

Fracture

WILLY BEACHUM

Hello. (begins to write)

TED CRAWFORD

How's my wife?

WILLY BEACHUM

Umm...I don't know. But, I'm sure she's been better though.

TED CRAWFORD

I heard somewhere that you're supposed to talk to people who are in a coma. Play their favorite music, it may help them, or get through to them.

WILLY BEACHUM

Uh-huh. *(Continuing to write)*

TED CRAWFORD

But you're probably too busy getting up to speed on the Warfield case, I suppose.

WILLY BEACHUM

Excuse me?

TED CRAWFORD

Hmm? Oh, I'm not judging you Willy. No. Anyone coming from where you came from, then paying your way through East Okie Law School in Tulsa, by writing papers for Princeton kids on the internet. My God, \$60 thousand dollars in debt, and a 97 percent conviction record. Wow. You deserve it kiddo.

WILLY BEACHUM

What have you been doing?

TED CRAWFORD

Oh, I'm permitted the use of a private investigator.

WILLY BEACHUM

Not to investigate me.

TED CRAWFORD

Why not? You're investigating me.

WILLY BEACHUM

Because you shot your wife.

TED CRAWFORD

Allegedly. That's how it works, right? If I can't introduce something in court as evidence, it doesn't exist, legally.

WILLY BEACHUM

I'm not going to play games with you.

TED CRAWFORD

I'm afraid you have to, old sport.

WILLY BEACHUM

What is this? *(indicates the files and papers Crawford sent back with the word "NO" on each of them)* Some kind of form of communication?

TED CRAWFORD

Yes. You sent me a box of papers.

WILLY BEACHUM

It's called dis....It's called discovery, alright? That's where the State, *(points to himself)* is legally obligated to provide all evidence to the Defendant *(points to Crawford)*, so you can prepare your defense.

TED CRAWFORD

There's nothing in it, Willy. You haven't actually discovered anything.

WILLY BEACHUM

That's one point of view. Another might be, that I hit the mother lode.

TED CRAWFORD

Oh, have they found the gun?

WILLY BEACHUM

I don't need a gun to convict you.

TED CRAWFORD

Tell me something? Does it bother you, that I call you Willy?

WILLY BEACHUM

No.

TED CRAWFORD

No? **WILLY.** Willy, I'd like you to consider becoming my lawyer, I will pay you lots of money.

WILLY BEACHUM

I'm prosecuting you.

TED CRAWFORD

Yes, but I'm giving you a chance to get on the other side of this unholy mess, while you still can.

WILLY BEACHUM

Right. Are you out of your mind?

TED CRAWFORD

I think on advice of counsel, I will decline to answer that one.

WILLY BEACHUM

Ok... well...Thank you for your offer, but I'm going to stay right where I am.

TED CRAWFORD

At least for one more week.

WILLY BEACHUM

Look, just keep this..*(indicates the Discovery files)* Don't send it back. You need that. You also need to come up with a witness list.

TED CRAWFORD

No. I will leave all the witness crap to you.

WILLY BEACHUM

Right. Because you're not going to be calling any witnesses?

TED CRAWFORD

No. I'm innocent, remember? Until proven guilty.

WILLY BEACHUM

Whatever. You heard the judge. You know that's not grounds for an appeal.

TED CRAWFORD

Ahh, what the heck, a jury of my peers and so on and so forth.

WILLY BEACHUM

Right. *(starts to gather his things and leave)*

TED CRAWFORD

You know my Grandfather used to be an egg farmer.

WILLY BEACHUM

This isn't going to be about your rough childhood, is it?

TED CRAWFORD

I use to candle eggs at his farm. Do you know what that is? You hold an egg up to a light, a candle, and you look for imperfections. First time I did it, he told me to put all the eggs that were cracked or flawed in a bucket for the bakery. He came back an hour later, and there were 300 eggs in the bakery bucket. He asked me, "What the hell was I doing?" I found a flaw in

every single one of them. Thin places in the shell, and fine hairline cracks. You look closely enough, you'll find that everything has a weak spot, where it can break, sooner or later.

WILLY BEACHUM

You looking for mine?

TED CRAWFORD

I've already found yours.

WILLY BEACHUM

What is it?

TED CRAWFORD

You're a winner, Willy.

WILLY BEACHUM

(laughs) Yeah, well, I guess the jokes on me then, isn't it.

TED CRAWFORD

You bet your ass, old sport.