

~~Rebecca~~ Confession

Kerry

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM- - DAY

Rebecca is seated at the end of the conference table smoking a cigarette. Sunlight flows through a window and highlights her hair. She is dressed in a fashionable business suit that clings to every curve of her body.

Dulaney enters the room. When he sees her he can't help but stare. Rebecca notices his gaze.

DULANEY

Miss Lawson, I'm Frank Dulaney.

She raises the cigarette to her lips. Dulaney notices despite her outward composure her hands are shaking.

REBECCA

(Nervously)

Are you going to represent me?

DULANEY

There are no charges against you. I'm here to decide if I'm going to represent you should that occur.

(beat)

Did you kill him?

Rebecca appears hurt by the question.

REBECCA

You don't waste any time, do you?

Dulaney doesn't answer. He studies her -- his eyes probing hers.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Do you think I did it?

DULANEY

I don't know. That's why I'm asking you.

REBECCA

You must have some feeling. Some immediate impression. A young, attractive woman, involved with an older man who leaves her everything in his will. And the things that went on in that house. Such wild sex. What kind a picture does that paint?

DULANEY

Not a very good one I'm afraid.

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REBECCA

And that's exactly what the jury will see when they look at me. That's why I need a very good lawyer, Mr. Dulaney

DULANEY

You're assuming the District Attorney is going to file charges.

Rebecca's anxiety begins to surface. She feigns a weak smile.

REBECCA

He'll file. He's an ambitious man. Ambitious men build their careers on the bodies of others.

DULANEY

You still haven't answered my question.

She takes a long drag of her cigarette before answering. She looks at Dulaney. Displaying emotions not something that comes easily. Tears well up in her eyes.

REBECCA

(Emotionally)

I loved him. A big part of my life has been torn away from me, Mr. Dulaney. A part I can never get back -- and on top of that people are saying that I am somehow responsible for it. They've taken everything that is good and caring about two people in love and made it dirty.

A single tear streams down her cheek. She knows what he waits to hear her say -- and she resents having said it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

No -- I didn't kill him.