

# **STREET JUSTICE**

Pilot

by K.T. Beck

(A note on the casting. I have written this using placeholder names and gender. Any character can be of any race, gender, etc. Justice Mayhew more or less has to be, at the youngest, in the late 40's.)

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FADE IN

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT — U.S. SUPREME COURT BUILDING — DAY

INT. SUPREME COURT HEARING ROOM — DAY

The NINE JUSTICES are questioning an attorney about a case.

JUSTICE ANDREWS

So, your stance is that this is a simple property rights case, along the lines of Smith v. Idaho?

ATTORNEY

That's the reading that the 5<sup>th</sup> District applied..

We'll let them keep talking as we focus on Justice ALAN CHURCH MAYHEW, identified by the name plaque in front of him. Mayhew is listening to the question, flipping through the papers relating to the case in front of him.

Suddenly he stops and his mouth drops open. He grabs a still photograph out of the papers and stares at it closely. In the picture, a blurry figure runs from the building, face half visible, but not in focus.

In the audience, Reporter MIKE RICHARDS, 30-ish, intense, is the only person in the room to see Mayhew's sudden response. He leans forward.

MAYHEW

Uh...uh...excuse me.

He has interrupted one of his colleagues in mid-haranguer. People look at him in surprise.

MAYHEW

I'm...I'm...sorry, but I have one quick question for the Plaintiff.

ATTORNEY

Your Honor?

MAYHEW

This property, this is the property on 4<sup>th</sup> and Main?

ATTORNEY

Uh...well, yes it is. That's listed in the case files, but that doesn't...

MAYHEW

And...and...this security footage has been investigated thoroughly?

ATTORNEY

Well, the case at hand does not concern the criminal activity...

MAYHEW

No identification has been made? No reason ascertained about the purpose of the destruction?

ATTORNEY

I believe that is true. But the nature of this case is the property rights of the beneficiaries and title holders...

MAYHEW

Yes. Yes. Of course. I'm sorry. I...uh...just got a bit distracted. Back to you, Justice Reynolds.

He nods at the Justice who he interrupted. Everyone in the chamber is puzzled, but the questioning of the Attorney continues and Mayhew sits back, thinking hard.

Richards was frantically writing notes through the exchange and now pulls out his phone and starts a search function. A Security Guard leans over him:

GUARD

No devices. No recording.

RICHARDS

Oh, oh, right. Sorry.

He puts his phone away and stares at the distracted Mayhew.

INT. MAYHEW'S OFFICE – DAY

Justice Mayhew fidgets in his chair. He calls through the open door to one of his clerks.

MAYHEW

Jesse! Would you get...

JESSE, a young clerk, looks in through the door.

MAYHEW

Never mind. I've got it. Close the door please.

JESSE

Yes sir.

He closes the door. After a bit of hesitation, Mayhew picks up the phone and dials.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT — FBI BUILDING — DAY

INT. FBI DIRECTOR'S OFFICE — DAY

HELEN, efficient final barrier to FBI DIRECTOR PHILIP ANGSTROM's office, answers the phone.

HELEN

Director Angstrom's office...Oh, hello Justice Mayhew...Yes, he's in. Just one moment.

Helen rises, knocks on the door, and opens it. Angstrom is working at his desk.

HELEN

Sir, it's Justice Mayhew.

ANGSTROM

Mayhew? Did he say...

HELEN

No sir. Just asked to speak with you.

ANGSTROM

Put him through. Thanks, Helen.

Angstrom picks up the phone.

ANGSTROM

Alan. Haven't crossed paths in quite a while. What can I do for you?

INTER-CUT the two offices.

MAYHEW

Phil. I need to talk with you about something.

ANGSTROM

Sure. What's up?

MAYHEW

Eh...not over the phone.

ANGSTROM

Okay. Would you like to come over to my office?

MAYHEW

Well, something a bit more private?

ANGSTROM

What's going on Alan? Is something wrong?

MAYHEW

I'm fine, I just have a couple of questions. Can we meet in front of the Hoover Building? The courtyard?

ANGSTROM

Alan, what are...

MAYHEW

Half an hour. See you there.

Mayhew hangs up, leaving Angstrom puzzled, looking the phone. He presses a button on his intercom.

ANGSTROM

Helen?

INT. NEWSROOM — DAY

Reporter Mike Richards hurries to his desk. Starts calling out to the cubicles around him.

RICHARDS

Who's got dope on Mayhew. Justice Mayhew?

ANNIE RAMSELL, two cubes down, replies.

ANNIE

I've got a little. Did a bit on the Court a year or so ago. He's pretty quiet. Why? What's up?

RICHARDS

Something happened in the hearing today.

Annie appears at his cube.

ANNIE

What do you need?

EXT. DC STREETS – DAY

Busy street. Big white buildings and lots of pedestrians. Mayhew and Angstrom step away from a street vendor with cups of coffee and talk while walking.

ANGSTROM

Okay, Alan. I'm all ears. What's going on?

Mayhew is extremely uncomfortable.

MAYHEW

We're hearing the...

ANGSTROM

Morgan v New York State, I know. I took a quick look.

MAYHEW

You what?

ANGSTROM

Alan. I'm the Director of the FBI. I kind of investigate things. Right?

MAYHEW

Right. Sorry. I'm still collecting my thoughts. It does have to do with the case. Well, tangentially, at least.

ANGSTROM

Tell me what is concerning you.

Mayhew swallows hard. Forces himself to continue.

MAYHEW

Do you know the background of the case?

ANGSTROM

Well, there was an explosion in the building just after it was built, a few years ago. No arrests. No motive. No one claimed any responsibility. Open case, but no current activity.

MAYHEW

And that shut down the building. It has been empty since. A lawsuit about property rights has made it up through the courts and brings up a piece of property law that takes us back to the ruling of Jackson v...

ANGSTROM

Alan, is this about property rights?

MAYHEW

Oh. No. Of course not. Sorry.

ANGSTROM

At some point you're gonna have to just jump in and tell me what's going on.

MAYHEW

Did you see this?

He pulls out the grainy security camera still that caught his eye in the courtroom. They stop while angstrom looks at the picture.

ANGSTROM

I saw that. There were three pictures of that guy captured by the security camera. One still per second. No identification was ever made.

Mayhew doesn't speak.

ANGSTROM

Tell me, Alan.

MAYHEW

I think it may be my brother.

Angstrom takes a deep breath.

ANGSTROM

Your brother. Are you sure?

MAYHEW

No. Yes. Maybe. I don't know. I keep staring at the picture and the more I look at it the less sure I get. But my gut...

ANGSTROM

What did you think in the first minute? The first second?

MAYHEW

That it's him.

ANGSTROM

I don't remember this too clearly, but there was trouble with your brother, right? He had...uh...issues. Ended up on the streets? Something like that?

MAYHEW

Diagnosed schizophrenic. Some PTSD added in. Functioned pretty well on his meds, but didn't like them.

ANGSTROM

And when he went off the meds?

MAYHEW

He was hard to manage. We tried...

ANGSTROM

Wait a second. I remember this. It came up in your nomination hearings. The fire bombing.

MAYHEW

You remember that?

ANGSTROM

Director. FBI. Yes, now that you bring it up. Many years ago. Something about a robbery, a fire got started, in some building down...Wait a second! Was it the same building?

MAYHEW

Same block. A homeless shelter burned down.

ANGSTROM

Your brother died in the fire.



MAYHEW

There were several unidentified bodies. He never appeared again. We assumed.

ANGSTROM

And now, the same block. Another incident? An explosion, right?

MAYHEW

And this picture.

ANGSTROM

And this picture.

They both stare at the photo for a moment.

ANGSTROM

All right, what do you want from me?

MAYHEW

Do you have anything? Any idea of where David might have been all those years? Any idea who was behind the fire at the shelter? Who was behind the explosion in the building? Any idea...Phil, is my brother alive?

ANGSTROM

My quick look at the current case file mentioned nothing about any of that. But I can dig deeper. And I can keep it quiet. What's your move?

MAYHEW

Tomorrow I recuse myself from the case. When we put it on the docket, I did speak with the others about the fire and my brother and the incident 16 years before and we decided it didn't bear on this case. But now...I'm off it.

ANGSTROM

Will you be home tonight?

MAYHEW

Well...are you aware of...

ANGSTROM

Oh. Yes. I am aware. You and your wife are separated, aren't you? You're in the house. She has a condo?

MAYHEW

Yes. We've kept it quiet. We talk. It's amicable, but neither of us like publicity.

ANGSTROM

Security?

MAYHEW

The Capitol Police detail keeps an eye on both places. No special alerts. Supreme Court Justices don't get Secret Service coverage.

ANGSTROM

Not yet, anyway. We're working on it.

MAYHEW

Do I have security concerns on this?

ANGSTROM

I don't see why. You'll be at the house tonight?

MAYHEW

Yes.

ANGSTROM

Alone?

MAYHEW

Yes.

ANGSTROM

All right. If I come up with anything, I'll drop by and we can talk. Otherwise, you do what you have to do at the Court and we'll talk tomorrow.

They shake hands.

MAYHEW

Philip. Thank you. If my brother is alive...

ANGSTROM

If he is, he's been under the radar for a long time. That is not so easy to do these days. Let's take this one step at a time.

MAYHEW

Keep it quiet. Maybe it's nothing.

Angstrom puts his finger to his lips and they both smile.

EXT. MAYHEW HOUSE – NIGHT

Very upscale neighborhood. Dark, tree-lined streets. Mayhew drives into his driveway, but parks in front of the garage door and does not enter the garage. He enters the house through a side door.

INT. KITCHEN

Mayhew ENTERS, a bit surprised to see that the lights are on.

MAYHEW

Marianne? Are you here?

MARIANNE (o.s.)

I'm in here.

Mayhew lays his briefcase and coat on the kitchen table and EXITS.

INT. SITTING ROOM

Mayhew ENTERS to find MARIANNE HUGHES, 50s, business attire, rising from the couch and crossing the room to kiss him. He's not very responsive and she pulls back.

MAYHEW

I forgot you would be here tonight.

MARIANNE

I wasn't going to be. I'm still wrapped up in the Keyson lawsuit. But I decided I could use a little break. A little company. Dinner that didn't start off in a box. You look...bad day?

MAYHEW

Beyond belief. Would you like a drink?

MARIANNE

If you're having one, I will too.

Mayhew pours a couple of tumblers perhaps a bit too full of scotch.

MARIANNE

Oh, that bad.

She takes her drink and sits back down on the couch.

MAYHEW

I'm going to have to call my wife in a few minutes, if you don't mind.

MARIANNE

Of course not. Can you tell me about it?

He leans against a counter, sips his drink, and sighs deeply.

MAYHEW

I hardly know where to begin.

MARIANNE

A case? A Court thing? Or personal?

MAYHEW

Both. It's about my brother. Something has happened.

MARIANNE

David? But I thought he was...

MAYHEW

Dead. Yes. He's been dead for years. Well, we thought he was. Some evidence came to my attention and...well...we might have been wrong. All this time.

MARIANNE

But that was...how long ago?

MAYHEW

Sixteen years. No sign. No word.

MARIANNE

And now?

Mayhew reaches into his pocket and pulls out a copy of the still.

MAYHEW

This was taken seven years ago.

She studies it for a moment.

MARIANNE

Are you sure? This could be almost anybody.

MAYHEW

God, I know. But it hit hard. I'm sure of it. I'm damn sure of it.

She hands the picture back and he puts in his pocket.

MARIANNE

Have you spoken to anyone about this? The police? He was an accessory or something, right? I mean he would be if he were...

MAYHEW

Alive. I didn't know what to do so I went as high up the food chain as I can reach. I called Phil Angstrom.

MARIANNE

Well, Angstrom is right up there, all right. Are you friends?

MAYHEW

Well, we go way back. Columbia Law. I didn't want this to get around. No publicity. Not yet. I simply have to know more.

MARIANNE

So what will you do now?

MAYHEW

I have to call Linda. She has to know. She was an aid worker at the Shelter that burned. She knew David. He actually introduced us. She was always his best advocate.

MARIANNE

Yes. Give her a call. We can talk after and you can...

The DOORBELL RINGS.

MAYHEW

That will be Angstrom. He said he'd drop by if he came up with anything.

MARIANNE

Should I make myself scarce?

MAYHEW

You're a fact of life at this point, my love. I'm sorry that this might complicate things.

She rises and they hug closely.

MARIANNE

Don't worry about me. I'm...

The DOORBELL RINGS again.

They smile and kiss lightly. He EXITS to answer the doorbell.

INT. FOYER

Mayhew opens the door and a tall man in a long coat, we'll call him SMITH, puts a pistol in Mayhew's face, grabs Mayhew's shirt, and forces him back into the hallway. Behind Smith is, of course, JONES, shorter but meaner looking.

SMITH

Not a sound, your Honor. We have some quick business to discuss.

Jones takes a look outside and closes the door.

SMITH

Are you alone here?

MAYHEW

Yes. I'm..

Marianne ENTERS the hallway. Smith scowls and restrains himself from hitting Mayhew.

SMITH

A little less lying and this is going to go a lot easier. Step over here, Miss.

MARIANNE

Miss? What the hell are you...

But Jones efficiently covers her with his pistol, and she stops talking. He smiles at her and nods.

MAYHEW

You don't have to hurt anyone. We'll do whatever you say.

SMITH

Well, let's start with this. Is there anyone else in the house?

MAYHEW

No.

SMITH

Ma'am?

MARIANNE

No. Are you...

Jones touches her cheek with the pistol and puts his finger on his lips. Marianne nods.

SMITH

Now, to the office. No need for talking yet. Lead the way, your Honor.

INT. OFFICE

Nicely appointed formal office. Lots of books, mahogany, and a couple of leather chairs. As they ENTER Smith hits the light switch which turns on a heavy brass desk lamp.

SMITH

Sit. Both of you.

Jones closes the curtains at the windows. Smith switches his pistol his left hand and takes a cell phone from his pocket and hits a speed dial.

SMITH

I have them...Yes sir, she's here as well...No, no problem at all...uh-huh...all right.

He sets the phone on Speaker.

SMITH

My first question. Your Honor, you left the FBI Building at about 4:30. Where did you go?

MAYHEW

What the hell...

Smith swings his pistol to Marianne.

SMITH

Just answer the question!

MAYHEW

I...I walked back to the Court. I sat in my car for a while. I was...uh...reviewing the events of the day. I drove home. Traffic was bad, if that's important to you.

SMITH

This is important. Did you talk to anyone? Anyone at all?

MAYHEW

Well, no. No, I didn't.

SMITH

Was that a hesitation?

MAYHEW

I spoke to no one.

Smith turns his attention to Marianne.

SMITH

What about Mrs. Mayhew here?

MARIANNE

Listen. I'm not...

MAYHEW

Leave her out of this! She doesn't have any idea what's happening. Hell, I don't have any idea what's happening. What are you doing here?

Smith takes the phone off of speaker and holds it to his ear.

SMITH

It looks in order, sir...uh-huh...Not a problem. We'll be out of here in a minute.

He puts his phone away and transfers his pistol to his right hand.

SMITH

Just one more thing. Where is the key to your desk?



MAYHEW

What are you...

SMITH

Just tell me where the key is, please.

MAYHEW

It's just sitting on top of the bookshelf by the window. There's some money in the top left drawer. Maybe a couple hundred dollars.

Smith nods to Jones, who retrieves the key and opens the desk. He opens the top left drawer and pulls out an envelope with money in it. He looks at Smith who shrugs and nods. Jones pockets the money, then reaches back into the desk and takes out a .38 revolver. Jones checks that the pistol is loaded. Smith nods again. Smith pockets his own pistol. Jones hands him the revolver and then steps around behind Mayhew. Jones suddenly wraps his arms around Mayhew.

Mayhew SCREAMS as Smith steps forward SHOTS Marianne, point blank, in the chest.

SMITH

Hold him! No bruises!

Jones has a good grip. Mayhew kicks frantically. Smith is heading toward Mayhew's side, probably to shoot him the temple. With a CRACK, one of the legs of the chair breaks, spilling Mayhew and Jones to the floor. Mayhew kicks at Smith and connects. Mayhew is free.

He scrambles to his feet and grabs the heavy brass lamp and swings blindly, catching Jones on the forehead. Jones falls, tangling Smith's legs. Mayhew kicks out again. Connects again. He looks at the gun in Smith's hand, but knows he has no chance.

Mayhew leaps at the window, shielding his face and hand, and as he bursts through to the outside, Smith FIRES.

EXT. MAYHEW HOUSE BACK YARD — NIGHT

Mayhew is through the window and crashing into the bushes outside. Frantically, he tears through the shrubs and away from the window.

SMITH (o.s.)

Goddammit! Go!

Mayhew, clutching arm, bleeding from cuts on his head, clothes torn, dashes around a corner of the house to the driveway.

EXT. DRIVEWAY – NIGHT

A large black SUV is parked behind Mayhew's car. On the street is an unmarked police car, recognizable because a streetlight is reflecting off the slim red and blue lights above the windshield. Both vehicles are seem to be empty. Mayhew runs across a neighbor's yard, clambers over a fence in the back, and is lost in the night. A dog barks in the distance.

Smith and Jones emerge from the house. They do not see which direction Mayhew fled. They glance at one another, scowl, and head for their respective vehicles. Smith has his phone out as he approached the SUV.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. MAYHEW HOUSE – DAY

The house is encircled with yellow crime scene tape. A couple of TV trucks are parked in the street and a couple of Hair-Dos are holding mikes and talking into cameras, house in the background.

Reporters Mike Richards and Annie Ramsell get out of their car. They exchange a look and stay away from the cameras. They slip around a set of bushes and head for the back of the house. Once they round a corner, they duck under the tape and walk across the side yard. There are no police officers around. Annie captures video and stills with her camera.

MIKE

You should have seen his face in Court. Something big happened. And then, night before last, he or somebody shoots his...what, girlfriend? mistress?...in his house. And he disappears.

ANNIE

He's been separated from his wife for a couple of years now. Pretty much under the radar. No real tabloid stuff.

They round the corner of the house and head toward the back yard. Something glitters beside the walkway. Annie picks it up and shows it to Mike.

ANNIE

Glass. Broken glass.

She steps closer to the house, examining the windows, stepping around some freshly trimmed bushes. She stops and focuses her camera on a window.

ANNIE

Well, goddam.

MIKE

What? What do you see?

He would like to get closer, but the shrubbery, though trimmed close, gets in his way. She is capturing several angles.

A hand falls on his shoulder and yanks him away.

Mike spins and looks into the snarling face of Jones, the assassin.

JONES

What the hell are you doing here? This is a crime scene.

Jones, in civilian clothes, holds up his badge and ID.

MIKE

Hey, Detective. No sweat, o.k? We're from the *Herald*. Doing a story on the...

JONES

What are your names? Put that damn camera down!

MIKE

Calm down. We're just doing a story.

JONES

Your names!

MIKE

Mike Richards.

ANNIE

Annie Ramsell. You want to see some ID?

JONES

I want to see your butts outta here.

MIKE

We're going. We're going.

Annie isn't very wild about leaving, but Mike tugs lightly on her sleeve. They walk toward the front of the house, stopping only for a quick second as Annie gets a quick photo of another set of windows.

Jones takes his cell phone out hits speed dial.

EXT. FRONT OF MAYHEW HOUSE - DAY

Mike and Annie approach their car. There is no other car in front of the house.

ANNIE

You drive.

She tosses him the keys.

MIKE

What?

ANNIE

Let's just get out of here.

They get in the car and drive off.

INT. STREET - DAY

Mike checks the rearview window around to check if they are followed.

ANNIE

Pull in here.

Mike drives into the parking lot of a city park and stops the car.

MIKE

What's up? What did you see?

ANNIE

Check this out.

She calls up the last two photos he took and alternates between them as he speaks.

ANNIE

This is the last shot I took. The window near the front of the house. And this is the window I was trying to get close to when Officer Friendly nabbed us. Same style windows, right?

MIKE

Exactly the same.

ANNIE

Right, now I zoom in a bit. Here's the front window. Could use a little wash. A bit of dust on the frame. And the other window. Not only clean, but look at the corner. You can see the glue residue from a sticker.

MIKE

That window is brand new.

ANNIE

And look through the window. Exposure inside sucks, but you can see the desk. That's the office.

MIKE

That's where they found Marianne Hughes' body.

ANNIE

Freshly trimmed bushes right under the window. And this...

She holds up the piece of glass she found.

ANNIE

...was by the walkway.

MIKE

Somebody or something went out that window. And not one bit of this was in the press briefing.

ANNIE

Not one damn bit.

EXT. CITY PARK — DAY

Mayhew, clothes torn, stocking cap pulled low, dirt caked on his face, sits huddled on a park bench. Pedestrians regard him with scorn, if they look at him at all. There are several homeless people in sight up and down the street. One, a raggedy person named HALF n HALF, nods in passing. Mayhew does not respond. Half n Half walks on.

A police car cruises by and Mayhew slowly turns his head to one side. Suddenly Half n Half sits down next to Mayhew

HALF n HALF

You can't stay here, you know.

MAYHEW

I'm okay.

HALF n HALF

No, you ain't.

MAYHEW

I'm fine. Please move on. You're calling attention to us.

HALF n HALF

Attention? You want some attention? You gonna get it, sittin' here.

MAYHEW

The police have been going by regularly since sun up. There's lots of...us...out here on the street. They haven't given me a second look.

Half n Half laughs.

HALF n HALF

Hell, you ain't got no trouble with the cops unless you start panhandling this close to the big white buildings. You sittin' in Tiny's spot, you goof. Tiny gonna mess you up.

MAYHEW

Tiny?

HALF n HALF

Don't know why they call him that, cuz he ain't.

Now Mayhew is a bit concerned.

HALF n HALF

I'm surprised the big mutha ain't here already. But if he sees you on his perch...

Mayhew stands and Half n Half does as well.

MAYHEW

I wanted to keep my eye on the FBI Building and the District Court House. I thought maybe I'd see some people I...

His voice fades. As he looks down the street, he can barely see the FBI Building, and certainly not its main entrance. And, in the other direction, so many people are going in and out of the Court Building, spotting one person would be nearly impossible. Mayhew's head falls and he sinks into himself.

MAYHEW

God, I don't know. I haven't slept. I don't think I'm thinking clearly.

HALF n HALF

Well, dude, if you don't think you're thinking, then my guess is you ain't thinkin' at all.

Mayhew actually smiles a little and nods.

HALF n HALF

Tell you what, it's about sandwich time down at the Sisters of Mercy on E Street. Let's get some food into you and see if that helps.

MAYHEW

I haven't got any money, you know.

HALF n HALF

Left home without your wallet, huh?

MAYHEW

Well, as a matter of fact...

HALF n HALF

Yeah, me too. Course that was six years ago. Or ten. Hell, I don't remember.

MAYHEW

Will I need ID? Will they ask questions?

HALF n HALF

Nah. The Sisters are cool for noon lunch. Don't take more than they offer and you'll be fine. All the tea you can drink, but they get a little antsy about the coffee. No, they only ask questions if you show up for dinner and a cot. Want some ham and tea?

MAYHEW

Sounds good.

As they walk away, Mayhew casts glances at both of the buildings he was watching and shakes his head.

INT. E STREET SHELTER

They sit at the end of a long table, slightly separated from several other people having their lunch. They have sandwiches, a packet of chips, and big paper cups of tea.

HALF n HALF

I love it when they have chips. So, who you waiting for at the FBI Building?

MAYHEW

I was hoping to see the Director.

Half n Half starts laughing. After a moment, Mayhew realizes what he said and laughs a bit as well.

MAYHEW

I guess that sounds a little crazy.

HALF n HALF

Hell, no. I'd like to have a talk with the dude as well. Clear up some matters. You in some kind of trouble?

MAYHEW

Yeah, I think so. I think maybe a friend did something...did something to me.

HALF n HALF

Like stabbed you in the back?



MAYHEW

He was the only one I talked to. He was the only one I said anything to. Nobody else knew what was happening. What I saw. Only him. Stabbed me the back and...and hurt someone I care about.

HALF n HALF

Sounds bad.

MAYHEW

I don't like to think that he...betrayed me. It wouldn't be just me. There's a lot of implications if he did that.

HALF n HALF

Well, hell. If I was in a fix like that, I'd want to talk to the Director of the FBI myself. Want to head over there?

MAYHEW

No, maybe not. Listen...what should I call you?

HALF n HALF

Everybody calls me Half n Half, cuz I'm kind of in and out sometimes. Today the Doctor is In.

MAYHEW

Well, glad to meet you, Half n Half. My name is Alan.

He holds out his hand and, after a little hesitation from Half n Half, they shake.

MAYHEW

What would happen if I put my head down on this table and went to sleep for a few minutes?

HALF n HALF

Nah, nah, don't do that. They start asking questions then. Listen, I got a spot for you, no problem. You done?

MAYHEW

I'll take what's left "to go."

HALF n HALF

Yeah, me too. "I'll take it to go." I should get a tattoo that says that.

MAYHEW

Et ego ingrediar ad eam.

HALF n HALF

Say what?

MAYHEW

"I'll take it to go" in Latin. Makes a classier tattoo.

HALF n HALF

No kidding? You're a trip, Albert.

Mayhew smiles and they EXIT.

EXT. BEHIND A DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Mayhew struggles awake. He is tucked behind a dumpster, wrapped in an old Army blanket, his head resting on a half gallon milk jug for a pillow. VOICES DISCUSSING something important can be heard from the other side of the dumpster. "Oh, it ain't fair!" "Well, we know that, but" etc. The alley glows with the light of a trash can with a low fire crackling inside it.

Mayhew struggles to his feet, rubs his eyes, steps out from behind the dumpster.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Half n Half and several buddies, including SLIPPY, TEX, ARNOLD, and a few others of several ages and stages of street shabby, stand around the fire, warming their hands, sharing a bottle. Half n Half looks up and grins at Mayhew.

HALF n HALF

Hey, Elwood! How did you sleep?

MAYHEW

Well...god, I don't know. I slept great. Wow, really great.

HALF n HALF

There's nothing like being really tired, really straight, and under the open stars if you want to sleep good, right?

Various nods and grunts of agreement from the gang.

Slippy holds up the bottle.

SLIPPY

Hey, Elvis, you want a pull?

MAYHEW

Uh, no thanks, but is there any water?

ARNOLD

Yeah, I scored a bottle today. Here you go.

Mayhew takes a deep drink, then looks at Arnold.

ARNOLD

Go ahead, finish her off. I've done my water for the day.

Mayhew polishes off the bottle. Arnold sips from the other bottle.

MAYHEW

Ahh, thanks.

HALF n HALF

So, listen to this, you guys. Earlier today, Ally talked Latin to me. Latin! It was Latin, right, man?

MAYHEW

Yeah, I guess it was.

HALF n HALF

So, I say we have some new blood here. Educated. New to the neighborhood.

TEX

Maybe he's got some insight to our current dilemma?

HALF n HALF

You gotta watch out for Tex, he uses big words, too.

TEX

Ten cent words a specialty. I figure they owe me about a thousand bucks by now.

HALF n HALF

So, who wants to tell the story?

ARNOLD

Go ahead, Half n Half. You were there.

HALF n HALF

Okay. It's pretty simple, really. Shorty, who isn't with us tonight, is a regular down at the Mass Avenue Shelter. They got a program there so that if you are a regular, and you keep clean, and there's an opening, you get to be promoted to steam table duty and clean up.

SLIPPY

Sounds like work, right?

HALF n HALF

Well, it is work, but it's got a good pay-off. Whoever does the clean up, gets the leftovers. Some nights that don't mean squat, but some nights... Man! I've seen biscuits leftover at that place some nights. No pie, of course, but biscuits. It's worth a little dish washing to be able to sit down at midnight, all by yourself, and spread some butter on some biscuits, right?

General ASSENT all around.

TEX

So Shorty was next in line for clean up.

SLIPPY

But it's not like there's a real list.

HALF n HALF

True, but Madge, the night supervisor. Tough old babe, but fair. Good people, right?

General ASSENT.

HALF n HALF

Madge told Shorty he was next in line. I was right there when she said it. I'm not in line cuz I mess up too much, but Shorty keeps himself clean.

Half n Half takes a slug from the bottle being passed around (which does not seem to have a label) and passes it to Mayhew. Mayhew takes a sniff, shivers a little, and passes it on to the next grateful customer.

HALF n HALF

See? I'm no good for the spot, but Shorty is perfect.  
And next in line.

TEX

And then Madge moves on to the Community Center up on  
F Street.

HALF n HALF

Nice facility. Good for Madge. But Shirley comes on  
nights.

SLIPPY

Shirley. Cripes.

HALF n HALF

Well, Shirley isn't that bad.

SLIPPY

But she's no Madge.

General ASSENT. A long silence as they all contemplate the  
situation. Finally, Mayhew can't stand it.

MAYHEW

So what does Shirley do?

HALF n HALF

She gives the job to Jake.

General GRUNTS OF DISGUST.

SLIPPY

Jerk.

ARNOLD

Brown nose.

HALF n HALF

Jake's one of those guys. Y'know? You just don't like  
the guy. And now he's gonna get the biscuits.

ARNOLD

And the gravy.

TEX

Man.

Long silence. Then Mayhew nods.

MAYHEW

This reminds me of a...of another story. Want to hear it?

TEX

Not in Latin, o.k?

MAYHEW

I'll stay away from Latin, promise. Okay, so there was this guy named Marbury, right? He was going to be appointed, oh, I don't know...dogcatcher. Yeah, Mayor Adams appointed the guy to be the dogcatcher.

TEX

Mayor's name ain't Adams.

HALF n HALF

It was somewhere else, right, Alex?

MAYHEW

Yes, and quite a while ago. This case set a legal precedent that we still use today.

SLIPPY

Okay, dogcatcher, right?

MAYHEW

So Adams never gave Marbury his...uh...badge. Without the badge he's not much of a dogcatcher.

ARNOLD

Nope, don't mean crap without the badge.

MAYHEW

So Marbury doesn't get his badge and Adams' term runs out. He's not the Mayor anymore. So the new Mayor is a guy named Madison.

TEX

Like the president.

MAYHEW

Just like the president. Maybe even related.

TEX

See? Like I always say – you gotta know somebody or be a nephew.

SLIPPY

Nephew is better.

General ASSENT.

MAYHEW

So Mayor Madison doesn't want to give Marbury the badge. He doesn't like Marbury, so no badge. So no dogcatcher.

HALF n HALF

So what does Marlboro do?

MAYHEW

Marbury sues. He takes the whole situation to court.

SLIPPY

How does that work out?

MAYHEW

It gets just a bit confusing.

ARNOLD

Well, it's the court, what else is new?

MAYHEW

The court rules that 1) Marbury has a right to the badge, the right to be the dogcatcher.

SLIPPY

Damn right.

MAYHEW

And 2) that Marbury has the right to get damages or restitution.

HALF n HALF

And his badge, right?

General ASSENT.

TEX

So everything worked out okay for Marbury?

MAYHEW

Well, on number three, they decided that the court didn't have the right to force the Mayor to hand over the badge.

TEX

Well, that sucks.

HALF n HALF

That's a nice short word and I agree with it.

MAYHEW

Yeah, but I think in this case, it's a different deal. Madge made a contract with Shorty. She was the representative of the Shelter, so it was really the Shelter that made the contract. So now Shirley is representing the shelter as well. Madge's contract with Shorty holds, since it was a contract between the shelter and Shorty. Since she also represents the Shelter, Shirley should go along with it.

Long silence.

TEX

You need a gavel, dude.

Mayhew sits down on a crate, exhausted again, but smiling a bit.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE SHELTER — DAY

Mayhew and a couple of the others from the night before peer in through the window where they can see Half n Half, Tex, and very tall thin person who must be SHORTY, talking to SHIRLEY. She listens quietly. Then she shrugs, nods, and Shorty lifts his hands in triumph.

Arnold pats Mayhew on the back.

ARNOLD

Maybe you sleep on a cot tonight instead of behind the dumpster.

MAYHEW

Well, I could use a shower, all right.



A police car cruises by and Mayhew turns his head away. The others all note this, give each other knowing glances, but say nothing and enter the Shelter.

Half n Half comes out and he and Mayhew walk a few paces down the sidewalk.

HALF n HALF

It worked. It really worked. That was cool. Oh yeah, and I think that Shirley knows you.

Mayhew stops hard.

MAYHEW

What?

HALF n HALF

She said she'd like to meet Mr. Darrow. Is that your name?

MAYHEW

Oh. No. But I know the guy she's thinking of.

HALF n HALF

Okay. Hey, they've got the food line set up in there. You coming in?

Mayhew gives the Shelter a longing glance, but he can't chance it.

MAYHEW

No. Not now. But I've got a question for you.

HALF n HALF

Shoot.

MAYHEW

I'm looking for somebody.

HALF n HALF

The guy that stabbed you in the back?

MAYHEW

No, I think I know who that is. I'm looking for somebody that I care about. Somebody on the streets. Maybe you know him..

Mayhew pulls out the blurry picture and Half n Half peers closely at it, then shakes his head.

HALF n HALF

Aw man, you all look like that to me.

MAYHEW

That's okay.

HALF n HALF

But the place. I don't know that place. It's not around here, is it?

MAYHEW

No.

HALF n HALF

Then you probably have to go there. If you want to find this guy.

MAYHEW

Yeah, that's what I'm thinking. So, what's the easiest way for me to get some food without getting any attention?

HALF n HALF

The Community Shelter about six blocks straight ahead. They don't look too close, but, hey, this place has good food and you have an in.

MAYHEW

Maybe next time. I'll see you later, o.k?

Mayhew walks down the street. Half n Half goes to get lunch.

INT. HERALD EDITOR'S OFFICE

Mike and Annie sit in a conference room with their editor STURGIS (nobody calls him anything else, not even his wife).

ANNIE

I'm telling you, the window was brand new. No dust, clean glass, sticky little place where the label was, as of yesterday.

MIKE

And the bushes. Cut way back. But just on that side of the house. None of the rest of the bushes around the house looked like that.

ANNIE

And there's my little gem here.

She sets her little piece of glass on the table.

ANNIE

Found it right beside the walkway. Not from a car window. Not from a drinking glass.

STURGIS

Okay, okay. So was there a grassy knoll?

MIKE

Ha ha. You know, when Annie and I share the Pulitzer for this, I'm gonna have that thing mounted in a ring.

ANNIE

Hey, I found it. I get half for my necklace.

MIKE

Noted.

STURGIS

So you figure that someone came out that window?

MIKE

According to the police report, Marianne Hughes was shot point blank in the chair by a .38 caliber revolver. Mayhew had a registered .38 caliber in his possession. The gun is gone. Mayhew is gone. But no sign that he was hurt. No mention of the window at all.

STURGIS

So, he's separated from his wife. Halfway living with his girlfriend. Things get hot. Shots are fired. Mayhew flees the scene.

MIKE

Well, that's what's all over the news.

ANNIE

But the split with the wife has been on for a couple of years. Low profile. Amicable as far as anyone can tell. The girlfriend is, was, a high-powered attorney, not some young hottie.

STURGIS

Not so much the "passionate love-nest tragedy" I've been hearing about?

MIKE

And there was the weird reaction that Mayhew had in the Court the day this all happened. Somehow this is tied into some old property rights case.

STURGIS

Or he had some indigestion and garbled a question.

MIKE

No. Something happened there. And then something happened that night at Mayhew's house. And the very next day, or night, the entire window frame is replaced, and nobody reports that. That's a tricky piece of work with all the media attention. Who did that? Why did they do that? And how did they manage to keep it quiet?

STURGIS

You're our Court guy, Mike. What's up with this case? Why were you on this one?

MIKE

Something caught my eye in the prelims. Property rights case, but the property has a long history of fires, things blowing up. The legals are interesting, but the back story looked kind of juicy.

STURGIS

Okay, I'm sold. You two are on to something. You have to start digging. First, make sure that you are right about the window. That it wasn't replaced a week ago. And you have to talk to Mrs. Mayhew.

ANNIE

That won't be easy. The camera trucks are still parked in front of her house.

STURGIS

If it was easy...

MIKE and ANNIE

...it wouldn't be news.

STURGIS

And be careful. If you're right, something is going on. We want to get this right the first time.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mayhew stands near a pay phone on a street corner. His stocking cap is pulled down low and he has a scarf pulled up over his chin. He accosts a passerby.

MAYHEW

Excuse me. I really need to make a phone call.

BRIEF MONTAGE

Different responses to his plea: a quick drop of coins into his hand; angry looks; scared stepping away; "Get a Job!"; one guy hands him some bills.

Mayhew steps away from the curb, piecing through the money he has collected. He sorts the coins and puts the few bills in his pocket.

INT. LINDA MAYHEW'S CONDO

LINDA MAYHEW, classy lady, smokes a cigarette by an open window in her office. A phone in another room RINGS. She ignores that and stares out at the media trucks out front. A phone on her desk RINGS. She spins, angry, and yanks up the phone.

LINDA

How did you get this number? This is my private...

INTERCUT with Mayhew on the pay phone.

MAYHEW

Linda. It's me.

LINDA

Oh my god! Alan. Where are you?

MAYHEW

I'm just...you have to know...I didn't...

LINDA

Of course you didn't! I know that. What happened?  
Where are you? Are you all right?

Mayhew is overcome with emotion.

MAYHEW

There were two men. I didn't...I couldn't...it happened so fast.

LINDA

Why did you run? It's been two days! Why didn't you go to the police?

MAYHEW

Linda, I think they were the police. I saw the picture and I called Philip Angstrom..

LINDA

Picture? What picture? Alan, what are you talking about?

MAYHEW

It was in the files for Morgan v New York. A picture from the night of the explosion.

LINDA

The Morgan case? Alan. Was it David?

MAYHEW

It's blurry. I can't be sure. I think it is. Maybe. God, Linda, I don't know!

LINDA

Can you come here? Where are you?

MAYHEW

I've seen the reports. They think I did it. It was my gun.

LINDA

But how did you...

Mayhew sees a police car slowly cruising by. The Cop looks at him.

MAYHEW

I'm sorry. I have to...

He hangs up.

LINDA

Alan! Alan! Goddammit!

She switches off her phone, sets it on her desk, then sits down and stares at it.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Mayhew skulks near a building, watching for more police cars. He wipes tears from his eyes, then snarls with anger. Back to the telephone. He shoots coins in and dials a number.

MAYHEW

Director Angstrom, please. This is Justice William Hargreaves. I have some information about Alan Mayhew.

INTERCUT with Philip Angstrom in his office.

ANGSTROM

This is Director Angstrom. Good afternoon, Justice Hargreaves. Do you have something for me?

MAYHEW

I've got something for you, you rotten son of a bitch. I loved that woman and I know that you are responsible for her death.

ANGSTROM

Alan! What are you talking about? You have to turn yourself in.

MAYHEW

Not a chance, you bastard. I'm out here and I'm coming for you!

Mayhew slams down the phone and hurries away from the pay phone.

INT. BURGER JOINT

Mayhew sits huddled in a back booth, eating a burger. He can see a television screen toward the front of the store. A newscaster appears. Then a picture of Mayhew, followed by a picture of Marianne, and then a picture of a .38 caliber revolver.

EXT. STREET — DAY

Mayhew, keeping his head down, turns into an alleyway.

EXT. ALLEY — NIGHT

Mayhew sleeps behind his dumpster, wrapped in his blanket. A bright light shines in his face and a hand grabs his ankle and yanks him out into the open. It's Jones, who switches off the flashlight, pockets it, and takes out the .38 revolver. The scene is lit by a streetlight.

JONES

Good evening, Your Honor.

MAYHEW

You! You son of a bitch.

JONES

Now, that's not nice.

MAYHEW

I figured Angstrom would trace the call...

JONES

You dumbass. We had your wife bugged. We knew you'd call the wife. That gave us the neighborhood and all I had to do was stroll around with a flashlight and there you were. Christ, but you're dumb. These streets would eat you alive.

MAYHEW

Who are you? What the hell do you want?

JONES

Yeah, I'm gonna just spill it all right here. Well, here's an item of evidence for you, Mr. Justice. This is your gun, the one that killed your honey, and I'm gonna...

A dark shape rises up behind Jones and CLUBS him with a heavy board. Jones goes down. It's Half n Half with the board and he raises it to strike again, but Jones rolls over and SHOTS him. Half n Half goes down.



Mayhew leaps at Jones and they wrestle for a moment and then gun FIRES again. Jones grunts and falls back. Mayhew stands, the gun in his hand. He stares at Jones and then SCREAMS at the top of his lungs and FIRES twice into Jones' chest.

Mayhew drops the gun and hurries to Half n Half. The dying man looks up and smiles.

HALF n HALF

Hey! Mr. Darrow. I know you.

Half n Half DIES.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS — NIGHT

Mayhew carries a pack and walks into the darkness along the tracks.

AUDIO OVER

The search continues for Supreme Court Justice Alan Church Mayhew. The Justice has been connected to three homicides, one a police officer. He is to be considered armed and dangerous.

As the last line plays, Mayhew pulls the pistol from his pocket and tosses it into a pond.

He walks on.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. OFFICE — NIGHT

The office is lit only by light reflected from the Capitol building. A MAN sits behind a shadowed desk. Smith ENTERS, stands for a moment and then sits down across from the desk.

MAN

Mr...Smith?

SMITH

"Smith" is good.

MAN

He has to be found.

SMITH

My understanding is that that he doesn't know anything.

MAN

That doesn't matter. He has questions and he has power...position. If they find him.

SMITH

He can't tell them anything.

MAN

But he'll keep asking the questions. They will pay attention to him.

SMITH

Yes.

MAN

Make sure that he is taken care of. As soon as possible.

SMITH

Budget? Freedom of action?

The Man slides an envelope across the desk.

MAN

Credit Cards. I.D. Everything you need. No limits on this one. You know him by sight. Find him. End his questions.

SMITH

Consider it done.

Smith EXITS.

MAN

Damn it.

FADE OUT

## **STREET JUSTICE – First Episode after the mid-season break**

FADE IN

News Report on television. A well-coiffed NEWSCASTER speaks as a formal photograph of ALAN CHURCH MAYHEW appears. Mayhew is in black robes.

NEWSCASTER

In other news...It's been six months since the mysterious disappearance of Supreme Court Justice Alan Church Mayhew. FBI Director Philip Angstrom spoke today...

EXT. PAWN SHOP – DAY

BILLY B, a raggedy street person wrapped in old clothing, blinks at the TV screen in the window. When the Justice's portrait disappears he nods his head and shuffles on.

EXT. STREET – DAY

Billy B stops at an alleyway, eyeing the line of dumpsters.

BILLY B

Pump Stars.

He starts rummages through the dumpsters. Finding a long piece of string brings a smile to his face and he pockets it. He examines several empty plastic bottles, carefully replacing all of them save one back in the dumpster. Billy B doesn't litter. A bright blue Fiji bottle catches his eye.

BILLY B

Good boggle.

Slips the treasure into a coat pocket.

EXT. ALLEY – DAY

Billy B kneels beside a large piece of cardboard, measuring the space in the alley with his string and then using the string to measure out an irregular area on the cardboard. He uses a stone to emboss his measurements. Replaces the stone, folds the cardboard to carry it, and walks on.

EXT. SIDEWALK RESTAURANT – DAY

Two young ENGINEERS are having a working lunch, ignoring their food and drawing shapes on napkins.

ENGINEER 1

Well, that's cool, but if we put the condenser on the same platform as...

He leans forward to make his point, but catches his pen on the tablecloth. The pen drops through the small fence enclosing the tables, rolls across the sidewalk, and falls into the water in the gutter.

ENGINEER 1

Well, for...

Suddenly Billy B is there, arms filled with cardboard and string, pockets bulging with who knows what. Billy B reaches down into the gutter and clumsily retrieves the pen. He very carefully dries it on a corner of his coat and hands it to Engineer 1.

ENGINEER 1

Thanks!

BILLY B

Right stuff.

ENGINEER 1

Absolutely! You...

But Billy B has continued down the sidewalk.

ENGINEER 1

Hey! Hey!

Billy B turns. The Engineer waves him over. If Billy B had a watch he'd glance impatiently at it. But he politely approaches the table.

ENGINEER 1

I mean it. Thanks. Are you hungry?

Billy B thinks for a moment then nods.

BILLY B

Not now, huh? The trail is gonna start.

The engineer hands him a ten dollar bill.

ENGINEER 1

When you've got a chance, somewhere down the trail, get some food, o.k?

BILLY B

Burger?

ENGINEER 1

And some fries, right?

BILLY B

I can always say “burger” right.

With that he turns and shuffles off.

The Engineer sits back down, watches Billy B for a second, then looks at Engineer 2.

ENGINEER 2

...but for the grace...

ENGINEER 1

You got it. Anyhow, the condenser could sit right on the platform. Here.

He draws on the napkin with his pen.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT – DAY

Billy B circles the edge of the parking lot, gathering up shopping carts and wheeling them to the cart corral. But in the last cart he puts all of his belongings – cardboard, bottles, string, a blanket, worn-out shoes, etc. As he pushes the laden cart out of the parking lot, he catches the eye of a SHOPPER.

BILLY B

Just a burrow. A little burrow.

Perplexed, the Shopper watches him walk away with the cart.

EXT. OVERPASS COURTROOM - DAY

(Recurring location) A couple dozen denizens of the street have gathered under a freeway overpass. They all face in one direction, to a raised area just under the arch. A large, expertly executed image of a balance scale dominates the wall. Under the scale looms SQUEEZER, a gigantic person with small, suspicious eyes. Squeezer stands beside a 55-gallon oil drum and holds a shovel.

The crowd seems a bit impatient, particularly a rat-faced little fellow named RATFACE in the front row.

RATFACE

If he ain't gonna show, can we...

SQUEEZER

There he is.

Everybody turns and shouts encouragement to Billy B as he wheels the cart through the crowd to the front. He is obviously well-liked. Once he finds his place, Squeezer hoists the shovel high in the air and bangs it three times on the oil barrel.

SQUEEZER

People! (bang) People! (bang!) People! (bang!) The gavel is (bang!) DOWN!

Alan Church Mayhew, the missing Supreme Court Justice, steps up on the dais. He waves his hand for silence.

MAYHEW

The parties of the dispute being present, let's begin. Ratface, you're the Plaintiff. Are you ready?

RATFACE

Oh, I'm ready all right. You see, this guy...

MAYHEW

You'll get a chance to speak soon. Billy B, you're the Defendant. Are you ready?

BILLY B

Uh huh. And I brought some avalanche.

Mayhew smiles.

MAYHEW

The cart? It's full of your evidence?

BILLY B

All the avalanche I could find.

RATFACE

Hey! I didn't bring any evidence. Is that fair?

MAYHEW

I informed you yesterday that you should...

RATFACE

Yeah, yeah. You did. And goofy here can't even say "evidence."

SQUEEZER

Civil tongue, please.

RATFACE

Yeah, I didn't mean nothing. O.k., let's see the "avalanche."

MAYHEW

Then let's begin. Ratface, as Plaintiff you get first shot.

RATFACE

It's easy, Your Honor. It's a spot in an alley. I come into the alley. There's nobody in the spot. It's an alley. I'm there. It's gonna rain. This is a dry spot. I park myself, I arrange my gear, I settle in with this pizza I found and everything is fine.

MAYHEW

And then Billy B shows up.

RATFACE

Hey, I like Bill. He's a pal. An o.k. guy, but I'm cozy, wrapped up, dry. C'mon.

Some murmuring from the crowd. Mayhew waves them quiet.

MAYHEW

Was this typically a spot where Billy B...

RATFACE

Sure. Sometimes. Y'know? We move around.

Murmurs from the crowd. Squeezer raises the shovel.

MAYHEW

O.k., hold it down. Ratface, do you usually sleep there?

RATFACE

Here, there. It's the streets. You grab a spot, y'know?

MAYHEW

So, you move around some.

RATFACE

Well, yeah. Nobody owns nothin' out there.

MAYHEW

So you didn't move aside for Billy B?

RATFACE

No sir. I was there first. No offense to Mr. B. But I was there.

MAYHEW

I hear you. Billy B? What have you got to say?

Billy B bites his lip and starts to gather his materials.

INT. POLICE STATION FRONT DESK – DAY

MIKE RICHARDS, reporter, about 30, been around the block a few times, ENTERS from the back of the station, checking out his cell phone, heading for the front door. The room is crowded with cops, complainants, people in general. A TV shows a news channel up in a corner.

As Mike passes the front desk, DONNY, the Desk Sergeant, calls out:

DONNY

Hey Mikey, you get anything?

MIKE

Hey Donny. Nah. Dude admits there was a fire. Dude admits he likes fire. Dude was nowhere near any fire any time no how.

DONNY

Not gonna make much of a story, huh?

MIKE

I keep tellin' you guys, there's something going on out there. I'll track it down.

DONNY

Same ole Mikey. Catch you later.

Mike is already back into his phone. As he passes near the TV set on his way out, a scruffy homeless man sitting on the bench mutters:

SCRUFFY

I know that guy.

Mike takes two more steps, then skids to a stop, looks at Scruffy and up at the TV. Video of Justice Alan Church Mayhew plays on the screen. Mike looks at the homeless guy.

MIKE

What did you say?

Scruffy can't meet his eyes, but clears his throat and speaks a bit louder.

SCRUFFY

I know that guy. That movie star on the TV. I know him.



Mike sits down on the bench.

MIKE  
(indicates the TV)

Mayhew? That guy?

SCRUFFY  
He's in that movie up there, but he lives on my street. I think.

Mike presses the record button on his phone and slides closer to Scruffy.

MIKE  
Cool. You know a movie star? Tell me about him.

INT. FBI OFFICE – DAY

Special Agent ANNE ISAACSON, early 30s, no nonsense federal agent, picks up her beeping phone. Scowls just a bit when she sees Mike's name on the screen.

ANNE  
Richards. To what do I owe the pleasure?

MIKE  
Agent Isaacson. Can I call you Anne?

ANNE  
You can call me anything you like, as long as you don't call me.

MIKE  
Didn't I say I was sorry? Like twelve times? I didn't mean to let your name get in...

ANNE  
Yes, you apologized. We're just fine. Nice to hear from you. What do you want?

MIKE  
I think I might have something on Mayhew.

Anne sits up a bit straighter, but her scowl deepens.

ANNE  
You and every other nut job in town.

MIKE

Yeah, I know. I wasn't even looking at the story. This just sort of fell into my lap. I don't spook easy, you know that. This just sort of sounds worth a look.

Anne nods to herself.

ANNE

I have a minute. What have you got?

MIKE

I was at the 32<sup>nd</sup> Precinct. Just minding my own business, as usual.

ANNE

Mm-hmm.

MIKE

The TV was showing a report on Mayhew and this homeless guy says, "I know him." I recorded this...

Mike's interview with Scruffy starts to play over the phone.

RECORDING

Mike: Cool. You know a movie star? Tell me about him.

Scruffy: He's the judge. He helps people out.

EXT. OVERPASS COURTROOM – DAY

Billy B has spread his entire morning collection out in front of Mayhew. He is very meticulous as he measures the distances with his string. Ratface quivers with impatience, but a stern look from Squeezer keeps him quiet. The crowd has gathered around Billy B, watching him set it all up.

BILLY B

Three strings across the valley. The hardboard here. My boggle. My banquet. My walkers. The sun splits and the brights go on.

Billy B has very precisely set up his whole sleeping arrangement using the cardboard, bottle, blanket, shoes, etc. He gazes down at it for a moment, the crowd completely silent as he contemplates and then nods.

BILLY B

My house.

RATFACE

Well, it's cardboard and a blanket. Not a house. And he's wearing shoes, right? Those are just fake shoes he picked up, for effect.

Billy B just looks up at Mayhew. Mayhew ponders for a moment. The crowd starts to murmur, but Squeeze still has the shovel. They stay quiet.

MAYHEW

Property. Now that's an interesting area. Property signifies dominion or right of use, control, and disposition, which one may lawfully exercise over things, objects, or land. Generally, the term real property refers to land. Land, usually, includes not only the face of the earth, but everything of a permanent or semi-permanent nature over or under it. This includes structures...

He blinks once and looks out over his audience. Absolute blank non-comprehension. He smiles a bit, nods sheepishly and continues.

MAYHEW

Or, you know, in English. Property is one way that we connect ourselves to the real world. We own things like our clothes or our tools. We can own a place, like a house, or a farm, or maybe even a cot at the shelter. Maybe you only own it for a night, but it's yours.

RATFACE

Yeah! I got there first. And it was raining.

MAYHEW

I get you, Ratface, but here's the deal. Everybody knew that was Billy B's place. Billy just now showed us how he lived in that space, night after night. A home for both him and his stuff. Everything that we own, we own because other people recognize that we own it. It's an agreement that we don't talk about much, but it's what makes property possible.

SQUEEZER

Civilization.

MAYHEW

That's right, Squeezer. Even out here, maybe especially out here, we're looking out for civilization.

RATFACE

Ain't lookin' so good for my case, huh?

MAYHEW

Sorry, Ratface, I have to rule for Billy B on this one.

The crowd cheers. A SHARP WHISTLE splits the air. On the other side of the overpass, a comparatively neatly dressed and well-kept figure (they call him THE BADGE. He supplies security for Mayhew. More about him later...) whistles and waves a red cloth.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

Cops!

MAYHEW

Court is adjourned. Billy B, you and Ratface shake hands, o.k?

As Mayhew and Squeezer quickly EXIT, Billy B holds out his hand. Ratface hesitates a little and then nods and shakes.

BILLY B

I have spend dollars. Burgers?

RATFACE

You buyin'? Hell yes, Billy B. Let's go.

They, and the rest of the crowd, disperse. Mayhew, Squeezer, and The Badge are nowhere to be seen.

INT. DARK OFFICE – NIGHT

The only light is a small reading lamp on the desk and a bit of city light splashing in through the window. A shadowy FIGURE is on the phone.

FIGURE

There's been a report.

Pause.

FIGURE

It could be nothing. But we have to be sure. Send two teams. Ask questions. Ruthless, but not fatal, for now. We have to know.

FADE OUT

**DESCRIPTION**

Supreme Court Justice Alan Church Mayhew, on the run from a deep-seated government conspiracy, must uncover the fate of his long-lost brother to clear his own name. Forced to live on the streets, he becomes more than a fugitive as he uses his talents, background, and few remaining contacts to aid those struggling on the bottom rung of society, while fighting to reveal a vast and dangerous truth.

**THE BACK STORY**

Twenty-five years ago, Justice Mayhew's shiftless brother, a diagnosed schizophrenic, was homeless and deeply involved in an arson/robbery that killed several people. He was presumed dead in the massive blaze, but there was no conclusive evidence either way.

Ten years ago another crime, a huge explosion, took place on the same urban property. A grainy security video shows a blurry figure fleeing the scene.

A case concerning property rights on the devastated block brings the video to the Supreme Court and the attention of Justice Alan Church Mayhew. He is pretty sure the cloudy figure is his long-lost brother, presumed dead twenty-five years ago, but captured on a video taken ten years ago.

Commencing a personal investigation, Justice Mayhew unwittingly uncovers plots within plots on a governmental level. Barely escaping an attempt on his life, Mayhew finds himself on the street, accused of two murders, and certain that officials as highly placed as the Director of the FBI seek his death.

His only resources are his wits, his estranged wife, and the people that he meets on the street. He finds that not only can he sometimes count on his new peers for help and information, but that he can use his skills to help those on the struggling on the streets. He becomes of figure of respect in the homeless community, while avoiding those searching for him.

Justice Mayhew has stepped out of the corridors of power and into the crevices of our society – where he finds a surprising, sometimes frightening, sometimes inspiring culture based on survival.

**STREET JUSTICE: Key Characters:**

**ALAN CHURCH MAYHEW** – An incisively intelligent man who began as a successful prosecutor, switched sides and became a passionate legal defender, taught at Columbia Law School, and finally reached the pinnacle of his career when he was appointed to the Supreme Court. Separated from his wife of 25 years, they remain amicable, but distant. Driven to live on the streets among the homeless, Mayhew finds himself in a vastly different world that requires all of his wits and adaptability to survive. And survive he does, not only finding a place on the

street, but finding a purpose for his legal mind as he settles the disputes among the loosely-knit community of the homeless.

**LINDA MAYHEW** – Bright, politically-connected D.C. career social worker. She is now head of the Alliance for Social Progress, but started out as an aid worker in a homeless shelter many years ago. She became friends with a regular client, DAVID MAYHEW, who introduced her to his brother, Alan Mayhew. Linda and Alan soon married and have been a power couple throughout their rise and his eventual appointment to the Supreme Court. Linda never stepped away from her important work, and finally the stresses of two extremely high-powered individuals drawn in different directions caused a split in their marriage. They have been amicably separated for two years, keeping a very low profile in their personal lives. Linda knows her husband did not do the things he has been accused of and immediately offers her support, carefully staying out of the line of fire as she does so. Strong, courageous, fiercely loyal, Linda Mayhew is a power to be reckoned with and depended upon.

**ANNIE RAMSELL** – Brash young “photog.” She can write, she can investigate, she can run a blog, but what she really excels at is getting the shot. Video, still, whatever, Annie has a sharp visual sense and knows how to use it. She teams well with Mike Richards, given his text and legal background and her “misses nothing” sixth sense.

**MIKE RICHARDS** – A tough combination of a sharp reporter and an incisive researcher. He didn’t manage to finish law school, but his semi-legal background made him the perfect choice to cover the Supreme Court for the *Washington Herald*. He is in Court the day Justice Mayhew made his startling discovery. Richards is smart, funny, a bit reckless, but a thorough professional.

**PHILIP ANGSTROM** – Director of the FBI. Just as smart, tough, and experienced as that title suggests. Angstrom and Justice Mayhew are not close friends, but their acquaintance dates back to times when they were both rising stars at Columbia Law. Hero or Villain? Lots of evidence either way – did he save Mayhew or direct the assassins? What is his connection to the years old conspiracy that dates back to his days as a Special Agent? Time will tell...

**STREET PEOPLE** – Mayhew now lives in a world of the disconnected, the broken, the damaged, the criminal, the under-served and forgotten. Some of these people may populate a several episode arc, others may come and go in a few moments. Their stories are poignant, shocking, tragic, uplifting, the entire range of human experience. And Alan Mayhew is down there with them, doing what he can.

#### **EACH EPISODE:**

- Follows Alan Mayhew as he peels back more layers of a nasty conspiracy and the ruthless people trying to keep it secret, and trying to determine the fate of his brother.
- Shows the efforts of Mayhew’s few allies – his estranged wife, among others – to use their assets to further his quest, as dangerous as that may be.

- Angles in on a duo of investigative reporters, trying to assemble a puzzle with too many missing pieces.
- Gives us glimpses of the dark forces pursuing Mayhew. He is learning too much, too fast. They need to get to him before the police do.
- Embeds us in the nether-world in our own cities. They may be homeless, they may be criminals, they may be drug addicts, or veterans, or mental cases, disinherited, disaffected, hanging by a thread. Alan Mayhew is not the sort of person to ignore their needs. Each episode will have a sub-plot concerning this sad new world he finds himself in.
- One charming possibility for some episodes is to use actual Supreme Court cases as bases for conflicts on the street. The Pilot episode uses *Marbury v. Madison*. Just a thought...

### **JUSTICE ALAN MAYHEW'S "SUPER POWERS"**

Not actual super powers, of course, but he has a great many abilities that his friends on the street do not have. He has no "street smarts," but he is an incredibly quick learner. He will quickly become a master of the quick disguise, of the rapid appearance change, the sixth sense to avoid detection. He is homeless, but he knows the lingo of the upper classes and how to act a part. Cleaned up, dressed up, he can walk into any law office or courtroom and talk the talk.

### **AN ASSURANCE**

The conspiracy elements are all in place. This is not a complicated premise hoping to resolve its twists and turns sometime in the future. We know where we're going, and what we will find when we get there.

### **ANTECEDENTS**

Certainly *The Fugitive*. A touch of *All the President's Men*. Maybe a bit of a police procedural (without the high-tech lab). And a good solid dose of *Person of Interest*, although Mayhew has little or no direct access to any tech at all besides "Obama-phones" and what he might talk a friend into.

### **WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT**

In the midst of the physical threats and tightly-wound suspense, *Street Justice* is about human contacts. Some are threatening, some are heart-felt. Everyone has needs; everyone has an agenda. The comforts of civilization can blunt the affect of what it takes to survive. Justice Alan Church Mayhew is stripped of those comforts and learns, step by step, the hard way, the real human experience.