . You're right, it was wonderful. Did I tell you O.J. is about to get the IRS after me because of the profit I made on my condo?

O.J. Kick me out, will she! Who does that bitch think she is? After all the money I spent on her. After all the lovin' I gave her? After she comes begging me for a reconciliation? Who the fuck does she think she is! Jesus, she was just a waitress until I married her!

CHORUS O WOE! O WOE!
NICOLE AND ORENTHAL,
LET NOT YOUR LIVES
THE WORLD APPALL!

NICOLE I've got another call coming in, Faye. Let me get it, okay? . . . Oh, hi, mom. Just a sec. Faye, it's my mother. I'll call you back. She lost her glasses at the restaurant tonight. Later! Don't do any drugs, okay?

O. J. Doesn't she know who I am? I'm O.J., for god's sake! I'm an American hero. I do commercials for Hertz Rent-a-Cars! I'm an actor of much esteem! I do sports broadcasts! I used to carry a football up and down the field while millions cheered! And now I've sunk to this — lurking in the bushes at some ho's condo. And when I have a plane to catch in a few minutes!

NICOLE The Mezzaluna is sending somebody over with your glasses, Mom. He should be here any minute. I'll bring 'em over tomorrow, okay?

CHORUS O NICOLE, DO NOT ANSWER YOUR DOOR TONIGHT!
YOUR MOTHER'S GLASSES DO NOT MATTER.
O NICOLE, FEAR FOR YOUR SOUL.
OPEN NOT YOUR PORTAL — OR BLOOD WILL SPLATTER!

O.J. (Rings doorbell.) I'm just going to talk to her. That's why I'm carrying this knife.

NICOLE Oh, it's the guy with your glasses, Mom. I'd better get 'em. I'll call you back later. . . . No, I'm not going to invite him in. Mom, do you think I sleep with just anybody!

CHORUS ORENTHAL, ORENTHAL!
LEAVE WHILE YOU MAY!
LEAVE, ORENTHAL,
OR YOU WILL RUE THIS DAY!

NICOLE (opening the door) Is that you, Ron?

O.J. Ron? You seeing some guy named Ron too? What's with you, bitch? You're fucking my buddy Marcus — I just know you are. And I saw you with that lesbo Faye. Can't you get enough?

NICOLE O. J., what are you doing here? Don't make a scene. The kids are asleep upstairs. You'd better —

O.J. No, I won't make any noise. That's why I brought this! (Shows big knife.)

NICOLE O.J., don't! You'll regret this!

O.J. I know I will. But I don't care.

CHORUS WE WILL NOT TELL OF THE HORROR OF THAT BLADE!
NO, NOT OF THE TERRIBLE CARNAGE THAT IT MADE.
THIS BE LITERATURE AND THUS DEVOID
OF ALL THAT'S PRURIENT — AND TABLOID.

O.J. (standing over Nicole's body) (looking toward gate) Who's that? Oh, my god, it's that waiter from the restaurant!

RON (singing) Bebop-a-lula! She's my baby! Bebop-a-lula! I'm gonna score like crazy!

CHORUS TURN BACK, RONALD, MAN OF GOLD.
OR YOU WILL NOT SURVIVE TO GROW OLD.
TURN BACK! TURN BACK! ONE LIFE IS ALREADY LOST THIS
NIGHT!
OH, DO NOT ADD TO THE HORROR AND THE FRIGHT!

RON Hey, what's that up there? . . . It looks like a . . . body. Could it be? (moving cautiously) Nicole? . . . Nicole?

O.J. (jumping out of the bushes) No, not Nicole! It is I — O.J., American hero!

RON O. J.? What are you doing here?

O.J. Three guesses, honky.

RON (dawning) Oh, my god!

O.J. As I was just telling my ex-wife, her waiter will be right along! (Comes at Ron with the knife.)

RON No, O.J., no!

CHORUS O! LET NOT EYES SEE THE DEED!
AT LEAST NOT UNTIL THE NETWORK FEED.
YEA, PEOPLE CAN HAVE TOO MUCH OF BLOOD.
THEIR SOULS WILL DIE FROM ALL THE CRUD!

O.J. Oh, what have I done!! What have I done! (abrupt mood change) But, since it's done, I must hurry home now and change my clothes. If I stuff the bloody ones into my gym bag, I can dispose of them at the airport or maybe in Chicago.

RON (not quite dead) O.J.! O.J.! I'm dying!

O.J. It's too late for me to repent. (Goes over to Ron.) By the way, do you know a good Jewish lawyer? Never mind, I've got some ideas of my own.

RON O. J., you will pay for this! You will! You will . . . pay . . . (Dies.)

CHORUS O HEAR HIS WORDS, O ORENTHAL!
WITH THESE DEEDS THE WORLD ENTHRALL,
YET, THOUGH JUSTICE MAY BE BLIND,
NOW BEGINS THE TORTURE IN YOUR MIND!

O. J. What torture? What you talkin' 'bout? That bitch had it comin'. And that delivery boy there, who gives a fuck about him? He was a goddamn waiter, for fuck's sake. And, now that I think about it, no way they're gonna convict me! Haven't they heard about racism? Haven't they heard how many black men get convicted compared to white men? You think that's because black men commit more crimes? Bullshit!! It's because they favor those whites over the black man every time. Yeah, I'll get me a lawyer — I can afford twenty lawyers — and I'll get me a jury of my peers too. So what if blacks are twelve percent of the population. Eight on my jury of twelve should be about right. Yeah, yeah, some of 'em are women and they might feel sorry for other women, but so what? You think they're gonna turn against me, against O.J.— the role model, the all-American hero? Why, I'm what every mom and dad in the world wants his boy to be!

CHORUS YOU'RE WRONG, O.J. YOU MUST BE WRONG!

O.J. Hey, I thought you were the chorus. You're supposed to know everything. Hell, you chorus boys don't know diddly shit about nothin! (Laughs loudly.)

CHORUS O WOE! (softly) O woe . . .

#3 AD
A'NOUNCER Staying home and watching TV because you lost your license?

#3 AD
ACTOR Two speeding tickets, reckless driving, and only one hit-and-run and the bastards took my license away!

#3 AD
A'NOUNCER Same thing happen to you, folks? We know you're a good driver despite your record. Call Cheap Insurance Agency and you can be driving again in no time, fully insured and with a license.

#3 AD
ACTOR I mean she was an old lady. She didn't have that much longer to live anyway!

#3 AD
A'NOUNCER How many times to I have to tell you to call Cheap Insurance Agency? You have a God-given right to drive! So get up off your behind and call us! You'll be surprised at our rates.

#4 AD
A'NOUNCER Hi, I'm Jim Palmer. At the Money Store you can get free money. That's right. Free money. Bad credit? No job? No problem! Call right now. Operators are standing by. But call today. Rates like this won't last. Come on, call right now.

SCENE 2

O.J. (entering his house in the dark, turning on the lights) I've got to get cleaned up. Or they'll probably notice this blood on me when I check in at the airport. Those damn flight attendants, they're all over me! Always want my fucking autograph! (noticing his hand) Oh, shit, I cut my finger. Ooo, that stings! That goddamn waiter, he made me cut myself, the fucker! (Sound of intercom) Goddamn, what's that? (Goes to intercom.) Yeah?

DRIVER It's your limo, Mr. Simpson. For the airport.

O.J. Oh, Jesus. How long have you been out there?

DRIVER About half an hour. I rang and rang.

O.J. (thinking) Well, I was . . . I was sleeping. Yeah, I'm a real sound sleeper. You got a problem with that, punk?

DRIVER We'd better go or you're gonna miss your plane, Mr. Simpson.

O.J. I'll take a quick shower and be right down.

KATO (entering from the offstage guesthouse, hair tousled) (to driver) Is O.J. home? Did you hear that noise back there?

DRIVER Noise?

KATO Something banged against my wall. Real loud. Didn't you hear it?

DRIVER No.

KATO Well, I'm not going back to find out what it was. Somebody could be hiding there in the dark.

O.J. (emerging from the house) Okay, I'm ready. . . . Kato, what the hell are you doin' out here?

KATO I heard a loud noise.

O.J. (under his breath) Damn. . . . I think you're hearing things, Kato.

KATO No, O.J., I'm positive I heard something. Didn't you? Like somebody banged on my bedroom wall.

O.J. Shut up, Kato.

KATO (cheerful) Okay. You need any drugs to take on the plane?

O.J. I'm fine.

KATO How about a couple of girls for an orgy in the limo on the way to the airport?

O.J. Not tonight, Kato.

KATO Won't take but a minute to round 'em up. Two minutes. Three minutes tops. Or how about some burgers? You want some of my McDonald's? That airplane food's no good.

O.J. You're such a kiss-ass, do you know that? Why don't you get a job? Look out, I've got to get something from my car. (Goes to trunk of car.)

KATO Can I help with the luggage? Huh? I can take that gym bag for you. Huh? Huh?

O.J. You touch this gym bag, you're a dead man.

KATO Sorry! Is there something important in it?

O.J. Never you mind. You just fetch when you're told to and shut up the rest of the time. You got that?

KATO Gee, O.J., I'm just trying to help.

O.J. (to driver) Let's get the hell out of here.

KATO Bye, O.J.! Have a nice trip! (Waves.)

O.J. Shut up, Kato. Remind me to fire you when I get back, okay?

KATO Sure, O.J.

O.J. (to driver) Get me to that airport and step on it!

DRIVER Yes, sir! Will I get a tip?

O.J. Yeah, you'll get the tip of my dick if you we don't make it!

(They sit in two chairs as if they're in a limo, and the driver pretends to drive off.)

SCENE 3

DETECTIVE (on telephone) Is this Mr. Simpson?

O.J. (in Chicago, very sweet) Yes, it is.

DETECTIVE This is a detective with the LAPD. I've got bad news for you, Mr. Simpson.

O.J. Oh, I'm sure the Los Angeles Police Department wouldn't be bothering me, Detective unless it was important. What is it exactly?

DETECTIVE I'm afraid your ex-wife has been murdered.

O.J. (acting very badly) Nicole? Killed? Oh, no! Oh, no! I can't believe it!

DETECTIVE I'm afraid it's true.

O.J. Oh, what a pity that I'm here in Chicago at a very important business meeting and can't be there — and haven't been there for some time.

DETECTIVE Well, that's why I'm calling you. We were wondering if you could possibly fly back to L.A. We have a few questions we want to ask you.

O.J. Questions? Me?

DETECTIVE We're sure you had nothing to do with these two murders —

O.J. Two?

DETECTIVE Yeah, some schmuck was also murdered the same time your wife got it, further complicating our job. But we'd like you to come back and give a statement. You think you can do that?

O.J. (picking up a glass, slamming it down, acting badly again) Oh! Oh! Oh, my god! Oh, the pain!

DETECTIVE What's wrong?

O.J. I cut my finger, Detective. On a glass. Yeah, I was holding a glass in the bathroom when you called. I got so upset at the news of my ex-wife's death that I smashed the glass, and now I have a cut on my right index finger. It's too bad I don't have a video-phone or you could see it with your own eyes.

DETECTIVE Yeah, that's too bad. So we'll see you soon, Mr. Simpson?

O.J. Of course, Detective.

CHORUS O ORENTHAL!! O ORENTHAL!
LIKE ALL THE ARROGANT MIGHTY, YOU WILL FALL!

O.J. Get out of my face, and hand me my britches.
I'll never fall, you sons of bitches!

SCENE 4

(In the white Bronco. Use two chairs.)

A.C. (in front) You be okay, O.J.?

O.J. I think I told the cops too much! I played it cool, but I may have let slip some things.

A.C. You'll be all right. After all, you didn't really kill Nicole. They'll find the real killer. I'm here for you, O.J. until they do. Where to?

O.J. (pulling out gun, holding it to his head) Take me to Nicole's grave, A.C. I can't stand it anymore!

A.C. O.J., what the hell are you doing? Put that gun down, man!

O.J. Take me on the freeway, A.C. But drive slow. I've got to think about this.

A.C. Put that gun down. Don't go killin' yourself! What's wrong with you?

O.J. I feel bad, real bad. I wanna call my mama!

CHORUS AS WELL YOU SHOULD, O ORENTHAL!
TURN YOURSELF IN — UP THERE, AT THAT MALL.

O.J. What are you chorus guys doin' in my Bronco? Get the fuck out of here. Before I shoot you!

CHORUS WE WILL NOT LEAVE YOU, NOR YOU US!
WE WILL FOLLOW — IN AIRPLANE, BRONCO, OR IN BUS.

A.C. Who are those guys in the back seat with you, O.J. ?

O.J. I never saw them before. Maybe I should shoot 'em? What do you think? They're undermining my self-esteem.

CHORUS YOU CANNOT KILL EVERYTHING YOU DO NOT LIKE!

O.J. Who says I can't? This is America! The right to bear arms shall not be infringed!

CHORUS PUT AWAY THAT GUN, YOU FOOLISH MORTAL.
DO NOT EXCEED YOUR LIMITS, OR THE COURT'LL —

O.J. The court'll what? Hell, I'd like to see 'em try! I'LL KILL YOU LIKE SOME SQUIRMIN' MAGGOTS! ALL YOU ARE ARE RHYMIN' FAGGOTS!

(He shoots them.)

CHORUS O HEAVY DAY! YOU WILL PAY.

O.J. GO AWAY. 'CAUSE I'M O.J.!

(They die.)

CROWD (above) (voices alternating) Juice! Juice! Way to go! Don't let those mothers bring you down. Juice! Juice! Ho! Ho! Ho! If you win, you'll wear a crown!

A.C. Do you hear that, O.J.? They love you. Don't kill yourself, man. They love you, man.

O.J. (hearing the voices of the crowd) They love me? Oh, my god, they love me! Maybe I shouldn't kill myself after all! How can I be wrong if they love me?

A.C. What's it to be, O.J.?

O.J. (melodramatically) Take me home, A.C. Take me home! I will live!!

A.C. But, O.J., I thought you wanted to visit Nicole's grave. That's what they said on the radio.

O.J. That's right. That's why I brought these things along with me. Why else would I have them? Let me see now. Here's my fake beard, my gun, my passport, and the \$8000 in cash. Yep, I'm all ready to visit Nicole's grave.

A.C. There's the cemetery over there, O.J., right?

O.J. Pull over, A.C.

A.C. I think I lost the cops that were following us. I'll park here.

O.J. Stay in the car. I want to be alone with Nicole.

A.C. I understand, bro.

O.J. (getting out of the car wearing a fake beard, carrying the gun, his passport and the cash) Where's that grave? Where the hell is it? You think they could at least put her grave somewhere where you could reach it! . . . Oh, here it is. (Kneels down.) Hello, Nicole. It's me. I miss you. I just had to come to your grave. Do you like my beard?

NICOLE'S
GHOST O.J., what are you doing here? Yes, it's a very nice beard. But why are you wearing it to my grave?

O.J. Because I don't want anyone to recognize me.

NICOLE But there's nobody here, O.J.. And why the passport?

O.J. It isn't because I'm trying to flee the country. I have the passport because . . . because . . .

NICOLE Because you might want to change some traveler's checks?

O.J. Yeah, that's right. That's good.

NICOLE And all that cash?

O.J. Oh, that. Well, I planned to . . . to . . . buy some flowers for your grave. Lots and lots of flowers. Because I loved you so much. Nasturtiums!

NICOLE'S
GHOST That'd be very sweet, O.J., if I believed you.

O.J. You don't believe me?

NICOLE'S
GHOST Not for a second. You're the reason I'm here.

O.J. I'm sorry, I didn't mean it.

NICOLE'S
GHOST Didn't mean it? It certainly felt like you meant it at the time.

O.J. Don't start raggin' on me, woman.

NICOLE'S
GHOST I'm not raggin'.

O.J. Sounds like raggin' to me.

NICOLE'S
GHOST You come to my grave and start arguing with me? What kind of a man are you, O.J.?

O.J. You never have a nice word to say about me. Do you know that, Nicole?

NICOLE'S
GHOST Oh, shut up! I don't have to put up with you anymore. I'm at fucking peace!

O.J. Like hell you are! (Points the gun.)

NICOLE'S
GHOST Put down that gun, O.J.

O.J. You tellin' me what to do? You're always trying to tell me what to do!

NICOLE'S
GHOST No, I'm just saying that a gun won't do any good in this argument. I'm already dead.

O.J. Why did you have to go and die?! Huh?

NICOLE'S
GHOST What are you talking about?

O.J. You could've bled a little, then recovered in two or three months. You didn't have to go and die just because I cut your throat! That's so like you!

NICOLE'S
GHOST O.J.!

O.J. What kind of a mother are you anyway? Who's going to take care of our two kids now that you're dead? Did you think about that when you went and bled to death? Nooo!

NICOLE'S
GHOST Get out of this graveyard, O.J. Now!

O.J. You make me!

NICOLE'S
GHOST Leave me in peace, goddamn you!

O.J. Like hell! After the way you just talked to me?

NICOLE'S
GHOST (calmly) Get out of here. Please go.

O.J. How do you like this? (Jumps up and down.) How does it feel to have me jumping up and down on your grave, baby? You like it? Huh? (Jumps harder.)

NICOLE'S
GHOST O.J., stop that!

O.J. No way, Nicole! I'm jumpin'!

NICOLE'S
GHOST

People will see you, O.J.

O.J.

So what? This is just a little domestic dispute. Everybody has fights! (Jumps again.) (His fake beard falls off.) Wait a minute. I lost my beard. (Searches for it.) I can't find it! Damn!

NICOLE'S
GHOST

Will you leave now, please?

O.J.

Help me find my damn beard, will you!

NICOLE'S
GHOST

I will not.

O.J.

If you'd helped me earlier, I wouldn't have left my cap and glove behind at your place! But, no, you're always thinking about yourself!

NICOLE'S
GHOST

I'll mail your beard to you. Just leave!

O.J.

Here it is! (Dons the beard.) I'm not leaving till you apologize. (He jumps up and down some more.) Got that?

NICOLE'S
GHOST

Leave! Leave! Leave!

O.J.

No! No! No!

NICOLE'S
GHOST

O.J., I'm warning you! I'm not going to take this anymore! I swear it!

O.J.

Yeah, what you gonna do about it?

NICOLE'S
GHOST

I'll just show you. It's a good thing I brought my cell phone to the grave with me. (Starts dialing.) Hello, 911? This is Nicole Simpson again. Yes, it's O.J. Simpson. He's jumping up and down on my grave wearing a fake beard. I think you know his record. Can you help me?

CHORUS

OH, YES, INDEED, WE HEARYOUR PLEA.
BUT PLEASE STAND BY. OUR LINE'S BIZEE.
HERE'S SOME MUSIC 'TIL WE'RE DONE.
THANK YOU FOR CALLING 9-1-1.

SCENE 5

DETECTIVE

We are announcing the arrest of O.J. Simpson today, following the orderly, completely legal low-speed police chase so widely seen on television. Mr. Simpson is now in custody. Please note that at no time did any police officer or other government employee beat, kick, or maim Mr. Simpson. You got that straight?

BOB MEDIA Bob Media, *The People's Globe*. Has he confessed yet?

DETECTIVE No, he has not.

BOB MEDIA (fast) When can we take pictures of the bodies? Is the blood dried yet? How big are the gashes? Is it true both bodies were sexually assaulted? Are the children involved? Have the children been sexually assaulted? Are the children likely to be sexually assaulted?

DETECTIVE All in good time. All in good time. That is all I am at liberty to announce right now.

(Exits.)

BOB MEDIA (to audience as if to news anchors) Good evening, Terilyn and Richard, as you can see behind me, I'm outside the residence — or should I say the former residence — of Nicole Brown Simpson. As you just heard, the police have arrested O.J. Simpson. It is also rumored that the police department will issue a statement soon implicating the Pope in the double murders. His Holiness was seen dancing with Nicole Brown Simpson at a local night spot just a few hours before the grisly double murders.

TERILYN Bob, I'm sorry I've got to interrupt you. But I have a news break from Mary Beth Rodriguez. Mary Beth, are you there?

MARY BETH Yes, I'm here, Terilyn. I'm inside Nicole Brown Simpson's bathroom. And if you look behind me, you can see a negligee. Now it's not the same one she was wearing the night she was so brutally murdered, but it's very similar. As you can tell, her entire upper torso was exposed because of that flimsy negligee, and that's why the killer was able to get to her throat so easily. I believe you're showing a shot of the re-creation of those slashes to the throat. Are you not?

TERILYN (perky) We are, Mary Beth! . . . Yes, *there* they are!

MARY BETH And over here is the toilet seat where Nicole Brown Simpson last sat. The very last place, we have it on good authority, that the brutally murdered woman was ever to sit. (Starts to cry.) Terilyn, I just can't help it. I'm so moved by this tragedy.

TERILYN That's all right, Mary Beth. We understand. We all feel the heartbreak of these ghastly double murders. We go now live to Ken Kingston in —

MARY BETH Wait! Terilyn! There's someone in here! (looking in the linen closet) Oh, my word, I think I've found something! Who are you?

NICOLE (a ghostly voice) It is I, Nicole.

MARY BETH Terilyn, I have an exclusive interview with the ghost of Nicole Brown Simpson!

TERILYN We're standing by, Mary Beth. Do you have enough light?

MARY BETH Let me get my microphone into this linen closet. (Struggles a bit.) Jesus, the cord's not long enough! Excuse me, Mrs. Simpson, could you come out here, where the audience can see you better?

NICOLE Get out of my condo! Take your cameras and get the fuck out of here!

MARY BETH Did you pick that up, Terilyn?

TERILYN As clear as a bell, Mary Beth. We do apologize to our viewers for the unseemly language. But keep going. Find out who killed her.

MARY BETH Yes, very good. Now, Nicole — may I call you Nicole? — can you tell us who it was that murdered you?

NICOLE Didn't you hear me? I said get out of my bathroom! What's wrong with you people!

MARY BETH Are you trying to stop the free press? What's wrong with you — you, you — swearer!

NICOLE Leave! Can't I even have some peace when I'm dead!

MARY BETH Terilyn, I'm afraid she's being uncooperative.

TERILYN Keep going! This is great stuff, Mary Beth. But whatever you do, find out who that murderer is!

MARY BETH Mrs. Simpson, please, please tell us who your murderer is! The world is waiting to learn this fact. You could even help other potential murder victims!

NICOLE Leave! Leave my bathroom!

MARY BETH But you're dead anyway. Why should you mind that I'm in your bathroom? Besides, don't you want your killer brought to justice?

NICOLE Go! Go now! Before I —

MARY BETH Wait! We'll pay you! (writing a check) How does six figures sound?

NICOLE (incredulous) You're going to pay me for an interview in which I tell you who murdered me?!

MARY BETH Look! I'm signing the check right now!

NICOLE You're offering to pay me for participating in this shameless, ruthless, savage, exploitative, hideous, vulgar, lowbrow charade about the murder of myself and another human being!?

MARY BETH Is there something wrong with that?

NICOLE For six figures it is. Now when you get to seven figures, maybe we'll start talkin'.

SCENE 6

O.J. (in jail cell) Where's that fat-assed lawyer I hired? How dare he keep me waitin'! He's chargin' me already and he doesn't even show up!

SHAPIRO (entering) How's it going, O.J.? Sorry I'm late. I had to deal with the media outside. You gotta be nice to the media.

O.J. (fast) Can you get me off?

SHAPIRO You're horny already? You just got here! I'm afraid I don't engage in sex with my clients.

O.J. That's not what I meant!

SHAPIRO Oh, you meant get you off this charge? Well, I'm doing my best. But I do have to ask you some questions.

O.J. Shoot.

SHAPIRO Are you guilty or not guilty?

O.J. Are those the only choices I get?

SHAPIRO Afraid so. Did you kill Nicole and what's his name or not?

O.J. Would you defend me if I did?

SHAPIRO I believe every American has a right to counsel. Especially if he can pay for it.

O.J. I think I'm guilty.

SHAPIRO (upset) I wish you hadn't told me that, O.J. I prefer my clients to be innocent.

O.J. Didn't you want me to be honest?

SHAPIRO You didn't have to answer my question! But never mind, we'll still get you off. We'll try everything in the book. We'll blame the police. They always fuck up something anyway. So it shouldn't be too hard. We'll stack the jury. We'll undermine the witnesses' credibility. We'll —

O.J. I think I left some bloodstains behind.

SHAPIRO Yeah?

O.J. And a bloody glove.

SHAPIRO I see.

O.J. And maybe a knife.

SHAPIRO You really planned it, O.J., I can tell.

O.J. I sort of lost my head there.

SHAPIRO Don't worry about it. We'll get the evidence thrown out.

O. J. But if it's evidence, how can you throw it out?

SHAPIRO It's not important if it's real proof or not. What matters is how it's introduced in court. We'll have so many objections, we'll make their head spin, and they'll have to let you off.

O.J. Are you sure? This all sounds really strange.

SHAPIRO Don't worry about it. You've bought the best.

O.J. You don't mind doing all this stuff, even though you know I'm guilty?

SHAPIRO The justice system would never get anywhere if we just defended the innocent!

CHORUS (entering)
O, WHAT IS THIS THAT WE HEAR!
THIS MONSTROUS EFFORT TO DISTORT!
TELL THIS MAN "CONFESS YOUR CRIME"!
AND SAVE US ALL FROM TV'S COURT!

SHAPIRO Who's this?

O.J. I thought I killed you guys!

CHORUS AND SO YOU DID.
AND SO YOU WOULD.
BUT TRUTH WILL OUT.
IF THE WORLD IS GOOD.

SHAPIRO Are you guys witnesses?

CHORUS WE SAW IT ALL,
EACH BLOODY THRUST!
WE HEARD THEIR SCREAMS
AND TELL WE MUST!

SHAPIRO Witnesses, huh? Have you decided for which side yet? (a beat) You like football maybe?

CHORUS OH, DO YOU NOT TRY TO CORRUPT US!
THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU CANNOT BUY!
OUR MINDS ARE LOFTY! OUR SOULS ARE PURE!
THAT MAN IS GUILTY AND HE WILL FRY!

SHAPIRO Where have you been? We don't have electric chairs anymore!

CHORUS YOU DON'T?

SHAPIRO That would be barbaric. (pointing to O.J.) Do you want to see this fine specimen of a man jerking around in a chair? Show 'em, O.J.

O.J. ZZZZZZZ! (Jerks around as though being electrocuted.) ZZZZZZZ! (Then he collapses.) That would be mean if you did that to me.

SHAPIRO See.

CHORUS GIVE HIM SOME HEMLOCK.
LET HIM LEAVE THE HONORABLE WAY!
HE HAS ROBBED TWO PEOPLE OF THEIR LIVES
AND THUS MUST PAY!

O.J. Hey! Hey! I'm leaving no way!
Or my name sure as hell ain't O.J.

CHORUS LOOK, O.J., LOOK AND LAMENT!
LOOK, FEROCIOUS MURDERER, AND REPENT!

RON'S
GHOST (entering, all bloody) See me, O.J! See what you have done. I would have been a movie star. Yet now my life is run!

O.J. (to CHORUS) Who's that?

SHAPIRO I think it's Ron Goldman, O.J.

O.J. Yeah? I never would've recognized him. He's a mess.

RON'S
GHOST It is your work, O.J. Simpson
That my face and body now are crimson!

O.J. (impatiently) Well, what do you want me to do about it?

RON'S
GHOST You cannot restore my life, I see.
But at least you can remember me.

O.J. Okay, I'll name a golf tournament after you. The Ron Goldman Classic — how's that?

RON'S
GHOST Is that all? No, I want you to run mad and tear your hair.
Gouge out your eyes, bite out your tongue, and then despair!

O.J. Come on! It's just a little murder! What's the big deal?

CHORUS INSENSATE WRETCH! UNFEELING BRUTE!
 WHAT HAS WROUGHT THIS ROTTEN FRUIT?

O.J. Who you calling a fruit? I'm a man, goddamn it! I've proved that again and again
 on the playing field!

CHORUS THERE IS MORE TO MANHOOD THAN MERE BOYS' PLAY!
 WHAT FOOLISH, STUPID NOTIONS DO YOU LIVE BY, FOOLISH,
 STUPID O.J.?

O.J. Hey, I don't have to take this! That's a racial slur!

CHORUS WHAT MORE CAN WE DO TO MAKE YOU SEE
 THE HORROR OF YOUR CRIME! SUCH MISERY!
 (to Nicole) COME FORTH! COME FORTH!
 O WRONGED ONE!

NICOLE'S
GHOST (entering) Forth I come — not fifth or sixth, not first or second, but forth.
 Look on me, O.J., the mother of your children, the bearer of your seed!
 Look into these deadened eyes! Look at these wounds that bleed!

O.J. Who's that?

SHAPIRO Your ex-wife, O.J.

O.J. Nicole? You look awful! Pull yourself together, woman!

NICOLE'S
GHOST You murdered me! You said you might!
 Now feast your eyes on this cruel sight!

SHAPIRO You don't have to look at her, O.J.

O.J. I don't?

SHAPIRO She hasn't got a legal leg to stand on.

NICOLE'S
GHOST I ask no more than that you confess!

RON'S
GHOST Confess!

NICOLE /
RON /
CHORUS OH, YES!
 CONFESS YOUR MESS!

O.J. (to Shapiro) God, what should I do, Shapiro?

SHAPIRO You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to an attorney.

O.J. But I'm beginning to feel bad. Maybe I should . . .

SHAPIRO Get your ass together, man! No way are you confessing! End this now? Give me a break!

O.J. But I did it.

SHAPIRO You have a right to a trial. I have a right to a trial — your trial!

O.J. But look at my bloody bride? Look at bloody what's his name!

RON'S
GHOST Goldman.

SHAPIRO O.J., when will you get it through your skull! Nobody confesses anymore! You couldn't help yourself!

O.J. I couldn't?

SHAPIRO Of course you couldn't. Your father was a drag queen, all that poverty in your youth, your color.

O.J. But I've been rich and famous and idolized most of my life.

SHAPIRO That's part of it too — you're a victim of poverty and wealth! You're also suffering from A.W.S..

O.J. A.W.S.?

SHAPIRO Athlete Withdrawal Syndrome.

O.J. What's that?

SHAPIRO I don't know. We'll figure it out later.

O.J. You mean like because I was a big athlete and got everything my way all those years, and then I didn't get as much as I used to, even though it was more than most people ever get, that I began to feel deprived and thus was compelled to commit these terrible murders?

SHAPIRO That's good! I like it. I think we'll use it.

O.J. Yeah?

SHAPIRO So how you going to plead, O.J.?

O.J. What was I thinking of! I almost pled guilty there. Why, I'm not guilty! In fact, I'm absolutely one hundred percent not guilty!

SHAPIRO Way to go, O.J.!

AD VOICE Do you still play with airplanes? You do? Well, that's the kind of person we want at Adams School of Aeronomics! That's right, we're looking for bright, motivated people who like to put things together. Why don't you call us right now? And you could be flying an airplane tomorrow!

SCENE 7

JUDGE ITO Are both parties — for the defense and for the prosecution — represented in court?

SHAPIRO We are, Your Honor.

MARCIA Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO As you no doubt know, I am going to be the judge in this case. I was assigned because I have a reputation for the utmost fairness, and I want to make clear from the beginning that it had nothing — absolutely nothing — to do with the fact that I am a Japanese-American.

MARCIA Of course not, Your Honor.

SHAPIRO We're very happy to have a member of another ethnic group represented here, Your Honor. We think it just goes to prove the rich diversity of American society at this time and this place.

JUDGE ITO Nor is it relevant that my wife works for the Los Angeles Police Department. Do either of you have a problem with that?

MARCIA Certainly not, Your Honor.

SHAPIRO As long as your wife didn't plant the bloody glove, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Are you making an accusation?

SHAPIRO It was meant as a jest, Your Honor.

MARCIA I object, Your Honor — to counsel trying to make jokes with you on the very first day of this preliminary hearing. It's obvious he's just trying to ingratiate himself with you.

SHAPIRO Your Honor, may I speak to that? I most definitely am not trying to ingratiate myself with you. I couldn't ingratiate myself with anybody if I tried.

MARCIA Your Honor, the polls already show that Mr. Shapiro is more popular with the public than I am! They think I'm a . . . you know, the B-word.

JUDGE ITO I'm sure you're both excellent attorneys, and I would like to proceed. If there's any humor from now on, it will be *my* humor. Got it?

O.J. But you're not very funny, Your Honor. Funny-looking maybe.

SHAPIRO O.J., shut up.

O.J. I'm sorry, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Proceed, Ms. Clark.

MARCIA Your Honor, the prosecution will prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant did murder Nicole Brown Simpson and what's his name on the night of June 12, 1994. We will bring a series of witnesses and experts, particularly in the field of DNA evidence.

SHAPIRO Objection, Your Honor!

MARCIA Overruled.

SHAPIRO Hey!

JUDGE ITO Ms. Clark, it's the judge who decides on an objection, not the prosecution.

MARCIA Of course, Your Honor. I got carried away.

JUDGE ITO Proceed, Ms. Clark.

MARCIA The prosecution will demonstrate that Mr. Simpson had both motive and opportunity to commit this crime, and, furthermore, that he left a trail of evidence so obvious that everything will lead inevitably to a conviction.

O.J. Shut up, bitch!

JUDGE ITO Mr. Simpson, I must ask you to refrain from such comments.

O.J. Why? I thought this was the land of free speech?

SHAPIRO Shut the hell up, O.J.

O.J. Hey, Your Honor, I'll give you my autograph if you call this whole thing off. What do you say?

JUDGE ITO I didn't hear that. Proceed, Mr. Shapiro.

SHAPIRO Thank you, Your Honor. Your Honor, the defense will demonstrate beyond a shadow of a doubt that our client, Mr. O. J. Simpson, football legend, upstanding citizen, husband, father, person of color, and corporate spokesperson, is entirely innocent of these terrible murders, and that a racist white officer in a fit of vicious prejudice planted the so-called bloody glove that was found at the home of the defendant. And in fact we believe that it is entirely possible that this white police officer may have committed the murders himself!

MARCIA Objection, Your Honor!

JUDGE ITO Sustained.

SHAPIRO Which part, Your Honor?

JUDGE ITO Mr. Shapiro, you know very well that it is the defendant who is on trial here, not the arresting police officer or officers.

SHAPIRO But, Your Honor, if it is true that Officer Fuhrman is actually the culprit in this case, does it not behoove the state of California to let that evidence out now so that we can take care of two major crime trials at the same time? After all, California has had a series of devastating natural disasters, from earthquakes to fires to floods, and it is therefore incumbent upon us all to save money.

MARCIA Your Honor, that is the biggest – how shall I say this? The biggest crock of shit since Mr. Shapiro’s last case.

SHAPIRO Your Honor, if Ms. Clark is going to use the S-word I don’t see how my client can get a fair trial.

JUDGE ITO We’re losing track of the main point here. I say that to both of you. Move along now.

MARCIA I’m sorry, Your Honor.

SHAPIRO I thought that delay was the point of being a defense attorney, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Have you finished, Mr. Shapiro?

SHAPIRO I just want to introduce the rest of the defense team, Your Honor, if I may.

JUDGE ITO All right. Go ahead.

SHAPIRO Dean Uelmens will be in charge of tedious and boring details, delivered in a belabored, mind-numbing, and flat voice. (Points to Uelmens, who stands and acknowledges his introduction.) And we also have Alan Dershowitz of Harvard. He will be in charge of appearing on the “Larry King Live” show and on as many other high-profile programs as he can manage, in order to help Mr. Simpson, as he helped his other client, Leona Helmsley, and at the same time to promote his new book. (Dershowitz acknowledges his introduction.) We are also adding Johnnie Cochran to the defense team — *not* because he’s black — but because he’s a first-rate lawyer, and he also managed to get Michael Jackson off in the molestation charges filed against him. (Cochran acknowledges the introduction.) And finally we have Mr. F. Lee Bailey, silver-tongued cross-examiner, who will do his best to make any witnesses or experts not on our side look like fools by smiling at them, making little jokes, and then verbally disemboweling them and getting O. J. off Scott free.

O. J. Should you be telling all this?

SHAPIRO Just want to be open and aboveboard, as I always am. I, for one, do not believe

that duplicity has any place in our criminal justice system! That's why I am no longer speaking to Mr. Bailey.

BAILEY It's not that you're not speaking to me. I'm not speaking to you.

SHAPIRO Shut up, bitch.

BAILEY You shut up!

JUDGE ITO Ms. Clark, do you wish to introduce your team?

MARCIA Your Honor, I will be leading the prosecution. I will be ably assisted by that tall, partially bald guy over there — what's his name again? We are also bringing in Mr. Christopher Darden — *not* because he's black — but because he knows a lot about the technicalities of the law, and is also an expert specialist in the N-word.

JUDGE ITO The N-word?

MARCIA I'll let Mr. Darden speak for himself.

DARDEN Your Honor, the prosecution will demonstrate that if this jury learns any facts about this case from the lips of a police officer known to have used the N-word, then that the jury will be so riled and so upset that we cannot be sure that they won't riot here in the courthouse — and possibly loot as well.

JUDGE ITO I thought Snoop Doggy Dogg and some of the other gangsta rappers use the N-word in their rap songs all the time?

COCHRAN That's right, Your Honor. Mr. Darden is just dragging in race, when that's the last thing we on the defense team want!

DARDEN Shut up, you Uncle Tom!

COCHRAN Don't you tell me to shut up! You N-word!

DARDEN Your Honor, he called me the N-word! He called me the N-word! I think I'm going to faint. I don't know if I can go on with this trial. I think I deserve reparations!

JUDGE ITO I'm sorry, but only Japanese-Americans get reparations! You've never been in a camp like my people have! Those camps were almost as horrible as a Motel 6!

DARDEN You're not going to give me reparations? I call for a mis-trial!

JUDGE ITO We haven't even gotten to the trial yet! And we never will if you keep up this nonsense!

DARDEN Well, I just have one thing to say to you, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO What's that?

DARDEN You're nothing but a J-word!

JUDGE ITO Did you call me the J-word?

DARDEN I did!

JUDGE ITO (outraged) The J-word!! You called me the J-word!?

MARCIA (jumping up) He meant J-for-Judge. That's all he meant — J-for Judge!

JUDGE ITO Is that correct, Mr. Darden? Is that what you meant by the J-word?

DARDEN (hesitating) Ah, yes, Your Japness. I mean Your Highness. . . . I mean Your Judgeness! Judgeness! Your Jap-Judgeness!

JUDGE ITO I must say this preliminary hearing has certainly left much to be desired in terms of its legality, but I am a tolerant judge and will listen to just about everything now, as long as it's *not* about race. But once the actual trial is underway, I will be strict. Strict!

SHAPIRO Yes, Your Honor.

MARCIA Certainly, Your Honor.

O.J. Hey, Your Honor, I've been in here for months now. I'm gettin' horny. Can I have my girlfriend stay overnight sometime? Huh? I don't like it doing when the guards can watch.

JUDGE ITO (sighs) Let's take a short recess, what do you say?

SCENE 8

(Inside the jury's hotel.)

JUROR #1 They call this a hotel room? It's so tiny! It's so ugly!

JUROR #2 (popping in) Hi! I'm your neighbor—the next room over. I noticed that we're serving on this jury together. I thought I'd meet some of us. After all, we're going to be sequestered together for a long time in here.

JUROR #1 (self-righteous) We're not supposed to talk about the case.

JUROR #2 I know.

JUROR #1 Well, you were talking about it.

JUROR #2 I was? I just mentioned that we were on the jury together.

JUROR #1 That's talking about it. I may have to report you to Judge Ito.

JUROR #2 You're being too literal.

JUROR #1 I just want to see that this is a fair trial. I intend to be totally impartial. Neither I nor any member of my family has ever met O.J. Simpson. I am not in an abusive relationship. Furthermore, I haven't —

JUROR #2 Hey! Hey! The questionnaires are already filled in. You don't have to keep on with the bullshit. We all probably put down a lot of things we don't really believe, just to get picked, right?

JUROR #1 I have a high school education and I have not been contaminated by any pre-trial publicity. I have —

JUROR #3 (popping in) So do you think he did it?

JUROR #1 We're not supposed to discuss the case. We were just discussing not discussing the case. (in a quandary) Is that discussing the case?

JUROR #3 What the hell are we supposed to talk about then? The meaning of life?

JUROR #1 We cannot watch television. We cannot listen to the radio. Newspapers and magazines are acceptable, but only if they have been examined and censored.

JUROR #2 This sounds like it's going to be a barrel of laughs, especially with you around.

JUROR #3 I'm going to get a book out of it.

JUROR #2 I've had three offers already to appear on "Hard Copy" and explain the sex secrets of the jury room.

JUROR #1 I would thank you two if you would not try to influence my decision in this case. And please don't ask me for a date. While I'm sequestered, I intend to read the entire *Remembrance of Things Past* by Marcel Proust (mispronounces it "Prowst") in the original Swedish.

JUROR #3 Oh, Jesus, what have I gotten myself into!

SCENE 9

JUDGE ITO Welcome, ladies and gentlemen of the jury. We hope you are comfortable in your hotel room. We are sure that you will serve with honor and distinction in this trial. Are we ready for the opening statements, counsel?

MARCIA We are, Your Honor.

COCHRAN Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Proceed, Ms. Clark. And I warn you in advance not to be argumentative.

MARCIA Thank you, Your Honor. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I must say I have never, in all my days in my courtroom practice, seen a handsomer jury. Your attentive, multicultural faces beaming with intelligence and innate honesty give me great hope for the jury system.

COCHRAN Objection, Your Honor. Ms. Clark is buttering up the jury.

JUDGE ITO You will have your turn, Mr. Cochran. Overruled.

MARCIA Ladies and gentlemen, we intend to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant, Mr. O.J. Simpson, killed two people on the night of June 12 when he —

JUDGE ITO You're arguing, Ms. Clark. I warned you!

MARCIA Your Honor, I'm just stating the facts of the case.

COCHRAN You're absolutely right, Your Honor. She's deliberately manipulating the jury!

MARCIA Your Honor!

JUDGE ITO Are you almost finished with your opening statement, Ms. Clark?

MARCIA Your Honor, I've just started.

JUDGE ITO I think we should break for dinner.

MARCIA But, Your Honor, I've just barely opened my mouth.

JUDGE ITO I know, but I'd like to open my mouth — around a club sandwich. With pickles.

MARCIA May I proceed, Your Honor?

JUDGE ITO Oh, go ahead, if you must.

MARCIA Thank you, Your Honor. The prosecution will show that the defendant murdered his ex-wife and her friend Ronald Goldberg —

O.J. Goldman!

MARCIA Thank you, Mr. Simpson. Arnold Goldman, who was an innocent bystander. We will show a history of abuse, intimidation, and control that will prove that O.J. Simpson took everything from Nicole Brown Simpson — her youth, her financial freedom, and ultimately her life. And moreover — moreover! — the son of a bitch made her sign a pre-nuptial agreement! A pre-nuptial agreement, can you imagine! If my husband ever —

COCHRAN Objection!

MARCIA I'm sorry, Your Honor. I got carried away. I withdraw the term "son of a bitch."

JUDGE ITO The jury will please disregard the fact that the defendant is a son of a bitch. Don't let it happen again, Ms. Clark.

MARCIA I'm abject with contrition, Your Honor.

COCHRAN Your Honor, I must object. Ms. Clark is blatantly trying to butter you up.

JUDGE ITO You will have your turn, Mr. Cochran.

COCHRAN Thank you, Your Honor. You're most gracious, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Proceed.

MARCIA Ladies and gentlemen, the evidence will show that the defendant not only brutally murdered two people— (to the Elmo machine man) May we have the graphic? (Pause.) Is that the right graphic? Of the two mutilated bodies? Not that one! Excuse us, Your Honor. (She helps get the right graphic). Yes, this one. And I apologize that this graphic is so . . . graphic. But, believe me, the prosecution could have used far worse pictures than these to illustrate the brutality of the crime. Far worse. For instance, there's this one where —

HODGMAN (fainting) Oh, Oh! My head! My chest!

MARCIA (whispering) Not yet, Hodgman. Not yet. Later.

HODGMAN But the graphic nature of that graphic makes me faint. It's so horrible! I'm swooning!

JUDGE ITO Mr. Hodgman, contain yourself. You've seen dead bodies before.

COCHRAN I object, Your Honor. Mr. Hodgman, is just trying to manipulate the jury into thinking this is a particularly vicious murder, when anybody who lives in the United States knows that it's just an ordinary old murder that anyone can see any day of the week!

JUDGE ITO I think he's correct, Mr. Hodgman.

HODGMAN I'm sorry, Lance. I mean, Your Honor.

COCHRAN Your Honor, I object. Mr. Hodgman is just trying to capitalize on the fact that he knows you personally because you two used to work together as lawyers.

HODGMAN That's a downright, damned . . . untruth!

MARCIA Your Honor?

JUDGE ITO What is it now, Ms. Clark?

MARCIA I'd like to go on with my opening statement.

JUDGE ITO Okay, but it's taking awfully long.

MARCIA I'm trying, Your Honor. . . . Now, as I was saying —

JUDGE ITO Go back, Ms. Clark. You didn't say "may I." (Laughs.)

MARCIA May I, Your Honor?

JUDGE ITO May you what?

MARCIA May I say 'May I'?

JUDGE ITO You may not! (Laughs.) Just a little joke. We're all getting just a little too intense around here.

MARCIA (laughing hysterically) God, you're funny, Your Honor! As I was saying, the evidence will show that so-called superstar O.J. Simpson was not the public man that the public thought it knew, but, rather, a wife-beater, a control freak, and a murderer. And how do you think blood got on O.J.'s sock — socks he left on the floor of his goddamned bedroom, for God's sake!

JUDGE ITO I've warned you, Ms. Clark about being argumentative. Sit down.

MARCIA Thank you, Your Honor. I'm just about to conclude.

JUDGE ITO Well, hurry up! I'm hungry!

MARCIA Okay, I'm finished.

JUDGE ITO I'm out of here. (Leaves the bench.)

COCHRAN You mean the jury has all night to think about the misinformation and lies the prosecution has told about my client, Your Honor?

JUDGE ITO You'll get your turn for misinformation and lies, Mr. Cochran. Trust me.

SCENE 10

JIM MORET Hello, I'm Jim Moret in Los Angeles. Let's turn to CNN's two analysts — one male and one female, one a prosecuting attorney, the other a defense lawyer, both highly paid. Greta Van Susteren, how do you think Marcia Clark and the prosecution team did in its opening statement?

GRETA Well, Jim, I think she was very effective. I'd fry O.J. right now, but then I'm not on the jury.

JIM MORET Do you believe in the jury system, Ms. Van Susteren?

GRETA Well, Jim, what can I say? I have to defend clients in front of juries all the time. Am I going to say I think most juries are made up of a bunch of poorly educated people with IQs much lower than mine and that I have to find ways to seduce or trick them in order to get my clients off? Of course not. I think the jury system works just fine. Most people try to be fair, and they are fair.

JIM MORET And what about you, Roger Cossack? Do you believe that the jury system is the best system for achieving justice?

ROGER Well, it's the system we've got, Jim. I think a jury will do its best to hear all the facts and come up with an impartial judgment.

JIM MORET Can anyone actually come up with an impartial judgments using two completely distorted versions of the truth?

ROGER Interesting point, Jim. Now, as for how Marcia Clark did, although you didn't ask me, I think she did fine. She's not my type physically, but I can see how she might be somebody else's. Maybe the jury's.

JIM MORET We're about to go back to the courtroom. Defense attorney Johnnie Cochran is addressing the jurors.

COCHRAN I want to thank this jury for being so patient. I know you wanted to hear what I have to say more than you wanted to hear what Marcia Clark had to say about this case.

MARCIA Your Honor, this is outrageous!

JUDGE ITO So what else is new? Continue.

COCHRAN Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, we intend to prove that there are many, many suspicious elements to this case — this rush to judgment, I might very well call it. We intend to call as a witness Mary Anne Gerchas, who on the night of the murders tells us she saw four men leaving the site of the crime about the time in question. We intend to show that Sergeant Vannatter rode around with O.J. Simpson's blood for hours and hours and *then*, guess what, O.J. Simpson's blood shows up on those bloody socks referred to earlier. The prosecution wants to use DNA evidence when it's crystal clear from the video we will show you that the police and members of the coroner's office traipsed up and down through the blood, tracking it God knows where! Some of them even seemed to have danced in that blood. It's looking more and more, in fact, like members of the Los Angeles Police Department are involved in possible satanic cults that smear blood on their victims, keep bad records, and do other acts too horrible to mention out loud here in court. We also intend to show that the very man who invented DNA and who won the Noble Peace Prize for it, will testify for the defense. (in triumph) Aha!

HODGMAN I object, Your Honor. Mr. Cochran is mis-stating words. He means the Nobel Prize in science, I believe.

JUDGE ITO Overruled. Mr. Cochran has a constitutional right to mis-state and mispronounce whatever he wants to. I do.

COCHRAN Thank you, Your Honor. Mr. Hodgman is just a petty little stickler for minutiae. (rhyming) Yeah, he's got an eye for minucey-I!

HODGMAN Oh! Oh! My heart! My heart! (Grabs his chest.)

JUDGE ITO What's wrong?

HODGMAN The defense is bringing in new witnesses and mispronouncing words and I can't stand it any longer. I simply can't stand it!

CHORUS (entering)
O WOE! O WOE!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THIS TRIAL!
THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT MANIPULATION,
DISTORTION AND DENIAL!
NEITHER SIDE SEEKS FOR ANYTHING BUT
ADVANTAGE FOR ITS CAUSE.
WHERE, O WHERE IS THE QUEST FOR SIMPLE . . . TRUTH?

COCHRAN Objection, Your Honor! That doesn't even rhyme!

CHORUS We know. We know. But it's hard to find a rhyme for "truth."

HODGMAN Who are these people?

JUDGE ITO I believe they are the Chorus, are you not?

CHORUS We are. We are, Judge Hirohito.

JUDGE ITO It's not Hirohito. It's Lance Ito.

CHORUS PARDON US. WE DID NOT KNOW.
O GREAT JUDGE, JUDGE LANCE ITO!

JUDGE ITO Keep this up and I'm going to object!

COCHRAN I also object, Your Honor. These chorus people are trying to inject an utterly irrelevant issue — the issue of truth — into this trial. If they have their way, the trial would be over in ten minutes, and where, I ask you, would that leave us all? Out of a job, that's where! And the public without its entertainment for the entire summer and winter — and maybe even next summer. I ask that these Choristers be thrown out bodily here and now.

JUDGE ITO You're right. Get out of here!

CHORUS WE DO NOT MEAN TO CAUSE A FUSS.
PLEASE, PLEASE DO NOT DISPENSE WITH US

COCHRAN Your Honor, I'm sorry, but they just make me want to cuss.

HODGMAN And all this makes my heart feel full of pus! (Grabs his heart again.)

HODGMAN /
COCHRAN

Kick the Chorus out if the legal system is to be served!

JUDGE ITO Let's have a sidebar. Come over here. (Gestures for the lawyers to come to the side of the bench) What are you guys doing? You're making me look bad. This trial is taking forever!

COCHRAN I'm sorry, Your Honor. We'll try to speed it up. By the way, who do you like in the fourth at Hialeah?

JUDGE ITO I hear Blind Justice looks good. Anyone tell me where I can get a little action?

COCHRAN I know somebody, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Put me down for two on her nose. (Hands him money.)

COCHRAN Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO (to the whole court) Okay, the Chorus can stay. But no more outbreaks! Got it?

CHORUS OH, YES, WE UNDERSTAND
OUR LIPS ARE SEALED.
AT LEAST UNTIL WE TAKE THE STAND!

O.J. Hey, when do I get to show my legs to the jury? I've got great legs.

JUDGE ITO You may show them now, Mr. Simpson. But don't talk.

O.J. (parading up and down, showing his knees) How about these beauties?

JUDGE ITO Mr. Simpson, no words!

COCHRAN Now I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, could someone with knees like that commit two horrible murders?

MARCIA Objection. The defendant made a work-out tape just two weeks before the night of the murders. He could have committed these murders and several others besides.

COCHRAN Tell her to shut up, Judge.

JUDGE ITO Ms. Clark.

MARCIA I'm sorry, Your Honor.

COCHRAN (to jury) Now how about those knees, huh? Hot, huh? I bet some of you ladies on the jury wouldn't mind having those straddling you, would you?

HODGMAN My heart! My heart! (Falls to the floor.) Never in all my days as a trial attorney have I heard such words from another lawyer!

COCHRAN Oh, get over yourself.

HODGMAN May I be excused, Your Honor? I think I need to go to the hospital to recuperate.

JUDGE ITO Yes, Mr. Hodgman. Bailiff, assist Mr. Hodgman.

(HODGMAN trudges out melodramatically.)

HODGMAN (pitifully) I may not be back, Your Honor. Is there just one request I might possibly make?

JUDGE ITO And what is that?

HODGMAN That you chastise the defense — and in public! (Leaves.)

JUDGE ITO All right. Come over here, counsel. Another sidebar. (They come over.) (taking out a flask and plastic cups) Sidebar Sidecar? (Some of them accept the drinks.) Drink up fast! (They all do.) (Points to the defense.) now take down your pants.

COCHRAN Your Honor, I protest.

JUDGE ITO Take ‘em down. Everybody.

SHAPIRO Me too, Your Honor?

JUDGE ITO Absolutely, Mr. Shapiro. Get those pants down around your knees. (Cochran, Shapiro take down their pants. F. Lee Bailey tries to sneak out.) Where are you going, Mr. Bailey?

BAILEY To the bathroom, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO No, you’re not. Take down your pants.

BAILEY But there are TV cameras watching, Your Honor!

JUDGE ITO I control the switch, Mr. Bailey. I assure you that nobody will see your wrinkled old butt on television.

BAILEY Thank you, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO (coming over to the defense team) For legal crimes too numerous to mention, I hereby administer the count’s punishment on the defense counsel. (He takes his hand and very lightly slaps each butt.) Take that.

COCHRAN (pretending) Oh, God, it hurts so much!

JUDGE ITO And that.

BAILEY (pretending) The pain! The pain!

JUDGE ITO And that.

SHAPIRO (pretending) I’m in agony.

JUDGE ITO (to the jury) The jury will ignore the public punishment the court has administered to the defense and not let it interfere with your deliberations. The defendant is still presumed innocent until such time as you render your inevitable decision — a hung jury.

COCHRAN And what d'you want to bet if it's *my* jury, it's *hung*!?

JUROR #3 Your Honor, I'm the foreman of the jury. Can we go to Disneyland sometime? We're all cooped up. Please! Please!

JUDGE ITO But you're already in Disneyland. Call your first witness, counsel.

MARCIA The prosecution calls a black friend of O.J. Simpson.

EX-OFFICER (fast, to the oath) I do, I do, I do.

MARCIA How many times did you see the defendant beat his wife?

EX-OFFICER Lots and lots.

MARCIA That's all, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Cross-examine?

DOUGLAS You're a drunk, aren't you?

EX-OFFICER I've had a drink or two in my life.

DOUGLAS You were drunk every time you say you saw O.J. beat his wife, weren't you? You're drunk right now. Aren't you?

EX-OFFICER No.

DOUGLAS That's all, Your Honor. I don't want to cross-examine a known drunk. Besides, this man has been mouthing words at the defendant and counsel. We don't know what he's saying and we're terribly upset.

JUDGE ITO Re-direct?

MARCIA Run that 911 call.

ELMO MAN Right!

JUDGE ITO You're supposed to call a witness first, Ms. Clark.

MARCIA I'm sorry. I forgot. We call the woman who took the famous 911 call.

WOMAN
WITNESS (fast) I do, I do, I do.

MARCIA Run that tape.

TAPE (noises, shouting) Hello, this is Nicole Simpson. He's back. (more noises, shouting, made by the other actors on stage)

MARCIA Did you take that call?

WOMAN
WITNESS I did.

MARCIA The prosecution rests!

JUDGE ITO Ms. Clark, isn't that a bit premature?

MARCIA You're right. I almost forgot the victim's sister.

JUDGE ITO Please call her.

MARCIA Mr. Darden will question the victim's sister.

COCHRAN I object to this constant calling of the witness "the victim's sister, "Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Overruled.

DARDEN State your name.

DENISE Denise Brown.

DARDEN Are you the victim's sister?

DENISE I am.

COCHRAN I object to Mr. Darden speaking with a lisp, Your Honor. He's just trying to sound non-threatening.

JUDGE ITO Overruled.

DARDEN Miss Brown, let's get some things out of the way right at the start. Did you ever date O. J. Simpson?

DENISE No.

DARDEN Did you ever have sex with him?

DENISE No. Nicole would've killed me!

DARDEN When did you first meet the defendant?

DENISE It was at a football game in Buffalo. He flew us all in.

DARDEN And how did he behave?

DENISE He was a self-important son of a bitch from the beginning.

COCHRAN Your Honor!

JUDGE ITO Sustained. Miss Brown, confine yourself to answers to the questions.

DENISE Well, he was at least a son of a bitch from the beginning!

DARDEN What did the defendant say or do that made you feel this way?

DENISE Well, we were all partying and having a great time, and suddenly, right in public, O.J. grabs Nicole's crotch and says, "This is where footballs come from. This belongs to me."

DARDEN And how did you feel about this?

DENISE It seemed pretty damned rude, if you ask me!

DARDEN What else did you observe the defendant do to your sister?

DENISE (crying) He blew up one time and kicked us all out of the house. And he threw Nicole up against the wall. It was terrible.

DARDEN Did you interfere?

DENISE (crying) Of course not. He would've thrown me up against the wall too. He liked to throw people up against the wall. And he was paying for everything besides!

DARDEN Your witness. Feel free to cry, Miss Brown.

DENISE Thank you.

SHAPIRO Miss Brown, at these parties you attended, isn't it true you were smashed out of your mind and couldn't remember a detail accurately now if your life depended on it?

DENISE I had a few drinks, yeah.

SHAPIRO How many would you say?

DENISE I don't remember.

SHAPIRO So you had so many drinks you can't even remember how many? Would you say that you have a drinking problem, Miss Brown?

DENISE I did have.

SHAPIRO Oh, I see. Now we're supposed to believe you're cold sober?

DENISE Ever since O.J. killed my sister I haven't had a drop! (Cries.)

SHAPIRO Your Honor, really now!

JUDGE ITO Miss Brown.

DENISE It's true.

SHAPIRO Isn't it true you never liked your sister, that you were jealous of her because she got the famous O.J. and you didn't, and that you kissed him repeatedly in the dark at that children's recital the afternoon of the murders?

DENISE No! No! No! And no!

SHAPIRO I have nothing further, Your Honor. Who can compete with a crying sister of a dead woman!

JUDGE ITO Ms. Clark?

MARCIA Your Honor, the prosecution calls Officer Riske. (pronounced risky)

RISKE (fast, to the oath) I do, I do, I do, so help me God.

MARCIA Were you the first police officer to traipse through the crime scene? Strike that. Were you the first police officer at the crime scene?

RISKE I was, but I'm just a patrolman. I didn't have no training.

MARCIA But didn't you secure the crime scene?

RISKE With little pieces of tape I kinda did, yeah.

MARCIA Did you dance in the blood?

RISKE No.

MARCIA Did you touch anything?

RISKE No.

MARCIA (to Cochran) Counsel, your turn.

COCHRAN Officer Riske, isn't it true that you're a drunk too?

RISKE No.

COCHRAN Isn't it true that you used Nicole Brown Simpson's telephone to call for additional help?

RISKE Yes, but it had been used so much for help by Nicole Brown Simpson it just seemed like the right thing to do.

COCHRAN I ask that that comment be stricken from the record, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Sustained. Officer Riske, please confine yourself to answers to the questions being asked. Do not volunteer other information.

COCHRAN Isn't it true, Officer Riske, that you had sex with the bodies of Nicole Brown Simpson *and* Donald Goldman?

RISKE No. And it's Ronald Goldman.

COCHRAN Your Honor?

JUDGE ITO I've warned you about offering information!

RISKE Sorry.

COCHRAN Isn't it true that you saw melting ice cream in the kitchen long after the bodies were found — some time well after midnight?

RISKE Yes.

COCHRAN Doesn't that show that the victims could not have been killed by the defendant because he was on an airplane by that hour? The ice cream would have melted if Nicole Brown Simpson had been killed earlier — at around 10:15, as the prosecution insinuates?

RISKE I don't know. I don't know how to tell time.

COCHRAN Isn't it true, Officer Riske, that your name alone— Riske— makes you seem suspicious? What kind of name is that for a police officer? Or for anybody else, for that matter?

RISKE I don't know.

COCHRAN Isn't it true that you are a drunk, that you had sex with the bodies of both victims, that you helped Officer Fuhrman move one of the bloody gloves to the defendant's property, and that you yourself ate some of that melting ice cream?

RISKE No!

COCHRAN You mean to tell me a Los Angeles Police Officer went into someone's kitchen, saw ice cream, and didn't eat some?

RISKE No. I don't like ice cream.

JUDGE ITO That's enough for today. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, get ready for a field trip! It may not be Disneyland, but it's not too shabby. We're all going to see the scene of the crime!

JUROR #3 Oh, goody! Hurray! We get out.

JUROR #2 Can we stop for ice cream?

JUDGE ITO (cheery) Maybe! Wear loose clothes now. See you Sunday!

SCENE 11

(In the jury's hotel)

JUROR #2 I loved that trip to O. J.'s house. I'd love to live there. What a spread!

JUROR #1 We're not supposed to discuss the case.

JUROR #2 That's not discussing the case. That's discussing our day out.

JUROR #1 We're only supposed to have our private thoughts.

JUROR #2 This is crazy! What can we talk about? Most people talk about what happens to them that day. But we can't?!

JUROR #1 You didn't have to agree to be on the jury.

JUROR #2 Oh, screw you! I don't want talk to you anyway.

JUROR #1 I could have you removed. I think you want O. J. to get off.

JUROR #2 I do not!

JUROR #1 You do too!

JUROR #2 Do not!

JUROR #1 Do too!

(They begin shoving each other.)

JUROR #2 Stop shoving me.

JUROR #1 You're the one who's shoving!

JUROR #3 Will you two please shut up.

JUROR #1 /
JUROR #2 (together) Who asked you, bitch

(They shove Juror #3.)

JUROR #3 Hey! I'm going to sue you two when I get out of here.

JUROR #2 Well, you'd better get a good lawyer.

JUROR #3 I will! I'll get Johnnie Cochran.

JUROR #1 You couldn't afford Johnnie Cochran!

JUROR # 3 Oh, yeah? Well, he just happened to tell me that if O.J. is found not guilty he'd be more than happy to represent me in any case I ever have!

JUROR # 1 And you're telling us that?

JUROR #3 What's wrong with saying that?

BAILIFF Ladies and gentlemen, you're wanted in the courtroom, please.

JUROR # 3 Well, I'm not going. I don't want to sit next to these people. They're dangerous.

BAILIFF Get your butt in here.

JUROR # 3 You can't talk that way to me! I'm part of history!

BAILIFF Get in there! (He threatens them.)

JURORS (upset) Well, really! The nerve! Etc.

(The Jurors go in.)

JUDGE ITO Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, we want you to know how much we appreciate what all you fine people have been doing. We know it can't be easy.

JUROR #3 It isn't easy, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO That's what I just said. By the way, I'm watching you people. And I may have to remove some of you. I heard someone has a bet on whether O.J. will get off or not. Is this true? (Silence.) Well, we'll deal with it later. Bailiff, please now remove the person who shoved the other jurors.

BAILIFF (Grabs a juror) Come here, you!

JUROR # 3 It wasn't me! They shoved me!

BAILIFF Doesn't matter. Somebody's gotta go. (Throws Juror #3 out.)

JUROR # 3 But . . . but . . .

JUDGE ITO Let that be a lesson to all of you. Will the alternate please take that juror's place. Now isn't it about time for a sidebar? I love these sidebars. It gives me a chance to come down off this bench and fraternize with my former colleagues. It shows them that, even though I'm immensely more important and powerful than they are now, I haven't forgotten what it's like to be a mere lawyer. (They have a sidebar with more drinks.)

VOICES (Buzz buzz.)

JUDGE ITO Okay, back to the trial!

DARDEN O. J.'s lawyers are scum, Your Honor. They're not trying this case. They're trying the witnesses.

JUDGE ITO Mr. Darden!

DARDEN They are, Your Honor. There's nothing they won't say or do.

JUDGE ITO Okay, I've warned you, Mr. Darden. I'm citing you for contempt.

DARDEN I want a lawyer.

MARCIA I'll represent you.

DARDEN No, I want Shapiro.

JUDGE ITO You can't have Shapiro, Mr. Darden.

DARDEN Okay then, I'll settle for Ms. Clark.

MARCIA Thanks a lot! Your Honor, Mr. Darden has been thrown for a loop by the shoddy, scumbag, unethical tactics of the defense counsel. That's why he lisps —

JUDGE ITO I 'm not interested in that, Ms. Clark. I want Mr. Darden to take three deep breaths and stand on his head and say he's sorry.

DARDEN I'm not sorry.

JUDGE ITO You'd better be.

DARDEN Well, I'm not.

JUDGE ITO Miss Clark, tell your client to take ten deep breaths and then kiss my penis.

MARCIA You'd better do it.

DARDEN I won't!

JUDGE ITO Do you want me to put you in jail? I'll put you in with O.J., and then see what happens to you!

DARDEN Okay, I apologize. I spoke out of turn. It's just that those guys —

JUDGE ITO I don't want to hear it, Mr. Darden. Come over here and I'll lift my robe.

DARDEN Do I have to, Your Honor?

JUDGE ITO I'm afraid so. (He gets up, lifts his robe, holds out his crotch.) I'm waiting, Mr. Darden!

MARCIA Go on, do it. It won't take long.

DARDEN I know, but everybody's watching.

JUDGE ITO My penis is getting cold, Mr. Darden.

DARDEN If I don't do this, you mean I'll never practice law in this state again?

JUDGE ITO Something like that. You ready? (Holds out his crotch again.)

DARDEN (kissing the crotch) There! I'm very sorry.

JUDGE ITO See, that wasn't so hard, was it? You mustn't be so hung up on your masculine image, Mr. Darden. We Japanese find apologizing as simple as hari kari. You can learn a few things from us.

DARDEN Thank you, Your Honor. I sort of enjoyed it actually.

JUDGE ITO Well, good. Call your next witness, Mr. Darden.

COCHRAN Your Honor, we want to bring in witness Rosa Lopez right this minute. She may leave the country and so we have to get her testimony right this minute.

JUDGE ITO Any objections, Ms. Clark?

MARCIA We have tons of objections, Your Honor, but what the hell. Bring in Rosa Lopez.

JUDGE ITO And an interpreter.

ROSA Hi, Judge!

JUDGE ITO Hello, Ms. Lopez. I believe you speak some English, is that right?

ROSA (waving to woman in the back) Hello there! I see you on TV! You are so pretty! I like you.

COCHRAN Whoa, Rosa. (whispering) Cool it. It looks a little lesbian.

ROSA I like you too, Judge!

JUDGE ITO Thank you, Ms. Lopez.

ROSA I like the jury. Where is the jury?

JUDGE ITO We're just all going to talk to you, Ms. Lopez, without the jury first.

ROSA No jury? I have to fly to another state tonight.

COCHRAN (quickly) But she's not going to gamble, Your Honor.

ROSA (trying to keep her story straight) I'm not going to gamble? Oh, that's right. Oh, it's so hard to keep all these facts straight! I'm going to Panama tonight. I have a ticket! I love Panama! Hello, Panama!

COCHRAN You mean El Salvador, don't you, Ms. Lopez?

ROSA Oh, that's right. But I might stop over in Panama! I love Panama!

COCHRAN You didn't get much sleep last night, did you, Ms. Lopez?

ROSA Oh, that's right! I flew in from another state. I slept in my car. I'm out of job as housekeeper — the mean gringo lady fired me. I am poor and uneducated, but I know what I saw!

JUDGE ITO We can't wait to hear, Ms. Lopez.

ROSA I then I will leave your stinking gringo country. For in El Salvador they do not make the women to eat cameras in their face every day!

COCHRAN You saw Mr. Simpson's Bronco on the night in question, did you not. Ms. Lopez?

ROSA I hate the cameras! All the time they hound me! I want to go! I hate! I hate!

COCHRAN Before you leave, Ms. Lopez, please tell us if you saw Mr. Simpson's Bronco parked outside his house.

ROSA *Si, senior.*

INT'PRETER Yes, sir.

COCHRAN And what time was that?

ROSA Ten-fifteen, ten-twenty.

INT'PRETER Ten-fifteen, ten-twenty.

COCHRAN And you're positive about that?

ROSA Yes, sir. Call me Miss Panama!

INT'PRETER Yes, sir. Call me Miss Panama.

JUDGE ITO Do you speak English, Ms. Lopez?

ROSA Oh, no, judge!

INT'PRETER Oh, no, judge.

COCHRAN Is Mr. O. J. Simpson a friend of yours? Did you ever get slapped by Miss Nicole Brown Simpson? You would never tell a lie, would you?

ROSA *No, senior.*

INT'PRETER No, sir.

COCHRAN I have no more questions, Your Honor. It's obvious that Mr. Simpson couldn't have committed these murders. This woman saw his car at his home with her own eyes when he supposedly was out using it to kill two people!

JUDGE ITO Mr. Darden, cross-examine?

DARDEN Thank you, Your Honor. Ms. Lopez, you are Maria Lopez, is that correct?

ROSA I don't remember.

INT'PRETER I don't remember.

DARDEN You don't remember your name?

ROSA In my country one may have many names. I am a good Catholic!

DARDEN I'm glad to hear it. But you're not *really* sure if you saw that Bronco, are you?

ROSA I see Bronco, *si*. Parked bull!

DARDEN You mean a car, don't you?

ROSA I walk the dog. I pick up the poo-poo! They make poor Rosa pick up the poo-poo! I hate them! I hate them!

INT'PRETER I walk the dog. I pick up the poo-poo! They make Rosa pick up the poo-poo. I hate them! I hate them! . . . Interpreter's note, Your Honor?

JUDGE ITO Yes?

INT'PRETER In Spanish there is no word for dogshit.

JUDGE ITO There isn't? I thought there was.

INT'PRETER Well, I don't know it, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Anybody here know the Spanish word for dogshit?

ROSA It's poo-poo, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Thank you, Miss Panama. Proceed with *poo-poo*, Mr. Darden.

DARDEN Cross-examining in another language is an art, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Very true, Mr. Darden.

DARDEN Ms. Lopez. Are you a highly educated woman?

ROSA (folding her arms) I know what I know.

DARDEN Did you ever get an offer of \$5000 to testify that you saw Mr. Simpson's Bronco parked outside his house at ten-fifteen, ten-twenty?

ROSA I don't remember!

DARDEN You don't remember an offer of a bribe?

ROSA In Spanish we do not call it a bribe. There is no word for bribe.

INT'PRETER I think the word is gift, Your Honor.

DARDEN Did anyone ever offer you a *gift* for testifying?

ROSA No!

INT'PRETER No!

DARDEN What's that outfit you're wearing right now? Who gave it to you?

ROSA I don't know. It came in the mail from Las Vegas. You like it?

DARDEN Ms. Lopez, are you in the habit of wearing strange clothes sent to you in the mail by complete strangers?

ROSA (conferring with the Interpreter)

DARDEN Ms. Lopez?

ROSA I don't remember. (shrugging) If people like me, what can I do?

DARDEN Why time did you tell Mr. Pavlik on the tape that you saw the Bronco?

ROSA Sometime. Ten. Ten-thirty. Eleven. I walk the dog. They make me walk the dog all the time, so I always see the Bronco.

DARDEN Ms. Lopez, you are a very agreeable person, aren't you?

ROSA If you say so.

DARDEN Is that what Mr. Johnnie told you to say? That you saw the Bronco at ten-fifteen or ten-twenty?

ROSA If you say so, *senor*.

COCHRAN Objection. He's leading the witness.

JUDGE ITO Overruled. You lead the witness too, Mr. Cochran.

COCHRAN Your Honor, we have to. We're desperate.

JUDGE ITO Overruled. You may answer. Ms. Lopez.

ROSA I don't remember.

JUDGE ITO I don't either. What was the question?

DARDEN I don't remember, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Mr. Cochran?

COCHRAN I don't remember, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Does anybody remember?

ROSA (waving) Hello, Mr. Johnnie! How'm I doin'? Did I say it right? Okay? Okay?

INT'PRETER (waving) Hello, Mr. Johnnie! How'm I doin'? Did I say it right? Okay? Okay?

DARDEN I have nothing further, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO You may step down, Ms. Lopez. Thank you for appearing on video.

ROSA Thank you, judge! Soon I have my own TV show in El Salvador! I be big star! (grandly) And Rosa Lopez no clean up no poo-poo no more!

AN'NCER This is TV San Salvador! Guess who our special guest is going to be tonight? Rosa Lopez! The international star! And former Miss Panama!

SCENE 12

JUDGE ITO Okay, who's the next witness?

MARCIA The Prosecution would like to call Detective Mark Fuhrman.

JUDGE ITO Call him.

MARCIA You hoo, Mark! Mark Fuhrman! (to Judge) Just a little joke, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Don't try your womanly charms on me, Ms. Clark. They won't work. And *I* tell the jokes!

MARCIA Sorry, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Proceed.

MARCIA Are you a detective, Detective Fuhrman?

FUHRMAN I am.

MARCIA Did you find the bloody glove at the defendant's residence?

FUHRMAN I did.

MARCIA Did you plant it there?

FUHRMAN I did not.

MARCIA Did you enter into a conspiracy with Detective Laing, Detective Vannatter,

Detective Phillips, criminalist Dennis Fung, and the rest of the Los Angeles Police Department to frame O.J. Simpson? And that includes Rosa Lopez's interpreter.

FUHRMAN No.

MARCIA No further questions.

JUDGE ITO Mr. Bailey? Cross-examine?

BAILEY Yes, thank you. Detective Fuhrman, how long were you alone at the side of Mr. Simpson's residence where the bloody glove was found?

FUHRMAN A few minutes.

BAILEY I see! And while you were there in those few minutes weren't you planting the bloody glove so that Mr. Simpson would be convicted?

FUHRMAN That's absurd.

BAILEY You mean to tell me you didn't hate Mr. Simpson because he was married to a white woman and would do anything in your power to distort the evidence?

FUHRMAN No, when I saw O.J. beating on his wife in 1985 I didn't even report it.

BAILEY You mean to tell me that you aren't a racist who calls black men "nigger"?

FUHRMAN No, I'm not.

BAILEY How long has it been since you used the word? You love the word "nigger," don't you?

FUHRMAN No.

BAILEY You don't love the word "nigger"?

FUHRMAN Not as much as you seem to.

BAILEY You mean to tell me that you didn't say to Sergeant Cordoba in the Marine Recruiting Station "'You're the only boy here, nigger!'"

FUHRMAN You think I'd call a big black marine "boy" and "nigger" to his face?

BAILEY And then didn't you pull a gun on Sergeant Cordoba when he objected?

FUHRMAN No, I did not.

BAILEY And, furthermore, didn't you say these things in front of a blonde woman?

FUHRMAN A blonde woman?

BAILEY Didn't you say these things in front of a very attractive, young blonde woman?

FUHRMAN I don't remember any such woman.

BAILEY You mean to tell me, marine to marine, that you didn't see a sexy young blonde woman in the recruiting station?

FUHRMAN No, I didn't see any such woman.

BAILEY And you call yourself a marine!?

MARCIA Objection!

JUDGE ITO Sustained.

BAILEY You mean to tell me that you turned down a gorgeous, young, blonde woman whom — we now know — actually asked you for a date?

MARCIA Objection. Immaterial.

BAILEY Your Honor, it is certainly not immaterial that this officer here turned down someone I wouldn't turn down in a million years.

JUDGE ITO That's true. I wouldn't turn her down either. Overruled. You may answer, Detective Fuhrman.

FUHRMAN She wasn't my type.

BAILEY Didn't you tell her that you hated black people, like those over there in the jury box, and would like to see them all rounded up and killed?

FUHRMAN No.

BAILEY Didn't you say almost the exactly the same thing?

FUHRMAN When?

BAILEY When you said that you were moving to Idaho? Isn't it a well-known fact that Idaho has no black people and that's why you're moving there?

FUHRMAN I'm moving to Idaho because I like the fresh air there.

BAILEY Hah! So you like fresh air, huh? Detective Fuhrman, are you telling this court that you didn't see the two dead bodies at Bundy, then decide at once to frame O.J. Simpson, persuade other officers to hurry over to Rockingham, jump over the wall there, realize that in order to make the charges stick you would have to work fast and arrange to get O. J.'s blood sample when he came back from Chicago, so you could spill some on the Bronco, on the back gate, along the pathway, on the socks in O. J.'s bedroom, and any other place you could get your dirty, racist hands on in order to destroy this man's life, even at the possible cost of getting caught and ruining your career and not being able to retire to Idaho?

FUHRMAN Ah . . . no.

BAILEY And didn't up to sixteen or more other people in the Los Angeles Police Department and elsewhere go along with this insidious plan, even at the possible cost of their careers and the threat of prison terms, even though most of them had never met or seen you before?

FUHRMAN (Breaking down) Yes! Yes! It's true. I did all that! We all did!

BAILEY Did that court hear that? Did everyone hear that?

JUDGE ITO Hear what?

BAILEY What he just said! I heard him confess.

JUDGE ITO I think you're hallucinating, Mr. Bailey.

BAILEY Didn't you just confess, Detective Furball?

FUHRMAN No, I said I didn't do any of those preposterous things. Fuhman.

BAILEY I was sure I heard him confess. I'm sure of it!

JUDGE ITO Maybe it's time for you to sit down, Mr. Bailey. Maybe it's time for you to retire.

BAILEY Retire? Never! I've never been better as an attorney than I was today.

JUDGE ITO If that's true, then it's a very sad thing you're confessing, Mr. Bailey.

BAILEY But Furball is a racist, and naturally that means he'd plant evidence against a black person! Probably against a Japanese too, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Are you finished, Mr. Bailey?

BAILEY Not yet, Your Honor. I haven't played the race card yet?

JUDGE ITO You haven't?

BAILEY (taking out a playing card, showing it to the jury) I call the court's attention to this card — the ace of spades. (Flings it at Fuhman) Take that, you racist pig!

JUDGE ITO Are you finished now, Mr. Bailey?

BAILEY Not by a long shot. I personally spoke to Sergeant Cordoba, *marine to marine*, and I have no doubt that he will march into this court and tell the terrible things Detective *Fuhrer* did to him in front of that exceedingly attractive young blonde woman.

CORDOBA (voice over) This is Sergeant Cordoba. I don't remember the detective calling me any names. Wait! I just had a dream. Now I think I remember him calling me names. Yes, yes, I do. No, no, maybe I don't . . .

JUDGE ITO Thank you, Sergeant Cordoba, wherever you are. Sit down, Mr. Bailey, you're finished. And I do mean finished.

BAILEY Your Honor, it's obvious that you've never been marine to marine! That male bonding, that closeness, that —

JUDGE ITO Take three deep breaths, Mr. Bailey.

MARCIA And then hyperventilate.

JUDGE ITO Ms. Clark.

MARCIA Mr. Bailey is a liar and a fraud, Your Honor. We've talked to Sergeant Cordoba and he's not even a marine. He just likes to wear uniforms and hang around recruiting stations.

BAILEY Your Honor, I won't stand for this!

MARCIA Then sit for it. Wait your turn.

BAILEY If you were an attractive, young blonde woman you wouldn't speak this way to me!

MARCIA What does that mean?

JUDGE ITO Shut up, both of you. You're making this case too interesting. I'll accept your apologies tomorrow.

BAILEY (to nobody in particular) How much does it cost to live in Idaho?

SCENE 13

(Jury sequestered.)

JUROR #4 I don't know if I can take much more of this sequestration, can you?

JUROR #2 Not only that. I don't think I can take much more of being locked up here.

JUROR #1 Excuse me, I'm watching this movie.

JUROR #2 I hate this movie.

JUROR # 1 Well, I like it.

JUROR #2 You like this dumb movie?

JUROR #1 I don't think it's dumb.

JUROR #2 How'd you like me to pop you one?

JUROR #1 Just you try!

JUROR #2 You want to see me?

JUROR #1 Yeah, come on. I'll take you on. Come on!

JUROR #3 Ladies! Ladies! Please!

DEPUTY
SHERIFF Hey, cool it over there!

JUROR #2 Well, she gets to watch any dumb movie she wants, and what do I get?

DEPUTY
SHERIFF Go exercise!

JUROR #2 Are you saying I'm fat?

DEPUTY
SHERIFF I'm saying get some exercise.

JUROR #2 How can I exercise when I have to go all the way down to the basement to use the equipment. *They* get to exercise up here.

DEPUTY
SHERIFF Oh, give me a break.

JUROR #2 Racism! Racism!

BAILIFF Juror #2, you're wanted in the judge's chambers — immediately.

JUROR #2 Why me? I haven't done anything wrong?

JUDGE ITO (entering) You lied on your questionnaire. You said you never had any domestic violence.

JUROR #2 Racism! It wasn't domestic violence. My husband just slapped me around a little. That's not domestic violence. I slapped him around too.

JUDGE ITO You don't consider that domestic violence?

JUROR #2 Of course not. You're so uptight, judge. You Japanese ought let go a little more, if you ask me.

JUDGE ITO You're giving me advice? Racism!

JUROR #2 Why should you always give the advice? Who appointed you judge?

JUDGE ITO The state of California. And am I ever sorry it did. Remove this juror, bailiff.

JUROR #2 No! No! I'm going to tell Larry King on you! I'll give interviews!

(The Bailiff removes Juror #2.)

SENATOR
TOMATO

You know why this case is taking so long, don't you? It's obvious to me as a senator from the great state of New York. It's because of (in phony Japanese accent) Little Judge Ito. Little Judge Ito like limelight. I no like little Judge Ito.

SPOKES-
PERSON #1

On behalf of all Japanese-Americans, I am outraged at Senator Tomato's crude, racist caricature of Judge Ito.

TOMATO

You say tomayto. I say tomahto.

SPOKES-
PERSON #1

What else do you have to say?

TOMATO

I'm apologize. As an Italian-American senator, I should have known better than to make fun of somebody's accent.

SPOKES-
PERSON #2

(in Italian accent) On-a behalf of all-a Italian-Americans, I-a outraged that Senator Tomato had to-a apologize-a.

SPOKES-
PERSON #1

On behalf of criminalist Dennis Fung, who hasn't even testified yet, and all Asian-Americans, I am outraged that the defense team could stoop to making fun of his name — Fung. It's not enough that the defense has made Mr. Fung look incompetent and inarticulate. Now they have the nerve to say, "Are we having Fung?"

SHAPIRO

I apologize.

CHIEF
WILLIE
WILSON

I am outraged that the defense should make fung — I mean, fun of a minority — when some of the defense team are minorities themselves. Outraged!

SPOKES-
PERSON #3

On behalf of all outraged people, I am outraged at the outrageous way nobody has a sense of humor about themselves!

ALL

Shut up, you white male!

SPOKES-
PERSON #3

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. . . . No, I'm not. You can make fun of me, but I can't make fun of you? Fuck you, you self-pitying whiners. Get over yourselves!

JUDGE ITO

Sidebar, anyone?

SCENE 14

JUDGE ITO I hope there won't be any more sidebars in my lifetime, or at least during this case. Is that clear?

LAWYERS No, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Good. Proceed.

GOLDBERG Your Honor, the prosecution would like to call criminalist Dennis Fung to the stand.

JUDGE ITO Who are you?

GOLDBERG I'm Mr. Goldberg.

JUDGE ITO I thought O.J. killed you.

GOLDBERG No, Your Honor, that was Ron Goldman.

JUDGE ITO Oh, sorry. You're the DNA expert?

GOLDBERG Well, I wouldn't go so far as to call myself an expert. I'm very self-effacing.

JUDGE ITO I see. Well, proceed anyway.

GOLDBERG Mr. Fung, were you in charge of the collection of evidence at the crime scene?

FUNG (long pause)

GOLDBERG Mr. Fung?

FUNG (long pause)

GOLDBERG Mr. Fung?

FUNG Yessss.

GOLDBERG Yes, what?

FUNG Would you mind repeating the question?

GOLDBERG Mr. Fung, were you in charge of the collection of evidence at the Bundy crime scene?

FUNG (long pause) Yes.

GOLDBERG (relieved) Thank you. Were you thorough, careful, and competent?

FUNG (long pause)

GOLDBERG Were you?

FUNG At the crime scene?

GOLDBERG Thank you. That's all, Mr. Fung.

JUDGE ITO Cross?

SCHECK (very insinuating manner) Mr. Fung, isn't it true that you don't speak very well?

FUNG (long pause)

SCHECK Mr. Fung?

FUNG (long pause)

SCHECK Mr. Fung?

FUNG Would you mind repeating the question?

SCHECK Mr. Fung, isn't it a fact that you are a terrible witness?

FUNG I guess so.

SCHECK Mr. Fung, isn't it a fact that you are the worst witness to testify in this whole trial? Maybe in all of history?

FUNG (long pause) Would you mind repeating the question?

SCHECK Yes, I remind repeating the question. What do you think I am, some California schmuck? Answer the goddamn question the first time I ask it, asswipe, and I won't have to repeat it umpteen goddamned times!

JUDGE ITO Mr. Scheck.

SCHECK Withdrawn, Your Honor. . . . Mr. Fung, I want to show you some videotape of yourself. Do you think you can take it?

FUNG Yessss.

SCHECK Good. Role that tape. Do you see yourself in that tape, Mr. Fung, having sex *on* the evidence with Andrea Mazzola, your so-called assistant?

FUNG No. I thought she was a lesbian.

SHECK Mr. Fung, isn't that your hand up her dress?

FUNG She was wearing pants.

SCHECK Well then, isn't that your hand up her pants?

FUNG (long pause)

SCHECK Mr. Fung?

FUNG I don't recall.

SCHECK So it's possible you had your hand up her pants, or maybe down her pants, and you don't remember it?

FUNG We worked as a team. I don't remember who did what.

SCHECK So! I see. You're saying that maybe she had her hand down your pants?

FUNG (tongue tied) You're — you're twisting my words.

SCHECK You're twisting your own words, Mr. Fung! How many swatches of blood did you actually collect at the crime scene?

FUNG All of them. I mean none of them. I mean some of them.

SCHECK Which is it, Mr. Fung?

FUNG Ah, ah (struggling for words)

SCHECK It's all right, Mr. Fung. Your answer speaks for itself. Look at that videotape again, would you?

FUNG Do I have to?

SCHECK Who's that man in a white shirt and tie?

FUNG Me?

SCHECK Very good, Mr. Fung. And where is O. J. Simpson's blood sample, huh? Where is it, do you suppose?

FUNG Up her pants?

SCHECK No.

FUNG Maybe in my truck?

SCHECK Look again, Mr. Fung. Detective Vannatter isn't even there yet? He's the one you *claim* gave it to you, isn't he?

FUNG Yessss.

SCHECK But where is he, Mr. Fung, as you stride so confidently back to your truck, with Ms. Andrea Mazzola, your sex partner, trailing behind? Is that how you treat women, Mr. Fung, making them trail behind you, especially after you've had your way with them?!

FUNG Ah, ah, ah . . .

SCHECK Your Honor, I'd like to meet privately with you in your chambers now so that I don't have to reveal any more of my brilliant findings in this case to those dorky Californians over there on the prosecution team.

JUDGE ITO No, Mr. Scheck.

SCHECK But, Your Honor, you gotta see this!

JUDGE ITO I gotta?

SCHECK Why should I have to show my hand to those creeps?

JUDGE ITO Proceed, Mr. Scheck.

SCHECK Jesus, Your Honor, what a wuss you are.

JUDGE ITO Mr. Scheck, shut your New York face.

SCHECK You telling me to shut my face? Me? Shut my face? (bristling, making fists) (Cochran runs over and whispers to Scheck.) Excuse me, Your honor. Mr. Cochran wants to say something to me. (Listens, then.) My abject apologies, Your Honor. I forgot myself. You're absolutely right about everything.

JUDGE ITO You mean you'll shut your New York face?

SCHECK Well, as much as I can, Your Honor, and still poke holes in this wuss on the witness stand.

JUDGE ITO Proceed.

SCHECK Okay, Mr. Wuss. I mean, Mr. Fung, watch this. Did you see that? (Points.)

FUNG (confused) What was it?

SCHECK You didn't see that?

FUNG See what?

SCHECK You didn't see yourself being handed a bloody envelope at the crime scene?

FUNG No.

SCHECK You didn't see that frame where your hand takes the envelope from that amateur, Miss Andrea Mazzola, and yet you call yourself a criminalist? Is that the kind of observation that you bring to your job, Mr. Fung?

FUNG I don't know.

SCHECK This is your eighth day on the stand, is it not, Mr. Fung, is it not?

FUNG I don't remember.

SCHECK And you haven't given one good answer yet, have you?

FUNG I think I gave *one*.

SCHECK And which one was that, Mr. Fung? Is it the one you concocted with your paramour, Miss Mazzola, to cover both your asses?

FUNG No.

SCHECK Or was it the one where you lied about leaving the defendant's blood sample on the table at the crime lab so that Detective Vannatter — your other paramour — could pick it up and spend the time he needed to get that blood to Detective Fuhrman — yet another paramour? — so that he could smear it on O. J. Simpson's Bronco, his socks, the back gate, the pathway, and anywhere else he could manage, in order to complete the Los Angeles Police Department's diabolical plot to frame that innocent man over there, the diabolical plot that you yourself, Mr. Dennis Fung, are the mastermind of?!

FUNG (long pause)

SCHECK Mr. Fung?

FUNG Could you repeat the question?

SCENE 15

JUDGE ITO Enough's enough. I've talked to the jury and they're mad — mad at each other, mad at the lawyers for dragging everything out, mad at me for letting it get out of hand. *I'm* even mad! So, from here on out, I'm cracking the whip. (Pulls out a whip.) Call your next witness, counsel.

GOLDBERG /
SCHECK But Your Honor we —

JUDGE ITO (cracking the whip) Don't argue with me! (Snaps the whip at them.)

GOLDBERG /
SCHECK (stung) Yeoww!

JUDGE ITO And that's just a taste. So watch yourselves!

GOLDBERG/
SCHECK Yes, Your Honor. We're sorry, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Who's your next witness, bitch?

GOLDBERG Your Honor, the prosecution would like to call Gregory Matheson.

JUDGE ITO (Cracks the whip.) Get your butt over here, Mr. Matheson!

MATHESON Yes, Your Honor. (Takes the stand.)

GOLDBERG What's your job, Mr. Matheson?

MATHESON I'm the Head Criminalist.

GOLDBERG The Big Cheese, huh? Are you part of the conspiracy that the defense is trying to lay out?

MATHESON (smiling) No.

GOLDBERG What do you think of Dennis Fung and Andrea Mazzola — the work they did collecting evidence in this case?

MATHESON I would've done some things differently, but they were almost adequate.

GOLDBERG Do you think those two are trying to frame O. J. Simpson?

MATHESON Who?

GOLDBERG O. J. Simpson.

MATHESON Pardon me, who's that?

JUDGE ITO Yes, explain who that is, Mr. Goldberg.

GOLDBERG Surely everybody knows who O. J. Simpson is.

JUDGE ITO I don't think so. Refresh our memory. There has been quite a bit of detail in this case.

GOLDBERG The defendant! O. J. Simpson!

JUDGE ITO Don't get testy with me, Mr. Goldberg. It doesn't become you, you little simp. (Cracks the whip.) You want some whip burns on your brief? Or on your briefs, for that matter?

GOLDBERG No, Your Honor.

BLAZIER Your Honor, may I re-introduce the defendant to the court? It's been a while since anyone has heard from him.

O.J. (Stands and waves). Over here!

JUDGE ITO Oh, yes, now I remember him. He's the one in the middle over there. He's the one who hired all you jaw-breakers.

BLAZIER (fussy) I beg your pardon, Your Honor, I personally am not a law-breaker. And I resent —

JUDGE ITO I said jaw-breaker. Get on with it. (Snaps the whip.)

GOLDBERG Mr. Matheson, aren't there a lot of blood stains — stains that came from the defendant himself — at the crime scene?

MATHESON I would say so.

GOLDBERG Aren't there also a lot of blood stains from the victims in the defendant's Bronco and also in his residence?

MATHESON Indeed.

GOLDBERG Why don't we just rest the case here? It's obvious who did it.

BLAZIER Objection! Leading!

JUDGE ITO Sustained.

GOLDBERG Your Honor, do we really have to sit through days and days of Mr. Blazier droning on and on about how much blood was found missing from Mr. Simpson's blood vial? It doesn't amount to a hill of beans.

JUDGE ITO I'm afraid so, Mr. Goldberg.

GOLDBERG But, Your Honor, Mr. Blazier is even more of a wienie than I am!

JUDGE ITO I know, Mr. Goldberg, but that's the way the law works.

BLAZIER Objection! I am not a wienie!

JUDGE ITO Yes, you are. But proceed anyway.

BLAZIER (twerpy) I am not a wienie! I'm not!

JUDGE ITO Mr. Blazier, do I have to show you the whip?

BLAZIER No, Your Honor. (under his breath) I am not a wienie.

FEMALE

COM'TATOR Let's take this opportunity while they're arguing some of the more subtle points to bring you a few commercial messages. We'll be right back. Don't go away.

#1 AD

AN'OUNCER Fact! McDonald's counter employees make good money. Fact! McDonald's offers a challenging career in a growing economy.

#1 AD

ACTOR (to audience, goofily) I've got to be honest with you. I never thought I'd be making this much money!

#1 AD

AN'OUNCER Fact! McDonald's Business College can now give you the exciting business career you've always dreamed about! Call today!

#2 AD

AN'OUNCER Have you always wanted to be a dental assistant?

#2 AD

ACTOR Gee, I've always wanted to be a dental assistant!

#2 AD

ACTOR Why stay home watching television when you could be out in the exciting world of dental assistantship?

#3 AD

ACTOR You know, he's right. My friends made fun of me for going back to school. But now I've got what I've always wanted — a career in dental assistantship-ness. And, boy, am I happy at last working on those teeth!

#3 AD

A'NOUNCER Have you been in an accident? Is that why you're just sitting here like a bump on a log? Can't move? Just sitting and watching TV all day long?

#3 AD

VOICE He came out of nowhere! I wasn't doin' anything. He hit me. I swear he hit me and now I can't play my cello no more!

#3 AD

VOICE And you know who can help you get legal compensation for your injuries? That's right. We the People Law Firm. At We the People Law Firm you will get a lawyer who represents your interests. At We the People we guarantee that you will collect a fair — and sizable — settlement for your personal injuries. We know how to deal with doctors, insurance companies, judges, and other pests. We haven't been in this business for eight months for nothing. So call We the People Law Firm. We know how important that cello is to you! (sub-voce) Results may vary. Not recommended by Sally Struthers.

FEMALE

COM'TATOR Welcome back. They're still having a sidebar in the courtroom. Judge Ito injured the Elmo man — the one does the visuals — with his whip during the break. Here to discuss the developments with me today is Christina Smedley, an attorney with her own private law office, and Jerry ("Hoss") Spence, famed defense attorney. . . . So do you think Judge Ito will be sued for using the whip on the man who runs the Elmo machine?

SPENCE I think he's got a very good case. Yep, very good case.

CHRISTINA I agree. There'll be scars. Massive scars.

SPENCE I think the judge has gotten a little out of hand.

FEMALE

COM'TATOR But didn't you criticize him yesterday for not taking control?

SPENCE Darlin', I don't remember what I said yesterday. All I know is that Judge Lance is going to need a real good lawyer. That court employee will never run an Elmo machine again as long as he lives!

FEMALE

COM'TATOR You're not thinking of taking the man on as a client, are you?

SPENCE You never know, darlin'. Maybe, maybe.

CHRISTINA Now wait! I thought *I'd* take the Elmo man on as a client.

SPENCE You've got enough business out of this trial already. Let me have a few cases!

CHRISTINA What are you talking about? You're cleaning up! You've signed at least four hundred new clients because they've seen you on TV!

SPENCE That's a lie, Christina. I'd say it's a damned lie, except that you're such a darlin' little darlin'.

CHRISTINA Well, you can darlin' me all you like, you old blowhard, I'm getting that Elmo man as my client!

FEMALE

COM'TATOR Oh, this just came in. (Reads message.) It seems that the Elmo man is going to sue Judge Ito

SPENCE /

CHRISTINA About time. . . . Lawsuits are good for America!

FEMALE

COM'TATOR But I've got some bad news for the two of you.

SPENCE /

CHRISTINA Oh?

FEMALE

COM'TATOR I'm afraid he's signed with We the People Law Firm to represent him.

SPENCE /

CHRISTINA Outrageous!

FEMALE

COM'TATOR The sidebar continues, but we have lots more to say. Lots more. We'll be right back after these messages. Don't go away now. (Big smile.) Promise?

AD VOICE (with speech defect) Hi! I'm LaToya Jackson. Why don't you have your own personal psychic? Solve those job problems, those love problems, even those personal hygiene problems. Certified personal psychics are standing by waiting for your call. Come on, don't be afraid. Stop being a loser. Call now. It's only three dollars a minute! I used a personal psychic to cure my speech defect! (Big smile.)

SCENE 16

JUDGE ITO Now I may have lost my own case against the Elmo man for hitting him with my whip, but I've paid my debt to society and served six months while the attorneys were hammering out some points between themselves, and now I'm back. (Shows his shackles.) While it's true that as part of my sentence I have to wear these shackles on my hands and legs, I don't intend to let anything stop this trial. So let's get to it. Call your next witness, Mr. Clarke!

CLARKE Dr. COTTON.

COTTON I do.

CLARKE Dr. Cotton, you have a Ph.D. in Bio-Molecular Nannograms, do you not?

COTTON I certainly do.

CLARKE And you're dressed like a professional woman, aren't you?

COTTON I certainly am.

CLARKE And I have a nice strong voice, don't I?

COTTON You certainly do.

CLARKE We rest, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO I'm afraid it's going to take more than professional clothing and a nice, strong voice, Mr. Clarke. Proceed.

CLARKE Dr. Cotton, could you explain to the jury the basics of DNA.

COTTON I certainly could. DNA is an organization in Ireland that blows up the British.

CLARKE Are you sure, Dr. Cotton? Not IRA. DNA.

COTTON Oh, of course. Excuse me while I cough softly. (Coughs softly.)

CLARKE (to jury) Isn't she a professional woman? Would I woman like this be part of a conspiracy? Are you finished coughing softly, Dr. Cotton?

COTTON I certainly am. (explaining with gestures) DNA is this . . . material that's in our chromosomes. Now that's with an *m*. It's not *chromosones*. *Chromosomes*. (to Jury) Say it!

JURY (pronouncing it, like little kids) Chromosomes!

COTTON Very good! Now the next part's a little difficult. Are you ready?

JURY We're ready.

COTTON Excellent! I've made it into a little song, to make it somewhat easier. Can you sing it along with me?

JURY Okay! Sure! Etc.

COTTON (singing) Now you've got your DNA! (Points to the jury.)

JURY (singing) We've got our DNA!

COTTON (singing) And that's what makes us all okay! (Points.)

JURY (singing) And that's what makes us all okay!

COTTON (speaking) Hey, you've got it! (singing) Now you've got your nannograms!

JURY (singing) Yes, we've got our nannograms!

COTTON (half singing) Now it gets a little hard. (singing) You've got your allele bands!

JURY (singing) We've got our . . . allele bands!

COTTON (when some of them stumble a bit) That's okay. (singing) And you've got your Cellmark tests!

JURY (singing) Oh, yes, we've got our Cellmark tests!

COTTON (singing) And they're the very best! (Points.)

JURY (singing) Indeed the very best!

COTTON (singing) And they match like hell!

JURY (singing) Like hell!

COTTON (singing) Now you've made my day!

JURY (singing) Now we've made her day!

COTTON (finishing the song like "Ballin' the Jack") And that's what we call cookin' O.J.!

JURY And that's what we call cookin' O.J.!

COTTON (ending the song with a flourish, hands up) Oh, yeah!

CLARKE Thank you, Dr. Cotton. Nothing further.

JUDGE ITO Mr. Neufeld?

NEUFELD Dr. Cotton, I loved your little song, but isn't it true that you contaminated several pieces of evidence in other cases and have served time for it?

COTTON It certainly is not!

NEUFELD You mean to tell me, Dr. Cotton, that you didn't mix up sample 57 with 72 in this case?

COTTON I certainly did not. (Smiles, looks at the jury.) I didn't personally do the testing.

NEUFELD You sit there, Dr. Cotton, and deny that you got several cotton swatches totally mixed up in your so-called scientific lab and have thereby tried to give the impression that the defendant, B.J. Simpson, is the only one of 170 million people who could have been the donor of the blood sample in question?

COTTON I believe it's O.J. Simpson.

NEUFELD Be that as it may, Dr. Rotten, isn't it true that you mixed up several cotton samples while doing your tests at Cellblock Laboratories?

COTTON It's Dr. *Cotton*!

NEUFELD Excuse me— you're right, it's Dr. Cotton. (Goes right on.) Is it not so that you've totally ruined any evidentiary use of the swatches so ineptly collected and tested in this case, Dr. Cellblock?

COTTON Why, no!

JUDGE ITO My shackles are hurting me. I think it's time for a recess.

NEUFELD But I'm not finished, Your Honor. I was just about to pin her cottony ass to that witness chair.

JUDGE ITO I don't care. My shackles hurt.

NEUFELD Your Honor, you're interrupting the flow of my questions. There's a rhythm here!

JUDGE ITO You want to sing to the jury too, Mr. Neufeld?

NEUFELD No, Your Honor. I won't stoop that low.

JUDGE ITO But you'll argue with *me*?

NEUFELD But I was just about to get Cotton's cotton-pickin' butt! And you cut me off!

JUDGE ITO Get hold of yourself, Mr. Neufeld. And I don't mean masturbate. (Waits for laughs.) Thank you, thank you. (stern) I decide when we have breaks around here! And I say we take a break now.

NEUFELD But this is not the time to take a break!

JUDGE ITO You're telling me when the breaks come? You're telling me, the judge?

NEUFELD I guess you're right.

JUDGE ITO You guess?

NEUFELD You're right, you're right. (after a pause) Can I say one thing to you, judge?

JUDGE ITO Make it snappy, Mr. Neufeld.

NEUFELD You think you shit truffles, don't you?

JUDGE ITO Okay, get out your checkbook!

NEUFELD Your Honor!

JUDGE ITO Don't you "Your Honor" me. Get out your checkbook right now. It's a two hundred and fifty dollar fine.

CLARKE Very appropriate, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO And you too, Mr. Clarke. Pay up! Two hundred and fifty dollars, and this is not to be charged to your clients, you got that? It's a personal fine for insulting the court.

CLARKE But I didn't insult the court, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO I've got to show an even hand here, so I'm fining you as well. Both of you march over there and pay up! Go on, start marching!

CLARKE Jesus, I don't have any money on me. (to other lawyers) Darden, you got some you can loan me?

DARDEN How much you want? (searching his wallet) The whole thing?

NEUFELD I guess I'll write a check.

JUDGE ITO It had better not bounce, Mr. Neufeld!

NEUFELD Hell, I just remembered. I don't have any money in my checking account.

JUDGE ITO I don't see any marching over here! March, March!

NEUFELD Well, I simply don't have the money, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO You'd better come up with it — and soon. Or you'll be out singing on the streets!

NEUFELD (to defense lawyers) You guys got some money?

LAWYERS (searching wallets, pockets, one at a time) Not me. Not me. Not me. Not me.

NEUFELD They don't have any, either.

JUDGE ITO Ask Mr. Simpson.

NEUFELD O.J.?

O.J. No way! I'm going broke paying you guys already! I don't have any money! My new book isn't out yet. Jesus!

CLARKE Here's mine, Your Honor. Mr. Darden was kind enough to loan it to me.

JUDGE ITO There's a fine for taking so long. Add fifty dollars!

CLARKE I'm paying! I'm paying!

JUDGE ITO Good boy. Mr. Neufeld, are you paying or not?

NEUFELD We can't seem to come up with the money, Your Honor. I know we look rich and well-dressed and everything, but actually lawyers are underpaid. You see, it all started when —

JUDGE ITO Stop! You leave me no choice but to sentence you to jail.

NEUFELD Your Honor, please!

JUDGE ITO I served my time. (Shows his shackles.) You think you're too good to?

NEUFELD But we don't have the money! You think these grey suits come cheap?

JUDGE ITO Don't get testy with me. I've got a suggestion for you.

NEUFELD What's that?

JUDGE ITO You can ask the jury for the money.

NEUFELD I can?

JUDGE ITO Go ahead. Snap to it.

NEUFELD (shrugs) Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, can I borrow two hundred and fifty dollars? It's for a good cause.

JURY Nope.

NEUFELD Please. I have a wife and children back home.

JURY Nope.

NEUFELD They're little children. Dwarves!

JURY Get away, you creep!

NEUFELD I'm not homeless! I just don't have my checkbook with me!

JURY Tough!

NEUFELD Your Honor?

JUDGE ITO Is there anybody in the court today who can loan Mr. Neufeld the money? Court personnel? (No answer) Spectators? (No answer.) Okay, Mr. Neufeld. You win. *I'll* loan you the money. But I want it back by tomorrow — by 9 A.M. sharp! My office.

NEUFELD Yes, Your Honor. Thank you, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO All right, now for the next item in the case. Who was gabbing back there? Bailiff, grab those gabbers and march them right out of here! God, it's not easy being tough! Anybody else around here want to eat my truffles? (tough) Huh? *Huh?*

SCENE 17

JUDGE ITO Well, here we are again. I'm getting sick to death of all your faces.

ALL Yes, Your Honor! Yours too.

JUDGE ITO What?

ALL Sorry, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO And don't call me grumpy!

ALL No, Your Honor!

JUDGE ITO You'd be grumpy too if you had to put with you! What's next?

DARDEN If it pleases the court, we'd like to —

JUDGE ITO (cutting him off) Well, it doesn't please the court.

DARDEN We'd like to enter some information about the gloves that were worn during the murders. We have a pair very similar, and we'd —

JUDGE ITO Why don't you have Mr. Simpson try on the ones he used during the murders?

COCHRAN Objection, Your Honor!

JUDGE ITO (grumpy) Oh, I guess you're right! But have him try 'em on. And right now!

DARDEN But, Your Honor, they've been in storage for over a year. They've been frozen and unfrozen umpteen times. They've shrunk and —

JUDGE ITO What are you afraid of?

COCHRAN Yeah, Darden, afraid they may not fit O.J.?

DARDEN Well, we haven't really had —

COCHRAN (tauntingly) Christopher's a scaredy-cat. Christopher's a scaredy-cat!

DARDEN Your Honor!

JUDGE ITO Christopher's a scaredy-cat!

DARDEN Okay, Mr. Cochran, you're on! Bring on those gloves.

(The gloves are summoned.)

JUDGE ITO Oh, goody!

COCHRAN Your Honor, may I make a suggestion in the search for the truth here?

JUDGE ITO What?

COCHRAN I don't feel Mr. Simpson should actually touch the murder gloves, do you? Don't you think he should wear something underneath them? Contamination has been a major point in this trial, has it not?

JUDGE ITO Good point, Mr. Cochran. We wouldn't want the evidence to be compromised in any way.

COCHRAN We'll leave that to the Los Angeles Police Department.

DARDEN Objection!

JUDGE ITO Sustained. Where are those gloves?

VOICE Here they are.

COCHRAN They should be unwrapped very carefully, Your Honor.

DARDEN We'll do it, Your Honor. (Unwraps the package.)

COCHRAN May I make a suggestion? Why doesn't Mr. Simpson wear something rubber underneath?

JUDGE ITO You want O.J. to wear a rubber here in my court?

COCHRAN Rubber gloves, Your Honor. Rubber gloves. (slyly) I just happen to have a pair with me. (Pulls them out.) We're just looking for the truth here!

JUDGE ITO Very thoughtful of you, Mr. Cochran.

COCHRAN It's nothing, Your Honor. (Hands the latex gloves to O.J.)

DARDEN (whispering to his team) Has anybody in the office tried these on?

MARCIA (whispering) I haven't. Didn't you?

DARDEN (whispering) No. I never thought the judge would allow this.

MARCIA (whispering) What if they're too small?

JUDGE ITO Hurry along there! We can't take all day now!

MARCIA Yes, Your Honor.

COCHRAN May I make another small suggestion to the court?

JUDGE ITO What, Mr. Cochran?

COCHRAN Perhaps Mr. Simpson could beat his hands against Your Honor's desk.

JUDGE ITO Whatever for?

COCHRAN It isn't so that his hands will swell up and not fit into the gloves. We're only looking for the truth here. It's just that Mr. Simpson's hands are cold and he'd like to warm them up before he tries on the gloves. Your hands are real cold, aren't they, O.J.?

O.J. They are?

DARDEN Objection!

JUDGE ITO Oh, let him beat his hands on my desk if he wants to.

COCHRAN Thank you kindly, Your Honor. Go ahead, O. J.

O.J. (beating his hands) Oh, my arthritis! My arthritis! Oh, the pain I feel! I even named my oldest daughter Arthritis because I've felt so much pain from my affliction!

COCHRAN (coaching) Your hands are cold, O.J. Cold! They're not swollen with arthritis today, are they?

O.J. Huh?

COCHRAN Your hands are their normal size today, aren't they? You didn't know you were going to try on any gloves today, did you? And so you took all your arthritis medicine, didn't you? You wouldn't ever do anything to falsify the results here, would you?

O.J. (catching on) Oh, that's right! My hands are extra-large, but they're no different today from the way they are everyday. So here I go. I'm trying them on! (Struggles to keep them from going on.) Good heavens! The gloves don't seem to fit!

DARDEN Your Honor, he's wearing another pair of gloves underneath!

COCHRAN They're only latex, Your Honor. They don't affect anything.

DARDEN The leather gloves are meant to fit tight! How can anyone wearing latex under a pair of leather gloves and expect them to fit the same way?

O.J. (still struggling with the gloves) Boy, these sure don't fit me! (Holds them up.) See! It's just like the other rubbers I get. (Smiles.)

COCHRAN The gloves don't fit! The gloves don't fit! Your Honor. How can he be the killer if the gloves don't even fit?

DARDEN Your Honor!

JUDGE ITO Don't go complaining to me, Mr. Darden. It was your idea for him to try on the gloves.

DARDEN My idea?

JUDGE ITO You're not implying that it was my idea, I hope.

DARDEN No, of course not, Your Honor.

COCHRAN (jumping up and down) The gloves don't fit! The gloves don't fit! Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you can see that those gloves don't fit my client. Let him go! (like a preacher) Let my *people* go! Let him go right now!

MARCIA Of course they fit! O.J.'s faking it. Can't you see that? He always was a terrible actor!

COCHRAN The gloves don't fit! The gloves don't fit!

MARCIA They do too fit.

COCHRAN The gloves don't fit! See that! The gloves don't fit.

JUROR Gee, those gloves don't seem to fit, do they?

SCENE 18

(The Jurors' dining room.)

JUROR #5 They didn't let me shop at Target as long as they let you shop!

JUROR #6 That's not true.

JUROR # 5 It is too true! I'm not getting equal treatment, and I'm not going to take it.

JUROR #6 I'm sure if you had asked you could have shopped longer at Target.

JUROR #5 Oh, so now I have to ask! *You* didn't have to ask!

JUROR #5 That's because I didn't shop longer at Target.

JUROR #6 You did so. And you hit me too.

JUROR #5 I certainly did not hit you!

JUROR #6 Look at the bruises all over my body!

JUROR #5 Those aren't bruises. You're black.

JUROR #6 I am not black. I'm African-American.

JUROR #7 Did she hit you?

JUROR #6 With a baseball bat.

JUROR #5 You're crazy! I stumbled coming into the dining room and brushed against you by accident.

JUROR #6 You meant to stumble. You wouldn't have stumbled if I hadn't been African-American!

JUROR #4 Listen, I'm African-American and I say nobody meant to hit anybody. And I was watching.

JUROR #6 So you're going to side with them, huh? I knew that — I knew that — just as soon as I saw who was coming to visit you. (very accusatory) You have a white foster baby!

JUROR #4 Yes, and I love my white foster baby! I have foster babies of all colors!

JUROR #6 I should've known! And you're always in the lounge talking to that little neurotic airline flight attendant, on top of everything else!

JUROR #4 You won't even talk to her! You're a mean bitch. Do you know that?

JUROR #6 You just want to feel her up! I'm going to tell your wife! You're nothin' but a dawg.

JUROR #4 Who you callin' a dawg!

JUROR #6 You, that's who! (Throws some food at him.) Take that, you dawg! Finish my T-bone!

JUROR #4 Hey! Do you want me to slap you for real?

JUROR #1 Now stop that, both of you.

JURORS
#6, 5 and 5 Shut up, you lesbian!

DEPUTY Hey, what's going on in here?

JURORS Shut up! (They all throw food at the deputy.)

DEPUTY Hey, that hurt!

COM'TATOR (in a quiet "I'm-a-reporter-on-the-sidelines" voice) This is Ricki Lake again. I'm afraid we have to take a commercial break now. We've been bringing you live coverage of the O.J. jury — in our continuing effort to enlightening the public. We'll return to our regular programming when we come back — Should Schizophrenic Grannies Tell Their Grandkids When They Pose for *Playboy* or Shouldn't They?

SCENE 19

DEFENSE Thank you for coming to testify on behalf of the defendant.

DR. WEIR You're welcome.

DEFENSE Who are you again?

DR. WEIR I'm Dr. Weir.

DEFENSE Oh yes, the tall, bony man with the doctorate in mathematics. Excuse me for forgetting you. We're getting a little tired.

DR. WEIR Who are you?

DEFENSE I've forgotten.

DR. WEIR Are you defending O.J.?

DEFENSE I think so.

DR. WEIR I'm afraid I have a confession to make.

DEFENSE What's that, Dr. Weird?

DR. WEIR It's Dr. Weir.

DEFENSE Sorry. You're right. How much are we paying you for being a witness, Doctor? You say you made a mistake?

DR. WEIR Just a little mistake. Two and two are four, not five. But it threw my calculations off all the way down the line. Would you like to see the new calculations I've made?

DEFENSE Are they favorable to O.J. or not?

DR. WEIR (indignant) I'm afraid I'm impartial in this matter. I make mistakes in math for *both* sides!

DEFENSE Of course you do, Dr. Weir. Thank you for coming here on our behalf and losing your international reputation in genetics and population statistics.

DR. WEIR You're welcome.

DEFENSE Just look at those statistics, ladies and gentlemen of the jury! They say the chance of it being O.J.'s blood is one in billions. When any fool can see it's merely one in millions! . . . Your witness!

CLARKE Thank you. Can't add, huh, Doctor?

DR. WEIR The problem was in my computer program! Not in myself.

CLARKE Yeah? How much is 2 and 5?

DR. WEIR (thinking) Ah . . . seven?

CLARKE 1 and 3?

DR. WEIR (thinking) . . . 4?

CLARKE Okay, you got those two. I have a few other easy questions for you, Dr. Sneer. Are you ready?

DR. WEIR It's Dr. Weir.

CLARKE As you say. Now tell me, Dr. Weir, given that alleles in the subgroups sometimes demonstrate a propensity to exclude other non-Caucasians, would you say that the defendant is included or excluded or merely not not included or not not excluded? Huh?

DR. WEIR May I consult my notes?

CLARKE No, you may not.

DR. WEIR May I consult an attorney?

CLARKE No way!

DR. WEIR Your Honor?

JUDGE ITO What?

CLARKE Need notes, huh, Dr. Weir?

JUDGE ITO He may use his notes, Mr. Clarke.

CLARKE I thought this was a closed-book examination, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO No, Mr. Clarke.

DR. WEIR Thank you, Your Honor. Ah, here are my alleles notes! Let's see now . . .
(Pours over them.)

O.J. God, Johnnie, this is so boring!

COCHRAN Don't worry, O.J., nobody understands science. We'll get you off. We'll get you off. (Pats O..J.'s hand.) And then you'll be off for the rest of your life.

O.J. I sure as hell hope so. I've got to find me a new woman.

COCHRAN Now don't go getting your hopes up too much, O.J. We *could* lose this sucker, don't forget.

O.J. Really?

SCENE 20

DARDEN So, in conclusion, let me just say one thing. I hate you all! And to Marcia Clark — I'm too much of a gentleman to say we fucked. Now I'm retiring from the law.

COCHRAN In summation, let me just say a few things. Fallacy Number 1 — You're mostly black, so let O.J. off because you're black. Fallacy Number 2 — Even though he did it, the cops give you lots of trouble and so let him go free to pay them back. Fallacy Number 3 — Officer Fuhrman used the word "nigger" and so O.J. should go free, because that word is worse than murder. Fallacy Number 4 — Ignore the evidence of three different people's blood — two of whom had never met — on the glove and inside O..J.'s Bronco and show the world that you can be bamboozled by dragging in so many irrelevant issues that you can't see the real case anymore. And Fallacy Number — what number am I up to? Well, whatever it is, just look at me and show me you are silly, ignorant jerks who let a shyster like me walk all over your brains! . . . The defense rests!

SCENE 21

JUDGE ITO Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict in this case?
(Listens as they nod) You have. And where is that verdict?

JUROR #3 We left it in the jury room, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Not a good place to leave it. Is it in a sealed envelope?

JUROR #3 Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO Could some deputy please retrieve that envelope? (Listens.) Good. I see that most of the attorneys are not present in the courtroom. I promised the attorneys they would have the right to be present when the verdict is read. Therefore, I am ordering that the verdict be delayed in being read until tomorrow at ten A.M. Okay?

JUROR #3 I guess. If you say so, Your Honor.

JUDGE ITO You can all pack up that way, and I'll see you here tomorrow at ten A.M.

(He exits. So do the jurors.)

COM'TATOR Well, it's all over but the waiting. What do you say we consider several different scenarios here? And you can vote for the one you like. Yes? And that will give you the illusion that you control things. Here's scenario #1! And let's really hear it for the one you like the best!

COM'TATOR Possible Ending #1!

(Cochran enters.)

COCHRAN Deputy, can I talk to O.J. alone for a minute?

DEPUTY That's not allowed, Mr. Cochran.

COCHRAN He'll be right in. I promise!

DEPUTY Okay, but don't make it long. I could get in trouble. (Exits.)

COCHRAN How you doin', O.J.?

O.J. Great! (Pause.) It don't look good, do it, Johnnie?

COCHRAN No, it doesn't look good. The jury only asked for the limo driver's testimony to be read back.

O.J. That's pretty damning for me, isn't it?

COCHRAN And the jury didn't look at you when they came back in, O.J.

O.J. That usually means . . . what? That they're preoccupied, right? That's all it means. Right?

COCHRAN It means they're going to convict you, O.J.

O.J. You're jokin'.

COCHRAN No more jokes, O.J. This is it.

O.J. Johnnie, you don't . . . you can't . . . I mean . . . (softly) Oh, my god.

COCHRAN (after a pause) Do you want something, O.J.?

O.J. Want something? Yeah, I want an acquittal. Goddamn it, the gloves didn't fit! You could see that!

COCHRAN Enough of that bullshit, O.J. Do you want somethin'?

O.J. Somethin'? You mean like a gun? So I can shoot my way out of here?

COCHRAN (quietly) No, I meant something else.

O.J. You mean . . . like something for me?

COCHRAN I brought you something, just in case. Just slide your hand over to me very slow and I'll pass it to you.

O.J. What is it — a football?

COCHRAN (flatly) Yeah, it's a football, O.J. . . . Do you want it? Do you want to spend the rest of your life in prison, after what you've had, O.J.? The women? The money. The fame? Do you want to be without sex for the rest of your life, or, better yet, somebody's prison punk? Everybody's punk? Is that what you want, O.J.? Or do you want to wait until somebody gets to you, and they'll try to get to you, believe me. They will get to you. "Yeah, I killed O.J. Simpson," they'll say. "Yeah, I'm the one who got him." . . . Is that what you want, O.J.?

O.J. I don't, do I?

COCHRAN Then I'd better pass you somethin', hadn't I? . . . Hadn't I?

O.J. Right, Johnnie. (Reaches out.)

DEPUTY (entering) Okay, Mr. Simpson, let's go!

O.J. (afraid) Johnnie?

COCHRAN Let me shake your hand, man, one time before you go.

DEPUTY Come on, Mr. Simpson!

O.J. Give me your hand, Johnnie. One shake.

(They shake hands. Something is exchanged, unseen by the deputy.)

COCHRAN Bye, O.J.

O.J. Bye, Johnnie. And thanks.

COCHRAN How about one last pass for the greatest running back in the history of the game? Huh?

O.J. (smiling as he heads for the prison area) Yeah, throw me one, Johnnie.

COCHRAN You ready?

O.J. I'm ready.

COCHRAN Here it comes! (Mimes throwing a pass.) Did you catch it, brother?

O.J. (Mimes catching a football pass) Yeah, I caught it, Johnnie. I've got it right here in my hand! (He smiles, turns and exits through the door.)

COCHRAN That was your best play ever, O.J. Your very best play ever. Well done . . . Well done. O.J.

Slow Fade.

COM'TATOR Possible Ending #2 (Points.)

VOICE #1 Did you hear?

VOICE #2 What?

VOICE #1 O.J. got off!

VOICE #2 Oh, my god, no!

VOICE #1 He did!

VOICE # 2 I can't believe it.

VOICE #1 We ought to do something about it.

VOICE #2 Like what?

VOICE #1 Well, there are a lot of white people here in Brentwood.

VOICE #2 So?

VOICE #1 So we put on some light sweaters, in case it gets cold, and then we riot!

VOICE #2 Riot in Brentwood? What a great idea! How do we start?

VOICE #1 First we grab some coffee from Starbuck's and then I think we make signs.

VOICE #2 Signs?

VOICE #1 You're right. Forget the signs. I think we sort of break things and beat up lots of people, especially passersby. And then we steal some TV sets.

VOICE #2 How interesting!

VOICE #1 Then we sort of jump up and down.

VOICE #2 Like this? (Jumps up and down.)

VOICE #1 That's good!

VOICE #2 (Still jumping up and down.) Then what?

VOICE #1 Then we shake our fists.

VOICE #2 Like this? (Jumping and shaking fist.)

VOICE #1 I think we've got it! (Jumps and shakes.)

VOICE #2 But what do we say?

VOICE #1 The system failed us.

VOICE #2 The system failed us?

VOICE #1 Yeah. Now give the Brentwood Power Fist.

VOICE #2 Damn right! The system failed us! (Shows fist.)

VOICE #1 The system failed us!

VOICES # 1
and #2 Goddamn it, the justice system failed us! We're mad as hell and we're not gonna take it anymore!

COM'TATOR Possible Ending #3

SYDNEY (calling on the telephone) Why doesn't he answer? Answer, please answer!

O.J. (answering, sleepily) O.J. here.

SYDNEY Daddy, it's me, Sydney. I'm sorry if I woke you, but I just had a terrible dream.

O.J. You did?

SYDNEY It was awful, Daddy. Just awful. I dreamed that you killed mommy and her friend Ron and had this big trial and were found guilty and it just went on and on, and it was such a terrible dream, Daddy! Just terrible!

O.J. That's funny, Sydney. Daddy had the same dream you did. But it's all over now, baby. Don't be afraid. It's all over now.

Fade.

COM'TATOR Possible Ending #4

CHORUS OH, DO NOT THINK THAT WE ARE GONE!
WE THE CHORUS LINGER ON!
O.J. THINKS HE HAS THE SYSTEM BEAT,
YET NEVER, NEVER SHALL WE RETREAT.
JUSTICE! JUSTICE SHALL BE WON!
BUT WHAT, PRAY TELL, IS TO BE DONE?

O.J. Shut up, you fucking chorus kids! You lost. You're on the skids. I'm all the rage.
So leave the stage. (Snaps his fingers dismissively at them.)

CHORUS OH, O. J., O.J., WE HAVE HEARD THAT SNAP.
AND THUS OUR BRAINS HAVE TURNED TO CRAP.
THE ONLY WAY TO RIGHT THIS WRONG
IS TO KILL YOU NOW AND PROVE WE'RE STRONG!
SO TAKE YOU THIS, YOU MURDERER! (They stab him.)
WITH THE BLADE YOU USED TO MURDER HER!

O.J. (crying out) Oh, no! I fall! I'm dead! (Dies.)

CHORUS (looking at his body)
HIS LIPS ARE STILLED.
HIS BLOOD — FOR BLOOD — IS SPILLED.
IS IT TOO SAD? WILL THE WORLD BE PISSED?
NO, SIR. TOUGH SHIT. HE WON'T BE MISSED.
BUT STILL WE ARE NOT THROUGH.
NOW LET US KILL THE LAWYERS TOO —
THE DEFENSE —
DIE, COCHRAN. GET THEE HENCE!
FOULEST OF THEM ALL
TO THE EARTH MUST FALL!

COCHRAN No! No! No way!

CHORUS YAY, VERILY! FOR CYNICISM MUST NOT RULE THE DAY!

(They kill him.)

CHORUS HURRAY FOR US WHO DEALT THIS BLOW!
BUT NOW THE OTHERS TOO MUST GO.
DIE, MARCIA CLARK! HEROINE TO SOME,
TO OTHERS BITCH IN HEELS AND LEGAL SCUM.
(Marcia falls.)
DARDEN, DIE AS WELL!
AND TASTE THE AGONIES OF HELL! ((Darden dies.)
SO ARE THEY ALL, ALL DEAD — ULEMEN, WOODY CLARKE
BARRY SHECK, FUHRMAN, DR. COTTON, AND THE REST
(Killing a bunch.)
NOR MUST WE HESITATE AT HIGH OR LOW
WE HAVE SAVED THE HIGHEST FOR THE LAST
AND STRIKE AT THE VERY LAW ITSELF — NAMED JUDGE ITO!

JUDGE ITO Don't you dare! I'll hold you in contempt.

CHORUS IT IS TOO LATE,
YOU LITTLE SHRIMP!
PRIMADONNA AND MEDIA QUEEN!
(They strike him down.)
AND SO NOW THERE HE LIES

THE SLATE IS CLEAN.
(noticing the audience) OR IS IT?
(lifting the knife) YOU PLAYED YOUR PART
APPLAUDING ALL THE TRAGEDIES!
WHY SHOULDN'T YOU PAY THE PRICE
JUST LIKE ALL OF THESE?

(CHORUS runs into the audience with the knife raised, howling.)

BLACKOUT

COM'TATOR Ending #5!

JUDGE ITO Madame Clerk, would you read the jury's verdict, please?

CLERK Superior Court of California, county of Los Angeles, in the matter of the People of the State of California vs. Orenthal James Simpson, Case Number BA097211, we the jury find the defendant, Orenthal James Simpson, not guilty of the crime of murder in violation of Penal Code Section 187(a), a felony, upon Nicole Brown Simpson, a human being, as charged in Count 1 of the information. . . . not guilty of the crime of murder in violation of Penal Code 187(a), a felony, upon Ronald Lyle Goldman, a human being . . .Signed this second day of October 1995, Juror 230.

CHORUS (entering somberly)
WHY SO SHOCKED, YOU VIEWERS OF THESE LEGAL PLEADINGS?
KNOW YOU NOT THAT HUMAN BEINGS ARE FLAWED IN
ALL PROCEEDINGS?
SOME REJOICE AT THIS VERDICT, THEIR SMILES AGLOW.
SOME WEEP, THEIR HEADS HELD LOW.

VOICE #1 WHAT DO MORTALS KNOW — ONLY WHAT THEY WISH TO SEE
BUT WE SEE ALL — AND WHAT WE SEE WE SHALL ALL TELL
TO THEE.

VOICE #2 WE DO NOT DEIGN TO SOLVE MERE MURDER MYSTERIES.
WE ARE CONCERNED WITH HIGHER TRUTHS IN HUMAN HISTORIES.

TOGETHER “EXPERTS,” SWATCHES, TAPES , FUHRMANS, MAZOLAS,
DENNIS FUNGS
COMMON FOLK WERE TAKEN IN BY OILY TONGUES.
THEY ALWAYS HAVE BEEN TAKEN IN — AND ALWAYS SHALL
FACE THE FACTS! THESE COMMON FOLKS COULD NOT KEEP
ALL THOSE FACTS CLEAR IN THEIR HEADS.
BESIDES, THEY WANTED TO GO HOME AND SLEEP IN THEIR
LITTLE BEDS.

VOICE #3 AND THE PROSECUTORS WERE LONG-WINDED, TOO LABORED
IN THEIR SO-CALLED COMMON SENSE.
THEY BURIED THE JURY UNDER THEIR MOUNTAIN OF EVIDENCE.

VOICE #3 WHAT CAN BE SAID BUT “WOE” AND “WOE” AND THEN MORE
 “WOE.”

VOICE #4 TO BE BLUNT, THEY LACKED LUCIDITY.
 PARTICIPANTS IN THE LONG, SAD TALE OF HUMAN FOLLY.

VOICE #5 AND STUPIDITY!

VOICE #4 SCIENCE IS TOO HARD FOR PALTRY MINDS.
 “OH, GIVE US SOME GLOVES TO LOOK AT.
 GIVE US A RHYME!”

#4 AND #5 LIKE *THIS* ONE!

VOICE #1 AND THUS YOU SOLVE A CRIME!

VOICE #2 OH YES, THERE IS DENIAL, MUCH DENIAL, ON BOTH SIDES.
 THE ONE GROUP CANNOT BELIEVE THE OTHER’S CRIES

VOICE #3 ONE GROUP BELIEVES THE OTHER GROUP IS ALWAYS TREATED
 WELL.
 BUT IT DOES NOT REALLY KNOW ABOUT THE OTHER’S HELL.

#2 and #3 YOU DO NOT HAVE TO LOVE THE POLICE
 TO SEE THAT WITHOUT THEM ANARCHY’S RELEASED.
 OH, LISTEN TO US,

VOICE #1 FOR WE ARE STUNNING, HIGHER BEINGS FROM OLYMPUS, GREECE!

VOICE #4 OH, MANY CHANGES CAN BE MADE IN HUMAN RULE OF LAW.
 SO SWALLOW PRIDE AND CHANGE THEM EVEN IF IT
 STICKS WITHIN YOUR CRAW.

#4 AND #5 OH, IT IS A COMPLICATED MESS!
 ALL YOUR WORLD MUST THIS AT LEAST CONFESS.

VOICE #3 ALWAYS, ALWAYS NEW EXCUSES.
 SELF-DECEPTION ACROSS THE RANGE.
 AND WHILE IT STAYS SO, IT WILL NOT CHANGE.

VOICE #1 “YOU RACIST YOU” MUST NO LONGER SILENCE EVERY
 ARGUMENT,
 FOR TRUTH AND TRUTH AND TRUTH DEMAND AN END TO IT.

VOICE #2 THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF NIGHT AND DAY
 AND PEOPLE RAN TO HELP HIM IN ANY WAY.
 BUT THERE WAS NO WOLF WHEN PEOPLE LOOKED FOR IT.
 AND SOON NO ONE LISTENED TO THE LITTLE —

ALL SHIT!

VOICE #1 YOU CAN WEAR OUT GUILT. OH, WITHOUT DOUBT.
INDEED, AS OF THIS DAY, IT IS ALL WORN OUT.

VOICE #2 PERHAPS OUT OF O.J.'S CASE MAY COME GREAT AGONY.
MORE CRIES AND DEATH — A GREAT DIVIDE —
SEPARATE COUNTRIES, SIDE BY SIDE, BLACK AND WHITE,
SOMETHING HIDEOUS TO WITHER ALL.
WHETHER METAPHOR OR LITERAL.

VOICE #3 BUT IT WILL NOT, IT CANNOT CONTINUE AS IT IS.
PERHAPS SOME GREAT HEALING WILL OCCUR, WITH
 JOY TO COME.

VOICE #4 A BALM TO ALL THE WOUNDS.
THE SUN, THE MOON, THE STARS FOR ALL WILL HUM!

ALL WE ARE THE CHORUS, AND WE ARE WISE,
 AND WE ARE NOT HOPEFUL.
 O HUMANS, HEAR OUR SIGHS. PLEASE, ALL HUMANS, HEAR
 AND HEED OUR SIGHS!

BLACKOUT

Copyright 1994