CURRAN

Prod. #01002/102 CONTINUED (2)

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Writer's Draft 12/01/05

KENNY (cont'd)
If there's anything you can do...



A quick look around to make ure the coast is clear.

PELUSO Let me look into it.

As Peluso walk away --

PELUSO (cont'd)
About that other thing... I'll square
up with you by the end of the week.

KENN

Take your time.

Peluso exits, fully comprehending the guid pro quo. As he passes Courtroom D --

INT. COURTROOM - SAME

A jam-packed courtroom. Steele sits alone at the prosecution table, taking notes. Pat Foye (the man from the interview) sits directly behind his son, SHAWN, 14, cute, boyish, terrified. CURRAN (40s, polished), Shawn's lawyer, glances at his yellow pad one last time, then stands and faces the jury --

CURRAN

Shawn Foye is fourteen years old, weighs a hundred and three pounds, has an A average, likes baseball, race cars and Jessica Simpson.

(beat)
Shawn Foye's older brother, Jack, was a nice kid too -- except when it came to Shawn. He hated him. Tortured him, physically and mentally, on a daily basis for over two years.

Curran eyes Shawn for a moment, turns back to the jury --

CURRAN (cont'd)
The victim's own father, Mr. Patrick
Foye, will testify that his deceased
son, Jack, was a disturbed man who
abused his younger brother on a regular
basis. He'll describe an unimaginable
climate of fear and violence.

(MORE)

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Prod. #01002/102 CONTINUED

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Writer's Draft 12/01/05

CURRAN (cont'd)

Quite simply, he'll explain why Shawn's actions on that Saturday afternoon were justifiable -- why his seemingly brutal attack was merely an attempt to save himself from a sadistic monster.

(then)



Ladies and gentlemen, Shawn Foye killed his brother -- there's no doubt about that. But he didn't murder him.

OFF Steele --



EXT. D.A.'S OFFICE - STREET - DAY

Steele and Cabot hurry through the throng --

CABOT

So Mr. Foye's selling out the dead son to save the living one?

STELE

Wouldn't you?

CALCT

I'm not sure.

STIELE

Really?

CAHDT

I just don't think I could forgive my son for doing something like that.

STEELE

So you'd let him rot in prison for thirty years?

CABET

Maybe.

Steele cracks a smile; appreciates her candor. They walk in silence for a moment. Then --

CABOR (cont'd) How's Jessica Rossi doing?

STEELE

Excuse me?

CABO

She's involved in some pretty heavy cases...

Prod. #01002/102 CONTINUED

Writer's Draft 12/01/05



Misdemeanor menacing. Six months probation.

IGGINS

So no felony?

PLUSO

Right.

WEGGINS

Cuz no school toing to give you a ride if you charged with a felony.

PELUSO I'll draw up as information. All you have to do is allocute to the facts.

WIGGINS

Allocute?

MORRISON Tell the judge what happened.

WISGINS

In court? I can't do that.

PELUSO

You don't have a choice.

WIRGINS But I can't -- The whole world would know that --

MORRISON Don't be stupid, Rashard.

WIGGINS

I ain't no faggot, man.

Peluso eyes Rashard for a moment, then walks out.

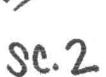
INT. COURTHOUSE - CHAMBERS - DAY

consent.

Steele, Curran and Judge Michaels.

JUDGE MICHAELS I won't approve a deal without parental

CURRAN I'm the boy's lawyer, Your Honor. recommend that he accepts the offer.
(MORE)



Prod. #01002/102

CONTINUED

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Writer's Draft

CURRAN (cont'd)

The defendant himself wants to plea. Isn't that enough?

JUDGE MICHAELS

He's fourteen, Mr. Morrison. I'm not going to authorize a plea without his father's consent.

CURRAN

With all due respect... Isn't that just a tad hypocritical? Old enough to be tried in adult court, too young to plead to the crime.

JUDGE MICHAELS

I suppose it is. But that's how it goes...

STEELE

What if we appoint a guardian? Let him or her approve the deal?

JUDGE MICHAELS

Shawn Foye already has a father.

STEELE

But he's not acting in his son's best interests.

JUDGE MICHAELS

I agree. But that doesn't mean I can jam some shill down his throat to approve a deal you think makes sense.

Judge Michaels steps into chambers and shuts the door. Curran and Steele share a shrug.

CURRAN

I'll talk to Foye again. See if I can change his mind.

Steele nods and walks away.

INT. ROSSI'S OFFICE - DAK

Rossi, Duggan and AL STULTZ, 30s, thick, remorseless --

ROSSI

Assault, third degree, is the best I can do.

Am I looking t jail time?