

THE #1 NATIONAL BESTSELLER

PRESUMED INNOCENT



"SPELLBINDING!"—*New York Times*

A NOVEL BY

SCOTT TUROW

PRESUMED INNOCENT

SCOTT TUROW



WARNER BOOKS

A Warner Communications Company

*This is a work of fiction.
All names, places, characters, and incidents
are entirely imaginary, and any resemblance
to actual events, or to persons living or dead,
is coincidental.*

WARNER BOOKS EDITION

Copyright © 1987 by Scott Turow
All rights reserved.

This Warner Books Edition is published by arrangement with Farrar Straus
Giroux, 19 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003

Cover design by Tom Tafuri, One Plus One Studio

Warner Books, Inc.
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10103



A Warner Communications Company

Printed in the United States of America

First Warner Books Printing: May, 1988

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

THE VERDICT IS IN!

"SPELLBINDING...the book you're going to take to the beach with you this summer. Mr. Turow's effects hold one enthralled until the last page."

—*New York Times*

*

"SPLENDID...SNAPS BOTH OF YOUR LAPELS AND PRESSES YOU DOWN IN YOUR CHAIR UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED IT. When Scott Turow writes about a milieu, he knows whereof he speaks. You know he made it up, but you also know it's real."

—*Chicago Tribune*

*

"A GRABBER TO THE END...A MYSTERY, A LAW-COURTROOM DRAMA, A SUSPENSE STORY AND MORE."

—*Cincinnati Post*

*

"SMASHINGLY GOOD MURDER MYSTERY-COURTROOM DRAMA...not only a well-crafted, deftly paced story but an intriguing commentary on the corruption of politics, the convolutions of love and the ambiguities of justice."

—*Newsday*

*

"A BOOK OF CONSIDERABLE INTELLIGENCE AND STYLE, one that manages to provoke as well as to entertain.... The reader really connects. This could happen to any of us...the prisons are open to us all."

—*Washington Post Book World*

“REPLACES THE USUAL ARRAY OF
CARDBOARD MOTIVES WITH
FULL-BLOODED, COMPLEX PASSIONS.”

—*Newsweek*

*

“THIS ONE WILL KEEP YOU UP NIGHTS,
ENGROSSED AND CHARGED WITH
ADRENALINE.”

—*People*

*

“ONE OF THE MOST ENTHRALLING
NOVELS I HAVE READ IN A LONG,
LONG TIME.”

—Pat Conroy

*

“RIVETING...POWERED BY INTRIGUE
...FIRST-RATE AND DESERVES EVERY
READER IT GETS.”

—*USA Today*

*

“VIVID PASSION...UNFORGETTABLE
CHARACTERS...TUROW'S FIRST
NOVEL IS HOTTER THAN A TEXAS
JULY...a finely written, informative and
engrossing whodunit...often transcends the
realm of a crime story into a personal,
eloquent...story of one man's life.”

—*Dallas Morning News*

*

“A CANNY NOVEL, A WELL-DEvised,
CRAFTED, METICULOUSLY
CALCULATED BOOK...a compelling story,
well written, and stocked with a bevy of
courtroom characters.”

—*Chicago Sun-Times*

“MATCHES *ANATOMY OF A MURDER* IN ITS INTENSITY AND VERISIMILITUDE . . . grittily realistic . . . insightful characterizations . . . may become a literary crime classic.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

*

“GRIPPING . . . ENGROSSING . . . In its portrayal of one man’s ordeal, *Presumed Innocent* raises serious questions about our legal system, about its casual corruptions and inequities, about the public and private motivations which often determine matters of life and death.”

—*Houston Post*

*

“A NATURAL STORYTELLER’S GENIUS . . . a terrific read in its own right and a terrific promise of more to come.”

—*New York Post*

*

“SIZZLES . . . a tense, twisty thriller, filled with turnabouts, a book that turns over every rock of human character and our most exalted institutions . . . a murder trial that, for once, genuinely pairs the words courtroom and drama.”

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

*

“DON’T WAIT FOR THE MOVIE . . . IT’S SPLENDID.”

—*ABA Journal, The Lawyer’s Magazine*

*

“AN ACHIEVEMENT OF A HIGH ORDER. . . Nobody who picks it up is going to lay it down lightly.”

—Wallace Stegner

"EXCITING...THERE OUGHT TO BE A PRIZE. Turow joins ranks with that very special group of authors—Jane Austen, Tolstoy, Rex Stout, among them—who, by knowing how to keep our attention, have caused more sleepless nights than caffeine."
—*Vogue*

*

"A JOY TO READ...A TRUE CRIME CLASSIC."
—*Milwaukee Sentinel*

*

"CAPTURES THE RAISED ADRENALINE, THE GAMESMANSHIP AND THE SHEER EMOTIONAL IMPACT OF LIFE IN THE COURTROOM WITH UTTER AUTHENTICITY."
—*Vincent Bugliosi*

*

"MUCH MORE THAN A WHODUNIT... memorable players crowd Turow's pages."
—*Vanity Fair*

*

"MEATY TO THE END.... The pulsing, carnal appeal of Turow's dramatic narrative is irresistible."
—*Glamour*

*

"A KILLER THRILLER... probes the justness of justice with such insight and inside info that it gets—and stays—under your skin."
—*Self*

*

"COMPELLING...from the opening page through the wonderfully twisted ending."
—*John Katzenbach*

*

"DIABOLICAL IN ITS CONCEPTION... AWE-INSPIRING."
—*Chicago magazine*

"AN INSTANT CRIME CLASSIC... Does for the crime novel what *All the King's Men* did for the political thriller."

—*Providence Sunday Journal*

*

"A SUPERBLY CRAFTED, WONDERFULLY WRITTEN FIRST NOVEL... AN ABSOLUTELY FIRST-RATE BOOK. Here are high drama and suspense, as scenes in and out of the courtroom crackle with the amazing interactions of complex, fascinating characters. This is a great book."

—*Library Journal*

*

"A NOVEL FOR ALL SEASONS AND ALL TASTES.... And what gorgeous writing! Turow is as adept at evoking erotic obsession as he is at detailing the cunning strategy of defense."

—*New Woman*

*

"SPLENDID... SUPERB... CLOSE TO PERFECT... A SHINING EXAMPLE OF WHITE-KNUCKLE REALISM."

—*Newark Star-Ledger*

*

"EVERYTHING YOU HEARD IS TRUE... Chicago lawyer Turow's first novel is a genuine, classy, four-star suspense novel... but also a dark, troubling murder-mystery, rich in character and psychology and pathos... a canny yet oddly un-slick mixture of several genres at their best—gritty city-government exposé, zesty courtroom strategy, sexy/sincere mid-life crisis, Agatha Christie twister—and deserves the vast popular audience it's sure to find as book and film."

—*Kirkus Reviews*

Also by Scott Turow

ONE L

Published by
WARNER BOOKS

ATTENTION: SCHOOLS AND CORPORATIONS

WARNER books are available at quantity discounts with bulk purchase for educational, business, or sales promotional use. For information, please write to SPECIAL SALES DEPARTMENT, WARNER BOOKS, 666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N Y 10103

ARE THERE WARNER BOOKS YOU WANT BUT CANNOT FIND IN YOUR LOCAL STORES?

You can get any WARNER BOOKS title in print. Simply send title and retail price, plus 50c per order and 50c per copy to cover mailing and handling costs for each book desired. New York State and California residents add applicable sales tax. Enclose check or money order only, no cash please, to WARNER BOOKS, P.O. BOX 690, NEW YORK, N Y 10019

For my mother

Opening Statement

This is how I always start:

"I am the prosecutor.

"I represent the state. I am here to present to you the evidence of a crime. Together you will weigh this evidence. You will deliberate upon it. You will decide if it proves the defendant's guilt.

"This man—" And here I point.

You must always point, Rusty, I was told by John White. That was the day I started in the office. The sheriff took my fingerprints, the chief judge swore me in, and John White brought me up to watch the first jury trial I'd ever seen. Ned Halsey was making the opening statement for the state, and as he gestured across the courtroom, John, in his generous, avuncular way, with the humid scent of alcohol on his breath at ten in the morning, whispered my initial lesson. He was the chief deputy P.A. then, a hale Irishman with white hair wild as cornsilk. It was almost a dozen years ago, long before I had formed even the most secret ambition to hold John's job myself. If you don't have the courage to point, John White whispered, you can't expect them to have the courage to convict.

And so I point. I extend my hand across the courtroom. I hold one finger straight. I seek the defendant's eye. I say: "This man has been accused."

He turns away. Or blinks. Or shows nothing at all.

In the beginning, I was often preoccupied, imagining how it would feel to sit there, held at the focus of scrutiny, ardently denounced before all who cared to listen, knowing that the most ordinary privileges of a decent life—common trust, personal respect, and even liberty—were now like some cloak you had checked at the door and might never retrieve. I could feel the fear, the hot frustration, the haunted separateness.

Now, like ore deposits, the harder stuff of duty and obligation has settled in the veins where those softer feelings moved. I have a job to do. It is not that I have grown uncaring. Believe me. But this business of accusing, judging, punishing has gone on always; it is one of the great wheels turning beneath everything we do. I play my part. I am a functionary of our only universally recognized system of telling wrong from right, a bureaucrat of good and evil. This must be prohibited; not that. One would expect that after all these years of making charges, trying cases, watching defendants come and go, it might have all become a jumble. Somehow, it has not.

I turn back to face the jury.

"Today you—all of you—have taken on one of the most solemn obligations of citizenship. Your job is to find the facts. The truth. It is not an easy task, I know. Memories may fail; recollections may be shaded. The evidence might point in differing directions. You may be forced to decide about things that no one seems to know, or to be willing to say. If you were at home, at work, anywhere in your daily life, you might be ready to throw up your hands, you might not want to make the effort. Here you must.

"You must. Let me remind you. There was a real crime. No one will dispute that. There was a real victim. Real pain. You do not have to tell us why it happened. People's motives, after all, may be forever locked inside them. But

you must, at least, try to determine what actually occurred. If you cannot, we will not know if this man deserves to be freed—or punished. We will have no idea who to blame. If we cannot find the truth, what is our hope of justice?"

SPRING

1

“I should feel sorrier,” Raymond Horgan says.

I wonder at first if he is talking about the eulogy he is going to deliver. He has just looked over his notes again and is returning two index cards to the breast pocket of his blue serge suit. But when I catch his expression I recognize that his remark was personal. From the rear seat of the county's Buick, he stares through the auto window toward the traffic thickening as we approach the South End. His look has taken on a meditative cast. As I watch him, it strikes me that this pose would have been effective as *The Picture* for this year's campaign: Raymond's thick features fixed in an aspect of solemnity, courage, and a trace of sorrow. He shows something of the stoic air of this sometimes sad metropolis, like the soiled bricks and tarpaper roofs of this part of town.

It is a commonplace among those working around Raymond to say he does not look well. Twenty months ago he split with Ann, his wife of thirty years. He has picked up weight and a perpetual grimness of expression which suggests he has finally reached that time of life when he now believes that many painful things will not improve. A year ago the wagering was that Raymond did not have the