

**THE DEAD ZONE**

"UNREASONABLE DOUBT"

Production #1007

Written by

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Directed by

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THE DEAD ZONE"UNREASONABLE DOUBT"CAST

JOHNNY SMITH

JUROR #1: MARTHA

BRUCE LEWIS

JUROR #2: FEATHER \*

JUROR #3: MRS. McARTHUR \*

(a.k.a. AGATHA CHRISTY) \*

JUROR #4: NIGHT SCHOOL \*

JUROR #5: PINKY \*

JUROR #6: BRASSY \*

JUROR #7: LEADING CITIZEN \*

(a.k.a. BEN CARTWRIGHT) \*

JUROR #8: SPORTS NUT \*

JUROR #9: GOTH GUY \*

JUROR #10: VIC GOODMAN \*

JUROR #11: FAN MAN \*

JUDGE (XAVIER PHILIPS) \*

PROSECUTOR (DAVID EDDY) \*

NON-SPEAKING: \*

PUBLIC DEFENDER (ADAM JEFFRIES)\*

BAILIFF (ADRIAN BARNES) \*

STORE CLERK (NOONIAN SOONG) \*

COURT GUARD \*

EMILY TAGER ("FEMALE WITNESS")

CARL WINTERS

KID #1

KID #2

THE DEAD ZONE"UNREASONABLE DOUBT"THE JURORS

*NOTE: The jurors will typically be referred to by descriptive nicknames as opposed to their actual names, which in a few cases also surface in the script. This is meant to make them easier to track.*

"MARTHA" (Foreman) - Female, late 30s to early 40s. Homemaker, PTA president. A "Martha Stewart" type, hence the moniker. Prim and proper; organized and *organizing*. Being foreman is a little power trip; she's more interested in controlling the proceedings than in debating issues of guilt or innocence.

"FEATHER" (Juror #2) - Female, 20s. A waifishly pretty young\* woman, and another character whose life took a left turn a few years back. Shy and withdrawn, avoids physical contact and very soft-spoken -- on those rare occasions when she does speak. In the jury room, she's wary and uncomfortable. But though she may be timid about voicing her opinions, she can be stubborn about clinging to them.

"AGATHA CHRISTY" (Juror #3) - Female, 50s to 60s. Spinster \* and mystery fan. Views jury duty as an exciting vacation from a more humdrum life. Living largely through fiction, she may at first be inured to the quite tragic realities involved in this case. (Wardrobe note: her thick reading glasses hang from an eyeglass cord around her neck.)

"NIGHT SCHOOL" (Juror #4) - Black male, 30ish. Instructor at\* an adult technical school. Closeted gay, deliberate and logically minded, easily put off by macho posturing. Careful never to lose his cool because of what he might inadvertently reveal.

"PINKY" (Juror #5) - Male, 40s to 50s. A former lobsterman \* from old Maine stock. Weathered and taciturn; not the sharpest pencil in the box but honest. Given to blunt assessments and occasionally blunt language.

"BRASSY" (Juror #6) - Hispanic female, late 30s to early 40s.\* Mortgage Broker. Sexy, sassy, and independent. Full of "life-wisdom" gleaned from two marriages, though now making a go of it on her own.

"LEADING CITIZEN" (Juror #7) - Black male, 40s. An urban \*  
transplant, now a very successful local businessman, plugged  
into the establishment. Outwardly buttoned down; inwardly  
volatile. A bully, but a bully whose anger also has a source:  
a private trauma that the trial has reawakened.

"SPORTS NUT" (Juror #8) - Male, 30s to 40s. The couch \*  
potato's couch potato. The kind of ravening fan who keeps up  
with the *other* towns' high school soccer scores. He can also  
be bullying, but ultimately he's more of a follower than a  
leader.

"GOTH GUY" (Juror #9) - 18 to 22. A pierced and tattooed art\*  
student at a local college, who's more than a little  
contemptuous of this pack of adults with their compromised  
lives. Pretty much "out of it" for most of the jury  
deliberations, preferring to doodle cartoons and caricatures  
of his fellow jurors in a Manga (Japanese) comic book style.

"VIC" (Juror #10) - Male, 60ish, handicapped. He gets a real\*  
name because he doesn't deserve to be called "Wheels." An  
affable man, by turns folksy and thoughtful; unafraid to speak  
his mind but disinclined to impose his views on others. If  
all the jurors were this level-headed, we'd have no story.

"FAN MAN" (Juror #11) - 30ish. A nerdy fellow; he idolizes \*  
odd "celebrities" and edits a web site devoted to equally odd  
"phenomena." Still living at home, where he keeps his Spock  
ears in his sock drawer. Intelligent but socially insecure  
and easily intimidated. A true believer in the occult,  
parapsychology, alien visitations... and Johnny Smith.

JUROR #12 - Take a wild guess.

THE DEAD ZONE

"UNREASONABLE DOUBT"

SETS

INTERIORS

PENOBSCOT COUNTY COURTHOUSE  
COURTHOUSE LOBBY  
COURTROOM  
CORRIDOR TO JURY ROOM  
JURY ROOM

CONVENIENCE STORE

SPORT NUT'S HOUSE

PRISON  
VISITORS ROOM

CAR @ BASKETBALL COURT

FAN MAN'S BEDROOM

EXTERIORS

BANGOR, MAINE

SMITH NEIGHBORHOOD

SMITH HOUSE

PENOBSCOT COUNTY COURTHOUSE

CONVENIENCE STORE  
PARKING LOT

ALLEY

CITY BASKETBALL COURT

CARS @ COVENIENCE STORE

PRISON YARD

THE DEAD ZONE

"UNREASONABLE DOUBT"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MAINE ESTABLISHING - DAY (STOCK) 1

2 EXT. SMITH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 2

We're tracking along with a young boy who's wearing a miniature motorcycle cop's helmet as he furiously peddles a "Big Wheel"-style tricycle along a stretch of sidewalk.

There's a tongue-in-cheek echo of the Big Wheel sequence in "The Shining" as plastic wheels thrum over sidewalk cracks, dip and rise across driveway aprons, until our rider spots an obstacle up ahead:

BIG WHEEL RIDER'S POV - TWO HAPLESS GUYS

walking along and none too fast. One's even got a cane.

CLOSE ON BIG WHEEL RIDER

Steely eyes squint, then a little hand reaches for an impressive apparatus on the handlebars. There's a sudden siren burst -- WHOOP! WHOOP! WHOOP!

JOHNNY AND BRUCE

jump aside as the police-themed Big Wheel plows by.

JOHNNY

Jeez!

(they resume walking)

Didn't think I was going fast enough to get pulled over.

BRUCE

Believe me, you ain't.

JOHNNY

C'mon, I'm smokin' here.

Now a speed-walking 70-YEAR-OLD WOMAN wearing headphones and carrying hand weights breezes past. Johnny sighs.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

BRUCE

"Smokin'?"

JOHNNY

Okay. The summer Olympics are out.

He looks up ahead and his expression darkens.

JOHNNY'S APPROACHING POV - A MAILBOX

looms at the end of his driveway, leaning slightly on its post like some ominous totem. (Note: The PT Cruiser should be parked in the driveway).

RESUME JOHNNY & BRUCE

JOHNNY

Wonder what'll it be today.

BRUCE

(teasing)

Another rubber rattlesnake... or maybe a live one.

They come to a stop by the mailbox and a recycling bin.

JOHNNY

(catching his breath)

I'd settle for snakes. It's those bubble-wrapped "offerings" that creep me out.

(mock shudder)

"Can you touch this chew toy and find my Kathy's poodle?..."

During the above, Bruce has opened the mailbox, pulling out a slim stack of mail.

BRUCE

No bubble wrap. You're in luck.

(thumbing through)

Bill. Bill. Credit card.

He holds up a colorful "Publisher's Clearing House"-type sweepstakes envelope, reads off it.

BRUCE

"You may have just won ten million dollars!"

He makes like "The Great Karnak," closing his eyes and

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2) 2

holding the envelope to his forehead for a studied beat.

BRUCE

Nope.

Johnny opens the recycling bin and Bruce tosses it in.

JOHNNY

Not bad, Karnak.

BRUCE

Beginner's luck.

(studies last item)

County Courthouse. Any overdue tickets?

Johnny shrugs, gives him a little nod. Bruce opens it, pulls out a PINK SUMMONS, scans it and reacts.

BRUCE

It's a jury summons.

(off Johnny's surprise)

Don't worry, I'll write you a doctor's note. "Still recovering from coma."

Johnny smiles, reaches for the summons. But as his hand closes on it...

WOMAN JUROR (O.S.)

Guilty.

Johnny turns toward the sound, only now he's in:

3 INT. JURY ROOM - DAY - VISION 3

A dramatic SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS as the camera frames a succession of jurors -- including a sixtyish man in a motorized wheelchair (VIC), a fortyish African-American businessman (LEADING CITIZEN), a pierced and tattooed 20-year-old (GOTH GUY), a nerdy fellow with glasses (FAN MAN) -- as each says "Guilty." The vote proceeds around a table until it reaches:

JOHNNY

who's looking distracted. A beat, then:

MARTHA (O.S.)

Number Twelve...?

Johnny turns to see a prim woman (MARTHA) -- the jury

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

foreman -- and the other ten jurors eyeing him expectantly.

MARTHA

Mister Smith? Your vote?

Johnny seems about to answer... when the vision ends.

MATCHING SHOT - JOHNNY - TODAY

as he looks up from the summons, clearly intrigued by this mysterious, open-ended vision.

JOHNNY

Save the note. I think this is one court date I'd better keep.

And as they head up the driveway, Bruce eyeing him curiously...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. BANGOR, MAINE - DAY - ESTABLISHING 4

5 EXT. PENOBSCOT COUNTY SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE - DAY (STOCK) 5

A red brick and colonnaded edifice that harks back to colonial times.

6 INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY - CLOSE ON A TALL MURAL OF THE BLINDFOLDED GODDESS OF JUSTICE 6

PUSHING IN slightly on the classic figure, holding her balanced scales in one hand, a sword in the other, as --

JOHNNY

jury summons in hand, steps closer. In the b.g., other prospective jurors clutching their tell-tale pink summonses, along with lawyers and litigants, crisscross the busy lobby, crowd into an elevator and hustle up and down a broad staircase. But Johnny's attention is on Lady Justice's scales -- something's a little off about them -- and he doesn't hear a mechanical WHINE behind him.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

He turns into the path of VIC -- a 50ish man in a motorized wheelchair, and another juror from his vision -- Johnny lightly BUMPING his wheelchair as Vic stops short...

7 A JOHNNY FLASH - INT. PRISON VISITORS ROOM - DAY 7

*A grim-faced Vic, in a wheelchair but several years younger, listens MOS through a telephone to a still younger Male Prisoner facing him across a glass partition.*

8 RESUME - LOBBY 8

The collision has caused Vic to spill some coffee on his lap. He dabs at it with a napkin.

VIC  
Back to the dry cleaner's.

JOHNNY  
Sorry.

VIC  
Not your fault they didn't put a cup holder on this thing.

He notes Johnny's summons, his general unease.

VIC  
Your first time, too?  
(off Johnny's nod)  
Vic. Vic Goodman.

JOHNNY  
Johnny Smith.

Johnny looks back at the mural.

JOHNNY  
Am I wrong, or is one side of those scales a little lower than the other?

VIC  
(smiles)  
Makes you wonder if someone's got their thumb on 'em, doesn't it.  
(an elevator opens)  
Whoops! There's our bus.

He rolls forward amidst a crush of people. Johnny hesitates, watching Vic do a neat 180 as he backs in.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

VIC

Why walk when you can ride?

JOHNNY

Tell that to my physical therapist.

The doors close and Johnny turns back to the mural and those slightly lopsided scales. A crowd's MURMURING fades up, followed by the SOUND of a BANGING gavel, as we...

TIME CUT TO:

9 INT. COURTROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON THAT BANGING GAVEL... 9

...then PANNING UP to reveal its owner, an aging and quirky JUDGE who's trying to silence a noisy crowd. Finally:

JUDGE

Quiet, already!

The crowd shuts up. And now we see that the gallery is filled with prospective jurors, who, along with a young PUBLIC DEFENDER and his still younger client, CARL WINTERS (17, African-American) plus eleven more jurors seated in the jury box (already selected for this trial, and comprised of Vic and the other jurors from Johnny's first vision), are all craning for a look at Johnny, standing sheepishly in a back row. The Judge addresses a slight, balding PROSECUTOR.

JUDGE

Mister Eddy, would you please repeat your question...

(eyeing gallery)

...and this time I'd like to be able to hear the young man's answer.

The Prosecutor turns to Johnny.

PROSECUTOR

Are you the same "Johnny Smith" who recently assisted the Sheriff's office? And by assisted I mean in a "psychic capacity."

JOHNNY

(a beat)

Yes.

The crowd murmurs again. ("It is him!" "I told you so!" "What's he doing here?") The Judge bangs his gavel.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

JUDGE  
Folks, this isn't Jerry Springer.  
(motions to lawyers)  
Approach, gentlemen. You too,  
Mister Smith.

NEW ANGLE - AT SIDEBAR

as the Judge steps down from the bench and Johnny and the two lawyers approach.

JUDGE  
Breath mint, anyone?

He pops one in his mouth, then holds out the tin. Johnny declines but the lawyers feel compelled to partake, making the Prosecutor, in particular, look that much more hapless as the Judge eyes him.

JUDGE  
I take it you have a problem with  
Mister Smith here.

PROSECUTOR  
(puzzled)  
Well, yes, he claims to be a  
psychic, your honor.

JUDGE  
He does, does he?  
(to Johnny)  
Okay, I'm thinking of a number  
between one and ten...

JOHNNY  
Actually, it doesn't work that --

JUDGE  
(suspicious)  
You're not like that fat lady on  
TV, you know with that "psychic  
network?"

JOHNNY  
No, um... who?

JUDGE  
(relieved)  
Wife loves her. Drives me nuts.  
Ever been committed?

JOHNNY  
No.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

JUDGE

And you're not on any anti-  
psychotic medication...?

JOHNNY

No.

PROSECUTOR

Your honor, at the very least  
Mister Smith's notoriety will  
distract the jury...  
(eyes Public Defender)  
...it could even set up grounds  
for appeal.

The Judge considers the argument a beat, then, to Johnny --

JUDGE

Mister Smith, is the defendant  
guilty or not guilty?

JOHNNY

(reacts)  
I... I don't know.

JUDGE

Good answer.  
(more gravely)  
Far as I'm concerned, we've all  
got a "sixth sense." It's called  
our conscience. Can I count on  
you to use yours and judge this  
case fairly?

JOHNNY

Yes, sir.

The Judge eyes the Prosecutor, who shrugs wearily.

JUDGE

Mister Smith, you're Juror Number  
Twelve.  
(indicates jury box)  
We saved you a seat.

Camera follows Johnny as he approaches the jury box, Vic  
welcoming him with a little smile. As he sits in one of  
the last remaining seats, he turns to look at the sullen  
defendant, as now we PRELAP --

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)

Meet Carl Winters...

DISSOLVE TO:

10

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - A FEW HOURS LATER

10

The trial now under way, the gallery crowded with family and friends of the defendant and victim, as the Prosecutor makes his opening statement to the jury (which now includes two Alternates). Winters' mother, sitting right behind her son, occasionally dabs her tears with a handkerchief that she holds throughout.

PROSECUTOR

He's seventeen. The defense will tell you that he's a high school junior who enjoys movies and sports... like a lot of youngsters you may know -- your neighbors' kids, maybe even your own. So how, you may wonder, did this clean-cut young man wind up here, accused of armed robbery and murder?

He approaches the rapt jurors, his tone growing harder.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

The answer will become apparent when you meet the other Carl Winters. The one who runs with a gang of young thugs... who enjoys terrorizing those weaker than himself...

Overlapping audio SEAMLESSLY CHANGES to the voice in the next shot...

DISSOLVE TO:

10A

ANGLE ON THE WITNESS STAND

10A

Where a FEMALE WITNESS is testifying...

(CONTINUED)

10A CONTINUED:

10A

FEMALE WITNESS

I ran for my life outside to the parking lot... that's when I heard the gunshots...

Again we overlap audio from --

ANGLE ON A TV MONITOR

Showing a security video of a gang of teens including Winters harassing the Female Witness at a Mom & Pop style convenience store... a Pakistani clerk tries to stop them... moving to find Johnny and the jury watching...

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)

The gun is clearly visible in Carl Winters' belt... He was the only one in that store who could have shot the clerk...

And once again overlap audio to --

DISSOLVE TO:

10B ANGLE - THE DEFENSE LAWYER

10B

Making a closing argument to the jury...

PUBLIC DEFENDER

My client, Mr. Winters does not deny being at the store, he does not deny his misbehavior but that's all it was - misbehavior. He did not kill anyone. Those were not gunshots the witness heard, they were bottles breaking in the store...

And finally one more overlap to --

10C ANGLE - THE JUDGE

10C

Instructing the jury...

10C CONTINUED:

10C

JUDGE (O.S.)  
You must consider the evidence  
and testimony...

JOHNNY

turns once again to eye Winters who shifts restlessly in  
his seat... his mother cries...

JUDGE  
...decide for yourselves what the  
facts are...

Winters turns to see Johnny watching and returns his look,  
the teen's own expression anxious yet defiant.

JUDGE  
...and render a verdict...

And as we PUSH IN on Johnny and the boy, neither willing  
or able to break the connection...

JUDGE  
Guilty or not guilty.

11 INT. CORRIDOR CONNECTING TO JURY ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

11

We're moving with Johnny down the narrow corridor, as he  
overhears Brassy and Leading Citizen, just ahead of him.

BRASSY  
Can't believe he's making us  
start this late. And on a Friday.

LEADING CITIZEN  
Guess he doesn't expect us to be  
in here long.

Fan Man, who often pushes up his glasses as they slip  
down the ridge of his nose, catches up to Johnny.

FAN MAN  
Mister Smith! I just wanted to  
tell you what an honor it is to  
be serving with you.

JOHNNY  
An "honor?"

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

FAN MAN  
Absolutely! I've followed your  
career. You see...

He digs out a BUSINESS CARD that features a website  
address, and as Johnny takes it --

12 A JOHNNY FLASH - INT. FAN MAN'S BEDROOM - DAY 12

*Fan Man works intently at a computer in the corner of the  
small bedroom... glasses bright with the reflection of a  
monitor that displays a website called ObscureTruth.Com  
full of UFO and occult headlines... behind on the wall  
over his bed are posters of Houdini, and contemporary sci-  
fi icons...*

13 RESUME - CONTINUOUS 13

FAN MAN (CONT'D)  
...The occult is sort of a hobby  
of mine.

JOHNNY  
'Occult'. I never thought of  
myself as...

FAN MAN  
(not letting him finish)  
Say, if you wouldn't mind answering  
a few questions for my website  
later...

Johnny reacts as they enter...

14 INT. JURY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 14

...where a Bailiff is placing legal DOCUMENTS (affidavits,  
instructions and reports) on the jury table, while a Guard  
arranges some other items (the DEFENDANT'S KEYCHAIN with  
the letter "C" attached; an evidence-tagged GUN; TWO  
SQUASHED BULLETS in a ziplock baggie; a LARGE PHOTO of  
the convenience store exterior and a DIAGRAM of its  
interior, with a small outline of a dead body near the  
counter) on a small display table.

Goth Guy takes a seat at the long conference table, leans  
back and puts his feet up with a contented sigh.

14 CONTINUED:

14

Martha frowns as she takes a seat at the adjacent end of the table, indicates his feet --

MARTHA

I think you know that's inappropriate.

GOTH GUY

Gosh, gee, I'm sorry, Mom.

He opens his notebook and begins doodling on a page already filled with comic book-style sketches of trial scenes. Martha turns to Night School as he sits beside her.

MARTHA

Did you hear that?

Night School just shrugs "let it go"... as camera PANS, finding Pinky showing Brassy an unnaturally stubby little finger...

PINKY

...twenty-three pounder, claws the size of catcher's mitts.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

BRASSY

Ouch!

...then moving on to show Sports Nut and Agatha moving toward the table from a water cooler, cups in hand...

AGATHA CHRISTY

Personally, I had hoped the case would be more "twisty," you know, like a good mystery.

Sports Nut shrugs...

SPORTS NUT

Least we should be out of here fast...

(conspiratorial)

I got a big ball game tonight. Pedro's pitching against the Yanks.

15 OMITTED

15

16 INT. JURY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

16

In the b.g., the Bailiff and Guard exit... as camera once again finds Johnny, who can't escape Fan Man...

FAN MAN

(sotto)

So just between us: he's guilty, isn't he? I mean you probably knew the moment you sat in the jury box, right...

16 CONTINUED: 16

Johnny is saved by Martha's call to arms:

MARTHA

If the rest of us could take seats... and I think that should be by numbers, starting on my right...

GOTH GUY

Who elected you?

MARTHA

I'm just trying to get us seated properly so we can elect a foreman.

LEADING CITIZEN

C'mon, let's cooperate, people. We've got work to do here.

The seated jurors grumble as they rearrange themselves. Johnny moves to his appointed seat, which is on Martha's right, but finds himself blocked by Feather, who's going the other way. As their eyes meet, she meekly looks away, then brushes by him. Once again, Johnny reacts --

17 *JOHNNY FLASH - EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT* 17

*A quick shot of Feather being held from behind by one young Male Assailant -- her eyes wide in fear above the hand clamped over her mouth -- while a Second Assailant rips her blouse.*

18 RESUME - JURY ROOM 18

Johnny looks after her, reacting to this far more disturbing flash, as they each take their seats.

NIGHT SCHOOL

Well, anyone actually want the job?

Martha clears her throat, but before she can speak...

FAN MAN

I don't know if he's interested, but I nominate Mister Smith.

(MORE)

18 CONTINUED:

18

FAN MAN (CONT'D)  
(off surprised looks,  
Johnny's included)  
Well, I think it makes sense to  
put a certified psychic in charge.

BRASSY  
Sure, if we wanted our fortunes  
told.  
(to Johnny)  
No offense.

This gets some chuckles, but the uneasiness with Johnny's  
presence is palpable. Leading Citizen seems particularly  
annoyed by this foolishness.

LEADING CITIZEN  
Look, can we please be serious  
here...

Martha sees her opening.

MARTHA  
Not to slight Mister Smith's  
"credentials," but I am the  
president of my PTA...

BRASSY  
Sister, if you want it, you can  
have it.

A murmur of assent seals the deal as meanwhile...

JOHNNY

finds his eyes drawn to...

THE EVIDENCE EXHIBITS ON THE TABLE

Idly, he reaches out and starts to sift through them...

SPORTS NUT  
(impatient)  
Great, she's elected. Let's vote.

MARTHA  
(nods)  
I'll start and we'll proceed by  
number.

19 RESUME

19

MARTHA  
(beat)  
Guilty.

She looks to her right, toward Juror #2, Feather, who takes a beat and then, very quietly:

FEATHER  
Guilty.

The CAMERA now begins PANNING around the table, framing the other jurors as they also vote "Guilty" in the same sequence as in Johnny's original vision. We INTERCUT with Johnny as he realizes this. At about the same time, he picks up the DEFENDANT'S KEYCHAIN and as he does...

CAMERA PIVOTS 180 DEGREES INTO A SPLIT REALITY

*At one end of the table, the "guilty" vote continues; but on Johnny's end -- as if the table is a pier protruding into another reality -- a NEW SETTING takes shape:*

20 EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY - VISION

20

A CONVICT in a BRIGHT ORANGE JUMPSUIT moves behind Carl Winters and knifes him in the back with a shiv. He goes down. (Note: the prison garb should be notably different than the earlier prison shot involving Vic.)

MARTHA  
Number Twelve...?

NEW ANGLE

as Johnny turns to her. Only now the prison is gone and the other jurors are looking at him expectantly.

MARTHA  
Mister Smith? Your vote?

A beat as Johnny makes a difficult decision. Then:

JOHNNY  
Not guilty.

As the others react with surprise and suspicion...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21 INT. JURY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 21

The other jurors are still reeling from Johnny's vote.

MARTHA

That's eleven votes for guilty,  
one for not guilty.

PINKY

We've all got ears.

SPORTS NUT

I just don't believe mine.

GOTH GUY

Did you just walk out of a  
different courtroom than the rest  
of us?

JOHNNY

(and this is difficult)  
I'm not saying the defendant's  
innocent... but there's a lot of  
evidence to consider...

BRASSY

Yeah and it all says he's guilty.

JOHNNY

Maybe. But I think we should go  
through it all once more.

MARTHA

(tight, motherly)  
All right. Mr. Smith wants to go  
through the evidence again. How  
do we all feel about that...?

A beat. No one is thrilled.

LEADING CITIZEN

(diplomatic)  
Mr. Smith, may I call you, Johnny?  
My name is Ben Cartwright. Not  
the one from the Ponderosa. As  
you might have guessed.

He smiles trying to be friendly but it comes off as vaguely  
patronizing.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

LEADING CITIZEN

Johnny, we just heard three days of evidence. I, for one, didn't hear anything that would begin to raise the first hint of doubt in my mind. Ten people at this table agree with me. You want to go through the evidence again. Fine. I'll go down that road with you. But at least give us a reason why you still have doubts. Because that's the fundamental issue here: *Reasonable Doubt*.

Johnny nods, he understands and he has no answer... he continues to sift through evidence in front of him...

JOHNNY

I just want to be sure we haven't missed anything before we return a verdict that could cost this young man his life.

SPORTS NUT

"His life?" The guy's gonna get twenty five years at the most, which means with parole he'll be out in fifteen.

LEADING CITIZEN

Witnesses, gunshots, video tape... where is the reasonable doubt, Johnny?

The other jurors nod, murmuring their agreement... and displeasure with Johnny...

JURORS

(ad lib, overlapping)  
He's right... We already heard the evidence... three whole days in that courtroom... etc.

Johnny also knows that what happens to the defendant in prison, no matter how terrible, is not relevant to these proceedings... but then his hand touches...

CLOSE ON AFFIDAVIT

We see the words: "Witness Statement to Police, Walter Beckly, 75..." (And although we don't need to see it, this document would have been signed by the witness.)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

CLOSE ON JOHNNY

as he goes into a vision:

22 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT - VISION 22

Johnny, hunched over slightly and dressed in an old man's

22 CONTINUED:

22

clothes, is walking a TINY DOG along the edge of the parking lot when an OLD CONVERTIBLE tricked out with chromed rims and a bright paint job barrels into the lot. Winters is at the wheel, a tough-looking teen-aged buddy riding shotgun, another in the back. RAP MUSIC BOOMS from multiple speakers, overwhelming the faint strains of CLASSICAL MUSIC coming from an old transistor RADIO clipped to the breast of Johnny's jacket.

Irritated, Johnny watches the convertible pull up in front of the convenience store, passing a parked econo car. The three boys spill out and rambunctiously enter the store.

Johnny's about to walk away when he notices a third vehicle -- an old Chrysler SEDAN -- idling in a far corner of the lot. The car has a subtle "Christine" vibe -- an ominous feeling we can pick up on. Johnny eyes it curiously, trying to see if anyone's at the wheel, but it's too dark. Then his dog tugs on the leash and he walks on.

22A CLOSE ON JOHNNY

22A

As he turns... revealing we're back in the jury room... only a second has passed in real time.

JOHNNY

There were three cars.

A beat as the others fall silent, puzzled by the non sequitur.

LEADING CITIZEN

Three cars? What do you mean, three cars?

JOHNNY

(repeating)

There's a discrepancy in the witness testimony.

(beat)

Both witnesses said there were just two cars in the parking lot, but one of them -- the Old Man -- actually saw three.

NIGHT SCHOOL

Two, three, what's the difference?

Johnny's doubt is largely instinctive, a response to that ominous car, but Agatha Christy immediately understands what it means:

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

AGATHA CHRISTY

The difference, if it's true, is there could've been another witness who didn't come forward... or even another suspect.

GOTH GUY

(puzzled, to Johnny)  
Wait a second. I heard the old guy say in court there were two cars, didn't I?

VIC

I heard it too.

JOHNNY

We all did. But it's not what he told the police in his affidavit.

And he puts the document back onto the table. A beat of surprise, then Agatha Christy skeptically picks up the document, dons her reading glasses and starts turning the pages, using her index finger to guide her through the text...

HER POV - CLOSE ON THE AFFIDAVIT

As seen through the magnifying lenses: the text ENLARGED, the field of view slightly distorted around the edges. The tip of Agatha Christy's index finger moves down a paragraph describing the Old Man's account -- and stops on the word "three."

RESUME

as she looks up, surprised.

AGATHA CHRISTY

Why, he's right. The witness did tell the police there were three cars.

PINKY

Then why'd he change his story when he testified?

FEATHER

Maybe he just made a mistake at first.

JOHNNY

I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED: (2)

22A

They all look at him, incredulous... Johnny notes Fan Man staring at him; he tries to avoid the look but it's impossible...

BRASSY

If it was so important, the defense would have said something about it in court.

JOHNNY

Lawyers make mistakes too.

LEADING CITIZEN

It's a detail. We can't let a killer go based on some technicality.

FAN MAN

You saw that third car, didn't you?

Johnny hesitates a beat...

FAN MAN

You did, didn't you...?

PINKY

(to Goth Guy)

What's he talking about?

Goth Guy shrugs as Fan Man turns to the others...

FAN MAN

He never read the affidavit... I was watching him... he just picked it up...

BRASSY

So?

FAN MAN

So, that's what he does... He touches things and has '*paranormal cognitive episodes*'...

(off looks)

...you know, visions...

(awed)

...and I watched this one happen!

LEADING CITIZEN

(to Johnny)

Is that what this is about?

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED: (3)

22A

JOHNNY

It doesn't change the fact that  
the police report says...

FAN MAN

(to the others,  
triumphant,  
overlapping)  
I told you so!

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED: (4)

22A

SPORTS NUT  
You gotta be kidding me --

GOTH GUY  
("Rod Serling")  
You are about to enter  
another dimension, a  
dimension of --

BRASSY  
Cool it, okay?  
(to Johnny)  
Look, Johnny, right? I mean never  
mind whether all of us actually  
believe this freaky psychic  
hoodoo...

MARTHA  
...this is completely  
inappropriate...

BRASSY  
...but we're supposed to be looking  
at the evidence.

Sports Nut is studying the affidavit now, a few other  
jurors leaning to look over his shoulder...

SPORTS NUT  
Jeez... he's right, though.

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED: (6)

22A

LEADING CITIZEN

Is this part of your nightclub  
act? If so, pick another venue  
next time, will you?

Johnny sighs. If the others are going to make an issue  
over this -- over him -- then he's going to at least put  
the emphasis where he believes it belongs.

JOHNNY

We're here to find out the truth.  
I can't just ignore what I know.

Now, for the first, Leading Citizen begins to lose a little  
of that rigid self-control...

LEADING CITIZEN

What you "know?"

(to others)

Do you believe that? "What he  
knows."

(growing frustration)

That kid Winters is guilty. We  
have to find him guilty. And no  
sideshow "medium" is going to  
convince me otherwise.

FAN MAN

"Psychic."

LEADING CITIZEN

What?

FAN MAN

Mediums communicate with the dead,  
or, more accurately, their  
disembodied spirits. Mister  
Smith's visions, as I understand  
them, are touch-initiated and  
involve abilities such as  
"psychometry," or sensing images,  
histories and impressions from  
objects; "clairvoyance:" sensing  
events in the past and future;  
some "clairsentience" perhaps...

He realizes the others are staring at him as if he just  
grew a third eyeball. Even Johnny's taken aback.

FAN MAN

...abilities which are generally  
considered "psychic."

(meekly)

Generally.

A long beat as he stares down at the table.

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED: (7)

22A

Then Leading Citizen rises, barely able to contain his disgust at the direction these deliberations have taken.

LEADING CITIZEN

Fine.

He stands and crosses to the small evidence table...

LEADING CITIZEN

If you think that Carl Winters didn't kill that man, then please...

He picks up the gun, SMACKS it down in front of Johnny.

LEADING CITIZEN

...tell us who did.

He steps back a bit and eyes Johnny. An odd, expectant beat as Johnny studies the gun in front of him, and then, somewhat gingerly, picks it up... SUDDENLY THE SCENE PIVOTS AROUND JOHNNY AND CHANGES TO...

23 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT - VISION

23

Now Johnny's wearing a dark, nondescript jacket and pointing the gun at a 30ish PAKISTANI CLERK who stands facing him near the counter, a telephone receiver in his hand, frozen with fear. We can hear the sound of RAP MUSIC coming from the kids' convertible outside the store.

JOHNNY/SHOOTER

(cold)

Open the register.

The Clerk's still too scared to move. Johnny takes a step forward, cocks the pistol.

JOHNNY/SHOOTER

I said, open the register.

And when the Clerk still doesn't move... tracking around Johnny to find, in a split reality, the jury in the background, in the jury room, watching him...

FAN MAN

Well, was it Winters or not?

CLOSE ON THE GUN

as Johnny's index finger tightens on the trigger, the jury in the background. CLICK! The hammer hits an empty cylinder.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

Only now, as we PULL BACK, we see we're back in:

24 INT. JURY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 24

Johnny still holds the gun, out of the vision. Some of the jurors are eyeing him skeptically, others with an anticipation they can't fully hide.

JOHNNY  
I... don't know.

A few jurors chuckle, shake their heads. Johnny's still disturbed by what he experienced.

JOHNNY  
(struggling)  
He was wearing a dark sweatshirt...  
jeans...

SPORTS NUT  
(sarcastic)  
And what color were his socks?

NIGHT SCHOOL  
Carl Winters was wearing a dark  
sweatshirt that night.

JOHNNY  
The man who did this... he'd done  
it before... robbed small  
convenience stores...

BRASSY  
Like you have to be a psychic to  
figure that out.

JOHNNY  
But they're always privately owned,  
not chain stores... because there's  
less security in Mom and Pop  
stores...

GOTH GUY  
Man sounds like a professional.

LEADING CITIZEN  
A gun makes you a professional in  
this business.

JOHNNY  
The cashier was too slow. He  
killed a man just for being...  
too slow.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

A somber beat around the table.

LEADING CITIZEN

(impatient)

Look at the gun in your hand, my friend. It's the murder weapon, is it not?

JOHNNY

Yes, this was the murder weapon.

LEADING CITIZEN

We saw the defendant with that gun on the security video...

JOHNNY

(correcting him)

We saw the defendant with "a" gun on the tape. We don't know if it was this one. There's nothing -- no fingerprints, no hard evidence -- proving this was Winters gun.

AGATHA CHRISTY

Perhaps he wiped it before he tossed it in the dumpster.

PINKY

Sure, he's not a complete dummy.

LEADING CITIZEN

Does anyone here buy the defendant's story that the gun on the tape was a toy? And that he can't find it now?

(no responses)

Of course not. Because there's only one gun. That one. The murder weapon.

Fan Man eyes Johnny.

FAN MAN

Nothing else, Johnny?

Johnny looks around at the other stony faces.

PINKY

Face it. He's guilty.

Concurring nods all around.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

MARTHA

I think it's time we vote again,  
and if Mr. Smith is still the  
only hold-out...

(looking at Johnny)

...then I hope he will act  
responsibly and change his vote.  
I believe that's how the jury  
system is supposed to work, Mr.  
Smith.

Johnny looks around the table at the others...

JOHNNY

I've never been on a jury before.  
Probably no one like me has. But  
I have a doubt. Is it reasonable  
or not? I don't know yet.

But even Fan Man is against him at this juncture...

FAN MAN

If you saw someone else doing it  
when you held the gun...  
( 'but you didn't'  
implied)

The others just eye him with growing irritation. Only  
Vic seems affected. As Johnny takes note of this...

MARTHA

Once again, all those who believe  
the defendant is --

JOHNNY

Mister Goodman...  
(when Vic turns)  
What if your brother was innocent?

And as Johnny stares at Vic, who looks back at him, floored --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3) 24

As the others jurors react angrily.

PINKY  
What's this now?

SPORTS NUT  
The man won't give up!

GOTH GUY  
Brother, what brother?

NIGHT SCHOOL  
What's that got to do with anything?

But Vic's still staring incredulously at Johnny.

VIC  
How do you know about my brother?

Off Johnny...

25 *MEMORY FLASH - INT. PRISON VISITORS' ROOM* 25

*As seen in the first act opening, the grim-faced Young Vic again talking to the convict we now realize is his brother.*

26 RESUME 26

Johnny doesn't answer directly, just holds his look.

JOHNNY  
I know twelve people like us sent him to prison. Maybe they were in a rush to get home too. And didn't give him the benefit of a doubt...

BRASSY  
Enough already. Know when to quit.

MARTHA  
All those who think the defendant's guilty, raise your hands.

Ten hands go up, but Vic, now lost in thought, looks like he hasn't even heard her.

MARTHA  
Mister Goodman? Mister Goodman?

Finally Vic turns to her, his voice somber.

VIC  
I'm not saying I believe everything he's said.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

VIC (CONT'D)

But I'm going to give him a chance  
to prove us wrong.

(beat)

I'm changing my vote. For the  
moment. To "not guilty."

Angry reactions:

JURORS

(ad lib, overlapping)

That's not fair... got nothing to  
do with the case... now whatta we  
do?... get the Bailiff!

Amidst the tumult, Johnny and Vic exchange a look. He  
finally has an ally.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

27 EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 27

28 INT. JURY ROOM - NIGHT 28

The Judge studies a handwritten note while the Bailiff stands in the doorway, arms crossed. A longish beat, then the Judge looks up at the jurors, who are beginning to look tired and disheveled. Clutter has accumulated on the table, further evidence that some time has passed.

JUDGE

Well, this has to be the oddest case of "jury tampering" I ever heard of.

He looks back at the note, trying to puzzle it out.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

What did he do? "Brain wash" Mister Goodman?

VIC

He didn't force me to change my vote. I made my own decision.

The Judge considers the bizarre situation.

JUDGE

This may make for an interesting appeal after all. But in the meantime, why don't you all give it another shot.

Leading Citizen reacts with surprise.

LEADING CITIZEN

Your honor...?

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

But the Judge is already considering another topic as he stands...

JUDGE

In fact, since it's getting late, let's put in a supper order for you. My treat.

(eyes the Bailiff)

The rest of us were thinking Thai, but there's a new Italian joint that might be worth a --

LEADING CITIZEN

Your honor, excuse me. I don't think you understand what's been going on in here. This man is refusing to deal with the facts.

JUDGE

Well, that is a serious charge. Mister Smith...?

JOHNNY

I have questioned some of the testimony, but only to determine what the "facts" really are.

JUDGE

Such as...

MARTHA

Mr. Smith had a... a...  
(she's embarrassed to say the word)  
...'vision'... that suggested there were three cars at the crime scene instead of two...

FAN MAN

Witness reports confirmed that the old man walking his dog had changed his story.

The Judge muses a beat...

JUDGE

Sounds to me like the process is working pretty well.

Reactions. The Judge eyes Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2) 28

JUDGE

Just remember, this case has to be decided on its merits, Mister Smith, not on yours. Now then, what's the verdict?

(off looks)

Thai or Italian?

29 OMITTED 29

29A INT. JURY ROOM - LATER 29A

The Jurors are serving themselves from a Thai smorgasbord of take-out containers set up on the jury table. They're all morose and frustrated.

SPORTS NUT

(to Night School)

I can't believe this. The bailiff just told me Pedro Martinez is perfect through seven innings against the Yanks... and I'm locked in a room with no TV...?

Night School shrugs sympathetically as Pinky dubiously picks up a skewer of "Pork Satay."

PINKY

I still say we shoulda gone Italian.

LEADING CITIZEN

Fortunately, we only needed a majority to decide on dinner.

He eyes Johnny, who pulls an AQUAFINA bottle from a bag.

JOHNNY

(pleasant)

You had the water, right?

As an annoyed Leading Citizen takes it from him --

30 A JOHNNY FLASH -- INT. CAR - MOVING POV ANGLE - DAY 30

*A stylized shot from inside a slow-moving SUV as a passenger-side window POWERS DOWN. Through it, we glimpse Leading Citizen in a warm-up suit at an outdoor basketball court, where some younger boys are playing a supervised game. A few bandannaed teen-aged boys loiter on an inner city sidewalk nearby.*

31 OMITTED 31

32 RESUME JURY ROOM - CONTINUOUS (INCLUDES FORMER SC. 31) 32

As Johnny reacts.

LEADING CITIZEN

You want to keep us here all night  
with your "visions," be my guest.  
I have as much time as you do,  
friend. And I'm not going to let  
you hijack this jury.

Johnny tries to walk away, but an angry Brassy follows  
him, holding her plate --

32 CONTINUED:

32

BRASSY

This is crazy... that Judge is  
crazy... you're crazy, this whole  
thing is...

GOTH GUY

("Austin Powers")  
...Ca-raa-zy, baby, we get it.

LEADING CITIZEN

(turning on him)  
You think it's a joke?

GOTH GUY

Hey, man. Chill.

LEADING CITIZEN

This is supposed to be a court of  
law.

Feather's been watching the argument with growing unease.

FEATHER

I don't think we should be  
fighting. It's not helping.

SPORTS NUT

And this curry isn't helping my  
digestion.

LEADING CITIZEN

We have a responsibility here!

And there's a depth of feeling to this exclamation that  
quiets the others.

JOHNNY

I agree with you, sir.

Leading Citizen studies Johnny...

LEADING CITIZEN

Don't you patronize me. Don't  
you dare patronize me. You have  
no idea what it means to be a  
black man on a jury voting to  
send a black kid to prison.

And now the "dinner break" has gotten quite serious indeed.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

LEADING CITIZEN (CONT'D)

But that's my responsibility. I have to send a message - every black kid out there has to hear it - my kids have to hear it: Actions have consequences. This kid Winters has to face the consequences for what he did.

(beat)

I moved my family here from New York... to get away from the gangs and street crime. But here it is again, right here in Penobscot County and it makes you wonder if there's anywhere left in this country where we really feel safe any more. You know exactly what I mean. *When was the last time anyone here went to an ATM at night?* That comedian, Chris Rock, has a whole routine about it -- about looking over his shoulder for the "nigger" who's gonna rob him? I sat in an audience in New York and the whole place was laughing, blacks and whites, howls of laughter. Yeah, it's all a joke.

(a long beat, simply)

If I don't change it, it won't change. I'm just a man on a jury. But I know my responsibility. It's to send Carl Winters to prison for the crime he committed.

A long quiet beat. Everybody is moved. Martha checks her watch.

MARTHA

Let's say another five minutes and we get back to work.

She takes her purse and heads to the rest room. A beat as some of the others exit to the rest rooms as well. Vic moves by Johnny, pauses...

VIC

At least, nobody's rushing to convict anyone now. That was our first responsibility, Mr. Smith. You were right about that.

Johnny gives him an appreciative smile, but still seems troubled as Vic moves away.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3) 32

For the moment, no one pays Johnny any mind as he moves to the small evidence table... eyes the photo and the diagram... and finally the two bullets in the evidence baggie. A beat... then he picks up the bag, removes one of the slugs -- and is in a vision.

33 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT - VISION 33

A CASH REGISTER drawer slides open, a hand reaches in for some coins, and we PAN UP to reveal Johnny -- now dressed as the clerk -- as he makes change for a female customer (FEMALE WITNESS).

The door opens and Winters and his two pals -- local kids affecting a ghetto hip-hop style -- burst in, full of thuggish energy, laughing and roughhousing. (*Note: Winters' clothes should roughly match the ones Johnny wore in the earlier gun vision.*) Winters shoulders the woman aside as he addresses "Johnny/Clerk."

WINTERS

Yo, Apu, gimme two packs of Nubucks.

JOHNNY/CLERK

Are you eighteen?

WINTERS

C'mon, man, I'm 25, hook me up.

KID ONE

Whoa, Cheetos, my favorite.

He's yanked the chips from the woman's grocery bag. Scared, she tries to leave, but another kid blocks her.

KID TWO

What's the rush, baby?

He runs his hands over her arms.

KID TWO

Don't you like us?

FEMALE WITNESS

Please...

She backs away -- right into Kid One, who's moved behind her. Now he wraps his arms around her shoulders as he nuzzles her ear.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

KID ONE

Yeah, stick around. We're gonna  
have a little party.

All the kids laugh as the woman struggles to get away.

JOHNNY/CLERK

Leave her alone! The camera's  
recording you!

He points up at a video camera mounted on the ceiling.  
The kids turn to look, giving the woman a chance to break  
free and run out the door. And as Johnny/Clerk watches  
helplessly and the kids laugh, Kid Two leaps onto the  
counter and pulls a can of spray-paint from his baggy  
jeans. In the b.g., Winters crosses to a beer fridge.  
Johnny/Clerk shouts at Kid Two --

JOHNNY/CLERK

Hey, what are you doing? Get  
down from there!

The teen ignores him, leering into the lens as he shakes  
the can, then mimicking Al Pacino in "Scarface" --

KID TWO

Say hello to my little friend!

He spray-paints the lens.

JOHNNY/CLERK

I'm calling the police!

KID ONE

Hey, chill out, bitch, we're going.

But as they laugh and start to leave, Johnny/Clerk notices  
that Winters has used the distraction to slip two quart  
bottles of beer under his jacket. He quickly crosses to  
him and grabs his arm.

JOHNNY/CLERK

I saw you stealing! You put them  
back.

The bottles hit the floor with a CRASH, along with Winters'  
KEYCHAIN.

WINTERS

Man, look at that mess. "Yo,  
Apu, clean up in Aisle Two."

Johnny/Clerk shakes his head ruefully, then notices A  
SHADOW shifting slightly at the back of an aisle...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2) 33

And now TIME SLOWS, as if Johnny's awareness is highlighting this brief moment of seeing this *shadow*, which for the clerk was no big deal. Another customer, perhaps, hidden by a rack of snack items... we'll never know because the vision ends.

33A RESUME INT. JURY ROOM - ON JOHNNY 33A

As he comes out of the vision, intrigued by what he's seen but frustrated by what he didn't. Vic and Fan Man are watching him now as he takes the bullet to the jury table, sits, then picks up the gun again with his other hand. He holds each of them in his palms, like a human scale, and then he's back in the vision --

34 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT - VISION 34

Johnny, now dressed as the shooter, is again pointing the gun at the terrified Pakistani clerk as we hear the sound of RAP MUSIC coming from outside.

JOHNNY/SHOOTER

I said, open the register.

Again, the Clerk doesn't move, but this time when Johnny's finger tightens on the trigger, the gun fires - BAM!

And now we go to *EXTREME SLOW MOTION* as --

*THE BULLET*

*Halts its flight midway between Johnny and the Clerk while, simultaneously, the scene PIVOTS ON THE BULLET'S AXIS and JOHNNY AGAIN BECOMES THE TERRIFIED CLERK, eyes fixed on the still-spinning slug, now the literal focal point of the scene, PIVOTING AGAIN TO ASSUME JOHNNY/CLERK'S POV -- the face of the real killer holding the gun blurred beyond recognition behind the spinning bullet. Then NORMAL MOTION resumes and the bullet SLAMS into its destination and our subjective shot tumbles to the floor, eyes facing a sideways ANGLE toward the front door... and as we see the KILLER'S LEGS moving past him on the way to the cash register... hear the cash register OPEN behind him, the last thing the dying eyes see is Winters' car ROARING out of the parking lot. The vision ends.*

35 RESUME - JURY ROOM 35

As Johnny exhales, his hand unclenches, and the slug he was clutching rolls onto the table, stopping in front of an amazed Fan Man. Everyone knows he had another vision.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

JOHNNY  
(integrating the  
information, almost  
to himself)  
The convertible was leaving the  
parking lot when the clerk was  
killed.

(with import)  
It was leaving the parking lot.  
It was the last thing the clerk  
saw before he died.

FAN MAN  
Omigod. Testimony from the dead  
man.

NIGHT SCHOOL  
If it's true, Winters is innocent.

LEADING CITIZEN  
(quietly)  
If you people go down this road,  
I'm going right back to the judge.

JOHNNY  
He's right. I'm not a witness,  
so whatever I may've seen isn't  
relevant...

Leading Citizen's momentarily silenced as Johnny rises  
himself and knocks on the door.

JOHNNY  
...that is, unless I can find  
real evidence to back me up.  
(to Martha)  
Madame Foreman, would you ask the  
bailiff to let us view the security  
video again?

Off Martha's reaction...

TIME CUT TO:

35A LATER - CLOSE ON A VIDEO MONITOR

35A

as it soundlessly displays a scene we've just seen -- the  
Clerk making change for the Female Witness -- as it was  
in turn "witnessed" by the store's security camera.

LEADING CITIZEN (O.S.)  
Satisfied?

REVEALING the jurors clustered around the monitor and

(CONTINUED)

35A CONTINUED:

35A

VCR, which have been wheeled in on an AV CART, Sports Nut working the remote, but Leading Citizen keeping a skeptical distance. The debris from dinner has been removed.

LEADING CITIZEN

No one's hiding in there. The camera doesn't lie.

But Johnny continues patiently watching the tape.

NIGHT SCHOOL

It also doesn't cover every corner.

Fan Man nods, indicates the nearby convenience store diagram.

FAN MAN

It doesn't even cover the back door.

Meanwhile, on the monitor, Winters and his gang have barreled in through the front door (which may or may not be included in the camera's field of vision) and begun soundlessly harassing the Female Witness. Feather reacts with quiet anger.

FEATHER

Look what they're doing to that poor woman.

Johnny glances at her, perhaps recalling the earlier vision of her own attack.

SPORTS NUT

Gun... right in his waistband there.

He's FROZEN the image at the point where Winters' "gun" -- real or replica -- is exposed. (*And on the video we might note that the gun is in the Female Witness' line of sight, but not necessarily the Clerk's.*)

(CONTINUED)

35A CONTINUED: (2)

35A

LEADING CITIZEN

That sure doesn't look like a  
"toy" to me.

Sports Nut advances the tape to the point where Kid Two jumps on the counter, leers into the lens, then spray paints it, causing the screen to be obscured.

SPORTS NUT

That's all she wrote.

35A CONTINUED: (3)

35A

JOHNNY  
(to Sports Nut)  
Can you reverse it?

SPORTS NUT  
(shrugs)  
You're the director.

He reverses the tape, and now Kid Two hops back down from the counter, the gang "reverse-harasses" the Female Witness, then backs out of the store.

PINKY  
I still don't see anything.

The reverse motion continues: Female Witness backs away from the register, returns her purchases to racks in the front of the store, and exits backwards as well. Suddenly:

GOTH GUY  
Wait! I mean freeze it!  
(when Sports Nut does)  
Man, this is totally cool! Check  
it out -- in that back corner.

SPORTS NUT  
What? There's nothing --

GOTH GUY  
(pointing)  
That mirror -- the kind they use  
to snag shoplifters. I think I  
saw something in it.

Sure enough, there's a convex security mirror in a back corner, angled so it could be seen from the register.

JOHNNY  
Run it forward, slow as you can.

Sports Nut slowly rotates a thumb wheel on the remote, and we PUSH IN on the monitor, zeroing in on that little mirror, until something darkens it... a shape!

JOHNNY  
Stop.

(CONTINUED)

35A CONTINUED: (4)

35A

The image freezes. Johnny turns to Agatha Christy.

JOHNNY

Mrs. McArthur, can I borrow your glasses?

AGATHA CHRISTY

Oh, yes... yes, of course.

She excitedly hands them to Johnny, who uses one of the thick lenses as a magnifier, holding it over the screen.

SPORTS NUT

Damn. Will you look at that.

ECU - TV IMAGE THROUGH THE LENS

magnified so each pixel is visible. And what they reveal is the blurry image of a man in a dark coat standing at the back of an aisle. Sports Nut slowly rotates the remote's thumb wheel back and forth, and as the blurry figure shifts slightly, exhibiting a chilling hint of life...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

36 INT. JURY ROOM - NIGHT

36

Still more time has passed, adding to the room's clutter and the jurors' dishevelment, and now another vote is taking place. Moving around the table:

MARTHA

Not guilty.

FEATHER

Guilty.

AGATHA CHRISTY

Not guilty.

NIGHT SCHOOL

Not guilty.

PINKY

Not guilty.

BRASSY

Not guilty.

LEADING CITIZEN

Guilty.

SPORTS NUT

(beat)

Not guilty.

Leading Citizen glares at him. Sports Nut shrugs.

GOTH GUY

Not guilty.

VIC

Not guilty.

FAN MAN

Not guilty.

JOHNNY

Not guilty.

MARTHA

Well. We now have ten votes for not guilty and two for guilty.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

LEADING CITIZEN

I'm voting guilty because the  
evidence is overwhelming that  
he's guilty. This doesn't prove  
a thing.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

NIGHT SCHOOL

It doesn't have to prove anything,  
Mr. Cartwright. You said it  
yourself -- it only has to  
establish reasonable doubt.

PINKY

There was another man in that  
store... someone who seemed to be  
deliberately avoiding the security  
camera...

AGATHA CHRISTY

(nods)

And another suspect is definitely  
reasonable doubt.

FEATHER

It could have just been someone  
who was scared, hiding back  
there...

NIGHT SCHOOL

Then why didn't he come forward  
to testify?

LEADING CITIZEN

Some people don't like to get  
involved...

BRASSY

Look, the Prosecution staked their  
case on one simple fact: that  
Winters was the only one who could  
have shot the clerk...

FAN MAN

...and Johnny proved them wrong.

SPORTS NUT

(nods)

Give the man credit, he came up  
with the goods.

LEADING CITIZEN

I'm not changing my vote.

PINKY

Doesn't seem like you've got a  
choice.

Johnny's been sitting quietly, letting the others blow  
off steam. But now he interjects.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

JOHNNY

Sure he does.

The others turn to him.

JOHNNY

He has every right to stick to his opinion... just like I did when the vote was ten to two the other way.

(looks at Feather)

Same goes for you. But I would like to hear why you still think he's guilty.

Feather looks like a deer caught in the headlights. But she tries to collect herself... indicates the Female Witness' affidavit, which she's been leafing through.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (4)

36

FEATHER

This woman, she said she heard  
gunshots... before the boys came  
out of the store.

LEADING CITIZEN

She's right.

NIGHT SCHOOL

The defense lawyer argued that  
what she heard was the beer bottles  
breaking.

LEADING CITIZEN

Come on, use your heads. Of  
course, he's going to argue she  
heard the bottles breaking.  
Otherwise, he has no case! Since  
when do bottles sound like guns?

FEATHER

(quiet conviction)  
She said she heard gunshots...  
and I believe her.

LEADING CITIZEN

(pleased)  
See, there's another vote you're  
not going to change.

But Johnny's eyes are on Feather as she puts the affidavit  
down and nervously sips her coffee. He picks up the  
document himself.

CLOSE ON AFFIDAVIT

We see the words: "Sworn testimony of Emily Tager, 30..."  
as a vision begins:

37 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT - VISION

37

Once again, a cash register drawer slides open and a hand  
reaches in for some coins. But this time we PAN UP to  
see the actual clerk, who then hands the change to Johnny,  
who's dressed as the Female Witness. And yes, it seems  
comical for an instant but only an instant because the  
horror is very real for Johnny/Female Witness when the  
door opens and Winters and his crew burst in and move to  
the counter. This time the angles are different as we  
replay the scene, emphasizing the teens' menace from  
"Johnny's" perspective. Winters shoulders Johnny/Female  
Witness aside as he addresses the clerk.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

WINTERS

Yo, Apu, gimme two packs of Nubucks.

CLERK

Are you eighteen?

WINTERS

C'mon, man, I'm 25, hook me up.

KID ONE

Whoa, Cheetos, my favorite.

He's yanked the chips from Johnny's grocery bag. And now Johnny/Female Witness' heart is starting to pound as he tries to leave, only to find another thuggish teen blocking him.

KID TWO

What's the rush, baby?

He runs his hands over Johnny/Female Witness' arms as the camera brings us in close -- and it isn't just weird, it's unsettling and distressing, as though we're also feeling what it's like to be trapped and pawed like this.

KID TWO

Don't you like us?

JOHNNY/FEMALE WITNESS

Please...

He backs away -- right into Kid One, who wraps his arms around Johnny/Female Witness' shoulders as he nuzzles his ear.

KID ONE

Yeah, stick around. We're gonna have a little party.

Johnny/Female Witness struggles to get away but the boy holds him easily, laughing... and then they're all laughing, as the boys' faces start to whirl around Johnny/Female Witness and 'she' glimpses the GUN in Winters's waistband... until finally the Clerk shouts:

CLERK

Leave her alone! The camera's recording you!

And as the kids turn to look up at the camera, Johnny/Female Witness is finally able to wrench free and

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2) 37

rush out the door!

38 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT - VISION - CONTINUOUS 38

as Johnny/Female Witness -- terrified, humiliated -- rushes from the store. 'She' gets to her car, fumbles frantically trying to unlock the door, as she sees Kid One and Kid Two exit and get into the convertible. Finally, she gets the door open -- just as there's a muffled "popping" SOUND from inside the store. (We've heard the sound of the beer bottles breaking in Johnny's prior vision and that's what we're hearing here.)

Johnny/Female Witness is behind the wheel now, trying to start the engine as Winters exits, jumps in the driver's seat and high-five Kid One. He starts up his car -- and the RAP MUSIC BLASTS AGAIN (and this would presumably cover the sound of the real gunshot, which will happen in the next moment) -- before he backs up and ROARS out of the lot. *And as we rotate into a dual reality -- to see the jury sitting at their table, seemingly in the parking lot, looking at --*

JOHNNY

who turns to see - in a rack focus - the face of Feather... and we're back --

39 INT. JURY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 39

As Johnny comes out of the vision, shaken but with an insight not only into this witness, but into Feather as well. The impact of this vision is particularly profound because it's the first time he's ever known what it feels like to be a woman, to feel in danger of being raped... he looks at Feather with great compassion, speaks softly to her and only her... his eyes locked on hers...

JOHNNY

I can only begin to understand the terror. How... completely helpless the woman in the store felt when that gang grabbed her. No man could ever know what it's like to be threatened that way.

Feather's eyes narrow as he seems to be able to see into her soul... she breaks eye contact with him...

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

She was running for her life when she heard the sounds from the store - two 'quick pops', she said in court... and sure, it must've sounded like gunshots... after all she saw a man with a gun inside -- it's a logical conclusion...

(beat)

But could anyone trust their senses at a time like that? When your heartbeat is pounding louder than any sound in the real world?

Feather looks back and re-establishes eye contact with Johnny again and as she does...

40

*A MEMORY FLASH OF THE ALLEY*

40

*We saw earlier: Feather is about to be raped... her assailant's hand clamped over her mouth, her eyes wide with terror.*

41

RESUME

41

Johnny speaks to her intimately...

JOHNNY

It's natural for you to sympathize with that woman. She was a victim here too. But assault is not murder. It's not the crime that Carl Winters is on trial for today. If we're not sure he killed the clerk...

Feather takes it in and is obviously moved by Johnny's argument. But Leading Citizen, sensing his lone support being stripped away, bristles --

LEADING CITIZEN

Shut up! Shut the hell up!

MARTHA

Mister Cartwright

LEADING CITIZEN

You, too! All of you! Just shut up and listen to me!

The jurors fall silent as Leading Citizen glares at them...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

LEADING CITIZEN

We came in here knowing what we had to do, knowing the truth! But then you let this... this nutcase... twist it all around. It's like he's put you in a trance. You're not thinking for yourselves!

SPORTS NUT

Whoa, calm down, buddy.

LEADING CITIZEN

I'm not your buddy and I'll calm down when I've got a reason.

(to all of them)

Shadows and broken bottles. That's what he's feeding you! You call that reasonable doubt? I call it unreasonable!

Johnny moves to face him... speaks evenly without any self-satisfaction...

JOHNNY

Ten people in this room disagree with you, sir.

FEATHER

Eleven.

Off looks...

FEATHER

I'm changing my vote to not guilty.

LEADING CITIZEN

I don't believe this!

MARTHA

("believe it")

The vote is now eleven to one in favor of acquittal.

All eyes are now on Leading Citizen.

LEADING CITIZEN

I don't care what the rest of you think. I'm not changing my vote.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

Johnny rises to confront him diplomatically...

JOHNNY

Mister Cartwright, if you force  
the state to try him again, all  
the evidence we discovered will  
come out at the next trial.

LEADING CITIZEN

At least the next jury won't have  
to deal with you...

On his last words, Leading Citizen pokes Johnny in the chest with a finger as punctuation... as he does, we ramp to Johnny's face as a vision begins... and perhaps we stutter our way into the following scene with each poke of the finger...

LEADING CITIZEN

...and once you're out of the  
way...

(another poke)

...they'll see the truth...

(another poke)

42 EXT. CITY BASKETBALL COURT - DAY - VISION

42

As before, we see Leading Citizen, in a youth league coach's jacket, as he soundlessly shouts encouragement at a young boy going for a lay-up -- until his eyes go past him to the tricked-out SUV slowly rounding the corner, a passenger window powering down as a young gangbanger with a GUN leans out. Moving to find Johnny standing there, watching as --

ANGLE - LEADING CITIZEN

is rushing toward the basket, shouting again soundlessly,

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

the boy with the ball turning to him, puzzled, while the teen-agers on the sidewalk behind him duck for cover. And then Leading Citizen is gathering up the wounded body of the boy, overwhelmed with shock and despair... carrying him in his arms to find help... as the vision ends.

43 RESUME - JURY ROOM 43

As Leading Citizen continues to confront Johnny.

LEADING CITIZEN (CONT'D)  
...The man is guilty. Guilty.

JOHNNY  
Who's guilty? Winters, or the gangbanger who almost killed your son?

And this time Leading Citizen just stares at Johnny for a stunned instant -- and then lashes out, SHOVING him hard! The others react with alarm and concern, the men rising to restrain Leading Citizen. Johnny waves them off.

JOHNNY  
It's okay. Leave him alone.

He picks up his cane, then steps forward again, silently facing Leading Citizen. A long look between the two men as Leading Citizen absorbs what he's done... a gamut of emotions playing across his face as anger gives way to grief, and the realization that Johnny's right - he's brought his own distinct bias into these deliberations. He turns, takes in the faces of the other jurors -- not judging him, most showing sympathy for what he's going through -- then he sags into his chair, drained.

LEADING CITIZEN  
(hoarse)  
Is it possible? Am I judging the wrong man?

JOHNNY  
We all enter this room with our pasts, Mr. Cartwright. Every one of us.

A beat, then he nods almost imperceptibly -- an admission less of defeat than of acceptance.

JUDGE (V.O.)  
Have you reached a verdict?

44 INT. COURTROOM - DAWN 44

The jury is back in the jury box, Martha standing.

MARTHA

We have, your honor.

JUDGE

And how do you find?

MARTHA

We find the defendant, Carl  
Winters, not guilty... of all  
charges.

\*  
\*

Winters's side of the courtroom erupts. The Prosecutor reacts with disbelief. Winters is hugged by his mother. The Judge nods, takes it in stride.

JUDGE

Members of the jury, this Court  
thanks you. You're free to leave.

Off Johnny...

45 INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY - EARLY MORNING 45

Johnny walks from the elevator into the much quieter lobby, his footsteps echoing on the polished floor. In the background, other jurors filing out... Sports Nut telling Feather...

SPORTS NUT

Yanks got to Pedro in the ninth...  
Bernie Williams pops one over  
second between three guys and it  
falls, two runs score and we lose  
two to one.

FEATHER

Curse of the Bambino.

Sports Nut looks Feather over with new eyes and quickly says...

SPORTS NUT

You know, there's a 24-hour sports  
bar around the corner. We can  
get some breakfast and watch the  
highlights...

She smiles tentatively, nods. As Johnny watches them go, Fan Man approaches, still excited...

\*

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

FAN MAN

That was really intense...

\*

\*

Johnny braces himself for the unsolicited praise, but it never comes, as Fan Man suddenly switches gears --

\*

\*

FAN MAN

(disappointed)

...but you couldn't tell us who did it, could you?

\*

\*

\*

\*

Taken aback, Johnny just shrugs. But as Fan Man shakes his head and walks away, he can't help but smile to himself. And now the defendant, family and friends are moving through the lobby and Johnny watches them... behind him, there's a distinctive WHINE...

\*

\*

VIC

Why don't you?

Johnny turns, looks at Vic.

VIC

Go touch him and see what he's gonna do with his second chance.

JOHNNY

(evenly)

I'd be lying if I said I hadn't thought about it. But you know what? We've done what we can for him. Now it's his turn.

At that moment, Winters glances over and sees Vic and Johnny looking at him... he pauses in his celebration to nod a very clear gesture of appreciation... and in this moment at least, it feels as though he's learned something from the experience. He moves on.

JOHNNY

Well, I'd better go over to Sheriff Bannerman's office to describe the car the real killer was driving...

(pauses, recalling that vision, then)

...a sedan from the late sixties... shouldn't be that hard to track down.

He stops to look at the mural of Lady Justice again, noting something that still seems a little "off."

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

VIC  
(a beat, re: mural)  
Saying good-bye?

JOHNNY  
Just wondering what she'd look  
like without the blindfold.

Vic smiles. A beat between the two men, then they turn and move out of frame together. And as the whine of the wheelchair fades, along with Johnny's footsteps, camera PUSHES IN on the mural, moving down from the blindfold, and lingering on those slightly lopsided scales...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END