

MURDER IN THE FIRST

Screenplay by

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Rewrite by

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REWRITE

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by

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EXT. ALCATRAZ - DECEMBER, 1940 - FOGGY DAY

Where the bad guys go. The enduring symbol for hard time. THE ROCK.
(RUN CREDITS OVER)

WILLIE MOORE (24) is escorted in chains from The Rock to the dock by a GUARD and a DEPUTY MARSHAL. Though the day is overcast, he squints at the light. In many ways he is like a newborn. Everything he sees is a wonder to him: the sea gulls, the sky, the water.

They arrive at the boat and Willie is helped aboard.

GUARD

'Bye, Willie.

Willie does not answer, has probably not even heard him. He is in a state of grace.

THE BOAT

starts forward. The movement throws Willie onto a bench. He sits and watches Alcatraz recede in the distance.

DEPUTY

Say good-bye to the rock, kid.

WILLIE

I don't gotta come back?

DEPUTY

Naw, they'll keep you in the city lock-up for the trial, then the

gas chamber's up in Quentin.

WILLIE

(smiling)

I don't gotta come back here.

Everything's fine with Willie. He's a happy man.

INT. ARRAIGNMENT COURT - DAY

Willie sits on a bench with other waiting DEFENDANTS watching the bustle of court, people coming and going, things being said but not apparently heard. He enjoys it in a simple way. He could be at the movies.

JUDGE CLAWSON

takes the next file off the stack on his bench.

CLAWSON

People versus William Moore.

BURT RUSSELL, a public defender in his 60s steps to the defense table motioning Willie to join him. The judge gives the indictment a quick read.

CLAWSON

(reading, half to himself)

William Moore, you're accused of attacking one Avery Charles Clark, an inmate of Alcatraz prison, and there striking and wounding. . . with a steel instrument. . . to wit, a spoon. . .?

Looks up from the file, over his glasses at Willie and Russell. Russell lowers his eyes to the table. Willie smiles at the judge.

CLAWSON

(resumes reading)

. . . of about four inches in length, which, striking and wounding, described as aforesaid, causing

the said Avery Charles Clark,
thereafter, to wit, on December
15, 1940, to die. †

(looks up)

Is the defendant ready to enter
a plea, Mr. Russell?

RUSSELL

No, Your Honor, defendant has
requested different counsel. I
was informed only this morning
and we haven't had time to...

IF HE IS
PLEADING
GUILTY THEN
WHAT O.K.
DOES IT
MAKE?

CLAWSON

Young man, the county has provided
you with a very good lawyer here.
What's the problem?

WILLIE

I got nothin' against Mr. Russell, but
they told me I could kinda pick my
own lawyer.

CLAWSON

Did you have someone in mind?

WILLIE

Yes, sir.

CLAWSON

Well, let's have it.

WILLIE

I'd like the youngest fella they have.

CLAWSON

What?

WILLIE

Somebody about my own age.

CLAWSON

Mr. Moore, this is not a basketball game. You are charged with a capital offense. Your life is in the balance, sir.

WILLIE

Yeah, well, that's all right.

CLAWSON

So be it. Mr. Russell, get him the youngest man in the office.

(picks up the next file)

People versus John A. Hansen. . .

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - HENRY DAVIDSON'S OFFICE - DAY

A tight, cramped and disorderly office. HENRY, 24, leans back in his chair, his feet on the desk, his lap supporting a massive law book. As he reads his eyes grow heavy and his head nods forward.

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OFFICE - JENKINS

walks toward the office, carrying a file. He is in his 50s, the head of the office. He opens the door to Henry's office and walks inside.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE

Henry snaps awake when he sees JENKINS and assumes a more professional posture.

HENRY

Mr. Jenkins.

JENKINS

Henry, how old are you?

HENRY

I'm twenty-four, sir.

JENKINS

And how long have you been with us?

HENRY

I'm less than a month away from my six-month evaluation.

JENKINS

You've got some court time under your belt, haven't you?

HENRY

Yes, sir, mostly vagrants, whores, and con artists, but...

JENKINS

Did you win any of those cases?

HENRY

In a manner of speaking. One of the whores was found to be less than professional.

JENKINS

Are you up to a murder trial, Henry?

HENRY

Jesus! A murder trial?!

Henry is on his feet, excited.

HENRY

Excuse me. Really? A murder trial? Yes, sir, I'm ready. All my life I've wanted to stand up in front of a jury and plead for the life of an innocent man.

JENKINS

He's not innocent.

HENRY
(disappointed)
He's not?

JENKINS
He tore out a man's throat with a
spoon. There were over five hundred
eye witnesses.

HENRY
Sweet Jesus!

JENKINS
I didn't know you were such a
religious man.

HENRY
Excuse me again, sir.

JENKINS
Here's the file. Give him the best
defense you can, cosmetically speaking.

HENRY
Yes, sir, thank you for your confidence
in me.

JENKINS
Let's not jump to conclusions.

Opens the door to leave, stops. As an afterthought--

JENKINS
By the way, we've hired a new
lawyer, whom I can give to you
as an assistant.

HENRY
Want me to break the new guy in,
huh, show him the ropes?

JENKINS
(smiles enigmatically)
It's something of an experiment.

HENRY
(laughing)
What's his name, Frankenstein?

Jenkins is not amused.

JENKINS
George.

He leaves. Immediately, Henry whirls and paces before an imaginary jury.

HENRY
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,
I intend to prove beyond the shadow
of a doubt that...
(Glances at the file)
William Moore could not have been
the perpetrator of this dastardly
deed. I intend to prove beyond the
shadow of a doubt that it is physically
impossible for anybody to tear out
somebody's throat with a spoon!

*SMASH
cut*

INT. CITY JAIL -CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

Henry waits in the room. There are thick screens on the window. There is a table and two chairs. The door opens and a JAILER brings Willie into the room. He smiles when he sees Henry.

HENRY
(apprehensive)
Mr. Moore, I'm Henry Davidson. I'll
be representing you.

WILLIE
Hi. You can call me Willie. Can I call
you Hank?

HENRY

(put at ease by his easy nature)
Sure, Willie.

WILLIE

You got any cards, Hank?

HENRY

Oh, of course.

He hands Willie his printed card.

WILLIE

No, I mean playing cards. I like
cribbage best, but gin's okay too.

HENRY

I can bring you some cards.

WILLIE

Great! How old are you?

HENRY

That's the second time today I've
been asked that. I'm twenty-four.

WILLIE

No kidding? So am I! You fish?
Fishin's pretty good around here, ain't it?

HENRY

No, I don't like to fish. I
can't stand to kill things.

(It hits him)

No offense. My dad's the fisherman.

WILLIE

Yeah? You get along with him?

HENRY
 Off and on. He's not too happy I'm
 a public defender. He's a cop.

WILLIE
 A cop? No kidding? My pop was a
 farmer. I never got along too good with
 him. Then we lost the farm and I went
 my own way. You married?

HENRY
 No, too young.

Willie laughs. He's having a great time.

WILLIE
 Too young! Yeah, me too. You have
 a girlfriend?

HENRY
 Nothing serious.

WILLIE
 I never had a woman. I'm still
 a cherry. I always thought, if
 I had one more year on the outside
 I mighta had a woman. That's the
 only thing that bothers me about goin' to
 the gas chamber.

HENRY
 Don't talk like that, Willie. We're
 going to do everything we can to
 keep you out of the gas chamber.

WILLIE
 You follow baseball, listen to the
 games on the radio?

no reaction

HENRY
 Only the World Series. I like to

see how people do under pressure.

WILLIE

Henry, I'm real disappointed to hear that.

HENRY

Does it matter that much? I mean,
whether or not I like baseball?

WILLIE

Well, sure. That's why I asked for
the youngest guy they had. I ain't had a real
conversation in three years. I figured
we could talk baseball, play cards. . .

HENRY

You requested the youngest?

WILLIE

Thought we'd have somethin' in
common. Anybody else there who
likes baseball, fishin', playin' cards?

HENRY

I play cribbage.

WILLIE

You do?

HENRY

Let me be your lawyer and we'll
play cribbage.

WILLIE

Now you're talkin'.

HENRY

You said you haven't had a conversation
in three years. Why's that?

WILLIE
They had me in the hole.

HENRY
Solitary?

WILLIE
Yeah.

HENRY
For three years?

WILLIE
I didn't know it was three years until
they let me out. I didn't know nothin'.
Day from night, winter from summer,
shit from sugar beets.

HENRY
Why did they put you there?

WILLIE
I got caught tryin' to escape.

HENRY
This man they say you killed...?

WILLIE
Oh, I killed him all right. He's dead.

HENRY
Who was he?

WILLIE
The squealer who put me in the hole.
(beat)
You like to go to the picture show, take
your girl to the movies?

He doesn't answer. He's lost in the study of his poor wretch of a client.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

He's on the phone.

HENRY

Hello? . . . Yes, I'm a graduate student at Cal and I'm doing a paper on solitary confinement. Can you tell me the average length of time an inmate might spend in solitary?

(beat)

Somebody must keep records, statistics.

(beat)

I can't tell you how helpful you've been, because you haven't.

He hangs up. There is a knock on the door.

HENRY

Come in!

The door opens and ANNIE stands framed in the doorway. She is about Henry's age. She dresses simply but well. She is a beauty and she is black.

HENRY

Yes?

ANNIE

My name is George. I was told we'd be working together.

HENRY

George? You're George, the new guy?

ANNIE

Annie George.

HENRY

You're a lawyer?

ANNIE
(with an edge)
Yes, I'm a lawyer.

HENRY
I . . . I'm sorry, I didn't mean anything,
but we've never had a woman lawyer
here, let alone . . .

ANNIE
Let alone a colored one. Yes, I know.
Do you need some time to recover
from this, or can we get to work? *GREAT*

HENRY
We can get to work.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

FRANK DAVIDSON (50), Henry's father, is on the witness stand. He testifies
by rote. He's done this a lot. He is being questioned by an aggressive P.D.
about 30.

P.D.
Answering the call, what time did you
arrive at the jewelry store?

FRANK
Eleven-thirteen, p.m.

P.D.
How can you be so precise,
Sgt. Davidson?

FRANK
It was a jewelry store. The place
was loaded with clocks.

P.D.
Was that the first thing you
noticed, the clocks?

FRANK

The first thing I noticed was the defendant ducking out the back door. I knew it was him because I've been chasing him out of back doors for years.

P.D.

Your Honor, can we instruct the officer to limit his answers to the questions posed?

JUDGE

Yes, we can do that. Do you intend to question this witness much longer, counselor?

P.D.

I should think another two hours, Your Honor.

The Judge looks pained.

JUDGE

Then let's have some lunch. Court is recessed for one hour.

The judge leaves, all rise. Frank comes off the stand and stops at the defense table.

FRANK

Junior in the office?

P.D.

I think so, Frank, I heard he's got a murder case.

FRANK

(as he walks away)
Coming up in the world, is he?

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Annie reads Willie's file on one side of the desk, Henry makes notes on the other side.

ANNIE

I assume you've talked to the D.A.

HENRY

Won't budge. They figure this one's in the bag.

ANNIE

He doesn't look like a sympathetic defendant. Leavenworth for mail robbery, an escape attempt from there, five more years and a transfer to Alcatraz.

HENRY

You want to hear about the great mail robbery. He's in a drugstore, trying to get a job sweeping up. There's nothing for him. The clerk steps away from the open till. Willie grabs a five-dollar bill, apparently his first crime in life. He was hungry. He got caught, of course, and it turns out the drugstore had a rural post office in it and that made it a federal offense. Five years in Leavenworth. He's seventeen. Wouldn't you try to escape? So he winds up in Alcatraz with an extra five years, and Alcatraz is probably a tad uglier than Leavenworth. I don't know, I find that sympathetic.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

HEM MENTION 2.

HENRY

Come in.

Frank enters. He is cautious. Henry is less than cordial.

FRANK

Hi.

HENRY

Hi, pop.

FRANK

I was in the building. Truth is,
I was gettin' beat up by your
friend Sam Bowden.

HENRY

He's a good lawyer.

FRANK

Yeah, too bad he doesn't have a
decent suit of clothes.

HENRY

This is Annie George, recently from
Mississippi. Miss George, this is my
father.

ANNIE

How do you do, Mr. Davidson.

FRANK

Yeah, pleased to meetcha.

(to Henry)

I thought maybe we could have a
sandwich.

(to Annie)

How 'bout you see your lawyer
after lunch?

HENRY

Annie's not a client, pop. She's a lawyer.

Frank is nonplused.

HENRY

We're working on a murder in the first.

FRANK

Killers get two lawyers now, huh?

ANNIE

I don't think they're counting me. Yet.

FRANK

It's a whole new world, ain't it? I haven't even figured out the old one. So what about lunch?

HENRY

Annie, would you join us for lunch?

Considering the time and circumstances, it's an extraordinary invitation, especially from Annie's point of view. Henry's made it to provoke his father, and it's working.

ANNIE

I better not.

HENRY

C'mon, why not?

FRANK

Look, she doesn't want to go, she doesn't have to go. Nobody's forcin' her.

Now she wants to provoke him.

ANNIE

I'll get my coat.

She leaves.

FRANK

Thanks, wise-ass.

HENRY

What?

FRANK

What? Everytime I make a step
in your direction. . .that's what.

HENRY

A step in my direction? You don't
even know where I am. You never
have.

FRANK

Oh, I know where you are. You're
buried in this dead end job, doing your
level best to put the scum I clean
up back on the street. Now, that
may give you a world of satisfaction
but I think it's the shits.

HENRY

Is this another one of those steps
in my direction?

FRANK

It's a two-way street, junior.

HENRY

Don't call me junior!

FRANK

I try to get an hour alone with you,

maybe we can talk, but you gotta
bring a Mau Mau along.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OFFICE

The argument builds to a rage. People passing in the corridor can hear the yelling and look curiously at the door as they walk by.

HENRY

(o.s.)

You are a narrow minded, prejudiced,
ignorant man.

FRANK

(o.s.)

And you're a legal genius. That's
why I make twenty bucks more a month
than you and I never went to six
years of college.

HENRY

(o.s.)

If you had you might have learned
that twenty bucks (finally) doesn't count.

FRANK

(o.s.)

Yeah, only killers count. The scum of the
earth, that's all that counts to you.

HENRY

(o.s.)

I don't want to have lunch with you!

FRANK

(o.s.)

I don't want to have lunch with you either.
Merry Christmas, you little shit!

PATMAN

The door flies open, Franks storms out and slams it behind him.

ANNIE

sees it, watches him walk away. She goes to Henry's office, but the door opens before she gets there. Henry comes out, fuming. He walks in one direction, then turns around and walks in the other. He sees Annie, remembers.

ANNIE

I saw.

HENRY

We do it all the time.

ANNIE

Doesn't look like much fun.

HENRY

I gotta get out of here. C'mon.

He walks out ahead of her. She follows him, but when he goes through a door and lets it swing shut behind him, she stops in her tracks. In a beat, he comes back, having remembered his manners, and holds the door open for her. She passes through.

ANNIE

Thank you.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - DAY (1940)

The place is gaily decorated for Christmas. Christmas music plays on store victrolas. Henry gets two crab cocktails at an outdoor stand and they find a secluded corner to eat them in. It's chilly and they'd be more comfortable inside, but neither suggests that. During the course of the scene, various people will pass by. Some of them will notice the mixed couple, and Annie and Henry will notice people looking at them. This is all very subtle, nothing overt. After all, we are in a progressive city. But it is still 1940 and a mixed couple is an object of some curiosity.

HENRY

Okay?

ANNIE

Delicious.

HENRY

Maybe the key to Willie's defense is that he'd rather die than go back to Alcatraz.

ANNIE

Most killers would rather die than spend a lifetime in prison.

HENRY

Then how's the death penalty a deterrent?

ANNIE

It isn't. It's punishment, retaliation.

HENRY

They had him in solitary for three years. I don't know what that's like, but I can see Willie left some of himself in the dark of that hole. He's not all there. I try to talk about the case, he wants to talk about baseball, he wants to play cards. The only way I could keep him was to promise to play cribbage with him.

ANNIE

What's cribbage?

HENRY

I was hoping you'd know.

She laughs. Then he responds in kind. For a moment they look like lovers.

It does not go unnoticed.

HENRY

I gotta learn by tomorrow if I
want to keep this case.

ANNIE

It's not a good one.

HENRY

We'll make it a good one. You're
not getting cold feet, are you?

ANNIE

(positive)

Uh-Huh. Cold nose and cold ears
too. It's a little warmer where I
come from.

HENRY

I am so gutless. We could have
gone inside, sat down at a table.

ANNIE

Let's have some hot coffee.

HENRY

Okay, we'll have coffee inside.

ANNIE

It's all right, really.

HENRY

No. We're going inside. We may
even have dessert.

ANNIE

Henry?

(beat)

I'm not going inside. If I wanted
to, I would. I don't want to. Okay?

Long beat.

HENRY
Cream and sugar?

ANNIE
Just cream.

He goes to a stand and orders the coffee. She watches him. She likes him.

EXT. CABLE CAR STATION - DAY

Henry and Annie jump on the crowded cable car. They hold onto hanging straps. They're both conscious of their bodies touching.

ANNIE
When will I get to meet the defendant?

HENRY
I think we ought to delay that for awhile. At this point he's not even sure he wants me.

ANNIE
So, of course, he'd be horrified by me.

HENRY
Now who's being sensitive?

ANNIE
Who's being selfish?

HENRY
I'll share him with you. Don't worry, you're not going to be the invisible assistant.

ANNIE
I'm a woman, I'm black, my first

job, my first case. You can be sure
I won't be invisible.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Henry is at his desk, pouring over documents and law books, in stark contrast to the first time we saw him at work. He's hyper.

A SECRETARY comes in with some papers. DORA. She's nineteen, sexy.

DORA

Jenkins wants you to look at these.

She drops them on his desk, with an attitude. He's too involved to notice.

HENRY

Okay, I'll get to them.

DORA

You took that colored girl to lunch.

HENRY

Her name is Miss George. She's a lawyer here. Don't refer to her as "that colored girl."

DORA

And I ain't seen you in over a week.

HENRY

Well, Dora, that's to your credit. I'm exhausted.

DORA

(flattered)

You mean I wore you out?

HENRY

I'm dead.

DORA

But you'll come back to life again, huh?

HENRY

I certainly hope so.

DORA

Give us a kiss til then.

He lifts his head from his work. She plants a big smack on his lips and leaves happy. He goes right back to work.

INT. JAIL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Willie and Henry sit at a small table playing cribbage.

HENRY

Fifteen-two, fifteen-four, pair is six.

He moves the pegs on the board.

Willie picks up the kitty, includes it in his hand.

WILLIE

Fifteen-two, fifteen-four, fifteen-six, run is ten.

He pegs his score.

WILLIE

You're in serious trouble here, boy.
You better start payin' attention.

HENRY

Willie, how much light was in that hole in solitary?

WILLIE

There wasn't no light. Your deal.

HENRY
None at all? Not ever?

WILLIE
Nope.

HENRY
What about food?

WILLIE
What about dealin'?

Henry picks up the cards and shuffles.

WILLIE
Beans and rice, once every three
days.

HENRY
(disbelieving)
C'mon.

WILLIE
That's how I kept track of time for
awhile. Then I lost my place.

Henry deals.

HENRY
Did you plan the escape?

WILLIE
Wish I hada. Wouldn'ta counted in
Avery Clark.

HENRY
Tell me what happened that night.

They pick up their cards, study them for a moment.

WILLIE

We made it out easier than we expected. Nobody got hurt. . .

SLOW DISSOLVE:

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

EXT. ALCATRAZ - NIGHT

A sheer cliff to the narrow beach below. A rope drops over the side.

ON THE SUMMIT: WILLIE, A VERY CLARK, AND SMITH

SMITH, the leader, finishes hammering a stake into the ground to hold the rope. He claps Willie on the shoulder and motions him to descend.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Willie rapelling down the cliff.

SUMMIT: Smith taps Clark, but Clark urges Smith to go first. Smith looks at him for a moment, then grabs the rope and descends.

ANGLE ON THE BEACH:

Suddenly searchlights come on from patrol boats which are just off-shore. The lights catch Willie and Smith in their beams.

SMITH makes a run for the water. SHOTS RING OUT and he drops into the waves, dead.

WILLIE

takes off running down the beach. Then he sees armed prison guards running toward him. He turns around and sees more guards coming from the opposite direction. He stops and puts his hands up high in the air.

WILLIE

Okay. . . Okay. . . It's over. . . I
don't got a weapon!

The guards draw closer to him. Among them we see MISTER GLENN, the associate warden. He likes his work.

WILLIE

Okay, you got me, Mr. Glenn.

Glenn hits him across the head with a blackjack. Willie sinks down to his knees, his hands covering his head, which is bleeding. Glenn hits him again.

WILLIE

Okay, Mr. Glenn. . . I'm down. . . no
more. . . I'm down. . .

Glenn hits him again.

INT. DUNGEONS CORRIDOR AND STAIRS - (ALL WILLIE'S POV)

Willie is dragged down the stairs to the dungeons by TWO GUARDS. Glenn walks in front of them. The dungeons are cells which are little more than caves, carved into the rock of the island. Caves with metal doors, with only a peephole and no window, with a slat that can be unbolted and opened at the bottom of the door to allow food to be passed into the cell.

Willie stands half-conscious against the wall while the guards take off his trousers and shirt, leaving him in his underwear.

Glenn takes a filthy old mop out of a pail of water and throws it aside. He picks up the pail of water. Willie is starting to slide down the wall. Glenn throws the pail of water on him. He comes to with a start and shivers. The guards take Willie under the arms and drag him toward the cell. He doesn't resist, just turns and looks back to Glenn helplessly. They throw him into the dungeon cell and he lands on the floor. The stones of the walls are painted with pitch.

The door slams shut and all goes black except for a pinpoint of light that comes through the peephole. Glenn's eye fills the hole, then he moves away and it is closed. All is blackness.

WILLIE

(plaintive cry)

I'm sorry!

We hold the blackness for a long moment.

The door is unlocked. A FLASHLIGHT scans the pitch black cell. The walls of the dungeon seep saltwater. Mold is growing. The light lands on Willie. He squints and holds his hand over his eyes. He sits huddled in the corner in his underwear, shivering. He has nine days' growth of beard.

The GUARD throws a blanket over to Willie. He grabs it like a life preserver and quickly pulls it around himself.

WILLIE

Thank you. . . God bless you. . .

The guard comes in and takes the toilet bucket and empties it into a barrel on wheels in the corridor.

WILLIE

How. . . how long I been in here?

No answer.

WILLIE

I figure it's eight or nine days, huh?
How much longer I gotta do? Huh?

The guard throws the latrine bucket back into the cell.

WILLIE

Say anything! Talk to me, please!

GUARD

Damned fool.

The door is slammed on him. Darkness again.

The slit at the bottom of the door opens and Willie crawls over to the light. He gets on his stomach to see out, and in the knife-blade slash of light we see his hair is longer and his beard is full. He speaks in hoarse whispers as a tin plate of nondescript food is shoved under the door.

WILLIE

That's my twentieth meal, ain't it? One meal every three days. . . I been here. . . sixty days. Is that right? How much longer? Please!

A tin cup of water is shoved through the slat. The slat shuts and we are in darkness again.

WILLIE

(yelling)

There's a human being in here!

BACK TO SCENE:

Henry and Willie hold their cards but the game has stopped. The pall of solitary hangs over them.

WILLIE

What bothered me was being tossed away and forgotten, like old coffee grounds. Once a spider crawled over me. It was like havin' company, another livin' thing. I crawled all over that cage on my hands and knees, but I never could find him again. He probably had some way out. I started singin', just to hear the sound of a voice.

(sings)

"Oh, the monkey wrapped his tail around the flag pole, up his asshole. . ." Mister Glenn come down and whupped me with his sap. It was not havin' anybody to talk to. You get so tired of yourself. . .

FADE TO BLACK

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

We are in the blackness of solitary. We hear Willie's voice in a hoarse whisper.

WILLIE

Twelve times twelve is one
forty-four, thirteen times thirteen
is one sixty-nine, fourteen times. . .

The door to the cell is unlocked and opened. TWO GUARDS stand in the doorway.

GUARD 1

On your feet, Willie.

Willie is huddled in the corner. We don't see him clearly yet.

WILLIE

Hello. . .hello. . .

Guard 1 comes in and helps Willie to his feet. His hair is down to his shoulders. His beard is full. He squints his eyes against the light. They take him into the corridor. Willie's prison uniform is filthy with dried excrement. He is dizzy, disoriented, and needs to be supported as they move him down the corridor. The distaste for this job can be seen on the faces of the guards.

WILLIE

(hard to articulate a thought)
What's. . .what's. . .what's. . .what's. . .

GUARD 1

What's goin' on?

WILLIE

What's goin' on? Yeah.

GUARD 1

It's Christmas, Willie. This is your
Christmas present.

They start taking him up some stairs.

WILLIE

Christmas...? You're lyin'
It's only Christmas? I been here
longer 'n Christmas.

GUARD 2

Willie... It's Christmas 1938.
You've been down in
the hole more 'n a year.

WILLIE

That's right.

GUARD 1

Long time, Willie.

WILLIE

That's right. You had me scared there.
Thought I was gettin' confused. I
did it, though, huh? I did a year
in the hole and I ain't all that crazy.
Am I? I did it. I stood my time.
Where we goin' now?

GUARD 1

Exercise. Mister Glenn's lettin' you
get some Christmas exercise. Ain't
that nice?

WILLIE

Huh?

GUARD 1

Thirty minutes exercise.

WILLIE

I gotta go back?

GUARD 1

'Fraid so, Willie.

Willie starts howling like an animal. It's pitiful to hear. The younger guard is coming unglued, the older guard has to toughen up to bear it.

GUARD 1

Shut up, Willie! Shut up or we'll take you right back down. You don't want your thirty minutes, we can turn around.

He starts to turn him around.

WILLIE

No! I want my thirty minutes!
I'll be good... I'll be good...
(chokes back his sobs)
Want my thirty minutes...

BACK TO SCENE:

Henry is crying, the tears roll down his cheeks. Willie, embarrassed, looks at his hand, plays a card.

WILLIE

Thirty-one for two.

He pegs his two points on the board.

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Annie walks through the office. She stops at Henry's office, looks inside.

POV- THE EMPTY OFFICE

Annie goes to Dora at the reception desk.

ANNIE

Dora, have you seen Mr. Davidson?
He hasn't been in his office for two days.

DORA

He called in sick.

ANNIE

What's wrong, did he say?

DORA

No, and he doesn't answer his phone.

ANNIE

I know.

Both women look at each other, realizing at the same time that the other's been calling Henry. Maybe it's professional and maybe it isn't.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

It's Christmas Eve. The tavern, though decorated, is sad, refuge for the lonely. Several patrons sit scattered about. Frank Davidson sits alone at the bar. The door opens and Annie steps inside. All heads turn to look at her. She goes to Frank.

ANNIE

Mr. Davidson, we met in your son's office...

FRANK

I remember.

ANNIE

Your office told me you'd probably be here. Have you seen Henry recently?

FRANK

Nope.

ANNIE

Did he go out of town or anything?

FRANK

He doesn't check in and out with me.

ANNIE

He's been out for three days.
I know how important this case is to him.
He wouldn't stay out of the office
for three days unless it was
something serious.

FRANK

Call him up and ask him.

ANNIE

I have. There's no answer. I
thought, since it's Christmas Eve,
he'd probably be with you.

FRANK

No need to get all sentimental, missy.
I expect a few Christmases'll slip by.

ANNIE

You don't like me, do you?

FRANK

I don't like anybody in that office. }
What I do and what they do makes
us kinda natural enemies.

ANNIE

But that's not why you don't like me.

FRANK

It's a start.

ANNIE

I don't like you either. I think a
father ought to be behind his son
no matter what he does. So I see
you as something of a stumbling

failure. Besides, I have no use for a drinking man.

FRANK

If you were a man, I'd knock you on your ass.

ANNIE

I'm sure you would.

FRANK

You through?

ANNIE

No, I'm not through. I'm reporting a missing person. You're going to take me to his apartment and try to discover his whereabouts.

It's possible, with the exception of Henry, no one's ever spoken to him like this. Begrudgingly, he admires her. He picks up his drink as though he'd like to put it upside her head, but he drinks it down and gets off his barstool.

EXT. HENRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Frank pulls up in his car. He and Annie get out and go into the building.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE HENRY'S APARTMENT

Frank pounds on the door.

FRANK

Henry! Henry, get out here!
Goddammit, Henry, open up.

We HEAR A CHILD'S VOICE from the neighboring apartment.

CHILD

(o.s.)

Mommy, is that Santa Claus?!

MOTHER

(o.s.)

It certainly is not Santa Claus.
Quiet out there!

ANNIE

Don't you have a key?

FRANK

Don't need a key.

He takes out a jimmy and opens the door.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank and Annie enter. All the windows are open.

FRANK

Jesus, it's like an icebox in here.

He goes over and starts closing the windows. Annie looks into the tiny kitchen. No one there. No one in the bedroom. She goes to the bathroom and opens the closed door slowly. She turns on the light. Huddled in the corner, shivering in his underwear, with a three-day growth of beard, is Henry. He squints and covers his eyes with his hand.

There is a bedspread over the window, which is obviously open because the wind pushes against the bedspread. Henry looks up with a look reminiscent of Willie.

ANNIE

My God, what have you done
to yourself?

Frank hears her and rushes to her side. He can't believe what he sees. They go to Henry and help him up. He is dizzy.

HENRY

It's so cold. . .

FRANK
What's going on here?

HENRY
What day is it?

ANNIE
It's Christmas Eve.

HENRY
I've had no food, no light, nothing.

They lead him to the living room.

ANNIE
(to Frank)
Get a blanket.

FRANK
Do you know what this is all about?

ANNIE
He's made himself a solitary. *NO MATTER
OF HOW*

Frank looks at Henry, who looks crazed and disoriented, then he goes for a blanket.

Henry puts his arms around Annie and clings to her warmth. At first she is startled, then she holds him close.

HENRY
God, I'm so cold. It was lonely . . .
scary. Three days. . .my own bathroom.
He had to take it for three years, in a cold
wet cellar. I know how to defend
him, Annie.

*A LITTLE STRANGER
IN THIS TRANSITION*

They cling to each other, as tight as they can. Frank comes back with a blanket and sees them like that. It stops him in his tracks, filling him with equal parts of moral outrage and jealousy.

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDERS OFFICE - DAY

We see a GROUP of P.D.'s clustered around a desk. We move toward them. We can hear them before we see what they are about.

P.D. 1

(v.o.)

That doesn't work. You've got to drink water while holding your breath.

The CAMERA MOVES TO THE CENTER of the group and we see the object of their attention:

HENRY

has his head in a bag. He removes the bag, sits upright. All is fine for a few seconds. Then he hiccups.

HENRY

The most important case of my life,
and I get the hiccups!

He continues to hiccup.

DORA

(making her way through the group)
Excuse me, Mr. Davidson? Can
I see you in private?

HENRY

Not now, Dora, I gotta go to court.
(hiccups again)
Dammit! Dammit to hell!

DORA

I'm sorry, but I gotta talk to you
right now.

HENRY

All right, all right.

They move off to a private corner.

HENRY
Make it quick.

DORA
I'm pregnant.

Henry goes paralytic. For a long, long moment he can't respond. He can almost not stand up. In fact, he plops down into the nearest chair.

HENRY
(fatalistically)
You are?

DORA
(smiling)
No, but you've lost your hiccups.

HENRY
I have! Dora, you're a genius!
(gives her a big kiss)
Don't ever do that again!

CREITZ

He grabs his briefcase and runs.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

THE DEFENSE TABLE: Henry sits between Annie and Willie. All Willie can do is look at Annie. The proximity of a live woman after years of enforced celibacy is driving him nuts.

BALIFF
(o.s.)
All rise, court is in session,
the Honorable Judge John Creitz
presiding.

JUDGE CREITZ enters the court. Willie does not rise with the others.

HENRY
(whispers)
Stand up, Willie.

WILLIE
I can't! I got a hard-on!

Quickly, Henry slides his upright briefcase in front of Willie. Willie rises behind its protection.

CUT TO:

Prosecutor MCNEIL addresses the TWELVE MEN in the jury box. There are only a handful of SPECTATORS, among them O'DELL, young cub reporter, who looks bored with his assignment.

MCNEIL
Our great system of jurisprudence requires that every man be given a fair trial. No matter how overwhelming the evidence against him, a man can plead innocent and have his day in court. Willie Moore sits between two lawyers provided at the taxpayer's expense. This grand hall, you twelve men good and true, have been put at his disposal. But let us not belabour this time-honored process. Witness after witness, to the hundreds, should you require them, can testify to what occurred before their horror-stricken eyes. The People will prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the defendant, without provocation, brutally and viciously took another man's life for the sheer pleasure of it. You men, I trust, will not ponder long the swift and sure penalty which must be exacted. If ever common decency required a man to pay with his life

for an unspeakable crime, this is that man and this is that crime.

Thank you.

McNeil crosses in front of Henry and goes to the prosecutor's table and sits. Henry follows him with his eyes, impressed.

CREITZ

Mr. Davidson?

HENRY

Yes, sir?

CREITZ

Your opening statement, please.

HENRY

Oh, of course, yes, sir.

He gets up and crosses to the jury.

HENRY

Gentlemen of the jury, like Mr. McNeil I cherish the legal process. In it, Mr. McNeil has chosen to represent the people in their right for retribution against wrongdoers. I have chosen to plead for the innocent who have been unjustly accused. In this case, Mr. McNeil and I are both faced with the same unusual problem, for while Willie Moore is not an innocent. . .

(beat)

. . . he is unjustly accused.

(beat)

We will not refute what the prosecution's witnesses will testify. A man named Willie Moore, who looks like the

defendant, took the life of a man named Avery Clark.

Henry walks to Willie, stands behind him, and puts his hands on Willie's shoulders.

HENRY

The man before you, however, is harmless, a threat to no one. But let us talk about that other Willie Moore, who did, in fact, kill Avery Clark.

During this, O'Dell becomes increasingly fascinated. He takes out his reporter's notebook and starts taking notes.

Henry picks up a folder and carries it toward the jury. He uses it as a prop, to get the jury's attention. It is like a key to a door which will reveal everything. He makes the most of it.

HENRY

There is something you should know, an ugly secret. Willie Moore did not act alone. There were accomplices.

This gets a reaction from everyone. McNeil stirs and whispers to his ASSISTANT. O'Dell senses his time will not be wasted. Something interesting is happening here. Annie looks worried as hell. Willie looks totally confused. The judge looks skeptical.

CREITZ

Mr. Davidson, I hardly ever allow interruptions to opening statements, but I see nothing in the record to indicate accomplices in this case.

HENRY

Indeed you don't, your honor. These are clever criminals. They leave no clues. They make no

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confessions. They are, in fact,
nearly invisible. I will in due
course name them by name. And
in this folder I have a photo of
the ringleader.

CRIETZ

Go on.

HENRY

Willie Moore had never harmed or
attempted to harm anybody in his
entire life. Then one day, a man
lay dead at Willie's feet, the murder
weapon in his hand. But, gentlemen
of the jury, Willie Moore was himself
the murder weapon, put into action
by far greater forces. For more than
three years before the date of the crime,
Willie Moore was tortured, both
physically and mentally. He was subjected
to the most horrible and inhumane
indignities and pain imaginable. What
is the tolerance of a human being for
such cruelty?! Willie Moore was thrown
into a dark, cold, wet, cellar, like
a sack of potatoes, and there he was
left, forgotten by the world. What is
the shelf life of a human being?!

He opens the folder and looks inside, keeping its contents out of sight of the
jurors.

HENRY

I promised you the name and photo
of the real perpetrator. I will show
it to you now and I will say, I accuse!

He whips out an 8 X 10 blowup of Alcatraz and parades in front of the jury,
giving them a chance to see it.

HENRY

Here is the real killer! The institution known as Alcatraz. I accuse! I accuse Alcatraz of the murder of Avery Clark, of the torture and humiliation of Willie Moore and ten thousand John Doe's. I accuse the warden and the associate warden and the institution of Alcatraz of crimes against humanity! Willie Moore will not be the only defendant here. Alcatraz is on trial!

The jury is shaken. Willie is confused. Annie's expression says, "What have I gotten myself into?" McNeil chuckles to his assistant. O'Dell races out to get to a telephone.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - DAY

As foreboding and impassive as ever.

INT. WARDEN HUMSON'S OFFICE - DAY

WARDEN HUMSON (middle 40s) is on the phone. He looks worried.

HUMSON

I wasn't there, I didn't hear what was said, I don't know what I should say under the circumstances. . . . Could I ask you to hold on for a moment? Thank you.

(Puts the phone against his chest and hollers.)

Amy! Have Mr. Glenn see me right away.

(Back on phone)

Hello? Sorry. As I said. . .

Torture? That's ridiculous. . .

INT. CORRIDOR/ INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

Tracking Glenn to the Warden's office. He enters just as Humson hangs up.

HUMSON

It seems Willie Moore's lawyer will be calling us to testify. Seems he wants to put us on trial.

For a long moment Glenn says nothing. Then--

GLENN

Will that be considered work time or extra duty?

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

The same tavern we saw Frank Davidson in earlier. Frank and Henry are sitting at the bar. Frank has a folded newspaper at this elbow. They drink their beer in silence for a moment, still uncomfortable with each other.

HENRY

I guess I should thank you for breaking into my apartment and everything.

FRANK

Those low rent apartments pop open like a grape. You were somethin', though. I thought I was gonna have to call the guys in white coats.

HENRY

I had to know what it was like for Willie.

FRANK

You think Alcatraz is gonna roll over and die? Grow up. They're not lookin' to gas your friend Willie because he rubbed out some con. They gotta gas him so everybody knows you don't try to escape from the Rock. That's an

important place to a lot of people.

HENRY

Name one.

FRANK

J. Edgar Hoover. How's that? You can't get money for a ten most wanted list unless you can put 'em in a place they can't get out of.

Henry listens to what he knows are hard facts of life.

FRANK

The Rock was built on politics, just like every other prison in this country: You think Judge Creitz hasn't already had a couple phone calls from Washington? You think the Justice Department wants some young snot P.D. puttin' their jewel on trial?

HENRY

They're not going to stop me.

Frank laughs.

HENRY

What's so funny?

FRANK

Stoppin' you would be nothin' at all. You're a hired hand.

HENRY

What am I supposed to do?

Frank opens the paper to page two. He slides it across to Henry.

C.U.: A small article under the headline, ALCATRAZ ON TRIAL. Below that,

the by-line of Alfred O'Dell.

BACK TO SCENE.

HENRY

I read it.

FRANK

Get it on page one. Keep it on page one.
The powers that be have one great
fear: a reporter with a good set of teeth.
Get this O'Dell on your side.

HENRY

That's not bad advice. Thanks, Pop.

FRANK

So what's with this nigger girl?

HENRY

Aw, Jesus...

His head drops. Just when his father does something he could love him for,
he quickly follows it with something to hate him for.

FRANK

What?

HENRY

You say that so easily.

FRANK

What?

HENRY

You know what.

FRANK

Nigger girl? That's what she is.
Am I mistaken or what?

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Henry just shakes his head and gets away from him. The door shuts behind Henry and Frank looks to the bartender, as if to say, "What did I do?"

INT. CITY JAIL - DAY

CORRIDOR: Henry and Annie walk on either side of O'Dell, who carries a camera and is excited at the prospect of his scoop.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

O'Dell takes pictures of Willie, who is very self-conscious and stands rigid.

O'DELL

Relax, Willie. The camera won't bite.

WILLIE

I am relaxed.

EXT. CORRIDOR

Annie walks O'Dell out of the jail.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

WILLIE

I don't like him.

HENRY

Why not?

WILLIE

Don't know why not, I just don't.
I like the girl, though. Wouldn't
mind to see her naked.

HENRY

That's not nice, Willie. She's part
of the team. You, me, Annie, and
now O'Dell. We all want to keep
you out of the gas chamber.

WILLIE

Did you ever see her naked?

HENRY

Willie! Keep your mind on what's going on here. We've taken on the Rock, now we've got to beat it.

Willie smiles and shakes his head.

HENRY

What?

WILLIE

Nobody beats the Rock.

He takes out his deck of cards and starts shuffling.

WILLIE

Whaddaya wanna play?

INT. NEWSPAPER PRINTING PLANT

A classic shot of great rolls of newsprint unspooling into information for the masses. There in the lower left corner of page one is a picture of Willie and Henry, and the caption: "TAKING ON THE ROCK"

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Everyone else has long gone home, but Henry and Annie remain. The desk is a clutter. Henry has his sleeves rolled up, his tie loosened.

ANNIE

Their psychaitrist has dubious credentials, but Associate Warden Glenn has been at the prison longer than most of the inmates, and Warden Humson is one of the youngest and most highly respected wardens in the system.

She leans back and slips off her shoes.

HENRY

Tired?

ANNIE

I'm okay.

HENRY

What's the matter?

ANNIE

Jenkins spoke to me. He's not happy.

HENRY

Why didn't he talk to me?

ANNIE

He may be a little afraid of you.

HENRY

Me? Jenkins?

ANNIE

He's afraid of going down with you.

HENRY

And you are too.

ANNIE

People are going to lose their jobs at the end of this, and I need this job. I lose this job and it's a parlor practice out of my grandma's house in Mississippi.

HENRY

You can drop out. Jenkins'll understand that.

ANNIE

Do you want me to?

HENRY

You have to make that decision.

ANNIE

Am I helping at all?

HENRY

You're wonderful. I mean. . . I'm glad you're here. A lot of people don't believe in women lawyers, but I think it's good. . . I think you're good.

We have the sense he wants to reach over and touch her, and she would like to be touched.

ANNIE

I'm a little afraid of you.

They're starting to fall in love, an unsettling experience in the best of circumstances. Here, it is terrifying.

HENRY

I'm scared of you too.

They look at each other for a long moment.

HENRY

Okay. We've admitted we're total cowards. I'm glad that's out of the way.

They smile and try to avoid each other's eyes, not entirely successfully.

HENRY

Back to work?

ANNIE

Back to work.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - DAY

ANGLE ON AN APPROACHING BOAT:

Henry, Annie, and HORACE (a photographer) are on the deck.

The boat ties up at the dock. Horace is continually taking pictures. They get off the boat.

INT. ALCATRAZ - VISITATION AREA - DAY

Henry sits on one side of the partition with Annie and Horace. Across from them sits a prisoner named BARKDOLL. Mr. Glenn stands off at a distance, watching them.

HENRY

Mr. Barkdoll, my name is Henry
Davidson. I represent Willie Moore.

BARKDOLL

Never heard of him.

HENRY

We're trying to let the public know
what it's like in here.

BARKDOLL

Tell 'em to rob a bank.

HENRY

We can change it, if some of you
will talk, help us out.

BARKDOLL

Can you get me some time knocked
off?

HENRY

Well, no...

DRAFT

DID IN DO

KNOW IT TO

GO OUT & BELU

ON BIO THAT

GO DOWN TO

EASILY ?

BARKDOLL

Can you get me some privileges?
 Can you get me seconds on dessert?
 I testify for anybody, I testify for
 the D.A. He's got the pull. Hell, I'd
 lie for the D.A.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE, NEW PRISONER: STEVENS

Mr. Glenn continues to stand off at a distance, but now he's smiling.

HENRY

Did Mr. Glenn tell you not to cooperate
 with me?

Stevens is stoney silent. Annie feels Henry's frustrations. She nudges
 Horace, then nods in Glenn's direction. Horace starts snapping pictures of
 Glenn.

HENRY

Were any threats made?

No answer. Mr. Glenn grows uncomfortable with Horace's shooting him and
 goes off in a huff. Annie tugs on Henry's sleeve and calls his attention to it.

HENRY

Mr. Glenn's gone now. Give me
 one word. One word.

Nothing.

ANNIE

Mr. Stevens, if we can get decent
 treatment for you it makes decent
 treatment possible for everybody.
 If we ignore cruelty in one place,
 it make cruelty more acceptable
 in every place.

G.A.M.

STEVENS

I'm sorry.

We can sense he really is.

HENRY

That's okay. Good luck to you.

STEVENS

Thanks.

He gets up and leaves. Henry looks at Annie, proud of her, touched by her.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Henry, Annie, and Horace are led into the office by AMY (the secretary). Humson rises to his feet, shakes hands all around, the image of helpfulness and friendliness.

HUMSON

Hello, hello. You must be Mr. Davidson.

HENRY

Yes, this is Miss George, and our photographer Horace Smith.

AD LIB greetings.

HUMSON

Miss George, I can't tell you how pleased I am to see you people make this kind of progress. Just imagine.

Immediately, she hates him.

ANNIE

Yes, just imagine.

Horace inconspicuously takes some shots of him. Humson doesn't mind a bit. He smiles, presents his best side.

HUMSON

Please, sit down. Has the staff been cooperative?

HENRY

Very cooperative, thank you.

HUMSON

Fine, fine.

HENRY

But the inmates aren't.

HUMSON

Yes, their code of silence. They have rules of their own, you know, and by golly they stick to them. It can be very frustrating, let me tell you.

HENRY

Warden Humson, were you personally aware of the extraordinary length of time Willie Moore was kept in solitary?

HUMSON

Gosh, Mr. Davidson, I've been advised by counsel not to respond to questions like that. I'm very sorry. But if there's anything else we can do, in terms of the staff and facility. . .

HENRY

We'd like to see the cell in solitary where Willie was held for three years.

HUMSON

Unfortunately, that area is off limits to all visitors. We can take you into the main cell block, but. . .

HENRY

Miss George?

Annie takes a set of papers out of her briefcase and hands them to Humson.

HUMSON

What's this?

ANNIE

That's a court order instructing you to permit us access to the solitary confinement cells and to allow our photographer to take pictures of same, to be used as exhibits in the trial of the People versus Willie Moore.

HENRY

You are also instructed to hand over the complete medical and disciplinary files listed therein. So you can cut the good guy crap.

HUMSON

(as he reads the order)

Well, Mr. Davidson, fact is, I do think of myself as one of the good guys. And perhaps more than you, I know what bad guys are like.

HENRY

Yeah, we'll discuss all that in court. For now, just comply with the order.

IF THE GOV
IS SO AGAINST
THEM HOW
DO THE
GET THE
COURT ORDER
THIS EASY?

INT. DUNGEONS

A GUARD leads them. He opens doors one by one and Horace snaps pictures of the cells. In some of the cells, huddled wretches are further tormented by the flashbulbs. One or two cry out in shock and confusion. They are like frightened animals. Finally, Henry puts his hand on Horace's camera and pushes it down. They are all disgusted.

!Annie faints. They rush to revive her.

HENRY

Officer, could you take her up for
some air, please?

GUARD

All right, but you stay right here. I'll
send somebody down.

He takes Annie under the arm and escorts her up the stairs. She looks
back at Henry and we can see it is all a ploy.

When they are out of sight, Henry walks up to one of the closed cell doors.

HENRY

My name is Henry Davidson. . . I'm
Willie Moore's lawyer. I can force
them to let you out to come to San
Francisco to testify. Just give me
your name. We can get you out
of this hole.

Beat. Then. . .

WEAK VOICE

(o.s.)

Marvin. . . Johnson.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - YARD- MAGIC HOUR

Annie is with the original guard. ANOTHER GUARD leads Henry and Horace
up from solitary .

HENRY

How're you feeling?

ANNIE

I'm fine. Can we go now?

HENRY

We can go now.

Behind the backs of the guards, Henry smiles and holds up three fingers, indicating three names.

EXT. WHARF (SAN FRANCISCO SIDE) - EVENING

Henry, Annie, and Horace get off the boat. Henry is loaded down with records.

HORACE

I'll go get these developed.

HENRY

Thanks, Horace, you got some good shots.

He splits from them and goes in an opposite direction.

HENRY

You going home now?

ANNIE

If we're done.

HENRY

Yeah, we're done. It was a good day.

ANNIE

Can you count on those three names?

HENRY

I don't know. They've got nothing to lose. They're already in the hole.

(The fall silent for a moment and just walk)

Can I give you a ride home?

ANNIE

I usually take the bus.

HENRY

How long does that take you,
usually?

ANNIE

An hour.

HENRY

I have my car. . . it would be easy. . .
to give you a ride.

ANNIE

If you don't mind.

HENRY

No, I don't mind.

AT HENRY'S CAR - A 1930 Ford

He opens the door for Annie, goes around to his side and gets in. The car protests being started, but finally turns over and chugs away.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

ANNIE

Are you excited about going into
court tomorrow?

HENRY

Yeah, how about you?

ANNIE

(positive)
Huh-uh.

HENRY

I love a struggle. Life would be boring
without some kind of struggle, don't
you think so?

CAMERON

ANNIE
I don't know, Henry, I've never been
without one.

EXT. HENRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Passing through the black section of town, far on the outskirts.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

ANNIE
I live with a family. I have their
spare room.

HENRY
That's nice for you. You're not
alone.

ANNIE
I have the feeling you're not either.

HENRY
Who's been talking?

ANNIE
It's the way Dora looks at you.

HENRY
The thing you gotta remember about
Dora is, she's real friendly.

ANNIE
(laughs)
Not to me. Here it is, on the right.

EXT. ANNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The car pulls to the curb. Henry and Annie get out. They stand on the
curb.

HENRY

Well, as the one lawyer said to the other lawyer, "See you in court."

ANNIE

Good night.

He wants to hold her, you can tell.

HENRY

I'll walk you to the door.

They walk to the porch steps. She stops and turns.

ANNIE

Thanks for the ride.

HENRY

It was my pleasure.

The door opens and MRS. CARRIVAU appears on the porch. She is a heavy-set woman, formidable, and she's not sure she approves of what she sees.

MRS. C.

Supper's ready, Annie.

ANNIE

Mrs. Carrivau, this is Henry Davidson. We work together. Henry, this is Mrs. Carrivau.

HENRY

How do you do, ma'am?

ANNIE

Henry gave me a ride home.

HENRY

It didn't seem right to waste an hour on the bus. We had a long

day today and it'll be a long day
tomorrow.

Mrs. Carrivau does a quick study on him and decides he is all right.

MRS. C.

Mr. Davidson, we'd be pleased if you
stayed for supper, if you don't have
a pressing engagement elsewhere.

HENRY

If I had, ma'am, I'd be inclined to
cancel it, for I suspect you're a very
good cook.

Mrs. C. breaks into a smile, as does Annie. They're charmed.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW:

AROUND THE DINNER TABLE: Henry, Annie, Mrs. C, and her HUSBAND, MR.
C. They are all laughing and eating and having a good time.

INT. ANNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

KITCHEN: Mrs. C. washes the dishes as her husband dries them.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

UNDER THE PORCH LIGHT: Henry and Annie.

HENRY

That's the best meal I've had since. . .
I don't remember when. Since my
mother died.

ANNIE

When was that?

HENRY

Four years ago. I was in college.

Somebody has a radio playing. A be-bop jitterbug number comes on.

HENRY

Oh-oh, I'm in trouble now.

ANNIE

What's wrong?

HENRY

Don't you hear it? My feet take
over now and I just gotta follow.

He dances across the porch, in good moves of the period. She looks at him and laughs. He dances by her, sweeps her into his arms, and before she realizes it, she's dancing with him. It's the kind of great dancing, full of joy and intricate steps, that a whole generation seldom gets to see, let alone practice.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

WHAT ABOUT
WILLY?

Mr. and Mrs. C. stand in the darkened living room, watching them dance up a storm. They look worried.

MRS. C

Do those two fools think they're
invisible out there?

She goes to the switch and turns out the porch light.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Henry and Annie stumble in the darkness and fall off the porch onto the front lawn.

HENRY

Are you all right?

She can't answer, she's laughing so hard. He starts laughing too. They're lying side by side. He drapes one arm over her and suddenly they are very close. They stop laughing. He moves his lips closer to hers and stops. She moves closer to him. There's no way they can stop it now. They kiss, not a hungry, passionate kiss, but one that is sweet and giving and gentle. She strokes his face with her hand.

He gets to his feet, takes her hands and helps her up. He stands very close to her. A blade or two of grass is in her hair. He brushes it away.

ANNIE

Good night.

HENRY

Good night, Annie.

She turns and goes into the house.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Henry and Annie sit at the defense table with Willie. McNeil and his assistant are at the prosecutor's table. There are significantly more spectators now but the room is still not full.

CREITZ

I would like to address a few words to counsel for the defense. Mr. Davidson, this court has no interest in newspaper headlines and will not be swayed by them. Any attempts to try this case anywhere other than in this court of law will put you in legal peril. Understood?

HENRY

Is your honor suggesting a suspension of First Amendment rights?

The judge is burned by his effrontery.

CREITZ

I'm not suggesting anything, young man, I am ordering that you defend your client in this court with evidence, not in the papers with opinions. Mr. McNeil, call your first witness.

MCNEIL

The prosecution calls Terrence Swenson.

BALIFF

Terrence Swenson.

SWENSON

a prison guard, is on the stand.

SWENSON

I was one of the guards on duty in the dining hall, and I saw the defendant . . .

MCNEIL

William Moore?

SWENSON

That's correct. I saw him standing nose to nose with Avery Clark. Next thing I saw was Clark gushing blood from the throat and Moore holding a bloody spoon.

MCNEIL

Did the defendant appear to be ranting or raving?

SWENSON

No, sir.

MCNEIL

Was he frothing at the mouth?

SWENSON

Not that I saw.

MCNEIL

Was he shouting, arguing, pushing?

SWENSON

No, sir. Unless you were lookin' at the time, you wouldn't know there was any trouble.

ANGLE ON WILLIE: Surreptitiously trying to look at Annie's legs.

DISSOLVE TO:

BARKDOLL (the con we saw at Alcatraz) on the stand.

BARKDOLL

I was sittin' with some guys in the mess hall, havin' my Jello, when I sees old Willie Moore walk straight up to his old buddy Clark. I says, "Hey, look, it's Willie Moore. I thought he was croaked." He had his spoon and his tray, and I don't know if he even said a word to Clark. He drops the tray and wham! Drove that spoon home.

DISSOLVE TO:

DR. KILEY, the prison doctor, is on the stand.

MCNEIL

Dr. Kiley, you are the prison doctor at Alcatraz, are you not?

KILEY

I am.

MCNEIL

And you are also trained in psychiatry,
is that true?

KILEY

That is correct.

MCNEIL

Do you know the legal definition of
insanity?

KILEY

Yes, the ability to distinguish right
from wrong.

MCNEIL

In your professional opinion, based
on your years of medical experience,
was the defendant Willie Moore legally
sane at the time he killed Avery Clark?

KILEY

It is my considered judgment that he
was.

MCNEIL

Thank you. Your witness.

Henry crosses to the stand.

HENRY

Dr. Kiley, were you aware that the
crime for which Willie Moore was
originally sentenced was the stealing
of five dollars from. . .

MCNEIL

Objection. Mister Moore's original
crimes are not at issue here.

HENRY

Your Honor, this man sits as a qualified expert. I'd like his opinion on how a man who has never committed a violent crime in his life can go from stealing five dollars to driving a spoon through a man's throat.

CREITZ

Objection sustained.

HENRY

Dr. Kiley, did you have occasion to speak with the defendant after the stabbing incident?

KILEY

Yes.

HENRY

How long was that interview?

KILEY

About fifteen minutes.

HENRY

What did you ask him and how did he answer?

KILEY

I asked him if he realized what he had done. He nodded. I asked him if he felt any remorse for it. He shook his head. I asked him to express his feelings at the moment. He was silent. That's about it.

HENRY

So Willie never said a word to you?

KILEY

No, he did say something.

HENRY

What did he say?

KILEY

Because there are ladies in the room,
I would rather not quote him. He told
me that I should perform an impossible
physical act upon myself.

There is TITTING from the audience.

HENRY

Dr. Kiley, I show you a list of
thirty-two names, marked
defense exhibit A.

He hands the list to be marked, and then a copy to Kiley.

HENRY

Do you recognize the names on
this list?

KILEY

Most of them, yes.

HENRY

These are the names of men who
were all prisoners on The Rock while
you were the medical officer there.
Is that correct?

KILEY

Yes, I believe so.

HENRY

Is it not true that all of these
men were taken off The Rock in
straightjackets and placed in

state mental institutions?

MCNEIL

Objection, Your Honor. Question is immaterial.

HENRY

Your Honor, what I am trying to prove is that The Rock drives people insane, that it has already done so in thirty-two recent examples. Now, if that's not true, the prosecution's own witness should have the chance to say so. If it is true, it is most material and the jury ought to be privy to that as well.

Creitz ponders for a moment. We have the sense he'd like to sustain but can't.

CREITZ

Objection overruled.

Henry leans toward Annie and whispers.

HENRY

What does this mean? The old fart is giving me an even chance.

He turns back to the witness, flush with his success.

HENRY

Is it not true that these men were taken off The Rock in straitjackets and placed in mental asylums?

KILEY

Yes, that's true, but. . .

HENRY

Is it not also true that of the thirty-two

men taken off The Rock in straitjackets, thirty-one of them had never before been in mental institutions?

KILEY

I'm not sure of the exact number. . .

HENRY

Well, of course you're sure. Only one of them had ever been treated for a mental problem before arriving on The Rock.

MCNEIL

Objection! Would the court instruct counsel for the defense to cease referring to Alcatraz as The Rock and call it by its proper name?

HENRY

The witness knows what I mean when I say The Rock.

MCNEIL

You could have some respect.

HENRY

Why?

CREITZ

Quiet, both of you! For the record, we will refer to the place as Alcatraz and only Alcatraz.

MCNEIL

Thank you, Your Honor.

HENRY

So, here are men who came to Alcatraz legally sane, were subjected to the conditions of Alactraz, and then

were deemed by Alcatraz to be insane.
Is that not true?

KILEY

I don't know that you can say that
there was that cause and effect.

HENRY

If thirty-two people in your neighborhood
came down with diphtheria, wouldn't
you become alarmed? Wouldn't you
check the water?

KILEY

These men may well have had mental
disorders that were not diagnosed for
whatever reason before coming to
Alcatraz.

HENRY

And one could also say that these
were sane men who went insane at
Alcatraz. Could not one say that?

(beat)

Dr. Kiley?

KILEY

One could say that.

HENRY

Indeed one could. One could say
that Alcatraz drives men mad,
isn't that right?

MCNEIL

Objection. Question's been asked
and answered.

CREITZ

Sustained.

HENRY
No further questions.

He goes back to his table smiling at Annie and Willie, enjoying a great sense of victory.

McNeil rises and stands at his table.

MCNEIL
Dr. Kiley, has anything counsel
for the defense introduced changed
your mind as to your professional
opinion regarding the defendant's
sanity at the time of the crime?

KILEY
No, sir.

MCNEIL
And that professional opinion is?

KILEY
That the defendant was legally
sane at the time of the crime.

MCNEIL
Thank you, you may step down.
Your Honor, the people rest.

Henry looks injured.

HENRY
(whisper, to Annie)
That's it? They think that proves
a case?

Annie gives him a funny look that says, "What's left to prove?"

CREITZ
Court is in recess until nine o'clock
tomorrow morning.

*CAN THE
PROSECUTION
ASK MORE
QUESTIONS
AFTER THE
RESTENSE?*

C.U.: THE EVENING PAPER - P.1 HEADLINE - "ALCATRAZ: THREAT TO SANITY"

INT. JENKINS' OFFICE - NIGHT

The newspaper is on his desk. Jenkins is there with Annie and he's not happy.

ANNIE

I'm proud of Henry's cross examination, Mr. Jenkins. What was he supposed to do?

JENKINS

There was a lot of objection to hiring you, I think you know that. I went out on a limb for you because I thought it was time and I thought you'd be a good lawyer, someone who could open the door for others. I still think that. I had no idea it would turn out this way.

ANNIE

What way?

JENKINS

I'm under a lot of pressure here. We're a government agency too, you know. We're just as vulnerable to attack as Alcatraz.

ANNIE

Hopefully, we're not as guilty.

JENKINS

This should have been a quiet walk through, not a circus for the local papers.

ANNIE

What do you want us to do, Mr.
Jenkins, water down the defense?
And why are you talking to me and
not Henry?

JENKINS

Because Henry is headstrong, wildly
idealistic. . . a liberal.

ANNIE

And you think I'm not?

JENKINS

I think you're far more practical.

She realizes he's got the right read on her.

JENKINS

(handing her a sheet)

The DA wants to know where Henry
got these three names.

She looks at the list but says nothing.

JENKINS

The DA thinks he obtained them
by subterfuge.

ANNIE

Subterfuge need not be illegal.

JENKINS

(shakes his head sadly)

You're babes in the woods, both of
you. You think you can trust convicts.
One of these men has already told
the associate warden that Henry promised
he could get him out of solitary if
he purjured himself on the stand.

ANNIE

You don't believe that!

JENKINS

It doesn't matter what I believe.
If the DA chooses to pursue, and
he will if the men testify, both
you and Henry could be facing
disbarment procedures. All that
you've accomplished in your life
will go down the drain.

It strikes her to her core.

INT. P.D.'S OFFICE - CORRÍDOR - NIGHT

Tracking Annie as she walks to Henry's office. She opens the door.

POV - HENRY, furiously at work. He looks up, smiles.

HENRY

Hi. Where you been?

ANNIE

Henry, you can't call your witnesses
from solitary.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

They walk together, aimlessly, with a sense of defeat.

HENRY

I'll do it with Humson and Glenn.
They can't stop me from questioning
the Warden and his associate.

ANNIE

Willie doesn't care. He'd rather look
at my legs than listen to testimony.

HENRY

He must be sane after all.

She smiles.

ANNIE

You're a good lawyer, Henry, and a good man. I'm learning things from you.

HENRY

Really?

ANNIE

But I'm worried. Don't you see, I'm the first. If I don't make good, it sets everything back.

HENRY

I love you.

ANNIE

Don't talk like that, please! You're in enough trouble.

HENRY

I can't help it. Maybe I'm the kind of guy who's meant to be in trouble. Do you love me?

ANNIE

I can't love you. I can't!

She runs ahead of him to a bus stop.

BUS

comes to a stop. Annie jumps on.

HENRY

Annie!

The bus pulls away.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is packed. Warden Humson stands in the witness box, his hand on a Bible.

BALIFF

... the whole truth and nothing but
the truth, so help you God?

HUMSON

I do.

BALIFF

Be seated.

Henry rises from the table, a book in his hands. Before he can walk to the witness, Annie tugs on his sleeve. He lowers his ear to her lips.

ANNIE

(whispering)

I love you too.

He smiles and walks across the room, lost really. He walks right by Humson and smiles at the jury like an idiot. Some of them smile back.

CREITZ

Mr. Davidson, would you like to
question your witness?

HENRY

Yes, your honor, I would. I've been
doing some interesting reading.
A memoir called "On the Rock,
My Life in Alcatraz," by Richard
Humson. In your book, you liken
your role to that of a stern father,

punishing when necessary but providing for physical needs and character guidance.

HUMSON

I have used that analogy, yes.

HENRY

That probably accounts for the superior quality of food on Alcatraz, wouldn't you say so?

HUMSON

Good food promotes good feelings.

HENRY

But that good food and those good feelings don't extend to the dungeons, do they?

HUMSON

If you're referring to the lower cells. . .

HENRY

Yes, the lower cells.

HUMSON

The food is not superior in the lower cells.

HENRY

Thank you. I have here a record of a prisoner named Samuel Wilson, who did one thousand, one hundred, and sixty-two days in the dungeon. . . excuse me, the lower cells. . .over a ten year period. Can you tell me the infractions that were committedd?

He hands Humson the file. Humson scans it.

HUMSON

Not finishing all the food on his tray, having an extra pair of socks, untidy cell, smuggling food from the dining hall. . .

HENRY

Will you read why he smuggled food from the dining hall?

HUMSON

To feed a pet lizard, also an infraction.

HENRY

These are the crimes that warrant over a thousand days and nights in total darkness with only one meal every three days?

HUMSON

You make it sound like he did all that time at once. His longest continuous period was only nineteen day.

HENRY

Only nineteen days. But this man was keeping a pet lizard, why didn't you hold him in the lower cells for, say, a thousand days?

HUMSON

That's absurd.

HENRY

Yes, it is. Inhuman too.

HUMSON

Yes.

HENRY

Yet Willie Moore did more than one thousand days, in total darkness, with only thirty minutes of daylight per year!

HUMSON

You cannot compare his offense with that of keeping a pet lizard.

HENRY

Nor, possibly, could you compare its effect.

HUMSON

I don't understand what you mean.

HENRY

Isn't it a fact that after several months you simply forgot about Willie Moore? And when you remembered him three years later you let him out?

HUMSON

That's not true.

HENRY

Did you ever look in on him?

HUMSON

Mr. Glenn did.

HENRY

Did you ever review the case?

HUMSON

Yes. Mr. Glenn didn't consider that the prisoner had a sufficient change of attitude. I accepted his recommendation.

HENRY

(thundering)

But how could Mr. Glenn know if he had a sufficient change of attitude if he never spoke to him except to beat him?!

MCNEIL

Objection! There is no evidence indicating any beating.

CREITZ

Sustained.

HENRY

Then I will pose the question. Did you ever beat Willie Moore?

HUMSON

I never beat any prisoner.

HENRY

You had Mr. Glenn for that, didn't you?

MCNEIL

Objection!

CREITZ

Sustained. You're skating on thin ice, counselor.

HENRY

Maybe, your honor, but I have to get to the other side.

CREITZ

Ask your questions. Refrain from accusations.

HENRY

During Mr. Moore's attempt to escape your hospitality. . .

CREITZ

(sternly)

Mr. Davidson.

HENRY

. . . to escape confinement in Alcatraz. During his attempt to escape, was anyone hurt?

HUMSON

One man was killed.

HENRY

By Willie Moore?

HUMSON

No. It was one of the escapees, shot by guards.

HENRY

Warden Humson, the fact is that the man you tossed into that dungeon had never, ever in his entire life harmed or attempted to harm another human being. That is a fact, isn't it?

HUMSON

According to his record to that point, yes.

HENRY

And it is equally a fact, is it not, that when he came out of the

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

dungeons he was a murderer?!

HUMSON

Yes, that's what he's on trial for!

HENRY

But he was not a murderer until you, the kindly father, got a hold of him. You turned him into a murderer, didn't you? Didn't you?!

MCNEIL

Objection!

CREITZ

Calm down, sir.

HENRY

I have only one more question, your honor. My last question, Warden, is whether you, in all honesty, can look at this jury and tell them that there was no cause and effect between Willie Moore's three years in your dungeon and his first and only lethal act against a fellow human being.

Humson turns and looks directly at the jury.

HUMSON

The science of criminology is inexact. No one can accurately predict criminal behavior or the effects of punishment on such behavior. But I can with some certainty predict the results of allowing criminal behavior to go unpunished. Your homes will be locked and double locked, yet your property, your wives and your children will not be safe. There will be no more evening strolls down neighborhood streets. No more

trusting of strangers. If you want to un hinge the prisons, you will have to learn to live with the consequences.

HENRY

We don't want to un hinge the prisons, Warden, we just want to let in a little light.

INT. JENKINS' OFFICE - NIGHT

C.U.: NEWSPAPER HEADLINE, P. 1: (Under pictures of Henry and Humson)

PUBLIC DEFENDER TO ALCATRAZ: "LET IN A LITTLE LIGHT!"

ON SCENE. JENKINS, HENRY, AND ANNIE

JENKINS

It's gone beyond local and state news now. It's across the country.

HENRY

I'd like to say I'm sorry, but I can't figure out why I should be.

JENKINS

For one reason, you have introduced into the public mind the outrageous notion that somehow prisons are to blame for crime.

HENRY

Think about it. It may not be so outrageous.

JENKINS

You're a little out of control, Henry.

HENRY

Out of control? I'm trying to save a man's life, for God's sake.

JENKINS

We think you've gone beyond defense.
We think you're using the department
as a political soap box, and that is not
our function.

HENRY

I don't agree, but fine, okay. Anything
else? I have work to do.

JENKINS

Not on this case.

HENRY

What?

JENKINS

We're putting in a substitution of
attorney. Maybe we can get a short
continuance, give things a chance
to simmer down.

HENRY

You're taking me off the case? You can't
do that.

JENKINS

It's already done. Mr. Moore's accepted
the new counsel.

HENRY

Who's the two-bit, brown-nosing son of a
bitch who met with my client behind
my back?

Jenkins looks at Annie, who's been sitting silently throughout. Henry looks
at her, devastated by the betrayal.

ANNIE

I have to, Henry, I have no choice.

HENRY

People are always saying that.
Me, I got a choice. I quit.
(He heads for the door.)
Welcome to the white world, Annie.

He goes out, slamming the door behind him.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT (FRANK'S TAVERN)

New Year's Eve. A banner stretches across the room: 1941. It is rowdy and loud in the tavern. In contrast to the gaiety, Henry and his father sit quietly at the bar. Henry, not as accustomed as his father, is a little drunk.

FRANK

You can't trust a con, kid. Basic
rule of life.

HENRY

You want a better rule? You can't
trust anybody.

FRANK

No argument.

HENRY

Still, I'm gonna miss her.

FRANK

You mean like, uh. . . ?

HENRY

Like the way a man misses a woman.

FRANK

It woulda been the worse thing to
ever happen to you.

HENRY

I don't think so.

INT. CITY JAIL - VISITATION AREA - DAY

Frank Davidson sits on the other side of the partition from Willie.

FRANK

I'm Frank Davidson, Henry's father.

WILLIE

No kiddin'? I'm pleased to meet you.

FRANK

You stupid, you threw away the best chance you had.

WILLIE

I talked to Hank about all that.

FRANK

Did he tell you he quit his job because of you?

WILLIE

Why'd he do that?

FRANK

And that girl who's your new lawyer? That was a special girl to him. And he quit her because of you.

WILLIE

Whaddaya mean, special? Like, uh...

FRANK

Special. Like a man feels about a woman, special.

WILLIE

Hank? Whaddaya think of that?

FRANK

I can't figure it out. I don't have to

figure it out. It's none of my business.

WILLIE

I didn't know any of that.

FRANK

Well, now you know. So are you gonna do something decent for once in your life? You gonna see something through for once in your life?

THIS SCENE IS TOO FAST. HENRY + FRANK NEED TO HAVE HAD A SCENE BEFORE

INT. WILLIE'S CELL - DAY

Annie is in the cell with Willie. CAMERA SHOOTS FROM floor level OVER her legs TO Willie's legs. He lets a notebook drop and his head comes down INTO FRAME as he bends to pick it up. He tries to sneak a look up Annie's skirt.

THIS THAT SMJ

ANNIE

Mr. Moore!

WILLIE

Call me Willie.

ANNIE

Get up this instant, Mr. Moore, or I'll call a guard.

more than then just sitting at a bar.

Willie straightens up. CAMERA PANS UP WITH HIM.

WILLIE

Jesus, girl, all I did was pick up my book.

ANNIE

And don't you call me girl.

WILLIE

If you call me Willie, I won't call you girl.

ANNIE
Okay...Willie.

WILLIE
Though you surely are one. I'd like
to touch you a little, here and there.

Willie starts rubbing his crotch.

ANNIE
Stop that!

WILLIE
I ain't touchin' you, I'm touchin' me.

ANNIE
Guard! Guard!

A JAILER comes to the cell, opens the door.

WILLIE
You gotta come back. You're my
lawyer.

Annie slips out the door.

ANNIE
I think you've given me a choice,
Mr. Moore.

*W/M
THIS
Came*

WILLIE
Call me Willie.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Henry is alone, eating dinner. The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

HENRY
Hello?

WILLIE

(v.o., on phone)
I only got a minute.

HENRY

Willie?

INTERCUT WITH: WILLIE, ON THE JAIL PHONE

WILLIE

I was wonderin', would it be okay
if you was my lawyer again? Miss
George don't like me. She got no
taste.

HENRY

(smiling)
I'll figure out something.

WV BSM

EXT. CITY JAIL BUILDING - NIGHT

Henry and Dora, looking very business-like and carrying a court reporter's machine, walk quickly down the deserted sidewalk to the jail building. It is very late at night. They enter the building.

INT. JAIL RECEPTION DESK - NIGHT

Henry and Dora are with the HEAD JAILER.

H.J.

It's three o'clock in the morning,
for Chrissake.

HENRY

We're not talking about a traffic
ticket here. This man is on trial
for his life. I have to take a
sworn statement from him and I
need it now.

H.J.

All right, all right. Sign in, both ayouse.

INT. CITY JAIL CONSULTATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dora sets up her court reporter machine as Henry and Willie talk. Dora gives Willie an appraisal. He notices and smiles. She smiles back.

HENRY

You can demand your private attorney, and of course I'll do it for free, but I can't give you a decent defense with no money. At the very least I need an office and a secretary.

WILLIE

Ask your old man. He'll give you the money.

HENRY

Number one, I'm not sure he has it. Number two, he wouldn't give it to me if he did. Number three, I wouldn't ask.

WILLIE

Number four, he's hopin' you'll ask. Number five, he's been wantin' to do somethin' for you all his life.

HENRY

How do you know?

WILLIE

I'm guessin'. Won't hurt to ask.

Henry looks to Dora, in a peculiar way. She shrugs her shoulders, non-committingly, in an even more peculiar way.

KICK HENRY
IN THE
ASS. WHAT
DOES HE
REALLY
HAVE
TO LOSE?

DORA

He's better lookin' than his
pictures in the papers.

HENRY

Didn't I tell you?

WILLIE

What's goin' on?

Finally, Dora nods.

HENRY

Willie, meet Dora. Dora, this is Willie.
I can't leave the room because of the
guard. But I can turn around and maybe
you could ignore me.

He takes a chair and turns it to face the door. Dora takes her first few steps toward Willie. He breaks into a smile, realizing the great good fortune about to come his way.

Henry sits down, sticks his feet up against the door, as much to bar the way as to rest them. Then he opens his briefcase on his lap and gets to work. We HEAR the RUSTLE OF CLOTHES quickly discarded, followed quickly by moans of pleasure and little cries of discovery.

INT. JAIL CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CONSULTATION ROOM

The Jailer hears what sounds like a familiar kind of moan, totally out of context. He listens, hears no more, and gets back to his work.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Henry walks through the police station, dressed for court and carrying his briefcase.

POV - FRANK on the telephone.

Henry approaches his desk. Frank motions him to sit down while he finishes the phone call.

FRANK

...yeah, yeah, I know, he's a good boy, Mrs. Stoner, but if he shows up, tell him he'd better call me.

He hangs up.

FRANK

You're up early.

HENRY

I've been up all night listening to two people make love.

FRANK

That'll drive you crazy.

HENRY

Pop, you have some money put aside for your retirement, don't you?

FRANK

Yeah.

HENRY

What do you have it invested in?

FRANK

I have it invested in an old sock, and I have the sock invested in a fireproof wall.

HENRY

That doesn't make sense. That's like losing money.

FRANK

No, that's like keeping money.

HENRY

I have a strictly business proposition for you. I'm opening up a business. I'll give you four percent on your money.

FRANK

What kind of business?

HENRY

A legal practice.

FRANK

Generally speaking, that's a good business.

HENRY

I need four-hundred dollars to start up.

FRANK

That's a lot of money. You got any clients lined up?

HENRY

One. Only he can't pay.

FRANK

I got a .38 Special on my belt. I been carrying that gun since before you were born, and it's startin' to get real heavy. I can't wait to put it down and pick up a fishin' rod.

Henry looks at his watch.

FRANK

Don't you look at your watch! I had a hard life so you'd have an easier life, and now you come to me to foot the bill for a murderer, an outright murderer. That's askin'

a lot.

HENRY

Not if it's the only thing I ever asked
you for!

Once again, they draw the attention of others around them with the volume
and force of one of their "conversations."

FRANK

You didn't have to ask, I provided!

HENRY

Strike up the band! He provided
Lots of fathers provide!

FRANK

And a lot of them are proud of the
results! You wanna be a lawyer?
Go sue somebody!

HENRY

I want to save somebody's life!

FRANK

Okay, be a fireman.

HENRY

Are you gonna give me the money
or not?!

FRANK

Yes, goddammit, I'm gonna give you
the money! You knew I was gonna
give you the money.

HENRY

It's an investment.

FRANK

Yeah, sure.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Henry approaches the bench. Annie is conspicuous by her absence.

HENRY

Your Honor, the defense requests a delay. Mr. Moore has decided to hire his own attorney and not accept the services of the public defender's office.

CREITZ

Not another substitution of attorney.

HENRY

Not exactly, Your Honor. I have resigned from the public defender's office. I am now the private attorney Mr. Moore intends to hire, but I need a little time to make the transistion.

CREITZ

Mr. McNeil?

MCNEIL

The people have no objection, provided the delay is brief.

CREITZ

This case will continue at ten o'clock day after tomorrow. You have forty-eight hours to reorganize, Mr. Davidson.

HENRY

Thank you, Your Honor.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

We come in on a door with a glass panel, venetian blinds closed behind the glass. Taped to the glass is a yellow legal sheet with the scrawl:

"LAW OFFICE OF HENRY DAVIDSON"

The door opens.

INT. HENRY'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

The door has been opened by Frank. Henry and a SECRETARY past her prime are busy arranging the office.

HENRY

Checking up? You think I took
off to Florida with the money?

FRANK

I'd consider that a positive move.
No, I got something might be useful
to you. You don't tell anybody
I gave you this name.

EXT. ALLEY IN FRONT OF SIMPSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Henry pulls up in his car and gets out. We FOLLOW as Henry goes up the stairs to the landing of the cheap apartment. He knocks on the door. There is no answer. The door gives as he knocks on it.

HENRY

Mr. Simpson. . . Mr. Simpson? Anybody
home?

Henry pushes open the door and enters.

INT. SIMPSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The lights are off. There is a long entrance hallway that leads to a living room. Henry walks gingerly through it.

HENRY

Mr. Simpson. . .

As he enters the living room Henry sees the outlines of a room that has been torn apart. Simpson is lying on the floor, beaten and moaning.

Henry starts to cross over to him and suddenly a giant of a man springs out behind him. The man slams Henry into the wall and throws a fist at his head. Henry ducks. The man's fist goes through the plaster. Henry gives him a good shot to the mid-section, then gets past him to a wooden chair. He swings the chair, but the big man turns and blocks it with his forearm, then hits Henry in the stomach. Henry doubles over. The big man knees him, then gives him a shot to the head. Henry goes down. The big man runs out of the room.

EXT. HENRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Henry, showing the signs of his beating, gets out of his car and makes his way to his building. As he does he notices a suspicious looking MAN behind him. Henry tries to quicken his pace. He looks behind. The man is still following. Henry makes it to the building and quickly shuts the door behind him.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR IN FRONT OF HIS DOOR

Henry is just putting his key into his door when he senses something behind him. He whirls around, ready to slam whatever it is. Then he sees it's Annie.

HENRY

Annie?

She sees his face, is frightened.

ANNIE

What happened to you?

HENRY

(smiling)

You should see the other guy.

(beat)

Well, maybe you shouldn't.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Henry sits on the edge of his bed, in his bathrobe. Annie daubs alcohol on

his wounds. He flinches but hangs tough.

ANNIE

You look pretty proud of yourself.

HENRY

I haven't been in a fight since junior high school. I gotta admit, it felt great.

ANNIE

Could he have been a burglar, something like that?

HENRY

Naw, you should see how Simpson lives. He doesn't have two cents. It was somebody from Alcatraz. I've got them worried.

(beat)

What are you doing here anyway?

ANNIE

I came to apologize.

HENRY

You don't have to apologize.

ANNIE

I acted badly. All I thought about was my job. There are things more important than a job.

HENRY

You'll be okay.

As she daubs on some more alcohol, he puts his hand over hers. She allows it for a moment, then removes it. She puts the cap on the alcohol bottle, tosses out the used cotton balls.

ANNIE

You want something to eat?

HENRY

I couldn't. I hurt all over.

ANNIE

Get into bed.

She helps him take off the bathrobe and he slips between the covers, groaning with the pain. She looks at him for a long moment, then removes her clothes, to the simple underwear of the period, and she slips into bed with him. He turns to his side and she clings to his back. They fit together like spoons.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

ANGLE ON A DOOR: "CHIEF OF POLICE"

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank Davidson stands before the CHIEF and DEPUTY CHIEF. He is obviously on the carpet.

FRANK

I lent him some money, like you might lend to your kid. You got kids.

CHIEF

Yeah, but my kids don't spend it on murderers, on trying to tear down prisons.

FRANK

C'mon. . .

CHIEF

Some people think you believe in it. Some people see you as aiding and abetting.

FRANK

Some people.

CHIEF

You been working on the case, on department time.

FRANK

Wait a minute. I got somebody tailin' me?

CHIEF

You been helpin' the little snot throw mud.

FRANK

Who're you callin' a snot?

CHIEF

I'm being polite. I coulda called him a nigger lovin weasel.

Frank jumps over the desk at him, starts pommeling him. The Deputy grabs him from behind and struggles to pull him off the chief.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The trial continues. The room is packed. A separate section has been put aside for the press.

HENRY

Your Honor, the defense calls
Associate Warden Milton Glenn.

There is a buzz in the courtroom.

BALIFF

Call Milton Glenn.

Glenn steps through the railing and walks past Henry.

GLENN
(under his breath)
Run into a door, counselor?

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON GLENN

On the witness stand.

HENRY
As Associate Warden, you are responsible
for the day-to-day running of the prison,
are you not?

GLENN
You could say that.

HENRY
Then you must be familiar with the
dungeons, right?

GLENN
The dungeons?

HENRY
Surely you've heard of them.

GLENN
Some prisoners refer to the lower
cells as dungeons. They refer to
bread and water as piss and punk.

The spectators laugh. Creitz hits the gavel.

CREITZ
Mr. Glenn, just answer the questions.

GLENN
They have their own language is my
point, your honor.

CREITZ

It's not necessary for you to make a point. All you have to do is answer the questions.

GLENN

Yes, sir.

HENRY

Describe the lower cells to the jury.

GLENN

They're just cells, with a brick floor. Ordinary cells but instead of bars with a solid door with an observation window.

HENRY

You describe it as a brick floor, but isn't it true that the cells are cut out of the solid rock of the island?

GLENN

Okay, rock then.

HENRY

The observation window, as you call it, is a peephole about the size of a dime, which can be shut off from outside.

GLENN

I never checked the size.

HENRY

What color is the cell painted?

GLENN

Basic black.

HENRY

Are there any light fixtures in the lower cells?

GLENN

No, but there aren't any books either.

HENRY

The door is always shut isn't it? I mean it's not even opened once every three days when food is delivered. The food is slid under the door. Isn't that true?

GLENN

We try to keep our cell doors closed, yes.

HENRY

How long was Willie Moore kept in such a cell?

GLENN

Approximately three years and two months.

HENRY

And during that time he was let out to exercise approximately thirty minutes, once a year.

GLENN

Approximately.

HENRY

Mr. Glenn, I must admit I am impressed to hear you say it with no sense of shock or wonder. Isn't that an extraordinary punishment?

GLENN

Willie Moore tried to escape. When a criminal escapes from prison, he don't write up a resume and go job-hunting. He robs somebody. Or he kills somebody. We do all we can to discourage escape.

HENRY

Ever beat a prisoner, Mr. Glenn?

GLENN

No. That would be illegal.

HENRY

Didn't you order two guards to throw Willie Moore down a flight of steel stairs? Didn't you subsequently beat him with a blackjack?

MCNEIL

Objection.

CREITZ

Sustained. The witness has already testified that he did not beat any prisoners.

HENRY

Your Honor, I just want to get his answer down for the record so we can show him to be the liar he is.

MCNEIL

Objection!

GLENN

(pointing to Willie)

He's the one on trial here, not me!
He's a murderer, I'm a public servant!

CREITZ

Silence, Mr. Glenn. Mr. Davidson, the witness has already testified that he did not beat any prisoners. That is in the record.

HENRY

Then I will give him a chance to withdraw his answer, so that he won't be risking perjury.

GLENN

I don't withdraw nothin', no matter what that lyin' murderer says.

HENRY

What lying murderer?

GLENN

Willie Moore, sittin' right there.

HENRY

Oh, I'm not talking about Willie Moore. Who would believe him? I'm talking about a former public servant, just like you. I'm talking about one of the guards who helped you beat and torture Willie Moore.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON SIMPSON

on the stand.

ANGLE ON GLENN

in the audience, fuming.

ANGLE ON HENRY

approaching the witness box.

HENRY

Mr. Simpson, how long were you a guard at Alcatraz?

SIMPSON

A little over two years.

HENRY

Why did you leave?

SIMPSON

I couldn't stand it any longer than that. I thought I'd rather be unemployed than have to do that.

HENRY

In the course of your work, did you ever throw Willie Moore down a flight of steel stairs?

SIMPSON

Yes.

HENRY

Were you ordered to do so?

SIMPSON

Yes.

HENRY

As part of your job, did you ever beat Willie Moore with a truncheon?

SIMPSON

Yes.

HENRY

Ordered to do so?

SIMPSON

Yes.

ANGLE ON FRANK:

enters the courtroom, stands at the back.

ANGLE ON THE WITNESS BOX

HENRY

Did a prisoner in the dungeons named Jack Allen once beg you for medical attention?

SIMPSON

Yes, he was coughing blood.

HENRY

Did you bring his request to your superior?

SIMPSON

I did.

HENRY

And what did your superior do?

SIMPSON

He came down to the hole, told Allen to shut up. Allen kept crying for a doctor, so he opened the door and beat him with a blackjack.

HENRY

And what happened to Allen?

SIMPSON

He died. Officially, they called it a ruptured appendix.

HENRY

Can you now tell me the name of that man who was your superior, who ordered you to push Willie Moore down a flight of stairs, who ordered you to beat Willie and other prisoners, who killed Jack Allen when he cried for medical help?

SIMPSON

It was Mr. Glenn. Milton Glenn.

HENRY

Thank you, Mr. Simpson. No more questions. Oh, I notice your face is badly bruised. How did that happen?

MCNEIL

Objection.

SIMPSON

Some goon came to my house last night and beat up on me.

MCNEIL

Immaterial.

CREITZ

Sustained. Strike the question and the response.

He crosses away from Simpson and he and Glenn exchange looks, as Glenn goes to McNeil and hands him a note. McNeil scans it and nods, rises to his feet.

MCNEIL

Mr. Simpson, you claim you left Alcatraz because you couldn't stand the strain of the work any longer, but isn't it true that you were fired from your job while drinking on duty?

SIMPSON

That's the reason they used, but...

MCNEIL

Were you or were you not drunk on duty?

SIMPSON

I didn't think I was.

MCNEIL

You're an alcoholic, are you not?

SIMPSON

I'm in A.A.

MCNEIL

And a wife beater?

HENRY

Objection!

MCNEIL

I'll rephrase. Have you ever been arrested for beating your wife?

SIMPSON

I had a lot of problems because of the job...

MCNEIL

Just answer yes or no, as you did for Mr. Davidson. You can answer the same way for me.

SIMPSON

Yes.

MCNEIL

Thank you. You don't like Mr. Glenn,

do you?

SIMPSON

No.

MCNEIL

You could say you hate him.

SIMPSON

Yes.

MCNEIL

You'd do anything to get back at him
for costing you your job, wouldn't you?

SIMPSON

No.

MCNEIL

What wouldn't you do?

SIMPSON

I wouldn't lie, and I'm not lying now.

MCNEIL

We have your word on that?

SIMPSON

Yes.

MCNEIL

The word of an alcoholic, wife-beating,
disgruntled former employee who bears
a grudge against his former boss. No
further questions, your honor.

CREITZ

This court will recess until nine o'clock
tomorrow morning.

He rises and leaves the room. Others disperse. Willie is taken away by a

JAILER. Frank goes to Henry, who is putting away notes in his briefcase.

FRANK

I should have done a check on Simpson.

HENRY

It's my own damn fault. I rushed him to testimony. What are you doing here?

FRANK

I've been fired.

HENRY

What!?

FRANK

Coulda been worse.

HENRY

Because of this?

FRANK

What's the difference?

HENRY

Pop, it's your whole life. We can sue them.

FRANK

Sue the police force? You're dreamin'.

HENRY

You want to be my investigator?

FRANK

Does it pay?

HENRY

Not right away.

FRANK

Sure, why not?

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Henry comes in as a number of PEOPLE are leaving for the day.

P.D.

Hey, Henry, you coming back to work?

HENRY

Yeah, when they start selling ice cream in hell.

He doesn't break stride, all the way to Annie's office. He opens the door.

INT. ANNIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The smallest office imaginable. She is at work at her desk. She looks up, surprised to see him.

HENRY

I want you to quit this job and become my partner. Davidson & George, Attorneys-at-law.

ANNIE

I need more experience.

HENRY

I've got a great case that's getting national attention.

ANNIE

But you can't win it.

HENRY

I can try.

ANNIE

What about after the case?

HENRY

What about it?

ANNIE

People will talk.

HENRY

Let them.

ANNIE

I love you, Henry, but I can't be
in love with you. And you can't
be in love with me.

HENRY

I didn't come here to talk about
love, I came here to talk about work.
Whatever else we might regret, it
won't be the work. Whatever else
may scare us, it won't be the work.
(beat)
You want to think about it?

She nods.

HENRY

Don't think about it.

He looks at her pleadingly.

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Henry runs out of the office, pulling Annie by the hand behind him. They are both laughing. They run into Jenkins, who is coming out of his office.

JENKINS

What the . . . ?

ANNIE

Oh, Mr. Jenkins, could I have a moment?

HENRY

Two seconds.

ANNIE

Although I greatly appreciate the
opportunity you've given me here. . .

HENRY

She quits.

He pulls her away and they leave the office, laughing. Jenkins watches them go, bewildered.

INT. JAIL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON WILLIE: He sits behind a table, eating a Fifth Avenue and reading "Sports Illustrated."

WIDEN: An odd tableau. Henry, Annie, and Frank sit or stand at a distance from each other. All of them silently study Willie, with the same question in their minds. Finally, Willie looks up from his magazine and notices. He can't go back to the magazine.

WILLIE

Did I do something wrong?

HENRY

Willie, how do you feel about what's
happened so far?

WILLIE

Whaddaya mean, Hank?

HENRY

About the case, how it's been going.

WILLIE

I've enjoyed it very much, Hank.

HENRY

No, I mean, what do you think's going to happen?

WILLIE

I think they're gonna gas me for killin' Avery Clark.

They stare at him some more, until he becomes uncomfortable again.

WILLIE

Don't you?

HENRY

(to the others)
Anybody have any ideas?

ANNIE

You have to do it, Henry.

WILLIE

Do what?

Henry looks to his father, who shrugs.

WILLIE

Do what?

HENRY

Put you on the stand.

Willie thinks, scratches the back of his neck, looks from one to the other.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is once again packed. SRO. In the audience are Humson, Glenn, and Frank. Annie sits with Henry at the defense table.

HENRY

The defense calls William Moore.

Willie stands.

ANGLE ON WITNESS BOX

BALIFF

Do you swear the testimony you are about to give in this matter is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

WILLIE

Yes. I do. I swear.

He sits. Henry approaches him.

HENRY

Mr. Moore, do you know how to read and write?

WILLIE

Sure. I can figure too.

HENRY

What do you mean, figure?

WILLIE

Well, like 132 times 463 equals 61,116.

HENRY

You did that awfully quick.

WILLIE

You can ask me one.

A JUROR works it out on a notepad. McNeil seems too fascinated to object.

HENRY

Sir, I notice you're figuring it out. Is he right?

It takes another moment. The juror nods his head. Willie smiles.

HENRY

(to jury member)

Go ahead and ask him one.

MEMBER

697 times 83.

WILLIE

57,851.

The juror quickly calculates on paper, looks up and nods. The jury is amazed.

HENRY

How did you learn such an incredible skill, Mr. Moore?

WILLIE

In the hole.

HENRY

You mean the dungeon of Alcatraz?

WILLIE

Yeah.

HENRY

How did you come to learn how to do that in the dungeon?

HENRY

Nobody would talk to me, and I wanted to hear the sound of a voice, so I started singing, every song I knew, but Mr. Glenn come down and beat me and told me to shut up. That's when I started doing my multiplication tables, 'cause I could whisper them. I did up to my twelvsies over 'n over til I

got bored, so I went on to nine hundred and ninty-nine.

HENRY

You memorized the multiplication tables through nine hundred and ninety-nine?

WILLIE

I thought it would keep me from going crazy.

HENRY

What else did you do to keep from going crazy?

WILLIE

I walked.

HENRY

You walked?

WILLIE

From one wall to the other. Three steps one way, three steps the other way. Sometimes I'd smack into the wall because it was as dark as the inside of your pocket and I couldn't always walk a straight line.

HENRY

What else?

WILLIE

(ashamed)

I abused myself, kind of regular.

HENRY

What else?

WILLIE

I used to smear my. . .how'd you call it?. . .my waste products. . .on the wall.

HENRY

You would smear your excrement on the walls in the hope of keeping yourself sane?

WILLIE

Yeah.

HENRY

Would it surprise you to hear that most authorities consider that a symptom of insanity?

WILLIE

Everything kinda surprises me.

HENRY

Was it cold in the cell?

WILLIE

Yes, it was. It was cold. Winter and summer, day and night, I never knew which was which because it was always the same, wet and dark and cold. It went through you like a thousand ice picks.

HENRY

Did you have a blanket?

WILLIE

After I was there for a while, one of the guards threw me a blanket. I cried. I prayed for that guard, that God would make him happy. It was the nicest

thing anybody ever done for me.

HENRY

Did the same guard beat you?

WILLIE

A couple times, but not too hard.

HENRY

Willie, because you lived in total darkness, did you not at times hallucinate, see things in the dark?

WILLIE

I don't like to talk about that.

HENRY

I know you don't, but we must try to give the gentlemen of the jury a picture of what you went through.

CUT TO:

TOTAL BLACKNESS, VERY SUDDENLY

THEN A FAINT SOUND: THE DRIPPING OF WATER, METAL AGAINST METAL, THEN A RINGING, AS THOUGH IN YOUR OWN EARS, GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER. THEN WILLIE'S OWN MOANING.

A DOT OF LIGHT APPEARS. THEN THE WHOLE CELL IS A WHITE LIGHT, AS THOUGH CAUGHT IN A FLASHBULB, REVEALING WILLIE LIKE A TRAPPED CREATURE. THEN TOTALLY DARK AGAIN.

BLUE LIGHT COMES UP. Two dolphins swim in the blue light in the cell, frolicking. Suddenly they turn into horrible monsters, about to devour us.

The walls are alive with maggots. We HEAR WILLIE SCREAMING.

BLACKNESS AGAIN. A SILVER HALO grows out of its center. A LOVELY WOMAN in a robe appears. Seductively, she drops the robe, but she has no body.

A TUNNEL opens out of the darkness. Willie crawls along the tunnel. He can see the opening at the end: trees moving in a soft breeze. We HEAR BIRDS SINGING.

THE DOOR OPENS WITH A DEAFENING SOUND, flooding the cell with light. This is reality. Or is it? Mr. Glenn comes in and beats Willie. Each blow lands with the sound of an explosion. Mr. Glenn is yelling at Willie, but what he says is unintelligible. His words are like cannon shots.

TOTAL BLACKNESS AGAIN. Then LIGHTNING. A FLOOD. Willie struggles in the swirling water that fills his cell. He goes under. He is drowning, clawing at the wet stone walls.

THE DOOR OPENS. TWO GUARDS ARE THERE.

GUARD

Merry Christmas, Willie. Time for your exercise.

They take him by the arms and help him along a corridor. He can hardly walk. He looks mad, ravaged. We HEAR the strains of "GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN." This is reality. Or is it? GIANT SHREKING BLACK CROWS swoop past Willie as he is led away. He twitches, tries to shoo off the crows. The guards look at each other, ashamed of what they do for a living.

TOTAL BLACKNESS AGAIN

THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN

The two guards look inside. Willie looks gone, says nothing. His hair and beard are long and caked. His eyes dart like an animal's as he squints in the light. His clothes are dirty with excrement.

GUARD

Good news, Willie. It's over. You're out of the hole.

This is reality, heightened.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

The water hits Willie, terrifies him. He tries to get out, but the guards push him back, laughing at him. Willie growls like an animal, but the water starts to feel good. He rubs his face with his hands, lifting his face to the water. He starts laughing too. They all laugh together.

INT. PRISON BARBERSHOP - DAY

Willie is in the barber chair, staring at his reflection in the mirror as though at a dangerous stranger. He is clean shaven. His hair is being cut.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Willie, in a clean uniform, looking again like any other human being except for the vacant quality of his face, stands on line to get his food.

The sound of trays banging and silverware rattling jars Willie. He starts and twitches with each unexpected sound. The convict in front of him, METZ, keeps turning around to look at Willie.

METZ

Moore?

Willie doesn't answer.

METZ

Jesus, it's you. Everybody thinks you're dead.

WILLIE

Squealer?

METZ

What?

WILLIE

Who squealed?

They have their food and are beginning to walk to the tables.

METZ

It was Clark. He set you up.

He nods in the direction of Clark, who sits at a table. Willie walks away from Metz and stands behind Clark. He takes the spoon by its bowl, the handle protruding from his fist. He drops his tray. Everyone, including Clark, turns around at the sound. Clark looks up and sees Willie like fate arriving too soon. Willie lifts Clark's chin and plunges the spoon handle into his throat.

THE SCREEN FILLS WITH GUSHING BLOOD

THEN, WE ARE RUSHING THROUGH OUTER BLUE SPACE, LIKE A COMET

BACK TO SCENE: THE COURTROOM

A solitary tear rolls down Willie's face. The courtroom is hushed. Everyone has been shaken by the experience.

HENRY

Willie, if you had it to do over again,
would you still kill Avery Clark?

WILLIE

What do you mean?

HENRY

If you had to go back to the hole for
three years, would you then kill the man
who put you there?

WILLIE

No. I would die in the hole.

HENRY

I have no further questions.

CREITZ

Mr. McNeil?

MCNEIL

No questions, your honor.

HENRY

The defense rests.

You can hear a pin drop.

POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

It's raining. Pigeons huddle on the ledge.

ANGLE ON CREITZ

As he addresses the jury. -

CREITZ

You may find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree. Without a recommendation for mercy, that verdict will carry with it a sentence of death in the gas chamber. You may find the defendant guilty of murder in the second degree, which carries with it a sentence of twenty-five years to life imprisonment. You may find the defendant guilty of voluntary manslaughter, which carries a maximum penalty of eight years. You may find the defendant guilty of involuntary manslaughter, which carries with it a maximum sentence of three years. Or you may find the defendant innocent of the charges against him.

ANGLE ON THE DEFENSE TABLE

A JAILER leads Willie away. He turns back to Henry and gives a thumbs-up. Henry returns the gesture, but he looks anything but confident.

Frank comes to the table. People are leaving the courtroom.

FRANK

They say the longer a jury stays out,
the better for the defendant.

HENRY

That's what they say.

FRANK

I'm so proud of you.

HENRY

I've waited a long time to hear that.

FRANK

It takes me a while.

They look at each other for a long moment, then go into each other's arms.
Annie smiles, happy for them.

FRANK

(embarrassed)

All right, okay. Look, I'm gonna
hang around here. Just let me know
where you'll be.

HENRY

Thanks, Pop.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Looking in the steamy window of a Chinese restaurant, we see Henry and
Annie sitting at the counter, bowls of noodles before them.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

They eat silently, each lost in his own preoccupation. Finally--

ANNIE

Hello?

He looks at her, smiles.

HENRY

Speaking.

ANNIE

What if they find him innocent?

HENRY

He'll go back to Alcatraz.

ANNIE

Sorry I brought it up.

HENRY

I have another problem.

ANNIE

What's that?

HENRY

Every time I see you I want to hold
you and kiss you and say nice things.
Where I come from that's called love.

ANNIE

Where do you come from?

HENRY

Here. San Francisco.

ANNIE

Let's work together. Let's be the best
partners and the best friends anybody
every had.

HENRY

Okay.

(beat)

And let's be lovers too.

ANNIE
(Frustrated)
Henry.

HENRY
You wanna think about it?

ANNIE
Yes, I want to think about it and
think about it and think about it,
until the world changes and makes
it possible for somebody like me to
love somebody like you.

HENRY
Don't think about it.

Frank comes into the restaurant, interrupting them. But all he has to do is
look at them to know.

FRANK
The jury's coming back.

HENRY
Already? It's only been two hours.

She grabs his hand.

FRANK
You'd better get back there.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The place is packed again.

CREITZ
Will the defendant rise?

Henry nudges Willie and he rises.

CREITZ

Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?

The FOREMAN of the jury stands.

FOREMAN

We have, your honor.

CREITZ

How do you find?

FOREMAN

We find the defendant, William Moore, guilty. . .of involuntary manslaughter. With a recommendation for leniency.

The court is in bedlam. Photographers go into a feeding frenzy with flashbulbs popping all over the place.

REACTION SHOTS: HUMSON, GLEN, FRANK, O'DELL (the journalist)

The judge bangs his gavel.

CREITZ

Order! Order! This court is still in session. Order or I'll clear the room.

HENRY

Your Honor, I would like to enter a formal request for the record. In view of what we've heard, I respectfully request that the defendant be remanded not to Alcatraz, but to a minimum security facility with resources for rehabilitation.

CREITZ

Request granted.

Henry can hardly restrain himself. He makes a triumphant fist to Willie, who still stands impassively, confused by all that is happening so quickly.

FOREMAN

Your Honor, I wasn't quite finished.

CREITZ

You've rendered your verdict, sir.
There's nothing left for you to do.

FOREMAN

Your Honor, I've been asked by the jury to read a petition which we have all signed.

Henry tugs Willie by the sleeve and he sits down.

CREITZ

Go ahead.

FOREMAN

We, the jury, recommend and request an immediate investigation by the proper federal, state, and county authorities into conditions at Alcatraz prison. It is our belief that those conditions are inhumane and a blight on the honor of the United States, California, and San Francisco. Specifically, we recommend that Warden Humson and Associate Warden Glenn be discharged from their duties and never again be permitted to deal directly with prisoners.

CREITZ

I will put your petition into the proper hands.

Humson gets up, Glenn right behind him, and they storm out of the court room.

O'DELL

pursues them.

O'DELL

Warden, any comment on. . .

HUMSON

Get the hell out of my way!

ANGLE ON THE DEFENSE TABLE

The court is clearing out of spectators. The Baliff comes for Willie.

WILLIE

Do I gotta go back to the Rock?

HENRY

No, Willie. But you gotta go to some other prison.

WILLIE

I don't gotta go to the Rock?

HENRY

No.

WILLIE

And they're not gonna gas me?

HENRY

No.

WILLIE

Good goin', Hank!

BALIFF

Let's go, Willie.

WILLIE

You two take care, now.

He goes with the Baliff.

ANNIE

'Bye, Willie.

HENRY

Hey, Willie!

Willie turns.

HENRY

323 times 962.

WILLIE

(smiling)

31,726.

He continues out of the room with the Baliff.

ANGLE ON HENRY AND ANNIE

He extends his hand. Annie takes it and they shake, partners. Then he draws her to him and embraces her.

Some people still in the room notice it.

WOMAN

Will you look at that?

FRANK

Hey! It's none of your business, lady.

HENRY AND ANNIE

continue to hold each other.

FADE OUT.

THE END

WHAT'S GONNA
BE BETWEEN
HENRY + WILLIE.