

THE JURY

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

VICTORIA CAPE, 17, pretty enough to be popular, her eyeliner running because she's crying and her designer jeans getting ruined because she's on her knees in the mud, her mouth duct-taped shut and her hands duct-taped behind her back.

Four other TEENAGERS surround her. JESSE (18), GRACE (16), TRE (19), and DEENA (17).

We're watching this from an IPHONE'S POV. A SIXTH PERSON holding the phone and recording this. Tre's videoing from his iPhone as well but we do not see that POV - not yet, anyway.

Deena RIPS THE DUCT TAPE off of Victoria's mouth. It hurts just to watch.

DEENA

You're lucky, you know that? You know how lucky you are?

Victoria's lips quivering - unable to respond. Glances over at a FRESHLY DUG SHALLOW GRAVE a few feet away.

DEENA (CONT'D)

Most people don't get to choose their last words.

VICTORIA

Please --

TRE

(sadistically soothing)
No, no, no, sshh, sshh... We're done with that.

JESSE

No regrets? Nothing to say to Mommy and Daddy when they watch this? Hate to bury you in that hole over there with a sin on your soul.

GRACE

This is happening. Say something. Come on.

Jesse gets right in Victoria's face - his nose, lip, and one of his eyebrows are all pierced. He snaps his fingers.

JESSE

Hey! We're waiting, here!
 (then to the person
 videoing)
 Give me that knife, Michael.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Nah, let me do it.

Our POV JOSTLES as Michael HANDS THE PHONE OFF TO JESSE. Jesse now recording as we get our first look at MICHAEL CLEARY (18), clean cut and athletic - if not for what you're seeing here he's the boy you'd want your daughter to marry.

In a practiced motion, Michael pulls and unfolds an EMS LOCKING KNIFE (think a mean-looking switch blade) from his pants.

DEENA

Do it slow.

VICTORIA

Michael, wait. Wait, wait --

Michael has her by the hair, the knife at her throat and a sadistic smile on his face. A smile Jesse ZOOMS IN ON as we --

FREEZE FRAME on Michael's smile and --

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

-- Reveal we were watching that horrific scene on a TV, shown for the benefit of a JURY in a Dallas County courtroom.

The prosecutor, Assistant District Attorney GLORIA MONTENEGRO (late 30's), leaves that freeze-frame of Michael on the TV as she addresses the jury. She's sharp and sincere and speaks with the confidence of someone who's going to be county DA in a couple of years, because that's her plan.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO

The face of a murderer. Victoria
 Cape's murderer.

(then)

Remember that face. Don't let the
 mask he's wearing now fool you.

Montenegro motions to the DEFENDANT'S TABLE, where a formally-dressed Michael Cleary sits with his attorney, PAUL TUTTLE (40, tall, harmless).

Montenegro's hard stare at Michael moves the attention of the JURORS from the TV to the defendant's table and as they look at Michael we move our FOCUS TO THE JURY --

- ERNEST FROST, 31, geeky IT guy who's furiously taking notes, but while everyone else is looking at Michael, he's stealing a glance at --
- MELODY WATSON, 27, also not looking at Michael. She's picking at her nails, bored as hell and dressed like she just rolled out of bed.
- SOBIA KHAN, 25, wears a hijab, sits quietly, hands folded, staring straight ahead.
- DAN BALISS, 40, professorial and handsome, looking sharp in a pressed shirt. His eyes bore into Michael along with Montenegro's.

Our focus still on the jury as Montenegro continues:

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO (CONT'D)

She was going to tell the world the truth about Michael Cleary and that was something Michael Cleary could not let happen.

- MARIA SARAVIA, 74, the quintessential grandma, keeps looking at that TV screen and then averting her eyes, horrified by the look on Michael's face.
- JARED WEADON, 34, hipster artist. Pierced everything and wearing all the hair gel. He's taking notes just like Ernest, only Jared's notes also include tiny SKETCHES of the people in the courtroom, including a noticeably sexed up caricature of A.D.A. Montenegro.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO (CONT'D)

He saw his future falling apart in front of him so he stabbed her and he bludgeoned her and he TOOK Victoria's future from her. And from her family.

When Montenegro mentions her family, we REVEAL Victoria Cape's family here in the courtroom: MOTHER, FATHER, TWO OLDER SISTERS, AUNTS, UNCLES, COUSINS - a whole contingent. All apparently educated, middle-class people. Many of them in TEARS as Montenegro speaks.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO (CONT'D)

A life with so much promise. Gone because of the selfish, violent actions of this sick and twisted man.

(looks at the freeze frame)

The face of a murderer.

(looks at Michael at the defendant's table)

The face of a murderer.

When Montenegro says it, a WOMAN in the gallery doubles over in tears. Michael glances over at her and we get that THIS IS HIS MOM. 50's, tired, and nearly alone. Only Michael's AUNT here to support her. No father to be seen.

For a beat Michael tries to keep a confident exterior, but the accusatory stare from Montenegro coupled with those of the jurors push his eyes down to the table.

A slight nod from well-dressed juror Dan Baliss - he's seen enough.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

JUDGE ELMER TALBOT, 70, heavy Texas accent, in the midst of sending the jury off.

JUDGE TALBOT

...Keeping these instructions in mind along with the oath you each swore, you are now dismissed to deliberate.

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY

DESHAUN THE BAILIFF, 30's, black, holds the door open for the jurors, who file in and find seats at the table.

Pierced artist Jared pulls out a chair for Melody, then as she starts to sit he takes the seat instead.

MELODY

Jerk.

They LAUGH and Melody takes the seat next to him as IT nerd Ernest looks on enviously. He goes around the table to try and sit on the other side of Melody, but OSCAR BARRIENTOS, 30, hispanic, straight-laced clean marine, takes the seat first. Oscar is all business - he's not trying to sit next to the pretty girl, it's just the first seat available.

A disappointed look crosses Ernest's face as he sits next to Oscar. He clocks SCARRING - burns? - on Oscar's forearm near the wrist. Oscar pulls his sleeve down to cover it when he sees Ernest staring.

Dan - our professorial sharp dresser - instinctively takes the seat at the head of the table. REVEREND JIM PYKEN, 50's, avuncular, sits next to him.

PYKEN

So you're already at the head of the table, Dan. I suppose you're foreman.

DAN

I was just finding a chair.

PYKEN

Don't get shy all of the sudden.
We've been having lunch for three
weeks and I think everybody at this
table has noticed you're a natural
leader.

DAN

Well --

MELODY

He's saying you're a control freak.
(off everyone's LAUGHTER)
And he's right, we HAVE all
noticed.

HALEY

Is it okay for us to be laughing?

HALEY SCHUSTER, 35, fit as hell, neurotic upper-class
housewife.

HALEY (CONT'D)

I mean, he's right outside.
(off Dan's confusion)
The bailiff. Keyshawn or whatever.
I don't want him thinking we're not
taking this seriously.

ANGELA

Deshaun.

ANGELA CLAYTON, 40, black, lower middle class working mom.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(off Haley's look)
His name is Deshaun, not Keyshawn.

A barely audible SNORT from across the table and Angela looks
over to see TROY WOODRUFF, 45, blue-collar hardass, smirking
as if to say the two names are equally ridiculous.

Angela gives him a cold stare, eyeing a strange tattoo on the
back of his left hand: the number SIXTEEN scrawled in hash
marks.

DAN

He won't care if we laugh. It's
okay to laugh.

Oscar clocks Jared drawing on his notepad. Leans over to him:

OSCAR

You should pay attention.

JARED

I am... This helps me think.

After Oscar looks away, Melody and Jared share a look.

ERNEST

I happen to have done some research
and there don't seem to be any
rules regarding how we begin.

Maria's eager to help, really into this whole jury thing:

MARIA

The first thing we do is take a
vote and see where everyone stands.
I was on a jury once before, and
that's what we did.

MELODY LEANS CLOSE TO JARED -

MELODY

(sotto)

In 1926.

Jared disguises his laugh as a COUGH.

ANGELA

All of you know I've got three kids
of my own and I can tell you right
now I'm sending that son of a bitch
Michael Cleary to the chair and I'd
send him to hell too if I could.
Excuse me for saying so, Reverend.

Pyken smiles.

ERNEST

I'm pretty sure - I don't think
anybody goes to the electric chair
any more.

TROY

And look what our country's become.

OSCAR

It's not the America I fought for,
that's for sure.

MELODY

(passive-aggressive mumble)

Yeah, actually, it is.

DAN

Well this isn't sentencing this is
about whether the guy did it or
not.

ANGELA
Oh, he did it.

As Dan draws a line down the middle of his notepad - a column for guilty and a column for not guilty.

DAN
So we're taking a vote. I think I can guess Angela's.

CHUCKLES all around as Dan makes a mark in the guilty column.

DAN (CONT'D)
Haley?

HALEY
Guilty.

DAN
Troy?

TROY
Guilty as sin. I got a daughter same age as Victoria Cape and that's all I could think of.

An INTERRUPTION from the other side of the table --

KIM
Excuse me.

KIM DEMPSEY, 36, radiates quiet strength. A force of nature cloaked in a professional demeanor, Kim's not interested in making friends - she's interested in the truth.

DAN
Um, let's go in order, uh...

KIM
Kim. I'm not trying to jump the line, I just want to say something.

The looks on the other jurors' faces tells us Kim hasn't said much to anyone before now.

DAN
Can you say it after the vote?

KIM
That's the thing. We shouldn't be doing the vote.

DAN
What? Why not?

KIM
Decision commitment.

MELODY

Nemesis enforcer.

(then)

Sorry I thought we were playing mad-libs.

KIM

Decision commitment means when you make a decision you become less sensitive to subsequent information or arguments. Basically you told your brain you made a decision about a thing so it stops putting hard thought into that thing.

ANGELA

You went to grad school. We get it. I think everyone here's plenty capable of getting their "decision commitment" under control.

HALEY

Yeah, nobody's trying to railroad the kid. We're not railroading him.

High-strung and fidgety, Haley's torn the label off her water bottle and proceeds to tear it into ever-tinier pieces.

KIM

I'm not saying you are. I'm saying we should discuss the merits of each side's case for a few minutes - an hour, maybe - before we tie ourselves to a point of view.

MELODY

Okay but they've got the guy on video.

PYKEN

You know it could be you're *overcomplicating* this whole thing.

KIM

You're saying there's nothing *complicated* about holding a man's life in your hands?

PYKEN

Sometimes if it looks like a duck and quacks like a duck, it's a duck.

KIM

And there are over sixty-five species of duck, so let's spend an hour figuring out which one we're dealing with here.

HALEY

Yeah but there's that book about first impressions and how they're actually right - it's by that one guy... He's got that hair...

ERNEST

Malcolm Gladwell. His name is Malcolm Gladwell.

HALEY

Right so we shouldn't overthink it. Scientists proved our instincts are just going to be right.

KIM

Scientists proved people think popcorn tastes too sweet if it's in a red bowl, so maybe let's not put a boy away based on gut instinct.

MELODY

For god's sake we have him on tape!

ANGELA

(to Kim)

Girl you must hate your life.

KIM

Come again?

ANGELA

I got a husband been out of work for two years, an ex-husband I'm paying alimony to - you heard me right - and a drunk-ass step-brother on my ass for money I ain't got. But I'm fine getting back to that mess 'cause that's my life. But you want to stick around. On an open and shut case. So I'm guessing you ain't got much to go back to.

Off Kim, momentarily silenced, mentally regrouping --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - KIM'S OFFICE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

CHYRON: "Five Years Ago"

A small shared office with two desks. Kim packing up her side of the office. We get a glimpse of her name on the open office door: "Kim Dempsey - Adjunct Professor."

Kim's office-mate CRAIG, 40, potbelly and thick glasses and a major crush on Kim, reads aloud from his iPhone.

CRAIG
Thirty-five hundred.

KIM
Sorry?

CRAIG
Thirty-five hundred dollars.
Average rent for a one-bedroom in
New York City.

Kim just smiles and returns to packing.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
If you're really going you ought to
know the numbers.
(adding quickly)
Twenty-six. Average temperature in
January. *Without* windchill.

KIM
I'm really going.

CRAIG
I know. And I know there's no
stopping you. But it's risky
because, you know --
(remembering a good one)
Oh! Four rats for every person in
Manhattan.

Kim finishes packing a box and picks it up.

KIM
Why?

CRAIG
Because of the old sewer systems, I
think.

KIM
No, why is it risky?

Craig grabs a box and follows her from the office to --

INT. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

CRAIG
Charlie and Geeta - they went to
bat for you to get that grant,
they're totally pissed... You're
walking away with nothing.

KIM

I'm walking away with a dream. A
dream and a plan.

They exit through a set of doors to --

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - SOUTH MALL - CONTINUOUS

-- The tree-lined South Mall area, a parking lot within view.
The tower made famous by mass-shooter Charles Whitman in 1964
looms behind them.

KIM (CONT'D)

I can't sit here anymore doing
research and publishing papers
about suffering and injustice when
I could be *helping* people instead
of just studying them.

Craig understands. He's just going to miss having her around.

CRAIG

(playfully)

It has roaches, too. New York.

KIM

You know what else it has? Rich
people. More billionaires than any
city in the world, and thousands of
socialites with good hearts and
deep pockets.

NEARING THE PARKING LOT

In the lot, a handsome man stands next to an idling BMW with
its trunk open and ready to receive Kim's boxes.

He gives Craig a friendly-enough nod. This is DUSTIN (33).

CRAIG

What about Dustin? The relationship
get left behind with the job?

KIM

I'd like to think I'm moving
forward, not leaving things behind.

CRAIG

But is he moving forward with you?
(off her hesitation,
realizes)
You haven't had the talk yet.

KIM

We haven't *finished* the talk yet.

Approaching Dustin's car, now.

DUSTIN
(taking the box from Kim)
Is that it? I told Zach I'd meet
him for drinks in fifteen.

KIM
You didn't have to come, I can --

DUSTIN
-- do it by yourself, I know. But
you don't have to do *everything* on
your own. Right, Craig?
(before Craig can answer)
It's gotta go in my garage anyway -
not like it's gonna fit in whatever
cracker box we find for you in the
big apple, right?
(an obnoxious laugh)
You know what, let me grab the
rest, it'll be faster.

Dustin tosses Kim the BMW keys, then heads for Kim's office,
taking the tension with him.

CRAIG
You know the stats on long-distance
relationships?

KIM
I think that's enough numbers for
today, Craig.

Craig grins. Fair enough. Then, realizing this is goodbye:

CRAIG
Well, I do hope things work out for
you in New York. Because I don't
think any of this will be here if
you come back.

KIM
(with a conciliatory smile)
Don't worry. I don't plan on moving
back to Texas any time soon.

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

The big painting of Texas on the wall reminding us that Kim
did indeed move back to Texas.

DAN
It's all eyes on you, Kim.

And indeed they are.

DAN (CONT'D)

You want to talk merits of the case? You're right. We're here to do a job and we ought to do it well. But I've got to be honest I can think of nary a merit to the defense's case. But hit us with your best shot and let's talk about it. That's fair, right?

Melody raises her hand theatrically.

MELODY

Hey, how about we skip that and remind everyone about the --

KIM

-- Video? You keep bringing that up so sure let's start there. First of all, did everybody suddenly forget the fact that it's FAKE?

SLAM TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - IPHONE VIDEO

The same teens we saw at the top, Jesse still behind the camera. Only minutes after the violent encounter we saw.

But the mood has TOTALLY CHANGED. Michael's using the knife to cut the last of the duct-tape off Victoria's hands.

VICTORIA

(LAUGHING - to Deena)

You owe me a new pair of jeans, bitch!

Deena laughs and hugs Victoria.

GRACE

Oh my god. Oh my god that was crazy. I am so glad that's over.

VICTORIA

Pussy.

Victoria leans into Michael, as they kiss --

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Kinda turned me on, to be honest.

As the other teens LAUGH and Jesse STOPS THE RECORDING.

What the fuck?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - THE TRIAL

We're back in the courtroom during the trial, PANNING ACROSS the jurors as they watch:

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO (O.S.)
Please state your name for the court.

GRACE, one of the teens from the video, getting sworn in on the witness stand. A polite church girl, Grace looks so much meeker on the stand than she did in the video.

GRACE
(softly)
Grace Alexander.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO
Grace, were you a participant in a series of smartphone videos shot the night of Victoria's murder?

GRACE
(ashamed)
Yes.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO
I want to focus for a moment on a date about a week after those videos were shot. October 17th. Can you walk me through what happened that day?

GRACE
It was the day after they'd found Victoria's body in the woods. It was all over the news. My mother drove me to the Cleburne police station.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO
And you spoke to Detective Shoemaker is that right?

GRACE
Yes.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO
And what did you say to him?

GRACE
I said --

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

DAN
We know what she said.

We're back in the deliberation room. Grace's testimony being recounted by our jurors.

KIM
You want to talk about the videos,
so let's talk about the videos.
Grace handed her phone to the
detective and said --

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - **A YEAR AGO**

GRACE
I know who killed Victoria Cape.

We're now in a police station. IN THE ACTUAL MOMENT. SEEING THE EVENTS OF GRACE'S TESTIMONY.

Grace stands at the counter with her MOTHER behind her, staring up at a suddenly intrigued DETECTIVE SHOEMAKER (50s, Small-town, but shrewd). Off his reaction...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - A YEAR AGO

Grace, her mother, and her LAWYER, sit with Detective Shoemaker and DETECTIVE BETTS (30s), who holds a folder. Grace's cell phone is connected to a laptop as they watch the VIDEO CLIP we opened with -- a knife to Victoria's throat.

SHOEMAKER
God help you. What have you kids done?

GRACE
No, you don't understand. *This wasn't real.* This was just a game.

SHOEMAKER
A game?
(then)
Betts, hand me that file.
(as Betts hands it over)

SHOEMAKER (CONT'D)
(to Grace)
Kind of a coincidence Victoria goes missing that same night, isn't it? And us finding her not a hundred yards from the creek I see in that video, stabbed and beaten - hell of a coincidence.

He opens the folder to reveal CRIME SCENE PHOTOS to Grace. One, a shot of a contorted body in the woods, blood in the leaves. Next, the bloodied visage of Victoria. Young, fragile, beautiful even in death.

SHOEMAKER (CONT'D)

And you're calling this a game?

Grace can't look.

GRACE'S MOTHER

Is that necessary?

SHOEMAKER

You know Victoria volunteered up here at the station? Toys for Tots every Christmas. She'd bring this king sized thermos of hot chocolate for the other volunteers. Sweet as hell that girl. And smart.

(adding, at a loss)

Seventeen years old.

Shoemaker might very well be a cunning interrogator, but his empathy isn't just for show.

GRACE

Listen to me. We were just role-playing. Even Victoria. We all --

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - THE TRIAL

GRACE

-- went home that night, *alive*, and-

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

KIM

-- "perfectly fine."

Kim finishes the sentence. We see that she's reciting directly from her NOTEPAD laid out in front of her.

DAN

Yeah, she said something to that effect...

KIM

She said exactly that.

DAN

Because it's in your notes?

KIM

Because it's what she said. It just
so happens to be in my notes.

(then)

If you'd like, we could ask for the
court reporter to read the
transcript back to us.

MELODY

Whatever takes the longest...

The grandmotherly Maria, whose attention was waning despite
her love of jury duty, suddenly perks up:

MARIA

The other jury I was on, the court
reporter was very handsome.

DAN

No need to look at the transcript,
unless you want to argue about what
she said three and a half seconds
later...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - THE TRIAL

Grace finishing her testimony.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO

And who did Victoria leave with?

GRACE

Just with Michael. In her car...
That's the last time I saw Victoria
alive.

Montenegro leads Grace to the stylish finish she's after:

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO

And when the detectives asked you
if you and your friends thought
Michael did this, how did you
reply?

Grace looks to Michael at the defense table, then the jury.

FLASH TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - A YEAR AGO

Grace in tears, looking right in Shoemaker's eyes.

GRACE

We *know* he did.

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

KIM

(unphased)

Listen, there's a debate to be had over why Grace is so sure of Michael's guilt. But right now we're talking about the videos and the videos *aren't real* -- no matter how disturbing they look. If Gwyneth Paltrow was murdered, would you put Kevin Spacey on trial because he killed her in 'Seven?'

MELODY

Depends. Was her head found in a box, a hundred yards from the movie set?

ERNEST

You're saying we shouldn't consider the videos at all?

KIM

I'm saying the only thing they prove about Michael is he took part in making some videos -- as did Grace, by the way, plus four other kids. And regardless, a series of videos is not necessarily indicative of who he is.

DAN

Fine. Let's ignore the videos for a moment.

TROY

You joking?

DAN

What I mean is --

ANGELA

He's a damn psychopath. You're gonna look at those videos and tell me he's not a psychopath?

ERNEST

Well *technically* a psychopath is --

DAN

(getting everyone back on track)

What I mean is, let's let Kim make her argument. I'm intrigued to hear it, actually.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

Because from where I'm sitting,
videos or not, there's probably two
dozen reasons to convict this kid.

(to Kim)

So, I'm listening. Honestly. I just
hope you're as persuasive as you
think you are.

As eleven sets of eyes stare at Kim we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOFT & GARDEN - NYC - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

CHYRON: "Six Months Ago"

Kim stands under a pergola at the entrance to the Loft &
Garden terrace at Rockefeller Center, a bright elegant garden
space amid the skyscrapers of Manhattan, mentally preparing
herself when --

ORIANA (O.S.)

They're ready for you.

Kim's assistant ORIANA (mid 20s, stylish) pulls her out of
her trance.

ORIANA (CONT'D)

Also, Ravi wanted me to remind you
that this is a thank you breakfast.

(then)

Emphasis on the "thank you."

KIM

Mm.

ORIANA

And these people have donated
substantial sums of money.

KIM

Respectable sums of money.

ORIANA

And emphasis on the "thank you."

KIM

He say to tell me that twice?

(off her nod)

You can remind Ravi I started Safe
Again to make *significant* change,
not put on a sad face and ask for
more porridge.

With a smile and a final deep breath, Kim grabs the handle of a rolling cart full of files and struts with a confident charm to a

PRIVATE DINING AREA atop the garden loft, where EIGHT WEALTHY DONORS sit chatting over a bountiful breakfast in the shade.

KIM (CONT'D)
Good morning everyone.

As she speaks, she unloads THREE STACKS of MANILA FOLDERS onto the edge of the table.

KIM (CONT'D)
First and foremost I want to say --
(with a look to Oriana)
thank you - each of you - for your substantial donations. And since this is a "thank you" brunch, I know I'm supposed to stop right there, take a seat with you, and socialize over scones and mimosas, but... I think you all know me better than that.

Smiles and even some laughs - they certainly do.

KIM (CONT'D)
Each of these police reports represents a real woman's case that I've personally overseen. Stack number one: initial incidents of domestic abuse, battery, marital rape. Stack number two: repeat incidents. You already know the numbers - when they hit again, they hit even harder.

Kim clocks one of the donors - TOBIAS SCHULER (60's), staring intently at his phone. A hint of annoyance on her face but she presses on:

KIM (CONT'D)
(which leads us to...)
Stack number three: domestic homicides. Women who might have escaped had they had a safe place to go to...

Another donor, CORAL MACIAS (40's), leans over to see what Tobias is looking at, is appalled by what she sees and takes a quick glance up at Kim before getting on her own phone.

KIM (CONT'D)
(distracted now)
One of the many services Safe Again provides. And one I want to expand.

Another pair of donors glances distractedly at their phones. Oriana's is BUZZING as well.

KIM (CONT'D)

That's why I'm about to ask you --

Oriana rushes over and whispers urgently in Kim's ear:

ORIANA

Kim, you need to come with me for a second.

KIM

Come with you?

She looks back to the donors, none of whom can seem to look back up at her. Losing her patience, she says to everyone:

KIM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, what the hell is going on? What's everyone looking at?

With some hesitation, Oriana shows Kim her cell phone. As the blood drains from Kim's face --

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

Kim looks back at the eleven pairs of eyes, shaking off the brief pang of memory to resume the task at hand.

KIM

It's easy to get lost in the spectacle of this case and forget the kind of kid who's on trial here. An AP honors student from a working class family with an athletic scholarship to Stanford... *to study medicine*. And a volunteer EMT to boot. He makes every adult in this room look like a slacker by comparison. And let's not forget that Michael Cleary SAVED a life only weeks before Victoria's death.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - THE TRIAL

The testimony of SIMON (19), a teen not involved in the videos. We've never seen him before, but he looks like a nice enough kid.

Michael's defense attorney Paul Tuttle's tall frame makes his ill-fitting suit that much more noticeable. And his delivery - an awkward monotone - pales in comparison to A.D.A. Montenegro's.

PAUL TUTTLE

Would you describe Michael as a friend?

SIMON

Yes. I mean, not a good friend, but... Michael was kind of friendly with everyone.

PAUL TUTTLE

And did you see Michael in the days leading up to Victoria Cape's murder?

SIMON

I did. Me and some friends were hanging out in the Nolan River Mall parking lot - you know, drinking some beers and stuff - and Michael came by, he was riding his bike home, I guess.

And as Simon continues, we get pulled into --

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - A YEAR AGO

-- the moment he is describing.

Simon and THREE SLACKER FRIENDS lean against a beat-up truck downing beers. One guy smokes a blunt. Michael exchanges a few fist-bumps.

SIMON

When you're a doctor, you will be able to finally buy a car, right?

MICHAEL

Maybe not a high-performance vehicle like yours, but a man can dream.

(then, re: the blunt)

Can I get in on that?

SIMON

(giving him shit)

Now, now, what would Coach Brady say?

MICHAEL

Coach couldn't care less, long as we're winning.

MALE FRIEND

(holding in a huge inhale)

Good thing you're such a winner.

SIMON (V.O.)

*And that was it. We just hung out
for a minute. But then...*

Simon's friend KIRK (18) COLLAPSES, sweating and foaming at the mouth.

SIMON

Holy shit, dude!

MALE FRIEND

Kirk!

FEMALE FRIEND

Oh-my-god what's wrong with him?!

Michael instinctively kneels beside Kirk and begins inspecting him, like an EMT would.

MICHAEL

What else did he take tonight,
besides the weed?

SIMON

Nothing. I mean, I don't know!

MICHAEL

Well he's OD-ing.

FEMALE FRIEND

Oh-my-god...

MICHAEL

Simon, call 9-1-1. Tell them he's
OD'ing and he's hypertensive.

SIMON

He's *what*?

MICHAEL

His heart's beating too fast.
(then, more to himself)
And he's overheating.

Michael tries to pull Kirk's THICK COAT and hoodie up, but they won't budge. Not wasting time, he pulls out his knife - the one we saw in the video - from his back pocket and SLICES Kirk's clothes, exposing his chest to the cold air. As he begins CPR...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder)

Simon. 9-1-1. Now!

Simon is hit with classic teenage fight-or-flight.

SIMON

We gotta go. We can't be here.

MICHAEL

Dude he needs an ambulance.

SIMON

He'll get one. We'll call. But my dad... We-- We gotta go!

Simon jumps in his truck and starts it. The other friends pause for a half-second, then follow, afraid.

SIMON (CONT'D)

The cops are gonna come. Throw your bike in the back, man.

Michael looks to him, for a split second starts to get up, considering how screwed his future might be if he stays. Again, teenage fight-or-flight...

MICHAEL

(to himself)

Dammit.

But he stays. He kneels over a now-convulsing Kirk on the pavement. DIALS his phone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I've got a drug overdose at the corner of Hyde Park and Stonegate. Possible febrile seizure. Not breathing. Please hurry.

He throws the phone aside and tends to Kirk, medical training kicking in. He's terrified, but shines under pressure.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay, buddy, I'm with you. We're gonna cool you down, get you breathing...

He takes the WATER BOTTLE from his bike and POURS it on Kirk's chest and hair. As he continues to administer CPR --

Kirk GASPS back to life. Still critical, but alive.

BACK AT THE TRUCK: Simon watches in frightened silence, releases a sigh of relief that Kirk is breathing again before POUNDING the gas pedal as SIRENS approach in the distance.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - A YEAR AGO

It's the night of the overdose, Kirk is unconscious, and the beep of machines punctuate the dim silence as we HEAR:

PAUL TUTTLE (V.O.)

*And when you arrived to find your
son in the hospital that night, who
else was there?*

The door to the room opens, and in walks KIRK'S MOTHER (50), rushing in tears to her son. Michael looks to her with compassion.

KIRK'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Michael was there...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - THE TRIAL

We're in the trial, viewing KIRK'S MOTHER's testimony as she sits on the stand, composed and compassionate.

KIRK'S MOTHER

...He'd never left Kirk's side.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

KIM

Michael had drugs in his system, at the scene of a drug overdose. His parents aren't rich - he loses his scholarship that's huge. He put his future at risk to save a kid he barely knew.

MELODY

He's a model citizen, we get it. He saves lives, he volunteers, he's well-educated. He's like that other kid - what's his name? The one from Vermont. Handsome, volunteered at a suicide hotline while prepping for law school? Oh yeah - Ted Bundy.

KIM

You can't have it both ways. You want to throw out positive character testimonies, let's throw out the negative ones, too. But you know what, that isn't even my primary point.

DAN

At the risk of sounding impatient, what *is*--

KIM

The knife.

A few sets of eyes look slightly more interested now.

KIM (CONT'D)

They never found the knife that killed Victoria. Not at the crime scene. Not at Michael's house.

TROY

The guy had a week to hide one knife. He doesn't have to be David Blaine.

Maria pushes her trifocals to the tip of her nose as she flips through her voluminous notes from the trial.

MARIA

But they had that one knife in those horrible videos, remember?

KIM

Yes. Michael's knife.

MARIA

And that handsome expert gentleman said that was NOT the knife that killed her.

KIM

Exactly. That's what struck me about Simon's story: the night of that boy's overdose, Michael's acting on instinct, pulls out the knife he ALWAYS has on him. You don't think if he were in the woods that night, having a heated argument with Victoria after she threatened to publicize their little video - get his scholarship revoked - and that's the motive, right? That's what the prosecution would have us believe? If they're having that argument, why wouldn't he pull out that same knife?

OSCAR

And we know he had it with him. It's there on the tape.

ANGELA

But like you said, he's an honors student and all that - he's smart enough he'd bring a different knife. Ain't gonna kill her with a knife everybody knows he's got.

KIM

Then we're talking premeditation. Which is fine, only --

DAN

Only it's not fine, because he'd
have to be the stupidest killer in
history to video himself acting out
a crime three hours before
committing it.

Kim smiles. Off the room's silence --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTOOM - DAY - **THE TRIAL**

The continuation of Kirk's mother's testimony.

KIRK'S MOTHER

If it weren't for Michael Cleary,
my boy wouldn't be alive today.

Off that --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

We come in mid-argument.

DAN

But the question remains, why even pretend to do something like that? It's not like he was trying to get this thing into Sundance or something.

JARED

The dude just wanted a video he could watch every night in bed with a bottle of lotion and --

OSCAR

Hey. There's ladies in here.

MELODY

Speak for yourself.

KIM

Who would want to make a video like this? Well, Victoria Cape, for one.

ANGELA

You blaming the damn victim, now?

KIM

I'm not blaming anyone for anything. I'm saying let's remember what Michael said: it was --

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - THE TRIAL

Our first glimpse of Michael Cleary on the witness stand. Poised, sincere without sounding scripted - he's a charismatic guy. He's responding to a question posed to him by his attorney, Paul Tuttle.

MICHAEL

(completing Kim's sentence)
-- her idea.

PAUL TUTTLE

"Her" being Victoria?

MICHAEL

That's correct.

PAUL TUTTLE

And did she tell you why she wanted
to make the video?

As Michael starts to answer, we --

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA'S CAR - DAY - A YEAR AGO

Michael and Victoria parked outside a Starbucks. WE ARE SEEING THE CONVERSATION MICHAEL IS TESTIFYING ABOUT. Victoria's sucking down a venti frap, cool and confident. She wears the pants in this relationship.

MICHAEL

My dad's got a camcorder I think.

VICTORIA

A camcorder? How old are you? We
use our phones.

MICHAEL

And then what? Put it on youtube?

VICTORIA

And NEVER do that.

MICHAEL

Okay, so why...?

VICTORIA

To see what it's like.

(then)

I mean not guess what it's like.
Really know what it's like.

MICHAEL

I don't know. Jesse's not gonna be
down for this.

VICTORIA

Jesse's totally down for this and
who cares if he's down for it or
not? Do you text Jesse to see what
boxers to wear --

MICHAEL

Don't go there.

VICTORIA

Don't go there how? Like don't talk
about how you're everybody's bitch?
Everybody's but mine. You tell your
mom we're back together, yet?

(off his silence)

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Yeah, worried about what everybody else thinks, how about you worry what I think?

MICHAEL
What do you want from me, Vic?

VICTORIA
Respect.

MICHAEL
Yeah making some stupid video where I tie you up and I play like I'm killing you that's totally me respecting you.

Victoria rolls her eyes, rolls down the window and tosses her empty frap cup into the parking lot. She closes her eyes a beat to gather herself, and when she looks back at Michael all the sarcasm and the insolence is gone, replaced by pure vulnerability.

VICTORIA
I'm sorry.
(then)
It's just... Haven't you ever wanted the chance...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - THE TRIAL

MICHAEL
...to do something terrible...

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

KIM
(recounting Michael's testimony)
..."without really doing something terrible?"
(then)
You asked who would want to fake a snuff film and I can name six people right now.
(to Dan)
The six people ON THE VIDEO. Tell me how Michael is different from any of the others. Tell me why he's the one we're singling out.

HALEY
Well the other kids all think he did it.

KIM

The other kids all made a deal with the prosecution.

ERNEST

We're not allowed to factor that into our deliberations.

KIM

Consider it un-factored. But really, am I the only one who thinks there's plenty left to discuss here?

A beat of silence, then the grandmotherly Maria Saravia tentatively RAISES HER HAND.

Kim smiles. Finally, an ally.

DAN

(kindly)

You don't have to raise your hand, Maria. What is it?

MARIA

...I thought we were going to be done by now, so I didn't use the ladies.

(sheepish)

Sorry.

Dan clocks Kim's fading smile and grins as he stands.

DAN

Fifteen minute break.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY - PRESENT DAY

CLOSE ON a rubbermaid tub full of SMARTPHONES. As various HANDS reach in and grab the phones PULL OUT to reveal Deshaun the bailiff holding the tub, the jurors crowding around to get a few minutes with their treasured link to the outside world.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kim stands in a quiet alcove in the hallway as the rest of the jurors head through the glass doors to a gated OUTDOOR COURTYARD -- a refreshingly sunlit space with a series of picnic tables and pergolas.

Kim looks at a TEXT MESSAGE from SANDRA: *"Did you make your decision yet?"* Followed by a series of clenched-teeth 'stress' emojis.

Kim keeps scrolling over the message as if it might change if she stares long enough.

Ernest wanders over wearing his HANDS FREE, searching for a quiet spot to talk on the phone. He's about to move on, but Kim motions for him to stay - it's the excuse she needed to close out that text message. As she heads off down the hall, we STAY WITH ERNEST --

ERNEST

(sotto - into headset)

Hey man, only got a minute before the meeting starts up again... Been a grind, haven't even hit the slots yet. Conference might as well be happening in Des Moine...

He looks through the glass doors into THE COURTYARD, where Jared and Melody sit at one of the tables, Melody's head thrown back with laughter at whatever Jared just said. Ernest's eyes locked on Melody.

As we wonder why in the hell by-the-book Ernest would tell such a whopper about where he is and what he's doing --

EXT. COURTHOUSE COURTYARD - SAME TIME

A couple soda and snack machines perched against a wall in a shaded corner of the courtyard.

As Angela gets a Diet Coke from the vending machine, she notices Maria sitting alone, purse on her lap, crocheting a small sweater with the name "Maya" stitched into it.

ANGELA

(re: the sweater)

Granddaughter?

Maria's caught off guard, as if she felt no one could even see her.

MARIA

Oh, no. No. Just... Just keeps my hands busy.

Angela gives a polite, awkward smile, then exits past a table where Melody and Jared are whispering to each other:

JARED

I can't even with that dude. "If it walks like a duck and quacks like a duck..." Like what the hell are you even talking about, dude?

(off Melody's laughter)

(MORE)

JARED (CONT'D)

And he's reading his Bible like every break. Look at him over there he's doing it now.

Sure enough, at the third table, Reverend Pyken sits with Dan, Haley, and Oscar, his little travel Bible open in front of him.

JARED (CONT'D)

Okay we get it we're going to hell, thanks. You can go back to watching porn on your phone, now.

Melody LAUGHS HARD at that one while --

AT PYKEN'S TABLE

Haley casts an annoyed look over at Melody and Jared as Oscar finishes a story --

OSCAR

...and I turned off the news, drove to the recruitment center that day.

HALEY

You must have been a baby back then.

OSCAR

Eighteen years old.

HALEY

Well I think you're very brave.

OSCAR

Not bravery. More like -- It was time to serve. I was needed. That simple.

DAN

No, she's right. You're brave.

OSCAR

It's why I don't mind doing this. You know? Didn't even try to get out of it.

DAN

Actually, maybe you're just crazy.

A few light laughs.

REVEREND PYKEN

A sense of duty - here or anywhere else - it's a righteous thing.

Oscar smiles, in a tempered soldier kind of way. Dan's phone BUZZES and he steps away.

WITH DAN

DAN
 (sotto, into phone)
 Yes, thank you for the callback.
 (beat)
 And he's not responding to the new medication?
 (concerned, frustrated)
 Look, if he's in any pain, I want to come down there.
 (finally)
 Thank you, Doctor Webb. You too.

INT. LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kim alone, phone to her ear:

KIM
 (into phone)
 Yes. I'm sure... I should've pulled the trigger months ago. Sue them. Both of them... Okay. Sounds good.

She hangs up, looks at the phone a beat and then leans on the sink, staring up at her reflection in the wake of whatever huge decision she's just made.

INT. UBER - EVENING - **FLASHBACK**

Kim sits in the backseat of an Uber towncar, talking on her hands-free while scanning her iPhone.

Clearly, she's reeling from whatever happened at the donors' brunch, trying not to let the stress break her down.

KIM
 (into hands-free as she thumbs phone)
 Just landed in Dallas, I can fill you in on everything tonight, but... You got this, Oriana. You've been helping plan it for months with me, you know everyone attending...

She's distracted by her TWITTER FEED: VILE COMMENTS, one after the other: "*can't believe I gave her money one time,*" "*Disgusting bitch.*" "*Kill Yourself.*" etc.

She takes a breath, clicks the phone to black, focuses.

KIM (CONT'D)

(hating this)

I'll be back to clear everything up once this blows over in a week or two. I just need time to sort this all out.

(then)

And Oriana - you can do this. Okay. Bye.

She hangs up as the Uber pulls up to an upscale suburban home. She takes a deep breath, and...

EXT./INT. SANDRA'S HOUSE - EVENING - **FLASHBACK**

Ding-Dong. Kim stands at the door, suitcase beside her. SANDRA (40s, glamorous Christian housewife), answers and takes Kim into her arms. A hug Kim needed desperately.

SANDRA

Merlot or Pinot Noir?

KIM

...Got any bourbon?

EXT. SANDRA'S BACKYARD/DOCKS - EVENING - **FLASHBACK**

Later. Two fingers of Knob Creek in her hand, a red-eyed Kim strolls with Sandra (Merlot in Sandra's glass) through Sandra's sprawling lakeside backyard -- a canopy of weeping willows that leads to a long dock.

SANDRA

You know me - busy with the house, busy with the boys. I'm not out there saving the world like you, but I'm happy.

KIM

I'm not saving much of anything at the moment.

SANDRA

You can feel sorry for yourself or you can heal yourself, but you can't do both.

KIM

(with a slight smile)

Where have I heard that before?

SANDRA

Well, that's what you're here for, isn't it?

(MORE)

SANDRA (CONT'D)

One of Mom's famous pep talks? If she were still here, that's what she'd tell you.

Kim catches some hesitance in Sandra's words and demeanor.

KIM

...But that's not what you would tell me, is it?

A beat as Sandra decides whether she should say this.

SANDRA

I have to ask you something.

KIM

Let me guess, is it the same question everyone else is asking?

SANDRA

I'm not everyone else.

KIM

No, you're not.
(downs the last of her drink)
That's why I thought you wouldn't ask.

SANDRA

I'm not judging.

KIM

Of course not.

SANDRA

I'm not, Kim. It's just, given your research and your position, and... And well, if I'm being honest, my own history with a very violent man...

KIM

(just dawning on her)
Oh god, Sandra...

Something about her own sister asking makes Kim finally break down. She covers her face to hide her tears before they fall.

KIM (CONT'D)

If I'd known anyone would... If I'd known YOU would see that...

A beat and then Sandra accepts this answer - or at least accepts her sister's grief - and she embraces Kim.

SANDRA

I didn't watch it, all right? And I won't.

Kim catches her breath but is far from reassured. She's never felt more alone in her life.

INT. SANDRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING - **FLASHBACK**

Later. Kim closes the door to her guest room and flops on the bed, absolutely drained.

She opens her laptop. ON SCREEN: A *RADAR ONLINE* style tabloid site with the headline: "DOMESTIC ABUSE CRUSADER IN SEX SCANDAL." A video link beneath it.

She clicks PLAY.

ON VIDEO: We see Kim, lying on her back, naked, having passionate sex with her boyfriend Dustin. He RIPS her hair back. His hand, wrapped around her neck. With a fire in her eyes, she stares up to him:

KIM

Hit me.

Dustin *SLAPS* her.

KIM (CONT'D)

Harder.

SLAP.

KIM (CONT'D)

HARDER.

The final strike makes her lip bleed. But she moans. Excited. Licking the blood.

And we understand why a video like this would destroy a person in Kim's position.

INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

Kim at the sink. Broken out of her trance by Sobia exiting one of the stalls. Kim busies herself washing her hands as Sobia comes to the sink next to her.

SOBIA

(without looking up)

It's good what you're doing.

KIM

Wait, you agree with me?

SOBIA

I just want you to know. I admire
what you're doing.

KIM

So you'll support me in the room,
then? You'll say you agree or --

Sobia clearly uncomfortable. A barely perceptible shake of
her head.

KIM (CONT'D)

Why not?

SOBIA

You're doing a good job. Somebody
will.

KIM

Somebody is you.

(then)

You admire what I'm doing? Well I
will admire that. I will admire you
saying something - anything - to
back me up.

SOBIA

No, no.

KIM

Sobia --

SOBIA

I'm not like you.

KIM

You are. You can be. Please --

The door swings open and Haley - the gym rat, upper-class
housewife - enters. Shit. A pleading look from Kim as Sobia
smiles politely and leaves. A beat as Kim turns to face the
mirror once more before she also exits, while WE MOVE --

INTO THE STALL

With Haley. As soon as she hears Kim exit, she rifles through
her enormous purse, sorting through an abundance of
pillboxes, some of them unlabeled, in a practiced manner. She
settles on a cocktail of three pills and dry-swallows them.

INT. MENS ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Ernest at the urinal, Dan and Pyken already at the sinks. Dan
catches Pyken's eye and the two share a resigned shake of the
head.

DAN

I swear you could say the sky's
blue and the first word out of that
woman's mouth would be:
"actually..."

PYKEN

Reminds me of my sister.

DAN

My condolences.
(off Pyken's laugh)
So he saved a kid's life. So what,
right? Why wouldn't he? In that
situation, I mean.

ERNEST

We're not supposed to talk about
the case.

DAN

We're going to be talking about it
for three more weeks if she has her
way.

Ernest joins them at the sinks.

ERNEST

We're not supposed to talk about
the case unless all the jurors are
present.

DAN

I'm not talking about the case I'm
talking about the new job I'm going
to have to find after I miss work
for two solid months because a
crazy woman thinks this is a
reality TV show and she's the star.

PYKEN

They can do that?

DAN

What?

PYKEN

Fire you for getting jury duty.

DAN

Not all our bosses are as
understanding as Jesus Christ.
Right, Ernest? No offense, Father.

PYKEN

Reverend is fine. Or just Jim. I'm
not a priest.

DAN

You're saying I've been holding in my catholic priest jokes this whole time for no reason?

ERNEST

See when you say Kim's going to cost us our jobs you're disparaging her and her opinions about --

DAN

Wait, wait - are you on her side?

ERNEST

That's talking about --

PYKEN

Seems like the right answer here is we all get back in that room. Then we can --

DAN

-- Talk about the case.

PYKEN

Precisely.

Pyken holds the door for the others. Ernest exits first, and Dan shoots Pyken a quick eye roll. Pyken chuckles under his breath.

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

The jury filing in and taking their seats.

TROY

(indicates Jared's pants)
Those are "skinny jeans," right?

JARED

...I guess so.

TROY

You know there's a cure for skinny jeans, now.
(then the punchline, sotto - kind of)
Six-pack of Budweiser and a day at the gun range and you'll feel those balls growing back in no time.

Troy GUFFAWS as Jared can't even muster a polite smile.

DAN

So...

(waits for Troy to stop
chuckling)

...Before the break, Kim asked a
question, and I for one think it's
only right we re-ask that question.
Is Kim in fact the only one who
thinks there's anything left to
discuss here?

Kim looks at Sobia. Sobia looks at her hands.

DAN (CONT'D)

Anyone?

Melody shrugs.

DAN (CONT'D)

Looking for more than a shrug,
here. We had fifteen minutes to
mull this over.

ERNEST

You know maybe a shrug is fine.

(off Dan's look)

Because I was thinking during the
break, I was "mulling it over," and
my answer is kind of a shrug, too.

DAN

A shrug yes or a shrug no, because
shrugs don't get us closer to a
verdict.

ERNEST

I guess I'd have to say it's a
shrug yes. It's a shrug we should
talk about it some more, because
it's a change from how I felt
before the break.

Ernest can't make eye contact with the fuming Dan.

PYKEN

I was thinking too. During the
break. And you know she actually
answered your question, Kim.

KIM

Who?

PYKEN

The prosecutor. You pointed out
there are six kids on that video,
so why are we singling out Michael.

(MORE)

PYKEN (CONT'D)
Remember? It was when she asked
that boy Jesse if they were --

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - THE TRIAL

Jesse - one of the teens from the video - on the stand, sans facial piercings.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO
-- role-playing?

JESSE
Yeah, it was just for the video.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO
And this is true for all of you?

PAUL TUTTLE
Objection.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO
I'll rephrase. As far as you know,
Jesse, were all six of you in that
video just role-playing?

JESSE
Well we thought we were. I did, I
mean. But Michael was really into
it. I mean he was on another level,
like, "you deserve this, --

EXT. THE WOODS - IPHONE VIDEO - INTERCUT

Grace behind the camera this time. Deena leads the pack using her phone as a flashlight, while Jesse and Tre clutch the bound (hands only) but not yet gagged Victoria, dragging her through the woods to some unknown destination.

Michael goes back and forth in front of Victoria, sometimes circling her, asking her questions.

MICHAEL
-- Say you deserve this. Say you're
worthless.

VICTORIA
No.

MICHAEL
(calm, like a mantra)
You're worthless. You're worthless
You're worthless.

VICTORIA
Okay, okay, just *please*...

MICHAEL

Please what?

VICTORIA

I don't want to die.

MICHAEL

No one wants to die. But you just said you were worthless.

Victoria realizes there's no winning.

VICTORIA

Don't do this.

MICHAEL

Don't?! Now you're telling me what to do?! You were begging I want you to beg I want you to beg I want you to beg!

Tre and even Jesse are visibly shaken by Michael's intensity. They share a look.

JESSE (V.O.)

I'd never seen him like that...

Michael leans inches away from Victoria's face:

MICHAEL

Beg.

VICTORIA

(a desperate whisper)
Please...

MICHAEL

Beg!

TRE

Michael --

Michael's not listening - or maybe can't even hear him - he's so intense - so wrapped up in this.

VICTORIA

(breaking down)
What do you want me to say?!

MICHAEL

(to Tre)
Get me the duct tape.

JESSE (V.O.)

I think for him it WAS real.
Like... Like it was...

Michael comes right up to the phone, speaking right into camera:

MICHAEL
Now we'll teach her to beg.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - THE TRIAL - INTERCUT

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO
Like it was what?

JESSE
Like it was practice.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

The jurors in the midst of discussing Jesse's testimony.

ERNEST

Maybe Michael's the next Daniel Day-Lewis or something, but it looked pretty real to me, too.

REVEREND PYKEN

And the look in that girl's eyes. Didn't seem like acting.

HALEY

Her dad said that same exact thing...

INT. COURTOOM - DAY - **THE TRIAL**

A once-strong man slouches slightly in the witness box, staring into the middle distance, in a numbed haze. This is MARCUS CAPE (45), Victoria's father.

A.D.A. Montenegro questions him with a delicate patience.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO

Mr. Cape, do you need a moment?

Mr. Cape snaps out of his trance and looks to her.

MR. CAPE

No.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO

(gently)

I'll repeat the question for you--

MR. CAPE

I mean that's my answer: "No." Victoria... I don't care what anyone says this wasn't her idea. She didn't plan that video. She was so many things...

He pauses to steady himself and we see VICTORIA'S MOTHER in the pews, sitting dutifully with her entire EXTENDED FAMILY. It seems as though none of them has missed a single moment of this trial.

MR. CAPE (CONT'D)

...But an actress, she was not.
Now, if these kids say they were
playing some sadistic game with
her, so be it. But when I see her
cry in that video, I see my
daughter's real tears. And when she
begs for her life, that's my
daughter truly pleading for help...
(adding)
For *my* help, that I can't give her.

Victoria's Mother steadied by the RELATIVES flanking her, her
jaw quivering, barely holding in her tears.

Mr. Cape stopped crying a long time ago, and now carries on,
broken but unflappable.

MR. CAPE (CONT'D)

If this was a game, Victoria was a
pawn, forced into it by these --

PAUL TUTTLE

Objection, Your Honor. Clearly this
is --

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

KIM

-- speculation.
(respectfully)
As unfair as it is, Victoria's
parents can't possibly be unbiased
enough to decide the veracity of
these videos, which is why it's our
job to --

As Kim talks, Melody reaches out her hand shakily, grabbing
her glass of water when --

CLUNK -- The glass slips her grip, spilling onto the table.
Embarrassed, she grabs some stray papers to clean.

MELODY

Dammit. Sorry.

Oscar assists. It's a non-issue. Except for Sobia, who
noticed the tremor in Melody's right hand. She looks
concerned, but as usual she stays respectfully quiet.

JARED

I'm sorry, can I ask a question? We
keep debating whether this thing is
real or fake, or *how* real or *how*
fake.

(MORE)

JARED (CONT'D)

But isn't there something to be said for the fact that it was secret?

(off their looks)

I mean, sure, let's say they agreed to act out some fantasy. But if it was so innocent, if no part of their real personalities were shining through... why didn't they want anyone to see it?

Off Kim --

EXT. PATIO DINING AREA - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

The Dallas location of Beverly Hills' The Grill on The Alley.

Kim sits across from two members of Safe Again's board of directors: RAVI JOSHUA (40's), and JOELLE ALLEN (50's). Kim's assistant Oriana is here too.

Four pieces of paper with highlighted signature lines sit neatly in front of Kim, untouched. Whatever these papers are, they have her incensed.

JOELLE

Think, Kim. Put yourself in our shoes. Sign the papers.

KIM

(to Oriana)

Did you know about this? Not even a text, you just let them fly down here and ambush me?

(then)

I vouched for you and put you in front of five thousand people at the...

Oriana looks at the ground.

KIM (CONT'D)

(realizing)

Oh. You're replacing me.

(then)

I saw thirty pieces of silver outside, I think you might have dropped them.

JOELLE

Kim, stop. It's one year. A one year leave of absence.

KIM

And then what?

JOELLE

And then we reevaluate.

KIM

I founded Safe Again. With my own ideas. My own money. I hired you.

JOELLE

You hired us to make sure Safe Again fulfills its charter. And that's what we're doing.

KIM

(too loud)

You do this --

She catches herself - it's a public place and people are looking over. The very reason Joelle arranged to meet here no doubt.

KIM (CONT'D)

(quieter - but still harsh)

You do this and you are punishing me for the actions of a man who recorded me without my knowledge or consent and released that recording for the express purpose of hurting me.

RAVI

If we have to fire you, Kim, you get nothing.

KIM

What I'll get is a lawyer.

ORIANA

(suddenly)

Do you know what people are wondering?

KIM

About my sex life that's nobody's business?

ORIANA

It's nobody's business except it is because women - women we helped - are wondering: when I told Kim Dempsey my story, when I told her what that man did to me, was she getting off on it.

A beat of shock.

ORIANA (CONT'D)

Because that's what she likes,
right? She sure looks like she's
enjoying it on that video.

KIM

...Are you really asking me that?

ORIANA

No. No I'm not because it doesn't
matter if it's true. You know that.
It doesn't matter if it was one
time and you hated it. The only
thing that matters is people's
perception of it.

KIM

I never - not once - I never "got
off" on... And who says that? "Got
off?" Are we fourteen?

RAVI

It doesn't matter.

KIM

You can't reduce my life to a - to
this one video.

JOELLE

(real empathy)
Sign the papers, Kim.

A beat.

KIM

(stands, defiant)
Fire me.

Off their looks as Kim walks away --

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

KIM

Maybe they didn't want anyone to
see it because of what we're doing
right now. Michael Cleary has done
a million things in his life - good
and bad - and we're sitting here
deciding his guilt or innocence
based on this one thing. You can't
reduce a person's life to a video.

A beat of quiet as the jurors soak that in, then Angela, the
working-class mom, speaks up.

ANGELA

I don't know, y'all, I kind of feel like we're going around in circles. Can we talk about something other than these videos for a minute?

KIM

Gladly.

DAN

Why not.

ANGELA

Okay, 'cause if we're gonna talk about the boy's character, we gotta talk about the cheerleader.

TROY

(lighting up)

Hell yeah, good call. The Chinese girl, right?

Jared flashes a look of disgust at Troy's lack of racial sensitivity.

TROY (CONT'D)

What was her name again? Chung or Chai or --

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - **THE TRIAL**

KAI (17), cheerleader type, on the witness stand. Montenegro walks her through her testimony with signature showmanship.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO

-- Kai, do you remember what happened on the afternoon of September 1st of last year?

KAI

I'll never forget. I stayed after cheer to watch the boys practice, and there was a... fight.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO

Between whom?

KAI

Damon, my boyfriend. And Michael Cleary.

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO

Now, surely, as a cheerleader, you've seen your share of fights, rough-housing.

(MORE)

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO (CONT'D)
Boys will be boys and all that. How
was this one different?

KAI
Because - this was...

Montenegro stifles her smile, but relishes nonetheless.

KAI (CONT'D)
This was the scariest thing I've
ever seen.

FLASH TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY - KAI'S POV FLASHBACK

THE MOMENT KAI IS DESCRIBING.

Kai chats with her FRIENDS on the bleachers in a cheerleading uniform, watching the BOYS run drills on the field.

Michael runs on field late, suiting up, when DAMON (16), a much smaller teammate, calls out jokingly from the field:

DAMON
What's a matter, Stanford, they
don't teach time in AP classes?

A chuckle or two from the field, no one thinking much of it. But Michael makes a beeline for Damon and --

SLAM -- grabs him by the throat and HURLS him to the ground with all his force. The others encircle to watch them fight.

Kai jumps down from her seat and rushes over.

COACH
Hey. HEY! Break it up!

Inside the chaotic circle we see Michael, squeezing the boy's windpipe, never breaking eye contact with him. There's RAGE in his eyes. Until - *GASP* - Damon sucks in a desperate breath as Michael is THROWN OFF by the coach.

COACH (CONT'D)
Cleary! Are you out of your damn
mind? You could have *killed* him...

As Coach continues to reprimand him, his voice FADES OUT. Kai consoles the wheezing Damon, but we CLOSE IN on Michael's face, breathing heavily, eyes locked on the boy.

And we wonder what would have happened if Coach hadn't pulled him off.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

The tide is against Kim. The remembrance of Michael's attack on his teammate has darkened everyone's mood towards Michael.

TROY
So can we vote now?

ANGELA
I already voted. Guilty, in case you forgot.

TROY
It is unbelievable we have been in here this long. Unbelievable.

KIM
It's only been two hours.

As the others continue talking, Kim silently scribbles a NOTE on a piece of paper.

OSCAR
I gotta admit - attacking your teammate like that... Those guys are your brothers...

TROY
What do you say we skip the "preliminary vote" nonsense and take a vote that counts.

ANGELA
Seconded. Thirded. Fourthed.

Kim gets up and goes to the door.

The other jurors finally grow quiet, watching her. Two knocks on the door and the Deshaun the bailiff answers. Kim hands him her note. He nods, without a word, as is protocol, then exits.

DAN
What was that?

KIM
A request. For evidence.

Kim returns to her seat, having the jury's undivided attention again.

KIM (CONT'D)

The truth is I'm not convinced he's innocent. But I'm not convinced he's guilty.

(then)

I've spent more time than I'd like analyzing and profiling violent men. I've seen the results of their actions firsthand. And everything in my gut tells me Michael is not that kind of person.

DAN

I thought you were a substitute teacher.

KIM

(not getting into it)

Temporarily.

OSCAR

Maybe Michael's a good guy like you're saying, but I've seen good people do very bad things.

KIM

Yes. People are mysteries. Which is why we should always put our gut feelings to the test. When I heard the testimony about Michael choking Damon, my gut instinct about Michael told me something was off.

FLASH TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - **THE TRIAL**

ON THE JURY. An EVIDENCE FOLDER being passed around by the jurors. Ernest takes a cursory glance - it's some kind of OFFICIAL POLICE REPORT - looks like it's been photocopied a million times. He passes it to Kim.

KIM (V.O.)

Which is why I took such a close look at the incident report.

Haley waits for Kim to pass her the report, but Kim's reading through every page. It's killing Haley, who fidgets nervously. Troy, who's next in line after Haley, shoots Kim an annoyed look as well.

BACK TO:

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

Deshaun returns with the same EVIDENCE FOLDER we just saw and hands it to Kim.

As Kim talks she flips the pages with a smooth pace, knowing exactly what she's looking for.

KIM

Did anyone else read this?
Specifically the part here about
the lack of formal charges?

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY - **A YEAR AGO**

The aftermath of the choking incident. A POLICE OFFICER discusses his situation with the Coach.

COACH

Apparently, Damon had been sending
threatening texts for some time
now. Real nasty stuff.

Michael sits in the background on the bleachers with two SCHOOL SECURITY OFFICERS while Damon stands off to the side with Kai, separated from Michael. The officer looks to Damon, then to Michael, taking in the obvious size difference.

POLICE OFFICER

He was threatening Michael?

COACH

Not Michael. Michael's little
sister.

(off the officer's look)

A freshman here. Sweet girl, too.
Apparently Damon told her he wanted
to choke her while he, you know...

POLICE OFFICER

I understand.

COACH

Damon's not denying it. Says he
won't press charges if this can all
just go to bed today.

As the Police Officer thinks this over, we look to Michael on the bleachers again, perhaps seeing him differently now.

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Dan scanning the report for himself. We see it in his eyes - it's all there.

DAN

But... why...

MELODY

(leaving to inspect)

If something has Dan speechless, I have to see it for myself.

DAN

(finding his words)

Why wouldn't Michael mention this on the stand?

ERNEST

It doesn't make sense. Why didn't the defense mention this at all?

It's a good question, and the whole room turns for an answer.

KIM

I don't know. Because down-playing it as testosterone-fueled roughhousing gone wrong on a football field looks better than ANY premeditated assault?

(then)

I can only guess it was a strategic decision. And a bad one. But are we going to give this kid a possible death sentence because his lawyer made a mistake?

Everyone's respectfully quiet, but not quite swayed.

KIM (CONT'D)

The one provable incident where Michael acted violently -- and he was merely being human. Some might even call it noble. Protecting his younger sister against a tormenter. Teaching him a lesson.

She's made her point. All she needs one person to agree. One ally. Off the room's thoughtful silence --

INT. VENTURE CAPITAL FIRM - BULLPEN - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Swank, showy offices meant to impress clients. Heavy on the glass. Downtown Dallas skyline in the windowed walls.

DUSTIN - Kim's ex-boyfriend and the HANDSOME MAN slapping Kim around in that video - yucks it up with a couple of DOUCHEBAG CO-WORKERS.

He falls abruptly silent when he clocks Kim approaching from the reception area.

DUSTIN
(to co-workers)
Hey guys, let me, uh...

They get it. Make themselves scarce.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
(to Kim)
Kim, I didn't know you were in town. Let's go to my office.

KIM
There's a video of us having sex on the internet and you're worried about privacy?

DUSTIN
My attorney told me I can't comment on that video.

KIM
You have an attorney? Why do you have an attorney?

DUSTIN
My attorney told me if you tried to contact me, I had to ignore you. That's why I didn't call you back.

KIM
I don't have an attorney and I'm the one who was being taped without my knowledge.

DUSTIN
My --

KIM
I swear to god if the next word you say is 'attorney' I'm going to need his number because I will have murdered you.

DUSTIN
My recollection is that we mutually agreed to video ourselves and we both kept copies of --

KIM
That's number three.

DUSTIN
Number three?

KIM
On the list of things that can't exist between two people.

(MORE)

KIM (CONT'D)

I forget the first two but number three is a lie. A lie can't exist between two people Dustin, because we both know it's highly unlikely I have a copy of that video when I had no idea there WAS a video because you took said video without my knowledge or my consent.

DUSTIN

If I was the one who leaked that video --

KIM

And you're not saying you were.

DUSTIN

I --

KIM

Because you're a world-class coward.

Dustin's had enough. Leans in close - a harsh whisper:

DUSTIN

And you're a two-faced, hypocritical piece of human excrement, Kim.

KIM

You have an attorney AND the moral high ground. I'm suddenly confused about who the wronged party is, here.

DUSTIN

I'm the wronged party, Kim. I'm the one who paid the bills and supported you, and invested in our relationship --

KIM

Paid the bills?

DUSTIN

You lived in my apartment. I supported you every damn step even though you were too busy to hang out, too busy to have sex, too busy for ME. Then you get your thing off the ground and it's like "poof!" You're off to New York. "You can come with me if you want, Dustin, but the long-distance thing never works."

KIM

It doesn't.

DUSTIN

And all I hear from Cathy and, and Matt, and everyone is how amazing Kim is and look what she's accomplished and she's making a difference and every time I hear it I wonder "what would they think if they knew what a kinky little whore she is."

KIM

You flinched a little there.

(off his look)

Like you thought I was going to slap you. You flinched.

(then)

Don't worry I'm not going to slap you. That's clearly something you really needed to get off your chest since I didn't actually ASK you why you did it. That's not even why I came here.

DUSTIN

Wait, what do you mean?

KIM

I mean maybe if you'd written all that out in a really emo facebook post or a tumblr or something we could've avoided this entire situation.

DUSTIN

No, I mean if you didn't come to ask about the video... Why did you come?

KIM

Turns out I still had some of your stuff. Can you believe it? After all this time? Like remember that office photo you had? You and everyone you work with at that "team picnic" or whatever?

DUSTIN

You mean... You mean the one --

KIM

Where you wrote nasty stuff about everyone on the bottom of the photo and we got drunk and laughed about it? Yeah, that one.

(then)

(MORE)

KIM (CONT'D)
I dropped it off with the
receptionist for you.

Dustin now clocks the CROWD of co-workers gathered near reception. All hovering over the reception desk, reading what Dustin wrote about them on that 8 x 10 photo. One of Dustin's Douchebag pals from earlier throws a vicious look his way.

DUSTIN
Kim... Holy...

Dustin's frozen.

KIM
The stupid things we do when we're
drunk... They can come back to bite
you in the ass, huh?
(as she turns to go)
I think my favorite is "queef
monster" with an arrow pointed at
your VP. Really clever.

As Kim walks away, dropping the proverbial mic --

DAN (O.S.)
(PRELAP)
I don't know...

INT. DELIBERATION ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

DAN
...You call him noble. Noble is
turning the kid in, right? I mean,
if someone was harassing my little
sister, no matter what they'd
said... I don't think I'd violently
attack them.

He looks around for approval, maybe even a laugh, when --

A VOICE (O.S.)
I might.

Kim turns to find those words coming from Reverend Pyken, of all people.

PYKEN
I've got a sister. And as a young
man, if anyone even spoke about
laying a hand on her...

OSCAR
I might have rung the kid's neck,
too.

TROY

I wouldn't have let go.

Kim stifles a smile, looks to the others - especially Angela and Melody, the hardest nuts to crack besides Dan.

PYKEN

(continuing, to Dan)

I'm just saying. Maybe she's right. About this, at least. Michael Cleary's no angel, don't get me wrong, but he doesn't seem appreciably worse than the other kids involved.

(to the rest)

How would any of our lives look if examined under a microscope, out of context, by twelve strangers?

It's not just Pyken. We catch a few looks from jurors whose minds, if not *changed*, are at least slightly more open now. Ernest. Oscar. Maria.

But not Dan's.

Making sure Kim's moment of victory is short-lived:

DAN

Okay. So Michael Cleary has a temper, and he has a blast pretending to kill people on iPhone videos, but that doesn't make him a murderer. Fine.

(pointed, to Kim)

Let's talk about --

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - THE TRIAL

Michael on the stand. Montenegro finishes Dan's sentence:

A.D.A. MONTENEGRO

-- the confession. You say you didn't do it, Michael. So I've got to ask you: why did you sign a confession?

Hold a beat on a vulnerable-looking Michael as he prepares to answer. He turns to -

THE JURY

The twelve people we've come to know who will decide Michael's fate. We pan across their faces as they await his response. Ernest takes notes. Haley's eyelid twitches - a nervous tic. Melody leans forward in her chair - actually interested for once.

Dan's eyes locked into Michael's in an accusatory stare. And Kim studies him, skeptical but open, searching for the truth.

Off these twelve, before we hear Michael's answer --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT - **IPHONE VIDEO**

Michael behind the camera. Deena pulls a bound Victoria out of the back seat of his TRUCK. She lets out a sharp CRY OF PAIN as she hits the forest floor with a thud.

JESSE
Come on, girl, the fun ain't even started.

TRE
Which way?

Tre uses the FLASHLIGHT on his phone.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
(from behind camera)
Towards the creek.

Tre and Jesse begin dragging Victoria towards the trail. We know it's fake, but the look on Victoria's face - we could swear that's real fear on her face as they drag her away. Grace follows behind with Deena.

JESSE
Some light over here?

Deena hurries ahead and uses her own phone flashlight to light the way.

Michael/OUR POV follows behind the rest of the party for a beat, then stops as Michael turns the camera on himself - he's essentially LOOKING RIGHT AT US, now.

He studies his reflection, but his look is inscrutable. Is this, as A.D.A. Montenegro said, the face of a murderer?

JESSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bro! Hurry up!

MICHAEL
I'm coming.

Who is this kid?

END OF PILOT