EXT. ALABAMABACK ROAD - DAY

It's a sunny, winter day on a paved country in south/western Alabama. In the distance, peaking over a loping hill we see faded metallic green, 1964 Buick Skylark with a white convertible top and New York plates. As it approaches, we see two young men in the car, both with dark hair and sunglasses. They look cool.

CLOSE SHOT - RADIO

A hand turns the dial in search of something contemporary - finding nothing but country music.

RADIO:

(singing)
If you can't live without me, then why aren't you dead?

... and local ads with southern accents, farm reports, evangelists, gospel singers, and a woman with marital problems seeks guidance from a radio preacher.

ON THE ROAD:

The two-lane paved country road passes through huge fields of cotton plants - little shrubs with little, fluffy tufts of white. On the side of the road, every 100 yards or so, we see 8' X 8' X 20' trussed-up, squared-off bales of cotton covered with plastic tarps - waiting to be picked up and trucked off. Up ahead they approach a long bed truck filled with logs on the way to a sawmill -- this is also lumber country. They overtake the truck.

They also pass a lot of things you see in the deep south that you don't see up north -- little, ramshackle fruit stands with weather-beaten signs saying "We accept food stamps," crude hand-lettered signs offering Vidalia onions, pecans, propane, bull for sale, a cattle crossing sign -- a black silhouette of a cow on a round yellow background with a black border, grain silo -- big and small.

INT. CAR BACK SEAT

A Rolling Stone magazine, a People magazine, and a variety of textbooks:

Introduction to Political Science, and a WELCOME UCL pamphlet -- these are college kids. Also in the back seat is old (broken) "ghetto blaster" with a tape coming out of it, som, empty soda cans, junk food wrappers, empty Sterno cans, an empt cooler, a map to the south (and a line drawn for the route),
a variety of socks, sweaters, etc. etc

FRONT SEAT:
Driving the car is BILL GAMBINO, 21, Italian-American descent, from New York, optimistic and carefree. The passenger is STAN ROTHSTEIN, also 21, Jewish, pessimistic, analytical and precise. They're bright, college kids in need of a shower and a shave, but they could be confused for derelicts.

J(3 EXT. OFF THE ROAD- WOODS- STAN AND BILL - NIGHT
"Camped. out." Bill's heating up a can of "beans and franks" over a can of Sterno.

LATER THAT NIGHT
Tucked into sleeping bags. WE HEAR BUGS IN THE AIR. Stan slaps at the bugs. Bill is fast asleep. TITLES END.

v( 4 EXT. SAC-O-SUDS CONVENIENCEST ORE - MORNING
Like a 7-11. Stan and Bill drive up, park and enter.

INT. SAC-O-SUDS - CAMERAP ANS OVER BEANS
CAMERAP ULLS BACKT O REVEAL,Bill and Stan in the canned vegetable section, looking over the beans. They're holding cans of beans, Sterno, tortillas -- anything cheap, all cradled in one arm, using their free hands to pick things off the shelves.

STAN:
(points)
Here's some for 37 cents.

BILL:
(looking harder)
Here's some for

STAN:
(victorious)
They look more

BILL:
I think that's it.

STAN:
(still looking, disappointed)
Don't they have generics?

STAN:
I think this is their generic.
BILL:
(points, 31 cent can)
I've never heard of this brand
(points, 32 cent can)
••. maybe we should get this
one ... maybe it's worth the penny

STAN:
(grabs 31 cent can)
Nah •.. you're paying for
advertising
3"
They walk down the aisle, balancing the precarious 'load of cans

BILL:
(sees something that
catches his eye)
Tuna. Should we get tuna?

STAN:
(complaining)
Oh God, please -- no more tunBILL
It's got protein. We need
protein

STAN:
(moving on)
Beans have protein

BILL:
Beans make you fart

STAN:
We got a convertible

BILL:
I'm gettin' it for myself
He reaches for it, almost dropping what he has - and there's
little room for more. So he puts the can in his jacket pocket
MICROWAV-E Stan is heating up a burrito
The COUNTERMAN/CASHIEisR a wiry, unfriendly guy. He serves
Bill a slush drink -- about two thirds full, then adds up the
grocery tab
CASHIER:
,1, and one burrito and one large slush,
(punches up total)
$

BILL:
Can you fill this up?
The cashier looks at the drink, he sighs, then fills it back up and gives it back to Bill without comment. The Cashier then puts the groceries into a brown paper bag as Stan and Bill dig in their pockets
EXT, SAC-O-SUDS
Stan and Bill exit, get in their car and leave. Bill drives
Nearby are row houses - small, box-like houses with severely peeling paint on dusty-gray, old bare wood, meager-looking porches, windows covered with rusted screens and sagging, rusty metal roofs
INT, BUICK - BILL AND STAN - 20 MINUTES LATER
Driving along. Bill remembers about the tuna in his pocket. He reaches into his POCKET•• • and pulls out the can of tuna. He motions for Stan to look,

BILL:
Look. I,. forgot to pay for it

STAN:
(thinks)
You could've gotten caught
(beat)
What if someone saw?
Bill shakes his head at the thought. It was a dumb thing

STAN:
The laws are medieval down here
You know what the minimum age for execution is in Alabama?

BILL:
16?
Bill can't believe it. He glances in the mirror.

REAR-VIEW MIRROR - There's a cop behind them

Bill: There's a cop behind us

Stan: A cop?

Bill: There's nothing to worry about

Stan: There might be

Bill: There's nothfrig to worry about until there's something to worry about

Stan: (beat)

What's he doing now?

Bill: (glances in rear-view)

Nothing

Stan: 'Nothing' -- he's still following us, isn't he?

Bill: He's not following us -- he's just behind us

Stan: (beat, BEAT, BEAT)
Is he still there?

BILL:
(glances up again)
Yeah,

STAN:
(deeply distressed)
Goddammit

BILL:
Calm down. There's a cop behind us, that's all. Nothing's wrong
There's no problem
(more)
(CONTINUED)

...,

CONTINUED:
BILL (Cont'd)
(glances in rear-view mirror, his heart sinks)
Uh oh

STAN:
(terrified)
What?! What 'uh oh'? What?
What?

BILL:
His light's on

Stan ig:

STAN:
Fuck! Fuck! Goddammit!
Goddammit! What're we going to do?

BILL:
(pulls car over)
It's probably nothing
taillight or something, don't
STAN:
We don't have money for bail!

BILL:
. (amused by Stan's worrying)
We don't .!!..!! money for bail;
nothing's happened

STAN:
Nothing? You're getting pulled over aren't you? You stole something, didn't you?
(doomed)
We're fucked,
(Bill keeps his eye on the mirror)
MIRROR - The Sheriff's car door opens
Stan looks at Bill for comment

BILL:
Here he comes
------------------------------------------,... The DEPUTY hides behind the door
y
DEPUTY fl
SHOW ME YOUR HANDS
Stan and Bill exchange dumbfounded looks. They put their hands up. The deputy rests his pistol on the door
DEPUTY fl
GET OUT OF THE CAR AND PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD
INT. LINEUP - BILL AND STAN AND OTHERS
Stan and Bill are led into a makeshift lineup room, where they "~ stand along a group of men - none looking remotely like Bill or Stan. Bright, blinding lights. They have to squint
v\'

STAN:
(whispering to Bill)
Ridiculous -- all this over a can of tuna!
KEEP QUIET:

EXT. SAC-0-SUDS - DAY
SHERIFF FARLEY - a man aged around 50 - is watching the dead body of the Cashier being photographed

A Deputy enters and whispers to Farley

DEPUTY:
I think we may get a confession
Farley leaves the shop. He passes a woman, who is very upset

WOMAN:
I just heard that someone shot Jimmy Willis'?

FARLEY:
He's dead

WOMAN:
Oh my God, who would do such thing'?

FARLEY:
A couple of boys from New York, I believe. They were just picked out of the line-up

INT. HOLDING ROOM - BILL
Bill is alone in a small windowless room. Farley enters, holding a clipboard, Bill is filled with deep remorse. A sign says:

FARLEY:
Hello Bill, I'm Sheriff Farley

BILL:
Hi

FARLEY:
You know why you're here?

BILL:
Yeah, I know
(with deep remorse)
It was a stupid thing to do

FARLEY:
Have you been made aware of your rights'?
(Bill nods)
You're willing to waive that right'?
(CONTINUED)

BILL:
Yes. I'm willing to cooperate fully. I'll sign a statement, or whatever makes this whole thing easier

FARLEY:
Good ••• good ••. good ••

BILL:
But, I want you to know that Stan had nothing to do with it

FARLEY:
Was he there when you did it?

BILL:
Yes, but he didn't know what was going on

FARLEY:
Did he help you plan it?

BILL:
No. I mean, it wasn't planned out. It just ••• happened ••
FARLEY:
Did Stan try to stop you at anytime?

BILL:
No ••
The Sheriff scribbles something on a pad

BILL:
Why? Is that a big deal?

FARLEY:
Aiding and abetting

BILL:
(surprised)
Aiding and abetting. Is that like a major thing?

FARLEY:
Oh yeah

BILL:
What could they do to him?

10 CONTINUED:
.X1
J(

FARLEY:
It depends. If he really didn't know what was going on - but he didn't turn you in - it could be ... 10-20 years
Bill is floored
INT - CORRIDOR
Farley leaves Bill's room, enters Stan's. Door slams shut
STAN'S ROOM - CLOSE ON STAN

STAN:
An 'accessory'? Are you guys kidding? An 'accessory'? I
didn't help. I didn't plan it ••

**FARLEY:**
But you didn't try to stop it?

**STAN:**
I didn't know it was happening!
I found out later, in the car

**FARLEY:**
Why didn't you get out? Call the police then?

**STAN:**
He's my friend!

**FARLEY:**
Your friend has put you in a lot of trouble

**STAN:**
What's going to happen to Bill?

**FARLEY:**
(goes to door)
Nothin' - unless he's convicted
'Course, if he is, we're gonna run enough electricity through him to light up Birmingham
Stan scoffs. Door slams and echoes - • X
BILL'S ROOM
Farley's back, but this time with the Deputy 14 and cassette recorder

**BILL:**
... we were friends at NYU and we both applied and got scholarships to UCLA. So ••• we figure the weather and the scenery would be nicer going through the south ••

CLOSE SHOT - THE CASSETTE TURNING - LATER
BILL:
then I forgot about the can of tuna fish. And then ... we left

FARLEY:
(beat)
You left? What do you mean? Did he catch you with the tuna fish? Is that how it started?

BILL:
No, he didn't say anything

FARLEY:
But, he knew about it?

BILL:
I don't know

FARLEY:
Let's talk about that for moment. You paid for the groceries. And then what?

BILL:
we went out to the ~ar. That's it. ,FARLEY
But ••• when did you shoot him?

BILL:
What?

FARLEY:
At what point did clerk? you shoot the „ „ ( CONTINUED) „ „ 1

X :

BILL:
(completely confused, rolling the words over)
I shot the clerk

**FARLEY:**
Yes, when did you shoot him?

**BILL:**
(gives questioning look to Farley)
I shot the clerk
Farley nods. Bill is thoroughly dumbfounded

**BILL:**
Uh ••
Another Deputy comes in

**DEPUTY:**
Hey Dean, we need you out here

**FARLEY:**
I'm in the middle of a damn confession
Frustrated, Farley sighs and exits, taking the Deputy with him

**BILL:**
Wait a second!
But they're gone
INT. CORRIDOR - DAY
Bill's handcuffed, sitting on a bench, when Stan, who is handcuffed too, is led in. Bill's scared

**STAN:**
What's the matter?

**BILL:**
Do you know what this is all about?

**STAN:**
Yeah - they're fucking with us

**BILL:**
You don't believe them?
STAN:
No way. They don't execute for shoplifting

BILL:
You think we're being booked for shoplifting?

STAN:
You're being booked for shoplifting, I'm being booked for accessory to shoplifting

BILL:
No, I'm being booked for murder
You're being booked for accessory to murder

DEPUTY SHERIFF:
Time to make your phone calls
He leads. Dazed, th-y follow

BILL:
Is there anyway you can contact your parents?

STAN:
How? Call the Chilean Consulate?
What're they going to do? send a guide into the mountains looking for them?
(beat)
We have to call an attorney - great attorney -- do you know any great attorneys?

BILL:
No. I'm calling my mother--,
Bill picks up the phone and dials
BILL:
Hello, Ma? This is Bill
(beat)
We're in Wahzoo
(beat)
It's in Beechum County, Alabam(with difficulty)
Not too good. Uh •.. we've been
arrested
(more)
(CONTINUED)
13,

13 CONTINUED:
BILL (Cont'd)
(reacting to hysteria)
Mom, Please ..• Mom. Mom •
(s.h.e.'s "calmed", then )
First of all, we didn't do it
(beat)
Uh •• well •• murder
(reacting to her
hysteria)
Mom, please, Mom, please
, (beat)
It's a fuck up, excuse me Ma, its
a mistake. We must look like the
guys who did it

STAN:
Tell her what we think •

BILL:
We think they're setting us up
as patsies. You know how corrupt
it is down here - they all know
each other •

STAN:
The Klan's here, they're inbred,
they sleep with their sisters •(he realizes the guard
is glaring at him)
•• some of them do
BILL:
We gotta get an attorney. It's going to cost a lot of money
A decent thousand

STAN:
one? Fifty, dollars, 

a hundred
(CONTINUED)

BILL:
(to phone)
50, maybe a hundred thou
(beat, excited)
I know!
(beat, to Stan)
can we use any attorney?

STAN:
I think so

BILL:
(to Mom)
Oh! He is?! That's a great idea,
That's a great idea You think he'd do it?
(to Stan)
we got an attorney in the family!

STAN:
Who?

BILL:
My cousin, Vinny
.

Stan and Bill are escorted into prison van. crane down from high angle to 2 shot of Stan and Bill as the van doors slam shut
INT. VAN - STAN AND BILL - DAY
DRIVER:
our jail has been _condemned that's
why we're bringin' you all out
to the state correct_ional
facilities

OMITTED:
*
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J(is
Draft
EXT, PRISON - DAY
A few dozen, one story, bleak-looking bungalows, a couple
administration buildings surrounded by barbed-wired fence. Just
outside the fence, a dozen ACLU members demonstrate against the
death penalty. Placards mention a guy named NORTON - ("Only God
can condemn NORTON." "If NORTON dies, so does humanity" etc.)
Norton's going to be executed in a few days
STAN AND BILL - DAY

DRIVER:
ra jail has been condemned
why we're bringin' you
out to t .. -......,t ate correctional
facilities
EXT, PRISON - DAY
all
The van stops in front of the administration building
INT. MAIN CELL BLOCK OF PRISON - LATE AFTERNOON
As Stan and Bill are led to a cell. The other inmates - big,
vicious-looking men - spark up when they see the slightly-built,
clean-cut-looking young men. They hoot, cheer, and
wolf-whistle
19 STAN AND BILL'S CELL
A tiny room with a toilet, a chair, a sink and a DOUBLE bunk bed. Bill and Stan enter - the door is shut behind them. Bill sits. Stan paces - terrified. He sees a folded cot against the wall

STAN:
You know what happens in these places?
BILL:
Yeah ••

STAN:
And sometimes there's a big guy
no one wants to tangle with who'll
'protect you' - but you have to
become his sex slave and do
anything he wants
(CONTINUED)
Draft

BILL:
There's only the two of us here

STAN:
(indicating cot)
But what if they put someone else
in here?
Bill looks at Stan

BILL:
Stan - Shut up!
..... ~j .. l
INT. CONFERENCE ROOM AT PRISON - DAY
Bill's on the phone - he looks elated. He hangs up and grins
at a GUARD
21 INT. CELL
' __,..,.:.,.., ... 
Stan is nearly catatonic with fear. Bill is led to the cell
and is strikingly optimistic by contrast

BILL:
All right, Vinny's leaving within
the hour - he's driving all night,
he should be here tomorrow. He
says 'Don't worry, your problems
are overStan pumps Bill for positive-sounding information

STAN:
Great. so, what's the story?
He's some kind of a hot shot
attorney?
BILL:
Wait till you meet him!

EXT. WAHZOO CITY SQUARE

It's a typical, small town Alabama courtyard - a colonial-style courthouse in the middle, surrounded by grass

(CONTINUED)

A cannon, or a statue of Rober:: E. Lee

The streets around the courthouse have all the little stores that service the small community of 2000; Western Auto, EZ Finance company, a single floor, 3000 square foot department store, a "package" store (liquor store). Many of the signs are done in hand lettering

Some of the stores are so run down it's hard to tell if they've been abandoned or not. There are a few people walking past

The setting is quiet, benign, serene. We HEAR BIRDS CHIRPING

It is small town in every way

THEN, WE HEAR.IN THE DISTANCE HE BASS FROMA HIGH-POWEREDC AR STERO (THUMPAT HUMPAT HUMPA). An obese woman in a floral-print dress stops and turns toward the sound. It is unusual indeed

She watches unapprovingly as she sees ••

•• a perfectly-restored, but muddied-around-the-wheels Cadillac coupe de Ville convertible. As the car approaches, we can identify the music - hip-hop - it's Tone Loc's Funky cold Medina. The car parks in front of the courthouse and stops

Silence. The driver's door opens and out steps VINCENT L GUARDIANI AMBONEA, tough New York Italian-American. He's been up driving for twenty hours straight and he looks it - unshaven, wrinkled clothes and bloodshot eyes. He looks unquestionably tough - you'd want him on your side in a gang fight. He's wearing Ray-Bans, and a weathered black leather blazer. He carries a deck of cards in his shirt pocket

Getting down on his knees, he checks out the front end of the car for something is wrong

The passenger door opens and LISA, Vinny's girlfriend, gets' out and stretches. Lisa's pretty, with perfectly-coiffed, jet-black hair. She's more appropriately dressed for a New York club than the deep south, which in these parts, looks downright trampy

She's got a small, instant-everything camera - and she takes pictures of anything that looks interesting

VINNY:
(thick Brooklyn accent)

Boy, do you stick out
LIS:
(same accent)
Me? What about you?

VINNY:
I fit in more than you ••
She walks 'round the car into view - wearing~ short black skirt, black tights and shoes, she's got long legs

2 2 CONTINUED:

VINNY:
••. I'm wearing cowboy boots

LIS:
(dryly)
Oh yeah, you 'blend',
As Vinny looks around the car, Lisa glances around at the neighborhood, taking pictures

LIS:
I bet the Chinese food here is terrible

VINNY:
(sarcastic to death)
Oh yeah, you're gonna 'blend' perfectly
Getting up, indicating car's front suspension

VINNY:
Nothing out of whack as far I see

LIS:
It feels like the wheels went out of balance right after we hit that mud
A black man with a gold STAR imbedded into his tooth is walking past. He stops and watches as Vinny looks over the wheels

VINNY:
Nah, I don't think that's it

LIS:
I think you should put it on rack and take a look

STAR:
What's wrong?

VINNY:
Car shudders on the highway
Didn't hit any bumps, but ••

STAR:
(points to wheel)
You got mud in your tires
(CONTINUED)

2 2 CONTINUED:

VINNY:
I got mud in my tires? How could
I get mud into the tires?

STAR:
Well ••• it's a figure of speech
It gets in around the inside of
the wheel and throws the balance off

VINNY:
(to Lisa)
You ever heard of that? Mud in
the tires?
No
;I

LIS:

VINNY:
(to Star)
And she knows everything about
cars
star laughs at the joke. Vinny's amused at Star's amusement
Lisa says nothing

STAR:
Down here, everybody gets stuck in the mud now and then. We're famous for our mud

**LIS:**
Famous for your mud?
(beat)
How's your Chinese food?

INT. CELL - STAN AND BILL - DAY
Bill's asleep, Stan is pacing. WE HEAR A BRUTAL FIGHT BEING BROKEN UP SOMEPLACE- and it's really brutal - we hear the sound of flesh smacking against cement, clothes ripping. Stan freezes in horror
(CONTINUED)

I:
'"

I:

**VICIOUS VOICE:**
(o.s.)
YOUM UTHA-FUCKAI,' M GONNAS PLIT YOU IN TWO! STOP YOUR FUCKIN CRYING! OR I'LL TEAR YOUR FUCKIN HEAD OFF YOUR FUCKIN' SHOULDERS.!

**OTHER VOICE:**
(o.s., desperate)
NO! OH GOD, NO! STOP! HELP!
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!
Then we hear silence as his voice is mysteriously muffled Stan turns away in horror, his face against the back wall of the cell. WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS Approaching. The guard opens the cell, lets Vinny in. Vinny slips the guard a tip. The Guard closes the cell door. Stan doesn't know that Vinny is Vinny He suspects the worst

**GUARD:**
Here, I've got somebody for you,

**VINNY:**
You must be Stan
(Extends his hand)
How ya doin'?

**STAN:**
(shrugs, cautiously
shakes hand)
Why'd they bring you in here?

**VINNY:**
I just got in. I asked where the
new guys were so they brought me
here
(looks at Bill, fondly)
Hey, he's sleepin', cute little
guy
Despite his raunchy appearance, Vinny's friendly - which Stan
misconstrues to be a cat playing with a mouse. He avoids
meeting Vinny's eyes

**STAN:**
I don't want to do this
He sits. Vinny steps behind him and starts massaging his
shoulders (CONTINUED)

**VINNY:**
I don't blame you, if I was in
your situation, I'd want to get
through this whole thing over as
quickly and with as little pain
as possible. So let's try our best
to make this thing a simple in
and out procedure
(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**
Stan says nothing
shoulder, massaging
are confirmed
Vinny comes over and puts his hand on Stan's
it, being comforting. Stan's worst fears

**VINNY:**
Maybe we should spend a coupl minutes to - get acquainted before we, you know, get to it
Stan squirms away from Vinny, keeping his back to the wall

VINNY:
What'sa matter?

STAN:
I don't want to do this

VINNY:
I understand, but what're your alternatives?

STAN:
My alternatives? To what? To you? I don't know - Suicide - Death

VINNY:
No. It's either me •• (joking, points to prison block) •• or them! You're gettin' fucked one way or the other! (Stan doesn't laugh, he's almost in tears) Hey, hey, hey, lighten up, don't worry, I'm going to help you

STAN:
Gee whiz, thanks

VINNY:
(beat, losing patience) Excuse me, I think a modicum of gratitude is not out line

STAN:
(outraged) You think I should be grateful? (CONTINUED)
I:
)

CONTINUED:

VINNY:
(mildly miffed)
Sure, I mean, it's your ass, not mine. I think you should be grateful - I think you should be on your fuckin' knees

STAN:
(disgusted, then •••
I didn't know what an honor it was to get a visit from you

VINNY:
(pissed-off)
You're getting' me for free pall I'm doin' you a favor, you little shit!

STAN:
Boy, that's one helluva ego you've got

VINNY:
(almost losing it)
What the fuck's your problem? I didn't coma down hara just to get jerked off •

STAN:
(interrupting)
I'm~ jerking you off. I'm not doing anything!

VINNY:
You're on your own, pal •
(points to Bill)
I'm just takin' care of this guy (to Bill)
Hey, Slaepin' Beauty, wake up!
Vinny sits on the bad next to Bill. Stan grabs Vinny and balls a fist. Bill stirs, wakes, sees Vinny, smiles warmly

BILL:
(warmly putting on strong Italian-Brooklyn accent)
Hey ••• 'Vinny-bag-a-donuts'!
Vinny and Bill embrace warmly

STAN:
(stunned, realizes)
Oh! Vinny? This is Vinny?
INT, CONFERENCEROOM- VINNY, STAN AND BILL
Bill's waxing enthusiastic. Stan is hoping against hope

BILL:
I've told Stan so much about you
He couldn't wait to meet you

VINNY:
(skeptically)
Oh yeah?

BILL:
He has lots of questions to ask you. Go on, Stan

STAN:
Well, I don't know where to start •••• have you had any murder cases before?

VINNY:
No •• this would be my first

STAN:
Your first? What have your other cases been? Assault and battery? Armed robbery?

VINNY:
No, none of those
BILL:
I expect he's done burglary, grand theft auto, drugs ••• ?

VINNY:
Nope. Nothing like that

BILL:
(confused)
Vinny, you are a criminal attorney, aren't you?

VINNY:
Actually, this will be my first foray into the criminal aren
(crushed)
First time?
(he looks at Bill, then at Vinny)
What kind of law do you practice?
(CONTINUED)
' 1

24 CONTINUED:

VINNY:
Up 'till now, personal injury
(laughs)
It just keeps gettin' worse here doesn't it? Got any more questions?

STAN:
But you are a trial attorney?
Personal injury trials?

VINNY:
Actually, this will be my first foray into the trial process -I haven't had to go to court yet - knock on wood

STAN:
It does get worse
(beat)
You haven't been to court yet,
uh, how •.. long have you been
practicing?

VINNY:
Six ... weeks
(corrects himself)
••• almost six weeks
STAN looks at Bill, with a hopeless 'what is this?' expression
,

BILL:
But ••• you graduated from law
school six years ago, what've you
been doing since?

VINNY:
Studying for the bar
,,- STAN
Six years? That's a lott
studying

VINNY:
!lo kidding
(slightly embarrassed)
'To be honest with you, I didn't
;ass the first time out

STAN:
!Did you pass the second time?
(CONTINUED)
,.. VINNY
No, I'm afraid not

STAN:
(hopefully)
Three time's a charm?

VINNY:
Not tor me it isn't. No, tor me,
six times is a charm ••• I'm
illtle dyslexic,
STAN:
(aghast)
Six times ••• it just gets worse
and worse

VINNY:
No, that's it, that's as bad as
it gets, it don't get no worse
than this

I I:
INT. COURTROOM- DAY
Vinny walks through the empty courtroom
INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS- JUDGE AND VINNY - LATE AFTERNOON
The most noticeable thing about the
expanse of books lining the walls
JUDGE CHAMBERLAINA LLER. Vinny is
no jacket or tie

JUDGE:
judge's
Vinny's
wearing
A little informal aren't we? Not
wearing a coat or tie

VINNY:
Oh. Sorry

JUDGE:
Well, approving an attorney from
out of state is a pretty informal
matter. I just have a few
questions

VINNY:
Fire away, Judge

JUDGE:
Where did you go to law school?

VINNY:
Brooklyn Academy of Law chambers is the vast seated in front of a shirt and pants, Vinny looks up and sees the judge's law diploma - from Yale -sununa cum laude

JUDGE:
The Brooklyn Academy of Law? Is that an accredited law school?

The judge's sul:
he has somehow flunked the first question

VINNY:
(lies)
Oh ••• yes

JUDGE:
How long have you been practicing?

VINNY:
(succumbs to lying big)
I'd say about ••• oh ••• six ••• almost six ••.. sixteen years
(CONTINUED)

JUDGE:
Any murder cases?

VINNY:
Oh, quite a few, yes

JUDGE:
And what was the outcome?

VINNY:

Well, you know:
some

JUDGE:
This is not the forum to be cavalier
VINNY:
Of course not, lemme see, most recently I had an ax murder—which I won on grounds of temporary insanity—would you like to hear the facts of the case?

JUDGE:
No. What else?

VINNY:
I had a cop killer ••
(shakes head)
... lost that one

JUDGE:
Good

VINNY:
You've heard of Son of Sam?

JUDGE:
The fellah who received orders to kill from a dawg?

VINNY:
Yes, that's right

JUDGE:
You defended him?

VINNY:
I defended the first guy they arrested—who was found innocent
Then they caught the real guy
(CONTINUED)
i --- . ~•.

25 CONTINUED:
Vinny's trying to impress the judge has a deleterious effect—the judge has a fear of appearing backwards

JUDGE:
Well..• we don't have any 'serial killers' in BeechUJD County, but what we do have is every bit as sophisticated a system of justice as they do in the rest of the country

You being from New York and all, might have the impression that law is practiced with a degree of informality down here. It isn't

I tell you this because I want you to know when it comes to procedure, I'm not a patient man. I advise you sir, when you come into my courtroom, you are to know the letter of the law - I will react harshly when I find you don't. Don't think being from New York that you're gonna get special treatment. You won't. You will be given no leeway whatsoever.

He takes an official-looking, 700 page book titled Alabama Rules of Criminal Procedure off a shelf, and puts it on the desk in front of Vinny

**JUDGE:**
I expect you to know this information when you enter my courtroom. Are you're willing to accept those terms?

**VINNY:**
(picks up book)
No problem

**JO:**
26 OMITTED
27 INT. CELL - STAN AND BILL - DAY
CONTINUED:

VINNY:
(belligerently)

I think I get the point, I

JUDGE:
(interrupting)
No, I don't think you do. You're now in contempt of court. Would you like to go for two counts of contempt?
The judge makes a motion with his hands that the ball is in Vinny's court

VINNY:
'Not guilty'

JUDGE:
Thank you! Bail will be set at $200,000. A preliminary hearing will be set for 9:30am tomorrow morning
(to prosecutor)
Is that sufficient time?

PROSECUTOR:
Yes, your honor

JUDGE:
Bailiff, please take Mr. Gambone into custody. His bail will be set at $
(CONTINUED)
The Judge exits

BAILIFF:
All rise as The Judge leaves
The bailiff comes over and leads Vinny, Bill and Stan from the room. As Vinny leaves, he yell

VINNY:
Lisa! You're gonna have to bail me out

INT. VAN ON ROAD TO PRISON - BILL AND S"rAN
Stan is depressed. Bill is very uncomfortable. CAMERA PANS TO BACK SEAT. Vinny's in the back, watching the scenery, cheerfully whistling "Dixie". Stan looks at Vinny, baffled

36 INT. JAIL CELL - VINNY THRU BARS - DAY.