

Revenge

by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. BOSTON, STREET - NIGHT

Just like it started, a brief rain shower suddenly stops. A few last drops still drip upon lazy traffic and people on the sidewalk.

A group of junkies lean on a wall, watch a drunk girl trying to get away from her pimp. She tries to yank her hand away but the big fat guy doesn't let go.

A beggar on crutches stretches out his hand. A bunch of young punks dance around him as they pass.

A MAN WITH A SHAVED HEAD emerges from a building while lighting a cigarette. He looks up at the sky then pulls up the collar of his bomber jacket and walks into the crowd.

Passing by a video store he waves to someone inside. He walks on, but a sudden, violent screeching of car tires makes him turn around.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET - SAME TIME

A MASKED MAN with a gun in his hand zigzags between the cars. He stops, aims at the guy with the shaved head and fires two shots. POW! POW!

Panic on the street. People run for their lives, screaming. Cars start braking and crashing into each other.

POW! POW!

More screaming while people run for cover. The pimp has disappeared now and the girl watches the chaos around her, bewildered.

A white Honda swerves and hits a street light. Two people flee from the car.

Another two shots. POW! POW!

The masked man gets closer to the white Honda. He slowly walks around the car, then stops. He looks down.

MASKED MAN

Fuck.

He shoots a quick left-right look, drops the gun, sprints back across the street and disappears into a nearby park.

INT. D&K OFFICE - MORNING

The meeting room at David & Kleinfeld fills with people in suits, mingling around and chatting with each other over morning coffee.

ALEXANDER "ALEX" OLDMAN, early forties, stalks in, visibly exasperated. Without acknowledging anyone, he walks straight to his chair.

He drops his documents on the table and sits down, murmurs a quiet "fuck" to himself. He stares blankly at the pile in front of him and then looks up, only to meet the collective gaze of his startled colleagues.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME TIME

With a loud bang, the door comes down and police burst into apartment, shouting.

Sleeping in his bed, DIMITRY GORSKY doesn't have time to react. When he opens his eyes, his hands are already secured behind his back.

DIMITRY

Fuck.

INT. SQUASH COURT - A WEEK LATER, EVENING

Alex throws a squash ball into the air, then smashes it as hard as he can.

RICHARD CRAIG, a middle-aged colleague of Alex, rushes to the ball and sends a drop shot to the corner. Alex cannot make it.

He slowly comes to the rolling ball, picks it up and smashes it back into the wall. Richard looks at him, bemused. They reach for their water.

RICHARD

(putting the bottle  
back)

Hell of a game, wasn't it?

ALEX

The best is yet to come!

Alex serves the ball in the upper left corner. The ball bounces and slides along the side wall, making for a tricky slide. Richard has to work hard to get this one.

INT. SAUNA - LATER

Sprawled on their towels, Alex and Richard sweat it out. Richard slides all the way down to the heater and picks a bottle from the shelf. He spills a few drops into the bucket and then splashes water all over the hot stones which start hissing.

Off screen, Alex groans in approval while Richard continues to fiddle with bottle.

RICHARD

So I heard it didn't go well  
against Larry Best the other day?

No sound comes from Alex's side.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What happened?

ALEX

I suggested a settlement, we  
agreed on it and then he ignored  
it.

RICHARD

(arranging flasks)  
Nothing new. Larry Best is famous  
for doing that.

ALEX

The bastard also had the nerve to  
suggest that I may want to  
consider quitting law and  
focusing on something else.

RICHARD

(turns to Alex)  
That's adding insult to injury.

ALEX

Yeah. Can you believe what some  
people can get away with?

Richard reaches for more water to fill the bucket again.

ALEX (CONT'D)

So who's your new client?

A good looking blonde comes into sauna. Richard's eyes start following her all the way, the water bottle still in his hand.

RICHARD

(in deeper voice)  
Some shmuck who got lured into it  
by a young woman.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
(flashes a smile to the  
blonde)

Up on the bench, the blonde makes herself comfortable, revealing for a moment her superb body. She ignores Richard's pathetic comments.

ALEX  
Who is he?

RICHARD  
Uh?  
(beat)  
Oh, the guy. Dimitry Gorsky is  
the name.

Alex slowly sits up. He stares at Richard as if he's just splashed cold water all over him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
(to the blonde)  
Excuse me young lady. Would you  
mind more heat in this place?

THE BLONDE  
Not at all.

Richard smiles and fills the bucket again.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Wearing a towel around his waist, Alex is blow-drying his hair when Richard shows up behind him in the mirror, already dressed.

RICHARD  
(quickly coming closer)  
Sorry buddy. Got to run.

ALEX  
(switches dryer off)  
Rick, wait. Listen, I want to get  
on that case.  
(beat)  
I've known Dimitry Gorsky since I  
was a kid.

RICHARD  
(looks at his watch)  
I don't know. Look, I'm in a  
hurry.

ALEX  
You mind if I speak with Gordon  
about it?

RICHARD

I don't think it's a good idea.

Richard disappears behind the lockers, leaving Alex staring at himself in the mirror, hair dryer in his hand.

INT. D&K OFFICE CORRIDOR - MORNING

Alex hurries down the corridor carrying some documents. He stops by the water cooler and tries to pull out a cup but it gets stuck. He puts his papers aside and tries again but it won't let go. Then he knocks the container off and the whole thing comes down, spilling water everywhere.

ALEX

(collecting his papers)

Damn thing! Damn it, damn it!!!

INT. GORDON KLEINFELD'S OFFICE, RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

ALEX

Hi Kat. Is Gordon busy?

SECRETARY

(still typing)

I guess he is, but he's not in here today...

ALEX

Where is he?

SECRETARY

(looks up, notices dripping documents)

Alex, it's Thursday.

ALEX

(notices his trousers are wet)

So...?

SECRETARY

Gordon's not in on Thursdays.

ALEX

Oh shit. The golf thing.

Alex turns and leaves but then hastily comes back.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Kat, I need the phone number of that place.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry Alex, you know the rules. I can't give you the number.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - LATER

Alex is driving when his cell phone goes off.

ALEX

(looks at the number)  
Hi mom! How's... how's the new place?  
(beat)  
Great! So you're almost done?  
(beat)  
Sure... Let me speak with Angela first, OK? See you!

EXT. GOLF COURSE - LATER

Swoosh!! A golf ball takes to the skies. It flies and flies and lands a few yards from the hole. GORDON KLEINFELD watches his buddy JOHN GRIFFIN playing it away. Both men are well into their late sixties.

JOHN

(chuckles)  
Your turn buddy.

GORDON KLEINFELD

(positioning himself)  
Wow... this is going to be hard to top.

ALEX

(entering the scene)  
Hi Gordon!  
(nods to John)  
Sir.

GORDON KLEINFELD

(surprised)  
Alex, what brings you here?

ALEX

Could we talk in private please?  
Five minutes?

GORDON KLEINFELD

Yeah, ah...  
(to John)  
John, sorry. Five minutes?

JOHN

Sure.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
(leading Alex aside)  
Alex, this better be something  
very important!

ALEX  
It is important.  
(beat)  
I need to get on Richard's case.

Gordon stares at Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
You know, the second-degree  
murder...

GORDON KLEINFELD  
Alex! What on earth makes you  
think that I am going to take  
Richard off his case - or off of  
any case for that matter - and  
give it to you, right now, on  
this golf course?

ALEX  
This case is very important to me  
Gordon.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
And we couldn't talk about it  
tomorrow, in the office?

ALEX  
It can't wait. They already had  
the arraignment and the  
preliminary hearing is...

GORDON KLEINFELD  
Alex, do you know who the  
prosecutor on this case is?

ALEX  
(nods)  
Larry Best.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
Larry Best, from CTS!  
(beat)  
So tell me this is not some kind  
of personal vendetta after what  
happened between you two?

ALEX  
No, it's not that.  
(beat)  
Well, part of it. But the  
defendant is my childhood friend.

JOHN

Hey Gordon, should I play this one for you? Maybe you'll get lucky!

GORDON KLEINFELD

(to John)

No, wait! Be with you in a minute!

(to Alex)

Listen, ah... I can't let you take on Larry Best just because of that. The court is not a place for settling personal scores and you should know that.

ALEX

Gordon, it's the case in the first place. Then Larry Best.

GORDON KLEINFELD

Revenge is a dangerous motivation, and he'll rip you apart!

ALEX

I'm telling you it's not revenge against Larry Best!

GORDON KLEINFELD

Whatever. But I'm not going to do it. OK?

ALEX

But I can win this case.

JOHN

Gordon, you OK there?

GORDON KLEINFELD

Just a minute John.

(to Alex)

Look...

ALEX

(exasperated)

Can I at least talk to Richard?

GORDON KLEINFELD

It won't make any difference.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Richard strolls down an empty street. His walking style suggests he's already had few drinks. He turns a corner and enters a dark street.

A black Sierra accelerates towards him. It comes to a stop right in front of Richard. Before he can react there's a .45 trained on him.

KIDNAPPER  
Richard Craig?

RICHARD  
Who wants to know?

KIDNAPPER  
Get in the car, asshole!

EXT. FRONT OF A HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Door bell! After a few moments the door opens and a smiling face of an older woman appears. It's Alex's mother CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA  
Hi. Oh look at them... my little girls. Hi Angela! Come on in.

It's Alex and his family: his wife ANGELA, a nice thirtysomething woman and their two daughters: SARAH(7) and MELANIE(4).

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The corridor is still full of stuff after the move.

CYNTHIA  
Sorry for the mess... As you can see, we still live in boxes.

ANGELA  
Where's Wayne?

CYNTHIA  
He's in the yard, preparing the barbecue. Alex, are you coming?

ALEX  
(from upstairs)  
No, I'll come down later!!

INT. UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Alex is in a quiet room among old furniture, piles of boxes and old clothes. He looks around, finds a photo album, picks it up and sits on a chair.

INSERT SCREEN - PHOTO ALBUM

Old black and white pictures of Alex and his parents. He leafs through the album, slowly; touches some pictures with his fingers. Quite an emotional moment for him.

Suddenly, his cell phone breaks the silence.

GORDON KLEINFELD (O.S.)  
 Alex, can you meet me at Lawrence  
 General in one hour?

INT. LAWRENCE GENERAL HOSPITAL - LATER

Alex and Gordon hurry down a busy corridor.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 ... so Heather calls me to find  
 out where he is. He didn't come  
 home last night, didn't call...

They stop by a window. In the bed behind it lies Richard. Badly beaten and still unconscious, he is being fed through a tube.

ALEX  
 Jesus Christ!

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 The doctor says he'll be OK. A  
 few broken ribs, shattered jaw...  
 He'll make it.

ALEX  
 When did it happen?

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 Last night. Someone dropped him  
 this morning in front of the  
 hospital.  
 (beat)  
 You were together last night,  
 right?

ALEX  
 Yeah, we left the restaurant  
 around ten. I drove home - he  
 wanted to walk.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 Shit. I wonder who'd do such a  
 thing to Richard?

They look at Richard through the window, then Gordon turns to Alex.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)

Alex, I also wanted to see you because of that case Richard worked on. I know I said NO before, but I'm afraid I have no choice. You're on it now... And please, don't embarrass me there, son.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, STUDY - DAY

Alex is at work. His desk is cluttered with documents, some loose, some bound, some in plastic sleeves. A few books and his laptop lie to the side.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, CHILDREN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

On the floor, Sarah and Melanie are focused on their play with toys scattered around them.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Alex picks up the phone, dials.

ALEX

Hi Kat, how are you?

(beat)

Fine, thanks...

(beat)

Yeah, I'll go tomorrow... Yeah...

Sure, I'll tell him. Listen ah...

I need to ask you something...

(beat)

Yeah sure, I know... Do you have the document that is referred to aaaaas... DV dot 625 dash RRP? It should be the date of...

(flips through his papers)

Of 28th 6th 2007... Sure, I'll hold.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, CHILDREN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Sarah combs her doll's hair. Melanie gets up and leaves the room. Moments later, she comes back with a pair of glasses. She tries to put them on one of her dolls.

SARAH

Melanie, where did you get those?

MELANIE

In mom and dad's bedroom.

(continues to play)

SARAH  
 You can't play with those. They  
 are daddy's glasses.  
 (tries to take them from  
 her)  
 Give them to me.

MELANIE  
 (resisting)  
 No.

SARAH  
 (loud)  
 Melanie give them to me!

MELANIE  
 NO!

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Still on the phone, Alex realizes something is going on in  
 the children's room.

ALEX  
 ... exactly. So by the time I get  
 the document and am in position  
 to...

SARAH (O.S.)  
 Melanie, you can't play with  
 them?

MELANIE (O.S.)  
 (very loud)  
 I can!!

ALEX  
 Kat? Sorry, I need to call you  
 later, OK? Yeah, OK.

Melanie enters Alex's study.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 (produces a smile)  
 What is it sweetie?

MELANIE  
 (produces the glasses)  
 Daddy, can I play with these?

Alex jumps in horror, his face instantly red.

ALEX  
 NO!

He runs to Melanie to snatch the glasses away from her  
 before she does any damage to them.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Melanie, where did you get these  
glasses?

Startled by her dad's reaction, Melanie looks at him and then freaks out and starts crying. Moments later Sarah comes into the study. Melanie continues crying, LOUD!

Alex immediately figures what he has done. He changes his face and tone.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Oh sweetie... come here  
(hugs her)  
Come here... come here... Don't  
cry sweetie, daddy didn't mean to  
scare you... Come here... Shhh...

SARAH  
Daddy, I didn't see when she took  
the glasses...

ALEX  
(to Sarah)  
It's OK honey. It's not your  
fault.  
(to Melanie)  
Shhh... Shhh...

Done with crying, Melanie is now sobbing quietly.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
(back to Melanie)  
Sweetie, these glasses are my  
dad's glasses and they are very  
special to me.  
(beat)  
They are not a toy.

MELANIE  
Did granddad play with them?

ALEX  
(smiles)  
No... He used them for reading...  
Like your mom uses her glasses  
when she's reading.

Melanie hands the glasses to Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Now go play in your room.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alex shuts the drawer of the night table, picks up a leather case from the floor, takes a cloth out of it, polishes the glasses and puts them carefully back in. Then he stores the case on top of a bookshelf.

INT. LAWRENCE GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Alex confers with a doctor.

DOCTOR  
... and please keep it short.  
Five minutes. He's very weak.

ALEX  
Will do, thank you doctor.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alex enters the room. The TV is on, but is muted. Richard is awake - he sees Alex and acknowledges his presence the only way he can.

ALEX  
(draws himself closer)  
Richard... what happened? Who  
could have done this to you?  
(beat)  
Man... look at you... How are you  
feeling, still hurts?

RICHARD  
(affirmative)  
Mmmmmmm...

ALEX  
Jesus Christ, Richard. Did you  
see them? Do you know who did it?

RICHARD  
(negative)  
Mmmmmmm...

ALEX  
Were you robbed? Did they take  
your money?

RICHARD  
(affirmative)  
Mmmmmmm....

ALEX  
Those bastards... Did they say  
anything to you?



INT. STUDIO - AFTERNOON

A big, well-lit studio where Angela teaches painting. Scattered around, her students paint portraits of a naked model, who stands in the middle of the room.

Angela ambles around wearing a robe stained with every possible color. She stops and speaks with each student.

It is quiet and calm in the studio, as if it doesn't belong to this world. From a CD player hidden somewhere in the corner comes the voice of Norah Jones.

There's a light knock at the door and all heads turn in that direction. In comes Alex, nodding "Hello" to everyone.

ANGELA  
(to the student,  
quietly)  
Just do a few strokes here...  
We'll continue later.

With a smile on her face, light as a cloud, Angela comes to Alex. She kisses him on the cheek.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
What a nice surprise... we have a  
new model today.

ALEX  
(sheepish)  
Honey, I have hundreds of  
portraits already.

ANGELA  
You never know which one of these  
might be the next Picasso.

ALEX  
Actually, I like what the next  
Mary Cassatt already did.

ANGELA  
(noticing they are not  
alone)  
Honey, tell me you know where the  
kids are.

ALEX  
They are staying with mom and  
Wayne tonight.

ANGELA  
Tonight?

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Relaxed, Alex and Angela sip their wine at the table for two.

ALEX

So he can't talk yet, but he is much better then when I saw him on Saturday.

ANGELA

This world is going crazy, that's all I know... I mean, Richard was not my favorite person but still... To beat a man like that.  
(takes a sip from her glass)

So honey, who is this man you're supposed to defend now?

ALEX

Dimitry Gorsky. The guy who I always believed would end up like this, sooner or later.

ANGELA

You said you knew him, right?

ALEX

We went to school together, only he's few years older than me. He was also the biggest bully in the school.

ANGELA

Oh yeah? Did he pick on you too?

ALEX

Once or twice but it was nothing serious. Kids' stuff...

(beat)

Once we were playing in the school yard and he was running backwards... and I didn't see him either so he tripped over my foot and fell. Then he stood up and hit me. No discussion... Nothing. Just hit me.

ANGELA

What happened then?

ALEX

Well, before I could think of anything the teacher came and separated us. He got reprimanded by the principal and I got a black eye. End of story.

ANGELA

Oh honey, you must have looked cute with a black eye...

ALEX

(smiling)

Maybe, but it's not what I felt about it then...

ANGELA

So did he... did he threaten you afterwards?

ALEX

No, pretty soon he dropped out of the school and I've only seen him once or twice since then.

(beat)

But he obviously wouldn't let me forget him.

Alex takes another sip. Moments later, the waiter shows up with their food. Soon after they start their dinner.

ANGELA

Mmmm, this is delicious. How's your pasta?

ALEX

Good, as usual. I come here sometimes with my "Deek" guys for lunch.

LARRY (O.S.)

My, my, my... look who is here.

Enter LARRY BEST, the lawyer from CTS whom Alex knows very well. Larry is dressed to impress - he's deeply tanned and wears a Rolex.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Hi Alex. How are you?

ALEX

(still sitting)

I'm having dinner with my wife. So to answer your question - leave us alone.

LARRY

(nods to Angela)

Madam!

Angela does not react and ignores Larry's rude approach - he's a total write off as far as she's concerned.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Well I am just about to leave but you'll forgive me if I ask how your buddy Richard is doing?

ALEX

He's recovering.

LARRY

That's good news. But there's bad news Alex. Looks like you'll have to face me again in the court.

ALEX

I can't wait.

LARRY

Me too. Enjoy your dinner.  
(leaves laughing)

ANGELA

Honey, who is that jerk?

ALEX

That's Larry Best. He is the prosecutor on this case... and my biggest motivation to win.

ANGELA

(passionately)  
Honey, kill him! Humiliate him, destroy him... for me, will you?  
(takes another sip)

Alex manages a smile, but has lost his appetite. He folds his napkin and places it on the table, rests his hand there.

INT. MCI-CONCORD PRISON - THE NEXT DAY

Alex slides a paper to the officer behind the reception desk.

ALEX

Attorney Alexander Oldman to see  
defendant Dimitry Gorsky.

He is let through the doors. Then the officer in front of him opens another door.

INT. ROOM FOR VISITS - MOMENTS LATER

Alex enters the room with only one table and two chairs. Dimitry Gorsky, a rough man in his mid forties, sits at the table, waiting. A prison guard stands by the side wall.

Alex nods to the officer and comes closer to the table.

ALEX  
Hello Dimitry.

DIMITRY  
Who the fuck are you?

ALEX  
I'm your attorney.

DIMITRY  
(to the officer)  
This is some fuckin' mistake,  
this isn't my attorney.

ALEX  
Well, you're wrong about that.

DIMITRY  
(to the officer)  
Is this some joke or something? I  
don't know this motherfucker...  
(to Alex)  
Hey, why don't you go find your  
guy... maybe he's in another  
room... or another fuckin'  
prison...

ALEX  
No Dimitry, I am in the right  
prison and you are wrong again.  
You know me.

DIMITRY  
(to both)  
OK, I got it, this is some game  
you guys like to play when it  
gets little boring around here?  
Kinda makes your shift go by  
quicker, right?

ALEX  
(putting his briefcase  
on the desk)  
Dimitry, why don't you let me  
explain.

DIMITRY  
Refresh my memory first.

Alex takes a seat across Dimitry.

ALEX  
We went to the same school, that  
is before you left - you were a  
couple of years ahead of me.  
1983.

DIMITRY

(thinks)

I don't remember. Especially not a nerd like you.

(beat)

What made you remember me?

ALEX

Everybody knew you. Or should I say, everybody tried to avoid you.

Dimitry laughs at this, his ego swelling.

DIMITRY

That was the only way you punks would pay proper respect to us older guys...

(glances at the officer)

ALEX

Right.

(beat)

Anyway, I am here to replace your attorney Richard Craig - he had an accident and won't be able to continue working on your case.

DIMITRY

Why? What happened to that sweet talking womanizing bastard?

(laughs)

Got his dick cut off?

ALEX

No. He got injured... in the circumstances that are not clear yet.

(beat)

He'll be OK, but not in time to come back and work on your defence.

DIMITRY

Defence my ass. The way it looks, I'm going to fry for what I didn't do. And for you and your buddy it's just another criminal gone KFC.

ALEX

(leaning forward)

Dimitry, I am a professional and I also intend to win this case. But I need your help as much as you need mine.

(beat)

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

So why don't we start working together on this and get ourselves prepared for the preliminary hearing. That is if you want me to act as your attorney... If not, you have the right to ask for someone else.

Dimitry bites his lip. He looks at both Alex and the officer, thinking.

DIMITRY

What the hell... one attorney or another... what's the fuckin' difference anyway...

(beat)

OK.

ALEX

Good.

Alex starts taking documents out of his briefcase, puts them on the table.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Before we proceed, I need to ask you to sign few papers for me.

(hands papers to

Dimitry)

This is to confirm that you accept me as your legal attorney...

(hands more papers)

This you sign here... and here...

Dimitry keeps signing, one document after another. Alex collects everything.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Good. Now, before I go on and start putting things together, I need some very specific information from you. That's why I'm here today.

DIMITRY

Well I didn't do it, that's for sure.

ALEX

(nods to the officer)

I trust you on that and we will prove it.

The officer leaves the room.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 But let's start from the  
 beginning.

INT. D&K OFFICE - MORNING

Alex is in his office, making last preparations for the preliminary hearing. He flips through some documents, when Gordon Kleinfeld appears at the door.

Alex doesn't see him, he's buried in his work, talking quietly to himself.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 Alex...  
 (louder)  
 Alex!

Alex looks up.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)  
 Time to go. The cab is waiting  
 for us.

ALEX  
 Us?

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 Yeah, I decided to take a ride  
 with you.  
 (beat)  
 That is, if you don't mind...

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Alex and Gordon walk out of the building onto the busy street. They look around and spot the taxi waiting for them.

As they walk toward the car, a BEGGAR emerges from the crowd and approaches the two. They wave him off and ignore him but the guy is not giving up and focuses on Alex.

BEGGAR  
 Hey, give me some money.

ALEX  
 I am not giving you any money,  
 leave me alone.

BEGGAR  
 Come on... You got some change.

ALEX  
 Get away from me, will you?

Gordon watches this exchange with the taxi door opened, ready to go.

BEGGAR  
(coming closer to Alex)  
Hey, just a few bucks!

ALEX  
(explodes)  
You are not going to get one cent from me...  
(grabs beggar's lapels)  
... you filthy bastard!

Alex starts pushing the beggar through the crowd. People around take notice of what's going on, trying to avoid the two who are at the centre of everybody's attention now.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
(simmering)  
... you are not going to get any money from me, do you hear me?

Still standing by the car, Gordon watches in disbelief, open-mouthed.

Alex finally lets go with a strong push and the beggar falls on the pavement.

BEGGAR  
You're fuckin' crazy!

People around look at both Alex and the beggar. Someone gets closer and tries to help beggar up. He looks miserable now, his clothes torn from Alex's pushing.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)  
(to his helpers)  
The guy's fuckin' crazy. I didn't do anything to him...

Still agitated, Alex looks at the faces around him.

GORDON KLEINFELD (O.S.)  
Alex, are you OK?  
(beat)  
Alex... let's go.

Alex makes few steps back, picks up his briefcase from the pavement, shoots another look at the beggar who is now standing again, and turns away from the crowd.

Alex and Gordon enter the cab. The car pulls off and merges with the traffic.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The cab pulls over. Alex and Gordon emerge from the car right into another crowd - the press, interviewing Larry Best.

LARRY

... and that is why this vicious crime deserves severe punishment. I am absolutely convinced I will prove that Dimitry Gorsky committed murder that night.

Reporters start shouting new questions at Larry Best. One voice stands out:

FIRST REPORTER

Mr. Best, do you think this process will go to a full trial?

LARRY

Yes, I do.

Questions again, from all sides. Microphones trained at Larry Best.

SECOND REPORTER

... think about the defendant's plea?

LARRY

(smiling)  
'Not guilty' is what makes my job interesting!

General laughter. Alex and Gordon move slowly through the crowd, unnoticed.

THIRD REPORTER

Mr. Best, do you know to what extent the accused was known to the police before the murder.

LARRY

This is exactly where the problem is... Where lots of our problems come from!

(beat)

The accused was known to the police and his file shows a psychological portrait of someone who should have been locked up a long time ago!

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

This is what our society allows to happen when we give the freedom of the streets to criminals like this - they walk the streets of this city where you and I grew up, and they threaten our lives. I say this is a landmark case where we need to say ENOUGH and start working together to make our streets safe! We need to make our schools and our children safe, give them a safe future. Give them a future that is not going to depend on the whim of a criminal...

THIRD REPORTER

Is that why this case...

LARRY

(continuing)

... Pamela Watson had her future, her dreams, her young life... she is an innocent victim of this crime...we must not allow victims to suffer like this any more. The time has come to clean up our city from this scum, and that's exactly what I intend to do, starting today!

THIRD REPORTER

Is that why this case is such a high profile case?

LARRY

Yes, and it must stay high profile. That's what we owe to Pamela Watson, to her grief stricken parents, to her friends, to the community.

FOURTH REPORTER

How does the new situation affect the process, with Mr. Craig in the hospital?

LARRY

It doesn't change anything. My only hope is that Mr. Craig gets well soon.

(beat)

As for his replacement, I know I can't wait to meet him in the court.

ALEX (O.S.)  
 You may live to regret those  
 words!!

All heads turn to where this came from.

Standing by the FIFTH REPORTER, Alex is talking into his  
 mike:

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 Using this tragedy to instill  
 your own stamp of selfish  
 greatness will only make it more  
 tragic.

(to all)  
 What this society needs are not  
 big words and quick solutions,  
 because neither will give any  
 results.

SECOND REPORTER  
 Who are you, Sir?

ALEX  
 Alexander Oldman. I am the new  
 attorney representing Dimitry  
 Gorsky.

All mikes turn to Alex now and questions start raining on  
 him. Alex waves away the reporters and elbows his way out  
 of the crowd to where Gordon is waiting. Some reporters  
 follow but the two disappear in the Court building.

INT. COURT ROOM - LATER

The court room is packed. Defence and prosecution are both  
 at their desks.

Dimitry wears a suit, but you can tell the two were not  
 meant for each other. Alex leans towards him, whispers  
 something in his ear.

OFFICER  
 All rise!

Everyone climbs to their feet. Moments later the JUDGE  
 comes in. She takes her chair and nods at everyone to sit  
 down.

JUDGE  
 This is the preliminary hearing  
 of the case MS 2007/235 in the  
 second-degree murder charge  
 against Dimitry Gorsky related to  
 the murder of Pamela Watson on  
 June 28th 2007.  
 (to Larry Best)  
 (MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I'd like to ask the prosecution to let us hear the arguments and their evidence regarding the case.

LARRY

Thank you, your honor!

Larry walks away from his desk, comes closer to the judge, half-turns to the audience.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, we have before us today a crime that, given its nature, requires a swift and firm reaction. We must decide whether we are going to continue tolerating our streets being taken over by thugs and gangs engaged in turf wars which, inevitably, take innocent lives... or are we going to stop it by taking action?

(to the Judge)

Your honor, the prosecution have sufficient proof to secure the full trial of the suspect.

JUDGE

You may start with your evidence.

LARRY

Thank you your honor.

(to the audience)

I would like to call my only witness for today, Captain Norville from the BPD's 7th precinct.

A murmur fills the benches. The press consult with each other, some of them nodding in confirmation.

Larry glances over at Alex and gives him a confident smile. Alex turns to Dimitry and whispers something to him.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(to Judge)

Captain Norville was on the scene of the murder on the night of June 28th, and will tell us what he found and what further investigation has shown regarding the crime.

The door on the side of the room opens and in comes the officer followed by another officer. The latter is the witness, CAPTAIN NORVILLE. His composure and his uniform command respect.

Reaching the witness stand, he takes a seat and nods to the judge, obviously accustomed to the proceedings.

Larry comes closer and asks the witness to introduce himself.

CAPTAIN NORVILLE

My name is Scott Norville. I'm a captain of the 7th precinct, Boston Police Department.

LARRY

Thank you captain.

(loud)

Would you please tell us what you saw when you arrived at the crime scene on the night of June 28?

CAPTAIN NORVILLE

Yes. I arrived twenty minutes after the murder took place.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Police cars are parked everywhere, securing the crime scene. Still flashing, their lights reflect from the wet pavement and scattered puddles. People peek out from under their umbrellas as they pass by. They look for a few moments and then turn away.

Yellow/black tape marks the area where police officers are busy collecting evidence. From a police radio comes an exchange regarding a pursuit.

One officer walks around a white Honda that has both front doors opened. As he comes to the far side, he stops, looks down, squats.

In front of him, with her back against the car, sits the lifeless body of Pamela Watson. Her eyes are closed, but you can tell she was a beautiful young woman.

Beneath her is pool of blood. Captain Norville enters the scene, comes close to the victim's body. He looks at Pamela Watson, examines the position of her body and the car behind her. Then his gaze fixes on her face.

Off screen, a woman starts screaming and captain Norville stands upright and looks in her direction.

A black woman, tearing herself with grief is trying to get closer, but two officers block her way and try to calm her down. Captain Norville looks at the scene but then his attention is drawn by another officer who comes to him and hands him a zipped plastic bag. The captain lifts the plastic bag and examines it from all sides.

INT. COURT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Larry comes closer to the witness stand.

LARRY

So the gun you were handed was found on the crime scene?

CAPTAIN NORVILLE

Yes. It was found not far from the victim's body, underneath the car.

LARRY

Was that the gun that took the young, innocent life of Pamela Watson?

CAPTAIN NORVILLE

Yes. The laboratory analysis proved that two bullets, out of six fired, hit Pamela Watson. Both of them being deadly.

LARRY

(repeating)

Two deadly bullets... Did the analysis also show the finger prints?

CAPTAIN NORVILLE

Yes. The fingerprints belong to the suspect.

A murmur comes from the audience as they react to this news.

LARRY

Thank you captain.

(to the Judge)

Your honor, the prosecution is finished questioning the witness and presenting its case.

Larry walks to his desk with the fixed grin of someone deeply touched by the tragedy.

JUDGE

Thank you.

(to Alex)

Does the defendant's attorney want to cross-examine the witness?

Alex stands up from his desk.

ALEX

No, your honor. Not at this point.

JUDGE

Very well.

(to captain Norville)

Officer, you may leave the stand.

(to all)

Based on the evidence, the process will go to full trial starting three weeks from now.

(slams her gavel)

This court is adjourned!

INT. D&K OFFICE CORRIDOR - MORNING

Alex walks toward the Gordon's office. In front of it sits the secretary. He comes closer to her desk, produces a flower from inside his coat.

ALEX

Morning Kat.

SECRETARY

Oh Alex it's beautiful. Thank you.

She reaches for the small vase on her desk and realizes it's empty.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Can you please fill this up before you go in?

ALEX

(smiles)

Kat, I am not allowed anywhere near water in this office.

(beat)

Especially before meeting Gordon.

Alex knocks at the door, flashes another smile to the secretary before disappearing inside.

INT. GORDON KLEINFELD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gordon Kleinfeld sits behind his desk. His office is modestly big, with old, heavy wood furniture. The walls are covered with big framed diplomas and law certificates.

A fine line of smoke ascends from a big crystal ashtray in which rests Gordon's cigar. Gordon is busy reading, leaving Alex to wait without being offered a chair. He takes off his reading glasses and places them on the desk.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
I wanted to see you about the  
Gorsky case.

Gordon slowly stands up, walks around the desk and comes closer, opposite to Alex. He is eager to hear what Gordon has to say.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)  
Alex, I want to tell you that I  
really didn't like what I saw  
yesterday before the hearing.

Alex stares in surprise - he didn't expect this. He opens his mouth to say something but before he can utter a single word Gordon continues.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)  
Just what did you think you were  
doing yesterday outside the court  
house?

ALEX  
(confused)  
I couldn't listen to that bastard  
any more. That's what I was  
doing.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
I see. So this is how you are  
going to react in the court room  
too? Whenever you don't like what  
he's saying or how he's saying it  
you're going to jump in?  
(beat)  
Is this how it's going to be  
between you two? I'm starting to  
think this wasn't such a good  
idea after all. If you can't  
control yourself, you are doing  
no service to your client!

ALEX  
Gordon, I know what I am going to  
do and how to do it. That outside  
was a street fight and I was just  
obeying the rules.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
You are not here to engage in any  
fights - be it street fight or  
any other fight... rules or no  
rules.  
(produces newspapers)  
Did you read the papers this  
morning?

Alex says nothing but Gordon goes on, obviously not expecting any answer.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)

You two made their day yesterday, you know that? The press smell blood now, and they'll do everything to give it to the public.

(beat)

What's even worse, you two have successfully turned a tragic death into a media show. Into a soap opera, starring Alex Oldman and Larry Best.

Alex looks aside, folds his arms because he knows there is more coming.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)

While that kind of celebrity may be what Larry Best is after, it is not what we need. You are in that court to represent your client first and foremost. You are representing him, and at the same time you are representing David & Kleinfeld. You and your little petty score you want to settle with Larry Best is immaterial. So before you prepare for the trial, I want you to look in the mirror and ask yourself a question: "Why exactly am I doing this?".

(beat)

Needless to say, I'd be very interested to hear the answer, but I think I'll know it when I see you in court next time.

Alex looks at Gordon then looks down.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)

I will not tolerate the slightest hint of you getting personal out there Alex, do you understand me?

INT. ALEX'S CAR - LATER

Alex drives his car in heavy traffic. Suddenly a car cuts in front of Alex's car and he has to jump on his brakes to avoid a crash.

ALEX  
(outraged)  
Are you stupid or do you just  
look it!!?

Exasperated, he continues to drive.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Whoever gave you a licence, you  
moron!

Alex keeps driving, murmuring to himself. Then he takes a sudden, sharp turn, drives through a narrow street, takes another right after that and finds himself at an intersection. He slows down and finally stops as the light turns red.

Alex switches the radio off. Surrounded by silence, he looks at the intersection in front of him.

ALEX'S POV: Pedestrians, crossing the street. Children with their parents. Cars passing by.

On the opposite side, perched on a concrete platform, stands a monument of a warrior holding a sword.

From the car behind Alex come two short honks. Alex quickly checks the green light and drives on.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE - LATER

Not in the best mood, Alex comes into the house and is instantly caught by the sight of the hallway full of paintings - they are piled one beside other and leaning on the walls.

He goes into the living room and finds the same scene: paintings on tables, on a sofa, on drawers, cabinets, armchairs.

In the kitchen, he finds more paintings in every possible place. It is a riotous spectacle of colors.

ANGELA  
(coming from the first  
floor)  
Hi honey! How was your day?

ALEX  
(looking around)  
Did you want to decorate a bit  
around here or is it just me?

ANGELA  
How do you like it?

ALEX

Well, I...

ANGELA

Not a single one?

ALEX

I didn't look at any of them in particular. I just... What the hell are these paintings doing here anyway?

ANGELA

Glad you asked!

Angela comes down to Alex and kisses him cheerfully on the cheek.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I am preparing the exhibition but I still need to make the final list. This way I'll have them around until I make up my mind.

She disappears in the living room and, before Alex can say anything, she comes back with a big painting of corn fields. She looks excitedly at Alex who doesn't react.

Angela puts the painting on the floor, takes Alex's hand and leads him to the living room. She removes some paintings from the armchair, sits him down and starts the show with different paintings.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

How do you like this one? It's one of my favorites.

Alex doesn't answer, only crosses his legs nervously. Angela enthusiastically produces another, big painting.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

This one clearly shows that originality in art doesn't lie in narrative or morality but in formal invention... Something only a fully rounded artist can achieve.

Alex tries to stand up and leave the chair but Angela stops him and pushes him back.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Wait until you see this...

Angela is all over the room, excited, trying to find the right painting to illustrate her point.

ALEX

Listen, I don't understand this whole thing and I don't like the idea of having these paintings around. The place looks like a mess.

ANGELA

Just a minute, it's somewhere here... I think.

Alex looks around, he is very uncomfortable. He cannot wait until Angela returns with a painting - with any damn painting - so that this whole farce can be over.

Already on his feet, Alex is about to leave the room when Angela returns with a medium sized portrait.

ALEX

Wow! Fantastic!

(beat)

By the way, why is it fantastic? Oh yes, it has this... This great green background and the light is skillfully applied on the model's face so that it looks almost like... it has this, should I say religious aspect of... of...

Angela's enthusiasm has gone flat. She slowly puts the painting on the table and looks at Alex.

ANGELA

Honey, why are you acting like this?

ALEX

Acting like what? How am I acting?

ANGELA

You just don't care about what's important to me.

ALEX

Oh, I'm sorry about that.

(beat)

I didn't know it was so important that you had to decorate the entire house with these works of art.

(beat)

Damn, I already feel the seeds of art growing inside me!

ANGELA

(resigned)

Is there something bothering you?

ALEX

What...?

ANGELA

Why don't you just tell me?

ALEX

What's bothering me? What's bothering me is... why are all these paintings here today?

ANGELA

I told you, I am preparing for the exhibition. You knew that, but I have a feeling that something else is on your mind.

ALEX

What else is on my mind? There is nothing else on my mind. Are you trying to say that I am hiding something from you?

ANGELA

I don't know what to say.

Angela starts putting the paintings back.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

But I hope you will come to me and talk to me some day when you are ready.

(turns to Alex, still holding a painting)

I also hope it won't be too late.

ALEX

I am ready! But there's nothing bothering me so I have nothing to talk about. It's that simple.

Alex comes closer to Angela and tries to hug her but she doesn't let him.

INT. MCI CONCORD PRISON - THE NEXT DAY

Alex sits opposite Dimitry in the visiting room. They are alone and Alex takes notes while Dimitry talks.

DIMITRY

... So I hear the police break open the door but I'm dizzy; I'm sleeping, right... So the next thing I know, they are all over me, fuckin' yellin' at me, twisting my hands. Scared the shit out of me!

Alex is writing everything Dimitry says.

ALEX  
What time was it?

DIMITRY  
I don't remember. Early morning.

ALEX  
How were you dressed? Shorts, T-shirt?

DIMITRY  
No, I was fully dressed.

ALEX  
Why did you go to bed fully dressed?

DIMITRY  
I always do.

ALEX  
(still writing)  
When did you go to bed?

DIMITRY  
I don't remember.

ALEX  
When did you come home that night?

DIMITRY  
I don't remember.

Alex slowly puts the pencil down and gives Dimitry a look.

DIMITRY (CONT'D)  
Don't you fuckin look at me like that. I'm not crazy.  
(beat)  
I must have been drugged or something, otherwise I would remember.

ALEX  
I don't think you're crazy.  
(beat)  
Did you take any drugs yourself before that?

DIMITRY  
I don't remember. Maybe I did, but nothing heavy.

ALEX  
What's that supposed to mean?

DIMITRY

It means I probably had some weed.

Alex writes everything down. Looks at his watch.

ALEX

OK. Let's go back one day.

EXT. OLDMAN HOUSE - SAME TIME

The door opens and Angela emerges from the house.

ANGELA

Hi Wayne. Great to see you. Come on in.

WAYNE, a seventy-year old, good natured man steps into the house. He follows Angela into the kitchen.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Coffee?

WAYNE

Thank you Angela.

Angela goes to the coffee maker, grabs the container and fills a cup for Wayne.

ANGELA

(handing him coffee)  
How's Cynthia?

WAYNE

Oh she's great, she can't wait to see you guys again.  
(sips)  
How's Alex?

Out of nowhere, Sarah and Melanie run into the kitchen, loud, straight to Wayne.

To their delight, Wayne produces chocolate from his pocket and offers it to them. While giving chocolate to the girls Wayne glances over to Angela for approval.

ANGELA

(to the girls)  
Have we forgotten to say something?

BOTH GIRLS

Thank you Wayne.

ANGELA

Now, why don't you two go finish  
your chocolate until we are ready  
to leave.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Angela and Wayne enter the room, with paintings bundled in  
some cloth and tied together.

ANGELA

So this is it. Do you think it'll  
fit?

EXT. STREET - LATER

Wayne's station wagon driving on a busy street.

INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Wayne and Angela are engaged in conversation. From the back  
seat, looking through the windows, Sarah and Melanie watch  
the traffic.

A black Sierra follows the station wagon.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The station wagon pulls over in front of an old building.  
The black Sierra passes by and pulls over thirty yards down  
the street. No one leaves the Sierra.

Back at the station wagon, Angela and Wayne get out. Angela  
slides open the door and Sarah and Melanie jump out of the  
car.

Angela and Wayne start unpacking the load and carrying  
everything into the building.

Above the entrance there is a plaque reading "Sun Gallery".

INT. MCI CONCORD PRISON - SAME TIME

ALEX

What's her name?

DIMITRY

Jennifer.

ALEX

What did she look like?

DIMITRY

She was about five-five tall,  
dark long hair, brown eyes, nice  
tits...

ALEX

What did she wear?

DIMITRY

Red T-shirt.

ALEX

Anything specific about her?

DIMITRY

That was the best blow job I ever  
got!

ALEX

I don't think it'll help us find  
her.

DIMITRY

That's all I remember.

ALEX

Anything else, like her hands,  
her face, her hair...

DIMITRY

She wore a ring. She said her ex  
boyfriend gave it to her.

ALEX

Do you remember what it looked  
like?

DIMITRY

No.

ALEX

Anything else? A necklace,  
earrings...

DIMITRY

I don't remember.

ALEX

Dimitry, maybe I wasn't clear  
enough.

(beat)

I need you to tell me everything  
you know and everything you don't  
know about her. Start thinking  
for God's sake, you're not  
helping yourself much with this  
acute amnesia.

DIMITRY

I fuckin told you everything I could think of. I never saw the bitch before... I told you where I met her.

ALEX

She never showed up there again.

DIMITRY

Well you've got to find her.

(beat)

By the way, I think she stole my watch.

ALEX

Your wrist watch?

DIMITRY

Yeah. It was a present from Monique.

ALEX

Why do you think she stole it?

DIMITRY

When we came to her place I took it off and left beside the bed. I haven't seen it since.

INT. SUN GALLERY - SAME TIME

Angela, Wayne and the girls enter a big empty room in desperate need of a paint job.

Angela switches the lights on while the girls run together to another corner where they have spotted something.

Angela turns to Wayne, who is still holding some paintings, not knowing where to put them.

ANGELA

So this is it!

EXT. OLDMAN HOUSE - LATER

Alex pulls over on the driveway. He gets out of the car, opens the trunk and takes some bunches of flowers out. For a brief moment he inspects the flowers, plucks a few petals that looked dry and reaches for the door.

It's locked. He starts digging through his briefcase holding the flowers under his arm. He presses the doorbell, just in case. No answer. No keys either.

Alex throws the flowers on the ground and starts frantically searching through his briefcase, not caring about its contents.

Behind Alex, the station wagon pulls up and Sarah and Melanie jump out and run towards him. Alex looks at his girls and the car, forgetting the flowers on the ground.

SARAH  
(showing her toy doll)  
Hi daddy. Look what I got!

ALEX  
(still surprised)  
It's great sweetie. Where did you get it?

SARAH  
In mommy's gallery.

Alex understands nothing of this. Angela and Wayne emerge from the car and Wayne walks to Alex with his hand outstretched.

In the background, the black Sierra slows down and pulls over across the street.

WAYNE  
Hi Alex, how are you?

ALEX  
(hastily shakes Wayne's hand)  
Good.  
(goes to Angela)  
Honey, where have you been?

ANGELA  
Sarah already told you.

ALEX  
What gallery?

ANGELA  
We moved the paintings there. For the exhibition.

ALEX  
(surprised)  
Couldn't you wait for me - I could have done that too. We could all...

ANGELA  
It's OK, Wayne helped with his station wagon.

ALEX

We could have moved everything together...

ANGELA

Honey, let's not argue about this. It's done.

WAYNE

(looking at his watch)  
Ah, I think I better be going. Cynthia may be worried now.

ANGELA

Wayne why don't you stay for lunch. We can call Cynthia and...

ALEX

I'll call mom and tell her you're on your way.

WAYNE

Thank you, Alex.  
(to Angela)  
I promised Cynthia I'd be back for lunch.

ANGELA

I'm sorry you have to leave.  
(takes Wayne's hand)  
Thank you so much for your help Wayne.

EXT. BLACK SIERRA, REAR VIEW MIRROR - CONTINUOUS

As Wayne turns to leave Sarah and Melanie run towards him, reach him just as he gets to his car.

Wayne takes something from his pocket and offers it to the girls. Then he waves to Angela and Alex and drives off.

EXT. OLDMAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ALEX

(to the girls)  
Save those bonbons for after the lunch.

Angela points at the flowers on the ground.

ANGELA

You want to plant those or take them into the house?

Alex bends over to pick up the flowers. In the background, the black Sierra drives off.

INT. MCI CONCORD PRISON - DAY

Alex sits behind the table taking notes while Dimitry walks around in circles.

ALEX  
So where was your girlfriend,  
Monique?

DIMITRY  
I don't know. We haven't seen  
each other in a few days.

ALEX  
Did you have a fight?

DIMITRY  
It's not important.

ALEX  
It is important. Everything is  
important now.

DIMITRY  
(stops walking)  
We kind of had a small fight but  
it's nothing serious. She left  
and called only once after that.

ALEX  
How can I reach her?

DIMITRY  
I told you where she lives.

ALEX  
She wasn't at that address.

DIMITRY  
Damn bitch! I'll kill her when I  
find her!

ALEX  
Nobody was answering the phone  
either.

The door opens and in comes the officer.

OFFICER  
Mr. Oldman, I'm sorry but your  
time is up.

Alex looks at his watch, nods to the officer. On his way out, Dimitry comes close to the desk, leans over it.

DIMITRY  
I want you to find that bitch.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

DIMITRY (CONT'D)  
And the other one too. Then  
you'll know who set me up!

ALEX  
You try to remember anything else  
you can.

Alex is left alone in the room.

EXT. MCI CONCORD PRISON, PARKING LOT - LATER

Alex leaves the prison with a briefcase tucked under his arm. He walks down the parking lot toward his car. It's all the way at the other end.

Alex throws his stuff on the back seat and gets in the car. He has to drive around before he gets to the check booth.

Just before he reached the exit, a prison guard jumps into the road in front of him. With his arm still in the air, the officer comes closer to Alex who rolls down his window.

ALEX  
Yes officer?

OFFICER  
Excuse me Sir, are you Alex  
Oldman?

ALEX  
Yes, I am.

OFFICER  
(produces some  
documents)  
Sir, we found these documents in  
the visiting room and thought  
they might be yours.

Alex opens the door and steps out of the car. Takes a look at the documents. Turns out it's his notes.

ALEX  
Why, yes officer. These appear to  
be mine. I must have forgotten  
them. Where did you find them?

OFFICER  
We actually pulled them out of  
the trash.

ALEX  
The trash?

OFFICER

Yeah. You probably left them on the desk and the cleaning lady threw them into the trash.

ALEX

Oh my God - I'm glad that you found them.

(beat)

Thank you very much officer. I'd have been lost without these.

OFFICER

No problem. We thought you could use them. Good day Sir!

The officer tips his hat and turns to leave. Alex is left staring at his documents.

INT. D&K OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A loud POP causes loud cheers at D&K. A champagne cork flies across the room and hits the glass wall of the opposite office.

In a jolly mood, a bunch of D&K suits are ready to celebrate another success in court. Gordon and Alex are present too.

With a bottle in his hand, a fortysomething-smartly-dressed-bespectacled attorney MICHAEL LEWIS goes from one colleague to another and fills their glasses. He comes to Alex.

ALEX

No, thanks Michael.

MICHAEL

Why not? What's the matter?

ALEX

I don't drink alcohol.

MICHAEL

Since when?

ALEX

Since always.

MICHAEL

(trying to fill his glass)

Oh come on...

ALEX

(puts his hand on the glass)

No. I don't drink alcohol.

Michael is confused and looks at other colleagues around Alex. All he gets is a collective shoulder-shrug.

Off-screen, Gordon Kleinfeld starts clearing his throat and Michael goes on and hastily fills other glasses.

GORDON KLEINFELD

Ladies and gentlemen...

(amid dying murmur)

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to say a few words.

(beat)

As you know, our firm has had a major success in court today and I'd like to thank the person most involved, the creator of this great success - Michael Lewis.

A few whistles and "YEAH"s fill the corridor.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)

Michael has worked hard from the beginning on this case and this success, in a way, is not a surprise. Needless to say, our client, Gillian & Murray is in the position to...

A mobile phone goes off. All heads turn to Alex.

Alex, confused for a moment and not knowing what to do with a glass full of orange juice in his hand tries to get through the crowd to the desk where he could leave the glass but instantly realizes the continuous ringing only makes the matters worse.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)

... to continue their practice after these allegations have been proved false and...

Alex finally decides to leave the office and goes to

INT. D&K OFFICE, STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Alex is alone in the stairwell where his cell phone's ringing echoes even louder.

ALEX

Hello!

INT. MCI CONCORD PRISON, PHONE CABINE - CONTINUOUS

DIMITRY

I remembered where that bitch lives.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Alex pulls over and gets out of the car. He takes a piece of paper from his pocket, reads it and then stashes it back. Looks at the number on the building in front of him and decides to go left.

After a hundred yards he looks again, takes the paper out of his pocket and then walks up the stairs. He comes to the door and pushes it open.

INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Alex flicks the light switch but there is no light. He tries the banister but lets go after it wobbles.

He starts climbing the stairs, slowly, for it's totally dark. He reaches the second floor and tries to find the light switch again. He clicks on something but nothing happens.

A whisper from somewhere behind the walls comes closer and surrounds Alex.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'll be there. Just wait for me there.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Where have you been?

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)

We went to the game.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'll be there. Just wait for me there.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mom, what happened?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'm on my way. Just stay there.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mom, what happened?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Where have you been?

Suddenly, the door behind Alex opens and bright light and loud rock music invade the corridor.

A young man stands, imposingly, leans on the doorway with a cigarette in his mouth, framed by the light from the ceiling lamps behind him.

He's mid-twenties, long hair, wearing jeans and barefoot. The music blasts from two huge speakers in the middle of the room.

YOUNG MAN

Who are you?

ALEX

Hi, ah... I'm looking for Jennifer. I think she lives next door.

(beat)

Do you know her?

YOUNG MAN

Jennifer don' live here!

ALEX

(hopeful)

You know her?

YOUNG MAN

(dragging a smoke)

Nope.

ALEX

How do you know she doesn't live here?

YOUNG MAN

You a cop?

ALEX

No, I'm not a cop.

YOUNG MAN

So why you snooping around in the dark?

ALEX

Well, there's no light and... Ah... sorry, I must be in the wrong building.

I/E. ALEX'S CAR - MORNING

Dark, gloomy morning with heavy clouds over Boston streets. Alex drives, with Angela beside him. The kids watch the traffic from the back seat.

Angela thumbs her calendar, making some notes. She's deep in her thoughts.

While driving, Alex occasionally throws a look at her. He opens his mouth to say something but always changes his mind. Then he looks at his daughters in the rear view mirror.

ALEX  
Are you girls sleepy?

INT. SUN GALLERY - LATER

Sarah and Melanie run into the open space of the gallery while Alex and Angela stroll in behind. Around them, paintings of all different sizes and formats hang on the walls.

Angela turns the lights on and the gallery bursts with colors.

ALEX  
Wow!

Alex takes a stroll through the gallery, makes a circle and comes to Angela. He hugs her from the back.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Honey, I'm impressed.  
(beat)  
I wish I could do something like this.

ANGELA  
(smiles)  
You never tried.

ALEX  
Some things I don't have to try to know I'm no good at.

Alex slowly turns Angela around so they are facing each other now.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Honey, I've been thinking... What would you say if I were to lose my job?

Angela stares at Alex, her eyes wide open in surprise.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Or quit?

ANGELA  
Why would you lose your job?

ALEX  
I don't know. I'm thinking I may be not good at this, after all.

Alex breaks from the hug, looks aside and takes a few steps away from Angela.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Maybe it's not for me... You know, maybe I wasn't meant to be doing this.

Angela's eyes follow Alex, looking at him in disbelief.

ANGELA

Honey, I don't know what you are talking about, but I know you are a good lawyer, and I don't think you're gonna lose your job.

(beat)

But if you want to quit, that's another matter. That is entirely up to you.

ALEX

(nervous)

No, no... Sometimes I think I just... I don't know.

ANGELA

(comes closer)

Honey, you are a good lawyer. No matter what Larry Best says!

Alex manages a weak smile. He takes a step forward and brings himself closer to kiss his wife.

Then he turns and scans the room for Sarah and Melanie.

ALEX

Girls, daddy has to go. Come here and give him a big hug!

EXT. SUN GALLERY, STREET - CONTINUOUS

Back in his car, Alex pulls off into the traffic. Moments later, the black Sierra pulls out from the column of parked cars and speeds off in the same direction.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alex drives in his car, not suspecting anything. He looks at his watch, then at the rear view mirror. He keeps driving.

EXT. STREET TRAFFIC - SAME TIME

The black Sierra is trailing Alex's car. It changes lanes and lets other cars get in between. Then it comes behind Alex again.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alex looks at the rear view mirror and notices the black Sierra again. This is odd. He turns quickly and looks at the car behind him.

He decides to change lane. He slides to the right, looks at the mirror at the same time. The black Sierra changes into the same lane as Alex.

Alex is in a slight panic now. He picks up his cell phone, dials.

ANGELA (O.S.)  
Hi honey. What's up?

Alex feels better immediately. He manages to smile.

ALEX  
Oh hi honey. Ah... sorry, it seems I pressed the wrong button. I wanted to call Gordon.  
(beat)  
By the way, everything OK there?

ANGELA (O.S.)  
Yeah! Why?

ALEX  
Oh nothing. Just asking. OK!  
Love you. Bye!

Alex switches the phone off and places it beside him. He looks up in the mirror but the black Sierra is gone. He turns around but it's nowhere to be seen.

Feeling a little better now, he glances left and right but the black Sierra had definitely disappeared.

EXT. STREET, COURT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Alex's car pulls over. He gets out and crosses the street towards the court building. As he trots up the stairs, a man of his age approaches him.

KEVIN COLLINS  
Excuse me, Mr. Oldman?

ALEX  
Yes!?

KEVIN COLLINS  
Hi, my name is Kevin Collins.  
(flashes his press card)  
I work for the Boston Daily and I wonder if could answer a few questions for me?

Alex hesitates for a moment, then looks at his watch. Kevin Collins already holds a small recording device in his hand.

KEVIN COLLINS (CONT'D)

Can you tell me what stage the trial is at?

ALEX

Today we're discussing the list of witnesses both defence and prosecution are going to call to testify.

KEVIN COLLINS

And this is between you, Mr. Best, and the judge.

ALEX

Exactly.

KEVIN COLLINS

Given the strength of the prosecution's evidence and the fact that you jumped into this case only a week ago, do you think you'll have enough time to prepare a successful defence for your client?

ALEX

Yes, I think so. I have one more session with my client tomorrow and then I'll have everything I need for the start of the trial.

KEVIN COLLINS

Staying with your client, is there something between you two that might give a spin to this trial, given that you knew each other from before?

ALEX

I'm not sure I follow...

KEVIN COLLINS

My understanding is that you have never had a very easy relationship with Dimitry Gorsky, dating back to your childhood.

Alex doesn't know what to say, being quite surprised. He averts his gaze, trying to collect his thoughts for a moment.

Still looking aside, Alex starts squinting, as if he has seen something.

ALEX'S POV:

The black Sierra parked on the street. From the back seat, someone is taking pictures of Alex and Kevin Collins.

KEVIN COLLINS (CONT'D) (O.S.)  
Mr. Oldman..?

Furious, Alex rushes down the stairs and charges across the street amid heavy traffic. Tires are screeching, some honk at Alex. A taxi driver yells at him through his open window.

Without losing the sight of Sierra, Alex negotiates the last lane before crossing the entire street. A car in front of him comes to a stop and Alex runs around it, only to collide with a bicycle coming from the right side of the car.

The bicycle rider spectacularly flies over Alex and lands a few yards away on the pavement. Alex falls to the ground with the bicycle beside him, the rear wheel still spinning.

Startled, Kevin Collins rushes down to the street. Some people get out of their cars. The black Sierra pulls off and disappears moments later.

People help Alex up. He looks around first but then turns to the bicycle rider. The guy is a courier, a tall, slim young man who comes up to Alex, throws his mailbag on his back.

COURIER  
Yo, you nuts or something?

ALEX  
I'm terribly sorry for what happened.  
(beat)  
Are you OK?

COURIER  
I'm OK, but look at my fucking bike for Christ's sake!

The courier bends over his bicycle, picks it up and then kneels beside it to inspect the damage.

Kevin Collins grabs Alex's upper arm from the back.

KEVIN COLLINS  
Mr. Oldman, are you OK?

ALEX  
Yeah, I'm fine.

Alex looks down the street trying to see if the black Sierra is still around. Then he looks at his watch, excuses himself and goes back to the court building.

KEVIN COLLINS

Mr. Oldman, we haven't finished the interview!!

Without turning back, Alex waves to the reporter and disappears in the building.

INT. COURT HOUSE, OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Larry Best and the judge sit at the table and chat over some papers.

LARRY

So I get the upgrade and I suddenly find myself in this huge suite. It was amazing, the furniture, big windows overlooking the bay... Each room had a flat screen TV. Even the bathroom had one and it was bigger than my TV, I'm sorry to say...

The judge listens politely to Larry's bragging.

LARRY (CONT'D)

But that was before I became a premium member. See, when you enter the Senator Club...

A light knock at the door, and in comes Alex, almost apologetically.

The judge and Larry Best look at Alex and his miserable appearance. His trousers have dirty spots all over and his jacket sleeve is torn off from his right shoulder.

ALEX

(coming closer)

Good morning. I'm sorry I'm little late.

Larry Best is about to burst with laughter but manages to control himself. He looks at the judge, expecting her to say something. Finally, he can't keep it anymore.

LARRY

Alex, you should have called if your tailor needed another half an hour to finish the job!

Larry laughs at his own joke and then looks at the judge, who is not laughing.

JUDGE

Mr. Oldman, what happened to you?

ALEX

Just a small accident out there on the street.

(beat)

I bumped into one of those bike couriers. Luckily no one got hurt.

JUDGE

Are you sure you're OK? I think we have a doctor in the courthouse...

ALEX

No, no thank you. I'll be fine.

Alex sits at the desk and opens his documents. Larry Best looks at him from the side, a smile on his face.

JUDGE

Well then, let's get started!

INT. MCI CONCORD PRISON - THE NEXT DAY

Alex and Dimitry sit at the desk, opposite each other. Alex types on his laptop while Dimitry sits on the edge of his chair, half of his body bent over the desk. He stares at Alex and the computer but can't make any sense of it from where he sits.

Alex continues typing.

ALEX

(without looking up)

Good. We have covered the day when your girlfriend called the last time, right?

DIMITRY

Right.

ALEX

Good...

(typing)

Or did you call her on that day?

DIMITRY

No, no! She called me - I already mentioned that.

ALEX

Right. OK.

(typing)

When was it you said?

DIMITRY  
It was 25th of June. Around 6.

ALEX  
(typing)  
Hmmm...

Dimitry looks at his hands, starts biting his nails.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
And you were at home for the  
entire day?

DIMITRY  
(spits)  
Yeah. I watched TV. I only went  
out to do place a bet on the  
races, and get some beer on my  
way home.

ALEX  
OK.  
(typing)  
Can you fill up that glass for  
me, please?

Dimitry looks at Alex, then at the glass which was within  
Alex's reach.

He gets up from his chair, takes the bottle and fills  
Alex's glass. Without a word he gets back to his chair.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Thank you.  
(beat)  
I can see you're getting quite  
used to that chair. It's not a  
good idea - they may replace it  
with another one quite soon.

Dimitry looks puzzled, not sure if he understood this.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
You know, the one that gives you  
willies when you sit on it.

DIMITRY  
What are you talking about?

Alex stops typing, looks up at Dimitry with a serious look  
on his face.

ALEX  
I'm talking electric chair, you  
dumb fuck. Is it so difficult to  
understand?

Dumbfounded, Dimitry doesn't move. His face gets a stupid look of someone who's shocked to the point of dumbness.

Alex slowly gets up and goes around the desk. On his way around, he bends over Dimitry and whispers on his ear.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
What do you think we're doing  
here Dimitry? Huh?

Alex continues walking around. Dimitry watches him go, still frozen.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
We're here to make a case for  
your defence, right?

Alex comes behind Dimitry again and bends over to his ear.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Well, not exactly my friend.  
(beat)  
I'm here to make sure you burn in  
hell for what you have done.

Exploding, Dimitry turns to Alex.

DIMITRY  
What the fuck...

Alex grabs Dimitry's head and slams it on the table. It stays there, motionless.

Alex lifts Dimitry's head, reveals his face covered in blood coming from his broken nose. Alex lets go of the head and Dimitry's body slumps on the floor.

Alex kicks the chair away and kneels beside Dimitry.

ALEX  
Wake up you son of a bitch. I am  
not finished talking to you.

He grabs Dimitry's shirt and jerks the body. Dimitry groans and opens his eyes in pain.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I've been waiting thirty years to  
talk to you, Dimitry, so you  
ought to pay some attention now.  
(getting closer)  
I don't care if you killed that  
poor young woman. I want you to  
pay for something else.

Dimitry's eyes are wide open now. For the first time they reveal fear. He tries to stand up.

DIMITRY

What the... Aaaaaaaaah!

Alex kicks Dimitry in the groin causing him to slump on the floor again, in great pain. He has trouble breathing now.

Alex stands above the body, looks at it in disgust.

ALEX

You remember that night when you  
and your punks stopped me and my  
friend after the Celtic's game?

Dimitry doesn't move. From down there only comes a groan.

ALEX (CONT'D)

That cold winter night when you  
stopped two kids and demanded  
money?

Dimitry turns on his stomach now and tries to stand up again. He is on all fours, struggling.

DIMITRY

(with great pain)

No...

With all his power, Alex kicks him again, sending the body crashing against the wall. Dimitry screams in pain.

ALEX

That night, you caused my  
father's death, you filthy son of  
a bitch.

(beat)

After we ran away from you and  
your thugs, we were too scared to  
go to the subway station so I  
called my dad to come and pick us  
up.

Alex comes closer to Dimitry's motionless body.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You with me so far, you piece of  
shit?

Nothing comes from Dimitry.

ALEX (CONT'D)

My father never made it that  
night, did you know that? He got  
in his car and drove to meet us  
but he died on his way.

(beat)

You know how it happened?

(beat)

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 He died when a drunken bastard  
 ran a red light and crashed into  
 his car. They both died,  
 instantly.

Alex comes closer and kneels beside Dimitry. He Dimitry  
 over, makes him face him.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 And for that night, for the grief  
 you caused, you miserable son of  
 a bitch, you're going to pay.  
 (comes closer)  
 Do you understand now?

Dimitry tries to make a sound but all he can produce is  
 gurgling from his throat.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 And all you wanted was some money  
 from two little kids.

Alex spits on Dimitry's face then stands up. He goes back  
 to the desk, leaves Dimitry on the floor.

Still standing, Alex takes his glass and drinks from it,  
 leaving bloody stains on it. He sips water from the glass,  
 looks at Dimitry's body.

Then he puts the stained glass back on the desk and sits on  
 his chair. He starts typing. Moments later, he looks up.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 Was it the same place where you  
 met Jennifer later?

Dimitry is sitting across the desk, as before.

DIMITRY  
 Yeah, I always go there to place  
 my bets.

Alex reaches for the glass in front of him. There are no  
 stains on the glass.

ALEX  
 Right.

Alex sips few times from the glass, then continues typing.  
 He looks at his watch.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 OK. I think we're almost  
 finished.  
 (beat)  
 This is good.

DIMITRY  
 (hopeful)  
 You think we can prove it.

ALEX  
 Of course we can.  
 (beat)  
 I wouldn't be here otherwise,  
 would I?

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela is in bed, leafing through an art magazine. Off screen, from the bathroom, comes steady buzz of Alex's electric tooth brush.

Angela takes her reading glasses off, folds the papers and throws them on the floor. With a mischievous look on her face, she starts wiggling under the sheets. Seconds later, she produces her underwear and quickly stashes it under the pillow.

Still brushing his teeth, Alex shows up in the doorway. He looks at Angela's innocent face for a moment, completely unaware of her intentions. Then he disappears back into the bathroom.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER

In the dark room, underneath the sheets Angela is all over Alex, kissing him passionately and moaning quietly.

Suddenly she stops moving and the sheets go still.

ANGELA  
 Honey, are you OK?

ALEX  
 I'm sorry... I'm afraid I can't  
 concentrate...

Angela's head falls on Alex's shoulder. Then she slides off him, back to her side of the bed. She is still excited, breathing deeply.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 I'm really sorry honey...

Angela slowly calms down. She turns to Alex and kisses him on the cheek.

ANGELA  
 It's OK. You'll be fine next  
 time.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

As soon as you get that case out  
of your head.

ALEX

I guess it's bothering me more  
than I dare to admit.

Angela switches her lamp on. She puts on her reading  
glasses and then reaches for some catalogues lying on the  
floor. She flips through them until she finds the one she  
was looking for. She shows it to Alex.

ANGELA

How do you like the catalogue for  
my exhibition? Hot off the  
presses.

Alex looks at it for a while, then gives Angela a kiss.

ALEX

It's beautiful. I really like it.

ANGELA

I hope it makes the concept clear  
to the audience... All these  
young artists, they are so  
devoted, they put so much work  
into it. I really love what they  
have produced and it would be a  
great injustice if some of that  
work were omitted or  
misrepresented by someone like  
me.

(beat)

I'm so happy they have this  
opportunity.

ALEX

Honey, you put a lot of honest  
and creative work into this. You  
can't be wrong.

ANGELA

Acting from conviction doesn't  
save you from being wrong.

Alex says nothing. Instead, he puts both his hands under  
his head and stares at the ceiling.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Alex wakes up and the first thing he sees is Angela's  
pretty face. He watches her sleeping and then carefully,  
making sure not to wake her up, gets out of bed.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Alex is making breakfast for his family. He skillfully moves around the kitchen and doesn't need much time to find what he is looking for.

After the table is made and the breakfast served, he throws one last look at it, checks that everything is there.

EXT. CLEARING, JOGGING PATH - LATER

Alex jogs along a path that runs beside a narrow creek. On the other side of the creek, a small winding road leads into the woods.

As far as the eye can see, there is no one around. Alex keeps a steady pace, until two beeps from his watch remind him it's time to speed up.

He presses on, trying to maintain his pace. Huffing and puffing, he keeps up for 200 yards until his watch beeps again. Alex slows down and continues running.

Looking at the path in front of him, Alex sees a black silhouette standing some 100 yards away. He instinctively slows down and tries to focus on what is in front of him. He slows to a walk, still breathing heavily, sweat rolling down his cheek. He realizes it's a dog.

ALEX'S POV: right in the middle of Alex's path, a big black dog sits and looks at him as he approaches.

Alex turns around to see if there is anybody nearby but the path is empty. He continues walking toward the animal, then stops.

ALEX'S POV: the dog starts quietly growling and shows its strong, frightening canine teeth.

Now hesitating but still determined not to show fear, Alex takes a step forward.

The dog registers this move and reacts by lowering itself and assuming a threatening position. It is preparing to attack.

Careful not to make any sudden move, Alex looks left and right, scanning for a possible escape route. Then he slowly crouches down and picks up a few stones, watching the animal all the time.

Alex throws a stone at the dog. Misses him. The dog doesn't move an inch, but snarls at Alex even louder.

Time to run.

Racing down toward the creek, from the corner of his eye Alex can see the animal closing the gap between them very fast. Without hesitating, knowing his life is at stake, he rushes to the creek, manages to jump clear across the creek, over about 4 yards of muddy water.

Finding himself on the other side, Alex scrambles up the bank and without turning back continues to run toward the woods. Then he turns back.

The dog is nowhere to be seen. Out of breath, Alex slows down and stops by a tree. He leans on it and looks everywhere, but there is no trace of the dog on either side of the creek. Not knowing what else to do, Alex peers into the woods in front of him.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Alex walks deeper into the woods, threading his way carefully between the trees and the low branches. Still trying to catch his breath, eyes wide open, he scans the surroundings.

There is no path in sight, and after walking for some time Alex stops. He closes his eyes and tries to listen.

It's quiet. Only birds sing.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Still sleepy, Angela pads into the kitchen and notices the table made for breakfast. She smiles as she goes to the fridge.

Behind her, Sarah and Melanie show up, still wearing their pyjamas. They walk to the table and perch themselves on the chairs. Then they reach for their milk glasses.

SARAH

Mom, is daddy up yet?

ANGELA

(closing the fridge)

He's probably out running. He should be back any minute now.

Angela looks at her watch and sits at the table.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Alex looks at his watch. He's been here longer than he planned. He must get home. But which way should he go? He turns back and starts weaving between the trees again.

Alex reaches the edge of the wood and steps out into the road. He scans the clearing on the other side of the channel. There is no sign of the dog.

Alex runs along the creek for a few hundred yards until he is sure the dog is gone. Then he jumps the creek, back to the path.

He runs back home, turns every now and then to look for any sign of the dog.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Alex walks into the kitchen. Angela and both girls look at him in amazement.

Alex is exhausted, has a few bruises on his arms and legs.

INT. D&K OFFICE - LATER

All the staff are gathered around the table, which is cluttered with documents, papers, notebooks, coffee mugs, water.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
Dimitry Gorsky, second degree  
murder. Alex, where are we?

As if awoken from deep sleep, Alex turns to Gordon in surprise. He hastily flips through the document in front of him, then leaves the folder opened.

ALEX  
Well... ah... It's going  
according to the plan. I have a  
key witness for tomorrow and I  
hope I can...

GORDON KLEINFELD  
Do you think you have enough to  
convince the jury?

ALEX  
Ah... I don't know, I hope so...  
(beat)  
It's not easy... And I only had  
limited time to prepare...

Gordon jumps from his seat in quiet rage. He looks at Alex from above, then takes a long walk around the table, his hands behind his back.

Even those who weren't paying any attention before now look at Gordon in disbelief. Then they look at Alex who innocently shrugs his shoulders.

In absolute silence, Gordon comes back and stops behind Alex, then places one hand on his shoulder.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
Alex, do you need any help?

ALEX  
Uh... no. I don't think so.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
Well, I am assigning Johnny here to help you out with the rest of the work.

JOHNNY, a young law graduate sitting opposite Alex looks in awe. He stares at Alex, frozen by the prospect of suddenly joining such a high profile case.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)  
Johnny will gain valuable experience and I think he can provide some help to you.

ALEX  
But Gordon, there is not much he can do at this point...

GORDON KLEINFELD  
(patting Alex's shoulder)  
Alex, I am absolutely convinced this can only bring benefit to everyone concerned.

Gordon goes back to his seat.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)  
So please try to get Johnny up to speed, OK?  
(to Chris)  
Black against Bolton, Chris?

CHRIS  
Posted bail on 20,000 dollars.  
The arraignment is in one week.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
What is the strength of the evidence?

CHRIS  
Weak.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
Good.

INT. D&K OFFICE - NIGHT

The only light comes from the conference room where Alex and Johnny are still at work at the big desk. Their jackets rest on chairs beside them; their ties are loosened and their sleeves rolled up.

In front of them is a large pile of documents. Alex goes through a document while Johnny looks at him, yawns.

ALEX  
(shows to Johnny)  
This is important!

Johnny immediately takes the document, looks at it and writes something down.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
No, I'd rather if you copy the  
whole thing...

Johnny goes over to the copy machine while Alex flips through more documents. When Johnny comes back, Alex slides a big pile of documents to him.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
And it would be good if you could  
go through these by tomorrow  
too...

Johnny stares at the pile before him. Alex stretches on the chair with a loud yawn.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
God I'm tired.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, CHILDREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

A sliver of light cuts into the darkness. Alex quietly comes in the bedroom while his daughters are asleep.

He tiptoes to the middle of the room, notices a toy bear on the floor, picks it up and places it back on Sarah's bed.

He looks at his daughters and then turns to leave.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Daddy.

Alex comes back to Sarah's bed.

ALEX  
Hi sweetie.

SARAH  
Why did you come home so late?

Alex sighs, then sits down beside the bed. He looks at Sarah and pats her on the head.

ALEX  
Sweetie, daddy has a lot to do.  
But I'll be finished soon.

SARAH  
You promise?

ALEX  
Yes.  
(drawing himself nearer)  
We'll soon spend much more time  
together.

Alex fixes Sarah's blanket, brings her toy bear closer and gives her a kiss.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Good night sweetie. Sleep well.

INT. LAWRENCE GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

Alex walks down a busy corridor with a cell phone in his hand. He looks at his watch and then flips through some phone numbers.

A nurse coming his way stops him politely.

NURSE  
Sir, you can't use your cell  
phone here.

Alex switches it off then looks around, puzzled. The nurse points at the end of the corridor.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
There is a telephone you can use.

When Alex gets there he realizes the phone is taken by a patient sitting in a wheelchair.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Alex passes by some parked ambulances and takes another stairwell to the level 3 where he left his car. On his way down he tries to dial but the phone doesn't work in the garage.

ALEX  
Shit!

He slips the phone in his pocket and reaches for his car keys.

Walking in front of a row of parked cars he notices a MECHANIC underneath the open hood of the car next to his. Bent over the engine, the mechanic is busying himself with the repair and seems not to notice Alex.

Close by stands a yellow pick-up with all the doors open and a toolbox with some tools sticking out.

Alex pays no attention and unlocks his car from a distance. Passing by he glances at the mechanic from the back.

Out of nowhere, a MASKED MAN appears with a gun in his hand.

MASKED MAN

Alex Oldman?

ALEX

Yes...

The mechanic pulls a mask over his head, turns toward Alex, produces plastic wristbands and a duct tape.

He comes behind Alex and ties his hands and his legs. Then he places some duct tape over his mouth.

The men take the bound and confused Alex and throw him into the yellow pick-up. The masked man hits Alex on the head with his gun.

The kidnapers quickly collect their toolbox and stash it beside Alex who is now lying unconscious on the floor of the vehicle.

The masked man jumps in and shuts the doors. The mechanic gets in the driver's seat and starts the engine.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - LATER

A door opens and the two men carry the unconscious Alex into a small storage room.

Moments later a beautiful young woman appears in the doorway. She carries an syringe.

INT. D&K OFFICE - DAY

Gordon Kleinfeld sits at the round table with a client. The woman is dressed in expensive clothes. She nervously clutches a purse in her lap.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 ... and if your husband comes to  
 testify, we can probably convince  
 the judge of your intentions and  
 clarify the circumstances that  
 led to...

A buzz comes from Gordon's phone. He ignores it for a  
 moment. The buzz comes again.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)  
 Excuse me, Mrs Bailey.

Gordon pushes the speaker button.

SECRETARY (O.S.)  
 Mr. Kleinfeld?!

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 Yes, Kat?

SECRETARY (O.S.)  
 I am sorry Sir. It's Johnny,  
 calling from the court.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 (looking at Mrs Bailey)  
 Kat, I am in the middle of a  
 conference.

SECRETARY (O.S.)  
 I apologize Mr. Kleinfeld, but he  
 insists it's urgent.

Gordon makes an apologetic gesture to Mrs Bailey. She nods  
 in approval, taking a handkerchief out of her purse.

Gordon goes back to his desk, pushes a button and lifts a  
 receiver.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 Kleinfeld!

INT. COURT HOUSE, PHONE BOOTH - SAME TIME

JOHNNY  
 (very agitated)  
 Mr. Kleinfeld, sorry to disturb  
 you Sir.  
 (beat)  
 The trial is supposed to start  
 any minute but Alex is missing.

INT. D&K OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gordon turns toward the window. He tries to think fast and calm Johnny down at the same time.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
Can you ask the judge to delay  
the proceedings?

INT. COURT HOUSE, PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

JOHNNY  
(still agitated)  
Afraid not. The judge already  
granted us a one hour delay.

INT. D&K OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GORDON KLEINFELD  
OK Johnny, it is up to you to  
examine the witness. Do your best  
and I'll be there as soon as I  
can.

Gordon hangs up with a worried look on his face.

The next moment his face lights up and he turns to Mrs Bailey, wearing a smile.

INT. COURT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The court room is fully packed, the press benches crammed with reporters, squeezed in like sardines, preparing their notes and discussing the potential outcome of the trial.

Johnny confers with Dimitry, every now and then looking back at the entrance. Next to them, Alex's chair is ominously empty.

Larry Best is at his desk, calm as always, wearing a thinly veiled smile.

The judge looks at her watch, then reaches for the gavel and slams it twice, announcing the beginning of the proceedings.

JUDGE  
The defence can start with their  
witness now.

Johnny hesitates for a moment, then stands up, buttoning his jacket. He swallows a lump before answering.

JOHNNY

Yes, your honor. The defence  
would like to call Stephen Harris  
to testify.

Following an officer, in comes STEPHEN HARRIS - the young man who Alex met in the dark corridor while looking for Jennifer the previous week.

Stephen wears a ponytail, jeans and a jacket over a T shirt. On his way to the witness stand he nods to the jury as if acknowledging their presence. Passing by he waves to the audience which in turn draws some laughter from that side.

Stephen takes a seat. His smile disappears the moment Johnny approaches him with a dead-serious look on his face.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Mr. Harris, would you please  
introduce yourself?

STEPHEN

My name is Stephen Harris.

Johnny keeps looking at Stephen but nothing more comes from that side.

JOHNNY

(trying to gain control)  
Mr. Harris, can you tell us what  
you told Mr. Oldman the other  
day?

STEPHEN

What do you mean what I told Mr.  
Oldman?

A chuckle comes from the audience after this clumsy exchange.

JOHNNY

You told Mr. Oldman you saw  
something. Can you describe to us  
what you saw?

STEPHEN

Oh, you mean what I saw?  
(smiles)  
Sure.

To Johnny's horror, Stephen stands up from his chair and steps down in front of the witness stand.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

One night I was in my  
apartment...

JOHNNY

(panicking)

Mr. Harris, please return to your seat. There is no need to step out of it.

The audience is laughing out loud now. Larry Best is very amused too. The judge reacts by asking for order.

STEPHEN

(back in his seat)

Well, as I've said: one night I was in my apartment when I heard some noise coming from the place next to mine. Normally, there's no one there, like the place is empty, right, so I started thinking. Then the noise got even louder so I thought I've got to go see what's going on, right?

Stephen looks at Johnny for approval but Johnny stares at him, waiting for more.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

So I get out and see some people carrying this dude, trying to get him in through the door.

JOHNNY

How many people did you see?

STEPHEN

I saw two guys and a woman, carrying someone who couldn't walk himself. Like he was drunk... you know... Like, whoaaaaa... watch out buddy!

JOHNNY

Can you identify this man - the one being carried by two men and a woman?

STEPHEN

Sure.

(points at Dimitry)

They carried this guy.

A gasp comes from the audience, caused by this new information.

JOHNNY

So you're saying that, on the night of the murder, you saw this man

(points at Dimitry)

being carried by three people?

STEPHEN  
Basically.

JOHNNY  
Yes or no, Mr. Harris.

STEPHEN  
Yes!

JOHNNY  
Do you remember what time it was?

STEPHEN  
Uh... seven-ish...

INT. TAXI - SAME TIME

Gordon Kleinfeld gets into the back seat. He pulls his cell phone and scrolls through the numbers. Then he makes a call.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
(cheerful)  
Hi Angela, it's Gordon. How are you?  
(without waiting)  
Uh... I can't reach Alex on his phone. Would you happen to know where he is?

INT. SUN GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Angela is in the middle of the gallery, talking to Gordon.

On one side, a few workers are busy assembling a wooden construction, all the while making a lot of noise with their tools.

ANGELA  
He's in court today. Why?

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Gordon bites his lip, looks at the watch. Tries to stay calm.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
Uh... When did you see him last ?  
This morning?

INT. SUN GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Angela senses something might be wrong. She tries to get away from the noise the workers are producing.

ANGELA  
(her voice changed)  
He went to the hospital to see  
Richard this morning. Is  
something wrong? Where is he?

INT. COURT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

With a smile on his face, Larry Best confidently strolls to the witness stand. He comes close, a curious look on his face.

LARRY  
Mr Harris, where do you come  
from?

STEPHEN  
Canton, Ohio.

Larry keeps looking at Stephen who in turn gets unsettled by this stare.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
Well, actually it's Brewster,  
Ohio. A small town not very far  
from Canton.

LARRY  
I see. But you went to school in  
Canton, is that correct?

STEPHEN  
Yeah, Cedar Elementary school.

LARRY  
And you live in Boston now,  
right?

STEPHEN  
Yeah, I moved to Boston to study.  
You know, the big city thing...  
Like... wow!

LARRY  
To study? That's great. What  
year are you in? Senior?

STEPHEN  
(sheepishly)  
Actually I quit after two  
years... Kinda dropped out, you  
know...

Larry Best nods to this as if understanding the young man's decision to quit studies.

LARRY  
You have a girlfriend?

JOHNNY (O.S.)  
Objection!

Johnny stands behind his desk, excited about the opportunity to head off Larry's examination.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Your honor...

JUDGE  
Mr. Best, get to the point please.

Larry Best nods to the judge and makes a patronizing "sorry" gesture to Stephen.

LARRY  
Mr. Harris, how do you support yourself living in Boston?

STEPHEN  
I work at Mickey's music shop.  
(beat)  
You know, advise people on music, CDs and stuff...

LARRY  
I understand. I also understand you have another little earner. Sort of a hobby or something?

The question draws Johnny's attention.

Larry keeps his curious stare at Stephen who starts fidgeting on his chair.

STEPHEN  
Well yeah...I play air guitar.

Scattered laughter comes from the audience.

LARRY  
I'm sorry Mr. Harris, I didn't hear that. What is it that you also do?

STEPHEN  
(louder)  
I play air guitar.

To the audience's delight, Larry excitedly repeats this out loud.

LARRY  
You play air guitar!

Amid more laughter, straight-faced Larry nods few times to Stephen in approval.

LARRY (CONT'D)

And how exactly can you earn money by playing air guitar?

STEPHEN

Well, I play occasionally at Full Metal club... You know, warming up the crowd and stuff...

(beat)

And I'm also practising for the world championship.

LARRY

There is a world championship?

STEPHEN

(excited)

Yeah, in Europe, every year.

(beat)

It's really great.

LARRY

So, how do you compete?

STEPHEN

Basically, they look at your charisma, technical skill and airness.

LARRY

And what is it you're working on these days?

STEPHEN

Airness, basically...

Larry Best waits for a few moments until the laughter dies down.

LARRY

When do you practise, Mr. Harris?

STEPHEN

Every night, after work.

LARRY

You play your guitar loud?

STEPHEN

Yeah, quite loud...

(shows his fist)

Rock and roll!!

LARRY

Then how could you hear the noise  
from the neighbor's apartment  
that night, Mr. Harris?

Stephen's smile stays frozen on his face after this unexpected question.

Johnny buries his head in his hands, sensing where this might be leading to.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You said you heard noise but on  
that night you were playing your  
music as loud as ever. In  
fact, your neighbors complained on  
that night, isn't that right Mr.  
Harris?

Stephen only manages to make an apologetic gesture before Larry continues.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Also, there is no light in the  
corridor in front of your door,  
is there Mr. Harris? There wasn't  
one that night or the night  
before. Actually, the entire  
building doesn't have a single  
functioning light bulb in any of  
the corridors, does it.

(beat)

So how could you see a man,  
being carried in the darkness,  
and be absolutely sure it was  
Dimitry Gorsky,?

Stephen keeps staring, unable to utter a word. He looks briefly at the judge, then back at Larry Best.

STEPHEN

Well, I saw some people carrying  
a man who looked like...

LARRY

(repeating)

Aah! A man who looked like him.

(beat)

Mr. Harris, in the dark, pretty  
much any man would look like this  
man, wouldn't you say?

Stephen stays silent. Larry moves few steps closer to the jury.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Thank you for your testimony, Mr.  
Harris.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Oh, and good luck in the world  
championship.

As the audience laughs, Johnny and Dimitry stare at the witness stand, speechless. Johnny glances over at Alex's empty chair.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Gordon and Angela sit on two armchairs opposite one another. A POLICE INSPECTOR sits on the sofa.

Angela smokes nervously. Her eyes are red and her face is tense.

POLICE INSPECTOR

Mrs Oldman, we spoke to Mr. Craig this morning. This whole thing obviously cannot be a coincidence any more.

ANGELA

You mean it has something to do with the trial?

POLICE INSPECTOR

(glancing at Gordon)

We believe so.

GORDON KLEINFELD

Someone who has a great interest in this trial is behind this.

(beat)

I'd like to think someone is not happy with the defence and wants to punish the attorneys.

(beat)

But then why kidnap Alex now, just when he was supposed to examine the key witness?

Angela stands up and walks to the bar. She fetches a bottle and pours herself a drink.

POLICE INSPECTOR

(from the sofa, turning  
back to Angela)

Mrs Oldman, did you notice anyone following you lately? Or did Alex mention anything to you?

ANGELA

No, he didn't mention anything.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 What if someone deliberately  
 wanted to affect the trial by  
 weakening the defence?

POLICE INSPECTOR  
 (turning back to Gordon)  
 That's possible.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 What if someone wanted to make  
 sure the defendant gets  
 convicted?  
 (thinking)  
 First Richard, now Alex...

ANGELA  
 (coming closer)  
 Why does it matter? My husband is  
 still missing.

Angela sits back on her seat, drink in her hand. She reaches for another cigarette.

The police inspector writes something in his notebook.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 It does matter, because Alex's  
 fate depends on the outcome of  
 the trial.  
 (beat)  
 And we don't know what to expect  
 in any case.

INT. COURT ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The court room is full again, except for the jury's empty seats.

At the defence desk, Gordon Kleinfeld sits beside Dimitry and Johnny.

The side door opens and in come the jury. Dimitry feverishly looks at each and every one of them while they take their seats.

The judge shuffles through some papers and then turns to the jury.

JUDGE  
 Have the jury reached the  
 verdict?

The JURY FOREMAN stands up, holding a piece of paper in his hand.

JURY FOREMAN

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

What is your verdict?

JURY FOREMAN

We, the jury, find the defendant  
guilty as charged.

A loud gasp comes from the audience. The family of Pamela Watson embrace each other. Her mother starts crying in relief. After so much time this is over.

The press get busy with their reports, while the prosecution congratulates each other. Larry Best wears a big smile while cruising the press bench.

Dimitry's head slumps on his chest. Johnny is frozen, looks at Gordon beside him.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The door slams open, hitting the wall behind.

Down on the floor lies a drugged Alex. He opens his eyes but all he can see are the three blurred figures of his captors, coming at him.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK, CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - MORNING

The playground is quiet, except for the rain drumming on a ping-pong table. Wet swings, see-saws and rocking-horses look sad and abandoned. Some forgotten toys lie scattered around.

In the middle of the playground a toboggan is half buried in deep sand. Underneath the toboggan lies something that looks like a pile of clothes.

On closer inspection, it is a body. It's Alex, curled on one side, motionless. A trace of dried blood comes out of his nostrils.

The nearby street is deserted except for few pedestrians under big umbrellas. No one seems to notice the body lying in the park.

Rain drops cause Alex's eyelids to move. He opens his eyes, looks left, then right. It's all blurry, slowly coming into focus. His face is pale, with fat, grey bags under his eyes. His clothes are dirty.

Alex manages to move his hands first, then his legs. He rolls slowly on his stomach then pushes himself up with a lot of effort. He rises to his feet but then slumps back on the ground, his legs unable to support him.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

Angela and Gordon sit around Alex's bed.

Still weak and pale, Alex is awake, his left hand connected to a tube.

ANGELA

The doctor says you'll be home in two days honey.

ALEX

(weak voice)  
How are kids?

ANGELA

(on brink of crying)  
They're great. They can't wait for you to come home.

Alex manages a weak smile. Then he looks at Gordon.

GORDON KLEINFELD

(hesitating)  
He got life in prison.  
(beat)  
We lost.

Alex closes his eyes. It's finally over.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)

(trying to console Alex)  
It's not your fault Alex.

INT. SUN GALLERY - A WEEK LATER, EVENING

It's the big opening at Sun Gallery, with all lights on and a loud, cheerful crowd. People mingle around with drinks in their hands and smiles on their faces.

Women, dressed for the occasion, glitter and chat excitedly while their men line up at the bar. Some couples walk around, watching the paintings.

Gordon Kleinfeld is also there, with his wife. Sarah and Melanie walk around, hand in hand.

Cynthia and Wayne engage in a chat with some guests.

In the midst of it all is Angela, long black dress, her hand in Alex's hand. She looks good, smiles to everyone and moves among guests with ease.

A WOMAN  
(approaching)  
It's a great exhibition Angela.

ANGELA  
(with a smile)  
Thank you.

A WOMAN  
You've done a great job. These young artists are so... They're fantastic.

The woman turns to the right where another woman stands. She takes her hand and draws her nearer.

A WOMAN (CONT'D)  
By the way, I'd like you to meet my friend...

Alex gestures to Angela and leaves her with the two women.

Alex gets to the open bar where few guests help themselves with drinks. He gets a glass and reaches for a pitcher, then fills the glass with orange juice.

KEVIN COLLINS (O.S.)  
I'm afraid you still owe me that interview, Mr. Oldman.

Alex turns in surprise and sees the familiar face of the Boston Daily reporter. He hastily places the pitcher back on the table and accepts Kevin's stretched hand.

ALEX  
Mr. Collins, if I'm not mistaken?

KEVIN COLLINS  
Kevin.  
(shaking hands)  
How are you?

Strolling casually away from the bar with drinks in their hands, Alex and Kevin engage in a relaxed chat. Then they stop in the middle of the gallery.

KEVIN COLLINS (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I'm here to try to get an interview from Mrs Oldman, and hopefully some of her students.

Alex looks around, trying to figure out where Angela is.

ALEX

Well I wish you a good luck. We are famous for fleeing interviews.

Kevin Collins laughs.

KEVIN COLLINS

I'll try to make sure it doesn't happen twice.

The two men chuckle together. There is a brief pause. Alex sips from his glass. Kevin Collins assumes a serious look again.

KEVIN COLLINS (CONT'D)

It's good that you have recovered from the kidnapping, Mr. Oldman. We are all happy to have you back.

Alex nods.

KEVIN COLLINS (CONT'D)

We were all worried about you.

(beat)

Anyway, you were far luckier than your client, Dimitry Gorsky.

(comes closer)

Do you know, they dragged him out of the court? He was fighting the guards so they used a stun-gun to pacify him.

Alex watches Kevin in awe; this is the first time he's heard this.

KEVIN COLLINS (CONT'D)

He was screaming "I am innocent!" It was messy.

(beat)

I also felt sorry for your young colleague. Not the best way to start a career as an attorney.

Kevin Collins looks at Alex and the reaction he caused. Then suddenly he gets cheerful and cracks a smile.

KEVIN COLLINS (CONT'D)

But that's justice, isn't it Mr. Oldman? Dimitry got what he deserved and he will have enough time to think about it, right?

ALEX

(dumbfounded)

I guess so...

KEVIN COLLINS

What's important is he's behind bars and you're here with us, alive and well.

(looks around and sighs)

This is a great exhibition. I'm really enjoying it.

ALEX

(forcing a smile)

Thank you.

Kevin pulls a business card from his inner pocket.

KEVIN COLLINS

By the way, in case you ever decide to tell your kidnapping story, I'd be happy to hear it.

Kevin winks at Alex and turns around, leaving him alone to stare at the card in his hand.

A few loud claps off-screen get Alex's attention. He turns around, together with the whole crowd.

At the other end of the gallery, surrounded by her students, Angela claps her hands again. She smiles while waiting for the crowd to get quiet.

ANGELA

(loud)

Dear guests, dear friends! I'd like to thank you all for coming here tonight, to the opening of our exhibition.

(beat)

I'd also like to say a few words...

General applause breaks out from all sides of the gallery.

Leaning on the wall, with a glass of orange juice in his hand, Alex watches his wife's success.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, CHILDREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Melanie are in their room, asleep.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Angela's party dress lies thrown on the chair. She too is in bed, sleeping. She is alone.

The bedroom door is ajar. From downstairs comes a dim light.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Alex sits on a sofa in front of TV. He flips through the channels, spending no more than 3 seconds before switching to the next one. He watches each program with the same, disinterested, expressionless face.

ALEX'S POV: David Letterman tells a joke, everybody laughs (except Alex). TV blacks out and changes to fitness program on another channel. Another blackout followed by a movie. Another blackout followed by two serious men in suits discussing something important.

Alex drops the remote beside him and buries his head in his hands. He doesn't move for a while before his attention is drawn by the TV.

ALEX POV: the judge reads the life sentence to Dimitry who can barely stand. Two policemen come from the back and grab Dimitry's arms. On his way out, Dimitry screams and fights the policemen. Blackout, followed by the judge reading the life sentence to Dimitry who can barely stand... Blackout, followed by the judge reading the life sentence... Blackout, followed by the judge...

Alex throws the remote on the floor. He grabs his glass from the table and goes to the kitchen.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alex opens the fridge - unable to find what he was looking for, he bends down and opens the freezer door. Finally, he grabs some ice cubes.

On his way up he hits his head hard on the upper door that he left opened. He produces a quiet "damn", spills ice cubes on the floor.

Holding the painful spot on his head with one hand, he kneels on the floor and starts collecting scattered ice cubes. After collecting a few of them he rises to his feet and staggers back to the living room.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Back on the sofa, Alex plonks a few ice cubes into the glass and holds the rest of them on his head. Pressing the head wound with one hand and holding the glass in another, Alex strikes quite a pathetic pose.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Honey, what are you doing here?

Still squinting, Angela wanders into the room, her hair a mess. She sits beside Alex and curls up close to him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
(gently)  
You should be in bed.

ALEX  
I can't sleep.

She reaches for Alex's glass and sips some juice.

ANGELA  
You know, we never really  
celebrated you coming back  
alive...

She lifts the glass again but Alex stops her.

ALEX  
No need for that.  
(beat)  
I am not worth it.

Angela looks at Alex, not sure she understood what he meant.

He glances over her face, with the same tired expression.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I am not worth anything.

ANGELA  
Honey, what are you... is that  
about the case you lost?

ALEX  
(quietly)  
Yeah.

At least Angela understands now what's all about. She takes Alex's hand.

ANGELA  
Honey, you never got the chance  
to win. You started late and then  
were abducted before you could  
examine the key witness...

Alex pulls his hand back.

ALEX  
No. You don't understand.  
(beat)  
There's something I need to tell  
you.

Alex inhales deeply. Hesitates for a moment, then looks at Angela who has no idea what he wants to say.

ALEX (CONT'D)

My client may actually be innocent. The fact that both Richard and I were kidnapped confirms my suspicion that there was someone else involved in the killing. Someone else who pinned it on Dimitry.

(beat)

These people then managed to influence the trial by kidnapping both attorneys, ensuring Dimitry's conviction.

ANGELA

I still don't see that any of that was your fault.

ALEX

(looks down)

There wasn't any need to kidnap me.

ANGELA

(confused again)

What do you mean?

ALEX

I actually didn't want to defend my client.

(beat)

I wanted Dimitry to get sentenced and I was there to make sure that happened.

Angela's face gradually changes expression from confused to shocked. She keeps staring at Alex, not knowing what to say.

ANGELA

Why?

ALEX

Revenge.

Angela cannot believe what Alex just told her.

ANGELA

Revenge? Revenge for what?

ALEX

Revenge for my father's death.

(beat)

I always blamed Dimitry for my father's death.

ANGELA  
Your father's death?  
(beat)  
I thought your father died in a  
car accident.

Alex says nothing. Angela obviously knows how his father died.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
This is crazy. This is totally  
crazy.  
(beat)  
You're kidding me, right?

ALEX  
No.

Angela's face turns red. Furious, she jumps from the sofa and gets away from Alex.

ANGELA  
Are you telling me you plotted to  
deliberately send a man away for  
life? The man you were supposed  
to defend?

Alex is silent. He looks at Angela whose anger was still rising.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
I hope he... at least... did  
kill that young woman.  
(beat)  
Did he?

ALEX  
I don't know.

Angela covers her face with her hands in shock. She stays like that for a few moments, then looks at Alex.

ANGELA  
I can't believe this... The whole  
time you did...  
(beat)  
I don't think I know who you are  
any more.

Angela goes back to the bedroom, but stops at the doorway.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
... but from now on you're no  
better than any other criminal.

Alex looks down at the floor in front of him.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Angela makes breakfast while Sarah and Melanie wander around.

ANGELA  
Come on girls, to the table.  
(beat)  
Did you wash your hands?

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

All three are at the table, eating breakfast. Melanie bangs her fork on the table a few times.

ANGELA  
(irritated)  
Melanie stop that!

Alex stumbles into the kitchen, still wearing his pyjamas. He looks like shit with bad hair and a bad headache, still unshaven.

He goes straight to the fridge and gets some orange juice out. Then he sits at the table.

SARAH AND MELANIE  
Good morning daddy.

ALEX  
(waking up)  
Good morning girls.  
(to Angela)  
Good morning honey.

ANGELA  
I believe we've already said that  
to each other.  
(to the girls)  
Are you finished?

Both girls nod to Angela and look at Alex, confused.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
OK. Then go upstairs and pack  
your stuff.

The girls leave the kitchen.

ALEX  
Are we going somewhere?

ANGELA  
(placing her fork on the  
plate)  
I am taking the kids to my  
parents.

Caught by surprise, Alex doesn't know what to say.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(calmly)

I want to leave because I think we both need some time to think things over after what happened.

(beat)

I am also very tired and need some rest.

ALEX

How... how long will you be?

ANGELA

I don't know.

With a sad look on his face, Alex glances at the table in front of him, then at the two empty chairs.

ALEX

I thought we were going through things together.

ANGELA

You should have fought your demons a long time ago - it would have been far easier, no matter what you thought then.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Alex is in front of the building where he met Stephen Harris, the air guitar player. The street is deserted. Alex looks around, making sure no one sees him, and then disappears into the building.

INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Alex enters the dark corridor. From the second floor comes muffled music. It becomes louder as he climbs the stairs.

Passing by the door where Stephen Harris lives he slows down and listens - from inside comes loud music. Stephen is home and he is obviously practising for the world championship.

Alex slowly pushes further toward the door in front of him. A whisper from behind the walls comes to him.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'll be there. Just wait for me there.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mom, what happened?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Where have you been?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
I'm on my way. Just stay there.

YOUNG FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Hello Mr. Oldman. I believe  
you've been looking for me.

Alex faces the door now. He turns again: the corridor is empty and quiet, except for the sound from Stephen's place.

He looks at the door again, hesitating.

YOUNG FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hello Mr. Oldman. I believe...

Alex slowly goes down on his knees, takes a small xenon flashlight from his pocket and starts inspecting the lock on the door. It looks simple and he nods a few times as if understanding its inner workings.

The next moment he is busy picking the lock, flashlight in his mouth. Working with a wire and a small spike he manages to make few a clicks but the lock doesn't give up. Losing patience, Alex pushes little harder and produces a loud cracking sound.

He instantly stops, switches the flashlight off and looks back into the darkness behind him, eyes wide open. Nothing. He sighs with relief and goes back to work.

Moments later the lock gives, and Alex gently pushes the door open.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Alex quickly gets in and closes the door behind him. In the darkness of the apartment, he pauses while he catches his breath.

He grimaces in disgust - this place is in desperate need of some fresh air.

Still at the door, he scans the apartment with the flashlight, looking intently around. The place is a small bachelor apartment with some basic furniture. The bed is not made and there's almost nothing else except some booze on the coffee table and an ashtray full of cigarette butts.

Alex tiptoes into the kitchen and shines the light on some coffee jars and dirty mugs beside the sink. He opens the fridge and closes it immediately with a disgusted look on his face. He looks in the cabinets above but finds nothing interesting.

Alex moves to the bathroom now. It's not terribly clean but aside from that there's nothing special in there. He opens the medicine cabinet and finds some common stuff.

Back in the living room, he takes another look around and then sits on the bed. He switches the flashlight off. There is nothing he was looking for. He sighs with some relief.

Prepared to leave now, Alex looks at the window. The curtains are closed and there's only a sliver of light coming from the street. He comes closer, moves the curtain a bit and peeks outside.

Then he steps back and, while closing the curtains, he notices something on the floor. He flashes some light in that direction and picks it up.

It's a wrist watch. A nice, heavy watch with a metal wrist band. Sensing something, Alex looks at the inner side of the watch and finds the engraved name 'Monique'.

INT. OLDMAN HOUSE, STUDY - DAY

Alex is at his desk, staring at the watch he found last night. He keeps rotating it around his fingers, looking at it from all angles.

The phone rings.

ALEX

Hello!

(beat)

Richard, how are you doing? When did you... When did you get out?

(beat)

Great! That's great!

(beat)

Yeah I'm fine too.

(beat)

No, she's out of town.

(beat)

Yeah...

(looking at the watch in his hand)

Listen, would you have some time later today?

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Sprawled on the sofa, Richard inspects the wrist watch. He wears a robe and one of his arms is still immobilized.

RICHARD

This is the most amazing theory I've ever heard.

Alex listens from across the coffee table. From behind, Richard's girlfriend HEATHER enters carrying a plate with cookies.

She places it on the coffee table.

HEATHER  
Do you guys need more coffee?

ALEX  
(smiles)  
No. Thanks Heather.

She comes to Richard, gives him a kiss on the forehead and leaves the room.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Well, amazing or not, it is true.

He reaches for a cookie.

RICHARD  
So we don't know who these people are and we don't know who they actually wanted to kill.

ALEX  
Right. We only know that they set Dimitry up.  
(beat)  
And that Pamela Watson died by a tragic mistake.

The room goes quiet for a while. Then Richard sits up with some considerable effort.

RICHARD  
So how are you going to find them?

ALEX  
By convincing them they have to get me again.

INT. BOSTON DAILY NEWSROOM - MORNING

The newsroom is a huge open space covering an entire floor. It's crowded with desks, monitors, phones, paper. On the walls above hang flat screens with non-stop news coverage. The noise mixes with people's voices and the constant ringing of phones.

One of the phones is picked by Kevin Collins.

KEVIN COLLINS  
 Boston daily, Collins!  
 (smiles)  
 Why yes, Mr. Oldman, I have time.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - MORNING

Swoosh - the golf ball goes up in the air and lands only two yards from the distant hole.

Gordon Kleinfeld looks at the result and chuckles contentedly. It's early Thursday morning and he is practicing while waiting for John.

The sun is shining, there's no clouds in sight, Gordon feels good.

He sees John coming in the distance and waves at him. Then he makes a swing followed by another beautiful shot.

John's caddy is closer. He parks his buggy behind Gordon's and strolls down the slope toward him. He also carries something in his hand.

JOHN  
 (approaching)  
 Beautiful morning!

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 It can't get any better than this.

John is with Gordon now, shaking hands.

JOHN  
 I can see you're practising.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 Looks like it's my day today.

To Gordon's surprise, John hands him today's papers.

JOHN  
 I think you may want to look at the papers before we begin.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
 Why? I can already tell you the biggest news of the day: you're gonna lose, pal.

John ignores Gordon's chuckle and unfolds the papers.

JOHN  
 Well I hate to do this to you, but this is something I think you need to know.

Puzzled, Gordon takes a look at the front page and his face changes immediately. He keeps reading the news.

Then he rushes to his caddy and picks his cell phone.  
Dials.

GORDON KLEINFELD

Kat? Can you find Alex Oldman for  
me please?

(beat)

Thanks!

(hangs up)

Damn!!!

EXT. STREET - DAY

A young man in a black leather jacket walks on a busy street. He stops at the Boston Daily news box, slides a coin into it and picks up a copy. With the papers tucked under his arm, he goes into a cafe.

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The man walks in, glances over the tables where a few guests sit, waves to the owner.

CAFE OWNER

Yo Barry, how goes it?

Barry nods to the cafe owner and strolls to the table in the corner. He sits with his back to the wall.

He places the newspapers on the table and focuses on the sports section first.

A little later, the cafe owner brings coffee and a sandwich. Barry grabs the sandwich and takes a bite, then flips the papers and turns to the front page. He takes a sip from the coffee cup.

The next moment Barry chokes on the coffee. He leaves the cup aside and focuses on the front page.

INSERT SCREEN - BOSTON DAILY FRONT PAGE

The big title reads: New Evidence in murder of Pamela Watson.

Subtitle: Attorney Alexander Oldman claims he knows who killed Pamela Watson.

Barry frantically reads the article and, before finishing it, storms out of the cafe.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - LATER

Barry sits on a pile of old car tires. JENNIFER, a beautiful young woman (who drugged Alex) walks around nervously, smoking. Her boyfriend JACK, reads the newspaper.

Finished reading, Jack throws the papers on the floor and spits.

JACK

I knew we should have killed that son of a bitch.

(beat)

I fuckin' knew it!

Barry and Jennifer say nothing. Jack walks left and right, like a caged animal.

JACK (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

(turns to Barry)

Barry, you're going to find that lawyer and put a bullet in his head.

Before Barry manages to say anything, Jennifer comes closer to Jack.

JENNIFER

Jack, the guy's probably guarded by the entire Boston police department.

(beat)

It's too late now. Too late and too stupid to try to do that.

JACK

I don't care who's protecting him. That son of a bitch is dead!

JENNIFER

Jack, we can't get him and we shouldn't try!

JACK

So what do you propose? We just sit here and wait for them to come and get us?

JENNIFER

No. But we can't get to the lawyer. At least not yet.

BARRY

Why don't we just disappear for a while?

JACK

And then what?

(beat)

We should deal with that bastard.  
The sooner the better!

JENNIFER

Jack, listen. They may just want that. Think for a second: they haven't seen us, they have no idea where to look for us! They might just be bluffing!

Jack calms down a little. Jennifer's words actually make sense.

JACK

What about the other guy - the one we took out first?

JENNIFER

Richard Craig? I don't think he knows anything.

JACK

Maybe we should waste him; just as a warning.

JENNIFER

It won't help, Jack.

(beat)

You already killed the wrong person once.

Jack's eyes flash instantly. Without a warning, he slaps her hard across the face. Jennifer staggers backwards, holding her cheek, her hair all over her face.

JACK

Don't you ever fucking say that again!

(comes closer)

Do you understand?

Jennifer tucks her hair behind ears and looks up. Her face is red with rage, her eyes watery.

Jack walks back a few steps, then angrily kicks the papers lying on the floor, causing them to fly up in the air.

He turns back, barely controlling his anger.

JACK (CONT'D)

Here's what we're gonna do. We split up for a while and lie low. See what happens.

(beat)

Then we meet here in a week.

Barry prepares to leave. Jennifer lights up another cigarette.

JACK (CONT'D)  
And no phone calls!

INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Someone walks through the dark corridor. It's totally quiet.

The shadow moves forward, door by door. Then she produces a key, holding it in a gloved hand.

With a baseball cap hiding most of her face except for her swollen cheek, Jennifer stops at the door. She carefully slides the key into the lock.

Click. The door opens.

Wait a minute, something's wrong here. The door wasn't locked. In panic, Jennifer looks back. There's no one there. She closes the door and takes the key. Without hesitation, she quickly goes back.

While rushing downstairs, the door on the second floor opens and Stephen peeks out. Shocked, he sees Jennifer.

INT. STEPHEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Stephen rushes to his room, picks up his cell phone and starts searching for the number.

STEPHEN  
Shit!

He jumps to his desk, opens the drawer and picks up a small piece of paper. He unwraps it, reads the number and dials.

INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer is on the ground level now. She slows down, puts the key in her pocket and pulls the baseball cap over her eyes. She lifts the collar of her jacket, covering her face.

EXT. BUILDING ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer emerges from the building. Before she steps outside on the pavement, the sound of a ringing cell phone draws her attention. She looks in that direction.

JENNIFER'S POV: an empty van on the street, parked a few yards from the entrance where she stands.

INT. PARKED VAN - SAME TIME

Alex sits in the van with three police officers. The fifth guy operates a computer which shows live shots of the building from different angles.

Alex's phone is ringing, to general consternation. He answers, as quiet as he can.

ALEX

Hello.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Mr. Oldman, it's Stephen Harris.

Alex gestures to his companions "it's the guy from the second floor".

STEPHEN (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Guess who I just saw in the building?

ALEX

Stephen, I can't talk right now...

INT. STEPHEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Stephen in his room, excited, walks in circles.

STEPHEN

I saw the girl. You know, the one you were looking for. Jennifer!

INT. PARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Alex tries to get rid of Stephen.

ALEX

Yeah, OK. Thank you Stephen.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

She just left the building.

ALEX

(repeats in surprise)  
She left the building?!

Everybody around looks at Alex in surprise. The guy operating the computer takes his earphones off.

Alex switches the phone off. Looks at the rest of the crew.

ALEX (CONT'D)

She just left the building.

The guy with the computer toggles between different cameras, showing an empty street, empty apartment, the other side of the street. Nothing.

COMPUTER OPERATOR  
Where did she go?

One police officer talks into his microphone.

POLICE OFFICER  
Fox-one to Fox-two, the suspect  
left the building, location  
unknown. We're exiting the  
vehicle.

EXT. PARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

The back door opens and three police officers jump out, carrying guns. They disappear into the building.

Alex stays inside the van with the computer operator.

ALEX  
(apologetically)  
Sorry about the phone...

INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

In the darkness of the building, the Fox-one team searches for any clues as to where Jennifer disappeared. Their flashlights crisscross like a laser show.

It becomes apparent as soon as they illuminate the back door. In front of it is a pile of cartons, obviously removed by Jennifer.

The police storm out through the back door.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Hidden by the darkness, Jennifer runs between pallets. She reaches a wire fence, climbs up and over it.

Following in her tracks, the Fox-one team move carefully through the dark.

POLICE OFFICER  
Fox-one to Fox-two, we're coming  
your way. The suspect should be  
right in front of you.

Jennifer walks in the shadow of a high concrete wall. Fifty yards away is a street. She stops for a moment, listens. Nothing.

Jennifer runs across the path, briefly appearing in the light, then back into the dark again. She continues walking - the street is only twenty yards away.

JENNIFER'S POV: in front of her, two flashlights directed right at her appear behind the stacks of pallets and containers.

Illuminated by the flashlights, Jennifer freezes.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

With her back to the wall with numbered horizontal black stripes denoting her height, Jennifer's face is illuminated several times by a camera flash.

She holds a small black panel with a number on it.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Jennifer is ushered into the room by two female officers. She is left there alone.

The door opens and in comes Alex. Jennifer's eyes are wide open in shock. She looks down, trying to pull herself together after this surprise.

Alex comes closer and sits across Jennifer.

ALEX

Good morning Jennifer.

(beat)

I don't think I need to introduce myself, do I?

Jennifer looks at Alex, her face revealing nothing.

JENNIFER

I've never seen you before in my life and I want my lawyer before I answer any questions.

Jennifer fixes her gaze somewhere in the corner of the room.

ALEX

Don't worry, you'll get a lawyer.

(beat)

Actually, I am not here to ask you any questions. I'm here to offer you a deal.

Jennifer looks at Alex again.

JENNIFER

Don't bother. Save your breath.

ALEX

(ignoring her answer)  
A deal that can save you from  
going to prison for a long time.

JENNIFER

What makes you think I'm going to  
prison? And who are you?

Alex smiles at this jab, thinks for a moment and then reaches for his briefcase underneath the table. He brings it up and takes a folder out of it. He produces loads of black and white photographs.

Alex lays the photographs across the table. They are police mug-shots, similar to ones taken of Jennifer last night, with lots of young women in them.

Jennifer stares at the photographs, unsure of what's to come.

ALEX

There are fifty of them - one of  
them is yours.

(arranging photos)

I showed these photos to see  
Dimitry this morning.

Alex pauses and looks at Jennifer, still arranging the photos on the table. Jennifer's face becomes tense.

ALEX (CONT'D)

And you know what? He recognized  
you immediately.

(beat)

Out of fifty women, he picked  
you.

Jennifer stares at the photos on the table, her eyes darting over each one of them. Alex lets her think for a few moments.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Jennifer, there's an innocent man  
in the prison, serving a life  
sentence for something he didn't  
do.

(beat)

And I know it was not you who  
murdered that girl...

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

A rundown place where Alex was held kidnapped. It's a mess, with beer cans everywhere. Pizza cartons lie abandoned on the floor, with some leftovers in them. The ashtray is full of cigarette butts. The place is a disgrace.

In the living room, sprawled on the sofa, Jack watches TV. He wears jeans and an unbuttoned shirt. On his chest he has a big tattoo. In front of him is a coffee table with more beer cans and a bottle of Jack Daniels.

He takes something from his pocket, unfolds it and arranges some white powder on the glass surface of the coffee table. Then he folds a 10 dollar bill and snorts the coke. Then he takes a swig from the bottle and lights up a cigarette.

He is half messed-up, with a dumb look on his face. His eyes are watery and his face tired. Confined to this shithole, this is the only way he can cope with the new situation.

Jack's body jerks in surprise as his cell phone suddenly goes off. He puts the TV on mute, picks the phone up and sees Jennifer's name on the display. He bites his lip, not knowing what to do.

The phone keeps ringing, amplifying the silence in between. Jack hesitates, then presses the button and brings the phone to his ear, listening.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Jack? Are you there?

(beat)

It's me.

JACK

(through his teeth)

I said no phone calls.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

I'm sorry. I had to talk to you.

JACK

No, we can't talk now. Don't you remember what I said?

Off screen, Jennifer is quiet. Then she starts sobbing.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

I love you Jack.

Jack lets out a deep sigh, doesn't know what to say.

JENNIFER (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Jack?

(beat)

I said I love you...

Jack's eyes roll on this. This is the last thing he needed.

JACK

I heard you.

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
I need to see you, Jack!

JACK  
Where are you?

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
(still sobbing)  
At my place.  
(beat)  
When will I see you again?

JACK  
(nervous)  
Don't leave your place. Don't  
move, OK?

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
(crying)  
But I need to see you...

Jack looks at his watch. He tries to think. Goes to the window and peeks out on the street.

JENNIFER (CONT'D) (O.S.)  
Are you... are you there?

JACK  
Yeah, I'm here baby.

Off screen, Jennifer is still crying.

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
Jack, forgive me.  
(beat)  
I couldn't...

Jack doesn't answer. His gaze is fixed on the entrance.

Suddenly, in a violent crash the door comes down and bunch of armed policemen burst into the apartment, their guns trained on Jack, shouting at him.

POLICE  
POLICE!! DON'T MOVE!! DON'T  
MOVE!!

Their flashlights dart around the apartment, most of them focused on Jack.

Shocked, Jack is left standing, with the phone still in his hand, looking pathetic, as if he had been caught stealing cookies.

Several officers overpower Jack, throw him on the floor and tie his hands behind his back. One of the officers stands beside him and recites his Miranda rights.

Another policeman lifts the phone from the floor, checks if someone is still on the other end, then switches it off.

INT. MIMMO'S PIZZA PARLOUR - THE NEXT DAY

A bunch of noisy teenagers sit at two formica tables, eating their pizza slices and washing them down with coke.

Beside the counter, a few customers line up for their take away orders, some of them playing machine poker while waiting.

MIMMO, a slim Italian guy in his thirties with greased hair, is the owner of the joint. He is on the phone, taking delivery orders.

MIMMO

Yes. Number 33, one small one large...

(beat)

Signora, if you order a house salad you can get a free bottle of coke...

(beat)

OK. Ciao bella!

Mimmo walks to the small window behind the counter and yells instructions to the kitchen. On his way back he glances over a BLACK GUY sitting in the corner.

The guy is in his mid twenties and seems to be focused on his papers, not disturbed by the noise around him.

The telephone rings again.

MIMMO (CONT'D)

Mimmo's pizza, bongiorno!

The black guy looks at his watch then peeks over the papers at the counter. Mimmo talks on the phone and writes down the order.

The noisy teenage bunch is done with their pizzas. They take last swigs from their coke cans and head for the door with a collective "ciao" to Mimmo.

While wrapping the order for one of the waiting customers, Mimmo answers another call. He gives a silent "ciao" to the leaving customers before repeating his mantra.

MIMMO (CONT'D)

Mimmo's pizza...

Mimmo instantly turns to the black guy. Their eyes meet. Mimmo nods to him and continues taking the order.

The guy folds his papers and picks up his cell phone. He waits for Mimmo to hang up, then dials a number.

BLACK GUY

You're in.  
 (beat)  
 Twenty minutes.

INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - 20 MINUTES LATER

A PIZZA DELIVERY GUY steps up to a door. Rings the doorbell. It doesn't work. Knocks on the door. From inside comes a voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

Who is it?

DELIVERY GUY

Mimmo's pizza delivery!

One by one, all locks click open from inside. The door opens and out of the apartment emerges Barry. He's unshaven and reeks of smoke.

BARRY

You're faster than the other guy.

DELIVERY GUY

Fast and reliable, Sir.

Barry picks up the delivery and leaves the guy waiting in the doorway while going back to get the money.

Counting the money on his way back, he suddenly stops, inches from the .45 trained at him.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)

(showing his badge)  
 Police. You are under arrest.

INT. COURT ROOM - A WEEK LATER

This time the proceedings are closed to the public. The last member of the jury has just taken her seat.

JUDGE

This court calls for the  
 protected witness Jennifer Klein  
 to take the witness stand.

The side door opens and in comes an officer with Jennifer padding behind her. Jennifer looks straight ahead while heading for the witness stand.

She takes her seat. Her eyes dart nervously left and right but she doesn't look at anyone in particular.

Alex rises from his chair, leaving Dimitry alone at the defence desk. He comes closer to the witness stand.

ALEX

Ms Klein, in your statement you signed the morning after your arrest, you stated that you know who killed Pamela Watson on June 28th this year.

JENNIFER

(quietly)

Yes.

ALEX

And that person is NOT Dimitry Gorsky, the man convicted of the murder, correct?

JENNIFER

Yes.

With huge and obvious effort, Dimitry manages to stay quiet after this statement.

Deep in thought, Alex walks between the witness stand and the jury. He allows time for this testimony to sink in.

ALEX

Ms Klein, in that case, would you please tell this court what makes you certain that Dimitry Gorsky may be innocent.

JENNIFER

(hesitating)

Well... I was in the middle of it all.

(glances over the judge)

My boyfriend, he came up with the idea of getting rid of some competition he was facing - in his spare parts business.

(beat)

There were people who... were even bolder than him, and his business couldn't survive, so he decided he had to get rid of them.

ALEX

Who were those people?

JENNIFER

People with similar backgrounds, other gangs. One was this guy, called Sonny.

(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I don't know his real name but I know he was Albanian and he was ruthless. My boyfriend wanted to get rid of him.

ALEX

Who was the other person?

JENNIFER

Dimitry Gorsky.

(beat)

My boyfriend saw him as a potential threat so he came up with a plan.

Alex nods to Jennifer to continue.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

To kill Sonny and pin it on Dimitry.

(beat)

My boyfriend believed Dimitry had plenty of reasons to kill Sonny, so the motive was there. All he needed was some help.

ALEX

What was the plan?

JENNIFER

(calmer)

The plan was to snatch Dimitry and set him up as the main suspect for Sonny's death.

ALEX

What was your role in this plan?

JENNIFER

I was supposed to seduce Dimitry and lure him into my apartment.

(beat)

Once there, I was supposed to make sure he stayed there, asleep.

ALEX

How did you... seduce Dimitry?

JENNIFER

I waited for him in the local joint where he regularly went to bet on horses.

(beat)

We met there and after he offered me a drink we went to my place.

ALEX

And you drugged him there?

JENNIFER

Yes. I put some Triazolam in his drink.

ALEX

What happened then?

JENNIFER

My boyfriend and his friend came to my put where they managed to place Dimitry's fingerprints on the gun... the gun used the next day.

ALEX

So the idea was to kill Sonny, plant the gun, and then wait until Dimitry was picked up by the police.

JENNIFER

Yes. Only in the meantime we had to move Dimitry to his place.

(beat)

That's when we were spotted by the neighbor.

Larry Best fidgets on his chair, looks down at his notes.

ALEX

Then came the night of the crime.

JENNIFER

(bites her lip)

Yes. Wearing gloves, my boyfriend went out with the gun with Dimitry's fingerprints on it.

Suddenly, Jennifer breaks down, crying. She buries her face in her hands.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(crying)

He... he went there and killed that innocent young woman...

(crying uncontrollably)

He... he missed Sonny - the guy he wanted to kill...

(beat)

Oh God...

(crying)

He then... the gun...

Jennifer reaches for her purse and fishes out her handkerchief. Blows her nose.

Her eyes red with crying, Jennifer tries to compose herself.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

The gun, he left it there.

(beat)

Then he ran away.

Alex waits a few moments for Jennifer to calm down. He thinks for a moment and then comes closer to the jury. From there, he addresses Jennifer again.

ALEX

Ms Klein, you said the murder was committed by your boyfriend.

(beat)

Is he present in the court room today?

JENNIFER

Yes.

ALEX

Would you please point at him and identify him?

JENNIFER

Yes.

(beat)

His name is Jack Carlyle...

For the first time, Jennifer looks at the other part of the court room and points her finger there.

JENNIFER'S POV: Jack sits on the bench, surrounded by two police officers.

ALEX

Mrs Klein, you also said there was another man helping Jack Carlyle.

(beat)

Is that man in this court room today?

JENNIFER

Yes.

ALEX

Would you please point at him and identify him?

JENNIFER

Yes. It is Barry McAllen... sitting over there.

Jennifer points to another corner of the court room.

There, between two police officers, sits Barry, his head down.

EXT. COURT HOUSE - LATER

The building door opens and out into the sun comes a free and smiling Dimitry Gorsky. He takes off his tie and swings it above his head.

Instantly, a dozen reporters surround Dimitry, throwing questions and pointing microphones at him.

FIRST REPORTER

Mr. Gorsky, how does it feel to be a free man again?

DIMITRY

Feels good. Real good!  
(beat)  
I am so...

SECOND REPORTER

What is the first thing you're going to do today?

DIMITRY

Get drunk.

General laughter from the press.

THIRD REPORTER

Did you have sex with the woman who drugged you?

Dimitry turns in surprise and is left open-mouthed. Then he produces a mischievous smile, followed with a swagger.

DIMITRY

I can't tell you that.  
(beat)  
She is a protected witness, you know.

This causes another wave of laughter from the press.

Spotting Alex, who just emerged out of the building, a few reporters run over to him with their microphones ready.

FOURTH REPORTER

Mr. Oldman, congratulations. How do you feel after all you went through?

ALEX

I feel very tired but at the same time I am satisfied that justice has finally been done.

FOURTH REPORTER  
 (sympathetic)  
 Which, in hindsight, made the  
 whole trouble worth going  
 through?

Alex thinks for a moment as if never having thought about  
 it before.

ALEX  
 That was the only possible way.  
 (beat)  
 I thought I knew how to deal with  
 the problem from the beginning. I  
 thought I knew who was guilty. I  
 was convinced of it. But I was  
 wrong.

FIFTH REPORTER  
 What was the most difficult  
 moment for you?

ALEX  
 When I realized that an innocent  
 man was sitting in prison.

FIFTH REPORTER  
 So you didn't always believe  
 Dimitry Gorsky was innocent?

ALEX  
 No, I didn't.

FOURTH REPORTER  
 How well did you know Dimitry  
 Gorsky before?

ALEX  
 Not too well, obviously. But  
 today Dimitry Gorsky is a free  
 man.  
 (beat)  
 Somehow, after all we went  
 through, I feel the same.

FIFTH REPORTER  
 So, one could say it was destiny  
 that put you two together?

ALEX  
 No. It was something else.  
 (beat)  
 Destiny already put us together a  
 long time ago.

Alex moves from the group amid more questions. With a vague  
 smile on his face he confidently strolls down the stairs to  
 the street and disappears in a taxi. The car pulls off.

Larry Best leaves the building and heads down the stairs. Reporters instantly surround him but he waves them away, giving them a signal he is in no mood for talking. This doesn't stop some reporters throwing questions at him, even as he is entering a taxi.

Back in front of the building, an excited Dimitry continues speaking into the microphones.

INT. D&K OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

A loud POP is heard and the champagne cork flies over the room and hits the glass wall of the opposite office.

A bunch of D&K suits hold their champagne glasses, ready to be filled. The first goes to Richard, holding his glass with one, healthy hand.

From behind, the secretary emerges holding her glass.

MICHAEL

Hey Kat, is the old man still in there?

SECRETARY

He is with Alex. They're coming out soon.

The glasses are filled amid general cheer. The noise becomes louder once Gordon and Alex join them.

With Alex beside him, Gordon signals to the happy crowd that he has something to say.

GORDON KLEINFELD

Dear colleagues, we're here again to celebrate yet another success for our firm.

(beat)

As you all know, we have had a major win in court yesterday and...

The crowd reacts by shouting "Yeah" and whistling.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)

... and that win was over no less than CTS.

The crowd erupts after this information. Gordon smiles and waits patiently for the noise to calm down.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)

Still, I believe, and I know you will agree with me, what's the most important is that yesterday, justice won!

ALL PRESENT  
Noooooooooooooooooooo!

This time Gordon laughs with everybody else. He tries to get serious and calm everybody down.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
And for that triumph, we have two people to thank. Richard Craig and Alex Oldman.

General cheer and applause.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Why Richard? He was in bed the whole time!

Laughter again.

RICHARD  
Hey, I'm the one who got beaten up!

VOICE  
That'll teach you to stay out of people's business!

Gordon doesn't even try to intervene anymore. He laughs along.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
(to both)  
With your unselfish work and dedication, especially in the face of danger, you have set the highest possible standards for this firm.  
(lifts his glass)  
I want to thank you both for that. Cheers!

ALL PRESENT  
Cheers!

Everybody drinks. People come closer to Alex and Richard, congratulating.

GORDON KLEINFELD  
(loud)  
One more thing!

The people look back at Gordon, awaiting more news.

For a brief moment, a shadow of sadness and worry crosses Gordon's face and he strikes another pose. With his voice faltering, Gordon continues.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)

I also have some sad news to share.

(beat)

Today, Alex also resigned from the firm. He has decided to -

A gasp comes from all sides. People look at Alex in disbelief.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)

... decided to quit not only the firm but the practice of law.

There's total silence this time.

GORDON KLEINFELD (CONT'D)

With a heavy heart, I have accepted Alex's resignation. I wish him all the best in the future.

(to Alex)

You were like my son, Alex. God bless!

EXT. STREET - LATER

For the last time, Alex leaves the building where he spent years working for D&K.

His step is light, his face carries a mysterious smile. He looks up at the sun - it's a beautiful day.

Then he sees something and stops.

ALEX'S POV: Angela with Sarah and Melanie, wait for him on the street.

The girls run toward their father. He bends down, picks up his daughters.

ALEX

Hi girls. Did you have a good time at grandma and grandpa's?

BOTH GIRLS

Yes.

Alex walks toward Angela, carrying the girls in his arms. Coming close to her, he stops.

ALEX

Hi honey. Welcome back.

They kiss.

ANGELA  
I missed you.

ALEX  
I missed you too.  
(kiss)  
God you look good!

They laugh like two shy teenagers. Suddenly Alex gets serious, looks at Sarah and Melanie.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
You two young ladies feel pretty  
light today.  
(beat)  
Are you hungry?

BOTH GIRLS  
Yes!

Angela unlocks the car.

ANGELA  
Come on. Let's go eat.

ALEX  
You have somewhere in mind?

ANGELA  
We have an invitation.

EXT. FRONT OF A HOUSE, DOOR - LATER

Cynthia opens the door.

CYNTHIA  
There they are, my little angels!  
(to Alex and Angela)  
Come on in!

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cynthia leads her guests through the hallway. The two girls run in front of her into the backyard.

CYNTHIA  
(turning back)  
Angela, how are your parents?

ANGELA  
Oh they're great. Thank you.  
(beat)  
Actually they would like to  
invite you and Wayne over for a  
weekend.

CYNTHIA

Oh that's so sweet. Maybe we could get away soon - after all, this place is almost finished.

(beat)

I mean, how long can you keep on decorating?

(to Alex)

Come on Alex, this way.

ANGELA

Where's Wayne?

CYNTHIA

He went to get some wine. He'll be back in a minute.

(beat)

Alex?

ALEX (O.S.)

I'm upstairs. I'll be down in a minute.

INT. UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Alex is alone in the dark room. He switches the lamp on and the dim light instantly surrounds him.

The room is nicely decorated. There is no trace of the boxes Alex saw the last time he was here. He looks around and his attention is caught by a small framed picture on the dresser.

Alex comes closer and looks at it.

INSERT SCREEN: picture of young Alex and his parents.

He smiles at the picture, then moves on to the shelf with the photo albums, neatly stashed together among some books.

He reaches for one of the albums but then, as if hesitating, changes his mind, leaves his fingers resting on them for a few moments.

Browsing further through the books he picks one. It's one of his books from university. Leafing through it, he suddenly finds an old photograph.

It's a picture of him and Angela during their university years in Philadelphia. Alex chuckles quietly at this, he can't remember the last time he saw this picture.

A quiet, off screen knocking forces Alex to turn around.

Wayne stands in the doorway, holding a bottle of wine in his hand.

WAYNE  
Sorry to bother you Alex.  
(beat)  
Just came up to tell you that  
dinner is served.

ALEX  
(smiles)  
Thank you Wayne.

Alex places the photograph back into the book and puts everything the way it was.

Instead of turning and leaving, Wayne takes a few steps forward. With his hand outstretched, he stops before Alex.

WAYNE  
Ah... I'd just like to say how  
happy I am to see you are well  
after all that's happened to you.

Alex looks at Wayne for a moment and then accepts his hand.

ALEX  
Thank you Wayne.

WAYNE  
Cynthia and I were worried about  
you...

Alex comes closer and, to Wayne's astonishment, gives him a big hug.

ALEX  
Thank you Wayne.  
(beat)  
Thanks a lot!

Wayne's innocent old face turns into a smile.

Alex breaks from the hug and gently places his hand on Wayne's back.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Let's go eat.

The two walk together toward the stairs.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
You know, I can't wait to try  
that pasta you make. Mom says  
it's better than hers.

FADE OUT.