

Paul Stewart

Moonlighting
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(#88006)

PICTUREMAKER
PRODUCTIONS

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

CIRCLE
FILMS

-MOONLIGHTING-

IN 'N OUTLAWS *
(#88006)

Written By
Marc Abraham

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PICTUREMAKER PRODUCTIONS, INC.
in association with
ABC CIRCLE FILMS

March 17 - Pink
March 17 - yellow

FIRST DRAFT

December 13, 1988
December 16 - blue
February 8, 1989 - pink
February 9, 1989 - yellow
February 16 - green
February 27 - salmon
February 28 - tan
March 7 - white
March 16 - blue

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ON EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - MORNING

1

...the sunlight bouncing off the quartz in the sidewalk... so bright it nearly blinds us... a SINGLE WILDFLOWER grows between a CRACK in the pavement... and as OMINOUS, HITCHCOCKIAN MUSIC comes up...

A PAIR OF MEN'S BLACK BROGUES

2

...take ONE STEP into the frame... and with the next... CRUSH the FLOWER... and we...

FOLLOW THE BROGUES

3

...as they CONTINUE up the street... a controlled, even pace... and they STOP at A CORNER... and hold perfectly still for A MOMENT... then methodically TURN at a 90 degree angle... and WALK OFF in that direction... as the MUSIC CUTS OUT, and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

DIPESTO

4

...asleep in her bed... wakened by the happy sound of a BLUEBIRD SINGING outside her bedroom window... her eyes snap open... and she SITS UP...

DIPESTO
(stretching)
Morning, Burt...

...but getting no response... she LOOKS OVER to see...

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BED

5

...still holding the DENT of Viola's form... and...

DIPESTO

6

...LOOKS AROUND... wondering where he is as she PULLS ON her ROBE, and sees...

THE CLOSET

7

...half of which is VACANT... and...

DIPESTO

8

...curious... gets out of bed, as we...

CUT TO:

VIOLA

9

...looking kind of strung out as he DIGS through the foyer closet... already laden with what looks like his entire WARDROBE...

*

DIPESTO

10

...walks into the FOYER... and sees him... and her eyes widen in alarm...

DIPESTO

Burt...I'm sorry. I'll never,
ever hog the blanket again.
Please... don't leave me.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON VIOLA AND DIPESTO

11

...as he TURNS to her...

VIOLA

(stressed)

Me, leave you?...no way, my
little gumdrop.

(and then)

I've gotta hit the dry cleaners
on the way to work.

(off Dipesto's

curious look)

I can't decide what to wear
next week, so I better get
everything done.

DIPESTO

Burt, you really shouldn't get
so wound up. It's just family.

VIOLA

Just family? Eighty-three
Violas together in one place
isn't just family...

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

11

VIOLA (cont'd)

It's an ordeal... a gauntlet...
a tong war.

(then; stressing
out further)

What are you going to wear?

DIPESTO

I don't know...

VIOLA

Agnes, please. It's the first
time my family will see you.
I don't want it to be the last.

DIPESTO

Burt...

VIOLA

You don't know how judgmental
they can be.

DIPESTO

(opening the door
for him)

I'll work on an outfit.

(she kisses him
as he passes)

Chill out.

...and we...

CUT TO:

OMIT 12

OMIT 12 *

OMIT 13

OMIT 13 *

THE BROGUES

14

...walking past a sleeping GERMAN SHEPHERD who wakes and starts BARKING FEROCIOUSLY... and then the BROGUES STOP, and turn, and face the dog and the DOG SHRINKS, wimpers, and SLINKS OFF, tail between its legs, and the BROGUES CONTINUE ON...

ANOTHER ANGLE

15

...as the BROGUES TURN up a walk, mount the PORCH STEPS, and STOP at a...

DOORMAT

16

...that reads "AGNES 'N BURT... PLEASE WIPE YOUR DIRT"...and the BROGUES just hang there for a long, ominous moment... and we...

CUT TO:

AGNES

17

...HUMMING cheerily as she SHUFFLES into the foyer and spies a shirt that Burt dropped on the floor... She picks it up, then HEADS for the FRONT DOOR to call after Burt...but as she opens the front door, she JUMPS with a start and lets out a small SCREAM at...

A FIGURE

18

...the brogues... the mailman... MR. HENNESSEY... a teddy bear... who is equally startled...

HENNESSEY

Sorry, Miss Dipesto... hope I didn't spook ya'.

DIPESTO

(recovering)

Morning, Mr. Hennessey... nice day.

HENNESSEY

A beaut...

(handing over the mail)

Here ya' go...no bills today.

DIPESTO

Phew... Have time for a popart and cocoa?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

18

HENNESSEY

Can I take a rain check?...

DIPESTO

Sure... Bye, Mr. Hennessey.

HENNESSEY

Bye, Miss Dipesto.

ON DIPESTO

19

...CLOSING the door, she thumbs through her mail... and then she comes across a...

LETTER

20

...and we watch HER HANDS as they RIP IT OPEN.. and as THE CAMERA MOVES IN... and the MUSIC BUILDS to a crescendo... the only words we can see on the letter are the following: JURY DUTY...

ON AGNES

21

...looking up... thrilled... and we...

CUT TO:

INT. MADDIE'S OFFICE - DAY - ON MADDIE AND DAVID

22

MADDIE
Jury duty?

DAVID
Jury duty?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE DIPESTO

23

...standing by the door... holding her JURY LETTER...

*

DIPESTO

(nodding)

Jury duty...

DAVID

Okay... here's what you do...
Go to the supermarket... Get
ten pounds of carrots... Eat
'em. You turn orange. Judge'll
think you've got liver failure.
Or...

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

23

DAVID (cont'd)
get yourself a Mohawk and draw
spider webs all over your face
with chicken blood.

*

MADDIE
You're not suggesting that
Agnes lie her way out of her
civic responsibility?

DAVID
Absolutely... Knew a guy
once... smeared cat food all
over his body... wore Mom's
undies to the induction
physical.. worked like a charm.

MADDIE
Never mind that lying under
oath is a criminal offense...
Agnes has a moral obligation.
(and then)
Where would our legal system
be if everyone weaseled out?
What would happen to truth,
justice, and the American way?
(and then)
David Addison, I'm really
surprised at you.

ON DAVID

24

...dropping his head in mock shame...

ON DIPESTO

25

...tentatively...

DIPESTO
So I can go?

MADDIE
Of course, you can go... You
have to go.

DIPESTO
I want to go. I've been called
to duty. I think I should
answer.

DAVID
You're a true patriot, Agnes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

25

MADDIE

So... how much time will you need off?

DIPESTO

Hard to say... a day... a week... and if another Scopes monkey trial comes along, I could be gone for months.

MADDIE

Months?

(to David)

How many pounds of carrots does it take to turn your skin orange?

ON DIPESTO

26

...crestfallen, and then...

MADDIE

Agnes... you're so valuable around here, I'm not sure we can spare you for that long.

DIPESTO

What about my civic responsibility?

DAVID

...turns into a liability if it squeezes the boss lady.

MADDIE

That's not what I mean.

DIPESTO

It's not?

MADDIE

No. It's just that... a lot of people have to forego jury duty if they can't afford to miss work.

DAVID

What Miss Hayes is saying is that red, white, and blue aren't her true colors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

26

DIPESTO

Miss Hayes, I vote every four years, and it hasn't counted once. And just because I'm a Californian doesn't mean I'm not an American.

(and then)

This is a chance to count.

ON MADDIE

27

...a long MOMENT, as she mulls this over... and then, looking to Dipesto, she can see how much this means to her... and then...

MADDIE

Agnes, when you're right, you're right... and you have the right... to take this time off.

DIPESTO

Really? Great! I'll get caught up. I'll get a temp. I've already written a week's worth of rhymes...

(and then)

Thank you, Miss Hayes! Thank you, Mr. Addison!

...and she hugs them both, then flies to the door where she STOPS and TURNS...

DIPESTO

(solemnly)

God Bless America.

...and she turns and exits...

ON MADDIE AND DAVID

28

...exchanging a look...

DAVID

Hope she enjoys her episode.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE - ON VIOLA

29

...harried... SITTING at his DESK... on the PHONE... ALL
the LIGHTS BLINKING at once... in the midst of some major
 transaction...

VIOLA

Okay, Aunt Lenora... you and
 Uncle Sal are booked on the
 five-thirty-seven flight.

(an exasperated
 sigh; then)

Yes, Aunt Michelle is on that
 flight, too.

(and then)

Oh, c'mon. That happened
 twenty years ago... Who cares
 if she told you you're big
 boned...?

...as... Dipesto rushes up to him... obviously wanting to
 talk to him...about to burst with excitement...

VIOLA

(putting his hand
 over the receiver;
 to Agnes)

Not now, Agnes.

(back into phone)

I've always believed bones were
 in the eye of the beholder...

DIPESTO

(whispering)

I have something to tell you.

VIOLA

(into the phone)

Aunt Lenora... Aunt Lenora...
 hold on...

...and he PUNCHES A BUTTON... then PUNCHES ANOTHER ONE...

VIOLA

(into phone)

Dad? Aunt Lenora won't go on
 the same flight as Aunt
 Michelle. Yeah, the bones
 thing. Can you switch tickets
 with her?

ON DIPESTO

30

...waving one of her waves in Viola's face... and then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

30

VIOLA

Agnes, please... I'm in the
middle of a very delicate
negotiation.

(back into phone)

...Dad? Hello?

...but the line's dead, so he PUNCHES ANOTHER BUTTON...

VIOLA

(as he SHOOS off

Dipesto)

Uncle Louie, you won't believe
what that big boned bag of wind
is putting me through...

(his face goes

pale)

Aunt Lenora? No, of course
I knew it was you.

...finally Dipesto SHRUGS and WALKS AWAY... DISAPPOINTED...
but he STOPS suddenly, HEARING...

DIPESTO (O.C.)

Hey, MacGillicuddy! Guess what?

ON VIOLA

31

...as his nostrils flare ever-so-slightly... then...

VIOLA

(into phone)

Aunt Lenora, would you hold
on a moment?

...and he PUNCHES THE BUTTON to HOLD... then...

VIOLA

(calling)

Agnes?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE DIPESTO

32

...bounding back...

VIOLA

(smiling)

Now, what did you want to tell
me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

32

DIPESTO

(holding up letter)

I've been called for jury duty
next week.

...Viola GLANCES down at the BLINKING LIGHTS... torn
between the crucial negotiations and the threat of
MacGillicuddy...

VIOLA

(half-heartedly)

That's terrific.

(then, noticing
a light on the
phone go out)

Damn! There goes Uncle Louie.

(and then;

(suddenly
realizing;
worried)

What about the reunion?

THE BLINKING LIGHTS

33

...on the phone console starting GOING DARK... one by
one...

DIPESTO

I don't see why it should
interfere. I'll be let out
every evening for dinner.
Judges have to eat, too,
y'know.

(and then)

Don't they?

VIOLA

Right...

(and then)

Good luck, Agnes. Be fair.
Be firm. And don't drink too
many fluids...

(and then)

Oh... I don't see any reason
to discuss any of this with
MacGillicuddy.

DIPESTO

(shrugging)

He's not here anyway.

...and she PECKS Viola on the cheek... then WALKS off...

ON VIOLA

34

...doing a slow burn... realizing he's been had... and
we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

CLOSE ON JUDGE STALLARD

35

...a stern-faced man... addressing a group...

JUDGE STALLARD

...as an instrument of justice,
you will be asked to shoulder
an awesome responsibility...

*

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

36

...a COURTROOM filled with maybe fifty people... a sea of
faces... all varieties... running the gamut from bored to
earnest... and we FOCUS IN on one particularly earnest
face belonging to...

DIPESTO

37

...all ears... as she THROWS HER SHOULDERS BACK...

JUDGE STALLARD (O.C.)

(continuing)

...to stand in judgment of
another man or woman... to mete
out punishment...

ON JUDGE STALLARD

38

...solemnly...

JUDGE STALLARD (CONT'D)

...and even, perhaps... to
choose between life and
death...

(and then)

Are there any questions?

ON DIPESTO

39

...raising her hand...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

39

DIPESTO
What about reincarnation?

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL JURY ROOM - SLOW PAN

40

...revealing something of a judicial "green room"... the people we saw in the previous scene are all waiting here... some watch TELEVISION... some SMOKE... some read MAGAZINES... until we finally arrive at...

DIPESTO

41

...sitting STRAIGHT UP on her chair... waiting brightly for her name to be called... and she LOOKS UP as...

A BALIIFF

42

...appears in the doorway and begins reading a list of names...

BAILIFF
Jenick, Schneider...

*

THE ROOM

43

...goes QUIET... all activity grinding to a halt... as everyone LOOKS TO this bailiff... and we MOVE SLOWLY ACROSS the room... everyone in suspended animation... listening... praying... hoping that their name will be called...

BAILIFF (O.C.)
(continuing)
...Ruppenthal, Stahl, Kramer...

ON DIPESTO

44

...leaning slightly MORE FORWARD as every name is called...

BAILIFF (O.C.)
(continuing)
...Letiri, Kusher, and Di...

*

...he stops... unable to pronounce the last name... and Dipesto LEANS MORE AND MORE FORWARD...

RESUME BAILIFF 45 *

...grimacing as he sounds it out... really drawing it out...

BAILIFF *
...Di... Mmmaarrcciiilloos?

ON DIPESTO 46

...sitting back in her chair... a little disappointed, but patient... and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

DIPESTO 47

...same chair... LATER... and she looks a little less bright... a little less straight in her chair... then...

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER CLOSE ON THE BAILIFF 48 *

...silently MOUTHING more names... and...

DIPESTO 49

...is a little further down in her chair... darn near a slump... and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

DIPESTO 50

...a full slump... practically lying down in her chair...

SUPER CLOSE ON BAILIFF'S MOUTH 51 *

BAILIFF *
...and Dipesto...
(and then, looking
around, he
repeats)
...Dipesto.

SUPER CLOSE ON DIPESTO 52

...finally responding... struck by lightning... SITTING UP
STRAIGHT... CLASPING HER HANDS...

DIPESTO
Dipesto?

BAILIFF'S FACE 53 *

...with a nod...

BAILIFF
Dipesto. *

ON DIPESTO 54

...stoked...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - JURY BOX - CLOSE ON PROSPECTIVE JUROR 55

...being interviewed by the Defense Attorney and the
Prosecutor as they move down the line in the JURY BOX...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.C.)
Mrs. Simons... it says here
your husband is an attorney?

...MRS. SIMONS nods...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.C.)
(continuing)
You're excused. *

...and we MOVE OVER to the next prospective JUROR...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.C.)
Mr. Miller, what do you do for
a living?

MILLER
(smiling)
I write books.

ON DIPESTO 56

...seated next to Miller in the jury box... she watches
intently...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 56

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.C.)
(curtly)
You're excused.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MILLER 57

...as he SHRUGS and WALKS OUT of the box...

ON DIPESTO 58

...watching... horrified that so many people are getting cut...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.C.)
Miss Dipesto?

...and Agnes TURNS SHARPLY... nervous...

DIPESTO
I've never written a book and
I've never even seen "L.A.
Law."

ON DEFENSE ATTORNEY 59

...off balance... and then...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
You work as a secretary in a
Private Investigation Agency.

ON DIPESTO 60

...who nods...

RESUME DEFENSE ATTORNEY 61

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Does your firm handle
husband-wife disputes?

RESUME DIPESTO 62

DIPESTO
I really don't have much to
do with the cases. Mostly,
I answer the phones.

RESUME DEFENSE ATTORNEY 63

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Do you have an alarm system
in your home?

RESUME DIPESTO 64

DIPESTO
(remembering
fondly)
...Pin Head... my cat... he's
a tabby.

RESUME DEFENSE ATTORNEY 65

...nodding, a little baffled...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Fine. Thank you.

...he TURNS and NODS to...

THE PROSECUTOR 66

...who APPROACHES DIPESTO...

PROSECUTOR
Do you have any prejudices that
you're aware of?

RESUME DIPESTO 67

...adamant...

DIPESTO
...Gas stations that make you
pay before ya' fill up..

RESUME PROSECUTOR 68

PROSECUTOR
(nodding
sympathetically;
and then)
What qualifications do you feel
you have to be a jury member?

RESUME DIPESTO

69

DIPESTO

Well... I'm a Sagittarius,
Gemini rising... I'm fair.
I'm firm... and I don't drink
a lot of fluids

ON THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY AND THE PROSECUTOR

70

...exchanging a glance... They want this one...

ON DIPESTO

71

...waiting eagerly...

PROSECUTOR (O.C.)

Thank you, Ms. Dipesto...

...and as he MOVES to the person next to her.. relieved and
thrilled at being accepted, she SETTLES BACK into her
chair... smiling...

*
*

PROSECUTOR (O.C.)

Mr. Ellis... it says here
you're a dogcatcher...

...and we...

FADE TO BLACK

...and over the BLACK we HEAR a snare DRUM ROLL... and
then...

SHOCK CUT TO:

THE JURY

72

...enters the courtroom SINGLE FILE... taking their place
in the JURY BOX... Dipesto bringing up the rear...
excited...

THE DEFENDANT

73

...JOHN GIBSON... an attractive man in his late forties...
is led in by two DEPUTIES...

BAILIFF (O.C.)

All rise...

THE JUDGE

74

...walking into the courtroom... taking his place...

THE GAVEL

75

...HITS... as the DRUM STOPS, and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

THE WITNESS STAND

76

...where a woman is being INTERROGATED by the PROSECUTOR...

PROSECUTOR

How long have you been working
in the front office at
Gibson-O'Rourke Investments?

*
*

SECRETARY

Fifteen years.

PROSECUTOR

And how would you characterize
the relationship of your
bosses, John Gibson and
Kathleen O'Rourke?

SECRETARY

They were a trip..

PROSECUTOR

Would you say they often
argued?

SECRETARY

They were just blowing off
steam. I don't think they ever
meant anything by it.

PROSECUTOR

Was John Gibson upset about
anything in the weeks prior
to Miss O'Rourke's death?

SECRETARY

He seemed pretty together to
me.

PROSECUTOR

Was he "together" about the
fact that Miss O'Rourke had
been dating another man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

76

...the secretary LOOKS DOWN... and then...

SECRETARY
(trying to squirm
out of it)
Hey, I'm just a secretary.

PROSECUTOR
And this was just a murder.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.C.)
Objection.

JUDGE STALLARD (O.C.)
Sustained.
(then; to
Prosecutor)
Save your conclusions for your
closing argument.

*
*
*
*

...and after a moment...

PROSECUTOR
Could you point out your boss,
John Gibson, the man charged
with murdering his business
partner, Kathleen O'Rourke?

...and the secretary LOOKS UP... obviously terribly upset
by all this... and POINTS AT...

THE DEFENDANT - JOHN GIBSON

77

...seated by the DEFENSE ATTORNEY behind a table... and as
we FAST PUSH in on Gibson, we see he has the look of a
doomed man about him...

SHOCK CUT TO:

DIPESTO

78

...LISTENING INTENTLY from the JURY BOX as the DRUM SOLO
PLAYS OVER...

A SPLIT SCREEN

78A *

...as the CLERK SWEARS IN A WITNESS... and then...

ANOTHER WITNESS

78B

...swears in... and then...

ANOTHER WITNESS

79

...swears in...

THE COURT STENOGRAPHER

80

...stenographing... as the drum cuts out...

SHOCK CUT TO:

THE WITNESS BOX

81

...where now THE CLEANING LADY... is being interrogated by the PROSECUTOR...

CLEANING LADY
I was going in late, like
always, to clean the offices...

PROSECUTOR
And what did you hear that
night?

CLEANING LADY
Those two...

PROSECUTOR
Which two?

CLEANING LADY
Mr. Gibson and Ms. O'Rourke...

PROSECUTOR
Do you remember anything they
said?

CLEANING LADY
(after a moment)
He said she was "hell in high
heels"... and that her "sole
purpose in this world was to
drive him crazy"... stuff like
that.

ON DIPESTO

82

...in the JURY BOX... ENGROSSED...

PROSECUTOR (O.C.)
And then what happened?

CLEANING LADY (O.C.)
Didn't want to get in the
middle. So I did some other
offices first then came back...

ANOTHER ANGLE

83

PROSECUTOR
And would you describe for the
jury what you saw when you came
back to Miss O'Rourke's office
later that night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

83

CLEANING LADY
Miss O'Rourke... hanging from
the ceiling.

PROSECUTOR
Dead?

CLEANING LADY
She wasn't running a fever.

ON DIPESTO

84

...her eyes widening...

SHOCK CUT TO:

THE WITNESS STAND

85

...where the CORONER is being interrogated by the
PROSECUTOR...

CORONER
The ecchymatic configuration
on the deceased's neck was not
consistent with strangulation
by hanging.

PROSECUTOR
Translation?

CORONER
The bruises Miss O'Rourke
sustained weren't caused by
rope.

PROSECUTOR
What, then?

CORONER
Pair of hands, probably...
Larynx was fractured.

PROSECUTOR
But a suicide note was found...

CORONER
I'd bet the farm someone
strangled her, then strung her
up to make it look like
suicide.

ON DIPESTO

86

...her eyes even wider... as the DRUM COMES UP over...

SHOCK CUT TO:

A SPLIT SCREEN

86A *

...as the CLERK SWEARS IN A WITNESS... and then...

ANOTHER WITNESS

86B *

...swears in... and then...

ANOTHER WITNESS

86C *

...swears in... and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

JOHN GIBSON

87

...on the witness stand... he looks like he's been through the mill...

GIBSON

Yeah, we'd been arguing. We'd been arguing for twenty-five years...

(sadly)

I wish we could argue for twenty-five more.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Did you have a sexual relationship with her?

...ANOTHER MOMENT, then...

GIBSON

(smiling to himself)

... in spite of ourselves.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Were you in love with Kathleen O'Rourke?

...A MOMENT, then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

87

GIBSON

I don't know...
(and then)
Yeah, I guess I was.

ON DIPESTO

88

...drawn into this... feeling like she knows exactly what
he's talking about... and then...

RESUME GIBSON

89

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Did you kill Kathleen O'Rourke?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

89

GIBSON
 (shaking his head;
 then)
 No.
 (and then)
 I'd have given my life for her.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. JURY ROOM - A JUROR'S BALLOT 90

...being UNFOLDED by the JURY FOREMAN'S hands... the word "GUILTY" clearly scrawled across it... *

FOREMAN'S VOICE (O.C.) *
 Guilty...

...as a PAIR of HANDS UNFOLDS the individual BALLOTS...

FOREMAN'S VOICE *
 (reading each vote)
 Guilty... Guilty... Guilty...

ON THE JURORS 91

...seated around a table... watching the votes get counted... and we MOVE SLOWLY around the table...

FOREMAN'S VOICE (O.C.) *
 Guilty. Guilty. Guilty.
 Guilty. Guilty. Guilty.
 Guilty.

...and we arrive at...

DIPESTO 92

...looking a little self-conscious...

FOREMAN'S VOICE (O.C.) *
 (surprised)
 ...Not guilty.

...and we HOLD on her as she LOOKS AROUND the table... and lamely smiles, then...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOFADE IN:

INT. RAMADA INN TYPE HOTEL - NIGHT - A LOBBY MARQUEE 93 *

...reads "A Hearty (the R is falling off) Welcome To The Viola Family"...

INT. RAMADA INN BANQUET ROOM - CONTINUOUS 94

...we see the room from the...

P.O.V. 95

...of a VIDEO CAMERA... it SWEEPS across the room... which is full of THE VIOLA CLAN... a LARGE BANNER HANGS ACROSS the wall reading: "TUTTI VIOLI" and as the camera SWEEPS AROUND... cinema veritae style... it finds a middle-aged WOMAN... AUNT LENORA... *

VIOLA (O.C.)

Aunt Lenora... Aunt Lenora...
over here.

...she TURNS... SEES the camera... and FREEZES... nearly terror-stricken...

VIOLA (O.C.)

Say something, Aunt Lenora.

...She hesitates... nervous and awkward...

AUNT LENORA

(very stiff)

I'm Lenora Viola... Aunt Lenora. Herbert's father's brother's wife. From Sunnyside... Queens... New York.

UNCLE SAL (O.C.)

He knows that. We all know that.

...Aunt Lenora looks OFF CAMERA... annoyed...

AUNT LENORA

Well, what am I supposed to say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

95

UNCLE SAL (O.C.)
Say something he don't know.
You're wastin' the man's film.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

95

...she WALKS OVER to UNCLE SAL... the camera FOLLOWS HER...

AUNT LENORA

It's videotape.
(to camera)
Tell him it's videotape.

UNCLE SAL

I don't care if it's cellophane
tape, you're wasting it.

AUNT LENORA

Oh yeah, Mr. Showbiz? You
think you can do better?

UNCLE SAL

Yeah, as a matter of fact I
do.

...he PUSHES HER ASIDE... and now the CAMERA is on him...

UNCLE SAL

Uh... Sal Viola.
(a bit awkward at
first)
Belts. That's my business...
fashion belts... cowhide...
suede... leather... you name
it.

(starting to enjoy
this)

We have three convenient
locations to serve you.

VIOLA (O.C.)

Uncle Sal...

UNCLE SAL

(on a roll)
...and watch for our new store
in Paramus... Bring the kids...

VIOLA (O.C.)

Uncle Sal...

UNCLE SAL

...Before you let--

...as the CAMERA DRIFTS off of him looking for another
subject, but Sal follows intently...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

95

UNCLE SAL
...someone else through your
loops, call Sal Viola... His
prices are INSANE!

ON VIOLA

96

...who's fed up and lowers the camera from his eyes and
just looks at...

UNCLE SAL

97

...who stands there, beaming proudly...

UNCLE SAL
Didn't know the camera loves
your Uncle Sal, did you?...

...and Sal CLAPS Viola on the shoulder and HEADS OFF...
and just as Herbert is about to resume filming, he is
interrupted by...

GUIDO

98

...Viola's nemesis... smooth, handsome, macho, successful,
and a wee bit slimy cousin... an Italian MacGilicuddy...

GUIDO
Well... if it isn't Francis
Ford Viola...

VIOLA
(less than thrilled
to see this guy)
Glad you could make it, Guido.

GUIDO
You kiddin'?... I wouldn't miss
this party for the world.

VIOLA
When have you ever turned your
nose up at a free meal?
(and then)
Well, it's been nice
chatting... See you in another
ten years.

GUIDO
Hey, cousin... don't rush off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

98

VIOLA

Right now I'm kinda busy.

GUIDO

Yeah... I can see... everyone else whooping it up, and you behind the camera... hiding out... But I guess every family's got its wallflower.

VIOLA

Look, Guido... you've been taking potshots at me since we were in diapers... Why don't you lay off... just this once.

GUIDO

Cuz... I'm on your side... one of your biggest supporters. I'm the one who's always telling the family to relax... that Burt's gonna find himself... Someday.

VIOLA

Who thinks I haven't found myself?

GUIDO

Forget it... you know how the family is. You're pushing forty... not alot to show for it...

VIOLA

It was Aunt Lenora, wasn't it? And I'm pushing thirty-five.

GUIDO

No big deal.

VIOLA

She's never forgiven me for wearing love beads to that family picnic in 1970.

GUIDO

Look at it from their point of view...

ON THE ROOM

99

...full of Violas... laughing, fighting, crying, and eating...

GUIDO (O.C.)

They want to know the torch'll be passed... that the Viola name will be carried on. You and I have a big responsibility to these people.

RESUME VIOLA

100

VIOLA

And since you're the family brown-nose... I'm the family hockey puck.

(and then)

Well it so happens, I'm going to make an announcement tonight that should put everybody's mind at ease about the future of the Viola name.

GUIDO

Look, if you need me to play along with whatever you got cooked up...

VIOLA

Are you insinuating that Agnes doesn't exist?

GUIDO

Agnes?

VIOLA

Yes, Agnes Dipesto. My girlfriend and roommate for the last two years.

GUIDO

... and I'd like you to meet my friend, Harvey... He's a pookah, y'know.

...and Guido laughs, then HEADS OFF as...

MR. VIOLA

101

...Herbert's dad... approaches... a burly man... dark, curly hair like the rest... and half beard, much like Viola's... stern and a little full of himself...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

101

MR. VIOLA

Hey, Sparky. There's a
delivery guy looking for you.

VIOLA

Oh... That must be the ice
sculpture.

...and Viola HEADS OFF with his father...

VIOLA

(sotto)

...Dad... would you mind not
calling me Sparky?

MR. VIOLA

What's a matter with Sparky?
I've always called you Sparky.

VIOLA

Sparky's not my name... and
I've never particularly liked
being called Sparky.

MR. VIOLA

(not liking this)

Fine, I won't call you Sparky.

VIOLA

Thank you... Is Noni here yet?

MR. VIOLA

Got here a half an hour ago...
plane was held up in Milano...

VIOLA

(looking around)

Where is she?

MR. VIOLA

You know your grandmother...
likes to make an entrance.

(and then; bluntly
moving on to the
real agenda)

So... when are you planning
on coming home?

...he's heard this litany before...

VIOLA

Dad, I am home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

101

MR. VIOLA

Listen, when you moved out here
I didn't raise a fuss...

VIOLA

What are you talking about?
You reported me as a missing
person.

MR. VIOLA

I'm not going to live forever.
And somebody's got to take over
the company.

VIOLA

I'm just not cut out to run
the business...

(and then)

I don't even like garlic.

*

MR. VIOLA

(cut to the quick,
as he crosses
himself)

Thank God your mother isn't
alive to hear you say this
thing.

VIOLA

Dad... my life is here in
California. The woman I love
is here in California. My
career is here in California.

MR. VIOLA

And every fruitcake in the
world is here in California...
So, who's this girl? Why isn't
she here? Ashamed of your
family? Or maybe she doesn't
like garlic either. Is she
Italian... Catholic, at least?

...and Viola cracks under the paternal hectoring...

VIOLA

I have to go, Dad. The ice
sculpture is melting.

...VIOLA ESCAPES... and crosses to...

THE REFRESHMENT TABLE

102

...where a DELIVERY MAN is holding a large ICE SCULPTURE...
in the shape of ITALY...

DELIVERY MAN
Where do you want this?

VIOLA
In the punch bowl.

...Viola watches as the man MANEUVERS IT in the direction
of the punch bowl... but STOPS HIM before he puts it in... *

VIOLA
Wait a minute. What about
Sicily?

DELIVERY MAN
You asked for Italy.

VIOLA
Sicily is Italy.

DELIVERY MAN
We went by the picture in the
Atlas. They been drawing Italy
for a long time.

VIOLA
It's just below the toe of the
boot.

DELIVERY MAN
Look, you ask for Italy, you
get Italy. You want extra
countries, you pay extra.

VIOLA
Sicily is not an extra country.
It's an island off the coast.

DELIVERY MAN
So it ain't attached?

VIOLA
Not physically, no. But I
don't see what that has to do
with anything.

...the delivery man PICKS UP TWO KNIVES.. and using them
like a hammer and chisel, BREAKS OFF a small part of the
boot... handing it to Viola...

DELIVERY MAN
Continental drift.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

102

...the DELIVERY MAN EXITS... and a disgruntled Viola plops the extra piece of ice in the punch bowl... and TURNS and GASPS slightly as the ROOM FALLS SILENT around him...

VIOLA
(breathlessly)

Noni.

ANGLE - DOOR

103

...where NONI APPEARS... a TINY, FRAIL, LITTLE OLD LADY... dressed completely IN BLACK... and all the Viola clan STOP what they are doing and look in her direction... a SILENCE falls over the room...

ANGLE - VIOLA

104

...APPROACHING HER... respectfully... bowing...

VIOLA
Noni... We are honored to have
you here with us.

ON NONI

105

...who just stares at him... as if she has no idea who this creature is... and then...

MR. VIOLA

106

...STEPS FORWARD... glass raised...

MR. VIOLA
...a toast...

ON BURT VIOLA

107

...raising his glass proudly...

VIOLA
...a toast.

RESUME MR. VIOLA

108

MR. VIOLA

Many years ago, a man left his home in the hills of Toscana... He came to America to find his dream. That man was my father. Through hard work and diligence... he made that dream come true... and he passed that dream along to his children.

ON BURT VIOLA

109

...welling up with pride...

RESUME MR. VIOLA

110

MR. VIOLA

And I... I carried on the dream because was proud of what my father had done. Proud to be his son...

(and then, turning
to Viola)

...and my son...

(as his expression
sours)

...my son lives in
California... my son...
sneezes at garlic...

VIOLA

Dad...

MR. VIOLA

...My son is too ashamed of
his own flesh and blood...
to introduce us to his...

(searching)

his...

(and then, spitting
this out)

...mistress.

... and then, Mr. Viola THROWS HIS GLASS DOWN ANGRILY...
smashing it... and the OTHERS, thinking this is part of the
toast... THROW THEIR GLASSES DOWN as well... smashing
them... as Viola calls helplessly...

VIOLA

They're rented!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 110
 ...but it's too late...

ON VIOLA 111
 ...as he drains his glass, then SMASHES it down in frustration...

CUT TO:

INT. JURY ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ~~CEILING FAN~~ *Kut* 112
 ...WHIRRING AROUND... stirring up the stuffy air... and everything else is SILENCE... except for...

FINGERS 113
 ...DRUMMING on the table... and we see...

MORE FINGERS 114
 ...SKETCHING DOODLES on a pad... drawing a NOOSE...

MORE FINGERS 115
 ...playing origami with an empty styrofoam coffee cup...

PULL BACK 116
 ...to reveal a hung jury... TWELVE PEOPLE looking very bored...

ON AGNES 117
 ...who is very much on the spot... being the one opposing vote... looking around the table as if wondering how to make peace...

DIPESTO

Is it just me, or is it a
 little stuffy in here?

...ALL HEADS turn in the direction of...

AGNES 118
 ...who shrinks a little from their glares...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

118

DIPESTO
Not just me, huh?

MAN #1
We shoulda been out of here
hours ago.

WOMAN #2
(leans in; and
then, for the
thousandth time)
How could he not be guilty?

MAN #2
He couldn't not be guilty.

MAN #3
All the evidence is there...
What more do you need?

WOMAN #3
They caught him red-handed.

WOMAN #2
His eyes are too close
together. *

WOMAN #1
His clothes are too expensive.

MAN #3
And that chin...

DIPESTO
But...

...everyone looks at her...

DIPESTO
...I thought we were supposed
to vote our consciences.

MAN #1
Yeah? So?

DIPESTO
So what's that got to do with
his eyes... or his wardrobe...
or his chin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

118

...WHIP PAN...

WOMAN #2
(staccato)
They found his fingerprints...

...WHIP PAN...

WOMAN #3
They had a fight...

...WHIP PAN...

MAN #2
They hated each other...

...WHIP PAN...

DIPESTO
I know! I know!
(lowering her head
in her hands)
I don't know.
(and then; looking
up)
I'm just not sure.

...GROANS from the group... shuffling... getting
restless...

FOREMAN
Look, it's getting late. If
we don't reach a verdict soon,
we're gonna be sequestered.

DIPESTO
(lifting her head
from her hands)
Huh?

WOMAN #2
They'll lock us all up in a
hotel.

WOMAN #3
And it won't be the
Ritz-Carlton.

DIPESTO
All night? We can't go
anywhere?

MAN #1
That's right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

118

DIPESTO

Not even to the Viola family
reunion?

*

MAN #3

Look, lady... what do we have
to do to get you to reconsider?

...Dipesto hesitates... thinking about it... and then...

DIPESTO

Could we start from the
beginning?

CUT TO:

INT. RAMADA INN BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

119

...where the party is in full swing... everyone eating and
drinking and SINGING ITALIAN SONGS... and...

VIOLA

120

...looks around nervously... then GLANCES AT HIS WATCH...
then at Guido who sidles up to him unctuously...

GUIDO

121

...grinning...

GUIDO

So... I guess Agnes had another
date... maybe she met my friend
Harvey at a motel.

VIOLA

(stiffening)

She's running late. I was just
about to call her.

...and then...

AUNT LENORA

122

...arrives with COUSIN FRANCESCA in tow... a mountain of
a woman... an amplitude of amplitude... She is to Burt what
a catcher's mitt is to a softball...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

122

AUNT LENORA
Herbert... Dance with your
Cousin Francesca.

ON VIOLA

...looking for any way out of this ordea

VIOLA

Jeez, Aunt Lenora... I
two left feet.

GUIDO

(leans in)

Noni is very excited a
two. Francesca is a
cousin twice removed..
okay for you to...

...raising his eyebrows lecherously...

ON FRANCESCA

...batting her eyelashes at Burt...

ON VIOLA

...rolling his eyes...

ON GUIDO

...gesturing around the room...

GUIDO

...and we can all see
other again at your we

ON VIOLA

...trying not to heave the hors d'oeuvres
when suddenly the BAND STRIKES UP... and..

FRANCESCA

...YANKS Burt out onto the DANCE FLOOR..

ANGLE ON DANCE FLOOR

...as Francesca DANCES with Burt... and
OFF... leaving the floor to them...

ON FRANCESCA 130
...a great dancer in her own mind at least... taking the
lead and pulling...

BURT 131
...through the motions... TWIRLING HIM AROUND...

ANGLE ON OTHERS 132
...as they CLAP in time to the music... enjoying the
spectacle...

ON GUIDO 133
...smiling... CLAPPING...

ON NONI 134
...clapping...

ON BURT 135
...as Francesca gives him one last FRANTIC SPIN... and
their HANDS SLIP apart...

FOLLOW BURT 136
...as he GOES FLYING across the dance floor... across the
room and past... *

A WAITER 136A *
...carrying a TRAY of CHAMPAGNE GLASSES... VIOLA sends him
SPINNING... and...

VIOLA 136B *
...SMASHES INTO the BUFFET TABLE... food FLYING as...

THE ICE SCULPTURE 136C *
...is AIR BORN... and...

VIOLA

136D

...rises from the carnage... attempting to CATCH the sculpture... but, it SHATTERS to BITS... just out of his reach... and as he PICKS UP HANDFULS of Italy...

VIOLA
Arrivederci Roma.

...and we...

CUT TO:

OMIT 137

137

INT. RAMADA INN LOBBY - PHONE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

138

...Viola is on the phone... WIPING OFF HIS FACE with a handkerchief...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

138

VIOLA

What do you mean you can't tell me where she is? Do you have any idea who you're speaking to? Does the name Judge Wapner ring a bell?... Yes... and I've been asked to take over this case... But, obviously I can't if the Agnes Dipesto on the jury is the same Agnes Dipesto who sat next to me in second grade...

...Uncle Sal crosses in the background... then, seeing Viola...

UNCLE SAL

(calling out)

Hey Bertie!

(then; gesturing

back to the room)

Aunt Lenora wants a dance.

...Viola covers the mouthpiece and gestures "just a minute" to Uncle Sal... who walks back to the party...

VIOLA

(continuing: into phone)

I'm sure you can appreciate the conflict of interest that would represent.

(and then)

So, unless you want to be responsible for a mistrial... buster, put me through to her, pronto.

(and then)

Sequestered?...

(panicking)

Where? You're sure?...

...he HANGS UP... dejected... and then, he GOES TOWARD THE DOOR of the hotel... leaving the party behind...

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

139

...as the BAILIFF leads the group of JURORS down a hallway... showing them to their rooms... and he STOPS at a door...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

139

BAILIFF
Dipesto, in here.
(handing her a
package)
Toothbrush and soap.

DIPESTO
Listen... this is awfully nice
of you... but I really can't
stay here. I've got to be
somewhere.

BALIFF
Sorry. Nobody's going anywhere
tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

139

DIPESTO

Couldn't I just go out for a little while?... an hour, that's all. I promise not to talk to anybody. I'll be back by midnight.

...he OPENS THE DOOR... and NODS in that direction... Agnes stares at him sadly...

DIPESTO

Eleven thirty?

...but it's no use, as she ENTERS...

A HOTEL ROOM

140

...a very plain room... sparsely furnished... without a T.V. or a telephone... and she doesn't look at all pleased to be here... and WE HEAR the DOOR BEING LOCKED behind her... She SIGHS again... then PLOPS DOWN on the bed...

ON AGNES

141

...looking around at the spartan surroundings...

DIPESTO

I guess room service is out of the question.

...she sits there for a moment... opens her package and takes out the SOAP AND TOOTHBRUSH...stares at them... PUTS THEM ASIDE... she BOUNCES ON THE BED... testing the firmness of the mattress... sighs again... FLUFFS UP HER PILLOW... then holds it in her lap for a second... thinking... finally she LIES BACK on the bed... staring at the ceiling... and after a moment, her EYES FLUTTER CLOSED, and as "Beautiful Dreamer" comes up underneath, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BLUE MOON LOGO

142

...only now it reads "Gibson and O'Rourke Investments"... and as the CAMERA PUSHES in on the window, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

*

A PAIR OF BODIES

143

...entwined... on a couch... in what looks like MADDIE'S OFFICE... and as the CAMERA MOVES along the length of these writhing forms, we see that they look a great deal like...

MADDIE AND DAVID

144

...as torrid as we've ever seen them... kissing, licking, nuzzling... in a lather as they tug at each others' clothes... and then...

MADDIE

(breaking the kiss)

John...

...as he goes on kissing her... and then...

DAVID

You make me crazy, Kathleen...

MADDIE

John... you've got to go now.

DAVID

I'm busy.

...and she succumbs to him... but then, after a moment, she breaks the kiss again, and then...

MADDIE

You have to get ready for Mr. Honeywell's tax audit.

DAVID

Did you know that the last little hairs on the back of your neck stand up when I do this?

...and David runs his tongue along the nape of her neck and Maddie throws her head back in reckless sexual abandon... but finally she wriggles away from him... sits up...

MADDIE

We're going to lose the account if we don't stand audit.

...David sits up... sighing...

DAVID

1099 wasn't the number I had in mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

144

MADDIE

I'll be here when you get back.

DAVID

We can pick up where we left off?

MADDIE

Better yet, we can start at the beginning.

...David stands... smiles down at Maddie... who smiles at him... and she takes his hand and brushes it against her mouth seductively... and then...

DAVID

Keep the motor running.

...he tucks in his shirt... then GOES OUT... Maddie waits for a moment... then STANDS...

ANGLE - BATHROOM DOOR

145

...where BURT COMES OUT, wearing a smoking jacket, holding a pitcher of martinis, as he looks around...

VIOLA

Is he gone?

MADDIE

Yes.

...HE MOVES OVER TO HER, sets down the martinis, then takes her in his arms...

MADDIE

I thought he'd never leave.

VIOLA

I live for these moments of stolen passion... but the waiting... is torture.

*

MADDIE

You make me... hot.

VIOLA

I know.

...he takes her hand... brings it to his lips... blows on it sensuously...

*

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

145

MADDIE

I want to be your bad, bad
little girl...

...and he moves up her arm with his lips... blowing and
kissing softly... up to the crook of her arm...

*
*
*

MADDIE

Tell me what to do.

*

VIOLA

Remind me to fix the leak in
your faucet.

...then he licks the inside of her arm...

*

MADDIE

Ooo...

VIOLA

(moving up her arm)
No... I mean, there really is
a leak in the bathroom... I'll
bring my tools tomorrow.

*

...then he winds up nuzzling the base of her neck...

*

MADDIE

(and she just
shudders)

What a man.

...she THROWS BACK her head in pleasure... his face becomes
buried in blond hair...

*
*

ON DOOR

146

...as it SWINGS OPEN... and David APPEARS... catching them
in the act...

ON MADDIE AND VIOLA

147

...as they break apart... Viola pulling HAIRS from his
mouth...

*
*

MADDIE

John...

DAVID

I've been on to you two for
a long time. It was only a
matter of catching you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

147

...Burt STEPS FORWARD...

VIOLA

What do you expect? A
passionate woman like Kathleen
needs a man... not a bean
counter like you.

ON DAVID

148

...moving toward him as... Maddie MOVES between them,
restraining Burt...

MADDIE

Please... don't hurt him.

VIOLA

I wouldn't waste my time...

(and then; to

Maddie)

The front door'll be unlocked,
dreamboat... Let yourself in...
I'll be waiting.

...and we can see that Maddie would do anything for this
guy as he EXITS, making certain to CLIP David in the
shoulder as he PASSES him...

ON DAVID

149

...hurt... looking at Maddie...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GIBSON-O'ROURKE OUTER OFFICE - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

150

...as DIPESTO ENTERS for the day... She sets her things
down on the counter, picks up a WATERING CAN and begins
tending the plants... and then... she CROSSES TO Maddie's
door... opens it and... FREEZES IN HORROR at what she
sees...

HER P.O.V. - A PAIR OF LEGS

Hammers hang from

151

...the feet in HIGH TOP ORANGE REEBOKS... dangling in front
of her... Maddie... or Kathleen... is obviously hanging
from the ceiling...

Right side up

ON AGNES

152

...trying to SCREAM... it's a dream, and she's unable to...
she just opens her mouth and nothing comes out...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 153

...as Agnes JUMPS AWAKE... SITTING UP IN BED... horrified by her dream... and suddenly she HEARS A TAPPING SOUND... looks over to...

THE WINDOW 154

...where VIOLA'S FACE is pressed against the glass... looking in...

ON AGNES 155

...SCREAMING...

ON VIOLA 156

...continuing to tap...

VIOLA

Agnes, it's only me... let me in.

ON DIPESTO 157

...going to the window...

DIPESTO

(angrily)

You! If it weren't for you, she'd still be alive!

VIOLA

Huh... what? Who?

DIPESTO

Your bad, bad, little girl... Go away!

VIOLA

Agnes, I'm three stories high. Stop kidding around.

...and Agnes looks down at the street... then getting her bearings... realizes where she is and... OPENS the window...

DIPESTO

Oh, Burt! I had the most terrible dream...

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

157

DIPESTO (cont'd)

You and Miss Hayes were chewing
on each other... and then she
was dead... and...

...she suddenly PULLS BACK... realizing what's going on...

DIPESTO

What are you doing here?

VIOLA

I have to see you.

DIPESTO

I'm not supposed to see
anybody! I'm sequestered. I
could get fired for this.

VIOLA

They can't fire you from a
jury.

DIPESTO

Well, it could go on my
permanent record.

VIOLA

Agnes... this is an emergency.

DIPESTO

(alarmed)

You forgot to water the plants
in the office?

VIOLA

No, the pothos is fine... It's
my family... Cousin Guido's
slithering around telling
everyone I'm light in my
loafers. Dad thinks I live
in California to be near
Charles Manson... and Noni...
my own grandmother... is
trying to marry me off to a
woman who eats canoli for a
living.

DIPESTO

That's an emergency?

VIOLA

It's a pretty dire state of
affairs...

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

157

VIOLA (cont'd)

Agnes, if you don't come with me right now... My family may leave me no choice but to join the priesthood.

DIPESTO

I'm sorry, Burt... I'd like to help... but, I can't. I'm an instrument of justice... The judge said so himself.

VIOLA

I'm sure you're an excellent juror, but... none of this matters anyway... I found out that they're probably going to declare a mistrial because some nit-wit's hung the jury.

DIPESTO

(her back up)

I am not a nit-wit... I'm just not sure he killed her.

VIOLA

You're the one?

DIPESTO

I'm the one.

VIOLA

Agnes... if everyone else thinks he did it, he probably did it.

DIPESTO

I am not everyone else... and probably's not good enough.

VIOLA

(trying another tack in desperation)

You're a good, decent, honest woman... and if an innocent man goes to the gallows for a greater good... I'm sure the Lord, in His infinite wisdom... will understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

157

DIPESTO

I'm the only one here who understands that two people can love each other and hate each other at the same time... They tried to pretend they didn't care, but they did. Just like Miss Hayes and Mr. Addison.

VIOLA

Mr. Addison wouldn't kill Miss Hayes.

DIPESTO

That's my point! He'd never show her that he cared that much... I mean, enough to kill her. That would be like her getting the best of him and he'd never let that happen.

VIOLA

Agnes, these are different people.

DIPESTO

I know, but it's the same thing. Mr. Gibson couldn't kill Miss O'Rourke... even if he caught you making out with Miss Hayes.

VIOLA

Gibson and O'Rourke?

...Agnes realizes she has made a mistake...

DIPESTO

Oops.

VIOLA

The trial that's splashed all over the papers?...

(snorts)

...an open and shut case.

DIPESTO

I'm not saying another word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

157

VIOLA
 Agnes... what would it take
 to convince you to go along
 with the crowd and fry the bum
 so we can get out of here?

ON DIPESTO

158

... steaming at his insensitivity...

DIPESTO

Out...

...pushing him back out the window...

VIOLA

Agnes... careful... It's a long
 way...

...as she slams the window shut...

ON VIOLA

159

...arms flailing... FALLING BACKWARDS... OUT OF FRAME...

VIOLA

Dooowwnn...

OMIT 159A

OMIT 159A *

ON DIPESTO

159B *

...reaching out for him...

DIPESTO

Burt!

...but it's too late, as we...

CUT TO:

A CONVERTIBLE

160

...stopped at a light... a DARK FEATURED MAN at the wheel
 as suddenly...

*

HERBERT

161

...THUDS into his backseat... then recovers, and looks up
at the man...

VIOLA

(desperate)

~~Excuse me... are you by any~~
chance Italian?

MAN

Yeah...

VIOLA

You wouldn't have a sister I
could borrow for a couple of
hours?

ON THE MAN

162

...growling at this assault on his family honor... as he
starts for Viola...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN ON:

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM

163

...SWEEPING a hallway... landing on a DOOR office... and we see a BRASS PLAQUE that reads: GIBSON-O'ROURKE INVESTMENTS...

ON VIOLA

164

...MOVING surreptitiously down the hallway... disheveled, maybe even working on a shiner after his run-in... as he looks around and approaches the door... a POLICE BARRIER across it... He tries the door, but it's locked, so he pulls out a CREDIT CARD... and tries to JIMMY IT OPEN... but the CREDIT CARD BREAKS OFF in the door... and then, Viola takes out his wallet and pulls out another CREDIT CARD and sets to work once again, but it too BREAKS off...

*
*

VIOLA

How come this always works for Mr. Addison?...

...then, in frustration, Viola regards the door a moment, then KICK BOXES it open and ENTERS an...

OFFICE

165

...now abandoned... shriveled plants here and there... but even in the darkness, we can make out that this was an upscale... contemporary... obviously successful business...

*
*
*

ON VIOLA

166

...playing the FLASHLIGHT BEAM around the room... on one door, we see...

A PLAQUE

167

...which reads "Kathleen O'Rourke"... and then the beam catches...

ANOTHER PLAQUE

168

...on a door opposite which reads "John Gibson"... and then...

VIOLA 169

...CROSSES to this door and ENTERS...

GIBSON'S OFFICE 170

...and this is clearly a MAN'S OFFICE... sparsely furnished... though neatly kept...

ON VIOLA 171

...looking around, then CROSSING to a...

DESK 172

...he OPENS A DRAWER... and starts rifling through the belongings... he pulls out PIECES OF A PHOTOGRAPH... and starts PUTTING THEM TOGETHER like a puzzle...

ON THE PHOTOGRAPH 173

...the mangled pieces come together to make a picture of KATHLEEN O'ROURKE... a looker... and we can see some WRITING across the photo which Viola READS aloud...

VIOLA (O.C.)
All my love, Kathleen.

ON VIOLA 174

...scooping the scraps back into the drawer as the image collapses...

VIOLA
Not guilty, eh?

...and then he looks out the window and sees that it is starting to get light... he starts to hurry... going through more of Gibson's papers... and finally finds something which interests him...

CLOSE - ON A DOCUMENT 175

...an invoice from A TEMP FOR ALL SEASONS... and this name strikes a chord with Burt... it is his old temp agency...

VIOLA
(looking at it)
It's a small world after all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

175

...he TUCKS THE PAPER inside his jacket and straightens up... then EXITS...

CUT TO:

INT. TEMP FOR ALL SEASONS AGENCY - DAY

176

...a typical temporary agency... full of desks... PEOPLE TYPING and FILING... and a lot of people just sitting around waiting... a few playing checkers and cards... A BELL TINKLES AS...

VIOLA

177

...COMES IN...looking pretty terrible after his evening's misadventures... hair out of place... scraggly beard... yet he seems completely unaware of his appearance...

ON WORKERS

178

...all stopping what they're doing... looking at him with hopeful faces... then, seeing Viola, their faces fall with disappointment and they go back to whatever they were doing...

ON VIOLA

179

VIOLA

Nice to see you, too.

...and then he CROSSES to a counter behind which stands RITA, the dispatcher, who doesn't even look up as she shoves a file at him...

RITA

Knew you'd be back.

(looking at some papers)

There's a job at a meat packing plant. Entrails. Right up your alley.

VIOLA

Thanks, Rita, but my temping days are behind me. As a matter of fact, I'm doing very well for myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

179

RITA
(eyeing him)
So I see. Say hi to Donald
Trump for me.

...THE PHONE RINGS... and again all ACTIVITY STOPS... Rita
HURRIES TO THE PHONE AND ANSWERS IT...

RITA
A Temp For All Seasons... how
may we help you?

...EVERYONE STANDS UP... picking up their belongings...
ready to work... but Rita puts the phone down...

RITA
Wrong number.

...A COLLECTIVE GROAN as they sit down again... she turns
to Burt...

RITA
So, Mr. Fast Track. What do
you want?

VIOLA
I'd like to take a look at some
files.

RITA
Files are private.

ON VIOLA

180

...smugly reaching into his pocket for his wallet...

VIOLA
Maybe this'll help convince
you.

...and he looks down and sees that his wallet is empty...

VIOLA
Okay, forget the files. Just
tell me this. Who did you send
over to Gibson-O'Rourke last
September?

RITA
Who said I sent anybody?

...and Viola scrambles, realizing he has to close this
deal...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

180

VIOLA
How about a check?... Will you
take a check?... I can cover
it in a day or two.

ON RITA

181

...looking at him impassively... not budging.

ON VIOLA

182

...desperate now...

VIOLA
Okay... you can have my lotto
tickets.

...and he fishes out a PAIR OF TICKETS and slides them
across the counter to her... but Rita regards them
disdainfully...

VIOLA
These could be worth 38 million
dollars.

RITA
With your luck?

VIOLA
(imploring)
Come on, Rita, gimme a break.

...and without looking at him, Rita pockets the tickets and
calls out...

RITA
Chip.

ON CHIP

183

...who is about seventy years old... involved in a game of
checkers... he SLOWLY MAKES HIS WAY to...

BURT

184

...who stands there watching him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

184

VIOLA
 You're Chip?
 (off his nod)
 I don't remember you.

CHIP
 I'm the new guy.

VIOLA
 You worked at Gibson-O'Rourke?

CHIP
 (proudly)
 Four days... Brought me in to
 straighten out the company.

*

*

*

ON VIOLA

185

...regarding this wreck of a human being as he shakily
 tries to light a cigarette...

*

CHIP
 Eyesight's not what it used
 to be... handwriting's a little
 hard to read...
 (as Viola
 intervenes to help
 him)
 Thanks... but, up here...
 (tapping his
 temple)
 ...a steel trap.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

VIOLA
 President had a guy like you,
 there wouldn't be a deficit.

*

CHIP
 You betcha.

*

...and then Viola puts a friendly arm around Chip and leads
 him off to a more private spot...

VIOLA
 Listen... Chip... may I call
 you Chip?... I'm a detective.

CHIP
 (lighting up)
 I used to be a detective!

...and Viola just nods...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

185

VIOLA

Was there anything unusual
about Gibson-O'Rourke...
anything you can remember?

CHIP

Of course I can remember...
I'm not senile...
(and then)
Had good coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

185

VIOLA

What about the business?

CHIP

...They were cooking the books.

VIOLA

Cooking the books...

CHIP

It's an expression...

(and then)

You're not much of a detective,
are you?

VIOLA

(exasperated)

About the books? *

CHIP

(re: the books)

...always a couple beads short
on my abacus... way I figure...
it was the guy... What's his
name? *

VIOLA

Gibson.

CHIP

That's it... Real snappy
dresser... he was the chef.

VIOLA

...the one who was cooking the
books.

CHIP

Tried to slip in a debit
here... credit there... mostly
debits.(tapping his
forehead)

But...

VIOLA

...mind's a steel trap.

CHIP

You betcha.

VIOLA

Thanks Chip... you've been very
helpful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

185

CHIP
Fought two wars for you,
buster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

185

.. and then the PHONE RINGS again... and looks up to see
RITA ANSWERING IT ...everyone STANDING AGAIN...

RITA

Yes... yes... I can have an
accountant there right away...

...suddenly there is a STAMPEDE toward the counter... and
Viola gets CAUGHT UP IN IT...

ON VIOLA

186

...CRAWLING out of the mass of LEGS... desperately trying
to escape the chaos...

CUT TO:

INT. JURY ROOM - DAY

187

...the jury has resumed deliberations... and THE FOREMAN is
counting out the votes again... unfolding little pieces of
paper as everyone looks on anxiously... and Agnes sits at
the table... two EMPTY CHAIRS on either side of her... *

FOREMAN

Guilty... guilty... guilty...
(and then)
Not guilty. *

...the JURORS GROAN... Agnes keeps a stiff upper lip...
and after a moment, she GETS UP and GOES TO the COFFEE
MACHINE...

DIPESTO

Coffee, anyone?

...MAN #2 GLARES AT HER... and suddenly JUMPS UP and RUSHES
TOWARD HER... Dipesto SCREAMS and DROPS THE COFFEE POT...
as MAN #4 JUMPS UP and RESTRAINS MAN #2...

MAN #2

Let me at her...

FOREMAN

Now, calm down. *

MAN #2

I can't take it anymore...
being held hostage by this...
lint head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

187

DIPESTO
(with courage)
Sticks and stones may break
my bones...

...MAN #2 GROWLS and starts at her again... but THE FOREMAN
continues to restrain him... *

FOREMAN
Let's all sit down and discuss
this rationally...
(and then)
Agnes. *

WOMAN #1
Let's tie her up and gag her.

WOMAN #2
All in favor?

...everyone RAISES THEIR HANDS...

FOREMAN
Hold on, just let me talk to
her. *

...the foreman drags Agnes aside... and then quietly... *

FOREMAN
Agnes, you're standing up for
what you believe in and that's
good. Don't let them bully
you around. *

DIPESTO
Thank you.

FOREMAN
But you can't just let someone
get away with murder. *

...and Dipesto starts to object, but the foreman cuts her
off... *

FOREMAN
I know you don't think he did
it... but what if you're wrong? *

DIPESTO
You'd ruin someone's life on
a "what if"...
(crossing back to
the table)
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

187

DIPESTO (cont'd)

...What is it with you people... You just want to get this over with, don't you?... So you can get on with your lives... but this... what we're doing here is maybe the most important thing we'll ever be asked to do in our lives.

*

WOMAN #3

...Oh be quiet.

DIPESTO

(her back up)

No... you be quiet.

...and the room falls silent...

DIPESTO

We're no different than that man. He's got friends... family... pets... just like we do. Okay... maybe he did kill someone... but, there's the teeniest weeniest maybe he didn't.

...and then, as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" comes up underneath...

DIPESTO

We live in the only country in the world where a person is innocent until proven guilty... except in Canada and most of Europe... and Samoa... maybe Australia, I'm not sure... But the thing is, we can make a difference. We are the people. And I for one am going to live up to that responsibility.

(and then)

I have to go to the bathroom.

...MUSIC SWELLS... as Dipesto STORMS DRAMATICALLY OUT THE DOOR...

CUT TO:

OMIT 188

OMIT 188 *

INT. BATHROOM - ON THE DOOR

188 A*

...as it OPENS and DIPESTO appears... closing the door behind her... leaning against it A MOMENT to collect herself... then, she GOES TO THE STALL... and OPENS THE DOOR...

HER P.O.V.

189

...of Burt... STANDING IN THE STALL... still in his disheveled state...

ON AGNES

190

...JUMPING BACK...startled...

VIOLA

Don't scream.

DIPESTO

How did you get in here?

VIOLA

Never mind about that.

DIPESTO

...But this is the ladies' room.

VIOLA

Desperate times call for desperate measures.

...he COMES OUT OF THE STALL.. moves over to Agnes...

VIOLA

We have to talk.

DIPESTO

We talked last night and we weren't supposed to then.

VIOLA

Look, Agnes, I've done some investigating. I went to Gibson's office and uncovered something that I think will interest you.

DIPESTO

(covering her ears)
I'm not hearing this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

190

VIOLA

(shouting)

A Temp For All Seasons.

...Dipesto looks at him... uncovering her ears...

DIPESTO

Where you used to work?

...he nods...

VIOLA

Gibson hired one of their
accountants to cook the books.(off Dipesto's
confused look)He fixed them... turned red
ink into black.

*

DIPESTO

But why?

VIOLA

Because someone was embezzling
money from the agency.

(and then)

That someone was Mr. Gibson.

...Agnes stares at him for a long beat... then turns
away... Burt follows her...

VIOLA

He's a crook. He was stealing
money from the company...
little lady found out... he
iced her.

(and then)

It wasn't about love, Agnes.
It was about greed.

DIPESTO

(not wanting to
believe this)

No.

VIOLA

...on my honor as a Viola.

ON DIPESTO

191

...as the truth sinks in... and then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

191

VIOLA
I thought you should know.

DIPESTO
Thanks.

...dejectedly as she turns and heads for the door...

VIOLA
I wish it wasn't this way but
it is. I'm sorry... I really
am.

DIPESTO
That's okay. You did the right
thing.

...Agnes nods...GOES OUT THE DOOR...

ON BURT

192

...watching her... not at all sure he's done a good
thing...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

ON MR. VIOLA 193

...CROSSING the MOTEL LOBBY, carrying TWO more SUITCASES over to the mountain of VIOLA LUGGAGE... and then...

VIOLA 194

...ENTERS from outside and RACES over to give his father a hand...

VIOLA

Here, Dad... lemme help you with that.

MR. VIOLA

Oh... well, look who decided to put in an appearance...

(re: Viola's disrepair)

...Fresh from his walk on the wild side. How very nice of you to grace the family with your presence.

*
*
*
*

VIOLA

Dad... I'm sorry I had to leave the party a little early last night, but...

MR. VIOLA

(waving him off)

Obviously, this mistress of yours is more important than your flesh and blood.

VIOLA

Listen... can you stick around for an extra day or two?... you'll meet her...

...and then, Mr. Viola calls to a CLERK behind the counter...

MR. VIOLA

Check, please.

VIOLA

...Then you'll see...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

194

MR. VIOLA
Some of us have jobs we have
to get back to... Some of us
work for a living.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

194

...and Viola heaves a frustrated sigh, seeing it's no use... and then...

VIOLA

Noni doesn't have to leave right away... Maybe she'd like to stay... Where is she?

MR. VIOLA

Your grandmother is in church... praying for the future of this family... such as it is... Then, she's coming with us to the airport.

...and then, the clerk hands Mr. Viola the BILL as Viola intercedes...

VIOLA

Dad... let me get this.

MR. VIOLA

I got it.

VIOLA

This is my hometown... you're on my turf... this is my tab...
(and then)
The least I can do.

...and Viola prevails, takes the bill and slides it back across the counter with a CREDIT CARD...

MR. VIOLA

No... the least you could do is shave... the least you could do is get a haircut... the least you could do is settle down with a decent woman and start a family.

VIOLA

Agnes is a decent woman.

MR. VIOLA

The mistress... Where did I go wrong, Sparky?... Guido tells me you pay this woman to hang around... so people won't think you don't like girls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

194

VIOLA

(burning)

I'm going to kill him... I should've pushed him out of that treehouse back in Bayonne when I had the chance. Dad... why do you gobble the swill that rodent dishes out, but you won't believe your own son?

MR. VIOLA

Look... Sparky, I don't want to argue...

(and then)

Last night... after you left... the family had a meeting ... and we all decided... it would be better for everyone... if you joined the priesthood.

VIOLA

Are you out of your mind? I am a detective.

...and the clerk slides the card back to him...

CLERK

I'm sorry... your credit card's over it's limit.

MR. VIOLA

(taking the bill)

Son... it's time you put away childish things... and get a real job.

...and Viola YANKS the bill out of his father's hand, then fumbles through his pockets looking for something...

VIOLA

I have a real job... and I'm on my way to a brilliant career in an honorable, noble profession.

...and then, he pulls a CHECK out of his breast pocket and slides it back to the clerk with the bill...

VIOLA

Can you cash a third party check?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

194

CLERK

Well... I guess we don't have
much choice, do we?

VIOLA

Look, Dad... I know you had
my life mapped out for me...
and I guess I screwed
everything up by wanting
something different for
myself... I'm sorry...

CLERK

(re: the check)

Can't read this signature.
Is that Dippytoes...
Dipsetto?...

VIOLA

Dipesto...
(and then; to his
father)
You don't agree with the
choices I've made... I
understand... but, I hope
someday you can be proud of
me for making them...
(and then)
If it's any consolation to you
at all... just know that I'm
doing something that makes me
terribly happy.

...and then...

MR. VIOLA

Why shouldn't you be happy...
no responsibility ... a phony
baloney job... shilly
shallying around with a
mistress...

VIOLA

(losing it)

Dad... for the last time...
She is not my mistress... She
is my girlfriend... She has
a job... She runs our office...
(grabbing the check
off the counter)
There... see... she signs the
checks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

194

MR. VIOLA

She gives you money?

VIOLA

This is my paycheck.

MR. VIOLA

The Hollywood bachelor pad...
the fancy clothes... all makes
sense now... my son the gigolo.

...and Viola is too frustrated to meet this latest assault
with anything more than fatigue...

VIOLA

Dad... she signs the checks
for the whole office... That's
what office managers do...
They have power of attorney...

(and we see a
lightbulb going
off in his head)

They can write checks for...
anything they want.

...and Viola, TURNS and BLASTS out the door... a man on a
mission... and then...

MR. VIOLA

(calling after him)

Son... you'll never solve your
problems by running away from
them.

...but Viola is long gone and we...

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

195 *

...as Gibson is escorted to the DEFENSE TABLE... flanked by
two BAILIFFS... and he looks up nervously as...

THE JURY

196 *

...ENTERS the courtroom... single file... and...

DIPESTO 197

...is the last to take her seat... she looks like a kid who just found out there's some short guy in the Mickey Mouse costume... and then...

JUDGE STALLARD 198

...ENTERS the room... adjusting his robes...

BAILIFF

All rise...

...and EVERYONE DOES as the Judge takes his seat... and then...

JUDGE STALLARD

Mr. Foreman... have you reached a verdict?

ON THE FOREMAN 199

...impassive...

FOREMAN

We have, your honor.

ON JUDGE STALLARD 199A *

JUDGE STALLARD

Will the defendant please rise.

ON JOHN GIBSON 199B *

...slowly rising... holding on to his last, slim hope...

ON DIPESTO 200

...contemplating the void... and then...

FOREMAN (O.C.)

We, the jury, find the defendant, Phillip Gibson...

...but, before he can get the words out...

VIOLA 201

...BURSTS THROUGH the DOORS... carrying a briefcase...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

201

VIOLA
(yelling)
Not guilty!

...and he STRIDES THROUGH the GALLERY...

ON DIPESTO

202

...in a moment of surreal shock...

ON VIOLA

203

...WALKING STRIDENTLY through the HUB-BUBBING CROWD... as
he SWEEPS PAST GIBSON...

VIOLA

(to Gibson)

You, sir... are about to be
a free man.

ON JUDGE STALLARD

204

...indignant... he bangs his GAVEL

JUDGE STALLARD

(to room)

Order. Order.

(then; to Viola)

Who the hell are you?

RESUME VIOLA

205

VIOLA

Your honor, it doesn't matter
who I am. Suffice it to say
that I am a friend of the
court.

JUDGE STALLARD

Get this man out of my
courtroom.

ON VIOLA AND BAILIFF

206

...as Viola DANCES AWAY from him... playing RING AROUND THE
DEFENSE TABLE as he continues to plead his case...

VIOLA

Disraeli said that justice is
truth in action.

...as he SCRAMBLES under the TABLE and then BETWEEN THE
LEGS of the bailiff, then races up to the bench...
imploring the judge who BANGS away with his GAVEL... and
then, the bailiff SETS ON Viola from behind and tries to
DRAG him off... and Viola's BRIEFCASE EXPLODES OPEN,
spraying PAPERS and BRIEFS all over the courtroom...

VIOLA

But, the truth is what's
missing here... However... I
have found the truth...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

206

...and then, Viola wriggles out of his sport coat and escapes the bailiff's grasp...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

206

VIOLA

Phillip Gibson is an innocent man... framed by the real murderer.

...as a BUZZ breaks out through the crowd... and now, Viola LEAPS over the railing and SLIDES through the gallery to avoid capture by the other bailiff...

VIOLA

Your honor... take a look at those papers on the floor before you...

(and then)

...accounting ledgers...

...and now Viola BOUNDS back over the railing...

VIOLA

Between those columns of numbers lies the real story.

ON DIPESTO

207

...on the edge of her seat... biting her fingernails as...

VIOLA

208

...who now holds the bailiff at bay with a chair...

VIOLA

...A sordid tale of deception and murder... No... your honor... it was not this man...

...as Viola slaps Gibson on the back, then CLIMBS up onto the defense table... and PACES back and forth...

VIOLA

...who stole the money... but, someone else... someone who had power of attorney... someone who set up a phony consulting firm... someone who wrote company checks for services never rendered.

...and now, one of the bailiffs DIVES at Viola's feet, trying to catch him in a shoestring tackle... but, Viola PIROUETTES off his shoulders and LEAPS into the air and catches hold of a CHANDELIER and SWINGS...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

208

VIOLA

When Margaret O'Rourke
discovered losses totalling
over one million dollars...
and confronted that someone...

...and then, Viola LETS GO of one of the chandeliers...
FLIES through the air, and CATCHES HOLD of ANOTHER LIGHT...
and the crowd GASPS... OOING AND AAHING, as if watching the
greatest show on earth...

VIOLA

...She was murdered for her
trouble...

(and then)

I know who that someone is.

...and then, Viola DROPS to the floor in front of...

THE SECRETARY

209

...seated in the gallery....

VIOLA

Does the name Rainer
Inter-Marketing ring a bell?

...and the secretary shakes her head in terror...

SECRETARY

No.

VIOLA

No?

(scooping some
checks off the
floor)

Isn't this your signature on
these checks?

SECRETARY

Yes... but... I didn't know
what they were for.

VIOLA

Nor did anyone else... because
this company doesn't exist...
does it?

...and the Secretary just squirms... as the bailiffs
finally LAY HOLD of Viola and WRESTLE him to the ground
and THROW ON THE CUFFS... and then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

209

GIBSON

(rising)

You?... You were the one?...
I was sure Margaret was taking
the money.

VIOLA

(on the ground)

A rather ham fisted job of
misappropriation, Mr. Gibson...
that surely would have been
discovered sooner... had you
not covered the debits with
phony credits...

...as Viola is hauled to his feet...

VIOLA

...in the mistaken belief you
were protecting Margaret
O'Rourke... the woman you
loved.

...and then, wheeling on the secretary... as fierce as
we've ever seen him...

VIOLA

The woman you killed.

...and after A MOMENT, the Secretary finally cracking...

SECRETARY

That wasn't love... that was
sickness. Fifteen years of
arguing... back and forth...
every day... bicker, banter,
poking, picking... driving each
other crazy... driving me
crazy... I deserved every penny
I took... Do you know how much
a Beverly Hills psychiatrist
charges?...

(and then)

Yes... I killed her... shoulda
killed him, too... put them
both out of their misery.

...and Viola shakes off the bailiffs and WALKS before the
judge, HANDS CUFFED behind his back...

VIOLA

I rest my case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

209

JUDGE
 Bailiff... take this woman into
 custody... Mr. Foreman... in
 light of what we've just
 heard... I see no
 alternative...

FOREMAN
 (pleading
 desperately)
 Don't say mistrial... please...
 you can't.

JUDGE
 ...but to declare a mistrial.
 The defendant is released on
 his own recognizance.

*
*

ON THE FOREMAN

210

...the long days of fatigue getting to him... he takes one
 look at Dipesto and crumbles...

ON VIOLA

211

...proudly wrapping himself in the mantle of Perry Mason...

VIOLA
 Your honor... in closing...
 I would like to share with the
 court one of Pliny the Elder's
 more eloquent musings on the
 rule of law...
 (and then)
 ...illegitimum non
 carborundum... lux et...

JUDGE
 Get him out of my courtroom...

VIOLA
 ...veritas...

...and as the bailiffs drag Viola from the room... he
 continues...

VIOLA
 ...semper ubi sub ubi...

...and then... mumbling to the courtroom...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

211

JUDGE
Who is that nit-wit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

211

...and then...

ON DIPESTO

212

...rising to her feet... dreamy-eyed...

DIPESTO

That nit-wit is my guy.

...and as the MUSIC SWELLS and Dipesto HEADS OFF after
Viola... we...

CUT TO:

EXT. VIOLA'S CAR - DAY

213

...as it WEAVES IN AND OUT of traffic... struggling to get
to the airport before his family leaves...

INT. VIOLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

214

...Viola drives with fury... Agnes is holding onto the
upholstery...

DIPESTO

Herbert, slow down.

VIOLA

I can't. We have to catch
them...(glancing at his
watch)It's going to be very tight,
but there may still be a chance
for me to salvage my reputation
with the family.

...Agnes looks at him... with an admiring smile...

DIPESTO

You should be really proud of
what you did back there, and
if you're family doesn't
appreciate you... that's their
problem.

VIOLA

Easy for you to say... it's
not your family....she smiles... leans over to kiss him... and as she looks
over at the car next to them, she sees...

HER P.O.V. 215

...of UNCLE SAL and AUNT LENORA in a CAB... waving frantically...

DIPESTO

Herbert... do we know those people?

ON BURT 216

...looking over...

VIOLA

Holy smokes! It's them!

...he ROLLS DOWN HIS WINDOW... and they do the same...

VIOLA

(sticking his head out)

Here she is! This is Agnes!
That's Aunt Lenora, Uncle Sal.

ON CAB 217

...as they LEAN OUT THE WINDOWS to say hello... offering their hands...

ON AGNES 218

...leaning over Burt... putting her hand out the window to shake with them...

DIPESTO

How do you do? I've heard so much about you.

AUNT LENORA

Heard alot about you, too.

UNCLE SAL

You missed one helluva party.

AUNT LENORA

You get Herbie to bring you to New York real soon, so Lenora can put some meat on your bones, poor thing.

DIPESTO

Thank you... I think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

218

VIOLA
Where's Dad and Noni?

UNCLE SAL
Already at the airport... you
better step on it.

...and then, Viola puts the pedal to the metal, and then,
Dipesto waves to them as they go past...

DIPESTO
Bye!

ON AGNES

219

...turning to Burt with a sigh...

DIPESTO
They seem very nice.

VIOLA
They're okay, I guess...

...and as Viola's car slides up next to a LARGE CADILLAC,
Viola looks over and sees...

GUIDO

220

...at the wheel... who looks over, sees them and smiles,
and then, Viola returns the smile...

VIOLA
...but this man is a viper.

...and with that... Viola THROWS THE WHEEL OVER and runs
Guido off the road and into a FIRE HYDRANT, and the car
sheers off the hydrant and sends A COLUMN OF WATER shooting
into the air... and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

221

...as Viola and Dipesto DASH down a corridor... toward a
line of people who are beginning to BOARD a plane...

VIOLA
There she is...
(calling out)
Noni! Wait!

VIOLA AND DIPESTO

222

...running toward her... they STOP as they reach Noni...
and Viola DROPS to one knee...

VIOLA

Noni... allow me to introduce
Agnes Dipesto... my beloved...
my raison d'etre.

DIPESTO

It's a pleasure to meet you.

...but, Noni just looks down at Burt, and then...

NONI

Perché fai sempre così...
Alzati... La gente ci guarda.

DIPESTO

Burt... she says to get up...
you're embarrassing her.

...and Noni lights up...

NONI

Parla italiano?

DIPESTO

un po'...

...and Viola scrambles to his feet, as Noni folds Agnes
into a warm embrace...

VIOLA

I didn't know you spoke
Italian.

DIPESTO

You never asked.

VIOLA

Tell her, I'm terribly sorry...
I had absolutely no intention
of embarrassing her.

DIPESTO

Non voleva imbarazzarla.

NONI

E gli dica di non star sempre
a scusarsi di tutto.

DIPESTO

She says to quit apologizing
for everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

222

VIOLA
I wish she could stay
longer.

NONI
Ma cosa se ne fa di
una vecchia attorno?

VIOLA
I'd like her to spend
some time with you.
I know she will like
you. And she isn't old.

NONI
Oh, si che lo sono...
Ma lui le vuol bene?

...and then to Noni directly...

VIOLA
I love her... mi amore.

NONI
Bene... che importa
quello che dicono gli
altrui.

DIPESTO
Vorrebbe che lei stesse
piu a lungo.

DIPESTO
She doesn't think you
need an old lady
around.

DIPESTO
Vorrebbe che lei restasse
un po' con me...
Pensa che noi due andremo
d'accordo. 'Poi lei non
é vecchia

DIPESTO
Yes, she is... But, do
you like me?

DIPESTO
Who cares what anyone
else thinks?

VIOLA
I'm not sure Dad would agree.

DIPESTO
Non crede che suo padre sarebbe
d'accordo.

NONI
Senti, conosco tuo padre...
lui si preoccupa sempre di non
fare abbastanza per te - come
tu ti preoccupi di non
accontentarlo.

MR. VIOLA (O.C.)
She says your ole man's just
as afraid of letting you down
as you are of disappointing
him.

...and Viola turns and sees his father who's returned with
the BOARDING PASSES...and then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

222

MR. VIOLA

Maybe she's right... not easy
being the son of a Viola...
I was one too, once upon a
time.

...a long moment, and then...

VIOLA

Dad... this is Agnes Dipesto.

MR. VIOLA

Well, I see you inherited your
ole man's excellent taste in
woman.

ON DIPESTO

223

...blushing... and then, simply...

DIPESTO

Gosh.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Last call for flight 8711
nonstop to New York.

...and Viola looks over and sees that everyone has
boarded...

VIOLA

...They're closing the doors.

DIPESTO

Look... Mr. Viola... even
though I only met you for one
minute, I want you to know what
an honor it is to meet the man
responsible for such a terrific
guy.

MR. VIOLA

(to Viola)

Sure got her fooled...

(and then, to

Dipesto)

You take care of him for me.

DIPESTO

Done.

...and Dipesto just nods and hugs Mr. Viola and Viola hugs
Noni... and then...

ON VIOLA AND HIS DAD 224

...looking at each other, a little awkward...

MR. VIOLA

So... big time... how about
a hug for the old man?

...and then, not quite knowing how to do this, the two men
hug...

ON NONI 225

...winking at Dipesto... and she TURNS and WALKS onto the
boarding ramp...

ON MR. VIOLA 226

...turning and following her...

ON VIOLA 227

...watching him go... and then...

MR. VIOLA 228

...turns and calls back to them...

MR. VIOLA

Ciao...

ON DIPESTO AND VIOLA 229

...waving... and then, they turn and walk back up the
concourse...

DIPESTO

Do you think they like me?

VIOLA

Are you kidding?... You got
through this part of the test
with flying colors.

DIPESTO

You mean there's more?

VIOLA

Well, there's my mother's side
of the family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

229

...Dipesto gives him a worried look... he smiles and puts his arm around her... as they head off... swallowed up in the airport crowd as we...

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

151 hang girl

206 Briefcase
208 Lamp

66 thru 69