

"THE PEOPLE VS. O.J. SIMPSON"

EPISODE 2: "THE RUN OF HIS LIFE"

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Based on

"THE RUN OF HIS LIFE"

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ACT ONE

INT. LAPD PRESS ROOM - DAY

The room is FILLED WITH REPORTERS and CAMERA CREWS. They have been waiting for hours. Curious, bored, confused. A few check their watches.

Finally -- as the clock hits 1:55, an LAPD SPOKESMAN steps to the podium. He is a typical, tight-faced cop. He blinks -- and we see nervousness in his face. A deer in headlights.

The room quiets.

LAPD SPOKESMAN

Okay, I have an official announcement.
(an unsure pause)

This morning, detectives from the Los Angeles Police Department sought and obtained a warrant for the arrest of OJ Simpson, charging him with the murders of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Lyle Goldman.

(beat)

Mr. Simpson, in agreement with his attorney, was scheduled to surrender to the Los Angeles Police Department at 11 a.m. That then became 11:45...

The reporters react. Sensing... something. The man winces.

LAPD SPOKESMAN

Mr. Simpson has not appeared.

A WEIRD pause. People glance at each other.

LAPD SPOKESMAN

The Los Angeles Police Department is now actively searching for Mr. Simpson.

WIDE

The room EXPLODES. People GASP. Jaws drop.

A BLIZZARD of FLASHES and SHOUTING and CRAZINESS. The guy tries to maintain control.

INT. D.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

Marcia, Gil and Hodgman stare at a TV in horror.

GIL

If it were our absolute goal, could we look more incompetent?

Nobody speaks.

GIL
 This is the worst day of my life.
 (long pause)
 This is worse than the day I was
 diagnosed with cancer.

On TV, the Spokesman RAISES HIS VOICE.

LAPD SPOKESMAN (ON TV)
 Mr. Simpson is out there somewhere!
 We will find him --

MARCIA
 It's friggin' Shapiro. He screwed all
 of us! God forbid a celebrity do a
 perp walk --

GIL
 (he rubs his temple,
 pained)
 It's always the famous ones. Twilight
 Zone. McMartin. Menendez. Why's it
 always the biggies that go south?

Everyone is in meltdown. They peer hopelessly at the TV. The
 Spokesman is flailing.

LAPD SPOKESMAN (ON TV)
 ...we need to find him. We need to
 bring him to justice...!

HODGMAN
 Jesus, it's like Where's Waldo.

Marcia sighs. Then, a glimmer of hope.

MARCIA
 He can't hide forever. Everyone knows
 his face.

EXT. PARKER CENTER - SAME TIME

NEWS VANS go SCREECHING out of the parking lot! KNXT, KTLA,
 KNBC, KTTV... they all RACE away!

A man talks in a PHONE BOOTH. It's Schatzman, gleeful.

SCHATZMAN
 I wanna put out a special edition.
 Headline: "THE JUICE IS LOOSE"!

INT. NEWS VAN - DRIVING

A CAMERAMAN drives frantically. He SHOUTS to his REPORTER.

CAMERAMAN

I don't even know what direction I'm going! Where do you think he went?

BLOW-DRIED REPORTER

I dunno! Rockingham? Bundy?

EXT. VAN NUYS AIRPORT - SAME TIME

Media HELICOPTERS are all taking off, flying into the air.

We HEAR the various PILOTS:

PILOT'S VOICES

Should we try LAX? ...I think he's driving for the Mexican border!
...Marina Del Rey! He's gonna escape into international waters.

INT. 7-11 - DAY

On a TV, TOM BROKAW reports:

TOM BROKAW (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE)

One of the most stunning announcements you're ever gonna hear on live television. OJ Simpson, one of this country's best-known personalities, is a suspect in a double homicide, a terribly gruesome crime... and he is at large.

CUSTOMER'S jaws hit the floor.

TOM BROKAW (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE)

There is now a statewide manhunt underway for OJ Simpson in California.

INT. BROWN'S HOUSE - DAY

The Browns are gathered, staring sadly at a TV.

VOICE ON TV

...he was last seen with his former teammate AC Cowlings...

A rustle. And then, Justin and Sydney enter the room. A flustered moment. Lou TURNS OFF the TV.

INT. PARKER CENTER - SAME TIME

It's madness. Phones RING constantly. Lange and Vannatter stare, depressed. A YOUNG COP runs up to them, clutching a pile of phone sheets:

YOUNG COP

We've received 110 tips so far.

Lange snatches the sheets.

LANGE

"He's with Magic Johnson." "He's in Atlanta." "He's eating lunch with Dionne Warwick at the Ivy." Cripes!

VANNATTER

We have to weed out the crackpots. Make sure we put out the year and the plates on that white Bronco.

INT. KARDASHIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Alone in a den, Kardashian is quietly PRAYING. He holds a BIBLE and softly speaks to himself.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

COPS search for evidence. They carry out a Louis Vuitton garment bag. A black duffel bag. They interview Dr. Faerstein.

Shapiro watches this uncomfortably. He is on his CELLPHONE:

SHAPIRO

Tell him Robert Shapiro is calling.

(a nervous pause)

He'll know what it's about.

An even longer pause. Shapiro is uncharacteristically nervous. He moves into an alcove, for some privacy.

Finally:

INTERCUT:

GARCETTI - GRABBING HIS PHONE

GIL

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

SHAPIRO

(shaken)

Gil --

GIL

I WISH I COULD REACH INTO THIS GODDAMN PHONE AND STRANGLE YOU!

SHAPIRO

I-I'm sorry he did this to us. C'mon! You know me, Gil. I'm a fixer. I don't pull this kind of stuff --

GIL

How does a murder suspect disappear
from a houseful of people?!!

SHAPIRO

I didn't know he would run. You have
to believe me! I'm a good guy. You
remember that time I got Erik Menendez
to surrender from Israel? And I
backed your campaign.

(melting down)

A-and you came to my 50th birthday
party! Remember that party? That was
a great party --

Gil CUTS him off. He's done.

GIL

Bob, find your client and deliver him.

Raging, Gil HANGS UP.

ANGLE - SHAPIRO

He sits there, shaken. Overcome by everything. Then,
Kardashian silently enters. He holds some PAPERS.

KARDASHIAN

Hey. Uh, Bob, can I show you
something?

Kardashian gestures discreetly. Shapiro glances tiredly at
all the cops, then nods. He FOLLOWS Kardashian into a side
room. Kardashian shuts the door.

He takes a deep breath, then hands Shapiro the papers.

KARDASHIAN

OJ left a suicide note.

Shapiro gazes, too weary to speak. It's hand-scrawled -- a
few pages, written in messy block printing. Kardashian is
devastated by the document.

KARDASHIAN

It's terrible. I have no idea what
we're supposed to do. Do we need to
give this to the police?

Fatigued, Shapiro turns to the final PAGE. The letter ends
with "PEACE & LOVE. OJ."

Inside the "O" is drawn a HAPPY FACE.

Shapiro peers at this perverse, bizarre final touch.

No clue how to even respond. Finally -- Shapiro folds it up and puts it in his pocket.

SHAPIRO

No. We'll hang on to it. Attorney-client privilege.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNIE'S LAW OFFICES - DAY

Johnnie sits at his desk, distracted. He stares out.

In the main room, his suites of all-black professionals are huddled around the two TVs. OJ is on one, a headshot of AC Cowlings is on the other...

Carl passes by. He gives the commotion a frown.

CARL

Do you want me to turn off the TVs and tell them to get back to work?

JOHNNIE

No... that's fine. Let 'em watch.

(intrigued)

There's something big happening here.

A growing... magnitude.

(pause; quiet)

I worked on the Sonji Taylor case for six months. Trying to rally people to her cause: A helpless woman shot nine times. Seven times in the back! But, I couldn't get it onto the front page. Page 12... page 16. The world had decided it didn't care.

(beat)

But these events... are galvanizing.

CARL

Too bad they didn't hire you.

JOHNNIE

~~If I ran the world, everyone would hire me.~~

(he cracks a smile)

But I'll tell you one thing: If he'd been my client, he sure as hell wouldn't have been able to slip out the back door!

Carl chuckles.

INT. CHRIS'S TOYOTA CAMRY - DRIVING - DAY

Chris is driving through OAKLAND, on the 580 Freeway.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
 ...one of the craziest days in the
 history of law enforcement.

Chris shakes his head. A road sign says "RICHMOND, 3 MILES"

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
 We're waiting for a statement from the
 Los Angeles County DA...

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

Gil Garcetti, Marcia and Hodgman step out of an elevator, flanked by AIDES. Gil looks sick to his stomach. They march miserably down a back corridor.

MARCIA
 This guy he's with. Can somebody
 explain to me who AC Cowlings is?

HODGMAN
 He's a fourth-rate linebacker. He
 followed OJ around, always showing up
 on his teams: 'SC, the Bills, the
 49ers. He's sort of a poor man's OJ.
 "OJ"... "AC"... get it?

GIL
 Can you two quiet down? I feel like
 I'm going to vomit.

Gil reaches the door of the Media Briefing Room. He takes a deep breath, then ENTERS --

INT. MEDIA BRIEFING ROOM - SAME TIME

Flash! Flash! Flash! The small space is JAM-PACKED WITH REPORTERS and CAMERAS! Marcia winces, unused to this.

Poor Gil is distraught. He blinks into the frenzy -- then hardens himself. He stares out. The Voice of Justice.

GIL
 I want to say something to the entire
 community. Mr. Simpson is a fugitive
 of justice!

The room is barely impressed. Gil senses the contempt and POINTS directly at the cameras.

GIL
 And if you assist him in any way, you
 are committing a felony! I personally
 guarantee, you will be prosecuted.

EXT. DARDEN'S RICHMOND HOUSE - DAY

A working poor neighborhood. As Chris comes driving down the street, we SEE TVs ON in EVERY SINGLE WINDOW.

Chris pulls up at his FAMILY HOME. It's a tiny, WW2-era laborer's house.

We HEAR Gil's VOICE on the car radio. Chris JUMPS out and BOLTS into the house.

INT. DARDEN'S RICHMOND HOUSE - SAME TIME

This is a loved, run-down home. Many, many kids have been raised here.

CHRIS

Hey! Is the TV on??

Chris tears into the living room... where his elderly father, POPS, sits in an easy chair. He is watching an old Zenith TV.

POPS

Course I'm watchin'. You picked a hell of a day to leave town.

CHRIS

Well how was I supposed to know --
(he STOPS, astonished)
What is that?!!

POPS

It's Arnold Palmer's final game! He's retiring today.

Pops gestures at the GOLF on TV. Chris gasps in disbelief.

CHRIS

Pops, c'mon --

Chris GRABS the remote and starts FLICKING CHANNELS. OJ NEWS is basically on every single channel, EXCEPT for the golf.

Chris hits a CHANNEL, finding Gil. He TURNS UP the sound. Gil is droning on, with Marcia and Hodgman behind him.

GIL (ON TV)

Now, you can tell that I am upset!
This is a very serious case.

CHRIS

He looks horrible. Oh my God --
Marcia's dying up there.

POPS

You know all those people?

CHRIS

Shh!

GIL (ON TV)

Many of us, perhaps, had empathy for him. We saw the falling of an American hero. To some extent, I viewed Mr. Simpson the same way. But let's remember, we have two innocent people who were brutally killed.

On TV, a REPORTER hurls a question.

REPORTER (ON TV)

But how could this happen? That's the question! The entire world is focused on this one man, and he slipped away. How can you answer that?

Garcetti stares back, empty.

GIL (ON TV)

I can't.

ON CHRIS AND POPS

POPS

You think he'll get away?

CHRIS

No way. OJ humiliated them.
(long beat)
He's dead meat.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAPIRO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Shapiro and Kardashian watch Gil get pummeled.

SHAPIRO

I don't like the subtext of all this.
There's an unspoken villain.

KARDASHIAN

Who... AC?

SHAPIRO

Huh? NO! Me. Everyone's blaming me.
(beat)
I've always had a clean reputation.
We need our own press conference.

EXT. COLISEUM - DAY

LA RADIO DJ (V.O.)
 Find OJ! He's in a white Bronco,
 license plate 3DHY503! Call in with
 your tips! Some people say he's going
 to the Coliseum. Reliving the scene
 of his greatest triumphs!

Cars SCREECH up. People try to get into the locked gates.

EXT. BUNDY CONDO - DAY

LA RADIO DJ (V.O.)
 Other people say there might be a
 shootout at Bundy.

Excited LOOKY-LOOS run toward the condo. The crime scene is
 still taped off. Folks morbidly poke closer -- until a COP
 comes out and waves them off.

EXT. ASCENSION CEMETERY - DAY

People traipse across the cemetery, running up to Nicole's
 fresh GRAVE.

LA RADIO DJ (V.O.)
 There's also a rumor he'll go back to
 the cemetery, where he buried Nicole
 just yesterday. Maybe he'll ask her
 for forgiveness.

People tastelessly stand on the grave, gawking. Waiting,
 breathlessly excited...

OUTSIDE THE CEMETERY GATES

Unnoticed, a VEHICLE slowly pulls up. The WHITE BRONCO.

The inhabitants of the Bronco observe the commotion. It's all
 too busy. A long beat. Then the Bronco slowly drives away...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SHAPIRO'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

A conference room has been turned into a makeshift PRESS ROOM. A podium is at one end. Everywhere else are VIDEOCAMERAS and CABLES tumbling over each other. REPORTERS wait.

IN THE HALLWAY

Kardashian peeks between venetian blinds, into the crowded room. He is trembling. Afraid, he turns to Shapiro.

KARDASHIAN

Bob, I can't do this. Truly. I'm not a public person.

SHAPIRO

I know, it's difficult. But I have faith in you. I'll go out first, clear up any misconceptions, then you can read the suicide note with an appropriate gravitas.

KARDASHIAN

But... what if OJ's already dead?

Shapiro peers at Kardashian. The poor man is shaking.

SHAPIRO

Look. Let me give you a little secret. When I was working on the Brando case, he introduced me to Jack Nicholson. Jack told me that the best acting advice he ever got was from John Wayne. And what John said was... "Speak low. And speak slow."

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Pop! Pop! Cameras flash! Shapiro faces the mob. A beat.

SHAPIRO

I must make one thing perfectly clear: I am as shocked as anybody by this turn of events.

(beat)

Over the past twenty-five years, I have on numerous occasions made similar arrangements with the LAPD and the district attorney's office and Mr. Garcetti. They have always kept their word to me, and I have always kept my word to them.

(beat)

(MORE)

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

In fact, I arranged the surrender of Erik Menendez from Israel.

INT. COCHRAN LAW OFFICES - SAME TIME

Johnnie steps up to a TV, flabbergasted.

JOHNNIE

What a prick. Robert Shapiro's focused on his number one priority:
(scathing)
Robert Shapiro.

SHAWN

What would you be saying?

JOHNNIE

Well, I certainly wouldn't keep falling back on the pronouns "me, myself and I!"

(to ALL the Associates)

People, when you take these jobs, you have only one role: You are in service to your CLIENT. You never betray that individual.

ON the TV, Shapiro drones on:

SHAPIRO (ON TV)

OJ has been under a doctor's care, and we had a very real concern that he might choose this avenue.

(imploring, TO CAMERA)

OJ -- for the sake of your children, please surrender immediately, to any law enforcement official.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

The crowd's eyes are wide. Finally --

REPORTER

What were the last words you heard from OJ?

SHAPIRO

Oh, they were of a complimentary nature. He thanked me for everything I had done.

(he smiles, pleased)

And now, I would like to introduce you to one of Mr. Simpson's closest and dearest friends, Mr. Robert Kardashian.

Shapiro gestures, like a ringmaster. Loyal, head bowed, Robert Kardashian nervously approaches the podium.

INT. JENNER/KARDASHIAN HOME - SAME TIME

The Kardashian kids watch TV. Suddenly they SCREAM.

KARDASHIAN KIDS

Oh my GOD! OH MY GOD!!! It's DADDY!!

KARDASHIAN (ON TV)

T-this letter was written by OJ today.
(he clears his throat, then
reads)

*"To whom it may concern: I think of my
life and feel I've done most of the
right things. So why do I end up like
this? I can't go on. No matter what
the outcome, people will look and
point. I can't subject my children to
that. This way they can move on and
go on with their lives."*

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

Kardashian's voice cracks at this. He gathers himself.

KARDASHIAN

*"I'm proud of how I lived. My mama
taught me to do unto others. I
treated people the way I wanted to be
treated."*

In the corner, Shapiro smiles, mouthing: "Speak slow."

Kardashian nods. Focusing on the wrinkled paper.

KARDASHIAN

*"Nicole and I had a good life
together. I've always loved her and
always will. We had our ups and
downs... but no more than what every
long-term relationship experiences.*

(pause)

*"At times I felt like a battered
husband. But I loved her. Make that
clear to everyone. Don't feel sorry
for me. I've had a great life.
Please think of the real OJ... and not
this lost person."*

Kardashian finishes, drained. This letter was wrenching.
Softly, he looks out at the room. Unsure what happens next.

The room is stunned. Then, a confused SHOUT:

REPORTER 1

Who are you??

KARDASHIAN
 (hesitant)
 R-Robert Kardashian.

REPORTER 1
 Kazany?

REPORTER 2
 Rakashian?
 (struggling)
 Can you please spell that?

INT. JENNER/KARDASHIAN HOME - SAME TIME

The kids SHRIEK proudly at the TV.

KARDASHIAN KIDS
 "Kardashian"!! KARDASHIAN!!
 (beat)
 "K-A-R, D-A-S, H-I-A-N!!"

Kimmy runs up and presses her face to the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. D.A. OFFICES - SAME TIME

Marcia glares at the TV. She spins to Hodgman.

MARCIA
 Did I hear that correctly? He feels
 like a battered husband?

HODGMAN
 Well, y'know, he cut his hand when he
 was killing her.

MARCIA
 THE EGO!

Frustrated, Marcia angrily reaches for a cigarette and lights
 up. An Assistant nervously knocks.

ASSISTANT
 Marcia, your husband's on the phone.

MARCIA
 (correcting)
 "Ex!"

Marcia grabs the PHONE.

MARCIA
 Gordon, I'm kind of swamped.

INTERCUT:

INT. GORDON'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Her former husband GORDON, 40, is on the phone.

GORDON
Marcia, where are you??

MARCIA
You know exactly where I am! You just called me! What is it??

GORDON
(quiet)
Oh my God. You completely forgot. You were supposed to pick up the boys!

MARCIA
W-what?

GORDON
You were supposed to be here an hour ago.

Marcia can't process this.

MARCIA
Are you insane?! Do you have any idea what is happening on Planet Earth?!!

GORDON
YES! The NBA Finals!! Knicks and Rockets! I'm missing the party. I was supposed to be at Stan's at five!
(frustrated)
Marcia! This happens every time!

MARCIA
What? Every time the most famous killer in the world flees from justice?

Gordon goes silent. Sick of this.

~~Marcia rubs her temple. She calms herself. Takes a breath.~~

MARCIA
I'm really sorry. I'm scattered.
(gentle)
Please. I can't leave. Just do this for me.

Gordon stews.

EXT. 5 FREEWAY - DAY

A wide sprawl of Orange County concrete. Traffic is slow -- Friday afternoon. An old VW van drives past.

INT. VW VAN - DRIVING

A YOUNG COUPLE is driving north. The car is filled with camping gear. They are listening intently to the RADIO, which has the Kardashian press conference.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Sir, I'm still unclear... what is your connection to Mr. Simpson?

KARDASHIAN ON RADIO (V.O.)

I've known OJ more than twenty years. We double-dated, when I dated my ex-wife, and he dated his ex-wife.

The couple is entertained. The guy glances in his rear view mirror, then GASPS.

BOYFRIEND

Oh my God. There's a white Bronco behind us.

GIRLFRIEND

(she laughs)
You liar! No there isn't!

WIDE

Abruptly, the guy SCREECHES and SWITCHES lanes. A few cars HONK and swerve. He's moved the van left.

INT. VW VAN - DRIVING

Waiting, they both look right, giddy. The Bronco pulls alongside... and AC is driving. He is sweaty.

The COUPLE SCREAMS.

THE COUPLE

OH MY GOD!!! OH MY GOD!! It's AC
Cowlings!!!

Jumping up and down, the girl rolls down her window. She waves and points excitedly.

AC turns -- and sees this crazy girl pointing at him. Incensed, he gives her a BLOODCHILLING SCOWL.

She jerks -- startled.

AC HITS THE GAS and roars away.

CUT TO:

SECONDS LATER

The VAN is pulled over on the freeway shoulder. CARS whiz by, inches away. The guy shouts into a CHP CALL BOX phone:

BOYFRIEND

Yes! It's them!!

(expert)

They're going north on the 5, right before it merges with the 405!

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A CHP CRUISER suddenly FLICKS ON its siren and makes a U-turn.

An ORANGE COUNTY CRUISER turns on its SIREN and SPEEDS off.

Another CRUISER roars ONTO the freeway!

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - 6:30 P.M.

The Orange County Sheriff's car SPEEDS down the shoulder. The freeway alongside is pretty jammed.

The two SHERIFFS inside scan the traffic, looking for the Bronco. Then -- they spot it up ahead.

Ah! They do quick SIREN BLASTS, to clear the lanes ahead. They start cutting across traffic.

They approach the Bronco. They pull closer, to read the plate. One grabs his RADIO:

SHERIFF

We have sighted a white Ford Bronco, north of Irvine Center Drive. License plate Three David Henry Young Five Zero Three.

Suddenly, there is movement by the Bronco's driver -- seen in the side mirror. The Sheriff has been spotted.

WIDE

Traffic up ahead starts SLOWING to a CRAWL.

The Bronco signals and switches lanes.

The Sheriffs glance at each other, then they switch, too. Staying right behind the Bronco...

The traffic gets even SLOWER... then comes... to a STOP.

ON THE SHERIFFS

The Sheriffs react. They are completely stopped. The Bronco is right in front of them.

The 405 is a parking lot on a Friday at rush hour.

The passenger Sheriff stares at the Bronco, just feet away. This is absurd.

SHERIFF #1

I think we caught him.

He steps from the vehicle -- then draws his GUN.

ANGLE - THE BRONCO

Not one car is moving on the freeway. The Sheriff simply walks up to the Bronco. On-edge, gun out, he glances at the Bronco's side window. But it's tinted -- hiding its contents.

Hm. In front, AC is visible. Carefully... the Sheriff approaches, then TAPS the glass.

Unhinged, AC whirls. He finds a gun in his face.

SHERIFF #1

Sir, step out of the vehicle.

AC is agitated. Defiant, he SCREAMS.

AC

No! HELL NO!

AC starts POUNDING on the dash. The Bronco actually rocks.

The Sheriff glances over... and sees a SECOND SHERIFF'S CRUISER pull up on the shoulder. Another OFFICER hops out. Gun drawn, he approaches from the opposite side.

SHERIFF #1

Sir, you need to turn off your engine
and step from the vehicle, NOW.

AC spots the second Sheriff. Feeling trapped, he YELLS.

AC

Do you know what's goin' on?! OJ's in
the backseat, with a gun to his head!

The Sheriff is shocked. He squints at the rear dark glass.

He glances over at the second Sheriff. It's getting tense.

SHERIFF #1

Can I... speak with Mr. Simpson?

There is MUFFLED MUTTERING inside the Bronco.

AC spins and SHOUTS BACK at hidden OJ.

AC
What? WHAT? I know! I'm dealing
with it!

SHERIFF #1
We don't want a situation here. We
don't want anyone to get hurt. You
both need to get out --

AC
BACK OFF!!

The traffic opens up... and AC suddenly HITS the GAS! VROOM!

The Bronco slowly PULLS AWAY!

The two Sheriffs peer at each other in disbelief. The Bronco
is simply driving off.

A stunned beat.

SHERIFF #2
Do we shoot?

SHERIFF #1
I'm not shooting at OJ Simpson, unless
somebody authorizes it.

EXT. SKY - SAME TIME

A KCBS NEWS CHOPPER flies through the clear Southern
Californian sky. The sun is setting.

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - SAME TIME

The PILOT and his CAMERAWOMAN are searching for OJ. They
drift over Ascension Cemetery.

The Camerawoman looks toward the gridlocked freeways west,
when she gasps. In the distance, a CAVALCADE of black-and-
white POLICE CARS are moving onto the freeway. Lanes are
being cleared, LIGHTS FLASHING...

CAMERAWOMAN
Bob! Hey -- there's a lot of police
activity on the 405.

The Pilot reacts. Hm! He SWOOPS in for a look...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - SAME TIME

The street is MOBBED with gawkers, as the circus grows.
POLICE patrol, on-guard for anything.

Kardashian pulls up, in his car. He looks exhausted.

The cop recognizes him and opens the gate.

INT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Kardashian has gathered the Simpson clan in the living room.
A number of sad relatives -- Jason, Arnelle, Shirley and her
husband, nieces, nephews, cousins, all sit. Waiting.

KARDASHIAN
I have some bad news.

The group goes hushed. Nervous. Kardashian speaks softly.

KARDASHIAN
I was with OJ this morning... and he
was in bad shape.

SHIRLEY
W-what do you mean...?

KARDASHIAN
(he takes a gulp)
I mean -- I think he's killed himself.

What? The room BREAKS INTO tears.

People are overcome.

FAMILY
NOOO!!

KARDASHIAN
I'm so sorry!!

Poor Robert has unleashed a torrent of emotions.

KARDASHIAN
But he wanted you to know that he
loved you all. He loved everybody.

The Simpsons start grabbing each other in group hugs.
Shaking. Sobbing. Swallowed in grief.

Kardashian wipes his face.

KARDASHIAN
OJ's in a better place.

Arnelle hugs Jason, to comfort him. He shakes his head back-
and-forth, unable to handle this.

Until -- something catches her eye.

ON A TV

It's THE FAMOUS IMAGE: The Bronco on the freeway, shot from a flying HELICOPTER! The CHYRON says "OJ SIMPSON FOUND. KCBS EXCLUSIVE"

ARNELLE

No. You're wrong! LOOK!

They all run over to the TV. The famous OJ FREEWAY CHASE fills the frame. The Bronco's FLASHERS are going, and the Bronco has broken away from the traffic.

The room EXHALES, excited. A rush of emotions. "There he is!" "He's fine!" Arnelle grins.

ARNELLE

Dad!!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INSERT - FULL-SCREEN TELEVISION

The World Cup suddenly SWITCHES AWAY --

ANNOUNCER

We interrupt this program --

The CHANNEL CHANGES from "Gilligan's Island" --

ANNOUNCER 2

We interrupt this program --

The CHANNEL CHANGES. The NBA FINALS --

ANNOUNCER 3

We interrupt this program --

EXT. SKY - SAME TIME

The airspace above the 405 is FILLING WITH HELICOPTERS! They zoom in from every direction. Channel 4 whips past Channel 7.

They all race to get to the Bronco.

INSERT - FULL-SCREEN TELEVISION

We are on KTLA, CHANNEL 5. Another ANGLE of the Bronco.

LOCAL ANCHOR

This is one of the most remarkable things I've ever seen --

Suddenly the VIDEO FRITZES, becoming a different shot of the Bronco. It's fuzzy, with a CHANNEL 13 logo.

LOCAL ANCHOR

Hm! Uh, we seem to be getting a little bit of cross-feed from our competitors... There's a lot of birds in that sky.

Suddenly another helicopter, KTTV, flies through the shot.

The CHANNEL CHANGES. More Bronco chase:

BOB COSTAS (ARCHIVE, V.O.)

Hello, I'm Bob Costas. It is our professional obligation to cover the ballgame tonight...

The Bronco image ZOOMS INTO picture-in-picture. BOB COSTAS (ARCHIVE VIDEO) at the 1994 NBA PLAYOFF:

BOB COSTAS (ON TV)
 We are of course mindful of the OJ
 Simpson situation and we will apprise
 you of any new developments.

INT. GIL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Gil, Marcia and Hodgman gape at a TV. The Bronco zips along.

MARCIA
 Why don't we stop him?! Shoot out his
 tires!

GIL
 We don't want a shootout on live TV.
 We're on every network in the country.

HODGMAN
 What's the protocol?

GIL
 (pissy)
 The "protocol"? I don't know, Bill!
 What is the protocol for an armed
 celebrity fugitive being chased by
 twelve police cars and seven
 helicopters?
 (dire)
 I thought I was gonna run for mayor.

CUT TO:

INSERT - TELEVISION

PETER JENNINGS reports, deadpan.

PETER JENNINGS (ARCHIVE VIDEO)
 At one point he was headed in the
 direction of where his mother lives,
 but that may no longer be the case.
 Only those who know the particular
 freeway topography of Los Angeles will
 be able to recognize this scene
 precisely.

The Bronco goes FULL SCREEN.

PETER JENNINGS (V.O.)
 There have been a variety of reports
 as to what has transpired in the
 vehicle...

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - MOVING - SAME TIME

The CAMERA tracks in front of the Bronco -- then suddenly
 SHOOTs INSIDE.

INT. BRONCO - DRIVING

It's a hothouse in there. OJ is frantic, distraught, waving the Magnum at his own head. AC is screaming.

AC
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO???!

OJ
I dunno! I should die.

AC
NO! Put down the gun, Juice! You're scaring me!

OJ
Drive me back to the cemetery.

AC
NO, man! We already tried that.

OJ sobs, upset.

OJ
Why is this happening to me? I don't understand... I had such a beautiful family. Nicole... Sydney... Justin...

AC
You've still got the kids! Think of the kids!

OJ
(drifting)
Just take me home. I wanna see Mama.

AC glances in his mirrors. FLASHING police cars everywhere.

AC
I'll try. But damn, we got half the cops in California in pursuit. I don't know if they'll let us!!

AC thinks. Then -- he looks down at a CELL PHONE.

INTERCUT:

INT. EMERGENCY DISPATCH - SAME TIME

An OPERATOR wearing headphones answers.

OPERATOR
This is 911. What is your emergency?

AC (O.S.)
This is AC. I have OJ in the car!

OPERATOR
Who is this?

AC
You know who I am, goddammit! AC!!
(beat)
You tell those police to just back
off. He's alive. He's got a gun to
his head!

The Operator reacts, realizing.

OPERATOR
Hold on a moment. Where are you? Is
everything else okay?

AC
WHAT?! NO, what kind of stupid-ass
question is that? Everything is
terrible! Just clear the freeway!
We're driving to Brentwood!

He angrily HANGS UP.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC CONTROL ROOM - NEW YORK - SAME TIME

The room is full of SCREENS. There are a DOZEN ANGLES of the
Knicks game. There is a CHATTER of TV workers.

Suddenly, an NBC EXEC runs in, out of breath.

NBC GUY
They're clearing the freeway!!
There's nobody else driving on it!

TV DIRECTOR
What?! You're kidding.

NBC GUY
We've GOT to cut to OJ.

TV DIRECTOR
I can't! It's the NBA Finals!! Do
you realize how much these spots are
going for?

A standoff.

NBC GUY
Put the game in the box.

TV DIRECTOR
WHAT?? NO!

NBC GUY
You have to. OJ gets the big screen.

TV DIRECTOR
(sweating)
W-we're not authorized.

A steely stance.

NBC GUY
I'm calling upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK SPORTS BAR - SAME TIME

The place is CRAMMED with men, HOLLARING happily at the Knicks/Rockets game. TVs are everywhere.

Suddenly -- surreally, the Knicks game shrinks into Picture-In-Picture! The BRONCO goes full frame!

The room SCREAMS in shock.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
We bring you this breaking update on
the OJ Simpson situation...

ON EVERY TV, a SQUADRON OF FLASHING POLICE CARS follows the Bronco. Incredibly, the rest of the freeway is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAPIRO'S MERCEDES - DRIVING - SAME TIME

Bob Shapiro casually drives home, oblivious. AL JARREAU plays on his stereo.

Bob signals and pulls into his stately Brentwood home.

INT. SHAPIRO'S HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Shapiro strides in. Linell rushes over.

LINELL SHAPIRO
BOB! Where have you been? Do you
have any idea what is happening?!!

SHAPIRO
Well, yeah. I had a press conference,
then I filled up the gas tank --

LINELL SHAPIRO
BOB! They found him! OJ's driving up
and down the freeway! He's got police
escorts!

Bob is stunned. A rush of confused emotions.

SHAPIRO

He's... alive?!
(beat)

Wow. Good for you, OJ. Good for you.
Okay -- this isn't over yet.

INT. DARDEN'S RICHMOND HOUSE - SAME TIME

Chris and Pops and Chris's strong-willed MOM are in the kitchen. They're fussing through tupperwares of leftovers, while keeping their eyes on a tiny kitchen TV.

ON TV NEWS - a BLACK SPORTSCASTER is pleading, begging.

SPORTSCASTER

OJ, Al, if you're listening to me...
if you can hear me, guys, please stop.
People are calling the station,
praying for you. You gotta pull over,
before the worst happens.

Then, Chris's older brother MICHAEL shambles in. He's in a bathrobe -- he doesn't look too healthy. He grins.

MICHAEL

Hey!! What are you doin' here? This
is one crazy day.

CHRIS

Good to see you, bro.

They exchange warm hugs. Chris gives a quick glance at Michael's haggard appearance.

MICHAEL

Wow. I should hit up the fellas --
tell 'em you're here. You're a star.

CHRIS

Nah, I'm nothing.

MOM

What?! If they shoot OJ, you get to
prosecute him.

CHRIS

No, if the cops shoot OJ, I prosecute
the cops.

(explaining)

My division only goes after government
workers. We're not too popular. If
OJ jumps out of that Bronco waving a
gun, and forty cops open fire... you
can bet it'll be investigated.

Pops smirks.

POPS

If forty cops blow away OJ Simpson,
your city's gonna burn to the ground!
Again!

CUT TO:

INT. D.A. OFFICES - DUSK

Marcia walks down a hallway, carrying a styrofoam cup of coffee. EVERY SINGLE OFFICE she passes has people glued to a TV of the Bronco.

She is astonished. Eavesdropping.

LAWYER #1

I can't believe this is the 405 on a
Friday night.

(beat)

Where are all the cars?

LAWYER #2

The backup on Sepulveda must be
unbelievable. OJ shut down L.A.

She passes ANOTHER OFFICE. More lawyers glued to the Bronco.

ON THE TV - We see a few BYSTANDERS on the freeway's shoulder,
outside their cars. They are waving.

LAWYER #3

Look, it's like when the Pope comes to
town.

LAWYER #4

It's like the world's longest Ford
Bronco commercial.

Marcia takes a step -- then STOPS.

Like -- HUH????

Her face creases, like she's trying to solve the world's
hardest puzzle. Something is weird.

INT. MARCIA'S OFFICE

Marcia is on the phone, dialing. Then --

MARCIA

Phil! Question! How is OJ back in
his white Bronco??!

INTERCUT:

INT. PARKER CENTER

VANNATTER

What do you mean?

MARCIA

I mean... the Bronco was full of blood! We impounded it! How can he be driving it?

Vannatter freezes -- like this is completely strange. He starts to respond, but realizes he isn't quite sure himself.

VANNATTER

Uh... hang on a sec'.

Vannatter stands there, then sticks his head out the hall. He waves in Lange.

VANNATTER

Tom! How is OJ back in the Bronco?

LANGE

Believe it or not, there are two white Broncos. AC Cowlings worships OJ so much, he bought the identical car.

Beat.

MARCIA

Unbelievable.

(long pause)

What's the situation at Rockingham?

VANNATTER

Extreme. SWAT is taking over.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - SAME TIME

SWAT TEAMS have moved in, turning the estate into a fortress. SHARPSHOOTERS in combat gear position themselves.

Police have BLOCKED OFF the neighborhood with CONES. HONKING cars get diverted to side streets. Helicopters circle.

INT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - SAME TIME

Inside, all the relatives are freaked out and over-emotional. It is mania. They are glued to the three built-in TVs.

SHIRLEY

C'mon, OJ. C'mon...

A few POLICEMEN watch the family, on-guard.

Kardashian's cell phone RINGS. He glances down at the caller I.D. -- and recognizes the PHONE NUMBER. His eyebrows pop up.

Kardashian glances around, then hurries to a PRIVATE ROOM. He whispers:

KARDASHIAN *

OJ?

Over the phone, we hear a heavy SIGH. Then, b.g. COMMOTION of SIRENS and CAR NOISE. Finally, a dazed babbling...

OJ (V.O.)

Bob. Bob, I've been lookin' for you. I called the house in Encino, but you weren't there. I don't know if you heard what's happening...

KARDASHIAN

Yeah. Juice. I heard. You're on every channel.

OJ (V.O.)

I just want you to know I love you, Bobby. Bobby, you're the best.

KARDASHIAN

Hey, you know I feel the same.

In the b.g., we HEAR AC YELLING, UPSET. OJ ignores it.

OJ (V.O.)

Remember how much fun we used to have? Wow. Remember that night the four of us went to that steakhouse that used to be on La Cienega? I forget the name. We had so many good times...

(pause)

You gotta tell everybody I love 'em. Say goodbye for me. Say goodbye to Don Ohlmeyer. Skip Taft, Wayne Hughes, Craig Baumgarten. Louie Marx. Marcus Allen. Cathy, Reggie... If I'm forgetting anybody, let 'em know.

KARDASHIAN

(worried)

OJ, you're gonna see 'em all again.

OJ (V.O.)

No. I just want to come home and see my Mama one last time.

MOVEMENT outside the window. A SHARPSHOOTER with a rifle climbs a tree. He has shrubbery in his helmet.

Kardashian grimaces.

KARDASHIAN

Ehh, I'm not sure coming home is such
a hot idea.

Suddenly -- CLICK. The phone HANGS UP.

Kardashian is rattled. He stands silently. Considering all
this. Then, he slowly walks back to the main room. The
family stares at the TVs.

Kardashian peers at a watchful COP, then chooses his words.

KARDASHIAN

Hey. Uh, Jason. Where's your
grandma?

JASON

Oh. She was having heart
palpitations. Probably from all the
stress. She's in the hospital.

Ugh. Kardashian sighs. One more problem.

They look out the front window. MORE and MORE SWAT officers
with weaponry fill the frame. Jason is very troubled.

JASON

Is my dad gonna die?

Kardashian's face falls. He doesn't have an answer...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. JIFFY LUBE - DUSK

A garage with cars on racks. CUSTOMERS and MECHANICS huddle in the corner, watching the BRONCO CHASE on a wall-mounted TV.

CUSTOMER

This is insane. I can't believe I've been standing here for two hours.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - SAME TIME

A group of OFFICE WORKERS cram around a SECURITY GUARD's tiny black-and-white TV, with an antenna. The image is fuzzy.

WOMAN IN SUIT

I'm afraid if I leave, I'll miss him getting shot.

MAN IN SUIT

Should we order Dominos?

INT. CIRCUIT CITY - SAME TIME

People stand silently at a DISPLAY WALL OF TELEVISIONS. Every single one shows the BRONCO, driving slowly down the freeway.

We focus on a MIDDLE-AGED BLACK WOMAN, staring intently. Lips pursed. Face serious. On TV, a PhD EXPERT drones.

EXPERT'S VOICE (ON TV)

...the fact that he fled shows the actions of a guilty man. OJ is obviously struggling with the burden of the acts that he committed. His conduct suggests that his psyche has surrendered to the truth that he has committed a homicide. Death is the ultimate way to deny the truth.

The woman is affected by this. Remember her: She is going to be on our jury.

INT. DOMINO'S PIZZA - SAME TIME

The phones are RINGING and RINGING.

The DOMINO'S MAN is covered in sweat.

DOMINO'S MAN

This is crazy! We've run out of cheese.

EST. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - NIGHT

We are in a FANCY COCKTAIL PARTY. But the soiree has been hijacked -- the living room is empty, save for a BARTENDER.

All the FANCY NEW YORKERS are crammed into the kitchen, watching the Bronco on a counter TV.

FANCY LADY #1

What is a "freeway chase"?

SILVER-HAIRED MAN

Darling, haven't you ever been to Los Angeles? They have these every day. They turn everything into entertainment!

The group chuckles. He smiles. This man is DOMINICK DUNNE, 70. He is bright, witty, lover of gossip. Center of gravity.

Dominick glances outside... and is startled by the VIEW: Looking into ALL APARTMENTS across the street, we see that EVERYBODY IN EVERY SINGLE APARTMENT IS WATCHING THE BRONCO.

DOMINICK

Everybody... look outside. The entire universe is watching this.

FANCY LADY #2

Or at least all of mid-town Manhattan.

DOMINICK

Same difference! This moment is transcendent. "Where were you when OJ drove down the freeway"?

FANCY LADY #1

Why, Dominick, I see a look in your eyes. I believe you've found your next book..!

Dominick raises an eyebrow. Hmm...!

INT. BRONCO - DRIVING - DUSK

OJ lies in back, shuddering, holding the gun to his head. He has the FRAMED PHOTOS of his family, which he stares at.

AC drives, tense. He looks up, surprised to see PEOPLE running onto a freeway overpass. They SHOUT and WAVE.

AC is bewildered. Not sure what to think. Then -- suddenly, the phone RINGS. RING! RING! He stares down, unnerved.

OJ says nothing. It keeps RINGING. Finally, AC answers.

AC
WHAT? Who is this?!

INTERCUT:

INT. PARKER CENTER

LANGE
This is Detective Tom Lange, with the
Los Angeles Police Department.

AC
H-how'd you get this number?!

LANGE
You called 911.

AC
Well, you just tell the cops to BACK
OFF! Stay away from us!!

OJ
AC! It's the cops? Gimme the phone.

AC frowns. But, knowing his place, he tosses it back.

OJ slowly lowers the handgun. Softly, he speaks to Lange.

OJ
Hey, this is OJ. Look, I just want to
say how sorry I am. I didn't mean for
all you guys to have to come out like
this. I know it's late on a Friday.
You cops work hard. You probably want
to go home, see your kids...

LANGE
It's okay, OJ. We're just doing our
jobs.
(a careful pause)
So -- I understand you have a gun?

OJ
Yeah. But, don't worry, it's not for
you. I would never hurt any of you
guys. This gun's for me.

LANGE
No, no, you don't want to do that.
Things will get better. You should
just toss it out the window.

OJ
(he moans)
N-no... I can't do that. I need to
go with Nicole. Yeah. That's all I'm
trying to do.

(MORE)

OJ (CONT'D)
 (disconsolate)
 I just can't do it here on the
 freeway. I couldn't do it in a field.
 I tried to do it at her grave. Now I
 just want to do it at my house.

LANGE
 OJ, we want to keep you alive. We're
 not going to bother you. We know you
 want to go home. We'll let you go
 there. But, the gun is scaring
 everybody. Please. Can you just
 throw it away?

A long pause. OJ's face tightens.

OJ
 No. I deserve to get hurt.

He HANGS UP.

Lange is shocked at this candor.

CUT TO:

INT. CNN STUDIOS - BACKSTAGE - DUSK

Johnnie is led by a FLOOR MANAGER. It's busy, TVs everywhere.

HOST (ON MONITOR)
 Coming up in the next hour, L.A.'s
 most prominent black attorney, Johnnie
 Cochran, will give us his thoughts...

Johnnie gets BUMPED by a COUPLE WOMEN running past.

JOHNNIE
 It's crazy around here. Like Mardi
 Gras.

FLOOR MANAGER
 Sorry. We're all on overtime.
 Nobody's leaving til the story's over.

INT. CNN CONTROL ROOM

They cut through a control room -- where an EDITOR and a
 DIRECTOR assemble a video OBIT. On a VIDEO SCREEN is a black-
 and-white photo of OJ. Supered, in tasteful graphics, is
 "ORENTHAL JAMES SIMPSON: 1947-1994"

Mournful MUSIC plays. There is slow-motion film of OJ at USC,
 running down the field. OJ accepting his Heisman, so young
 and beautiful. OJ running through an airport. OJ in "The
 Towering Inferno," handing Fred Astaire his cat.

Johnnie stares, very disturbed.

JOHNNIE

Gentlemen, the last I heard, the man
was still alive.

DIRECTOR

(a vague apology)

We gotta stay ahead of the news.

Johnnie frowns. He watches OJ in his prime, on TV...

INT. STUDIOS - MINUTES LATER

Johnnie is an ON-AIR COMMENTATOR, sitting with a HOST.

JOHNNIE

Yes, this is a complex situation.
But, we must remember that he is a
person who's not used to being
arrested. He's fragile. Confused...
(concerned)

Whenever I see a black man being
chased by armed officers... my guard
goes up.

HOST

With all due respect, this is a
probable killer who fled from the
police --

JOHNNIE

Innocent until proven guilty!

Johnnie is upset. He considers the moment... the
opportunity... then launches in.

JOHNNIE

If the LAPD is involved, we should let
history be our guiding principle!
(emotional)

30 years ago, a young man named
Leonard Deadwyler was driving his
pregnant wife to the hospital. She
was about to give birth to their
child. But that very same LAPD saw a
black man driving too fast, so they
did what they do: They shot and killed
him.

The Host goes silent. Mortified. Johnnie drops to a hush.

JOHNNIE

I represented Leonard's family. It
was one of my very first cases.
(soft)

It was a terrible thing. Leonard's
only crime... was the color of his
skin.

EXT. DARDEN'S RICHMOND NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY EVENING

It has become a bit of a PARTY out front. A number of houses, Dardens included, are BARBECUING. PEOPLE are hangin' out, drinking beers, grilling steaks and burgers.

A few of the houses have dragged their TVs outside, or into the front windows. The BRONCO is visible on all of them.

Neighbor MEN gab, having fun.

NEIGHBOR MAN #1

Hey Chris! Get over here! I thought you were gonna give us a little play-by-play.

Chris shakes his head. The guys turn back to a TV.

NEIGHBOR MAN #1

Look at OJ go! He can still run.

NEIGHBOR MAN #2

Remember his run in '67, against UCLA?

NEIGHBOR MAN #1

That was the best! Nobody could catch the Juice.

They clink beers. Chris saunters over. Taunting.

CHRIS

I dunno what you guys are cheering for. Jim Brown was a much better player.

Beat. The GROUP is STUPEFIED.

EVERYBODY

WHAT?! How dare you! OJ is local!

CHRIS

So what? OJ never gave back. You see any parks around here named for him? Any children's centers? Now Jim Brown cared about black people. He was an activist. He spoke up.

(beat)

Once OJ made his money, he split and never came back. He became white.

Wow.

NEIGHBOR MAN #1

Well... you got the cops chasin' him. He's black now!

A few gallows laughs. Chris nods, appreciating the point.

Then --

JENEE

Daddy?

Chris's eyes widen, surprised. He turns, to see his daughter JENEE, 15. Jenee is poised, loving. But -- there is a bit of a gulf between them. They don't see a lot of each other.

Chris lights up. He rushes over.

CHRIS

Hey, Jenee!

They hug affectionately. Then -- she gives him a look.

JENEE

I didn't know you were throwing a party.

CHRIS

Hey, I'm sorry, baby girl. I thought it was gonna be just us. But then this Superbowl Car Chase took over the planet.

JENEE

Yeah. Mom's got a bunch of people watching over at our house, too.

CHRIS

(an awkward pause)
How is your Mom?

JENEE

Fine. She's... Mom.

Chris smiles. He puts his arm around Jenee.

CHRIS

I'm so happy to see you. Let me get you a burger.

INT. D.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLY EVENING

The room is PACKED with D.A.'s. They all stare silently at a TV. The BRONCO continues its slow-motion ride. Helicopters criss-cross the shot.

In a CORNER of the screen appears JESSE JACKSON.

JESSE JACKSON (ARCHIVE VIDEO)

OJ has really fixed his way into the lives of two generations of people. In one sense, his loss diminishes all of us.

Marcia glowers.

MARCIA

Why does that sound like a eulogy?
OJ's not dead. He's driving on the
405.

(beat)

I want OJ to finish this day alive.

(steely)

I want to prosecute him. I want to
convict him. I want him to pay the
price for the horrible acts he
committed.

One of the Lawyers walks right up to the TV. Close, closer.
He eyeballs the pixels on the SCREEN, as the shot whips along
the freeway, passing overpasses. Then --

LAWYER

I just saw people cheering.

MARCIA

(stunned)

Jesus Christ.

INT. GOLDMAN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Fred and Kim Goldman gape at their TV, nauseated. The
carnival is building to a crescendo. Crowds applaud.

FRED GOLDMAN

These people are warped. Don't they
know he's a murderer?

KIM GOLDMAN

I don't get this 10-mile-an-hour
chase! Why don't they just pull him
over? Or blow him away?! Why are
they escorting him?

Kim is overwrought. Her face darkens.

KIM GOLDMAN

~~I feel terrible saying this...~~ but, I
wish he'd just kill himself.

Fred reacts, surprised. Struggling, Kim breaks into tears.
Fred holds his daughter tight.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY OVERPASS - SAME TIME

LOTS of PEOPLE are gathered. Somebody has a TRANSISTOR RADIO:

VOICE ON RADIO

OJ has passed Culver Boulevard. He's
approaching Washington Boulevard...

People are giddy. Two BLACK TEENAGERS are parked at the side. They have POSTER BOARD and some MARKERS.

BLACK TEEN

C'mon. Hurry! He's almost here! I told you he was comin' this way! He's going home.

They finish their scribbled sign, then run out to the middle. They wave the sign, which says "GO JUICE GO!!!!"

The squadron of HELICOPTERS comes ROARING into view. Then, the Bronco appears. The crowd goes crazy: WHOO, WHOO, WHOO!!

INT. BRONCO - DRIVING

In the back seat, OJ holds the gun to his head. He looks out, dazed.

BYSTANDERS are actually STANDING ON THE FREEWAY. People have hopped out of their cars, to participate in the spectacle.

They jump up and down, CHEERING as the Bronco zooms by.

OJ

Those people shouldn't be on the freeway. That's not safe.

AC

They're out because they love you. They still love you, Juice.

OJ thinks about this.

CUT TO:

FULL-SCREEN TELEVISION

We are on AUSTRALIAN TV NEWS.

AUSTRALIAN ANCHOR

Mr. Simpson is expected to exit the motorway at Sunset Boulevard, the world-famous home to the stars. That should be in just a few moments...

EXT. 405 OVERPASS - EARLY EVENING

On the Sunset bridge, Schatzman is being interviewed by LOCAL NEWS. He stands in front of hooting SPECTATORS.

SCHATZMAN

What you have to understand, is that these people are not cheering OJ. They're booing the LAPD.

REPORTER

(beat)

I don't hear any booing.

Schatzman reacts, irked.

BENEATH THEM

The Bronco reaches Sunset Boulevard... and SIGNALS right.

Crazy PEOPLE run along the freeway off-ramp. All colors and types, waving excitedly.

VOICE

He's here!!

The Bronco leaves the freeway, escorted by the MOTORCADE of police. The crowd starts CHANTING, near hysteria.

CROWD

JUICE! JUICE! JUICE!

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - NIGHT

The property is under lockdown. POLICE struggle to hold back the MOB in the surrounding streets. It's like "Day of The Locust" -- the emotions and intensity overwhelming. People are rooting for OJ, against OJ, straining for a look...

The SWAT TEAM in bulletproof vests are in charge. It's a military operation. SHARPSHOOTERS with stun grenades and automatic weapons are in the trees. The EXTENDED SIMPSON FAMILY, SIBLINGS and COUSINS, are being guided away.

SWAT OFFICER

We need everyone off the property!
For your own safety.

JASON

I'm not leaving! My dad needs me!
(defiant)
This is my home!

Kardashian sees an opening.

KARDASHIAN

And I'm not leaving either. I'm Mr.
Simpson's attorney!

The cop peers at these two -- then relents and spins away.

The SWAT Officer pushes everyone else out... when he spots a PHOTOGRAPHER with THREE CAMERAS lurking behind a bush.

SWAT OFFICER

Hey! Who are you?

PHOTOGRAPHER

(he waves his credentials)
Roger Sandler, Time/Life Photography.
We have an "arrangement" with the West
L.A. Division...

SWAT OFFICER

(frustrated)
Your funeral. Don't get caught in the
crossfire.

A DOZEN HELICOPTERS hover overhead, BEAMS sweeping, trying not to crash into each other.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - BRENTWOOD - NIGHT

The Bronco crawls down Sunset, which is JAMMED with cars and LOOKY-LOOS. A sea of humanity. It's like a street fair.

AC
 Oh, this is ridiculous. How do they
 expect us to get through?

A DOMINO'S PIZZA CAR zips by. OJ peers around. He clutches
 the family photos and the gun.

OJ
Honk.

AC hits the HORN.

WIDE

This actually works. People see the famous Bronco and
 nervously swerve out of the way. Flashers blinking, the
 Bronco and the police push through the parade...

INSERT - FULL-SCREEN TELEVISION

Peter Jennings is astonished.

PETER JENNINGS (ARCHIVE VIDEO)
 Look here. Look at all these people
 rushing, waving! There is an
 absolutely, utterly macabre nature to
 all this.

EXT. BRENTWOOD PARK - SAME TIME

Shapiro's Mercedes struggles to drive up Bristol Circle.
 POLICE and PEOPLE are everywhere. It's gridlock.

INT. SHAPIRO'S MERCEDES - DRIVING

Shapiro drives, wincing. Talking to Bailey on his carphone.

SHAPIRO
 This is a zoo. Every road is blocked.

BAILEY (V.O.)
 You could have walked. You live so
 close --

SHAPIRO
 Nobody walks in L.A. Hey -- Officer!
 (he rolls down his window,
 flagging a COP)
 Officer! Hi! I'm Bob Shapiro. I
 need to get through.

The Cop stares, blankly. Keeping his eye on all the chaos.

SHAPIRO
 ROBERT Shapiro.

COP

Sir, I don't care who you are. Unless you think I'm some kind of magician who can make your car fly over this mess.

Shapiro frowns, then ROLLS BACK UP the window. A withering aside to Lee:

SHAPIRO

LAPD.

BAILEY (V.O.)

Bob, here's the thing. I think this whole exploit is going to turn out advantageous for us. It makes it clear to everybody that he's innocent!

SHAPIRO

(startled)

W-what?

BAILEY (V.O.)

Think about it: If you were unjustly accused of a crime, what would you do? You'd flee! It reminds me of my noted Sam Sheppard case, back in 1961 --

Far off -- loud SHRIEKS OF EXCITEMENT. Then, a SWARM of HELICOPTERS zooms across the sky! Shapiro lurches out.

SHAPIRO

Lee, I gotta ditch my car. I think OJ's made it to Rockingham!

EXT. ROCKINGHAM - NIGHT

The Bronco slowly approaches. The motorcade fills the road. NEWS VANS pack the side streets. There's a loud RUMBLING from the choppers. PEOPLE are screaming, CRYING. Running up -- reaching to make contact. COPS struggle to push them away.

INSIDE THE BRONCO

OJ gazes around in disbelief.

A raging WHITE MAN runs along the car. Furious.

WHITE MAN

Murderer!!!

OJ

(whimpering)

AC, you gotta get me to my house.

AC

I'm trying.

It feels like the world's going to explode. AC sees the gate ahead. He rolls down his window, GESTURING the nearest cop.

AC
LET US IN!!!

The Cop's eyes bulge. He MOTIONS, and a SURGE of POLICE MEN FILL THE STREET, PUSHING AWAY the spectators, clearing a path for the Bronco.

The house gate opens, and the Bronco pulls onto the property.

OJ is hyperventilating. Too intense.

As they drive in... something strange happens. The BARRAGE of NOISE quiets down. They are leaving all the chaos behind. The gates shut.

In the back seat, OJ blinks. His breathing calms.

OJ
I'm home.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE

They sit, search lights sweeping from the choppers above.

SWAT OFFICERS in military gear are all around, staring. Waiting...

Nobody moves. The tension builds.

Beat -- then -- a BLACK MAN COMES RUNNING from the darkness.

BLACK MAN
HEY!

AC jumps, on-edge. He and OJ whirl --

As Jason comes running over.

JASON
Dad!!

Sobbing, Jason rushes to the car.

JASON
Dad! I wanna help you!

AC
Jason! Get away!
(he PUSHES Jason)
I'm handling this.

JASON
Dad! Please, put down your gun!!

TO THE SIDE

The SWAT Officers lurch.

SWAT #2
Who is that?

Sharpshooters above train their rifle sights --

Taking charge, two SWAT run over and GRAB Jason. He's crying, confused. Disrepected. The cops pull him away.

At the edges, a COMMANDER grabs his walkie-talkie:

COMMANDER
Send in the Negotiator.

WIDE

A number of SWAT react -- and then the NEGOTIATOR, a muscular guy with a warm face, slowly approaches the Bronco. He has his hands outstretched -- to say, look, I'm friendly.

He gingerly walks up to the Bronco -- SHOUTING over the din.

NEGOTIATOR
OJ! How can I help you??!

AC
(raging)
Leave us alone!!

NEGOTIATOR
I'd like to speak with Mr. Simpson!

The Negotiator takes a few more steps -- within earshot of the blacked-out windows. He can't see inside.

NEGOTIATOR
OJ...?

Search lights SWEEP back-and-forth, from above.

AC twitches, nerves taught. As one blaring light passes, he catches sight of a RIFLEMAN in a tree.

AC
There's a guy in that tree!! This is a trick!

NEGOTIATOR
No. No trick. We want OJ safe --

AC
(looking around)
There's guns in my face, everywhere!

The Commander snaps at an UNDERLING.

 COMMANDER
Kill the lights.
 (angry)
I said, tell the choppers, KILL ALL
THE LIGHTS. Now!!

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Everybody watches the televised OVERHEAD SHOT of Rockingham.

INT. D.A. OFFICE

Marcia and the DAs stare, riveted. ON THE SCREEN, we can't hear anything. We just see the Bronco motionless, lights sweeping, AC flailing, the Negotiator talking.

INT. CNN STUDIOS

Johnnie is off-camera, gaping at a monitor.

SUDDENLY, the helicopter SEARCH LIGHTS TURN OFF. Dark!

Johnnie reacts, shocked. He turns to look at other feeds -- they have all gone DARK!

The Bronco is suddenly a murky blob in the darkness.

 JOHNNIE
They don't want us to see.

EXT. DARDEN'S RICHMOND HOUSE

Nobody speaks. Chris gazes at the scene on the TV.

INT. PARKER CENTER

Vannatter and Lange stare at the dark image.

INT. COCHRAN LAW OFFICES

Carl and Shawn stare at the dark TV.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - NIGHT

The RUMBLE from the choppers is still overwhelming. The Negotiator takes another step closer. He SHOUTS.

 NEGOTIATOR
OJ! We want to get you out of the
Bronco!

No response.

NEGOTIATOR

We want to get you safely into your house.

No response.

NEGOTIATOR

OJ! Can you open the door, so we can talk?

AC

(snarling)

He doesn't wanna talk to you! Beat it!

INT. BRONCO - SAME TIME

AC rolls up the window. Inside, it's strangely quiet.

AC turns around, looking at his friend behind him.

AC

Juice. What do you want to do...?

We MOVE IN on OJ. He peers outside, all around his little bubble. At all the commotion... the distorted sounds, the glimpses of movement and confusion.

Then, he sighs despondently.

OJ

I should've killed myself this morning.

He cocks the .357, then puts the gun into his mouth.

AC is stunned. Motionless.

OJ is whimpering, willing himself to pull the trigger.

When suddenly -- RING! RING! It's the phone.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Off to the side, Kardashian stands with the Negotiator.
Kardashian is on the PHONE. He is tense. Gently pleading...

KARDASHIAN

OJ. C'mon out. Your family's here.
We just want to help you...

INSIDE THE BRONCO

OJ is on the phone, listening to his friend. Flickers of
confused emotion race across his face.

OJ

Is my mama here?

KARDASHIAN

(off-put)

Uh, no. But she's waiting on the
house phone, to talk to you. We can
do that.

OJ

I'd sure like to come inside. It would
be good to sit down, relax a bit...

KARDASHIAN

That's a great idea. Yeah, we should
do that.

OJ

I feel bad for all this mess I caused.
All these guys out here...

KARDASHIAN

They just want you to be safe. They
want to make sure nothing bad happens.

OUTSIDE - BACK AT KARDASHIAN

The Negotiator is taut. Waiting, as Kardashian LISTENS to OJ
on the phone.

KARDASHIAN

Uh huh. Uh huh. Sure, of course.
Hang on a sec'.

Kardashian covers the phone. He turns to the Negotiator.

KARDASHIAN

He doesn't want to be arrested outside
-- you have to do it in the house,
away from the cameras.

NEGOTIATOR

Fine. But the gun has to stay in the vehicle.

KARDASHIAN

(he nods)

Okay. OJ, we're good to go. Just make sure you leave the gun in the car. That's real important.

Kardashian listens, then signals the Negotiator: Yes.

The Negotiator grabs for his walkie-talkie. Urgently!

NEGOTIATOR

Simpson is about to leave the vehicle.
Subject says he will not be armed.

The Commander jumps and barks into his walkie-talkie:

COMMANDER

No hotheads! We're on TV! No firing, unless you're fired upon first!

This sets off a RAPID SERIES OF REACTIONS:

All the SWAT MEMBERS get in ready position.

Guns are out!

Sharpshooters in the trees focus their sights.

Jason waits, held back by cops.

Arnelle and OJ's siblings wait, watching through the gate.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Marcia and Hodgman stare at their TV. The dark shot, from the hovering helicopter.

TV ANNOUNCER

Apparently, OJ is about to get out of
the car...

Johnnie tenses, staring at a TV...

Chris stares at a TV...

Gil stares at a TV...

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE

Everybody is riveted on the Bronco. All is still.

Inside the Bronco, we can see shadowy movement. OJ is crawling forward from the back seat. A big man, awkwardly trying to exit the front passenger door.

A RIFLEMAN peers into his sight. Finger on the trigger...

Kardashian holds his breath. Everybody waits --

And then, the Bronco's front door CREAKS OPEN.

Everyone leans in.

We see an arm, a bit of head, and then -- a FLASH of METAL.

COP
(HE SHOUTS)
HE'S GOT A GUN!!

All the COPS react. Suddenly, Kardashian SCREAMS, lunging out.

KARDASHIAN
NO!! Those are pictures! Those are
framed pictures of his kids!!

OJ peers around, dazed. He steps from the Bronco, indeed, holding photos of Sydney and Justin.

Trembling, he takes a few steps.

OJ
I'm sorry, I'm sorry...

A COP rushes over, to assist him.

OJ
I'm so sorry I put you guys through
this...

Kardashian runs over to help. OJ staggers up the front path.

INT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - SAME TIME

MORE COPS wait inside. OJ's face is burdened with pain.

OJ
I'm so sorry, guys...!

OJ COLLAPSES into the arms of a cop. The cop gingerly helps him sit down on a couch.

OJ is worn out. Shaking his head.

A moment of silence. Kardashian catches the eyes of the cops. They all feel immense relief.

Everybody can't believe this epic day is over.

OJ
 Can I talk to my mama?
 (beat)
 And can I get a glass of orange juice?

COP #1
 Of course, OJ.

The Cop runs off to get the drink.

Kardashian hugs OJ. Then he gently hands him the house phone.

We MOVE IN on OJ. Wracked with guilt and heavy feelings.

OJ
 Hello, Mama...?

We move in TIGHTER on his face.

OJ
 Yes, Mama. Yeah, Mama.
 (quiet)
 Yeah... Me, too.

CUT TO:

INT. D.A. OFFICES - SAME TIME

Marcia is entranced with the TV. Waiting, hoping...

Then -- ON THE TV -- she sees OJ emerge from the house, IN HANDCUFFS. Marcia erupts in happiness.

MARCIA
 He's alive! Thank God, he's alive.
 (beat)
 We can take him to trial!

FULL-SCREEN TELEVISION

We CLICK around the NETWORKS.

TOM BROKAW (ARCHIVE VIDEO)

We are witnessing tonight a modern
 tragedy and drama of Shakespearian
 proportion...

CLICK:

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
 A story that held the country
 spellbound has climaxed. OJ Simpson's
 incredible journey... is finished.

EXT. DARDEN'S RICHMOND HOUSE - SAME TIME

The partygoers all watch OJ being guided into a police car.

The mood has gone somber. Nobody is sure what to say. Until, Jenee leans in to Chris.

JENEE

I hope you get on this case.

Chris looks at his daughter, touched.

NEIGHBOR MAN #1

What? You better not. He got framed!

NEIGHBOR MAN #2

I was thinking the same thing.

CHRIS

Oh, c'mon. I can guarantee you, OJ was not framed --

NEIGHBOR MAN #3

Sure he was!

The CHORUS BUILDS. Chris looks around, in growing disbelief. He is shocked at the unanimity.

Chris glances at the TV... his eyes alert and growing. Pops stares, then throws his arm around Chris. He gives his son a big fat piece of advice:

POPS

You stay the hell away from this.

EXT. ROCKINGHAM HOUSE - NIGHT

OJ's police car pulls away... surrounded by a phalanx of accompanying SQUAD CARS.

Cops hold back the press and the gawkers. Shapiro steps to the front, as OJ's car passes by. OJ is just a fleeting silhouette in the back seat.

Shapiro starts to yell -- then realizes it won't be heard. He slinks back into the sea of rubbernecks.

People all strain, watching, hoping for a glimpse. We pull up and away, as the massive motorcade of PULSING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS slowly disappears into the darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END