

Miranda

* w/ sc4 Revised

INT. RED BARN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A trendy DTLA eatery -- the kind of place young professionals go to drink overpriced cocktails out of mason jars. Miranda sits across from her mom, DANI, 50s, eternally supportive. She still wears sunglasses despite being indoors. At night.

Start 1 →

MIRANDA

That's my fourteenth rejection.
Fourteen. I mean, God, I had sex.
I'm not a terrorist.

DANI

Maybe fifteen's the charm.

MIRANDA

Said no one, ever.

DANI

You don't have to keep doing this
to yourself, Miranda. You could
write a blog or drive for Uber --

MIRANDA

Those aren't careers, Mom.

DANI

You don't have to be a lawyer.

MIRANDA

Correction, I do. Or everything
I've been through is for nothing.

That lands like a boulder. Softening, Dani reaches out and takes Miranda's hand.

DANI

I just hate to see you suffer.

This strikes a chord with Miranda. She shakes her head.

MIRANDA

Sorry to break to you, but I am way
past suffering. I'm twenty-eight,
I'm sleeping in a bed the color of
bubblegum, and my most exciting
outing is date night with my mom.
I'm pretty sure this is what rock
bottom feels like.

DANI

I don't take that personally at
all.

1/8

MIRANDA

(sigh)
Maybe I should take the interview.

DANI

With Tanner?

MIRANDA

No, my other ex-boyfriend who offered me a job.

DANI

Miranda, I distinctly remember you saying, on multiple occasions, that you regret dumping him.

MIRANDA

I say a lot of things after a pint of Häagen-Dazs.

DANI

I just think you should be careful. He's *engaged*.

MIRANDA

Why are you lecturing me? You told me to ask him for the job.

DANI

I'm not lecturing. I'm cautioning.

MIRANDA

I appreciate it, Mom, but I destroy marriages, not engagements.

← End 1

EXT. YLG - DAY

Tanner meets Miranda mid-lawn. She efforts at an easy smile.

Start 2 →

MIRANDA

Hey.

TANNER

You can't go in like that.

The smile fades.

TANNER (CONT'D)

You look like a spy.

MIRANDA

I left my business bikini at the dry cleaners.

TANNER

We have a strict no-suits rule here. Waived only on trial days.

MIRANDA

Somehow I don't think less clothes is a great idea.

TANNER

Nothing I haven't seen before.

MIRANDA

Nothing *anyone* hasn't seen before.

TANNER

As I recall, you swore you'd never be caught dead in a pencil skirt.

MIRANDA

(smiles at the memory)
God, that was a long time ago.

TANNER

Six years -- I think. I haven't been keeping track.

He smirks. She squints at him, then shrugs off layers until she wears only a skirt and camisole. Tanner nods approval.

TANNER (CONT'D)

C'mon. I'll show you around.

He starts walking. Miranda scurries to catch up.

3/8

MIRANDA

Tanner, I really can't thank you
enough for this.

He waved the dismissive hand.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

No, really, I feel like I've been
stranded, all alone, on Whore
Island, and... well, I was starting
to worry I'd never get off of it.

TANNER

Are you saying I picked you up on
Whore Island?

MIRANDA

No, I -- that came out wrong. What
I mean is, I've been drowning, Tan,
and you really threw me a lifeline.
And the fact that you were willing
to do that *for me*, of all people...
it means a lot.

He reaches out to touch her shoulder, and that familiar
chemistry passes between them. A whisper of the past.

TANNER

You're welcome.

← End 2

INT. YLG - MIRANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Miranda scribbles on a legal pad. Frustrated, she crumples the paper and tosses it at the trash can. Miss. Ugh.

Start 3 →

TANNER (O.S.)

Long day?

Tanner enters, holding beers. He offers her one, sits on the edge of her desk.

MIRANDA

If you and I get in an argument right now, I'll have managed to fight with half the house.

TANNER

I'm game. Pick a topic.

MIRANDA

Your fiancée hates me.

TANNER

She doesn't hate you.

MIRANDA

No, that's not the topic. That's a thing I'm saying.

TANNER

I know.

Miranda sighs, thoughtfully sips her beer.

MIRANDA

Why don't you hate me?
(off his chuckle)
I'm serious. You have every reason to, after what I did.

TANNER

We've all done things, Miranda.

MIRANDA

See? That's what I mean. I hurt you, get myself spread across the web with the guy I *hurt you for*, and you act like I forgot to send you a thank you note for some lame Christmas present. Like socks.

TANNER

Do you want me to hate you?

5/8

MIRANDA

No, I... I just don't understand
how you can forgive me.

Tanner gently touches her shoulder.

TANNER

Miranda, I tried to stay mad... but
I couldn't. Yeah, you hurt me.
But only because I loved you.

MIRANDA

I loved you, too.

They gaze into each other's eyes. Miranda realizes things
are getting too close and pulls back.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Thanks for the beer.

Tanner nods, gets up. Pauses in the doorway.

TANNER

Lots of people have affairs. You
were just an easy scapegoat. The
same thing's happening to Whitney.
Remember that.

← End 3

6/8

TANNER (CONT'D)
The same thing's happening to
Whitney. Remember that.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The place is full. Spectators, journalists, the Carvers, and all of YLG's partners sit in the back. Miranda inhales deeply, stands. Reads her notes.

Start →

MIRANDA
To commit felony negligence you must do three things. Engage in reckless activity. Show disregard for human life. And act in a way that another person wouldn't.

The Jury stares, unmoved, when -- BONGGG! Jacob strikes his Tibetan Bowl. Miranda glances at him, and he nods curtly. She looks back at the Jury... and makes a decision.

She abandons her notes.

MIRANDA
My name is Miranda Coale, and I slept with a married Senator. I'm sure you all know this, which is why when you look at me, you see a manipulative homewrecker. But here's the truth: I was twenty-two, and I was in love. Was it a mistake to have an affair? Yeah. Did I deserve to have my life destroyed for it? No. But I was so ashamed of what I'd done, I didn't stand up for myself. I hid, and I allowed someone else to tell my story. I won't let that happen to my client.

The court listens, riveted. Even Lana is moved.

MIRANDA
Did Whitney Carver hit Ana Diaz with her car? Yes. Does she deserve to have her life destroyed for it? No. Because she's not on trial for making a mistake; she's on trial for criminal negligence. She's on trial for texting and driving, and she didn't do that. Ana Diaz testified to this fact. But the D.A. wants you to believe a different story, and if you do...? An innocent girl goes to jail.

(MORE)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 That's not justice. What happened
 to me wasn't right, but you can
 make sure that what happens to
 Whitney Carver is.
 (looking at Juror #10)
 This was not negligence. It was an
 accident.

← End

OFF the Jury, impossible to read...

EXT. L.A. COUNTY CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

~~Young Law Group bursts outside.~~

SHAUN
 You. Were. Amazing.

JACOB
 Excellent closing, Miranda.

LANA
 That was a ballsy move.

Miranda eyes Lana cautiously. Tanner watches, unsure what's coming. Finally... Lana extends her hand.

LANA
 Good choice.

They shake. Respect earned.

A COMMOTION O.S.: REPORTERS face towards Miranda like a flock of camera-armed vultures. She puffs with pride.

MIRANDA (V.O.)
 Finally. The media's interested in
 me for doing something good.

REPORTER #1
 Ms. Coale! Why did you decide to
 speak out after all these years?

REPORTER #2
 Is it true that you were in love
 with Senator O'Shea?

Miranda deflates.

MIRANDA (V.O.)
 Figures.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT V

2/2