

Spectrum

Pilot: "C Major"

By

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DAWN

William Penn holds his iconic vigil under the twin spires of Liberty Place as the opening notes to Schubert's 9th Symphony (4th Movement) sound.

Music builds - light and happy - as we move from the shine of Center City to a grittier part of the city...

EXT. PHILADELPHIA ALLEY - DAWN

The music continues - it's a stark juxtaposition as light dawns over a desolate, empty street in a rundown section of town.

In a brick-walled back-alley, a YOUNG BLACK MAN lies dead in a congealed puddle of blood, eyes frozen wide open in terror.

Other instruments fade slowly until we hear only a solo violin, continuing the same piece:

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

CU on fingers as they play the first violin line of the piece. The music is fast, the fingers dance on the strings...

These fingers belong to DAVID NEVSKY, 35, dark-haired and intense. He's only practicing, but is clearly a master of the instrument.

Noticing the clock, David stops playing and opens his case to return the violin to its home.

Behind his spare bow is a black & white photo - ca. 1965 - of a man and a woman bundled up against the cold. The man bears a strong resemblance to David.

David snaps the case shut and grabs his jacket.

INT. DAVID'S BUILDING - HALL - CONTINUOUS

At the door, as he turns to lock it:

ADELE (O.S.)
(an old voice)
Oh hi David. Good luck today!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Standing above him at the top of the stairs is ADELE CHURCH, his nonagenarian landlord. David occupies the ground floor apartment of her converted townhouse.

The hallway is decorated as you would expect in a home with a nonagenarian landlord.

DAVID
(locking the door)
Thanks Adele.

She disappears into her apartment. David gets halfway to the front door - then realizes he forgot something. He heads back quickly.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

In his apartment, he runs over to a sideboard drawer unit and opens it, but - moving fast too fast - manages to yank it out of its slot. The contents splash out onto the floor:

Among the debris is a pill bottle and - most prominently - a GUN with a loose CLIP.

DAVID
(under his breath)
Shit.

He digs through to find some extra violin strings, then hurriedly dumps everything else back into the drawer.

The gun and clip go in last. David shoves the drawer back in its place and heads out.

END TEASER

FADE TO:

EXT. PHILLY STREET - DAY

From the POV of TWO ROUGH-LOOKING KIDS, CALVIN (18) AND MICHAEL (19), David approaches their corner, his violin slung over his shoulder.

CALVIN
Ready?

Michael nods. As David rounds the corner - they JUMP:

MICHAEL
Hand it over, Muthafucka!

David freezes, but he's surprisingly calm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID
OK, OK. Take it easy.

He slowly puts his hand in his pocket...

CALVIN
Nah, man...

Calvin moves closer, reaching for the violin.

DAVID
(confused)
What...? You don't need that..

MICHAEL
SHUT UP!

A stare down as Calvin advances. David lets the violin slowly slide off his shoulder to the ground...

Then, he SPRINGS: he attacks like he's done this before.

The kids are surprised to find someone so aggressive - and not very prepared for it. David pushes Calvin away and evades Michael - but then, just as he has an opening to get a fist in Michael's face...

..he hesitates, protecting his hands.

Michael capitalizes, barely. An inexpert slice catches David's shirt, then Calvin gets a punch into David's kidney.

With a grunt, David drops to one knee. It's just enough for Michael to grab the violin, and the kids dart off.

Now he's angry. David jumps up, grimacing as he pursues them, but Michael and Calvin reach a car, hop in and peel off.

DAVID
Goddamn you!!!

He watches the car squeal down the street, then looks down at his shirt: the front has a small tear, but no blood.

A SQUAD CAR turns onto the street, toward him, heading in the same direction as the kids - David doesn't move.

As the car passes him slowly, the officer in the passenger seat stares him down in suspicion, intimidating. David holds his gaze, weighing whether or not to stop them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The moment passes. The car continues down the street and turns onto another. David turns and stalks off in the other direction.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBERTY HOUSE - LOBBY - DAY

TORI MIDLAND - 33, magnetic, dark haired, and of indeterminate race - carries a coffee into the small lobby of an old building.

Moving past FRANK, the gruff security guard, who sits sullen at his podium, she heads into the elevator and hits a button labeled:

"Liberty House Rehabilitation"

On Tori, in the elevator, ready to face the day.

INT. LIBERTY HOUSE - RECEPTION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Out of the elevator, into a madhouse. People rush by, some carrying stacks of notes, others carrying empty and/or full urine sample cups.

Tori moves through a small waiting area: several NERVOUS PEOPLE sit.

At the front desk, a LARGE WOMAN (Caucasian) lords over the receptionist.

LARGE WOMAN
(thick Philly accent)
And I TOL' that bitch I wuz sorry!
I ain't TRYIN' to stay drunk, it
just fuckin' HAPPENS...

Tori ignores it all and heads deeper into the chaos of the office. She reaches her door, and steps inside.

INT. LIBERTY HOUSE - TORI'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

ALLISON, her office-mate, sits inside the cramped room at the desk they share.

ALLISON
Hi.

Tori takes off her coat and slides into her chair. Then:

DARIA (O.S.)
Morning guys!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARIA KRAFT, 24 and animated - an up-talker - pokes her head in the doorway. Tori's shoulders slunk down imperceptibly.

DARIA
Ohmygod, I have *SO* many intakes today.

ALLISON
Yeah...Daria. Could you maybe finish the notes from yesterday's?

DARIA
Of course I will!

Daria disappears, leaving a trail of bubblieness. Allison grimaces as Tori suppresses a smile, then picks up the phone.

She dials a number from memory. It rings, then beeps to a voicemail.

TORI
(into the phone)
Hi, it's Tori. Just wanted to remind you about your next appointment. It's really important you don't miss this one after your, uh..cancellation last week. OK? See you soon.

She hangs up. Allison looks at her.

ALLISON
Was that..?

TORI
Yeah.

Allison looks at her.

TORI (cont'd)
What?

ALLISON
I don't know...just.. You sound a little....close.

TORI
I was reminding him about his appointment.

ALLISON
You weren't so nice to that crusty old pervert who missed a session...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORI
(aggressive)
I can't treat every client the same - they respond differently, right? Don't worry. If he misses another one, he's out.

ALLISON
OK, OK... Calm down.

TORI
(a breath)
Sorry. You just, you know...you put energy into someone, and they just shit it all away.

ALLISON
Oh, that's in our brochure, though, didn't you know? "Come Shit It All Away. At Liberty House."

Despite herself, Tori smiles.

Suddenly, a WAIL sounds from the hallway. They jolt up in surprise.

RAVEN (O.S.)
(angry, sobbing)
WHERE IS SHE??? I NEED TO SEE HER!!! GET HER OUT HERE NOW!!

Allison looks to Tori: *Is that...??*

Tori runs out into the waiting area, and Allison follows.

INT. LIBERTY HOUSE - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

They arrive in the reception area to find RAVEN MEES, 17, a stunning but troubled African-American teenager, screaming at the top of her lungs in the middle of the room.

The Large Woman from earlier sits in a chair, scared. Other clients cower, trying to keep away.

RAVEN
(to nobody in particular)
I need to see her *now*!! Get her the fuck out here!!

TORI
Raven!

Raven jolts her head toward Tori who moves closer to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAVEN
(completely betrayed)
What the *fuck* did you do!?? How
could you do this to me!??

TORI
(maintaining her calm)
Raven, I didn't "do" anything. You
did this to yourself, remember? We
have rules...

RAVEN
But this WASN'T my fault!! It
wasn't me..

Tori's clearly had enough. Unafraid, she walks up and gets
in Raven's face, speaking closely so no one can hear.

TORI
(harsh whisper, so no one
can hear)
You had a *balloon* full of clean
urine taped to your leg. It burst
all over the lobby! How wasn't that
you?!

RAVEN
I was doin' it for someone else! I
told ya!

TORI
How do you take a urine test for
someone else??

RAVEN
I DON'T CARE. You can't fucking
kick me out!!

Full-on crying now, Raven starts to crumble.

RAVEN (cont'd)
I'm sorry - I didn't mean it.
Please Miss Tori you can't kick me
outta treatment, my mom's'll kill
me. Please, it won't happen again.

She drops to the ground, sobbing. Tori starts to bend down,
closer, exasperated but sympathetic.

TORI
(approaching, placating)
Raven, listen...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just then Raven - from the ground - yanks a small knife out of her clothes...

RAVEN
FUCK YOU!!

And she *THRUSTS* it menacingly up toward Tori.

Tori jumps backward as someone screams. The half-hearted stab comes nowhere near actual contact.

Just then: FRANK, the guard from downstairs, bursts in.

Seeing the knife, he pulls his gun.

FRANK
DROP THE WEAPON!!

Tori looks at the knife...it's a common table knife, just one step above a butter spreader.

TORI
Frank! It's fine!
(to Raven, gentle)
Raven, put that down. I promise I
will help you and we can work this
out, but please just put that down.

Raven - scared, angry, irrational - holds the knife up, but her will wavers. Tears stream down her face.

Frank approaches, slowly.

FRANK
I'm WARNING YOU!

TORI
(to Raven)
I wouldn't do anything to hurt you,
you know that right?

RAVEN
(through tears)
Why'd you do this?? I didn't do
nothin'...

She cries harder, wracked with heartbreaking sobs. Tori inches closer...then s-l-o-w-l-y reaches out and gently grabs Raven's hand.

Raven relaxes her grip and Tori pulls the knife away...and Frank POUNCES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORI
NO! Frank!!!

Frank drops Raven down...her wails grow even louder.

TORI (cont'd)
Stop!! She's seventeen!! STOP!!

FRANK
(at Tori)
BACK OFF!

Tori moves to intervene, but Allison jumps in and holds her back.

TORI
Don't!

Frank zip-ties Raven's hands behind her back and half-drags, half-carries her out of the room, her wails of terror and sadness engulfing the room.

And just like that, it's over.

A quick silence settles over the room. The other clients look at each other in fear and confusion.

Off to the side, ANDREW DELACORTE, 45 and slick - the BOSS - walks into the center of the room and addresses everyone.

ANDREW
It's over now, everyone. We're very
sorry. Please, everyone just relax
now.

He looks over at Tori, anger in his eyes.

Tori, seething, rips herself out of Allison's clutches and stomps back to her office.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMMEL CENTER - BACKSTAGE - DAY

David, uncomfortable from the punch he took, walks quickly in the backstage door. BARRY, the elderly security guard, holds up a hand.

BARRY
Help you?

DAVID
Yes, I work here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRY

Name?

David is about to respond when:

IRV (O.S.)

Morning Barry.

David turns to see IRV SIEGEL, 74 years old but looks ten years younger. A tall guy, grandfatherly and warm. He notices David.

IRV

Hey! Nevsky, right?

DAVID

Yeah.

IRV

Irv Siegel. I sat in on your audition. You can play, son. Really glad to have you.

David looks at Barry, who smiles and waves him along to follow Irv. They talk as they walk into the cavernous backstage hallway.

IRV (cont'd)

(noticing)

Where's your fiddle?

DAVID

(not missing a beat)

I found a crack in it this morning. Was hoping to borrow one today.

IRV

Oh, sorry bout that. I got a spare you can use.

David's face drops in relief.

DAVID

Thanks. Pain in the ass, you know?

As they approach a door marked "PERSONNEL MANAGER" - we hear raised voices from the inside.

MARK (O.S.)

...I don't CARE Carrie. I can't deal with this now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door flings open and MARK EDELSTEIN - 54, graying and stressed - moves out, followed by CARRIE GRAYSON, 32, sweet and wise beyond her years.

CARRIE

Mark, this has been on the calendar for weeks.

MARK

Well I'm sorry. There's no point now. Just tell them we'll reschedule.

Mark stops talking when he sees Irv and David.

MARK (cont'd)

(weary)

Hey Irv, how you doin?

IRV

Better than you it seems.

Mark gives a weak smile, then looks to David.

IRV (cont'd)

(introduction)

Oh, uh...Nevsky...

CARRIE

(to Mark)

David. He's just starting today.

(to David)

I see you've already met one of our veterans.

IRV

That's Yiddish for "old fart".

They all laugh, except Mark, who's in no mood.

MARK

Ok.

(he turns to go)

Carrie, we'll talk tomorrow. I'll know more by then.

Carrie nods tightly and Mark departs. She lets out an audible sigh... Then - realizing - she puts on a smile and turns to David.

CARRIE

Hi. Sorry. Welcome. Are you OK? Do you need anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

No no, I'm fine so far. Got in the building, so...

He trails off. Carrie notices the tear in David's shirt.

CARRIE

What happened there?

DAVID

(understated)

Oh...that... it uh, caught. Coming out of the coffee shop.

IRV

Not your day, is it?

Carrie looks at him, quizzically.

DAVID

Rough morning. Everything's fine.

CARRIE

Well if you need anything, you know where to find me.

She heads off as Irv puts his violin case on a covered grand piano and opens it.

DAVID

Who was that guy?

IRV

(taking out a violin)

That was Mark Edelstein.

DAVID

(impressed)

He has more hair than I thought.

IRV

(laughing)

Yeah, they've all got more hair now. Bald white guys on the board of directors became too much of a cliché. It's progress.

Irv holds out one of his fiddles to David, who takes it and gives it a quick tune...then tests it out with the opening theme from Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

The music swells as the orchestra takes over...

FADE TO:

EXT. GERMANTOWN STREET - DAY

The Beethoven continues as we move over a run down block in Germantown.

Old trolley rails snake up the center of the street, passing by a small, unnamed deli with a sign in the window:

"CHEESESTEAKS. RIBS."

A tank-like white SUV pulls up outside, and TWO LARGE BLACK MEN exit. One of them pulls open the back door to allow someone out:

This is BENNY M, 50's, heavy and tough. He is not happy.

INT. BOYD BASSETT'S OFFICE - DAY

The Beethoven plays out of fantastic speakers in the well-appointed office of BOYD BASSETT, aka BASS - (rhymes with "Ace" - the opposite of treble). He's African American, 50 years old, wise and imposing - if Cornel West and Mike Tyson had a kid.

Bass sits in his chair, listening to the music, while a muted TV plays a local news report from the scene of a murder:

It's the alley we saw earlier, now cordoned off and canvassed by police. A bloody sheet is visible behind the reporter.

The door creaks open and he looks up. His assistant, TINO, Puerto-Rican, 30 - small but fierce - pokes his head in. Bass grabs a remote and turns the volume down, but only slightly.

TINO

Bass - he's here.

Bass nods and motions. Benny enters, livid, accompanied by the two bodyguards.

BASS

Benny.

BENNY

Your nephew fucked up, brother..

He looks up, noticing the music. The serenity of the concerto sends him over the edge..

BENNY (cont'd)

Could you turn that shit down!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bass hesitates, then slowly lifts the remote and lowers the volume as Benny sits down.

BASS

I know you mad, Benny. But try to keep calm.

BENNY

YOU tellin' ME to calm down??

BASS

Just calm. Down. You sure it was him?

BENNY

Ty was high on that K2 shit - as usual. He and that boy fought, and now the kid's dead. So you decide.

BASS

But we're not sure?

BENNY

I'm sure. Your nephew's a hotheaded muthafucka, Bass. You gonna take care of this?

They lock eyes. Benny's anger makes him bold.

TINO

The cops there yet?

BENNY

(looking over)

What the *fuck* you think? And who's talkin' to you, nigga!?

Bass frowns but keeps quiet. Tino looks at Bass for help, but Bass holds up a hand.

BASS

Yeah, Tino, the cops are there. Go make sure Benny's guys don't need anything.

And shut the hell up, says Bass with his eyes.

Tino, chastened and pissed off, walks out. Benny turns to Bass.

BENNY

That boy was just fifteen, Bass! You know we gonna see a god-damn cryin' mother on TV now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASS

Benny, man. This went down on your turf and I can't tell you what to do. But we always had respect for each other, and I'm hoping you would let me deal with this one on my own.

BENNY

Hey man. *I* got a heart. You put all your time into that kid, and he fuckin' pulls this bullshit? Shit, I'd wanna handle it too.

Bass nods a thank you.

BENNY (cont'd)

But will you do what needs to be done? I lost a fuckin' chunk of my market today, and ain't no tellin when I get it back with those cops all over now. Dead kids ain't good for *anyone*, ya know? So you handle it - but you better fuckin' *handle* it, or I'll have to, y'hear?

Bass's eyes blaze in anger, but he holds his temper.

BASS

You have my word.

They both stand.

BENNY

Damn straight.

Bass extends his hand, but Benny storms out as Tino comes back in through the door.

BASS

(under his breath)

Fifteen..

(with a look at Tino)

Get Ty in here.

Tino nods and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBERTY HOUSE - DELACORTE'S OFFICE - DAY

Andrew sits at his desk while Tori stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Are you crazy?

TORI

Oh come on, it was a fucking spatula.

ANDREW

That's not the point! You need to let security do their job!!

TORI

You mean *Frank*? *He's* the most dangerous one here! It's not my client's fault that he lost an audition for *Die Hard* 20 years ago!

ANDREW

But HE is our security guard, and HE does not have a drug problem!

TORI

You sure?

Andrew stops himself from exploding.

ANDREW

Tori, this is getting old. Just STOP getting so close to them, OK?

Tori stands firm, not responding.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Anything else to say?

TORI

No.

ANDREW

Fine. Since I have you here, what about that other one you have, what's he play? The tuba or whatever?

TORI

(slight hesitation)
Violin.

ANDREW

Isn't he processing out this week?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORI
(tight)
He was supposed to. He missed his
last one.

ANDREW
Tori...

TORI
I know, I know. The judge, our
standing, blah blah blah. He'll
finish, OK?

ANDREW
He better.

Tori makes a face and turns to go.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMMEL CENTER - BACKSTAGE - DAY

David and Irv walk into the players' lounge, each carrying a violin. A spacious room: comfortable couches, fancy coffee maker and a huge 60 inch screen, upon which plays a baseball game - Phillies vs. Mets.

David sits down on the couch to attach a chin rest to the borrowed violin.

Irv takes a place next to LARRY, 56 - bald - ROB, 45 - slick - and several other musicians who watch the game intensely.

On the TV, a POP of a bat as the ball leaves the park. The reaction in the room ranges from resigned groaning to violent expletives.

ROB
Oh COME ON!

LARRY
(head in hands)
Jesus CHRIST, this bullpen.

ROB
There's no one on!! What's he
throwing that shit for!?

The game goes to a commercial - Phillies down six to nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
(to nobody)
God, we're back in the dark ages.

David smiles to himself and continues to play with the chin-rest.

Just then: JAQUELINE DE JEU, 32 and stunning, walks in. The room gets quiet as the men try to not stare.

Jaqueline smiles at David as she gets some water.

He smiles back, polite, but keeping his distance.

A news break comes on, grabbing everyone's attention.

ANCHOR
Some stories we'll be following
after the game:

B-roll of the CORDONED-OFF CRIME SCENE plays under:

ANCHOR (cont'd)
...a fifteen year old is gunned
down in West Philly in an apparent
drug-related altercation. Plus..

Video of the Symphony appears.

ANCHOR (cont'd)
The Philadelphia Symphony struggles
to escape from financial
difficulty - will the musicians
back down from their demands, or
will they strike? And, highlights
from today's game.

The musicians exchange grim glances.

ROB
We should back down?

LARRY
These reporters...no wonder nobody
gets it.

With a look at the clock, Rob stands and grabs his oboe.

ROB
I think we should demand no
rehearsals during sporting events.
Irv? Whaddya say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRV
(smile)
I'll bring it up, Rob.

David - enjoying the banter - follows the musicians as they file out.

DAVID
(to Irv)
You have some sort of pull?

IRV
(sarcastic)
Oh sure, I'm very important.

LARRY
Irv's on the negotiating committee for this contract bullshit. He's going to die the soonest anyway, so he graciously offered to be thrown to the wolves first.

DAVID
(a wry smile)
That's very generous.

IRV
Yeah, I do what I can.

Laughter as they head onto the stage.

INT. KIMMEL CENTER - STAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The musicians take their seats for rehearsal. Next to David, sharing his stand, sits MICHAEL D'ANTONIO, 58 years old, grey. A permanent scowl on his face.

Carrie ascends the podium and begins her announcements.

CARRIE
Hi everybody. I'm sorry, but Mark has canceled the info session for this evening.

The musicians sound their displeasure.

CARRIE (cont'd)
(speaking up over the noise)
We'll know more after the board meeting later this week. They just haven't had the movement they thought they would have, so Mark didn't think there was any point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Next to David, Michael snorts in derision.

CARRIE (cont'd)
...but as always if anyone has any
questions come see me and I'll
answer them best I can. And
finally, David Nevsky is starting
with us today. David?

She motions for him to stand and he does so, reluctantly,
giving a sheepish wave. The orchestra gives him a warm
applause.

CARRIE (cont'd)
OK, thanks everybody. Maestro?

She steps down and makes room for KRISTOF MARKS,
Methuselian, sullen and shrunk. He barely makes it up onto
the podium and picks up the baton, all business and German.

KRISTOF
(barely audible)
Schubert, ze top.

A downbeat, and the horns begin...

David listens to the regal opening notes and looks around at
the musicians and the hall - trying to comprehend the fact
that he's arrived.

As the horn intro ends, David raises his violin with the
rest of his section, a smile in his eyes...

FADE TO:

INT. BOYD BASSETT'S OFFICE - DAY

The sweet music of the 1st mvt. of Schubert's 9th continues,
playing under grainy, vertical iPhone video of TWO KIDS,
nose-to-nose, about to fight.

Shouts of encouragement as the kids gets closer to throwing
punches.

Then: one of them snaps - a FIST flies as laughter and
shouts of surprise sound from the crowd around the phone.

The music remains sweet and lyrical - antithetical to the
pixelated violence on-screen.

The one who threw the punch presses his attack but is
restrained by his friends...the fight's broken up and the
video ends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PULL OUT to see Bass, shaking his head, watching the video on his computer. Music fades away the door sounds.

Tino comes in, with TY in tow. 20 years old, tall, dark and strong. A hothead. He wears a defiant look - this is the same kid who just took a punch in the video..

Ty walks in and starts to speak, but Bass raises his hand.

BASS.

Si'down.

Ty does so. Tino goes to lurk in the corner.

TY

It wasn't ME man...

BASS

So Benny lied to me. That's what you're sayin'?

TY

Shit, that nigga *hates* me. I never done nothing to him.

BASS

Poaching his customers isn't *nothing*.

TY

Bass, I'm selling for you!

BASS

(lashes)

That's right! You work for me. And dead fuckin' fifteen year old kids don't do me ANY good, especially when it's on Benny M's corner!

TY

But it wasn't me! He was mouthin' off to everybody! Soon as I stepped to him, nigga *ran*. We barely fought!

Bass keeps his eyes locked on. Waiting for more.

TY (cont'd)

Look, the dude must'a come back and got himself killed later. You gotta believe me. It's the truth, I swear!

No response from Bass...just profound disappointment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TY (cont'd)
I ain't lyin', Bass.

Bass knows he's lying, he's just not sure how much. After a long stare:

BASS
Just keep quiet for now, OK? Don't say NOTHIN' to nobody. In fact don't even leave your *house*. Now go.

Ty is dismissed. He gets up and stalks out, angry.

BASS (cont'd)
(to Tino)
Whadda you think?

TINO
Ty's stupid, but I dunno if he's that stupid.

BASS
But he's lying about *something*.

TINO
That don't mean he killed the kid.

BASS
Why would Benny make that shit up?

Tino shrugs. A buzzer sounds.

Tino looks over at the CC camera monitor: Michael and Calvin - the kids who robbed David - stand outside, holding a violin case.

BASS (cont'd)
Who's that?

TINO
Those boys Michael and Calvin. They work with Carlos'.

BASS
What they want?

TINO
No idea, but looks like they carrying a violin.

Bass gives him a "what the fuck?" look, then nods and turns down the music as Tino buzzes the door. Calvin and Michael enter. Calvin carries David's violin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASS
(re: the case)
There money in there?

MICHAEL
Nah, Bass...we uh, brought you a
gift.

Bass - bemused - waits as Tino brings the violin over and
places it on the desk. Bass opens it:

David's violin sits in its slot, impressive and expensive-
looking.

BASS
The fuck is this?

CALVIN
It's for you. Like a... a gift,
man.

BASS
What asshole made you think I want
this?

CALVIN
You did...you...

Bass glares, and Calvin stops talking.

MICHAEL
No, we mean..yeah, like... You
said. Last week, you was like, we
should be workin' harder to show
you what we can do.

CALVIN
And we know you like that classic
shit, so we wanted to show you we
was like, down with that too, ya
know?

Tino tries to contain his laughter, but Bass isn't happy.

BASS
From WHOM did you rip this off?

The boys exchange worried glances. Then:

CALVIN
Some guy on 19th street.

Bass moves from behind his desk - a cold anger builds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASS

Some guy, huh? Some poor guy, and you took the only thing he probably cares about in this world. You don't even know what this is, just that you think I like 'the classic shit.'

Fear enters the boys' eyes, but they don't respond. Bass steps close to them, up in their faces.

Calvin and Michael lower their gazes, scared.

Bass looks at both of them, trying to hold back...but then:

SMACK and SMACK. Right hand to Michael and left hand to Calvin. Both kids fall back, holding their faces.

BASS (cont'd)

Get outta here! And don't pull any a'this shit again, hear? Leave people be!!

Tino helps usher them out the door. They run out, Michael trying to stop his nosebleed.

BASS (cont'd)

(wiping his hands)

Fuckin' kids. They lucky I'm not a violent man.

Bass moves over and gently picks up the violin, admiring it.

BASS (cont'd)

Shit. No one's got any respect for artists anymore.

He goes to put it back - then notices the picture of David's parents behind the bow. A look of surprise - almost as if he recognizes the people in the photo.

He opens a small compartment, and underneath a slab of rosin is a small card: David Nevsky, 550 N. 19th Street. #1B 215-443-2344.

Bass looks at the card as the end of the Schubert begins lightly underscore...

FADE TO:

INT. KIMMEL CENTER - STAGE - DAY

Rehearsal - the Schubert 1st movement is in its final bars. In the empty hall, David plays as he watches above the bows in front of him, as Kristof conducts with little intensity.

The piece ends with its glorious finish. Kristof drops his already-inactive arms.

KRISTOF

Good, good.

He puts down his baton and walks off stage. The musicians, confused, stand tentatively.

MICHAEL

(to David)

Real people person, this guy.
Goddamn guest conductors...

David smiles and joins the flow backstage as the musicians file off.

INT. KIMMEL CENTER - BACKSTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

He sees Irv and walks over to return the borrowed violin.

DAVID

Thanks.

Irv takes the violin and puts it away as David turns to see Carrie entering her office.

He starts toward her, but is stopped short by Jaqueline, carrying her cello. She's locked onto her prey. Her accent is vaguely French.

JAQUELINE

David, right?

DAVID

Yes...

JAQUELINE

Jaqueline. I just wanted to say
welcome.

She smiles. Her meaning is not lost on David, and he's not uninterested. They stand, each waiting for the other to make the next move.

DAVID

Well..thank you. I'm glad to be
here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stand, neither willing to take the next step.

JAQUELINE

Well, nice meeting you. I'll see
you around...

She smiles - *this is just the beginning* - then walks off,
slowly. David watches her go, then heads to Carrie's office.

INT. CARRIE'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

David knocks and pokes his head in the door at the same
time.

DAVID

This an OK time?

Carrie waves him in.

CARRIE

Sure, sure - come in. What's up?

DAVID

You said to come see you if there
were any questions...

CARRIE

Yes?

David weighs his words.

DAVID

Well I was just...wondering...

CARRIE

(finishing his sentence)
...what the hell is going on?

DAVID

(smiling)
I guess.

CARRIE

Well you know about our financial
problems, right?

DAVID

It seems there's a lot more to it
than that.

CARRIE

No, that's pretty much it. We don't
have enough money.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE (cont'd)

The music director search is taking forever, the board wants pay cuts, the musicians want a new board, and everyone is threatening to shut down everything else if they don't get their way. So.

DAVID

That's all?

CARRIE

You want more?

DAVID

It just seems there should be enough money somewhere to keep everyone happy - I mean, this is the *Philadelphia Symphony*, you know?

CARRIE

Yeah, that seems to be the sentiment from everyone except rich people. And not having an actual music director doesn't help fundraising.

Off David's incredulous look:

CARRIE (cont'd)

Didn't your father tell you that a career in the arts means begging for money at every turn?

DAVID

All my father ever told me was that a career in the arts would mean broken fingers.

A beat. Carrie doesn't know what to say. David suddenly realizes how that sounded.

DAVID (cont'd)

Don't worry about it. He's dead.

That didn't help.

CARRIE

(confused)

Oh...I'm uh...I'm sorry.

DAVID

(walking back)

It's fine, really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An awkward silence settles, then David breaks it.

DAVID (cont'd)
So we just need money.

CARRIE
Well yeah. That would help. And
donors, recording contracts...we
need it all.

DAVID
(a singular focus)
But mostly money.

CARRIE
(a little puzzled)
Yes. Money.

David lapses into his silence, his wheels turning. Carrie
watches him, not knowing what to think.

CUT TO:

EXT. TORI'S APARTMENT - DAY - EVENING

Tori, exhausted, enters her cozy apartment. As she walks in,
SEAN FULLER, her live-in beau - 40 years old, a young-minded
White academic - sits at the dining room table, huddled over
his laptop.

TORI
Hi.

SEAN
(not looking up)
Hunh.

TORI
How was your day?

SEAN
Yeah.

He continues working.

TORI
(deadpans)
I'm pregnant.

SEAN
(head jolt)
What?

Tori smiles to herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (cont'd)
(annoyed)
Tori, I need to work.

He turns back to his typing. Tori's been here before - she starts making a salad.

Sean hits the key with a dramatic flair.

SEAN (cont'd)
There. Why Obama has failed the
left in 500 words.

TORI
(disinterested)
That's great.

She continues with her salad.

SEAN
Oh, by the way, someone gave me
Symphony tickets at work. You want
them?

Tori freezes, and fear fills her eyes - she doesn't know how to respond.

SEAN (cont'd)
Hello?

TORI
(attempt at nonchalance)
Oh, sorry - are we talking now?

SEAN
(annoyed)
I was working. Do you want them?

TORI
Want what?

SEAN
(dry)
Tickets. To the Philadelphia
Symphony.

TORI
The Symphony?

SEAN
Yeah...it's like a band? They play
music, usually written a long time
ago?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORI
What, I should go alone?

SEAN
I thought you'd want to bring a friend.

TORI
Not you?

SEAN
Ugh..bunch'a old people coughing through boring music? Not really my thing.

TORI
Great, you make it sound really attractive.

SEAN
Fine. Forget it.

Sean's computer suddenly dings with an email:

SEAN (cont'd)
(interrupting himself)
WHAT?? Are you kidding me?

He grabs his phone and storms into the bedroom, dialing furiously.

SEAN (O.S.)
What do you mean you're not running it? I TOLD you I was writing about that!!

He continues screaming into the phone as Tori stands, unsure..

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVID'S STREET - EVENING

David walks down his empty block, alone.

Across the street from his building he clocks a large SUV parked. Two silhouettes inside, waiting. David tries to watch them out of the corner of his eye as he heads up his walk.

As he arrives at the door, in the reflection of his building's window, he sees one man exit the passenger side of the SUV and start toward him. It's Bass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David walks into his apartment, alert.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

David runs in and goes to the drawer - he pulls out the gun and expertly loads it with the clip.

The buzzer sounds, making David flinch. He goes to the intercom.

DAVID

Yes?

BASS (O.S.)

David Nevsky live here?

DAVID

Who is this?

BASS (O.S.)

I found his violin.

David pauses, confused - then tentatively hits the buzzer to let Bass into the townhouse's hallway. He cracks open his apartment door, keeping the gun hidden.

Bass enters the hallway - alone - and comes up to the door, carrying the case. David keeps his door cracked open, maintaining suspicion.

DAVID

Is anyone with you?

BASS

(confused)

Whatcha mean?

DAVID

I saw you in your car. Where's your friend?

BASS

He's just waiting in the car. We found this down the street - you David?

David waits a beat before answering, sizing Bass up.

DAVID

(deciding)

One minute.

David shuts the door.

INT. DAVID'S BUILDING - FOYER - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Bass waits outside. One of Adele's old-person decorations captures his interest... Then, from inside David's apartment:

CLICK. Bass's ears perk up. He knows that sound.

His face turns grave as he readies himself, his hand moves under his jacket...

The door opens, wider as David appears - both hands visible. He holds out his hand and Bass, relaxing, shakes it.

DAVID

Sorry. Yeah, I'm David. How'd you find it?

BASS

(carefully)

Just round the corner. We was driving down and saw it.

DAVID

(bold)

Did you guess it was stolen?

BASS

No...seriously?

David doesn't respond, just looks on with suspicion.

BASS (cont'd)

Look man - did I steal it?

DAVID

(suspicious)

What do you want for it?

BASS

(offended)

We just found it, brother. We looked inside, saw the card and thought you might want it back. So?

Bass holds it out and David, still wary, takes it.

BASS (cont'd)

Where do you play?

DAVID

I'm in the Symphony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASS
(impressed)
No shit? Here? Damn. You the real
deal, huh? You guys're the best in
the world, man!

DAVID
Really?

BASS
Yeah. What?

DAVID
How does a guy like you get into
classical music?

Bass's face drops: *Excuse me?*

BASS
The fuck is that supposed to mean?

David tries to walk back.

DAVID
Look. I didn't mean...

BASS
(turning to leave)
Glad you got your violin back. Have
a nice day.

DAVID
Wait..I'm sorry!

Bass pauses.

DAVID (cont'd)
OK? I am. I shouldn't have said
that. It's just...not what I
expected, ya know? I'm sorry,
please..

Bass turns around - David is contrite, as sorry as he gets.
Bass holds his gaze for a long beat.

BASS
(a gentle probe)
So why d'you have a piece in there?

DAVID
(taken aback)
What makes you say that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bass examines David, scrutinizing him. Then he chuckles to himself.

BASS
Ain't nobody really what we expect,
are they? See ya 'round.

Bass turns and heads for the door.

DAVID
Hey..what's your name?

BASS
People call me Bass.

DAVID
Bass?

BASS
Bass. Like the opposite of treble.

DAVID
Well, thanks. Can I...give you...
something?

BASS
You know what? Yeah. Let me know if
there's tickets or something
sometime. My number's in your case.

As Bass opens the door, a surprised Adele stands there with lots of groceries. She starts in terror at Bass.

BASS (cont'd)
Evening, Miss. Do you need some
help with that?

DAVID
(running over)
I got it. Here Adele, let me help.
(to Bass)
Thank you.

Bass nods and walks out toward the SUV.

ADELE
Is he a friend of yours, David?

David gathers the groceries and takes a look as the SUV drives off, then heads into:

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Closing the door, he puts the violin down and opens the case, taking it out. He checks the label inside and examines it: not a scratch.

As he puts it back, he notices the card with Bass's number, then closes the lid.

FADE TO:

INT. LIBERTY HOUSE - DELACORTE'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A knock on the door and Tori pokes her head in to see Andrew sitting at his desk - and the back of SOMEONE's head.

TORI
You called?

ANDREW
Come on in Tori.

The someone turns - it's DETECTIVE ANTHONY DESOTO, mid-40's and cut. His badge hangs from the breast pocket of his lapel.

ANDREW (cont'd)
This is Detective DeSoto...

DESOTO
Forgive the alliteration.

ANDREW
(weak smile)
Anyway, he'd like to talk to you about...that girl. From the other day.

DESOTO
Raven Mees?

TORI
(the sarcasm drips off her)
Oh of course! She attacked me with a very dangerous weapons.

DESOTO
Yes, Mr. Delacorte explained that incident. What was your relationship with the girl?

TORI
What is all this about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Tori...

TORI

I was her counselor. Just like I'm the counselor for 20 other people here.

DESOTO

Did she ever mention the name Benny M to you?

TORI

(beat)

Even if she did, you both know I don't have to answer that.

ANDREW

Just tell him!

TORI

Why? Look - she's not a criminal... she's sick. What happened the other day was a *cry for help*, not some premeditated attack. She's a troubled addict...and you're investigating her cause she happens to know a drug dealer?

DESOTO

So you know him?

Tori's caught. She cuts her losses.

TORI

Yes, she mentioned him. A few times...he was supporting her a bit, I think. She never told me why.

DESOTO

Well she's his daughter.

This settles.

TORI

Oh. But what does any of this have to do with us?

DESOTO

We're just looking into her connection to a young man's murder the other day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tori's head hangs in frustration.

TORI

I can guarantee you she had nothing to do with any murder. She's a good kid. She's just...an *addict*...don't you people get that?

DESOTO

Well I'm not a therapist. If she contacts you, you'll be in touch. Your boss has my card.

He rises to go and extends his hand. Tori politely shakes it and DeSoto departs.

ANDREW

Would you please cooperate with them?

TORI

If Raven had anything to do with a murder, I'll be the first to do something about it. But that girl needs *help*, not jail.

ANDREW

Well she's not our patient anymore, so just cooperate. OK? Jesus...

He turns to his computer, dismissing her...she stalks out of the office into:

INT. LIBERTY HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She moves toward her office as her phone rings. Caller ID says: SEAN.

TORI

(into the phone)

Hi.

SEAN (V.O.)

(from the phone)

Hey so you want these symphony tickets or not? I have to tell him today.

TORI

(not hiding her
exasperation)

Sean, don't you see what's fucked up about you offering me two tickets to somewhere without you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (V.O.)

What? I just thought you might want them.

TORI

Yeah, I might if it was something WE were going to do together!

A look from a co-worker makes Tori quiet down

SEAN

Jesus...I'm sorry, OK? I'll tell him no.

This was not the response Tori was looking for...but she holds her tongue.

TORI

Fine.

SEAN (V.O.)

See you at ho..

Tori hangs up...trying to brush it off.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - MORNING

David sits at his computer with a cup of coffee. An email dings:

CU ON SCREEN:

"Hi David, I was thinking this morning about the crack in your violin. I'd like to offer to look at it. Fixing violins is a bit of a hobby of mine. Feel free to bring it in today. I'll tke look for you [sic]. All the best, Irv"

David examines the email, then looks over at his violin case. He stands up sharply and heads over to a drawer, pulling out a SCREWDRIVER.

He heads over to the violin, hesitant...

FADE TO:

INT. KIMMEL CENTER - BACKSTAGE - DAY

As other musicians file off the stage at the end of rehearsal, Irv and David stand next to one of the covered grand pianos.

Michael stands nearby, packing up his instrument.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Irv examines David's violin - CU on a very slight crack on the body.

IRV
(examining the crack)
This looks fresh - when did this happen?

DAVID
(nonchalant)
Don't know, just noticed it the other day. I probably should've just brought it in.

IRV
It doesn't look like it's from drying, though - you sure you didn't drop it?

Just then:

JAQUELINE
Hey David.

David turns and smiles as she passes by.

JAQUELINE (cont'd)
Irv.

IRV
Jackie.

Not a word for Michael, though. Jaqueline walks on.

Michael pipes in.

MICHAEL
(to David)
I'd watch out if I were you.

DAVID
Why?

MICHAEL
(quiet)
Village bicycle, ya know?

IRV
Huh?

DAVID
Come on, she's just a flirt.

Michael throws his hands up in innocence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Fine. Don't believe me.

(examining David)

Your name's Nevsky, right?

DAVID

Yeah.

MICHAEL

Russian?

DAVID

My parents were.

MICHAEL

They live in Philly?

DAVID

They've uh....both passed.

IRV

Oh, sad to hear.

MICHAEL

(he sees the picture in
David's case)

Those them?

DAVID

Yes.

MICHAEL

I like Russians. They don't take
any shit. I mean, the commies
aren't so good but you know. You
guys have balls.

DAVID

I guess. My Dad did.

MICHAEL

Well I hope you do too. You're
gonna need them when we have to go
on strike, kid.

He slams his fiddle case shut.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

See ya, Irv.

Irv nods and Michael walks off. As he does so, Irv turns.

IRV

He can be an asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID
I've seen worse.

IRV
What did he mean, village bicycle?

DAVID
(hesitant)
Uh...he's saying she's uh...
promiscuous.

IRV
Bicycle?

Beat.

DAVID
Everyone's had a ride. In the
village.

Irv starts to laugh and shake his head as it dawns on him.

IRV
(putting the violin away)
God...anyway, listen, this might
need some more work. Let me take it
back with me, I'll try to do it
tonight.

DAVID
Thanks.

Irv grabs the case and walks off.

David looks at his phone and checks the time. He ponders...

Then - deciding - he dials a number and brings the phone to
his ear as he walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBERTY HOUSE - TORI'S OFFICE - DAY

As Tori walks in, Allison hands her a note:

ALLISON
Your two o' clock cancelled.

Tori's face falls despite herself. She sits down at her desk
and dials a number, but gets an anonymous voicemail.

TORI
Hi - it's Tori. I just found out
that you've canceled. Again.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORI (cont'd)
I told you that this isn't
something you can, uh...do, so ...
just, uh... wondering when you're
going to reschedule.... So. Uh...
thanks.

She hangs up, restless. Allison notices.

ALLISON
(gathering her strength)
Look, I know it's not my business
Tori, but don't you think you
should be a little more.. careful?

TORI
(snaps)
You're right, it's not your
business!

ALLISON
Come on...

TORI
(standing)
I'm going out for a bit.

Allison ignores her and turns back to her work, worried.

EXT. LIBERTY HOUSE - DAY

She stalks out of the building and heads toward the LOVE
sculpture - it dominates her view. She sits on a bench and
turns away from it.

Her eyes catch a LARGE BILLBOARD looming over the building's
entrance: an advertisement for the Philadelphia Symphony.

She thinks for a beat, then - composing herself - picks up
her phone and dials.

TORI
(on the phone)
Hi - I changed my mind.....I want
to go to the concert. And I want
you to come with me.....
What about all that talk about
supporting the arts and all that,
huh...? Wiz Khalifa is not
'the arts,' Sean..... No. Come
on.....we just never do anything
together, and I want to do this,
OK? Please.....yes....Thank you.
Yes, meet you at home first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hangs up. Her eyes linger on the billboard.

FADE TO:

EXT. KIMMEL CENTER - NIGHT

Well-dressed people file into the grand, soaring foyer of the Kimmel Center.

INT. KIMMEL CENTER - FOYER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The place is buzzing, alive. PEOPLE, mostly OLD, mill about, gathered at the bar or sitting on the couches sipping wine. A small jazz trio plays a pleasant pre-concert set in the corner.

Sean and Tori enter the foyer and head toward the hall, tickets in hand.

Sean looks around: the old outnumber the young.

SEAN

God, we really hold up the floor
here, don't we?? Why did I agree to
this again?

Tori ignores him. The bell sounds, and they head in.

INT. KIMMEL CENTER - HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The sound of the orchestra members tuning and warming up pervades as people file into the seats. Musicians move onto stage as they prepare for the concert.

Sean and Tori head down the aisle and find their seats - a good line of sight to the stage. Sean lets Tori enter the row first.

Tori scans the stage intently, looking for something. Then: she sees him.

TORI'S POV: David exits the wings and takes his place in the back of the first violin section, next to the stage wall. He sits and starts warming up.

Tori keeps her eyes glued to him. He stops warming up and takes a look out at the audience - somehow, his eyes lock on hers, and his face falls.

FROM DAVID'S POV on stage: We see Tori, staring at him, a knowing look in her eyes.

David averts his eyes, and starts to sweat a little. He looks around, uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FROM TORI'S POV: David sits in discomfort, trying not to look at Tori. Sean notices Tori looking.

SEAN
You know that guy?

TORI
(hesitant)
I...no.

SEAN
(understanding)
Oh...man, is anyone *not* a drug addict?

He turns his attention to his program while Tori glares, but The house lights dim before she can say anything.

The CONCERTMASTER walks on, to applause. Tori looks at David, who stares at his music stand, rigid. The oboe sounds the note to tune, and David almost doesn't notice...

Looking down his violin at Tori, he tunes up. Applause sounds as Kristoff shuffles out toward the podium.

Tori stares at David as Kristoff finally makes it. The arms go up, and the opening notes of the Schubert sound.

David focuses on the music as the violins start.

Tori sits, nervous, as the music continues...

FADE TO:

INT. BOYD BASSETT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Music underscores as Bass's face shows a mask of rage. Tino stands across from him.

BASS
(banging the desk)
I TOLD him to leave that girl
ALONE! Why didn't he tell me??

TINO
He's just a kid, man. You seen her!
He didn't know Benny would frame
him for a murder.

BASS
He should've THOUGHT of it before
he fucked the man's *daughter*. So
that's why she melted down, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TINO

Yeah.

This lingers, then Tino treads lightly.

TINO (cont'd)

Bass man, you can't let this go.

BASS

(snaps)

Wha' do I do? Start a fuckin' war??
If I'm gonna accuse fucking Benny M
of framing somebody, I better
goddamn well have some *proof*.

TINO

I'm just sayin', it don't look
good. Guys'll believe Ty is guilty.

BASS

But we don't know he's *not*.

TINO

No we don't. But I don't think Ty
did it. And Benny found out about
this daughter stuff just last week.
It fits.

Bass takes a deep breath.

BASS

I gotta think.

TINO

(bold but nervous)

Just don't think too long man.

Bass stands up violently and locks eyes with Tino.

BASS

I want your advice, I will ASK for
it.

Tino nods in deference and starts to walk out, head up.

BASS (cont'd)

And don't forget about that
violinist. Find out if I'm right.

TINO

We're on it man, I told you.

Bass nods and Tino leaves. Bass picks up the remote and cuts
the music - the Schubert ends abruptly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Looking at the remote, he suddenly pulls it and HURLS it against the wall, shattering it...

OUT on the broken remote as we:

FADE TO:

EXT. KIMMEL CENTER - BACKSTAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

David exits the stage door, dressed in street clothes, his violin over his shoulder.

Huddled under the awning stand TOMER - 31, Israeli and severe - and Carrie, chatting and waiting. David enters their orbit.

CARRIE

Hey there.

David smiles and looks over at Tomer.

TOMER

(thick Israeli accent)

Tomer.

DAVID

David.

TOMER

I know this.

Past Tomer, David sees someone standing close to the street, watching them from afar. He takes a closer look:

It's Tori. She stands rigid, beckoning him with her eyes.

He quickly averts his gaze and turns back to the others. Tori's face falls.

Just then Jaqueline comes out.

TOMER (cont'd)

Nu, we going, yes?

Tomer heads off, Carrie follows. Jaqueline smiles at David.

JAQUELINE

You want to come? Tomer plays some sets at Chris's Jazz.

With a subtle glance at Tori, he nods.

DAVID

Sure, why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They move off down the street - away from Tori, who watches them go. Sean's voice makes her snap to:

SEAN (O.S.)

All set?

Tori nods.

SEAN

That was pretty good, actually...
maybe I should give this classical
stuff another shot.

Tori doesn't respond as they walk down the street.

INT. TORI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

They enter and Sean immediately sits at the table and pores over his laptop.

Tori sits down across from Sean. His eyes remain glued to the screen.

She ponders him intently for a few beats, then takes a plunge.

TORI

Sean, have you felt like we're...

SEAN

(interrupting)
God - these fucking commenters.
(shouting at the screen)
Just because I'm white doesn't mean
I don't know what gun violence is!!

He starts typing furiously - Tori looks at him with some contempt but even more sadness.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Tomer lifts a muted trumpet to his lips and plays a beautiful line of introduction. Smooth and jazzy.

David sits with Carrie and Jaqueline, drinks in front of them. He looks at his drink for a beat, then grabs it, clinks with them and takes a tentative sip.

Jaqueline leans in close to David, subtle - already a little tipsy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAQUELINE

You ever had a job like this? Drink
and stay out late on weeknights?

DAVID

(smiles)

Nope. This is the first real job
I've ever had.

Carrie and Jaqueline laugh, not realizing he's being
serious.

CARRIE

Have you lived here long?

DAVID

(nod)

I grew up in Bustleton. My
father...was in business there.

On "father," Carrie flinches. David silently reassures her
that he's forgiven her earlier comment.

JAQUELINE

What sort of business?

DAVID

Not the kind of business that makes
for a long and healthy career.

CARRIE

Oh, well you chose well then.

Now David smiles wide.

JAQUELINE

You know guys, there's no rehearsal
tomorrow morning...

She surreptitiously holds her hand out to them, showing them
three small, white pills in her palm.

Carrie smiles nervously, tries to play it cool.

CARRIE

None for me, thanks.

Jaqueline turns to David, who looks at the pills with a
mixture of fear and excitement..

CUT TO:

INT. BASS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bass sits in his office - the pieces of the broken remote on his desk.

His phone rings - it's Tino on the caller ID.

BASS
(on the phone)
Yeah...?

Bass's face changes from relaxation to shock as he listens...

BASS (cont'd)
Fuck...

OUT on Bass, listening with growing dread...

FADE TO:

INT. CHRIS'S JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT - LATER

On stage, David has joined Tomer - the music is faster, more intense. David - his cheeks flushed, hair disheveled - improvises a killer solo as the ensemble plays.

He's incredible. His fellow musicians are in awe - his tone is clear and his rhythm is impeccable. It's a flawless performance, made all the more impressive by the fact that he's making it up as he goes.

He finishes with a flourish and the crowd erupts. Even Tomer - the severe Israeli who is never impressed - is impressed.

As David descends to applause, Tomer starts up another, more mellow tune.

David heads back to his table - clearly high. Jaqueline, also high, sidles up to him and puts her hand on David's leg.

David doesn't object, and presses himself closer to her, his arm around her. They look at each other, expectant.

Carrie, awkward as only a sober third wheel can be, averts her eyes as the two of them stumble toward the inevitable.

FADE TO:

INT. BOYD BASSETT'S OFFICE - DAY

Tino walks in. Bass pops up out of his chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASS

He dead?

TINO

No. Two to the chest, but he's gonna pull through.

Bass doesn't answer as he sits down.

TINO (cont'd)

Dude always was a tough muthafucka.

BASS

And Ty?

TINO

Nobody's seen him.

Bass sits, seething.

BASS

(quietly)

Did he do this?

Tino measures his words.

TINO

I don't think he'd do that to you.

Bass doesn't answer.

TINO (cont'd)

He'll turn up, man. I think the kid's just scared.

BASS

Of me or Benny's people?

TINO

Both.

Bass sits down at his desk, unsure of his next move...his eyes linger on the pieces of the broken remote.

FADE TO:

INT. LIBERTY HOUSE - TORI'S OFFICE - DAY

Tori enters her office, listless, not wanting to be there. Just as she flops into her chair, Andrew appears at the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW
Hey...DeSoto called. Wants you to
call him back.

TORI
(disinterested)
Fine.

ANDREW
You hear me?

TORI
Yes! I said fine!

He shakes his head and walks off as Tori sits, thinking.
Then she makes a decision and heads to the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

The phone rings next to David's bed, and his eyes jolt open.

Groggy and hung over, he grabs the phone and looks at the
caller ID, annoyed.

Just before the phone hits voicemail, he decides and
answers.

DAVID
(in a whisper)
Hello.

INTERCUT EXT. LIBERTY HOUSE/INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT

Tori stands on the street on her cell phone.

TORI
Hi.

David, wearing only boxers, quietly gets out of bed and
heads into his living room. A tiny tattoo of Russian letters
is on his shoulder.

DAVID
(keeping his voice down)
I thought you'd get the hint.

TORI
This is cold, David. Even for you.

DAVID
Well showing up last night was
stupid. Even for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORI
(biting whisper)
Goddammit, I was *happy* for you. I
just wanted to congratulate you.

DAVID
(sarcastic)
Oh, ok. Thanks.

TORI
So...what - that's it?

DAVID
Yes. I don't need it anymore.

TORI
And I need to tell you that can't
just leave treatment. You need a
discharge plan. There's a process
here.

DAVID
I don't need it. I'm clean..
(he moves farther away
from the bedroom)
I'm not...using. I think it's best
if we just stop. For both of us.

TORI
This is about what's best for YOU.

DAVID
Oh, *right*.

TORI
What's that supposed mean?

DAVID
I don't know, Tori - how many of
your other clients do you stalk at
their jobs?

TORI
I'm trying to *do* my job!

DAVID
Oh, aren't we professional now? Is
that what you were doing at my
place every night? Your *job*?

This stings. David senses that he hit a nerve.

DAVID (cont'd)
I need to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORI
(clinical)
David, listen to me. You need our certification that you completed treatment. It's part of your deal. You need to come in for one more session. So I suggest you call and schedule it.

DAVID
No. I just want to move on.

TORI
From me? Or the rest of it?

David doesn't answer. Tori listens to the deafening silence.

TORI (cont'd)
(hurt but hiding it)
Fine. Whatever. But the point is, you need one more session, or we can't tell the judge you're done.

David ponders this, unsure.

DAVID
I'll think about it. I'm hanging up now.

TORI
David there's nothing to think about. You need to schedule an appointment, and soon, cause you only have two weeks before we have to write you up.

DAVID
I'll let you know.

TORI
No, you can't *let us know...*

David hesitates, then hangs up.

Tori pulls the phone away from her ear, containing her anger.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Angry, David drops the phone. He creeps back into the bedroom and peeks in:

Jaqueline lays there, naked under the covers, fast asleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He heads out into his living room and lingers. His eyes move to the sideboard. He goes over to it and opens the drawer.

He moves the gun and clip out of the way, reaching further into the drawer, and pulls out a prescription pill bottle.

The label has his name and "Ibuprofren" on it - just for show. He opens it up and looks in: one small, white pill left. He contemplates it as we...

FADE TO:

INT. BOYD BASSETT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Schubert symphony plays. Bass sits in the dim room, listening, tension on his face. Tino enters quietly, a folder in his hand. Bass's head jolts to the door.

BASS
You find him??

Tino shakes his head.

TINO
(holding up the folder)
But this just came, if you're still
interested.

Despite himself, Bass is intrigued. He reaches out for the folder.

TINO (cont'd)
(handing it off)
You were right.

Bass looks at the folder: it's a police file. The picture at the top is of David, but the name is DAVID METLOV.

Bass looks up at Tino in surprise.

BASS
I'll be damned...

Inside the file, a mug shot of someone named VLADIMIR MARKOV occupies a prominent place at the top of a large picture tree with the heading RUSSIAN ORGANIZED CRIME (Philadelphia).

It's David's father - the same man from the photo in David's violin case.

David's photo sits beneath his father's on the tree, with the caption "VADIM - SON."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sheet is long. Robbery, misdemeanors, etc. But one in particular stands out:

Assault with a deadly weapon.

Bass looks over the papers as the music swells.

END