

~~Confession~~ 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.

Delaney returns the look. When he sees her he can't help but stare. Rebecca notices his gaze.

DELANEY

Miss Lewis, I'm Frank Delaney.

She takes the cigarette to her lips. Delaney notices despite his outward composure her hands are shaking.

REBECCA

(Sarcastically)

Are you going to represent me?

DELANEY

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

(beat)

Did you kill him?

Rebecca appears hurt by the question.

REBECCA

You don't waste my time, do you?

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

REBECCA (cont'd)

Do you think I did it?

DELANEY

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?

DELANEY

Not a very good one I'm afraid.

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