

"LEGAL EAGLES"
(Working Title)

Screenplay

by

Jim Cash

and

Jack Epps, Jr.

Story

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

1

A hot summer night on 10th Street in downtown Manhattan. Amongst the old stone and cast-iron facades, rock music billows down the street, now deserted by the factory workers that populate the daytime district. In the darkness, the windows of a once exquisite Federal stone bank illuminate the street like a giant Halloween pumpkin. Made of frosted glass and covered with protective steel gratings, the windows flank painted bronze doors that are the receptacle of Sixties' graffiti.

SUPER: "AUGUST 5, 1968"

INT. ARTIST'S STUDIO - NIGHT

2

The bank interior is an ideal space for an artist's studio. On one side of the studio, the teller's cages have been left to partition off the kitchen. The cages are used to pass through food to the long rustic table on the other side. Used chrome and green leatherette chairs surround the table. At the back of the studio, the vault door is opened to reveal a cot and bookshelves. The walls have been painted white to a height of 12 feet, after which they retain the pentimento of their past existence. A huge bronze chandelier, with faux candles, hangs in the center of the space. Modern serviceable stainless steel "bullet" shaped floodlights have been clipped to the chandelier to illuminate the space. The clash of styles is remarkable.

CAMERA PANS the faces of scores of people, in contemporary dress of the period, singing "Happy Birthday." It is a colorful collection from different cultural and economic strata. One matronly woman wears an antique Chinese robe, a beautiful young girl is wearing a miniskirt and Courrage boots. Younger men have long hair, older men do not. The range of dress is suits to jeans.

The walls of the studio are stacked face to the wall with dozens of paintings by the artist SEBASTIAN DEARDON. Deardon leads the singing, bellowing lustfully, clearly well on his way to getting drunk. He is wearing beige corduroy pants, a blue-jean shirt and a burgundy knit tie. Deardon holds his eight-year-old daughter, CHELSEA, in his arms.

Chelsea Dearden is on top of the world as a huge cake is rolled forward. She is the only child at the party - all these adults are singing to her. "Happy Birthday" ends with applause as Chelsea waves to the crowd. Deardon sets her down and addresses the crowd.

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DEARDON

I want to thank all you freeloaders for helping me celebrate Chelsea's eighth birthday. I'm the proudest father in the world. No one's got a more talented kid. Her paintings are already better than mine.

(laughter and applause)

So, for her birthday, Chelsea and I have decided to trade art. She is giving me this wonderful painting of hers and I am giving her this modest, but original, Sebastian Deardon.

Chelsea is holding a plastic plate on which she has painted a landscape. Everybody laughs and comments are made - "wonderful," "beautiful," "terrific." Deardon produces a small painting from the stack behind him and gives it to Chelsea. There are several small paintings stacked in that area near the door.

CHELSEA

Oh, Daddy, I love it...

With a piece of charcoal, Deardon writes an inscription on the back of the painting.

DEARDON

"To my favorite little Beanbag.
Happy Birthday, Chelsea."

The crowd applauds, Deardon gives the painting to Chelsea with a kiss and they both hold up their paintings to show the applauding audience.

DEARDON (CONT'D)

Happy? I love my present.

Chelsea answers with a bear hug. Deardon passes her into the arms of a middle-aged NANNY.

DEARDON (CONT'D)

One piece of cake and Nanny will tuck you in.

Deardon watches with a smile as the Nanny takes Chelsea to the cake table. His expression suddenly becomes angry as he turns to confer with TWO MEN (VICTOR TAFT and ROBERT FORRESTER) who have been standing in the background. They quickly become embroiled in a heated argument with Deardon.

INT. CHELSEA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Party sounds reverberate loudly from the studio as Nanny leads Chelsea into her bedroom. Climbing into bed, Chelsea sets the painting on a shelf, then gazes at it lovingly. Nanny kisses her goodnight, turns out the light, then closes the door as she leaves.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT - LATER

4

Silence. The party ended hours ago. CAMERA PANS the room, surveying the aftermath of the celebration. Bottles, cups and streamers lie everywhere.

There is a hazy atmosphere as SMOKE suddenly becomes visible, swirling toward the ceiling. Shadows of FLAMES now flicker on the walls. The curtains BLAZE.

EXT. STUDIO BUILDING - NIGHT

5

The SMOKE oozes through the windows of the studio. The flames inside become visible. Distant SIRENS are heard.

INT. CHELSEA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

6

The SIRENS grow louder as Chelsea sleeps in her bed. The door suddenly opens. Victor Taft, one of the men arguing with Deardon at the party, rushes into the room, scoops Chelsea into his arms as she wakes up groggily.

TAFT

Quickly, Chelsea, there's no time! Let's go!

The panicky Chelsea looks back to her bad as Taft carries her out of the room. She reaches back for her painting - but the painting is GONE.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

7

Taft carries her into the already burning corridor. He coughs and chokes as he shields her face with his jacket. As Taft pauses to open a door, Chelsea pushes the corner of his jacket aside and looks into the studio.

She sees her father lying on the floor. Robert Forrester, the other man arguing with Deardon at the party, stands looking down at him with a panicked expression. FLAMES are billowing up all around them.

TAFT

For Christ's sake, Bob! Get the hell out of there!

CHELSEA

(squirming frantically)

Daddy!!

Forrester lunges for the doorway as the ceiling beams suddenly burn through, and the ceiling COLLAPSES into the studio. Deardon is buried in a mass of flames and debris. Chelsea SCREAMS loudly as Taft carries her down the stairs to the street, followed by a coughing, singed Forrester.

EXT. 10TH STREET - NIGHT

8

The burning building now seen on a TELEVISION SET. Fire trucks clutter the street as a CROWD gathers and FIREMEN shoot powerful blasts of water at the building. The picture has a grainy quality and is BLACK AND WHITE.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

This was the scene seventeen years ago as millions of dollars worth of Sebastian Deardon paintings literally went up in smoke above the skyline of Manhattan. Deardon himself perished in the flames, apparently trapped inside his blazing studio. Surviving the inferno was his eight-year-old daughter, Chelsea Deardon...

The TV picture shifts to COLOR NEWS FOOTAGE. This is present day, in front of a Manhattan precinct station. CHELSEA DEARDON, in her twenties now, is led handcuffed by POLICE into a stationhouse. REPORTERS take pictures and shoot questions at her. Disoriented and helpless, Chelsea still appears exotic and sensuous. She has the confused and defiant look of a cornered animal.

TV REPORTER (C.O.)

Last night, that same Chelsea Deardon was arrested for attempting to steal one of her deceased father's valuable paintings from the Manhattan penthouse of developer, Robert Forrester. Police apprehended her several blocks from the scene after...

The picture suddenly flips rapidly - the channels change. A blur of images - Mr. Rogers, The Price Is Right, Sesame Street, then finally MTV. Rock music BLARES.

LOGAN'S VOICE

Hey, I was watching that.

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - DAY - SAME TIME

9

A two-room apartment in Manhattan. Unmatching furniture, wide areas of bare space, cluttered areas of disorganized possessions. The home of a man who was divorced a year ago and hasn't got his new life together yet.

We see unpacked BOXES, shelves crammed with BOOKS, a STEREO and ALBUMS, a pile of dirty laundry, various sports equipment, all of it hopelessly disorganized.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

LOGAN'S VOICE
Back to the news, please.

JENNIFER'S VOICE
Can't find it. Settle for "The
Blasters?"

We find JENNIFER LOGAN, an eleven-year-old heartbreaker with intelligent eyes and a smile that could melt iron.

Jennifer looks over to the KITCHEN AREA where TOM LOGAN is trying to do too many things at once - plop oatmeal into a pot, pour some juice, read the New York Times, watch TV and converse with his daughter. Logan often attempts to do too many things at once and frequently appears distracted.

LOGAN
Brush your teeth?

JENNIFER
Yes.

LOGAN
How about your homework?

JENNIFER
You did it last night, remember?

LOGAN
Did I finish it?

JENNIFER
Yes...
(quieter)
Almost...
(uncomfortable)
Dad...?
(he looks)
You didn't sleep again, did you?

LOGAN
I slept.

JENNIFER
I woke up...and I heard these
strange sounds, and...were you
dancing in the bathroom?

LOGAN
(incredulous)
Dancing in the bathroom?

JENNIFER
Mom said whenever you couldn't
sleep you used to tap dance in
the bathroom.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
You believe that?

Jennifer stares doggedly. He hasn't answered her question.

LOGAN
...maybe I danced once or twice.
I certainly didn't tap dance.

Logan pours some juice. Jennifer sniffs in the direction of the oven

JENNIFER
What's for breakfast? That doesn't
smell like pizza.

LOGAN
Pizza was yesterday. Oatmeal and
oven toast today.

JENNIFER
Dad...?
(he looks)
Can I ask you when you're going
to...start dating again?
(Logan stares)
It's just that I think it's good
for you. I get to meet lots of
new guys with mom.

LOGAN
Yes, I'm sure you do...
(suddenly)
Wait...

Logan crosses quickly to the oven, opens it. SMOKE billows out. Something inside is burning to a crisp.

JENNIFER
The toast!

LOGAN
Don't worry...let's not panic here...

Logan attempts to rescue the toast with a fork, but it is now a mass of flame. The SMOKE DETECTOR on the ceiling releases a shrill, persistent ALARM.

JENNIFER
Do something! Smother it!

Looking around quickly, Logan grabs a canister of FLOUR. He dumps the contents onto the fire, is shocked to see the flour become fuel that FLARES the flames upward.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
I'm on top of it...don't worry...

JENNIFER
You keep saying that! I'm worried,
Dad...

It's the last resort time. Logan grabs the pan of OATMEAL from the stove, heaves it all into the oven. The thick oatmeal smothers the fire like lava, leaving an incredible mess. Jennifer turns to Logan with a relieved smile.

EXT. LOGAN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

10

BARBARA JORGENSEN, a sleek, mid-thirties beauty, pulls up in her car. She sees Logan exit the building dressed in a suit and tie, Jennifer riding on his shoulders. He carries her overnight bag in one hand and his briefcase in the other. Logan gives Barbara a friendly, but guarded smile.

LOGAN
Hey, you changed your hair. It looks great.

BARBARA
Why do you always say that when you know I hate my hair? My hair is my worst part.

LOGAN
No, it's terrific, really...

BARBARA
Tom, break the habit. Allow me the pleasure of feeling rotten about myself, okay?

LOGAN
You hair looks like 'shit.

BARBARA
Thank you.

Jennifer gets into the car. Logan tosses her overnight bag into the back. Barbara gives her daughter a kiss.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Did Daddy give you breakfast?

JENNIFER
Oatmeal, juice and toast. Every meal we had was perfectly balanced.

BARBARA
I'm sure.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Barbara looks at Logan with a worried expression.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Tom, about Los Angeles...

LOGAN

I said no. It isn't open to discussion.

BARBARA

Look. It's my sabbatical year. I have to research my book and there's this fabulous school in Beverly Hills...

LOGAN

There's this fabulous school in New York she's going to right now. Do your research here.

BARBARA

I never thought you'd be selfish enough to deprive your daughter out of a new cultural experience.

LOGAN

Beverly Hills? A cultural experience? Listen. Thanks to a half-senile judge, you have this wonderful person for twenty-six days a month. I'm not going to let you take her away the other four.
(suddenly friendly)
See you next week.

Jennifer stares adoringly at Logan. Barbara gives him a look that says: "We'll see." She guns the car away from the curb. Logan is left behind, resolute but vulnerable. Jennifer waves back at him through the window.

Looking down, Logan suddenly realizes he's holding Jennifer's overnight bag. It was his brief case he tossed into Barbara's car.

OMIT SC. 11

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICES - DAY

12

CAMERA FAVORS Jennifer's overnight bag as elevator doors open. Logan exits, walks briskly down a packed corridor. A maze of ATTORNEYS, COPS, WITNESSES, INFORMERS, COLLEGE INTERNS and CITIZENS with complaints jam the frantic hallway as Logan is met by CAROL FREEMAN, his attractive, intelligent young aide.

FREEMAN

Better hurry. Twenty minutes to get to court.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

Court? This morning?

Freeman hands Logan a file, takes Jennifer's overnight bag.

FREEMAN

Howard Marchek - receiving stolen property.

LOGAN

(scanning file)

Marchek...this isn't my case. It's Henning's.

FREEMAN

It's yours now. Henning's got laryngitis.

LOGAN

He never gets sick on easy cases, this one must be tough.

KAPSTAN

(a passing attorney)

You were right about the landlady, Tom. I put her on the stand and she cracked like an egg.

LOGAN

Anytime. Happy to help.

(to Freeman)

What the hell's he talking about?

FREEMAN

How'd you get oatmeal on your shirt?

LOGAN

Oatmeal? Damn...

Logan and Freeman pass through a door marked:

THOMAS J. LOGAN

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY

INT. LOGAN'S OFFICE

13

Logan's secretary, DOREEN, glances up as they enter. She grabs a pile of messages, follows them into the inner office.

The cluttered inner office is organized with a system that only Logan understands. His desk is covered with folders from an overstrained case load and there are numerous personal articles strewn about.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

Anything important?

DOREEN

Mad house. You got a call from an attorney named Whitman. He wants to plea bargain that rape case.

LOGAN

Tell Whitman we'll agree to put the guy back on the street if we can release him in Whitman's neighborhood.

Logan takes off his tie, tosses it to Freeman. Freeman hangs the tie around her neck and Logan begins to take off his shirt.

FREEMAN

You got a new case. Puts you over the limit at fifty-two. A Chelsea Elizabeth Deardon. Attempted grand theft.

LOGAN

Oh, yeah. I just saw something about that on TV.

He quickly reads the arrest report, then opens a filing cabinet, pulls out a new shirt wrapped in cellophane.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

See if Bower's got a seat left for the Knicks tonight, okay?

FREEMAN

Tonight? Tonight's the banquet, remember?

LOGAN

Banquet?

An Assistant DA named BLANCHARD enters, a preppy type with a humorless air. He sees the shirtless Logan.

BLANCHARD

I hate to break up your aerobics class, Logan, but this is important.

LOGAN

(remember)

The banquet!

Logan quickly slips into his shirt, begins to button it.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

BLANCHARD
I still haven't received your 750
form for last month.

LOGAN
(to Freeman)
Is my tux ready?

FREEMAN
It's already sitting at your table.

Freeman slips Logan's tie over his head.

BLANCHARD
(impatiently)
Logan, I need that 750 form.

LOGAN
Of course you do. What is it?

BLANCHARD
The 750? The monthly composite
on trials and verdicts. Do you
have it?

LOGAN
No, I turned in an 822 instead.

BLANCHARD
There is no 822.

LOGAN
Well, there should be.

Logan picks up the Marchek file, starts reading it.

FREEMAN
(checking diary)
You've got lunch with the Chief
today...

LOGAN
(still reading)
Twelve-thirty in his office...

FREEMAN
One o'clock at Le Zinc...

LOGAN
One o'clock at Le Zinc...

BLANCHARD
(deep sigh)
Logan, why do you always make my
job so difficult for me?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
(looks up, smiles)
I just can't help it.
(at Freeman)
The Marchek case - who's the defense?

Freeman follows Logan to the door.

FREEMAN
Laura J. Kelly - she once tried
to put a dog on the witness stand.

LOGAN
Under oath?

OMIT SC. A14

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

14

Defense Attorney Laura Kelly paces slowly in front of a jury. There is a relaxed but intense confidence in her manner as she gives her summation with proper eye contact and beautifully timed rhetoric.

Kelly speaks with absolute conviction about everything at all times, even when she's wrong, as though her own will power will always make everything come out right.

KELLY
Mr. Marchek is a beloved member of a very large and close-knit family. We've brought forth more than two dozen of his cousins, aunts, uncles and in-laws. Each of them has testified under oath that the alleged stolen property was given to Mr. Marchek by them as birthday presents.

Logan observes Kelly cautiously, with the trace of a smile on his face. Kelly turns toward the defendant, STANLEY MARCHEK, and the TWO DOZEN RELATIVES who sit behind him like a silent rooting section.

KELLY (CONT'D)
All right, so fourteen of these relatives chose to give him TV sets. An unlikely coincidence? Under normal circumstances, perhaps. But we have heard Mr. Marchek's own sworn testimony that all he wanted was to have a sort of "media room," not unlike that of the President of the United States.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

MARCHEK
(helpfully, to Judge)
I got this passion for public
affairs...

JUDGE
(rapping gavel)
Counsel will control her client.

KELLY
Sorry, your Honor.

Logan shakes his head in disbelief as Kelly turns back to the jury.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Now then. The prosecution has made
a big issue out of the fact that
none of his relatives could produce
a receipt for the merchandise.

Kelly takes the wrist of a male juror.

KELLY (CONT'D)
That's a lovely watch, sir. Do you
have a receipt for it? No receipt?
Clerk, arrest this man! The charge:
receiving stolen property.

LOGAN
I object, your Honor. Defense counsel
is fondling one of the jurors.

Kelly withdraws her hand, but keeps eye contact with the man.

KELLY
Silly, isn't it? 'You're no thief,
and neither is Mr. Marchek. Receipts
come and receipts go.

Logan glances to the heavens as Kelly continues.

KELLY (CONT'D)
So, one over-zealous detective
approaches poor Mr. Marchek with an
offer to buy one of his televisions
for a hundred dollars...

MARCHEK
Hey, I'm a man with fourteen TVs and
a big heart...

The Judge gavels down the chorus of approvals from Marchek's
"relatives." Kelly continues, unfazed.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Ladies and Gentlemen, you have no option, and in your hearts you know it. I ask you to return a verdict of not guilty, so Mr. Marchek can go home to his family.

Emotion swells in the eyes of Marchek's relatives. Some begin to applaud. The Judge angrily bangs his gavel. Kelly gives Logan a smug smile, returns to the defense table.

Logan rises, approaches the jury casually, waits for silence, then exhales deeply, flashing a warm smile.

LOGAN

I'd like to congratulate Ms. Kelly for a very entertaining and imaginative defense. Unfortunately, we're not in a theater - we're in a court of law, and in court we have to deal with the facts.

(all business)

Defense counsel says they were all birthday presents. Well, it must have been quite a party. Detectives found TV sets, stereos, typewriters, microwaves - Stanley Marchek has more merchandise in his apartment than Sears and Roebuck...and at much better prices.

Several jurors chuckle. Kelly looks over gloomily. Logan has it won and she knows it.

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - LATER

15

Logan is on the move; hurrying away from the courtroom into the crowded corridor. Kelly sprints to catch him.

KELLY

Logan...Logan...slow down!

LOGAN

Twenty seven relatives...birthday presents...you were serious?

KELLY

It was all I had. It was the best possible defense.

LOGAN

Marchek should've never gone to court. You should have pleaded him guilty at the arraignment.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Logan moves on. Kelly follows.

KELLY

Wait, wait...will you wait?

Kelly grabs Logan by the arm, pulls him off to the side.

LOGAN

Why are you following me, Kelly?

KELLY

I need a favor. I want you to talk to one of my clients. Chelsea Deardon.

LOGAN

You're defending Chelsea Deardon? I suppose you're going to claim it was Marchek's relatives who stole that painting, not her.

Logan pushes open the door to the men's room, enters.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

16

There are SEVERAL MEN in the room as Logan heads for the urinals. He doesn't realize it, but Kelly is right behind him. Another MAN in the room is startled as Logan unzips.

KELLY

Listen, there are some extenuating circumstances in this case.

LOGAN

Are you crazy? Get the hell out of here.

KELLY

I've got two brothers. What's the big deal?

The other man hurries out. Kelly's eyes flash with determination.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Chelsea Deardon is important to me. A breakthrough case. A client I can believe in.

LOGAN

With a high media profile. Number three story on the morning news.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

All right, so the exposure wouldn't hurt. Anything wrong with that?

LOGAN

Just don't make it sound like a crusade for ideals.

INT. COURTS BUILDING CORRIDOR

17

Logan exits the men's room. Kelly still follows as they move up the hall together.

KELLY

Look, the competition for cases is fierce in this city. Maybe my clients haven't always been the most upstanding, but Chelsea Deardon is special. There's something about her. I really care.

LOGAN

You don't care who your clients are. You don't care if they're guilty or innocent.

KELLY

Think of it this way - a new idea for you - every person, guilty or innocent, deserves a defense. It's in the Constitution. It's called justice.

LOGAN

Justice is not getting a guilty man off. That's clever law, but it's not justice. And you know, it's too bad, because you're damn close to being a good lawyer.

EXT. COURT BUILDING STEPS - DAY

18

Logan walks quickly down the steps, Kelly hot on his heels.

KELLY

Close? What do you mean, close? I am a good lawyer.

A city-owned car driven by Freeman pulls up to the curb. Logan turns with a nice smile.

LOGAN

See you in court, Kelly.

EXT. LE ZINC RESTAURANT - DAY

19

Freeman pulls the car up in front of Le Zinc restaurant where construction work is taking place on the sidewalk. WORKERS boil tar to repair a leak in the roof as PEDESTRIANS stream deftly past them.

Logan gets out, turns to enter the restaurant, almost bumping into a passing WOMAN. He sidesteps to avoid her, holds his hand out to catch his balance and touches the side of the tar cauldron.

LOGAN

OW! Jesus...

Logan isn't hurt, but the hand that touched the cauldron has some extremely sticky tar on it. Logan tries to rub it off with his handkerchief but the handkerchief only sticks to his hand. He rips it free, starts to enter the restaurant as he is joined on the way in by an attorney named SHAW.

SHAW

Tom, I need your legal opinion on something.

LOGAN

Call me later. I've got lunch with the Chief...

INT. LE ZINC RESTAURANT - DAY.

20

Le Zinc is a watering hole for the legal profession. Logan makes his way across the room, followed by a persistant Shaw, nodding to people who say hello.

SHAW

I'll make it quick. My client slams his truck through the window of a Seven-Eleven, right? Breaks a customer's leg, bangs up the clerk with bruises.

LOGAN

(looking for Chief)
You've got a problem.

SHAW

Maybe not, hear me out. Okay, my client is driving, sure, that's a given. But he also has this girl with him who is resting her head on his lap - actively.

LOGAN

Actively? Speak English.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

SHAW

Resting her head - with affection.
This naturally interfered with his
concentration on driving. I think
I can build a case on this. I
mean, ultimately the accident was
her fault, not his. Got an opinion?

LOGAN

Sell the screen rights.

Logan passes Shaw, finally spots District Attorney MAXWELL
BOWER, moves to his table. Bower is sixty-two and towering.
He looks up at Logan impassively.

BOWER

You're late. That caused me stress.
My doctor says I should cut down
on stress.

LOGAN

Sorry, Chief.

Logan sits, a little apprehensive about the purpose of the
meeting. He pushes his menu aside, watches Bower drop two
small pills into a cup of steaming coffee.

BOWER

These pills are supposed to kill
the acid in the coffee before the
acid in the coffee kills me.

Logan smiles, but is suddenly preoccupied by the fact that
the menu is stuck to his fingers. He listens to Bower, trying
his best to hide the fact that he is attempting to pry the
menu free.

BOWER (CONT'D)

I used to put a little brandy in
to kill the acid, but I can't do
that anymore. No cigars, no brandy,
no fatty meats - I'm going to have
my doctor brought up on a charge
of attempted murder.

(noticing menu)

What're you doing there, Tom?

Logan jerks the menu free of his fingers.

LOGAN

Got some tar or something on my
hand. Sorry.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

BOWER

Let me get right to the point here.
I've always had the highest personal
regard for you, Tom, both as a
lawyer and a human being.

LOGAN

Well thanks, I appreciate that.

BOWER

That's why I picked you to give the
keynote at that banquet tonight.
Every year some poor sonofabitch has
to get up in front of that crowd
and spout some comforting crap
about how we're winning the war
against crime. Well, this year I
wanted them to hear it from some-
one with style and charisma. This
year I wanted them to hear from my
choice for their next district
attorney.

Logan sits back in his seat, stunned.

BOWER

This is my last year, Tom. I'm
hanging it up. I'm going to go
home, introduce myself to my wife
and kids, find out if I've got a
dog and sit in front of a TV and
watch the Mets break my heart.

A WAITER arrives at the table.

WAITER

Phone call for you, Mr. Logan

Logan nods an apology to Bower. The implications of perhaps
becoming the next district attorney are settling in as he
tries to get up, suddenly finds his fingers are stuck to the
tablecloth which now rises with him, almost toppling over
Bower's coffee. Bower presses down on the tablecloth to
help, allowing Logan to jerk his fingers free.

Logan flashes an apologetic smile, crosses the crowded room
to take the phone call.

LOGAN

(into phone)

Hello?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY'S VOICE

Are you aware that the painting
Chelsea Deardon tried to steal
was painted by her father and in
fact belonged to her?

LOGAN

Who the hell...Kelly? Shit...

Looking through the glass doors to the lobby, Logan sees
Kelly in a public telephone booth.

KELLY'S VOICE

Listen to me. That painting...

Logan hangs up, turns to the Waiter.

LOGAN

No more calls. For any reason.

The Waiter nods. Logan crosses back to Bower's table, sits.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, Chief.

BOWER

Well, what's the answer? Tom, you
do well tonight and then if you
want the job, I'll back you all
the way. Interested?

LOGAN

(determined pause)

Definitely interested.

INT. LOBBY AREA

21

Kelly is in the booth, talking on the phone.

KELLY

What do you mean, no more calls?
Mr. Logan asked me specifically to
call him at this precise time...

A MEAN LITTLE MAN bangs on the phone booth door. Kelly jerks
the door open quickly.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Sir, I am an attorney. Are you
aware that it's a felony in the
state of New York to interrupt an
attorney while she's making a
phone call?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

MEAN LITTLE MAN

I swear to God, lady, if you don't hurry it up in there I'm going to reach out and touch someone.

22

INT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

The banquet room of an elegant hotel on the upper east side. GUESTS have paid one hundred dollars a plate for their meal. WIVES have spent considerably more on their gowns.

Local TV crews with mini-cams and a few PRINT REPORTERS are there to take notes. Logan sits on the dais with the other VIP's. All attention is on the speaker, District Attorney John Bower, a man who always manages to look rumpled, even in a tuxedo.

BOWER

...but this is finally it, folks.
This is my last year as your
District Attorney.

There is a loud chorus of PROTEST and BOOS. Bower raises his hands good-naturedly for silence.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Too late - the appeal is denied -
the verdict stands. Now then,
the big question is...who will
replace me?

He pauses theatrically, cocking his head, waits until there is a smattering of applause.

BOWER (CONT'D)

Well, perhaps, someone like our
keynote speaker here tonight.
For the past twelve years I've
given this man the toughest assign-
ments and the heaviest case load.
And for one simple reason - he gets
the job done. Ladies and gentlemen,
a man whose past performance
guarantees him a brilliant future:
Tom Logan!

Logan rises to strong applause, makes his way to the podium.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

23

A taxi pulls up as the uniformed DOORMAN opens the door. Kelly steps out in a beautiful dress, followed by Chelsea Deardon. Chelsea has her back to CAMERA as the two women move into the hotel.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

A24

Logan's VOICE booms over speakers. Chelsea and Kelly approach the banquet room. We still don't see Chelsea's face.

INT. BANQUET ROOM

24

An USHER approaches Kelly and Chelsea.

USHER

Your invitations, please.

Kelly gives him a piece of paper without breaking stride. The Usher looks at it, sees that it's a PARKING TICKET. He takes a step toward them but it's too late -- Kelly and Chelsea are moving up the center aisle toward the dais.

LOGAN

An attorney has to know the truth. Whether he attacks it or defends it, the truth is the indispensable touchstone of his trade. And that's the tricky part, because his clients often lie to him, even when they're innocent.

(nice smile)

I don't know what it is about all of us, but it's human nature to lie to a lawyer.

The Crowd chuckles. A few people have now begun to notice Kelly and Chelsea moving toward the dais. Other heads turn. Logan's eyes meet Chelsea's eyes for a momentary electrical connection. We see Chelsea for the first time: she looks stunning in a formal gown -- exotic and sensuous.

CHELSEA

(at Kelly, interested)

Is that him?

A flicker of worry passes across Logan's eyes, but he continues his speech.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

If your client was five miles from the scene of the crime, he'll probably tell you he was ten miles away. Nobody trusts a lawyer enough to tell him the truth...

Chelsea continues to hold Logan's eye as she moves up the aisle.

Logan begins to lose his concentration as Kelly steps close to Bower. She leans down and whispers something to him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Because of that - because we are what we are - that is to say, because we tend to...

The mini-drama off to the side has stolen everyone's attention. Bower rises and steps away from the dais with Kelly and Chelsea. They argue, quietly but with gestures. One of the TV crews pans its camera away from Logan to observe the cryptic conversation between Kelly and Bower. Logan plods on, but he has lost his train of thought. Nobody notices.

LOGAN

Because people lie to lawyers so often, it's important to develop an understanding, a concept of truth that is truthful, or at least lacking in deception.

(struggling to find his way back)

That way, we can get at the basic truth of things.

The conversation between Kelly and Bower has become very animated. Kelly points at the camera crews that are all turned toward her now. Much of the audience is watching her.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

(back on track again)

A prosecuting attorney in particular must develop the instinct of a predator when it comes to determining truth. Even when it turns out to be against his own best interests. He must expose the truth. That's called justice. That's why I'm an attorney! Thank you.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Logan steps back from the microphone as the applause begins. He looks over as Bower finally nods in agreement to Kelly's demands. Kelly flashes Logan a smile, a wink, and a thumbs-up sign.

Logan acknowledges the applause with smiles and waves as Bower approaches him.

LOGAN

What was that all about?

BOWER

Kelly wants to file a cross complaint in the Deardon case. I told her no, and she threatened to call a press conference on the spot.

LOGAN

So, what did you tell Kelly?

BOWER

I told her you'd examine the cross complaint. A quick investigation, it's over. We don't need this kind of press.

LOGAN

I'm not gonna do it. To hell with Kelly.

Kelly is watching them carefully. Logan shakes his head "no" to her. Kelly shrugs. She begins to speak earnestly to the Reporters.

The cameras begin to roll as a REPORTER steps close to Kelly with a microphone.

REPORTER

Moments ago, Laura J. Kelly, a Manhattan attorney, told us she planned to file charges against the District Attorney's office. Ms. Kelly, can you tell us what this is all about?

Logan is already heading down toward Kelly, furious, but is momentarily blocked by a wall of reporters sticking microphones into Kelly's face.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

I apologize for my conduct here tonight, but a public display of this kind is the only avenue left open to us.

(at Chelsea)

This young woman has been victimized by some very unscrupulous people. We've been trying to get cooperation from the D.A.'s office, but so far they've been stonewalling us. We have no choice but to file a cross-complaint against the district attorney in this matter.

Logan has elbowed his way through, stares at Kelly with unbelieving eyes.

REPORTER

I see we have Tom Logan of the District Attorney's office.

The camera crews pans to Logan.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Mr. Logan, what can you tell us about this situation?

LOGAN

(clearing his throat)

Well...naturally, all of this comes as a total surprise to me. But I'm certain that any implication of impropriety on the part of our office is totally unfounded. I'll take personal charge of this case from now on, and I assure you that justice will be served.

The microphones swing back to Kelly who stares at Logan, eyes filled with apparent admiration.

KELLY

I'd like to say that I expected nothing less from a man of Tom Logan's character and reputation. I was sure that once he'd been made aware of my client's predicament, he would take quick and decisive action.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

FLASHBULBS POP as Kelly smiles warmly at a disgruntled Logan. This time he's been had and he knows it.

INT. INDOCHINE BAR - NIGHT

25

New York's latest hangout for artists, packed with eccentric, oddly-dressed people. Many are artists, more are patrons and fans. There is contemporary art on the walls.

Kelly, Logan and Chelsea sit at a table in their formal clothes. Logan looks at Chelsea who stares straight back at him with an almost hypnotic gaze.

LOGAN

For the record so there are no misunderstandings, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say may be used against you.

(at Kelly)

If you're not entirely thrilled with your attorney, one will be provided.

KELLY

Give me a break...

LOGAN

(suddenly, at Chelsea)

Did you steal that painting?

CHELSEA

No.

KELLY

Well, yes.

CHELSEA

Yes, but no.

LOGAN

Which is it?

KELLY

Both.

CHELSEA

Neither.

LOGAN

This is a waste of my time.

CHELSEA

I did try to steal the painting, but it already belonged to me.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

Can you prove that?

CHELSEA

My father gave me that painting when I was eight years old. He even dedicated it to me in writing on the back. All anybody has to do is look.

DAVID FENNER, a young artist, walks by their table. He stops, suddenly noticing Kelly, circles back, checking her out.

FENNER

Laura? Is that you?
(at dress)

Very attractive...

KELLY

David Fenner a sculptor and friend;
Tom Logan, Chelsea Deardon.

FENNER

(has heard of her)

Chelsea Deardon...of course...

Kelly fidgets as Fenner lingers. Chelsea's eyes have not left Logan. Her leg now brushes Logan's leg under the table. Logan discreetly moves his leg away.

FENNER (CONT'D)

(mock privately)

I don't mean to nag, Laura, but I'm still getting those nasty eviction notices.

KELLY

Don't worry, I'll drag the court procedure out two years. By then you'll be impossibly rich and famous and living in the south of France.

FENNER

You're totally corrupt and simply wonderful.

(at Logan)

Is she your lawyer, too?

Fenner moves off, flitting from table to table.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

He does great work, actually. I have some of his pieces. He can't afford my bill so he pays me in sculpture.

LOGAN

(watching him)

Looks like you're going to wind up with quite a collection.

(at Chelsea)

Do you have any other proof that the painting once belonged to you?

CHELSEA

My father kept a journal.

LOGAN

Like a diary?

CHELSEA

Sketches, ideas, all kinds of things.

KELLY

You didn't tell me that.

CHELSEA

There are sketches of that painting in his journal and beside one of them he wrote: "For Chelsea's eighth birthday."

LOGAN

Where is that journal?

CHELSEA

In my apartment. You can come by and see it anytime.

Chelsea's leg has found Logan's leg again. She has not taken her eyes off his eyes. Logan moves his leg again, this time more reluctantly. Kelly has begun to notice what's going on, and she doesn't like it.

LOGAN

Who owns the painting?

KELLY

Robert Forrester. Major developer.

LOGAN

What were you doing at his place?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

CHELSEA

His wife throws parties for young artists. That way, people think she knows art.

LOGAN

What's the painting worth?

KELLY

Two hundred thousand, ballpark figure.

LOGAN

(eyebrows raised)

Your father must have made a lot of money.

KELLY

I guess.

LOGAN

What kind of inheritance did you receive?

CHELSEA

None.

KELLY

The estate was bankrupt.

LOGAN

(nods, thinking)

All right. Tomorrow we'll go look at the painting. If there's an inscription on the back I'll consider dropping the charges.

OMIT SC. 26

INT. FORRESTER'S PENTHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

27

A duplex penthouse. The furnishings are elegant, highlighted by more paintings than one would find in a minor gallery.

ROBERT FORRESTER is now a youthful 55. Well-toned, tanned and stylishly dressed. He sits in front of a single breakfast place setting at a stunning black ebony table for twelve, pours coffee.

FORRESTER

I'm afraid I can't show the Deardon to you, Mr. Logan. I don't own it any longer.

LOGAN

I don't understand.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

FORRESTER
I traded it this morning.

KELLY
Traded it - to whom?

FORRESTER
To a gallery.

LOGAN
Which gallery?

FORRESTER
Taft Gallery.

A SPANISH MAID enters with a steaming plate of eggs.

KELLY
(visibly annoyed)
Mr. Forrester, that painting is
material evidence in an ongoing
felony proceeding.

FORRESTER
Not anymore. You see, I've decided
to drop all the charges against
poor Chelsea.

KELLY
What?

LOGAN
Why?

FORRESTER
Her father and I were good friends,
you know. Chelsea's had a rather...
difficult childhood. It's obvious
to me she acted on impulse. There
was no harm done.

LOGAN
If you don't mind my curiosity,
Mr. Forrester - exactly what did
you get in return for the Deardon?

JUMP CUT: CAMERA CLOSE on a painting, recognizably a Picasso.

KELLY'S VOICE
A Picasso for a Deardon?

Forrester looks back at Kelly with a thin, private smile.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

FORRESTER

Yes, I thought it was a rather good trade as well.

28

EXT. TAFT GALLERY - DAY

Bold, abstract colors fill the screen, swinging gently back and forth. CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing a nine by ten-foot Rauschenberg painting being lifted by a large crane into the second story window of the Taft Gallery. The crane blocks off an entire lane of 57th Street, causing a traffic jam.

Logan and Kelly walk up the street toward the gallery. Kelly's thinking hard. Something's not right. He notices.

LOGAN

So Taft traded a Picasso for a Deardon...

KELLY

Remind me not to take you to any swap meets.

LOGAN

(irritated)

Look. Let's just understand something right now - I don't know much about art. I know a great deal about a lot of other things, but I've never learned... no, actually, I've never cared - much about art.

KELLY

(friendly)

It's all right. You don't have to feel insecure about it.

29

INT. TAFT GALLERY - DAY

Logan and Kelly enter the elegant gallery which is filled with colorful and important contemporary paintings. Logan heads for the front desk where a HANDSOME ASSISTANT (ROGER) looks up.

LOGAN

Mr. Logan and Ms. Kelly to see Victor Taft. He's expecting us.

ROGER

If you'll wait here a moment...

Roger walks off as Kelly wanders around appreciatively, mumbling to herself and a bit for Logan's benefit.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

A stella...De Koonig...a
Lipschitz over there...

LOGAN

How about that.

TAFT

Mr. Logan?

Victor Taft enters the room. He is almost twenty years older now, but other than a few deep lines which add character to his strong features, he seems to be timeless, a Dorian Gray. There is a strong sexual quality about him that both sexes could be attracted to. Not effeminate, but sensual and artistic. In dress and manner Taft epitomizes the current marriage between big business and the art world.

TAFT

I'm Victor Taft. Thank you for calling in advance. I have a very busy schedule, as I'm sure you will appreciate.

LOGAN

We'll try to be brief. This is Laura Kelly...

TAFT

A pleasure...

KELLY

What a magnificent gallery.

TAFT

How nice of you to notice - now then...

LOGAN

(getting right
to business)

Mr. Taft, do you happen to have any Picassos here at the present time?

TAFT

Why yes, as a matter of fact, you're standing right in front of one.

LOGAN

Oh. Of course.

(turns, looks)

Expensive?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

TAFT

Value is a relative thing. Picasso is one of the true masters of this century.

LOGAN

And yet you traded a Picasso for a Deardon that couldn't possibly have been worth as much.

TAFT

That particular Deardon was one of his last paintings, a work of total confidence and maturity. Deardon was my discovery so I feel rather proprietary about his work. I've pestered Robert Forrester to part with it for years, so I was thrilled when he finally agreed.

KELLY

We'd like to see the Deardon, if you don't mind.

TAFT

Certainly. It's sitting in my office. I don't believe it's even been uncrated yet.

INT. TAFT'S OFFICE

30

A stunning private office where big money deals are consummated. Calders, Miros and Giacomettis abound. Roger follows Taft, Logan and Kelly inside, then gingerly starts to uncrate a painting lying on top of a fashionable work table.

Logan stops as he sees the one piece of art which actually dominates the room - a large piece of sculpture seven feet tall, tubular, imposing and very abstract. Kelly looks at it admiringly.

TAFT

Wonderful, isn't it? That's a Bertolini. It was his model for a larger version which stands on Riverside Drive.

Logan examines it, running his fingers over the tubular shape. He looks back at Taft.

TAFT (CONT'D)

It's not for sale. It was given to me personally by the artist; has great sentimental value.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

If you don't mind my asking, Mr. Taft, what exactly was...or is... your relationship with Chelsea Deardon.

TAFT

Her father and I were very close. I watched Chelsea grow up.
(noticing)
Mr. Logan. You're leaning.

Logan has absent-mindedly rested an arm on a tubular section of the Bertolini. He removes it with a nice smile.

LOGAN

Sorry.

TAFT

Recently, Chelsea and I have lost touch, although I've followed her career. Her sensibility of art doesn't interest me. She's a performance artist, you know... happenings...very ephemeral experiences. I hear she's quite talented.

(notices, turns)

Ah, thank you, Roger...

Roger nods and leaves, having opened the crate.

LOGAN

I'd like to look at the back of the painting, if you don't mind.

TAFT

How refreshing. Most of my clients prefer to look at the front.

Taft extricates the painting from a crate which clearly has Robert Forrester's return address stamped on it. He shows Logan and Kelly the back side - there is no writing on it of any kind. Logan looks over at Kelly who knots her brow suspiciously. Taft flips the painting over. They look.

KELLY

It's...very powerful.

TAFT

Yes. Whatever one has to pay for a masterpiece is, ultimately, a bargain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAFT (CONT'D)
(putting it down)
Now then. I've given you both
a great deal of my time...

EXT. STREET NEAR GALLERY

31

Logan and Kelly walk along 57th Street near the gallery.

KELLY
Doesn't it all feel just a little
too neatly tied up for you?

LOGAN
(stopping her)
Kelly, it's dead. Charges dropped,
no signature. Done. We struck
out. The ball game's over.

Kelly stares defiantly, her mental wheels still racing.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(warmly)
Come on, slugger. I'll get you
a cab.

KELLY
(bristling)
I can get my own cab, thank you...

Kelly steps out into the street directly in the path of an
onrushing vacant cab which screeches to a stop, almost hitting
her. The DRIVER slaps his forehead in ethnic dismay as Kelly
blithely gets in, totally unruffled.

OMIT SC. A32-41

ANGLE ACROSS THE STREET

A42

Across the street, we see a heavy man in a wrinkled suit as he
watches Kelly and Logan. This is DETECTIVE C. R. CAVANAUGH,
whom we will get to know soon.

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

42

The room is dark. Logan lies alone in bed. It's one of those
nights when he just can't sleep. He switches from one position
to another, trying to get comfortable.

The side position. Arm stretched out, one leg slightly bent.
Pause. Not working. The full fetal. Pillows gathered in tightly.
Pause. No go. Flat on back, arms spread out. A deep exhale.
A long pause: Logan's eyes pop open.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
(muttering)
You win. Unconditional surrender...

Logan climbs out of bed, heads off for the living room.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

A43

CAMERA CLOSE on a more elegant, antique clock dial reading 1:10, now PULLS BACK, PANS, REVEALING Kelly's empty bedroom, the covers thrown back. In the distance, past the living room, STRANGE SOUNDS are heard.

INT. KELLY'S KITCHEN

B43

CAMERA CLOSE on Kelly, not revealing where we are. Her eyes are filled with tears.

REVEAL Kelly in her kitchen, finishing chopping onions. She is surrounded by a myriad of pots, pans, heads of lettuce, condiments, ingredients - a woman caught dead to rights in a compulsive cooking frenzy. Kelly scoops up the onions, dumps them into a simmering pot, singing absent-mindedly to herself.

She replaces the pot top, grabs a huge bunch of parsley, whips a clean knife out of a rack, all business, clearly at home in her kitchen. The oven timer RINGS.

KELLY
(dropping the knife
and parsley)
Oh, my God...the Crab Louis...

She turns to the oven, opens it, peers inside.

KELLY
(tough guy imitation)
Awright, Louis, drop the gun.
I'm comin' in...

Sweeping up a potholder, she pulls out the crab dish, switches on the TV as she passes. CAMERA HOLDS on the TV where we see Gene Kelly preparing to start the title number from "Singin' in the Rain."

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Gene Kelly about to start his dance.

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT

43

CAMERA PULLS BACK from Gene Kelly, this time seen on a larger TV in Logan's living room. He has given up trying to sleep and sits on the living room couch in his pajama bottoms, watching.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Gene Kelly begins the famous number, and the temptation is too much for Logan. He starts to hum along. His foot begins to tap. Like a junkie being offered the pure stuff, this is too great a temptation to resist.

Logan rises, joining in, clearly having seen the number many times before. He tap dance/shuffles his way across the room, plucking a closed umbrella from out of a stand near the front door.

Logan is up to top speed now, aping Gene Kelly, twirling around in circles with his umbrella held out in front of him. Twirling, twirling, when suddenly: The DOORBELL RINGS.

Logan jerks backward in mid-twirl -- he involuntarily lets go of the swinging umbrella which flies into a lamp, sending it crashing to the floor, the umbrella popping open in the process.

Logan sighs deeply. The doorbell RINGS again. He crosses to the door, opens it.

Chelsea Deardon stands in front of him with a concerned look on her face, intense and afraid.

CHELSEA

Someone's following me.

LOGAN

(totally non-plussed)

What...?

CHELSEA

I'm scared.

LOGAN

Where did you...

CHELSEA

Can I come in?

LOGAN

Well...I guess...sure...

She enters as a confused Logan shuts the door.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

...Listen...how did you know where I lived?

CHELSEA

I was afraid he'd follow me home.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

Who? Who'd follow you home?

CHELSEA

The man.

LOGAN

What man?

CHELSEA

I don't know. But I've seen him
three different times in three
different places today.

LOGAN

Where is he now, do you know?

CHELSEA

Probably right out in front...

Logan crosses to the window, looks down, seeing nothing.
Chelsea stares at him with that hypnotic, sensuous gaze.

LOGAN

Well, I'm sorry, but I don't see
anything. Chelsea, you can't stay
here. Maybe at a friend's...?

CHELSEA

(whispers softly)

I don't have a friend.

A long beat as their eyes lock.

LOGAN

(affected by her)

All right, I'll take you home.
Hang on while I get dressed.

Logan enters the bedroom, swings the door halfway shut. As
soon as he's gone Chelsea starts to case the place. She runs
her fingers over his possessions, checks the contents of boxes,
noticing what he likes to read, what music he listens to, etc.

LOGAN'S VOICE

Did you talk to Kelly?

CHELSEA

Earlier.

LOGAN'S VOICE

Then you know that painting didn't
have any writing on the back.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

CHELSEA
(harder edge)
And of course you're sure Victor
Taft showed you the right painting.
You're both familiar enough with
my father's work to tell one from
another.

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

A44

Logan pauses, shirt half-on, thinks about what she's just said.
He crosses to the window, looks down. The street is deserted.

OMIT SC. B44

EXT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - LATER

C44

Logan pulls up to the curb, gets out of his car with Chelsea.
Tall buildings line the SoHo streets. There is a feeling of
shadowy danger to the area.

As they move into the building Logan sneaks a look behind
them - sees no one.

INT. CHELSEA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

D44

Logan and Chelsea climb the narrow, dimly-lit stairway to her
apartment. As they pass the second floor landing, heading up,
a door suddenly opens behind and below them. Logan stops,
looks down. ...

An intense-looking MAN exits an apartment on the second floor,
walks down the hallway, suddenly stops as he senses Logan
staring down at him. He stares back up at Logan coldly, wait-
ing for him to start moving up the stairs again.

For a moment they are frozen. Logan breaks it with a self-
conscious half-smile. The offended man continues and enters
another apartment door.

ANGLE ON THIRD LANDING

Chelsea takes out her key, unlocks her apartment door. She
turns. Logan looks at her, uncomfortable.

LOGAN
Well...

CHELSEA
(entering)
Come in.

Logan reluctantly follows her inside.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

INT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT

E44

The room is very sparse. Long white walls and a beat-up hardwood floor that leads to a row of large, dirty windows. There's a mattress on the floor in one corner, and a small kitchen area.

LOGAN

Lots of space.

Logan sees something interesting near the windows: a mechanical apparatus with speakers, amplifiers and other equipment, all carefully arranged.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

What's this?

CHELSEA

What I do...

Chelsea turns out the lights then flips several switches on the apparatus.

Suddenly, a half-dozen life-sized, sensual pictures of Chelsea are illuminated. PULSATING MUSIC plays as she begins to weave her way through and around the huge photos, communing with herself, inter-relating between her live and artificial incarnations.

Logan watches, bizzarely fascinated, as Chelsea moves rythmically with the music, now glides behind what appears to be an empty picture frame. Her arms flutter down gracefully as she seems to fade into the white canvas.

Her hands are still visible. FLAMES now shoot out from the tips of her fingers. The bottom of what we now realize is a scrim catches fire - smoke curls out from under it.

The flames continue up. The smoke is more intense. Logan watches with some alarm now as Chelsea's SEXY WHISPER is suddenly heard through the sound system.

CHELSEA'S VOICE

Put out the fire...put out the fire...

The flames are crackling now. The cloud of smoke is almost impenetrable. Totally disconcerted, Logan looks around, suddenly spots a fire extinguisher with large, clear letters on it, spelling out the message: "PUT OUT THE FIRE." He picks it up, aims it, fires his own burst of smoke. Rumbling THUNDER CLAPS are heard, then DRIVING RAIN. Then...

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

EVERYTHING INSTANTLY CUTS OFF. Chelsea tumbles forward, rolling through the smoke, and stops at his feet, looks up.

CHELSEA

Well, what did you think?

LOGAN

Well...fine.

CHELSEA

(rises, locking eyes)

What did you think?

LOGAN

I don't know. I felt...uncomfortable.

CHELSEA

Good. That's what I'm trying to do, challenge your perspective, your way of seeing things. Make you uncomfortable.

Logan nods, understanding in a way. Chelsea suddenly kisses him - a long, lingering kiss which Logan permits without returning. She withdraws slowly, her eyes never leaving his.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Still uncomfortable?

LOGAN

(long stare)

You bet.

(turns away, quick change)

You said your father kept a journal - may I see it?

CHELSEA

(caught off guard)

I'd...have to find it first.

Logan glances around the sparsely furnished room.

LOGAN

Shouldn't take long...

CHELSEA

Maybe it's...down in the storeroom. I forget.

LOGAN

When was the last time you saw it?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

CHELSEA
Last week. Maybe longer. I
can't remember.

LOGAN
There is no journal, is there?

CHELSEA
He kept a journal.

LOGAN
But you don't have it?

CHELSEA
Do you always cross-examine people?

LOGAN
Only when they lie to me.

CHELSEA
(pause)
I don't have anything from when
my father was alive. There was a
journal, there were paintings -
and then there was a fire.
(turns away)
I lied to you because I wanted
you to trust me, to believe in
me. I didn't think the truth was
good enough.

Chelsea has stopped by a window. She looks out and down.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
He's down there. I can feel it.

LOGAN
There's no one down there.

She looks back at Logan, persistent.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Look. I've...got to get some
sleep.

CHELSEA
You can sleep here.

LOGAN
(backing up)
If there's any...real trouble,
call the police. 911 - Emergency

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

CHELSEA
(pause, resigned)
Thanks for taking me home.

LOGAN
Thanks for the...demonstration.

Logan opens the door, leaves quickly.

INT. CHELSEA'S BUILDING ENTRANCE

F44

Logan is in the foyer about to exit into the street. He hesitates, thinks, then opens the door silently and only partially.

A short distance down the street, A SHADOW can be seen hovering, reflected by a street lamp.

Logan closes the door carefully. He turns, exits through the rear of Chelsea's building.

EXT. REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

G44

Logan enters a rear garden area, starts to vault a fence into a narrow alley behind, pauses at the top, disgusted with himself.

LOGAN
(mumbling)
I can't believe I'm doing this...

He drops into the alley, silently makes his way to the street.

EXT. CHELSEA'S STREET

H44

Logan noiselessly eases out into the street. A MAN, his back turned, looks up in the direction of Chelsea's apartment.

LOGAN
Something interesting up there?

The man (GARY CLARK) wheels, the street light suddenly illuminating a cruel face. He instantly whips out a gun, FIRES A SHOT at Logan who desperately dives back toward the alley.

The bullet ricochets off the wall near Logan's head as Clark takes off, disappearing around a corner.

Logan rises, his adrenalin pumping. He clears his head, then races for a phone booth down the block.

Logan dials quickly.

LOGAN
(into phone)
Get me the police.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT - DAY - THE NEXT MORNING

I44

Kelly is sound asleep in the kitchen where we left her, head resting on the table, surrounded by her previous night's culinary efforts. The portable TV now broadcasts the TODAY Show.

Suddenly, the doorbell RINGS. Kelly reaches out groggily for a non-existent phone, momentarily unsure where she's at.

KELLY
Hello...?

The doorbell RINGS again. And again. Kelly snaps to, gets her bearings, then crosses into the living room to answer it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

J44

Now a KNOCK on the door. Kelly stands next to it, wary.

KELLY
Who is it?

MAN'S VOICE
Laura Kelly? I need to talk to you.

KELLY
Get in touch with me at my office,
okay? Now go away or I'll call
the cops.

MAN'S VOICE
Then lemme save you some money
here. Cavanaugh's the name.
Detective C. J. Cavanaugh, Manhattan
South.

Kelly pauses, then unlocks the door, opens it, keeping the chain on.

KELLY
Let's see some I.D.

A hand with a gold detective's shield is thrust through the doorway opening. Satisfied, Kelly undoes the chain, opens the door. Cavanaugh smiles, friendly. He carries a thick folder under his arm.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

CAVANAUGH
Sorry to bother you, Miss Kelly,
but I didn't think you'd mind.
It's about the Deardon case.

KELLY
(beat)
Come in.

Cavanaugh enters, sniffing the air.

CAVANAUGH
Mmm...what's for breakfast?

KELLY
Chicken cacciatore, crab Louis and
stuffed lettuce rolls.

CAVANAUGH
Real ambitious start to the day.
I'm strictly a coffee man myself.
Keep swilling the stuff down every
morning till I get my heart started.
(sits)

Let me get right to the point, Miss
Kelly. Seventeen years ago I
headed up an investigation on the
death of one Sebastian Deardon.

KELLY
(interested. sits)
A tragic...accident -

CAVANAUGH
That's what it says in my official
report - but that's not what I
wrote. I called it murder then...
I'm calling it murder now.

KELLY
(leans forward)
Are you saying that someone - higher
up - charnged the record, altered
facts?

CAVANAUGH
It was squashed and covered up.
The whole mess was swept under the
rug, and that was the end of that.

KELLY
Why are you telling me all this?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

CAVANAUGH

Rich guys, they have friends.
Friends that keep you waiting
seventeen years for the promotion
that never comes. Taft put the
whammy on my whole damn career,
and C. J. Cavanaugh never forgets.

KELLY

I'm afraid your case is dead again.
The charges against Chelsea were
dropped.

CAVANAUGH

That's why I came to see you.
And give you this...

He drops the heavy folder on the table in front of her. She
looks down at it curiously, then back up at him.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

(rising)

You don't want to know where or how
I got that, Miss Kelly, but I think
you'll find it interesting reading -
a friendly push, you might say.

KELLY

(unsure)

Look. If this is stolen merchandise
or something...

CAVANAUGH

We never met, okay? Rich people
have powerful friends and you
might say political clout was
never C. J. Cavanaugh's long suit.

(smiles, shaking

his head)

Chicken and crab for breakfast, now
that's a new one on me...

He opens the door, exits, heading down the hallway.

Closing the door, Kelly crosses back to the table, fascinated,
picks up the folder, starts to look through it, her eyes
widening.

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

K44

Morning chaos at Manhattan's main courthouse. The halls are
crowded with lawyers, legal aides and defendants, all rushing
to get to trial.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Kelly moves quickly through the crowded corridor, searching for someone. She calls out to a short FAT ATTORNEY in a blue suit two sizes too small.

KELLY
Watson, have you seen Tom Logan?

FAT ATTORNEY
Not since he buried me in court last week and I'm not looking for him either.

Kelly grabs a FRANTIC ATTORNEY who passes by.

KELLY
McHugh - where's Logan?

McHUGH
I'm late! I'm unprepared! I'm doomed! Let go!

Kelly holds on to McHugh who drags her along with him.

KELLY
I need Logan!

McHUGH
Courtroom seven - no, six! One of them. Let me go!

He jerks away from Kelly who takes off for Courtroom Seven.

INT. COURTROOM SEVEN

L44

Kelly enters Courtroom Seven where Logan is cross-examining a WOMAN on the stand. She makes her way down the aisle toward the front, clearing her throat rather loudly in an effort to gain Logan's attention.

LOGAN
(not hearing -
at woman)
Is it not true that you were having sexual relations with the defendant before the crime was committed?

Logan makes a dramatic half-turn toward the judge. Kelly is giving him an urgent high sign as he now spots her.

WOMAN
No.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
(watching Kelly)
I see...
(back at Woman)
Then you don't deny it.

WOMAN
On the contrary - I just did
deny it.

Kelly's eyes are giving Logan a frantic message: "Come over here!"

LOGAN
Oh. Now then, Mrs...

He sneaks another look at Kelly who seems about to burst.

WOMAN
...Williams.

The Judge's sleepy eyes pop open due to the broken rhythm. He glances at Logan, then follows Logan's gaze over to Kelly.

JUDGE
Miss Kelly, today is my birthday,
and things have been going so
well for me. Are you going to
spoil my birthday?

KELLY
Begging the court's indulgence,
if I might confer with Mr. Logan
for a moment...

JUDGE
Now? Right now?

KELLY
It really won't take more than a
moment, Your Honor.

JUDGE
Mr. Logan?

LOGAN
I have no objection.
(at witness)
With apologies to Mrs...

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

...Williams. Oh, I don't mind...

The Judge looks over at Kelly, then back at Logan, then back at Kelly again, who smiles sweetly at him as if he's already said yes.

JUDGE

Well then get on with it!

The exasperated Judge raps his gavel. Logan crosses quickly to Kelly, leans in, whispers.

LOGAN

I was looking for you earlier.
Something incredible happened...

KELLY

(breaking in)

I'll say it did. I made a huge discovery in the Deardon case. Major fraud. I have hard evidence.

LOGAN

(hesitates, turns)

Your Honor, a very important matter has come up which demands my immediate attention. My learned assistant, Ms. Freeman, will continue the cross-examination in my absence.

FREEMAN

(sudden stage fright)

What! Me?

Logan and Kelly are suddenly gone, leaving Freeman standing in court, hyperventilating. The Judge sighs loudly.

INT. COURT BUILDING CORRIDOR

M44

Logan and Kelly move quickly down the corridor.

LOGAN

Somebody took a shot at me last night in front of Chelsea's place.

KELLY

Shot at...?

LOGAN

I've arranged a twenty-four hour stakeout on her.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY
Chelsea's place? What were you
doing at Chelsea's place?

LOGAN
I couldn't sleep, and...it's a
long story.

KELLY
I have time.

LOGAN
Let's see the hard evidence.

Kelly takes a photograph album from her purse, gives it to
him. On the cover is printed: Seaboard Fidelity - File
D-10623428 - Deardon, Sebastian.

KELLY
Open it.

Logan opens the album, discovers a series of photographs of
Deardon's paintings. Each is numbered, titled and dated.

KELLY (CONT'D)
The complete collection of
Sebastian Deardon's paintings.

LOGAN
This is a confidential insurance
file. Where did you get this?

KELLY
I have my sources. See the red
stamps next to most of the paintings?
Those were the ones that were
destroyed in the fire. Now, look
at painting number one-twenty-two.

Logan flips the pages, finds the appropriate painting.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Look familiar?

LOGAN
They all look about the same to
me.
(grudgingly)
Okay, this looks like the paint-
ing Taft showed us at the gallery.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Not looks like, Logan - IS. Take my word for it. Notice the red stamp next to it? That painting was supposedly destroyed in the fire.

Logan stares, realizing the impact of that statement. Kelly grins.

KELLY (CONT'D)

(sweetly)

C'mon, slugger. I'll get us a cab.

EXT. STREET - SOTHEBY AUCTION HOUSE - DAY

N44

Logan pulls his car up opposite Sotheby's auction house. He and Kelly get out, cross the street, then enter the famous establishment.

INT. SOTHEBY'S LOBBY

O44

Logan and Kelly cross the lobby toward an auction room.

KELLY

I say we squeeze him and see what comes out.

LOGAN

We're going to go slow with this guy. I don't want to hear the word "fraud" come out of your mouth. We don't know what we've got. It could be a clerical error.

KELLY

Right - a twenty million-dollar clerical error.

LOGAN

Look, I'm here without any authority whatsoever. You're in possession of insurance files of totally dubious origin.

(stops at auction room door)

Inside I do the talking. You just stand behind me and try to look like an attorney.

KELLY

(sweet smile)

Of course, Your Holiness.

INT. AUCTION ROOM

44

The large room is filled with BUYERS from all over the world. Logan and Kelly enter, spot Victor Taft in the back row. They approach Taft from behind as he signals a bid on a painting. Logan and Kelly silently slip into seats beside him. Throughout the scene, everyone talks in a low, emotionless voice, anxious not to disturb the solemnity of the occasion.

LOGAN

Mr. Taft, we'd like to ask you
a few more questions about that
Deardon painting if we may.

TAFT

(surprised and annoyed)
Actually, I'm in the middle of
pursuing a rather illusive paint-
ing, so I'm afraid...

LOGAN

I'm really sorry to bother you...
(testing)
...but a colleague of mine
received some documents related
to some art underwriting that was
done by the Seaboard Insurance
Company...

TAFT

(getting angry)
Please. Can't you see I'm busy
right now?

KELLY

(jumping in)
We've found evidence indicating
that not as many Deardon paintings
were destroyed in that fire as;
was previously thought.

(pause)

In fact, maybe none were.

Taft blinks, then signals another bid to the Auctioneer.
Logan gives Kelly a visual signal "Go easy, okay?"

TAFT

(staring ahead,
controlling himself)
I was there that night, you know.
I carried little Chelsea out through
the flames. I saved her life.
Everything else - everything -
burned to the ground.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

(pressing)

Remember that Deardon you showed us yesterday? Well, somehow, it managed to survive.

TAFT

(really angry now)

That's it! Get out, both of you, before I have you thrown out.

LOGAN

(trying to cool it)

Look, Mr. Taft, we're not here to make specific charges...

KELLY

We know the Deardon paintings still exist. We think you have those paintings.

Taft turns, stares coldly. Logan's face falls - Kelly has gone way too far.

TAFT

(at Kelly - ice)

If you repeat that allegation anywhere, publicly or privately, I'll see to it you never practice law in any court in this country.

Taft looks over to where TWO GUARDS are standing, starts to motion them over.

LOGAN

(noticing)

That won't be necessary. I apologize for Ms. Kelly's allegations, but as you know I represent the District Attorney's office, and I do intend to have a look at your business records. If you'll cooperate, I'm sure we can avoid any further unpleasantness.

TAFT

You seem to be an intelligent man, Mr. Logan. Don't throw away a long and profitable career by meddling into legitimate matters which are none of your concern. Am I making myself clear?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

Perfectly. I'll have a subpoena ready in the morning. I want to see all your business records for the past five years. Inventories, shipping records, bills of sale - the works. If you fail to comply, a Federal Marshall will confiscate those records and you'll be subject to arrest. Goodbye, Mr. Taft...

(looks at Auctioneer)

...and good luck.

Logan rises, turns and leaves with Kelly.

EXT. SOTHEBY'S - DAY

45

Logan and Kelly move into the night, crossing the street to his car. Logan is furious at Kelly's prior conduct. She, on the other hand, seems quite cheerful about things.

LOGAN

(quoting)

"We know those paintings exist.
And we think you have them."
Didn't you learn anything in law school?

KELLY

(ignoring his anger)

We really shook him up, didn't we?
And that look in your eye at the end - pure, blue steel. God, I'd like to develop a look like that.

LOGAN

You don't develop looks. You just...look.

KELLY

Not me. I practice looks in the mirror. Here's one I picked from you, by the way. Watch the left brow. I'm cross-examining someone and he gives me an answer I don't buy. Here's the way you do it.

Kelly stops in the middle of the street, raises her left eyebrow skeptically. Logan laughs despite himself, then begins to search through his pockets as they walk again.

LOGAN

Come on, I don't do that.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

All the time. You stand there and sort of make a quarter turn toward the jury with that exact look. You totally discredited Van Dyke with it.

LOGAN

The Van Dyke case. You were in the courtroom?

KELLY

Some people go to ball games - I go to court. You're the best show in town.

They reach the car. Logan gets a peculiar look as he searches his pockets again.

LOGAN

Did I give you my keys?

Kelly tries the door. The car is locked.

KELLY

Logan?

He turns to look. Kelly is peering through the window of the car at the keys which dangle from the ignition.

LOGAN

No problem. I've done this before.

Logan dashes back across the street toward Sotheby's.

INT. SOTHEBY'S - DAY

46

Logan enters, ducking into a coat room. He quickly picks out an empty wire coat hanger, then leaves. Crossing the lobby, he stops as he sees Victor Taft talking animatedly in a phone booth, his back turned. Taft's voice is muffled, but it is loud and clearly angry. Logan watches curiously for a moment, then leaves with his coat hanger.

EXT. STREET NEAR CAR

47

Logan arrives. Kelly watches him straighten out the coat hanger into a long piece of wire.

KELLY

May I ask what you're doing?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

A little trick I picked up while
prosecuting car thieves.

Logan has bent the end of the end of the hanger into an "L" shape. He jams it down in the door between the glass and the rubber window casing.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Here...push on the window.

Logan fishes for the latch inside the door with the hanger.
Kelly pushes both hands against the window uncertainly.

KELLY

Like this?

LOGAN

Good.

Logan concentrates carefully on the coat hanger, unaware of how closely their faces are pressed together.

LOGAN

It isn't always easy to get it
at first...

The light catches Kelly just right and look out - their lips are almost touching and their eyes are locked together.

KELLY

Don't stop now.

Logan gives the hanger a sudden jerk. The door pops open. His eyes suddenly shift, glancing back at Sotheby's.

LOGAN

Look. It's Taft...

Kelly snaps to, watches a very agitated Victor Taft as he moves hurriedly up the sidewalk toward his car.

KELLY

He looks very nervous.

LOGAN

He is.

Logan and Kelly hustle into the car. Taft pulls away from the curb. Logan zips out into traffic, following him.

INT. CAR - MOVING SHOT

48

Kelly looks ahead, keeping an eye on Taft's car.

KELLY
Don't lose him, Logan.

LOGAN
I'm not going to lose him...
(beat)
Where'd he go?

KELLY
South on Fifth.

Logan turns south onto Fifth Avenue. Taft's tail lights blend in with others in the heavy traffic.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Which one is he?

LOGAN
One of those up there.

KELLY
There! That's him! Change lanes,
quick!

LOGAN
I can't change lanes quick. That
thing beside me is called a bus.

Logan guns the accelerator, shoots ahead of the bus, then cuts in front of it. The DRIVER blares his horn loudly. Taft's car suddenly appears right in front of them. The light turns yellow as Taft goes through it. It now turns red as Logan whizzes through after him.

KELLY
Jesus - you ran a red light!

Logan suddenly jams on the brakes, jerks the car to a stop in the middle of the street. Taft's car is stopped at the light, half a block up the street.

KELLY
Now what are you doing?

Logan gets out of the driver's side. Frustrated HORNS nonk from behind as Kelly stares out at Logan.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Logan, get back in the car.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
No, I don't want to get back in
the car. You drive.

KELLY
I'm not going to drive!

Logan stares unyieldingly.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(reluctantly)
I...can't drive.

LOGAN
(pause, smiles)
You've been offering all this
expert automotive advice and
you can't drive? .

KELLY
Who needs to know how to drive
in New York City?
(glances ahead)
The light's changing...please...?

LOGAN
Are you going to be very, very
quiet?

Kelly scrunches down in the seat, nods. Logan gets back
in, closes the door.

KELLY
(tiny voice)
He made a left turn at the light.

Logan sighs deeply, then guns the car forward.

EXT. "TAFT GALLERY WAREHOUSE" - DAY

49

Taft's car is parked in front of a warehouse. Logan pulls
his car up nearby, turns out the lights. They watch Taft
climb onto a loading dock and insert a key in an alarm box.

Taft punches a series of numbers into the code box. The red
alarm light suddenly goes off. A green light comes on. The
door to the loading dock begins to rise. Taft moves inside.

KELLY
Let's...

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

(anticipating her)

Don't say it. I know you've got a lot of energy and enthusiasm, and maybe it hasn't all been bad, but if we go through that door, it's called breaking and entering.

KELLY

We're not breaking anything. We're just entering. There's no law against entering.

LOGAN

There are hundreds of laws against entering.

KELLY

Not when you're a government official in pursuit of a felon.

LOGAN

Felon - no. Not a felon. Not yet anyway.

KELLY

In pursuit of a probable felon. Boston versus Cavallero, 1967. If a certified public official is in pursuit of a probable felon, he may enter an unlocked business or storage area without a warrant if he has reasonable suspicion of unlawful activities inside.

LOGAN

Boston versus...what a crock...

Kelly jumps out of the car, heads for the loading dock.

Against his better judgement, Logan gets out.

OMIT SC. 50

EXT. LOADING DOCK - TAFT GALLERY WAREHOUSE - DAY

Logan catches up to Kelly at the dock.

KELLY

An open door is practically an invitation. I really can cite cases where an implied invitation is a valid reason to enter.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

In a building with a security system, implication laws are invalid.

KELLY

Wait a minute - did you hear something? Was that Taft?

(calling quietly)

Yes, Victor, coming. Be right there.

Kelly slips into the warehouse, then pokes her head out at Logan.

KELLY (CONT'D)

He invited you in, too.

She disappears. Grumbling silently to himself, Logan enters.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

52

The warehouse is filled with crates, boxes, bins and lockers used to store art. Logan and Kelly stay low, moving from crate to crate as they look for Taft. They peer into some of the boxes and bins, but everything seems to be empty.

Suddenly, Kelly finds something. She signals for Logan to look. A storage locker has a name stenciled on it: DEARDON. Silently and carefully, Logan opens the locker. It's empty.

They continue their search for Taft, passing a large clearing in the center of the warehouse where a forklift is positioned.

Suddenly, they spot him. Taft is near a row of several filing cabinets. His back is to Logan and Kelly as he quickly empties his briefcase into one of the cabinet drawers.

Logan and Kelly duck as Taft suddenly turns and walks back toward the loading dock. He quickly punches the numbers into the code box, as the door begins to close.

LOGAN

Oh, great...

Taft steps outside. The door closes. The red alarm light goes on again. Kelly steps out into the open, then moves quickly to the filing cabinets, opens one of the draws.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

I hate to blur your concentration, but we're locked in here, you know.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Spring the door with your coat hanger.

Logan surveys the warehouse for possible exits while Kelly rifles through the files. She has no luck with the first drawer, so she quickly opens the second.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Bingo! These are the business records we wanted.

Logan glances over Kelly's shoulder. She pulls the file out to examine it more closely while Logan picks up where she left off in the drawer.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Look at this!

(hands him file)

Papers of incorporation, dated 1962. A three-man partnership.

LOGAN

(reading)

Triad Enterprises. Investment counselling. Victor Taft, Joseph Brock and Robert Forrester.

KELLY

Taft and Forrester were business partners?

LOGAN

No wonder they traded that painting so quickly.

(ruffles through folder)

Deardon's name is everywhere.

KELLY

Joseph Brock - what the hell happened to him? His name disappears after 1967.

LOGAN

Here's the insurance payoff on Dearden's paintings. Taft and Forrester were co-beneficiaries.

KELLY

What is that sound? Is that your watch? It's driving me crazy.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

To her absolute horror, Kelly suddenly discovers a TIME BOMB sitting in the back of the file. It clearly reads forty-five seconds before detonation.

KELLY

Oh, my God...

She points at the time bomb. Logan's eyes open up like wings as he sees there are only seventy seconds left.

LOGAN

Don't touch it! Leave it alone!

KELLY

LOGAN! Turn it off! DO something!

He runs to the loading dock door. He presses the door lift but it won't open without the alarm code. The ALARM suddenly goes off with loud BELLS and SIRENS.

Kelly sprints for a window. It's covered by a strong wire mesh.

Logan and Kelly rejoin each other. They are trapped together as CAMERA ZOOMS IN on their terrified faces.

CLOSE ON THE TIME BOMB! Ten seconds...nine...eight...seven...six
...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK

53

CAMERA HOLDS on the loading dock for FIVE EXCRUCIATING SECONDS. Suddenly, the loading dock door SPLINTERS into many pieces as the forklift from inside smashes through with Logan and Kelly in the seat.

As the forklift appears the BOMB goes off with a tremendous EXPLOSION. A wall of fire streaks across the screen. The blast throws the forklift into the air. Smoke billows everywhere as Logan and Kelly land hard on the concrete driveway. They are dazed and bruised, but alive.

The warehouse is a smoking shell, with broken walls and no roof. Police SIRENS are heard in the distance.

INT. MANHATTAN SOUTH POLICE STATION - NIGHT

54

Logan and Kelly stride quickly down a packed corridor in the Manhattan South police station, a beehive of activity. Freeman struggles to keep up with them from behind.

Logan and Kelly have faces scarred with many scrapes and bruises, some under small bandages, some covered with orange ointment, giving them a slightly comical look.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

FREEMAN

I've got to warn you, the Chief is totally crazed - scarfing down those little pink pills like they were M and M's. He almost let the police charge you and Kelly with breaking and entering.

LOGAN

Say, how'd that trial wind up? Did you win it?

FREEMAN

(snippy)

I'd rather not discuss it, thank you. I'll get your car. . .

Freeman peels off with a wave as they sweep around a corner into the main lobby of Manhattan South. Dozens of UNIFORMED POLICE, DETECTIVES, SUSPECTS, PRESS, et al crisscross in a cacophany of sound and activity.

As Logan and Kelly head for the main doors, she notices Cavanaugh walking towards them. He gives Kelly the high sign as she puts her hand on Logan's arm, stopping him.

KELLY

Logan, there's our guy. Detective Cavanaugh.

Cavanaugh joins them, extends his hand to Logan.

CAVANAUGH

C. R. Cavanaugh, Mr. Logan. You gotta good rep. Most of the guys in the D.A.'s office I wouldn't trust.

(at their faces)

Jeez, must have been one hell of a bang...

LOGAN

We were lucky. Listen, Cavanaugh, tell us about this partnership - Taft, Forrester and someone named Brock.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

CAVANAUGH

Not much to tell - on the surface, that is. Near as I can figure out, the three of them were keeping phony tax records until Taft and Forrester set up Joe Brock to take the fall for it. Brock was sitting in the can at Attica when Deardon was murdered.

LOGAN

Where's Brock now?

CAVANAUGH

He got the big C the year he was released. Dead and buried in Kansas City, 1967.

KELLY

The year his name dropped from those records.

CAVANAUGH

Taft kept his gallery, Forrester went into real estate development and...that's it. Anyway...

(he looks around furtively)

...that's where all the right people seem to want to stop.

LOGAN

What about Forrester?

CAVANAUGH

Very cagey. I could never get a handle on Forrester but I think he's capable of anything. He's very well placed.

Cavanaugh suddenly checks his watch.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

I gotta get back to my office. Logan, if we're gonna start sharing information, I want some from you. That's my home phone on the bottom. Use it. The case is dead as far as the department's concerned - but not with me.

Cavanaugh leaves. Logan escorts Kelly through the entrance and outside.

EXT. MANHATTAN SOUTH STEPS - NIGHT

55

Logan and Kelly walk down the steps together, Kelly still with a slight limp.

LOGAN

Are you hungry? I'm having dinner with my daughter tonight. You're welcome to join us.

KELLY

I almost forgot - I've got a date.

LOGAN

No offense, but you're in no condition for a date. Your face is stained, your hair is wet, you can barely walk - you're a mess.

KELLY

It's nothing a little make-up and will power won't cover. I'll muddle through. Raincheck?

They stop, look at each other with some real affection breaking through for the first time.

LOGAN

Raincheck.

Kelly continues on down the steps. Logan watches her leave, a tiny smile starting to spread on his face.

OMIT SC. 56

INT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

57

The outside RAIN pelts against Chelsea's windows as CAMERA FINDS her stretched out on the floor of her apartment, eyes closed, meditating.

After a long beat she rises, her face a mask of calm determination. She crosses to a mirror, now stands at the end of the row of her life-sized photos, stares hard at her face in the glass.

Chelsea seems to be receiving some sort of validation from herself. Without looking away, she reaches down into a drawer below, pulls out a small, blue steel REVOLVER. Her steady eyes still stare back at her from the mirror. She has reached a decision.

INT. CHELSEA'S BUILDING FOYER - NIGHT

58

Chelsea approaches the front door of her building, now opens it partially, peers out.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

A police car sits at the curb nearby keeping watch in the falling rain.

Chelsea closes the door silently, then heads back for the rear exit to her building.

OMIT SC. 59-60

EXT. STANSBURY APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

61

Rain falls lightly as Chelsea walks up 65th Street. The Stansbury Apartment house is backlit by street lamps and lightning. Chelsea hesitates, then enters under the awning.

INT. STANSBURY APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

A62

Chelsea approaches Apartment 6B, knocks on the door. Someone takes a look through a peephole, then opens it. It is Victor Taft, who is first surprised, then nervous.

CHELSEA

Can I come in?

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

62

Logan's bruises seem to be on the mend as he sits on the sofa with Jennifer in his arms. They're watching "Big Time Wrestling" on TV and both are really into it. Outside, the rain continues.

LOGAN

Hey, what? Foul! He's cheating!

JENNIFER

He's the bad guy. He's allowed to cheat. C'mon, Johnny - twist his head off!

LOGAN

This isn't fair. First he hits Johnny Apollo with a chair, now it's brass knuckles.

JENNIFER

Ou-oh...Tasmanian strangulation sleep hold...

One-Two-Three - Johnny Apollo is counted out.

LOGAN

So long, Johnny Apollo. What a rotten deal...

JENNIFER

Are you kidding? Now we get to see a rematch.

Logan zaps off the TV, snuggles Jennifer.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

You're pretty smart about all of this, aren't you...you're pretty smart about a lot of things.

JENNIFER

I live in the real world, Dad. I'm not stupid.

LOGAN

(pause, small sigh)

No, no you're not, are you...

(snuggles her)

It's just that when I was your age, I was stupid about things like that and somehow it was smart.

The doorbell suddenly RINGS, urgently and incessantly. Logan answers it and is shocked to find Chelsea there. She is a mess - scared, soaked to the skin with rain and looking like a wounded animal on the run.

CHELSEA

I did something really crazy.

LOGAN

(irritated)

Look. This is not a good time...

CHELSEA

I went to see Victor Taft. I had a gun.

LOGAN

(reluctantly)

You...better come in.

Chelsea enters, close to hysteria. Jennifer sits up with real interest.

CHELSEA

I...tried to force him to tell me where my father's paintings were.

LOGAN

With a gun?

CHELSEA

He called my bluff; knocked me around, took the gun away...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

(shows him a large
bruise on her face)

I got all panicky. I finally
managed to break free and ran out.

LOGAN

Have you called Kelly?

CHELSEA

I left a message on her service.
Listen, Victor said he was going
to call the police. I could really
be in trouble this time.

LOGAN

All right. Get yourself dried off
and find something to wear in
there. I'll try Kelly again...

(noticing)

Oh, Chelsea, this is my daughter,
Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Hi.

Chelsea stares back silently, shaking, numb.

LOGAN

It'll be all right, do you hear
me? I'll handle it.

Chelsea manages a nod. She enters the bedroom, closes the
door. Jennifer looks at Logan suspiciously.

JENNIFER

She looks guilty to me.

LOGAN

You're the perfect jury - one
look and guilty.

JENNIFER

Dad, is this someone I'm going to
get to know real well?

LOGAN

Not very well, no. But that
doesn't mean you shouldn't be on
your best behavior.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER
(pause, small voice)
You too, right, Dad?

EXT. LOGAN'S STREET - NIGHT

63

Outside Logan's building, Gary Clark steps into frame. He watches Logan's apartment window, waiting.

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT

64

The doorbell suddenly RINGS. Logan and Jennifer exchange a quick glance. Jennifer starts to get up.

LOGAN
Wait! It might be the
police.

JENNIFER
Why are we protecting her? She's
your girlfriend, isn't she?

LOGAN
She's just a client.

The doorbell RINGS again. Logan calms himself, crosses to the door, then looks back at Jennifer.

LOGAN
You know what happens to stool
pigeons?

JENNIFER
People stick their feet in cement
and throw them in the river.

Logan's eyes roll. He opens the door, finds Barbara standing there.

LOGAN
(sudden big smile)
Uh - hi! What a...nice surprise.
Look, Jennifer, look who's
here.

JENNIFER
Hi, mom. We thought you were the
cops.

BARBARA
I've been parked outside in the rain,
blowing the horn for ten minutes.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

Well, she's all ready to go.
Ready to go, Jennifer? She's
ready to go.

BARBARA

What's the matter with you? Why
are you...?

Chelsea steps out of the bedroom, dressed only in one of
Logan's pajama tops, drying her hair with a towel.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

(stunned)

Oh, my God...not in front of the
kid.

LOGAN

Nothing happened in front of the
kid.

JENNIFER

Dad didn't hit her in the face,
Mom. It was some guy she was
trying to rob with a gun.

Barbara's eyes widen, horrified.

LOGAN

Now Barbara, I realize this all
sounds a bit melodramatic, but...

BARBARA

Congratulations. What a perfect
environment for my daughter to
grow up in.

LOGAN

She's our daughter. You always
seem to forget that.

BARBARA

Right now I'm trying very hard to
forget that, yes. C'mon, Jennifer,
let's get out of here.

Jennifer reaches up, gives Logan a big hug.

JENNIFER

Don't worry, Dad, I'll straighten
her out.

(whispers)

I still think she's guilty.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Barbara leaves with Jennifer. Logan shuts the door, looks back at Chelsea.

CHELSEA
I screwed things up for you,
didn't I? I'm always doing that.

LOGAN
Forget it.

CHELSEA
I can't seem to stop shaking here.
Do you have anything?

LOGAN
Look in the fridge. I'll try
Kelly.

Chelsea moves into the kitchen. Logan digs Kelly's number out of his phone book, dials, hears her RECORDED VOICE.

KELLY'S VOICE
Hi, this is Laura Kelly. I'm
not able to come to the phone
right now...

LOGAN
(mimicking)
...but if you'll leave your name
and number...
(hangs up)

OMIT SC. 65

EXT. LOGAN'S BUILDING - NIGHT

66

Some time has passed. The rain has let up a little. The street in front of Logan's building is now deserted.

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

67

Chelsea sits on the sofa next to Logan, still dressed in his pajama top. She looks drained, exhausted, as she sips her white wine.

LOGAN
Feeling better?

CHELSEA
A few glasses of this and you
don't care if the police are
after you or not.
(smiles)
You know, for a man who sends
people to jail, you're a pretty
nice guy.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

I try to be, from time to time.

CHELSEA

A personal question?

LOGAN

Why not?

CHELSEA

What do you think of me?

LOGAN

I think you're...interesting.

CHELSEA

A carefully chosen word.

LOGAN

Carefully chosen words are the tools of my profession.

CHELSEA

And the other night, when I kissed you. What did you think about that?

LOGAN

I thought maybe you were trying to manipulate your lawyer. I...

(nice smile)

...sensed a potential conflict of interest.

CHELSEA

But you liked it.

LOGAN

Do you always cross-examine people?

CHELSEA

Only when they're not honest about what they really feel.

(leans in closer)

Forget you're a lawyer for a moment. I came here because I trust you...

Chelsea radiates her sad, hypnotic smile. Their mouths are only inches apart.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

...and because...I'm so alone...

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

She kisses him deeply. This time, Logan doesn't try to stop her.

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

68

It is dawn. Camera PANS the silent room where Logan and Chelsea lie in a rumpled bed asleep, draped across each other.

Suddenly -- BOOM! The door to the apartment flies open. FOUR UNIFORMED COPS rush into the bedroom with their weapons drawn. Chelsea screams, waking up, as Logan bolts upright in bed.

LOGAN

What the hell...!!

The Cops surround the bed, knocking over a lamp and table. Their guns are aimed directly at Chelsea and Logan.

FIRST COP

You have the right to remain silent.
You have the right...

LOGAN

I know my rights! Now what...?

SECOND COP

Freeze! Don't move again!

LOGAN

I'm not moving! I'm an Assistant
D.A. for Chrissake! What the
hell..

SECOND COP

Shut up!

FIRST COP

(addressing Chelsea)
Chelsea Deardon - you are under
arrest for the murder of Victor
Taft.

Logan looks over at her in total disbelief.

CHELSEA

No! It's not true!

The Cops start to handcuff Logan and Chelsea, who struggles to keep herself covered with the sheet.

FIRST COP

Anything you say may be held
against you. You have the right
to an attorney...

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

SECOND COP
Looks like she's already had her
attorney...

LOGAN
(being handcuffed,
at Second Cop)
Hey, you? Fuck you.

INT. JAIL - DAY

69

Logan and Freeman move quickly down a row of cells in the basement of a police station. Freeman hands Logan a fresh shirt and jacket she's brought him.

FREEMAN
It doesn't look good. She's being
held without bond. The police
report says her prints were on the
weapon, and there were two witnesses
who saw her run out of the apartment.

They move quickly past other cells to a door at the end of the room.

FREEMAN (CONT'D)
Brace yourself...

Freeman opens the door to find at least a dozen REPORTERS taking pictures and shouting questions at Logan.

FREEMAN (CONT'D)
Watch it! Coming through here...

EXT. POLICE STATION STEPS - DAY

A70

Logan and Freeman exit the station, still followed by the Reporters, and now faced by an additional mob outside. They fight their way down the steps.

REPORTER #1
Is it true you were found in bed
with the suspect?

REPORTER #2
They're calling you "The Darling
D.A." What do you think of the
name?

REPORTER #3
Our clairvoyant at World People says
Chelsea Deardon is carrying your
child, Logan. Can we...

CONTINUED:

. CONTINUED:

REPORTER #4

The police report said you were both naked. Do you usually examine suspects this way?

Logan grabs Reporter #4 by the lapels, starts to take a swing as Cavanaugh suddenly intervenes, pushing him back, spinning the Reporter around "accidentally" tripping him.

CAVANAUGH

(to Reporter #4)

When you spread crap in New York City, pal, you're supposed to pick it up.

(at Logan)

Follow me, I got a cab waiting...

Logan and Freeman fight their way through the throng toward the taxi, with Cavanaugh running interference. He opens the cab door for Logan.

LOGAN

Thanks, Cavanaugh...

CAVANAUGH

Calling it quits?

LOGAN

Just warming up...

Cavanaugh grins as Logan slams his door shut. The cab squeals away from the curb.

INT. BOWER'S OFFICE - DAY

70

Bower's face is beet red as he faces Logan across his desk, which is covered with newspapers featuring stories about Logan and Chelsea. He waves The Times in Logan's face.

BOWER

One year! I had one more year, dammit? And now whadya think they're gonna remember - the 67,000 convictions I got? Not on your sweet, sexually active ass, they're not. They're gonna remember one horny bastard who made my office the laughing stock of the city! Goddammit, Logan, when this office services this community, we do it with our pants on!

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
(equally steamed)
Who sent the cops to my place?
Who knew Chelsea was there?

BOWER
An anonymous caller.

LOGAN
Most anonymous calls go right in
the waste basket.

BOWER
Most anonymous calls don't involve
an assistant district attorney!

LOGAN
Somebody set me up. Who was it?

BOWER
Nobody in this office, I damn well
know that!

(pacing)
Look, this is an extraordinary
breach of ethics. I've got no
alternative but to suspend you
for ninety days, pending an in-
vestigation.

LOGAN
Suspend me? What the hell kind
of...Hey, when I really need
your help and support you run
away with your tail in the
air!

Bower's eyes bulge, apoplectic. Trembling, he tries to speak
slowly and clearly.

BOWER
You're right. You're absolutely
right. I'm not going to suspend
you. You're...

LOGAN
Stop! I won't accept that.

BOWER
You're fired!!

LOGAN
You can't fire me...

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

BOWER
You're fired!!!

LOGAN
I quit!

Logan storms out, slamming the door.

INT. LOBBY AREA

71

Logan emerges from Bower's office steaming, bumps into a man named SANDERS.

SANDERS
You're Logan. Saw your picture
in the paper.

LOGAN
What about it?

SANDERS
Nothing. I just think you got a
raw deal from the press

LOGAN
(cooling down)
Thanks...

Logan starts to move as Sanders jams a paper into his hands.

SANDERS
This is a subpoena for you to
appear in court to give cause why
you are inhibiting the proper
education of your daughter.
Your former wife has brought
charges before Judge Lloyd
Solomon in District Court. You
may bring legal counsel for this
hearing if you desire.

Sanders nods pleasantly, walks away. Logan is crazed. He
grabs the telephone on a receptionist's desk and dials.

LOGAN
(into phone)
You want to play rough? You want
to find out how good a Goddamn
lawyer I am? Well you got it,
sweetheart. I'm going to cut you
up into so many legal pieces
they're going to have to take you
home in a paper bag!

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Logan suddenly winces, blushing visibly.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Jennifer? Oh, God...hello, darling,
could you please put mom on? No,
no...everything's fine...really...
I'm just very angry...
(forces a laugh)
Well, when she gets out of the
tub, would you tell her I called?
Okay, honey? I love you, too.
'Bye.

Logan hangs up, exhausted, heads for his office.

INT. LOGAN'S OFFICE

72

Logan enters his office, finds Blanchard clearing off his desk. Blanchard smirks thinly, victorious.

LOGAN
Just what the hell do you think
you're doing in here?

BLANCHARD
You're out, Logan. You're history.
This is my office now.

LOGAN
This is my damn office until I
clean out my own damn desk!

BLANCHARD
(exiting spitefully)
You wouldn't listen, would you?
Everything had to be done your way...

Kelly enters as Logan grabs one of his desk drawers, yanks it out - but too far. The entire contents crash to the floor. Logan looks at Kelly as if to say: "Oh, yeah? I meant to do that!" To confirm it, he furiously starts dumping other drawers into a pile in the middle of the room.

KELLY
(carefully)
I heard you got...fired.

LOGAN
(fighting a drawer)
Actually - I quit.

KELLY
Didn't Bower like the way you
were interrogating the suspect?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Logan heaves on the drawer, lets it drop, glares at Kelly.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Not that you did anything wrong,
really. I read the newspapers.
You're both consenting adults. You
had a perfect right to do whatever
you wanted to.

LOGAN

I called you last night.

KELLY

I...didn't get the message until
this morning.

LOGAN

I see. So you were out being a
consenting adult yourself.

Logan takes several photos off the wall, tosses them into the
pile. Kelly watches sympathetically, feeling at least partially
responsible for his predicament.

Kelly decides to take out a drawer herself, and dumps the
contents into the main pile. Logan looks at her incredulously.

LOGAN

What was that?

KELLY

What was what?

LOGAN

What you just did there.

KELLY

I was helping you.

LOGAN

Well, don't - okay? Don't ever
help me with anything ever again.

Logan continues his dumping. Kelly clears her throat, nervous.

KELLY

Logan? I've...sort of got this
idea.

LOGAN

That's another category. Ideas.
Don't ever give me another idea
again.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

I thought - now hear me out before you make a decision - I thought I could use a co-counsel on the Deardon case. Sort of a...partner?

LOGAN

I'd be flat on my back in Bellvue within two days.

KELLY

Is that a "yes" or a "no?"

LOGAN

That's a no. That's the biggest no in the entire history of noes!

KELLY

(swallowing)

Remembering that hate is very close to love, Logan, and taking into account that we've had, up to now, an extremely positive and exciting legal relationship - in all fairness, I have to ask you again. Will you be my partner?

LOGAN

NO!!!!!!

EXT. KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

A73

It is a small store front office in the East Village.

LOGAN'S VOICE

No.

INT. KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

73

The office is about the size of three telephone booths, with most of the space taken up by a desk. The rest of the room belongs to a filing cabinet, two chairs and an answering machine. BIZARRE PIECES OF OUTLANDISH ART (payments in lieu of Kelly's legal work) also abound. Logan stands by the desk, dismayed. Kelly, on the other hand, is full of enthusiasm.

LOGAN

No...this won't work.

KELLY

It will. We'll make it work.

She stretches a long strip of masking tape down the center of the desk, then jams the two chairs together behind it.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY (CONT'D)

You get one side, I get the other.
You have three drawers on your
side, I have three drawers on my
side. We'll share the center
drawer. The phone goes right in
the middle. Is this perfect?
We'll be a great team.

Logan is still hesitant, but her enthusiasm is starting to win him over. He sits down in the chair on the right side. Kelly sits down in the chair on the left side. Logan picks up a bizarre-looking piece of art, examines it, then transfers it to Kelly's side of the desk.

LOGAN

I'm messy.

KELLY

I'm not.

LOGAN

(decisive)

My side of the desk will tend to
be very, very messy. I like it
that way. Don't ever straighten
up anything for me.

KELLY

Promise.

Both of them are physically uncomfortable, each with one leg under the desk and one leg out.

LOGAN

Let's talk about Chelsea's defense.

Logan and Kelly's legs keep brushing together beneath the desk. They're both aware of it and try to avoid it.

KELLY

In my opinion, we have to cloud
the issues in this trial. Get
the focus off Chelsea.

Logan watches, listens in silence.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Double-check that warrant. Make
sure the police had proper cause
to enter the apartment - see if we
can get them on a rights violation
and get a mistrial.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Logan still observes. Kelly is just warming up.

KELLY (CONT'D)

The two witnesses...can we discredit them? Do they have criminal records? Do they pay their bills? What do their neighbors think of them? Parking tickets, bounced checks...?

LOGAN

Any trick in the book - anything to get the client off.

KELLY

Logan, you're a defense attorney now. You're supposed to get the client off.

LOGAN

(changing subject)

We need more room. I can't pace in here...

Logan rises from the desk, opens the door, begins to pace in the hallway. Kelly watches him appear and disappear in the doorway.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Let's start with basics. Is she guilty? Do you think she killed Taft?

KELLY

I think she's capable of killing someone.

LOGAN

Well, I don't think she killed Taft. The whole case is based on circumstantial evidence. That means we don't have to disprove anything - we just have to cast doubt on it.

Kelly seems lost in thought as Logan paces. Her voice is quiet - the moment is difficult for her.

KELLY

There's one more important issue involved...are you...going to sleep with our client again?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

(stops pacing)

What does that have to do with
this trial?

KELLY

It has everything to do with this
partnership.

(probing delicately)

I mean, after all, she's an
attractive young girl...

LOGAN

Extremely.

KELLY

I didn't say extremely attractive
I just said attractive.

LOGAN

Extremely.

KELLY

She's...got a nice body...

LOGAN

A sensational body.

KELLY

Will you let me pick the adjectives?
A...nice body. Big eyes...

LOGAN

Hypnotic eyes. Unforgettable eyes.

KELLY

(rising)

Dammit, are you going to sleep with
her again or not!

LOGAN

(pause, soft smile)

No.

KELLY

(collecting herself)

Well - good. That's all I wanted
to know.

(sits primly)

Now can we get to work on some-
thing important?

Kelly looks satisfied. In fact, she looks pleased.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A packed courtroom. Logan and Kelly are at the defense table, arguing quietly about procedure. Blanchard and TWO ASSISTANTS prepare their case at the prosecution table.

A WOMAN POLICE OFFICER leads Chelsea into the courtroom. All eyes turn toward her, including Logan's. As Chelsea approaches the defense table, her eyes meet his with both fear and relief.

Kelly notices as Chelsea reaches for Logan's hand - not to shake it, but to grasp it for affection and strength. Instead, Logan shakes her hand firmly then speaks with quiet control.

LOGAN

We've talked about this. There's a jury over there, there's a judge - there's a team of prosecutors. They will all be watching every move you make. You must control your emotions, understand?

Chelsea withdraws her hand from Logan's obediently. She nods, then sits at the defense table.

CLERK

All rise.

(as they do)

District Court for the County and State of New York is now in session. Draw near and ye shall be heard. Honorable Judge John Dawkins presiding.

JUDGE DAWKINS enters, takes his place at the bench.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Please be seated.

DAWKINS

Assignment in the case of the People versus Deardon. You may proceed.

BLANCHARD

(rising)

Your Honor, I move the case for the People of the State of New York versus Chelsea Elizabeth Deardon to trial.

DAWKINS

Is the defense ready?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

(rising)
Defense is ready, Your Honor.
We move that all charges against
Chelsea Deardon be dismissed.

DAWKINS

On what grounds?

KELLY

Lack of clear and sufficient
evidence.

BLANCHARD

Your Honor, the grand jury found
clear and sufficient evidence
to indict Chelsea Deardon.

DAWKINS

Motion for dismissal is refused.

Judge Dawkins now picks up a piece of paper and studies it for
a moment.

DAWKINS (CONT'D)

With respect to this matter of
change of venue, does the defense
wish to engage in oral argument?

LOGAN

(rising)
No, Your Honor.

KELLY

Yes.

LOGAN

We don't, Your Honor.

KELLY

Of course we do.

DAWKINS

Which is it?

KELLY

We move for a change of venue,
due to unreasonable and misleading
exposure in the press.

LOGAN

I object.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

DAWKINS

You object to your own co-counsel's motion?

LOGAN

I do.

DAWKINS

Would defense counsels please approach the bench for a moment?

Logan and Kelly move to the bench. The courtroom buzzes. Among the spectators we see Cavanaugh near the back of the room. District Attorney Bower has slipped in for a look. Logan and Kelly reach the bench as Dawkins covers his microphone, leans forward with a quiet sigh.

DAWKINS (CONT'D)

Boys and girls...Is this the way things are going to go?

KELLY

Your Honor, everybody in New York has read about this case.

LOGAN

So you want to move the trial to a place where people's moral judgments are more severe than those of New Yorkers?

KELLY

I happen to be talking to His Honor, Mr. Logan...

BLANCHARD

(from table)

Would Defense Counsel make up their minds as to who is going to be the spokesperson. Otherwise, this could be the longest arraignment in the history of jurisprudence.

Logan and Kelly return to their table, still arguing quietly.

DAWKINS

Motion denied. Does defense wish to enter a plea.

KELLY

We do. Chelsea Elizabeth Deardon pleads - not guilty.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

DAWKINS

Enter a plea of not guilty.
Trial is set for Monday morning,
November fifteenth, in this court-
room.

KELLY

Defense would like to make a
motion on bail, Your Honor.

DAWKINS

Any objections, Mr. Blanchard?

BLANCHARD

Your Honor, had the defendant not
been apprehended on the morning
after the murder, she would still
be a fugitive and at large. The
defendant has a previous record in
this judicial district, and we
believe her to be a menace to
society. We ask that no bail be
set.

LOGAN

Your Honor, the defendant does not
have a previous record in this
judicial district. The earlier
charges brought against her were
dropped by the plaintiff and by
the District Attorney's office.

BLANCHARD

I only meant to point out that the
defendant recently had other
charges brought against her.

LOGAN

Then next time, say that. Also,
Your Honor, under New York state law,
a fugitive from justice can be
detained by any official of the
judiciary system.

BLANCHARD

The fugitive laws don't pertain
here! The defendant was arrested
by the police!

LOGAN

Wrong! Willingly, and by her own
initiative, Chelsea Deardon turned
herself into my custody hours before
the police arrived. Why else would
(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOGAN (CONT'D)

she go immediately from the scene
of the crime to the apartment of
an assistant district attorney?

BLANCHARD

And immediately into your bed...

Logan's eyes flash with anger at Blanchard as the courtroom
explodes with varying reactions and the Judge pounds his gavel.

DAWKINS

Order! Bail is set for fifty
thousand dollars! This court
is adjourned!

INT. MANHATTAN JAIL EXIT - DAY

A75

Two JAIL MATRONS lead Chelsea out through a double set of
steel-barred doors. Drawn and pale, Chelsea closes her eyes,
hearing the last cell door clang shut behind her, trying
desperately to erase the memories of what she experienced
inside.

EXT. JAIL STEPS - DAY

B75

Chelsea emerges into the sunlight, looks up, momentarily
blinded, bathing in the warmth of the sun. She focusses
again, finds Logan and Kelly who stand waiting for her.

Eyes instantly filling with tears, Chelsea runs to Logan,
embracing him tightly, holding on for protection, seeming as
if she'll never let go.

Logan reacts uncomfortably, staring past Chelsea's head at
an even more uncomfortable Kelly.

Kelly looks away, distractedly catching sight of a street
hot dog vendor. She looks back. Logan and Chelsea now
stare into each other's eyes.

KELLY

(suddenly)

What do you want on your hot dog,
Logan?

LOGAN

(turns, confused)

What?

KELLY

I'm getting hot dogs. What do you
want on yours?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
Mustard and relish...

CHELSEA
(without being asked)
No, thank you...

Kelly walks off. Chelsea's tearful eyes have never left Logan.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
It was...so horrible...

LOGAN
We got you out as quickly as we
could. There's a...
(gestures)
...cab waiting to take you home.

CHELSEA
You'll always be there, won't you?

LOGAN
(carefully)
As...your attorney. As your friend.
I'll be there.

Chelsea stares, understanding the limits he's put on their relationship. She nods imperceptibly, heads down the steps for the cab.

Logan watches Chelsea's cab pull away as Kelly returns, empty-handed.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Where's my hot dog?

KELLY
At a buck and a quarter apiece?
Daylight robbery.

LOGAN
Kelly?
(nice smile)
Thanks.

Kelly shrugs with an understanding look as they head down the steps for Logan's car.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

75

A series of high energy scenes showing Logan and Kelly preparing for trial: questioning WITNESSES at the apartment house, taking depositions, grilling Chelsea in simulated courtroom situations, researching in the library and the Hall of Records, eating hot dogs on the run, conferring with Cavanaugh, arguing with each other and even laughing together as their relationship warms up.

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

76

The sequence ends in Logan's apartment at night. It is late. Logan and Kelly have been working for hours. There are coffee cups and a half-eaten pizza on the table. Logan stands by the window, deep in thought.

He looks over at the couch. Kelly has fallen asleep with her head buried in a cushion. She looks very vulnerable and peaceful. Logan seems affected by the sight.

Kelly's eyes suddenly flutter open. She looks up at Logan, smiles.

LOGAN

Okay, sleepy, let's go over it again.

KELLY

(groaning)

No wonder you kept beating me in court. You're relentless. What are you worried about? We've got one hell of a defense here.

LOGAN

Let's go over it once more.

KELLY

(weary)

All right. You be Blanchard - I'll be us.

LOGAN

Opportunity. Chelsea was at the scene of the crime.

Kelly snaps to attention, rising to the challenge.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

There are two hundred residents in that apartment building. Add twenty in staff, throw in thirty visitors or so, and you have two hundred and fifty people who were in the general vicinity of the crime. All of them had opportunity.

LOGAN

But - of those two hundred and fifty people, four of them saw Chelsea holding the gun that killed Victor Taft.

KELLY

(more competitive)

Right, but they didn't see Chelsea actually shoot the gun.

LOGAN

Immaterial. Juries tend to be influenced when the defendant is seen running from the scene of the crime, and the victim is dead on the floor. Plus, that gun was registered to Chelsea, had her prints on it and she carried it into the building for the express purpose of using it to kill Victor Taft.

KELLY

Chelsea carried the gun for protection because a man had recently been following her. She reported that fact to the police the day before the murder.

LOGAN

A convenient cover story. No one can verify that a man was following her.

KELLY

Tom Logan can. He saw the man.

LOGAN

Tom Logan is her defense attorney. He's not a credible witness.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

(pause, smile)

All right, Mr. Prosecutor, you've won all the points - but here's where I win the match. There's no motive. You can present no motive why Chelsea Deardon would kill Victor Taft.

Logan is thoughtful. Kelly looks confident.

LOGAN

She believed her father's paintings still existed. She thought Taft had them and she wanted them back.

KELLY

So she killed him. Brilliant. Now she'll never get them back.

Logan thinks about it another moment.

LOGAN

It still gets down to that, doesn't it...that's the trial right there - we're gonna beat them on motive.

KELLY

(triumphant)

We're gonna win!

Logan breaks out in a big smile. Kelly is elated. Their eyes meet with fascination and warmth.

LOGAN

You really are good. When did you get so good?

KELLY

When I took on my new partner.

They have never really looked at each other like this before. They are completely entranced, standing inches apart now. Logan looks down at her softly, his eyes questioning.

KELLY (CONT'D)

(in response to
his look)

What?

Slowly, mutually, they kiss - warmly, deeply, relieving all the pent-up frustration they didn't even realize they had for each other. They break, now somewhat embarrassed, having started something they're both tentative about finishing.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Well...

LOGAN

How about that.

KELLY

I...guess...I better hit the road...

LOGAN

Big day tomorrow...

KELLY

Right...

Kelly moves to the door, stops, looks softly at him.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Logan? That was nice.

LOGAN

Yes, it was.

Kelly starts to open the door, wanting to stay. Logan would like to stop her from leaving as she turns.

KELLY

Well...night...

LOGAN

(pause)

See you in the morning.

Kelly leaves. Logan stares at the door, his mouth starting to form an involuntary smile. He turns, heads off for the bedroom, absent-mindedly humming "Singin' in the Rain."

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

77

A packed courtroom. Blanchard paces in front of the jury. At the defense table, Logan and Kelly seem alert and confident.

BLANCHARD

Ladies and gentlemen, we, the People, are prepared to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that on the night of April 16th, Chelsea Elizabeth Deardon did wilfully and in cold blood, commit the crime of murder against the person of one Victor Taft.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Logan glances around the courtroom, sees Bower near the back. In another part of the courtroom, he spots Robert Forrester.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)

We will furnish witnesses who will swear under oath that they saw Chelsea Deardon in the room with the victim, holding a gun which is registered in her name.

(pacing)

Ballistics will prove that the same gun was the weapon used to kill Victor Taft. These witnesses will further testify that they then saw Chelsea Deardon flee the scene of the crime.

Logan and Kelly are calm, prepared for all of this.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)

In other words, we will prove that Chelsea Deardon was at the scene of the crime, possessed the means to commit that crime and had every opportunity to do so.

(back to jury)

Opportunity and means. Crucial evidence, to be sure. But by themselves, not enough to establish guilt beyond a reasonable doubt in a murder case. No, ladies and gentlemen, we must also provide a compelling motive as well.

Logan and Kelly exchange a confident look. Chelsea, oddly enough, seems somewhat concerned.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)

This - was a crime of passion.

Logan and Kelly exchange a deeply curious look.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)

This was a crime committed by a woman who was secretly Victor Taft's lover for two years and, in fact, lived beneath his sole financial support in a Manhattan apartment.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
(stunned at Chelsea)
Is this true?

Chelsea stares ahead blankly, not reacting.

BLANCHARD
We will produce rent receipts to verify the existence of that apartment. Next-door neighbors will give first-hand testimony that the love affair between Chelsea Deardon and Victor Taft was volatile and even violent on occasion.

Logan and Kelly stare at Chelsea unbelievably.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)
We will contend that Victor Taft finally ended this stormy relationship, leaving Chelsea Deardon on her own, without support and seeking revenge. And finally, we will contend that, in her frustration and rage, she murdered Victor Taft in cold blood, without remorse. In response to such a brutal crime, the People have no alternative but to demand that you return the maximum sentence allowed in the State of New York - life imprisonment, with no possibility of parole. Thank you.

Logan and Kelly are crushed. Chelsea looks down at the table. Logan rises, trying to conceal his anger.

LOGAN
Your Honor, we request a brief recess before opening remarks.

DAWKINS
Granted.
(pounds gavel)
This court will be recessed for half an hour.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

78

Logan paces the room, livid, as Kelly watches Chelsea, who seems ready to fall to pieces.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

It's been one lie after another,
hasn't it? You haven't told the
truth since the day I met you!

CHELSEA

(in tears)

Please...please don't walk out on
me now...

KELLY

Give us one good reason not to.

CHELSEA

I didn't kill Victor Taft.

(at Kelly)

You've got to believe me, it's
the truth!

LOGAN

Why didn't you tell us about your
relationship? Did you really
think you could keep a lid on
that?

CHELSEA

I was hoping...I mean, it wasn't
common knowledge. Victor and I
never went out in public together.
I thought if you knew, it would
only make me look more guilty and
then you'd never take my case.

Chelsea buries her face in her hands. There is a knock on the
door. Freeman enters.

FREEMAN

Sorry. Interrupting?

LOGAN

Never. What's up?

FREEMAN

I just thought you might like to
know - they've inventoried the
Taft Gallery. Every painting.
There's not a single Deardon.

LOGAN

Not even the one we saw?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

FREEMAN

Nothing...

KELLY

Great...one more nail in the coffin. If Taft sold it to someone, we're back to square one.

LOGAN

(thinking)

He could have sold it...but probably not in this city, it's too hot. Which means he most likely would have shipped it somewhere...

Logan flicks a glance at Freeman, who completely understands his shorthand after all these years.

FREEMAN

I'm already on top of it, boss...

She starts to leave.

LOGAN

Freeman?

(she stops)

If Blanchard finds out you're helping us...

FREEMAN

(grins)

I understand there's this dynamite new law firm opening up. Maybe they'll find a place for me.

Logan grins back as Freeman leaves. He checks his watch, looks over at Chelsea.

LOGAN

We haven't got much time and I want straight answers. Why did Taft walk out on you?

CHELSEA

I ended it. The more time I spent with him...the closer we became... the more I became convinced he had something to do with my father's death.

KELLY

No good. We need hard evidence.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

CHELSEA

I...can't help you there. All I know is that finally, every time he touched me...my flesh started to crawl. And when I looked in his eyes...we both knew why.

LOGAN

(believing her)

If Taft did kill your father, he must have had all those paintings stashed somewhere.

KELLY

Maybe he never got more than one. Maybe, in the panic and confusion of the fire...

CHELSEA

Victor loved great art - more than people. He worshipped it. If he had time to save me from the fire that night, he had time to save those paintings first.

Logan looks at Kelly. They converse as if Chelsea isn't even in the room.

LOGAN

I believe her.

KELLY

Based on her track record so far?

LOGAN

Based on a hunch...instinct...

KELLY

I hope it's coming from above the waist...

Logan shoots a look: That's unfair. Kelly smiles apologetically, agreeing. She checks her watch.

KELLY (CONT'D)

(decides to go with Logan's instinct)

Okay, she's telling the truth. We're going to have to do a little tap dancing in there.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
Let's stick to the game plan.
If we panic now, we won't stand
a chance.

79

INT. COURTROOM

Logan paces the courtroom, giving his opening statement.

LOGAN
Ladies and gentlemen, we contend
that Chelsea Deardon had no motive
to kill Victor Taft. The defense
has presented a version of a
possible motive, but it's all
based on conjecture, hearsay and...

Logan's heart doesn't seem to be in it. Most of the jury isn't listening to what he's saying, but rather watching Chelsea, drawing conclusions about her character. Logan barely has their attention at all. He walks to the defense table, gives Kelly a look and turns back to the jury suddenly.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,
you're not buying any of this,
are you?

The jury sits up straight. He suddenly has their complete attention. Logan tosses his clipboard and notes aside with a clatter.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I didn't think so. Well, to tell
you the truth, after listening to
Mr. Blanchard lay out the
prosecution's evidence, even I'm
convinced my client murdered Victor
Taft.

The jury, Dawkins, Blanchard and even Kelly are absolutely stunned by this sudden change of pace.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
After all, if I had walked into that
room and found Victor Taft dead on
the floor and Chelsea Deardon's
fingerprints on the weapon that
killed him, his blood on her clothes -
there isn't a thing in the world that
could convince me she wasn't guilty.
I don't think a reasonable mind could
come to any other conclusion.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

A worried Blanchard whispers to one of his assistants.

BLANCHARD

What the hell is he up to...?

Even Kelly doesn't seem to have the slightest idea.

LOGAN

Let's save a little time here.
We've all got other things we'd
rather be doing. Now just be
honest. How many of you are
absolutely convinced that Chelsea
Deardon is guilty. Raise your
hands.

BLANCHARD

(leaping to his feet)
Your Honor, I protest this unhe:
of, outrageous conduct.

Dawkins is momentarily taken aback himself as Logan steamrolls
over Blanchard, raising his hand.

LOGAN

Come on - don't hold back! Look,
my hand is up! I'm convinced she
murdered Victor Taft in cold blood!
Doesn't anybody agree with me?

One-by-one the jurors all start to raise their hands. Dawkins
leans back heavily in his chair, his eyes closed.

BLANCHARD

(protesting)
Your Honor...

LOGAN

There you have it, Your Honor!
The prosecution thinks she's
guilty, I think she's guilty -
the jury thinks she's guilty.
Let's save the State of New York
a lot of time and money by moving
directly to sentencing.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

DAWKINS
(explodes, pounding
his gavel)
Enough! I've had enough of this
sideshow! Mr. Logan, you are
totally out of order and you know
it! This jury is disqualified.
Court will be recessed while I
consider citing defense counsel
for contempt.

LOGAN
Your Honor, with respect, this jury
has shown itself only to be pre-
judicial against my client. But I
state for the record that I believe
in this jury and I'm willing to
continue and accept their final
verdict.

Dawkins pauses, non-plussed. He looks to Kelly.

KELLY
I concur, Your Honor.

He looks over at Blanchard who smiles.

BLANCHARD
The prosecution has equal faith
in this jury, Your Honor.

DAWKINS
(heavy sigh, pounds
gavel)
Very well: Proceed, Mr. Logan.

LOGAN
Thank you, Your Honor.
(at jury)
So. We all think she's guilty.
We admit that.

A LITTLE OLD LADY on the jury suddenly speaks up.

LITTLE OLD LADY
But...surely she's entitled to
a fair trial.

LOGAN
Ah, so you want to give her a
fair trial before we convict
her. It's quite a dilemma, isn't
it?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Logan walks to the court blackboard, picks up the chalk, and writes three words: "PRESUMPTION OF INNOCENCE."

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Everybody know what that means?

Logan stares hard at the jury, taking command.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It means that whatever assumptions you might already have about this case, Chelsea Deardon must be seen in your eyes, believed in your minds, understood in your hearts - to be innocent. The law requires that of you..

Blanchard shakes his head in disgust, realizing he's been taken in.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

The burden of proof is totally on the prosecution, as Mr. Blanchard well knows. Chelsea Deardon isn't even required to defend herself.

Logan pauses to let that sink in for a moment. Among the interested spectators is Robert Forrester. He studies Logan carefully.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Chelsea Deardon sits before you today as a completely innocent woman. Burn that into your minds.

The jury's attention is now totally riverted on Logan.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You've heard Mr. Blanchard tell you what he thinks happened the night Victor Taft was murdered. But to understand what really happened we have to go back seventeen years to when Chelsea was eight years old. Her father, Sebastian Deardon, was a famous painter. Even then, his paintings were worth more than fifty thousand dollars apiece. Deardon was involved in a partnership with three other men. When their business dealings turned sour, the partnership needed cash -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOGAN (CONT'D)
immediately. Deardon's paintings were the only assets the partnership had available.

Logan glances over at the defense table. Kelly gives him a subtle "thumbs up" sign.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
But the paintings couldn't be liquidated quickly without depressing Deardon's value on the art market. So a plan was devised. On the night of Chelsea's eighth birthday, Sebastian Deardon was brutally murdered in his studio, and more than two dozen paintings apparently went up in flames. The insurance on those paintings, paid to the partnership, totalled two million, five hundred thousand dollars.

Forrester squirms in his chair.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Then, seventeen years later, one of the supposedly burned paintings surfaced. It was found by the defendant, Chelsea Deardon, in the house of one of the former partners. Were those paintings burned, or weren't they?

Logan turns toward the audience in Forrester's general direction.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I say they were removed before the studio was torched and that they exist today. Do you know how much they would be worth? More than twenty million dollars!

Logan quickly catches Forrester's eye, then turns back to the jury.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Victor Taft wasn't murdered out of passion by the defendant. Victor Taft was murdered to protect someone. Someone who, seventeen years ago, was a co-conspirator to arson, fraud and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOGAN (CONT'D)
murder. Taft was silenced, but those paintings still exist and we will prove that Chelsea Dear-don went to confront Victor Taft with what she knew to be the truth, and was subsequently framed to make it look like she had committed his murder.

(nice smile)
You've been patient with me, ladies and gentlemen, and I'm grateful. It's given me confidence that all of us, working together, will finally arrive at the truth.

Logan turns, returns to the defense table. Dawkins bangs his gavel.

DAWKINS
With no objections, court is adjourned until nine o'clock, Monday morning.

The courtroom suddenly explodes with loud chatter and conjecture. Kelly rises to greet Logan, brimming over with admiration.

KELLY
Wow, talk about tap dancing...

LOGAN
They're predisposed to believe our evidence, that's all. I'd feel a hell of a lot better if we had some.

They turn to walk up the aisle with Chelsea, are suddenly confronted by a hostile Robert Forrester.

FORRESTER
Congratulations, Counselor. If you meant to baffle them with bullshit, my hat's off to you.

LOGAN
(pause)
If you'll excuse us...

Forrester puts his hand on Logan's arm, stopping him. Chelsea stands opposite, her expression starting to change as she stares closely at Forrester.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

FORRESTER

(at Logan)

But if that was any indication
of where you're heading with
this case, I warn you - it will
become risky - even dangerous.

Forrester glances over at Chelsea who continues to stare back
at him, hard, CAMERA ZOOMING IN ON HER EYES as he starts to
speak.

OMIT SC. 80-81

QUICK CUT - FLASHBACK

A82

Seen through Chelsea's eyes: The burning studio where Sebastian
Deardon lies on the floor, Forrester standing over him, the
flames starting to lick up the walls around them.

FORRESTER'S VOICE

Your father was an alcoholic. He
passed out on the floor that night.
I tried to save him but the flames
were too intense.

BACK TO PRESENT

B82

Chelsea blinks, snapping to. She locks eyes with Forrester.

CHELSEA

You're a liar.

Forrester pauses nervously, then suddenly looks away. Chelsea
has stared him down.

FORRESTER

(at Logan)

I won't stand by and be made a
scapegoat for the desperate act
of an emotionally disturbed young
woman, is that clear?

Forrester leaves quickly, threading his way through the crowd,
passing Freeman as he exits the courtroom.

Freeman spots Logan, crosses to him, hands him a slip of paper
with a smile.

FREEMAN

Trans-Continental Express.

EXT. TRANS-CONTINENTAL EXPRESS COMPANY - DAY

82

A taxi pulls up to an office building. Logan and Kelly get
out, check the address.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Judge Waterman might give us a subpoena.

LOGAN

Blanchard would hear about it.
If we're wrong, we'll have blown our own case.

(at Kelly)

Besides, it's four o'clock. All they want to do is get home for the weekend.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

83

Logan approaches a RECEPTIONIST, flashes a friendly smile.

LOGAN

Hi. Tom Logan, attorney. I talked to someone about gaining access to some shipping records. Mr. Something...in...what was it...?

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Crane in Records?

LOGAN

That's it. Where do I find him?

RECEPTIONIST

Fourteenth floor, but...

KELLY

(at Logan)

Isn't that a lovely blouse she's wearing?

(at Receptionist)

That's a very lovely blouse you're wearing.

The Receptionist smiles, flattered. Logan breezes past her to the elevator, Kelly hot on his heels.

LOGAN

Nice move. I'll bet you're a good dancer.

KELLY

Depends on who's leading.

The elevator doors open. They enter.

INT. FOURTEENTH FLOOR

Logan and Kelly pass several busy offices, then find one that's empty. They enter. Kelly picks up the phone as Logan rummages through a desk drawer until he finds a pad of inter-office memos.

KELLY
(into phone)
Connect me with Crane in Records.

Logan rolls a company memo into a typewriter, knocks out a few quick lines. Crane's secretary has answered.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Mr. Crane? Mr. Morrison from
Claims is calling. One moment,
please.

She puts him on hold.

LOGAN
(picking up)
Crane? How many memos do I have to
send you people before I get a
reply?

Kelly folds her arms and observes, impressed.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
You know what I mean. For three
weeks I've been requesting the
Taft Gallery warehouse shipping
file. Customer claims his order
never arrived, and my ass is on
the line. I need it immediately,
now, not tomorrow! That's right,
Taft. Do I have to spell it for
you? Get a copy of the damn
thing up to Morrison in claims
pronto, or you can face the con-
sequences with Legal Department!

Logan slams the phone down, types a few more words, then pulls the memo out as a SECRETARY returns from her break.

SECRETARY
Yes? Can I help you?

KELLY
Is this the Claims Department?

SECRETARY
No, Claims is on the twenty-sixth
floor...

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY
(playing dumb)
I couldn't find water if I fell
out of a boat...

LOGAN
C'mon, Mildred. Mr. Morrison's
waiting.

Logan exits quickly with Kelly. He folds the memo, passes it
to her as they head for the elevator.

INT. CLAIMS DEPARTMENT

85

Logan and Kelly enter the Claims Department, find many small
offices with PEOPLE busily working. He approaches another
SECRETARY with a proud, beaming look.

LOGAN
Well, how do I look?

The Secretary looks up, puzzled.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Joe Morrison. First day on the
job. I want to make a good first
impression. Which office is mine?

SECRETARY
Morrison? Nobody told me...are
you sure?

Logan fishes for something in his pocket, irritated, turns to
Kelly.

LOGAN
Mildred, have you got that memo?

KELLY
Yes, Mr. Morrison, I've got it
right here.

She takes the memo out of her purse, hands it to him.

LOGAN
(reading)
"Effective immediately...Joseph
J. Morrison...position of claims
adjuster...blah,blah, blah." It's
all right here. This is the Claims
Department, isn't it?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

SECRETARY

Yes, but...was somebody let go?

KELLY

What a jungle. They fire a guy and don't even tell him. Welcome to corporate America.

SECRETARY #2

(examining memo)

This memo isn't signed. We need something more than this.

A MESSENGER enters the office with a thick file folder.

MESSENGER

To Mr. Morrison from Records.

LOGAN

(taking file)

That's me, son...

(to Secretary #2)

You know, I do work so much better sitting down, so if you could just find my office for me...

SECRETARY #2

I'll have to see Mr. Phillips about this. Wait here, please.

Secretary #2 disappears into one of the cubicles to discuss the situation with Mr. Phillips.

LOGAN

(to Kelly)

Mildred...

KELLY

Let's get the hell out of here.

They both take off at a dead run, disappear through the door to the stairwell.

INT. KELLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

86

Early evening. Dozens of shipping forms clutter Kelly's desk in sloppy but organized piles. Logan pulls more forms out of the thick Taft Gallery file.

LOGAN

Madrid - thirty-eight pounds.
Vienna - nineteen.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Three shipments to London, all under ten pounds.

LOGAN

Hong Kong - forty-two pounds.
Mexico City - eighteen...hey, wait.
You tossed the London forms onto the Asian pile.

KELLY

That isn't the Asian pile - that's the "under fifteen pounds" pile.

LOGAN

No, no...we're doing this geographic-ally. We're looking for patterns, then for something that radically breaks the pattern.

KELLY

I know that; Logan, but I'm doing it by weight.

Kelly keeps sorting. Logan grabs more forms. Suddenly - it's there. Logan simply stares at it for a moment.

LOGAN

Hello...look at this.

KELLY

(reading it)
From the Taft Gallery to...Victor Taft?

LOGAN

At a Sutton Place address. But Taft lived on the upper west side...

KELLY

And look at the weight of the shipment. Seventy-two pounds.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - SAME TIME

87

In a room nearby, the man with the cruel face (CLARK) listens to Logan and Kelly as their VOICES feed into a tape recorder.

LOGAN'S VOICE

So Taft sent himself a large shipment at a strange address on the same day we saw that Deardon painting in his gallery.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY'S VOICE
The rest of the Deardons?

LOGAN'S VOICE
Why not...?

Clark hears them hurriedly leave the office. He reaches for the phone, dials a number.

CLARK
(into phone)
They're on to something, maybe
the paintings...heading for Sutton
place.

Cradling the phone, Clark straps on a shoulder holster, checks his gun.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Don't worry...you'll get there
first - I promise you.

EXT. TAFT GALLERY - NIGHT

88

Limousines line the curb outside Taft Gallery. Through the large windows we see a crowd of GUESTS inside, wearing formal dress.

INT. TAFT GALLERY

89

The core group of Manhattan's art crowd is gathered. A memorial celebration is in session. Elegant BACH CHAMBER MUSIC plays as the attention of different clusters of GUESTS is directed at a BEARDED SPEAKER behind a lectern.

BEARDED SPEAKER
...he was a vital man. A leader,
benefactor and most importantly,
my friend. Victor Taft championed
my work when everyone else was
writing me off...

A WAITER with a tray approaches Robert Forrester, who stands listening with a group of people.

WAITER
Phone call in the office, Mr.
Forrester.

Forrester nods, crosses the room. The Bearded Speaker continues.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

BEARDED SPEAKER
... and no celebration of his
memory would be complete without...

INT. TAFT'S OFFICE

90

The office looks exactly as it was before Taft died.
Forrester enters, picks up the phone. He looks guarded as
he hears the VOICE on the other end of the line.

FORRESTER
Hello? Yes...I figured you'd be
calling me sooner or later...
look, as far as I'm concerned,
we have nothing to talk about...
(sudden frown)
What about the paintings? Wait,
don't hang up. Where? Yes, I
can meet you. I'll be there...

Forrester hangs up. He thinks carefully for a moment, then
abruptly leaves the gallery.

EXT. KELLY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

91

Logan and Kelly emerge from the building, move up the street
toward his car. Suddenly, a plate glass window behind them
SHATTERS, spraying glass all over them.

It takes Logan a moment to comprehend what's happening. A
second GUNSHOT rips through the metal top of his car.
PEDESTRIANS begin to panic at the gunfire. Logan suddenly
sees Clark across the street, holding the gun.

Clark dashes down the sidewalk through a maze of frightened,
confused people. Logan bolts after him, dodging traffic to
cross the street, barely avoiding a collision with a taxi.

Logan sprints along the sidewalk. Faces blur past him. He
moves with the agility of a halfback, sidestepping, dodging,
sprinting into the open, gaining ground on Clark with every
step.

Clark darts into an alley, knocking down garbage cans behind
him, slowing Logan up. Clark then exits the alley, smashing
into a SIDEWALK VENDOR, knocking over his stand.

Logan emerges from the alley. Clark is gone. He looks in
all directions, finally spots him a block away on the other
side of the street. Logan dashes into traffic, sprints
across the street, then runs along the gutter area between
the heavy traffic and the thick mass of pedestrians.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

He is gaining on Clark, closing the gap dramatically as the blocks zip past. Clark seems winded, gasping for air, his lungs bursting as he runs from the relentless Logan. Twenty yards separate them, then fifteen - then only ten. Every step for Clark has become tortuous. Logan almost has him.

Suddenly Clark dashes across the street again. He stumbles as a car hits its brakes - a deadly THUD. Clark is thrown into the air and lands on the pavement, his neck twisted and broken. The scene seems to freeze in shock - no one moves. Then, the DRIVER gets out of his car.

DRIVER

He ran right in front of me!
Did you see it? What the hell
could I do?

Logan moves to the 'ody. The crowd closes in behind as he feels for a pulse, finds none, then quickly lifts Clark's wallet. A SHORT LADY watches Logan suspiciously. There is massive confusion as others bend down to examine Clark. SIRENS shriek offstage. Logan melts back into the crowd, starts to move off.

SHORT LADY

Hey, he took his wallet...
(points)
Stop that guy! He stole his
wallet!

Somebody grabs at Logan as a car suddenly blocks his path. It's Kelly in Logan's car. Logan jumps in as they speed off.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - NIGHT - MOVING SHOT

92

Winded and tired, Logan opens Clark's wallet. He finds a driver's license and several credit cards.

KELLY

John Doe?

LOGAN

Clark. Gary Clark. Hillsdale,
New Jersey.

Logan continues to search, finds a piece of paper.

LOGAN

And look at this - Robert
Forrester's phone number.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

The next time he sits down in that courtroom, let's make sure it's on the witness stand.

93

EXT. SUTTON PLACE - NIGHT

The streets of the financial district are deserted at this hour. Logan's car pulls up in front of a turn-of-the-century building. Kelly and Logan get out.

94

INT. SUTTON PLACE VESTIBULE - NIGHT

Logan scans the names on the mailboxes.

LOGAN

V. R. Taft...3-C.

KELLY

Most people are lucky to find one apartment in Manhattan. This guy has them all over town.

95

INT. THIRD FLOOR

Logan and Kelly approach apartment 3-C. To their surprise, the door is a few inches open.

96

INT. TAFT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Logan leads the way, moving into the dark apartment. He tries the light switch but the power is off. Shafts of moonlight and streetlight create an effect of danger as they cautiously move forward.

There are Oriental touches around, tasteful furnishings, more comfortable than ornate. The apartment has the appearance of a three-room lover's hideaway rather than a permanent residence.

Logan finds a desk in the dim light, shuffles through a pile of bills, an appointment calendar and various correspondence.

Kelly peeks into the next room finding something.

KELLY

(whispers)

Logan. Take a look...

Logan looks into the bedroom, which has large windows with a street exposure. A huge, canopied bed dominates the room, covered by large, velvet-covered pillows. In one corner Kelly has found several crates with Continental Express labels.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Same shipping company.

They move quickly to the crates, find that they have already been opened. There are paintings inside each of them. Logan pulls one out, holds it up to the street light.

LOGAN

A Deardon?

KELLY

A minor Lichtenstein. Probably worth around a hundred thousand.

Kelly continues sorting through the paintings. Logan begins to look around the room, glancing into the bathroom, then tapping walls to search for hollow areas.

LOGAN

What kind of man leaves a hundred thousand dollar minor Lichtenstein just lying around?

KELLY

A very rich man. Or a confident one.

LOGAN

Or a very nervous man...

KELLY

(sorting through)

A Klee...a Max Ernst...there's enough to fill a small museum here...

Logan has spotted the enormous bed with the canopy. He tests it for springiness, then plops down on one side in the pile of velvet cushions. Kelly finishes inspecting the paintings.

KELLY (CONT'D)

...but no Deardons. There's at least two million dollars worth of paintings - but no Deardons.

(crossing to Logan)

Why...?

LOGAN

Try this. After we scare the hell out of Taft, he ships his most valuable paintings from the warehouse over here...so they won't get torched along with his business records.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY
Which still leaves us looking
for all those missing Deardons...
if they exist.

Kelly plops down into the pillows opposite him, a bit depressed,
thinking.

LOGAN
(looking over)
This bed is like a religious
experience, isn't it?

KELLY
(tests resilience)
Satin sheets under here, definitely.

LOGAN
Silk.

KELLY
Silk sheets? Much too undignified
for Victor Heart-throb; all that
unnecessary sliding around...

Kelly rolls over to pull back the bedspread, depressing some
pillows, dislodging them as

A BLOODY HAND pops up in front of her face!!

Kelly SCREAMS, rolling backward as Logan instinctively jerks the
hand away, then parts the pillows, revealing the DEAD BODY of
Robert Forrester.

LOGAN
Jesus Christ...

KELLY
(staring)
And then there were none.

Logan examines his hand, which is stained with Forrester's blood.
He gets off the bed, heads quickly for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

A97

Logan runs water in the sink, rubbing his hands with a bar of
soap. He looks up into the medicine chest mirror, freezes.

Reflected in the mirror is the bathroom shower curtain. Behind
the curtain a DARK SHADOW is clearly visible.

Logan quickly resumes washing, yells out at Kelly.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
On second thought, maybe we
shouldn't call the police.
(turns)
Maybe we should just...

Logan suddenly wheels, launches himself against the shower curtain shadow in a flying tackle. The two bodies crash to the shower floor as Logan rips away the curtain revealing -
CHELSEA.

LOGAN
(struck dumb)
I don't fucking believe this...
Kelly!

Kelly runs in. Logan helps a dazed Chelsea to her feet.

KELLY
Oh, my God - not again!

CHELSEA
(clearing her head)
There was...a message on my answering machine. A man's voice said to meet you here.

LOGAN
How did you get in?

CHELSEA
I have a key. This is the place where Victor and I lived together. I...walked into the bedroom, heard sounds from the living room, then hid in there until I could be sure who it was. When I heard Kelly scream...I was frightened to death.

INT. LOVE NEST - NIGHT

B97

They walk back into the bedroom. Chelsea recoils at the sight of Forrester's body as Logan crosses to the window, stares out, thinking deeply.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
(at Forrester)
Oh, no...

KELLY
(joining Logan)
Okay, let's hear it. That famous Logan instinct.

LOGAN
You first.

CONTINUED:

KELLY

There's no way she could have
lifted a two hundred-pound man
onto that bed. She's innocent.

Logan spots something, suddenly seems to snap to.

LOGAN

What the hell is that? Where have
I seen that before?

Through the window, in the center of plaza across the street,
is the huge BERTOLINI SCULPTURE which rises against the
night sky.

CHELSEA

(from behind)

The sculpture? It's a Bertolini.
It's been there for years.

KELLY

We saw the model in Taft's office.
Not for sale because of sentimental
reasons, remember?

CHELSEA

He must have been putting you on.
Victor hated that sculpture. He
thought Bertolini was a joke.

Kelly and Logan exchange a curious look. Chelsea smiles.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

We used to lie here at night and
look out the window at it and he
swore he was going to petition
the city to tear it down.

Kelly looks over at Logan, both instantly reaching the same
conclusion.

LOGAN & KELLY

Let's go...

Logan rushes to the phone, picks it up, punches 911.

LOGAN

(into phone)

Police Emergency. I need to
speak to Detective C. J. Cavanaugh,
Homicide, Manhattan South...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOGAN (CONT'D)

(pause)

Hello? Is Cavanaugh there? He...
 what? Shit. Well, tell him to
 stay there. Tell him Tom Logan's
 on his way - I need a search
 warrant for the Taft Gallery.
 He'll know why.

EXT. SUTTON PLACE - NIGHT

97 -

LOGAN

(as they exit)

He's conducting a line-up, be back
 in ten minutes. You take
 Chelsea up to the gallery and
 make sure no one touches that
 thing in Taft's office till we get
 there.

Kelly and Chelsea get into the back of a cab which takes off
 as Logan runs to his car. Across the street HEADLIGHTS
 suddenly come on. A dark sedan pulls out, following Kelly
 and Chelsea. Logan starts his car and drives off, not
 noticing.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - MOVING SHOT

98

Logan speeds toward Manhattan South, honking his horn,
 anxious.

INT. TAXI - MOVING SHOT

99

Kelly and Chelsea ride in the taxi toward midtown. Through
 the back window the headlights of the dark sedan are still
 following.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR

100

Logan screeches up to a red light and stops. Something is
 bothering him. He taps his fingers nervously on the steering
 wheel as he waits for the light to change.

EXT. TAFT GALLERY - NIGHT

101

Kelly and Chelsea get out of the cab in front of the gallery.
 The memorial celebration is still in full swing as the two
 women hurry inside.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Now the dark sedan arrives. It parks at the curb up the street.

EXT. MANHATTAN SOUTH POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

102

Logan parks outside Manhattan South, jumps out of his car, dodges through some garbage cans, rushes into the building.

INT. TAFT GALLERY - NIGHT

103

Kelly and Chelsea move along the back wall as the celebration continues. Another SPEAKER holds forth as they skirt the edge of the crowd on their way to the stairs.

OTHER SPEAKERS

Victor Taft was more than a pivotal force in our thriving art community. He was...

The Speaker stops, noticing Chelsea. Irritated eyes turn, shocked at her presence. Murmurs of "how dare she," etc. fill the room. Chelsea pauses, defiantly glaring back.

KELLY

You can say hello to your fan club later. Let's go...

Kelly snatches a cocktail from a waiter's tray, downs it, then leads Chelsea up the stairs.

INT. TAFT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

104

Turning on the light, they cross quickly to the Bertolini model in the corner. They exchange a nervous glance. Kelly raps the sculpture with her knuckles. They hear a deep, hollow sound.

KELLY

What do you think?

CHELSEA

Sounds hollow - maybe...

They search for an opening, trying to twist the model, turn it, then poke it for some secret button or lever.

INT. MANHATTAN SOUTH

105

Logan moves up the stairs to the offices. He finds TWO DETECTIVES at a water cooler, smoking cigarettes.

LOGAN

I'm looking for Cavanaugh.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE

In there.

The detective nods at an office up the hall. Logan moves quickly to it, opens a door marked: "DET. LT. CAVANAUGH."

INT. CAVANAUGH'S OFFICE

106

Logan enters, seeing nothing, looks around curiously.

LOGAN

Cavanaugh?

VOICE

Yo!

From a filing cabinet partially hidden by the open door, a BLACK MAN steps out into view. Logan frowns, confused.

LOGAN

I'm looking for Detective Cavanaugh.

BLACK MAN

That's me. What can I do for you?

LOGAN

You're Cavanaugh? You're the only Cavanaugh in Manhattan South?

BLACK MAN

Unless they've been holdin' out on me. What's the problem?

A terrible realization. Logan knows that Kelly and Chelsea are in danger. He rushes out of the office heading for the stairs.

INT. TAFT'S OFFICE

107

Kelly and Chelsea continue to work on the model. Behind them a figure looms up in the doorway. It's "Cavanaugh."

His eyes are dark with anger from years of resentment, greed and a need for revenge. Kelly suddenly sees him, gasps with surprise. Cavanaugh flashes a reassuring smile.

CAVANAUGH

Logan's picking up the warrant. He's on his way. What are you doing with that thing?

CHELSEA

Didn't he tell you? We think the painting are somewhere inside that model.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

CAVANAUGH
Well, I'll be damned...
(admiring grin)
Clever bastard, that Taft...

Cavanaugh moves to the model, probes for an opening. Kelly looks at him suspiciously.

EXT. MANHATTAN SOUTH

108

Logan rushes out and across the street to his car. He searches his pockets quickly for his keys with no success.

LOGAN
Oh, no...sonofabitch....!!!!

Looking through the window, his worst fears are realized - he's done it again. The keys dangle from the ignition.

Logan bangs the side of the car in frustration, looks around. Fishing into a nearby garbage can furiously he pulls out an old waffle iron. Swinging it like a tennis racket he bashes the side window of the car. It doesn't break. He tries again. Still no luck. One last, powerful heave - it SHATTERS into tiny pieces.

TWO COPS emerge from the police station, watch Logan as he puts the finishing touches to the car window.

COP
Hey! What the hell are you doing?

LOGAN
Bashing the window out of my car.
(not stopping)
I swear to God.

Logan is behind the wheel, squeals out into traffic.

INT. TAFT'S OFFICE

109

Cavanaugh gives a final twist to the model, then gives up. Kelly watches, more suspicious than ever.

CAVANAUGH
We're gonna have to break it open.

KELLY
Let's wait for Logan, okay?

CAVANAUGH
No telling how long that warrant's gonna take him.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

KELLY

You're the cop, Cavanaugh. How come you didn't get the warrant?

CAVANAUGH

What the hell are you talking about?

KELLY

I think you know. And I think I want to see your badge again.

Cavanaugh smiles, reaches into his pocket - pulls out a gun. Chelsea is confused as he motions them away from the model.

CAVANAUGH

The name's Joe Brock. Whatever's inside that pile of bones belongs to me.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR

110

Logan zips through traffic, making his way uptown. He roars through a red light, swerving to avoid the cross traffic as brakes SCREECH and horns BLARE.

INT. TAFT GALLERY

111

Rummaging through a display case in Taft's office, Cavanaugh tests pieces of sculpture for weight, selects two which are thick and heavy. He gives one to Kelly, another to Chelsea.

CHELSEA

You realize these pieces are worth a fortune?

CAVANAUGH

Deduct it from what I get for those Deardons.

KELLY

Is that the gun you killed Taft and Forrester with?

CAVANAUGH

Just worry about whether it's the gun that's gonna kill you, okay? Now go ahead. Take a whack at it.

Kelly hesitates, then swings the sculpture at the model. The impact dents it but doesn't break it. Cavanaugh motions for Chelsea to take a swing. She does.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

CAVANAUGH
Swing hard.
(evil smile)
Pretend it's my head.

The two women each take a violent swing at the Bertolini.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR

112

Logan speeds through the center of town, moving up Fifth Avenue past 42nd Street.

INT. TAFT'S OFFICE

113

Chelsea bashes the model. There are dents in it now.

KELLY
(stalling for time)
Who was the man who shot at us?
The one who was following Chelsea?

CAVANAUGH
Don't you ever shut up?

KELLY
(whacking away)
What difference does it make?
You're going to kill us anyway.

CAVANAUGH
He was nobody - a hired hand
doing a job. Let's go. Hit it
again.

KELLY
And when...
(takes a swing)
...did you decide to kill Taft?

CAVANAUGH
Seventeen years ago, right after
he and Forrester set me up for that
prison stretch. I coulda turned
state's evidence then, but I de-
cided to wait...
(getting obsessed)
Shit - they had their turn...
money, women, fancy homes...and
old Joe Brock, he just sat on the
sidelines watching, waiting to get
into the game. Well now I...

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Kelly suddenly BLINDSIDES Cavanaugh with a vicious swing of her piece of sculpture. Cavanaugh reacts just in time, catching the blow on his shoulder. He recoils with a withering backhand SLAP that knocks Kelly down. She reels, hitting her head on a table and is knocked unconscious on the floor.

Chelsea starts to run but Cavanaugh grabs her, pins one arm painfully behind her back. Shoving her off into the wall he suddenly begins to attack the Bertolini with his gun butt, hammering the model with powerful blows until finally the Bertolini shatters. A long METAL CANNISTER falls out, clattering to the floor.

Chelsea lunges for the cannister but Cavanaugh beats her to it. He twists Chelsea's arm, clamps a HANDCUFF around one wrist. Yanking her down to the floor, he clamps the other cuff to the leg of a heavy desk, then hurries out the office door with the cannister.

INT. GALLERY HALLWAY

114

Glancing down the stairs, Cavanaugh sees the crowd of people down below. Opening a storage room door he finds boxes and packing materials. Cavanaugh tosses a lighted match into a box. FLAMES shoot up almost immediately. He starts to feed the fire with other boxes and material.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE

115

Logan is stuck in a traffic jam due to an accident. Suddenly, in frustration, he slams the car into reverse, smashes up against the front bumper of the car behind him, swings the wheel hard, then drives up onto the sidewalk, scattering PEDESTRIANS every which way.

Passing the accident, his tires squeal as he bounces back onto the street, then speeds ahead again.

INT. TAFT GALLERY HALLWAY

116

Cavanaugh's fire is ROARING now. Smoke billows out of the storage room and is sucked into the ventilation system. Cavanaugh heaves more fuel onto the flames - chairs, benches, anything he can find.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS

117

Suddenly, the ASSEMBLAGE in the room freezes as FIRE ALARMS begin to shriek from every corner.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Some people notice the smoke billowing from the ventilation system. Shouts of "FIRE!" fill the room as terrified guests begin to crush toward the exit. Some grab paintings off walls, trying to carry them outside to safety.

INT. TAFT'S OFFICE

A118

(Kelly regaining consciousness - Chelsea trapped)

EXT. STREET

118

Logan pulls up to the gallery as people run out in panic. Glancing at the upstairs window, he sees the flames are getting out of control.

Logan rushes to the entrance, tries to fight his way through the mob of terrified people who struggle their way out of the building, many carrying paintings and sculptures. The alarms continue to WAIL.

INT. TAFT'S OFFICE

119

Coughing from the smoke, Kelly tries to lift the massive desk to get the handcuff out from under it. It's too heavy. She can't budge it. Chelsea coughs violently.

KELLY

You've got to help me! Try to lift it! C'mon, goddammit, heave!

Chelsea tries to help but she's panicked. Smoke billows in under the door, slowly filling the room.

INT. GALLERY

120

Logan fights his way inside as people pour down the stairs. He suddenly spots Cavanaugh carrying the cylinder. Cavanaugh has seen Logan too. He wheels, running back up the stairs.

Taking the steps two at a time, Logan dodges through people up to the second floor. He sees Cavanaugh heading up toward the third floor, now turning and taking a SHOT at him. A chunk rips out of the wall near Logan's head. The frightened mob screams as Cavanaugh fires again, runs up the stairs with Logan in pursuit.

INT. THIRD FLOOR

121

The third floor is ablaze. Smoke billows everywhere. Paintings go up like tinder. Sculptures scorch and melt. Logan can barely see, choking on the smoke. His eyes water and burn in the intense heat.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Logan stays low, stalking an invisible Cavanaugh, trying not to gag on the poisonous smoke. He catches a glimpse of movement, then bolts toward it like a linebacker, driving a shoulder into Cavanaugh's mid-section, momentarily knocking the breath out of him. Cavanaugh's gun clatters to the floor. The metal cylinder rolls toward the fire as the two men wrestle.

The ghost figures continue battling in the smoke. Cavanaugh grabs a large painting and swings it at Logan knocking him aside. He tries to push past but Logan grabs hold of his leg, bringing him down.

Cavanaugh pushes Logan's face toward the fire as Logan lands a vicious right cross, sending him backwards. On his feet now, Logan hits Cavanaugh again knocking him back into a large pile of burning canvasses. Suddenly the floorboards collapse under the weight - Cavanaugh SCREAMS as he falls through the hole in the floor into the burning inferno.

Logan spots the metal cylinder, tries to pick it up but it's too hot. Using his jacket, he gathers it up, then starts toward the stairway as pieces of flaming ceiling fall around him. The stairway is already engulfed in flames. Logan grabs a fire extinguisher off the wall and uses it to clear a narrow path. With each burst of foam the fire subsides momentarily as Logan fights his way down to the second floor.

INT. TAFT'S OFFICE

122

Chelsea is on her hands and knees, coughing violently, still handcuffed to the leg of the heavy desk. Kelly is panting, weak from the heat and smoke, unable to lift anything any more. Chelsea looks at her helplessly.

CHELSEA

It's no use. You better get out of here...

KELLY

Bullshit...

Kelly's eyes burn. Her throat aches and her lungs are on fire as she tries one last time, then finally gives up.

Spotting a piece of metal sculpture in the corner she quickly crawls over to it. The abstract piece of art is long and narrow, resembling a thick metal pole. Kelly struggles back, wedges the sculpture under the desk, bracing it with a chair. She pushes down with all her strength - the lever action raises the desk but only an inch or so.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Chelsea is practically comatose, unable to pull the handcuffs free. Gritting her teeth, Kelly raises the desk again, then manages to kick the handcuffs loose from under the desk.

Kneeling down over Chelsea she slaps her hard across the face.

KELLY

Come on, dammit! Don't crap
out on me now! I can't carry
you!

Chelsea's eyes flutter open as Kelly helps her struggle to her feet. Together, supporting each other, they move out into the smoke-filled hallway.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

123

Using his fire extinguisher Logan arrives at the hallway.

LOGAN

Kelly? Kelly!

KELLY

Logan! Over here!

Logan rushes through the smoke, finds Kelly. He throws Chelsea over his shoulder and leads them to the stairs. With one last burst from the fire extinguisher, he clears a narrow path as they race down, the stairway crumbling and collapsing behind them.

EXT. STREET

124

Fire trucks have arrived. The first sheets of water blast at the building as Logan, Kelly and Chelsea emerge. They are barely able to breathe as the FIREMEN start to administer oxygen.

The metal cylinder lies at Logan's feet. He stoops to pick it up. Using all his strength, he manages to twist it open. Tipping the cylinder upside-down, a thick canvas roll slides out. Chelsea removes her oxygen mask, stunned with disbelief, her eyes filling with tears.

CHELSEA

Oh, dear God...dear God...

Logan gently unrolls the paintings. Looking at the back of one of them he reads an inscription.

LOGAN

"To my favorite little beanbag.
Happy Birthday, Chelsea."

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

Logan hands the paintings over to Chelsea. Tears stream down her face as she clutches them tightly. Flames shoot high in the air. The Taft Gallery blazes in the night sky. Logan puts his arm around Kelly, gathers her in close to him.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

125

Blanchard stands before Judge Dawkins, clearly not pleased with what he is about to do. Logan and Kelly sit triumphantly at the defense table with Chelsea. Jennifer is in the back of the courtroom with Freeman.

BLANCHARD

Your Honor, in light of the new evidence that defense has presented before this court, the state now recommends that all charges against Chelsea Elizabeth Deardon be withdrawn.

DAWKINS

Without objection...so be it. The case is dismissed.

(bangs gavel)

This court is adjourned.

Chelsea grins broadly, hugs Kelly and Logan.

EXT. COURTROOM STEPS

126

Logan, Kelly and Jennifer emerge from the courthouse while a mob of REPORTERS surround Chelsea, peppering her with questions. Chelsea is the media star of the hour and happy about it.

JENNIFER

Why don't they talk to you guys? You're the ones who saved her skin.

LOGAN

When you were only two months old, Jennifer, I leaned into your crib late at night and whispered:

LOGAN & JENNIFER

Never be a lawyer...no one ever appreciates you.

JENNIFER

I kinda just did some lawyering myself - with Mom.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
(suspicious)
What kind of...lawyering?

JENNIFER
About California. I'd really
like to see it, so I told Mom
it would be all right with you
if I did.

Logan is stunned. Kelly melts into the background.

LOGAN
You what...?

JENNIFER
But Mom also agreed to let you
pick me up in Beverly Hills on
June first, and then you get to
keep me for sixty consecutive
days.

KELLY
(coaching)
Ninety.

JENNIFER
That's right. Ninety consecutive
days.

LOGAN
(to Kelly)
How do you know?

KELLY
Who, me?

JENNIFER
We can tour the country or come
home, or do anything we want to
for the whole summer.

LOGAN
You did this, Kelly. You think
I should buy this idea?

KELLY
I think you should leap at it.
At present, you've only got her
four days a month - that's
forty-eight days a year. Now
it's ninety days, plus the four
a month.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

That's more than double the time,
Dad.

LOGAN

I can add...

(grudgingly)

Okay, you're both terrific
negotiators. I'll take it.

Kelly winks at Jennifer who is thrilled.

KELLY

(at Logan)

Naturally, my partner and I
will be billing you on this...

They each take one of Jennifer's hands as they move down the
steps, leaving Chelsea behind with all the reporters.

OMIT SC. 127

INT. KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

128

A happy Chelsea Deardon signs a check and gives it to Logan.
He is visibly impressed by the amount.

LOGAN

Hey, wait a minute. This isn't
what we agreed on. It's too
much.

CHELSEA

You both believed in me when
no one else would. You saved
my life.

KELLY

(glancing at check)

Well, let's just say this in-
cludes a payment on the trial
to come.

CHELSEA

(pleasantly puzzled)

The trial to come?

KELLY

It won't be easy, but I think
we can get you off.

CHELSEA

I really don't...understand.

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

You killed Forrester, didn't you?
Joe Brock killed Taft but you
killed Forrester.

CHELSEA

(flustered)

You're crazy...

(at Kelly)

You said yourself there was no
way I could have lifted him
onto that bed. I heard you!

KELLY

But Forrester wasn't killed
until he was on the bed. That's
your usual modus operandi, isn't
it? First with Taft to find out
information, then with Logan be-
cause you needed his help...

LOGAN

That night in Forrester's bath-
room. You knew it was me, you
heard my voice. And yet you
stayed hidden, waiting for us to
leave. And all those expensive
paintings lying around? There
was no way a greedy Joe Brock
would have left them behind.

Chelsea leans back in her chair, shrugs helplessly, realizing
they've nailed her. She looks up at Logan.

CHELSEA

Forrester killed my father.
At least...he could have saved
him. I may be guilty - but I'm
not sorry.

INT. KELLY'S OFFICE - LATER - DAY

Al29

Kelly and Logan look down through their office window at the
street where Chelsea is led into a police car by the real
Detective Cavanaugh.

Logan turns away from the window his brow furrowed.

KELLY

What are you worried about?
It's justifiable homicide, a
piece of cake.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

It's not that. It's what you said earlier about Chelsea sleeping with me because she needed my help.

KELLY

What about it?

LOGAN

Well, at the risk of seeming immodest...I think she did it because she was attracted to me.

KELLY

We all find you attractive, Logan.

LOGAN

(changing subject)
And the proper defense isn't justifiable homicide, by the way. It's temporary insanity.

EXT. KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

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CAMERA PULLS BACK from the office window as the two of them continue to argue.

KELLY

Temporary insanity? Talk about a totally discredited defense..

LOGAN

That's because you're approaching it from the wrong angle. Look at Higgins vs. Singer...

KELLY

Higgins vs. Singer...? I've already figured out how to get our client off the hook, and you're giving me Higgins vs. Singer?

CAMERA TILTS UP to a PAINTER finishing a sign above the store front office. As the legal arguments continue, we read:

"LOGAN AND KELLY
ATTORNEYS AT LAW"

FADE OUT:

T H E E N D