

Gump II- The Fuhrman Confession

The O.J. Simpson trial revisited. Here's some little known facts regarding this case: when the prosecution's star witness, Det. Mark Fuhrman, was asked by F. Lee Bailey whether or not he planted the infamous bloody glove at the crime scene, Fuhrman plead the fifth so as not to incriminate himself. Despite this, Judge Lance Ito forbade the jury from hearing this critical testimony. Two detectives admitted taking blood samples from the lab to the crime scene, with blood missing when those samples were returned. The "evidence" against Simpson had EDTA, a chemical preservative that keeps blood from clotting which is also found in the sample containers. When asked if they planted this DNA evidence, they plead the 5th too. Despite this, many in the media continue to malign the competency of the Simpson jury because they did not, clearly, bother to see the trial.

After watching Det. Mark Fuhrman plead the 5th when asked directly if he planted the bloody glove at the Simpson residence, it seemed a fatal blow to the prosecution's star witness. It wasn't. So we pose a simple question: what if Det. Mark Fuhrman confessed to framing O.J. Simpson at his murder trial? Would it matter? Would the prosecution drop or continue the case? After a careful psychological study of prosecuting attorneys Marcia Clarke and Chris Darden, the following outcome was predicted...



FADE IN

EXT. BUS STOP-DAY

The camera tracks a white feather as it slowly descends upon the barren, ebony scalp of O.J. Simpson prosecutor, Chris Darden. He is munching on some Oreos. He's clad Forrest Gump style. Sitting beside him is a woman attempting to read the paper. Darden picks up the feather curiously as he adjusts his granny glasses, and puts it in his briefcase. He then

combs his imaginary hair before a pocket mirror, and continues to munch on his Oreos.



DARDEN
(leans over to offer a cookie,
with a lisp)
Ma'am, would you like an Oreo?

WOMAN

No thank you.

DARDEN

My momma says I'm just like an Oreo.
Black on the outside, white on the
inside. I never knew what she meant.

WOMAN

I think she meant you're ashamed of your
African American heritage.

DARDEN

She's insane! My flaxen blonde hair and
blue eyes betray her denial!

WOMAN

What I would like though, is for you to
keep your skanky ass breath away from me.
(She continues reading the
paper, trying to ignore him.)

LAP DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. SOUTHERN ESTATE—LATE AFTERNOON

Two parallel lanes of trees form a beautiful canopy of
foliage leading to a large white house, a former plantation.
A young Chris Darden is walking home from law school with
Marcia Clark. Darden is wearing orthopedic braces on his
legs, walking awkwardly. The town bully, a young Mark
Fuhrman, drives up in his old blue truck with a load of
friends. They start to chase Darden, and the passengers in
the back chuck rocks and garbage at him.

BULLY 1

Hey! It's that freshman retard from law
school. Don't let us catch ya man!

FUHRMAN

I just lost my job at the March of Dimes
for teasin' your cry-baby ass, and I
reckon a cripple whuppin' will just about
rectify this here injustice!

CUT TO-

CLARK

(terrified)
Run Chris! Run!



A frightened Darden runs with all his might, but is pitifully hampered by his leg braces as the truck bears down on him. Suddenly, in a newfound burst of energy, the braces fall off, and he runs like a gazelle, miraculously outrunning the truck. He looks back, the truck is stalling.

EXT. SKATING RINK

Outside a skating rink, a drunk French hockey player is about to drive home as his friends vainly plead for him to designate a driver. Moments later, Darden runs into the street nearby and is run down by the drunk hockey player's Zamboni as it hits speeds reaching up to 5 miles per hour.

INT. SLEAZY BAR, THE GARCETTI INN-- NIGHT

Marcia Clark, sitting butt naked on a stool playing folk guitar, entertains the rowdy guests as Darden walks in and is aghast. His granny glasses steam. Never had Bob Dylan ever been so bastardized. In the meantime Marcia is attempting to pass off as a study in dignity and grace. Her legs are crossed, she carefully shields her breasts with her guitar as she plays... terribly. A SLOW PAN reveals a few celebrities in the audience: Barbara Walters is moved to tears, throws her

panties. A tipsy Andy Rooney is on his knees before her,
bowing in homage before passing out on the floor.

MARCIA

(to Bob Dylan's "Blowin' in the
Wind")

How many times
must a man stab a heart
before it ceases to beat?
yes'm, how many times
must O.J. beat Nicole?.
before she runs down the street?
The answer my friend
is blowin' in the wind
the answer is blowin' in the wind



Darden picks her up against her will; one hand over his eyes to so as not to see her nakedness. He forces her into the truck and drives away...before stopping at a bridge...

DARDEN

I'm takin' you home, Marcia! We've got school tomorrow!

MARCIA

Let me out!

EXT. BRIDGE- NIGHT

Clark exits the vehicle totally enraged. He chases the troubled naked freak and grabs her by the arms.

DARDEN

I'm taking you home Marcia! I can't believe you forgot your clothes again!

MARCIA

Let me go! I was just about to land a contract with those Hard Crappy producers, you damned fool! How dare you embarrass me like that in front of them?

DARDEN

But we have a case tomorrow!

MARCIA

Let me go or I swear I'll kill you!

DARDEN

You're already killing me! With desire! With an unquenchable longing whose constant pangs are enough to make a grown man cry...and circumcise himself!

MARCIA

(pukes on his shirt)

L-Leave me alone, or I'll make sure that disgusting foreskin corsage you gave me is sent to the proper authorities, and the media!

DARDEN

See? You kept it! Don't deny your passion for me Never again shall a Negro woman

sully my lips! Once I thought I was a black man, so steeped in denial and white guilt was I! But you, my sweet Hebrew angel, you brought me to the light! Kiss me you fool!

(Darden closes his eyes and puckers his lips. Marcia slams her fist into his mouth.)

MARCIA

I told you I have a boyfriend! Tammy Bruce!

DARDEN

(hurt)

So maybe it is true. Maybe you are a slut! Maybe our tryst under Judge Ito's desk was not your first time!

MARCIA

(blushes crimson and slaps him)
How dare you impugn my integrity?

DARDEN

You're standing butt naked in the middle of the street, Madonnastyle, for all to see. Now my dog, chickens, and my houseplants may giggle when I call myself an attorney, granted, but you'd bring the house down when it comes to denial.

Marcia is simmering. A high school bus full of football players slams the brakes for a peek at Marcia's free vittles. She leaves Darden and finds her ride home. O.S. helicopter gunship

EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE-DAY

It's 1967. Darden hops off a Huey to join his platoon in the hot jungle brush, searching Charlie.

LT. DAN

Hey Darden, where's your helmet?

DARDEN

I threw it out, sir!

LT. DAN

You what?!

DARDEN

When I put it on again I realized someone took a crap in it again, sir! I think it was the Negroes, sir!

LT. DAN

(incredulous)

You're the only black man in this platoon ya moron! And you want to be an attorney?

DARDEN

But that's what Fuhrman said when he gave my helmet back to me

LT. DAN

When was that?

DARDEN

Right after he asked me for a roll of toilet paper.

LT. DAN

Hey Fuhrman! Who crapped in the "special" kid's helmet? You did didn't you?

Private Fuhrman is nearby, roasting marshmallows on a ten foot burning cross. He approaches them nervously and salutes. On his helmet he has scrawled white power and a swastika.

FUHRMAN

I must plead the fifth, sir! I refuse to answer on the grounds I may incriminate myself!

LT. DAN

Since you could have denied it, I'll take that as a yes. Just for that, I'm confiscating your Nazi polka record collection! Dismissed! And eh, by the way...gimmie your lunchbox.

FUHRMAN

No, please, not that...

LT. DAN

Gimmie. Now.

Fuhrman reluctantly fetches his "Hungry Hitler" lunchbox. LT. DAN proceeds to chuck it on the ground and urinate on it.

FUHRMAN

That was an heirloom from my grandpa in
the SS! How could you?

LT. DAN

How does it feel? Not to good, does it?
Now let that be a lesson to you!

Fuhrman is devastated, and forces back the tears, lips
quivering.

DARDEN

(indignantly)

But it was the Negroes sir! Private
Fuhrman told me that a white man would
never crap in my helmet, and I believe
him!

LT. DAN

Shut up, Darden, because I find myself
hungry for a moral and justifiable excuse
to slap the shit out of a retarded man
right now...and I think this is it!

DARDEN

Yes sir.

LT. DAN

Now put some camouflage on that shiny ass
scalp of yours! That infernal glare will
give us away to the enemy, ya hear me?

EXT. JUNGLE

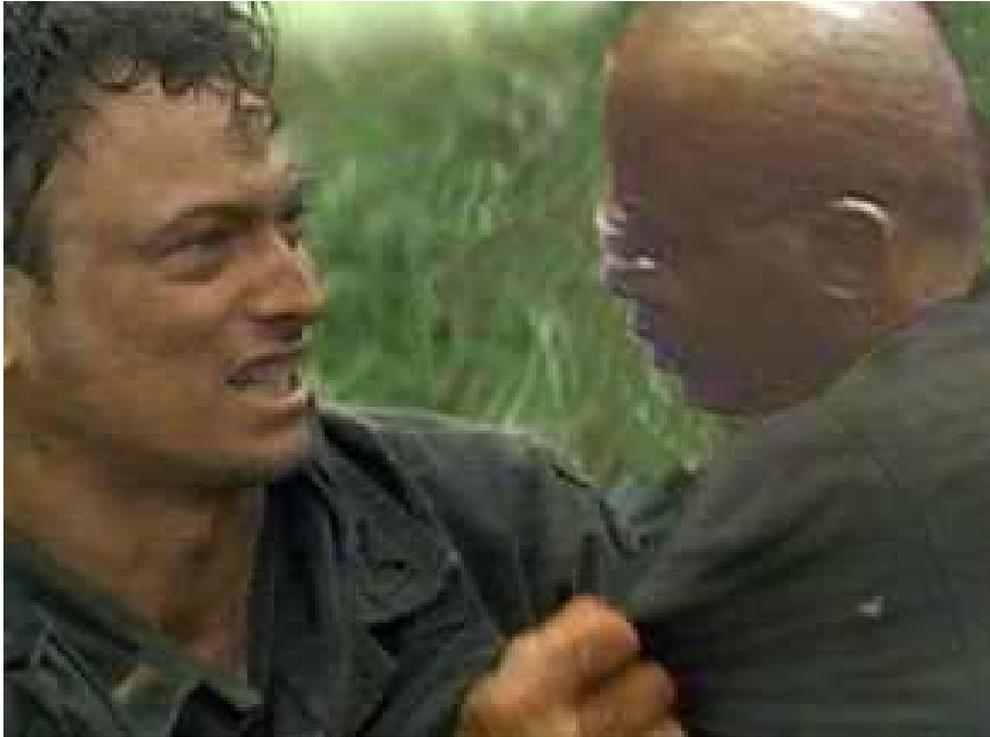
A Viet Cong spotter sees a bald scalp shining through the
thick jungle brush like a beacon. Immediately, Darden's
platoon is fired upon. A mortar round hits Lt. Dan and blows
off his legs. The radio man beside him is blown to bits.
Darden rushes to Lt. Dan.

DARDEN

I'll save you!

LT. DAN

Get away from me you freak, because if I
live I'm gonna court-martial your stupid
ass! This is all your fault! Do you know
how many men you've cost me? May you and
your brand new scalp buffer burn in hell,
my friend, burn in hell!!!



DARDEN

It's okay! You're gonna be alright! I'll
save you!

LT. DAN

(fighting Darden as he
struggles to lift him)

My legs! Oh my legs! Son of a bitch! My
dreams...gone now! All gone! Now I'll never
get to kick you in the face before this
war is over!

Darden picks up Lt. Dan and runs to safety.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

TITLE CARD: MANY YEARS LATER....

L.A. CRIMINAL COURTS BLDG.-- DAY



INT. ITO'S COURTROOM

Marcia Clark walks up to the podium with the Sunday comics. She prepares a cartoon to argue her next motion.

CLARK

I understand it's unusual for an attorney to bring a newspaper to court, but sometimes even a cartoon can be edifying.

ITO

And this cartoon will support your motion to allow for the viewing of the autopsy photos again?

CLARK

(earnestly)

Indeed it will. Don't let appearances deceive you. Lizard Man is regarded by authorities as highly cerebral material.

ITO

Please present a copy of the cartoon in question to the defense. Proceed.

She gives the defense a copy, then puts the cartoon on a projector as she follows the cartoon frame by frame.

(O.S. cue Samuel Barber's
"Adagio for Strings")

CLARK

In the first frame, a little boy is watching the Simpson trial and wondering what the forbidden "N" word is. Finally he asks Lizard Man what it is and he says "Nicole".

(with an overt tug at the heart strings, she bursts into crocodile tears; her inanities underscored by her arms flailing and sweeping into air)

ITO

That cartoon is wearing thin. First it was with the Fuhrman tapes. Now what does this Lizard Man cartoon have to do with the autopsy photos?

CLARK

It puts the trial in perspective on a human level.

CUT TO

In the front row of the courtroom, Marcia has placed a STRING SECTION from an orchestra. LS: ITO flings his GAVEL at CONDUCTOR'S head.



ITO

(to Marcia's string section)

Will you shut up??!!!

(takes a deep breath)

Listen, Marcia, I don't want to see you come in here with the funny pages to argue your motions anymore; especially when you swipe them from my paper. Buy your own paper.

COCHRAN

Yeah, Marcia—I can assure you that your inane and transparent motions are funny enough as they are.

CLARK

That's totally unfair! We hear all this whining about the defendant's right to a fair trial. But don't the victims have rights? The Goldmans have a right to swim in Simpson's pool. They have a right to take his estate even before Simpson's guilt is determined.

Chris Darden reaches into his bag of tricks, get an onion, splits it, and rushes over to Marcia with a yellow rubber ducky. The prosecution lawyers huddle.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Your honor—could you give us a minute? Chris is having trouble assembling the tracks for his Hot Wheels...

ITO

Is this going to take forever? You know we have a jury waiting.

CLARK

It might.

ITO

Proceed.

DARDEN

(whispers into her ears, takes the split onion and rubs it under Marcia's eyes)

Here—try the duck! Gloria Allred says

the duck always works for her!
(Marcia grabs the duck, still
in its original carton, and
suddenly bursts into tears.)

CLARK

I-I'm very sorry your honor! I'm
watching a dream shatter before my very
eyes...and though that dream does not
belong to me, I bleed from every pore for
the surviving victims in question.

Marcia bursts into tears and clutching the duck, she wails
like a banshee, then writhes on the floor in agony. Then she
tears out her hair and rips her clothing, climaxed when she
walks over to a potted plant and symbolically throws soil
into her face...

CLARK (CONT'D)

Forgive me for this outburst, Your Honor.
(regains some of her composure)
But just look at the duck, Your Honor!
Still in its original package. By now it
should be in O.J.'s swimming pool; in the
loving hands of Kim Goldman! But no. We
had to be sidetracked with this non-issue
like the fact that O.J. is innocent.

F. Lee Bailey immediately rises; enraged. In fact, the whole
defense table except Cochran does. They have a copy of the
same paper, and instead of "Nicole" it reads the forbidden
"N" word is "Neilsens".

COCHRAN

Objection! Move to strike that comment!
We have the same paper and it reads
differently. It's supposed to read that
the forbidden "N" word is "Neilsens"!
As in Nielsen Ratings, which is basically
what this trial has boiled down to...

ITO

Johnny, that's an insult to this court
and to our honorable, chaste, and
dignified friends at NBC, "Dateline", and
"Hard Copy".

(flashes toothy grin as he
looks into the camera)
Yes folks, check your local listings!

COCHRAN

I object!

ITO

Ahem. I digress. Council, call your first witness.

Marcia Clark prepares to question Mark Fuhrman on his Klanmobile's "Jew Killer" license plate.



CU: We see exhibit 23- The KLANMOBILE is a white van with a burning cross on the roof. The doors have warning signs that read "White Onlee!" and a Confederate flag.

The witness takes the stand as prosecutor Marcia Clark prepares to question him.

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

FUHRMAN

Silly Negro, I am God. I am truth.

BAILIFF

(shaking head)

You may take the stand.

MARCIA

Good afternoon ladies and gentle of the jury. Good afternoon Detective Fuhrman.

(clears throat)

If you look on the monitor to your immediate right, you will notice a license plate on the rear of your van that reads "Jew Killer." Does this license plate belong to you, or was it placed there, perhaps, by some malicious advocate for the defendant?

CUT TO—

Defense attorney Johnny Cochran rises angrily.

COCHRAN

I object, your honor!

ITO

Sustained. Ms. Clark, please refrain from such prejudicial speculation. Please answer the question, Mr. Fuhrman.

FUHRMAN

Of course not. I wouldn't stick that racist garbage on my car. Mine just says "Aryan Power"

(suddenly grows pale, loses composure)

I mean it says "SHALOM!" No, wait, I don't even own a car, that's right!

MARCIA

(perplexed)

Det. Fuhrman, are you okay? Is something bothering you? Did Johnny Cochran threaten to make you his "deflowered Aryan bitch" again?

ITO

(impatiently)

Marcia...

MARCIA

Okay, sorry...strike that last comment.

FUHRMAN

(nervous and pale, he fidgets in his chair, and drops his

gaze)

It's the pressure. That bothers me. And the lies. Look, I can't take this anymore! Maybe I will tell the truth!

MARCIA

You know you don't have to do that. Just answer the questions

FUHRMAN

I know. But I want to tell the truth. Now is the chance for me to take a stand for the white race.

MARCIA

You can't be a racist. I'm a Jew, Darden is black, and we're your friends. We've always been friends.

FUHRMAN

Oh shut up you yammering heeb. You're both a couple of crooked-ass posers, and I'd hate you even if you were both Aryan.

MARCIA

As you can see, ladies and gentleman of the jury, Detective Fuhrman has a delightful sense of humor-

FUHRMAN

First of all, I accept full responsibility because it was my idea. The others, like Lange and Vanatter, they were dragged into it. Well, invited rather.

(Fuhrman stands, points at O.J. Simpson)

Judge Ito, you must free this man. Whether or not he was responsible in any way for the murders is no longer the question here, we may never know now...and that was the objective. I planted the glove. I framed him. The case was ruined from the start.

(Fuhrman slumps back into the witness chair)

MARCIA

Your honor, I move to strike...

ITO

On what grounds?

MARCIA

He's embarrassing me.

ITO

No shit. Proceed.

FUHRMAN

I planted the glove. I called Tracie Savage from KNBC and told her about the blood on the socks beings Simpson's...a week before the socks were even tested. I framed that jigaboo out of sheer malice, but I swear I'm not a racist!

A NETWORK EXECUTIVE shows her a chart with the latest Nielsen ratings. Seeing her Nielsen ratings are now in jeopardy, MARCIA becomes desperate and quickly interrupts.

MARCIA

Your honor, I move to strike, the witness clearly is delusional.

FUHRMAN

Oh, and I kicked his dog Kato too!!

COCHRAN

I object! The witness has just perjured himself, exonerated Simpson, and furthermore, admitted to cruelty to animals! Your honor, may I approach the bench?

ITO

Sustained. Yes, you may.

COCHRAN approaches FUHRMAN with some photographs handed to him by F. LEE BAILEY. Cochran checks Fuhrman's shoes and shoe size.

COCHRAN

He's not delusional! In fact, on June 13, 1995, a vet just happened to photograph a jackboot imprint on the dog's flank; imprints that match those on Fuhrman's shoes this very day! We submit that this fully explains why Kato the dog now walks with a permanent limp.

FUHRMAN

(reviewing pictures)

It's true. That steel toe imprint is mine The M.F. initial's—mine. I stamped them on that mutt with a swift and well aimed kick. But not all is lost, I think I know the true killers.

MARCIA

And how do you know your information is true? Where did you find them?

FUHRMAN

I was sent the bloody knives, some of Nicole's hair, and a business card. Would you like to see them?

MARCIA

No, we wouldn't. We know who the true killer is. It's Mr. Simpson, wife-beating demonic beast in the courtroom.

FUHRMAN

See, you're the one that's racist. Simpson couldn't have done it. The victims weren't speared or cannibalized.

COCHRAN

I object! We deeply resent that racist comment and the one before it, but grudgingly appreciate its impeachment value. Please ask counsel to continue that line of questioning.

ITO

Proceed.

FUHRMAN

Besides, there aren't any prints on the knives. The real killers videotaped the killing to document the hit for their boss, and OJ wasn't in it—he was on a plane by then. There was at least three—one was in charge of the videotaping. And they could afford to be sloppy because the hit was approved by the LAPD...and later, Garcetti.

MARCIA

Do you respect the respectable and intelligent people of the jury to believe that nonsense? Do you think you can fool these noble and selfless people of the jury?

The JURY FOREMAN is bored. He secretly grabs a pocket mirror and aims it at Darden's shiny bald scalp to deflect the bright camera lights. The foreman adjust the pocket mirror's angle...

CUT TO-

And Marcia is immediately blinded. She squints and stumbles; knocks over the court reporter.

She gets up, dusts herself, and points a bony, accusing finger at a wall.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

(squints)

Look at the jury, Mr. Fuhrman. Don't you know that angels walk with them in counsel? Don't you know that they, the honorable ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have nothing but contempt for liars?

The FOREMAN nods grimly, and gives her the finger. Then he furtively takes a rubber band, rolls up a tiny piece of paper, flattens it and forms it into a projectile. When MARCIA is close enough and facing DARDEN near the podium, Darden stands up to hand her some documents, and the foreman shoots her in the butt. Assuming Darden goosed her because of his proximity, she slaps him.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

Fresh! How dare you!

(under her breath)

Not now!

DARDEN

What the hell are you talking about?

FUHRMAN

But Marcia, did you guys see the tape of the killers? I gave it you this morning along with the bloody knives and fingerprint samples from the hit men, and I included their Interpol files,

confessions, resumes, and home and work numbers.

SHAPIRO

(rises from the Defense table)
Your honor, we were not presented with any of that exculpatory evidence! This is a gross miscarriage of justice! In the interests of common decency, please drop the case right now and stop this mockery of justice while we still can! Fuhrman already confessed!

XCU: Prosecutor CHERI LEWIS reaches into her briefcase and pulls out some files marked "INTERPOL." Meanwhile, DARDEN quietly sets up a paper shredder under their table and gets to work on the confessions, files. He hums loudly to drown out the shredder, unsuccessfully of course.

ITO

Well? What did you do with evidence, Counsel?

MARCIA

Uhhh...I'm glad you asked. Yes, Fuhrman did give us the aforementioned tape, but there was an unforeseen accident We sat down to watch it...

ITO

(heaves a deep sigh)
This better be good. This just better be good..

MARCIA

Actually, it was an accident very similar to what happened to you. We sat down to watch the tape and I accidentally pressed the record button., but I can assure you, your honor, there was absolutely no malice intended or wrought.

Marcia goes to retrieve the video.

PAN to Darden and Cheri at the prosecution table. He leans over to Cheri and asks her a question as she cleans the blood off the two knives.

DARDEN

(smoothly)

Hey Cheri, Marcia told me you can't get over my new cologne. It's called "Cruel Ambitions" for Men.

CHERI

(puts the knives and cleaner down, and bitterly points to the hives and scratches on her arms)

She's right. I can't get over the allergic reaction its giving me. I can't get rid of these damned hives!

DARDEN

Is that's what's bothering you? I'm here for you, pretty baby!

Marcia finds the video and approaches the bench. She returns to the podium.

ITO

Counsel, this is a how-to home video copy of "Mark Fuhrman's Framing and Perjury for Idiots."

MARCIA

No it's not!

ITO

And it's overdue at Blockbuster Video.

MARCIA.

Oh, wrong one. It's right here...
(quickly retrieves another)

Marcia approaches the bench, hands Ito the other video. He takes a brief recess in his chamber. Then walks out. Peeved.

ITO

Ms. Clark, please tell the court how you managed to erase the tape from beginning to end?

MARCIA

This happened to you with another tape in question, your honor. It's not like these things don't happen.

COCHRAN

I object! She erased the whole tape without knowing it? With all due respect your honor, this is preposterous! It was deliberate and malicious destruction of exculpatory evidence! You only erased a few seconds of the audio tape wherein Fuhrman bragged about setting up suspects and planting weapons and drugs on them! And you erased the copy, not the master!

ITO

(mulls it over)

Sorry, Johnny. She's got me there. A VCR can be pretty tricky nowadays., with all them buttons on them and stuff. My apologies, Counsel. Proceed.

(O.S. A grinding, loud rattle.)

The sound stuns the court. The proceedings are halted. Darden's portable paper shredder malfunctions because he tried to shred the two bloody knives. Cheri slaps him upside the head so hard she leaves a pale imprint of her hand.

CHERI

(seething)

You idiot! I said "I can't get rid of these hives," not "knives"!!! What did you think I meant?

DARDEN

(sheepishly)

What? You think I'm stupid?

ITO

Mr. Darden, what did I tell you about beepers and paper shredders in the courtroom?

CHERI

Your honor, Darden has a learning disability... you'll have to...

ITO

Darden can speak for himself. Theoretically. Now Chris, you've been warned. Proceed.

MARCIA

Thank your honor. Mr. Fuhrman, do you speak of your own free will and confess

to framing Simpson; or were you blackmailed by Cochran, Douglas, and Shapiro as they chased you down an alleyway with chains and bats when you refused to buy their crack?

FUHRMAN

Of my own free will. I framed him. I took some vials from the lab and planted the glove, and the drop on the back of the white bundy fence. Yes, and even the socks. That why there was no blood spatter.

MARCIA

And the footprints?

FUHRMAN

The photos you used of Simpson were doctored with a matte insert. I'm sure you know that. If they weren't, you'd have given access to the original negatives to the defense. You never did and will.

MARCIA

But that would make Simpson innocent of this murder. And that cannot be. The whole world knows that. Everyone knows he's guilty. I know that, you know that.

FUHRMAN

Don't you understand you simp? I set him up! There was no evidence linking Simpson directly to the crime! If there was, my services would never have asked for!

MARCIA

Move to strike as non-responsive, your honor.

ITO

Sustained.

MARCIA

Mr. Fuhrman, are you on any medication or street drugs right now that are affecting your cognitive abilities?

FUHRMAN

None, unless you count estrogen, which is none of your damned business anyways!

MARCIA

So what you're telling us is that you didn't frame Simpson.

FUHRMAN

No, you ignorant sow! I'm telling you I did! Can't you get through your thick, self-infatuated heeb skull?

MARCIA

I see. So let's say you're not stark raving mad, and did frame Simpson. Does that mean he's innocent?

FUHRMAN

Legally, yes.

The lights in the courtroom suddenly flicker and dim. To the amazement and terror of all, two ghosts appear in front of the jury. It's RON and NICOLE. It's a gory scene, both are hovering about a foot above the floor.

Nicole is almost decapitated, her head hangs to the side held only by a piece of flesh. Ron is drenched in blood, his throat slit also. Suddenly Nicole's eyes flicker and she begins to speak.

NICOLE

Don't you think I would remember the men who did this to me? Please don't let these repulsive hypocrites imprison a man I once loved so deeply simply to advance their careers! Please!

RON

She's right. How do they propose to honor us by imprisoning an innocent man?

MARCIA

Objection! Your honor, the testimony of spirit entities is not allowed in California courtrooms.

NICOLE

Do you know how far we've come to speak the truth? How dare you commit this

obscenity in our names?

ITO

I'm afraid she's right, Ms. Brown. We can't accept your testimony under California law. Bailiff, please call an exorcist to escort these sprits out.

MARCIA

Thank you, your honor. Besides, how do we know you're the real Ron and Nicole, and not some other ghosts looking for attention? It could happen?

RON

Ask us for details known only to the police. Like who destroyed my killer's fingerprints, and who shredded his file?

MARCIA

Okay wise guy. When Fuhrman went to plant the glove, what color panties was he wearing?

FURMAN

Hey!

RON

Pink with Garfield in a Klan robe on it. But what's the point in telling you? Even our testimony is worthless here.

COCHRAN

Your honor, the prosecution itself just admitted Fuhrman planted the glove! What more do you need?

ITO

A spine. Regardless, the question was, eh, posed as a hypothetical. Proceed.

NICOLE

Marcia Clark, you'll pay for this. I will not rest until I insure you pay dearly for convicting any innocents in my name, this while protecting killers you knew from the beginning.

RON

Would you like to know the latest

victims? The Spooks and cops who shot the people in the in LAPD crime lab? Or is it a trifle self-incriminating?

NICOLE

Marcia, Chris, Garcetti... you at the prosecution table, I promise you this... where your bloodstained cohorts go, you will follow.

Disgusted, Ron and Nicole disappear.

MARCIA

(smirks defiantly)

As you can see, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, unlike me; they're just here to confuse and mislead the jury. Now the defense has got the ghosts of Ron and Nicole to believe their ridiculous conspiracy theory! What's next? UFOs at the murder scene? Or how about their planting stories in the media about racist cops in law enforcement agencies like the ATF-

BAILEY

(rises from the defense table)

Objection! That story was covered before this trial began! Over 300 ATF agents were videotaped at a Tennessee gathering; some distributing "Nigger Hunting Licenses" and t-shirts of Simpson hanging from a noose!

FUHRMAN

You're making a big deal out of nothing. The shirts shrink and bleed when you wash 'em.

MARCIA

Just answer the questions, Mr. Fuhrman. Now on your way home from church last Sunday, when the Dream Team chased you with guns and bats...with ghetto blasters in hand blaring misogynist Snoop Doggy Dogg rap songs in tow....

FUHRMAN

What??

MARCIA

Did they blackmail you into confessing?

ITO

That's it! Ms. Clark, what did I tell you about personal attacks? Don't leave this courtroom without writing a check for \$250! Make it out to the Society for the Appreciation of Gangsta Rap!

MARCIA

(seething at the sanction, she is barely able to continue)
So, Mr. Fuhrman, you were telling us you didn't frame Simpson.

FUHRMAN

Judge Ito, can you translate "I framed Simpson" into words this self-deluded, vainglorious butt fungus can understand?

ITO

I could, but how many times should I stomp my foot on the ground?

MARCIA

Your honor, I think the jury has seen enough today to know we seek the truth, and come with noble heart and intentions. No further questions.

ITO

Good. Bailiff, arrest this repulsive disgrace to law enforcement..

The bailiff unclips his holster, grabs his handcuffs and heads to Fuhrman...

ITO (CONT'D)

No, not Fuhrman. I mean Ms. Clark. Fuhrman I need to talk to. Mr. Simpson, you're a free man on this annoying technicality we call justice.

(slams the gavel down)

Case dismissed!

Meanwhile, Judge Ito grimly walks up before a mounted camera and addresses the audience.

ITO (CONT. (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, I realize this may be the last televised murder trial in California. The medium has been terribly abused by those we relied upon for objectivity. Mere words cannot express my disappointment with the dehumanizing inclinations of the media...thus I must appeal to the last form of expression available to me...to any of us...Interpretive Dance!

Ito whips out a tape recorder and top hat from under his robe, slips in a cassette and starts dancing the Robot. He steals the show away from the victorious defense.

MARCIA

(as the bailiff drags her away)
Fools! He's guilty, I tell you! Guilty! I saw him do it, yeah! That's it! I saw him do it! He told me he did it!

DOLLY OUT: Suddenly the song segues into Sir Mix-a-Lot's "Baby Got Back." A spotlight falls on the judge. Ito tears off his robe to expose his gangsta rapper gold chains and jogging suit, and, suddenly accompanied by dancers, he breaks into a karaoke version of the rap classic...

ITO

"I like big butts and I cannot lie...
you other brothers can't deny...
that when a girl walks in
with an itty bitty waist
and a round thing in your face
you get sprung...
and wanna pull up stuff
cause you notice that butt was stuffed...
deep in the jeans she's wearing
I'm hooked and I can't stop staring
Oh baby, I wanna get with ya,
and take your picture
my homeboys tried to warn me
but that butt you got makin' me so
horny..."

FADE OUT