

LAW SCHOOL

Written by

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INT. WILSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Cluttered workspace. WILSON JACOBS sits behind the desk, talking on the phone. Gazing out the window.

A name plate rests at the edge of the desk which reads: "Wilson Jacobs Criminal Defense Lawyer."

WILSON

He's coming today? I thought -

A KNOCK at the door grabs his attention.

WILSON

That must be him now.

(covers phone)

Come in.

A young man, LOGAN BARTON, enters the room with two cups. He quietly closes the door behind him.

WILSON

See you soon, honey. Love you too.

Wilson hangs up. A silent beat. He then whirls his chair around to face the young man.

WILSON

You must be Luke.

LOGAN

Logan.

Wilson examines him, as if he recognizes him.

WILSON

You look familiar. Have we met?

LOGAN

Don't think so, but a lot people say I have a familiar face.

Wilson can't place it. Shrugs it off.

WILSON

Go ahead. Take a seat.

Logan flashes the coffee cups. Slides one over to Wilson.

LOGAN

I brought some coffee.

Wilson takes a sip. Logan watches. Wilson reacts, impressed.

WILSON

This is some damn good coffee.

Wilson takes another drink.

WILSON

Might have to hire you to make coffee around here. My assistant makes a terrible - tastes like rat piss. Don't tell her I said that though.

Wilson laughs. An alarm goes off, interrupting. He ends it.

WILSON

Heart medicine. If I don't set a reminder...

Logan watches closely as Wilson takes his pills and washes them down with the coffee.

WILSON

My wife tells me you're interested in law school?

LOGAN

Is it okay if I record this?

Wilson nods "yes." Logan presses record on his phone. Wilson studies him. There's something off about this kid.

WILSON

So you're interested in law?

LOGAN

Not sure yet. Weighing my options.

WILSON

I think everyone has second thoughts about law school. It's tough, but rewarding.

Logan sits back, getting comfortable. Wilson takes another drink of coffee.

LOGAN

How long have you practiced?

WILSON

I'd say eighteen, maybe nineteen years. Hard to keep track.

Logan makes a note.

LOGAN  
You enjoy it?

WILSON  
Yeah. Yeah I do. I mean there are certain cases that take their toll. But for the most part it's -

LOGAN  
Can you clarify? Take their toll?

WILSON  
Sure. I guess I mean - work heavy. You have to put your all into it. It can be... draining.

Logan makes note of this. Wilson glances at Logan's phone.

WILSON  
Will anyone hear this?

LOGAN  
No it's just for me. Can't write everything down.

Wilson takes another sip of coffee as Logan finishes writing.

LOGAN  
What advice would you give your younger self?

Wilson coughs. He covers his mouth. Logan watches intensely.

WILSON  
Excuse me.

The coughs are sudden, painful. He finishes a coughing fit.

WILSON  
What was the question?

LOGAN  
What would you liked to have -

WILSON  
Oh yeah. You learn most from being in the courtroom. So I'd say study as many cases in person as possible. Watch the jury. How they react and more importantly what they react to.

Wilson coughs again. He loosens his collar.

LOGAN

Any cases you regret?

Wilson takes a second to think. He studies Logan, curious what he's after.

WILSON

No I - I don't think I regret any. Even the ones I screwed up, I learned something valuable. You learn more from failure than anything.

LOGAN

These are people's lives we're talking about. You never feel guilty for the outcome?

Wilson grows more concerned. He scratches his neck.

WILSON

That's - well - no I mean, most the - the people I'm defending are murderers. But if I lose the case and they actually did commit murder, then why should I feel guilty? They got what they deserved.

LOGAN

But what if your client is falsely accused? Falsely imprisoned.

Wilson starts coughing again. He coughs into his sleeve.

WILSON

I uh - that's rare. Real rare.

LOGAN

It happens.

WILSON

Sure it happens. But as long as I do my job to the best of my ability. If I give it everything I got. I have no reason to feel guilty. The prosecution simply had a better case.

LOGAN

And the case of Ben Barton?

Wilson thinks back. Struggles.

WILSON  
Ben Branton. I uh -

Wilson starts coughing, violently. He grabs a Kleenex and coughs into it. Wilson takes a look. It's soaked in fresh blood.

Logan smiles a devious grin. It all clicks for Wilson.

WILSON  
You're his...

The coughing takes over.

LOGAN  
You gave a lackluster defense.

WILSON  
Logan I - I did my best. The evidence was stacked against him. There was no way to dissuade the jury, and nine times out of ten the husband is the murderer.

LOGAN  
He was innocent.

WILSON  
I told him to take the deal. It was a good deal. We were never gonna -

Logan shakes his head, disapprovingly.

LOGAN  
He was innocent and you failed him.

The coughs take hold. Wilson grabs his stomach, wincing. He lurches forward. Notices the coffee cup. Logan smiles.

LOGAN  
Succinylcholine, creates symptoms of cardiac arrest.

WILSON  
You bastard. You -

Wilson's chair slips back. He crashes to the floor, wheezing. He can no longer speak.

Logan stands. Grabs his phone and places it close to Wilson to record his final breaths.

Wilson tries to pull forward, but he's weak. He reaches up. Grabs hold of Logan's pant leg. Trying to hold on.

Logan glares down at him. He's genuinely enjoying Wilson's demise. Vengeance in his eyes.

Wilson's hand lets go. His body lays on the floor of his office. Logan stares at him for a long beat.

He ends the recording, grabs his stuff (including Wilson's coffee cup) and rushes from the room, leaving the door open.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Call an ambulance. Hurry. He - he's sick or something.

Wilson's bloody Kleenex still lays at the edge of the desk.

CUT TO BLACK.