

the PRISONERS can enter. They sit on the inside while the VISITORS sit on the outside. We see STEVE sitting among the prisoners. He is wearing his orange prison garb. MR. HARMON, his father, sits on the outside of the table.

MR. HARMON

How are you doing?

STEVE

All right. You talk to Miss O'Brien?

MR. HARMON

She doesn't sound that positive. There's so much garbage going through that courtroom, she thinks that anybody in there is going to have a stink on him.

STEVE

She said she's going to put me on the stand. Give me a chance to tell my side of the story.

MR. HARMON

That's good. You need to tell them that . . .

His voice fades away.

STEVE

I'm just going to tell them the truth, that I didn't do anything wrong.

A beat as the father and son try to cope with the tension.

STEVE

You believe that, don't you?

CU of MR. HARMON. There are tears in his eyes. The pain in his face is very evident as he struggles with his emotions.

MR. HARMON

When you were first born, I would lie up in the bed thinking about scenes of your life. You playing football. You going off to college. I used to think of you going to Morehouse and doing the same things I did when I was there. I never made the football team, but I thought—I dreamed you would. I even thought about getting mad at you for staying out too late—there you were lying on the bed in those disposable diapers—I wanted the real diapers but your mother insisted on the kind you didn't have to wash, just throw away. I never thought of seeing you—you know—seeing you in a place like this. It just never came to me