

Rainmaker
by
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FADE IN

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

A press conference is in progress with the defense counsel. Lead Counsel, KEVIN MULRONEY, 35, African-American, well-styled in an Armani suit, stands in front of a microphone at a podium. 2nd Chair, TIMOTHY JETER, 38, Caucasian, former GQ model at his side. BARBIE KENT, 30, streetwise reporter, asks the next question.

BARBIE

Barbie Kent, WJZA News. Do you think justice was served today?

KEVIN

Truth is, our adversarial system has never been about justice. It's about what the prosecution can prove. And they failed to prove their case today. Thanks everybody. That's all.

Kevin and Timothy step away from the podium and walk down the corridor toward the exit.

Intersected by a group of children, a BOY, 7, makes funny faces at Kevin and smiles.

Barbie shouts one final question at them.

BARBIE

So you don't care that Tory Birch just got away with murder?

Kevin turns around to face her.

KEVIN

Don't know if Tory's guilty or innocent, never ask. It's irrelevant, a question for juries to decide.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF JEFFERSON & JETER - DAY

Kevin sits at his desk in his office. His computer is on

A KNOCK proceeds as the door SWINGS open. A crowd of fellow lawyers and interns flood the office, led by Timothy, a bottle of champagne and a glass in his hand.

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ALL:
 Congratulations!

Kevin looks up from the computer screen. Timothy places the bottle of champagne and glass on Kevin's desk, walks behind Kevin's chair, and pushes it to the center of the room.

KEVIN
 What the?...

TIMOTHY
 You didn't read the E-mail? Come on. You had to know it was coming. Your billables are killing it. Shit, you're a fuckin' rainmaker. So how does Jefferson, Jeter, & Mulrone sound, partner?

Kevin is silent. His gaze lingers on his computer.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF JEFFERSON & JETER - NIGHT

Kevin sits at his desk. A stack of papers in a manila folder is beside the office phone on his desk untouched. His cell phone is atop the folder.

The office phone RINGS continually. Kevin ignores it. He stares out the window then at his desk.

His computer is on.

ON THE SCREEN

A job application for a teaching position for Wheaton Community Law Academy for kids is filled out. Kevin hesitates and clicks send.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF JEFFERSON & JETER - DAY

Kevin sits at his desk. His computer is on.

ON THE SCREEN

An E-mail response to his application from Wheaton Community Law Academy is open. Embedded in it, a promotional video plays.

His cell phone VIBRATES on his desk. He pauses the video and answers it.

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KEVIN

Kevin Mulroney

DIANE (V.O.)

Mr. Mulroney, Diane Hyde,
Director, Wheaton Academy. I don't
usually vet applications. When I
saw your name...you realize...this
is a teaching position?

KEVIN

Yes, I'm fully aware of that...

DIANE (V.O.)

The job...we're not...we can't
possibly pay...You understand
you're a lawyer...a Harvard...

KEVIN

(chuckling)

Yeah, I do know I'm a lawyer and
yeah, I did go to Harvard. Don't
tell me, you're a Terrier fan?

DIANE (V.O.)

If this is some kind of joke...

KEVIN

Diane, it's not a joke. I'm aware
the job I applied for is a
teaching position and I'm aware
the salary is not any where north
of what I make now.

DIANE (V.O.)

It's not south, east, or west
either.

(beat)

Angie Spradlin manages the
program. She'd be your first
interview. I can arrange it for
tomorrow at the courthouse.
Convenient for you, she's
chaperoning the children touring
this week. She'll be in a grey
Wheaton Academy cardigan. How
about 10? If that works for you?

KEVIN

Sounds good.

The door opens and SLAMS shut. Timothy storms in.

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KEVIN

Diane, gotta go.

Kevin turns off his cell phone and places it on his desk.

The two men stare each other down for a beat. Timothy walks over to the office phone, picks it up, places it to his ear, and then slams it back down on the cradle.

TIMOTHY

Phone works. So you just decided to blow off my phone calls?

Kevin's eyes fixate on his computer screen.

TIMOTHY

What the hell happened in there, Kev? It's like you were tuned out in the meeting yesterday. I ...you know how many firms are itching to take a meeting with Phil Kissinger? He requested you personally represent his daughter. He was so impressed by your Tory Birch acquittal.

KEVIN

(sighs)

So the D.A's prepared to charge Emily Kissinger with Murder 1 of her abusive boyfriend? Been there, done that...

TIMOTHY

What?...this is the superbowl, man. This is Phillip Kissinger. He's fuckin' Rockefeller reincarnated. Don't fuck this up for the firm. Prelim is tomorrow at 10 A.M. Get your head back in the game man...and Jefferson wants your signed partnership agreement on his desk before noon tomorrow.

Timothy walks around Kevin's desk. He glances at Kevin's computer screen.

TIMOTHY

What the...this is what's got you tuned out? You gonna leave and teach a bunch of delinquents on the Southside? Have you lost your damn mind?

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TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

You're Kevin Mulroney, 'bout to be a partner at the premier law firm in the city. You're name's gonna be on the front of the building. Shit, new letterhead has already been ordered. The only black partner of a major firm in the city, by the way.

Kevin gets up from his desk.

KEVIN

Well, there it is. Give Jefferson & Jeter a gold star for reminding me that I'm a fuckin' token, extra points cause I'm an Ivy League token.

Timothy SLAMS his fist on Kevin's desk.

TIMOTHY

Don't you dare play the race card. I vouched for you. I recommended you be partner 'cause you're a damn good attorney. Race didn't have anything to do with it. I've always had your back, Kev. The fact that you're black has nothing to do with it.

(beat)

What the hell's gotten into you? You're just gonna throw it all away. Did you pay cash for your deluxe apartment in the sky? Your Mercedes paid off? You're not gonna be able to afford any of it on the pennies Wheaton will pay you. They don't sell those Armani suits you love so damn much at Walmart either.

KEVIN

Maybe I have lost my mind. But shouldn't it be about more than things, more than money, Tim? Shouldn't it?. The law should be impartial. It's not. It should be just. It's not. Someday maybe those "delinquents" will change it.

(beat)

And it's always been about race, Tim. Justice isn't colorblind and neither are you.

(MORE)

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KEVIN (CONT'D)

Frankly, I don't want you to be. I am a black man. See me. But got news for you, I'm done being Jefferson & Jeter's trained monkey on parade.

TIMOTHY

Enough of this Kumbaya bullshit. Briefs and everything you need is in the manila on your desk. Be a partner, don't be a partner, your choice. But take one for the team, Kev. Show up for the prelim. Can you just do me this one last favor, man, for the firm? Then, you can fuck up your life all you want.

Timothy searches Kevin's eyes, then shakes his head. He curses under his breath as he leaves Kevin's office.

Kevin's cell phone CHIMES. He picks it up and views the message.

ON THE SCREEN

A message reads: YOU DID IT! So proud of you, MOM & DAD!

A sound clip is attached. Kevin clicks on it.

The voice of 8-year-old Kevin proclaims, "I'm gonna be a lawyer when I grow up and win a big case!"

Kevin sits down at his desk and listens to the clip on a continual loop for several minutes. Then, he opens the top drawer of his desk, retrieves the partner agreement, and a pen.

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

The corridor bustles with activity. The chatter of voices and the laughter of children echo off the walls along with the CLICK CLACK of heels. Kevin navigates the hordes of people, case file in hand.

His cell phone VIBRATES in his pocket. He stops midway and retrieves it. He stares at the name that flashes on the screen and then answers it.

KEVIN

Tory?

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TORY (V.O.)

Saw Phil Kissinger on Goodnight
Tonight last night. Couldn't wait
to announce Emily is being
represented by the brilliant Kevin
Mulroney of Jefferson & Jeter...

KEVIN

Need something?...

TORY (V.O.)

I made it easy for you. She'll
make it much harder. She's two
pebbles shy of a beach. She shot
the bastard. That's so damn CSI...

KEVIN

Tory, I have a hear...

TORY (V.O.)

That's not how you do it. Death is
art. It takes planning and
patience and cyanide, slowly
administered over time. Doctors
rarely test for it. By the time
they do, it's really hard to
prove.

(giggling)

But they always suspect the
spouse. So you...

KEVIN

--Hire a brilliant lawyer.

TORY (V.O.)

The best in the city, have a good
life, Kevin. I know I will, thanks
to you.

The sudden CLICK of the phone reverberates in Kevin's
ear. He stares down the corridor at Timothy before
meeting up with him. His pace is slow and deliberate.

TIMOTHY

Ah, man, I'm so glad to see you.
Whatever the hell that was last
night...fuck it, you know. It's
all good. The team is back in
business. That's all that matters.

Timothy pats Kevin on the back.

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TIMOTHY

You ready man? It's showtime. Time
to do that thing you do.

The clamor of children distracts Kevin.

He hands Timothy the case file and turns toward the
sounds. His eyes lock on a BOY(7), the same boy that made
faces at him after the press conference. This time the
BOY plays peekaboo.

Kevin plays along. He covers his eyes with his hands and
then uncovers them.

The BOY makes a face at him. Kevin reciprocates with bug
eyes.

They snort and laugh together. Other children join the
fun.

Timothy calls out to Kevin. Fully engaged in the game
now, Kevin does not respond to him.

Laughter echoes through the corridor.

FADE TO BLACK