

Monday, July 13th

FADE IN: INTERIOR: COURTROOM. There is a feeling of expectation in the air. PETROCELLI, BRIGGS, and O'BRIEN are talking to the JUDGE. PETROCELLI makes a joke and O'BRIEN laughs briefly. They return to their respective tables and the JUDGE nods to the COURT STENOGRAPHER, who straightens up, ready to take down the day's proceedings.

PETROCELLI

The State calls Lorelle Henry.

Camera swings to the rear of the COURTROOM. An Assistant District Attorney ushers in LORELLE HENRY. The diminutive 58-year-old retired school librarian is neatly dressed. She was once a beautiful woman and is still quite attractive, looking far younger than her stated age. She moves with grace to the witness stand, avoiding looking at either the jury or the defendants.

PETROCELLI

Mrs. Henry, do you remember an incident that occurred

last December in Harlem?

HENRY

Yes, I do.

PETROCELLI

Can you tell us about that incident?

HENRY

My granddaughter had a cold. It was just a few days before Christmas and I didn't want it to ruin her Christmas. I had taken her to Harlem Hospital and they said it wasn't serious, but she was still coughing. I went into the drugstore to look for some cough medicine. I was looking over the medicines, trying to figure out which would be best for her, when I heard someone arguing.

PETROCELLI

Do you know what the argument was about?

HENRY

No, I don't.

PETROCELLI

Then what happened?