

REEL JUSTICE

Paul Bergman
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The
Courtroom
Goes to the
Movies



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Foreword

by Judge Alex Kozinski

Scratch almost any lawyer and you'll find a movie buff. That's no coincidence, for the moviemaker's art is not all that different from the lawyer's—especially the courtroom advocate's. Both must capture, in a very short space, a slice of human existence, and make the audience see a story from their particular perspective. Both have to know which facts to include and which ones to leave out; when to appeal to emotion and when to reason; what to spoon-feed the audience and what to make them work out for themselves; when to do the expected and when the unexpected; when to script and when to improvise.

It's not surprising, then, that lawyers and trials are a perennial subject of moviemaking. Trials, by their nature, concentrate human conflict; they force a head-on clash of opposing forces. Any trial has the potential (especially in the movies) to raise difficult questions about the cornerstones of society: law, justice, morality, and the conventions that hold us together. Trials also raise one of the most fundamental doubts of human existence: whether, and to what extent, we can achieve an objective, true account of past events. Fair trials present the tantalizing possibility that the little guy can take on the big guy and win, because brains, wit, and justice count far more than money, power, and influence. Unfair trials make excellent tragedies: The outrage of justice betrayed, coupled with often pitiful consequences, can stir the blood with empathy.

It was while contemplating such matters that I first got the notion of becoming a lawyer. I remember exactly when it happened: It was 1963 or 1964 and I was living in Baltimore. We had come to the United States only a year or so earlier and I was in the process of absorbing American culture (and language) by plugging myself into the endless stream of black-and-white images that materialized in our living room through an ancient round-tube TV set. I found much of what I saw interesting, if strange; some of it funny; but not much of it very memorable.

One exception I still remember vividly: The scene was a small room filled with a bunch of guys sitting around a conference table arguing about the fate of someone who wasn't there to stand up for himself. I almost changed channels when the vote was eleven to one to convict, but there was something in the quiet determination of the lone dissenter that kept me from turning the knob. (For those too young to remember, channels in those days were changed by clicking large knobs on the front of the TV set, rather than by pushing buttons on a remote control.) He wasn't sure the defendant was innocent, the holdout told the others; he wanted to talk about it.

No reader has failed to recognize that I was watching *12 Angry Men*, or that the dissenting juror was the young Henry Fonda. As I sat there watching, struggling a bit with the language, trying to figure out the jury's function in American law (Why, I wondered, didn't they just convict by a vote of eleven to one and go home?), my whole adolescent conception of certainty, of knowledge itself, was shaken. The case against the defendant sounded so airtight; the reasons offered by the eleven sounded so irrefutable. I couldn't imagine how (or why) anyone could reach a different conclusion. Then, as one reason after another started to come apart, as inconsistencies crept into the picture, as jurors began changing their votes, I came to understand that truth does not spring into the courtroom full-blown, like Athena from the head of Zeus. Rather, facts have to be examined carefully and skeptically, moved around and twisted like pieces of a puzzle before they will yield a complete picture. Could it, might it be, that I had the talent for this type of work?

Further research was clearly necessary before I could sort out the realities of law practice. Were real trials, real jury deliberations anything like what I was seeing? As my interest in law grew, and along with it my interest in law-related movies and TV shows, I came up with more unanswered questions: Was the Scopes monkey trial anything like it was portrayed in *Inherit the Wind*? Did the War Crimes Tribunal bear any resemblance to *Judgment at Nuremberg*? I eventually went to law school, passed the bar, and became a judge, but questions of this sort persisted. What *was* the true story behind *Breaker Morant*? Was Sir Thomas More's defense as it was portrayed in *A Man for All Seasons*? To be sure, the answers could be found out there somewhere, given enough time and effort. But, human nature being what it is, I put it off.

And a good thing, too: When Michael Asimow (who taught me most of what I know about tax law) told me about the book he and Paul Bergman were writing, I immediately realized they were on to

something that could be quite useful. Selected background material would supply the real story (if there was one) and the historical context of the action. Carefully researched legal analysis would help you figure out what might have happened (or did happen) in a real trial. No longer would inquiring minds have to wonder whether the trial judge's outrageous actions in *The Verdict* were at all plausible, or the procedures in *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* or *Nuts* bore any resemblance to reality. I wondered why no one thought of writing a book like this before.

The book is, of course, more than a disconnected series of answers to questions one might have in watching law-related movies. It is a thoughtful collection of some of the best—and a few of the worst—movies having to do with the legal process. And law-movie buffs desperately need such a guide. The advent of home video as a staple of entertainment in most American households has opened up the possibility of seeing great movies of the past—including movies concerning the law. Video has emancipated our movie viewing from the whims of local TV station program managers. (It took me almost twenty-five years before I saw *12 Angry Men* again.) But freedom can be treacherous without some compass to guide your steps. Stroll into your vast neighborhood video store with no plan and several friends or family members of divergent tastes, and you're likely to emerge three hours later with a made-for-TV comedy about Albanian werewolves. In these challenging times, *Reel Justice* gives you an edge in the movie-selection game. By giving just enough information up front to help you know whether a particular movie is likely to be of interest, it allows you to select a movie you haven't yet seen (or vaguely remember), to cajole your friends and family into concurring, and, later, to fully understand and enjoy the film.

A dog-eared copy of *Reel Justice* will find a place in the living room of most thoughtful movie-watchers. Its only defect, alas, is that it is too short: Where do you get the skinny on *First Monday in October*, *The Story of Qiu Ju*, *The Return of Martin Guerre*, and *Hang 'Em High*? I, for one, have already put in my order for *Reel Justice II*.

Alex Kozinski
United States Circuit Judge

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