

S : Samuel Kineely

B : The barman, M. Fisher

L : News caster

V : Travel agent

R : Mr. Roarke

F : Detective Rossy.

In a street, on a very stormy night, a drunk man makes his apparition. The sound of thunder and pouring rain makes the guy lame. Apparently, by the way he walks, he had a lot of celebration around... he uses his hand to balance himself, he is too drunk to walk straight. He is searching for something. This man, all dressed in black, is the famous Sam Kineely, a brilliant defense attorney that has been able to make acquit his client with a double murder... So, Samuel is searching for a door to get in a bar. He finally finds it and it leads him into a lightless bar, where a barman drinks slowly a beer. The drunk man, wanting more alcohol to celebrate his victory, starts to talk to the barman.

B : Hey, closing in five minutes !

Slightly debalanced, Sam approaches the wooden counter, and knocks on it. He sits down :

S : I need sssssssix !

S : Can I have... I'm sorry... Let me have a shot, just one shot.

In a corner, constrasting weirdly with its environment, a television is turned on and the image of a newsanchor reading the last updates of the day takes all the screen.

B : Your...

S : Something brown, okay ?

B : How much more do you need it, pal ?

The zoom is slowly made on Sam, and at that moment, Samuel lets his shoulders go down, like if he was eprouving some kind of shame to be in the state of mind he is presently in.

S : See, I have to because this is... I'm celebrating. This is a celebration 'cause I'm...

(The sound of the television gradually goes up.)

The barman gets a glass et puts it in the counter, and gets a bottle of alcohol and the liquid in the glass.

S : Thank you.

The newsanchor, a man of a certain age, wears a blue costume and a blue sky tie, assorted to the background of the wall behind him. He continues to read the news :

L : ... and the controversial verdict today on the trial of alledged racketeer Jack Mendick. Defense attorney Samuel Kineely wanted dazzling...

We then see in first plan Samuel Kineely, the defense attorney, smiling stupidly, certainly because of the alcohol, at the mention of his name on the news bulletin. He is a young man at the beginning of his thirties, with black hairs cut short on top of his ears, and he has some brown eyes who seem pretty dark. So, he is celebrating his victory... He lets a little «HYE !!!» out full of satisfaction. The news bulletin continues :

L : ...after parting the jury with dense technical arguments and inses of a police conspiracy to frame this client.

Of course, Samuel totally approuves what has been said, like if hearing his version of the facts from a stranger was releving his conscience.

L : ... Mendick was jubilant when he left the courthouse with his attorney after being found not guilty of the shotgun murders of the accountant's and the accountant's wife...

On the television screen, we see a picture with men, Jack Mendick on the left, who seems to be jubilating, and at the right of him is Sam Kineely with his head down, full of satisfaction.

L : In other news, a federal jury is listening to arguments regarding a plot to destroy a federal building in...

Once the news finished, Sam started searching for the zapping control. he takes it and turns off the television. Samuel takes pleasure seeing himself on TV and more particularly this report. He points his finger at the TV set, proudly :

S : Dazzling defense attorney, that's me...

Sam is so proud, and without any modesty, a huge grin covers his face... The barman doesn't seem to have the same opinion as Sam... something seems to bother him.

B : You got that guy off. (very frustated and disappointed)

S : (clears his throat)

He gets up and goes to the barman where is the washroom, on a tone that fully says : « I don't want to fight, let's change the subject, or you're gonna find me ! » He opens the room's door, but it bangs in the wall near it, Sam has put too much force to open it. He says he is sorry. Before he could even unzip his pants, something really strange happens : a big and luminous white light lightens all the bar, and then the decor around Sam deforms and changes itself.

V : Mister Kineely, please, some modesty...

Sam was going to pee on the carpet... An old man appears to him, as real as the barman was, only seconds before... Sam looks around him, puzzled. He is in a wide room, that resembles to a very expensive living room... Sam seems to wonder what just happened. He doesn't really understand, but he zips his zipper right away, embarrassed. He looks around him and says :

S : This is NOT the bathroom...

V : My point exactly !

V : Here.

The old man holds some glasses in his hands, full of Schlegel, about to make a toast :

S : Oh !

V : To defense attorneys !

S : Oh, here, here, here !!!

So, there was the toast and Sam quickly drinks his glass. It seems to be quite strong. He shakes his head to recover his senses.

(Samuel indique le chiffre 2 avec ses doigts.)

(Il essaie de faire 12 avec ses doigts, mais ça ne fonctionne pas.)

S : Oh, my ! What is that ?

V : Schledevitz, made from carpethian plums, hmmm !

S : My, my ! (Il baille.) What is this place ?

V : Excellent work ! Getting Mr. Mendick acquitted...

S : Oh, well, thank you very much... See, he just killed two people. S : I managed to confuse 12 ! V : The jury ?

S : Lovely, lovely group of people, just a tiny bit impressionnable (Samuel fait un sourire entendu.), you know. (Il rit un peu.) You know, how nice it would be to have ONE innocent client ?

V : Considerate it done ! Here is your travel ticket.

The man gives a ticket to Samuel. He takes it and looks carefully at it, wondering what is it.

S : What ticket ?

V : Be at the airport at 7 AM. Here is your complimentary travel pack.

S : Thank you !

Sam looks into the travel pack, and founds a large quantity of tiny spheric bottles.

S : What are all these ?

V : Little schledevitses, for the road...

S : For the road ! (il sourit et baille.)

S : I have to go see Mendick...

V : No vaccinations required !

S : Telling him how scummy he is...

V : Remember, airport, 7 AM...

Samuel salutes the old man, thanks him, open the door, where it starts to pour again.

V : Bon voyage ! (in French on TV)

Samuel is brought to Fantasy Island in a little sea-plane Samuel, where is most desirable

dream will become reality. A very special team waits for him, and will help to to realize his dream. The sea-plane gets on the water and stops near a platform, where the crew waits. It is constituted of Mr. Roarke and his three assistants.

R : The little seadish should be incarcerated !

Samuel gets out of the plane.

R : Let's welcome Sam Kineely, the celebrated criminal defense attorney.

N : It appears that he had a rough flight...

He can't walk straight and seems to have quite a headache. A crew members offers him a beverage, but he politely refuses.

R : He did indeed, schledevitses.

G : À vos souhaits.

Mr. Roarke welcome his guests, including Samuel :

R : I'm your host, Mr. Roarke. Welcome to Fantasy Island !

Samuel appears in a room discussing with Mr. Roarke. A statue representing the american justice system trones on a table, it's a draped wowan holding a balance...

S : ...even the worst criminals are intitled to a good defense, I mean it's the basis of our legal system. And if you deny it to them, then it's just a small step before you deny it to everybody else.

V : Absolutely. We all want justice, but you've got to have the money to buy it.

Mr. Roarke puts a marble in the balance. Samuel seems very uncomfortable and tries to find another good argument to what Roarke just said.

S : I guess I'm just...(he places by his tie)... tired of seeing only the worst criminals, and that I'll never see the everybody else.

R : Have you never had an innocent client ?

Roarke places another marble in the balance, and this just Sam more miserable and desperate. It's sure he has something to hide...

S : They all say they're innocent, you know. Actually, there was ONE.

R : And ?

S : And... and look at this place, my God, I mean, what kind of innocent client you're gonna find for me here, Roarke ? Somebody framed for stealing a coco nut ?

R : Hmmm... As a matter of fact, no !

Roarke puts a last marble in the balance, and it moves... Justice has been done...

IN THE COUNTY COURT HOUSE...

Samuel and Mr. Roarke find their way miraculously to a place Sam knows very well, the County Court House. He looks around him and asks Roarke why he brought him here.

S : This is the County Court House...

R : That's right, your home.

S : Oh...

R : Around, there isn't many interesting trials going on in Fantasy Island at the moment, innocence's marshal Clark had that football champ when we tried.

S : So, by getting us clients in here...

F : Counselor, just the man I'm looking for...

They are standing in a huge hexagonal hall, all painted in white, and plenty of people move and walk around the little group. Ils se trouvent dans un grand hall de forme hexagonale, tout en blanc, et il y a beaucoup de gens qui gravitent autour du petit groupe. A couple of persons approach Samuel and Mr. Roarke, jumping into their conversation.

S : Detective Rossy, this is Mr. Roarke...

The wowan forces Samuel to stop talking.

F : I heard about your Mendick cause.

S : Well, the jury didn't feel like you made your case. I'm sorry.

F : I'm meaning by him being dead...

Samuel looks at her, not believing what he just heard ! His death is not possible ! He turns to Mr. Roarke, hoping that he will answer why.

S : He's dead ?

F : Killed last night. Cleaning lady found his body in the living room..

Samuel holds his head, embarrassed :

S : My god, I'm sorry... If there is anything I can do, you just...

F : You do ! Just put your hands behind your back.

A man in a black suit comes near Samuel, ties his wrists together, and puts to him a pair of handcuffs. He can now see that his Miranda rights are said to him... What is going on ?

F : Sam Kineely, you're under arrest for the murder of Jack Mendick. You have the right to an attorney, but of course, you already know that.

Samuel smiles, believing that this is a practical joke done to him, but the man in the black suit holds him tighter as he tries to move. He discovers that it's not a joke, everybody is deadly serious.

S : Hold, hold on... (Sam tries to fight, but the hold on him is getting tighter) Wait a minute ! What the hell is this ?

Sam is brought Sam away, and the co-consoller M. Roarke stays impassible at Sam's protests. Roarke coldly announces: « Your innocent client.»

I DON'T REMEMBER WHERE I WAS...

Sam is in a room with Mr. Roarke, which has been engaging by the defense as a lawyer. Samuel, always handcuffed, is suited like the usual prisoner : an orange suit, without any ornement... A guardian stands in a corner of the room, ready to intervine if anything goes wrong.

S : This is not what I had in mind, avec un air très bête et fendant !

R : You asked for an innocent client and you got one. I must say this is not a simple case !

Mr. Roarke looks at the pages of Sam's case and it appears thatt compelling proofs are been found against Sam, enough to let him locked for quite some time. Sam sits straight in his chair and wants to have a look at the case.

S : May I take a look, I am still the lawyer here. I ...

Samuel straighten up to grab the file, but Roarke moves back. So, Sam decides to sit back and listens quietly to what mr. Roarke has to say :

R : The court appointed me co-counselor, since your mobility is somehow... limited.

Samuel looks at his left and then his right a couple of times, to be sure he has enough intimacy to talk freely.

S : All right, first thing we do, we apply for bail.

R : Oh, did I forget to tell you ? Bail has already been denied. I mean this is a murder case...

Samuel looks at him with a stunned face, he can't believe it !

R: You did leave the country.

Samuel, cranky : Yeah, to Fantasy Island !

R : We don't have an extra edition choice, eh, I think that they are very lucky that you've come back voluntarily.

S : This is ridiculous !

R : Yes ! But the police apparently have a very strong circumstantial case. Now, Mendick was killed a few hours after his trial ended, and you happened to make certain stupid statements ! Oh, by the way, do you own a .38 ?

S : Yeah, it was stolen last month...

R : Oh ! Awfully convenient ! (Mr. Roarke look at him with a disgusted look.) Do you think the jury is gonna buy that ?

Samuel (who's tone is now a little panicked, but really serious) : You... You said that Mendick was killed a few hours after his trial ended... that same night ?

M. Roarke gets up and slides the chair near the table. He responds to Sam :

R : Yes, at about 1 AM, a neighbor heard a gun shot.

S : Well, (il regarde autour de lui) that night... (Il met sa main sur la table et baisse la voix d'un ton)

I don't actually... remember where I was.

Monsieur Roarke looks severely at him, but with a mysterious shadow on his face.

R : Really ?

Samuel, on a panicked tone : You don't think that I ...

R : No ! Not a chance, Mr. Kineely ! You're innocent. (long pause) Of course, it doesn't mean to say that you won't be found guilty.

M. Roarke puts back the file under his arm, heads for the door and a ring is heard to let the gardian outside the room that the meeting is over. Sam stays down, still sceptical about what Roarke just told him. A cynical but sad smile appears on Sam's lips, and a much stronger emotion, anxiety, makes him squeeze his jaws' muscles.

IN PRISON...

Samuel, Mr. Roarke and a man, an investigator, all sit together and discuss.

M : Look, Kineely, if anyone deserves to die, It's Mendick.

He looks at Samuel, and he seems to approve with all his heart, body and soul.

S : Well, I didn't kill him.

M : Hmmm... You sound like you've been taking acting classes from some of your clients !

S : I AM one of my clients !

Samuel and M Roarke shook their head at the same time. The man talking to Samuel is an old man,he is maybe 50 years old with blue eyes. He seems okay, but apperance can be faked. He seems compatissant to sam's case, maybe too much ! He tries to be buddy-buddy with Sam and Roarke, but it doesn't really work, because Sam watch his back. A table separates the investigator and the other two, where everyone puts their elbows. The room where they are is quite small, but there is no security guard accompaning them this time.

M : Look, we know how you felt about Mendick and we understand that you were a little out of control that night...

S : Well, you're gonna have to prove that.

R : You were a little hung over when you arrived to the island...

Samuel looks at Mr. Roarke with knives in his eyes, his face screams out : "It's not true !"

R : Hmmm... Hmmm... (coughs). (He is silent again) But you're gonna have to prove that ! says Roarke pointing at the man with the ice eyes.

M : I CAN prove that.

Samuel looks at M. Roarke again with severity and Roarke wants to go away, escape, but he can't...

M : I'm feeling a little generous because you did do a kind of public service by cleaning up the mess.

S : No deals, Flint !

M : You pleaded guilty to manslaughter, I'll recommend a sentence for you, 8 years.

S : You're wasting your breath !

M : You make me take this trial and you get convicted of murder, you're looking to 25 to life.

R : Sounds like a good offer sale !

S : I'm innocent, Roarke, (on an exasperated tone) What the hell ? You know that !

Samuel is furious !

M : Sam, we've done this kind of thing before, you do have a dog on a case, well like that Maxwell kid. I'll try and be a little objective about this...

Sam, on a panicked tone, he almost shouts : No deals ! Flint, we're gonna take this to trial, thank you !

Flint, looks sadly at. He slides down on his chair and whispers : « It's your funeral ! »

Sam looks at the guy go away. If Sam could have guns in his eyes, Flint would be dead by now ! On the other hand, Mr. Roarke hasn't said a word during the whole conversation, he seems to be impressed by his client, who absolutely wants his way to work out.

AT COURT...

J : The judge

T1 : Detective Rossy
AV : lawyer
G : typing person
B : Barman, Mr. Fisher

A court room opens to us, the judge is a woman. The benches are full, a lot of reporters all over the country have come to see the trial of Samuel Kineely, the defense attorney who would have killed his own client, Jack Mendick. The room is slightly lighted, but even natural and artificial lighting is enough to make it possible to see. The court room is typical, with the wooden furniture, the American flag sits proudly over a pole, the jury's tribune is at the right of the room, everyone is at his place, waiting for the trial to begin.

A young woman is sitting in the witness stand. She has red clothes, long dark hair put together in a tail, she has dark skin. It's detective Rossy, she describes the murder scene, she is one of many key witnesses.

T1 : ...Mr. Mendick had made call us at 9 AM. He was lying on the floor in his living room. There were some broken liquor bottles under his body, he must have smashed them with force.

AV : Did you find any finger prints in this room ?

T1 : Well, Mr. Mendick's. of course, and the defendant Sam Kineely's. His were all over the place.

Samuel still sits, unreachable, his fingers crossed all together. He stares at an invisible point in front of him. A very long and deep silence takes place in the room until Mr. Roarke gets up and says :

R : Objection !

J : Based on what ?

R : The prosecution is bringing extremely damaging evidence to bare.

AV : That's the idea.

The other lawyer looks at him like he would look at a 5 year-old boy who just discover something evident to an adult person. Samuel looks at Mr. Roarke, but takes it off immediately. What a shame to know that guy ! Understanding the other lawyer's point, Mr. Roarke excuses himself and slips a little :

R : Well, never mind !

He coughs, replace correctly his overtop and sits down.

R : Carry on !

Samuel want to intervine and talk to Mr. Roarke, but he said softly to drop it, doing the sign with his hands.

AV : Were there anything, Detective, when you talked with Mr. Mendick's neighoor, after 1 AM ?

T1 : She reported hearing the shot at about 1 AM.

AV : What else did she report ?

T1 : That there was a man pounding on Mr. Mendick's door at eleven. Yelling and cursing. She said he was tall with brown hair.

AV : Did you show her your photographs of possible suspects ?

T1 : Yes, including one of Mr. Kineely's. She positively identified him as the man she saw.

AV : Thank you.

The lawyer takes his papers and declares to the judge :

«No more questions, your Honor».

R : I'll take the cross !

Samuel, with a low voice : No ! No, I've got it.

Sam gets up and goes near Rossy.

S : Detective Rossy...

R : Objection !

Samuel stands up in front of Mr. Roarke, but he doesn't understands what is happening. He looks at the judge et declares : «Withdrawn.»

J : Mr. Roarke, please !

R : Hmmm ! (we can always try)
Mendick have ?

S : Detective Rossy, how many enemies did Jack

T1 : A lot.

S : But you picked me as a suspect in his murder.

T1 : You fit.

S : You don't like me, do you ?

T1 : What I don't like is the way you put stoned killers back on the street.

S : Move to strike, your honor.

J : The jury will disregard that remark. Detective, you know better !

S : Hum... Detective Rossy, these fingerprints of mine, that you found inside Mr. Mendick's house, is there any way to date those ?

T1 : No.

S : No. So is it entirely possible that I, I left these fingerprints (Sam walks to the witness stand and asks questions to the witness) when I was consulting with Mr. Mendick about his own trial, months ago ?

T1 : Yes.

Sam gets closer to her, with a decided look on his face, he points slowly at the detective to make a point that only him knows for now.

S : And that neighbor, who saw me knocking on Mr. Mendick's door, did she actually saw me enter the house ?

T1 : No.

S : So, isn't it entirely possible that, Detective, that I went over to Mr. Mendick's house, knock and then left, without ever going inside the house ?

T1 (whispering) : I think it's possible.

S : I'm sorry, is that a yes ?

T1 : Yes.

S : Yes. Thank you. No further questions, Your Honor.

AV : Your Honor, the people call their final witness.

Sam and Mr. Roarke are both very surprised.

S : They didn't tell that they had another witness.

R : Oh, really ? Nobody tells me anything.

Samuel looks at the courtroom door, he is very irritated with all those surprises. The crowd starts to talk, when the door opens itself on the last people's witness. The man wears black pants and has big feet. A woman approaches the man and ask him to swear on the Bible and say nothing but the truth.

G : Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God ?

B : Why not ?

AV : Mr. ... Fisher, were you with the defendant, Mr. Kineely, on the night of the murder ?

B : Yes, he was at my travel office. He was very drunk and quite upset.

AV : What was he upset about ?

B : About this Mr. Mendick. He told me that the man just killed two people and that he was scum.

Sam is embarrassed, he bites his inner cheeks, he regrets to have said what he just did. Mr. Roarke looks at him with an accusing look.

AV : He called his own client «scum» ?

B : Yes, he even told me that he's going to Mr. Mendick's house to let him know exactly what he thought of him.

AV : Did he tell you anything about Mr. Mendick's trial ?

B : Oh, he thought it was a gross miscarriage of justice. And he seemed to think that things should be set right.

S : Objection, the witness can't know what I was thinking.

R : Actually, he can.

The judge looks steadily at Sam, and Mr. Roarke can't help but make it hard for Sam to look innocent.

AV : Mr. Fisher...

B : Yes ?

AV : May I show you photographs of the crime scene ?

Mr. Fisher takes the pictures that the lawyer gives him. He studies them carefully.

B : Oh, my God !

Samuel is furious, it doesn't look good for him !

AV : They are pictures of broken liquor bottles.

B : Yes, they are Schledevitz bottles.

AV : How do you know ?

B : They are from my private stock. Carpathian plums, mmm ! I slipped a few in Mr. Kineely's travel kit, when he came to see me. He seemed to like my Schledevitzes.

The man at the stand is happy that Sam found his little liquor bottles very good, but he regrets now to have taken them, because the same ones serve today as evidence...

AV : So you gave these bottles to Mr. Kineely and they later ended up in Mr. Mendick's house under Mr. Mendick's body.

B : Oh, my God !

The barman gets up and raises his eyes to the sky.

B : Oh, my God ! Mr. Kineely, if I had known, I would have stopped you...

His look poses on Sam, who is himself surprised.

BACK IN PRISON...

Back in prison, Mr. Roarke comes to visit Sam who is in a interior "garden" of the jail. A guard is posted near the entrance door and lets Mr. Roarke enter the place. The door closes itself with a metallic noise that echoes... Roarke gets near Sam and sits down with him, at Sam's left, who is adossed to a concrete wall, the arms crossed in front of his chest, looking sad and depressed.

R : Well, that didn't go very well.

S : It's not over yet.

R : Don't worry Sam, I'm gonna nail that dirt bag.

S : Roarke, we're the defense, okay ? I'm the dirt bag.

R : Yes, well, yeah... I get a little turned around. Oh, I would love to be a prosecutor...

Samuel groans a little on that declaration...

R : We are not as good as those attorneys, but... Oh, I've been driving your Porsche, I hope

that's okay...

Samuel shakes his head and smiles a little.

R : Oh, it must be so satisfying putting people away !

S : Roarke...

R : I'm gonna have to put you on the stand.

S : No, I don't think it's a very idea .

R : Sam, trust me !

Mr. Roarke looks at Sam with a franc look. He wants to tell him that evrything will be all right.

BACK TO COURT...

R : So, during Mr. Mendick's trial, you worked closely to him ?

S : Yes, of course.

R : You became friends ?

S : I wouldn't say that.

R : What would you say ?

S : We has a professional relationship. Mr. Mendick was accused of killing two people.

R : Did he do it ?

Samuel is a little surprised of the question.

S : Oh, well, I don't know.

R : That's not what you told Mr. Fisher...

S : Hum, yeah, I think that he probably did it. Why are you asking me this ? (en baissant la voix sur la dernière phrase.

R : So, Mr. Mendick was a criminal.

S : Yes, I think so.

R : And, presumably, he associates with other criminals.

S : Yes.

R : Anyone whom might have had a criminal reason to kill him.

S : Yes, absolutely.

R : It bothered you, didn't it ? A double murder set free, thanks to you.

Samuel, whispering : Roarke...

Roarke, almost shouting : Didn't it ?

Samuel looks at the judge, visibly uncomfortable...

S : Your honor, I would like to talk to my associate for a moment.

J : Do you need a recess ?

S : Yes... and Mr. Roarke talks louder to cover Dam's voice. «No !»

Samuel doesn't understand Roarke's plan, but he decides to follow him anyway.

R : Did it bother you, Mr. Kineely ?

S : I was just doing my job.

R : I see, just doing your job.

Mr. Roarke goes in the direction on the table, looking weird...

R : Who's Harvey Maxwell ?

S : Why does that matter ?

R : Just answer the question.

S : Hmmm... Harvey Maxwell was a client of mine. He was accused of murder.

R : But he always claimed that he was innocent, didn't he ?

S : He... Actually, he WAS innocent. Huh, we found out after.

R : After what ?

S : Mr. Maxwell was... Mr. Maxwell had a very strong case against him. He pleaded guilty to man slutter and he went to prison, where he was killed in a... brawl.

R : Killed in a brawl... Did you advice him to plead guilty ?

S : Your Honor, I object to this entire line of questioning.

J : They're your questioning, you can't object.

R : Thank you, Your Honor.

Samuel, whispering to Roarke : Cut it out !

R : But first, tell us, did you advice Mr. Maxwell to plead guilty ?

S : Yes, but I did not know that he was gonna get caught into a braw !

R : Well, what did you expect in prison ? For them to have tea parties ?

S : He was just about to be released, I had found new evidence that exhonored him.

R : But why couldn't you find the evidence BEFORE he was sent to prison ?

Samuel, barely whispering : Because I didn't believe him.

M. Roarke approaches sam and takes the mike, so everyone can hear what Sam just said.

R : Louder !

S : I didn't believe he was innocent so I didn't look hard enough. What are you trying to prove ?

R : What I am trying to prove is that you are a dispassionate professional. There is nothing in your work that would upset you enough to kill anyone. Except of course Harvey Maxwell, but that was an accident. I mean, something goes bad, you forget it, you move on...

S : I didn't forget about Harvey Maxwell !

R : Why not ? You weren't sure you could win his trial in the time where you were trying to establish a winning reputation. So, you pressured him into pleading guilty. You sent him out to die. He was a 19-year-old boy who wanted to be somebody. He had his hopes and dreams before him. Well, if you had tried a little harder...

S : ... then he would still be alive.

R : Yeah.

S : Mendick, I got Mendick off who deserved to die...

Samuel is shook by emotionand Roarke has obtain what he wanted : what Sam really thought in the bottom of his heart, he now has him with emotional torture.

R : Mendick deserved to die ?

S : Yeah. No, NO !!! What, what the hell are you doing ?

Mr. Roarke takes fermely Samuel's shoulders at the moment where he catches Roarke's idea. He wakes up and takes conscience of the error he just made, but Roarke returns to the table, looking at a confused and surprised Sam.

THE VERDICT...

R : Your Honor, I rest my case !

J : Members of the jury, have you reached your verdict ?

Ju : Yes, Your Honor, we have.

J : The defendant will rise. On the charge of murder, how do you find it ?

Ju : We find the defendant, Sam Kineely, guilty as charged.

R : Oups !

Sam tries to hold it all down, he can't show he is afraid, but he barely holds ! Only his throat moves, he takes the response very badly.

IN SAM'S CELL...

Samuel is back in his cell. He sits on the window hole, he's depressed. Mr. Roarke comes to visit him.

R : Look, take a really deep breath. Common' !

Samuel, with his eyes : (Go away, you did this to me, I don't want to see you !)

R : How do you feel ?

S : I feel all right.

R : I rest my case.

S : I should feel terrible.

R : You came to me looking for an innocent client, and that wasn't precisely correct, wasn't it ?
What you really wanted was to feel innocent yourself.

S : Harvey Maxwell...

Sam put his eyes away from Roarke, and he seems to understand something...

S : I was responsible for that boy's death.

R : And you were never punished for it. Except of course, by yourself. Now, somebody else will be punishing yourself so you don't have to.

Mr. Roarke looks at the cell's door and gets out.

Samuel and Mr. Roarke were called back to court, something new has happened...

J : Do you have anything to say before I pronounce the sentence ?

After a brief hesitation to know if Roarke wanted to say anything Samuel says : No, Your Honor.

J : The crime you committed is extremely serious. And the prescribed punishment is clear. By there for...

Sounds can be heard in the back of the courtroom door... Somebody gets in... Everyone looks at the door that opens, Mr. Fisher wants to say something. The judge is intrigued and wonders what is happening.

B : Your Honor, wait... wait !!! There's been a terrible mistake. I have found new evidence.

AV : Your Honor, this is not the time nor the place...

R : At the contrary, Your Honor, it's precisely the time and the place.

J : What is it ?

B : This tape is from the FWA VIP lounge at the airport.

J : F.W.A. ?

B : Fantasy World Airways. From the security camera of the night of the murder, Mr. Kineely, he flew out the next morning.

AV : Just 6 hours after the murder.

B : He was there all night, the tape shows it. He was there from midnight on, passed out drunk on the couch !

S : Really, I was ?

AV : How do we know the tape is even authentic ?

B : I have here, Your Honor, the technical analysis...

J : I'll state sentencing in 48 hours. If this tape shows what this man says it shows, the guilty

verdict will be set aside.

R : Waiting is so boring...

Sam, in a nice black outfit, is with Mr. Roarke in another state prison...

S : Where am I now ?

R : I would have as a guess at the same prison.

S : The tape was no good ?

R : No, it was good, the judge acquitted you.

S : Well, then, what am I doing back here ?

R : Well, you see this gentleman over here, that's Mr. Burlingham. He's been convicted of a terrible murder and sentenced to die.

S : Yeah... I read about this guy. I remember him.

R : He's innocent...

S : Well, no, that's not what the paper said... They say...

Roarke, on a firm tone : He's innocent ! You're gonna take his case, it may take many years. I'm afraid he can't afford to pay you.

S : Good !

Mr. Roarke gives a friendly hit on Samuel's back. Mr. Roarke smiles, Samuel looks again at him and enter his new client's cell.