

91 (Cont.)

SULLIVAN

But another thing comes to my  
mind. Their lawyer, Underwood....  
Why don't you have a talk with him?

MCNEAL

(rising)

He's next on my list.

SULLIVAN

(jovial)

There's time tomorrow, lad. Drink  
up now - 'tis bitter cold outside --

He starts to pour more brandy for McNeal, but McNeal  
rises hastily, looking at his watch.

MCNEAL

No. No, thanks very much, Mr. Sullivan.  
It's late -- maybe eleven years late.

As he goes off, we

DISSOLVE TO:

92 FULL SHOT - EXT. ZEPHYR DINER - DAY

It is a small diner backed on the repair and switch yard of a railroad.

93 INT. DINER - DAY

Behind the counter, there is a surly-looking, elderly man mopping up the dirty counter with an even dirtier cloth.

MCNEAL

You got a guy named Underwood working here?

The man just jerks his head and nods toward the rear. McNeal goes in through the rear door.

94 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. LUNCHROOM KITCHEN

Leaning over the sink, filled with dirty dishes, is a dirty, gnomish, bald man with a world of bitterness on his face. His shabby coat hangs on a peg in the rear, and we can see a newspaper stuck in his coat pocket. McNeal enters.

MCNEAL

Your name Underwood?

Underwood looks up for a fleeting look.

MCNEAL

I'm from the Times. I want to talk to you about the Frank Wiecek case.

Underwood again looks up and away.

UNDERWOOD

I'm not interested. I don't know anything. I never heard the name before.

He goes right on washing.

MCNEAL

You were the lawyer on the case in 1932.

UNDERWOOD

I don't remember.

McNeal leans against a wall and then becomes aware of how dirty it is. He puts a hand out to touch a table beside the sink, and he pulls his hand away from that too.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont.)

As he glances around disgustedly, he suddenly spots the coat hanging on a nail right beside him. He moves over and takes out of the pocket a paper folded to the big story on Wiecek in today's newspaper.

MCNEAL

So you don't remember? Then why have you got the paper turned to my article on Wiecek? Don't tell me you've forgotten how to read too.  
(vehemently)

Wiecek's in for 99 years. I want to know whether he belongs there. Was he guilty of killing that cop or wasn't he?

Underwood suddenly looks up -- pathetic and bitter and broken.

UNDERWOOD

I don't know. I didn't care what happened to him then -- and I don't care now.

(then, shrilly)

Why should I? I'm a disbarred shyster! I'm a drunk...and a fool.... and a crook! My testimony's no good -- my word's no good -- my life's no good. I'm no good to anybody.

MCNEAL

(cynically)

You might be.

UNDERWOOD

You want the advice of a dishwasher?

Underwood looks at him in disbelief, then his whole bearing changes. He straightens his shoulders a little, blossoming under the respect he feels McNeal is accord- ing him. For a moment, he becomes the lawyer he once might have been. He dries his hands.

UNDERWOOD

(dignified)

I did read your stories. And I'll tell you something - you're never going to get anywhere with informa- tion from me - or the bailiff - or anybody like that.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont.1)

MCNEAL

Why not?

UNDERWOOD

Because there was only one thing that convicted Wiecek, and that was the testimony of Wanda Skutnik....

95 CLOSE SHOT - UNDERWOOD

He seems somehow impressive now, like an attorney speaking to a jury.

UNDERWOOD

She said that after the murder, she didn't see Wiecek again until she identified him in the police lineup.

(firmly)

But the day before that, she was even in a squad car with him!

96 MED. TWO SHOT - UNDERWOOD AND MCNEAL

MCNEAL

She was in a squad car with him the day before she identified him?

UNDERWOOD

Yes. When they were taking Wiecek around the Horn--from station to station, so I couldn't get him out on a writ of habeas corpus. They took him to the New City Precinct in the same squad car with her. They sat side by side.

MCNEAL

(suspiciously)

Why didn't you use that information at the trial?

UNDERWOOD

I couldn't prove it.

MCNEAL

Well, I'm going to find that Skutnik dame--and I'll prove it, all right!

UNDERWOOD

Even if you do find her, you won't get her to change her testimony.

(CONTINUED)

96. (Cont.)

UNDERWOOD (Cont.)

(gravely)

I'll give you some advice, McNeal--  
good advice, not shyster talk.

(sharply)

Discredit her! Prove she's a liar!  
Otherwise you're wasting your time.

McNeal nods slowly, agreeing with him, and Underwood slowly subsides into the character of a dish-washer again, and turns to the sink once more as McNeal turns to go.

MCNEAL

Thanks.

Underwood doesn't even look up as we

DISSOLVE TO:

97 CLOSE SHOT - (INSERT) - THIRD PAGE OF TIMES

Big head on the story:

"BAILIFF, EX-LAWYER SUPPORT  
WIECEK STORY

---  
By P.J. McNeal"

DISSOLVE TO:

98 FULL SHOT - EXT. CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Shot of building with normal outside atmosphere.

DISSOLVE TO:

99 INT. BUREAU OF CRIMINAL STATISTICS - POLICE HEADQUARTERS  
- DAY - INSERT:

Glass wall case 8 feet long and 4 feet high. On the bottom a metal plaque, on which is engraved ('Police Officers Killed in the Line of Duty'). It contains upwards of a hundred badges, indexed with the name of its deceased owner.

100 CLOSE SHOT - INSERT

One card reads:

'Policeman John W. Bundy,  
killed December 9, 1932.'

OVER this shot come the VOICES of Larson and McNeal.

(CONTINUED)

100 (Cont.)

LARSON'S VOICE

Hiya, McNeal. What can I do for you?

MCNEAL'S VOICE

I want to check on the date of arrest of a fellow named Frank Wiecek.

101 MED. SHOT - MCNEAL AND LARSON

LARSON

(bitterly)

You mean the cop killer?

MCNEAL

I'm just trying to do a job.

LARSON

I'm afraid I can't help you, McNeal. Our arrest books for 1932 are in the warehouse. They're not available.

MCNEAL

What do you want me to do? Go to the Commissioner?

Larson looks down at his papers.

LARSON

You know where you can go. I don't have to tell you.

McNeal looks at him determinedly, then walks out.

102 DOORWAY TO STREET

As McNeal reaches the door, Barnes and two other reporters come up the stairs. They open the door first - McNeal steps aside as they single file pass through the door and pass him.

1ST MAN

(holding door  
for the others)

Well, well, look who's here! The Wiecek boy.

(to McNeal)

Have you gotten the cop killer out yet?

BARNES

What're you going to do with that five grand, Mac?

McNeal starts to answer, then doesn't, and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

103 INSERT: EXT. POLICE WAREHOUSE - DAY

104 FULL SHOT - INT. POLICE WAREHOUSE - DAY

It is filled with dog-eared volumes of all descriptions. McNeal, with his coat off, is working over a stack of arrest books. A few feet away, Larson stands quietly watching McNeal work. Larson has a pencil in his hand and is fiddling with it. McNeal suddenly finds what he wants and snaps a minicam shot of it.

MCNEAL

(elated)

Here it is. Booked for murder,  
December 23.

LARSON

(dryly, burned up)

That make you happy?

MCNEAL

That's what I was looking for.

(then, thoughtfully)

He was booked on December 23, but  
maybe he was arrested before then.

LARSON

What difference would that make?

MCNEAL

If he was arrested before the 23rd -  
it might be possible this Wanda  
Skutnik did see him a couple of  
times before she identified him.

LARSON

(playing with  
the pencil)

Captain Norris was handling the  
Skutnik identification. He never  
operated that way.

MCNEAL

(reacting)

Captain Norris?!

(then, covering)

Let me see the lock-up book - for  
December 1932.

LARSON

Sorry, McNeal. I can't help you  
on that.

McNeal walks closer.

(CONTINUED)

104 (Cont.)

MCNEAL

(hotly)

Now look here, Larson. I'm just trying to find out whether this Wiecek guy is a cop-killer or not. During Prohibition the force got plenty tough when a cop was killed. And I don't blame them, but I've got to know.

Larson stares intently at the pencil.

105 MED. TWO SHOT - AT TABLE

as Larson continues to look at the pencil. Larson looks and sounds believable and understanding, and sympathetic.

LARSON

Now you're talking like the guy in the street - always thinks we're running around with rubber hoses beating up innocent people.

Larson sits down behind a desk, and McNeal sits down on top of it.

LARSON

Look - you seem to think the cops framed Wiecek. You're the one who's doing the framing. You're framing the best police department in the country.

(sharply)

Bundy was a good cop and a good man. Why don't you write about his wife and son? Or about the 357 other cops killed in the last 20 years?

McNeal gets off the desk, turning in exasperation.

MCNEAL

Back in 1932, they did a lot of things that --

LARSON

(hotly)

Maybe they did! But they weren't always wrong!

McNeal leans over and looks Larson right in the eye.

(CONTINUED)



105 (Cont.)

MCNEAL

Be honest! Are you sure? Were you in this division at the time? How do you know?

Larson shrugs doubtfully, hesitantly, trying to be fair and decent.

LARSON

(reluctantly)

Mac - all I can say is - it's awful hard for a man like me to be fair to a cop-killer.

MCNEAL

(persistently)

But suppose he isn't a cop-killer?

Larson is fighting against his sense of duty, his habit of hatred for cop-killers; and still he's an honest, decent man.

LARSON

(looking away, softly)

You've got me in a spot where maybe I ought to help you, Mac --  
(shaking his head)  
-- but I just can't.

Mac nods understandingly, and turns to go.

MCNEAL

You already have, anyway. You gave me the name of Norris. He's the one that got the identification of Wiecek. I'm going to see him right now.

Larson shakes his head regretfully.

LARSON

You'd better take a shovel with you, Mac. You'll have to dig him up. He died in '38.

McNeal throws a hopeless, discouraged glance at him and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

106 FULL SHOT - INT. COMMUNICATION CENTER

A communication center for police headquarters. A PAX phone instantly connects with the various precincts throughout the Chicago area. A POLICE SERGEANT is sitting at the board as McNeal enters disconsolately.

SERGEANT

(into switch phone)

Yeah. Well, transfer him to the New City Precinct.

He switches off, then looks up at McNeal.

SERGEANT

(to McNeal)

Hi, Mac. Off your beat - ain't you?

MCNEAL

Yeah. A little - I need some help.

The Sergeant looks McNeal straight in the eye.

SERGEANT

Oh -- lay off me, Mac. The word is out to keep away from you.

MCNEAL

(quietly)

I've done you a lot of favors, Matt.

107 MED. TWO SHOT - MCNEAL AND SERGEANT

The Sergeant looks uncomfortable and starts gathering some papers from his desk. McNeal moves closer, his voice lower.

MCNEAL

Is there any place I can find a record of the material witnesses in the Wiecek case?

The Sergeant, his head averted, winces at the mention of the Wiecek case. Then he shakes his head.

MCNEAL

Don't you keep book on people who look over the police show-ups? Witnesses? Somebody who comes in with them?

SERGEANT

If we kept stuff like that - the books would fill Soldiers Field.

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont.)

McNeal is fighting helplessly against final defeat.

MCNEAL

Would there be any photographs --  
or anything like that?

SERGEANT

We don't take no pictures in  
station houses.

(rising)

The press boys might grab a shot  
of witnesses on the steps - but  
not inside.

108 MED. FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

As the Sergeant turns to leave the room, McNeal is  
looking after him curiously, as if a new idea has  
struck him. The Sergeant stops at the door.

SERGEANT

Look -- if I'm seen talking to you,  
I'll be plowed under, Mac. Be a  
good guy and don't be here when I  
get back...

He exits, and McNeal looks down at the telephone on the  
desk. Then he slowly sits down and starts to dial.

109 MED. CLOSE SHOT - INT. COMMUNICATION CENTER

as McNeal finishes dialing.

MCNEAL

(into phone)

McNeal. Gimme Kelly...

(then)

Kelly? Listen - the Wiecek yarn  
wasn't important back in 1932 -  
but maybe somebody took some  
picture... Yeah. Check our files,  
and have somebody check the Tribune  
and all the other papers, too.

(a pause)

Look - a photographer shoots maybe  
ten pictures - and only prints one!  
I want to see the other nine!

While he speaks, he's looking idly at the PAX police  
inter-ccm, where a few lights have gone on.

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.)

MCNEAL

(into phone)

Yes... Say, the Herald Examiner was still in business then, wasn't it? That would be just their kind of picture... I'll check that myself...

(absently now, as

he spots something

on the PAX board)

Yeah - I'll do it later. I just thought of something else...

He hangs up, staring at the PAX phone.

110 MED. FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

He looks around carefully to be sure he's not observed. Then he leans over and plugs into the New City Precinct. He picks up the earphone.

VOICE

(from receiver)

New City Precinct.

MCNEAL

(into phone)

This is McNeal, over at headquarters. Have you got the book on the Wiecek arrest in 1932?

VOICE

Yeah. But we've been told to pull it out of the files.

MCNEAL

I want to get a look at it. I'll be right over.

VOICE

Okay -- right.

McNeal clicks off and looks around guiltily. He rises quickly and walks out of the room. We

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

111 FULL SHOT - EXT. NEW CITY PRECINCT

as McNeal walks up to two uniformed officers at desk.

MCNEAL

(with authority)

I'm McNeal that phoned from headquarters. Got those books on the Wiecek arrest?

1ST POLICEMAN

Right over here.

The 2nd policeman looks at McNeal curiously. McNeal flips through the pages until something catches his eye.

112 CLOSE SHOT - INSERT - FRANK'S ARREST RECORD

This one clearly shows the date: "Arrested December 22, 5:30 A.M." OVER SHOT comes McNeal's low whistle.

113 MED. FULL SHOT - SCENE

as McNeal snaps a minicam shot. The 2nd policeman is looking at him oddly.

2ND POLICEMAN

What'd you find?

MCNEAL

He was arrested at 5:30 on the morning of the 22nd. He wasn't booked until four in the afternoon of the 23rd.

(then)

Norris took his time, didn't he?

2ND POLICEMAN

What'd you say your name was?

MCNEAL

(without looking up)

McNeal.

2ND POLICEMAN

What division?

MCNEAL

(quietly)

I'm McNeal of the Chicago Times.

The second policeman slaps the book closed in front of McNeal's nose. The two cops look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)

1ST POLICEMAN

I thought he was plain-clothes.

2ND POLICEMAN

(to McNeal)

This is confidential information.

MCNEAL

This is public information and I'm entitled to use it.

2ND POLICEMAN

We've got our orders. You got a beef -- you talk to the State Attorney's office.

McNeal writes down their badge numbers in his little book.

MCNEAL

(while writing)

Yeah, that's a good idea....I think I will.

(he snaps the book closed)

But in the meantime, I have your badge numbers. And I wouldn't let anything happen to this book if I were you. Catch on?

He turns on his heel and walks out of the room and we

DISSOLVE TO:

114 INSERT: NEWSPAPER HEADLINE - "CHICAGO TIMES"

Which reads:

"POLITICAL CORRUPTION SEEN  
IN WIECEK CASE

---  
By P. J. McNeal

Chicago, December 6th: State Attorney, George G. Collins, today endeavored to stop this investigator from examining police records to substantiate the facts behind the conviction of Frank Wiecek. Under instructions from Collins' office, police officials have attempted to withhold vital information....."

115 FULL SHOT - INT. TIMES NEWSROOM - DAY - KELLY'S DESK

Kelly has just finished reading the above. McNeal, full of energy and vigor, is waiting for a reaction.

KELLY

That's hitting him pretty hard,  
isn't it?

MCNEAL

(grimly)

I haven't even swung on him yet!

The phone on Kelly's desk RINGS and he picks it up.

KELLY

Kelly speaking... Yes, sir... Yes,  
sir... Right away...

(he hangs up)

That was the boss. He wants both  
of us.

MCNEAL

Well -- what are we waiting for?

Kelly gets up, and as they start out, we

DISSOLVE TO:

116 INSERT: SIGN ON DOOR

The sign reads:

"THE CHICAGO TIMES"

----

K. L. Palmer  
Publisher

DISSOLVE TO:

117 FULL SHOT - INT. PALMER'S OFFICE - DAY

It is a magnificently furnished office, in complete contrast to the man behind the desk. PALMER is unobtrusive, self-effacing. But he's as strong-minded and durable as the magnificent building that houses his great newspaper. In a chair near Palmer's desk sits MARTIN BURNS, a great shaggy-haired lion of a man with a massive granite-like face. He is the attorney for the Times.

Seated on a couch nearby are Sam Faxon, an officious, pettifogging martinet, from the State Attorney's office, and JOHN ALBERTSON, the Commissioner of Police. Off to one side, in a separate arm-chair, sits ROBERT WINSTON,

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont.)

a representative of the Governor. He is a well-dressed, conservative-looking, and dignified gentleman.

As Kelly and McNeal enter, Palmer wastes no time on amenities.

PALMER

Kelly -- McNeal -- I believe you know the Commissioner, and Mr. Faxon, from the State Attorney's office.

McNeal and Kelly nod.

PALMER

And this is Robert Winston representing the Governor.

The men exchange nods and ad lib greeting.

AD LIBS

How are you?  
Nice to see you.  
How do you do?

PALMER

(bluntly)

Kelly -- these gentlemen object to our handling of the Wiecek story.

COMMISSIONER

Mr. Kelly, we feel that the Times, through you and Mr. McNeal, is slinging mud on one of the finest police departments in the United States.

WINSTON

And we specifically object to your efforts to arouse sympathy for a man who killed a police officer.

FAXON

We wish to point out, gentlemen, that Frank Wiecek was convicted by a jury. The case was reviewed by the Supreme Court, and the conviction was upheld. All these legal authorities believed in Wiecek's guilt, and...

MCNEAL

(casually, cutting in)

-- a long time ago people believed the world was flat.

(CONTINUED)



117 (Cont. 1)

FAXON

Do you wish, at this late date, to impugn the integrity of the jury and the court?

MCNEAL

If they were wrong -- yes...  
(hotly)

In 1932, the city was being cleaned up just before the World's Fair! A steady string of convictions made good publicity -- remember? But Wiecek might have spoiled the record!

FAXON

(incensed)

Wiecek was found guilty -- and he belongs where he is!

MCNEAL

(suspiciously)

Were you in the State Attorney's office in 1932?

FAXON:

(regaining his dignity)

I was. But I had nothing to do with the Wiecek case.

(then)

I have no ax to grind, Mr. McNeal. But I believe you're unnecessarily discrediting this regime.

(then)

Furthermore, your stories may be holding out false hope of a pardon to both Frank Wiecek and his mother!

MCNEAL

I'm not so sure it's false.

COMMISSIONER

We are.

KELLY

(doggedly)

In any event, up until now, we've printed only what we've learned by interview or investigation. We've invented nothing -- and we don't intend to.

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont. 2)

WINSTON

(drily)

A great deal of emotion and color  
can be lent to simple facts.

(then)

The Governor feels that this entire  
matter is undermining law and order.

MCNEAL

(hotly)

But Wiecek's innocent! It would be  
criminal to stop now!

WINSTON

You must remember, Mr. McNeal --  
that another political regime was in  
power at that time. We are not re-  
sponsible. But the public tars us  
with your brush. You can't destroy  
the confidence we've built up in  
this regime -- just to sell news-  
papers.

MCNEAL

It started that way, maybe -- but it  
no longer is that way. I tell you,  
gentlemen, that man is not guilty.

Palmer and Burns are looking back and forth from one  
speaker to the other but holding their peace.

COMMISSIONER

I don't know if he's guilty or not  
-- but we don't want this persecution  
of the police force to go on any  
longer.

WINSTON

(standing up)

Just a moment, gentlemen.

(he looks around)

The Governor would like to have this  
matter cleared up. We're not asking  
you to forget the man if he's inno-  
cent. But we don't want it dragging  
on and on just to promote circulation.

(he turns to

McNeal and Kelly)

Now we have a proposition to offer  
you to settle this thing once and  
for all.

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont. 3)

WINSTON (Cont.)

(he pauses a moment)

I can suggest to the Governor that he set up a hearing of the Pardon Board. If Wiecek is proven innocent he'll get a pardon...but if you fail to clear him, you will drop this whole matter once and for all.

(he looks to Palmer)

Is that a deal?

Palmer looks directly at McNeal. McNeal looks at Kelly, who is sitting in a wooden chair with an arm on it. Kelly has a cigarette in his hand and stands it up on the arm of the chair. He looks back at McNeal and nods. Winston turns to Faxon and the Commissioner.

KELLY

(to McNeal)

What do you say?

MCNEAL

It's a deal if Mr. Palmer says so.

Palmer nods.

WINSTON

I'll ask the Governor to set up a special hearing next week. Are you ready to accept that?

MCNEAL

I am.

FAXON

There's just one thing, Mr. McNeal -- if you go before the Pardon Board and they turn him down, that'll go on Wiecek's record. And when he's eligible for parole, that record will hurt his chances.

(explaining)

Mind you, that's no regulation or law -- but the very fact that a Pardon Board investigated and turned him down, might have a prejudicial effect upon his application.

(then)

So what you're doing, Mr. McNeal, is gambling with Wiecek's parole.

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont. 4)

MCNEAL

(after a pause)

That's the chance we'll have to take.

WINSTON

(looking around)

Well, gentlemen, that's settled then. We're agreed.

Palmer, McNeal and Kelly nod. Faxon, the Commissioner, and Winston start moving out of the room. Palmer rises to shake their hands as they leave.

PALMER

Thank you very much, gentlemen. We'll live up to our end of the bargain.

Kelly and McNeal rise, but Palmer motions to them to remain.

118 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. PALMER'S OFFICE - DAY - ANOTHER ANGLE

As the three men walk out, Palmer turns to look at McNeal and Kelly and then throws a side glance at Burns.

PALMER

(to McNeal and Kelly)

Well, you two seem quite satisfied but --

(he looks at Burns now)

-- but Burns doesn't seem to be.

BURNS

(laconically)

I'm not.

(then)

As your attorney, I think you've made a bad deal.

(narrowing his eyes thoughtfully)

While I've read the transcript of this case and am familiar with some of the things Mr. McNeal has found -- I'm not at all certain that we have sufficient evidence to obtain a pardon.

MCNEAL

(confidently)

You haven't seen all the evidence yet, Mr. Burns.

(CONTINUED)

118 (Cont.)

BURNS

(quietly)

What -- for instance?

McNeal rises, comes slowly over toward Burns and begins counting off the items on his fingers.

MCNEAL

Well, first of all, I've talked to the bailiff of the court -- and he corroborated Wiecek's statement that the judge promised him a new trial.

BURNS

(quietly)

What basis did the judge have for making such a statement -- if he made it?

MCNEAL

(still confident)

I don't know, but he said it! I have an affidavit from the bailiff!

BURNS

(unimpressed)

That's not proof! It's inconclusive!

MCNEAL

(grimly)

Okay, forget that then. I've got a lie-detector test and Keeler's sworn statement.

BURNS

(snapping)

Inadmissible.

MCNEAL

(desperately)

Gruska and Decker, the two other witnesses to the crime, maintain that Wiecek isn't the man. They also testified that Wanda Skutnik couldn't possibly have recognized anybody.

BURNS

(insistently)

But have you found her? What does she say? Gruska and Decker contradict her -- but it's inconclusive evidence! What new admissible evidence have you?

(CONTINUED)

118 (Cont. 1)

MCNEAL

There's lots of new stuff.

(he shrugs)

The State Attorney's office tried to keep me out of the record books. That's why they sent Faxon up here. And then there's another thing.... why is Wanda Skutnik keeping under cover? What's she hiding? Maybe a couple of mobsters killed the cop -- and threatened her if she didn't play ball. Or maybe she was just trying to keep in good with the law -- she was running a speak.

BURNS

(interrupting)

Now look here, McNeal -- I'm an attorney -- I know what it's like to go up before the Pardon Board. They go on facts!

McNeal starts reaching into his pocket.

MCNEAL

Okay, I'll give you something better than facts -- a picture.

He takes a mass of papers out of his coat pocket as he speaks.

MCNEAL

Wanda Skutnik testified she didn't see Wiecek between the time of the murder and the time she identified him on the 23rd of December.

Now he has the picture in his hand and he starts handing it over.

MCNEAL

But Frank claims she saw him again and again on the 22nd of December when the cops took him from station to station. Well, this corroborates Frank -- here's a picture of them getting out of the squad car in front of the New City Precinct.

Burns and Palmer look at the picture.

119 CLOSE SHOT - (INSERT) - THE PICTURE

It is taken outside the New City Precinct and it shows Wanda Skutnik and Frank Wiecek getting out of a police squad car. Guarding Wiecek is a policeman, who is so far back that his face is blurred. Behind these there is a newsboy standing near the steps, selling papers.

120 FULL SHOT - INT. PALMER'S OFFICE

Kelly is craning his neck over the desk to get a good look at the picture.

KELLY

(admiringly,  
to McNeal)

Where'd you get it, Mac?

MCNEAL

(proudly)

I got it from the files of the old Herald American.

(then)

I figured they'd go for this kind of picture.

Burns now looks up thoughtfully.

BURNS

When was this taken?

MCNEAL

On the 22nd -- obviously.

BURNS

What makes you so sure? Have you any corroborating evidence to prove that it was taken on the 22nd?

MCNEAL

(puzzled)

It seems to me that obviously it was taken during that period of time when he was being moved about from station to station.

BURNS

(patiently)

Look, McNeal, you can't just say that obviously it was taken then. You have to prove it. When you come up before the Pardon Board the burden of proof is with you. After all it could very well have been taken after she identified him.

(CONTINUED)

120 (Cont.)

McNeal has no answer for this. Kelly looks at him, disturbed. Palmer looks worried now, too. Burns puts the picture down on the desk.

BURNS

McNeal - you've done a wonderful job on assembling this evidence, and I congratulate you. But the law of the State of Illinois requires only one eye-witness for an identification and conviction. So far she has not retracted her testimony and that still remains the big point.

(he turns to Palmer)

Mr. Palmer, in view of this, I'm afraid I must recommend that you permit me to get in touch with the gentlemen who were just here and ask for more time until I have had an opportunity to go over the case.

PALMER

(drily)

You mean we'd better get off the hook?

Burns nods and we see Palmer hesitate. Then McNeal steps up to Mr. Palmer.

MCNEAL

(earnestly)

Mr. Palmer, I realize Mr. Burns knows more about the law than I do. But I want to tell you some things about this case that you didn't know. I started on it, believing nothing. I was skeptical and cynical. I figured that Wiecek was just using his mother to spring him. But I've changed my mind, Mr. Palmer. Wiecek is innocent! I know it beyond any doubt. It's true I haven't found the key-witness. And I haven't cracked her testimony. But I want a chance to find her. I want a chance to get Wiecek out. And if you call off this hearing, we'll never get another.

Looking from McNeal to Burns, Palmer considers this for a moment.

PALMER

(quietly)

The bargain stands.

(CONTINUED)



120 (Cont. 1)

MCNEAL

Thank you.

McNeal picks the picture off the desk, and as he and Kelly turn to go, Burns looks up.

BURNS

Just a minute, McNeal. Let me give you one last piece of advice. Even if you do find this Wanda Skutnik, I don't believe she will ever change her testimony. There's only one thing for you to do -- discredit her -- prove she's a liar! Otherwise you're wasting your time.

We see the faint flash of a smile on McNeal's face as he hears these words.

MCNEAL

Yes, I know. Another attorney told me the same thing.

McNeal and Kelly go out into the corridor.

121 FULL SHOT - INT. CORRIDOR - TIMES BUILDING - JUST OUTSIDE PALMER'S OFFICE

McNeal stalks out still keyed-up and nervous. Kelly is right beside him.

KELLY

(drily)

That was a very nice speech, Mac. And it put you right behind the biggest eight-ball in the world. Now you've got to find Wanda Skutnik.

MCNEAL

(thoughtfully)

She ran a speakeasy -- she's Polish and she ran around with a guy who worked in the stockyards. That ought to localize it - somewhere around the stockyards.

KELLY

Now you're rolling. But remember - going into that neighborhood is like going into the Casbah. They stick together - they'll clam up on you and you may even have trouble.

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

MCNEAL

Don't scare me, Kelly. I've got  
high blood pressure.

KELLY

You don't happen to speak any  
Polish, do you?

MCNEAL

(with a grin)

If I have to learn it to find  
Wanda -- I'm starting now.

And he turns and stalks down the corridor as Kelly  
looks after him with approval and we

DISSOLVE TO:

122 FULL SHOT - EXT. STREET - DAY

There is obviously a foreign element on the street and we can hear the sound of foreign language conversation from a store front nearby where a group of men is gathered. Up the street, past them, we can see McNeal coming along. He looks different -- and two of the people standing near the store turn to look after him.

123 FULL SHOT - EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

As McNeal walks by the building that houses the Polish-American Society.

124 A SERIES OF SHOTS

All these shots establish the tough flavor of this section of Chicago -- preferably with McNeal somewhere in the scene.

1. A clip joint or dive with bottles in the window.
2. A grocery store with foreign signs and condiments in the window.
3. Another type of shop.

125 FULL SHOT - EXT. SALOON IN TOUGH SECTION - NIGHT

A few shabbily dressed passersby are shuffling past. There is a sign identifying the place, "DRAZYNSKI'S" Place. From inside comes the music of a juke-box.

126 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. "DRAZYNSKI'S" PLACE - AT BAR - NIGHT

McNeal is at the bar and looks the place over as the BARTENDER, not an unpleasant looking man, swabs the bar in front of him.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

MCNEAL

Whisky.

The bartender pours the drink. McNeal toys with it.

MCNEAL

Ever hear of a woman named Wanda Skutnik?

The bartender, wiping a glass, looks suspicious.

(CONTINUED)

126 (Cont.)

BARTENDER

You a copper?

MCNEAL

No. Her uncle died and left her a little money. I hear she's remarried. I'm having trouble finding her.

The bartender, satisfied, shakes his head.

BARTENDER

Never heard of her.

(raises his voice and calls to the others in Polish)

Any of you guys ever hear of a dame named Wanda Skutnik? Been married, maybe, and got a new name?

The other men at the bar look up disinterestedly.

MEN

(ad lib in Polish)

Not me.

I never heard of her.

No.

Me either.

McNeal nods. He is becoming accustomed to disappointment. He puts some money on the bar, drinks his drink.

MCNEAL

Much obliged.

As McNeal walks out, CAMERA PANS to a man, his face hidden by a racing form. He lowers the racing form and we see Boris, the man we first saw in Wanda Skutnik's bar just prior to the murder. He looks after McNeal, his face inscrutable. He puts the racing form in his pocket, rises and saunters out -- after McNeal.

DISSOLVE TO:

126A EXT. STREET - NIGHT

McNeal is standing on the curb, near an alley. He looks defeated and discouraged. Light traffic going by in the street.

126B EXT. A DOORWAY A FEW FEET AWAY FROM McNEAL

Boris stands there, looking off at McNeal. He turns his head, looks speculatively toward the traffic coming

(CONTINUED)

126B (Cont.)

down the street toward McNeal. His eyes light up as he sees a truck cruising along near the curb. He starts out of the doorway.

126C McNEAL - AT CURB

brooding, staring into space. The truck is now within a few yards of him. Suddenly, as though by accident, Boris brushes against him from behind, throwing him into the street and almost into the path of the oncoming truck. When the truck is inches away McNeal jerks back, falling to the sidewalk.

126D CLOSE SHOT - BORIS

His jaw tightens and his eyes grow hard as he sees that his plan has failed.

126E WIDER ANGLE

Boris leans down to help McNeal to his feet.

BORIS

Gosh, Mister, I'm sorry I stumbled!  
You're not hurt?

McNEAL

(brushing himself  
off -- and boiling  
mad)

You ought to look where you're going!  
That truck could have killed me!

BORIS

(very apologetic)

Sorry, Mister.

He turns and exits. McNeal continues brushing off his coat. Suddenly a thought strikes him, and with a puzzled look he stares off after Boris.

126F MED. LONG SHOT - BORIS

disappearing in the darkness.

126G CLOSE SHOT - McNEAL

still looking down the street. There is something about this near-accident which puzzles him. Then he shrugs it off as we

DISSOLVE TO:

(Zanuck)

177

REVISED - "CALL NORTHSIDE 777" - 9/19/47

97B.

127 EXT. STOCKYARDS - MED. SHOT - DAY

We are SHOOTING on one of several cattle pens in which cattle are milling about, being graded. McNeal is talking to a foreman, who stands near a fence of the pen, checking off the cattle on a pad clipped to a small clipboard.

(CONTINUED)

127 (Cont.)

MCNEAL

Any answers to that bulletin we tacked up?

FOREMAN

Nope. I talked to a bunch of the boys too. None of them ever heard of a woman named Skutnik.

McNeal shrugs, defeatedly.

MCNEAL

Well, thanks, anyway.

FOREMAN

(indifferently)

Any time.

He returns his attention to his work as McNeal exits scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

128 CLOSE SHOT - INSERT - MCNEAL'S ARTICLE IN THE TIMES - NIGHT

It reads:

"WHERE IS WANDA SKUTNIK

---

By P. J. McNeal

Where is Wanda Skutnik? Where is the woman who, after 11 years, might speak the word that would save Frank Wiecek from life-long imprisonment? If he is guilty, why does she not break her silence and come forward? If he is innocent, why doesn't she help to correct a tragic miscarriage of justice?..."

This INSERT must be in motion -- on a teletype...linotype...or a typewriter as the keys click away...

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

129 INT. BILL'S CAFE - CLOSE SHOT - ANNA FELCZAK - NIGHT

Through the fading page of the long DISSOLVE we see ANNA FELCZAK, a tawdry, half-drunken woman, seated at the bar, reading the news-story. Anna is brooding over the story.

SHOOTING ACROSS Anna, the door is in the background. McNeal comes in. He looks the place over, gives Anna a cursory inspection, then sits down three or four stools from her. The bartender comes to him and swabs off the bar.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

MCNEAL

Rye - straight.

The bartender turns to pour the drink, serves him, and is about to move away when McNeal stops him with a slight gesture.

MCNEAL

Say, bartender -- ever hear of a woman named Wanda Skutnik?

BARTENDER

(after a pause)

A lot of women come in here. I wouldn't know them by name.

MCNEAL

Okay. Just asking.

In b.g. of this SHOT of Anna, we see the bartender pass to rejoin the men. Anna blearily studies the picture of McNeal in the Times, looks at McNeal, then begins to sidle over.

130 TWO SHOT - MCNEAL AND ANNA

McNeal is finishing his drink and is about to leave as Anna sits beside him.

ANNA

(a little thickly)

Your name McNeal?

McNeal looks at her quickly and sets down his glass.

MCNEAL

Yeah. Why?

(CONTINUED)



130 (Cont.)

ANNA

I been wondering when you'd hit this neighborhood. I been readin' your stories in the paper.

MCNEAL

About Wanda Skutnik?

ANNA

Yeah.

MCNEAL

(eagerly)

Are you Wanda Skutnik?

ANNA

Who, me? Are you kidding? My name's Anna Felczak. Used to be good friends, me and Wanda. Used to ride around town-throwin' bricks through windows, Then she started throwin' bricks at me. It broke up our friendship.

MCNEAL

(tensely)

Do you know where I can find Wanda now?

ANNA

I might.

MCNEAL

Where?

ANNA

What's in it for me?

MCNEAL

What do you want?

The bartender comes to them with a drink for Anna. She nods toward the bartender.

ANNA

(as bartender  
pours drink)

I owe him a buck seventy-five.

McNeal places a bill on the bar.

(CONTINUED)

130 (Cont. 1)

MCNEAL

Take it out of there. And leave  
the bottle.

The bartender nods, gives McNeal some change, and returns  
to the group of men. Anna attacks her drink thirstily.

MCNEAL

What's her name now?

ANNA

I oughta have one to wake up on.

McNeal shoves her the change left by the bartender.

MCNEAL

Get yourself a bottle for in the  
morning.

ANNA

Thanks.

She carefully puts the money into a battered purse,  
pours herself another drink and downs it.

ANNA

What happens to Wanda if you find  
her?

MCNEAL

I just want to ask her some questions.

ANNA

There ain't no warrant out for her  
or nothing like that?

MCNEAL

No.

Anna broods and contemplates pouring another drink.

ANNA

She hadn't oughta thrown them bricks  
at me. You know Honore Street?

MCNEAL

Sure.

ANNA

You go down there. Thirty-seven  
twenty-four.

(CONTINUED)

130 (Cont. 2)

MCNEAL

Thirty-seven twenty-four Honore. Go on. What's her name now?

ANNA

Siskovich. Wanda Siskovich. But don't tell her I said so, she's got a bad temper. I don't want her throwing no more bricks at me.

McNeal rises, his face shining with delight.

MCNEAL

I won't mention it, and thanks.

He starts for the door and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

131 INSERT STREET SIGN - HONORE STREET - CAMERA PANS TO:

132 FULL SHOT - EXT. HONORE STREET - NIGHT

It is a shabby and dilapidated district. The street lights are weak. We can see McNeal vaguely as he comes along the street, looking for the number he wants. He suddenly stops in front of a house and looks up.

133 FULL SHOT - EXT. WANDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As McNeal stands on the sidewalk looking up and sees the number - 3724. It is an unprepossessing-looking brick structure, obviously containing a half-dozen flats.

McNeal's back is to the CAMERA and he is side-lighted by one of the weak street lamps. He stands there a moment peering up at the number. Suddenly a shadow looms over him and moves along toward him, it passes by. McNeal looks offstage at the passing figure a moment and then quickly goes up the stairs and into the building.

134 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. FOYER OF WANDA'S BLDG. -- NIGHT

There is a very weak light and McNeal looks at the row of letter boxes. He finds one labeled, "WANDA SISKOVICH"

135 CLOSE SHOT - INSERT - THE NAME PLATE

On it is printed:

WANDA SISKOVICH

136 FULL SHOT - INT. WANDA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

As McNeal opens the foyer door, comes in, and starts up the stairs.

137 FULL SHOT - INT. UPPER HALLWAY - WANDA'S BLDG. - NIGHT

As McNeal comes up the stairs. He looks over his shoulder apprehensively, wondering whether the shadow was after him. He hurries a little bit. He gets to the top and there he finds the card he wants....WANDA SISKOVICH on the first door.

138 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. UPPER HALLWAY - AT WANDA'S DOOR

McNeal knocks at the door, and again looks over his shoulder. A woman's VOICE comes from inside.

WANDA'S VOICE

Come in. Come in.

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

McNeal slowly opens the door. We see the interior of a dimly lit, very shabby flat, the kind that has a canary in a battered cage, and a sickly rubber-plant on the table. We are ANGLING PAST McNeal as he catches his first sight of Wanda.

139 CLOSE SHOT - WANDA

Wanda is now approaching fifty, and 11 years of dissipation have marked her. She wears a tawdry bathrobe over her nightgown and has obviously just come from the bedroom. She is a far from beautiful sight.

140 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. WANDA'S FLAT - ANGLING PAST WANDA TOWARD DOOR

McNeal stands in the doorway looking at her.

WANDA

Who are you?

McNeal comes in quickly, glances out behind him, and then shuts the door.

MCNEAL

I'm from the Times - my name's...

WANDA

(breaking in)

Get out of here!

MCNEAL

You're Wanda Skutnik.

Wanda looks at him disgustedly, flounces over to a chair and slumps down.

WANDA

Yeah. And I been wonderin' when you'd show up.

MCNEAL

(soothingly)

Believe me, Mrs. Siskovich, I won't cause you any trouble. But I would like to ask you a few questions.

WANDA

(flatly)

You can ask 'em. I don't have to answer 'em.

(CONTINUED)

140 (Cont.)

McNeal sits down on the edge of a hard chair.

MCNEAL

I know - but Frank Wiecek's been in prison 11 years. That's a long time. And his mother spent 11 years on her knees scrubbing floors. That's a long time, too.

Wanda just reaches over and picks up a glass of beer. She holds it out to him.

WANDA

(contemptuously)

You wanna cry in my beer?

McNeal controls himself.

MCNEAL

All I want to know is - is there any possibility that you might have been mistaken when you identified Wiecek?

WANDA

(contemptuously)

No.

She lifts the glass of beer, takes a good slug and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

MCNEAL

If you're so positive, it'll be easy to prove. Are you willing to take a lie test?

Wanda straightens up.

WANDA

A lie test! Do you think I'm crazy?

MCNEAL

(persistently)

Will you give me a sworn statement?

WANDA

I did my swearin' in court.

141 MED. TWO SHOT - MCNEAL AND WANDA - INT. WANDA'S FLAT

MCNEAL

(still persistent)

How many times did you see Frank before you identified him?

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont.)

WANDA

Never!

MCNEAL

You didn't see him before the  
police showup?

WANDA

Only when he killed the cop.  
(then)  
Look -- I said all I got to say.  
That's all there is.

MCNEAL

(desperately)  
There's plenty more. There's all  
those years in jail for Frank Wiecek.  
(earnestly)  
I've got to go before the Pardon  
Board, the day after tomorrow.  
Frank has a pretty good chance of  
getting out - if you'll help.

142 MED. SHOT - INT. WANDA'S FLAT - ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD  
DOOR

Wanda looks at him with a smug smile on her face.

WANDA

(grimly)

I got no reason to help Wiecek. And  
I got no reason to help you either.  
You're the one that wrote them lies  
about me. I been thinkin' about  
suin' you for libel.

MCNEAL

(losing patience  
a bit)

That's what I wrote 'em for! I've  
called you a liar, bootlegger, and  
finger-woman. I've insulted you  
every way I could think of - and  
I'm going to keep doing it. Sue  
us for libel!

(hotly)

All I'd like to do is get you on  
a witness stand under oath.

WANDA

(unmoved; contemptuously)

And you still wouldn't get nothin'  
out of me.

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.)

The door opens behind McNeal, and Boris, big, massive, menacing, stands there with a gun in his big, black, hairy fist. Wanda doesn't move.

WANDA

(quietly)

Put that down.. You wanta go to jail?

McNeal turns to look at Boris, but in the dimly lit room he does not at first recognize him.

BORIS

(to McNeal)

Why you bother her?

WANDA

(louder now)

Shut up!

A look of recognition comes into McNeal's eyes..

MCNEAL

(slowly - to Boris)

I get it now....I wasn't so wrong after all.

BORIS

What you mean? Talk sense!

MCNEAL

I'm talking very good sense!. Don't you know you can get in trouble carrying a rod -- and pushing people in front of trucks?

BORIS

(turning to Wanda, pleadingly)

Look, Wanda, this guy talk too much! Let me give it to him!

WANDA

No! You both talk too much!

(to McNeal)

Now, you get out of here!

McNeal turns toward the door, then pauses, decides to take one last crack at her.

MCNEAL

Look, maybe there's something you didn't think of.

(CONTINUED)



142 (Cont. 1)

MCNEAL (Cont.)

(then, quickly)

Did you know there was a five thousand dollar reward?

WANDA

Yeah -- for the cop-killers.

BORIS

(suddenly)

Five thousand dollars?

McNeal eagerly pursues his advantage.

MCNEAL

What's more - you don't have to do anything - just give me enough to clear it up - get Wiecek out! And you get five thousand dollars!

Wanda looks at him again and frowns a bit.

WANDA

(cautiously)

What do I got to do?

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont. 1)

MCNEAL

(eagerly)

Tell the truth. Who persuaded you  
to identify him?

A scared look begins to come over Wanda's face.

MCNEAL

(still pursuing it)

Whom are you afraid of?

Wanda suddenly stiffens.

WANDA

(rigidly)

Nobody - nothing - nobody! I got  
nobody to be afraid of. And I got  
nothing to say.

BORIS

(puzzled)

Wanda....

(pleadingly)

It's five thousand dollars.

Wanda looks up at him, her eyes blazing.

WANDA

Shut up, you!

(then, to McNeal)

Get out of here! You ain't gonna  
get nowhere. I identified him. I  
told the truth! It's him! I'll  
never change my mind! It's him!  
Now get out of here!

She stands up and points toward the door. Boris steps  
aside and McNeal knows that if he doesn't go, Boris is  
going to lay those big, black, hairy hands on him.  
McNeal looks crushed and helpless. Here goes his last  
chance to save Wiecek. There is nothing he can do.  
Beaten, he goes out. And after Boris closes the door  
behind him, CAMERA DRAWS IN TO HOLD Wanda and Boris IN  
A CLOSE SHOT. For a long moment she stares at the closed  
door. Her face is inscrutable. Then she reaches over,  
lifts up the glass of beer, and takes a long swallow and  
then turns and looks at Boris. He just stares right back  
at her as we

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

143 FULL SHOT - INT. TIMES BLDG. - PALMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Palmer, Burns, Kelly and McNeal, all looking similarly disturbed, are discussing their dilemma.

KELLY

(helplessly)

Well, as Mr. Burns says -- if the Pardon Board has no legal power to subpena -- no authority to make her talk ---

(he shrugs)

-- we're helpless.

MCNEAL

(bitterly)

I could make her talk -- with a short piece of lead pipe.

He rises dejectedly, and moves slowly toward Palmer's desk.

MCNEAL

It's my fault, Mr. Palmer. I made you see it my way.

(apologetically)

I thought if I found her, I'd have the whole thing wrapped up.

(turning to Burns)

And I want to apologize to you, too, Mr. Burns. You were right.

(sighing)

I just got sucked in -- because I wanted to lick this thing.

McNeal turns back to his seat.

KELLY

(quietly)

What do we do now?

PALMER

(to Burns)

What's the procedure in a case like this?

MCNEAL

Can't you telephone the Governor and call off the hearing?

(then)

I'd like to be able to sleep nights. And that's something I won't be doing, if all I've done is jeopardize Frank's chances for parole.

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont.)

BURNS

Well, I'm afraid it wouldn't be proper to call the Governor.

(judiciously)

The thing for me to do is to appear before the Board at Springfield this afternoon, make our apologies, and ask that the case be withdrawn.

The weight of this decision lands right on McNeal.

MCNEAL

And that won't appear on his record or have any effect when he becomes eligible for parole?

BURNS

No. His name will simply not be brought before the Board.

McNeal nods miserably.

PALMER

Very well. That's it, then.

MCNEAL

(rising slowly)

I'm sorry, Mr. Palmer.

McNeal and Kelly start out.

PALMER

You're not to blame, McNeal. You did a good job. Nobody could have done better.

McNeal smiles tentatively, and he and Kelly exit.

144 FULL SHOT - INT. TIMES BLDG. - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE  
PALMER'S OFFICE - DAY

As Kelly and McNeal walk disconsolately toward CAMERA. Kelly stops beside the water cooler, and McNeal absently stops beside him, still wrapped in thought.

KELLY

You can finish up with a story on Skutnik. Try to get the paper off the hook.

MCNEAL

(absently)

Yeah.....

(CONTINUED)

144 (Cont.)

KELLY

Then you'd better go out and see  
Tillie.

McNeal looks at him sharply.

MCNEAL

I can't do that!

(then)

It's going to break her up anyway.

KELLY

(quietly)

You want her to read it in the  
paper?

McNeal shakes his head.

MCNEAL

No.

He walks off, leaving Kelly at the water cooler and we

DISSOLVE TO:

145 CLOSE SHOT - (INSERT) - INT. TIMES OFFICE - DAY

McNeal's fingers typing a story - and rephrasing it.

FINGER WOMAN FOUND

Withholds Truth on Identification.

Wanda Skutnik, ignorant and unreli-  
able key witness in.....

A woman without decent human feel-  
ing today refused to....

This evil and corrupt woman was....

Wanda Skutnik, blowsy key  
witness in the Wiecek case, today  
arrogantly refused to alter her  
false identification of Frank  
Wiecek. This ignorant and heart-  
less woman showed not one vestige  
of decent human instinct toward the  
man she was instrumental in con-  
demning to a life in prison for a  
crime he did not commit.....  
ymkdos jdhs1.....

Toward the end of the paragraph, the fingers typing the  
story begin to snap the keys viciously, making a line of  
gibberish. Then a bunch of keys jam together, and a  
thick cloud of smoke is puffed across the sheet. CAMERA  
PULLS BACK TO:

146 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. TIMES OFFICE - DAY - AT MCNEAL'S  
DESK

As he puffs viciously on his cigarette, glares at the portion of story in the typewriter, and then rips it out of the machine, crushes it into a tight ball, and throws it angrily on the floor. Now, he grabs his hat and stalks out, fuming. CAMERA PANS him to the door, where Barnes enters ahead of him.

BARNES

What's the matter? You look as if you just lost your last 5,000.

At this low point, McNeal can't take it. He boils over. He pivots and slugs Barnes, knocking him right over a rewrite desk. Without looking back, McNeal goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

147 FULL SHOT - EXT. TILLIE'S FLAT - DAY

A shabby, dilapidated house. McNeal comes across the street and goes to the door of the house.

148 FULL SHOT - INT. TILLIE WIECEK'S FLAT - DAY

Tillie is busying herself with some minor household duties, dusting, sweeping, etc. There is a KNOCK at the door. Tillie lays aside her broom and dust cloth, goes to the door, and opens it to admit McNeal.

TILLIE

(delighted)

Mr. McNeal, come in.

McNeal comes in and she closes the door.

TILLIE

I got to excuse myself -- I was not expecting company.

MCNEAL

(uncomfortably)

Please don't regard me as company, Mrs. Wiecek.

He lays his hat and topcoat aside.

TILLIE

(bustling about)

I make you some coffee?

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

MCNEAL  
 (disconsolately)  
 No, I can't stay.  
 (hesitantly)  
 I just came to talk to you.

TILLIE  
 (excitedly)  
 About the Pardon Board, yes?  
 (ecstatically)  
 I pray for this day.

MCNEAL  
 (quickly)  
 I want to tell you about that.

TILLIE  
 And now it has come. It is here.

MCNEAL  
 (mustering  
 his courage)  
 Mrs. Wiecek, I've got to tell you --  
 (he takes her  
 hands in his)  
 -- we're calling off the hearing.  
 We haven't got a chance in the  
 world of getting Frank a pardon.

She looks at him without comprehension, and then suddenly tragedy looms in her eyes.

TILLIE  
 (dazed)  
 No -- chance?

McNeal shakes his head sadly.

TILLIE  
 (puzzled)  
 But you work so hard. You do every-  
 thing.

MCNEAL  
 Everything I could.

TILLIE  
 (pleadingly)  
 You got lawyer? He tell Pardon  
 Board?

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.1)

MCNEAL

We've got the best, but -- if we went before the Pardon Board now, we'd only be hurting Frank's chances for a parole later on.

(he shakes his head again)

We can't do a thing with Wanda Skutnik -- and without her, -we have nothing.

149 MED. TWO SHOT - INT. TILLIE'S HOUSE - MCNEAL AND TILLIE

Tillie looks at him and shakes her head. There is a far-away look in her eyes.

TILLIE

I saw her at the trial. She will never tell. Like a rock she will never tell. But she knows. Yes, she is afraid. She will not talk. Never.

MCNEAL

(bitterly)

And without her we haven't got enough evidence.

TILLIE

Evidence! They got no evidence when they send Frank to prison for 99 years. I got no evidence when I scrub floor every night -- go without supper, walk to work so I save nickel for Frank. Evidence. What is evidence?

She walks to a little shrine which hangs on the wall and looks at it. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

TILLIE

(softly)

One time they kill him too, without evidence.

McNeal walks over and puts his hands on her shoulder.

150 TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE - INT. TILLIE'S HOUSE

MCNEAL

(humbly)

I can't tell you how sorry I am, Mrs. Wiecek.

Tillie shakes her head from side to side in agony. But she still finds heart enough to excuse McNeal.

(CONTINUED)



150 (Cont.)

TILLIE

You try to help. You are a good man.

(her chin goes  
up determinedly)

But if this thing happens -- then we  
fight some more. We fight more and  
more. Yes?

Now McNeal can't even look her in the eye.

MCNEAL

(very softly)

That's what I wanted to tell you.  
We're calling off the hearing and  
the "Times" is dropping the case.

TILLIE

(horrified)

No.....no.

(but she can see by  
McNeal's expression  
that it's the truth)

But if you go -- I got no friend  
left -- nobody --

MCNEAL

(gently)

I'm sorry. Very sorry, Mrs. Wiecek.

TILLIE

(as if she hadn't  
heard him)

No friend left. No friend no more.

Instinctively she turns and faces the little shrine on the  
wall. McNeal looks at her an instant and then slowly  
picks up his hat and coat.

151 CLOSE SHOT - TILLIE - STANDING BEFORE THE SHRINE AND  
LOOKING UP AT IT

As she does, renewed determination comes into her eyes.  
Her shoulders go back and her head comes up.

152 MED. FULL SHOT - ANGLING TOWARD MCNEAL

As he watches Tillie.

TILLIE

(softly; as if  
to herself)

Big fool, me. Sure I got friend....

She stares imploringly at the shrine and McNeal silently  
exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

153 FULL SHOT - EXT. TILLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

McNeal comes out of the house feeling lower than he ever has in his life. He hails a taxi just as it passes under the bridge.

154 MED. FULL SHOT - EXT. STREET - CAB

As McNeal gets in.

MCNEAL

The Chicago Times office.

DRIVER

Okay.

McNeal sits down and the driver reaches over to get a newspaper.

DRIVER

Seen the afternoon paper?

He hands it to McNeal who takes it absently. Then the driver starts the car and goes off as McNeal holds the paper in his hand.

155 MED. SHOT - INT. TAXICAB - (PROCESS) - DAY

McNeal is staring at the paper without seeing it. We see that the headline reads: "POLICE ENLARGEMENT PROCESS REVEALS FORGERY". On the front page of the paper there is a police laboratory photo of the enlargement of a check. Presently McNeal's eyes focus on the caption under the check, and he looks at it with growing interest.

156 CLOSE SHOT - (INSERT) - THE CHECK AND ENLARGEMENT

The caption reads:

"ENLARGED ONE THOUSAND TIMES, THESE LINES  
(SEE ARROW) WERE NOT WRITTEN WITH ANY PEN  
MANUFACTURED BEFORE 1910."

157 MED. SHOT - INT. CAB - (PROCESS) - DAY

McNeal continues to look at the check and begins to frown. Then he reaches into his pocket and pulls out the newspaper picture of Wanda and Frank getting out of the squad car. He looks at it and then back at the photo of the check. Then he quickly leans forward.

(CONTINUED)

157 (Cont.)

MCNEAL

(to cab driver)

Hey, take me to the police lab.

As the driver nods, we

DISSOLVE TO:

158 FULL SHOT - INT. POLICE LAB - DAY

It is filled with all sorts of scientific paraphernalia for photography, micro-photography, spectroscopic, etc., etc. A few other men are working at equipment in the background. McNeal walks up to the man in charge.

MCNEAL

(hurriedly)

Did you boys handle that magnified photograph of that forged check?

MAN

(nodding)

Yes. Why?

McNeal pulls out his picture.

MCNEAL

Look at this picture. Could you blow up just this section?

MAN

Sure.

MCNEAL

Would it bring out the details -- clearly?

MAN

That depends on the condition of the original negative.

MCNEAL

(urgently)

How long would it take?

MAN

About one hour -- allowing time for drying.

MCNEAL

Could you get at it right away?

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.)

MAN

(curiously)

Yes, but...

(he looks at the news-  
paper picture again)You're McNeal, at the Times, aren't  
you? Been working on that Wiecek  
case.

McNeal's heart stops, anticipating opposition from the  
police once more.

MCNEAL

Yes, I'm McNeal. But look -- this  
is important, and...

MAN

(nodding)

Yeah. At first I was pretty sure  
the guy was guilty

(he shakes his head)

...but now I don't know.

(he takes the picture)

Let's see that picture.

McNeal, delighted, hands it over.

MCNEAL

Can I use your phone?

The man nods and continues to look at the picture as  
McNeal goes over to the telephone and begins to dial  
frantically.

MCNEAL

(into phone)

Long distance? ... I want to place  
a person-to-person call to Martin  
J. Burns...he's in the State  
Capitol at Springfield....Yes.

Then McNeal turns to look at the man, who has been  
raising his eye-brows in amazement.

MCNEAL

(grinning)

I'll pay for it...don't worry.

Now we

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

159 INT. STATE CAPITOL - BOARD ROOM - DAY

The Pardon Board is already seated -- the clerks are waiting, and in one corner of the room sits Sam Faxon of the State Attorney's office. The Chairman of the Board looks at his watch and then looks up at the large clock over the entrance door. He is obviously impatient. At that moment, the door is flung open and Burns comes hurriedly in, nodding to the Chairman of the Board, who nods back coldly and then nods at the clerk. As Burns sits down at the table and opens his brief case, the clerk stands up.

CLERK

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Special Hearing  
of the Board of Pardons of the State  
of Illinois now in session.

He sits down and the Chairman of the Board nods his head at Burns.

160 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. BOARD ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

Burns rises.

BURNS

Gentlemen -- I feel somewhat at a loss -- because I came here to ask that the petition of Frank Wiecek be withdrawn.

There is a movement of surprise and exchanged glances at the Board table.

BURNS

However, about an hour ago I received a phone call from James McNeal of the Chicago Times, who informs me that he has uncovered the evidence we have been seeking. It is conclusive evidence in support of the petition of Frank Wiecek.

Faxon looks surprised.

CHAIRMAN

You may present the evidence, Mr. Burns.

BURNS

(hesitantly)

Unfortunately, gentlemen, my telephone conversation with Mr. McNeal was necessarily brief. He is flying down to Springfield and should be here at any moment.

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.)

CHAIRMAN  
(impatiently)  
What evidence does he have?

BURNS  
(helplessly)  
I'm afraid I don't know.

The Chairman looks impatient.

161 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. BOARD ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

Faxon gets to his feet with an air of contempt.

FAXON  
Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN  
(nodding)  
Mr. Faxon.

FAXON  
Representing the State Attorney's  
office - I object. We were assured  
there was sufficient available evi-  
dence to justify the incitement of  
public indignation over the Wiecek  
matter -- and consequently the  
special hearing was granted.

(contemptuously)  
If Counsel did not have sufficient  
evidence in his possession, he should  
not have requested this hearing.  
Counsel maintains that he now has  
sufficient conclusive evidence --  
(he throws his hands  
wide in a gesture of  
contempt)

But Counsel does not even know what  
that conclusive evidence is.

BURNS  
(apologetically)  
I find myself in a curious predica-  
ment, gentlemen, but this is a  
matter of vital importance and I ask  
your indulgence.

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.)

FAXON

(sharply)

The State Attorney's office has a right to demand orthodox conduct of this hearing. If you have conclusive evidence, present it. Otherwise we ask that the petition be denied, here and now!

CHAIRMAN

(sharply)

Mr. Faxon, we certainly intend to follow orthodox procedure...

Just then he stops in the middle of his speech and listens. We HEAR footsteps coming hurriedly down the hall and the door is thrown open quickly and we see McNeal come in.

MCNEAL

(breathlessly)

I.....ah, excuse me, Gentlemen. I  
.....I couldn't get here any sooner.  
I.....

The Board Chairman nods at him, and Burns beckons to him. McNeal goes over to Burns.

162 MED. CLOSE SHOT - INT. BOARD ROOM - BURNS AND MCNEAL

As they shake hands, McNeal nods confidently.

BURNS

(quietly)

What have you got, Mac?

MCNEAL

(his voice very low)

I haven't got it yet. You've got to stall.

Burns looks alarmed.

MCNEAL

(whispering)

Let me talk to them.

Burns nods helplessly and turns toward the Chairman of the Board.

163 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. BOARD ROOM

As Burns faces the Board.

(CONTINUED)

163 (Cont.)

BURNS

Gentlemen, I ask your permission to have Mr. McNeal, of the Chicago Times, address the Board.

CHAIRMAN

(quietly)

Granted.

McNeal now faces them, and Burns sits down.

MCNEAL

(diffidently)

Well, gentlemen, I don't know how much Mr. Burns has told you, but....

(he takes some papers out of his pockets)

.....strictly from a reporter's viewpoint, you understand -- I've assembled what I feel is a solid case.

CHAIRMAN

And of what does this case consist?

MCNEAL

Well, it consists of such debatable items as a lie-detector test.

(then, quickly)

Oh, I know you're unable to accept that. You want only evidence.

164 MED. FULL SHOT -- SCENE

As McNeal warms up.

MCNEAL

But sometimes the weight of evidence -- just because it's on the record -- is heavy enough to crush the truth.

CHAIRMAN

(drily)

We'll discuss the shortcomings of our judicial system some other time, Mr. McNeal.

MCNEAL

(embarrassed)

I know, I know. At present you want the facts. Well....

(CONTINUED)



164 (Cont.)

MCNEAL (Cont.)

(he enumerates  
the items)

...We have the notarized affidavit of the bailiff of Judge Moulton's court, that the Judge believed Wiecek didn't receive a fair trial.

CHAIRMAN

(nodding)

We have the documents before us, Mr. McNeal. They could hardly be called conclusive.

McNeal has been thrown off stride again, and he looks up over the Chairman's head where, on a support ledge, we can see a statue of JUSTICE, blindfolded, with a scale in one hand and a sword in the other.

MCNEAL

(pointing to the statue)

You know, it's a funny thing about that Statue of Justice. She's got a sword in her hand. It's a double-edged sword....to cut both ways...

(then)

It keeps cutting the ground out from under everything in favor of Frank Wiecek -- but on the other side, it isn't quite so sharp. It doesn't cut the ground out from under Wanda Skutnik!

(then)

And she's the only one responsible for Wiecek's conviction.

Burn's eyebrows go up approvingly. The Chairman frowns.

MCNEAL

As you probably know, from the documents on your desk, Gruska and Decker contradict Wanda Skutnik's testimony. And the two notarized affidavits support them.

CHAIRMAN

The Board is aware of that too, Mr. McNeal. But Wanda Skutnik has not altered her testimony, has she?

(CONTINUED)

164 (Cont. 1)

MCNEAL

(sharply)

Wanda Skutnik lied from beginning to end! She lied about everything.

He picks a couple of things off his table and walks toward the Board table.

MCNEAL

Here is a police record proving that Wiecek was arrested at 5 A.M. on December 22nd.

(he puts it down  
on the table)

And here's another police record proving that he wasn't booked until 6 P.M. on December 23rd. A day-and-a-half later, gentlemen!

The Chairman picks up the two police records.

MCNEAL

Furthermore, Wanda Skutnik said she never saw him from the time of the murder until she identified him in the police show-up.

(putting down his  
photograph)

But here's a photograph that shows her getting out of a police car with Frank Wiecek.

He throws it down and the Chairman picks it up.

MCNEAL

That's new, gentlemen! And that's the basis of my conclusive evidence.

CHAIRMAN

(judiciously)

The two photostats of the police records, simply indicate that some time elapsed between Wiecek's arrest and the time he was booked.

(he shrugs)

As a reporter, you know very well that this is a common occurrence at police stations.

(CONTINUED)

164 (Cont. 2)

MCNEAL

(nodding)

I know that. But what about that photograph showing her getting out of the squad car with Wiecek?

CHAIRMAN

(smiling)

It must be perfectly obvious to you, Mr. McNeal, that we have no way of knowing when that picture was taken. Was it on the 22nd or the 23rd, or was it perhaps during or after the trial?

McNeal nods.

MCNEAL

That's what delayed me, gentlemen.

(then, gravely)

If I do prove that this photograph was taken on the 22nd of December -- the day before Wanda Skutnik identified Frank Wiecek at the police line-up --- what then?

CHAIRMAN

In that event, Mr. McNeal, we might be obliged to render a favorable decision.

(shrugging)

But can you prove it?

MCNEAL

(soberly)

I think I can, gentlemen. But I need time.

CHAIRMAN

(annoyed)

Time? Do you mean to say, Mr. McNeal, that you still have no corroborating evidence?

MCNEAL

Gentlemen, I don't know. The police laboratory in Chicago is enlarging this section of the picture.

(he draws lines  
with a pencil on  
the picture)

If the process of enlargement is successful, I hope I....

(CONTINUED)

164 (Cont. 3)

CHAIRMAN

(interrupting)

How long will this take?

MCNEAL

When the enlargement is developed, it will be sent over the wire-photo system from the Chicago Times to the offices of the Illinois State Journal only a few blocks from here.

(pleadingly)

All I ask, gentlemen, is that you look at that enlargement with me.

165 FULL SHOT - INT. BOARD ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

As Faxon jumps up.

FAXON

I object. The methods of publicity previously used, in behalf of the plaintiff, indicate that this may rightly be regarded as an attempt to make journalistic capital of this hearing. I am authorized by the State Attorney's office to state categorically, that in the opinion of our office, the facts set forth in Frank Wiecek's behalf, do not establish that he was a victim of a miscarriage of justice. We are here to protect the interests of the people of this state -- not to sell newspapers.

BURNS

(jumps up)

I object, Mr. Chairman! The Governor ordered this hearing for the purpose of arriving at the truth. If you fail to consider every item of evidence, no matter how improperly presented, you have defeated the very purpose of this hearing... what is your decision, Mr. Chairman?

166 CLOSE SHOT OF BOARD MEMBERS

They hesitate, undecided -- looking from Faxon to Burns --

DISSOLVE TO:

167 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. TIMES NEWSROOM - AT WIRE PHOTO MACHINE - DAY

Two men are standing by, as Kelly comes up hurriedly. He is nervous, sweating.

KELLY

Are you boys clear to Springfield?

1ST MAN

Yes, sir. Wires open.

KELLY

We'll have the picture in a couple of minutes.

He hurries on by.

DISSOLVE:

168 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. ILLINOIS STATE JOURNAL OFFICES - DAY

The Board Members, and our other people are seated, waiting, impatient, anxious--and eyeing the machine. Suddenly, the BELL begins to RING, and McNeal jumps up and is first to the machine. The others gather around him. The operator of the machine nods encouragingly to McNeal. This is McNeal's picture coming through.

169 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. TIMES NEWSROOM - DAY

Over the wire-photo machine, Kelly's face is unrevealingly bland. He's concentrating on the revolving cylinder, attached to which is the enlargement. But, revolving as it is, we cannot see any of its details. The electronic eye continues to scan the lines of the photograph.

170 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. ILLINOIS STATE JOURNAL - DAY

Group at wire-photo machine. One of the other Board members is close to McNeal, who has the original photograph in his hand.

MCNEAL

(indicating pencil outlined square)

The picture coming in will be a magnified enlargement of this small section.

BOARD MEMBER

And what do you expect to find in the enlargement?

(CONTINUED)

170 (Cont.)

McNEAL

(sweating profusely)

The date on the newspaper held in  
the newsboy's hand.

CHAIRMAN

(surprised)

Is that possible?

McNEAL

Frankly, I don't know. It depends  
on a lot of things: the condition  
of the original negative - the light  
and shading on the paper - the  
density of the print --

(with a slight smile

he glances heavenward)

--and the Man upstairs....

There is a second of silence. Then the attendant  
looks up, and says,

ATTENDANT

Here she is!

Everyone turns to the machine; the attendant removes  
the cylinder.

BOARD MEMBER

Is the picture finished?

ATTENDANT

Has to be developed...Won't take  
long.

The Chairman and the Board Members look disappointed  
as the attendant goes off.

McNEAL

(nervously)

Right this way, gentlemen.

He leads them toward the Dark Room.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

171 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. DARK ROOM

In the dim light, they're gathered around the lab technicians, who are working on the enlargement in the tray. They're leaning over to see it.

172 CLOSE SHOT - (INSERT) - THE ENLARGEMENT

As it shimmers in the soup, and slowly begins to come into focus.

McNEAL'S VOICE

That's the area marked on the picture I showed you...

173 MED. SHOT - INT. DARK ROOM - OVER TRAY

The Board Members, Faxon and McNeal peer anxiously downward.

174 CLOSE SHOT - (INSERT) - THE ENLARGEMENT

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont.)

As it becomes clearer, and we can distinguish the newsboy's hand and the general outline of the newspaper makeup.

175 MED. SHOT - INT. DARK ROOM - OVER TRAY

As the dark room attendant moves the enlargement with his wooden tweezers.

176 CLOSE SHOT - (INSERT) - THE ENLARGEMENT

The disturbance of the hypo diminishes and the enlargement becomes clearer. We can just begin to make out the date on the newspaper. We can distinguish the word DECEMBER.

177 MED. SHOT - INT. DARK ROOM - GROUP - OVER TRAY

MCNEAL

It's coming through -- watch that date!

(reading)

December.....

He squints down at it and the others lean closer.

178 CLOSE SHOT - (INSERT) - THE ENLARGEMENT

Now we can clearly see the word: December.... and a 2.... Then, as we watch, the second 2 appears -- it now reads unmistakably: DECEMBER 22, 1932.....

179 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. DARK ROOM

MCNEAL

(jubilantly)

There it is! December 22!

DISSOLVE:

180 FULL SHOT - INT. CORRIDOR - STATEVILLE PRISON - TOWARD DOOR OF WARDEN'S OFFICE

As McNeal and Wiecek come out, the Warden shakes Wiecek's hand. Then McNeal and Wiecek come down the corridor, TOWARD CAMERA. Wiecek looks at his suit of clothes, and then takes out of his pocket a ten-dollar bill.

FRANK

(wryly)

A new suit -- and ten bucks.

(CONTINUED)



180 (Cont.)

FRANK (Cont.)  
 (looking at 10 spot)  
 Almost a dollar a year.

McNeal puts a hand on his shoulder.

MCNEAL  
 (gravely)  
 It's a big thing when a sovereign  
 state admits an error, Frank.  
 (then)  
 And remember this -- there aren't  
 many governments in the world that  
 would do it.

Frank nods, and they start moving on.

MCNEAL  
 And besides, the Governor is planning  
 to introduce a bill in the State  
 Legislature to pay you an indemnity  
 for what happened to you.

Frank nods again, but he's thinking of those eleven long  
 years in jail -- and of his mother, and wife, and son.

DISSOLVE TO:

181 FULL SHOT - EXT. STATEVILLE PRISON - DAY

As McNeal and Frank come out, and Frank looks around,  
 dazed at the sense of freedom. Off to the side, a car  
 is parked, and near it stand Tillie Wiecek, Helen Rayska,  
 and Frank Jr. Mr. Rayska is in the car. Frank Jr. spots  
 him first and runs frantically, hysterically toward him.

FRANK JR.  
 There he is! There's my father!

Wiecek sees him and he, too, runs. They run into each  
 other, and Frank takes him in his arms, lifting the boy  
 off the ground, hugging him. Tillie and Helen Rayska  
 are moving toward them. Now, Frank puts his arms around  
 his mother -- and a torrent of soft, sweet words rush  
 out of Tillie in Polish. McNeal and Helen Rayska wait  
 and watch. Then Frank holds out a hand to Helen, who  
 holds it, tight.

HELEN  
 (choked)  
 Frank....

(CONTINUED)

181 (Cont.)

FRANK

(gently)  
Hello, Helen...

They begin to move toward the car now, and suddenly Frank sees Rayska, out of the car and waiting near it. He puts out his hand.

HELEN

(awkwardly)  
Frank this is....

FRANK

I know.  
(sincerely)  
I want to thank you for everything you've done..for Helen and...the boy.

RAYSKA

(gravely)  
And I want you to know - you can have the boy with you - whenever you want him, and as long as you want.

FRANK

(huskily)  
Thanks.

Tillie is looking at him adoringly; he has one arm around Frank Jr. McNeal is in the background of the shot. Frank looks at his son, and his mother, and around into the open world stretching before him.

FRANK

(low)  
It's a good world -- outside.

NOW CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE IN ON MCNEAL.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Yes - it's a good world - outside.  
And Frank Wiecek is free because of a mother's faith, the courage of the Chicago Times, and one newspaperman's refusal to admit defeat.

CAMERA MOVES PAST McNeal and up the wall of the penitentiary, to a barred window, high above ground, and continues to move in on it, until we can see Tomek Zaleska peering hopelessly downward.

(CONTINUED)

181 (Cont. 1)

## NARRATOR'S VOICE

But Tomek Zaleska is still in prison. As recently as March 15, 1947, his application for pardon was denied. Yet, he was convicted in the same trial, and on the same testimony which sent Frank Wiecek to prison. Is he guilty? Or should he, like Frank Wiecek, be adjudged innocent? Only he knows - he and perhaps, WANDA SKUTNIK!

FADE OUT

T H E E N D