"LAW & ORDER"

"BURNED"

Written by

Siobhan Byrne

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6:05pm

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## LAW & ORDER

"BURNED"

### SCRIPT REVISION HISTORY

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LAW & ORDER

"BURNED"

CAST

DETECTIVE LENNIE BRISCOE
DETECTIVE REYNALDO CURTIS
LIEUTENANT ANITA VAN BUREN
ASST. D.A. JACK MC COY
ASST. D.A. JAMIE ROSS
D.A. ADAM SCHIFF

EMIL SKODA
STAN KAMINSKI
ELLEN RATTINGER
   (RAT-TIN-JURE)
VOICE (TERRY LAWLOR)
NORM CRISPIN
KRISTIN'S VOICE
SECOND FEMALE VOICE
THERESA GREEN
ROY LAWLOR (LAW-LUR)
SALVATORE HESS
TONY COLLABRO
SANDRA LAWLOR
ELAINE LAWLOR
CARL ANDERTON
TED VLAHOS
   (VLA-HO-SS)
TERRY LAWLOR
BRADY
LAWRENCE WEAVER
JUDGE SIMONS (SIGH-MONZ)
GRACE KILLEEN
LOIS GAREY
LAW & ORDER
"BURNED"
SETS

INTERIORS:

PRECINCT
  VAN BUREN'S OFFICE
  SQUADROOM
  INTERROGATION ROOM
  INTERVIEW ROOM
  LAB
  PROPERTY CLERK'S OFFICE
D.A.'S OFFICE
  SCHIFF'S OFFICE
  MC COY'S OFFICE
  ROSS'S CUBICLE
KAMINSKY'S APARTMENT
  DOORWAY
  LIVING ROOM

APARTMENT BUILDING
  HALLWAY
ROY LAWLOR'S APARTMENT
  KITCHEN
EARTHLY TREASURES - (X)
  BEAUTY SUPPLY
ARSON SQUAD
  BAR
ANDERTON'S APARTMENT (X)
  LIVING ROOM
  STUDY
COURTHOUSE
  JUDGE SIMONS' CHAMBER
  HALLWAY
  COURTROOM
  LAWYER'S ROOM
  D.A.'S CONFERENCE ROOM
PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
  LIBRARY (X)

EXTERIORS:

KAMINSKI APARTMENT BUILDING
  STREET
ANDERTON APARTMENT BUILDING
  COURTHOUSE
  CHILDREN'S ZOO
  PARK
  LOADING DOCK
LAW & ORDER
"BURNT"
TEASER

FADE IN

1 INT. APARTMENT DOORWAY - NIGHT

Stan Kaminski, late thirties, dressed in jeans, a t-shirt, and cowboy boots, opens his apartment door. Ellen Rattinger, a woman in her early thirties, trying to look like she's in her twenties -- trendy clothes and big hair -- leans against him for support. They're both tipsy.

RATTINGER
I've been lied to by experts...

KAMINSKI
Like I said, no wife, no roommates, no live-ins, no problems, baby...

2 INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A bachelor pad -- minimal furnishings. Rattinger sinks into the couch. She looks at the ashtray in front of her -- piled with cigarettes. She pulls out a butt...

RATTINGER
Red lipstick?

KAMINSKI
My mother's.

He leans down and kisses her, a reminder of why they're at his apartment, and a promise of things to come.

KAMINSKI
You want a drink, baby? Wine?

RATTINGER
A glass a wine'd be nice.

Kaminski heads down a hallway, towards the kitchen...

RATTINGER
Sure you're not married...?

CONTINUED
KAMINSKI
Last time I checked.

She scans the room, for more evidence he's lying. She spots the answering machine -- the LED display indicates there's one message. With an eye towards the kitchen, Rattinger leans over, lowers the volume and presses play --

FEMALE VOICE
(on answering machine)
I did it. You don't have to worry anymore. I killed Dee-Dee...

Rattinger stares at the answering machine. Before she has time to react, Kaminski comes back with the drinks. He hands her a glass of wine, and sits beside her on the couch... She puts the wine down on the coffee table.

RATTINGER
I just remembered, there's somewhere I have to be...

She starts to rise, but he pulls her back down.

KAMINSKI
C'mon baby...

He puts his arm behind her head, and pulls her to him, kissing her neck and face. Rattinger resists --

RATTINGER
Stop it!

Kaminski shifts himself on top of Rattinger, but she pushes him away and bolts as he staggers drunkenly after her.

CUT TO

3 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Rattinger sits with Briscoe and Curtis, who are clearly unphased by Rattinger's hysterical account of her night, which only serves to make her more insistent with them.

RATTINGER
The message said "I killed her."

BRISCOE
You sure you heard right? You said yourself you'd had a few drinks.

CONTINUED
RATTINGER
This guy had someone killed. It said so on the machine.

Briscoe and Curtis exchange looks.

BRISCOE
Where do we find him?

RATTINGER
You know the big building on the corner of 8th and 23rd? That's where he lives.

CURTIS
His apartment number?

RATTINGER
I was in a rush to get the hell outta there.

CURTIS
O.K., what's the guy's name?

RATTINGER
Stanley.

Briscoe writes it down, waiting for a last name.

RATTINGER
He said he was a fashion photographer. I don't know where.

BRISCOE
Lemme see if I've got this straight. Stanley somebody, a fashion photographer somewhere, who lives in some apartment building, probably on 23rd and 8th has some sort of message about the murder of somebody who might be named Dee-Dee.

RATTINGER
That's right.

BRISCOE
(dissmissive)
Well, thank you for coming in.

CURTIS
You think you could describe him to our sketch artist?
Briscoe gives Curtis a look.

RATTINGER
Yes.

CURTIS
Good. Wait here. We'll get somebody.

Curtis and Briscoe move off.

BRISCOE
(wry)
This is gonna be a slam dunk, Rey.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN

4 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Briscoe and Curtis stand outside the building speaking with Norm Crispin, the super. He is hosing down the front of the building. Curtis is holding out a sketch of Kaminski.

CRISPIN
I got Stan Arnold, Stan Hudson, 'cept he's in New Mexico til the end of October, Stan Kaminski --

CURTIS
Could you just look at the picture. Our Stanley is a photographer. About my height, dark hair and likes to pick up women in bars...

CRISPIN
Kaminski.

CURTIS
You see him with anyone last night?

CRISPIN
When the Rangers play, I don't see anything 'cept the television.

CURTIS
Where can we find him?

CRISPIN
He works in a lumber store on Fourteenth.

BRISCOE
(to Curtis)
He's a Polaroid photographer.

CUT TO
5A EXT. LOADING DOCK - DAY

Kaminski is stocking the shelves with plumbing supplies -- pipes, connections, etc. as Briscoe and Curtis question him.

KAMINSKI
She had dark hair, skinny... I don't remember her name.

BRISCOE
Name Ellen ring a bell?

KAMINSKI
Something happen to her?

BRISCOE
Just tell us what went on.

KAMINSKI
We go back to my place. One minute she's warming up, next thing it's a no hitter. But I didn't touch her. She saying I touched her?

CURTIS
No. You return all the calls you got on your answering machine last night?

KAMINSKI
I haven't checked the messages.

CURTIS
You know anyone by the name of "Dee-Dee"?

KAMINSKI
What's this got to do with my answering machine?

CURTIS
She says someone left a message about Dee-Dee on your machine.

KAMINSKI
This chick listens to my answering machine, invading my privacy, and I'm the one getting the third degree.

CONTINUED
BRISCOE
Who's Dee-Dee, Stan?

KAMINSKI
I don't know any Dee-Dee.

BRISCOE
So you won't mind letting us listen to your incoming messages, clear this up, and we'll be on our way.

KAMINSKI
C'mon, man, I'm workin'...

CURTIS
We'll square it with the boss.

KAMINSKI
And I'm leaving with two cops...?

BRISCOE
Look at the bright side -- you're not in handcuffs.

CUT TO

6 INT. KAMINSKI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Briscoe, Curtis and Kaminski stand around the answering machine. Kaminski presses play...

MACHINE VOICE
You have two messages...
(We hear a beep)
Hi, this is Kristin, from the Clam House, last Friday. I'm off the whole weekend. Have bikini, will travel, if you still wanna go to your place in Jamaica...The number's five-five-five-one-four-three-seven. Bye...
(Machine voice)
Friday, eleven twenty a.m.

Curtis looks at Briscoe -- another one?

CURTIS
(To Kaminski)
You're a busy man.

The machine beeps again.

CONTINUED
FEMALE VOICE
(We hear a beep)
Mr. Kaminski, this is Miss Lee from O.K. Cable. Give us a call regarding your outstanding balance.
(We hear another beep)
Friday, twelve forty-seven. That was your last message.

KAMINSKI
So which one of these is supposed to be from Dee-Dee?

CURTIS
Does your tape automatically rewind when the last message plays?

KAMINSKI
Yeah.

CURTIS
Then, we need to take the tape with us.

KAMINSKI
Lemme just get a pen...

Kaminski goes over to a side table, finds a pen.

BRISCOE
555-1437.

KAMINSKI
What?

BRISCOE
(takes the tape)
Have bikini, will travel. 555-1437.

CUT TO

7 INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Van Buren and Briscoe.

BRISCOE
The lab's checkin' if Kaminski recorded over the confession.

CONTINUED
VAN BUREN
Alleged confession. Don't you have crimes with actual bodies to investigate? It could be she just wants to rattle his chain.

BRISCOE
If she was just out to make trouble, she coulda cried rape...

Curtis walks in.

CURTIS
Stanley Kaminski. Nineteen ninety-five, Assault Three. Probation. And last April, a Dina Perucci got an Order of Protection against him.

BRISCOE
Dina, Dee-Dee?

VAN BUREN
Go see if Dina's still alive and kickin'.

CUT TO

8 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

Briscoe knocks on the door, which is opened by an attractive blonde woman, thirtysomething.

BRISCOE
Miss Perucci?

THERESA GREEN
Who're you?

The cops tin her.

BRISCOE
Detective Briscoe. This is Detective Curtis.

THERESA GREEN
(introduces herself)
I'm Theresa Green. Dina's not home.

CURTIS
Do you know when she'll be back?

CONTINUED
THERESA GREEN
(shakes her head
no)
She hasn't been around since Monday.

CURTIS
Is that unusual for her?

THERESA GREEN
We're flight attendants.

BRISCOE
You know her boyfriend, Stan Kaminski?

THERESA GREEN
That guy. What did he do now?

BRISCOE
She had a protection order against him.

THERESA GREEN
Dina breaks up with him and a week later, two in the morning, he's banging on our door.

CURTIS
When's the last time you saw her?

THERESA GREEN
Monday morning. I had a flight. When I got back she wasn't here.

CURTIS
Which airline does she work for?

THERESA GREEN
Worldwide.

(beat)
What's wrong?

Curtis' beeper goes off.

BRISCOE
We just need to talk to her.

CURTIS
(re: beeper, to Briscoe)
The Lab.

CUT TO
9 INT. POLICE LAB - EVENING

Jack Brady, early thirties, a tech, stands in front of an audio console.

BRADY

The loudness of the original message and the high frequency left a print-through.

Brady plays the tape...

AUDIO MESSAGE

I did it. You don't have to worry anymore. I killed Dee-Dee...

(Beep; machine voice)

Friday, eleven thirty-seven.

BRADY

(re: tape)

Sounds young. Probably female. Early twenties...

CURTIS

Maybe he got one of his girlfriends to kill Dina.

BRISCOE

This guy's good-looking, but not that good-looking.

CUT TO

10 INT. PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Briscoe sits across from Kaminski, who glares across the table at him, clearly aggravated that he's being questioned. Curtis leans against the back wall, studying Kaminski.

KAMINSKI

How many times do I have to tell you, I don't know this Dee-Dee.

CURTIS

How about Dina Perucci, you know who she is, don't you?

KAMINSKI

What's she got to do with this?

CONTINUED
CURTIS
She had an Order of Protection against you.

KAMINSKI
Dina over reacted.

BRISCOE
You like playing rough with women, Stan?

KAMINSKI
I knocked on Dina's door -- what's the big deal?

CURTIS
The big deal is the murder confession on your answering machine.

BRISCOE
Where's Dina?

KAMINSKI
I haven't seen her in months.

BRISCOE
She jammed you with that restraint order. Maybe you wanted to jam her back?

CURTIS
Is she "Dee-Dee"?

Kaminski puts his head in his hands.

KAMINSKI
I don't know a Dee-Dee. Maybe the message was a mistake, a wrong number...
(searching his memory)
When I first got this number I used to get a lot of calls for some other guy.

BRISCOE
He got a name?

KAMINSKI
(thinks)
Ray or Roy. Something like that.

BRISCOE
Ray or Roy, that's all you got?
Kaminski nods. Briscoe starts to lead him out.

**BRISCOE**

Let's go.

**KAMINSKI**

(can't believe it)

What about this guy, Ray...

**CURTIS**

You remember anything more about him, like his last name, tell lock-up, they'll let us know.

**CUT TO**

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Curtis sits at his desk on phone. Briscoe and Van Buren walk toward him.

**VAN BUREN**

We got word from Worldwide. Dina's in Athens on a lay-over.

**BRISCOE**

So, Dina's not Dee-Dee.

**VAN BUREN**

Or she is, and the phone call was a prank.

**BRISCOE**

Or she isn't and the call was for this guy, Roy.

**VAN BUREN**

Send Mr. Kaminski home. I haven't got a budget for this.

**CURTIS**

(on to phone)

Uh-uh...

(writes)

Any current address?...Thanks

(hangs up)

Roy Lawlor. He had the number before Kaminski.

**CUT TO**
INT. ROY LAWLOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Briscoe and Curtis sit on hardback chairs in the cramped kitchen of Roy's apartment. Roy Lawlor is around forty, but looks closer to sixty -- gray hair, underweight and stooped shoulders. Bottles and cans of hair products and glossy brochures are spread out on the table. Roy chain smokes as the tape plays...

**AUDIO MESSAGE**

"...I killed Dee-Dee."

Curtis shuts it off.

Curtis

"You recognize the voice?"

Roy Lawlor

(shrugs)

No idea.

Briscoe

"You don't know anyone named Dee-Dee?"

Roy Lawlor

No.

Curtis

Diane, Dina, Doris...?"

Roy Lawlor shakes his head no. Briscoe nods toward Lawlor's open, half packed sample case.

Briscoe

"Maybe somebody you met on your route?"

Roy Lawlor

"The people I meet are named Roberto and Jacques. Oh yeah, and Joe the Barber. And they're not killing each other over me."

Roy lights up another cigarette, chain-smoking.

Briscoe

"Two packs a day?"

Roy Lawlor

(nods)

"Ever since I quit drinking."
Are you a friend of Bill W's?
(off Lawlor's nod)
When I quit, I went half nuts.

ROY LAWLOR
I went into the program when my marriage broke up. It's still a struggle.

BRISCOE
(glance3s at Curtis)
That's funny. It usually works the other way around.

Roy shrugs.

BRISCOE
Well, one day at a time.

ROY LAWLOR
Sure. One long day.

CUT TO

INT. EARTHLY TREASURES BEAUTY SUPPLY - DAY

Shelves of hair products line the walls -- gels, mousses, shampoos, conditioners, leave-in treatments... Briscoe and Curtis sit across from Salvatore Hess, late forties, his hair is dyed black, and he has it slicked back.

HESS
Roy's out in the field most of the time.

CURTIS
What's he cover?

HESS
Bronx, Uptown Manhattan to Lincoln Center, East side to 86th street.
(beat)
You guys from the one-five?

CURTIS
The two-seven.
Hess rummages through his drawer, and pulls out a pile of parking tickets.

HESS
You know anybody at the one-five? I got parking problems. Four tickets in the past month. My guys pull up outside double-park for two minutes -- to restock -- by the time they get back to the car, there's a ticket.

BRISCOE
Lawlor close to any of the other salesmen?

HESS
(shakes head no)
He doesn't spend much time with the other guys. Most of them work out of town, the tri-state area. Lawlor has to stay pretty much in the City.

CURTIS
How come?

HESS
Couldn't get insurance on the guy. Our carrier said he was a liability.

CURTIS
What's his problem? D.U.I.'s?

HESS
Something under the influence. He stays at his apartment, we don't have to worry about insurance. He stays at hotels, motels, the insurance company says he'd be a risk.
(beat)
Look, they guy's had a bad enough time.
(re: AA)
When I met him in the rooms, he was real mokus. If I hadn't given him a job, he'd be out collecting bottles for the refund.

BRISCOE
What's his problem with insurance?

HESS
Two years ago, he got drunk, passed out, and started a fire. Killed somebody.
15 CONTINUED (2)

Who?

Hess
His daughter. Diane.

Briscoe (looks at Curtis)
Dee-Dee.

Hess (as he writes it)
So what should I do with the parking tickets?

Briscoe
Eat 'em.

Fade Out

End of Act One
ACT TWO

FADE IN

16 INT. ARSON SQUAD - DAY

Briscoe, Curtis and an arson investigator -- Tony Collabro. Curtis leafs through the report.

COLLABRO
(skimming report)
Five year-old kid asleep on a daybed in a corner of the room. Fire Company got there in the early stages, but the windows were shut.
(beat)
Smoke inhalation. Father recovered. Kid didn't. EMTs worked on her for forty-five minutes. But she was already dead.

BRISCOE
How'd it start?

COLLABRO
With a cigarette. In the living room. Near the couch where we found Lawlor.

CURTIS
(glancing at the report)
Says here it started three feet from the couch. Usually, if someone drops a cigarette, doesn't the fire start on or near him?

COLLABRO
(glancing at report)
Good point. There were cigarette butts all over the floor. I guess the investigator figured one of them hit some newspapers.

CURTIS
Who called it in?

COLLABRO
(looks at report)
Neighbor's dog started goin' crazy. She went into the hall. Smelled the smoke...

CONTINUED
CURTIS
Lawlor say he started the fire?

COLLABRO
(nods)
After he came to. He was out when they found him.

CURTIS
Because of the smoke inhalation?

COLLABRO
That, and his blood alcohol was point two five. He was loaded.

BRISCOE
Where was the mother at the time of the fire?

COLLABRO
Upstate. Saratoga.

CUT TO

INT. ROY LAWLOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Briscoe, Curtis and Roy Lawlor.

BRISCOE
Awfully big memory lapse, Roy.

ROY LAWLOR
You try dealing with something like this.

BRISCOE
Who made that phone call?

ROY LAWLOR
I don't know. Somebody's trying to spook me.

BRISCOE
Who'd do that?

ROY LAWLOR
I don't know. You want a list of the people I've pissed off, pull up a seat.

CONTINUED
CURTIS
Let's start with your ex-wife.

ROY LAWLOR
C'mon... Don't go rehashing it with her... She's been through enough.

BRISCOE
She a drinker, too?

Lawlor nods.

CURTIS
You wanna tell us where to find her?

ROY LAWLOR
I don't know where she is.

CURTIS
(skeptical)
You haven't kept in touch?

ROY LAWLOR
Like I said, she's been through enough.

CUT TO

18 INT. BAR - DAY

Sandra Lawlor, a blonde in her late thirties, nurses a beer. It's not hard to imagine she was once very attractive, but tragedy and too much drink have dulled her features.

SANDRA LAWLOR
(a little miffed)
You used my social security number to look up where I work?

CURTIS
And your boss sent us here.

SANDRA LAWLOR
Can't even drink in peace anymore.

BRISCOE
Mrs. Lawlor --

SANDRA LAWLOR
You call me Sandra.
(to Curtis)
And you can call me Sandy.

CONTINUED
CURTIS
Mrs. Lawlor, we need to ask you some questions about your daughter's death.

She looks at them surprised...

SANDRA LAWLOR
What?

BRISCOE
We're following up. The report says you were in Saratoga.

SANDRA LAWLOR
I was at a conference.

She swallows the last gulp of her drink in an effort to dull the memory.

CURTIS
How about last Friday, around eleven, twelve in the afternoon, do you remember where you were?

SANDRA LAWLOR
I was still asleep. I didn't get up til one. My day off.

CURTIS
Sleeping off a late night?

SANDRA LAWLOR
(gives him an appraising look)
All my nights are late.

CURTIS
(ignoring her look)
Did you try calling your ex-husband that day?

SANDRA LAWLOR
No. Why?

BRISCOE
Somebody left a message for him at his old number.

SANDRA LAWLOR
Why would I call his old number? Last time I spoke to him was September twenty-fifth.
BRISCOE
You remember the exact date?

SANDRA LAWLO
It would've been Dee-Dee's seventh birthday.

CUT TO

19 INT. VAN BUREN'S OFFICE - DAY

Van Buren enters with Curtis.

CURTIS
Her ex-employer confirms she was in Saratoga and didn't check out of her hotel until the morning after.

VAN BUREN
You leave home, everything's okay. You come home...Hey, I'd start drinking too.

She shakes her head. Briscoe enters, carrying some faxes.

BRISCOE
I got the LUDs off Sandra Lawlor's phone. No calls to Kaminski's number. But, I've got some late night calls from her to Roy's new number.

Curtis looks at the LUDS.

CURTIS
All the calls were a minute long.

BRISCOE
Long enough to get the answering machine and hang up.

VAN BUREN
Lawlor was screening his calls.

BRISCOE
She also made a dozen one-minute late night calls to another number. Get this -- that number's listed to an Elaine Anderton Lawlor.

VAN BUREN
Another Mrs. Lawlor?

CONTINUED
This one's in Gramercy Park.

Could be a sister, or an aunt.

Whoever it is, I pulled their LUDS. The confession came from their number.

Let them know we got the message.

CUT TO

Briscoe and Curtis sit on a beige overstuffed couch, across from Elaine Anderton Lawlor, a good looking forty-year-old -- her opulent apartment a stark contrast to Roy's.

Roy? We got divorced eight years ago. He moved to the West Side six, seven months ago. I haven't talked to him since.

What about Sandra Lawlor?

His second wife? That drunk calls at all hours, complaining about me, complaining about him.

Is Roy in some kind of trouble?

We're looking into the death of his daughter, Diane.

Uh-huh, and...?

Someone left a message on an answering machine confessing to the arson.

What does it have to do with me?

The call came from this apartment.
That's impossible.

ANDERTON (O.S.)
Introduce me to your friends, Elaine.

Carl Anderton, 63, enters. He's a tall man -- with steel gray hair, lightly bronzed skin. He's dressed casually -- khaki's and a golf shirt, but even casual, he exudes money.

ELAINE LAWLOR
Daddy, these are police detectives.

ANDERTON
Carl Anderton. Is there a problem?

ELAINE LAWLOR
They're saying someone used our phone to confess to killing Roy's daughter.

ANDERTON
(to cops)
Someone's pulling your leg.

BRISCOE
That may be, but the phone records say the call came --

ANDERTON
In my business, I only trust records I can prove haven't been tampered with.

BRISCOE
Why would anyone want to change your phone records?

ANDERTON
My daughter is no longer married to that drunk. If you have questions about the fire, talk to him. He set it.

Anderton takes a business card from a desk.

CURTIS
Mr. Anderton --

ANDERTON
He destroyed one life. He nearly destroyed my daughter's.
(hands card to Briscoe)
This is my lawyer. You can talk to him to your heart's content. Now, if you'll please leave --
20 CONTINUED (2)

Off Briscoe and Curtis.

CUT TO

21 EXT. ANDERTON BUILDING - DAY

Briscoe and Curtis stand with Ted Vlahos, the doorman, dressed in a green uniform and hat.

VLAHOS
Who works for the Andertons? Two housekeepers, Elsie Ruiz and Anne Ryan, the cook, Emma Hooper, the chauffeur, a secretary, people going in and out all the time.

BRISCOE
Ages?

VLAHOS
Ruiz is around sixty.

CURTIS
Ryan?

VLAHOS
Fifties. Hooper, maybe forty, forty-five.

Briscoe and Curtis exchange a look: not promising.

BRISCOE
Anybody else?

VLAHOS
Just Mr. Anderton, his daughter and her kid.

BRISCOE
Her kid?

VLAHOS
Terry. Him and his mother've lived with Mr. Anderton since her divorce.

CURTIS
How old's the boy?

CONTINUED
VLAHOS  
Teenager, like fourteen, fifteen.  

Briscoe looks at Curtis.  

CURTIS  
High pitched voice?  

VLAHOS  
Yeah.  

CURTIS  
Where is he now?  

VLAHOS  
In school. Their chauffeur brings him home around four.  

Thanks.  

Vlahos goes inside. Curtis turns to Briscoe.  

CURTIS  
The kid?  

BRISCOE  
The kid.  

(beat)  
The Andertons aren't going to volunteer him for a voice sample.  

CURTIS  
Maybe he'll volunteer one himself.  

TIME CUT TO  

EXT. ANDERTON BUILDING - DAY  

A car pulls up, and Terry Lawlor steps out. He's tall and lanky, with a short haircut, and a black knapsack thrown over his shoulder. He starts to walk toward the building when Briscoe and Curtis walk up to him.  

CURTIS  
(a DEA pin mike in his collar)  
Hey kid --  

Terry turns around.  

CONTINUED
BRISCOE
We're looking for The Player's Club...

TERRY
(points)
It's one block up that way, then you make a right.

Terry starts to go inside.

CURTIS
(repeating directions wrong)
One block, first left...

TERRY
(stopping)
First right. It's got an awning out front...half-way down the block. You can't miss it.

Before Terry can say anything more, the limousine driver gets out of the car, glances at the cops.

BRISCOE
Nice talkin' to ya.

The cops move off. Curtis unclips a small microphone from his lapel. A wire runs behind the lapel to a small dictaphone in his breast pocket. He takes out the dictaphone and presses the stop button.

CUT TO

INT. POLICE LAB - DAY

Briscoe, Curtis, Jack Brady at the audio console.

BRADY
The kid's voice barely registers fifty decibels... Even with a filter -- (off Curtis look)
Sixty percent match is what I can do.

Brady moves off.

CURTIS
Sixty percent's about twenty percent short of an arrest warrant.

CONTINUED
We can take another look at the arson evidence...

CUT TO

INT. PROPERTY CLERK'S OFFICE - DAY

Briscoe, Curtis, Collabro. They are looking at the sealed evidence bags from the fire.

BRISCOE
Five cigarette butts, some newspapers, couple matchbooks...

Curtis looks at the singed matchbook.

CURTIS
The Connaught Hotel, London.

BRISCOE
My first wife wanted to stay there one night. I figured we could afford one hour.

CURTIS
That seem like Roy Lawlor's kind of place?

BRISCOE
Not the Roy Lawlor I saw. But it's right up Carl Anderton's alley.

CURTIS
(to Collabro; re matchbook)
Where was it found?

COLLABRO
(checks report)
On the floor, in the hallway.

BRISCOE
Was it ever checked for prints?

COLLABRO
No.
(shakes head)
Geniuses. The cardboard has an acetate finish. It's not too damaged. They should have been able to lift a print.
CONTINUED

BRISCOE
Maybe we still can.

CUT TO

25 INT. ROSS' CUBICLE - NIGHT

Briscoe, Curtis and Ross.

BRISCOE
Latent found a print on the matchbook.
It's not Roy's.

ROSS
Whose?

CURTIS
The size of the print looks like it
could belong to a kid.

ROSS
What else do you have?

CURTIS
A 60 percent voice match on the phone
call.

ROSS
Only 60 percent?
(shakes head)
Carl Anderton sits on the Mayor's re-
election committee.

CURTIS
If he sat in a booth collecting tolls
for the Lincoln Tunnel, we'd be
arresting his grandson by now.

ROSS
What's that supposed to mean?
(flashing)
You've got --

BRISCOE
(also flashing)
-- a print, a confession --

ROSS
Motive?

BRISCOE
The kid's half-sister?
(MORE)
BRISCOE (CONT'D)
You don't have to be a genius to come up with something.

ROSS
( flat )
Then come up with something.

Briscoe half-turns away, frustrated.

ROSS
What about the father?

CURTIS
He's had plenty of opportunity to implicate his son, and he hasn't...

ROSS
The mother?

BRISCOE
If she had anything to say about Terry and the fire, she would've said it by now.

ROSS
What about the people who live with the boy? I'm sure there's no shortage of household help at the Andertons.

BRISCOE
If they worked there two years ago, if we can find them, if they'll talk...

ROSS
I have confidence in you.

CUT TO

26 EXT. CHILDREN'S ZOO - DAY

Briscoe and Curtis walk with with Grace Killeen, a nanny from Ireland. She has a slight accent.

KILLEEN
When I worked for Mr. Anderton, he had me sign a confidentiality agreement.

CURTIS
He can't keep you from talking to us.

CONTINUED
BRISCOE
A little girl died in a fire we think Terry started.

KILLEEN
He makes all his employees sign one...

BRISCOE
She was only five years old.
(off Killeen's hesitation)
You gonna wait for a subpoena? One way or another, you're gonna end up talking to us.

KILLEEN
(beat)
After that fire, Terry stayed in his room, drawing pictures. Of that poor little girl.

CURTIS
Did he talk about her?

KILLEEN
Only with his father.

BRISCOE
At the Anderton's?

KILLEEN
(shakes head no)
On the phone.
(off Briscoe's look)
Sometimes I'd spend the night.

CURTIS
And his father would call?

KILLEEN
(shakes head no)
Terry would call him in the middle of the night. I heard him from the other room, talking on and on...

BRISCOE
About what?

KILLEEN
Terry could only see his father on weekends. He blamed the little girl.

CONTINUED
What else did he say about her?

KILLEN
He said she was turning his father against him. A little girl. It was crazy. I thought maybe he was on drugs.

BRISCOE
Did he use drugs?

KILLEN
I don't know. I don't think so.

CURTIS
Where was he the night of the fire?

KILLEN
I don't know.

(a beat)
Two weeks after the fire, I checked the bag with clothes they give to Salvation Army.

BRISCOE
Why would you do that?

KILLEN
They throw things out... Lots of stuff is still good.

BRISCOE
(getting her on track)
So you looked in the bag...

KILLEN
I found a shirt...

CUT
ACT THREE

FADE IN

28 INT. MCCOY'S OFFICE - LATER

McCoy, Ross, Anderton and Lawrence Weaver.

ANDERTON
I don't like it... My grandson wearing
some electronic monitoring device
while he's out on bail.

MCCOY
All due respect, if the boy weren't
your grandson he might not even be out
on bail.

ANDERTON
With all due respect, Mr. McCoy, if he
weren't my grandson, he wouldn't have
even been charged with the crime. The
whole thing's political dirty tricks.

MCCOY
(getting angry)
How's that?

ANDERTON
To embarrass the Mayor.
(before McCoy can
respond)
You're a lifelong Democrat, aren't
you, Mr. McCoy?

MCCOY
I've been a Demublican for years.

WEAVER
Mr. McCoy, Terry Lawlor's a good kid.

ROSS
Whose prints were at an arson that
killed another good kid.

ANDERTON
That's not enough to prove --

CONTINUED
MCCOY
(to Anderton)
We have enough for trial. Or we could talk about a plea?

ANDERTON
We're going to talk about dropping the charges.

MCCOY
(to Weaver)
We'll discuss that with the boy's mother.

ANDERTON
I'm his guardian. I make all the decisions concerning him. You talk to me, Mr. McCoy.

WEAVER
The Arson squad closed this case two years ago.

ANDERTON
A drunk named Roy Lawlor did it.

MCCOY
This case isn't about Roy Lawlor. Or, for that matter, about you, Mr. Anderton.

ANDERTON
It most certainly is about me.

WEAVER
No way you'll prove Terry set that fire.

ROSS
We have his confession on tape.

WEAVER
Not for long.

Weaver takes papers from his briefcase and hands them to Ross.

WEAVER
It's a motion for an audibility hearing.
ANDERTON
This 60% voice-match is crap, and you know it.

Anderton leaves. Weaver closes his briefcase and follows.

CUT TO

INT. JUDGE SIMONS CHAMBERS - DAY

McCoy, Ross, Weaver, and Judge Simons. Weaver puts a small stack of papers on the judge's desk.

WEAVER
Six reports from three different nationally recognized experts comparing the tape to my client's voice and to five random samples.

(beat)
My wife's voice was a fifty percent match.

ROSS
We're not offering a conclusive match, your Honor, but a probable one in light of the other evidence.

WEAVER
Your Honor, the tape was altered in the lab.

MCCOY
Your Honor, the call to the answering machine came from his client's home --

WEAVER
That may be true, but whether or not my client made the call is the issue.

JUDGE SIMONS
Mr. McCoy, the tape was enhanced, and produced a voice match disputed by experts.

MCCOY
By defense experts.

JUDGE SIMONS
I also heard your expert.

(MORE)
JUDGE SIMONS (CONT'D)
I listened to the tapes, and I can't
tell that the two voices are from the
same person. Given the inflammatory
nature of the tape's content, I'm
going to suppress it.

Off McCoy, pissed...

CUT TO

INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - DAY
McCoy, Ross, and Schiff.

SCHIFF
(shakes head)
Carl Anderton's grandson...
(beat)
Carl’s a good man. We worked on the
Lindsay campaign together.

MCCOY
We're not prosecuting him.

SCHIFF
The boy obviously feels repentant for
what he did. He called his father,
didn't he?

MCCOY
And then he had second thoughts.

ROSS
Or someone had them for him.

SCHIFF
You offered a plea?

ROSS
We got turned down.

SCHIFF
What kind of plea?

ROSS
We didn't get that far. He turned
down the idea of a plea.

MCCOY
Adam, why are we pussy-footing around?
The man has a four billion dollar war chest. Three years ago, on the Atlantic-Starcom cable merger, he took on the SEC -- and won.

ROSS
(pissed)
He's rich, he's powerful. Maybe we should let Robin Leach try the case.

SCHIFF
(flash of anger)
Carl Anderton brought down a governor, put senators in office, and now he's fighting for his grandson.

MC COY
I'm not kissing his ass, Adam.

SCHIFF
You treat him with respect.

MC COY
He gets the same from me everybody else does. I don't care who he is.

Off Schiff --

CUT TO

31 INT. ANDERTON APARTMENT - STUDY - NIGHT

Subdued lighting, bookcases surround the room, oil paintings, photos of Anderton with various politicos. Schiff enters behind Anderton who takes a seat in a leather wingback chair. Schiff is obviously uneasy amid the power. He motions to another chair.

SCHIFF
Here?

Anderton motions -- sure.

ANDERTON
Bobby Kennedy sat in that chair, smoked a Cohiba. Right after we signed the Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration agreement. You remember? You were sitting --

CONTINUED
SCHIFF (motions)
I stood right over there.

ANDERTON
Yes.

A valet enters.

ANDERTON
You want something, Adam?

SCHIFF
No thank you.

Anderton motions, the valet leaves.

SCHIFF
You know why I'm here.

Anderton doesn't react. Schiff is getting more uncomfortable.

SCHIFF
We're both in a bad spot, Carl. It's just going to end in a bloody mess.

ANDERTON
If you wanted, Adam, you could make it go away.

SCHIFF (beat)
Your grandson confessed.

ANDERTON
That was no confession. Terry was just trying to make his father feel better. The boy has a good heart.

SCHIFF
There's other evidence. A plea bargain's the best way to go, Carl.

ANDERTON
You've been very creative in the past, Adam. Look what it took to get the Bed-Stuy Restoration off the ground. You cut a lot of sweet deals.

SCHIFF
For a good cause.
ANDERTON
When's your term up? Next spring?

SCHIFF
(stiffening)
What are you implying?

ANDERTON
Don't misunderstand me.
(beat)
We go back a long way. It was a
different City. But the important
things -- loyalty, friendship -- they
haven't changed.

SCHIFF
No, they haven't.

ANDERTON
This is my only grandson. You were at
his mother's wedding, Adam. I have a
picture of you holding the boy when
was a baby.

SCHIFF
(beat)
I'm sorry, Carl. There's a plea offer
on the table. Take it, don't take it.
It's up to you.

ANDERTON
Adam, you deny me a personal request?

SCHIFF
I can't do this, Carl.
(beat)
I won't.

A beat. Schiff and Anderton gaze at each other. Nothing
more to be said. Schiff gets up, crosses the room, -- as
Anderton watches him go.

CUT TO

INT. MCCOY'S OFFICE - EVENING

McCoy and Ross go over the case files.

MCCOY
A fingerprint on an old match book, a
smelly shirt... Not the strongest case
I've ever taken to trial.

CONTINUED
ROSS
It might help if we could tell a jury what turned Terry into an arsonist.

MCCOY
He was angry at his father. That's an emotion I can understand.

ROSS
Something pushed Terry over the edge.

MCCOY
Didn't the nanny suspect drugs? It'd be nice to prove it.

ROSS
I checked his school records, medical records, insurance. There's no sign he ever had a drug problem.

MCCOY
What about friends?

ROSS
I haven't found any. And I can't get anyone at his school to say anything bad about him.

MCCOY
They're afraid of losing a future endowment. What about other schools the boy attended?

Ross pulls a yearbook from a stack of papers.

ROSS
Selwyn Academy. That's the prep he was at when the fire occurred. They wouldn't talk to me either.

MCCOY
Is that their yearbook?

She hands it to him. McCoy flips through, looks up Terry, stops at a few pages.

MCCOY
He seems pretty harmless in a jacket and tie.

ROSS
(smiles)
You all do.
MCCOY
(finds)
Here. They had a school counselor.
If the kid was on drugs she'd know
about it.

CUT TO

33 INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Clearly not a private school. Little kids' artwork adorn
the walls. Ross speaks with Lois Garey, the former school
counselor. Garey is in her mid to late thirties, and she
hasn't lost her zeal for the job. She's soft looking --
loose hair, baggy pants and a big sweater -- a woman who
puts you at ease without a word.

GAREY
Drugs weren't his problem. Maybe he
would've been better off if they were.

ROSS
What was his problem?

GAREY
His real problem? I never got a
chance to find out. But his behavior
in school was something else.

ROSS
A handful.

GAREY
Depending when you caught him. He
could be a charmer one week, an
absolute monster the next. He'd get
in these funks, I could hardly get a
word out of him.

ROSS
Given his home life, wouldn't you
expect him to be moody?

GAREY
It wasn't about that.
(explains)
He decided to run for student
president of the middle school. He
had a very well articulated platform,
posters, the whole bit. A week before
the elections, he withdrew.
(MORE)
GAREY (CONT'D)
I asked him why, he went into a
diatribe about the other candidate
sabotaging his campaign, planting
spies.

ROSS
Was it true?

GAREY
He said he could hear them whispering
through the walls.

ROSS
Did you talk about this with his
mother?

GAREY
We had instructions only to talk to
his grandfather. I gave Mr. Anderton
the names of some child psychiatrists.
But he never contacted them.

ROSS
You followed up?

GAREY
Yes. I liked Terry. When Mr.
Anderton didn't act, I went to the
headmaster and insisted.

ROSS
What happened?

GAREY
They fired me. I didn't know it at
the time, but the Vice-Chairman of the
school's Board of Governors happened
to be President of Anderton Tele-
Communications.

Off Ross --

CUT TO

34 INT. MC COY'S OFFICE - DAY

McCoy, Ross and Emil Skoda.

CONTINUED
Paranoia, Schizophrenia, Bipolar Disorder... You expect me to make a diagnosis based on the observations of an amateur?

MCCOY
Yes. You have a problem with that?

SKODA
(smiles)
Okay. He can't relate to others, he has low tolerance for frustration, he's unpredictable... So far, that's my kid. Now, the fear and suspicion, the whispering through the walls...it sounds like the kid's in the early stages of bipolar disorder.

ROSS
Bipolar disorder.

SKODA
Alternating cycles of depression and mania. Periods of feeling better than normal -- brighter and more energetic and charming -- hypersexuality, poor judgement. Then, suddenly irritability, aggression, delusions of persecution, hearing voices.

MC COY
That's what's going on with this boy?

SKODA
It's a third hand diagnosis. Take it for what it's worth. But, it might explain why he's a fire bug.

ROSS
If he's crazy, why isn't his lawyer going for an insanity defense?

MC COY
Good question.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN

35 INT. ANDERTON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

McCoy, Ross, Weaver, Anderton. The tables and walls are crowded with art.

WEAVER
Bipolar disorder? I think you need your head examined, Mr. McCoy.

ROSS
We didn't pull this out of thin air. We've talked to a former school counselor, to his friends --

ANDERTON
People with impeccable credentials in the field of psychiatry.

ROSS
The behavior they observed can't be explained any other way.

MCCOY
Mr. Anderton, I have no interest in prosecuting your grandson if he has a mental disease.

ANDERTON
There's nothing wrong with Terry.

MCCOY
Then, you won't mind if our psychiatrist examines him.

WEAVER
So you can gather evidence against him? I don't think so.

MCCOY
It would be off the record. You have nothing to lose.

Weaver looks at Anderton, who shakes his head no.

ROSS
Mr. Anderton, your grandson needs treatment, not prison.

CONTINUED
WEAVER
The way your case is going, he doesn't have to worry about prison.

As Anderton gets up --

MCCOY
Your grandson killed that little girl. Whether in a prison or a psychiatric hospital -- he's going to answer for it.

ANDERTON
At the end of this, Mr. McCoy, my grandson is coming home with me, and you better look to your linen.

MCCOY
We'll see what a judge thinks about that. I'm moving for a seven, three, oh exam.

Off Weaver and Anderton --

CUT TO

INT. JUDGE SIMONS CHAMBERS - DAY

McCoy, Ross, Weaver, and Judge Simons.

JUDGE SIMONS
Unusual for the prosecutor to be the party requesting a psychiatric exam.

WEAVER
Unless it's a last ditch effort to get out of a trial they're going to lose.

MCCOY
Your Honor, I've brought this motion in the interest of justice --

JUDGE SIMONS
Aren't the defendant's best interests served by his counsel?

MCCOY
Unless counsel refuses to acknowledge the obvious.

WEAVER
What obvious?

(MORE)
WEAVER (CONT'D)
Your Honor, the defendant hasn't been howling at the moon, or ripping his hair out. He's not crazy.

ROSS
If there's nothing wrong with his client, a seven, three, oh exam can't possibly --

WEAVER (interrupts)
It's a pointless proceeding that can only be to my grandson's detriment. The prosecutors can question him in violation of his rights --

JUDGE SIMONS
Mr. McCoy, if you think his client's mental condition is so obvious, then it should be apparent if I talk to him. I'll question him in chambers and decide if your motion has merit.

MCCOY
I'd like our psychiatrist to observe --

WEAVER
Absolutely not.

JUDGE SIMONS
I'll decide what goes on in my chambers, Mr. Weaver. Mr. McCoy's psychiatrist can observe, but I'll be the one asking questions.

CUT TO

37 INT. JUDGE'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

McCoy, Ross, Skoda and Weaver watch as Terry is questioned by Judge Simons.

JUDGE SIMONS
So you understand everything that's happened in this case so far?

TERRY
Yes, sir.

JUDGE SIMONS
How do you feel about all of this?

CONTINUED
TERRY

Scared.

JUDGE SIMONS

Understandable. And how is it for you at home?

TERRY

I've been playin' a lot of Nintendo.

He gestures to the electronic monitoring device on his ankle.

TERRY

I can't rollerblade with this on.

Judge Simons smiles.

JUDGE SIMONS

Thank you for coming in. You can wait for Mr. Weaver outside.

Terry gets up and leaves.

JUDGE SIMONS

He seems like a normal teenager to me.

SKODA

With all due respect, your Honor, I would have asked different questions.

JUDGE SIMONS

That's why you were allowed here only as an observer.

MCCOY

Your Honor, Dr. Skoda's point is --

JUDGE SIMONS

Mr. McCoy, I don't care what his point is. I'm satisfied the defendant is of sound mind. Your motion for a 730 exam is denied.

CUT TO

McCoy with Ross and Skoda. McCoy is pissed.
SKODA
I'm not a mind reader, Jack. "Hi, how are ya?" isn't a diagnostic question.

MCCOY
You can't tell me anything?

SKODA
He likes rollerblading and Nintendo. So do I.

ROSS
I don't get it. They should've jumped at a chance for the exam.

MCCOY
(shrugs)
They think they're going to win.

ROSS
The way things are going, they're probably right.
(beat)
So now what?

MCCOY
(annoyed)
We go to trial. If they don't want to use his mental state to get him acquitted fine, we'll use it to convict him. He set the fire because he's deluded.

ROSS
If he has a mental disease, Jack, he doesn't belong in prison.

MCCOY
Maybe it won't come down to that.

ROSS
What if it does?

MCCOY
That's what they pay us for.

CUT TO

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

McCoy, Ross for the prosecution. At the defense table: Terry, Weaver, two other lawyers.
Behind Weaver sit Carl Anderton and Elaine Lawlor. Sandra Lawlor is on the stand. Roy Lawlor watches her testimony from the back of the gallery. Judge Simons presides.

\[\text{SANDRA LAWLOR}\]
After Dee-Dee was born, Terry became, well, aggressive with her.

\[\text{MCCOY}\]
In what way?

\[\text{SANDRA LAWLOR}\]
Squeezing her too hard, for one thing.

Anderton whispers something to Weaver.

\[\text{MCCOY}\]
Did you discuss this with your husband?

\[\text{SANDRA LAWLOR}\]
I told Roy I didn't want Terry around her. I was afraid he might...do something. We cut his visits to just the weekends. When I could be there.

\[\text{MCCOY}\]
Why didn't you tell the police any of this before?

\[\text{SANDRA LAWLOR}\]
I didn't think it mattered. Roy said the fire was his fault.

\[\text{MCCOY}\]
Thank you. Nothing further.

McCoy sits. Weaver gets up.

\[\text{WEAVER}\]
Were there any witnesses, other than yourself, who saw Terry hug Diane?

\[\text{SANDRA LAWLOR}\]
No.

\[\text{WEAVER}\]
Ms. Lawlor, do you drink?

\[\text{MCCOY}\]
Objection. Relevance.
WEAVER
Goes to credibility.

JUDGE SIMONS
Overruled. Answer the question.

SANDRA LAWLOR
I have a few drinks every day.

WEAVER
And isn't it true, Mrs. Lawlor, on two occasions you and your husband got into a fight that was so severe neighbors had to call the police.

SANDRA LAWLOR
Yes, but --

WEAVER
That this was an example of the kind of home you and Roy Lawlor kept, and it was Terry's mother and grandfather who --

MCCOY
Objection --

WEAVER
(over)
-- curtailed Terry's visits -- not you -- because they feared for his safety?

MCCOY
(standing)
Your Honor, he's testifying.

JUDGE SIMONS
Sustained. The jury will disregard Mr. Weaver's last remark.

WEAVER
No more questions.

CUT TO

40 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The school counselor, Lois Garey, is on the stand.
GAREY
On certain occasions, Terry told me he thought he was being persecuted. For example, towards the end of the school year, Terry was convinced the other kids were conspiring against him.

Anderton leans forward and whispers to Weaver.

MCCOY
Did he tell you how he knew this?

WEAVER
Objection. Hearsay.

MCCOY
Your Honor, the testimony is not offered to prove the truth of the statement, but to demonstrate the defendant's state of mind at the time.

Again, Anderton whispers to Weaver.

JUDGE SIMONS
Overruled. The witness will answer.

GAREY
He told me he could hear the other students --

WEAVER
(interupts)
Your Honor, may we approach the bench?

The judge motions counsel to the bench.

WEAVER
This witness is a high school counselor. She's not accredited by any graduate school of psychiatry or psychology --

MCCOY
She's not being asked to offer a professional diagnosis, but only to describe observed behavior, something any lay person can do.

JUDGE SIMONS
He's right, Mr. Weaver.
WEAVER (scrambling)
Your Honor, in her capacity as a school counselor, anything she was told by my client falls under patient privilege --

MCCOY
He can't have it both ways. Either she's a qualified mental health practitioner or she isn't.

JUDGE SIMONS
You really can't, Mr. Weaver. Now step back. Ms. Garey, please answer Mr. McCoy's question.

GAREY
He told me he could hear the other students whispering about him through the walls.

This as Weaver huddles with Anderton.

MCCOY
What if any other behavior did you notice around this time?

WEAVER
Your Honor, we request a recess.

JUDGE SIMONS
For what purpose?

WEAVER
To consult with the District Attorney.

JUDGE SIMONS
Mr. McCoy?

MCCOY
We have no objection.

JUDGE SIMONS
Very well. Court is now in recess. We will reconvene at ten a.m. tomorrow. Ms. Garey, I remind you you're still under oath and you're not to discuss your testimony with anyone.

He bangs the gavel.
McCoy, Ross, Weaver and Anderton. In the b.g., Anderton's limo waits.

WEAVER
We're prepared to plead to second degree manslaughter.

McCoy looks at Ross.

ANDERTON
This fire was an accident... There was no pre-meditation. Terry certainly didn't mean to hurt anyone.

MCCOY
You'd let him go to prison?

WEAVER
We're talking minimum time in a juvenile facility.

MCCOY
Prison is prison. Mr. Anderton, you really think that's where your grandson belongs?

ANDERTON
That's where you want to send him.

ROSS
You heard the testimony. Your grandson needs psychiatric help.

ANDERTON
Absolutely not!

MCCOY
I don't understand you, Mr. Anderton. We're offering him --

ANDERTON
What? The chance to stay in a loony bin until some state employee decides he can leave? I know what this is really about, Mr. McCoy. You're going after my grandson to embarrass me -- personally, professionally, publicly. I know your type.

(MORE)

CONTINUED
ANDERTON (CONT'D)
You think by bringing down a man who's accomplished something in his life, it builds you up. Well, you won't get away with it. I put a fair offer on the table. You turn it down, I'll go public. I'll expose you for the vindictive envious little man you are.

Anderton walks down the steps past some onlookers who have been watching him rave and gets into his limo. A beat. Then --

MCCOY
Tell Mr. Anderton we'll think about his offer.

Weaver follows Anderton down the steps into the limo.

ROSS
I don't get it. Is he looking for a better deal? Is he setting us up for an appeal?

MCCOY
What did Skoda say?
(recalling)
Charming one minute, aggressive and paranoid the next. Sound familiar?

ROSS
Carl Anderton. Like grandfather, like grandson?

MCCOY
Maybe that's the conclusion he's afraid of.
(beat)
Get everything you can on him.

CUT TO

42 INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

McCoy and Ross brief Schiff. Ross has accumulated a mountain of information on Anderton.

ROSS
In 1951, he was taken out of Andover in the middle of the school year.
So he got homesick.

He finished out the year at Austin-Riggs. The Boys Town of the rich and famous.

He spent the next two years at home with tutors.

Carl was always high-spirited.

This isn't high spirits, Adam.

I tracked his press clippings over the last thirty years. There are unexplained absences, or he's checked himself into a hospital suffering from exhaustion.

Doesn't mean anything.

Last April, he made a surprise take-over bid for Commonwealth Airlines. One week later, he withdrew the bid and accused the FAA and the stockholders of conspiring against him. He's done this over and over again.

One day he's giving a hundred million dollars to save the world, a week later he's telling the graduating class at Columbia we're all doomed.

It's classic manic-depressive behavior.

It doesn't make sense. He runs a Fortune 500 company.
MCCOY
So did Howard Hughes.

ROSS
Anderton could be fully functional if he's medicated.

Schiff considers the evidence, calls up his own memories of Anderton. Yes, McCoy and Ross are right. Finally--

SCHIFF
I don't want him humiliated.

MCCOY
He's standing between his grandson and an appropriate disposition. I want him to get out of the way.

SCHIFF
(resigned)
Maybe his daughter can talk some sense into him.

CUT TO

EXT. PARK - DAY

McCoy and Ross meet with Elaine. They've laid out their theory for her. She's not buying it.

MC COY
Your son is in trouble, Mrs. Lawlor. With a good therapist and proper medication he has a chance. But, only if the people around him recognize he's sick.

ELAINE LAWLOR
My father said you were desperate. You're losing the case.

ROSS
Do you have any idea what prison would be like for Terry? Thirty kids to a dorm. Drug addicts, gangbangers, sex offenders. One guard. A long way from Selwyn Academy.

ELAINE LAWLOR
My father loves my son. If Terry was sick, don't you think he'd get him help?
MC COY
Unless he's afraid if would trace back to him.

ELAINE LAWLER
Trace what? I told you, my father's in perfect mental health. He's a public figure. People would've noticed.

ROSS
Not if he's on medication.

MC COY
Maybe they have noticed, Mrs. Lawlor. Look at how the media describes him. Colorful, eccentric, mercurial, unpredictable.

ELAINE LAWLER
I now realize just how desperate you are.

MC COY
This is not a smear. To a psychiatrist, those are just code words.

ROSS
See for yourself. Check his medicine cabinet. If he's taking Tegretol, Risperdal, Valproic acid, Lithium --
(off Elaine Lawlor's reaction)
What pills does he take, Mrs. Lawlor?

ELAINE LAWLER
My father only takes medication to help him sleep.
(beat)
His days are stressful. To calm him down.

MC COY
To control his bipolar disorder.
(beat)
Your father's offered to let Terry plead to second degree manslaughter. He'd let him go to prison.

Elaine reacts -- she didn't know.
Our offer is, he pleads not guilty by reason of mental disease, he goes to a psychiatric facility instead of prison.

Elaine Lawlor looks at them a beat, the blood draining from her face.

ELAINE LAWLOR
My father is Terry's guardian. I don't have any authority. I can't...I don't know what to do.

Beat. McCoy looks at Ross.

CUT TO

Weaver and Anderton enter with Ross, and find McCoy, Schiff, and Elaine already seated.

ANDERTON
Elaine, what are you doing here? Adam, is this some kind of --

MC COY
I invited her, on the off-chance someone in your family might act in your grandson's best interests.

ANDERTON
What's that supposed to mean?

WEAVER
Mr. Anderton, let's just find out what Mr. McCoy decided. (to McCoy)
You thought about our offer?

MC COY
Man Two? Out of the question. The choice is Man One or not guilty by reason of mental disease.

ANDERTON
Back to that. When are you going to get it through your thick skull my grandson doesn't belong in a hospital.

CONTINUED
ELAINE LAWLOR
Daddy, he does need help.

Surprised, Anderton looks at his daughter a beat.

ANDERTON
You wait outside until we're through.

MCCOY
She's staying.

ANDERTON
(to Elaine)
Outside.

ELAINE LAWLOR
No.

ANDERTON
(beat; to McCoy)
It doesn't matter what she wants. I'm Terry's guardian.

MCCOY
That can change, Mr. Anderton.

SCHIFF
You better agree to this, Carl, or we're going to petition to have her appointed guardian ad litem of your grandson.

ANDERTON
On what basis?

SCHIFF
Mental competency.

ANDERTON
Whose?

SCHIFF
Yours.

Anderton is flabbergasted.

SCHIFF
We know about your stay at Austin-Riggs, the private tutors, the hospitals --

ANDERTON
Exhaustion. That's all...
SCHIFF
Once we start proceedings and issue subpoenas, everyone'll know.

(beat)
I'm sorry, Carl.

ANDERTON
(to Schiff)
You trust these...these people...over me?

(off Schiff's
silence)
They finally got to you, didn't they, Adam. After all these years. You finally caved. You...they used to call you The Incorruptible. We used to joke about it. You were the one man they couldn't get to. You'd walk to the edge, peer over, look down into the pit where we were tearing at each other. But never fall. You'd never fall. Not like we did. You'd keep your hands clean while we did the dirty work. This...this thing, this accusation...

Schiff watches with growing pain as Anderton raves.

ANDERTON
Don't you see? They've...they've used it before, the networks, the newspapers, you've seen the hints, when Commonwealth tried to smear me, saying I was...I was...
(can't bring himself to say it)
-- I was never, never, was never what they accused me of being. Even when I was a kid they tried to convince me that...that...that I was... It's because they've always been afraid of me, of my energy, of the way I got things done, of my mind...
(losing all connection to reality)
If you let them do this, it'll never stop. Once it starts...starts, it never stops, and then, and then...

His daughter takes Anderton by the arm.

CONTINUED
ELAINE LAWLOR
It's okay, Daddy.

She helps her father sit down, dazed and scared. He looks around, finally focusing on Schiff.

ANDERTON
(pleading)
Adam, please, don't let them do this... Please...

Off Schiff --

CUT TO

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

No jury. McCoy and Ross at the prosecution table. Weaver and Terry standing at the defense table. In the gallery -- Anderton, Elaine, Roy Lawlor Sandra Lawlor, and Schiff. No one else has been allowed to sit in. A court reporter records the proceedings. Judge Jane Simons presides.

TERRY
I remember thinking my step-sister had some kind of demon inside her.

JUDGE SIMONS
A demon?

TERRY
It has to do with why my Dad was an alcoholic... And I had this idea that if I built a fire, I could scare the demon away... I read in a book some Native Americans use fire to purify the innocent... I... I wanted my Dad to stop drinking. I wanted that more than anything.

JUDGE SIMONS
Why didn't you tell anyone you set the fire?

TERRY
I did. I told my grandfather when I got home. He... he told me not to talk about it. That he'd make sure I wouldn't get in trouble.

He stops. Beat.

CONTINUED
JUDGE SIMONS

Mr. McCoy?

MC COY

The People are satisfied, Your Honor.

JUDGE SIMONS

Very well. Terence Lawlor, you're hereby remanded to a secure facility to be designated by the Commissioner of the Department of Mental Hygiene until such time as a panel of doctors has determined you no longer pose a danger to yourself or to society.

We're adjourned.

She gavels. Off reactions, as Terry is led away. He looks to his grandfather for help. But Anderton is powerless and finally turns away. Elaine and Roy are left there, looking on bereft and heartbroken as their son is led away through a door.

CUT TO

46 INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Schiff stands at his desk, packing his briefcase. McCoy sits in a chair, waiting for him.

MC COY

Sorry about your friend.

SCHIFF

He's a survivor. We haven't heard the last of him.

MC COY

(shaking his head)

Living with that secret all those years...It must have taken enormous will power.

SCHIFF

Carl always had that. Whenever he tried something bold -- the Lindsay campaign, the take-over bids -- the op-ed pundits would call him crazy.

(beat)

Carl would just smile...

Schiff shuts his briefcase, takes his suit jacket from a hanger, and puts it on.
SCHIFF
(bittersweet)
Who knew?

They go out. The door shuts behind them.

FADE OUT

THE END