

T I T L E S H E E T

OF

" L O V E O R J U S T I C E ? "

The Dolphin. A meeting place of crime's aristocracy.

Man. A woman of the underworld, lonely despite the
homage of her kind.

Keeley, top-notch crook, and one of her many unsuccessful
suitors.

Jack Dumm, a strand of alien driftwood from the outside
world.

"Take a look at that guy in the corner. He put us wise
to the law trick that got "Whitey" out of jail."

"He's been hanging out here lately and someone ought
to find out his game. Maybe we can use him."

The Ruse.

"Me work was crude, huh?"

An attraction born of mutual loneliness.

"I'm a lawyer who couldn't beat dope. I came downhere to die."

"You're not a lawyer. You're a fool."

Chance presents the "horrible example."

Time, and the man 'who conquered' weakness through the channel of a woman's strength.

"Are we going to celebrate?"

"Yes, we're going to be married!"

"We don't need to be married. If I can't hold you without help from the law. I don't want you!"

A savage passion that dissolves morality before its flame.

The type of woman that gives all, or nothing.

"We've got another big job to pull, but we need your head to frame it."

The influence of 'the underworld master mind' is felt in the upper sphere.

John Geary, a lawyer whose record will stand the searchlight of his own conscience.

Winthrop Haines, District Attorney. Harassed by a city's clamor for convictions.

"Twelve robberies, three arrests, and no convictions!"

Mentality - the quality she has come to love.

"Haines, there is a legal brain down there in the underworld capable of out-guessing your Department's best."

Evening.

Phyllis, John Geary's ward. The unspoiled product
of life's upper sphere.

"Mr. Haines is taking us slumming tonight."

Into the glare of the Dolphin's lights --

"Don't lift anything here!"

"One of the boys picked this to show your party how it's
done."

And in each woman's heart there lurks pity for the other.

"say, you could lift the fillin's out of a man's back teeth
without disturbin' his conversation!"

Old dreams re-kindled by incentive's spark.

The woman who has tried to change, only to find herself
anchored to the rock of her limitations.

"I got the address of the lawyer whose name is in this
book, and I've written him for a place."

Knowing that she cannot rise --- the savage resolve to
keep him at her side.

"Do you think he'll bother about your letter?"

"Nan, there's a place for you and me in that other
world, and we're going to find it!"

"Go, if you like --- back to the world that broke you and
sent you down here to die, but go alone when you go!"

"You're right. My place is here ---- with you."

The woman of it -- having beaten him she finds in victory little save regret.

"Then in love, we're never satisfied until disappointed. Ain't it fierce?"

When a woman loves.

"He wrote about a place as criminal lawyer."

"What makes him think he can become a criminal lawyer?"

"Well, he's been a criminal and he knows law,"

"I---I don't want him to know about me coming here."

And then the breaking point.

Keeley's "Informal" party.

"Isn't anybody glad to see me?"

"Nan ---- a rag!"

"Nan, are you ready to come home?"

"I'm not coming home, I'm with Keeley tonight."

"Nan, if you do this thing it means the end!"

"Well, you're not tied to anything, are you?"

"There's a letter for you in your book of poems. Maybe it's a chance to be somebody!"

And as the man strives up the ladder to success --

---the woman seeks a foothold on the lower rungs.

Dillon, a Lieutenant of Detectives, who finds Jack's knowledge of the underworld an invaluable aid.

"I've got a good lead on the Argus necklace case!"

"I'd do plenty of shadowing before making arrests."

"No, Keeley, I'll never come back. I've changed -- even my name."

That evening. At the home of Judge Geary.

"---And after that she seems to have disappeared. I've never been able to find even a trace."

"You'll find her some day, I'm sure of it."

"I know, he's done wonders, but our record of convictions won't stand the airing that this election is going to give it."

Where the heart finds solace in a solitary struggle.

"Thought you wouldn't mind if I ran up for a chat. I'm hiding out in this neighborhood 'till my last deal blows over."

"I'M handling big jobs, man, and I'm no piker with my girl."

Several hours later.

"There's Hell poppin' at Headquarters. Get rid of that Argus necklace if you have to plant it on somebody!"

"I guess I know somebody to plant it on."

Then while the city sleeps.

The city authorities, hungry for a conviction, decide to prosecute immediately with circumstantial evidence as their main support.

"I'm assigning you to this case."

"A conviction will decide the election. The evidence isn't any too strong, but you've got to win!"

The trial.

His first meeting with the defendant.

After tortuous days which brought the prosecution ever nearer defeat.

"Then the accused gave every indication of living straight during the period of her stay at this house?"

"He's beaten. I don't believe that he's even trying now."

"Election will clean up the District Attorney and his whole staff if this case is lost."

"To your knowledge she received but one caller during that time?"

Again the woman of it. Resolved to sacrifice her freedom on the altar of love.

The crisis both have dreaded.

"You admit then, that this is your revolver?"

"You are positive that it was in the top drawer of the dresser at this time?"

"I---am not positive!"

The sacrifice.

"I can't stand this questioning! I killed him, and I'd do it again!"

"Your Honor, I propose to show this woman's confession false!"

"We are a court seeking justice, not to convict an innocent woman. Have I the permission of the Bench to continue with the witness?"

"Since you have confessed killing him, what was your motive?"

"Again I say your confession is false! You are shielding the real murderer!"

"I lied -- I didn't do it. I don't even know who did."

"Your Honor, the fact that the accused confessed at a time when she seemed certain of freedom should prove that we are trying an innocent woman!"

"We have proof that a man called upon you on the night of the murder. Did he know where your revolver was kept?"

"What was his name?"

"Who called at your apartment late that night?"

"Your Honor, to my knowledge. Lieutenant Dillon was working on the case of the stolen Argus necklace the night he was shot--"

"Search that man and you've got it!"

Thoughts of the future -- a cheerless void.

"Why did you save me? Nothing matters now."

"I saved you for myself, and everything matters -- now."

"I guess I used to figure the back door of Heaven for the front gate of Hell."

F I N I S