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PROD. #66208
April 3, 1990 (F.R.)

"LAW AND ORDER"

"PRISONER OF LOVE"

Story by

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Teleplay by

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From
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CITY
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ON OF

LAW AND ORDER

PRISONER OF LOVE

TEASER

FADE IN

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

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 2

Pooly, the driver, is inhaling a sandwich -- a hand on the (X) 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. (X)

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.)

No merchandise... (X)

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

3 OMITTED 3

4 EXT. SOHO STREET - 3 A.M. 4

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

5 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 5

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.

6 thru 7 OMITTED 6 thru 7

8 EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT 8

The door opens onto a vacant lot. Piled high with rubble and glowing under the sodium lights of the main street ahead. The building has been torn down. Only one wall is left. Off Pooly's look of frustration --

CUT TO

9 EXT. SOHO STREET - NIGHT 9

At the door that crashed open. Ubillez holds a lit flashlight. He cautiously approaches, looks in, goes in.

10 INT. LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 10

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.

11 INT. LOFT BUILDING STAIRWELL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

11

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. (X)

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 several startlingly 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

(X)

(low)
Holy God...

UBILLEZ

Who'd want to steal this stuff?

POOLY

(X)

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. (X)

CUT TO

12
thru
17

OMITTED

12
thru
17

18 INT. LOFT - NIGHT

18

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

18 CONTINUED

18

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.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED (2)

18

LOGAN
Somebody wanted a souvenir.

GREEVEY
That's sick.

(X)

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

(X)

(X)

(X)

GREEVEY
Nobody deserves to die.

(X)

(X)

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

19 INT. SOHO LOFT - NIGHT

19

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.

(X)

*GALLERY?
OPEN SPACE*

GREEVEY

(making a note on his pad)

Some work. *APT? LOOKS LIKE BORN 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 TIDE WIFE CUT TO

20
thru
21

OMITTED

20
thru (X)
21

22

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

FADE TO

22 (X)

Soho chic. Leather couches. Schnabel on the wall. Sonda, Victor's severely handsome wife, paces, distraught. Greevey stands.

SONDRA

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

APT

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

GREEVEY

Mrs. More...

(X)

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)

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED (2)

22

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?...

23 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

23

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?

(X)

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...

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

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

24

Greevey and Logan head for the car.

OUTSIDE WALK

LOGAN

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

(X)

(X)

GREEVEY

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

(X)

(X)

CUT TO

25 INT. IRON BAR - DAY

25

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.

(X)
(X)

CUT TO

26
thru OMITTED
27

26
thru (X)
27

28 INT. THE EROGENOUS ZONE - DAY

28

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

28 CONTINUED

28

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?

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED (2)

28

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

29 (X)

Brian^{NA SEX} a husky waiter, is in the alley next to the kitchen. (X)
He's flanked by Greevey and Logan. Brian^{NA} looks nervous. (X)
He glances toward the restaurant. (X)

*WALKY WALKY
VILLAGE RESTAURANT DAY*

BRIAN^{NA}

I don't want to get canned. (X)

GREEVEY

Brian^{NA} 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... *SKIT*

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

29 CONTINUED

29

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

30

31 INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY

31

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)

*Victor Moore
DIED OF*

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

31 CONTINUED

31 (X)

HOEXTER

(flips page, shakes his head)

(X)

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

32 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

32

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.

~~GREEVEY~~ *LOGAN*

Give me a minute...

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

CRAGEN

What?

~~GREEVEY~~ *LOGAN*

Take me off this one.

Before Cragen can answer, he holds up his hand.

~~GREEVEY~~ *LOGAN*

This thing disgusts me...The guy's pictures are just porn...If this is art, Hugh Hefner's Michelangelo...

CRAGEN

(can't fathom this)

A guy's dead...You're the one's saying it's not a suicide.

~~GREEVEY~~ *LOGAN*

(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 *W HAN*

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 goint 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 Greevey's superior officer.

CRAGEN

WHAT? AM I

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 *W HAN*

(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

32A INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

32A

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

*SALVADORIN
INTERVIEW Pm*

LOGAN

Sintra More...Sgt. Greevey... (X)
Sintra is Mr. More's daughter by his mother's (X)
first marriage... *SISTER*

SINTRA

(defiant)
My father did not commit suicide.

BROTHER

GREEVEY

Miss More, I know how diff... (X)

SINTRA

(cutting him off)

I go to NYU, Sergeant...I grew up in *THE SAME WORLD AS my*
my father's world...I'm not a dewy- *BROTHER*
eyed virgin.

BP

(beat)

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

GREEVEY

There is evidence to con...

SINTRA

(cutting him off
again)

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

GREEVEY

How do you know?

SINTRA

He was a Catholic... (X)

Off Greevey's stunned expression.

Down

CUT TO

33 OMITTED

LOGAN

33

A GOOD CATHOLIC DOESN'T THINK LIKE THAT

SINTRA

TELL THAT TO THE CLOWNS.

(CONT)

34 INT. MORE/BURKE APARTMENT

34

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.

(X)

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

35 INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

35

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

35 CONTINUED

35

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.

(X)

CUT TO

36 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

36

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.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

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

37 EXT. STREET OF BROWNSTONES - NIGHT

37

A tree-shaded block. We are moving down the street --

LOGAN (V.O.)

600 East 77th Street. Henry Rothman.

(X)

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

FADE IN

38 INT. ROTHMAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

38

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

See that painting. Jim Dine. I paid three thousand dollars for it twenty years ago. Now, it's worth thirty. That motorcycle over there. Tom Blackwell. I got it for a thousand in 1972. Now it's worth sixty. That one? John Kacere. I got it for ten grand. Now it's worth seventy. And the Victor More, I paid four thousand.

(X)

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?

(X)

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...

(X)

LOGAN

He won't be taking any more pictures.

ROTHMAN

Which means I've probably just doubled my investment.

39 EXT. WALK-AND-TALK - NIGHT

39

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 --

CUT TO

40 INT. ARTVIEW MAGAZINE - DAY

40

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

40 CONTINUED

40

LOOK SOME PEOPLE SAY ^{SINTRA}
^{JORDAN} ^{my BROTHER}
~~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}
^{LOGAN}
 So how did he get lucky?

(X)
(X)

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

(X)

^{SINTRA}
^{HE} ^{JORDAN}
~~Victor More~~ had many talents. One
 of them was photography.
 Another...was getting grants.
 (beat)
 Grants from the city. I'VE SEEN THE
 HEAD OF THAT DEPARTMENT ^{CUT TO}
^{AROUND}

(X)
(X)

41 OMITTED

41

42 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

42

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.

43 INT. ANITA SWENSON'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

43

Followed by Greevey and Logan, Swenson comes in and sits
 behind her desk.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

SWENSON

Mr. Rothman has the final authority.

GREEVEY

The city gave a lot of grants to Victor More.

(X)

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?

(X)

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.

(X)

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED (2)

43

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

44 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

44

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.

(X)

(beat)

Or maybe he just disgusts her as much as he does me.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CUT TO

45 INT. GALLERY - PAVILION OF POPULAR ART - DAY

45

Greevey and Logan move past a sign saying "Pavilion of Popular Art, Sand Paintings by Maria Corman" -- with Joseph Hoffer, curator of American 20th Century Art.

People are milling around the paintings.

LOGAN

(re: paintings)

You like these? *Do you LIKE HIS WORK*

HOFFER

(with a shrug) *ASSISTANTS*

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

45 CONTINUED

45

THE PAVILION OF POPULAR ART IS

GREEVEY

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

Greevey nods to an exhibition sign: "Next: Victor More: New Photographs". Hoffer stops walking. (X)

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.

Then

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. Poppa. The Hendrick family built it in honor of their father.

GREEVEY

THEY 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

46 INT. HENDRICK FOUNDATION OFFICE - DAY

46

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.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

LOGAN
GREEVEY

Miss Hendrick, you don't seem shocked by the circumstances of Victor More's death.

(X)

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...

(X)

HENDRICK

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

(X)

(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.

(X)

(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

47 INT. THE EROGENOUS ZONE - DAY

47

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

LOGAN

You never carried them in Black?

MAYBE YOU COULD TELL US ABOUT HENRY ROTSMAN
HENRICK
WHAT ABOUT HIM?

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

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

48
thru OMITTED
49

48
thru
49

50 WIDEN - INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS
Cragen paces behind his desk.

50

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.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

LOGAN

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

This hits the target.

CRAGEN

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

51

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

52

Greevey and Logan stand. Rothman paces.

ROTHMAN

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

(X)

GREEVEY

Yes sir, we are. Can you tell us where you were that night?

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

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.

(X)

Greevey and Logan wait.

ROTHMAN

Elizabeth Hendrick.

CUT TO

53 INT. HENDRICK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

LOGAN

Hendrick stands, holding a cup of tea.

WHERE WERE YOU ON THE NIGHT MR. MORE DIED. 53

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

54 INT. CRAGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

54

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.

(X)

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

ACT THREE

FADE IN

55
thru
56

OMITTED

55
thru
56

57

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

57

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. Stohlmeier.

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

57 CONTINUED

57

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

CUT TO

58 INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

58

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.

(X)

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

59 INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

59

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

(X)

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

59 CONTINUED

59

SCHIFF

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

CUT TO

60 INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY

60

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

61 INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

(X)
61

Robinette hands the M.E.'s report to a young lab technician.

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

62 INT. ROBINETTE OFFICE - DAY

62

Robinette interviews Rothman's black middle-aged secretary, Mary Johnson.

JOHNSON

The Commissioner always treated me fine. He's a fine gentlemen.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

62

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

62A

Stohlmeyer 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

62A CONTINUED

62A

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.

(X)

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

63

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

63 CONTINUED

63

STONE

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

CUT TO

64 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

64

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

65
thru
66

OMITTED

65
thru
66

67 INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

67

Stohlmeyer is standing, furious. Rothman sits. Stone, casual to the point of boredom, has his feet up on his desk.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

67

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

68 INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

68

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--

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED

68

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

69 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

69

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

70 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

70

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

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

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.

(X)

They turn into Schiff's office.

71 INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

71

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.

(X)

(X)

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.

CUT TO

72 INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

72

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.

(X)

STOHLMEYER

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

(X)

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.

(X)

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.

(X)
(X)

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

72 CONTINUED (2)

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

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

73 OMITTED

73 (2)

74 INT. HENDRICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

74

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

75 INT. HENDRICK'S BATHROOM - DAY

75

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...?

76 INT. HENDRICK'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

76

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

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED

76

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

77 INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

77

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?

(X)
(X)
(X)

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

77 CONTINUED

77

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.

78 INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

78

Cathy, the salesgirl from the Erogeous 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.

(X)

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

79 INT. CLUB X - NIGHT

79

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

79 CONTINUED

79

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

80 INT. CLUB X - MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

80

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

81 INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - DAY

81

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.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

CELINE

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

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

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.

(X)

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

82

83 INT. STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

83

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

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

83

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

ROBINETTE
(patiently)
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

84 INT. STONE'S OFFICE - HALLWAY

84

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 its his own fault, he
can be used against us. Makes the
responsibility question real muddy.

CUT TO

85 INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - DAY

85

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?

(X)

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?

(X)

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?

(X)

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

86 INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

86

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

87 INT. HENDRICK FOUNDATION OFFICE - DAY

87

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. (X)

HENDRICK

You know that Henry Rothman killed
Victor More, don't you? (X)

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. (X)

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

87 CONTINUED

87

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

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

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

(X)

Hendrick gives him a clear-eyed, hard stare.

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

CUT TO

88 OMITTED

88

88A EXT. HENDRICK FOUNDATION

88A

Robinette looks dispirited as he and Stone exit the
building.

STONE
She has to engage me...if she
doesn't, it'll make her look weak.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

88A CONTINUED

88A

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.

CUT TO

89 INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - DAY

89

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.

(X)

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED

89

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

90 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

90

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...

91 THEIR POV

91

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

92 INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - DAY

92

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

92 CONTINUED

92

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

93

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

93A

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

93A CONTINUED

93A

GREEVEY

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

CUT TO

94 INT. PAVILION OF POPULAR ART - NIGHT

94

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

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... (X)

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.

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED

94

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

Inga Vainshtein

Oct. 16th, 1990

Charles Banks

PRISONER OF LOVE by
Robert Stuart Nathan
(teleplay from T.V.
series, "LAW AND ORDER")

genre: T.V./drama/crime

pages: 59

Submitted by Ron Bernstein

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 ~~story~~^{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.