

Excerpt from "Innocence"
Written by Bruce J. Robinson

(Kaplan and Tuscano go to their tables, gather gear, move to gate, reach it simultaneously. Through the next episode, we hear the yips and rumble of outside reporters.)

Still a little crowded.	KAPLAN
Not bad.	TUSCANO
After you.	KAPLAN
I insist.	TUSCANO
Please.	KAPLAN
We need Judge Coven?	TUSCANO
No thanks. He scares me. Besides, I'm honored to follow a most worthy and very slick adversary.	KAPLAN
"Slick?"	TUSCANO
Making my agreeing not to strait-jacket the poor slob seem to support your claim he can control himself.	KAPLAN
Your choice, Mr. Kaplan. We all have choice.	TUSCANO
You are strict, Ms. Tuscano. After you.	KAPLAN
"Age before beauty?"	TUSCANO (self-mocking)
"Pearls before swine."	KAPLAN (genuinely complimentary)

TUSCANO

You know, Mr. Kaplan; I think that –

KAPLAN

Call me Ray. Please - as in Ray of sunshine.

TUSCANO

Or as in "Ray" which follows "Dough" and is just starting to annoy "Me"...
(pointedly)

Mr. Kaplan.

KAPLAN

You're a brilliant woman, Emily - may I call you "Emily?"

TUSCANO

No.

KAPLAN

Emily, and for damn sure I didn't take this case for bucks.

TUSCANO

Oh, right, right. Pro bono. Lawyers like you spend less time worrying about money than who's gonna play 'em in the movies.

KAPLAN

I took this job to ensure Wynn Pohlmann's Constitutional rights - and anyone but Ben Affleck.

TUSCANO

Cut the crap, Kaplan. The real job's as concrete as the slab on which Denny Cole was stretched.

KAPLAN

Or is the real job getting elected?

(before she can repost)

No, our job's to secure justice. Didn't they teach you that at Harvard?

(She shoots him a look of mild surprise that he knows where she went to school.)

I know it all.

TUSCANO

Great.

KAPLAN

Emily A. Tuscano: accomplished; attractive; unmarried, though doubtless proposed to a million times!

TUSCANO

Right! Right! Right! Right! Alright!!

KAPLAN

Granddaughter of immigrants riding to who-knows-what heights?

TUSCANO

Kaplan.

KAPLAN

The pride of Chappaqua and
(testing)
child of Anthony and Marie and sister of...what is her name?

TUSCANO

Mind your own business!

KAPLAN

This is my business: to explore the terrain for weakness, to scrutinize your terra firma.

TUSCANO

Up your Northwest Passage.
(leaving)
'buh-bye.

KAPLAN

You know, I also went to Harvard.

(Beat – as she’s surprised but she doesn’t stop.)

April 12th '78. To see the Doobie Brothers and to pick up babes.

(Amused, she stops.)

But the ladies were almost as smart as they thought they were. Night school.
(punning on his alma mater - N.Y.U.)
N.Y. "Jew." And now look at me: for the last four weeks, a refugee in a city where mayonnaise laps the shore. If I were able to compromise by moving my entire life – such as it is - to a basically bagel-free wasteland; how could we, Emily, not strike a compromise? No cameras here, no Republicans other than you that’s for damn sure.

TUSCANO

If I didn’t hold this man responsible for killing Denny Cole, my twenty plus years in the public service of bringing criminals to justice would all be for nothing.

KAPLAN

You’re a sound bite.

TUSCANO

Bite this.

KAPLAN

Was that a putdown or an invitation? Maybe crazy Wynn was right. He said that it was your sister who keys why -

TUSCANO

Don't you talk about my sister or mother or father or anything about my family, understand?

KAPLAN

Well, clearly we have issues here.

TUSCANO

I believe as I believe; I believe in responsibility. As for what influences one's vision, why do you seem intent on forgiving this revolting killer? If all these rumors about you are true...

KAPLAN

They are. Except the one about the Shetland Pony. We were just good friends.

(She laughs, despite herself.)

TUSCANO

If you were guilty of these transgressions, you're first in line to offer your
(Yiddish – sympathy – rochMUHnis)
rachmones to your fellow trespasser, right? Some of my best friends are Liberals.

KAPLAN

You may be the perfect woman.

TUSCANO

(exiting - amused)

G'night, Kaplan.

KAPLAN

C'mon, Emily. We can compromise. I know compromise intimately, 'cause any woman I ever dated by definition has compromised.

(Again, she laughs despite herself.)

TUSCANO

(exiting)

Or you've tried to compromise.

KAPLAN

The perfect woman.

(LIGHTS OUT on Kaplan.)

ARNOLD

Wynn?

(No answer.)

Wynn?

WYNN
(as LIGHTS UP)

What-the-hell are you doing here?

(ARNOLD's talking to Wynn through a glass partition and on a phone.)

ARNOLD

To see how you are.

WYNN

I'm just here for the grub. The Chef, you know, fondues nonpareil.

ARNOLD

Sorry you're here.

WYNN

Sure-as-shit, "Sherlock." A sorry, flaccid fuck.

ARNOLD

And I'm sorry I gotta testify.

WYNN

Compulsion. Forgive my client. He can't control himself. He's simply heavenly drool.

ARNOLD

This ain't my idea of a good time.

WYNN

You can leave. I stay. But prison'll do wonders for my social life, doncha know? Already have a fiancé. Big Tony. Our pattern's registered at Vinnie's House o' Leather. Will you tell 'em how I used to beat the shit out of you?

ARNOLD

If they ask.

WYNN

Such a good boy.

(with more neologisms)

The apotheosissy. The mendiocricity. Scream it out: I cause the pain...the embarrassment that courses through this coarse universe! Those two 'dips' doubled-dipped in that same shallow, polluted gene pool. Daddy left 'cause of me. Right? I know you, Arny.

ARNOLD

You know nothing, you crazy fuck. You got any idea what it was like to tip-toe 'round you?

WYNN

I tip-toe 'round myself.

ARNOLD

Well, this time, you done it, boy. This time, they get your ass.

WYNN

Why? I did nothing wrong. I'm not guilty.

ARNOLD

You're a real card. Well, this time, it's on you, dick-breath. Maybe for once they'll make you pick up the pieces. 'member we was playing ball in the living room and that Chinese vase Daddy brought back from Kansas City was smashed? Little Chink kids - flying kites - up on sandals and stilts and - smiley, yellow little bastards.

(Wynn grabs his head - trying to remember but unable. He shakes "no.")

You remember. You do. That's always been your little trick. You brought the ball into the house. You made me play with you. You smashed it. Pink porcelain. Momma's green carpet. She come in. She knew you did it. I know she did. She asks you what-all went down. You bark.

(Wynn barks.)

Shut up! Shut up! "Wynn did it," I say. Whack! She back-hands me, and I tumblesault 'cross the room. Taste hot blood from my nose. This time: you smashed the vase. You can't put the pieces together. You can't blame it on anyone else. You did it, you son-of-a-bitch. Time the world knew. Tell 'em the truth; and now, they believe me. No choice. I. I stand. In that court.

(He does - as LIGHTS FADE on Wynn and a SPOT bathes Arnold.)

(doing what he describes)

And I got no choice but to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; so help me God?

BAILIFF (VO)

to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; so help me God?

ARNOLD

And I say: "I do."