

ANATOMY OF A MURDER

Screenplay

by

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From the novel by Robert Traver

FINAL

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A dusty, four-year-old car speeds along in the shadows of overhanging trees, moonlight splashing through to the pavement.

2 INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

The driver is PAUL BIEGLER. His fingers tap time against the steering wheel to MUSIC from the radio. In the glow from the dashboard we see a pleasant looking man in his early forties -- wry, humorous mouth, lean jaws, friendly eyes. He wears an old hunting jacket, shirt open at the throat. Several angling lures are hooked into the felt of his battered hat.

3 EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The car approaches. PAN it by as it hurries toward the distant lights of a small town. On the shoulder of the road a modest spotlighted sign reads:

THE C OF C WELCOMES YOU TO
IRON CITY, MICH.
WE'RE A LIVELY TOWN

4 EXT. MAIN STREET OF IRON CITY - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

The sidewalks are rolled up. A single auto is parked in front of a bar identified by a blue neon sign -- TRIPOLI BAR. A traffic light at an intersection futilely changes color -- kept company only by a lonesome night marshal standing on the corner. From down the street comes Paul's car.

5 DOOR OF TRIPOLI BAR - NIGHT

The white-aproned BARTENDER leans against the door jamb, watching the approaching car. Inside the bar, a man and woman are hunched over a table -- and at the bar stands a solitary drinker -- an elderly man, hat cocked on the back of his head, interest absorbed by a bottle on the bar. This is PARNELL. Paul's car rolls past the bar. Paul waves, calls out, "Hi, Toivo." The bartender answers Paul with a wave.

TOIVO

(over his shoulder)

Hey, Mr. McCarthy, your pal just
drove into town.

6 INT. TRIPOLI BAR - NIGHT

Toivo turns from the door, comes behind the bar. Parnell pours himself another drink from the bottle on the bar.

PARNELL

Just one more, Toivo.

Parnell is an erect, not quite drunk gentleman in his sixties. His hat was once an expensive velvet Homburg. His jacket is good tweed but worn and baggy. He wears a Tattersall vest of brilliant colors which seems wonderfully right on Parnell -- a reflection of a young heart and love of life. As Parnell tosses the drink off, Toivo watches him with a gentle compassion. Parnell now fumbles in his various pockets for some money.

PARNELL

(continues)

Toivo, I'm afraid I'm going to have to pay my bar bill tomorrow.

TOIVO

You're good with me, Mr. McCarthy.

PARNELL

Thank you, Toivo.

He straightens his old Homburg hat, smooths out the Tattersall vest and heads for the door.

PARNELL

(continues)

Good night, Toivo.

TOIVO

Good night, Mr. McCarthy.

7 EXT. PAUL'S HOME AND OFFICE - NIGHT

On the main street -- the lights of the business district in the distance. Paul's car approaches the old, two-storied house -- swings into the driveway. In CLOSE SHOT the headlights catch his shingle fastened to a support post on the front porch. It reads: PAUL BIEGLER - ATTY. AT LAW. The headlights go out. Paul climbs from the car, bringing with him a collapsed fly rod, a knapsack and a trout basket. In the darkness he comes up the steps, fumbles into the mail box for the door key, opens the door, flips the light switch inside.

8 INT. HALLWAY - PAUL'S HOME AND OFFICE - NIGHT

Lighted by a shaded bulb hanging from the ceiling, the sparsely furnished foyer -- an umbrella stand by the door and a limp, artificial potted plant. A flight of stairs rises to the second floor.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

The hallway runs past the stairs to the rear of the house. In the f. g. a piece of white note paper is speared on one of the points of a deer's antlers, which, attached to the wall, serve as a hat rack. In the b. g. Paul has entered, closed the door behind him with a practiced kick. He comes to the antlers, cocks his head sideways to read the note. His lips move a little as he reads.

9 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

A darkened interior. At an angle we look through an open door which leads into the dark outer office. In the outer office another open door leads into the lighted hallway. Paul is seen in the hallway reading the note on the antlers. Not disturbing the note, he enters the outer office, passes through into the private office. He turns on a standing lamp. Illuminated, this office is quite a large room -- was once a dining room. The walls are lined with law books. There is a cluttered, roll-top desk and swivel desk chair. Grouped about the desk are several other assorted chairs. Against one wall is an ancient black leather couch and on a small safe in a corner a portable record player with a well-stocked album rack. Near the safe is an old upright piano against the wall, the panel missing, revealing its musical works. The round dining table, left over from times past, is stacked with law books and legal journals. Paul deposits his fishing gear on the table, lifts a brown paper sack from his coat pocket, stands it on the table. The sack contains the shape of a bottle. He opens a closet door, and on the inside of the door is fixed a canvas panel on which are fastened myriad trout lures. Paul removes the lures from his hat, hooks them into the canvas. The last is a brightly colored Royal Coachman. He affectionately blows on its pretty feathers before fastening it to the panel. Now he tosses his hat into the closet, closes the door, gets his trout basket, brushes through a swinging door into the kitchen.

10 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

As he enters, he lights the room. There are no built-in modern cabinets here. This kitchen, like the rest of the house, belongs to another period. There is an antique kitchen cabinet, a sink with wooden drainboard and brass fixtures, a sanded kitchen table and a kerosene stove of early vintage. Alone in modern splendor is a big, upright freezer. Paul takes a half-dozen trout from his basket, plops them on the table. He removes his hunting jacket, takes a knife from a drawer, sets about cleaning the fish. Now he remembers the note on the antlers. Wiping his hands on a towel, he goes through another door in the kitchen which leads into the hallway.

11 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Paul comes from the back of the hallway to the antlers, picks off the note and goes again into the outer office.

12 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

He enters from the outer office, takes the telephone, glances at the note, dials the operator. The operator responds, her voice remote, mechanical.

PAUL

(into phone)

Operator, I want 489 in Thunder Bay.

(reading note)

I want to speak to a Mrs. Manion.

M-A-N-I-O-N Manion. This is

Paul Biegler speaking. Iron City 700.

13 EXT. THUNDER BAY TOURIST PARK - NIGHT

On the outside of a small, darkened hut a dimly illuminated sign reads: THUNDER BAY PARK - OFFICE. Beyond and scattered along a narrow road are the shapes of darkened house trailers -- autos parked beside them. At the end of the road a wide lake shimmers in the moonlight. In the hut a telephone TINKLES faintly. A light goes on in the hut and through the window we see an elderly man come from a back room wearing his bathrobe. This is Mr. LEMON, the park caretaker and deputy sheriff. He answers the phone on the wall -- listens -- replies -- leaves the phone dangling, comes outside the hut -- flashlight in hand -- hurries away to disappear among the trailers.

14 ANOTHER PART OF TOURIST PARK - NIGHT

Lemon comes through trees, flashlight beam leading the way, approaching a trailer in the f. g. The trailer has a striped awning over the front door, a couple of canvas chairs outside the stoop. Light shines through the broad picture window on the front end of the trailer. The CAMERA LOOKS through the picture window into the living room of the trailer. A folding table is littered with cheap magazines, a half empty bottle of whiskey, and several glasses. A pink bra hangs on the back of the chair and an army officer's cap and jacket are hooked to a nail in the wall. A woman's negligee hangs from a corner of an open closet door, and on the floor, below the negligee, are a pair of blue-puffed bed slippers. Beyond the living room is the passage way which also serves as a kitchen. At the end of the passage way we glimpse an unmade bed. The effect is not of squalor -- but rather of sensual carelessness. Mr. Lemon has reached the trailer and we hear him rap on the door several times. Now the door opens and Lemon thrusts his head into the trailer. He calls, "Mrs. Manion?" Satisfied she is not there he closes the door.

15 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Paul with the phone, waiting for the call to come through. He glances out the window.

16 EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Parnell is crossing the street toward Paul's house. He passes under a street lamp, teeters a little on the curb as he steps up.

17 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Paul, seeing Parnell, grins and lowers the blind. The operator's muffled voice brings him to attention.

PAUL

(into phone)

Hello? -- yes -- well, do they know when she'll be there? I see alright, leave a message for her to call this number. Thanks.

He hangs up, thoughtfully folds the note and puts it in his shirt pocket, returns to the kitchen, leaving the door open. From the front of the house comes the sound of a door opening and closing and Parnell comes from the outer office into Paul's private office.

PAUL

(in the kitchen)

What do you say there, counselor?

PARNELL

(sees the brown paper bag)

What's in the brown paper bag?

PAUL

It could be a cabbage head.

PARNELL

But it wouldn't be.

PAUL

You're a suspicious man.

PARNELL

True. I'm everlastingly suspicious of and/or fascinated by the contents of brown paper bags. Shall I sneak a peek?

PAUL

You do that -- and uncork whatever you find.

Parnell peers into the paper bag. Paul enters with two glasses and a pitcher of water.

PARNELL

Shall I pour?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Your privilege.

PARNELL

(pouring)

My pleasure, sir.

They drink. Paul goes to the piano, sits and begins to fool around with some passages of jazz. Parnell sizes up the contents of the bottle, which is half-empty.

PARNELL

You fought this soldier by yourself. You've been drinking alone. I don't like that, Polly.

PAUL

Drop the stone, counselor. You live in a glass house.

PARNELL

My windows were busted a long time ago so I can say as I please. When a man starts drinking alone he digs a hole for himself. Me -- I'm almost through to China.

PAUL

Want an Italian cigar?

PARNELL

No thanks. Those stink weeds are another sign of your decadence.

Paul lights a cigar and returns to his play with the piano keys. Parnell pours himself another drink.

PARNELL

(tossing the drink off)

Polly, it's a fact. Since Mitch Lodwick beat you out of the office of prosecuting attorney you haven't been worth salt for peanuts. Not that I don't understand how you feel. Man gets beat for an office he's held a long time, he feels his community has deserted him -- the finger of scorn is pointed....

PAUL

None but the lonely heart shall know my anguish.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

PARNELL

It's been a full year since you were skinned at the polls. How long are you going to skulk like this?

PAUL

What the hell are you talking about?

PARNELL

Man, you're an honest-to-God lawyer. You ought to make like one -- be here -- ready for clients -- not fishing or playing that rootity toot jazz --

PAUL

Go ahead, Parn. Have another drink. Don't stand on ceremony.

PARNELL

If it means keeping our friendship I guess I can take another wee drop.

He pours a shot and downs it.

PAUL

I'm making a living. I run some abstracts -- divorce Jane Doe from John Doe once in a while -- or threaten a few dead beats -- and in the evening I drink rye whiskey and read law with Parnell Emmett McCarthy -- one of the world's great men.

There's a little silence.

PARNELL

That was a kind word, Polly.

(a pause)

You know -- I might have been. That's one reason I hate to see your talent pushed aside by lesser men. I look at you and see myself -- thirty years ago -- with the same love for the smell of the old brown books in a dusty office.

(he takes a book from a shelf)

Now here's a rose, a lily, a sweet lupine -- the United States Supreme Court Reports!

Parnell takes out his specs, sits at the table.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

PARNELL

(continues)

Well, what shall we read this evening?
How about a little Chief Justice Holmes
-- maybe a few dissenting opinions.

The phone RINGS.

PAUL

Restrain Chief Justice Holmes for a
minute. I think I have a client -- at
least I've been waiting for a call.

(into phone)

Hello? ... Yes, this is Biegler
speaking... Hello? ... Mrs. Manion?

Parnell snaps his specs off his nose -- moves in close to Paul.

PAUL

(continues;
into phone)

I tried to reach you a while ago... did
you get my message?

PARNELL

(whispering)

Who is that? What was that name?

PAUL

(seeing Parnell's
excitement)

Just a minute -- this seems to be a
bad connection -- hold on, will you,
please?

(he covers
mouthpiece)

A woman named Manion -- Maida took
a message from her.

PARNELL

In Thunder Bay?

PAUL

Yes.

PARNELL

She wants you to represent her husband.
Say yes.

PAUL

I don't even know what it's about.

PARNELL

Pretend you know and say yes.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (4)

Paul, doubtful but trusting Parnell, opens the mouthpiece of the phone.

PAUL

Hello? -- Yes, that's better. I can hear you now,

18 INT. PHONE BOOTH - THUNDER BAY AMUSEMENT ARCADE - NIGHT

LAURA MANION is on the phone. Her face is obscured by dark glasses. She wears a trench coat -- the collar turned up a little. On the directory shelf sits a small, fuzzy dog watching his mistress as she talks. Outside the booth is a busy gaming arcade -- pinball machines, grab cages -- populated by tourists in Bermuda shorts -- and soldiers and their girl friends -- and outside the open front of the arcade lies the lake.

LAURA

(into phone)

...I waited for you to call all afternoon.

PAUL'S VOICE

(filtered)

...I'm sorry. I only just got home a while ago --

LAURA

(into phone)

... You've read about my husband --

The little dog BARKS at a passing soldier.

LAURA

(continues)

-- Please, Muff, please --

(she quiets the dog)

... Mr. Biegler? -- You've read about my husband? --

19 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Paul on the phone, Parnell hanging over him.

PAUL

(lying)

Well -- yes -- I have -- a little...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

LAURA'S VOICE

(filtered)

Will you defend him?

PAUL

I don't know, I'd have to know more about it.

LAURA'S VOICE

(filtered)

Will you talk to him...

(the dog barks - filtered)

Muff, please -- Mr. Biegler, he's in the county jail --

20 INT. PHONE BOOTH THUNDER BAY ARCADE - NIGHT

LAURA

(into phone)

Could you see him in the morning?
He's anxious to see you. You've been so highly recommended....

21 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

PAUL

(into phone - surprised)

I have? By who?

LAURA'S VOICE

(filtered)

I don't know -- someone told my husband about you -- Will you see him?

PAUL

Yes, I suppose I can. I'll see him in the morning.

22 INT. PHONE BOOTH THUNDER BAY AMUSEMENT ARCADE - NIGHT

LAURA

(into phone)

Would you want me there, too, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL'S VOICE

(filtered)

If you like, Mrs. Manion -- say ten o'clock.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

LAURA
(almost whispered
relief)

Thank you -- thank you so much.

She hangs up -- sags against the phone -- turns her face away, takes off the dark glasses, dabs at her eyes with a handkerchief. Muff puts his paws on her arm, tries to lick her cheek.

23 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Parnell, excited, is pouring himself the last drink from the bottle.

PARNELL
A man named Barney Quill raped Mrs. Manion. Her husband -- he's a lieutenant in the army -- there's a temporary base in Thunder Bay, gunnery or something like that -- the Lieutenant goes to Quill's place and plugs Mr. Quill about five times which causes Mr. Quill to promptly die of lead poisoning.

PAUL
(going into the
kitchen)
When did this happen?

PARNELL
(following Paul)
Couple of nights ago. If you hadn't been floating around in a rowboat in some God-forsaken hackwater you'd know about it.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. PAUL'S HOME - MORNING

A car, same age as Paul's machine, rambles to a halt in front of the house. MAIDA - Paul's secretary - has arrived for work. She's middle-aged, seems rather dour, but her mouth has a suspiciously comic twist -- and if she appears to be cynical, a closer look at her eyes will give away her good heart. She wears, everlastingly, a small flowered hat -- the badge of respectability among middle-aged, middle western American women. At the stoop she picks up the bottle of milk and casts about among the bushes for the morning paper -- mumbling as she searches, "Where'd he throw it this time?" She can't find the paper, goes on in the house, collecting the mail en route.

25 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The outer office, seen in daylight, is Maida's office. Here are filing cabinets, her desk and typewriter and a beat-up sofa for waiting clients. She drops the mail on her desk, passes into Paul's private office.

26 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

The window shades are drawn -- the lamp still burns. Parnell is stretched out on the couch, hat over his face -- a couple of beer bottles on the floor beside him. Maida opens the blinds, turns out the lamp, glowers at Parnell and pushes through the swinging door into the kitchen.

27 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Paul is at the table -- dressed, shaved, and nervously drinking coffee as he reads the newspaper.

PAUL

Morning, Maida.

MAIDA

Oh, there it is.

PAUL

What?

MAIDA

The newspaper. I thought maybe they didn't bring it. We haven't paid the bill.

She uncaps the milk bottle, pours a little into Paul's coffee as she looks over his shoulder to see what he is reading.

MAIDA

You get my note?

PAUL

Yes. We might be in the case. I'm reading up on it now before I talk to Lieutenant Manion.

She puts some bread in the toaster.

MAIDA

Doesn't he ever go home?

PAUL

Parnell? Well, we were up late last night.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

MAIDA

(flatly)

Is that a fact?

PAUL

I think you'd better cancel any appointments for the day.

MAIDA

What appointments? People think you've migrated to the woods.

Maida opens the big freezer, looks inside with disapproval.

MAIDA

If that freezer gets many more fish it'll swim up-stream and spawn -- all by itself.

She closes the freezer and goes to stand by the toaster -- waiting. The machine pops a piece of toast into the air. She catches it matter-of-factly -- puts it on a plate, takes it to the table, places it at Paul's elbow.

MAIDA

Could I have your attention for a minute?

PAUL

(still in the paper)

Um-hm.

MAIDA

I've been going over your checkbook. I can't pay me my salary. What did you do with the fee from the Willy's divorce? Help salt a uranium mine or something?

PAUL

I bought a few necessities.

MAIDA

Like a new outboard motor? Wish I could be classed as a necessity.

Paul drains the coffee cup -- takes his hat from the corner of a chair -- starts for the door into the hallway.

MAIDA

Don't you want your toast?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL
 (turning preoccupied)
 I'll - I'll call you -- uh -- let
 you know how things go.

He exits. Maida follows him into the hallway and calls after him.

MAIDA
 Don't let him pay you with
 Purple Hearts. Professional
 soldiers never have a dime. I
 know. I was married to one.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 EXT. IRON CLIFFS COUNTY COURTHOUSE AND JAIL - DAY

The CAMERA OPENS on Laura Manion's small, fuzzy dog, lying on the sidewalk. PAN up the leash to his mistress. LAURA MANION is dressed in high heels, tight ankle length capri pants and a thin clinging jersey sweater. Her hair is smoothly brushed but careless. Her eyes are still concealed behind dark glasses. She is leaning idly against the fender of her parked car. On the lawn about the three-storied, domed Courthouse the usual old men, forever found loitering on the Courthouse lawns, are silently watching Laura. The sensuous woman is not in the least embarrassed by their open-mouthed attention. Beyond the Courthouse and separated from it by an alley is the county jail. Its barred windows overlook the sidewalk and street where Laura is waiting. Paul's car rolls up, nudges into the curb. Paul gets out, sees Laura and the audience she has gathered. After taking it all in for a moment he goes to where she is waiting.

PAUL
 I beg your pardon, are you
 Mrs. Manion?

LAURA
 Hi.

PAUL
 I'm Paul Biegler.

LAURA
 I'm Laura.

Her lips seem to always wear a tremulous, childish smile which could be apologetic or inviting or a secret pleasure at the effect she has on men, and is probably all of these. Muff barks at Paul.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

LAURA
 (continues;
 scooping the dog
 into her arms)

This is Muff.

Paul, a little embarrassed at the attention they are getting from the old men on the courthouse lawn, takes Laura's arm and they move toward the jail.

PAUL
 Shall we walk to the jail?

The CAMERA STAYS with them as they go.

LAURA
 You're tall.

PAUL
 (slightly
 disconcerted)
 I hope I haven't kept you waiting long.

LAURA
 I had company.

PAUL
 Yes, I noticed.

She chuckles -- an appealing, throaty laugh.

29 INT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

There is a small reception area which contains a desk and a couple of straight-backed chairs. Behind the desk is a barred steel door through which we can see a flight of iron steps leading upward to the cell floors. Another opening leads to the jailer's living quarters and another door, labeled SHERIFF, goes off into a larger office. The main door opens -- causing a buzzer to SOUND loudly somewhere off in the jailer's quarters -- and Paul and Laura enter. SULO, the jailer, answering the buzzer, hurries into the office. Sulo is a stooped, slow moving man with an open, good face. He speaks with a Finnish accent.

PAUL
 Hello, Sulo.

SULO
 (happily shaking
 Paul's hand)
 Hello, Polly. It's good to see you,
 Polly. I guess you're coming for
 the soldier boy.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Think that it would be alright if
I talk to him in the Sheriff's office?

SULO

Oh shu, Polly. You go in the
Sheriff's office. I bring the
soldier-boy down.

PAUL

Thanks, Sulo.

Sulo unlocks the barred door, goes up the stairs as Laura and Paul
go into the Sheriff's office.

30 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A room off the turnkey's station. A desk, several chairs, filing
cabinets, a padlocked wall cage in which hang numerous and assorted
guns. A bulletin board is on one wall with many federal "wanted"
circulars. One large circular has 10 photographs and is headlined
"TEN MOST WANTED MEN." Along one side of the room a straight
white line has been painted on the floor, running from wall to wall.
On one wall at the end of the white line is a chart for testing vision.
The barred windows of the room look out into the street and over the
Courthouse lawn. Paul and Laura enter.

PAUL

Would you mind taking off your
glasses, Mrs. Manion?

A moment -- then she takes off the dark glasses. The swelling has
gone from the flesh about her eyes but dark bruises remain.

PAUL

Barney Quill do that to you?

LAURA

More than that. You should see.
All over.

She smiles -- seems to be waiting for some reaction from Paul.

PAUL

Put them back on if it's more
comfortable for you.

Still smiling she slips the glasses back on -- a curiously
coquettish movement -- as if she were dropping a veil over her
face.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Do you plan to stay for the trial,
Mrs. Manion?

LAURA

Are you serious?

PAUL

Well, you're a key witness. I'd
like to know if you'll be around.

LAURA

Why wouldn't I?

PAUL

I don't know. Are you with your
husband or against him?

LAURA

Why, with him -- of course I'm
with him. You're awfully blunt,
aren't you?

PAUL

The only way I could know was to
ask.

In the reception office the steel door rattles and clangs shut. Sulo enters the Sheriff's office with Lieutenant Frederick Manion. Manion is about 28, with a smooth, handsome, cold face. He is neatly clothed in tailored U. S. Army Officers fatigues. He stands stiffly -- almost Prussian.

SULO

This is Polly Biegler. This is
the bucko, Polly.

PAUL

(extending his hand)
Lieutenant Manion.

Manion takes the hand briefly, drops it.

MANION

Hello there, I've been waiting
for you.

PAUL

Thanks, Sulo. Would you close
the door behind you?

Sulo exits, softly closing the door.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

MANION

Dummy.

PAUL

Sulo keeps good jail -- as good
as a jail can be kept.

MANION

Hello, Laura.

LAURA

Hi.

Until now Manion has ignored Laura's presence. This does not go
unnoticed by Paul.

PAUL

Mrs. Manion, could you meet me
at my office about 2 o'clock?
Ten-forty-two Main Street.

LAURA

Of course.

Paul opens the door for her. Laura rises and hesitates --
then goes to Manion, kissing him on the cheek.

LAURA

Anything I can get you, hon?

MANION

I'm alright, hon.

Laura smiles at Paul and goes. Paul closes the door. Almost
immediately Manion moves away, wandering about the room.

MANION

(looking at the white
line on the floor)

I could walk it. I could walk it
with a quart of red eye in my
belly.

Manion fastens his attention on the vision chart. He paces away from
the chart to the opposite side of the room, reads it glibly, swiftly.

MANION

P-L-U-T-O-D-I-L-P-L-O-W-T-R-S-V,
K-X-Z-A-E-M-U.

PAUL

One thing, we can't claim your
shooting Barney Quill was a case
of mistaken identity.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

Manion is not amused. He moves on to the bulletin board, reads the big circular about the 10 most wanted.

PAUL

Where're you from, Lieutenant?

MANION

Originally Pennsylvania. Where are you from?

PAUL

Here. All my life.

MANION

The big ten. We've got the 10 best dressed dames, the 10 top tunes, the 10 top teams and now the 10 most wanted.

PAUL

Don't knock it. It's the American dream. Those hoys made the grade.

Manion sits in a chair, takes out a carved ivory cigarette holder and a package of cigarettes from his pocket, fits a cigarette into the holder and lights it with a gold pocket lighter.

PAUL

(continues)

Where'd you get the holder?

MANION

Korea. It's hand carved, Ming Dynasty, 400 years old.

PAUL

Clever people, the Chinese - smoking cigarettes in the sixteenth century.

MANION

(not blinking
an eye)

They did, you know. You were the D. A. around here, weren't you?

PAUL

For ten years.

MANION

What's your experience as a defense lawyer?

PAUL

Not very much.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (4)

MANION

How do I know you can handle my case?

PAUL

I guess you don't know. Shall we talk about it?

MANION

I suppose so.

PAUL

Don't be so bored, Lieutenant. It's possible no lawyer can handle your case -- if you mean get you off scot-free.

MANION

(a flicker of
the eyelids;
nothing else)

I want a lawyer to defend me, Mr. Biegler -- not throw me to the wolves.

PAUL

I'm giving you my first reaction to what I know about your case.

MANION

You're forgetting that Barney Quill raped my wife. I've got the unwritten law on my side.

PAUL

(annoyed)

Lieutenant Manion, the unwritten law is a myth. There is no such thing as the unwritten law and anyone who commits a murder on the theory that it does exist has just bought himself bed and board in the State Penitentiary - maybe for life. With that in mind, perhaps we can proceed with a few questions and answers which may be some help to your defense, but probably won't.

In the silence the two men measure each other. Paul calmly waiting, Manion coldly considering. Paul takes out an Italian cigar.

PAUL

(continues)

May I borrow your lighter?

Manion tosses the gold lighter. Paul lights his cigar, studies the lighter.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (5)

PAUL
(continues)

Nice.

Sharply he tosses the lighter back to Manion. Manion puts the lighter away.

MANION

Okay.

PAUL

How old are you?

MANION

Thirty-one.

PAUL

How long have you been in the service?

MANION

Since '50.

PAUL

Have you seen action?

MANION

Plenty.

PAUL

Decorations?

MANION

Plenty. Anybody who doesn't cut and run gets those -- like K-rations.

PAUL

How long were you in Korea?

MANION

I got there in time for the big bug-out from the Yalu River.

PAUL

Bug-out?

MANION

Retreat.

PAUL

How old is your wife?

MANION

About my age.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (6)

PAUL

Is this your first marriage?

MANION

No.

PAUL

You're not on the witness stand. You don't have to answer yes or no. Just give me the matrimonial run down.

MANION

Is this necessary?

PAUL

I'll be the judge of that.

MANION

My first wife divorced me -- charged cruelty, eating crackers in bed... the usual stuff. Truth was, she found another guy while I was in Korea. I met Laura four years ago in Georgia. We were married after her divorce.

PAUL

Did you know her husband?

MANION

He was in my outfit down there.

PAUL

You mean you were buddies?

Manion draws on his cigarette and contemptuously looks away.

PAUL

(continues)

I withdraw the question. I'm a little old-fashioned. Were there any children by or from any of the marriages?

MANION

No.

PAUL

Any present prospects?

MANION

Not unless Barney Quill started something.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (7)

PAUL

What kind of a gun did you use on Quill?

MANION

War souvenir. Luger. The police have it now.

PAUL

I guess you read the newspapers? The stories about your case?

MANION

Some of them.

PAUL

Are they substantially correct?

MANION

Yes.

PAUL

You didn't see Barney Quill rape or beat your wife?

MANION

No. When she came to the trailer she told me what had happened.

PAUL

How long then before you went to Quill's place and killed him?

MANION

I don't know exactly. Maybe an hour.

PAUL

That long, huh? The newspapers say your wife volunteered to take a lie-detector test. Do you know anything about this?

MANION

Just what she's told me and what I've read.

PAUL

Do you know how the lie-detector test turned out?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (8)

MANION

They didn't tell her.

Sulo opens the door, looks in.

PAUL

Yes, Sulo?

SULO

Polly, we got lunch served for the jail. Would you like to eat with us, Polly?

PAUL

Is your sister still cooking for the jail?

SULO

Oh, shu. She cooks.

PAUL

Give her my compliments, Sulo. I won't be able to take lunch here today, I've a luncheon date downtown.

MANION

Nice going, Mr. Biegler.

SULO

(to Manion)

Come on, bucko.

PAUL

I'll be back after lunch.

MANION

(at the door)

Sorry if I offended you a while ago.

PAUL

No, you're not.

Manion smiles a small cool smile and follows Sulo.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. LAKE FRONT LUNCH STAND - DAY

On the lake front of Iron City Paul and Parnell are at a sidewalk counter, a plate of hard boiled eggs between them, each with a bottle of beer. Here on the lake front are the great iron-ore loading docks with the lake ships anchored alongside. The traffic on the sidewalk consists of workmen and sailors from the ships.

PARNELL

Pass the salt.

Paul slides the salt along the counter to Parnell. Parnell salts his hard boiled egg.

PARNELL

Did you give the Lieutenant the well-known lecture?

PAUL

If you mean did I coach him into a phony story, no.

PARNELL

Maybe you're too pure, Paul. Too pure for the natural impurities of the law. Could be you owe the Lieutenant a chance to find a defense. Could also be you might guide him a little, show him the way and let him decide if he wants to take it. You want some salt?

PAUL

(salting an egg)

Anyway, I'm not the right lawyer for this man. He's insolent and he's hostile.

PARNELL

You don't have to love him, just defend him. What's the matter, don't you need a fee?

(a pause)

You know something, Polly, I think you're a little bit afraid.

PAUL

A little bit afraid of what?

PARNELL

Afraid you might get licked.

Paul sets about shelling another egg. A little time passes.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

PAUL

There's only one thing more
devious than a Philadelphia
lawyer and that's an Irish
lawyer. Pass the salt.

Parnell hands over the salt shaker, smugly sets his teeth into the
white meat of the hard boiled egg.

DISSOLVE TO:

32 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul is waiting as Sulo ushers Manion in and closes the door. Paul
has a wrapped package under his arm. Manion glances coldly at
Paul, passes him and sits at the Sheriff's desk.

MANION

(in passing)

Hello there.

PAUL

(with a smile)

I usually answer to the name
of Paul.

MANION

Are we going to have some more
jokes?

PAUL

Not unless you want to be the
comic. Oh, here. Here're some
cigarettes.

He extends the wrapped package. Manion hesitates a moment,
then rather awkwardly accepts the package.

MANION

Thanks.

PAUL

Peace?

MANION

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Lieutenant, there are four ways I can defend murder. Number one: it wasn't murder - it was suicide or accidental. Number two: you didn't do it. Number three: you were legally justified - like self-defense or protection of your home. Number four: the killing was excusable.

MANION

Where do I fit into this rosy picture?

PAUL

I'll tell you where you don't fit. You don't fit in any of the first three.

MANION

Why wouldn't I be legally justified in killing the man who raped my wife?

PAUL

The time element. If you had caught him in the act the shooting might have been justified. But you didn't catch him and you had time to bring in the police. You didn't do that either. You're guilty of murder, premeditated and with vengeance. First degree murder in any court of law.

MANION

Are you telling me to plead guilty?

PAUL

When I advise you to cop out you'll know it.

MANION

Cop out?

PAUL

Plead guilty and ask for mercy.

MANION

If you're not telling me to cop out, what are you telling me to do?

PAUL

I'm not telling you to do anything. I want you to understand the letter of the law.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

MANION

(a pause)

Go on.

PAUL

Go on to what?

MANION

To whatever it is you're getting at.

PAUL

(with a tough
little grin)

You're very bright, Lieutenant.
Now let's see how really bright
you can be.

Manion has been impressed and is now a little frightened. Tiny beads of sweat are on his forehead and his upper lip.

MANION

I'm working at it.

PAUL

Now because your wife was raped
we'll have a favorable climate in
the courtroom. You'll have sympathy
with you -- if all the facts are true.
All you'll need is a legal peg which
will let the jury hang up their sympathy
in your behalf. Do you follow me?

Manion nods.

PAUL

(continues)

What's your legal excuse, Lieutenant
Manion - your legal excuse for killing
Barney Quill?

MANION

Not justification.

PAUL

No, not justification.

MANION

Excuse---just an excuse.

(CONTINUED)

32. CONTINUED: (3)

Manion, hands trembling a little, takes out his ivory holder and a cigarette. He becomes annoyed at his shaking hands, angrily tosses the holder and the cigarette on the Sheriff's desk. He rises, moves away nervously.

MANION

What excuses are there?

PAUL

How should I know? You're the one who plugged Quill.

With his thumb Manion wipes the perspiration from his upper lip. Almost unaware of his physical movement, he balances on the white line on the floor, walking it carefully, as if it were a rail. His jaw is knotted, his mind desperately churning his problem. He goes to the window and stares out, lips moving a little, talking to himself. Paul is leaning against the wall, poker-faced, eyes hooded, watching Manion.

MANION

(whispering)

I must've been mad.

PAUL

What?

MANION

I said I was mad.

PAUL

A bad temper is no excuse.

MANION

I mean -- I mean, I must've been crazy.

(a long pause)

Am I getting warmer?

Paul puts on his hat, goes to the door and opens it.

PAUL

(calling)

Okay, Sulo.

MANION

(turning to Paul)

Paul? Am I getting warmer?

PAUL

(at the door)

I'll tell you that after I've talked to your wife. In the meantime see if you can remember just how crazy you were.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. MAIDA'S OFFICE - DAY

As Paul enters, Maida is banging efficiently on her typewriter, the respectable flowered hat on her head. Paul's office door is closed but MUSIC filters through. Maida, without breaking the typewriter's rhythm, jerks her head toward Paul's office door.

MAIDA

Mrs. Manion's been waiting a long time. She's gone through your albums from Dixieland to Brubeck.

PAUL

What do you think of her?

MAIDA

(thinking a moment)

Soft--easy--the kind men like to abuse -- and do. Did you get some money?

PAUL

(considering what
Maida has said
about Laura)

What? Oh, no. I haven't decided to take the case yet.

(he starts for his
door and stops)

You surprise me sometimes.

MAIDA

(going back to
her work)

Why? I've been around.

Paul smiles his appreciation of Maida and enters his office.

34 INT. PAUL'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Paul enters, closing the door behind him. His record player is working at some lively MUSIC. Laura, wearing her dark glasses and with the little dog cuddled against her side, is stretched out on the old couch.

LAURA

Hi.

PAUL

Hi.

He goes to the record player, shuts it off.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

PAUL

I hope you don't mind, but I think
we'd better talk.

Laura sits up on the couch, one leg curled under.

LAURA

You're a funny kind of a lawyer.
The music, I mean.

PAUL

Aren't lawyers supposed to like
music?

LAURA

Well, not that kind of music.

PAUL

I guess that settles it then -- I'm
a funny kind of a lawyer.

He goes to his desk and searches through drawers and cubbyholes
for a possible cigarette.

PAUL

(continues; as
he searches)

Where's your home, Mrs. Manion?
That is, where did you go to school --
live -- when you were growing up?

LAURA

No place in particular. We sort of
moved around. My father was a
boomer. You know, a construction
boomer? Building dams mostly.
You can call me Laura.

PAUL

(still searching)

Are your people alive, Laura?

LAURA

No.

PAUL

I have some cigarettes in here
somewhere.

LAURA

(opening her purse)

Do you want a cigarette?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

No. I was going to offer you one.

LAURA

(putting a cigarette
in her mouth)

Well, you could light it for me.

PAUL

Certainly.

He fumbles in his pockets for a match, can't seem to find one.

LAURA

(extending a
gold lighter)

Here.

He strikes the lighter, lights her cigarette and then examines the golden object.

PAUL

It's exactly like your husband's.

LAURA

(taking the lighter)

Yes, he gave me this one because I
liked the one he had. He's like that.
He gives me presents all the time.

PAUL

You have a happy marriage?

LAURA

(a little beat -
a little diversion
with her purse)

Yes.

PAUL

What went wrong with your first
marriage?

LAURA

Well, what went wrong is when I
went for Manny.

PAUL

That's honest enough.

LAURA

But it was more than just that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

LAURA (cont'd)

Like I told you, I grew up on the move and Jack -- that was my first husband -- Jack didn't like to move. He wouldn't even take a transfer when he had the chance. I was really bored. Manny likes to go. We're always going, whenever we get a chance. We've been all over. I'm thirsty.

PAUL

Water, or would a beer do?

LAURA

I think a beer would do fine.

Paul goes into the kitchen, opens the icebox, returns with a bottle of beer and a glass. She sits cross-legged -- Indian fashion -- on the couch.

LAURA

(continuing)

Aren't you having one?

PAUL

No, not now.

LAURA

Could Muff have a little? In that ashtray maybe. He loves beer.

Paul looks askance but pours some beer into an ashtray, puts it on the floor. The dog leaps down and hungrily laps up the beer.

LAURA

(continues; watching the dog)

He's sweet, isn't he? He'll go to sleep now.

Paul studies Laura as she watches the dog, wondering if she is truly ingenuous. He hands her a glass of beer. Laura sips the beer. With her full, soft lips against the rim of the glass, she smiles at Paul.

LAURA

(continuing)

You married?

PAUL

No.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (4)

LAURA

That's nice. What do you do with
this big house if you aren't married?

PAUL

It's the family home. I'm the last
of the family.

LAURA

I bet it has lots of bedrooms.

PAUL

A few. How about it? Are you ready?

She rolls beer glass against her cheek - lips lifted in that
disconcerting smile.

PAUL

(continues)

I mean are you ready to tell me the
story?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (4)

LAURA

I know what you mean.

PAUL

Suppose you tell me everything you told the State Police -- plus everything you didn't tell the State Police.

There is a moment's wait. Laura's smile goes away but then returns.

LAURA

Where shall I begin?

PAUL

What time did you go to Quill's bar?

LAURA

Right after dinner -- about eight-thirty, I guess. Manny was late getting home from the firing range. We had dinner, then he lay down and went to sleep. I hadn't been out of the trailer almost all day, so I took Muff and a flashlight and walked over to the bar. I bought a drink and played the pinball machine.

PAUL

Many people in the bar?

LAURA

Not many. Barney came over and challenged me to a game. For drinks. You know.

PAUL

How well did you know Barney?

LAURA

Well, he owned this bar where Manny and I went sometimes. That's all.

PAUL

Had he ever made a pass at you?

LAURA

No, nothing like that at all.

PAUL

Was he drinking heavily that night?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (5)

LAURA

He didn't seem to be, at least not while we were playing pinball.

PAUL

Were you with him all the time you were there?

LAURA

No, there were other people playing too.

PAUL

What time did you leave the bar?

LAURA

About eleven. I left by the side door and Muff was carrying the flashlight. He carries the flashlight in his mouth. He's so cute, running along ahead with the light shining.

PAUL

(glancing at the
now sleeping dog)

Was he sober?

LAURA

Muff? Of course he was sober. Oh, you're joking, aren't you?

PAUL

(flatly)

Yes I'm joking. Go ahead.

LAURA

Barney came from somewhere, not from the door I left by, and said he was going my way and he could drive me home. He said the bears had been prowling around that night and I oughtn't to walk home. Bears come out of the woods sometimes to scavenge.

PAUL

Harmless enough, aren't they?

LAURA

Yes. I guess I wouldn't have been afraid in the daylight, but... you know, the dark isn't the same.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (6)

PAUL

I know. So you got in Barney's car.

LAURA

I got in and he drove straight to the trailer park.

PAUL

He made overtures?

LAURA

No, nothing. When we got to the trailer park the auto gate was closed. Mr. Lemon always locks the gate around eleven or a little after. I thanked Barney and started to get out of the car, but he said there wasn't any need for me to walk, that he could drive me into the park on another road. I didn't know there was another road, but he drove on even before I could say yes or no.

PAUL

Were you alarmed?

LAURA

No. I'm not usually afraid of men. And anyway, he hadn't touched me or even said anything out of the way.

PAUL

Don't women sort of instinctively know when a man's on the make?

LAURA

Yes, but that's only usual with me - with men, I mean - almost all men. Ever since I was a kid. You, for instance. You're interested. But there isn't any reason to be afraid of you and it was like that with Barney.

PAUL

Mrs. Manion, believe me, I'm not in the least...

LAURA

Call me Laura.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (7)

PAUL

Laura, I'm only interested in helping your husband -- nothing else.

LAURA

Oh, I don't mean you'd try anything. I just mean, it's the way you look at me.

PAUL

It would be pretty difficult not to look at you.

LAURA

Oh, you mean the way I dress? You don't like it?

PAUL

I love it, honey, dearly love it. Now let's keep moving. How were you dressed that night?

LAURA

A sweater, like this, and a skirt.

PAUL

And the rest?

LAURA

Underneath? I had on a slip, panties and a bra.

PAUL

No girdle?

LAURA

No, I don't need a girdle. Do you think I need a girdle?

PAUL

I'm not your couturier, Laura. I'm concerned with facts which might be of use to me -- or to the prosecuting attorney.

LAURA

Well, I don't wear one.

PAUL

(gently, exasperated)
Please go on with what happened.

(CONTINUED)

LAURA

Well, he turned off the highway into a lane in the woods and stopped the car and turned off the lights. He grabbed me and said, "I'm going to rape you." Just like that.

PAUL

He used those words?

LAURA

Exactly those words. Muff began to bark and he threw him out the window. I could hear Muff whining outside the car -- all through it. Barney began to try to get at me, and I fought him as best I could. He was terribly strong.

PAUL

Did you cry out? Did you scream?

LAURA

It didn't seem any use there in the woods. He began to shout names at me - like, 'army slut' and some other names - and then he drew back and hit me with his fist. He hit me again and I didn't fight any more. I think I was only half conscious, but I know that he tore my panties off - and did what he wanted.

PAUL

The newspaper said a doctor examined you and didn't think you'd been raped.

LAURA

I don't care what the doctor thought - a woman doesn't mistake these things.

PAUL

All right. Go ahead.

LAURA

(telling it calmly)

I don't know exactly what happened then. I must've fainted, because the next thing I remember the car was moving. Barney was driving very fast, and he was breathing hard, almost gasping. An ugly, awful sound.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (9)

LAURA (cont'd)

We were on the main road to the trailer park and he swung in by the gate and stopped. I opened the door and Muff jumped out first, with the lighted flashlight in his mouth.

PAUL

Wait a minute. I thought you said he had thrown Muff out of the car in the woods.

LAURA

He did. But Muff was in the car when we got to the gate. He must have let Muff back in. I don't remember.

PAUL

Go on. You opened the door and Muff jumped out first.

LAURA

Before I could get out Barney grabbed me and said he was going to tear all my clothes off and attack me again. I got away and ran. I could see Muff at an opening in the fence. He was scooting back and forth with the flashlight. Barney caught me from behind and I fell to the ground. He fell on top of me and started to beat me again with his fists. I thought he was going to kill me. I screamed and somehow I got on my feet again and ran toward the fence. I went through the opening in the fence and followed Muff who was running along ahead with the flashlight. I kept following the light and he led me to our trailer.

PAUL

You didn't see Barney again?

LAURA

I never laid eyes on him again -- dead or alive.

PAUL

I guess that's enough for now, Laura.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (10)

LAURA

I've got lots of time -- all you want.

PAUL

Where can I reach you?

LAURA

I'm still in Thunder Bay but I'll drive down again in the morning.

PAUL

Fine.

He goes to the door to open it. Laura picks up Muff but remains on the couch stroking the dog.

PAUL

(continues)

Was there something else?

LAURA

(after a moment)

No.

She comes reluctantly to the door as Paul opens it.

PAUL

Tomorrow.

Laura goes into Maida's office. Paul, from his office, watches her with circumspection.

LAURA

(stops at Maida's desk)

Thanks for letting me play the records.

MAIDA

You're very welcome.

LAURA

Thanks a lot. 'Bye.

She goes on into the hallway as Parnell is entering. He lets her pass, looks after her and comes into Maida's office. Paul has gone to his closet, gets out his fishing hat, selects some lures, pins them on the hat.

PARNELL

(to Maida)

Who was that?

MAIDA

The lady in the case.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (11)

Parnell whistles his surprise, comes into Paul's office and in dismay watches Paul gathering the fishing gear. Maida, at her desk, listens to their conversation.

PARNELL

I guess you're not going to take the case, huh?

PAUL

I don't know. Depends on what Manion has to tell me tomorrow. He's thinking things out.

PARNELL

(pleased)

Oh -- well --

PAUL

If I take it I want you in it.

PARNELL

Me? -- in a big murder case? Why, boy, the sight of this whiskey drinking old man at the counsel table would ruin you.

PAUL

I need you.

PARNELL

You mean that?

MAIDA

Why else would he say it?

PARNELL

Be glad to work with you outside the courtroom, but not in the courtroom, Polly.

PAUL

Suit yourself about that. But either way, I'll have to be able to depend on you. Will you lay off the booze?

PARNELL

(crestfallen)

Oh. I don't know about that, Polly. -- I don't know.

MAIDA

Why don't you know?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (12)

PARNELL

Do you think I could -- lay off the
booze?

MAIDA

Ever tried it?

Parnell's silence is in the negative.

MAIDA

(continues)

Try it.

PARNELL

(a long pause)

I've never been in a big murder case --
not once in all my life.

PAUL

Up to you, Parn.

Paul, with his fishing gear passes Parnell, goes into the outer
office, turns back.

PAUL

(continues)

Be around tonight?

PARNELL

(preoccupied with the
idea of a big murder case)

Yeah -- yeah, I'll be around.

Paul exits. Parnell goes into Maida's office, slowly sits in a
chair.

PARNELL

(continues)

You know, Maida darling, I might
manage it. I might manage to be
a real lawyer again -- for a little
while anyway.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

35 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Manion, brows knitted, is working at his defense. Paul, smoking
an Italian cigar, quietly listens.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

MANION

... I blacked out. I mean, after we talked yesterday, I went back over the whole thing in my mind. You see, I hadn't done that before -- I was trying to forget about it. But when I tried remembering it, there were some pieces missing. I remember going to the bar with a gun, I remember Quill's face behind the bar -- but I don't seem to remember anything else, not even going home.

PAUL

Don't you remember firing your gun? Five shots are a lot of noise to forget.

MANION

~~I remember hearing shots but they~~
didn't seem to be connected with me -- like they were far away, like somebody else was doing the shooting.

Manion mops his face with a handkerchief, nervously fits a cigarette into his holder. Paul waits for a moment or two.

PAUL

Lieutenant Manion, I'll take your case.

MANION

(in great relief)

Thanks. Thanks, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL

Now there's the matter of a fee. Three thousand. That's reasonable enough, isn't it?

MANION

Sure -- sure, more than reasonable.

PAUL

When can you pay?

MANION

It'll have to be later. Right now I'm broke.

PAUL

You're what?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

MANION

Broke -- busted -- flat. I haven't got three bucks, much less three thousand.

PAUL

Well, can you raise it?

MANION

No. Not until I get out of jail, but payday is next week. I can give you a hundred fifty on account. If you get me off I'll give you a promissory note for the rest.

PAUL

Suppose you're convicted?

MANION

That's a calculated risk, isn't it? -- for both of us.

PAUL

Suppose I don't go along with you unless you pay me half of the fee?

MANION

(an amused glint)

I'd have to take a lawyer the Court would appoint. I've got my defense now, haven't I? -- Insanity?

PAUL

You know, I think I'll just stay with you, to make damned sure you get off.

MANION

You won't lose anything by it.

PAUL

All right. It's a deal. I'll take the one-fifty and a promissory note when and if you're cleared.

MANION

Thanks. Where do we start? You'll have to tell me. Remember, I've been kind of nuts and I'm just recovering my wits.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2A)

PAUL

Your wits will do nicely, Lieutenant.
We're going to need a psychiatrist and
since neither of us has much money,
do you think the army would stir
one up for you?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

MANION

I know a colonel in the Pentagon.
I'll write a letter.

PAUL

You do that. Okay, I'll get back to
you.

Paul goes to the door.

MANION

What will you do now?

PAUL

See your wife again, for one thing.

MANION

(an odd pause)

Why? Didn't you see her yesterday?

The curious change in Manion's attitude registers with Paul.

PAUL

That's right, I did. She's a pretty
woman - your wife.

MANION

(trying to be
casual)

A man gets used to the way his wife
looks.

PAUL

Yeah, I guess he does.
(opens the door)

Okay, Sulo.

(to Manion)

See you.

Paul exits. Manion stands very still, his face drawn into its cold mask.

36 EXT. JAIL - DAY

Paul comes from the jail, pauses, thinking it over, puzzling with the disturbing scene he's had with Manion. He moves on through the alleyway between the jail and courthouse, enters the rear door of the courthouse.

37 INT. CORRIDOR - COURTHOUSE - DAY

Paul appears around the corner of the marble alleyway, comes along to a door which is labeled. OFFICE OF PROSECUTING ATTORNEY -- enters the office.

38 INT. MITCH LODWICK'S OFFICE - DAY

A couple of secretaries are at work at their typewriters. The door to Mitch's private office is open and MITCH is at his desk. As Paul enters the outer office, Mitch spies him.

MITCH

(booming)

Come on in, Polly! Come on in!

Paul pushes through the office gate and goes into Mitch's private office. The office is quite handsomely decorated with prints of modern artists, new, modernistic furniture and vertical venetian blinds.

MITCH

(continues)

You haven't been in here since you vacated, have you Polly? Don't recognize the old place, huh? My wife did it for me -- she's a graduate decorator. Smart girl, very smart girl. Look at this, real genuine Van Gogh prints -- and here, here, try this chair. It sort of does things.

He pushes Paul into a large contour chair. The moment Paul sits the back drops down, the footrest leaps up and the chair begins to massage. Paul endures the operation with slightly alarmed patience, lying helplessly, shaking uncomfortably.

MITCH

(continues)

Great, isn't it? Good for the nerves they say.

PAUL

(jiggling)

How do you shut it off?

Mitch presses a button. The chair stops wiggling, snaps Paul into an upright position; the footrest drops and his feet hit the floor.

MITCH

There we are. Feel better?

PAUL

(getting out of the chair)

I feel all shook up. Mitch, I just stopped by to tell you I've got both feet in the Manion case.

MITCH

You're going to cop out, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

PAUL

No.

MITCH

That's a mistake, Polly. It's open and shut.

PAUL

Maybe. We'll see.

MITCH

Judge Maitland is still in the hospital. Maybe you'd like to agree to a continuance until he gets back. If we go with the case now, we'll have to try before some grab-bag judge they'll send in. Me, I'd rather have Maitland.

PAUL

So would I -- but that would also mean my client would have to lie in jail for another two or three months before the trial. Now if you drop the charge down to manslaughter so I can get him out on bail, we'll agree to a continuance.

MITCH

You wouldn't do that if you were D. A. You wouldn't drop a charge from life down to a fifteen year maximum penalty.

PAUL

I might... since a big fat lie-detector test on his wife gave the truth to the rape story. He'll have the jury with him.

MITCH

(into the trap)

How did you know --

He stops suddenly. Paul grins.

MITCH

(continues)

Bit, didn't I? Well, anyway, the result of a lie-detector test isn't admissible evidence -- you can't use it.

PAUL

No, but it carries moral weight.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

MITCH

What are you going to use for a
defense - old box tops?

PAUL

I'll think of something.

(he turns
at the door)

I wouldn't sit in that chair much,
Mitch -- it could shake a man's
brain loose.

He exits.

39 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Paul comes from the courthouse down the steps and is greeted by Laura's dog. Muff comes romping across the lawn to meet him -- Laura not far behind. Laura is dressed in tight Western slacks and boots. Her blouse is Navajo with the laces open, revealing the push of her ample bosom. With open-mouthed attention, the eternal loiterers are following Laura's progress across the lawn. Muff bounds into Paul's arms.

LAURA

(arriving)

He remembers you, Paul -- he likes
you.

PAUL

He likes the beer in my icebox.

(conscious again
of the attention
they're getting)

What's the occasion today -- a buffalo
hunt?

LAURA

(childishly turning
for inspection)

I got them in Arizona when we were
stationed there. Aren't they smart --
I think they're very smart.

PAUL

(avoiding)

We can sit in my car -- over here.

Carrying the dog, he leads Laura across the lawn to the parking
area by the jail.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

He opens the door for her and goes around to sit under the wheel. On the driver's side of Paul's car is the handle to a spotlight which is just outside the windshield. The spotlight is backed up by a rear-view mirror. As the scene proceeds, Paul casually turns the handle, moving the mirror until it is trained upon the jail. In the mirror, Paul can see Manion's cell window -- and Manion is there watching.

PAUL

Couple of things have occurred to me. The undergarments which Barney tore off -- who has them now? -- the police?

LAURA

You mean my panties?

PAUL

All right, your panties.

LAURA

I haven't seen them since. We gave the torn skirt and sweater to the police and I went with the police up that lane into the woods but we couldn't find anything except my glasses.

PAUL

Your glasses? You don't mean you were wearing glasses all through that.

LAURA

They were in a case in my hand. I use them to read or play pinball -- things like that. I guess I tried to get out of the car and dropped them.

PAUL

You'll be interested to know your lie-detector test came out in your favor.

LAURA

Of course it did. I could've told you it would.

PAUL

You weren't worried about it?

LAURA

(laying her hand on his arm)

No, why should I be?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

Would you like to have something to worry about?

LAURA

Silly.

PAUL

Like your husband watching us from his cell window.

Laura jerks her hand away from his arm as if it had been burned. She almost cowers in the corner. Shaken, she takes off her dark glasses and covers her eyes for a moment with her hand.

PAUL

(continues)

All right. Let's have it.

LAURA

(murmuring)

Did he say something to you?

PAUL

Just enough. Are you afraid of him?

LAURA

(murmuring)

Yes.

PAUL

Is that the reason you volunteered for a lie-detector test -- for him?

LAURA

Yes.

PAUL

I'll tell him how the test turned out.

LAURA

(putting on her dark glasses)

You're very kind, you really are, Paul.

PAUL

Does he have reason to be jealous?

LAURA

Even before we were married he was jealous.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

LAURA (cont'd)

I should've known how it would be.
But it's funny -- he likes to show
me off, likes me to dress the way
I dress, but then he's furious if
a man pays attention to me. I've
tried to leave him, but I can't --
he begs and I give in.

PAUL

If you think I've forgotten my question,
I haven't.

LAURA

(regaining her smile)

I have.

PAUL

I'll ask it again. Does he have any
reason to be jealous?

LAURA

(she seems to be
measuring Paul
from behind the
dark glasses)

No. Not once -- not ever.

The SHOT GOES OUT on Paul's probing, calculating gaze.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

40 EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY

Paul's dusty car speeds along the lovely, wild lake shore.

41 INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY

Maida is in the back seat. Paul is driving, with Parnell slumped
beside him. Parnell is pale and perspiring, touching his brow
now and then with a handkerchief which he holds wadded in his
palm. In his other hand he holds a half empty bottle of red soda
pop.

PAUL

The one thing that can bust this
case open is Manion's jealousy.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

PARNELL

Let's thank our little apples we have
Lodwick on the other side. He'll
never tumble to it.

PAUL

Maybe.

(glances at Parnell)

I shouldn't have asked you to lay off
the booze.

PARNELL

I'll do it if it kills me.

PAUL

You look like it might.

Parnell takes a swig of the soda, makes a face.

PAUL

(continues)

At least let me get you a beer instead
of that strawberry pop.

PARNELL

Strawberry pop reminds me of a better
day in my life. Strawberry pop in a
bucket of ice with a picnic basket by
the lake and my pretty Nora still alive.
No, no beer. I'll stick with this.

MAIDA

Will someone tell me why I was
commandeered for this junket to
Thunder Bay?

PAUL

You're going to get a manicure in the
beauty parlor and gather all the gossip
you can about the deceased Barney Quill.

MAIDA

Why?

PAUL

We've got to sell the jury on Mrs.
Manion's rape story. A lot of it
will depend on what kind of man
Quill was. That's what we're going
to find out, if we can.

They drive on.

DISSOLVE TO:

42 EXT. STREET IN THUNDER BAY - DAY

A winding, rambling street on the lake shore -- busy now, but in the winter most of it will be shuttered. Thunder Bay is that kind of place. MUSIC blares from the bingo parlor -- a sporting store with its fishing tackle on the sidewalk engages the rapt attention of vacationing fishermen -- testing rods, tinkering with reels. Children in bathing suits run across the street without regard for traffic -- the traffic pokes along -- plump matrons in shorts at the hot dog stands -- an occasional slim, blossoming girl in a bathing suit -- men in white ducks and sun visors -- soldiers off duty. Most of the movement is to and from the lake where rowboats drift about in the sun, fishermen cast from the piers and swimmers dive from the floats. Paul's car comes slowly on the street, draws up to the curb by a sign which advertises -- BRIGITTE'S BEAUTY SHOPPE. The car door opens and Maida steps to the sidewalk.

PAUL

Meet me for lunch at Barney's inn...
down at the end of the street.

MAIDA

Right.

She closes the rear door, moves away toward the beauty shop and enters. The front car door opens and Parnell bumbles out.

PAUL

Where are you going?

PARNELL

I'm going to tool around the taverns
in search of truth.

PAUL

Maybe you'd better stay with me.

PARNELL

Trust me, lad - trust me. I'll arrive
at the inn loaded with nothing more
than strawberry pop.

He closes the car door, adjusts his hat at a rakish angle and strolls down the street. Paul drives away.

43 EXT. THUNDER BAY INN - DAY

A large, three-story frame structure with a fresh coat of white paint, screened-in verandas, its lawn shaded by elderly trees. It is a well-kept relic from the turn of the century when Thunder Bay was a more graceful resort. Outside the hotel are parked numerous cars and tourists come and go from the main entrance.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

An unlighted neon-sign identifies "THE THUNDER BAY INN" and in smaller script advertises, "Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner," and in block letters, "Cocktails." The bar room has a separate entrance and is labeled by an unlighted neon-sign as the "BAR." Its door is closed and the windows shuttered with venetian blinds. Paul drives up and finds a parking space near the entrance to the bar. He gets out of the car and scans the front of the hotel before going to the door of the bar room. On the closed door a sign reads, "OPEN 5 p. m." Paul pushes the door, finds it unlocked, enters.

44 INT. THE INN - BAR - DAY

Like all bars concerned with evening business, the afternoon atmosphere is cool, pleasant and restful. It is darkened, except for back-bar lights and sunlight filtering from around the closed venetian blinds. It is at the moment completely deserted. A bartender has been at work, preparing the bar for its evening business. A collection of empty bottles are on one end of the bar, the glassware is covered by white cloths and a can of bar polish is on the bar with a polishing rag. At one end of the bar are a couple of pinball machines -- near the door. Chairs are stacked on the tables and in the booths. Behind the bar one section of the bar mirror is devoted to a display of gold and silver loving cups and a collection of enlarged snapshots, mainly showing a broad-chested, curly haired man of about fifty. Some of the pictures include other people, but always the curly haired man is prominent -- holding a prize angling catch -- with a rifle in his hand and a dead buck on the fender of his car -- with a target pistol raised and posed -- and several other pictures of the same man, probably made when he was in his twenties, wearing boxing gloves and in fighting pose. One of the most recent snapshots presents the man stripped to the waist, posed with a double-bitted axe above a neatly severed log. Beyond the bar a short flight of steps leads up to a closed door above which a sign reads: "TO LOBBY."

Paul, upon entering the room from the outside, pauses until his eyes become accustomed to the darkness, glances about, flips the plunger on one of the pinball machines, moves on to the bar. His attention is attracted by the display of photographs and loving cups. He moves around behind the bar, picks up a gold cup, reads its inscription, replaces it, examines another. His attention goes to the snapshots and he puts on his glasses for a finer study of the pictures. From his POV the CAMERA CLOSES IN and MOVES from picture to picture. Now in turning to come from behind the bar, he notices a narrow shelf built up under one end of the bar. He stoops, looks into the shelf, finds it empty. Puzzling with the contraption he tentatively slips his hand into the narrow space and suddenly withdraws the hand, finger and thumb cocked to represent a pistol. He looks down the length of the bar and sees two more shelves of like character, one in the center by the space reserved for waiter's service and the other at the far end.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

He starts to move along back of the bar toward these other shelves, but the lobby door opens. There in the doorway is a small, dark, hard-faced man with black, inscrutable eyes. This is PAQUETTE.

PAQUETTE

All right? -- You like it back there all right?

PAUL

I was looking at these pictures. This was Barney Quill, wasn't it?

PAQUETTE

That's right -- Barney Quill.

PAUL

My name's Paul Biegler, I'm --

PAQUETTE

I know who you are. I've seen you around Iron City.

PAUL

You didn't tell me your name, did you?

PAQUETTE

Paquette.

Paquette takes up the polish and the rag, goes to work on the bar surface. Paul moves around and sits on a stool.

PAQUETTE

(continues)

We don't open until five o'clock.

PAUL

I can wait. I haven't got the shakes yet. You were on the job that night, weren't you -- the night Barney was killed?

PAQUETTE

Like the newspaper said, I was present.

PAUL

You're the one who stopped Lieutenant Manion outside, aren't you?

PAQUETTE

That's right. He pointed the gun at me and said, 'You want some too, Buster?'

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

And you said 'no' because your name isn't Buster.

PAQUETTE

There wasn't anything funny about it, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL

Sorry. I'm afflicted with a sense of humor. Where were you when Barney was killed, Mr. Paquette?

Paquette doesn't answer, industriously works at his polishing job.

PAUL

(continues)

I've a feeling you don't want to talk about that night, Mr. Paquette.

PAQUETTE

Isn't that funny? I have the same feeling.

PAUL

You'll have to talk to me in Court. Why not now?

PAQUETTE

Because I don't have to now. Reason enough. Okay?

PAUL

(looking at the
photographs)

Barney was kind of a rough character, wasn't he? -- ex-prize fighter, muscle man, fancy with guns.

PAQUETTE

He paid his debts -- he ran a clean place. Me, I liked him.

PAUL

Are you running the place now?

PAQUETTE

I just work here. Mary's running things.

PAUL

Barney's wife?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (3)

PAQUETTE

He didn't have a wife. Mary was --
his manager.

PAUL

I see. I wonder who'll inherit the
place.

PAQUETTE

Mary, I guess.

PAUL

Mary again, huh?

PAQUETTE

What's the matter with that?

PAUL

You mean, what's the matter with
Mary? I don't know what's the matter
with Mary. Mary what?

PAQUETTE

Pilant -- Mary Pilant.

45 INT. BRIGITTE'S BEAUTY SHOPPE - DAY

The usual beauty shop scene. Women under the driers -- getting
their hair combed -- their faces done. In the f. g. a MANICURIST
bends forward to confide in her customer.

MANICURIST

(indicating a closed
booth toward the
back of the shop)

She's in there -- getting dressed.
It's not for me to say what she is.
But all I know is...

The curtains over the booth are swept back and a dark-haired,
very lovely girl comes out. She is dressed in a simple summer
dress. She's in her twenties -- a fresh, pleasant face, slender,
handsome figure. There is strength and pride in her clear eyes.
She comes toward the front of the shop, passing the manicurist
stand and from another angle we see that Maida is the manicurist's
customer. When MARY has passed by:

MANICURIST

(continues)

That's her -- that's Mary Pilant.
We don't talk about our customers
here but if we did, which we don't...

And you are sure Maida is about to get all the dirt.

46 EXT. A THUNDER BAY BEER GARDEN - DAY

A small beer garden on the lake front. The place is crowded with soldiers, most of them in fatigues. The soldiers serve themselves, carrying the beer from inside the tavern. An awning is spread over the area. The CAMERA MOVES IN on one of these outdoor tables where Parnell is sitting with a group of soldiers, a bottle of soda pop in his hand. A lean, tough SERGEANT is talking:

SERGEANT

...it's all right see, for him to take a Army wife and beat her up -- but just let one of our guys make a little pass at that babe he's got at the hotel and he tells the guy to get out and stay out. Quill got what was coming to him. That's the way we feel about it.

PARNELL

Do you know Lieutenant Manion's wife?

SERGEANT

Sure. Know the Lieutenant, too. He's a good officer. She's all right, too -- friendly -- a good kid.

A CORPORAL at the table makes a nasty little chuckle.

SERGEANT

(continues;
quick and hard)

What do you know about it? Knock it off.

CORPORAL

I didn't mean anything. She's a dish. What's the matter with that?

SERGEANT

You want this lawyer to get wrong ideas? What chances has the Lieutenant got, Mr. McCarthy?

PARNELL

Pretty good, I'd say - with a couple of character witnesses like you.

SERGEANT

I'd like to help him - I sure would but we're moving out - Berlin.

PARNELL

Oh. Tell me - who's this 'babe' at the hotel?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

SERGEANT
Name's Mary Pilant. She was Quill's
private property.

47 INT. THUNDER BAY INN - LOBBY - DAY

An atmosphere of uncontrived hominess, unpretentious, clearly attractive to the small income vacationer seeking a home away from home. The lobby is thriving and a group of guests are gathered by the closed door to the dining room, waiting for the lunch hour to arrive. Paul is among them. The double dining room doors are swung open by a waitress and guests file into the dining room -- a spacious, cool place which includes part of the screened veranda and overlooks the lake. Paul hesitates in the doorway.

48 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Mary Pilant, acting as hostess, seats a group of tourists, goes to Paul, approaching him from the side. He does not see her until she speaks.

MARY
Would you like a table, sir?

PAUL
Yes please...
(he is struck by
the lovely face)
... Yes, I would.

MARY
Will you be alone?

PAUL
I'll be joined by two others.

She leads the way across the room to the veranda, Paul following and in his retiring way obviously attracted to this girl. At the table on the veranda she draws a chair back for Paul.

PAUL
(continues; sitting,
fumbling with his hat)
Thanks.

MARY
May I take your hat?

PAUL
Well, yes, if you will --

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

Mary takes the hat and offers the menu, smiles and leaves. His eyes follow her as she goes to the hat rack and deposits his hat. She turns back, smiles, gestures to where she has placed the hat. Paul nods his thanks. A waitress comes from through the swinging door of the kitchen, speaks to Mary and nods toward the kitchen. She goes through the swinging door and the CAMERA MOVES IN on the door. Moments pass. The swinging door is pushed open, just a crack, and Mary's face is half seen looking out into the dining room toward Paul. Behind Mary is Paquette, nodding and whispering, seeming to say, "That's him." Mary lets the door close over her face. Maida enters, spies Paul, wends her way through the tables to the veranda. Paul rises, pulls a chair back for Maida.

PAUL

How was the manicure?

MAIDA

Ask me any question about anybody.
I've got all the dope.

PAUL

Can you tell me about a woman named
Mary Pilant?

MAIDA

Easy. Mary Pilant may or may not
have been the mistress of the late
B. Quill. The manicurists are in favor
of the mistress theory and the hair
stylists are agin it. But all agree some
kind of hanky-panky was going on here.

(she sees Mary
approaching the table)

To be continued.

MARY

(extending a menu)

A menu?

MAIDA

Thank you.

Mary moves on. Maida, glancing after her, turns back to Paul,
sees that he too, is watching after Mary.

MAIDA

(continues)

Pretty, huh?

PAUL

Very pretty. Go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

MAIDA

There is one story which says that Barney's wild night with Mrs. Manion was somehow triggered by Mary Pilant -- seems she had been stepping out with a soldier and Barney blew his stack, got tanked up and exploded.

PAUL

Who is this Pilant -- local?

MAIDA

No, a Canadian. Barney brought her in to dress up this place and she stayed to manage for him. I'd say she's done all right.

PAUL

Better than all right -- she's in for the estate.

MAIDA

She doesn't look like a bad sort, does she? Looks sweet.

PAUL

(glancing about)

Where?

MAIDA

What do you mean where? The pretty one with the menus.

Paul stares at Maida almost shocked. Astonished, he looks toward the door where Mary is standing. Mary is watching his table. Their eyes meet and she turns away to greet Parnell who has at this moment arrived at the dining room entrance. Parnell gestures toward Paul's table and Mary leads the way to the table.

PAUL

(rising)

Miss Pilant, may I introduce myself. I'm Paul Biegler, attorney for Lieutenant Manion. This is Mrs. Rutledge, and Mr. McCarthy, my associates.

(a general acknowledgment)

Could you sit with us for a minute?

MARY

(glancing at the empty dining room door)

Yes, I can take a minute.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

Parnell draws a chair out for Mary and then seats himself.

PAUL

I'd like to ask a few things, if you don't mind?

MARY

What sort of things, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL

Like what kind of a man your employer was -- Mr. Quill.

MARY

A very nice man.

PAUL

If that's true, how do you explain what happened with Lieutenant Manion's wife?

MARY

I don't know what happened with Lieutenant Manion's wife, so there really isn't anything for me to explain, is there?

Guests appear in the dining room doorway and Mary rises.

MARY

(continues)

Would you pardon me? The waitress will take your order when you're ready. So nice to have met you -- Mr. Biegler -- Mr. McCarthy -- Mrs. Rutledge.

She moves away.

PAUL

(looking after Mary)

Parn, what did you get on Quill?

PARNELL

Nothing we could turn into evidence. Nothing that would make anybody believe he was a rapist.

A WAITRESS comes to the table, says "Orders please," and the three companions consult their menus.

DISSOLVE TO:

49 INT. THUNDER BAY INN - LOBBY - DAY

Paul, followed by Maida and Parnell, enters from the dining room. Paul goes to the hotel desk where a CLERK -- a plain, harassed man -- is working at an adding machine.

PAUL

I beg your pardon.

CLERK

Yessir?

PAUL

I'm Paul Biegler, attorney at law. I represent the soldier who shot Mr. Quill. I was just wondering -- did you happen to be on duty that night?

CLERK

Why yes sir, as a matter of fact I was...

The Clerk's attention is drawn away from Paul to Mary Pilant who is standing in the dining room door. She gives a minute negative shake of her head. Paul turns to follow the Clerk's gaze -- then turns back to the Clerk.

CLERK

Sorry, I like my job, Mr. Biegler.

Paul nods, understanding that Mary has silenced the Clerk. He goes toward the main exit, pauses as he comes abreast of Mary, Parnell and Maida beside him.

PAUL

Your loyalty to the dead Mr. Quill is very touching, Miss Pilant.

MARY

Barney was well liked here, by everyone, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL

Very generous of everyone to overlook his little faults -- like raping other men's wives.

Mary colors -- tears spring instantly into her eyes. Abruptly she walks away.

PARNELL

If she could have helped you've sure fixed that wagon now.

PAUL

It was already fixed. What I don't understand is why. Why don't they want to part with some simple, honest information about Barney Quill and his character?

DISSOLVE TO:

50 INT. MANION'S JAIL CELL - DAY

Manion is playing a game of casino through the bars with DUANE MILLER. A small narrow table is drawn against the bars on Miller's side. Miller is a ravaged, hungry-looking prisoner with shifty eyes and a slack mouth.

MANION
(slapping a card down)
Build sevens.

MILLER
(takes the sevens)
Thanks, mate.

MANION
(slaps another
card down)
Build Kings.

MILLER
(takes the Kings)
Thanks, mate.

MANION
(throws in his
cards)
Take 'em all.

He flings away from the game, goes to a window, his back to Miller, nervously lights a cigarette. With a lop-sided grin, Miller watches Manion. From below the SOUND of the steel door opening and closing -- steps on the iron stairs, and Paul appears on the landing -- goes to the bars of Manion's cell.

PAUL
Any word, Lieutenant?

Manion turns to Paul, takes out a letter, passes it through the bars.

MANION
This -- from Washington. They'll
let a doctor come to testify, but
there's a string on it.

Paul opens the letter, reads it, his face growing impatient.

PAUL
I can't get you to the Army Hospital
in Detroit for the examination.
Doesn't the Army understand you're
in jail on a non-bailable offense?

MANION
(indicating the letter)
That's it -- as far as the Army's concerned.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

PAUL

(putting the letter
in his pocket)I don't know how I can get around
this hump but I'll try to do something.

MANION

My wife hasn't been here for two
days. Have you seen her?

PAUL

Not for a while.

MANION

Where the hell is she?

PAUL

You've got other things to worry
about, Lieutenant. I'll get in touch
with her -- tell her you miss her.

MANION

(flatly)

Yeah -- you tell her that.

Manion glumly watches Paul go down the stairs. Then, in anger, hurls his lighted cigarette against the far wall of the cell -- falls disconsolately on his bunk. Miller, from his cell, has watched the scene between Paul and Manion. Now he comes close to the bars.

MILLER

Know how you feel, Lieutenant.
I'd be pawing the ground too if
I had something like that outside.

MANION

Like what outside?

MILLER

Oh, man, you know what I mean --
something like that walking around
on the loose.

In a finely coordinated movement, Manion rises, reaches through the bars, catches Miller's hair, jerks Miller down and against the bars. Miller YELLS in pain, wrenches away, falling back across his cot. Fast steps on the iron stairs and Sulo appears from below.

SULO

Now, what's the big noise, buckos?

MILLER

Me, dummy. I hit my shin on this
lousy iron cot.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

SULO

You want some rubbing alcohol maybe?

MILLER

No. But I guess a little bourbon would help.

A general laugh goes up from the inmates, cat calls and Bronx cheers.

SULO

Knock it down, buckos -- knock it down.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 ~~INT. A ROADHOUSE - NIGHT~~

OPEN on a hand slapping the strings of a bass fiddle -- slapping time to gut-bucket jazz. MOVE from the bass fiddle to a drummer, eyes closed, lips moving, beating it out on his traps. MOVE on to the keyboard of a piano where two pairs of hands are playing a duet. PULL BACK and find Paul happily sitting beside the Negro piano man, both enjoying the music they are making. Paul is a little amateurish with his treble end, missing a trick now and then but catching up with a grin. A drink stands above him on the piano top. The CAMERA PULLS BACK FARTHER to reveal the small smoky roadhouse in its entirety. Booths and dance floor are crowded with young people and a few who are not so young. Now RETURN to the Combo and watch them kick it around -- Paul in the midst of it, satisfying himself by being a part of the noise which is called jazz.

LAURA'S VOICE

Hey, what a crazy lawyer we've got.

Paul looks up from the keyboard and from his POV we see Laura, dressed as usual in tight-fitting pants and sweater, about half tight, dancing with a Second Lieutenant.

LAURA

Hi, Polly -- That's what they call you, isn't it, Polly? That's a crazy name for a crazy lawyer.

In CLOSE UP Paul is not smiling, his face suddenly tight and grim, eyes following Laura as she dances away. From ANOTHER ANGLE across Paul, she moves away with the Lieutenant -- another soldier cuts in -- this one is a rock dancer and he and Laura execute some of the more intricate steps of the sensuous dance. The number ends with a CRASH OF CYMBALS from the drummer. Paul, watching Laura, takes his drink from the piano and rises. The Combo begins a new number.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Thanks for letting me sit in, Pie-Eye.

PIE-EYE
You quittin' me, man?

PAUL
(moving away)
See you.

Paul crosses the dance floor to the booth where Laura is sitting down with three soldiers, two of them Lieutenants, one of them a Sergeant.

LAURA
Hi, Polly. Fellows, this is Manny's lawyer.

There is a general acknowledgment.

A LIEUTENANT
Sit down, won't you?

PAUL
Sorry, I can't right now. Could I speak to you for a moment Mrs. Manion -- outside?

LAURA
Mrs. Manion? I thought we'd dropped the formalities a long time ago.

PAUL
I think we'll pick them up again. This is important.

LAURA
Okay. I'll go with you.

One of the soldiers rises to let her out of the booth.

SERGEANT
Hey, you're coming back, aren't you?

LAURA
Sure -- what do you think?

A little unsteadily she walks across the room to the main exit. Paul places his glass on the table and follows.

52 EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Paul and Laura emerge from the noisy joint, the exterior illuminated with a glaring red and green neon sign reading: PIE-EYE'S.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

Laura turns to Paul, smiling, her face caught in the colors of the neon light, eyes a little sleepy, her face soft with the pleasure of alcohol.

PAUL

Didn't you get my phone message?

LAURA

Yes, but I got busy.

PAUL

Why haven't you been to see your husband?

LAURA

I don't see why I have to see him every day.

PAUL

It's a good idea if you did.

LAURA

All right. I'll see him every day. Okay?

PAUL

No, not okay. Where's your car?

LAURA

I came with them.

PAUL

My car's over here.

He takes her arm.

LAURA

Now wait a minute -- I got friends inside.

PAUL

Friends or no friends -- you're going home.

LAURA

Say, who do you think you...

PAUL

I'm a lawyer trying to beat a rap for your husband. Remember?

LAURA

Well, what's that got to do...

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

Everything, Mrs. Manion. Until the trial's over you're going to be a meek little housewife in horn-rimmed spectacles -- you're going to stay away from men, juke joints, booze and pinball machines. You're going to wear a skirt, low-heeled shoes, and a girdle -- especially a girdle. I don't as a rule complain about an attractive jiggle, but you can save that jiggle for your husband to look at -- when and if I can get him out of jail.

Laura's eyes grow large and hurt, tears well up and she turns away.

LAURA

I'm sorry. I really am. I wouldn't hurt Manny's chances for anything.

PAUL

Let's go.

Again he takes her arm and leads her through the parked cars to his own machine.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT. THUNDER BAY TOURIST PARK - NIGHT

The gate of the darkened park is closed. Paul's car wheels up and stops. He opens Laura's door, she gets out and he behind her.

PAUL

Is this about where Barney knocked you down?

LAURA

Yes, right here. Over there -- that's the opening in the fence where Muff was running around with the flashlight.

They walk to the stile opening in the fence, go through.

PAUL

Where's your trailer?

LAURA

This way -- by the lake.

They set out along the dark path through the trees toward the lake.

54 ANOTHER LOCATION ON LAKE PATH

The lake is silvered by the moon. The night is quiet except for a breeze high in the treetops. Paul and Laura come along the path. She turns out onto a promontory.

LAURA

This is my favorite place. Sometimes when Manny was sleeping I'd come here and just sit. I had to get out of that trailer. I can't stand being cooped up all the time.

(a pause)

I'm lonely, Paul, I'm awful lonely. I wouldn't have gone to that roadhouse except for that -- you know.

PAUL

Maybe you're getting in some good practice being lonely.

LAURA

(a searching pause)

You mean maybe Manny won't get off?

PAUL

Twelve jurors, good and true, will tell us that.

LAURA

If he didn't it would be one way to end it. No, no, I don't mean that. I might think that sometimes, but I don't really want that.

She wearily moves back to the path. Paul follows.

55 EXT. MANIONS' TRAILER - NIGHT

The lights are burning in the trailer. Paul and Laura arrive. Laura opens the door and Muff bounds out of the trailer into Laura's arms.

LAURA

(hugging the dog)

Hello, sweetie -- did you miss me, sweetie? Of course you missed me.

She turns to Paul, that tremulous smile on her lips.

LAURA

(continues)

Paul, would you come in? You can if you want to -- you know.

PAUL

You forgive me if I don't. Goodbye, Laura.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

LAURA

Good night.

He walks away.

LAURA

(continues;
calling softly)

Thanks.

The CAMERA GOES with Paul as he walks away and out of the scene. Laura remains by the open door of the trailer, caught in its light, a small figure very much alone, pathetically alone.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

56 INT. IRON CLIFFS COUNTY COURTROOM - FULL SHOT -
COURTROOM - DAY

A large and impressive vaulted room with stained glass windows in its dome -- a room which reflects its great and grave function. Only a few spectators dot the benches. Inside the bar the Jury's seats are empty, the attorneys' benches crowded and the prisoners' bench contains an assortment of men and women to be arraigned. The COURT CLERK is in his place and SHERIFF BATTISFORE is at his desk. The Sheriff is a worried-looking, middle-aged man -- kindly and plodding. Among the lawyers are Paul and Parnell.

Mitch Lodwick is at the prosecuting attorney's table. The door to the Judge's chambers opens, the people of the courtroom rise as JUDGE WEAVER enters, climbs the steps to the austere mahogany bench. He's middle-aged, with a powerful face, sharp eyes which can twinkle or flash impressive authority. The Sheriff raps with his gavel when the Judge is seated.

SHERIFF

Hear Ye, hear Ye, hear Ye. The Circuit Court for the County of Iron Cliffs is now in session. You can be seated.

57 CLOSER SHOT - JUDGE WEAVER ON HIS BENCH

He thumbs the court docket, glances around the room at the prisoners, at the lawyers and, from his POV, the CAMERA PASSES over these men. Among the prisoners is a cheerful looking old codger named MADIGAN.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

Parnell, sitting beside Paul, is dressed in his best -- cleanly shaven, suit pressed, the collar of his white shirt raveled but clean, his hair plastered down. He is ill at ease.

JUDGE WEAVER
(after a careful
study of the people
before him)

For those of you I haven't met, my name is Weaver. I'm from downstate and I'm sitting temporarily while your good Judge Maitland is recovering from a severe illness. There's no need to dwell at length upon my methods. One judge is much like another. The only differences may be in the state of their digestions or their proclivities for sleeping on the bench. For myself, I can digest pig iron, and while I might appear to doze occasionally, you'll find that I keep one eye open for tricky lawyers.

58 CLOSE SHOT - PAUL AND PARNELL

Paul is pleased with the erudition of the new judge. He and Parnell exchange quick glances and Parnell raises his brows in approval.

59 FULL SHOT - COURTROOM - INSIDE BAR

JUDGE WEAVER
(consulting his docket)
We will take up the call of the criminal docket. People versus Clarence Madigan, breaking and entering in the night.

Mitch Lodwick rises and takes a record of criminal information from the Court Reporter's desk.

MITCH
(reading)
State of Michigan, Court of Iron Cliffs. I, Mitchell Lodwick prosecuting attorney, come into said county of Iron Cliffs and give the Court to understand that one Clarence Madigan, alias 'One-Shot Madigan, ' alias 'Smoky Madigan, ' did break and enter the dwelling house of Casper Katz and did there commit the felony of larceny on said premises - contrary to the Statute in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the people of the State of Michigan.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

He passes the information record up to Judge Weaver.

JUDGE WEAVER

Will the prisoner stand?

MADIGAN

(rising, moving
toward the bench)

That's me, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

Does Mr. Madigan have an attorney?

MADIGAN

Nope. A man's got to have money to
ask them fellows the time of day.

There's small laughter from the lawyers' bench.

JUDGE WEAVER

Mr. Madigan, if you're impoverished
it's my duty to appoint an attorney
in your behalf.

MADIGAN

I wouldn't bother, Your Honor. I
stole the whiskey. I'm guilty as hell.

MITCH

It was a full case of expensive bourbon,
Your Honor.

MADIGAN

It was sure good stuff, Judge.

JUDGE WEAVER

Do you plead guilty or not guilty to
the offense charged against you?

MADIGAN

I'm just as guilty as old scratch,
Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

Did you sell this whiskey?

MADIGAN

No, sir -- drank it.

JUDGE WEAVER

All of it?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

MADIGAN

You bet, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

Are you aware that it will be
necessary to punish you for this
crime?

MADIGAN

It was worth it, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

I'll accept your plea of guilty, Mr.
Madigan. You'll be sentenced later.
You may now return to your place.

MADIGAN

Thanks, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

You're quite welcome, Mr. Madigan.
(he consults
the docket)
People versus Frederick Manion.
The charge -- murder.

PAUL

(rising)

Paul Biegler for the defendant. My
formal appearance is already on file.

JUDGE WEAVER

Which of these men is your client,
Mr. Biegler?

PAUL

None of them, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

Sheriff Battisfore, will you produce
the prisoner?

SHERIFF

(uncomfortably)

I'm afraid I can't do that, your honor.

There is a portentous silence in the courtroom. Judge Weaver
looks from the unhappy Sheriff to the embarrassed Paul and
finally to the scared Mitch.

JUDGE WEAVER

Perhaps someone should explain.
I'm not clairvoyant.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (3)

Mitch, Paul and the Sheriff all start to speak at the same time and instantly stop.

JUDGE WEAVER

I'll take it from Mr. Biegler.

PAUL

The defendant is in Detroit being examined by a psychiatrist, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

Sheriff Battisfore, shouldn't the Court have been consulted before the defendant was allowed to leave its jurisdiction?

PAUL

Your Honor, we're dealing with the Army on this matter and this was the only crack the Army would give us at one of their psychiatrists. The Court was not present and it was urgent that we get the defendant to the psychiatrist.

JUDGE WEAVER

What does the Attorney for the People say to this?

MITCH

It was done with my knowledge, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

I've always heard that this Upper Peninsula of our fair state was a queer place. If it's customary here to allow a man charged with first degree murder to wander about at will, I don't suppose it behooves an outsider to point out that the law makes no provision for such quaint liberalism.

PAUL

Your Honor, the defendant is in a deputy's care and will be returned this evening. He's an officer in the United States Army and not likely to try to run away.

JUDGE WEAVER

Well, since I am an outsider and outnumbered, I'll stretch a point for the local team.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (4)

JUDGE WEAVER (cont'd)

We'll formally arraign the defendant upon his return. For the sake of the docket can you give me a clue to his plea?

PAUL

The defendant will waive reading of the information and stand mute.

JUDGE WEAVER

A plea of not guilty will be entered. The case of Frederick Manion will be placed first on the docket.

(again consulting
his docket)

People versus Peter Finnley and Lois Green -- lewd and lascivious cohabitation.

As the defendants, Peter and Lois, a poor shabby pair, shuffle forward to the Judge's bench, the Sheriff mops his face in great relief. Paul sits and Parnell leans to him.

PARNELL

(whispering)

We've got a real judge, Polly -- a real honest-to-God judge.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. IRON CITY RAILROAD STATION - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

The waiting room is deserted, a telegraph key lonesomely CLICKING in the station master's office. Through the windows we see a train standing before the station. A loaded mail cart is being pulled down the platform, a few trainmen are hustling about their inspections. Manion and a deputy sheriff are stepping off a coach to meet Paul, Parnell and Sheriff Battisfore. There is a handshake between Paul and Manion, a quick huddle with Sheriff Battisfore and all move toward the door of the waiting room. Sheriff Battisfore opens the door, allows Paul, Parnell and Manion to enter.

SHERIFF

Can you hurry it up, Polly? Somebody tells that judge the prisoner was lounging around the railroad station he'll really give me the works.

PAUL

Only take a minute, Sheriff.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

Sheriff Battsfore closes the door, remains outside with the Deputy.

PAUL
(continues)
How did it turn out, Lieutenant?

MANION
He said I was temporarily insane.

Paul and Parnell exchange pleased glances.

PAUL
You better give us some of the details.

MANION
(sitting on the bench)
He's writing a letter to you, but I
made some notes on my own.

He unfolds a piece of notepaper. Paul and Parnell stand above him.

MANION
(continues)
The doctor's name was Smith.

PARNELL
Smith? Anatole Wolfgang Smith or
Ludwig von Smith I hope. A name
like that will impress the jury.

MANION
No. Just plain Matthew Smith.
(consulting his
notes)
He said when I shot Quill I was
suffering from...
(he pronounces
it carefully)
... 'dissociative reaction.'

PAUL
Dissociative reaction. That sounds
good -- very good.

PARNELL
What's it mean in plain English?

MANION
(consulting his notes)
It means that I had an irresistible
impulse to shoot Quill.

Paul and Parnell stare at Manion in blank shock.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

MANION
 (continues; looking
 from face to face)
 That's okay, isn't it?

PAUL
 What did he say about your knowing
 the difference between right and wrong
 when you shot Quill?

MANION
 I don't think he said anything. Is
 that important?

PAUL
 (after a moment)
 We better not keep the Sheriff waiting
 any longer.
 (he opens the door)
 All right, Sheriff.

Manion, puzzled by the glum reception of his news, leaves with the Sheriff.

PAUL
 (continues; closing
 the door)
 Thanks, Sheriff. You'll have my vote
 in perpetuity.

Manion and Sheriff Battsifore, accompanied by the Deputy, walk past the windows outside -- disappear. Parnell sits on a bench, gloomily studies the floor.

PARNELL
 (burps delicately)
 Damn strawberry soda.

Paul meanders aimlessly about the waiting room.

PARNELL
 (continues)
 You ever hear of a Michigan court
 accepting irresistible impulse as
 insanity?

PAUL
 Maybe we should switch to self-defense.

PARNELL
 Even Mitch Lodwick would make a
 monkey out of us on that.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (3)

Outside the train WHISTLES and begins to move out of the station. Paul sticks a penny in a glass peanut vending machine. It doesn't work. He slaps it once and it works.

PAUL
(above the SOUND
of the rolling train,
holding out his cupped
hand to Parnell)

Want some peanuts?

Parnell shakes his head in the negative. Paul leans against the wall, eating the peanuts until the train is gone.

PARNELL
Tomorrow's Saturday. We've only
four days till the trial. When do you
want to start working?

PAUL
In the morning -- early.

DISSOLVE TO:

61 EXT. CHURCH IN IRON CITY - SUNDAY MORNING

The SOUND of distant church bells over the town as the congregation of this church streams out into the morning sun. Women in bright hats, men in dark Sunday suits, children scrubbed and starched, the minister at the door shaking hands. Among the people coming from the church is Judge Weaver. He shakes hands with the minister, puts on his hat, strides away down the street toward the Courthouse.

62 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

No loiterers here on the lawn this Sabbath morning. The Judge arrives, carrying his weight lightly, hat square on his big head, face at peace. He enters the deserted building.

63 INT. COURTHOUSE - ROTUNDA

In the high, silent rotunda the Judge crosses to the wide marble stairs and goes up.

64 INT. UPSTAIRS' CORRIDOR - COURTHOUSE

The Judge arrives at the landing, turns into the corridor, walks along toward his chambers.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

He passes double swinging doors in which there are small oval windows. Above the doors is a sign -- LAW LIBRARY. As the Judge passes, from inside the library there is the SOUND of a book being snapped shut. The Judge halts and in curiosity retraces his steps, pushes open one of the library's swinging doors.

65 INT. LAW LIBRARY - DAY

The law library is a tall room with a narrow balcony, providing access to the shelves above. Sunlight falls through high, dusty windows. The Judge has halted just inside the doorway. From his POV the CAMERA SCANS a table littered with brown paper sacks, a half-empty bottle of milk, several paper plates with the remains of sandwiches, an ashtray heaped with Italian cigar butts and maybe a dozen empty and half-empty hottles of strawberry soda pop. The Judge lifts his gaze to the library balcony and from his POV the CAMERA PANS up to the balcony. On one side of the room, Paul is on the balcony ladder, deeply engrossed in a heavy tome. On the other balcony across the room, Parnell is crawling along on his knees, searching for a certain volume. Both men are in their shirtsleeves, both need a shave. Without a flicker of expression, the Judge watches the two lawyers who do not see him, so absorbed are they in their work. Silently the Judge backs out of the room, lets the swinging door close.

66 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - COURTHOUSE

The Judge peers through the small oval window in the closed library door. He smiles a tiny smile and ambles on towards his chambers.

67 INT. LAW LIBRARY

Parnell on the balcony has found his book and is sitting on a stool perusing it. The CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSE SHOT. His eyebrows begin to lift, his eyes to shine.

PARNELL

Polly... POLLY!

Across the room Paul, excited, is climbing down from his perch on the ladder.

PAUL

(shouting)

Parn, listen to this. Listen...

PARNELL

(shouting)

Never mind that. Just find People versus Durfee, 62 Michigan 487. Year 1886...

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

PAUL

That's it. That's what I've got - right here in the A. L. R.!

(reading)

'The right and wrong test, though condemned as being unscientific, is adhered to by most of the states, but' ... PARN, LISTEN TO THIS 'BUT' ... 'but the fact that one accused of committing a crime may have been able to comprehend the nature and consequence of this act and to know that it was wrong, nevertheless' ...'

PARNELL

Ah, that sweet, endearing word 'nevertheless.'

PAUL

'...nevertheless if he was forced to its execution by an impulse which he was powerless to control, HE WILL BE EXCUSED FROM PUNISHMENT!' The Michigan Supreme Court did accept irresistible impulse. It's precedent, Parn. We're in. God bless dear old Durfee, year 1886.

Both men come scrambling down from the balcony, meet at the littered table.

PARNELL

(grabbing a bottle of pop)

Read some more, Polly. Let me have it all.

PAUL

(reading)

'...or if he has not the power to resist the impulse to do the act...'

PARNELL

(takes a swig of strawberry soda)

By the saints, this strawberry soda pop is beginning to taste like good rye whiskey!

PAUL

(sits, makes notes)

Yeah - well, don't get drunk yet because this is just a candle in the wind. We've got to convince a jury our client was irresistibly impulsed.

PARNELL

(sobered)

That's a fact.

He automatically starts to take another swig of pop, catches himself in time and puts the bottle aside with great distaste.

DISSOLVE TO:

68 INT. COURTHOUSE ROTUNDA - DAY

Groups of people stand about the rotunda. The marble stairway is crowded, mostly with older women, curiosity seekers looking for a thrill. From the main entrance comes CLAUDE DANCER, a slight man, conservatively but expensively dressed, not a man to draw immediate attention -- but as he threads his way through the clots of people in the rotunda and up the marble stairs the CAMERA EXAMINES him a little more closely -- obsidian eyes, a controlled intellectual face -- the face of a perceptive, clever man. As he pushes up the stairs he apologizes to those he brushes against, tips his hat to a group of ladies as he presses on.

69 TOP OF COURTHOUSE STAIRS

Here the main doors to the courtroom are guarded by a DEPUTY SHERIFF and here the traffic jam ends in a hubbub of protest. In the b. g. Dancer is working his way up the stairs.

A WOMAN

That courtroom can hold another hundred people, I know.

DEPUTY

Sorry, folks, this new judge won't allow any standees. You might as well go on home.

Dancer arrives, hands the Deputy a slip of paper. The Deputy glances at the paper and opens the courtroom door.

DEPUTY

Yessir, go right in.

DANCER

(removing his hat
as he enters)

Thank you, officer.

70 COURTROOM

Dancer halts just inside the main doors as they close behind him. From his POV we look across the heads of the seated spectators to where Judge Weaver is on his hench, questioning the jurors.

JUDGE WEAVER

Now ladies and gentlemen of the jury, before we proceed further I must examine you for qualifications to sit here as jurors. Please remember you are under oath.

71 INSIDE THE BAR

Judge Weaver begins to question the jury.

JUDGE WEAVER

Are all of you citizens? Raise your hand if you are not.

Dancer is coming down the aisle toward the gate.

JUDGE WEAVER

(continues)

Are any of you deaf or in poor health?
(a mumble of "no's")

Are any of you over seventy and wish to be excused?

A mumble of "no's." Dancer has entered the bar where Mitch rises to meet him, shakes his hand, presents him with a chair at the Prosecutor's table.

JUDGE WEAVER

(continues)

Have any of you served on a jury in a Circuit Court in the last twelve months?

(a mumble of "no's")

Are any of you government or municipal employees and wish to be excused?

A mumble of "no's." Parnell, who sits with Maida on the spectators' bench immediately behind Paul and Manion, has seen Dancer's entrance. As the Judge's questions proceed, Parnell takes a note pad from his pocket, scratches a note, hands it to Maida who leans forward, passes it to Paul. Paul scans the note.

72 INSERT: NOTE

"The guy with Mitch is trouble shooter from Attorney General's office. I've seen him in action in Detroit. Look out."

73 CLOSE SHOT - PAUL

He folds the note before glancing toward Mitch's table. At Mitch's table, Dancer looks toward Paul's table and their eyes meet. Paul turns his attention again to the business at hand -- but a little disturbed. If Mitch has called in a ringer it could mean severe trouble. Judge Weaver has continued through this action.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

JUDGE WEAVER

Are there any Justices of the Peace
or law enforcement officers among you?

(a mumble
of "no's")

Are any of you related by marriage or
blood to any law enforcement officer?

(a mumble
of "no's")

So much for qualifications. I will now
examine for cause. Do any of you
have any business pending with the
prosecuting attorney, Mitchell Lodwick?

(a mumble
of "no's")

Do any of you have any business pending
with Paul Biegler, attorney for the
defense?

(a mumble
of "no's")

Are any of you acquainted with the
defendant sitting there on Mr. Biegler's
left?

(a mumble
of "no's")

Will Mrs. Laura Manion, the defendant's
wife, please stand up?

From a lawyer's chair near Paul's table Laura rises. She is dressed
in a neat, mousy suit with a Peter Pan collar. She wears almost no
make-up. Her blonde tresses are coifed underneath a respectable hat
and she wears horn-rimmed glasses.

JUDGE WEAVER

(continues)

Do any of you know Mrs. Manion?

(a mumble
of "no's")

Thank you, Mrs. Manion. You may
be seated.

Laura sits rather stiffly and surreptitiously inches her hand down along
her thigh, gives her girdle a jerk, glares at Paul as he bites off a
grin. Judge Weaver has continued.

JUDGE WEAVER

(continues)

Were any of you intimately acquainted
with the deceased Barney Quill of
Thunder Bay, Michigan?

(a mumble
of "no's")

Counsel may challenge the jury.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

MITCH

(rises)

Your Honor, before counsel's challenge, may I introduce Mr. Claude Dancer to the Court. Mr. Dancer is an assistant Attorney General from Lansing. Because of the peculiar nature of this case, I requested the Attorney General to allow Mr. Dancer to sit in with the Prosecution.

JUDGE WEAVER

Your reputation precedes you, Mr. Dancer. It's a privilege to have you in my Court.

DANCER

(rising)

Thank you, Your Honor -- I'm sure it will be instructive.

JUDGE WEAVER

Do any of you jurors have any business pending before the Attorney General's office?

(a mumble
of "no's")

Then we will proceed with the challenge for cause. Yours first, Mr. Prosecutor.

Mitch rises with a list of the jurors in hand.

MITCH

Frank Edmonds -- Mr. Edmonds, did you serve in the armed forces...?

DISSOLVE TO:

74 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Judge Weaver enters, followed by Paul, Mitch and Dancer.

JUDGE WEAVER

(going to his desk)

I must apologize for my disparaging remarks about the Upper Peninsula and its customs. I have rarely seen a murder jury selected and sworn in only half a day. You have won my heart completely, gentlemen. Now, Mr. Dancer, you asked for this recess. What's on your mind?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

The Judge's shrewd eyes move from Paul to Dancer, knowing that these two men are the real adversaries in the case.

DANCER

There is a little suggestion I wanted to make.

JUDGE WEAVER

By all means.

DANCER

Since the defense plea is insanity, the prosecution has retained a psychiatrist. Under the statutes we have a right to petition for a mental examination of the defendant by our own doctor. Are you familiar with the statute, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL

Moderately.

DANCER

It would delay things to file a formal petition. Why don't we get together and informally agree to ask his honor for an adjournment -- just for a day or so, and let our doctor visit with the defendant. It will save everybody time, don't you think, Mr. Biegler?

Judge Weaver's eyes dart to Paul as a tennis fan following a fast hit ball.

PAUL

(eyes twinkling)

I'm sure it would.

The Judge's eyes bounce to Dancer.

DANCER

Good.

PAUL

But suppose you go ahead and file the formal petition anyway. Of course, you're a little late, but maybe his honor will overlook that - and then I'd sort of like the jury to see that you think our insanity plea has some merit.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2)

DANCER

There's really no need for our doctor to examine your client. Naturally I was only following the usual procedure.

PAUL

Naturally. I'm all for it.

JUDGE WEAVER

Do you wish to file the petition or not, Mr. Dancer?

MITCH

I think we ought to...

DANCER

(cutting him off)

It won't be necessary.

MITCH

(changing tune)

That's right, it isn't necessary at all.

Dancer smiles at Paul, seeming to be pleased that he is opposed by a mind perhaps as sharp as his own.

JUDGE WEAVER

(rising, shaking out his robe)

Skirmish over. Shall we now join on the field of battle?

DISSOLVE TO:

75 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The trial is under way, the courtroom quiet that all may catch the testimony of the witnesses. Parnell and Maida are in their place on the front bench, Laura in the lawyer's chair, Dancer at the prosecution table, imperturbable but alert. Mitch is on his feet, examining DOCTOR RASCHID who, because of many such experiences, is at home in the witness box. Judge Weaver reclines in his chair, eyeglasses pushed up on his forehead. As the questioning proceeds, the Judge is attracted to Paul who does not seem to be paying any attention to the proceedings but is fiddling around, manufacturing an angling lure from material in his pocket. He is binding several small fish hooks together with a piece of red flannel. The Judge drops his glasses down to better see what Paul is doing and the CAMERA MOVES IN on Paul's hands, then to a CLOSE UP of Judge Weaver, interested and rather amused. OVER THIS Mitch's direct examination of Dr. Raschid.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

MITCH

Dr. Raschid, did you perform an autopsy on the body of one Barney Quill?

RASCHID

I did -- on the night of August seventeenth in the Saint Francis Hospital of this city.

MITCH

Were you able to determine the cause of death?

Raschid takes out and unfolds several sheets of typewritten paper.

PAUL

(without rising)

The defense will accept a summary of the report.

MITCH

People agree, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

The witness will state the necessary facts.

RASCHID

The body of Quill had sustained five gunshot wounds. One of the bullets had passed through the heart. Death in my opinion was almost instantaneous and was directly caused by this wound.

MITCH

May I have your detailed report?

Raschid hands Mitch the report.

MITCH

(continues; giving a copy to the COURT REPORTER)

I ask that this report be marked People's Exhibit One for identification.

JUDGE WEAVER

So received and marked.

MITCH

(passing a copy to Paul)

The People hand the defense a copy of the report.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE WEAVER

So noted.

MITCH

Counsel may cross-examine.

Paul places the unfinished lure between the pages of a single lawbook on the table before him and, perusing the doctor's report, he rises.

PAUL

Dr. Raschid, your primary purpose was to ascertain the cause of death, was it not?

RASCHID

Yes.

PAUL

Yet I see by your report that you checked to determine whether spermatogenesis was occurring in the body of the deceased at the time of death.

MITCH

Objection, Your Honor -- the People have called this witness only to show cause of death.

PAUL

Your Honor, the entire report has been entered as evidence and the report contains this information about spermatogenesis.

JUDGE WEAVER

Overruled, Mr. Lodwick. Take the answer.

RASCHID

Yes, I made that examination on the deceased.

PAUL

Will you tell the Court your findings?

RASCHID

Spermatogenesis was occurring at the time of death.

PAUL

In other words, the deceased, in life, was not sterile -- he could produce children? Is that correct, Doctor?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (3)

RASCHID

That is correct.

PAUL

Now, Doctor, if a woman says she's had intercourse with a certain man and this man is proved fertile yet no evidence is found in the woman's body, couldn't a lawyer-- say a prosecuting attorney-- use this as evidence that the woman is lying?

MITCH

Your Honor, I object to this line of questioning. We're not concerned here with whether or not there's been relations between a man and a woman.

PAUL

Since an examination for spermatogenesis was made, certainly we're entitled to know why.

JUDGE WEAVER

Objection overruled. Take the answer.

RASCHID

Yes, prosecution could use that-- though certainly it would not be conclusive that she was lying.

PAUL

Why not?

RASCHID

Well, there could be several reasons why the test on her was negative--the use of a contraceptive or perhaps there was no completion on the part of the man.

PAUL

In this post-mortem were you also asked to determine whether or not the deceased had had a sexual climax shortly before his death?

RASCHID

No.

PAUL

Could you have made such a determination?

RASCHID

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (4)

PAUL

Then you were only asked to make such examination as might be useful to the prosecution, but none which might help the defense, although such evidence might have existed?

RASCHID

Well, yes --

DANCER

I object, Your Honor. The question is argumentative. Counsel for the defense is trying to impugn the intent of the representatives of the People.

JUDGE WEAVER

Mr. Biegler, you're aware that the question is highly improper.

PAUL

I'll withdraw the question and apologize, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

Question and answer will be stricken and jury will disregard.

PAUL

That's all the questions I have.

MITCH

No re-direct.

Paul returns to his table, glances at Parnell and Parnell executes a concealed winner's grip.

MANION

(whispering to Paul)

How can a jury disregard something they've already heard?

PAUL

(takes his lure from the lawbook, works on it)

They can't Lieutenant -- They can't.

MANION

(whispering)

I think you're a shyster, Mr. Biegler.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (5)

PAUL
(whispering)
You've unmasked me, Lieutenant.

While this exchange between Parnell, Manion and Paul has been going on, in the b. g. a new witness, one LLOYD BURKE has been called and sworn. Now Mitch takes up the examination of Lloyd Burke.

MITCH
Mr. Burke, will you state your profession please?

BURKE
I'm a commercial photographer.

MITCH
Were you called upon by the police to take photographs of the body of the deceased Bernard Quill before he was removed from the scene of death?

BURKE
Yessir, I was.

Mitch takes a half a dozen 8 x 10 photographs from his table and approaches the witness.

MITCH
(handing the photographs to Burke)
Were these photographs of the deceased made by you?

BURKE
(looking at the pictures)
They were.

Mitch takes the photographs to the Court Reporter's table.

MITCH
The reporter will please mark these photographs People's Exhibit 2A to 2F inclusive for identification. Photographs are tendered to the defense for examination and the People move their admission as evidence. Your witness.

PAUL
No questions and no objection.

But Laura suddenly leans forward and whispers to Paul.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (6)

PAUL

(continues)

Just a moment, Mr. Burke.

Burke sits again in the witness box. Paul gets the photographs, looks them over.

PAUL

(continues)

Mr. Burke, were the photographs offered here in evidence the only photographs you took that night?

BURKE

No.

PAUL

I suppose the others didn't turn out, was that it?

BURKE

(a little offended)

All my pictures turn out.

PAUL

Did you give these other photographs to the police?

BURKE

Yes, sir, I did.

PAUL

Well, what were they, Mr. Burke -- just some side shots, maybe of the moon or of a black bear scavenging the Thunder Bay dump?

MITCH

Your Honor, I object. I can't see how other photographs are relevant. The photographs in evidence were introduced to show that the deceased met with a violent death.

PAUL

Your Honor, I would think that any photographs pertaining to the case would be relevant.

JUDGE WEAVER

The point is good, Mr. Biegler. Continue.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (7)

PAUL

What were the other photographs of, Mr. Burke?

BURKE

Lieutenant Manion's wife.

PAUL

You mean these photographs showed how she looked on that night after Barney Quill was killed?

BURKE

Yes.

DANCER

Your Honor, how Mrs. Manion looked is irrelevant. No evidence has been introduced to connect Mrs. Manion's appearance to the charge of murder.

JUDGE WEAVER

Sustained.

PAUL

The photographs can be entered, Your Honor. I just wanted to be sure that the prosecution was not withholding evidence.

MITCH

(angry)

Now look here -- I protest. The defense attorney's persistent attack on the motives of the prosecution...

JUDGE WEAVER

(cutting him off)

The jury will disregard the remark made by the attorney for the defense. There is no reason to believe that the prosecution has not acted in good faith.

PAUL

My apologies to the prosecution and to the Court, but Your Honor, as long as protests are being made, I would like to make a protest myself. I'm willing to take on these two legal giants any time, any place, but in common fairness it ought to be one at a time. I don't want both of them pitching knuckle balls at me at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (8)

A couple of enrapt jurors nod in agreement. The Judge catches the movement and his eyes twinkle.

JUDGE WEAVER

Mr. Biegler, you seem to be batting a thousand with a bat in each hand, but your point is well taken. Whichever attorney opens with the witness, he alone shall continue with that witness until the witness is excused.

PAUL

Thanks, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Have you finished with this witness, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL

No more questions.

MITCH

No questions.

JUDGE WEAVER

Witness may step down. It's five o'clock and we have had a full day. I will admonish the jury that they must not discuss this case among themselves, with their families, friends or anyone else. The Court is adjourned until nine a. m. tomorrow morning.

He raps his gavel and steps down to his chambers, followed by the Court Clerk. The Sheriff, "Hear ye - hear ye - this honorable Court is adjourned until nine a. m. tomorrow morning." Immediately newspaper photographers are inside the bar, flash bulbs popping, catching pictures of all participants, of Laura, Manion and of Mitch, who poses readily.

DISSOLVE TO:

76 INT. COURTHOUSE - TOP OF STAIRS - MORNING

Paul, standing inside at the top of the stairs, his single lawbook under his arm, watching the spectators crowd up the stairs and into the courtroom. The Deputy at the door keeps repeating "Move slowly," "Don't rush," "Take it easy, folks." Maida is in the crush on the stairs, literally being pushed upward. She reaches the landing and manages to slip out of the mob to Paul.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

MAIDA
(straightening
her hat)

We're drawing well today, aren't we?

PAUL
Where's Parnell?

MAIDA
Parnell? Why, isn't he here?

PAUL
No, and he isn't in his rooming house
and hasn't been there all night. You
saw him last. Where is he?

MAIDA
I promised not to tell, so don't ask me.

PAUL
What's the big secret.

MAIDA
He thinks you might worry.

PAUL
Did he fall off the wagon?

MAIDA
No. He's sober.

PAUL
Did he go somewhere?

MAIDA
He did borrow my car for something
or other.

PAUL
That was smart. He hasn't driven
a car in twenty years. He'll kill
himself. Where's he going?

MAIDA
My word is my bond.

Holding onto her hat, she steps back into the crush of spectators
and is carried on into the courtroom.

77 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Maida's old car comes speeding along, wobbling on a curve, veering to the center, forcing another car off on the shoulder.

78 INT. MAIDA'S CAR - DAY

Parnell, oblivious to danger, singing a rollicking song at the top of his lungs -- tires screeching as he comes around the curve, horns HONKING at him in anger.

79 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Maida's car zigzags through frightened traffic, speeds on down the highway. The CAMERA PANS to a sign on a shoulder: "SLOW 1/2 MILE TO CANADIAN CUSTOMS INSPECTION STATION."

80 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The spectators are in their seats, the doors of the courtroom closed. Manion and Laura are in their places with Paul. Maida is on the first spectators' bench behind Paul's table. At the prosecution table sits a stranger with Dancer and Mitch. The stranger is stooped, spare, a grey droopy mustache, a high-domed forehead. Judge Weaver comes from his chambers and the hall grows quiet as the Sheriff calls the Court to order.

JUDGE WEAVER

We will again take up the case of People versus Frederick Manion. Is the defense ready?

PAUL

Yes, sir, Your Honor, but the defense observes a third person at the prosecution table. We wonder if the Court shares our curiosity as to his identity.

MITCH

I was about to introduce him. Your Honor, this gentleman is Dr. W. Gregory Harcourt. Dr. Harcourt is the People's psychiatrist in this case. We ask that Dr. Harcourt be allowed to sit at our table as an observer.

PAUL

What do you want him to observe? -- the constellation of Taurus or the life and times of a bumblebee?

MITCH

To observe the defendant, of course - as the tirelessly grandstanding defense counsel well knows.

PAUL

Defense has no objection, Your Honor. I only wish to express my relief that the new recruit is not additional legal reinforcement from Lansing.

A titter from a couple of jurors.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

JUDGE WEAVER

(rapping)

Call the first witness.

MITCH

Call Alphonse Paquette.

COURT CLERK

Alphonse Paquette come forward.

Paquette comes from the witness bench into the enclosure, is sworn and seated.

MITCH

State your name, please.

PAQUETTE

Alphonse Paquette.

MITCH

You work at the Thunder Bay Inn, don't you, Mr. Paquette?

PAQUETTE

I'm bartender there.

MITCH

Were you working on the night that Barney Quill was shot by Frederick Manion?

PAQUETTE

I was.

MITCH

Were you witness to the shooting?

PAQUETTE

I was.

MITCH

Please tell us in your own words what happened.

PAQUETTE

I was at a table by the door when Lieutenant Manion came in.

MITCH

Did you know Lieutenant Manion by sight and by name?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

PAQUETTE

Yessir.

MITCH

Go ahead.

PAQUETTE

He came in and walked over to the bar and began to shoot. He shot Barney when he came up to the bar and when Barney fell he stood up on the rail and kept on shooting down at Barney behind the bar. Then he stepped down off the rail and turned around and walked out.

MITCH

When Lieutenant Manion entered the bar, how did he appear to you?

PAQUETTE

Well, he walked slow--kind of deliberate I guess you'd say.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

MITCH

Did he speak to Barney Quill?

PAQUETTE

Not a word. He just walked over and pulled out his gun and 'bang!'

MITCH

Then he walked out?

PAQUETTE

Yes.

MITCH

As he walked out, how did he appear to you?

PAQUETTE

He seemed just like he did when he walked in. Like he was the mailman delivering the mail. He delivered it and left.

MITCH

Did he seem excited?

PAQUETTE

Not that I could see.

MITCH

Was he trembling, maybe his hands shaking?

PAQUETTE

Far as I could see he was as cool as ice.

MITCH

When Lieutenant Manion walked out of the bar, what did you do?

PAQUETTE

Well, it had happened so fast that I guess I was stunned, but then I ran out after him.

MITCH

Did you find him outside?

PAQUETTE

Yes, sir - he was walking away.

MITCH

Did you speak to him?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (3)

PAQUETTE

Yes, sir, I said, 'Lieutenant, you'd better not run away from this.'

MITCH

Did he reply to you?

PAQUETTE

He said, 'Do you want some too, Buster?'

MITCH

Was he pointing the gun at you?

PAQUETTE

Sort of.

MITCH

Can you be more specific, Mr. Paquette?

PAQUETTE

Well, he was holding the gun in my direction but the muzzle was low.

MITCH

What happened then?

PAQUETTE

I backed off and he went on.

MITCH

When he said, 'Do you want some too, Buster,' how was that expressed? Did he shout, was it hysterical, was he hoarse, did his voice tremble?

PAQUETTE

No, sir, he just said it cool and hard and looked right at me.

MITCH

Did he appear to be, as far as you could tell, in complete possession of his faculties?

PAQUETTE

Yes, sir, as far as I could tell.

MITCH

Your witness.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (4)

PAUL
(places his lure
between the pages of
the book and rises)

Mr. Paquette, did you see Laura Manion,
wife of Lieutenant Manion, in the bar
that night?

MITCH
Your Honor, there he goes again. This
is immaterial and irrelevant.

PAUL
The prosecution seems to be excessively
jumpy, Your Honor. I haven't gone
anywhere yet.

JUDGE WEAVER
Let's see where he is going before we
object, Mr. Lodwick. Proceed, Mr.
Biegler.

PAUL
Did you see Mrs. Manion in the bar?

PAQUETTE
She was there.

PAUL
Do you know when she left?

PAQUETTE
I don't remember when but she left
some time.

PAUL
Did Barney Quill leave the bar that
night?

PAQUETTE
Yes.

PAUL
How long was he gone?

PAQUETTE
I don't know exactly.

PAUL
Do you remember when he returned?

PAQUETTE
I think he came back around midnight.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (5)

PAUL

Did you see him enter the bar?

PAQUETTE

Yes.

PAUL

From which entrance did he come?
From the lobby entrance or the outside
entrance?

PAQUETTE

It was from the lobby.

PAUL

How did he appear to you at that time?

PAQUETTE

How do you mean?

PAUL

You understood the prosecuting attorney
very well when he asked that question.

PAQUETTE

Oh -- well, he was just old Barney,
like usual.

PAUL

You mean, he was just good-old-sober-
reliable-gentle-salt-of-the-earth-friend-
to-man Barney?

MITCH

Your Honor, what kind of a question
is that?

PAUL

I withdraw the question, Your Honor.
Now, Mr. Paquette, had Barney
changed his clothes since he left the
bar?

Paquette hesitates.

PAUL

(continues)

Did he have different clothing on,
Mr. Paquette?

PAQUETTE

I don't remember.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (6)

PAUL

Might his clothes have been different when he returned? That is, might he have changed his clothes?

PAQUETTE

I couldn't say. I didn't notice.

PAUL

Was Barney drinking that night?

PAQUETTE

Well, he always had a few shots while he was talking to the customers. He was friendly.

PAUL

Good old Barney. Now how many shots would you say good old Barney usually had?

PAQUETTE

I don't know exactly.

PAUL

Was he drinking more than usual that night?

PAQUETTE

Not to my knowledge.

PAUL

Wasn't he in fact pretty well loaded that night, Mr. Paquette?

MITCH

Objection, Your Honor. If the deceased was dead drunk it's no defense to this charge.

JUDGE WEAVER

Sustained. I suggest you get off this, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL

Mr. Paquette, what do you call a man who has an insatiable penchant for women?

PAQUETTE

A what?

PAUL

Penchant... a desire... appetite... passion... taste... hunger.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (7)

PAQUETTE

Well, a ladies' man, I guess -- or
maybe just a damned fool.

A titter runs through the courtroom.

JUDGE WEAVER

(rapping his gavel)

Just answer the question, Mr. Paquette.
The attorneys will provide the wisecracks.

PAUL

What else would you call a man like
that, Mr. Paquette?

MITCH

We can't see the drift of this, Your
Honor.

PAUL

You mean you do see it, Mr. Lodwick.

JUDGE WEAVER

Take the answer.

PAUL

Can you think of another name, Mr.
Paquette?

PAQUETTE

Woman chaser.

PAUL

Try again.

PAQUETTE

Masher?

PAUL

Come now, Mr. Paquette, mashers
went out with whalebone corsets and
hairnets. Did you ever hear the
expression 'wolf?'

PAQUETTE

Sure. I've heard that. It slipped
my mind.

PAUL

Naturally it would, clanking around
in there with all those rusty old
mashers. Have you ever known a
man who could be called a wolf, Mr.
Paquette?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (8)

PAQUETTE

I'm not sure.

PAUL

Was Barney Quill a wolf, Mr. Paquette?

PAQUETTE

I couldn't say.

PAUL

Or wouldn't.

MITCH

Objection.

JUDGE WEAVER

Sustained. The question was answered, he couldn't say.

PAUL

Mr. Paquette, when Barney returned from wherever he had been, did he relieve you at the bar?

PAQUETTE

Yes.

PAUL

What did he say when he relieved you?

PAQUETTE

He said, 'I'll take over.'

PAUL

Did he say anything else? Did he whisper anything to you?

PAQUETTE

(looking away,
hesitating)

I don't remember he said anything else.

PAUL

When you came out from behind the bar, where did you go?

PAQUETTE

I went over to the table where the Pedersons were sitting.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (9)

PAUL

You testified that you were by the door when Lieutenant Manion came in. Was that the reason you were by the door, because the Pedersons' table was there?

PAQUETTE

Yes.

PAUL

And how long was it before Lieutenant Manion came in?

PAQUETTE

I don't know exactly -- maybe thirty minutes.

PAUL

You remained at the Pedersons' table all this time?

PAQUETTE

Yes -- they're friends of mine.

PAUL

Isn't there also a window by that table?

PAQUETTE

I think so.

PAUL

You think so? How long have you worked at the Thunder Bay Inn, Mr. Paquette?

PAQUETTE

About six or seven years.

PAUL

Well, does that window beside that table sometimes vanish and then appear again? Does it come and go in a ghostly fashion?

PAQUETTE

No sir. It's there all the time.

PAUL

Did you happen to look out of this window while you were talking to your friends?

PAQUETTE

I might have.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (10)

PAUL

When you were looking out of this window, were you looking for something special?

PAQUETTE

No -- I wasn't looking for anything.

PAUL

Didn't Barney Quill tell you to go to the window and watch for Lieutenant Manion?

Paquette freezes, licks his lips nervously.

MITCH

I object, Your Honor. Counsel has gone far afield.

JUDGE WEAVER

Perhaps so, Mr. Lodwick, but there seems to be no real offense. Take the answer.

PAUL

Did he tell you to watch for Lieutenant Manion?

PAQUETTE

He did not.

PAUL

Mr. Paquette, Barney Quill was quite a marksman, wasn't he, with guns? He'd won prizes for shooting, hadn't he?

PAQUETTE

Yes.

PAUL

He was well known for his skill, wasn't he? He also kept loving cups, pictures and write-ups about his shooting on display behind the bar, didn't he?

PAQUETTE

Yes.

PAUL

Did he keep any guns behind the bar?

PAQUETTE

Well, he might have.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (11)

PAUL

Isn't it a fact that there are three concealed pistol racks behind that bar, Mr. Paquette?

MITCH

Your honor, the defendant's plea is one of insanity, not self-defense.

JUDGE WEAVER

I'm sure Mr. Biegler has not forgotten that fact, Mr. Lodwick. Take the answer.

PAUL

Are there concealed gun racks behind the bar?

PAQUETTE

Yes.

PAUL

How many people knew about those gun racks?

PAQUETTE

I couldn't say.

PAUL

Isn't it a fact that Barney sometimes took the pistols out of those racks, spinning them on his fingers, showing off his prowess for his customers?

PAQUETTE

I don't remember.

PAUL

Try to remember, did you ever see him do this yourself?

PAQUETTE

Once or twice he did.

PAUL

That's all, Mr. Paquette.

MITCH

No further questions.

JUDGE WEAVER

Witness may step down.

MITCH

Call George Lemon.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (12)

As Paquette leaves the enclosure and Mr. Lemon comes in and is sworn -- at the prosecution table, Mitch huddles with Dancer.

MITCH

(continues)

Biegler's going off in all directions.
What's he getting at?

DANCER

I've a feeling he's afraid of what we'll
get at. Mr. Biegler's putting up a
smoke screen for some reason.

Mitch rises to begin examination of Lemon.

MITCH

State your name, please.

LEMON

George Lemon.

MITCH

What kind of work do you do, Mr.
Lemon?

LEMON

I'm caretaker of the tourist park in
Thunder Bay. I see that the place
is clean and orderly, I check people
in and check them out and lock the
gate at night.

MITCH

What is your authority for these duties?

LEMON

I'm paid by Mastodon township and I'm
a deputy sheriff - just courtesy, sort
of -- no pay.

MITCH

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Manion lived
in a trailer in your park, didn't they?

LEMON

Yessir.

MITCH

Did you see Lieutenant Manion on
the night of the fifteenth? The night
Barney Quill was killed?

LEMON

Yessir.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (13)

MITCH

Will you tell the Court about how and when you saw Lieutenant Manion?

LEMON

About one a. m. a knock on my door waked me up. I went to the door and Lieutenant Manion was standing there. He said, 'You better take me, Mr. Lemon, because I just shot Barney Quill.' I told him to go back to his trailer and that I would call the State Police.

MITCH

How did Lieutenant Manion appear to you when he asked you to take him? I mean, was he trembling, excited, frightened, or what?

LEMON

He seemed right straight forward. He said what he had to say and then did what I told him. There wasn't any fuss.

MITCH

Did he appear to be as far as you could tell in complete possession of his faculties?

LEMON

As far as I could tell, yes sir.

MITCH

Take the witness.

PAUL

(rising)

Mr. Lemon, did you go to Manion's trailer?

LEMON

Yes sir.

PAUL

Did you see Mrs. Manion at the trailer?

LEMON

She was standing outside and she said, 'Look what Barney did to me.'

MITCH

Objection, Your Honor. Witness is not answering the question. He was asked, 'Did you see Mrs. Manion.'

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (14)

JUDGE WEAVER

Strike the answer and the jury will disregard. Take the question again, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL .

Did you see Mrs. Manion?

LEMON

Yes sir.

PAUL

What was her appearance?

LEMON

Well -- she was a mess.

MITCH

Objection. No evidence has been introduced to make Mrs. Manion's appearance relevant to this case.

PAUL

(angry)

No evidence was introduced to make Barney Quill's appearance relevant but you didn't object to my question then. Is that because you know that Quill bathed and changed and cooled off after he had raped and beat the hell out of this poor woman?

MITCH

Your honor, everybody in this courtroom is being tried except Frederick Manion. I must protest Mr. Biegler's attacks on...

PAUL

(cutting in)

This is a cross-examination in a murder case, not a high school debate! What are you and Dancer trying to do? -- railroad this soldier into the clink?

Judge Weaver is pounding with his gavel and finally the room is quiet.

JUDGE WEAVER

Mr. Biegler, you're an experienced attorney and you know better than to make such an outburst.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (15)

JUDGE WEAVER (cont'd)

I will not tolerate intemperance of this sort. If you once again try the patience of this Court, I shall hold you in contempt.

PAUL

I apologize, Your Honor. It won't happen again.

JUDGE WEAVER

The witness' answer will be stricken and the jury will disregard the answer. Now you may proceed, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL

Mr. Lemon, on the night Lieutenant Manion awakened you and turned himself in, had you been awakened before -- had anything else disturbed your slumbers?

LEMON

No, sir.

PAUL

There were no soldiers singing?

LEMON

No, sir, not in my park after ten o'clock.

PAUL

There were no women screaming?

LEMON

Well, those screams were down by the gate..

MITCH

Objection, objection.

JUDGE WEAVER

I see no reason for objection yet, Mr. Lodwick.

PAUL

Tell us about those screams, Mr. Lemon.

LEMON

I didn't hear 'em myself. There were some tourists from Ohio in the park and they heard them and told me about it the next day.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (16)

JUDGE WEAVER

Now, Mr. Lodwick.

MITCH

This testimony is incompetent, hearsay --
irrelevant, immaterial, inconclusive --

PAUL

(cutting in)

That's too much for me. The witness
is yours, Mr. Lodwick.

MITCH

(caught in mid-air
by Paul's sudden
switch)

Huh? -- oh, no questions.

JUDGE WEAVER

Witness may step down. Call your
next witness.

The next witness is SERGEANT DURGO of the Michigan State Police. As he is called and sworn, Paul, at the counsel table, whispers with Maida over the railing which separates them.

PAUL

When we break you'd better phone
that Army psychiatrist. Tell him
to be here day after tomorrow.

MAIDA

Will do.

PAUL

Will you please tell me where Parnell
has gone?

MAIDA

Won't do.

PAUL

You're fired.

MAIDA

You can't fire me until you pay me.

Sergeant Durgo is now on the stand. He is a strong-looking, handsome man of about forty, direct, thoughtful, honest. Mitch takes the direct examination.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (17)

MITCH

State your name and your occupation, please.

DURGO

Detective Sergeant James Durgo.
Michigan State Police.

MITCH

Were you called to Thunder Bay by Deputy Sheriff Lemon of Thunder Bay on the night that Barney Quill was shot and killed?

DURGO

Yes sir, I was. My companion officer and I were the first to be called in on the case.

MITCH

Sergeant Durgo, when you arrived at the Manion trailer, who was there?

DURGO

Lieutenant Manion and his wife were there.

MITCH

What did Lieutenant Manion say to you?

DURGO

He said that his wife had had some trouble with Barney Quill and that he had gone to the tavern and shot Quill. He asked us whether Quill was dead or not and we told him he was.

MITCH

How did Lieutenant Manion take this information?

DURGO

He didn't seem surprised.

MITCH

What did you do then, Sergeant Durgo?

DURGO

I asked for the gun he had used.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH

Did you take Lieutenant Manion to the County jail here in Iron City on that same night?

DURGO

Yes sir. We drove the Lieutenant down with his wife.

MITCH

On the drive to Iron City did the Lieutenant talk further about the shooting?

DURGO

He remarked that if he had the whole thing to do over again he would still do it. He also said that he had thought about it before going to the bar and had decided that Quill shouldn't be allowed to live.

MITCH

Through all this -- at the trailer -- the drive to Iron City, how did Lieutenant Manion appear to you?

DURGO

He was very quiet most of the time and seemed clear-headed.

MITCH

You would say he was calm?

DURGO

Yes -- calm.

MITCH

As far as you could tell, would you say that he was in complete possession of his faculties?

DURGO

He seemed so to me.

MITCH

Your witness.

PAUL

Now sergeant, you testified that the Lieutenant told you he had shot Barney Quill after he had learned that his wife had had 'some trouble' with Quill. Were those the words the Lieutenant used? 'Some trouble?'

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (19)

DURGO

No sir. Those were my words --
not his.

PAUL

Was it your notion to come here and
use your own words?

DURGO

No sir, it was not.

PAUL

Was the suggestion made to you to
call it 'some trouble' by a person
now in this room?

DURGO

(looking toward
Mitch)

Yessir, it was.

PAUL

Now would you please tell the Court
what words Lieutenant Manion
actually used to describe the 'trouble'
his wife had had?

MITCH

Objection, your honor. We've been
over this before. This information
would not be relevant to any issue
before the Court.

PAUL

This statement concerning 'some
trouble' was brought out during the
direct examination of Sergeant Durgo.
Up to now the prosecution has adroitly
restricted all of their witnesses'
testimonies where Laura Manion has
been concerned. But now the cat is
out of the bag and it's fair game for
me to chase it.

JUDGE WEAVER

This is a sore point, Mr. Biegler,
and it's getting sorer. I'd like to
hear what the prosecution has to say.

Mitch and Dancer confer for a moment. Then Mitch rises.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH

Your honor, the burden is on the defense to prove temporary insanity at the time of the shooting. If the reason for the alleged insanity is important to this case then that is a matter for a competent witness -- an expert on the subject of the human mind. What the defense is trying to do is introduce some sensational material for the purposes of obscuring the real issues.

PAUL

Your honor, how can the jury accurately estimate the testimony being given here unless they first know the reason behind this whole trial -- why Lieutenant Manion shot Quill? The prosecution would like to separate the motive from the act. That's like trying to take the core from an apple without breaking the skin. Well, the core of our defense is that the defendant's temporary insanity was triggered by this so-called 'trouble' with Quill. I beg the Court to let me cut into the apple.

MITCH

Our objection still stands, your honor.

The courtroom is silent. All attention upon Judge Weaver. This is why he is called judge, because alone he must decide what is just or unjust. Judge Weaver, in deep study, takes out his watch, winds it, the SOUND clearly heard in the silent room. He looks at Paul, Manion, Laura, Dancer and Mitch. He looks out over the slack-mouthed thrill seekers among the spectators and from his POV we, too, look at all these people. Finally the judge leans back in his chair, puts his watch back in his pocket.

JUDGE WEAVER

I'll take the answer.

A wave of muted excitement travels through the courtroom. Paul, gratified and triumphant, rises to continue the cross-examination. Mitch rises, intending to protest the judge's decision, but is stayed by a touch on his arm from Dancer.

PAUL

Sergeant Durgo, tell the Court how Lieutenant Manion described the trouble his wife had with Barney Quill.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (21)

DURGO

He told us that Quill had raped his wife.

PAUL

Can you recall generally what Lieutenant Manion told you about this rape?

DURGO

Yessir. He said he'd been asleep since right after dinner and that he was waked up by some noise -- screams he thought. That he got up and opened the trailer door and went outside and his wife came running out of the dark and fell into his arms.

PAUL

You saw his wife in the trailer. How did she look?

DURGO

She was a little hysterical and she'd been pretty badly beaten up. She had big black bruises over her face and arms.

PAUL

Did she tell you the story about the rape and beating?

DURGO

She did.

PAUL

Did she take you to the place where it had happened?

DURGO

Yessir. The next morning.

PAUL

Did you find anything there -- any sort of evidence pertaining to what Mrs. Manion had told you?

DURGO

On the lane in the woods we found some tire tracks and some dog tracks and a glasses case with some horn-rimmed glasses inside.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (22)

DURGO (cont'd)

We also looked for a -- uh -- a certain undergarment of Mrs. Manion's, but we didn't find it.

JUDGE WEAVER

Will the attorneys from both sides approach the bench please?

Paul, Dancer and Mitch come to the Judge's bench. The Judge leans over to look down at them and their conversation is conducted in a low monotone.

JUDGE WEAVER

(continues)

Mr. Biegler, you finally got your rape into the case and I think all the details should be made very clear to the jury. Do you agree, Mr. Lodwick?

MITCH

Absolutely.

JUDGE WEAVER

What exactly was the undergarment just referred to?

PAUL

Panties, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

Do you expect this subject to come up again?

PAUL

Yes sir.

JUDGE WEAVER

There's a certain light connotation attached to the word 'panties.' Can we find another name for them?

MITCH

I never heard my wife call 'em anything else.

JUDGE WEAVER

Mr. Biegler?

PAUL

I'm a bachelor, your honor.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE WEAVER

That's a great help. Mr. Dancer?

DANCER

When I was overseas during the war, Your Honor, I learned a French word but it might be slightly suggestive.

JUDGE WEAVER

Most French words are. All right, go back to your places.

The attorneys return to their tables.

JUDGE WEAVER

(continues)

For the benefit of the jury, but more especially for the spectators, the undergarment referred to in the testimony was, to be exact, Mrs. Manion's panties.

A snicker goes through the room. Judge Weaver waits for quiet again.

JUDGE WEAVER

(continues)

I wanted you to get your snickering over and done with. This pair of panties will be mentioned again in the course of the trial and when that happens there will not be one laugh, one snicker, one giggle or even one smirk, in my courtroom. There isn't anything comic about a pair of panties which figure in the violent death of one man and in the possible incarceration of another.

A long pause, a pin drop can be heard.

JUDGE WEAVER

(continues)

Proceed, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL

Sergeant, did you further investigate Mrs. Manion's story?

DURGO

Yessir. I asked a lot of questions -- like did anyone hear the screams from up by the gate that night. We found some people in the tourist park who had heard the screams.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Go ahead. What else did you do in your investigation?

DURGO

I made Mrs. Manion tell her story several times.

PAUL

I suppose you were looking for variance in her story?

DURGO

Yessir, but there wasn't any.

PAUL

Did you give Mrs. Manion a lie-detector test?

MITCH

Objection. A polygraph test is inadmissible evidence in our courts.

PAUL

I only asked if he gave a test. I didn't ask the results.

JUDGE WEAVER

Take the answer.

DURGO

I gave her a lie-detector test at her request.

PAUL

Now after all this investigation, did you believe Mrs. Manion?

DURGO

I did.

PAUL

Even after the lie-detector test?

DURGO

Yessir.

MITCH

Your honor, I object to that question and answer. It constitutes flagrant, sneaking subterfuge on the part of the defense counsel.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE WEAVER

Objection sustained. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, a polygraph or lie-detector test is not admissible evidence because no one has ever been sure but what some people can lie even to a lie-detector and get away with it. Go ahead with your field day, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL

(a half-grin)

Thank you, Your Honor. But in any case, Sergeant Durgo, you yourself in your heart and mind were quite convinced of Mrs. Manion's honesty.

DURGO

Yessir.

PAUL

That's all.

MITCH

Just a moment.

He and Dancer are conferring -- Mitch nodding to what Dancer is saying. Mitch rises.

MITCH

(continues)

Sergeant Durgo, did you look for the panties elsewhere than the lane in the woods?

DURGO

We looked in Barney Quill's car and his room in the hotel. We couldn't find the panties.

MITCH

Do you know why Mrs. Manion requested a lie-detector test?

DURGO

I know what she said.

MITCH

What was that?

DURGO

She said she wanted everybody to believe her story because she knew it would help her husband.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (26)

MITCH

That was the only reason she gave?

DURGO

I don't remember anything else.
She said she had already sworn to
her husband and she wanted everybody
else to believe it, too.

Dancer is riveted. Paul's face is tight. Laura's lips are open,
tremulous. Maida compulsively closes her eyes. Dancer rises
and whispers to Mitch.

MITCH

Sergeant Durgo, did Mrs. Manion tell
you how she had sworn to her husband?

DURGO

Yessir. She said she had sworn on
a rosary.

MITCH

A moment, your honor.

(he again confers with
Dancer and returns to
the witness)

Sergeant, this lane in the woods --
what is it used for -- where does
it go?

DURGO

It used to be a logging road --
doesn't go any place -- it just stops.

MITCH

Who uses it now?

DURGO

I think it's a road that kids drive
down to park.

MITCH

You mean, it's a lovers' lane.

DURGO

I think so, yes sir.

MITCH

The witness is yours, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL

No questions.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (27)

JUDGE

Witness may step down.

Paul glances at Dancer. Dancer smiles and nods as if to say, "Yes, I've caught on."

MITCH

In view of the evidence concerning rape which your honor has ruled admissible, the prosecution asks for a thirty minute recess in order to bring in another witness whom we had not anticipated using.

JUDGE WEAVER

Can you get the witness in that length of time?

MITCH

Yes sir.

JUDGE WEAVER

Very well. The Court is recessed for thirty minutes.

In the general hubbub of recess, Paul turns to Laura and Manion.

PAUL

Why didn't you tell me about that rosary?

MANION

We forgot it.

LAURA

We didn't forget it. Manny said maybe we ought not to tell that again.

MANION

It might have looked like something else -- like I didn't believe her.

PAUL

How much more didn't you tell me?

MANION

Everything else. We told you everything else.

PAUL

Is that right, Laura?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (28)

LAURA
 (a hesitation, a
 glance at Manion)
 Yes, everything else.

PAUL
 Well, the fat's in the fire now. Get
 this -- both of you. When you get on
 the stand I want you to tell the truth.
 Don't tell anything but the truth. Don't
 try to lie, don't try to conceal or
 you'll be skinned alive. Dancer's
 going to start moving in.

DISSOLVE TO:

81 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DR. DOMPIERRE is on the stand. A pleasant faced, bespectacled
 bald-headed little doctor. Dancer is examining.

DANCER
 Doctor, did you have occasion to come
 to the county jail on the night of August
 the fifteenth of this year?

DOMPIERRE
 I did.

DANCER
 Who called you to the jail?

DOMPIERRE
 The police authorities.

DANCER
 What did they want you to do?

DOMPIERRE
 They wanted me to make a test for
 the presence of sperm on the person
 of a Mrs. Frederick Manion. I made
 the test.

DANCER
 In making this test, what was your
 conclusion?

DOMPIERRE
 Negative. There was none.

DANCER
 Your witness, Mr. Biegler.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Doctor, in making your test, did you notice any bruises or marks on Mrs. Manion at that time?

DOMPIERRE

I did.

PAUL

Were you asked to determine the reason for these bruises?

DOMPIERRE

I was not.

PAUL

Where did you do the laboratory work on the test for sperm?

DOMPIERRE

Saint Margaret's Hospital in this city.

PAUL

Who worked the slides up for you?

DOMPIERRE

A technician at the hospital.

PAUL

What kind of a technician?

DOMPIERRE

Oh, X-Ray -- like that.

PAUL

Was he a pathologist or an expert in laboratory work having to do with human reproduction?

DOMPIERRE

He was just a technician.

PAUL

Wouldn't it have been better to have these slides worked up by a pathologist or an expert in this field?

DOMPIERRE

Yes, but the police were in a hurry and I knew this young fellow came on at seven in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

Wouldn't it have been especially better to wait for an expert if the possible question of rape hung on the result?

DOMPIERRE

It would have been.

PAUL

Now, Doctor, in the newspaper on the evening of August sixteen it was stated that you had found no evidence of rape. Is that true?

DOMPIERRE

It is not true. I made no such statement.

PAUL

Did you form an opinion about whether Mrs. Manion had been raped?

DOMPIERRE

No, sir.

PAUL

Why didn't you form an opinion?

DOMPIERRE

It's impossible to tell if a mature married woman has been raped.

PAUL

No further questions.

DANCER

Doctor, did you have an opinion about whether or not she had any recent relations with a man?

DOMPIERRE

Yes.

DANCER

State your opinion.

DOMPIERRE

Insofar as no sperm was present, it didn't appear that she had had recent relations with a man.

DANCER

That's all.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL

One more question, Doctor. That no evidence was present in her body does not mean she wasn't raped, does it?

DOMPIERRE

No.

PAUL

Do you know what constitutes rape under the law?

DOMPIERRE

Yes, sir. Violation is sufficient for rape. There need not be a completion.

PAUL

No more questions.

JUDGE WEAVER

Witness may step down.

DANCER

The People recall Alphonse Paquette to the stand.

Paquette comes forward.

JUDGE WEAVER

You're still under oath, Mr. Paquette.

Paquette goes to the witness box.

DANCER

Your Honor, since counsel for the defense has forced the question of rape, it becomes necessary to take this additional testimony from Mr. Paquette.

(to Paquette)

Mr. Paquette, will you take a look at Mrs. Manion, sitting there at the defense table? Was she dressed in this manner on the night of the shooting?

PAQUETTE

No.

DANCER

How was she dressed that night?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (4)

PAQUETTE

I recollect she had on a real tight skirt and a sweater-kind-of-thing sort of glued on. She was wearing a pair of red shoes with high heels...

DANCER

Was she wearing hose?

PAQUETTE

No, she was bare-legged.

DANCER

Was she wearing a hat?

PAQUETTE

No.

Three women on the jury, three nice respectable matrons, have gotten a pinched look about their faces.

DANCER

Mr. Paquette, what kind of hair does Mrs. Manion have under that hat?

PAUL

We'll be glad to show the Court Mrs. Manion's hair. Mrs. Manion, will you take off your hat, please?

Laura jerks her hat off, pulls a couple of hairpins and disdainfully shakes out her glamorous tresses.

DANCER

Thank you, Counselor. Mr. Paquette, was she wearing glasses that night?

PAQUETTE

I think she was when she played pinball.

DANCER

Considering the tight skirt and the tight sweater and the bare legs, what was the result in her appearance?

PAQUETTE

Well.....

DANCER

Would you say Mrs. Manion's appearance on that night was deliberately voluptuous and enticing?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (5)

PAQUETTE

Well, you could pretty much see everything she had.

PAUL

Your Honor, defense will concede that Mrs. Manion when dressed informally is an astonishingly beautiful woman. As a matter of fact, it's pretty easy to understand why her husband became temporarily deranged when he saw such beauty bruised and torn by a beast.

Judge Weaver blows his nose to keep from laughing.

DANCER

Your Honor, I protest. Mr. Biegler is perhaps the least disciplined and the most completely out-of-order attorney I've ever seen in a courtroom.

A laugh goes through the courtroom.

JUDGE WEAVER

(rapping)

Jury will ignore Mr. Biegler's oration.

DANCER

Was Mrs. Manion drinking heavily that night?

PAQUETTE

Well, I sold her six drinks myself and Barney came over and got some more for her. I don't remember how many.

DANCER

Would you say that Mrs. Manion was tight?

PAQUETTE

She was high all right.

DANCER

What did she do to make you think she was high?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (6)

PAQUETTE

She took off her shoes and went bare-footed and when she played pinball she would kind of swish around to give the machine english.

DANCER

You mean she was flipping her hips around?

PAQUETTE

Yes.

DANCER

Anything else?

PAQUETTE

When she'd made a good score she jumped up and down and squealed like women do.

DANCER

She was playing pinball with Barney Quill, wasn't she?

PAQUETTE

Yes sir.

DANCER

What was her attitude toward Barney Quill?

PAQUETTE

Friendly, I guess you could call it.

DANCER

More than friendly perhaps?

PAQUETTE

I thought so.

DANCER

Why did you think so?

PAQUETTE

She would kind of lean on him and a couple of times she bumped him with her hip.

At the defense table Manion is pale and strained. Laura holds her lip between her teeth.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (7)

DANCER

Would you say Mrs. Manion was making a play for Barney Quill?

PAUL

Objection. That calls for an assumption on the part of the witness, your honor.

DANCER

I withdraw the question. Would you say that Mrs. Manion was free and easy with Barney Quill?

PAQUETTE

I would.

DANCER

Your witness, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL

(rising)

Mr. Paquette, the attorney for the People asked you if Mrs. Manion was tight and you said she was high. Speaking as a bartender, what is the distinction between the two?

PAQUETTE

I don't think I understand.

PAUL

When we say a person is tight we usually mean they're a little stupid with drink, isn't that right?

PAQUETTE

I guess that's about it, yes.

PAUL

But if they're high they're gay and enjoying themselves?

PAQUETTE

Yes.

PAUL

So in other words, Mrs. Manion was happy. Now is there anything wrong with being happy in the Thunder Bay Inn?

PAQUETTE

No.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (8)

PAUL

Thunder Bay itself is a resort, isn't it? Swimming, fishing, that sort of thing.

PAQUETTE

Yes.

PAUL

Is it unusual to see a bare-footed woman in Thunder Bay?

PAQUETTE

No.

PAUL

So Mrs. Manion taking off her shoes in Thunder Bay doesn't necessarily mean that she was being unladylike, does it?

PAQUETTE

I guess not.

PAUL

Yes or no.

PAQUETTE

No.

PAUL

You testified that Mrs. Manion was squealing, jumping up and down and swishing her hips at the pinball machine. Was she creating a disturbance, was she attracting a crowd?

PAQUETTE

No.

PAUL

Were all of the men in the bar standing around watching Mrs. Manion?

PAQUETTE

No.

PAUL

But you were conscious of Mrs. Manion, enough so that you can tell us how she acted.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (9)

PAQUETTE

Yes.

PAUL

And certainly Barney Quill was conscious of Mrs. Manion, because he was playing pinball with her. Wouldn't you say so?

PAQUETTE

Yes.

PAUL

So it seems that only you and Barney Quill were acutely aware of Mrs. Manion and her actions and appearance. Perhaps Barney, when he came to get some drinks, perhaps he winked and said, 'Alphonse, I'm going to take this babe out and rape her.'

PAQUETTE

(angry)

No, no he didn't!

PAUL

(boring in -- raising his voice)

And maybe you said, 'Do it once for me.'

The courtroom is rumbling.

DANCER

(shouting -- simultaneously with Paul)

Objection, objection. Those aren't questions. Counsel is attacking the witness.

PAUL

(contemptuously)

No more questions.

JUDGE WEAVER

(restoring order)

The Court has had about all of this dogfight it can take for one day. And I'm sure the jury is immensely confused, tired and hungry.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (10)

MITCH

Your Honor, that was the last of the
People's witnesses.

JUDGE WEAVER

Very well, Mr. Lodwick. Tomorrow
the defense will take over and, with
expedition, prayer and a little self-
discipline on part of counsel, perhaps
we can reach an end by Saturday night.
The Court stands adjourned until
nine tomorrow morning.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 EXT. MAIDA'S CAR - RAINY NIGHT

SHOOTING through the windshield, wipers frantically swiping at the
heavy rain, Parnell behind the wheel.

83 INT. MAIDA'S CAR - RAINY NIGHT

Parnell is in need of a shave and a clean shirt. He is dog-tired,
trying to stay awake as he drives.

84 POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Through the wet glass the road curves ahead.

85 CLOSE UP - PARNELL

His eyelids drooping and closing.

86 POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A big truck comes barreling around the curve. The hood of Maida's
car is wobbling into the center of the road.

87 CLOSE UP - PARNELL

The approaching lights of the truck flash in his face, awaken him from
his doze and he turns the car back into its proper lane. The truck
roars past, claxon horn SOUNDING angrily.

88 POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The highway stretches straight ahead into the night. The windshield
wipers slap in a deadly lullaby.

89 CLOSE UP - PARNELL

The SOUND of the wipers over -- his eyelids are drooping again and finally close.

90 POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A curve ahead and a side road running straight off at the beginning of the curve. A barnyard gate closes the side road. A barn looms behind the gate. The hood of the car does not turn into the curve but rushes at the gate, crashes through.

DISSOLVE TO:

91 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sheriff Battisfore and an INTERNE are talking quietly in the deserted dimly lighted corridor. The elevator door opens and Paul arrives in wet raincoat, hat dripping. He hurries to Battisfore and the Interne.

PAUL

How is he, Sheriff?

SHERIFF

The doctor here says he's all right.

INTERNE

(opening the door to
a hospital room)

He's banged up a little but there
doesn't seem to be anything else.

We'd like to watch him for a day or so.

Paul, the Sheriff and the Interne enter the room.

92 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

There are several beds in the room and in one of them lies Parnell, a strip of bandage across his forehead, his eyes closed. Paul, the Sheriff and the Interne come into the room, halt before Parnell's bed -- speak in low tones.

PAUL

What's the damage?

SHERIFF

He wrecked a gate and a barn door --
and he hasn't got a driver's license.
He'll have to appear in the JP Court
when he's able. Old fool.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

PARNELL
(opening one eye)
Speak kindly of the dead.

PAUL
You mind if I have a minute with the
corpse?

SHERIFF
Sure, Polly.

The Sheriff and the Interne leave.

PAUL
Was it worth trying to kill yourself
for? -- whatever it is you've been
up to?

PARNELL
How's the trial going?

PAUL
I'm making a lot of noise but Dancer's
racking up the points. Come on -
where've you been?

PARNELL
Quill hired Mary Pilant up north of
the Soo. Struck me funny he'd go
all the way up there just to hire
somebody to work for him. I been
up there nosing around.

PAUL
Find anything of use?

PARNELL
Not till I looked up her birth certificate.
Born in Blind River, Ontario - 1934 -
out of wedlock. Mother was a waitress
named Simone Pilant. Father was a
lumberjack - name - Barney Quill.

DISSOLVE TO:

93 INT. LOBBY - THUNDER BAY INN - RAINY NIGHT

It is very late. The lobby is deserted except for a young night PORTER. He's reading the sports page in the newspaper. Through the main entrance we see a car pull up outside and Paul, holding his hat against the wind and rain, gets out of the car, hurries up the steps to enter the lobby.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

PAUL
I'd like to see Miss Pilant.

PORTER
She's gone to bed, mister.

PAUL
It's important.

PORTER
Real important?

PAUL
Yes, real important.

The porter plugs into the small switchboard and buzzes several times.

PORTER
(into phone)
Miss Pilant? Sorry if I woke you up.
There's a guy to see you. Says it's
real important.
(to Paul)
What's your --

PAUL
Paul Biegler.

PORTER
(into phone)
Biegler ----- okay.

He disconnects the plug.

PORTER
(continues;
to Paul)
She says it's not important enough.

PAUL
Call her back. Tell her I mentioned
Blind River, Ontario.

He leaves the desk, goes through the door which leads from the lobby to the barroom. Puzzled, the porter looks after him, plugs into the switchboard again.

94 INT. HOTEL BAR - RAINY NIGHT

Not many customers are here. The jukebox plays softly. Paul comes down the short flight of steps from the lobby, approaches the bar.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

Paquette, polishing a glass, sees Paul, stacks the glass on the back bar, moves warily down to meet the lawyer.

PAQUETTE

Drinking, Mr. Biegler, or just snooping?

PAUL

I'll try a little of both, Alphonse. Why don't we start with a beer.

Paquette draws a beer, places it before Paul.

PAQUETTE

On the house - and that's all you get - a beer. No questions - no answers. I got my belly full of you in the courtroom. When you've finished that - blow - and don't take too long about it.

PAUL

As long as this is on the house how about that much of rye to go with it?

Paquette glares at Paul, snaps a bottle off the back shelf, slides a shot glass next to Paul's beer and pours.

PAUL

(continuing)

I'm just a lawyer doing my job. What are you so afraid of, Al?

He tosses off the drink, takes a sip of beer. Paquette watches him with glum anger. Paquette's eyes are drawn to a point behind Paul. Paul turns. Mary Pilant, dressed in skirt and a coat-sweater, has just entered the bar from the lobby. Her face is pale and concerned. She approaches Paul, waits for him to speak.

PAUL

Could we have some privacy?

Silently she leads the way to the far table by the window and the door leading to the outside. Paquette watches them anxiously.

Paul draws a chair out for Mary and sits beside her.

PAUL

(continues)

I owe you an apology, Miss Pilant. I was a little rough when I was here before. I didn't know Mr. Quill was your father.

MARY

How did you find that out?

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Friend of mine did a bit of what Al there would call snooping. Oh, could I buy you a drink?

MARY

It's a long drive from Iron City in this kind of a night, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL

You mean why am I here?

MARY

You didn't come just to apologize.

PAUL

No - no - but the apology was part of it. Tell you the truth I thought it might thaw you out just a little. Now all I want you to do, Miss Pilant, is listen for just a few minutes. I need some strong evidence to back up Laura Manion's story about the rape. The prosecution is going to attack that story pretty hard - and if the jury thinks she's lying it could turn their decision against Manion.

MARY

Well, isn't she lying? Barney didn't do what she said he did. He couldn't have.

PAUL

What did you know about your father?

MARY

All I needed to know - that he took care of me - and of my mother - for as long as she lived. He would have married her, but he was already married. When he finally got a divorce it was too late, but he was always there when I needed him. Now that's what I know about my father, Mr. Biegler. Will that - as you say - back up Laura Manion's story?

PAUL

Miss Pilant, I'm not trying to get at you or hurt you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (cont'd)

I appreciate your affection for your father -- but as a lawyer I have had to learn that people are not just good or just bad, but many things - and I think maybe Barney Quill was many things ---

MARY

I don't want...

PAUL

Now just - hear me out, please. I believe that Barney told Al Paquette what happened that night and sent Al to the window here to watch out for Manion - while he stood by one of his gun racks - waiting. Manion came in and fired almost the moment he entered the door and that first shot went right through Barney's heart. All I want is for you to try and persuade Al to come into court as a defense witness and tell the court what Barney told him - that he had raped and assaulted Mrs. Manion.

MARY

Al wouldn't conceal that. Why wouldn't he tell it if it were true?

PAUL

Everybody loves something or someone. Me, I love fishing and an old guy named Parnell. Manion loves his freedom - he'd like more of it. Barney loved you -- and maybe so does Al. I wouldn't blame him. He doesn't want you to know the truth about Barney... that he could be brutal and dangerous. But if you ask Al -- straight out --

She stares at Paul for a long time -- then calls:

MARY

Al.

Behind the bar, darkly watching the table where Mary and Paul sit, Paquette motions for a waitress to take over the bar and he goes slowly to Mary.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (4)

MARY

(continues)

Al, Mr. Biegler knows Barney was my father and he thinks you know something about the night my father was killed - something you won't tell.

AL

Lawyer, I told you once and I'll tell you again. No questions, no answers.

MARY

Wait, Al. Did my father rape Mrs. Manion?

AL

Barney wouldn't hurt a woman. He was a good guy - just like you thought.

MARY

Is there any reason you wouldn't tell me the truth, Al?

AL

(a queer pause)

What reason?

MARY

Anything else, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL

(rises - puts on the wet hat)

I'll leave a pass for you and Al at the trial. You might like to watch Lt. Manion get convicted.

He goes to the door.

AL

You going to spread it around about Mary being Barney's kid?

PAUL

(he's tired)

No, Al. I'm not going to spread it around. Good night, Miss Pilant.

He goes. Paquette moves to the window, looking after Paul as he disappears into the wet night. Mary remains at the table - still and thoughtful.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 COURTROOM - DAY

Manion is on the stand. He is cool, straight-forward, at ease, and alert. Paul is questioning.

PAUL

Now let's get at that rosary thing. It has been testified that your wife swore to you on a rosary that she had been raped by Barney Quill. Did you ask her to swear on a rosary?

MANION

My wife was hysterical and wasn't making much sense. I thought if I asked her to take an oath on the rosary it might serve to calm her and make her think clearly.

PAUL

Did the rosary help?

MANION

She was able to tell me in detail what had happened.

PAUL

Now go on from here. What did you do then, Lieutenant?

MANION

I had her lie on the bed and I got some cold cloths for her head and -- oh yes, I gave her a drink of brandy. After a while she became quiet and seemed to go to sleep. Then I went to the closet and got my gun and loaded it.

PAUL

Was it in your mind to kill Barney Quill?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

MANION

No.

PAUL

Why did you get your gun and load it?

MANION

I knew I had to go to Quill's bar and I thought I might need it.

PAUL

Why?

MANION

I knew Mr. Quill kept guns behind the bar. I was afraid he might shoot me.

PAUL

Might shoot you if you did what? What were you going to do?

MANION

I'm not sure. I remember I had some idea of finding him and holding him while I called the police.

PAUL

But Mr. Lemon right in the tourist park was a deputy sheriff. Why didn't you get him to go with you?

MANION

I don't know why I didn't think of Mr. Lemon. Maybe because he always seemed to be nothing except the old caretaker of the park. Maybe because I wasn't thinking too clearly about anything -- except finding Barney Quill.

PAUL

Why didn't you go to the telephone and call the State Police before you went to the bar?

MANION

I don't know why. I was in sort of a daze. It was an awful thing to see what had been done to my wife.

PAUL

You say you were in a daze. When you got to the bar -- did you see that the bar was crowded?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

MANION

I don't remember anyone at that bar except Barney Quill. He was the only person I saw.

PAUL

What was he doing?

MANION

I think he was just standing behind the bar.

PAUL

Did he make a threatening move to reach for a gun?

MANION

I don't know. He might have, but I don't know.

PAUL

Now since you went there to find him and hold him for the police, why did you shoot him?

MANION

I don't remember shooting him.

PAUL

As you left the bar, do you remember Alphonse Paquette stopping you and saying you'd better not run away from this? -- and your reply -- 'Do you want some, too, Buster?'

MANION

I seem to have a vague recollection of someone speaking to me but I don't remember what I said or what was said to me.

PAUL

Do you remember going home?

MANION

Not clearly.

PAUL

When did you realize you had shot Quill?

MANION

I was getting a drink of water.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3)

MANION (cont'd)

I remember my throat was so dry that it hurt. When I put the glass down I saw the gun on the kitchen sink beside the tap. I noticed the gun was empty.

Paul takes the Luger from the table, hands it to Manion.

PAUL

Will you please show the Court how you knew the gun was empty?

MANION

(demonstrating
on the Luger)

This gadget here. When it sticks up you know the last round has been fired.

PAUL

Lieutenant Manion, on the night of the shooting did you love your wife?

MANION

Yessir.

PAUL

Do you still love her?

MANION

Very much.

Laura's face as she watches Manion is without emotion.

PAUL

Your witness, Mr. Dancer.

Dancer comes over slowly, twisting a ring on his finger, stands smiling at Manion. Manion faces him calmly.

DANCER

Lieutenant Manion, how many men have you killed?

PAUL

Now wait a minute. Your honor, a man's war record -- in Lieutenant Manion's case a great record -- certainly should not be used against him.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (4)

DANCER

Your honor, I'm as patriotic as the next man but the simple truth is that war can condition a man to killing other men. I only wish to determine how conditioned the lieutenant may be to the use of fire arms on another human being.

JUDGE WEAVER

I don't approve of the question, Mr. Biegler, but on the other hand I don't see how I can turn it down. Let's see what Mr. Dancer is going to do with the information. Take the answer.

MANION

I know I killed at least four men in Korea. Three of them with a hand grenade and one with my service automatic. I may have killed others. A soldier doesn't always know.

DANCER

Now Lieutenant, in these acts of killing, did you ever have a lapse of memory such as you had when you killed Barney Quill?

MANION

No sir.

DANCER

Did you ever have a lapse of memory during battle?

MANION

No sir.

DANCER

Were you ever submitted to a constant barrage, constantly in a sweat for many hours, constantly under attack or attacking?

MANION

Many times.

DANCER

Were you ever treated for shell shock, battle fatigue or any war neurosis or psychosis?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (5)

MANION

No.

DANCER

Did you ever experience an unusual mental state during the war?

MANION

I do remember having one great urge.

DANCER

What was that?

MANION

To get the hell out and go home.

The laughter comes.

JUDGE WEAVER

(rapping for silence)

The defendant will confine himself to the seriousness of his present situation.

MANION

I'm sorry, your honor.

Dancer has taken the joke with good humor.

DANCER

I sympathize with the Lieutenant. I expect he has the same feeling about being in jail. The main point here, Lieutenant, is that in all of your war service you had no record of mental disturbance? You were at all times in possession of your faculties?

MANION

Yessir. That's right.

DANCER

No more questions.

A BUZZ goes through the courtroom. Was this all that Dancer was going to do? Paul, puzzled, watches Dancer return to the prosecution table.

PAUL

No re-direct, your honor.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (6)

JUDGE WEAVER

You may step down, Lieutenant. Call your next witness please.

PAUL

We call Laura Manion to the stand.

Manion hurries to sit beside Paul.

MANION

(whispering)

I thought you said he'd skin me alive.

PAUL

Wait.

Nervously, hands gripping her purse, Laura is sworn.

96 INT. COURTHOUSE ROTUNDA - DAY

Mary Pilant enters the Courthouse, comes into the rotunda, hesitates with uncertainty at the bottom of the stairs, then goes up.

97 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Laura is on the stand, Paul questioning. As Laura talks, in the back of the courtroom Mary enters. The Deputy inside the door shows her to a space on a spectator bench. Paul sees Mary enter, follows her with curious eyes as she is seated.

PAUL

How long after you told your husband what had happened did he leave the trailer?

LAURA

I don't know exactly. Everything was kind of fuzzy. I was faint and I lay down on the bed and he sat beside me. I vaguely remember his getting up and going out. I remember wondering if he was going for a doctor and then he came back in. It seemed just a few seconds but it must've been longer -- I must've gone to sleep. When he came back in and sat on the bed he had a gun in his hand and I said, 'What are you going to do?' And he said, 'I think I've already done it. I think I've killed Barney Quill.'

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Are you sure he didn't say, 'I've killed Barney Quill?'

LAURA

No. I remember distinctly. 'I think I've killed Barney Quill.'

PAUL

Now what did you do?

LAURA

I put my arms around him and began to cry and I said, 'You'd better go to Mr. Lemon' and my husband said, 'I forgot about that.'

PAUL

What did he mean -- forgot about what?

LAURA

He meant he'd forgotten that Mr. Lemon was a Deputy Sheriff and he said, 'Yes, I'll go turn myself in to Mr. Lemon.'

PAUL

Your honor, I have no other direct questions at this time. But since I'm sure the credulity of the Court has been strained about the part the little dog played on this night, I should like a few minutes to show the Court this remarkable little animal.

JUDGE WEAVER

Do the People have objections?

DANCER

I know if we raise an objection Mr. Biegler will declare that we are haters of all small furry animals. And I must also admit I'm curious to see this dog which leads the way home for ladies in distress.

JUDGE WEAVER

(wearily)

A creature that cannot talk will be a welcome relief. Produce the dog.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

(turns to the rear of
the courtroom)

Will the Deputy bring in the dog please?

The Deputy Sheriff at the main doors goes outside for a moment. Paul moves his gaze to Mary. Their eyes meet and she looks away. The Deputy re-enters, carrying a traveling case for a dog.

PAUL

(continues)

Just let the dog out there.

The Deputy puts the case on the floor and opens its door. Muff bounces out.

PAUL

(continues; calling)

Come on, Muff.

The little dog scampers down the aisle and bounds into Paul's arms.

PAUL

(continues)

Now I'll ask Mrs. Manion to give the
dog a flashlight.

Laura steps down from the box and takes a small flashlight from her purse. Paul places the dog on the floor and the dog runs to Laura, romping in delight as he sees the flashlight.

LAURA

Hello, baby -- hello, sweetie. Does
sweetie want the flashlight?

PAUL

I'd like the Court to notice that the
dog will turn the light on.

Laura puts the flashlight on the floor and Muff paws at it, seizes it in his mouth, his teeth over the switch. The light goes on. A ripple of amusement and approval from the jury which swells to laughter as Muff runs to Dancer with the light, stands up with his paws on Dancer's leg. Judge Weaver raps for silence.

PAUL

(continues)

It's easy to see that Muff doesn't
know who his enemies are.

Another laugh from the courtroom. Judge Weaver raps again.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (3)

JUDGE WEAVER

Remove the dog please. Witness will
return to the stand.

Sheriff Battsfore gathers up Muff, returns him to the Deputy as
Laura steps into the witness box and Dancer moves in for the
cross-examination. Dancer smiles and makes a little bow.

DANCER

Mrs. Manion, may I compliment you
on your well-trained pet.

Laura smiles, a timid grateful smile -- somewhat disarmed.

DANCER

(continues)

May I also say I'm pleased to see
you are not today hiding your lovely
hair under a hat.

PAUL

Your honor, is the assistant-attorney
general from Lansing pitching woo or
is he going to cross-examine.

A laugh from the courtroom which does not disturb the
imperturbable Dancer.

JUDGE WEAVER

(rapping)

Let's get on with it.

DANCER

Mrs. Manion, what was your occupation
before you were married to the Lieutenant?

LAURA

Housewife.

DANCER

You mean you were married before?

LAURA

Yes, once.

DANCER

I suppose your first husband died?

LAURA

No.

DANCER

Did you divorce your first husband
for Lieutenant Manion?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (4)

PAUL

Your honor, if counsel wants to know the grounds for Mrs. Manion's divorce -- let him ask that question.

DANCER

What were the grounds for divorce, Mrs. Manion?

LAURA

Mental cruelty.

DANCER

Naturally. How long was it after your divorce that you married Lieutenant Manion?

LAURA

I'm -- I'm not sure.

PAUL

(quickly)

May I refresh the witness's memory for Mr. Dancer?

DANCER

By all means.

PAUL

I believe she told me that they were married three days after the divorce.

Laura and Paul have locked eyes. He is deliberately showing her that she must not be evasive. Dancer looks from one to the other, grasping the situation.

DANCER

Thank you, Mr. Biegler. Is that correct, Mrs. Manion?

LAURA

(a murmur)

Yes.

DANCER

Then unless yours was a whirlwind courtship you must have known Lieutenant Manion before your divorce. Did you?

LAURA

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (5)

On the jury a couple of women exchange significant looks.

DANCER

What is your religious affiliation,
Mrs. Manion?

LAURA

I'm a Catholic.

DANCER

A Catholic in good standing?

LAURA

Well, no -- the divorce -- you know.

DANCER

You mean you have been ex-communicated
because of the divorce?

LAURA

Yes.

DANCER

Mrs. Manion, wouldn't you say that
a Catholic who can blithely ignore
a cardinal rule of her church can
also easily ignore an oath taken on
one of its artifacts -- say an oath
taken on a rosary?

LAURA

I don't think that's true.

DANCER

But wouldn't you think there'd be
some doubt about the integrity of
such a person?

LAURA

I don't know. All I know is the
rosary means something to me.

DANCER

(smoothly)

I see. Well, I'll pass on to something
else.

The ANGLE of the CAMERA is such that we can see that Dancer
has blocked Paul's view of Laura. Paul moves to another chair
at the counsel table. As Dancer continues he steps around to again
obscure Paul's view of Laura.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (6)

DANCER

Mrs. Manion, you've testified that your husband was late in coming home from his work on the night of the shooting. Were you angry about his being late?

LAURA

I guess I was a little put out.

DANCER

Did you have an argument?

LAURA

Not much. A little.

DANCER

When you left the trailer to go to the inn, ~~did your husband know that you~~ were leaving?

LAURA

He was asleep.

DANCER

Was part of your reason for going to the Inn without his knowledge because you were vexed?

LAURA

Well, I'd been ironing all day and -- yes, I guess that's true.

PAUL

Your honor, may the record show that counsel has deliberately cut off my view of the witness.

DANCER

(smoothly)

I'm sorry, Mr. Biegler. I wouldn't want to interfere with your signals to Mrs. Manion.

PAUL

(angrily)

I further object to the implication that I'm signaling the witness. This is the shabbiest courtroom trick I've ever seen.

DANCER

You haven't lived, Mr. Biegler.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (7)

PAUL

Your honor, I ask that the Court rule on my objection.

JUDGE WEAVER

Mr. Dancer, will you be careful not to place yourself between Mr. Biegler and his witness?

DANCER

Of course, your honor.
(he moves out
of the way)
Anything else, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL

You do it once again and I'll punt you all the way out into the middle of Lake Superior.

JUDGE WEAVER

(banging his gavel)
This back-biting has got to stop. The next one of you that speaks out of turn is going to have me to deal with. Now get on with the cross-examination.

The courtroom becomes quiet and Dancer continues.

DANCER

Would you have gone to the Inn if your husband had been awake?

LAURA

He would probably have gone with me.

DANCER

But would you have gone alone?

LAURA

Well, not if he didn't want me to.

DANCER

Would he have not wanted you to?

LAURA

I'm not sure. I don't know how to answer that.

DANCER

Had you ever gone before to the Thunder Bay Inn or elsewhere in Thunder Bay at night -- alone?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (8)

LAURA

Yes. Sometimes.

DANCER

Did your husband know you were going?

LAURA

Not always. He goes to sleep early and sometimes I'm restless.

DANCER

Where did you go on these occasions?

LAURA

I took a walk by the lake or I went to the bingo place or maybe to the Inn.

DANCER

Did you ever go to meet another man?

LAURA

No. No I did not. I never did that.

DANCER

Do you mean to say, Mrs. Manion, that a lovely woman like yourself, attractive to men, lonely, restless -- that you never...

PAUL

Objection, your honor. The witness answered the question about other men. Counsel is now making a veiled suggestion for the jury.

DANCER

I withdraw the question. Now Mrs. Manion, on these occasional excursions into the night, did you always go and return alone?

LAURA

Of course.

DANCER

But Mrs. Manion, you testified that you got into Barney Quill's car because you were afraid to go home alone. Why were you so frightened on that particular night?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (9)

LAURA

I said it was because he told me that bears had been seen around.

DANCER

Was this the first time you'd heard of bears coming around Thunder Bay to pick up scraps?

LAURA

No.

DANCER

Had you seen the bears around before?

LAURA

Yes.

DANCER

Then this was just the first time that you were afraid of them?

LAURA

No. I was always afraid of them.

DANCER

Then this was the first time you were enough afraid to allow a man to take you home from one of your evening prowls?

PAUL

Objection. The use of the word 'prowl' is intended to mislead the jury.

JUDGE WEAVER

Sustained. Ask the question again, Mr. Dancer.

DANCER

I'm sorry, Mrs. Manion, I didn't mean to imply that you were a huntress -- so let's say, "evening walks." Was this the first time you were frightened enough to let someone take you home from an evening walk?

LAURA

But it wasn't just that -- it was a sort of --

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (10)

DANCER

Come, Mrs. Manion, you should be able to tell us that straight off. It's a simple enough question.

Laura is pale and shaky. She dabs at her lips and forehead with her handkerchief.

PAUL

Your honor, how can the witness answer straight off if the counsel interrupts her answer?!

JUDGE WEAVER

Witness seemed rather slow to me, Mr. Biegler. However, I'd let the witness complete a statement if she can, Mr. Dancer, before you interrupt.

DANCER

Of course, your honor. In any case, Mr. Biegler's objection has given Mrs. Manion sufficient time to think of an answer to my question. You've thought of one, haven't you, Mrs. Manion?

LAURA

What I was going to say is that I didn't want to offend Mr. Quill by making him think I was afraid of him or didn't like him. He had been very pleasant to my husband and me when we were in his bar.

DANCER

That's very good, Mrs. Manion, very good indeed.

PAUL

Your honor...

JUDGE WEAVER

Attorney for the People will save his comments for the arguments.

DANCER

I will ask you this question, Mrs. Manion...

(slowly)

... Was this the first time you had been in Barney Quill's car at night?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (11)

Laura's nervous gaze is quickly fastened on Manion, frightened of his tight lips and cold eyes.

JUDGE WEAVER

Mrs. Manion, did you hear the question?

LAURA

(looking down at her hands)

Yes, I heard. Yes, it was the first time.

Dancer looks at the jury. Their attention is hard on Laura, their faces a study of the questions in their minds --

One man frowns with puzzlement -- another's lips are pursed -- another is scratching his chin, a woman's head is turned in askance, her ear to the witness -- another peers out over his spectacles.

DANCER

Would you raise your voice a little, Mrs. Manion?

LAURA

I said it was the first time.

98 CLOSE UP OF MANION

bleak, eyes glittering cruelly.

99 COURTROOM

DANCER

(changing pace)

Now Mrs. Manion, I'm quite concerned about the lost panties. Would you describe this article of clothing to the Court?

LAURA

They were nylon and had lace up the side. There was a label of the shop where I bought them -- Smartshop in Phoenix, Arizona.

DANCER

What was the color of the panties?

LAURA

I believe white.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

DANCER

You believe?

LAURA

I have white and pink -- they may have been pink.

DANCER

You're not sure? Haven't you checked your lingerie wardrobe to see which pair of panties is missing?

LAURA

No.

DANCER

When your husband came home from work and you had this little spat, were you already dressed to go out?

LAURA

No.

DANCER

When did you dress?

LAURA

After dinner. After he was asleep.

DANCER

It has been stated here that you were bare-legged in the bar. Is that true?

LAURA

Yes.

DANCER

In your anger at your husband and your haste to get out of the trailer, perhaps you didn't put on any panties, either?

PAUL

Objection. Witness has already testified as to what she was wearing.

JUDGE WEAVER

Sustained.

100 CLOSE UP OF MARY PILANT

Her face pale and composed, but her eyes are wide with a secret fear, or knowledge.

101 COURTROOM

DANCER

Do you always wear panties, Mrs. Manion?

Laura glances helplessly at Paul.

PAUL

Your honor, I object to this line of questioning. It's immaterial what Mrs. Manion does all the time. On the night she was attacked she was wearing panties. That's all we're concerned with.

DANCER

Your honor, Mrs. Manion seems uncertain about what kind of panties she was wearing and since these panties have not been found I submit that it's possible she wasn't wearing any and has forgotten. That's what I'm trying to get at.

JUDGE WEAVER

Take the answer, Mrs. Manion.

DANCER

Do you always wear panties?

LAURA

(on the verge of tears)

No.

DANCER

On what occasions don't you wear them? -- when you go out alone at night?

PAUL

(angry)

Your honor, we've been had. He says he's after one thing and he goes for another.

JUDGE WEAVER

I'll sustain the objection. Strike the last two questions and Mrs. Manion's answer. Now get off the subject of panties, Mr. Dancer. You've done enough damage.

DANCER

Yes, your honor. Is your husband a jealous man, Mrs. Manion?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

Maida glances quickly at Paul who is terribly still, held in suspense.

LAURA

Well, he -- he loves me.

DANCER

I'm sure of that. But is he excessively jealous?

PAUL

How can the witness answer that, your honor? What is the norm of jealousy?

JUDGE WEAVER

Can you put your question in another way, Mr. Dancer?

DANCER

Has your husband ever struck you in a jealous rage, Mrs. Manion?

PAUL

Your honor, I think Mr. Dancer is fishing. What is the relevancy of this question?

DANCER

Your honor, the shoe is squeezing Mr. Biegler's foot. In his own words, this is not a high school debate, it's a cross-examination in a murder trial.

JUDGE WEAVER

Can you nail your questions down a little more, Mr. Dancer?

DANCER

I believe so, your honor. Mrs. Manion, did you ever go out socially in Thunder Bay?

LAURA

Yes, a few times.

DANCER

When your husband's outfit moved into Thunder Bay, didn't Barney Quill throw a cocktail party for the officers and their wives?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

LAURA

Yes.

DANCER

Did your husband strike a young second Lieutenant at the party?

LAURA

There was a little scuffle. It wasn't much.

DANCER

What was it about?

LAURA

I'm not sure I remember.

DANCER

Were you too drunk to remember?

LAURA

No, I was not. I think the Lieutenant was cutting in too much when I was dancing with my husband.

DANCER

And shortly afterward didn't your husband on the veranda of the Inn slap you hard enough that you fell against the wall?

LAURA

He was drinking.

DANCER

Wasn't this a jealous rage?

LAURA

I don't know.

DANCER

Do you remember why he struck you?

LAURA

Well, yes.

DANCER

Wasn't he enraged at you because he thought you had encouraged this young lieutenant?

LAURA

He might have thought so.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

DANCER

Mrs. Manion, there are witnesses to this whole affair. I'll ask you again -- wasn't this jealous rage?

LAURA

I suppose it could be called that.

DANCER

(boring in)

Now I'll ask you -- on the night of the shooting, what did you swear, what oath did you take on the rosary?

LAURA

It was about Barney Quill raping me.

DANCER

Why did you swear on the rosary that he had raped you?

LAURA

For the reason that my husband said -- I was hysterical.

DANCER

That was the reason he gave for asking you to swear. What was your reason for swearing?

LAURA

(blindly)

So he'd believe me.

Paul's face is anxious. Dancer's getting close. Laura is frightened.

DANCER

Why shouldn't he believe you?

PAUL

Objection, your honor. The reason for the use of the rosary has been established. These questions are immaterial.

JUDGE WEAVER

No, I think I'll take the answer, Mr. Biegler.

DANCER

I ask you again, Mrs. Manion -- why shouldn't he believe you?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (4)

LAURA

I guess -- I guess because I wasn't making sense.

DANCER

Did he think you were lying about a thing like that?

PAUL

Objection. Lieutenant Manion has already testified as to what he thought.

JUDGE WEAVER

Sustained.

DANCER

(suddenly)

Did your husband strike you that night?

Laura is unable to answer -- her lips moving without sound.

DANCER

Did he hit you that night?

LAURA

He -- when -- he might have slapped me because I was hysterical.

DANCER

And didn't you swear to a lie to keep him from hitting you again?

LAURA

No -- I didn't -- I did not.

DANCER

(driving)

Hadn't he already beat you up at the gate when he caught you coming home from a trip down lovers' lane with Barney Quill?

Paul is on his feet before Dancer is done, his voice coming in behind Dancer's, Dancer raising his voice to complete the question.

PAUL

(shouting)

Objection. The witness has testified that she was beaten by Barney Quill.

The courtroom is rumbling. Judge Weaver raps for silence.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (5)

DANCER

No more questions.

Laura bursts into tears.

PAUL

I think the witness has had enough,
your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

The witness may step down. We will
recess until after lunch.

He raps his gavel and steps down from the bench toward his chambers. In the flash of photographers' bulbs and hubbub in the courtroom Laura comes down from the stand. Manion is quickly beside her, his arms around her.

MANION

(whispering)

I'm sorry, baby.

Maida has come into the enclosure.

PAUL

Maida, take Mrs. Manion to the house
and let her rest.

Manion kisses Laura on the cheek.

MANION

It's all over now.

LAURA

Did I do all right?

PAUL

You did fine.

SHERIFF

Come on, Lieutenant. Let's see what
Sulo has for us.

Manion goes with the Sheriff, Laura with Maida through the door of the lawyers' conference room. Paul gets his hat from the table and starts up the aisle to the main doors of the courtroom. The courtroom is emptying and Mary is isolated among the empty benches. Paul moves toward her. Nervously she rises, and avoiding him, hurries to join the throng leaving the courtroom. Paul holds, looking after her with curiosity.

DISSOLVE TO:

102 EXT. IRON CITY RAILROAD STATION - DAY

Parnell is on the platform as the train is pulling in. He is bandaged a little and hobbling. When the train stops, a woman and two children get off, a YOUNG MAN with a stubby nose and a crewcut gets off, an elderly couple follows and then a middle-aged DISTINGUISHED LOOKING MAN with a neat, greying moustache and wearing a Homburg hat. Parnell's face lights up and he approaches the distinguished middle-aged man.

PARNELL

Dr. Smith?

DISTINGUISHED MAN

Pardon?

PARNELL

I've come to meet you -- My name is --

DISTINGUISHED MAN

(cutting him off)

I'm sorry. You made a mistake.

The man moves on and the kid with the stubby nose and the crewcut approaches Parnell.

SMITH

Maybe I'm the one you're looking for.
Are you Mr. Biegler?

PARNELL

(in disbelief)

No. No, I'm his associate in the case.
Don't tell me you're Dr. Smith?

SMITH

That's me.

PARNELL

(in disbelief)

The -- army -- psychiatrist?

SMITH

Maybe you expected me to be in uniform?

PARNELL

No -- sure -- well, I didn't expect
anybody so young.

SMITH

I'm forty.

PARNELL

I sort of hoped you'd have a beard
and wear a monocle.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

SMITH

Oh, I see.

He takes out a pair of heavy horn-rimmed glasses and slips them on.

SMITH

(continues; grinning)

That better?

PARNELL

(grins)

It helps. Well, we'd better shove along.

Parnell takes the doctor's small overnight bag and they walk away down the platform.

DISSOLVE TO:

103 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Dr. Smith, in his horn-rimmed glasses, is on the stand. Parnell with Maida on the spectator's bench behind defense table. Paul is interrogating.

PAUL

Doctor, have you formed an opinion, as to Frederick Manion's emotional disorganization at the time he killed Barney Quill?

SMITH

I have.

PAUL

What is that opinion?

SMITH

He was temporarily insane at the time of the shooting.

PAUL

At the time of the shooting do you believe that he was able to distinguish right from wrong?

SMITH

He may or may not have been. It doesn't make too much difference.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Now doctor, as clearly as you can, will you explain Frederick Manion's temporary insanity?

SMITH

It is known as dissociative reaction. A psychic shock which creates an almost overwhelming tension which the person in shock must alleviate. In Lieutenant Manion's case, a soldier, it is natural that he would turn to action. Only direct simple action against Barney Quill would relieve this unbearable tension. This is not too uncommon. For example in combat -- in war I mean -- some of the more remarkable heroics take place in this state of mind. Soldiers who have performed fantastically brave acts are frequently unable to recall having performed those acts because they were at the time in the grip of dissociative reaction.

PAUL

Is there another name for dissociative reaction, one we are more likely to recognize?

SMITH

Yes. It has been known as 'irresistible impulse.'

Paul glances toward the prosecution table. Dancer and Mitch are in a whispering huddle. Paul half-grins.

PAUL

Now doctor, a man in the grip of irresistible impulse -- would he be likely to go to a neighbor for advice, would he call the police to come to his aid?

SMITH

Completely incompatible. In this trance-like state he would be unable to think of anything except the relief of this massive tension.

PAUL

But our man was able to think of taking out a gun and loading it before he set off to find Barney Quill.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL (cont'd)

He testified that he got the gun because he was afraid Quill would shoot him. If he was in a trance-like state, how do you explain this?

SMITH

That was his conscious mind working -- but if no gun had been available he would have gone anyway -- bare-handed -- he would have walked into the mouth of a cannon. It's important to understand that the very essence of his manhood was at stake. Nothing short of oblivion or death could have prevailed against his overpowering need.

PAUL

Would this tension interfere with his physical ability? -- say his ability to accurately fire a gun?

SMITH

It probably would have heightened his ability.

PAUL

How would a man look when in the grip of dissociative reaction?

SMITH

He might appear to be deadly calm -- fiercely deliberate.

PAUL

Could you describe his behavior as being like a mailman delivering the mail?

SMITH

That's not bad. Like a mailman, he would have one job to do and he would do it.

PAUL

Would a man in this state be apt to converse with other men?

SMITH

It's possible, although he wouldn't likely initiate conversation.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL

Do you mean that if someone stopped him and spoke to him he might answer but he wouldn't be likely to speak first?

SMITH

Not likely --

PAUL

Your witness.

Dancer rises. During his first few questions Paul is surveying the courtroom -- then bends to Maida and whispers --

PAUL

Can you spot Mary Pilant?

MAIDA

She didn't come back after lunch. You'd better give up on that one.

Between Dancer and Smith. . .

DANCER

Doctor, did you find any psychosis in Frederick Manion?

SMITH

I did not.

DANCER

Any neuroses?

SMITH

I found no history of neuroses.

DANCER

Did you find any history of delusion?

SMITH

None.

DANCER

Loss of memory?

SMITH

Not before this instance.

DANCER

How about hallucinations?

SMITH

No.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (4)

DANCER

Any history of conversion hysteria?

SMITH

Well, irresistible impulse embraces what has been called conversion hysteria.

DANCER

In common language isn't conversion hysteria also known as a fit of temper?

SMITH

I know of no reputable psychiatrist who would so describe it.

DANCER

But a layman might call it that?

SMITH

Probably, yes.

DANCER

Isn't that what really happened? In a fit of temper -- in a fit of rage, the Lieutenant walked over and shot Barney Quill.

SMITH

No, not in my opinion. That is not what happened.

DANCER

Doctor, you stated that the Lieutenant might or might not have been able to distinguish right from wrong -- but that it didn't make much difference. Am I right? Is that what you said?

SMITH

Approximately -- yes.

DANCER

Did you mean that at the time of the shooting he could have known the difference between right and wrong?

SMITH

He might have, yes.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (5)

DANCER

Doctor Smith, if the defendant could have known what he was doing and could have known that it was wrong, how can you come here and testify that he was legally insane?

SMITH

I'm not saying he was legally insane. I'm a doctor, not a lawyer. I'm saying that in his mental condition it would not have made any difference whether he knew right from wrong -- he would still have shot Quill. He could not have prevented himself from doing so.

DANCER

In other words, what he did he did willfully and in anger?

SMITH

The words 'anger' and 'willful' are an immense simplification of a very complicated mental condition. I repeat, Lieutenant Manion was temporarily insane.

DANCER

Are you willing to rest your testimony in this case on this opinion?

SMITH

I am.

DANCER

(looking at Paul,
puzzled)

Your honor, I would like to ask for a short recess. The attorneys for the People would like to meet with Mr. Biegler and the Court in chambers.

JUDGE WEAVER

Mr. Biegler?

PAUL

Glad to oblige, your honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

Court will stand in recess for ten minutes.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (6)

He steps down from the bench toward his chambers, followed by Paul, Dancer and Mitch. Paul is carrying the lawbook which he has kept on the defense table, the same book in which he deposited the fishing lure earlier in the case.

104 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The Judge enters, followed by Paul, Dancer and Mitch. Judge Weaver goes directly to his desk, seizes his pipe and begins to stuff it.

JUDGE WEAVER

One day I'm going to horrify tradition
and lay a blue pall of good Virginia
burley on that hallowed precinct out
there.

(he gets his
pipe lighted)

All right, Mr. Dancer.

DANCER

I thought perhaps in view of Dr. Smith's
testimony the defense might like to
change their plea.

PAUL

Change it to what?

DANCER

To guilty, of course.

PAUL

No, we'll still go for broke.

MITCH

Hell, Polly, you know a guy's not
considered legally nuts in Michigan
unless he didn't know right from wrong.
Why don't you come on and end this
thing?

PAUL

(placing his
lawbook before
Judge Weaver)

Judge, would you open that to page
106.

MITCH

What's that?

JUDGE WEAVER

It appears to be a lawbook, Mr. Lodwick.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

Judge Weaver pulls down his glasses, opens the book to the right page -- glances at Paul expectantly, and picks the red flannel fishing lure off the open page.

PAUL
(reaching for
the lure)

Oh -- sorry, Your Honor. I make those things to help me think sometimes.

JUDGE WEAVER
(inspects the lure)

For perch?

PAUL

No, sir -- frogs.

MITCH
(impatiently)

What case is he citing, Judge?

JUDGE WEAVER
(absorbed by lure)

We gig frogs in my part of the country.

PAUL
(demonstrating
as he talks)

Yessir, up here, too - hut this is a new wrinkle I'm going to try. They do it in the bayous down south. You use a long pole with a ten pound line and sort of drift along a high bank in the boat.

Mitch turns away in impatient disgust; Dancer is amused.

PAUL
(continues)

You see a big bull sitting back in a crevice. You swing this out and kind of let it float in front of him -- and POP -- that old tongue of his will snap out and you got frog legs for supper.

JUDGE WEAVER

I'll be darned.

PAUL

Keep it and try it sometime.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE WEAVER

Thanks. I will.

(he's suddenly
reminded of the
business at hand)

Oh -- yes, page 106 I believe you said.

He bends over the book and reads slowly. Mitch comes back to the desk and hovers over the Judge.

JUDGE WEAVER

(continues;
finally)

Hummp!

MITCH

What is it, Your Honor?

JUDGE WEAVER

Precedent. People versus Durfee --
year 1886. Would you like to read it,
Mr. Dancer?

DANCER

No, Your Honor. We're hooked -- like
the frog.

DISSOLVE TO:

105 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

DR. W. GREGORY HARCOURT is being sworn. Now he takes the witness stand. Dancer rises to examine.

DANCER

Dr. Harcourt, where did you receive
your university training?

HARCOURT

Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, Maryland.

DANCER

When were you admitted to the practice
of medicine?

HARCOURT

1924.

DANCER

Since that time have you specialized
in any particular field of medicine?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

HARCOURT

I have -- the field of psychiatry.

DANCER

Where do you practice now?

HARCOURT

I am the medical superintendent of the Bonder State Hospital for the insane. I am also psychiatric examiner for the Veterans' Administration.

DANCER

Do you then feel that you have particular knowledge of the mental ills and problems of soldiers?

HARCOURT

I do.

DANCER

It has been stated here that dissociative reaction or irresistible impulse is not uncommon among soldiers in combat. Do you agree with that statement?

HARCOURT

I do, But not as it was put by Dr. Smith.

DANCER

Where would you depart from Dr. Smith?

HARCOURT

Well, dissociative reaction is not something which comes out of the blue and disappears as quickly. It can only occur -- even among soldiers in combat -- if the individual has a psycho-neurotic condition of long standing.

PAUL

I object, Your Honor. Is the Doctor stating a proved fact or an opinion? We are not dealing here with chicken pox or a sore throat but with the mysteries of the human mind. If the Doctor is giving his opinion it should be qualified as such.

JUDGE WEAVER

Sustained. Do you want to straighten this out, Mr. Dancer?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

DANCER

Your answer, Doctor, was of course your opinion, wasn't it?

HARCOURT

That goes without saying, doesn't it?

PAUL

No, it doesn't. Your Honor...

JUDGE WEAVER

(patiently)

Just say it is your opinion, Doctor, please.

HARCOURT

My answer was an opinion.

PAUL

(sitting)

All right.

DANCER

I am sure the jury has forgotten your answer by now, Doctor. Let's go back. Is it your opinion that dissociative reaction could not occur one time and one time only?

HARCOURT

Yes. There would have been repeated upsets of a dissociative nature.

DANCER

It has been testified here that a psychiatric examination of the defendant showed no evidence of neuroses or history of dissociative reaction. You have heard it further testified here that the defendant's behavior on the night of the shooting was cool and direct. As an observer do you remember this testimony?

HARCOURT

Yes.

DANCER

From this have you formed an opinion about the defendant's sanity on the night of the shooting?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (3)

HARCOURT

Yes. I am of the opinion that he was in sufficient possession of his faculties so that he was not dominated by his unconscious mind.

DANCER

In other words he was not in the grip of irresistible impulse?

HARCOURT

In my opinion he was not.

DANCER

Your witness, Mr. Biegler.

PAUL

Dr. Harcourt, psychiatry is an effort to probe into the dark undiscovered world of the mind -- and in there the world might well be round or it could be square -- your opinion could be wrong and Dr. Smith's opinion could be right, isn't that true?

HARCOURT

I'd be a poor Doctor if I didn't agree with that. But I believe my opinion to be right.

PAUL

And good Doctor that you are, you very carefully used the word believe, didn't you?

HARCOURT

Yes.

PAUL

Do you think you would have been less positive if you had examined the defendant as Dr. Smith did?

HARCOURT

I believe it would have helped to confirm my opinion.

PAUL

But isn't it possible it might have caused you to change this opinion?

HARCOURT

I don't believe so.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (4)

PAUL

Doctor, did you ask to make an examination of the defendant?

HARCOURT

No sir.

PAUL

Did the attorneys for the people petition for such an examination in your behalf?

HARCOURT

No sir.

PAUL

So your opinion boils down to a snap judgment, doesn't it?

HARCOURT

No. It is as careful a judgment as the circumstances permit.

PAUL

Dr. Smith's opinion was made under better circumstances, wasn't it?

HARCOURT

If you mean that he was able to examine the man, yes.

PAUL

Thank you, Doctor.

DANCER

Doctor, upon what do you base your opinions?

HARCOURT

Upon the findings of other doctors and largely upon my own years of study and analysis.

DANCER

Are those many years?

HARCOURT

Over thirty years.

DANCER

You were working in this field probably before Dr. Smith was born, weren't you?

HARCOURT

Yes. But that doesn't necessarily mean...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (5)

DANCER
 (cutting him off)
 No more questions, that's all.

PAUL
 Your Honor, we would like to hear the witness's answer. Counsel cut him off.

DANCER
 Witness has responded 'yes' to the question.

PAUL
 (grinning)
 But I think the Doctor was about to qualify that yes.

JUDGE WEAVER
 Get off of it, Mr. Biegler. Do you have any questions?

PAUL
 No questions, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER
 That's all, Dr. Harcourt.

Harcourt sits down, Dancer glares at him and huddles with Mitch at their table.

JUDGE WEAVER
 (continues)
 Does the prosecutor have other rebuttal witnesses?

DANCER
 (whispering to Mitch)
 We're over a barrel. We'll have to use him, Mitch.

MITCH
 (rising)
 We call Duane Miller to the stand. Will the Sheriff please bring in the witness?

Sheriff Battisfore goes into the lawyers' conference room. Manion is pale, seemingly stricken, his lips parted, his eyes afraid. The Sheriff comes from the conference room with Miller. The man wears a crooked smile, struts behind the Sheriff to the witness stand and is sworn.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (6)

PAUL
(to Manion)
What can he tell?

MANION
(nervous)
Nothing -- he can't tell anything.

Dancer moves in for the interrogation, glancing at Manion, shrewdly observing the little drama at the defense table.

DANCER
State your name.

MILLER
Duane Miller. Folks call me Duke.

DANCER
Where do you presently reside, Mr. Miller?

MILLER
Across the alley, in the jail.

DANCER
Do you know the defendant, Frederick Manion?

MILLER
Yessir. Sure.

DANCER
How well do you know him?

MILLER
I got to know him the last few weeks.
His cell's next to mine.

DANCER
Being neighbors, I suppose you frequently have had conversations with Lieutenant Manion?

MILLER
Yeah, we talk.

DANCER
What was the last conversation you had with him?

MILLER
Well, except for a hello this morning, the last one was last night.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (8)

DANCER

Are you sure Mr. Miller, that the
Lieutenant said, 'I've got it made --
BUSTER?'

MILLER

That's what he said -- Buster.

DANCER

Mr. Miller, did Lieutenant Manion
say anything else?

MILLER

(grinning)

Yessir. He said when he got out
the first thing he was going to do
was kick that bitch from here to
kingdom come.

106 CLOSE UP

of Laura, teeth set against her trembling lip.

107 COURTROOM

DANCER

To whom was he referring?

MILLER

To his wife.

DANCER

Your witness.

Paul surveys the jury as he rises. From his POV their faces are
set and sullen.

PAUL

Mr. Miller, what are you in jail for?

MILLER

Arson. I copped out and I'm waiting
for a sentence.

In the b. g. the Guard from the main courtroom doors comes down the
aisle, hands a note to Parnell. Parnell scans the note, says
something to Maida, rises and hobbles quickly up the aisle and through
the main doors.

PAUL

How many other offenses have you
committed?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (7)

DANCER

Did you discuss his trial last night?

MILLER

Some.

DANCER

Tell the Court what Lieutenant Manion had to say about the trial.

MILLER

Well, I said are things looking up, Lieutenant? And he said, 'I got it made, Buster.' He said, 'I fooled my lawyer and I fooled that head shrinker and I'm going to fool that bunch of corn cobbers on the jury!'

MANION

(violently)

You're a liar. You're a lousy, stinking liar!!

The Judge raps for order. Paul draws Manion back into his seat.

PAUL

I apologize for my client, Your Honor. Yet, his outburst is almost excusable since the prosecution has seen fit to put a felon on the stand to testify against an officer in the United States Army.

DANCER

(angry)

Your Honor, I don't know who is the worse offender -- Manion or his lawyer...

JUDGE WEAVER

(patience lost)

We're close to the end. In the name of heaven let's have peace and courtesy for these last few hours. Mr. Dancer, you will continue your interrogation without comment. Mr. Biegler will not perorate at every opportunity and the defendant will remain in his chair and keep his mouth shut.

He punctuates the end of his speech with a bang of his gavel. Paul sits, humbly. Dancer takes out his handkerchief and dabs at his forehead. Manion, white and furious, sinks down into his chair.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

MILLER

Huh? Oh -- well, I was in reform school when I was a kid. That's all.

PAUL

Your honor, I would like to see this man's criminal record.

JUDGE WEAVER

Do you have the record, Mr. Lodwick?

MITCH

(sheepishly)

Yes sir, here it is.

Mitch produces several cards clipped together. Paul strides to the prosecution table, takes the cards, flips through them.

PAUL

Mr. Miller, this record shows you've been in prison six times in three different states. You've been in three times for arson, twice for assault with a deadly weapon, once for larceny. It also shows you've done short stretches in four city jails for the charges of indecent exposure, window peeping, perjury, and committing a public nuisance. Is this your true record?

MILLER

Well, them things never are right.

Paul stalks back to the prosecution table, angrily tosses the record on the table. Mitch is embarrassed, but Dancer is imperturbable, as usual.

PAUL

Mr. Miller, how did you get the ear of the prosecution in order to tell them about your conversation with Lieutenant Manion?

MILLER

The D. A. was taking us to his office...

PAUL

Taking who to his office?

MILLER

Us prisoners in the jail.

PAUL

He took you all at once or one at a time?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

MILLER

One at a time. Him and that other lawyer took us to his office and asked us questions about Lieutenant Manion.

PAUL

Were you promised a lighter sentence if you would go on the witness stand?

DANCER

The People object, Your Honor, to being...

JUDGE WEAVER

(snapping him off)

Overruled. Take the answer.

MILLER

I wasn't promised anything.

PAUL

Perhaps you just thought it might help your own troubles if you dreamed up a story that would please the D. A. ?

MILLER

I didn't dream up nothing.

PAUL

And you're sure that's what Lieutenant Manion said?

MILLER

Yep, I'm sure.

PAUL

Just as sure as you were about your criminal record?

MILLER

Well, I kind of flubbed that I guess.

PAUL

(with great distaste)

I don't feel I can dignify this creature with any more questions.

He returns to beside Manion. Dancer smiles and bows to the Judge.

DANCER

No further questions, Your Honor.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (3)

JUDGE WEAVER

Take the witness away.

Miller steps down grinning and is led away by Sheriff Battisfore.

JUDGE WEAVER

(continues)

Mr. Biegler, would you like to have a conference with your client? I can see that Miller was very much of a surprise.

PAUL

No, Your Honor, we don't need a conference. I'll recall Lieutenant Manion to the stand right now.

Manion goes to the stand.

PAUL

(continues)

You've heard the testimony of this Miller. Is any part of it true?

MANION

None.

PAUL

(studying Manion
for a moment)

Lieutenant, do you have any idea why he might come in here with a tale like that?

MANION

No.

PAUL

Have you ever talked with this man?

MANION

Yes.

PAUL

What did you talk about?

MANION

Nothing important. Certainly nothing about my personal life or feelings.

PAUL

That is all I wanted to know.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (4)

DANCER

Lieutenant Manion, have you ever had any sort of trouble with Miller?

MANION

Trouble? I don't know -- you mean an argument -- something like that?

DANCER

Did you ever attack Miller -- physically attack Miller?

Paul realizes Dancer has used Miller as bait to get Manion back on the stand. Manion looks to Paul for help.

DANCER

Your attorney can't answer the question for you, Lieutenant Manion. Did you ever physically attack Miller?

MANION

I don't think you could call it an attack. I pushed his head against the bars one day.

DANCER

Why?

MANION

He said something ugly about my wife.

DANCER

Do you clearly remember pushing or bumping his head against the bars?

MANION

Sure. I just told you.

DANCER

Then this was not dissociative reaction.

PAUL

The defendant is not qualified to answer that.

JUDGE WEAVER

Sustained.

DANCER

Lieutenant Manion, wasn't your action against Barney Quill much the same thing as your action against Miller or the Lieutenant you slapped at the cocktail party -- all done in the heat of anger, with a willful, conscious desire to hurt or kill?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (5)

MANION

I don't remember my action against Quill.

DANCER

How long had you known your wife was stepping out with Quill?

MANION

I never knew anything like that. I trust my wife.

DANCER

You just occasionally beat her up for the fun of it, I suppose?

PAUL

(desperately)

There has been nothing established to permit a question like that. He keeps trying to insinuate without ever coming to the point. Let him ask the Lieutenant, did he ever beat his wife.

JUDGE WEAVER

I will sustain the objection. Do you want to re-phrase your question, Mr. Dancer?

DANCER

(pleased)

No thank you, Your Honor. I've finished.

PAUL

I'll ask it. Did you, Lieutenant Manion, ever beat your wife on the night of the shooting or any other time?

MANION

No sir.

PAUL

Is there any doubt in your mind that Barney Quill raped Mrs. Manion?

MANION

No sir.

PAUL

That's all.

DANCER

Nothing more.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (6)

JUDGE WEAVER

Step down, Lieutenant.

Manion comes down to take his seat at the defense table under Paul's hard gaze.

PAUL

We walked into that one.

MANION

I'm sorry. I should have told you about Miller. Are we hurt?

PAUL

Bad.

Parnell comes hobbling down the center aisle from the main courtroom doors.

JUDGE WEAVER

(watching Parnell)

Does the prosecution have any other rebuttal witnesses?

MITCH

(watching Parnell)

No, Your Honor. We have no other witnesses.

Parnell bends over the railing, whispers to Paul.

JUDGE WEAVER

Does the defense have any rebuttal witnesses?

PAUL

Your Honor, I know time is very pressing and I don't want to ask for a recess. But I would like to leave the courtroom for a moment.

JUDGE WEAVER

Well, I suppose if it's important we can be at ease for a minute.

MITCH

This is highly irregular, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

Mr. Lodwick, there is no reason, as the saying goes, to make a federal case out of this. You're excused, Mr. Biegler.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (7)

Paul and Parnell hurry up the aisle, their heads close together, talking as they go, hastening through the main doors into the corridor. All eyes in the courtroom remain on the doors. The silence is tempered by a low mumble of conversation. A few moments pass. Dancer glances at his wristwatch, shrugs his impatience to Mitch. Judge Weaver takes out his watch, winds it, motions to Sheriff Battsfore to approach the bench.

JUDGE WEAVER

(in undertone)

Sheriff, will you see if Mr. Biegler's gone fishing?

Sheriff Battsfore trots up the center aisle and disappears through the main doors. Almost immediately he returns, followed by Paul, Parnell and Mary Pilant.

PAUL

(coming through
the gate)

Thank you very much, Your Honor.
I now have a rebuttal witness. The
defense calls Mary Pilant to the stand.

DANCER

(as Mary approaches)

Your Honor, we'd like to protest this
affair. The noble defense attorney
rushes out to a secret conference and
now the last minute witness is being
brought dramatically down the center
aisle. The whole thing has obviously
been rigged to unduly excite the jury.
It's just another of Mr. Biegler's
cornball tricks.

PAUL

Your Honor, I don't blame Mr. Dancer
for feeling put upon. I'm just a humble
country lawyer, trying to do the best I
can against this brilliant prosecutor
from the big city of Lansing.

The jury glowers at Dancer and he paces away angrily. Paul suppresses a grin.

JUDGE WEAVER

(sighing gloomily)

Swear the witness.

Mary is sworn and takes the stand.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (8)

PAUL

Where do you live, Miss Pilant?

At the prosecution table Mitch leans to Dancer, says something and Dancer nods at the information.

MARY

At the Thunder Bay Inn in Thunder Bay.

PAUL

How long have you lived there?

MARY

For two years.

PAUL

What is your occupation, Miss Pilant?

MARY

I manage the Inn.

PAUL

Was Barney Quill your employer?

MARY

Yes.

PAUL

How is the laundry handled in the Inn?

MARY

It's chuted down into the laundry room.

PAUL

Where is the chute located on the second floor?

MARY

Between room 42 and 43.

PAUL

Who lives in these rooms?

MARY

I live in 42 and Mr. Quill lived in 43.

PAUL

Would Mr. Quill, coming up from the lobby, have to pass the mouth of this chute on the way to his room?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (9)

MARY

Yes.

PAUL

Could he easily drop something into
this chute as he passed by?

MARY

Yes.

PAUL

Now in the laundry room, what is done
with the laundry?

MARY

The sheets and slips are sent out and
the towels are put into a wash and dry
machine there in the room.

PAUL

When are the towels checked?

MARY

As they're taken from the wash and
dry.

PAUL

Do you check them?

MARY

Yes. That is part of my work.

PAUL

Will you tell us what you found among
these towels on the day after Mr.
Quill was killed?

MARY

I found a pair of women's panties.

PAUL

What did you do with them?

MARY

I threw them in the rag bin.

PAUL

When did you learn of the significance
of these panties?

MARY

Here, this morning in the courtroom.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (10)

PAUL

Did you then go home and get them from the rag bin?

MARY

(opens her purse)

Yes.

She hands a folded pair of panties to Paul.

PAUL

I offer this article of lingerie as Exhibit One for the defense. They're white, have lace up the side and are badly torn -- as if they had been ripped apart by powerful hands. The label reads, 'Smartshop - Phoenix, Arizona.'

JUDGE WEAVER

If there are no objections the exhibit will be received in evidence.

PAUL

That's all, Miss Pilant.

At the prosecution table Dancer rises, cold and determined.

DANCER

Did you ever talk with Mr. Lodwick, the prosecuting attorney, about Quill's death?

MARY

Yes, he came to the hotel several times after Mr. Quill was killed.

DANCER

Did you tell Mr. Lodwick that you didn't believe that Barney Quill raped Mrs. Manion?

MARY

Yes, I told him that.

DANCER

Now, Miss Pilant, did you ever talk to the defense attorney, Mr. Biegler?

MARY

Yes.

DANCER

Was this also in connection with the shooting of Barney Quill?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (11)

MARY

Yes.

DANCER

Did you tell him you didn't believe
Quill had raped Mrs. Manion?

MARY

Yes.

DANCER

How many times did you talk to Mr.
Biegler?

MARY

Twice.

DANCER

When was the last time?

MARY

Last night.

Dancer glances significantly at Paul, quickens the pace of his
interrogation.

DANCER

Have you now changed your mind
about Barney Quill? Do you now
believe he raped Mrs. Manion?

MARY

I -- I don't know now. I think he
might have.

DANCER

When did you change your mind --
was it last night?

MARY

No -- I -- it was here, this morning.

DANCER

When were you given the panties? Was
it last night?

PAUL

Now wait a minute -- just wait a
minute...

JUDGE WEAVER

Use the proper form of objection,
Mr. Biegler.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (12)

PAUL

On second thought I don't object,
Your Honor. I'd like the jury to hear
her answer:

JUDGE WEAVER

Witness may answer.

MARY

No, I was not given the panties last
night or any other time. I found them,
exactly like I said.

DANCER

Do you know for a fact Barney Quill
dropped the panties in the laundry
chute or did you just assume it?

MARY

I assumed it.

DANCER

Had you thought that perhaps someone
else might have dropped them there?
Someone who wanted them found in
the hotel laundry?

MARY

I hadn't thought about that.

DANCER

And in the grip of what Mr. Biegler
might call dissociative reaction you
rushed in here with the panties because
you wanted to crucify the character of
the dead Barney Quill -- isn't that
right?

MARY

No, I felt it was my duty to...

DANCER

Your pride was hurt, wasn't it?

MARY

I don't know what you mean.

PAUL

Your honor, he's trying to confuse
the witness. Let him ask questions
that she can understand.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (13)

JUDGE WEAVER

Yes, Mr. Dancer -- I'd like to know what you're getting at myself.

DANCER

When you found the panties, Miss Pilant, was your first thought that Quill might have raped Mrs. Manion -- or was it that he might have been stepping out with Mrs. Manion?

MARY

(to the Judge)

What does he mean? I don't know what he means.

JUDGE WEAVER

Mr. Dancer, I must again ask you to put straight questions to the witness.

DANCER

This is a straight question, Your Honor. Were you Barney Quill's mistress, Miss Pilant?

MARY

(almost weeping
with fury)

No, no, I was not!

DANCER

Do you know that it's common knowledge in Thunder Bay that you were living with Quill?

MARY

That's not true. Barney Quill was --

DANCER

Was what, Miss Pilant?

She looks helplessly at Paul. There's nothing he can do.

DANCER

(continues)

Barney Quill was what, Miss Pilant?

MARY

(defiantly)

He was my father.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (14)

The courtroom whispers and mumbles. Dancer is stunned. He stares at Mary for a long moment, then spins to glare at Paul. Paul plays it straight, but he can't keep the triumphant glitter from showing in his eyes. Dancer relaxes. A smile touches his lips. He inclines his head in a tiny bow to Paul.

DANCER

No more questions, Your Honor.

PAUL

That's all for me, Your Honor.

JUDGE WEAVER

The witness may step down.

Mary leaves the stand, bravely, head up. Paul escorts her to sit beside Parnell and Maida.

JUDGE WEAVER

(continues)

We will recess for fifteen minutes -- after which we will hear the closing arguments. I hope the attorneys will be brief and to the point. If it's possible, I would like to charge the jury before nightfall.

As the Judge is speaking, the CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in all of the courtroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Paul is at the piano, aimlessly tinkering with some slow blue notes. Parnell lies on the old couch, hat over his face. Maida comes from the kitchen, carrying a cup of coffee, surveys the two men, comes on to peer through squinted eyes at the clock on Paul's desk. It reads one o'clock.

MAIDA

Think they're going to stay out all night?

(a pause)

Why can't somebody say something?

PARNELL

(lifting the hat off
his face a few inches)

What shall I talk about, Maida
darling?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

MAIDA

Tell me we're going to win. I'm counting on getting that promissory note from the Lieutenant. I hope we can borrow some money on it. I need a new typewriter. Half the time the 'p' and the 'f' won't strike on mine. 'Party of the first part' sometimes comes out, 'arty o' the irst art.' It doesn't make sense. It's embarrassing.

PAUL

Arty o' the 'irst art. I like that. It has a ring to it.

A moment passes.

PARNELL

(puts his hat
over his eyes)

Twelve people go off into a room. Twelve different hearts, twelve different minds, from twelve different walks of life -- twelve sets of eyes and ears, shapes and sizes -- And these twelve people have to judge another human being as different from them as they are from each other -- and in their judgment they must become of one mind -- unanimous. It's one of the miracles of man's disorganized soul that they can do it -- and most of the time do it right well. God bless juries.

A little time passes. Paul picks at the keyboard, Maida sips her coffee.

MAIDA

I don't know what I'd do if I were on that jury. I really don't know. Do you?

PARNELL

(chuckles)

I loved that, Polly, my boy. I loved that humble country lawyer bit. You had Mr. Dancer dancing.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

I'm afraid he got the last dance --
best summary I've ever heard in a
courtroom.

MAIDA

I liked yours much better, Polly.

PARNELL

Do you have to play that stuff? Can't
you play Danny Boy or Sweet Isle of
Innisfree?

Paul boogies Danny Boy and Parnell rises irately.

PARNELL

(continues)

Sacrilege!

The RING of the phone cuts into the racket Paul is making at the piano. He stops playing suddenly. He and Parnell turn toward Maida who has seized the phone.

MAIDA

(into phone)

Paul Biegler's office... Yes sir.
Right away.

(she hangs up)

They're ready.

DISSOLVE TO:

109 EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

The upper floor, the courtroom floor, is ablaze with light. The lawn is deserted. There are maybe fifteen cars parked in the street. A water truck passes by spraying the pavement. As the truck passes it is joined by Paul's car which turns into the curb before the courthouse. Paul, Maida and Parnell hurry up the walk toward the entrance.

110 INT. COURTHOUSE ROTUNDA - NIGHT

The rotunda is dimly illuminated by a few lights in the corridors off the rotunda. Light from above touches the marble stairs and from above Laura's voice is heard murmuring a plaintive song -- off key -- lazy. She is preceded by Muff -- flashlight in mouth, bouncing down the stairs. As Laura comes into view, Paul, Maida and Parnell enter the courthouse. Laura sees them and halts, leaning against the stair wall. She carries her shoes in her hand, her suit jacket is unbuttoned. She's pleasantly tight, careless and appealing.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

LAURA

Hi, sweetie.

PAUL

(to Parnell and Maida)

Be right up.

They go on up, looking back suspiciously at tipsy Laura.

PAUL

(continues)

The jury's coming in.

LAURA

(she hiccups)

I heard. Tell my loving husband I'll be waiting in the car.

PAUL

You're sure he'll be coming out?

LAURA

(putting on her shoes)

Sure. He's lucky. Some people have all the luck. Tell him I'm waiting to get kicked to kingdom come.

She meanders on down the stairs for a few steps.

LAURA

(continues)

Oh, hey sweetie...

(she opens her purse,

takes out a folded

object, tosses it to Paul)

Souvenir for you.

The object in Paul's hand is a girdle.

PAUL

(stepping down, hands
her the girdle)

Better keep it. You might need it again sometime. You never know.

LAURA

No, you don't, do you? I like you, Polly.

A beat, then she smiles and dawdles on, murmuring her song again, crosses the rotunda. Muff playing about her in circles. Paul watches her go with pity, amusement and affection.

111 INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT

The wall clock reads 1:30. Only a few spectators have kept vigil but the newspapermen are, of course, still on hand. Mitch and Dancer are chatting with a couple of reporters and the court officials are lounging about inside the bar. There is a patter of conversation and air of expectancy. Manion enters with Sheriff Battisfore from the lawyers' conference room. As Paul enters the courtroom through the main doors and walks down the center aisle, Judge Weaver comes from his chambers. The courtroom comes to attention as the Judge climbs to his bench. He glances up at the clock, checking it against his watch.

JUDGE WEAVER

You may be seated. Is everyone present, Mr. Sheriff?

SHERIFF

Yes sir. All the principals are present.

JUDGE WEAVER

Allow the jury to come in please.

Sheriff Battisfore opens the door to the jury room, saying, "All right, folks," and the jury files in, tired, ruffled, the men needing shaves.

JUDGE WEAVER

(continues; when the jury is seated)

I warn all of those present not to interrupt the taking of the verdict. I will stop the proceedings and clear the courtroom if there is any demonstration. Proceed, Mr. Clerk.

COURT CLERK

Members of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict, and, if so, who will speak for you?

A JURYMAN rises.

JURYMAN

We have agreed. I'm the elected foreman.

JUDGE WEAVER

The defendant will rise.

Manion stands at the counsel table.

COURT CLERK

What is your verdict, Mr. Foreman?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED::

JURYMAN

We find --

(his voice cracks and
he clears his throat)

We find the defendant not guilty by
reason of insanity.

DISSOLVE TO:

112 EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY

Paul's car comes speeding along the road by the lake which leads to Thunder Bay. The sun is bright and it's a good day.

113 INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY

Paul is driving, Parnell beside him. Both are mellow and pleased.

PAUL

Maida gave you the promissory note,
didn't she?

PARNELL

(tapping his
coat pocket)

Right here -- ready to be signed by
our happy client.

(he looks out
the window)

You know, I used to think the world
looked better through a glass of rye.
It doesn't. I think I'll keep it this
way. Looks nice.

PAUL

I've gotten one good thing out of this
case -- that's a law partner -- if it's
all right with him.

PARNELL

(delighted)

He'll be mighty proud to have his
name on a shingle with yours.

They grin at each other.

114 EXT. GATE OF THUNDER BAY TOURIST PARK - DAY

Paul's car hums from down the highway, turns through the gate.

115 EXT. SITE OF MANION'S TRAILER - DAY

A littered clearing, waste paper blowing about the area, a canvas chair with a broken back has been left behind, a big oil drum serves as a garbage can and is overflowing with cans and empty bottles. Paul's car rolls up and stops. Paul and Parnell get out. Paul walks slowly to where the trailer once stood, looks about in dismay. Mr. Lemon comes hurrying down from the trailer street.

LEMON

I guess you're looking for Lieutenant Manion, aren't you, Mr. Biegler?

PAUL

Yes.

LEMON

He gave me this note for you.

Paul takes the note, reads it silently.

LEMON

Felt real sorry for Mrs. Manion. She was crying. Left a mess, didn't they? I better get my helper busy here.

He trots away. Without a word Paul hands Parnell the note and for lack of something else to do, idles over toward the oil drum. Parnell scans the note. Now he reads aloud.

PARNELL

(reading)

'Dear Mr. Biegler: So sorry but I had to leave suddenly. I was seized by -- an irresistible impulse. Frederick Manion.'

The wind rustles through the littered camp site. Paul reaches into the oil drum and lifts out a red slipper with a spike heel. The heel has been broken and dangles from its joint. He sets the heel into place, holds the slipper on the palm of his hand.

PAUL

How the devil are we going to face Maida?

PARNELL

(picking up an empty bottle)

Gin. I knew there was something wrong with that fellow. Never saw a gin drinker you could trust.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Pardner, let's go see our first client.

PARNELL

And who might that be?

PAUL

(grinning)

Mary Pilant. We're going to administer
Barney Quill's estate.

PARNELL

(chuckles)

That's what I call poetic justice for
everybody.

A little sadly, Paul drops the red slipper on top of the bottles.

PAUL

Yes.

They get into the car and drive away. Now they're gone and all that
remains -- the last dismembered part -- is the broken red slipper
lying among the empty bottles.

FADE OUT.

THE END