

MR. COHEN

written by
Xavier Gonzalez

REVISION 87

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ROB (V.O.)
I've told you everything.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

ROBERT COHEN (24) sits at a long table. On the other side of the table stands AGENT GIL (38). The room is dim and barley lit.

AGENT GIL
I'm gonna ask again: where's the damn money? We know you took it --

ROB
No! No I didn't. I only took the two thousand dollars that you found in my pocket and now you have that so why can't you let me go?

Agent Gil chuckles.

AGENT GIL
You are something... And I can't take it! If you're not going to talk well then screw it, I'm not gonna listen.
(turns to two way mirror)
You hear that? Find some one else to deal with this prick.
(to Rob)
You are not worth my time, your a criminal who's just killing seconds of my life away, if it were up to me I'd shoot you in the head right here and leave you in some dumpster behind this joint. Good luck with the other interrogator you little prick.

Gil storms out.

Rob looks worried, upset, scared. He looks like he's ready to cry.

ROB
But I'm just a fast food place manager.

He sinks his face into his hands.

A beat later another agent enters. AGENT SMITH (42) sits down. He stares at Rob. Rob slowly lifts his face from his hands and looks at Smith.

SMITH
How's it going?

Rob looks confused. Smith makes a face as if to say "go ahead answer."

ROB
How do you think I'm doing. I'm doing terribly. I was arrested today for no reason at all.

The door opens. A man, TRENT HOWARD, enters. As he hands a file to Smith his stare never breaks away from Rob.

TRENT
This is the file, that you said you wanted to see.

SMITH
Thank you, Mr. Howard.

Trent exits. As he walks through the door he smiles at Rob.

Smith reads through the file.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Well Mr. Cohen, according to this, you didn't do nothing.

ROB
Well I don't know what it says there.

SMITH
Well it says here that you stole 40 million from an international bank, and not only that but from a royal family...
(joking)
Did you know that?

ROB
(lowers head)
No.

SMITH
No. I didn't think so. Cause you crooks never do know.

ROB
Look, I'm no crook. I told that other guy my story and I had nothing to do with that money.

Smith closes the file.

SMITH

Why don't you tell me your story.

Rob sits back. Thinks. Nods.

ROB

Alright, but this better be the last time I tell it, cause I'm getting sick of having to repeat it.

He scratches his head.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Rob, a LAWYER and a woman named KATE stand around a table.

ROB (V.O.)

The day started with me meeting with my wife at her lawyer's office.

SMITH (V.O.)

Why?

ROB (V.O.)

We're getting divorced.

The lawyer pulls out a paper and a pen.

LAWYER

I'm gonna need you to sign this, Robert and then all that would be left to do is attend the last proceeding and we're done.

Rob exhales. Takes the pen and signs the paper. He looks up at Kate who smiles at him.

KATE

It's been terrible being married to you.

She smiles and extends her hand. Rob shakes it.

ROB

I've got to get to work.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

SMITH
Where do you work?

Rob looks up at Smith.

ROB
The Burger Palace. I'm the
manager. It's a very embarrassing
job, can I continue?

Smith nods.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Rob enters his apartment.

ROB (V.O.)
After work I went home.

SHORT MONTAGE:

- Rob turns on his computer.

ROB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Turned on my computer.

- He stuffs some food into the microwave.

ROB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Made dinner.

- Sits down at computer.

ROB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And checked my e-mail.
(beat)
And that's when I saw it.

The computer screen reads: "One unread message". He uses the mouse to click on the inbox icon. The first message to pop up reads: "You have won the UK National Lottery". He click on it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Rob looks a little upset.

ROB
I read the whole email.

Smith shakes his head.

SMITH

Didn't you think it was a little strange that you received an e-mail saying that you won the national lottery of a country thousands of miles away?

ROB

It said that my e-mail was randomly selected, no I didn't think it was weird, I was having financial trouble.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Rob reads the e-mail.

Quick shots of certain words that pop up in the e-mail: "Grand prize winner" "Randomly selected" "40 million US dollars" "Has been wired to your account".

SMITH (V.O.)

Are you saying that the money was already wired into your account?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Rob nods.

ROB

Yeah. I wanted to make sure so I grabbed my things and headed for an ATM.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Rob gets up from his computer. Grabs a coat and exits.

EXT. BANK, ATM - FLASHBACK

Rob stands at an ATM. He walks up to it and clicks a few buttons.

ANGEL ON: SCREEN

The screen reads: "Amount 40 million".

ROB (V.O.)

I almost fell over.

Rob smiles. Combs his hair with his fingers. Tries to make sure that all of this is real. Then he clicks a few more buttons. Money starts to come out of the ATM. He grabs it and leaves.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

ROB
I only took two thousand I swear.

Smith nods.

SMITH
Then what happened?

Rob thinks.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Rob bursts in. He smiles. Laughs. Runs over to the phone and dials a number.

SMITH (V.O.)
Who did you call?

ROB (V.O.)
I don't know why but I called my soon to be divorced wife.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Smith shakes his head.

SMITH
That makes no sense.

ROB
Look, the phone call isn't important. I talk to her we said a few things then I hung up, she didn't believe my story.

SMITH
And right now I'm not believing it either.

A beat.

SMITH (CONT'D)
So what happened after the phone call.

ROB
Nothing. I just took a shower and went to bed.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Rob lies down in bed.

ROB

And then your agents just burst in
and started shouting.

The door swings open. FBI AGENTS storm in, weapons aimed at Rob who jumps up out of bed. He hesitates then tries to run but one of the Agents knocks him over with the butt of his rifle.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Rob sits back, his story is done. Smith nods.

SMITH

That story was completely
unhelpful. You've wasted the last
six minutes of my life.

(beat)

Now if you don't mind, I'm gonna
step out for a minute and I'll be
right back.

Smith gets up and exits.

Rob again sinks his face into his hands. He shakes his head.
Looks towards the two way mirror.

INT. OTHER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the two way mirror sit two men AGENT FORD and AGENT HILL (both in late 40's). Smith walks up to them.

SMITH

I'm gonna tell ya the truth.

HILL

Spit it out.

SMITH

I don't think he did it.

FORD

Are you kidding? He admitted to
having the money in his account.

SMITH

Yes, but that's not enough to put
somebody away for, he could have
been set up.

The door opens. Trent enters.

TRENT

Um, Mr. Ford, I'm grabbing my things and heading home. It was nice working with you.

FORD

Same here, Mr. Howards, good luck to you.

Trent smiles and exits.

FORD (CONT'D)

Good kid, worked here for two months, shame he has to leave the force.

SMITH

Why?

FORD

Not sure.

HILL

Excuse me, men, but may we turn our attention back to the case?

Smith looks at Rob through the mirror.

SMITH

Well what do we do now?

FORD

Give him his damn phone call, we can continue the interrogation later.

Smith nods. Walks out.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Rob looks up at the mirror again.

ROB

Can I have a glass of water?

Smith enters. Picks Rob up and handcuffs him.

SMITH

Come on, you're getting your phone call.

The two exit the room.

INT. FBI BUILDING, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Smith and Rob walk down the extensive hallway.

ROB

So like what, is there a special phone I'm gonna use or something?

SMITH

No, you're just gonna use my phone.

ROB

So then why are we going to another room?

SMITH

There's no service in the interrogation room.

Rob nods. The two walk off screen.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NIGHT

This room is just as empty as the interrogation room. Smith un-handcuffs Rob and sits him down. He pulls out his iPhone. Puts it on the table. Rob stares at it. Something pops in his head.

ROB

Is that an iPhone?

SMITH

Yeah, now hurry up, I hate wasting my minutes on you crooks.

ROB

But, can you check e-mails on it?

Smith sighs, then nods.

ROB (CONT'D)

Well please Mr. Smith, let me prove my story, just let me check my e-mail.

Smith thinks this over.

SMITH

If I let you do this then I won't allow you to call anyone.

ROB

Okay fine.

Rob grabs the phone. Starts to push buttons. He opens up his

e-mail account on the internet browser. He hits the inbox. Then opens the message. He shows the screen to Smith.

Smith reads the message. His attention is attracted to the name of the sender: "Trent Howard".

SMITH

Holly shit.

He pulls out his pistol. Runs out of the room.

INT. FBI BUILDING, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Smith runs into the hallway and looks around. He sees Ford and grabs him.

SMITH

Ford, where's Trent?

FORD

Why look at him right there heading out, why?

Smith turns to see Trent carrying his things down the hall. He aims his gun at him.

SMITH

Freeze!

Trent turns, sees Smith and pulls out his own pistol and SHOOTS it at Smith. Smith dodges the shot. Instead it hits Ford in the arm.

Trent runs and Smith follows.

As Smith follows Trent he takes his aim. Stops. As Trent is ready to take a turn down another hall Smith SHOOTS and hits Trent in the leg. Trent falls over. He tries to get up but Smith SHOOTS him again in the other leg.

Smith grabs Trent and handcuffs him.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Trent Howard, you're under arrest for hacking into an international bank and for the robbery of 40 million dollars worth of it's pounds.

He picks Trent up. Agent Hill runs up to him, gun drawn.

HILL

What the hell is going on.

SMITH

Hill, it turns out Robert Cohen was telling the truth, he was set up, Trent here was the real person behind this.

HILL

Do you have any proof?

Smith shows him his phone.

HILL (CONT'D)

Well I'll be damned. But that still leaves one question. What happened to the money?

Hill looks to Trent.

TRENT

I wasn't the only person doing this.

SMITH

Well who else helped you.

Trent looks up at Smith.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NIGHT

Rob still sits in the room, confused. The door opens. Agent Gil enters.

ROB

Am I free to go?

Gil raises a pistol with a silencer and points it at Rob. The CAMERA PANS over to a wall.

BANG! Blood splatters on the wall.

Gil hits the floor, dead.

Rob looks over at the door to see that Smith has shot Gil. Smith walks over to Gil's body to check the pulse.

SMITH

Dead.

(turns to Rob)

You're free to go Mr. Cohen.

Smith combs his hair with his fingers. Rob just stares at him.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Well what the hell are you waiting
for? Get out of here.

Rob gets up and runs out.

FADE OUT.

THE END