

THE DONOR

Original Screenplay by

Jorge J. Prieto

Email: jorgeprieto669@gmail.com
Phone: 646-620-5258

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FADE IN:

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

POV SUBJECT - wearing a dark blue NFL, New York Giants, quilt-lined hooded jacket with a faded LOGO in the front.

Subject pauses in front of apartment number 12a. Subject, who's almost six feet tall with black boots, reaches up to the hallway lamp and removes the light bulb, making the hallway darker on the side where it is standing. It's face never seen, the subject reaches with a black leather-gloved covered hand for the doorbell. After no answer, the subject begins banging at the door.

A CHILD CRYING can be heard from inside apartment 12a moments later.

The subject listens as the person inside the apartment opens the peephole.

Same happens at next door apartment 12b. Subject lowers head a bit to avoid being seen.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

What the hell-!

ELIZABETH (30S) Brown hair, brown eyes, 5.4, slim. Opens the door.

The subject keeps its head down.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What-what happened...? Why is it so dark out here?

Subject enters apartment quickly.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - FOYER -- CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth, as she closes the door-

ELIZABETH

It's almost midnight! You woke up Mickey, with all that banging. What the hell are you doing here-?

Subject quickly wraps a woman's stocking around Elizabeth's neck from behind, begins to strangle her.

She tries to get loose, grabs her assailant's arms, reaches back to scratch its face. She violently shakes her body forcing her attacker into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

A struggle ensues through out the elegant, neatly decorated living room.

The shiny hardwood floors make it difficult for Elizabeth to stand her ground.

She slips and slides on her sleepers. Stares out a big window into the New York City Skyline. Confusion and horror is written all over her eyes as she realizes she's losing her fight.

Subject breaths heavy, applying more pressure.

Elizabeth's arms fall to her side. Subject releases her. She hits the floor, eyes wide open.

Subject puts stocking in pocket, undresses its victim exposing her breast. Spreads her legs, panting.

INT. MICKEY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Mickey (3) is still crying alone in its crib.

FOYER

POV SUBJECT -- heading towards child's room. Head and part of its face still covered by the hoodie.

SUBJECT stops in front of long wall where pictures hang of Elizabeth with a small child. Second picture gets subject's attention, Elizabeth with another young female, masculine looking, very short hair, in a police uniform, holding the same child. Next to police woman a tall, medium length, brown-hair male.

SUBJECT smashes pictures with its glove-covered fist.

MICKEY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MICKEY (3) White, light brown eyes, looks older. Is still crying.

POV SUBJECT -- approaches child. Seconds later leaves.

LIVING ROOM

SUBJECT in front door, exits into the hallway.

HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

SUBJECT grabs DOOR KNOB and slams door closed, creating a BOOM that echoes through the hallway. Remains there a few seconds, heads down until it hears next door neighbor opening her PEEPHOLE.

SUBJECT opens door to staircase. Disappears.

Next door neighbor opens her door slowly. EDITH GOLDSTEIN (70s) gray, short hair, granny metal glasses, wears hearing aid, 5.2 inches tall and very slim. From door THE LATE SHOW with Stephen Colbert can be heard VERY LOUD.

The old woman shakes her head. Concerned, she closes her door.

CHILD CRYING continues.

EXT. FRONT OF FLANAGAN'S BAR -- LATER

MICHAEL CANTONE (30s) Light brown, medium length hair, 6.1, great physique, walks toward's bar. He is wearing a dark blue New York Giants, hooded jacket.

TWO MALES (20s), dressed in Giants apparel including hats, are by the door smoking.

MALE ONE

Hey, Mike? We missed you.
Where've you been?

MICHAEL

Lunch.

MALE ONE

What do you think of that game? You think the Giants will get to the Super Bowl this year?

MICHAEL

Who knows, man. Sure hope this new jacket brings them luck.

MALE TWO

After today's terrible performance. I don't know, man.

MICHAEL

Let's keep the faith, huh? Gotta get back inside, guys. Work's calling.

MALE ONE

You're closing in an hour, right?

BETH MURPHY (30s), blonde, tall, slim, well dressed, is approaching the group of men.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but I don't get to leave until after--

MALE TWO

Wow, guys. Check out this beauty--

MICHAEL

Hey, hey. That's my girl.

MALE TWO

Lucky you! See you inside.

Beth kisses Michael.

MICHAEL

This is a pleasant surprise. See you here on this cold January night.

BETH

You're right about the cold. That's why I came, so you can warm me up all night long.

MICHAEL

Mm. Nothing will give me more pleasure. I still have about another hour and half or so before-

BETH

That's fine. By the way. I called your cell at about eleven and you didn't answer.

MICHAEL

Really...?

(looking for his phone)

I left it inside. It..Its been noisy and busy here tonight. I didn't hear-

BETH

Don't you have it on vibrate?

MICHAEL

Yeah, it should be. But it's been really busy, like I said. Can you forgive me?

BETH

Of course, I forgive you. I just thought you had snuck out and--

MICHAEL

Beth! Snuck out? To go where? I, I...did go to lunch for...forty minutes-

BETH

Where did you go to lunch?

MICHAEL

McDonald's on- You're jealous!

BETH

That should make you happy. It shows that I care.

MICHAEL

It does make me happy.

(they kiss)

Mm. I better get back inside. Come on. I prepare my famous Pina Colada.

BETH

See? You already making it up to me. That's why I'm crazy about you.

Loud MUSIC can be heard as Michael opens the door.

INT. EDNA GOLDSTEIN APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Edna is seated in her antique floral pattern, reclining chair. She's barely awake, watching the end of The Late Show. She turns TV off. As she heads towards bedroom, the CRYING of her neighbor's son gets her attention. The crying has intensified. Opens her front door, steps into hallway.

HALLWAY

Edna, rings her neighbor's doorbell. She knocks.

EDNA

Lizzie, dear..! Lizzie, is Edna.
Are you okay...? Lizzie!

Edna rushes back to her apartment.

EXT. FRONT OF FLANAGAN'S BAR -- LATER

Michael opens a car door for Beth. Goes over to driver side. Drives off.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Entering the Lincoln Tunnel.

MICHAEL

Off tomorrow?

BETH

Yes. Thank God. Don't get me wrong, Michael. I, I like my job and all-

MICHAEL

You love your job. You work for one of the most famous law firms in New York City.

BETH

Yes. But I'm not a lawyer yet. I'm a paralegal. Anyway. I-I don't want to talk about work. Lets hear some music and enjoy the view. I love the City at this time.

MICHAEL

You're the boss tonight.

BETH

Just tonight?

BETH inserts CD of a LOVE SONG.

They exit the tunnel. In front of them, the New York Skyline.

BETH (CONT'D)

I love you, Michael... Forever.

MICHAEL

Me, too. Forever.

MICHAEL takes her hand, kissing it. BETH puts her head on his shoulder.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM - LATER

Beth and Michael are having sex. SONG is softly playing in the bedroom.

BETH

(panting))

Oh, Michael. I...I, I don't want this night to end... Oh--oh! I don't want us to ever end.

MICHAEL

We..we won't. I, I promise.

BETH

Michael, don't you ever lie to me. Don't ever betray me. I...I couldn't take it. I, I would never forgive you.

MICHAEL

Hey, hey, hey..! I love you. I hope you know that by now.

BETH kisses him passionately. On nightstand BETH stares at a PICTURE of Michael and Mickey.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth's apartment door has POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS yellow tape. Inside, TWO MEN from the medical examiner's office, wearing blue jump suits.

ONE FEMALE is dusting the front door knob for prints.

COOPER (30s), Tall female, M.E.

Det. CARTER (40s), overweight, glasses, cranky, impatient and short tempered. He's getting the basic facts of the case from a young MALE POLICE OFFICER.

Det. MORGAN (30s), tall, built, handsome, calm and quiet, taking notes on a pad, next to Carter.

OFFICER

D.O.A. Elizabeth Pratt, thirty-four, she-

DET. CARTER

What the-? Dark out here! That light bulb must be out. Any forced entry?

OFFICER

Negative, Detective.

DET. CARTER

Murder weapon?

OFFICER

It seems she was strangled, but...

DET. CARTER

Who called it in?

OFFICER

Next door neighbor-
(reading from pad)
Mrs...Edna Goldstein. She heard the victims three year old son crying for a long period of time. She rang the bell and--

DET. CARTER

All right, all right. The son? Is he here?

OFFICER

No. He's been taken to a hospital for--

DET. CARTER

Okay, thanks. Morgan, lets first interview the neighbor, see what she knows.

DET. MORGAN

Yes, sir.

DET. CARTER

Stop calling me 'sir.' Officer, try to get a relative contact so they can go pick up the child. Check the vic's cell phone and house phone caller id, for recent incoming calls. You know the drill.

OFFICER

Yes.

DET. CARTER
Lets go, Morgan. Take notes for me,
will you.

DET. MORGAN
Yes, sir- Sorry.

Edna Golstein's apartment door is open. The detective calls
her from the door.

DET. MORGAN (CONT'D)
Mrs. Goldstein! Mrs. Goldstein!

EDNA
Yes, yes! Come in!

Both men enter.

DET. MORGAN
Mrs. Goldstein, I'm Detective Morgan
and this is lead Detective Carter.
Now, how well did you know the victim?

EDNA
Nice girl. She moved in about a
year ago. Her father owns the
apartment. He travels a lot, famous
fashion designer. Her brother lived
here from time to time, but he also
travels with his dad-

DET. CARTER
What about her husband?

EDNA
No, no, no husband. She's a single
mom. She never talks about the
child's father.

DET. MORGAN
Any male friends that you've noticed
come and go?

EDNA
Just two visitors...male and female.
They must be siblings because...Well
she looks like-
(whispers)
I think she's a, a lesbian. Then again,
I could be wrong. After all, she's a
lady cop. In today's society--

DET. CARTER
Now, did you hear anything? Screams?
The victim arguing with someone?

EDNA

I heard banging at about...well I was watching The Late Show with David Letterman and-

DET. CARTER

Steven Colbert.

EDNA

Excuse me?

DET. CARTER

David Letterman left The Late Show almost over a year ago and Steven Colbert took over.

EDNA

Really..? Oh. Ah, they're all the same to me. So, as I was saying, it must have been around midnight or so-

DET. CARTER

Did you hear any voices? Or arguments?

EDNA

I peeped through my peephole and I saw a person. It had a hoodie. So, I couldn't see it's face. Plus, it was dark on this side of the hallway. Liz opened her door angry because the banging woke up little Mickey and--

DET. CARTER

What color was the hoodie?

EDNA

It was..black or dark blue and it had white letters...n and y, although they were faded and-

DET. MORGAN

New York Giants.

DET. CARTER

And after this person entered her apartment, did you hear them fighting or arguing?

EDNA

I'm afraid not. She yelled something, but I--I can't recall.

DET. MORGAN

She knew him.

EDNA

Later on, I turned off my TV and as I was heading to my bedroom, I heard the child crying hysterically. I, I rang her bell and knocked-

DET. CARTER

Thank you, Mrs. Goldstein, you've been very helpful. We'll let you get some rest now.

EDNA

Oh, I doubt I'll be able to sleep at all, after-

DET. CARTER

Here's my card. Morgan, give her yours. If you remember or think of anything that you feel can help us, please call us.

EDNA

I will. Hope you catch him quickly. I'm really scared now.

DET. CARTER

I don't think he's after you or anyone else. Thanks again.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

DET. CARTER

Morgan, the victim had a lesbian girlfriend who works in the force and the cop's brother also visited...

DET. MORGAN

What are you thinking?

DET. CARTER

You don't wanna know. Go see the super and get a copy of the video surveillance tape from the elevator. I'm gonna stay and do a walk through.

DET. MORGAN

Yes, sir.

DET. CARTER

Stop calling me 'sir,' damn it! Do I look like your grandfather?

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Det. Carter, approaches Cooper the M.E.

DET. CARTER

Cooper? Did you get anything?

COOPER

She was raped. Also found hair in her right hand. She was strangled with a stocking.

DET. CARTER

Anything on her nails?

COOPER

I wont know until we're back at the lab.

DET. CARTER

How much longer?

COOPER

I'm done. The rest of the team are still dusting for prints and gathering-

A male C.S.I. approaches the detectives.

CSI

Detective, you gotta see this. You're not gonna believe what we found floating in the hallway toilet.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

BETH gets up quietly. Michael is asleep. She picks up his smartphone from the bed's end table, scrolls through call history. Her face reveals anger.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINERS LAB -- AFTERNOON

Det. Morgan, walks in.

DET. CARTER

What'd you get, Cooper?

COOPER

Your victim's a.c.g level was high.

DET. CARTER

Cooper, English please.

COOPER

Sorry. She was pregnant. The fetus DNA matches the semen found in the condom.

DET. CARTER

Mm. Any DNA found in her finger nails?

COOPER

Fiber material. Also found some pubic hair on her. I sent the evidence to crime lab.

DET. CARTER
Thanks. I'll stop there now.

Det. Morgan rushes in.

DET. MORGAN
Carter, just came back from Mr.
Cantone's Newark apartment.

DET. CARTER
Who let you in? Was our perp home?

DET. MORGAN
He had already left for work.
Management let me in.

DET. CARTER
Good. He could be a flight risk.
What did you find?

DET. MORGAN
The same exact hooded jacket that
our perp wore. It was in his closet
and the boots, which by the way are
an exact match to the shoe prints,
according to-

DET. CARTER
Let's get an arrest warrant. Get
the sister in here too. All we need
now is a dna sample and-

Det. Morgan takes out two plastic bags with hair samples
inside.

DET. MORGAN
Got it right here. One from a hair
brush and the other pubic hairs I
found in a trash can in the bathroom.

DET. CARTER
Good work, kid. Let's get that
quickly to the lab. Thanks, Cooper.

INT. FLANAGAN'S BAR -- EVENING

Michael is behind the bar bartending. The bar has a light
crowd.

There's another male bartender on duty, KEVIN (20s) built,
long blonde hair.

The two detectives approach the young bartender,
accompanied by TWO POLICEMAN.

KEVIN
Yes?

DET. MORGAN
 Michael Cantone?
 (displaying
 badge) NYPD.

KEVIN
 One second. I'll get him.

Kevin goes over to Michael, takes over his customers.

MICHAEL
 Yes? What can I do for you?

DET. CARTER
 Mr. Cantone, you are under arrest
 for the murder of Elizabeth Pratt-

MICHAEL
 What?

DET. CARTER
 Cuff him.

The POLICEMAN begin to cuff him.

MICHAEL
 Oh, my God! My-my son. Is he-

DET. CARTER
 You have the right to remain silent.
 If you give up that right, anything
 you say can and will be used against
 you in a court of law. You have the
 right to an attorney-

They drag Michael away.

Kevin and bar PATRONS look at each other confused, shocked.

INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATING ROOM -- MORNING

Michael is seated on a table across from Detective Carter in a small room with no windows and no clock. Just a table and three chairs.

MICHAEL (exhausted)
 Detective, enough with all the
 questioning...I've been here at
 least five hours and you have yet to
 tell me how's my son?

DET. CARTER
 I've already told you that he
 is fine.

MICHAEL
 Who is he with?

DET. CARTER

Tell me something, Michael. How did you take the news, when you heard Ms. Pratt had left New Jersey with your son, never notifying you where she was going...? Don't you lie to me, Michael, because we've got your sister in the next room telling us a lot more than you are.

MICHAEL

I'm not gonna deny that Liz and I had our differences...Yes, I...I was very upset when she took my son and-

DET. CARTER

Upset or pissed?

MICHAEL

Pissed, upset, both! What'd you expect? She never called me to tell me where she was going after breaking up with my sister. Just disappeared! Jesus.

DET. CARTER

What do you think your sister told us about you being in the victim's apartment?

MICHAEL

The same thing I've already told you! I was not at Liz's apartment two nights ago. Besides, what motive do you think I would have to murder my own son's mother, leaving him all by himself?

DET. CARTER

I'm asking the questions here. Now, stop lying, Michael, because we have evidence!

MICHAEL

What...? What-what evidence..?
You're lying!

DET. CARTER

Tell me something. Does your sister know you were fucking her ex?

BEAT

MICHAEL

How..how do you know that, that I-?

DET. CARTER

Just answer me.

MICHAEL

We only had sex twice in almost a year... No, my sister doesn't know.

DET. CARTER

About what time did you say you left her apartment?

MICHAEL

I...I just told you I wasn't there that night! My sister...she, she doesn't even know that Liz and I have been in contact, let alone that we were intimate. God, I'm tired! Its fucking freezing in here!

DET. CARTER

My partner already went to get you coffee...Michael, I'm gonna give you one more chance to come clean. Tell me the truth once and for all and we can help you get-

MICHAEL

I'm telling the truth.

DET. CARTER

No, you are not!

MICHAEL

Yes, I am...! (menacing)
You know what? I'm done talking. Either, you bring me my son or I want a lawyer.

DET. CARTER

Michael listen-

MICHAEL

I said I want a lawyer, now!

Door opens. MORGAN enters holding cup of coffee.

DET. MORGAN

Here you go.

MICHAEL

Thank you.

Carter exchanges a sleek smile with Morgan. Exits.

DET. MORGAN

Look, Michael. I.. I understand what you were going through.

MICHAEL

What-what do you mean?

DET. MORGAN

Not being able to see your son for almost a year. That would drive any man crazy. I would go insane.

MICHAEL

Not only that. I didn't even have a clue where his mother had taken him.

DET. MORGAN

Exactly. Plus, who knows if she was even going to let you see him after you ended it with her. So, she, she gave you no other choice-

MICHAEL

Yes- No! What, what, what are you saying?

DET. MORGAN

Michael, If you confess everything now, you'll be able to go home and even get a lesser charge.

MICHAEL

But, I, I, I didn't-

DET. MORGAN

Michael, make it right. Tell us the truth, once and for all.

MICHAEL (exhausted)

I'm telling you truth.

DET. MORGAN

Michael, if you don't tell us the whole truth you'll be here indefinitely-

KNOCK ON DOOR

DET. MORGAN (CONT'D)

And we'll make sure that you never see your son again. Just tell us you did it, because we already know-

MICHAEL

I did-! I, I mean-

Door opens suddenly. RONALD STERN (40s) Tall, salt-pepper hair, fast talker, enters. Carter is right behind.

RONALD

If you excuse me. Ronald Stern, counsel for Mr. Cantone. This interrogation is over. Now, I need time alone with my client.

MICHAEL

Sir, I--I appreciate your--

RONALD

Mr. Cantone, please don't say another word. Gentleman.

DET. CARTER

I'm sure you've already been briefed on the charges and all the evidence--

MICHAEL

Evidence...? What-what evidence? I was not even at her apartment. I've told you--

RONALD

Mr. Cantone!

RONALD stares at the detectives. Det. CARTER with a smirk on his face backs off.

RONALD pulls up a chair, seats facing Michael. The lawyer opens his client's booking file folder.

MICHAEL

(scared)

What, what evidence do they have?

RONALD

We'll get to that later.

MICHAEL

Who sent you?

RONALD

Your girlfriend, who works for me. She called me late last night and left me a message. I was sleeping of course. I didn't retrieve the message until two hours ago.

MICHAEL

Do-do you know where's my baby boy?

RONALD

Your parents are picking him up from hospital.

MICHAEL

Hospital?

RONALD

He's fine.

MICHAEL

Thank God. Thank you for being here.

RONALD
Don't thank me yet. We have a long
battle ahead of us...

Michael's eyes tear up.

MICHAEL
That bad?

RONALD
You have on your side, and I hate
to brag, the best legal
representation possible. We are the
best of the best at what we do.

MICHAEL
I...already know that.

RONALD
Now, since we can't go in front of
a judge for your arraignment until
Monday morning. I-I just need a
little bit of history from you.
Beth, brief me a bit- Start at the
beginning and tell me...?
(opens a legal pad)
When did you first meet the victim...?
More importantly, how did the first
conversation between you, your sister
and the victim come about, in relation
to you becoming.. the donor?

MICHAEL
It all started with a phone
call about...four years ago...

FLASHBACK - Michael's apartment.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM - MORNING

MICHAEL (narrating)
A phone call to my apartment from
my sister.

Michael asleep. SMARTPHONE VIBRATING.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(clearing throat)
H--hello..? Wha--what do you think?
What time is it...? Shit. Just went
to bed about four hours ago.
My dear sister, on Fridays we close
at three... Okay. Give me at least
three more hours of sleep...See you
then. Bye.
(hangs up))
Oh! What the hell does she want now?

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN - LATER

A fresh POT OF COFFEE is percolating on top of the counter. Michael walks into the small kitchenette, hair and body still wet after coming out of his shower. Serves himself a cup of coffee, black. He takes a couple of sips and takes in the coffee aromas, which wake him up.

MICHAEL

Mm...

Door BELL rings.

FOYER

Michael opens the door to see his older sister, KAREN (39), short, male haircut, butch, tall as Michael, dominant. Elizabeth is also at the door.

KAREN

Am I too early?

MICHAEL

No, sweet sister. You are right on time as usual.

ELIZABETH

Hi, Michael?

MICHAEL

Hey, sister-in-law.

They kiss.

KAREN

Are you going to get dressed?

MICHAEL

I...yes! I just made a fresh pot of coffee. So just go right into the kitchen while I...

They walk in.

ELIZABETH

You're getting sexier with age, brother-in-law.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The three are seated in silence, finishing their coffee.

MICHAEL

Karen? So, what is it that you wanted to-?

KAREN

Actually, it's not just me. We both want to ask you something...

MICHAEL

I kind of gathered that, since you're both here.

ELIZABETH

It's a... a really big favor.

KAREN

Honey, allow me. Michael, Elizabeth and I have been together now...four years and neither of us are getting younger--

ELIZABETH

Hey, speak for yourself.

KAREN

Sweetie, please don't interrupt.

MICHAEL

Congratulations. Four years.

KAREN

Thanks, little brother. Now, we wanna have a child...a child of our own.

MICHAEL

I--I don't get it. How-how are you going to--?

KAREN

We want you to be the father.

MICHAEL

What?

ELIZABETH

Karen, I-I told you this wasn't-

KAREN

Liz, please. Michael, there's not going to be sex involved. We just need you to be..the donor.

BEAT

KAREN (CONT'D)

Well, I guess your silence says it all.

MICHAEL

I. look, as you know, I'm seeing someone.

KAREN

Yes. Is that a serious relationship?

MICHAEL

I hope that it is. So, I really would like to speak with Beth and--

KAREN

Look, Michael, you won't have to worry about the child's expenses or nothing--

MICHAEL

No, no. That's not why I-

ELIZABETH

On the other hand, I would love for you to be a big part in our child's life and--

KAREN

Honey!

MICHAEL

Yes!

KAREN

What?

MICHAEL

If...if I agree to this. I-I wanna be involved in that child's life.

KAREN

Well, you will be his uncle.

MICHAEL

No.

KAREN

No, what?

MICHAEL

I wanna be...his father.

INT. KAREN'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

There's a moment of silence inside the car.

MICHAEL

(V.O.) (narrating)

They left my apartment and I could hear them arguing in the hallway and into the elevator and probably the same happened on their way home.

KAREN

I can't believe you promised him that!

ELIZABETH

Why not? After all, if he accepts, he is going to be our child's father. Not you. Not me. He's the male figure that our child will need.

KAREN

Where does that leave me?

ELIZABETH

You will be its aunt, its second mommy...What is it? I don't understand you. He is your only brother.

KAREN

You're right, I guess. I-I got jealous all of a sudden. Hey, he might not even do it if Beth doesn't agree. She never liked me. Crazy bitch.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beth and Michael just finished making love. He is very quiet and pensive. Beth puts on a long white T-shirt of his. She lays next to him.

BETH

That was wonderful, baby...Hey? What's wrong? You've hardly spoken a word on the way here and now- What is it?

MICHAEL

I...I need to tell you something.

BETH

Sure. What is it?

MICHAEL

I don't want you to be upset. I just need your honest opinion.

BETH

You know me, Michael. I'm always honest.

MICHAEL

My sister...and Liz, her lover, they came here earlier to ask me if I would donate...my sperm, so they can become parents.

(beat)

Beth? Did you hear what I--?

BETH
Don't do it, Michael.

MICHAEL
And?

BETH
Don't do it.

MICHAEL
May I ask, why not?

BETH
Michael, come on. You really wanna know?

MICHAEL
Yes.

BETH
Have you thought about the...what if?

MICHAEL
No. Tell me.

BETH
I.. I've seen cases in the firm where gay couples have split up and...

MICHAEL
Yes?

BETH
Michael, this is a family matter. She is your sister and...

MICHAEL
But, Beth I--

BETH
I--I don't wanna get in the middle.

MICHAEL
Beth, you just told me a minute ago!

BETH
I.. I'd rather not say anything else, Michael.

MICHAEL
Honey!

BETH
I just hope a year or two from now I don't have to tell you, "I told you so." I'm gonna take a shower.

MICHAEL

Beth, come on. Jesus Christ!

BETH

Michael, lets just forget it!

She slams the door to the bathroom.

MICHAEL (narrating)

Beth and I never talked about it again until the next evening when I called my sister up and gave her the good news.

INT. KAREN'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Karen is on the phone.

KAREN

Oh, Michael! That's great news! After we left your apartment we-we both thought you-

Elizabeth enters the room. Karen smiles, nodding at Liz.

ELIZABETH

Really?

KAREN

Shh- By the way, Michael, what did Beth say...? Oh, okay. I--I understand...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Beth will get over it. I know her, so don't even worry about her. Karen, I gotta go. It's really busy here. We'll talk in person. Okay?

KAREN

Sure, we'll talk more about it when we get together. Take care and thank you, thank you! Bye, love you!

BACK TO SCENE

INT. POLICE INTERROGATING ROOM -- MORNING

MICHAEL

I gave my sister a sperm sample the next day and- Mr. Stern, it just dawned on me. Who told you about me being a sperm donor to Elizabeth Pratt?

RONALD

I just told you, Beth briefed me a bit-

MICHAEL

And did...did she also mentioned why I was arrested?

RONALD

She...I--I believe so.

MICHAEL

But, how did she know the charges? I- I haven't spoken to her or anyone.

RONALD

I--I called here to get the details. Look, you're exhausted and-

MICHAEL

I am. They picked me up at around one a.m. and they haven't stopped questioning me. I, I, I don't even know- What time is it? They took my phone-

RONALD

It's almost 10:30. This is their tactic. Just look at this room: no clock, no windows. And their only hope is that the more tired you are, you will eventually snap and confess to something you didn't do. It happens more often than you think.

MICHAEL

How can I possibly confess to something I didn't do? Never.

RONALD

They don't believe that.

MICHAEL

But what evidence do they have that I killed her?

RONALD

Why don't we continue our conversation tomorrow.

MICHAEL

What about bail?

RONALD

Monday at your arraignment, I'll request it. Lets hope for the best.

MICHAEL

Why? My God! They really think I did this.

RONALD

They...they have evidence that not only proves that you were at the victim's apartment, but they got DNA match, your pubic hairs, on the victim's-

MICHAEL

What? Oh, God!

(crying)

No, no, no, no. How...? I, I haven't-

RONALD

They also found a condom in her bathroom... The semen they tested is yours. Plus they've got a witness. The next door neighbor, identified the hooded jacket coat you were supposedly wearing, which is identical to the one they recovered from your apartment. Plus the fiber material from the hoodie was in the victim's finger nails.

MICHAEL

Jesus. Tell me something good, will you.

RONALD

Wish I could. There's more. They have a foot print in the victim's apartment that matches a pair of boots they recovered from your apartment as well...The size is also a match.

Michael starts sobbing.

MICHAEL

Oh, Oh. I-I've been framed! But-but how...? Why...? Who? Oh, God.

RONALD

Mr. Cantone, please. I'm not going to lie to you. It looks bad, but we are all here for you, Beth, my firm, your family.

MICHAEL

How? How could that happened?

RONALD

I don't know. But they have it and now it's our job to find out how that evidence got there or who placed it there that night.

(MORE)

RONALD (CONT'D)

You need to get some rest now because I need your mind clear so you can continue telling me what happened next and-

MICHAEL

My sister! She...she has my apart-
No, no, no, no, no-

RONALD

What--what about your sister?

MICHAEL

She, she, she wouldn't.

RONALD

Its best that you rest and we'll continue this tomorrow.

MICHAEL

Do you-? Do you believe me? Do you believe that I'm innocent?

RONALD

If you tell me that you are. I have to believe you. But it's not me that we have to convince. Its the jury.

MICHAEL

I--I swear to you on my son's life that-that I did not do this. I...I loved Liz.

RONALD

I know and that's going to help us. I won't overwhelm you with more info. We'll continue this conversation tomorrow after you've rested. Okay?

MICHAEL

Thank-thank you so much.

A sigh of relief and gratitude is written all over Michael's teary face.

INT. JAIL -- SHOWER - LATER

Michael is in the shower. His eyes are closed as he lets the warm water run through his tired, naked body. He sobs quietly, like a little frighten boy.

INT. JAIL -- MICHAEL'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

He's laying awake and staring straight up. He closes his eyes, recalling the day his son was born.

KAREN (V.O.)

Look at him, Michael!

FLASHBACK --

INT. HOSPITAL -- NURSERY - DAY

Karen, dressed in police uniform, and Michael are both standing on the other side of a glass partition, admiring the newborn.

KAREN

God, he-he looks so much like you!

MICHAEL

Karen, how can you tell? He's not even two hours old!

KAREN

Because I have pictures of you at that age and I'm telling you, he looks like us at that age. Because, as you very well know, everyone says you and I look alike.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Maybe now even more with that police uniform and that men's haircut!

KAREN

Fuck you!

MICHAEL

Are you happy..? Now that you know this is all for real?

KAREN

Yeah...and I have no words to thank you for what you did..for both Liz and I.

She cries. He holds her.

MICHAEL

I did it because I love you. You're my only sister and brother.

KAREN

Ha! Are you happy?

MICHAEL

I am, now that I see him. Did you two pick out a name?

KAREN

Michael. But, for now we'll call him Mickey.

MICHAEL

Ha, ha! I like it. Hi, Mickey! My
big, beautiful boy!

Karen looks at her brother with an expression of joy and a bit of jealousy at the same time.

BACK TO SCENE

Michael covers his face crying.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME -- AFTERNOON

Outside the funeral home where Liz's service is taking place is BOBBY PRATT (20s), handsome, dark hair, brown eyes, Elizabeth's only sibling. He is smoking a cigarette. Karen arrives seconds later.

KAREN

Hi, Bobby.

BOBBY

What the hell are you doing here?

KAREN

I came to say my goodbyes to the woman I loved for many years and the one you and your father outcast-

BOBBY

How dare you try to put guilt on us? When your brother, who's in jail, is accused of murdering my sister. Or who knows if you did it because she, she left you.

KAREN

You know nothing about our relation-

BOBBY

Or maybe you both did it, so you can have Mickey all to yourselves.

KAREN

You are talking too much shit and I'm going to ignore it because you're in mourning. Now, if you'll excuse--

BOBBY

(grabbing her)

You are not welcome here!

KAREN

Let go of me or I'll have you arrested!
Don't forget I'm a cop and-

ROBERT PRATT (60s), Very tall, well-groomed and dressed, attractive, comes out as his son and Karen are arguing.

ROBERT

Bobby? Son, what's going?

BOBBY

I was telling the sister of the man who murdered your daughter that she is not welcome here.

KAREN

Mr. Pratt, sir. I know you never met me, but we, my brother and I, loved your daughter very much and--

BOBBY

Get the hell out of here, junkie!

KAREN

Excuse me?

ROBERT

I don't know what kind of people you are. My daughter was first sleeping with you. She had that...baby from your brother. She then leaves you and starts sleeping with your brother, by whom she got pregnant again, although this time the God-given way-

KAREN

Sir, please not now. Not here.

ROBERT

Now she ends up murdered and all the evidence points to your brother. So, I ask you, did you two plan this?

KAREN

I loved Liz with all my heart.

ROBERT

I-I really think it is best if you leave. Don't you think your family has caused my family enough grief? Please, leave and let us grieve in peace.

KAREN

I will. But don't forget that you have a grandson that now is living with his other grandparents. Maybe the murderer is not in our family...

(looks at Bobby)

But in yours.

BOBBY

You damn dike!

KAREN

So was your sister! Sir, people do murder family members when there's millions of dollars at stake.

BOBBY

How dare you?

ROBERT

I'm going to say one more thing. As far as I'm concerned, that-that test tube baby my daughter had...he was never born and as far as Liz is concerned, I buried her the second she decided that she was...one of you.

KAREN

You old bastard.

ROBERT

Let's go back inside, son. We are done here.

Both men enter.

INT. JAIL -- VISITING AREA - LATER

Michael is seated across from Beth. They're divided by a glass partition.

MICHAEL

Beth...I--I hope some day you can forgive me.

BETH

Oh, Michael... We wouldn't be here if you had listened to me. I told you, Michael, why couldn't you marry me and made me the mother of your first child-?

MICHAEL

Beth, I'm sorry.

BETH

We'll get through this. You have one the best legal teams in New York City.

MICHAEL

Thanks to you.

BETH

Michael, I have to ask you this and please don't lie to me. Were you in that woman's apartment the day of the murder?

MICHAEL

No!

BETH

Michael, I called that night and-

MICHAEL

I went out for lunch and left my phone-

BETH

Michael, they have a video of you walking into that McDonald's, but you left right away-

MICHAEL

Yes. I ate in my car. The place was packed, I told this to the cops already.

BETH

How long have you known where she lived? How long have you two been seeing each other?

MICHAEL

Beth, what are you doing? She was the mother of my son. A son that I've always loved. Besides, you told me more than once that you never wanted to hear my son's mother's name mentioned as long as-

BETH

I, I gotta go, Michael. Ron's outside and he needs to speak- Bye, Michael.

She hangs up the phone and rushes out. Michael shakes his head, ashamed, confused, saddened. Seconds later Ronald appears.

RONALD

Hi, Mr. Cantone-

MICHAEL

Call me, Michael.

RONALD

Very well. But you just called me sir. Just kidding. Call me Ron. So, did you get a good night sleep?

MICHAEL

Hardly, I was up most of the night thinking. Asking how did I get myself in this...mess? Beth is right to be upset.

RONALD

Tomorrow is another day and we are going to appear in front of a judge to request bail.

MICHAEL

Thank God. I feel like I been here for a month.

RONALD

Now, the judge can deny us and he can also set a high bail.

MICHAEL

I, I have about thirty-five thousand in savings and another ten thousand in bonds--

RONALD

It will probably be a lot more than that. But don't worry about that now. There's always bond. Now, I need you to continue telling me, as you put it, how you got into this mess. I want you to fast forward and tell me what happened between Ms. Pratt and your sister that prompted her to break up and go hide in her brother's apartment, not even telling you where she was for almost... a year?

MICHAEL

Yes. She called me one morning-

RONALD

Who called you?

MICHAEL

Lizzie. She was worried...

FLASHBACK

INT. KAREN'S HOME -- KITCHEN - MORNING

Seventeen months earlier.

MICHAEL (narrating)

Karen was abusing pain medication that she was taking for a foot fracture.

Elizabeth is on her cell phone talking with Michael.

ELIZABETH (whispering)
 Michael...I'm really concerned
 about Karen. She's been taking more
 of those pain meds, more than what
 the doctor prescribed.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 But Lizzie, how long has it been
 since she broke her ankle? Isn't it
 more than six months ago?

ELIZABETH
 Yes and she says she still gets
 pain from time to time. She is up
 late in Mickey's room watching him
 sleep, she then takes those pills
 and falls asleep on a chair in his
 room...

Karen, behind Elizabeth, hears what Elizabeth is saying.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 She misses work. Michael if this
 continues-

KAREN
 What the fuck are you doing?

Elizabeth puts the cell down but doesn't disconnect.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael sits up in bed, still undressed and very tired.

KAREN (V.O.)
 What are you telling my brother
 about me?

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
 The truth! You gotta stop it with
 those damn pills! They're killing
 you! You're not the same!

KAREN (V.O.)
 I'm in pain! I work all day and I
 watch our son at night so you can
 sleep! How dare you? You don't
 even have a job!

INT. KAREN'S HOME -- KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ELIZABETH
 You listen to me, Karen. If you
 keep this up I'm leaving you. You
 hear me?

KAREN

Do whatever you want. I'm too tired
to argue with you, miss preppie!
I'm going back up to sleep, which is
what I need right now! Stop gossiping
about me to my brother!

Karen leaves and seconds later Elizabeth picks up her cell
phone.

ELIZABETH

Michael?

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I heard it. Listen, sweetie, you do
what you have to do. But please
just keep me posted. I want to be
able to see my son.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

Liz? Did you hear what I said?

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

Michael, I gotta hang up. Mickey is
crying. We'll talk again.

Michael narrating-

MICHAEL (V.O.)

That was the last time I heard from
Liz. She took off without saying good
bye. I went crazy when my sister
called me to tell me. I rushed over.

INT. KAREN'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM - DAY

Karen opens the door to a desperate, angry Michael.

MICHAEL

I, I can't believe she's gone and
nothing, not even a note!

KAREN

Michael, I'll find her. Just give
me-

MICHAEL

This is all your fault!

KAREN

What?

MICHAEL

She warned you.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I was on the phone last week when you came down and started badgering her about how hard you work and--

KAREN

That was all true! I was also in a lot of pain! Don't forget I hurt myself in the line of duty!

MICHAEL

Beth...she warned me about this. Damn it! I should've listened to her!

KAREN

Michael, please listen to me...I work with detectives, we have ways to find her. Look, it's not going to happen today, but we'll find her.

MICHAEL

I--I hope you're right, Karen. God, I hope you're right.

KAREN

Come here.

She hugs Michael and kisses him in the forehead.

MICHAEL (narrating)

The next night I told Beth. We got into a big argument in my bedroom.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM - NIGHT

BETH

Michael, damn it. I told you this would-

MICHAEL

Beth, please, I don't need this from you now! I told you because I'm desperate! I have no idea when I'll see my son again-

BETH

He's not your son!

MICHAEL

What?

BETH

Michael, you were just the donor. They never saw you as that kid's father. Don't you see that they used you?

MICHAEL

No, no, no!

BETH

You and I should've been married by now and I should be the mother of that child, not her, not them.

MICHAEL

Beth, I told you we needed to wait until I can get a house where we can raise-

BETH

Bullshit, Michael! I--I gotta go.

MICHAEL

Beth, please stay.

BETH

I, I can't. I'll come by on the weekend. Good bye.

BACK TO SCENE

MICHAEL

Nearly a year passed before I was able to see my son again. She eventually reached out to me. But she didn't want my sister to know. I never told Karen that I was visiting her and my son. We...we did have sex twice.

RONALD

So that's how the condom was found in her bathroom and-

MICHAEL

No, no, that's impossible. We haven't had sex since...

RONALD

When was the last time?

MICHAEL

Five..six weeks ago. I spoke to her right after we-

FLASHBACK

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM - EVENING

MICHAEL (narrating)

In her bedroom. I told her that we had to stop this once and for all.

Michael is seated on the edge of the bed getting dressed.
Liz is in bed.

ELIZABETH

You have to go so soon?

MICHAEL

I gotta be at work in an hour...
Liz, this is the last time
we're doing this.

ELIZABETH

Why? You know how long its been
since our first time?

MICHAEL

Yes. Over five months ago. But
this is our second and last time.
I'm in love with Beth. I..I don't
wanna jeopardize that relationship
and I don't want to give you false
hope-

ELIZABETH

Go. I, I don't wanna hear anymore.
I..I understand.

MICHAEL

You were lonely and hurt and I was
there for you. But its time that we
both move on. You're the mother of
my child and that never is gonna
change.

ELIZABETH

(holding back tears)
Michael, please go.

MICHAEL

Good night.

ELIZABETH

Michael. Thank you.

He kisses her lightly in the lips. She breaks down crying
after he exits.

BACK TO SCENE

MICHAEL

And that was truly the last time
we made love. I went back to see
my son two days later and
everything was fine between us.

RONALD

Do you think your sister was visiting Liz way before you knew where she was at?

MICHAEL

I don't know. Maybe. I never pressured Liz to tell me. I'm sure she was and Liz didn't want me to get hurt by my sister's actions.

RONALD

And do you think that your sister was jealous of your friendship with her ex?

BEAT

MICHAEL

I--I hope- I, I don't know what to think anymore.

RONALD

Don't you think that if your sister found out, she would be very angry with both of you?

MICHAEL

Knowing her. Hell, yeah.

RONALD

How do think your pubic hair got on Elizabeth's body, the day she was murdered?

MICHAEL

I...I, I don't know.

RONALD

Do you by any chance shave that region at home?

MICHAEL

I...I trim.

RONALD

And where do you deposit the hairs afterwards?

MICHAEL

I...put them in a waste basket in my bathroom. Ron, why are you-?

RONALD

There are only two persons who have access to your apartment correct?

MICHAEL

Yes. Well, Beth doesn't have my keys but she, as you know, sleeps-
But my-

RONALD

Michael, please don't keep anything from me.

MICHAEL

I...I'm not- It's nothing. What about the cops? You don't think they-?

RONALD

Don't you worry about it right now. I know what I have to do...Michael, I have to tell you this and I know is gonna hurt, and this is why I didn't tell you yesterday. But this is going to help our case. Ms. Pratt was pregnant and you were the father.

MICHAEL

How...? We always used- Oh, God!

RONALD

The condom could have broken or she could have tampered- Did you always bring the condoms or did she have one?

MICHAEL

She had it. But, why another child? Of course! She was in love with me.

RONALD

Exactly.

MICHAEL

But, why did you say this could help us.

RONALD

Because it proves that you had some kind of feelings for the victim and no motive to kill her. They, of course, are going to use the pregnancy as a motive. She told you she was pregnant. You didn't want another kid because you are involved with another woman. A fight ensued and you snapped and strangled her.

MICHAEL

Jesus.

RONALD

It happens. Tell me something else. Did Beth know that you were visiting your son at-?

MICHAEL

No, no, Beth, she didn't want anything to do with Mickey. She was against me becoming the donor. I believe we covered this already?

RONALD

Are you absolutely sure?

MICHAEL

Yes. Beth and I never talked about my son. She didn't want anything to do with my sister nor Liz. Ron, what are thinking? You don't think Beth or my sister-?

RONALD

Gotta go. But, I'll see you tomorrow for your arraignment.

Ronald exits and Michael remains there, stunted by what his lawyer just asked him. He shakes his head. Inner dialogue: "No, it can't be. Not Karen. Not my own sister!"

INT. CANTONE'S HOME -- DINNING ROOM - LATER

FRANCES CANTONE (50s), Dressed conservative, very little make up, red hair, sits at the table next to her husband, FRANK CANTONE (60's), Looks young for his age, glasses, salt-pepper hair, 6.2. Karen is also at the table.

FRANCES

Before we say grace, I want us to hold hands and pray for Michael, who's going through the most difficult experience any human being can go through by being accused of murder when he is innocent, something we all know for sure at this table.

KAREN

Mommy, I'm getting hungry can we hurry this-

FRANK

Don't do that to your mother. Don't interrupt, we don't do that here. This is your home once again and I expect you to respect us.

KAREN

Yes, dad. I'm sorry, mama.

FRANCES

Lets pray. Heavenly father, who art
in heaven...

INT. JAIL -- MICHAEL'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

As Frances prays, Michael lays in his bed looking up, still
preoccupied by what his lawyer asked him about his sister.

FRANCES (V.O.)

I, as a mother, Frank as a father,
and Karen as a sister, we ask you
to please give our beloved Michael
strength and hope. He is going
through some really difficult
tests, Lord. He needs you now more
than ever. Please, shine a light on
his case, so that the truth
prevails. He is innocent, Lord. I
know my son's heart and he's not a
murderer. Let justice prevail and
may they find the real murderer. We
ask this in the name of your only
son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

INT. COURT -- MORNING

Its Monday morning and Ronald is in court with Michael. The
PROSECUTOR (40s) is seated opposite the defense table and
behind is Bobby and Robert.

Michael's parents are right behind their son. His mother is
holding a rosary and praying.

The female JUDGE BROWN (50s), black, glasses, is looking
over Michael's file.

JUDGE BROWN

Mr. Cantone, how do plead?

MICHAEL

Not guilty, your Honor!

JUDGE BROWN

What else is new? Does the state
set bail?

PROSECUTOR

Your honor. We feel that due to the
nature of the crime and the fact
that Mr. Cantone's residence is in
Newark, New Jersey-

JUDGE BROWN

Oh, please, Newark is not even 15
miles from the City.

RONALD

Your honor, we request R.O.R. My client has no priors and he has a three year old son that lost his mother-

PROSECUTOR

Judge, the government objects-

JUDGE BROWN

Bail is set at two-hundred-thousand! The accused must relinquish his passport. That's all!

RONALD

Thank you, your Honor!

Ronald turns to Michael and they shake hands.

MICHAEL

Why so much money?

RONALD

Don't worry. We'll do bond. Go hug your parents.

BOBBY

Don't you think you are going to get away with this, because you're not!

FRANCES

Why? Why do you have so much hate for my son?

BOBBY

Wouldn't you? If I had murdered your daughter or your son?

FRANCES

He is innocent. I know my son. He's a good man, no anger in him. But I can't say same about you.

ROBERT

Come on son, lets go. He won't get away with this. Trust me.

Michael walks over to his parents and they hug each other.

MICHAEL

Dad! Mamma!

FRANK

Son.

FRANCES

(holding his face)

My bambino. I, I knew the Lord would grant you freedom while we await the trial.

MICHAEL

(crying)

Oh, mama. You have no idea what I've been going through in the last...

FRANCES

I know, sweetheart. You're gonna be fine. You are coming home with us, where your son and your sister are waiting for you.

MICHAEL

I love you, mama.

RONALD

Michael, come, we need to take care of some paperwork.

Frances grabs Ronald's hand and kisses it.

FRANCES

Thank you, sir, for all you're doing for my son. God bless you.

RONALD

My pleasure. We'll be right out.

Michael leaves with his lawyer. Frances puts her head on her husband's chest.

FRANCES

Oh, Frank. He-he looks so beaten, destroyed. It breaks my heart.

FRANK

He's a strong man. He'll be alright once he gets home.

FRANCES

Yeah, but the worst is yet to come. He--he has to face trial for murder. Our son is innocent and he is accused of murder! God, help us.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT NEWARK N.J. -- EVENING

Karen and Ronald are walking into an interrogation room. This is where she reports to work.

KAREN

In here we have total privacy.

RONALD

Listen, I'm sorry if I couldn't come earlier--

KAREN

No, this is the best time. I already clocked out.

RONALD

Oh, I'm sorry. You were on your way-

KAREN

Its find. By the way, thanks for getting Michael out on bail.

RONALD

That was a victory I wasn't expecting. Okay, I'll be brief. Ms. Cantone, why didn't you contact your brother when you knew about Ms. Pratt's whereabouts?

BEAT

KAREN

She... asked me not to.

RONALD

Mm... Were you in any way jealous of your brother and Ms. Pratt's friendship.

KAREN

Mr. Stern, what kind of a question is that?

RONALD

I'm just asking. After all you were still in love with your ex and he had a lot more in common with your ex than you did and that was their son.

KAREN

(upset)

Mickey, was our son. Elizabeth's and mine.

RONALD

What about your brother? You...didn't want him in his son's life?

KAREN

What are you doing, Mr. Stern? Who put you up to this? I-I bet it was Beth. Did you know she never wanted Michael to be our donor?

RONALD

Yes, your brother mentioned it to me yesterday.

KAREN

Just my brother? Doesn't Beth work for you?

RONALD

Yes.

KAREN

And she has not mentioned me at all?

RONALD

I asked Ms. Murphy to stay out of this case and she has very much complied.

KAREN

Have you investigated her or even Liz's brother? He had a very strong motive, which is millions of dollars that when their father dies he would've had to split three ways, between Liz, Mickey and himself.

RONALD

You have a valid point there, however, he has a strong alibi. He was in Europe on a business trip with his father.

KAREN

And I was at my parents' home, which has been my home since Liz and I broke up and I sold our home. Now, what about Ms. Murphy? She had motive. She hated Liz because Michael gave her a son and as you and I now know, he was seeing his son and Liz quite often.

RONALD

You're forgetting that your brother has the best law firm money can buy because of Ms. Murphy and all for nada.

KAREN

That proves nothing. The same goes for the Pratt dynasty. With money they can afford to pay for an alibi or even a hired assassin.

RONALD

That...seems unlikely, yet probable.
(MORE)

RONALD (CONT'D)

I'll look into both of your theories. Because as you now know, your brother has been charged with double homicide, since Ms. Pratt was five weeks pregnant.

KAREN

Yes. I gotta admit that was a shock. However, the fact that my brother and Elizabeth were intimate only proves his innocence and gives more credence to my theory of her family being involved or, even more so, Beth.

RONALD

Yes, but your brother claims he was not at Ms. Pratt's apartment that night and yet the police found a condom with his semen and a video with the perp' wearing a Giants jacket-

KAREN

Beth...she not only killed Liz, but she planted the evidence. Who else would have access to a condom with my brother's semen, except her? As well as his clothes.

RONALD

Don't you have access to your brother's apartment?

KAREN

I...yes, I-I do. I had the keys way before he met Beth. But, like I already told you, I was home since 6:30 that night. Ask my parents.

RONALD

Thank you for your time. I'm sorry if I offended you.

KAREN

None taken. We are blood, Michael and I. Blood is thicker than water when it comes to our famiglia, as we say in Italian.

RONALD

Good night.

KAREN

Night, counselor.

INT. NEW YORK POLICE PRECINCT -- CONTINUOUS

Det. Carter is at his desk in front of his computer.

Det. Morgan approaches Carter and gives him a bag with a sandwich.

DET. MORGAN
What are you thinking?

DET. CARTER
(shakes his head)
I don't know. This case is taking a u turn. Why would he kill her if they were fucking?

DET. MORGAN
She told him she was pregnant. He wanted her to abort and..they got into a heated argument, which got out of hand.

DET. CARTER
No, this was a crime of passion and it happened at the door. I think she opened the door thinking it was Mr. Cantone. Remember it was dark in the hallway. Did you hear back from T.A.U about the elevator surveillance tape?

DET. MORGAN
Not yet. I'll head over there tomorrow.

DET. CARTER
Damn, I'm hungry.

Carter sits at his desk and takes a bite out of his large pastrami sandwich.

DET. MORGAN
Carter, that's a big sandwich I got you.

DET. CARTER
I said I was hungry. What about her doctor...? What did you find out?

DET. MORGAN
She did see her gynecologist, who ordered blood work and it came back positive. However, she never went back for the results. Hey, maybe our perp didn't know. What about his girlfriend?

DET. CARTER
She didn't know anything. He told me.

DET. MORGAN

You sure? Did she have an alibi?

DET. CARTER

She...was not even aware her boyfriend was screwing the kid's mother. Poor woman, she even got him one of the best law firms in New York City to represent him.

DET. MORGAN

And his sister?

DET. CARTER

She was home. I spoke to her parents. I also checked her EZ pass. She never crossed over to New York that night. We need that surveillance tape... Shit! I just remembered something!

DET. MORGAN

What?

DET. CARTER

Eat, Morgan. The old lady, the neighbor, also said that it was dark. I even mentioned it!

DET. MORGAN

So...what are you thinking?

DET. CARTER

The perp loosens the light bulb to make it hard for both his victim and the neighbor to see it's face.

DET. MORGAN

Why are you saying, it's face?

DET. CARTER

Because the perp could be a woman.

DET. MORGAN

What about his girlfriend? Do you think she found out about these two and-

DET. CARTER

Anything is possible, kid.

DET. MORGAN

Does she have an alibi?

DET. CARTER

No.

DET. MORGAN

What about the vic's ex, the cop? What if her parents fell asleep early and she took a cab to her ex's apartment and did her on a jealous rage-?

DET. CARTER

You go to the building tomorrow and speak to super about the light. I'll head over to T.C.U to look at the surveillance tape and see if there's something in it that leads us in another direction, because right now all the evidence points to Mr. Cantone. But he had no motive.

DET. MORGAN

That we know of.

DET. CARTER

I'm not looking forward to this, Kid.

INT. CANTONE'S HOME -- MICHAEL'S OLD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael is in bed playing with his son. Frances is by the door enjoying it.

MICHAEL

You are going to be a big kid. You know that, Mickey?

FRANCES

Just like his father and grandfather. Handsome, too.

MICHAEL

No, mama. He's going to be even more handsome!

FRANCES

Did you miss him, son?

MICHAEL

Mama, words can't begin to explain how much I thought about him and who had him after his mother died. God only knows how many hours he spent alone until the police arrived. That thought alone is killing me.

FRANCES

Okay, that's enough. You're just torturing yourself with something that you can't change.

SOUND OF DOOR SLAMMED

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus!

UPSTAIRS FOYER

Karen comes up the stairs.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Who is it, mama?

FRANCES

Honey, you're late. What happened-?

KAREN

I was delayed at work by my
dear brother's attorney.

FRANK

What's going on? I heard the door
slam.

KAREN

Papa, mama, I need to talk to
Michael alone.

Michael enters the foyer holding his son.

MICHAEL

What is it?

KAREN

Hi, sweetie.

(child ignore hers)

Well! I guess now that you're here
he wants nothing to do with me.

MICHAEL

I'm his father after all, which is
something you and Liz seemed to have
forgotten the minute he was born.

KAREN

That's not true!

MICHAEL

Oh, please! I still remember the times
that I called your house and you
didn't even pick up deliberately! Not
only that, you instructed her to not
open the door for me if I stopped by
while you were not home!

KAREN

And you didn't waste anytime in
getting in bed with Liz, the minute
we both broke up! You horny, bastard!

FRANCES

Karen!

MICHAEL

She was lonely and hurting thanks to you. At least she had the decency to tell me where she was. You knew it and never told me!

KAREN

She asked me not to tell you!

MICHAEL

At first. But later on she told you and you kept quiet so I couldn't see my son. My son! Something you had forgotten since he was born and that was not our agreement!

FRANCES

Michael, please!

KAREN

Mama, take Mickey.

FRANK

I'll take him. Come here big boy.

FRANCES

Please, I beg you. Be kind to one another. This is not the time to fight.

FRANK

Come on, Frances. Let them talk.

Karen enters Michael's bedroom. He closes the door.

MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

KAREN

Your big, famous, arrogant lawyer went to the precinct today and started grilling me with questions, as if I was a criminal.

MICHAEL

What?

KAREN

Michael, I don't know what you told him, but-

MICHAEL

I just told him the whole story of how I became the donor!

KAREN

Well, he asked me how did I feel about you and Liz becoming so close. He even had the balls to ask me where I was the night of the murder!

MICHAEL

So what? That's his job. You're a cop, you should know that. Didn't the police ask you the same questions the day I was arrested?

KAREN

Yes, they did. But not in the way that your lawyer asked. His tone...was almost accusatory.

MICHAEL

Now you're acting paranoid.

KAREN

You know who's behind all this..? Beth. She never liked me nor Liz and she never wanted you to become our donor. But you know what I told him?

MICHAEL

What?

KAREN

That he needs to investigate his dear employee, Beth. She could have--

MICHAEL

Karen, please! Beth? She didn't even know Lizzie's address!

KAREN

Stop calling her that!

MICHAEL

What?

KAREN

Her name was Elizabeth, not Lizzie!

MICHAEL

Anything else you want to get off your chest? Because you're not only acting paranoid, but you are also acting jealous and that's why my lawyer went to see you. You're lucky I never told him that you have the keys to my apartment.

KAREN

I told him. I-I just can't believe
you would think that I...?

Karen looks at her brother, hurt, angry, deceived. She walks
out and enters her bedroom, adjacent to Michael's.

Seconds later, Frances enters Michael's room.

FRANCES

Son..? What's going on?

MICHAEL

Oh, mama. Karen is angry at me.
When it should be me who should be
angry at her. I did it all for her,
for Liz, so they could be parents!
And look what it got me. I--I'm
accused of murder! Murder!

FRANCES

I know. But son, its in times like
this when we need to stick together
as the family that we are.

MICHAEL

They got strong evidence on me,
mama! (emotional)
And...there's nothing I can do...
I've been framed and I--I just
don't know by whom or why?

KAREN'S BEDROOM

She is in bed crying in silence. Frances enters.

FRANCES

Karen?

KAREN

Not now, mama.

Her mother sits on the edge of the bed.

FRANCES

Sweetheart, like I just told your
brother, its times like this when
a family needs to stick together...
You have to understand your brother.
His freedom is on the line.

KAREN

I know. But, mama, I'm hurting too.
I lost the love of my life. Liz was
taken from me and I couldn't even
say my last good byes...

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

(crying)

I went to her wake and...they didn't let me see her, not even for a second. And Michael, my brother, was sleeping with her.

FRANCES

I'm sorry, sweetie. I wish there was more that I could do. Come here.

(holding her)

Cry...cry all you need in your mama's arms, those tears will do you good.

KAREN

Mama, I love Michael. You do know that?

FRANCES

Of course. And he loves you. My poor, poor children. May God bring you both happier days ahead.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF STERN & STANLEY -- MORNING

Ronald is at his desk with lots of papers, which include his LEGAL PAD he is writing on..

KNOCK at DOOR

RONALD

Come in!

BETH

Ron, its almost noon. You want me to grab you lunch?

RONALD

No, thanks, Beth.

(getting up, stretching) I--

I. Mm, I need to give my eyes and my back a break. I'll go out now.

BETH

Is there anything you need me to enter in the computer before I-?

RONALD

No. Listen, Beth. I-I think it is best if you don't work at all on your boyfriend's case. The less you know, the better it is for all of us involved.

BETH

Really?

RONALD

Yes. You, better than anyone should know why I'm saying this. Don't you?

BETH

Sure. I...I do. Not-not a problem. Ronnie, I-I don't know how to thank you for taking this case. You have really put your heart and soul into this case.

RONALD

(a bit offended)

I do this with all my cases, Beth. You know that.

BETH

I do. I'm...just surprised, considering our history.

RONALD

I moved on and so did you. Now, you needed me and I'm here for you and Michael.

BETH

Yeah. Thank you.

RONALD

You want me to grab you something from-

BETH

No, no. Thanks, I brought a salad. It's in the fridge.

As Ronald is walking out. From the door-

RONALD

By the way, Beth, I-I keep forgetting to ask you... Who called you to let you know that Michael was arrested?

BETH

Who called me? Who..called me?

RONALD

Because Michael told me when I first spoke to him that he didn't call you. In fact, he called no one.

BETH

Kevin. He--he called me late. It was passed midnight and-

RONALD

Who's Kevin?

BETH
He's another bartender who
works with Michael.

RONALD
Oh.. I'll be back in about an hour.

Ronald heads out.

Beth approaches Ronald's desk and sits down. With her eyes, without touching any papers, she begins reading Ronald's notes on the legal pad and something catches her eye. She picks up the legal pad. Her eyes open wide, without blinking.

The page has the title on top. M. CANTONE's DISCOVERY.

Q. Did you visit Ms. Pratt on the night of the murder?

A. I did not.

Beth nods her head upset.

She picks up a letter opener. Rage and deep anger is written all over her face. She begins to scratch her thigh with the letter opener, cutting herself and blood begins to drip. She bites her lips as she reads-

CLOSE ON - LEGAL PAD

. Victim was approximately five weeks pregnant. DNA from the fetus proves that Michael Cantone is the father.

She scratches deeper into her skin.

JOHN LOCUS (20s), tone physique, very handsome, an interned lawyer, from the door-

JOHN
He's out?

BETH
(started)
Oh! Jesus, John!

JOHN
Sorry. I-I didn't mean to-

BETH
Its okay. You're looking for Ronald?

JOHN
Yeah. Is he out...?

Beth slowly puts the letter opener on the desk and covers the bleeding on her thigh with her dress as John approaches.

BETH

Yeah. He..he said he'll be back in about an hour. Anything I-I can help you-

JOHN

No. I'll wait.

Beth, walks up closer to young stud, flirting.

BETH

How's school, Johnny?

JOHN

Good. Not easy, as you know, but-

BETH

You're a smart man. You're gonna do just fine.

JOHN

Thank you, Ms. Murphy.

BETH

Johnny, please call me Beth. Let's do lunch or dinner some time.

JOHN

Mm.. I-I'd like that.

BETH

Well, how about Friday after work? Dinner? Downtown?

JOHN

(wets his lips)

Sure.

BETH

But, Johnny...shhh. Got it?

JOHN

Got it.

She exits with a devilish smile.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY -- DAY

Det. Morgan and LUIS GONZALEZ (40s), Dark, strong, Latino, building super, are both walking down the hall toward the victim's apartment.

LUIS

To tell the truth detective, no one has notified me of any lights being out by that-that poor woman's apartment.

(MORE)

LUIS (CONT'D)

Then again everyone here is still in shock. By the way, now they're all demanding that we get a door man.

DET. MORGAN

Luis, doesn't everyone have to be buzzed in? Plus, you have a camera outside, so tenants can see inside their apartments who's ringing them.

LUIS

Si, senior. That's a really expensive system and it was working the night-
(they arrive)

Oh, look here. You're right. That lamp is out! I'm surprised Ms. Goldstein didn't notify me.

DET. MORGAN

Let me see something, Luis?

LUIS

Sure.

Morgan, tightens the bulb. The light comes on.

DET. MORGAN

I-I thought so.

LUIS

Will you look at that! It was loose. You know that happens more often than you think?

DET. MORGAN

I...I don't know, Luis. In this case, I believe it was done deliberately.

LUIS

Mm...Shit, that's scary.

DET. MORGAN

Don't worry, Luis. We already have our murderer.

INT. TECHNICAL ASSIST UNIT (T.A.U.) -- DAY

Det. Carter is looking at the elevator's surveillance tape. LEE CHOW (20s), Asian, wears glasses, a geek, is next to Carter, assisting him.

LEE

I got it as clear as possible... Here is the first visit of your hooded perpetrator. At 11:03pm.

DET. CARTER

Stop it right there! Zoom in on the logo.

LEE

Its the New York Giants logo.

DET. CARTER

Freeze it... N.Y. G.I.A.N.T.S

LEE

Sir, I know how Giants is spelled. I was born here.

DET. CARTER

I know that, Lee! Sorry, this case is making me even more cranky than- Go forward to the next time he enters the elevator.

LEE

Okay. Just...give me a...moment...and here....we go.

DET. CARTER

Zoom, zoom in to the logo...I'll be damned. This is a different hoodie. NY G.I...the letters a.n.t.s are all missing.

LEE

Not only that. The fabric...it-it looks faded.

DET. CARTER

How can you see that in black and white?

LEE

That's my job, sir.

DET. CARTER

Excuse me. What is this perp trying to do to us?

LEE

Confuse you?

DET. CARTER

No shit, Sherlock. Make me a copy and-

LEE

Already did!

Lee hands Carter the flash-drive. Big happy proud smile.

DET. CARTER
Thank you, smarty pants.

LEE
Anytime, detective.

INT. NEW YORK POLICE PRECINCT -- LATER

Det. Carter is at his desk.

PHONE RINGS

DET. CARTER
Yes, Lieutenant...? No, I sent him
to the crime scene...Sure, I'll be
right in.

Lt. Mulligan's Office.

Lt. William Mulligan (60s), big guy, deep voice, speaks
very slowly.

LT. MULLIGAN
Come in, Carter.

DET. CARTER
Lieutenant Mulligan.

LT. MULLIGAN
How's the Pratt murder case moving
along? I-I hate to pressure you,
but as you know the victim's father
is a prominent, influential--

DET. CARTER
I know all about him and his family.
But, sir, I just got back from
Technical support. There's a tape
of the elevator where you can clearly
see the perp is wearing a different
hooded sweat jacket than the one we
recovered from his apartment. Which
also backs up our crime lab findings
that the fiber material may have had
damaged areas.

LT. MULLIGAN
I'm not liking this...Go ahead.

DET. CARTER
Lou, the subject on the elevator,
according to tape, is wearing a
faded New York Giants hoodie, the
letters a.n.t and s, are missing.

LT. MULLIGAN

He...he most likely got rid of the one he used the night of the murder and purchased a new one.

DET. CARTER

Sir, the victim was also pregnant with Mr. Cantone's child. What motive if any did he-?

LT. MULLIGAN

He probably didn't want that child. Don't forget our vic' kept his first born from him for almost a year... Carter, listen to me very carefully. We already have our perp. I don't want you digging any deeper into this case. We have our murderer and he already has been charged.

DET. CARTER

But, Lieutenant, the evidence I just received...we-we need to turn over to the lawyers as part of the discovery and-

LT. MULLIGAN

You don't need to turn anything else in. You have the hoodie, the boots that you found in Mr. Cantone's apartment, which matched the prints on the victim's floor, plus we have his semen on the condom and-and his pubic hairs on the victim's body, which proves that he was there the night in question and he denied it...! Now, give me the elevator tape evidence, detective...You never saw it.

DET. CARTER

But, Lieutenant, T.S.U. already knows that I-

LT. MULLIGAN

Detective, I just told you. You never saw that tape. Go get it and give it to me. You need to move on to your next case. See this?

(pointing to a stack
of binders)

Unresolved cases!

Carter looks at Mulligan, briefly, thinking to himself that Mulligan isn't a cop anymore. He sees crime, the spilling of blood, the suffering of humans, as statistical entries in a log.

LT. MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
 (with firmness)
 You got work to do, detective. That
 case is closed, period.

Carter gets up, picks up the stack of binders and exits.

CARTER'S DESK

Det. Carter inserts the flash drive in his computer and proceeds to make a copy, while keeping his eye on the lieutenant's office.

Seconds later, Det. Morgan approaches him.

DET. MORGAN
 You were right, the light bulb was
 loosened to make the hallway
 darker. How did you make out with
 Tech? Did you look at the tape?

Carter notices Lt. Mulligan getting up from his desk and walking towards his desk.

DET. MORGAN (CONT'D)
 Carter...? Are you alright?

DET. CARTER
 I don't know about you, kid. But,
 I'm starving.

DET. MORGAN
 You're always hungry...Lieutenant?
 How are you?

LT. MULLIGAN
 I'm fine, Detective Morgan, thank
 you.

Carter's computer screen, which Mulligan can't see, is at 75% done copying the file.

DET. CARTER
 I'm going out to lunch. You guys
 want anything?

DET. MORGAN
 I'm fine, but if you-

LT. MULLIGAN
 Carter, can I have that evidence
 we spoke about-?

Carter notices on COMPUTER: COPY COMPLETE.

DET. CARTER
 Oh, sorry, Lou....
 (MORE)

DET. CARTER

(CONT'D) (removes flash
drive unnoticed)

Here you go. By the way, I.. I
didn't find anything in that
surveillance tape. Except what we
already knew, which is that our perp
entered and left our victim's
apartment within the time frame-

DET. MORGAN

Is that's the tape? Oh, may I see
it, Lou-?

LT. MULLIGAN

No, detective. There's no need.
Gentleman, enjoy your lunch.

Carter turns off his computer screen.

DET. CARTER

Come on, kid. Lunch is on me.

Mulligan smiles happy with the flash drive now in his hands.

INT. CANTONE'S HOME -- KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Frances is preparing dinner. Michael enters. Sad look.

MICHAEL

Hi, mama.

FRANCES

Sweetheart. How's, Mickey?

MICHAEL

He's with dad. They're both falling
asleep watching the cartoon channel.

FRANCES

Your dad is probably hungry. The
lasagna is almost done. Michael,
about your sister, I hope you too
can mend your differences.

MICHAEL

Mama...I--I'm going back
to my apartment tonight.

FRANCES

But, why? You got no one there to
care for you and--

MICHAEL

Mama, my apartment is only ten blocks
from here.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You can come over and even
sleep
over, but this is best for Karen's
sake and mine. I..I need time alone
with my son. In Karen's mind, Mickey
is still her son. Their son!

FRANCES

But, Michael, she raised him for
the first two years of his life.
They both-

MICHAEL

Well, mama, that's over now. I'm
going back to my home and my son is
coming with me, the only father he's
ever had... Karen is gonna have to
get used to the idea that she's his
aunt, not his mother, not his
father. Only his aunt, nothing else!

FRANCES

Michael, you're not being fair
with your-

MICHAEL

Excuse me, mama. I gotta go pack my
son's things. I wanna be out of
here before she gets home.

He rushes out. His mother shakes her head, worried.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

Carter and Morgan just finished eating.

DET. MORGAN

Carter, what's wrong? Why haven't
you told me what happened with the
tape?

DET. CARTER

It's best if you don't get involved,
kid. The captain wants this case
closed and that's fine by me.

DET. MORGAN

But, Carter, how-

DET. CARTER

Give me a minute, Morgan. I'll be
right back.

RESTAURANT EXIT

Carter goes over to speak to a young Hispanic DELIVERY guy.
Carter hands delivery guy his card. DELIVERY guy nods in
agreement.

TABLE

DET. MORGAN
Detective, what's going on?

DET. CARTER
Don't worry, Morgan. I'm just doing
the right thing. Come on. I have
to meet this kid back at the station.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- FOYER - LATER

Michael enters holding two duffel bags. His son is in a stroller.

MICHAEL
Welcome home, son. Come on, daddy
is gonna show your room, which
you've never seen.

MICKEY'S BEDROOM

Michael opens the door to a fully decorated child's room. Toys. Stars painted in white over blue paint. Crib by the window.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You like it...? Look! Sponge-Bob!
Your favorite.
(putting Mickey
in crib)
My boy! You don't know how it
hurts. Not being able to share all
these things with you, until today.

INT. CANTOSNE'S HOME -- MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Frances and Frank are watching The Late Show. Frances is asleep. Karen opens the door.

KAREN
(drunk)
Mama? Dad? I'm home.

FRANK
What happened to you? Its almost
midnight.

KAREN
Dad, it's Friday. I'm off
tomorrow. Went out with some cop
friends for drinks.

FRANK
And you drove home in that condition?

KAREN

No! I got a ride. How was my baby boy today?

FRANK

He's gone.

KAREN

Gone? Where? Dad, where's my son!

FRANK

He's not your son!

KAREN

Where is he?

FRANCES

Honey, your brother took him. His lawyer arranged so he could stay at his own place until the trial starts. God only knows when that will be.

KAREN

He took him to his apartment where that crazy girlfriend of his stays often.

FRANCES

Karen!

KAREN

Mama, she hates Mickey. Michael is punishing me. That's what he's doing.

FRANCES

Honey, don't say that.

KAREN

It's the truth, mama. He probably thinks this is all my fault. The fact that he's going through all this!

FRANK

Lower your voice!

FRANCES

Karen, he just needed time with his son, whom he missed out on the first two years of his life.

KAREN

It's okay, mama. I already lost Liz. But that's okay. I'll be fine. I miss my baby, but-

FRANK

(stern)

He is not your baby! He is your nephew! He will always be just that. So, get used to it!

FRANCES

Frank, please.

KAREN

You're right, papa... You're right.

Karen lowers her head. Closes the door.

FRANCES

My God, Frank! Why did you have to speak to her that?

FRANK

She needs to get it into her head. That poor child's mother is dead. Mickey now more than ever needs to bond with his father, who he may not have for long if they find him guilty of murder.

FRANCES

Oh, heaven forbid.

FRANK

Frances, I wanted to ask this since Michael got arrested... Why-why did you lie to the cops?

FRANCES

Lied? What do you mean?

FRANK

You know very well that Karen didn't get home until past one a.m. on the night Liz was murdered.

FRANCES

Yes, but her car was here. She told me she was out with co-workers. Just like tonight.

(beat)

Frank? What are you thinking?

FRANK

Never mind. Let's go to sleep.

INT. BETH'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM - NIGHT

John, the young stud, enters, undressed in bed. Drinks wine.

Beth enters from the bathroom in a sexy Victoria Secret negligee.

BETH
Ready for me, stud?

JOHN
Mm, mm.. Oh, yeah.

BETH
You like it?

JOHN
Yes. Come here.

Beth jumps on top of John. Aggressively kisses him. Bites his nipples.

BETH
Oh! Oh, oh, oh! Come on! Lick my nipples. Oh! OH! Ho-hold, hold on.

Beth opens her night table drawer.

JOHN
Don't leave me now, baby.

BETH
I want you to...tie me up...
(holding handcuffs)
with this.

JOHN
Mm. You are a kinky girl. I like it.

She slaps him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What's that for?

BETH
Just do as say. No comment. No questions.

JOHN
Yes, madam.

He complies. She lays down, puts her arms up so he can cuff them to headboard.

BETH
Now, remove my panties with your teeth, slowly.
(he complies)
Oh, oh! Yeah. Now, lick me. Oh, oh!
Oh, yeah...! Fuck my brains off, you little bastard! Come on! Do it..!

JOHN
Oh, yeah. Oh! Oh!

BETH
Faster! Harder...! Oh, oh, oh, oh!

JOHN
Oh! Oh! Oh, shit!

BETH
Don't! Don't you come yet.

JOHN
It's, it's okay if I do. I'm good.
Don't you worry.

BETH
Mm..I knew it. The first day I saw
you. Oh! How-how old are you?

JOHN
(panting)
Twenty..twenty-four.

BETH
Oh, yeah. Don't stop, until I tell
you. Oh! Oh..! Bite..bite my
nipples! Hard! Harder! Oh, oh, oh!
Oh!

INT. FLANAGAN'S BAR -- NIGHT

Ronald Stern walks up to bar. AMBER (20s), Red head, great
body, is bartending on one end of the bar. Second MALE
BARTENDER is in middle of bar. It's very crowded and
noisy.

AMBER
What can I get you?

RONALD
I'm looking for Kevin!

AMBER
He's off tonight!

RONALD
Can I please have his phone number!

AMBER
I'm sorry! I...actually no one here
can give you that!

RONALD
I understand! Can I leave you my
card with a message for Kevin?

AMBER

Sure!

RONALD

Its really important that he gets this.

AMBER

(reading card)

You are...Michael's lawyer? How is he doing?

RONALD

He's...hanging in there! He's out on bail!

AMBER

I'm glad he's out. Tell him Amber is thinking of him. We all are!

RONALD

I will! I gotta go! But please make sure that Kevin gets my message!

AMBER

You bet! Tomorrow I'm off, but I will personally stop by to give him this!

RONALD

Thank you!

AMBER

Michael is a good man. I have no doubt that he's innocent!

RONALD

I already know that! That's why I'm here. I believe Kevin can really help me in getting Michael off.

INT. BETH'S APARTMENT -- BATHROOM - LATER

Beth, in front of the mirror, fixing her hair. Examines cut on her thigh. Opens medicine cabinet. Takes antibiotic ointment, applies a bit. Puts a band aid.

BEDROOM

Beth enters bedroom. John's smoking a joint.

BETH

(furious)

What the hell are you doing?

JOHN

Oh, come on. Don't tell me you don't-

BETH

Get the fuck up, get dressed and go!

JOHN

What? It's four in the morning!

BETH

I don't care. This is New York City,
all trains run all night..! What are
you waiting for?

Her smart-phone beeps.

JOHN

Alright. Jesus!

BETH

(calm, smiling)

Look? We had our fun. Now, I need
my rest.

JOHN

Can we do this again?

BETH

I already told you, no questions.
I'll let you know, okay? Finish
getting dressed. I'll be out there.

She exits the room.

LIVING ROOM

Beth reads her missed text messages. She pulls up PICTURE
of Michael with his son at his apartment.

Listening to her voice mail.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Beth, call me. I haven't seen you
or heard from you since I got
bail. I'm home with my son. I
texted you a picture of him and
me. Hope you can forgive me and we
can make up. I owe you, but more
importantly, I love you and--

Enraged she disconnects.

BETH

Damn liar! Liar!

John watched her in shock.

JOHN

I'm out of here. Night.

BETH

Good night, baby.

JOHN, puzzled and with a confused look, walks towards door and exits.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF STERN & STANLEY -- RECEPTION - MORNING

Beth walks in. Karen is leaving the firm.

SARA (20s), receptionist, is on the phone.

BETH

Karen? This is a surprise.

KAREN

Beth? I'm sure it is.

BETH

What are you-?

KAREN

I'm sure that you're dying to find out why I'm here.

BETH

Actually...I don't need to. I already know.

KAREN

Mm.. That's what you think. But you're wrong. Good tactic of yours trying to create a cloud of suspicion around me for Liz's murder.

BETH

Hey, you know what they always say when it involves deadly matrimonies. The husband is usually the first suspect.

KAREN

(chuckles)

You're a crazy bitch, you know that?

SARA, the receptionist, intrigued, but enjoyed the showdown.

PHONE RINGS.

SARA

Law offices of Stern and Stanley,
good morning.

Beth puts her face closer to Karen and speaking softly.

BETH

I tried to detour Michael from doing what he did for you and your...wife, but he-

KAREN

I already knew that. I just never understood why.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

Then again, you were just showing your colors back then by being what you really are, a selfish, sociopathic bitch.

BETH

(biting her lips)

Get the hell out my face, dike.

KAREN

I'm done here. But, I'm not done with you yet.

Karen exits.

SARA

Yes, sir. I will. Have a great day.

BETH

Sara?

SARA

Yes, Ms. Murphy?

BETH

Do you know how long that woman was here?

SARA

When I came in she was already in Mr. Stern's office. That was about forty or so minutes ago.

BETH

Thank you, Sara.

SARA

You're welcome.

OUTSIDE OFFICE BATHROOM

Beth exits bathroom, runs into John.

JOHN

Beth? Good morning.

BETH

Morning. Listen, John? That dike that just walked out of Ron's office? Do you know what she came for? Did Ron ask her to come see him?

JOHN

I...honestly...

BETH
 Yes..honestly...!
 (flirting)
 Look, Johnny, the case Ron is
 working on is very important to me.
 I need you to keep me informed of
 every detail-

JOHN
 I..I don't think I can do-

BETH
 (feeling his crotch)
 Come on, Johnny. Just do me this
 favor. Huh? It really would mean a
 lot to me and you know I will make
 it up to in you in more ways than-

JOHN
 Beth, please...

Beth grabs squeezes his nuts.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Oh! Okay. I--I'll do it.

BETH
 Thank you, sweetie. Maybe I'll see
 you again Saturday night. Bye.

John watches as Beth walks away, in total shock.

BETH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Beth is about to enter her office, Ron exits his office.

RONALD
 Well. Someone got up late today.

BETH
 I'm sorry, Ron. I had a bad night.

RONALD
 What's wrong?

BETH
 This whole Michael thing. He called
 me to apologize and... Anyway, I
 don't want to bore you. By the way,
 I just ran into his sister. Did..you
 call her in?

RONALD
 No, she came to discuss- By the
 way, Beth?

(MORE)

RONALD (CONT'D)

Do you remember about a year ago or so giving Karen a bag with some clothes that belonged to Michael? Which he gave to you to donate?

BETH

Yes...yes, if I remember correctly, she took them from me at the parking lot of his building. She said she would take it to her parents' church.

(angry)

What did that-

(smiling)

What did she tell you, Ron?

RONALD

You know very well I can't discuss that with-

BETH

Fine!

RONALD

Beth!

BETH

I, I, I'm sorry. Like I said, I didn't sleep-

RONALD

You wanna go home?

BETH

No, I'll be fine. Thanks.

RONALD

I'm stepping out for a moment, but I'm gonna need to sit with you to go over what you did the night of the murders and-

BETH

Wait a second. What are you saying?

RONALD

Beth, you and Michael were together the night of the murder, correct?

BETH

Yes. Okay, okay. Whenever you need me just come and see me.

RONALD

Good. Just wanted to give you heads up.

Ron heads towards the exit. Beth rushes to her office, slams the door.

JOHN'S OFFICE

Startled and fearful.

RECEPTION

SARA

(answering phone)

Stern and Stanley law offices, good morning, Sara speaking.... I'm sorry. Mr. Stern just stepped out of the office. Would you like to leave a message...? Your name...? Sure one moment.

BETH'S OFFICE

INTERCOM BUZZER

BETH

Yes, Sara?

SARA (V.O.)

Ms. Murphy, there's a man on line one who asked to speak with Mr. Stern. I told him he was out and he insisted on speaking to you. He said his name is Kevin and that he works with--

BETH

I'll take it, Sara. Thank you. Hello, Kevin? Its Beth!

KEVIN (V.O.)

Hi, Beth? How's Michael doing?

BETH

Well..he's home on bail awaiting trial. Kevin? Why do you need to speak with Mr. Stern?

KEVIN (V.O.)

I--I don't know. He stopped by the bar two nights ago and left me a message that it's very urgent that we speak concerning Michael's case. Can you please have him call me at my cell? I'm home now, but as you know, I'll be at the bar after five.

Beth grabs letter opener, slowly begins making holes on desk.

BETH

Sure, Kevin. Give me your number
and I'll give him your message...

(without writing)

646...Okay. Got it. I think Ron's
gonna be out most of the day in court,
but I'll try to reach him and have
him call you... I-I will. Thanks,
Kevin. Bye.

Beth hangs up. Begins panting. Picks up her cellphone,
searching for a number.

BETH (CONT'D)

Michael...Hi...? Yes. I--I miss you,
too, Michael...Of course I know you're
home. Don't forget, I work for your
lawyer...Michael, I wanna see you and
I..I wanna see that beautiful boy of
yours. Is tonight okay?

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Michael, seated at dining room table, talking on phone. His
mother approaches.

MICHAEL

Okay. Yes! No, don't bring anything.
Mama is here and she's cooking for
me... No, she's not staying...Okay.
See you later. Beth! I love you. Bye.
Mama, that was Beth. She's coming over
tonight. I..I'd missed her so much.

FRANCES

What about Mickey? Does she know
he's here.

MICHAEL

Yes. The great thing is, she said
she can't wait to see him and hug
him!

FRANCES

That's strange.

MICHAEL

What's strange?

FRANCES

That all of a sudden she wants to
see and hug your son.

MICHAEL

Oh, mama please. There's nothing
strange about that.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Beth was jealous and upset because she wanted to be the first woman to give me a child and not some girlfriend my sister was seeing for only two years.

FRANCES

She did have a right to be jealous. I'm really grateful to her for getting you that wonderful lawyer.

MICHAEL

Mama, Ron's law firm is one of the best in New York City and Beth works for his firm.

FRANCES

God bless her then. Listen, what do you want me to cook now that she's also coming?

MICHAEL

What else but your famous lasagna.

FRANCES

Good. Because I already brought all the ingredients after you called me to come over.

MICHAEL

I love you, Mama, and I'm happy you came over. Time is passing by fast, mama. Before we know it, I will be standing trial and only God knows if I'll be found innocent or guilty.

FRANCES

God also knows that you're innocent and he will make those jurors realize it, too.

MICHAEL

From your lips to God's ears, mama.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF STERN & STANLEY -- RECEPTION -
CONTINUOUS

Ron enters holding a cup of coffee.

RONALD

Any messages, Sara?

SARA

I gave all your calls to Miss Murthy, sir.

RONALD
Okay, thanks. Is she in her office?

SARA
Yes, sir.

BETH'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

RONALD
Hey?

BETH
Yeah?

RONALD
Sara told me she transferred all
my calls to you. So...

BETH
They were mostly inquiries and quotes.
That sort of thing.

RONALD
Oh...okay.

BETH
Listen? When do you wanna depose
me about that night?

RONALD
Oh, yes. You got a few minutes?

BETH
Yes. I'm going over to Michael's
apartment tonight and I don't want to
be delayed. Besides, I have a lot of
work I wanna finish for Mr. Stanley.

RONALD
I...I only have a few questions. By
the way, did he get in?

BETH
He called from court and said
he won't be coming back here.

Ronald sits down.

RONALD
So, I wanted to ask you. The night
of the murder you met up with
Michael, right?

BETH
Yes.

RONALD
You went over to his job?

BETH

I did.

RONALD

Beth..help me here. You know the drill.

BETH

Sorry. I-I was waiting for the questions.

RONALD

Come on, Beth. I need to know. Did he call you or you call him to meet up? What time did you leave home? Did you take the subway or a cab to his job. What time did you get there?

BETH

Well...He didn't call me. I--I did call him and he never answered. He-

RONALD

Wait a second. You called him? At what time?

BETH

Right before I left my apartment. I...I have it right here on my phone's call history...

RONALD

He never told me this.

BETH

He probably forgot. He's been through a lot- Here it is. I called him at...11:06 and-

RONALD

Did you leave him a message?

BETH

No. I was going over so- I--I did ask him why he didn't pick up and he said it was really busy at the bar and that he didn't even feel his phone vibrating. You seem worried. Why?

RONALD

Was he at work when you got there?

BETH

He..he was outside smoking a cigarette-

RONALD

What time was it?

BETH

Close..to midnight. I--I took the subway, got off on the corner. I remember I saw his car parked a block away as I was walking toward the bar.

RONALD

Did the police ask you anything about any phone calls?

BETH

No...Do you know if they, by any chance, checked his phone?

RONALD

I don't think so. They found what they needed in the victim's apartment and in his apartment as well.

(gets up)

Thanks, Beth- Oh, one more thing. Were you aware that Michael knew where his son's mother was living and that he visited her often?

BETH

(serious)

I was not aware.

RONALD

Sure about that?

BETH

Frankly, it hurts me that he kept that from me. I wonder why? But, these are the things that I will be discussing with him tonight, because if he wants our relationship to move forward, he needs to stop lying to me.

RONALD

Beth, in court things are gonna come up that might hurt you even more and-

BETH

What things?

RONALD

I think its best if you ask Michael. He needs to tell you.

She puts on a fake smile.

BETH

I will do that, Ronald. Thank you.

RONALD

You okay?

BETH

I'll be fine, once he and I talk.

RONALD

Okay. Thanks.

Beth's inter-office line rings after Ron leaves.

BETH

Yes?

SARA (V.O.)

Beth, is Mr. Stern there with you?

BETH

He just- Who's calling him?

SARA (V.O.)

Its...the investigator..Mister-

BETH

Ron, should be in his office. Bye.

Beth grabs a small hearing amplifier and puts it to her ear. She rushes out holding an empty mug.

HALLWAY

Beth approaches Ron's office.

RONALD (V.O.)

Yes, Sal? Did you get Beth's cellphone-? Yes...At what time did she make that call? Mm...Yeah, I-I knew that already...So, the phone tower only puts her at her apartment at what-? Off? You're saying that her cellphone was turned off after that last call?

BETH'S OFFICE

Beth walks in hyperventilating. Paces back and forth.

INT. NEW YORK POLICE PRECINCT -- CONTINUOUS

Det. Carter is in his desk. He seals a white envelope. Takes two twenties out of his wallet and hands them with an envelope to the Hispanic pizza delivery guy. Det. Morgan watches confused.

DET. CARTER

Here you go, kid. That's for you.

DELIVERY GUY

Thank you, senior.

DET. CARTER

Now, this is very important. You are to give this envelope only to the person who's name I wrote there. If that person is not available, you come back. Compende?

DELIVERY GUY

Si, senior.

DET. CARTER

Good. I called and that person will be there until six, maybe later. It's only going on five now, so you got plenty of time. Go.

Messenger rushes out.

DET. MORGAN

I think that I know now what you're doing detective.

DET. CARTER

I'm clearing my conscience, partner. Come on, let's go for a burger and beer. I'll be working o.t. tonight on this pile you see here.

They both get up.

DET. MORGAN

You want me to stay?

DET. CARTER

You don't have to, but I sure can use your help.

DET. MORGAN

Hey, I'm learning from the best. I'll stay for free just for that alone.

DET. CARTER

Thanks, kid. Just for what you said, dinner is on me.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF STERN & STANLEY -- JOHN'S OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

John, doing a search on his desktop COMPUTER. Googles SOCIOPATH. Clicks: HOW TO SPOT A SOCIOPATH.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

A sociopath can be defined as a person who has Antisocial Personality Disorder. This disorder is characterized by disregard for the feelings of others, a lack of remorse or shame, manipulative behavior, unchecked egocentricity, and the ability to lie in order to achieve one's goal. Sociopaths can be dangerous at worst-

BETH

Hi?

John startled.

JOHN

H..hey.

BETH

What's...wrong?

JOHN

No-nothing, why?

BETH

I'm heading out...
(closing in)
You need me to get you-

JOHN

(closing google)
No. I..I'm fine. Come on. I'll walk out with you. I'm going out for dinner. Gotta come back. Mr. Stern is working late tonight and needs me to stay...Anyway-

They start walking out.

OFFICE HALLWAY

BETH

Really? What is he-? Sorry. I forget, you can't talk about it.

JOHN

No. I, I don't even know what he needs me for.

BETH

Well, if is about the Cantone case, I'm happy that you're both working as hard as you can.

JOHN

Beth? Do you..still have feelings for-?

BETH

Of course, I do. John, I fucked
you because I was horny. That's
all.

JOHN
Mm...Nice of you to clear that up
for me.

BETH
I still think you're hot.
(grabbing his crotch)
Almost as hot as me.

JOHN
Beth, not again. Please.

BETH
You silly boy.

OUTSIDE RON'S OFFICE

Sara, next to the delivery guy.

RONALD
Thank you, Sara! I got this. Close
the door! Come in, young man.

John and Beth approach Sara.

BETH
Sara, what's going on..? Who is
that?

SARA
A mystery delivery boy with
a mysterious package.

BETH
A pizza delivery boy with a
package for Ron?

SARA
The kid said,
(imitating Spanish accent)
He only can deliver to Mister
Stern. Go figure. Good night guys.

JOHN
Good night, Sara...Beth? You
okay?

BETH
Yeah. Why?

JOHN
Well...you seem-

The messenger exits Ron's office.

BETH

Ron! I know it's not six yet, but as you know I'm going to Michael's and-

RONALD

That's fine, Beth. Leave. John will be working late with me.

BETH

Okay then. Have fun guys.

RONALD

John, go to dinner now and please bring me back a Chicken Parmesan, baked ziti and the house salad with Italian dressing.

JOHN

Sure. I'll order it and I'll eat in while they prepare it because as you know, Famiglia is very busy at this time.

RONALD

Don't rush...Here.
(hands him a hundred)
This should cover both dinner's.

JOHN

Thank you, sir. You don't have to-

RONALD

I insist. Its my gratitude for you staying late tonight and you better keep the change.

JOHN

Thank you. I should be back in hour or so.

RONALD

Like I said, take your time. I gotta a few things to do before I'll need you.

JOHN

Mr. Stern...I--I need to talk to you briefly about B-

RONALD

John, go eat. We can talk all you want when you get back. I got something urgent here I need to look at.

JOHN

Sure...No, no problem.

John leaves.

Ronald opens the white envelope, removes a flash drive from envelope. Reads out loud the enclosed typed NOTE.

RONALD

The evidence doesn't fit. The hoodie fiber as well as video tape prove the killer had a different hooded sweat jacket than the one owned by your client... Anonymous? Who the hell?

Ron quickly inserts flash drive into his desktop. Opens file when-

PHONE RINGS.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Hello?

KEVIN (V.O.)

May I please speak to Mr. Ronald Stern?

RONALD

Speaking.

EXT. FRONT OF FLANAGAN'S BAR -- CONTINUOUS

KEVIN

Hi, Mr. Stern? Its Kevin, Michael's co-worker.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - RON'S OFFICE/FLANAGAN'S BAR

RONALD

Yes! I've waiting for your call-

KEVIN

Sir, I called you earlier today and left a message with Michael's girlfriend.

RONALD

Beth?

KEVIN

Yes! Anyway, she probably forgot. How can I be of assistance?

RONALD

Kevin, the night that Michael was arrested you called Beth, right?

KEVIN

Yes, I did.

RONALD

Now, did you by any chance tell Beth what Michael was being arrested for? Did you know the charges then?

KEVIN

No. We were busy here. The cops came in and asked for him. I took over for him and the next thing I see is the cops cuffing him and escorting him out.

RONALD

I see...

Ronald begins to look at the tape on his computer screen

KEVIN (V.O.)

Mr. Stern? Did Beth tell you that I said that to her-?

RONALD

Kevin, I-I really thank you for calling me back. I...gotta hang up now.

KEVIN

I hope I was able to help you.

RONALD (V.O.)

You have no idea how. Thanks again.

Ron disconnects and Amber, Michael's and Kevin's co-worker, is standing next to Kevin.

KEVIN

You were right, Amber.

AMBER

I knew that crazy bitch was up to nothing good.

INT. FAMIGLIA ITALIAN RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

John is seated, scrolling through his smartphone. The waiter brings him his meal.

JOHN

Thank you. Oh, please, in about forty-five minutes or so, you can bring me my take out order. Thanks.
(to himself)
Beth, Beth, what's wrong with you?

INT. LAW OFFICES OF STERN & STANLEY -- RON'S OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

Ron continues examining the surveillance elevator tape from Elizabeth's building on the night of the murder. He pauses the film on the moment when the perpetrator reaches down to the CLOSE DOOR BUTTON. Its WRIST becomes exposed, displaying a SMALL TATTOO. Ron zooms in on tattoo. Two small hearts, overlapped together. Ron jumps up, shocked and panting.

He picks up his smartphone, gets up, back to the door. He scrolls his address phone book. Calls out.

RONALD

Michael, its Ron...I'm fine, thank
you...Yeah, well I'm working late
tonight.

Ron slowly raises the windows blinds as he speaks. Through a glass window he sees reflection of someone behind him.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Michael, this is urgent. You need
to listen very carefully-

SUBJECT raises large pair of scissors and stabs Ronald in the carotid artery and then removes it. Blood spatters in large quantities. Ron falls to the floor with his hand over the wound. Subject, unseen, reaches for the flash drive. In RIGHT HAND we can see same tattoo as subject in the elevator video. As this is happening-

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Hello..? Ron! Ron, are you okay?
Ron! Ron! Hello? Hello?

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FRANCES

Dinner is already done- Michael?
What's wrong?

MICHAEL

Ron, my lawyer, just called me and...as
he was about to tell me something...he-
he just stopped talking.

FRANCES

Maybe he got another call or-

MICHAEL

I-I...Maybe you're right. He'll
call back. So, how did that lasagna
come out?

FRANCES

Come and see for yourself.

INT. FAMIGLIA ITALIAN RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER

John finished his dinner. The young MALE WAITER approaches him.

MALE WAITER
Dessert or coffee, sir?

JOHN
No. No dessert, thank you. But put two black coffees with the take-out order.

MALE WAITER
Sure. About ten more minutes, okay?

JOHN
Sure. Oh, and the check.

MALE WAITER
Coming right up.

INT. NEW JERSEY TRANSIT TRAIN -- CONTINUOUS

Beth, texting on her smartphone. Her phone beeps. She smiles as she types.

CLOSE on SMARTPHONE SCREEN as Beth types-

Forget dinner for now. Just take your cloths off and open the door naked. Can't wait to have you inside of me. Entering Newark Penn station now. Be at your door in ten to fifteen.

BETH gets up, puts on long mink coat, and heads to exit.

EXT. FAMIGLIA ITALIAN RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER

John exits restaurant holding a large bag and smaller bag.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Michael, wearing only underwear, opens the front door. Beth immediately grabs his face, kissing him passionately as she pushes him inside.

MICHAEL'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Beth, naked on top of Michael, riding him, her body trembling with pleasure, making sounds of pleasure.

MICHAEL
(panting)
Beth, please...slow, slow down.

BETH
I...I, I can't! Oh, oh, oh, oh!
(MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)
, Oh! Michael. How I missed this...
Oh, oh, oh, oh! OH!!

Beth gets off Michael. Seconds later she smiles looking at him.

BETH (CONT'D)
Sweetie, did you come?

MICHAEL
No.

BETH
Oops. I'm sorry. Maybe later you can fuck me again. If...dinner is as good as you say it is.

MICHAEL
Beth? Are you okay?

BETH
Yeah. Why?

MICHAEL
That language you're using- and you haven't once asked me about my son.

BETH
Oh. I forgot all about him.

MICHAEL
You do know he's here?

BETH
Oh. That means I'm gonna have to share you with him?

MICHAEL
You're kidding, right? You can't possibly be that selfish. Are you jealous of my own son?

BETH
I'm gonna take a shower. You mind getting dinner served?

MICHAEL
You're my guest of honor tonight... I missed you, Beth. I want you to know that. I, I hope you've forgiven me.

Beth, looks at Michael, smiling.

BETH
I really need a shower. We can talk later. Okay, baby?

She enters the bathroom

Michael picks up his smartphone, makes a call. Michael hangs up.

MICHAEL
Ron, where are you?

BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Beth stares at herself in front of the mirror, smiles. She likes what she sees. She puts her hair up.

INT. FLANAGAN'S BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Amber and Kevin are bartending. The bar is busy. Happy hour.

AMBER
Kevin? Did you call him?

KEVIN
Call who?

AMBER
Kevin! You forgot already? You were suppose to call Michael about Beth and-

KEVIN
Shit! Can you handle it?

AMBER
Yes! Go, go!

INT. LAW OFFICES OF STERN & STANLEY -- CONTINUOUS

John enters reception, heads towards back offices.

RONALD'S OFFICE

JOHN
Ron...! Ron, sorry it took so long-

John finds his boss, eyes wide open, in pool of blood on the floor.

JOHN (CONT'D)
R...Ron! Oh, my God! God! Oh,
God! Oh, oh, oh! Oh, God!

John, trembling, shocked, turns his face away. Takes out his smartphone.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smartphone BUZZING SOUND.

MICHAEL
Kevin? What's up?

KEVIN (V.O.)
Michael, I called your lawyer this morning and he wasn't in, so Beth took the call-

MICHAEL
She does work for Ron, Kevin.

KEVIN (V.O.)
I know that, Michael. But, listen to me. Your lawyer wanted to speak with me and it was concerning Beth and the night...the mother of your son was murdered.

MICHAEL
Beth..? What does she has to do with-?

KEVIN (V.O.)
Michael, I believe your lawyer suspects that Beth murdered your kid's mother.

MICHAEL
What? Oh, God. What, what makes him think that-?

KEVIN (V.O.)
Michael, Beth never gave your lawyer my message to call me and...

MICHAEL
Are you sure-?

KEVIN (V.O.)
She told your lawyer that I told her that you were arrested for the murder of your son's mother.

MICHAEL
Yeah. That's right.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Michael, I never told Beth why you were arrested! I didn't know when they took you. Remember, I took over for you-?

MICHAEL
That's right- Oh, my God.

KEVIN (V.O.)

If Beth knew that poor woman was murdered and she didn't want your lawyer to speak with me, it only proves one thing. Michael, she murdered-

MICHAEL

Ke-Kevin...I, I, I need to hang up. Beth is here.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Michael, hang up and call the police right now. You're in danger-!

MICHAEL

My son...I, I, I gotta go. Tha..Thanks, Kevin.

Michael disconnects, remains seated, paralyzed and shocked by the news.

BEDROOM

Michael enters quietly. Bathroom door is closed. He can hear the SHOWER RUNNING. Michael approaches bathroom door, opens it slowly and closes it again.

Behind Michael, Beth, screaming, holding kitchen knife, stabs Michael in right shoulder. Michael falls, bleeding. He puts his left hand over the bleeding shoulder, walks out of the bedroom.

LIVING ROOM

Michael tumbles, falls before he reaches his cellphone on coffee table. He crawls on the floor.

Beth stares at him with a transparent, evil, serene look.

BETH

Why...? Why couldn't you do what I said?

MICHAEL

What--what are you talking about?

BETH

I told you not to become the donor to that...dike's child-!

MICHAEL

It was my sister and-

BETH

I don't care! You should've thought about us first...I wanted your first born to be ours! Not theirs!

MICHAEL

But, Beth- ah..! You, you refused to talk about it when I-

BETH

Then after they were finally out of our lives, you, you had to go and find that dike...You started screwing her, behind my back.

MICHAEL

Beth, it only happened twice.

BETH

Oh, it only happened twice. I suppose that makes it alright? You damn, cheating, liar! You gave me no other choice but to kill her. I saw her number on your cell numerous times... So I followed you one evening to her building...

FLASHBACK - EXT. ELIZABETH'S BUILDING - EVENING

Michael rings Elizabeth from downstairs.

BETH

(CONT'D) (narrating)

You entered. I entered seconds later before the door closed

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

Hey!

MICHAEL

Hey!

Elizabeth buzzes Michael in. Beth rushes to door as its slowly closing, she grabs the handle, waits a few seconds for Michael to get on elevator. Beth walks slowly towards the elevator.

BETH

(narrating)

I noticed what floor you went to. I went upstairs...

ELIZABETH'S BUILDING HALLWAY

BETH

(CONT'D) (narrating)

I waited forty-five minutes. I heard a door open, both your voices in the hallway. I saw when she put her arms around you and you kissed. You have no idea what anger and rage I was feeling...

BACK TO SCENE

BETH (CONT'D)

Now, I knew where she lived. So I started planning how I would kill her-

MICHAEL

Beth, she meant nothing to-

BETH

She was going to be the mother of your test tube baby for as long-

MICHAEL

Don't you call him that!

BETH

What the hell should I call him..? I followed you many times.

MICHAEL

So, it was you? Who planted the evidence that-?

BETH

Yes. First, I got that hoodie from the bag of clothes you gave me to donate, which I gave to your sister in the parking lot. I needed a piece of clothing that had your dna on it and one that whore would recognize. I collected your pubic hairs from the trash can in your bathroom and the condom with your sperm. I got dressed in the hoodie and I snuck in.

MICHAEL

Beth-

BETH

I disabled the hallway light. I rang the bell.

(chuckles)

She thought it was you. She let me in. I strangled the bitch with-

MICHAEL

You're the bitch.

BETH

She's the bitch! She got herself pregnant again, so she could have you forever.

MICHAEL

That's not true. She never told me-

BETH

It is true! I killed them both. I should've killed her little bastard-

MICHAEL

He's not a bastard! You--you're crazy.

BETH

I'm not crazy. I'm smart. You were suppose to go to jail for murder. All the evidence was there to convict you. But Ron, he... he was too good of a lawyer. That was the only dumb thing I did. To hire him-

MICHAEL

What, what do you mean, he was?

BETH

I had to kill him. He was gathering evidence against me.

MICHAEL

Oh, God.

BETH

I should've killed that test tube baby the night-

MICHAEL

Stop calling him that!

Beth launches against Michael with kitchen knife, screaming.

BETH

That's what he is! Damn you!

Michael puts his hands up, knife enters one of his hands, disabling him.

MICHAEL

Beth...ple-please..oh, oh, oh!

Michael hits the floor.

BETH

Neither you nor your son are getting out of here alive. I warned you, Michael, to never betray me.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF STERN & STANLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Ron's office is now an active crime scene. Filled with the same crime team experts from Elizabeth's murder.

At the office door are the two detectives, Carter and Morgan, interviewing John.

DET. CARTER
So, you left him alone when you
went for dinner, you said?

JOHN
Yeah.

DET. CARTER
Was he expecting anyone? Clients?

JOHN
Not, not that I know of. We-we were
working late on the Cantone murder
defense case. That's why I went out
and had dinner. He, he asked me to
take my time, that he had some
things to work on-

DET. MORGAN
How long where you gone?

JOHN
About an hour or so-

COOPER
Detective, we found this on his desk.
It's an anonymous letter and this
envelope addressed to Ronald Stern-

JOHN
A messenger dropped that off right
before I left.

Det. Carter, makes eye contact with his partner, Det. Morgan.

The letter is in a plastic see through zip-lock bag as well
as the envelope. Carter reads it.

COOPER
Looks like a warning of some kind.

DET. CARTER
Did...did you find the flash-drive
alluded to in this letter?

COOPER
No, I asked the tech's. Nada.

A MALE SCENE INVESTIGATOR approaches the door.

CSI
Detective, come in for a second.
Put this on first.

The Investigator hands Carter two cloth booties to put over
his shoes.

DET. CARTER
Wait here, Morgan.

RON'S OFFICE

CSI
Look on that wall. The victim wrote
it with his own blood.

There's a "B" letter in caps' written on the lower part of
a white wall, just above Ron's body.

DET. CARTER
Thanks.

OUTSIDE RON'S OFFICE

DET. CARTER (CONT'D)
Mr. Myers? Your boss wrote the letter
B, with his own blood. Who do you
think-

JOHN
Beth! Oh, my God.

DET. MORGAN
Who's Beth?

JOHN
Beth Murphy, she works here. She's
the-the girlfriend of our client.

DET. CARTER
That's right. We interviewed her
for-

JOHN
She did it! I have no doubt.

DET. MORGAN
What time did she-

JOHN
She's crazy, you know. I, I should've
warned Mr.-

DET. CARTER
Were you two fucking..?

JOHN
I...I-

DET. CARTER
You were fucking. What's her address?

JOHN
She's not home tonight. She went to
visit her boyfriend in Newark-

DET. CARTER

Morgan, get on the phone with Newark P.D and tell them to send a car over to- You, have his address?

JOHN

My office.

DET. CARTER

Go with him and make that call.

DET. MORGAN

Yes, sir.

DET. CARTER

Oh, and try to reach Mr. Cantone. Tell him to stay calm and to be careful. We're dealing with a sociopath.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael, feeling dizzy, kneeling on the floor.

MICHAEL

Beth, I..I beg you. I need help.

BETH

You're not getting any help. I want you to suffer, to die slowly, like I've been dying inside, since I found out about you and that preppie bitch!

Michael slowly falls to the floor.

Beth grabs him by the hair.

BETH (CONT'D)

Don't you faint on me! I want you to watch and suffer as I kill your little bastard-

Michael grabs Beth's neck with his good hand.

MICHAEL

No..you're not!

Beth drops the knife, she tries desperately to get his arm off her neck. She can barely breath. She gets on her knees reaching for large kitchen knife. Kicks Michael in the nuts. Michael releases her.

Beth grabs knife, raises it to stab Michael in the chest.

Michael grabs her hand, they struggle. A fight ensues. Michael kicks her. Beth falls back, hitting her head against coffee table, disoriented.

Michael, still bleeding from shoulder and hand, rushes into the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Michael takes a kitchen cloth, ties it, using his teeth, around his injured hand.

FOYER

Michael is heading towards his son's bedroom. As he's about to enter, Beth, shouting, launches at him, stabbing once, twice in the back.

Michael falls down to the floor.

BETH

I warned you, Michael...

(to his ear)

Now, I'm gonna kill your little bastard so both of you can rot in hell for betraying me.

LIVING ROOM

Michael's cellphone BUZZING SOUND.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF STERN & STANLEY -- RECEPTION -
CONTINUOUS

Morgan approaches Carter.

DET. MORGAN

Carter, no answer at Mr. Cantone's cellphone.

DET. CARTER

Did you reach Newark P.D.?

DET. MORGAN

Yes. They're sending two uniforms over.

DET. CARTER

Call them back and tell them, possible homicide in progress. They're gonna need back up.

EXT. NEWARK STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Police car parked at all night diner. Karen in passenger seat by herself.

JACKSON (30s), black, a bit heavy, Karen's partner, exits the dinner holding two large coffees.

INT. POLICE CAR -- CONTINUOUS

As Jackson approaches car, radio call comes in.

DISPATCHER
Attention all units. Anyone near
351 Broad? Apartment number 15d.
There's a Code 1 and code 3.

JACKSON
Okay. Damn its cold-

KAREN
Hsh..! Central, car 105, 10-76. 10-
77...010 minutes.

JACKSON
What's going?

DISPATCHER
10-4, 105. Also possible 10-96.

KAREN
10-4. Jackson, my brother and my-
his son are in danger. We gotta go.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- MICKEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beth slowly approaches child's crib, knife in hand.

BETH
Look at you: innocent. And it's
because of you that I'm in this
situation. It..it all would've been so
much easier if you hadn't been
conceived. I--I should've killed you
that night, but I felt pity because
you were crying.

Beth puts knife down on the crib. Picks up a pillow. As she
lowers the pillow onto the child's face, Michael jumps at
her, knocking her down. On the floor they struggle.

Michael lands a punch on Beth's face.

EXT. MICHAEL'S BUILDING -- PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Police car arrives. Karen rushes inside. Jackson right
behind.

INT. MICHAEL'S BUILDING -- LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Karen opens door with key.

JACKSON
What floor?

KAREN

Fifteen. I swear to you, Jackson,
if that crazy bitch hurt my
brother or my nephew, I..I-

JACKSON

Come on.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- MICKEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Beth are still fighting on the floor. Beth
kicks him in the stomach.

Michael coughs up blood.

BETH

Oh, Michael. You have no idea how
much I loved you and how much more
I hate you now.

Michael grabs Beth's legs as she gets up to reach for
the knife in the crib. Beth falls down.

BETH

(CONT'D) (kicking)

Damn you! You're not...going to
stop me!

MICHAEL

Beth...don't...Please..

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- OUTSIDE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Karen and Jackson exit elevator. Karen runs ahead.

KAREN

End of hallway.

JACKSON

You have the key?

KAREN

Yeah. Hurry.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT -- MICKEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BETH

We could've been married. I would've
given you your first child. A real
son. Me! Only me! Not those two
degenerates!

MICHAEL

Beth...please. I-I need help.

BETH

Well, you're not getting it.

Beth gets up, stands in front of crib, picks up pillow.

OUTSIDE HALLWAY

Karen, slowly turns key, opens the door. Chain is on.

KAREN

Shit.

JACKSON

Cantone, we gotta break it.

Karen removes gun from hoister.

KAREN

Okay. Do it.

Jackson one kick, chain breaks. They rush inside.

First thing they notice is the blood trail from the living room into one of the bedrooms.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Oh, God. No. My nephew's bedroom.
Back me-

JACKSON

I got this. You cover me.

MICKEY'S BEDROOM

Beth was smothering the child.

Michael bites Beth's ankle. Beth kicks him, screams in pain.

Jackson rushes into the bedroom.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Police! Freeze!

Beth grabs knife, screaming, launches toward officer Jackson.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Drop the knife or I'll-

Karen, from behind Jackson, shoots twice. Beth hits the floor.

KAREN

Bitch, I told you I was gonna to get you. Michael! Michael!

JACKSON

Dispatch, 1023. Code 4, suspect is down. Requesting a 10-52, 10-33.

DISPATCHER

10-4!

MICHAEL
Mi-Mickey..?

KAREN
Oh, God.

Karen picks up child, shakes him.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Mickey? Baby, baby!

Mickey cries.

JACKSON
I think he's gonna be okay, partner.

KAREN
Jackson, my, my brother.

NJ OFFICER
Bus should be here shortly.

Michael coughs.

KAREN
Oh, Michael! Please...please, little brother, hang in there. The ambulance is on it's way-

MICHAEL
Mi--Mick..?

KAREN
He's fine, Michael. Look, your son is fine.

MICHAEL
Tha---thank...you.

Karen breaks down crying.

KAREN
Michael... Oh, Oh..Oh God..

Michael loses consciousness as-

SIREN WAILING in the distance.

JACKSON
The bus is here. I'll go meet them at the elevator. Cantone, sorry I didn't shoot first.

KAREN
I'm glad you didn't... Michael, the, the ambulance is here. Please hang in there. Fight, brother. You hear me? Fight. I love you.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Paramedics load Michael into ambulance.
- B) Karen, holding little Mickey, gets into police car.
- C) Exterior - University Hospital in Newark.
- D) Hospital chapel - Michael's parents praying.
- E) Intensive Care - Michael in observation, post-op. Karen holding his hand. Frank approaches to comfort his daughter.

INT. CANTONE'S HOME -- UPSTAIRS FOYER - EVENING

Michael exits his bedroom dressed. Frances runs into him.

FRANCES
Son, where are you going?

MICHAEL
Back to work, mama.

FRANCES
Michael.

Frank enters the foyer from bedroom.

MICHAEL
Mama, its been over five weeks since-

FRANCES
Honey, but the doctor said- Frank, say something.

FRANK
Its fine, Frances. Our boy is young and strong. He needs this.

MICHAEL
See? Thanks, dad.

KAREN
(holding Mickey)
What's going on?

FRANK
Your brother is going back to work.

FRANCES
Karen, you say something.

KAREN
He's fine, mama.

MICHAEL
See, mama. You come here.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You big, strong, daddy's boy. Look
at you how big you've-

Karen begins walking back to her room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Karen, where you going?

KAREN

I'm tired. I'm just gonna-

MICHAEL

Come here. Give me a hug...

KAREN

I--I'm sorry, Michael. None of this
would've happened if I didn't ask
you-

MICHAEL

Hey. I did it because I love you. If
anyone is to blame it's me for not
seeing the signs in Beth. You warned
me. In the end, you saved both our
lives. I gotta go-

FRANCES

Here. I'll take him-

MICHAEL

No, mom. Let his mother take him.

Michael kisses Mickey and hands him over to his
sister. Karen cries.

KAREN

(whispers)

Thank you.

MICHAEL

Bye everyone!

FRANCES

Please drive carefully!

From the bottom of the stairs.

MICHAEL

Yes, mama!

Hugging Karen.

FRANCES

We are a united family again, Frank.
Thank you, Lord.

INT. FLANAGAN'S BAR -- LATER

Bar is packed. Over the counter there's a big sign that reads: Welcome back, Michael.

MUSIC is playing.

Michael is behind counter. Kevin and Amber are also bartending.

Multiple CUSTOMERS yelling.

CUSTOMER
Michael! Welcome back!

MICHAEL
Thanks! Beer?

CUSTOMER
You know it!

CUSTOMER#2
Hey, Mike! Welcome back, bro!

MICHAEL
Thank you! Good to be back!

Kevin gets on top of the bar.

KEVIN
Listen up, everyone! Today is Michael's first day back! So, on the count of three, I want you all to scream with me, "welcome back, Michael!" One! Two! Three!

ALL
Welcome back, Michael!

CLAPS from everyone.

KEVIN
Okay, okay! That's it! Enough!

MICHAEL
Thanks, Kev.

KEVIN
They love you, Mike! I'm glad to have you back, my friend... What can I get you guys?

AMBER
Missed you, Michael. Glad you're okay. Happy to have you back.

Michael stares into Amber's eyes for a moment. He smiles.

MICHAEL

Thanks, Amber. It.. it feels good
seeing you, again.

Amber smiles, shaking her head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Guys, what can I get you!

FADE OUT