MEDIUM

Episode 002

"SUSPICIONS AND CERTAINTIES"

Written By

Glenn Gordon Caron

Directed by

Vincent Misiano

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Draft Type</th>
<th>Color</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Draft</td>
<td>White</td>
<td>July 18, 2004</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Draft</td>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>July 27, 2004</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Draft 1st Rev.</td>
<td>Pink</td>
<td>July 28, 2004</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Draft 2nd Rev.</td>
<td>Yellow</td>
<td>July 29, 2004</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Draft 3rd Rev.</td>
<td>Green</td>
<td>August 3, 2004</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Draft 4th Rev.</td>
<td>Gold</td>
<td>August 11, 2004</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## Revision History

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Revision</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Revised Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Draft - White</td>
<td>7/18/04</td>
<td>Full Script</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Draft - Blue</td>
<td>7/27/04</td>
<td>Full Script</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Draft 3rd Rev. - Green</td>
<td>8/03/04</td>
<td>Pages: 9, 39, 42, 43, 45, 46, 50.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CAST LIST

ALLISON DUBOIS..........................................................PATRICIA ARQUETTE
JOE DUBOIS..................................................................JAKE WEBER
DISTRICT ATTORNEY DEVALOS..................................MIGUEL SANDOVAL
ARIEL DUBOIS..............................................................SOFIA VASSILIEVA
BRIDGETTE DUBOIS......................................................MARIA LARK
IVAN KINETKO..............................................................JOHN MESE
OLDER MAN..................................................................BRUCE GRAY
KAMALA.................................................................LISA LACKLEY
ALAN...........................................................................WALLACE LANGHAM
DIANE.................................................................REBECCA METZ
MAXINE HARRIS........................................................AISHA HINDS
WOMAN IN EARLY 40'S...............................................ROMY ROSEMONT
DEVALOS ASSISTANT................................................KENDAHL KING
JUDGE..................................................................JOHN WESLEY
JUDGE #2..................................................................ALAN WOOLF
OFFICER #1..............................................................BRUNO GIOIELLO
OFFICER #2..................................................................JOHN EDDINS
OFFICER #3..............................................................DERK CHEETWOOD
NEWSWOMAN..........................................................ANNA MAGANINI
DEFENSE ATTORNEY #2............................................HOWARD MILLER
DEFENDANT..........................................................REED FREICHS
FOREMAN........................................................................BW GONZALEZ
11 YEAR-OLD BOY.....................................................ANDREW HEALD
WELL GROOMED MAN/DETECTIVE.................................THOMAS VINCENT KELLY
WAITER........................................................................BRUNO OLIVER
SET LIST

INTERIORS

Dubois House
  Bedroom
  Hallway
  Kitchen
  Family Room
  Entryway
  Girls' Room

County Courthouse
  Courtroom
  Corridor

District Attorney's Office
  Devalos' Office
  Conference Room
  Bullpen Area

Car

Restaurant

Rustic Cabin

Hospital Room

Motel Room

Devalos' House
  Bedroom

EXTERIORS

Dubois House

Fast Food Play Area

Back Yard

Courthouse
FADE IN:

TIGHT ON A WOMAN’S LIPS

Plump. Puckered. Beckoning. And through the darkness a man’s mouth descends. A kiss. A gentle kiss. And then we watch as his hand swoops beneath her head and he pulls her to him.

FROM THE SIDE

...his hands beneath her...guiding her legs around his hips. His chest on top of her breasts, his mouth glued to hers.

FROM ABOVE

...as they break apart for air, and a moment later he buries his head in her neck, making his way down her body with his mouth.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as they roll over, entwined in each other. Two naked adults making love in the half-light of an anonymous MOTEL ROOM BED.

ON THE MOTEL ROOM WINDOW

...as from SOMEWHERE UNSEEN we HEAR the SOUND of SEVERAL CARS PULLING UP and SCREECHING TO A HALT...their headlight beams traveling across the half closed mini blind slats.

ON THE MAN AND THE WOMAN

...as they both freeze at THE SOUND. And seconds later, the white circles of four or five flashlight beams begin to dance above the headboard as...

UNSEEN VOICE (O.C.)
(FILTERED; through a MEGAPHONE)
Ivan Kinetko? Ivan Kinetko? This is the Greater Phoenix Police!

ON KINETKO

...as he suddenly sits BOLT UPRIGHT in bed, sweat beginning to glisten on his face.

UNSEEN VOICE (CONT’D)
We have a warrant for your arrest. The building is completely surrounded. (MORE)
CONTINUED:

UNSEEN VOICE (CONT'D)
Present yourself at the front door with
your hands above your head in fifteen
seconds or we are coming in.

KINETKO
(a quiet whisper to his lover)
Sssshhhh. It's okay. Don't panic.
Just...cover up.

He reaches over and pulls the blanket up and around her, then
reaches down and begins to pull on his underwear.

UNSEEN VOICE (O.C.)
Mr. Kinetko? You have ten seconds!

KINETKO
(calling back)
Ten seconds to what? Can't we talk? Can't
a man take his girlfriend to a hotel
for...

...but before he can finish the sentence...

BANG!!!

...the HOTEL ROOM DOOR is KICKED OPEN...SEVERAL RIFLE BARRELS
THROUGH the window beside it...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as FIVE OFFICERS in flak gear and night-vision goggles,
pump rifles pressed to their shoulders, come charging THROUGH
THE DOOR and into the DARK ROOM.

ON KINETKO

...sitting on the bed in his underwear---his hands over his
head.

KINETKO
(wired; panicked now)
Cover up, Baby. Cover up. Don't worry.
This is about me. This isn't about you.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as one OFFICER APPROACHES with HANDCUFFS, FORCING
Kinetko's hands behind him while another OFFICER begins to
READ him his MIRANDA RIGHTS...and all the while Kinetko keeps
talking to his friend.
OFFICER #1
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you do say may be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to consult an attorney before speaking to the Police and to have an attorney present during questioning now or in the future. If you cannot afford an attorney...

...but instead the Officers GRAB Kinetko by the arm and hoist him off the bed and begin LEADING HIM OUT of the hotel room...

KINETKO
(calling back to her)
Don’t worry, Darling. I’m calling my lawyer as soon as we get to the Police Station. He’ll have this whole thing unwound before you can say A.C.L.U.

...and as he PASSES US we PAN BACK to the BED, where yet another OFFICER is standing over the woman who appears to be cowering beneath the sheets and blankets.

OFFICER #2
Miss? I understand your discomfort, but I’m going to need you to tell me who you are and show me some identification.

...but the woman doesn’t make a peep. And after a moment, the officer grabs the edge of the sheet and gently gives it a tug...

OFFICER #2
(switching on the beside lamp)
Miss?
(quietly; to himself)
Oh Man...

ON THE WOMAN’S FACE

...the first thing you notice is the EYES, sunken into the skull. They seem to be floating—disconnected. And then there is the complexion—an ashen, chalky white. And then finally, there is the skin itself—which seems to hang off the face in pieces.
OFFICER #3
(walking over)
Whatcha got there Ronny? She underage?

OFFICER #2
(he can barely speak)
No. Kinda the opposite problem. Looks like she’s been dead about two weeks.

...and with that OFFICER #3 takes a look, freezes in his tracks and lets out A SCREAM...

OFFICER #3
Ahhhhhhhhhh!

But the SCREAM that comes out of his mouth is a WOMAN’S SCREAM. In fact, it sounds an awful lot like...

SHOCK CUT TO:

ALLISON

...her head sideways in the FRAME, buried in her pillow. It is the MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT and she is in her own bed. And she opens her eyes with a START. And we realize the SCREAM is HER SCREAM.

ALLISON (CONT’D)
.....hhhhhhhhhhh!

...and SUDDENLY she stops...seeing...

BRIDGETTE

...her four year old daughter...lying directly beside her in bed...SCREAMING BACK.

BRIDGETTE
Ahhhhhhhhhh!

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Allison reaches for her...and PULLS HER CLOSE. And beyond the little girl we can see Allison’s husband JOE, lying in bed...clutching his chest in mock heart attack horror...

ALLISON
(pulling Bridgette close; half to her and half to Joe by way of explanation)
I’m sorry. I’m sorry.

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

ALLISON (cont'd)
Mommy had a bad dream. I didn't mean to scream. Mommy just had a bad dream.

BRIDGETTE
Mom--eeeee! You gotta stop doing that!

JOE
(still trying to catch his breath)
Yeah, Mommy. Could you maybe stop doing that?

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE
FADE IN:

INT. DUBOIS HOUSE - DAY

...as nine year old ARIEL comes out her BEDROOM DOOR and into THE HALLWAY and makes her way towards THE KITCHEN, still in her bathrobe, and we TRAVEL with her...

ARIEL
(CALLING LOUDLY as she walks)
Mom?!!!
(getting no answer; shouting into the air)
MOM?? It's thirty seven after seven and I haven't eaten and I don't have lunch money and today's the class trip so I have to have my blue jumper and you didn't sign my permission slip and Bridgette keeps picking her nose and flinging snotballs at me.

BRIDGETTE
(four steps behind her)
You lier!!!

...and ARIEL stops in her tracks and TURNS to confront her sister...and the second she does, BRIDGETTE flicks a snotball at her.

INT. DUBOIS HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

...where Allison lies in bed, covers over her head...even as she hears her children's voices LEAKING through the wall...

ARIEL (O.C.)
I'm going to kill you!

BRIDGETTE (O.C.)
You kill me and I'll tell Mom!

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as she ROLLS OVER onto her side to DISCOVER...

AN OLDER MAN

...LYING IN BED BESIDE HER. He looks at her with mild contempt...
OLDER MAN
Get out of bed and deal with your children. Can't you hear them? They need you.
(shaking his head)
I'll be damned if I know what my son sees in you.

ALLISON
It's okay. You already are damned.

...and she PULLS the covers back over herself TURNING FROM HIM to DISCOVER...

JOE
...standing at the end of the bed, tucking in his shirt. He clearly doesn't see his Father.

JOE
(singing)
It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood...
A beautiful day to be neighbors.
Would you be mine?
(and then; seeing no movement)
Darling? This is your wake up call.

ALLISON
(peeking out from under the covers to see that his father is no longer there; and then; turning to Joe)
Go away. It is not a beautiful day. Do you not hear the death threats wafting in from the hall?

JOE
(calling off)
Girls!!!! Stop threatening to kill each other. Mommy finds it depressing.

...and the COMMOTION SUDDENLY STOPS...and Joe reaches over and gently pulls the sheet down that covers Allison's eyes and sits on the bed beside her.

ARIEL (O.C.)
You won't tell Mom, cause you'll already be dead!

BRIDGETTE (O.C.)
I will not be dead, cause I'm killing you first!

ARIEL (O.C.)
No. I'm killing you first.
And then I'm quitting this family.

BRIDGETTE (O.C.)
You can't quit the family.
Not without Mommy and Daddy's permission!!!
ALLISON
But I don't want to wake up. You're right. I'm depressed.

JOE
Y'know what depression is? It's un-channelled anger.

ALLISON
Thank you. Thank you for telling me that. Everything's different now. But I'm still not getting up.

JOE
Allison...

ALLISON
Did you hear her? Did you hear Ariel? She has a thrilling day lined up. Class trip. Snot-ball dodging. Sister killing. She's nine years old. I, on the other hand, am thirty three and once you go to work and the girls go to school I have nothing to look forward to.

JOE
Al...

ALLISON
If I organize one more drawer I'll go out of my mind.

JOE
Objective observation? Ever since you made the decision not to get your law degree...to go work for the D.A. as a consultant...I don't know...you seem kinda...

He shrugs.

ALLISON
Bitchy? Cranky? Pissed off?

JOE
You can read minds!

ALLISON
(a small smile; and then)
It's hard. They never call. He said he wanted to use me but...

(MORE)
ALLISON (cont'd)
(and then)
Maybe he changed his mind.

JOE
I don’t think he changed his mind. It’s Phoenix. How many cases do you think there are where he can actually use someone like you?
(pushing himself off the bed)
He’ll call.
(MORE)
JOE (cont'd)
When he's got something where he needs you...he'll call.
(snapping his fingers; turning back to her)
Oooh...y'know what I meant to ask you? This'll cheer you up. What's the chance of us getting a sitter tonight?

She looks at him.

JOE
The Siscos want to have dinner.

Allison covers her face again with the covers.

JOE
C'mon. The Siscos. You like them. And you'll never guess where.

ALLISON
Remember who you're talking to.
(and then)
Not the place we went last weekend?

JOE
What's the problem. It's a nice place.

ALLISON
But we were just there!

JOE
I know. But it's the place the Siscos told us about. The place we promised we'd try with them. I didn't have the heart to tell Nick we'd already been. Besides...they're talking about maybe inviting the Hammersmiths and the Perrys, too. Nick mentioned it at lunch yesterday. Completely slipped my mind.

Allison says nothing.

JOE
So is we in or is we out?

ALLISON
Dinner with four rocket scientists and their lovely wives? Oh joy. I can barely keep my legs together at the mere thought of it.
JOE
(smiling; reaching for his loose change on the dresser)
That's okay. I'm not much interested in you with your legs together anyway.

...and with that he TURNS...and reaches for THE BEDROOM DOOR...

JOE
(playfully; CALLING as he makes his way through the door and into the hall)
Girls!!!?? Mommy needs help getting out of bed!!!

...and on Allison's look of horror...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

A GAVEL

...being banged for SILENCE ON A JUDGE'S BENCH...

JUDGE
Will the Jury Foreman please rise and face the Court?

...and we watch as THE FOREMAN RISES.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL that we are in a COUNTY COURTROOM. Sitting behind the PROSECUTION TABLE are DISTRICT ATTORNEY DEVALOS as well as several other ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEYS and CONSULTANTS. Devalos bites his lip nervously and plays with his pen.

JUDGE
Will the Defendant please rise?

DEVALOS
(under his breath; to himself)
Here we go...

...and we PAN OVER to the DEFENSE TABLE where the GUILTIEST LOOKING BASTARD in the history of series television RISES from his seat wearing PRISON ORANGE and CHAINS. His defense attorney reaches over and pats the top of his hand in support.
JUDGE
(turning to the Foreman)
And on the count of First Degree
Murder... how does the jury find?

FOREMAN
Your honor... it is with some regret that
I report that we were unable to find
unanimity and are hopelessly deadlocked.

ON THE DEFENDANT

... what?... and it takes a second. And then it hits him.
Deadlocked. And he smiles a small smile... and then starts to
laugh to himself.

DEFENDANT
Oh my God...

... and the Defense Attorney smiles from ear to ear. And we
quickly PAN over to the PROSECUTION TABLE where Devalos looks
STRIKEN. A WOMAN IN HER EARLY FORTIES who sits beside him
looks equally pained. And we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

... as the COURTROOM empties out and BODIES PASS IN FRONT of
us, but THROUGH THEM we can just make out DEVALOS, PACING
BACK AND FORTH in front of the WOMAN IN HER EARLY FORTIES...

DEVALOS
Mistrial. Judge declared a mistrial.

WOMAN IN HER EARLY FORTIES
(chastened; muted)
Yes. I know. I was there.

DEVALOS
(still pacing; not looking up)
Jury just couldn't convict.
Understandable. Captured the bastard
covered in his victim's blood. Still
holding the chain-saw he used to cut the
body into nine pieces so it would fit
into the tall kitchen garbage bags he had
on hand as opposed to simply cutting it
in half and using the extra strength
backyard and garden bags he had on his
"to-do" list to pick up.
WOMAN IN HER EARLY FORTIES
No. I know. I heard the testimony.

DEVALOS
But still...the jury couldn't convict.
Deadlocked.

WOMAN IN HER EARLY FORTIES
I know.

DEVALOS
You know?
(finally looking up)
Well that's good that you know. You're a jury consultant. You should know something. I mean...we spent thousands of dollars of tax-payer money to hire you...countless man-hours interviewing and profiling and testing a hundred and some-odd citizens so we could find the perfect jury...hoping against hope that we could send this piece of human smegma to get a lethal injection. So it's good that you know something. Because it's clear the one thing you don't know is how to pick a jury that will vote for the death penalty.

She just looks at him for the longest time, saying nothing.
And then...finally...

WOMAN IN HER EARLY FORTIES
District Attorney Devalos...I don't think I like your tone.

DEVALOS
Well I guess we're even. I don't think I like your work.

WOMAN IN HER EARLY FORTIES
Mr. Devalos...as you well know...jury selection is an art...not a science. There are never any guarantees. Particularly when you're asking one human being for permission to kill another human being.
(a moment; and then)
Now if you'll excuse me... I need a cigarette.

...and with that she turns and starts off...
DEVALOS
(calling after her)
Permission granted.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

A TELEVISION SCREEN

tuned to the GAME SHOW NETWORK. An old Black and White tape of PASSWORD is on. A forty years younger Betty White looks at her team-mate and says...

BETTY WHITE
"Ridiculous".

CONTESTANT
(considering; and then)
"Stupid".

The audience LAUGHS. We can plainly see that the password, "Absurd" is "supered" over the set.

ALLEN LUDEN
That's my wife, Sir!

The audience LAUGHS again. And then we HEAR Allison's voice.

ALLISON (O.C.)
(quietly; to herself)
"Absurd".

ALLEN LUDEN
For nine points Paul...

...and as PAUL ANKA considers his clue we begin to PULL BACK from the television, REVEALING that we are in ALLISON'S FAMILY ROOM...

PAUL ANKA
(affecting an accent)
"English".

ALLISON (O.C.)
"Absurd".

CONTESTANT #2
"Proper?"

ALLEN LUDEN
Proper. Proper English. No.
ALLISON (O.C.)
"Absurd, absurd, absurd, absurd."

BETTY WHITE
"Silly".

CONTESTANT
"Foolish".

And finally we PULL BACK FAR ENOUGH TO REVEAL that Allison is sitting with HER BACK TO THE TELEVISION, holding her sleeping two year old in her arms.

ALLISON
"Absurd". (to herself)
The answer's absurd.

...and we can't help but notice how her eyes dart up and look off at...

A STAINED GLASS CABINET

...and plainly visible behind the glass, a bottle of vodka.

TIGHTER ON ALLISON

...clearly contemplating the bottle when SUDDENLY...

THE PHONE RINGS

...and with one hand Allison hits MUTE on the TV remote while with the other she GRABS THE PHONE...

ALLISON
Hello?

...and we INTERCUT WITH...

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - BULLPEN AREA - DAY

...where a MEMBER OF DEVALOS'S SUPPORT STAFF speaks into a phone...

DEVALOS ASSISTANT
Good morning. Is Allison Dubois available for District Attorney Devalos?

ALLISON
Oh my God. You have no idea.
...and then, realizing she hasn’t answered the woman’s question.

ALLISON

Yes. That’s a yes.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. A FAST FOOD PLAY AREA - DAY

...as CHILDREN FROLIC on play equipment...

REVERSE ANGLE

...to REVEAL Allison’s face, pressed up against the rubber mesh fencing, sipping a soda and watching her two year old play in the sea of colored balls.

VOICE (O.C.)

Miss Dubois?

...and Allison turns with a start to DISCOVER a tall, WELL-GROOMED MAN in a suit standing behind her.

WELL-GROOMED MAN

District Attorney Devalos is waiting for you.

...he points several yards away where there are concrete tables for the fast food customers to eat. And there, seated at one, is DEVALOS dipping french fries in a paper plate full of ketchup, a large file folder by his side...

WELL-GROOMED MAN

(reacting to the look on her face)

Don’t worry. I’ll keep an eye on your Baby.

Allison’s expression doesn’t change.

WELL-GROOMED MAN

I’m a Detective with the Phoenix P.D.

Trust me. She’ll be here when you get back.

Devalos waves in the distance. Allison smiles politely at the Detective and wordlessly reaches into the ballcourt and picks up her child.

*  *

*  *
ALLISON
(to the Detective)
No offense...

...and we...

CUT TO:

DEVALOS

...as he continues funneling french fries into his mouth...

ALLISON (O.C.)
That's a mighty heart-healthy lunch
you're having there.

Devalos looks up and smiles.

DEVALOS
Are you trying to tell me something? You
had some kind of vision about my health?
Have you seen something prescient as it
relates to my well-being?

ALLISON
(a shrug)
No. Just something I say whenever I see a
middle aged man eating starch fried in
lard.

Devalos stops what he's doing...STARES at the fry in his hand
and instead of putting it in his mouth, returns it to his
plate. Indicates Allison and her baby should sit. And she
does. There is an uneasy SILENCE between them...until
finally...

ALLISON
Buyer's remorse?

DEVALOS
(not understanding)
Excuse me?

ALLISON
Haven't heard from you in a while.
Figured maybe you thought about it and
realized there was really no place for me
in a District Attorney's office. I
mean...given what I do.

He looks at her for a LONG MOMENT and then SMILES AND
SHRUGS...he's clearly ambivalent.
He looks away and doesn't speak as if weighing something in his mind. And then...finally...

DEVALOS
Take me through it one more time. This...thing you experience.

Allison looks around. She is clearly uncomfortable with this topic. She LEANS IN CLOSE and LOWERS her voice.

ALLISON
I mean...if you forced me to break it down...categorize it...well I guess the big thing...I mean it's been going on since I was kid...is...I see...people that have passed. Their spirits. They come to me. Tell me things.

DEVALOS
People that have passed?
(and then; he has to be sure)
Dead people?

Allison nods.

DEVALOS
What? They just...come to your house?

She shrugs.

DEVALOS
Without being invited?

ALLISON
(what the fuck?)
They're never invited.

DEVALOS
Of course not.
(and then)
Well...to be honest...I don't quite know what to do with that. I mean...not that I doubt you. But from a prosecutorial point of view...

ALLISON
No. I know. I just...I also have dreams.

DEVALOS
Dreams? Dreams that...come true?

She shrugs again. No one says anything for a moment.
OKAY. DREAMS. BUT AGAIN... IN A COURT OF LAW...

NO. I KNOW. BELIEVE ME... I HEAR THIS STUFF COMING OUT OF MY MOUTH...

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD IN HER DISBELIEF. THERE IS ANOTHER LONG SILENCE.

WHAT ABOUT... "READING MINDS"?

I'M SORRY?

CAN YOU GUESS WHAT A PERSON'S THINKING? MAYBE EVEN WHAT THEIR ATTITUDE MIGHT ACTUALLY BE ABOUT SOMETHING?

I DON'T KNOW. SOMETIMES.

HE LOOKS AT HER FOR A LONG MOMENT.

WHAT?

I'M NOT SURE "SOMETIMES" IS GOOD ENOUGH.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR WHAT?

HE HANDS HER A FILE FOLDER. SHE OPENS IT. WE DO NOT SEE WHAT SHE SEES. ONLY HER REACTION TO IT. SHE COVERS HER MOUTH... CLEARLY ON THE VERGE OF GETTING SICK.

HE SUCCOCATES THEM. THEN HANGS ONTO THE CORPSES FOR DAYS... SOMETIMES WEEKS... AND HAS SEX WITH THEM. OVER AND OVER AGAIN. SIX OF THEM THAT WE KNOW OF.

ALLISON PUTS THE FOLDER ON THE TABLE AND CLOSES IT. SHE IS CLEARLY REPULSED.

HIS SENTENCING TRIAL IS IN THREE WEEKS. JURY SELECTION STARTS MONDAY.

(MORE)
DEVALOS (cont'd)
You think you could help me find a jury to give him the maximum sentence? Twelve men and women who would actually vote "yes"?

She stops and thinks for a moment.

ALLISON
Well, I think so. I mean...I'd certainly like to try.

Devalos looks off for a LONG MOMENT again.

DEVALOS
You understand what I'm asking? We have the death penalty here in Arizona. I'm asking you to help me send this man to his death. Are you okay with that?

ALLISON
If he's done the things you say he's done...why would I have a problem with that?

DEVALOS
I don't know. Some people might.

ALLISON
Well not me. No.

He smiles. Reaches across the table and picks up the folder and starts to rise.

DEVALOS
So then I'll see you Monday.

...and with that he starts off...making his way from the table towards his government vehicle.

ON ALLISON

...as she SMILEs to herself. Finally...a sense of purpose. And SUDDENLY Devalos STOPS...

DEVALOS
Allison?

...and turns to the seated young woman and her baby once more.

DEVALOS
Obviously no one can know what you're doing. Helping us this way.
10 CONTINUED: (4)

ALLISON
Obviously.

DEVALOS
So I can count on you. Keep it a secret. I mean...your husband I suppose...but beyond that...

ALLISON
(joking)
So now it’s lying and sending people to their death.

Devalos smiles at her joke, then turns and starts off, only to STOP AGAIN after several steps and turn back to her...

DEVALOS
By the way, the man you’re going to help eliminate? His name is...

ALLISON
(finishing the sentence for him)
...Ivan Kinetko. Yeah. I know.

...and on Devalos look of surprise....we...

END OF ACT ONE

CUT TO BLACK
ACt Two

11 EXT. THE DUBOIS HOUSE - DUSK

...as Joe steps INTO FRAME, pulling his keys from his pocket
and stabbing the FRONT DOOR with them. And no sooner is he
THROUGH THE DOOR than...

12 INT. THE ENTRYWAY

...Allison is ON TOP OF HIM...

ALLISON
He called! He called! He called!

...arms around his neck, LEADING him through the house, NEVER
ALLOWING THE CONVERSATION TO STOP FOR ONE SECOND during this
one, long CONTINUOUS CAMERA SHOT...

JOE
I'm sorry. Who called?

ALLISON
The District Attorney's office. They need
me! Say "hi" to the kids.

...and they pass THE KITCHEN where the children sit eating
Mac and Cheese in front of a GOTHED OUT BABYSITTER...

JOE
(a slight wave as he is being
pulled)
Hi to the kids.

ARIEL
(calling after him; even though
he's disappeared)
Hi Daddy.

BRIDGETTE
(doing the same)
Hi Daddy.

ALLISON
(a purr)
Hi Daddy.

JOE
Someone's in a good mood.
ALLISON
You can read minds too!

...and SUDDENLY they disappear behind the BEDROOM DOOR which closes RIGHT INTO CAMERA. And we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Joe drives. Allison sits in the passenger seat beside him, AMPED---talking a mile a minute. They both glow.

JOE
So Nick is married to Diane who's a financial something. And Alan is married to Kamala who's a doctor. A therapist of some kind. Works with kids. And Brett is married to Jennifer who works for some charity.

ALLISON
Nick and Diane, Alan and Kamala and Brett and Jessica

JOE
(correcting)
Jennifer.

ALLISON
Brett and Jennifer. Sorry.

JOE
A psychic with a bad memory. Go figure.

ALLISON
They just don't make 'em like they used to.

JOE
So tonight...

ALLISON
(interrupting)
Yes, yes, yes. Tell me all the verboten subjects. In fact, tell me twice cause I'm planning on having a couple of cocktails and I don't want to make any mistakes.
JOE
(amused)
No. No verboten subjects...

ALLISON
Now Alan... isn't he the one that you said tried to get the lap-dance in his hotel room in Toronto while you guys were at that conference but the girl who showed up turned out to be a cop? And then he had to call the American consulate just so he could go home?

JOE
That was Andy. And he doesn't work with us any more. Security clearance problems.

ALLISON

JOE
Andy. Right. Definitely not Alan.

JOE
(and then)
Psychic with a bad memory

ALLISON
(a second after him)
Psychic with a bad memory.
(finger to forehead)
I knew you were going to say that.

JOE
Ah. But do you remember me saying it?

ALLISON
(giddy; loving this joke; playing along)
Remember you saying "what" Dear?

...and Joe laughs...

ALLISON
Your name again?

...and Joe laughs some more. Have they ever been this happy?

JOE
(change of subject)
So listen... what I did want to talk to you about... I mean... these people tonight... they're all scientists. At least the guys are.

(MORE)
"Suspicions and Certainties" 2nd Draft - Blue 7/27/04

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE (cont'd)
So I mean, if somebody says...and you know they're going to..."what do you do"...?

ON ALLISON

...and she turns in her seat and JUST LOOKS AT HIM.

JOE
(re: her stare)
What?

ALLISON
Continue.

JOE
Well you obviously know the rest.

ALLISON
(not smiling)
Psychic with a bad memory. Can't remember. Why don't you finish your thought.

JOE
Okay. I'm just saying...if someone says, "So Allison, what do you do for a living?"...I'm curious...

ALLISON
(interrupting again)
But you know what I do for a living.

JOE
No. I mean, I'm curious how you're going to put it.

ALLISON
(a bit of an edge.)
Well gosh dear...how would you like me to "put it?"

JOE
Well I'm just saying...I mean...there are lots of way of saying...

ALLISON
You worried I'm going to embarrass you?

JOE
No! God no.
ALLISON
Well then don't worry so much about how things are put. Everything will be put the way it needs to be put. And if you don't like the way things are put, you can just go "put" yourself.

...and with that she TURNS and LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW. And Joe sighs and keeps driving. And we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

14 ALLISON AND JOE

...making their way ACROSS A BEAUTIFUL RESTAURANT over to a table with SIX OTHERS. Both of them with PAINTED ON SMILES they found somewhere between the parking lot and here.

ALLISON

JOE

ALLISON
(as if it never happened) Jennifer.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

15 ALAN AND KAMALA

Mid-thirties. Attractive. They...but really Alan...are in mid story. The entire table is rapt. Hanging on every word.

ALAN
I mean this eleven year old boy hasn't spoken since he's six. Five years. And there's nothing physiologically wrong with him. It's a control thing. And obviously his parents are going out of their minds. Sent him everywhere.

(locking to Kamala) Tell them.

KAMALA
(reluctantly) Well...I developed this therapy.
ALAN
Very Annie Sullivan. Very Miracle Worker.
Tell them.

KAMALA
(a shrug)
It was very intense. Just he and I. In this cabin. Four days. There's no food unless he asks for it. No water. I've got everything under lock and key.

DIANE
Wait a second. Unless he asks for it? You're willing to starve this kid?

ALAN
No one starved. She's not going to let anyone starve. Listen to this. It's great. The people from the Dr. Phil show called her. Tell them.

KAMALA
(a sigh; a shrug)
First day. It's like a stand off.

ALAN
Y'know what he's doing? He's waiting for her to fall asleep. So he can get the key. Get to the food.

KAMALA
(growing uncomfortable)
You're making too much out of it.

ALAN
I'm proud.

JOE
So wait a second. What happened? Did anyone fall asleep?

ALAN
Of course not. I mean...she's not going to fall asleep. She's staying up. She's talking to him. Explaining. The jig is up. You've met your match. Right? I know you can talk. Your parents know you can talk. Your teachers know you can talk.

ON ALLISON
...trading an uncomfortable look with Kamala...not quite sure what to make of it...

ALAN (CONT'D)
And no one's leaving here. No one's sleeping. And for damn sure no one's eating until you say something.

JOE
And how many hours did it take?

ALAN
I didn't hear from her for thirty seven hours.

JOE
(to Kamala)
You stayed up with him for thirty seven hours straight?

KAMALA
I don't know. I'm not sure. There actually may have been some brief periods of unconsciousness for both of us...

DIANE
And it worked? He spoke?

ALAN
Hell yes he spoke. And he hasn't stopped speaking since.

JOE
Wow. What did he say?

KAMALA
(uneasily)
Actually...his first words were ..."Jesus".

Alan smiles smugly.

ALAN
She's flying East to a Conference at Yale. Being honored by the Childhood Behavioral Council.

JOE
Wow. That must be...very gratifying.
Kamala smiles uncomfortably. Allison just looks at her... and SUDDENLY we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

TIGHT ON KAMALA

...HALF ASLEEP. Lying on a ratty couch in what looks to be a RUSTIC CABIN OF SOME KIND. She rolls over slightly, feeling SOMEONE STARING AT HER...

ON AN ELEVEN YEAR OLD BOY

...standing several feet from the sofa. A KEY on a string dangles from around his neck. A half eaten SCOOTER PIE is in his hand. There is a COMPLETELY SHOCKED look on his face.

WIDER ANGLE

...as Kamala looks down and realizes her blouse has fallen open, exposing her breasts to the boy, who stands there with the most AMAZING look of simultaneous SHOCK and AWE and WONDER...

ELEVEN YEAR OLD BOY

(whispered; reverent)

Jesus...

...and SUDDENLY, realizing the jig really is up, he slaps his hand over his mouth. And Kamala, realizing this is the breakthrough she’s been waiting for, smiles and pulls her blouse back together... and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

ALLISON

...with a smile of her own.

ALLISON

Congratulations.

KAMALA

(modestly)

Thank you.

(and then)

I’m still very uncomfortable with all the fuss.

(and then)

And what do you do?
...and we can't help but notice Joe shoot a furtive glance over to Allison.

ALLISON
Me? I work part time in the District Attorney's office. Very boring.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

...and once again Joe drives while Allison sits in the passenger seat beside him.

JOE
Now that wasn't so bad...was it?

Allison FAKE YAWNS.

JOE
What? You were bored?

ALLISON
I miss Andy. One little lap dance from law enforcement and the guy's considered a security risk. Seems so unfair.

JOE
You had a good time. I know you did.

ALLISON
Hey...I love a good story.

JOE
What are you talking about?

ALLISON
Annie Sullivan and the Jesus Boy. You seemed to like it.

JOE
What? You're saying she's lying?

ALLISON
No. She didn't tell the story. Her husband did.

He looks at her. A "what does that mean?" kind of look.
ALLISON
I'm just saying I don't think everything
necessarily happened the way it was told
to us.

Joe drinks that in for a second. And then...

JOE
You suspect this or you know this?

ALLISON
Are you asking me if I was there? I wasn't there.

JOE
So you'll concede the possibility that the story is true?

Allison says nothing.

JOE
Did I miss something? When did we make the leap from having impressions about things to being certain about things?

ALLISON
I'm just telling you what I think.

JOE
Well it sounds like you're telling me what you know. And frankly...it's scaring the crap out of me. I mean...is that what you're doing for the D.A. next week? Is that what you're selling? Certainty? And if it is, doesn't that bother you a little?

ALLISON
No. Why? Should it?

JOE
Okay, maybe I got this wrong...but somewhere between pulling my pants off and passing me the soap in the shower did you not tell me you were going to be helping the D.A. seat a jury that he hoped would send a man to the electric chair?
ALLISON
Lethal injection. We're very enlightened here in Arizona and we do lethal injection. Yeah. And by the way...that man killed six women. And then he raped them.

JOE
Says the D.A.

ALLISON
Says the evidence.

JOE
You're certain of this?
(and then)
I mean...a guy might die Allison. Doesn't that give you...I don't know...pause?

She just looks at him.

JOE
Okay. Forget that. What if he's guilty and you pick the wrong people? What if you're responsible for him walking?

ALLISON
I'm confused. Are you worried that I'll be good at what I do or not good enough?

JOE
I don't know. I guess I'm worried that you might do something crazy and human like...what do you know?...make a mistake!

ALLISON
That isn't going to happen.

JOE
Because...?

ALLISON
I know what I know.

JOE
But you don't! You didn't know the District Attorney was going to call you this morning. And you didn't know Ariel's school trip was going to be canceled at the last minute.
(and then)
(MORE)
JOE (cont’d)
Hell…you don’t even know that Brett is married to Jennifer not Jessica!
(his voice rising)
…but suddenly you know who’s going to vote “yes” and who’s going to vote “no” and who’s lying and who’s not lying and whether some little boy you’ve never met said “Jesus” or not??
(a moment; and then; quietly)
Will you listen to yourself Allison?

ALLISON
(after a moment; quietly back)
That’s what I’m trying to do.

…and we...

CUT TO

A WOMAN’S BARE BELLY

Sideways...virtually filling THE FRAME. Taut. Beautifully shaped. Laying on a chaise lounge. And just over the top of it we watch as IVAN KINETKO drags over a backyard chair, and sits in it—right next to the woman. And he stares at the woman’s stomach...clearly admiring it, like a hungry man salivating over a steak. And he smiles and reaches out his hand...ultimately allowing the tips of his fingers to caress the perfectly formed abdominal muscles.

KINETKO
Very nice. Very impressive. I admire the discipline it takes to achieve this kind of physical perfection.

…and AFTER A MOMENT, he leans in and lowers his face to her midriff and gently kisses it.

KINETKO
(quietly, reverently)
You are a beautiful woman. You have a beautiful soul.

And then, he reaches out with a single finger and touches A BEAD OF SWEAT on her skin just above her bellybutton.

KINETKO
You’re warm. Let me cool you off.

…and with that he pulls himself UP AND OUT OF HIS CHAIR. And it is only now that we realize we are in a BACKYARD SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA.
WIDER SHOT

...to REVEAL the only thing the woman lying on the chaise is wearing is a brief but beautiful bikini---save for the CLEAR PLASTIC BAG covering her head and TAPEd AROUND HER NECK.

* KINETKO
(reaching for a garden hose)
Don't worry darling. Relief is only a moment away.

...and with that he TURNS ON THE HOSE and begins to SPRay THE WOMAN'S BODY.

TIGHT ON THE PLASTIC BAG

...and THROUGH IT we can just make out her beautiful face and extraordinary mane of dark hair---the expression frozen for all time---eyes wide and filled with panic---mouth open in a desperate search for air. And we SEE IT just for a brief second before it is completely obscured by the cascade of WATER DROPS from the garden hose that pummel the bag, sounding like a hundred snare drum strikes, each one LOUDER than the last until they reach a THUNDEROUS CRESCENDO and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

20 ALLISON

...sitting bolt upright in bed. And even through the darkness we can HEAR the SOUND of the RAIN on the ROOF and we watch as the shadows of running water on the windows play on the walls behind her and even on Allison herself as she sits in her dark bedroom and looks over and regards her sleeping husband for a moment...and then...with a small shake of her head, she slowly lowers herself back onto her pillow, and closes her eyes, and we...

END OF ACT TWO

CUT TO BLACK:
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY’S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Huge. And spare. Three or four rows of haphazardly placed metal chairs face a LONG TABLE. There is no one in the room but a single body seated with her back to us.

ON ALLISON

...sitting in the giant room with her hands crossed in front of her, not quite knowing what to do with herself. She checks her watch, clearly having been there a while. And her eyes dart over to the...

FROSTED GLASS

...that surrounds the room. Bodies in the hallway outside cast ghost-like shadows that move across the glass like specters in shirts and ties and skirts and blouses. And SUDDENLY there is a RUSTLE in THE BACK OF THE ROOM and Allison TURNS in time to SEE...

DEVALOS

...coming THROUGH THE DOOR---thirty or so files under his arms.

DEVALOS

(making his way to the front of the room)

Sorry, sorry, sorry...

...and behind him, two CASUALLY DRESSED ASSISTANTS, each with thirty or so MORE files under their arms as well...

DEVALOS

(to the two assistants)

You can just set those on the table here...

...and he smiles at Allison and waits a moment for the two assistants to drop off their files and leave. And as soon as the CONFERENCE ROOM DOORS slam shut...

DEVALOS

So what’s your thesis called?

ALLISON

Excuse me?
DEVALOS
(re: the two assistants)
Everybody here thinks you're the intern who came back to write a thesis on Jury Selection in Capital Trials.

ALLISON
Well then it's probably called "Jury Selection in Capital Trials."

DEVALOS
(seating himself on the table)
Catchy.
(and then; indicating the files)
A hundred and forty-four prospective jurors. These are their questionnaires.

ALLISON
(disappointed)
I don't get to meet them?

DEVALOS
(surprised; but then recovering quickly)
Why don't we wait and see how you do with the questionnaires first.
(and then; picking one up)
We can usually identify the obvious "deadheads" off of these.

ALLISON
"Deadheads"?

DEVALOS
People we absolutely won't accept. In this case people that are never going to vote for capital punishment.

He opens one of the folders and shows it to Allison. The pages of the questionnaire are stapled to one side of it. On the other is a red "post-it".

DEVALOS
If it has a red post-it on it, it means the jury consultant thinks the person is a definite "no".
(reaching for another one; opening it)
If there's a green post-it on it means she thinks the person is a definite "yes".

(MORE)
DEVALOS (cont'd)
If there's no post-it at all it means she has no opinion yet and it's something we'll figure out when we get to court.

ALLISON
What happens in court?

DEVALOS
We get six strikes and so does the other side.

ALLISON
 Strikes?

DEVALOS
A free pass. These are people you get to say "no" to without having to explain yourself.

ALLISON
The deadheads.

DEVALOS
Well...no. That's where it gets tricky. The judge will probably throw out most of the "deadheads" without prompting. What you want to save your strikes for are the people you think the other side is desperate to have that the judge might not kick out.

ALLISON
Aha.

DEVALOS
At the same time, the other side is going to use their six strikes to eliminate the people they think you really want to have.

(he holds up a red and a green "post-it" pad)
I brought you these. They're half the size of the others so we can tell yours from hers.

(and then)
So what do you think?

ALLISON
About what?

Devalos looks at the pile.
ALLISON
It's a bunch of paper.

DEVALOS
(suddenly deflated)
Oh.
(and then)
So you mean...you can't just look at
them...touch them?...just "feel"
something?

ALLISON
Well I don't know. I've never tried it.

DEVALOS
So getting impressions off of inanimate
objects...that's not something...

ALLISON
(losing patience; cutting him
off)
I don't know.
(and then; by way of
explanation)
You have to understand...these aren't
feelings I've ever gone out of my way to
have. Used to be...I'd walk into a place
or meet a person and I'd get that
feeling?...and all I'd want is a drink.
(and then)
This is all new.
(and then)
I guess I was sort of counting on meeting
the people.

DEVALOS
(pushing himself off the table)
Well...I don't know what to tell you.
This is how we start. And in any
event...your involvement in this process
has got to be...

ALLISON
(cutting him off)
Secret. I heard that.

DEVALOS
(standing over her now)
Allison...if this isn't something you're
interested in doing...
ALLISON
No, no. I'm interested. I want to do it.
I just...if I tell you something...I want
to be certain...

DEVALOS
(starting out of the room)
Don't worry about that. I'm up to my
eyeballs in people that are "certain". It
would just be nice to meet someone who's
"right" for a change.
(just before he's through the
doors)
I'll be in my office when you're done.

ON ALLISON

...HEARING the DOOR CLOSE behind her. And she looks at the
small mountain of files. And after a moment pulls herself up
and out of her seat and makes her way over to them. And
without all that much enthusiasm, picks one up and opens it,
turns herself around and leans against the table as she
reads...

THE FORM

...filled out in pen. And as Allison and we SEE IT, Allison
HEARS IT...

MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
Jonathan McCall. Born January 20, 1968...

...and her eye and THE CAMERA race down towards the bottom of
the page where it lists "EDUCATION" to SEE highlighted in
YELLOW...

MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
1989 to 1992 Divinity Studies at the
School of Theology at Catholic
University...

...and we watch as the CAMERA and HER EYES MOVE to the
opposite side of the file folder where a RED POST-IT is
stuck. And we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

ANOTHER FOLDER

...and in a different handwriting we SEE...
WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)

...and the CAMERA races down to...

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)
Question: Have you ever lost a friend or loved one to a violent crime? Answer: Yes. A coworker of mine was killed for his car one night after coming out of a laundromat. It was especially sad because he had won the car just a month earlier in a sales promotion they ran here at the company...

...and as the voice trails off, the CAMERA and her eyes move to the opposite flap of the file folder where a GREEN POST-IT is stuck. And we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

ANOTHER FOLDER

...and Allison looks at it, her eyes immediately moving to the OPPOSITE FLAP which has a RED POST IT.

ON ALLISON

...taking that in and then...SUDDENLY SEEING...

A HOSPITAL ROOM

Simple. Spare. An EMACIATED BLACK WOMAN lies in a bed hooked up to LIFE SUPPORT staring straight ahead at nothing. Sitting beside her in a straight back chair is a black woman in her early thirties...MAXINE HARRIS. Maxine looks up and speaks straight to Allison. STRAIGHT TO THE CAMERA.

MAXINE HARRIS
Maxine Harris. Born November 3, 1970. Baptist. Single. I've supervised data entry for the Bocktel Company since 1998. I own my own home. I read one newspaper and try to watch one newscast every day. If I have time. I spend a lot of time with my Mother here. She's been in the hospital since 2002 when she suffered a massive stroke.

(she hesitates; and then)
I believe in the sanctity of life. I believe that things happen for a reason.
And finished, she stops and sits there. PERFECTLY COMPOSED. And then it happens. She steals A GLANCE to HER MOTHER. And slowly, but surely the TEARS start to come. And SUDDENLY her body starts to HEAVE as she becomes overwhelmed with grief and CONVULSED WITH TEARS. And suddenly she RISES from her chair and moves to the banks of life support equipment that surround her MOTHER. SHUTTING THEM OFF. PULLING the machines off their racks. UNPLUGGING anything and everything. And ALARMS start to SOUND as EQUIPMENT FALLS to the floor and is SMASHED.

ON MAXINE'S MOTHER

...lying there, mute and unmoving as SUDDENLY the BELLows that are forcing air into her lungs STOP MOVING. The SOUND of EQUIPMENT being SMASHED all around her eliciting no response at all. And SUDDENLY we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

THE HOSPITAL ROOM

...all the equipment is ONCE AGAIN INTACT as if nothing had happened. And Maxine sits as before, demurely beside her motionless Mother...nothing but the SOUND OF MACHINES FORCING AIR into and out of her lungs.

SHOCK CUT TO:

ALLISON

...LOOKING UP from the folder. Reaching over and placing one of her smaller GREEN POST-ITS besides the large RED ONE that is already there. And we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. DUBOIS HOUSE - NIGHT

...as Joe QUIETLY makes his way out of the GIRL'S ROOM and into THE HALLWAY...

INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

...as Joe falls into a chair and PICKS UP THE PHONE and quickly dials a number...
...the pile of folders on the table has virtually disappeared and been replaced by a number of different piles on the floor. ALLISON is riveted to a folder when her CELL PHONE RINGS. And it takes two or three rings to BREAK THE REVERIE. And finally she reaches for it and we INTERCUT between here and JOE IN THE FAMILY ROOM...

ALLISON
(into the phone)
Hey...

JOE
So how's the job?

ALLISON
It's great. Instead of sitting home all day and talking to no one I get to sit in a big anonymous room and talk to no one. It's all I could have hoped for.

JOE
(gently)
Do you know it's twenty after nine?

She looks at HER WATCH and GASPS.

ALLISON
Oh Joe! I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sooo sorry.

JOE
Don't worry about it.

ALLISON
Psychic with a bad sense of time.

JOE
Mmmm. Do you remember where you live?

ALLISON
(hand to her brow)
I'm seeing a house...I'm seeing a guy in his underwear...I'm seeing lots of dishes in the sink...

JOE
It's amazing how you do that. I'll wait up.

...and she SMILES and closes the phone.
...as Allison makes her way THROUGH the doors of the
CONFERENCE ROOM and out into the COMPLEX OF DESKS AND OFFICES
that make up the OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, a
collection of twenty or so folders under her arm. And she is
surprised to discover that the entire BULLPEN AREA of the
DA’s office is DARK, save for the light that spills out
through the glass window that separates District Attorney
Devalos’s office from the bullpen area. And there he is,
plainly visible, hunched over his desk, lost in work.

...and there is a KNOCK on the door...and Devalos LOOKS UP to
DISCOVER Allison STANDING IN HIS DOORWAY.

DEVALOS
You understand that I’m not paying you by
the hour...right?

Allison smiles.

DEVALOS
I stuck my head in there two or three
times but you seemed to be in your own
world so I just...

ALLISON
It’s okay. You want the good news or the
bad news?

DEVALOS
Gimmee it all. I’m a big boy. I can take
it.

ALLISON
I got through almost all of them. And I
got things off a lot of them. And I don’t
agree with most of what your jury
consultant told you.

DEVALOS
What do you mean?

ALLISON
(pulling out a folder)
Well like this woman here. Maxine Harris.  
(she moves to his desk; showing
him the questionnaire)
Yes she’s religious. But that’s not all
she is.

(MORE)
ALLISON (cont'd)
She's got a mother that's been kept alive in the hospital for two years despite the fact that she can't see, can't hear, can't eat and can't even breathe on her own. You know what she prays for? An earthquake to knock down the Hospital. A fire to take out her mother's wing. All she wants to do is put this old woman out of her misery, but the state won't let her. Maxine Harris can be reached. She'll understand your frustration. She'll understand the victim's family's need for closure. And I believe the defense is going to read it the way your expert did and advocate for her. So by looking like you loose one, you win one.

ON DEVALOS

...looking up at her...clearly surprised by her passion...and her certainty.

ALLISON

(not understanding his look)
You want me to keep going?

Devalos NODS.

ALLISON

(pulling out another folder)
This one here...he's a fireman, right? So your expert has him as a definite "yes". She's thinking "law and order guy"--of course he'll vote for the needle. But his best friend's brother is on death row in Nevada.

DEVALOS

(reaching for the file)
Wait a second. Is that on the questionnaire?

She just looks at him. A look that says "of course it's not on the questionnaire."

DEVALOS

Sorry...
ALLISON
(pulling out another file)
Neither is the fact that this school teacher she has a definite "no" was raped twenty years ago when she was in college and the guy who raped her hired a great attorney and got off and went on to rape three other girls, finally got caught and was put away BUT is up for parole later this year and will probably get it.
(locking eyes with him)
I mean...if I'm you...I want that lady in my lifeboat.

Devalos just looks at her for a long moment.

DEVALOS
What are you doing tomorrow?

ALLISON
I don't know. Why?

DEVALOS
How'd you like to go to court with me? Meet some of these people?

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

A PILLOW
...as Allison's head hits it. And she looks up at her BEDROOM CEILING and SMILES.

ANOTHER ANGLE
...as Joe ROLLS OVER in the dark and looks at her.

JOE
Stop smiling like that. The moonlight is bouncing off your teeth and keeping me awake.

ALLISON
Tough. I was pretty great today. It was pretty great being me today.
JOE
Mmmmm. Whatever happened to the old Allison? The depressed Allison? I miss her.

ALLISON
She's going to be in Court tomorrow. If I see her, I'll ask her.

JOE
(a long whistle; impressed)
Court? Really?
(and then)
Parking ticket?

ALLISON
(playfully)
You hate being wrong...don't you?

JOE
(trying to be playful back)
Am I wrong? Are you sure? Are you certain? Or is it just something you suspect?

...and she looks at him for a LONG MOMENT...and makes a decision to let it go.

ALLISON
(rolling over; away from him)
Say Good-night Gracie.

...and Joe ponders that for a moment, then reaches over and KISSES the back of her neck.

JOE
Good-night Gracie.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

A GAVEL

...being banged by JUDGE #2 who looks across the COURTROOM at DEFENSE ATTORNEY #2...

JUDGE #2
Do you wish to enter a challenge to the seating of potential juror number 12?...
(reading from a card)
...Maxine Harris?
...and we PAN to the witness box where Ms. Harris sits politely having just been questioned by both sides...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY #2
(with a certain degree of relish)
We certainly do not, Your Honor.

...and we PAN BACK to the JUDGE who turns his gaze to the PROSECUTION TABLE, where DEVALOS and the WOMAN IN HER EARLY FORTIES and behind them, ALLISON, all sit.

JUDGE #2
And according to my records, the Prosecution has exhausted all of its challenges. Do you concur District Attorney Devalos?

DEVALOS
(trying his best to feign disappointment)
I'm afraid so, Your Honor.

...and it's hard to miss the absolutely FLABBERGASTED expression on the face of the Woman In Her Early Forties, or for that matter the way Allison does her best to keep her HEAD DOWN and avoid acknowledging the slender smile on Devalos's face.

JUDGE #2
Very well then. We have a jury.
(banging his gavel one more time)
Court will recess for ten minutes. At that time the Sheriff's Deputies will escort in the Defendant so the Court can begin to hear pre-trial motions.
(a nod to both lawyers as he RISES)
Gentlemen...

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE - DAY

...where the Woman In Her Early Forties is savagely PUFFING ON A CIGARETTE behind a PILLAR even as she does her best to have a PRIVATE CONVERSATION with Devalos who stands beside her trying his best not to inhale her smoke...
WOMAN IN HER EARLY FORTIES
Mr. District Attorney...Sir...I cannot accept responsibility for an outcome when I am not given the opportunity to participate in the events leading up to that outcome. Certainly you can understand that.

DEVALOS
Actually, I find it all rather confusing.
(he shrugs)
To be honest...I don't recall you accepting any responsibility when you did participate.

...and she just looks at him for a LONG MOMENT...a thousand thoughts flying through her head...but finally deciding to say nothing. Instead simply taking her cigarette, dropping it on the ground and grinding it out with her shoe—all the time locking eyes with Devalos—before turning away wordlessly and starting down the courthouse steps.

DEVALOS
(re the cigarette butt)
That's against the law y'know...

...and getting no response, he smiles to himself...and turns to DISCOVER ALLISON standing right beside him...having secreted herself behind an adjacent pillar.

ALLISON
I don't want to make trouble.

DEVALOS
(lowering his voice; making certain he's not heard)
Is that what you're doing? That's not how I see it. Allison...you were right about every single person we cross examined today.

ALLISON
(embarrassed)
Well...

DEVALOS
I have to tell you...I'm starting to believe if I don't screw this up, we might actually have a real shot at getting rid of this Monster.
...and Allison lowers her head and actually blushes. And we...

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33A  A FADED TRAVELOGUE

...a BLEACHED STOCK SHOT of the LEANING TOWER of PISA...

ANNOUNCER’S VOICE (O.C.)
This is Italy!

...followed by a STOCK SHOT of the SISTINE CHAPEL...

ANNOUNCER’S VOICE (O.C.)
Where art...

...followed by a STOCK SHOT of Roman Cafes circa 1960...

ANNOUNCER’S VOICE
...and the art of hospitality, go hand in hand!

...followed by a STOCK SHOT of the STATUE OF DAVID...

ANNOUNCER’S VOICE
But no trip to Italy would be complete...

...followed by a STOCK SHOT of the VENICE CANALS. GONDOLAS float down the water, piloted by GONDOLA OARSMEN wearing the classic black and white-striped shirt and red beret hat.

ANNOUNCER’S VOICE
...without a Gondola ride through the Venice canals!

CLOSE UP (GREEN SCREEN)

...on a GONDOLA OARSMEN, piloting his boat. And he lifts his head and smiles for the CAMERA...and it takes a second for us to realize, we've seen this face before. It's IVAN KINETKO!

KINETKO
(right to the lens)
It's really very nice here, Allison. The women are beautiful. The climate...

(he shrugs with delight)
I'm sorry we didn't get to meet in America, but the second I heard there was a hung jury and I saw the chance to escape...

(leaning forward; more intimate)
(MORE)
KINETKO (cont'd)
You were wrong about that Maxine Harris.
(a big smile)
No way she was going to give me the needle.
(and then)
Better luck next time.

ALLISON'S VOICE (O.C.)

Nnnnnn....

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

33B ALLISON...

...her eyes opening with a start.

ALLISON

...o000!

...and she catches herself. Looks around. Nothing but SILENCE
and DARKNESS. And she realizes that once again she's in bed
in HER BEDROOM. And after a moment a HALF ASLEEP Joe rolls
over.

JOE
You okay, Babe?

ALLISON

Mmmm.

No big deal. Joe rolls back over and goes back to sleep.

ALLISON
(after a moment)
It's still Thursday...right? There's no
verdict yet...right? The jury's still
out...right?

JOE
Allison...it's the middle of the night.

ALLISON
(rolling over herself)
That's not necessary. It was just a
question.

JOE
(covering his head with his
pillow)
I love you too...
...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

A TELEVISION SCREEN

tuned once again to the GAME SHOW NETWORK. PAUL ANKA considers his clue and we quickly realize we are in ALLISON'S FAMILY ROOM watching "PASSWORD" once more, the word "GAIN" supered across the center of the set...

PAUL ANKA
"Advance."

ALLISON (O.C.)
"Gain."

CONTESTANT #3
"Forward?"

ALLAN LUDEN

ALLISON (O.C.)
"Gain, gain, gain, gain."

BETTY WHITE
"Loss?"

CONTESTANT #4
"Found."

And once again we PULL BACK TO REVEAL that Allison is sitting with HER BACK TO THE TELEVISION, holding her sleeping two year old in her arms.

ALLISON
"Gain."
(to herself)
The answer's "gain".

...and at just that moment...

THE PHONE RINGS

...and with one hand Allison hits MUTE on the TV remote while with the other she GRABS THE PHONE...

ALLISON
"Hello?"

...and we INTERCUT WITH...
...where a jubilant Devalos stands, cell phone pressed to cheek, TALKING LOUDLY, trying to be heard over THE CROWD of reporters filing stories as civilians mill around trying to figure out what all the excitement is about and courthouse workers try to keep order.

DEVALOS
(a hand over one ear)
Allison! It was unanimous! Death by lethal injection!

ALLISON
You're kidding. The death penalty?
(a hand over her mouth; truly speechless)
Oh my God...
(and then; half to herself)
He's not going to Italy?

DEVALOS
(not understanding at all)
Italy? What are you talking about?

ALLISON
(realizing what she just said)
Nothing. Nothing at all. That's wonderful. I mean...it's horrible...but...it's wonderful.

DEVALOS
(filled with feeling)
Allison...congratulations. I know we wouldn't be here if it weren't for you.

ON ALLISON

...not knowing what to say to that. So saying nothing. Just beaming. And we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

33E EXT. DUBOIS HOUSE - DUSK

...as once again Joe steps INTO FRAME, pulling his keys from his pocket and stabbing the FRONT DOOR with them. And no sooner is he THROUGH THE DOOR than...

33F INT. THE ENTRYWAY

...Allison is ON TOP OF HIM...
ALLISON
(jubilant)
I'm King of the World!
JOE
Anatomically speaking...I don't think that's possible.

ALLISON
Don't care! I'm King of the World!

JOE
I'm starting to feel a lot like my old friend Andy.

...and they disappear behind the FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE which closes RIGHT INTO CAMERA. And we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

33G JOE

...sitting on the sofa in the FAMILY ROOM, in boxers and a t-shirt, bathed in the blue light of THE TELEVISION...

JOE
(calling off)
Allison! C'mon! The news is about to start!

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Allison comes around the bend in t-shirt and boxers as well, staring at Joe...a finger over her lips...

ALLISON
(a loud whisper)
You wake them, you put them back to bed.

JOE
(patting the seat next to him)
C'mon King...this is exciting.

ON THE TELEVISION

...a LOCAL NEWS REPORTER is standing in front of the COURTHOUSE BUILDING...

NEWSWOMAN
That's right, Bill. History of a sort was made here today. Remarkably, this jury took less than two and a half hours to return a sentence of death by lethal injection in the case of Ivan Kinetko a serial murderer and rapist.
Joe starts to APPLAUD...

ALLISON

Shhhhhhh...

NEWSWOMAN (CONT'D)
And while District Attorney Manuel Devalos seemed particularly gratified by the swift and certain verdict the jury gave him...

...and the image on TELEVISION cuts to...

THE PRISONER

...in ORANGE JUMP SUIT AND CHAINS...being escorted out of a PRISON VAN by a coterie of ARMED MARSHALS.

NEWSWOMAN (CONT'D)
...the accused and his defense team seemed stunned by both the speed and certainty of this verdict.

And it is only when he LIFTS HIS HEAD and the NEWS CAMERA ZOOMS IN FOR A CLOSE-UP as he starts up the Court House steps that Allison realizes...

ALLISON
Wait a second. That's not him.

JOE
What are you talking about?

...and Allison pushes herself off the couch and goes to the TELEVISION...squatting in front of it...staring at it...her face inches from the screen.

ALLISON
(quietly to herself)
Oh my God. Something's wrong.
(and then; pointing to the image on the television)
That's not the man in my dreams.

JOE
(guarded; not sure what to make of that)
Okay.
(and then; confused)
Does that really matter?
ALLISON
It matters to me! I mean...he's not the 
man I saw commit the crimes.

...and she gets up from her crouch and starts towards THE 
BEDROOM...

JOE
Hey? Where are you going?

...but there is NO ANSWER...and we...

CUT TO:

DEVALOS
...sitting on the edge of his bed...a sleeping woman behind 
him, talking softly into his cell phone...

ALLISON (O.C.)
(filtered; through the phone)
But Sir...I'm not sure he's even guilty.

DEVALOS
That's alright Allison. I am.

...and we INTERCUT with...

ALLISON'S BEDROOM

...where she sits on the edge of her bed...phone pressed to 
her cheek.

ALLISON
But...

DEVALOS
There are no buts. There can't be. I've 
got a lab full of DNA that proves he's 
our man. Besides...he confessed. In any 
event---this was not the trial to 
determine guilt or innocence. We had that 
trial three months ago. This trial was 
about sentencing. So go to bed. And sleep 
well. You've done a great thing here.

ALLISON
But now I'm not so sure.

DEVALOS
Allison...so it doesn't look like the 
face in your dreams. So what? 
(MORE)
DEVALOS (cont'd)
Who knows where you got that face from?
And what difference does it make?
(he shrugs)
Maybe your dreams are wrong. Frankly, I
don't care. I believe your instincts
about people are right. And
today...that's what mattered.

ALLISON
But I can't be wrong.

DEVALOS
Sure you can. You're a human being. The
ability to be wrong is one of the
membership requirements. The willingness
to admit it...that gets you extra
points.
(and then)
Goodnight, Allison. Call me at the office
tomorrow.

...and with that he HANGS UP. And Allison sits
there...frozen...mute...not sure what to make of this...and
we...

Dissolve To:

34B JOE

...seen from ABOVE, lying in BED, fast asleep. And SUDDENLY
it is he who WAKES UP WITH A START. And he looks around a
moment and realizes Allison is not there. And we...

Cut To:

35 DUBOIS HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM

DARK. The only real light coming from the television. Joe
walks into the room still rubbing the sleep from his eyes to
discover Allison, sitting on the sofa, nursing a beer. Two
empties are on the seat beside her.

JOE
When I realized you weren't going to wake
up from a sound sleep complaining about a
nightmare I got scared and woke myself
up.

ALLISON
Not funny. Shut that off, willya?
He leans over and pushes the "power" button on the tv. The room grows darker.

JOE
This is my fault, right? I asked for the old depressed Allison back and...

ALLISON
Still not funny.
(indicating the other chair)
Sit.

He considers that for a moment and then sits.

ALLISON
Okay Science Guy. How dead-on is this DNA stuff?

JOE

ALLISON
So I guess I must have really been wrong.

JOE
Well okay. But only about the part that matters least.

ALLISON
How can you say that?

JOE
I move my lips, I push out air. There's nothing to it.
(off her look)
Allison...who cares what he looked like in your dream?

ALLISON
I care! I mean...if I'm wrong about that it means I can be wrong about other things!

JOE
Hallelujah!

ALLISON
That's not funny.
JOE
I don't find it funny. I find it comforting.

ALLISON
Well I find it depressing. And confusing. And...
(changing tacts)
I feel like that chemist who set out to prevent heart attacks and accidently discovered Viagra.

JOE
(a joke)
That man is a fine chemist, by the way. A very fine chemist. He has nothing to be depressed about.

ALLISON
Shut up.

JOE
-stealing her beer; taking a swig-
What difference does it make? As long as we're certain the real killer is going to meet his maker? As long as the little boy finally talks?...As long as horny old men can bed sweet, young girls half their age...I ask you...what's the difference? And by the way...how old are you?

ALLISON
About half your age. Just don't put on any more lights.

No one says anything for a moment. He hands her back her beer. She takes a swig.

JOE
So guess who wants to have dinner tomorrow night?

ALLISON
This is a whole new nightmare. I can feel it coming.

JOE
That's right. Your favorite friends at your favorite place. C'mon. It'll be fun.
(MORE)
JOE (cont'd)
We'll listen to everybody's stories and you can tell me what really happened afterwards.

And without a word she pulls herself up from her chair and starts out of the room.

JOE
Where you going?

ALLISON
(calling back)
Check that your father isn't in our bed. I'm tired.

...and on Joe's look of discomfort...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

35A INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

Joe drives. Allison sits in the passenger seat, her head clearly somewhere else...lost in thought...

JOE
This thing we're doing? Going out? Eating? Drinking? It's supposed to be fun. It's supposed to take your mind off your problems.

ALLISON
(ignoring that)
Y'know what the D.A. said yesterday? He implied that maybe I got the killer's face from somewhere and then just like Photo-shopped him in my dream. That I've met this person...or seen him before.

JOE
That's entirely possible. That makes a lot of sense.

ALLISON
But from where? I can't remember meeting him anywhere. And it's not like I meet that many people.

JOE
Stop me if I've said this before...but what difference does it make?

She turns and looks at him.
ALLISON
I can't explain it. But it makes a
difference to me.

...and we...

CUT TO:

A BOTTLE OF WINE

...as it is being poured at a table for eight at the SAME
RESTAURANT with the same people we saw earlier. And as the
STEWARD approaches Allison, SHE WAVES HIM OFF...

ALLISON
No thank you. I'm the designated driver
tonight.

(turning to Kamala)
So wait a second...last time I saw you,
you were heading East. How'd your
conference go?

KAMALA
Y'know what? I didn't go. I just...I felt
funny. I mean I couldn't help but
wonder...how much of what happened was
therapy. How much was luck...y'know?

ALAN
(interjecting)
It wasn't luck.

KAMALA
I'm not saying it was all luck. I'm just
saying...one time does not a proven
protocol make.

(turning back to Allison)
I want to work on it some
more. I mean...there's no accounting for
happy accidents.

ALLISON
(that strikes a nerve)
I know what you mean.

Joe raises his glass.

JOE
Here's to happy accidents.

Allison grabs her water glass and joins in the toast.
KAMALA
And now I'm remembering... you do something with the government.

JOE
(jumping in)
She works with the local District Attorney's office.
(and then)
District Attorney Manuel Devalos.
(and then)
The Ivan Kinetko trial?

ALLISON
(as much for Joe's benefit as Kamala's)
We're not really supposed to discuss...

JOE
(cutting her off)
I'm proud! I'm proud, Baby.

KAMALA
Oh wow. Were you involved with that trial? That necrophilic, rapist guy?

JOE
(jumping in again)
She was very involved. We're not allowed to discuss the nature of her involvement, but...

KAMALA
(raising her glass in a toast)
Well kudos to you.

DIANE
Yes! Kudos to you!

ALLISON
That's okay. I don't need any kudos. Believe me... there was more than a little luck involved there. And lots of other people.

JOE
Not luck. Instinct. Talent.
(savoring the word)
Certainty.
ALLISON
(to Joe)
No. You're wrong
(to Kamala)
I'm sure you can relate to this.
(MORE)
ALLISON (cont'd)
You do ninety little things right and one big thing wrong but somehow...

KAMALA
...everything works out in the end anyway...

ALLISON
...and you're not sure you know why.

KAMALA
I'll definitely drink to that!

...and as she raises her glass, a FIGURE steps INTO THE FRAME WITH HIS BACK TO EVERYONE.

WAITER (O.C.)
So are we ready to order?

ALLISON
Oh my God. I haven't even looked yet.
(and then; to Kamala)
Been here three times in the last three weeks...you'd think I'd have the damn thing memorized.

ON ALLISON

...as she grabs her menu...and looks at it...and GASPS...

ALLISON'S P.O.V.

...and there, on the cover of the menu, a PAINTING OF A MAN PILOTING A GONDOLA. A man with the face of Ivan Kinetko. The Ivan Kinetko from her dreams.

ALLISON
(to herself)
Jesus...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and Joe can't help but notice the odd look on her face.

JOE
Everything okay, Babe?

ALLISON
No.
(and then)
Yes.

(MORE)
ALLISON (cont'd)
You do ninety little things right and one big thing wrong but somehow...

KAMALA
...everything works out in the end anyway...

ALLISON
...and you're not sure you know why.

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ON ALLISON
...as she grabs her menu...and looks at it...and GASPS...

ALLISON'S P.O.V.

...and there, on the cover of the menu, a PAINTING OF A MAN PILOTING A GONDOLA. A man with the face of Ivan Tedesco. The Ivan Tedesco from her dreams.

ALLISON
(to herself)
Jesus...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and Joe can't help but notice the odd look on her face.

JOE
Everything okay, Babe?

ALLISON
No.
(and then)
Yes.

(MORE)
ALLISON (cont'd)
(and then)
Actually... it's great.
(and then; under her breath)
Psychic with a bad memory.

...and she starts to LAUGH TO HERSELF... and JOE shrugs, not really understanding, but just relieved that she's happy again. And we BEGIN TO PULL BACK SLOWLY... as everyone continues to eat and chat and enjoy their evening. And we...

END OF ACT FOUR

FADE OUT.