

CAPE FEAR

CADY-Afternoon, Counselor.

SAM-What do you want, Mr. Cady?

C-(HOLDS UP HAND TO STOP CONVERSATION AND POINTS TO YOUNG GIRLS WALKING ACROSS STREET) Mmmm, they're great that age, ain't they? All those discoveries ahead of 'em. You're lucky, Counselor. My^{own} daughter, she don't even know me. After I went inside, her mama told her I was dead, which in a way I was.

S-Look, Mr. Cady, I realize that you suffered. (CADY LAUGHS) I mean, I, I understand your problem, but uh, I mean, why me? Look, I was your lawyer. I defended you. Why not badger the DA or the judge?

C-(LAUGHING) Badger.

S-Yeah, well, why not them? Well, why not them?

C-Badger. Best I 'member, they were just doing right by their jobs.

S-Oh, I didn't do my job. Is that right? Look, I, I pleaded you out to a lesser clue to defense. You could have gotten rape instead of battery.

C-Oh, I'd have been up for parole either way in seven years 'cording to the Georgia Penal Code.

S-Rape is a capital offense. I mean, you know, you could have gotten life. You could have gotten death. You could be sitting on death row right now.

C-I learned to read during my stretch. First, "Spot Goes to the Farm," then, "Runaway Bunny," then, law books mostly. Did you know that after I discharged you I acted as my own attorney? Filed several times for an appeal.

S-No, I didn't know that.

C-(AFFIRMATIVELY) Um-hm. So, here we are, two lawyers for all practical purposes, talking shop.

S-Alright, how much do you want, Mr. Cady?

C-How much do I want what?

S-How much money do you want?

C-Money!?! Counselor, do I look destitute to you?

S-Well, I'm open to discussion within reasonable limits.

C-(BEAT) You ever been a woman?

S-What?

C-A woman. Some fat, hairy, ugly hillbilly's wet dream?

S-Look, I realize that you've suffered in this. There's no question about that.

~~SUFFERED~~

C-You don't know what suffering is, Counselor. Like it says in Galatians 3, "Have ye suffered so many things in vain." Yeah, I learned from the get-go in the joint to get in touch with the soft, nurturing side of myself, the feminine side.

S-Well, well, I'm open to some sort of discussion on compensation.

C-(AFFIRMATIVELY) Um-hm. Well, what shall be my compensation, sir, for being held down and sodomized by four white guys...or four black guys? Shall my compensation be the same? What is the formula for compensation, sir?

S-Well, how 'bout \$10,000 in cash?

C-Do I...well, let's just break that down.

S-No, now, wait, wait a, wait a minute...that figure just came to the top of my head.

C-No, let's just break that down. Just..yeah...no, let's just say for argument sake. Let's say 20,000. Let's say 30,000. Say fo...I'll tell you what. Let's say 50,000. 50,000 into 14 years. 14 years times 365 days is about...I'd say about 5,000 days. Now, you divide that by 50,000. That's, uh...that's like \$10 a day. (LAUGHS) That's not even minimum wage. To say nothing about the family I lost, the respect that I lost. I don't think you really, really understand what we're talking about here. 14 years. (CHECKS WATCH) Whoops, oh-oh. Got to get. Late for another appointment.