

LAW & ORDER
"He Said, She Said"

Written by
Brad Berens
(1999)

Brad Berens

www.bradberens.com

#(310) 651-6976

Bradberens@gmail.com

FADE IN

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

A pizza delivery boy exits a formidable looking building. A heavy door, lock, intercom, and security camera: nobody gets in without a key or someone to buzz them. A man carrying flowers walks up the steps.

CUT TO

INT. PAM HARLOWE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

High school English teacher Pam Harlowe (28, wholesome, pretty) wears sweats and a t-shirt. She talks on a cordless phone as she mixes up a dinner salad in her kitchen.

HARLOWE

I'd love to go out. God, it's been a week. But I've got to finish grading.

She listens to the person on the phone.

HARLOWE (CONT'D.)

Cute AND a doctor. So why don't you want him yourself? What's wrong?

She listens some more.

HARLOWE (CONT'D.)

And you think I want to deal with his mommy issues. No thanks.

There is a polite knock on the front door.

HARLOWE (CONT'D.)

Lisa, I'm not avoiding you. My job doesn't end at five. I promised my juniors I'd hand back their Huck Finn essays. Hold on, someone's at the door.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

From behind we see an African American man knocking. He is large, with short hair, and has a big bouquet of flowers in his gloved hands. In what follows we never get a look at his face. Pam Harlowe opens the door, phone in the crook of her neck. She leaves the chain hooked.

HARLOWE

Yes?

MAN

Pam Harlowe?

HARLOWE

That's me.

MAN

Flowers for you, miss.

HARLOWE

How'd you get in?

MAN

Front door was open.

HARLOWE

Could you leave them in the hallway?

MAN

(apologetically)

You gotta sign.

HARLOWE

(into the phone)

Lisa, hold on a sec.

INT. PAM HARLOWE'S APARTMENT

She unchains the door and opens it. Then she walks into the kitchen, still carrying the phone and talking.

HARLOWE

(to delivery man)

Wait here while I get a pen.

The man enters and quietly shuts the door behind him.

HARLOWE (CONT'D.)

(into phone)

Somebody sent me flowers. They're gorgeous. No. No idea.

She comes back into the living room with a pen. She is surprised to see him standing in her apartment.

HARLOWE (CONT'D.)

I told you to wait out there.

The man takes the portable phone away from her and shuts it off. She backs nervously towards the wall. He drops the flowers and the phone to the floor.

MAN

I don't listen to skanks.

He corners her, and grabs both of her wrists. She struggles. The phone starts ringing: Lisa calling back.

HARLOWE

Let go of me!

MAN

You got another delivery coming, bitch. I'm here to make your fantasy come true.

The phone keeps ringing.

HARLOWE

What are you talking about. Get out!

MAN

We're talking rape, baby.

He slaps her. The leather glove makes a loud smack.

MAN (CONT'D.)

Hard and rough, just like you've always
dreamed. I'm your big, black, buck,
and I'm here to ride you.

He slaps her again. Pam Harlowe screams.

The phone keeps ringing.

FADE OUT

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. PAM HARLOWE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a mess. Curious neighbors--Lily Ames, 26, Jim Troost, 34, and Tom Hansen, 32, crowd around the yellow-taped front door as detectives Briscoe and Green arrive.

AMES

Is Pam going to be OK?

HANSEN

Do you know which hospital?

GREEN

We just got here.

Briscoe and Green duck under the tape. They find CSU tech John Marcus, 38, examining the fallen bouquet of flowers.

BRISCOE

Anything?

MARCUS

No prints so far. Looks like the rapist wore gloves. There's a security camera at the front door. Super's queuing the tape downstairs.

Briscoe and Green head back out.

BRISCOE

Keep dusting.

CUT TO

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, BASEMENT SECURITY CUBICLE - NIGHT

Ray Malcolm, 50s, African-American, the super, plays back the videotape.

MALCOLM

Eight-thirty, right?

GREEN

Thereabouts.

BRISCOE

The victim wasn't looking at her watch when it happened.

MALCOLM

Here you go.

On-screen, a male figure approaches the front door, hiding behind the bouquet of flowers. We see that he is African American, but can't see his face.

GREEN

He knew where the camera was.

MALCOLM

Looks like he had a key too.

BRISCOE

Could he be another tenant?

MALCOLM

We don't have any blacks living here
right now, 'cept me.

BRISCOE

So how'd he get the key?

CUT TO

INT. MERCY HOSPITAL E.R. - NIGHT

In the hallway, Briscoe and Green talk with Dr. Maria
Capelli, 40s, no-nonsense.

CAPELLI

Rape kit's mostly useless. No semen
sample. He wore a condom.

BRISCOE

Considerate.

CAPELLI

I hate this.

GREEN

Blood? Tissue?

CAPELLI

Some tissue under her fingernails. She
said she scratched him.

BRISCOE

Can we see her, doc?

Capelli looks at Briscoe.

CAPELLI

You should do the talking, detective.

GREEN

Why is that?

CAPELLI

The rapist was black.

Green bristles.

GREEN

And would you ask me to do the talking
if the rapist was white? Doctor?

CAPELLI

Back off.

BRISCOE

Easy, Ed. Easy. She's doing her job.
Let's do ours.

They go into the examining room. Pam Harlowe sits on the cold metal table in a hospital smock, weeping, her arms wrapped tightly around her legs, head buried in her knees. Sitting next to her is Mrs. Anne Harlowe, 50s, Pam's worried mother. Green slides quietly to a corner.

BRISCOE (CONT'D.)

Miss Harlowe? I'm Detective Briscoe.
This is my partner Ed Green. You up to
talking?

She looks up. We see the bruises, the black eye.

MRS. HARLOWE

She's in no shape--

HARLOWE

Mom. It's OK.

BRISCOE

Can you tell us anything that might
help us catch the man who did this?

HARLOWE

His name is Patrick Rolle.

BRISCOE

You know him?

HARLOWE

No, but he did it. A couple of months ago I was getting phone calls. It was disgusting. He wanted to hurt me. Rape me. The police told him to leave me alone. He stopped, 'til tonight.

BRISCOE

Do you know where we can find him?

HARLOWE

No. I never saw him. But he's the one. Said all the same things. He talked like we were friends. This was my "fantasy." Then, after...

Crying again.

BRISCOE

What happened?

HARLOWE

He said, "so how was I? How'd I do?" Like we were on a date. I thought he was going to me ask if I CAME.

BRISCOE

Can you describe him.

HARLOWE

He was tall.

She looks nervously at Green.

HARLOWE (CONT'D.)

Black. Big. Clean cut.

GREEN

The doctor said you scratched him. Do you remember where?

HARLOWE

His neck, I think. I tried to scratch his eyes but he held me down. Kept saying, "Not my face. Not my face."

BRISCOE

When the police helped you before, who did you talk to?

HARLOWE

Officer Johnson. Daniel, I think. He said I wouldn't be bothered anymore.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Green and Briscoe with Officer Daniel Johnson, black, 30s. Johnson and Green shake hands warmly.

JOHNSON

We miss your curveball, Ed.

GREEN

(to Briscoe)

We used to play in the same baseball league.

JOHNSON

Before my man made detective and got busy.

BRISCOE

I'm a football fan myself. We're hoping you can help us find Patrick Rolle.

JOHNSON

I know the guy. What's up?

GREEN

We're looking at him for a rape.

JOHNSON

Damn. The Harlowe woman.

BRISCOE

How'd you guess?

JOHNSON

About two months ago he was bothering her, phone calls. She has Caller-ID so she knew the number. He's an idiot. She wanted it to stop. I talked to him. He thought they were playing a game.

GREEN

Game?

JOHNSON

Said he answered a magazine ad about a rape fantasy, got her address and number.

Briscoe and Green trade a look.

JOHNSON (CONT'D.)

He was shocked when I showed up at his job. I told him he had the wrong lady and to stop calling. He did.

BRISCOE

Why no arrest?

JOHNSON

Seemed like an honest misunderstanding to me. Kinky, but honest. And he's a brother. I told him I'd be watching.

BRISCOE

Maybe you didn't watch your brother
hard enough.

JOHNSON

Look detective--

GREEN

(interrupting)

Where does he work?

CUT TO

INT. UNIVERSE ELECTRONICS - DAY

Briscoe with Max Glick, 50s, the owner.

GLICK

Patrick's in the back room. Is he in
trouble again?

BRISCOE

I just need to talk to him.

We follow them back. Patrick Rolle, 29, black, big,
stacking boxes. Maybe the rapist, maybe not.

BRISCOE (CONT'D.)

Patrick Rolle?

ROLLE

Yeah?

Briscoe flashes his badge.

BRISCOE

Detective Briscoe. I need to ask you a
few--

Rolle bolts. He runs out the back door, straight into
Green's arms. Green slams him against the wall and sticks
the cuffs on.

GREEN

Problem with cops, Patrick?

BRISCOE

Maybe he doesn't like my tie.

GLICK

Take him to jail where he belongs! And
don't come back, Patrick. You're
fired.

CUT TO

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

ROLLE

I never touched her. How many times do
I have to say it?

GREEN

It might take a few more times.

BRISCOE

What about the phone calls, Patrick?
You said you wanted to rape Miss
Harlowe. Somebody raped her. Connect
the dots.

ROLLE

I never raped nobody.

GREEN

Then why don't you tell us what
happened two months ago.

ROLLE

Crazy bitch--

Briscoe smacks the top of his head.

BRISCOE

Watch your mouth.

ROLLE

White girl puts an ad in ROUGH. It's a jerk mag. Said she wants it nasty with a brother. "Big black buck." Sounds good to me. I got needs.

BRISCOE

The need to rape a schoolteacher.

ROLLE

No, man. I never got near her. Didn't get that far. I put my own ad in. Cost me fifty bucks! She wrote me a letter. "Come on over to my place." I got there. Buzzed her. She said go away. Wrote me another letter. "Come back. 'No' is part of the game." I go back. She said go 'way again.

GREEN

So you buy some flowers, break into the building....

ROLLE

Cop tells me to lay off. Got me a record. I lay off. Figure white girl changed her mind.

GREEN

Do you still have these letters?

ROLLE

Cop told me to stop. I threw 'em away.

BRISCOE

How convenient.

GREEN

Patrick, the victim scratched the guy who raped her. Are you willing to give us some blood so we can do a DNA test and see if it matches?

ROLLE

Hell yes. See any scratches on me?

CUT TO

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Briscoe and Green join Van Buren, who has been watching.

VAN BUREN

Maybe Miss Harlowe isn't a vestal virgin after all.

BRISCOE

You believe this?

GREEN

Lennie, how many rapists wear condoms?

VAN BUREN

It doesn't fit the profile. When is she out of the hospital?

GREEN

This afternoon. She's coming right in to look at him in a line-up.

VAN BUREN

Talk to the neighbors before she gets home. Find out more about her. And pick up a copy of ROUGH magazine.

CUT TO

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Briscoe reads aloud from ROUGH. Green listens.

BRISCOE

"Sexy white female ISO..." ISO? In search of? "ISO Huge Black stud to

make violent rape fantasy come true.
I'm Scarlett. Be my Nigger Jim."
Scarlett can't keep her books straight.

GREEN

Just read.

BRISCOE

"Post own ad in reply. Will contact
you." No address.

VENDOR

I'm not running a library here.

GREEN

(showing badge)

We're detectives. This is case
related.

VENDOR

I don't care if you're the archbishop.
You crack it, you pay for it.

GREEN

Will the precinct reimburse me?

BRISCOE

Your tax dollars at work.

CUT TO

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Briscoe with Lily Ames as she closes her front door. Green
is a few doors down, talking with another tenant.

BRISCOE

Thanks for your help.

GREEN

Anything?

BRISCOE

The consensus is that Miss Harlowe works for the Von Trapp family.

They knock on Tom Hansen's door. Nothing. They knock louder and hear "coming" from inside. He opens the door with stereo headphones around his neck.

HANSEN

I didn't hear. Sorry.

GREEN

Mr. Hansen? I'm Detective Green. This is Detective Briscoe.

HANSEN

From last night. I remember.

GREEN

We're investigating what happened to Pam Harlowe. Do you have some time?

HANSEN

C'mon in. Any luck finding the bastard?

GREEN

We have a suspect.

We follow them into his apartment, filled with electronics: a huge computer monitor, stereo, big screen TV, etc.

BRISCOE

Nice set-up.

HANSEN

I'm a tech journalist. The hardware comes with the territory.

GREEN

Did you hear anything last night?

Hansen gestures towards the headphones on his neck.

HANSEN

No. Same problem, I'm sorry to say. I had the new Sting album on.

BRISCOE

All night?

HANSEN

It's a really good album.

GREEN

What can you tell us about Pam Harlowe?

HANSEN

High school teacher. Nice. Pretty.

(off their looks)

I don't think I understand the question.

BRISCOE

We think the rapist wasn't striking at random. We're trying to find out why he might have targeted Miss Harlowe.

HANSEN

Jeez, I don't know. Everyone likes Pam.

BRISCOE

So we hear.

HANSEN

If you don't mind my asking, detective, what color was the rapist?

GREEN

Black. Why?

HANSEN

Just wondering. Pam's always had a thing for black guys. I wondered if that came back at her somehow.

BRISCOE

And you know she likes blacks how?

HANSEN

I once heard her say "I like my men like I like my coffee: strong and black."

(looking at Green)

No offense.

CUT TO

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, MAILBOXES - DAY

Briscoe and Green see the mail-lady for the building, Patricia McPherson, 30s, stuffing mailboxes.

GREEN

Hold on a sec.

(approaching McPherson)

Ma'am? Is any of this for apartment 12?

MCPHERSON

Just some magazines today. A bill.

GREEN

Did you know Miss Harlowe was raped last night?

MCPHERSON

That's horrible.

GREEN

She's staying with her mom for a while.

(flashing badge)

My partner and I are going to see her later today. I'd be happy to take the mail over.

MCPHERSON

That's so nice. It's not technically allowed, but seeing as you're a policeman.

CUT TO

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

BRISCOE

You do know that interfering with the U.S.P.S. is a felony.

GREEN

Who's interfering?

(he flips through)

Look at this. SUBMIT MONTHLY. Looks like B&D to me.

BRISCOE

B&D?

GREEN

Bondage and Discipline, Lennie. Our nice girl's bedtime reading. She has a subscription. Expires next year.

CUT TO

INT. POLICE STATION - LINE-UP ROOM - AFTERNOON

Harlowe stands next in between Carmichael and Van Buren. Briscoe and Green wait behind them. Through the one-way window they look at half a dozen black men, including Rolle.

CARMICHAEL

Take your time. We're not in a rush.

HARLOWE

He's not there.

VAN BUREN

Are you sure?

HARLOWE

Yes. Is one of them Patrick Rolle?

CARMICHAEL

That's not really--

HARLOWE

(interrupting)

Is Patrick Rolle standing there?

VAN BUREN

Yes he is.

HARLOWE

Then Patrick Rolle didn't rape me.

CUT TO

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Pam glumly looks through some mug books. Briscoe brings her a cup of coffee. Ed enters with the pile of mail.

HARLOWE

I don't see him.

BRISCOE

You're sure you'd recognize him.

HARLOWE

I'll never forget his face.

GREEN

Here. Your mail lady asked us to bring this to you.

HARLOWE

Thanks, but that wasn't necessary.

GREEN

I accidentally got a peek at the magazine. Hard core.

HARLOWE

What?

(she rifles through the pile)

Oh. This. What are you saying?

GREEN

Miss Harlowe. It looks like you have quite the fantasy life. Submission. Bondage. Being disciplined, maybe by black men.

HARLOWE

You think I'm lying.

GREEN

I think you have daydreams, and one of them got out of control. That doesn't make it rape.

HARLOWE

Look at me. Look at my face! You son of a bitch. This is not my daydream. It's a nightmare.

GREEN

It's not my kink, but maybe it's yours. You told your neighbor that you like your men like you like your coffee...

HARLOWE

Strong and black. Tom Hansen?

(off their looks)

Did he mention that he was asking me out when I said that? It was a joke. Tom's a nice guy, but not my type. I didn't want to hurt his feelings.

GREEN

What is your type?

HARLOWE

(sarcastic)

Rapists, detective. Especially if they bring flowers and hit me.

Briscoe clears his throat.

BRISCOE

Can you explain the magazines?

CUT TO

EXT. OBSERVATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Van Buren watches from outside. She looks upset.

HARLOWE

Two months ago an issue of SUBMIT showed up. Then ROUGH. Then BONDAGE.

It's sick. I never ordered any of it.
I called to cancel. They keep coming.
I throw them away. They never even
make it inside my apartment, but they
keep on coming. I don't have any
control.

(starting to cry)

I don't have any control!

Van Buren raps on the window. Green and Briscoe exit.

VAN BUREN

My office.

CUT TO

INT. VAN BUREN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

VAN BUREN

What the hell was that?

GREEN

She wasn't raped, Lieutenant. She got
jungle fever then changed her mind.

BRISCOE

Look, Ed, I don't--

VAN BUREN

(interrupting)

I'm not finished with him. You're
next.

BRISCOE

What did I do?

VAN BUREN

(to Green)

Detective. This is a chain of command.
I give the commands. You're the chain.
The next time you go off on the VICTIM

of a violent crime without my permission, start looking for a new job.

(to Briscoe)

You let him get away with this?

BRISCOE

I didn't see how I--

VAN BUREN

Stop. You chickened out because you're white, your partner's black, and this is all about race. You know better than that, Lennie. You're the senior detective. You don't get the luxury. Get out. Both of you. Cut Rolle loose and start over.

They stand up.

VAN BUREN (CONT'D.)

Oh, and boys, the next time you touch somebody's mail without a warrant I'll let Jack McCoy do whatever he wants to you.

CUT TO

EXT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Briscoe and Green escort Rolle from the precinct.

ROLLE

Hey. Will you guys tell my boss I didn't do it. I like that job.

BRISCOE

Yeah, sure. We'll tell him we got the wrong sex maniac.

Green and Rolle glare at Briscoe.

GREEN

I'll make a call, Patrick.

ROLLE

Thanks, brother.

Back to the drawing board.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. OFFICE HEADQUARTERS OF "ROUGH" MAGAZINE - MORNING

Briscoe and Green in a seedy office with Chuck Wall, 50s,
the publisher of ROUGH magazine.

WALL

Publisher, editor, and head ROUGH
writer. That's me.

GREEN

And your magazine specializes in?

WALL

Leather. Lots of leather. B&D. Rape
fantasies. I'm branching out into
transsexuals.

BRISCOE

Your family must be proud.

WALL

Bet my IRA's bigger than yours.

GREEN

(showing page)

We're interested in this ad.

WALL

Oh yeah, I remember this. Scarlett.
The lady who didn't want a mailbox.

BRISCOE

Is that unusual?

WALL

Most people who pay fifty for the ad
rent the box for five extra. It's a
good deal. She made her correspondents
take out their own ad.

GREEN

Why, do you think?

WALL

Privacy. She probably didn't want to
come down here to check a box. My
readers are into strange things. Not
exactly water cooler chat, you know?
Maybe she wanted someone extra-
discreet.

GREEN

Can you tell us who bought the ad?

WALL

Not without a warrant. But don't
bother, detective. It was odd, so I
remember. It came anonymous with a
money order.

GREEN

What about a subscription for Pam
Harlowe?

WALL

What about it?

BRISCOE

We're interested in who paid for it.
Maybe we can skip the warrant and
twelve cops tearing up your office?

Wall looks in a file cabinet and pulls out a folder.

WALL

Harlowe. Money order for one hundred
and eighty dollars.

BRISCOE

That seems expensive.

WALL

Going rate for quality porn.

GREEN

Were both money orders from the same
place?

WALL

Do I look like an accountant?

BRISCOE

Miss Harlowe said she called to cancel
her subscription.

WALL

We have a no cancellations no refunds
policy, detective. Once they buy it, I
send it.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Green on his cell phone. Briscoe walking next to him.

GREEN

Forensics. They matched a print from
the cellophane wrapping on the flowers.

BRISCOE

And?

GREEN

It took a while because it was in the civil service database. A retired cop.

INT. UPTOWN FLOWERS - DAY

Briscoe and Green with Joe Sinclair, late 60s, white, heavy-set. He's clearly not the rapist.

SINCLAIR

Gerbera daisies, mums, some roses, baby's breath. Nice bouquet. He bought it for a girl. First date. Said he met her on the internet. He was nervous.

BRISCOE

I'll bet.

GREEN

Do you have a security camera?

SINCLAIR

Yeah, but it's been busted for months. I've never been robbed, so why bother?

BRISCOE

How'd you go from beat cop to florist?

SINCLAIR

It was my brother's business. After I took a bullet--collapsed my left lung-- I joined him. Then Francis got cancer. Now it's just me.

BRISCOE

When'd you retire?

SINCLAIR

Almost twenty years now. I still miss it.

BRISCOE

You know Jim Shirley?

SINCLAIR

Jim and I go way back.

GREEN

(interrupting old home week)

About our suspect. Do you have a credit card record?

SINCLAIR

He paid cash. Tipped me too. We talked a long time. He seemed like a really nice guy. Good looking. Well spoken.

GREEN

Well spoken?

SINCLAIR

He didn't sound black.

(off Green's look)

Sorry, detective. I don't mean anything by it.

BRISCOE

Anything else?

SINCLAIR

He's an actor. Said he just auditioned for an off-Broadway Othello. "The Shakespearean tragedy," he says. Like I don't know what Othello is!

CUT TO

INT. LOOSE CHANGE THEATER OFFICES - DAY

Briscoe and Green with Ernest Cooper, 40s, a harried and pretentious director with a phoney-baloney accent.

COOPER

Gentlemen, I had five hundred handsome, well-spoken, black actors auditioning for the role of Shakespeare's Moor. It was a vision of burning hell. I certainly don't remember anyone except the man we cast.

GREEN

And he is?

COOPER

Peter Blackfeather Lum. He's half Chinese, half Native American.

GREEN

As Othello?

COOPER

It's a theme.

BRISCOE

Did you keep a list of the actors who auditioned.

COOPER

Head shots. Lots of them. You'll be doing me a favor if you take them far, far away.

CUT TO

EXT. LOOSE CHANGE THEATER - DAY

A weary Briscoe and Green carry a big box of photos.

GREEN

This is going to take forever.

BRISCOE

I've got an idea.

CUT TO

INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

Briscoe and Green sit with a smiling Joe Sinclair, a pile of headshots covers the table. Sinclair goes through them.

SINCLAIR

I feel like a cop again.

GREEN

You're sure you'll recognize him?

SINCLAIR

Twenty-five years on the force,
detective. I'll know him.

Sinclair keeps shuffling.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D.)

Hey. That's him. That's your man.
Derek Williams.

GREEN

You sure?

SINCLAIR

Absolutely.

BRISCOE

Derek Williams. 31. Lives in the
village. Here's a number.

Green dials. Hangs up.

GREEN

Answering machine.

BRISCOE

He's got an agent.

GREEN

Let me try there. What was that director's name?

BRISCOE

Ernest Cooper.

GREEN

That's right.

(dials, then imitates Cooper's accent)

Yes, this is Ernest Cooper over at Loose Change. I'm trying to find Derek Williams... A role in our Othello... No, I need to speak with him immediately... Thank you.

(he hangs up, smiles)

Lunch shift at Lindy's.

SINCLAIR

I can already tell you there's at least one crime happening there.

BRISCOE

You mean thirty dollars for cheesecake?

CUT TO

EXT. LINDY'S DELICATESSEN - AFTERNOON

GREEN

Lennie, let me bring him out quietly.

BRISCOE

What's up?

GREEN

We already cost one guy his job this week. I don't want to make it two for two.

BRISCOE

You running for mayor, Ed?

GREEN

No.

BRISCOE

Then why all the politics?

GREEN

Most of the time I'm a cop who's black. This week I'm a black cop.

BRISCOE

Do what you got to do.

Briscoe waits outside, watching through the window. Green asks Derek Williams to step outside. Once out of the restaurant, the detectives walk Williams towards their car.

WILLIAMS

What's going on?

Green nods.

BRISCOE

Derek Williams. You are under arrest for the rape of Pam Harlowe.

WILLIAMS

What? What is this?

Williams struggles. Green holds him. As Williams' head turns, a deep scratch on his neck becomes visible.

BRISCOE

Nice souvenir. You have the right to remain silent.

WILLIAMS

I did not rape that woman!

BRISCOE

Anything you do say....

CUT TO

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

A frantic Derek Williams with Briscoe and Green. Van Buren and Carmichael watch through the one-way glass.

WILLIAMS

It was consensual. A rape fantasy. Fantasy! We arranged it ahead of time.

BRISCOE

She asked for a black eye and bruises?

WILLIAMS

Yes!

GREEN

You know how this sounds?

WILLIAMS

Weird, I know. It was damn weird. There were all these things I was supposed to do. Bring flowers. Find the key. Slap her. Say the lines. I know directors who aren't that specific.

GREEN

Hold on. Say the lines?

WILLIAMS

She had a whole speech written out.
"You got another delivery coming,
bitch. I'm here to make your fantasy
come true." Nasty stuff.

BRISCOE

Derek, if you think we're going to buy
this you've been reading too much ROUGH
magazine.

WILLIAMS

What are you talking about?

GREEN

The "jerk mag" where you found the
personal ad for the rape fantasy.

WILLIAMS

I don't read that garbage. I met Pam
on the internet.

BRISCOE

So you only read internet garbage.

WILLIAMS

I met her in a chat room. Y'know, like
in YOU'VE GOT MAIL?

BRISCOE

Didn't see it.

WILLIAMS

OK, so it was a kinky chat room. Look,
I'm an actor. I study the human
condition. The whole range.

BRISCOE

You're a student of the humanities and
rape is part of the core curriculum?

WILLIAMS

I didn't rape her! I met Pam and we started trading emails. Flirting. We moved on to cyber-sex. She told me she had this fantasy about black men, but she could never trust anyone to make it come true. Until she met me.

GREEN

On-line.

WILLIAMS

Yes. I have proof. Go to my apartment. I've got her letters saved in my computer. My God, the woman emailed me naked pictures of herself. If Pam says it was rape then she changed her mind afterwards.

GREEN

You'll let us look in your computer.

WILLIAMS

Absolutely. My password is Othello. The email account name is 10incher.

Briscoe rolls his eyes.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D.)

She asked me. I didn't even like it.

CUT TO

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

The detectives join Van Buren and Carmichael.

GREEN

I believe him.

BRISCOE

Not me.

VAN BUREN

Don't start. Abbie?

CARMICHAEL

Search his apartment.

CUT TO

INT. DEREK WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

CSU techs swarm all over. Briscoe and Green hunch over an antiquated computer. Green reads aloud from stored emails.

GREEN

"I'll say no. Ignore me. Wear leather gloves and slap me hard. I like to be hit."

(disgusted)

It goes on.

BRISCOE

And they're all from the same person.

GREEN

Same account, anyway. DoMeHard at Freemail dot com.

BRISCOE

Ed, I'm sorry. You were right on this.

Green looks at Briscoe for a long beat, then nods. He turns back to the computer.

GREEN

This one has an attachment. Looks like a photo.

He pushes a button. Then whistles. We don't see the image, but from their response it is obviously sexual.

BRISCOE

I'm guessing that isn't her prom picture.

CUT TO

INT. VAN BUREN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Van Buren with Briscoe and Green.

VAN BUREN

He said, she said. I don't know who to believe.

GREEN

That picture is hard to dismiss.

VAN BUREN

But what's her motive, Ed? What does she gain by crying rape?

BRISCOE

She's coming in to I.D. Williams.

VAN BUREN

I'll call Abbie. She and I can double team Miss Harlowe afterwards. Just us girls.

CUT TO

INT. POLICE STATION - LINE-UP ROOM - AFTERNOON

Williams stands among a new group of black men. Van Buren and Carmichael stand on either side of Pam Harlowe.

HARLOWE

That's him on the right. Number 5.

VAN BUREN

Are you sure.

HARLOWE

Yes.

CARMICHAEL

Willing to swear to it in court?

HARLOWE

That's the man who raped me.

VAN BUREN

Let's go to my office.

CUT TO

INT. VAN BUREN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Van Buren, Carmichael, and Harlowe.

HARLOWE

What happens now?

CARMICHAEL

We ask you a few questions. That OK?

Harlowe nods.

VAN BUREN

Miss Harlowe, do you have an email account?

HARLOWE

(surprised)

Sure, why?

CARMICHAEL

With Freemail dot com?

HARLOWE

America On-Line.

VAN BUREN

You sure that's your only account?

HARLOWE

Yes. What's going on?

VAN BUREN

Things have become complicated.

CARMICHAEL

Miss Harlowe, at this point I need to inform you that in the state of New York falsely accusing a man of rape constitutes criminal fraud.

HARLOWE

(stunned)

Falsely?

VAN BUREN

We found the emails you sent to Mr. Williams, arranging for your rape fantasy to become reality.

HARLOWE

You can't be serious.

CARMICHAEL

Deadly serious.

HARLOWE

I never met that man before he raped me. Never met him. Never talked to him. Never emailed him. Never!

Carmichael hands over a printout of the dirty photo.

CARMICHAEL

Then how do you explain this?

Harlowe starts to shake. She seems terrified.

HARLOWE

This isn't me.

VAN BUREN

Sure looks like you.

HARLOWE

I've never posed naked in my life.

CARMICHAEL

A thousand words? You're not there yet.

HARLOWE

I didn't pose for this picture. That's not me. That's not my body.

VAN BUREN

Right.

HARLOWE

Do you want me to take off my clothes and show you?

CARMICHAEL

That won't be necessary.

HARLOWE

He raped me, Miss Carmichael. He hit me, and dragged me to my bedroom. Then he pulled off my pants and stuck himself inside of me. I didn't ask for it.

CUT TO

INT. SQUADROOM - AFTERNOON

Van Buren, Carmichael, Briscoe, and Green.

CARMICHAEL

If she's acting she deserves a Tony.

BRISCOE

One of them's lying. What else is new?

VAN BUREN

Miss Harlowe has given us permission to borrow her computer. She wants to prove she didn't email Williams.

GREEN

If there's nothing there it only proves she used another machine, or erased them.

VAN BUREN

Just go get the computer, Ed. Take it to the lab boys at One P.P.

CARMICHAEL

Let's wait until I get a warrant. Even if she's given us verbal permission. Jack's going to want all the tees crossed on this one.

CUT TO

INT. PAM HARLOWE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Briscoe and Green with Pam Harlowe and Mrs. Harlowe. Green is busy packing up the computer.

BRISCOE

(quietly)

I'm sorry about this, Miss Harlowe.

HARLOWE

Sure you are.

MRS. HARLOWE

Just take the machine and get out.

The buzzer rings. Pam Harlowe jumps.

HARLOWE

Yes?

INTERCOM VOICE

Delivery for Pam Harlowe.

HARLOWE

(freaked out)

It's him. He's come back.

GREEN

He's in custody.

HARLOWE

(to Briscoe)

You're not going anywhere are you?

BRISCOE

Don't worry.

HARLOWE

Hah.

(into intercom)

Come on up.

MRS. HARLOWE

Are you sure that man is still in jail,
Detective.

BRISCOE

It's not him.

A knock. Pam Harlowe jumps, startled. She opens the door.

HARLOWE

Yes?

DELIVERY MAN

Pam Harlowe?

She's scared. This is just like when she was raped.

HARLOWE

That's me.

The delivery man hands her an envelope. She takes it.

DELIVERY MAN

It's a subpoena, miss. Have a nice evening.

The delivery man leaves. Pam Harlowe opens the envelope and reads it. She starts to laugh nervously.

MRS. HARLOWE

Pam, honey, what is it?

HARLOWE

He's suing me, Mom.

MRS. HARLOWE

Who?

HARLOWE

Derek Williams. He's got a lawyer and he's suing me for slander. He RAPED me, and now I have to get a lawyer.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Carmichael, Williams, defense attorney Ian K'Intu (black, 40s, political), in front of Judge Anne Michaelson.

MICHAELSON

The charge is rape in the first degree.
Mr. Williams, how do you plead?

WILLIAMS

Not guilty.

MICHAELSON

Miss Carmichael?

CARMICHAEL

Your honor, given the gravity of the offense, the people request bail in the amount of two hundred fifty thousand dollars, and a restraining order keeping the accused away from the victim.

MICHAELSON

Mr. K'Intu?

K'INTU

Your honor, that amount would pose an impossible hardship. My client has no prior criminal record and poses no threat to anyone. The only crime for which the district attorney has any evidence is his being black--

MICHAELSON

Save it for the trial, counselor.

K'INTU

We request R.O.R.

MICHAELSON

Fifty thousand dollars. Five thousand in cash. The rest a certified bond. I'm also granting the people's request for a restraining order. If your client gets within two hundred yards of Miss Harlowe he'll do six months in Riker's.

CUT TO

INT. D.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

McCoy and Carmichael with K'Intu.

K'INTU

She sent him naked pictures of herself! This is not a rape. Let's make this all go away, Jack. Misdemeanor assault and probation. I'll drop the civil suit.

MC COY

The only thing going away is your client, to jail. Second degree felony assault. He does five years.

K'INTU

The forensic evidence is all on my side. My client used a condom because the so-called victim asked him to weeks ahead of time.

CARMICHAEL

Ian, have you seen her face? She spent the night in the hospital.

K'INTU

Consensual sex puts lots of people in the emergency room. Ask any E.R. doctor. That doesn't mean a white woman can retroactively call it rape after sex with a black man. She's crying wolf.

MC COY

And my what big eyes your client has.
And my what big teeth your client has.
You've got the wrong fairy tale.

K'INTU

Then we'll let the jury decide.

CUT TO

INT. MC COY'S OFFICE - DAY

Carmichael and McCoy. Carmichael using the computer.

CARMICHAEL

This is unbelievable.

MC COY

What are you looking at?

CARMICHAEL

Internet chat rooms. Personal ads.
Bestiality, sodomy, gay Nazi sex. You
name it, it's here.

MC COY

One stop shopping at Perversions Are
Us.

CARMICHAEL

Are we going after the wrong person?

MC COY

It's a little late to say someone else
raped her.

CARMICHAEL

No, what if there was no rape? What if
Derek Williams is telling the truth?
An internet fantasy went too far and
now Harlowe wants to rewrite history.

MC COY

But why? There's no money involved.
No boyfriend. No abusive parents.

CARMICHAEL

How about self-loathing.

MC COY

So you think we should call Skoda?

CARMICHAEL

Think about it. Harlowe subscribes to
dirty magazines and places an ad.
Patrick Rolle shows up and she changes
her mind. She moves over to the
internet and meets Derek Williams. She
likes him, even sends him a naked
picture of herself.

MC COY

She said it wasn't her.

CARMICHAEL

Look at it. That's her. Williams
makes her fantasy come true and it's
terrible. She's in the hospital and
she did it to herself. So she projects
everything onto the guy so she can look
in the mirror.

MC COY

And you're getting this from where?

CARMICHAEL

Answer me this: how'd Williams get a
key to the apartment building?

CUT TO

INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

McCoy and Carmichael enter. Schiff with Rev. A.J. Pullman, 60s, kindly but formidable.

SCHIFF

A.J., you know Jack McCoy.

PULLMAN

Jack.

MC COY

Reverend.

SCHIFF

And this is A.D.A. Abbie Carmichael. Abbie, Reverend A.J. Pullman, of Morningside Heights Baptist. We've been discussing the black community's concerns regarding the Williams case.

MC COY

I take it you've been talking with Mr. K'Intu.

PULLMAN

Ian is only one of the people who called me. Derek Williams' mother, Esther, has been a parishioner since 1973.

MC COY

Then I'm sorry her son didn't join her in church more often, Reverend.

PULLMAN

How do you know he didn't? Jack, Derek is a good boy. An artist. He didn't rape anybody.

MC COY

We have considerable evidence that says he did.

PULLMAN

I understand that your evidence is open to multiple interpretations.

MC COY

Forgive me, Reverend. I didn't realize you have a degree in forensics as well as theology.

SCHIFF

(warning)

Jack.

PULLMAN

Mr. McCoy, does the law say that when a black man and a white woman disagree the white woman automatically gets the benefit of the doubt?

MC COY

Innocent until proven guilty, Reverend. That's how it works regardless of color.

PULLMAN

Are you naive or idealistic?

MC COY

Neither, I hope.

PULLMAN

(standing)

We'll all be watching.

Pullman exits. Jack turns to Schiff.

MC COY

Thanks for the warning, Adam.

SCHIFF

I'm trying to prevent a political firestorm and you're not helping. Do you want to see this turn into another O.J. Simpson. Or worse yet, Rodney King?

MC COY

Of course not.

SCHIFF

Do you have a case?

MC COY

Yes.

CARMICHAEL

Maybe.

SCHIFF

Maybe's not good enough.

CUT TO

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SCHIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MC COY

(annoyed)

Maybe?

CARMICHAEL

I'm not convinced, Jack. You shouldn't be either.

MC COY

Blind-sided twice in ten minutes.

CARMICHAEL

I'm due at the Electronic Crime Lab.

MC COY

I'm coming with you.

CUT TO

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - ELECTRONIC CRIME LAB - EVENING

McCoy and Carmichael with Brian Sarrett, 40s, computer and internet crime analyst. Harlowe's computer and Williams' computer sit next to each other on a table.

SARRETT

I can't tell you who used these computers. All I know is how they were used.

MC COY

It's a start.

SARRETT

Williams' computer contains an extensive correspondence between DoMeHard, apparently a white woman, and 10incher, apparently a black man.

CARMICHAEL

Apparently?

SARRETT

People claim to be lots of things on the internet, Miss Carmichael. Welcome to the Information SuperHighway. Last week I had a seventy-six year old man pretending to be a twelve year old girl.

CARMICHAEL

Do I want to know why?

SARRETT

No. Here's where your case gets interesting. 10incher made no attempt to hide himself. This computer went to sex-related web sites, chat rooms. It's all right there in the browser's history.

CARMICHAEL

Hardly the behavior of a guilty man.

MC COY

Just a stupid one.

SARRETT

On the other hand, DoMeHard is cautious, even paranoid. She, if she is a she, used a web based email account and what we call an Anonymizer program. It's a privacy feature that prevents people from identifying web users. There's no way to backtrack. I can't connect the emails arriving here

(point at Williams' computer)

to any originating computer.

CARMICHAEL

What about out from Harlowe's computer?

SARRETT

There's nothing in the browser history, and I didn't find any electronic cookies. But she could have done everything with another machine.

CARMICHAEL

Which she would find?

SARRETT

At any internet cafe, library, or school.

MC COY

This is a waste of time.

SARRETT

There's something else. That naked picture? It's not her body.

CARMICHAEL

How do you know.

SARRETT

Come here.

Sarrett walks to his own computer and punches a button.

SARRETT (CONT'D.)

DoMeHard emailed this image as an attachment about a week before the rape. I'm going to zoom in on the woman's neck

CLOSE UP: A blurry, pixilated image of a woman's neck, flesh tones. A strange fault line runs across the image.

SARRETT (V.O.) (CONT'D.)

See that line? That's where two images were sutured together. It's hard to see, but the skin tones are different too. DoMeHard used a heavy duty graphics program. I still don't know which one. It isn't obvious unless you look close.

END CLOSE UP

CARMICHAEL

And the body?

SARRETT

A sophomore from the University of Oregon. Playboy's "Girls of the Pac 10," two issues back.

MC COY

How'd you find that out?

SARRETT

Some magazines, Playboy's one of them, watermark their copyrighted images with a message hidden between green levels 233 and 236. Imperceptible to the human eye, but the computer can see it. It's called steganography. I found the mark and traced it back.

CARMICHAEL

Could either of these computers have altered the image?

SARRETT

No. They're both too old. Neither of them could load the necessary software.

MC COY

So where did it come from?

SARRETT

I'm still looking.

CUT TO

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

McCoy and Carmichael talk over a working dinner.

MC COY

K'Intu's got reasonable doubt on the evidence. Misdemeanor assault is looking better and better.

CARMICHAEL

He'll never agree to it now.

MC COY

In his shoes I wouldn't either.

CARMICHAEL

How about prosecuting her?

MC COY

Pop-psychology aside, I still don't see motive. And what jury will believe she doctored that photo, sent it, and then lied about it?

Carmichael looks up from her food. The penny drops.

CARMICHAEL

What if neither of them sent it?

CUT TO

INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Schiff, McCoy, and Carmichael.

MC COY

They call them cyberstalkers.

SCHIFF

Another delightful import from California.

CARMICHAEL

Last April, a North Hollywood security guard tried to convince several men to rape a woman who had rejected him. He posed as her on the internet with the same M.O. A rape fantasy. Her father electronically tracked him down. The police caught him before she got hurt.

SCHIFF

We're too late for Miss Harlowe. Do you have a suspect?

MC COY

It's just a theory right now.

SCHIFF

I don't want theories. Find evidence you can take to a jury. Who set this up?

CUT TO

INT. MC COY'S OFFICE - MORNING

McCoy and Carmichael. McCoy looks up from the phone.

MC COY

More bad news. K'Intu filed a motion to dismiss based on the emails and photo. Judge Phillips after lunch.

CARMICHAEL

You want me to take it?

MC COY

No. I'll do it. Call Briscoe and Green. Start hunting for our cyberstalker.

CUT TO

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

McCoy and K'Intu with Judge Norman Phillips, 50s. Williams sits behind the defendant's desk. Pam Harlowe and her mother sit in the courtroom.

K'INTU

Your honor. The alleged victim sent dozen of emails to the defendant soliciting his participation in a rape fantasy. She even sent a naked picture of herself. The people have no case.

PHILLIPS

Mr. McCoy?

McCoy is stuck, uncomfortable.

MC COY

Approach, your honor?

The judge gestures both attorneys forward.

MC COY (CONT'D.)

Your honor, the people have uncovered the possibility that a third party sent both the email and the photo.

K'INTU

I'm hearing about this now?

MC COY

It's a recent development.

PHILLIPS

In my chambers.

CUT TO

INT. CHAMBERS OF JUDGE NORMAN PHILLIPS - CONTINUOUS

PHILLIPS

Go ahead, Mr. McCoy.

MC COY

Your honor, it is possible that a cyberstalker manipulated Mr. Williams by posing as the victim on the internet.

K'INTU

Whoosh! There goes your first degree rape charge.

MC COY

Your client savagely raped and battered a woman into the hospital. He's not off the hook.

PHILLIPS

No he's not, but if all this is true he's not guilty of first degree rape. Split the difference. Mr. K'Intu, I'm granting your motion to dismiss. However, the people are welcome to refile with a lesser charge.

CUT TO

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Harlowe and Mrs. Harlowe approach McCoy.

HARLOWE

Mr. McCoy? What happened in there?

MC COY

I can't talk about it until I have more information.

HARLOWE

But--

MC COY

We'll keep you in the loop, Miss Harlowe. I promise.

CUT TO

INT. D.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

McCoy with Williams and K'Intu.

MC COY

Mr. Williams, where did you get the key to Pam Harlowe's apartment building?

K'INTU

Uh-uh, Jack. No deal. No talk.

MC COY

No deals until I know more.

K'INTU

(standing)

We're done here.

WILLIAMS

Wait a minute, why are you asking.

K'INTU

Derek, trust me--

WILLIAMS

Why do you want to know.

MC COY

Mr. Williams, we think someone posed as Miss Harlowe on the internet and convinced you to attack her.

WILLIAMS

You mean, she didn't change her mind?

MC COY

That's our working hypothesis.

WILLIAMS

She, she didn't want. When she said stop she. Oh God. I--

Tears start to roll down Williams' cheeks.

MC COY

That's why I want to know about the key.

WILLIAMS

An envelope under the doormat.

MC COY

Was there anything written on the envelope?

WILLIAMS

(dazed, shocky)

10incher.

MC COY

Handwritten?

WILLIAMS

No, a label. Looked like it was laser-printed.

MC COY

Do you still have it?

WILLIAMS

It would be in the pocket of my leather jacket at home, unless the cops took it. Oh God.

CUT TO

INT. THE HOME OF MRS. ANNE HARLOWE - EVENING
Carmichael with Pam Harlowe and Mrs. Harlowe.

HARLOWE

Are you saying he didn't rape me?

CARMICHAEL

No. But, he might have had some help.

MRS. HARLOWE

An accomplice?

CARMICHAEL

More like a puppeteer.

(to Pam Harlowe)

It comes down to the emails. Derek Williams says you sent them. You say you didn't. If neither of you is lying, then it was a third person. We think someone pretended to be you on-line and arranged for Mr. Williams to rape you. This person even doctored the picture to look like you. It's called cyberstalking.

HARLOWE

He thought it was a game.

MRS. HARLOWE

Who would do something like this?

CARMICHAEL

That's what I'm trying to find out.

(to Harlowe)

Is there anyone who might have a grudge against you? An old boyfriend? Co-worker? Student?

HARLOWE

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

The buzzer rings.

HARLOWE (CONT'D.)

Yes?

VOICE

Pam? It's Sarah, can I come up? I've got someone with me.

HARLOWE

Sure.

(she hits the button)

Sarah Andrews. My attorney for Williams' civil suit.

Carmichael hands Harlowe a print-out of the naked photo.

CARMICHAEL

It's your face on someone else's body.

HARLOWE

I already told you that.

CARMICHAEL

I know. Miss Harlowe, Pam, I can't tell you how sorry I am that I didn't believe you before. Please look. Is there anyone who could have taken this picture?

MRS. HARLOWE

(looking over Pam's shoulder)

Pam, isn't that the hair cut you had last Christmas?

CARMICHAEL

It's shorter than you wear it now.

HARLOWE

My stylist went a little nuts. I hated it. Started growing it out immediately. This must have been taken right after.

CARMICHAEL

Last December?

HARLOWE

I think so. Does that help?

CARMICHAEL

Everything helps.

A knock on the door. Pam opens to Sarah Andrews, 35, and Ian K'Intu.

ANDREWS

Hi Pam, Mrs. Harlowe.

K'INTU

Sarah, this is Assistant District Attorney Abbie Carmichael.

ANDREWS

Sarah Andrews.

CARMICHAEL

(to K'Intu)

Ian, this is highly inappropriate.

K'INTU

No it's not. I'm approaching Miss Harlowe with her counsel present, regarding a civil lawsuit that has nothing to do with your office.

CARMICHAEL

That's ridiculous.

K'INTU

Miss Harlowe? I'd like to talk with you about an innocent man named Derek Williams.

Carmichael looks stunned.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Schiff with McCoy and Carmichael. McCoy is steaming.

MC COY

This is outrageous.

CARMICHAEL

Pam Harlowe wants to face Derek Williams. She says she can't sleep until she looks him in the eye.

MC COY

Can we get K'Intu disbarred for this?

SCHIFF

For representing his client?

MC COY

For interfering with the district attorney's office.

CARMICHAEL

This was not an ex parte approach, Jack. Her counsel was present at all times. K'Intu said he wants to have the meeting here as a courtesy to us.

MC COY

Some courtesy. Are we going to allow this?

SCHIFF

She's the victim. We don't have the moral authority to stop her.

CUT TO

INT. D.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

The room is crowded. Williams and K'Intu sit on the far side of the table, with Schiff, McCoy, and Carmichael at the head. The side of the table next to the door is empty. Williams' eyes are bloodshot. He looks jittery. The door opens. Sarah Andrews leads a brittle Pam Harlowe in.

Pam Harlowe sits across from Derek Williams and looks at him. Silence. They stare at each other. Williams loses it. He starts crying. Harlowe's face is a frozen mask.

WILLIAMS

I want to go to jail. Mr. McCoy, please. I'll plead guilty to whatever you want.

K'INTU

Derek--

WILLIAMS

I'm guilty. I'm guilty. I'm guilty.

(to Harlowe)

Miss. What do you want me to do? How can I ever make it--I can't even say it. I'm so, so, sorry.

Williams breaks down, sobbing uncontrollably.

Pam Harlowe stands up and exits the room.

CUT TO

INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Schiff, McCoy and Carmichael with Pam Harlowe and Andrews.

HARLOWE

I won't press charges.

MC COY

We don't need you in order to press charges.

HARLOWE

I don't think you understand, Mr. McCoy. If you prosecute him, I will appear as a witness for the defense. That man didn't rape me. Find out who did.

CUT TO

INT. MC COY'S OFFICE - DAY

McCoy with Carmichael. McCoy hanging up the phone.

MC COY

Briscoe and Green are coming up empty. They've interviewed everyone in the apartment building. Other teachers at the school, students, nothing. CSU is looking in every computer at the school.

CARMICHAEL

We need a break.

The phone rings.

CUT TO

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - ELECTRONIC CRIME LAB - DAY

Sarrett with McCoy and Carmichael.

SARRETT

Ever hear of the Melissa virus?

CARMICHAEL

It shut down servers all over the country.

SARRETT

Do you know how they caught the guy that created it?

McCoy and Carmichael shake their heads.

SARRETT (CONT'D.)

It was a task force made of government agencies, volunteers, a real triumph of cooperation. Finally, someone found a MicroSoft Word registration number buried in a document the creator posted on a virus-writers web site. They used it to track him down.

MC COY

And?

SARRETT

Looks like our cyberstalker made a similar mistake.

CARMICHAEL

I thought he was paranoid about privacy.

SARRETT

He is, but this guy's a user. A talented one, but no coder. He's good with a computer, but he doesn't break into the guts of a program and see what makes it tick.

(to McCoy)

You drive automatic or stick shift?

MC COY

Motorcycle.

SARRETT

But you know how to drive a car, right?
Users drive automatic. Coders drive
stick. The doctored image was made
with a graphics program called
FotoFinish. It's expensive, and has a
lot of anti-piracy measures,
including...

MC COY

A registration number.

SARRETT

Hidden deep inside the code.

CARMICHAEL

So who is it?

SARRETT

A Seattle company named GraphPro makes
FotoFinish. They won't release names
without a subpoena.

CUT TO

INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Schiff with McCoy and Carmichael.

MC COY

The Seattle district attorneys are
serving GraphPro with a court order as
we speak. We should know who we're
looking for soon.

CARMICHAEL

Unless our cyberstalker pirated the
software.

MC COY

Sarrett thinks that's unlikely.

SCHIFF

Finally, all those D.A. conferences pay off.

CARMICHAEL

Question. Presuming we catch this guy, how do we charge him? There are no cyberstalking laws on the New York books.

MC COY

Charge him with rape.

SCHIFF

Just catch him first.

CUT TO

INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

Carmichael and Van Buren with Briscoe and Green.

CARMICHAEL

We still need evidence. If necessary, have CSU go over the apartment millimeter by millimeter.

GREEN

With pleasure.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Briscoe and Green outside Tom Hansen's apartment. They knock. Hansen opens the door.

HANSEN

Yes?

Green grabs him roughly.

HANSEN (CONT'D.)

What are you doing?

BRISCOE

Thomas Hansen. You are under arrest for the rape of Pam Harlowe. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you do say can and will be used against you in a court of law. Do you understand? You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney one will be provided to you. Do you understand?

CUT TO

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Briscoe and Green with Hansen.

BRISCOE

Why don't you make it easier on yourself. Our Forensics experts aren't going to miss anything.

GREEN

And your computer is already at the electronic crime lab.

HANSEN

Have fun in my apartment. And they can look at my computer all they want. They won't find anything.

GREEN

Because you're smarter than they are?

HANSEN

Because there's nothing to find.

Green grabs Hansen's face and gets close.

GREEN

This isn't a white collar crime. You're looking at a rape conviction,

Hansen. You don't get sent to Club Fed for rape. Do you know what the black prisoners will do to you when they find out you framed a brother? And they will find out because I'll tell them.

HANSEN

(coolly)

I want my lawyer.

GREEN

I don't care what you want.

BRISCOE

(interrupting)

He asked for a lawyer, Ed. Time's up.

CUT TO

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The room is packed. McCoy and Carmichael, Judge Phillips, Hansen, and Hansen's defense attorney Alex Hartley, 40s. Behind McCoy are Pam Harlowe and Mrs. Harlowe. Williams sits as far from the Harlowes as possible.

HARTLEY

Your honor, my client was nowhere near the victim on the night of the attack. This fact is not in dispute. Given that my client was physically incapable of committing the rape, the people's charge is ludicrous.

PHILLIPS

He has a point, Mr. McCoy. I understand the criminal solicitation charge, but how do you get to first degree rape?

MC COY

People versus Evans, your honor. A woman can be found guilty of first degree rape by virtue of her intentionally aiding male codefendant. Physical capacity is not a determinant issue.

HARTLEY

The problem, your honor, is that in Evans the woman held down the victim while she was being raped. That is hardly the case here.

MC COY

People versus Merfert, your honor. A woman incited and intentionally aided in the commission of rape. She was found guilty of first degree rape even though she was herself absent from the scene and physically incapable of the crime.

HARTLEY

This is sophistry, your honor.

MC COY

The defendant bought the gun, loaded the gun, and fired the gun. The fact that he was not the bullet does not make him innocent of rape.

PHILLIPS

Gentlemen, I'm going to take this under advisement. Submit briefs by end of business today. We're recessed until tomorrow. Three P.M.

CUT TO

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

McCoy eats a sandwich on a bench. Hartley approaches.

MC COY

Great client, Alex.

HARTLEY

He says he didn't do it.

MC COY

Bull.

HARTLEY

Are you looking for a plea?

MC COY

I thought he didn't do it.

HARTLEY

Criminal solicitation. Third degree.

MC COY

A class E felony? You're joking.
That's less than four years.

HARTLEY

Phillips is conservative. He hates
making law.

MC COY

He's done it before. I'll take my
chances. Will your client take his?

HARTLEY

Where's your evidence?

MC COY

That's my problem. No deal.

CUT TO

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - ELECTRONIC CRIME LAB - AFTERNOON

Sarrett with McCoy and Carmichael.

SARRETT

The laser-printed envelope that contained the key matches the printer in Hansen's apartment, but it also matches eight thousand other printers in Manhattan.

CARMICHAEL

No one ordered a new key from the Super or any of the local locksmiths.

MC COY

Is there any good news?

SARRETT

Not so far. There's nothing in the browser history, but we knew that already because of the Anonymizer program.

CARMICHAEL

Phone records?

SARRETT

He used pre-paid phone cards. They're traceable, but it would take six months.

MC COY

We don't have that kind of time.

SARRETT

There's the doctored photo and the registration number.

MC COY

A slim thread.

CUT TO

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

McCoy and Carmichael with Briscoe, Green and CSU Marcus.

MARCUS

Still nothing. We've been at this for days.

MC COY

Don't stop.

INT. COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

PHILLIPS

After a great deal of difficult contemplation, I've decided to let the rape charge stand. Defendant remains accused of rape in the first degree, and criminal solicitation in the second degree.

HARTLEY

Your honor--

PHILLIPS

Take it up with the appeals court, Mr. Hartley. We're in recess until jury selection tomorrow morning.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bailiffs lead Hansen back to his cell. Hartley walks next to him, talking quietly.

HARLOWE (O.S.)

Tom?

Hansen turns at the sound of Pam Harlowe's voice. She attacks him, scratching his face and screaming hysterically.

HARLOWE (CONT'D.)

How could you? We were neighbors. We were friends! How could you?

The bailiffs drag her away.

CUT TO

INT. MC COY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

McCoy at his desk. Carmichael knocks on the door.

CARMICHAEL

Visitors.

Briscoe and Green enter, smiling. Briscoe tosses a Playboy magazine on the desk, wrapped in a zip-loc evidence bag.

BRISCOE

Girls of the Pac 10. The issue where he found the body for the dirty picture. It was in his recycling box.

MC COY

This isn't much.

GREEN

Oh, there's more.

Green pulls out an envelope full of photographs, also wrapped in an evidence bag.

GREEN (CONT'D.)

The apartment building's Christmas party, last year.

MC COY

You found the picture?

GREEN

Nope. But the envelope claims to contain thirty six pictures and only thirty five are in here. After scanning it into his computer, Hansen destroyed the picture with Miss Harlowe's head.

MC COY

How do you know?

GREEN

He forgot the negative.

Gotcha.

CUT TO

INT. D.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

McCoy and Carmichael with Hansen and Hartley. Hansen has a scratch on his cheek. McCoy slides a photograph across the table to Hansen.

MC COY

Look familiar, Mr. Hansen?

HANSEN

It's from the building holiday party.
So what?

MC COY

You destroyed the original, but we
found the negative in your apartment.

McCoy slides a printout of the dirty photo across.

MC COY (CONT'D.)

Notice how the faces are identical?

(to Hartley)

You were talking about evidence.
Juries love photographs. Rape is a
Class B felony, Mr. Hansen. Minimum
sentence six years. Maximum, twenty
five.

Hartley and Hansen whisper back and forth. It gets
animated.

HARTLEY

My client is concerned that if he pleads guilty he will be killed in prison.

MC COY

What makes him think that?

HARTLEY

Detective Green threatened to tell black prisoners that my client framed a black man for rape.

MC COY

I'll keep Green under control, if there's a guilty plea.

Hartley and Hansen whisper again.

HARTLEY

The minimum sentence.

MC COY

Twelve years. He comes up for parole in six.

Another whispered conference.

HARTLEY

Done.

MC COY

One more thing. Mr. Hansen, why?

HANSEN

You won't understand.

MC COY

Try me.

HANSEN

(looking at Carmichael)

You women never know what you want. I was the geeky kid in school. No one wanted to date me. One girl said I was too thin. Girls like rugged guys. So I work out, become a jock. Didn't work. What's wrong with me now? I'm not sensitive enough. I read all the books. Now I'm too sensitive. Make up your mind, I think. After college, it's all about money. I get a good job. It's not enough money.

CARMICHAEL

And Pam Harlowe?

HANSEN

I asked her out. Took me weeks to build up the nerve. She says no. Aww, why not? I ask. She likes black guys. Finally, after all these years, a woman who knows what she wants.

(savagely)

So I gave it to her.

CARMICHAEL

Twelve years isn't enough for you.

HARTLEY

A deal's a deal, right?

MC COY

Twelve years.

HARTLEY

And Green won't rat him out.

McCoy nods.

HARTLEY (CONT'D.)

(to Hansen)

Let's go.

They exit. We stay with McCoy and Carmichael.

MC COY

You all right?

CARMICHAEL

Eric. Eric Jorgensen.

(off McCoy's look)

The geek who asked me out in high school.

MC COY

You turned him down?

CARMICHAEL

Yeah.

MC COY

Let's hope he doesn't have a computer.

CARMICHAEL

He had one then.

CUT TO

INT. SCHIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Schiff with McCoy and Carmichael.

SCHIFF

I heard from Ian K'Intu. Miss Harlowe and Mr. Williams are suing Hansen.

CARMICHAEL

(incredulous)

Together?

SCHIFF

They're handling it though their attorneys. When they're through he'll be broke as well as in prison.

MC COY

How long before our next cyberstalker?

SCHIFF

Who knows. Maybe Hansen's fate will show people that there are real world penalties for virtual crimes.

FADE OUT