

The Trial of the Chicago 7 — The Screenplay

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03.27.2020

Contents

LYNDON JOHNSON addresses a television camera (FILE FOOTAGE)	7
INT. LOTTERY DRAWING - DAY (FILE FOOTAGE)	7
INT./EXT MAILBOXES - DAY/NIGHT	7
EXT. RURAL MAILBOX TREE - DAY	7
INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT (FILE FOOTAGE)	8
FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPH—(FILE FOOTAGE)	8
EXT. CAMPAIGN RALLY - NIGHT (FILE FOOTAGE)	8
INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - NIGHT (FILE FOOTAGE)	8
INT. LOTTERY DRAWING - DAY (FILE FOOTAGE)	8
INT. CAMPUS AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	8
EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - DAY	9
INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT	10
CLOSE ON A TYPEWRITER	11
INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY	11
CLOSE ON TYPEWRITER	12
COLLEGE CLASSROOM	12
CLOSE ON TYPEWRITER	12
COLLEGE CLASSROOM	12
CLOSE ON TYPEWRITER	12
COLLEGE CLASSROOM	12
EXT. STREET - NIGHT	12
INT. SDS OFFICE - NIGHT	12
INT. CRASH PAD - SAME TIME	13
INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - NIGHT	13
INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY (FILE FOOTAGE)	13
INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB	13
EXT. TARMAC - DAY (FILE FOOTAGE)	13
INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB	13
INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY	14
EXT. TRAINING GROUND - DAY (FILE FOOTAGE)	14
INT. A DIFFERENT PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY	14
INT. CITY HALL PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY (FILE FOOTAGE)	14
INT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT (FILE FOOTAGE)	14
TITLE CARD: The Trial of the Chicago 7	15
EXT./EST. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - DAY	15
TITLE CARD: U.S. Department of Justice	16
INT. MITCHELL'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY	16
INT. MITCHELL'S OUTER-OFFICE - DAY	20
EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY	21
INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY	22

TITLE CARD: Trial Day 1	26
INT. DEFENSE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY	30
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	33
TITLE CARD: Trial Day 3	34
INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY	34
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	34
INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY	34
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	34
INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY	35
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	35
INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY	35
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	36
INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY	36
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	36
TITLE CARD: Trial Day 4	37
INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY	37
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	37
INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY	37
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	37
INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY	37
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	38
INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY	38
EXT./EST. STREET IN HYDE PARK - NIGHT	41
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - SAME TIME	42
INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS	43
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS	43
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	43
TITLE CARD: Trial Day 23	44
INT. JUDGE HOFFMAN'S CHAMBERS - DAY	44
INT. JUDGE HOFFMAN'S OUTER-OFFICE - DAY	46
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	46
BACK IN THE KITCHEN—	48
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	50
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	53
EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	53
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	53
EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	54
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	54
EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	54
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	54
EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	54
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	54
EXT. GRANT STATUE - DAY	55
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	55
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	56
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	56
EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY	57

INT. COURTROOM - DAY	57
EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY	57
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	57
EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY	57
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	57
INT. BAR - NIGHT	58
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	59
EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - DAY	59
INT. POLICE STATION - DAY	60
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	60
EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - DAY	60
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	60
EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - DAY	60
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	61
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	61
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	61
EXT. 11TH STREET - DAY	61
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	62
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	62
EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY	62
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	62
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	62
EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY	63
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	63
EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY	63
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	63
EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY	63
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	64
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	64
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	64
EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY	64
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	65
EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY	65
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	66
EXT. PARK - EARLY EVENING	66
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	67
EXT./EST. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - DAY	69
EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY	69
INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - VISITING ROOM - MORNING	71
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	72
TITLE CARD: Trial Day 90	73
INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY	74
INT. COURTROOM - SAME TIME	75
INT. HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME	75
INT. COURTROOM - SAME TIME	75
EXT./EST. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	77
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - SAME TIME	77
EXT./EST. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY	80
INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS	80

INT. STUDY - DAY	81
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	83
TITLE CARD: Trial Day 124	84
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	88
EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	92
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	92
EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	92
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	93
GRANT PARK/FLAG POLE - NIGHT	93
CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	93
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	93
INT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	94
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	94
EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	94
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	94
EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	94
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	95
EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	95
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	95
EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	95
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	95
EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	96
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	96
EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT	96
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	96
EXT. FOOTBRIDGE - NIGHT	96
EXT. ANOTHER FOOTBRIDGE - SAME TIME	96
EXT. THIRD FOOTBRIDGE - SAME TIME	96
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	97
EXT. SMALL FOOTBRIDGE - NIGHT	97
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	97
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - DAY	97
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	98
INT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT	98
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	98
EXT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT	98
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	98
EXT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT	98
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	98
EXT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT	99
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	99
INT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT	99
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	99
EXT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT	99
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	99
INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT	100
INT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT	100
INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	100
INT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT	100

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT	101
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	101
TITLE CARD: Trial Day 113	104
INT. COURTROOM - DAY	104
Over the frozen picture we see the following TITLES—	106
SNAP TO BLACK	107
ROLL CREDITS	107
About the Author	108

FADE IN:

LYNDON JOHNSON addresses a television camera (FILE FOOTAGE)

LYNDON JOHNSON: I have today ordered to Vietnam the Air Mobile Division and certain other forces which will raise our fighting strength from 75,000 to 125,000 almost immediately. This will make it necessary to increase our active fighting forces by raising the monthly draft from 17,000 to 35,000 per month.

MUSIC crashes in that will take us through the prologue—a nation coming off the rails.

INT. LOTTERY DRAWING - DAY (FILE FOOTAGE)

A few well-scrubbed young men from the Youth Draft Advisory Committee stand over a goldfish bowl containing capsules. One of the young men pulls a capsule and reads it as if someone's won something—

YOUNG MAN: June 3rd. All those whose birthday falls on June 3rd—

INT./EXT MAILBOXES - DAY/NIGHT

We see a SERIES OF TIGHT SHOTS of different kinds of mailboxes being opened—rural, suburban, apartment building, etc., all of it under—

REPORTER #1 (V.O.): President Johnson announced new monthly draft totals increasing to 35,000 per month—

REPORTER #2 (V.O.): 43,000 per month—

REPORTER #3 (V.O.): 51,000 per month—

REPORTER #4 (V.O.): 382,386 men between the ages of 18 and 24 have now been called to duty.

EXT. RURAL MAILBOX TREE - DAY

A line of mailboxes sit on the side of a rural road. One of them is open. We move down and see mail scattered at the feet of a young black man, 18, slumped down on the ground, his induction notice shaking in his hands.

MARTIN LUTHER KING (V.O.): It should be incandescently clear that no one who has any concern for the integrity of life in America today can ignore the present war—

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT (FILE FOOTAGE)

KING continues—

MARTIN LUTHER KING: If America's soul becomes poisoned, part of the autopsy must read "Vietnam",

And we HEAR the rifle shot that killed him RING OUT as we
FLASH CUT TO:

FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPH—(FILE FOOTAGE)

Three men pointing in unison to where the shot came from.

EXT. CAMPAIGN RALLY - NIGHT (FILE FOOTAGE)

It's pouring rain and Robert Kennedy is talking to a crowd of people who have just heard the news—

ROBERT KENNEDY (V.O.): What we need in the United States is not hatred, but love and wisdom. So I ask you to return home and say a prayer for the family of Martin Luther King.

We HEAR the GUN SHOT that killed Kennedy—

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - NIGHT (FILE FOOTAGE)

As screaming chaos engulfs the candidate.

INT. LOTTERY DRAWING - DAY (FILE FOOTAGE)

YOUNG MAN: April 22nd. All those whose birthday falls on April 22nd—

The MUSIC CONTINUES—

INT. CAMPUS AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

RENNIE: We were there.

RENNIE: DAVIS, mid-20's, wearing a short-sleeved white shirt and tie, is speaking to a standing room only crowd of students. In contrast to the cliché of the times, most of the students are fairly conservatively dressed. On the movie screen is footage of a Vietnamese village—

RENNIE (CONT'D): We didn't see Vietnamese soldiers.

What we saw were population centers. Schoolhouses, pagodas, women and children.

Suddenly the movie screen fills with huge explosions of yellow, black and searing white.

RENNIE (CONT'D): And that's American napalm. The women and children were burned alive. Tom?

TOM: HAYDEN steps out from the darkness. He's 30, handsome and serious.

TOM: The Democratic Party is going to nominate Hubert Humphrey next month in Chicago.

We ID the two men with a chyron—

Tom Hayden Rennie Davis

Leaders of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS)

TOM: When it comes to the war, when it comes to social justice, there's simply not enough of a difference between Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon to make a difference.

APPLAUSE—

TOM: And so we're going to Chicago.

The APPLAUSE BUILDS—

TOM: Young people by busloads will go to Chicago to show our solidarity and our disgust and most importantly—

UNDERGROUND CLUB - NIGHT 11

ABBIE: —to get laid by someone you just met.

The place is seedy and packed with people and smoke.

JERRY: 536,000 of us sent to a country not one of these bumper sticker patriots in Washington could find on a map with a motherfuckin' map!

We ID the two men with a chyron—

Abbie Hoffman Jerry Rubin

Leaders of the Youth International Party (Yippies)

ABBIE: We're goin' to Chicago. Anyone who stays in the park, sings Woody Guthrie, they're gonna be fine. But the cops are gonna be a half-inch from losin' their fuckin' minds 'cause Daley's gonna wind 'em up to make sure of it. We're goin' to Chicago peacefully. We're going peacefully, but if we're met there with violence, you better believe we're gonna meet that violence with—

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - DAY

DAVE: Non-violence. Always non-violence and that's without exception.

DAVE, 55, who looks like (and is) a Boy Scout Troop leader, is talking to his wife and young son as he loads a suitcase and some material for making placards into an old station wagon.

We ID the man with a chyron—

David Dellinger

Leader of the Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam (The Mobe)

SON: What if the police start hitting you?

DAVE: Why would the police start hitting me?

SON: What if they do?

DAVE: I'll duck.

MRS. DELLINGER: David. He watches the news.

DAVE: Why?

MRS. DELLINGER: You taught him to!

DAVE: Guys. I've organized a hundred protests. This one isn't going to be any different in that it almost certainly won't work. The police—

MRS. DELLINGER: I'm not worried about the police.

And I'm not worried about Hayden and Rennie Davis. I'm worried about Hoffman and Rubin.

DAVE: It's the Democratic National Convention, honey, every camera in America is gonna be pointed at it and Daley isn't gonna let his city become a theater of war. And Hoffman and Rubin are geniuses...in their own special way.

MRS. DELLINGER: Oh Jesus—

DAVE (re the SON) He's got a Scout meeting tonight at

SON Dad—: DAVE: If the police try to arrest me I'll do what I always do and what I've taught you to do, which is what? (beat): Which is what? Tell me, bud.

SON: Very calmly and very politely—

INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

BOBBY: Fuck the motherfuckers up.

BOBBY, 32, is talking to his girlfriend, SONDRA, and getting ready to leave. We'll get a tour of Panther headquarters— printing presses, maps, guns, body guards and women, a few of them white.

BOBBY: They leave us alone and everything's cool. They tangle, disrupt, intimidate, they play it fast and loose with the First

Amendment—

SONDRA: Robert—

BOBBY: —they start breaking heads, then no, we will not be on our way.

We ID BOBBY with a chyron—

Bobby Seale
National Chairman of the Black Panther Party

SONDRA: You can't give this speech in Chicago.

BOBBY: Fred Hampton wants me there.

SONDRA: Let Fred give the speech.

BOBBY: Between Hayden and Hoffman there could be five-thousand people. It'd be nice to talk to five-thousand people.

SONDRA: Not while you're in trouble in Connecticut.

BOBBY: *Yes while I'm in trouble in—I'm* the head of the Black Panthers, Sondra, when the hell am I not gonna be in trouble?!

SONDRA: You're gonna be in a lot more of it if you stand up and say "Fry the pigs"!

BOBBY: "If they attack you ", you're taking it out of context.

SONDRA: So will every white person in America, cops won't give a shit about context and you don't have enough protection in Chicago!

BOBBY: There's no place to be right now but in it.

SONDRA: But fry the pigs?

BOBBY: *"IF THEY—*

SONDRA: Dr. King—

BOBBY: —is dead! He has a dream? Well now he has a fuckin' bullet in his head. Martin's dead. Malcolm's dead. Medgar's dead. Bobby's dead. Jesus is dead. They tried it peaceful. We're gonna try something else.

(pause)

Sondra, I'll be there for four hours, that's it.

SONDRA takes a pistol from a rack—

SONDRA: You at least gonna take one of these?

BOBBY: If I knew how to use that I wouldn't need to make speeches.

CLOSE ON A TYPEWRITER

We see shards of an FBI confidential memo being banged out—
—Bureau letter of 5/10/68 instructed all offices to submit detailed analysis of potential counter-intelligence action against New Left organizations and Key Activists—

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

JERRY's demonstrating to the students—

JERRY: It's named after the Russian Commissar Vyacheslav Mikhailovich Molotov. You start with a glass bottle.

CLOSE ON TYPEWRITER

—believe that the non-conformism in dress and speech, neglect of personal cleanliness—

COLLEGE CLASSROOM

JERRY: You pack the styrofoam, and now your cherry bomb...

CLOSE ON TYPEWRITER

—use of obscenities, drugs, sexual promiscuity—

COLLEGE CLASSROOM

JERRY: Some chewing gum around the top.

CLOSE ON TYPEWRITER

—these individuals are apparently getting strength and more brazen in their attempts to destroy American society—

COLLEGE CLASSROOM

JERRY: lights a cigarette and fixes it to the top of the bottle with the chewing gum. And a fuse.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

It's almost completely dark as we hear a student shout—

STUDENT: *Now!*

And a small group of students throw Molotov cocktails which crash against the facade of a campus building. The explosions light up the building and reveal that it's a U.S. ARMED FORCES RECRUITMENT CENTER.

INT. SDS OFFICE - NIGHT

TOM: HAYDEN's looking at a homemade map on the wall of the route from Grant Park to the convention center as volunteers roll out leaflets on a printing press. RENNIE DAVIS is on the phone.

TOM: (calling) Is that Jerry?

RENNIE: Yeah.

TOM: Tell him to tell Abbie that we're going to Chicago to end the war and not to fuck around.

RENNIE: (into phone)

Tom says to tell Abbie that we're going to Chicago to end the war and not to fuck around.
INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CRASH PAD - SAME TIME

JERRY's on the phone and ABBIE's getting high with some friends.

JERRY: Hayden says we're going to Chicago to end the war and not to fuck around.

ABBIE: Tell Hayden I went to Brandeis and I can do both.

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - NIGHT

It's the same place and the same night we first saw ABBIE JERRY.

ABBIE: People say, you know, Abbie, are you concerned about an overreaction from the cops?

INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY (FILE FOOTAGE)

MAYOR RICHARD DALEY at the podium—

DALEY: I have issued by an order to shoot to kill any arsonist or anyone with a Molotov cocktail in his hand.

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB

ABBIE: We're not concerned about it.

EXT. TARMAC - DAY (FILE FOOTAGE)

Rows and rows of National Guardsmen are coming off a transport plane—

REPORTER #5: Four units of the Illinois National Guard, totaling 5000 troops, have been deployed to Chicago—

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB

ABBIE: We're counting on it.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

TOM: is at the podium—

TOM: We want to underscore again that we're coming to Chicago peacefully, but whether we're given permits or not, we're coming.

EXT. TRAINING GROUND - DAY (FILE FOOTAGE)

A REPORTER is delivering his stand-up as riot police practice technique with tear gas canisters.

REPORTER #6: An additional 10,000 Chicago police officers, including riot squads—

INT. A DIFFERENT PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

DAVE DELLINGER is at the podium.

DAVE: We are not going to storm the Convention with tanks or mace, but we are going to storm the hearts and minds of the American people.

INT. CITY HALL PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY (FILE FOOTAGE)

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL: These people are revolutionaries bent on the destruction of the United States of America.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT (FILE FOOTAGE)

The huge arena is empty but we see the familiar signs for each state's delegation. WALTER CRONKITE speaks into the camera very simply...

WALTER CRONKITE: A Democratic Convention is about to begin...in a police state. There just doesn't seem to be any other way to say it.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: The Trial of the Chicago 7

EXT./EST. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

It's a grey, rainy morning.

TITLE CARD: U.S. Department of Justice

Office of the Newly Appointed Attorney General, John Mitchell

INT. MITCHELL'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

RICHARD SCHULTZ and THOMAS FORAN are waiting on the couch. SCHULTZ, 33, is a bright lawyer with a pleasant if serious manner. FORAN is his boss. From their body language we can tell they've been called to the principal's office.

We ID the two men with a chyron—

Richard Schultz Thomas Foran
Federal Prosecutors

SECRETARY: You've arrived at a moment in history.

SCHULTZ: wasn't sure what she just said or if she was even talking to him...

SCHULTZ: (pause) Pardon me?

SECRETARY (pointing): They're changing the picture.

Sure enough, when SCHULTZ looks at what the secretary is talking about he sees a workman swapping out a large framed photo on the wall of Lyndon Johnson with one of Richard Nixon.

SCHULTZ: nods.

The office door opens and HOWARD, a high-level Justice Department deputy steps out.

HOWARD: Tom.

FORAN: Howard.

HOWARD: You flew in alright?

FORAN: Sure.

HOWARD: Richard Schultz?

SCHULTZ: Yes sir.

HOWARD: Howard Ackerman, Special Advisor to the Attorney General.

SCHULTZ: Pleased to meet you.

HOWARD: Were you told what this is about?

SCHULTZ: No sir. Just to meet Mr. Foran at

O'Hare this morning, that we were flying to Washington and that we were meeting Mr. Mitchell.

HOWARD: Good.

(noticing)

They're finally changing the goddamn picture. C'mon in.

They follow HOWARD into—

INT. JOHN MITCHELL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 37

JOHN MITCHELL is standing behind his desk, lighting a cigarette.

MITCHELL: As a matter of courtesy and tradition, when we elect a new president, the outgoing cabinet members resign to spare the new president the unpleasantness of firing them. You know when President Nixon received Ramsey Clark's formal letter of resignation?

SCHULTZ: No, sir.

MITCHELL: About an hour before I was confirmed. That was to embarrass me. I don't know, I think it was more embarrassing for Ramsey Clark. I'm John Mitchell.

FORAN: Thomas Foran, Mr. Attorney General, and this is Richard Schultz.

MITCHELL: Richard, Chicago was more fucked up than any ten things I've ever seen in my life.

SCHULTZ: Sir?

HOWARD: The convention. The riots.

SCHULTZ: Yes sir.

MITCHELL: Johnny Walker okay with everybody?

FORAN: Thank you.

MITCHELL: Richard?

SCHULTZ: Nothing for me, thank you.

MITCHELL: We don't know how Humphrey's people could've been that stupid—allow their guy to get nominated under armed guard.

(to SCHULTZ)

You think that's what lost him the election?

SCHULTZ: Sir?

MITCHELL: Son, are you nervous?

SCHULTZ: No sir.

MITCHELL: Why the fuck not?

(beat)

I'm kidding. Don't believe everything you've heard about me. Ramsey Clark gives me the finger on the way out the door. I'm asking if you think Chicago is why Humphrey lost the election.

SCHULTZ: No sir, I think the Republicans ran a better candidate.

MITCHELL: That's for damn sure.

HOWARD: And Daley didn't help his party either but Humphrey's people and Daley didn't break the law so that's someone else's table.

SCHULTZ: Well as a matter of fact, sir, we don't believe any federal laws were broken last summer. Mr. Foran had our office run a thorough investigation. Plenty of trespassing, destruction of public property, lewd behavior I suppose, but—

MITCHELL: starts laughing. So does HOWARD. So SCHULTZ stops talking for a brief moment before—

SCHULTZ: ...nothing rising to the level of—

MITCHELL: Do you think you and your boss are in the Attorney General's office because I want you to seek an indictment for violating a federal trespassing law?

SCHULTZ: Sir, our office wasn't aware the Justice Department wanted to seek any indictments at all.

MITCHELL: We do.

SCHULTZ: Ramsey Clark was dead set against bringing federal—

MITCHELL: Ramsey Clark doesn't run the Justice Department anymore, did you hear about that? And Mr. Johnson's back home in Texas.

SCHULTZ: Of course, sir.

MITCHELL: One hour before my confirmation hearing gaveled, that's when he resigned. What a prick.

SCHULTZ: It was unprofessional, sir.

MITCHELL: Unprofessional, it was unpatriotic. And I'll tell you what else—it was impolite. There's such a thing as manners. I want to bring back manners, how 'bout that. The America I grew up in. Will you help me, Mr. Schultz? 'Cause I asked Mr. Foran who was the best prosecutor in his office and he said you.

SCHULTZ: Thank you.

HOWARD: tosses SCHULTZ a file—

HOWARD: Section 2101 of Title 18.

MITCHELL: *That's the federal law that was broken.*

SCHULTZ: That's the Rap Brown law.

HOWARD: Conspiracy to Cross State Lines in Order to Incite Violence. It comes with a ten-year maximum and we want all ten.

SCHULTZ: For whom, sir?

HOWARD: tosses SCHULTZ another file—

HOWARD: The all-star team.

SCHULTZ: looks at the top page in the file—

SCHULTZ: Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger, Lee Weiner, John Froines...and Bobby Seale?

MITCHELL: I call them the schoolboys, and when I do, everyone here knows who I'm talking about. Petulant and dangerous. And we've watched for a decade while these rebels without a job who've never bothered to get their hands dirty fighting the enemy tell us how to prosecute a war. The decade's over, the grown-ups are back and I deem these shitty little fairies to be a threat to national security so they're gonna spend their 30's in a federal facility. Real time.

FORAN: You're lead prosecutor, Richard. You understand why I couldn't tell you until we got here.

SCHULTZ: Sure. Yes sir.

There's an awkward silence...

HOWARD: Richard, you're being given the ball, are you ready to do this?

SCHULTZ: You pay me for my opinion.

MITCHELL: What?

SCHULTZ: I said, sir, you pay me for my opinion?

MITCHELL: Where did you learn that, in class? I pay you to win.

SCHULTZ: I'm not sure we can get a good indictment on conspiracy.

MITCHELL: Why not?

SCHULTZ: For one thing, some of these people had never met each other.

MITCHELL: Telephones.

SCHULTZ: Mr. Attorney General, the Rap Brown law was created by southern whites in Congress to limit the free speech of black activists.

(beat)

Civil Rights activists who were coming in from the—

MITCHELL: *I know why it was—why the fuck is he teaching—It doesn't matter to why the law was passed, it matters what it can do.*

SCHULTZ: We're not sure what it can do because no one's ever been charged with it.

FORAN: That makes it exciting, it's virgin land. Undeveloped real estate.

MITCHELL: It's a law and they broke it.

SCHULTZ: Of course.

MITCHELL: Is there a problem?

SCHULTZ: No sir.

MITCHELL: Say what you want to say since apparently I'm paying you for your wisdom. Gimme my money's worth.

SCHULTZ: There will be people who'll see this as the Justice Department restraining free speech and there will be people who'll see these men as martyrs.

MITCHELL: Are any of those people in this room?

SCHULTZ (beat): No sir.

MITCHELL: You're 33 and you're about to be named lead prosecutor in the most important trial in your lifetime after having been hand-picked by the Attorney General, I'm about to do it right now. But before I do, let me ask you, how do you see them?

SCHULTZ (beat): Personally or in terms of—

MITCHELL: Personally.

SCHULTZ: I see them as vulgar, anti-establishment, anti-social and unpragmatic, but none of those things are indictable.

MITCHELL: Then imagine how impressed I'll be when you get an indictment.

SCHULTZ: And there's the bigger question.

MITCHELL: Which is?

SCHULTZ: Who started the riot? Was it the protestors or was it the police?

MITCHELL: The police don't start riots.

SCHULTZ: They'll have witnesses who'll say they started this one.

MITCHELL: And you'll dismantle them. And you'll win. Because, Mr. Schultz, that's what's expected of you.

SCHULTZ (beat): Yes sir.

INT. MITCHELL'S OUTER-OFFICE - DAY

As SCHULTZ and FORAN step out and the door closes behind them.

FORAN (quietly): You didn't show a lot of gratitude in there.

SCHULTZ (quietly): On top of everything else, we're giving them exactly what they want—a stage and an audience.

FORAN: You really think it's going to be a big audience?

And we HEAR a CROWD start to chant—faint at first but then growing in volume—

CROWD (V.O.) : *The whole world is watching! The whole world is watching! The whole world is watching!...*

SCHULTZ: closes his eyes for a moment and shakes his head slightly at the cluelessness of Foran's question.

SCHULTZ: Yes sir, I do.

And SCHULTZ exits first as we
CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

We see the source of the chanting—a massive crowd being held back by rope lines and police officers. While most of the crowd is shouting its support of the defendants, a healthy number are making it clear they find the defendants' hair too long and politics too left and are urging them to go live someplace else.

We whip-pan to different signs: "Free the Chicago 7"; "Out of Vietnam Now!"; "What About White Civil Rights?"; "Love It Or Leave It!"; etc.

A40 INT. COURTHOUSE ROTUNDA - SAME TIME A40

A couple of POLICE OFFICERS escort ABBIE and JERRY through the front doors and through the rotunda. Press and photographers are being held back by a velvet rope as flashbulbs spray—

ABBIE: You alright?

JERRY: I was until I saw this.

ABBIE: Most of them are on our side.

Someone from the crowd shouts out—

CROWD MEMBER (shouting): We love you, Abbie!

ABBIE: turns to flash the guy a peace sign when the guy throws an egg at him. Incredibly, JERRY grabs the egg out of the air without breaking it as the POLICE OFFICERS head into the crowd to find the guy who threw it.

ABBIE: Jesus Christ. How did you do that?

JERRY: Experience.

JERRY: stands there a moment...

ABBIE: You don't know what to do with the egg now, do you.

JERRY: No.

They head through the rotunda as we—
CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

The corridor's lined with press. The elevator dings and the doors open as WILLIAM KUNSTLER and LEONARD WEINGLASS step off. KUNSTLER is a rumpled man in his 40's and WEINGLASS is quieter though no less a legal mind.

The reporters immediately start shouting questions.

KUNSTLER: Hang on, quiet down please. I want you all to meet a new addition to the defense team, this is Leonard Weinglass, one of this country's most talented First Amendment litigators.

REPORTER (SY): Bill, can you tell us—

KUNSTLER: (quieting the others) Go ahead, Sy.

SY: Can you tell us the status of Charles Garry?

KUNSTLER: Charles Garry is still in the hospital and you should contact his office for information. Marjorie.

MARJORIE: Does that mean you're representing Bobby Seale today?

KUNSTLER: It's very important that it be understood that for his own protection, I am not acting as Bobby Seale's attorney today. One more. Jack.

JACK: Bill, I was told that it was Hayden who wanted to bring Mr. Weinglass in. That Hayden has concerns about your seriousness.

KUNSTLER: Well—

WEINGLASS: This is William Kunstler. You want to find out how serious he is, meet him at a witness stand.

KUNSTLER: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

KUNSTLER: and WEINGLASS head into—

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS 41

The gallery is packed with diehard supporters of the defendants as well as a full press section in the back. There's more than the usual amount of security and we'll notice a half-dozen MARSHALS wearing blue blazers and badges.

DAVID DELLINGER is talking to the WIFE and SON we met earlier.

SCHULTZ, FORAN and an ASSISTANT are talking at the prosecutor's table.

We move down and find JOHN FROINES and LEE WEINER already at the defense table. FROINES and WEINER are Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and are never separated.

FROINES: Weiner.

WEINER: Yeah.

FROINES: I get why they're trying to smoke

ABBIE: and Jerry and Hayden, even

Rennie and Dellinger, but for the life of me I can't figure out what the two of us are doing here.

WEINER: I feel exactly the same way. But this is the Academy Awards of protest and as far as I'm concerned it's an honor just to be nominated.

We move down the defense table where TOM is sitting next to RENNIE. TOM points to a piece of paper in front of RENNIE...

TOM: What is that?

RENNIE: I've been keeping a list every day. Americans who've been killed since the day we were arrested.

TOM: Why?

RENNIE: With the trial starting it might get easy to forget who this is about.

TOM: nods a little.

KUNSTLER: and WEINGLASS takes their seats at the defense table next to TOM and RENNIE.

KUNSTLER: Fellas.

RENNIE: Good morning.

WEINGLASS: Good morning.

TOM: Good morning.

KUNSTLER: (quietly to TOM)

I just got a question about my seriousness. Whatever's going on between you and Abbie, keep it out of this building.

TOM: I just feel like this is gearing up to be—

A heavy door on the side of the courtroom opens with a bang and BOBBY SEALE, handcuffed and in prison coveralls, is brought in by two MARSHALS.

A group of 8 or so African-Americans sitting together in front, along with FRED HAMPTON—21, handsome and a steady leader.

KUNSTLER: moves so he can talk to both BOBBY and FRED privately.

KUNSTLER: Fred.

FRED: Bill.

KUNSTLER: kneels down next to BOBBY—

KUNSTLER: (quietly): Did you have breakfast this morning?

BOBBY: (pause) What?

KUNSTLER: Did you have breakfast?

BOBBY: I did.

KUNSTLER: What'd you have?

FRED: What are you doing?

KUNSTLER: I'm talking to him about breakfast because that's the only thing I'm allowed to talk to him about.

FRED: That's right.

KUNSTLER: Bobby—

FRED: We have instructions from our lawyer.

KUNSTLER: If you need me I'm sitting right there. You just look at me and say, "I need you".

FRED: We don't need you.

BOBBY: You two gonna be like this?

KUNSTLER: (to BOBBY, re: the African- Americans in the gallery) They shouldn't sit together. The jury's not gonna like that look.

BOBBY: This isn't my jury. And if they don't like the look, they can—

FRED: No, he's right.

(to the group)

Spread out, okay? In pairs.

KUNSTLER: And Fred?

KUNSTLER: makes a subtle gesture to his head to indicate that they should take off their berets.

BOBBY: No, they're dressed just fine.

FRED: It's alright.

(to the group)

Take your very scary hats off.

(back to KUNSTLER)

Don't mess us up.

KUNSTLER: Alright, good pep talk.

KUNSTLER: goes back to his seat just as ABBIE and JERRY are sitting down.

ABBIE: You see the crowd out there?

JERRY: I have an egg.

KUNSTLER: Get rid of that.

JERRY: You don't think I want to?

ABBIE: It's like we're, you know, whatshisname, we just met him.

JERRY: Yeah.

ABBIE (beat): What is his name?

JERRY: Who?

ABBIE: The drummer. The greatest drummer ever.

JERRY: Gene Krupa?

ABBIE: No, I'm talkin' about—Gene Krupa?— I'm talkin' about the drummer for Cream, we just met him last night.

JERRY: Ginger Baker.

ABBIE: Thank you. The crowd outside is so big it's as if we're Ginger Baker, is what I was trying to say.

KUNSTLER: Are you stoned?

ABBIE: Yeah. You?

KUNSTLER: goes back to his seat and settles in. Then he turns to TOM—

KUNSTLER: (quietly): You remember what I said.

TOM: Okay, and you remember to keep us out of prison.

KUNSTLER: A lot of good advice this morning.

The heavy wooden door behind the bench opens—

BAILIFF: All rise!

—and JUDGE HOFFMAN: takes his place at the bench. It's not entirely clear whether HOFFMAN is a bad judge, in the tank for the prosecution, experiencing early senility or a combination of all three.

BAILIFF: Hear yea, hear yea. September 26, 1969, 10 o'clock A.M. All persons having business before the United States District Court of Northern Illinois, Southern District, Eastern Division draw near and they shall be heard. Judge Julius Hoffman presiding. God save the United States of America and this Honorable Court.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Marshal, bring in our jury.

The jury is led in as JUDGE HOFFMAN: continues...

JUDGE HOFFMAN: As I look out into the gallery I see we have a full house. Some of you started forming a line early this morning. I'll caution you that this isn't a sporting event. Let the record show that we've been joined by our twelve jurors and four alternates. Mrs. Winter, please call the case.

MRS. WINTER 69 CR 180, United States of America vs. David Dellinger, Rennard C. Davis, Thomas Hayden, Abbott Hoffman, Jerry C. Rubin, Lee Weiner, John R. Froines and Bobby G. Seale for trial.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Are the People ready to make opening arguments?

SCHULTZ: (standing): We are, Your Honor.

TITLE CARD: Trial Day 1

BOBBY: stands—

BOBBY: I don't have my lawyer here.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: It's not your turn to speak.

BOBBY: My trial's begun without my lawyer.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Please sit. Mr. Schultz?

SCHULTZ: takes a moment and begins—

SCHULTZ: Good morning, my name is Richard Schultz and I'm an Assistant U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of Illinois. Seated at my table is my boss, U.S. Attorney Thomas Foran. I guess you could say I'm seated at his table. At the defense table are the eight defendants represented by their lawyers, William Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass. The defendants would tell you they represent three different groups. They would tell you that one group—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Excuse me.

SCHULTZ: Yes sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I'd like to clarify something for the jurors. There are two Hoffmans in this courtroom. The defendant, Abbie Hoffman, and myself, Judge Julius Hoffman.

There's an awkward silence...is he done?

SCHULTZ: Thank you, sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I didn't want there to be confusion on the matter.

ABBIE: Man, I don't think there's much chance they're going to mix us up.

The gallery LAUGHS a little...

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You will address this Court as Judge or Your Honor and you will not address this Court until—you will not address this Court.

TOM: is dying a little but stays cool.

SCHULTZ: The defendants would tell you they represent three different groups.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: And the record should reflect that defendant Hoffman and I aren't related.

ABBIE: Father no!

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Hoffman, are you familiar with contempt of court?

ABBIE: It's practically a religion for me, sir.

The gallery LAUGHS and TOM adjusts in his chair.

SCHULTZ: (pause) Your Honor?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Continue.

SCHULTZ: Rennie Davis and Tom Hayden are the leaders of the SDS—Students for a Democratic Society. Hayden and Davis brought their people to Chicago for the purpose of causing violence in the streets in order to disrupt the Democratic Convention. You know the Youth International Party as the Yippies. Their leaders are Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. Bobby Seale is the leader of the Black Panther Party. The defendants would tell you these are three distinct groups, but they're all—

BOBBY: (standing): Excuse me.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Yes?

BOBBY: May I speak?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: No sir.

BOBBY: He just said my name.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You're a defendant in this case, you're likely to hear your name.

BOBBY: I have a right to counsel and His Honor knows that.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Don't tell the Court what it does and doesn't know. Be seated.

BOBBY: sits.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Schultz.

SCHULTZ: ...the radical left, that's all. They're the radical left in different costumes. The eight defendants had a plan. A plan among two or more people is a conspiracy. The defendants crossed state lines to execute their plan, that's why we're in federal court. The plan was to incite a riot. And there's one thing you already know. They succeeded.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Excuse me. Have we identified the other defendants for the record? Mr. Weener?

WEINER: Weiner.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Froines and Mr. Dillinger?

DAVE: Dellinger.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: (pause) What is going on here?

SCHULTZ: You're Honor, you're referring to the defendant Dellinger.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Derringer.

SCHULTZ: Dellinger, sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Note the prosecution was referring to the defendant Derringer, not Dellinger.

KUNSTLER: It is Dellinger, Your Honor.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Can we straighten this out?

ABBIE: Dillinger was a bank robber, Derringer is a gun, he's David Dellinger and the judge and I aren't related.

FORAN: Your Honor, I'd like to caution the Court that this kind of disruption and display of disrespect will be a continuing tactic for defense.

KUNSTLER: Sir, it's not a tactic. At the moment, the defendants are the only ones on record as knowing their own names.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Be seated, Mr. Schultz. (correcting himself) Mr. Kunstler.

BOBBY: (standing): I object to being characterized as a member of this group.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Who is your lawyer?

BOBBY: Charles R. Garry.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Is Mr. Garry here today?

BOBBY: No he's not.

KUNSTLER: Your Honor—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Are you representing Mr. Seale?

KUNSTLER: No sir.

FRED HAMPTON leans forward and whispers something to BOBBY...

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Then sit. Mr. Schultz, forgive me, have you concluded your opening statement?

SCHULTZ: Yes, Your Honor.

BOBBY: My lawyer, Charles Garry, is in a hospital in Oakland having undergone gallbladder surgery.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Kunstler, you're sitting right next to the man, just represent him. It's the same case.

KUNSTLER: The fact that there's a lawyer near Mr. Seale doesn't satisfy the requirements of due process.

BOBBY: I have a right—

KUNSTLER: (putting his hand up to BOBBY)

A motion was made for postponement due to Mr. Garry's medical condition. I was there. Your Honor denied that motion and therefore Mr. Seale is here without legal representation.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I don't care for your general tone, Mr. Kunstler.

KUNSTLER: I meant no disrespect to the Court, sir. I'm trying to be clear that I can't muddy Mr. Seale's grounds for appeal by appearing to speak as his lawyer.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I don't ask you to compromise Mr. Seale's position, sir, but I will not permit him to address the jury with his very competent lawyer seated—

Out of nowhere—

JERRY: Jesus Christ, for the fourth time, he's not Bobby's lawyer!

This was TOM's nightmare.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You're Mr. Rubin?

JERRY: Yes sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Don't ever do that again.

BOBBY: Your Honor, I'm not with these guys. I never even met most of them until—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: We'll have order.

BOBBY: —the indictment.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: We will have order.

BOBBY: There are eight of us and there are signs out there that say "Free the Chicago 7"—I'm not with them.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Marshal, will you seat Mr. Seale?

We see a WHITE MARSHAL whisper to a BLACK MARSHAL in the back of the courtroom—the BLACK MARSHAL heads down the aisle toward Bobby as Bobby continues—

BOBBY: You're saying it's a conspiracy. I never met most of them until the indictment. Speaking frankly, the U.S. Attorney wanted a Negro defendant to scare the jury. I was thrown in to make the group look scarier. I came to Chicago, I gave a speech, I had a chicken pot pie, went to the airport and flew back to Oakland and that's why they call the eight of us the Chicago—

(to the MARSHAL) —get your hands off me.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Charge Mr. Seale with one count of Contempt of Court.

Off of TOM's barely-hidden frustration we
CUT TO:

INT. DEFENSE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

This is the room where the defendants will meet privately with their lawyers during recesses. There's a carton of deli sandwiches on the table and some cokes.

The defendants and lawyers are filing in. TOM's the last one in and he slams the door behind himself, which gets everyone's attention.

TOM: We have to make a decision right now—a decision I just assumed we'd already made four months ago when trial prep began. Are we using this trial to defend ourselves against very serious charges that could land us in prison for 10 years or are we using it to say a pointless fuck you to the establishment?

JERRY: Fuck you.

TOM: That's what I was afraid—Wait, I don't know if you were saying “fuck you” or answering the question.

ABBIE: I was also confused.

JERRY: If we leave here without saying anything about why we came in the first place, it'll be heartbreaking.

TOM: If the jury finds us guilty we're not gonna be leaving here at all. And the only thing we need to say about why we came is that it wasn't to incite violence.

DAVE: I'm with Jerry.

TOM: (beat) Why?

DAVE: The trial shouldn't be about us.

TOM: I would love it if it wasn't about us but it definitely is.
John? Lee?

FROINES: Yeah.

WEINER: Yes sir.

TOM: Do you guys want to say anything?

WEINER: Does anyone think our judge might be crazy?

TOM: The judge isn't our problem.

FROINES: Give it time 'cause I think he's gonna be.

TOM: I'm talking about us. Abbie, you can't talk back to the judge. And Jerry—Jesus.

ABBIE: (finally speaking up): Did you get a haircut just for court?

TOM: (pause) I did.

ABBIE: You did. You got a haircut for the judge. That's—I can't even—that is so foreign to me.

TOM: So's soap.

ABBIE: Zing.

TOM: Let me explain something—it took you two less than five minutes to make us look exactly like what Schultz is trying to make us look like.

JERRY: I don't have a problem with what we look like.

ABBIE: Jerry likes what we look like. John? Lee?

FROINES: Yeah.

WEINER: I always feel like I'm ten-pounds too heavy, but yeah.

ABBIE: Dave?

DAVE: I don't like when we fight.

ABBIE: Rennie?

RENNIE: Tom should be heard.

ABBIE: And he was. But when we walked in here this morning they were chanting that the whole world is watching. This is it, we're on. This is what revolution's gonna look like. Real revolution. Cultural revolution.

TOM: Why did you come here?

ABBIE: I got an invitation from a grand jury.

TOM: Last summer. Why did you come to the convention?

ABBIE: To end the war.

TOM: Guys, before you tether yourselves to this man, just know that the very last thing he wants is for the war to end.

DAVE: Hang on—

TOM: I don't have time for cultural revolution. It distracts from actual revolution.

KUNSTLER: Alright, did everybody get everything off their chests?

The door opens and FRED HAMPTON comes in—

FRED: (to KUNSTLER) *What in the name of hell was that?!*

KUNSTLER: Evidently not.

FRED: You stood up and spoke for Bobby.

KUNSTLER: I made it very clear I'm not his lawyer.

FRED: I'd like to sit in on these meetings.

KUNSTLER: You can't.

FRED: I think I will anyway.

KUNSTLER: Fred—

FRED: Bobby's life is at stake and you guys are playin' to the crowd?

TOM: Thank you.

FRED: Shut up. The white guys are in a furnished room while Bobby's in a holding cell.

KUNSTLER: The white guys are free on bail.

Bobby's locked up 'cause he's under arrest in Connecticut for killing a cop, it's not like he refused to give up his seat on a bus.

WEINGLASS: You have to convince him to let Bill and me represent him, just for today at least.

KUNSTLER: The judge is—

JERRY: Fuckin' nuts.

KUNSTLER: —a little hostile, and I'm sure Garry didn't anticipate that.

FRED: (pause) He's innocent in Connecticut.

KUNSTLER: Alright.

FRED: He's never killed anyone. It's important you all know that.

KUNSTLER: You have to try to convince him.

FRED: I can't.

KUNSTLER: Try.

FRED: I have!

(beat)

He needs to do it his way.

KUNSTLER: Keep trying, alright?

FRED nods.

A MARSHAL sticks his head in the door—

MARSHAL: We're back.

The MARSHAL exits.

KUNSTLER: Let's go. Abbie, Jerry, unless you're asked a direct question, shut your mouths while we're in that room.

ABBIE: (barely audible): This is a political trial.

KUNSTLER: What?

ABBIE: This is a political trial. That was already decided for us. Ignoring that reality is just...weird to me.

KUNSTLER: There are civil trials and there are criminal trials. There's no such thing as a political trial.

ABBIE: (beat—smiles): Okay.

ABBIE: heads out with everyone else. WEINGLASS stops TOM for a moment...

WEINGLASS: Abbie's smarter than you think he is.

TOM: Cows are smarter than I think he is.

They walk out the door as we
CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DAVID STAHL is on the stand.

STAHL: S-T-A-H-L.

TITLE CARD: Trial Day 3

SCHULTZ: What is your occupation?

STAHL: I am the mayor's administrative officer.

SCHULTZ: Calling your attention to March 26th, 1968, did you have a meeting on that day?

STAHL: Yes.

SCHULTZ: With whom?

INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY

As ABBIE and JERRY step in.

STAHL: Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Rubin is it?

ABBIE: ABBIE: and Jerry's fine. CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SCHULTZ: What was said at the meeting?

STAHL: I was told that the Youth International Party would be holding a Festival of Life in Grant Park during the Democratic National Convention, that there would be thousands of young people attending and that there would be rock bands playing in the park.

INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY

JERRY: Music will be performed.

STAHL: Rock music?

JERRY: I would think.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

STAHL: They also said there would be public fornication.

SCHULTZ: Say that again, sir?

INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY

JERRY: Public fornication.

STAHL: You're asking for a parks permit for public—

JERRY: Yeah.

ABBIE: And rock music.

STAHL: No. Of course not.

ABBIE: What if it was R&B

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SCHULTZ: Did you issue the permits?

STAHL: I did not.

SCHULTZ: And what if anything did Abbie Hoffman say when you denied the request for the permits?

INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY

ABBIE: Mr. Stahl, you need to understand something. There's going to be a Festival of Life in Grant Park and it will be held during the convention. Bands will play rock music. There will be public fornication, likely some of it with the wives and mistresses of delegates. Psychedelic long-haired leftists will consort with dope users. And we're going to insist that the next President of the United States stop sending our friends to be slaughtered. These things are going to happen whether you give us the permit or not.

STAHL looks at them for a long moment...

STAHL: The hotel rooms will be filled with delegates. Where will people sleep?

ABBIE: Some people will sleep in tents. Others will live frivolously.

STAHL: How many people are coming here?

JERRY: A lot.

STAHL: What's alot? A thousand? Two- thousand?

JERRY: Ten-thous and.

STAHL: Jesus Christ.

ABBIE: Right?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SCHULTZ: Did Abbie Hoffman add something at the end of that meeting?

STAHL: Yes.

SCHULTZ: What did he say?

STAHL: He said—

INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY

ABBIE: Or you could gimme a hundred grand and I could call the whole thing off.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SCHULTZ: Thank you.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Feinglass?

WEINGLASS: Weinglass, sir. Mr. Stahl, the meeting you just described with Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Rubin, was that the only meeting you had with any of the defendants?

TITLE CARD: Trial Day 4

STAHL: No.

WEINGLASS: On August 2nd you had a meeting with Tom Hayden and Rennie Davis.

INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY

TOM: and RENNIE are stepping in. They're in coats and ties.

TOM: Tom Hayden.

RENNIE: Rennie Davis.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

WEINGLASS: And on August 12th you had a meeting with David Dellinger.

INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY

STAHL (to DAVE): I'll tell you the same thing I told the others.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

WEINGLASS: There were two more meetings with Tom and Rennie—on the 10th and 12th of August—and there was one more meeting with David Dellinger on the 26th.

STAHL: I can't be sure of the dates.

WEINGLASS: I can be sure, they're recorded in the log at City Hall.

STAHL: Okay.

WEINGLASS: And at each meeting, a request was made for a permit to demonstrate in Grant Park during the convention.

INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY

DAVE: Mr. Stahl, we intend a peaceful demonstration. We're not interested in violence or disturbing the delegates.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

WEINGLASS: And at each meeting the request for permits was denied.

INT. STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY

TOM: and RENNIE are meeting with STAHL—

STAHL: I'll tell you the same thing I told Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Rubin and Mr. Dellinger—

TOM: Sir—

STAHL: There will be no demonstrations within sight of the Hilton.

TOM: We need to demonstrate near the Hilton, that's where the convention is.

STAHL: There will be no demonstrations within sight of the Hilton.

TOM: Okay, but the thing is, there will be.

STAHL: Is that a threat, Mr. Hayden?

TOM: No. We're cautioning you. Thousands of people are coming to Chicago and if they're not given a place to demonstrate they're gonna demonstrate wherever they're standing. It's reckless, irresponsible and foolishly dangerous of the city not to develop a contingency plan. We're gonna need police security and first aid, traffic control, water, sanitation—

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY 61

WEINGLASS: So five times you were asked for a permit, five times you were advised of the dangers of not providing a location to demonstrate, not providing—

STAHL: I don't take my instructions from the defendants, sir.

WEINGLASS: No you don't.

STAHL: No I don't.

WEINGLASS: You take them from Mayor Daley.

STAHL says nothing...

WEINGLASS: You're appointed by the mayor and you serve at his pleasure?

STAHL: Yes.

WEINGLASS: And you're subject to removal in the same manner by the mayor?

STAHL (beat): Yes.

KUNSTLER: Thank you.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Further cross examination, Mr. Kunstler?

KUNSTLER: Yes, sir. Mr. Stahl—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Excuse me, Mr. Seale, would you identify the man sitting behind you?

(beat)

Mr. Seale?

BOBBY: No sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: No?

BOBBY: That's right.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Why not?

BOBBY: He's not on trial here.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Seale, identify the man sitting behind you.

FRED leans in and whispers something to BOBBY...

BOBBY: His name is Fred Hampton.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Let the record indicate that Mr.

Hampton is the head of the Chicago chapter of the Black Panther Party.

KUNSTLER: Your Honor, Mr. Hampton isn't at the bar, why is the record identifying him at all?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Hampton is clearly giving Mr. Seale legal advice.

BOBBY: My lawyer is Charles Garry.

KUNSTLER: Excuse me, sir, but for all you know Mr. Hampton is giving Mr. Seale the score of the White Sox game.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I will assume that he's not.

KUNSTLER: Why?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Because that's what happens when you don't have a lawyer. The Court assumes that you're being represented by the Black Panther sitting behind you. Continue.

KUNSTLER: Mr. Stahl, when Abbie offered to call the whole thing off for a hundred-thousand dollars, did you think he was serious or did you think he was making a joke?

STAHL: I had no reason not to think he was serious.

KUNSTLER: Really?

STAHL: Yes.

KUNSTLER: Do you know what extortion is?

STAHL: Yes.

KUNSTLER: Do you know that it's a felony?

STAHL: Yes.

KUNSTLER: Okay, so when you called the FBI and told them about Mr. Hoffman's attempt to extort a government employee, what'd they say?

STAHL: I didn't call the FBI.

KUNSTLER: Sorry, when you called the U.S.

Attorney and reported the attempted extortion, what'd their office say?

STAHL: I didn't call the U.S.—

KUNSTLER: Cook County D.A. then, did you call them?

STAHL: No sir.

KUNSTLER: How 'bout the chief of police?

STAHL: Mr. Kunstler—

KUNSTLER: How 'bout the police officer posted outside the mayor's office? How 'bout the mayor? Mr. Stahl, I'm going to ask you again. When Abbie asked for a hundred-thousand dollars to call the whole thing off, did you think he was serious or did you know it was a joke?

STAHL: I had no reason not to believe he was serious.

KUNSTLER: Alright, and along with extortion, you know that perjury's a crime, right?

SCHULTZ: Objection.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Sustained and strike it. In fact, strike the entirety of Mr. Stahl's testimony under cross-examination and the jury is instructed to disregard it.

KUNSTLER: You're striking the entire cross- examination?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I gave you and co-counsel Feinglass ample latitude to demonstrate relevance and—

KUNSTLER: Co-counsel's name is Weinglass and Mr. Stahl's testimony under cross- examination was completely—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You've interrupted the court again, Mr. Kunstler.

KUNSTLER: (pause) Move to reinstate testimony.

JERRY: AND ABBIE Overruled.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Overruled.

KUNSTLER: Exception.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Noted. Are there any further questions?

KUNSTLER: Yes sir. Mr. Stahl, in any of these meetings, did any of the defendants say that if you didn't grant them permits that they would do violent acts to the city?

STAHL: Not precisely in that language.

KUNSTLER: Did they do it in any language?

STAHL: Yes, they said permits for the parks should be issued in order to minimize destruction.

KUNSTLER: Did they indicate from whom the destruction would come?

STAHL: The destruction didn't come from the Chicago Police Department if that's what you're suggesting.

KUNSTLER: I wasn't suggesting that, you just did. No more questions.

BOBBY: I'd like to cross-examine the witness, Your Honor.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You may not.

BOBBY: (to STAHL)

Have you ever met me?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Sit, Mr. Seale.

CUT TO:

A62 INT. MAKE-SHIFT PRESS ROOM - EARLY EVENING A62

ABBIE: and JERRY are sitting at a table in front of a dozen microphones. TV news cameras line the back of the room.

REPORTER #7: Why won't Bobby Seale let anyone represent him?

JERRY: You've posed that question in the form of a lie.

The press conference continues in VO as we

CUT TO:

EXT./EST. STREET IN HYDE PARK - NIGHT

We're outside a house where all the lights on the ground floor are on. Several photographers are waiting out front.

A taxi pulls up and KUNSTLER gets out to a spray of flashbulbs. He pays the driver and disappears into the house as JERRY continues—

JERRY (VO): BOBBY: Seale's lawyer is Charles Garry who's in the hospital right now. A motion was made for postponement and it was denied by a judge who just for the heck of it is suspending due process for a while.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - SAME TIME

It's a second-floor, three-bedroom apartment but the whole place resembles a dorm that's been taken over by a college newspaper. Young women are everywhere working the phones or opening bags of mail.

Court documents are in piles on tables and on the floor. A big board shows the schedule of witnesses and the walls are adorned with posters including ones that read "FREE THE CHICAGO 7".

BERNADINE: (into the phone) Conspiracy office, can you hold on? (another line)

Conspiracy office, can you hold on?

KUNSTLER: Maybe you don't want to call it the conspiracy office.

BERNADINE: They understand irony and appreciate the humor.

KUNSTLER: I wouldn't count on it.

BERNADINE: Most people are smart, Bill.

KUNSTLER: If you believe that, you're gonna get your heart broken every day of your life.

BERNADINE: (to KUNSTLER) Hang on.

(she goes back to the first caller)

Hi, how can I help you?

KUNSTLER: (quietly) Messages?

BERNADINE: (into the phone) We sure do take contributions, we've got high-priced lawyers.

KUNSTLER: The high-priced lawyers are working for free, it's the support staff that needs—

BERNADINE: (into phone) We can't take grass.

ABBIE: heard that and calls to Bernadine like she's crazy—

ABBIE: Hey!

BERNADINE: (into the phone) Yeah, Abbie says we'll take the weed.

KUNSTLER: (quietly) Messages.

BERNADINE: hands him a stack of messages—

BERNADINE: (into the phone) Lemme give you our mailing address.

KUNSTLER: heads into—

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TOM: and WEINGLASS are at the table with piles of documents.

KUNSTLER: I don't want you guys holding press conferences.

TOM: If you're gonna get between Abbie and a camera I'd wear pads and a helmet.

KUNSTLER: We had a good day. (to WEINGLASS)

Tell him we had a good day.

WEINGLASS: 6 and 11?

KUNSTLER: Yeah.

TOM: What does that mean?

WEINGLASS: Jurors 6 and 11. They're with us.

TOM: How do you know?

WEINGLASS: 6 made sure I saw a copy of a James Baldwin novel under her arm and 11's been nodding during the Stahl cross.

TOM: Falling asleep?

WEINGLASS: (demonstrating) Nodding. Agreeing.

KUNSTLER: walks out into—

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

—where the press conference is now playing on the TV.

REPORTER #8 (O.S. FROM THE TV): Would you have taken a hundred- thousand dollars to call the whole thing off?

ABBIE: (FROM THE TV): I'd have taken a hundred-thousand dollars. As for calling it off...

REPORTER #9 (O.S. FROM THE TV): How much is it worth to you? What's your price?

ABBIE: (FROM THE TV): To call off the revolution?

REPORTER #9 (O.S. FROM THE TV): What's your price?

ABBIE: drops the comedy...

ABBIE: (FROM THE TV): My life.

KUNSTLER: clocks that and we

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Everyone's in their places but the BAILIFF and a MARSHALL are at the bench. They've given a note to JUDGE HOFFMAN: and he's looking it over.

No one knows what's going on and everyone's waiting to find out.

TITLE CARD: Trial Day 23

FROINES leans into WEINER—

FROINES (quietly): Any idea what's going on?

WEINER: (quietly): It's been years since I've had any idea what was going on.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I'm going to adjourn the court for the day and see counsel in my chambers in 15 minutes.

He raps his gavel. Everyone stands as he exits but no one knows what's going on.
CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE HOFFMAN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

As the lawyers walk in and a MARSHAL closes the door.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: It's been brought to my attention that two of the jurors have received threatening notes from a member or members of the Black

Panther Party.

KUNSTLER: Which two jurors?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Juror number 6 and Juror number 11.

It was slipped into the mail at the homes of their parents.

KUNSTLER: 6 and 11.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: (to the MARSHAL)

Bring in Juror 6.

The MARSHAL opens a side door and brings in JUROR #6. She's 23-years old and nervous to be brought into chambers.

KUNSTLER: Judge, I wonder if we could—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Juror Number 6, how are you?

JUROR #6: I'm fine.

KUNSTLER: Judge, before we speak to—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: (stopping him) Please.

(to JUROR #6)

Your parents received this note in their mail this morning. They called the police as they should have done. I'd like you to take the note and read it out loud.

JUROR #6: My parents?

KUNSTLER: Your Honor—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Please read the note out loud.

JUROR #6 takes the note from the MARSHAL...

JUROR #6 (reading)

"We're watching you."

JUDGE HOFFMAN: And you see who's signed it.

JUROR #6: "The Panthers".

JUDGE HOFFMAN: And you understand that to mean the Black Panthers, don't you?

Very shaken, she nods yes.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: And you understand that defendant Bobby Seale is the head of the Black Panthers.

KUNSTLER: Judge—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: He's the Chairman of the Black Panther Party.

She nods yes.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Do you still feel you can render a fair and impartial verdict?

She says nothing...

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Juror Number 6, your family has been threatened and so have you by members of an organization led by one of the defendants.

KUNSTLER: Judge, for the love of Christ—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: stops him with one look...

KUNSTLER (CONT'D): I apologize, Your Honor.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I would think so. (beat): Do you still feel you can render a fair and impartial verdict?

JUROR #6: (barely a whisper) No sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You're dismissed from this jury. Thank you for your service. Please bring in Juror Number 11.

JUROR #6: (quietly to WEINGLASS) I'm sorry.

WEINGLASS: (quietly): Keep reading James Baldwin.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE HOFFMAN'S OUTER-OFFICE - DAY

The doors open and the lawyers empty out.

FORAN (to KUNSTLER)

I thought the Panthers were smarter than that.

KUNSTLER: They are.

FORAN: Well—

KUNSTLER: The Panthers don't write letters any more than the mob does, and the moment I find out it was your office that did, you're gonna see the criminal justice system up closer than you ever wanted to.

KUNSTLER: exits with WEINGLASS.

SCHULTZ: looks at FORAN..."Did we do this?"...FORAN says nothing and we

CUT TO:

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

A large folder gets dropped on the table and opened. It contains pictures of all the jurors and alternates. The two who were just dismissed get ripped out.

KUNSTLER, WEINGLASS and the DEFENDANTS are standing or sitting around.

TOM: Who are the alternates?

JERRY: We're gonna make this public.

KUNSTLER: Help yourself.

TOM: Who are they?

JERRY: Somebody other than the FBI has to investigate that letter.

KUNSTLER: Who'd you have in mind, Jefferson

Airplane? The FBI investigates—

JERRY: This is bullshit!

TOM: Who are the alternates?

JERRY: Fuckin' bullshit.

DAVE: Can we clean up our language?

WEINGLASS: Kay Richards. She's a 27-year old dental hygienist.

TOM: That doesn't sound too bad.

KUNSTLER: We think she's dating a guy named Tom Bannercheck who works for Daley.

And all the defendants starts chiming in—

ALL

*What?! , etc./ You let her be an alternate?! , etc./ Why would she be anywhere near that jury box?! /
etc.*

They keep shouting as the lawyers simultaneously defend themselves.

KUNSTLER: (simultaneously)

We were out of preemptory challenges.

WEINGLASS: (simultaneously)

She was an alternate and we were out of preemptory challenges.

TOM: How did that happen?

KUNSTLER: It was her or the Korean War vet who kicked his son out of the house for protesting the Vietnam— you don't have to be Clarence Darrow to-

JERRY: Did they manipulate the jury pool?

How come there's nobody who looks like me?

KUNSTLER: Raise your hand if you've ever shown up for jury duty.

Nobody raises their hand...

KUNSTLER: Then shut the fuck up.

During this, an ASSISTANT has come in and handed a note to WEINGLASS. WEINGLASS has read it now—

WEINGLASS: Bill.

KUNSTLER: Yeah.

WEINGLASS: hands the note to KUNSTLER, who reads it...

TOM: What?

WEINGLASS: He's sequestering the jury.

There's silence in the room...

JERRY: 'Course he is.

JERRY: exits.

ABBIE: No such thing as a political trial. Good to know.

ABBIE: exits.

KUNSTLER: (to WEINGLASS)

I want an expert in geriatric psychiatry sitting in the gallery for a few days. I want a medical evaluation of this judge.

KUNSTLER: heads out and WEINGLASS goes into the living room, where the end of the nightly news is playing on the TV.

WEINGLASS: The sequester's probably a reaction to Abbie doing stand-up on the weekends.

ABBIE: It's not stand-up.

WEINGLASS: It's you in a college auditorium in a spotlight telling jokes, right?

ABBIE: Little reductive.

JERRY: Hey.

JERRY's pointing out something on the TV. Everyone starts to stand in silence, facing the TV.

BACK IN THE KITCHEN—

RENNIE's writing in his notebook...

FROINES: Names?

RENNIE: Yeah. From yesterday.

TOM: Is anyone hungry?

RENNIE: If I hadn't asked you to help me with Sara Beth, none of this—

TOM: No.

RENNIE: I asked you to help with Sara Beth and that's what got us the first riot. The first riot got us the real riot.

TOM: Rennie, that's not what—

RENNIE: Hang on.

RENNIE: sees the backs of the people standing in the living room. He walks to the living room and FROINES and WEINER follow. Then TOM.

We see over their backs that the news is scrolling the names of that day's fallen soldiers. Then everyone sits.

BERNADINE: (to RENNIE) I'll add the names.

RENNIE: Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY 70

The jury box is empty but everyone else is there. KUNSTLER is addressing the judge.

KUNSTLER: We move to strike the order of sequestration of the jury which was made by Your Honor's sua sponte motion.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Hold on. Mr. Rubin, Mr. Hoffman, what are you wearing?

ABBIE: and JERRY are wearing judge's robes.

ABBIE: It's an homage to you, sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Do you have clothes underneath there?

ABBIE: Yes sir. Hang on.

(to JERRY) Do you?

JERRY: Yeah.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Take off the robes.

ABBIE: and JERRY take off the robes and have police uniforms underneath.

A big LAUGH from the GALLERY.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: (TO KUNSTLER)

Continue.

KUNSTLER: We feel that sequestration for what appears will be a considerable period of time can only serve—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: It would be a considerably shorter period of time if the defense made fewer objections.

KUNSTLER: decides to finish despite being interrupted...

KUNSTLER: —can only serve to the defendants disadvantage. And Your Honor, the defense will make not one fewer objection than the prosecution or this Court gives us reason to.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Bailiff, charge Mr. Kunstler with one count of Contempt.

ABBIE: Welcome to our world, Bill.

KUNSTLER: May I continue my argument so it appears in the record?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Continue.

KUNSTLER: The jury will be in the custody of deputy marshals. The marshals will take care of all the wants and needs of the jurors and we feel that tends to make the jurors more sympathetic toward—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I understand.

KUNSTLER: The jurors are going to be taken *care of by law enforcement* officers. They won't be allowed to go home, they'll have minimal communication with—

As KUNSTLER's been talking, TOM's been looking across the room at one of the MARSHALS. The MARSHAL is adjusting the name tag on his uniform and as we push in a little on TOM, we CUT TO:

EXT. HILTON HOTEL - NIGHT (TOM'S MEMORY)

A line of about fifty DEMONSTRATORS, including TOM and ABBIE have their backs up against the dark-tinted picture window of the Haymarket Tavern that's part of the hotel and convention center. Facing them down are a line of RIOT POLICE with their clubs drawn. TOM sees something that immediately gets his heart racing even faster—

—a RIOT POLICEMAN takes off his name tag and then his badge and puts them in a pocket. Then another does the same and then another and we

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DELUCA's on the stand.

DELUCA: Frank DeLuca.

SCHULTZ: And what is your occupation

DELUCA: I'm a detective with the Police

Department, City of Chicago.

SCHULTZ: Calling your attention to August of 1968 during the convention, were you given any specific assignment?

DELUCA: I was to keep Rennie Davis under surveillance with my partner, Detective Bell.

SCHULTZ: And while surveilling Rennie Davis on Sunday evening, August 25th, the night before the convention began, did you observe Tom Hayden committing a crime?

DELUCA: Yes. Mr. Hayden was letting the air out of the tire of a police vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT 73

It's a sweltering hot night as we get introduced to the park and its occupants for the first time. Thousands of people that can only be made out in silhouette with flickers of lanterns, flashlights and fires. We can HEAR a pick-up band singing Simon and Garfunkel's "America" and the song will continue throughout this whole sequence.

ANGLE—We see the pick-up band sitting around the stage singing.

ANGLE—Tents being erected in a sea of tents that are already erected.

ANGLE—A group making protest signs.

ANGLE—A fire burning in a garbage can. A sign reads "Burn Your Draft Cards" as young men come up, rip up their draft cards and throw them in the fire.

ANGLE—Another fire burning in another garbage can. A sign reads, "Free Yourself from Patriarchy—Burn Your Bras", with women walking by and dropping their bras in the fire.

ANGLE—A police vehicle is driving slowly and repeating on a loudspeaker—

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.): The park closes at 11pm by order of the Chicago P.D. You must be out of the park by 11pm. Violators will be prosecuted for trespassing. The park closes at—

ANGLE—ABBIE's talking to a large group of protestors.

ABBIE: It's a strategy of throwin' banana peels all over Chicago and then let the machine stumble. And when it stumbles, it gets into a policy of overkill and starts to devour itself. We'll convince 'em. They'll be convinced. Of what? That we're crazy enough to do anything.

ANGLE—JERRY's talking to a group of protestors.

JERRY: We think it's important for confrontational tactical knowledge to be understood. Confrontational tactics make us safer. Why? Because the police become afraid. And that's fighting fire with—

PROTESTORS (shouting back): *FIRE!*

JERRY: begins his Molotov cocktail demonstration as we PULL BACK to find TOM and RENNIE who are walking past Jerry's TED Talk.

TOM: (to no one) You don't fight fire with fire, you fight it with water, ya jackass.

RENNIE: It's a metaphor.

TOM: ABBIE: and his fuckin' banana peels.

RENNIE: Also a metaphor.

TOM: Between the cops, the state police and the Guard, Daley's got 15,000 soldiers on the street whose guns are loaded with bullets that are literal.

RENNIE: I could make the argument that the bullets were also—

TOM: Yeah, so could I, but don't. The atmosphere's starting to get dangerous and someone's gonna throw a rock. I want to get the word out that we're protesting the war and not the cops.

RENNIE: sees something up ahead—

RENNIE: Dammit.

TOM: What?

RENNIE: I think those are my guys, I think that's their car.

ANGLE—A few unmarked sedans are parked alongside some police and park vehicles in an otherwise dark and deserted area.

TOM: and RENNIE walk toward a particular sedan.

RENNIE (CONT'D): Yeah, that's them. They're back. They were following me all day. Listen, here's the thing I haven't told you about Sara Beth. She isn't into this at all.

TOM: Isn't into what?

RENNIE: When I'm with her and her family, I try to...de-emphasize the...radical revolutionary part of my—

TOM: Got it.

RENNIE: She and her parents are letting me stay with them and if I show up tailed by two undercover police officers—

TOM: That'd be hard to explain.

RENNIE: This isn't her world. And it's definitely not her parents' world. If I bring my world into their driveway—

TOM: Yeah.

RENNIE: She'll break up with me.

TOM: You could be in a healthier relationship.

RENNIE: I know, but until then, this is the one I've got.

TOM: (pause) That's their car?

RENNIE: Yeah.

TOM: Where are they?

RENNIE: Looking for me.

TOM: thinks a minute...

TOM: Alright. Go back into the crowd and let 'em find you. Then leave the park by the east exit. They'll need their car to follow you.

RENNIE: What are you gonna do?

TOM: It's not gonna remind anyone of Ghandi but a little civil disobedience. Go.

RENNIE: You're not gonna cut their breaks or anything, right?

TOM: What? No, I'm gonna let the air out of one of the tires. Now go.

RENNIE: I really appreciate it. I don't want to be a phony with SaraBeth but sometimes it takes a little—

TOM: You should really go now.

RENNIE: Yeah.

RENNIE: heads off and TOM takes out his keys as we

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The pick-up band singing “America” continues over—

DELUCA: Detective Bell and I spotted Rennie Davis walking in the crowd and observed him on foot for a few minutes. Then we returned to the unit.

SCHULTZ: Your car.

DELUCA: Yes.

SCHULTZ: And what did you find?

CUT TO:

EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

The singing continues over—

TOM: is on his knees letting the air out of a tire of the unmarked car with his key when the shadow of a man envelopes him and he stops.

DELUCA (O.S.): So you think we're idiots.

DELUCA is standing behind him with his partner, BELL.

DELUCA (CONT'D): Don't fuckin' move.

BELL: On your feet.

TOM: Those are two contradictory instructions.

DELUCA: grabs TOM by the collar, puts him on his feet and slams him down on the hood of the car.

DELUCA: Hands behind your head, spread your legs. Was that a contradictory instruction?

TOM: Nope.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SCHULTZ: What happened then?

DELUCA: Someone from the crowd shouted—

EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

One of the silhouettes from the crowd shouts—

DEMONSTRATOR: Hey, they're hassling Tom Hayden!

BELL: Paulie, you need to see what I'm seeing.

DELUCA turns around and sees two-dozen silhouettes begin moving toward the car—

DELUCA: Hey, stay back there! All a you!

BELL: (showing his badge) Police! Stay back!

TOM: (calling to the silhouettes) Listen, everybody stay cool!

DELUCA (to TOM): Shut up! Tell 'em to get back.

TOM: Again—

DELUCA: Tell 'em to get back.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SCHULTZ: And did he tell the crowd to get back?

EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

TOM: Everybody get back! I'm alright, stay cool!

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DELUCA: He was egging them on.

SCHULTZ: Did you take Hayden under arrest at that moment?

DELUCA: No sir.

SCHULTZ: Why not?

EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

Suddenly a white light is shining in DELUCA's face and he snaps to it—

DELUCA: What the hell is—who's shining that?

BELL: (quietly): It's a camera. It's a TV camera.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DELUCA: We wanted to diffuse the situation so we arranged to take Mr. Hayden in the next morning.

EXT. GRANT STATUE - DAY

TOM's sitting on the steps with RENNIE and a couple of friends as two POLICE CARS come rolling up—flashing lights but no sirens.

TOM: This is gonna be for me.

RENNIE: Let me try to explain to them.

TOM: We should tell 'em about SaraBeth's parents.

RENNIE: Yeah.

TOM: I was kidding. Just bail me out and keep to the schedule, it's fine

A few OFFICERS, including OFFICER QUINN, step out of their cars.

OFFICER QUINN: Tom Hayden?

TOM: Yeah.

(to RENNIE) See you in a bit.

OFFICER QUINN: You're under arrest.

TOM: Got it.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE HOFFMAN: We'll stand in recess for one hour and court will resume at—

BOBBY: Your Honor—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You wish to address the court, Mr. Seale?

BOBBY: I—yes. I have a motion—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I will hear you Mr. Seale.

BOBBY: Just a moment.

We see a YOUNG BLACK woman hand a legal pad to a BLACK MAN who walks the pad down to FRED HAMPTON who hands it to BOBBY.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Seale, do you have a motion?

BOBBY: I have a motion pro se to defend myself. I'd like to invoke the precedent of Adams vs. U.S. ex rel. McCann, where the Supreme Court—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Alright, that's enough. Where are you learning these things. Does your young friend, Mr. Hampton, have a background in—

KUNSTLER: (standing): Your Honor, the other defendants would like to join in Mr. Seale's motion.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Are you now speaking on behalf of Mr. Seale?

KUNSTLER: No sir, I'm speaking on behalf of the other defendants.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You're standing right next to him, why don't you represent him?

KUNSTLER: Because I'm not his lawyer, sir, and if I understand Mr. Seale correctly this last month and a half, and I believe I have, he is not represented by counsel.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Overruled.

BOBBY: I am being denied right now—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Seale—

BOBBY: —my Constitutional right to—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Will you be quiet? Will you? Will you be quiet? That's all. You have lawyers to speak for you.

KUNSTLER: *No he doesn't!*

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Cite Mr. Kunstler with his second count of Contempt.

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The place is packed and smoke-filled and everyone is there to see and hear ABBIE, who's up on stage at the microphone. He has a style onstage that's not unlike Lenny Bruce.

We come in on a BIG LAUGH and APPLAUSE...

ABBIE: So Hayden's in a holding cell on a tire-pressure related charge and suddenly every freak in Chicago is mobilized. "They got Hayden, they got Hayden." We're gonna march down to the police station, overcome the police and the Illinois National Guard and free Tom Hayden.

(pause)

We couldn't find our way out of the park.

A BIG LAUGH...

ABBIE: Over the course of 10 days, the government called 37 witnesses, each and every one of them an employee of the government. I call this portion of the trial, "With Friends Like These...".

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

WOJOHOWSKI's on the stand.

SCHULTZ: Would you state your full name please?

WOJOHOWSKI: Stanley R. Wojohowski.

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

WOJOHOWSKI, who now looks like a biker comes up to ABBIE with another biker—EDDIE.

EDDIE: Abbie. This is Stan.

WOJOHOWSKI: Stan Wojohowski.

ABBIE: How you doin', Stan?

EDDIE: Stan's gonna be one of your bodyguards, he handles himself pretty well.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SCHULTZ: And what is your occupation please, Mr. Wojohowski?

WOJOHOWSKI: I'm a Chicago Police Officer.

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

A MAN is introducing RENNIE to SAM.

MAN Rennie, this is Sam, he can be trusted.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SAM Detective Sam McGiven, Chicago Police Department.

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

TOM's being introduced.

SCOTT: Scotty Scibelli, Tom. I'm your guy for ass, weed or whatever you need.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SCOTT: Staff Sergeant Scott Scibelli, Illinois State Police.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

JERRY's having a drink at the end of a crowded bar. The BARTENDER puts another drink in front of him.

BARTENDER: This is from the woman in the glasses.

JERRY: sees the woman wearing glasses, DAPHNE, at the other end of the bar.

JERRY: Really?

JERRY: takes his drink and heads over to the woman.

JERRY: Uh...Did you mean this for me?

DAPHNE: I did.

JERRY: Nobody's ever sent me a drink before.

DAPHNE: How do you like it so far?

JERRY: It's a Tom Collins. I know it's kind of a country club drink but they're delicious. A man in England named Tom Collins claimed in 1894 to have invented it, but then another man who's name I've forgotten said, no, he'd invented it two years earlier and I think there was a lawsuit.

DAPHNE: That's a surprising amount of controversy for gin and lemonade.

JERRY: I'm Jerry.

DAPHNE: Hey Jerry, do you know why the French only eat one egg for breakfast?

JERRY: No.

DAPHNE: Because in France, one egg is "un oeuf."

(pause) It's un oeuf.

JERRY: Wow.

DAPHNE: I know.

JERRY: I feel so much better about my Tom Collins story.

DAPHNE: I'm Daphne O'Connor.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DAPHNE: Special Agent Daphne O'Conner, FBI.

Counter Intelligence.

DAPHNE is on the stand looking professional now. WEINER leans in to FROINES and whispers—

WEINER: You think it's possible there were seven demonstrators in Chicago last summer leading 10,000 undercover cops in protest?

FROINES nods...

SCHULTZ: What was your assignment in Chicago?

DAPHNE: To use Jerry Rubin to try to infiltrate the leaders of the protest.

JERRY: shakes his head...

SCHULTZ: You were with Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Rennie Davis and Dave Dellinger the afternoon of the 27th?

DAPHNE: Yes.

SCHULTZ: What were the four of them doing?

DAPHNE: They were leading a group of protestors.

SCHULTZ: How many would you say?

DAPHNE: About eight-hundred.

SCHULTZ: Where were they leading these eight- hundred people?

DAPHNE: To Police Headquarters at 11th and State.

SCHULTZ: Why?

DAPHNE: Tom Hayden was being held there on charges of tampering with a police vehicle. Jerry Rubin said it was time to confront the pigs.

SCHULTZ: By pigs he meant—

DAPHNE: It was time to confront the police.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - DAY

ABBIE, JERRY, RENNIE as well as DAPHNE and the other undercovers lead DEMONSTRATORS who are pouring out onto the street from the park. We hear a call and response chant of *"Free Tom Hayden! "Free Tom Hayden!" as the crowd makes it way up Michigan Avenue.*

A POLICEMAN standing on the street is taking this in and then reaches for his radio and calls ahead.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

TIGHT ON a rack of riot gear—helmets, nightsticks, etc., being grabbed off racks.
CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SAM: I remember also at the front of the group was Mr. Allen Ginsburg.

SCHULTZ: Allen Ginsburg the poet.

SAM: Yes. He was chanting a kind of war chant.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - DAY

ALLEN GINSBURG, who's joined the others at the front of the group, has his hands raised and is chanting "ohmmmmm"...

JERRY: What's he doing?

ABBIE: He's calming the energy, settling things down.

DAVE: How's it working so far?

OMIT

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: on stage—

ABBIE: The guy testified that Ginsburg was letting out a war chant. Some kind of fuckin' jungle signal to beat poets that they should begin pelting the troopers with blank verse.

A LAUGH from the CROWD...

ABBIE (CONT'D): A guy in the crowd is marching with a girl on his shoulders. She's waving an American flag and this seems to really be bothering some frat brothers who'd come to town in the spirit of fraternity.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN in a beret is being carried on the shoulders of a demonstrator as they march. She's carrying a flag and being shouted at by three FRAT BOYS on the sidewalk.

FRAT BOYS (screaming): *Put the flag down! Put it down! Go to the kitchen and make me a sandwich!*

JERRY: I'm gonna go back there and take care of that.

ABBIE: They're not the enemy.

JERRY: In so many fuckin' ways they are.

FRAT BOYS: *Put down the goddam flag you ugly bitch! Go to the kitchen and make me a fuckin' sandwich!*

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

WOJOHOWSKI: The group turned right on 11th Street.

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: We make a right on 11th Street.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DAPHNE: And that's when they saw it.

EXT. 11TH STREET - DAY

ABBIE: Holy shit.

JERRY: Jesus.

The RIOT POLICE are pouring out of the station and forming a line in the middle of the street.

ABBIE: Are they about to conquer Spain?

JERRY: (beat—let's do it anyway) Well fuck it.

DAVE: What do you mean fuck it?

JERRY: This is it. It's time. Here we are.

ABBIE: We're not rushing the police.

JERRY: Why the fuck not?

ABBIE: Because we'll be critically injured.

RENNIE: Tom doesn't want anyone hurt.

DAVE: We've gotta turn this crowd around.

There's too much momentum, we've gotta turn 'em around and calm 'em down.

DAPHNE: (to JERRY)

He's right. This isn't safe, I know something about this.

DAVE gets on his walkie-talkie—

DAVE: (into the walkie-talkie) All marshals—slow ‘em down and turn ‘em around. It’s the Alamo up here. Turn ‘em around and get ‘em safely back in the park.

JERRY: We should be marching right up to them.

ABBIE: I don’t think they’re gonna surrender man. Keep ‘em moving. Dave and I are gonna stay and make Tom’s bail.

(to DAVE)

I don’t carry money, do you?

DAVE: I do, I’m a grown man.

The rest of the leaders start heading back where they came from as ALLEN GINSBURG holds out his arms in a meditation position and lets out a soft “ohmmmmm...”

JERRY: You’re killin’ me, Allen. You’re goddam killin’ me.

(shouting) Keep ‘em moving.

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: The marshals are spreading the word that we’re gonna keep moving, go left on Roosevelt and back in the park, right?

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DAPHNE: When they got to the park they that three divisions of police officers had moved in from the south.

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

JERRY, RENNIE and the DEMONSTRATORS approach and see that there are lines and lines of police officers that have formed at the top of the hill in the park.

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: I don’t know what tactical genius came up with that, but you know when shit happens? When you don’t give protestors a place to go.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SCHULTZ: How would you characterize the mood of the crowd?

KUNSTLER: The witness is in no position to characterize the mood of a thousand strangers.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Do you have an objection?

KUNSTLER: Yes sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: On what grounds?

KUNSTLER: On those grounds.

And ABBIE and JERRY lead the gallery in a chorus of—
ALL *Overruled!*

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I will clear this courtroom!

SCHULTZ: Mr. Wojohowski?

WOJOHOWSKI: The crowd was looking for a fight.

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

The DEMONSTRATORS are now faced off with the POLICE.

JERRY: (shouting): *You're pigs! Your children are pigs!*

RENNIE: We should leave their children out of it.

JERRY: You're right, I know, you're right.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SCOTT: "White, honkey m-f-ers, get out of our park!" And then he said, "Look at 'em—

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

JERRY: —they don't look so tough.

RENNIE: Well...the guns...

JERRY: (shouting): *Put down your guns, motherfuckers, we'll fight like fuckin' men!*

RENNIE: Just so you know, I do not have your back on that.

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: And the guys from Kappa Gamma Douchebag who were hassling the girl? They're back.

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

FRAT BOYS: *Put the flag down! Put it down! Put the goddam flag down you cunt! Make me a sandwich!*

RENNIE: (to JERRY) Just calm the crowd down.

(beat)

Help me calm 'em down, Jerry.

DAPHNE: Baby. Defuse the situation. They'll listen to you.

JERRY: Huh.

DAPHNE: What?

JERRY: Nothing, that sounded nice when you said it.

DAPHNE: Right now!

JERRY: Yeah.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DAPHNE: Someone from the crowd shouts—

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: A guy somewhere in the crowd shouts-

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SCOTT: —it may have been Jerry Rubin—

KUNSTLER: and WEINGLASS both jump up—

KUNSTLER: Object.

WEINGLASS: (simultaneously) Objection.

KUNSTLER: If he doesn't know who it was—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Sustained.

SCHULTZ: Someone in the crowd shouted what?

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

SOMEONE IN THE CROWD (shouting): *Take the hill!*

And suddenly a land rush breaks out. The CROWD starts charging up a hundred-yard hill to a statue that sits atop— heading right for the RIOT POLICE.

JERRY: and RENNIE take in what's happening and then—

RENNIE: Shit.

JERRY: Oh fuck.

JERRY: and RENNIE begin running after and through the crowd—

RENNIE: (to the protestors) Stop running!

JERRY: (to the protestors) Stop running! Slow down!

We can HEAR an officer on a bullhorn—

POLICEMAN: There are no permits for this demonstration! You are ordered to leave the park immediately! There are no permits for this demonstration! You are ordered to leave the park immediately!

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: The street name for chloroacetophenone is tear gas and it's a fuckin' blow torch—your lungs, your skin, your eyes...Riot clubs? They're made out of the same wood they use for baseball bats.

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

Tear gas canisters get fired into the crowd as the POLICE strap on gas masks. The POLICE move into the CROWD and start swinging their clubs full force. The unlucky ones near the gas emerge from the thick, grey dust blinded and gasping for air. Others have blood spray from their foreheads and down their mouths as they get struck in the face with clubs.

JERRY: and RENNIE are trying to pull people away and send them back down the hill.

We see the YOUNG WOMAN in the beret—she's making her way through the crowd, through the tear gas and up the hill.

Suddenly she's tackled from behind by the three FRAT BOYS.

FRAT BOY #1: *I told you to put that flag down, go in the kitchen and make me a fuckin' sandwich!*

They grab her as she tries to escape. She's screaming as she's smacked in the face and her shirt gets torn off.

Now JERRY sees this and starts flying toward her through the crowd.

JERRY: *Hey! What are you doin'?! Get the fuck offa her! What the fuck is the matter with you?!*

JERRY: pulls one guy off—

JERRY: *Get the fuck offa her!*

FRAT BOY #2: Fuck you, hippie faggot!

And the punch that JERRY's wanted to throw for years lands square in the face of this guy, and just as quickly, JERRY's elbow breaks the nose of the guy's buddy who's about to help him. The third guy goes running to avoid the tear gas that's just been shot into the area.

JERRY: tends to the girl—

JERRY: You're alright. You're okay.

JERRY: pulls off his shirt—

JERRY: (CONT'D): Here. You're okay.

He takes a bandana from his pocket—

JERRY: (CONT'D): You need to hold this over your face and I'll get you outa here.

But now there's the sound of a gun locking behind JERRY's head. He puts his hands up without turning around—

POLICEMAN: Don't move, Jerry.

JERRY: Get those guys, they were—

JERRY: turns around—three POLICEMEN in gas masks have guns on him...

POLICEMAN: You're under arrest.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

There's silence. DAPHNE is on the stand and KUNSTLER is taking a moment before he begins his cross...

KUNSTLER: After bailing Tom Hayden out, Abbie, Dave and Tom returned to the park, is that correct?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - EARLY EVENING

TOM, ABBIE, JERRY, RENNIE and DAVE survey the scene. The battle is long over but we can still see some tear gas and people being treated by EMTs and put into ambulances, etc.

After a long moment...

TOM: I'll be honest, I'm starting to worry about getting everyone out of Chicago alive.

ABBIE: That's not really up to us.

TOM: Yeah it is.

ABBIE: What are you lookin' at me for? I went to bail you out of jail.

TOM: takes a moment because he can't believe this..

TOM: (pause) *Eight-hundred people followed you!*

ABBIE: Oh that. Yeah, people follow me, fuck if I know why?

TOM: I'm wracking my brain as well.

RENNIE: (to JERRY)

How'd you make bail so fast?

JERRY: I wasn't arrested, I was detained. They couldn't figure out what to charge me with.

DAVE: Assault.

JERRY: I was assaulting someone who was assaulting someone.

DAPHNE: Guys. Nothing's more dangerous than a crowd of people who are moving. It's like trying to re-direct the Mississippi River.

JERRY: Isn't she great?

TOM: (to ABBIE)

Get your people to cool off. We're responsible for these people.

ABBIE: We have to protest in front of the convention, Tommy, plain and simple. 'Cause that's where the cameras are. We have to get to the convention. And that means we have to leave the park. And that's when people'll get hurt. As long as every person following me knows that, I sleep fine at night.

TOM: Well you should tell me how you do it.

ABBIE: A lot of it's drugs.

TOM: Yeah.

TOM points to the hill, where tear gas still hovers and people are being bandaged or handcuffed...

TOM (CONT'D): That's what happened when we tried to go up a hill. We're not getting anywhere near the convention.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DAPHNE still on the stand.

KUNSTLER: Special Agent O'Connor, you testified that Jerry Rubin said, "Fuck 'em all. They're all pigs. We should form an army and get guns."

DAPHNE: Yes.

KUNSTLER: And when he said that, did anyone form an army and get guns?

DAPHNE: No.

KUNSTLER: Did Jerry Rubin instruct the crowd to run into the park?

DAPHNE: No.

KUNSTLER: Did Rennie Davis?

DAPHNE: No.

KUNSTLER: Was Abbie Hoffman even there?

DAPHNE: No.

KUNSTLER: Was Dave Dellinger?

DAPHNE: No.

KUNSTLER: Was John Froines there?

DAPHNE: No.

KUNSTLER: Lee Weiner?

DAPHNE: No, he wasn't there.

KUNSTLER: And you've testified that Jerry and Rennie—can you say it for me again?

DAPHNE: Mr. Kunstler—

KUNSTLER: They were trying to turn people around and send them back down the hill. Just like you told them to.

DAPHNE: Mr. Kunstler, the demonstrators attacked the police and the police responded.

KUNSTLER: Are any of the demonstrators you saw attacking the police sitting at the defense table?

DAPHNE: No sir.

KUNSTLER: Thank you.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: The Court will stand—

BOBBY: I wasn't there either.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Seale—

BOBBY: I wasn't there at all and I should be allowed to cross-examine this—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: We'll stand in recess until—

FRED HAMPTON stands up and addresses the whole room—

FRED: Four hours. That's how long Bobby Seale—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Marshals.

FRED: —was in Chicago. Four hours.

The DEFENDANTS APPLAUD and bang the table—all but TOM who's poker-faced but hating this. RENNIE sees that TOM isn't cheering and he slows and stops as we

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Court stands in recess for the weekend.

CUT TO:

EXT./EST. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - DAY

It's a Saturday during the Christmas season and families are going into and coming out of the museum.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

It's a crisp, Christmastime afternoon. A couple of trumpets, a trombone and a baritone horn are playing "O Holy Night" a distance away as ABBIE and JERRY sit on a bench.

JERRY: I took in the exhibit. I cleared my mind. I stood there for twenty minutes and I felt nothing.

ABBIE: Well...but it wasn't a painting, it was an exhibit. It was a natural history museum.

JERRY: And when you put exhibits of Native Indian families in a natural history museum alongside dioramas of early man and the Jurassic age, it gives the impression that the Cherokee evolved into modern day Europeans.

ABBIE: Hey, look who it is!

SCHULTZ: and his two young daughters, 6 and 4, are coming down the path.

ABBIE: Should we say hi?

JERRY: I've got a bone to pick with that guy.

SCHULTZ, getting closer, sees ABBIE and JERRY.

ABBIE: Hey counselor!

SCHULTZ: No colleges this weekend?

ABBIE: Winter break. My audiences went home to their parents. Are these ladies related to you?

SCHULTZ: These are my daughters Julie and Emily.

ABBIE: (to the girls)

Your dad's a good guy. And that's coming from someone who he's been trying hard to put in federal prison.

SCHULTZ: We shouldn't be talking without your lawyer here.

ABBIE: Nah, we're all on the same team.

SCHULTZ: In one sense I guess, but in a much truer sense we're not.

(SCHULTZ takes a couple of dollars out of his pocket)

Girls, take this dollar over to the musicians and put it in their hat. Then take this dollar and buy some of those candy-covered peanuts mom won't let you have.

The girls run excitedly to where they were told.

ABBIE: Sweet kids.

SCHULTZ: ‘Cause if your lawyers were here I’d feel comfortable telling you that the window’s closing for you to plead out.

JERRY: Oh we’re not takin’ a fuckin’ deal, would you stop? And I wish I could share Abbie’s sentiment that you’re a good guy, but I’m afraid I can’t.

SCHULTZ: I’m sorry to hear that.

JERRY: Sending Daphne O’Connor to break my heart was way outa line.

SCHULTZ: Well I don’t work for the FBI but Special Agent O’Connor was one of many agents sent to gather intelligence on what had been deemed a credible domestic threat.

JERRY: Fine, then you bug our phones, you wire up a dope dealer, be a man.

You don’t send a woman to ensorcell me—it means “enchanting”—only to have her crush my soul.

SCHULTZ: How long did you two know each other?

JERRY: Ninety-three hours. It could have been a lifetime.

SCHULTZ: For a fruit fly. Enjoy the weekend.

JERRY: Is that even ethical? Aren’t there ethics rules?

SCHULTZ: Did she engage with you sexually?

JERRY: (pause): We were taking it slow.

ABBIE: He’s gonna be alright.

JERRY: One egg is un oeuf? They teach her *that at the Academy?!*

SCHULTZ: Yep.

ABBIE: We just wanted to say that we don’t have any beef with you. We know you’re doing your job and we know you don’t think we’re criminals.

SCHULTZ: I’m not sure where you’re getting that information but I represent the People without passion or prejudice.

ABBIE: You think we were responsible?

SCHULTZ: I think you got the result you were looking for.

ABBIE: So did Nixon.

SCHULTZ: How ‘bout that. See you Monday.

SCHULTZ: walks away toward his daughters. JERRY calls after him—

JERRY: (calling): Does she ever mention me?

SCHULTZ, with his back still turned, just shrugs, and we

CUT TO:

A151 EXT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT A151

All the lights are off. We HEAR a phone ringing...

B151 INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

B151

BERNADINE's sleeping in a sleeping bag on the floor. TOM's asleep on a couch in sweatpants and a t-shirt. The ringing continues and TOM wakes up in a start. It takes him a moment to realize the phone's ringing and he looks at it from across the room as BERNADINE answers it.

BERNADINE: (into phone) Conspiracy Office.

TOM: watches as BERNADINE listens...

BERNADINE: (to TOM): It's Bill. Something's happened, Tom.

TOM: stands there a moment before we

CUT TO:

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - VISITING ROOM - MORNING

TOM: and KUNSTLER are waiting in the empty room before a GUARD opens the door and BOBBY SEALE steps in in prison coveralls.

The door closes with the clang.

KUNSTLER: Bobby, Fred Hampton was shot and killed last night. There was a police raid and there was a shootout and he's dead.

BOBBY: doesn't say anything...

KUNSTLER: (consulting notes)

It happened between the hours of 4am and—

BOBBY: I know.

KUNSTLER: You were told?

BOBBY: Yeah.

KUNSTLER: I'm sorry.

BOBBY: (pause) The seven of you, you've all got the same father, right?

(to TOM)

I'm talking to you. You've all got the same father, right? Cut your hair, don't be a fag, respect authority, respect America, respect me. Your life, it's fuck you to your father, right? A little?

TOM: (beat) Maybe.

BOBBY: Maybe. And you can see how that's different from a rope on a tree?

TOM: Yeah.

BOBBY: Yeah. He was shot in the wrist first. You can't hold a gun if you've been shot in the wrist. You can't pull a trigger. The second shot was in the head. Fred was executed.

(pause) Anything else?

KUNSTLER: (pause) No.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DETECTIVE FRAPOLY's on the stand. BOBBY's all but dead behind his eyes.

TITLE CARD: Trial Day 90

SCHULTZ: Detective, calling your attention to the evening of the next day, Tuesday, August 27th, were you in Grant Park on that day?

FRAPOLY: Yes. There was a “Free Huey Newton” rally going on.

SCHULTZ: Did you recognize any of the speakers?

FRAPOLY: I heard Jerry Rubin give a speech. Phil Ochs sang and then Bobby Seale gave a speech.

BOBBY: speaks lifelessly, almost by rote—

BOBBY: I object to this man’s testimony against me because I’ve been denied counsel.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: We understand.

SCHULTZ: Do you recall anything from Mr.
Seale’s speech?

FRAPOLY: Yes. He said—

BOBBY: I object to this man’s—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Quiet.

SCHULTZ: Go ahead.

FRAPOLY: May I refer to notes?

SCHULTZ: Yes sir.

FRAPOLY: He said, “We must understand that as we go forth to try to move the reprobate politicians—

BOBBY: Your Honor—

FRAPOLY: “—our cowardly Congress, the jive, double-lip talkin’ Nixon—”

BOBBY: Jive double-lip talkin’ Nixon? You make me sound like one funky cat, thank you sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Last warning, Mr. Seale.

SCHULTZ: Did he say anything else?

FRAPOLY: He said, “The revolution at this time is directly connected to organized guns and force.”

SCHULTZ: No more questions.

BOBBY: shakes his head to himself, then says simply and calmly- —

BOBBY: A jive, double-lip talkin', funky, funky cat.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Would the defense like to cross- examine the witness?

BOBBY: Yes. I'm sitting here saying that I would like to cross—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Only lawyers can address a wit—

BOBBY: My lawyer is Charles Garry.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I'm tired of hearing that.

BOBBY: I couldn't care less what you're tired of.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: What did you say?

BOBBY: I said it would be impossible for me to care any less what you're tired of and I demand to cross- examine this —

JUDGE HOFFMAN: *Sit in your chair and be quiet and don't ever address the Court in that—*

BOBBY: turns to the GALLERY—

BOBBY: (to the crowd)

It was premeditated murder. Fred
Hampton was assassinated last night.
The GALLERY gasps—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Marshals, put Mr. Seale in his seat.

BOBBY: keeps talking as a few MARSHALS come to deal with him—

BOBBY: He wouldn't have been able to hold a gun in his right hand. When they publish the coroner's report, make sure you ask about the bullet wound in his wrist.

The MARSHAL's have put BOBBY in his seat.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I strongly caution you, Mr. Seale, I strongly caution you that—

BOBBY: Oh strongly fuck yourself.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Marshals, take that defendant into a room and deal with him as he should be dealt with.

The MARSHALS grab at BOBBY and lift him out of his seat.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

The door opens and BOBBY's thrown into the room. The door slams behind him.

INT. COURTROOM - SAME TIME

Tense silence as everyone waits.

INT. HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

We see quick, very tight shards of BOBBY being put in restraints. His wrists, his ankles—
A156 INT. COURTROOM - SAME TIME A156

ABBIE: and JERRY are staring casual bullets at JUDGE HOFFMAN...

RENNIE's scratching out a note.

INSERT: The notes reads—"Don't stand for JH".

RENNIE shows the note to TOM, who glances at it and reluctantly nods "okay". RENNIE passes the note to DAVE, who looks at it and passes it to JERRY—

B156 INT. HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME B156

A balled up rag is stuffed in BOBBY's mouth. Another piece of cloth starts to be tied around his face—

INT. COURTROOM - SAME TIME

Tense silence.

The side door opens and the MARSHALS bring BOBBY in—bound, gagged and chained.

The GALLERY reacts in horror.

The MARSHALS stand BOBBY up at his chair. HOFFMAN raps his gavel until there's finally silence.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Let the record show that I tried, fairly and impartially, I tried to get the defendant to sit on his own. I ask you again, and you may indicate by raising your head up and down or moving it from side to side, if I have your assurance that you will not do anything to disrupt this trial if I allow you to resume proper order.

BOBBY: doesn't move...just looks at him...

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Do I have your assurance?

BOBBY: looks at the judge and gently shakes his head "no"...

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Schultz, call your next witness.

SCHULTZ: doesn't move...nobody does...

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Schultz, call your witness.

SCHULTZ: May we approach, Your Honor?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: waves the LAWYERS up to the bench.

KUNSTLER: Can he breathe? (to BOBBY)

Can you breathe alright?

BOBBY: nods “yeah”.

The LAWYERS step up to the bench and speak very quietly.

SCHULTZ: Your Honor, a defendant is bound and gagged in an American courtroom.

FORAN: He brought it on himself.

KUNSTLER: (to FORAN) Are you insane?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: That’s enough.

KUNSTLER: This is an unholy disgrace to the law. This is a medieval torture chamber.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I know no other lawyer who would utter such a thing.

WEINGLASS: This is an unholy disgrace to the law and a medieval torture—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I said that’s enough!

(beat)

Love of God.

(beat)

What do you want, Mr. Schultz, this is your sidebar.

SCHULTZ: Your Honor, at this time the

Government would like to make a motion that Bobby Seale be separated—

FORAN: Wait—

SCHULTZ: (to FORAN) Yes. Just—please sir.

(to JUDGE HOFFMAN)

—a motion that Bobby Seale be separated from the other defendants and that a mistrial be declared in his case.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You want me to give him his mistrial?

KUNSTLER: You took their black guy and made him a sympathetic character.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I’ve lived a long time and you’re the first person who’s ever suggested that I’ve discriminated against a black man.

WEINGLASS: Then let the record show that I’m the second.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: (pause) Step back.

The lawyers return to their tables.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I’m issuing an order declaring a mistrial as to the defendant Bobby G. Seale.

CHEERS go up in the courtroom.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Seale, you're currently charged with 16 counts of contempt for your repeated displays of disrespect, and you have a pending homicide charge in Connecticut. You are not home free and I doubt you ever will be. We're adjourned until ten a.m. Monday.

BAILIFF: All rise.

TOM: stands out of habit but no one else does. TOM immediately sees his mistake but it's too late to sit.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: clocks this, nods at TOM approvingly, and exits as we

CUT TO:

EXT./EST. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

We HEAR BERNADINE answer the phone—

BERNADINE: (V.O.) Conspiracy office, how can I help you?

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - SAME TIME

The mood is exhaustion. Everyone's quiet.

BERNADINE: (into the phone) No, sir, I'm a white woman. (listens)

Yeah, I've slept with several in my life so far and on balance I'd have to say yes, it is better and to tell you the truth, I think that's a big part of what's got you worked up.

WEINGLASS: Hang up the phone.

BERNADINE: (into the phone) It's not even so much that it's bigger, it's just better, you know what I mean?

WEINGLASS: Hang up the phone.

BERNADINE: hangs up the phone.

WEINGLASS: Was that a parting gift for Bobby?

BERNADINE: No, that was just for me.

WEINGLASS: joins KUNSTLER and the DEFENDANTS who are sitting around the living room. KUNSTLER's got a drink and he's smoking a joint.

Out of the silence...

JERRY: (to TOM)

Why the fuck did you stand up?

TOM: I was just—it was a reflex.

RENNIE: He was respecting the institution.

TOM: And I don't know what good it does to insult the judge. And it was in view of the jury. And the press. And Foran and Schultz who'll be recommending sentencing if we're convicted.

ABBIE: It's a revolution, Tom. We may have to hurt somebody's feelings.

There's momentary silence in the room...

RENNIE: (pause) So...we have this list. I was thinking maybe Monday morning we could read the names into the record.

TOM: Jesus—

RENNIE: As a way of saying—

TOM: As a way of saying what?

RENNIE: That whatever we're facing, you know, is peanuts compared to what these guys—

TOM: He's the one who's gonna sentence us. The judge gets to decide what we're facing. It's a goddam trial.

ABBIE: A political trial.

TOM: No, we were arrested for—the law doesn't recognize political—

ABBIE: We weren't arrested, we were chosen. Lee, John, have you guys asked yourselves what you're doing here?

WEINER: Every day.

ABBIE: You're a give-back. They give the jury a couple of guys they can acquit and feel better about finding the rest us guilty. Lenny, am I wrong?

WEINGLASS: No.

FROINES: Our role in history is that we made it easier to convict our friends?

Lee?

WEINER: nods his head...

ABBIE: They're gonna find us guilty of "I just don't like you." That's why Bill won't put any of us on the stand.

DAVE: I could take the stand, I'm easy for them to like. I'm literally a Boy Scout troop leader.

KUNSTLER: You're a conscientious objector.

DAVE: A lot of people are conscientious—

KUNSTLER: During World War II. You sat out World War II. Even I want to punch you.

DAVE: Well we can talk about that.

KUNSTLER: I'm looking forward to it.

JERRY: I could take the stand.

KUNSTLER: Have you ever taught a classroom how to make a bomb?

JERRY: 8th graders are taught how Oppenheimer made a bomb.

KUNSTLER: Not one you can build with material from Woolworths.

RENNIE: You know what would be ironic?

JERRY: Rennie Davis speaks.

KUNSTLER: What?

RENNIE: I said you know what would be ironic?

TOM: He heard you, he's asking what would be ironic.

RENNIE: I was just gonna say if John Mitchell did all this just to get back at Ramsey Clark.

TOM: For what?

RENNIE: That thing. Remember? Outgoing cabinet members are supposed to resign as a courtesy but Ramsey Clark didn't tender his resignation until an hour—

As this goes on, we PUSH IN on KUNSTLER and WEINGLASS as they look at each other, each having the same thought.

JERRY: Yeah, I read Mitchell had a fit about that.

(to WEINGLASS) Did you read about that?

(beat)

Lenny?

But KUNSTLER and WEINGLASS keep silently staring at each other...

JERRY: (beat): Bill?

KUNSTLER: He was never even on our witness list.

TOM: Who?

KUNSTLER: The first witness you'd put on the stand...if this was a political trial.

(calling) Bernadine!

BERNADINE: Yeah.

KUNSTLER: My office needs to find Ramsey Clark.

ABBIE: William Kunstler just showed up.

CUT TO:

EXT./EST. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

There's a dusting of snow on the ground as a taxi pulls into the circular driveway. The side of the taxi lets us know we're in the D.C. area.

TOM, KUNSTLER and WEINGLASS get out of the cab. WEINGLASS pays the driver while KUNSTLER looks at something—a black sedan sitting in the driveway next to the family car.

KUNSTLER: Lenny.

WEINGLASS: looks over. KUNSTLER walks to the black sedan and wipes away some snow that's caked on the license plate—it reads "U.S. Gov't".

WEINGLASS: Maybe—I don't know, does he have a Secret Service detail?

KUNSTLER: No. They're here for us.

The three of them walk up to the front door and stand there a moment. It's like they're about to knock on the door belonging to the Wizard of Oz.

KUNSTLER (CONT'D): He was the Attorney General, what do we do, we just ring the doorbell?

WEINGLASS: Yeah, I guess so.

KUNSTLER: You want to do it?

TOM: Just ring the damn—

TOM: rings the doorbell.

They wait...

KUNSTLER: It's a nice house.

WEINGLASS: Yeah.

KUNSTLER: (pause) What would you call this, Tudor or Colonial?

The door's opened by JANE, a young, African-American housekeeper.

KUNSTLER (CONT'D): Good morning, I'm Bill Kunstler.

Mr. Clark is expecting us.

JANE: Come in.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

JANE: He's in his study at the end of the hall. Can I get anyone coffee?

KUNSTLER: I'll tell you, ma'am, that sounds great.

WEINGLASS: Nothing for me, thank you.

TOM: gives a small wave that means he's fine.

JANE: The end of the hall.

KUNSTLER: and WEINGLASS start down the hall but TOM's stopped by—

JANE: Mr. Hayden?

TOM looks at her...

JANE (CONT'D): I read in the paper you were the only one who stood for the judge after what he did to Bobby.

TOM: Oh. That was a mistake. It was a reflex and—

KUNSTLER: Tom?

TOM: Yeah.

TOM: joins the two lawyers as they head down the hall.

INT. STUDY - DAY

RAMSEY CLARK, in khakis and a button-down shirt, is sitting with two men in dark suits, one of whom we recognize as HOWARD from John Mitchell's office. Framed photos are on the wall of Clark with LBJ in the Oval Office, with Bobby Kennedy and from his days as a Marine.

CLARK is both laid back and completely in control. He gets up to greet his visitors.

CLARK: Hey, Bill, Ramsey Clark.

KUNSTLER: Pleased to meet you, sir, this is Leonard Weinglass.

CLARK: (shaking hands) Mr. Weinglass.

KUNSTLER: And Tom Hayden.

CLARK: I know who Tom Hayden is, the FBI used to work for me. These two men are senior deputies with the Justice Department—Mr. Calley and Mr. Howard.

KUNSTLER: I don't know what these men are doing here.

CLARK: I invited them.

KUNSTLER: (pause) You invited them?

CLARK: I don't want any appearance of impropriety.

KUNSTLER: There isn't any impropriety.

CLARK: And now there are witnesses to that.

KUNSTLER's at a loss. He's screwed before he even got started...

KUNSTLER: (pause) Sir, these men are going to call Schultz and Foran as soon as we're done here.

CLARK: Don't be ridiculous, they've already called Schultz and Foran and they're gonna call John Mitchell as soon as we're done here. Ask what you want to ask.

KUNSTLER: In front of them?

CLARK: Mm-hm.

KUNSTLER: takes a breath...

KUNSTLER: (pause) Alright. Mr. Clark, while you were the Attorney General for President Johnson, was there ever a discussion with the White House about seeking indictments against my clients?

HOWARD: He can't answer that.

KUNSTLER: Why not?

HOWARD: It's against the law.

WEINGLASS: That's an overly broad interpretation of the law.

KUNSTLER: That's Lenny's way of saying you're criminally full of shit, Deputy Howard.

HOWARD: Sir—

KUNSTLER: And I'll tell you what—We've dealt with jury tampering, wire tapping, a defendant who was literally gagged and a judge who's been handing down rulings from the bench that would be considered wrong in *Honduras!*—so I'm less interested in the law than I was when this trial began.

HOWARD: Whether you like the law or not, as a former A.G. he's protected by it.

KUNSTLER: No, you're protected by it— (to CLARK)

—and due respect, sir, I can subpoena you.

HOWARD: Find a judge in this circuit who'll sign that subpoena.

CLARK: He's right. And taking the stand voluntarily would be a big risk for me.

KUNSTLER: Again, due respect, but my clients take a much bigger risk when they—

CLARK: What took you so long?

KUNSTLER (beat): —when they stand up against enormous power they can't see and— I'm sorry, what took me so long to do what?

CLARK: To realize I'm your star witness?

KUNSTLER's a little thrown now...

KUNSTLER (beat): Well...we were...remarking on that ourselves, but—

CLARK: Bill—

HOWARD: He can't testify.

CLARK: I'm in private practice now and if John Mitchell wants to cut me in half, he can and he will.

TOM: You have to find—Sir, you have to find some courage now and

CLARK: Find some courage, yeah.

TOM: Yes—You have to find some courage and—

WEINGLASS: (holding a hand up) Tom.

CLARK: That's what these two men came to tell me. That if John Mitchell wants to cut me in half, he can and he will. So I wanted them here in the room when I said—When do you want me in court?

The room freezes for a moment...

HOWARD: Mr. Clark—

KUNSTLER: I'm sorry?

CLARK: Swear me in, Bill.

HOWARD: It's against the law for you to testify, Ramsey, it's that simple.

CLARK: It's General Clark and arrest me or shut the fuck up.

(to TOM—simply)
Found it.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

TITLE CARD: Trial Day 124

KUNSTLER: The defense calls Ramsey Clark.

SCHULTZ: Your Honor, the People move to disallow this witness.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I'd like the marshals to take the jury from the room.

As the marshals lead the jury out of the room we see that HOWARD and CALLEY are in the gallery now—poker faced.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Schultz?

SCHULTZ: The Code of Federal Regulations mandates that the disclosure of Justice Department material is prohibited without prior knowledge of the Attorney General—plainly meaning the sitting Attorney General—who is John Mitchell who has specifically denied his approval.

WEINGLASS: Judge, the rule refers to very specific kinds of documents and information. If the regulation was interpreted as Mr. Schultz is asking it to be, nobody in the federal government would ever be able to testify in a trial after leaving their job.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I think the government is at least justified in asking the defense to demonstrate by voir dire the testimony it expects to illicit from the witness.

KUNSTLER: You'd like us to question the witness outside the presence of the jury?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: If I find any of the testimony relevant I'll call the jury back in to hear it.

(pause)

Take it or leave it, Mr. Kunstler.

KUNSTLER: doesn't have a choice...

KUNSTLER: Defense calls Ramsey Clark.

CLARK steps to the witness box where the BAILIFF is ready with a Bible.

BAILIFF: State your name.

CLARK: William Ramsey Clark.

BAILIFF: Do you swear that the testimony you give will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

CLARK: I do.

KUNSTLER: Mr. Clark, what was your occupation in the summer of 1968?

CLARK: I was Attorney General of the United States.

KUNSTLER: You were appointed by President Johnson.

CLARK: Yes.

KUNSTLER: And confirmed by the United States Senate.

CLARK: Yes.

KUNSTLER: Did you receive a phone call at your office at 11:50 A.M. On September 10th of last year?

CLARK: Yes.

KUNSTLER: From whom was the call?

CLARK: President Johnson.

KUNSTLER: Will you state what President Johnson said to you and what was said to him?

SCHULTZ: Your Honor, at this point we'll object. A cabinet officer does not have to and should not have to relate the contents a private call he had with the President.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I'll sustain the objection.

KUNSTLER: Please the court, this is voir dire, I thought objections were reserved.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: There's a question of attorney/client privilege to consider.

CLARK: The president isn't a client of the Attorney General.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: (beat) Excuse me, sir?

CLARK: The president isn't a client of the Attorney General. I'm happy to answer.

There's a moment of awkward silence...

SCHULTZ: Your Honor, I don't—hearing from the witness on this point is highly irregular.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: (pause) Well gentlemen, I'm...This is my courtroom but the witness is the former—he's—and he's just stated his willingness, you know—so for the purposes of voir dire I'll hear the answer.

CLARK: The President asked me if I intended to seek any indictments related to the riots the previous month in Chicago.

KUNSTLER: And what did you tell him?

CLARK: I told him we wouldn't be seeking indictments.

KUNSTLER: Can you tell us why?

CLARK: An investigation by our criminal division led to the clear conclusion that the riots were started by the Chicago Police Department.

The DEFENDANTS—except TOM and RENNIE—along with many in the gallery jump up and CHEER, banging the table and shouting. KUNSTLER gives them a look as JUDGE HOFFMAN: gavels the room to order.

KUNSTLER: Did your counter-intelligence division make a report as well.

CLARK: They concluded that there had been no conspiracy on the part of the defendants to incite violence during the convention.

KUNSTLER: What happened on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November of that year?

CLARK: Richard Nixon was elected president.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Sustained.

KUNSTLER (beat): Nobody objected.

SCHULTZ: We do. It's well known that there's no love lost between the witness and the sitting Attorney General. The witness has been called to wage a political attack and he should not be allowed to appear before the jury.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Kunstler?

KUNSTLER: Your Honor can't possibly be considering not allowing the jury to hear what we've just heard.

SCHULTZ: The witness can't present to them testimony that will assist in making a determination of guilt or innocence.

KUNSTLER: He just testified that his own Justice Department came to the conclusion—

SCHULTZ: And the current Justice Department—the only one that matters—came to a new conclu—

KUNSTLER: And therefore the motivation of the prosecution is now called into—

SCHULTZ: The motivation of the prosecution isn't an issue in a courtroom.

KUNSTLER: Not any courtroom I've ever been in except this one!

FORAN: Object!

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Kunstler, do you have any further examination that will demonstrate that this witness will make a material contribution or should I ask him to step down?

KUNSTLER: You've ruled? You're not going to let the jury hear his testimony?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Not unless you can demonstrate to me, which you have not thus far done, that this witness-

KUNSTLER: Yes sir.

KUNSTLER: gathers himself, then says quietly to the COURT REPORTER—

KUNSTLER: (quietly): Are you any good?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Are you addressing the Court Reporter?

KUNSTLER: (quietly) Keep up with us..

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Kunstler.

Like a speed drill—

KUNSTLER: (to CLARK)

Is this prosecution politically motivated?

SCHULTZ: Object!

CLARK: Yes.

KUNSTLER: President Nixon inherited an unpopular war?

CLARK: Yes.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Step down please, Mr. Clark.

CLARK: And your clients are making it more unpopular every day.

KUNSTLER: The administration's paranoid about the SDS, the MOBE, the New Left?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Clark, please. (beat): Please, I'll be forced to find you in Contempt. You understand.

CLARK: (pause) I do, Your Honor.

KUNSTLER: (pause) Thank you, sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You may step down.

CLARK gets up, shares a look with KUNSTLER, and exits...

KUNSTLER: Your Honor, when the jury returns, will they be informed that the defense had called the former

Attorney General but that the Court ruled he couldn't testify?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: No, that motion will be denied.

KUNSTLER: goes back to his table. Then he absently picks up a heavy law book and SLAMS it on the table with a BANG.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Cite Mr. Kunstler with his third count of Contempt.

DAVE (quietly): You're a thug.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Did one of the defendants speak?

DAVE: (shouting): I did. I said you're a thug and you are.

TOM: (quietly): Dave—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Please sit, Mr. Dellinger.

DAVE: If we're guilty, why not give us a trial? If we're—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Marshals, seat the defendant.

DAVE: If we're guilty, as you clearly decided—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Watch yourself.

DAVE: —decided we were a long time ago—

(to a MARSHAL) You don't need to grab my arm.

(to JUDGE HOFFMAN) If we're guilty, then why not give us a trial? I've sat here for six months and watched you—

(to a MARSHAL) I'm asking you not to grab—

But A DIFFERENT MARSHAL grabs him. DAVE throws his arm off, then punches him in the face, sending the MARSHAL to the floor.

It all happened too fast.

The GALLERY and the DEFENDANTS jump up as the MARSHALS jump up as DAVE's taken down by the other MARSHALS then dragged to his feet with his arms twisted behind him.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Take him outa here. Lock him up!

As DAVE gets handcuffed, he looks to the back of the courtroom where his young son is looking at him.

DAVE (calling): I hit him. I'm sorry.

The MARSHALS have him out the door.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

The DEFENDANTS—minus DAVE—are sitting around the entryway...dejected.
The PHONE RINGS...JERRY picks up the receiver and hangs up.

JERRY: There's only one thing—one thing to do. Solidarity with Dave.

Tomorrow we go into court and get ourselves arrested.

TOM: We're already arrested.

JERRY: (pause) Is Bill talking to you about taking the stand?

(beat)

Some of the press guys are saying Bill's been talking to you about taking the stand.

TOM: He's been talking to me about it.

JERRY: He thinks you might get the crowd worked up with a position paper?

TOM: Maybe he thinks I won't try to get the crowd worked up at all. Maybe he thinks there are jurors who've relied on the safety of the police and are put off when someone calls them pigs. Or maybe he just wants a witness who dresses like a grown man.

JERRY: The cops in this city in the summer of 1968 were pigs.

TOM: I wonder how many of them have kids in Vietnam.

JERRY: (to ABBIE) He's gonna take the stand, not you? (beat): We're okay with that?

ABBIE's lost in thought...

JERRY: Abbie!

ABBIE: (to TOM)

What did you mean the last thing I want is to end the war?

TOM: (long pause) What?

ABBIE: Like...50 years ago when the trial started you said, "Why did you come to Chicago?" and I said, "To end the war", and you turned to everyone and said, "The last thing he wants is to end the war." What did you mean by that?

TOM: I meant that you're making the most of your close-up.

ABBIE: Yeah?

TOM: No more war, no more Abbie Hoffman.

ABBIE: What's your problem with me, Hayden?

TOM: I really wish people would stop asking me that question.

RENNIE: Hey, Dave wouldn't want us to fight.

ABBIE: Answer it. One time.

TOM: Alright. For the next 50 years, when people think of progressive politics, they're gonna think of you. They're gonna think of you and your idiot followers passing out daisies to soldiers and trying to levitate the Pentagon. They're not gonna think of equality or justice, they're not gonna think of education or poverty or progress. They're gonna think of a bunch of stoned, lost, disrespectful, foul-mouthed, lawless losers. And so we'll lose elections.

ABBIE: All because of me.

TOM: Mm-hm.

ABBIE: And winning elections, that's the first thing on your wish list? Equality, justice, education, poverty and progress—they're second?

TOM: If we don't win elections it doesn't matter what's second and it's astonishing that someone still has to explain that to you.

There's a long silence...

RENNIE (pause): Okay, so Jerry was talking about—

ABBIE: (quietly): We don't have any money.

TOM: I'm sorry?

ABBIE: We don't have any money. So I stage stunts and cameras come, microphones come. And it's astonishing that someone still has to explain that to you.

TOM: You're trading a cow for magic beans.

JERRY: That ended up working.

TOM: What?

JERRY: The magic beans. There was a giant up there. I can't remember what happened after that, the little boy may have gotten eaten.

FROINES: No, the giant turned out to be nice.

JERRY: Are you sure?

FROINES: No.

WEINER: It's almost hard to believe the seven of us weren't able to end a war.

ABBIE: (to TOM) Lemme ask you something.

RENNIE: You guys should just shake hands.

ABBIE: You think Chicago would've gone differently if Kennedy got the nomination?

TOM: Do I think—

(laughs a little)

Yes, it—yes. The Irish guys would have sat down with Daley and—yes.

ABBIE: I think so too.

TOM: Yeah.

ABBIE: That's why I was wondering—weren't you just a little bit happy when the bullet ripped through his head? (beat): No Chicago, no Tom Hayden.

TOM: looks at ABBIE for a moment in stunned disbelief, then lunges at him—

TOM: *I WAS ONE OF HIS PALLBEARERS!*

Everyone immediately reacts—

ABBIE: (pushing him off) *That's right!* (beat): We're not going to jail because of what we did, we're going to jail because of who we are. Think about that the next time you shrug off cultural revolution. We define winning differently you and me.

KUNSTLER comes in with WEINGLASS.

ABBIE (CONT'D): Bill, you shoulda seen it. Tom tried to beat me up but through sheer of force of intellectual superiority—

KUNSTLER: Stop talking.

(beat)

Just stop talking.

KUNSTLER reaches into his bag and pulls out an envelope.

KUNSTLER (CONT'D): Foran's office turned this over tonight in discovery. It was given to them by somebody in the crowd.

KUNSTLER's taken a reel-to-reel tape out of the envelope.

KUNSTLER: No foul play, there are affidavits, they really did just get this.

TOM: What's on the tape?

KUNSTLER: The sound of you starting the Chicago riot.

KUNSTLER: goes into the living room and everyone follows.

TOM: (pause) What?

KUNSTLER: Somebody had a tape recorder at the band shell. They've got you saying it. It's a clear tape. You can't take the stand.

TOM: I can handle Schultz and the tape.

KUNSTLER: No.

TOM: They're going to play the tape anyway, right?

KUNSTLER: If you take the stand they'll make you answer for it and you can't.

TOM: They'd just cracked Rennie's head open.

KUNSTLER: So you started a riot—defense rests.

TOM: They'd just cracked—

KUNSTLER: "If blood is going to flow—"

TOM: Bill—

KUNSTLER: "—let it flow all over the city."

TOM: They'd just clubbed Rennie.

KUNSTLER: Everybody kept their cool. Abbie, Dave, shit—

(pointing to JERRY)

—*this guy kept his cool! You're the one who lost it.*

TOM: I can take the stand.

KUNSTLER: You want to hear what the cross from Schultz is gonna sound like?

TOM: Sure. I'll show you what my answers'll sound like.

EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

A giant CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS is listening to DAVE introduce a speaker. TOM, ABBIE and JERRY are standing off to the side on stage. RENNIE's way in the back of the crowd.

DAVE: They called him a radical. They called him a criminal. They called him un-American.

In the back of the crowd, RENNIE looks to his left where a young guy is starting to climb a flagpole. TOM, from the stage, looks to the back of the crowd and sees the same thing.

TOM: (V.O.) First of all, it turned out the guy climbing the flagpole was a kid.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

KUNSTLER: It seems like you guys attract an awful lot of underage minors.

TOM: (to WEINGLASS)

You want to object?

WEINGLASS: Objection.

KUNSTLER: Overruled.

TOM: We attract the people who have the most to lose by this war continuing.

KUNSTLER: I'm glad you brought that up. Did you serve?

TOM: I wasn't drafted. I didn't try to evade the—I had a high number.

KUNSTLER: But you didn't enlist.

TOM: I did not volunteer to kill Vietnamese people, no.

KUNSTLER: You testified that you saw at least six policemen start to go after the man—sorry, kid—who was climbing the flagpole.

TOM: Yes.

KUNSTLER: It was dark and you were a hundred yards away. Do you have telescopic night vision?

TOM: There were floodlights.

EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

DAVE: And when they called him anti-

American. He said, "No. That ignominious distinction goes to those who mouth American values—POLICEMEN in the back of the crowd see the kid climbing the flagpole and move in to stop him. RENNIE and a few others dive into the police, trying to get them to stop.

DAVE (CONT'D): —while breaking America's heart."

RENNIE (shouting): Hey! It's alright! He's a kid!

We'll get him down!

From the stage, TOM can see that a little trouble's started—

DAVE: I'd like to introduce you now to Carl Oglesby of the SDS.

TOM: (to himself) Shit.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

EXT. KUNSTLER: And?

TOM: The police were shoving Rennie away.

GRANT PARK/FLAG POLE - NIGHT

INT. OFFICER: This doesn't concern you!

RENNIE: Just leave the kid alone! He'll come down!

OFFICER #2: I know who you are! Step back!

CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

TOM: Rennie was just trying to get the police off of the kid.

KUNSTLER: Get the police off of the kid.

TOM: Yes.

KUNSTLER: How?

TOM: He was—

KUNSTLER: —grabbing them?

B169 EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

B169

TOM's watching helplessly as this develops. The OFFICERS have the kid pinned against the flagpole now and an OFFICER punches the kid in the groin as hard as he can. Then does it again.

RENNIE: Jesus!

RENNIE: grabs the OFFICER and pulls him off the kid-

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

TOM: Outa nowhere—

INT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

A nightstick cracks RENNIE across the face, flying.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

TOM: It was six armed police officers versus Rennie Davis and a pocket protector so I can understand that response.

KUNSTLER: How 'bout your response. Let's press "Play".

KUNSTLER: has a small reel-to-reel tape recorder out now and hits "play". It's a crude recording but we HEAR FROINES—

EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

FROINES steps to the microphone—

FROINES: I'd like to say to the police back there that we have—we're allowed to be here, we have a permit for— we need medics back there.

The camera is PUSHING IN ON TOM. People have limits and TOM's coming face to face with his.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

Back to the tape recording—

KUNSTLER: Dellinger tried to stop you from saying what you were about to say to the crowd.

EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

DAVE: comes over to TOM—

TOM: Rennie's been beaten.

DAVE: We can—listen to me—we can still get everybody out of here safely.

TOM: No we can't.

DAVE: Tell 'em to stay calm.

TOM: No.

DAVE: They'll listen to you.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

KUNSTLER: Did you tell 'em to stay calm?

A174 INT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT A174

TOM: takes over the microphone from FROINES—

TOM: Rennie Davis has just been beaten by the police! Rennie's skull has been cracked open.

B174 INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT B174

KUNSTLER: Did you tell your crowd to stay calm or did you—

TOM: Bill—

KUNSTLER: I'm Richard Schultz and John Mitchell told me to win, Tom. Did you tell your crowd to stay calm or did you say—

TOM: Yes. Absolutely. If blood is going to flow—

EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

TOM: (shouting into the microphone)

—let it flow all over the city!

DAVE: Goddammit Tom!

TOM: (into the microphone) If gas is going to be used, let it come down all over Chicago! We're going to the Convention!

The CROWD REACTION, which has been building wildly in volume, has reached a crescendo—

TOM: Let's get on the street! Get on the street!

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

KUNSTLER: "If blood is going to flow, let it flow all over the city." Was that an order to start a peaceful demonstration?

EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

And now we're on the backs of a line of riot police who are climbing up the back of a hill in the dark. They get to the crest of the hill and we see what they see—an ARMY OF PROTESTORS coming right toward them.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

KUNSTLER: Once you'd had a moment to settle down, did you try top stop people?

EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

The ARMY OF PROTESTORS is getting closer to the BATTALION OF RIOT POLICE. We HEAR a RADIO COMMAND and—

BAM—tear gas gets shot into the crowd.

BAM BAM BAM—more tear gas gets fired.

We see TIGHT IMAGES of protestors getting cracked in their heads and across their faces by police batons.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

KUNSTLER: You didn't try to stop anyone.

TOM: No.

EXT. GRANT PARK - NIGHT

We see bloody faces on the ground as the feet of the protestors move by.

TOM: is going through the crowd and directing them—

TOM: (shouting): The bridges! Head to the bridges! The bridges!

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

KUNSTLER: You were the one who told people to go to the footbridges.

TOM: The ones who were able to make it out of the park without getting arrested or maimed.

KUNSTLER: And those people, the ones you sent to the footbridges, did they know what was waiting for them on the other side?

EXT. FOOTBRIDGE - NIGHT

A few hundred protestors who made it through the battalion of riot police come into view at one end of a footbridge connecting to Michigan Avenue.

Headlights come into view from the other direction and we see that the source of the headlights are a moving wall of five Jeeps outfitted with concertina wire in front.

EXT. ANOTHER FOOTBRIDGE - SAME TIME

Another group of protestors meets a moving line of NATIONAL GUARDSMEN with bayonets.

EXT. THIRD FOOTBRIDGE - SAME TIME

A third group of protestors meet armored vehicles covered with NATIONAL GUARDSMEN.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

KUNSTLER: All access to the convention was blocked.

TOM: By an armored division.

KUNSTLER: Of the Illinois National Guard, they're the good guys.

TOM: Jeeps fitted with concertina wire called Daley Dozers, and when did I stop being one of the good guys?

KUNSTLER: Let's find out. Were glass bottles being thrown at the police?

A186 EXT. FIRST FOOTBRIDGE - NIGHT A186

We see glass bottles flying through the air and crashing on the street in front of the police.

DAVE: Shit, no!

DAVE starts making his way through the crowd—

DAVE: (shouting): Don't throw anything! Drop the bottles! Don't throw anything!

B186 INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT (FILE FOOTAGE) B186

TOM: Some people threw bottles. Dave was the one trying to shut it down.

They were frustrated—all three footbridges were—

KUNSTLER: You, Abbie, Jerry and 11 others eluded the police.

TOM: I wouldn't say we eluded them, I'd say we were fleeing from them.

KUNSTLER: You found an unguarded bridge.

EXT. SMALL FOOTBRIDGE - NIGHT

TOM, ABBIE, JERRY and 15 others are standing on one end of a dark, empty bridge that's only protected by a police barricade.

JERRY: throws the barricade over and they head across—

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: Now here's where things got weird.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - DAY

KUNSTLER: You, Abbie, Jerry and 11 others found the only way to the convention.

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: In the lobby of the Hilton, right next to the Convention Center, is a bar called the Haymarket Tavern. The Haymarket Tavern is a watering hole for Chicago's political class and their hookers. And the place was packed to watch Humphrey getting the nomination a mile away.

INT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT

The place is crowded with lawyers and their dates who are partying it up. On the television sets we can see and hear the roll call vote being taken.

One side of the bar is a floor-to-ceiling picture window.

DELEGATE (FROM TV): Mr. Chairman, the great state of Ohio, the Buckeye State—

PATRONS (toasting): The Buckeye State!

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: One side of the Haymarket Tavern is a huge picture window with smoked glass. You can't see inside from the street.

EXT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT

TOM, ABBIE, JERRY and the others have just about crossed to the other side of an intersection clogged with police barricades, police vehicles, ambulances, etc., to a darker place on the street.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

KUNSTLER: You made it through the riot police, the tear gas, the national guard and you're in sight of the Convention Center—

EXT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT

TOM, ABBIE, JERRY and the others are on a dark, empty sidewalk.

A few riot police appear from around the corner. The group turns in the other direction where more riot police appear.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

TOM: Where we got trapped.

KUNSTLER: What's another word for trapped?

TOM: We were trapped between the window and the police.

KUNSTLER: What's another word for trapped?

(beat)

"Caught", right?

EXT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT

TOM, ABBIE, JERRY and the others are basically pinned against the picture window by the riot police who are coming closer.

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: Inside the bar it's like the 60's never happened. Outside the bar, the 60's were being performed for anyone who looked out the window.

INT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT

The roll call continues on the television sets and the festive mood continues. A WOMAN looks out the window and notices the backs of the protestors that are out there. Her date is deep in conversation—

BAR PATRON #1: Does anyone know what a buckeye is?

WOMAN: (trying to get his attention)

Hey.

BAR PATRON #2: A buckeye?

BAR PATRON #1: Yeah.

WOMAN: Am I the only one who sees what's going on out there?

BAR PATRON #2: A buckeye is a nut. A poisonous nut.

We see a few other people near the window are starting to notice what's going on outside.

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: And we see a cop do something you don't ever want to see a cop do.

EXT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT

We PUSH IN on TOM as he sees a RIOT OFFICER pull off his badge and then his name tag and put them in a pocket. ABBIE watches as the another RIOT OFFICER pulls off their badge and name tag. JERRY watches another.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

KUNSTLER: All those people, how come you and Abbie and Jerry are the only ones who saw them do that?

TOM: I don't know. It was dark. People were scared.

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ABBIE: 60's outside the bar. 50's inside the bar. And then...? An unnecessary metaphor.

INT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT

BAR PATRON #2 (over the noise): It's a nut?

BAR PATRON #1: What?

BAR PATRON #2 (louder): A nut!

CRASH!!!!!!—*TOM, ABBIE, JERRY and the DEMONSTRATORS* are pushed through the window, which smashes to pieces. PATRONS are SCREAMING as the RIOT POLICE come in after the DEMONSTRATORS.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

KUNSTLER: Were you resisting arrest

TOM: They pushed us through the window.

KUNSTLER: You overrun the riot police—

And now TOM and KUNSTLER begin same time—

KUNSTLER: —make it past the tear gas, make it past the national guard, find an open bridge, you can practically reach your hand out and touch the convention and you gave yourself up peacefully?

talking over each other at the

TOM: (simultaneously)

Which is more than Rennie can say! Over 400 people admitted to area hospitals with severe injuries! They had armored vehicles! Bayonets! They took off their name tags and badges! We were trying to protest peacefully at the fucking convention!

INT. HAYMARKET TAVERN - NIGHT

TOM: is sitting on the floor in the rubble and the aftermath...He sees ABBIE sitting against a wall in handcuffs...They're both bleeding and they share a look of defeat...

POLICEMAN (O.S.): Hands behind your back.

TOM: (pause) Yeah.

INT. CONSPIRACY OFFICE - NIGHT

KUNSTLER: Who started the riot, Tom?

TOM: is spent. After a moment he says a word that doesn't mean to make sense by itself...

TOM: (pause) "Our".

KUNSTLER: (pause) What?

TOM (beat): "Our". "Our blood".

ABBIE: puts it together...

ABBIE: (pause) "Our" blood. If "our" blood is going to flow—you meant to say, "If 'our' blood is going to flow, let it flow all over the city." You didn't mean the cops, you were saying if they're going to beat us up then everyone should see it.

KUNSTLER: (quietly) Jesus Christ.

ABBIE: You do this—

(to KUNSTLER)

He does this, it's a pattern. Read his portion of the Port Huron Statement. He implies possessive pronouns and he uses vague noun modifiers.

TOM: looks at ABBIE...

TOM: (pause) You read the Port Huron Statement?

ABBIE: I've read everything you've published.

TOM: I didn't know that.

ABBIE: You're a talented guy. Except for the possessive pronouns and the vague—

TOM: I know.

And for the first time, TOM is able to allow himself a laugh...then—

TOM: (to KUNSTLER)

Put Abbie on the stand instead.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: (V.O.) Would you state your full name for the record please.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

ABBIE's on the stand.

ABBIE: It's Abbie.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Your last name.

ABBIE: My grandfather's name was Shaboysnakoff but he was a Russian Jew protesting anti-semitism so he was assigned a name that would sound like yours.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: What is your date of birth?

ABBIE: Psychologically, 1960.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: What were you doing until 1960?

ABBIE: Nothing really. It's called an American education.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Why don't we just proceed with the testimony.

ABBIE: Sure.

KUNSTLER: Do you know why you're on trial here?

ABBIE: We carried certain ideas across state lines. Not machine guns or drugs or little girls. When we crossed from New York to New Jersey to Pennsylvania to Ohio to Illinois, we had certain ideas. And for that, we were gassed, beaten, arrested and put on trial. In 1861, Lincoln said in his Inaugural address that, "When the people shall grow weary of their Constitutional right to amend their government, they shall exert their revolutionary right to dismember and overthrow that government." And if Lincoln had given that speech in Lincoln Park last summer he'd be on trial with the rest of us.

KUNSTLER: How do you overthrow and dismember a government peacefully?

ABBIE: In this country we do it every four years.

KUNSTLER: That's all.

KUNSTLER: sits.

SCHULTZ: smiles a little...

SCHULTZ: So Chicago was just a massive voter registration drive.

ABBIE: (laughs) Yeah.

SCHULTZ: Did you hear the tape that was played in court of Mr. Hayden at the bandshell?

ABBIE: Yes.

SCHULTZ: You heard the tape?

ABBIE: Yes.

SCHULTZ: Did you hear Mr. Hayden give an instruction to his people to take to the streets?

ABBIE: His people. Hayden's not a mafia Don and neither am I.

SCHULTZ: Did you hear him say, "If blood is gonna flow, let it flow all over the city"?

ABBIE: The beginning of the sentence was supposed to be— (beat—forget it)

Yes. Yes I did.

SCHULTZ: What do you think of that?

ABBIE: I think Tom Hayden's a badass of an American patriot.

SCHULTZ: I didn't ask what you thought of the man, I asked what you thought of his instruction to the crowd.

ABBIE: You know, I've heard Tom Hayden say, "Let's end the war" too but nobody stopped shooting. You can do anything to anything by taking it out of context, Mr. Schultz.

SCHULTZ: Is that right?

ABBIE: A guy once said, "I am come to set a man at variance with his father. And the daughter against her mother." You know who said it?

SCHULTZ: Jerry Rubin?

ABBIE: (laughing a little) Yeah. No. It was Jesus Christ. Matthew 10:34. And it sure sounds like he's telling kids to kill their parents. Until you read Matthew 10:33 and 10:35.

SCHULTZ: Did you—

ABBIE: He'd just seen his best friend get hit in the face with a nightstick. The police, Mr. Schultz, whose people are they?

SCHULTZ: Do you have contempt for your government?

ABBIE: (laughing) Do I —

SCHULTZ: Do you have contempt for your government?

ABBIE: I think the institutions of our democracy are wonderful things that, right now, are populated by some terrible people.

SCHULTZ: Please answer the question.

ABBIE: Tell me again?

SCHULTZ: Do you have contempt for your government?

ABBIE: I'll tell you, Mr. Schultz, it's nothing compared to the contempt my government has for me.

SCHULTZ: We've heard from 27 witnesses who've testified under oath that you hoped for a confrontation with the police. That your plans for the convention were specifically designed to draw the police into a confrontation.

ABBIE: If I'd known it was going to be the first wish of mine that came true I would've aimed higher.

SCHULTZ: It's a yes or no question. When you came to Chicago were you hoping for a confrontation with the police?

ABBIE says nothing for a moment...

SCHULTZ (CONT'D): I'm concerned that you have to think about it.

ABBIE: Gimme me a moment, would you friend? I've never been on trial for my thoughts before.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: Trial Day 113

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

We see some familiar faces in the gallery. DAVE'S FAMILY, HOWARD, DAPHNE, BERNADINE...and we now see that FROINES and WEINER are in the front row of the gallery too, no longer with the defendants.

We HEAR a heavy door open on the side and the gallery hushes, their eyes fixed on the side door.

The DEFENDANTS are led in wearing prison coveralls. They exchange looks with FROINES and WEINER as they're led to the defense table.

BAILIFF: All rise.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: enters and takes his seat without fanfare.

BAILIFF: 69 CR 180, United States of America versus David Dellinger et al.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: The law requires that before sentencing I allow the defendant or defendants to make a statement to the Court. I've advised defense counsel that the Court will allow one defendant to speak for the group and I've been advised that the group has chosen Mr. Hayden. Is that right?

TOM: (standing) Yes sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: In spite of your actions during the convention, you are the one defendant who has shown during this trial, respect for this court and for this country and remorse for your actions. I truly believe—I mean this—I truly believe that one day you could be a very productive part of our system. I'd like you to make your statement brief and without any political content of any kind. If you make your statement brief, if you make it respectful, remorseful and to the point, I will look favorably upon that when administering my sentence. Do you understand what I just said?

TOM: sees a thick sheaf of papers that sits in front of Rennie at the table.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Mr. Hayden?

TOM: Yes.

(pause)

You'll look favorably in sentencing.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Yes.

TOM: (pause) If I make my statement respectful and remorseful.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Yes .

TOM: And I'm sorry, Your Honor, what was the third one?

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Brief.

TOM: Brief. If I do those things...then my government will look favorably on me.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You understand?

TOM: looks back at the packed GALLERY—Dave's wife and son, Fred's girlfriend, CLAIRE...

TOM: Yes sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: Please begin.

TOM: Okay.

TOM takes the thick sheaf of papers from in front of Rennie—

TOM (CONT'D): Your Honor, since the day this trial began, four-thousand seven hundred and fifty-two U.S. troops have been killed in Vietnam.

(pause)

And the following are their names.

ABBIE leads the other DEFENDANTS in CHEERING as the GALLERY ERUPTS and stands for this final moment of defiance. RENNIE makes a small fist-pump to himself before standing and CHEERING.

TOM (CONT'D): Corporal Kenneth Joe Auston, 19 years old. Specialist Billy Francis Dodd, 21 years old.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: is banging his gavel, trying to restore order as the NAMES and the CHEERING continue.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: There will be—Mr. Kunstler, he will not read four-thousand five-hundred names into the record.

There will be quiet in the gallery! Mr. Hayden!

TOM: Staff Sergeant David Cruz Chavez, 31 years old. Corporal Philip Lawrence Jewell, 21 years old.

Amidst the CHEERING and CLAPPING and GAVEL BANGING, SCHULTZ rises to his feet.

FORAN: What are you doing?

SCHULTZ: Respect for the fallen. (beat): Show 'em some respect, sir.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: is banging his gavel in vain.

And while the NAMES and the CHEERING continue, the picture starts to slowly freeze into a tableau...

Over the frozen picture we see the following TITLES—

Abbie Hoffman, Tom Hayden, David Dellinger, Jerry Rubin and Rennie Davis were found Guilty of Incitement to Riot and sentenced to 5 years each in federal prison.

DISSOLVE TO:

The verdict was reversed by the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals and a new trial was ordered.

DISSOLVE TO:

The U.S. Attorney declined to re-try the case.

DISSOLVE TO:

In 1974, in a bi-annual survey, 78% of Chicago trial lawyers gave Judge Julius Hoffman a rating of “Unqualified”.

DISSOLVE TO:

William Kunstler served 10 days in prison for Contempt of Court.

DISSOLVE TO:

Attorney General John Mitchell served 18 months in Federal prison for his role in the Watergate break-in.

DISSOLVE TO:

Bobby Seale was found Not Guilty of murder by a Connecticut jury. He lives in Northern California and has published several books on barbecuing.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jerry Rubin became a stockbroker. In 1994 he was struck and killed by a car while jaywalking near the campus of UCLA.

DISSOLVE TO:

Tom Hayden was elected to the California State Assembly in 1989. He lost his bid for the U.S. Senate by 2 percentage points.

DISSOLVE TO:

Abbie Hoffman wrote a best-selling book, though the number of copies in circulation is unknown as the title was *Steal This Book*.

DISSOLVE TO:

He killed himself in 1989.

The CHEERING and the NAMES continue for just another moment before we immediately

SNAP TO BLACK

From the BLACK, we HEAR a huge crowd shout, one last time—

CROWD (V.O.): *THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING!*

ROLL CREDITS

About the Author

Aaron Sorkin is a writer, producer, and director who has worked in film, television, and theater. He first gained attention for his play *A Few Good Men*, a major success on Broadway, which he later adapted into an acclaimed movie. He is the author of many screenplays, including *Malice*, *The American President*, *Charlie Wilson's War*, *The Social Network* (winner of an Academy Award for Best Adapted Screenplay), and *Moneyball*. His well-known work in television includes the highly acclaimed *The West Wing*, which won nine Emmy Awards in its first season alone, and *The Newsroom*. Sorkin made his directorial debut with *Molly's Game*, which he adapted from a memoir by *Molly Bloom* (and which was nominated for an Academy Award for Best Adapted Screenplay). In 2018 Sorkin's adaptation of Harper Lee's classic *To Kill a Mockingbird* premiered on Broadway, and was nominated for nine Tony Awards.



Aaron Sorkin
The Trial of the Chicago 7 — The Screenplay
03.27.2020

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