"LAW AND ORDER"

"PRISONER OF LOVE"

Story by
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Teleplay by
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LAW AND ORDER

PRisoner of Love

Teaser

1 EXT. NARROW SOHO STREET - 3 A.M.

Not a soul in sight. A line of red traffic lights receding into nowhere is the only bright color against the gray. Art gallery banners hang from fifth-floor poles. An exaggerated loud whooshing -- just as a street-sweeping truck passes.

CUT TO

2 INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Pooly, the driver, is inhaling a sandwich -- a hand on the tuna, the other on the wheel. Ubillez, riding shotgun, slurps coffee. Under them we faintly HEAR the police radio.

UBILLEZ

I get home at midnight, she wants to jump my bones, I wanna sleep. She says I don’t pay enough attention, I don’t love her.

POOLY

Give her a kiss, tell her she’s the best thing in your life -- and she’ll shut up.

UBILLEZ

I tried, she said that ain’t love. I mean for chrissake what is?

The car rounds a corner and three bursts of light explode from behind a second-floor loft window. Could be a camera flash or a strobe. At ground level is a parking lot four cars wide, hemmed in by buildings. Next to the lot, facing the street, a steel door SLAMS OPEN WITH A CRUNCH against a brick wall. Two figures -- males, we assume -- bolt from the door. In the dark we can just make them out. They’re clad in black leather head-to-toe: short jackets, pants, boots.

POOLY (V.O.)

(X)

No merchandise...

One of the fleeing figures looks toward the blue-and-white, points an arm in the other direction. Both turn, run into the parking lot, and squeeze between cars toward the back.

CUT TO
EXT. SOHO STREET - 3 A.M.
The blue-and-white jumps the curb with a thud into the lot. Pooly and Ubillez leap out.

UBILLEZ
Go! It lets out on Spring.

The camera follows Pooly. He jumps onto a car, leaping hood-to-hood toward the rear of the lot.

CUT TO

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pooly leaps down from a car, weapon in hand. The back of the lot is a brick wall. At the edge is a long, wide passage between two buildings. Pooly peers down it. Nobody there. Sheer walls on either side. No hiding places. To his right is a rickety wooden doorway in the brick wall. Pooly lifts his leg judo-style and kicks through the door.

INT. LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ubillez comes into a dark hallway. He faces a wall of steel fencing with a heavy-duty security gate. His beam shows the gate open a crack. He gives it a shove. It swings back with a horror-house creak. Ubillez goes through, body close to the wall, and rounds a corner. There’s a narrow flight of stairs. Ubillez, sidling to the wall, starts up.
INT. LOFT BUILDING STAIRWELL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

On the second floor Ubillez comes off the steps, sees an open door. No light from inside. He moves to the door. He hears something behind him, turns, pointing his weapon. It's Pooly. Ubillez turns back and moves his flashlight across the scene. The beam pans across a huge Graphlex camera on a table. An old porcelain tub. Then: a human face. Ubillez rears back and reaches for his gun, then stops.

UBILLEZ

Damn!

The flashlight is on the face. Which isn't human, but is incredibly lifelike. A leather collar's around the figure's neck. The light moves across severalstartlingly lifelike statues of people, like those done by George Segal. The statues: a man without a shirt, a leather band around his chest. A woman in a leather outfit holding a whip. A man with chains wrapped around his body. Behind the figures are enormous stark photographs of the same works, blown up to twice life-size.

POOLY

(low)

Holy God...

UBILLEZ

Who'd want to steal this stuff?

POOLY

Who'd want to make it?

The flashlight beam pans a man's face. A noose around the neck. But this face is real. And the man is obviously dead.

UBILLEZ

(waving flashlight)

Pooly...this one. It's real.

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Crime scene circus. Photographers, print dusters, guys tweezing the carpet. Greevey, unlit cigar in his mouth, is next to a statue of a beautiful woman. He backs away from the body bag as the half-naked victim gets zipped in. Greevey shakes his head, takes the cigar out of his mouth and looks at it, puts it in his pocket. Logan approaches.

CONTINUED
LOGAN
No sign of forced entry. And they left the camera and the stereo.

GREEVEY
I.D.?

LOGAN
Lease says Victor More. Three grand a month. Premises rented for work only.

GREEVEY
(making a note on his pad)
Some work. If this was my stuff, I wouldn't advertise either.
(at statue)
Look at her eyes. What are they -- marbles?

LOGAN
She ain't half-bad. I could take her out for coffee.

GREEVEY
Builds 'em, dresses 'em kinky, takes pictures of 'em.

Ubillez and Pooly come up. Ubillez carries a plastic bag with a Polaroid camera and baggie with a Polaroid print.

LOGAN
(to Pooly)
The two leather guys, Batman and Robin? You sure they were coming from here?

POOLY
They ran when they saw us.

UBILLEZ
(holding things up)
Camera was in the lot. Print on the steps.

Greevey takes the bag with the print and holds it up. His eyes tell us he can't quite believe what he sees.

GREEVEY
Whoa...Looks like the camera was snapping while he died.
LOGAN
Somebody wanted a souvenir.

GREEVEY
That's sick.

LOGAN
You gotta believe the Bible's right,
Max. 'As ye sow, so shall ye--'

GREEVEY
Nobody deserves to die.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER
FADE IN

INT. SOHO LOFT – NIGHT

At the crime scene. Greevey’s cigar is now lit and he holds a steno pad. Logan stands at a table next to a banker’s box and a pile of papers. He holds papers with a blue legal backing.

LOGAN
Lease says Victor More. Three grand a month. Premises rented for work only.

GREEVEY
(making a note on his pad)
Some work. ART? LOOKS LIKE PORN TO ME

LOGAN
You gotta believe the Bible’s right, Max. As ye sow, so shall ye--

GREEVEY
Nobody deserves to die.

LOGAN
You ever hear of karma? Fate?

Greevey gives him a look.

GREEVEY
Let’s go wake the neighbors.
TALK TO THE WIFE. CUT TO

INT. APARTMENT – DAY


SONDRA
We just bought a farm upstate, Red Rock, you can walk to town... signed the papers last week... thirty-year mortgage...

CONTINUED
GREEVEY
Mrs. More...

SONDRA
Burke. I use my own name.

GREEVEY
Ms. Burke. Do you know where your husband was tonight?

SONDRA
(rambling)
I didn't get in from the airport until ten -- I was in San Diego -- doing a fashion shoot...these new long sweater coats, you've seen them...?

Sondra pulls a coffee-table book from a stack on a shelf.

SONDRA
(breath starting to heave)
I did this book of Victor's work. Did you see the eyelids on his sculptures, the veins on the back of the hands...on the one of the man with the collar -- did you see how Victor made the right thumbnail...like the man had been biting it. That's how meticulous he was...

GREEVEY
(with a respectful pause)
Did your husband work late often?

SONDRA
He works -- worked -- all the time. Night and day.

Greevey is starting toward the bedroom, followed by Sondra.

GREEVEY
Could someone have been in his studio? Models maybe...?

SONDRA
Victor didn't need models. It was all in his head.

(MORE)
SONDRA (Cont'd)
(beat)
What are you saying? Victor... because of what he made... he lived that way? He didn't have to. He looked inside himself, he was a mirror of the whole world.

GREEVEY
Mind if we check his things?...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Logan is at a closet, pushing aside hangers with men's clothes. Greevey moves to a desk, looking at papers. On the desk is an oversized brandy snifter filled with matchbooks. Sondra stands in the doorway.

SONDRA
What exactly are you looking for?

LOGAN
Ma'am, we're just trying to find out what happened.

SONDRA
What happened is somebody killed my husband.

Greevey holds up a framed 5x7 -- Victor with a baseball bat.

GREEVEY
Softball?

SONDRA
The Soho artists league. Victor's a baseball fanatic.

GREEVEY
Me, too.

As Greevey pulls the brandy snifter toward him --

SONDRA
Victor always said there were three ways you could tell what somebody was like. How they ran the bases, the books they read, and what they saved.

GREEVEY
(reading from the matchbooks)
Frank's Diner...
SONDRA
Around the corner...Victor liked to sketch there.

GREEVEY
Elaine's...

SONDRA
My agent took us.

GREEVEY
Harry's Bar in Venice...

SONDRA
Our second honeymoon...

GREEVEY
(beat)
The Iron Bar?

Sondra gives no response.

GREEVEY
The Iron Bar?

Off Sondra's reaction --

CUT TO

24 EXT. STREET - NIGHT
Greevey and Logan head for the car.

LOGAN
Married fifteen years and she thinks he was just taking pictures? Could you keep secrets like that from your wife?

GREEVEY
Don't kid yourself, everybody's got secrets.

CUT TO
INT. IRON BAR - DAY

A cavernous village leather bar. Empty. The bartender, bearded, in a white T-shirt and leather jacket, has a photo in his hand.

BARTENDER
The one with the baseball hat? He’s been in here a couple times, yeah.

LOGAN
Last night?

BARTENDER
It was crowded... I just serve ’em.

GREEVEY
(casual)
Well how about I take a walk around the block... and maybe you’re memory’ll get better... or I’ll get angrier...

BARTENDER
He was here, okay? Hanging on some weird blond.

GREEVEY
Weird what? Bleached?

BARTENDER
Weird like Marilyn Monroe back from the dead, but six-two with...

(hands moving to imaginary hair)
--like blue-green spikes in her hair.

LOGAN
You know where we can find the lady?

BARTENDER
Works in one of those leather shops... The Erogenous Zone.

CUT TO

INT. THE EROGENOUS ZONE - DAY

A leather/sex shop. Hanging on the wall: harnesses, riding crops, whips. Cathy is a large girl with turquoise stripes in her hair and a low sexy voice. She sits on a stool behind a counter, hands folded across her chest.

CONTINUED
She peers down at Greevey and Logan as if they were from another planet.

CATHY

In belts, you want only alligator.
In harnesses, saddle leather. Like a good briefcase.
(a dig)
Or a nightstick.

LOGAN

The Iron bar your favorite hangout?

CATHY

Those rough types aren't for me. My milieu, place called Best Friends.
In the West Village? Gay preppies -- the ones with Dartmouth and Yale on their tee shirts? In the summer they don't allow anyone in with roller skates after ten.

GREEVEY

You were at the Iron Bar last night.

CATHY

I wanted a club soda. It was close.

Logan has picked up a pair of woman's white leather gloves with a chainmail band at the cuff.

LOGAN

Five hundred bucks?

CATHY

Newborn calf, the finest Italian leather. Vat-tanned. We are the only store in New York carries it.

LOGAN

Who buys this stuff?

CATHY

That leather has no grain. It's like wearing skin. Reminds you the animal was once alive -- if you like that sort of thing.

GREEVEY

Did you leave with Victor last night?
CATHY
(heaven forbid)
I didn't know the man from Adam. He wasn't looking for me anyway. He wanted Brian.
(beat)
Who used to belong to me.

CUT TO

29 EXT. VILLAGE RESTAURANT - DAY

Brian, a husky waiter, is in the alley next to the kitchen. He’s flanked by Greevey and Logan. Brian looks nervous. He glances toward the restaurant.

BRIAN
I don't want to get canned.

GREEVEY
Brian, just tell us where you went with Victor.

BRIAN
I didn't go anywhere with him.

GREEVEY
You knew who he was.

BRIAN
Gimme a break. My parents... my father'd have a stroke if my picture was in the papers.

LOGAN
(louder)
So what happened?

BRIAN
I was wearing a leather jacket he liked. He asked if I wanted to be in a... "performance art work." Okay, I was tempted...

GREEVEY
Your father would've loved that.

BRIAN
You get a little adrenalin going. Like you -- when you chase some guy down a dark alley. Maybe he's got a knife, maybe he's got a gun... you never know what's going to happen. You and me, we're a lot alike.

CONTINUED
LOGAN
There's a difference. We get paid for going into alleys.

GREEVEY
So you didn't leave with Victor.

BRIAN
There was something I... I didn't trust about him.

LOGAN
Let me get this straight. You're asked out on a date by a guy... who publishes pictures of people hanging upside down in chains... and you're tempted but there's something you don't trust about him.

Off Brian's shrug --

CUT TO

30 OMITTED

31 INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY

In one swipe Hoexter, an Assistant Medical Examiner, picks up a file as he comes in, followed by Greevey and Logan.

LOGAN
He died of...?

HOEXTER
(reads)
Asphyxiation during a state of sexual arousal.

(shakes head)
You ever hear of anything so damn stupid? Thank God, the appeal's limited to hard core masochists... something must have gone wrong.

GREEVEY
Yeah, he died.

LOGAN
(appalled)
So you're saying he hung himself voluntarily?

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

HOEXTER
(flips page, shakes his head)
This gentleman played some dangerous sports in his day. Burn scars, cuts, healed fractures...

LOGAN
What's the official cause of death?

HOEXTER
(dead serious)
You can rule out natural causes.

CUT TO

INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY
Cragen throws the News down on the desk.

CRAGEN
"Artist Hangs, Not A Pretty Picture."
Great.
(picks up the Post)
"Dirty Pictures: Death Imitates Art"...And this is only the first day...

Cragen tosses the Post aside. We see the headline.

LOGAN
Captain, what do you want us to do about it?

CRAGEN
This case is boiling. I'd like to turn down the heat.

GREEVEY
Look, it sells as a suicide.

CRAGEN
Fine. Sold. Wrap it up...

He sees Greevey's unhappy expression. Cragen knows what it means.

CRAGEN
God dammit! What's wrong with it?

CONTINUED
GREEVEY
The Polaroid. Somebody else was there. Even if they didn’t hang him, it’s still a crime to facilitate suicide...

CRAGEN
(deep sigh)
Go back to the wife. See if Victor stumbled home one night a little banged up with no explanation.

LOGAN
Sondra doesn’t have a clue. The guy was Jekyll and Hyde -- and she was married to Jekyll.

CRAGEN
Take her through it again. People always know things they don’t think they know.

Logan starts out, then stops when Greevey doesn’t move. Greevey waves him out.

LOGAN
Give me a minute...

Logan closes the door behind him. Cragen doesn’t like the feel of this. Greevey’s clearly upset.

What?

Cragen (can’t fathom this)
A guy’s dead...You’re the one’s saying it’s not a suicide.

GREEVEY
(annoyed)
You want me to lie? There was somebody else there, but as far as I’m concerned, he’s going to the same place.

CONTINUED
CRAGEN
What place? What are you talking about?

GREEVEY
Chances are, living that life, he'll be dead in a couple of years, anyway.
I'm Catholic. I know it's old fashioned but I still believe in sin.
Remember sin? Right and wrong? I don't know if it's harps and pearly gates but whatever it is, these freaks aren't going to the same place you and I are, okay?

CRAGEN
(leaning back)
Wow. I can see this leading to an entirely new penological outlook...
We will only pursue homicides where the vic died in a state of grace.

GREEVEY
(not amused)
I'm not kidding about this.

Cragen leans forward and suddenly he is Greevy's superior officer.

CRAGEN
Either am I. After twenty-six years in, I'm supposed to tell you that the job ain't about the people involved in a crime, it's about the crime?

GREEVEY (disgusted)
We went into this leather bar this morning. High noon and the place reeked of stale sex...And believe me, we're not talking the beautiful people...

CRAGEN
Request denied...
(picking up file)
If somebody else was there, find him and charge him...start with the wife.

CUT TO
INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

A twenty year-old girl, pretty, intelligent looking, a student, is at Logan's desk. She's obviously been crying. Logan looks up, pained.

LOGAN
Sintra More...Sgt. Greevey...
Sintra is Mr. More's daughter by his first marriage...

SINTRA
(defiant)
My father did not commit suicide.

GREEVEY
Miss More, I know how diff...

SINTRA
(cutting him off)
I go to NYU, Sergeant...I grew up in my father's world...I'm not a dewy-eyed virgin.

(beat)
Daddy was bi-sexual. Everybody who knew him knew that. But he would never have committed suicide.

GREEVEY
There is evidence to con...

SINTRA
This may not mean anything to you but he was my father and I knew him...He was happy...very happy. He was excited about the POPA show, but even if he had been massively unhappy, he never would have committed suicide.

GREEVEY
How do you know?

SINTRA
He was a Catholic...

Off Greevey's stunned expression.

(Logan)

CUT TO

33 OMITTED

LOGAN
A GOOD CATHOLIC CAN'T THINK LIKE THAT

SINTRA
TELL THAT TO THE CHORUS!

(CON'T)
INT. MORE/BURKE APARTMENT

An unhappy Sondra Burke sits on the sofa.

SONDRA
He never did the S&M scene. Never.

GREEVEY
(treading gently)
Did he ever...come home...hurt?

A tense short silence. Logan sends Greevey a look.

SONDRA
(softly)
I'm...I'm on the road a lot...and just in the last year...something changed.

Greevey and Logan wait.

SONDRA
He was mugged.

Greevey and Logan wait some more.

SONDRA
Last August.
(beat, looks down)
Last April. Last November...

GREEVEY
(not pushing)
He was mugged a lot.

Sondra knows the truth. And denies it to herself.

SONDRA
(in control, angrily)
It's a violent city.

CUT TO

INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Hurley, a technician, leans over a print scope. He looks up at Greevey and Logan.

HURLEY
This is a very sick picture, gentlemen...but it's a very good print. Forefinger. Perfect.

LOGAN
What else do we have?

CONTINUED
HURLEY
Oval smears on the back. Could have been gloves.

LOGAN
So at some point our friend took one glove off.

HURLEY
Must have...Oh, and this guy had oil on his hand...some kind of...acidic base. Lemon oil, maybe.

LOGAN
Great. Now all we have to do is print everyone who knew him.

CUT TO

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Greevey and Logan sift through papers from the banker’s boxes taken from Victor’s loft.

LOGAN
Victor had Con Ed bills like the national debt.

GREEVEY
(thumbing through checks)
Bought a Sam Cooke collection. My taste in music. Armani suits...

LOGAN
Not your taste in clothes.

GREEVEY
(ignoring him)
Gave to Big Brothers, Save the Earth, World Education. This guy had a social conscience...

LOGAN
That’s the only kind of conscience he had.
GREEVEY
Sent a check home every month. More than my salary. Good son: took care of mom and dad.

LOGAN
Should've taken better care of himself.
(stops, looks up)
Bill of sale for one of his pictures. Dated yesterday. To be picked up at his loft in the p.m.

GREEVEY
Name and address?

CUT TO

EXT. STREET OF BROWNSTONES - NIGHT
A tree-shaded block. We are moving down the street --

LOGAN (V.O.)
600 East 77th Street. Henry Rothman.

We move in close on an elegant brownstone. Gleaming brass carriage lamps on either side of the door are lit. Greevey and Logan come up the steps. Greevey pushes the bell, we hear it ring inside. The door opens. A distinguished silver-haired man in his mid-forties, Henry Rothman, appears.

ROTHMAN
Yes? Do I know you?

GREEVEY
(thinking)
No, but I know you. You're...

ROTHMAN
Henry Rothman.

LOGAN
(amazed)
The Commissioner of Cultural Affairs.

Hold on Rothman and --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

38 INT. ROTHMAN’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rothman stands next to a grand piano. Photos of the wife and kids are visible next to him. A Jim Dine hangs behind him. A motorcycle painting by Tom Blackwell on the other wall. Greevey and Logan are also standing.

ROTHMAN

LOGAN
And twenty years from now...

ROTHMAN
You buy a good bottle of wine, you put it in the cellar, and you hope it doesn’t turn to vinegar.

GREEVEY
Did you know Victor More well?

ROTHMAN
Cocktail parties, gallery openings...I met him a few times.

LOGAN
Did you pick up the photograph yesterday?

ROTHMAN
I was in a meeting and didn’t get down there.

(beat)

Now that Victor More’s dead...

LOGAN
He won’t be taking any more pictures.

ROTHMAN
Which means I’ve probably just doubled my investment.
EXT. WALK-AND-TALK - NIGHT

GREEVEY
I don't know Mike, when I was your age, we had scandals--

LOGAN
Maybe with the rich it's different.

GREEVEY
But they weren't weird like this. Some guy caught with a woman who wasn't his wife...some chippie running around on her old man...But today --

LOGAN
Yeah...Like that guy in Palm Beach? Had the wife who did it with a trumpet?

There's a beat of silence.

GREEVEY
What the hell do you do with a trumpet?

Off Logan's smile --

INT. ARTVIEW MAGAZINE - DAY

Kyle Jordan, an art critic, sits on the edge of his desk. In a bow-tie and tweed. Logan stands to one side, Greevey to the other.

JORDAN
In the Middle Ages, artists painted Madonnas. In the nineteenth century they painted water lilies. Andy Warhol signed a soup can and sold it for a fortune. Artists paint what the public has an appetite for.

LOGAN
And Victor More gave them what they wanted?

JORDAN
If he didn't, he wouldn't have sold all those photographs.

GREEVEY
What about his private life?

CONTINUED
Jordan looks at Logan, then Greevey, with an uneasy Cheshire Cat smile. He's deciding whether to tell what he knows. Jordan looks at Logan, then Greevey, with an uneasy Cheshire Cat smile. He's deciding whether to tell what he knows.

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Logan

As far as I'm concerned Victor More was either a pornographer who got lucky... or... he was an opportunist who created for the market. Either way, he was no artist.

I know he wasn't a great artist.

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Greevey and Logan walk with Anita Swenson, a grant reviewer for the City Department of Cultural Affairs. Swenson has a clipped, tough manner.

---

Swenson

That's my job. I decide who gets your tax money and mine for artistic work.

---

Logan

Henry Rothman doesn't decide that?

Swenson

Oh, yes, Mr. Rothman decides, too.

They're at the door of Swenson's office. On the translucent glass panel: Anita Swenson, Assistant Deputy Commissioner of Cultural Affairs.
SWENSON
Mr. Rothman has the final authority.

GREEVEY
The city gave a lot of grants to Victor More.

SWENSON
Don't ask me to explain Mr. Rothman's taste. He has none. His decisions are arbitrary and have nothing to do with art.

LOGAN
Miss Swenson, didn't you approve these grants? Your signature is on them.

SWENSON
I approved them. I didn't approve of them.

GREEVEY
Why did you sign them?

SWENSON
Mr. Rothman is the Commissioner. I work for the Commissioner. I have to sign the form or they won't disburse the check. Does that make it clear?

LOGAN
Mr. Rothman and Mr. More... they were close?

SWENSON
Financially? Or personally?

LOGAN
Are you saying Mr. Rothman--?

SWENSON
I shouldn't engage in gossip.

Greevey and Logan exchange a look.

GREEVEY
Three months ago, this fifty thousand dollars--

SWENSON
That one. I registered my disapproval in writing. Mr. Rothman overruled me. But at least Mr. More didn't get the money.
Logan looks at Greevey. What's she talking about?

SWENSON
That fifty thousand dollars was an attempt to elevate Mr. More out of the gutter. It's paying for a show of his work. At the Pavilion of Popular Art.

CUT TO

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Greevey and Logan walk.

LOGAN
Captain thinks he's got a media problem? How about the Commissioner sleeping with the vic?

GREEVEY
Maybe she's got an axe to grind. Rothman's in a scandal, she gets made Commissioner.

(beat)
Or maybe he just disgusts her as much as he does me.

CUT TO

INT. GALLERY - PAVILION OF POPULAR ART - DAY


People are milling around the paintings.

LOGAN
(re: paintings)
You like these?

HOFFER
(with a shrug) Assistant
One of our young curators likes 'em. I think they're junk.

LOGAN
And Victor More?

HOFFER
His death doesn't make his pictures any better.

CONTINUED
GREEVEY

But you're still going to give him a show?


HOFFER
Let me explain something. That show is being put on because the city put up part of the money and the rest is one from one of our private patrons.

LOGAN
Let me guess. Henry Rothman.

HOFFER
(almost rolling his eyes)
Mr. Rothman could hardly afford it.
(beat)
Elizabeth Hendrick.

LOGAN
As in the Hendricks who own the entire world?

HOFFER
Why do you think this museum's called the Pavilion of Popular Art? P-O-P-A. Pop-pa. The Hendrick family built it in honor of their father.

GREEVEY
Would you do this show if Hendrick and the city weren't paying for it?

HOFFER
(as if to a dumb child)
Detective, there is no art without money.

CUT TO

INT. HENDRICK FOUNDATION OFFICE - DAY

The very elegant Elizabeth Hendrick holds court. She's pretty, but there's an undercurrent of mis-directed energy. Her hair's pulled back severely.
Miss Hendrick, you don't seem shocked by the circumstances of Victor More's death.

HENDRICK
Van Gogh cut off his ear. Edvard Munch hung half of his paintings in the woods, where they ended up rotting. Gauguin abandoned his family and went to Tahiti. Art would be much more pleasant if we didn't have to deal with artists.

GREEVEY
Did you know Mr. More...his friends...

HENDRICK
I understand Mr. More was a private person...reclusive.

(beat) You seem surprised that I'm not shocked. I'm surprised that you are. You have to deal with...what do the newspapers call it?...sleaze, all the time.

GREEVEY
The sleaze we usually deal with doesn't end up hanging in a museum.

HENDRICK
Victor More was a good artist. Would I want to sit down to dinner with him. No.

(standing) I'm sorry, but I am late for a meeting...if there's nothing else...

She gets her coat from behind the door, picks up her purse, and a pair of gloves. They're black, not white like the ones Greevey and Logan saw at The Erogenous Zone, but they have the same chainmail band. Off Logan catching Greevey's eye --

CUT TO

INT. THE EROGENOUS ZONE - DAY

Cathy is behind the counter, and she's a little shaken.

LOGAN
You never carried them in black?

LOGAN
MAYBE YOU COULDN'T TELL US ABOUT HER (CONTINUED)
CATHY (tentative)
We might've.

GREEVEY
And you don't know Elizabeth Hendrick.

CATHY (almost pleading)
The customers don't wear name tags.
I just take their money.

GREEVEY (to Logan)
Mike, I must be crazy. Why do I think Cathy reads all the gossip columns and knows exactly who Elizabeth Hendrick is?

LOGAN
And I might be crazy, but I think a lot of the respectable citizens who come in here to buy this sicko stuff might decide they didn't need it if there was a cruiser parked out front.

CATHY (caving fast)
I think Elizabeth Hendrick might have been in once or twice.

LOGAN
Or more.

CATHY
Yes, maybe...maybe three or four times.

CUT TO

Cragen paces behind his desk.

CRAGEN
I had a hundred calls in the last hour. A Commissioner's being dragged through the mud, and it looks like we're responsible. I hope you have something.
50 CONTINUED

LOGAN
It gets worse. What if I tell you Elizabeth Hendrick is connected to this?

This hits the target.

CRAKEN
If you step on the toes of somebody like Elizabeth Hendrick, you be damn sure her foot's really in the way.

CUT TO

51 INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Greevey and Logan are with Hurley, the print technician.

LOGAN
Doesn't everybody get printed when they go to work for the city?

HURLEY
You do, but commissioners don't.

GREEVEY
Find Rothman's prints somewhere. Maybe he was in the Army or...maybe he was busted in some anti-war demonstration.

LOGAN
And Hendrick?

HURLEY
Unless she served on a grand jury, or applied for a gun license, good luck. She left her prints.

CUT TO

52 INT. ROTHMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Greevey and Logan stand. Rothman paces.

ROTHMAN
Are you saying I'm a suspect in the murder of Victor More?

GREEVEY
Yes sir, we are. Can you tell us where you were that night?
Rothman takes a deep breath, puts on an intimate voice.

ROTHMAN
I have a wife and three children.

GREEVEY
I have a wife and three kids myself.

ROTHMAN
Then you’ll realize why I’d prefer it if where I was that night didn’t become public.

LOGAN
We can’t make guarantees.

ROTHMAN
I was with another woman the night Mr. More died.

Greevey and Logan wait.

ROTHMAN
Elizabeth Hendrick.

CUT TO

53  INT. HENDRICK’S LIVING ROOM - DAY
Hendrick stands, holding a cup of tea.

HENDRICK
I was home alone that night.

GREEVEY
You didn’t see Henry Rothman at any time.

HENDRICK
(she can hardly believe this)
You’re not suggesting...that I was having an affair with Mr. Rothman.

LOGAN
(carefully)
Mr. Rothman suggested...

HENDRICK
Detective, I went to bed early that night.
(beat)
Alone.

CUT TO
INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Post is on Cragen's desk. A picture of Rothman and the headline: "Comish Hanging, Too." Subhead: "When's He Gonna Go?"

CRAGEN
They're letting Rothman swing in the wind.

GREEVEY
He says he was with Hendrick. She says she was alone. Neither alibi works.

CRAGEN
So maybe they're both innocent.

LOGAN
Or both guilty.

CRAGEN
We have to put one of them in the room with More. Do that, and the DA'll go for manslaughter one.

LOGAN
All a DA wants is a signed confession.

The phone rings. Cragen answers.

CRAGEN
Uh-huh. Yes.
(hangs up)
Hendrick's print doesn't match. Rothman's does. I think it's time to pay Mr. Rothman a visit. And read him his rights.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Rothman's arraignment. Stone and Robinette for the state.

JUDGE
The charge is manslaughter in the first degree. How does the defendant plead?

STOHLMeyer
The defendant pleads not guilty, Your Honor. The defense would like to make a motion that the defendant be set free on his own recognizance.

STONE
Your Honor, if it pleases the court --

JUDGE
Just a minute, Mr. Stone. She isn't finished. Go ahead, Ms. Stohlmeyer.

STOHLMeyer
Your Honor, my client has no criminal record. He has obvious ties to the community. He's a respected and distinguished man.

STONE
Your honor, this is a homicide of a gruesome kind. The prosecution feels that bail is essential. We recommend $100,000.

STOHLMeyer
Your Honor, Mr. Rothman presents no risk of flight. $100,000 is ridiculous.

JUDGE
Mr. Stone's recommendation is a little high, but this is a homicide. Bail is set at $50,000.

CONTINUED
Rothman looks like he's going to cry or faint.

CUT TO

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Stohlmeyer is walking rapidly toward Stone as he walks away.

STOHLMEYER
Are you purposely trying to make this unpleasant?

Stone stops.

STONE
We trained you pretty well. How do you like working on the other side?

STOHLMEYER
The pay's better. Is that your problem?

STONE
I just don't like the class of client you choose. First drug dealers, now a murderer. You should be more discriminating.

STOHLMEYER
And you should be more discriminating filing charges of manslaughter one. You haven't got a case, Ben. That fingerprint could have been on the Polaroid months before More died. You can get a grand jury to indict a ham sandwich, but if you indict Rothman, you're crazy.

Rothman approaches them from down the hall.

STONE
Your client's alibi has been refuted by his alibi witness.

ROTHMAN
Elizabeth Hendrick has made a mistake. I assure you she'll tell the truth.

CUT TO
INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Schiff is running his hand over the hair at the nape of his neck, pushing the side hair back. Robinette leans against the door. Stone sits in front of Schiff’s desk.

STONE
Erica will argue that More consented to being tortured. She can just about prove he liked to be beat up. But I can work around that.

SCHIFF
You can consent to being tortured, but you can’t consent to murder. (beat) But you still have to prove intent. Do we know Rothman wanted to hurt him?

STONE
We will.

SCHIFF
Rothman absolutely at the scene? The fingerprint?

STONE
The Polaroid is identical... practically down to the shadows of the ones the police photographer took.

SCHIFF
That’ll fly. (beat) I want to be clear about one thing. I don’t care what consenting adults do in their bedrooms— or elsewhere. It’s their business. But Rothman’s a public figure. He’s a role model. He has an obligation not to behave like this. And Hendrick... if she’s involved... go after her. I’ll back you all the way, I don’t want even a hint of a double standard for the rich.

ROBINETTE
(to Stone) We’ve got to put Rothman at the scene more convincingly.

CONTINUED
SCHIFF
Go back over the evidence. Tear his life apart till something turns up...

CUT TO

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER’S OFFICE - DAY

An Assistant M.E., Marty Cioran, hands Robinette a report, which Robinette reads.

CIORAN
Tox scan is negative. No heroin, no coke, no codeine, nothing.

ROBINETTE
Run another one. See if --

CIORAN
Whoa, whoa...Who’s paying for this?

ROBINETTE
It’s a homicide investigation. Stone’ll approve it.

CIORAN
The man hanged himself. Does it matter what he had in his blood?

ROBINETTE
It matters.

CIORAN
What are we looking for?

ROBINETTE
Synthetics, MDA, speed, methaqualone.

CIORAN
Exactly what I’d take if I were going to hang myself.

CUT TO
ROBINETTE
The Medical Examiner’s report says there was oil on the victim’s body. Can you match it to the oil in the fingerprint on the photograph?

The lab technician nods at Robinette’s reasoning.

LAB TECHNICIAN
I get it. You want to put the body and the photograph in the same time frame. If the hand touched his body and the picture, you know the picture was taken the night he died.

ROBINETTE
That’s right.

LAB TECHNICIAN
We’re working with very small quantities and I don’t want to damage that print.

ROBINETTE
Can you do it?

LAB TECHNICIAN
Ask me tomorrow.

CUT TO

JOHNSON
The Commissioner always treated me fine. He’s a fine gentleman.
ROBINETTE
You’re sure he never had an appointment with Victor More?

JOHNSON
I keep his appointment book.

ROBINETTE
You’ve worked for other city agencies?

JOHNSON
I worked in the Real Estate Department and EPA. I was secretary to deputy commissioners.

ROBINETTE
And Commissioner Rothman never did anything out of the ordinary.

Johnson nervously chews her lip. Robinette lets her stew.

JOHNSON
He has these long phone calls, and... sometimes I couldn’t get him off to go to meetings. He’d talk right through ’em for an hour, hour and a half... and...

(long beat)
... when he came out he’d be all pale and sweaty...

Off Robinette’s look --

CUT TO

62A INT. STONE’S OFFICE - DAY

Stohlmeyster is standing in front of Stone’s desk. Two tough customers fighting low-level warfare.

STOHLMeyer
There’s no case here, Ben. My client is not compelled to rescue somebody who’s risking his own life.

STONE
That’s one way to look at it. I think he’s guilty of manslaughter.

STOHLMeyer
Then why do you want him in front of a grand jury?

CONTINUED
STONE
I want to know what happened.

STOHLMEYER
Grant him immunity and he'll testify against Hendrick.

STONE
If he pleads to manslaughter one...?
That's discussable.

STOHLMEYER
You can't convict him of manslaughter one.

STONE
That's what juries are for, Erica.
To decide which one of us is right.

STOHLMEYER
I'll talk to my client.

63  INT. HALLWAY - DAY
Robinette is walking fast with Stone.

ROBINETTE
The Local Usage Details for Rothman's home phone have dozens of long calls to Hendrick. On the weekends, four-five-six times a day. Hers have as many calls to him.

STONE
Night of the murder?

ROBINETTE
A call from Rothman to Victor More.

CONTINUED
STONE
What the hell were Hendrick and Rothman talking about the rest of the time?

CUT TO

INT. COURTROOM - DAY
Stone comes in. There's a hearing in progress. Lawyers, defendant, etc. The judge's plaque says Leo Fadenhecht.

JUDGE FADENHECHT
I'm not going to rule on that right now, counselor. We're miles away from discovery questions.

Stone's at the back of the courtroom. He's holding up a hand to get the judge's attention. Fadenhecht spots him and crooks a finger to tell him to come forward.

Stone comes down the center aisle, through the gate, up to the bench. He covers his microphone with his hand and they talk quietly.

JUDGE FADENHECHT
I hope this is important, Mr. Stone.

STONE
I need a tap warrant.

JUDGE FADENHECHT
Anybody going to put my ass in a sling if I say yes? You got cause?

STONE
Rock solid, Your Honor.

The judge cups a hand and waves for the warrant. Stone puts it up on the bench and the judge signs.

CUT TO

INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY
Stohlmeyer is standing, furious. Rothman sits. Stone, casual to the point of boredom, has his feet up on his desk.
STOHLMeyer
You're only going to indict because he's being hung in the press.

Stone swings his feet down and his manner changes to steel.

STONE
Somebody got very careless here with a human life, Erica. Your client still has no alibi. Hendrick hasn't budged. She never saw him.
(to Rothman)
Do you want to tell me about your relationship with her? Maybe we can help her change her mind.

ROTHMAN
I have nothing to say about Miss Hendrick.

STONE
Commissioner, you know what our prisons are like these days. And you're going to be in one for a long time. You want to go alone?

ROTHMAN
Miss Hendrick will do the right thing.

STOHLMeyer
(standing)
Let's go, Henry.

Robinette enters as they leave.

ROBINETTE
First tapes are in on the Rothman tap.

CUT TO

INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - DAY
A tape recording is playing -- Rothman and Hendrick. Schiff, Stone, and Robinette listen. Hendrick berates Rothman. He responds like a scolded child.

ROTHMAN
(desperate, soft voice)
Elizabeth, I need your protection. You have to tell them--
HENDRICK
(hard)
Henry, you do exactly what I tell you.

ROTHMAN
(meek)
Yes, Elizabeth, whatever you say.

Stone and Schiff look at each other. This is weird.

HENDRICK
First, Henry, keep your mouth shut. Especially with that moron lawyer of yours. Second, don't talk to the prosecutors. And third, don't call me. Do you understand?

ROTHMAN
Yes.

HENDRICK
Yes what?

ROTHMAN
Yes, Elizabeth, I understand.

There is a click. Schiff stops the tape. He lets out a whooshing breath to show how strange he thinks this is.

SCHIFF
Right out of Krafft-Ebbing.

ROBINETTE
But nothing incriminating.

STONE
Sure sounds like she could have been with him.

ROBINETTE
And it sounds like he's her slave. Literally.

SCHIFF
Suppose she's into this scene, and suppose she is the dominant one, what was going on that night?

CUT TO
INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A stark room. A modern standing lamp with soft light cast upward, white walls with a single modern print. A desk with chair. An Eames chair next to a chaise. Dr. Nicholas Gregg sits in the Eames chair and Stone sits on the chaise.

DR. GREGG
(with a smile)
I'm sorry you don't like the room.

STONE
(looking around)
A little bleak, don't you think?

DR. GREGG
No distractions. My patients are the center of attention, not the room.
(beat)
You see, we're doing it right now. Establishing who's in control. Who has the power.

STONE
Went right past me.

DR. GREGG
Every relationship, Mr. Stone. Work, at home with your wife, kids. Every relationship is about power.

STONE
But I don't beat people up for kicks.
(beat)
A dominatrix, a woman who plays the dominant role in a sexual relationship...would she play the role in some other situation...not a sexual one...but emotionally charged?

DR. GREGG
It's learned behavior. Operant conditioning. Press the right button, you get the right response.
(beat)
The question is finding the button.

CUT TO

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Stone walks toward Schiff's office holding a file. Robinette comes off a side hallway and joins him.

CONTINUED
ROBINETTE
Forensics says the oil on the
Polaroid fingerprint is the same as
on the body.

STONE
That sure ought to establish the
picture was taken when More died.
This is going to be a pleasure.

They turn into Schiff's office.

INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Robinette and Stone come in. Schiff looks up. Stone tosses
a file onto Schiff's desk.

STONE
New tox report. Victor had quaaludes
in his blood. Probably black-market
from Goa. If he was on ludes...
Diminished mental capacity. He was
in no condition to protect himself.

SCHIFF
Time to put a little pressure on the
Commissioner.

ROBINETTE
Why not on Hendrick? She was the
one in charge. He's the weak one.

STONE
Because the only pressure on Hendrick
...is Rothman.

ROBINETTE
Doesn't seem right.

STONE
(exasperated)
Paul, we have one murderer we can
indict by a hair and another we're
not even near.

SCHIFF
Something's gotta give. And it's
going to be Commissioner Rothman.
INT. STONE’S OFFICE - DAY

Stone holds the door open for Erica Stohlmeyer. As she’s coming in, she seems relatively pleased to see him.

STOHLMeyer
Ben. You’re ready to make a deal.

STONE
But you’re not going to like it. I’m going to indict your client for manslaughter one.

STOHLMeyer
(tight)
Unless you have something I don’t know about... Do I have to make a discovery motion?

STONE
(sitting down)
Victor More had quaaludes in his blood. A jury is not going to believe he had the capacity to protect himself.

STOHLMeyer
Nobody intended to hurt Victor More. You have to prove intent -- and you can’t.

There’s a knock on the glass -- Henry Rothman. Stohlmeyer opens the door.

STONE
Have a seat, Mr. Rothman. We were just discussing your state of mind when you killed Victor More.

ROTHMAN
(bewildered)
I thought we were here to make a deal.

STOHLMeyer
Sit down, Henry...and don’t say anything!

He sits. Stone notices how immediately he responded to her command.

CONTINUED
STOHLMeyer
(to Stone)
No matter what you think my client was doing with Victor More, this was a guy who begged to be hurt as part of the game...he was a masochist.

STONE
He didn’t beg to die.

STOHLMeyer
I’ll tell you right now what I’m going to tell a jury, if there ever is one. Victor More committed suicide. And you can’t prove he didn’t.

STONE
Try me.

Stohlmeyer’s in a box and she knows it. She gives a little.

STOHLMeyer
Criminally negligent homicide. He does three months, maximum.

STONE
We stay with manslaughter one, your client waives immunity, and I’ll recommend a minimum sentence if he rolls on Hendrick.

Stone looks at Rothman with utter disdain.

STONE
He’s insignificant...A cog. I know Hendrick ordered him to do what he did. His mistake is he thinks she can still help him.

(cold, soft, hard)
I’m in charge. And I’ll crush your client. We are not talking about dirty pictures, we’re talking about death. A crime’s been committed, and the guilty will pay. Does he want the deal or not?

STOHLMeyer
Forget it.

Stone stands up and heads for the door.

STONE
I just forgot it. No deal.

CONTINUED
He opens the door for her to leave. Rothman's eyes dart from Stone to Stohlmeyer.

ROTHMAN
(almost frantic)
Wait a minute, it wasn't me...she did order me to do it...I wanted to save him. But she wouldn't let me.

STOHLMEYER
(defeated, to Stone)
I guess you got your deal.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN
OMITTED

INT. HENDRICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

In the living room, Elizabeth Hendrick enters and is met by Stone who presents the warrant as two investigators search. Robinette is with one investigator opening the drawers of a Louis XIV bureau. Another is pawing through a closet.

STONE
We have court-ordered permission to search the premises. This warrant covers your apartment, your car, and all your personal possessions.

To Hendrick, they're all just a bunch of annoying peons.

HENDRICK
Would you like some coffee?

Stone gives her a look. Robinette turns from the bureau, shaking his head. Nothing.

CUT TO

INT. HENDRICK'S BATHROOM - DAY

Wall-to-wall marble. An investigator is at the medicine chest with Robinette. He is opening an unlabeled brown pill container. He looks, passes it to Robinette, who looks.

ROBINETTE
(calling)
Stone...

Stone pokes his head around the corner.

ROBINETTE
Looks like black-market luudes. Maybe the same kind they found in Victor...?

INT. HENDRICK'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Stone is coming back in. An investigator is kneeling at a large cedar chest, trying to get it open.

CONTINUED
INVESTIGATOR

Locked, Mr. Stone.

Stone turns to Hendrick.

STONE

Do you have a key?

Hendrick pulls out a key and hands it to Stone, who fits it into the lock.

HENDRICK

(wry)

That's my hope chest.

Stone lifts the lid of the chest and pulls out a black leather jacket and pants—identical to the kind worn by the fleeing duo in the Teaser.

STONE

What were you hoping for?

CUT TO

INT. SCHIFF’S OFFICE - DAY

Robinette and Schiff are an audience to a frustrated Stone.

STONE

You have three consenting adults consenting to certain... activities, games. One of them dies. Who's responsible?

SCHIFF

You think Hendrick was.

STONE

And all I have is the uncorroborated testimony of an accomplice. I think maybe in Albania that gets you a conviction.

SCHIFF

What about the pills?

ROBINETTE

Tough. If they're chemically the same. If an expert witness doesn't knock the toxicology. Circumstantial isn't the word for it. Try the jury laughs on the way out.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

SCHIFF
There's no law against owning a leather jacket.

STONE
But there might be one against what you do when you're wearing it.

INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Cathy, the salesgirl from the Erogenous Zone, is interviewed as a potential witness by Stone and Robinette.

CATHY
Okay, I sold Miss Hendrick the leather. So what?

STONE
Did you ever hang out with her?

CATHY
Is that a joke?

STONE
How well do you know Elizabeth Hendrick?

CATHY
Look, I don't get close to the customers... They're all playing with fifty-one cards.

Stone's responds slowly and calmly. He wants her to realize how serious this is. And Cathy gets the message.

STONE
Cathy. A man is dead. This is about murder.

CATHY
(quietly)
There's a couple of clubs... one where a lot of rich people go...
(beat)
Club X.

CUT TO

INT. CLUB X - NIGHT

An S&M bar in full swing. Enough black leather to excite Goebbels. Robinette weaves through the bikers and their women, who look at him with disdain that's almost hatred.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

The heavy metal music is pounding. We SEE BUT DON’T HEAR Robinette talking to the bartender, who points toward the rear of the club. Robinette starts off through the crowd.

CUT TO

INT. CLUB X - MANAGER’S OFFICE - NIGHT

The heavy metal music is faint. Celine, the manager, is a razor of a guy in who’s standing and breathing fire.

CELINE
So you got some Amazon blond freak who says this Hendrick person was here.

ROBINETTE
And you --

CELINE
(interrupting)
And I say get the hell out of my club.

ROBINETTE
(turning to leave)
I’ll be back with a subpoena.

CUT TO

INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - DAY

Celine is on the stand. Under Stone’s grilling he’s not sounding quite so tough, but he starts with an attitude.

CELINE
I can’t discuss my customers. It’s like doctor-patient confidentiality ...lawyer-client...you can understand that.

STONE
Mr. Celine, as legal advisor to the grand jury, I advise you that the law of the state of New York recognizes no such privilege or confidentiality and I direct you, sir, to answer the question.

CELINE
I run the place, I’m not responsible for what goes on in it.

CONTINUED
Stone walks straight up to the stand and delivers this to Celine's face.

STONE
You are here under subpoena and you're under oath. You answer the questions or you go to jail. Your attorney will verify that for you. I ask you again: was Elizabeth Hendrick a dues-paying member of your club?

Celine figuratively, and literally, starts to sweat.

CELINE
She was a member. She paid dues.

STONE
And what did she do when she came to your club?

CELINE
She...uh...she liked to have slaves.

STONE
What did Miss Hendrick do with her slaves?

CELINE
She liked to watch things get a little out of control.

STONE
How out of control, Mr. Celine?

CELINE
Last month...she had this slave...it got crazy...damn near killed a kid...Gary...Gary something...Pardee. Gary Pardee.

The Grand Jury isn't pleased.

CUT TO

82 OMITTED

83 INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Gary, 19, rests his broken arm, in a cast, on the arm of the chair. He is embarrassed and scared.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

GARY
(reasonable, not angry)
What is it with you guys? Is it your business what I do?

ROBINETTE
(patients)
Gary, you got hurt. It's our business if people get hurt.

STONE
Who actually hit you?

GARY
(head down, subdued)
It was Rothman. She told him to do it...but it went a little further than it was supposed to.

STONE
Why didn't you press charges?

Gary is confronting the real reason he's embarrassed.

GARY
What does that make me look like? I agreed to it. Maybe it was my fault for getting involved in the first place.
(beat)
Don't force me to testify. It'll ruin my career. I'm perfect for young dad parts in commercials.

CUT TO

INT. STONE'S OFFICE - HALLWAY

Stone and Robinette watch Gary going toward the elevator.

ROBINETTE
He's useless at trial. He'd be a reluctant witness and you can only bring him in if the character issue is opened up.

STONE
Worse. He says it's his own fault, he can be used against us. Makes the responsibility question real muddy.

CUT TO
Rothman is on the stand. Robinette is at the prosecutor’s table. Stone is facing the grand jury in mid-question.

STONE
And on that evening, did you hurt Mr. More?

ROTHMAN
Miss Hendrick said to slap him on the legs and the buttocks.

STONE
You slapped him with your hands.

ROTHMAN
Yes...no, I was wearing gloves.

STONE
Where was Mr. More when this was happening?

ROTHMAN
He was standing on a chair with a noose around his neck and...trying to reach orgasm.

STONE
And did he?

ROTHMAN
No, he...he lifted his legs off the chair to tighten the noose and get the feeling of hanging...and accidentally kicked the chair over. I went to put it back and Miss Hendrick ordered me not to.

STONE
Elizabeth Hendrick told you to let Mr. More hang to death and you did?

ROTHMAN
You have to understand, I...I had to do what she told me.

STONE
You had to do what she told you.

ROTHMAN
(meek and pathetic)
It was part of our game.

CUT TO
INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Schiff is talking with Stone and Robinette.

SCHIFF
Still a million miles from Hendrick. Even with the drugs and diminished capacity.

ROBINETTE
Our own case says her role in the death is indirect.

STONE
If I get her on the stand, I can bring her down.

CUT TO

INT. HENDRICK FOUNDATION OFFICE - DAY

Elizabeth Hendrick is sitting. Jay Sterling, her lawyer, an eminence grise, is standing behind her. Stone is conciliatory, overly polite, even weak... He is trying to sucker her into overplaying her hand and he is beginning to succeed.

HENDRICK
You know that Henry Rothman killed Victor More, don’t you?

STONE
Yes, I’m afraid I do.

HENDRICK
At least we have that straight.

STERLING
Elizabeth, I have to recommend--

HENDRICK
(cutting him off)
I’ll handle this, Jay.

Sterling looks properly chastened...and frustrated.

STONE
On the stand, if you were effective in presenting your side, you’d clear yourself.

HENDRICK
(an order)
You’ll grant me immunity and then I’ll testify against him.

CONTINUED
I'm sorry, I can't do that, Miss Hendrick.

That's what you're going to do, Mr. Stone.

You really think the grand jury will believe you're innocent.

Hendrick gives him a clear-eyed, hard stare.

You never know, Mr. Stone, do you?
(beat)
I'll waive immunity...
(beat)
I'll see you at the grand jury.

CUT TO

Robinette looks dispirited as he and Stone exit the building.

She has to engage me...if she doesn't, it'll make her look weak.
ROBINETTE
It's one of the longest shots you've ever played.

STONE
She wants to dominate me. I'm going to give her the chance.
INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - DAY

Elizabeth Hendrick is on the witness stand. Again Stone is conciliatory, treating her with great deference, letting her dominate the exchange.

HENDRICK
That question has an ugly implication, Mr. Stone.

STONE
I’m sorry. Could you help me rephrase it?

HENDRICK
You asked if I gave the men drugs. You implied I gave them illegal drugs. Mr. Rothman and Mr. More took drugs, but not because they got them from me.

STONE
I apologize if I offended you.

Hendrick looks pleased. Stone turns toward the jurors as he asks the next question.

STONE
You were accustomed to playing games with Mr. Rothman, is that right?

HENDRICK
Mr. More invited me to join him in what he called a performance art work. We were rehearsing it with Mr. Rothman. We’d done this before and the men were never very good at it, so I was doing my best to help them.

The jurors look at each other. They are beginning to see the wacko in Hendrick.

HENDRICK
I left the men alone for just a few minutes. When I returned I found Mr. More dead and the chair several feet away. Mr. Rothman was sobbing on the floor and he kept saying over and over, I let him die. It was a tragic mistake made by incompetent men. I know that I should never have left them alone.

CONTINUED
STONE
You knew that you shouldn't have left them alone? Does that mean you knew Victor More might get hurt if you did?

Hendrick hesitates for a moment. She's lost, flustered.

HENDRICK
I mean I...I know now that I shouldn't have left them alone.

CUT TO
INT. CORRIDOR - DAY
Lunch break. Outside the grand jury room.

ROBINETTE
She sounds crazy. The question is does she sound crazy enough.

STONE
The question is does she sound guilty enough.

ROBINETTE
(nodding past Stone)
Ben...

THEIR POV
At the end of the hall, Hendrick is standing over Rothman, gesticulating with her hands, seeming to berate him. Rothman steps backward. Hendrick steps up closer to him. He backs into the wall.

Stone and Robinette move down the hall. Stone's face is buried in a file. When Robinette spots Hendrick and Rothman, he nudges Stone.

ROBINETTE
Ben...
Stone looks up, sees the tableau and watches with interest.

CUT TO

INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - DAY
Rothman is on the stand. Stone is dead-faced.

STONE
Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Rothman has told me he feels his testimony this morning was not complete. He has asked for the opportunity to expand on it.

ROTHMAN
(voice quavering)
I lied to you this morning. I was solely responsible for Victor More's death. Miss Hendrick was not in the room at the time. I take full responsibility.

CONTINUED
STONE
Did you have a conversation during the lunch break with Elizabeth Hendrick?

Rothman wasn't prepared for this. He says nothing. He licks his lips. His eyes roam.

STONE
Mr. Rothman, I asked you if you had a conversation with Elizabeth Hendrick.

ROTHMAN
Yes...

STONE
Did Miss Hendrick order you to come back here and change your testimony?

ROTHMAN
I killed Victor More.

STONE
Just like she ordered you to on the night Victor More died.

ROTHMAN
Miss Hendrick had nothing to do with it.

Stone's jaw muscles are flexing. He makes a visible effort to control himself, his voice quiet and hard.

STONE
Mr. Rothman, you realize that these statements will invalidate the plea bargain that you entered into.

ROTHMAN
(stone-faced)
Miss Hendrick had nothing to do with it.

CUT TO

93 OMITTED

93A INT. ROTHMAN'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY/NIGHT

Greevey's on the bedroom extension. A pair of legs from a hanging body is suspended in mid-air behind him. He's holding a handful of Polaroids.

CONTINUED
GREEVEY
Stone?...Max Greevey...I’m standing in the late Henry Rothman’s bedroom. I think you should get up here...

CUT TO

INT. PAVILION OF POPULAR ART - NIGHT

The glittery opening of the late Victor More’s show. Black-tie men, gowned women, Soho men and women. More’s massive photographs are on the walls, including a picture of More himself, his death photo blown up.

Stone moves through the crowd. He sees Elizabeth Hendrick in a gown, laughing, her head thrown back. He moves slowly toward her. She turns and sees him.

HENDRICK
(a picture of charm)
Mr. Stone, I didn’t expect to see you here.

STONE
(controlling the venom)
I have some news you may not have heard. Your friend Mr. Rothman? He killed himself tonight. Couldn’t face jail, I guess. Hanged himself from his bedroom chandelier. What do you have to say about that?

HENDRICK
(now a somber smile)
Did anyone take a picture?

STONE
No one took a picture, but Rothman left some...

As Stone reaches into his pocket, Greevey and Logan enter, followed by a pair of uniforms.

STONE
Polaroids...of you...watching More die...

He turns them so that she can see them. She blanches. Greevey and Logan come up to her. As Logan cuffs her, Greevey locks eyes with her.
GREEVEY
You have the right to remain silent, you have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR
SYNOPSIS

In New York, a police investigation into the apparently suicidal death of morbid artist VICTOR MORE uncovers some unusual details which convinces authorities there is more to the story than meets the eye. Further investigation and the ensuing courtroom trial reveals that Victor More was into S & M, and that night was involved in domination play with two other people -- HENRY ROTHMAN, the city Commissioner of Cultural Affairs, and ELIZABETH KENDRICK, a spoiled socialite who enjoys having "slaves" in her sex play -- of which Rothman and More were two. Rothman claims responsibility for More's death. He explains that More used a noose to simulate hanging, thus heightening his orgasm... but he tripped and hung for real. Rothman claims he refused to help More, and that Kendrick was out of the room at the time. But after he's convicted, Rothman kills himself, leaving Polaroids that prove Kendrick was there during the hanging, and was primarily responsible for the accident. She is arrested...

COMMENTS

This is not very useful for a writing sample. First off, it's based on a television program, which seems to allow the absence of character development within the script. As a result, we don't have any idea of what our heroes are like, and only the most cursory hints at some of their motivations.

This simply leaves the story, which is your basic T.V. police procedural. While the agent tried to fob this off as "amazing" in his coverletter, he don't seem to have very
high standards. The story is competent, but not especially outstanding or unique -- unless you count some of the rather lurid details of the plot (S & M sexplay, autoerotic suicide, etc.). But again, without any feeling for character, this is simply plot-driven T.V. detective stuff. Even the ending is rather contrived, relying on Deus Aux Machina to bring the guilty party to justice.

Overall, competent, but far from impressive.