

"LAW AND ORDER"

"BY HOOKER, BY CROOK"

Written by
David Black

-NOTICE-
THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF UNIVERSAL CITY
STUDIOS, INC. AND IS INTENDED AND RESTRICTED SOLELY
FOR STUDIO USE BY STUDIO PERSONNEL. DISTRIBUTION OR
DISCLOSURE OF THE MATERIAL TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS IS
PROHIBITED. THE SALE, COPYING OR REPRODUCTION OF
THIS MATERIAL IN ANY FORM IS ALSO PROHIBITED.

LAW AND ORDER
"BY HOOKER, BY CROOK"

SCRIPT REVISION HISTORY

<u>DATE</u>	<u>COLOR</u>	<u>WRITER(S)</u>	<u>PAGES</u>
2/26/90	WHITE	David Black	Set & Cast 1-62

LAW AND ORDER"BY HOOKER, BY CROOK"CAST

DETECTIVE SGT. MAX GREEVEY
DETECTIVE MIKE LOGAN
ASST. D.A. PAUL ROBINETTE
ASST. D.A. BEN STONE

D.A. ALFRED WENTWORTH
MACAULAY
TREVELYAN
COP
DOCTOR
MRS. DIAMOND
CATHERINE MOODY
SHEETS
LAKSHMI KUMAR
EMILE LUCY
JOHN HENRY KURTZ
MURRAY SHAPIRO
ELDERLY WOMAN
JOLENE

JASMINE
BAILIFF
ALMA STRINGFELLOW
HUGHES MEAD
SARAH WINTHROP
JUDGE BENJAMIN HARPER
AUCLAIR
STREET WALKER
SADIE BLOOM
MOSES MCKEE (MO)
DEWEY FOLGER
RECEPTIONIST
JOSEPH STANKO
CHINKEY MOLINA
MEDICAL EXAMINER
ELISABETH ROTH
REPORTER
JUROR

VEHICLES

'84 CHRYSLER LE BARON
PLYMOUTH FURY
GREEVEY/LOGAN CAR

SQUAD CARS
BUICK REGAL

SETSINTERIORS:

MT. SINAI HOSPITAL
INTENSIVE CARE
STATION HOUSE
INTERROGATION ROOM
BOOKING DESK
DIAMONDS' HOUSE
LIVING ROOM
DIAMOND'S OFFICE
JANGLE'S BAR
STANDISH HOTEL
ROOM
SERVICE ROOM
BOWLING ALLEY
STAIRS
GREEVEY/LOGAN CAR
HOTEL ROOM
CHINKEY'S APT.
WHOREHOUSE
PARLOR
ROOM
COURTHOUSE
CORRIDORS
RECORDS ROOM
COURTROOM
STAIRS
STRINGFELLOW'S TOWN HOUSE
LIVING ROOM
MEAD'S OFFICE
WINTHROP'S APT.
OUTSIDE HALLWAY
LIVING ROOM
ROBINETTE'S OFFICE
STONE'S OFFICE
XEROX ROOM
MANAGEMENT OFFICE
APARTMENT BLDG.
FOLGER'S APT.
ELEVATOR
MARSH'S RESTAURANT
COFFEE SHOP

EXTERIORS:

CENTRAL PARK
BRIDAY PATH
86TH ST. TRANSVERSE
ELDRITCH HOTEL
SUGAR HILL
FISH MARKET
ALLEY
LOT (EAST SIXTIES)
HELL'S KITCHEN
STREETS
COURTHOUSE
STEPS

LAW AND ORDER

BY HOOKER BY CROOK

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. CENTRAL PARK BRIDAL PATH - NIGHT

1

Two mounted policemen, Macaulay and Trevelyan, are walking their horses on the dirt path that circles the reservoir. The trees make a natural bower over their heads. They could be on a country road -- except, through the trees and across the reservoir, loom the high-rise apartments of Fifth Avenue. And the sounds are not rural: car horns, a distant boom-box rapping out a song, an argument between two homeless drunks, and the whistles the crack dealers use as signals.

MACAULAY

So we go into the place. This SRO on 113th. And we can still hear the guy, going Help! Help! Muffled, you know, but in the room somewhere. We search. I mean, it's maybe 12 by 12. Not a lot of space to hide. And can't find him. Until Handler looks up and sees the guy -- jay-bird naked -- gaffer-taped to the ceiling.

Suddenly, an old, raggly dressed man bursts out of the bushes, his long, ratty coat flapping like bat wings. The horses shy. Macaulay reaches down and grabs the vagrant's collar as he runs past.

MACAULAY

What's your hurry?

Trevelyan points at the direction from which the vagrant was running.

TREVELYAN

Check it out.

2 COP'S POINT OF VIEW

2

A short cinder-covered road that dog-legs off the 86th Street transverse. Under the ginko trees, a black '84 Chrysler Le Baron is parked. Its lights are off, but the doors are open and the motor is running.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

TREVELYAN (V.O.)

Doesn't look like they're having a picnic.

Near the car stands a twenty-five year old Dominican (Chinkey Molina) with the ruined face of a ghetto-raised club fighter who probably just missed making Golden Gloves. He is looking down at something in the bushes and holding a half-sized baseball bat.

TREVELYAN (V.O.)

Hold it. Police.

As the cops go into a gallop, Molina jumps into the car and takes off.

CUT TO

3 EXT. 86TH STREET TRANSVERSE - NIGHT

3

Trevelyan gallops out to the road. But the traffic is heavy. By the time he gets to Fifth Avenue, the Chrysler is lost in the stream of cars.

CUT TO

4 EXT. CRIME SCENE - LATER

4

A green Plymouth Fury and three squad cars are parked on the grass. The squad cars' cherries are flashing red light on the scene and on the faces of the people standing around: The cops, the vagrant in the raggedy coat, a few curious spectators who loiter beyond the orange police tape, and the medics -- who are lifting the body of an over-weight, middle-aged man in a rumpled tweed suit (Max Diamond) onto a stretcher. Greevey and Logan stand by Diamond, who has obviously been beaten. The right side of his face is bloody.

COP

(to Greevey)

Hurt bad. But not dead.

GREEVEY

Mugging?

The cop shrugs.

COP

That. Or the Big Bad Wolf.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

LOGAN

Doesn't look like Red Riding Hood to me.

GREEVEY

Witnesses?

The cop nods at the vagrant.

COP

One. Guy saw the perp -- male, Hispanic, a real 99th Street chino, maybe 25, 26... Jose dumps Mr. Tweeds out of the car, goes through the vic's pockets, pulls out a Louisville Slugger, and uses the vic's head for batting practice.

CUT TO

5 INT. MT. SINAI INTENSIVE CARE - NIGHT

5

Diamond lies in bed, unconscious, connected to beeping life-support systems: EEG, IV, nasal cannula, etc.

GREEVEY

He going to wake up?

DOCTOR

The nurses' pool says no.

GREEVEY

How much is in the pot?

DOCTOR

Thirty bucks.

GREEVEY

(hopeful)

If they were sure, it'd be a hundred.

DOCTOR

(agreeing)

He's got a shot.

The doctor points to three x-rays of Diamond's head on a light-box.

DOCTOR

Hair-line fracture. Subdural hematoma. Bad enough. But it looks worse than it is.

CONTINUED -

5 CONTINUED

5

LOGAN

(ironic)

Right...Just a love-tap.

(pissed)

People can't even take a walk after dark.

DOCTOR

Whoever did it wasn't trying to kill him.

GREEVEY

I'm sure his family'll find that comforting.

(shaking his head)

Hey, Judge -- I just hit 'em over the head to get his attention.

DOCTOR

The blow to the head doesn't worry me as much as the heart attack.

LOGAN

Heart attack?

GREEVEY

Caused by the blow?

DOCTOR

Impossible to tell. He could have had the heart attack first.

The doctor turns off the light-box.

DOCTOR

But there is one odd thing.

GREEVEY

Yeah?

DOCTOR

His underpants were on backwards.

LOGAN

(fake grimace)

Oww. Just like a cheap hotel.

GREEVEY

What the hell's that mean?

LOGAN

(smug)

No ballroom.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

6 INT. STATION HOUSE - DAY 6

Greevey and Logan sit at a long, scarred oak table. In front of them -- sorted -- are tagged plastic baggies filled with stuff found at the crime scene, a motley assortment -- a matchbook, a pair of pantyhose, a toy brontosaurus, etc. On chairs beside each of them are cardboard port-a-files, containing more baggies with potential evidence. Logan takes a baggie from his box.

LOGAN

Another Coney Island oyster. What does that make?

GREEVEY

Nineteen. Stick it with the others in the nos.

Logan puts the baggie in the larger of the two piles on the table. Greevey takes a baggie from his carton. It contains a crystal on a pendant, which he tosses into the no pile. Logan takes a baggie from his carton.

LOGAN

A key ring.

GREEVEY

Where was it found?

Logan reads the tag on the bag.

LOGAN

In the bushes five feet from Sleeping Beauty.

GREEVEY

Maybe.

Logan puts it in the smaller pile. Greevey takes a baggie from his box.

LOGAN

What the hell is that?

Greevey examines it.

GREEVEY

A glass eye.

He puts it in the no pile.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

LOGAN

When I worked the 9th, we get a scratch, Tompkins Square. We nose around, the park, the street, and what do we find under a bench? A human hand. With the watch still on the wrist.

Greevey reaches into his carton and pulls out a baggie with a wallet.

GREEVEY

Bingo!

CUT TO

7 INT. DIAMOND'S HOUSE IN RIVERDALE - DAY

7

The living room is furnished with fake Louis XIV. Greevey sits on a fragile chair that looks as if it might collapse under his bulk. Logan takes notes in a steno-pad. Mrs. Diamond is well into her forties, but dresses much younger and she wears her hair in a pony-tail. An eternal teen-ager. On the table is a picture of her, Diamond and three kids. The kids are cute.

MRS. DIAMOND

Six, seven o'clock...I don't know...Dinner was on the table when he called.

GREEVEY

Did he say where he was going?

MRS. DIAMOND

Just that he had to work late. And that he...uh, if he missed the last train, uh, he might have to...

Distracted, she trails off.

MRS. DIAMOND

I'm sorry. I was at the hospital most of the night.

Greevey stands -- as does Logan, slipping the steno pad into the side pocket of his jacket.

GREEVEY

(pained;
sympathetic)

We won't take up any more of your time right now, Mrs. Diamond.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

GREEVEY (Cont'd)

I hope you don't mind if we talk to you again once you've had a chance to get some rest.

MRS. DIAMOND

Oh, no. It's just that...

(pause)

I don't understand. He doesn't work anywhere near Central Park.

(to Greevey)

Be honest...will you ever catch who did it?

GREEVEY

We're going to give it our best shot.

8 INT. DIAMOND'S OFFICE - DAY

An architectural firm. A large open room. Pigeonholes for tubes of plans, shelves with sample books of materials, a few scale models. A young architect, Catherine Moody, sits at a drafting table. Slim, early thirties, severely attractive. She's not happy to be talking to Greevey and Logan.

GREEVEY

You left with Diamond?

MOODY

About five-thirty. He said he wanted to discuss a loft renovation we're doing.

(pause)

Over a drink...At Jangle's.

LOGAN

Did you do a lot of your work with him over drinks?

Moody looks at Logan, calmly.

MOODY

I like my job. But I don't like it that much.

CUT TO

9 INT. JANGLE'S BAR - DAY

A singles joint that peaked ten years ago. Frosted glass, fake Tiffany lamp shades.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

The bartender, Sheets, is preparing the Bloody Mary mix' in anticipation of the after-work rush. Like the bar, Sheets peaked a decade earlier.

SHEETS

Sure, I remember him. He comes in here, once, twice a week. Window shopping. Then, goes home to wifey.

LOGAN

And last night?

SHEETS

He's with a knockout who's trying to pretend she's got nothing to look at. Me, I won't go near one like that. It's Don't touch, don't touch, and then Why not, why not.

GREEVEY

Did they look like they were testing the waters? In deep? Or swimming to shore?

SHEETS

She wasn't interested. He was in heat. Playing grab-ass. She got pissed and walked out. A guy gets shot down like that, he'll take a hike or settle in for the duration. So I buy him a drink on the house, figuring to prime the well.

GREEVEY

And?

SHEETS

In come the bee-bee-cues. Brooklyn-Bronx-Queens. The bridge and tunnel crowd. Teased-hair teases. He goes after three in a row. Biff, bam, bom. Caught in the ropes. Guy looked like Benny Perrett. Dead meat. I buy him another drink. He buys himself a couple, three more. By the time he left he could barely walk.

CUT TO

10 EXT. ELDRITCH HOTEL - DAY

Greevey and Logan come out of the revolving front door. Logan is checking the hotel off the list in his steno-pad.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

LOGAN

Another strike out.

GREEVEY

What do we got left?

LOGAN

Within a five block radius of the bar...? Three more hotels. The Pequot. The Standish. And the Stanley. Then...

GREEVEY

Then...? What? In his condition, you think he'd make more than five blocks?

LOGAN

I hate this heat...

(beat)

Let's work the phones.

GREEVEY

(shaking his head)

I don't want this to go cold.

LOGAN

I don't get it. It's just a little humma humma, Max...

GREEVEY

Did you see the picture?

LOGAN

So? Lots of vics have kids.

GREEVEY

Yeah. And until you have some you won't understand.

CUT TO

11 INT. THE STANDISH HOTEL - DAY

11

A 1930's grand hotel, which declined in the Sixties and Seventies and which -- like many mid-town hotels -- has just been bought by a company based in Bombay and been refurbished for middle-income tourists. Greevey and Logan stand at the reception counter, across from a middle-aged Indian, Lakshmi Kumar, who's checking the hotel files on a computer terminal.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

LAKSHMI

Mr. Diamond. Oh, yes. He checked in last night. About eight. Alone. No luggage. Gold Mastercard...

(watching screen
scroll)

But he has not checked out.

LOGAN

(dryly)

What a surprise.

CUT TO

12 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

12

Greevey glances under the bed, as Logan checks the closet. The Puerto Rican maid hovers uneasily by the door.

GREEVEY

You cleaned the room this morning?

Frightened, the maid nods. Greevey opens the bureau drawers. Logan looks in the bathroom.

LOGAN

Was there anything out of the ordinary?

The maid gives him a blank look.

LOGAN

Any signs of a fight? Any blood?

The maid still gives a blank look. Greevey runs his hand behind the mirror. Logan tugs at the the wall-to-wall carpet to make sure it is secure and nothing is hidden underneath it.

GREEVEY

He use any towels?

She nods.

GREEVEY

How many?

She shrugs.

LOGAN

How about the bed?

She gives Logan another blank look.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

GREEVEY

Did it look like he used it?

She nods, again.

GREEVEY

Did he leave anything in the room.

LOGAN

A coat? Briefcase?

GREEVEY

Anything?

CUT TO

13 INT. SERVICE ROOM - DAY

13

There are two laundry carts, some industrial vacuum cleaners, mops, pails, and scrub brushes, etc. In one corner are things that guests have left behind. Odd items -- a pair of expensive shoes, an umbrella, a rubber full-head George Bush mask, -- and a stack of porno items: stroke books (Nasty Babysitters, Puppy Lovers), dildoes, garter-belts, etc. The maid takes a copy of Screw from the pile and hands it to Greevey.

CUT TO

14 INSERT - MAGAZINE

14

-- which is folded back to an inside page, filled with ads for escort services.

LOGAN (V.O.)

Doesn't look like he was planning on going to church.

CUT TO

15 EXT. SUGAR HILL - TWILIGHT

15

A middle-class black neighborhood with between-the-war red brick apartment buildings. A sinewy sixty-year-old black man (Emile Lucy) is washing a five-year old Buick Regal.

LUCY

The bellhop told me, the duke don't tip. You hear what I'm saying.
Fifty cents!

(MORE)

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

LUCY (Cont'd)

I been working hotels for forty years, and I ain't seen a two-bit tip since those Kennedys been in office. You see what I'm getting at. The duke asks the bellhop about getting a girl. And the bellhop tell him, A big tipper like you don't need no girl. You reach into that deep pocket and, when you got your hand in there, just move it back and forth.

Lucy wheezes out a laugh.

GREEVEY

When you brought him the champagne...?

LUCY

He ordered two glasses. So I figure he solved that problem by himself. You hear? Now, when I get to his room, he's in his drawers and socks. And on the bed is this redhead -- a long drink of water with the tiniest waist -- Why, I could put my two hands around it and have my fingertips touch.

LOGAN

This redhead have a name?

LUCY

Everyone got a name. But he don't call her nothing that I hear.

GREEVEY

They talk about anything?

LUCY

Oh; she's talking to him and talking to him. And I figure she's talking him up, you hear? Talking a little lovey. But she wasn't talking that.

GREEVEY

What was she talking about?

LUCY

Bowling.

CUT TO

16 INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

16

-- dimly-lit, leading from a second-floor bowling alley. We hear the rumble of balls and the crash of hit pins. Greevey and Logan are climbing the stairs. Logan has his steno-pad out and is going down the list of bowling alleys they've already checked.

LOGAN

Five alleys, and we've been getting nothing but gutter-balls.

Greevey doesn't say anything. He's breathing heavily as they get to the top of the stairs.

CUT TO

17 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

17

The place runs the whole top floor above a supermarket on Amsterdam Avenue in the West 70's. Through the window, we see a neon sign advertising the bowling alley.

Greevey and Logan cross to the shoe rental counter, where a dwarf (John Henry Kurtz) sits on a high stool, reading the racing pages of the New York Post and working out the odds on a pocket-sized handicapper's computer.

KURTZ

Twentieth precinct bowls tomorrow night, fellas.

Greevey and Logan show their IDs.

GREEVEY

Sergeant Greevey. Detective Logan.

He puts aside the newspaper and handicapper.

KURTZ

Which one of us got a problem?

LOGAN

A redhead.

KURTZ

(sarcastic)
That's helpful.

GREEVEY

A very tall redhead with a very tiny waist.

KURTZ

Jolene.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

Logan grins at Greevey.

LOGAN

A strike!

KURTZ

I don't know her last name. Green League. Tuesdays. Guy named Murray Shapiro runs it....

CUT TO

18 EXT. FULTON FISH MARKET - DAWN

18

An alley between crates of fish, clams, etc. right off the boats. Retailers haggle with the wholesalers and argue with the handlers. Greevey and Logan follow Shapiro (forty-six, bald, built like a wrestler).

SHAPIRO

Naw. I don't know her last name. She's been bowling in my league since July. I remember 'cause she came in just after the Fourth. A real consistent one-ninety, two hundred.

GREEVEY

Who does she bowl with, Mr. Shapiro?

SHAPIRO

They call themselves the Fems.

Shapiro stops, takes a fish out of a crate, sniffs it for freshness, tosses it back, and makes a note on his clipboard.

SHAPIRO

We got all-girl teams, all gay-teams, church teams, teams of lawyers, arbitragers, doctors. You name it. We even got a team of transvestites. As long as they pay their fee...

LOGAN

How does she pay? Cash or check?

SHAPIRO

Check. From some business. Funny name. Jocasta.

He stops and faces Greevey and Logan.

SHAPIRO

Look, if she's in trouble...

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

Greevey and Logan start to move away.

GREEVEY
Thanks for your help, Mr. Shapiro.

SHAPIRO
...pick her up, okay? She's not
there, her team has to forfeit.

He takes a whiff of the fish, makes a face at the stench,
and shouts to a handler.

SHAPIRO
Lot six. Real ripe...

CUT TO

19 INT. STATION HOUSE - DAY

19

Greevey is on the telephone. Logan comes in carrying a FAX
sheet.

LOGAN
Correspondence Unit report on
Jocasta.

Logan puts the FAX sheet on Greevey's desk.

LOGAN
No liens. No judgments. No credit
code. No record of any Jocasta
Corporation.

GREEVEY
(into the
telephone)
Hang on.

He puts his hand over the telephone mouthpiece.

GREEVEY
(to Logan)
I got a DBA.

LOGAN
(indicating the
telephone)
County Clerk?

Greevey nods.

GREEVEY
Jocasta Enterprises doing business as
Iris Catering.

CUT TO

20 EXT. LOT IN THE EAST SIXTIES - DAY

20

-- surrounded by a chain-link fence. Inside is a community garden. An elderly woman in a large-brim straw hat is kneeling at a flower bed. A twelve year old girl is helping her. Greevey stands, his arms akimbo and shaking his head in disgust. Logan goes up to the elderly lady.

LOGAN

This isn't Iris Caterers.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(puzzled)

Why, no.

LOGAN

I knew that.

CUT TO

21 INT. DRIVE-AND-TALK - DAY

21

Greevey and Logan. Greevey is driving.

LOGAN

What now, Mr. Wizard?

GREEVEY

Want to go bowling Tuesday night?

LOGAN

If she shows up.

(pause)

Which she probably won't.

(a longer pause)

Wait a minute...Iris Caterers?

CUT TO

22 CLOSE-UP - THE SCREW MAGAZINE

22

-- which the maid found in Diamond's hotel room, opened to the page of escort service ads. Logan's finger traces down to Iris Escorts.

GREEVEY (V.O.)

It's worth a shot.

CUT TO

23 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

23

A suitcase lies opened on the bed. Greevey's suit coat lies over a chair back.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

Greevey sits on the edge of the mattress, holding a telephone handset.

GREEVEY
(into the
telephone)
That's what I said. A redhead --
with a small waist. Yeah, well, what
can I tell you, everyone's got their
own thing.

CUT TO

24 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

24

There's a knock at the door. Greevey crosses the room and opens it. Jolene -- the redhead with the small waist -- comes in, looking around. She is wary, but not inordinately so.

JOLENE
Hi, guy.

GREEVEY
Hi.

JOLENE
I'm Jolene.

GREEVEY
Call me Mike.

JOLENE
I'll call you Daisy if you want. But
what's your real name?

GREEVEY
Mike.

JOLENE
Have it your way, Mikey.

GREEVEY
(correcting her)
Mike.

Jolene checks out the open suitcase.

JOLENE
Where you from --
(pause)
-- Mike?

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

GREEVEY

Upstate.

Jolene is circling the room, glancing in the bathroom to make sure there are toiletries on the shelf, etc.

JOLENE

You got a plane ticket, Mike?

Greevey picks up his suit coat and from the inner pocket takes out a department-issued plane ticket, which he hands to her. She looks at it and hands it back.

JOLENE

Now, Mike, you're not the kind of guy who'd take offense if I ask a personal question.

(pause)

Are you a cop?

(pause; explaining)

Your shoes.

Greevey glances at his feet.

JOLENE

Brogans. And your socks. Thick knits. Cop shoe. Cop socks.

GREEVEY

No, I'm not a cop.

Jolene suddenly lights up with a warm smile, stands, and walks so close to Greevey her breasts and thighs press against him.

JOLENE

It's \$220 for half an hour. \$250 an hour. For that you get straight or French or a half-and-half. What do you say to that?

GREEVEY

You're under arrest.

CUT TO

25 INT. STATION HOUSE - NIGHT

25

Greevey sits at a desk, typing up a report. Jolene paces. She's pissed.

JOLENE

But you said you weren't a cop.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

GREEVEY

I lied.

Jolene sits angrily in a chair.

JOLENE

Isn't there some kind of illegal thing about that?

GREEVEY

What? Lying? I'm allowed to lie. They pay me to lie.

(beat)

Sweetheart, you've been watching too much TV.

JOLENE

Still doesn't seem right....

GREEVEY

Look, maybe we can work something out here....

Jolene eyes him suspiciously.

JOLENE

Like what?

GREEVEY

We know you were with a guy named Diamond the night before last. What happened?

JOLENE

(lying)

Night before last? I was --

She gives Greevey a smug, tit-for-tat smile.

JOLENE

-- Upstate.

Logan enters.

LOGAN

Hope so.

(to Greevey)

Hospital just called. Diamond had another coronary. He's dead.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

26 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

26

Jolene sits at a table across from Greevey and Logan, who is taking notes in his steno-pad.

JOLENE

Oh, baby, he said. Oh, baby,
baby.... Over and over. While he's
huffing and puffing.

GREEVEY

(encouraging her)

You were helping him out...

JOLENE

I fish for blues on Paconic Bay.
They put up a fight. You've got to
know when to reel them in and when to
give them slack. Same with guys
having trouble.

LOGAN

You were talking about his heart-
attack.

JOLENE

Look, I didn't have anything to do
with anything after that.

GREEVEY

Jolene...

JOLENE

I hang out with some of the other
girls. Sometimes we do a party
together if a guy wants. But the
only people from the office any of us
know are the drivers.

LOGAN

Just tell us what happened.

JOLENE

(taking a breath)

I called my driver. He was waiting
for me in the garage. He told me to
split. So I went home. I'd had it
for the night.

GREEVEY

You didn't try any CPR?

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

JOLENE

Do I look like Florence Nightingale?
(shivers)
I can't deal with that kind of
stuff...he was turning blue.

LOGAN

How'd Diamond get to Central Park?

JOLENE

Ask Chinkey. The driver.

GREEVEY

Where do we find him?

JOLENE

In his car, I guess. On his mobile
phone.

CUT TO

27 EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - DAY

27

A block of bars and evangelical store-front churches.
Greevey and Logan stop in front of an SRO. Logan checks his
steno-pad.

LOGAN

Four-thirteen...Modern technology's
great, ain't it? You ever think five
years ago that there'd be people with
cellular phones living in places like
this?

GREEVEY

Real class.

LOGAN

Hey...Chinkey's gotta be a classy
guy.

CUT TO

28 INT. CHINKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

28

Chinkey's room is barren. A metal-frame Hollywood bed, a
hotplate on a chair, a cardboard chest of drawers -- on top
of which is a butane torch, a crack pipe, a box of steelwool
for pipe filters, and some spare stems. A shoe box is
filled with over a hundred empty tiny plastic crack vials.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

Chinkey -- the Dominican from the Teaser -- in black jeans and a sleeveless undershirt sits on the bed, his knees drawn up to his chest. Greevey and Logan stand, one near the window and one near the door.

CHINKEY

Okay. Okay. I thought the guy--

GREEVEY

Diamond.

CHINKEY

Diamond -- was dead. I go downstairs, call in from the car, and tell Jasmine--

GREEVEY

Jasmine?

CHINKEY

She runs the day-to-day...I tell her we got trouble. She tells me to hang on. So I'm there cooling my heels, using the porta-vac on the upholstery -- I like to keep my vehicle clean, dig -- she comes back on the line and says, 'Dress the guy'.

GREEVEY

Diamond.

CHINKEY

Diamond -- pretend he's drunk, take him to the car, dump him someplace, make it look like a mugging. So I drive to Central Park, and dump him. Turn out his pockets, toss his keys and wallet into the bushes.

GREEVEY

And you hit him?

CHINKEY

I keep a small bat under the front seat. Just in case. Man, when I told Jasmine, she freaked. What'd you do that for? she's screaming. It ain't my fault. She told me, Make it look like a mugging...

CUT TO

29 INT. WHOREHOUSE PARLOR - NIGHT

29

The room is furnished in elegant Pre-Raphaelite and Art Deco style. Erte posters and Beardsley prints. The girls who lounge around wear expensive silk lingerie. A high-priced operation.

Greevey stands up as Jasmine, a tall, studiously well-mannered blond approaches holding out her hand.

JASMINE

I'm Jasmine. I believe you asked for me.

CUT TO

30 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

30

A Victorian boudoir. Laura Ashley fabrics. Fake William Morris furniture. Greevey, breathing heavily, slumps in a chair. He is wracked by a spasm of coughing.

GREEVEY

(hoarsely)

Can I have a glass of water?

Jasmine pours some water from a cut-glass carafe.

JASMINE

Did they explain our rates down stairs? \$250 an hour. I don't do halves. And I only do straight sex.

Greevey downs the water, pulls out his ID.

GREEVEY

Congratulations. You just said the magic word.

CUT TO

31 INT. BOOKING DESK - NIGHT

31

Greevey and Logan stand on either side of Jasmine.

GREEVEY

Look at me. I'm overweight. Suppose I had a bad heart like Diamond. Doesn't that bother you?

JASMINE

(self-possessed)

Except for STDs, your health isn't my business. You're a big boy. If you decide to go to an escort service --

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

LOGAN
(annoyed at her
cool)
Whorehouse.

She gives Logan a long, calm, appraising look.

JASMINE
(to Greevey; about
Logan; sweetly)
You should have sent your partner.
I don't usually do discipline. But
I would love to teach him some
manners.

CUT TO

32 INT. COURT CORRIDOR - DAY

32

Greevey and Logan come out of the courtroom.

LOGAN
(annoyed)
The boat I lost last summer down
the-Jersey shore...I'd still have it
today...if I could bail as fast as
Jasmine.

Jasmine and her lawyer, Roger Auclair, come out of the courtroom. Auclair is a thin, silver-haired man in his sixties. He is impeccably dressed -- from his silver Cartier tie pin to his silver monogrammed blazer buttons to his Swiss-made shoes with silk shoelaces.

LOGAN
(about Jasmine's
arrest and bail)
In and out...Just like work, huh?

Jasmine pauses, turns to Logan and smiles sweetly.

JASMINE
I'm only as quick as the guy I'm
with...You look like under a minute.

Jasmine walks off with her lawyer. Logan watches. Greevey can't help a tiny smile as he turns to the bailiff who's coming out of the courtroom

GREEVEY
Her lawyer...This guy Auclair. What
do you know about him?

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

BAILIFF

He dresses sharp.

GREEVEY

Aside from that.

BAILIFF

Never seen him around this part
before. Not a regular pross-popper.

The bailiff goes down the corridor.

GREEVEY

What do you think?

LOGAN

Of a pross who's got a modest studio
apartment, drives a four-year-old
Taurus, and has a lawyer who looks
like he spends more on lunch than I
make in a year...?

(pause)

I think whoever's paying his bill
ought to adopt me.

CUT TO

33 INT. COURT RECORDS ROOM - DAWN

33

Greevey and Logan sit at opposite ends of a long table
stacks of files in front of them. Both look haggard. Logan
finishes a file, makes a notation on a yellow legal pad,
sighs, and tosses the papers onto a pile of other papers.

LOGAN

What time is it?

GREEVEY

Breakfast time.

Greevey checks his watch.

GREEVEY

Almost six-thirty.

LOGAN

Jesus. What's it been? Twelve
hours. I hate this.

GREEVEY

You mean you'd rather be home? In
bed. Asleep?

Greevey closes the file he's been reading.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

GREEVEY

So what we got?

LOGAN

Unless you just drew an inside straight, Jasmine's lawyer, Roger Auclair, Esquire, has never handled a pross bust before.

GREEVEY

Which means he's changed his style of business.

LOGAN

Or our escorts have been very lucky.

GREEVEY

Or...

LOGAN

Or they've got the right kind of friends.

Logan glances at his legal pad.

LOGAN

In the past three years, Mr. Auclair has handled only thirty-four criminal cases. Nothing complicated. All the rest, corporate stuff. So the criminal cases...

GREEVEY

Favors. For corporate clients.

LOGAN

(agreeing)

He's the firm's fixer.

Greevey checks his yellow pad.

GREEVEY

Nineteen drug-related charges.

LOGAN

Sonny-boy and Sis tagged in a taxi, leaving Muffy's and Buffy's party, holding.

GREEVEY

Seven larceny.

LOGAN

Stolen cars that turn out to be Daddy's.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED (2)

33

GREEVEY

Or shop-lifting.

LOGAN

Klepto-moms. Charges dropped. In one case the store even apologized. I'll bet somebody got better than a dinner out of that.

GREEVEY

Six assault.

(flipping through)

Wife-beating. Husband-beating. Pet poodle-beating...More dropped charges.

(stretching)

Let's pack it in for a couple, three hours? Get some sleep?

LOGAN

(shaking his head

no)

The Greek's is open. I'll get coffee...

(lifting files)

Five possibles left.

CUT TO

34 EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

34

Logan is coming out of a Greek coffee shop, carrying a paper bag with coffees and ham-and-egg sandwiches. Greevey is hurrying across the street from the Court Records building, straightening his tie as he goes.

GREEVEY

We should have started at the other end of the pile.

They head down the street toward the parked Plymouth Fury.

GREEVEY

Four months ago, Auclair starts a Theft of Services case against a guy named Stringfellow. On behalf of--

LOGAN

If I guess, do I get to drink my coffee before we visit Mr. Stringfellow?

(grinning)

On behalf of Iris Caterers.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

GREEVEY

Drink your coffee. We don't want to wake Stringfellow up too early...

(a grin)

You know something? This is the part of the job I really like.

CUT TO

35 INT. STRINGFELLOW'S BROWNSTONE TOWN HOUSE - DAY

35

Stringfellow's living room is old money elegance. Faded rugs and old well-made furniture that shows generations of use. Stringfellow's wife (Alma) is a handsome woman, who sits as erect as a marine.

ALMA

Yes, we are being sued by Iris Caterers. But, gentlemen, they are not caterers. They're --

(stressing the word)

-- whores. Whores my husband used.

GREEVEY

And charged to his gold card.

Alma nods.

ALMA

I don't have to remind you that a contract entered into for an illegal act is void. Prostitution is illegal. Therefore, the credit card charge is void. In any case, I certainly do not intend to have this bill paid. Imagine! \$1,000 for four hours services. Why, that's \$250 an hour.

(pause)

Almost as much as I'm paying my divorce lawyer...

CUT TO

36 INT. MRS. STRINGFELLOW'S LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

36

The room looks more like an estate's library. Walls of books, green-glass shaded lamps, ox-blood leather chairs. Mrs. Stringfellow's lawyer (Hughes Mead) -- who is handling both her divorce and the Theft of Services defense -- sits at a large partners' desk, facing Greevey and Logan. An assistant is handing Mead a file.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

MEAD

Since Mrs. Stringfellow has instructed me to cooperate fully with you, I see no reason why I should not give you the name you need.

Mead opens the file and scans its contents.

MEAD

Iris Caterers, yes. The woman who runs the company is--

Mead looks up over his half-glasses at Logan.

MEAD

Sarah Winthrop.

(pause)

Hmm. I didn't notice that before.

LOGAN

Notice what?

MEAD

The owner. Her mother's a Matthews. I went to Choate with her father. Sarah's a capable woman. She has an MBA from Harvard.

CUT TO

37 EXT. 83RD STREET - NIGHT

37

Greevey, Logan, and half a dozen uniform cops stand near their cars around the corner from Sarah's Park Avenue apartment building.

GREEVEY

We all set? We got everything?

LOGAN

Everything we need. The warrant and the battering ram.

(pause)

Unless you think we should just ring the bell and shout trick-or-treat?

CUT TO

38 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

38

The elevator doors open, discharging Greevey, Logan, and the cops -- with the battering ram. There are only two apartments on the landing.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

GREEVEY

Eleven-A.

One cop swings back the battering ram and slams it against the lock, bursting open the door.

CUT TO

39 INT. SARAH WINTHROP'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

39

Through the front hall and living room, we see -- in the candle-lit dining room -- an elegant dinner party for twelve men and women, who are all in formal dress. And who all sit paralyzed when the cops charge in -- except one woman with short blonde hair (Sarah Winthrop), who rises, still holding her glass of wine.

LOGAN

(shouting)

Search warrant.

GREEVEY

(in a loud voice)

Sarah Winthrop, you have the right to remain silent...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

40 INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT

40

The room is filled with junkies, street whores, etc. and their lawyers, pimps, and friends. They are unruly. But the judge (Benjamin Harper) ignores them. He's 48, bearded, good-natured -- and knows that in night-court strict order is a Platonic ideal. Sarah stands before the bench, composed, lovely, looking unreasonably fresh. Auclair stands beside her. Stone sits behind the prosecution table.

HARPER

How does the defendant plead?

SARAH

Not guilty, your Honor.

HARPER

(to Auclair)

I assume you are requesting bail?

AUCLAIR

We are, your Honor.

STONE

Prosecution does not consider Ms. Winthrop a flight risk, your Honor. However, the 35-woman prostitution ring, which the defendant ran, is one of the largest -- and most lucrative -- operations of its kind uncovered in recent years.

One of the street walkers, waiting her turn, half-stands in her seat and gestures at a man in the back of the room.

STREET WALKER

Listen up, An-drew, and get some pointers.

There's general laughter. Harper smiles.

HARPER

I gather that this is alleged to be an efficiently run business.

STONE

Thoroughly computerized. With a client-list that includes doctors, CEO's of some of the city's largest corporations, diplomats....

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

HARPER

Could you please get to the point,
Mr. Stone. This is, despite the
impressive list of ass....

STREET WALKER

(again
interrupting)
That's what we're talking.
Impressive list of ass....

HARPER

...sets....

More laughter -- which, this time, does not amuse Harper,
who continues.

HARPER

Assets.

(repeating)
Despite the impressive list of
assets, promoting prostitution is
still merely a Class D felony.

STONE

This office requests bail
commensurate with the seriousness of
the impact of the crime on the moral
fiber of the community.

STREET WALKER

(hamming it up)
You hear that, An-drew. Fiber. I
told you we all need fiber.

This time Harper is visibly annoyed at the outburst. He
raps his gavel.

HARPER

Ladies and gentlemen, I know it's
late. And all of us -- including me
-- would rather be somewhere else.
But, since we are compelled to spend
some time in each other's company,
perhaps we could have a little more
order.

(to the street
walker)
Weren't you in my Part last week?

STREET WALKER

Yes, sir, Judge. I was the one sang
so pretty.

More general laughter.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED (2)

40

HARPER
Settle down, now. Okay.
(back to Winthrop)
Bail. \$5,000.

Auclair -- and Winthrop -- smile. Stone looks disgusted.

CUT TO

41 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE COURT - DAY

41

Robinette hurries down the hallway to Stone, who is coming out of the courtroom.

STONE
Get anything?

ROBINETTE
Winthrop's record is so clean she
should be canonized.

Winthrop and Auclair come out of the courtroom. Half a dozen reporters descend on Winthrop. She smiles and nods and fends off questions with aplomb. Stone studies her.

STONE
(wry)
The Princess of Pross, The Duchess of
Delight...The press is going to love
her.

CUT TO

42 INT. STAIRS - DAY

42

Stone and Robinette start down the two flights to the main floor.

STONE
Remember the picture in the Post last
Summer? The woman at the Lincoln
Tunnel? Wearing nothing but
high-heels and hair?

Stone stops on the stairs. So does Robinette.

STONE
(reciting the
headline)
World's Least Subtle Hooker!
(shaking his head)
The media went nuts.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

STONE (Cont'd)

She did all the talk shows...But nobody covered her funeral last month.

ROBINETTE

She's dead?

STONE

AIDs.

Auclair guides Winthrop away from the reporters and down the stairs, past Stone and Robinette.

AUCLAIR

Counselor. You're treading water. My client merely invested in the catering business. She knew nothing about and had nothing to do with prostitution.

ROBINETTE

The records we got in the bust give us a good start proving otherwise.

AUCLAIR

(waves it off)

Circumstantial -- at best.

He and Winthrop reach the landing and disappear around the turn.

ROBINETTE

He's got a point...What about Chinkey?

STONE

Put Sarah and Chinkey both on the stand, which one would you believe? We need more.

ROBINETTE

We've got to connect her to the operation.

STONE

Every way we can.

CUT TO

43 INT. OFFICE - DAY

43

Robinette is going through a stack of photocopies. Stone comes into the room and tosses a newspaper onto his desk.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

ROBINETTE
(reading the
headline)
Million Dollar Madame. Oh, boy....

STONE
What do the telephone records say?

ROBINETTE
No calls to or from her apartment to
the whorehouse.

STONE
(impressed)
She's smart.

ROBINETTE
But sloppy.

He hands Stone one photocopied document.

ROBINETTE
Last February. The heat went off in
the whorehouse. Winthrop called the
people who manage the building to
complain.

CUT TO

44 INT. MANAGEMENT OFFICE - DAY

44

-- for the building, which houses the Escort Services.
Stone and Robinette stand at the desk of a short, stout,
cheerful woman in her early 60's, Sadie Bloom.

SADIE
She was so snobby on the phone.

ROBINETTE
And, when she called, she clearly
identified herself?

SADIE
Not just on the phone. She came in!
Stone and Robinette exchange glances.

SADIE
What a scene! Plumbers aren't so
easy to get in New York. Not in the
middle of winter in the middle of
dinner hour. It takes some time. It
takes some doing.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

44

SADIE (Cont'd)
But not for Miss Impatient. Maybe
it's easier in hoity-toity
Connecticut.

STONE
She said she came from Connecticut?

SADIE
No. She reminds me of my
sister-in-law from Connecticut. Who
just because she got her degree at
Swarthmore instead of CCNY thought,
if you excuse the expression, her BO
smelled like rose water.

Robinette shows her a photograph of Winthrop he's taken from
his briefcase.

STONE
Is that the woman who complained.

SADIE
(nodding)
She even looks like my sister-in-law.

CUT TO

45 INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

45

Stone and Robinette come in -- and find Moses McKee, a
Mayoral aide, sitting at Stone's desk, flipping through
Stone's appointment book. McKee looks like a Ralph Lauren
ad.

STONE
Looking for our lunch date?
Mo smiles up at Stone.

MO
I didn't know we were on for lunch,
Ben.

STONE
We're not.

Stone closes his appointment book. Mo takes a beat or two
longer than he needs to get off the corner of Stone's desk.
Stone sits.

MO
(to Robinette)
Hello, Paul.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

ROBINETTE

You still flacking for the Mayor, Mo?

Mo ignores Robinette's crack.

MO

You know, Paul, I love your partner,
here.

Mo turns back to Stone.

MO

So does the Mayor, Ben. Especially,
he loves the work you've been doing
on prostitution.

Stone waits.

MO

He really thinks you're doing an ace
job.

(pause)

Considering all the limitations you
have to work with. You really should
have a bigger staff, bigger budget.

Stone waits.

MO

Maybe there even ought to be a
task-force. Directed mostly at the
street action, of course. Which, as
you know, since crack, has become
much more visible, much more
aggressive.

Stone waits.

MO

A major task-force. A major effort.

Stone waits.

MO

You'd be in charge, of course.

Stone waits.

MO

What do you think, Ben?

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED (2)

45

STONE

(earnestly)

I think we should put stocks, two to a block...Guarded, heated...all the way up and down Broadway. And anyone convicted of possession of crack has to sit in the stocks from sun-up to sun-down, wearing a dunce cap and a clown-nose. The crack problem would disappear within six-months.

(pause)

What do you think, Mo?

Mo shrugs.

MO

If that's the way you want to play it.

Mo goes to the door.

ROBINETTE

What was that all about?

STONE

Ms. Winthrop's friends are getting nervous.

CUT TO

46 INT. XEROX ROOM - DAY

46

Robinette stands at the photocopy machine -- when Stone enters.

ROBINETTE

Check the print-out of Winthrop's Trick Book.

Robinette hands Stone some pages. And he starts reading the list.

ROBINETTE

Phipps Mackenzie. Colin Morgan.
Jerome Cabot...It reads like the
Social Register.

Stone runs his eyes down the list.

STONE

(amused)

Dewey Folger....

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

ROBINETTE

Newspaper publisher, counselor to Presidents, philanthropist. Did you notice what he liked to do? You really think the Johns in Winthrop's Trick Book are going to co-operate?

STONE

One way to find out.

CUT TO

47 INT. FOLGER'S APARTMENT - DAY

47

The front hall of the apartment is four-times the size of most studio apartments. Through an archway -- in a 20 foot by 30 foot living room -- a birthday party is in progress for Folger's grandson. The room is full of three year olds, the boys in short pants, blazers, and bow-ties; the girls in taffeta party dresses. Nannies as far as the eye can see. Folger stands in the front hall with Stone and Robinette. He's a still-powerful barrel-chested man in his seventies, who looks like he's used to getting his way.

FOLGER

I understand your position. But you understand, of course, that there's no way I could testify.

STONE

And I understand your position, Mr. Folger. But you're going to be under subpoena. And I don't have to remind you what the penalties are for perjury.

Folger's face flushes with anger.

FOLGER

You put me on the stand, I'll make sure you spend the rest of the century prosecuting jay walkers.

STONE

Thanks for your time. I hope your grandson has a terrific birthday.

Stone opens the door, lets Robinette go out first, then pauses before leaving.

STONE

Oh, by the way, Chinkey -- you remember Chinkey, he drives for Iris Escorts -- says hi....

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

Stone walks out of the apartment, closing the door after him.

CUT TO

48 INT. ELEVATOR IN FOLGER'S BUILDING - DAY

48

Stone and Robinette are descending to the lobby. Robinette smiles.

ROBINETTE

Everyone likes to see a stuffed-shirt
slip on a banana peel, huh?

Stone doesn't answer.

ROBINETTE

(needling)

You enjoy this too much....

Stone looks at Robinette, suddenly serious.

STONE

It takes two to tango...Why should
the hookers get hit and not the
johns? It's the girls who are being
victimized. These rich bastards come
up with the cash, but they never
think about the real price.

CUT TO

49 INT. MARSH'S RESTAURANT - DAY

49

Stone and Wentworth sit at a table in the room, which is crowded with lawyers, politicians, fixers, witnesses, and jurors, etc. The television over the bar is on -- and broadcasting an interview with Winthrop, who radiates charm. Wentworth gestures at the TV screen.

WENTWORTH

With everything else going on in the
city, I can't believe you're going
full-bore against a pross ring.

STONE

Prostitution isn't a victimless
crime, Al. You know that.

Wentworth waves away Stone's statement with the
half-sandwich he's holding.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

49

STONE

Because she looks like a Vogue model,
we're supposed to forget she's
exploiting young girls? If we wink
at that, what do we wink at next?
Drugs?

WENTWORTH

It's a matter of priorities....

STONE

(pointing at TV)

She thinks she's immune. Look at
her.

WENTWORTH

You look at her. You go to court
with this, you're going to look like
a jerk.

STONE

What's the matter? You're afraid
someone's going to think we're
prudes?

WENTWORTH

You saying a class-D felony's worth
all this?

STONE

I got a superseding indictment. It's
murder-two.

Wentworth's eyes go up.

CUT TO

50 EXT. STREET - DAY

50

Stone is on his way back to his office from lunch. Auclair
spots him and hurries across the street, clearly angry.

AUCLAIR

Murder-two? It's absurd.

STONE

Diamond died.

AUCLAIR

You can't prove it was a result of
the blow to his head. Or it was
premeditated. Or --

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

STONE

I think I can prove your client had reckless disregard for human life.

AUCLAIR

Bull.

STONE

Maybe. Let's see what a jury has to say.

Stone continues toward his office.

AUCLAIR

All right, all right...she'll plead to promoting prostitution.

Stone stops, turns to face Auclair.

STONE

I want her to do time.

AUCLAIR

What are you -- a religious fanatic? You're living in the past.

STONE

(serious)

You got it backwards, Counselor. Anyone who thinks prostitution is a victimless crime is living in the past.

CUT TO

51 INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

51

Stone comes in, throws his coat onto the top of the file cabinet, and slumps in his chair. Robinette follows.

ROBINETTE

How was Wentworth?

STONE

Unhappy...he doesn't like our odds.

ROBINETTE

I've always liked long-shots. The pay-off is so much bigger.

STONE

If you win...Auclair wants to make a deal.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

51

ROBINETTE

And?

STONE

I'm tempted.

Jolene bursts in, followed by a receptionist, who is trying to stop her.

RECEPTIONIST

I told her....

JOLENE

Mr. Stone....

Stone and Robinette both stand.

STONE

It's all right, Martha.

JOLENE

The clinic....

STONE

Whoa....

JOLENE

I just got the results....

STONE

Results?

JOLENE

I'll do whatever you need, testify, get some of the girls who knew Ms. Winthrop, whatever....

STONE

Slow down, Jolene....

JOLENE

If only you get me into one of those pilot programs like at St. Vincents, Sloan-Kettering, NIH....

STONE

Here, sit. Take a deep breath.

She does. She's white, shaking.

STONE

Good. Now....

JOLENE

I Just got my test back. I'm HIV positive.

Stone looks at Robinette.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED (2)

51

STONE
We're going to trial.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

52 INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

52

Stone is in a back booth with Jolene. It's obvious she's been crying. Some half eaten plates of food are in evidence on the table.

JOLENE

Know what's hardest?

(beat)

My family...the two years of lies...This will kill my father.

(realizing what she said)

Oh, God...

A beat.

STONE

Where are they?

JOLENE

Iowa City.

(beat)

I testify, there's no way to keep them from knowing is there? It'll all come out.

Stone's silence is enough of an answer.

JOLENE

(beat; ruminative;
bitter)

No Mom, I didn't get it from a guy I was going out with...

STONE

Jolene, this isn't something you have to decide now.

JOLENE

I know. I figure it's already been decided. May seem funny to you, but I really was raised to do the right thing...

STONE

No...it's not funny, it's obvious...

Stone's clear instinct is to comfort her, but he knows he can't. A beat before Robinette appears. He drops a slip of paper in front of Stone.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

ROBINETTE

We got a date.

Stone watches Jolene consider the paper before --

STONE

You sure about this?

Off her nod --

CUT TO

53 EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

53

Stone and Robinette are on their way into the courthouse.
Robinette is reading a newspaper.

ROBINETTE

Winthrop's got the public's heart.

STONE

Yeah, well, she's got a better smile
than I do.

ROBINETTE

We've got her nailed on the
prostitution rap.

STONE

It's the other charges that are going
to put her behind bars.

ROBINETTE

My dad always used to say, Unless
you're holding a full-house, jacks
high or better, call, don't raise.

STONE

Your dad was a philosopher.

ROBINETTE

(sighs)

You sure Chinkey is going to come
through?

STONE

The guy's getting a walk for his
testimony...It's a hard deal to pass
up.

ROBINETTE

I wish I were as confident as you are
about putting her away.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

STONE

(wryly)

I wish I was as confident as you think I am.

A limousine pulls up in front of the courthouse. Stone and Robinette pause to watch. Folger emerges from the limousine's back seat. When the press swarms toward him, he puts his hat in front of his face like a Mafioso.

Another car discharges another of Winthrop's former johns. He also puts his hat in front of his face.

STONE

Here come our witnesses.

ROBINETTE

Our witnesses or his?

He nods toward Auclair, who's coming up the steps toward Stone and Robinette. He nods toward Folger and the other witness, who are hurrying into the courthouse.

AUCLAIR

Win, lose, or draw, Stone, you're making a lot of powerful enemies with this case. You must be planning to move out of town...Or maybe out of state....

Auclair continues up the stairs, stops, and looks down at Stone and Robinette.

AUCLAIR

By the way -- listened to the radio recently?

STONE

Why?

AUCLAIR

An hour ago, my client held a news conference. She admitted to the allegation of promoting prostitution. Called what she did a public service. I think her phrase was.

(pause)

The press ate it up.

Auclair goes on up the stairs.

ROBINETTE

She's throwing us a curve ball.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED (2)

53

STONE
(figuring it out)
Public service, huh? She's admitting
the prostitution to prove she's the
Mother Teresa of the Incall-Outcall
set.

ROBINETTE
(getting it)
By showing she cares --

STONE
-- and would never do anything to
endanger the welfare of a girl or a
client, she can beat the murder
charge.

ROBINETTE
Right. It's not her fault the guy
had a bad heart.

STONE
It's going to come down to a
popularity contest.
(pause)
Moving out of state doesn't sound
like such a bad idea.

CUT TO

54 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

54

Folger is on the stand. His face glows with humiliation and
anger. He is answering one of Stone's questions.

FOLGER
What I did at Ms. Winthrop's
establishment didn't exactly involve
any whipping.

STONE
But a whip was in the room?
Folger nods.

STONE
Was anyone holding the whip, Mr.
Folger?

Folger takes a deep breath.

FOLGER
(almost inaudibly)
The young lady --

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

54

STONE

I'm sorry, Mr. Folger, could you speak up. I'm having trouble hearing you.

FOLGER

The young lady was holding the whip.
(pause)
I don't recall her name.

CUT TO

55 INT. COURTROOM - LATER

55

Folger is being cross-examined by Auclair.

AUCLAIR

I know how awkward, how embarrassing this experience must be for you, sir. But would you mind elaborating on your visit to Ms. Winthrop's service.

FOLGER

My wife and I have an arrangement....

At the prosecution table, Stone starts to object, but thinks the better of it and says nothing.

FOLGER

We've been married thirty-five years.
(clearing his throat)

With the young lady...About the whip...She only used it to dress up.

AUCLAIR

Playing make-believe.

FOLGER

Yes.

AUCLAIR

To help alleviate the perfectly understandable...

(searching for
right word)

-- ennui after so many years of marriage.

At the prosecution table, Robinette leans toward Stone.

ROBINETTE

They're buying it.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

Stone glances at the jury. One of them shoots the DAS dagger eyes.

STONE

Yep.

CUT TO

56 INT. COURTROOM - LATER

56

A small, mild-manner man, wearing steel-rimmed spectacles (Joseph Stanko) is on the stand. He is no more than 5' 6" and 120 pounds. Stone is questioning him.

STONE

Your wife has been an invalid for the past ten years.

STANKO

Yes.

STONE

And during that time you've had occasion to use the services of prostitutes?

STANKO

Yes.

STONE

How many?

STANKO

Maybe 2,000.

There is an amused stir among the jurors and courtroom audience.

STONE

How often did you use the same woman twice?

STANKO

Not often. Most of the girls weren't worth using once let alone twice....

More amusement.

STONE

And Jolene Curtis?

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

STANKO

Jolene...I used her whenever she was available. She's very, very good at what she does.

STONE

And what does she do?

STANKO

Oh, she gets you very, very excited.

STONE

Would you say she's hard on the heart?

STANKO

She's hard on everything.

General laughter. The jurors are enjoying Stanko's testimony, but they don't seem to be buying the prosecution.

CUT TO

57 INT. COURTROOM - LATER

57

Stone is questioning Molina.

CHINKEY

Miss Winthrop told me Mr. Diamond had a bad heart.

STONE

Did she say anything else about his condition?

CHINKEY

That he just got out of the hospital. He had heart surgery or something.

STONE

What was her attitude?

CHINKEY

The guy was a workaholic and a night with Jolene would either kill him or cure him.

Auclair stands.

AUCLAIR

(annoyed)

Objection. Supposition on the part of the witness. He has no idea what was in Ms. Winthrop's mind.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

57

STONE

I'll rephrase.

(to Molina)

Can you remember exactly what Ms.
Winthrop said?

CHINKEY

(trying to be
helpful)

Oh, yeah. It stuck in my mind. She
said, A deuce --that's a two-hour
session -- will either kill or cure
the son-of-bitch, and I don't care
which as long as his gold card's
still good.

The jurors are shocked. Auclair is out of his chair.

AUCLAIR

Your Honor, the man --

(referring to
Molina)

-- is despicable. He's made a deal
for a walk...

CHINKEY

Yeah, but it didn't affect my memory.

CUT TO

58 INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

58

Wentworth comes in as Stone is just hanging up his coat.

WENTWORTH

I hear you're in trouble.

STONE

Don't believe everything you
hear...Molina just gave us an early
Christmas present.

WENTWORTH

And Auclair?

STONE

Still wants to make a deal.

WENTWORTH

It's going to be bad if she walks.

(pause)

Let's go for the sure thing.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

58

Stone looks at Wentworth for a long moment, then shakes his head.

WENTWORTH

Why this one? What makes this case so important?

STONE

You've got me wrong.

WENTWORTH

(hopeful)

You mean you'll make a deal with Auclair?

STONE

No. I mean, they're all important.

CUT TO

59 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

59

Stone is questioning the Medical Examiner.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

It's impossible to tell whether Mr. Diamond's second heart-attack, the fatal one, was precipitated by the blow to his head.

STONE

But it could have precipitated it?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Yes.

STONE

And, if the people who dumped him in the park and hit him on the head had cared enough to find out if he had been still alive, he might not have had the second and fatal heart-attack?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Being dumped in the park and hit on the head with a bat certainly didn't improve his condition.

CUT TO

60 INT. COURTROOM - LATER

60

Stone is questioning Elisabeth Roth, a thirty-year-old woman wearing an L. L. Bean overall dress (Elisabeth Roth).

STONE

And, in your capacity as a member of the city's Health and Human Resources Board, you worked on the Mayor's AIDS White Paper.

ROTH

I did.

STONE

And that report had statistics on how many prostitutes in the city were presumed to be HIV-positive?

ROTH

From 70-85%. It's difficult to be more precise because of the virus's incubation time. It ranges from months up to seven years.

STONE

And, if a prostitute is HIV-positive, during that incubation time, how many of her customers could she infect?

ROTH

There's quite a controversy on how infectious AIDS is, whether you need repeated exposure, and how easily the virus is transmitted from female to male partners.

STONE

But no one knows for sure?

ROTH

All we know is that, until we know more, having multiple partners is like playing Russian Roulette.

CUT TO

61 INT. COURTROOM - LATER

61

Stone is questioning Jolene.

JOLENE

I only just found out I've got the AIDS virus.

CONTINUED -

61 CONTINUED

61

STONE

How many men would you estimate
you've had sexual intercourse with in
the eighteen months that you worked
for Sarah Winthrop.

JOLENE

Eight hundred...Maybe a thousand.

A buzz. Stone examines some notes. Robinette jerks his
sleeve. Their heads come together.

ROBINETTE

Am I missing something here? She's
our witness.

STONE

Just watch...

(straightening)

And during that eighteen month
period, you worked for Miss Sarah
Winthrop?

JOLENE

Yes.

STONE

(to Auclair)

Your witness.

AUCLAIR

(standing)

Miss Curtis, I don't know how much
you know about HIV.

JOLENE

I know a lot about AIDS, Mr. Auclair.

AUCLAIR

Then I'm sure you're aware that the
incubation period for HIV may be up
to seven years.

JOLENE

Yes.

AUCLAIR

Miss Curtis, were you a virgin before
you began your association with Iris
Escorts?

JOLENE

(blushing)

I...

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED (2)

61

AUCLAIR

A simple yes or no will suffice.

JOLENE

No.

AUCLAIR

No further questions.

STONE

Re-direct, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Go ahead, Mr. Stone.

STONE

(a look to
Robinette)Jolene, before you went to work for
Sarah Winthrop, how many men had you
slept with?

JOLENE

Three.

STONE

To your knowledge, are they all
healthy.

JOLENE

(tearing up)

They're very healthy...They live in
Iowa.

STONE

The prosecution rests, Your Honor.

A palpable wave of anger rolls through the courtroom.
Several of the jurors look at Sarah Winthrop, their brows
furrowed.

CUT TO

62 INT. COURTROOM - LATER

62

Auclair is questioning Winthrop.

SARAH

Yes, I'm quite concerned about the
health of my girls. Along with
regular check-ups, we offer our girls
group medical insurance.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

62

AUCLAIR

And pay their therapists' bills.

SARAH

Well, the insurance does. We encourage the girls to go to therapy. They sometimes need help maintaining a positive self-image -- given society's archaic attitudes toward our service.

CUT TO

63 INT. COURTROOM - LATER

63

Stone is cross-examining Winthrop.

STONE

Tell me, Ms. Winthrop, the medical insurance, the mandatory check-ups, you did this out of altruism?

SARAH

Let's say, enlightened self-interest. If my male guests were to pick up a bug --

STONE

You consider AIDS a bug, Ms. Winthrop?

SARAH

AIDS is a serious disease, Mr. Stone. That's why I don't want any of my little family to be infected.

STONE

That's why you screen prospective employees? If someone who wanted to work for you tested positive...?

SARAH

I wouldn't hire her.

STONE

They wouldn't become part of your little family? Tell me, Ms. Winthrop, have you ever tried to get help for any of those infected women? The ones you don't hire?

SARAH

No.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

63

STONE

And, if one of your long-term employees tested positive...?

SARAH

They'd have to stop working for me.

STONE

In the past three years, how many of your long-term employees have tested positive for AIDS and have stopped working for you?

SARAH

I'd say about a dozen.

STONE

How many were symptomatic?

SARAH

Five. I think...But the medical insurance covered them.

STONE

For only six months after they left your employ. Isn't that correct, Ms. Winthrop? Then, what?

SARAH

What do you mean?

STONE

Have you ever done anything to help any of them after they stopped working for you? After the medical insurance has run out?

SARAH

No.

STONE

You've never even visited any of them? Have you?

SARAH

No.

STONE

As a matter of fact, isn't it true that you don't even know what's happened to any of them? And you've never tried to find out?

SARAH

No, I've never tried to find out.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED (2)

63

STONE

How much would you estimate you've made from your business in the past year?

SARAH

In the past year? I'm really not sure.

STONE

A hundred thousand?

SARAH

Probably.

STONE

A million?

SARAH

(chuckling)
I don't think so.

STONE

Oh...I think you do think so...I think you think you made one million six hundred and eighty-two thousand...at least that's what you stated on your New York State Tax Return.

A startled intake runs through the court. Winthrop looks grim.

STONE

And you never helped any of the women infected with AIDS who left your employ?

SARAH

No.

STONE

Did you ever contact customers to warn them that they had slept with someone who was HIV-positive?

SARAH

(near whisper)

No.

STONE

I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you, Ms. Winthrop.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED (3)

63

SARAH
(firm)
No.

STONE
By the way, Ms. Winthrop, the women who work for you don't give the men heart-stress tests before they use your service, do they.

SARAH
Of course not.

STONE
So, Ms. Winthrop, isn't it true that you are creating an atmosphere of reckless disregard for human life that is inevitably going to lead to someone's death. One way or another. Whether through AIDS or through a heart-attack.

Winthrop doesn't answer.

STONE
No further questions.

The jury is grim faced. Their expressions push Winthrop's features into worried furrows for the first time.

CUT TO

64 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM - DAY

64

Auclair comes up to Stone and Robinette.

AUCLAIR
All right, Stone...What do you want?

STONE
Make me an offer.

SARAH
(to Auclair)
Perhaps we should hear what Mr. Stone's thoughts on the matter are first.

Auclair gives Stone a see what I've been dealing with look.

STONE
Ms. Winthrop, maybe you'd be more comfortable waiting in the --

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED (7)

64

STONE
You've got a deal.

CUT TO

65 EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

65

Stone and Robinette pass reporters interviewing one of the jurors.

REPORTER
You were the foreman of the jury...Could you tell what the verdict would have been?

JUROR
I can't speak for the others. She seemed like such a nice girl...a real lady. Still I probably would have voted to convict.

Robinette turns to Stone.

ROBINETTE
Maybe you shouldn't have done a deal?

STONE
Hey...it ain't bad for a pair of treys.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

64 CONTINUED

64

SARAH

Not at all, I find this all quiet
fascinating.

She gestures at his tie, which is blue with rose and dark
red stripes.

SARAH

London Hospital, isn't it?

STONE

(after a pause)
Barney's. On sale.

AUCLAIR

(intervening)
Look, Ms. Winthrop....

SARAH

How about involuntary manslaughter?

Stone looks at Auclair to see if this is the offer.

AUCLAIR

(sighing)
Involuntary manslaughter.

SARAH

I could be out in five years, isn't
it?

STONE

(it kills him to
say this)
With good behavior. Two and a half.

SARAH

I'm always on my best behavior, Mr.
Stone.

Stone hesitates. It's not a bad deal, but he hates to give
Winthrop the satisfaction of having called the shot.

AUCLAIR

(to Stone)
The guy had a heart attack in the
sack, for Christ's sake...What do you
want from her?

STONE

Involuntary manslaughter?

Auclair nods.

CONTINUED