

~~LAWRENCE: Every Mother's Day weekend, the two of them go traveling.~~

~~CHRISTINE: Yeah, we've been doing this for about ten years now. Both our Moms passed away. Cancer. It was small, at first, and now it's gotten bigger.~~

~~JULIE: Missus Charter, if'n you gonna need me to travel witchya, Imma have to talk to Mistah Gordon. I ain't never been on no plane befo'! (*slight pause, discovery*) An' m' husban'.~~

~~Beat.~~

~~THOMPSON: Sorry, Mark. Crying. Breathing. You're putting her shoes on, you're putting your shoes on. I'm kidding. You're a poet!~~

~~MARK: Maybe?~~

~~THOMPSON: (*joking*) Mark Gordon, Criminal Defense Lawyer Poet. That wasn't in the article.~~

~~PRECY enters the living room and pours a glass of water for THOMPSON and CHRISTINE. He drinks. She exits into the kitchen. She continues prepping food.~~

~~MARK: She was only nineteen years old...~~

~~JULIE: Food'll be served in one minute! Get yo' seats!~~

~~JULIE exits into the kitchen. She continues prepping food.~~

THOMPSON: Keep going!

MARK: And high. They were both very, very high.

THOMPSON: Yes, you mentioned that. He'll get seven years, but do four. Tops.

MARK: I think so too. So. I say, to the girl, "It's all right, it's cool."

THOMPSON: "It's cool."

MARK: Well... She is visibly upset.

THOMPSON: "It's cool?"

MARK: Yes.

THOMPSON: I don't think I've ever heard a lawyer say "It's cool."

MARK: Ha ha! Is that bad?

THOMPSON: It's interesting. Continue.

MARK: I'm looking at her and wondering real tears? Fake Tears?

THOMPSON: You size them up.

MARK: I guess. I'm in the moment. It doesn't matter because all of a sudden she's accusing me of patronizing her.

THOMPSON: Patronizing her.

MARK: I slowly take a few steps back...

THOMPSON: An Accusation?

MARK: My hands still in their pockets – because –

THOMPSON: An Actual Accusation?

MARK: Yes.

THOMPSON: The judge let that happen? What a mess! *(to LAWRENCE)* Too bad you've retired.

LAWRENCE: Sometimes I wish I hadn't!

LAWRENCE laughs.

THOMPSON: You'd never let that happen in your courtroom. *(to MARK)* She made a scene?

MARK: It turned into a scene! It was as if my silence gave her permission to show vulnerability. And she became afraid of her own vulnerability and turned on me.

THOMPSON: She became afraid of her own vulnerability? Very observant of you.

MARK: Thanks? So. She's accusing me of patronizing her. I take a few steps back. Put my hands in my pockets. Because that's the kind of guy I am.

THOMPSON: Safe?

END