

Untitled Courtroom  
AKA:

HEARTS OF FIRE  
(Jagged Edge)

by

Joe Eszterhas

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\* Get Dales from Joel  
where do you find it

\* Get unusual  
unusual briefs

- (Talk to:
- Director
  - Producer
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  - Sound

Blue schemes  
2018 (Parker)

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# Untitled Courtroom

AKA:

HEARDS OF FIRE  
(Jagged Edge)

by

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- stop it

From long

- Sub on
- Close
- other
- Get TM!
- do on itself

Interview (up to 9)  
- close-up  
- long shot  
- cut  
piece

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Tom - Get Rose's  
Contact List. As  
we need to provide  
MMP w/ any  
© Columbia Pictures Industries

Also -  
Talk to them about  
profits

MEMO

March 15, 1954

SECOND DRAFT

\* Send out by hand  
if you

INT. A PLYMOUTH - NIGHT (JUNE 12, 1983)

Through the thick fog, along the winding two-lane mountain road that leads from San Francisco to Stinson Beach and the sea... darkness... the CRACKLING STATIC of the car's RADIO.

THE RADIO

*Murphy* Mrs. Forrester was the granddaughter of Times-Lofton publishing magnate Briggs Lofton. She was 36 years old. The body of her maid, identified as Consuela Martinez, 57...

And it is drowned out by the CRACKLE and the STATIC. The driver of the car -- we don't see his face -- shuts the RADIO OFF... A speeding police car, siren silent, cherry flashing, passes us, its red and blue lights casting technicolor shadows through the fog.

We round a curve... and we see it... down the hill in front of us: Dozens of police cars, their red and blue lights an eerie carnival hidden in shadows, darkness, and fog.

INT. THE PLYMOUTH

as it approaches a uniformed POLICEMAN standing in the middle of the road with a flashlight... behind him are police cars, figures moving with flashlights around a house on the beach. The Policeman stops the car, comes toward us.

THE DRIVER

I'm District Attorney Krasny.

We still don't see his face.

THE POLICEMAN

Sorry, sir.

And we drive past him, closer toward the carnival of lights, toward the house.

EXT. THE PLYMOUTH - LATER

As the driver gets out in front of the beach house in the thick fog. We see him now. THOMAS KRASNY, D.A., 46 years old. Craggy, hawk-like, expressionless. He looks at the house. It is old, shingled, built close to the sand. We hear the WAVES, the squawk of POLICE RADIOS, as Thomas Krasny walks through the swirling red and blue shadows toward the house.

EXT. FORRESTER BEACH HOUSE

as Krasny walks up to the porch. FRANK MARTIN, 50ish, raw-boned, a San Francisco Police inspector, stands in the darkness on the porch, leaning against a wall.

MARTIN

You got a lot of headlines in there.

KRASNY

(after a beat)

What are you doing out here?

MARTIN

Breathin' air.

(a beat)

Just tryin' to breathe some air.

INT. FORRESTER BEACH HOUSE

as Krasny walks into the foyer. Dozens of police types are in the living room — forensic, fingerprint men, police photographers. The house is expensively decorated.

Krasny looks around a beat. JIM ARNOLD, young, greppyish, an assistant district attorney, comes up to him.

ARNOLD

Forced rear entry, window at the back.  
Nothing taken, far as we know.

Krasny says nothing, looks around the room.

ARNOLD

You want a tour?

A beat, and then Krasny nods. Arnold leads him up a stairway to a second floor hallway. He goes to a closed door, opens it.

ARNOLD

The maid. Consuela Martinez.

Krasny looks into the room. We don't see what he sees. His face remains expressionless. A long beat, and Arnold leads him down the corridor to another room. He opens the door. Krasny looks in. We don't see what he sees. His face remains expressionless and then, suddenly, he flinches, then turns his face away.

KRASNY

(after a beat, muffled)

Christ.

He walks away, back toward the stairs. Arnold stands there a moment, watching him, and then turns toward the room.

We see a part of it now. On the wall, scrawled letters, scrawled large, scrawled in blood: B-I-T-C-H.

INT. FORRESTER LIVING ROOM - LATER

Krasny, with Arnold, talking to DR. ALBERT GOLDMAN, the coroner, professorial, in his 60's, with Inspector Frank Martin.

DR. GOLDMAN

Multiple stab wounds; the wounds are jagged. The blade must have some kind of serration — I'll know much more tomorrow. Cause of death obvious.

MARTIN

We're checking the rope; it looks like ordinary household line.

KRASNY

(to Martin)

Where was Forrester?

Martin leads them to the foyer to a spot just inside the front door.

MARTIN

Here. He came in, he got hit, he blacked out, he came to, he went upstairs and found them.

KRASNY

And saw what?

MARTIN

The bodies.

KRASNY

Come on, he must've seen something.

Martin looks at him evenly a beat, then shakes his head.

ARNOLD

He saw a bushy-haired intruder.

Krasny gives him a nasty look.

ARNOLD

(half-smile)

Bad joke. Sorry.

KRASNY

(to Martin)

Where is he now?

MARTIN

At Marin General.

KRASNY

Let's go.

He starts heading out the door.

MARTIN

He's in shock.

KRASNY  
(deadpan)

No shit.

He stops a moment, looks at Martin.

KRASNY  
I want this whole area picked clean. I  
want that knife, Frank.

Martin nods.

INT. MARIN GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Krasny walks in with Jim Arnold and Inspector Martin. As soon as they walk in, REPORTERS and Photographers swoop down on them, surround them, try to block them. They keep walking.

A REPORTER  
(shouting)  
Was she raped?

ANOTHER REPORTER  
Is it a ritual killing?

ANOTHER REPORTER  
Were they both stabbed?

Krasny, expressionless, keeps walking.

KRASNY  
We have no comment.

A REPORTER  
(yelling, to Martin)  
Do you have any leads?

KRASNY  
We have no comment.

A REPORTER  
(angry, shouting)  
Come on, for Christ's sake!

ANOTHER REPORTER  
You better nail this one, Krasny, or you  
can forget the damn Senate.

Krasny glances at the Reporter a split second, then keeps walking.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Two uniformed POLICEMEN stand guard in front of a room.

ONE OF THE POLICEMEN  
(to Martin)  
The doctor is in there with him, sir.

Martin hesitates, looks at Krasny a beat. Krasny hesitates a moment, then opens the door, walks in, Arnold and Martin follow him.

Lying on the bed is JACK FORRESTER. He is in his late 30's, good-looking. His head is bandaged. He looks dazed and in shock. A DOCTOR stands next to him, looking at the bandage on his head.

ARNOLD

(to Jack Forrester)

This is District Attorney Krasny and  
Inspector Martin, I'm --

THE DOCTOR

(interrupting)

Can't this wait?

Arnold looks at Krasny. Krasny says nothing.

MARTIN

We just have a few questions, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

This man is in shock.

A pause. They look at Forrester.

JACK

(suddenly, low)

I can't.

(a long beat, intensely)

I can't. Don't you understand? My  
wife --

(he starts to choke up)

I just can't.

A beat -- Krasny watches him.

KRASNY

(to the Doctor)

Tomorrow morning?

THE DOCTOR

(looking at Jack)

I think so. Call my office first.

KRASNY

(starts to walk out)

Thank you, Doctor.

He walks out; the others follow.

INT. THE HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

The television set is on. On the TV we see Thomas Krasny surrounded by reporters.

KRASNY

(on the TV)

This city will not tolerate the brutalization of its citizens, that I can promise you. We are taking all possible steps to see that the person or persons responsible will be brought to justice.

Jack suddenly SHUTS THE TV OFF with the remote control. He is in bed. He stares at the blank set.

A VOICE NEXT TO HIM

I'm sorry, Jack.

He turns and we see ANDREW HARDESTY. Hardesty is silver-haired, patrician, in his 60's, the head of Hardesty and Fitzpatrick, one of San Francisco's most prestigious corporate law firms.

HARDESTY

The police have nothing new.

Jack turns back to the set, stares at it a beat, then --

JACK

(quietly, without looking at Hardesty)

She loved that place.

(a beat)

Sometimes I'd see her out on the beach --

(a longer beat, quietly)

She was like a girl again.

A pause. Hardesty looks at him. Thomas Krasny walks in with Jim Arnold, Inspector Martin, and a police stenographer.

KRASNY

(quietly, low-key)

Good morning.

Jack nods, says nothing.

KRASNY

(friendly)

How you feeling this morning?

Jack nods, says nothing.

HARDESTY

(to Krasny)

I'm Andrew Hardesty.

KRASNY

(as they shake hands)

I didn't know you took an interest in criminal law.



**HARDESTY**

I'm just here informally.

**KRASNY**

(casually)

I'm glad you're here.

(to Martin)

Read Mr. Forrester his rights, Frank.

A long beat — Forrester looks at Krasny.

**HARDESTY**

Is that really necessary?

**KRASNY**

(dismissingly)

It's just the routine.

**MARTIN**

You have the right to remain silent, you  
have the right to an attorney —

Forrester and Krasny have their eyes locked as Martin reads  
it.

**INT. THE HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER**

Jack looks tired.

**MARTIN**

(to Jack)

And you heard nothing? Nothing at all?

Jack shakes his head.

**MARTIN**

And you didn't see anything? Not a  
shadow? Nothing?

Jack shakes his head. Going through this is obviously pain-  
ful for him.

**MARTIN**

(after a beat)

Why didn't you go to the beach house  
with your wife?

**JACK**

I told you. I had a dinner at the Union  
Club. I went back to the paper and  
checked on Sunday's editorials.

**KRASNY**

(a half smile)

You don't write those yourself, do you?  
I didn't think editors wrote their own  
editorials.

JACK

Sometimes I do.

KRASNY

(smiles)

Did you write the ones about me?

JACK

(meeting his eye)

Yes. I insisted on writing all of those.

(a beat)

Is that relevant here -- the editorials I wrote about you?

KRASNY

(deadpan)

Absolutely not.

MARTIN

How long were you at the paper?

JACK

I was up at the office maybe an hour and then I drove out to Stinson.

MARTIN

Why didn't you have a security system out there?

JACK

She feels --

(a beat)

She felt... closed in... by the city. She wanted to feel... free... out there. She needed to feel... free.

MARTIN

Free how?

Jack looks at him, says nothing.

MARTIN

Were you and your wife... happily married... Mr. Forrester?

Jack looks at him, says nothing.

HARDESTY

Please. Is that question really --

KRASNY

(amused)

This isn't corporate law, Mr. Hardesty.

JACK

(to Martin)

Yes. We'd been married fifteen years.

MARTIN  
(casually)  
No problems?

JACK  
(challengingly)  
What do you mean?

MARTIN  
(casually)  
Did you have anything on the side?

HARDESTY  
I really have to object to this.

JACK  
(looking at Krasny)  
I loved my wife.

MARTIN  
You haven't answered the question, Mr. Forrester.

JACK  
(after a beat)  
No.

MARTIN  
(casually)  
How about her? She have anybody on the side?

Hardesty looks outraged. Jack, looking at Krasny, shakes his head slowly.

KRASNY  
(casual)  
Can you answer the question for the stenographer, please?

JACK  
(evenly)  
No.

Krasny looks at him a long beat without expression. Then he gets up.

KRASNY  
(casual, friendly)  
You must be tired. We'll continue some other time.  
(a beat; he grins)  
Listen, sometimes I don't like asking all these questions, either.

He starts out of the room; Jack watches him.

INT. KRASNY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The D.A.'s office is large and spacious; we can see the trappings of his power here. Krasny sits with Dr. Goldman, the coroner, and Inspector Martin.

DR. GOLDMAN

No sign of sperm, no evidence of any sexual pattern outside of the knife wounds. The knife used was a heavy blade, six inches long, with a serrated edge.

MARTIN

It's a hunting knife, available at most sporting goods stores and flea markets. The rope you can pick up at any Safeway. There were no prints in the house besides Forrester's, his wife's, and the maid's. The blood found on Forrester's clothing matches his wife's but not the maid's.

*Use  
Chris  
Montage  
Scene at  
House*

KRASNY

What about his head injury?

DR. GOLDMAN

No concussion. Some bleeding. A blunt object.

KRASNY

(cool)

Come on, Al, you know what I'm asking you.

DR. GOLDMAN

(after a beat, shrugs)

Possibly self-inflicted.

Jim Arnold comes into the room. He has a manila folder in his hands. The young Assistant D.A. is barely containing his excitement.

ARNOLD

Everything was in her name. The corporate stuff, the personal. She owned the guy. He was an employee. He gets it all. He is the direct beneficiary of all her corporate and personal assets.

A long beat; Krasny smiles slowly.

MARTIN

You really think Forrester could have done that to his own wife?

KRASNY

That? What the hell's that?

(a beat)

Let's say you want to kill your wife to get all the money. It's the oldest crime in the world. But you're real smart, so you make it look like Charles Manson killed her. Your image is your best alibi. You want people to say — Jesus, you really think he could have done that to his own wife?

He smiles.

MARTIN

(after a beat)

You can't prove it.

KRASNY

(grins)

Prove it? It's just a fucking hypothesis, Frank.

Martin looks at him.

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

- A) INT. A CHURCH — As a memorial service for Page Forrester is in progress. The church is full — in the front row, we see Jack, sitting with other members of the Loftan family, including her brother, AUSTIN LOFTAN — in his late 40's, a dandyish man. All of the family members look very WASPY. Jack sits in a suit, his head bandaged. He looks dulled out, hollow-eyed.

THE MINISTER

Those who knew Page Loftan Forrester loved her. I need not dwell on her kindness — her many efforts, both civic and private, to ease the burden of the less advantaged. She was a giving, loving human being, a woman of great generosity and compassion.

- B) INT. A MORTUARY — A private service as the body of Page Forrester is being cremated. Jack sits there with the other family members, including Austin Loftan, staring, as we hear —

THE MINISTER (V.O.)

She loved life and embraced it. Her life-force strengthened all of us who loved her.

- C) EXT. THE MORTUARY — As Jack comes out with other family members, reporters and photographers swoop down on him. He stands there a moment, staring at them, looking dazed.

- D) EXT. BEACH HOUSE AT STINSON -- Jack gets out of his Porsche. He is wearing a knit top and jeans. He carries a box under his arm. He stops, looks at the beach house.
- E) EXT. THE SEA -- He is on a small cabin cruiser, alone, the sun setting. He opens the box, holds the urn. And then he tilts Page Forrester's ashes into the sea. The ashes blow in the wind. He watches them, his face expressionless.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - STINSON - LATE AFTERNOON

He starts walking back toward his Porsche. Andrew Hardesty is waiting for him there.

HARDESTY

They want to talk to you again.

Jack says nothing. He stops, turns back a long moment toward the sea.

JACK

He's going to charge me.

HARDESTY

He can't! You're innocent, you're a prominent --

JACK

(bitterly)

Don't you understand what this is about, Andrew? That sonofabitch is gonna ride my ass into the Senate.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - THE HALL OF JUSTICE (JULY)

Jack, with Hardesty, Krasny, Jim Arnold, and Inspector Martin -- with a police stenographer. There is now only a very small bandage on his head.

MARTIN

And you were happy with her, right? No arguments, no problems --

JACK

(getting upset)

We've been over this and over this --

MARTIN

(hard; loud)

And we'll go over it again!

KRASNY

(friendly)

There's no need to hector Mr. Forrester, Frank.

Use quick dips of intense scenes

13.

Jack looks at Krasny a beat, then, quietly --

JACK

(quietly)

I never said we didn't have arguments.

KRASNY

(cool)

What did you argue about?

JACK

(upset)

I told you. I told you. We had the usual arguments. We were married. We argued. Everybody does.

MARTIN

(smiles)

You argued? I thought you had the only perfect marriage in the State of California.

Jack looks at him like he could kill him. Krasny watches Jack without any expression.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (AUGUST)

Jack and the others. The bandage on his head is gone.

MARTIN

(man to man)

Come on -- who was she?

JACK

(upset)

I told you --

MARTIN

(hard)

Bullshit!

JACK

Page and I --

MARTIN

(casually)

Fucked like minks. After fifteen years of marriage. Sure you did.

JACK

(violently, getting up)

You have no right to talk about our marriage that way!

A long beat -- and Jim Arnold opens the door and signals to Krasny. Krasny gets up and starts out of the room. On the way out --

KRASNY

(to Jack)

We don't mean to insult you here.

Jack looks at him as Krasny walks out of the room with Arnold.

INT. THE HALL OF JUSTICE, CORRIDOR

Arnold whispers something to Krasny. We don't hear what he says. Krasny looks up at Arnold, suddenly startled. A beat, and then he smiles slowly.

INT. KRASNY'S OFFICE - DAY

Krasny, Jim Arnold, and Inspector Martin, sitting with TONY FABRIZI. Fabrizi is in his early 50's, overweight. He wears chinos and an open-necked shirt.

FABRIZI

I gotta check out the lockers coupla times a year, clean 'em out and stuff. They got combination locks, the club gives me the combinations, I go through 'em. The members, they usually don't even notice I been in there, seen all their rubbers and stuff. That's how I saw the knife.

MARTIN

When did you see it?

FABRIZI

Right after New Year's last year, they want me to clean out the lockers after New Year's, start the year off with clean assholes, you know.

MARTIN

What kind of a knife did you see?

FABRIZI

It was a six-inch hunting knife with a jag on the edge.

ARNOLD

How do you know it was a hunting knife?

FABRIZI

Are you kidding me? I hunt, that's how I know it was a hunting knife -- every year, I go up around Shasta for a couple weeks, pitch the tent, do the whole shit.



KRASNY

How do you know it was in Forrester's locker?

FABRIZI

'Cause it was in 222, that's his number. 'Cause I thought to myself right afterwards -- Gees, I didn't know Mr. Forrester was a hunter, you know? He's a nice guy, always got somethin' to say to me, not like a lot of those other sucks. It made me feel sorta good, you know? That he's a hunter, too.

KRASNY

(after a long beat)

Did you say anything to him about having seen the knifa?

FABRIZI

Shit no, I don't talk to the members about nothin' less they talk to me. They want me cleanin' up after 'em, not talkin' to 'em.

A long beat -- Krasny, Arnold, and Inspector Martin stare at Fabrizi.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Jack with Krasny, Arnold, Martin, Wardesty, and the police stenographer.

MARTIN

(hard)

We know you had problems, you admit it yourself, you had arguments --

JACK

(quietly)

I'm tired of this. God, I'm tired of this.

MARTIN

(hard)

We know you were her goddamn employee!

JACK

(calm)

I had no quarrel with the financial structure of the company.

MARTIN

(hard)

Like hell! You wanted it all!

Jack looks for a moment like he is going to hit him.

JACK  
 (with quiet rage,  
 to Martin)  
 Who the hell do you think you are to  
 talk to me like that?

A pause.

KRASNY  
 (quietly)  
 Do you hunt, Mr. Forrester?

JACK  
 (after a beat,  
 startled)  
 What?

KRASNY  
 (quietly)  
 Have you ever gone hunting, Mr.  
 Forrester?

JACK  
 (after a beat)  
 No.

KRASNY  
 (quietly)  
 Have you ever owned a hunting knife?

JACK  
 No.

KRASNY  
 (quietly)  
 Have you ever been in possession of a  
 hunting knife?

JACK  
 (directly)  
 No.

A long pause.

KRASNY  
 (to Hardesty, cool)  
 I'm going to give you a chance to cop a  
 plea, Mr. Hardesty.

A long beat -- Jack and Hardesty are startled by that.

JACK  
 (intensely)  
 I'm innocent! I didn't kill my wife!  
 (MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

(a beat)  
No more. I've answered all your questions for three months. This is the end. No more.

(a long beat;  
to Krasny)  
You think I killed my wife? Prove it.

KRASNY

(after a beat, quietly)  
I will.

The two men have their eyes locked.

INT. RACQUETBALL COURT - NIGHT

Jack playing, alone. He is bare-chested. His body is muscled, sleek. He plays with an elemental fury, smashing the ball against the wall. Sweat drips from him. He smashes the ball again and again. The door behind him opens. Inspector Martin is there with another detective.

MARTIN

Mr. Forrester, you're under arrest for the murders of Page Forrester and Consuela Martinez.

INT. PHOTO LAB - HALL OF JUSTICE

Jack, as his mugshot is being taken. He is expressionless.

A POLICEMAN

Turn to your right, please.

He turns. In the back of the room, in the darkness, Krasny watches him. He is expressionless.

INT. A COURTROOM - DAY

The room is packed with reporters. The scene is LOUD and CACOPHONOUS. THE JUDGE, a weak-looking man, clearly overwhelmed by all these reporters, is trying to keep order by banging his gavel constantly. Andrew Hardesty, looking uncomfortable, stands in front of the Judge, arguing. Jack sits at a table. He wears the expensive leather jacket and jeans in which he was booked and photographed. Krasny sits at a table across from him wearing a suit.

HARDESTY

(upset)

Your Honor, Mr. Forrester is the editor of the San Francisco Times, the president of the Times-Loften Publishing Company --

*Jack*

*LA*  
*short*

THE JUDGE

(gavels at same time)

I am aware of that, counselor. He is, however, charged with two capital offense felonies —

HARDESTY

(very upset)

But Your Honor —

KRASNY

(getting up, casually)

We have no objection to bail, Your Honor. Mr. Forrester has no prior criminal record. I don't expect him to flee the jurisdiction.

Hardesty looks at Krasny, very surprised.

THE JUDGE

I will set bail at five hundred thousand dollars.

He bangs his gavel quickly.

INT. THE COURTROOM CORRIDOR - DAY

Jack, standing next to Hardesty, surrounded by reporters and photographers.

JACK

(glib)

I can't answer any questions for legal reasons that are obvious. I am innocent of these charges. My newspaper, as you know, has been highly critical in the past of Mr. Krasny's conduct as District Attorney. He is an ambitious man with political aspirations. In that sense, I am not surprised that he has filed these charges against me.

*glib*

INT. A LIMO - DAY

Jack and Hardesty, in the back, on their way from the courthouse. Jack looks drained.

HARDESTY

I called Boston. Bailey's interested. He's the best.

JACK

(after a beat)

I don't want anybody from out of town.  
(a beat)  
Your firm can handle it.

*firm*

HARDESTY

Jack, we're corporate lawyers. We can handle a hearing, but this is going to be a show trial for God's sake. We've only got one person who's even had criminal experience.

JACK

(after a beat)

Who is he?

HARDESTY

(dismissingly)

She hasn't done any criminal work for four years.

JACK

Was she good?

HARDESTY

(reluctantly)

Yes. She was good. She was a very good prosecutor. She worked for Krasny.

Jack looks at him.

INT. HARDESTY AND FITZPATRICK - THE LAW OFFICE

Andrew Hardesty gets off the elevator. We see the scope of his clout. The entire floor is his law offices. As Hardesty makes his way down the thickly-carpeted floor to his own office, he is greeted by a chorus of "Hello, Mr. Hardestys." He looks disturbed, doesn't respond.

He walks into his own outer office, goes right by his secretary without looking at her.

HARDESTY

(to his secretary)

Ask Ted and Richard to come in here right away, please.

He walks into his office. It is oak-paneled; it almost looks more like a clubroom than an office. He sits down behind his ornate mahogany desk. A beat, he stares into space.

INT. TEDDY BARNES' OFFICE - DAY

Her office is small, in total contrast to Andrew Hardesty's. TEDDY BARNES is on the telephone. She is 32 years old. She is dressed very professionally, but there is a sensuality about her.

TEDDY

(on the phone)

I promised you, didn't I?

(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Tomorrow. I've got the day off and we're going to the zoo.

(a beat; she smiles)

For sure. For sure.

(she smiles,  
slightly exasperated)

There's a new bag of chips on the kitchen table, in the Safeway bag.

Her SECRETARY comes in.

THE SECRETARY

(whispering)

Mr. Hardesty -- right away.

Teddy looks disturbed.

TEDDY

(on the phone)

I've got to go. Love you.

(a beat)

The brown bag.

And she hangs up. A beat, she looks disturbed, and then she gets up and starts out of the office.

INT. HARDESTY'S OUTER OFFICE

Teddy walks in.

THE SECRETARY

(smiles)

They're waiting for you.

A beat -- she looks nervous -- and then she walks in.

INT. HARDESTY'S OFFICE

Hardesty is sitting there with two partners -- TED FITZPATRICK, in his 50's, and RICHARD DUFFIN, in his 40's. All three men wear three-piece suits and look very WASPY.

HARDESTY

(getting up, big smile)

Teddy -- how are you?

TEDDY

(smiles, unsure)

Fine. This looks like an execution squad.

DUFFIN

(quietly)

We are.

They laugh.

HARDESTY

(smiles)

Not at all, Teddy. Not at all. Sit down, please.

She sits down, looks at them.

HARDESTY

(after a beat)

Well. Are you familiar with the Forrester case?

TEDDY

(smiles)

I go out of my way not to be familiar with criminal cases anymore.

FITZPATRICK

As you know, Jack and the Lofton family have been our clients for many years.

She says nothing, looks at them. A pause that hangs there.

HARDESTY

Jack Forrester would like to speak to you about representing him.

TEDDY

(after a beat, cold)

I don't do criminal work anymore.

DUFFIN

We realize that. But considering his importance to the firm --

TEDDY

(to Hardesty, firm)

Andrew, I told you how I felt about criminal work when I joined the firm.

A pause.

FITZPATRICK

Teddy, why don't you go out to Hillsborough and speak to him about it tomorrow?

TEDDY

I'm in the middle of a case, Tom -- I promised my kids I'd --

FITZPATRICK

(cutting her off)

I think whatever the case is, it can wait -- don't you, Andrew?

A pause.

TEDDY

(evenly, to Hardesty)

There's nothing in the world that can  
make me go back to criminal work,  
Andrew.

A long beat, they look at her.

DUFFIN

(evenly)

There's nothing in the world that I  
personally would like less than to lose  
Jack Forrester as a client.

A long beat, she looks at them.

HARDESTY

(quietly to Teddy)

Speak to him.

(a beat)

Please.

FITZPATRICK

(after a beat,  
smiles)

You'll like Jack.

INT. A TOYOTA - DAY

Teddy drives through the gates of the Forrester estate in  
Hillsborough. With her in the front seat is her daughter,  
JENNY, 11, bright and cheerful. In the back seat wearing a  
49er cap is her son, DAVID, moody and quirky.

JENNY

(looking around)

God, this place is awesome!

DAVID

(to Teddy)

You said we were gonna go to the zoo!

TEDDY

We are. I've got to talk to somebody  
first.

DAVID

(looking around  
the grounds)

Who lives here, anyway, the Pope or  
somebody?

TEDDY

(smiles)

A man named Forrester.



JENNY

(excited)

Hey! He killed his wife! I saw him on TV!

TEDDY

(giving her a look)

He allegedly killed his wife.

DAVID

That means he's gonna get away with it.

TEDDY

(smiles)

It does not.

She stops the car in front of the large Tudor Mansion and starts getting out.

DAVID

You better watch yourself in there, Mom -- that guy's a killer!

She smiles.

INT. THE MANSION

THE BUTLER leads her to a den. She glances around at this large, impressive place as she walks with him.

THE BUTLER

Mr. Forrester will be right with you. May I bring you something, madame?

TEDDY

No, thank you.

He leaves. She looks around the den. She sees mounted San Francisco Times front pages. Photos of Jack Forrester with well-known national figures. And then she sees a framed photo of Jack and Page Forrester. They look like a radiant young couple. As she is looking at the photo, Jack walks in behind her.

JACK

(smiles)

Hello. I'm glad you came.

She turns from the photo, looks at him. He really is a good-looking man. He is casually dressed, jeans and an expensive sweater. He looks boyish.

JACK

(smiles)

Is it Ms. or Mrs. Barnes.

TEDDY

Mrs.

(a beat; she looks  
at photograph)

Your wife was an attractive woman.

JACK

(reflectively)

Yes she was.

(a beat; to change  
the subject)

Do you like horses?

TEDDY

(taken aback, smiles)

Yes.

JACK

(smiles)

Come on.

He walks out of the room -- a beat, and she follows him.

INT. THE STABLES - DAY

They walk in -- Teddy sees three prize Arabians in their stalls.

JACK

(grins)

They're my pride and joy.

He goes up to one of the stalls; she follows him.

JACK

Come here, beauty.

The horse goes up to him. He pets the horse, nuzzles it. She watches him.

JACK

The oldest equine species, the most  
beautiful, the most perfectly-tempered.  
Here, pet him, he loves to be petted.

She pets the horse, smiles, is really taken with it.

JACK

(watching her)

Do you ride?

TEDDY

(smiles)

Badly.

He smiles, starts to walk down the stables to the other stalls.

JACK  
I guess Andrew spoke to you.

TEDDY  
Yes he did.

JACK  
(after a beat, smiles)  
And?

TEDDY  
And the problem is that I don't do  
criminal work any more.

Jack stops walking, looks at her.

JACK  
So you're not interested.

TEDDY  
(after a beat,  
smiles)  
Well, I'm here to talk about it, aren't  
I?

He starts walking again and gets to another stall. He  
stops, gets the horse.

JACK  
(not looking at her)  
I didn't kill my wife.

A long beat -- she is taken aback by the directness of that.  
He doesn't look at her -- he nuzzles the horse.

TEDDY  
I didn't ask you if you did.

JACK  
(not looking at her)  
If I were your client, though, you'd ask  
me then.

TEDDY  
I'd ask about the case they had against  
you.

(a beat)  
I'd want to win my case.

JACK  
(not looking at her)  
Did you win all your cases when you were  
a prosecutor?

TEDDY  
(after a beat,  
almost reluctantly)  
Yes. I won every one.

*Story*

He looks at her. He smiles. He starts walking toward the last stall.

TEDDY

Why do you want me to represent you?

JACK

(smiles)

Because you've never lost a case.

A beat, he keeps walking, then --

JACK

(seriously)

Because you know what Krasny is capable of.

TEDDY

(after a beat)

What do you think he's capable of?

JACK

(smiles)

Anything.

He stops, looks at her.

JACK

(seriously)

Anything at all to get what he wants.

He steps to the last stall. He pets the horse, rubs it.

TEDDY

(smiles)

What if I thought you were guilty?

JACK

(smiles, not looking  
at her)

You said it wouldn't make any difference to you.

She says nothing, but as she watches him her smile fades. He turns to her.

JACK

(seriously)

Or maybe it would.

He turns back to the horse.

JACK

(to the horse,  
grins)

You're a real beauty, yes you are.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (to Teddy, not  
 looking at her)  
 You've really got to ride one of  
 them sometime.

A beat, she watches him with the horse, then --

TEDDY  
 (watching him)  
 It makes men imperious to sit on a  
 horse.

He smiles, looks at her.

JACK  
 Oliver Wendell Holmes, right?

She smiles. He turns back to the horse, gets it affection-  
 ately. A long beat.

JACK  
 (not looking at her)  
 He was wrong. Look at their legs.

He strokes the horse's leg, then turns to her.

JACK  
 They teach us how vulnerable we all are.

She looks at him.

INT. THE TOYOTA

Teddy gets in. She sits there a moment, doesn't start the  
 car. She looks disturbed.

DAVID  
 God, Mom, where were you?

JENNY  
 (looking at her)  
 What's the matter, Mom?

TEDDY  
 Nothing.

DAVID  
 (impatiently)  
 What are we waiting for? Let's go!

She starts the car up, starts driving through the grounds.

JENNY  
 What do you think, Mom, did he really  
 kill her?

TEDDY  
 I don't know.

DAVID  
Is he gonna go to jail?

TEDDY  
(after a beat,  
thinking about it)  
Probably.

DAVID  
(scoffing)  
If he didn't kill her he's still gonna  
go to jail? That's crazy! Can we feed  
the lions?

JENNY  
(to David)  
You can't feed the lions. Boy, are you  
dumb!

DAVID  
(excited)  
Can we, Mom?

But she is lost in her thoughts.

INT. THE SAN FRANCISCO TIMES - CITY ROOM - DAY

Jack walks in. He wears a three-piece suit. The room is crowded with newspaper people. He waves to some of them on his way to the city desk. They wave at him, but look quickly away. He notices they are uncomfortable with him.

JACK  
(to the City Editor)  
Round everybody up, will you, Charlie?  
We're gonna have a gang-bang in my  
office.

CITY EDITOR  
(after a beat, smiles,  
but disturbed)  
Gang-bang coming up, Jack.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - THE TIMES - DAY

He sits behind his desk, his sleeves rolled up. Four or five editors sit in front of him.

JACK  
(looking at a  
sheet of paper)  
What's this lead Krasny we're running  
Sunday?

CITY EDITOR  
It's a profile. It reviews his career,  
looks at the Senate race --

JACK

The fucking Senate race is eleven months away.

CITY EDITOR

I just thought --

JACK

(hard)

Goddamn it... I don't want any slant, any bias in our coverage of... of my case, or of Krasny. Do you hear me?

A beat; they nod.

JACK

I've put my nuts into this bitch of a paper for fifteen years. I'm not going to fuck it over now. I want routine, objective coverage.

A long beat; the editors look at him.

JACK

(with feeling)

I'm... taking a leave of absence until my trial is over.

(a beat)

Phil's gonna run things.

He looks at one of the editors, PHIL SIEGEL. He is in his 40's, owlish, pudgy.

JACK

I'm also taking a leave from my corporate responsibilities.

(he forces a grin)

You guys know how much I love all of that anyway.

They don't know what to say. Neither does he.

JACK

(after a long beat,  
with feeling)

I'm gonna miss you.

INT. THE PRESS ROOM

It is a large amphitheater of huge, ROARING printing presses. Jack stands on a catwalk, watching them as they ROAR. He seems lost in his thoughts. Phil Siegel walks up beside him.

PHIL

(after a beat)

Couldn't you put any heat on him?

JACK  
 (after a beat,  
 watching the presses)  
 You got a murder charge looking at you,  
 Philly --  
 (he smiles)  
 -- You're not gonna burn anybody down.

PHIL  
 (after a beat)  
 We should've put him away with that  
 case.

JACK  
 (watching the presses)  
 We had rumors.

A pause.

PHIL  
 You really want straight coverage?

JACK  
 (after a beat)  
 You don't have to overdue it, Philly --  
 you know what I mean?

He doesn't look at Seigel.

PHIL  
 (after a long beat,  
 quietly)  
 I'm not sure I do know what you mean.

JACK  
 (looks at him)  
 Yeah, you do. You know just what I  
 mean.

A long beat, and then he watches the presses again.

JACK  
 (watching the presses)  
 Do you know how much I love hearing  
 these goddamn machines?

He stares at the presses, lost in his thoughts.

INT. A FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The place is expensive, classy. MICHAEL BARNES, Teddy's ex-husband, sits there. He is in his mid-forties. He is not a bad looking man, but soft. Teddy walks in quickly and sits down.



TEDDY  
 (in a flurry)  
 I'm sorry. We went to the zoo. David's  
 been after me for weeks.

MICHAEL  
 (smiles)  
 Damn. I was going to take them to the  
 zoo this weekend.  
 (a beat; he looks  
 at her)  
 How are you?

TEDDY  
 Fine. How are you?

MICHAEL  
 (smiles)  
 Fine.

TEDDY  
 (smiles)  
 How's Wendy?

MICHAEL  
 (smiles)  
 Wendy was last month. Michelle. She's  
 fine. It's nice to see you.

TEDDY  
 (seriously)  
 It's nice to see you, too.

A beat as they look at each other -- then, Teddy, to break the mood, looks at her menu --

TEDDY  
 God I'm starved.

Thomas Krasny is suddenly there as she looks at her menu.

KRASNY  
 (grins)  
 Did I hear something about you and the  
 Forrester case?

TEDDY  
 You heard wrong. Michael, you remember  
 Tom Krasny?

KRASNY  
 (as they shake hands)  
 You still in computers?

MICHAEL  
 More than ever.

KRASNY

(grins)

You must be getting rich.

MICHAEL

(grins)

I lost everything in my divorce settlement.

KRASNY

(to Teddy)

I think you should take the case. Think of the fun we could have.

TEDDY

(seriously)

It wouldn't be any fun.

KRASNY

(after a beat,  
looks at her)

Henry Stiles.

TEDDY

(taken aback)

What?

KRASNY

He hanged himself.

We see the absolute shock on her face.

TEDDY

(in shock, quietly)

When?

KRASNY

The day before yesterday.

A long beat; their eyes are locked on each other, then --

KRASNY

(to Michael,  
casually)

He's in the joint four years -- he's only got another year to go -- he hangs himself. How do you figure it.

(to Teddy)

Nice seeing you.

He walks away. She sits there. She is obviously in shock, staring at the table. A long beat. Michael looks at her.

MICHAEL

Are you okay?

TEDDY

(not looking at him)

No.

(a beat; she looks  
up at him)

Come home with me.

INT. HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

They are in bed, naked. He has his arm around her. Nothing is said. And then she sits up and gets a pack of cigarettes out of the nightstand. She lights up, sits there on the edge of the bed, smoking.

MICHAEL

I thought you quit smoking.

TEDDY

I have.

A pause.

MICHAEL

I have to go.

She says nothing, smokes her cigarette. Another pause.

MICHAEL

Do you see anyone?

TEDDY

I see you.

He looks like he wants to say something, but doesn't. A long beat. He starts to get up.

MICHAEL

Can I kiss them goodbye?

She says nothing, sits on the edge of the bed, smokes her cigarette.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Teddy stands in the corridor in a robe, watching as Michael, dressed to go, kisses the sleeping boy tenderly, then turns and comes out of the bedroom. He looks at her. He wants to say something to her, but doesn't know what to say. Then he leans over to kiss her on the lips. She moves suddenly away.

TEDDY

(cold)

Good night.

MICHAEL

(after a concerned  
beat)

Get out of the house more. Go have a  
drink with your girlfriends or  
something.

TEDDY

I don't have any girlfriends. I've  
worked with men all my life, remember?  
The only girlfriend I ever had was my  
shrink.

MICHAEL

(with concern)

Well, maybe you ought to go out and have  
a drink with your shrink.

TEDDY

(cold)

I don't need a shrink any more.

He looks at her with concern.

INT. TEDDY'S KITCHEN - BREAKFAST

She is sitting at the kitchen table in her robe, reading the  
newspaper. The kids are racing around, getting their things  
for school.

DAVID

When's Bridget gonna be back?

TEDDY

(reading the paper)

Not for another month.

JENNY

Oh God. What are we going to eat for  
dinner tonight?

TEDDY

(reading the paper)

I don't know. I'll figure something  
out.

JENNY

Oh God. Can't we hire another  
housekeeper?

TEDDY

(reading)

You like Bridget.

JENNY

Was Dad here last night?

Teddy looks up at her.

JENNY  
 (smiles)  
 I thought I heard you guys.

DAVID  
 (hurt)  
 Why didn't he wake us up?

JENNY  
 (knowingly)  
 They were too busy doing it, boy are you dumb!

TEDDY  
 (hiding her smile,  
 reading)  
 Jenny, please --

DAVID  
 (to Jenny)  
 How do you know? You don't do it!

JENNY  
 (kissing her goodbye)  
 'Bye, Mom.

DAVID  
 (kissing her  
 goodbye)  
 Can I take a Twinkie with me?

She nods. David grabs a Twinkie, runs. The door slams. She sits there alone at the kitchen table, the kids gone, in a sudden quiet, paging casually through the newspaper. She stops, freezes, looks at something closely.

**CLOSEUP - THE NEWSPAPER**

We see what she is looking at. It is a death notice. We see the name: Stiles, Henry Jackson.

**INT. HER CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY**

She is sitting behind her desk, dictating to her Secretary.

TEDDY  
 -- As seen in Holmes vs. United States Steel, a precedent supportive of litigation. The argument against is bolstered by Diamond vs. Alcoa Aluminium --

She trails off. A long pause. She stares into space. Then she suddenly sees the secretary looking at her with concern.

TEDDY  
 (suddenly)  
 We'll continue tomorrow, Alice.

## EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Teddy watches from a tree as, a few hundred feet in front of her, a small group of mourners, all of them black, stand in front of a grave. The mourners leave, one by one, down the hillside. Then the last mourner, an aged black WOMAN, turns, starts walking away, and sees her. A long beat, and then the black Woman walks over to her. The two women look at each other a long beat.

TEDDY

Hello, Mrs. Stiles.

MRS. STILES

(sadly, wearily)

You got no place here.

Teddy looks at her, says nothing.

MRS. STILES

Is this gonna ease your burden? Did you have to see what you begun?

Teddy looks at her a long beat and then turns and walks away, down the hillside.

## INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY

She sits at a table, alone. She is smoking and drinking. A waiter comes by.

TEDDY

I'll have another Stolichnaya, please.

There are already three empty glasses in front of her. The waiter leaves to get her another drink. A well-dressed MAN in his 30's, good-looking, comes over from the bar.

THE MAN

There's a lady who likes her Stoli.

She looks at him, expressionless, then she smiles slowly.

TEDDY

I don't drink actually.

THE MAN

(smiles)

Neither do I.

A beat, and he sits down.

THE MAN

(smiles)

My name's Paul, what's yours?

TEDDY

(expressionless)

Teddy.

*Handwritten:*  
 1-2-40  
 1-2-40  
 1-2-40

THE MAN

(smiles)

Hello, Teddy.

She looks at him, she smiles slowly, and then she suddenly gets up.

TEDDY

Excuse me.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY

She stands at the telephone, talking.

TEDDY

Andrew? The Forrester case --

(a beat)

I'm interested.

(a beat; she  
listens)

Fine.

She hangs up, stands there a beat staring at the phone. Then she turns and looks at the Man waiting for her, sitting at the table. And then she turns and walks out.

EXT. A HOUSE - AFTERNOON

In the Mission District, a lower middle class neighborhood. Teddy knocks on the door, gets no response, then knocks again.

A MAN'S VOICE

(gruff, from inside)

Just a goddamn minute!

She smiles to herself. A beat, and then the door opens. SAM RANSOM is a big, rumpled man in his early 60's.

SAM

Christ.

(a beat; he grins)

Teddy.

(he looks at her)

You still look like a real broad.

She smiles.

INT. RANSOM'S HOUSE

It is small, cluttered. He sips bourbon from a glass, pours himself more.

SAM

You want some of this?

She shakes her head.

SAM

(sipping his bourbon)  
Teddy, I'm a busted tire for Christ's sake — my lungs are shot, I can't even piss straight.

TEDDY

(looks at him, smiles)  
Can you work?

He says nothing, sips his bourbon.

TEDDY

You were the best investigator the D.A.'s office ever had.

SAM

(after a beat)  
It was a long time ago.

TEDDY

Four years.

SAM

(gruff)  
I know how long it was.

A pause; he sips his bourbon.

SAM

(quietly, not  
looking at her)  
He hanged himself.

TEDDY

(after a beat, quietly)  
I know.

SAM

(looks at her, gruff)  
I know you know, you're here, aren't you?

She says nothing; a pause.

SAM

Forrester isn't Stiles.

A beat; she looks at him, nods.

SAM

Say he didn't do it, you're never gonna get him off.

TEDDY

(quietly)  
If he didn't do it, I'll get him off.



SAM

(gruff, hard)

Teddy -- don't you get it? Krasny's the underdog. I don't give a shit how much money he's got, a rich guy like Forrester -- where's he gonna get a jury of his peers. His peers, for Christ's sake -- he's gonna get a bunch of people who hate him for what he's got.

TEDDY

(evenly, firmly)

If he didn't do it, I'll get him off.

SAM

(after a long beat,  
with feeling)

Aw, shit.

He gets up, paces around.

SAM

(after a long beat)

Forget Stiles.

TEDDY

(after a beat; quietly)

I can't. Neither can you.

SAM

(gruff)

The hell I can't.

TEDDY

(with feeling)

Sam, we're responsible. You and I --

SAM

(emotionally)

Fuck it! I don't care! Tom Krasny's responsible. Fuck Stiles! Fuck you and your goddamn guilts!

He turns away from her emotionally, very worked up.

TEDDY

(quietly, almost in  
a whisper)

Please.

A long beat, and then he turns and looks at her.

INT. HER BATHROOM - NIGHT

David is standing in front of the mirror in his pajamas, brushing his teeth, ready for bed. Toothpaste is all over his mouth. Teddy comes in. She wears a robe.

TEDDY

Come on, you've got school tomorrow.

DAVID

(as he brushes)

Mom, how come you got divorced?

She looks at him. He keeps brushing his teeth with great care.

TEDDY

(carefully)

It's just... something... that happens to people sometimes.

(a beat)

Sometimes... things happen... that you thought could never happen... and everything comes apart.

DAVID

(brushing)

What kind of things?

TEDDY

Big people things.

DAVID

(brushing)

Are those things gonna happen to me?

TEDDY

I hope not.

DAVID

(brushing)

Why, do they hurt?

TEDDY

(after a beat,

seriously)

Yes, sometimes they hurt very much.

She kisses the boy on the head. He watches her in the mirror.

INT. THE FORRESTER MANSION IN HILLSBROUKE - DAY

Teddy sits with Jack, Andrew Hardesty, and Sam Ransom.

HARDESTY

(smiles)

Jack and I are both very happy that you're taking the case.

TEDDY

I'll take the case on one condition.

A beat; they look at her.

*short*

TEDDY

(to Jack, evenly)  
If you lie to me, if I think you're  
guilty, I'm going to drop out.

HARDESTY

(shocked)  
You can't do that!

TEDDY

(quietly, firm)  
Yes I can.

HARDESTY

(upset)  
It's unprofessional and you know it!

TEDDY

(after a beat,  
quietly)  
I'm not going to be used.

JACK

(after a long beat,  
cool)  
You said all you'd care about was the  
case they had against me.

TEDDY

(looking at him)  
I lied.

A pause. Jack looks at her. He smiles.

TEDDY

(to Jack)  
Take it or leave it.

JACK

(after a beat,  
seriously)  
I'm not going to lie to you. I didn't  
kill my wife.

Teddy looks at him a beat, then nods her head slowly.

TEDDY

I want Sam to have access to all of your  
personal and corporate correspondence,  
financial records, your wife's records,  
everything. Absolute access.

JACK

(to Sam)  
You've got it.

TEDDY

I don't want you out in public until this trial is over. I don't want to see any pictures of you in the paper. I want you to look like your life has been shattered.

JACK

(after a beat,  
earnestly)

Don't you think it has?

TEDDY

(evenly)

I want it to show.

Jack looks at her. Sam Ransom watches them.

TEDDY

I want you to take a polygraph and some psychological tests. They'll remain confidential; Krasny won't have access to them.

HARDESTY

(upset)

What is the purpose --

JACK

(to Teddy)

When do I take them?

TEDDY

Today.

JACK

What's the rush?

TEDDY

I don't want you preparing yourself for them.

JACK

(after a beat,  
to Teddy)

I like you. You care.

Sam Ransom watches them.

EXT. MANSION

As Teddy and Sam go to her Toyota:

TEDDY

What do you think?

SAM

I don't know. What the hell do I know about guys like him?

SAM (CONT'D)

(he grins)

What if he passes the polygraph? How  
you gonna know if he's lying to you?  
You gonna keep on giving him tests?

TEDDY

I'll know.

SAM

(dismissingly)

Guys like him, you'll never get to know  
him that well.

She stops, looks at him. Her look says: Yes I will.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - AFTERNOON

The corridors of the old courtroom building are filled with  
cops, pimps, hookers — a gritty maelstrom of reality, in  
total contrast to the world of corporate offices and  
Hillsborough mansions. Krasny walks out of a courtroom.  
Teddy is waiting for him.

TEDDY

(immediately)

I'm representing Jack Forrester.

Krasny stops a beat, looks at her, then he grins, keeps  
walking.

KRASNY

Is he finally gonna cop a plea? Go  
ahead, I'm reasonable, I'll listen.

She walks alongside him.

TEDDY

I don't want any problems with  
discovery.

KRASNY

I don't know what you're talking about.

TEDDY

(quietly)

If you hold anything back on me, I'm  
going to nail you to the fucking wall.

He stops, looks at her, smiles.

KRASNY

You talk to your corporate clients like  
that?

TEDDY

(after a beat,  
looking at him)

I mean it, Tom.

Krasny starts walking again.

KRASNY

"It is unprofessional conduct for a prosecutor to fail to disclose to the defense at the earliest feasible opportunity all evidence which" -- you know the words, Teddy.

TEDDY

I'm not going to let it happen again.

KRASNY

(smiles)

I said I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

TEDDY

I'm talking about Henry Stiles.

He stops, looks at her.

KRASNY

You prosecuted the case with me. You did a good job. The jury found Henry Stiles guilty.

He smiles at her. Teddy looks at him a long beat, then --

TEDDY

(evenly)

I'm going to bust you wide open. You can kiss the Senate goodbye.

He stares at her a beat, and then he grins.

KRASNY

See you in court, counselor.

He walks away.

EXT. FORRESTER BEACH HOUSE - STINSON BEACH - NEXT MORNING

A very foggy day, like the night of the killings. Teddy gets out of her Toyota and walks over to Jack's Porsche. He is leaning up against his car, staring out to sea.

TEDDY

(businesslike)

Good morning.

JACK

(after a beat,

quietly)

I don't want to do this.

TEDDY

There's no other way. I have to see it.

Smoothly sequenced  
interesting actual  
clips from script  
of script (quite finished w/ music)

JACK  
(looks at her)  
You have to see me seeing it. That's  
what you have to see.

He walks away from her toward the house.

EXT. HOUSE

He stands at the front door, key in hand. He puts the key  
in, turns it, hesitates.

TEDDY  
Do it in exact sequence.

He looks at her. He really hates doing this. And then he  
opens the door.

INT. FOYER - BEACH HOUSE

He stands there.

JACK  
I came in --

His voice is almost a mumble; he is deeply moved.

JACK  
(after a beat,  
quietly)  
Here. He hit me here.

TEDDY  
YOU heard nothing.

He shakes his head, stands there.

TEDDY  
Was the room dark?

He nods.

TEDDY  
Was there anything that --

JACK  
No. I walked in. I got hit. I went  
out.

A pause; he stands there.

TEDDY  
Go on.

He looks at her, hates her for putting him through this.

JACK  
I came to.

TEDDY

How long were you unconscious?

JACK

I don't know... Ten, fifteen minutes maybe. I'm not sure... I... got up... My head hurt... I was dizzy... I put my hand back there... I felt the blood... I went upstairs.

TEDDY

How?

He looks at her. What's wrong with her?

TEDDY

Did you run, did you walk, did you yell?

JACK

(after a beat)

I tried to run. I was off-balance. Everything was spinning around. I think I yelled.

TEDDY

What did you yell?

JACK

(after a beat)

Her name.

(a beat)

I yelled -- Page.

He stands there.

TEDDY

Let's go up.

He stands there and then he looks at her slowly. He doesn't want to go up — more than anything, he doesn't want to go up.

TEDDY

(cold)

Let's go up.

He keeps looking at her, and then he starts slowly to go up the stairs. She walks up behind him. He stops at the top of the stairway. He indicates a door near them down the hall.

JACK

Consuela's door... was open.

(a beat)

There was a light on.

TEDDY

Did you go in?



He shakes his head.

JACK

I could see... from the hall...

TEDDY

What did you see?

JACK

(after a beat)

Blood.

A long beat.

JACK

I ran to our room. I stumbled. I  
couldn't get my balance.

He is still frozen at the top of the stairway.

TEDDY

Show me.

He looks at her, then walks toward his wife's bedroom down  
the corridor. Each step is difficult. He stops at the  
door. It is closed.

TEDDY

Was the door closed?

He stands at the door, nods slowly, frozen.

TEDDY

Open it.

He looks at her again. How can she ask him to do this?

TEDDY

Open it.

A beat, and he opens the door. It swings open slowly. We  
see the room. It has been cleared; the bed is stripped, the  
mattress is gone. The walls are clean. He stands at the  
door, staring into the room.

TEDDY

You went in.

He nods slowly, stands outside the room.

TEDDY

Go in.

A long beat; he stares into the room.

JACK

I can't.

Teddy watches him. She sees the condition he's in.

TEDDY

(after a beat, gently)

What did you see?

He stands at the door ramrod stiff, staring into it. His voice becomes choked as he talks.

JACK

(after a long beat,  
quietly)

That word — on the wall.

(a long beat)

The rope — her hands and her feet,  
tied... to the bed.

He stands there a long beat, like he can't go on.

JACK

Blood... around her breasts.

(a long beat)

All over the bed... she didn't have any  
clothes... between her legs, the blood  
... God.

He stands stiffly at the door, staring into the room. She looks at him. She sees there are tears coming down his cheeks; he is crying silently.

JACK

(after a long beat)

I felt for her pulse.

He starts to cry openly now.

JACK

I held her... hand... I put my ear to  
her... heart... the blood...

A long beat as he cries, and then he turns on her suddenly --

JACK

(quietly, choked)

Do I look shattered enough for you now?

And then he turns and walks quickly down the stairs. Teddy stands there — she hears the front DOOR SLAM downstairs. She looks back into the room a beat, and she closes the door.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE

He is standing at his Porsche, hunched over an open door, staring at the sea. She comes up to him.

TEDDY

I'm sorry.

She puts her hand on his shoulder gently.

TEDDY

I'm sorry, Jack.

He looks at her.

INT. A SEASIDE RESTAURANT - STINSON BEACH

They are sitting at a window, across from each other -- the sea and the thick fog outside. He is sipping a drink. He still looks shaken.

JACK

(looking at his drink)

I met her at Stanford. We were at a party. I didn't know who she was -- I'm glad I didn't, I probably wouldn't have had the nerve to talk to her.

He smiles.

TEDDY

Your family didn't have money.

JACK

We didn't have that kind of money.

A long beat; he seems lost in his thoughts.

JACK

We got married -- I went to work for the paper. I started out as a copy boy for six months, I hated that shit, racing around getting coffee for everyone -- I worked in advertising, circulation, got to learn everything about the company. Her dad liked me.

TEDDY

Was she involved with the company?

JACK

Not really. She had her things -- the ballet, a lot of charity things.

TEDDY

Why didn't you have children?

JACK

We were too involved in other things. We didn't want any.

(a beat; he looks at her)

You have kids, don't you?

She nods.

JACK  
Did you want them?

TEDDY  
(after a beat, a  
sad smile)  
I think so.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

They are walking along the beach in the thick fog.

TEDDY  
Were you faithful to her?

JACK  
(after a beat)  
Do you know how many times Krasny asked  
me that?

TEDDY  
I'm not Krasny.

JACK  
(after a beat)  
Yes, I was faithful to her.  
(a long beat)  
Except for a short period, a long time  
ago.

She stops, stares at him.

JACK  
We'd only been married a couple years.  
It wasn't even really an affair, it was  
like a series of one-night stands. The  
girl went back to France. It didn't  
even last a month.

She is still staring at him.

JACK  
Look. I told you I wasn't going to lie  
to you. I don't know why it happened,  
but it did. It didn't really mean  
anything to me. I loved Page.

She says nothing, they keep walking.

JACK  
You're divorced, aren't you?

She nods.

JACK  
How long were you married?

TEDDY  
(after a beat)  
Seven years.

JACK  
Were you faithful to him?

She nods.

JACK  
(smiles)  
Really?

TEDDY  
(evenly)  
Really.

They walk.

TEDDY  
Was she faithful to you?

JACK  
Yes. As far as I know.

TEDDY  
What does that mean?

JACK  
It means as far as I know. You want the truth, don't you?

They walk; a long pause.

JACK  
I didn't kill her.

TEDDY  
(after a beat, looks at him)  
I know you didn't.

JACK  
(after a beat, looks at her)  
No you don't.  
(a beat)  
You just want to get a little closer to get a better look.  
(a beat; he smiles)  
I don't mind.

INT. TEDDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She sits at a small table, late at night -- one small reading lamp is on. The table is piled with law books. Jenny comes in behind her in her nightgown.

JENNY  
What are you doin', Mom?

TEDDY  
 (without looking up)  
 Homework.  
 (a beat)  
 You should be asleep.

Jenny stands there, says nothing. Teddy turns back to her after a long beat.

JENNY  
 (with great difficulty)  
 Mom, do you ever --  
 (a long beat; she  
 is embarrassed)  
 -- do you ever think about boys... and  
 all that? I think about it a lot.

TEDDY  
 (smiles)  
 Which part, the boys or the all that?

JENNY  
 (laughs)  
 The all that.

TEDDY  
 (smiles)  
 Sometimes.

JENNY  
 (getting braver)  
 Do you think about it with Dad?

TEDDY  
 (smiles)  
 Sometimes.

JENNY  
 Do you think about it with -- you know,  
 with other guys?

JENNY & TEDDY  
 (together)  
 Sometimes.

They laugh.

JENNY  
 Did you do it with a lot of other guys?  
 She doesn't know what to say.

TEDDY  
 I never really had the time, I guess.

JENNY  
 It doesn't really take that long, does  
 it?

JENNY & TEDDY

(together)

Sometimes.

They laugh.

TEDDY

(smiles)

It's way past your bedtime.

JENNY

Mom?

She hesitates. She wants to say something but it's hard.

JENNY

(quietly)

I like to hear you and Dad -- when he's here.

(a beat; shyly)

Is that wrong?

Teddy looks at her a long beat and she slowly shakes her head. She reaches out and puts her arms around Jenny and hugs her against her.

INT. HER OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

She walks in. Sam Ransom is sitting at her desk. A huge stack of papers is piled atop it.

SAM

Eight hundred and thirty-two pages, signed, sealed, and delivered by Thomas Krasny. "The People vs. John C. Forrester."

She hears something wrong with his tone, looks at him.

TEDDY

What's the matter?

SAM

He's got him tied to the knife.

She looks like she's been kicked in the gut.

INT. HER OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

They are finishing reading the documents. They look tired. Teddy finishes reading the last file, closes it, and looks up at Sam. A long beat; she says nothing, then --

TEDDY

I don't see any smoking guns here.

SAM

(hard)

He's got him tied to the knife, Teddy!

TEDDY

No he doesn't. He's got a janitor who claims to have seen a knife in his locker. Krasny doesn't have the knife that killed his wife. The janitor isn't identifying it.

SAM

(forceful)

It's the next best thing.

TEDDY

It's not good enough. It's circumstantial.

SAM

(holding up a piece of paper)

What about this friend of his wife's, this Virginia Howell --

TEDDY

(hard)

It's hearsay, Sam, coming from one witness. It's not enough! He's got to have more. He's too smart. He's got to have more!

SAM

(after a long beat)

You want to know what I think? I think this guy's pathological. I think he's lying to us.

A pause; Teddy considers it.

TEDDY

(quietly)

Did we get his tests back?

SAM

Next week.

TEDDY

(after a beat, quietly)

Damn it.

INT. AN OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Teddy with DAN HISLAN. He is a polygraph expert. He is in his 30's, razor-cut.

HISLAN

Teddy, give me another couple days, I'll have my report to you.

TEDDY

Give me a bottom line, Dan.



HISLAN

Bottom line?

(a beat)

A straight, solid graph, no funny little wiggles. The machine loves him. He's telling the truth.

Teddy thinks about it.

HISLAN

Or he's the kind of ice cube even the machine can't fox.

INT. AN OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

DR. BERNARD HOLLOWAY is a psychologist, 50ish, bearded.

HOLLOWAY

You're asking me to simplify something I can't simplify.

TEDDY

Is he pathological?

HOLLOWAY

(after a beat)

Is he pathological? How the fuck do I know? Who isn't fucking pathological anymore? Read the papers, put the TV on, the whole world's going apeshit.

She smiles.

HOLLOWAY

He's manipulative -- he didn't get where he is by not being manipulative. Did he do that goddamn bloodbath? I don't know. But if you're asking me whether he is capable of having done that, I saw nothing that would lead me to that conclusion.

TEDDY

(smiles)

Thank you.

HOLLOWAY

Don't mention it. You know something? You're just as much of an asshole as when you were a D.A.

Teddy smiles.

INT. FORRESTER'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

It is on Nob Hill. Teddy knocks on the door; Forrester answers it. She wears the dress she has worn all day and carries a briefcase. He wears jeans and a shirt.

TEDDY

(as soon as he opens  
the door)

I've got to make a phone call.

INT. APARTMENT

Very modern, almost spartan -- in complete contrast to the  
Hillsborough place.

TEDDY

(on the phone)

How did you do on your spelling test?

(a beat)

That's terrific, David.

(a beat)

Can you put Jenny on?

A beat; she waits. Jack watches her.

TEDDY

Did you find the TV dinners?

(a beat)

I thought you liked turkey.

(a beat)

A couple hours.

(a beat)

Okay, 'bye.

She hangs up, turns to Jack, sees he is smiling at her.

TEDDY

(directly)

He's got a witness who says he saw a  
hunting knife in your locker at the  
country club.

JACK

(casually)

It's bullshit. Absolute bullshit.

TEDDY

He describes it, he says it had a --

JACK

(casually)

I don't care what he says. I never had  
any kind of knife in my locker.

TEDDY

Why would he be lying?

JACK

(casually)

All I can tell you is that it never  
happened.

She looks at him a long beat.

JACK

(smiles)

I had some food brought in, I thought you'd be hungry.

He leads her to the dining room. She sees a whole table full of Chinese carry-out food.

JACK

(smiles)

Did you think I sat around all the time eating Beef Wellington?

She looks at him; she smiles.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

She is eating; she is obviously famished. He pours her another glass of wine.

TEDDY

(as she eats)

Tell me about Virginia Howell.

JACK

(smiles)

Did you always want to be a lawyer?

TEDDY

(after a beat)

I always wanted to be a prosecutor. My dad was a cop.

JACK

(smiles)

What did I get myself into? You want some more of this? I love this stuff.

She looks at him, smiles, takes a chicken wing, starts to eat it. He watches her eating.

JACK

You're a very pretty lady.

She looks at him; she stops chewing.

JACK

(smiles)

She thinks -- maybe he did do it. Jesus, he sounds like he's coming on to me.

TEDDY

(after a beat)

You like playing games, don't you?

JACK

(smiles)

Racquetball. I play every day.

TEDDY  
(after a beat)  
I used to play years ago.

JACK  
(smiles)  
Maybe we should play. You look like  
you're still in shape.

TEDDY  
(after a beat, smiles) :  
I don't play games with my clients.

JACK  
(straight)  
Yeah you do.

A beat; she looks at him.

TEDDY  
(evenly)  
Tell me about Virginia Howell.

JACK  
(casually)  
First class bitch supreme.

TEDDY  
She says your wife told her she was  
going to divorce you.

He laughs.

JACK  
(casually)  
We can blow her right out of the water.

TEDDY  
How?

He stands up.

JACK  
You want some coffee?

She nods. He starts heading out of the room, turns back to  
her.

JACK  
(smiles)  
You are a very pretty woman, you know.

She looks at him, says nothing. He walks out of the room.

EXT. HILLSBOROUGH COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

She pushes the button. It is dark -- there is only a faint  
light on inside.

She pushes it again and waits there. Tony Fabrizi comes behind the glass door wearing his janitorial clothes.

TEDDY

Mr. Fabrizi?

FABRIZI

Yeab?

TEDDY

My name is Teddy Barnes. I'm representing Jack Forrester.

FABRIZI

I seen your picture in the paper. You look better than your picture -- lots of times, it don't happen that way. But you, you look good.

TEDDY

(smiles)

May I come in and speak to you?

FABRIZI

I don't see why the hell not. It beats wipin' the dirty floors.

INT. LOCKER AREA - THE COUNTRY CLUB

Fabrizi stands in front of Locker Number 222 with Teddy. The locker is open. Fabrizi points to the top shelf.

FABRIZI

It was right in there, top of the shelf there.

TEDDY

How do you know it was this locker?

FABRIZI

'Cause right after I seen it, I put it together that it was Mr. Forrester's and it stuck in my head that he had it.

TEDDY

Are you sure? Is there any possibility that it wasn't this locker?

FABRIZI

Lady, listen, I like Mr. Forrester. I wish to Christ I woulda never seen the goddamn thing. You ask me, lady, do I think he killed his wife, I say -- Jesus Christ, no, Mr. Forrester wouldn't have done a thing like that. But, lady, you ask me if I'm sure the knife I saw was in this locker, I say hell yes I'm sure, the sonofabitch was right up there.

She looks at him.

INT. HER OFFICE - DAY

She walks in. She sees Sam Ransom there.

TEDDY

(as soon as she  
comes in)

I want you to get a membership list from the country club. Get hold of all those people and ask if any of them ever had a knife in their lockers.

SAM

(gruff)  
You're dreamin'.

TEDDY

(hard)  
Do it, Sam.  
(a beat; she smiles)  
I'm sorry.  
(a beat)  
Are you coming up with anything?

SAM

(gruff)  
Yeah. I'm finding that Jack Forrester's sterling silver. Everybody I talk to -- his friends, people he went to school with, the people on the paper -- he's too clean, Teddy.

TEDDY

(smiles)  
Maybe he's sterling silver.

SAM

(gruff)  
Sterling silver gets all tarnished.

They look at each other a moment, smiling.

SAM

(after a beat)  
Maybe I'm getting too old for this.

TEDDY

(smiles)  
He passed his tests with flying colors.

SAM

(gruff, but grins)  
I told you he was pathological.

(a beat)  
They named the trial judge.

(a beat)  
Carrigan.

She looks disturbed.

SAM  
(an evil grin)  
Good luck, kid.

INT. JUDGE CARRIGAN'S CHAMBER - DAY

JUDGE CLARK CARRIGAN is in his early 60's. There is a country kind of no-bullshit simplicity about him, a flintiness, a sense of dignity that brings to mind Wilford Brimley or Richard Farnsworth. His words are measured and delivered with exactitude.

*Short  
to  
Krasny*

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
I am telling you now that if I see this trial degenerating, I'm going to come down on you like a freight train roaring down the High Sierra. We've got a man's life at stake here --

(he glances at Krasny)  
-- not headlines and careers.  
(a beat)

Either one of you have anything you want to share with me?

KRASNY  
(smiles)  
No, Your Honor.

TEDDY  
(after a beat,  
hesitantly)  
Yes, Your Honor.  
(a beat)

I am not satisfied that the prosecution has fully complied with its discovery obligations, Your Honor.

KRASNY  
I have fully complied, Your Honor.

Judge Carrigan looks at them a long beat, then --

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
(to Teddy)  
Do you have any evidence that Mr. Krasny has not complied with his discovery obligations?

TEDDY  
(after a long beat)  
No, Your Honor.

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
Then what do you base your allegation on?

TEDDY  
 (after a long beat,  
 hesitantly)  
 On... my past association with Mr.  
 Krasny, Your Honor.

KRASNY  
 (sharp, to Teddy)  
 Cite the case. I held something back?  
 Cite the case, Teddy.

Teddy looks at him a long beat, then at Judge Carrigan, and says nothing.

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
 I hope I don't have to say this to you  
 again, Mrs. Barnes. You don't question  
 ethics in my chamber unless you have the  
 evidence to support you.

A pause; Krasny half-smiles; Teddy finally nods.

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
 It was pleasant seeing both of you.

A beat, and then Teddy and Krasny get up and start to leave.

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
 (to Teddy)  
 It's been a long time since I've seen  
 you in my courtroom, Mrs. Barnes. I  
 trust time hasn't dulled your estimable  
 talents.

KRASNY  
 (smiles)  
 Not a chance, Your Honor. I taught her  
 everything she knows.

INT. COURTROOM CORRIDOR - DAY

Krasny and Teddy, walking.

KRASNY  
 (smiles)  
 Why didn't you cite the case, Teddy?  
 You can get yourself disbarred before  
 the trial.

TEDDY  
 (after a long beat,  
 quietly)  
 Do you know how much I admired you?

KRASNY  
 (grins)  
 It didn't get me anywhere with you, did  
 it?

(MORE)



KRASNY (CONT'D)

(a beat)

How about Forrester? You like him any better?

She stops, looks at him. He really is a bastard.

TEDDY

(evenly)

Yes, I like him much better.

He is stung for a moment and then he grins.

KRASNY

Cite the case, Teddy. Put it all on the line. The People vs. Henry Stiles. Case number 2-6-0-2-2.

INT. HER HOUSE - EVENING

She walks in. She sees a crude, hand-lettered sign in the foyer. It says: "Went to Eat Pizza With Daddy." She looks at the sign a beat, and then goes into the living room. She puts her things down, and then she goes into the kitchen. She opens a drawer, takes a pack of cigarettes out, and lights one. She reaches up into a cabinet and takes a bottle of Stolichnaya down.

INT. HER LIVING ROOM - LATER

She sits in front of the TV set, a drink in her hand, bored by what she is seeing. She switches the channel, watches it a few seconds, switches it again. Then she shuts the set off and stares at the dark set.

INT. A GLIDER - NIGHT

-- As the glider is being towed for take-off on a rural county airfield. Jack is flying it. He wears jeans and an expensive leather jacket. Teddy sits next to him. She is wearing a jacket, slacks, and a scarf. It is the first time we have seen her look sporty.

TEDDY

(nervous)

Do you do this often?

JACK

(grins)

I can't go out in public, my phone doesn't ring, I don't even have a job. I can't do a whole lot else.

TEDDY

Isn't this dangerous at night?

JACK

(smiles)

You scared?

\*  
B piece on  
camera & shooting  
of 9/2/74

Have you ever written  
↓

She shakes her head.

JACK  
 (looks at her)  
 I always know what I'm doing.

They take off.

TEDDY  
 (as the plane climbs)  
 I don't. Sometimes I just wing it.

JACK  
 (looks at her)  
 Not often, though, huh?

TEDDY  
 (after a beat,  
 looks at him)  
 No.

JACK  
 (looks at her, smiles)  
 I'm glad you called.

INT. GLIDER

-- as it is cut loose. The little plane suddenly swoops with the wind. Teddy sucks in her breath; Jack looks at her, laughs.

JACK  
 (grins)  
 Just let go.

TEDDY  
 I'm trying.

JACK  
 (grins)  
 Try harder.

TEDDY  
 I can't let go that easy.

JACK  
 You can if you want to.

She looks at him. The little plane swoops again.

JACK  
 (smiles)  
 Do you like it?

It swoops again.

TEDDY  
 (laughing a little)  
 I don't know yet.

It swoops again. She laughs a little more.

JACK

(smiles)

You like it.

TEDDY

(laughing as it swoops)

I don't know yet.

JACK

(laughs)

You like it.

Teddy laughs as the plane swoops again. She looks at him.

TEDDY

(laughs)

I like it.

He looks at her. It is a very affectionate look. The plane swoops again.

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE - NIGHT

It is late. They walk out. She turns to him, smiles.

TEDDY

Thank you. It was fun.

Jack looks at her a long beat, then —

JACK

You're not going anywhere.

She looks at him, follows his look. She has left her car lights on. Her lights are very dim.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

He is sitting in the Toyota, trying to start it. It won't start. She stands at the door.

JACK

I think I've got a jumper in my trunk.

He gets out of the car.

TEDDY

Why don't you just drive me home?

He looks at her a beat.

JACK

Only if I can come in.

She looks at him a long beat, then nods slowly. A beat, and then he kisses her very gently on the lips.

*Why would she say this?*

INT. HER BEDROOM - LATER

They are naked; he holds her. There are tears in her eyes.

                  TEDDY  
I always cry, when I really...  
                  (beat)  
I haven't cried for a long time.

                  JACK  
                  (smiles, gently)  
I'm happy to hear that I make you cry.

She smiles, kisses him on the cheek slowly.

                  JACK  
                  (quietly)  
The first time I saw you, I wondered...  
You did too, didn't you?

                  TEDDY  
                  (smiles)  
No.

                  JACK  
                  (smiles)  
Liar.

                  TEDDY  
                  (after a beat)  
You're very gentle.

                  JACK  
                  (smiles, kisses her)  
I'm not a killer.

She looks at him; she smiles.

                  DAVID'S VOICE  
                  (outside bedroom)  
Dad?

She freezes.

                  DAVID'S VOICE  
                  (louder)  
Mom? Can I come in to say hi to Dad?

She covers herself up quickly. The door opens. David stands there, looks at them.

                  DAVID  
                  (hurt, shocked)  
Sorry.

And the little boy runs away.

A pause.

TEDDY  
(quietly, very  
disturbed)

I think you should go.

He looks at her. He doesn't want to go.

TEDDY  
(looks at him)

Please.

INT. HER HOUSE - THE FRONT DOOR

JACK

Good night.

He kisses her softly on the cheek -- she moves away a little.

TEDDY  
Good night.

JACK  
(after a beat, gently)  
You left the lights on purposely, didn't you?

She says nothing, looks at him.

JACK  
(quietly, gently)  
Did you find out what I'm really like?  
Did you get what you wanted?

A beat, and he turns and walks away.

INT. HER BEDROOM - MORNING

She is asleep. She wakes up suddenly, looks at the clock, and gets up out of bed very quickly.

EXT. HER HOUSE - MORNING

The kids are walking away from the front door. The door opens and Teddy stands there in her robe.

TEDDY  
Hey!

Jenny stops, turns back. David keeps walking.

JENNY  
We gotta go, Mom.

TEDDY  
(calling to them)  
Did you eat breakfast?

JENNY  
(walking away)  
'Bye, Mom.

TEDDY  
(calling)  
David?

But the little boy walks down the street. He doesn't even look back.

INT. HER OFFICE - DAY

She is sitting at her desk, going through the discovery material again. Her SECRETARY comes in with the mail.

THE SECRETARY  
This one is marked personal.

She hands Teddy a letter. Teddy looks at it, then opens the envelope. She takes the sheet of paper out, looks at it.

CLOSEUP - THE LETTER

We see it. It says: "He is innocent. Santa Cruz." All of the letter Ts in the letter are slightly raised, like this.

INT. HER OFFICE

She stares at the note. The Secretary comes back in.

THE SECRETARY  
Your ex-husband's on line two.

She picks up the phone.

TEDDY  
(smiles)  
Michael.  
(a beat; her smile fades)  
He called you from school?

EXT. THE MARINA - DAY

She and Michael are walking by the decks.

MICHAEL  
Look. He's a little boy. You can't blame him for being upset.  
(he smiles)  
He's not supposed to see things like that.

TEDDY  
(after a long beat)  
Do you have any idea how claustrophobic I feel sometimes?  
(a beat)  
I have my own needs.

*Handwritten note:*  
See script

MICHAEL

I know you do.

TEDDY

What do you know?

(a beat)

Oh, God, Michael, what if I like someone, can't I take him home with me? What if I just want to go to bed with someone, can't I do that? What do you suggest, Michael, that I take him to a motel?

MICHAEL

(after a beat)

Can't you go to his place?

She looks at him. How dare he say that to her? A long beat, and they keep walking.

MICHAEL

(grins)

Who is he anyway?

She looks at him. She smiles slowly and shakes her head.

MICHAEL

(smiles)

I'm jealous, that's all.

TEDDY

(after a beat)

You're very relieved that I'm seeing someone. But it's nice of you to say it.

They keep walking, nothing is said.

MICHAEL

I'll talk to David.

(he smiles)

Man to man.

TEDDY

(after a long beat)

Can you take them this weekend?

(she looks at him)

I need the time, Michael.

MICHAEL

Now I'm really getting jealous.

(he smiles)

I'll pick them up this afternoon.

TEDDY

(with feeling)

Thank you.

INT. HER OFFICE - AFTERNOON

She walks in. Sam Ransom is sitting there. He is staring at the anonymous note that says: "He is innocent — Santa Cruz."

SAM

(gruff)

We got one of these last week, too. You want to know how frustrated I'm getting with this goddamn case? I had it analyzed.

(he grins)

A goddamn crank letter in the mail and I have it analyzed so they can tell me it's typed on a 1942 Royal.

(he shakes his head)

Jesus.

TEDDY

(smiles)

How are you doing with the knife?

SAM

(gruff)

I'm striking out, that's how I'm doing.

(he grins)

How you doin' with our pathological killer?

TEDDY

(after a beat)

I like him.

SAM

He wants you to like him. The more you like him, the more he figures you'll try to beat the case.

TEDDY

I know that, Sam.

SAM

(grins)

I was just reminding you.

EXT. HER HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

As she is ready to open her door, she sees a large bouquet of flowers against it.

INT. HER HOUSE

She opens the bouquet -- it is two dozen yellow roses. She opens the card, looks at it.

CLOSEUP - THE CARD

It is signed "Jack the Ripper."



Lord Anny

INT. HER HOUSE

She holds the card a long beat, her face expressionless.

INT. A RACQUET CLUB - NIGHT

Teddy and Jack are playing racquetball. They slam the ball hard, intensely, sweating — their bodies moving in and away from each other. He slams a hard shot; she returns it. Then she slams and he tries to return and he misses -- he lunges and catches himself on her, holds her body. They look at each other.

?

INT. HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

in his apartment. They are naked; he holds her. She is smoking a cigarette. A pause between them.

TEDDY

Do you think about her, when we...

JACK

(after a long beat)

We hadn't been... that good... in bed... for a long time.

(a long beat)

Were you and your husband very...

TEDDY

No.

JACK

(after a beat, smile)

Maybe we just get rusty.

TEDDY

(smiles)

You're not... rusty.

JACK

(kisses her)

You're not, either.

TEDDY

You're very good... at all of this.

JACK

(looks at her)

I didn't start this, you did.

He takes the cigarette from her hand, puts it out, then turns to her and kisses her.

INT. HIS BEDROOM - LATER

It is very late. She lies on top of him, her head pressed into his neck. They are naked. They speak quietly, almost whispering.

*clip*

JACK  
Why did you get divorced?

TEDDY  
(after a long beat)  
It was a time... four years ago... I  
changed a lot of things.  
(a beat)  
I left my job, my husband, I went back  
to school.

(a long beat)  
I didn't feel... alive any more.

(a beat)  
I spent a lot of time by myself, down at  
the beach, thinking.

(a long beat)  
Santa Cruz. Do you like Santa Cruz?

We see his face. It is expressionless.

JACK  
(after a long beat)  
I've never really been to Santa Cruz.

TEDDY  
(after a beat)  
You'd love it.

JACK  
(in a whisper)  
I love being with you.

*cut*

She lifts her head; she smiles; she kisses him.

INT. HIS BEDROOM - MORNING

He wakes up; she is dressing, ready to go. He can't believe  
that.

JACK  
(a wry smile)  
I make a great Denver omelette.

She speaks as she dresses, without looking at him.

TEDDY  
Wear a blue suit tomorrow -- juries like  
blue suits.

(a beat)  
I'll pick you up. I don't want any  
pictures of you getting out of your  
Porsche.

He stares at her; he is taken aback by her coldness.

TEDDY

(without looking  
at him)

Sit close to me in court, help me carry  
my things — we can take advantage of  
the fact that a woman is defending you.

She looks at him, ready to go.

TEDDY

Your body language is important. It can  
help convince them that you couldn't  
have done it.

JACK

(after a beat,  
almost bitterly)

Has it helped convince you?

TEDDY

(after a long beat)

I like being with you too.

She walks out.

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE - DAY

She and Jack get out of her Toyota. He wears a blue suit.  
As soon as they get out a swarm of photographers sweep down  
on them.

INT. THE COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR

They walk down the corridor, hemmed in by photographers.  
They open the courtroom door.

INT. THE COURTROOM

There is a sudden, overwhelming silence here after the cacophony  
of the corridor. Teddy stops a long beat as she steps  
inside. It is the first time she has been in a criminal  
courtroom in six years. We see the emotion on her face, a  
mixture of fear and intense excitement.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

The courtroom is jammed. Teddy sits with Jack at the de-  
fense table. Krasny sits with Jim Arnold at the prosecution  
table. Krasny looks over at Teddy a moment; their eyes  
meet. Judge Clark Carrigan, wearing his robe, mounts the  
short steps leading to the bench.

THE CLERK

Hear ye! Hear ye! The Superior Court  
for the County of San Francisco is now  
in session. The Honorable Clark  
Carrigan presiding.

The courtroom hushes. Judge Carrigan looks the court over for a long beat before he speaks.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

I've been sitting on this bench twenty-three years. In that time I have come to understand it is my great responsibility and privilege in life to conduct business here. If any of you fail to conduct yourselves in accordance with the gravity of the proceedings here, I will bar you from this court. Swear the jurors for the examination on the voir dire.

The Clerk gets up and goes to the rows of potential jurors.

THE CLERK

Please rise and raise your right hands.

They do -- more than thirty potential jurors are standing there.

INT. THE COURTROOM - FIVE DAYS LATER

Twelve jurors and two alternates -- 10 men and four women -- have been sworn in. A pause -- as Krasny and Teddy and Judge Carrigan look at them. Teddy and Jack are both dressed differently than on their first day in court.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Is the prosecution satisfied with the jury?

KRASNY

We are, Your Honor.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Is the defense satisfied with the jury?

TEDDY

We are, Your Honor.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(banging his gavel)

We will adjourn till nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

As everyone is leaving. Teddy gathers her things and then starts out with Jack. As they go down the aisle toward the door, she sees someone still sitting there, staring at her. It is Mrs. Stiles, the old black woman she saw at the funeral. Teddy stops a moment, stares at her, and then, disturbed, keeps walking. Jack glances back at Mrs. Stiles a beat, then keeps walking.

INT. TEDDY'S TOYOTA - LATER

She drives; he sits next to her.

JACK  
What do you think?

TEDDY  
It's a pretty good jury.

JACK  
Mostly men.

TEDDY  
(after a beat)  
I prefer men.  
(a beat)  
I play better to men.

JACK  
I don't.  
(he looks at her)  
I play better to women.

TEDDY  
I have to seduce them, you don't.

She stops in front of his apartment.

JACK  
(after a beat)  
Do you want to come up?

TEDDY  
I can't concentrate on anything else  
during a trial.

JACK  
(looks at her,  
smiles)  
You have a terrific lower lip, did you  
know that?

He gets out.

INT. HER HOUSE - NIGHT

She is sitting at the dining room table -- law books, legal pads, manila folders all around her. David comes in, a sheet of paper in his hand.

DAVID  
Mom, I don't understand this.

TEDDY  
(without looking up)  
Why don't you ask Jenny, honey?

DAVID  
(petulant)  
I don't want to ask Jenny.

TEDDY  
(looks up at him)  
David, I've got a trial tomorrow.

DAVID  
I've got a test tomorrow.

She takes the sheet of paper.

TEDDY  
Honestly, David --

DAVID  
You never want to help me!

TEDDY  
(consolingly)  
Of course I do -- here, let me see --

She looks at the paper.

DAVID  
Forget it! I hope he did it! I hope  
he's guilty!

He grabs the paper from her hand and runs away. She sits  
there a long beat... and then the DOOR BELL RINGS. She goes  
to answer it. Sam Ransom stands there and walks in.

SAM  
(in a flurry)  
The tennis pro at the country club, guy  
named Kramer -- I talked to one of the  
bartenders -- Kramer's supposed to have  
had a thing with Mrs. Forrester. He  
dropped out of sight two weeks ago --  
after two men from the D.A.'s office  
came to see him. They're gonna spring  
him on us, Teddy.

TEDDY  
(after a beat)  
What have you got on him?

SAM  
(shrugs)  
He works country clubs up and down the  
coast. La Jolla, Laguna, Newport Beach,  
Santa Cruz --

TEDDY  
Santa Cruz?

SAM

(quickly)

I talked to all the goddamned club members, all one hundred eighty-three of them. Nada. I told you you were dreamin'.

TEDDY

(after a beat)

What about former club members, those who've quit since January of last year?

He looks at her a beat.

SAM

(hard)

It's a fucking wild goose chase!

TEDDY

(hard)

He didn't do it, Sam.

SAM

(looks at her)

How the fuck do you know?

TEDDY

(after a long beat,  
quietly)

I... just... know it.

INT. THE COURTROOM - NEXT DAY

It is packed. Judge Carrigan sits on the bench.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Mr. Krasny.

Krasny gets up and goes to the jury box.

KRASNY

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury.

(he smiles)

I had an old law school prof once who said to me: "Son, the facts in a court case are like a car engine. The more you tinker around with 'em, the more trouble you're gonna have." The facts in this case are simple: On the night of June 12th, John C. Forrester brutally murdered his wife and his wife's maid. The murders were in cold blood and with malice aforethought. The murders were the result of the oldest motive in the world: power and money. I am talking about a man who, to deter himself from suspicion, murdered a woman --

(MORE)

## KRASNY (CONT'D)

Consuela Martinez — solely so that she could serve as an alibi. He bore no animosity toward Consuela Martinez. She simply fitted the scenario he constructed. She was to be the victim of a fictional, crazed sex killer who broke into a beach house and killed two women. I am talking about a man who, to deter suspicion from himself, murdered his own wife — the woman he lived with for fifteen years, the woman who made possible his entire career — in the most horrifying, nightmarish way imaginable. The basis of John C. Forrester's scenario was this: I am a respected, successful man. I am a pillar of my community. How can you think it possible that I could have committed these brutal and nightmarish crimes?

## INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

## KRASNY

We will prove that John C. Forrester was, in fact, living a lie. That behind the facade of all the dinners and the charity events he and his wife attended, their marriage was crumbling. We will prove that if Page Forrester would have divorced him, it would have meant the end of his prestigious career, the end, in fact, of his livelihood. And we will prove that, at the time of her death, Page Forrester was contemplating divorce. Thank you.

Krasny returns to his table and sits down. The jury seems to have been impressed by his opening statement. Jack, throughout, has been expressionless.

## JUDGE CARRIGAN

Mrs. Barnes, do you wish to make your statement now?

Teddy gets up and goes to the jury. Her style is in contrast to Krasny's -- very low-key and conversational.

## TEDDY

Jack Forrester didn't kill his wife. He didn't kill his wife's maid. He is an innocent man, unjustly accused.

She turns and walks back to her seat. The courtroom is stunned at the brevity of her statement. Judge Carrigan gavel's down the BUZZING.

Just also  
evident against  
him



JUDGE CARRIGAN  
(to Krasny)  
Call your first witness.

KRASNY  
The people call Dr. Albert Goldman.

DR. GOLDMAN goes up to the witness stand.

THE CLERK  
Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth,  
the whole truth, and nothing but the  
truth, so help you God?

DR. GOLDMAN  
I do.

He sits down.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

DR. GOLDMAN  
Mrs. Forrester died of massive aortic  
hemorrhage. Consuela Martinez died of a  
massive hemorrhage of the carotid  
artery. Forensic examination  
conclusively shows that the murder  
weapon was a hunting knife with a six  
inch blade and a jagged edge.

*use all  
reference  
if it is  
the title*

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

DR. BRIAN KELLY is on the stand. He is the doctor who  
treated Jack Forrester at Marin General that night. Krasny  
stands at the witness box.

DR. KELLY  
There was no concussion. He suffered a  
laceration to the back of the head with  
superficial bleeding. I would have to  
call it a minor head wound.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Teddy stands at the witness box before Dr. Kelly.

DR. KELLY  
He was in shock. His heart rhythm was  
irregular, his blood pressure was low.  
We initially gave him a 100 miligram  
injection of meperidine, but when that  
didn't elevate his B.P., we had to put  
him on epinephrine I.V.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Inspector Frank Martin. Krasny stands in front of the  
witness box.

MARTIN

There were bloodstains matching Mrs. Forrester's blood type on the left shoulder of his suitcoat, on the left lapel of his suitcoat, on the right sleeve of his suitcoat, and on the front of his shirt and tie.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Teddy, standing with Inspector Martin.

MARTIN

He told us he had taken his wife's pulse and had listened to her heartbeat. He said he never went into Consuela Martinez's room.

We see Jack, staring at Martin, listening to him. His face shows us he is reliving the horror of what happened.

TEDDY

Did he, in fact, have any bloodstains matching Mrs. Martinez's blood type?

MARTIN

No.

TEDDY

No further questions.

Martin steps down. Teddy goes back and sits down next to Jack, who stares at nothing.

KRASNY

The people call Austin Lofton, Your Honor.

AUSTIN LOFTON goes to the stand. He is Page Forrester's brother; we saw him at Page's memorial service. He is in his late 40's, a dandified man who wears a blue blazer and an ascot; a man who has obviously drunk too many dry martinis in his lifetime.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Krasny stands at the witness box with Austin Lofton.

LOFTON

My sister directly owned twenty percent of the eight million shares outstanding. The shares were in her name. She had absolute control. Jack had less than one percent of the shares in his name.

KRASNY

Mr. Lofton, can you tell us the provisions of your sister's will?

LOFTON

(after a beat)

Jack Forrester is the direct beneficiary of all of my sister's assets.

KRASNY

All of it -- corporate and personal assets?

LOFTON

(after a beat)

All of it.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Teddy with Austin Lofton.

TEDDY

Mr. Lofton, did your sister ever express dissatisfaction to you about Mr. Forrester's administration of the company?

LOFTON

No. She was very pleased with Jack's... helmsmanship.

TEDDY

Did she ever express any dissatisfaction to you about her personal relationship with her husband?

LOFTON

(after a long beat)

No.

TEDDY

Never?

LOFTON

(after a beat)

Never.

INT. THE TOYOTA - AFTERNOON

as it is parked in front of Jack's Nob Hill apartment. He sits there, hallow-eyed. He has obviously been shaken by the day in court.

TEDDY

We did just fine.

JACK

(after a beat,  
almost bitterly)

You love all of this, don't you?

TEDDY  
 (after a beat)  
 It's what I do.

A pause; it hangs there. He doesn't look at her, stares ahead.

TEDDY  
 (quietly)  
 Who's Mark Kramer?

JACK  
 (after a beat)  
 I don't know any Mark Kramer.

TEDDY  
 He's the tennis pro at the country club.

JACK  
 I don't socialize with tennis pros.

TEDDY  
 (after a beat)  
 Was he having an affair with you wife?

JACK  
 (without looking at her)  
 No. I told you.  
 (beat)  
 Not as far as I know.

She looks at him; he won't look at her. A long beat, then he turns to her.

JACK  
 I didn't ask for her schedule each day.

They look at each other.

JACK  
 You love it.  
 (a beat)  
 More than anything. More than any man.  
 More than your kids.

She stares at him a long beat, hurt.

TEDDY  
 (quietly)  
 My husband used to say that to me.

A long beat; he doesn't look at her, then --

JACK  
 I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.

And he gets out of the car.

INT. THE COURTROOM - THE NEXT DAY

KRASNY

The People call Mrs. Virginia Howell.

VIRGINIA HOWELL goes up to the witness stand. She is a good-looking, haughty woman in her 30's. Teddy and Jack watch her as she goes up.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Krasny with Mrs. Howell.

KRASNY

Can you describe your relationship with Mrs. Forrester?

HOWELL

I was her best friend.

KRASNY

How often did you see Mrs. Forrester?

HOWELL

At least three or four times a week. We played tennis together. We ate lunch together. We spoke on the telephone all the time. She was like a sister to me.

Jack watches her; he smiles slightly.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

KRASNY

Mrs. Howell, did Mrs. Forrester confide in you about her private life?

HOWELL

I told you. We were like sisters.

KRASNY

What did she tell you about her relationship with her husband?

Teddy jumps to her feet quickly.

TEDDY

(forcefully)

Objection, Your Honor. It calls for hearsay.

KRASNY

(to the Judge)

Your Honor, this testimony is being offered to show the state of mind of Mrs. Forrester and therefore is an exception to the hearsay rule.

7  
float  
w.  
clip

TEDDY

(forcefully)

Mrs. Forrester's state of mind is not an issue in this case. It is irrelevant, Your Honor. There is no foundation for this testimony. Mr. Krasny has not shown any connection between the state of mind of Mrs. Forrester and my client and charges in this case.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(after a beat, to  
Krasny)

What is the relevance of Mrs. Forrester's state of mind to the charges in this case?

KRASNY

Your Honor, I will connect this testimony to Mr. Forrester.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(after a long beat)

I will allow it subject to connection to Mr. Forrester.

KRASNY

(smiles)

Thank you, Your Honor.

He turns to Mrs. Howell.

KRASNY

Mrs. Howell, what did Mrs. Forrester tell you about her relationship with her husband?

HOWELL

She told me she was going to divorce him.

LOUD NOISE in the courtroom. The Judge bangs his gavel.

KRASNY

Did she tell you anything else?

HOWELL

She told me she knew he didn't love her. She said she was sure he was seeing someone else.

LOUD NOISE in the courtroom. The Judge bangs his gavel again.

KRASNY

Was there anything else that Mrs. Forrester told you?

HOWELL

She said he was going to tell her husband she wanted a divorce.

VERY LOUD NOISE. The Judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(icily)

I will tolerate no further disruptions in this courtroom.

That chills everything down immediately.

KRASNY

Do you know whether or not she told her husband she wanted a divorce?

HOWELL

No, I don't.

Teddy jumps to her feet.

TEDDY

(forcefully)

Your Honor, I move to strike that testimony and ask that you instruct the jury to disregard it. Mr. Krasny has not been able to show any connection between my client and any such alleged statements by Mrs. Forrester.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

I will allow it, Mrs. Barnes.

TEDDY

(upset, frustrated)

Your Honor, I ask that you give the jury a limiting instruction.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(after a long beat)

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the testimony that you have just heard is not being offered for the truth of those statements but is merely being offered to show the state of mind of Mrs. Forrester. It is for you to determine whether there is any connection between this testimony and Mr. Forrester.

KRASNY

(to Teddy, very cool)

Your witness.

Teddy gets up and goes to the witness stand. She has a manila folder in her hands.

TEDDY

(smiles)

Mrs. Howell, when did you last see Mrs. Forrester at her home?

HOWELL

At her home?

(a beat)

I really don't remember.

TEDDY

Wasn't it about six months before her death?

HOWELL

(very composed)

Possible. I really don't know.

TEDDY

Wasn't it about the time she stopped playing tennis with you at the club?

HOWELL

(composed)

No, we played all the time.

TEDDY

Isn't it true, Mrs. Howell, that six months before her death, Page Forrester told you never to come to her home again?

HOWELL

(very cool)

No, that isn't true.

TEDDY

Isn't it true, Mrs. Howell, that six months before her death, Page Forrester broke all contact with you?

HOWELL

(composed)

That's not true. We spoke on the telephone, we'd see each other at the club.

TEDDY

(after a long beat;  
quietly)

Mrs. Howell, you find Jack Forrester an attractive man, don't you?

HOWELL

(after a beat)

What do you mean?



TEDDY

(hard)

Isn't it true, Mrs. Howell, that Page Forrester broke all contact with you because she learned that you were trying to seduce her husband?

LOUD NOISE in the courtroom — Krasny looks concerned.

HOWELL

(evenly)

That's not true.

TEDDY

(hard)

You're under oath.

KRASNY

(jumping up)

Objection, Your Honor, badgering the witness.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Sustained.

TEDDY

(after a beat, quietly)

Isn't it true, Mrs. Howell, that on the week of December 7th, 1982, you called Jack Forrester at his office on eight separate occasions?

HOWELL

(after a long beat)

I don't remember.

Krasny looks disturbed.

TEDDY

(opening manila folder)

Let me refresh your memory. December 7th, 9:40 a.m. and 4:23 p.m. December 8th, 10:15 a.m. and 3:45 p.m. Do you want me to read the list to you, Mrs. Howell?

HOWELL

(composed)

I said I don't remember.

Teddy takes a piece of paper from her folder and hands it to Mrs. Howell.

TEDDY

(as she hands it)

Is this note in your handwriting, Mrs. Howell?

Krasny looks like he is in pain. Virginia Howell looks at the piece of paper a long beat. Then she looks up and looks at Jack Forrester. She looks like she could kill him, but she is still very composed.

HOWELL  
(after a beat,  
evenly)

Yes.

||  
TEDDY  
(to the Judge)  
Your Honor, I offer defense exhibit A  
into evidence.

She hands the note to Krasny. He reads it, then gives it to the Court Clerk. The Court Clerk marks it and hands it back to Teddy. Everyone in the courtroom, of course, is dying to hear what's in the note.

TEDDY  
(to Mrs. Howell)  
Did you send this note to Mr. Forrester,  
Mrs. Howell?

HOWELL  
(evenly)  
Yes.

TEDDY  
Will you read it, please.

HOWELL  
(after a beat, evenly)  
Dear Jack, I've been trying to reach you  
all week. I'll be at the Canyon in Palm  
Springs. Wouldn't it be fun if you came  
down? Isn't it silly to keep avoiding  
me? Page will never know.

LOUD NOISE in the courtroom; Judge Carrigan gives the court  
an icy look.

TEDDY  
How is the note signed, Mrs. Howell?

HOWELL  
(evenly)  
Love, Ginny.

MORE NOISE; Judge Carrigan bangs his gavel just once.

TEDDY  
Mrs. Howell, did Jack Forrester meet you  
in Palm Springs?

HOWELL  
(evenly)  
No.

TEDDY  
Did he meet you any time anywhere?

HOWELL  
(evenly)  
No.

TEDDY  
What did he do with your note, Mrs. Howell?

HOWELL  
(evenly)  
I really don't know.

TEDDY  
He showed it to his wife, didn't he?

HOWELL  
(icy)  
I don't know. Why don't you ask her?

TEDDY  
(after a beat)  
Mrs. Howell, did Mrs. Forrester, to your knowledge, begin divorce proceedings against her husband?

HOWELL  
(icy)  
No.

TEDDY  
(friendly)  
Thank you, Mrs. Howell, no further questions.

She turns and walks away from her and sits back down next to Jack. Jack watches Virginia Howell calmly get up and step down. He looks pleased. A pause.

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
Next witness, Mr. Krasny.

Krasny is whispering with Jim Arnold. A long beat, then --

KRASNY  
The People call Eileen Avery.

And at that moment, suddenly, Jack freezes. It is the first time he has looked shaken. Teddy sees his look, follows it. He is watching a WOMAN in her late 20's walk very hesitantly to the witness stand. She is very good looking.

TEDDY  
(whispering to Jack)  
Who is she?

*This must  
be the  
woman  
Teddy  
is  
looking  
for*

He says nothing, just stares at the attractive Woman. A beat, and she gets up and approaches the bench. Krasny goes up, too.

TEDDY

(to the Judge,  
upset)

This witness was never mentioned in the discovery material, Your Honor.

KRASNY

(smoothly)

She's a reluctant witness. We served the subpoena last night on the basis of information we uncovered yesterday afternoon. Here is the subpoena, Your Honor.

He hands the Judge the subpoena. He looks at it.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

I will allow her testimony.

Teddy walks back to the table and sits down next to Jack. He is staring hollowly and looks like he is in shock.

TEDDY

(intensely, whispering  
to Jack)

Who is she?

JACK

(hollowed-out, not  
looking at her)

A friend.

THE CLERK

(to Eileen Avery)

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

AVERY

I do.

She looks very shaky. Krasny goes up to her.

KRASNY

State your name, please.

AVERY

(very shaky)

Eileen Avery.

KRASNY

How old are you, Miss Avery?

AVERY

I'm 25.

KRASNY  
 (quietly)  
 What is your relationship with John C.  
 Forrester?

AVERY  
 (after a beat,  
 scared)  
 He's a friend of mine.

KRASNY  
 And between July and December, 1981,  
 what was your relationship with him?

A long beat. She looks at Jack. She looks very scared.

AVERY  
 He was my --  
 (a beat, then quietly)  
 He was my lover.

LOUD NOISE in the courtroom. We see Teddy's face. She looks absolutely crestfallen. She can't believe what she is hearing. Jack is expressionless.

KRASNY  
 (quietly)  
 You had an affair with him for six  
 months two years ago?

She nods.

KRASNY  
 Answer the question, please.

AVERY  
 (quietly)  
 Yes I did.

KRASNY  
 You were in love with him.

AVERY  
 (after a beat, quietly,  
 watching Jack)  
 Yes I was.

KRASNY  
 And he was in love with you.

AVERY  
 (after a beat, watching  
 Jack)  
 Yes.

LOUD NOISE in the courtroom. Teddy stares at Avery. She is deeply shaken.

KRASNY

Did Mr. Forrester ever talk to you about divorcing his wife?

A long beat, she says nothing. She looks like she is going to cry, but doesn't.

KRASNY

(quietly)

Please, Miss Avery.

AVERY

(after a long beat,  
quietly)

He said he wanted to, but he couldn't ever do it.

KRASNY

And why did he say he could never do it?

AVERY

(after a long beat,  
quietly)

Because he said he would lose everything he had always worked for.

VERY LOUD NOISE in the courtroom.

KRASNY

(a hidden smile)

Your witness.

Teddy just sits at the table, staring. Jack sits next to her, his face expressionless.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(to Teddy)

Your witness, Mrs. Barnes.

Teddy just sits there, dazed -- then --

TEDDY

(after a beat,  
quietly)

No questions.

Eileen Avery gets up and walks down as Teddy and Jack just sit there.

KRASNY

The People call Mark Kramer.

MARK KRAMER starts going to the stand. He is in his mid-30's -- a well-built, good-looking man wearing an Armani suit. Teddy stares at him. She looks like she isn't really here. Judge Carrigan gives her a look -- he sees something wrong.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Mark Kramer with Krasny.

KRASNY

How did you meet Mrs. Forrester, Mr. Kramer?

KRAMER

I played tennis with her at the club.

KRASNY

And you became friends.

KRAMER

She liked me. I liked her a lot, too. It went on from there.

KRASNY

You had an intimate sexual relationship with Mrs. Forrester?

KRAMER

Yes.

VERY LOUD NOISE in the courtroom. Jack stares, expressionlessly. Teddy has her head down, staring at her legal pad. We don't see her expression.

KRASNY

For how long?

KRAMER

Off and on -- let's see. I got to the club in November of '81 -- until the time she died.

KRASNY

You knew that Mrs. Forrester was married?

KRAMER

Sure. That didn't bother her, though.

KRASNY

What do you mean?

KRAMER

She said he didn't care what she --

TEDDY

(sitting down)

Objection as to form.

She sounds hollowed-out as she speaks. As she makes the objections in the rest of this scene, it is as though she is on automatic pilot, as though her heart isn't in it.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Sustained.

KRASNY

Did she tell you anything about her relationship with her husband?

TEDDY

(sitting down,  
spiritless)

Objection hearsay.

The idea we must get from her objections is that even though her heart isn't in it, she is a very good lawyer, and that aspect of her is operating on automatic control.

KRASNY

(to the judge)

I am offering this testimony to establish the state of mind of Mrs. Forrester prior to her murder.

TEDDY

(sitting down,  
spiritless)

The testimony is irrelevant.

KRASNY

(to the judge)

Your Honor, I believe I can establish the relevance of this testimony.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(after a beat, to  
Krasny)

You may proceed.

KRASNY

Mr. Kramer, did Mrs. Forrester tell you about her relationship to her husband?

KRAMER

She said he didn't care what she did. She said he was seeing someone too.

TEDDY

(sitting, spiritless)

Move to strike, Your Honor.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Motion denied.

KRAMER

Whoever he was seeing, Page said he'd take her gliding all the time.

Teddy stares at her legal pad. Jack stares straight ahead.

KRASNY

(smiles)

Gliding?



KRAMER

She joked about it. She said it was his flying bedroom.

LAUGHS in the courtroom. Teddy looks down at the table, her face a mask. Then —

TEDDY

(sitting, spiritless)

I ask that you give the jury a limiting instruction on this testimony.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(after a beat, to jury)

This testimony is not being offered to prove the truth of those statements but only to show the state of mind of Mrs. Forrester.

KRASNY

(to Kramer)

Did Mrs. Forrester ever speak to you about divorcing her husband?

KRAMER

She said she was thinking about it. She said the only thing that had stopped her from getting a divorce before is that he was doing such a good job running the company.

More NOISE in the courtroom. Teddy sits there, staring.

KRAMER

She said he had a million-dollar image. I remember once she said she knew he was using her, but she said she was using him, too. She said that was his special talent: he really knew how to use people.

TEDDY

(sitting, spiritless)

I move to strike and ask the court to instruct the jury to disregard it.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

The jury will determine what connection, if any, has been established by this testimony. Motion denied.

KRASNY

(after a beat)

Your witness.

Teddy just sits there, staring at the defense table. Judge Carrigan watches her a beat. He knows something is very wrong.

*Shunt*

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(looking at Teddy)

Considering the lateness of the hour, we will adjourn 'til nine o'clock Monday morning.

Teddy just sits there with Jack as the court starts clearing out. Krasny watches Teddy and Jack, sitting there. Jim Arnold sits next to him.

ARNOLD

(to Krasny)

It's over.

INT. A BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

She and Jack are sitting at a table, next to each other. She is smoking a cigarette — she has a drink in her hand. Nothing is said, then —

TEDDY

Didn't you think he'd find out?

JACK

(after a beat, quietly)

We were very — careful.

A long beat; she says nothing. They don't look at each other.

TEDDY

(quietly)

You played me.

(a beat)

You played me very well.

JACK

(looks at her,  
intensely)

No!

TEDDY

(after a long beat)

You set me up from the very beginning.

He looks at her, then, hurt, shakes his head and looks away from her.

TEDDY

(after a long beat,  
quietly)

How did you find out about Stiles?

He shakes his head; he looks like he's in pain.

TEDDY

(after a beat, quietly)

That's why you wanted me to defend you.

JACK

(intensely)

No! I had an affair with someone, okay,  
that doesn't mean I killed my wife! I  
didn't know she was seeing someone.

TEDDY

You lied to me.

JACK

(intensely)

I wanted you to believe that I was  
innocent!

(a long beat, then  
quietly)

I didn't want you to think that we...  
weren't real.

She almost smiles at that.

JACK

(after a long beat,  
intensely)

I didn't kill her.

A long beat, then --

TEDDY

(quietly)

I don't believe you.

He stares at her. A beat, and then she starts to get up.

TEDDY

(standing up, quietly)

I'm dropping the case.

He looks at her a long beat, stunned. Then he jumps up.

JACK

(emotionally)

You can't!

He grabs her very roughly.

JACK

(emotionally, quietly)

It's my life!

(a beat)

You can't.

They stand there -- he is still holding her very roughly.

TEDDY

(after a beat; quietly)

Let go of me.

A beat, and then he lets her go.

## INT. HER OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

She walks in. She looks hollowed-out. Sam Ransom is sitting there, a bottle of bourbon in front of him. He is in the same shape she is in. She starts gathering some things.

SAM

(after a beat, quietly)

What did he say?

She says nothing.

SAM

(after a long beat)

We got another one of these.

He hands her a piece of white stationery. A beat, and then she takes it, looks at it.

## CLOSEUP - THE LETTER

It says, "He is innocent -- Santa Cruz." The letter T's are raised, like "his. But this time there is a date, too -- "January 21, 1982."

She puts the letter down, says nothing.

SAM

(after a long beat)

Do you want me to keep digging on Kramer?

She says nothing, starts to walk out.

SAM

(quietly)

Teddy.

She stops, looks back at him.

SAM

(quietly)

I told you. He isn't Henry Stiles.

She looks at him.

## INT. HER HOUSE - NIGHT

She sits in the living room, still wearing the dress she wore, watching the TELEVISION. She looks hollowed-out; she isn't at all concentrating on what she is watching -- the Tonight Show, Carson doing some bit, the audience LAUGHING very LOUDLY. Her face is a mask. The children come up to her.

JENNY

(kissing her)

Good night, Mom.

TEDDY  
(staring at set)  
Good night.

DAVID  
(kissing her)  
Good night.

JENNY  
(brightly)  
We saw you on TV! You looked great!

DAVID  
(smiles)  
I told you he did it, that's what they  
said on TV!

She doesn't look at them, stares at the set.

JENNY  
Did he, Mom?

A beat, and then she turns to them.

TEDDY  
(not meaning it)  
He's innocent until he's proven guilty.

DAVID  
Hey, how come the phone's off the hook?

TEDDY  
I must have bumped it.

David puts the phone back on the hook and the kids leave the room. When they go, Teddy reaches over to the phone and takes it off the hook again.

INT. HER HOUSE - LATER

She sits on the couch, staring at the set, still wearing her dress. She is watching nothing, though the set is still on: snow and STATIC. She reaches for the telephone, which is off the hook, puts it back on a moment, and then dials.

INT. HER HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

It is very late. She sits on the couch. Michael, her ex-husband, stands with his back to her -- he looks like he got out of bed to come here.

MICHAEL  
(after a long beat)  
I don't know what to tell you.

TEDDY  
(emotionally, quietly)  
I can't defend a guilty man, I can't.

He says nothing, his back to her.

TEDDY  
(emotionally, quietly)  
I have to drop out.

MICHAEL  
(after a long beat)  
What's the jury going to think?  
(a beat)  
You'd be convicting him.

She says nothing.

MICHAEL  
(his back to her)  
Do you have the right to do that?

She says nothing. He turns to her.

MICHAEL  
(gently, with feeling)  
I was so afraid. When you took the  
case. I was so afraid you'd get caught  
up in all of it again.

She looks at him a long beat, then --

TEDDY  
(in a small voice)  
Will you hold me? Will you please hold  
me?

INT. HER HOUSE - MORNING

Michael has his arm around her on the couch; she still wears  
the dress she wore yesterday. David comes into the room.  
He sees the two of them there, asleep.

DAVID  
(happily)  
Dad!

They wake up.

MICHAEL  
(grins)  
'Morning, pal!

He hugs the boy. David sees the phone is off the hook again.

DAVID  
(to Teddy)  
You never put the phone back. What's  
the matter with you, Mom?

She says nothing. He puts the phone back on the hook.

MICHAEL

(grins, to David)

Hey, you guys want to go fishing?

DAVID

Fishing? Boy, Dad!

Teddy watches them.

INT. HER HOUSE - LATER

Teddy watches through the living room window as Michael and the two kids are walking out, loaded down with fishing gear. They are happy, laughing. The PHONE RINGS. AGAIN. And AGAIN. She seems painfully sad as she watches them -- as the PHONE KEEPS RINGING. She makes no move to answer it.

EXT. JUDGE CARRIGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

It is an old Victorian on California Street. Teddy stands at the door. She still wears the dress she wore yesterday. Judge Carrigan answers it.

TEDDY

(very jangled)

I'm sorry to disturb you.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(cold)

What do you want, Mrs. Barnes?

She is about to say something, but then looks at the judge, obviously very upset, unable to say it.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(after a beat; cold)

It is against all better judgment for me to speak with you, Mrs. Barnes.

TEDDY

(after a long beat)

Your Honor, please.

(a long beat, quietly)

Please.

A long beat -- the judge looks at her -- he sees the shape she is in, and then opens the door.

INT. JUDGE CARRIGAN'S HOUSE

They sit in the den.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(after a long beat)

I would say your hypothetical defense counsel has an obligation to his hypothetical client.

TEDDY

Doesn't he have an obligation to his conscience?

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Only if he is willing to set himself up as judge and jury.

TEDDY

(after a long beat)

Defend the client even if you think he's guilty.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Every client has the right to the best defense regardless of his guilt.

A pause.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Did this hypothetical client confess his guilt to his hypothetical lawyer?

A beat; she shakes her head.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Then the defense counsel has no real ethical dilemma. He took an oath. He must live up to it.

TEDDY

What if he finds he can't?

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Then he had no business taking an oath in the first place.

TEDDY

(after a long beat,  
hesitantly)

What if someone came to you under circumstances like these and asked to drop out of a case?

Judge Carrigan measures her, measures his words carefully.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

I would probably accede to his or her wishes, but with great regret.

EXT. JUDGE CARRIGAN'S HOUSE

She walks out, goes to her Toyota, and gets in.

INT. THE TOYOTA

She sits there. She stares into space a long beat, and then she starts the car.



## INT. HER HOUSE

She walks in. The TELEPHONE is RINGING. She stops, listens to it ring, and then she goes to the phone and picks it up. She pushes the button down on it and takes it off the hook. She sits down, hollow-eyed.

## INT. HER HOUSE - NIGHT

She is sitting on the couch in the darkness, a blanket around her. She still wears the same dress she wore in court yesterday. The DOORBELL RINGS. She makes no effort to answer it, sits there. It RINGS AGAIN. She doesn't move.

SAM (O.S.)

Teddy?

She gets up, the blanket around her, and opens the door. Sam Ransom stands there. He sees the house is completely dark behind her.

SAM

(gruff)

What the fuck you doin', sittin' in the dark playin' with yourself?

He hands her a manila envelope.

SAM

You better read this stuff right away, you're gonna love this Kramer guy.

She is expressionless, shows no response.

SAM

You okay?

She nods.

SAM

I went down to Santa Cruz, checked the police reports for January 21st.

(a beat)

Nothin'. What the hell, it was better than gettin' stiff. Those country club guys I'm talkin' to about the knife --

He makes the thumbs down sign. She says nothing.

SAM

(after a beat)

You sure you're okay?

TEDDY

(very quietly)

I'm fine.

SAM

You look like shit.

She almost smiles at that.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

She walks in. The courtroom is packed already; Jack is already sitting there. She doesn't even glance at him as she sits down. Jack watches her intensely as she takes a manila folder out of her briefcase and reads it. We can see he is trying to figure out what she is going to do.

THE CLERK

Hear ye! Hear ye! The Superior Court of the County of San Francisco is now in session, the honorable Clark Carrigan presiding.

Carrigan sits down. He looks at Teddy. She is looking at him. Jack is watching her.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Will defense counsel approach the bench?

Teddy gets up and goes to the judge.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Do you have anything to say to me, Mrs. Barnes?

TEDDY

Yes, Your Honor.

(a beat)

The defense would like to recall Mark Kramer.

Judge Carrigan looks at her, almost smiles.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(to the court)

Recall Mark Kramer.

We see Jack's face -- he looks immensely relieved. Krasny looks reflective.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Kramer is on the stand. As Teddy questions him, she is the complete tough courtroom pro.

TEDDY

Mr. Kramer, where were you previously employed before you came to the Hillsborough Country Club?

KRAMER

At the Seaside Racquet Club in Santa Cruz.

TEDDY

For how long?

KRAMER

From January until October of 1981.

TEDDY

And what were the circumstances under which you left there?

KRAMER

(nervous)

I don't understand.

TEDDY

I think you do. You were fired, Mr. Kramer, were you not?

KRAMER

(evenly)

No. I got a better job offer from Hillsborough.

(a beat)

I did, uh, have a disagreement with the manager in Santa Cruz.

TEDDY

What kind of disagreement?

Kramer says nothing.

TEDDY

Isn't it true, Mr. Kramer, that you were fired in Santa Cruz for selling sexual favors?

There is LOUD NOISE in the courtroom.

KRAMER

(loud)

That's not true!

TEDDY

(hard)

Perjury is a criminal offense, Mr. Kramer!

As Teddy speaks, Sam Ransom comes into the courtroom. He comes up to the defense table and sits down in the empty chair on one side of Teddy's chair.

KRASNY

(getting up, loud)

Objection, Your Honor!

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(after a beat)

I presume you know the penalty for committing perjury, Mr. Kramer?

Kramer nods.

KRAMER

(after a beat)

That's what they said. They didn't have any proof. I wasn't fired, I left.

TEDDY

(after a long beat)

During the course of your "intimate sexual relationship" with Mrs. Forrester, where did you have sex with her?

KRAMER

(after a beat, shrugs)

Lots of places. Motels, at the house in Hillsborough, down at the beach house --

TEDDY

At the house in Stinson Beach where the murders were committed?

KRAMER

(after a beat, warily)

Yes.

He looks like he could kill her.

TEDDY

(casually)

Did Mrs. Forrester pay you for having sex with her?

KRAMER

(emotionally)

You're crazy! She was a beautiful woman! She didn't have to pay anybody --

TEDDY

(cutting him off)

What kind of sex did you have with Mrs. Forrester?

KRAMER

(after a beat, warily)

What do you mean?

TEDDY

Did you ever tie her up, Mr. Kramer?

VERY LOUD NOISE in the courtroom.

KRASNY

(leaping up)

Objection, Your Honor!

Kramer stares at her.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(quickly)

Sustained.

KRAMER

(quietly, to Teddy)

You fucking bitch.

TEDDY

(very loud)

What did you call me?

KRASNY

Your Honor, I object to this!

TEDDY

(hard)

What did you call me, Mr. Kramer?

Kramer looks at her like he is ready to strangle her.

TEDDY

You called me a bitch -- is that what you called me, Mr. Kramer?

He stares at her, then nods.

TEDDY

No further questions.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(with distaste)

You may step down.

Kramer glares at Teddy a long beat, then steps down.

KRASNY

(getting up)

The People call Anthony Fabrizi.

As the janitor from the club -- dressed in a suit that doesn't fit very well -- starts going up to the stand, Teddy goes back to the defense table. Sam Ransom whispers something to her. Jack watches them. Teddy looks at Sam -- whatever Sam has said to her has gotten her attention.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Krasny stands with Fabrizi.

FABRIZI

It was a six-inch hunting knife with a jag on the edge.

LOUD NOISE in the courtroom.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Krasny stands with Fabrizi.

KRASNY  
What locker was the knife in, Mr. Fabrizi?

FABRIZI  
It was in locker number 222.

KRASNY  
And whose locker was number 222?

FABRIZI  
It was Mr. Forrester's.

LOUD NOISE in the courtroom.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Krasny with Fabrizi.

KRASNY  
Are you certain, Mr. Fabrizi, that the knife you saw on January 1, 1982 was in Mr. Forrester's locker?

FABRIZI  
I'm certain.

KRASNY  
There is no doubt in your mind at all?

FABRIZI  
Absolutely not.

KRASNY  
(smiles)  
Your witness.

TEDDY  
No questions.

VERY LOUD NOISE in the courtroom. No one can believe she isn't going after this testimony. Jack and Judge Carrigan both look at her. Krasny seems surprised as well. Only Sam Ransom shows no response.

KRASNY  
We rest our case, Your Honor.

Krasny sits down, watches Teddy.

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
Are you ready to call your first witness, Mrs. Barnes?

TEDDY  
I am, Your Honor. We call Duane Bendix.

Sam Ransom suddenly grins. DUANE BENDIX is in his 50's, a pudgy, outdoorsy kind of man. He goes up to the stand.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Duane Bendix on the stand.

TEDDY

Mr. Bendix, were you a member of the Hillsborough Country Club on January 2nd, 1982?

BENDIX

I was.

Krasny, looking nervous, confers with Arnold.

TEDDY

Mr. Bendix, was there a knife on that date in your locker at the country club?

BENDIX

There was.

NOISE in the courtroom.

TEDDY

What kind of knife was it, Mr. Bendix?

BENDIX

It was a hunting knife with a six-inch blade and a jagged edge.

VERY LOUD NOISE in the courtroom. Teddy walks to Sam Ransom, takes a box from him. She walks back to Bendix, opens the box.

TEDDY

Is this the knife, Mr. Bendix?

She hands Bendix the knife. VERY LOUD NOISE in the courtroom.

BENDIX

Yes it is.

TEDDY

Why was the knife in your locker, Mr. Bendix?

BENDIX

I was leaving on a hunting trip the next day. I usually like to swim a few laps before I go on a long drive. I usually leave right from the club.

TEDDY

How do you know the knife was in your locker on January 2nd?

BENDIX

I got it from my nephew for Christmas. I went in on New Year's Day to use the sauna. I took the knife in with me. I knew I was going to go hunting that week. I didn't want to leave it in my car or have to take it into the office.

Krasny, as all of this unfolds, looks more and more sick.

TEDDY

What was your locker number at the club, Mr. Bendix?

BENDIX

122.

VERY LOUD NOISE in the courtroom. Krasny looks like he is frozen. Jack smiles.

TEDDY

No more questions.

She takes the knife to the Clerk.

TEDDY

(to the Clerk)

I would like this knife marked as defense exhibit B.

(to Krasny)

Your witness.

A long beat, and then Krasny gets up.

KRASNY

No questions, Your Honor.

VERY LOUD NOISE in the courtroom.

TEDDY

(to the judge)

We recall Anthony Fabrizi, Your Honor.

Fabrizi goes up to the stand, sits down. He looks nervous.

TEDDY

(quietly)

Mr. Fabrizi, are you certain beyond any doubt that the knife you saw was in locker 222 and not in locker 122?

FABRIZI

It was in 222, I remember when I walked away from it, I put it together with Mr. Forrester --

TEDDY

Where was Mr. Bendix's locker in relation to Mr. Forrester's?



FABRIZI

(after a beat)

In the row right behind his.

Krasny looks like he doesn't believe what is happening.  
Teddy holds the knife up to Fabrizi.

TEDDY

Mr. Fabrizi, does this look like the  
knife you saw that day?

FABRIZI

(after a beat)

It looks different.

TEDDY

How does it look different?

FABRIZI

(after a beat)

It's the same kind of knife all right...  
I don't know... but this one here's all  
scratched up on the sides here, the  
handle's all worn.

TEDDY

Mr. Fabrizi, if this knife was not  
scratched up, if its handle was not  
worn, if this knife was brand new, would  
it look like the knife you saw?

Fabrizi stares at the knife, scrutinizing it.

TEDDY

Could it have been the knife that you  
saw, Mr. Fabrizi?

Fabrizi stares at the knife, says nothing.

TEDDY

Is it possible, Mr. Fabrizi?

Fabrizi stares at the knife, says nothing.

TEDDY

Is it possible?

FABRIZI

(suddenly)

Jesus Christ, I don't know, it's  
possible.

VERY LOUD NOISE in the courtroom. Krasny looks stricken.

TEDDY

(to Krasny)

Your witness.

A long beat, and then Krasny goes to Fabrizi.

KRASNY

Mr. Fabrizi --

FABRIZI

(cutting him off)

What the hell you gonna ask me now? I told her, it looks different, but if it was brand new, it's possible it's the one I seen in there. I don't know. I don't know how the hell I coulda confused the locker numbers --

KRASNY

(disgusted, sharp)

No questions, Your Honor.

Some LAUGHS in the courtroom.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

You may step down, Mr. Fabrizi.

FABRIZI

I'm sorry I wasted everybody's time here, judge, I gotta go to work myself.

Some more LAUGHS.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

We will adjourn 'til nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

He bangs his gavel. Everyone starts filing out. Teddy starts gathering her things. Jack watches her. There is no one around them. They speak low, almost in a whisper.

JACK

Can I talk to you?

TEDDY

There's nothing to talk about.

JACK

I tried to call you all weekend. I went over to your place.

She says nothing, packs her things.

JACK

(after a beat)

You still think I did it.

She says nothing, turns to go. He puts his hand on her arm.

JACK

How can you defend me if you think I'm guilty?

*Fredo*

TEDDY  
It happens all the time. It's the way  
 our legal system works.

She walks away.

INT. COURTHOUSE - THE LOBBY

As Teddy gets to the courthouse door, her briefcase in hand, we see Mark Kramer, the tennis pro, standing behind a granite column, watching her, ice in his eyes.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

She is opening the door of her Toyota.

A VOICE BEHIND HER  
 I bet you're a cold fuck.

She turns, badly startled. Mark Kramer stands there. He looks her body over.

TEDDY  
 (ice cold)  
 What do you want, Mr. Kramer?

KRAMER  
 You think you're really smethin', don't you?

She starts to open her car door to get in. He puts his hand on the door, stops her.

KRAMER  
 You twist everything around, don't you?  
 You don't care who gets hurt.

She looks at him a beat, then forces the door open and gets in. He holds the door. She tries to close it but can't.

KRAMER  
 (quietly, menacingly)  
 I bet I could warm you up. I bet I  
 could make you real hot

She looks at him -- she looks scared now -- and tries to close the door. He holds it, leering at her, and then suddenly lets it go and walks away.

INT. HER OFFICE - AFTERNOON

She walks in. She sits down, reaches into her drawer and lights a cigarette. She sits there a long beat, composing herself and then reaches for the phone. She dials.

TEDDY  
(on the phone, forcing  
a smile)

Hi.

As she talks, she sorts through the mail on her desk.

TEDDY  
(on the phone)  
I'm at the office. I just wanted to  
call. What are you doing?  
(after a beat, on  
the phone)  
Well, why don't you let David watch  
Spiderman while you do your homework?

Something catches her eye in the mail. She looks at it. We  
don't see what she is looking at.

TEDDY  
(after a beat)  
We'll talk about it when I get home,  
okay? Love you.

She hangs up. A long beat, and then she picks up what she  
has been looking at and stares at it. This time we see it.

CLOSEUP - A LETTER

It says: "He is innocent -- Santa Cruz -- January 21,  
1982." All of the letter Ts are raised like "his. But this  
time there is also a name: "Julie Jensen."

INT. HER TOYOTA - LATE AFTERNOON

She is on the freeway, caught in traffic. She is smoking.  
She looks disturbed. She sees a sign on the freeway in big  
letters: Santa Cruz. She keeps inching ahead in the lane  
she is in -- and then, suddenly, she turns into the Santa  
Cruz exit lane.

EXT. A BEACH HOUSE - SANTA CRUZ

The house is expensive and right on the water. She stands  
at the door. A WOMAN answers it. She is attractive, in her  
30s.

TEDDY  
Julie Jensen?

The Woman nods, wary.

TEDDY  
May I speak to you? My name is --

JENSEN  
I know who you are.

TEDDY

I got your note.

JENSEN

I didn't send you any note.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE IN SANTA CRUZ - NIGHT (LATER)

Teddy comes out the front door and is walking back to her Toyota. She stops as she is about to get into the car. She stands there a long beat and then she closes her eyes. A long beat, and then she opens them and we see there are tears in her eyes.

INT. HER HOUSE ON WEBSTER STREET - NIGHT

Teddy walks in. David is there.

DAVID

Where were you so long, Mom?

She looks at the boy a beat -- and then grabs him and hugs him to herself very emotionally.

INT. COURTROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Judge Carrigan has just sat down on the bench. Teddy comes quickly down the aisle, a little late, and sits down next to Jack. She turns to Jack and looks like she wants to say something to him. But she can't say it -- and then she turns to the judge quickly.

TEDDY

We call Julie Jensen, Your Honor.

*Draw + she that  
to inform police*

At the mention of her name, Krasny starts talking to Jim Arnold. Krasny seems very upset. Julie Jensen walks up to the witness stand. Jack watches her. His looks is questioning: who is she?

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Julie is on the stand.

TEDDY

Ms. Jensen, where do you reside?

JENSEN

At 1326 Del Mar Lane in Santa Cruz.

TEDDY

Can you describe the house for us, please?

JENSEN

It is a two-bedroom beachfront house.

TEDDY

(after a long beat)

Can you describe the events that took place there on the night of January 21, 1982?

KRASNY

(getting up)

Objection, Your Honor, this testimony is not relevant --

TEDDY

(hard)

This testimony is directly related to the crimes Jack Forrester is accused of and Mr. Krasny knows it!

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(after a long beat)

The witness may continue.

A long beat, and then Jensen starts to talk. What she has to say is excruciatingly painful for her. She speaks hesitantly, very quietly.

JENSEN

I was in my bedroom. I was almost asleep. I heard something... I thought it was just the wind.

(a long beat)

I must have drifted off.

(a long beat)

I woke up -- there was a knife pressed to my throat.

NOISE in the courtroom. Krasny looks very upset.

JENSEN

There was a man there. He was dressed in black. All black. Pants. A turtleneck. He wore a black ski mask. I never saw his face.

KRASNY

(getting up again)

Objection, Your Honor! This crime is not relevant to this case --

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(quickly, hard)

Overruled!

(a beat; to the witness,  
gently)

Please continue.

JENSEN

(after a long beat)

He kept the knife pressed to my throat. It was a big knife, it had these strange kind of teeth on the blade.

NOISE in the courtroom. Krasny reacts to the noise.

JENSEN

He didn't say anything.

(a long beat)

He... got up on top of me, knelt over me.

(a beat)

He reached back, under the turtleneck, he took a rope out.

LOUD NOISE in the courtroom. Krasny cringes. Judge Carrigan bangs his gavel. Julie Jensen looks like she is in shock having to describe all this. Jack is expressionless.

JENSEN

(after a long beat)

He tied my hands... and my legs to the bedposts.

There is an utter hush in the courtroom now.

JENSEN

He cut my nightgown off of me.

She stops, a long pause, like she cannot continue.

TEDDY

(very gently)

What did he do then?

JENSEN

He knelt across me, the knife in his hand, looking at me.

(after a long beat)

He pushed the knife against my nipples. And he cut me.

PANDEMONIUM in the courtroom. Judge Carrigan bangs his gavel.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

I will not tolerate any more of this. I will clear this courtroom if it persists!

TEDDY

(very gently)

How did he cut you?

JENSEN

He cut... around my right nipple... with the tip of the knife.

(a beat)

And then he... just watched the blood... and knelt over me.

(a long beat)

He smeared the knife with... the blood ... and he... got up... and wrote it on the wall.

TEDDY

What did he write, Ms. Jensen?

JENSEN

He wrote the word "Bitch."

VERY LOUD NOISE again — but it STOPS QUICKLY at Judge Carrigan's look.

JENSEN

Then he came back... to the bed... and he started putting the knife...

She looks like she can hardly bring herself to say this.

JENSEN

... Between my legs... just the tip of it... But he didn't... cut me

(a long beat)

And then he suddenly... just stopped... and he... went away.

TEDDY

(after a beat)

How did he enter the house?

JENSEN

He forced open a rear window.

TEDDY

And these events took place at your beach house in Santa Cruz on January 21, 1982 — 13 months before the murders in Stinson Beach?

JENSEN

Yes.

A pause.

TEDDY

Ms. Jensen, did you relate these events to anyone from the San Francisco District Attorney's office?

NOISE in the courtroom. Krasny jumps up.

KRASNY

(losing his cool)

That's irrelevant, Your Honor --

JUDGE CARRIGAN

(harshly)

Overruled!

JENSEN

Yes I did, to that man there.



She points to Jim Arnold.

TEDDY

To Mr. Arnold, an Assistant District Attorney.

JENSEN

Yes.

TEDDY

When did you relate these events to him?

JENSEN

He came to see me three weeks after the Stinson killings. And then he came back to see me two days later.

TEDDY

And when Mr. Arnold came back to see you, what did he tell you?

JENSEN

He told me that the Stinson Beach killings were not related... to what happened to me.

LOUD NOISE in the courtroom.

TEDDY

Ms. Jensen, were you a member of the Seaside racquet Club in Santa Cruz from January until October of 1981?

JENSEN

Yes, I was.

TEDDY

Do you play tennis, Ms. Jensen?

JENSEN

I did, before this... happened.

TEDDY

Did you play with the tennis pro there, Mark Kramer?

KRASNY

(jumping up)

Your Honor, I --

JENSEN

Yes.

KRASNY

(hard)

I object, Your Honor! Mark Kramer isn't on trial here!

TEDDY  
(to Krasny, hard)  
Why isn't he?

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
(to Teddy)  
Mrs. Barnes --

TEDDY  
(to Krasny)  
You know! You hushed it up!

PANDEMONIUM in the courtroom. Judge Carrigan bangs his gavel furiously.

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
(to Teddy and Krasny)  
I will see you both in chambers.

INT. JUDGE CARRIGAN'S CHAMBERS

KRASNY  
(to Judge Carrigan,  
loud)  
All I'm asking for is a two-week  
continuance.

TEDDY  
(hard, to Krasny)  
You've had months to tie him into it!  
You can't! He didn't do it and you know  
it! That's why you didn't turn her  
statement over!

A pause; Krasny looks at her.

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
(quietly)  
You have breached your canon of ethics,  
Mr. Krasny. Your request is denied. If  
it were up to me, I'd vote to disbar  
you.

Krasny stares at him a long beat, then -- to Teddy,  
emotionally --

KRASNY  
How did you find her?  
(a beat)  
How the hell did you find her?

TEDDY  
We saw the police report.

KRASNY  
(emotionally)  
We pulled the --



He stops, freezes.

TEDDY

(quietly)

You pulled the police report?

A long beat, then, Krasny, quietly, emotionally --

KRASNY

He told you, didn't he? It never got in the papers, she --

(a beat)

He told you. What did he do, send you an anonymous note?

TEDDY

(hard)

You'll stop at nothing, will you? A lot of people knew. The police in Santa Cruz knew. People in your office knew.

KRASNY

(emotionally,  
feverishly)

Bullshit! Don't you see what he did? He did the identical crime 13 months before he killed his wife! He knew it'd get him off the hook. He knew his wife was seeing Kramer. That's why he did the first one in Santa Cruz -- he was handing him to us as a suspect. He picked that woman out very carefully. He knew she'd played tennis with Kramer. He almost got tripped up on the knife. He didn't figure on that goddamn janitor going into his locker. He planned the whole thing for 13 months! He's diabolical. He's diabolical! The guy's a monster.

He looks at them. Teddy and Judge Carrigan are staring at him like he's crazy.

TEDDY

(after a long beat,  
sadly)

You're the monster, Tom.

He stares at her.

JUDGE CARRIGAN

If you make any attempt to implicate Mr. Forrester in the Santa Cruz crime, I will strike it. He is not charged with that offense.

Krasny stares at Judge Carrigan. He knows it's over.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Jensen sits on the witness stand.

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
(with distaste)  
Mr. Krasny?

Krasny sits at the defense table with Jim Arnold. He looks beaten.

KRASNY  
(sitting, after  
a beat)  
No questions.

Julie Jensen steps down.

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
(to Teddy)  
You may call your next witness.

TEDDY  
We rest our case, Your Honor.

PANDEMONIUM in the courtroom. Judge Carrigan gavels it down.

ARNOLD  
(to Krasny)  
She's not putting him on the stand?  
She'll never get away with it.

Krasny says nothing; he looks beaten.

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
(to Krasny)  
Redirect?

KRASNY  
(sitting)  
No witnesses.

TEDDY  
No witnesses, Your Honor.

JUDGE CARRIGAN  
You may make your concluding arguments,  
Mr. Krasny.

A long beat; Krasny sits there. Teddy looks at Jack.

TEDDY  
(quietly)  
Forgive me.

He looks at her; his face is expressionless. Krasny gets up and goes to the jury.

KRASNY  
 (in a broken voice)  
 Ladies and gentlemen of the jury.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Krasny in front of the jury. His heart is not in it; his vibrancy is gone.

KRASNY  
 (in a monotone)  
 -- that he was unhappily married, that he cheated on his wife, that the reason he couldn't divorce his wife was because she controlled all of the financial strings of the Times-Lofton publishing empire. And we have proved that at the time of her death his wife was contemplating divorcing him --

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Teddy making her closing argument to the jury.

TEDDY  
 He is an innocent man unjustly accused by an ambitious and amoral prosecutor. A prosecutor who was in possession of evidence exonerating Jack Forrester and kept that evidence hidden. There is a vicious sex criminal out there who has been allowed to find his next victim because of a prosecutor's ambition.

INT. AN OFFICE - THE COURTHOUSE - LATER

Teddy and Jack sit at the table. She is smoking. She looks drained. He is nervous, muted, keeps looking at the clock on the wall. A long pause, then --

TEDDY  
 (quietly)  
 They won't be long.

JACK  
 They could take days.

TEDDY  
 (quietly, looking  
 at him)  
 They won't.

He says nothing. She watches him a long beat.

TEDDY  
 (quietly)  
 Can you ever forgive me?

He looks at her a long beat, says nothing. Sam Ransom opens the door.

SAM

They're in!

Jack freezes; stares at him.

INT. COURTROOM

JUDGE CARRIGAN

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?

THE FOREMAN

We have, Your Honor.

(beat)

We find the defendant -- not guilty.

PANDEMONIUM in the courtroom. The relief on Jack's face is overwhelming. He jumps up. He puts his arms around Teddy suddenly and holds her very close. He starts to cry softly. She holds him. A mob of REPORTERS swoop down on them as they stand there. Krasny sits at the prosecution table with Jim Arnold and stares at them.

A REPORTER

(yelling)

How do you feel, Mr. Forrester?

ANOTHER REPORTER

(yelling)

Can we have a statement?

Jack looks at them a beat -- he is too overwhelmed, he can't talk.

TEDDY

(to the Reporters,  
haltingly)

Can I say something, please? I'd like to say something.

She is very hesitant, nervous. Krasny watches her from the table.

TEDDY

(hesitantly)

Four years ago, I resigned my job as an Assistant District Attorney. I want to tell you why.

Krasny watches her. Teddy's eyes are on him as she speaks.

TEDDY

(emotionally, haltingly)

I prosecuted a case with Mr. Krasny, a very newsworthy case, what we lawyers call a "heater," a case that could win elections and make careers. We convicted the man and he went to jail.

A long beat; Krasny stares at her. His face is a mask.

TEDDY

A week after the trial I discovered that one of our investigators, during the trial, had come up with evidence which would have exonerated the man we were prosecuting. Mr. Krasny buried that evidence.

The Reporters start yelling. Sam Ransom watches her.

A REPORTER

He buried the evidence? You knew about it?

ANOTHER REPORTER

Do you know what you're saying?

ANOTHER REPORTER

What was the case?

Krasny just watches her; his face is a mask.

TEDDY

(emotionally)

Please. Let me finish.

(a long beat)

And even though I found out about it afterwards, I didn't do anything, I didn't tell anyone. I let that innocent man...

A REPORTER

(yelling)

You can be disbarred.

TEDDY

(a beat; very quietly)

He hanged himself in prison.

A long beat; even the Reporters are shocked.

TEDDY

I will have to live with that somehow for the rest of my life.

A long beat; she stares at Krasny.

TEDDY

(to Krasny)

The People versus Henry Stiles, case number 2-4-0-2-2.

A pause; as she and Krasny stare at each other. And then the Reporters, in a mob, move toward Krasny. He gets up from the table quickly with Jim Arnold and, as they try to block him, starts heading very quickly from the courtroom.

KRASNY

(to the Reporters)

No comment.

A REPORTER

(yelling at him)

You let an innocent man go to jail?

KRASNY

(as he heads from  
courtroom)

No comment.

Teddy and Jack watch Krasny as he leaves the courtroom with the mob of Reporters. And then, as Teddy watches Krasny leave, she becomes aware of someone staring at her. She turns and sees Mrs. Stiles. Their eyes meet. For a split-second the old black woman almost smiles, and then she turns away and starts to walk out. Teddy watches her a long beat, and then she turns to Jack.

JACK

(quietly, after a beat)

I love you.

INT. CITY ROOM - THE SAN FRANCISCO TIMES - DAY

Jack stands there, smiling. The city room is filled with reporters. They are singing "For he's a jolly good fellow." CHAMPAGNE is being POPPED. Teddy stands at a distance, watching Jack. She turns and walks out of the city room as the singing continues.

INT. CORRIDOR OF THE TIMES

She walks down the corridor.

JACK

(calling behind her)

Teddy.

She stops. He comes up to her. They don't know what to say to each other. A beat.

JACK

Where are you going?

TEDDY

I've got to go home to see my kids.

JACK

(after a beat, quietly)

I'm going down to the beach house.

(a beat)

Come with me.

(a beat; quietly)

Please.



He touches her cheek.

TEDDY

(after a beat)

I've got to go home.

JACK

(quietly, intensely)

Do you have any idea how much I've missed you?

He touches her cheek tenderly. A beat, and then she turns and walks away.

INT. HER HOUSE

She walks in -- as soon as she does, she sees Michael and the kids. They start to cheer loudly. She stops a moment, looks at them, smiles.

MICHAEL

(grins)

Congratulations.

He kisses her on the cheek.

JENNY

Congratulations, Mom.

Jenny goes and kisses her.

DAVID

(after a beat, deadpan)

Congratulations.

He gives her a furtive little boy's kiss.

DAVID

(as he kisses her)

I still think he did it.

They laugh as she hugs him. She sees they are all dressed.

TEDDY

(to Michael)

What's going on?

MICHAEL

(smiles)

We're going to my place for a couple days. You've got some celebrating to do.

TEDDY

(after a beat)

I don't have anybody to celebrate with ... except you guys.

MICHAEL

(after a beat, a smile)

Yes, you do.

She looks at him.

MICHAEL

(to the kids)

Come on, guys, let's go.

JENNY & DAVID

'Bye, Mom.

And all three of them troop out the door. She stands there a beat, and then she sees the TV is ON, but the SOUND has been turned OFF. She sees Jack on the TV. She goes to the TV and turns it UP.

JACK

(on the TV)

-- More than anything else, I think it's a terrific vindication of the legal system.

And then a Newsman comes on the TV screen.

THE NEWSMAN

This just in to the Eyewitness Seven news room: San Francisco police are now seeking Hillsborough Country Club tennis pro Mark Kramer for questioning in the Stinson Beach killings.

She stands there a moment and she smiles slowly.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE IN STINSON - NIGHT

She gets out of her Toyota -- the house is lighted up. It is very foggy. She goes to the door. She knocks. Jack opens it. He stands there a beat -- they look at each other. And then he kisses her, more and more passionately: they almost attack each other.

INT. HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

as he makes love to her. She holds nothing back. It is earthshakingly intense.

INT. HIS BEDROOM - LATER

They are both half asleep. He holds her. They are naked.

TEDDY

Why did you come out here?

JACK

(quietly)

I wanted to get it behind me. All of it. Forever.

She holds him. A long beat. Then, as if to change the subject —

JACK

(looks at her)

Did I ever tell you you have a terrific lower lip?

TEDDY

No.

JACK

(as he kisses her)

I want your lower lip. Can I have it?

TEDDY

(seriously)

It's yours.

INT. HIS BEDROOM - MORNING

She wakes up. She is alone. She looks around.

TEDDY

Jack?

She gets out of bed.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

She wears one of his robes.

TEDDY

Jack?

JACK (O.S.)

Down here.

She gets to the top of the stairway, sees him downstairs. He is building a fire.

JACK

(smiles)

Good morning.

TEDDY

Good morning.

JACK

(smiles)

Are you hungry?

She nods, smiles.

JACK

I'm starved.

(a beat)

There's nothing in the house. I'll go down to the store and get some things.

She nods. He looks at her and then suddenly runs up the stairs boyishly. He kisses her.



## CLOSEUP - HER FACE

She doesn't want to hit the final letter.

## CLOSEUP - THE PAPER

And then she hits the T... and the T is raised, like this. It hits the paper with the impact of a gunshot.

## CLOSEUP - HER FACE

She looks as though she has been shot, and then she suddenly closes her eyes.

## INT. HER TOYOTA

She sits in it, outside the beach house, trying to start it. It won't start. Her jacket is on the front seat next to her. She tries again. The car won't start. She looks desperate.

## JACK'S VOICE

Where you going?

She looks up and he is standing there outside the car.

## TEDDY

(after a beat)

It's David -- he's got a fever. I've got to get home.

He looks at her.

## JACK

(concerned)

What's the matter with him?

## TEDDY

(trying to start  
the car)

I don't know -- Michael called.

She looks frantic.

## JACK

I'll come with you.

## TEDDY

(very nervous)

No, please.

She tries again; the damn car won't start.

## JACK

Let me try it.

A beat and she gets out of the car.

He gets in and tries to start it -- and she sees the typewriter, under the jacket on the front seat -- a part of it is peeking out. And then the car suddenly starts. He looks at her, he smiles. He didn't notice the typewriter.

TEDDY

(frantic)

I've got to go, Jack.

He gets out of the car. She gets in. She closes the door. He is watching her. And then he puts his face through the open window.

JACK

Can I at least kiss you goodbye?

A beat, she looks at him, and she kisses him. He looks at her strangely a beat, moves away from the car, and she takes off. He watches the car. He looks disturbed.

INT. A COLLEGE LAB - DAY

A lab TECHNICIAN has the typewriter up on the table -- and next to it a sheet of paper. He looks at the typewriter, hits a key, looks at the sheet of paper next to it.

THE TECHNICIAN

It looks like a match. Hard to tell, though, with these old Royals -- the top keys on a lot of 'em get raised up. They screwed the springs up on 'em somehow. I'll let you know for sure in a couple days.

She nods and starts walking out.

THE TECHNICIAN

Hey, Taddy! I hope they get that tennis pro guy. They oughta give you a reward!

He grins. She looks at him, her face expressionless.

INT. HER HOUSE - DAY

She walks in. The TELEPHONE IS RINGING. She hesitates, doesn't know what to do. It KEEPS RINGING. Then she goes to the phone and slowly picks it up.

TEDDY

Hello?

She hears the CLICK. She stands there. She looks very frightened.

INT. HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. She lies on the bed, covered by a blanket. She is staring at the ceiling. And then she hears something -- it sounds like the TINKLE OF GLASS.

She closes her eyes and then opens them again. She pulls the blanket up around her. She looks petrified. A pause, as she listens, lying on the bed, not moving. We hear nothing, and then, slowly, we hear the FAINTEST CREAK. And then ANOTHER, and then nothing.

TEDDY

(her voice shaky)

Hello, Jack.

A pause, and then a man in a black ski mask steps suddenly into the room. He wears a black turtleneck and black slacks. He wears black gloves. He stands there. She stares at him a long beat.

TEDDY

(quietly)

He was right. You used us all.

The man stands there, not moving -- and then he takes a step closer to the bed, and then another.

TEDDY

I want to see your face, Jack.

He doesn't move -- and then he reaches behind him and takes a coil of rope out. He reaches behind himself with the other hand -- and we see the knife, gleaming in the darkness. And then he steps closer -- he is only a few feet from the bed, holding the knife in one hand and the rope in the other. The knife has a jagged edge.

TEDDY

(in a whisper)

I could have loved you so.

A beat, and then we hear a GUNSHOT and the man staggers back and Teddy takes the gun from under the blanket and FIRES it again, her face expressionless. The man falls to the floor.

INT. HER BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Policemen are all over the room as she sits on the side of the bed, staring at nothing, the blanket around her shoulders. The lights are on -- a uniformed policeman is standing next to her and holding her.

ANOTHER POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Jesus Christ.

And there is a sudden hush in the room and she sees all of the policemen staring at her. She sees a group of them standing around the body on the floor, and she gets up off the bed slowly and starts to walk toward them, almost as if she were sleepwalking. And she gets to the body, and, after a long beat, she looks down, and we see --

Jack's face, the mask off, almost in a half-smile, as we...

FREEZE FRAME and...

FADE OUT.

THE END



