

L A W & O R D E R :

"T h e W e a p o n"

teleplay by

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LAW AND ORDER

"THE WEAPON"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

An upscale couple, the LYONELS, in their 30s saunter toward their apartment building, playfully bickering.

KAREN LYONEL

Come on, you know your brother expects you to show up for the testimonial.

JIM LYONEL

Testimonial! Ha. It's just one big back-patting session.

A good looking but badly dressed man, in his late 20s, CARL MASTERS, walks irrationally toward them, mumbling to himself.

KAREN LYONEL

It's a free dinner.

JIM LYONEL

Well....

Masters bumps into Jim, without noticing the couple. He continues on. He's clutching something close to his stomach.

CARL MASTERS

See, Susan....

JIM LYONEL

Hey!

CARL MASTERS

...safe now....

KAREN LYONEL

Let him go, Jim.

INT. APARTMENT FOYER -- NIGHT

The Lyonels push through the frosted outer doors, entering the lobby.

JIM LYONEL

(still laughing at something)

Doorman's not on duty. Deduct ten dollars from the price of his Christmas gift.

Karen Lyonel starts to laugh and then screeches at what she sees.

Sprawled on the floor lies the body of an expensively dressed man in his late 50s. Blood spreads out from under him.

INT. APARTMENT FOYER -- NIGHT

CSU personnel work in the background. ED GREEN interviews the Lyonels, who watch all the activity with morbid fascination.

LENNIE BRISCOE interviews the DOORMAN.

BRISCOE

So how long were you away from the lobby?

DOORMAN

I don't know. Maybe between five and ten minutes.

BRISCOE

Kind of long, isn't that?

DOORMAN

Mrs. Weinstein isn't going to win any track records.

This amuses Briscoe. Green comes up to him.

GREEN

Hey, Lennie! We got us a celebrity stiff here.

(off Briscoe's reaction)

Graham Everett.

BRISCOE

The corporate raider with the nasty divorce case?

GREEN

Got it in one, Old Spice. Shot at close range, almost point blank.

A ruckus at the door distracts the detectives. A gorgeous young woman, mid-20s at most, tries to push her way in.

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON

You can't keep me out! I live here! What's going on?

She sees the face of the corpse in the body bag as it is about to be closed. She plunges toward it. Officers, including Green try to pull her back.

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
Graham! NO! Graham!

Green collects her and starts to move her toward the elevators.

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
She did this! She did this!

BRISCOE
She? She who?

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON
Jennifer Everett! The witch!

GREEN
(to Briscoe)
The wife.

BRISCOE
I hate triangles.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. RICHARDSON'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Green settles Richardson on the sofa of the expensively decorated apartment. Briscoe scopes out the environment.

GREEN

You shouldn't be alone. Is there someone we can call?

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON

No! No, thank you. I ... I don't want to talk to anyone right now.

BRISCOE

We do have to ask you some questions, miss...

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON

Richardson. Lynnette Richardson. Graham and I were... as soon as the divorce.... That evil woman!!

GREEN

Look, is there anything you can tell us about Mr. Everett's schedule? Meetings?

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON

Meetings? Well, there have been... oh, lots of business meetings lately. Plus the meetings with the lawyers about his divorce. *She's* been dragging things out. She hates his guts.

BRISCOE

These business meetings. Do you know what they were about?

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON

Business. Just business.

GREEN

And Mrs. Everett? Had she made any threats?

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON

Well ... actually ... no.

She stands up suddenly.

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Look, do you really need anything more from me? I want to be alone.

BRISCOE

Well, can you tell us---

A CSU COP comes in after a quick rap.

CSU COP

Hey, Briscoe. Green. Got something for you.

GREEN

(to Richardson)

We'll talk to you again, later.

She nods, relieved that they're leaving.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Outside the apartment, the CSU Cop shows Briscoe and Green a handgun in an evidence bag.

CSU COP

We found it in a trash bin up the street.

GREEN

Gotta be a coincidence. I mean, who in their right mind would throw the murder weapon away this close to the scene? What are the chances it's the murder weapon?

BRISCOE

With my luck? Last time I had a horse come in was 1984.

(to Cop)

Have it checked anyway. Who knows?

(to Green)

Now we get to go tell the grieving widow.

GREEN

You think she'll grieve? After being dumped for that expensive piece?

INT. FOYER OF EVERETT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Briscoe and Green wait in the foyer as the butler heads toward a dining room. In the background there is the sound of several women talking in the dining room. The detectives take in the surroundings.

GREEN

Money, money, money.

BRISCOE

Makes the world go round. Or so they say.

JENNIFER EVERETT sweeps into the foyer. Elegant, in her 50s, gracefully in command of everything. Briscoe is visibly impressed, maybe even smitten.

JENNIFER EVERETT
Officers! I'm Jennifer Everett.
How may I help you?

GREEN
That's detectives, ma'am. From the
27th Precinct. I'm Detective Ed
Green. This is my partner Lennie
Briscoe.

JENNIFER EVERETT
What is this about?

GREEN
Your husband, Mrs. Everett.

She chills a bit.

JENNIFER EVERETT
Graham? We're separated. Surely
even New York city detectives would
be aware of that.

GREEN
Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry to... Your
husband is dead, Mrs. Everett.

She wavers at the news. Briscoe quickly gives her arm some support. She smiles warmly at him.

BRISCOE
Is there some place more private,
where we can talk?

JENNIFER EVERETT
Yes. Yes, of course.

INT. STUDY OF EVERETT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jennifer Everett sinks into an armchair, and gestures for the detectives to seat themselves as well.

JENNIFER EVERETT
I guess it's harder than I thought
to wipe out thirty years of marriage.
What can you tell me about this?
How did he die?

BRISCOE
Your husband was shot, Mrs. Everett.

JENNIFER EVERETT
Jennifer. Please call me Jennifer.

GREEN

There are some questions we do have to ask you, ma'am. When was the last time you saw or spoke to your husband?

JENNIFER EVERETT

I didn't speak to him. My lawyer spoke to his lawyer.

(a pause)

Well, it's hardly a surprise that our divorce has not been amicable.

BRISCOE

I understand you're contesting the divorce.

JENNIFER EVERETT

I'm contesting the *settlement*.

GREEN

Could you give us some idea of your schedule today?

JENNIFER EVERETT

My schedule? Why would you need---
Oh, very well. I ran a lot of errands. I met with the museum curator - the meeting you interrupted is the museum's auxillary. I had a snack at the cafe there. I'm really not sure when exactly I got back here.

SUSAN EVERETT comes in. A younger, paler copy of her mother, in her mid-20s, and apparently with less force of personality.

SUSAN EVERETT

Mother, the committee really needs you to....

(reacts to seeing the
detectives)

Oh! I'm sorry. What--?

Jennifer Everett goes to her daughter, giving the perfect performance of concern. Susan seems puzzled by it. Green watches her with interest.

JENNIFER EVERETT

Susan, dear. Your father... your father's been shot.

SUSAN EVERETT

Shot!

She pulls well away from her mother.

SUSAN EVERETT (CONT'D)
Is he all right? Where--?

The detectives get to their feet.

BRISCOE
We're very sorry, but he's dead.

SUSAN EVERETT
Dead? No! He can't be! Not so soon after...

Jennifer Everett makes protective moves, but Susan doesn't respond to them.

JENNIFER EVERETT
Gentlemen, if we could continue this at some other time?

BRISCOE
Yes, of course.

The detectives head for the foyer, leaving the Everett women in the study.

INT. FOYER OF EVERETT HOUSE -- NIGHT

The detectives find a swarm of curious, well-groomed women in the foyer. They try to make their way to the front door, through the inquiries.

WOMAN #1
What is this about? Can you tell us?

WOMAN #2
Jennifer has been through so much lately. She carries it off so well.

WOMAN #3
She's wonderful.

WOMAN #1
She's had to put up with so much. Is this about Graham?

GREEN
Is there some reason you think it would be?

WOMAN #1
Oh! There's been so much bad blood about the divorce.

GREEN
How bad?

Briscoe pulls Green away.

BRISCOE
Rumors and innuendo. Don't say
anything Van Buren is going to hate.

EXT. EVERETT HOUSE -- NIGHT

The detectives pause to look at the house before getting in the car.

GREEN
Come on, Lennie! Don't you think
it's possible that Mrs. Everett had
a motive for her husband's death?
Rejection, jealousy, revenge?

BRISCOE
I'm not going to leap to any
conclusions.

GREEN
No. You'll just leap to her aid.

BRISCOE
Hey, she was a lady in distress.

GREEN
Yeah? You may like her, but her
daughter doesn't.

Briscoe throws a "can it" look at his partner.

INT. VAN BUREN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

LIEUTENANT VAN BUREN gets ready to go home, but she signals for the detectives to come into her office when she sees them in the Squad Room. They come in.

VAN BUREN
What have you got so far? I'm already
getting phone calls from the press
on this.

BRISCOE
The doorman says he was away from
the foyer at most ten minutes, helping
a tenant.

VAN BUREN
So it was a small window of
opportunity. What else?

GREEN
The divorce wasn't amicable.

VAN BUREN

This is news?

GREEN

The girlfriend thinks the wife did it.

VAN BUREN

So, what's the wife's alibi like?

Green shoots a glance at Briscoe, but Briscoe doesn't say anything.

GREEN

Not great. We'll have to check up on it.

VAN BUREN

Then you've got your work cut out for you. Also, you'd better talk to his lawyer in the morning. Find out who profits from his death.

INT. OFFICE OF MARTIN YANCY -- DAY

A well appointed office. Yance, 50ish, doesn't really want to talk to the detectives.

BRISCOE

We have to ask, Mr. Yancy. Who benefits from Mr. Everett's death?

MARTIN YANCY

His daughter, Susan, receives a large portion. And pending the finalization of the divorce, Graham had added a codicil to his will, leaving some money to Ms. Richardson.

GREEN

How much money?

Yancy's uncomfortable about that.

GREEN (CONT'D)

We can have the DA subpoena the information.

MARTIN YANCY

You do that. Please.

INT. VAN BUREN'S OFFICE / SQUADROOM -- DAY

The detectives have been bringing Van Buren up to speed.

GREEN

No major conflicts in the will. The girlfriend gets money, the daughter gets money, even the wife gets money.

VAN BUREN

So there aren't any surprises on the money front. What about business?

BRISCOE

The usual. Vic was a ruthless businessman, not out to inspire love. But would his rivals resort to murder? Doesn't look like it.

VAN BUREN

Well, tackle it from another direction then. How did the shooter get to Everett's doorstep?

BRISCOE

(to Green)

Time to call a cab.

EXT. LIVERY COMPANY -- DAY

Briscoe and Green interview Graham's driver.

BRISCOE

So when you dropped off Mr. Everett, did you see anyone else? Any cabs?

LIVERY DRIVER

Look, I'm more concerned about not scraping the side of the car than I am about keeping track of taxi cab passengers. Especially if they're on the sidewalk already.

GREEN

Come on, you must have seen something. Think about it.

BRISCOE

Everett was coming home to his lady after a meeting. You pulled up in front of the building. What did you see around you?

LIVERY DRIVER

Yeah. All Right. Okay. There was a cab pulling away. Mr. Everett commented on it, about those seat belt messages that used to talk at you every time you get in a taxi.

GREEN
See? That wasn't so hard.

LIVERY DRIVER
(sarcastic)
Glad to be of service.

The detectives turn away.

BRISCOE
Yeah. Easy for him to say.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CAB DRIVER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The CAB DRIVER, MR. SRINIVASHRAN, 40s, leans against his doorframe. He's not happy that the detectives have wakened him. He looks over their badges.

SRINIVASHRAN
What is it that you want? I need to get back to my sleep.

BRISCOE
Your dispatcher told us you had an odd fare last night. We've got some questions about him.

SRINIVASHRAN
(scratching his head)
Odd fare? Ah, yes. That one. He was very strange. He did not wait for his change, for one thing.

GREEN
Would you be able to identify him?

Srinivashran wants to avoid it.

BRISCOE
You got a good look at him, didn't you?

SRINIVASHRAN
(shrugging)
I saw him.

BRISCOE
Then I've got real sad news for you. You've got to come with us and talk to a police artist.

EXT. THE 27TH PRECINCT -- DAY

Briscoe and Green lead Srinivashran toward the entrance.

A handful of REPORTERS spot them, and converge on them.

REPORTER #1
 Detective Green, isn't it? Is this
 a suspect in the Graham Everett
 murder?

Srinivashran panics at the idea of being a suspect.

GREEN
 This is a witness. Now --

REPORTER #2
 (to Srinivashran)
 Can you tell us what you witnessed?

BRISCOE
 Come on guys, you know the drill.
 No comment.

REPORTER #1
 (to Srinivashran)
 What did you see?

Green hustles the Cabbie in the door. Briscoe pauses to
 shoot down the press.

BRISCOE
 Talk to the Press Officer, fellows.

The Reporters turn away grumbling. Briscoe goes inside,
 grinning.

INT. SQUADROOM -- BRISCOE'S DESK -- DAY

Briscoe and Srinivashran work with the POLICE ARTIST.

Van Buren stands nearby, talking with Green.

VAN BUREN
 He saw the shooter?

GREEN
 Well, maybe. He says he dropped off
 a fare at the building. And that
 the guy was, to use his word, strange.

VAN BUREN
 Strange, how?

Srinivashran hears this and pipes up.

SRINIVASHRAN
 He was talking to himself about Sousa
 or something. I wondered why he was
 talking about marching bands.

Van Buren's puzzled. Briscoe and Green exchange a glance at
 the name "Sousa".

VAN BUREN
Marching bands?

SRINIVASHRAN
You know -- Sousa, the March King.
Sousaphone and all. Me, I play
trombone.

BRISCOE
You sure about the name? Could it
have been Susan?

It never occurred to Srinivashran.

SRINIVASHRAN
Oh.
(pause)
I suppose it could have been, yes.

He and Briscoe turn back to the sketch.

VAN BUREN
(to Green)
I take it from the loving glances
you two exchanged that there's a
Susan in the case?

GREEN
Daughter of the victim. She was at
the house when we informed Mrs.
Everett of the death.

VAN BUREN
Well, don't forget to find out what
she was up to and how well she was
getting along with her father. This
murder may not be about money.

SRINIVASHRAN
(to Briscoe)
That's about as good as it's going
to get for me.

The cops look at the results of the sketch: it's generic,
vaguely resembling Carl Masters or a number of other
possibilities.

VAN BUREN
(to Srinivashran)
Anything else you remember about
him?

SRINIVASHRAN
I'm not sure. It was as if he did
not know the place at all.

She nods. She gestures for Green to follow her into her office.

Briscoe conducts Srinivashran from the Squad Room.

INT. VAN BUREN'S OFFICE -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

VAN BUREN
Was there anything else?

GREEN
Not yet.

He waits for what she really wants to talk about.

VAN BUREN
Do I have to give you the "don't
talk to the press" lecture again?

GREEN
How did you--?

He glances from her phone to her.

GREEN (CONT'D)
They were on the Precinct doorstep,
Leu.

VAN BUREN
Just watch it.

She takes a report off her desk and hands it to him.

VAN BUREN (CONT'D)
Registration on that gun came in.
And ballistics.

Green looks up, startled, from reading the report.

GREEN
Shot with his own gun?

VAN BUREN
All duly registered in the name of
Graham Everett. Go back to the widow.
Find out who would have had access
to that pistol. Take the sketch
with you. Then check out the address
where the cab driver picked up his
fare.

Green starts out.

GREEN
Any fingerprints on the gun?

VAN BUREN
Not identified yet.

INT. SQUADROOM -- BRISCOE'S DESK -- DAY

Briscoe sarcastically waves a copy of the bland sketch at Green. Green grins. He waves the ballistics report in turn.

GREEN
Looks like you get to see your
girlfriend again, Lennie.

INT. FOYER OF EVERETT HOUSE -- DAY

Jennifer Everett nods to Green as she approaches the detectives, but she gives a warm smile to Briscoe.

JENNIFER EVERETT
Detectives! What can I do for you
today?

GREEN
We need to check your husband's gun
collection. We have a warrant.

She waves that aside.

JENNIFER EVERETT
Unnecessary. Of course, you may
check it.
(to Briscoe)
May I ask why?

BRISCOE
The weapon that killed your husband
was registered to him.

She looks started at this news.

JENNIFER EVERETT
How ... how ironic. Certainly.
Come this way.

INT. RECREATION ROOM OF EVERETT HOUSE -- DAY

An expensive pool table fills the center of the room. Briscoe checks it out with appreciation. Along one broad wall stand floor-to-ceiling cases displaying weapons of various sorts - not just guns, but also swords and knives. One of the cases has drawers to waist height.

Jennifer opens one of the cabinets.

JENNIFER EVERETT
As you can see, it's not locked.

Green out latex gloves from a pocket. He looks at an empty spot front and center -- it could hold the pistol perfectly.

GREEN

How long has this been missing?

She hadn't noticed the empty spot.

JENNIFER EVERETT

Missing? I--- I never paid much attention to the collection. It was Graham's hobby.

BRISCOE

If it was *his* hobby, why are the guns still here?

She gives him her warmest smile.

JENNIFER EVERETT

Because I'm a vindictive bitch, of course.

Briscoe does a double-take. She smiles again.

JENNIFER EVERETT (CONT'D)

That's what they say about me, isn't it?

BRISCOE

Well, I ... uh...

JENNIFER EVERETT

Graham hadn't made arrangements for the collection yet. I didn't really want the stuff here. I don't care for weapons.

GREEN

Who has access to this room?

JENNIFER EVERETT

Well, anyone in the house, I suppose. I had a dinner party here last week.

BRISCOE

We'll need the guest list. Maybe one of them would have noticed if the pistol was still here then.

Green pulls out the artist's sketch.

GREEN

Do you recognize this man?

Her expression changes. She becomes reluctant.

JENNIFER EVERETT

Well ... it does sort of resemble...

She peers anxiously at Briscoe.

JENNIFER EVERETT (CONT'D)

Is *this* your suspect?

GREEN

Do you recognize him, Mrs. Everett?

JENNIFER EVERETT

It looks like Carl Masters. He was engaged to Susan.

Green and Briscoe exchange a glance: "Susan" again.

GREEN

Was engaged? It ended?

JENNIFER EVERETT

Some time ago. Graham made them break it off. He never liked Carl.

BRISCOE

Do you have his address?

EXT. CARL MASTER'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

The detectives get out of their car, arguing.

GREEN

Come on, Lennie. Isn't it a bit too easy?

BRISCOE

What's wrong with a case that goes by the numbers for a change? Daddy opposed the engagement. Upset boyfriend shoots Daddy, hoping to clear the way to the heiress. One, two, three.

Green shakes his head. His cell phone rings, and he pulls it out.

GREEN

Yeah? Oh, really? Well, we're at his place right now. Okay, we'll wait for it. Oh, and Leu? That other thing? Right. Thanks.

He repockets the phone.

BRISCOE

What other thing?

GREEN

You remember that other death that Susan Everett mentioned?

BRISCOE

Yeah. What about it?

GREEN

Her brother died some months ago. Car accident.

He opens the building door, and they start in.

BRISCOE

And the first thing?

GREEN

Report on the fingerprints on the gun.

BRISCOE

And?

GREEN

Carl Masters.

BRISCOE

Told you.

INT. CARL'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- DAY

The detectives pause in the doorway, as Carl Masters steps back from it. He's neater this time, but mentally out of focus. He frowns at them.

CARL MASTERS

You're not Susan. Susan's supposed to be here.

BRISCOE

Mr. Masters, we're the police. We're here to ask you some questions.

Masters loses interest in them and turns back to the apartment.

The apartment opens into a studio space. There are lovely landscape canvases scattered around the studio. But the work on the easel is disorganized and violently colored.

CARL MASTERS

Talk, talk, talk. Where's Susan? I want to finish this portrait of her.

Briscoe and Green exchange a "this is a portrait" glance.

Masters picks up his palate of color, but can't decide which color to put on his brush.

GREEN
(to Briscoe)
Is this for real?

BRISCOE
Who knows?
(to Masters)
Mr. Masters, we have to ask you where you were last night.

CARL MASTERS
Last night? Last night? I don't remember. The valley of the shadow of death? Or were they just tall buildings?

GREEN
(impatient)
Mr. Masters--

SUSAN EVERETT (O.S.)
What are *you* doing here?

The detectives turn to find Susan Everett framed in the doorway. Away from her mother, she's more forceful.

BRISCOE
Perhaps you can help us, Miss Everett.

GREEN
We're here to arrest Mr. Masters for the murder of your father. The warrant is on its way.

SUSAN EVERETT
Carl? You've got to be out of your minds!

BRISCOE
Seems as if *he's* a little out of his.

SUSAN EVERETT
He was in a car accident about eight months ago. He suffered a brain injury.

GREEN
We still have to take him in.

CARL MASTERS
In what?

Green turns back to Masters.

GREEN

Carl Masters, you're under arrest
for the murder of Graham Everett.
You have the right to remain silent.
Anything you say--

CARL MASTERS

Right?

He looks at his hands, flipping them over.

CARL MASTERS (CONT'D)

What about the left?

BRISCOE

Hoo-boy.

Briscoe takes Masters' elbow to lead him out.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE OBSERVATION ROOM -- DAY

Susan tries to persuade Van Buren, as they look inside the Interrogation Room, where Masters sits at the table staring around. Briscoe and Green, sit at the table, just watching him.

SUSAN EVERETT

You've got to understand. He really *doesn't* follow what you're telling him. After the accident... his brain, his memory was impaired.

VAN BUREN

We'll need his doctor's name to confirm that.

Inside the Interrogation Room, Masters leans close to Briscoe.

CARL MASTERS

I've got to tell you. That is an *awful* color for walls.

Briscoe throws a "help, soon" look at the window.

SUSAN EVERETT

I've called a lawyer for him.

INT. VAN BUREN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Van Buren sits down while SERENA SOUTHERLYN shakes hands with YVONNE CHIN. Chin, late 30s and Chinese-American, is intimidated by no one.

YVONNE CHIN

I came as soon as Susan called.

SOUTHERLYN

Then you're already familiar with Carl Masters' situation?

YVONNE CHIN

Situation? There've been some legal concerns since the accident.

VAN BUREN

Miss Everett mentioned impairment of the brain and memory.

YVONNE CHIN

Right. He suffered a severe trauma to the head.

SOUTHERLYN

So it was more than concussion.

YVONNE CHIN

Much more. You don't know about the accident?

SOUTHERLYN

Should we?

YVONNE CHIN

Henry Everett, Susan's brother, was killed in it. Lynnette Richardson had just called off her engagement with Henry.

VAN BUREN

Wait. Her engagement with *Henry*? But she's been living with *Graham* Everett.

YVONNE CHIN

Right.

(to Southerlyn)

Now, what about my client?

SOUTHERLYN

He was on the scene. His fingerprints are on the murder weapon. He had motive--

YVONNE CHIN

If he were in his right mind.

SOUTHERLYN

Look. We can't let him go.

Chin stands.

YVONNE CHIN

I'm requesting that this matter move forward with all possible speed. Any delays are not in my client's best interests.

The other two women stand.

SOUTHERLYN

I'll talk to McCoy.

YVONNE CHIN

(interested)

Is that *Jack* McCoy?

SOUTHERLYN

You know him?

YVONNE CHIN

No. I've just heard ... interesting things about him.

She leaves. Van Buren and Southerlyn exchange "oh, really?" glances.

INT. SQUADROOM -- BRISCOE'S DESK -- DAY

Briscoe settles wearily into his chair. Green watches him with amusement.

BRISCOE

If that was an act--

Van Buren comes up.

GREEN

They took him down to a solitary holding cell.

VAN BUREN

Good. You need to see if you can lock down his timeline.

BRISCOE

We're not going to get any help from him.

VAN BUREN

Maybe not. But anyone that strange has got to be memorable. Find out where he's been, who he saw. You never know. He *could* be just a really good actor.

INT. STUDY OF EVERETT HOUSE -- DAY

Jennifer Everett leads the detectives into the study. She's bestowing smiles on Briscoe, ignoring Green.

JENNIFER EVERETT

This is an unexpected pleasure.

A man looking at a book case turns around as they enter. It's Martin Yancy. He's uncomfortable at seeing them. They're surprised to find him there.

JENNIFER EVERETT (CONT'D)

Let me introduce Martin Yancy.

GREEN

We've met.

BRISCOE

We didn't expect to find you here, Mr. Yancy. What brings you here?

MARTIN YANCY

Uh... well....

JENNIFER EVERETT

Graham's will, of course. Martin has been the family lawyer for many years. He's a good friend.

GREEN

You're friends with your husband's divorce lawyer?

She gets a bit frosty at that, but buries it quickly. She focuses her attention on Briscoe as everyone sits down.

JENNIFER EVERETT

What brings you here?

BRISCOE

We need to ask you about Carl Masters' visits to the house.

JENNIFER EVERETT

Is he your suspect then?

BRISCOE

When was the last time he was here?

JENNIFER EVERETT

Well ... Susan brought him to my dinner party. Didn't she, Martin?

He nods uncomfortably. And notices Briscoe watching him closely.

GREEN

He wasn't on the guest list you gave us.

JENNIFER EVERETT

He wasn't? An oversight. A last minute inclusion. And I think he was here three or four days ago.

BRISCOE

But you don't know for sure?

JENNIFER EVERETT

Susan brings him over occasionally to view the garden. Often when I am out. Is there anything else?

GREEN

Not for now.

The detectives stand. She rises also, but Yancy doesn't. She smiles warmly at Briscoe.

JENNIFER EVERETT

I'm sure *you'll* sort it all out.

Briscoe turns away grinning: he can't help it. He loses it when he sees Green watching him skeptically.

EXT. EVERETT HOUSE -- DAY

The detectives walk to their car.

BRISCOE

What's your problem, Ed?

Green's amused at Briscoe's susceptibility.

BRISCOE (CONT'D)

Oh, give me a break. So the lady smiles at me.

GREEN

So you like it.

They get in the car.

INT. SUSAN EVERETT'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Not a huge place, but she has a piano. Music spreads over the stand on the instrument.

Susan holds a flute as she lets Briscoe and Green into the apartment. She gestures for the detectives to sit on her sofa. She carefully lays the flute on the piano before sitting down opposite the detectives.

SUSAN EVERETT

What can I do for you?

GREEN

Did you see Carl Masters yesterday? Before you went to your mother's house?

SUSAN EVERETT

I saw him in the morning. At his apartment. I try to check up on him every day.

BRISCOE

You mean, nobody keeps track of him all day?

It's a sore topic for her.

SUSAN EVERETT

He is capable of functioning to a certain degree, detective.

(MORE)

SUSAN EVERETT (CONT'D)

He also has a medical assistant who checks in on him each afternoon. Getting help for him isn't easy. Especially full time help. You think I haven't tried? Not being related to him has its drawbacks.

GREEN

You were engaged to him, weren't you? But your mother says your father made you break off the engagement.

SUSAN EVERETT

She said that?

(long pause)

We never *really* broke it off, you know. But Mother and Dad made such a fuss. We were going to wait until my twenty-fifth birthday later this year. When I get control of all my money.

BRISCOE

Are you saying your mother didn't like the engagement either?

SUSAN EVERETT

If anything, she was more against it than Daddy.

GREEN

Before the accident, how did Mr. Masters feel about your parents?

SUSAN EVERETT

Well, their attitude was a bother. But like I said, we had our plans.

GREEN

And after the accident?

That breaks her. Tears roll down. The detectives get uncomfortable.

SUSAN EVERETT

Past tense. Had plans. He's ... not so good at planning now.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

The detectives pause outside the door.

BRISCOE

Think Masters is acting and she's in it with him?

GREEN

You think *she's* that good an actor?

Briscoe's expression says "No."

INT. ASSISTANT D.A. JACK MCCOY'S OFFICE -- DAY

JACK MCCOY and Chin shake hands pleasantly. She likes what she sees so far, and he's reciprocating.

MCCOY

I suppose you're going to go for a psychiatric defense, Ms. Chin.

YVONNE CHIN

Call me Yvonne.

(she sits down)

Defense? My client hasn't even been arraigned yet.

McCoy takes his desk seat, leaning forward on his desk. He enjoys sparring.

MCCOY

Yet you asked for this meeting.

YVONNE CHIN

My goal is to be completely prepared to serve my client's best interests.

Southerlyn enters with a file. She hands it to McCoy. The women nod a greeting to each other.

SOUTHERLYN

It's the latest from Briscoe and Green.

YVONNE CHIN

May I see it?

MCCOY

Before I've even read it?

They smile at each other. Southerlyn does a double-take at the flirting, as she sits down at the table.

McCoy glances through the top pages of the file. Mulling it over. Then he closes the file.

YVONNE CHIN

Well? Are you going to charge my client?

MCCOY

We certainly have enough evidence to do so.

YVONNE CHIN

I'd like to get this moving quickly.
It's not in Carl's--

MCCOY

Best interests.

YVONNE CHIN

--to be left unattended in a police
cell.

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

Arraignments going like clockwork. JUDGE MOORE's voice
punctuates the activity.

Southerlyn puts her papers in order at the prosecution stand.

Chin stands coolly beside Masters. He winces at the noise
in the room.

In the back, leaning against the wall, McCoy watches with
interest.

JUDGE MOORE

Next.

BAILIFF

People versus Carl Masters.

SOUTHERLYN

The charge is murder in the first
degree.

JUDGE MOORE

How does the defendant plead?

Masters stares at Southerlyn, ignoring the Judge.

JUDGE MOORE (CONT'D)

Mr. Masters?

Chin nudges him and whispers in his ear. Masters repeats it
in a monotone.

CARL MASTERS

Not guilty.

YVONNE CHIN

Your Honor, the defense asks that
Mr. Masters be held for observation
and requests a competency hearing as
soon as possible.

JUDGE MOORE

Competency hearing?

YVONNE CHIN

Certainly, your Honor. His doctors will state that Mr. Masters is not competent to participate in his defense or to understand the nature of the proceedings.

JUDGE MOORE

So ordered.

Southerlyn glances at McCoy. He nods - he was expecting this. She grimaces: "What fun."

INT. ASSISTANT D.A. JACK MCCOY'S OFFICE -- DAY

McCoy has files and law books open on his desk.

Briscoe, Green and Southerlyn sit at the table, consulting their notes. A TV sits in the background.

BRISCOE

(shrugs)

Sure. He seems out of it. If it's an act, he's *really* good.

MCCOY

Let's assume it's not an act *and* that he did do it.

GREEN

We *know* he did it.

McCoy gives him an "oh, really" glance. He looks across at Southerlyn with a "do we?" look.

SOUTHERLYN

Strictly speaking, what we *know* is that Masters was at the scene and that his fingerprints were on the murder weapon.

BRISCOE

Splitting hairs.

SOUTHERLYN

It would be nice to have an eyewitness who can get on the stand and actually say "I saw Carl Masters shoot Graham Everett."

GREEN

Do we need that?

MCCOY

If Carl Masters is deemed incompetent to stand trial, and his doctors can

(MORE)

MCCOY (CONT'D)

prove it is a condition that existed before the murder, the question becomes, how did he do the murder? How was he competent enough to kill Everett?

McCoy's phone rings and he answers it.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes? No, I hadn't. Right.

He hangs up and unearths the TV remote control from under some papers. He snaps on the TV and the others glance at it.

ON THE TV: Lynnette Richardson has a clutch of reporters around her in her apartment lobby.

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON (TV)

What I'm saying is that it's ridiculous to think that Carl Masters would have committed this murder. He's never been here. To this building. Besides, the man's nuts.

GREEN

There's a medical opinion for you.

REPORTER #1 (TV)

So you're saying the real culprit is Mrs. Everett? Do you have any proof?

Briscoe glances around skeptically. He's brought up short by the shrewd, calculating expression on McCoy's face.

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON (TV)

She's been fighting the divorce settlement all along out of greed. Last week Graham informed her he was going to insist on a speedy resolution.

REPORTER #1 (TV)

Why was that, Ms. Richardson?

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON (TV)

Because I'm three months pregnant and we wanted to get married as soon as possible.

McCoy snaps off the TV. He checks out the others' reactions. Southernlyn frowns, Green has no opinion, and Briscoe won't meet his glance.

MCCOY

You talked to the cab driver that
took Masters to that building.

Green nods.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

And Ms. Richardson just said Carl
Masters had never been there before.

BRISCOE

So far as she knew. So?

The trio look at McCoy, puzzled. Then Southerlyn starts to
realize what he's after.

MCCOY

Given his incompetency, how did he
know the address of a place he'd
never seen before?

Off Briscoe and Green's reactions.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

JUDGE GORK presides. Chin examines DR. MANDELBAUM, a cautious, precise man.

Masters sits at the defense table, doodling on a legal pad. Susan sits anxiously behind him.

McCoy and Southerlyn listen from the prosecution table.

YVONNE CHIN

What have you discovered regarding the extent of Mr. Masters' disabilities caused by the accident?

MANDELBAUM

We determined early on that his short term memory had been disrupted. That means that his ability to remember things that happened just moments earlier is hampered. When he does remember something recent, it is often imperfectly recalled.

This interests McCoy.

MANDELBAUM (CONT'D)

Access to long term memory is partially disabled. He has frequent displays of aphasia. He becomes very reactive and is prone to mood swings. He tires easily. These are all consistent with the type of brain injury he sustained.

YVONNE CHIN

What about his ability to discern right from wrong?

SOUTHERLYN

(to McCoy)

He hasn't said anything yet that would support a M'Naghten ruling.

MCCOY

Wait and see.

MANDELBAUM

His previously held moral code remains intact, whatever that might have been. That's part of his remaining long term memory.

YVONNE CHIN
Which you said was partially impaired.

MANDELBAUM
Yes.

YVONNE CHIN
Has Mr. Masters displayed violent tendencies before now?

MANDELBAUM
If of course depends on what you mean by violent. Yes, he has become angry, usually due to frustration. Understandable under the circumstances. But no, he has not attacked anyone. That I know of.

YVONNE CHIN
Thank you.

She sits down. McCoy stands up.

MCCOY
Dr. Mandelbaum. What specifically do you mean by "imperfect recall"?

MANDELBAUM
His memory of events is usually neither complete nor completely accurate.

MCCOY
Is it consistent?

Southerlyn is puzzled. But Chin looks across at McCoy as if she knows exactly what he's interested in.

MANDELBAUM
Excuse me?

MCCOY
Is this flawed memory of Mr. Masters consistent with itself? Of those things he remembers, does he remember them the same way each time?

MANDELBAUM
Ah. I see what you mean. Yes. He retains many old memories and recalls them consistently. His emotional connections to various people, such as his fiancée, have remained consistent.

MCCOY
Thank you. No further questions.

JUDGE GORK

Ms. Chin, do you have any further witnesses?

YVONNE CHIN

No, your Honor.

JUDGE GORK

Mr. McCoy. Are the People satisfied by the evidence presented here?

MCCOY

Your Honor, the People are satisfied. We will agree with a finding that Mr. Masters is incompetent to stand trial. However, the People stipulate that Mr. Masters must be placed in a hospital environment with full supervision.

JUDGE GORK

Ms. Chin?

YVONNE CHIN

The defense will agree to such a stipulation.

JUDGE GORK

So ordered.

Susan touches Carl's arm when he stands. He beams when he sees her, giving her a hug. He's puzzled when the guards guide him away, but he goes quietly.

YVONNE CHIN

(to McCoy)

I wasn't sure I would be able to convince you, Jack.

MCCOY

I'll need to talk with you and your client as soon as possible.

YVONNE CHIN

I'll arrange it.

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR -- DAY

McCoy and Southerlyn head toward the elevators.

SOUTHERLYN

Jack, if you've just had him declared incompetent, what's the point of interviewing Masters?

MCCOY

I want you to go with Briscoe and Green to reinterview Srinivashran tomorrow. Get every detail he can remember about picking up Masters.

SOUTHERLYN

But *why*, Jack? He did it. He's incompetent. Isn't that the end of it?

MCCOY

You heard Mandelbaum. He's incompetent, but he's *consistent*. He remembers his relationship with Susan Everett. If they never really broke off their engagement, what was his *motive* for killing Everett? There's more to this case than we've seen so far.

Off her thoughtful expression.

INT. SUSAN EVERETT'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Susan ushers McCoy and Southerlyn into the apartment. Chin is already there.

SUSAN EVERETT

I'm not sure why you still want to talk with me, Mr. McCoy. What else is there to do?

They all sit down.

MCCOY

Ms. Everett, in the weeks before the shooting, what was Mr. Masters' behavior like?

SUSAN EVERETT

Carl? Well, you've got to understand. Since the accident he's been a bit erratic.

SOUTHERLYN

Erratic? How? He hasn't struck you, has he?

SUSAN EVERETT

No! Carl loves me.

MCCOY

Then what do you mean by erratic?

SUSAN EVERETT

Sometimes he'd be happy. Sometimes he'd be sad. He'd forget where he put things, and that would make him frustrated. Because of that last bit, I'd talked with Yvonne about commitment proceedings.

MCCOY

He hasn't got any family?

Chin shakes her head.

SUSAN EVERETT

I was the only person who cared what happened to him.

SOUTHERLYN

You told the detectives that your mother had disliked your engagement even more than your father had. So she didn't like Masters?

SUSAN EVERETT

Not much.

SOUTHERLYN

Yet you took him to a dinner party at your mother's recently.

SUSAN EVERETT

It kind of surprised me that she included him.

McCoy and Southerlyn exchange glances.

MCCOY

She invited him?

SUSAN EVERETT

I never expected her to let me bring him to dinner. Especially since the accident.

YVONNE CHIN

You told me that your mother blamed Carl for Henry's death.

SUSAN EVERETT

That's why the dinner invitation was such a surprise. She's blamed Carl... all along...

MCCOY

The accident happened around the time Ms. Richardson broke off her engagement to your brother?

Susan looks up surprised.

SUSAN EVERETT

Don't you know?

None of them do.

SUSAN EVERETT (CONT'D)

The accident was the same night. She gave Henry back his ring and told him -- actually *told* him she was dumping him for our father!

MCCOY

So your mother blamed Carl for your brother's death, even though Mr. Masters was seriously injured himself? Didn't she care about how *you* felt about it?

Susan reacts bitterly.

SUSAN EVERETT

Me? Mother care about *me*? Henry was her favorite.

McCoy feels pieces coming together. Susan watches his face, realizing what he's heading toward.

SUSAN EVERETT (CONT'D)

Do you mean you think my *mother*--? No. I can't believe that.

MCCOY

The alternative, then, as far as I can see, is either Mr. Masters did it all on his own -- which seems unlikely -- or you helped him.

Southerlyn snaps a sharp look at him. Chin keeps her cool. But Susan leaps to her feet.

SUSAN EVERETT

Me?! I don't have to put up with this!

YVONNE CHIN

I don't think Mr. McCoy really means that, Susan. But you do have to understand how things can look.

MCCOY

Ms. Everett, all the evidence indicates that Mr. Masters *did* shoot your father.

(MORE)

MCCOY (CONT'D)

But how he got the gun, how he got to the building, what made him do it at all.... We don't have any answers to those questions. Anything that can tell us how or why will be valuable. We have to look at all possibilities. Including your mother.

Susan is troubled by this. Chin gives McCoy a faint nod. McCoy gets to his feet.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

We'll talk again.

Chin stays with Susan as McCoy and Southerlyn leave.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

McCoy closes Susan's door behind them. Southerlyn bursts out with her criticism.

SOUTHERLYN

Why did you do that, Jack? Push her like that? The veiled threat?

McCoy isn't fazed.

MCCOY

We need her full commitment if we're going to build a case against her mother.

SOUTHERLYN

Her mother? Are you out of your mind? Going after Jennifer Everett?

MCCOY

I think she used Masters, Serena.

SOUTHERLYN

Then why be so cruel to Susan?

MCCOY

We need to know every possible contact Mrs. Everett had with Masters. Susan's the one person most likely to know any of his movements. And possibly her mother's.

EXT. SUSAN EVERETT'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

McCoy and Southerlyn exit the building. Southerlyn is still put out.

SOUTHERLYN

Okay, so we need her cooperation.
But couldn't you have used some other
method to get it?

MCCOY

Not as effectively. Strictly
speaking, Susan herself could be a
suspect.

SOUTHERLYN

You're dangerous, Jack.

MCCOY

This isn't a game, Serena. Surely
you know that by now. It's our job
to secure justice for the victims,
for society. And in this case,
Masters is as much a victim as Graham
Everett. Jennifer Everett used him
with cold calculation.

SOUTHERLYN

She's not the only one to use cold
calculation.

He's not going to answer that. It becomes awkward between
them.

SOUTHERLYN (CONT'D)

So you want me to drop you off
somewhere?

MCCOY

I'll get a cab. Don't forget tomorrow--

SOUTHERLYN

Right. Briscoe and Green and the
cabbie.

MCCOY

And see if you can find out what the
status of the divorce settlement
was. The finances involved.

She nods and heads off.

McCoy remains standing, his hands stuffed in his jacket
pockets.

Chin comes out of the apartment building.

YVONNE CHIN

I wondered if you'd wait.

MCCOY

Will she help?

Chin nods.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

Good.

They regard each other with satisfaction.

YVONNE CHIN

You handled her very effectively.

MCCOY

Serena says I'm dangerous.

YVONNE CHIN

I like danger.

They head off together in the direction opposite to Southerlyn's departure.

INT. MR. SRINIVASHRAN'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Srinivashran lets Briscoe, Green and Southerlyn into his living room. He's tired and disgruntled.

SRINIVASHRAN

Could you not come back at a more reasonable hour?

Briscoe and Green exchange amused glances.

BRISCOE

Nine thirty in the morning is unreasonable?

SRINIVASHRAN

Yes. I drive a cab most of the night. So, yes it is.

They sit down.

SOUTHERLYN

Thank you for talking to us, anyway. We have more questions for you about--

SRINIVASHRAN

That man who shot the businessman. That much I figured out.

SOUTHERLYN

What do you remember about picking him up?

He shakes his head.

SRINIVASHRAN

The dispatcher would have the information about when I called in the fare.

BRISCOE

Do you remember how he told you where to go?

Srinivashran starts to be annoyed, but then remembers something.

SRINIVASHRAN

He was muttering to himself. I thought he was saying "Sousa". Then he said... Gray something. I told him he had to give me an address.

GREEN

What did he do then?

SRINIVASHRAN

He... gave me a slip of paper he'd been holding.

BRISCOE

The address was written down?

Srinivashran nods.

SOUTHERLYN

When he got into the cab, did you notice if anyone had been with him? Was there anybody standing nearby?

SRINIVASHRAN

No. It was a long time ago. No.

Southerlyn is disappointed. She stands.

SOUTHERLYN

Well, thank you again, Mr. Srinivashran.

The men stand. Southerlyn reaches to shake the cabbie's hand. He suddenly remembers something.

SRINIVASHRAN

There was a woman. She... had a scarf on her head, and dark glasses. She said something to him as he got into the cab. And ... yes, she gave him that slip of paper.

GREEN

The woman. How old was she?

Srinivashran shrugs.

SRINIVASHRAN
 (to Southerlyn)
 Older than you. That's all I
 remember.

INT. OFFICE OF MARTIN YANCY -- DAY

Southerlyn and Briscoe come in. Yancy's harried SECRETARY closes the door as she goes out to the main office. Yancy is uncomfortable and anxious at seeing them.

MARTIN YANCY
 What's this about?

They all sit down.

SOUTHERLYN
 Tell us about the status of the
 Everett divorce. I understand Mrs.
 Everett was contesting the terms of
 the settlement. Why?

MARTIN YANCY
 (confused)
 But ... didn't you already catch the
 man? Wasn't it Susan's boyfriend?

SOUTHERLYN
 We just want to make sure there are
 no loose ends. Was there anything
 about the couple's finances that Mr.
 Everett would not have wanted out in
 the open?

MARTIN YANCY
 (blurting)
 Mr. Everett?

Briscoe pounces on it, but he's not happy.

BRISCOE
 You mean, Mrs. Everett had something
 to hide?

Yancy realizes he said too much. But now he can't get out of it.

MARTIN YANCY
 Hide? Well, no. Not exactly.

Briscoe and Southerlyn exchange a glance

BRISCOE
 Well, *what*, exactly, then?

INT. OFFICE OF D.A. ARTHUR BRANCH -- DAY

McCoy is all charged up. Southerlyn watches him, not comfortably. Branch, sitting at his desk, plays Devil's Advocate.

MCCOY

She'd built up quite a portfolio dealing in stocks on her own. She didn't want her husband to know about it.

BRANCH

In that case, why was she contesting the settlement?

SOUTHERLYN

A matter of principle, Yancy says.

MCCOY

Revenge.

BRANCH

So says the divorced man.

(pause)

It's possible, I suppose. But don't you think it odd that *Graham* Everett's lawyer gave you this information?

SOUTHERLYN

He's been a friend of the family for a long time. And I'd say especially "friendly" with Jennifer Everett.

BRANCH

Innuendo isn't evidence. What else do you have?

MCCOY

The cabbie, Srinivashran, made a partial identification of Mrs. Everett.

BRANCH

Picked her out of a line-up?

MCCOY

Photo array.

Branch leans back in his chair. He's not convinced.

BRANCH

You really want to take a bite of this? Jennifer Everett is not without political clout in this town.

(MORE)

BRANCH (CONT'D)

You think you can pull this off,
when all you have is circumstantial
evidence?

MCCOY

Oh, come on, Arthur. You know how
many cases rest on circumstantial
evidence. That's not prohibitive.

BRANCH

What about you, Serena? You ready
to make political enemies? We both
know *he*

(indicating McCoy)

doesn't have bigger ambitions. But
what about you?

McCoy looks at her, challenging. She's not comfortable.

SOUTHERLYN

I think she's responsible.

BRANCH

The question is whether you can
convict her or not. Do you think
you can *prove* it beyond reasonable
doubt?

McCoy's put on his crusader attitude. It amuses Branch.

BRANCH (CONT'D)

All right, then. Go ahead. You
want this fight, you can have this
fight.

INT. FOYER OF EVERETT HOUSE -- DAY

Another ladies' committee meeting mills in the Living Room,
staring at the detectives, as Jennifer Everett moves to greet
them, smiling at Briscoe. He's really unhappy about it.

JENNIFER EVERETT

Detectives! I didn't expect to see
you again. What can I do for you?

Green glances at Briscoe. Briscoe doesn't want to do this.
Green pulls out his handcuffs.

The watching ladies gasp.

Susan emerges from the group. She's alarmed to see the
detectives.

GREEN

Jennifer Everett, you are under arrest
for the murder of Graham Everett.
You have the right to an attorney.
If you cannot afford--

Jennifer gives cold commands to Susan

JENNIFER EVERETT

Call Mr. Kensington. He'll know
what to do. I'll be at--

She glances icily at Briscoe.

BRISCOE

The 27th Precinct.

JENNIFER EVERETT

Do it right away.

SUSAN EVERETT

Yes, mother.

GREEN

You have the right to remain silent.
If--

JENNIFER EVERETT

(losing it)
Oh, shut up!

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ASSISTANT D.A. JACK MCCOY'S OFFICE -- DAY

McCoy and Southerlyn pour over files. Southerlyn closes hers and stares at him.

SOUTHERLYN
It's a big risk, Jack. Putting
Masters on the stand.

MCCOY
If the link between Masters and Mrs.
Everett were stronger, I wouldn't
try it.

SOUTHERLYN
Will her attorney even let it happen?

He glances toward the outer office, and stands up. Through the glass, he sees that Jennifer Everett and a man are making their way to his door.

MCCOY
We're about to find out.

Jennifer Everett comes in, followed by NEAL GORTON. The temperature in the room drops to sub-zero when McCoy sees him. Southerlyn immediately picks up the change in atmosphere as the visitors sit down.

MCCOY (CONT'D)
Neal Gorton.

McCoy sits down and folds his hands together over the closed files.

Gorton enjoys this game. Jennifer Everett watches the sparring with satisfaction.

NEAL GORTON
Jack McCoy.

MCCOY
What brings you to my office?

NEAL GORTON
Let's cut to the chase, Jack. Your
case against my client doesn't have
a leg to stand on.

MCCOY
It stood up enough to get an
indictment.

NEAL GORTON

Aren't you the one who always boasts that he can indict a ham sandwich? It means nothing. Proving it in court before a jury is the important part. And you'll never be able to pull it off.

MCCOY

We'll see.

NEAL GORTON

So there's no convincing you to drop this ridiculous charge?

MCCOY

I don't think it is ridiculous.

NEAL GORTON

Then there's nothing more to say.

He stands, as does Jennifer Everett.

Southerlyn is puzzled by it all.

SOUTHERLYN

What was the point in coming here then?

Gorton glances at her and nearly laughs.

NEAL GORTON

You've a lot to learn about strategy.

He heads to the door. Jennifer Everett follows, but pauses at the door to address McCoy.

JENNIFER EVERETT

I did some research on you, Mr. McCoy.

MCCOY

So I see.

She gives Southerlyn a once over, and dismisses her as a light-weight opponent. She looks back at McCoy and gives him a dazzling smile. Gorton watches it all calmly.

JENNIFER EVERETT

Do you read Sun Tzu, Mr. McCoy?

When he doesn't respond, she laughs.

JENNIFER EVERETT (CONT'D)

You should.

She and Gorton leave, closing the door behind them.

SOUTHERLYN

What was *that* about? Who is Neal Gorton?

McCoy's furious.

MCCOY

He was opposing counsel on a murder case a few years ago.

SOUTHERLYN

Which case?

MCCOY

Eddie Newman.

SOUTHERLYN

Oh. The movie actor.

MCCOY

Director.

He doesn't want to talk about it. He rummages through the books, looking for a specific one.

SOUTHERLYN

That can't be all.

MCCOY

We're going to need all the supporting citations we can find about admissibility of circumstantial evidence. Gorton will try and get everything thrown out that he possibly can. And he's ruthless about it.

SOUTHERLYN

Jack, that's not all there is to this. Tell me.

He doesn't want to tell her, so he doesn't look at her. But she outwaits him.

MCCOY

He's Jamie Ross's ex-husband. He doesn't like to lose. And he plays dirty.

Southerlyn realizes their solid ground has just turned into a quagmire.

EXT. COURTHOUSE -- DAY

Reports cluster around Gorton on the steps of the Courthouse.

McCoy and Southerlyn head into the building, but pause to watch Gorton for a moment.

NEAL GORTON

This prosecution, or more rightly, this *persecution* of Mrs. Everett is built on insubstantial evidence. There is nothing that directly links my client to the crime. The case is merely a grand-standing effort on the part of Jack McCoy.

REPORTER #1

(over the other
reporters)

But Mr. Gorton, Ms. Richardson has claimed all along that Mrs. Everett was responsible for Graham Everett's death.

NEAL GORTON

Ms. Richardson has my sympathy as one bereaved. But in all honesty, she's not exactly a pure innocent in this matter.

REPORTER #1

What do you mean by that?

Southerlyn and McCoy look at each other, and shake their heads over the circus. They continue into the building.

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

JUDGE LEONARD DAY presides.

Richardson sits in the witness stand, pregnant but not ungainly. She's grim and bitter as she answers McCoy's questions.

Jennifer Everett watches Richardson with cool calm, tinged with contempt.

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON

She kept delaying the divorce. She said she was going to--

NEAL GORTON

Objection. Hearsay.

JUDGE DAY

Sustained.

MCCOY

(regrouping)

When Mr. Everett returned from meeting with his lawyer about the divorce, how did he seem to you?

NEAL GORTON
 Objection. Calls for speculation.
 This witness is not qualified to
 evaluate psychological states.

MCCOY
 She *lived* with the man! Surely that
 gives her *some* insight into his moods.

JUDGE DAY
 (considering it)
 Overruled. I'll allow it.

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON
 He was unhappy. He wondered why she
 just couldn't let go.

MCCOY
 (to Richardson)
 Thank you.
 (to the Judge)
 Nothing further.

McCoy sits down, but watches warily as Gorton stands. The
 defense attorney proceeds like a surgeon.

NEAL GORTON
 You say that Mr. Everett wondered
 why my client couldn't let go, isn't
 that correct?

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON
 Yes.

McCoy senses trouble ahead, and leans forward.

NEAL GORTON
 But you do have some idea, don't
 you, Ms. Richardson?

MCCOY
 Objection. Calls for speculation.

Gorton throws a satisfied glance at McCoy.

NEAL GORTON
 I wish to elaborate the actual
 circumstances of this case, your
 Honor. Mr. McCoy opened the door
 when he elicited testimony concerning
 Mr. Everett's moods.

JUDGE DAY
 So you did, Mr. McCoy. Overruled.
 Answer the question, Ms. Richardson.

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON

What was it?

NEAL GORTON

You knew why Mrs. Everett was upset about the divorce, don't you?

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON

Well....

NEAL GORTON

You had previously been engaged to Henry Everett, the son of the defendant, had you not?

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON

Ah ... yes. I had been. But ... I broke it off with Henry.

NEAL GORTON

After you began an affair with his father. Correct?

Richardson squirms.

NEAL GORTON (CONT'D)

In fact, Henry Everett died the very night you returned your engagement ring, did he not?

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON

Yes.

NEAL GORTON

And *you* are the reason Graham Everett sought a divorce from his wife of thirty years. Isn't that correct? Aren't you really the one responsible for Henry Everett's death? Aren't you the one responsible for destroying the Everett family?

MCCOY

Objection. Badgering the witness. Calls for speculation.

JUDGE DAY

Sustained.

Gorton's content with having tarnished her in the eyes of the jury.

NEAL GORTON

I have not further questions for this ... witness.

INT. ASSISTANT D.A. JACK MCCOY'S OFFICE -- DAY

McCoy comes in, and wearily drops his notes on his desk. He loosens his tie.

Southerlyn follows him in.

MCCOY

How do you read the jury?

SOUTHERLYN

They don't seem too pleased with Gorton.

MCCOY

He doesn't expect that. It's his client he'll paint with the sympathy brush.

SOUTHERLYN

You really don't like him, do you?

MCCOY

He's ruthless and unprincipled.

SOUTHERLYN

A bit too much like looking in a slightly warped mirror?

He shoots a startled glance at her. She smiles at getting a rise out of him.

SOUTHERLYN (CONT'D)

You know he will fight you about putting Masters on the stand.

MCCOY

That, I expect.

SOUTHERLYN

Jack, the thing that really bothers me is that you can't predict how Masters will answer the questions. You have no way of knowing what he's going to say on the stand. That's the worst thing possible. I don't know how many professors drilled that into our heads in law school: don't ask a question of a witness that you don't know the answer to.

It's giving McCoy a headache.

MCCOY

I know that, Serena.

Chin comes in, and McCoy brightens up. Southerlyn does a double-take at seeing the other woman.

MCCOY (CONT'D)
Yvonne's going to help me prep for
questioning Masters.

Southerlyn wants to say "Yvonne?" But she only shakes her head and moves to the door.

SOUTHERLYN
So don't listen to me. Don't say I
didn't warn you.

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

New day of testimony. Chin sits in the gallery, behind the prosecution table.

MCCOY
The People call Carl Masters to the
stand.

Gorton leaps to his feet, making a big show of offended amazement.

NEAL GORTON
Objection! This witness has been--

McCoy cuts him off before he says too much.

MCCOY
Approach, your Honor?

The Judge waves them to approach. Southerlyn watches McCoy and Gorton carefully.

JUDGE DAY
Very well. Proceed, Mr. Gorton.

NEAL GORTON
This witness has been ruled
incompetent to stand trial, for the
same murder my client is charged
with!

MCCOY
(off the Judge's glance)
His competence or incompetence does
not affect his credibility as a
witness.

Gorton starts to protest further, but the Judge cuts him off.

JUDGE DAY
Chambers.

INT. JUDGE DAY'S CHAMBERS -- DAY

The parties settle in for battle.

NEAL GORTON

He's pushing the envelope here, your Honor. Pushing way past the breaking point. If Mr. Masters had been competent to stand trial, my client would never have been charged. Mr. McCoy has just been looking for *someone* to hang this crime on, for the benefit of his public image.

Southerlyn snickers at the idea of McCoy caring about that. Gorton glares at her, not liking losing the limelight.

NEAL GORTON (CONT'D)

How can the prosecution call as a witness someone who is incompetent to stand trial?

SOUTHERLYN

If Mr. Masters had been competent, the murder would never have happened. At least not the way it *did* happen. Your client wouldn't have been able to manipulate him!

NEAL GORTON

That's outrageous! You haven't--

The judge cuts them off.

JUDGE DAY

Counselors!

Everyone sits down like scolded school-children.

JUDGE DAY (CONT'D)

Mr. McCoy?

MCCOY

As I said, your Honor, Mr. Masters' competency is irrelevant to his testimony. What *is* important is his credibility. I can call his doctors who will testify to Mr. Masters' *consistency* of memory. Just because he isn't able to interpret the significance of what he remembers doesn't mean the jury won't be able to do so. As he is -- aside from the defendant -- the single most important person involved in this case, I consider it absolutely

(MORE)

MCCOY (CONT'D)
essential that he be allowed to
testify.

JUDGE DAY
Credibility, eh?

He studies the attorneys, before deciding.

JUDGE DAY (CONT'D)
I'm going to allow Mr. Masters'
testimony. Mr. Gorton, I'm cautioning
you now against making any reference
to Mr. Masters' competency status.
It is his testimony which must be
refuted, not his judgement. Is that
understood?

Gorton doesn't like it, but he nods.

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

Masters is on the stand. Chin and Susan sit behind
Southerlyn. Susan tries not to look overly anxious.

MCCOY
Mr. Masters, you were in a car
accident recently, weren't you?

CARL MASTERS
Yes.

MCCOY
You were secretly engaged to Susan
Everett at the time, isn't that
correct?

CARL MASTERS
Were? We are engaged. We're going
to be married.

Susan grimaces.

MCCOY
And you know Susan's mother, don't
you?

CARL MASTERS
She never liked me.

MCCOY
Do you remember talking to Susan's
father about your engagement?

Masters gets agitated.

CARL MASTERS

I don't see why he has to interfere!
Doesn't he care about Susan's
happiness?

He looks around a bit wildly, until he sees Susan. He focuses on her.

CARL MASTERS (CONT'D)

Susan? Are you okay? He hasn't
hurt you?

MCCOY

Who? Who hasn't hurt her?

Masters has been knocked off track. He doesn't remember why he's there.

CARL MASTERS

Who are you?

MCCOY

My name is Jack. I'm a friend of
Susans.

CARL MASTERS

(relieved)

Oh. He hasn't hurt her, then?

MCCOY

Who hasn't hurt her?

CARL MASTERS

Her father.

Surprise washes over Susan. McCoy sees it.

MCCOY

How do you know her father means to
hurt her?

CARL MASTERS

He made us break up. We told him we
did, but we didn't. That made him
mad. When he found out.

MCCOY

How do you know that?

CARL MASTERS

He ... I ... told. I was told ...
Susan's in danger from him.

(getting more upset)

Susan. Susan?

He finds her face again, and calms down.

MCCOY

Did someone tell you Susan was in danger?

CARL MASTERS

What?

MCCOY

Did Mrs. Everett--

NEAL GORTON

Objection! Leading the witness.

JUDGE DAY

Sustained. Tread carefully, Mr. McCoy.

McCoy regroups. He glances at Jennifer Everett. She stares back at him icy cold, unmoved.

Masters looks around the chamber studying the paneling.

CARL MASTERS

Do you think they clean the wood paneling by hand?

There are chuckles from around the courtroom.

MCCOY

Mr. Masters.

(gets Masters' attention)

Who told you Susan was in danger from her father?

CARL MASTERS

She's furious with Graham. She says he'll hurt Susan. He'll hurt Susan.
(getting agitated)

He said he would. She said so. She's sure. She says it a lot.

MCCOY

Who said so?

NEAL GORTON

Objection. Calls for hearsay.

JUDGE DAY

Sustained.

MCCOY

Do you want to protect Susan?

CARL MASTERS

Of course. I love Susan.

MCCOY

And someone told you that Graham will hurt Susan? Is that correct?

CARL MASTERS

Susan's mother says it.

NEAL GORTON

Objection. Hearsay.

JUDGE DAY

Sustained.

CARL MASTERS

She says it a lot. She even came to my studio and said it.

NEAL GORTON

Move to strike, your Honor.

JUDGE DAY

The jury will disregard the witness's comments regarding what Mrs. Everett may have said.

MCCOY

Mrs. Everett came to your studio?

CARL MASTERS

I think. She doesn't like my work. She doesn't like my painting of Susan.

MCCOY

Thank you.

(to Judge)

No further questions.

Gorton stays at the defense table.

NEAL GORTON

Mr. Masters, do you know how to use a gun?

CARL MASTERS

I don't like guns.

NEAL GORTON

But do you know how to shoot a gun?

CARL MASTERS

As much as anyone. Graham has several.

NEAL GORTON

Have you ever held a pistol?

CARL MASTERS
I don't like them.

NEAL GORTON
But have you held one?

CARL MASTERS
I ... I ...
(he looks at Susan,
alarmed)
Susan, I don't remember.

NEAL GORTON
Mr. Masters, have you ever held a
gun?

CARL MASTERS
I. Don't. Remember!

NEAL GORTON
Mr. Masters--

MCCOY
Your Honor!

JUDGE DAY
The witness has said he doesn't
remember, Mr. Gorton. Move along.

NEAL GORTON
You would do anything to protect
Susan. Is that correct?

CARL MASTERS
Yes.

NEAL GORTON
Nothing further.

MCCOY
The People rest, your Honor.

JUDGE DAY
Court is in recess until tomorrow.

As people file out, Susan leans across the rail, to get
McCoy's attention.

SUSAN EVERETT
Mr. McCoy.

MCCOY
Yes?

SUSAN EVERETT

If my mother says she's never been to Carl's studio.... Especially since the accident, she'd be lying.

SOUTHERLYN

How do you know that?

SUSAN EVERETT

The portrait Carl mentioned. The one he says my mother hates. He didn't start that until after the accident.

McCoy is happy to have one more piece of possible circumstantial evidence. He glances at the defense table.

MCCOY

If she says on the stand that she's never been there...

SOUTHERLYN

(to Susan)

We can call you as a rebuttal witness.

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

A new day. The judge takes his seat.

JUDGE DAY

Mr. Gorton, is the defense ready to present its case?

NEAL GORTON

The defense rests, your Honor.

McCoy and Southerlyn are caught completely off guard. Even the Judge is surprised.

JUDGE DAY

Are you sure you want to do this, Mr. Gorton?

NEAL GORTON

Very much so, your Honor.

JUDGE DAY

Very well.

INT. COURTROOM -- LATER

Gorton paces before the jury. In the back of the courtroom, Branch watches the summations.

NEAL GORTON

In conclusion, you've heard a great deal of testimony about the actual
(MORE)

NEAL GORTON (CONT'D)

crime, which shows that Carl Masters was the perpetrator. Even the prosecution does not contest the fact that Carl Masters pulled the trigger of the gun that killed Graham Everett. But what evidence did you hear against my client? Very little. A wife abandoned, yet still active in her community. The prosecution has not shown you any direct evidence that Jennifer Everett had *anything* to do with the death of her husband. Because of that, I ask you, since the People have *not* proven their case, to acquit my client. Thank you.

He sits down, while McCoy takes his place.

MCCOY

Mr. Gorton contends that our case is so weak that he need not even put on a defense, need not call any witnesses. That he doesn't need to refute anything we have presented to you. Don't believe him. Yes, this case is unusual. Yes, the evidence is circumstantial. But don't mistake that for being insubstantial. Jennifer Everett is a modern Medea, who out of jealousy and anger used the disturbed fiance of her daughter -- two people neither of whom she particularly cares for -- to kill the man who rejected her. To kill him on the doorstep of his intended new bride. Carl Masters had his life shattered in a car accident. And Jennifer Everett took advantage of his condition. She used Carl Masters as a weapon. She primed him by playing on his anxiety about Susan. She aimed him by putting him in a taxi, sending him to Ms. Richardson's address. She pulled the trigger by telling him Susan was in danger from her father. Jennifer Everett killed her husband, using Carl Masters as a weapon. I'm asking you to find her guilty of murder.

(pause)

Thank you.

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

A new day. Gorton and Jennifer Everett stand watching the JURY FOREMAN read the verdict. McCoy and Southerlyn exchange anxious glances.

Behind the prosecution table, Susan sits with Chin. Behind her, Lynette Richardson watches with a hard expression. Branch hovers by the doors of the courtroom.

JURY FOREMAN

We the jury, on the charge of murder,
find the defendant, Jennifer Everett
... not guilty.

McCoy hides his shock. Susan looks at Chin in dismay.

LYNNETTE RICHARDSON

Nooooo!

Susan turns to Richardson.

At the defense table, Jennifer Everett smiles brilliantly at Gorton.

As the court clears, McCoy looks around in frustration. He pauses at Chin. She shakes her head with regret, as she leaves with Susan. He turns back to the table and stuffs his notes in his briefcase.

Branch strolls up.

BRANCH

Medea, Jack? You forgot something
about her, didn't you?

MCCOY

What?

BRANCH

Medea got away with her crimes.

Off McCoy's reaction.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END