

# CONNOR MARKES - SCENE 2/3

BLUFF CITY LAW - 103      Studio-Network Draft      7/20/19      19.  
19      CONTINUED:      19

As the waiter leaves with both their menus, the two of them suddenly have lost their only crutch/prop. Um. So...

EMERSON  
That must be cool. Having a place where you can say -- 'the usual.'

SYDNEY  
Yeah. Now that you mention it. It is kinda cool.  
(beat, then)  
So, what about you. Where did you grow up?

EMERSON  
All over actually.  
(off her surprised look)  
Yeah my mom, she was...

Emerson's voice trails off -- suddenly feeling bad about mentioning his mother. Sydney smiles. It's okay.

SYDNEY  
I know you have a mom.

EMERSON  
She's in the Army. So I grew up all over. Texas. Kentucky. Georgia. Belgium. Germany...

SYDNEY  
I suddenly feel very unworldly.

EMERSON  
Moving around was kind of tough. But it gives you a different perspective. Seeing how other people live. What they value and what they don't.

Off Sydney, actually beginning to not totally hate this.

SFX: KNOCK

20      INT. CONNOR MARKES'S PERSONAL OFFICE - DAY      20

Jake enters through the open door to find Markes at his desk, on the phone, partially obscured by files.

**START**

CONNOR MARKES  
(into phone)  
Tomorrow. No, as in not today and not two days from now.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Sides by Breakdown Services - Actors Access

CONNOR MARKES (CONT'D)

(hangs up)

Sometimes I fear for humanity. In fact, that's pretty much all I do. What's up?

JAKE

I was curious about the victim's diary. You didn't introduce it into evidence...

CONNOR MARKES

Here we go...

JAKE

I'm not second-guessing you...

CONNOR MARKES

You are -- literally -- second guessing me, but that's fine.

JAKE

There are passages in the diary that could have been used to contradict some witness testimony--

CONNOR MARKES

Yes, but there are also 87 references to George. 87 references to a friendship that everyone, including the jury, already thought was sketchy. The last thing I was gonna do was have them read all those pages and jump to any more conclusions than they already had.

(drawn into the past)

You weren't there. You can't imagine how bad it was. No one believed George. I was...

... As if some internal "alarm" has suddenly been tripped, Markes trails off and shuts down.

CONNOR MARKES

You know what. Do me a favor, just take the files and leave my office.

He gets up and gathers his stuff. Jake, a little taken aback:

JAKE

Did I do something? I'm confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR MARKES

You're confused? Let me tell you what confused is. Five years I fought for George. I wrecked a marriage, I developed an ulcer. But I didn't care because he was innocent and I was all he had. This whole city hated him, but I held the line. Refused to give up.  
(beat)

So imagine how confused I was -- standing there in Judge Powell's chambers -- begging her to hear one more appeal. Swearing on my reputation that George was innocent. Only to have her clerk walk in and say he had just confessed on tape. And not some rambling statement. A cold-blooded admission of guilt. After everything I did. For five years.

Markes begins to move...

CONNOR MARKES

I have court. You can show yourself out.

JAKE

You still think he's innocent?

... That stops the man in his tracks.

CONNOR MARKES

Of course, he's innocent.  
(beat, exhales)

Be careful, Jake. There's something about this case. I'd hate to see it break your heart too.

Markes walks off, yelling...

CONNOR MARKES

Stella, tell Alvarez I'm going to be late...

**END**

Jake stands there, pondering all that he's heard.

The food has come and the conversation is now flowing freely.