

WE, THE JURY

"PILOT"

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and

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH RISE BUILDING FANCY CORNER OFFICE - DAY

JOHN HUTTMAN, AKA "HUTTY" (Ryan Gosling), is chewing, eyes closed, deep in thought. Three BUSINESS COLLEAGUES watch as he swallows, takes a beat, and, with absolute certainty...

HUTTY

Blue.

Impressed, they ad lib "no way!" "that's amazing!" etc. We widen to reveal a giant bowl of M&Ms on Hutton's desk.

HUTTY (CONT'D)

And... that's four for four.

Hutton's male ASSISTANT enters.

ASSISTANT

You buzzed?

HUTTY

Yeah, we need to schedule a follow up-- I'm thinking the 16th?

ASSISTANT

The 16th you have jury duty.

HUTTY

That's funny. Get me out of it.

ASSISTANT

I already postponed the number of times allowed. Plus two. If you don't show, you go to jail. And I don't think you'd do well there.

HUTTY

(playful, confident)

I'd do well anywhere, Jeremy. Anywhere. You know that.

(closes eyes, pops M&M in mouth)

Yellow.

EXT. SWANKY CONDO LOBBY - NIGHT

JEN (Lizzy Caplan) enters with a very average GUY (40s).

JEN

Well, goodnight.

She starts to head inside.

GUY

Hey, so, listen, I'm not gonna come up. I had a great time and all, but you looked a lot younger in your pictures and I cap it at 30.

JEN

I didn't *invite* you up! I have literally been counting the minutes til this date was over.

She closes the door in his face and heads into the lobby, past the DOORMAN, who is sorting tenants' mail.

JEN (CONT'D)

Well, Tom, the day started with me finding out my much younger sister is engaged and it's ending with me being dumped by a man I had no intention of ever seeing again. Things couldn't get any worse.

(notices jury summons)

Uhp, I was wrong. They just got worse. Because I have--

DOUG (PRE-LAP)

(thrilled)

Jury duty!

INT. MODEST LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An older INDIAN COUPLE, in traditional Indian garb, sit as DOUG KHATRI (Ravi Patel) races in, waving a summons.

DOUG

I've been chosen! Cook County wants me.

They jump up and join their son in a celebratory hug.

FADE OUT

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - BEAUTIFUL FALL DAY - MORNING

We pan up the impressive facade of a stately stone building, its grand entrance flanked by two giant flags-- the American Flag and the Flag of Justice. We feel patriotic, awed, moved. This is a United States Courthouse at its finest.

A bird soars across the blue sky, relishing its freedom, then CRASHES into a window, dying instantly. We zoom through the gut-smearred window into:

INT. JUROR HOLDING PEN

Fluorescent lighting, gray walls, fraying chairs. Rows and rows of miserable people sit, trapped. Some sleep, some stare at their phones, others at the floor. This is jury duty at its most depressing.

A person nods off, drooling on the shoulder of the stranger sitting next to him. The stranger pushes him away, repulsed.

**CHYRON - 8:27am - DAY 1 - JURY DUTY**

Our prospective jurors are different in every way (age, race, shape, socio-economics, etc) but for the fact that they all desperately wish they were anywhere but here. And then we pan over to the doorway where Doug, honoring the occasion in jacket and tie, stands beaming. He inhales deeply.

DOUG

Smells like due process.

INT. CAR/INT. COURTHOUSE PARKING STRUCTURE - SAME TIME

Jen patiently waits for a Subaru to pull out. It backs up, momentarily obstructing her view. When it pulls forward, she sees that a brand new Tesla has taken the spot. Her spot. We see (but she does not) that this is Huddy.

JEN

Really?

INT. JUROR HOLDING PEN - A LITTLE LATER

ROSALIE (Sherri Shepherd) sets up "her" table by placing decorative napkins next to a cookie tin. With great fanfare, she opens the tin and looks around, waiting for someone to notice. When no one does, she leans over to WES (Jack Palance), who is dressed like an outdoorsman and reading a hunting magazine.

ROSALIE

Good morning!

(he does not look up)

Freshly baked muffin? They're a favorite of my kindergarten class, so I thought I'd bring some for my new friends!

Without looking up, Wes reaches his giant hand into the tin--

ROSALIE (CONT'D)

Oh, it's just one per--

(he removes five)

You know what? You just enjoy.

LINZEE (O.C)

Minis!

LINZEE (Amanda Seyfried in *Mean Girls*) is hurrying over.

LINZEE (CONT'D)

I love tiny food!

(taking one)

Hi. I'm Linzee, one z two e's.

ROSALIE

Hello, Linzee. I'm Ms. Frank.

(realizing)

I mean Rosalie. 'Ms. Frank' is what my Armadillos call me.

LINZEE

Your armadillos can talk?

ROSALIE

The Armadillos is what we call the children in Kindergarten A.

(off Linzee's confusion)

I'm a teacher.

LINZEE

Ohhh.

But it's clear she still doesn't get it. Back in the doorway, Doug, still soaking it in, takes out his Juror ID badge.

As he proudly clips it on his lapel, Hutty appears, takes one look at this shit-show of waiting misery, and, as Doug excitedly strides in, Hutty does an about-face back into...

INT. HALLWAY

...Where he sits on a bench and closes his eyes as MICKEY (JB Smoove), wearing a fedora, walks down the hall loudly "conducting business" on his cell as if in a private office.

MICKEY

(into phone)

Aw, Man, I'm at jury duty! How am I supposed to unload four front row seats to Drake by tonight? ... This does not make Mickey happy. This does not make Mickey happy at all!

Mickey hangs up, pissed, then notices Hutty and smiles big.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Now you look like a man who--

HUTTY

Not interested, Buddy.

Mickey spots another potential customer and takes off,

MICKEY

(calling after)

Do I have an opportunity for you!

...Which takes him into:

INT. JUROR HOLDING PEN

Mickey crosses in front of Doug, who sits, devouring a pamphlet titled "Juror Do's and Don't's." Nearby, Linzee does her makeup and Rosalie cranes her neck and eyeballs to read the texts of the stranger to her right. She frowns, displeased by what she has just read. When she looks up she locks eyes with Wes, who is peeling an apple in one long coil with his pocket knife.

ROSALIE

(under breath)

How'd he get a knife in here? They took away my knitting!

Wes continues to peel. Doug continues to read. Linzee examines her finished look. And they wait. It's silent but for the...

SFX: loud ticking clock

CLOSE UP on clock whose hands show it is 8:54. The hands wind around to mark the passage of time until they arrive at 9:49. And we pull back and reveal that...

Linzee has an entirely new look. Doug is reading his pamphlet for the fifth time. Rosalie uses her index finger to collect the remaining crumbs from her cookie tin. And then, a mic crackles. Doug perks up like a meerkat to see BAILIFF ANDY (Stanley from The Office) standing at the front of the room.

BAILIFF ANDY

Hello, everyone, I'm Andy, your bailiff, the only person sadder to be here than you. When you hear your number, say "here." C-4246133.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Here.

BAILIFF ANDY

C-2793218.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Here.

BAILIFF ANDY

C-4399216.

DOUG

Doug Khatri reporting for this most sacred and hallowed of dut--

BAILIFF ANDY

(cutting him off)

--C-2624475.

(off silence, sighs)

C-2624475. C-2624475. C-2624475!

Jennifer Riley?

INT. CAR/EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

A frazzled Jen sits in bumper to bumper traffic.

AUTOMATED MONOTONE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Thank you for calling the Superior Court of Cook County.

(quick)

Gracias por llamar a la corte penal Condado de Cook. Para asistencia en espanol, oprima numero do--

(Jen presses button)

(MORE)

AUTOMATED MONOTONE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Most information and options can be  
accessed on the court's website at-

JEN

Representative.

AUTOMATED MONOTONE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

For restraining orders, press--

JEN

Representative. Customer Service?  
Operator? Any live human person?!

INT. HALLWAY 4TH FLOOR - A LITTLE LATER

With an excited Doug by his side, Bailiff Andy leads a group  
of 30 potential jurors. Pulling up the rear is Hutty, on his  
cell, walking next to a RED-HAIRED MAN.

HUTTY

(into phone)

Get the approvals from the zoning  
board, leave word for Kestler, and,  
most importantly, I want dumplings  
for lunch. ... Yeah I'll be back--  
the judge is gonna dismiss me as  
soon as she hears how traumatized I  
am to be back in a courtroom given  
last time I was in one, was to  
testify against my sister's  
attacker. ...

("duh")

Jeremy, I don't even have a sister,  
that's just what I'm gonna say to  
get excused. Just get the  
dumplings!

Hutty hangs up as the herd stops just outside a courtroom.

BAILIFF ANDY

Here we are. Paradise.

DOUG

This is exactly how it happens in  
my dream!

BAILIFF ANDY

When your number's called, say  
"here." C-42461--

HUTTY

Wait, didn't we *just* do this?



BAILIFF ANDY

Yup.

HUTTY

Then it doesn't seem like a very efficient use of our time.

BAILIFF ANDY

You got that right.  
(then, as before)  
C-4246133.

Everyone exchanges a look. Can it really be this inefficient?

INT. COURTROOM 417 - A LITTLE LATER

Everyone's getting situated including PROSECUTOR ELIZA CHANG (young Constance Wu), PUBLIC DEFENDER BARNEY (Tony Shalhoub), DEFENDANT (Shia LaBoeuf), STENOGRAPHER BONNIE. In the front row of the jury box is Linzee, Wes, the Red Haired Man, Doug, Hatty and Mickey, who turns to the back row.

MICKEY

Ooo, look at y'all up in the nosebleeds! How would you like to sit front row... at a Drake concert?

Silence from the SIKH, TINY HISPANIC WOMAN, and ELDERLY MAN Mickey has just addressed. Then,

BAILIFF ANDY

All rise for the Honorable Eugenia Wallace.

Everyone rises as JUDGE WALLACE (Catherine O'Hara) breezes in, arms extended, clapping left to right for her 'audience' like a talk-show host.

JUDGE WALLACE

Hello, hello.

Hatty looks for someone to bond with over the crazy. No takers.

JUDGE WALLACE (CONT'D)

Members of the jury panel, I want to thank you all for--

The doors burst open and a disheveled Jen rushes in.

JEN

So sorry I'm late! I had to park  
six blocks away and run in a broken  
heel-- anyway the guy downstairs  
said to come here, I'm Jennifer  
Riley, I'll just...

Jen heads to a seat in the back while airing out the armpits  
of her blouse. Rosalie holds up a pack of baby wipes,  
offering them to Jen, who's appreciative but doesn't want to  
create more distraction so politely waves Rosalie off.

JUDGE WALLACE

Jurors, together, we are about to  
embark on a great adventure. And  
not the kind of adventure the  
travel agent promises awaits in  
beautiful, "undiscovered" Bhutan.  
Heavy monsoons, an earthquake, and  
I am *still* trying to get rid of  
that parasite. You know what I'm  
talking about, Andy.

BAILIFF ANDY

You know I do.

JUDGE WALLACE

(chuckling)

Oh Andy. How I love our repartee.

(back to jurors)

Now. All service is important, but  
yours is even more so, because a  
man's very life hangs in the  
balance.

(waves to defendant)

Hellooooo, Mr. Phillips.

(then)

Yes, esteemed panel, this is a  
murder case.

DOUG

(fist pump)

Jackpot!

Hutty again looks around for someone to bond with and this  
time finds someone: Jen. They share a look *what is happening?*  
Then Jen looks down and tucks her hair behind her ear. Huh.  
He's cute. Maybe jury duty won't be so bad after all.

JUDGE WALLACE

The people in this case are  
represented by Assistant District  
Attorney Eliza Chang.

An older Chinese couple sitting in the back of the room claps and waves small American flags.

PROSECUTOR ELIZA

(sweetly)

Sorry, your Honor, it's my first murder case and my parents insisted on coming. They're very proud.

(turns and scolds)

Fùm! Ānjìng!

Eliza's parents get quiet real fast.

JUDGE WALLACE

Welcome! Or should I say 'Huānyíng'  
(to jurors)

I took three semesters of Mandarin in college so excuse me while I welcome them to my courtroom.

(to parents)

Lán xióngmāo chī qìchē língjiàn gémìng.

SUBTITLES: Blue pandas eating car parts revolution!

Eliza's parents sit there, looking confused.

PROSECUTOR ELIZA

(barks at them, stern)

Wéixiào bìng diántóu!

SUBTITLES: Smile and nod!

They do, clearly used to taking orders from her.

JUDGE WALLACE

The defendant in this case, Mr. Phillips, is represented by Mr. Barney Hollister.

Barney scratches a dry patch of skin on his arm for a beat before realizing this is his moment.

PUBLIC DEFENDER BARNEY

Hello. I am Barney. My parents are not here. They are deceased.

JUDGE WALLACE

Well then. As delightful as these two officers of the court are, as jurors, you are strictly forbidden from speaking to either lawyer. So if you see them outside this room, just ignore them. Capiche? Good.

(MORE)

JUDGE WALLACE (CONT'D)

(then)

Now. Is there anyone here for whom serving would present an emotional or financial hardship?

Hutty and the red-haired man's hands both shoot up.

JUDGE WALLACE (CONT'D)

(to red-haired man)

I love a Ginger, so you first.

RED-HAIRED MAN

Yeah, my emotional hardship is that courtrooms are traumatizing because the last time I was in one was to testify against my sister's attacker.

HUTTY

(outraged, under breath)

What?! No! That's my thing!

JUDGE WALLACE

(to red-haired man)

Juror number three, you were brave to come. The court thanks you and excuses you.

Like a bat out of hell, the red-haired man dashes out.

JUDGE WALLACE (CONT'D)

And, wouldntcha know, it's time for our first break. Productive morning.

Everyone files out except for Hutty, who sits there, stunned.

INT. HALLWAY 4TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

People mill about, check phones, Mickey and the Sikh help the tiny Hispanic woman shake a candy bar free from the vending machine. Doug chats up Bailiff Andy.

DOUG

So how does it feel waking up every morning knowing you are an essential cog in the machine that dispenses justice?

BAILIFF ANDY

I had my appendix out last year, missed a week and nobody noticed.

Bailiff Andy walks away, leaving Doug to process as Jen hobbles down the hall on her broken heel. She pauses to examine the heel, which is hanging by a thread, and pulls it off when Rosalie, sitting nearby, pipes up.

ROSALIE

(re: heel)

You know, that can be reattached. When I cut off the tip of my pinky at last year's Christmas crafts competition, Mary Sue Marshall found it in a pile of tinsel.

She holds up her pinky. There's a jagged scar across the tip.

ROSALIE (CONT'D)

Good as new!

(then)

Would you like me to fix it? I have Krazy glue in here somewhere.

She starts rummaging through her bag.

JEN

That'd be great, thanks so much.

Jen takes off her shoe as Rosalie pulls out an umbrella.

ROSALIE

Hold please.

Rosalie hands Jen the umbrella. Then a word search book, pack of bandaids, a Christmassy snow-globe with Jesus inside...

ROSALIE (CONT'D)

Ah, here we go.

Having found the glue, Rosalie sits on a bench and gets to work on Jen's shoe as Huddy approaches.

HUTTY

Oh my god, what is happening in there?

JEN

Right? It's total Crazy-town.

HUTTY

Did that dude actually fist pump over murder? Did no one else think it was weird? And why do you have a snow globe?

JEN

Oh you know, I thought I'd bring it  
so...

(peering into it, flirty)

I can pretend I'm in here  
celebrating Christmas with a hot  
Black Jesus and not in there with  
the weirdos.

She quickly puts Rosalie's stuff down on a bench.

HUTTY

Meanwhile, that Ginger jerk totally  
stole my excuse. And it was the  
perfect excuse!

JEN

Well some asshole in a brand new  
Tesla totally stole my parking  
spot. And it was the perfect spot!  
P1 right next to the elevators!

HUTTY

(realizing)

Uh oh, I think I'm that asshole.

(then)

I have a new Tesla. That I parked  
on P1 right next to the elevators.

Not wanting to interrupt the flirting, Jen turns on a dime.

JEN

Totally joking. Not a big deal.

HUTTY

So sorry. I swear I didn't see  
anyone waiting.

JEN

No need to apologize to me. Really.

(beat)

Though you *may* want to apologize to  
Black Jesus - he just decided  
you're going to hell.

HUTTY

Already there. But I'm gonna think  
of a new excuse to get out. What's  
your plan?

JEN

Oh, I'm just going to be my usual  
acerbic self and hope that one side  
hates me. It's worked twice before.

(MORE)

JEN (CONT'D)

(then)  
I'm Jen. Riley.

HUTTY

John Huttman but I've been 'Hutty'  
since I was six. There were five  
other Johns in first grade.

They shake hands and hold it for an extra beat. Major  
chemistry. Just then, Jen's shoe is thrust into frame.

ROSALIE

Good as new! I even sprayed a  
little peppermint oil to help with  
the odor--

JEN

(covering)  
Ha ha, that's funny, you're funny.  
(to Hutty, slips on shoe)  
Obviously my feet don't smell.

ROSALIE

No, they do. If I were you, I'd  
look into a deodorizing powde--

JEN

Ok, thank you, off we go!

Jen starts to pull Rosalie down the hall.

ROSALIE

Why am I going?

JEN

(sotto)  
Because I might have something good  
going on here and you're a loose  
cannon who cannot be left  
unsupervised.

ROSALIE

But I liked it with the handsome  
man. And that heel still needs to--

Jen's heel re-breaks and her leg buckles in.

ROSALIE (CONT'D)

...dry.

JEN

(without breaking stride)  
Just keep walking.

Hutty watches them head down the hall, an unsteady Jen hobbling while trying - and failing - to look sexy.

INT. COURTROOM - A LITTLE LATER

CLOSE on Judge Wallace, scribbling on a legal pad.

INSERT SHOT: The heading says "FOOD DIARY" -- it is a list of every food consumed today with corresponding calories.

We pull back to reveal everyone is waiting. Jen now sits where the red-haired guy was, one away from Hutty with Doug between them. The jurors exchange looks "*what is happening?*"

BAILIFF ANDY

(clears throat)

Your Honor?

JUDGE WALLACE

Yes, good, just finishing up an important legal matter! Where were we?

HUTTY

I was about to tell you why I'm unfit to serve.

JUDGE WALLACE

Right, right, right.

HUTTY

The truth is, I come from a long line of lawyers.

JUDGE WALLACE

Impressive.

HUTTY

...and on the other side, police officers.

JUDGE WALLACE

How 'bout that! Your very own "Law and Order."

HUTTY

Yeah, it's pretty cool. Probably disqualifies me though.

JUDGE WALLACE

Absolutely not! Just don't discuss the case with your family.

(then)

(MORE)



JUDGE WALLACE (CONT'D)

Okay, now it's time for the part where you all get to introduce yourselves and I get to show off my French.

(with flair)

Voir Dire.

BAILIFF ANDY

(sotto, sarcastic)

That never gets old.

JUDGE WALLACE

When it's your turn, please state your name, relationship status, occupation, and any prior jury service. Juror number One.

LINZEE

Hiii!

(then)

One sec.

(takes gum out)

'Kay. What's the first thing?

Hutty and Jen begin to WHISPER back and forth over Doug.

HUTTY

Is this my karma for stealing your parking spot?

JEN

You said you didn't see me and I believe you.

DOUG

(irritated whisper)

Shhh. Court's in session.

JEN

(beat, can't help herself)

By the way, my feet don't smell.

HUTTY

I know.

DOUG

Please. Show some respect.

JEN

(ignoring Doug)

I don't know why she said that--

HUTTY

The woman carries a snow globe...

LINZEE

...and then we went to third and I  
*still* wasn't attracted to him, so I  
knew I had to end it. So, to answer  
question Two, I am single.

Every heterosexual man in the courtroom, including the  
defendant, perks up.

LINZEE (CONT'D)

(holds up hand, revealing  
purity ring)  
And a virgin.

The Hispanic man's can of Mountain Dew explodes in his hand.

LINZEE (CONT'D)

For my job, I do make-up at the  
Sephora in Winnetka. And... I've  
never been on a jury.

Linzee sticks her gum back into her mouth.

JUDGE WALLACE

Ms. Yantzy, let me ask you  
something... What do you think of  
my bronzer?

LINZEE

(clearly lying)  
Love?

JUDGE WALLACE

Thank you! Who doesn't like a bit  
of summer on a crisp Fall day?  
(then)  
Okay, Juror number Two?

WES

Wes Porter. Widow. Veteran. Work  
with steer. Three prior juries.

HUTTY

(sotto)  
The first in 1913.

Jen chuckles, Doug shushes.

JUDGE WALLACE

You know, I've always wondered...  
what is the difference between a  
steer and a bull?

Uncomfortable beat. Judge Wallace points to Jen.

JEN

I'm Jennifer Riley, I'm a book editor, and I've been called twice but never picked.

JUDGE WALLACE

And your relationship status?  
(off Jen's silence)  
Ms. Riley? Are you in a relationship?

JEN

I fail to see how that's relevant.

JUDGE WALLACE

(to Stenographer)  
Bonnie, let the record show that Ms. Riley is single. And bitter. We should hang, Girl. My husband left me three years ago for our dental hygienist. I know bitter.

JEN

Not bitter. Bonnie, let the record show that I am not bitter.  
(for Huddy's benefit)  
In fact, quite the contrary. Enjoying a flourishing dating life until I find the guy worthy of taking myself off the market.

WES

Huh. Had her pegged as a lesbian.

JEN

Very much not!

JUDGE WALLACE

(turns to Doug)  
Well, that's a nifty suit.

DOUG

(stands nervously)  
My name is Doug Khatri. I own and operate a mobile dog grooming service. I am engaged to my high school sweetheart. This is my first time being called to service and, can I just say, I am so excited to be here and I want you to know that, if lucky enough to be chosen, I will be an honorable and impartial juror.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)  
(sits, then stands again)  
Thank you.

He sits, feeling good.

JUDGE WALLACE  
We're glad you're here, Mr. Khatri.  
(then, to Hutty)  
Your turn.

HUTTY  
Oh, good. Because actually, Your Honor, there's *another* reason I can't serve.

BAILIFF ANDY  
(under breath)  
Your cousin's a prison guard?

HUTTY  
It's just I... uh... wow, this is harder than I expected.

JUDGE WALLACE  
You know what, why don't you approach the bench?

HUTTY  
Oh, no, that's not--

JUDGE WALLACE  
Counsel, sidebar.

Barney and Eliza start for the bench. Hutty looks over to Jen who shrugs. He has no choice but to head over. Once there,

HUTTY  
Okay, the thing is--

JUDGE WALLACE  
Hang on. Wait for Bonnie.

We reveal that Stenographer Bonnie is in a wheelchair and the only passage wide enough to accommodate her is around the perimeter of the room. As she makes her way, typing machine in lap, everyone waits. Hutty and Jen share another look--awkward. Finally, Bonnie arrives. The second she does,

SFX: digital watch alarm beeping

BAILIFF ANDY  
And... that's Lunch.

HUTTY

This'll just take one se--

BAILIFF ANDY

We're back at Two, people.

HUTTY

What?! No! My assistant is getting me dumplings.

Everyone files out. Bonnie sighs, dreading the journey back.

HUTTY (CONT'D)

Come on, Bonnie. I gotcha.

(grasping wheelchair)

I mean, can they not move the desks around to make you a path?

INT. BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Doug is washing his hands when Barney enters.

DOUG

Hello, Mr. Public Defender!

(realizes, gasps)

I'm not supposed to talk to you!  
Not hello! Goodbye! Not goodbye,  
either! Nothing! Ahhhh!

He races out, leaving the faucet running.

INT. HALLWAY

Jen exits the bathroom and sees Huppy leaning over a water fountain. She plumps up her hair and heads over but when he stands and reveals Linzee's beside him, Jen stops dead in her tracks. She watches as Linzee laughs. And then... did Huppy just touch her arm in a flirtatious way? Did she just arch her back? Well. That's that. On a disappointed Jen, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

**CHYRON - 1:20pm**

As inefficient as everything else in this place, there is one slow moving line. Huddy, emailing on his phone, is towards the front. Jen, towards the back, is checking to see if she has any new swipes on a dating App. She does not. She puts her phone away, then cranes her neck around Wes, whom she's behind, to see what's happening up front and watches the cashier hand Eliza Chang's mother a giant cookie.

JEN

Dammit! That's the second to last cookie.

(off Wes' look)

Don't judge. There's nothing to look forward to in this day anymore.

Across the room at a four-top, Rosalie opens a Tupperware container as Linzee eats Marshmallows out of a Ziploc bag.

LINZEE

...Well whoever he supposedly killed, I know he didn't do it.

ROSALIE

(gently)

Suppos-edly. And how do you know that?

LINZEE

Because I saw kindness in his eyes.

ROSALIE

Oh, honey. That was him wanting to have sex with you.

Mickey swoops in.

MICKEY

Either of you Lovelies know what time it is? I can see that you don't because neither of you has on a watch.

(sits down)

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Well, today is your lucky day,  
because I just happen to have a  
sweet deal on some Rolex knockoffs  
that would fool Mr. Rolex himself.

LINZEE

Ooh, are you a watch salesman?

MICKEY

Watches, timeshares, heirloom  
dolls, constellations... you name  
it, I sell it.

Doug walks past, muttering to himself, clearly in a state.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

The Swami behind me wouldn't take  
the bet but I *knew* that guy was  
gonna lose his mind by the end of  
the day.

ROSALIE

Mr. Khatri! Are you alright?

DOUG

I spoke to Mr. Hollister.

MICKEY

Who's Mr. Hollister?

DOUG

Mr. Phillips' lawyer.

LINZEE

Who's Mr. Phillips?

DOUG

The defendant.

LINZEE

Ohhhh! What's he defending?!

ROSALIE

Linzee, Honey, why don't you go get  
Mr. Khatri a cookie and some juice.

Linzee nods and crosses off.

DOUG

Why did I have to go to the  
bathroom?

He puts his head in his hands.

MICKEY

Man, you gotta relax. This is not a big deal.

DOUG

It is to me.

(then)

I know most of you think jury duty is an inconvenience, but I think it's a privilege. In the village where my parents grew up, citizens were not involved in due process. They didn't have a voice. But now I do. And if that's not the American Dream, I don't know what is.

Beat.

MICKEY

I'll tell you what is: A lookalike Rolex Submariner at an unbeatable price-- I have rose gold or platinum.

DOUG

I have to turn myself in.

ROSALIE

But what if you get dismissed? That would be such a shame.

(to Mickey)

Talk to me about the rose gold.

MICKEY

Magnified date, diamond-like bezel, numerals so Roman they should be wearing togas.

DOUG

I *should* get dismissed.

(then, stands)

So this is probably good bye. Good luck. I hope one of you makes it.

MICKEY/ROSALIE

I hope we don't./Oh please god no.

Doug exits, passing the line of people still waiting to pay.

JEN

It is insane how slow this is moving.



WES  
(re: black cashier)  
What do you expect?

JEN  
(horrified)  
I'm sorry... are you saying that  
because she's African American?!

WES  
No, I'm saying that because she's a  
woman.

Jen is processing this atrocity when she notices Hutty invite Linzee to join him at the front of the line. She does and Jen watches in horror as Linzee takes the last cookie. Her cookie.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

**CHYRON - 1:59pm... AND 57 SECONDS**

Bailiff Andy opens the door and is startled to find Doug standing there, waiting one inch from the closed doors.

DOUG  
There's been a miscarriage of  
justice. I need to talk to the  
judge.

BAILIFF ANDY  
I still have three seconds left.  
(off Doug's panic)  
Take your seat, you'll get your  
chance.

Everyone starts filing in, including Jen, who is shoveling down her lunch. Bailiff Andy puts his arm out to stop her.

BAILIFF ANDY (CONT'D)  
Nice try.

JEN  
I didn't have time to finish.

BAILIFF ANDY  
You sure enter this courtroom with  
a lot of excuses.

He points to the wastebasket and, annoyed, she throws out her unfinished lunch, which lands on a pile of discarded cookies.

JEN  
There. Happy?

BAILIFF ANDY

Every morning, I take two buses and a train to get to a minimum wage job I hate and every night I take them back to a four story walk-up with mold in the ceiling and a mother-in-law squawking at me from the kitchen, but yeah, the fact that you just threw out your lunch makes it all worth it.

Jen shoots him a look then heads for her old seat. She notices Doug who is physically bursting with the need to unload his confession, as she also notices that the Sikh is now sitting in her old spot. She turns back to Andy.

BAILIFF ANDY (CONT'D)

You've been moved. Seat Twelve.

JEN

Why?

BAILIFF ANDY

Because that's what they told me.

ROSALIE

(conspiratorially)

I heard Juror Number 12-- you know, Evelyn-- who I think used to be a man or maybe still is... had a seizure on the escalator.

Jen takes her new seat, which is second row, on the end, diagonally behind Hutty. Judge Wallace enters as...

BAILIFF ANDY

All rise.

JUDGE WALLACE

Good afternoon, everyone.

Doug's hand shoots straight up. Judge Wallace either does not notice or chooses to ignore.

JUDGE WALLACE (CONT'D)

I hope everyone had a nice lunch. I myself spent the entire hour and a half sitting on top of my air conditioner. These hot flashes are no joke.

Hutty looks back at Jen who stares straight ahead.

HUTTY

Didja miss that? The judge just told us she's in menopause.

Jen smiles politely.

HUTTY (CONT'D)

Menopaus--

JEN

I heard.

HUTTY

Are you okay?

JEN

Uh huh.

HUTTY

You sure?

JEN

(louder than she intended)  
I said I'm fine.

JUDGE WALLACE

What's going on over there?

JEN

Nothing.

Judge Wallace studies Jen for a beat.

JUDGE WALLACE

(sing song)  
I don't believe you.

HUTTY

(sing song)  
Me, either.

JUDGE WALLACE

If one of my jurors has a problem,  
I have a problem. Now spill.

A beat of silence. Judge Wallace notices Doug's arm waving.

JUDGE WALLACE (CONT'D)

Great. Mr. Khatri, you can shed some light on this?

DOUG

Uh no, Your Honor, this is about a different matter--

JUDGE WALLACE

Let's stick with this matter.  
(off Jen's silence)  
That's fine, we've got time.

Bailiff Andy opens the sports section and settles in. Beat.

JEN

Oh my god, fine, it's not a big deal. The line in the cafeteria was really slow--  
(pointed, to Wes)  
Not because the cashier was female, but because, I am guessing, she is overworked and underpaid--

PUBLIC DEFENDER BARNEY

Erika. She has a mental handicap.

JUDGE WALLACE

Is that right? I always felt like there was something a little off, there.  
(to Jen)  
Go on...

JEN

And I was kind of annoyed because Juror Number 5 let someone cut and they got the last cookie.

JUDGE WALLACE

Well that was not as interesting as I'd hoped--

WES

It wasn't *someone*, it was  
(points to Linzee)  
Her.

Everyone in the court room ad libs new understanding "ohhh," "sure," "that makes sense."

JUDGE WALLACE

Now we're talking.

JEN

What do you mean? I don't care *who* cut, just that it happened. I'd be just as annoyed if it'd been him or  
(re: unattractive woman)  
her.

MICKEY

(to woman, earnest)  
I find you beautiful.

LINZEE

Ms. Frank? Am I in trouble?

ROSALIE

You're fine, baby girl.  
(then, to all)  
And it is about who. She's as  
jealous as a green-eyed monkey. She  
wouldn't let me so much as stand  
near him.

JEN

Oh my god! I wasn't jealous, I just  
didn't want you talking about my  
foot odor!

MICKEY

(to Jen)  
You got stinky feet? Let's talk  
after-- I got an in with a  
pharmaceutical rep in China. You  
think Tin-actin is tough-acting?  
These guys make their shit out of  
rabbit eyes and bat placenta.

WES

Your Chinaman got anything for  
rabies?

JUDGE WALLACE

What about appetite control?

SIKH

Dandruff?  
(re: turban)  
You cannot imagine what horrors lie  
beneath.

PROSECUTOR ELIZA

(annoyed, to Judge)  
Excuse me?

JUDGE WALLACE

Oh, Ms. Chang. I do apologize for  
the cultural insensitivity. This  
court does not endorse the idea  
that the Chinese marketplace is in  
any way less legitimate.

PROSECUTOR ELIZA

Um, I was born in Minnesota. And what is happening? Can we get back to voir dire?

JUDGE WALLACE

Hold your horses, Ms. Chang. We're just getting into the good stuff.

Just then, a knock on the courtroom door and a DELIVERY GUY comes in carrying several bags of takeout.

JUDGE WALLACE (CONT'D)

What in the--

BAILIFF ANDY

Aw, hell no.

Bailiff Andy goes to the door to intercept.

HUTTY

My bad. Since I couldn't make it to my dumplings, I had my dumplings brought to me--

BAILIFF ANDY

No food allow--

HUTTY

And got extra for everyone.

Two more DELIVERY GUYS enter with bags.

BAILIFF ANDY

Well maybe just this once.

JUDGE WALLACE

I do love a good dumpling...

She glances down at her food list, worried, then gestures for Andy to distribute. He does and bags are passed down the rows. Everyone ad libs appreciation- "thanks man," "you're the greatest," "love this guy," etc. Eliza's parents clap. Throughout the rest of the scene people enjoy the food.

JUDGE WALLACE (CONT'D)

So, to recap, she was upset that Handsome let Pretty cut, yes?

JEN

No!

EVERYONE

Yes./Totally./Clearly./Duh.

HUTTY

Listen, I'm sorry if I gave you the wrong idea.

JEN

You didn't.

HUTTY

I think you're super cool, you know, to, like, get a beer with but not, you know--

JEN

I'm sorry, are you breaking up with me?!

HUTTY

I just feel bad. This isn't the first time a woman has confused my friendliness with romantic inter-

JEN

(seething)

Oh my god, you are everything wrong with men! It. Was. About. The. Cookie! I felt I deserved a sweet treat after running half a mile in lopsided heels--

(to Hutty)

all thanks to you stealing my parking spot, I might add.

HUTTY

You said it was okay!

JEN

That was before.

HUTTY

Before what?

ROSALIE

Before she realized you weren't sweet on her.

JEN

Before I realized that you did see me waiting! Because you are obviously someone who thinks people don't need to wait their turn!

HUTTY

I swear I didn't see you.

JEN

Well I think you're lying.

JUDGE WALLACE  
(tucking into a spare rib)  
He's not. He didn't see you.

HUTTY  
Thank you, Your Honor!

JUDGE WALLACE  
...Because women our age are  
invisible.

Jen reacts - "our age?" This is getting worse and worse.

JUDGE WALLACE (CONT'D)  
When you're  
(points rib at Linzee)  
her age, you can't walk down the  
street without getting hooted and  
hollered at. It's awful. But then  
it happens less and less until,  
next thing you know, you're showing  
your bare breast to a group of  
construction workers and not a one  
looks up from his bologna sandwich!

A beat.

HUTTY  
Well, this is awkward. I should  
probably just go--

He stands.

JUDGE WALLACE  
Sit down. I see you, Mr. Huttman.  
It's very clear you don't want to  
be here.

BAILIFF ANDY  
No one wants to be here.

JURORS  
I know I don't./So true./Yup.

DOUG  
I want to be here!

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Your Honor, I just, I  
have to say this.  
(deep breath, contrite)  
I spoke to Mr. Hollister.

JUDGE WALLACE  
What'd you say to him?



DOUG

I said, "hello," "goodbye," then  
"not goodbye."

PUBLIC DEFENDER BARNEY

That was you?

JUDGE WALLACE

Well, clearly the exchange didn't  
jeopardize the case, so don't worry  
about it.

DOUG

Really? Oh my gosh, Your Honor, you  
have no idea what this means to me.

JUDGE WALLACE

I think I do actually. And I find  
your attitude quite refreshing,  
especially in contrast to Mr.  
Huttman, who despite treating us to  
this delicious and highly caloric  
feast...

Judge Wallace scribbles "7 spare ribs" on her food list, then  
furiously X's out the entire page.

JUDGE WALLACE (CONT'D)

...is clearly hellbent on shirking  
his civic duty. Which is why I  
wonder if Counsel might like to  
consider making him an Alternate.

Barney and Eliza Chang think about it, look at each other,  
and nod in agreement.

HUTTY

An alternate? So, what, I'd, like,  
be on call or something?

JUDGE WALLACE

Take it away, Mr. Khatri.

DOUG

An Alternate hears all the evidence  
in the case but is not part of  
deliberations unless called upon to  
replace a regular juror who has  
become sick, injured, legally  
compromised, or incapacitated.

BAILIFF ANDY

In other words, you have to stay  
but don't get to vote.

JUDGE WALLACE  
Kind of like you're invisible.

Judge Wallace glances over at a smiling Jen.

BAILIFF ANDY  
Also, you have to switch seats.

HUTTY  
To where?

BAILIFF ANDY  
There.

He points to the seat next to Jen. They both react-- jury duty just got even worse. On their mutual dread, we...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

INT. COURTROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Hutty's seated next to Jen, a new woman in his old spot. Everyone else is as they were. Voir dire has resumed.

MICKEY

...The name's Mickey Mallard. I'm happily married to my divine Queen who is ten years my senior and gets more beautiful with each passing day...

Reveal Judge Wallace feasting on a giant cupcake.

JUDGE WALLACE

(chewing, frosting on lip)  
Tell me more about that.

A few seats down, in annoyed whispers...

JEN

You're on my armrest.

HUTTY

You're on my armrest.

Jen elbows his arm off their shared armrest.

HUTTY (CONT'D)

You know what? I changed my mind. I wouldn't want to get a beer with you.

JEN

God, please let this be over soon.

FADE TO BLACK

**CHYRON - 2:39pm - DAY 1 - ¼ OF WAY THROUGH JURY SELECTION**

JEN (O.S.)

Get off.

HUTTY (O.S.)

You get off.

As they continue squabbling, we...

END SHOW