

Story
FINAL

IMPORTANT!
RETURN STORY DEPT.

~~**PART 1**~~

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

4-3

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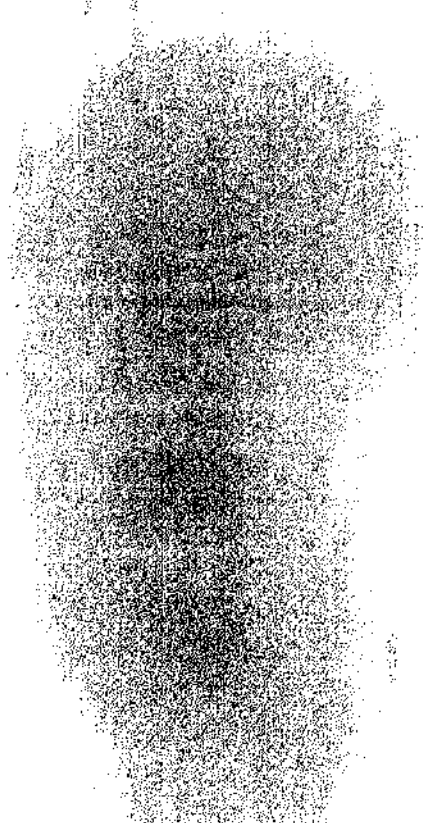
RETURN TO
STENOGRAPHIC DEPT.

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A-28

IMPORTANT!
RETURN STORY DEPT.

"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN"



FINAL

PART I

8/24/37

PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT TO PRODUCTION MANAGER
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FORM 211

56

"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN"

"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN"

Screen Play

by

GEORGE BRICKER

ANTHONY COLDWELL

and

VICTOR C. ROSE

Original Story

by

GEORGE BRICKER

Director - WILLIAM CLEMMES

Producer - BRYAN FOY

changes
"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN"

CAST

ERIC GREGG. An Insurance Company
Adjuster.

NONA GREGG. His Wife.

PATRICIA "PAT" CARMODY. Cigar Counter Girl in
Drug Store.

MARY TARTTON. Eric Gregg's Secretary.

JIM FABER Manager of an Auto Loan
Company.

BLAIR THURSTON. A Big Time Business Man.

BURLEY THORNE An Automobile Mechanic.

CROSSAN An Attorney.

JOHN OLDHAM Vice-President of General
Casualty and Insurance
Company.

DAWSON. An Employee.

"SPECS" An Office Boy.

Police men, a judge, detectives, a negro violin,
professional "witnesses", etc.

IMPORTANT!
RETURN STORY DEPT.

FADE IN

1. MONTAGE

A series of flashes of auto wrecks of all kinds - collisions, railroad crossing crackups, fires, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

2. CLOSE SHOT SIGN

FRIEND-IN-NEED AUTO LOAN COMPANY

Loans at lowest rates.
All transactions strictly confidential.
See the others - then see us!

DISSOLVE TO:

3. EXT. LOAN COMPANY - FULL SHOT

This is a two story garage building with two signs over the door. The CAMERA SWINGS to show the used car lot adjoining. Here are rows of recent model and recent model cars. Jim Faber, the company manager, is walking through looking over the lot. Burley Thorne, a mechanic and helper, drives a big, second-hand Packard or Cadillac into the scene and turns into the lot.

4. CLOSE SHOT

Faber turns to Burley as the latter brings the car to a stop and gets out.

BURLEY:

(grinning)

Did that guy squawk when he made his
give up this old boiler. You'd a
thought it was his right eye.

FABER:

(curtly)

He knew what he'd have to pay when
he borrowed the money, didn't he?

BURLEY:

(with a snicker)

Maybe he couldn't read so good
some of them contracts has real fine
print.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

FABER:

(looking at the car)

How much does the old crate stand
us now?

BURLEY:

(looking at some papers)

Eleven hundred and thirty-two bucks,
including repossession costs.

FABER:

She wouldn't sell for more'n eight
fifty if she was the only car in town.
What's the insurance?

BURLEY:

Fifteen hundred, with Majestic Casualty.

FABER:

That's more like it. The big boss don't
believe in taking losses. You'd better
make a test man.

BURLEY:

Yeah. On the Coast Road?

FABER:

Uh-huh. And make it a nice clean job.

Burley nods understandingly and they exit toward office
and garage building.

DISSOLVE TO:

5. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD FULL SHOT

Burley, driving the repossessed car, comes up the grade
towards the top of the hill.

6. CLOSE DRIVER'S SEAT (PROCESS)

Burley takes a good look ahead, then glances back.
Satisfied that there is no one in sight, he shoves the
hand throttle full up then jerks the wheel over.

7. MED. SHOT

As the car leaps towards the side of the road, Burley
jumps out.

8. SIDE OF ROAD

The car goes over.

9. FULL SHOT

The car crashes down the mountain side in a cloud of dust, ending a twisted mass of wreckage.

FADE OUT.



PAGE IN

11. On a newspaper held by two hands. We SEE the first page and CAMERA CENTERS on the daily box story of accidents reading:

TRAFFIC TOLL

Traffic Accidents Yesterday 31
Deaths Yesterday..... 3
Deaths Since DATE..... 171
TOTAL DEATHS SINCE DATE..... 139

SAVE THESE LIVES CAREFULLY!

The hands holding the newspaper open it to an inside page.

CUT TO:

11. INSERT NEWSPAPER

A full page description

MAJESTIC INSURANCE AND INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK AND LONDON

Established 1869

WE INSURE ANYTHING

Automobiles.
Personal Liability.
Life and Endowment.
Traveler's Risks, Accidents.
Earthquake.
Fire and Theft.
Goods in transit or storage.
Jewelry and valuables, etc.
Maritime Insurance.

Claims paid 1937..... \$23,472,941

Offices throughout the world.
Home office - 72 Wendell St., New York.
John Oldham, General Manager.

DISSOLVE TO:

12. INT. GREGG (PARADE) CLOSE SHOT

Eric Gregg, a man of about thirty, is standing by a breakfast table, dressed except for coat and tie, looking at the ad in the morning paper. He turns towards the kitchen and holds the paper out.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.)

ERIC:

(calling)

Look, honey, we're starting a big advertising campaign....got a full page in this morning's paper.

13. ANGLE SHOT

SHOOTING past Eric in p.s. we see Nona, his wife, a beautiful girl of a rather spoiled, doll-like type, in a house dress and standing over a little gas stove juggling a couple of eggs in a skillet. Even this early in the day she appears merry and petulant. She looks up slowly as Eric continues:

ERIC:

I don't believe I ever realized before what a big company I am working for....over twenty-three million paid out in claims in one year!

CUT TO:

14. CLOSE NONA

She smiles contemptuously as Eric finishes.

NONA:

It's too bad they don't pay out a little more in salaries....so we could move to a decent apartment and I could have some clothes.

She transfers the eggs on to a plate and picks up the coffee pot and starts into the other room as Eric's voice COMES OVER confidently.

ERIC'S VOICE:

Aw - don't worry, honey, things will work out all right.

NONA:

(bitterly)

Maybe, if I'm not all worked out first.

CUT TO:

15. MED. SHOT

We have a full view of the whole place now as Nona comes IN to Eric. Their apartment is a combination bedroom and living room, with an old open grate. Eric frowns slightly at Nona's last speech.

ERIC:

(protesting)

But, I told you what Mr. Cicham
promised only a month ago....

CUT TO:

16. CLOSE AT NANA

Nona interrupts Eric. She sets down the plate and
pet.

NANA:

Supper. What Nana's been providing
for them. And we can't eat
provisions. Give in them nor wear
them.

Eric smiles and Nana looks at Nona affectionately as she
sinks down into her chair.

ERIC:

Now, don't be upset. I'll
come through.

NONA:

Or I'll be through.

ERIC:

(hurt)

You don't really mean that.

NONA:

(firmly)

I do. I'm tired out. I've looked
at these four walls until the place
is beginning to make faces at me....
and this dime store china....with
its chips....

(she slaps her plate
away with a gesture
of disgust)

It's making an old woman out of me!

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

ERIC:

(kidding)

Baby, if you're an old woman, I bet
I'd go nuts over your grandmother.

He smiles and sits down, then looks at her earnestly,
but gets no answering smile.

ERIC:

Listen, sweets, you make me feel like
a heel, when you say things like that.
All I want is to make you happy.

NOMA:

(speechless)

You certainly don't show it. You
haven't even cut me out to dinner
since our anniversary.

ERIC:

You know the only answer to that is
WORK? I have to get somewhere in
this business. Why, say, if Oldham
ever found those on personal in-
jury claims. And if my pet theory
that unions often are phoney proved
out well --

NOMA:

(interrupting)

IF! I've heard that so often that
I....I....

ERIC:

(quickly)

Look, honey -- quit grouching. We'll
step out this evening. We'll go to...
to Giro's, or the Red Pheasant! Any
place you say.

NOMA:

(interested)

The Red Pheasant?

ERIC:

(nodding)

It's a bit! I'll be home the minute
I get through.

NOMA:

(her smile fading)

But what'll I wear?

ERIC:

Use your own judgment. You'd look
okay to me in an old bath towel.

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

NONA:

The best dress I have doesn't look much better than an old bath towel.

As Eric is about to reply, the phone rings. She rises and turns to it.

CUT TO:

17. NEW ANGLE

Nona goes to the phone and lifts it off the hook.

NONA:

Hello. (at phone)
(addressed to Eric)

It's for your "secretary".

She says the last word rather contemptuously then, as Eric goes to the phone, she sits down at the table, she continues to talk to herself;

NONA:

That's always a laugh to me. They pay you thirty-five dollar a week and save your pride with a twenty-five dollar a week deduction to answer your phone.

ERIC:

(at phone)

Hello, Mary.

CUT TO:

18. INT. OFFICE CLOSE AT PHONE

Mary Tarlton, Eric's secretary, smiles as she hears Eric's voice.

MARY:

Good morning. Mr. Oldham wants you to check on the Perfection Shoe Warehouse loss on your way to the office. It's still burning -- and we're carrying the insurance.

19. INT. GREGG'S APARTMENT CLOSE AT PHONE

ERIC:

(alertly)

Have a boy meet me there with a copy of their policy. I'll be there in half an hour. Good bye.

He hangs up phone.

CUT TO:

20. ANGLE SHOT

Eric smiles at Mona and takes his coat off the chair and puts it on.

ERIC:

Well, at least this business gives you something different every day. I've got a warehouse fire to look over -- a big loss. They've been giving me big ones lately. I haven't done so badly with them either, if I do say so myself.

MONA:

(tentatively)

I'd rather hear your boss say it -- with a raise.

ERIC:

(confidently)

You will, honey.

(he leans over her)

Be ready when I get home and we'll step out like we hadn't a worry in the world.

Mona smiles slightly and nods. He kisses her fondly. He starts out, reconsiders, returns and kisses her again.

ERIC:

(very earnestly)

Don't ever forget that I love you.

He exits. She sits looking off after him, then listlessly starts picking up the dishes.

DISSOLVE TO:

21. SECTION OF SMOKING RUINS

Firemen on duty. Fire apparatus in h.q. Eric GOES INTO SCOT and addresses a grizzled fire captain.

ERIC:

I'm Gregg - of Majestic Casualty,
Captain. We carry this risk.

(locking over rules)

Total loss, eh?

CAPTAIN:

Yes. I've never seen anything burn so
fast in my life. First with the
Department.

How do you think it is?

CAPTAIN:

Three minutes.

ERIC:

How do you think it is?

CAPTAIN:

Help me, please.

Eric moves OUT.

CUT TO:

22. ANOTHER SECTION OF RUINS ERIC

walks gingerly over smoking debris. He stoops to examine something. He picks up a charred object (the leather covered heel of a woman's shoe). It is hot and he drops it with a grimace. He picks it up again and tosses it from one hand to another quickly to keep from being burned and moves OUT OF SHOT.

DISSOLVE TO:

23. GROUND GLASS DOOR PANEL

A legend reads:

HARRY DUNATHAN
Consulting Chemist

DISSOLVE THROUGH
TO:

24. INT. LABORATORY HARRY DUNATHAN CHEMIST DUNATHAN

in consultation. Eric holds the charred heel in his hand.

ERIC:

This is just a wild-eyed stab on my part -- but I'd like some expert opinion.

(holding out heel)

This is the heel of a woman's shoe. How long would it take for it to be completely consumed by fire.

Dunathan takes the heel and examines it.

DUNATHAN:

Oh - I'd say six or seven hours --- in intense heat.

ERIC:

(reacting)

Sure it couldn't be consumed in three hours?

(CONTINUED)

24. (Cont.)

JONATHAN:

Not a chance.

(indicating heel)

You see, the heel is composition--- covered with leather. Leather burns very slowly. So does composition. I've made the test, several times, in connection with murder cases, and I know you can't possibly consume a leather-covered shoe heel in less than six hours --- and then, only with white hot flame.

ERIC:

(grinning)

Thanks. That's all I wanted to know. Send your bill to Majestic Casualty. I know they'll pay it, gladly.

He exits hurriedly from SHOT.

DISSOLVE TO:

25. ENTRANCE TO MAJESTIC CASUALTY BUILDING.

SHOOTING on cigar counter in front of corridor. Behind the counter is Patricia "Pat" Connolly. She is reading a book. Eric swings INTO THE SHOT, humming cheerfully and confronts her.

PAT:

(lowering book)

Good morning, Mr. Gregg.

ERIC:

(cockily)

Good morning, Patricia, my little bookworm.

(flipping coin on counter)

One pack of ciggies for perhaps the best insurance adjuster in this man's town.

PAT:

(reaching for the ciggies)

My, you sound cheerful and modest this morning.

(CONTINUED)

25. (Cont.)

13.

ERIC:
(opening smokes)
I am, Patty child, I am.
(sotto voce)
I've just discovered something
about heels.

PAT:
(flipy - as Eric
lights smoke)
H-m-m. Wisdom comes to some men
late in life. Who are they?

ERIC:
Not "they", sweetheart. Shoe
heels are what I mean.

PAT:
(half ribbing - half
serious)
I wouldn't care if you meant
the whole sentence.

Eric is puzzled a moment, then understands that she
is emphasizing the "sweetheart" business.

ERIC:
I got it. You mean the "sweetheart"
part.
(ribbing her)
You know, Pat, if I weren't an
old married man ---

PAT:
(interrupting)
I know. You'd take me out to
dinner, then take me to a show
and then ----

ERIC:
(grinning)
Go on! Go on!

PAT:
(smiling)
I can't! You're a married man.

ERIC:
Nice repartee, my studious one.
Very nice.
(turning away)
So long --- see you later.

He exits from SHOT.. Pat looks after him fondly.

DISSOLVE TO:

26. GLASS DOOR PANEL

Legend reads:

MAJESTIC CASUALTY COMPANY
Founded 1869.

DISCLOSURE OF INFORMATION
TO:

27. INT. ERIC GREGG'S OFFICE MARY TARTON, HIS SECRETARY,

looks up from work on his desk as he enters and tosses
his hat to a hook on the wall.

ERIC:
(cheerfully)
Good morning, Mary.

MARY:
Good morning, Mr. Gregg.

ERIC:
The boss is waiting for me?

MARY:
(nodding over shoulder
toward door)
And I think the Perfection Shoe Company
is waiting for him.

ERIC:
Swell! Bring your note book and
come along. The fireworks are
about to start.

MARY:
(as they start towards
Oldham's door)
Dawson's in there, too.

ERIC:
Dawson? Is he trying to come in
on this?

MARY:
He checked on the loss, too, but
he didn't say he found anything.

(CONTINUED)

27. (Cont.)

ERIC:
Why doesn't he stick to personal
injury cases?

They exit into Oldham's office.

28. INT. OLDHAM'S OFFICE INT. SHOT

This is a large comfortable room with an open log fire going. Mr. Oldham, an elderly, dignified type of big executive is at his desk. Dawson, a young investigator, is standing nearby and Cosgrove, a smug-looking middle-aged attorney, is seated with his brief case on his lap. Eric and Mary enter.

ERIC:
Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr.
Oldham.

29. CLOSE GROUP

Mary sits down and starts to take notes as Oldham nods.

OLDHAM:
That's all right, Gregg. This is
Mr. Cosgrove, the attorney for
Perfection Shoes.

COSGROVE:
(nodding casually
to Eric)
Are we ready to proceed?

OLDHAM:
(nods and looks at
Dawson)
What have you to say, Mr. Dawson?

DAWSON:
I checked the ruins this morning,
Mr. Oldham. As far as I could
determine the fire was caused
by defective wiring.

COSGROVE:
(smugly)
That was the fire department's
conclusion, too, so it makes
the case very simple.
(takes out papers
from brief case)

(CONTINUED)

22 (Cont.)

COSGROVE: (cont.)

Here's the policy. The premium had been paid, so it was in force - and the loss of the insured merchandise, while unfortunate, cannot be denied.

OLDHAM:

You anything to say, Eric?

ERIC:

Yes! The company is in no way liable for the loss.

COSGROVE:

What?

ERIC:

The insurance was only on the shoes actually in storage in the warehouse.

COSGROVE:

That's right, seven hundred cases of ladies' shoes. A copy of the invoice is attached to the policy.

ERIC:

Then I still claim we're not liable.

As everyone reacts to this, Eric takes several charred shoe heels out of his pocket and lays them on Oldham's desk. Everyone looks at them, then Oldham looks at Eric.

OLDHAM:

What are they?

ERIC:

Heels! High heels from women's shoes. They were dug out of the ashes!

COSGROVE:

Then they are proof of our claim.

ERIC:

(to Cosgrove)

They are proof that less than two cases of shoes were destroyed. The rest of the stock was moved before the fire started.

(CONTINUED)

29. (Cont.1)

COSGROVE:

Ridiculous!

ERIC:

Ridiculous nothing! I can prove
it! Watch!

Eric suddenly stoops at the feet of Mary, who is
seated, and grabs off her shoes. He throws them
in the fire as she gasps.

MARY:

My shoes!!!

ERIC:

Don't worry --- if the company
doesn't buy you a new pair, I will.

CUT TO:

30. THE SHOES

burning in the fireplace.

OUT TO:

31. NEW ANGLE ON GROUP SHOOTING OF OLDEHAM

who is astounded.

OLDEHAM:

Eric - Do you mind telling me what this is all about?

ERIC: O

(cockily)

All in good time, Mr. Oldham. I'm simply conducting an experiment that will save the company over twenty-five thousand dollars.

Eric faces the puzzled Oldham, Cosgrove and Dawson.

ERIC:

(indicating desk clock)

Now, gentlemen, cast your eyes on that clock. We're here for a while.

All look toward clock.

OUT TO:

32. INSERT CLOCK

It is ten A.M. The hands move to 2:00 P.M. PULL BACK CAMERA TO SHOW Eric, Oldham, Mary, Cosgrove, Dawson, and half a dozen office girls watching the fireplace in office. PAN TO SHOW all the girls in stocking feet. PAN BACK to Eric. He arises.

ERIC:

(crossing to fire-place)

All right, gentlemen. The shoes have been cooking for four hours. Right?

All nod assent.

ERIC:

(continuing)

And the fire department says the warehouse burned to the ground in three hours. Right?

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.)

Oldham and Dawson nod assent. Cosgrove looks uncomfortable.

ERIC:

(continuing)

Okay. Now watch!

He picks up fire tongs and fishes fourteen heels from the fire, putting them on the hearth, as all look on.

ERIC:

(indicating heels)

There you are. Fourteen nice leather covered composition heels --- not consumed by the fire --- just badly scorched. I can produce expert testimony that the heel of a woman's shoe will not be entirely consumed by fire in less than six hours. The warehouse burned in three. All we have to do is count the heels in the ruins of the Perfection Warehouse and we arrive at the basis for settlement.

(to Cosgrove)

Right, Mr. Cosgrove?

OUT TO:

33. NEW ANGLE GROUP

All watching, then Cosgrove says hesitantly:

COSGROVE:

Well - er - I really am not an expert in a matter of this sort. I only represent my clients to the best of my ability.

ERIC:

Then you'd better advise them conspiracy to commit fraud is a criminal offense...the shoes were removed from the warehouse before the fire. The heels prove it.

COSGROVE:

The watchman will testify that the shoes were there.

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont.)

ERIC:

The watchman has already changed
his story --- to the police!

COSGROVE:

(startled - then
wilted)

Er - I'm afraid I shall have to con-
sult my clients before proceeding
further. I - er - I must be going.

34. NEW SHOT

Cosgrove bows and exits. Oldham, Eric, Mary, Dawson,
et al stand watching him off.

35. CLOSE GROUP

Eric suddenly turns to Mr. Oldham and says triumphantly:

ERIC:

He weakened, Mr. Oldham. They're
guilty. (What'd you say? Do we
prosecute them?

OLDHAM:

(heartily)

By all means.

(to Dawson)

Dawson, help Gregg in any way you
can.

DAWSON:

(sullenly)

Oh, sure.

ERIC:

(to Dawson)

You can start right now by seeing
that all the girls get new shoes --

(afterthought)

And make 'em good shoes!

(to Oldham)

Right, Mr. Oldham?

OLDHAM:

(heartily)

Right!

(to others)

Now if you folks will excuse us I
want to talk to Eric privately.

As Dawson frowns sullenly and follows the others out -

DISSOLVE TO:

36. INT. THE GREGG APARTMENT NONA

is seated before a small vanity curling her hair with an electric curling iron. The phone rings and she reacts petulantly. She puts down iron and crosses to phone.

NONA:

(rather brightly)

Hello ---

(dead tone now)

Oh, hello.

CUT TO:

37. ERIC ON PHONE IN OFFICE MARY IN B.G.

ERIC:

(urgent tone)

Honey, I've got news for you.

CUT TO:

38. NONA ON PHONE

She is doubtful about the "news".

NONA:

(sarcastic)

Don't tell me --- I know. You've got another "big" assignment and our date's off.

CUT TO:

39. ERIC ON PHONE MARY

watching him fondly.

ERIC:

No, no --- nothing like that. I'm getting a raise!

CUT TO:

40. NORA ON PHONE
taking this big.

NORA:
Eric! How much? When does it start?

CUT TO:

41. ERIC ON PHONE
still jubilant.

ERIC:
I don't know how much --- but
Mr. Oldham says I get it the minute
Mr. Demmison gets back.

CUT TO:

42. NORA ON PHONE
She doesn't like that.

NORA:
(sighs)
H-m-m-m. Then you really haven't
got it yet.
(a thought)
And I suppose Mr. Demmison is on a
leisurely world cruise and won't be
back for six months or so.

CUT TO:

43. ERIC ON PHONE
He grins at her jibe.

ERIC:
Quit ribbing, honey. He's due back
in two weeks. I told you everything
would work out swell for us.

NORA'S VOICE:
(from Eric's phone)
I hope you're right. You're sure
there's no catch to it. You're
really going to get more money?

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.)

ERIC:

(cockily)

Sure I am. And we've really got
something to celebrate tonight,
haven't we?

GIRL 17:

44. NONA ON PHONE

She agrees reluctantly.

NONA:

Yes - I guess we have ---

(apologizing)

If your Mr. Olson doesn't forget
about his promise.

ERIC'S VOICE:

(from Nona's phone)

Don't you worry about that, sweets.
That raise is as good as in the bank.
See you in a couple of hours.

NONA:

All right. Goodbye.

She hangs up phone and crosses to vanity. She pulls the
curler from its plug on the wall, re-crosses to phone,
and dials a number.

NONA:

(on phone)

Hello, Bloom-Of-Youth Beauty Parlor?

(pause)

This is Mrs. Eric Gregg speaking.

I want an appointment --- within
the next hour. Yes. A shampoo and
wave---and a facial.

(pause)

Right. I'll be there.

She hangs up phone, crosses to closet and brings out a
shabby evening gown. She is looking at it. She looks at it.
With a gesture of disgust she tears it roughly from its
hanger and throws it into a wastebasket. She returns to
closet, grabs her coat and hat and exits from the apart-
ment.

DISSOLVE TO:

25. A DESK CLOCK

ILL SOUND'S point to 5:30 P.M. PULL BACK CAMERA to SHOW Eric at his desk, clearing away papers preparatory to leaving. Mary enters office and crosses to his desk. She has her hat on, ready to leave.

MARY:

Calling it a day?

ERIC:

Yes -- and a pretty good day, too --- don't you think?

MARY:

Yes. It was swell for me, too.

(examining ankle -
indicating shoes)

First pair of twelve dollar shoes
I've had for years... thanks to you.

(cribbling)

You wouldn't want to burn up three
or four pairs of four-fifty specials
if I brought them in tomorrow, would
you?

ERIC:

(continuing)

Hope. I'm afraid Oldham wouldn't
stand for it.

Dictograph buzzer on desk buzzes at this point. Mary
flips key and answers.

MARY:

Mr. Gregg's office.

OLDHAM'S VOICE:

(from dictograph)

Ask Eric to come in a minute.

Eric reacts to this.

MARY:

Yes, sir.

She flips the key and turns to Eric.

MARY:

You heard?

ERIC:

(arising)

Yeah. Wonder what he wants at this
hour? Hope it's nothing that'll
spoil my heavy date with my wife.

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont.)

MARY:
I hope not. Mind if I run along?
My heavy date's waitin' for me.

ERIC:
Go right ahead.

As he starts out and Mary does likewise, they ad lib
"goodnights".

WIFE OFF SC:

46. INT. OLDHAM'S OFFICE OLDHAM AT DESK

as Eric enters and crosses to him.

OLDHAM:
Sorry to bother you so late in the
day, but the Friend-In-Need Finance
Company just phoned about a loan.
Wonder if I could stop in there on your
way home.

ERIC:
(thinking of his date
with Lona)
Why - sure, sure.

OLDHAM:
Fine. I'd let it wait till tomorrow---
(confidently)
But, frankly, I've been a bit sus-
picious of the claims of this outfit
in the past, although we've never
been able to put our finger on any-
thing actually crooked. Check every
angle, will you?

ERIC:
You bet.

He exits from room.

WIFE SC:

47. ERIC'S OFFICE

He enters, looking worried, and dials a number on phone.

WIFE SC:

48. LIT. GREGG APARTMENT

It is empty. The phone rings several times to no response.

CUT TO:

49. ERIC ON PHONE

He hangs up, disappointed, grabs his hat and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

50. INT. OFFICE FRIEND-IN-NEED AUTO LOAN COMPANY ERIC
is questioning Burley while Faber listens attentively.

ERIC:
(to Burley)
You say you were giving the car
a test run?

BURLEY:
That's right.

ERIC:
Where?

BURLEY:
On Summit Pass.

ERIC:
H-m-m. Sort of a long test run,
wasn't it?

FABER:
(morning in)
We always give our cars a thorough
test, Mr. Gregg. We guarantee all
our used cars.

ERIC:
(to Burley)
What went wrong?

BURLEY:
Steering knuckle broke, I think.
I slammed on the emergency brake
and jumped just as she went over.

ERIC:
Any witnesses?

BURLEY:
Nobody around at all.

ERIC:
(thoughtfully)
H-m-m. Mind if we take a run up
there?

BURLEY:
(a glance at Faber)
Now? Can't we wait till morning?
I've got an appointment.

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.)

ERIC:
So have I --- but we like to
settle claims promptly. My
car's outside. We'll go in it.

BURLEY:
(reluctantly)
Okay -

The two exit as Faber gazes after them.

WIPE OFF TO:

51. SUMMIT PASS

at scene of car plunge we saw before. Eric's car, a
modest sedan, enters SHOT, pulls to side of road and he
and Burley get out and come to edge of steep hill. Eric
carries a candid camera.

BURLEY:
(pointing down hill)
There's your wreck!

Eric looks down the hill.

CUT TO:

52. CLOSE FLASH THE WRECK CAR A TWISTED MASS

as seen from their angle.

CUT TO:

53. TWO SHOT ERIC

turns to Burley -

ERIC:
H-m-m. Lucky thing you didn't
go over with it.

BURLEY:
I'll say.

ERIC:
(indicating highway)
Which direction were you going?

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)

BURLEY:
(indicating)
That way.

Eric walks in the opposite direction, examining the highway closely.

CUT TO:

54. CLOSEUP BURLEY

looking at his notebook.

CUT TO:

55. ERIC

making a note. He comes back to Burley.

ERIC:
Think I'll go down and have a look.

He starts climbing the hillside. Burley shrugs and calls after him.

BURLEY:
I'll wait for you.

CUT TO:

56. SHOT OF CAR WRECKAGE ERIC

COMES INTO SHOT and lifts part of hood of car. He peers inside at steering knuckle. Satisfied, he straightens up and examines emergency brake. He raises his eyebrows and goes to rear of car, examining brake bands. He pulls out notebook and starts to write. He takes a snapshot of the wreck with his camera.

CUT TO:

57. INSERT NOTEBOOK

We SEE one entry it reads:

No tire-skid marks on highway.

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.)

Eric's hand writes three more notations, as follows:

1. Steering knuckle broken with chisel.
2. Emergency brake not set.
3. Car wouldn't appraise over \$250.00.

CUT TO:

58. CLOSE SHOT ERIC

He closes notebook with an air of satisfaction, puts it in his pocket and starts to climb hill.

CUT TO:

59. BURLEY

watching as Eric climbs hill. Eric COMES INTO SHOT, rather out of breath from the climb.

BURLEY:
Satisfied?

ERIC:
Yeah -- I'm satisfied.

BURLEY:
Swell. When do we collect?

ERIC:
You don't! You deliberately ran that crate over the hill to collect the insurance.

BURLEY:
What are you talking about? You can see for yourself the steering knuckle is busted.

ERIC:
And a very clumsy job, for a mechanic. You ought to learn to handle a chisel with more finesse.

BURLEY:
Say, are you insinuat' that I'm a crook?

ERIC:
(cockily)
Not insinuating, my friend -- I'm telling you that you are.

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

BURLY:

Why you --

He throws a punch at Eric which connects. Eric is staggered but doesn't go down. He tosses a punch at Burley and the battle waxes hot.

DISSOLVE TO:

60. CLOSE SHOT ANNONA'S FOOT

tapping the floor impatiently. PULL BACK CAMERA to SHOW Nona, hair slicked back, wearing new evening gown, seated in the Gregg apartment, looking burning up. She picks up clock on vanity and looks at it.

CUT TO:

61. INSERT CLOCK

SHOWING the time as 10:10 o'clock.

CUT TO:

62. NONA

She puts the clock down impatiently, arises and paces the floor impatiently.

CUT TO:

63. NEW ANGLE ON NONA

pacing. Eric's hat comes sailing through the air and lands on her head at a cockeyed angle just as she turns toward door. She reacts angrily.

CUT TO:

64. CLOSE SHOT ERIC

standing just inside the door, grimacing uncertainly. He presents a comic sight, with his disheveled clothes, black eye and air of awkwardness.

ERIC:

Hi, honey. Am I late?

CUT TO:

65. NEW ANGLE ON BOTH

as Nona grabs his hat from her head angrily and glares at him.

NONA:

Eric Gregg! Is that all you have to say?

ERIC:

(coming to her)

Wood, darling, I've got a lot to tell you.

He tries to take her hand but she ducks.

Not now, Eric. I'm too hungry for love.

ERIC:

Now, wait a minute, honey --- I tried to call you.

NONA:

(interrupting)

Wait! Wait! That's all I do. I do more waiting around here than a fireman's bell. You said you'd be home ---

ERIC:

(starting to hug her)

I said I'd be home the moment I was through. Well --- I just got through.

NONA:

(looking him over)

You look through! A fine looking mess you are.

Eric comes to her and takes her firmly by the shoulders.

ERIC:

(fondly)

And a swell-looking dish you are.

He suddenly glances at Nona's new dress.

ERIC:

Wait a minute.

(indicating dress)

Isn't this new?

NONA:

Uh-huh. Like it?

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.)

ERIC:

Sure --- but where did we get the dough for it?

NONA:

We didn't. When you told me about the raise, I didn't think I needed wait any longer to buy one decent dress, so I charged it.

(defiantly)

I had my hair done, too --- and got a facial --

ERIC:

(interrupting)

That's the reason you didn't get my call. You were out.

NONA:

(soft and feminine)

But I wanted to look nice tonight --- for you.

ERIC:

(softening)

H-m-m.

NONA:

(moving in)

I do look nice, don't I?

ERIC:

(he has to admit it)

Uh-huh. Yeah --- you look swell.

Eric, the sap, kisses her fondly. As they break Nona resumes.

NONA:

Tomorrow I'm going to look for a decent apartment --- uptown.

ERIC:

(reacting)

Not so fast, honey. Take it easy. Don't you think you'd better wait till I actually get the raise?

NONA:

(suddenly firm)

You're sure of getting it, aren't you?

ERIC:

Yes, but ---

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.1)

NOM.:
Then I'm going apartment hunting. I
can at least put a deposit on some-
thing I like.
(sudden thought)
And if you'll get dressed we've still
got time to catch the supper show at
the Red Pheasant. I'm hungry!

Eric hesitates and she leads him toward closet, taking
his coat off his shoulders.

OMC:
Come on, don't argue.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

66. EXT. FRIEND-IN-NEED AUTO LOAN COMPANY

A big limousine, driven by a chauffeur, pulls INTO SCENE and Blair Thurston, middle-aged, shrewd-looking "big brain" of the accident racket, gets out. He carries a portfolio under his arm. He ENTERS the place.

OUT TO:

67. INT. FABER'S OFFICE FABER, DAWSON AND BURLEY SEATED

As Thurston enters, they arise. Burley has a piece of adhesive on one cheek, covering an abrasion received in his fight with Thurston.

THURSTON:

(entering and businesslike)

Hello, Dawson. Hello, Burley.

Hello, Blair.

They ad lib reasonably. Thurston takes a chair at a desk and opens his portfolio, taking out some papers.

THURSTON:

(continuing - to Faber)

I got your call. What's the trouble?

FABER:

(indicating Burley)

He can tell you.

Thurston turns to Burley.

THURSTON:

Well?

BURLEY:

All I know is that this guy Greer says Majestic ain't goin' to pay off on that wreck.

THURSTON:

Why not?

BURLEY:

(shrugging)

I dunno. He said I drayed the crate over the hill on purpose.

THURSTON:

And what did you do?

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.)

BURLEY:

I socked him ---
 (rubbing his injured
 cheek)
 And he socked right back.

THURSTON:

(thoughtful)
 H-m-m-m.
 (to Dawson)
 I thought you handled all our claims..

DAWSON:

I'm supposed to. This is just one that
 happened to fall in his lap when I
 was out of the office.

FABER:

If you agree, I think we'd better
 lay off the car-wrecking angle and
 stick to accidents.

THURSTON:

(clapping on him)
 Nobody's testing you. I'm running this
 racket -- and so far it's been a
 sweet one for all of us.

FABER:

(doubtful)
 So far, yes. But what if this Gregg
 guy gets nosy? Things might get hot.

THURSTON:

If he gets too tough, we just don't
 press the claim, that's all.
 (a thought - to Dawson)
 Can Gregg be reached?

DAWSON:

Not a chance. He's out to make a
 record for himself.

THURSTON:

(arising)
 H-m-m-m. Not so good.
 (serious - to Dawson)
 Well, it's up to you to see that
 he doesn't get hold of any more of our
 claims.

DAWSON:

(shrugging)
 I'll do my best. But here's a tip.
 Gregg's just asking to get into the
 personal injury division. He has a

(CONTINUED)

C7 (Cont.1)

DAWSON: (Cont.)
 got theory that Majestic pays out
 a lot for phoney claims.

THURSTON:
 (chuckling)
 Now, I wonder where he ever got
 that idea?

FABER:
 I don't see anything to chuckle
 about. What are you going to do?

THURSTON:
 Just sit tight -- and say nothing.
 It's Gregg's move, if he suspects
 anything. When he makes his move,
 I'll handle him.

He starts to exit and turns at the door for a parting
 shot.

THURSTON:
 And remember -- that business about
 sitting tight and saying nothing
 goes for all of you.

He exits as the three gaze after him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

68. TRADE PAPER FRONT PAGE A SMALL BULLETIN

We SEE the masthead reading -

INSURANCE ADJUSTERS' BULLETIN

We SEE a small headline reading -

Sue On Claims

Friend-In-Need Auto Loan Company yesterday filed eight separate suits against Majestic Casualty Company alleging non-payment of collision losses. Suits caused much speculation along Insurance Row because of Majestic's long-time reputation for prompt payment of claims. Rumor is that Majestic is re-investigating all claims filed by Friend-In-Need organization in the last year, the investigation being in charge of Eric Green.

PULL BACK CAMERA quickly to show Eric and Mona at the breakfast table. Eric is holding the trade paper before him, reading the story avidly.

CUT TO:

69. REVERSE ANGLE

on Mona, who is reading the back page of a newspaper with interest. She leans forward over her coffee cup to examine something.

CUT TO:

70. INSERT THE BACK PAGE OF THE PAPER

A large display advertisement. We SEE the top caption -

SPECTACULAR FUR SALE!

This week only

Under it are several illustrations of models wearing fur coats.

CUT TO:

71. TWO SHOT BOTH ERIC AND NONA
reading.

ERIC:
(half to self)
Boy - that's something!

NONA:
(still looking at ad)
So's this.

ERIC:
(startled - lowering
paper)
Huh? Did you say something?

NONA:
(turning paper over)
Yes.
(to Eric ad)
There's a apartment I'm going to have.

Eric takes this and looks at ad, reacting.

ERIC:
(This one?)
(chuckling)
What are you going to use for money?
It's four hundred and fifty dollars!

NONA:
(pouting)
You're getting a raise, aren't you?

ERIC:
Sure I am. But we're not going over-
board for four hundred and fifty bucks
until we know how much it is.

NONA:
But if I don't get it this week, I'll
have to pay more.

ERIC:
(arising - exasperated)
Look, honey - we've been all over that.
You've put a deposit on a new apartment,
haven't you?

NONA:
(reluctantly)
Y - e - s.

ERIC:
Well, that's as far as we go till I
actually get more money. That's
final!

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

He kisses her hastily, grabs his hat and exits. Mona sulks and picks up the paper again, looking at ad. Suddenly she sees something that makes her alert.

CUT TO:

72. INSERT OF NEWSPAPER BACK PAGE

Beside the big fur ad we SEE a smaller ad. It reads -

NEED MONEY?

Your automobile is security
for a liberal loan at the
Friend-In-Need Auto Loan
Company. All transactions
strictly confidential.

CUT TO:

73. MONA

She puts the paper down, thoughtfully, makes a decision, and arises. She hurries to closet and grabs her hat and coat.

DISSOLVE TO:

74. INT. FABER'S OFFICE MONA

is seated there opposite Faber who is at his desk. Burley enters and puts a card on desk before Faber. Faber glances at the card. Burley goes OUT OF SHOT.

CUT TO:

75. FLASH INSERT THE CARD IN FABER'S HAND

We read, in Burley's scrawl:

\$300 top.

CUT TO:

73. TWO SHOT NONA AND FABER

FABER:

(taking loan blank
from drawer)

Now, lady -- just how much did you
plan to borrow on your car?

NONA:

(a bit hesitant)

Well, I could use five hundred
dollars.

FABER:

(raised eyebrows)

So could most people.

(shaking head)

I'm afraid the car won't stand that
big a loan -- Miss --- what is your
name?

NONA:

Gregg. Mrs. Eric Gregg.

Faber takes this sharply. Then gives her the dead pan.

FABER:

Gregg? H-m-m-m. What does your
husband do, Mrs. Gregg?

NONA:

He's a claim adjuster for the Majestic
Casualty Company.

(hopefully)

I can pay the loan back very quickly.
You see, my husband is getting a raise
very soon.

FABER:

H-m-m. I see. Just how much could
you afford to pay each month?

NONA:

At least fifty dollars. I'm sure of
that.

FABER:

(feigning surprise)

As much as that?

(Nona nods)

Well, I guess, we could stretch a
point if you're sure you can pay
that much.

(CONTINUED)

76 (Cont.)

NONA:
(delighted)
Then I can get five hundred?

FABER:
Are you sure you don't need more?

NONA:
(astonished)
You mean - I could have more?

FABER:
Well, I'll tell you, Mrs. Gregg, it's
been our experience that insurance
men are excellent risks.
(afterthought)
Besides, I hate to see a woman as
pretty as you are short of money.
Make it seven fifty if you can use
it. I'll take a chance.

NONA:
(delighted)
Grand! Where do I sign?

FABER:
(shoving blank at her)
Right here!

He clicks dictograph button. A girl's voice answers "Yes."

FABER:
(into dictograph)
Make out a check for seven hundred and
fifty dollars to Mrs. Eric Gregg --
a loan on a 1935 Atlas Sedan.

He snaps the button closed and fawns on Nona.

FABER:
(with a smile)
Well -- I guess that fixes things
up, Mrs. Gregg.

NONA:
(arising)
It certainly does --- and you don't
know how I appreciate it.

DISSOLVE TO:

77. MONTAGE

CLOSE SHOT of check made payable to
Mrs. Eric Gregg for \$750.00.

CLOSE SHOT of Fur Coat in store window.

CLOSE SHOT - hands removing it.

CLOSE SHOT - Nona trying it on,
preening before store mirror.

CLOSE SHOT - hands packing coat in box.

CLOSE SHOT - NONA handing check to
woman clerk in payment.

DISSOLVE TO:

78. INT. GREGG APARTMENT

as Nona hurries in, box under her arm. She hurries to
closet door and enters.

CUT TO:

79. INT. CLOSET

as Nona stoops and pulls out a large lower drawer of
a built-in cupboard. She tucks the box in drawer, covers
it with some material and closes it.

CUT TO:

80. LIVING ROOM

SHOOTING on door. Eric enters, whistling, and Nona comes
from closet and greets him cheerfully, which surprises
him.

NONA:

Hello, Eric darling.

She holds up her lips for a kiss. Eric is so surprised he
holds her at arm's length and studies her, puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

80 (Cont.)

NONA:

What's the matter? Don't I get a kiss?

ERIC:

Sure you do. But, gosh, sweets - do you realize this is practically the first time you've offered me one since the honeymoon was over? Is anything wrong?

NONA:

Nothing at all, --- only I've decided to quit grouching and make the best of things.

Eric is delighted and squeezes her tight - kissing her fondly.

ERIC:

Geo, Nona -- you're swell!!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

81. ON AN OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR

Faber comes down corridor looking very pleased with himself. We TRUCK WITH HIM to door and as he enters we STAY ON DOOR as it swings shut. We SEE legend on glass panel reading -

THURSTON HOLDING COMPANY
Blair Thurston, President

DISSOLVE THROUGH
TO:

82. INT. THURSTON'S PRIVATE OFFICE (SUMPTUOUSLY FURNISHED)

Thurston, frowning, looks up from a pile of papers on his desk as Faber enters. Thurston still frowns.

FABER:

(cockily)

Good morning, Thurston. Why the frown? Worried about something?

THURSTON:

(testily)

Why shouldn't I be --- with this fellow Gregg on the warpath?

Faber grins, helps himself to a cigar from Thurston's humidor, sinks in a comfortable chair and lights his smoke.

FABER:

(succintly)

I wouldn't worry too much. Maybe he'll listen to reason.

THURSTON:

(interested)

Meaning what?

FABER:

Meaning that I loaned seven hundred and fifty dollars yesterday on a 1935 Atlas sedan.

THURSTON:

Seven fifty on a 1935 Atlas! Are you crazy?

FABER:

(proudly)

Crazy like a fox. The dough went to Mrs. Eric Gregg!

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)

THURSTON:
(taking it)
Is that the truth?

FABER:
Sure it is. All that dame's got
to do is miss one payment and
boom! --- we move right into the
driver's seat.

THURSTON:
Faber, you're a genius!

FABER:
You're pretty smart yourself.
(indicating claim
file)
What do those claims total?

Thurston picks up the file and peruses it.

THURSTON:
Well, it looks to me like ---

His voice trails off and we -

DISSOLVE TO:

83. ERIC AT HIS DESK

Also perusing the Friend-in-Need claim file. Beside
him is "Specs", an office boy, with a card index, help-
ing him check the claims.

ERIC:
(to Specs)
Well, it looks to me like we'll
put up a battle on plenty of these
claims.

SPECS:
Do you think they're crooked, Mr.
Gregg?

ERIC:
(smiling)
I don't think they're crooked --
I know they are.

SPECS:
Shucks! That's liable to give all
us loan company guys a bad name.

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.)

ERIC:

(taking it)

Us loan company guys?

SPECS:

Sure. I'm in the loan business. These dames here in the office used to dime me to death till I started keepin' books and chargin' 'em interest. I made ninety-five cents profit last week. Every time one of the girls borrows a quarter I charge her a nickel a week interest!

ERIC:

(amused)

A loan shark, eh?

SPECS:

(swelling up)

Sure.

(confidentially)

But I ain't goin' to be a shark no more when I get my first million. I'm goin' to be a philan --- a philan --- a guy that's very good to poor people.

ERIC:

I see --- you're going to give your money away.

SPECS:

Well - not exactly. But my loan company's goin' to have a special slogan for poor people -- "If you don't pay, we don't care!"

Eric chuckles at this, Mary enters from adjoining office. Specs goes OUT OF SHOT as Mary comes to Eric's desk. Mary looks very thoughtful as Eric smiles up at her.

ERIC:

(noticing her down-cast look)

What's the matter with you? Indigestion? Or did you lose a friend?

MARY:

Neither. I've got some bad news for you.

ERIC:

(alert)

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.1)

MARY:

Mr. Oldham just got a wire from Mr. Dennison. He's in Maine --- and won't be back for another six weeks.

ERIC:

(astounded)

Six weeks! Are you sure?

Mary nods and Eric looks downcast. He arises and exits.

WIPE OFF TO:

84. INT. OLDHAM'S OFFICE

LATE AFTERNOON

Oldham is at his desk as Eric enters the room.

OLDHAM:

Hello, Eric --- want to see me?

ERIC:

(coming to desk)

Yes, sir, I do.

(a bit hesitant)

I - er - want to speak to you about my raise. You see - er - Nona and I sort of anticipated the extra money --- and now I understand Mr. Dennison won't be back for another six weeks.

OLDHAM:

That's right.

ERIC:

Well - er - I was wondering if you couldn't do something about it --- before he comes back.

OLDHAM:

(kindly - but shaking head)

I'm afraid not, Eric. The most I can do is recommend an increase. I've done that. Mr. Dennison has to approve it.

ERIC:

But couldn't you wire him --- or something?

(CONTINUED)

84 (Cont.)

OLDHAM:

Sorry, but there's not a chance.
This is the first vacation he's
had in six years and he told me
not to bother him about business.
You can hold out for another six
weeks, can't you?

ERIC:

(thoughtful)

Why - yes - I guess I can.
(as he turns to
exit)

Sorry I bothered you, Mr. Oldham.

He exits and Oldham looks after him thoughtfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

85. CIGAR COUNTER IN MAJESTIC CASUALTY BUILDING

SHOOTING on Pat Connolly behind cigar counter, nose in
book. Eric enters, downcast and comes to counter. Pat
greet him, brightly.

PAT:

Good evening, Mr. Gregg.

ERIC:

(tonelessly - fishing
for cigarette coins)

Hello.

PAT:

(noting his downcast
attitude)

Say - you must have had a bad day.

ERIC:

(as he reaches for
cigarettes)

Not half as bad as the evening's
going to be.

PAT:

(sympathetically)

Do you mind telling a pal about it?

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.)

ERIC:

(picking up cigarettes)
 It wouldn't be interesting. I'm
 just going to face some music ---
 and the tempo's going to be furious.
 (turning on heel)
 Good night, Pat.

Pat looks after him and shakes head slightly as he
 exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

86. INT. THE GREGG APARTMENT ERIC AND NONA

are hard at it, putting on a domestic rag, tag and bob-
 tail with no punches pulled. Eric is seated by the
 phone. Nona paces the floor.

NONA:

(viciously)

I knew there'd be a catch to it!
 I told you there would be.

(mocking)

But you insisted the money was "as
 good as in the bank."

ERIC:

But, honey - things aren't so bad
 as you're making them sound.

NONA:

(blazing)

No?

ERIC:

(peace-maker)

No. The most we can lose is the
 forty bucks you put down on the
 new apartment. Maybe we can even
 stall the landlord into letting it
 ride till Dennison gets back.

NONA:

(exploding)

Stall, stall, stall! Listen to me,
 Eric Gregg, I'm through stalling.
 Life with you has been one big stall
 ever since we were married.

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.)

ERIC:

(rising - crossing to
her - taking her by
the shoulders)

Now, wait a minute, honey. You're
all upset.

NONA:

Why shouldn't I be? Everything I
counted on depended on that raise.

ERIC:

(cajoling)

I know --- and you're going to get
everything you planned --- just as
soon as Mr. Dennison gets back.

NONA:

I'm not waiting on anyone to get
back. We're moving into that
apartment before the month's over.

ERIC:

(shaking head)

Boy - I don't see how we're going
to do it.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

37. LIVING ROOM THE NEW GREGG APARTMENT NICELY FURNISHED

Nona is showing Eric the new layout.

NONA:
Like the furniture?

ERIC:
I'd like it better if it was paid
for.

NONA:
Oh - stop worrying. Everything's
going to be all right.

ERIC:
(countfully)
Maybe so -- but I hope Deemison gets
back before next month's rent is due.

Telephone rings and Nona crosses to answer.

NONA:
Hello. This is Mrs. Gregg.

CUT TO:

38. FABER CARD IN HAND ON PHONE IN LOAN COMPANY OFFICE

He smiles with satisfaction.

FABER:
This is Mr. Faber of the Friend-in-
Need Auto Loan speaking.

CUT TO:

39. CLOSEUP NONA ON PHONE IN GREGG APARTMENT

She is a bit taken aback.

NONA:
(nervously)
Oh, yes. What is it?

PULL BACK CAMERA during speech to SHOW Eric in the one
easy chair in the place reading a newspaper. He lowers
it and looks toward Nona.

CUT TO:

90. FABER ON PHONE

FABER:
I'm calling about the payment on
your loan. You're ten days late
with it. When do we get it?

CUT TO:

91. NONA ON PHONE

She casts a nervous glance at Eric.

NONA:
(into phone)
Why -- I'll -- I can bring it in
tomorrow.

CUT TO:

92. FABER ON PHONE

FABER:
You "guess"? Don't you know?

CUT TO:

93. NONA ON PHONE

a bit more nervous, Eric watching her.

NONA:
Why -- yes. I'll bring it in at two
o'clock.
(a pause)
Yes -- without fail. Goodbye.

She hangs up and arises, crossing to table to pick up
something.

ERIC:
Who was it, honey?

NONA:
Maxwell -- at the service station.
He wants me to bring in the car to
have the brakes refixed. Do you
think we can afford it?

ERIC:
That's one thing we can always afford.
I don't want you taking any chances.

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

NONA:

(worried)

I know -- but just how much money
have we in the bank?

ERIC:

Now, don't worry, honey. One worrier
in the family is enough.

NONA:

(persistent)

But how much money have we?

Eric pulls out check book and consults it.

ERIC:

Eleven dollars and forty-three cents.

NONA:

(satisfied)

That's a lot.

ERIC:

(cont. 21)

Ah -- but wait till Dennison gets back
next week. I'll probably get an even
bigger bonus when he sees the dope I've
got on that Independent-In-Need Finance
crowd!

Nona takes this wicked startled look which Eric doesn't
notice.

ERIC:

(continuing proudly)

The way it looks now I may slap that
mob in jail for a long stretch.

NONA:

(quickly)

Why? What have they done?

ERIC:

Unless I miss my guess they're connected
with an organized accident and car
crash racket which has cost the insurance
companies nearly a million dollars, in
the last two years.

NONA:

(very impressed)

A million dollars?

ERIC:

Yeah.

(sudden thought)

Say, honey -- what's come over you?

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.1)

NONA:

(puzzled)

What do you mean?

ERIC:

You're actually showing an interest
in my business. You never did that
before.

NONA:

(confrontationally)

There's no law against a wife showing
an interest in her husband's business,
is there?

ERIC:

(containing her to him)

I'll see if he's not. Keep it up --

As Nona yields to Eric --

DISSOLVE TO:

94. INT. OFFICE PERMANENT-NEED AUTO LOAN COMPANY

Thurston and Faber are seated there. Girl enters from
outer office.

GIRL:

Mrs. Gregg is here.

THURSTON:

Show her right in.

Girl exits to do so. Thurston cautions Faber.

THURSTON:

Remember -- I'll take over the con-
versation after you get tough with
her for not paying.

FABER:

Okay.

CUT TO:

95. EXT. ANGLE ON DOOR

as Nona enters and both men rise.

NONA:

(saucily)

Hello, Mr. Faber. Am I late?

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

FABER:

(taciturn)

A little. Have a chair.

(indicating Thurston -

as Dona seats self)

This is Mr. Thurston. He's connected with the company.

DONA:

How do you do, Mr. Thurston.

THURSTON:

(non-committal)

How do you do?

Both men seat selves. Thurston regards her appraisingly. She turns to Faber.

DONA:

(good)

Well?

FABER:

(leaning forward)

Mrs. Glover, did it ever occur to you that when we make a loan we expect payments to be made promptly?

DONA:

(pleasant)

Oh, I suppose it did occur to me. I really don't remember.

FABER:

Maybe we could help you remember if we demanded full payment immediately. We can do that legally, you know.

DONA:

(defiant)

But you won't!

Both men react to her unexpected attitude.

FABER:

Why not?

DONA:

(shrugging)

Well - in the first place, the car isn't worth more than three hundred dollars.

(leaning forward -

suddenly terse)

And in the second place, my husband

(CONTINUED)

SC (Cont.1)

NONA: (Cont.)
is a very suspicious man. He tells
me he even suspects that your company
operates an organized accident racket.

Faber and Thurston exchange hasty glances.

FABER:
(blustering)
So, what? He can't prove it.

NONA:
(sotto voce)
You don't know my husband. He's a
very determined and righteous young
man. Now it happens that I'm not
weighted down with tons of righteous-
ness. It occurred to me that I might
fit into the picture somewhere.

FABER:
I don't know what you're talking
about.

NONA:
(turning to Thurston)
Perhaps Mr. Thurston does.

THURSTON:
(hesitantly)
I think I do.
(to Faber)
I'd like to talk to Mrs. Gregg -
privately - if you don't mind.

Faber takes this big.

FABER:
Oh -- all right.

He rises and exits. Thurston turns a frankly admiring
gaze on Nona.

THURSTON:
Mrs. Gregg - you're a clever woman.

NONA:
(half mocking)
Thank you.

THURSTON:
I admire clever women. There are so
few of them. And when a man finds a
combination of beauty and cleverness ---

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.)

MONA:

(interrupting)

Just where is this getting us?

THURSTON:

(briskly)

To the point! Just how do you propose to fit into "our picture", as you call it?

MONA:

(shrugging)

Oh, - I can't say definitely. I told you my husband is a very suspicious man -- when it comes to insurance claims. I think I'm the one person he trusts completely in the whole world. He does practically anything I say.

THURSTON:

(addressing her)

I can understand that. A woman as pretty as you are --

MONA:

(interrupting)

-- Can he tell any suspicions he may have regarding your business, Mr. Thurston -- for a consideration.

THURSTON:

(thoughtfully)

E-h-m. Maybe you're right.

(sudden thought)

But how do I know you're on the level?

MONA:

That's for you to decide. I'll tell you one thing, though.

(deadly serious)

I'm fed up with great gobs of ideals, served to me morning, noon and night. I see very little future in the insurance business for my husband -- and I definitely believe a woman should look to the future.

THURSTON:

(completely sold)

You're exactly right!

(insinuating)

And I'm sure I can do something about your future.

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.3)

NONA:
(strictly commercial)
And the consideration?

THURSTON:
For a slight service tomorrow after-
noon I'm prepared to cancel your debt
to this company.

NONA:
And after that?

THURSTON:
There will be other opportunities.
(a caressing glance)
There always are -- for a clever
and beautiful woman.

Nona rises and so does Thurston. They are standing
close together. Nona assumes a provocative glance.

NONA:
Then you think I really will fit
into the picture.

Her inviting attitude gets Thurston and he takes her
in his arms and kisses her.

THURSTON:
(as he breaks)
Completely.
(nodding off scene)
Meet me here at one tomorrow after-
noon and I'll show you just how.

As she follows him toward exit, we -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

96. EXT. FRIEND-IN-NEED COMPANY SERVICE GARAGE DAY

This building identified by a sign. (use garage or our lot). Thurston drives INTO SHOT with Nona in car. They exit car and move toward building.

WIFE OFF TO:

97. INT. SMALL ROOM SECOND FLOOR OF THE GARAGE BUILDING

Half a dozen chairs in a row are seen before a big blackboard on the wall. LEN CARR, MONTY ROADS AND SADIE MOORE, professional witnesses for the accident ring, are seated and Faber stands before blackboard. Thurston and Nona enter.

THURSTON:

Hello, everybody.

All ad lib unenthusiastic acknowledgments.

THURSTON:

(to all)

This is Mrs. Gregg...

(significantly)

Whose testimony will lend an air of class to this little accident.

FABER:

(indicating blackboard)

Here's the play.

(drawing line)

This is Sunset Drive.

(drawing cross line)

This is Elm Street. There's a traffic light at the intersection.

(to Roads)

Monty --- you'll be driving west on Sunset.

(to Sadie)

Sadie, you'll be in the car with Monty. There's practically no traffic around there at two in the afternoon.

(to Len Carr)

Len --- you'll be in a car coming ---

(indicating)

North on Elm Street.

(facing them)

Now - the guy who's getting hurt will be crossing Sunset and the signal will be with him. Monty goes through a red light and the victim does a fall on ---

(indicating Len)

your side of the car.

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.)

FABER: (Cont.)
(facing them)
Get it?

All nod "yes".

FABER:
(continuing)
Okay. Now -- after the fall, Ben
picks up the victim and pulls the
"passing motorist" gag of rushing
him to the hospital. Is that clear?

All nod acquiescence.

NONA:
But where will I be?

THURSTON:
Having a cocktail with me, my dear.

NONA:
Don't I have to see the accident?

THURSTON:
That won't be necessary. I'll prepare
a statement for you to sign. Shall we
go?

Nona takes his arm and they exit. We STAY ON Faber and
witnesses.

FABER:
(suddenly gruff
to witnesses)
All right, folks. Forget what I've
just said. That was strictly for
Mrs. Gregg. Here's how Thurston really
wants it to be.

As they prepare to rehearse, we -

DISSOLVE TO:

98. INT. ANOTHER UPPER ROOM GARAGE BUILDING

It has been fitted to resemble a hospital. PAN AROUND
for detail to show "Doc", a burly, evil-appearing man,
sitting on a stool, impatiently tapping the palm of his
left hand with a large mallet he holds in his right. He
glares at a negro man who sits on the edge of a low
couch, holding his head in his hands. There is the sound
of a lock grating and Doc looks off scene expectantly.
The negro also looks off scene, but in terror.

CUT TO:

99. DOOR TO ROOM

It opens to admit Burley and Faber. TRUCK with them as they cross to confront Doc and the terrified negro.

FABER:

(to Doc)

What's the matter, Doc - having a little trouble?

DOC:

(indicating negro)

Yeah. He don't want to play.

Faber turns to the negro.

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont.)

FABER:

(to negro)

On your feet, you!

NEGRO:

(terrified -
cringing)

Naw-suh. I ain't gettin' on my feet.

(indicating Doc who
still holds the
large mallet)That man's fixin' to hit me with that
hammer an' ah don't aim to be hit.

FABER:

You asked for this job, didn't you?

NEGRO:

Yas-suh -- but I didn't know no
broken bones come with it.

(pleading)

Jes lemme git out of here peaceful-
like -- that's all I wants.

FABER:

How about those back payments on
your car? And how about that
twenty dollars I gave you - in
advance?

NEGRO:

(terror stricken)

Ah spent nine dollars of it, mistuh
-- but you can have the rest -- an'
I'll pay the nine bucks back - some-
how.

FABER:

(viciously)

I'll say you'll pay it back -- right
now.

(to Burley)

Grab him, Burley.

Burley grabs the shrinking negro and forces him to his
feet.

NEGRO:

(hysterical)

Please don't, mistuh. Don't hurt
me. I'll do any kind of work you
say -- but don't hurt me -- PLEASE!

BURLEY:

Quit whinin' and take your medicine.

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont. 1)

He drags the moaning negro to a bench where we SEE two grooved blocks of wood set about six inches apart. Burley forces the negro's right arm down until it lies in the grooves. Faber watches without emotion.

CUT TO:

100. NEW ANGLE

- as Burley holds the terrified negro's arm down, Doc approaches with the heavy mallet. Doc looks as though he's going to enjoy breaking the negro's arm. Faber looks on calmly.

BURLEY:

Okay, Doc - let him have it.

As Doc prepares to break the negro's arm -

CUT TO:

101. CLOSE UP FABER

- looking on with grim satisfaction. OVER THE SHOT comes a dull thud and the negro's scream.

CUT TO:

102. GROUP SHOT

The negro is sobbing, his arm limp at his side. Doc lays the mallet aside. Burley gives the negro a rough shove onto the couch. Faber is satisfied with the job.

FABER:

(to Doc)

Neat job, Doc. Now remember -- he does a fall at Elm and Sunset at two o'clock.

DOC:

Right.

FABER:

(nodding to Burley)

Come on.

They move OUT OF SCENE. Doc approaches the negro who is sitting on the edge of the couch, moaning, holding his broken arm. Doc gives the negro a rough shove to a reclining position.

(CONTINUED)

102 (Cont.)

DOC:
(sadistic satisfaction)
Lie down, boy. You've got nothing
to do but suffer -- till two o'clock.

DISSOLVE TO:

102a. INT. COCKTAIL BAR NONA AND THURSTON

at table in nook, drinks before them. Thurston hands
her a document with fountain pen.

THURSTON:
(indicating)
Sign right here --- and we'll complete
our little transaction.

Nona signs as he watches. She hands him the paper. As
he goes to take it, she hangs on to it, smiling shrewdly.

NONA:
Just a moment --- weren't you going
to hand me a document, too ---
(sarcastic)
to "complete our little transaction"?

THURSTON:
(smiling -- reaching
in pocket for cancelled
loan note)
Oh, yes.
(handing it to her)
Here you are --- your loan agreement--
marked "paid in full."

They swap papers.

THURSTON:
(tucking Nona's signed
statement in pocket)
You're sure you have everything
straight. You won't change your
story to your husband?

NONA:
You needn't worry about that--- with
my signed statement in your pocket,
need you?

(CONTINUED)

102a (Cont.)

THURSTON:

(smiling)

No, I needn't.

(raising glass)

Well,--- let's drink to a very
successful accident.

(glancing at wrist
watch)

It should be happening just about
now.

As they toast to success.

DISSOLVE TO:

103. STREET INTERSECTION SIGN READING

SUNSET -- ELM

PAN DOWN from sign to SHOW intersection, FREE BELMONT
CAMERA TO SHOW no traffic and no houses close by. Gas
station is on one corner.

CUT TO:

104. THE GAS STATION BURLEY

drives car into SHOT and stops. Attendant GOES INTO
SHOT and Burley engages him in conversation.

BURLEY:

Wonder if you'd take a look at my
fan belt. There's a noise up
front from somewhere.

ATTENDANT:

Certainly.

He raises hood and peers under it. His back is toward
intersection. Burley sneaks a glance toward intersection.

CUT TO:

105. THE NEGRO

hesitating on corner curb, looking to left.

CUT TO:

8/31/37
64b.

106. LEN'S CAR

pulling to stop in Elm Street.

CUT TO:

SCENE 107 OUT

108. MONTY ROADS' CAR WITH SADIE BY HIS SIDE

approaching intersection going West in Sunset Drive.
It stops at the corner for traffic light.

CUT TO:

109. TRAFFIC SIGNAL

The light changes from "stop" to "go" which gives Monty
the right-of-way.

CUT TO:

110. MONTY'S CAR

starting to cross Elm Street on Sunset.

CUT TO:

SCENE 111 OUT

112. CLOSE SHOT THE NEGRO

He deliberately crosses against the signal and takes the
fall as Monty's car shaves him. There is the shriek of
grinding brakes.

CUT TO:

113. FILLING STATION THE ATTENDANT

straightens at the sound of brakes and looks toward
"accident" scene. So does Berley.

BURLEY:

Looks like somebody got tagged.

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)

ATTENDANT:

Yeah.

CUT TO:

114. NEGRO

writhing in street. Sadie, Monty, and Len COME INTO SHOT. The negro moans -

NEGRO:

My arm - my arm. It's broke.

Filling station attendant ENTERS SHOT. He helps the negro to his feet.

ATTENDANT:

How'd it happen?

MONTY:

(blustering)

We walked right into me. I had the right-of-way.

LEN:

Yeah --- I saw him do it. It was his fault, all right.

SADIE:

(to negro)

Why don't you watch where you're going?

LEN:

(to attendant)

Put him in my car -- I'll take him to a hospital.

Attendant and Len help the negro to Len's car.

MONTY:

(coming to Len -
taking out pencil
and notebook)

What's your name, mister? I'm reporting this accident to the police and you saw he was in the wrong.

LEN:

Len Carr - 756 High Street.

As Monty scribbles down name SHOW Len's car rushing OUT OF SHOT with injured negro.

DISSOLVE TO:

115. DESK CLOCK

Hands point to 5:15 P.M. PULL BACK TO SHOW clock on Dawson's desk in Majestic Casualty General Office. Most of the girls have left for the evening. Perhaps, one or two, preparing to leave, closing desks, etc., with a good lib "Goodnight" to Dawson. Dawson is going over some papers. Something attracts his attention and he reacts, giving the accident report in his hand close scrutiny. He smiles slightly.

CUT TO:

116. NEW ANGLE

on entrance from corridor as Eric enters, whistling. He crosses to Dawson and glances down at him.

ERIC:

(elated)

Boy! I just stole that Murphy claim! Settled for seven fifty and it was worth a thousand if it was worth a cent.

DAWSON:

(fake admiration)

I don't know how you do it.

(offering accident report)

By the way -- here's one you can start working on right at home. Your wife's a witness.

ERIC:

(startled)

Nona, a witness!

(examining report)

H-m-m. Broken arm, huh?

(sudden idea)

I'll call up and get the doc from Nona and see the guy who was hurt tonight. Maybe I can catch them one up quick -- and reasonable.

DAWSON:

(agreeing)

Yeah -- maybe you can.

Eric turns to go and Dawson watches him, calculatingly, as he exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

2/20/37
66.

117. INT. LIVING ROOM, KATE GREGG APARTMENT NO A NIGHT

is seated in a chaise longue reading a magazine, a box of chocolates at her elbow. She picks up a chocolate. Telephone rings and she answers.

NONA:

Hello!

OUT TO:

118. ERIC ON PHONE

Hello, yes, I did. Did you see
anyone else in the room?

OUT TO:

118a. NONA ON PHONE

NONA:
Yes - terrible! My nerves are
all shot to pieces.

OUT TO:

118b. ERIC ON PHONE

ERIC:
Tell me how did it happen?

OUT TO:

118c. NONA ON PHONE

NONA:
Well, I stopped at the corner of
Elm Street and Sunset Drive and just
when the signal changed a car drove
right through the red light and struck
a poor colored man and knocked him
down. It looked like his arm was
broken.

OUT TO:

118d. ERIC ON PHONE

reacting.

ERIC:

Are you sure the driver ignored the
red light?

CUT TO:

118e. NONA ON PHONE

NONA:

Oh, absolutely. In fact, I had my
car in gear because the light was
with me.

(Angrily)

Do you think I'll have to go to court?
That terrible driver insisted that I
give him money.

CUT TO:

118f. ERIC ON PHONE

ERIC:

Don't you worry about going to court.
(Just to check up)

You're sure the driver ran through
the signal?

NONA'S VOICE:

(from phone)

Oh, absolutely.

ERIC:

(arising)

Then forget about it. I'll hop out
to see the fellow that was hit and
pay off. It's a case of clear
liability. I'll grab some sandwiches
on the way home --- and we'll have a
late snack. You take things easy.
After all, it wasn't your fault.
Goodbye.

CUT TO:

118g. NONA ON PHONE

NONA:

Goodbye!

We STAY ON her long enough to see her smile in triumph,
pick up her magazine and grab a tea-box to munch.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

119. INT. ERIC'S OFFICE

12/11/76

Mary at desk as Eric breezes in. He carries a brief case.

ERIC:

(tossing hat on rack)

Good morning, Mary.

MARY:

Good morning, Mr. Gregg.

(as Eric opens brief

case - extracting papers)

Mr. Oldham was supposed to see you right
away.

ERIC:

Okay. I want to see him, too. I
settled his case with him at Barrain
counter last night.

He starts to gather up other the papers on his desk.

CUT TO:

119a. INT. OLDHAM'S OFFICE

Dawson is there with Oldham.

OLDHAM:

(doubtfully)

I can't believe it of Eric.

DAWSON:

(maliciously)

You'll have to believe it, Mr. Oldham.
And, by the way, Greg just moved into
a swanky new apartment and his wife
bought a fur coat for four hundred and
fifty dollars! That doesn't add up to
fifty bucks a week!

A knock is heard at door.

OLDHAM:

Come in!

CUT TO:

120. INT. OLDHAM'S OFFICE DAWSON AND OLDHAM STARED

as Eric enters.

(CONTINUED)

8/30/37
70a.

180 (Cont.)

ERIC:
Good morning, Mr. Oldham. I'm Eric,
Danson.

DANSON:
(cooly)
Hello.

OLDHAM:
Good morning, Eric. Sit down - I
want to talk to you.

Eric takes chair and faces Oldham.

OLDHAM:
Did you do anything with that claim
you made last evening?

ERIC:
I'll tell you. I said old --- for
eight hundred and fifty dollars. It
was a case of liability ---
worth about a hundred dollars in my
court. But it was on the table
a lawyer got to him.

(CONTINUED)

126 (Cont.)

OLDHAM:

(thoughtful)

H-m-m-m. What makes you so sure it was clear liability?

ERIC:

(momentarily astounded)

What makes me think --- Why, my wife saw it. She was right there when it happened. She said the driver of the car ran through a red light just like it wasn't there ---

DAWSON:

(interrupting)

(sneering)

That's funny.

(turning to Eric)

(pointing at him)

What's funny about it?

DAWSON:

(sneering)

Perhaps you'd better tell him, Mr. Oldham.

Eric turns to Oldham, puzzled.

OLDHAM:

(picking up some papers from desk)

I will.

(severely)

I have here affidavits from three witnesses to the accident stating that the man who was struck was entirely at fault.

ERIC:

(taken aback)

But that can't be!!! My wife ---

OLDHAM:

(coldly)

Your wife must be mistaken. Why didn't you question those witnesses?

DAWSON:

(a sneer)

That's what I'm wondering.

ERIC:

(getting angry)

Now, wait a minute --- there is something peculiar about this ---

(CONTINUED)

120 (Cont.1)

OLDHAM:

(cutting sarcasm)

Apparently....

(picking up another
paper)

Because here's a statement Dawson got
from the man who was hit in which he
admits that it was his own fault.

ERIC:

(to Dawson)

So, you were working on the claim, too?

DAWSON:

(sighing)

Why not? I work for the company ---

(sighing)

or haven't you noticed?

ERIC:

(sighing)

But, Mr. Dawson, you, my wife wouldn't
lie to me. She saw that accident and
I believe she reported the way she said.

DAWSON:

(sighing)

Naturally.

ERIC:

Listen, Eric, you trying to say that
my wife ---

DAWSON:

I'm not saying anything. I simply
gave Mr. Oldham the information I had.
He can draw his own conclusions.

OLDHAM:

And I have!

(to Dawson)

If you'll excuse yourself, Benson, I
want to talk to Eric.

DAWSON:

(arising -
triumphantly)

Gladly!

He exits and Oldham regards Eric severely.

CUT TO:

121. I.T. ERIC'S OFFICE MARY

looks up as Dawson enters and addresses her.

DAWSON:

(with satisfaction)

Well - I think the fair-haired boy
of the office is on the way out.

MARY:

(startled)

Mr. Gregg leaving?

DAWSON:

Uh-huh --- by Mr. Oldham's special
request. And if you ask me, he's
had it coming for a long time.

MARY:

What happened?

DAWSON:

(airily)

Oh - he paid off a phoney claim for
eight-fifty, with his wife as a witness.

MARY:

(the loyal secretary)

I don't believe it!

DAWSON:

No?

(looking off scene -
nodding toward Oldham's
office)

Well - have a look and a listen!

Mary looks off scene.

CUT TO:

122. DOORWAY TO OLDHAM'S OFFICE

Oldham and Eric are in a heated argument which everyone
in the office can hear. All office workers are attracted
by the row.

ERIC:

(loudly)

You can't give me a raw deal like
this. I'm going to tell you a few
things and you're going to listen!

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.)

OLDHAM:

(coldly)

Oh, no, I'm not. There's nothing more to be said. You're through with this company --- and every other company, if I have anything to do with it. There is no place in the insurance business for crooked adjusters!

ERIC:

But, I'm telling you there was nothing crooked about it! Does it stand to reason that I'd go crooked for my split of a measly eight hundred and fifty dollars when I've saved this outfit over a hundred thousand on claims in the past year? Certainly a guy is entitled to make one mistake.

OLDHAM:

(coldly)

I don't believe it was a mistake. The facts in the case point of a deliberate frame-up.

(ending the exchange)

You can be glad that I'm content to discharge you.

(stepping back into doorway)

Crooks should be prosecuted!

He slams the door in Eric's face. Eric, fists clenched, stares at the door, then turns and walks toward his office, shoulders slumped. We PAN for amazed reactions of his fellow workers and triumphant look on Dawson's face.

DIS. OLIVER TO:

133. INT. LOBBY MAJESTIC CASUALTY BUILDING

Elevator door opens and Dawson gets out. He goes to pair of pay station booths beside cigar counter and enters one.

CUT TO:

134. INT. PHONE BOOTH DAWSON

inserts coin and dials number.

DAWSON:

Hello, Thurston?

(pause)

It worked!

CUT TO:

125. THURSTON ON PHONE IN OFFICE

He reacts, pleased.

THURSTON:

It did?

DAWSON'S VOICE:

(from phone)

Yeah. Oldham just threw him out of the place and told him never to darken his doorway again.

THURSTON:

Great!

(lower tone)

Meet me this evening for the payoff and we'll plan some really big things -- now that Mr. Eric Gregg's out of the way. Goodbye.

Thurston hangs up phone, content, then takes off receiver and dials a number.

THURSTON:

(into phone)

Mrs. Gregg?

CUT TO:

126. NONA ON PHONE IN APARTMENT

NONA:

Yes ---

(reacting with pleasure)

Oh, hello, there.

CUT TO:

127. THURSTON ON PHONE

Very pleased with himself.

THURSTON:

Something just happened that ought to be celebrated --- and I hate to celebrate alone. Are you doing anything exciting this afternoon?

CUT TO:

128. MONA ON PHONE

She becomes provocative.

MONA:

(tantalizing)

Well - I don't know just how exciting you are, Mr. Thurston.

(a pause -- she

chuckles softly)

All right -- I'll meet you.

She hangs up phone and crosses to closet, humming lightly to herself.

CUT TO:

129. INT. CLOSET MONA

stoops, opens drawer, takes out large box. She straightens and exits from closet, still humming.

WIPE TO:

130. INT. MONA'S BEDROOM

She is primping a bit before vanity mirror. Satisfied and still humming, she arises, takes fur coat from her arched bed and crosses to full length mirror. She puts coat on, preens in front of it, artist model fashion.

CUT TO:

131. REVERSE ANGLE ON DOORWAY TO BEDROOM

Eric BEGINS SHOT and stands framed in the doorway. He looks at Mona, puzzled by the fur coat. She doesn't see him and continues her preening. Eric walks toward her, a rather grim expression on his face.

CUT TO:

132. CLOSE SHOT

in Mona's reflection in full length mirror. Eric's image GOES INTO mirror and she stops her preening as she sees it.

CUT TO:

133. TWO SHOT

in front of mirror as she whirls to face Eric.

NONA:

Eric! What are you doing home?

ERIC:

(touching coat)

Where'd you get this?

NONA:

(flustered)

This? You mean my coat?

ERIC:

Yes. Where did you get it?

NONA:

(hesitant - then
defiant)

Why - I bought it. You were so
sure you were getting a raise --

ERIC:

(cutting her off)

Bought it, eh? What did you use
for money?

NONA:

(seeking an out)

Why -- I -- uh - changed it!

Eric suddenly glances at the box on bed. He picks up
sales slip from box and looks at it as Nona reacts
guiltily.

CUT TO:

134. INSERT SALES SLIP

We SEE writing

FUR COAT \$450.00

and stamp

PAID IN FULL

CUT TO:

8/31/37
78.

135. TWO SHOT ERIC

turns on her savagely... grabbing her by the shoulders.

ERIC:

Charged it, huh? When did you get
four hundred and fifty bucks?

NONA:

(woman's retreat)

None of your business.

ERIC:

No? Well, I'm making it my business.
(sudden dawning)

Somehow this all ties in with that
accident and your testimony. You
lied to me, didn't you?

NONA:

What makes you think I lied to you?

ERIC:

Because things don't add up. Why were
you way over at the corner of Sunset
and Elm at two o'clock yesterday --
just in time to see the accident
happen?

NONA:

(flustered)

Why -- uh -- I was -- What difference
does it make?

ERIC:

Just enough difference that I've
been fired.

NONA:

(surprised)

Fired. What for?

135 (Cont.)

ERIC:

Four other people, including the victim, have signed affidavits proving that your story is a lie! I don't even believe you saw the accident. For some reason, you crossed me up. You know it was a frame. Why don't you admit it? Don't you think you ought to square yourself with me?

NONA:

(reacting -
contemptuous)

Square myself with you?

(laughing)

That's a laugh.

(biting)

Square myself!

(suddenly fiery)

For what? For sharing a hole-in-the-wall apartment with you? For sitting at home twiddling my thumbs or dodging collectors while you settled claims? Don't make this any funnier than it is, Eric Gregg. I owe you nothing -- and that's just exactly what you're getting from me from now on.

ERIC:

(interrupting)

Then it was a frame-up.

He takes his hands from her shoulders and she walks to bureau and picks up her purse, turning to him.

NONA:

Sure it was! And I got paid for it. And I'm going to get paid for a lot of other things.

(defiantly)

From now on, I'm going to have all the things I've always wanted. I'm through sitting at home listening to explanations and excuses. I'm leaving you --

(crossing to door)

And I'm glad, understand me --?

GLAD!

(CONTINUED)

103 (Cont.1)

ERIC:

(as she is about
to exit)

Wait a minute. Don't go yet.

(crossing to her
as she stops)I know you're all through -- and
if you want it that way it's
okay with me.

NONA:

(contempt)

Thanks --- that's big of you.

ERIC:

There's only one thing I wish you'd
tell me. Somebody arranged this
double-cross. Who was it?Nona takes this with raised eyebrows, then titters
mockingly --

NONA:

(controlling amuse-
ment - deadly)You're such a smart investigator.
Find out!!!

She exits and slams door as Eric looks after her.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

136. C A MONTAGE

superimposed over a calendar time lapse of 30 days. The MONTAGE SHOWS Eric entering, in succession, the offices of (1) The Inter-American Insurance Company, (2) Stally Insurance Company (3) Auglaize Insurance Company (4) Brown-Jordan Insurance Agency (5) Smith-Kling Insurance Exchange. In each office he is seen, in silhouette, apparently asking for a job and getting the "same old same old" shake.

DYKES

137. EXT. BUSY CORNER DAY

DAY

CAMERA picks up a young boy, walking alone. TRUCK WITH... identified... corner-store. Eric hesitates.

JOHN

138. CIGAR STAMP

"Specs", the owner of the corner-store is selecting a candy bar. He can't decide which one is his kind.

Specs: (looking at a bar) I'll take this one. (suddenly changing mind) No, I'll take this one. (looking at another) I'll take this one. (suddenly looking at another) Well, maybe ---

PAT: (good-naturedly) Don't decide too quickly. I have plenty of time. (she suddenly looks off scene toward elevator) Specs! Look! There's Mr. Gregg!

CUT TO:

129. FLASH SHOT

Of the shabby Eric waiting for elevator. The elevator door opens and Eric enters. The door closes.

CUT TO:

130. TWO SHOT SPECS AND PAT

PAT:

That's funny. He didn't even speak.

SPECS:

He didn't look so hot, either. His pants needed pressin'.

PAT:

I've often wondered what became of him -- since he left.

SPECS:

(owlishly)

Yeah - I know. You always had a hunch for that guy, didn't you?

PAT:

(defensively)

What if I did? It didn't do me any good. He's crazy about his wife.

SPECS:

(the wise guy)

Not any more, he ain't. She put him back in circulation when he got fired.

(fliply)

Cut yourself a piece of happiness.

He MOVES OUT OF SHOT toward elevator as Pat reacts.

WIPE OFF TO:

141. GENERAL OFFICE MAJESTIC CASUALTY COMPANY

Eric enters and walks to girl outside Oldham's office. His former fellow workers eye him curiously.

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont.)

The girl recognizes him.

GIRL:

(reacting to his
shabbiness)

Oh, hello, Mr. Gregg.

ERIC:

Hello, Ruthie. See if Mr. Oldham
will see me, will you? Tell him
I'll only take a minute.

GIRL:

(flipping dicto-
graph button)

I'll see.

OLDHAM'S VOICE:

(flipping dictograph)

Yes?

GIRL:

Mr. Eric Gregg is here and would
like to see you for just a moment.

CUT TO:

142. CLOSEUP ERIC

apparently anxious.

CUT TO:

143. TWO SHOT

Oldham's voice, angry, comes from dictograph.

OLDHAM'S VOICE:

(loud)

Tell Mr. Eric Gregg I don't want to see him -- and tell him to get out of the office. I don't want him around.

GIRL:

(snapping dictograph button -- turning to Eric)

He said --

ERIC:

Don't bother. I heard him.

Dawson ENTERS SHOT and glares at Eric.

DAWSON:

Well, isn't that the oldest member of the insurance business! What's the matter, fellow? You don't get up in your old shoes?

(as Eric stiffens with anger)

Well -- what are you waiting for? You don't have anything to talk pleasure around here. Get out!

ERIC:

(burning up)

Okay --- but first I want to give you something.

DAWSON:

(derisive)

Give me something? What could you give me?

ERIC:

This!

He clips Dawson a pip on the jaw, kneels him cold. He turns and walks away.

OUT NO:

SCENES 144 and 145 omitted.

146. SHOT OF DOOR SPECS

looking on. He reacts with joy and hurries to Eric.

SPECS:
(admiringly)
Nice punching, Mr. Gregg

ERIC:
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

146 (Cont.)

He starts off and Specs falls into step with him. TRUCK them across office - Specs talking fast as they go.

SPECS:

(chummily)

I've been hopin' somebody'd take a sock at that guy for a long time.

(a thought)

Look, Mr. Gregg - how about you and me doin' a little business.

ERIC:

(as they enter corridor)

What do you mean?

SPECS:

(as Eric rings for elevator)

I'm still in the loan business and you look like you might be a good customer.

(proudly)

I can loan you up to two bucks!

ERIC:

(sudden decision)

It's a deal. I'll borrow two bucks from you, Specs.

(as Specs puts out doorknob)

Of course, I don't know when I can pay you back.

SPECS:

(the philanthropist)

That's all right. You know my motto -- "If you don't pay - We don't care"!!!

He hands Eric the money.

DISSOLVE TO:

147. CIGAR STAND IN LOBBY

Pat is just closing the place for the day. She puts her hat on by the mirror on ice box. She turns quickly and looks off scene.

CUT TO:

148. ELEVATOR

As Eric gets off and starts out.

149. CLOSE SHOT ON PAT

as she looks after the disappearing Eric and decides to follow him, hurrying OFF ON SHOT.

DISSOLVE TO:

150. EXT. PARK

EARLY EVENING

ERIC comes along pathway.

CUT TO:

151. PAT

walking along same pathway.

CUT TO:

152. ERIC

He spots a bench and takes out it, waiting a lt.

CUT TO:

153. NEW A GLANCE ON ERIC

as Pat COMES INTO SHOT and stops in front of him.

PAT:

Hello, Eric.

ERIC:

(startled-
recognizing her)

Oh, hello, Pat.

PAT:

Mind if I sit down?

ERIC:

(trying to rib)

Certainly not! Never let it be said
that Eric Gregg refused to share a
park bench with a swell gal like you.

Pat seats self and faces him. She is silent for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.)

PAT:

Eric, whatever happened to you -- to make you --

(indicating shoddy
apparel)

like this?

ERIC:

Oh -- you mean the beggar's raiment. Well, I'll tell you, Patty girl, there was once an honest and upright young insurance adjuster who made a mistake --

PAT:

(interrupting)

I know. I heard about it. But you didn't do it, did you? I mean -- you didn't know anything was wrong.

ERIC:

(bitterly)

No, Pat, I didn't. But try and make anybody else believe it.

(mounting venom)

For one mistake I'm branded a faker -- a thief! Every insurance office in this town knows the story.

(bitterly)

Eric Gregg! FAKER!!! That's me!

PAT:

But you're not a faker. I know you're not.

ERIC:

(taking it)

Do you, Pat?

PAT:

Sure, I do.

(puzzled)

But there's one thing I can't understand.

ERIC:

What's that?

PAT:

Well -- when I used to see you every day you seemed so full of fight -- and so cheerful. Nothing got you down.

(a sidelong glance)

I never figured you for a fellow who would sit back and take it -- without trying to do something about it. If anybody pushed me around, I'd get even with 'em.

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont. 1)

ERIC:
 (looking her over
 admiringly)
 Yes --- I believe you would.

PAT:
 Then why can't you?

ERIC:
 (dreamily)
 Why can't I?
 (snapping fingers)
 That's an idea. I can! And you can
 help me !!

PAT:
 (puzzled)
 Well - I'd be glad to ---

ERIC:
 (interrupting)
 Wait a minute -- don't commit yourself
 till I tell you what I have in mind.

PAT:
 I don't care what you have in mind --
 as long as you square things.

ERIC:
 (quickly)
 You don't?

PAT:
 (shaking head)
 No.

ERIC:
 (grabbing her hand)
 Then it's a deal! You're my partner!

PAT:
 (puzzled)
 Partner?

ERIC:
 Yeah -- partner!
 (earnestly)
 Look, Pat, I lost my job. I lost my
 wife. They even fixed it so I can't
 get another job! Those guys say I'm
 a faker. Okay, I'll be a faker! I'll
 really show 'em how it's done. I'll
 cost 'em so much dough they'll wish
 they had me back adjusting claims.

PAT:
 (reacting)
 Wait a minute -- you're not going
 to --

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont. 2)

ERIC:

(arising --
interrupting)

I'll show you what I'm going to do.
(pulling her to
her feet)

Come on. We're going to see a fellow.

As he hurries her OUT OF SHOT

FADE OUT:

154. FADE IN

EXT. MERCY HOSPITAL CHARITY WARD

identified by sign. A man COMES OUT on crutches. Eric,
now looking prosperous, ENTERS HOP and walks with him.

ERIC:

How'd you break your leg?

MAN:

Fell off a ladder painting my tool
shed.

ERIC:

Oh, no -- that's not the way it
happened.

MAN:

What do you mean?

ERIC:

You fell off a street car at Eleventh
and Market because the conductor started
the car too soon.

MAN:

(protesting)

But I ain't been on a street car in
over a year.

ERIC:

I can fix that -- and there'll be three
hundred dollars in it for you -- to keep
you out of charity ward. What do you say?

MAN

(reacting - eager)

Hister -- it was all that street car con-
ductor's fault! There's my three hundred?

ERIC:

Come with me.

As they hurry OUT OF SHOT

DISSOLVE TO:

155. CALENDAR TIME LAPSE OF THREE MONTHS.

Superimposed OVER it is a speedy MONTAGE of perhaps half a dozen accidents (cars crashing, a pedestrian being tagged by a truck, a woman tripping from a street car step as car starts, a woman tripping on an upturned stair carpet and falling downstairs, etc.) with Eric appearing in montage taking notes in a memorandum book, interviewing witnesses who gather when accidents happen.

DISSOLVE TO:

156. GLASS DOOR PANEL

In dignified lettering we read -

HARRY T. NUDNICK
Attorney at Law

DISSOLVE THROUGH
TO:

157. INT. LUXURIOUS OFFICE ERIC

now looking prosperous, sits there with the lawyer and Pat Carmody. Eric holds a stack of currency in his hand.

ERIC:

(proudly)

I told you this was a sweet racket.

(indicating dough)

Three months -- twenty-three thousand dollars!!! Six "accidents" -- all of 'em phoney, but all of 'em clear liability and settled out of court!!!

PAT:

(brightly)

This practically comes under the heading of big business.

LAWYER:

I'll say it does!

QUICK
DISSOLVE TO:

158. INT. OLDHAM'S OFFICE OLDHAM

is reading the riot act to Dawson -

(CONTINUED)

OLDHAM:

I tell you, Dawson, we've got to put a stop to it, somehow! You're the chief personal injury adjuster and it's your job. We've paid out twenty-three thousand dollars to six claimants, represented by the same attorney, in three months.

DAWSON:

(defensively)

But the witnesses were against us, the accidents were clear liability, and the injuries were serious.

OLDHAM:

That's the trouble. The witnesses were too positive about that clear liability.

DAWSON:

They probably were rehearsed very carefully by Eric Gregg!

OLDHAM:

(reacting)

Eric Gregg?

DAWSON:

Yeah. He's the "investigator" for this attorney.

OLDHAM:

(thoughtfully)

Gregg, eh? That's probably the answer.

(angrily)

Why didn't you tell me this before?

DAWSON:

(hesitant)

Well, - I wasn't sure.

OLDHAM:

(testily)

Your job is to be sure. If you can't, we'll find a man who can. Is that plain?

DAWSON:

(worried)

Yes, sir.

OLDHAM:

(meaning it)

Then do something about it!

DISSOLVE TO:

159. THURSTON'S OFFICE

Thurston, Dawson and Faber in a worried huddle. We SEE Eddie (new character - hoodlum type) in b.g. Dawson pacing floor.

DAWSON:

(facing them)

I'm telling you that if Eric Gregg pops up with a few more of those iron-clad claims, Oldham is going to fire me. Then where'll we be?

THURSTON:

Can't you trip him on a claim?

DAWSON:

Trip that guy? Don't be silly. All of his claims are perfect.

FABER:

(indicating Eddie)

Maybe Eddie ought to see him and "reason" with him.

THURSTON:

(snapping)

No. None of that. Rough stuff's out.

(dreamily thoughtful)

This is a big business. When you're in a big business and a competitor starts cutting in, what's the logical thing to do?

EDDIE:

(the helpful loogan)

Bump him off, huh, boss?

THURSTON:

(shaking head)

No. Amalgamate. That's what we'll do. We'll amalgamate.

EDDIE:

(impressed)

Gee, what's that mean?

THURSTON:

Quiet!

(to Faber)

Drop in on Gregg, Faber, and see if we can't sort of pool our interests.

(CONTINUED)

DAWSON:
(cautious)
Do you think we can trust him?

THURSTON:
Why not? He's in the same racket
as we are, isn't he?

DAWSON:
(significantly)
I was thinking of his ex-wife.

THURSTON:
(passing it off)
Forget it. There's no reason a
fellow shouldn't be friends with
his ex-wife.

(to Faber)
However -- Gregg doesn't know about
me until he comes in and we're sure
of him. Right?

FABER:
Right. I'll call on him.

DISSOLVE TO:

160. INT. ERIC'S "RACKET" OFFICE IN THE SAME SUITE WITH
ATTORNEY NUDNICK

It is sumptuously furnished. Eric looks up from papers
on desk as Pat ENTERS.

PAT:
(nodding)
There's a Mr. Faber - of the Friend-
In-Need Auto Loan Company - outside.

ERIC:
(reacting)
Faber? Send him in.

TRUCK Pat to door which she opens. She nods to someone
off scene.

PAT:
Come right in, Mr. Faber. Mr.
Gregg will see you.

Faber ENTERS. Pat exits.

CUT TO:

161. NEW ANGLE ERIC

arises as Faber crosses to desk to confront Eric. Faber stares at Eric a moment in silence, appraising him.

FABER:

Hello, Gregg.

ERIC:

Hello, Faber. Have a chair.

FABER:

(taking chair)

Thanks.

(looking around

swank office)

Nice layout you've got here.

ERIC:

(seating himself)

I like it.

FABER:

(insinuatingly)

Well - you deserve a nice layout, getting away with murder like you are.

ERIC:

(fencing)

I don't get you.

FABER:

(hunching forward

confidentially)

Listen -- I talk your language. Two and two make four -- or did when I went to school.

ERIC:

(ribbing him)

Oh - so you did go to school?

FABER:

(annoyed)

Cut out the wise cracks and listen to me. I got a proposition to make to you. You're running a fake accident racket and --

ERIC:

(interrupting quickly)

You can't prove that!

FABER:

(placatingly)

Of course not -- those things are hard to prove.

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.)

FABER: (Cont.)

(a bit hard)

But I'm telling you now, Gregg -- there's not room in this town for two phoney injury rackets. You'd better hear my proposition.

ERIC:

I'm listening ... but admitting nothing.

FABER:

(the smoothie)

That's better. Suppose I put it this way. Let's assume that there are two rackets -- and that the insurance companies are getting burned up because of the number of claims that have a bad odor.

ERIC:

(quickly)

No claim I ever handled had a bad odor.

FABER:

I know that. Everyone of 'em was as clean as a whistle -- at least, the insurance company thought so.

(persuasively)

That's why we'd like to have you with us.

ERIC:

(quickly)

Who are "us"?

FABER:

(right back at him)

Until you make up your mind, "us" is me! Do we get together?

CUT TO:

162. NEW ANGLE ERIC

appears to ponder this a moment, then speaks -

ERIC:

(shaking head)

Nope. No dice.

(fencing)

If I did put in with anybody, providing I was operating a racket, I'd only do business with the head man.

(CONTINUED)

1.2 (Cont.)

ERIC: (Cont.)

(added thought)
Maybe I wouldn't do business even
then. I'm doing all right by my-
self.

FABER:

You won't play, eh?

ERIC:

Not till I hear a proposition from
the top.

FABER:

(a throat)
Maybe we can change your mind --
without actually making a proposi-
tion. I've known that to happen.

ERIC:

(a challenge)
Not to me, you haven't.

FABER:

(arising)
Well - we'll see how things work
out.

ERIC:

(also arising)
Suits me.

Faber crosses to door. As he reaches it, Eric calls
after him.

ERIC:

By the way --
(as Faber turns)
Tell whoever sent you that some of
those claims your crowd cooks up
are pretty amateurish. I'd be afraid
to press 'em if I were in your place.

FABER:

(angrily)
We haven't tripped yet.

ERIC:

(airily)
There's a first time for everything.

Faber turns up and exits, slamming door. Eric grins to
self.

DISSOLVE TO:

PART III TO FOLLOW

"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN"

3/27/57

PART III to the End

FINAL

89

PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT TO PRODUCTION MANAGER
WHEN PICT

FORM 224

103. INT. THURSTON'S OFFICE FABER

is reporting no progress.

THURSTON:

So he's playing hard to get, eh?

FABER:

Yeah. He says he'll listen to a proposition from the head man -- nobody else.

(sudden thought)

Claims he is doing all right solo, so why bother putting in with anybody? The guy even ribbed me about our claims being amateurish.

THURSTON:

(thoughtful)

H-m-m-m.

(sudden decision)

Faber, we need Gregg.

(reaching for phone)

I'm going to get him up here.

He dials a number --

THURSTON:

(after a pause)

I want to speak to Eric Gregg.

(another pause)

Hello, Mr. Gregg? This is Blair Thurston, speaking.

CUT TO:

104. ERIC ON PHONE IN OFFICE PAT IN B.G. AT FILING CASE

ERIC:

(puzzled)

Yes? What can I do for you, Mr. Thurston?

THURSTON'S VOICE:

(from phone)

You were approached on a business deal this morning. I'd like to talk to you about it. Could you arrange to call at my office this afternoon?

ERIC:

(reacting)

Why -- yes, I guess I could make it. Where is your office?

(CONTINUED)

104 (Cont.)

TRURSTON'S VOICE:
Seven thirty-one Wogley Building.

ERIC:
I'll be there --- at four.

TRURSTON'S VOICE:
Fine. I'll see you then. Good-bye.

ERIC:
Good-bye.

He hangs up phone as Pat COMES INTO SHOT placing some papers on his desk.

ERIC:
(thoughtfully -
to Pat)
Boy, when those fellows decide to
amalgamate, they crave action!
(confidential tone)
I think that was the big brain on
the phone just now.

PAT:
(surprise)
H-m-m-m. Just how long do you
think he'll continue being the
big brain?

ERIC:
(cockily)
Oh - till I take over!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

165. ON AN IMPRESSIVE MONTAGE OF ACCIDENTS

A bus crashing a gravel truck, several shots of cars knocking down pedestrians (in safety zones, pedestrian zones, etc), "victims" on their beds of pain, with Eric on job with his trusty notebook, taking down information. Identify Sadie, Len and Monty as witnesses in at least one of these accidents, giving their names to a policeman. Toward end of montage show a hand signing a series of checks of various amounts. We SEE that the checks are those of the

Central Casualty and Insurance Company.

The hand signs them --

J.J. OLDEAM, Vice-President --

DISSOLVE TO:

166. INT. THURSTON'S OFFICE

The merry mob is there - Eric, Thurston, Elen, Doc, Dawson, Rudnick - cutting up the swag.

THURSTON:

(dealing out bank-rolls to everybody)

Gentlemen - this is really something.

DAWSON:

I'll say it is.

(to Eric)

I've got to hand it to you, Eric. Since you've been engineering the set-ups the companies have been paying off like slot machines --- and no squawks.

ERIC:

(deprecatingly)

Why shouldn't they pay our pilker claims?

THURSTON:

(astonished)

Pilker claims? Say, we've been averaging two thousand dollars a claim. What's pilker's about that?

DISSOLVE TO:

167. CLOSEUP ERIC

He is derisive -

ERIC:

I still say it's small time stuff.
I could put over a twenty-five
thousand dollar touch -- with less
trouble than it takes for one of
these little ones -- and not a
chance of detection.

CUT TO:

168. GROUP SHOT ALL IMPRESSED

THURSTON:

(unbelieving)

Twenty-five thousand dollars ---
for one claim?

ERIC:

Yes.

FABER:

(groggily)

How?

ERIC:

By putting over a carefully planned
spinal injury --- with total permanent
disability indicated.

(to Dawson)

You know yourself, Dawson, that a
good spinal injury is worth plenty
of money.

(sarcastic)

Or did you know that?

DAWSON:

(surlily)

Sure I know it!

THURSTON:

(cautiously)

But where are you going to get a
victim to make it convincing?

ERIC:

(arising)

I'll show you.

(crossing room - opening
door - calling offscene)

Pat - come in here a minute.

CUT TO:

160. NEW ANGLE

as Pat Carmody enters and Eric takes her to the men.

ERIC:

Here's your victim, gentlemen. Show
a jury this young and beautiful girl
-- her life ruined by a spinal in-
jury --- and we're a cinch to collect.

(added thought)

And she's all rehearsed --- ready to
perform,

(to Pat)

aren't you, Pat?

PAT:

(nodding)

Yes.

ERIC:

(explaining)

You see - I was planning to put over
a few good ones, instead of fooling
with piker stuff, before we consoli-
dated.

(to Thurston)

What do you say, Thurston?

THURSTON:

We'll do it!

ERIC:

Swell! Now, here's the layout.

As his voice fades -

VOICE DISSOLVES TO:

170. A MINIATURE SET OF A STREET INTER-SECTION

In it are reproduced a miniature street car, car tracks,
a safety zone, buildings, miniature automobiles on the
street, miniature wooden pedestrians in street car load-
ing zone, etc. Eric's voice COMES OVER SPOOF and his hand
is seen indicating the miniature pedestrians in car load-
ing zone.

ERIC'S VOICE:

We use the "motorist speeding through
safety zone act."

(CONTINUED)

170 (Cont.)

PULL BACK CAMERA to SHOW that the miniature is mounted on a table in a conference room off Thurston's private office. Eric is explaining the plot to Thurston, Dawson, Faber, Kudnick, Burley, three professional witnesses, Dorsey, (a new character, who is to drive the "accident" car), Pat Carmody, the potential "victim", "Doc", the doctor we saw performing the rough stuff on the negro, and Doctor Paris, a new character, who is Eric's M.D. on phoney injury claims. Dawson sneers at what Eric says.

DAWSON:

(belittling tone)

I thought you were going to show us something new! That safety zone act is the oldest one in the book.

ERIC:

(smiling)

Old --- but good --- like a joke on the radio!

DAWSON:

(burning)

Still the smart guy, aren't you?

ERIC:

(still smiling)

Smart enough to realize that safety zone accidents are so common that insurance companies consider them almost routine.

(to Thurston)

So what happens?

(indicating Pat)

Pat here seemingly isn't hurt badly when she is flattened by the car driven by ---

(indicating Dorsey)

Dorsey. She complains of a pain in her back --- but doesn't want to go to a hospital. All she wants to do is go home. So one of our boys --- in a car right back of Dorsey's picks her up and takes her home.

(indicating miniature)

Look --- here's the way it works.

CUT TO:

171. MINIATURE ERIC'S HAND

manipulates the street car, miniature motor and pedestrian as his voice COMES OVER SACT.

ERIC'S VOICE:

The street car will be approaching the safety zone -- here. Pat --- and our witnesses --- are in the zone --- right here. Pat is standing close to the traffic lane --- just inside the safety line.

(manipulating car)

Dorsey's car approaches the zone, speeding, swerves, but enters the zone just far enough for Pat to make it look like he struck her when she takes the fall.

CUT TO:

172. GROUP SHOT ALL FIFTEEN

as Eric explains.

ERIC:

Dorsey stops and staggers out of his car.

FABER:

Staggers?

ERIC:

Sure. Dorsey's going to seem just a little bit drunk when the cops move in to ask questions. Of course, he won't admit it when one of our witnesses steps up and says "Officer, that man's drunk!"

(to Dorsey)

Show 'em your act, Dorsey.

Dorsey assumes the stance and attitude of an indignant drunk. (Don Barclay act).

DORSEY:

(thickly)

Me? Drunk? Don't you let anybody say that about me, officer!

(proudly)

Takes more'n six high-balls to make me ---

(hiccupping)

tight.

(CONTINUED)

172 (Cont.)

DORSEY: (Cont.)

(dignified)

I'm in full possession of my faculties.
I can pronounce all the multisyllabled
words like antivivisectionist and
Tintinnabulation.

ERIC:

You see -- it's all very simple. The
police will drag Dorsey off to the
bastile on a drunk-driving charge.
He'll probably get ninety days ---
and lose his driver's license ---
all for the sake of art. We take
Pat home --- and put her under the
"constant care" of -

(indicating "Doc"
and Dr. Faris)

These two eminent members of the
medical profession. We keep all
adjusters and investigators away
from her on the grounds that she's
too ill to see them. We keep her
there for three months.

THURSTON:

(startled)

Three months!!!

ERIC:

(easily)

Sure. That's how we build up our
claim.

FABER:

But the insurance company doctors
will want to examine her.

ERIC:

Sure they will --- but we don't let
'em. We don't have to submit to an
examination until we file suit. And
by that time no insurance company
doctor will be able to refute

(indicating Doc and
Doctor Faris)

the testimony of these gentlemen
regarding Pat's spinal injury.

(CONTINUED)

172 (Cont.1)

THURSTON:
 (still cautious)
 But won't they X-ray her?

ERIC:
 Sure they will. But an X-ray is
 worthless in connection with a spinal
 injury. An impinged spinal nerve
 doesn't show on an X-ray plate.
 (to the doctors)
 Am I right, gentlemen?

DR. FARIS:
 That's correct.

DOC:
 Right.

ERIC:
 (Triumphantly - to
 Thurston)
 I tell you, we can't miss. Any other
 questions?

THURSTON:
 No. I'm satisfied.
 (Nodding off scene)
 Step into my office. There's
 another witness --- a sort of
 special one --- I want you to
 meet and explain the layout to.

ERIC:
 Okay.

He and Thurston move out of SHOT as the group examine
 miniature set, ad libbing comment.

CUT TO:

173. THURSTON AND ERIC AT DOOR

leading to Thurston's private office. Thurston opens door
 and nods to Eric to precede him in. Eric enters and
 Thurston, instead of entering, closes door softly and
 returns to group around miniature.

CUT TO:

174. INT. THURSTON'S OFFICE ERIC

stands just inside door, looking around the place, curiously.

CUT TO:

175. WINDOW LOOKING DOWN ON STREET NONA

stands there, looking out, her back to Eric.

CUT TO:

176. TRUCKING SHOT ERIC

sees the woman and reaches to her, not recognizing her from the back. He stops a few feet from her.

ERIC:

I beg your pardon --- are you the "special" witness Thurston wanted me to rehearse.

CUT TO:

177. NEW ANGLE

as Nona turns and faces Eric. He is startled as he recognizes her.

ERIC:

NONA:

NONA:

(smiling)

Hello, Eric.

(as he is silent and solemn)

Well --- why the look of the wounded stag? Aren't you glad to see me?

ERIC:

(snapping out of it, slowly)

Oh - sure. Sure I'm glad to see you. Only --- well, I was sort of surprised to meet you --- here.

(CONTINUED)

177 (Cont.)

LONA:

(going to desk --
getting cigarette
from box - lighting
it and facing him)

There's nothing to be surprised about
--- except maybe the fact that we
happen to be connected with the same
combination, now.

ERIC:

(taking this ---
passing it off)

Yes --- well, that is strange, isn't
it?

LONA:

Uh-huh? Well, you're doing all
right, Eric. When Thurston told
me you were coming in with him I was
tickled pink. Believe it or not,
Eric, I told you decided to play
smart.

ERIC:

Played smart?

LONA:

Sure --- instead of working your head
off for \$100 dollars a week, waiting
for a raise that never came.

(a shrug and a chuckle,
crushing out cigarette)

Funny how things worked out, isn't it?
Here you are --- with the money I
always wanted you to go after --- and
here I am, about to marry your partner
in crime.

ERIC:

(a startled take)

You're going to marry Thurston?

LONA:

(nodding)

Yes.

(pensively cruel)

I asked Blair to arrange for us to be
alone for a minute today -- just to see
whether I'd feel any of the old ---

(at a loss for words)

Well - you know - I did love you once.
I must have because I married you.

(spreading hands)

I'm satisfied now -- it's all gone.
Now about you?

(CONTINUED)

177 (Cont.1)

ERIC:

(startled from daze)

Me?

(forcing a grin)

Oh -- I guess you're right. It is
all gone.

NONA:

Swell! Then we understand each
other.

ERIC:

(again forced
openfulness)Sure -- sure -- we understand each
other.

FADE OUT.

MADE IN

178. ON A BUSY STREET INTERSECTION.

Traffic noise OVER SHOT.

CUT TO:

179. CAR LOADING SAFETY ZONE

Pat, Nona and three professional witnesses we saw in
Thurston's office in zone. Street car clangs INTO SHOT.
Pat stands near traffic lane.

CUT TO:

180. LARGE LIMOUSINE DORSEY

driving, approaching safety zone at high rate of speed.

CUT TO:

181. CLOSEUP DORSEY TENSE AT WHEEL

anticipating the planned accident.

CUT TO:

182. THE ACCIDENT

Dorsey's car, brakes grinding, swerves into zone. We
SHOW in close action that Pat really grabs the fender and
fakes the fall. Dorsey's car COMES TO STOP.

CUT TO:

183. CONFUSION SHOT

Women scream, pedestrians crowd around Pat, including
Nona and the three professional witnesses. Three cops
thrust their way through crowd. One of them assists
Pat to her feet.

COP:

Are you hurt, lady?

PAT:

(wincing as with pain)

Why - uh - not badly, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

183 (Cont.)

PAT: (Cont.)

(crying)

My back - hurts -- but -- I'll be
all right.

SECOND COP:

(to assemblage)

How'd it happen?

FIRST PROFESSIONAL WITNESS:

(indicating car offscene)

That man drove his car right into the
safety zone, and knocked her down.

Cop looks offscene.

CUT TO:

184. DORSEY

staggering from his car and lurching toward gathering.
He pushes his way in.

DORSEY:

(thickly -- to Pat)

Whassa matter with you, lady? Whassa
idea of walkin' right in front of my
car?

SECOND PROFESSIONAL WITNESS:

(indignant - a woman)

She did not walk in front of your car!
She was standing right here beside me
in the safety zone.

(as Dorsey weaves)

Officer - that man is drunk!

CUT TO:

185. NEW ANGLE

Dorsey assumes the rehearsed stance and attitude of an
indignant drunk.

DORSEY:

Me? Drunk? Don't you let her say
that about me, officer!

(proudly)

Takes swart'n six highballs to make me --
(hiccupping)

tight!

(dignified)

I'm in full possession of my faculties.
I can pronounce all the multi-syllabled
words, like antivivisectionist and
tintinnabulation.

(CONTINUED)

185 (Cont.)

FIRST COP:
(grabbing Dorsey's arm)
Come on, buddy ---

He drags Dorsey OUT of SHOT. Dorsey protests at 115.

CUT TO:

186. NEW ANGLE A COP

addresses Pat, who is leaning on a witnesses arm, evidently in pain.

COP:
I'll call an ambulance for you, lady.

PAT:
No --- please don't do that. I want
to go home. I'll --
(taking a step --
wincing in pain)
I'll be all right.

COP:
(protesting)
But you ought to have a doctor look
you over.

PAT:
I will --- I'll have our family
doctor do it --- as soon as I get
home.

A man steps forward to volunteer aid. He is one of
Eric's handy men.

MAN:
I'll drive you home, lady.
(indicating)
My car's right here.
(to cop)
I saw the accident, too, officer.
I was right behind the car that hit
her. That drunk drove right into
the safety zone!

COP:
(pulling out report
book)
Give me your name and address ---
(to others)
And the rest of you folks who saw it
-- I want your names, too.

As Mona and the three profession witnesses step forward
to give their names,

DISSOLVE TO:

187. A THIRTY DAY CALENDAR TIME LAPSE

DISSOLVE TO:

188. LONG SHOT A NOIEST HOUSE ON RESIDENTIAL STREET

SHOOTING from curb. Dawson ENTERS SHOT and turns into walk leading to porch.

CUT TO:

189. PORCH OF HOUSE

as Dawson ENTERS SHOT and rings door-bell. A nurse in uniform opens door.

NURSE:

Yes?

DAWSON:

I'm Dawson, adjuster for Central Casualty. I'd like to see Miss Carmody.

Before nurse can answer Dr. Paris enters SHOT back of her.

DR. PARIS:

What is it, Miss Burns?

NURSE:

(indicating Dawson)
he wants to see Miss Carmody. He's from the insurance company.

DR. PARIS:

(thrusting forward)
I'll talk to him.

Nurse exits SHOT and Dr. Paris talks loudly.

DR. PARIS:

I've told you repeatedly my patient can see no one. She is very ill and suffering intense pain.

DAWSON:

(protesting - loudly)
But I've been trying to see her for a month.

DR. PARIS:

(firmly)
Sorry -- but I cannot permit it.

(CONTINUED)

189 (Cont.)

DAWSON:

Well - when can I see her?
 (low tone - fast
 talking)

Watch out for tricks -- they've got
 three special investigators on the
 job.

Dr. Faris nods that he understands, then apparently
 answers the first question.

DR. FARIS:

I can't say, perhaps in a month --
 perhaps even longer. Miss Carmody's
 spine is injured. It may mean total
 disability for life.

DAWSON:

Okay -- I'll be back.

He exits SHOT. Dr. Faris closes door.

DISSOLVE TO:

190. INT. OLDEHAM'S OFFICE

Dawson is reporting to Oldham.

DAWSON:

Her doctor won't let me near her.
 I couldn't even get inside the door.
 He says her spine is injured...

OLDEHAM:

H-m-m. That's bad. Well, we can't
 compel her to submit to an examination
 until she files a claim --- or brings
 suit.

DISSOLVE TO:

191. THREE QUICK SHOTS OF SPECIAL INVESTIGATORS

trying to get in Pat's home.

1. A "Check-up" man from the electric
 light company at back door. "Doc"
 answers door buzzer.

(CONTINUED)

191 (Cont.)

MAN:

Good morning --- I'm from the
Electric Company. We're making
a check of house-hold appliances.
It'll only take a minute to look
over yours.

DOC:

(testily)

Sorry --- you'll have to come back
later. Sickness in the house.

He slams door in man's face.

2. A book salesman at front door. Dr. Paris
answers door.

MAN:

(cheerful)

Good morning --- I'd like to see the
lady of the house.

(exhibiting samples)

I have here a ---

DR. PARIS:

(interrupting)

The lady of the house is ill. She
can see no one.

MAN:

(protesting - as Doc
closes door)

But I'm working my way through
college!

3. A telephone lineman at back door. "Doc" answers
buzzer.

LINEMAN:

Sorry to bother you, but there's trouble
on your phone line ---

DOC:

(interrupting)

We ordered the phone disconnected
yesterday! Good-bay!

He slams the door in lineman's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

102. OLDEHAM'S OFFICE DAWSON AND OLDEHAM

listen as the "check-up" man, the "book salesman" and the "lineman" report.

LINEMAN:

All I got was a door slammed in my face.

BOOK SALESMAN:

Me, too!

CHECK-UP MAN:

Same here!

DAWSON:

Maybe we'd better make them an offer. I might be able to ---

OLDEHAM:

(interrupting)

We're not making any offer.

That's final!

(explaining)

That fellow who drove the car which struck this girl seemed too anxious to plead guilty to that drunk-driving charge! I'm taking this case to court!

Dawson shrugs.

WIDE CUT.

FADE IN

193. A LONG CORRIDOR TWO INTERNES

wheel a hospital operating table off an elevator and trundle it along corridor. MOVE CAMERA IN for a CLOSE SHOT of Pat Carmody, the invalid on the table. TRUCK with them to spot where they make a turn to enter a pair of doors. PAN UP as they go through doors to legend appearing above door, reading:

SUPERIOR COURT
Room 2

As internes wheel Pat in,

QUICK WIPE TO:

194. INT. CROWDED COURT ROOM

PAN quickly to establish crowd and return to Pat on table being wheeled down aisle by internes. There is a buzz of excitement in the courtroom, spectators crane their necks to catch glimpse of Pat. PAN AWAY to center CAMERA on clock. It's hands point to 10 A.M. OVER THE SHOT comes bailiff's resonant voice -

BAILIFF'S VOICE:

Hear ye, hear ye! Superior Court
of this commonwealth is now in
session in Room number two, The
Honorable James G. Marlin, presiding.

As the clock hands move to eleven A.M.

DISSOLVE TO:

195. NONA ON WITNESS STAND

being questioned by Nudnick, attorney for the plaintiff.

NUDNICK:

(as if continuing)

And you're sure that Miss Carmody,
the victim, was standing in the
safety zone when struck?

NONA:

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

195 (Cont.)

NUDNICK:

Did the car actually enter the
safety zone to strike Miss Carmody?

NONA:

Yes - it did.

NUDNICK:

And did Miss Carmody appear to be
injured?

NONA:

Yes --- she complained about her
back hurting her.

NUDNICK:

That is all.
(facing off scene)
Your witness.

CUT TO:

196. COUNSEL TABLE

at which are seated Oldham, Dawson and the insurance
company attorney, (new character).

ATTORNEY:

(almost carelessly)

No questions.

CUT TO:

197. FLASH SHOT THE JURY IN BOX

CUT TO:

198. TWO SHOT NUDNICK

helping Nona from witness stand. As she walks out of
SHOT Nudnick casts a little glance of triumph off scene.

CUT TO:

199. THURSTON, ERIC AND FABER IN SPECTATOR'S SECTION
Thurston returns Nudnick's glance of triumph.

CUT TO:

200. NUDNICK AND BAILIFF

NUDNICK:
Call Charles Dorsey.

BAILIFF:
Charles Dorsey --- come forward.

CUT TO:

201. ROW OF PROFESSIONAL WITNESSES DORSEY, MONA AND THE
THREE PROFESSIONAL WITNESSES WE ESTABLISHED AT THE
ACCIDENT SCENE

Dorsey arises and comes to the witness stand, mounting
it.

BAILIFF:
Raise your right hand.

PAN UP TO clock. The hands read 11:15 A.M. Bailiff's
voice COMES OVER SHOT.

BAILIFF'S VOICE:
Do you solemnly swear to tell the
truth, the whole truth and nothing
but the truth?

DORSEY'S VOICE:
I do.

Clock hands move to 11:30 A.M. PAN DOWN to JED. SHOT -
Dorsey, the Judge on bench, and Nudnick, Pat's attorney.

NUDNICK:
(to Dorsey)
One more question, Mr. Dorsey. You
were convicted and sentenced for
drunk driving in connection with this
accident, were you not?

DORSEY:
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

201 (Cont.)

NUDNICK:

Just for the sake of the record, were you or were you not intoxicated when the accident occurred?

DORSEY:

Yes, I was.

NUDNICK:

(to insurance counsel)
table)

Your witness.

CUT TO:

202. OLDHAM, DAWSON AND INSURANCE COMPANY COUNSEL AT TABLE

INSURANCE ATTORNEY:

No questions.

CUT TO:

203. NUDNICK ELATED AT THIS

as Dorsey steps down from stand. He again casts a significant glance off scene.

CUT TO:

204. CLOSE THREE THURSTON, ERIC AND FABER

Thurston leans over to whisper to Eric.

THURSTON:

(jubilant whisper)

Looks like we're in the bag!

ERIC:

(whisper)

Yes - it does.

CUT TO:

205. FLASH SHOT SPECS

in spectator's section very interested in the proceedings.

CUT TO:

206. CLOSE TWO

as Nudnick addresses Judge.

NUDNICK:

Your Honor, I have but one more witness to present. I cannot ask her to take the stand. She is physically unable to do so. Her life has been blighted by this accident which may result in her never walking again. I ask, therefore, that the bailiff swear her in on her hospital bed... Miss Patricia Carmody.

CUT TO:

207. CONFUSION SHOT

SLOWING wave of craning necks. We hear murmur of excitement. CAMERA TRUCKS and PANS to Thurston, Eric and Faber. All wear looks of anticipation.

CUT TO:

208. THE JUDGE

looking in Pat's direction.

JUDGE:

(rapping for order)

The bailiff will swear the witness.

CUT TO:

209. TRUCKING SHOT

of Bailiff as he picks up Bible and walks to Pat.

BAILIFF:

Place your left hand on the Bible and raise your right hand.

(as Pat does)

Do you solemnly swear ----?

CUT TO:

210. NEW ANGLE ON PAT

She suddenly pushes the bailiff's hand which bears the Bible aside and pushes back the sheet which covers her. She swings out of bed and stands up. She is in street clothes.

PAT:

That isn't necessary. I can take the stand.

Amid a loud murmur from spectators, she walks unaided to stand and mounts it.

CUT TO:

211. FLASH ON JUDGE

amazed. He raps gavel to quiet disorder.

CUT TO:

212. FLASH OF NUDNICK

very apprehensive.

CUT TO:

213. FLASH OF THURSTON, ENIC AND FABER

ditto.

CUT TO:

214. FLASH OF NENA AND PROFESSOR CHAT WITNESSES

reacting.

CUT TO:

215. INSURANCE COUNSEL TABLE DAWSON:

reacts in apprehension. Oldham and attorney are complet-

CUT TO:

216. TWO SHOT THE JUDGE AND PAT

JUDGE:

(severely)

Young lady, what does this mean?

PAT:

It means that I am perfectly able to testify in the regular way. If you will have me sworn, Your Honor, I will tell you an amazing story.

JUDGE:

(to Bailiff)

Swear the witness.

As Bailiff approaches Pat.

CUT TO:

217. ERIC, THURSTON AND TABER

the latter two squirming.

THURSTON:

(to Eric)

What's she up to?

ERIC:

I don't know - yet.

TABER:

(rising)

Whatever it is, I'm leaving.

THURSTON:

(also rising)

I'll join you.

They start OUT OF SHOT, to the left. Faintly we HEAR in b.g. the Bailiff's voice mentioning Pat in.

CUT TO:

218. THE JUDGE

He looks out over courtroom.

JUDGE:

The bailiffs will lock the courtroom. No one will leave.

CUT TO:

219. TWO PAILIFFS AT DOUBLE DOORS

locking them just in time to prevent Thurston and Faber from taking an out. They react, dismayed, and return to sit down.

CUT TO:

220. JUDGE AND PAT

JUDGE:

You will proceed.

PAT:

(glancing at Judge)

Well - in the first place, Your Honor, I wasn't hurt in this so-called accident. I was hired to pretend I was hurt.

Babble of excitement in courtroom is silenced by the Judge pounding his gavel.

CUT TO:

221. QUICK FLASHES

for reactions of Thurston, Faber and Eric; Larson, Oldham and Insurance attorney; Specs; Nona and professional witnesses and Hudnick.

CUT TO:

222. JUDGE AND PAT

The Judge is severe.

JUDGE:

Who hired you?

PAT:

Mr. Eric Gregg!

Again there is a buzz of noise and again the Judge bangs for order.

JUDGE:

(to audience)

Is Mr. Eric Gregg in this courtroom?

CUT TO:

223. ERIC

arising, stepping to aisle as Faber and Thurston look apprehensive.

ERIC:

(as he walks)

Yes, sir, Your Honor.

He walks down aisle to confront Judge as spectators crane necks.

CUT TO:

224. ERIC

facing Judge. Judge glares at him.

JUDGE:
You are Eric Gregg?

ERIC:
Yes, sir.

JUDGE:
You heard Miss Carmody make the statement under oath that you employed her to pretend that she was injured?

ERIC:
I heard her.

JUDGE:
And what have you to say?

ERIC:
Plenty --- If your Honor will have me sworn.

CUT TO:

225. NEW ANGLE THE JUDGE

ponders this and raps his gavel to quiet another outburst from audience.

JUDGE:
(to Pat)
You will step down, Miss Carmody.
(as Pat steps from stand-
Judge continues)
Bailiff --- you will swear Mr. Eric Gregg.

CUT TO:

SCENE 226 OUT.

227. NEW ANGLE THE JUDGE, BAILIFF AND ERIC
as the latter mounts the stand.

BAILIFF:

(to Eric)

Raise your right hand.

(Eric does)

Do you solemnly swear to tell the
truth, the whole truth and nothing
but the truth?

ERIC:

I do.

JUDGE:

Now - Mr. Gregg -- we will hear your
story.

CUT TO:

228. NEW ANGLE OF ERIC

ERIC:

Well - for the past three years we
have had reason to believe that an
organized gang of criminals were
defrauding insurance companies of
hundreds of thousands of dollars
through fake personal injury claims.

JUDGE:

To whom do you refer when you say
"we"?

CUT TO:

229. OLDHAM, DAWSON AND INSURANCE ATTORNEY AT TABLE

Dawson looks very worried. Oldham gets to his feet and
walks up to face Judge.

CUT TO:

230. TWO SHOT

as Oldham addresses Judge.

OLDHAM:

If your Honor will permit, I will answer that question.

JUDGE:

You may answer.

OLDHAM:

For the past three years Mr. Gregg has been employed by our company, The Central Casualty and Insurance Company, as an adjuster and special investigator. He is still in our employ.

Court room buzz rises to crescendo.

CUT TO:

231. THURSTON AND FABER

they wilt.

FABER:

(hoarse whisper)

Double crossed!!!

Thurston nods -

CUT TO:

232. FLASH SHOT

Nona and the witnesses. Nona takes it big.

CUT TO:

233. HUDNICK

nopping his brow.

CUT TO:

234. JUDGE, OLDHAM AND ERIC

The Judge addresses Oldham.

JUDGE:
Thank you, Mr. Oldham.
(to Eric)
You will proceed, Mr. Gregg.

CUT TO:

235. NEW ANGLE ON ERIC

He continues. Oldham returns to seat.

ERIC:
Because of a series of seemingly too
well-rehearsed claims we came to
suspect an adjuster employed by the
company.

CUT TO:

236. FLASH REACTION OF DAWSON

CUT TO:

237. NEW TWO SHOT JUDGE AND ERIC

ERIC:
(continuing)
Claims piled up at such an alarming
rate that Mr. Oldham and myself
arranged to have it appear that I
was discharged.

CUT TO:

238. FLASH REACTION THURSTON AND FABER

exchanging glances.

CUT TO:

239. SPECS

Overjoyed as he realizes that Eric is still on the pay-
roll.

CUT TO:

240. NORA

She takes this very big.

CUT TO:

241. ERIC AND JUDGE

ERIC:

After a time I arranged with Mr. Oldham to set up an office with one of our attorneys from our San Francisco branch.

CUT TO:

242. FLASH OF NUDNICK

nodding and smiling.

CUT TO:

243. ERIC AND JUDGE

Eric continues -

ERIC:

With him, I formed what apparently was a fake accident organization. I used witnesses who were also employed by the insurance company and the trap was set. In a short time, I was invited to "amalgamate" with the real fake accident ring ---

(tossing the bombshell)
headed by Blair Thurston and his lieutenant, Faber. That's about all there is to it, Your Honor. I have collected evidence proving beyond a doubt that Thurston and his gang collected on more than a dozen fraudulent claims, similar to the one now before you.

JUDGE:

Is Blair Thurston in this courtroom?

ERIC:

Yes. So is his right hand man, Faber. Also, Mr. Dawson, our adjuster who worked hand in glove with the fake accident ring, and other members of the organization.

(CONTINUED)

243 (Cont.)

JUDGE:

The court officers will place these people under arrest.

(rapping gavel)

Court will recess for this purpose.

CUT TO:

244. CONFUSION SHOT SPECTATORS

CUT TO:

245. THURSTON AND FABER

being taken into custody by two officers.

CUT TO:

246. AN OFFICER

taking Dawson out.

CUT TO:

247. ERIC, OLDEHAM AND PAT

Oldham has an arm thrown affectionately about Eric's shoulder. Pat is happy and shows it.

OLDEHAM:

Congratulations, Eric. Everything worked out perfectly.

Before Eric can reply Nona thrusts her way into the SHOT, taking Eric's arm in panic.

NONA:

(agitated)

Eric! Are you going to let them send me to prison -- after all we've been to each other?

Before Eric can answer this a burly bailiff grabs her and jerks her OUT OF SHOT.

BAILIFF:

Come on, lady. You're under arrest.

(CONTINUED)

247 (Cont.)

TRUCK with her struggling with bailiff as she is dragged off.

CUT TO:

248. SPECS

threading way through babbling crowd to get to Eric. Eric by this time has an arm around Pat's waist as he poses for newspaper photographers. The photographers ad lib -- "a little closer together" -- "turn on the admiration, Miss Carmody", etc. Specs gets to Eric and tugs at his sleeve. Eric looks at him.

SPECS:

Hoy -- you owe me two bucks -- plus
eight dollars and sixty cents interest!!

As Eric reacts --

FADE OUT.

THE END

IMPORTANT!
RETURN STORY REPT.

Chengos
"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN"

156a. FULL SHOT ROSS' PRIVATE OFFICE

Eric enters with a man and woman. Ross, who is at his desk, looks up.

ERIC:

Mr. Ross - this is Mr. Philbert.
He just got here from Chicago.
We're going to collect plenty with
Mr. Philbert. He's, as you will
observe, a very interesting, the
rarest of the permanent shall
fracture.

Eric slips a card out of an envelope.

WILLET: OF PHILBERT

It shows a permanent fracture.

156b. CLOSE SHOT

(Eric looks at Ross)

Mr. Philbert is going to have an
accident tomorrow that will fracture
his skull.

(Eric looks at the lady)

This is Miss Green. Miss Green was
formerly a school teacher... she is very
decent and a good woman. She
is going to have a rather serious
accident on Wednesday or Thursday -
I'm not sure which...

OFFICIALS:

156c. CLOSE SHOT MR. PHILBERT

He is entering a cab. Eric is beside him. He turns to
the driver.

ERIC:

You know what to do?

DRIVER:

You told me enough times... What
about him?

(indicating fare)

ERIC:

You do what I tell you and he can't
help doing his part...

156c. TRAVELING SLOW WITH TRAFFIC

We observe the taxicab that we just saw Mr. Philbert enter. It is going along at a good clip with traffic.

156e. CLOSE SHOT SIGNALS

They change to red light and the traffic comes to a sudden halt.

156f. CLOSE SHOT

The driver proceeds to roll down his windows. They don't work and he bangs on the window in front of him.

156g. CLOSE SHOT

Mr. Philbert, who has a fractured skull, deliberately scratches his head against the partition. Evidently he rubs what is on his forehead on his forehead and slips to the back of the car.

156h. FULL SHOT

Eric hurries to the rear of the car and removes fragments from the back of the car presumably by the cab driver.

ERIC (DRIVER):

I couldn't roll it -- my window wouldn't roll.

ERASE CAR DRIVER:

You were asleep -- that's what was the matter.

ERIC:

We better stop arguing, and get your man away to a hospital. He's seriously injured.

ERASE:

Yes sir -- I'll do that right away.

Eric moves into the cab and is helping the victim to the seat. He starts to get out.

ERASE TO:

1801. CLOSE SHOT ALOP TOWN AVENUE BUS

We recognize Miss Mason whom we remember as having seen in Ross' office.. The top tier is crowded with passengers. Miss Ross sits quite forward. She waits, the bus stops and just as the conductor gives the bell, she starts up and shouts.

MISS MASON:

This is my corner.

She rushes to the window just as the bus starts.

1861. CLOSE SHOT MISS MASON FALLING DOWN THE STAIRS

Miss Mason comes forward and falls down the stairs, the amazement of the passengers, who are frantically pulling at the handrails.

186k. CLOSE SHOT CONDUCTOR

Passengers start to get out from the bus. The frantic conductor tries to get the bus started. He discovers that she is out.

CONDUCTOR:

That's all right, better call an ambulance.

CONDUCTOR:

Can't you get her out - falling down the stairs the way she did...

You conductors are always in a hurry to start...

I heard her call out to stop.

Several passengers are assisting the conductor to carry her to a seat as we

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSEUP ACNA (TO BE INSERTED IN SCENE 86)

NO-A:
-- and I'm going to get that fur
coat, too.

She observes ad of Friend In Need Auto Loan Company.

CLOSEUP OLDHAM (TO BE INSERTED IN SCENE 120)

OLDHAM:
Apparently, Detective Dawson saw your
wife in the car at the garage at Ciro's
just before the accident occurred.

CLOSEUP ERIC (TO BE INSERTED IN SCENE 135)

ERIC:
I don't want the claim be
all over me. I'm only as a
witness. I'm sure that you were
in the car about a mile away from
the scene of the accident. For
some reason, you charged me up....
You're making a mistake. Why don't
you ask the police if you think you
can't get on your own with me?

CLOSE TWO SHOT ERIC & OLDHAM (TO BE INSERTED SC. 247)

OLDHAM:
(He extends his hand)
It's decent of you, Eric, to do this
for us - after the way I treated you.

ERIC:
That's all right.

OLDHAM:
Your old job is waiting for you -
any time you want it.

ERIC:
Thank you.

ERIC:

For many years I've known that the insurance business in this city was being defrauded out of thousands of dollars by an organized gang of criminals.

JUDGE:

Go on.

ERIC:

Unable to get the attention of the insurance companies, I appealed to the State's Attorney.

JUDGE:

What did you say to him?

The State's Attorney told Mr. Ross and I that if we could get together we could get a lot of fake accident claims and lose easily down the drain of the insurance company.

JUDGE:

What did you do with the money collected by the State's Attorney for the accidents you perpetrated?

JUDGE:

It was all turned over to the State's Attorney and he will be returning it to the insurance companies.

JUDGE:

What was the purpose of all this?

ERIC:

Simply this: We knew if we were successful, the higher-ups in the ring would be attracted to us. It worked as we planned. In a short time I was invited to amalgamate with the real fake accident ring - headed by Blair Thurston and his lieutenant, Jim Faber.

JUDGE:

Is Blair Thurston in the courtroom?

ERIC:

Yes. So is his right-hand man, Faber. Also Mr. Dawson, a Central Casualty adjuster, who worked hand-in-glove with the fake ring.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

JUDGE:

The Court Officers will place these
people under arrest.

CLOSEUP OLDMAN

reacts to above in surprise.

NEW SHOT

where officer