

KAREN: You don't understand Bjorn Faulkner.

FLINT: Maybe I don't. But let's see if I understand *you* correctly. You were raped by a man the first day you saw him. You lived with him for ten years in a brazenly illicit relationship. You defrauded thousands of investors the world over. You cultivated a friendship with a notorious gangster. You helped in a twenty-five million dollar forgery. You told us all this proudly, flaunting your defiance of all decency. And you don't expect us to believe you capable of murder?

KAREN: *[Very calmly]* You're wrong, Mr. Flint. I *am* capable of murder -- *for Bjorn Faulkner's sake.*

FLINT: That is all, Miss Andre.

*[KAREN back to her seat at the defense table, calmly, indifferently]*

STEVENS: Lawrence Regan!

===== #2 begin =====

CLERK: Lawrence Regan!

*[REGAN takes the stand]*

You solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?

REGAN: I do.

STEVENS: What is your name?

REGAN: Lawrence Regan.

STEVENS: *[A little hesitantly]* What is your occupation?

REGAN: *[Calmly, with a faint trace of irony]* Unemployed.

STEVENS: How long have you known Karen Andre?

REGAN: Five months.

STEVENS: Where did you meet her?

REGAN: In Faulkner's office. I went there to . . . to do some business with him. I gave up the business, because I met his secretary.

STEVENS: How did you happen to become friendly with Miss Andre?

REGAN: Well, that first meeting wasn't exactly friendly. She wouldn't let me in to see Faulkner. She said I had enough money to buy orchids by the pound -- and I had no business with her boss. I said I'd think it over -- and went. I thought it over. Only, I didn't think of the business. I thought of her. The next day I sent her a pound of orchids. Ever see how many that makes? That's how it started.

STEVENS: Did you know of Miss Andre's relations with Mr. Faulkner?

REGAN: I knew it before I ever saw her. What of it? I knew it was hopeless. But I couldn't help it.

STEVENS: You never expected Miss Andre to share your feeling?

REGAN: No.

STEVENS: You never made any attempt to force it upon her?

REGAN: Do you have to know all that?

STEVENS: I'm afraid we do.

REGAN: I kissed her -- once. By force. It was the night of Faulkner's wedding. She was alone. She was so unhappy. And I was so crazy about her. She told me it was

no use. I never wanted her to know. But she knew. We never mentioned it since.

STEVENS: When did Miss Andre first tell you of Faulkner's planned escape?

REGAN: About two weeks before we pulled it.

STEVENS: Was "Lefty" O'Toole one of your men?

REGAN: No.

STEVENS: Were you connected with his murderers in any way?

REGAN: No.

STEVENS: *[With a little hesitation]* You actually had no definite knowledge of his planned murder?

REGAN: *[With the same joint irony]* No. I just had a way of guessing.

STEVENS: What happened on the night of January sixteenth?

REGAN: It all worked as Miss Andre has told you. But she knows only half the story. I know the rest.

STEVENS: Tell us what happened after you left the penthouse.

REGAN: I left ten minutes after Faulkner. He had taken my car. I had one of my men leave another car for me at the door. I stepped on it -- full speed.

STEVENS: Where did you go?

REGAN: To Meadow Lane. Ten miles out, in Kings County. I had left my plane there earlier in the evening. Faulkner was to get there first and wait for me.

STEVENS: What time did you get there?

REGAN: About midnight. There was a bright moon. I turned off the road and I could see tire tracks in the mud -- where Faulkner's car had passed. I drove out into the lane. Then, I thought I'd lost my mind: the plane was gone.

STEVENS: What did you do?

REGAN: I searched around that lane for two hours. Faulkner's car was there -- where we had agreed to hide it. It was empty, lights turned off, the key in the switch. I saw tracks on the ground -- where the plane had taken off. But Faulkner couldn't fly it himself.

STEVENS: Did you search for any clues to this mystery?

REGAN: I searched like a bloodhound.

STEVENS: Did you find anything?

REGAN: I did. One thing. A car.

STEVENS: What kind of a car?

REGAN: It was hidden deep in the bushes on the other side of the lane. It was a big black sedan.

STEVENS: What did you do?

REGAN: I wanted to know whose car it was, so I smashed a window, crawled to the back seat and settled down to wait.

STEVENS: How long did you have to wait?

REGAN: The rest of that night.

===== #2 end =====