

Sunday, July 12th

They had scrambled eggs, potatoes, and corned beef hash for breakfast. A lot of guys don't go to breakfast on Sunday, and the ones that do can just about eat as much as they want. The guy behind the steam table put a lot of food on my plate and gave me a smile. In here you don't smile back at people who smile at you, so I just walked away.

They had church services and I went. There were only 9 guys in the service, and 2 of them got into a fight. It was a vicious fight and the minister called the

guards. They came in and started saying things like "Break it up" and "Okay, back off." But they said it in this calm voice as if nothing was really going on and they didn't care if the two guys were fighting or not.

We got locked down because of the fight and we were told we had to stay in our cells until 1 o'clock. One o'clock is when the visiting hours start on Sundays.

In the cell we played bid whist and another fight almost started when one of the guys thought somebody had dissed him.

I think I finally understand why there are so many fights. In here

all you have going for you is the little surface stuff, how people look at you and what they say. And if that's all you have, then you have to protect that. Maybe that's right.

When we got out, most of the guys drifted into the recreation area, and somebody put the television on. There was a baseball game on but it didn't look real. It was guys in uniforms playing games on a deep green field. They were playing baseball as if baseball was important and as if all the world wasn't in jail, watching them from a completely different world. The world I came from, where I had my family around me and friends and

kids I went to school with and even teachers, seemed so far away.

I looked down in the street from the corridor leading to the recreation room. Downtown New York was almost empty on Sundays. The thousands of people who streamed through the streets on weekdays were away in their homes. I was looking for Jerry. They didn't allow kids in the visiting area, which was funny. It was funny because if I wasn't locked up, I wouldn't be allowed to come into the visiting room.

At a quarter past one, some women were down in the streets calling up to other women. Then I saw my parents and Jerry.

Jerry was tiny in the street, standing on the corner. The window was screened and I knew he couldn't see me, but I raised my hand anyway and waved to him. I wanted to tell Jerry that I loved him. I also wanted to tell him that my heart was not greatly rejoicing, and I was not singing praises.

My parents came, one at a time, and they were both upbeat and full of news about the neighborhood and about Jerry.

"Did you see him down in the street?" Mama asked.

I told her yes and tried to smile with her. Her eyes were smiling but her voice cracked. In a way I think

she was mourning me as if I were dead.



They left and there was still too much Sunday left in my life.

I looked over the movie again. I need it more and more. The movie is more real in so many ways than the life I am leading. No, that's not true. I just desperately wish this was only a movie.

Monday is the State's case. This is what Miss O'Brien said. Monday they bring out their star witnesses.

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?

HENRY

The store owner, Mr. Nesbitt, came over to see what the argument was about, and I heard one of the men who was involved in the argument say to him—ask him where the money was.

PETROCELLI

How sure are you that this is what he said?

HENRY (nervously)

Not that sure. It's what I think I heard.

PETROCELLI

And what did you see during this time?

HENRY

I saw two young men engaged in an argument. Then I saw one of them grab the drugstore owner by the collar. (She grabs her own collar to demonstrate.)

PETROCELLI

And then what did you do?

HENRY

And then I left the store as quickly as I could. I thought there might be trouble.

PETROCELLI

Mrs. Henry, do you recognize anyone present today in this courtroom who was also in the drugstore on the day to which you are referring?

HENRY

The gentleman sitting at that table was one of the men arguing. (She points to KING.)

PETROCELLI

Let the record show that Mrs. Henry has indicated that the defendant, James King, was one of the men she saw in the drugstore on that day. Mrs. Henry, do you remember the day you witnessed the incident at the drugstore?

HENRY

The 22nd of December. It was a Monday. I didn't want Tracy—that's my granddaughter—missing too much school. I thought if she could get through the next day or so, she would be all right because of the Christmas break.

PETROCELLI

Thank you. Nothing further.

CUT TO: BRIGGS at podium.

BRIGGS

Mrs. Henry, did you have occasion to see some photographs of Mr. King?

HENRY

Yes, I did. At the police station.

BRIGGS

You heard about the robbery and the death of Mr. Nesbitt and you went to the police; is that correct?

HENRY

That's correct.

BRIGGS

And the police showed you a series of pictures—would you say a thousand pictures?

HENRY

A thousand? No, maybe 30 to 40.

BRIGGS

Maybe 20?

HENRY

I think more than 20.

BRIGGS

Would you say 27?

HENRY

I couldn't say for sure.

BRIGGS

So the truth is that the police showed you a few photographs and asked you to

cooperate with them in finding a killer. Is that correct?

HENRY

More or less.

BRIGGS

More or less? Well, I want to get to the truth of this matter, Mrs. Henry. The police did show you the pictures, and they were looking for your cooperation in finding a killer? Is that correct?

HENRY

Yes.

BRIGGS

Mrs. Henry, while you were looking over the pictures, were there moments of hesitation? Were there moments when you weren't quite sure, or did you recognize Mr. King as soon as you saw his picture?

HENRY

I didn't recognize him at first, but then I did—the pictures look different

than he does in person.

BRIGGS

So how did you recognize him if he looks different in person than he does in the photographs?

HENRY

I finally recognized him. And when I see him now, I recognize him.

BRIGGS

Mrs. Henry, were you ever given a description of Mr. King? Ever told how much he weighed or how tall he was?

HENRY

No, I was not.

BRIGGS

You said that someone said something about Mr. Nesbitt showing them where the money was, is that correct?

HENRY

That's correct.

BRIGGS

Do you remember who said that? Was it the man you think was Mr. King?

HENRY

I don't know.

BRIGGS

You testified in a pretrial hearing that you had some trouble testifying that Mr. King was involved in this event, is that correct?

HENRY

I have trouble testifying against a Black man, if that's what you mean.

BRIGGS

But somehow you don't have trouble identifying Mr. King at this time; isn't that so?

HENRY

I think I'm doing the right thing. I think I'm identifying the right man.

KING

Whatever. You don't have to be no Einstein to get paid. All you got to have is the heart. You got the heart?

STEVE

For what?

KING

To get paid. I got a sure getover. You know that drugstore got burned out that time? They got it all fixed up now. Drugstores always keep some money.

STEVE

That's what Bobo said?

KING

Yeah. All we need is a lookout. You know, check the place out—make sure ain't no badges copping some z's in the back. You down for it?

CUT TO: CU of STEVE looking away.

CUT TO: CU of KING.

KING

So, what it is?

This phrase is repeated as the camera moves farther and farther away, growing louder and louder as **STEVE** and **KING** become tiny figures in the bustling mosaic of Harlem.

anybody says, I know you're innocent,
and I love you very much."

And the conversation was over.
She cried. Silently. Her body
shook with the sobs.

When she left I could hardly
make it back to the cell area. "No
matter what anybody says..."

I lay down across my cot. I could
still feel Mama's pain. And I knew
she felt that I didn't do anything
wrong. It was me who wasn't sure.
It was me who lay on the cot
wondering if I was fooling myself.

CUT TO: EXTERIOR: MS of MARCUS GARVEY
PARK in HARLEM. STEVE is sitting on a bench,
and JAMES KING sits with him. KING is bleary-
eyed and smokes a joint as he talks.

KING

Yeah, well, you know, I found where the
payday is. You know what I mean?

STEVE

Yeah, I guess.

KING

You guess? What you guessing about when
I'm so flat I ain't got enough money
to buy a can of beer? I need to put
together a payroll crew. Get my pockets
fat. F-A-T. I talked to Bobo and he's
down, but Bobo liable not to show. When
he shows, he shows correct but sometime
he act like a spaceman or something.

STEVE

Bobo's not Einstein.

Black lawyer?" she asked. "Some of the people in the neighborhood said I should have contacted a Black lawyer."

I shook my head. It wasn't a matter of race.

She brought me a Bible. The guards had searched it. I wanted to ask if they had found anything in it. Salvation. Grace, maybe. Compassion. She had marked off a passage for me and asked me to read it out loud: "The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him."

"It seems like you've been in here so long," she said.

"Some guys have done a whole calendar in here," I said.

She looked at me, puzzled, and then asked what that meant. When I told her that doing a calendar meant spending a year in jail, she turned her head slightly and then turned back to me. The smile that came to her lips was one she wrenched from someplace deep inside of her.

"No matter what anybody says . . ."
She reached across the table to put her hand on mine and then pulled it back, thinking a guard might see her. "No matter what

stop the other guy from hitting him more. Violence in here is always happening or just about ready to happen. I think these guys like it—they want it to be normal because that's what they're used to dealing with.

If I got out after 20 years, I'd be 36. Maybe I wouldn't live that long. Maybe I would think about killing myself so I wouldn't have to live that long in here.

Mama came to see me. It's her first time and she tried to explain to me why she hadn't been here before, but she didn't have to. All you had to see were the tears

running down her face and the whole story was there. I wanted to show strong for her, to let her know that she didn't have to cry for me.

The visitors' room was crowded, noisy. We tried to speak softly, to create a kind of privacy with our voices, but we couldn't hear each other even though we were only 18 inches away from each other, which is the width of the table in the visitors' room. I asked her how Jerry was doing and she said he was doing all right. She was going to bring him tomorrow and I could see him from the window.

"Do you think I should have got a

open the front door," Ernie said. "I didn't know where the buzzer was and I had locked the two dudes who knew up in the back."

He waited for two hours while people came and tried to get into the store before he called the police. He said he wasn't guilty because he hadn't taken anything out of the store. He didn't even have a gun, just his hand in his pocket like he had a gun.

"What they charging you with?" somebody asked.

"Armed robbery, unlawful detention, possession of a deadly weapon, assault, and menacing."

But he felt he wasn't guilty. He had made a mistake in going into the store, but when the robbery didn't go down there was nothing he could do.

"Say you going to rob a guy and he's sitting down," Ernie went on.

"You say to him, 'Give me all your money,' and then he stands up and he's like, seven feet tall, and you got to run. They can't charge you with robbing the dude, right?"

He was trying to convince himself that he wasn't guilty.

There was a fight just before lunch and a guy was stabbed in the eye. The guy who was stabbed was screaming, but that didn't